







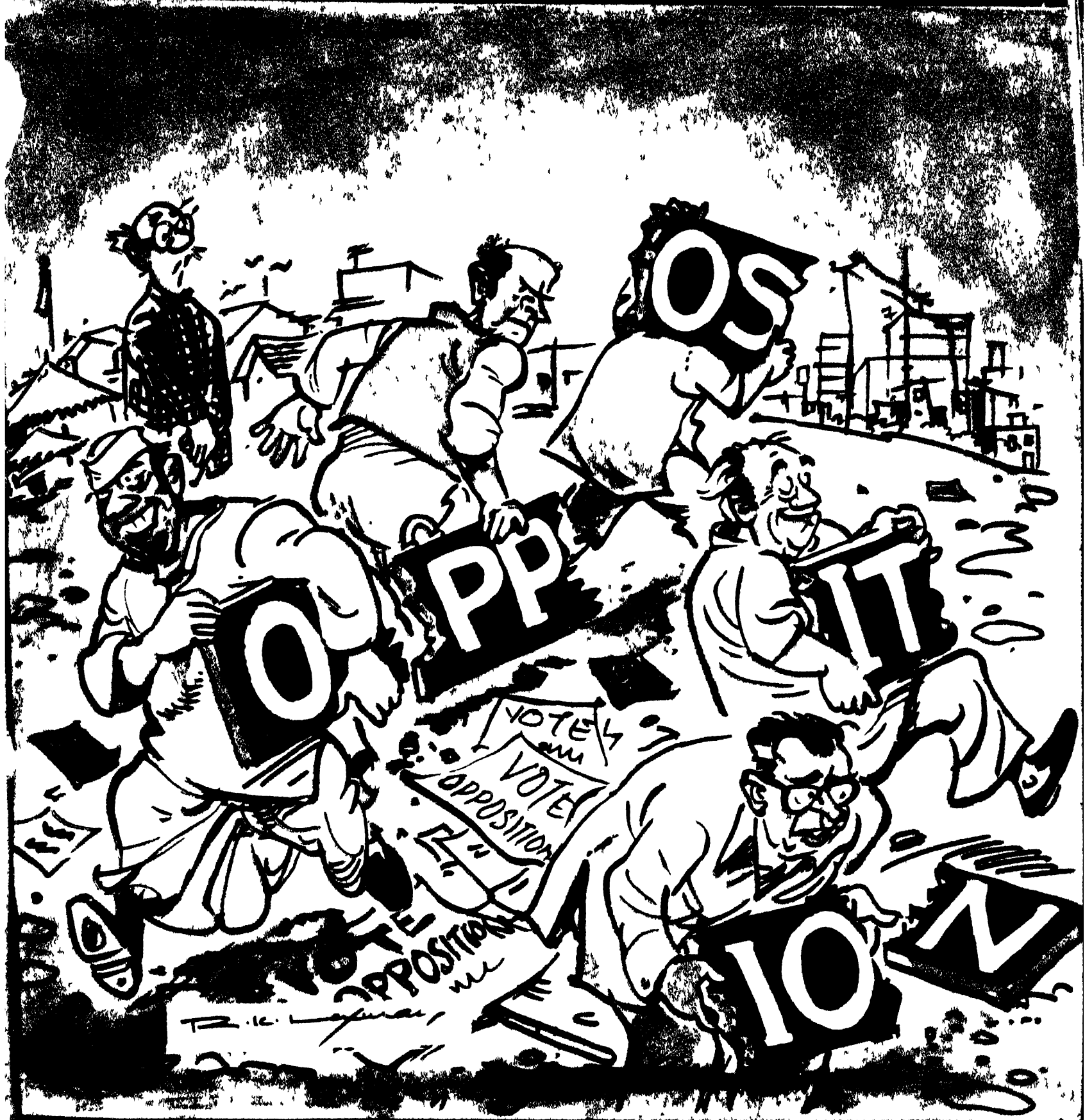






# Weekly

of India



## an THIS Opposition Unite Even Now ?

—Madhu Dan Varma

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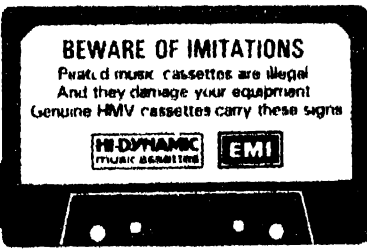
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## Should India Be A Hindu State?

Sir—The article, 'Should India Be A Hindu State?' by R. G.K. (June 15), has voiced the sentiments of most Indians. We cherish our tradition of secularism and the article has defended this ideal knowledgeably and well.

RAHUL CHAUHAN  
Indore

Sir—The thing for us to do is to try to dissociate ourselves from our history and, instead of beating our heads on the tombstones of our ancestors, try to become independent, original and self-reliant in order to make India prosperous.

SANJEEV SABHLOK  
Bangalore

Sir—Secularism means non-interference by the Government in the religious lives of citizens. Yet we have the Hindu Code Bill and other laws that do interfere with the Hindu way of living. Nothing, however, is touched where the Muslims are concerned. When will this form of 'secularism' end?

ARUN PARANJPI  
Pune

Sir—It is highly inaccurate to call Asoka's kingdom a theocratic state. His concept of *dharma* was for it to be a social ethic and he constantly appealed for religious tolerance. Buddhist principles were not incorporated even in his inscriptions. Most of his administrators, and certainly his chief minister, were Hindus. This is hardly the picture of a theocratic state!

H.L. DORA  
Hyderabad

Sir—To counterbalance the articles on Hinduism you published one article each from the Christian and Muslim points of view. In this you have gone back on your practice of devoting a whole issue to *one* subject. Is this, too, part of our much-vaunted 'secular' tradition?

PRADIPTA K. PATNAIK  
Bhubaneswar

Sir—The question has *already* been settled. India is today a Muslim state considering the fierce aggressiveness of Muslims. Hindus should be thankful that they are not treated as second-class citizens in this country.

M.S. KUMAR  
Bangalore

Sir—India is practically a Hindu state with its 85 per cent Hindu population. Any debate on this subject is, therefore, meaningless.

SUDHIR R. HINGE  
Dombivli

Sir—Only when Muslims truly come to believe that this country is their motherland will the fear of India being a Hindu state recede.

MOHANLAL R. DESAI  
Sagrampura

Sir—Nothing can conceal the fact that India was originally a Hindu state. We should not be chary of accepting the fact that Christianity and Islam in India are only results of historical accidents.

K. VISWA BHARATI  
Hyderabad

Sir—Since the Hindus constitute the bulk of the population, India should essentially be the homeland of Hindu culture and the Hindu heritage. The concept of a Hindu state does not imply a militant attitude towards minority religious communities, but the assertion that the erosion of Hindu cultural and heritage will not take place *ad infinitum*. The concept of a Hindu state is to ensure the continuance of India's identity.

SHASHI SHEKHAR  
Patna



Sir—On the cover, the article is ascribed to P.N. Oak—inside the by-line is R.K.G.'s. This kind of discrepancy is astounding, to say the least.

K.M. ABDULLAH  
Bombay

### "We're All Hindu"

Sir—P.N. Oak ('Why Not The Whole World Be Hindu?': June 15) has rediscovered the very essence of Hinduism and presented it in all its beautiful simplicity. Even Gore Vidal, for all his cynicism and sarcasm, allows himself to recognise this universal quality of Hinduism: "We are all Hindus, whether we know it or not. That is a fact, like creation." (An extract from the novel, *Kalki*).

SWAPNA GOOYEE  
Calcutta

Sir—At a time when religion is being revived all over the world, it would be suicidal on our part to remain secular. P.N. Oak may sound extremist but, on further thought, his reasoning is sound.

K.S. RAMAN  
New Delhi

Sir—The article shocked me, not so much because of the author's radical views, but because of his rather immature and apparently hastily contrived handling of a profound question. It was the work of a fanatic. It failed miserably to convince.

URMILA DONGRE  
Bombay

Sir—The idea of a Hindu India was the dream of Rana Pratap, Shivaji and Tilak. Those who prefer not to live in a Hindu state are welcome to go elsewhere.

V. MOHAN  
Cochin

Sir—Hinduism is a way of life. It is not an exclusive religion of dogmas. Hence one need not fear those who preach the establishment of a Hindu state.

S.G. NIGAL  
Thane

### The Secular Answer

Sir—The article, 'No Going Back Now On The Secular Concept', by Dr Rafiq Zakaria (June 15), clearly shows that only secularism can survive in India. I hope that Hindu fanatics, on reading this, will understand that their cry for a Hindu state will only lead to the disintegration of our country.

BABU ZACHARIA  
POOVAKULAM  
Bhilai

Sir—The author's comment that "Hinduism is not institutionalised; it has no specific set of rules or scripture as the final arbiter", is quite unfair. Either he has not gone through our ancient books or he is trying to overlook facts.

Dr L.N. OJHA  
Indore

Sir—Only the best features of secularism as enshrined in our Constitution can keep India intact despite our many differences. A Hindu State will only encourage the fragmentation of this country.

OM ASHOK MATHURA  
New Delhi

### Ethnic Differences

Sir—When F. De Mello Kamath ('Nip This Ethnic Minorities' Mischief In The Bud': June 15) writes of Hindu fascists oppressing minority communities, does he not forget about the acts of his Roman Catholic brethren—the Spanish Inquisition for one. Nearer home, we have Goa, where conversion was certainly not voluntary and persecution was on religious grounds.

S. MUKUNDA RAO  
Mangalore

Sir—The author's remarks astonish me. I have yet to hear of a Muslim or Christian-majority nation opting for secularism as we have done. As for extremism—the pages of history are bloody with the gory events that accompanied the spreading of the Christian and Islamic messages.

P.K.M. RAO  
Bombay

Sir—How many girls can Mr De Mello Kamath show from Hindu families who are dedicated as Devdasis to temples? One or two in Western Maharashtra or in North Karnataka. But I can show hundreds of girls from poor Catholic families who are forced to become nuns against their wishes.

Also his views on the absence of caste barriers in the Church is naive. When the late Cardinal Gracius used to visit Goa or Mangalore, "saraswat" Catholics would boycott him, because he was the son of a fisherman. Its time the author removed the beam in his eye before looking at the moat in his brother's

V.S. BALIGA  
Hubli

Sir—No matter what De Mello Kamath says, India is a Hindu State. Formal recognition of this fact was denied to us by Gandhi and Nehru but we are so by tradition.

SRIVYASA  
Madras

### Popularity 'Blow-up'

Sir—My liking for the *Weekly* has been 'blown up' to new heights with the superb blow-up of Michael Holding (June 15). If more such blow-ups are published, I am sure your circulation will increase at a 'pace' comparable to that of the West Indian speedster!

PRAKASH K. IYER  
Bombay



### Odious Comparison

Sir—Dr Raja Ramanna in his article, 'A Century of Science' (June 15), says that, in some ways, K.S.



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Krishnan was just the opposite of C.V. Raman. He was gentle, cultured, well read, broad minded and very tolerant. Does this mean that Dr Raman was harsh, uncultured, ill read, narrow minded and intolerant? Dr Ramanna is most welcome to bestow praise on Krishnan lavishly, but not at the expense of C.V. Raman.

K.S. GOPAL  
Bangalore

## Crime And Punishment

Sir—I agree with and appreciate the article, 'Rape: The Shame of a Nation', by Gita Narayanan (June 15). Furthermore, I feel that, as punishment, a man found guilty of rape should be castrated.

M. SAIKIA KHANIKOR  
Ludhiana

Sir—The menace of rape should be taken up on a war footing. We need to create a special police cell to deal with these cases. Women should be taught to use their fists, feet, teeth and fingernails and kill, if necessary, in self-defence. As Mahatma Gandhi, the greatest exponent of non-violence said, any violence against one's chastity must be met fiercely.

Dr I.E.J. DAVID  
Nagpur

Sir—It is time we rid ourselves of prejudices and taboos and looked this crime in the face. It is shameful that the victim of a crime is treated as a criminal—truly it is the shame of a nation.

SHIRSANKA  
Calcutta

Sir—The article is timely—it is essential to bring the crime of rape out of the closet. But the author did not define any suitable punishment. To my mind, the punishment should be a drastic one if guilt is proved—castration.

A.B. RAY  
Calcutta

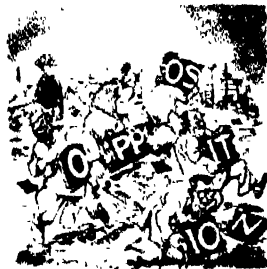
## A Farcical Panchayat

Sir—What Mr Vakil has stated about our so-called Parsi Panchayat ('Are The Parsis A Vanishing Breed' by Delshad Karanjia; June 15) is the real truth. Since a man like Mr Vakil seems to have failed in his attempts to bring them out of their corrupt shell, I suppose nothing else can. For a small community like ours, it is a shame to see so many poor Parsis who are eventually forced to be on the roads owing to negligence of a few people. Is it not a pity that, when everybody is harping on how small our community is, nothing is being done about it by our Panchayat?

There must be a solution and the stalwarts of our community should come together and solve this gigantic problem. As for the Parsis settled abroad, why should they come back to face the vagaries of our farcical Panchayat?

S. HOMAVAZIR  
Bombay

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What is called for is cool and calculated patience and perseverance to preserve and widen the opposition's organisational base, says Madhav Dandavate

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## Film Special

**WHY THIS SEX EXCESS?** "The entire issue of excess of sex and violence must be discussed, not in terms of festival films, foreign films and Indian films, but in terms of the public which is exposed to all categories of films." Veteran film-maker V. Shantaram makes a dispassionate study.

**SEX IN SOUTHERN CINEMA:** Girija Rajendran looks at the picture.

**33 YEARS AND 33 FILMS OF DEV:** Picture-story by Firoze Rangoonwalla on the lines of the one on Satyajit Ray.

**YELLOW: THE NEW HUE OF FILM JOURNALISM:** Raju Bharatan on how the gossip boom coarsens the gossip writer and the gossip reader alike.

**NAZIA IN INDIA:** How come not one music director in India cared to contact the 'Baar Ban Jaaye' Girl? Is she yet another one-song celebrity? A study of this voice of youth.

**THE BIMAL ROY ONLY I KNEW:** His wife, Manobina Roy, writes with feeling about the sensitive film-maker.

**A FILM STAR IN THE WHITE HOUSE?** J. Radhakrishnan looks at whether Ronald Reagan will make it to the US Presidency.

**BOX-OFFICE IS BEAUTIFUL:** Story by Asha Bhanj Deo

# Can This Opposition

**“The overoptimists bid for a total merger. The voices of pessimism and cynicism feel that everything is lost. But those whose politics is rooted in realism welded with idealism ultimately hope to win the war.”**

**“What is called for is cool and calculated patience—a need to rid oneself of the false sense of strength and vanity of one’s own organisation—perseverance to preserve and widen the opposition’s organisational base with a view, not to destroy but to complement, other opposition forces.”**

**C**AN Opposition parties unite even now is a question that cannot be answered with a strait-jacket answer “Yes” or “No”. In the present state of political fragmentation opposition unity has to be a steady process achieved at the grass root level and not just a sudden shock treatment administered through summit politics of a few leaders.

For years the Opposition in India remained fragmented and in disarray. The greatest beneficiary of this opposition disunity in the post-independence era under the existing electoral system was the ruling Congress Party. There was a wide disparity between the votes and the seats secured by the Congress and the opposition in the Parliamentary elections till 1971.

The following statistics reveal this fact

Year	Congress		Opposition	
	% of votes	% of seats	% of votes	% of seats
1952	45	74.4	55.0	25.6
1957	47	75.1	52.3	24.9
1962	44.7	71	55.3	27
1967	40.9	54.4	59.1	45.6
1971	43.5	67.9	56.4	32.1

In the Emergency years, leaders and workers of most of the opposition parties were locked up together in jails and a realisation dawned on them that unless a wider unity is forged it would be difficult to meet the challenge of the Congress monolith.

Of course, this wisdom had emerged only through the crucible of a common struggle against authoritarianism. It is often believed that the only lesson one learns from history is that one does not learn from history at all. Only if this is falsified through conscious efforts can the opposition march towards unity in some concrete form.

In the 1977 Parliamentary elections, though the opposition parties had not dissolved their identities technically, they fought almost as one party and the net result was the massive victory of the Janata Party and its allies.

The Janata Party rose to power on the crest of people’s enthusiasm and a great hope that the new Government would ensure bread with liberty.

In the initial years of Janata Government the achievements were quite appreciable whether it be in the field of agricultural production, rate of



**WE HAVEN'T LOST EVERYTHING YET. CHEER UP! WE WILL STILL MAKE IT!**

# Unite Even Now?

by  
Madhu  
Dandava

industrial growth, rise in national or per capita income, augmentation of the foreign exchange reserves, or rise in the gold stocks — and a greater degree of price stabilisation was also achieved. The civil liberties and the freedom of the judiciary and of the mass media were restored. However, all these achievements foundered on the rock of internecine quarrels and bickerings in the Janata Party.

The policy differences that crept up were not unsurmountable and could have been settled through discussion and dialogue. But unfortunately, under the cover of these policy differences, were hidden personal ambition, temperamental incompatibilities, pride and prejudice of certain leaders and, above all, lack of will to preserve unity amidst diversity. Even during the freedom struggle, there were sharp differences among the top ranking leaders of the national movement. But Gandhiji ever remained the binding force that maintained cohesion and unity of the premier national organisation. He could do it because he had the moral and political stature which extended far beyond political manoeuvrability and manipulations.

Jayaprakashji did play a similar unifying role in the Janata Party. But as ill luck would have it, his ill health gradually crippled him and weakened his effectiveness to preserve the bonds of unity.

The Janata Government collapsed not because of the strength of the Indira Congress but because of the disgruntled elements inside the Janata Party who sought the downfall of the Janata Government with the help of Smt Indira Gandhi and her party. However, she proved to be a better strategist. Giving the dissidents in the Janata Party and their allies a helping hand, she pulled down the Janata Government and then, in her characteristic style, settled accounts with Shri Charan Singh with compound interest by withdrawing her support to his Ministry and driving the nation to a fresh mid-term Lok Sabha poll. Shri Charan Singh's government remained in a state of ad hocism without any thrust and dynamism for six months, ruining the economy of the country and polluting its political climate.

## Credibility Destroyed

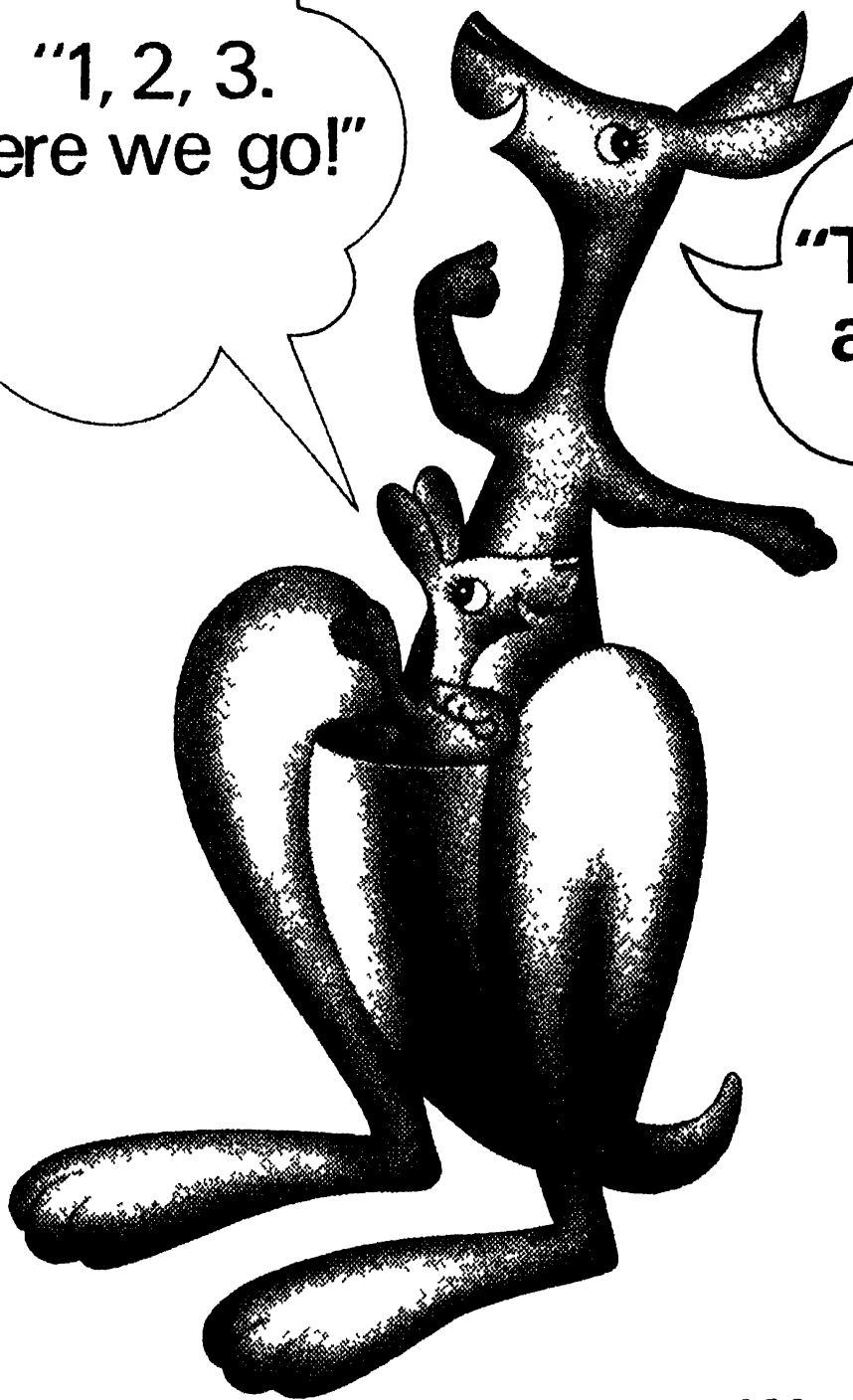
In the Parliamentary elections that followed, the Janata Party's credibility as a viable alternative was destroyed. The rustic electorate on the rural side, who apparently appeared to be ignorant, was in reality more conscious than the so-called politically conscious elements. The simple voters asked the Janata Party a simpler question:

We gave you a massive mandate to rule for five years and you destroyed the Government within two and a half years. Are you competent to rule? In anger and in agony they threw the Janata Party out of power. On the crest of the anti-emergency wave the Janata Party came to power in 1977 and in the trough of people's anger and disillusionment arising out of bickerings in the Janata Party, the Party went down in 1980.

The Congress Party won the 1980 Lok Sabha poll but there was hardly any jubilation, as was evidenced in 1977. The only reason was that people wanted the Congress Party's monopoly power to be ended but they were angry at the Janata Party for its failure to provide a credible and viable alternative for a full term of five years.



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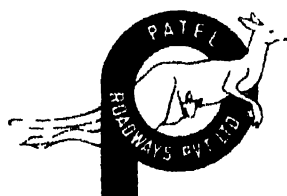
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Once out of power, instead of fusion, fission became the order of the day in the Janata Party and in various stages splits occurred.

These splits had their inevitable effect in the mid-term elections to nine Assemblies. During these elections the Opposition remained fragmented and, as a result, excepting in Tamilnadu where people could clearly see a viable alternative in the shape of the All India Anna DMK, Congress (I) was returned to power in eight States.

Those who derived great satisfaction in pulling down the Janata Government and in destroying the unity of the Janata Party suddenly realised that total merger of various groups of the Janata Party barring the Jana Sangh dominated BJP was the only solution to the problem of combatting the forces of authoritarianism and protecting the social and economic interests of the downtrodden.



WE CLEANED IT, TOOK IT APART, PUT IT BACK, REMOVED BAD PARTS, FIXED NEW ONES — YET IT WON'T WORK! WHY?



Merger of parties and political groups is not something that is made to order. Once the parting of ways and minds takes place, even when wounds are healed the scars remain. Under such circumstances a mechanical merger cannot be brought about even if 'hundred intellectuals' meet to plan the merger through their intellectual exercise.

The meeting of minds must begin with coming together at various levels and in various actions, either constructive or combative. Not only a wider floor coordination in the legislatures but working together outside such legislative bodies in various actions to resist injustice and purposeful cooperation in mass constructive activities on an institutionalised basis can provide the bridges of unity. We always feel loneliness because we build walls around us instead of bridges. It was the genius of Gandhiji who built his activities through human bridges rather than through human walls. While each one of us talks of Gandhian values and heritage, we all miss this very quintessence of Gandhian outlook and hence the present morass.

What have been the responses to the efforts for opposition unity? The over-optimists amongst us bid for a total merger. The voices of pessimism and cynicism spurn any talk of opposition unity and feel that everything is lost. But those whose politics is rooted in realism welded with idealism feel that everything is yet not lost. Even when a battle is lost they ultimately hope to win the war. It is a battle of wits and a war of nerves. What is called for is cool and calculated patience, a need to rid oneself of the false sense of strength and vanity of one's own organisation, perseverance to preserve and widen opposition's organisational base with a view not to destroy but to complement other opposition forces.

Such an attitude of understanding avoiding either extremes of 'total merger' or 'political untouchability' alone will build credibility of the opposition among the people.

Even when Mrs Gandhi was routed in 1977 she didn't think in terms of liquidating her party but patiently waited for the right opportunity. Stupidly enough, we on the opposition provided her the opportunity earlier than she expected.

Will the opposition show similar patience to build their organisation and at the same time con-

struct the bridges that separate the opposition parties? That alone is a practical approach at this moment to achieve the desired result.

A new factor in the present politics is the sudden disappearance of Sanjay Gandhi from the political scene. This event too will have its political repercussions. Ever since the Allahabad Judgment against Mrs Indira Gandhi, she had admitted a number of times in no uncertain terms that she relied the most on Sanjay because in times of difficulties only he, and not even her colleagues in the Congress, stood firmly by her. That was the secret of power that Sanjay wielded in the Congress organisation. It was not an accident that he occupied the position as one of the General Secretaries of the Congress as a first among the equals only a few weeks before his death. It is not secret that he had an effective voice in policy-making and many bureaucrats and Ministers had to think twice before incurring his displeasure since Sanjay had acquired an immense extra-constitutional authority.

With such a powerful arm of Mrs Gandhi being cut off from the political scene, there will be various options before Mrs Gandhi. The only person in whom she had implicit faith once removed from the scene, she will feel the bitter pangs of loneliness and that may make her options rather hard. The second possibility is that, in the absence of Sanjay Gandhi before whom even the mightiest in the Congress trembled, sections of Congress (I) may now pick up some courage to assert their voice and the third possibility is that, robbed of the only reliable confidant, Mrs Gandhi's attitude may soften. Which option Mrs Gandhi will pursue is difficult to gauge because, for the last several years, her usual style of political functioning has been to leave all options open and keep the opposition guessing.

The opposition parties too must now realise this essential aspect of the political style of functioning of Mrs Gandhi and accordingly plan their efforts of cooperation among themselves and forge a practical and tangible opposition unity rather than rushing towards the mirage of merger here and now. To the extent the opposition realises the gravity of the situation, the interests of democracy and of social and economic justice can be preserved and strengthened.

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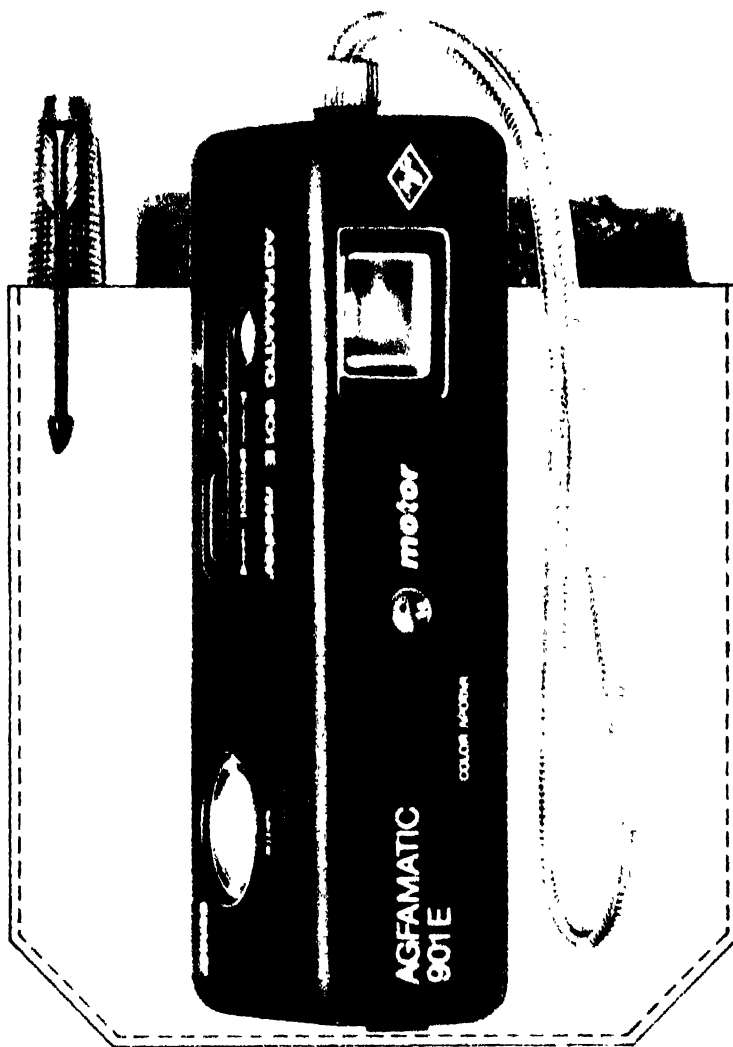
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**T**HE last two weeks in Delhi have been full of shock and grief. Speculation about the future seems already to have started. The one ray of hope is Mrs Gandhi herself, on whom the eyes of India and the world are focussed.

Mrs Gandhi's personal loss in the tragic premature death of Sanjay cannot be overestimated. Nor should her courage and capacity to deal with grave difficulties be underestimated. Her composure in public reflects her determination to get down to business as usual. It also indicates, perhaps, the inner turmoil and loneliness she is going through. These qualities remind one of her grief as well as her faith and courage at the time of her father's demise in 1964.

However, 1980 is not 1964. Pandit Nehru had led a full life; Sanjay died in the prime of his youth. But Sanjay had already begun to show promise unlike most Indians of his age. He was a practical, pragmatic, courageous and determined young man. Some of his qualities represented also, perhaps, the quality of his defects. He could take quick decisions and one knew where one stood with him. His fearlessness (bordering sometimes on recklessness) was responsible both for his meteoric rise and for his unexpected demise.

The tributes paid to Sanjay after his tragic death far outweigh the criticisms levelled against him during his brief political career. Other parties could well emulate his example of encouraging younger elements into politics. The premium placed on gerontocracy in Indian politics has become a liability. The older generation in 1964, at the time of Panditji's death, was not as old in years as the present one is. It also had a number of leaders who still had the halo of the freedom struggle around them. And, above all, there was Indira Gandhi who had grown up as an alter-ego of her illustrious father.

### Heavier Burden

The situation today is quite different. The older generation of leaders, with the exception of Indira Gandhi, in almost all parties has lost its credibility in the public mind. The younger generation has yet to prove itself. They will now have to get down to serious business and shed some of their shouting and slogan-mongering for the more difficult task of nation building. Sanjay is no longer on the scene to keep them under control, or to guide them in a positive direction. They will now look up to Matsiji (Indiramma) until democratic forces throw up another national leader.

Indira can and will lead the nation, but the burden on her will be much heavier now. Can anyone fill the void created by Sanjay's sudden and unexpected demise? The answer is No. No single person can fill Sanjay's place. But it is possible for Mrs Gandhi to find people in her own party and outside who can share her burden.



# Delhi Kauling

## After Sanjay

Starting a regular column from New Delhi by T. N. Kaul, a senior diplomat who has served India as Foreign Secretary and as Ambassador to the USSR and the USA.

Mrs Gandhi will need some confidantes on whom she can rely. No one can now accuse Mrs Gandhi of "perpetuating the dynasty", though some congenial critics of the Nehru family are apt to make insinuations. They have already started some nit-picking on minor matters instead of taking up the larger and more important issues of programmes and policies. (An example of this is the Lok Dal's wrath at the renaming of a hydel project in village Bhabha of Kinnaur district, Himachal Pradesh, after Sanjay. They confused the river after which the project was named with the eminent scientist the late Homi Bhabha!)

Personalities apart, there are much bigger issues facing the nation. Leaders of various political parties and the common men and women are wondering and asking many questions. For instance; does the present tragedy provide an opportunity for national reconciliation and "healing of the wounds", in order to face the grave internal and external threats? Will Mrs Gandhi give a new look to her party and government, at the Centre and in the States, by bringing in people who have brains as well as a good image and reputation? Will Mrs Gandhi be able to carry on the task that Sanjay left unfinished—to revamp her party and convert it into a

cadre-based party and thus provide a channel for the enthusiasm of the young blood that Sanjay inducted into it? Will Mrs Gandhi try to train a second line of leadership to set at rest the usual question "after Indira who and what"?

### Business As Usual

It is too early to give clear and categorical answers. Though she is a good listener and consults all shades of public opinion, Mrs Gandhi keeps her own counsel and does not usually reveal her innermost thoughts and feelings. She will take her own time to resolve these questions in her own way. The fact that she got down to business as usual four days after the great tragedy indicates that she is not going to let it impair her capacity to take decisions.

Minor decisions like filling various ambassadorial posts have been taken, though Washington—and possibly Moscow—are still under consideration. Major decisions like a dialogue with China will take time. China has yet to give a solemn affirmation that she accepts Kashmir, Sikkim and Arunachal as integral parts of India *without any preconditions*, as we recognised Tibet as an integral part of China. She has yet to prove by deeds, and not merely by words, that she will not aid or abet dissident elements in our

KUALA LUMPUR welcomes ASEAN leaders to the 1977 summit



North-Eastern States. The settlement of the border problem cannot be made in isolation.

Relations with the USA could be improved if the US respected our vital national interest. Much will depend on who is elected President of the USA in November and what his policies towards this region will be. But a favourable response to the supply of enriched uranium for Tarapore could make a slight difference, though it may prove to be only cosmetic. At the same time, Mrs Gandhi will have to ginger up our nuclear scientists and others to find indigenous and alternative sources of energy.

With the USSR relations are on a fairly firm footing but neither side should take the other for granted. There could and should be closer consultation between the two countries on problems and threats in this region. This was envisaged under the Indo-Soviet Treaty of 1971 which was kept more or less on the shelf during the Janata Government's rule. Though contacts and consultations have been revived they are not yet as close as they were during the early seventies. How else can one explain the reported Soviet failure to inform India in advance about their token withdrawal from Afghanistan, though there is no doubt that India's stand was partly responsible for it?

With our immediate neighbours there is a distinct improvement in the feelings of the people of these countries after Mrs Gandhi's victory. But this feeling is not so clearly visible in the minds of the rulers of these countries yet.

### Catalytic Agent

With the ASEAN and Indo-China states we could perhaps act as a catalytic agent to bring them closer. But they must not take us for granted. Instead of our sending emissaries to them all the time it is now their turn to send emissaries to us. In this context, the postponement of the visit of our Foreign Minister to the ASEAN Foreign Ministers Conference—due to whatever reason—was perhaps a blessing in disguise. The long delayed recognition of the government of Kampuchea is now through.

These are some of the many questions exercising the minds of the elite. The common men and women are worried about the prices of essential commodities (which seem to have stabilized at a high level), the power shortage, the transport bottleneck, the lag in industrial production and the law and order situation. The trouble in the North-East has to be tackled with firmness as well as imagination. The people have hope and faith in the capacity of Mrs Gandhi to tackle these and other problems energetically and speedily now that the elections in the eight States are over and her party has come out victorious. The wags, as usual, say "wait and see".



# CHILD LABOUR

## The Shame Of A Nation

Abolishing child labour in India is virtually impossible. In the villages, particularly, almost every hand in the household is needed to contribute its mite to the family income.

Instead of asking for a blanket ban on child labour, government and social welfare organisations should direct their efforts towards improved working conditions for children and better protective laws with suitable safeguards against exploitation. A classification of jobs open for children in trade and industry should be made and those involving hazards should not be available to them.

by Madhur Chaturvedi

Photos: Michael Rodrigues

**O**ODA, a 18-year-old boy, was caught under the debris of a wall that collapsed and lost his life. The tragedy occurred in Jaipur where he was

digging the ground for the foundation of a cinema house.

Four young girls were kidnapped by four unknown persons in broad daylight in Bombay and beaten up severely on March 18, 1976. Their hair was cropped close and they were forced to work on a building under construction.

A gruesome incident occurred, ironically, in the International Year of the Child. A private bus with about 60 children on board, mostly girls between the ages of 10 and 14, was swept away on a narrow bridge across the Arjuna river in Tamil Nadu. Thirty-seven of the children were drowned. The grim tragedy could have been averted had the driver of the bus heeded the warning of a washerman that the river was in spate. So callous was the conductor of the bus that he prevented the frightened children from abandoning the bus, when it stalled on the bridge, on the horrifying excuse that without their weight the bus would certainly be swept away.

The victims were being taken from three villages to work in a match factory 15 km from Sivakasi in Ramanathapuram district—"the proud little Japan of India". There are 3,000 safety match units in and around Sivakasi. Forty-five per cent of the workers, about 20,000 to 88,000, are teenagers. The minimum age of the

children employed is as low as five to six years. Seven per cent are below the age of 10-14.

Following an uproar, the Tamil Nadu Government (then under President's rule) instituted an inquiry into the problems of child labour in various factories and industries. Mr Harbans Singh, a former member of the Board of Revenue submitted a comprehensive report. This has yet to see the light of day!

Though the report is not available, Mr Singh gave a summary of 57 conclusions and recommendations to a press correspondent. According to Mr Singh's estimates, the children are paid 50 paise a day to a maximum of Rs 2. The system of herding together little children in buses in the unearthly hours of the morning, sometimes as early as 3 a.m., carrying them over long distances and returning them home late in the evening around 7 p.m. has become a commonly accepted pattern.

A couple of days after the tragedy Mrs Jayalakshmi, a Lok Sabha member (now in the Congress-1), called for a thorough probe into the employment of child labour and other "unlawful" activities going on in the match and fireworks industries.

She alleged that employers violated the provisions of the Factories Act and the Arms Act. When there was an explosion or an accident, the poor, distraught parents of the children were not allowed to enter the premises. According to her, when the number of deaths was high, "the agents of the factory buy the parents off and conduct a mass cremation or mass burial in some secluded places".

And for such serious crimes the factory owners suffered "only nominal punishment" if "caught".

Why is it that public conscience wakes up only after a child comes to grief? Are we not to be blamed for the magnitude of this social evil, which we are all aware of, but prefer to turn a blind eye to, since child labour has become such an accepted part of our daily lives?

The statistics of child labour in the world and in India are mind-boggling. India, much to our disgrace, has the largest child labour force in the world. An old report showed a third of Asia's share of 38 million working children out of a world total of 52 million as belonging to India. Andhra Pradesh topped the list with the highest prevalence of child labour—20.4 per cent among boys and 12 per cent among girls.

The 1971 census estimated that the total number of child workers below the age of 15 constituted 10.74 million (unofficial sources claim that this number has crossed the 30 million mark by now) of which 93 per cent were from the rural areas. Child workers roughly constitute six per cent of the total labour force in our country today.

A 316-page study conducted by the National Institute of Public Cooperation and Child Development revealed that Greater Bombay has the largest number of working children among metropolitan cities.

It was the Royal Commission on Labour in India, known as the Whitley Commission, that made the first serious study of labour conditions in India in 1946. It noted that in many cities young







boys were employed for 10-12 hours a day under harsh working conditions without adequate food or weekly rest days and for sums as low as two annas.

The Commission therefore recommended legislation to provide at least minimum protection to child labour and as a followup, the minimum age for employment was fixed as 12 years under the Factories Act and 13 years under the Mines Act. Needless to say, the evil has persisted.

Article 24 of the Constitution forbids employment of children below 14 years in any factory or mine or in work involving hazards. This

law prohibiting child labour was introduced 40 years ago. But the number of working children has been increasing. Nothing is likely to make any difference to the prevailing sad situation. Why is this so?

As has been documented by the Indian Council of Child Welfare, the laws provide a degree of protection only to a limited number of child workers employed in sectors outside those regulated by legislation. Thanks to several glaring loopholes in the Employment of Children's Act, violations seldom come to light because of lax enforcement and the collaboration of the inspecting staff with the employers. And, if it does, the penalty is too mild to act as a deterrent. So the vicious cycle continues.

The National Committee on Child Labour headed by M.S. Gurupadswamy was appointed during the Janata regime in February 1979 under the initiative of the Union Labour Minister, Mr Ravindra Varma, to look into the problems of child labour.

It suggested that all laws relating to the employment of children be consolidated into a single comprehensive statute. This is necessary because the various laws contain different definitions of "child", "adolescent", "hours of work" and so on.

The question to ask here is: Can we envisage the end of the problem or are all the efforts made so far futile?

As things stand today, the abolition of child labour would be unrealistic and unrealisable since it will only aggravate the misery of the poor. Economic conditions compel children to join the labour force. Parents cannot feed them, so they have to earn their keep or go hungry. In spite of the fact that children engaged in full-time or part-time work do not earn a substantial income, their dependence on the family is reduced considerably and in fact they start contributing to

the family in no small measure--upto 30 per cent of the monthly incomes of families earning less than Rs 300 as found in a survey!

Children in India work not because they want to skip childhood and sweat it out in the factories and fields. They do so because their parents need every naya paisa their little hands can earn. This being so, any laws supposedly made to benefit them are likely to be broken as much by them as by their employers. In any case, where is the determination, the machinery, leave alone the will and conscience, to enforce legislation?

At best, we can only remedy the situation by giving our working children happier, cleaner, healthier hours of fruitful work. Most of the studies conducted so far have emphasised the need to protect child workers from exploitation and also to ensure better opportunities for them to learn while they work. The need of the hour is a package of laws against under-payment, unduly long hours of work, lack of medical facilities and unhygienic surroundings.

A very useful first step would be to call for a classification of the various jobs in trade and industry to identify the relatively safe and easy occupations and barring those involving strain and hazardous work.

More welfare activities should be encouraged at the employer's expense; provision for some formal education coupled with in-work training and prescribed working schedules with regular intervals and regular holidays should be ensured.

Equally important is the need to enforce stiffer penalties to make defaulting employers fall in line. As the District Collector of Ramanathapuram at a District Development Council meeting painfully observed after the Sivakasi tragedy: "The first offender is fined Rs 100. He pays half the amount when he is caught the second time and the penalty for a third time is only Rs 25".

Does anything more need to be said?





# India's Traumatized

Even in the worst of times, a baby is born in India. If the present state continues unchecked, the country will have 1,000 million people by the turn of the century.

by RAM CHHABRA

★ November 1976 India under the Emergency. Fear gripped the people in Uttawat, a village in the Gurgaon district of Haryana. The family planning campaign was hotting up. Uttawat's population of 8,000, mostly Muslims from the Meo community, had been identified as not merely non-cooperative but active in staging a counter campaign. On the

morning of November 6, growing tension led to violence as a force of 700 policemen swooped on the village and carried away 550 men. Of these 180 were later reported to have been taken for sterilisation.

★ November 1977 Under the Janata rule Ram Piyare, a 30-year-old sweeper woman, going to have her fifth child had been persuaded by her employers to undergo a tubectomy at the time she was to be delivered of her child at a leading hospital in Delhi. But the doctor refused to perform the sterilisation until Ram Piyare's husband gave his written consent. The illiterate Harijan woman, unable to persuade her husband to come anywhere near a hospital, decided to go home quietly. After the story broke in a newspaper, the Ministry of Health issued circulars to all hospitals clarifying that the rules required the spouse's consent only if there were fewer than two children. Furthermore, the circular waived the clause for

the future. But Ram Piyare never came back.

★ July 1978: Vijay Kumar, a plumber working in Yusuf Sarai, a crowded bazar adjacent to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in New Delhi, got his wife admitted in the AIIMS hospital. She was going to have her sixth child and, as he watched her go through labour, he decided that they should have no more children. He asked for a vasectomy. "Come back after the rainy season," advised the doctor, unwilling to run the risk of infection that surgery can pose in damp weather. But Vijay Kumar changed his mind later. His wife is pregnant again.

The world's oldest family planning programme has been in the doldrums over the past four years. One year of high targets during the Emergency and three years of



**EDUCATION IN FAMILY PLANNING** is one of the ways by which the government can achieve its targets



**LACK OF CHILD-CARE FACILITIES** and the fear of infant mortality are the major deterrents in the FP programme.

**VASECTOMY IS SIMPLE AND AN OPD PROCEDURE** but most men still believe that it will affect their manhood

Jayant Patel

stagnation during the Janata rule and after have left their imprint on India's demographic picture. Today every seventh person in the world is an Indian. If the present growth rate of just under two per cent continues unchecked, every sixth person in the world will be an Indian by the turn of this century when we may easily touch 1,000 million. At present one in two Indians—of almost the entire population born since India became free—is below the poverty line—which is Rs 65 per capita per month at the 1977-78 prices. Can social justice reach these exploding numbers? Particularly when at the present rate of growth, India annually adds 13 million to its population—21 million are born and 7 million die, the net addition being the equivalent of the population of Australia.

The Shah Commission, which also inquired into the excesses of the family planning programmes during the Emergency, elicited 527 complaints from single men who had been sterilised against their will. The Commission also heard of 1,641 cases of deaths that could have been connected with sterilisation. In all, nearly 11 million operations were performed during the Emergency. Uttarwar may have been an extreme but not isolated example of what happened during 1976-77. On the other hand the sins of omission are equally grave as signified by the examples of Ram Piyare and Vijay Kumar and his wife in New Delhi which can be multiplied many times over. But, whereas more than 5,000 cases were instituted against doctors and family planning workers on the former count, no one has

tried to investigate the number of cases (or to apportion blame) where services were denied by over-cautious doctors and family planning workers who did not wish to take any risks during the post-Emergency period.

It is now widely acknowledged among population experts that during the last three years the family planning programme has received a tremendous jolt. It has abruptly halted the steady decline in the birth rate from 35 per 1,000 in 1974 to a striking 33 by March 1977—a 2-point drop in a little under three years, as opposed to the five-point drop from a birth rate of 40 to 35 achieved earlier from the programme's inception in 1952 to 1974, a matter of 22 years. The Ministry of Health and Family Welfare fears that after 1977 the nation may well have

gone into reverse gear in the matter of birth rates. The National Health and Family Welfare Council was told by MIFW last year that there has been a steady decline in the percentage of couples effectively protected by family planning measures. Between 1977 and 1979 there has been a sharp drop of 2.6 million in couples who practised birth control in one form or another. In 1977, 24 per cent of the eligible couples between the age group 15-44 resorted to contraception. That figure came down to 22.8 per cent in 1978. By June last year, it stood at a mere 21.6 per cent. It could be still less today. What could be more alarming than this state of affairs?

The earlier attempt to attain a birth rate target of 30 per thousand in 1979 and at the end of the Fifth Plan was pushed by the Janata to 1983. Last year, even this modest goal was quietly jettisoned. Despite its liberal stance, the Janata Government throughout its years in office remained helpless, if not exactly impervious to the tragic suffering arising out of its ambivalence, apathy and inaction.

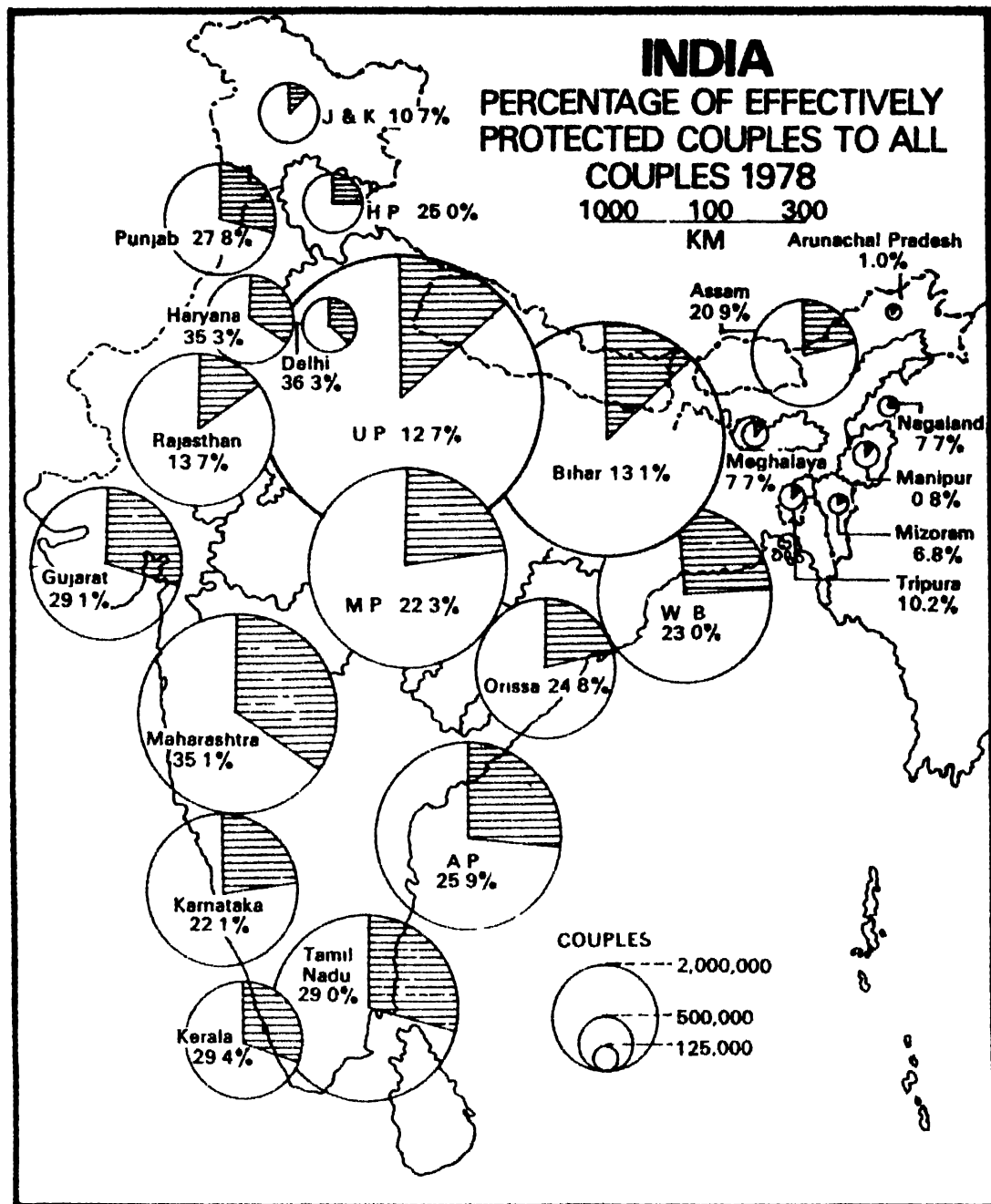
But if there was hope of a distinct change of climate for this programme with the change of government it is now belied. The Congress (I) seems to have made a strategic retreat from its earlier priorities.

### A Ray Of Hope

However, a small ray of hope has been in the Prime Minister's address to the Planning Commission, in which Mrs. Gandhi talked of family planning being a vital part of planning. This is the first positive sign to have emerged so far. For earlier instead of the much desperately needed message of affirmation for the programme that those concerned with it had hoped would come from the Prime Minister, there was a single controversial statement—the disturbing implication of which was that family planning remained the whipping horse of politics.

Before the dissolution of the Assemblies in nine States, the Prime Minister disclosed having received reports of massive demolitions and forcible sterilisations being carried out in Rajasthan, Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh supposedly under Central direction. She further revealed having written to these Chief Ministers to investigate the basis of these reports, ensure an end to the "vicious propaganda" aimed at maligning the Centre and stop such actions if they were indeed taking place. All three States strongly denied the reports.

This development shook the very foundations of the family planning establishment. It is now giving back to the thinking that the Congress (I) is too terrified of its past to be serious about an issue in which purposeful action can be immediately embarrassing and the gestation period for visible benefits too long to prove pontifically rewarding. Whether, after the consolidation of power in the States, there will be a return to the earlier earnestness with regard to the FP programme remains to be seen. The Prime Minister's reference to the subject in her Planning Commission speech is probably the only pronouncement of any significance.



What are the consequences and cost to the nation of non-performance in family planning? For each point by which the birth rate goes up or, for that matter, does not drop as planned, there will be an addition of 6,80,000 to our numbers every year. The adverse impact of so many more births on the developmental effort is one aspect. It is estimated that for every one per cent of population growth per year the country will spend 4 per cent of its GNP on demographic investment, that is, simply on opening new land, building schools and workplaces to provide for the additional people at the same economic level as before, or even lower. Thus, whether India can keep pace with this investment and still have enough to raise living standards for the millions below the poverty line is one gigantic issue, as big, if not bigger, is the matter of the toll of human life that proliferation takes.

India's maternal mortality rate (one of the highest in the world) is around 573 per 100,000 live births. These 6,80,000 more babies kill 3,900 more women in childbirth each year and roughly 20 times that number will suffer some health complications. This is apart from the thousands of women who will have to bear the burden of unwanted children—a cross no less difficult to carry than

the suffering of an unmarried man who has been sterilised. Further, our infant mortality rate is also one of the highest in the world—129 per 1,000 births—and approximately 85,000 little ones are born to die within days or months of their birth. The vast majority of these children are born to depleted mothers who have not the wherewithal to give them the basic start to survive.

There is some more statistics that every citizen must know and these figures can be ignored only at the nation's peril. The revised population projections for the next decade (made in 1978) of the Registrar-General of Census have already been reduced to a farce being optimistically based on the assumption of reductions that are now not taking place. (According to these estimates the birth rate should be below 30 from the next year on.) It has been reliably estimated that, if the present growth rate continues, the population will double itself in 37 years reaching the staggering level of 1,270 million by 2015 against a stabilised population of 1,200 million by 2050, if the target of birth rate reductions were to be reached as planned.

It may be noted that the expert Working Group on Population Policy, set up last

year by the Planning Commission, chalked up a long-term demographic goal for the country—even as it encouraged the abandonment of immediate ones—of a Net Reproductive Rate of 1 by 2001. An NRR of 1 means that given a certain set of mortality and fertility conditions, a woman should be replaced by a single daughter in the reproductive years. This would mean a virtual halving of the existing average family size (about 6 children born, 4.2 surviving) to a nationwide acceptance of a two-child family norm.

The Working Group estimated that the 108 million couples now in the reproductive span would rise to 140 million by the end of the century (again based on assumptions that have been proved to be wrong and consequently actual figures could well be 30 to 40 per cent more if the present trend continues). Even accepting the conservative figures, the number of those having to be reached with contraceptive cover by 2001 may have to be 84 million couples, a quadrupling of the present protected numbers. According to World Bank calculations the cost of every decade of delay in attaining a Net Reproduction Rate of 1 adds another 15 per cent to the size of the population at the time it reaches a stable stationary figure. The penalty of our failure to act immediately and decisively will, therefore, be quite mind-boggling.

### Soft-Pedalled

Yet, the programme is being soft-pedalled at the most critical juncture of its history. Demographic literature has established that a rock bottom minimum of 1.5 million sterilisations or their equivalent need to be done each year to keep the birth rate static. This is because the population structure is now such that, far more couples enter the reproductive span than those leaving it—for some time now annually 2 million enter and only 0.6 million move out. Further, the fertility rate of this younger age group is three times that of the 40-44 age group.

The family planning programme has gone through many vicissitudes over nearly a quarter of a century, as shifting emphasis and varied approaches have coupled with the barriers of ignorance and tradition to make headway painfully slow and uphill. However, its earlier difficulties have paled into insignificance with what has befallen it in the recent years.

In the wake of the political Emergency, the family planning programme got a massive boost. In April 1976, the country formulated, for the first time, a National Population Policy which was comprehensive and multi-dimensional, covering a broad range of social, economic and political issues that have an effect upon population growth. It provided a package of measures designed to give positive support to the demographic aspirations, such as raising the age of marriage to 18 for girls, 21 for boys; freezing representation of the States in Parliament and also the distribution of federal resources on the basis of 1971 population figures, linking 8 per cent of the Central funds to the States to the fulfilment of family planning targets; also, particular emphasis on female literacy and

population education within the educational system. All ministries were asked to take up the promotion of the family planning programme and the States were left free to work out their own package of incentives and disincentives. Two States—Punjab and Maharashtra—formulated compulsory sterilisation bills which were much discussed but overtaken by events.

### Temporary Boost In FP

With whole-hearted administrative backing, the programme forged ahead, more particularly so after Sanjay Gandhi espoused the family planning cause as an important plank of his 5 point programme. Family Planning acceptance escalated by exactly 50 per cent. But enthusiasm quickly soured into acute political ferment as the rationale for the work was lost in the mad scramble for higher numbers. Particularly, as some lagging States anxious to win political credit adopted fair means and foul, in vigorous attempts to wipe out the stigma of backwardness attached to them.

In some States, targets assigned by the Centre were arbitrarily doubled, tripled and even quadrupled without any corresponding effort for quality in serving such numbers. Instead, pressed into service were the range of police, revenue and land officials who wielded absolute powers at the local levels. Salaries, licences, facilities were withheld not just to make people conform but till they brought a requisite number of acceptors. Thus, more than anything else, bred corruption and coercion into the programme, for people can be held responsible for their own behaviour but not that of others. Also, in certain cases, particularly in the northern "Hindi heartland", some petty officials used the pretext of national objectives to settle personal scores or to drive home a lesson of their might, turning a programme of social development into one of naked oppression.

The Janata Government, although it exploited the situation to its advantage, was not anti-family planning. Within weeks of coming to power it issued a new population policy that upheld the entire package of measures earlier devised, only ruling out compulsion of any sort and laying exclusive stress on the voluntary and educational approach. However, its cardinal mistake in this connection was its choice of Raj Narain as Health Minister. If the Congress with its enthusiasm had proved a bull in a China shop, the idiosyncratic Narain was not the ideal man to pick up the pieces.

### Negative Vibrations

At the very outset, Janata abandoned the phrase "family planning", replacing it with "family welfare". The intentions may have been sound but they translated into negative vibrations in the public mind, which Narain accentuated. Targets were given up and with them the work itself. It was only after one full disastrous year of inactivity that the Health Minister was prepared to issue guidelines for "expected levels of performances", the new euphemism to replace the word "targets" and that too for methods other than sterilisation. Sterilisation, Narain declared to be an alien, inhuman concept and talked instead of abstinence and the examples of India's mythological heroes making family planning a laughing stock. Further, as commissions of enquiry were set up in various States to probe family planning excesses, the demoralisation in family planning cadres deepened, as did the feeling that there was a gap between the government policy pronouncements and its actual commitment.

The end of the first year of Janata rule brought into focus the extent of the damage. Less than a million sterilisations across the country about 90 per cent of these tubectomies. It reflected that only women desperate



**"To bring down the birth rate to about 30 per 1,000 population by 1982-83 an operational programme of the following magnitude will be necessary.**

Years	Voluntary Sterilisation	IUDs (in millions)	CC & Op users
(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)
1978-79	4.0	0.6	4.0
1979-80	4.5	0.8	4.5
1980-81	5.0	1.0	5.0
1981-82	5.5	1.2	5.5
1982-83	6.0	1.4	6.0

**"The number of couples in the reproductive age groups protected against conception will have to be raised to about 36 per cent."**

**—Draft Five Year Plan 1978-83**

to remedy their situation had searched out the facilities. As distressing was the decline in the use of all other methods besides sterilisation, even though none of these had been tainted by haphazard handling, accounting for a fall of 18 per cent in the total number of those already converted to the usage of conventional contraceptives in previous years.

What had been a trump card of the 1977 elections metamorphosed into a hot potato in the hands of the Janata. Naran's exit from the Janata fold, provided an opportunity for new directions; and indeed the subsequent Health Minister, Rabi Ray, was an improvement. But he lacked the dynamism needed to set the mauled programme back on its feet. In all, there were just over three million sterilisations in the 1977-80 period, as against the minimum of 4.5 to 5 million sterilisations proposed to be done each single year in order to merely accomplish the residual work of the Fifth Plan period. And so the Janata and Lok Dal innings ended with a record that the Congress (I) in its manifesto rightly called "more than dismal" and "a total fiasco".

But any further prolongation of the fiasco now will enormously aggravate the situation and could move the programme irrevocably beyond resuscitation. Like national security, the family planning question must be depoliticised and placed above all party politics.

The appointment of a strong, dedicated and dynamic Health Minister of full-fledged Cabinet rank who could effectively provide leadership and direction brooks no further delay. Alongside, there is a case for the revival of a Cabinet Committee on Family Planning chaired by the Prime Minister and bringing together the ministers of all key portfolios—an innovation that Mrs. Gandhi had made when she came to power in the first instance, but which fell by the wayside later. At the same time, there is a further need for the country to have a high-powered independent body that could periodically report with an expert assessment on the programme and policies being pursued.

### Biggest Handicap

The lack of a concerted, coordinated policy sustained over a sufficient period of time has been one of the biggest handicaps to date. A feature to be noticed in the profile of the family planning programme's progress is that it is not a slow, struggling but steady movement upwards, but a wildly fluctuating graph of peaks and valleys. However, one other major contour is visible in the detailed analysis of the programme's performance over the years, and that is while in the long-term trend family planning acceptance is better in areas of socio-economic development, periods of intensive promotion of family planning have brought better results in severely those areas that have poor socio-economic indicators, as also concentrations of economic life—supposedly against family planning.

The message is clear: in the long run, the solution to the quantity of numbers lies in the quality of life made available to them. Development is the best contraceptive and women's development is the most

## POPULATION AS ON 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1978

(ESTIMATED)

	(In 000)
Uttar Pradesh	101,210
Bihar	65,249
Maharashtra	58,310
West Bengal	53,122
Madhya Pradesh	50,382
Andhra Pradesh	49,447
Tamil Nadu	45,843
Karnataka	34,012
Rajasthan	38,484
Gujarat	31,429
Orissa	25,788
Kerala	24,879
Assam	18,528
Punjab	15,392
Haryana	11,827
Delhi	5,595
Jammu & Kashmir	5,627
Himachal Pradesh	4,036
Tripura	1,960
Manipur	1,360
Meghalaya	1,240
Goa, Daman & Diu	1,081
Nagaland	662
Arunachal Pradesh	592
Pondicherry	563
Chandigarh	439
Mizoram	421
Sikkim	244
Andaman & Nicobar Islands	169
Dadra & Nagar Haveli	86
Lakshadweep	37

footproof contraceptive in this line. But the very humanity that must be the guiding principle for family planning work demands that a whole generation of women and children are not sacrificed under the strains of improvident maternity while the process of socio-economic development, education and enlightenment matures to usher in changed fertility patterns. Equally, it compels rectification of a situation in which the sum total of developmental efforts is reduced to the farce of carrying water in a sieve, while those most in need move deeper into the mire from which they need to be extricated.

The links between population and development need to be far more cogently established—where development does not precede family planning work, it must quickly follow effectively reinforcing the truth of the motivational message. Towards this end, incentives and disincentives that clearly link family planning and development in a purposeful way are necessary.

The health infrastructure that carries out the implementation of the programme must be revised to becoming service oriented with incentives or recognition for its work

linked to satisfied acceptors and not simply the numbers reached.

The fundamental right of human beings to procreate cannot be over abrogated. But in this civilised age, there is a need to recognise alongside that human rights extend to the responsibility of preserving the rights of others. A couple has the right to replace itself, but not to inflict burdens on limited resources which will deprive all. That laws are observed more in the breach in our society is no argument for refraining to bring a population limitation statute on the books either, for that logic would jettison all social legislation. On the other hand, the existence of a family limitation law backed by incentives and disincentives (the one on a descending and the other on an ascending time-scale) and furthermore, by imaginative insurance schemes, child care and old age care programmes and a humanely administered family planning service alone will help to accomplish the objectives within a reasonable time frame.

### Concerted Action Needed

A mix of "compulsuasion" is needed, if the demographic transition is to be abridged, particularly in those geographical areas where it is most necessary and least accepted at present, as for example, in Uttar Pradesh, which has one sixth the country's population and Bihar with one tenth the population and both with less than 13 per cent of eligible couples covered. It is no coincidence that the regions of population explosion are also the dark areas of women's status, with the lowest female literacy and work participation rates.

There is need also to concentrate on the promotion of spacing methods, particularly in view of the large numbers of the young coming into the reproductivity age group. But there can be no getting away from the importance of retaining vasectomy, which had till 1977 provided the backbone to our family planning effort. Vasectomy is an OPTI procedure and permanent—it therefore constitutes the easiest, most effective and economical method available to the programme.

India simply does not have the infrastructure to carry out tubectomies (which require a minimum of a week's hospitalisation and extremely skilled medical personnel, more so, in the case of the laparoscopic tubectomy catching on in Gujarat and Rajasthan, which alone is done as an OPD procedure) on the scale needed to have any demographic impact. Besides, the mortality risk for a tubectomy is 1 in 4,000 which compared to the maternity mortality risk of 1 in 175 is a lottery ticket for the woman, but still most hazardous compared to vasectomy which carries a 1 in 100,000 mortality risk.

The two other successful methods of modern contraception—IUD and the pill—though excellent for limited use, have side effects that can be troublesome and possibly grow risky with prolonged use.

While political expediency plays the paramount role, can the population issue possibly emerge for suitable discussion and strong action on the agenda for India? When the primary concern of our politicians is to save their own skins and to grab more power, and the media's vision is blurred on the things that matter, who will come forward to beard the lion in its den?



# 'OLYMPICS 1980'

'OLYMPICS 1980' by Norman Barrett; designed and illustrated by David Nash; a Pictorial Book; Rs 19—from Marine Sports, 63A Gokhale Road (North), Dadar, Bombay

**W**HEN a slim if glossy publication of less than 50 pages claims to provide "a history of the Games from Olympia 776 BC to Moscow 1980"—"the events with their history and their rules, Medals Tables, Champions, Facts and Figures, Moscow Table of Events"—you naturally approach it in a skeptic frame of mind. But the cover of *OLYMPICS 1980* is itself so colourfully designed that you feel drawn; and as you look at the pictures—over 65 of them in colour, only 6 in black and white, without counting any number of explanatory diagrams—you realise that Norman Barrett and David Nash between them have indeed achieved the near impossible of compressing into 47 pages all you want to know about the Olympic Games.

When doing a Special on the Games, the dilemma is how to interest the lay reader—Olympics is not cricket, it has no instant draw, least of all now, when so many countries have kept away from the Games. The only alternative is to make the Special pictorial, since there is always an audience for *action*, no matter what be the game or the event.

The strength of *Olympics 1980*, too, is its accent on action. The words in it are relevant only to the extent they hold the pictures together. But what little writing there is is pithy and to the point—it captures the essence of the Games, as in the conclusion to the introductory chapter:

*Yet once the flame is lit and the oath is taken, the Olympic Games belong to the athletes, not to the politicians. They hold the stage, striving, in the words of the Olympic motto which lights up the scoreboard: Faster, Higher, Stronger.*

From Athletics to Gymnastics, Combat Sports to Target Sports, Court Sports to Water Sports, Equestrian Sports to Field Games, every event is covered in just so much detail and no more—in a style calculated to tell you, in the simplest terms possible, what the greatest sports show on earth is all about, how it has come over the years to acquire pride of competing place, "how the important thing is not to win but to take part"—how this sentiment, if old-fashioned, was never more valid than it is today, when the very future of the Olympics movement is threatened.



MARY RAND (Great Britain) winning the TOKYO 1964 long jump with a leap of 22 ft 2 1/4 in (6.76 metres).



MARY PETERS of Great Britain when she won in the pentathlon at MUNICH 1972.

Once in four years, as the Olympics come on, parents begin to look round for a book that will meet the schooling demand of their children "to write something on the Games". A major deterrent here is the prohibitive cost of books providing such information. But *OLYMPICS 1980*, at Rs 19, has everything—pictures, details, little box items containing all those tidbits you want, plus even a conversion table to tell you that 10 metres is 32 ft 9 1/4 in! It is a book you may need not only now, but again four years later. And, if you want something more comprehensive to go with it, there is *The Guinness Book of Olympic Records* (Rs 38)—with 1980 left blank for you to enter the Moscow results.

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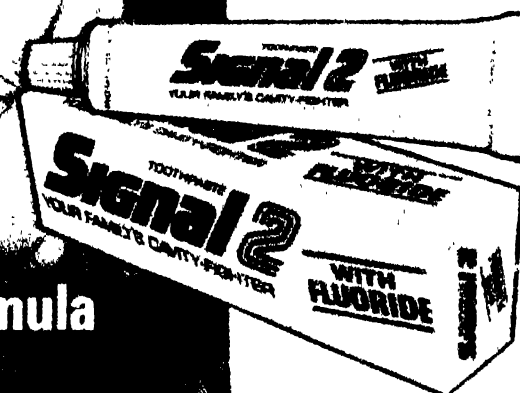
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# A Marxist Attacks Hinduism



“The great acharyas like Shankara, Ramanuja and Madhva were saints in their own right. But the pontifical succession tended to encourage only ritualism and blind adherence to a metaphysical system. The ground was prepared for the weedy growth of system on system because of the diversity of views embedded in the holy texts.”

While acknowledging the faults of Hinduism as it is practised, the author argues that to approach it purely from a Marxist viewpoint is to ignore the special reality of the suprarational. A review article of Arun Shourie’s ‘Hinduism: Essence and Consequence: A study of the Upanishads, The Gita and the Brahma-Sutras’ (Vikas).

by Vinayak Krishna Gokak





**S**HRI ARUN SHOURIE'S book is well worth reading. It is a strange amalgam of essence, excrescence and their presentation through Marxian eyes. Shri Shourie is a good scholar with a modern outlook and his study results in quite a few fresh insights, academically speaking, into the subject, because he applies the modern critical method to an old tradition. But the viewing of Hinduism, through the spectacles of Marxism, makes it a blind, tottering religion, which it never has been over the centuries.

In reckoning with, the Hindu scriptures, one has to consider their basic ambiguity. There is a wild diversity of views discernible in the Vedas, including the Upanishads. The philosophical tradition is said to have "developed as an oral tradition for centuries before it was set down in texts, all sorts of diverse aphorisms, folklore, conjectures, premises, inferences, were developed in the oral stage ... all these were set down in the compendia; the compilation of the compendia seems to have coincided with the loss of the race's earlier vigour and self-assurance, no one now questioned what had been set down in the texts" (p 366) (Some of the sectarian Upanishads were even compiled—and probably composed—during the fifteenth century after Christ.) There are passages even in the early Upanishads asserting plurality, which runs counter to the dominant non-dualistic note

The Gita, again, one of the *Prasthanas* or three established texts, is a loosely structured work. The Gita is only a popular restatement of the Upanishads. As Mr Shourie says, a topic is taken up and left, another intervenes only to be overshadowed by the next. This naturally results in ambivalence and contradiction

### Diversity In Meaning

Since the difference is there in the basic texts (the Upanishads) -the *Brahma-Sutras* were written to clarify these—we see a similar diversity in the meaning of the Sutras. The 'telegraphic' aphorisms, with the keywords missing, speak of non-duality at one time and duality at another, to mention one out of numerous instances. Here is a concrete example. *Sutras* 3.2.27 and 28 read as follows: "But since both are mentioned, as between a snake and its coil. Or both are like light and its source, being effulgence." What are the two entities, 'both'? The preceding and succeeding *sutras* are also silent about what 'both' refers to. Consequently, Shankara takes the two to be 'Brahman and the Soul' and Ramanuja takes them to be 'Brahman and the empirical universe'!

Let us take up a specific minor question, the size of the *Atman*. The basic position is that the *Atman* is of an inconceivable form. Naturally no assertions can be made about such mundane questions as its size, etc. But the *Mundakopanishad* tells us



cession tended to encourage only ritualism and blind adherence to a metaphysical system. The ground was prepared for the weedy growth of system on system because of diversity of views embedded in the holy texts

### Befogged By Antiquity

A breakthrough would have been possible only if a new and many sided movement like the Indian Renaissance had been launched during the Middle Ages. But it had to await a full-blooded impact like that of the West, which came as late as the 19th Century. The result was that we were still befogged by antiquity. There was no seeker of Truth, like Gandhiji, whose *practice* or religious ideals over forty years had given him the right to reject *Shabdapramana* and to interpret the scriptures in the light of his own experience and judgement. There was no mystic *cum* intellectual with a synthesizing vision of the stature of Sri Aurobindo who would not only

**KRISHNA LILA** With the gopis' clothes (left). Below: The gods and demons churn the ocean for nectar. Facing page, top. From the *Bhagavatapurana* (courtesy: Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Pune) Brahma with the rishis. Bottom left: Krishna and Balarama with the gopis. Bottom right: A *yajna*, also from the *Bhagavatapurana* (courtesy: Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute, Pune).



that it is subtler than the subtlest ideations of the mind (11 2 2-11 1 7) The *Chhandogya* (VI 12) tells us about splitting the fig till one reaches 'nothing', a dimensionless entity from which yet the great fig tree springs. This is how subtle the *Atman* is. The *Brihadaranyaka* (V 6) says that the *Atman* is of the size of a grain of rice or barley.

With the minor and the later Upanishads, a kind of intuitive and intellectual feebleness sets in along with a corresponding extravagance in

comparison and similitude

In the context of this inherent diversity, Hinduism branched off in two different directions -the spinning out of metaphysical systems of thought and the cultivation of individual spiritual awareness, the social context being ignored. Spiritual movements like those of Shaiva or Vaishnava bhakti concentrated on devotion and love. The great acharyas like Shankara, Ramanuja and Madhva were saints also in their own right. But the pontifical suc-

despise blowing metaphysical systems like soap-bubbles but could test the validity and authenticity of the spiritual experiences of claimants, gauge the limitations of the philosophic systems built on those experiences, reject inauthentic and untenable ones and describe the nature and quality of the experience which could be regarded as the most comprehensive and of the system which could be deemed as the most inclusive. In an atmosphere favoured by great ones like these, myriad



lamps are lit up, but there was no such atmosphere.

Consequently, the Middle Ages, but for strong socio-religious movements like those of Guru Nanak, Sankara Deva, Basaveshwara and others, were really the dark ages. Many new thinkers, say Ramanuja, dissatisfied with the tradition as it was, conjured up another set of concepts and erected their own metaphysical system. But this resulted only in a movement in circularities and led to memorizing the system and giving loyalty to it. There was no intellectual breakthrough till the advent of the great pioneers of the Indian Renaissance. We get a vivid picture of the diversity of the central texts in Shri Shourie's analysis in his book at various points

### Condemns All 108

Though Shri Shourie recognises the diversity in the texts, he is probably aware of the yawning gap between the radiant vitality of the major upanishads and the sickening sentimentalities of the minor and the utter absurdities of the sectarian upanishads. The upanishads are 108 in number, which is the number of beads in a mala used for prayer. Some of them were probably composed as late as the 15th Century. Shri Shourie condemns all the 108 together because, for a Marxist, the central doctrines of any religion would just be empty or black boxes. Nevertheless, he has done a valuable service to students of Hinduism by exposing the manities of many of the minor and sectarian upanishads.

Not that all the major upanishads even are uniformly free from blemishes. For example, the *Brihad-Aranyakopanishad* (III.6) narrates a story about Gargi Vacaknavi which indicates very clearly that the Vedic symbolism of the hierarchy of the gods had already faded considerably from people's minds. The Moon takes the place of Indra in the story and Indra that of the Sun. Aditi and Purusha have been replaced, as it were, by Prajapati and Brahma. Besides being displaced as a god of the archetypal worlds, the sun just symbolises Fire, one of the five elements.

But the inanities of the minor and sectarian upanishads are too crude even to be believed. For instance, we are told in *Krishnopanishad* (I.1, 2) that the sages in the forest felt like embracing Sri Ramachandra because of his matchless beauty. Then the great Avatar of Vishnu is reported to have told them: "Even if you should assume the form of females through the power of Yoga, I cannot gratify your desire during this incarnation of mine (because of my vow of being wedded to a single wife)... When I incarnate as Krishna, do you embrace me as cowherdesses." This is clearly a clumsy device engineered to explain away the obscenities of the *Rasa Kreedā*.

### "Verbal Vomit"

The degeneration of sectarian upanishads is seen in the fact that, anxious to enroll more adherents, they state that even symbolic gestures and observances are sufficient to ensure emancipation. A mere wearing of *rudrakshamala* is said to be enough to drive away evil spirits (*Akshamalopanishad*). He who wears the *bhasma* mark (ashes) does not reincarnate again (*Brihadajjabalopanishad*). The cow-dung, out of which this *bhasma* is made, should be collected even before it reaches the ground! The Vaishnavas attach equal importance to their *Urdhvapundra* marks made with the *chandan*. The mere utterance of a name or *mantra*, the mere fact of dying in a particular city or living in it is said to be sufficient to ensure the liberating knowledge.

In *Tripad-Vibhuthi-Mahā-Narayanopanishad* (VI, 1), there is a description of the journey to the *Brahman*-world (VI. 22, 23) dwelling on the beauty of *Tulasi Vaikinta Pura*, etc. Shri Shourie calls it 'verbal vomit' and deservedly so. The description is couched in extravagant language and conventional imagery. It has neither lyrical beauty nor visionary authenticity.

It may be that the medieval religious tradition in India left little room for work and even less room for work that aimed at transforming the world. In fact, it may be conceded that the expression 'works' in the upanishads and *Brahma Sutras* and even in some contexts in the Gita had no wide meaning and referred only to 'sacrifices' and other rituals. But Shri

Shourie never allows us to forget that he is a Marxist. He quotes liberally from *The Holy Family* by Marx and Engels, a book in which they make ample fun of idealism, transcendentalism and the Absolute. This, of course, is all in the game ("In the language of speculative philosophy, I am declaring that 'Fruit' is the 'substance' of the pear, the apple, the almond, etc." P. 84) But we must not forget that those who have a good hand at the game can turn the tables on the Marxist too.

Shri Shourie says that the mystic benumbs the faculties by which man perceives pain and pleasure. He complains that the picture of Arjun in battle did not inspire our Ramana Maharshis and Ramakrishnas, totally ignoring the fact that these latter revealed a state of consciousness that was far superior to that of Arjun and,

### HARIKATHA AT HARDWAR.



in fact, nearer to Krishna's Shri Shourie even holds up Arjun's picture, which seems to haunt him, in contrast to some obscure tantric practice which he digs out from *yogat-wopanshad* (126-27) that of one who sits all day "plunging his glans penis in a bronze cup of cow's milk drawing up the milk and dropping it, repeatedly practising this (and) then dropping the semen in the genital organ of the female and drawing it up with the *shonua* discharged by her"

He also tells us that the central concepts *Karma*, *Maya* and *Rita* are empty boxes into which meanings are stuffed according to convenience. He has his reservations even while admiring Gandhiji's natural and basic departure from the Hindu tradition, which Gandhiji transformed from within,—Gandhiji's quiet rejection of *Shabdapramana*, his plea for the autonomy of the individual, his claim that he can interpret the Gita for himself because he has endeavoured to

enforce its meaning in his own conduct for an unbroken period of forty years. Shri Shourie thinks that God and Truth are words that obscure the issues, for human emancipation is a goal that can stand without props.

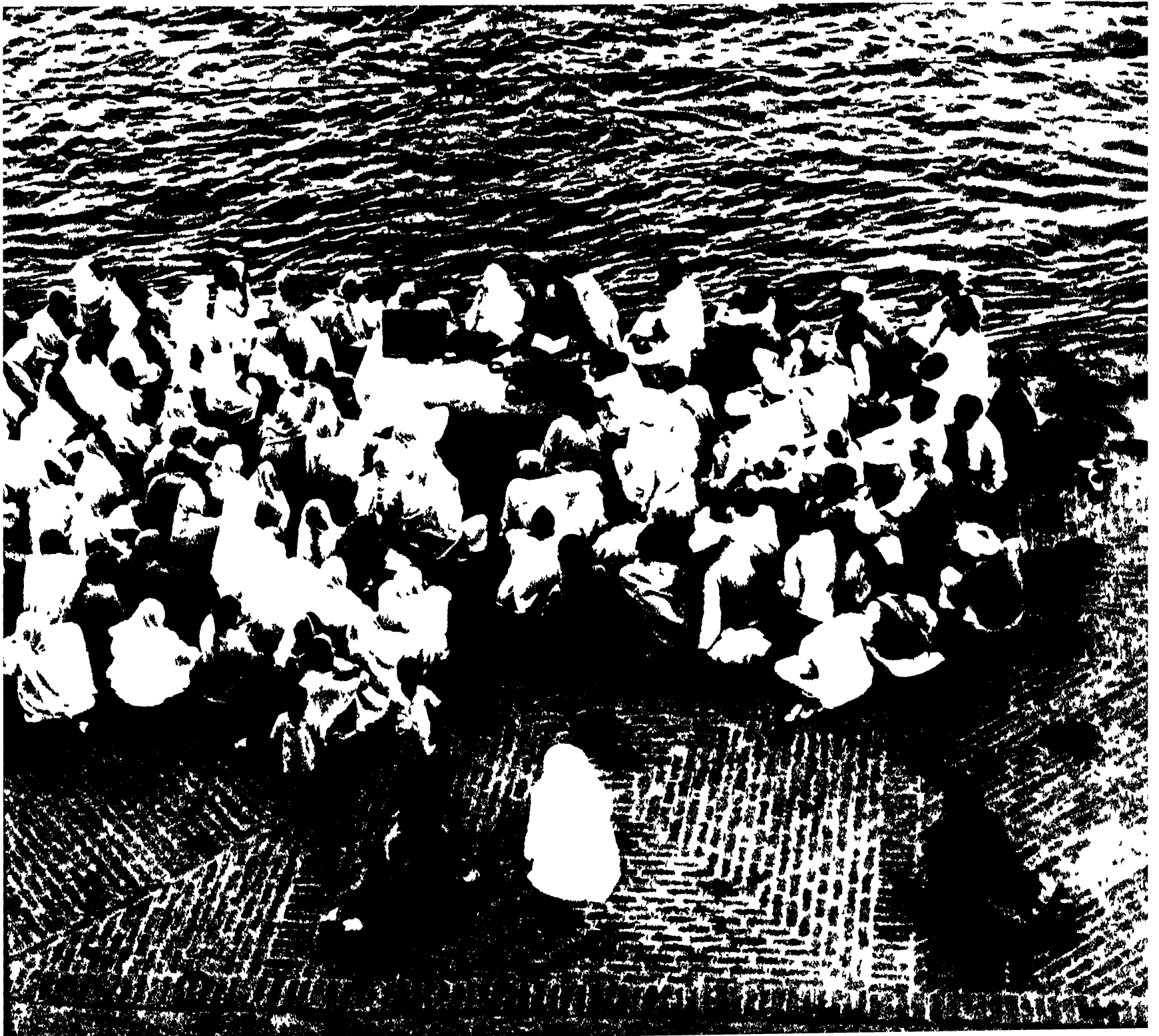
### Loyalty To Marx

It is thus quite clear that neither Gandhiji nor any other dynamic leader of the Indian Renaissance can possibly make Shri Shourie swerve a hairsbreadth from the loyalty which he owes to Karl Marx. But my no less inexorable loyalty to truth as I see it makes me insist on communicating it. Spiritual experience all the world over has pointed out that intuition, soul, spiritual awareness—these are essential for apprehending Integral Reality. If one were to approach this world only from the point of view of Body, Desire and Mind, one would linger in the lower hemisphere indefinitely. The greatest power by which this world and the individual can be changed is the power of spirit. If that

is 'benumbed', we will build only on sand. One will get out of one empty box into another and find no meaning in any thing. One may continue to dwell in one's own chosen world of dialectical materialism. But it will not be good for one to come out of it and intrude into other worlds. One will see that only empty boxes are strewn there all the way on either side, though they might be boxes filled with the most precious cargo.

There is a touching reference on p 5 of Shri Shourie's book to the men of the Indian Renaissance—men like Tilak, Gandhi and Aurobindo who have had such a lot to do with putting us on our feet again. I will quote here a passage from Sri Aurobindo on the logic of the Infinite, not because I expect that it will modify Shri Shourie's views, but because it shows that all the limitations in his approach to Vedanta arise from the cardinal fact that he applies the logic of the finite to things that are really infinite.

Sri Aurobindo says: Still more difficult must it be for our reason to understand and deal with the suprarational, the suprarational is the realm of the spirit and in largeness, subtlety, profundity, complexity of its movement, the reason is lost, here intuition and inner experience alone are the guide, or, if there is another it is that of which intuition is only a sharp edge, an intense projected ray— the final enlightenment must come from the supra rational Truth consciousness, from a supramental vision and knowledge. But the being and action of the Infinite must not be therefore regarded as if it were a magic void of all reason: there is, on the contrary, a greater reason in all the operations of the Infinite, but it is not a mental or intellectual, it is a spiritual and supramental reason: there is a logic in it, because there are relations and connections infallibly seen and executed, what is magic to our finite reason is the logic of the Infinite. ■



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# FRANCE'S AFRICAN CONNECTION

While the Soviet and Cuban presence in Africa continues to draw fire, what has been ignored, deliberately or otherwise, is the growing French influence in this continent. But the fact remains that the French are playing for heavy stakes in Africa, with a military force stationed there which is second only to Cuba.

by ANIRUDHA GUPTA

*'Without Africa, there will be no history of France in the 21st century'*—Francis Mitterand

IN the summer of 1978, special units of the French Foreign Legion flew into the Shaba province of Zaire, captured the mining town of Kolwezi and cleared it of rebel forces that were said to have been trained by Cubans and Eastern Bloc advisers in Angola. The operation took less than a couple of weeks, but it left 4,000 Africans dead and many more seriously injured.

Defending the French action, President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing said that this move had saved European lives and advanced a new definition of what he meant by his policy of "Africa for the Africans". It also meant, said he, "that you protect Africa from the non-Africans who want to sow seeds of disruption or, sadly, violence".

The Kolwezi episode raised an almighty controversy. The radical African governments, goaded by their socialist allies, roundly condemned the French action, but most leaders of French-speaking Africa gave it a warm welcome. President Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast went to the extent of inviting larger military assistance from France to help meet Russia's "neo-colonialism". Even Nigeria's General Garba defended the French by saying that Africans have a "right to invite whoever can help them—and that includes the devil himself".

Kolwezi showed that, among all ex-metropole powers, France alone had the capability—and the will—to act as "a buffer against Communist expansion in Africa".



**AN INVITATION TO QUELL.** When Angolan-based rebels took over Zaire's mineral-rich Shaba province, President Mobutu invited French help. Here French paratroopers question some of the local populace during a house-to-house search for the rebels.

In the process of discharging this role, it has thrown a girdle of military bases round the continent—from Morocco in the Mediterranean, via Senegal and the Ivory Coast in West Africa, Chad and Gabon in Central Africa, and via the Comoro islands over the Cape route to Djibouti on the Red Sea. With troops stationed in these bases, France today boasts a military presence second in size only to Cuba's 34,000 men.

The military dimensions of France's protector role transcend the limits of its former colonies. Its Jaguar aircrafts have time and again tracked down and destroyed *PLISARIO* columns across the Mauritanian borders. In Chad, French troops stand guard, not only to keep civil peace, but also to protect the frontiers from Libyan aggression.

## Saving Africans from Africans

Despite their formal independence, the population of Djibouti welcome the presence of 4,000 French soldiers in their midst lest their territory be grabbed either by the Somalis or the Ethiopians. In this particular case, therefore, France has, in addition to meeting foreign aggression, taken up the responsibility of saving Africans from the Africans themselves!

The story of French success stands out all the more in contrast to the rapidly diminishing role of other ex-metropole powers in Africa. To the British, who have had more than their share of punishment over the Rhodesia crisis, this is particularly galling. In 1969, I had a brief interview with Sir Malcolm Macdonald, then Britain's super diplomat in East Africa based in Nairobi.

Sir Malcolm gave full vent to his anger over what he described as "double standards" practised by the Africans. He read out a formidable list of accusations.

"The French had played as full a part as the British in the Suez invasion of 1956, yet how was it the Africans and the Arabs blamed only the British? In breaking oil sanctions against Rhodesia, it was a French company that was the main culprit but few cared even to investigate it. And, despite an arms embargo, the French had carried on a most lucrative arms trade with South Africa. Surely, the Africans could not have overlooked it."

The reason I can advance as to why the two nations are treated differently relates to their contrasting attitudes towards their colonies during the palmy days of the Empire. The British kept their colonial subjects at arm's length which prevented the latter from participating in the state system of the imperial power. By contrast the French followed a policy of assimilating their subjects into the French way of life. In tropical Africa, French administration aimed at raising a class of educated Africans—the *evolues*—who would think and act like Frenchmen.

These *evolues* were granted French citizenship to participate in the social, cultural and political life of the *metropole* on lines of the stated policy of *la France d'Outre-mer*. Some of these Africans reached dizzy heights of eminence in French politics—like Leopold Sedar Senghor of Senegal and Sekou Toure of Guinea, who were elected

Deputies Others became Ministers, and some, like Joupouet-Boigny, presided over the French National Assembly

The emotional bond forged between the French and the Africans was further cultivated by President De Gaulle as part of a grand design to build a Greater France For him, 'Africa provided a platform that was prestigious to the realisation of his mission of an Independent French diplomacy'

### A Patron-Client Relationship

Whatever the bonds, Franco-African association is not based on a footing among equals It runs more on the lines of a patron-client relationship Without the intake of French capital, aid and technical knowhow, the economies of most French-speaking African states would collapse

French protection gives the Ivory Coast a guaranteed income from its cocoa exports to the EEC countries Senegal must import French capital and technology to keep its groundnut industries running France gives the Cameroons \$90 million aid annually and accounts for 43 per cent of its imports

But, no matter what the nature of the policy of *la France d'Outre-mer* be, the fact remains that France has laid the foundation of African economies geared almost entirely to its domestic markets This explains why, with a few exceptions (Guinea and Mali), Francophone countries have chosen to stay in the *Franc zone*, which gives them a convertible currency to help secure development aid and price subsidies

It is no wonder, therefore that the making or unmaking of African governments revolves on the single issue of what suits best the interest of the French This became apparent when Paris decided on the ouster of Emperor Jean-Bedel Bokassa of the Central African Empire Bokassa was considered to be personally very close to the French President This was given as one of the reasons why Paris chose to condone his actions, even the massacre of children on his personal order

But, in the wake of the massacre a Parisian weekly came out with a revelation that Emperor Bokassa had given Giscard a gift of a cluster of diamonds valued at over \$100,000 The journal also alleged that several other members of the French administration including two of Giscard's close relatives had received gifts

### Raising A Political Storm

This raised a political storm that sealed Bokassa's fate In Paris, a government in-exile was set up, presumably with the active connivance of Jacques Foccart, who had been chief executor of de Gaulle's African policy Within weeks Bokassa's regime fell, to be replaced by a republican government under David Dacko who was, without doubt a nominee of M Foccart

In order to expand its military role France also seeks African collaboration To this end, it has floated the idea of organising a Pan-African force to guard against foreign aggression The first to respond to this call was royalist Morocco, which has initiated a counter insurgency training programme with the aid of American, South Korean and French experts

The French have also encouraged the formation of an emergency force with re

cruits from Morocco, Senegal, Togo and the Ivory Coast to police and guard Mobutu's interests in the mineral-rich Shaba province The experiment ran into trouble when, instead of taking their charge seriously, these recruits went about looting and terrorising the local populace In despair, Mobutu recalled the French paratroopers and advisers to train up his own army

Even admitting that there is a shift in France's African policy from de Gaulle's original stand, would it be correct to infer that France intends to act as "the West's gendarme"? It does not appear so. It is quite in order that France may prefer to associate itself with Western strategic interests so long as it does not interfere with its own national interests in Africa Hence, despite intense competition from Western partners, France has maintained its economic primacy in Francophone Africa It has refused consistently to get involved in Anglo-American moves over Rhodesia On larger military issues, such as the civil war in Angola and conflict in the Horn of Africa, it has sedulously kept itself clear of the Greater Power rivalry

For the promotion of its own business interests, France has equally wooed the radicals and the conservatives in Africa It was the first among the EEC countries to give recognition to the MPLA Government in Angola Also, after years of estrangement, it has secured the return of Guinea to the French fold French businessmen and investors are sealing new deals in Liberia, Sierra Leone and Nigeria The last named has become France's most important trading partner in West Africa

### "A Black Kuwait"

A primary focus of French private capital has been to win concession for oil exploration and mining rights in Africa A French oil company, *EIF-acquastance*, has recently bagged the right to start offshore oil exploration in Angola A consortium of French companies has contributed \$35 million to the economic security of Zaire so as to expand its mining prospects French oil exploration in Gabon has turned it into a black Kuwait for its 29,000 Frenchmen'

Africa also provides a large market for the French defence industries Even in the early 1960s, France advanced military grants to its former colonies to the value of \$80 million and made them enter into 10-year repayment credit agreements for further arms and spares exports The model has been extended elsewhere, including South Africa, which imports French arms, Mirage helicopters, armoured vehicles, anti-aircraft missiles and even French nuclear technology

Whatever the shift or the imbalances, Franco-African relations reflect an intricate network of interdependence Without the crutch of French aid and expertise, most African economies would collapse But can France afford to let go a continent that, as *la Figaro* points out, "supplies us with 100 per cent of our uranium, 100 per cent of our cobalt, 72 per cent of our manganese, 55 per cent of our chrome, 33 per cent of our iron and 25 per cent of our lead"?

Without Africa, would France have a future to look forward to in the 21st century?

Estimated strengths of French and Cuban military personnel stationed in Africa, according to *Le Nouvel Observateur* (1978)

	C = Cuban F = French
Algeria	70F
Tunisia	40F
Libya	25F; 100-125C
Ethiopia	12,000C
Djibouti	4,500F
Uganda	20 to 30C
Burundi	30F
Tanzania	20 to 30C
Mozambique	300C
Comoro Is	10F
Mayotte	2,000F
Tromelin	10F
Juan de Nova	50F
La Reunion	2,000F
Europa	10F
Malagasy	50F, 30C
Angola	21,000C
Congo	10F, 300C
Zaire	70F
Gabon	500F
Eq. Guinea	20-30C
Cameroon	90F
Chad	1,800F
Niger	60F
U. Volta	20F
Togo	80F
Ivory Coast	500F
S. Leone	100C
Guinea	200-300C
G Bissau	70C
Senegal	1,300F
Mauritania	100F
Morocco	250F
<b>Total</b>	<b>13,575F</b>
	<b>34,160C</b>

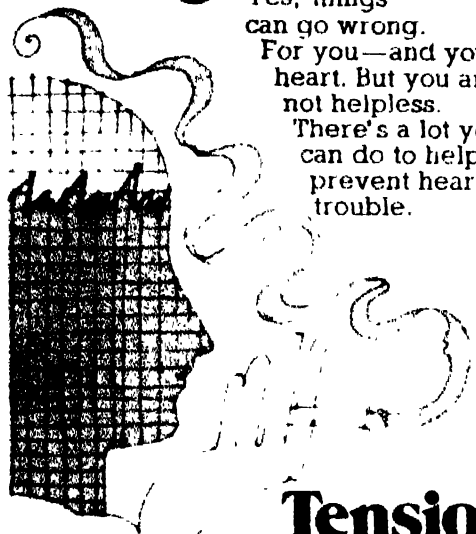
**THE PRICE OF FREEDOM** A grief-stricken Algerian family weeps over the body of a relative who died fighting for freedom Algeria became independent in 1962 after years of bitter struggle.





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## Provided nothing goes wrong.



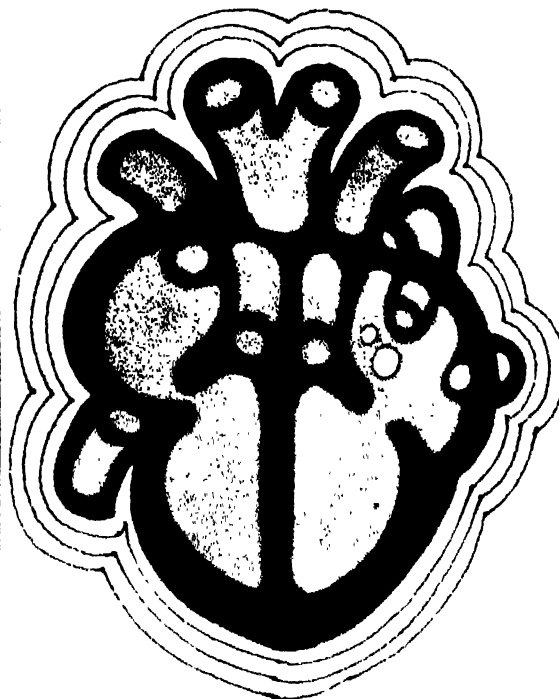
Yes, things can go wrong. For you—and your heart. But you are not helpless. There's a lot you can do to help prevent heart trouble.

## Tension: enemy no. 1

Tension and stress lead to the thickening of the coronary arteries: an important cause of heart trouble. So try to stay serene. Cultivate the habit of taking each day as it comes. Don't use cigarettes or alcohol as a crutch—they are equally harmful. Cut them down to the minimum.

## Saturated fats: a heavy liability.

Ghee, butter, vanaspati, eggs and animal products, all contain a high amount of saturated fats. These fats raise your cholesterol level—substantially. And excessive cholesterol, in turn, increases the risk of heart trouble.



## The daily dozen: it's good for you.

A long morning walk. A brisk game of tennis. Jogging. Choose your form of exercise—and do it regularly. Exercise keeps you fit and fresh. And promotes the efficient circulation of blood so important for heart health.

## SAFFOLA: the ideal cooking medium.

Amongst all cooking mediums, Saffola has the highest percentage of polyunsaturated fats, which help prevent the excessive formation of cholesterol. That's why Saffola is an important part of your protection programme. You can cook, fry and bake with Saffola. Use it in salad dressing. And because cholesterol begins to form very early in life, make sure you use Saffola for the whole family—including the little ones.

Put it all together. Think about it. Follow our recommendations. Because your heart has to last a long, long time.



	Saturated fatty acids (%)	As oleic	Polyunsaturated fatty acids (%) As linoleic (cholesterol preventive factor)
Ghee	64.50	33.20	2.60
Vanaspati	61.35	28.35	3.05
Coconut oil	90.50	8.00	1.50
Butter fat	60.00	30.00	2.50
Groundnut oil	18.50	50.00	30.00
Til oil	13.75	42.25	43.75
Cottonseed oil	29.50	18.00	51.00
Safflower (hardi): SAFFOLA	10.00	14.50	75.00 (highest)

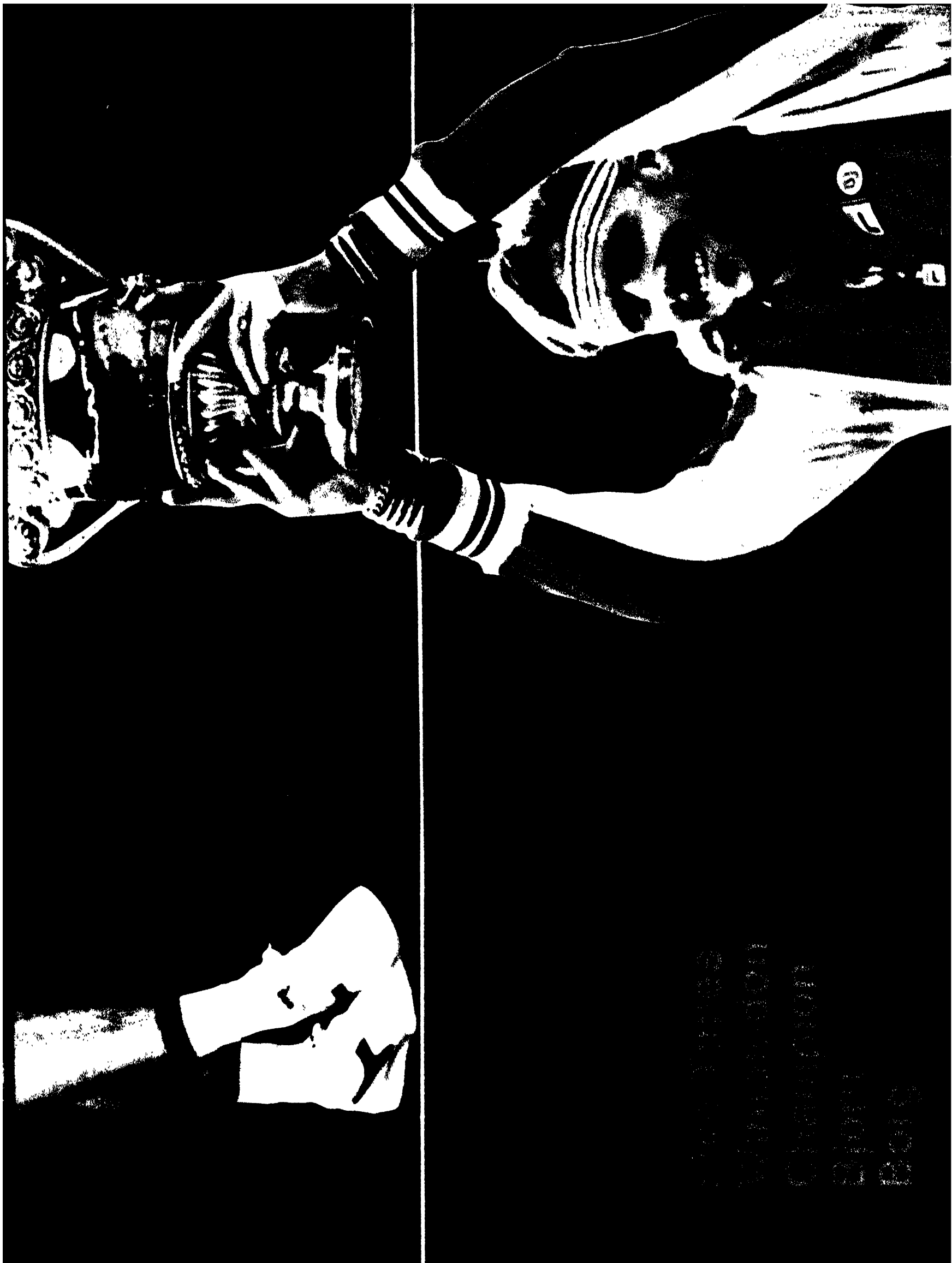
See how well Saffola rates.

# Saffola

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**THE SUPER SWEDE EXTENDS HIS 'SUPER SEED' REIGN.** Bjorn Borg, top seed, continued his incredible winning streak at Wimbledon to annex the men's singles title for the 5th successive year.



**AND THE 'SUPERBRAT' TURNS SUPERHERO!** John McEnroe, normally an abrasive and crotchety player, kept his temper under control to play magnificent tennis and fully stretch the seemingly invincible Swede.

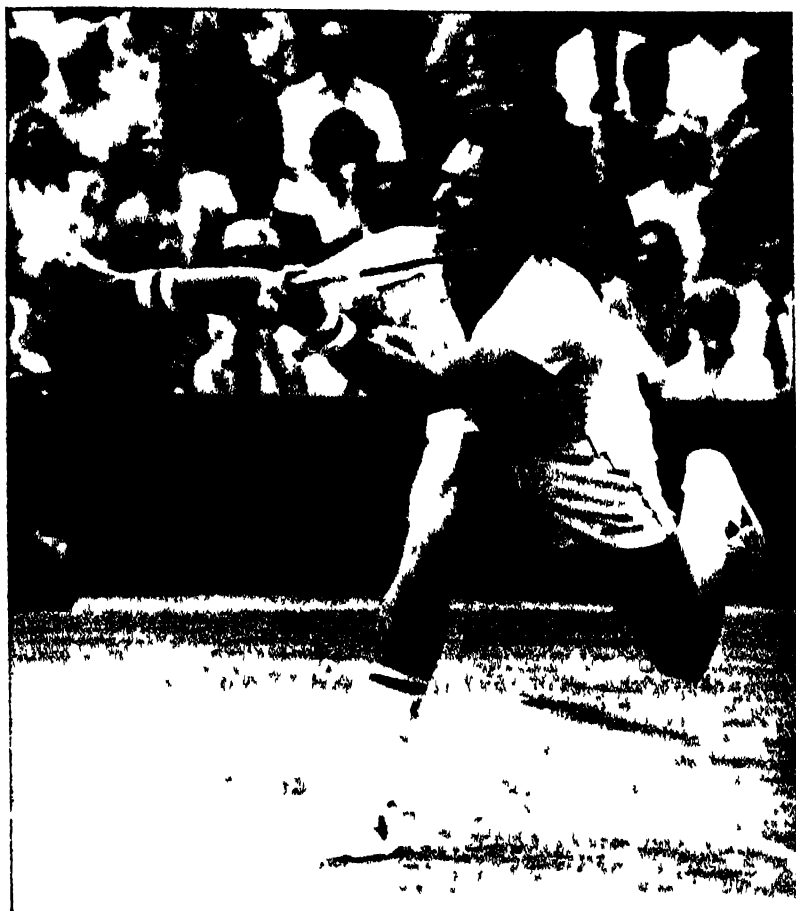
**SHE COULDN'T 'LLOYD' IT OVER.** Chris Evert Lloyd, the No 3 seed, playing some of her most consistent tennis this season, performed faultlessly throughout the tournament—till she reached the final. After her gruelling semifinal win over top-seeded Martina Navratilova (4-6, 6-4, 6-2), Chris looked drained of all energy in the final—to lose 1-6, 5-7 to Evonne Goolagong.

**CHAMP AGAIN—AFTER NINE YEARS!** Evonne Cawley, the fourth-seeded Australian, stunned her critics and fans by displaying remarkable concentration to upset the more aggressive Chris Evert Lloyd in the final. Evonne with her impeccable court manners had endeared herself to Wimbledon crowds 9 years ago when she first won the trophy.

**NO 'RETURN' TO THE TOP.** Martina Navratilova, beaten in a pre-Wimbledon tournament by Bette Stove of the Netherlands, never seemed to regain her confidence and touch peak form. Both her opponents and fans missed Martina's usually powerful volleying and, to top it all, she was decisively outvolleyed and outplayed by an aggressive Chris Lloyd in the semifinal.



# Wimbledon 80



**BOWED TO A SUPERIOR PLAYER.** Former champion Jimmy Connors (above), who unleashed his powerful serves and ferocious volleys to flatten most of his rivals—Heing Gunthardt, Hank Pfister and Roscoe Tanner—met his match in John McEnroe. In a match full of savage power and heated argument, Connors lost 3-0, 6-3, 3-6, 4-6, as McEnroe slammed in 12 aces. Yet critics termed Connors' spectacular return of serve as the highlight of the match.

**INDIA'S PRIDE—NO JOY.** India's Vijay Amritraj (above right), true to form, only flattered to deceive. He played glorious tennis to lead 16th-seeded Jose Luis Clerc of Argentina 6-1, 6-3, 5-2, before rain interrupted proceedings. Resuming next day, Vijay lost the last 3 sets—5-7, 5-7, 4-6.

**'LAST OF THE TELNIE TENNIS BOPPERS.'** Tracy Austin, second seed, played nervelessly, a la Christ Evert Lloyd, throughout the tournament, till she lost to Fvonne Cawley in the semifinals—3-6, 6-0, 4-6.



**HAIR-DOER.** Andrea Jaeger, the 15-year-old who is the youngest ever seed at Wimbledon, was the centre of all attention as she produced sparkling tennis to defeat Britain's Virginia Wade. She eventually lost in the quarter-finals to Chris Lloyd—1-6, 1-6.

# Windies In Action

AT PAINS TO EMPHASISE THIS MISS OF HAYNES is England Skipper Ian Botham at slip, as wicket-keeper Alan Knott, having taken over from Bob Taylor, puts the West Indies opener down in the Second Test at Lord's, where England were saved from defeat only by the rain—after the Caribbeans had taken a 1-0 lead with the First Test at Nottingham. Desmond Haynes went on to hit 184—the highest ever by a West Indian at Lord's.

'OFF' AND 'ON', the BBC commentators get down to discussing how Viv Richards is much stronger when playing shots on the legside; but, each time they do so, Richards comes up with the 'impossible' shot to the off bearing the imprint of genius! Viv's 64 & 48 in the Nottingham Test, followed by that masterly 145 in the Lord's Test, made onlookers wonder whether they had seen his peer. As Tony Cozier said after Viv's Lord's 145: 'It was Richards' 10th Test hundred. I've seen all and also those he made in World Series Cricket. Yet again I found myself saying at the end of it: 'This is the ultimate! He'll not reach these heights again.' For the 3¼ hours he was in the middle, spreading his one 6 and 25 fours from the middle of his jumbo bat to every direction, it was impossible to envisage anything more perfect.'





**ATHWART THE GREENSWARD** sped the ball in the days when Gordon Greenidge had an edge on Viv Richards. In fact, Farokh Engineer considered Greenidge a better prospect than Richards, while Bishan Bedi plumped for Viv. That was early in 1975. Today, Greenidge (seen in action at Lord's here when he scored 25) has been left far behind by Richards. The two made their Test debut together in the November 1974 Bangalore Test. In that Test, while Greenidge almost hit a century in each innings, Richards was all at sea against Chandrasekhar. But our selectors dropped Chandra for the next (Delhi) Test and Richards promptly showed his gratefulness with an unbeaten 192'



**'SWING' THE GAME** England's way he did, Graham Gooch, as he hit a hurricane 123 when England batted first at Lord's. But the later England batsmen failed to build on Gooch's striking gains and a total of 269 left England vulnerable against the batting fire-power of West Indies.



**'ACE OF SPADES' CLIVE LLOYD** (left) joined hands with Desmond Haynes (right) to put on 107 for the 6th wicket, himself hitting 56 in an innings reminiscent of his old command. This was in the Second Test in which West Indies hit 518 to lead England by 249. This is clearly Lloyd's last tour and there can be no doubt now about who will take over from him. Richards has the 'run' of the position

**THEY GAVE HIM A 'BREAK'**, The England selectors did, but nothing Alan Knott's done in the first three Tests has convinced viewers that he should have displaced Bob Taylor, who 'stood' by England through the Packer crisis



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## The Editor's Page



## Men Of India

LONG before such intellectual giants of our times as Jagdish Tytler and Kamalnath were born to brighten our landscape with their spirited airs, there lived in India some smaller folk of whom I would like to recall two, one from Meghalaya and another from Karnatak. The man from Meghalaya is Dr Homiwell Lyngdoh, a name that is held in great reverence and affection in Shillong. The man from Karnatak is Alur Venkatrao, whose birth centenary is being celebrated in his native State, but I don't expect Messrs Tytler and Kamalnath, with their varied and wide knowledge, to have heard of them. Alur and Lyngdoh were ordinary scholars and patriots whose major services of a kind unfamiliar to today's worthies were performed in a different era.

Homiwell Lyngdoh's name is familiar to people in all walks of life in Khasi and Jaintia Hills as well as to many in Assam. He was a physician, political and social thinker as well as Church leader. His contemporaries affectionately called him Bah Homi. He was 81 when he died in 1958 and so would be a contemporary of Alur. For a physician (and a member of the Assam Medical Service) his interests were catholic. The growth of Khasi literature bears his personal mark. Along with U Soso Tham and U Rev Father Elias Hopewell Sohlia, Dr Lyngdoh made Khasi literature what it is today. To these three stalwarts belong the credit of placing Khasi thought on the literary map of India.

Of Alur, it is difficult to think such a man lived! For an entire generation (1910-1930) he was a man to be reckoned with. Stubborn, dogmatic even hot-tempered, but totally dedicated to Karnatak, he was a crusader for the cause of his country. He epitomised in himself the admonition in the *Ishopanishad*: *Vyaha rashmin samoocha thejasa* (spread the rays of knowledge and light). I met him in the fifties and remember publishing

at least one article of his in the *Vharat Jyoti* (now the Sunday edition of the *Free Press Journal*).

He had only one overwhelming love: Karnatak, which was slightly disconcerting and misleading because for all that and all that he was a true Indian patriot. But he started with the assumption that to be a good Indian he had to be a good Kannadiga first. So he started *Jayakarnataka*, translated Tilak's *Gita Rahasya* into Kannada and ended up as president of the Kannada Sahitya Sammelan.

In his mission to bring Karnatak to life, he had help. Rodda Shrinivas Rao became one of the founders of the Karnatak College. Narayanrao Deshpande helped establish the Historical Research Society and Madhavrao Kabbur became editor of *Karmaveer*. They were great days for Karnatak. So it is only fitting that Alur's birth centenary is being celebrated in his native State. In style, one hopes.

## No Handicap

VIJAY MERCHANT would have been delighted at the scene. Three deaf and dumb boys (Kakothkar, Manohar and Sunil) servicing a car at a petrol pump station. Suttar, a handicapped young man, filling in a tank. Sukumar, totally blind, pouring water in a car radiator. Unbelievable? Yes, but true. The place is Chembur, a suburb of Bombay. The petrol pump belongs to the Indian Oil Corporation but is run by Gautam Banerji whose father, Jawhar Banerji, who originally ran the station and is now no more, first hired the handicapped men. I visited the station some time ago to see for myself how they worked. I was introduced to them and watched them at work. They were so efficient that, but for a sign to motorists indicating their physical handicap, one wouldn't have guessed.



SUTTAR filling a tank.

Sukumar comes from several miles away every day by bus and is known to every bus driver on the route who, asserts Sukumar, are always helpful. Gautam Banerji says that he is highly

pleased with his employees. There is no complaining, no loitering on the job and the men are punctual to the dot. Everybody is pleased with them including the motorist who halts to have his car serviced and Indian Oil officials who very rightly believe that the Chembur station is a model for others to follow. Being handicapped need not be a handicap, not if there is courage on the part of the handicapped and vision on the part of the employer.

## Wavell

A POST-INDEPENDENCE generation in India probably would not know who Wavell is, but it was from him that Lord Louis Mountbatten took over as Viceroy of India. Wavell died thirty years ago and Mountbatten who, by then, had returned to Britain asked for the honour of being a pall-bearer. The Board of Admiralty, very protocol-conscious in such matters, blandly turned down the request, taking the line that since Mountbatten had reverted to naval duty and was then a mere vice-Admiral, he did not qualify! That wasn't going to put off the enterprising Mountbatten who promptly signalled back to the Board "to hold everything"; he must have taken up his case with King George himself for within 48 hours the Admiralty changed its mind and acceded to Mountbatten's request, the excuse being that though he was only a vice-Admiral, he was also a former Viceroy! Mountbatten too is dead but at least three more of Wavell's pall-bearers are still alive: Field Marshall Sir Claude Auchinleck, who is 96, General Sir Alan Cunningham, 93 and General Sir Richard O'Connor 91. Some long-living generals, these. And whole chapters in history.

## The Kiss Of A Rose

SOME time in 1932 the famous designer and photographer, Cecil Beaton, met Greta Garbo at a party. Handily kept at the bar was a huge vase of yellow roses freshly sprayed with water. Miss Garbo looked at it and said: "A rose that lives and dies and never again returns." Then she picked a rose, kissed it and caressed it and raised it over her head. Beaton was so enamoured of the gesture that he took the rose home and kept it pressed between the pages of his personal diary. There it remained.

Beaton died this year and his personal effects went on sale last month. Among them was the faded yellow rose of yesteryear. It fetched a neat price—£ 750—and it was bought interestingly enough by another photographer, who later said that he would have gone "to any limits" to buy the rose. Romantic fellows,

photographers. But who wouldn't be romantic about a rose and Greta Garbo?



GARBO on a New York street.

I once watched her going out for a walk in New York at 56th and Third Avenue, but did not have the courage to go up to her and say "Miss Garbo, I presume?" She lived in the same apartment house as did a friend of mine and often I would fantasize that I would knock at her door and she would come out and ask me in for tea!

## Plane Speaking

SOMETIMES when I get pretty angry with Air-India's services (and there is plenty to get angry about) I tell myself things are much worse in some other countries I know. Take this item from a recent issue of *Time* (June 23):

*For passengers of Aeroflot, the Soviet national airline, life is rarely just up, up and away. Among the world's carriers, Aeroflot belongs in the white-knuckle class; its safety record is somewhat clouded since domestic crashes are rarely announced unless foreigners are aboard. Aeroflot food is all but inedible (so are Indian Airlines sandwiches—Ed) with garlic sometimes being the only identifiable ingredient. Just getting aloft presents its challenges. Planes regularly land and take off not just hours but even days late. One foreign traveller waited in a Moscow airport for 17 hours before his flight to Tbilisi was announced. His airport bus proceeded to roll along the tarmac and stop at three different planes; at each one the ground hostess would yell out: 'Is this the plane to Tbilisi?' The bus finally came to the fourth—and right—plane. There was only one problem no pilot. The traveller finally abandoned the effort at 3 a.m. luggage unclaimed and Tbilisi unvisited.*

And this in a country that put the first Sputnik round the world.

M. V. K.



# Child's Play

**N**OT disciplined but annihilated were the words used by Maria Montessori (1870-1952) to describe the plight of the European children at the very first stage of their education. And with a carefully thought out and immensely practical set of ideas she revolutionised the very concept of primary education.

It was while working with mentally handicapped children that she first developed the Montessori method. The underlying assumption was that children need to overcome the adult domination of their world. This domination is represented by, primarily, the parent and the teacher. Madame Montessori sought to change the attitude of adult superiority to one of helpfulness and to make the adult role in a child's world take on a more passive stance. By doing this she believed a tension free atmosphere conducive to a steady mental and physical growth could be achieved.

The cardinal principle of the Montessori method is the child's freedom as an individual. It seeks to develop the initiative and perception as well as to strengthen the element of self reliance in a child and the idea is to give a few guidelines and then leave a child alone with apparatus that can usually demonstrate the many whys and wherefores that a young mind must find answers to. The teacher remains in the background—a person who is ready to extend help when it is asked for.



**LEARNING TANGIBLE TRUTHS**  
Concentrating completely, this child learns about sizes by placing each ball into its appropriate holder. Below left: The same principle holds good for this handicapped girl who uses modified equipment. Below right: Numbers too can be learnt independently with sets such as the one in use here.

The colourful and imaginative apparatus available today indeed makes learning child's play. There are sets that develop the basic concepts—size, shape, colour and numbers. For example, with the use of different materials, the many gradations between rough and smooth become tactile truths.

For older children, arithmetic becomes fun, with coloured books, paper charts and plastic shapes demonstrating addition, fractions and geometry's simplest shapes. Language also can be taught easily through letters of alphabets as tangible pieces of sandpaper and colourful pictures of hens, cats, dogs and flowers requiring their matching labels. Geography becomes approachable with a jigsaw puzzle, world map and the formations of delta, mountain, lake and waterfall evident on embossed plastic cards.

Another basic principle of this method is that each child has special periods of sensitivity when he/she is most receptive to certain knowledge, be it language or

arithmetic. Each child is, therefore, encouraged to work with whatever appeals on a particular day and the pace of work is never hurried along.

Though the quality of independent initiative is greatly stressed by this method of education, it does not seek to negate a spirit of healthy cooperation. These "community instincts" are also developed by group activities such as housekeeping, the serving of meals and the running of errands. Here again, special apparatus has been designed to make these lessons realistic and comprehensible.

The Montessori method has brought knowledge within the grasping power of the child. Through it, youngsters first learn of the joys of self achievement and self-sufficiency. The mind is trained to enquire, classify, differentiate and decide without any overt help from an adult. And the best part of it is that it is a lot of fun—after all, what could be better than 'learning through recreation'!

Shibani Mitra





— S.N. Kulkarni

**We pay exorbitant prices for toys that are shoddily produced. As a result, we have not made headway in exports, although the opportunities are great. Why is the situation so dismal?**

**W**E have the largest number of children in the world—about 250,000,000. Half of them have never seen toys in their life except may be pebbles, shells and balls made out of rags. Children from affluent families can afford to own remote-controlled cars, planes, robots and dolls that walk and talk.

India remains a toddler in the toy world. It looks as if we have specialised in making bad toys—rough edges that cut fingers, detachable pieces that may be swallowed or put into noses or ears, toxic paints that cause poisoning, and dangerous,

**IN A WORLD OF THEIR OWN.** Toys are the starting points of dreams and fantasies. Children infuse their dolls and other toys with an imaginary life.



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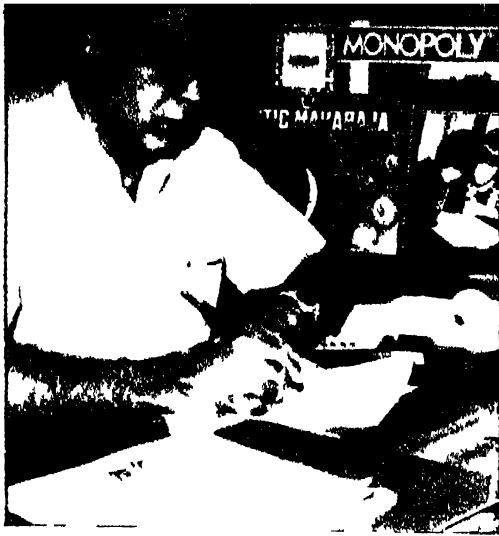
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**"THE INDIAN TOY INDUSTRY IS TOO SMALL AND ILL-EQUIPPED,"** said Mr Gulu Jhangiani, Executive Secretary of the AITMA. "The export opportunity is knocking at our doors .."

infected, soiled materials used for stuffing dolls and other objects

There seems to be absolute lack of safety consciousness. All this is unfortunate because a majority of our children have to do with such bad and dangerous toys. We have a fairly wide range of educational games which are Western in origin such as monopoly, ludo and scrabble. But there are no original Indian games in this range.

World production of toys is estimated at R 30,000 million. All our toywallahs produce is worth Rs 30 million—our exports do not exceed even Rs one million. The toy industry is in an excellent position to exploit markets abroad because manufacturers in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore are finding it uneconomic to produce cheap toys and South Korea which has been a traditional supplier of toys is in a political turmoil.

### WOES AND HURDLES

Our toy manufacturers have their own complaints termed as procedural hurdles in which may be listed

- (a) To obtain export benefits they have to apply through different Export Promotion Councils (plastic toys and dolls through the Plastic Council, metal toys and tricycles through the Engineering Council, indoor games through the Sports Goods Council, and wooden toys through the Handicrafts Council)
- (b) Cash incentives are negligible and shopping lists under replenishment licence very limited and in most cases not related to the export of toys
- (c) Duty drawback is negligible and recovery almost impossible. To establish a claim for drawback on toys is beyond the scope of a small scale until involving a tedious procedure and cost accounting.

Manufacturers also deplore that there is scarcity of raw materials and that the levies like excise and octroi contribute to inflated prices. They do not get suitable boards for jigsaw puzzles or quality motors for battery-operated toys. Non-toxic paints are practically unheard of.

They ask: How then can we compete with countries such as Hong Kong and Taiwan where government assistance is maximum, raw materials are available at very low prices and there is all possible encouragement for exports to Western countries?

### THE INDIAN SCENE

All our toys are made mostly in Delhi, Bombay and Calcutta. Delhi has been con-

centrating on metal toys but now it makes mechanical and battery-operated toys where metal has been replaced by plastic. Bombay specialises in plastic toys. Calcutta has a few plastic and ceramic toy units.

Metal toys are generally made out of tin sheets, aluminium and zinc alloys and are fitted with friction, clockwork or battery-operated mechanism.

Plastics used are high density polyethylene and polystyrene. Polystyrene is used when bright colours and an attractive finish are required. It is however, not as sturdy as high density polyethylene which is widely used in the manufacture of mechanical and pull toys. Low density polyethylene is used in toys that can be bent without breaking.

Mechanical toys are generally made from tin plate though the trend is towards use of plastic. However, the moving parts continue to be made from metal. While the quality of the indigenous tin plate is poor, prices are 100 per cent higher than the corresponding international prices.

### WHAT ABOUT EXPORTS?

Asked Mr Gulu Jhangiani, Executive Secretary of the All India Toy Manufacturers Association why Indians had been so slow to cash in on the large export potential. He admitted: "The Indian toy industry is yet too small and ill-equipped. But we are making efforts to improve our goods. The export opportunity has been knocking at our doors because the existing sources of world supply have been steadily pricing themselves out of the market. Importers in search of suppliers are now turning to India. Obviously, what is rousing their interest is not our present capability but our future potential."

Asked about the poor performance of our toy men, Mr Jhangiani recommended the following:

- 1) A Toys and Playthings Export Promotion Council should be set up to give cash assistance of at least 25% in lieu of drawback and replenishment licences.
- 2) The import of raw materials, component and spare parts should be allowed to manufacturer-exporter under special lower customs duty rate.
- 3) The creation of a Toy Development Board comprising representatives of the Government and the Toy Industry to generate designs and ideas for development of toys with an Indian background. It may also assist manufacturer in matter like packaging, design, procurement of raw materials, marketing and export.
- 4) Setting up Toy Libraries and Museum with the assistance of the Government, private

schools and charitable organisations to enable children in the poorer section of the community to have access to toys.

### HOW TOYS BEGAN

Child experts confirm that an animal bond of affection has always existed between even the most brutish parent and his child. Youngsters have the power to demand attention and amusement. In pre-historic times it is possible that to distract a wailing infant a bone was thrust into his hands first to gnaw upon later to be used as a drumstick for beating out a tattoo. In times of plenty a baby animal fulfilled the need now met by teddy bears and other soft toys.

Pebbles served as marbles or counter, seed-filled gourds made the first rattle, or a branch held between the legs and dragged along the ground was the forerunner of the modern pull toy and hobby horse.

In Egyptian tombs, archaeologists discovered pull-along toys in the form of animal on wheeled platforms (some with mouths that open and shut), spin tops, clay rattles and decorative balls made of papyrus reed.

In the Louvre there is a painting of four young people playing a combined game of piggy-back and hand ball which suggests that trials of skill were then popular.

But now symbol of destruction like cannons, tanks, armoured cars, battleships, bombers, air bombs and thunder bolt rockets have become child playthings.

Sweden has taken measures to ban such toys including plastic gun because they do not want to associate child's hour of play in fun with the war machine.

The earliest toy was discovered in Egypt during excavation of Greek and Roman settlement. Toy balloons were first introduced in China. England has toy soldiers. Hindu people use dolls, houses and Switzerland the home for music boxes.

Netherland Museum there is a Toy Museum which is unique in the world. It traces the history and the theory of toy making since the dark centuries. Even when Roman children used to dream of a happier life.

It is a pity that our children lack of a life which would make the hour of play an experience to remember. In children's Association by Mr. Binay Kumar, model beginning can be made by setting up Toy Libraries in places where poorer children live.

### Winifred Costa

### THE PLAY HOUR: AN EXPERIENCE TO REMEMBER





**PROFESSOR Charles Townsend Cope-**land (Copey to his friends at Cambridge) was once asked why he preferred living on the top floor of Holly Hall in his small, dusty, old rooms and suggested that he move. No," said Copey "I shall always live on the top floor. It is the only place in Cambridge where God alone is above me." Then after a pause "He's busy—but He's quiet."

**A LADY** walking with her husband at the sea-side inquired of him, the difference between exportation and transportation.

"Why, my dear," he replied, "if you were on board yonder vessel leaving England you would be exported and I should be transported."

**THE** ranger an expert in wild life was explaining to a group of tourists how to cut across a snake bite and draw out the venom with the mouth and spit it out.

"Suppose you can't reach it with your mouth," a questioner asked.

"Have a friend do it," replied the ranger.

"But suppose the snake bites you where you sit down?"

"That," said the ranger "is when you find out who your real friends are."

**DISC-JOCKEY:** "John Marcus of this station is going to be married next Saturday, so I'm dedicating the next number to John and his expectant bride."

**ONE** patient to another "You say this doctor has a large practice?"

"Yes. It's so large that when a patient has nothing the matter with him, the doctor tells him so."

**A BURGLAR** broke into a small factory and noticed a sign on the safe "Don't waste dynamite. This safe is open. Just turn the knob."

He did so. At once the place was flooded with light and a bell rang loudly, alerting the guards.

As the burglar was being taken to the police station, he was heard muttering "My faith in human nature is shattered, sir! Completely shattered!"

**A FEMININE** voice over the telephone asked "Are you Harry?"

The masculine voice on the other end replied, "Not especially. Miss. But I'm far from bald."

**LEONARD** Bacon, the theologian, was attending a conference and some assertions he made in his address were vehemently objected to by a member of the opposition. "Why," he expostulated, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life!"

"Mr. Moderator," rejoined Bacon calmly "I cannot allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to offset my knowledge, however small."

**AN** attendant in a mental institution noticed an inmate on the grounds pushing a wheelbarrow upside down.

"Why are you wheeling it upside down?" asked the attendant.

"I'm not as crazy as you think," was the reply "I pushed it right-side-up yesterday and they kept filling it with gravel."

**AN** Englishman travelling in Kilkenny arrived at a ford and hired a boat to take him across. While crossing he asked the boatman if any one had ever been lost in the passage. "Never," replied Pat, "My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him the next day."

**A MOTORIST** asked a native near the Mojave Desert "Does it ever rain here?"

"Rain," echoed the native "Say, mister, there's bullfrogs in this town over five year old that haven't learned to swim yet."

**SHE** was one of those women who wanted to see everything in the store. She was looking for a pair of hose and the obliging clerk got down every thing in sight within a radius of half a mile. After the counter had been strewn with hose of every size, shape and colour—box on box, dozens on dozens—she waved her arm around and said "There, riadam is our stock."

"Is that all you have?" she asked, her voice showing disappointment. The clerk paused "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "except for the pair I've got on."

**ON** seeing a new face an asylum inmate asked, "Who are you?"

"I'm the new superintendent," came the reply.

"Well, it shouldn't take too long for them to know that is not you. I was Napoleon when I first came in here."

**JONAH**, to the whale, about to swallow him up "I'm afraid I'll disagree with you."

"Perhaps," replied the whale, "but it won't be anywhere near the way the theologians will disagree when they discuss the incident."

**WHEN** a curvaceous blonde was introduced to a Texas oil millionaire, she asked "How much did you say your name is?"

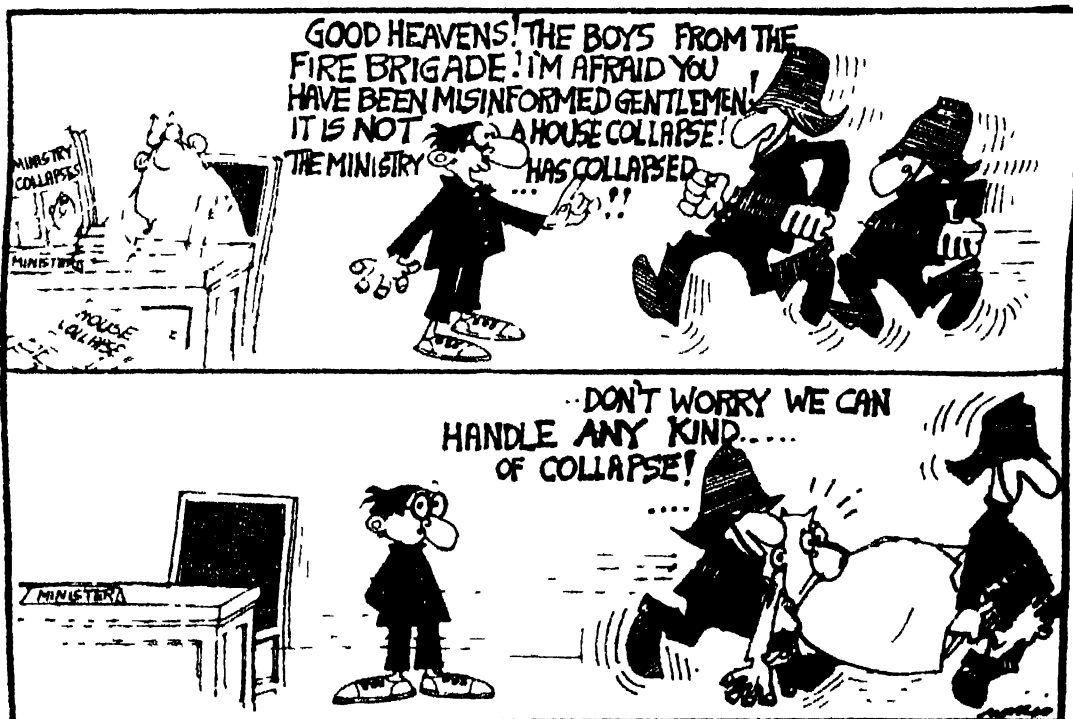
**ONE** of the Kembles made his first appearance on the stage as an opera singer. His voice was, however, so bad that at rehearsal the conductor of the orchestra called out "Mr. Kemble! Mr. Kemble! You are murdering the music!"

"My dear sir," was the quiet rejoinder, "it is far better to murder it outright, than to keep on beating it as you do."

**IT** was one of his own sons who so aptly characterised Theodore Roosevelt, saying, "Father always had to be the centre of attention. When he went to a wedding he wanted to be the bridegroom; when he went to a funeral, he wanted to be the corpse."

**A LANDLORD** wrote to one of his tenants, asking him to leave the premises he was occupying in three months. He received this brief reply "Dear Sir, I remain Yours faithfully."

(Jokes selected by Pramila Rodrigues)



# Your Tomorrows Today S.K. KELKAR



**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec. 21-Jan 19



The active and spirited side of your personality comes to the fore in the early part of the week. This will fetch you ample monetary gains. Find a solution to your problems in consultation with your seniors on Thursday. Do not react impulsively to any surprising news on Friday, but wait till Saturday and then cash in on it.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



This is going to be a thrilling week. Saturday is a good day for declaring your romantic feelings. A short journey on Tuesday brings nostalgic memories. Concentrate on business deals on Wednesday, so that you get money on Thursday. The week-end would be an ideal time for introspection, and planning your future.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



You will bask in the warmth of an affectionate person whose friendship inspires you on Sunday. On Monday you can further cement your relationship with your partner depending on how he or she responds. Turn your attention to business on Tuesday and dispose the backlog on Thursday.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



This week promises great success in handling VIPs and new acquaintances. Your performance will be impressive on the sports field, the stage and in public functions on Tuesday. Undertake a journey on Wednesday so that you can fulfil your responsibilities on Thursday. Be tactful in recovering old dues.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



Family affairs take up the first half of the week. Industrialists may face labour problems on Wednesday, which must be tackled carefully on Thursday. Minor upsets on the job which may crop up on Friday should be settled on Saturday. Guard your health against minor ailments. The week-end is good for business.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



In the coming weeks you will receive a psychological boost which will lead to a change in your outlook. A new relationship that develops rather mysteriously will also bring about a different attitude towards life. Finish all important jobs by Tuesday. Reserve Thursday for romance and fun.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Religious and philosophical thoughts will "turn you on" this week. However, you must make sure that you are not trapped in cults or pseudo-faiths. Sunday-Monday brings a windfall, easing your financial burden. A surprise visit from your in-laws on Tuesday will lead to a discussion of family affairs.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



The next couple of weeks will be the best in the entire year. You regain your confidence which enables you to tackle skillfully all the issues that confront you. The early part of the week should be reserved for resolving your domestic issues amicably. Business deals on Wednesday will bring you extra cash.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



During the next couple of weeks, try to be amicable and pleasant since you may end up making enemies and accentuating rivalry. Conserve your finances to the maximum in order to avoid borrowing. Don't criticise even your nearest friends on Monday. Enjoy an outing on Tuesday. Handle matters of the heart with tact.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



There are excellent prospects this week for those who deal in luxury goods, jewellery and cosmetics. The early part of the week is financially rewarding. Mid-week brings honours and prizes for sportsmen and artists. Entertain your guests on Friday and keep them busy on Saturday.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



Start manoeuvring secretly for business deals or jobs. Conceal your real feelings while expressing your views on Sunday. Your hunches on Monday may help you take a new posture. Money gained on Wednesday will help you build up assets. Set apart the week-end for travel but be careful on the roads.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



Life for you becomes a light-hearted affair in the next few weeks. You will reach new heights and your prominence will be acclaimed. Your efforts in the early part of the week will show results on Wednesday. Money gained on Friday, will slip through on Saturday.

**Sunday, July 20**

A progressive and interesting year is predicted for you. Pick a new field of study and make serious efforts to attain perfection in it. Don't neglect normal routine jobs in December-January and June. Financially you do well.

**Monday, July 21**

A lively and colourful year for you. Politicians and social workers will fight for a common cause and reach positions of eminence. Those in service will do fairly well.

**Tuesday, July 22**

There is ample scope for trying new lines of business and undertaking new ventures in your profession. Those in service can look forward to a promotion in August-September or in March-April.

**Wednesday, July 23**

The year promises adequate outlets for the emotional and adventurous you. You are likely to be dedicated to the fine arts. Barring the last quarter of 1980, the rest of the year is good for the family's happiness and finance.

**Thursday, July 24**

An ideal time to devote yourself to domestic and financial matters. You enjoy peace and happiness from October onwards. In January and February you may be tempted to make drastic changes in your work life.

**Friday, July 25**

More than average success is predicted for you. From September you can off-load responsibilities and start relaxing. Handle seniors diplomatically. From April to your next birthday is excellent for vocational and personal affairs.

**Saturday, July 26**

Your long-standing aspirations for building a house or purchasing a vehicle will be fulfilled. Money is likely to come to you by a stroke of luck in October-November. Travel abroad in February-March,

## STAR FOCUS



In Mrs Gandhi's horoscope, Rahu is going to transit over Saturn and Neptune in the

next one and a half years. It means all the solar and lunar eclipses will be around them over the Moon, which is placed in the 7th house. The solar eclipse of August 10 and lunar eclipse of February 4, 1981 do not appear auspicious for her health. In addition, she will also undergo a sub-period of the Sun in Saturn dasha from December 1980. It leads to suspicion as to how far she will be able to

endure the strain and burden of these planetary positions, despite her rare courage and fortitude.

### Another Split?

In the horoscope of the Indian National Congress, the transit of Jupiter and Saturn is favourable from September onwards. This indicates changes, around October-December with a strong likelihood of Congress

## Can She Endure?

(I and Congress (U) merging with each other, thereby strengthening the Congress movement even further. However, there will be another split in the party sometime in 1982.

While concluding, it can be said that the period between August 1980 and early 1981 is certainly critical with the possibility of unforeseen events overtaking the country.



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**He felt exposed, unprotected. Reporting to the police had not been such a bright idea, after all. But, surely, crime had to be punished?**

**T**HE curious thing was that though Bashi himself was in the room it felt strangely anonymous

It was ages that he had been here—or was it? He couldn't really tell. Time was at once too fast and too slow in its passage so that he had no precise notion of its flight

There were in the cell a few deal chairs—the sort you would find in all police stations. In the centre was a three-legged table which threatened to collapse the moment you leaned on it. That was all there was by way of furniture and it fairly filled the eight feet square cell, the chairs almost touching the walls from which the plaster was peeling off in strips. Mercifully, a window was provided.

From the yard outside came the sound of marching feet. They obviously belonged to the sub-inspector who had earlier shown him into the cell. Bashi was having difficulty remembering his face. He forgot it the moment the officer disappeared from view, recognising it again as soon as he reappeared. He had forgotten and recalled what the man looked like perhaps twenty times so far.

He reached into his pocket for a cigarette. Then noticing that the pile of butts that had accumulated at his feet was already too large, he replaced the cigarette in his pocket. Right from the moment he had arrived, he had been regretting the absence of an ash tray in the place. The result was he had

# The Waiting Knife

by MOHAN RAKESH

not been able to enjoy a single smoke with any tranquillity. He had thought of throwing the butt of his first cigarette out of the window. But when he had looked out, he had observed two or three constables lounging on a cot placed directly under the window. He had not stepped there upon.

And he had exhausted all the strategies he could invent to make time go more quickly. He had sat by turns in each of the chairs provided. He had walked round them. He had contributed his mite towards further denuding the wall of plaster. He had scribbled his name on the table—once with a pencil he carried and several times with a finger. There was only one thing he had not yet done and that was to change the angle of Queen Victoria's portrait that hung on one of the walls. Had it not been for the sub-inspector assiduously marching outside, he would have attempted this as well.



ILLUSTRATED BY PR SH

He thought his pulse was going too fast. He tentatively reached out his fingers to feel it, then immediately withdrew them for fear someone might catch him doing so.

He was tired and sleepy. He had not slept at all well during the night. He took out the pencil and began slowly to write his name with it on his left arm. Bashi, Bashi, Bashi, Subhas.

That name had been in all the newspapers that morning. In addition to his daily newspaper he had bought a half dozen others. Every single one of them had featured the story. Some had given no more than two inches to it. A few had run it into two columns. The reporter of the paper that had devoted two columns to it was an acquaintance of his. Had he not been an acquaintance, it was possible things might have turned out different.

He wrote another name on the palm of his hand—the name with which his own had been linked in the day's press. Nattha Singh, Nattha Singh, Nattha Singh.

His palms sweated. He put away the pencil and wiped his hands on the table.

The sound of the marching feet came nearer. The sub-inspector peeped in. "Need anything?" he asked.

Bashi shook his head. He did not think of the ash-tray.

"If you need a drink of water or something you have only to ask."

With a nod Bashi indicated he would, then asked, "How much longer now?"

Not long, said the sub-inspector moving away. They will be bringing him in another fifteen or twenty minutes. But that was as long as they had said it would take when they first brought him into the cell. Had no time passed since, he wondered.

The sole of his right foot itched. He longed to take off the shoe and scratch. Once or twice he even bent down to do so, then thought better of it, in the end compromising by pressing the itching foot with the other and dragging it along the floor.

The pencil was again moving over his palm. He examined the calligraphy. He had this time formed a large H.

If yesterday he had taken a bus instead of a scooter to return home. If, having taken the scooter, he had not stopped on the way to buy ice.

If. He again rubbed his itching foot against the floor. If he had skipped going to see Minni.

He was the sort of person who disliked getting up till well past nine. And yet, for the sake of seeing Minni, he had taken to waking up, getting ready and leaving the house—all before six in the morning. And what a spot the girl had chosen for their meetings, a sweet shop in Ameri Gate if you please. She just couldn't think of any other place that would be within reach of the private coaching establishment she attended.

The sweet shop accommodated some fifteen or twenty tables. The customers at that hour were chiefly people who went there to breakfast off *puris* and *lassi*. Many of them had by now come to recognise the lovers for they generally occupied the same table in the corner and stayed put for an hour or more. Minni usually asked for nothing more than a drink, which she rarely drank. Bashi for his part ordered *puris* and *lassi*. And since he was a fast eater he frequently had to order more in order to buy time, for Minni didn't mind occasionally giving her first two periods a miss. What made it especially inconvenient for him was the circumstance that he was not used to heavy meals so early in the morning.

Minni was aware of his predicament and sometimes suggested a stroll in the neighbourhood. They couldn't risk the main streets for fear of meeting people they knew. Near the sweet shop the lane turned sharply, opening into a maze of bylanes. They turned back as soon as they found themselves on the main road.

"There is someone coming to look me over next Sunday," Minni informed him one day.

"Who, exactly?"

Oh, someone from Kathmandu. He wants to get the marriage over with and get back.

And so?

So nothing. I shall have to tell him all.

What for instance?"

"Need you ask? Surely you don't have to ask."

What if you cannot loosen your tongue sufficiently to tell all?"

"In that case I shall not be worthy of you and you can wash your hands of me."

"If that is so what has been keeping you from telling your own people?"

"How do you know I haven't told them?" She pressed his hand. "Besides you are yourself living with other people. When you have a job and have settled down, then perhaps. By that time I shall also have got my degree."

If only Minni had not been so touchingly tender. He then might have managed to keep his elation in control and taken a bus on his way back instead of rashly hiring a scooter.

And if on the way he hadn't been so damnably thirsty.

But it was a sultry day in July and he had become thirsty and he had to get ice for his drink. There was nothing unusual in this. He often came to this area to get his ice from a wayside vendor who had come to know him well.

He stopped the scooter and proceeded towards where the vendor sat. But the vendor had not yet started business. It was too early and he returned to the scooter.

To his chagrin he saw that someone else was occupying the vehicle.

"I have not yet paid off the scooter," he said with composure to the occupant.

"Meaning what by that?" the man's face had gone red with annoyance. He was a hefty Sikh, sporting a muslin kurta and lungi.

Meaning I am still hiring it."

"You want me to make you unhire it?" shouted the Sikh, addressing him in the second person singular. "Pay him off, quick and hit the road, or."

"Or what?"

"Want me to show you what, do you?" The Sikh grabbed him by the collar and gave him a resounding slap on the face. "Or this! Do you get it now? Pay him off and get lost."

Bashi went pale with humiliation and rage. That a man should treat him so in the middle of a crowded bazaar! His glasses had fallen off. Looking for them he said, "Look, Sardar, watch your language."

"Oh, you want me to watch my language, you son of a whore. Do you know who I am?"

He had found his glasses and put them on. He saw the Sikh getting out of the scooter, one hand thrust into his pocket.

"Whoever you are," he said, "you just watch your language." He had hardly finished when the

Sikh lunged at him, brandishing an open knife. He ran for his life.

"Stop you mother..." shouted the Sikh after him.

"Sir, my fare?"

He took whatever money he found in his pocket and flung it at the scooter-driver. He ran on and on without so much as a backward glance.

He put away the pencil and rubbed away at the palm with his thumb. He then examined the palm. He hadn't made a very good job of it. He wished there was a wash basin somewhere so he could wash his hands.

He looked up. It was Mahendra, with whom he shared lodgings and with whom he was the crime reporter responsible for the two-column write-up in that morning's papers. From the distance came the sound of the sub-inspector performing his drill.



"What seems to be the trouble, my friend? You have a tortured look."

"Oh, what rot!" He made an attempt to smile.

"They have brought him here from the lock-up. Very shortly they will be bringing him along for identification."

He nodded. He was still occupied with the thought of the wash basin.

"The police say they arrested him in the small hours of the morning. They had been after him all along. Only they were not able to find a pretext to nab him. No one ever came forward to lodge a report against him."

He made yet another attempt to smile as he replaced the pencil in his pocket.

"I am going to file another story today. We are not going to rest till this ruffian has got what is coming to him."

Bashi felt his ears becoming hot. He massaged one.

"The idea," Mahendra put in, "is that four constables will bring him into the yard from the right and move on towards the left. He will not be told that you are here. You have to watch him as he passes by and identify him as the man who threatened you with a knife. He confesses to having had an argument with you over the hiring of a scooter but he denies having threatened you with a knife. He says he never carries a knife—that the accusation is false and *malafide*. He also says he does not wish to remain in the town any longer. There are a couple of court cases he has to see through and as soon as they are settled he is going to get away."

His eyes were on the portrait of Queen Victoria. He was also rubbing his hands together in a preoccupied way. He said, "Seems to me reporting to the police was not such a hot idea after all."



"That is a coward speaking!" Mahendra said a little warmly. "Do you imagine *goondas* like him would be allowed to do as they please?"

He turned his eyes from Queen Victoria and looked at Mahendra. It seemed to him he couldn't put into words what he felt.

"Don't tell me you are scared of him," the porter said.

"It's not a question of being scared."

"Then what is it?" Mahendra wanted to have it out. "You must not get frightened. We are all of us with you."

"I feel," said the reporter, pulling at his cigarette, "that even if one had to die fighting crime, it wouldn't be too great a price to pay. They are getting bolder and bolder each day and if something is not done, in five years you and I will find it impossible to stir out of our houses."

Subhas flicked away the ash from the reporter's

cigarette that had fallen on his trousers and looked out.

"They have now gone to his hide-out to find the knife," Mahendra said. "Maybe they will ask you to identify the knife too."

"How on earth am I supposed to do that?"

"Why," Mahendra was again annoyed. "What is the difficulty? You cast one glance at the knife and say yes you identify it. Simple."

"But I don't at all recollect the knife distinctly."

"Well, you will be seeing it. I will tell you what. We shall telephone here and find out what it is they want. When you leave here go straight home and wait till I return."

THEY left and he was again alone. The cell resumed its bleak look. Even the sound of the marching feet had died away.

Listen. He pricked up his ears. He imagined he heard Minni's voice. He looked about. There was no one. Only the whirring of the fan overhead. He sat back and gazed at the fan, trying to make out separately each individual blade. It occurred to him that his hair was rumpled and he remembered that he had not bathed in the morning.

He had spent the whole of yesterday running around in taxis and scooters, he and Mahendra. When on reaching home he had told Mahendra of his humiliating experience, the latter had become impatient to do something about it. They had first gone to the site of the incident, but no one would volunteer any information. The cobbler by the roadside had simply kept working away on the shoe in hand when asked. No, he had not been there when the row occurred. He had gone for a drink of water.

Only the man running the drug store had said, "Who doesn't know Nattha Singh? The other day his men murdered a betel leaf seller in the adjoining street. They are three or four brothers, all of them notorious *goondas*. You should thank your stars you escaped with your life. You didn't have a prayer. Now the best thing you could do would be to forget the whole thing and not stick your neck out too much. You won't find a single person to testify against Nattha Singh."

But Mahendra had insisted he lodge a report. Crime had to be punished.

The police inspector had said, "But of course you must lodge a report. I won't say it is not risky pitting oneself against criminals. If they did nothing else they might throw prussic acid into your face. They are known to have done it too. Still we are here to protect you. Besides, as a good citizen you have to face whatever risk there may be. Only then can the police do anything against criminals."

They had then gone and seen the DSP and the SP. They had discovered that Nattha Singh's speciality was thieving in girls. He supplied female flesh to top political and government circles. They were told that no amount of reporting to the police had the slightest chance of bringing the criminal to book, that he enjoyed protection in the most powerful quarters, etc. etc.

"But he is only a pimp-poor fellow," the DSP had told them, while he busily signed some papers. "The murderer would be hardly in his line. However, we shall make enquiries and take action, you may rest assured."

The chief crime reporter of a daily had instructed the canteen boy for the tip, the boy had said, "You will be well advised to go and withdraw the report. My dear fellow, the man is not alone. He belongs to a large gang. We reporters occasionally have scrapes with

them. But then they know us, and besides we carry revolvers and things for our protection. They know if they are *goondas* we are no less so. So they also fear us a little. But an innocent like you—why, they will simply rub you off. You must take care."

The Minister in charge of law and order, notwithstanding his busy schedule, had given them a few minutes while he took a stroll in the spacious lawn of his bungalow.

"What led you to get involved with him? Had you had a tiff before?"

"No, I didn't even know the man. You see it was like this."

The Minister interrupted him. "I think you had better put down what you have to say on a piece of paper and leave it with my P.A. Then we shall see. He then turned to other supplicants waiting for his attention."

On returning home he experienced a chill creeping over him. Mahendra though was undaunted. He doggedly kept on telephoning and collecting information till midnight.

Later, when his friend had gone to bed, Bashi lay awake and listened to him snoring. The sound gave him a feeling of security. It was so close, so comforting. He could listen to it undisturbed without stirring. Although the night was sultry he felt cold. There had been a slight drizzle. He felt and himself wondering if the sound he heard was not caused by the rain and the rustling of leaves. And was he really hearing the sound or merely imagining it? He turned on his side and experienced the reassuring sensation of the existence of his arm and legs. Then he went on listening.

There were occasional blasts of wind coming through the open window and he shivered. His veins ached and the veins in his temple throbbled. He wished it was still raining and he was still with Minni.

Something was sticking in his throat. He swallowed hard again and again to clear the passage. He thought someone was strangling him and the pressure in the throat came from the nails digging into him. He struggled to free himself from the paralysing grip but managed only to emit a gurgle. He was panting. He saw himself racing along the streets and it was not night but day and the tar on the roads was melting under his feet. A maze of houses and lanes. Crowds. Everything and everyone was in his path and yet he was alone running on and on.

His eyes opened as lightning flashed outside, they closed again. He was negotiating a staircase. Only it was not a staircase but a large rope coiled round him, constricting him. A sharp pointed knife was coming towards him, cutting through the rope strand after strand.

FOOTFALLS outside. They stopped at the door. He shook himself and sat up straight in the chair.

"Ready?" was the sub-inspector.

He nodded, wetting his parched lips with his tongue. He couldn't remember when he had had a drink of water last.

"Then please turn your chair a little and look out. We shall shortly be bringing him along."

Footfalls receded.

He found his fingers trembling and could do nothing to steady them. It seemed as if they had not been joined properly to the hands. In the adjoining cell someone screamed. The sound of blows against a body. An interrogation obviously.

Queen Victoria seemed to have detached herself from the wall.

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Footfalls again. Many feet marching together in the next cell the interrogation continued, "Out with it, you son of a bitch, from which side did you enter the house?" And a pleading, whining, tortured voice, "I tell you I never went there. I never went anywhere near the house."

There were four constables outside the cell in the middle was the Sikh. He wore the same kurta, the same lungi. Although he was in handcuffs his hands gave the impression of being singularly free.

For a fleeting moment Bashu was shocked to realise that he had forgotten his name. He had read and heard the name a thousand times since yesterday. Everyone he had spoken to knew it. Only a while before he had been assiduously writing it on the palm of his hand. What was the name? What was it?

They stopped at the door of the cell as if to ask him something. The inspector and the sub-inspector were not in the party. "Do I have to go in here?" asked the Sikh, moving towards the door. He was now confronting Bashu, glaring at him. The four constables stood quietly behind him.

And then he remembered the name—yes, it was Nattha Singh. When he had read the name in the papers he had wondered if he would recognise the face. Now that he was there standing before him his face seemed as familiar as if he had known him all his life.

The Sikh was looking at him in a way that disconcerted him. Bashu averted his eyes and looked out of the window. He could see the foliage of a tree rustling in the wind and a solitary crow beating its wings on a branch.

It was only a moment, but a very long moment, heavy with silence. His ears burnt and his foot itched. But he didn't even try to appease the itch

with the other foot as he longed to do. He lowered his eyes to the ground and kept them there for a long time, till after the group had left. Then he turned towards the door.

The inspector was taking the sub-inspector to task. "You had been told merely to have him taken past the door. Why did he have to be stopped here?" The sub-inspector was sorry. The constables had misunderstood the instructions.

The inspector came into the cell and profusely apologised. He regretted what had happened. All the same Bashu shouldn't give too much thought to it. There was absolutely no reason to get jittery. The police would protect him. Yes, had he identified the man? Was he the one who had threatened him with a knife?

Bashu got up from the chair. His legs were cramped. He gave no sign that he had quite understood the question. The words of the policeman didn't appear to have formed a meaningful sentence.

The inspector repeated the question.

His feet were sweating, as also his armpits. In the adjoining cell the pursuit of truth went on. "It was not you, then who was it, you son of a pig?" The son of a pig bleated out something. Bashu could not catch.

He had to answer the policeman's question and knew it had to be answered in the affirmative. That had been the arrangement from the beginning, when he had first entered the cell. That he was their man was beyond doubt. Everyone knew it. The police knew it. Then why ask him? But the issue appeared to depend on his saying so.

He was perspiring profusely. Why had he donned a suit? As if he were applying for a job at the police headquarters.

"You are letting your thoughts wander, friend," the inspector was saying. "You have answered my question. Do you identify the man?"

Supposing he didn't identify him?

"Yes," he said. "I identify him as the man who threatened me with a knife yesterday."

"Very well. That's that."

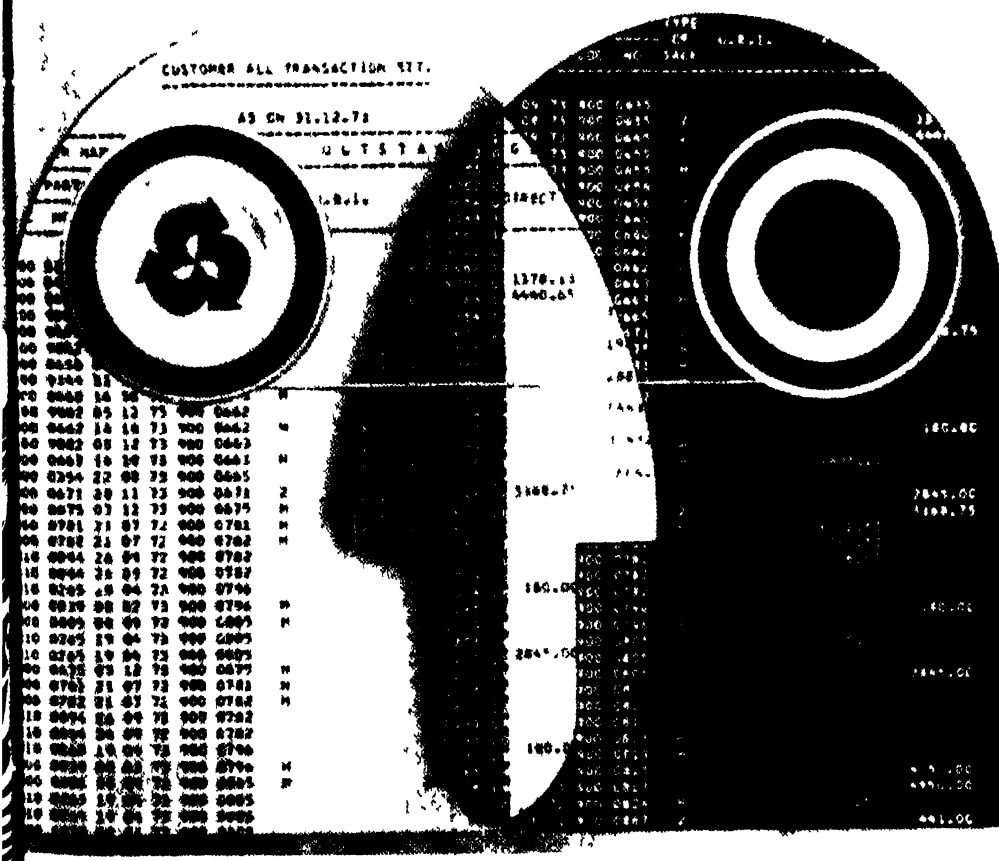
The inspector went away. So did the sub-inspector, having informed him that he was free to go home and that the knife would be sent along to his lodgings for identification.

He emerged from the cell in a trance. In the bright sun outside he felt completely insecure. It struck him that he had left behind in the cell a great deal of what had belonged to him, of what he had been all the trials of yesterday, and Mummy and all his plans for the future.

He had never before noticed how naked the road, the lanes, the lamp posts and all things were. The nearest building that could provide him any cover was still a hundred yards away. He had to negotiate that distance with everyone's eyes on him. One thing was certain. He couldn't stay on in the town any more. He had to get away. And where would he go? He had no job yet.

He looked round helplessly. He took stock of the money he carried and hailed a taxi. Then, casting a furtive glance to right and left, he got into the taxi and gave the address of his lodgings. He crouched low, so as to shield himself from the world outside.

*Translated from the Hindi by J. P. Uniyal*

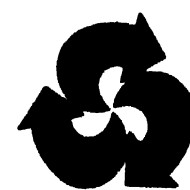


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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# A Switch In Time

**P**LAYING against Dr Choksi and Mansur Tyabji, you wind up defending a touch-and-go contract of 3 Spades doubled.

This was the auction, with you in the South chair.

W	N	E	S
		IS	D'ble
3S	D'ble	All Pass	

Your partner's double of 3 Spades is responsive, indicating a balanced hand with defensive values. You have passed, because you have nowhere to go, since your hand is

S K2,	H AQ72,	D QJ94,	C Q83
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You lead the Queen of Diamonds and dummy, Mansur, puts down.

S 109653,	H J1063,	D K2	C 92,
-----------	----------	------	-------

A good pressure bid of 3 Spades, hoping to push you into 4 Hearts.

Declarer puts up dummy's King of Diamonds, partner playing the 3, then plays a cunning Jack of Hearts, 8 from partner, King from declarer—and you are in with the Ace.

How do you continue? It is quite simple, if you analyse the hand carefully—declarer is marked with a singleton Heart and a 4-1-4-4 shape. Partner, for this double, should have something in Spades, since he has nothing in Hearts and Diamonds, so your King of Spades should hit the deck.

Actually, I was the defender and, instead of the King of Spades, I switched to small Club. This gave away the contract, as you can see from the whole layout:

♠ A4		♠ QJ87
♥ 9854		♥ K
♦ 1053		♦ A876
♣ 1064		♣ KJ75
♠ 10965	♠ C	♠ QJ87
♥ J1063	♥ N	♥ K
♦ K2	♥ S	♦ A876
♣ 92	♣ S	♣ KJ75
♠ K2		
♥ AQ72		
♦ QJ94		
♣ Q83		

Partner won the Ace of Clubs and switched to a small Spade.

We played two rounds of Spades, but declarer was able to set up his Club Jack by ruffing a Club low—to make his doubled contract. My Club switched would have been right only if partner had the Ace King of Clubs and two small Spades, so that he could shift to a trump. But, with this holding, he would not have doubled 3 Spades.

Luckily for us, we got most of the points back a few boards later, because my partner, Sukha Ranjan Ghosh and I were playing, one of my favourite conventions over an opponent's strong One No Trump opening—Double in the immediate position is unconditionally for penalties.

Most pairs play this double as showing equivalent strength, in a relatively balanced hand, but the utility of this is dubious at best. This was the deal:

♠ 3		♠ Q8
♥ K9732		♥ Q104
♦ 843		♦ AQ106
♣ 10652		♣ AQ74
♠ 9754	♠ C	♠ AKJ1062
♥ J865	♥ N	♥ A
♦ J9	♥ S	♦ K752
♣ KJ9	♣ S	♣ 83

East opened One No Trump, 15-17, as South, I doubled and everyone passed. If we were not playing this double for penalties, my partner might have taken out to 2 Hearts and we would have played in 3 Spades, making 2—as happened at the other table.

With the Queen of Spades coming down doubleton, I was able to cash 6 Spade tricks and the Ace of Hearts exit with a Club and collect one more trick with either red King.

500 was a welcome score.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Trapping The Overbold Queen

**W**HEN the overbold enemy Queen ventures too far into your territory or is within striking distance of your forces, you must be alert to look for some possibility of trapping her.

In Position No 91 the Black Queen is not actually trapped, but has to be given up to parry a mate threat. In No 92, Black sets a neat trap to catch the White Queen.

1.PK4, PQB4 2.NKB3, PQ3 3.PQ4 PxP 4.NxP, NKB3 5.NQB3, PQR3 (Sicilian Defence, Najdorf System) 6.BKN5, PK3 7.PB4, QN3 (The controversial Poisoned Pawn Variation) 8.QQ2, QxP 9.RQN1 (Sharper than 9.NN3 which is also often played) QR6 10.PB5, NB3 11.PxP PxP 12.NxN, PxN 13.PK5, PxP 14.BxN, PxB 15.NK4, BK3 16.BK2, PKR4 17.00

10.PB5 is now considered more aggressive than 10.PK5. PxP? 11.PxP, KNQ2; or 10.BxN, PxB 11.BK2, BN2 or NB3. For the Pawn sacrifice 13.PK5 White has good compensation in Black's shattered Pawn structure and unsafe King. Instead of 13 ..

PxP; MCO gives another variation with 13 NQ4

Instead of 17.00, 17.RN3, QR3, the sacrifice 18.NxPch!?, BxN 19.PB4 BR5ch 20.PN3, BK2 21.00 has been successfully played in recent master games.

17 PKR4 18.RN3, QR5 19. PB4! (Another way to sacrifice the Knight and to maintain the attack, as otherwise Black exchanges Queens with 19.. QQ5ch), PxN 20.KR1, BQ2 21. QR3! RKB1. The trippled KP's hamper Black's Bishop's.

22.BxPch, KQ1 23.RQ1, KB1 24.PKR3, QxRP 25.PB5! (This Pawn plays a vital part in the combination) PR4 26.R1QN1, BQ1

Position No 91, 27.QB4! 28.RN8ch, R1R 29.QxQ, PK6 30.BK2 RB5 31. BR6ch, KQ1 32 RxBch, BxR 33.QxPch, BB2 34.QB3, RQR5 35. BK2, PK5 36. PN4 KB1 37.PN5, RB5 38. PN6, KB2 39.PN7, RRI 40.QN2!, Black resigns.

Santiz-Mariotti, Las Palmas 1978

1.PK4, PK3 2.PQ4 PQ4 3.NQB3, BN5 (French Defence, Winner

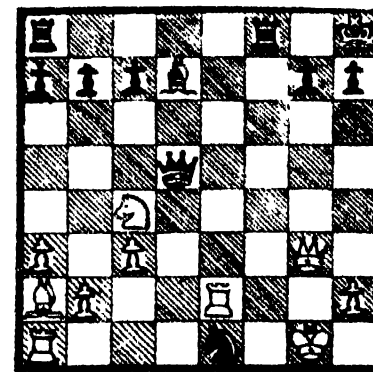
move for White is PK5) 4.PxP, Variation The most common 4th PxP 5.BQ3 (5.QB3 and 5.NB5 are better continuations) NQB3 6.PQR3, BK2 7.QNK2? (This is too artificial; 7.NB3 or KNK2 is indicated) RR3 8.PQR3, KNK2 9.NN3, PKN3 10.QB3, BN2 11.BKN5, PKR4!

An imaginative move preventing 12.000? because of 12.. BN5. White should have now played 12.BB6, BN5 13.QB4 BR3 14.BKN5, BxB 15.QxB. Note that the routine 11..00? 12.000 would fall in line with White's attacking plan: 12.QB4?, QQ2! 13.KB1?! (Intending to meet the threat 13..PB3 by 14.RK1) PxB

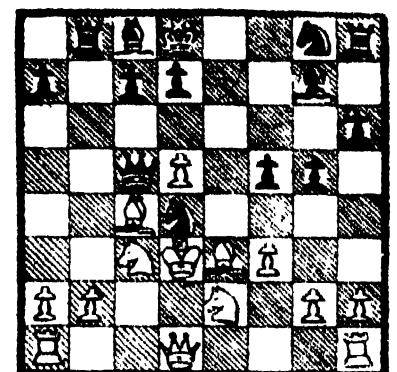
15.BxPch, KQ1 16.QxNF, 13.000 with the same purpose would fail because of 16..BR3 pinning the Queen. However, White's loss of castling hampers development and relatively better was 13.BxN! 13..NQ1! 14.BB6, NK3 15.QR4, PKN4! 16.BxP, NN3! 17.BxN, QN4ch 18.N1K2, PxB 19.BB6

Position No 92 20..KR2! 21.BxB, PN4! 22.BxR PxQ 23.NxP, BQ2 24.BK5, BN4 25.PK-B4, RKN1 26.RKN1, QxBP 27.NB6 NxBP! 28.BxN, KxN 29.KB2, RxB 30.BK5ch, KK3. White resigns, 31.KxB might prolong the game, but 31..QB7ch 32.KK3, RN5 was easily

R B SAPRE



No 93 BLACK TO PLAY



No 91 BLACK TO PLAY





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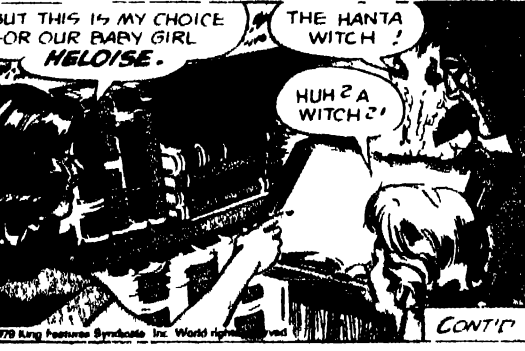
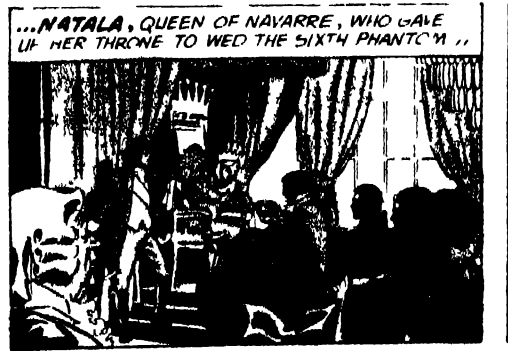
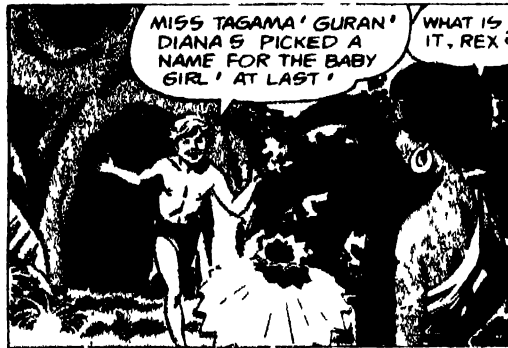
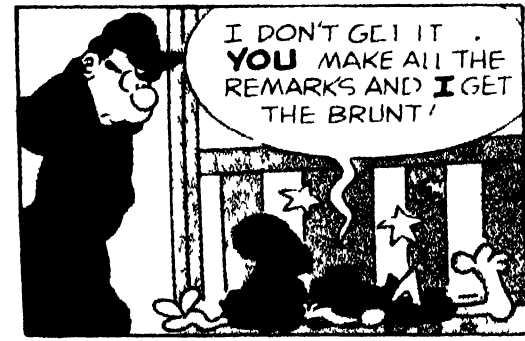
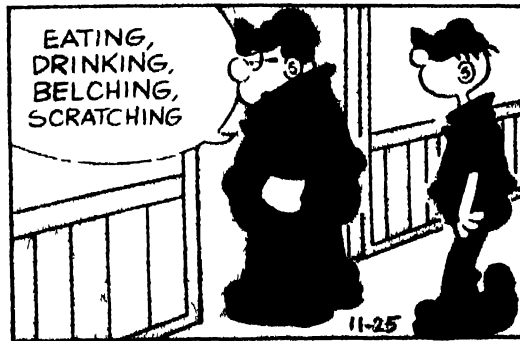
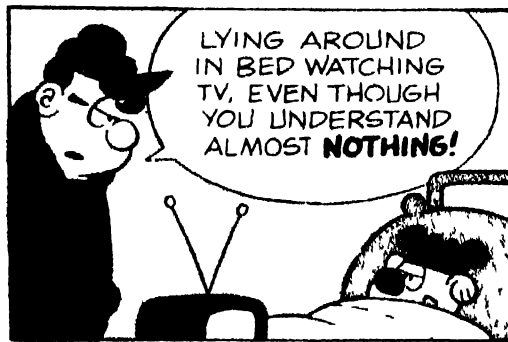
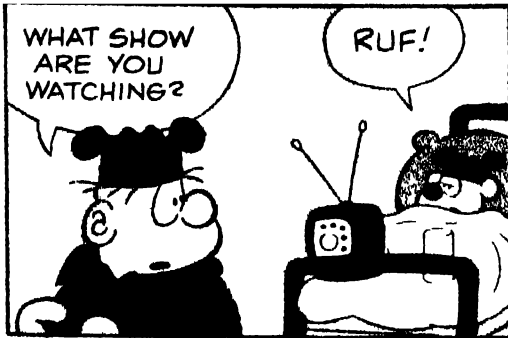


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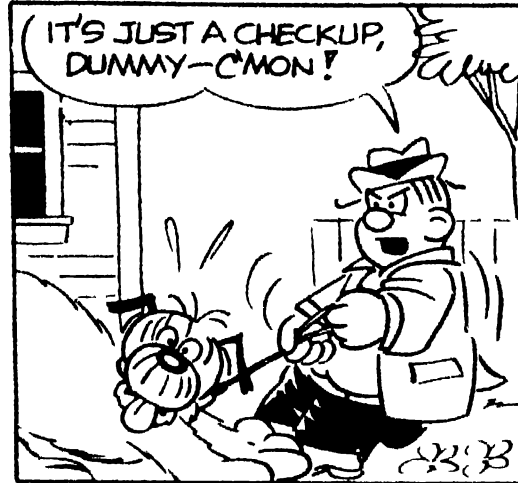
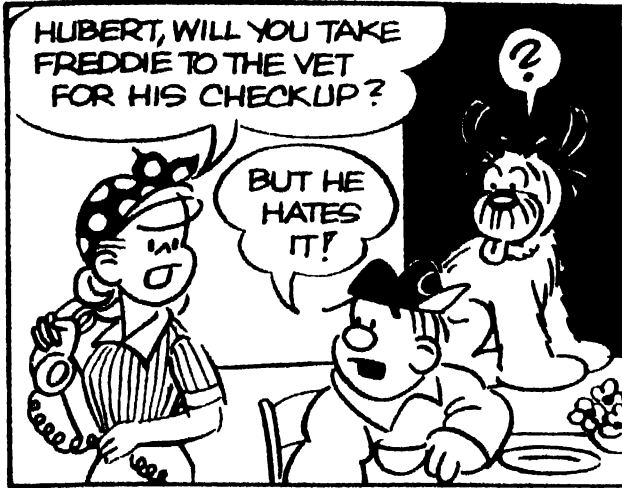
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11-18

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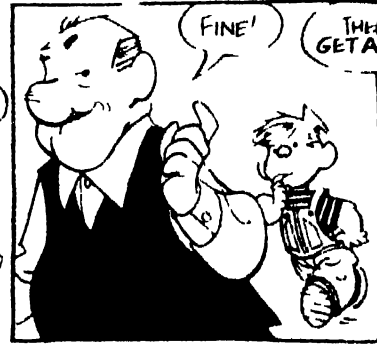
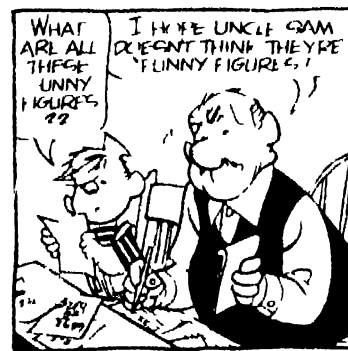
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# The Last Word

## AFGHAN MEMORIES

**M**Y memories of Afghanistan go back sixty years, to the year 1920. Just the previous year Afghanistan had fought and won a war against Great Britain. Until then, for nearly a hundred years Afghanistan had been a buffer leaning on Britain. Unable to conquer Afghanistan, Britain was content, and determined to keep her as a cushion against the expanding Russian empire which was believed would go on expanding, until it gobbled up India itself.

The first two Afghan Wars were an outcome of the 'Russian bogey' which dominated British foreign policy in the 19th century. Afghanistan had been defeated but it waited for an opportunity to avenge itself. That opportunity came in 1919 when Britain was suffering from the war-weariness of the First World War.

### They Beat The British

Great was the rejoicing in Asia and Africa at the victory of Afghanistan over Great Britain, just as Japan's victory over Russia, in 1902, had thrilled Asian hearts.

After the First World War, in 1920 I was an undergraduate at Oxford and was the President of the Association of Indian Students at Oxford, known as the Oxford Majlis. From the time of Hardaval the arch revolutionary who was its first President, the Majlis had the reputation of a radical, if not a revolutionary body. We rejoiced unreservedly at the defeat of Britain and held a banquet in honour of the first Afghan Ambassador to Great Britain. We also invited Mrs Sarojini Naidu, who was in England at that time, to propose the toast to the Ambassador. She did so in a fervent speech couched in poetic prose, which still rings in my ears. We celebrated the independence of Afghanistan not merely because of its intrinsic

interest, but because we hoped that it would be a precursor of India's own independence.

Incidentally, it is worth remembering that the USSR was the first country to have recognised the independence of Afghanistan and exchanged diplomatic representatives with it. In his instructions to his Ambassador in Kabul Lenin said, "Our eastern policy remains diametrically opposed to that of the imperialist countries. It is our policy to strive to promote the independent economic and political development of the eastern peoples, and we shall do everything in our power to support them in this. Our role and our mission is to be neutral and disinterested friends and allies of the peoples struggling for a completely independent economic and political development."

Seven years later, I found myself a sedate member of the steel frame of the Government of India. I was admitted to that holy of holies, hitherto closed to Indians, the Foreign and Political Department, which dealt with the Frontier, the Princely States and Overseas. As such in 1927 I was posted as Under-Secretary to the Chief Commissioner in the North-West Frontier Province with headquarters at Peshawar—the gateway to the Khyber Pass and Afghanistan. I drove dozens of times through the wind-swept Khyber, which wound its way through the hills and valleys of TT and IT (that is, Tribal Territory and Independent Territory), so called because the writ of Britain did not run in this area even though it was within the recognised international frontiers of British India. One State, however, claimed (and still claims) the entire region including Peshawar, right down to Attock on the Indus River, as Pakhthoonistan.

An incident which occurred when I was in Peshawar seems

worth recalling. The Simon Commission for Indian Constitutional Reforms of which Sir John Simon was the Chairman, and the Indian Central Committee of which Sir C. Sankaran Nair was the chairman, came to Peshawar in 1929. Sir Sankaran Nair expressed a desire to visit Afghanistan for two or three days, my wife (his daughter) and I were to have accompanied him. Our passports and visas were ready, and we were to have set out one fine morning, when came a message that King Amanulla had just been overthrown in the course of a rebellion, that he had fled the country and that it was not safe to go to Afghanistan at that juncture.

### The End Of Reforms

Bachai Sakao, a water-carrier's son, had raised the standard of revolt against King Amanulla, and thousands of disgruntled Afghans flocked to him. Amanulla had modelled himself on the lines of Kemal Ataturk of Turkey and set out to carry out radical social reforms, including the emancipation of women. It was this that brought about his downfall. King Amanulla and Queen Suraiya had a great reception in all the capitals of Europe. The mullahs in Afghanistan distributed thousands of pictures of the Queen in fashionable low-cut Parisian dresses and warned the people that this would happen to their womenfolk if Amanulla continued. As King Amanulla fled into exile. Within a few weeks Bachai Sakao discredited himself thoroughly and then the British brought in a member of the royal dynasty, Nadir Shah, and installed him as King of Afghanistan. That was the end of social reform in Afghanistan for many years. Women continued to wear the veil and mullahs continued to rule the roost. In fact, the first time the wives of Afghan dignitaries sat unveiled together with their husbands at an official function was at the banquet given by the Afghan Government in honour of Jawaharlal Nehru during his visit to Kabul soon after India's independence.

The dynasty of Nadir Shah lasted until 1973, when its last incumbent Zahir Shah, was overthrown by a coup, engineered by his own uncle, Daoud Khan. Let me recall an incident which occurred during the official visit of King Zahir Shah to Moscow. At that time it was the custom for the Heads of Asian and African diplomatic Missions in Moscow to give a banquet, whenever the Head of State or the

Head of Government of any Asian or African country visited Moscow. I, as the doyen of the Afro-Asian Ambassadors, presided at the banquet in honour of Zahir Shah. I praised the hardy spirit of independence which had characterised the people of Afghanistan from time immemorial and quoted a poem by Wordsworth:

*Two Voices there are, one of the mountains, one of the sea,  
Each a mighty voice,  
In them, Thou did'st, from age to age, rejoice  
They are Thy chosen music  
Liberty*

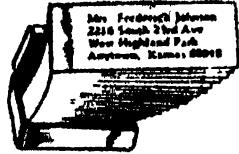
Prime Minister Bulganin took the cue from me and said that he had indeed heard this Voice, the Voice of Liberty in the hills and dales of Afghanistan, which he and Mr Khrushchev had lately visited. The Ambassador of Pakistan to the Soviet Union took umbrage at these observations and later he came and saw me—under instructions from his government—and asked whether the Government of India had finally decided to support Pakhthoonistan!

### Super Power Rivalry

With all the robust qualities of the Afghan people, Afghanistan continued to remain in a primitive state. Blood-feuds were rampant and the old Mosaic law—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—still prevailed. Moreover, almost all land had been in the hands of the wealthy sardars, maliks and mullahs. The April Revolution of 1978 was essentially an attempt on the part of the Afghans to skip from a feudal, pre-feudal, state into the modern world. Despite all vicissitudes, it was an attempt to bring about a socio-economic overhaul, which Afghanistan was in dire need. Its implications and the respective reactions of the contending powers and their legitimate (and illegitimate) interests in Afghanistan and India's commendable efforts to defuse the crisis are described with remarkable perspicacity, in a leading article of the March 8 issue of the WEEKLY. I hope my memories, spread over sixty years, which I have recalled in the article, will serve as a background to the study of an inflammable situation which, thanks to the efforts of India and like-minded states, shows signs of being defused gradually.

K. P. S. MENON

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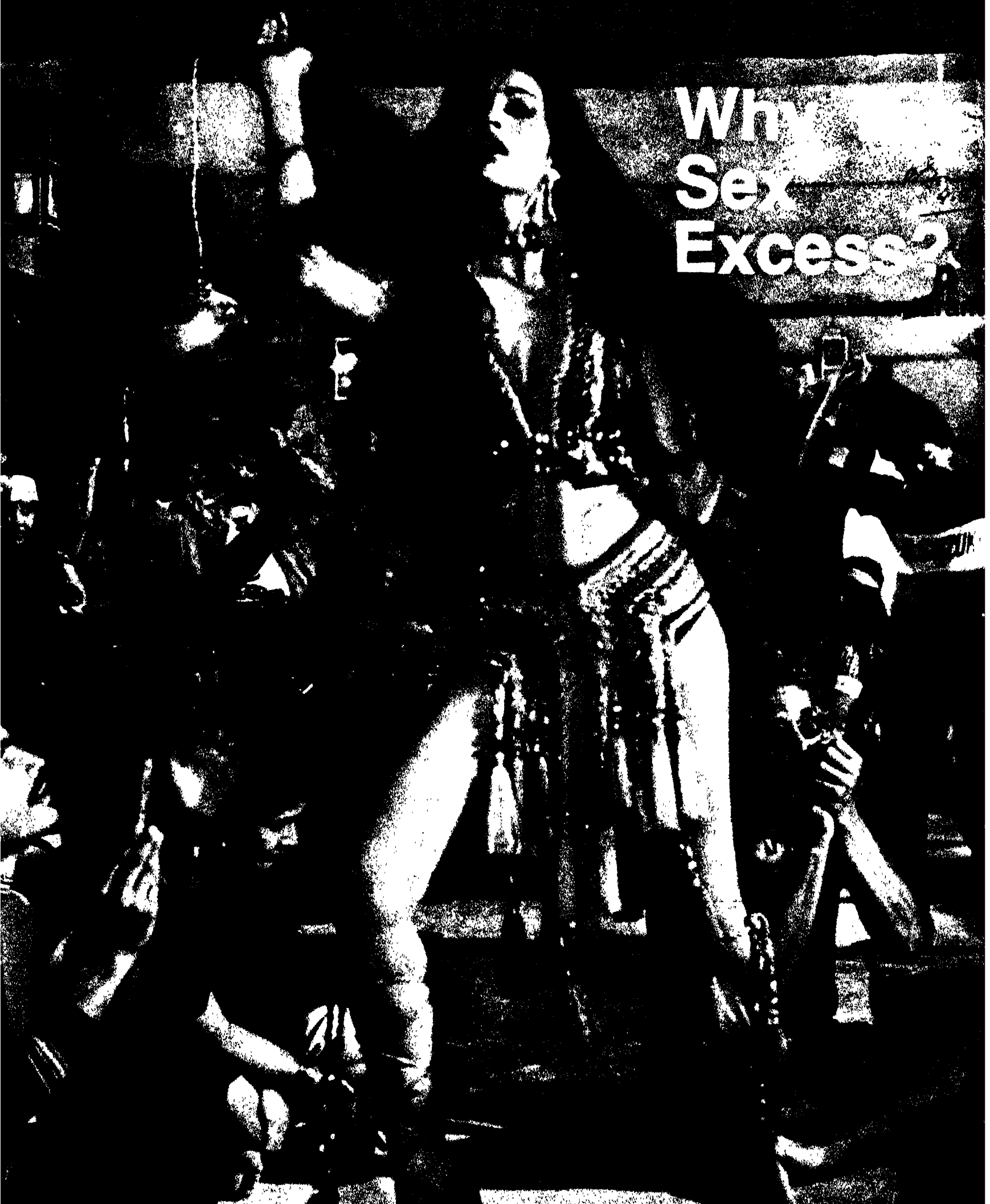


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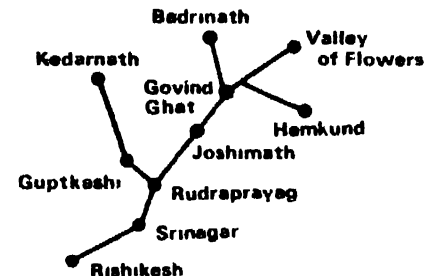
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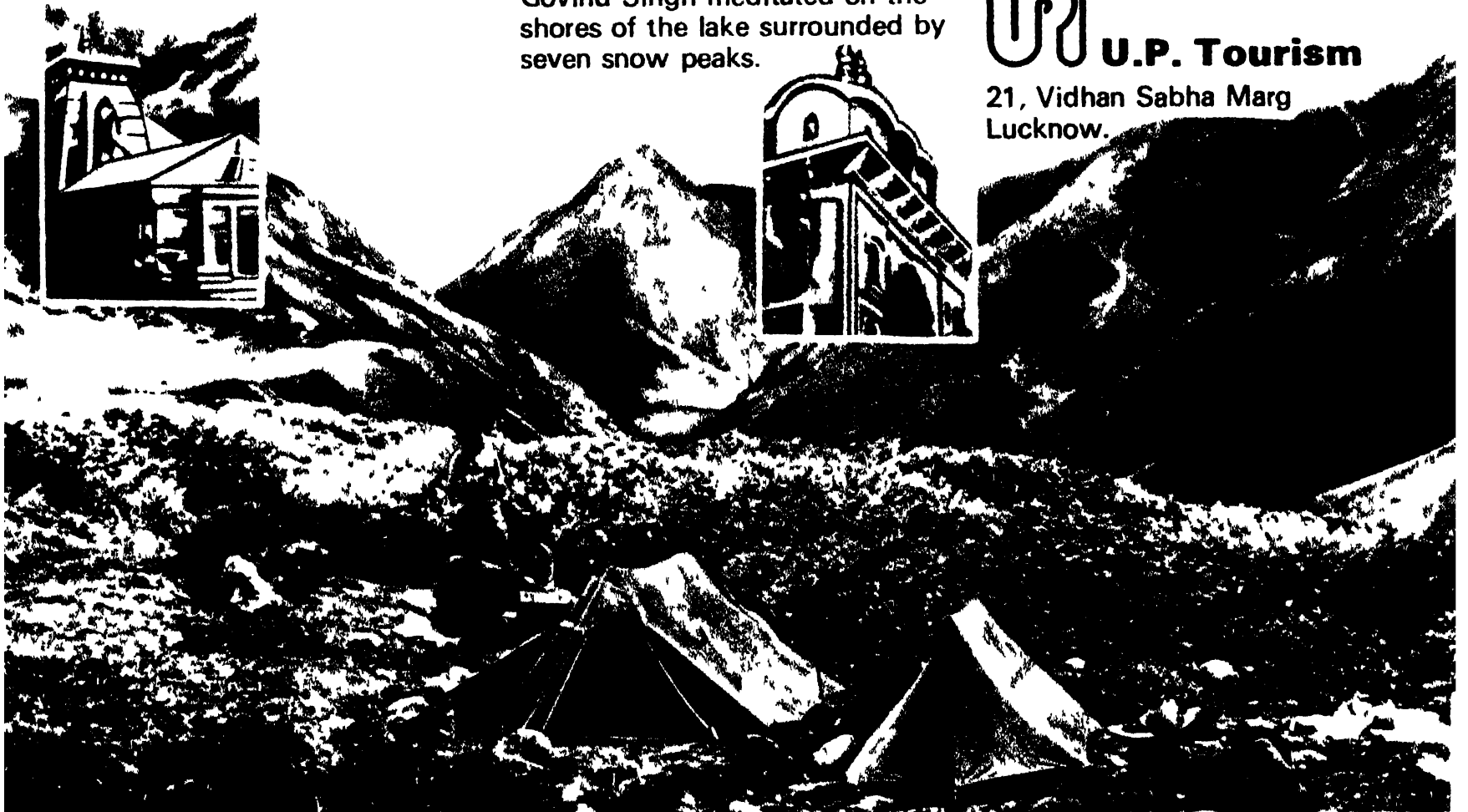
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## Our Power Famine

Sir—Both articles on our power famine ('No Power—No Industry No Production' by Benedict Costa & 'Where Did We Go Wrong' by Arvind Sethi, June 22) are silent on one point—on giving freedom to certain industries to set up their own generators. This would go a long way in mitigating the power shortage.

U V RAO  
Nandyal

Sir—It is strange no mention was made of the tremendous potential of solar energy in India. Many countries have successfully harnessed the sun. I don't see any reason why we cannot—sunshine, at least, we have in plenty.

R VERMA  
Gangtok

Sir—The power crisis in India has been mainly brought about by faulty planning coupled with bureaucratic bungling. Power management, which is a highly specialised field, ought to be entrusted to experts and not to the bureaucrats in Delhi!

C P BELLAPPA  
Aihur Post



Sir—Nothing was mentioned about the feasibility of installing 'run of the river hydro-schemes' in large rivers to generate power. In our large rivers, with a high rate of flow of water, such schemes can be implemented economically. This form of power generation has also the added advantage that it will not upset the ecological balance.

N S VENKATARAMAN  
Trivandrum

## Mental Miscarriages

Sir—Arvind Gordhandas's is a voice in the wilderness ('Miscarriages of Mind', June 22). Yes, stench emanates, stagnation and opportunism rule, intellectual impotence is conspicuous and disillusionment continues.

G RAFI  
Bangalore

Sir—Were the assertions in the article miscarriages of the author's mind?

H KRISHNAMOORTHY  
Siddapur

## Continuing Saga

Sir—R K. Laxman's 'The Saga of Ramaswamy' (June 22) made for excellent reading. His vivid illustrations and lucid narration were superb. Long live Ramaswamy—so that Mr Laxman may have many more exciting coincidences.

P C THOMAS  
Doha

Sir—Had the author not been so naive as to jump to the conclusion without any tangible proof, that the reportedly dead S Ramaswamy was none other than his friend, the whole melodrama would not have followed. Doesn't he know that this name is common amongst South Indians as Shah amongst Gujaratis or Kulkarni amongst Maharashtrians?

SUNEEL KUTTY  
Bombay

## Mistaken Meaning

Sir—In 'All Things Considered' (June 22) a picture of Chandni Chowk bears the caption 'The Street of Silver'. There obviously has been some confusion between the words *chandni*, which means moonlight and *chandi*, which means silver.

NARENDRA NATH GUPTA  
Bombay

## Epitaphs On Sanjay

Sir—I wish I could express what I feel about the terrible death of Sanjay Gandhi ('Can She Go It Alone' by M V Kamath, June 29). He carried all our hopes on his still young shoulders and a part of us has been killed with him.

J S ACHARYA  
Hyderabad

Sir—Although you have of late been a bitter critic of Mrs Gandhi, I am glad that your recent editorial is a classic piece of objectivity.

U S IYER  
Pune

Sir—Can she go it alone? Yes, she can and will, not like a spent force or a weeping lady but like a great and powerful democrat, supported by all the people of India!

P S RAMCHANDRAN  
Quilon

Sir—The death of Sanjay Gandhi is indeed tragic. But I vehemently protest against his funeral arrangements. Was there any need to

fly his ashes to all the State capitals? For the cremation to be held in Shantivana? For an Air-India flight to be diverted to Rome to suit the convenience of the Gandhi family? For AIR and Doordarshan to focus all their broadcasts only on his death for two whole days? For the declaration of holidays in various State capitals? For Chief Ministers hastening to Delhi on public money?

SUNAINA BHOWMIK  
Indore

Sir—A great man who fought unjustified persecution bravely and died the way he lived—courageously. Let God give this country a million more Sanjays.

MACHIRAJU SAI PRASAD  
Vijayawada



Sir—Indeed Sanjay Gandhi's death was tragic, but the events which have followed his death are most disgraceful and unfortunate.

The media, both "controlled" and "free" vied with each other to create the image of Sanjay being a great leader, which he was not. He had yet to provide proof of his abilities—the record of his earlier career and of his recent tenure as MP was certainly most dismal.

RAMLESH S MEHTA  
Bombay

Sir—Your editorial is a piece of advice that smacks of doubts in Mrs Gandhi's versatility and resilience—qualities that she has exemplified many times before this!

K L MIRCHANDANI  
Vadodra

Sir—Perhaps, in Sanjay Gandhi's hands the nation's fate would have been that of Captain Subash Saxena's!

C P GOPALAKRISHNAN  
Bombay

Sir—The elevation of Sanjay Gandhi's personality to the level of Sankaracharya, Vivekananda and Aristotle by his admirers are his best epitaphs.

ASHOK BEHAL  
Chandigarh

Sir—Your article is a sickening defence of the *status quo* while being a subtle attack on Sanjay Gandhi and

the youthful ideals he embodied. You obviously prefer the perpetuation of the politically promiscuous patriarchy to the progress of the country.

GLENN H HESSING  
Bombay

Sir—Had Sanjay Gandhi died just a year earlier, I am sure there would have been no special programmes on AIR.

L K THUSSU  
Nanital

Sir—It was not at all necessary for the "free" press to make such a hue and cry over Sanjay Gandhi's death. Officially he was nothing more than an ordinary MP. He lived irresponsibly and arrogantly and died because of his own irresponsible action, which unfortunately also killed Captain Saxena. No nation suffers a loss because of the death of such a person.

RAVI ANAND  
Bombay

Sir—Sanjay Gandhi was a leader known for his dynamism, pragmatism and a defiant attitude that brooked no nonsense. A glimmer of hope still remains in that Sanjay's followers and admirers will certainly take up his mantle.

C V ARAVIND  
Madras

Sir—What a stupid question! It is the institution or the system that matters in a democracy, not personalities. In a democracy, the Prime Minister is constitutionally bound to depend on the Cabinet, on Parliament and the party. But certainly not on her/his family.

S N PATRUDU  
Visakhapatnam

## Helping The Handicapped

Sir—Though you had given me ample time to write 'They Are Also One Of Us' (June 29), I had to rush it through at the last moment. Hence certain discrepancies crept in. The name of the deaf gentleman concerned is Madhav Kuwadekar, not Mohan Kuwadekar. His wife's name is Madhura, not Madhuda, and they have no children up to now. My most sincere and profuse apologies to the entire Kuwadekar family.

VIJAY MERCHANT  
Bombay

Sir—The article is lopsided and presents only the efforts of the author in rehabilitating the handicapped. What about the efforts of other individuals, organisations, institutions, companies?

MUTHREJA SURESH  
Bombay

Sir—It is most gratifying to learn of people like Vijay Merchant who with devotion and a compassionate heart make life easier for the less privileged among us.

ODHIAMBO BASIL MARTIN  
Jabalpur

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

## Budgetary Insights

Sir—Nani Palkhivala wrote very little of his own thoughts in 'The Budget In A Shroud of Secrecy' (June 29). He quoted vastly to make a show of erudition.

E.P. BABU  
Hyderabad

Sir—As one goes into the details of this "popular" budget one finds that the popularity will vanish slowly as the effects of the increase in the cost of transportation unfold in the coming months. With this increase the cost of all the basic inputs will rise and with that the pace of inflation will be accelerated.

HARBANS SINGH  
New Delhi

Sir—The author writes that the administrative section of the public sector undertakings are overburdened. He advocates a ban for five years on further employment in this context. This will only result in more civil disturbances involving our already frustrated and unemployed youth.

G.V. RAO  
Secunderabad

Sir—The eminent lawyer did not take into consideration the needs of a Third World nation. The systems with which he wishes to replace the existing one are all from developed countries and the circumstances there are vastly different.

SHAIENDRA KUMAR SINHA  
Calcutta

## Especially For Foreigners

Sir—Is the *Weekly* now catering only to foreigners or very young ignorant Indians? 'A Severed Head' by Shamsuddin (June 29) is a well-known tale of Rajput history. Even if the short story had to have a Rajasthan background originality is a must, no matter how attractive old legends are!

G.L. BAKSHI  
Secunderabad

## Protect The Bustard!

Sir—The article by R.S. Dharamakumarsinhji ('Save the Great Indian Bustard', July 29) should be an eye-opener to the Indian Wildlife Board and the Forest Department of Rajasthan. More Bustard sanctuaries must be opened in MP, UP, Gujarat and Bihar to save this bird from extinction.

B.N. BOSE  
Jamshedpur

Sir—In 1975 I saw more than 1,000 Bustards in the Saurashtra area alone. For the number of birds to drop to 1,000 by 1978 is alarming. The farmer, I believe is the greatest enemy of this bird rather than the poacher. We can help the bird survive only by educating the farmer.

P.D. KALAMKAR  
Marga

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Cover designed by Suhas Bawdekar

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INSIDE PAKISTAN: Nothing tangible may have come out of Pak Foreign Minister Agha Shahi's meeting with Indian External Affairs Minister P.V. Narasimha Rao. But there has to be a thaw in the relations between the two countries sooner rather than later. Are conditions inside Pakistan conducive to such a thaw? Ashok Chopra, just back from Pakistan, looks at the picture there unswayed by political considerations.

FATHERS AND SONS: Is it in India alone that politicians in power favour their offspring? Is this not something that happens all over the world? M.V. Kamath, drawing on his experience as a correspondent abroad, covers the whole range of politicians, foreign and Indian, who may be said to be 'guilty' here.

HOW 'SILENT' IS THE SILENT VALLEY? How does the hydro project there affect the Valley? P. Remanandan makes a highly topical survey. With some of the finest colour pictures.

SHOULD INDIA BE A HINDU STATE? Following upon the letters in 'Readers Write', we make a selection from the many interesting viewpoints received when we announced the concept of a Hindu India as the subject of a national debate.

A TREASURY OF MAPS: Review by R.G.K. of a historical atlas of South Asia brought out by the University of Chicago and including rare maps of the Indian subcontinent.

THE BIMAL ROY ONLY I KNEW: Manobina Roy, the cineaste's wife, comes up with a warm personal account.

'A SIMILAR FEELING': Story by Chudamani Raghavan.



# Why This Sex Excess?

“Once the novelty and the shock of seeing a woman in the nude have worn off, the sight is likely to become boring. A woman beautifully and differently dressed can be an even greater attraction than a nude woman. And the act of her undressing can be much more titillating than the exhibition of the nude body itself.”

by V. Shantaram

▲ ‘PARDESIYA!’ ‘Foreign’ though the concept of screen kissing may still be, the Rekha-Amitabh vibes were to be clearly felt by the audience in ‘Mr Natwarlal’.



THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME? Well, Raj Kapoor did aim to eliminate the accent on violence while retaining the stress on sex; but his ‘Shriyan Shivam Sindharon’ failed to break the tradition.





**SHH... SHASHI'S AT WORK!**  
 And that without realising Zeenat's right cheek's been scarred from childhood! "It's only when kissing becomes a box-office gimmick, as in 'Satyam Shivam Sundaram', that it crosses the 'Laxman-Rekha' of good taste and propriety," says V. Shantaram.

'PINJRA' was not 'cagey' about dealing with sex. "The seduction of Guruji (Dr Shreeram Lagoo)," to quote Shantaram, "is indicated by the dancer's (Sandhya's) action in lifting the sari from her knee and exposing the lower portion of her thigh."



NO 'SHAQUE' about Vinod Khanna and Shabana Azmi being man and wife in Aruna-Vikas's frank film of that name. "What was objectionable yesterday appears permissible today," says the author. "In any human story dealing with the relationship of a man and a woman, sex is bound to play a significant role."







THE SANDHYA SCENE from 'Do Ankhen Barah Haath' Mehboob cited to pinpoint Shantaram as the master of sex. "The six convicts, returning to the open jail, are attracted by that shapely toy-girl sleeping on the ground, quite oblivious herself of her provocative sexy posture. Excited and full of lust, the convicts are about to pounce on the girl and rape her when . . ."

**S**EX and nudity are today the most debated aspects of film making following certain statements by Information and Broadcasting Minister Vasant Sathe. The press as well as the film industry are discussing the issue with renewed vigour. And the original statement by the Minister on this subject, at the All-India Film Producers' Council reception, has been twisted by anti-Government and pro-box-office elements though it categorically condemned obscenity and vulgarity in films. Contrary to what you may have read, Vasant Sathe's statement was no green signal for indiscriminate kissing on the Indian screen.

Does the present situation warrant a serious discussion? Or is it all just meant to sidetrack the main issue—the issue of violence or sex-cum-violence? Be it sex or violence (which accompanies sex in a number of cases), is it possible to do away with all restraint and allow full freedom to film-makers to indulge in all kinds of vulgarity, obscenity, even sadism, in depicting sex and violence? In the permissive society of the West, perhaps such freedom may be in order. But is such 'freedom', or rather

"THAT'S TORN IT!" exclaimed the Censors when, in V. Shantaram's silent 'Khuni Khanjar' (1930), the villain (Dnyanba Mane) cut the back-knots of Sakhri's choli and, on her turning, proceeded to rip her sari with his sword.

such distorted and debased depiction of sex and violence, conducive to the growth and progress of good cinema?

As it is, the definition of excess varies from time to time, from place to place. An excess in one region or country may well be considered normal in another. In my *Punjra*, for instance, the dancer-heroine (Sandhya) accepts the challenge of the village idol, Guruji (Dr Sreeram Lagoo), after he refuses to give her permission to perform a programme of amorous songs and dances. She almost seduces him after her knee is sprained and he administers medicine to it and watches her *thighs*.

The scene of seduction is very vital to the story as well as the characterisation of Guruji, a middle-aged bachelor who has no place for any woman in his life. The seduction is indicated by the dancer's action of lifting the sari from her knee and exposing the lower portion of her thigh. It is the first time Guruji has seen it. His reaction is indicated in the freeze shot of his face, registering his complete surrender to her sexy wiles.

When moviegoers in Maharashtra saw this scene, particularly the freeze



shot, the impact on their minds was so powerful that they spontaneously shouted *Guruji's been completely floored!* But, when the Hindi version of *Punjra* was shown at Kanpur, Uttar Pradesh, an educated police officer remarked, after watching the freeze shot "What a fool is this Guruji who is swayed by the mere sight of a female ankle! Nobody from *our* side would be convinced by this lukewarm shot. He would've been convinced only if he'd seen the girl removing her clothes and going nude, or at least semi-nude, to entice Guruji!"

As this scene was the turning-point in the story and, as such, most important, its failure to have the *same* impact on the audience in Uttar Pradesh as in Maharashtra resulted in *Punjra's* dismal failure at the box-office in the North as against its unprecedented success in Maharashtra. Had I done the scene as suggested by the police officer to satisfy the UP audience, it would have been interpreted by the Maharashtrians as an excess and, in that case, I would have been guilty of pandering to vulgarity at the cost of my artistic integrity and social responsibility.

These questions about sex and violence need to be discussed in their widest perspective. There was a time when even Hollywood observed a strict moral code, which was known as the Hayes Code. But, in the post-war West, all such codes have withered away. Denmark was perhaps the first country in the world to remove the ban on pornography. For some time, tourists flocked to Copenhagen to see porno films. But, gradually, the novelty wore off. Moreover, pornography became freely available even in Paris, New York, London and Tokyo.

Porno itself is now divided into two styles: 'soft' porno and 'hard' porno. In the porno films which appear to be quite popular, all limits once imposed have vanished. Kissing appears to be the least exciting part of such films, nudity—both male and female—is accepted as a common phenomenon and the sex act itself is shown in vivid detail. The so-called 'hard' porno leaves nothing to the public imagination.

### Porno Is Not Art

Yet these porno films are not half as popular in the West as is *Star Wars* or *The Sound of Music*. In fact, I was told that, but for tourists, who form the major patrons of such films, the local population, especially the youth, is not at all interested in such movies.

**Pornography is not art. And real artistic presentation of kissing, sex and nudity is not necessarily pornographic.**

There is a thin line that divides art from pornography—as well as obscenity and vulgarity—and valour



'SMACK' THEIR LIPS WITH APPROVAL, the audience would, were this scene of Prem Krishan and Meghi in *'Videsh'* to come through unscathed! "I'm opposed to kissing, as I am afraid of the dangerous portent it may unleash," says Shantaram. "For, once kissing is allowed, the audience will get accustomed to it and lose its thrill. Then they will demand more than just kissing—as in the West."

from violence. The film maker, the press as well as the Censors have to be conscious of this line—which I would call the *Laxman-Rekha*.

### My Own Experience

In this connection, I would like to recount my own experience. Way back, full 50 years ago, I made an action picture called *Khuni Khanjar* in the 'silent' era. In it, I showed the villain wanting to rape the heroine in a very suggestive way. He first cuts the back-knots of her *choli* and, when she turns, he rips her sari with his sword. The torn sari, revealing her leg, sufficed to indicate the villain's ugly design. But that shot was objected to by the Censors. Today, I do not have to point out how much latitude the film maker has in depicting a rape scene.

But even today, but for the torn *choli* and sari—which reveal more portions of a woman's anatomy—the conscientious Indian film-maker avoids showing the *actual* rape act. Why? He feels that his purpose is served by showing merely the *effect* of the act rather than the act itself.

At one time, our Censors were very strict in ordaining the use of the *pallav* or the *dupatta* covering the upper part of the woman's anatomy. Not only had her bosom to be fully covered by a blouse—but the blouse itself had to be further covered by the *pallav* of the sari or the *dupatta*. The low cut blouse, which revealed part of the woman's bosom, was, of course, disallowed.

I remember, in my *Amar Bhopali* there was a dance sequence in which

the *pallav* of the heroine's sari came down slightly in a dance action, revealing the blouse for a few seconds. The censors vehemently objected to it. While I was discussing the issue with them, I noticed that the 'idy member, who was staunchly opposing my film, was unmindful of the *pallav* of her sari falling off her blouse. When I gave a simple glance at her *pallav*, both she and the Chairman allowed that scene without a cut!

### Censors Then And Now

That was the situation 30 years ago. Today, the heroine does not have to cover her blouse with a *dupatta*. With the change in women's attire, such words as *pallav* and *dupatta* have become meaningless. They are no longer necessary to hide a woman's

NO BUSINESS LIKE 'SHOW' BUSINESS! Farval, a one time air-hostess come to earth, was a popular choice for cabaret items. "The question is whether the producer wants to glorify the base sex or to curb such beastly instincts and advocate a better way of life," notes the author.





'RAJSHREEMAN' SHAMMI KAPOOR, as the 'Brahmachari' lover of Shantaram's daughter, brought his own brand of Jungle-Janwar-Budtameez romance to the Hindi screen. No hero was more suggestive in his actions, no heroine felt anything but on top of the world in his company

shame or honour. Even the blouse is so stitched that half the bosom is visible and the Censors have no objection—not any longer. The 'permissive' age is having its impact on Indian life as well.

There was a stir in the West when nudity was first introduced. I remember, when I visited Hollywood in 1958 to receive my award for *Do Ankhhen Barah Haath*, there was a great furore in America caused by the French film, *And God Created Woman*, starring Brigitte Bardot. It was perhaps the first film in which a completely nude woman was shown on the screen. At a press conference, I was asked to give my reaction to this display of nudity on the screen. My comment was *Nudity becomes boring after few seconds*.

For, once you have seen a nude woman and thus satisfied your curiosity, what next? The static nude woman cannot hold your attention for long. Hence I felt then—and I feel even now—that nudity by itself cannot hold the audience's interest

for long. Once the novelty and the shock of seeing a woman nude have worn off, the sight is likely to become boring. A woman beautifully and differently dressed can be an even greater attraction than a nude woman. And the *act* of her undressing can be much more titillating than the exhibition of the nude body itself. Even a fully dressed woman can appear exciting and create a greater impact than a nude woman.

#### As 'Master Of Sex'

Well-known film director Mehboob had once said *Shantaram is the master of sex on the screen*. I was surprised to hear this comment, since I had never shown nudity or even kissing in my films. Of course, I am always very particular about the figure and the attire of my female artistes. But, when I asked Mehboob to explain his comment, he referred to my film, *Do Ankhhen Barah Haath*, and said

*You've shown the shapely figure of the toy-girl, for the first time, only in a*

*long shot, walking with a provocative sexy gait from one end to another and thus creating a craving in our minds to have a closer glimpse of her. Such a craving has a greater impact in terms of a woman's sex-appeal than the sight of a nude or a semi nude girl.*

To stress his point, Mehboob cited another scene from *Do Ankhhen Barah Haath* in which the six convicts, returning to the open jail, are attracted by that shapely toy-girl sleeping on the ground, quite oblivious herself of her provocative sexy posture. Excited and full of lust, the convicts are about to pounce on the girl and rape her, when they are stopped by the jailor, who is conducting a novel experiment of reforming murderer-convicts in an open jail. Though I agree with the late Mehboob that the entire scene centred on sex and passion, yet I think it succeeded in its dramatic and human *motif* without transgressing the limits of the *Laxman Rekha* which I have drawn for myself in order to maintain a certain standard and which, I think, every artist should impose upon himself in the better interests of society.

#### 'Knotty' Problem

Sex has never been taboo in our art, drama or literature. Sculptures in caves and temples bear testimony to our artistic heritage. Even the Sanskrit plays of Kalidasa and Shudraka have spicy references to sex. In *Shakuntala*, there is a scene in

which Shakuntala implores her girl-friends to loosen the knot of her blouse, as it has become too tight. The friend replies that it is not the fault of the tight knot but of her blooming youth. This veiled reference to the growing bosom of Shakuntala is done in a very subtle and poetic manner.

When I incorporated this scene without any change in my *Stree* (1961 remake of my 1943 *Shakuntala*), however, the Censors objected to the sentence, which was a *literal* translation of Kalidasa's Sanskrit original. When they insisted on my changing the sentence and using different words, I felt we were doing a great injustice to the great master. Perhaps, today, Kalidasa's poetry itself may be considered dated, when in Western films the four-letter word once banned by the Censors is so freely used.

In a way, what was objectionable yesterday appears permissible today. The norms of our social behaviour are constantly changing. As an artist, I feel I must enjoy the fullest freedom in dealing with sex in my films. But at the same time, as a socially conscious and responsible member of society, I know there *has* to be a restriction on this freedom lest it be misused.

Take the case of kissing. As an artist, I can hardly object to kissing being shown on the screen. But, as a socially conscious member of society, I feel that, if kissing is allowed in our films,

BEND OVER BACKWARDS SANDHYA DID, in 'Jai Bin Machhli Nritya Bin Bijli', to drive home the Mehboob point about V. Shantaram.



**THE VOLUNTARY DISCLOSURE SCHEME** was in operation in our film industry even before the Emergency! Padma Khanna is proof of the fact that the industry has always functioned on the maxim: 'The leg-show must go on!' "The Censors," notes Shantaram, "have to be vigilant to prevent excesses of sex and violence, the film-makers themselves owe it to society not to portray sex or violence just to make a quick buck. The potent and most influential medium of the motion picture must be used by those who wield it for the advance and progress of society, not for making money by depraving public taste. In the ultimate analysis, it is the artistic integrity and the social awareness of the film-maker that will determine his attitude towards presentation of sex and violence in motion pictures. It is the Mammon-addicted producer who feels that, when his movie fails at the box-office, the only remedy is to incorporate in his next film more sex and violence and scenes of glorification of drinking to ensure success."

the freedom thus granted will be misused and further liberties taken to indulge in vulgarity. For, if the scenes are manipulated so that kissing could become the erotic beginning of the entire process, which ultimately may end in pornography, would it remain the kind of *natural* expression of love the I & B Minister has in mind?

#### Kissing In Public

In this connection, it is worth noting that kissing disappeared from Indian Cinema after the advent of the talkie—not because the Government disapproved of it, but because the Parliament and the public disliked it. For, while in the West kissing in public is an accepted social norm, in India kissing in public is still not in vogue in any region. Hence showing kissing in *public* appears aversive to our cultural and social traditions. The embrace—and the passionate embrace which is now allowed—expresses love and affection in full enough measure.

Lest I be accused of being prudish, let me say I am not rigid about a ban on kissing. If the scene or the story demands that kissing be artistically presented, I would be the last person to oppose it. And I am sure that, even within the present framework of rules, the Censors would allow it. In fact, they have allowed kissing in some pictures. It is only when kissing becomes a box-office gimmick, as in *Satyam Shivam Sundaram*, that it crosses the *Laxman-Rekha* of good taste and propriety.

I am opposed to kissing, as I am afraid of the dangerous portent it may unleash. For, once kissing is allowed, the audience will get accustomed to it and lose its thrill. Then they will demand *more* than just kissing—as in the West. And, to satisfy the audience, our producers will be compelled to indulge in showing more vulgar actions—leading to pornography. The entire process may culminate in a demand for the exhibition of the sex act itself.

Are we ready to allow *that* freedom? And, after the sex act ceases to excite the audience, would it be permissible to show diverse sexual perversions? I hope not. We have to put a stop somewhere. Then why not draw the line at the kissing stage itself?

#### 'Universal' Nudity

As for nudity, for a long time I myself have been toying with the idea of making a film about a nude man and a nude woman in silhouette—not to emphasise their *sex*, but the fact that, without clothes and language and the colour of their skin, man and woman have no *national* identity—they symbolise all men and women of the universe. This is to be the theme of world integration

As I said, nudity by itself cannot be either ugly or beautiful; it is the *way* in which it is presented on the screen that makes the difference. One can recall the ugly and laughable nude scene in *Siddhartha* in which the hero, instead of coming up with the *natural* reaction, bows before the not-so-sexy anatomy of the girl.

What is applicable to nudity, I think, is applicable to the entire issue of sex and violence in our cinema. In any human story dealing with the relationship of a man and a woman, sex is bound to play a significant role. Similarly, violence is as much a part of our life as sex. Hardly a day goes by without newspapers carrying stories of brutal violence or sex crimes. Hence it is but natural that both sex and violence should form an integral part of our cinema. But the question is *whether the film-maker wants to glorify the base sex and the ugly violence or to curb such beastly instincts and advocate a better way of life.* Hence, while the Censors have to be vigilant to prevent excesses of sex and violence, the film-makers themselves owe it to society not to portray sex or violence just to make a quick buck. The potent and most influential medium of the motion picture must be used by those who





**'HUSN KE RANG LAAKII':** the famous 'strip' of Padma Khanna (with Premnath dancing brazen attendance) that changed the face and pace of Hindi Cinema. This 'Husn ke rang laakh' sequence from Vijay Anand's 'Johnny Mera Naam' saw the Censors go along with the audience. Vijay Anand's craftsmanship made it one of the most vivid song numbers to be lensed on the Indian screen

wield it for the advance and progress of society, not for making money by depraving public taste

### They Are Sick People

In the ultimate analysis, it is the artistic integrity and the social awareness of the film-maker that will determine his attitude towards presentation of sex and violence in motion pictures. We have to submit to social and other restraints because there are amongst us some film makers who worship at only one altar—the altar of Mammon. Such producers are sick people. Just like hard alcoholics, who start trembling when their nerves are shattered by overdrinking and think that more liquor alone is a remedy for their nerves, the Mammon-addicted producer feels that, when his movie fails at the box-office, the only remedy is to incorporate in his next film more sex and violence and scenes of glorification of drinking to ensure success. Many producers talk like expert psychologists or sociologists and aver that sex and violence in films

have no impact on the audience and try to justify the inclusion of antisocial scenes in their films. In this connection, I would like to reproduce the recently published views of the famous international psychologist, John Conwell, which are self-explanatory

*Now many movies make heroes of the law-breakers, villains of the police and idiots of the law-abiding citizenry. This trend, unfortunately, coincides with the real life crime rates. And sociologists believe that many of the bombings, hijackings, kidnappings and other terrorist crimes are following in the wake of movies which may have inspired such acts of violence*

### Wanted: A Mini Emergency

As I have kept away from politics throughout my life and have never supported or been a member of any political party, maybe I am not competent to express any view on political affairs. But let me stall say that, though we may have been

opposed to the Emergency on democratic principles, many people (including me) felt that certain antisocial acts were checked during the Emergency, particularly in regard to display of vulgar sex, overdose of violence, glorified drinking scenes portrayed as a status symbol and restrictions imposed on banners and posters displaying guns, knives, revolvers and the like. But after the withdrawal of the Emergency, when some sadistic scenes in films are objected to or banned by the Censors, the producers run to courts and get the ban revoked. The judges apparently go by the letter of the law, unmindful of the harmful social impact of such undesirable scenes. During the Emergency, no producer dared go to court, thus the whole unhealthy trend in films was arrested. Now, after the lifting of the Emergency, these unhealthy trends are surfacing again with renewed vigour. In fact, I would say that, to ensure that liberty does not degenerate into licence, non-challengeable restrictions, even a

**JEZEBEL!** they call her, though that is what our film-makers have reduced almost every heroine on the screen to in the permissive 'eighties. "There are amongst us," says the author, "some film-makers who worship at only one altar—the altar of Mammon. Such producers are sick people."



mini emergency, should be reimposed to curb such unhealthy trends

### Impact Of TV

Even the Government-controlled TV does not seem to be fully aware of the true impact of such unhealthy scenes on children. Last year, when our TV, in order to prove the histrionic ability of a certain actor, showed a gruesome scene of six dead bodies from *Sholay*, I complained about it to the then I & B Minister. But on the assurance of his TV authorities, he wrote to me saying the scene I had objected to was *not* shown at all on TV! Incidentally, I do not understand how *during* the Emergency *Sholay* was passed when it contravened the then prevalent Government policy. Similarly, I was surprised to watch another film on TV in which the

hero, suffering from heart trouble, is told not to have sex with his wife. The children, who watched this film in which the husband asks his wife to marry another man and the wife is shown taking a bath at odd times to suppress her sex urge, asked all kinds of awkward questions of their parents. Was it right to screen such a film in our drawing-room?

Recently, Bombay Doordarshan televised a scene in which the hero completely drunk, is singing a popular hit song of *mohabbat*. The picturisation of the song almost appeared like a glorification of drinking. I was told that children in some houses imitated the hero and merrily sang that song after viewing it on television. And that, unfortunately, their parents, instead of admonishing the children were

appreciative of their action! Does this not amount to glorification and glamorisation of drinking in the minds of children?

### Sex Festival?

We have also to keep abreast of world cinema to which we are now being exposed year after year with the advent of International Festivals. Inadvertently perhaps these festivals have encouraged Indian picturegoers to take a prurient peek at scenes depicting nudity, pornography and violence which they know the Censors would never have allowed otherwise. I feel that we should be very careful about importing such an unhealthy alien culture through films like the James Bond ventures or the new wave sexy movies bordering on pornography. It is a

moot point whether films which cannot otherwise be passed for public exhibition should be allowed at all to be shown at festivals. There is already a demand from our film makers as well as the audience to grant to them too the freedom allowed in depicting sex in foreign films shown at Festivals.

The entire issue of excess of sex and violence must be discussed not in terms of different categories like festival films, foreign films and Indian films but in terms of the public which is exposed to all the different categories of films with the ultimate aim of creating healthy conditions in society and the country. No doubt the artist should have full freedom to create without let or hindrance but certainly not at the cost of his social responsibility. ■

THE PICTURE OF SEX UNADORNED AND ADORNED, as presented by Bindu (below) and Prema Narayan (right). "Even a fully dressed woman can appear exciting and create a greater impact than a nude woman," says Shantaram. "Nudity becomes boring after a few seconds." Shantaram made this point in Hollywood in 1958, when asked for his reaction to Brigitte Bardot appearing in the nude in the French film "And God Created Woman".





**HEMA MALINI.** 'Jaane Man' is the film. The attempt was to repeat the phenomenal success of Dev Anand opposite Hema Malini in 'Johnny Mera Naam'. The attempt failed. 'Johnny Mera Naam' was directed by Vijay Anand. 'Jaane Man' by Chetan Anand.



**TINA AND HEMA.** In 'Naya Johnny', another new film coming up from the Dev Anand-Amit Khanna team, Dev is pitted with Tina as well as his favourite mature heroine, Hema Malini. Hema's other films with Dev: 'Johnny Mera Naam', 'Chhupa Rustom', 'Shareef Badmash', 'Joshila', 'Amir Garib', 'Jaane Man'.

# 33 Years And 33 Heroines

No fewer than 33 heroines to represent his 33 years in films—and those picked out of 45 girls who have played opposite him! A pictorial survey by Firoze Rangoonwalla, with some rare photographs from his vast collection, of the longest-lasting hero of the Indian screen—seen with leading ladies ranging from Suraiya to Madhubala to Hema to Tina!







**TINA.** In Amit Khanna's 'Man Pasand' (above right), Dev is 'Prof Higgins' to his own 'Miss Doolittle' discovery, Tina! He first discovered her in 'Des Pardes'.



# of DEV



**RAAKHEE.** The sedate Bengali actress known for her controlled histrionics has acted with Dev in 'Heera Panna' (above) and 'Banarasi Babu' (in which Yogeeta Bali was the other heroine).

← **MUMTAZ.** After a sensitive role in 'Tere Mere Sapne', Mumtaz did the popular romantic stuff with Dev in 'Hare Rama Hare Krishna' (left) in which Zeenat played the wayward sister lost to drugs and stole a march over her.

**ZEENAT AMAN.** Another Dev discovery, introduced in a sister's role in 'Hare Rama Hare Krishna', Zeenat later starred opposite Dev in romantic films like 'Prem Shastra' (opposite page, far left), 'Heera Panna', 'Ishk Ishk Ishk', 'Warrant', 'Kalabauz' and 'Darling Darling'. →



**KALPANA KARTIK.** Dev's pairing with newcomer Kalpana in 'Baazi' led to romance and a quick secret marriage. They also featured in other popular musicals and romances—'House No 44' (above), 'Aandhiyan', 'Humsafar' and 'Nau Do Gyarah'—which often combined crime with catchy songs. After their marriage, Kalpana went into voluntary retirement.

**SURAIYA.** One of the most lovable star pairs, with a whiff of real-life romance too, was formed by Dev and Suraiya (above centre). Audiences loved to see them again and again. Among the Suraiya-Dev starrers were 'Do Sitare' (photo) 'Vidya', 'Afsar', 'Jeet', 'Shayar', 'Sanam' and 'Nili' (based on 'Pygmalion' and now remade as 'Man Pasand')



**NARGIS.** Dev's two rare appearances with the versatile Nargis (now an MP) included 'Birha Ki Raat' (below) and 'Kheh'—both in 1950. While other stars (like Suraiya, Madhubala and Geeta Bai) teamed more successfully with Dev in the romantic 1950s, Nargis branched off to pair better with Raj Kapoor and Dilip Kumar.



**KAMALA KOTNIS.** Dev Anand's first heroine with whom he sang songs round a tree was this simple-looking actress, Kamala Kotnis, in Prabhat's 'Hum Ek Hain' way back in the mid 'forties, when Dev took the first step of his long career.

**NIMMI.** With the pocket-sized but histrionically gifted Nimmi, Dev did some dramatic films like 'Aandhiyan' (below). Directed by Chetan Anand with fascinating light-shade photography by Jal Mistry, 'Aandhiyan' told a weird tale of how the other woman sacrifices herself for the lovers to unite. Nimmi's other film with Dev: G.P. Sippy's 'Sazaa'.



**KAMINI KAUSHAL.** The once dainty actress with the trilly voice formed Dev's favourite pairing in films like the 1949 'Namoon' and 'Shayar', after they made their first hit with Bombay Talkies' 'Ziddi'.

**HEMAVATI.** Another old-timer, Hemavati (left), who later married actor Sapru, played with Dev in a film called 'Mohan', made by Famous Pictures in 1947. Dev also acted with one-time charmers like Khurshid, Ramola, Munawar Sultana and Rehana, now forgotten.





**GEETA BALLI.** It was with the impish yet ravishing Geeta Bali that Dev formed a popular pair, ever since they came together in 'Baazi', where Geeta, too, played a sympathetic vamp or 'other woman'. The pair made its real impact with serious films—'Zalzala' (above), 'Ferry', 'Faraar'—and pop ones: 'Jaal', 'Pocket Maar' and 'Milap'.



**SHEILA RAMANI.** Playing a vamp in 'Taxi Driver', Sheila rose as a star—just as a great actress, Waheeda Rehman, was to do later with Dev's 'C.I.D.'. Dev played the nonchalant taxi driver—he remade the film recently as 'Jaaneeman' with Hema. Another film Sheila made with Dev was the comedy, 'Funtoosh' (above).



**NALINI JAYWANT.** Dev's own production, 'Kala Pani', had two heroines. Madhubala as a press reporter (above right) and Nalini Jaywant as a nautch-girl (above). The baby-faced Nalini had already acted with Dev in 'Hindustan Hamara', 'Rahi' and 'Munimji'. But 'Kala Pani' drew out a remarkable performance from her, winning audience sympathy.



**MADHUBALA.** A star pair of great charm and magnetic appeal, Dev and Madhubala appeared together in umpteen films—like 'Nirala', 'Aaram', 'Nadan', 'Armaan', 'Kala Pani' (above), 'Jaal Note', 'Sharabi' and a Ranjit film significantly titled 'Madhubala'. Today's actors can take similar glory only by naming their screen characters after themselves.

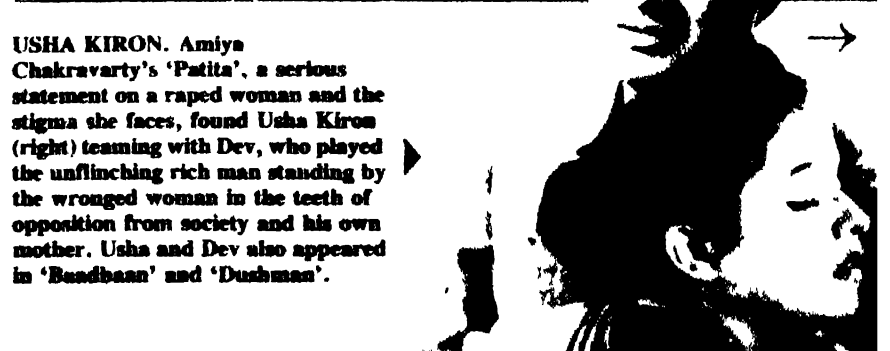
**MEENA KUMARI.** First seen opposite Meena Kumari in 'Tamasha' and 'Bandhaan', Dev found his third venture with her, 'Kinare Kinare' (right), long held up—it was released only in 1963. The film flopped.



**BINA RAI.** In Gemini's 'Insaniyat', Dev (below) played the man Bina loves in preference to her childhood playmate, Dilip Kumar (left). Bharat Rhooshan was to have earlier played Dev's role in the film. 'Insaniyat' (1955) was Dev's first film in the South.



**USHA KIRON.** Amiya Chakravarty's 'Patita', a serious statement on a raped woman and the stigma she faces, found Usha Kiron (right) teaming with Dev, who played the unflinching rich man standing by the wronged woman in the teeth of opposition from society and his own mother. Usha and Dev also appeared in 'Bandhaan' and 'Dushman'.





**NUJAN** This star, both as a sensitive actress and as a youthful charmer, appeared with Dev Anand in a number of successful films. 'Baarish' (above) oozed with an exotic charm of the characters as played by the two. Their other films together, 'Paying Guest', 'Tere Ghar Ke Saamne' and 'Manzil', were all three musically noteworthy.



**VJAYANTHIMALA** The famous charmer from the South acted with Dev Anand in the Madras-made hit, 'Amardeep' (above), produced by Sivaji Ganesan. It was a triangular romantic tale in which Dev's other heroine was Padmini, also from the South. Vjayanthimala did two more films, a decade later, with Dev: 'Jewel Thief' (in which Tanuja also appeared) and 'Duniya



**NANDA AND SADHANA** Nanda first appeared as Dev's sister in 'Kala Bazar'—as Zeenat was to do afterwards in 'Hare Rama Hare Krishna'. Then Nanda rose higher to become one of his heroines (above left)—the other being Sadhana (above right)—in 'Hum Dono', since Dev had a double role in this film, of one man taking another's place and creating problems for the women of both. Nanda later figured as one of Dev's three heroines in 'Teen Devyan', the other two being Simi and Kalpana. Sadhana acted with Dev in one more film—'Ashi Naqli'.



**SUCHIRASEN** The statuesque beauty from Bengal rubbed histrionic shoulders with Dev in two 1960 Hindi films, both of which scored poorly. One was 'Bambai Ka Babu' (above)—in which the hero had to pose as the heroine's brother, which made it an unpalatable theme—and the other was 'Sarhad'



**SHARDA** Dev has seldom shied away from playing with newcomers—to many of whom he has himself given a break. In 'Ek Ke Baad Ek', a film showing the woes of having too many children and pleading for family planning, new talent Sharda (not South's) appeared as the heroine (above) with Dev. But she did not make any headway after that.

**SHAKILA** Another petite packet of mischief for the dobonair Dev was Shakila, who did 'C.I.D.' with him. The film's romantic songs, like 'Leke pahela pahela pyaar', and lovey-dovey scenes (left) are still remembered. This was Shakila's



**WAHEEDA REHMAN.** As with Madhubala, Geeta Bali, Suraiya, Hema Malini and Zeenat Aman, Dev has done 7 films with Waheeda—'C.I.D.', 'Roop Ki Rani Choron Ka Raja' (above), 'Kala Bazar', 'Guide', 'Solva Raat', 'Baat Ek Raat Ki' and 'Prem Pujari'.

**MALA SINHA.** Dev was a hit with Mala in their very first film together: 'Love Marriage' (right), directed by B. R. Ghosh. But not in their only other film together: 'Maya'.



**ASHA PAREKH.** In the heart-free tomboyish image of the new teenager of the 1960s, Asha Parekh scored one of her biggest hits with Dev in 'Jab Pyar Kisise Hota Hai' (above), a formula film with a charm all its own. But their two later films, 'Kahin Aur Chal' and 'Mahal', were big flops.



**ZAHEEDA.** A niece of Nargis who looked much like her, Zaheeda did a couple of films with Dev, like the second lead in 'Prem Pujari' and the heroine in 'Gambler' (above). As with Nargis, Dev failed to form a regular team with Zaheeda, who held out promise as an actress ('Anokhi Raat').



**SHARMILA TAGORE.** Atmaram's 'Yeh Gulistan Hamara' was the only film Dev got to do opposite Sharmila Tagore (above). The film was such a flop the pair never came together again. Today Sharmila is on the way out while Dev is still going strong.



**SHABANA AZMI.** Though it was a brief role, as one of the many youthful ones having a crush on the evergreen hero in 'Ishk Ishk Ishk' (left), Shabana cherished the experience of working with Dev Anand.

**PARVEEN BABI.** Vijay Anand's 'Bullet' is the only film in which Parveen Babi (right) has appeared opposite Dev.



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I think my clothes should make sense."*



*Your kind of fabrics  
for your kind of clothes*



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...has already  
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...weeks

The Nazia I Now Know by Raju Bharatan





**I** WAS with the Hassans—father Basir, mother, son Zohaib and daughter Nazia—in their sixth floor suite of Bombay's Taj when the oddest thing happened. 'Mummy *shuadi!*' cried out Nazia as she and brother Zohaib rushed to the hotel balcony for a bird's eye view of a band that was playing at the wedding of Saloni-Rakesh just outside the Taj entrance on July 2. And sure enough, the wedding song the band was playing was Nazia's *Aap jaisa koi meri zindagi mein aaye!*

*Did you instinctively recognise it as your song?* I asked Nazia, as they call her though she is no admirer of the Fuehrer.

*No. I didn't when I first heard the music—I rushed to the balcony attracted just by the band,* said Nazia. *But did I feel a thrill go through my being when I realised it was my song they were playing? I knew the song had proved popular but had no idea it was this popular!*

*How it's become so popular is something even Ameen Sayani's at a loss to explain.* I said.

*Who's Ameen Sayani?* asked Nazia innocently, putting the Geetmala lid on the whole affair.

There was no trace of put-on as she said this. In fact, the most beautiful thing about this beautiful slip of a girl (as her mother calls her) is that she is still blissfully unaware of the true extent of her popularity. Nazia had a taste of her new standing when, with her parents, she dropped in at the *Weekly* office on July 3. She was the cynosure of all eyes—and ears—as she patiently met every request to sing at least a few lines of your *Baat ban jaaye* number.

#### Firm As A Rock Number

For 14 weeks running now, *Baat ban jaaye* has stayed firm at the top of the Hit Parade, resisting the most concerted attempts of Lata's *Sheesha ho ya dil ho* (from *Aasha*) to displace it. In fact, the position as of now is that *Aap jaisa koi* is on the point of overtaking the *sartaaj* ranking enjoyed by Lata's *Dafti waale* (from *Sargam*) and finishing as the Most Popular Song of 1980! Popular as the other songs of *Qurbani* have proved, steadily as *Laila O Laila*, *Kya dekhte ho* and *Qurbani qurbani qurbani* have advanced, there is no prospect of their ever climbing to the 'hipsy' heights *Aap jaisa koi*'s done. If at all any number is belatedly likely to

catch up with it, it is Laxmikant Pyarelal's *Karz* call of *Om Shanti Om*.

*Hari Om Hari*, meanwhile, is the new disco refrain going the rounds, as scored by the present master of imitation, Bappi Lahiri, in an effort to be one up on the pastmaster of imitation, R.D. Burman! The fact that *Aap jaisa koi* should have already inspired an imitation in *Hari Om Hari* is the ultimate tribute to the breakthrough of the 'Baat Ban Jaye Girl'.

But this breakthrough, has it had any impact on the composing cartel in Bombay that holds our film music in the hollow of its baton-waving hand? Not on your singing life! Believe it or not, during the week Nazia was here in Bombay, not one of these 'fight' composers cared to contact her, only, at the Taj function held to introduce her to India and Indians, there was some talk about Kalyanji-Anandji giving her a chance in Feroz Khan's next film after *Qurbani*. Having heard that, the next thing you heard from the same stage was Kanchan sing *Laila O Laila* to the Kalyanji-Anandji orchestra of Babla (who else?!).

At the same function Feroz Khan went on Polydor record as saying that Kalyanji-Anandji had scored music for all his films so far—including *Qurbani* (sans the *Aap jaisa koi* number composed by Biddu)—and will continue to do so for his future films too. But now a not so little bird whispers into my ears that Feroz Khan's next film is to be scored by Biddu! If that happens, Nazia looks certain to get another chance to hit parade her talent. Not because she has the talent, but because she is already a household name in India, where producers go for a voice only when that voice is known to the public as our household singers are!

Okay, our composers have the backbone of jellyfish, but whatever happened to Bombay TV, where Jyotirldhar Desai has done so much *visually* to put across new vocal talent, starting with Runa Laila? How come Nazia was not given even one TV chance here when she is, like Runa, already a known performer on television? Is even Jyotirldhar Desai getting to be out of tune with the times?

Nazia came to India with a recommendatory letter to Naushad from the celebrated Pak composer,

Sohail Rana, under whom Runa grew in singing stature and who promptly presented Nazia in a special half-hour TV programme when she returned to Pakistan as a 'celebrity'. The talent-throttlers in this country may dismiss Nazia as a "one-song celebrity"—as they did another singer who made a similar spectacular breakthrough with *Bol re papihara*. But, unless a second worthwhile song comes along and is visually so placed in the film as to catch the public fancy how is a new talent to prove herself?

Take the case of *Aap jaisa koyi itaif*. Visually, it falls flat in *Qurbani* so that, had its disc been released along with the film, it may never have scaled the peaks it's done. Nazia could be either an overrated or an underrated talent. But, unless she gets another chance, how is she to prove she is either overrated or underrated? How can her next chance depend merely on the off-chance of Biddu doing Feroz Khan's coming film?

### Iyer Song, Iyer Dance!

It could be argued, of course, that there is nothing Nazia can do that our pop singers cannot do better. In other words that if it is a disco number you want, you have it from Bappi Lahiri in Sagar Arts *Pyara Dushman* in the shape of Hari Om Hari in the voice of Usha Iyer. After all, what's

there one Iyer can sing that another Iyer can't dance? So (as seen on the cover) you have Kalpana Iyer dancing to the tune of Usha Iyer!

But this is imitation at best—it sets no new trend, like Biddu did when he picked up Nazia from nowhere and, through the novelty of his composing artistry, turned a 15 year old into an overnight celebrity. True Nazia is genuinely only 15 and has many singing miles to go. But she has taken the first step through the courtesy of Biddu whom, as a product of the younger, livelier generation, she has always held in the highest esteem. Nazia's mentors are Sohail Rana in Pakistan and Biddu in England.

### All Sound The Same!

*I'm not a professional singer—I don't intend to be a professional singer. I just love singing that's all* says Nazia. *And I'm too young to express any sort of opinion on the singers of India but, since you put the question, let me say that what strikes me as odd is that all female voices here sound the same. I love the sound of Lata's voice in numbers like O sajana bakhha bahaar aayee Na jya laage na and Sawan ka mahina, but tell me how come all other singers in India sing just like her? It's not the case in England nor even in Pakistan. At least the male singers in India don't sound the same*

*Take Mukesh. He could hold you with his contrasting vocal approaches in Saranga teri yaad mein, on the one hand and Tere liye hi saat rang ke, on the other. If my male singing favourites are the Sabri Brothers it's because they have their own individuality. Likewise, my all-time favourite among all voices is Barbra Streisand—she's a voice out of this world!*

Nazia is refreshingly forthcoming—there is about her none of the mock humility that is such a tiresome trait of those singers in India who failed to make it to the top. And Nazia is individualistic—she insists on styling herself as Nazia Hassan, though her father is Hassan! She has a mother who is remarkably articulate, who says she wants her daughter to 'sing for fun', but who is deadly serious at heart about Nazia's career, with secret plans for her daughter. Nazia's father, all spit and polish, would prefer to let things take their course. (remember she's only 15 and still doing her *Old Level at Francis Holland in London*) The Hassans, with the father based in Karachi and the mother in London along with the son and daughter, are originally from Delhi. An odd point about Nazia is that though bred and brought up in London, she prefers to talk to you in Urdu. None in the

family, of course, ever expected that just one song would send Nazia pole-vaulting up. Nazia's simple explanation of her song's runaway success: *As it's composed by Biddu you don't get a fake impression. It's original-sounding and that's what people tune with.*

### Gone For Good?

The Hassans were feeling a little left out when I finally met them a week after they came to India. They are a musically ambitious family—and yet not one musician had got across to them during their stay in India! I offered to put them in touch with Naushad and Jaidev so that they could have a true estimate of Nazia's potential as distinct from the lop-sided impression they might have formed from just one spot success. But they had only a day to go before leaving India, so they could meet only Jitendra Arya!

Thus, if Runa came from Pakistan to India via Bangladesh, Nazia's gone back from India to England via Pakistan. We may or may not see her again. But we will continue to hear her voice for some time through just one song that held out the promise of fulfilment if only our film music had not been in the monopoly custody of grocer-composers with not a grain of originality.

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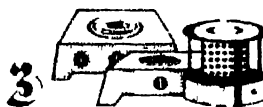
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# Sex In Southern Cinema

Where the regional Southern cinema differs from the all-India Hindi film is in the fact that, in it, sex is no longer an end in itself—it is only the means to an end.

by Girija Rajendran

**M**AYBE it is still slow and somewhat unobtrusive, but there is a definite attempt to make better and more realistic films down South in almost all the major languages—Tamil, Kannada and Malayalam. Almost unthinkable as recently as five years ago, today the Southern film-maker has a choice between doing a rank commercial venture and an artistic enterprise which will not drastically jeopardise his chances at the box-office.

As in any other art going through a process of self-discovery, in the South, too, the accepted form of commercial cinema is too established to give way easily. Yet, in the Tamil field, there are today any number of directors with fresh ideas venturing to make inroads into the mainstream of commercial cinema. This band of freshers abhors anything that has something to do with the commercial set-up—like a number of songs, accepted stars, established directors or technicians, even studio sets, which were such an inevitable part of film-making in the 1950s and the

1960s, a phase during which natural and realistic surroundings had willy-nilly to give precedence to studio sets.

Today, a young enterprising film-maker like Bharathiraja, or his outstanding *chela*, Bakthiyaraj (who has made a name for himself in the shortest time possible as a dependable artistic film-maker-cum-writer-cum-actor, shuns a studio surrounding as much as he loves the countryside; and, aided and abetted by a fine lensman like a Balu Mahendra or a Nivas (who can work wonders through the colour camera), is able to wrap up an entire film with new faces within a reasonably short time at an undisturbed pace, with everything from cast to climate under control.

### Repeat Value

But the exodus to the countryside has resulted in bringing to the fore a misconception that rustic belles are almost always blouseless. Situations are contrived to bare a bit of leg here and a bit of shoulder there. The themes, though bold in themselves, always leave a lot of room for titillating and exciting promiscuity between boy and girl, so that the audience is not only sure to come once, but come again and again. Still, for the first time on the Tamil screen, things like male impotency, adultery and extra-marital affairs are being discussed openly in a matter-of-fact manner, where these 'crimes' were earlier attributed only to the black villains and vamps.



THE SEXY PICTURE KANCHANA PRESENTED a decade ago in the company of Sivaji Ganesan in the Tamil 'Sivanda Mann', the handiwork of one of the more creative film-makers in the South, Sridhar, who proved his cinematic bona fides to Hindi audiences in 'Nazrana', 'Dil Ek Mandir' and 'Pyaar Kiye Jaa'.

With this new cinema functioning rather competitively at the box-office, the commercial films are finding the going really tough in the face of the new box-office law of mounting costs and diminishing returns. Thus a full-blooded Tamil commercial venture is now, ironically, more risky than an art film, which at a pinch can make do with a smaller release and lesser overheads. So today, more than ever, commercial ventures in Tamil are depending, *a la* Hindi, on a mix of sex

and violence to see them through the all-important '100 Days' mark, which alone can give such top-heavy efforts a look of having provided a decent run for your money. Thus you are likely to get a lot more of sexy kicks from a Sivaji Ganesan or a Jai Shankar starer than from a modestly made down-to-earth Tamil film. And the whole thing is rubbed in by way of outlandish costumes and exaggerated bosoms and ankles revealed in not so sophisticated chunks.

For everything is heavy-handed in Southern commercial cinema. And, since as recently as a couple of years ago audiences were lapping up this sort of thing in one language, every other language seemed to follow suit, with the aid of the same dancing stars, like Halam, Jyotilakshmi or her sister Jayamalini (the latest cabaret craze). Ever since Vithalachari introduced the sexy Jayamalini in one of his semi-mythologicals, this dancer has had no respite, putting almost all others with a sexy screen past in the shade, including her own sister, Jyotilakshmi.

What is surprising is that Jayamalini, unlike her sister, is not even endowed with sharp features, yet she is what Helen was to Hindi Cinema some years ago—a must in any commercial show. If Jayamalini does have any acting talent, it is not being exploited in any discerning manner—right now, you get to see only her flattering camera angles. Jayamalini, like any overexposed sex bomb, longs for a change of face and figure, but is scrupulously denied the chance.

THE LEFRING COMPANY EXECUTIVE was Madhu while roping in Lily Chakravarty in the Malayalam 'Priya', directed by him. Lily is just one of many artistes from outside the South to find Malayalam Cinema artistically rewarding. The others are Waheeda Rehman, Sharmila Tagore, Zarina Wahab and now Rekha.



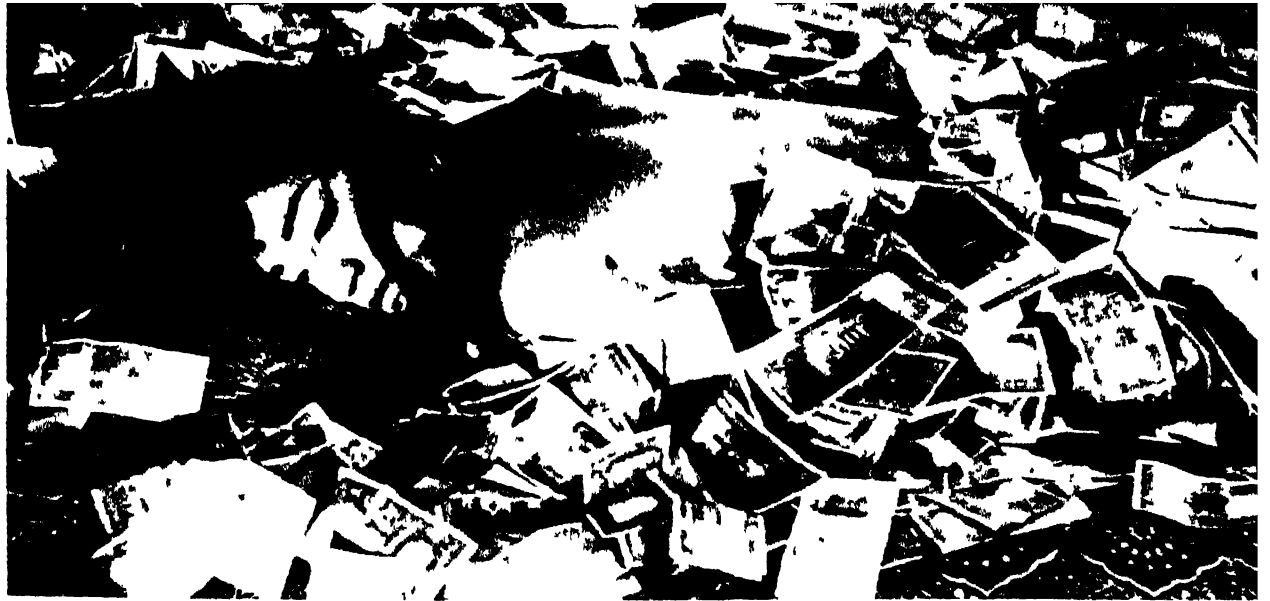
Sex can be handled with a certain amount of artistry and finesse. And this is what the newcomer film-makers strive to do. That is, whereas a commercial film may show a smoke-filled disco with sexy gyrations of a scantily clad buxom dancer, the more refined Southern film-maker can be sexually explicit without giving offence to the finer sensibilities of the audience. This he manages to be by presenting *equally* seductive scenes as sexy part and parcel of his well-defined line of story-telling.

For instance, there was no end of indignation about I V Sasi's *Avalude Raavugal* (*Her Nights*) in Malayalam. The film purported to tell the story of a prostitute in and out of any number of hotels, in search of customers, a prostitute who gets caught and still survives. But the canvas was much larger than a prostitute's exciting nights filled with erotic doungs, it dealt with the sensitive story of a helpless girl who falls in love with a college student but refuses to share his bed, because she is physically impure. It



IAKSHMI, the Malayalam 'Chattakkari', became 'Jube' in Hindi. Giving her a leg up is Mohan, who played so well the role so badly done by Vikram in the Hindi version. Sex can be handled with a certain amount of artistry and finesse—this is what the South's new-wave film-makers strive to do.

ANY LAME EXCUSE is good enough to bare an ankle: Vijaykumar and Vinodraj in the Telugu 'Radhu My Darling'.



THE ART OF EXPOSURE has gained least currency in Telugu films, which have still really to feel the impact of the new wave. Here is Sujata Bhagat in N. Viswesvar Rao's 'Theerpu'.

also told a tale of police brutality, where the girl's innocent little brother is accused of stealing the school-teacher's watch and dies as a result of police beating.

Most Malayalam films do deal with sex as an integral part of the theme. For instance, the award-winning *Kodiyettom* centred on the irresponsible country bumpkin who is happier playing around with the village urchins than shouldering his responsibilities as a householder—to the chagrin of his wife and the despair of his mother-in-law. How the bumpkin slowly learns the joy of responsibility through a lorry driver and his wife, even his mistress, makes up the rest of the absorbing story.

Adoor Gopalakrishnan tackled this theme admirably. In fact even when a mundane theme is being tackled in Malayalam Cinema, there seems to be something extra to the natural, down-to-earth narration, so that one is able to overlook the sexy part of a film even when this is extraneous—as in Madhu's *Thukanal*, which was later made into the Hindi *Amar Deep* and turned out to be much more objectionable than the original. In all such instances, the emotional fabric is so strong that, in Malayalam Cinema, the sexy or titillating part of the story seems to get mingled or submerged in the main theme.

#### Still Artistic

Malayalam movies today, even in the face of the Gulf money onslaught, can be distinctly divided into the commercial and the artistic. In the earlier category belong Sasi (who is

fast making a name for himself as a box-office wizard with his quickly and neatly turned out package deals which are immensely satisfying to distributors) Bharathan (who has made films like *Rathi Nurvedam*) Madhu (now a directorial force to reckon with) and *Aziz*. But the sexual angle is less overt right now even in the commercial venture—what was rampant some time back has given way to a more mature outlook among Malayalam film-makers.

Among the artistic film makers M T Vasudevan Nair, Gopalakrishnan, Aravindan, Srikumaran Thambi, C Radhakrishnan and Abu Baker are the ones who hold out hope. Today, the Malayalam movie-maker would rather do a film based on some known literary work by a well-known author so that, in highly literate Kerala, there is for him at least some kind of a ready audience when the film goes to the public. If the early 1950s marked the emergence of the Malayalam movie as an effective spokesman of the social conditions of the common man, today this cinema has got down to dealing meaningfully with social problems other than the working conditions of labour, which was the favourite theme in the days of *Thulabharam* (later made so ineffectively in Hindi by Gemini as *Samay Ko Badal Dalo*).

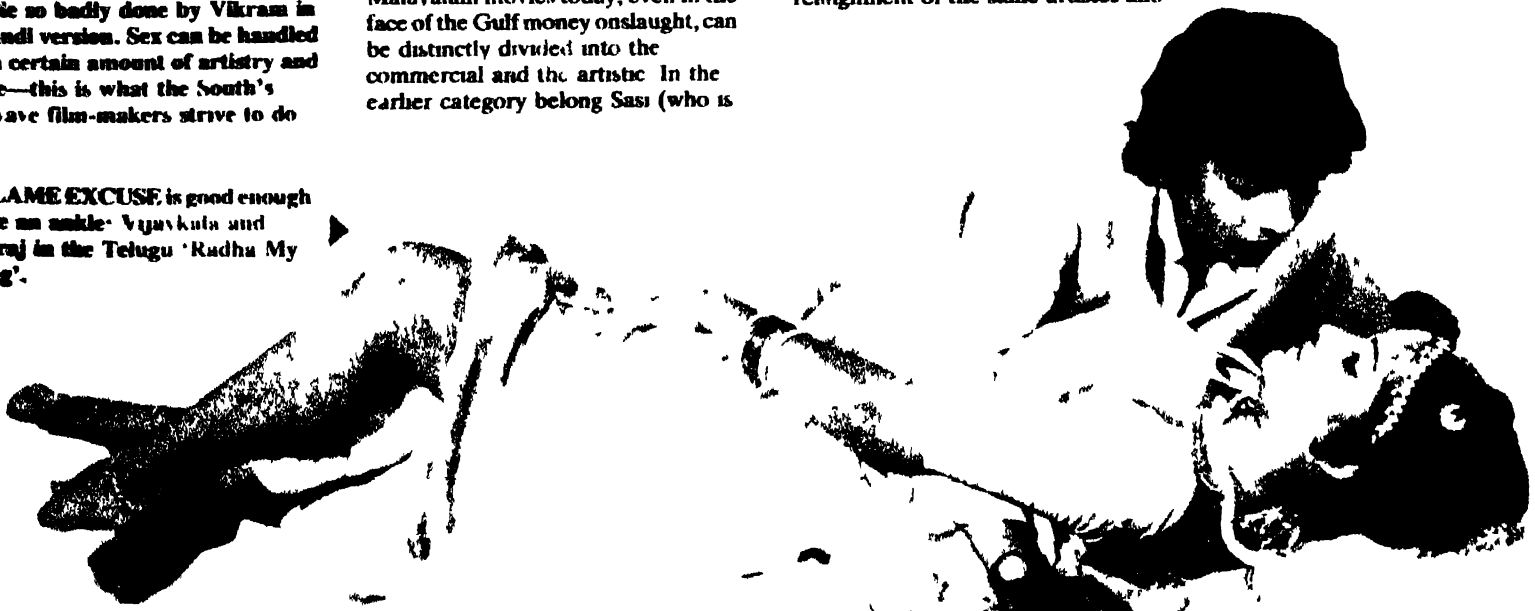
With the elimination of purely ornamental casting, with artistic realignment of the same artistes and

with forays by other Southern-centre artistes (like Kamalahaasan) into the field, there is real scope for all talents to shine in Malayalam Cinema. For instance, Jayabharathi, the sex symbol of the 1960s, is no longer merely that—she has blossomed into a fine emotional artiste, so that, if she mixes a bit of her famous sex-appeal with her acting (as in *Rathi Nurvedam*), the audience do not mind it. Here, such fine artistes as Tamil Nadu's Lakshmi and Srudevi, Bengal's Lily Chakravarty and Nandita Bose and Andhra's Sharda, frustrated in their own tongues, have had every opportunity to shine.

At present, even Hindi artistes derive a certain amount of creative satisfaction from doing a really worthwhile venture in Malayalam. Sharmila Tagore, Waheeda Rehman, Zarina Wahab have all got involved in doing at least one Malayalam movie for the artistic escape it offers from the commerce-ridden setting of Bombay. The latest to join them are Rekha and Amjad Khan.

After all, where else will even a senior artiste like Sheela (of *Chemmeen* renown) have a free hand in picking and choosing the meatiest roles in addition to directing her own films?

If there is a lot of freshness in Malayalam, a matching cinematic renaissance is to be felt in the



Kannada field too. Where here even ten years ago it would have been impossible for the *other* kind of cinema to survive, leave alone compete with the commercial big-budget movie, today the setting is refreshingly different. Time was when the writ of Rajkumar ran in all Karnataka theatres. Like Sivaji Ganesan on the Tamil screen and N.T. Rama Rao on the Telugu scene, Rajkumar could not put a box-office foot wrong as recently as five years back. But now, for the first time in the history of Kannada Cinema, a Rajkumar film is being seen out of the theatres in less than 25 weeks.

On the Kannada film scene, more than anywhere else, there is an attempt to usher in freshness, not only in thematic content and cinematic form, but also in introducing new talent. As in Malayalam, most of the artistic attempts here have been based on well-known literary works of well-loved authors, making it easier to attract an *initial* audience. Thus, when B.V. Karanth and Girish Karnad burst on the Karnataka scene with *Samskara*, they chose a well-discussed and controversial story by U.N. Ananthamurthy. They followed this up with *Vamsha Vriksha* which was again a controversial novel by S.L. Bairappa.

It is another matter that these films were received with a lot of curiosity about how they had tackled the touchy theme of scoffing at the Brahminical sects, coupled with the feeling that the newcomers among film-makers were out to malign certain castes. The simple truth was that these film-makers were, for the first time, tackling their chosen themes in cinematically meaningful terms without in any way

*romanticising* their subjects. To this extent, they did not shy away from the sex point of the theme—at least in *Samskara*, there were quick-changing montages of the beautiful but highly erotic romantic interlude between the two principal characters. This was something compellingly new for a Kannada audience fed on simpering love scenes and exaggerated villainous advances.

### Variety Of Theme

However, on the commercial beat, the sex angle still plays an exaggerated role, though the bolder and more realistic depiction is of love scenes in the new-wave films, like Girish Karnad's *Ondanondu Kaladalli* or B.V. Karanth's *Chomana Dudi*. Today, there are any number of original and promising talents among Kannada film-makers knocking at the doors of the box-office, all dealing with a variety of themes with aplomb—something that still makes the sworn commercial film-maker see red, for his book of do's and don'ts is very clearly dictated by only one commandment: *Thou shalt not offend the common audience*. Instead of finding or building up a fresh audience with fresh fare, he would rather cater to the *known* taste of the common man.

Given such antipathy to change in a fast-changing world, no wonder lately the pillars of commercial Kannada cinema are shaking, if not falling—a dependable commercial venture is no longer that dependable. What was considered of prime importance for the sure-fire success of a Kannada film—like a popular hero, a set number of songs, a certain quota of sex-filled scenes and a

**IT'S NOT JUST THE HEAD they have to keep above water!** Shubha in the Malayalam 'Ini Ethra Sandhyakal'. Even in the face of the Gulf money onslaught, Malayalam movies retain a modicum of artistry, with sex cleverly woven into the fabric of the theme.



**IF THE FACE OF KANNADA CINEMA** has changed, the way for this was cleared by a forward-looking commercial film-maker, Puttana Kanegal, who was defeated by the language when he tried to present Rishi Kapoor as the 'Zehreela Insaan' in Hindi. Here is Arathi Muddaiah in the Kannada 'Geejagana Goodu'.

prescribed number of fight scenes—does not seem to add up to *unfailing* box-office success any more. The new band of film-makers are making slow but sure advances in diverting audience attention from a garish production featuring a Jyotilakshmi or a Halam dancing away for all she is sexily worth. Today's top Kannada hero is Anant ('Ankur') Nag, a product of the New Cinema whose name casts the same spell as the mention of Amitabh Bachchan on the Hindi screen.

The field for the new-wavers was opened up by such enterprising *commercial* film-makers as Puttana ('Zehreela Insaan') Kanegal, who at a vital moment dared to sail against the box-office wind to give a new dimension to the cliché-ridden Kannada film. Like Hrishkesh Mukherjee and Gulzar on the Hindi scene, enterprisers like Puttana Kanegal wrought certain new-ground-breaking changes within the ambit of the commercial cinema to pave the way for a viewing public which would accept much sterner stuff from the new-wave film makers. Puttana Kanegal, like Sridhar, Bhimsingh and K.S. Gopalakrishnan in Madras, could wean the audience to a better class of cinema without straining at the umbilical cord of rank commercialism.

### The Telugu Scene

If Kannada and Malayalam films have thus made dramatic progress towards better cinema, the Telugu field is yet really to feel the impact of the new wave. Still tied to the box-office peg of decades gone by, the Telugu film does not yet seem ripe for any freshness or radical change on the lines of the Kannada, the Malayalam, even the Tamil offering. It would still seem bound to the studio sets. While a number of new faces may have come on the scene, the Telugu stalwarts, like N.T. Rama Rao and A. Nageshwara Rao, are still thriving—and commercial

Largely catering to the dictates of a public which has nowhere else to go, the Telugu field is slow to feel the sea-change in cinematic trends. Yet, within the format of the commercial dictates, once in a while a K. ('Sargam') Vishwanth makes a clean film like *Sankarabharanam* to prove that the twain, cinematics and aesthetics, can meet. *Sankarabharanam*, made to promote the pure Carnatic style of music, is a thumping success all over South India, giving the lie to the popular notion that a commercial venture has to be either loud or garish to appeal to the masses. But a Dasari Narayana Rao is able to sell his dramatic, if hardly different, ideas in successful Telugu film after film with the aid of popular artistes and other props of commercial cinema. Telugu Cinema is thus still in search of a messiah.

### No Real Advance

For, where some ten years ago it was the Telugu field which was the happy hunting-ground of all experimental movie-makers, today the artistic emphasis has shifted to the other Southern languages. Telugu Cinema has slipped into a box-office groove, though once in a while a *Gorinataku* or a *Guppudu Manasu* or a *Mauro Charitra* does make the Andhra scene through the courtesy of other Southern languages. Where Andhra once gave the lead and others were slow to follow experimental suit, today the Telugu film would seem to have reached a point of no artistic return, clutching the crutches of sex and song to see it through the acid test of the box-office, with ageing heroes to set off the charms of young heroines.

However, with the exception of Telugu Cinema, others in the South would seem to have placed the sex angle in perspective. In Malayalam, Kannada, a certain class of even Tamil Cinema, sex is no longer an end in itself—it is only the means to an end.



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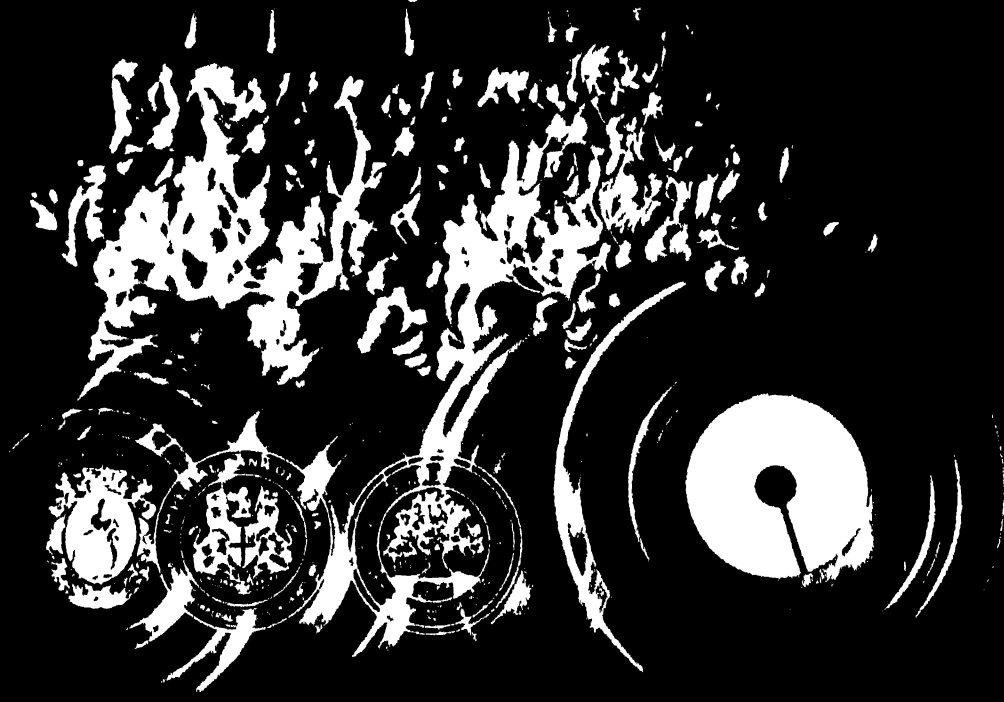
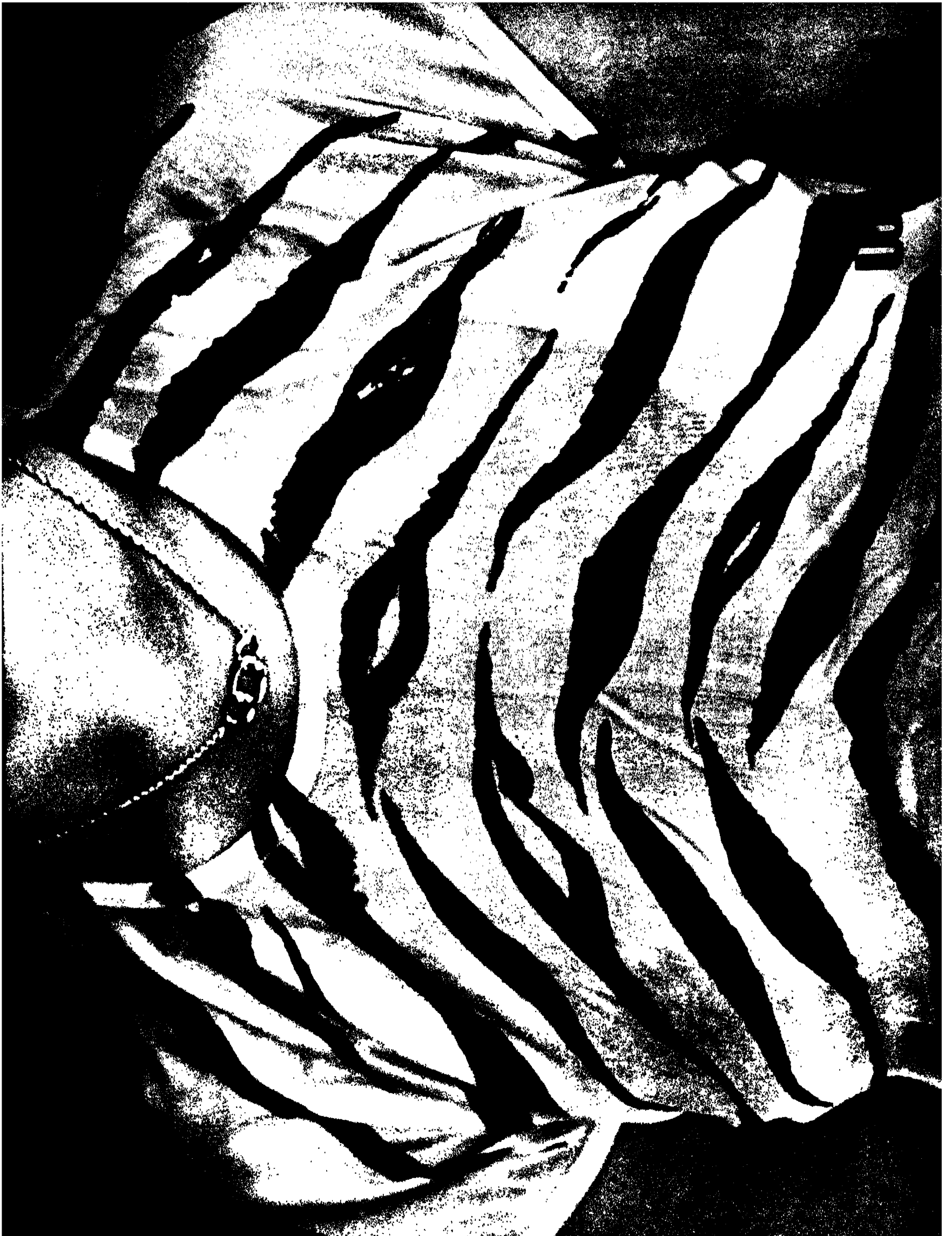


Photo: Girish Shukla





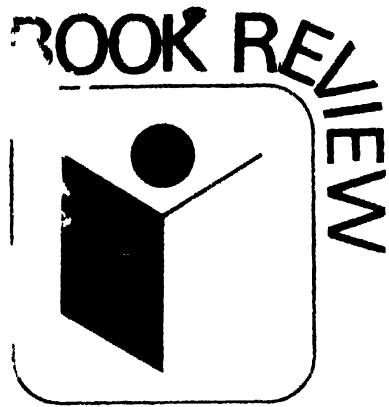


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## A Film Mag With A Difference

'CINEMA VISION', Vol 1 No 2, edited and published by Siddharth Kak from 65/1503 Adarsh Nagar, Prabhadevi, Bombay 400 025

CINEMA VISION, "India's first professional cinema quarterly", has come out with its second issue. To be sure, it is no *film* glossy out to outgossip the super stardust off the stands. *Vision* seriously devotes itself to the cause of good cinema—to promote the kind of awakening and awareness in the common reader that will mentally equip him to appreciate purposeful cinema as against the dope-ridden commercial fare that keeps our box office jingling.

Being a quarterly of some bulk (106 pages), *Vision* can afford to devote itself at length to any chosen sphere or era of Indian Cinema. And it does so too—dwelling on the development of Indian Cinema at its infancy, this issue being the second part of the 'silent' era and the first part of sound in our cinema.

### The Aim

Not long ago, talking about his ambitious plans to bring out a prestigious magazine that would serve as a mirror of Indian Cinema, Siddharth Kak had said to me, just before its inauguration at Bangalore:

*We don't aim at a mass circulation. Our aim is to reach a public. We know we really can't compete with the general run of magazines popular right now among readers. Our aim is quite different and more ambitious. There's no real record of our serious cinema. We want to bring to the public the salient features of good cinema and make them aware of the other side of this fine medium. As a start-off, we are planning to have an entire issue devoted to a particular phase of*

*Cinema—from its birth to growth to development. So the first issue will be devoted in its entirety to the 'silent' era.*

Having been witness to *Close-Up* (an *avant-garde* film society magazine) slowly vanishing from the scene, I had serious misgivings about

*Cinema Vision*. But not any more. For, if the second issue is anything to go by, the magazine promises to be not only very sincere to its chosen purpose, but entertainingly and engrossingly so. For, as I was browsing through it in an effort to finish it quickly, I discovered that *Cinema Vision* does not permit such perusal!

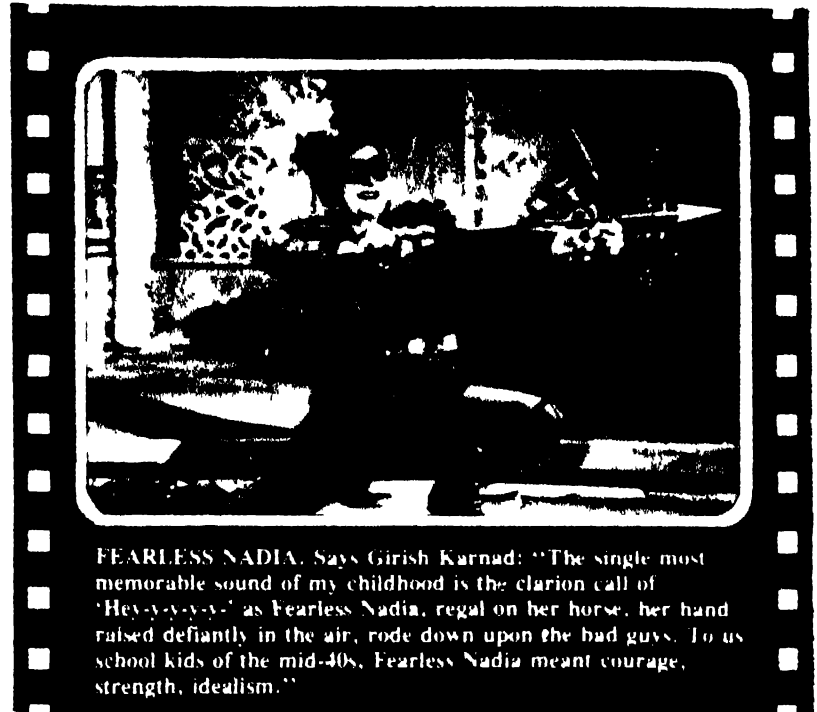
Each article compels you to sit down and read every bit of the printed word, wholly absorbing you in the fascinating adventure that was film making in its salad days. For instance, you get quite a different view of the great V. Shantaram as one of his Prabhat colleagues, celebrated composer Keshavrao Bhole, sees him in those days when he was just about to break away from Prabhat and launch out on his own. You get to know about how Shantaram's all-consuming passion to have absolute freedom to achieve what he had envisaged made him leave his *Alma Mater*—in spite of the fact that the prestigious Prabhat could not survive without him—and how all the pleas of his two partners, Damlu and Pathelal, fell on deaf ears.

### On Devika Rani

You have an amusing incident in the chapter entitled *Meena Bazaar* by the well-known Urdu novelist and script-writer Sadat Hassan Manto, who starts off with the following juicy bit of information:

*When Najmul Hassan fled taking Devika Rani with him, there was utter chaos in Bombay Talkies. All shooting was stopped and Himansu Rai—the heart and soul of Bombay Talkies—the brain behind Bombay Talkies—was truly agitated. Jubilee maker Sasadhar Mukerji—one of the partners and a Bengali—so Himansu Rai had a soft corner for him—wished that, somehow or other, Devika Rani should be brought to the 'lap' of Bombay*

*DEVIKA RANI AND NAJMUL HASSAN, the popular Bombay Talkies pair. "Poor Najmul Hassan", Sadat Hassan Manto is quoted as saying in 'Cinema Vision', "joined the long line of unsuccessful lovers who were separated from their beloveds by political, religious and capitalist intrigues and interference."*



FEARLESS NADIA. Says Girish Karnad: "The single most memorable sound of my childhood is the clarion call of 'Hey-y-y-y-y' as Fearless Nadia, regal on her horse, her hand raised defiantly in the air, rode down upon the bad guys. To us school kids of the mid-40s, Fearless Nadia meant courage, strength, idealism."

### Talkies and he also readied Himansu Rai to take her back

You have a live interview with Devika Rani who reminisces about her glorious past with Himansu Rai. And the one and only 'Fearless Nadia' tells how it was to be a heroine in the glorious past, when all the stunts were performed by the stars themselves, how at Basant Studios they had a well-appointed gym, how they had all to practise and exercise the stunts to be pictured to thrill the millions. Nadia also tells, without a trace of self-consciousness, how sometimes wrong usage of Hindi caused no end of merriment for those who knew the finer points of the language.

Reading these interviews, one wishes one were part of this essential growing up at a vital stage of Indian Cinema. For added pep, you have

another sure fire hit of an interview with that fiery old hand at journalism Baburao Patel, telling you how he cut so many producers to size with his vitriolic pen. Baburao's mild reaction to today's generation of journalists:

*Nowadays the journalists go to the keyholes. I don't go to them. I never did. Nowadays there is a low class of producers. Of course, there was greater hypocrisy those days compared to now. A higher class of people were in films because of good business. And sex was the main attraction all the time.*

*Cinema Vision* provides a nostalgia-charged gambol down memory lane for those who lived through the era that was. And, for those who hold the big names in awe, the interviews provide a down-to-earth insight to make those idols more human and not quite so great. At all times, this quarterly provides chuckles-raising reading even while giving a detailed account of how the cinema, the sound and the industry grew with its own peculiar code of morals.

### Easy On The Eye

A good get-up, with judicious illustrations and an uncluttered style of setting, makes *Cinema Vision* easy on the eye. But what is to be seen is whether Kak & Co are able to hold their own in a buyers' market, though Siddharth in his editorial claims with justifiable pride:

*The British Film Institute has referred to Cinema Vision (India) as 'without doubt the most important and informative Indian film magazine ever'.*

More power to your editing elbow, Siddharth! Someone had to break the glossy gossip rut and you have at least made a beginning.

Reports are going very strong that, in order to regain her lost position and prestige after her miserable flops ..... has taken to entertaining her film makers very generously at night. But what is the big idea? After all, who would like to even look at her body with its drab and lustreless skin? All she has to boast of are two dimples above each dark Hai, lagta hai jawani dhal gaye yaar

The zigzag girl, ....., is very fair of complexion not only on her face but her legs thighs arms and bosom etc also. And yet there are two places on her lush body which are not fair (can you guess? We shall tell you one of these places her nipples. And the other place? C'mon haven't you any Gupt Gyan?

**R**EADS like a porno mag doesn't it? And it is no fabrication of my fertile imagination, it is a straight quote (with the stars names dotted) from one of many magazines that may be said to sum up the new hue of our film journalism. **YELLOW**. And the above is just a soft-core sample, the hard-core part of it is just unprintable.

The bulk of such 'bold' mags today—except for two or three which changed the entire trend of our film journalism with their sophisticated approach to gossip—thrive on the *I am Curious* human weakness of readers. This *I Am Curious (Yellow)* tint given to film journalism by the less skilled mags is dangerous to say the least. To be catty, even bitchy is one thing, to be downright lewd quite another.

Readers of the more popular glossies have grown accustomed to gossip being done in style, if not always with taste; they may therefore, dismiss as sheer corn the porn that is being dished out by imitation mags that have sprung up like mushrooms. But can anyone wish away the fact that, today, what passes for gossip writing in these less skilled mags is worse than yellow journalism—that it reads almost like the dialogue of a blue film?

#### 'Public Property' Indeed!

It is all very well to talk about the stars being public property. But not even the hottest property of Hollywood, Marilyn Monroe was subjected to the kind of 'blue screening' that our stars have to submit to today in some of these mags.

When you read such tasteless and graceless writing, your mind nostalgically goes back to the 'pioneer' of film gossip, Baburao Patel. This man gave a new dimension to film journalism and made his *filmindia* an institution by bringing a rare touch of humour even to the 'revelations' he made in his magazine. There were times when he seemed to overreach himself—as when he described stardom as "a ladder of beds", but then he could



**GOSSIP COLUMNIST SHEILAH GRAHAM** After being (like Dev Anand) at the game for 33 years, Sheilah discovered that gossip had become as much an addiction with the writer as with the reader! She just couldn't bring herself to give it up!

## YELLOW: New Hue Of Film Journalism

**Smut is no substitute for style. Things have come to a pass where a White Paper on Yellow Journalism would seem in order. "The tyranny of trivia" (as film gossip's been called) has the reader in its thrall. Is this tyranny as trivial as it is made out to be?**

name, one by one, the beds that had made the star in question!

By the prim standards prevailing then, his writing did border on the pornographic at times. Still it was writing done with flair and insight into human psychology, so that its underlying point was never lost on the reader.

*Have you been to Talwalkar's Gymnasium for training?* I once heard Baburao ask a lady film journalist

*Why what's a gym got to do with it? I'm a straightforward writer practising a straightforward craft, the lady replied.*

*That's exactly what I mean, said Baburao. That this is not a line for straightforward people. How naive of you to ask what's film journalism got to do with physical fitness! After all, who'll protect you gossip girls the way you're going on?*

*Who protected YOU? Your writing, it was dynamite, wasn't it?*

*That's the point I was making when I asked about Talwalkar's!* said Baburao. *See this scar on my wrist. It's an eternal reminder of a knife-thrust by one who took violent objection to my writing. I was young and numble and had trained fine, so I could parry the thrust and escape serious injury. But you girls, can you protect yourself? Unless you can protect yourself, how can you write in the strain you do?*

Baburao, of course, was not referring to that lady in particular, only talking of scurrilous writing in general. But come to think of it, if the stars of today are driven to carrying things to a point of physical assault (a la Dharmendra), they wouldn't be acting entirely without provocation considering the dyed-in-the-yellow-wool hues in which they are being painted in the trash mags. Such writing is a far cry from the wit and vitriol Baburao brought to his columns. His remarks about our lady stars were not always

complimentary; but his turn of phrase was always eye-catching.

He was the first to bring what may be called 'style' to Indian film journalism. His *filmindia* was a mag that put the fear of God into the film community, as Baburao could make and unmake stars. Our stars, of course, behaved then as they do today and will do so in future. His job was to cut these demigods to human size. And he did it with humour. Thus if a reader asked, *When you find a hungry child abandoned on the road, won't you hug it to your heart and take it home?*, pat would come the reply *I'm not in the Story Writing Department of the Indian film industry. I'll take the child to the nearest police station.*

It was Baburao Patel who set the question-answer style that has become a sturdy cliché of film journalism. His *You'll Hardly Believe*—column had the choicest items of gossip. It was done with a slickness and sharpness unrivalled in its time, as may be seen from these samples.

*That all the drama our young boys act these days seems to get into their blood somehow the way Dev Anand is reported to have proposed to Nargis because he discovered in her a literary background which Suraiya evidently didn't have. Yes, we had seen some kalmas hanging on the walls of Nargis's home. But that is all Arabic literature and on the wall at that. Why doesn't Suraiya hang some of those and paint her literary canvas?*

*That little Madhubala has also become dramatic these days—she refused to dip herself into a stream at Ghodbunder Road whilst shooting a picture. She wanted ghar ka pani and Papa Attallah added melodrama to her drama by taking pots of water from her Pedder Road home. Directors don't care what brand of water it is so long as the clothes recede and the curves come up.*

Madhubala was 'The Venus of the Indian Screen' for Baburao so long as she and her Papa Attallah were on his side, the lash of Baburao's pen was to be felt the moment Madhu and her papa chose to switch to the rival camp of journalists led by B. K. Karanjia of *Movie Times* and *Cinevoice*. The names Baburao called Madhubala after that is nobody's film business!

#### Social Awareness

His *filmindia* was a polished type of gossiping that invariably got the subject's goat, but, since the substance of the gossip was not entirely baseless, there was nothing the stars or the producers could do about it. In other words, *filmindia* was no yellow journal. It was the *Stardust* of its time—except that it had a rare social content and displayed great social awareness, so that it was something more than a film magazine. Like around *Stardust* now, there were around *filmindia* then a number of yellow journals. But

*filmindia* remained the *original* most of the others operated in a small way by collecting hush money from the stars and producers. The charge has been made that Baburao himself collected such 'hush' money. But the film industry failed to bring the charge home even after a concerted attempt, starting with the open letter its 'Gentle' Jamsu (J B H Wadia) wrote to Baburao on the front page of *Movie Times* to stir the embers of controversy with a vengeance.

### Scandal Sheet-Anchor

It is a fact that the film people have always been grist to the blackmail mill. Over the years, with typical narvete, they have succumbed to the outrageous demands of ever so many blackmailing journalists. These journalists merrily carried on their operations in the Bombay film industry dominated by the North. But not one of them had the vision and imagination of one Southern Editor who excelled them all in the art of *expose*. I am talking of Lakshmikantam and his *Indunesan* which became the most dreaded scandal-sheet of Madras.

Lakshmikantam was a sleuth to the manner born—he unfailingly tracked the stars and the producers down to their fun joints and presented their nocturnal revelries in all their colourful detail. The stars of the South dreaded opening his paper for fear of finding their misdemeanours in town painted red. The big guns of the Southern film industry could not continue to be idle onlookers while Lakshmikantam ripped their private lives apart. They met and decided he must go. So, one not so fine day, Lakshmikantam was bumped off.

But even in death Lakshmikantam had left behind enough ammunition to damn the Southern film community—his case became a *cause celebre*. Practically every known name in Madras Cinema was dragged into court and, as the case progressed though murder was murder, one could not but feel sorry for the poor film folk who must have been afraid of their very shadow with Lakshmikantam around.

If there was one man qualified to start a School for Scandals it was Lakshmikantam. But he was no wild charger like the poison penpushers of today. He had all the scandalous facts at his finger-tips and would have given many 'tips' to our gossip girls asking them to keep the change!

### Show Business As Usual Again

Southern Cinema had a hard time living down the bad name Lakshmikantam gave it. For lack of proof, all the film people involved in his murder could not be convicted, but the sentences served on M K Thyagaraja Bhagavatar, a singing star whose appeal matched the mystique of Saigal, and N S Krishnan, doyen of Southern comedians, effectively finished their film careers—they were just not accepted by the audience

when they finally came out of prison and tried to resume acting.

The stink that Lakshmikantam left behind was at once a warning to both the film industry and the yellow journalist to behave. Predictably the lesson has been lost on both—and it is show business as usual in Madras as in Bombay. In Madras yellow journalists sell like hot cheese cakes—as they do in Bombay and other cities of India. It is an evil the Indian film industry has now learnt to live with.

### Vital Difference

But there is one difference. Yellow journalism in Hindi Cinema was at one time confined to the small time paper; today it has acquired a gloss and glamour. Gossip columnists have ripped the mask of hypocrisy off our grease painted idols by ruthlessly deglamorising the stars to the level of common people. Result: this business of gossip has acquired a yellow sheen that tends to make people view the film industry with an even more jaundiced eye than before.

But is it the reader alone who is corrupted by this exercise in glossy futility? This 'travesty of travel' does

it not claim the gossip writer herself in the end?

Of the legendary gossip writers today Hedda Hopper is dead while Louella Parsons measures out her life in a sanatorium unable to remember those who once feared her, satisfied with a daily supply of ice cream and other sweets of her childhood.

One who followed the m and has been at the gossip game for over 35 years, Sheila Graham hit the nail on the skull when she said:

*You never know how good a friend is until you no longer have a column—and when you have a column you mustn't get too friendly.*

This business of determining the distance he or she is to keep from the star is the most testing challenge a film journalist faces. The mindlessness which taking film stars seriously can impose is something you have to fight all the time.

However, after all the bold things these columnists write about film stars, Sheila Graham would refer to the heroes of Hollywood—her

paragraphs—gossip becomes as much an addiction with the gossip writer as with the gossip reader!

It was an addiction Sheila Graham fought and tried unsuccessfully to give up. She was to appear in a TV programme in which she was to announce her retirement from the gossip beat. When the moment to do so arrived, however, Sheila just could not bring herself to do it. Indeed, under the baleful eye of the TV camera she announced not that she was giving up Hollywood but that she was going to extend her gossip—presumably across the Atlantic to the dark trenches of the Mediterranean in out to Greek Islands even to the chilly heights of the English nobility! To this end Sheila even took a summer flat in London—over and above her beach house in California (where she spent her winters) and a place in New York (for the spring/autumn)!

Our gossip girls have no such *Shangri la* to look up to, of course. In fact, after riding in all those winky cars of the stars, our Keyhole Kates have a rude awakening in the morning when it comes to reaching their place of work—they find themselves back in the overcrowded local train where Dev Anand alone can encounter a Miss Doolittle. In Mumbai to sing to him the virtues of the *daan* emphasising her roots in Gujarati culture!

### It Goes Outdoors!

Levity apart, today things have come to a pass where a White Paper on Yellow Journalism would seem in order. With a minimum command of the nuances of the English language the yellow film mags have brought to gossip writing a touch of the bizarre. And the fact that such scandalous goings picked up and translated into the vernacular all over India make it all the more lethal. Even when the star goes outdoor shooting they can thus get to hear in Hindi what they have read in English but with the addition of hypocrisy will never admit to doing.

Gossip writing to be diverting rather than damning, must have a spice and a flavour of its own. Smut is no substitute for style. But then it is idle to expect those who have neither style nor spice to display taste. In fact what the better class of glossies have been writing is only mildly indelicious compared to the wildly salacious stuff we find so brashly displayed in mags that have made yellow the current commercial colour of our film journalism.

True, nothing sweetens a woman's—or a man's—teacup more agreeably than scandalous gossip. But what we read in these trash mags is neither man's nor woman's cup of tea. It is heady Lakshmikantam Coffee that the reader and the writer alike imbibe at their literary peril.

Raju Bharatan

THE 'HIMMARE' COVER of the mid 1960s by Dhiraj Chawda that created a sensation, changing the goody-goody format of film magazines in India. Sharmila Tagore found herself at the centre of a piquant controversy for posing thus. Not long after this came the gossip trend in our film journalism, divesting the stars of much of their mystique.





# A Film Star In The White House?

**If elected US President on November 4, Ronald Reagan has said he will establish a permanent American naval base in the Indian Ocean. What is the background of the first film star to seek an entry into the White House?**

by J. Radhakrishnan

**I**N the United States, 38 men have filled the White House as President for two centuries now. Each one has stamped it with his own personal style. George Washington, the first President, brought an austere dignity that helped set healthy precedents. Abraham Lincoln displayed a sense of humour amid the Civil War crisis; Theodore Roosevelt brought zest; Warren Harding backroom conviviality; Franklin D. Roosevelt effervescence; John F. Kennedy youthful sophistication; Richard Nixon dishonour; and Jimmy Carter openness and informality.

No playwright could have conceived a work so filled with drama, suspense, tragedy and unexpected turns of fate as that played on the White House stage. No director could have chosen such a fascinatingly heterogeneous group of stars as the men who have so far performed the lead role in American history.

This year, however, an actor in real life, Hollywood film star Ronald Reagan, is poised to occupy the White House. As the Republican Party's Presidential nominee, he appears to have an even chance to achieve this, what with a run of bad-luck events at home and abroad dogging President Jimmy Carter, the Democrat seeking a second term in the White House.

Film fans in India will naturally wonder about Ronald Reagan's chequered journey, literally from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast—from Hollywood on America's west coast to Washington DC on the eastern seaboard. Indeed, Reagan's colourful life is, in many ways, a ready-made script for a popular movie that could well be titled: *From Shoe Shop To White House*—an amended version of the old theme: *From The Log Cabin To The White House*.

To begin from the beginning: Ronald Reagan was born in Tampico, Illinois, on February 11, 1911. His father was a salesman in a store selling shoes. The family lived in an apartment above the shop where Ronald was born, the younger of two sons. Ronald's early years were (to quote him) "the days when I learned the real riches of rags". The family of four braved through poverty on the strength of the mother's daily prayer: *The Lord Will Provide*.

After being "an indifferent student" in high school, young Reagan displayed signs of the star-in-the-making at college. Football and taking part in drama competitions interested him most. When he won an acting award as a freshman, Reagan began to dream of Hollywood. The happy college of his youth, in fact, did not seem too different from the fanciful movie, *Working Her Way Through College*, in which Reagan acted in the 1940s.

## Lucky Break

Reagan's first job, however, was that of a sports commentator in the Des Moines Radio Station, Iowa. From bare results flashed on a board in the studio, Reagan had to recreate

details of football games played in far-off fields. He proved adept in the job. "You would think from hearing those ball games that you were sitting right in the field," listeners complimented Reagan.

On his part, Reagan used the radio job to train himself for Hollywood. This came in 1937, when he happened to visit California with a college team. There, by chance, he met a Des Moines friend, who was a talent scout for Warner Brothers Studio. "I've got another Robert Taylor," the friend introduced Reagan to the boss.

He was given a screen test—and then suspense. Reagan returned home downcast. After some weeks, he received a telegram and "leaped in the air".

Warners offered him a \$200-a-week contract. It guaranteed Reagan six months' work, with an option to extend it to a 7-year period. "I've never had a thrill like this before," he recalled later. "I'll admit it's got my head spinning like a top!"

Thus began the Hollywood Era.

Ronald Reagan, to be sure, proved no Robert Taylor. Though he never



shone as a great movie star like Gary Cooper or Clark Gable, given a good role, Reagan did very well. As one critic summed it: "He always worked hard at his craft."

### His First Movie

Reagan's first movie at Warners, in 1937, was a quickie titled: *Love Is On The Air*. "It was a moderate money-getter; but not superb," Reagan said. Off stage, about this time, he got friendly with actress Jane Wyman. It was love at first sight; they were married in January 1940. After eight years and a daughter, Jane changed her mind. The divorce came in 1948. Four years after, Reagan met and married his present wife, Nancy Davis.

Back on the stage, Reagan got a lucky break in 1939 when he successfully persuaded Warners to give him his first good role—that of George Gipp, a Notre Dame football hero, in *Knute Rockne—All American*. He played the part "thoroughly convincingly"—so convincingly, in fact, that Reagan was chosen in the 1940 Exhibitors' Poll as one of the Five Stars of Tomorrow.

Reagan did not belie that honour. In 1941, he gave the best performance of his career in *King's Row*. This made him a leading star in Hollywood. He played the role of Drake McCugh, the town sport McCugh gets injured in an accident and goes to Dr Gordon for treatment. The doctor disapproves of the lad because he was courting his daughter. To punish him, the doctor wantonly amputates McCugh's legs. When the young man wakes up, he looks down at his body and cries: "Where's the Rest of Me?" This line provided

Ronald Reagan with the title for his autobiography, written in the early 1970s.

Reviewers praised the whole cast of *King's Row*, with special mention of Reagan's "splendid performance". The picture proved a box-office hit and Warners tripled Reagan's salary! This recognition proved the springboard which bound Reagan into a wider variety of parts in subsequent pictures. "Till then, I played a jet-propelled newspaperman who solved more crimes than a lie-detector," Reagan says in his autobiography.

### 'The Bad Man'

After a run of successes, Reagan got cast in a film appropriately called *The Bad Man*. He found himself caught between two topnotchers: Wallace Bert and Lionel Barrymore. Reagan "seemed to walk through his part in a mechanical daze". That failure hurt him very much.

But not for long. Reagan always took a down-to-earth view of things. He treated his screen career with unusual objectivity. The ups and downs did not bother him. He was never fooled by success, fame or damn. In fact, he always referred to movies as "the picture business" and there was always a heavy emphasis on the word *business*.

Reagan was aware that, in many of his roles, he was a victim of the poorly written movies ground out by Hollywood's film factories in the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. The major studios owned their own theatres and produced more than 600 pictures a year for an ever eager market. They did not face the competition of TV then.

But, luckily, World War II came on and Reagan got away from the frustrating phase in Hollywood. He joined the Army in 1942. His "theatre of operation" was mostly confined to San Francisco and the Hollywood region. With a galaxy of stars—Ronald Reagan, George Montgomery, Clark Gable, Alan Ladd—the Army set up a Motion Picture Unit to produce training and combat movies for the Air Force and some morale-boosting features for the home front. *Hell's Angels*, *Dawn Patrol*, *Win Your Wings*, *Beyond The Line Of Duty* and *This Is The Army*—these and other films earned Reagan high praise and "personal satisfaction".

### Actor-Leader

As the war neared its end in 1945, Reagan began to think of a new career. Troubled Hollywood labour conditions in the post-war period upset him. Also, he was 34; and the movie career, which had seemed important when he was 26, now did not satisfy him. Added to this, he was at loggerheads with the Movie Mughals as President of the Screen Actors' Guild. As its most vocal leader, Reagan was becoming better known as a union leader than as an actor. On one occasion, while at the studio he was acting in a mediocre film *Night Unto Night*, at union headquarters he was the centre of the industry!

In the process, he was fading out from the centre of the stage. A successful 1949 appearance in *The Hasty Heart*, on a World War II episode in Burma, was followed by a series of poor roles that robbed Reagan of whatever reputation he had as a box-office

attraction. His career, he realised, was collapsing.

As he left Hollywood finally in 1951 for some odd assignments in Las Vegas, Reagan's "exit line" deserves quoting:

*A star does not slip. He's ruined by bad stories and worse casting. I think if the producers would close up their private projection rooms and see pictures in regular theatres, they'd get some idea of what they're doing to the film business.*

Las Vegas did not suit him. Personally, he was, as he noted later, "a square". He was not a Hollywood fan and a night-club kid. For all his 29 years as a movie actor, Reagan stuck to a disciplined life—he was a strict teetotaler and no major vices! He was keen to get away from the gambling city—if he could get a job.

### His Latest Role

This came in 1954, when the General Electric Corporation was looking for someone to host their TV show. Reagan grabbed the \$150,000 a year job and went on to reveal hitherto undreamt-of talents on a wider arena. During his 8 years with GE/TV, the actor flowered into a full-fledged politician and a crusader for Republican Party programmes.

The rest is current history: California Governor from 1967 to 1974 and now Republican Party standard-bearer in the race for the White House. If elected on November 4, Reagan will certainly make history as the first real-life actor to enter the White House and have the whole world as his stage!

Verily is real life stranger than movie fiction! ■

THE WOULD-BE PRESIDENT with (l to r) daughter Maureen, wife Nancy and daughter Patti. Nancy Davis is Ronald Reagan's second wife. He was earlier married to actress Jane Wyman.





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# Boxoffice Is Beautiful

by Asha BhanjDeo

"Now, Ken," the American producer said soothingly, "as intellectuals you and I may appreciate the finer things of life like Condensed Classics and the painter guy who chopped off his ear, but we must give the dumb people out there what *they* want!"

IRWIN Bambridge, an independent American producer under contract to the film company for which I worked in London, was I'm proud of the fact that he had no soul. Souls, he often declared contemptuously, are for lecturers. *This* is where it really counts. Fondly patting the left side of his chest where it rested not only his heart but also more significantly his wallet. For if there was one thing Irwin Bambridge held sacred in life, it was the box office.

With his unending assembly line of B movies and his untalented but tasteless (the only taste worth having, boys, is in the mouth) Irwin Bambridge also happened to make a great deal of money for the company—and himself. Hence, company policy with regard to Bambridge was simple: whatever Irwin wanted, Irwin must

get. And what Irwin wanted most (next to more money) was more publicity.

To sit in on an Irwin Bambridge publicity conference was a joy and a delight with Irwin firmly in the driver's seat indulging his favourite means of communication—the monologue. And the conferences give or take a few forgivable liberties, usually went something like this (only the names have been changed to protect the innocent):

The first item on the agenda was the most important selection of poster designs for yet another Bambridge quickie. Irwin opened the proceedings in tones of hushed reverence and the opening was always the same:

Boys, this with hands folded as if in prayer—we have ourselves a great movie. It has everything, the big beautiful boxoffice out there wants: sex, violence, rape, nymphomania, sodomy, rural appeal, animal appeal, in fact everything that makes for good clean family fun these days. *Goldilocks and the Three Bears*. He paused for applause which considering so much of our bread butter and Christmas bonus depended on him, we dutifully provided. Thank you. Now, Ken, briskly turning a pink eye on his art director, let's see what you have for us today.

Irwin examined each sketch in a large portfolio with an unerring and sure. Then he asked, in a tone that was now thin in anger. What are you trying to do to me, Ken? You're taking me back to the bread lines. A lump of bread with ringlets striding in the sky, a pot of porridge looking up at a dum cottage! It flat bats! At what more? That

Ken shifted uneasily in his chair and cleared his throat nervously. Well, sir, she's only eleven.

What's this got to do with it? You're an artist. How come you never heard of artistic licence? Light's was eleven. Juliet was eleven.

Fourteen, sir.

Fourteen, eleven, what's the difference? They're all broad. And what broads need is upholstery. Here, lemme show you. He made copious corrections in green ink. Now, Ken, this soothingly, you and I may be intellectuals, you and I may appreciate the finer things of life like Condensed Classics and that damn fool painter guy who chopped off one of his own ears. But what about that dumb housewife in *Horsham*? What about that punch-drunk pugilist in *Portmouth*? They're the big beautiful boxoffice out there and what *they* want is more upholstery. Okay. Now, what's her name?

Er, bed, sir. Ken, I'm puzzled.

Yes, bed. Bed, I see. The bed's there, bed?

Well, I thought—

Well, I thought you'd be a bit more specific. I mean, I don't know what you mean by 'bed'. I mean, I don't know what you mean by 'bed'. I mean, I don't know what you mean by 'bed'.

ILLUSTRATED BY KAVADI



Three beds in the story and not a single bed in the poster? That's misrepresentation, boy Misrepresentation is a serious offence You wamme to go to the cooler? So, I wanna bed, okay? Right here! More corrections this time in red

"Next thing, get that broad into the bed No point in having a bed with nobody innit, is there? And take off that pinnyfore thing and get her into something decent like a black negligay You ever seen a broad get into bed wearing a goddam pinnyfore and high button boots?"

"But, sir," Ken's tones were shocked, "she's not that kind of "

Irwin cut him short with a "Ha!" which he repeated for the benefit of those who may have missed out the first time "Ha!" he said, ' Don't kid yourself, pal, they're all that kind! Believe me, I know I learned the hard way and I got three lots of goddam alimony to prove it, so just take my word for it, huh? Why the hell do you think she went into the woods in the first place? Ever thought of that? The bed was too soft, she said ' His voice dipped dangerously and his eyes narrowed "Too soft for what?" He wagged a pudgy finger in Ken's perspiring face "Don't be fooled by all that got-lost-in-the-woods jazz Read between the lines, man, read between the lines And talking of woods, cut out the botanical background If the public want botany they go to Kew Gardens, they don't go to the movies" Thick, purple lines made short work of the botany

"And come to think of it, you ever seen ringlets this side of Shirley Temple?" Rapid clouds of blue enveloped and finally obliterated Goldilocks' head "Give her a touch of Brigitte Bardot, boy That's what it's all about these days We gotta cash in while the iron's hot and the sun's making hay"

"But, sir," Ken protested vigorously, "in all honesty "

"Ah!" Irwin beamed expansively, "I'm glad you mentioned that word, boy Honesty above all else and don't you ever forget it Now, all of you here," he surveyed his captive audience with the look of one appealing for divine justice "Lemme ask you all a very, very simple question Do you think some damn fool old age pensioner in Penzance is going to put his grubby little 50p in my pocket to watch a dumb broad eating porridge? Porridge has no passion! We want to give 'em something they don't get on television and God knows they get plenny of porridge! Now, how about a lollipop?"

Oh no, sir said Ken firmly, ' No lollipop! Why sir, Lolita's poster had her sucking a lollip

Exactly my boy! Ex-bloody-actly! And what was good enough for Lolita with a big, fat gross at the boxoffice sure is good enough for me!"

' But sir a note of desperation entered Ken's voice you've missed the entire point of Goldilocks

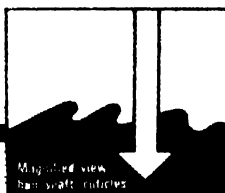


Irwin quietened him with an impatient wave of the hand "Goldilocks," he mused "Goldilocks! Now, that's another thing that bothers me, boys That name Goldilocks Doesn't it bother you boys? Now all of you know I'm a tolerant man I think I can, in all modesty, say I'm a big man I say the blacks are okay and so are the Yids I like Yids, I got nothing against Yids But, I ask you, Goldilocks? That name's going to offend an awful lotta people who don't live in Israel and, let's face it, there are an awful lot of people who don't live in Israel! So, Goldilocks is out and that, of course, leaves us without a title for this great, great movie of ours Any suggestions, boys? I personally prefer something simple and homely like *Night of Abandon* or *Bed, Breakfast and Farewell*"

Ken clutched hysterically at his last straw "But, sir, as a children's story "

"Children's story?" Irwin was appalled "Children's story? We've just gotten ourselves a hot potato poster with this sexy, sizzling broad lying in bed wearing little more than her own skin and a dash of perfume, and you have the nerve to call it a children's story? What kinda children you got, boy? I'll tell you this, I'm betting my last dollar on a pitched battle with the Censors and a beautiful, big X certificate at the end of it And if we don't get it, lads, we can all start learning how to fill sausages because that's what we'll bloody well be doing!"

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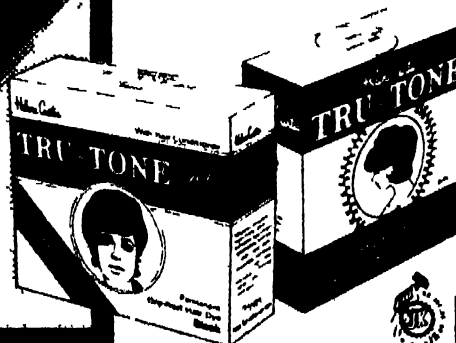


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**J**UST at the climax of an epic film, an old man started grubbing around on the floor under the seats

"What on earth are you doing?" the understandably irritated woman next to him rasped in a low voice

"Trying to find my toffee," said the man

"Can't you leave it till the end?"

"No, it's got my false teeth stuck in it"

**I**T was in a movie house. The audience sat spellbound while a thrilling tale of love and romance was being unfolded on the screen. One of the high points was a scene where the hero slapped the heroine vigorously on the face and stalked off. In the tense silence following this bit of drama, a child's voice piped up from somewhere in the theatre. "Mama, why doesn't she hit him back like you do Papa?"

**A** MOVIE STAR'S child was being interviewed for a kiddie magazine. "No," said the moppet, "I've no brothers or sisters. But I've three fathers by my mother and four mothers by my father!"

**T**HE very small boy, being taken to the cinema for the first time, was howling his objections

"Don't cry, darling," cooed his mother, "it's just like television, only bigger!"



**A** VISITOR to the film studio asked the producer about a single one-dollar coin hanging in his office, suitably framed

"Oh that," said the producer "That's the buck we've been passing around here for years!"

**I**T was one of the great show-business funerals. Everyone who was anyone was there. Right after the services, the deceased actor's agent asked his friend, another famous actor who had delivered the eulogy, what he thought of it all

"A very fine funeral," said the actor "But the acoustics were very bad"

**T**HE year the Olympic swimming meet was held in Los Angeles, the movie boys thought they had a soft deal, when one of the diving champs decided to pick up a little pin money by doubling for the star in some dangerous water shots. The day he appeared for his stunt, though, somebody had forgotten to have the pool filled and the champ asked "Hey, how in hell do you expect me to dive into this without any water in it?"

"Fine thing," muttered the director "Five minutes on the sets and already he's temperamental"

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN Jr was once asked how he happened to go into motion pictures

"It was just a quirk of fate," he answered "My father was in pictures you know. Well, one day, he bumped into me on the studio lot and took a liking for me"

**T**HE perfect answer to the question, 'What's wrong with the movies?', was given one night by a little man sitting in a Los Angeles theatre. After the trailer was over, he whispered to his wife "Always in coming next week a good picture!"

**I**N the lean years of filmdom producer Samuel Goldwyn

frequently found it necessary to borrow from Peter to pay Paul. One day, he was escorting two prospective creditors around the sets, explaining the financial soundness of the motion-picture business to them, when a very angry workman suddenly blocked their path

"What can I do for you, my good man?" Goldwyn asked

"You hired me and my crew to build those little houses over there," the man shouted, waving his arms in rage "You promised to pay us two weeks ago and we haven't seen the colour of your money yet. We want our pay!"

Goldwyn thought fast, then, patting the agitated workman on the shoulder, said soothingly "You've got the action memorised perfectly. Just get a little more fire into your eyes when we shoot the scene." And, before the surprised workman could recover, Goldwyn had shepherded his prospective backers to safer ground

**O**NE famous actor who is rich and shall be nameless, said "A relative is one who insists on living off your gross instead of the net"

**A** NEW movie firm in Hollywood decided on a name. They finally settled on Miracle Films and had a giant advertising sign put up at a prominent corner. After one look at it, the producers tore it down

The sign read *If it's a good film it's a Miracle*

**A**N actor was so concerned the rest of the cast would not work with him, so that he found trouble getting engagements. But, as he happened to be an expert engraver, he went in for counterfeiting. He made the most perfect five-dollar bill but they caught him at once - he put his own picture on the note instead of Lincoln's!

**A**N artiste was in court and the judge said "How do you consider yourself an actor?"

"Your Honour, I'm the greatest actor in the world!"

Another performer in court, hearing this, said later to the witness "How could you sit there and say you're the greatest actor in the world?"

"I listen, I was under oath. I didn't want to commit perjury."

**T**WO actresses were talking. The director told Lee, said one actress, "that, if she let him kiss her, he'd give her a small part in his next movie"

What happened? asked the second one

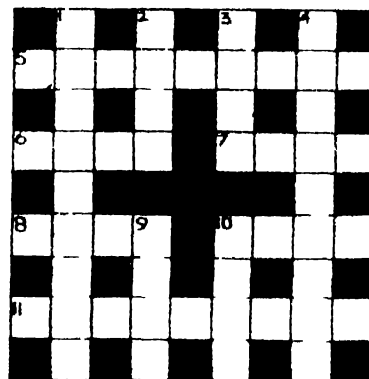
"Well, she's going to be the star"

**A**SKI D one actor. What happened when you whistled at that actress walking her dog?

"She walked past me as if I were a lamp post, but her dog didn't!" replied the fellow actor

Jokes selected by Dattatraya Narayan

## Screenplay



### ACROSS

- 1 The 1954 Ashapura Biswas production in which, not her husband Anil Biswas, but Mohammad Shafi scored the music (9)
- 2 Militant Amitabh made no impression on — in the Hirshikesh Mukherjee movie (4)
- 3 The — must go on is the simple maxim on which Manoj Kumar works! (4)
- 4 Vy! Vy! (9)
- 5 Film that reversed the Aradhana image of Rajesh Khanna and Sharmila Tagore (9)
- 6 Rajesh's 1969 one had Babuta, not Dimple in it! (4)
- 7 K A Abbas's 1953 film in which Dev Anand played this 'fellow traveller' (4)
- 8 'Long suffering' title of 1941 Hiralal-Suryakumar starrer (4)
- 9 'Thus Rekha' is the ordeal South's Sharda went through (4)
- 10 The Mastana kid who sang with Motilal on the screen. Jhoom jhoom ke do diwane gaate jaaye gali gali (4)

- 11 The Hemen Hemant director music director Filmistan movie of 1952 in which Lata went on Geeta in a strain of 'Vandematram! Vandematram!' (9)

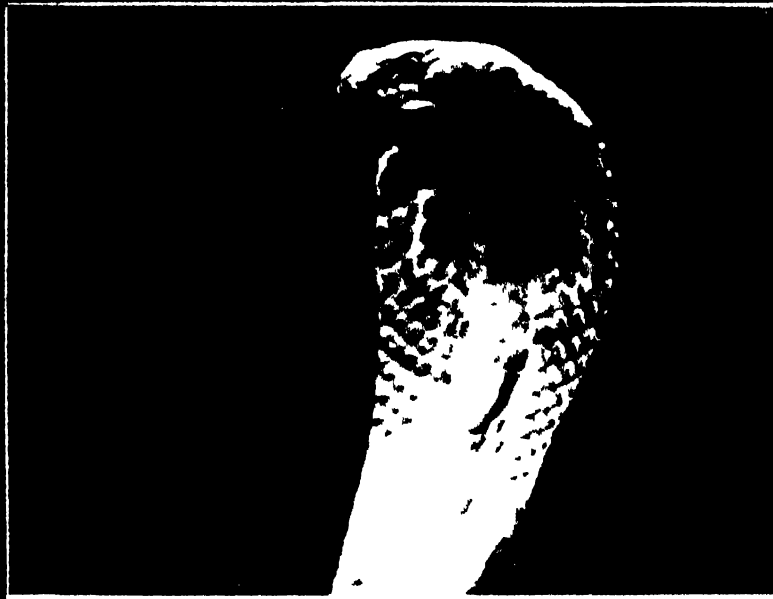
### DOWN

- 1 The 1954 Ashapura Biswas production in which, not her husband Anil Biswas, but Mohammad Shafi scored the music (9)
- 2 Militant Amitabh made no impression on — in the Hirshikesh Mukherjee movie (4)
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- 10 The Mastana kid who sang with Motilal on the screen. Jhoom jhoom ke do diwane gaate jaaye gali gali (4)


Puzzle set by Raju

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**T**HE Central Government has started functioning again in earnest, in spite of continuing internal and external difficulties. Active steps are under consideration to restructure the set-up in the North-Eastern States. Security and order in Tripura seem near implementation. Nagaland is quiet and Mizoram seems to be coming close to a political solution. Manipur is still simmering but the proposed new set-up may go some way towards bringing normalcy there in the near future.

So far so good. But the problems of the North-East go deeper. They are partly political but mainly socio-economic and cultural. Also, there is evidence of foreign elements fishing in troubled waters. Government seems determined to stop foreign instigation and interference whether it be religious, political or through the supply of money and arms.

However, the socio-economic and cultural problems which are long-standing and mainly due to internal causes will take time to resolve. Basically, it is a problem of emotional integration with the rest of the country and, at the same time, preserving the ethnic roots and balancing the tribal and other elements in these States. Steps in this direction are reported to be under "active consideration".

The immediate problem which must be tackled with imagination and some give and take on both sides is that of the so-called 'foreigners'. The rigid stand of the Gana Sangram Parishad, the exploitation of the students for political purposes, combined with the ineffectiveness of any political party to exercise a positive influence on them, are the main stumbling blocks to any progress on this ticklish issue. But Mrs Gandhi's reasonable and flexible approach seems, at last, to be making some headway.

### Clear Warning

The problem is not one that concerns only one political party or the government alone. It is not only a regional problem but, indeed, a national problem that can affect the future of India. Mrs Gandhi has very rightly kept in touch with other political parties and they seem, by and large, to be supporting her approach.

What is needed is a constant dialogue with the various elements in Assam and elsewhere, as well as a clear warning that national and regional interests will not be sacrificed to meet the demands of narrow, parochial, vociferous elements. A policy of firmness combined with due consideration for the interests of the minority and other elements is necessary. The year 1971 is important for deporting those who have illegally entered India, but others can be dealt with on the basis



# Delhi Kauling

## The North-East: A National Problem

**The North-East requires a policy of firmness combined with due consideration for all parties; civil servants need the sense of security that can come only if wholesale transfers and demands for resignations are stopped; our armed forces should be given a fair deal. Mrs Gandhi's approach is the right one but it is essential that justice should not only be done, but also be seen to be done.**

of the facts of each case, in accordance with the Constitution of India. Also, there is a case for other States sharing the burden and not putting it exclusively on Assam or Tripura.

Mrs Gandhi's basic approach is the right one but it has to be explained to the various sections concerned. What is even more important is that steps should be taken to show that it is being implemented. As the old adage goes, it is not enough that justice is done—it should also be seen to be done.

For this Mrs Gandhi needs to ginger up the tools and implements of her administration in general and the Home and Economic Ministries and the Planning Commission, in particular. The administration is demoralised to an extent that it will not be easy to reactivate it quickly unless certain steps are taken. The Janata and Lok Dal governments did enough damage to the morale of the services. Some rehabilitation measures were therefore necessary. However, the time has come to put a stop to wholesale transfers, demands for resignation and premature retirements. The civil servants feel demoralised and uncertain about their future. They expect a better deal from Mrs Gandhi than they did from the Janata and Lok Dal Governments.

The time has come for the healing touch. An efficient, honest and effective bureaucracy is essential for the implementation of government's policies. The chapter of reopening old cases and adopting vindictive policies must now be closed in order

to restore confidence and raise the morale among the civil servants.

### Fair Deal

There is need also for giving a fair deal to our armed forces which have proved their worth during difficult times. They are patriotic, loyal and an important factor for strengthening the unity and stability of the country. There is a justified feeling among the middle and higher rungs of the armed forces about the limited prospects for promotion to the rank of Brigadier and above and the delay in the implementation of the third part of the Cadre Review recommendation. Action on the first two parts relating to other ranks and upto Brigadier has been taken, but the bottleneck at the higher levels continues.

Even when the third part is accepted and implemented the problem of those who have to retire in their early fifties (i.e. Lt Cols, Brigadiers and Major Generals) remains. Why can not some of them who have proven ability but cannot rise (due to the unavoidable pyramidal structure of the armed forces) be absorbed in the public sector and other government undertakings? Some of them are specially trained in the art of management and live with their men in the regiment which is their home. They, as well as the men who have served under them (who retire after 15 to 20 years service only), could form an excellent and disciplined recruiting field for our public sector undertakings. Much has been talked of this in the past but little has been done so far.

There is nothing wrong with the public sector *per se*. What is wrong is

the inefficiency of top managers and the political and administrative interference from the ministries concerned. There are efficient managers available in the armed forces and outside and better use could be made of their services. Some able and efficient people who left the country because of frustration or are serving in international organisations are willing to come back, even though it may mean some financial loss to them. And there is plenty of talent at the middle levels available in the country itself. The public sector undertakings must be run efficiently and set an example to the private sector in productivity, labour welfare and training of ordinary workers to enable them to rise to higher levels.

In external affairs, the recognition of the Heng Samrin Government, which was long overdue, has been welcomed by almost all parties and circles. It shows that while the government is sensitive to the feelings of other countries it is even more sensitive to its own interests and the principle of recognition on the merits of each case and the realities on the grounds. Far from straining our relations with other countries, this step is expected to be followed by others and to lead to the lessening of tension and the strengthening of peace and stability in that war-torn little country called Kampuchea.

### Significant Visit

People expect the Government to take bold initiatives in solving regional problems peacefully in a regional perspective without interference from outside powers. In this context the visit of Agha Shahi from Pakistan is significant and may provide opportunities of offering the good offices of India to both Pakistan and Afghanistan to meet on Indian soil without any preconditions.

The Chinese so-called package deal is the talk of the town. Most people, including leaders of various parties, feel sceptical about any early settlement of the border and other questions with China. As one of them said, 'In Mao's days they used to type with one finger only, now they type with ten fingers and both hands.' The Foreign Minister's statement in Parliament was rightly cautious and careful. It is not at all clear what the Chinese offer exactly means. It is deliberately vague. A dialogue with China is therefore advisable, it may make things clearer or even more confused, in either case it is necessary to know where they stand and whether they really mean business. The China experts are busy reading between the lines. But experts on China speak from varying degrees of ignorance rather than knowledge.

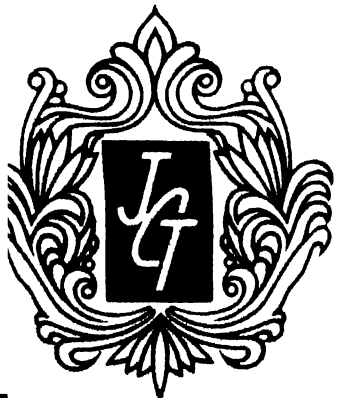
As a wag said, Mrs Gandhi's Government is slowly but steadily coming back to its own and making its presence felt and its voice heard. There may be more in it than meets the ear.

**T. N. Kaul**



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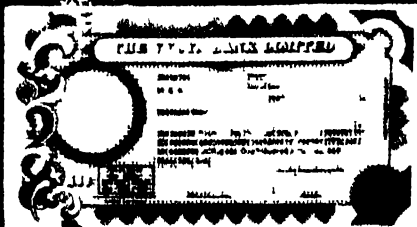
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3 Guard against tooth decay

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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# A Well Played Hand

An interesting deal came up during a recent Senior League match between TIBREWALA and TOLANI, in Bombay

West	East
♠ K10984	♠ QJ3
♥ Q	♥ AK84
♦ 752	♦ A83
♣ AQ9J	♣ 872

The bidding with North dealer and both vulnerable went thus on one table

West	North	East	South
	P	1H	P
1S	2C	2S	P
4S	Dble	All Pass	

Sriram Sethi the veteran TOLANI star was West. He got the lead of a small trump. He put up dummy's Jack and was only faintly surprised when South showed out.

Put yourself in Sriram's seat—you can see four tricks in Spades, three in Hearts, one in Diamonds, and the Club spot cards are good enough to manoeuvre two tricks on an end play.

But the snag is that when North wins his Ace of Spades he will switch to Diamonds knocking out dummy's Ace. As a result you may not be able to enjoy dummy's Hearts. If you have analysed this far you must now construct a North hand, consistent with the bidding, that will enable you to make your contract. Ready? Watch what Sethi did.

He won the opening lead with dummy's Jack of Spades, played the Queen of Spades with North ducking predictably, crossed to his Queen of Hearts and played a Diamond. North produced the King and Sethi ducked!

This play left the defence helpless. North got out with the Ace and another Spade. Sethi won draw trump, crossed to the Ace of Diamonds, cashed the Ace, King of Hearts and passed the right of Clubs to North. Then North with only Clubs left had to concede two tricks to the Ace and Queen and Sethi had made his contract.

A well played hand—it's no magic. Once you know that North has five Spades, and presumably six Clubs for his overcall you must hope he has the King of Diamonds singleton—if it is not

singleton, you cannot prevent North from knocking out that vital Ace of Diamonds. This was the whole hand

♠ A7652	♠ QJ3
♥ J	♥ AK84
♦ K	♦ 872
♣ KJ10654	
♠ AQ9J	
♥ 752	
♦ Q	
♣ K10984	
♠ 10976532	
♥ QJ10964	

Event, took a curious turn at the other table. Bhagwan shiv dasani North, opted to open two Clubs on his distributional power and the auction went

West	North	East	South
	2C	Dble	2H
3H (1)	P	3S (1)	P
4S	Dble	P	

Anand Mehta West for TIBREWALA made a remarkable decision to cue bid three Hearts (asking partner to bid two No Trumps with Hearts stopped) in preference to bidding the two Spade suit.

East who could not bring himself to try three No Trump with nothing in Club, although he should have trusted partner and did so trotted out his three card Spade suit. Anand was happy and Bhagwan hastily doubled, not so much because he thought he could beat four Spades but to stop his partner from bidding further.

South led the Queen of Diamonds. North put up the King and East was in a tight spot—he knew South was vulnerable and he was worried that if he ducked the King of Diamonds, the defence might cross ruff the first few tricks.

If he had judged that South for his vulnerable bidding in the red suit had a seven six hand, perhaps he would have ducked. As it was he won the Ace of Diamonds and could no longer afford Heart tricks.

Down one for a huge win to TOLANI

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

## Queen Sacrifice For Checkmate

The most rapturous of all combinations are those in which the powerful Queen is sacrificed to checkmate the enemy King.

In position No 93 the Black Queen sacrifice strikes the White King like a thunderbolt. In No 94 the Black Queen is given away for a Bishop to draw the White King into a mating net.

Barle-Elen, Bled 1979

1.PK4, PK3 2.PQ4, PQ4  
3.NQB3, BN5 (French Defence, Winawer Variation usual is 4.PK5)  
4.NK2, PxP 5.PQR3 BK2 (Defending the gambit Pawn by 5... BxNch 6.NxB PKB4 7.PB3 PxP is risky)  
6.NxP NQR3 7.PQB3 (MCO gives 7.BK1) NB3 8.NxNch BxN 9.NN3, PK4 10.PQ5, NK2 11.HQR4, 00 12.QB3, NN3 13.NK4? Better 13.00 and later the Knight should go to KB5)

PAWN ASSAULT

13. BK2 14.00, KR1 15.BR2 PKB4 16.NQ2, EQ3 17.NB4, PK5 18.QK2, BB5! (If 19.BK3?, BxPch! 20.KxB, PB5 20.BB5, QK2 21.NQ4, BB6 leads to quick

destruction) 19.PKN3, BxB 20.KRxB BQ2 21.PB4? PxP ep

22.QxP PR5 23.RK1, QN4 24.RK4, NR5 25.QR2 PxP 26.QxNP NB6ch (The Black Knight makes a spectacular entry) 27.KR1, QxP 28.RK3, NK8 dth ch? (White had thought of only 28.NQ5ch 29.QN2) 29.KN1

Position No 93 29. QRBch?? 30.KxQ, RB6ch; White resigns (1.QN1 BB6ch 2.RN? BxR mate)

Sriravan Browne USA 1974

1.PQB4 PE 2.NQB3, NQR3 3.NB3, PB4 4.PQ4 PK5 5.NKN5 (English Opening) 6.NN5 7.NQ2 (White's alternatives after 6... NxB are usually not nice) 7.B3 (Interesting is 7.QB3) 8.NQ5 RN5ch 7.BQ? (QxN NxB PB5 Gheorghiu Liv boxes to) 10g) 10/9 PKR? 6.NR3 PKN4 7.PB7 PxP 8.KPxP RN2 9.PQ5 QK2ch 10.KQ2? Eccentric, better 10.QK?)

RECKLESS

10. NQ5 11.BQ3, KQ! 12.RK1? 13.mtd by QQ3

attacking the KRP. Both sides have lost castling but the Black King is safe) 12.NKN1 PQN4? (A gambit offer for speedy development if 13.PxP, PR3) 13.KNK2 PxP 14.BxQRP QR4? 15.KQ3? (Plausible 15... Rck1) 16.RK3

Position No 94 White threatens to win the Knight but he has not foreseen Black's stunning blow 16.QxBch?? 17.KxB BR3ch 18.NN5 (or 18.K3 P? mate) NxB(N4) White resigns (if 19.QR4 NR6 dth ch 20... 19.KN1 or Q? NB6ch recovers Queen)

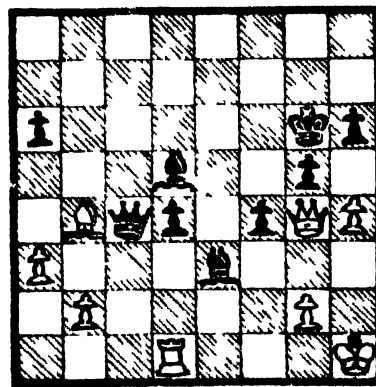
The 160 player National B... Delh...

h. A mar... of 15... Gupta... meswar... B... B... D... V... K... H... M... 10...

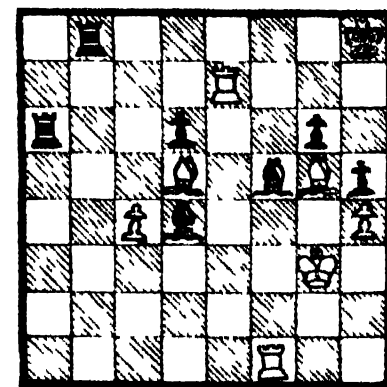
Mohanti Zahir Ahmed

A Queen sacrifice... 1... R... Q... N... B... P... Q... R... 2... QxP... White resigns

R. B. SAPRI



No 95. BLACK TO PLAY.



No 96. WHITE TO PLAY

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picked collection of fourteen  
songs that includes tracks like  
Ae mere dil kahin aur  
chal (Daag)  
Kuch to log kahenge  
(Amar Prem)

**Vidai Geets from films**  
A compilation of 'vidai'  
geets, and marriage songs  
from films. Tracks include  
Itni jaldi kya hai  
(Sati Savitri)  
Ja ri bahena ja (Tirahni)  
Chhod babul ka ghar  
(Babul)

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films**  
Lyrically powerful and  
musically enchanting for  
those who seek spiritual  
solace. Qawals by the  
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Other songs from Aulad  
Islam, Deen aur Iman

**Aartis and Bhajans  
from films**  
Fourteen of them  
Tracks include  
Om jai Jagdish hare  
(Purab aur Pachhim)  
Jai Raghunandan (Gharana)  
Ankhyan shyam milan ki pyasi  
(Meera Shyam)

**Ananda Shankar and his  
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Tracks such as  
Jumpin' Jack Flash  
Light my fire, Missing you

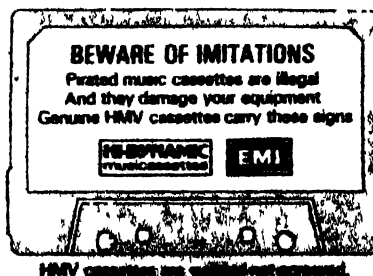
**Instrumental film tunes**  
Sixteen delightful songs played  
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Abhi na payo chhod kar (Hum Dono)

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love, ecstasy and despair  
Mainly oldies such as  
Khoya khoya chand (Kala Bezar)  
Chanda O chanda (Lakhon men ek)  
Chand phir sikla (Paying Guest)

**Melodious hits of  
Hemant Kumar**  
Fourteen selected evergreens  
A collector's musicassette  
Tracks like Na tum hamen jano  
(Bat ek raat ki)  
Hai apna dil to awara (Solva Saal)  
Teri dunia men jeene se  
(House No 44)

**Golden hits from AVM  
Productions**  
Good music has always been an  
integral part of all AVM films.  
A good buy. Tracks  
Meri payal geet (Baap Bete)  
Yeh raat bheegi bheegi (Chori Chori)  
Ae dil mujhe (Bhai Bhai)

HMV has musicassettes for everybody. For every  
taste and mood. Apart from film hits, HMV's  
repertoire includes Indian classical music for the  
connoisseur. There are international hits for  
those who want the latest chartbusters from the  
West. And we keep adding to the list regularly.  
So if you are building up a musicassette library  
think of HMV. We've got the widest range.



**His Master's Voice**

# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K. KELKAR



**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan 19



Unnecessary expenses will drain your purse in the early part of the week. Sort out your domestic problems by midweek. Your health will show signs of flagging on Thursday, though by Friday you can regain the energy needed to complete your work. Saturday is auspicious for a short journey.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



In the coming few weeks mental and physical strain will force you to take a break for rest and recuperation. Conserve your energy in the early part of the week and avoid being too touchy or sensitive. By Wednesday you will be able to decide on professional or business issues.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



You begin to feel that either you have been receding into the background or that someone is purposely holding you back. Try to develop a better understanding of the situation and find out the real causes for it on Monday-Tuesday. The midweek is auspicious for peaceful negotiations.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



Sports, games and entertainment will keep you occupied in the next couple of weeks. Group activities on Sunday may arouse your interest, drawing you into a competition or an election. Do not be surprised if you are one up on your rivals. Do not confide in anyone of the opposite sex on Wednesday.

**Sunday, July 27**

Psychological conflicts leave you with a feeling of distaste towards your profession. Try and get over this feeling towards the end of 1980 and early 1981. A better phase awaits you from April onwards.

**Monday, July 28**

This is a year of mixed influences. If you keep cordial relations with the family and seniors, everything will turn out to your advantage. Keep away from neighbours and relatives in December-January.

**Tuesday, July 29**

You will be inclined to experiment and explore, and you will be successful. Take a pause between November and February to assess your gains. August-September is ideal to push through your interests.

**Wednesday, July 30**

New interests and an eagerness for a big change may spoil your prospects in the last quarter of 1980 and early 1981. Try to conserve your finances right up to February-March. You will reap the fruits in August-September and May-June 1981.

**Thursday, July 31**

Adopt a dispassionate and realistic approach towards your surroundings. Do not neglect your seniors and do not be led away by youngsters. The last quarter of 1980 and early 1981 is a period of anxiety and worry.

**Friday, August 1**

Be ready to accept new challenges. Take the help of your seniors during December-January, which is a difficult phase. In February-March, keep your wits about you. You can do well financially provided you curb your generosity.

**Saturday, August 2**

A good year is ahead of you. Sound judgement, intuition and foresight help you grab rare opportunities in August-September and again in July 1980. March-April are full of fun and romance.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



Secret enmity and rivalry will cause tension in the early part of the week. Your business will show moderate improvement on Thursday. Do not get involved in a verbal battle and defer important decisions till Saturday or to next week. Turn your attention to business.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



It would be worth while investing a little money in speculation or gambling - check your luck in the coming few weeks. An exciting piece of news on Monday may help boost business on Tuesday. Wednesday brings rewards. Do not be rushed into acting on Friday, wait till Saturday to execute new ventures.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Agricultural pursuits and property issues keep you busy. Do not allow neighbours to encroach on your time and personal liberty. The indifferent state of your health on Sunday-Monday may affect your personal work on Tuesday. However, by midweek, you may be able to attend to business.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



A fun-filled week lies ahead, with trips and outings in the offing. Plan carefully before plunging into new ventures on Wednesday-Thursday, as you are likely to miscalculate. Relax on Friday. Extend your cooperation to others on Saturday. They will reciprocate your gesture.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



Monday-Tuesday should be set apart for extending help to friends and colleagues. You are likely to be called upon to undertake a journey at short notice on Wednesday evening. You will enjoy this trip, especially on Thursday. Rest on Friday and resume your normal schedule on Saturday.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



You will find your environment invigorating. The week is financially rewarding, especially Monday. You will enjoy group activities on Tuesday. The midweek should be reserved for domestic chores. On Friday, you may have to lead a delegation on behalf of your locality.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrischika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



On Monday-Tuesday, you may undertake greater responsibilities to prove your efficiency. Wednesday-Thursday will bring acclaim and credit. Enjoy the company of your sweetheart on Saturday. You are likely to strike a profitable business deal on Friday or Saturday.

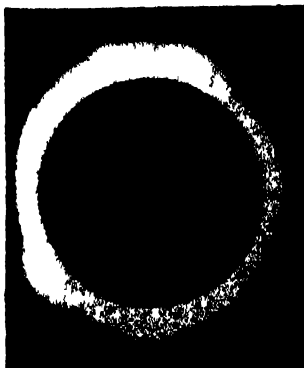
**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



Start socialising with the aim of bringing people and events under your control. Monday is ideal for winning people over. You will enjoy a certain popularity that will enable you to make headway in future. Wednesday-Thursday should be utilised for domestic chores and the week-end for business.

## STAR FOCUS

### Effects Of The Eclipse On World Affairs



The solar eclipse due on August 10 and 11 (according to the GMT and IST respectively) portends many troubles and anxieties for the Government. The opposition is going to gain strength as the ruling party's prestige starts declining. Earthquakes, shortage of foodgrains and confusion in foreign policy are some of the likely effects of this

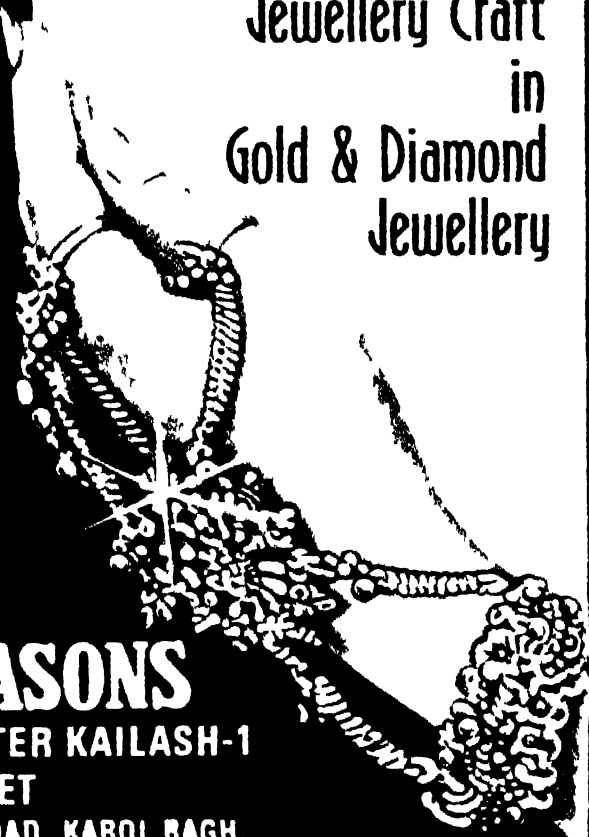
eclipse.

The eclipse will unsettle the present rulers in other countries. Pakistan, for instance, will face turmoil and the present regime will come to an end. A similar situation will overtake Iran, paving the way for a new leadership. In Russia too a change of leadership is likely. Conflicts and clashes in China about leadership will

also come to the fore. Carter's foreign and domestic policies will be under strain, diminishing his prospects of re-election to the Presidency.

These events are not likely to take place immediately, since the eclipse will have influence upto the first week of October and again from the last week of January to the first week of February 1981.

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MAIN MARKET

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**MEHRAE-DI-HATTI**  
DARIBA KALAN, DELHI

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What are shares how to buy and sell them balance sheets share market mechanism its anomalies and pitfalls why share prices rise and fall price trends and how to identify them for multiplying capital from 2 to 10 times or more thereby beating inflation You also get a list of selected growth shares for investment Your questions answered

#### COMMODITIES COURSE

Today's volatile markets are subject to rapidly changing forces of varying crop (supply) and demand estimates inflation deflation business cycles and world events Besides there are market paradoxes like lower crop (supply) yielding lower prices and higher crop giving higher prices How to resolve all these complex phenomena by simple mechanical methods and determine price trends and profitable opportunities in commodities like Edible & Non Edible Oils and Seeds Cotton, Gunnies Gold Silver Yarn or any other commodity Your questions answered

#### DETAILS

The two courses are separate Written in easy lessons for the layman by G R Mansukhani the well known consultant in shares and commodities of nearly 20 years standing For particulars send stamped self addressed, envelope (23 x 10 cms) Satisfaction guaranteed else money re'unded

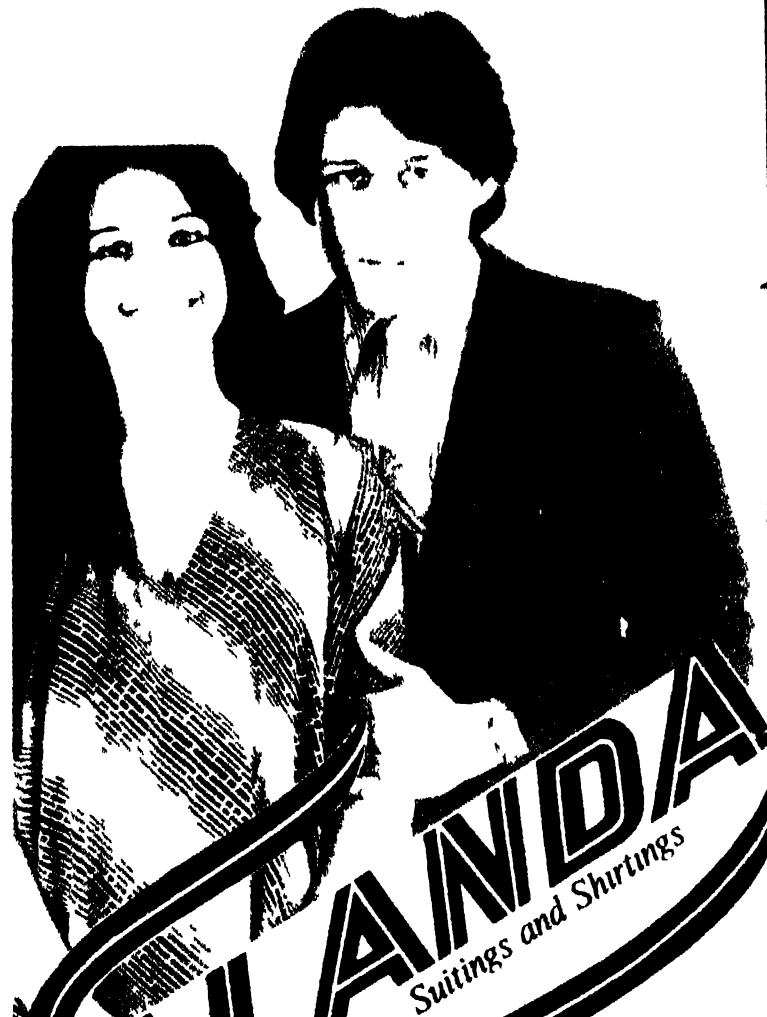
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# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

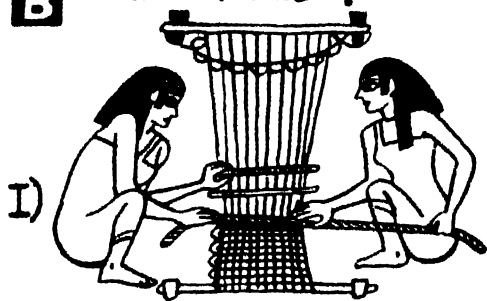
A	E	F	
	B		
C			G
D			

**A**

**CLUES ACROSS :** A) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE AMERICAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE BROKE OUT. B) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF THE TUNGABHADRA DAM. C) THE YEAR IN WHICH SHAH JAHAN MADE DELHI THE CENTRE OF MUGHAL ADMINISTRATION. D) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF MT. POPOCATEPETL IN MEXICO, TO THE NEAREST METRE.

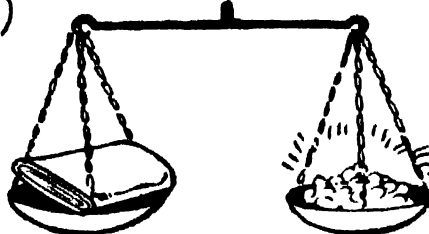
**CLUES DOWN :** C) THE NUMBER OF LANGUAGES, RECOGNISED IN THE EIGHTH SCHEDULE OF THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION. E) THE SQUARE ROOT GIVES THE NUMBER OF DAYS IN THE LAST QUARTER OF THIS YEAR. F) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE SECOND WORLD WAR ENDED. G) THE ATOMIC NUMBER OF LEAD.

## B TRUE OR FALSE ?



I) MODERN LOOMS CAN PRODUCE FINER LINEN THAN THE FINEST PRODUCED ON CRUDE LOOMS, IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

II)



INDIAN SILK FABRICS WERE SO MUCH IN DEMAND IN ANCIENT ROME THAT THEY HAD TO BE BOUGHT BY PAYING THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD.

III)



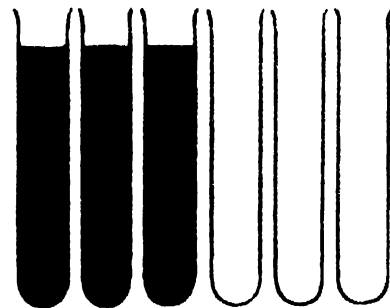
THE ROMAN PHILOSOPHER SENECA FUMED AT THE THOUGHT THAT ENORMOUS SUMS WERE PAID TO 'AN UNKNOWN PEOPLE' (INDIANS) FOR THE PURCHASE OF SILKS.

## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



## D

HERE ARE SIX TEST TUBES. THREE ARE FILLED WITH CHEMICALS AND THREE ARE EMPTY. BY MOVING ONLY ONE TEST TUBE ENSURE THAT YOU HAVE ALTERNATELY ONE TEST TUBE FILLED WITH CHEMICALS AND ONE EMPTY TEST TUBE.

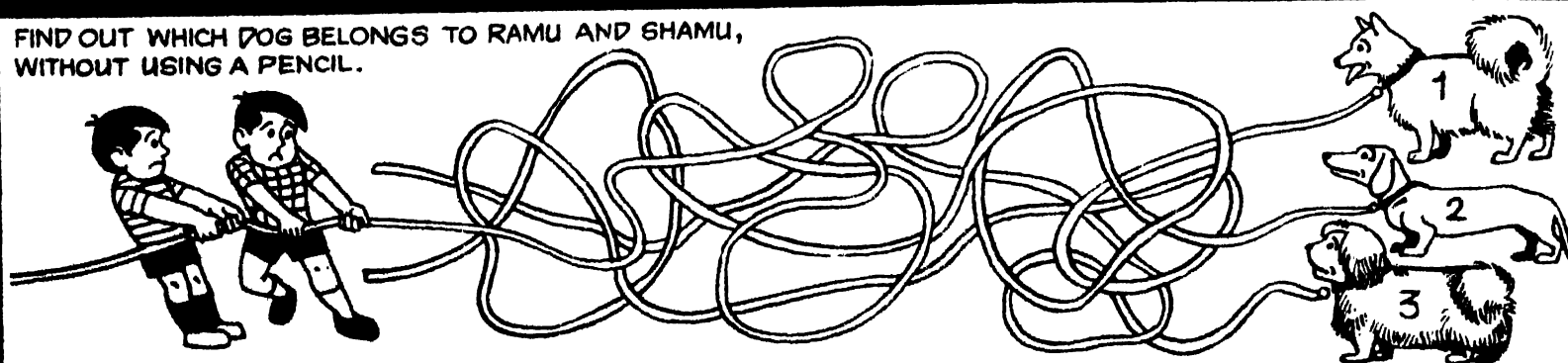


## E

CHANGE 'HARE' INTO 'BOSS' IN FIVE MOVES, CHANGING ONE LETTER AT A TIME.

H	A	R	E

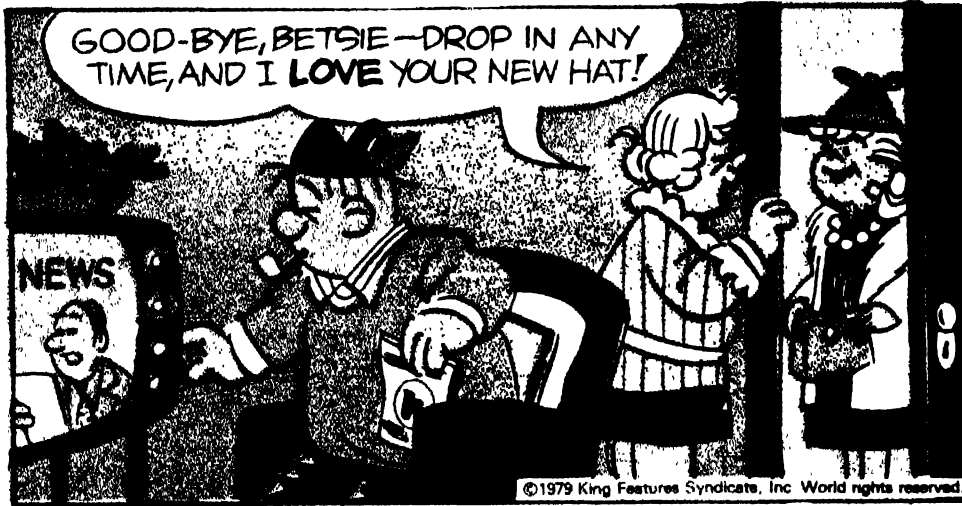
FIND OUT WHICH DOG BELONGS TO RAMU AND SHAMU, WITHOUT USING A PENCIL.



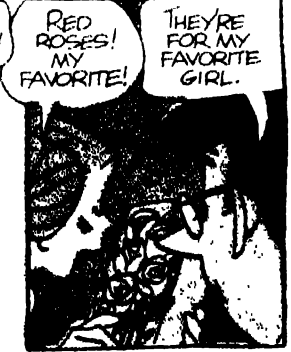
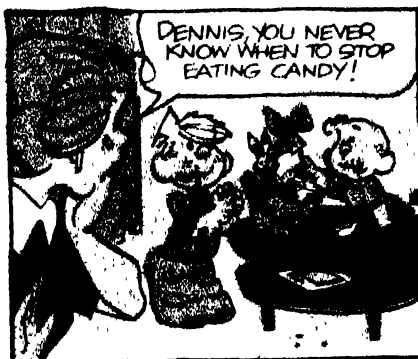


**HUBERT**

by Dick Wingert

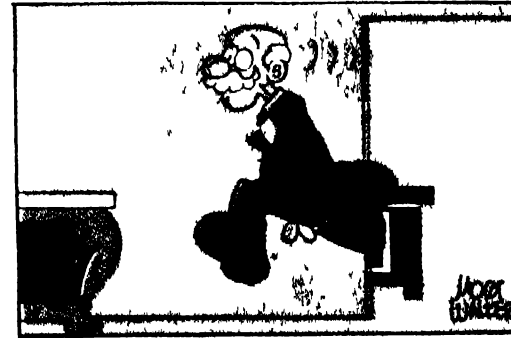
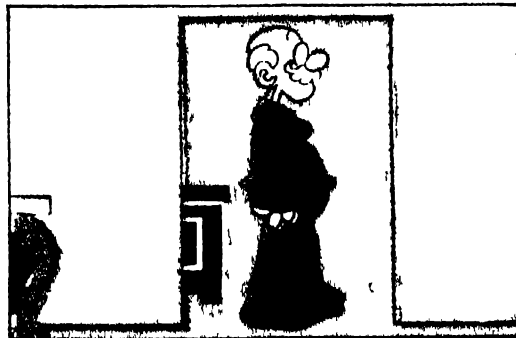
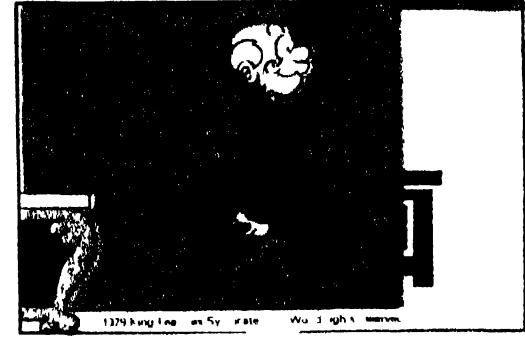
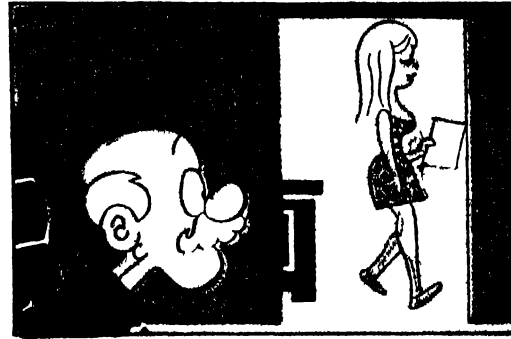
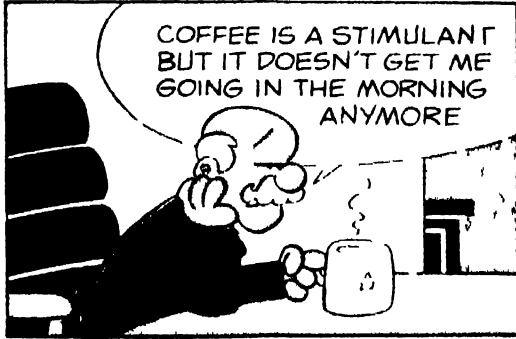
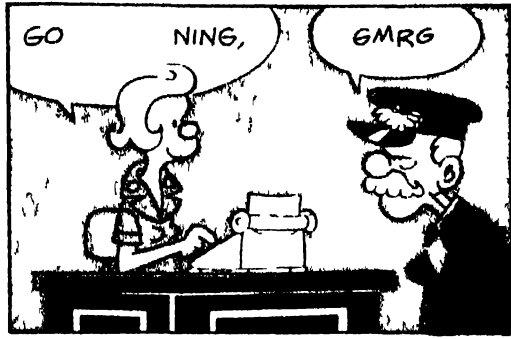


**Dennis the Menace**  
by Hank Ketchum  
Easter Treats



# beetle bailey

by mort walker



# FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST !

NO READER MAY SUBMIT MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES. USE OF ANOTHER PERSON'S NAME TO AVOID THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY DEALT WITH.

## Rs. 16,000/- MUST BE WON!

We are introducing a novel scheme of awarding Prizes for "QUOTES" No. 269, aimed at achieving a more equitable distribution of the Prize Money. At present the entrants' skill in solving a substantial number of clues correctly still falls short of a Prize due to a few stray errors.

We are therefore earmarking Rs. 2,000 for the First five clues (marked as SET-"A") Rs. 2,000 for the Second five clues (marked as SET-"B") and Rs. 2,000 for the last set of five clues (marked as SET-"C"). The Main Prize of Rs. 10,000 will constitute the First Prize of the contest to cover all the fifteen clues.

These separate amounts of Rs. 2,000 for each of the three "A", "B" and "C" sets are specially meant to reward solvers who 1) solve any one ("A" or "B" or "C")

Here's "QUOTES" No. 269, OUR AUGUST OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 10,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

**CLOSES : THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1980**

### CLUES ACROSS

#### SET "A"

- The military mentality is a bandit and raider mentality. Thus, all military represents a form of organized banditry where the conventional — do not prevail (CODES|MODES|MORES)
- 'Don't begin to repent just yet — your sin out. It will have lasted such a short time.' (HAVE|LIVE)
- For a moment he just thought of giving up and admitting defeat. The girl wasn't worth talking about and the men had nothing of value, so there was nothing he could — off them. (HAVE|MAKE)
- He longed, then, for genuine human contact, he felt violently conscious of his encapsulation 'Do I — you?' he asked. (SCARE|SHARE|SHAME)
- We all — to be loved or hated; it is a sign that we shall be remembered, that we did not 'not exist' For this reason, many unable to create love have created hate. That too is remembered (LIKE|LIVE|LOVE)

#### SET "B"

- All too clearly, perhaps. But I don't think you mean to continue to — him. I think this is a sort of game (DEFY|DENY)
- I was still thinking about that — when I got hit. That's what he meant (DUCK|KICK|PUCK)

- No one had at first believed the story but gradually signs of unusual excitement became apparent among the — themselves. (SINGERS|TINKERS|WINKERS)

- You give your law a — aura. You ignore the ways it injures your societies. (THEOLOGICAL|THEORETICAL)

### CLUES DOWN

#### SET "B"

- "No! You want me to — it?" He took the cup from Levy (SMELL|SPELL|SPILL)

#### SET "C"

- He — and said: "What's your name, kid, and what stable you been riding for?" (GLARED|STARED)
- "Prayer is — stuff," she said and encouraged by the absence of calamity, decided to try again. (HEADY|HEAVY)
- You and I know that the truth would be different, and not you and I alone. Are pretty glanders so hard to —? (BEAR|HEAR)
- The others, the many who have to do with the — intricacies of life, look disdainfully at me. This may be because I live in a mud hut, drink tea without milk and have only once had a friend. (PAPER|RARER|SAFER)
- 'No I can't feel anything from the — Well how about a walk together? Shoot a few birds for dinner? I could just fancy a good casserole.' (MOOD|MOON|MOOR)

### IMPORTANT

In "QUOTES" No. 269, entrants who submit more than four entries in contravention of our rules by using the names and addresses of others are warned that all their entries will be disqualified at the discretion of the Competition Editor, and the entry fees will be forfeited.

This rule is being introduced to ensure that only skill succeeds and not number of entries.

set correctly and 1) solve any two ('A' & 'B' or 'A' & 'C' or 'B' & 'C') sets correctly.

All solvers who would have been One-Error solvers under the previous system will now naturally have any Two of the other sets without

(Continued on Page 54)

RESULTS OF "QUOTES" No. 269 ON PAGE 54

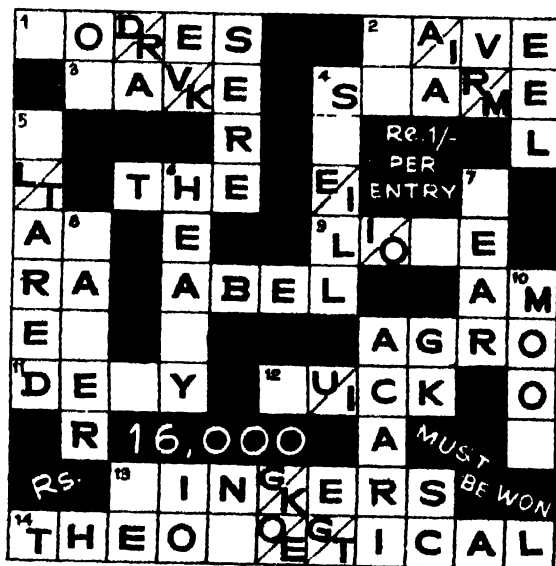
SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 28, RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 5. Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 269, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices Post Bag No. 762, Bombay-1.

"QUOTES"  
No. 269

CLOSING  
DATE:

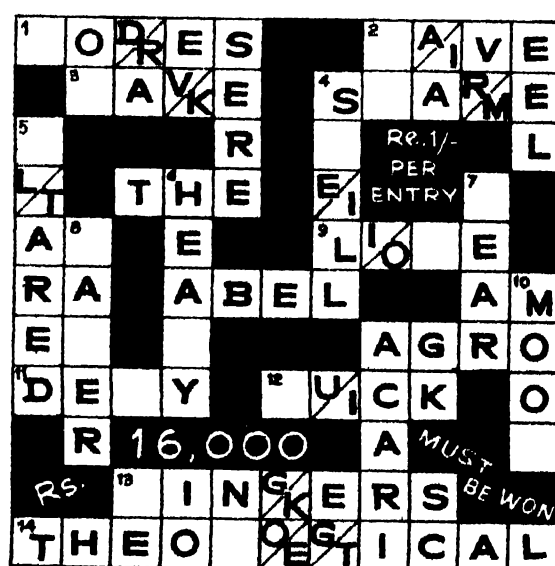
**THURSDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 1,  
1980.**

Enclosed Money  
Order Receipt/  
Postal Order/  
"Q" Cash Receipts  
Nos



"QUOTES" No. 269

I Entry Re 1/-



"QUOTES" No. 269

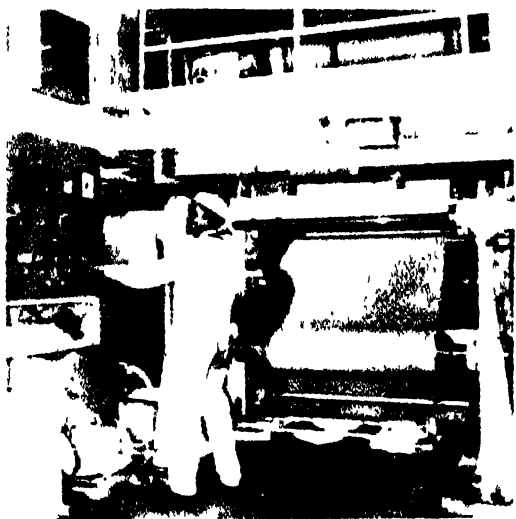
II Entry Re 1/-

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME } Mr  
IN INK & } Miss  
BLOCK LETTERS } Mrs  
ADDRESS

# When we say "Made by HPF" we mean every little speck of it.

That's right, HPF is a fully integrated film plant—a rare achievement in the world of film manufacture. Which means HPF makes a wide range of photosensitised products, from raw materials through processes to end products.



## India takes up the challenge of film manufacture — an area where few succeed

Film manufacture requires such highly sophisticated technology, intricate processes, advanced know-how and rigid quality control systems that only a few organisations in the world have succeeded in doing so.

More than the complexity of the manufacturing process, what poses an almost insurmountable problem for potential film manufacturers is the secrecy that surrounds even the basic technology of this industry. Most of the processes have been developed by multinationals through their own research and they have exclusive patents for them. Consequently a new manufacturer has nothing to fall back on. He has to break new ground.

## From total darkness to the light of day: HPF at work

HPF has evolved its own processes, and has shown that Indian



scientific genius is second to none in this complex industry — where some 90% of the entire manufacturing process is done in almost total darkness in an atmosphere which is dust-free.

## Marketed under the brand name "INDU" the HPF product range comprises:

Roll Film, Bromide Paper, Cine Positive, Cine Sound Negative, CTA X-Ray, Industrial X-Ray, Diapositive, Graphic Arts and all Processing Chemicals.

## HPF goes globe trotting

That HPF products conform to the most rigorous quality standards is borne out by export orders from all over the world

X-Rays, Black and White Cine Positive, Bromide Paper and in the past Silver Nitrate too have been exported to USA, Europe, Central America, Bangladesh, Singapore, Iran, East Germany and Hungary

## HPF: A box office hit

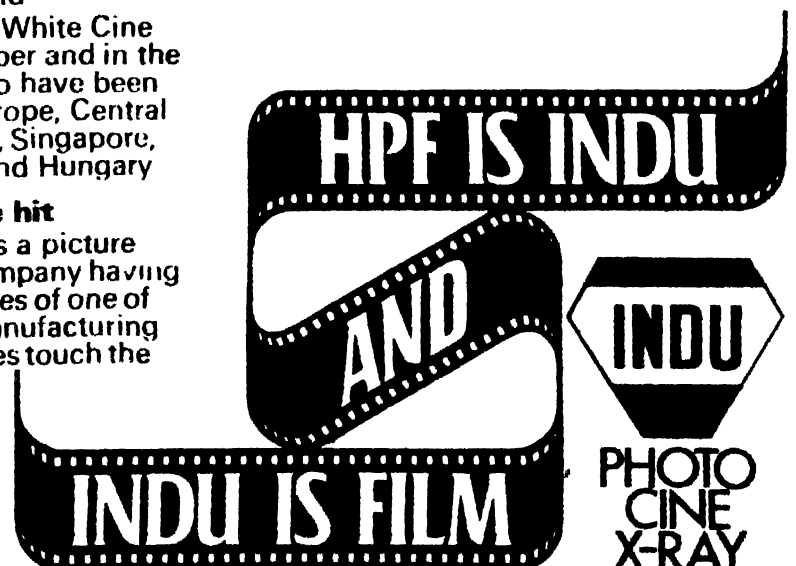
HPF today presents a picture of a well managed company having mastered the intricacies of one of the most complex manufacturing processes. Its activities touch the

lives of millions of our countrymen. And HPF is intensely aware of its responsibilities. A growth of 500% on sales turnover between 1973-79 with good operational profits speaks eloquently of its dynamic management team, progressive policies and constant introduction of the latest techniques in manufacture and marketing. Yes, that's HPF — your company.

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SAA HPF 1166



# TWO READERS SHARE Rs. 10,000!

## Results of "Quotes" No. 267

**First Prize : Rs. 10,000**

**Runners-up : Rs. 6,000**

In "QUOTES" No. 267, two readers were able to spot the Correct Words to all the clues and they thus share the First Prize, each getting Rs. 5,000/-

Successful solvers in the three A, B & C SETS share the Runners-up Prize money proportionately as follows:

SET "A" 139 winners getting Rs. 14.39 each.

SET "B" 199 winners getting Rs. 10.06 each

SET "C" 25 winners getting Rs. 36.37 each.

The names and addresses of all correct winners are published below in alphabetical order. Owing to lack of space we are not able to pub-

lish the list of A, B, C sets prize winners, but they are being notified individually.

If you believe you have won a prize and it is not stated in the prize list that you have won such a prize or you have not been otherwise notified by us to that effect, you may demand a Scrutiny by writing a letter to Scrutinies, Competition Department, Times of India, Bombay-1 so as to reach us on or before July 31, stating therein the number of errors you have, the number of M.O. Receipt or I.P.O. or Cash Receipts, and enclosing a Scrutiny Fee of Rs. 1/- by M.O. or I.P.O. In the event of a scrutiny claim being substantiated, the distribution of the prize money will be readjusted accordingly.

Prizes to All-correct prize winners were despatched on July 21, 1980. Prizes to all sets winners were despatched by M.O. on July 21, 1980.

Prizes of Rs. 50 or over are paid by cheque. Prizes of Rs. 10 or under are awarded in the form of "Quotes" Cash Receipts.

### FIRST PRIZE WINNERS (ALL CORRECT) Each Awarded Rs. 5,000/-

S. P. Balsara,  
Pirosha Court,  
N D Patel Road,  
Next to Telephone Exchange,  
Nasik Road;

Shabbar F Fakhri,  
B18, Neo Vikram Society,  
J. P Road, Dhake Colony,  
Andheri West,  
Bombay-400059.

## Rules And Conditions of "QUOTES" Contests

### CLUES AND ENTRY FORM ON PAGE 52

1 All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or type-written. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2 The Entry Fee is Re 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 269, Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 269, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quote" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3 Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY Closing Date for all entries is Thursday, September 4, 1980. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4 Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitu-

tions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5 The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 10,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6 Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7 Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8 These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to

any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

The Correct Solution and Sources' of "QUOTES" No. 269, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, September 16, 1980.

## NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST!

(Continued from Page 52)

error, and will share prizes in two sets. All solvers who have two errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set. Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error-free sets. Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a Prize, even if they err in the other sets.

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set, as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes. Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A", one in SET "B" and one in SET "C". Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in:

1) An All-Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct for the Main Prize amount of Rs. 10,000/-;

OR

2) A TWO-Set Second Prize

(with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/-

AND/OR  
3) A ONE-set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that reserved Sub-Set Prize of Rs. 2,000 only.)

Thus, if a Solver wins under (1) above he is not eligible to share in (2) or (3). If he wins in (2) he is not eligible for a share under (3) except for the one remaining Set. And if he wins under (3), his share in the Reserved Prize is protected from (1) & (2) winners.

It must be expressly noted that All-Correct Prize-Winners (those who in one entry solve ALL three SETS "A", "B" and "C" correctly) will qualify only for the Main Prize amount and are not entitled to share in the Reserved Prizes earmarked for the Sub-Sets (Rs. 6,000/-) which is intended to reward lesser efforts and near-solve cases only.

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2 Competitive examination for Post Graduate admission of all IITs (M Tech, D.I.T. & M Sc)
- (g) Medical Colleges' admission test AIIMS, (N D), MAULANA AZAD (N D), LADY HARDINGE (N D), UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF MEDICAL SCIENCES (N D), JAWAHARLAL NEHRU MEDICAL ALIGARH, INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL SCIENCES, BENARAS, A F M C POONA, JIPMER, PONDICHERRY, CMC LUDHIANA, C M C VELLORE, St JOHN'S, BANGALORE, M G INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL SCIENCES, WARDHA and a host of other Medical Colleges in Bengal, Bihar, Andhra, M P, U P, Tamil Nadu, Kerala and Karnataka
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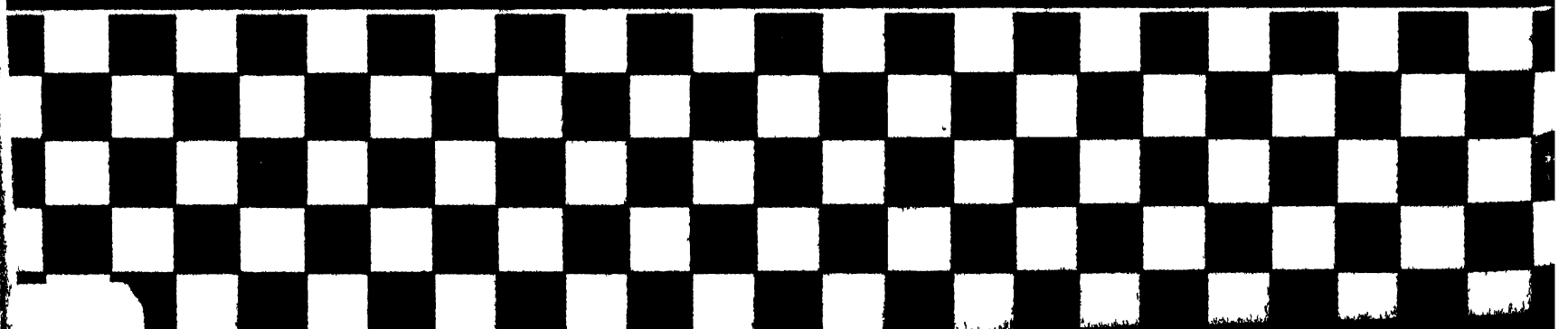


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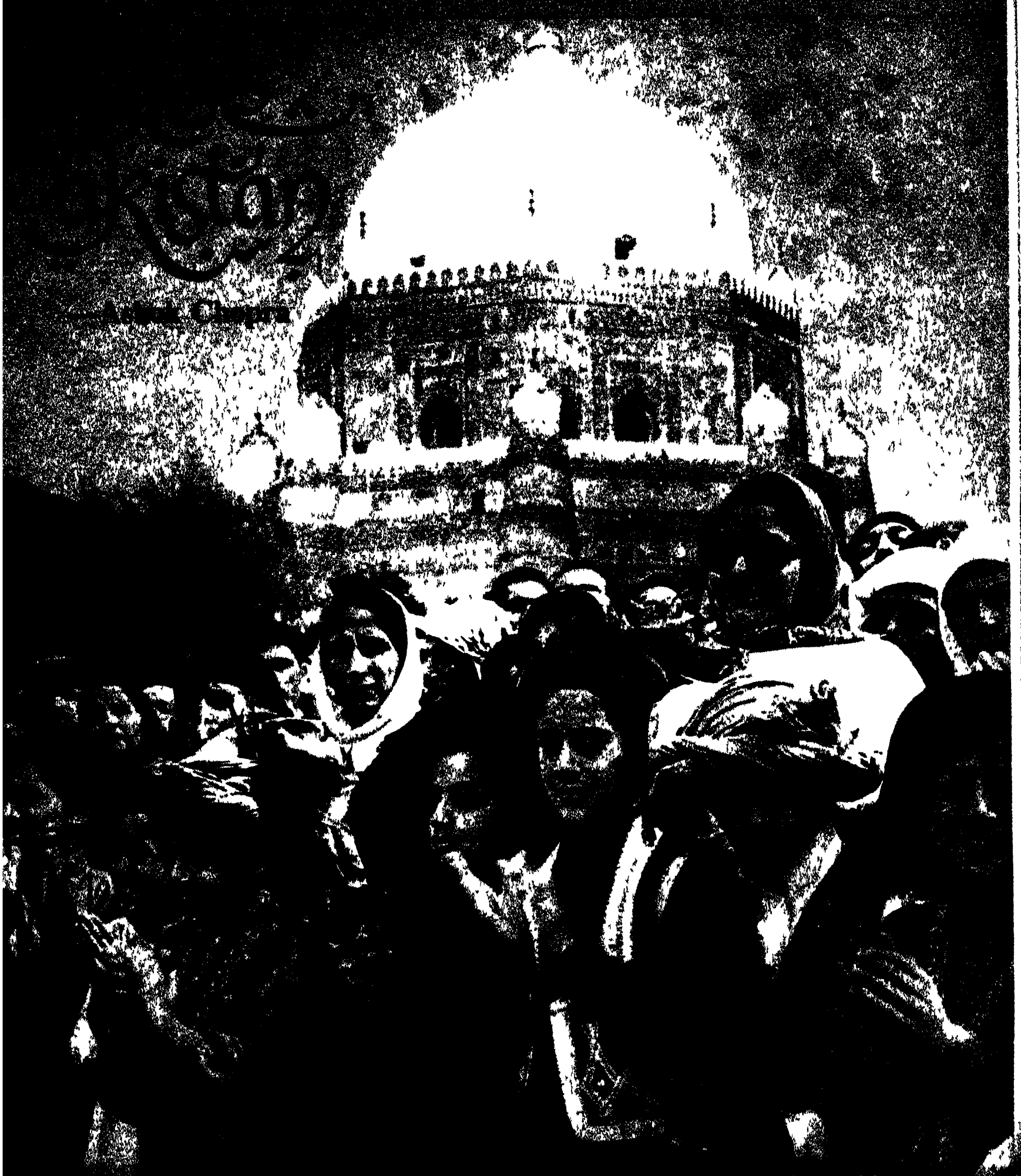




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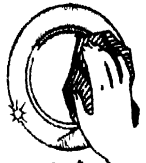
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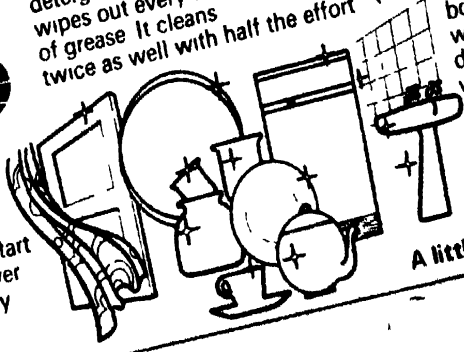


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## Price Leap— Not Rise

Sir—It's not a price rise any longer—it's price leaps—and bounds ('Price Rise' by Dr Narottam Shah, July 6).

R.K. KULKARNI  
Belgaum

Sir—During the last five years, prices have increased between 125 and 150%. The figures for other countries in the same time period: 47.6%, Italy; 25.5%, the USA; 37.5%, France; 30%, Australia; 45.2%, the UK; and 10%, Belgium.

There was a 20 to 30% wage increase in India during the last 5 years. But the rise in wages was 62% in Italy, 38% in the USA, 67.5% in the UK and 87.5% in Japan.

DEBASISH RAY  
Puri



Sir—The measures suggested by the author to curb rising prices are based on the ones practised by developed countries—and so they are not practical for us.

DWARKA LOHIYA  
Pali Manwar

Sir—Dr Narottam Shah suggests a curb on money supply to check inflation. He has not thought of increased output to counter inflation. Curbing money supply will yield positive results only when there is a rise in production.

RAVEENDRA T. DESAI  
Gadag

Sir—How could the author omit to mention black money, which is causing more havoc than the Government's non-developmental expenditure. If we want to bring any discipline into our fiscal matters we must tackle this problem on a war footing.

ALI SHABBAR  
Melghat

Sir—The author has vividly described the 'grab, grab, grab' mentality of our politicians and other vested interests. I see no end to our financial entanglements with such a variety of forces at work.

DILIPKUMAR B.  
Bhutan

## Shakti: Indian Style

Sir—It is clear that the human muscle will have to be increasingly used in the future for personal transport ('Shakti Shortage: Made in India' by Vithal C. Nadkarni: July 6) and the bicycle is certainly the most efficient means of converting human energy into propulsion.

C.P. BELLIPPA  
Athur Post

Sir—To fight our shakti shortage we must explore every possible source of energy from gohar gas to nuclear power. And, where research is concerned, cost should be no consideration.

A.K.A.C. CHAKRABORTY  
Bombay

## Karate's Here To Stay!

Sir—'This is Karate' by A.B. Ramachandra (July 6) was enlightening and inspiring. The photographs by Jayant Patel were excellent. Karate is a martial art eminently suited to us, since it is inexpensive. If the All-India Karate Federation opens district schools, the popularity of this sport will be unlimited.

ASHOK N. PRABHU  
Hosavara

Sir—The author states: *The origin of Karate is attributed to Bodhi Dharma who studied the movements of animals and birds...*

I strongly dispute this theory. Bodhi Dharma (or Priest Dharuma Taishi, as he is known in China) is one among six noted Buddhist scholars, who went from India to China to spread Buddhism in 525 AD. He was the founder of Zen, which is actually an advanced form of yoga. Bodhi Dharma combined yoga with a form of martial arts practised in the Shaolin Temple in China at that time.

Records showing the origin of martial arts in China date back to 1100-250 BC in the Chou dynasty. Karate is a Japanese martial art. The word *karate* itself is Japanese. This proves beyond doubt that Bodhi Dharma is not the founder of karate.

BABU KURUVILLA  
Calicut

## India: Secular Showpiece

Sir—Apropos 'A First For Maharashtra' ('All Things Considered': July 6), I am compelled to say that Indian secularism is merely a showpiece meant to impress Pakistan, Bangladesh and other Muslim states. No doubt we have had a couple of Muslims in important positions in independent India, but this does not establish our *bona fides* as a secular nation. So long as Muslims are ignored in the matter of jobs, a few stooges of the ruling party in top positions cannot glorify Indian secularism.

BASEER MUBASSIR  
Mysore

Sir—The editorial was most unwise. That India practises secularism in the real sense of the term has been proved time and again. Under the circumstances, your choosing to focus specially on it proves nothing, it only arouses unfounded misgivings and suspicions.

N. RAHMAN  
Madras

Sir—Your writing of the three distinguished Muslims who hold office in Maharashtra is justified but, before asking Pakistan and Bangladesh to take note of this, let all Muslims, Christians and other minorities take note and feel really assured of the unwavering secularism of the majority community. Let them—and not the majority community—then declare with full confidence that India is a full-fledged secular nation and that they are proud to share its secularism in the fullest measure.

KRISHNA KUMAR KALLUR  
Bombay

Sir—The appointment of a Governor or a Sheriff is not a solution to the problem of employment of thousands of Muslims who do not get even a Grade IV job.

SABH AHMED CHOWDHURY  
Gauhati

## Funny Taste

Sir—Though I am not a feminist, I feel that the joke in the HA page (July 6), *Woman came after man. And she has been after him ever since*, is in very bad taste.

J.S. CHOWDARY  
Bhawanipatna

## The Greening Of Rajasthan

Sir—The brown of Rajasthan became green in the article: 'Rajasthan: Home of the Brave' by M.V. Kamath (June 29). A super job!

SANJAY DUGAR  
Bangalore

Sir—Whenever Rajasthan figures in any magazine, the coverage is always devoted to the ex-Rajas and their Ranis. These Rajas for generations did precious little for their subjects and were only interested in pleasing their overlords. During the independence struggle, they sided with the British. It would have been



better if you had visited the villages, where the real-Rajasthan lives, and written about their traditions, hopes and aspirations.

Capt G.R. CHOUDHRY  
Ahmedabad

Sir—Your article was refreshing and informative. Before reading the 'Rajasthan Special', I thought that the State was as dry as its desert, so I was really surprised.

P. RAJASHEKAR  
Bangalore

Sir—A great number of pages were devoted to the glories of the Rajputs and yet Chittor, with its history of gallantry, was ignored.

C. VASUDEVA RAO  
Madras

Sir—After reading your article, I am determined to visit Rajasthan.

T.C. PURSHOTTAMAN  
Bombay

Sir—We know from history about the brave people of that land, so coverage of the lives of the *common* people of Rajasthan would have been more educative.

K.G. CHOUDHRY  
Rajda

Sir—Your article was a moving, delicate piece—one to which, I know, I will turn again and again.

JAYANTA MAHAPATRA  
Cuttack

## Canalising Our Energy

Sir—'What Is Holding Up The World's Largest Canal?' (June 29) was an interesting feature. But the most important thing was missing: *From where does the Canal start?*

C.B. PATEL  
Ahmedabad

Sir—When the Canal is complete and the network of 7,000-km distribution canals are laid, they will irrigate about 11.14 lakh hectares of land, and not 11.14 hectares, as mentioned in the article.

YADIKI MURALIDHARUDI  
New Delhi

Sir—The completion of the Rajasthan Canal Project requires only one thing: organised manpower. And this is one resource we have in abundance. What a pity we cannot deploy it successfully.

GEORGE VERGHESE  
Bangalore

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

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## Filling Up The Cracks

Sir—I was astonished to read 'Cracks in the Saudi Empire' (June 8). It is clear to see that the so-called 'Research Survey' by the *Weekly* is nothing of the sort as the whole piece is based on motivated rumours of the type one has come to expect from the anti-Arab press.

The astounding degree of unfamiliarity which the *Weekly* has with the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia is apparent from the factual howlers with which the article is generously sprinkled. King Saud is throughout described as the founder of the Kingdom whereas he took over as King only in 1953—30 years after the founding of the Saudi state by King Abdul Aziz.

Prince Fawwaz is described as the son of King Saud and the uncle of King Khaled, whereas he is the brother of both; moreover, he was not "Governor-General of Southern Saudi Arabia" (the title does not exist), but Governor of Mecca in the Hejaz.

Prince Salman was not "formerly Governor General of Najd Province" and did not resign "in protest against Prince Bandar's removal". He is still very much Governor of Riyadh in the Najd.

Prince Abdullah did not resign "as Second Deputy PM in Prince Fahad's regency"; in fact, Prince Fahad was never a regent, as King Khaled has been firmly in the leadership ever since he took over after the assassination of former King Faisal in 1975.

If all the gross inaccuracies were to be put down, it would make a very long list indeed.

However, the crowning ignorance is in describing Princes Abdullah Turki and Sultan as 'prominent members of the Al-Sudain family with the opposing faction being supposedly led by "Crown Prince Fahad who does not belong to the Al-Sudain family"'. This single bloomer is enough to expose your abysmal ignorance of the Saudi state. Prince Fahad is, in fact, the eldest of the seven brothers, born of a Sudain mother, and Prince Abdullah is not one of them. All talk of divisions within the Saudi family usually originates from motivated propagandists who peddle deliberate misinformation for political reasons of their own.

It is indeed shocking to find the *Weekly* lending itself as a vehicle to this variety of rumour-mongering, particularly in the case of a nation with whom India has traditionally enjoyed friendly relations. The article is almost completely devoid of factual information and balanced assessment, it consists of damaging allegations, none of which can be corroborated in fact.

A.K. HAFIZKA  
Ambassador of India  
Saudi Arabia

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Cover designed by  
Suhas Bawdekar



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#### Mohammed Reza Pahlavi 1919-1980

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By the author of the book 'The Bimal Roy Story'

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By the author of the book 'The Bimal Roy Story'

## Next Week



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## SPECIAL INDEPENDENCE ISSUE

### A Generation of Resettlement

### The Untold Refugee Story

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Bleeding Bengal by Satyavrata Ghosh

The Sindhi Miracle by G. G. Mirchandani

Initiation Rites Story by Dina Mehta

Profiles In Gallantry by Benedict Costa

## TO OUR READERS

Owing to long delays in the shipment of glazed newsprint, we have been compelled to come out with frequent issues of 40 pages. We know our readers are accustomed to such lean issues, but we have no direct control over import of newsprint. We have, however, maintained the same editorial content at a substantial loss to our economy. We sincerely regret the inconvenience caused to our readers and advertisers. We only hope we will be able to maintain continuity of your favourite publication.

# Inside Pakistan



OUTSIDE A GUN FACTORY MANUFACTURING RIFLES IN A RUGGED TRIBAL BELT.

"The apparent affluence of Pakistan strikes you as you land. The way of life of the people seems familiar—it is not much different from our own."

The author, who was recently in Pakistan, recounts some of his impressions.

by ASHOK CHOPRA

THE tediousness of getting a passport, visa, police clearance and airline bookings was behind me and with a feeling of excitement and anticipation, I boarded the PIA Fokker Friendship aircraft for Lahore.

The apparent affluence of Pakistan strikes you as soon as you land. Cars, taxis, scooters, motor-bikes are all imported. So are the white station wagons—larger than the Indian Matador—known as mini-buses. They are the main mode of transport, without which life would come to a standstill. They say that the "mini" can hold Pakistan to "ransom."

The Pakistanis expect foreign visitors to take a limousine or a regular taxi. But the mini seemed like so much fun. After insisting that I wanted to ride one into town, my host allowed me to pile in with a Pathan and an old lady who soon wanted to know everything about India. The 82-year-old lady was born in Moradabad in Uttar Pradesh and had later moved to Lahore.

Traffic moves much faster in Pakistan than it does in India. The road rules are far stricter and even scooters have to use indicator lights.

Of all the Pakistani towns and cities, Karachi—the twin sister of Bombay in many ways—can be described as a city of cars. Every car from the vintage Rolls-Royce to the latest Mercedes and the Volkswagon, can be seen there. Car thefts are, however, unheard of.

## No Shortages

Pakistan is free from power cuts. People were quite surprised to learn that cities like New Delhi are plagued with drinking water and power shortages. Commodities like sugar, wheat, pulses, kerosene, diesel, rice, etc. are





The economic growth of Pakistan has during the seventies, kept pace with the growth rates of population increase because of the relatively high expansion in construction activity. In contrast, the price level of A in the commodity market for consumers (including food) has fallen sharply since it never had been so low. Full employment of the production capacity of the public sector, the high grant aid, the high investment level, the expansion in the service sector, and the high growth rate of the private sector have all contributed to the

**Need For Stabilisation**

Pakistan's inflation has declined since the early 1970s to the minimum (1973-74) including the effect of a national foreign reserves stabilization programme. Nevertheless, the government appears to be over-optimistic and to be unable to bridge the gap between the supply and the demand for essential commodities. This has led to the current problem of financial arrangements which are not being working properly and a high inflation in the future.

There are now two options about the fact that a stabilization programme is required in Pakistan.



is readily available. If any shortage exists, it is of meat and especially of poultry. Tuesday and Wednesday have been declared as 'meatless days' when no meat is to be served in hotels and restaurants. Despite the ban, meat is still available in the country, a clear indication that the government is not doing its utmost for a stable economy.

The local currency is flooded with imported goods. Imported TV sets cost about Rs 20,000 while a ball-bat costs Rs 1,500. This price is not only higher than anything else in the world but also higher than the price of the same goods in the United States. The government's policy of import control is clearly not working.

**No Heavy Industry**

Pakistan does not have a heavy industry but it is expanding its small scale industry involved in the manufacturing of toys, cosmetics, and food (including match, cloth etc). Unlike the Indian bazaar, the markets there are free from hawkers and neppais.

There is a wrong impression that life in Pakistan is very expensive for the common man. Items like leather goods, steel utensils and paper goods are expensive. But on the other hand electrical items and a wide variety of gadgets like video cassette recorders (the latest size among Pakistan's elite), colour TVs, stereo, electric typewriters, cameras, calculators etc are comparatively cheap. While a 12 inch portable Japanese TV set costs only Rs 3,000 (Rs 2,000 approximately in Indian currency), a

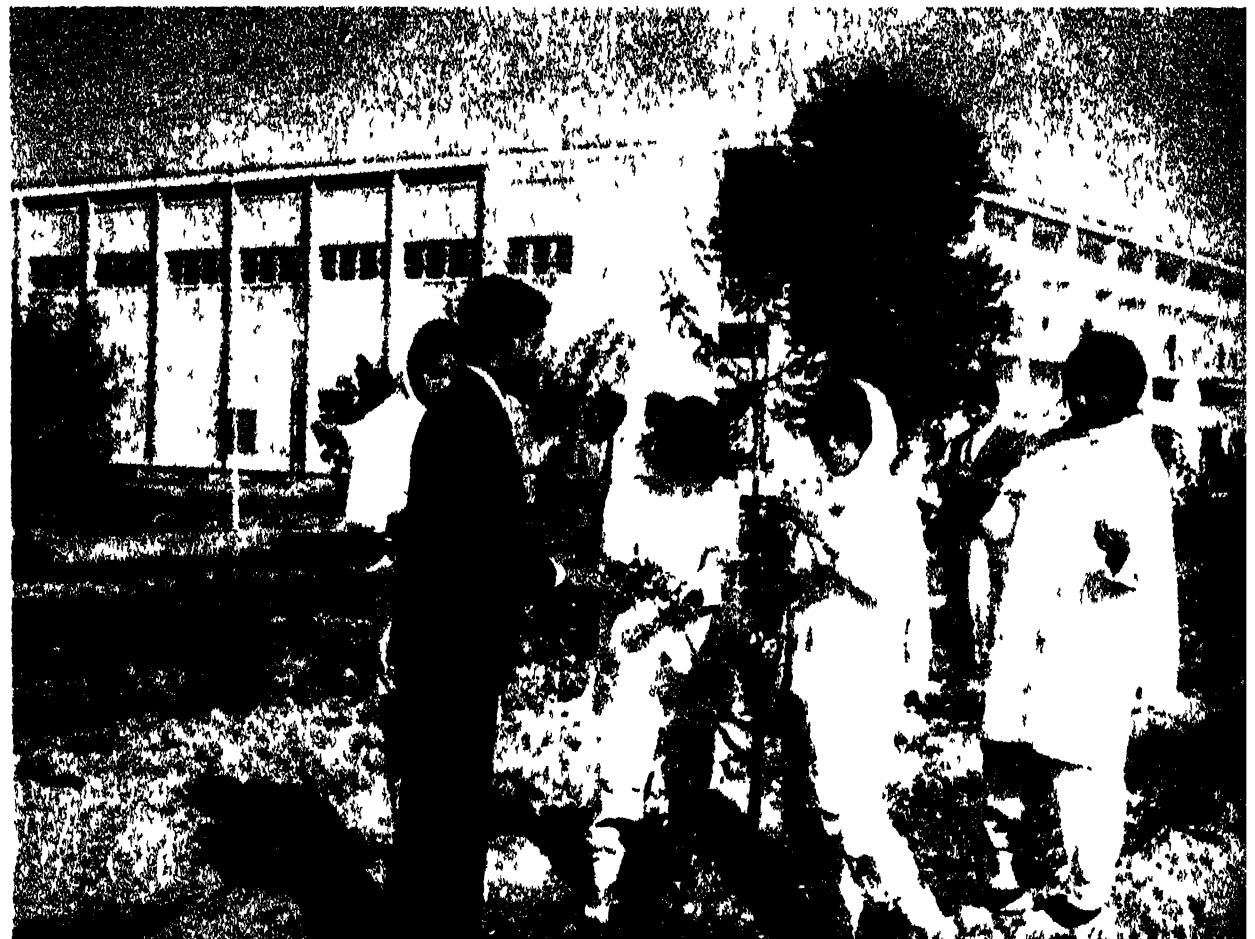
VCR with a 22-inch TV set cost about Rs 20,000.

According to a World Bank report, the economic growth of Pakistan has been reasonably steady for the first time since 1972-74 and the government measures taken to ensure supply of essential commodities have so far helped to check inflation. However, the pressure of demand is likely to force the present price levels and new measures will be required to stabilise the situation.

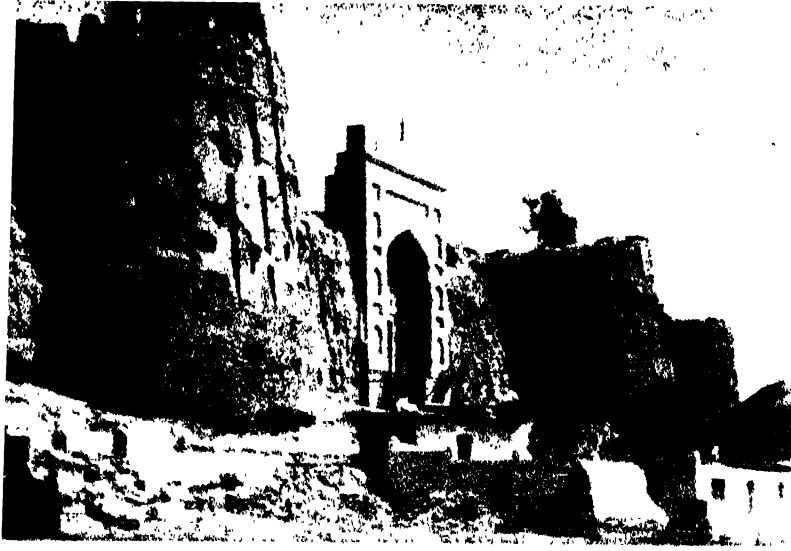
**PAKISTAN'S EX-PRIME MINISTER ZULFIQAR ALI BHUTTO**

(from left) seen with Ali Nasir Muhammad, Prime Minister of Yemen, Lakredhu Solh, Prime Minister of Lebanon and Assani Sock, Foreign Minister of Senegal at the Islamic summit meeting in Lahore in 1974.

**STUDENTS OF THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE Peshawar**







THE SUN-BAKED FORT OF SHAH MAKI, HYDERABAD, SIND.

BADSHAHI MOSQUE SEEN FROM THE LAHORE FORT



ONLY ONE OUT OF SIX CHILDREN in Pakistan gets some form of schooling

far ahead of us. Pak TV is educative, informative and entertaining. Its programmes, especially its Urdu and Punjabi plays, are popular across the border from Amritsar to Simla and Srinagar. Its TV artistes are professionals and work for the stage as well as in films.

The 152-seat Alhambra Hall in Lahore is booked for the next two years with each drama production getting a maximum of 15 days only. The Arts Council open-air auditorium which was showing *Andar Aun Mana Hai* to capacity crowds was estimated to net Rs 80,000 from 15 shows from gate money alone. An all-time hit in recent years has been *Waris* by Amjad Aslam Amjad which ran for 23 weeks in Karachi alone.

#### Indian Films Popular

On the other hand, the Amritsar and Srinagar Doordarshan are popular in Pakistan only for the Indian feature films telecast twice a week.

The popularity of Indian films is phenomenal. I was told that the day Amritsar Doordarshan telecast *Mughal-e-Azam*, life nearly came to a standstill in Lahore and its surrounding areas. People travelled from far and near to the city to see the film. Sheikh Mukhtar's *Noor Jahan*, starring Meena Kumari and Pradeep Kumar, which has been released amidst a great deal of controversy, is creating an all-time record in Pakistan's motion-picture history. The late Sheikh Mukhtar, who spent some 30 lakhs of rupees on the film made 18 years ago, did not live to see the Pak spectacle of the roasting

sea of men, women and children wanting to see *Noor Jahan* on the first day.

A Karachi magazine reported that truckloads of policemen had to wield the lathi. The blackmarketeers had a field day, selling tickets for anything up to Rs 100.

Pakistan's film industry is much smaller compared to Bombay or Madras. Its annual production is 80 to 90 films—in Urdu, Punjabi, Pushto and Sindhi. Pakistan has, in collaboration with Indonesia, produced *Bandish*. *Aaina* has created a record by running for three years at a stretch and is still drawing capacity crowds.

The Amitabh Bachchan of Pakistan is Nadeem with over 100 films to his credit. Shabnam is the top-ranking heroine, with Barbara following closely behind. Shabnam's husband, Robin Ghosh is the leading music director.

#### The Sound Industry

Every year, several new singers of classical and semi-classical music come on the scene. Each season, new discs are released and cassettes recorded. Some of the most popular singers today, besides the evergreen Noor Jehan, Mehdi Hasan, Iqbal Bano, are Farida Khanum, Ghulam Ali, Mumtaz Begum, Nayyara Sultana and Nadeem Akhtar.

Indian books and magazines are very popular all over Pakistan. The England-published edition of our *Stardust* is available for Rs 20. The pirated version of Khushwant Singh's *Train to*





CHILDREN OF FARASI WEAVERS OF KARRYO GOHWAR, SIND

Pakistan is the most popular Indian book and is being sold for Rs 18 (paperback). Copies of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's *If I am Assassinated* first published in India by Vikas, reportedly sold for Rs 100 150.

Pakistan's publishing industry though still in its infancy, is already making a mark in Third World publishing. A recent publication, *Threadlines Pakistan* printed in Karachi and priced at Rs 150 can be compared to some of the world's best produced books.

### The Role Of Women

Pakistan's women are shedding the traditional burqa and taking an active interest in the developing world. Some wrong impressions have been created about Pakistani women not being seen in the streets.

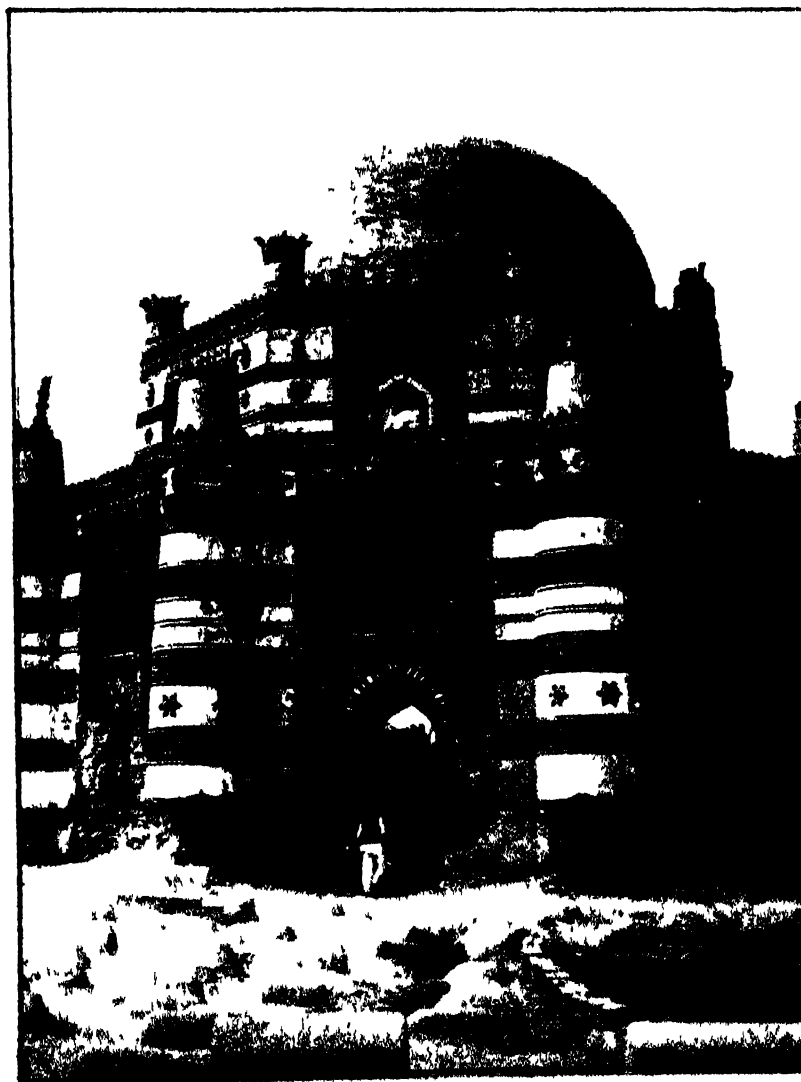
"How can they," asked my friend, "when the temperature was touching 45°C?"

I must admit Pakistani women are as liberated as some of the women back home and, like them the new generation of Pakistani girls smoke, drink, love pop music and wear the most fashionable clothes.

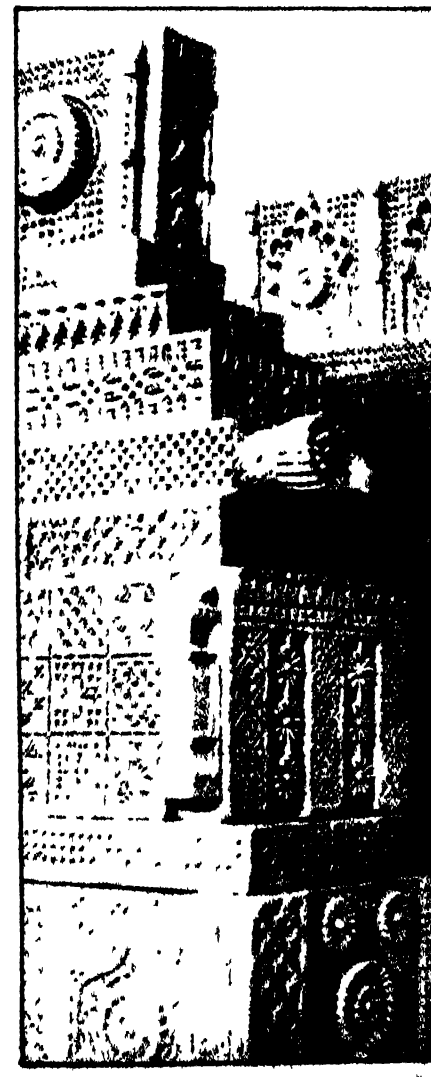
Back home again, I feel somewhat disappointed because Pakistan did not feel or look like a foreign land at all.

How could it?

THE TOMB OF BIBI JIVINDAN at Uch is perhaps the best example of the colourful glazed-tile tradition of lower Punjab. The structure is made of white and blue tiles with alternating bands of pale yellow plaster.

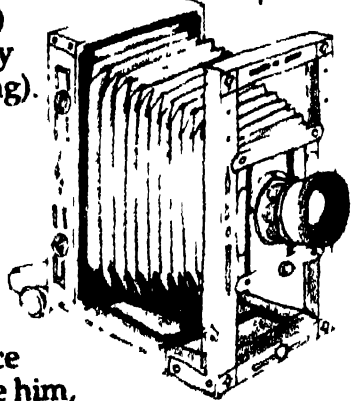


THE CHAWKANDI TOMBS near Karachi reflect a strong influence of the art of stone carving of Gujarat.



# Daguerre taught the world "writing with light"

Daguerre was a 19th-century painter who discovered that light could paint pictures more life-like than an artist's brush. He guided a pencil of light to etch its artistry on a silver plate. And called it photo (light) graphy (writing).



Niépce before him, had obtained a photographic image, but in reverse, like the negatives we know today. Daguerre created the first positive image, and gave the world daguerreotype.

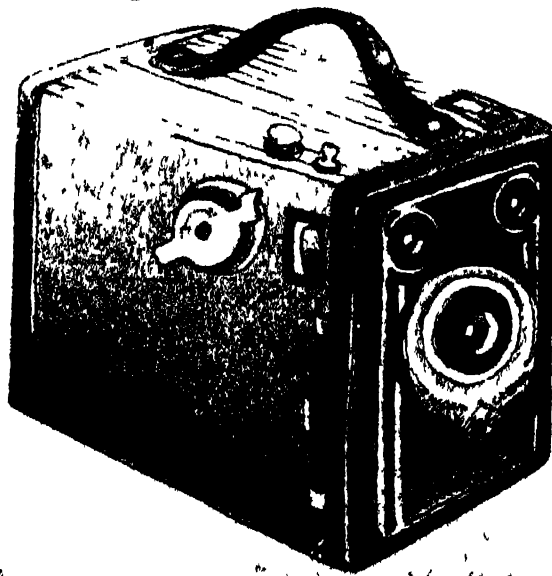
Early photography was a great affair, with powder and flash, a thing of pomp and paraphernalia. In fact, subjects had to hold still for so long, they got sunburnt in the process! Photography for everyone with itching fingers came with the roll-film camera: the Agfa Box Camera, that set all Europe clicking. Even in India there are four-generation families that have chronicles recorded by the original Agfa Camera!

## A flashback

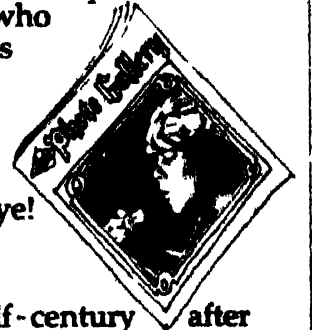
Agfa and Gevaert entered the field separately over a century ago. Not long after the Brothers Lumiere worked the miracle of moving pictures, Agfa established its silent film factory, in 1908. A decade later



## Agfa brought it to India.



silent pictures began to talk and Gevaert started manufacture of sound movie film. The Agfa Camera Works began as the enterprise of an optician who shifted his attention from the human to the camera eye!



A full half-century after developing photography in parallel, ushering in the advent of the roll-film camera, technicolour movie film, X-ray film, the first true pocket camera, Agfa and Gevaert converged to rationalize research and development. And the Agfa and Gevaert agencies in India, going back individually to 1946, came together as Agfa-Gevaert India Limited — AGIL — in 1966.

## First with everything in photographics.

Agfa-Gevaert brought photography to India. Not just the photography of the family album. Photography for medicine, printing, communication, criminal investigation, reconnaissance for defence, education, research. Playing its historical role in India as in Europe: helping people to discover one of the most important tools in use today. And the great gift of keeping precious moments and memories forever.

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# India, Pakistan And Afghanistan

No matter how hard we try, our efforts to bridge the Indo-Pak gulf end in a fiasco. The Pak Foreign Minister's recent visit to India was being looked forward to with great anticipation. But differing views on the Afghan issue and an untimely reference to the thorny Kashmir problem left the talks unfulfilled.

by MADHUR CHATURVEDI

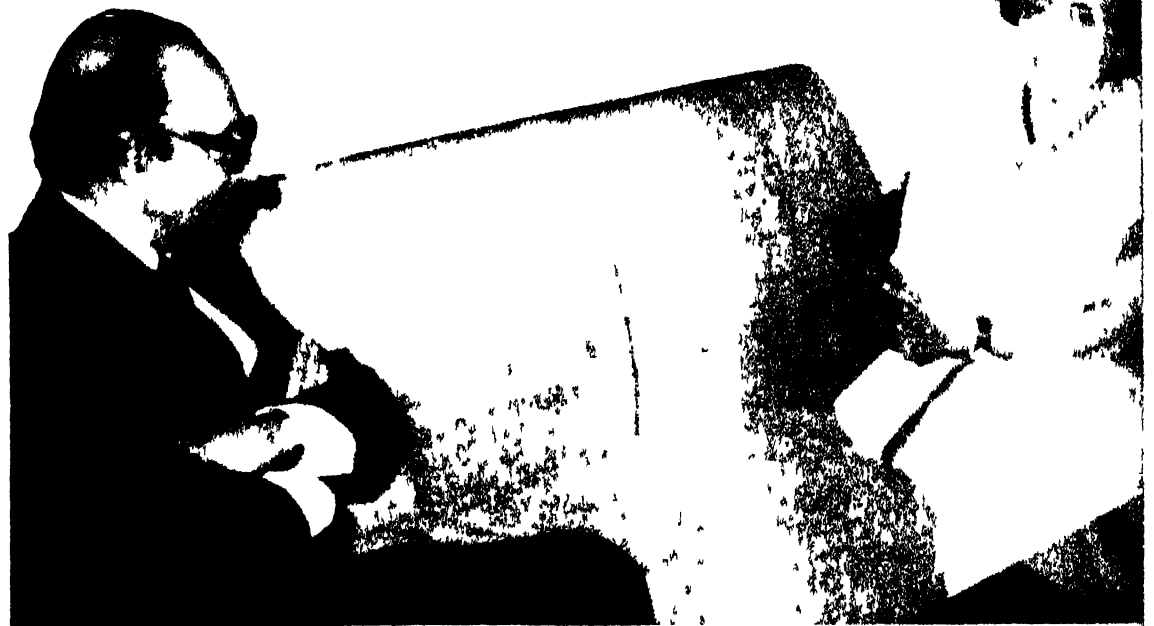
**A**FTER 33 long years of separation, India and Pakistan have been unable to break the wall of misunderstanding, distrust, jealousy and suspicion. The bitterness and hatred between the two countries is evident on the slightest provocation. Pakistan still feels insecure and continues to give the feeling that India is not reconciled to Partition.

Whenever efforts to bring the two countries together for their mutual benefit have been initiated, the wounds of three major wars and the "much-maligned" Kashmir issue have acted as deterrents—with Sheikh Abdullah's latest statement (later dismissed by him as mere rhetoric) on Kashmir being equidistant between India and Pakistan raising the old bogey all over again.

## Exaggerated Expectations

From the time Jawaharlal Nehru and Liaquat Ali signed an agreement in 1950, up to the Tashkent talks in 1966 and the Simla Agreement in 1972, the path of Indo-Pak relations has been strewn with the wreckage of exaggerated expectations. The changed political and regional scenario has further complicated the task of normalisation between the two countries, as was evident during Pak Foreign Minister Agha Shahi's recent visit.

The Kashmir issue has been a major thorn in Indo-Pak relations. But the nadir was reached at the Islamic Foreign Ministers' Conference in January, when Gen Zia-ul-Haq himself went so far as to bracket the problem of Jammu and Kashmir with that of Palestine.



**NO MINCING OF WORDS** In her meeting with Mr Agha Shahi, Mrs Gandhi told him frankly that the adverse reports in the Pak press about India could not be conducive to furthering the aim of improving bilateral relations.

Both India and Pakistan had agreed that the Kashmir issue should be solved bilaterally. But Pak Foreign Minister Agha Shahi chose to air his views publicly when in India last month. This was resented by New Delhi.

A more immediate stumbling-block in the Indo-Pak talks proved to be the Afghan issue. For one thing, the Pakistanis continue to dispute the Indian contention that Russian military intervention in Afghanistan was not without cause. They further claim that India does not share the Pak feeling that the presence of Russian troops in Afghanistan poses a grave and immediate threat to Pakistan's security.

This is not an altogether newly founded fear. Relations between Islamabad and Kabul have always been strained—ever since the end of the British Raj. Afghanistan has always refused to accept the Durand Line as the border between the two coun-

tries and has consistently voiced the feeling that this Line had been imposed on it.

On its part, Pakistan has never been restrained in its threats to Afghanistan, which is much smaller in size. Bhutto—if one recalls political commentator Inder Malhotra's article, 'India, Pakistan and Further West', in the *WEEKLY* of April 16, 1978—had once boasted that he would hoist the Pakistani flag over the Presidential palace in Kabul. The Pak Foreign Minister's stand on Afghanistan, therefore, cannot but be seen in this light.

Until now, normalisation of relations between India and Pakistan has been on the surface. No doubt communications have been restored but, except for the air services, no other channel of communication is normal or dependable. It is next to impossible to talk on the telephone from Delhi to Lahore. The railway journey from Amritsar to Lahore is full of unnecessary and irritating checks. Visitors in both countries cannot travel freely and have to report their every movement at police stations. It takes months to obtain a visa to visit either of the two countries.

The press in Pakistan is far from free. Even foreign correspondents are sometimes manhandled and not allowed to cover certain events. Neither do we have an exchange of correspondents.

Even trade between the two countries is negligible. While Pakistan could benefit by India's experience in technical knowhow, it still prefers to avail of Western technology (like buying a bicycle from Tanzania).

**WE NEED MORE THAN JUST CULTURAL EXCHANGES** to ensure political and economic accord between India and Pakistan. Picture shows Mohd Hasan in India.



# NEW!

## ANTICIPATED WHOLE LIFE POLICY

### 50%

OF INSURED  
AMOUNT  
DURING THE  
POLICY TERM BY  
INSTALMENTS



### 100%

INSURANCE  
COVERAGE  
FOR YOUR  
FAMILY AT  
ALL TIMES.



## Attractive double-benefit plan

- Ensures 50% of the insured amount during the policy term
- Provides 100% insurance cover available at all times even after the policy term

You can take the policy for 20 years or 25 years. For instance if you take a 20-year policy at the age of 35, the Anticipated Whole Life Policy provides two distinct types of benefits – helps you meet your short term needs with the money you get back from the policy at periodic intervals over 20 years, provides complete long-range insurance protection for your family, even after the obligations to pay premiums have ceased.

See how a 20-year policy of Rs. 25,000 operates when a

person takes the policy at the age of 35:

On survival to 40 he gets	Rs. 3,125.00
On survival to 45 he gets	Rs. 3,125.00
On survival to 50 he gets	Rs. 3,125.00
On survival to 55 he gets	Rs. 3,125.00

Even after the policy term is over, his family is entitled to the benefit of the assured amount in case of his death.

If death occurs during the policy term of 20 years or at any time thereafter, the family will get the entire insured amount with the bonuses irrespective of the number of instalments that the policyholder would have received.

This unique policy brings your family double benefits. Ask for the Anticipated Whole Life Policy by name. Please contact your LIC Agent or the nearest branch office.



# Life Insurance Corporation of India

at a cost of Rs 800, when the best that India can offer works out to only Rs 400).

It was against this general background that the recently concluded New Delhi talks were being eagerly awaited by both sides. For it certainly looked as if at last both countries were keen on burying the 33-year-old hatchet. By moving away from the misconceptions of the past, they seemed to want to make an earnest attempt to erase bitter memories and begin a new era of mutual trust.

What was it then that made the talks turn sour and the entire effort end in failure? So much so that Mr Agha Shahi, a veteran diplomat and architect of the Simla Agreement, confessed that "nothing tangible" had emerged from the talks, while a cool and restrained Narasimha Rao called the whole process "a reiterating of views."

In the main, the discussions were focused on Afghanistan and, to some extent,



P. I. P. U.

**THE MOMENTOUS SIMLA AGREEMENT** signed by President Bhutto and Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in 1972 bound the two countries to resolve their disputes peacefully and to hold bilateral negotiations without intervention by a third party. Though communications between India and Pakistan have been restored, things are far from normal. Visitors to either country are hampered by cumbersome police checks on their movements and undue delay in acquiring visas. Picture shows a tramload of Sikh pilgrims leaving to visit shrines in Pakistan.



bilateral matters. Despite their differing views on the consequences of the present crisis in Afghanistan, both countries had come to the conclusion that they could not let the Big Powers take advantage of their lingering animosities. The purpose of the visit was to discuss how to insulate the area from the growing dangers of 'super-power presence' in the Indian Ocean.

The Pak Foreign Minister's stand was that the problem arising out of the Afghanistan situation could only be solved by political measures. Mr P. V. Narasimha Rao, our External Affairs Minister reaffirmed India's determination to find a solution to the Afghanistan issue through political means and through the non-aligned movement.

When Mrs Gandhi met Mr Agha Shahi, she informed him that the presence of Soviet troops in Afghanistan could not be seen in isolation—it must be viewed and assessed in the context of the overall development in the region and the "increasing presence" of various powers in the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. She also spoke frankly to the foreign dignitary that the adverse reports in the Pak press about India could not be conducive to furthering the aim of improving bilateral relations.

Later that evening, after his talks with Mrs Gandhi, the Pak Foreign Minister spoke to the media in Islamabad, where he not only

brought up the Kashmir issue, but also referred to the level of armed forces in India and Pakistan and asked for the fixation of a ratio between the two countries, insisting that if this was not done, it would create fear and uneasiness in the neighbouring countries.

### Let's Keep Talking

This was exactly what cast a shadow on the till then smooth going talks. While Mr Narasimha Rao diplomatically reminded Mr Agha Shahi that the issues he had mentioned in his banquet speech had been already discussed bilaterally and that no particular purpose could be served by giving public expression to them, Mr Gandhi did not mince her words. Speaking in the Lok Sabha the next day, the Prime Minister said India had never been unreasonable towards her neighbours but, if her security and national interests were threatened she would be forced to follow a policy of firmness.

Thus came and went another mission.

The failure or success of the talks between the two Foreign Ministers should however not deter us in our efforts to keep the dialogue on normalisation going. For it is in the interest of both countries to continue being friendly with each other. Here, as noted Pak journalist M. B. Naqvi said recently in an article in the *Pakistan Eco-*

nomist, Pakistan should recognise realities and accept the fact that India definitely has to play a bigger and more important role in this region. Mr Naqvi insists that India is entitled to play the leader because of its economic, political and military weight.

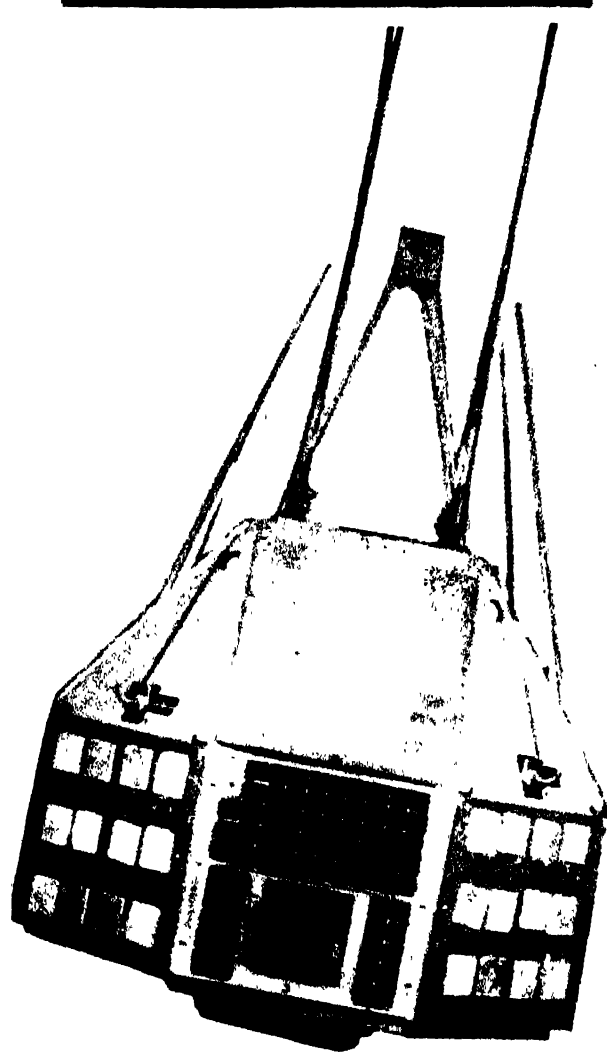
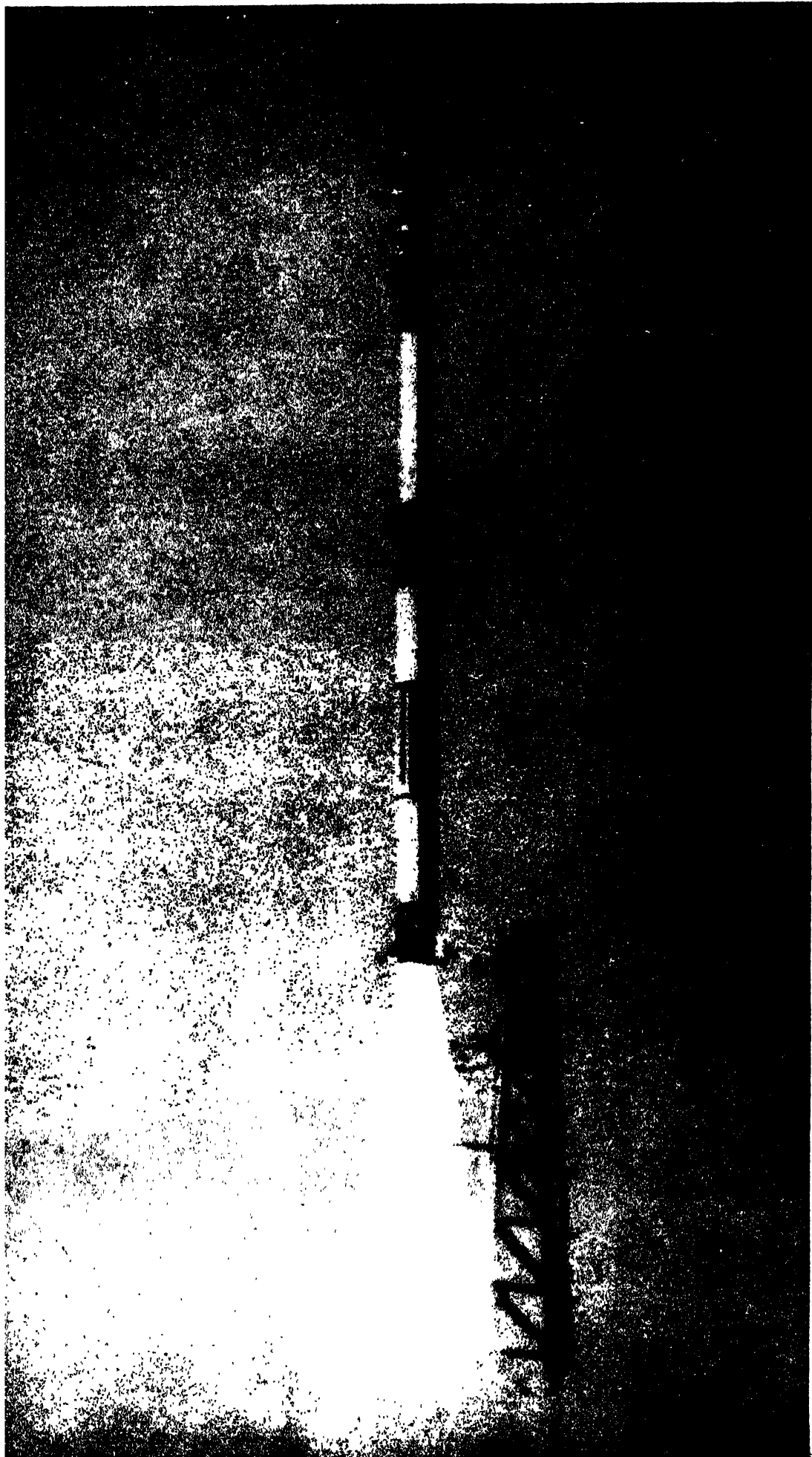
### "Propensity To Import"

India is one of the large industrial nations among the Third World countries and a notable economic power in Asia with a spectacular growth of capital goods industry. Mr Naqvi notes that Pakistan has a propensity to import and asks what if it must do so why should it not import from India if it is willing to offer goods at competitive prices. Couldn't Pakistan possibly save \$500 million a year or more by this exchange mechanism?

It is almost impossible to overlook the emotional and cultural ties between the two countries, both of whom have shared a common identity and heritage for more than a thousand years. That the ties should result in a genuine desire by the people of both countries to revive old bonds—something that can be seen by the enthusiasm with which a Mehdi Hasan, a Ghulam Ali or a Jishi Malihabadi received in India or the packed-to-capacity stadiums that host the Indian hockey or cricket teams in Pakistan.

While such cultural exchanges on the individual level are cherished, a small but dominant group of so-called intellectuals have until now succeeded in thwarting and frustrating the hopes and aspirations of millions in both countries by raising a mind-numbing hue and cry about 'cultural imperialism'. Yet efforts to broaden and strengthen ties on a wider scale have been initiated.

# ROHINI RISES



**A**RYABHATA, Bhaskara and now Rohini. After the latest triumph, the Indian Space Research Organisation is obviously in no mood for slogans like *Do Ya Tin Bas*. According to the Department of Space, a number of satellites will be launched in this decade using indigenous launch vehicles and vehicle services procured abroad. And we have a glittering roster of *nakshtras* (stars and constellations) to name them after.

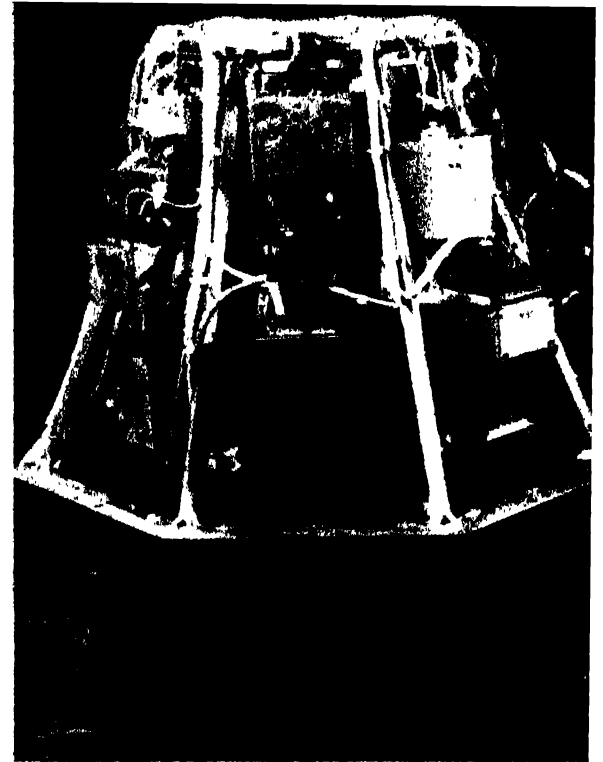
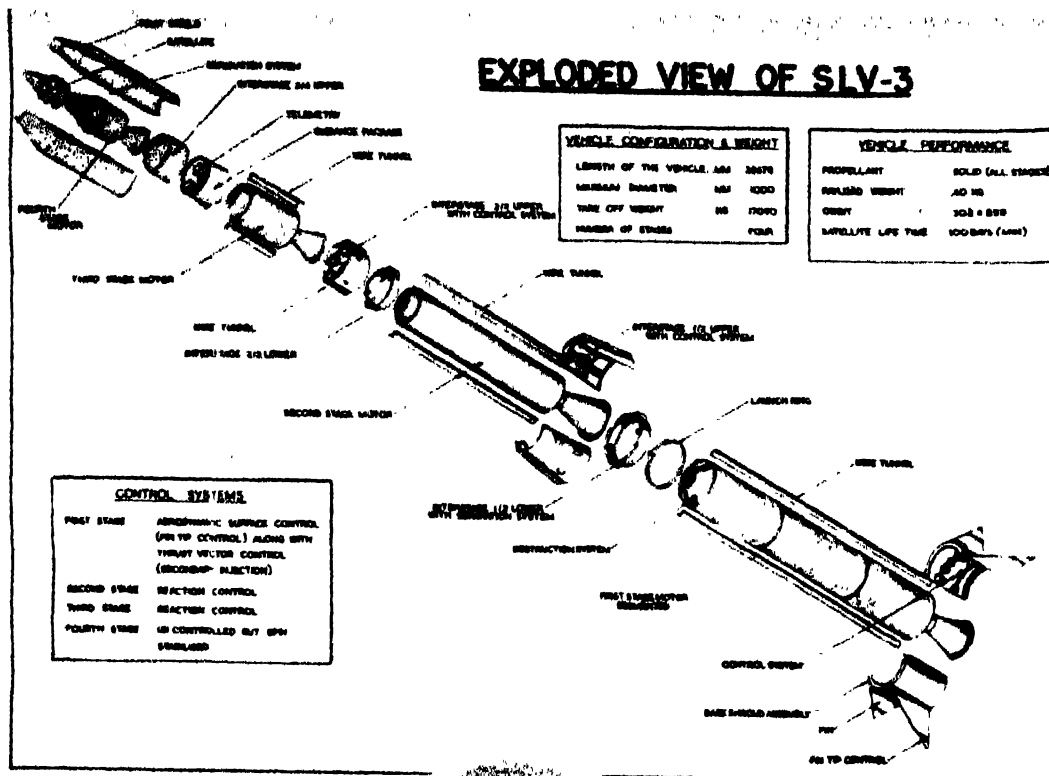
But Rohini will be the progenitrix of them all. For it was with the successful launching of this 35-kg satellite on July 18 that India gained entry into the exclusive satellite club—until then having a membership of five nations.

Rohini is not very big as far as satellites go (or orbit). Sputnik I, the World's first satellite, was nearly one and a half times heavier. But what is remarkable is that both the four-stage SLV-3 rocket and the 100,000-component satellite were made in India with only 15% imported components.

More important, the solid propellant used in the 22-metre-long, 17-tonne, 1-metre-diameter

In just 12 minutes after a flawless lift-off (left) at 8.03.45 hours on July 18, the SLV-3 rocket put the Rohini in a near-earth elliptical orbit. The satellite (above), which is making one *pradakshina* (orbit) of the earth every 90 minutes at a speed of 28,000 km per hour, is expected stay aloft for 9 more months.





THE SLV-3 (above) cost about Rs 20 crores, the 'experimental' launch of Rohini (right) about a crore of rupees. Apart from ISRO's own units, 46 industries and institutions all over India contributed to the space triumph. Right from lift-off, the vehicle's trajectory was monitored by four long- and medium-range radars (left). Apart from ISRO's tracking stations at Shar, Thumba (Trivandrum), Ahmedabad (below) and Car Nicobar, the Satellite Centre, Bangalore, and the newly established tracking station on the Fiji Islands participated in the tracking of Rohini. Another test flight of the SLV-3 is planned in November this year.

SLV-3 vehicle was developed indigenously. With the success of the SLV-3 project, India has now the potential to develop intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBM). But we are pledged to the "peaceful use" of space-age technology. However, remember the legend of Sri Krishna? He was born under the asterism of Rohini. And, ever since he killed his maternal uncle Kamsa, anyone born under this star automatically becomes suspect in the eyes of his relations —which is precisely the reaction of foreign powers and our neighbours to the "ascent of SLV-3" under the auspices of our own little Rohini.

V. N.

# Mohammed Reza Pahlavi

1919—1980



**LIKE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.** Mohammed Reza Pahlavi places the crown on Shahbanou Farah Diba, after he had crowned himself Shahenshah at a spectacular ceremony in Tehran on October 26 1967.



**WITH EMPRESS FAWZIA,** his first wife, and their daughter, Princess Shahnaz (above). The marriage lasted from 1939 to 1948. The former Shah's second marriage to Soraya Estandiari-Bakhtiari (below) was from 1951-58. The couple is here with the ex-Rajpramukh of Mysore in the Bandipur forest where Reza Pahlavi shot dead a rogue tusker.



**HOLIDAYING IN SWITZERLAND IN 1975,** the former Shah enjoys a sleigh-ride with his family—(from left) Reza Cyrus Ali (now 20), Farahanaz (now 17), Farah Diba, Leila (now 10) and Ali Reza (now 14).



**THE LAST REFUGE** for the former Shah was offered by President Sadat in March this year. After fleeing Iran last year, Reza Pahlavi travelled to Egypt, the Bahamas, Mexico, the US, Panama and back to Egypt. He died on July 27 in Cairo and was given a state funeral.

**THE US SHARED A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP** with Iran during the Shah's reign and bolstered his rule nearly to the end. Here President and Mrs Carter wipe their eyes from the effects of tear-gas shells that had to be used on demonstrators while welcoming Reza Pahlavi to the White House.



**The tragic thing is  
a lot of grown-ups too  
play this game.**

**Self-diagnosis. It happens  
all the time.**

**Husband is sick. But he's  
too busy to see a doctor.  
Or he thinks he knows better.  
He treats himself. Some-  
times he gets better. More  
often, worse. He pops more  
pills. Wife and mother pitch in  
with a new diagnosis, new  
medicines. The wrong treat-  
ment results in reactions.  
A minor ailment turns serious,  
the doctor is called in—to  
undo all the wrong.**

**Why not see your doctor  
whenever you feel unwell for  
more than a few days.  
Medicine is his whole life.  
He's studied it, practised it and  
perfected it. Put your health  
in his hands, it's too serious a  
thing to play with.**



**World leaders in...**

# All In The Family

**Pitt, the Younger, had a former Prime Minister for father, but his own brilliance made him Premier at 25. Mussolini promoted his son-in-law to high position, as did Khrushchev. Romanian President Ceausescu has provided party and governmental posts for several of his family members.**

**A survey, from the Pitts to the Nehrus, of how far family connections have helped in the attainment of power and position.**

by M.V. Kamath

**R**EAD history—and you will find very few Father-Son or Father-Daughter heads of government, certainly none of any note since Pitt, the Great Commoner, and his son Pitt, the Younger, made their mark in Britain in the late eighteenth century.

That Pitt, the Younger, was associated with India, where almost two hundred years later a Father-Daughter team has governed the country, will be regarded as one of those accidents of time that make history the more fascinating. And it is not irrelevant to point out that the younger Pitt's association with India bears the stamp of high ideals. As the biographer of Pitt, Erich Eyck has pointed out, it was Pitt's support to Edmund Burke that resulted in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. As Eyck puts it "But none of Burke's compelling rhetoric would have succeeded in inducing the House to take proceedings, had not Pitt, to the surprise of his followers and opponents alike and to the indignation of the Company (East India), suddenly signified his support."

Pitt, the Younger, was only 21 when he made it to Parliament and it has been said his maiden speech on February 26, 1781, "was an event." Eyck has written that "never, perhaps, has a young member so quickly won a place in the front rank as William Pitt." Having a former Prime Minister as father no doubt helped. William was a favourite of his father who had five children, three boys and two girls. William was the second son. But his application to his responsibilities and his single-minded ambition to be Prime Minister one day are reminiscent of younger sons of our own times.

When Rockingham offered Pitt a secondary post which seemed quite appropriate for a young man of 22, with only a single year's parliamentary experience, he had declined. He had already stated, quite gratuitously in Parliament some weeks before, that he would never accept a subordinate post. At that time the declaration had only caused laughter and head-shakings. "But," says Eyck, "it was made in all seriousness, if one thinks of later developments one can hardly doubt that Pitt pondered the matter well and had deliberately announced his pretensions to all the world."

## Staggering Self-Confidence

Pitt's self-confidence was overwhelmingly staggering. He had become Prime Minister at age 25. Notes Eyck "It is a perennial source of wonder how a man not yet twenty-five could reach such a position. It can partly be explained by the staggering self-confidence which marked him out from his first steps in politics—a height of self-assurance only credible in the son of the great statesman whose heir he felt he was."

Pitt had his king's backing, but he was also mean and that meanness showed in his dealings with Fox whose election to Parliament he had questioned in collusion with the Returning Officer.

Throughout British history, there never again was so distinguished a father-son power-hold on national politics, not even under Winston Churchill, whose son Randolph had none of the virtues of the father, such as they were. Churchill had five children, of whom one, a daughter, died at the age of three. Of the remaining four, only one, Randolph, was a son and he did not exactly bring credit to the family. A biographer of Churchill has called Randolph "conspicuous and seldom gracious", "too loud, too brash and much too rude, outrageous, impossible, insensitive, boorish, quarrelsome and ridiculous" and who "nine times out of ten cut an absurd figure." Not, what one would call Prime Ministerial material, not even maternal good enough for a Cabinet post, though Churchill's son-in-law, Christopher Soames, made it, and Randolph's own son Winston is now in Parliament.

Among Churchill's contemporaries, Franklin Delano Roosevelt had trouble with his sons, but not because he tried to induct them into politics. Still FDR once brought his son James into his close political circle by naming him as an assistant early in 1937 which proved to be a disaster. FDR's wife, Eleanor, opposed the appointment but her husband saw no reason, then, why the fact that he was President should deprive him of his oldest son's help. But Mrs Roosevelt's doubts were vindicated. James made promises that seemed to have special authenticity but in fact did not. And James was finally out.

Mussolini's incursion into nepotism was his son-in-law, Count Cianc, who was Italy's Foreign Minister. Both father-in-law and son-in-law came to grief.

Stalin had no use for either his sons or a prospective son-in-law. When his daughter Svetlana fell in love with a man some twenty years older than her, Stalin had him arrested and accused of spying and saw that he was sent to the Arctic for five years and to a concentration camp for another five. Her brother Vasily served first on the Soviet Air Force General Staff and rose swiftly to command a corps on the Western Front during the Second World War. But Vasily had become a drunk and Stalin saw to it that he was dismissed from his high military post. Stalin's other son Jacob had become a prisoner-of-war in Germany.

Stalin thought this was a disgrace and, when asked about it, said: "In Hitler's camps, there are no Russian prisoners-of-war, only Russian traitors, and we shall deal with them when the war is over." About Jacob himself, Stalin said cruelly: "I have no son called Jacob." When word



**HIS FATHER'S SON.** William Pitt, the Younger, entered Parliament when he was 21. At 22, he refused a secondary post in Government, having already decided he would never hold a lesser position than that of Prime Minister. His single-minded ambition was fulfilled when he was not yet 25. What made him most noteworthy was "a height of self-assurance only credible in the son of the great statesman whose heir he felt he was."



**PRESIDENT NICOLAI CEAUSESCU** of Romania with his wife Elena at Agra Fort during a visit to India. Madame Ceausescu holds the position of First Deputy Premier in Romania, while son Nicu is Secretary of the Grand National Assembly and Head of the Communist Youth League.





MAO TSE-TUNG MARRIED CHIANG CHING (left), a one-time actress from Shanghai, in the hard days of guerilla warfare. During the Cultural Revolution and for several years after that, Chiang Ching played an active, though behind-the-scenes, role in the nation's affairs. After Mao's death in 1976, Chiang Ching made a spirited bid to take over the reins of government. However, she and her three allies—the Gang of Four, as they came to be called—were defeated and disgraced by Hua Kuo-feng and Teng Hsiao-ping.



GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK, President of Nationalist China (Taiwan), groomed his son, Chiang Ching-kuo (right), with his Russian wife and son in 1947, to succeed him. The succession took place in 1975, when the elder Chiang died. Madame Chiang Kai-shek also wielded considerable power in the Kuomintang.

SOVIET PRESIDENT LEONID BREZHNEV, with his great-granddaughter Galya in 1973. Brezhnev's son, Yuri, is First Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade.

of that ultimately reached Jacob, he committed suicide by throwing himself on electric barbed wire.

Of all sons-in-law who rose to greater heights, Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alyosha Adzhubei, came to grief once his father-in-law was out of power. True, Adzhubei married Khrushchev's daughter in 1949 when he could not have dreamt that one day he would be the son-in-law of the most powerful man in the Soviet Union. With Khrushchev's rise came Adzhubei's rise: he became Chief Editor of *Izvestia*, the principal Moscow paper, which he fashioned into a live institution. During the eleven years of Khrushchev's rule, Adzhubei became an important political figure. As Svetlana has said: "Having a chat with Adzhubei almost amounted to having a chat with the government" and it was not long before all sorts of people were fawning on him. But once Khrushchev crashed, so did Adzhubei. In an exact analogy to his father-in-law's situation, Adzhubei was accused of all sorts of sins, including alcoholism, subjected to a long public reprimand in front of assembled Party members and kicked off the newspaper he headed. He was last reported to be working as editor of a small, unimportant magazine.

Leaders of democratic countries have been less prone to nepotism. Eisenhower's son John, like his father, was in the US Army, nothing exceptionally strange about it, but he never was involved in politics and, in Herbert Parmet's voluminous biography of Eisenhower, there are just three brief references to the son. Ike, however, frequently consulted one of his brothers, Milton, but that was the extent of the latter's involvement in US politics. Ike held his younger brother in high respect, saying: "Milt inherited all 'be brains in the family.'"

In Germany, Konrad Adenauer was his own Adviser and did not need much help from his children—and they were seven of them, three daughters and four sons, even though Paul, a Catholic priest and a Monsignor, he consulted often enough. If the others were close to him, he certainly did not induct them into politics. One daughter, Lotte, married an architect; another, Libeth, married into the millionaire Wehrhahn family. George, his fourth son, became a lawyer and married a daughter of a Swedish industrial magnate. But his second wife's two sisters married promising young Americans, one Mr Lewis Douglas who was to become US Ambassador to London, and the other, John J. McCloy, who, by a remarkable coincidence, became first US High Commissioner in Germany at almost the same moment as Konrad Adenauer was elected Federal Chancellor of Germany in 1949. McCloy continued to play a key role in US affairs and was one of the chief advisers to President Kennedy at the time of the Cuban crisis in 1962.

General de Gaulle, though a man with a great family feeling, also has never been known to encourage, even in the slightest manner, nepotism. Viansson-Ponte has asserted that "there is no nepotism in the de Gaulle family and he has never dreamed of founding a dynasty". None in his family is believed to have had any influence on him, except, perhaps, his wife, Madame de Gaulle, but even hers was not political or direct. Her only influence was in vetoing the appointment to the government of any man who had been divorced or known to be unfaithful to his wife. His son, Philippe de Gaulle, now an Admiral in the French Navy, always kept himself in the background.

Mao Tse-tung had four children by his first wife, Yang Kai-hui, five children by his second wife, Ho Tzu-chen, and one more by his third wife, Chiang Ching. None of his children amounted to much. His first son, Mao An Ying, died in 1950. His



second, An-ching, was described as mentally unstable. Three daughters were lost and a fourth died in 1941, a third son, Mao An-lung, disappeared in the confusion of the civil war. Of his relatives, his 'niece', Wang Hai-jung, became a Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, but the major power in Mao's life was his last wife, Chiang Ching, who was later to be identified as one of the Gang of Four.

Wives seem to have been more in the power picture in recent years in China than sons and

Madame Chiang Kai-shek was a person to be reckoned with both when the Kuomintang was on the mainland and long after Chiang settled in Taiwan. Along with Madame Chiang, in Chiang's closed circle were two of his brothers-in-law, T V Soong and H.H. Kung.

Chiang Kai-shek's own son, Chiang Ching-kuo, had his training in Russia and at one time defied his father when he was a student in Moscow. In fact Ching-kuo had placed duty to the Soviet regime above filial duty, but returned to

China in 1937 to be indoctrinated into Chinese ways of living and thinking, promoted in the years that followed first as Special Commissioner for Foreign Affairs, later a General, still later an Administrator for Currency Reform. In 1949, Chiang named his son head of the KMT on Taiwan.

As Chiang grew old, more and more power flowed into Ching-kuo's hands. He became head of the Investigation Bureau, the all-seeing security organisation that made sure dissidents did not get out of hand. Ching-kuo was appointed Prime Minister in 1972 and that is what he is now.

For sheer nepotism, however, one has to go to Romania, where President Nicolae Ceausescu, 62, named his wife, Elena, First Deputy Premier and his son, Nicu, Secretary of the Grand National Assembly. Ceausescu has been re-elected to successive five-year terms as the Party's Secretary General since 1965. *The New York Times* described the proceedings as having the air "more of a coronation rite than a contest for power". Mr Ceausescu is No 1 and his wife No 2 in Romania. There is no No 3.

Besides being head of state, Mr Ceausescu heads the Communist Party and commands the armed forces. Mrs Ceausescu, in addition to her new post, is a member of the Party's policy-making permanent bureau in charge of cadre policy with day-to-day control over promotions and dismissals. She is also Chairman of the National Council of Science and Technology, a Cabinet-level post.

Son Nicu, 27, who was once a playboy, heads the Communist Youth League and, a few months ago, was elected Alternate Member of the Party Central Committee. Mr Ceausescu's brothers, Ilie, Ion and Marin, hold key positions in the Ministries of Defence, Agriculture and Foreign Affairs and, one circle further out, brother-in-law Ilie Verdet is Premier. Mr Verdet's predecessor, Manca Manescu, is married to Mr Ceausescu's other sister, Maria.

Further out still, Deputy Premier Cornel Burtica is married to a niece of Mr Ceausescu. Pavel Nculescu, a leading member of the permanent bureau, is thought to be the father-in-law of Mr Ceausescu's other son Valentin, who is himself a senior official at Romania's Nuclear Research Centre. Ceausescu's brother-in-law, wife Elena's brother Gheorghe Petrescu, has been a full Central Committee member for 15 years and has held a succession of important posts.

Nepotism is not unknown in the Communist world. In Bulgaria, President Todor Zhivkov's daughter, Ludmilla, is an influential member of the Politburo with responsibility for Culture. The wife of the Albanian ruler, Enver Hoxha, is in charge of propaganda. Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev's son, Yuri, is First Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade.

### Power Begets Power

In the Western world, too, instances are not lacking of sons or relatives of important leaders or members of distinguished families making their way in the political and administrative ladder—witness the Chamberlains and Macmillans in England or the Roosevelts and Hoovers of the United States. The interlocking of families and the power they exert, directly or indirectly, deserves a whole chapter by itself. But while it is true that power begets power, the case of the Nehru family presents a disturbing spectacle in democratic India. Though the history of nationalist India is strewn with distinguished names, we do not know of any instance of any of them building up their sons or daughters to take over power as subtly as Jawaharlal or as openly as Mrs Indira Gandhi.



**THEY DID NOT INHERIT HIS GREATNESS.** Sir Winston and Lady Churchill with some of their family in 1965. Standing at left are Duncan Sandys, then Minister for Defence, and his wife Diana, Churchill's daughter, with their son Julian seated before them. Emma (on Sir Winston's knee) and Nicholas (sitting on the cushion) are children of son-in-law Christopher Soames who made it to the Cabinet. Winston (sitting between his grandparents—and now an MP) and Arabella (sitting with Lady Churchill) are children of Randolph Churchill who is standing at right. Randolph, the only son, lacked his father's genius and, "nine times out of ten, cut an absurd figure".



**PRIME MINISTER S.W.R.D. BANDARANAIKE WITH WIFE SIRIMAVO AND SON ANURA.** Sirimavo Bandaranaike succeeded her husband after his assassination in 1969. She also tried to groom son Anura for public office while she was in power. Her party is now in the opposition in Sri Lanka.





**THE NEHRU DYNASTY.** Jawaharlal Nehru "subtly" built up his daughter Indira to follow in his footsteps. She more openly groomed her son Sanjay (seated on Nehru's right) to succeed her. There is now speculation that her first son Rajiv (seated at her feet) or Sanjay's wife Maneka may step into the vacuum created by Sanjay's death.

Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel's son, Dahyabhai, became Mayor of Bombay and a Member of Parliament

Lokamanya Bal Gangadhar Tilak's family never stirred out of Pune and restricted its activities to the running of the *Kesari*, though a grandson has become a Minister in the Maharashtra Cabinet, 60 years after the Lokamanya passed away

Mahatma Gandhi's children never entered the political field, though son Devdas became Editor of *The Hindustan Times* and an influential editor at that.

Though C. Rajagopalachari was a name both respected and loved in Tamil Nadu, he never encouraged his family members to be directly involved in politics

Dr Radhakrishnan's son, Sarvepalli Gopal, is a historian and a good one

Madan Mohan Malaviya's sons, Ramakant, Radhakant, Mukund and Govind were as patriotic as their father, but lived their own lives

There were other distinguished nationalist leaders who happily showed no interest in underwriting their children's political careers. Possibly they were not of the same national stature as Sardar Patel, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad or that happy band of men who took over the reins of power once the British left.

An earlier generation of leaders could not have conceived of political activity in terms of the kind of political power that now accrues to successful politicians in post-Independence India. Indeed, there was no such thing as a "successful politician" in pre-Independence days.

Even more significantly, the term 'politician' itself had a different connotation. It meant giving up one's profession (Rajaji was a brilliant lawyer, so were dozens of other leaders) and good living in a society that appreciated sacrifice. A young man did not become a leader overnight. To be a leader, one had to pay a very heavy price over a long period of time.

The only other family comparable to the Nehrus is that of the Bandaranaiques of Sri Lanka, after the death of S W R D Bandaranaike, his wife, Sirimavo, became Prime Minister. Perhaps the fact that Bandaranaike was assassinated helped propel his wife to the Prime Ministership. This must be the only instance in the world where the wife of a Prime Minister herself became a Prime Minister.

### The Nehru Clan

Indira Gandhi was steered to the presidentship of the Congress Party most adroitly by Jawaharlal Nehru, but at that time no one dared accuse Panditji of perpetuating the power of the Nehru clan. When he died, it was not to his daughter, but to a close colleague of his, Lal Bahadur Shastri, that power flowed. Had Nehru lived for many more years and allowed for other leadership to

flower naturally, it is doubtful whether Mrs Gandhi would have become the world figure she subsequently became. These are the ifs and buts of history that are of no moment.

With Sanjay Gandhi's tragic death, there is no possibility of a Nehru dynasty being set up in India. Who will succeed Mrs Gandhi? The issue will have to be thrashed out in the coming weeks and months. What is now clear is that politics has been thrown wide open and it will be up to the best and brightest in the country to make their mark on their own.

As Alexander the Great lay dying, his generals wanted to know whom they should acknowledge as his successor. Many of Alexander's wives were then pregnant. He was asked "To whom do you leave your kingdom?"

Replied Alexander *Hon to kransto*—meaning, *to the strongest or the best*.

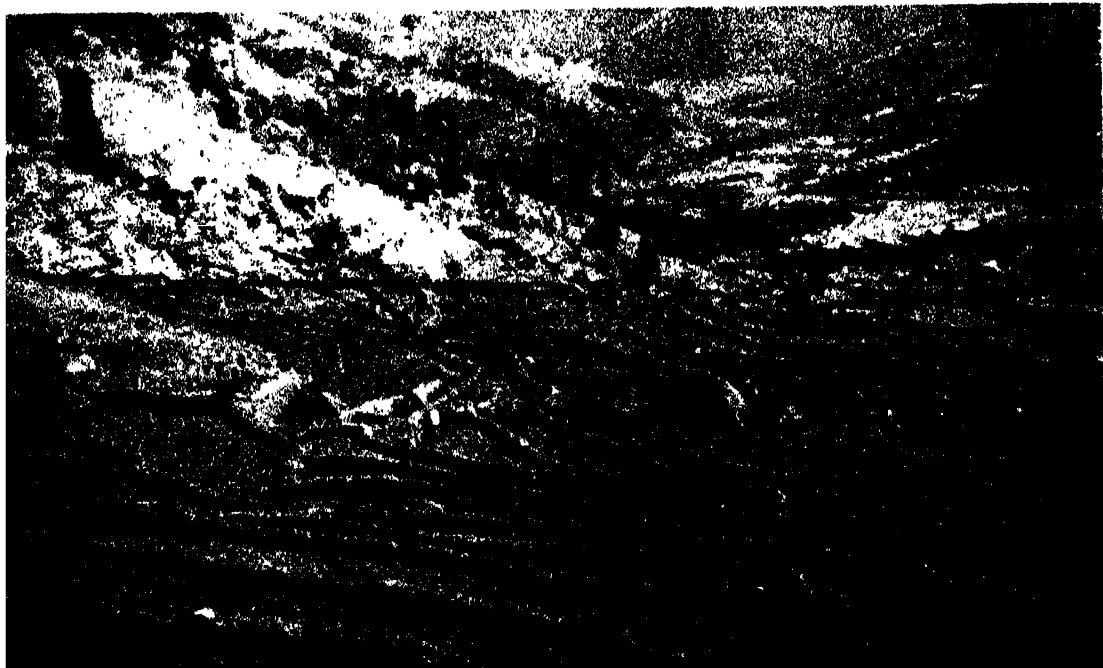
That reply has not lost either its edge or its relevance today.

If there is any lesson that one can draw from history, it is that, in a democracy, leadership is best left for the people to decide. The great democracies of the world have been singularly free from dynasticism. This should also be the case in India, so rich in political life, where, in the words of a perceptive writer, "we have to seek out and set up new and rigorous standards of democratic functioning which can ward off a thousand storms, unencumbered by personal considerations."





# HOW SILENT IS THE SILENT



At Silent Valley, near Mannarghat, the Kerala Government was all set to dam the Kuntipuzha for a 120 MW hydel project in the heart of 8,952 hectares of virtually undisturbed primeval rain forest. Public outcry and protests from scientists and environmentalists, however, halted the project. Meanwhile, the Governments both in the State and in the Centre changed.

The Centre recently expressed serious reservations about the project and has now proposed the inclusion of the Silent Valley in a National Park. The Kerala Government has yet to give its consent. "The concern of the Central Government has been misinterpreted by a handful of people with an identifiable vested interest," says the author, who is a noted geneticist.



**THE TROPICAL RAIN FOREST** (opposite page) at Silent Valley is the largest and the last remaining stretch of such habitat in the country. The construction of a 130 mts high and 240 mts wide arc dam across the Kuntipurtha (above) is estimated to cost Rs 80 crores.

would prevent floods during the monsoon and drought during summer besides generating 120 MW of cheap power. All that the economist and engineer contemplated is tapping the natural resources of the Silent Valley for the agro-industrial development of the region.

Situated toward the south west slope of the Nilgiri plateau in the Western Ghats, the Silent Valley is richly carpeted by dense evergreen tropical forest. Kuntipurtha, the major river in the area, originating at an altitude of 2,200 metres, passes through a 6 km stretch of mountain ranges. It is across this river that the construction of the dam has been proposed. On completion, an estimated 52 million units of electricity will be produced. Besides generating an

payment for about 3000 people for the next five years, 10,000 hectares of land will be irrigated. This will certainly lead to a chain of socio-economic progress to the backward region.

However, the rosy dream of development has an evil side—accelerated erosion of biosphere, over-exploitation of a well-balanced ecosystem. At first, the engineers and politicians brushed aside the warnings of the environmentalists, merely a vanity for science and beauty, or a preference of monkey to man, all luxuries that an underdeveloped land cannot afford.

Kerala probably has the highest rate of deforestation in India. A few decades ago there existed a continuous stretch of rich

**KERALA ELECTRICITY BOARD** engineers say the project will occupy only 845 hectares in a corner of the 8,952 hectare area of Silent Valley, which is itself adjacent to the 30,000 hectare Atlapadi and Amarambalam reserves. Of this, only 830 hectares would be submerged, 300 hectares of which are grasslands. Conservationists, however, say the traumatic effects of this operation on the environment would be grievously incalculable. Right. Rapid deforestation in recent years in Kerala has destroyed much of the State's rich forest assets.

by Dr P. REMANANDAN

It is an indisputable fact that the economic development of Kerala is sadly neglected. Although the State is richly endowed with natural resources and is one of our former foreign exchange earners.

The Silent Valley Project was planned in the 1940s and was given final shape only in 1965. The development of the backward Malabar region is the main thrust of this project.

Now in Kerala, due to a high rainfall at the 2,000 metre high Western Ghats facing the Arabian Sea receiving the full blast of the south west monsoon. During this time, the numerous rivers originating in the Sahyadris are in spate and run off in the Arabian Sea. The damage caused by floods every year is appalling. In striking contrast to this, the region is parched during summer. What else could be better than to impound the river water and store it? This



evergreen forest along the entire eastern border of the State. Due to population pressure people moved into these virgin forests for resettlement. Vast plantations of rubber, cardamom and tea in addition to various cash crops have replaced the primeval forest. Although this enterprise paid a few dividends, numerous species of plants and animals, some of them exclusively found in that area, became extinct in the process. This loss can never be estimated in terms of million watts of power or hectares of land. The loss is simply inestimable and irreparable. Imagine an organism like the source of the antibiotic penicillin disappearing from the face of the earth—can you estimate the loss? Thus, if an unestimated number of such biological resources were lost, what "development statistics" could estimate or repair the loss?

The Silent Valley has near-virgin forest the densest among the tropical forests of the Western Ghats with the most complex and diverse vegetational composition. The recent zoological expedition brought in an extremely rich collection of fauna which included some endangered rare and even new species. An assessment of the botanical wealth is yet to be made. Therefore the biological resources of the Valley cannot be "quantified" and the loss due to their destruction cannot be estimated.

### Sanctuary For Valuable Genes

Numerous agronomic traits—qualitative improvement, disease resistance, drought tolerance—are often drawn from wild relatives of the domesticated varieties. The genetic diversity available in the wild plants is an important source for incorporating these traits in our cultivated plants. Already there is an indication that the Silent Valley area is an exclusive sanctuary for valuable genes of several medicinal and plantation crops.

Even if some species are not of immediate use they may be of immense value in the future—maybe as a source of resistance to a new epidemic which may break out tomorrow caused by mutated varieties of pestilence. Numerous such cases can be cited from the history of science.

In Brazil in 1970 a sudden epidemic of rust almost devastated the coffee crop—the country's biggest export item. But geneticists arrested the epidemic by transferring rust resistance from primitive varieties of Ethiopia to the Brazilian plants. This was possible only because the resistant primitive varieties were still available in Ethiopia.

In West Africa a drought wiped out the high yielding millet. More than 100,000 people starved to death. Yet thousands of others survived as some primitive hardier varieties were still available. These cases led Vernon Pizer\* to point out that of all man's natural resources none is more precious than the immense diversity of plant life that is his heritage. Every time a plant disappears, some genetic trait that might one day be of crucial value is lost and lost forever.

The disappearance of plants reduces the number of available genes for cross-breeding. Genes are the building units of life.

When a scientist cross-breeds plants, he attempts to bring together certain desirable genes into the new plant. The success of such experiments depends upon the availability of the desirable genes. Often they are available only in wild plants which, unlike the cultivated plants, have passed through enormous selection pressure by nature. Wild areas, the world's richest plant-breeding grounds, are disappearing at a most alarming rate and few people realise their vital importance to the future of mankind.

It is estimated that by the end of this century the rich forests of Africa and Asia



**THE RACKET-TAILED DRONGO, a magnificent inhabitant of tropical rain forests.**

will have been denuded. In South America the Amazon basin will have been ravaged in the search for minerals and by industrial plantation. According to a recent computation, in the absence of effective control measures, two million out of the world's five million species of flora and fauna that inhabit the tropical moist forests, will disappear in the next 20 years.

Equally dangerous is the disappearance of traditionally cultivated varieties. They are replaced rapidly by high yielding, new varieties—the miracle plants. This further narrows down the breeding stocks. Plant-breeders of today and tomorrow can draw on and it also threatens their ability to alter today's plants or create those for tomorrow. The crux of the problem is that we have no means of knowing in advance what our future genetic needs will be.

Belatedly the scientists have at last woken up. They are on the move. A genetic rescue operation is under way. Governments, international organisations, scientists

have all decided to face the challenge: the Himalayan task of collecting and preserving the germ plasm—the basic genetic material—of the endangered species. Around the world, scientists are racing against time to rescue the fast disappearing genetic heritage on which our future existence depends.

The United Nations has established the International Board of Plant Genetic Resources (IBPGR) to coordinate and guide this operation. However, without the close cooperation and active participation of nations and local bodies, this mission cannot be carried out successfully. It is indeed heartening to see that the enlightened people of Kerala rose to the occasion and prevented yet another catastrophe which would have taken place due to the shortsighted and unimaginative planning of authorities and saved the Silent Valley India's last substantial stretch of rain forest.

The famous Vavilov Institute in Leningrad which houses the world's first great gene bank survived the 900 day German siege of that city in World War II. Under immense pressure the institute staff risked their lives, starved for months and laboured tirelessly to protect the collection. When geneticist Nikolai Ivanov was asked after the war why they risked their lives to save "some seeds," he answered that the country can be rebuilt after the war but the bank can never be.

### Gross Lack Of Vision

Despite all this, engineers continue to question the validity of the environmentalists' claims, especially when only 7.25 sq km area which is hardly 10 per cent of the forest would be submerged by the waters of the Silent Valley Project. They also suggest protective measures to maintain the rest of the forest.

This again displays a gross lack of vision in estimating the loss in terms of short term gains. Previous experience proves how ineffective our protective measures are. The very existence of the project with its initial 3,000 employees, subsequent human influx, townships, roads and buildings will surely upset the well balanced eco-system with disastrous consequences. The complex community of plants and animals in a rain forest is the rich bio-system based on interdependence. The slightest disturbance could upset the equilibrium which could lead to long term degradation of this bio-system. A recent scientific expedition has brought this out very clearly. The Kuntipuzha river has a natural shoreline vegetation which supports a variety of animals. It provides excellent nesting sites for many birds of prey. The dam will wipe out the shoreline vegetation which may result in the birds disappearing altogether and consequent increase in rodent population which ultimately would endanger other types of herbivorous birds. Similarly the Silent Valley forests are a secondary centre for the breeding of several animals which inhabit the Nilgiri hills.

The impounding of the large water surface within the forest will alter the "micro environment" of the area which possibly may cause seismic disturbances. The landslips in the Nilgiris caused by the current pattern of "domestication of mountain eco-systems" is a grim warning.

\* Reader's Digest — April 1966



## A PARADISE LOST?

**A** TRIP through the Silent Valley rain forest is "a journey of excitement and discovery in an extraordinary environment", says an eminent biologist. "There is a damp cathedral-like gloom that overwhelms the visitor when he first enters this world of towering trunks and vaulted canopy. There is the background music of all the multi-layered life that extends from the forest floor to the topmost branches 200 feet or more above—the blended noises of countless unseen forms of burrowing, creeping, walking, climbing, gliding, flying, leaping life that pervade the richest of all environments."

Thus, it is not to any absence of sound—real or imaginary—that Silent Valley owes its name. Silent is supposedly a corruption of Syrandhri, a name of Draupadi, the wife of the Pandavas.

The five heroes from the Mahabharata are supposed to have lived with their wife in the primeval forest here. Also, the river that flows through Silent Valley—the Kuntipuzha—across which the controversial dam is proposed to be built, is named after Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas.

"I would like to emphasise that Silent Valley is NOT just an evergreen forest," says the internationally renowned ornithologist, Dr. Salim Ali. "It is a very fine example of one of the richest, most threatened and least studied habitats on earth."

"Silent Valley's giant canopy of trees includes species such as *Cullenia exarilata*, *Calophyllum elatum*, *Palaquium ellipticum* and *Dysoxylum malabaricum* to name just a few," says Shama Futehally. "Adjacent to the forest there are large patches of exposed grassland and the resulting variety in the biotope makes it a suitable habitat for very many species of mammals. It is one of the richest areas in our country for fauna and a partial list includes the tiger, panther, leopard cat, gaur, elephant, sambar barking deer, Nilgiri tahr, sloth bear, lion-tailed macaque, Nilgiri langur, Indian wild boar, clawless otter, Indian giant squirrel, fishing cat, jungle cat, large Indian civet, small Travancore flying squirrel and striped-necked mongoose. At least three species among these, the tiger, the Nilgiri tahr and the lion-tailed macaque, are endangered. Like any other rain forest, Silent Valley is a kind of treasure cavern of birds and the rare great pied hornbill is among them. Reptiles, naturally, abound and the more protection-worthy of them are the Indian rock python and the king cobra."

An expedition organised by the Geological Survey of India found Silent Valley to be "a veritable treasure trove of flora and fauna"—deep borrowing snakes, catsnakes, brown whipsnakes, flying snakes, pit vipers, rare varieties of fish, insects and limbless amphibians (caecilians) which have been exterminated from most pockets in South India in recent years. Scores of rare plant species not recorded elsewhere in the world were also found.

Ecologists and laymen alike are baffled by the State Government's intransigence on the Silent Valley hydel project. Says a leader in *The Hindu*: "The bureaucrats' and the engineers' contention that soft-headed environmentalists must not be allowed to come in the way of the State's 'industrial progress'... is not only bad rhetoric but has a strong streak of philistinism. It really makes no sense when it is realised that Kerala is already a power-surplus State."

Dr M. S. Swaminathan, Union Agriculture Secretary, who made an on-the-spot study of the Valley, says: "It should not be beyond our political, intellectual or financial capability to find solutions which enable the present-day population of Palghat and Malappuram to experience a better quality of life without destroying a priceless biological endowment." His report suggests several alternatives to the Silent Valley project.

Indeed, the Centre has now proposed that Silent Valley should be included in a "National Park" which would cover a wide area of forests in Kerala, Tamil Nadu and Karnataka. However, the Kerala Chief Minister maintains that although he is "not opposed to the National Park idea, it should not be at the cost of the hydel project."

"That is not only contradictory, but also impractical," says Dr. Ali. "Nearly 15,000 workers and their family members will be camping in the forest for five to six years. It will be impossible to prevent them from totally destroying the pristine nature of the forest."

Silent Valley is far too valuable a national and continental asset for its fate to be decided by those who have a narrow, temporary interest in the matter. In this context it is worth remembering that "power-hungry" Tamil Nadu abandoned the Moyar project, estimated to produce 150 MW of power, to save wildlife areas in Madumalai and Bandipur. Moreover, no Indian dam has a life-expectancy of more than 30 years, so rapidly are the reservoirs silted by the adjoining deforested slopes.

—V.N.

Scientists are also concerned about the climatological hazards of the forest submersion. This will directly affect evapotranspiration. The total surface area of transpiration from total leaf surface would be several thousands of square kilometers as against the total surface area of 7.25 sq km of reservoir, resulting in drastic reduction of input of water into the atmosphere. This will adversely affect the rainfall. The destruction of the continuous stretch of forest of the Western Ghats has already resulted in scanty rains and disasters like cloudbursts and floods causing extensive damage and loss of life.

Idukki in Kerala is a case in point where ecological and long-term national interests were totally ignored. Referring to this Project Dr. V. S. Vijayan of the Kerala Forest Research Institute says that "such an eco-catastrophe is not worth repeating." In all such future endeavours, the planning committee should include environmental experts and each project should be screened by the National Committee for Environmental Planning and Coordination.

### Vested Interests

The demagogic arguments of the Kerala State Electricity Board and the timber contracting lobbies, which have a huge identifiable vested interest, have been repeatedly exposed. The people of Kerala cannot be carried away by political slogans such as "man versus monkey or ecological luxury." The international scientific and technological opinion has been unambiguous and firm: abandon the project that threatens destruction of a priceless biosphere and save the integrity of the rain forest with a 50-million-year evolutionary history at any cost! The entire area consisting of the Silent Valley Forest, the New Amarambalam and Attapadi Reserve Forests should be converted into a National Rainforest Biosphere Reserve. Its protection should be guaranteed by the Central Government, and it should figure in UNESCO's network of Biosphere Reserve.

This is not a prestige issue and the crusade of the scientists is not aimed against politicians or engineers. The recent report of Dr. M. S. Swaminathan has clearly revealed how concerned the scientists are in socio-economic advancements. The concern of the scientists is not the "vanity for scenic woods or craze to preserve the endangered lion-tailed monkey" but the genetic erosion which is inestimable and irreparable, the ecological and climatological hazards which are unpredictable and unremediable, and the two put together endanger the very existence of mankind and its future. The question is whether we have the right to deny the future generations the fruits of millions of years of natural evolution.

The preservation of Silent Valley—one of the world's precious tropical rain forests—is not a luxury. This biological treasure house, built up by nature over centuries, now facing threat from man's needs to be protected, no matter what may be the cost. It is the need of the nation and of the world. Its preservation is of equal value to any part of the world.

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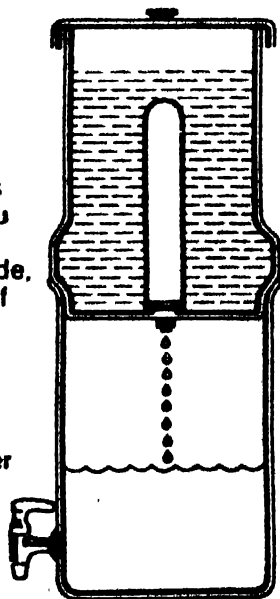
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## The Editor's Page



## The Weekly Astrologers

**T**WO astrologer friends, one, S. K. Kelkar who does the *Weekly* astrology column, and another, Bejan Daruwala who did a piece for 'The Last Word' (Dec 30, 1979) had warned Sanjay Gandhi against accidents. Writing in August 1976, Kelkar wrote as follows:

*At the time of his birth, Capricorn 24 was rising on the ascendant denoting 'a steadfast and capable person' whose mind will be open to the reception of truth and knowledge and whose passions will be regulated. In any case he will not be a man of common walk. The position of other stars assures a fascinating personality, good looks, popularity and political success.*

*The adverse transit of Saturn did not allow him to complete his project of making cars. The Moon's lucky period has started from 1973 and will continue upto 1983 or so, followed by a further seven-year auspicious period of Mars.*

*In the first half of 1978, he should take very cautious steps. In the second half, he can widen his field of activity. However, 1980, is a crucial year. He must take care of his health and personal safety.*

In 'The Last Word' Bejan Daruwala wrote:

*This astrologer does not go in for vilification or deification of personalities. He is impartial, predicting events in the name of Lord Ganesha. The second half of 1980, and very specially October 1980 to October 1981, prove upsetting for our former Scorpio Premier. Her Sagittarian son, Sanjay, finds December 1979, February-March 1980, June 1980 and September 1980 tough and rough. He is in danger of being involved in an accident.*

Readers are free to believe or not in astrologers and their predictions.

## For A Mother

**BEJAN DARUWALA**, incidentally, is a poet and also teaches literature at Ahmedabad. He has sent

me a beautiful poem, entitled, 'For A Mother':

*Your wound, too, too deep  
To heal or bleed  
The strong steel biting muscle and bone  
Stinging your spirit  
As you see, your son,  
Scythed in the glory and the splendour  
of thirty three summers.*

*His sap, still soft and sweet,  
You reel—and recover  
As only the earth can after a 'quake  
And shroud yourself in silent majesty  
As you hear footsteps reaching to  
console you  
You hold your peace, like fissured soil  
And the sun weeps.*

## Marking Time

**M**Y COMMENTS on Shankar Pillai being awarded the Order of Smile has roused an old and faithful reader of the *Weekly* to reminisce about the past in a letter to me. Says Mr K.P.S. Menon:

*One of my prized possessions is the original of a cartoon by Shankar, called 'Marking Time', which appeared in the Hindustan Times toward the end of 1934. In 1934, I was sent on a one-man mission to investigate the conditions of Indians in Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika, and in particular to investigate certain grievances of the Indians in Zanzibar. At that time Zanzibar produced 90 per cent of the world's supply of cloves. The clove trade was developed and financed entirely by the enterprising Indian community in Zanzibar.*

*But, in 1934, as a result of the machinations of some British traders, who had competed unsuccessfully with Indians in the clove trade, the Zanzibar government proposed to establish a virtual monopoly over it, and Indians would have been practically ousted from this trade.*

*I wrote a trenchant report, pointing out the injustice of the proposed decree of the Zanzibar government and underlining the callous attitude of the colonial administration. The Colonial Office would not let the report be published, and there were questions in the Legislative Assembly in Delhi. Govind Vallabh Pant, who was a member of the Assembly, asked what had happened to Mr Menon's report on Zanzibar. To this, Sir Girija Shankar Bajpai, who was a member of the Viceroy's Council, replied: 'Government of India are marking time.'*

*The cartoon shows Sir Girija Shankar Bajpai, Sir Akbar Hydari, then Secretary of the Department, Mr W. B. Yeats, Joint Secretary and myself, dancing and a horrified chhapasi in the corner of the room wondering what the Sahebs are doing. Only, in marking time, I was on the wrong foot.*

*I seem to be still on the wrong foot, for whereas Bajpai, Hydari and Yeats have gone to another, and, one hopes, better, world, I am still carrying on.*

No complaints, Mr Menon. Keep carrying on.

## Mind Your Dream

**I**N RESPONSE to my request for case histories of dreams coming true, I have had several responses and I quote one here from C. V. Kripalani.

*It was in 1934, when we were residing in Hyderabad, Sind, that due to financial difficulties, my widowed mother, Mrs Mor Varunai Kripalani, was forced to dispose of her few gold ornaments. At that time, my mother was in the habit of daily visiting a mandir and there she came in contact with a woman of her age. During a long period of friendship my mother never even once asked her name or address nor did the other lady ask the same of mother. When my mother was forced by circumstances to sell her ornaments, she asked her new friend to sell them on her behalf which she readily agreed to do. My mother handed the ornaments over to her friend with a request for quick disposal. That was the last she saw of her friend for from the next day onward the latter was not to be seen at the mandir. Days passed and weeks, but there was no sign of the lady. My mother made enquiries with several people but nobody seemed to know the woman's name, let alone her address. My mother remained unperturbed. One morning she woke up and told her children that she dreamt at night and in the dream came to know that her friend's name is Parpati and that she was residing near a barber's shop in Jhuramalani Lane in Chodki Bazaar.*

*This was on my way to school and mother asked me to take her there. At first I refused, but agreed later just to prove that dreams don't come true. You would not believe me when I say that the woman was indeed actually residing at the address my mother was informed of in her dream. The woman had been ill and in bed for weeks and not knowing my own mother's name and address had been unable to communicate with her. My mother took back her ornaments with a sigh of relief. Her dream indeed had been proved true.*

## Nice and Lovely

**I** had been warned that that lovely young singer Nazia Hasan was coming to see me, but I was under the impression that she was a mature woman and so, when a couple came in to pay a call, I mistook the lady for Nazia; to my embarrassment it was

not Nazia, but her mother, a beautiful woman of Rajput stock. However she was soon followed by Nazia herself, all of fifteen and a real teenager and her brother, not much older than her. I ordered tea for the family while we were chatting, when the entire *Weekly* staff trooped into my office with a request that I ask Nazia to sing to them. I protested, but Nazia was neither fazed nor upset and stood up without any hesitation and sang her hit song and another one. I never met a lovelier child—for that was what she was—so completely natural and unspoilt. She said she had had no formal training of any kind; her brother composed songs and she sang them for the heck of it and her success rather surprised her.

It didn't others and—after hearing her, without any accompaniment, mind you, except the pleased stares of my colleagues—it didn't me. I congratulated her parents. To be a star overnight and yet to be so totally free of any pretence calls for a family upbringing of a high order. I envy the Hasans.

## Antulay Al Raschid

**M**AHARASHTRA has an enterprising Chief Minister these days in A.R. Antulay who has been taking time off at nights to pay courtesy calls on the city's *speakeasies*, accompanied by high police officials. I have all along been under the impression that the days of Haroun Al Raschid—blessed be his name—were long over, but evidently I am wrong. We have a successor to Haroun in Mr Antulay, whose time, I submit, could have been better used than prowling along between the unholy hours of midnight and 3 a.m. looking into our vice dens. A happily married man like Mr Antulay should be staying at home. For one thing I understand that the Chief Minister is very knowledgeable in such matters as crime, and other unhealthy operations and does not need his police to instruct him in the ways of the underworld. For another, now that he has made his rounds and is proven to know who is where, will he see to it that the *speakeasies* are closed down? How come that his top cops knew where these were but have not moved to put them out of commission all these days? What sort of efficiency is this, pray? How will the subsequent disbanding of the prohibition and anti-gambling squads—or the Chief Minister's expressed hope that "his visit to these places would improve matters"—really mend the situation? And what sort of publicity gimmick is this that leaves a bad taste in the mouth?

M. V. K.



**"The situation in the North-East has been allowed to deteriorate for too long. But Mrs Gandhi is capable of dealing with it decisively."**

DELHI has been agog with visits of foreign dignitaries and parliamentary activities. The debate on the demands of Defence and External Affairs aroused some interest otherwise the session was rather dull. The visit of the Pakistani Foreign Minister was a damp squib and failed to fulfil the hopes and expectations that had been aroused in some circles for a better understanding between the two countries. His invitation to leaders of opposition parties aroused some curiosity, but what surprised and amused everyone was an invitation to breakfast to one who overstayed. It is hoped that when our Foreign Minister visits Pakistan he will return the compliment by inviting opposition leaders there.

The situation in the North-East continues to cause anxiety but there are some indications that a meaningful dialogue between the student and their leaders and the Government may start soon.

The onset of the monsoon has raised hopes of a good harvest but the level of prices of essential commodities continues to remain high.

### In Full Command

The post Sanjay picture of Indian politics is slowly emerging but the contours are not yet quite clear. Mr. Gandhi is holding her cards close to her chest though there is no doubt that she is aware of the problems and is in full command. However, the expected change in the State and Central Governments have not yet come and are likely to take some time. It is generally felt that some additions or alterations will take place after the Parliament session.

Some ambassadorial appointments, State governorships and a few changes in the Central ministers and secretaries are in the offing. Various names are being floated. One Delhi paper even went to the extent of reporting that the writer of this column was going to replace the Foreign Minister! One can forgive ignorance but not such deliberate distortion.

Several proposals have been put up but the Prime Minister is yet to give her approval. She is careful and cautious, weighing



# Delhi Kauling

## Government Must Govern



**COURTING CHRIST MLAs from Assam and members of the Rightist group are demonstrating in New Delhi in June**

various considerations in her mind before giving her decision. Perhaps this is just as well after an era of 'instant' decisions. Quick decisions are sometimes good but sometimes bad. It is better to wait for a good decision than ask for a quick one which may turn out bad. As the old Persian proverb says: *ayad durust ayad* (what comes late comes correct). This is particularly true in a situation like this.

However, some decisions cannot wait for further delay. The situation in the North-East is an example. It has been allowed to

simmer and deteriorate for the last few years and has reached a boiling point. The speed and the manner with which it is tackled now will determine its success or failure. The politicians have proved ineffective, the students are being exploited by interested parties, the minorities are held as hostages, there is human tragedy and cruelty on a considerable scale. Besides all this, the integrity, unity and stability of the country are at stake.

The general feeling is that government must govern, establish respect for law and order and

simultaneously take steps to create confidence in the hearts and minds of the people and remove their genuine and reasonable grievances.

Repercussions of Assam are being felt in other parts of the country and voices are being raised in various quarters for greater autonomy or even separatism. This trouble must be nipped in the bud or it can grow like a weed and disfigure the garden that is India. The Prime Minister is clear and firm, she has vision and imagination. But, some of her own tools and instruments and some opposition leaders are playing politics with national interests.

### Delay Is Dangerous

What is needed is a good and efficient administration. It is hoped that the new Governor of Assam will be able to ensure this, if he has the cooperation of the Home Ministry. But, what is more important is to go ahead with economic reforms, restoration of communications and making a dent on the foreigners' issue. Why does not the Government go ahead with making a register on the basis of 1971 and see what it involves? Why does not the Government examine all other cases on the basis of the Constitution and ascertain the magnitude of the numbers involved? If this is done immediately the problem could be broken into bits and with fair play the problem can be licked. Delay and hesitation will only further complicate the problem.

Such are the feelings and sentiments being expressed in Delhi and all over the country. Mrs Gandhi is clear in her own mind but wants to take all parties along with her in a national problem like this. That is understandable but any further delay is likely to be dangerous.

Dissipatory trends must not be allowed to grow. Some political parties are blowing up local issues out of all proportion. They will not leave any stone unturned to embarrass the Government. A situation like the pre-emergency period may well develop if urgent action is not taken to stop these anti-national trends.

Mrs Gandhi has been at the helm of affairs for over six months. She is facing a difficult economic situation, a problem of internal law and order and security against external threats. She is capable of dealing with it and people expect her to act decisively and promptly. The wags ask 'Will she?' Those who know her say 'Yes'.

**T. N. KAUL**



# An Ill-Timed Recognition

**The question is whether India's recognition of the Heng Samrin regime will help reduce tension and establish stability in the region.**

**The author was Minister of State for External Affairs in the Janata Government.**

**by Samarendra Kundu**

**I** WAS travelling by train when a fellow passenger broke the news to me that the Government of India had recognised the Heng Samrin Government of Kampuchea. I was not really surprised and said: "The inevitable has happened. The recognition of Kampuchea is in line with the present Government's policy towards Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. It is strange that such a short-sighted policy should be adopted."

It is a pity that the Government of India chose the wrong time to recognise the Heng Samrin regime—when there is tension on the Thai border and when ASEAN has taken a strong position against that regime. Recognition at this time is against the interests of India and is bound to tarnish its image as a dynamic non-aligned nation.

The hope that India will fill the void created by the death of Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia in the non-aligned movement has received a setback. The recognition of the Heng Samrin Government was soon followed by an announcement in Parliament by Mr Narasimha Rao welcoming Chinese overtures to discuss the border issue. It was almost as if this was a clever manoeuvre to pour cold water on our slightly warming relations with China.

After the defeat of American forces in Vietnam, the Vietnamese were held in high esteem. The victory of the liberation movement in Vietnam lent a new dimension to the Asian personality. It was as if awakened Asia had taken a new birth and I was seized with the feeling that India must play its role in re-establishing Asia's honour and identity. Asia must regain its Asian-hood by closer economic and cultural cooperation among its nations and by banishing strife and tension from various parts of the continent. And, after 1975, there was an opportunity to test this idea in concrete terms in South-East Asia.

We were faced with the triple task of establishing cultural relations with these countries, helping Vietnam in its national reconstruction programme and beginning a dialogue with the ASEAN countries. In March 1977, the Janata Government came to power in Delhi. I was appointed Minister of State for External Affairs and South-East Asia was put in my charge.

We decided in our humble way to try to reduce tension and strife in this area and to establish new economic and cultural bonds. I decided to visit Vietnam and the ASEAN countries early in February 1978. The economic delegation to Vietnam was raised from the secretary's to the ministerial level. I toured Vietnam, North and



**CHEERS.** The author with Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong at Hanoi in February 1978.

South, for a week and met their top leaders. I was distressed to see traces of a war-ravaged country but was glad to find the determination of its people to rebuild their country.

Mr Pham Van Dong, the Prime Minister, said Vietnam's friendship with India was like "the blue serene sky". When he paid a return visit to India, I toured the country with him for three days. New bridges of friendship were built. We sanctioned Rs 40 crores of commercial and government to government credit on easy terms. They bought our rail wagons and engines and some Murra milching buffaloes. We helped them set up agriculture research stations and industry. We made sure that all our promises were fulfilled and that supplies were despatched in time. It was a challenging but rewarding task. Indo-Vietnamese friendship touched a new high. Those were wonderful days.

However, we realised that ASEAN (the Philippines, Thailand, Singapore, Indonesia, Malaysia) is not a military block as it was commonly viewed. We decided to start a dialogue with ASEAN on economic cooperation. We told the Vietnamese of our assessment of ASEAN and they agreed with it. I conveyed the gist of the discussion I had with Pham Van Dong to the Thai Foreign Minister at Bangkok on my return journey from Hanoi. A new friendship between Vietnam and the ASEAN countries developed. Mr Pham Van Dong toured different countries of ASEAN and promised them Vietnam's sincere friendship.

During the last phase of our tour of Vietnam, if I remember correctly, we heard over the radio and read in the papers in Hanoi of a peace proposal announced by the Vietnamese Government with a view to solving their border problem with

Kampuchea. The Vietnamese had proposed withdrawal of both sides from the border by five kilometres and negotiations to end the crisis. I was indeed happy about this gesture of Vietnam and welcomed it as a "constructive" proposal.

The object of recounting these incidents is to point out how a region, which had been plagued by a devastating war, was slowly becoming free of tension. Suddenly, there was a setback. It was noticed towards early 1979 that the Vietnamese leaned more towards the USSR, maybe because of new threats from China across the border and the Soviet strategy of maintaining a solid hold on the region to keep the expanding US-Pak-China axis out of Indochina. Vietnam became a member of COMICON and became bound by a military treaty with the USSR. Then came Vietnam's invasion of Kampuchea. It set up Heng Samrin as the Prime Minister of Kampuchea. Pol Pot had fled to the hills but continued to wage guerrilla warfare. The Heng Samrin Government is sustained by Vietnamese support and is expected to fall when that support is withdrawn.

The question is whether, in such circumstances, India's recognition of the Heng Samrin regime will help the "reduction of tension and the enhancement of regional stability" which, according to Mr P. V. Narasimha Rao, is an important requirement of the region. Again, Mr Rao theorises that, "in our view, which is shared by many Governments in the region, these problems can best be tackled by peaceful discussion between the countries concerned and by avoiding the entry into the region of outside great power influences and rivalries with all their undesirable consequences". Does the action follow the precept? Why then this inconsistency and veiled hypocrisy? Is it not a tall claim to say we will "intensify our dialogue" with the ASEAN countries in this situation?

It is strange that Mr Rao has indulged in platitudes and wild promises while the action taken runs counter to them. These assertions are a bundle of contradictions.

I believe that all the good things that Mr Rao naively hopes will happen will not happen and that our action in positively favouring Heng Samrin will rather help to increase the tension and strife and make this region another hotbed of super-power rivalry.

The Chinese have described our action as "exceptionally regrettable" and different countries of ASEAN have issued statements casting doubt about our non-aligned character, vowing to stop economic cooperation with us, accusing us of being pro-Soviet, etc. Some of them have even suggested that they have now to think of ASEAN as a military alliance due to the new situation in this region. Well, this is the miserable outcome of the short-sighted policy adopted by India. One has to assume that India is pushed to the wall by some unseen force and made to take this untimely and undesirable step against its own interests.

In Delhi, in the last week of June, a friend of mine and I, in the company of a diplomat, were appreciating India's small shift in foreign policy towards relative independence. Some of the recent utterances of Mr Rao regarding Afghanistan, the appreciation of the Chinese offer





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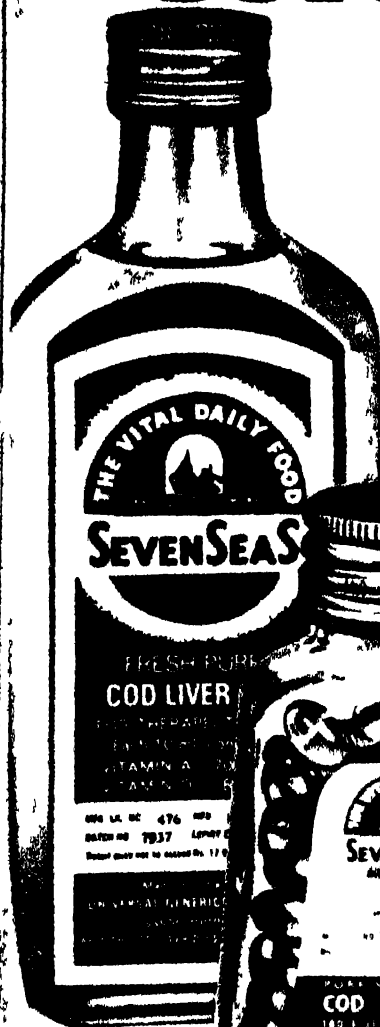


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to discuss the border problems, the decision to participate in the much-awaited ASEAN Foreign Ministers' Conference—all within a few weeks—were indeed a refreshing change. But now it seems all the freshness has died out of our foreign policy.

I had telephoned Mr Rao to see him on the evening of June 27, 1980. But the interview did not materialise as he had to suddenly leave Delhi to visit his ailing mother. He had also cancelled his booking on the next day's flight to Kuala Lumpur to attend the meeting of the ASEAN Foreign Ministers. At that moment I was sad that Mr Rao put off, or had to put off as the case maybe, the Kuala Lumpur visit but, later on when I learnt that India had recognised the Heng Samrin Government, I thought it better not to attend than to attend and cut a sorry figure in their company.

We read in the press that the Chinese Foreign Minister, Mr Huang Hua, is to visit India to return Mr Vajpayee's visit to China. The invitation was, perhaps, orally renewed by Mrs Indira Gandhi at Belgrade. But would the heavens have fallen had India put off the recognition until after the Chinese Foreign Minister's visit? Had the visit to the ASEAN meet materialised, it would have helped Mr Rao to assess personally ASEAN's views on this matter. What was the great and unseemly hurry about? The only thing that comes to one's mind is that India's limited and belated act of independence had to be, perhaps, balanced by an exhibition of loyalty and therefore this ignominious step. India's foreign policy, which should be based on national consensus, should hardly be reduced to a balancing trick performed by Mrs Indira Gandhi and Mr Rao.

There is no doubt that every Indian values Soviet friendship deeply. The USSR has provided us with

much help at every critical moment of our country's life. During Janata rule our friendship with the USSR touched a new high. The Soviets are equally keen to strengthen their friendship with India on equal terms. My feeling is that when one reasons out and explains to the Soviets a point of view, they seem to understand and agree.

If my recollections are correct, when Kosygin came to India this matter was taken up by the Russians with our Prime Minister. Our point of view was explained to them and they accepted it without rancour or misgiving and did not insist on our recognising the Heng Samrin regime. The point is, it depends how one acts as the representative of a free, independent and great nation and decides to work without fear or favour when trusted with the task of implementing a policy of animosity to none and friendship with all.

There is no love lost for the Pol Pot Government either. From all counts, it was one of the most brutal and thousands of people were massacred and tortured during a regime which was keen to experiment with a new communist system of currency-less administration and city-less life. Some reports have even suggested that in this mad adventure more than a million people have been annihilated. Even some Americans have welcomed the Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea just to be relieved of the horrors of the Pol Pot administration. But as we are situated today, no country can prescribe the cure of armed insurrection or intervention to another. This is bound to give rise to a world conflagration and once it starts everything will be reduced to ashes. There are other ways of finding solutions to such problems. Some effort was made in this direction, but my complaint is that, by taking a certain fixed posture, India lost the leverage and manoeuvrability necessary to achieve this big task.

For many years the criterion evolved for according recognition to a government has been how far the regime in question has an effective hold on the countryside and the people. In this particular case everyone knows that in a sizable area, mostly in the mountains, Pol Pot's Government is well entrenched. It cannot be said that Heng Samrin has effective control all over the countryside.

I remember how my travel plans to Uganda had to be put off several times because our Government could not recognise the new Government of Uganda since we wanted to be sure that Idi Amin had no hold on its territory whatsoever, even though the new government was already established at Kampala with Prof Lule as its President. While at Lusaka, I heard that the last town held by Idi Amin had fallen and I immediately got in touch with Delhi and the recognition of the new regime was accorded. I flew straight from Lusaka to Kampala to convey our good wishes to the new Government and have the honour to be the first Minister from my country to visit Prof Lule's Government in Kampala.

In several other instances, we had taken a strong position against the presence of foreign troops in another country. Though this was sometimes resented even by some non-aligned countries we stuck to our guns. And, consequently, I found it had a sobering effect on those who advocated the inevitability of foreign intervention in another country.

Out of fear or favour, or by mistake, if a country or its leaders lose the required objectivity, correct vision and sensibility, the advantages of belonging to an independent nation and projecting its independent policy in the world arena with courage and determination will be lost.

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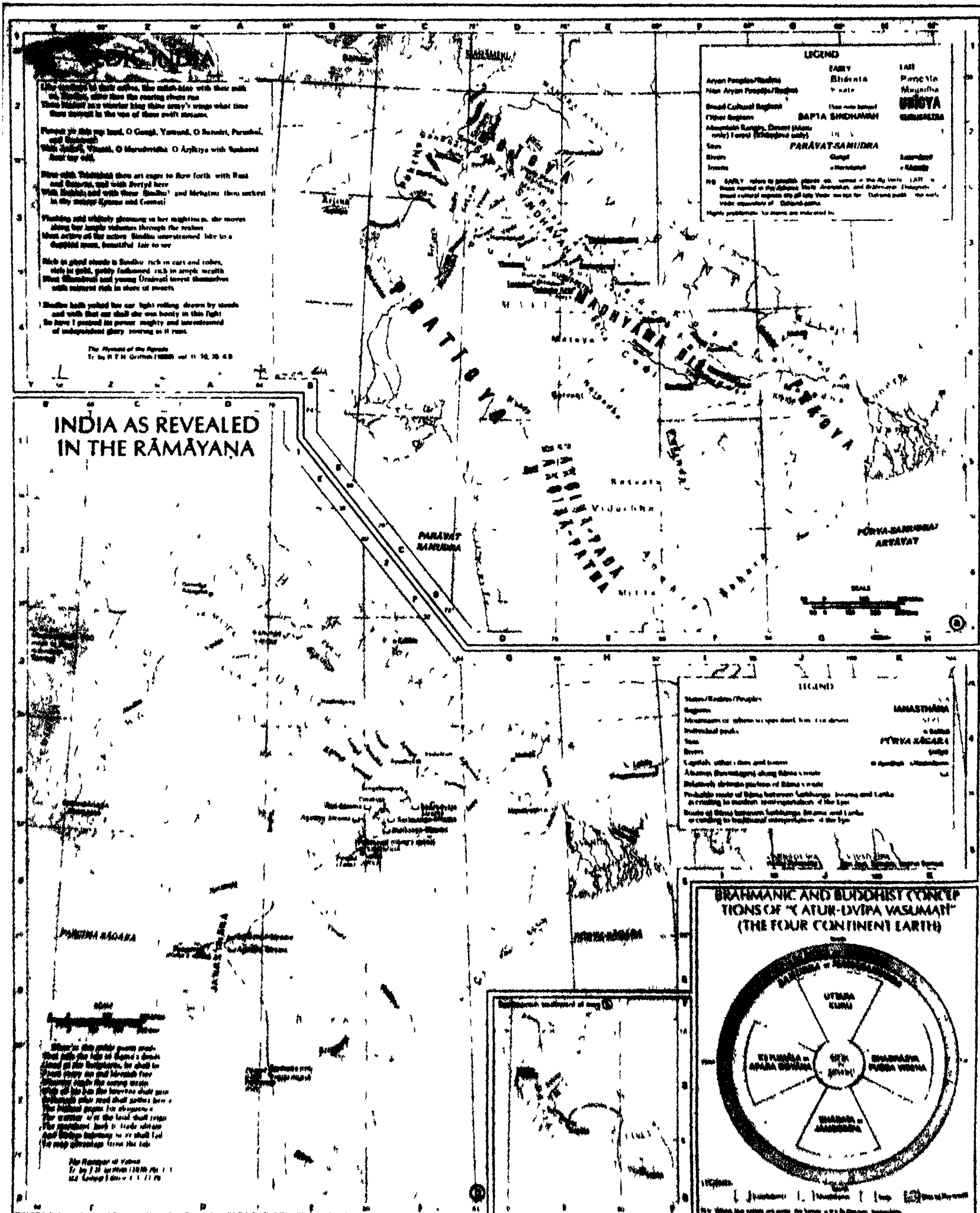
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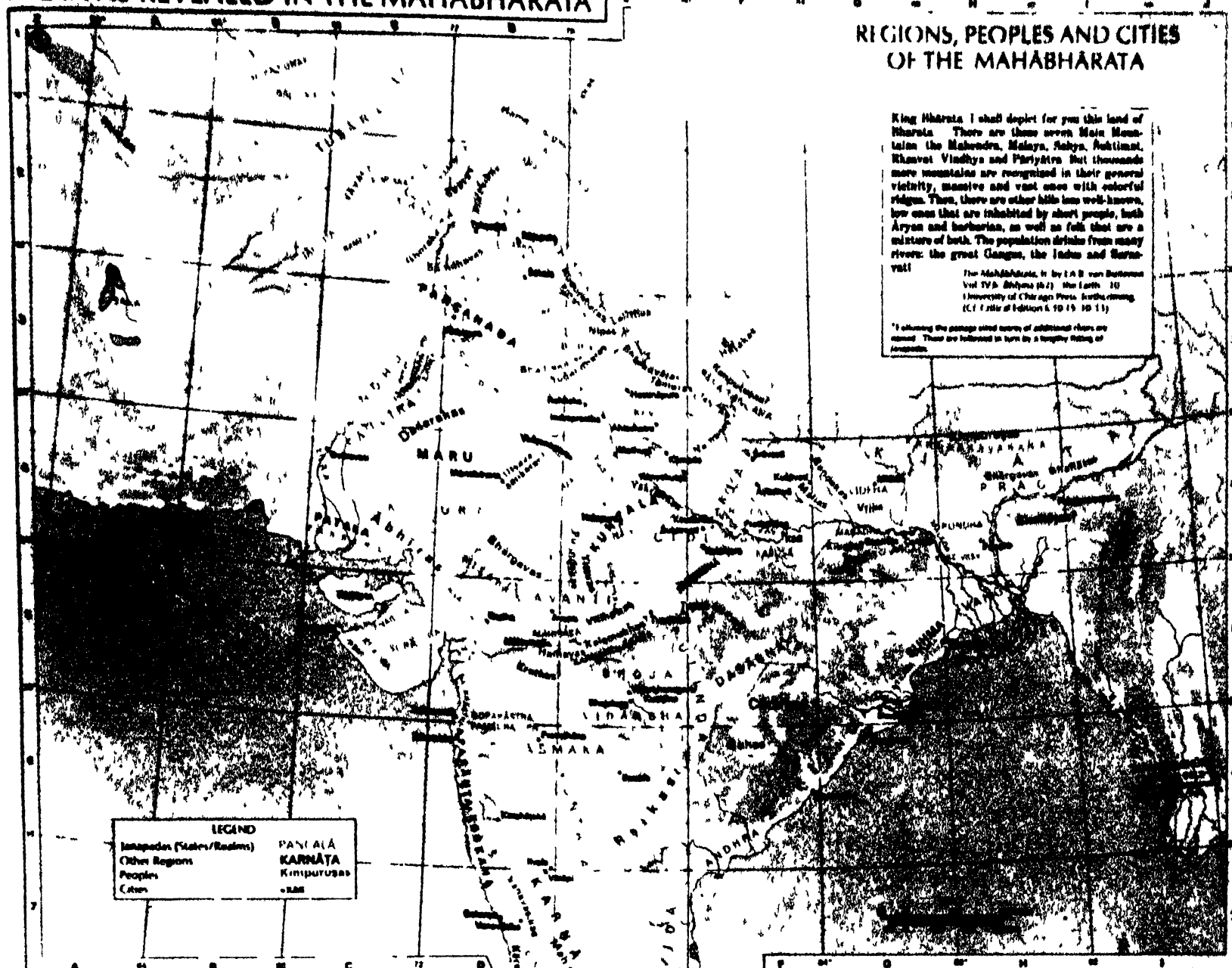
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# A Treasury of Maps

# INDIA AS REVEALED IN THE MAHĀBHĀRATA



## REGIONS, PEOPLES AND CITIES OF THE MAHĀBHĀRATA

King Bhishma I shall depict for you this land of Bharata. There are three seven Main Mountains the Mahendra, Malaya, Sahya, Sahimant, Kharvat Vindhya and Parvata. But thousands more mountains are recognized in their general vicinity, massive and vast ones with colorful ridges. Then, there are other hills less well-known, low ones that are inhabited by short people, both Aryan and barbarian, as well as folk that are a mixture of both. The population drinks from many rivers: the great Ganges, the Indus and Saraswati.

The Mahābhārata, by E.A. B. van Buitenen, Vol. IV, (Shyama 1972) the Earth, 10 University of Chicago Press, South Kensington, C.I. 1 (1972) Edition 6, 10 (1972) 11.

\* Following the passage cited many of additional rivers are named. These are followed in turn by a lengthy listing of countries.

**LEGEND**  
 Janapada (States/Realms)  
 Other Regions  
 Peoples  
 Cities  
 PANJALA  
 KARNATA  
 KIMPURUSA  
 KASHI

**BHARATAVARSHA** with its warring kingdoms. The compilers have tried to reconcile "divergent views of modern scholarship over significant portions of the toponymic and ethnographic data..."

work of monumental proportions. My first feeling on thumbing through the atlas was one of envy how imaginative and resourceful are foreign universities and how dedicated and knowledgeable are their teachers and research workers. What our own universities lack is not money but the will to produce works of scholarship.

The atlas owes its origin to Charles Lesley Ames of Saint Paul, Minnesota, whose interest in India was awakened by W. H. Fitchett's *Tale of the Great Mutiny*. Ames developed a gargantuan hunger for knowledge of India and its neighbourhood and he devoured whatever books on the subject fell into his hands. He travelled widely in the region gathering books on his way just as an ordinary tourist would collect trinkets and souvenirs. In this manner he painstakingly accumulated what came to be called the Ames Library of South Asia which, at the time it was gifted to the University of Minnesota, comprised 80,000 items, including more than 25,000 bound volumes and some 700 priceless maps.

How best to make use of the Ames Library? This question was considered by the late Jan Otto Marius Brock and Burton Stein, then professors of geography and history respectively at Minnesota. Brock was a specialist in South-East Asia and Stein in the history of South India. They conceived the idea of a historical atlas.

"It is a cartographic work of monumental proportions."

### Facing page:

The map of Vedic India seeks to portray the probable ethnic distribution and geographic knowledge from the scanty references in the Vedic texts. In the upper left corner is a translation of the River Hymn (Nadistuti) from the Rigveda. In the Ramayana map the focus shifts from the Kuru-Panchala region in the upper Ganga-Yamuna doab, which looms so large in the context of the Vedas, to Kosala with its capital Ayodhya.

**M**APS are great fun. They are also immensely useful. They have been indispensable to buccanniers, explorers, generals, travellers and treasure-hunters. Given an atlas you can let yourself go—sitting in your arm-chair. Like Vamana you can cover the distance between the North Pole and Antarctica in one pace, you can roam the steppes of Siberia and the pampas of South America. An atlas is also a time-machine on which you can travel into the past if not into the future. Such an atlas is a textbook of history without tears.

A magic casement\* that has come to my hands opens up a great vista spanning some 5,000 years of the history of South Asia. The countries included are India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Afghanistan, Nepal, Bhutan, the Maldives and, marginally, Burma. One cannot but express one's admiration for what must be regarded as a cartographic

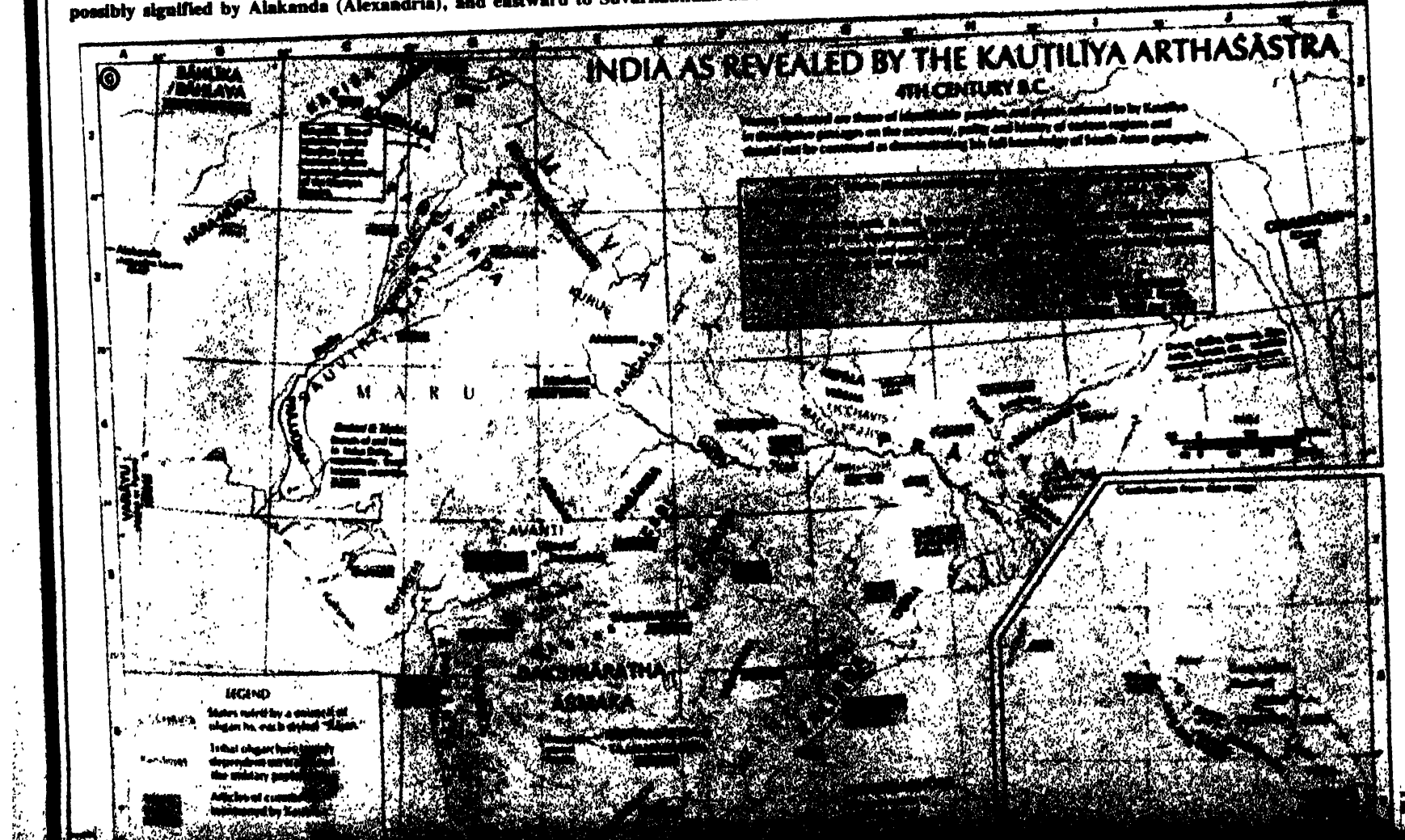
\* *A Historical Atlas of South Asia: Edited by Joseph E. Schwartzberg; The University of Chicago Press, Distributed in India by Oxford University Press; Rs 1,200*





PANINI (5th or early 4th century BC) provides the names of virtually all major realms and peoples from the Oxus in the north-west to the Godavari in the south. He is the first authority to mention Surmasa, a region identified on the map with the Surma valley in Bangladesh.

KAUTILYA extends geographic knowledge to the extremities of the subcontinent: westward to Vanayu (Arabia or Persia) and perhaps to Egypt, possibly signified by Alakanda (Alexandria), and eastward to Suvarnabhumi and China.



of South Asia and Ames established a fund in 1962 for a graduate fellowship in the "historical cartography of South Asia".

Work on the project began in 1964 with Joseph E. Schwartzberg of the University of Pennsylvania as editor. Prof Schwartzberg says modestly that he had "no great knowledge of South Asian history". He got together a team of able historians and

cartographers, among them Raj B. Mathur, who was persuaded to leave his job with the Indian Statistical Institute, and Shiva G. Bajpai, who had a doctorate from the School of Oriental and African Studies at London University. Other members of the team: Hameed Ud-din, Lawrence S. Leshnik, Monique E. Schwartzberg, Donna Scott and Eleanor M. Zelliott. The project had ups and downs and it took 12 years for the final draft to be delivered to the University of Chicago Press.

The work contains 158 plates, most of them in colour, 650 original maps and a number of chronological charts, tables, photographs and line drawings. As far as India is concerned, the editors have rejected the conventional division into the Hindu, Muslim and British periods, or the ancient, medieval and modern periods, and have generally followed the scheme of the *History and Culture of the Indian People* edited by R. C. Majumdar. There are five sections: the maps, the text, the bibliography, the index and the inserts (two overlay maps and three chronological charts).

The aim of the atlas, according to the compilers, is to redress "a conspicuous imbalance in the presentation of South Asian history, which, despite the recent growth and vigour of the historical profession within the region, remains excessively preoccupied, in our judgement, with the impact of the West on South Asia and with the roles played by specific Westerners. As a simple illustration of a corrective, to be found nowhere else, we cite our map of 'Centres of South Asian Religious Movements Abroad'. Maps of Western missionary activity in India, by contrast, can be found in abundance." In other words, the atlas claims to be free from the usual Western bias of seeing us from a superior position.

The work is encyclopaedic in character. Apart from history, it contains economic geography, demography, religious and social movements. There are maps showing the distribution of religious communities, the pilgrim centres of all religious groups. There is a wealth of information on major and minor languages, the evolution of linguistic States in India, literacy, scripts, higher education, ethnic groups, migration of population, agriculture, employment, industry, transport. There is even a map entitled "Fiction in English on Life in South-Asia". Included in this are not only fiction written originally in English, but translations from Indian languages. Other interesting items: a map including rural house types; maps representing the growth and development of selected cities; ethnographic studies of South Asia with a list of books and authors.

Each map is packed with information. There are appropriate quotations from texts during the relevant period, photographs of contemporary art, etc. (It is because the maps are too "crowded" that our own reproductions are not satisfactory.) To give an idea of the exhaustive nature of the work, we may cite maps showing India as revealed by Panini's *Ashadhyayi* and Kautilya's *Arthashastra*, religious and cultural sites of the post-Mauryan period, the site plan of Takshashila, the routes of Chinese travellers, Arab and Western knowledge of the region.

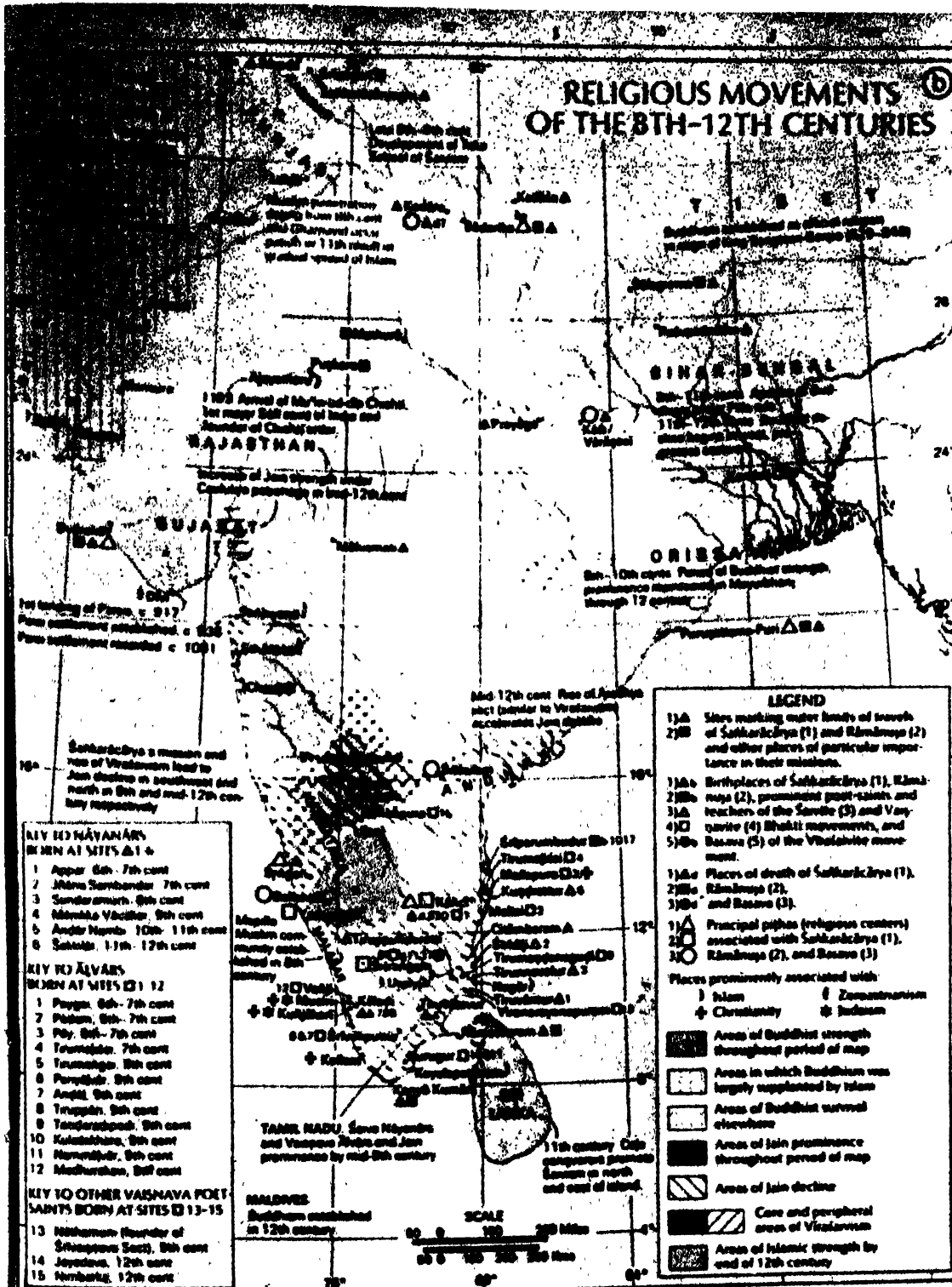
It is surprising that a work which represents the cultural and religious developments of the region in such detail should have nothing of mathematics, science, medicine, metallurgy, etc. Aryabhata is not even mentioned. Nor is there much about literature, not even classical Sanskrit and Tamil. The South Indian dynasties could have been presented in more detail. So too the prehistoric and protohistoric periods.

Specialists in particular periods and regions may have much to find fault with in the atlas. The textual part, which is a commentary on the maps, tries to reconcile various views on particular aspects of history and it is often illuminating.

For the first time, we have a historical atlas of South Asia (and predominantly of the Indian subcontinent) which is inspired by a rare breadth of vision. As a book of reference and as a work of scholarship it will be invaluable to students and teachers.

R. G. K.

**SITES** associated with major Saivite and Vaishnava saints of the South and areas of decline of Jainism are shown on this map. Also sites associated with Sankara and Ramanuja. An example of the compilers' attention to detail: both probable places of Sankara's samadhi—Kodara and Kanchi—are given.







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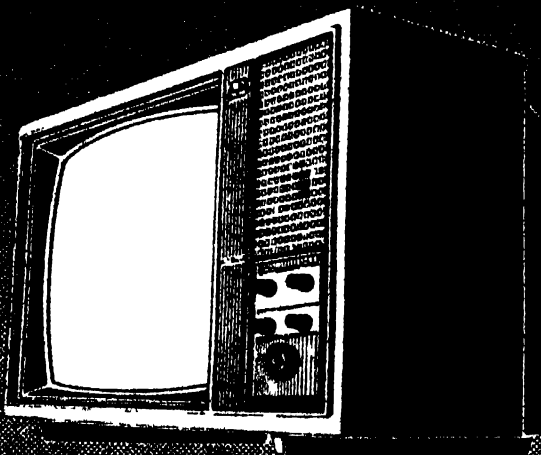
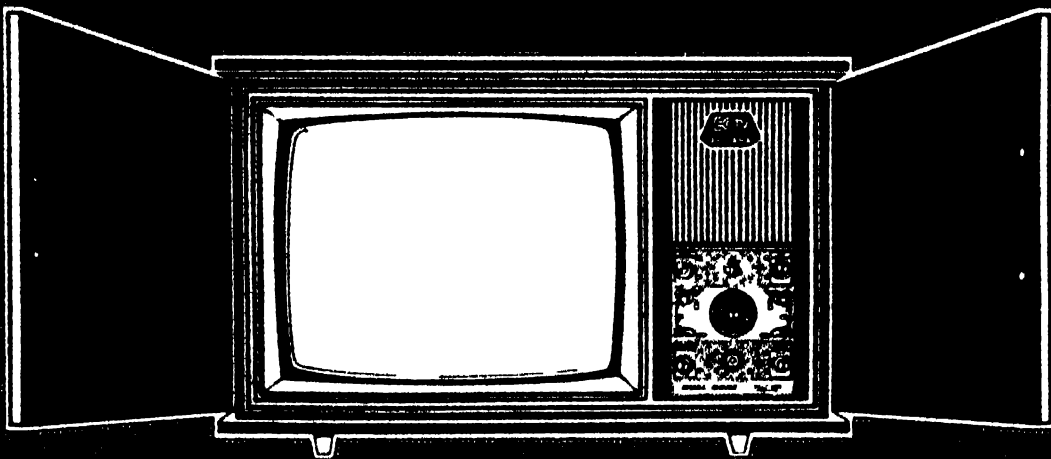


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# The Bimal Roy Only I Knew



**“This is one field in which you give more than you get even when you succeed,” says the author talking of her cineaste husband who won awards galore—all to no avail.**

**by Manobina Roy**

SO much has been written about my husband, Bimal Roy, and his films that anything more on the theme will perhaps be a boring repetition. All famous people are human beings and, in the heyday of their glory and achievements, they acquire a halo—a distance; and people tend to forget that a famous man is also a person who has a normal life, with a wife, children and relations. He may be having certain peculiarities of temperament—certain idiosyncrasies—but, basically, he is a flesh-and-blood human being, like any other.

As far as his films went, my husband was utterly dedicated to the motion picture as an art form. He did not make films for money—he made them because, through them, he could express his love of his fellow beings. The most important thing about his films is the sensitive

approach he had to various problems. The best example is *Sujata*, a beautiful story beautifully told, about an untouchable girl being accepted for what she is—a loving, sacrificing, forgiving human being. The great truth about blood having no distinction, of caste or creed, is told so poignantly that even now, when I see the film, tears come automatically to my eyes.

Anyway, I think the greatest quality my husband had was his humility about himself and his total honesty to his ideal—that of a humanist. He may be called a true socialist: in the sense that he practised socialism—in his work, in his private life—but did not preach it, like others do.

I have been seeing our so-called socialists giving fiery speeches and writing about the oppressed and the oppressors. The fight of the Rich vs the Poor goes on in words, words, but, in reality, I see the same people reaping the harvest when the time comes for them to reap it. The anti-capitalists become capitalists themselves when capital comes into their hands. It becomes difficult for them to remain with the downtrodden, because they cannot resist the magic of wealth and the enjoyment of all that it provides.

My husband established an institution called Bimal Roy

Productions which ran like any well-run institution, with all amenities for its employees. The staff—which was quite sizable—got its salary on the dot, every month, and there was medical allowance, provident fund and the like. The salaries may not have been high, but security everyone had. And each employee, in spite of being a salaried man, was free to work elsewhere to better his prospects.

My husband was a sick man for two years and, during that period, the office staff collected their pay when no work was going on. Because he expected to live, not die. He was responsible for those who looked upon him as a banyan tree.

The tree fell one day.

I took over and found everything in a mess. But I could not give up. There was a legacy of debts—income tax and other creditors—which had to be met. I wanted to keep the Bimal Roy Productions' banner flying, but it was a Himalayan task to clear all debts and start all over again. Still at last—after years of struggle and fight—I won and the income-tax matter was settled.

## Losing Battle

Looking back, I realise how my husband was a remarkable man in more ways than one. He fought a losing battle against malpractices in

**DHOTI, KURTA AUR AWARD!** Bimal Roy (third from left) with his two 1953 Filmfare Awards—for Best Picture (*‘Do Bigha Zamin’*) and Best Direction (same film). Others in the awards' picture are Best Actor Dilip Kumar (for *‘Daag’*), Best Actress Meena Kumari (for *‘Bajju Bawra’*) and Best Music Director Nanshad (for *‘Bajju Bawra’*). Bimal created a furor when he went up stage in dhoti and kurta to collect the first two of 11 Filmfare Awards he won in his lifetime.

the film trade—like black money, running a film to create a silver jubilee even if the film had no merit to run that long. He worked to create solidarity among the leading producers to keep the film industry stable and make it respected. He was ceaselessly trying to better the image of the film industry—he had ideals and wanted to put them into practice. But, alas, he fought a losing battle and ultimately died without achieving anything tangible in this direction, a heartbroken, disillusioned man.

My husband was born in a very old zamindar family of East Bengal, which is now Bangladesh. After Partition, the zamindari was lost, the lands, the fisheries, everything went. Of course, by that time, my husband and his brothers were all working in different places.

My husband was the only one to join films under the celebrated Nitin Bose at New Theatres, starting as a camera boy. It was done under strong protest from his family, who were convinced the film line was a sure way to lose one's character and become a Jebeuch. Anyway, my husband proved them wrong by never touching alcohol or losing his character by acquiring concubines. Instead, he acquired me—and stayed faithful to me all his life, the ideal husband.

### No 'Bigha', No 'Zamin'

When the zamindari was lost, my eldest brother-in-law—who was a professor at Santiniketan—became very upset. I think he was the most attached to his family property. He wanted my husband to sign some documents to prove their claim. Further, a *munim* had been cheating them for quite some time, forging signatures and selling lands, keeping the harvest and all the rest. But my husband refused pointblank to have anything to do with the zamindari and said: "Thank God it's no longer there! Now we'll be free—as workers!"

A man who could say this could never think of amassing wealth or property. My husband had very strong views in the matter of buying or accumulating property. He always

said: "Property means litigation and worry and hatred in the family. Because of property, brother hates brother—and it is greed that spoils the most sacred relationships." How true!

Knowing him as I did and also understanding his moral courage of conviction, I respected him—as others do till today. Do you know, when the income-tax people ultimately realised that my husband never had any hidden wealth—they have ways of finding out, the Chairman of Direct Taxes told me in New Delhi—they had ultimately to scale down the demand by a huge amount. And they congratulated me in glowing terms, saying: "The impossible has happened!"

**I** REMEMBER, I came to Bombay from Calcutta for a very short stay. My husband was assigned to make one film (*Maa*) by Bombay Talkies and he accepted. New Theatres was in bad shape and quite a few Calcutta film-makers and technicians and artistes had come to Bombay to try their luck. My husband was very reluctant to come, but things were getting rather difficult at home, so we came, with two little daughters and four other grown-up men—Hrishikesh Mukherjee, Nabendu Ghosh, Asit Sen and Paul

Mahendra. They were part of our family—as my husband's unit members.

We all lived in the same house in the Malad suburb of Bombay near Bombay Talkies—the house in which Devika Rani and her husband, Himansu Rai, had lived. It was a lovely cottagelike thing, with a big garden full of scented flowers. We lived almost like a family of gypsies. I cooked, fed and generally looked after the grown-up, demanding 'brothers' my husband had brought. I was the universal *Bondi* and, looking back, I think I had the happiest time of my life during that phase.

Ultimately, of course, the men brought their wives, I had to find houses for them, settle them and generally be guardian angel to all and sundry. Then came Salil Chowdhury, Kamal and Montu Bose, Sudhendu Roy, Nazir Hussain and others—and Bimal Roy Productions took shape, my husband became a producer. His first film was *Do Bigha Zamin*. I remember, *Do Bigha Zamin* got very bad write-ups in *The Times of India* and allied papers. *The Times of India* that same year (1953) instituted the Clare (later Filmfare) Awards for the Best Picture of the Year and Best Direction. *Do Bigha Zamin* got both awards: Best Direction and Best Picture—don't ask me how after those reviews!

The functions were glittering, gala affairs, with parties, dinners and what not. And the Clare function was the event of the year. I remember how Gregory Peck flew over to attend it.

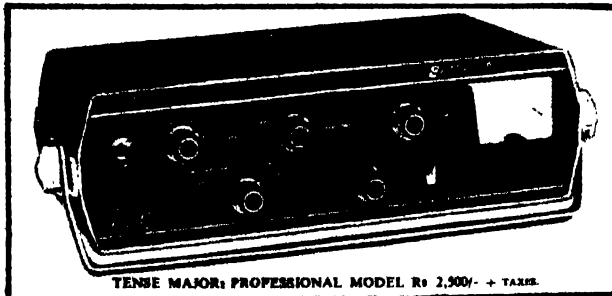
### Nothing Else Mattered

Anyway, the most interesting fact is that my husband—in dhoti, kurta and chappals—went up on stage to receive the awards, creating quite a furore among a number of film personalities—there were derogatory comments. I overheard them. But nothing mattered. I sat there, watching my shy, young husband stand on stage with an award in either hand, grinning like a schoolboy, his face growing pink with embarrassment! He won 11 Filmfare Awards in his lifetime—for Best Picture and Best Direction—for movies ranging from *Do Bigha Zamin*, *Parineeta*, *Biraj Bahu*, *Madhumati*, *Sujata* and *Purakh to Bandini*. "One more and I make a round dozen," he would say. Soon he was no more.

God heard him and took him away, so that I see only 11 Filmfare statuettes standing in a row in our hall and think of the 12th one which he never got. Even if he had got it, it would perhaps only have added to his heartbreak. For this is one field in which you give more than you get even when you succeed....

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**2. An under-inflated tyre can waste 10% petrol!**

Tests show that under-inflated tyres increase rolling resistance leading to higher petrol consumption. A 25% decrease in tyre pressure can cost you 5-10% more on fuel consumption and 25% on tyre life.

**3. Rush hour and stop-and-go traffic can double fuel consumption!**

You consume less fuel if you take a less congested route, even if it is slightly longer. In fact, fuel consumption in city driving is related more closely to travel time than to distances—your vehicle consumes double the normal fuel in a highly congested road.

**4. A reduction of weight by 45 kg. can save 2% in petrol in city driving.**

Unnecessary loads increase fuel consumption. Do you really need to carry the luggage rack and the 100 odd things in the boot all the time?

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As you know, a pressure cooker is the fastest, most economical way to cook. But to get the best out of it, use the cooker's separators to cook rice, dal, boil vegetables, all at the same time. Think of the fuel saved!

**4. A smaller burner or stove can save 10% in fuel!**

The larger burner cooks food faster but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner makes your fuel last longer.

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**He was not man enough to take responsibility for his transgression and sought to absolve himself by confessing his guilt to his wife. But she thought differently!**

**S**HE put down the receiver and held her head in her hands. She had lost count of the number of times the telephone bell had rung and someone had asked, "May I speak to Mr Shanmugam, please?" and she had answered, "Sorry, he is not in station". To a colleague from the office her reply had been, "He has gone to our native place about an urgent family matter". To a personal friend, the reply became, "He left suddenly for Ahmedabad on a business trip". If not Ahmedabad it was Delhi, Bombay, Mysore whichever name occurred to her at the moment. Specifying a place made it sound real and convincing.

To think that she had had to lie even to Vina!

The telephone rang again. She picked up the receiver "Hello, Mrs Shanmugam here."

"It is me, Amma!"

"Vina? What is it?"

"I want to speak to Appa."

"Your father has not returned yet."

"Not yet? He has been away for days."

"What is to be done, Vina? He has gone on official work and cannot return without completing it. Moreover, the flights are uncertain because of the lock-out in Indian Airlines. It he is

coming from Delhi by train that will take two days."

Delhi? But the other day you said he had gone to Kurnool."

Oh yes, of course. You are all the time thinking of your father, Vina. Here I am your mother, but you don't seem to be glad about talking to me!"

Come on, Amma, that isn't fair! You know I talked to you for a long time only the day before yesterday. But I miss Appa."

What a papa's girl! See to it that your husband doesn't tease you about it!"

He's here, right now, doing precisely that."

There! What did I tell you? You are a married girl now and should behave like one. I'll ask your father to call you as soon as he gets back. Don't ring up for him again. Anjali put the receiver down. She must be careful to remember the place she had specified to each person.

*A Similar  
Feeling*

by  
CHUDAMANI RAGHAVAN



The anguish came rushing up from her innards. Her hands flew to hold her mouth now, not her head, to keep the sobs down.

She had not imagined that her husband would suddenly change like this. For 46 years he had been true to his wife and never looked at another woman. And now, in one sweeping moment, all that had crumbled to dust. She felt that there was no one or nothing she could trust any more.

Shanmugam, when he left, had told her that he was going to Madurai to complete a business deal for the insurance company he worked for. It was her younger brother who, returning home that night, had informed her that Shanmugam had not gone alone. The brother had been at the railway station to see a friend off and there he had spotted Shanmugam with his companion. They had not seen him. The brother gave Anjali the news and left on the following day. He had come down to attend Vina's wedding.

VINA'S wedding. It had gone off very well, two weeks ago. Shanmugam had seemed quite his usual self at the time. Vina, the firstborn, was his favourite child. She, too, doted on him. He had nearly broken down while getting his beloved daughter married off. He had scrutinised innumerable alliances in his search for a suitable husband for her and chosen one ultimately. Four days after the wedding, he had gone with his wife to instal his daughter formally in her new home. And then

He had left on his own honeymoon!

The sobs broke out through the restraining palm. Anjali kept weeping for a time. Then, slowly controlling herself, she sank into a sofa.

The house still bore the festive air of the wedding. Over the front entrance, the festoon of mango leaves still hung. There on a table reposed the album containing the wedding photographs. She, Shanmugam and the children had all sat together laughing and joking over the pictures, and the memory was still fresh in her mind.

What had happened to him, all of a sudden? This weakness, after all these years? A weakness he had not known as a young man? Now? After a daughter had been married?

What a shame if anyone came to know of it! Whatever would Vina's in-laws think?

The telephone rang again.

Hello, Mrs Shanmugam speaking."

May I speak to Mr Shanmugam, please? I'm his billiards pal.

'Sorry, he is not in station.'

'Where has he gone?'

'To Nagpur, on official business. He has been gone ten days.'

'When is he expected back?'

I can't say. Would you like to give me your name? I'll ask him to call you as soon as he is back."

She replaced the receiver on its hook. Within two minutes the phone rang again. "Hello, Mrs Shanmugam here."

"Varakkam, madam. It is Vina's father-in-law."

"Oh, varakkam, sari. How is everyone at home?'

"Very well, thank you. Do you remember that I had some colour shots taken at the wedding? The prints have just arrived. Will you and Mr Shanmugam be at home if I bring them over now?'

"I'll be here, of course, but he is not in station."

"Is it? Where's he gone?'

"To... She thought fast. What name had she given to Vina? "To Kurnool, on official business."

"When did he go?'

"About ten days back."

"Why, didn't he take a whole month's leave for Vina's wedding? The poor man seems to have gone back to work immediately after."

"Yes... You see, he took most of the leave before the wedding, to make all the arrangements."

"That makes sense, of course. Do you know when he is getting back?'

"I'm sorry, I can't say for sure. Shall I ask him to call on you as soon as he returns?'

"Please don't bother. I shall phone again in a couple of days."

What good people they are, she mused as she replaced the receiver. Just imagine having to hang down one's head in shame before them! Wouldn't the father's behaviour reflect on the daughter? Why had Shanmugam not considered that?

She got up and paced the floor. She stood still and stared at the wall. She went to the gate and gazed blankly at the passers-by.

Why had he been unfaithful to her now? Because she was growing old?

Anjali had completed forty. It was an undeniable fact that the last birthday had particularly



disturbed her. Bidding farewell to youth, she had felt the same pang as that of parting from a close and long-standing friend.

Slowly she walked back and stood before the full-length mirror on the wardrobe in her room.

A fair skin. Medium height. Natural grace of a slim figure. But Anjali did not register these. She saw, on the fair skin, thin incipient lines running over the forehead and at the corners of eyes and lips. She saw the veins jutting out on the rosy skin of the back of her hand between the ring and the bangles. She saw the smile of time sparkling white amidst her dark, abundant hair.

A sadness shot sharply through her.

She had not concealed the lines on her face or dyed the white streaks black. She did not care for camouflage. The pang at the parting of youth did not make her try to flee old age, nor did it plunge her in perpetual gloom. She was ready for all the stages of life. Nevertheless, the pang had been real. She could feel herself stepping further and further away from youth. Had her husband, too, felt the same loss in her? Was that why he had been disgusted with her and run after a young woman? It was a young woman, her brother had told her that.

Her telephone rang again. She pulled herself together and hurried to answer it. Who could this be? Not Vina again? How many times in a day would she phone?

Hello, Mrs Shanmugam here."

"Mr Shanmugam here, madam."

Her breath quickened. "You?" A stupid question, but she could think of nothing else to say.

"Yes. I am speaking from the railway station. I arrived just a little while ago. How are things at home?'

"..."

'Anjali? Are you there?'

She came to with a start, as if awakened from sleep. "What? Oh yes, here I am. What did you say?'

"You are impossible! I asked you if things were okay at home."

"Yes. Yes, they are."

"How are the children?'

"Fine. Vina rang up at least twenty times in these ten days, wanting to speak to you."

"So she told me."

"Told you?'

"Yes. I rang her up first, before ringing you."

"Oh."

"It seems you told her that I had gone to Andhra Pradesh?'

"Yes."

"Didn't I tell you that I was going to Madurai?'

"Yes. That was what you told me."

"What is that supposed to mean?'

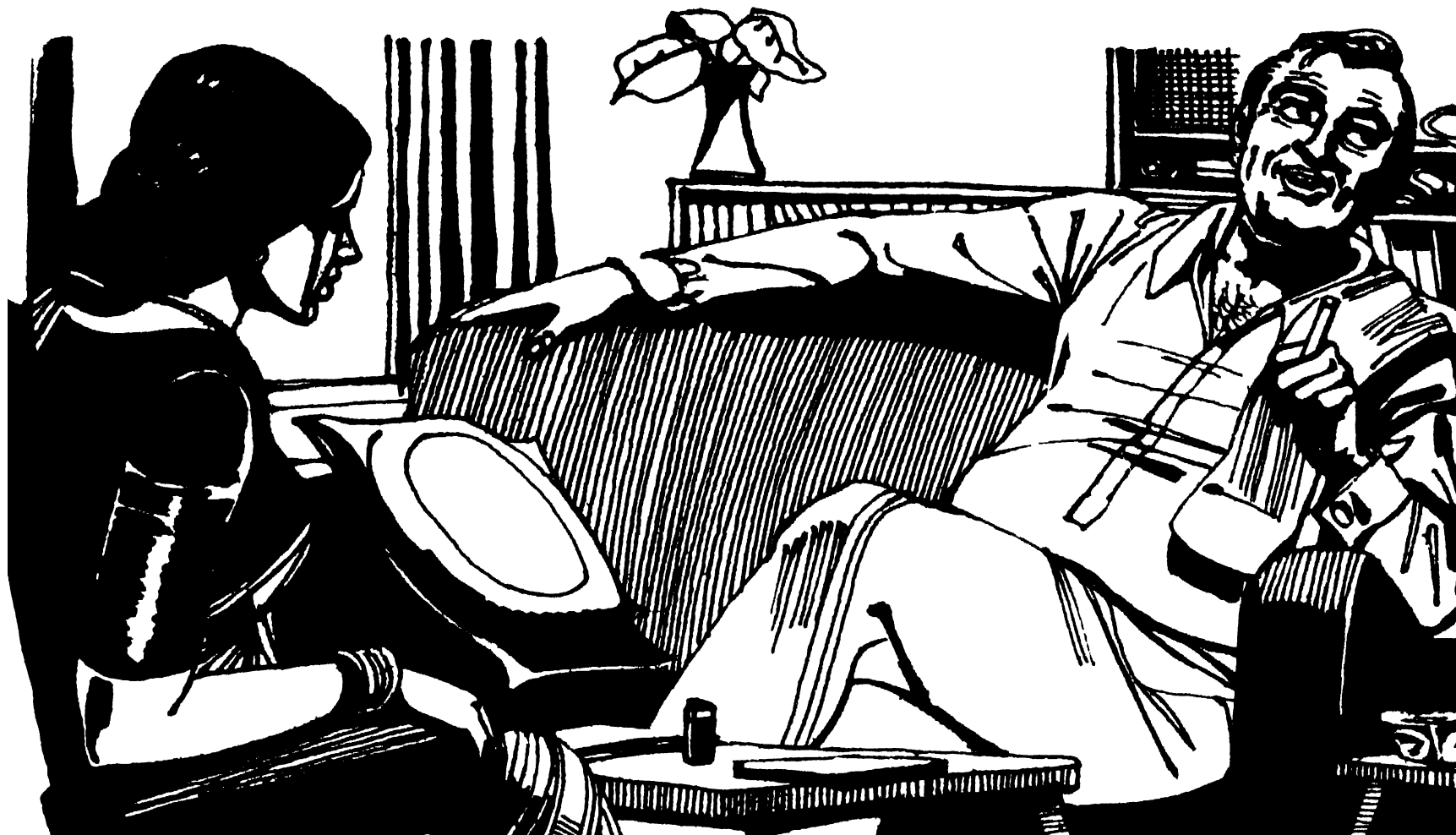
"Nothing. Are you coming home now?'

"Where else would I go?'

"How would I know?'

His voice remained silent for a moment. Then, "Okay, I'll be there in 15 minutes. Have some tiffin ready."

When he arrived, Anjali saw that he looked lively and radiant in spite of being tired from the journey. Shanmugam chatted with the children and ate the snacks his wife had prepared for him. "Let me have a bath and get rid of all this dirt from



ILLUSTRATED BY P. B. KAVADI

the train," he said and went into the bathroom. The splash of water mingled with the soft humming of a song. This was a new habit.

Soon after he arrived the children left for a movie with their friends. It was now seven in the evening. The two of them were alone in the house. For a moment Anjali indignantly thought of broaching the subject and having it out with him. But she felt that she wouldn't be able to bear it. What was the use of digging into the wound? What had happened had happened. As long as he himself did not realise that it was wrong, whatever she said would be futile. And her pride, too, scorned to argue out her rights and plead for justice.

But what did this mean? He came into the drawing room, sat down on a sofa, crossed his legs and said, "Anjali, come here. I have something to tell you."

Was he going to talk about it? Her heart beat fast. Fleeing from danger, she countered, "Why do you want to talk now? You have just returned tired from a journey. Go in and rest. We have all the time in the world for talking later."

"I am not tired. Come and sit down."

"But I am tired. I have still not recovered from being so busy and active for the wedding. On top of that I've been entertaining relatives who came to attend the wedding and were houseguests till yesterday. It will be at least two months before I have thrown off the last traces of fatigue."

"But I am not asking you to exert yourself now. Just sit here and listen to what I have to say."

"Oh dear, I forgot to tell you. Vina's father-in-law telephoned. It seems the colour prints have come in. Shall we go over and look at them? You must give him a ring first thing."

"All that can wait. Come here and sit down, Anjali."

She came walking slowly and sat down on the sofa before him. Her mouth felt dry.

Suddenly a thought struck her. Perhaps he would give her a different explanation? Perhaps her fears had all been without ground? Would any man voluntarily disclose such a matter to his wife?

With new hope she queried, "Is your official business in Madurai over? You don't have to go again, do you?"

"I didn't go on official business."

The dam was broken. Effort to prevent it was of no avail any longer. Whatever the news, she had to listen now. Well, it could just as well be good news, for all she knew. Why would he change now, having been faithful to her all these years?

"I went with a companion, in a purely private capacity. I have not returned from Madurai today. The two of us have returned after being there and to many other places together."

Anjali kept looking at his face.

"My companion was a woman. A young woman. She works in my office and had always felt attracted to me. I have spent these ten days with her. You understand what I am saying, don't you?"

Her eyes widened in a stare. As he went on elaborating on the subject, she realised that all her hopes lay in the dust. Even the thought of his infidelity was forgotten for a moment, so shocked was she that he could speak so easily and naturally about it.

His face showed no hesitation, no embarrassment. He was speaking normally, without any sense of guilt or shame. Her wonder grew. For some time she was not even conscious of her heart breaking as she sat filled with amazement at his unruffled manner. "I am not saying that what I did was right, Anjali. But I hope you will understand the state of my mind when you hear the rest."

She sat like one frozen.

"Why are you so silent? I hope you are listening carefully to what I am saying?"

Her lips moved. At first, no sound emerged. Then, moistening her mouth she spoke in a low voice. "What can I say when you tell me brazenly to my face that you have betrayed me with another woman?"

He frowned. "If you call this betrayal in the ordinary sense, I can only conclude that you do not follow me. Do hear me out. Have I looked at any woman except you until now?"

She shook her head.

"I had been living like everybody else, the head of a family with wife and children, without being particularly conscious of the passage of time. But recently, there was this sudden, vague feeling. A sort of uneasy sense that I was getting old. I wonder if you understand this? Perhaps a woman's mental make-up is different."

"No, I do understand. I, too, have known that feeling, that sense of leaving youth farther and farther behind."

"Then you will be able to understand me very well. When Vina stood as a bride with her husband, it was as though someone were saying to me, 'Look out, Shammu, you are a father in law now and will probably be a grandfather next year. Time is flying, you are getting to be an old man!'"

"I understand. She hung her head low.

Shanmugam stood up and paced the room for a while. He brought his cigarettes, lighter and ash tray and sat down again. He lit a cigarette and took a few puffs in silence. Then, looking at the spiralling rings of smoke, he said, "My hair hasn't greyed, Anjali. But do you know that one day while shaving I saw a little white strand on my chin? It was as though, at the time of Vina's wedding, that strand of white hair screamed within me. I felt a feverish urge to prove to myself, before it was too late, that I was not old yet, that the shadow of youth still remained with me. That was why ..."



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"..... you went after a young person in search of youth," came her voice from the bowed head.

"Precisely! How well you understand me, Anjali!"

The bent head and back shook slightly. Then her whole body heaved in great spasms, as though explosives were going off within. Shanmugam looked at her in surprise. "What are you crying for? What has happened now?"

"Come, come, Anjali, how stupid can you be?" Impatiently he stubbed out the cigarette in the ash tray. "The very fact that I have told you all this is a proof of my love for you, isn't it? You should think of that and feel happy, instead of sobbing as though the heavens have fallen. It is still you who are my wife, not that girl. The pride of position is always yours. Moreover, I am not going to do this again. You see, I have satisfied my longing and there is no problem any more. My restlessness is gone and now I am ready to grow old. Since I have made a clean breast of it to you, I feel light in my mind too, as if a burden has been lifted off me. There is nothing for you to cry about."

She went on sobbing.

"Stop crying this minute, will you?"

Obeying that voice had become routine over the years and her hand, with a life of its own that had nothing to do with the pain in her heart, mechanically wiped the tears away.

"There! That's my good girl!" He came over and patted her back. Then he stretched luxuriously. "Ahhh ..... Say what you will, there is nothing like home for comfort. Let me call Vina. Couldn't talk to her much from the station. Does the child say she is happy?"

Without waiting for her reply Shanmugam

began to chat with his daughter over the telephone.

Anjali was sitting erect now. Her eyes were still heavy, though the tears had been wiped away. She breathed deeply.

"..... Yes, that's right ..... Oh yes, not just Kurnool, I roamed all over Andhra ..... " Shanmugam winked conspiratorially at his wife as he spoke with enthusiasm into the phone. "The house looks lifeless without you, Vina dear! But your husband may not like my saying so .... I hear the colour prints have come. Are they good? I know you must have photographed beautifully ..... I am dying to see you, dear! Will you be at home if I come over now? ..... Oh, that's all right. I thought as much ..... Really? That's wonderful! ..... Never mind how late it is, I'll stay awake to see you .... There is no special news .... Who, me? Oh, I'm getting along as usual ....."

OW smoothly he was speaking, how naturally, without any worry or uneasiness, totally unconscious that anything had happened! Anjali could not take her eyes away from his smiling, satisfied face. She saw that his mind was indeed light and undisturbed. Hadn't he said that his load was off as soon as he had confessed the truth to his wife? Not only had he broken an ancient code without qualms, without taking responsibility for his defection by keeping it to himself, but he had gone ahead and unloaded his secret on his wife and cleansed himself, as it were.

Shanmugam finished talking to his daughter on the phone. He came back and sat down again beside Anjali. "It seems Vina and her husband are going to a dance performance now. Vina has promised to look me up on their way back. It will be around ten then and the silly girl wants to know

if I would mind the late hour!"

Anjali said nothing.

"Keep some hot milk ready for them .."

She sat very still, regarding him fixedly. Her lips were compressed and made the lines at the corners appear deeper.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Oh, are you still thinking of what I told you? You must be crazy. Didn't I say that it wouldn't happen again? I have experienced youth once more and my unrest is gone. I am happy now. You can forget this matter now. What is the menu for dinner tonight? Let us all eat together when the children return from the pictures, shall we?"

Anjali was still silent

"Won't speak to me, I suppose? All that tall talk about your having known the same feeling and now it turns out that you have not understood me at all. I am disappointed in you." Irritably he drew the packet of cigarettes to him and, pulling one out, he put it to his lips.

Should this insensitivity to the pain of others go unpunished? For a moment Anjali's face trembled, then composed itself again. There was a new expression in the eyes that were gazing fixedly at him, a dreamy look, defying scrutiny. "It isn't that. You see, I was thinking," she said very softly.

"About what?" he asked, bending over to light his cigarette.

"I was thinking how strange it was that though I had had the same feeling as you, the solution hadn't occurred to me until you mentioned it just now," said Anjali, then she smiled.

He looked up quickly and stared at her. Suddenly, he blanched.

(Translated from the Tamil by the author)

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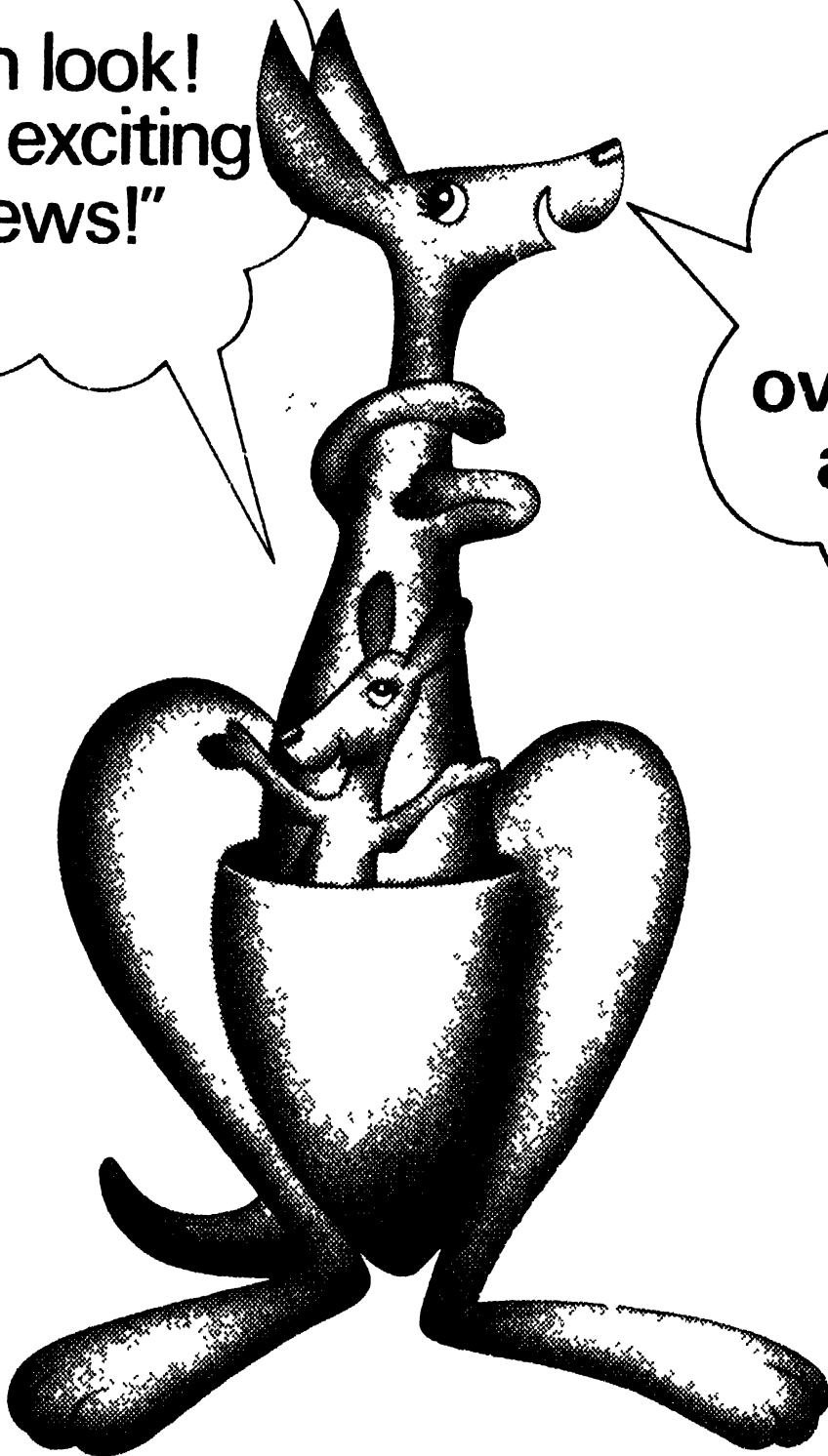
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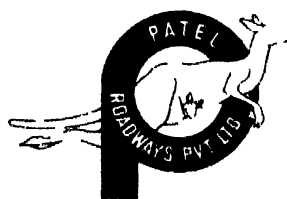
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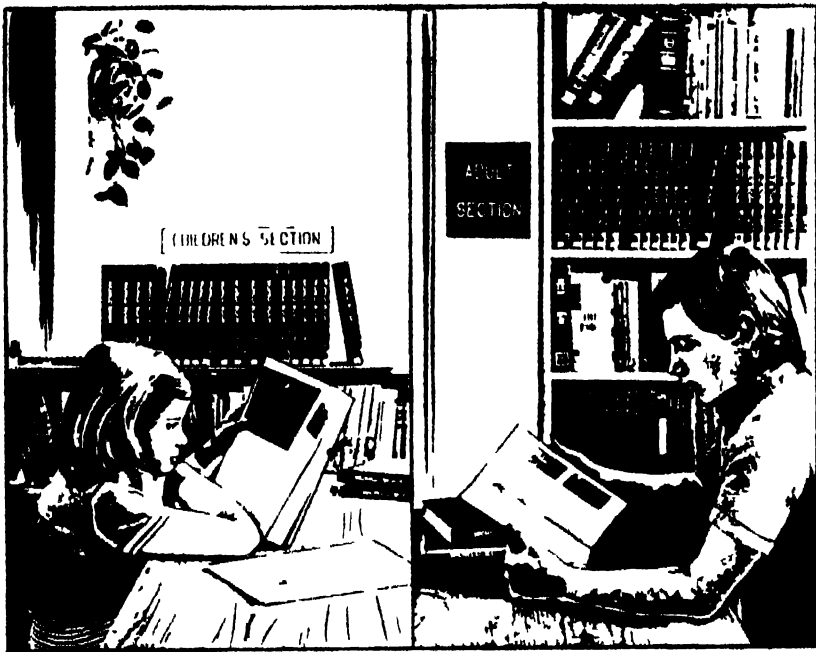
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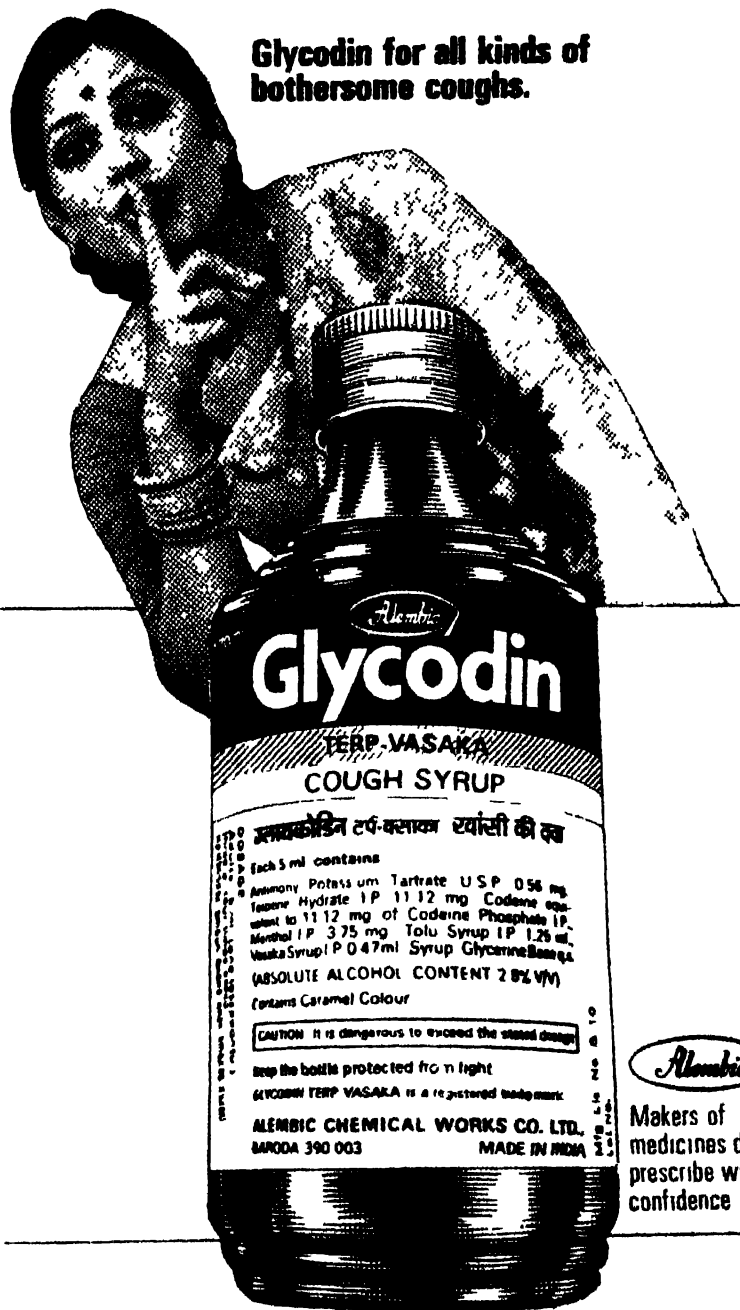
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# Glycodin®

India's No. 1 Cough Silencer

THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Three Unlucky Deals

In tournament bridge, luck usually evens out in the long run. However, most players tend to forget their lucky results and bemoan their unlucky deals; I imagine I am no exception. Even so, this string of three almost consecutive deals in a recent match must have been bewitched. This was the first:

West	East
♠ AQ103	♠ 7
♥ J	♥ KQ83
♦ KJ72	♦ A10863
♣ A532	♣ K106

The auction proceeded smoothly

West	East
1D	2D (1)
2S	3H (11)
4C (111)	4D
5D	6D

- (1) Inverted, 11 or more points at least 5 Diamonds
- (11) 4 Hearts, game forcing
- (111) Cue bid, slam invitation

The contract is fine—all you need is to pick up the Queen of Diamonds, and you make this hard to reach 27 point slam. The problem comes in the play, when North leads an ominous four of Clubs. You have two options—either you put up the King in dummy and play a small Heart, hoping either to sneak the Jack through, or to discover who has the Ace, or, to tackle the trumps right away.

This was the second

West	East
♠ K83	♠ AQ4
♥ 75	♥ AKQ932
♦ A108632	♦ K4
♣ K2	♣ Q8

Again you bid well to reach a cozy six Hearts. You get a small Spade lead, which you win in hand, cash the Ace of Hearts—the Jack comes on your left. How do you proceed?

This was the third

West	East
♠ 10765	♠ AK432
♥ AK3	♥ J4
♦ 63	♦ Q72
♣ KJ94	♣ Q32

Which contract would you rather be in, four Spades, or defending two Hearts?

I. On the first hand, playing a Heart at the second trick risks a Club ruff, so you decide to tackle Diamonds. You cash the King both opponents following, and play the Jack—your left hand opponent follows with the eight. The odds are very marginally in favour of the drop, but do the singletons in either hand tip the scales in favour of the finesse? At any rate, I thought they did, at the table, finessed, and went down. Our opponents played in a pedestrian three No Trumps.

II. When the Jack of Hearts comes, down, one option is to cross to dummy with a Diamond, and finesse trumps. However, this may lose to, say, the Jack ten doubleton. A much better chance is to cash one more Heart, and in case they prove to be four one, to play off the King and Ace of Diamonds, ruff a Diamond, cross to the King of Spades, and play out the established Diamonds. If your Opponent ruffs, you overruff, draw his trump and claim. If he does not ruff, you discard your Clubs, and concede only a Club trick. My partner, Haren Choksi, did follow the suggested line, but went down when his right hand opponent turned up with a singleton Diamond to go with his four trumps—a four-one break in both red suits! At the other table, the contract was only five Hearts!

III. Of the two contracts, I daresay you would prefer to be in the slightly chancy four Spades, rather than defend two Hearts! So what happens? You get doubled in four Spades. Spades are stacked four-zero, and you are set for 300. That's right, this is what happened to us, and what happened at the other table! The pair holding these cards defended two Hearts, which made

Yes, we were unlucky, and thank you for your sympathy.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Power of Two Bishops

An exchange sacrifice to obtain two Bishops with the compensation of an extra Pawn and attack is of common occurrence. Such is the power of two Bishops that they can sometimes overcome a normally superior opposition of a Rook and a Bishop. In position No 95 the White King is overwhelmed by the attack of the enemy Queen and two Bishops. In No 96 White sacrifices the exchange to advance his King menacingly while the Black King is cornered by his Rook and two Bishops.

Praveen Thipsay-P. M. Mohanty (Bhilwara Trophy, Bhopal 1979)

1.PK4, PK3 2.PQ4, PQ4 3.NQ2 (Tatarsch Variation against French Defence) 4.KPXP, QXP (4 KPXP is usual) 5.KNB3, PxP 6.BB4, QQ1 (MCO gives 6 QQ3, 6 QQB4 has also been tried) 7.00, PQB3 8.NN3, NQB3 9.N(N)XP, NxN 10.NxN, QB2 11.QK2, BQ3 12.PKR3, NK2 (If 12 NB3 13 NB5) 13.BQ3, 00 14.PB3, NQ4 15.QK4, PB4 16.QQB4, RR1 (16 QxQ would give White the better end game) 17.RK1, BQ2 18.QKR4, QRK1 19.PB3, PQN4 20.PB4, PxP 21.BXP, PB5!?

The threat is 22. BK2, on 22 BxRP?, BK? 23.QN4, PK4 creates trouble for the White Queen if 22.BQ3, PN3 and White's attack is illusive. However, the move involves a doubtful exchange sacrifice 22.BxN, PxB 23.RxR, BxR (23 RxR? 24.BxP) 24.NN5, PR3 25.NK6, QN3 26.NxR, PN4! (The point of Black's exchange sacrifice) 27.QN4, BxPch 28.KR1, KxN 29.QB5ch, BB2 30.BQ2, KN2 (if 30 QxP? 31 QB8ch is embarrassing) 31.BN4, QK3 32.QB2 (Logical is 32.QxQ) BK6 33.QK2, PQ5 34.RQ1, QB5? (Better 34 QQB? followed by BQ4 and PB6, or BN3 and PQ6) 35.QN4? (35 QxQ, BxQ 36 BB5, BK7 37 BxPch, KN3 38 RK1, or 36 PQ6 37 PQN3, BN4 38 PQR4 should win) BK3 36.QB5, BQ4 37.QN4, KN3 38.PKR4

Position No 95 38. PB6! 39. QQ7 (or 39.NPxP, QK7) PxPch 40.KR2, BB5ch, White resigns. Spassky-Hort Match, Reikjavik 1977

1.PQB4, PK4 2.NQB3, NQB3 3.PKN3, PKN3 4.BN2, BN2 5.PK3, PQ3 6.KNK2, PB4 (English Open-

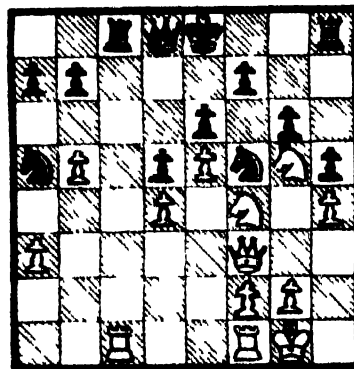
ing, Gulko-Smyalov, Leningrad 1977 6. KNK2 7.RQN1, PQR4 8.PQ3, BK3, Viezor-Kalvo, Montilya-Moriles 1977 6. NR3 7. PN3, 00 8.BN2, RK1 9.00, BR4) 7.PQ4, PK5 8.PQN4, NBS 9.RQN1, NK2 10.PB3. (Black's Pawn chain is broken before he plays PB3 and PQ4) PxP 11.BxP, 00 12.00, KR1 13.PN5, N2N1 14.NB4, RK1 15.BN2!, NB3 16.BN2, NB2 17.N4Q5, NxN 18.BxN QQ2 19. BN2, NN4 20.PKR4, NK3 21. PN4!

A critical decision requiring long calculation since White permits Black's temporary Knight sacrifice and gives up Pawn for 7th rank Rook operations 21. PxP 22.QxP, NxP! 23.QxQ, BxQ

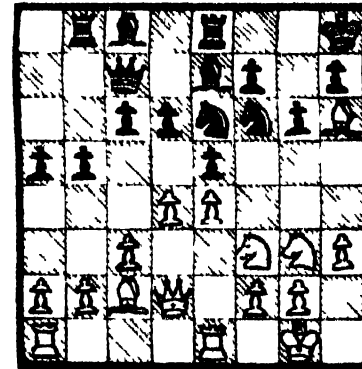
24.PxN, BxPch 25.R2KB2!, BxN 26.BxP, QRN1 (if 26 BQ5 27 BxR, BxRch 28 RxR, RxB 29 RB7, or 27 RxR? 28 BN2! retaining the exchange) 27.RB7, BQ5ch 28.KR2, BKB4 (After 28 BxP 29 PxR, RxR 30 BR6, QRN1 31 RxP, QRB1 32.R1B7, RxR 33 RxR White's grip is worth the Pawn) 29.RxP, RK7ch 30.KN3, RxP 31. BB4, RQ1 32.BQ5, PKR4 33.RK7, PB4 34.PxP op, RxP 35.BN5, RQN1

Position No 96 36.RxB!, PxR 37.KB4, RKB1 38.BR6, RKN1 39. KxP, RN3 40.BN5, Black lost on time. After 40 RR2 41.RK6 a win for White looks probable.

R. B. SAPRE



No 97 WHITE TO PLAY



No 98. WHITE TO PLAY



A FIRM experimenting with an electronic brain designed to translate English into Russian, fed into it the words "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The machine translated the sentence into Russian, which read "The whisky is agreeable but the meat has gone bad."

A FOREIGNER was struggling to express himself in English. "Yes, I am very happily married except that we have no children," he said. "My wife is unable to have any children. She is what you say in English, impregnable." This caused a burst of laughter which confused him. Hurriedly, he added, "What I meant was, she is inconceivable." This only added to the merriment of the listeners which confused him further. However, he persisted, with the third attempt "She is unbearable."

A FOREIGN tourist was presented with a very elaborate menu card in a very chic Parisian restaurant. The foreigner who did not know a single word of French, called the waiter and pointing to the last line on the menu card, said, "I'll have this."

"You can't, sir," said the waiter, "because she is the proprietress."

PEOPLE who sleep like a baby usually don't have one.

A FOREIGN tourist was being served an Indian meal. His Indian host, whose hospitality far exceeded his knowledge of English, was trying to explain how the various dishes were prepared. "This is dahi," he said, "you know how it is made?" He thought it over for a moment and then continued. "You know milk, it sleeps at night and morning becomes tight."

AN indignant politician rang up the editor of a newspaper and asked, "Did your paper say that I was a liar and a scoundrel?"

"No, sir," offered the editor "It must have been the other newspaper across the street. We don't print stale news."

COLLECTING fares, the bus conductor stopped beside a small boy, who felt in all his pockets and looked under his seat while the conductor was waiting.

"What's the trouble, sonny?" he asked, "I had a dollar and I've lost it."

The little fellow looked so upset that the conductor gave him the ticket free. The boy looked up, and on the point of tears, whimpered: "And what about my change?"

A HOUSEWIFE answered the doorbell to find a man who said he was collecting money for a poor woman in the building. The man said, the poor old woman owed for firewood and food and was about to be evicted because she owed four months' rent.

"Sir," the housewife said, "It's nice of you to take it on yourself to get money for the poor woman. But who are you?"

"I'm the landlord."

A WOMAN sent the following testimonial to the manufacturers of a tonic. "Your tonic is indeed excellent. Before I started taking it I was too weak to spank the baby. Now I am able to thrash my husband in addition to other housework."

ONE day an unhappy citizen of a certain country was wandering around alone, in a back street, muttering and talking to himself. "I hate them," he was saying, "those dirty profiteers, nepotists, squanderers," and other unprintables. "I hate them, I hate them, I hate them." At this point a policeman tapped him on the shoulder, saying: "You are under arrest for insulting the Government."

"I didn't even mention the Government," retorted the citizen.

"I admit that, but you described it so perfectly."

SIGN at a cobbler's shop: "We doctor your shoes, heel them, attend to their dyeing and save their soles."

THE fat old lady to the guard: "Sir, will you help me off the train at the next station?"

"Certainly, madam,"

"You see, I'm so stout I have to get off the train backwards, but every time I try to do so, the porters think I am getting on and give me a shove I'm five stations past my destination already."

THERE once was a maid with such graces,  
That her curves cried aloud for embraces

"You look," said McGee,

"Like a million to me—

But staid in all the right places."

A MASSEUR is one who gets paid for doing what others get slapped for.

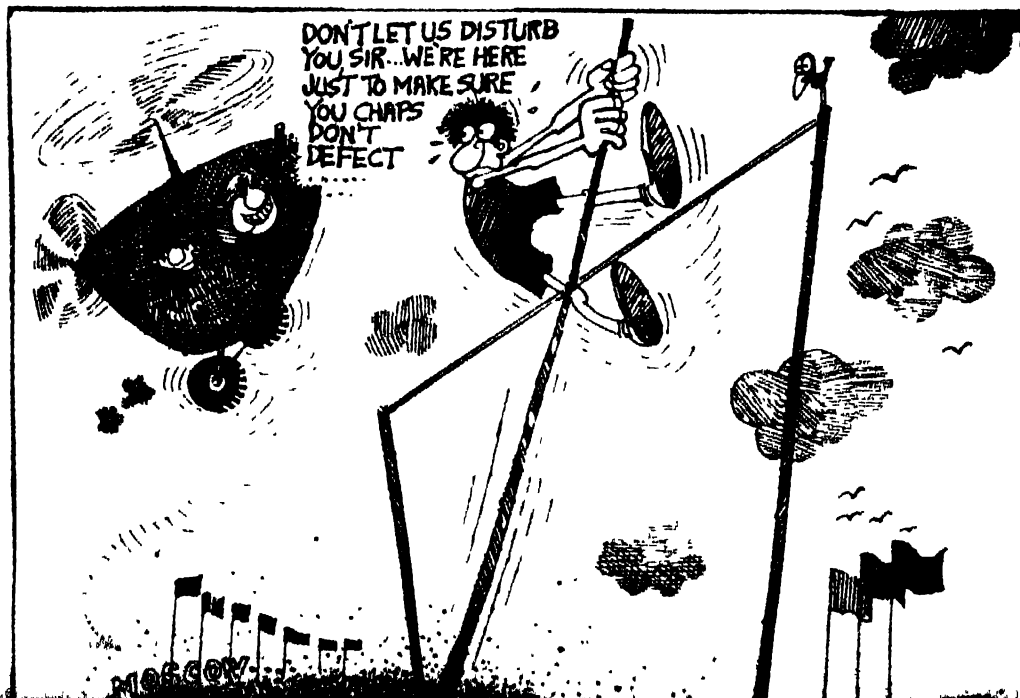
A CENSUS inspector was extremely puzzled to find the child population rate extremely high in one little village, whereas it was quite low in the surrounding villages. When he questioned an experienced inhabitant of the village, he was told: "You see, Sir, our village is quite close to the tunnel. Every morning at 4.30 a.m. when the first train approaches the tunnel it gives a loud whistle. Well, you see, it's too late to go to sleep again and too early to get out of bed."

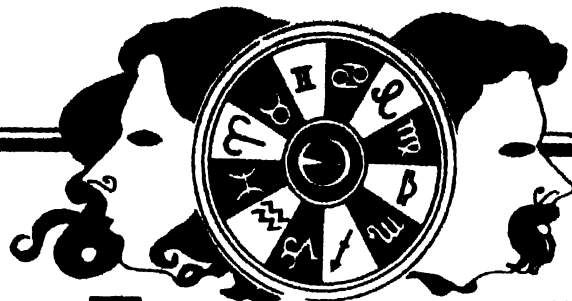
THERE was a young fellow of Leeds,  
Who swallowed six packets of seeds,  
In a month, silly ass,  
He was covered with grass  
And he couldn't sit down for the weeds.

GENTLEMAN to the wildly bearded man. "Do you believe in clubs for women?" "Yes," replied the bearded man, "if every other form of persuasion fails."

DOCTOR'S son: "Well, dad, now that I am going to set up medical practice, give me some tips for success."

The doctor father: "Always write your prescriptions illegibly. Always write your bills legibly."





# Your Tomorrows Today S.K. KELKAR



**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan 19



With the co-operation of others, this will be an active period for you. Artists and sportsmen will gain popularity on Monday. Tuesday will bring financial luck. Seek an adjournment on legal affairs on Wednesday. Relax on Saturday. You must avoid biting more than you can chew.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



In the next couple of weeks try to conserve your physical and financial resources. Set aside earnings from dividends and interests to build up your assets. A piece of good news on Monday keeps you occupied on Tuesday. Maintain domestic peace on Wednesday and turn your attention to social affairs.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



Two distinct phases are in store for you. Control your impulsiveness while striving for a change in your career. In your personal life, you will be attracted to a new acquaintance of the opposite sex and inclined to break off with your old companion. Resist these temptations. Use Sunday-Monday for an outing.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



Maintain your mental equilibrium. Divide your time equally between domestic affairs and your vocation. Sportsmen and actors display wonderful skill on Sunday and attain fame on Monday. A piece of news on Wednesday brings in publicity and a parcel from abroad. Don't expose your trump card to anyone.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



The early part of the week is good for business and personal matters. A money gain by a stroke of luck is likely on Tuesday. Wednesday. Unexpected news from abroad brings an atmosphere of joy. Devote Friday to sports and other extra-curricular activities. An older member of the family is likely to fall sick.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



Your talent and practical sense plus a touch of luck will augment business prospects. Those who are connected with communications or journalism will have an opportunity to find a new job. Tuesday is auspicious for negotiations. Wednesday will cause mental tension.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



A congenial environment helps you form new romantic ties in the next few weeks. Artists and actors can look forward to a new assignment and offers on Monday. Concentrate on working out a detailed plan for the near future. Lucky hunches on Wednesday help you cover new fields of activities.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



Don't undertake new responsibilities in the next few weeks. Finish all important jobs at hand as quickly as possible by this week so that you are free to tackle new assignments. Monday brings honours and rewards. Secret romantic ties will flourish in the coming few weeks. Do not antagonise anyone.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



While you do well in the social sphere and at work, worries and anxieties nag you in your personal life for the next few weeks. Meet VIPs on Monday and consolidate their support on Tuesday. Wednesday is auspicious for recovering old dues. Attend group activities on Thursday but don't over-exert yourself.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



Politicians and social workers should go on organising a campaign to enlist support in the next few weeks without disclosing their future plans. Business shows signs of improving from Wednesday onwards. Reserve Thursday for public functions, Friday for negotiations and Saturday for rest.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



Be alert in judging what is going on behind the scenes. Remember that your colleagues and so-called well-wishers are manoeuvring against you. Have an outing on Sunday and Monday. Thursday brings exhilarating news. Friday is auspicious for contacting VIPs. Try to get on well with everybody.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



An elderly person will come to your rescue if you are bewildered by an important task. Lovers, friends and sweethearts keep you occupied on Tuesday. Wednesday is suited for peaceful negotiations and new business deals. Secret information on Thursday brings a lot of profits. Rest over the week-end.

## Sunday, August 3

Despite minor handicaps you'll make headway in your career and business. Sort out financial and domestic affairs before December. The first half of August and February may bring minor ailments. Don't make rash investments.

## Monday, August 4

You will consolidate your finances effectively this year. Don't let your in-laws meddle in your personal and vocational affairs. Youngsters enjoy a progressive phase from March onwards.

## Tuesday, August 5

A year of peace and contentment for most of you. A couple of family reunions are likely during the coming 12 months. Don't commit yourself to a job in August, September and February. A trip abroad is likely for you this year.

## Wednesday, August 6

This will be a better year for your career than what last year was. Claim a promotion or try to get a better job by December. Maintain a harmonious relationship with everyone in February. Financially, a good year for you.

## Thursday, August 7

Till December you must be wary of people who like to create tension. At the same time make stringent efforts to organise your affairs systematically. From February onwards you can look forward to a period of financial stability.

## Friday, August 8

Don't be frustrated if minor opportunities slip out of your grasp. Try to remain one step ahead of your opponents. If you curb your generosity, you will do well financially.

## Saturday, August 9

The stars promise a change in your job or work-life. Change over to a new environment in the first quarter of 1981. Don't neglect seniors. Look after your health, particularly in February and August.

## STAR FOCUS

It has often been suggested that workers should be recruited and assigned jobs on the basis of their horoscopes. It has also been suggested that astrology could be used as a tool of modern personnel management, since the prospective employee's aptitudes and abilities would be indicated clearly in his horoscope. This would help employers to determine the suitability

of a particular employee for a particular job.

### Aptitude

An able person may not necessarily possess special talents. It is enough if he can thrive under normal circumstances. Some planets tend to assist a person in his struggle. For instance, the Sun-Leo combine is of great assistance to the native and will nearly always produce

what is called an able man, specially if his rising planet is strong. Venus-Jupiter tend to bring good luck rather than produce real merit. Herschel bestows versatility but the native may be perverse, obstinate, eccentric and unpredictable.

### Composite Horoscope

The employers should have a composite horoscope which can be had by

matching the horoscope of the candidates with those of higher level managerial staff, along with the horoscope of the organisation itself.

This would ensure that the new employee blends into the organisational culture of the establishment he seeks to join. This, in turn, would guarantee a harmonious work atmosphere within the organisation.

## Astrology for Employment

**FOUR-IN-ONE  
CONTEST !**

We are introducing a novel scheme of awarding Prizes for "QUOTES" No 269, aimed at achieving a more equitable distribution of the Prize Money. At present the entrant's skill in solving a substantial number of clues correctly still falls short of a Prize due to a few stray errors.

We are therefore earmarking Rs 2,000 for the First five clues (marked as SET "A") Rs 2,000 for the Second five clues (marked as SET "B") and Rs 2,000 for the last set of five clues (marked as SET "C"). The Main Prize of Rs 10,000 will constitute the First Prize of the contest to cover all the fifteen clues.

These separate amounts of Rs. 2,000 for each of the three "A", "B" and "C" sets are specially meant to reward solvers who 1) solve any one ("A" or "B" or "C")

**IMPORTANT**

In "QUOTES" No 269, entrants who submit more than four entries in contravention of our rules by using the names and addresses of others are warned that all their entries will be disqualified at the discretion of the Competition Editor, and the entry fees will be forfeited.

This rule is being introduced to ensure that only skill succeeds and not number of entries.

set correctly, and 2) solve any two ("A" & "B" or "A" & "C" or "B" & "C") sets correctly.

All solvers who would have been One Error solver under the previous system will now naturally have any Two of the other sets without

(Continued on Page 60)

**RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 60  
ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN**

**NO READER MAY SUBMIT MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES. USE OF ANOTHER PERSON'S NAME TO AVOID THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY DEALT WITH.**

**Rs. 16,000/- MUST BE WON!**

Here's "QUOTES" No 269, OUR AUGUST OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 10,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue.

**CLOSES : THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1980**

**CLUES ACROSS**

**SET "A"**

- The military mentality is a bandit and raider mentality. Thus, all military represents a form of organized banditry where the conventional — do not prevail (CODES|MODES|MORES)
- 'Don't begin to repent just yet — your sin out. It will have lasted such a short time.' (HAVE|LIVE)
- For a moment he just thought of giving up and admitting defeat. The girl wasn't worth talking about and the men had nothing of value, so there was nothing he could — off them. (HAVE|MAKE)
- He longed, then, for genuine human contact; he felt violently conscious of his encapsulation. 'Do I — you?' he asked. (SCARE|SHARE|SHAME)
- We all — to be loved or hated, it is a sign that we shall be remembered, that we did not 'not exist' For this reason, many unable to create love have created hate. That too is remembered. (LIKE|LIVE|LOVE)

**SET "B"**

- All too clearly, perhaps. But I don't think you mean to continue to — him. I think this is a sort of game (DEFY|DENY)
- I was still thinking about that — when I got hit. That's what he meant. (DUCK|KICK|PUCK)

- No one had at first believed the story but gradually signs of unusual excitement became apparent among the — themselves. (SINGERS|TINKERS|WINKERS)

- You give your law a — aura. You ignore the ways it injures your societies. (THEOLOGICAL|THEORETICAL)

**CLUES DOWN**

**SET "B"**

- "No! You want me to — it?" He took the cup from Levv. (SMELL|SPELL|SPILL)

**SET "C"**

- He — and said: "What's your name, kid, and what stable you been riding for?" (GLARED|STARED)
- "Prayer is — stuff," she said, and encouraged by the absence of calamity, decided to try again. (HEADY|HEAVY)
- You and I know that the truth would be different, and not you and I alone. Are pretty standers so hard to —? (BEAR|HEAR)
- The others, the many who have to do with the — niceties of life, look disdainfully at me. This may be because I live in a mud hut, drink tea without milk and have only once had a friend (PAPER|RARER|SAFER)
- 'No, I can't feel anything from the — Well how about a walk together? Shoot a few birds for dinner? I could just fancy a good casserole.' (MOOD|MOON|MOOR)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT 28, RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 5  
Address Envelope:— "QUOTES" No. 269, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 702, Bombay-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR QUOTES No. 269

**"QUOTES"  
No. 269**

**CLOSING  
DATE:**

**THURSDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 4,  
1980.**

- Enclosed Money
- Order Receipts/
- Postal Order/
- "Q" Cash Receipts

No. ....

1	O	R	E	S	2	A	I	V	E
3	A	V	K	S	A	R	M	E	
5			R					L	
7	T	H	E	E					
9	A		E		L	O	E		
11	R	A	A	B	E	L		A	M
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19									
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"QUOTES" No. 269

1	O	R	E	S	2	A	I	V	E
3	A	V	K	S	A	R	M	E	
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9	A		E		L	O	E		
11	R	A	A	B	E	L		A	M
13	E							A	G
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17									
19									
21	T	H	E	O					L

"QUOTES" No. 269

I Entry Re 1/-

II Entry Re 1/-

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME } Mr  
IN INK & } Miss  
BLOCK LETTERS } Mrs  
ADDRESS .....

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

**A**

A		F	G
		B	
C	E		
D			

**CLUES ACROSS:** A) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE VIJAYANAGAR KINGDOM WAS ESTABLISHED. B) THE NUMBER OF STATES IN THE U.S.A. C) THE AREA OF MIZORAM, IN UNITS OF THOUSAND SQUARE KILOMETRES. D) THE CUBE ROOT GIVES THE AGE AT WHICH INDIAN CITIZENS GET THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

**CLUES DOWN:** A) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE PRACTICE OF SATI WAS LEGALLY ABOLISHED IN INDIA. E) THE NUMBER OF APOSTLES OF JESUS CHRIST. F) THE USUAL WIDTH, IN MILLIMETRES, OF A MOVIE FILM. G) THE YEAR IN WHICH HAR GOBIND BECAME THE GURU OF THE SIKHS, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER.

## B TRUE OR FALSE ?

THE PRINCES AND NOBLES WORE SOMETHING SIMILAR TO TAIL COATS WITH BUTTONS IN FRONT, DURING THE GUPTA AGE.



IN THE 17TH AND EARLY 18TH CENTURY, ALL GENTLEMEN OF BRITAIN HAD A LUXURIANT GROWTH OF HAIR, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM THEIR PORTRAITS.

II)

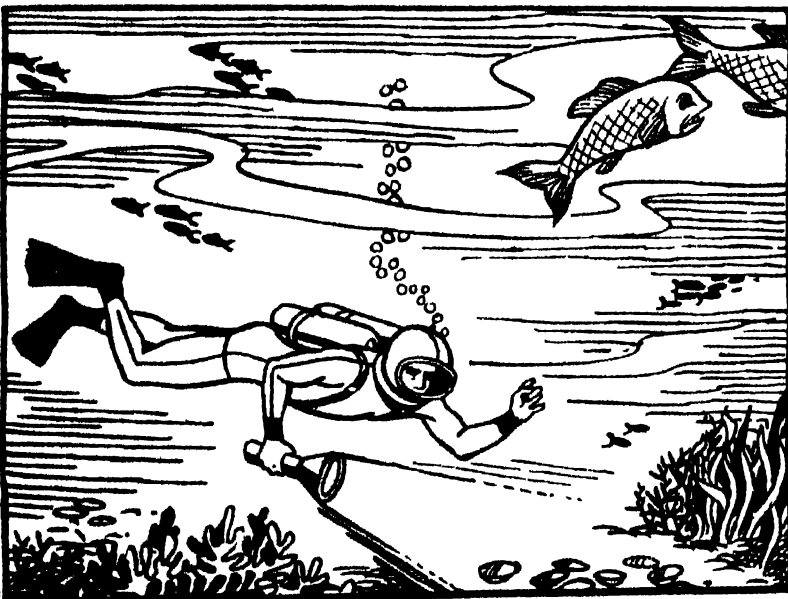


III)



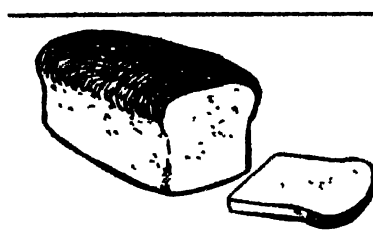
IN THE PRE-COMMUNIST DAYS, HIGH-BORN CHINESE GREW LONG NAILS TO SHOW THAT THEY WERE INCAPABLE OF DOING MANUAL WORK.

## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



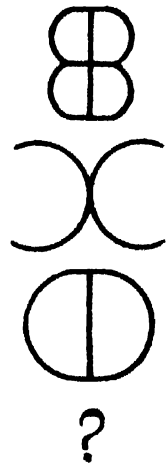
## D

FIND OUT WHAT IS COMMON IN THESE TWO PICTURES.



## E

DRAW THE FIGURE THAT WILL CONTINUE THE SEQUENCE.



## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES :

**A**

1	8	1	2
	4	9	
1	6	4	8
5	4	5	2

**B**  
I) → FALSE. ON CRUDE LOOMS, IN ANCIENT EGYPT EXTREMELY FINE LINEN WITH 540 THREADS TO AN INCH, COULD BE PRODUCED. MODERN LOOMS CANNOT PRODUCE LINEN EVEN WITH 400 THREADS TO AN INCH.  
II AND III → TRUE.

**C**  
WALRUSES LIVE IN THE WATERS OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. IN THE PICTURE A WALRUS WAS SHOWN BEING HUNTED IN AN (AFRICAN) JUNGLE.

**D**  
JUST TAKE TEST TUBE NO. 2 AND POUR ALL THE CHEMICAL INTO TEST TUBE NO. 5.



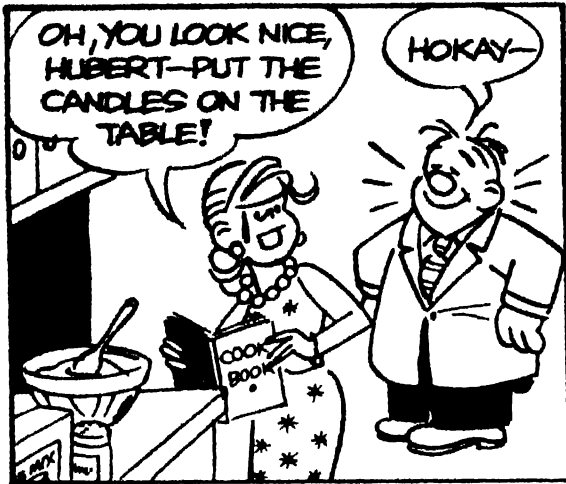
**E**

H	A	R	E
C	A	R	E
C	A	S	E
B	A	S	E
B	A	S	S
B	O	S	S

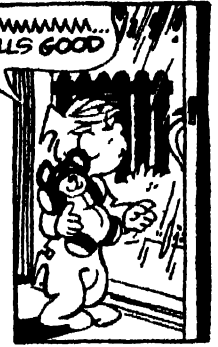
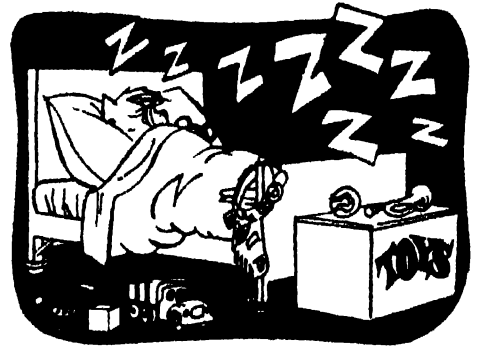
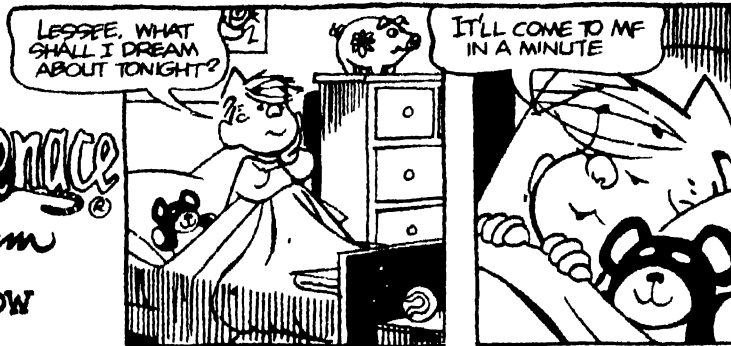


HUBERT

by Dick Wingert

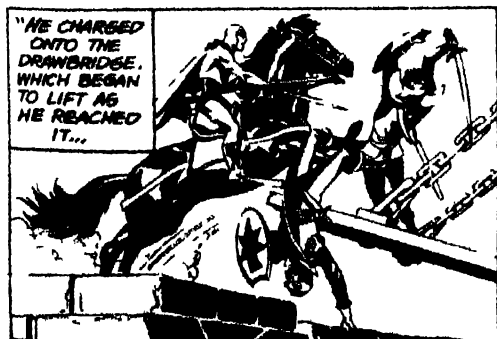
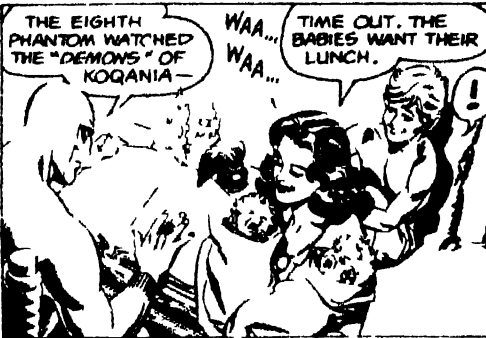
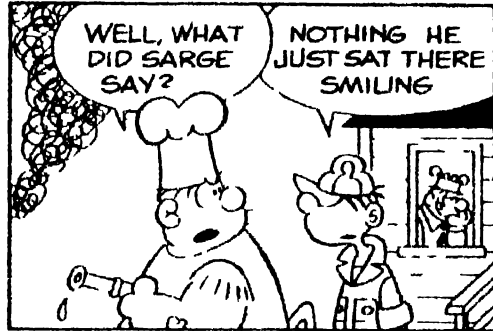
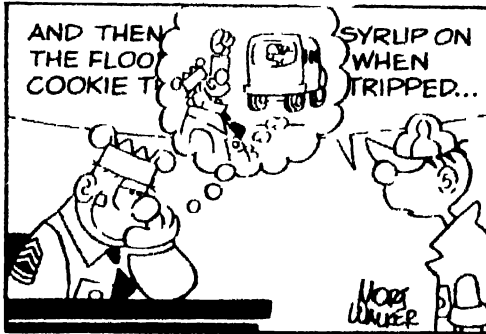
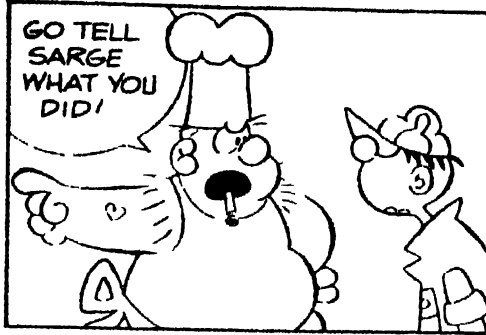


**Winn-Dixie Menace**  
by Hank Ketchum  
The Late Show





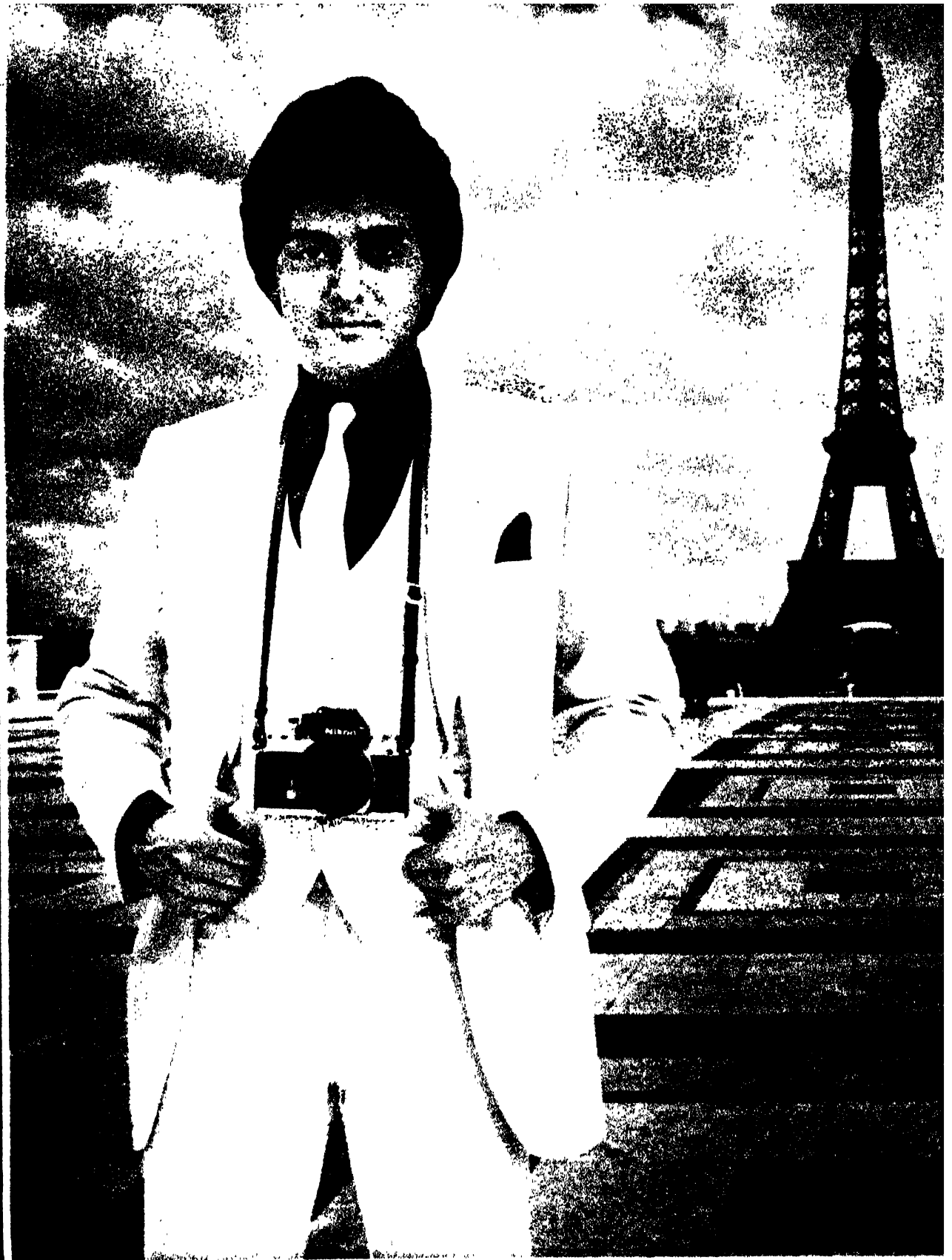
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## Rules And Conditions of "QUOTES" Contests

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON PAGE 54

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with **INK** in block letters or type-written. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Rs. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 269, Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 269, Competition Department, The Times of India Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the **LOCAL ENTRY BOX** at our offices in **BOMBAY**. Closing Date for all entries is **Thursday, September 4, 1980**. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 10,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant

can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless, notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 269, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, September 16, 1980.

## NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST!

(Continued from Page 54)

error, and will share prizes in two sets. All solvers who have two errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set. Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error-free sets. Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a Prize, even if they err in the other sets.

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set, as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes. Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A", one in SET "B" and one in SET "C". Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in:

1) An All-Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct for the Main Prize amount of Rs. 10,000/-;

OR

2) A TWO-Set Second Prize

(with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/-; AND/OR

3) A ONE-set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that reserved Sub-Set Prize of Rs. 2,000/- only.)

Thus, if a Solver wins under (1) above he is not eligible to share in (2) or (3). If he wins in (2) he is not eligible for a share under (3) except for the one remaining Set. And if he wins under (3), his share in the Reserved Prize is protected from (1) & (2) winners.

It must be expressly noted that All-Correct Prize-Winners (those who in one entry solve ALL three SETS "A", "B" and "C" correctly) will qualify only for the Main Prize amount and are not entitled to share in the Reserved Prizes earmarked for the Sub-Sets (Rs. 6,000/-) which is intended to reward lesser efforts and near-miss cases only.

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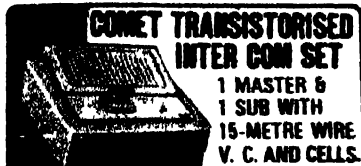
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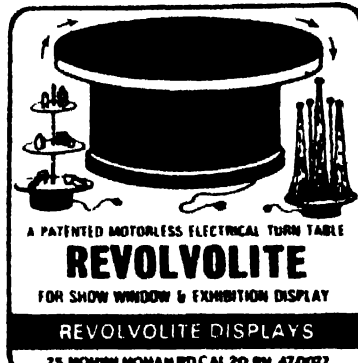
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# The Last Word

## OOTY IS DYING

I had a most unnerving experience today," said Strabismus, our family ghost, "when I drifted into the old Ooty Club wondering if they still had that 1869 edition of *The Times*—the one with my obituary in it. It was then that I, when I noticed four tourists at one of the tables. They were wearing bush-shirts." He went on in tones of growing horror "Bush-shirts of the most appalling hues—with printed flowers and listening to a cricket commentary over a blaring transistor and, and, shouting I just couldn't believe it."

Neither could I, as I sat incredulously imagining the shadow-dignified exterior of the old Ooty Club, the soft-footed waiter straight out of Wodehouse, the polite, subdued hum of conversation.

"We've got to accept it sooner or later. The face of Ooty is changing," he broke into my reverie.

And so it is.

It happens to many places. The quiet, sleepy, whimsical hamlets with their musical names and the one-horse populations are "discovered" by tourist agencies and suddenly it is as if a load of TNT has been ignited at the core of the earth. First of all, gimlet-eyed enterpreneurs rush into residence, buying land wherever they find it, building enormous and garish concrete structures that pass for hotels, restaurants and night-clubs; movie-theatres sprout like mushrooms; the hitherto naive and friendly local populace discovers that it has the heart of an opportunist and one begins to find con-men touting everything from cigarettes to girls on street corners. Then come the tourists, carrying transistor radios, seducing children, greasily wrapped agencies and a wholly foreign lifestyle, demanding a life-style that is unknown in the region they have chosen to

invade. Finally, it is suggested that in the name of common sense the few remaining evidences of a bygone grace and dignity be levelled off for overcrowded parking lots and freeways, and if these plans are carried out, the place dies.

Ooty is dying.

It is happening so quickly that most of the old guard is still bewildered by it. When I first moved in here, Ooty was still a lovely, laughing little hill-town, golden as sunshine, aquamarine as the sky, unblotted as a picturesque landscape. It was a town of red-roofed colonial houses, of

the rain and the bubbling crystalline water. And what better way is there to grow? There was magic in every moment and wonder in every day.

### Elegance Of Days Gone By

But now, there is nothing left of it. Simon Winchester, writing about Ooty in *The Gardener*, called it "a corner of India that is forever old England", but his 'forever' is almost over. Ooty has become a place of department stores, oversized and garish billboards, conniving shop proprietors and adulterated soda-pop. Gone is the gentle, languid elegance of days gone by, when everyone knew everyone else and the big news of the week was that the postmaster's prize Leghorn had laid a double-yolked egg. Gone, and obliterated, are many of the red-brick buildings that fitted so beautifully against the forested slopes. St Stephen's, that venerable old church with the blaze of lovely lupins in its cemetery, has been painted a garish tan that makes it look like the Central Jail. And the people who knew Ooty as it was, are confused and wistful. Old Miss Clare, who used to run an imaginatively Victorian shop

churchyard and each marks the departure of one of the old souls who loved Ooty for what it was and worked to save its self-respect. It's all slipping away and there's nothing that any one can do about it.

I recalled Norman Mailer's "Once a beauty of magnificence unparalleled, now a beauty of leprous skin. Rush to the locks! God writhes in his bonds... For we must end on the road to that mystery where courage, death and the dream of love give promise of sleep." It fits Ooty to a T.

### The Singing Mountain Rain

Perhaps these fears may seem exaggerated to the reader. But anyone who has empathy with the spirit of a town and has witnessed its desecration, even as Strabismus and I have, will understand the desolation that grips us. And it is not only Ooty that is suffering. Countless other drowsy, beautiful little hill-towns are being invaded and demolished in the guise of progress and planning, breaking countless hearts in the process and yet, in a way, I am hopeful.

Because I believe that the magic of Ooty is still as strong



"A corner of India that is forever old England"

steep cobbled roads where the sturdy mountain ponies meandered at will, of drifting white mists that spiralled around smoky chimneys and wrought-iron lamp-posts. It was a place where nothing exciting ever happened, but the sheer, wild beauty of it was enough to catch at the throat, and no one here would have wanted it any other way. Children in Ooty could grow up running free with the wild things of the woods, with the wind and

that offered Coronation mugs and creamy tating, has been forced to sell out to the Government and now subsists on what little money she managed to put aside in happier days. She cannot even get at the produce of her garden. Old Mr Bannister, who used to dig it for her free of charge, died recently and it looks as if Miss Clare will be going the same way before long. As it is there are far too many fresh graves in St Stephen's

as it ever was, waiting to be discovered like the pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. It has almost been forgotten, but it is there—somewhere. And I believe that anyone can find it if they really care. Anyone, like Strabismus and me, can still hear the music of the mountains and the poetry of the wind, and the far away sound of laughter in the soft, singing mountain rain.

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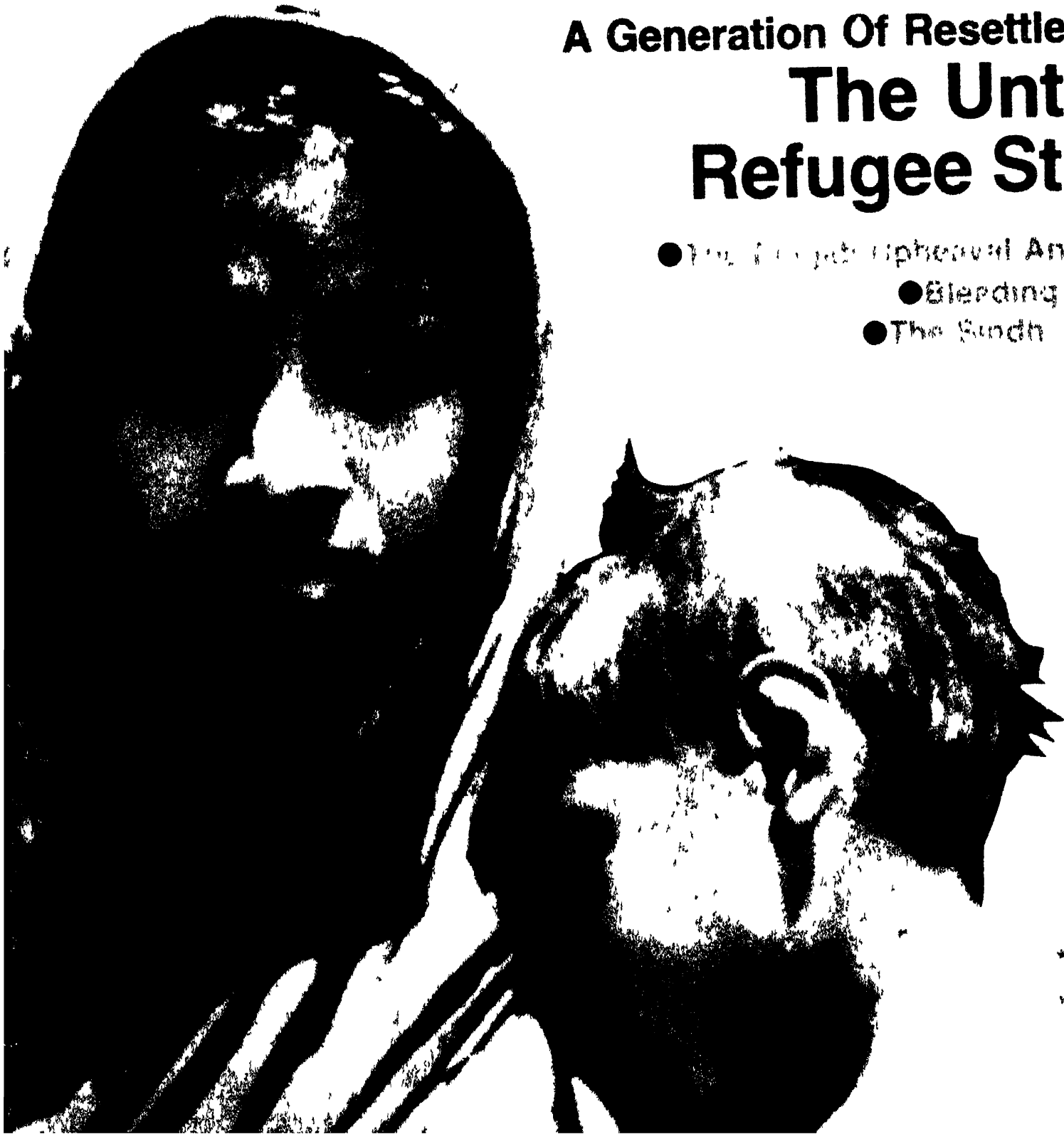
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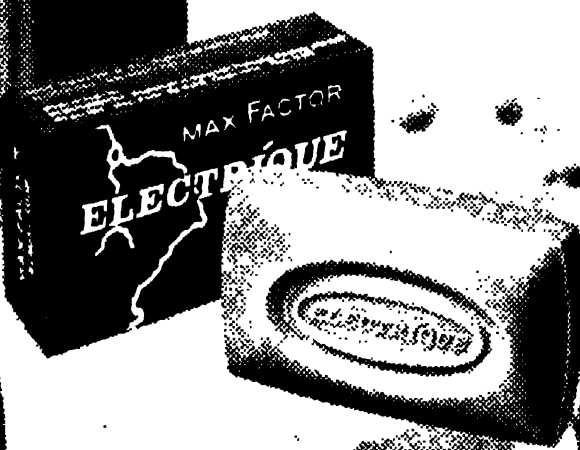
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NORVICSUN



## OLYMPICS



Sir—The intrinsic value of the OLYMPICS 80 issue in terms of sports information is many times the face value of the magazine (Rs 1.50)

B.R. DAS  
Bangalore

Sir—The issue was superb. We hope we will have many colour photographs and articles on the Moscow Games too

ANIL G. KOTIAN  
Bombay

Sir—The issue was disappointing. There were no interesting articles except the one on Indian Hockey. There were too many pictures from the last few Olympiads. The issue released on the eve of the Olympic Games has no preliminary report on the Moscow Games. It is absurd to title this special OLYMPICS 80 as it does not say a thing about the 1980 Moscow Olympic Games.

VISHAN DE BHANDARI  
Nandyal

Sir—After the 1976 Montreal Olympics, the Weekly published a most appropriate cover story titled: *600 Million Indians—Not Even A Bronze!* I am afraid you will have to repeat the story this year too

BHARAT RAKSHAK  
Ahmedabad

Sir—OLYMPICS 80 was a super issue. It is worth preserving just for its fantastic photographs.

N.G. JAMBOTKAR  
Belgaum

Sir—I hope your sales touched a new low with this issue

SESHAGIRI ROW KARRY  
Hyderabad

Sir—I am glad that none of the regular features were

### Where We Missed Out!

Sir—The selection of photographs was most haphazard. GDR's Gitta Escher (Gymnastics) figures in colour despite coming only 6th at Montreal.

Who was that 'No 21' pole-vaulter? Instead of an action picture of Bob Seagren or Wolfgang Nordwig, we have a nameless wonder here.

Did the incredible Edwin Moses, undisputed king of the 400 metres hurdles, holding the current world record at 47.58 sec, deserve only a minute black-and-white photograph in an obscure corner?

Going by the photograph, the King of the Discus and four times Olympic Champion, Al Oerter, is a nonentity

Rod Milburn, the record-holder in the 110 metres hurdles with a fantastic timing of 13.24 sec, does not seem to be worthy of a photograph!

Ron Clarke, one of the all-time greats who broke the world record in the 500 metres, is another casualty

Hungary's Marta Egervari, 6th at Montreal in the vaulting horse event of gymnastics, figures in colour, while the Munich overall champ, Ludmila Turistcheva (USSR), does not even find a place!

Whatever happened to Shane Gould (Australia) and Kornelia Ender (GDR)—the one made a gold splash in the swimming events at Munich, the other at Montreal?

We are tired of sob stories explaining our hockey debacle. Did there have to be four pages on it?

Instead, all the above-mentioned stars could have been presented in a really colourful way—they certainly deserved it more!

T.S. VINEETH KUMAR  
Manipal

### Point By Point

Sir—Jal Pardivala's rejoinder was a masterpiece ('The Jesse Owens Janki Dass Knew': July 13). Too many people these days get away with the most exaggerated statements and it was refreshing to find Janki Dass answered point by point and exposed completely. Not only did you pay a great compliment to Jal Pardivala by making his letter the only one to be published that week, but you proved to a new generation of readers that anything which is constructively refuted will be published by the Weekly.

VIJAY MERCHANT  
Bombay

Sir—Sports enthusiasts will be grateful to Jal Pardivala for providing facts and exposing fiction. By printing Pardivala's letter prominently, you have partly undone the mischief created by Janki Dass's article.

S.M. MODY  
Bombay

Sir—Janki Dass should have learnt from these lines in Hamlet:

*To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the  
night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false  
to any man.*

RAJESH SHARMA  
Rohtak

included in this issue—after all, the Olympics come but once in four years.

MOHD ABDULLAH  
ANSURI  
Yeola, Nasik

Sir—The action photographs in this issue were excellent. The statistical data was very useful.

K.J. RANGANATH  
Bangalore

Sir—You appear to have an eye on the 'box-office', if one considers the spate of special issues you dish out. The latest one, the Olympics Special, is no exception—it is in tune with the suspicion that you are taking the reading public for a ride. When sports magazines are a dime a dozen in the country, there is no justification for devoting an entire issue to sports.

V.H. AS HEGDE  
Margao

Sir—It was a fantastic issue with exciting photographs. I hope there will be more numbers like it.

R.K. SHARMA  
Rohtak

Sir—The issue sold like hot cakes and many people were unable to obtain copies for themselves. Hardly surprising as the entire issue was a treat!

B.N. BOSE  
Jamshedpur

Sir—The photograph of the 100 metres sprint final carried a caption that said Hasley Crawford of Trinidad had clocked 10.6 sec to win the race. The time should have read 10.06 sec.

G.I.C. SAMPSON  
Hyderabad

Sir—In a caption in 'Movements and Moments', it has been stated that John Strafford was the first blind man to run the Marathon on October 20, 1979. In fact, the first blind runner to achieve this was George Hallman, who ran the Boston Marathon (April 25, 1979), and his timing was 3 hrs, 23 min, 15 sec.

SANJAI BANERJI  
Cochin

Sir—I anxiously waited for the OLYMPICS 80 issue. But it proved to be very disappointing. Photographs were given pride of place. The articles were mediocre, to say the least.

KHURSHED AHMAD  
Patna

### Counter-'Cracks'

Sir—This is with reference to Ambassador A.K. Hafizka's letter (August 3) disputing several statements in my 'Cracks in the Saudi Empire' (June 8). The writer says that it was King Abdul Aziz, and not King Saud, who founded the Saudi Empire. When I referred to the founder of the empire as King Saud, my reference was to Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, and not to his son King Saud, as is perhaps thought by the Ambassador.

This also explains Mr Hafizka's second charge that Prince Fawaz was not the son of King Saud. Fawaz was the son of the founder of the Saudi Empire, Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud; through his wife, the daughter of the paramount chief of the Rashid tribe.

Furthermore, Fawaz was Governor of Mecca, and not

Governor-General of Southern Saudi Arabia, says Mr Hafizka. However, according to *Middle East Currency Reports*, on which my statement was based, Fawaz was Governor-General of Southern Saudi Arabia (Mecca also happens to be in this region).

Mr Hafizka also claims that Prince Salman did not resign his governorship in protest against Prince Bandr's removal. Again, according to *Middle East Currency Reports*, Prince Salman did resign in sympathy with Bandr's demotion from the governorship of Riyadh to the post of Deputy Defence Minister (a post vacated by Prince Turki before his elevation to Cabinet rank) in charge of all security units in the country. Though it is quite likely that Prince Salman may have later withdrawn his resignation and resumed his gubernatorial duties subsequently, we have no confirmed knowledge of this.

Finally, the Ambassador has written that Prince Abdullah did not resign from under Prince Fahd, as the latter was never Regent of Saudi Arabia. In fact, Prince Fahd was Acting Regent of Saudi Arabia during King Khaled's hospitalisation at Cleveland, Ohio. It was during this period that Prince Abdullah resigned as the Second Deputy Prime Minister of that country.

Ambassador Hafizka is well within his rights to claim that all reports of divisions in the Saudi Family "originate from motivated propagandists who peddle deliberate misinformation", for it is highly unlikely that he, even theoretically, is kept officially informed of the inner intrigues with the Royal Family. How many of our Ambassadors in Tehran, for instance, were able to forecast the collapse of the Shah's Empire despite their proximity to the source of all information? Moreover, it is rather strange that, while claiming that the article lacks factual content, Mr Hafizka has not been able to dispute the specific references to the incidents narrated in the article. In conclusion, I maintain that the article was not written in a fit of irrational bravado, but was based on hard facts.

RAJIV SHANKAR  
Bombay

## Different Times Different Trends

The Illustrated Weekly of India this week comes with a new masthead with the lettering set in bigger, bolder type, but with the primary design left intact.

The move is in keeping with our determination to provide a newer, better Weekly for your reading on Sunday and the days following.

Change is the law of life and, in the course of the last one hundred years, the Weekly's masthead has been changed some six times to suit its emerging needs.

The last occasion when a change was made was in 1969. That change stood the test of time for almost 11 years.

The need for change was felt with the growth of the magazine field in the last three years. The importance, increasingly, was seen for using the top right-hand corner for display purposes. But this could not have been achieved under the old masthead without mutilating a part of it.

The new masthead not only makes it possible for us to use the top right-hand corner effectively, but also enables the Weekly to stand out visually.

We trust the change we have made meets with the approval and approbation of our readers.

Several artists were encouraged to provide us with visuals for a new cover design and the final choice was only made after a great deal of deliberation.

Changes are not made lightly, but neither can we stay with the past if we are to be contemporaneous.

For the last one hundred years, it has been the Weekly's distinction to stay a step ahead of its times and this it has done successfully.

In the last few weeks, readers may also have noticed changes in layout design and typography. These, too, are intended to brighten up the Weekly and make it a 'with-it' journal, keeping up with the tempo of our times.

We also intend to continue our Know Your India series highlighting life in India's 16 States, beginning with Karnataka.

M.V.K.

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

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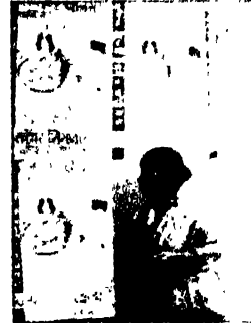
A Partition Of Minds

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Cover Photograph: courtesy, Films Division

Cover design: Suhas Bawdekar

## Next Week



Your Bonus—What Is It Worth

Is your bonus now due reserved for buying a coveted luxury item, as before, or will it go in meeting those ceaseless demands made by rising prices? Spot interviews with a cross-section of the working population.

MPs Want Pay Hike!

In keeping with the rising prices, Members of Parliament now want a triple hike in their daily pay! What price Parliamentary Democracy? Madhu Limaye examines this million-rupee question.



Olympics And Politics

Have the Olympic Games lost all meaning in the face of the current high politicalisation of even sport? A.F.S. Talyarkhan assesses the Olympic movement



India, Russia And Ali Baba!

Indo-Soviet film collaboration dates back to K.A. Abbas's 'Pardesi' and finds colourful expression now in F.C. Mehra's 'Ali Baba Aur 40 Chor'. V.P. Sathe traces the film link between India and Russia.



Memories And Melodies

Mohamed Rafi is no more and millions of words have already been written on him. What is there new to say? Raju Bharatan makes a comprehensive depth study.

Ecology And Conservation In Auroville

Geeta Doctor takes a close look.

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**POPE JOHN** once said: *Any day is good enough to be born; any day is good enough to die.*

Taking a cue from the good Pope, we might add: *And any day is good enough to pay tribute to those who, in the turbulent weeks that followed partition, came to India, millions with hardly anything more than a shirt on their back, settled in new conditions without a murmur, and created new lives for themselves.*

It is now 33 years since the great subcontinent of India was foolishly partitioned as between Pakistan and India. It has been estimated that, up to the middle of 1948, about 5½ million non-Muslims were brought across the border from West Punjab and other provinces of Western Pakistan to India. About 400,000 non-Muslims later migrated from Sind to India, leaving their homes and property behind. Nearly 40% of the entire Sikh community had been reduced to penury, with the necessity of having to start life afresh. Comparable numbers of non-Muslims from East Pakistan also trekked to West Bengal.

How have they fared in these long years?

### **The 'Long March' To Rehabilitation**

A whole generation has gone by. Thousands who did the 'Long March' have since silently died. Their families no doubt still remember the sufferings of the days when, terror-stricken, they were received in India and, for days and months, lived huddled in improvised tents, or in single-room tenements, often 20 to 50 in a house, under the most abominable conditions.

V. P. Menon, in his definitive work, *The Transfer of Power in India*, wrote thus:

*The uprooted millions were in a terrible mental state. They had been driven from their homes under conditions of indescribable horror and misery. Not many had the time to plan their evacuation. Most had to move out at the shortest possible notice. They had been subjected to terrible indignities. They had witnessed their near and dear ones hacked to pieces before their eyes and their houses ransacked, looted and set on fire by their own neighbours. They had no choice but to seek safety in flight..*

*All classes of people joined the stream of refugees. There were the rich who had been reduced overnight to poverty and penury; there were petty tradesmen and office workers for whom the future was bleak and uncertain...*

*Every foot of the covered accommodation in the precincts of Purana Qila and Humayun's Tomb was occupied. Scores of tents*



# To Hope Till Hope Creates

*were pushed and every possible contrivance was used to improvise shelter..*

*In the early stages, labour and equipment were simply not available.. Even Nature added to the suffering of the refugees. The September rains were exceptionally heavy that year. Few were able to keep dry under such improvised shelter as existed, while the influx of refugees into the camps continued...*

Those were the conditions 33 years ago. Today, most of the scars have been wiped off. Through hard work and diligent application, those who came to India have given a marvellous account of themselves. The Sikhs by their extraordinary feats have made Punjab India's No 1 State. Haryana has prospered.

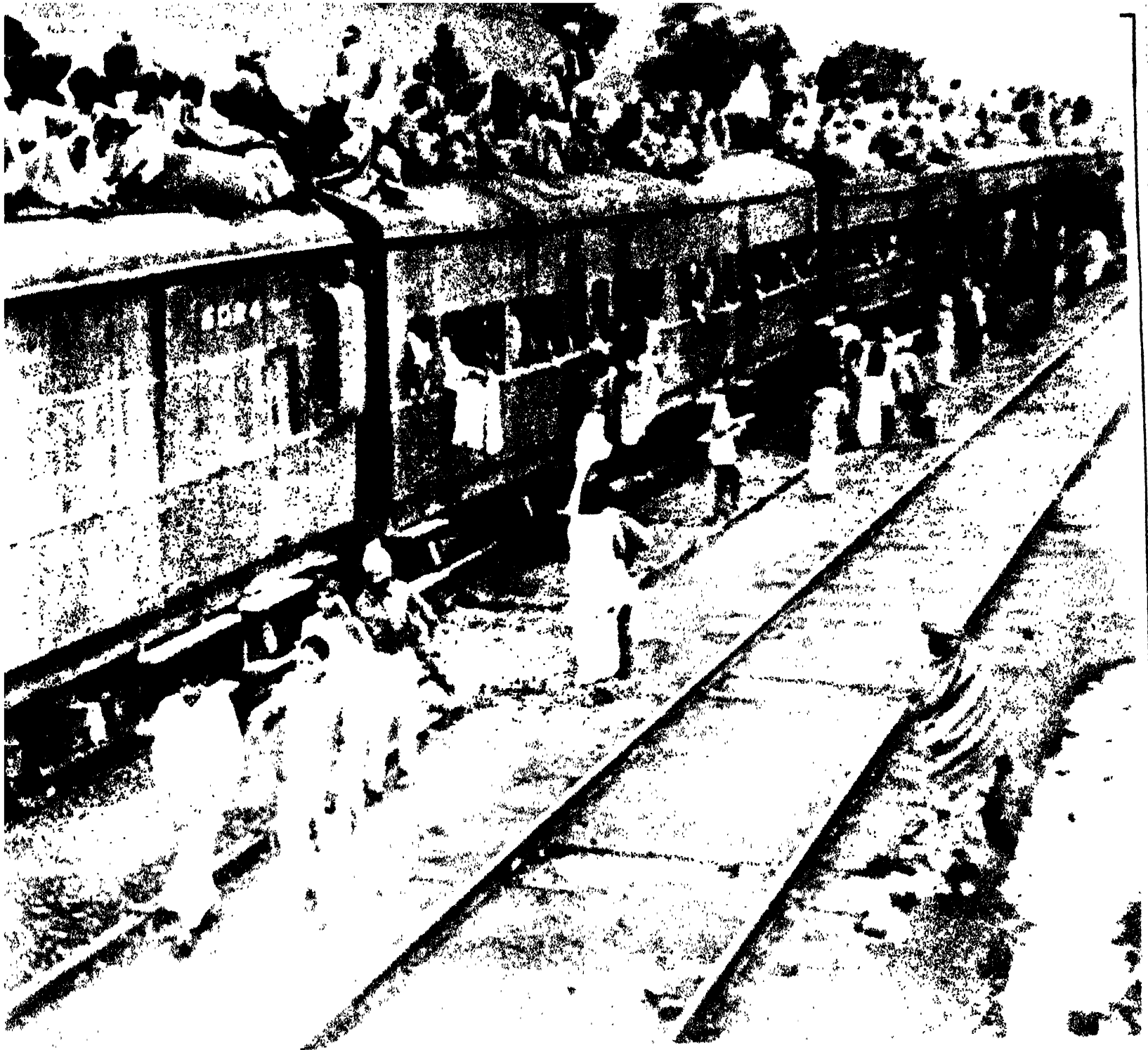
The Sindhis have wonderfully adjusted themselves to their new surroundings, adding to the wealth and weal of India.

So have the men and women who came to India from East Pakistan, through their unremitting labour and suffering.

### **They Have Brought To India A New Dimension**

August 15 of any year is a good enough day to remember them and to pay them a rich and deserved tribute. They have brought to India a new dimension. No one surely can undo history. The tears have long been shed—until there aren't any more and the eyes are dry.





# The Thing It Contemplates

Memories will linger, mostly painful. But talk to them that have come and they will tell you also of goodness discovered, decency unveiled, friendship proffered. And those of us, who never experienced the trauma of being uprooted, owe it to those who were, now, a generation later, to say: *Well done, brothers and sisters. The travail is long over. Be at peace.*

## Untold Suffering, Untold Story

This issue is dedicated to all those who suffered in untold ways and yet have come through unscathed. Their story is told, even if somewhat desultorily—no matter how hard one tries, the story can never be fully told—for the record and to remind ourselves

that freedom did not come cheap and that that freedom has to be defended by every generation. And at any cost.

For the rest, we have Shelley to speak for us:

*To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;  
To defy power, which seems omnipotent;  
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, not falter, nor repent;  
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.*

M. V. K.

# Punjab Upheaval And After

The "Great Divide" in 1947 brought about one of the greatest and most tragic migrations human history has known. For with the partition came mass killings, mass rape and wholesale plunder and arson.

The credit for surviving the upheaval goes to that hardy generation of Punjabis who, with their well-known traits of enterprise, hard work and versatility, built a new future and new status for themselves and their displaced families in India.

by K. Datta

THIRTY THREE YEARS may not be a long time in the life of a nation. But it is in the life of a man. A whole new generation has grown up since August 15, 1947, which knows little of the terrible price that was paid in the north-west by an older generation at the time of the 'great divide' of the massacre that took place there and the greatest and most tragic migration humankind has ever known. The movement of the subcontinent towards independence had to be speeded up. Leaders of the freedom movement had struggled and waited long enough and were eager to enjoy the fruits of the struggle. But the echoes of "Jai Hind" that greeted the unfurling of the Tricolour by Jawaharlal Nehru on the ramparts of Red Fort on August 15, 1947, had hardly died when the nation was plunged in sorrow.

Reports began trickling in of long caravans of refugees winding their way towards India and of the carnage and decimation *en route*. The story of their trials and tribulations, of the massacres and murders, of the looting and arson were so heart-rending as to evoke taunting demands of a return to British Raj. But Sir Cyril Radcliffe's pencil had drawn the line that dissected the province of Punjab and scaled the fate of millions. Over 10 million men, women and children were reported to be on the move from Pakistan to India and anything between 200,000 and 500,000 were massacred. An unknown number of women were

raped, slaughtered or abducted. Many of them were later recovered by the machinery set up for the purpose by the two governments. But I know of at least one couple, now old, who still sometimes pine for news of a daughter they lost in those days when everyone seemed to have gone mad. No one had expected such insanity, such suffering.

Lord Mountbatten, flying over the Punjab in September 1947 with Mr. Nehru, saw a column 50 miles long heading west somewhere between Amritsar and Lahore. In his letter to the British King he expressed his concern for the very difficult problem to decide what to do with these hordes of refugees when they arrived. Cornering Mr. Nehru in Montgomery, a woman who had lost her all asked if all this partitioning could not have been done without such widespread massacre. Partitions had taken place earlier and brothers had divided their properties, as politicians those days were fond of saying in an oversimplification of the whole matter. But they were not followed by mass killings, mass exodus, mass rape and wholesale plunder and arson. As H. V. Hodson, a former constitutional adviser to the British Viceroy, says in *The Great Divide*, the fear, the heartbreak, the destitution which this spontaneous and unforeseen upheaval spelt represented more human misery than even the fearsome toll of death.

Every family in a refugee camp had some tale of horror to relate. The silt and misery in these camps in Delhi are still vivid in memory. The trauma continues to this day in the life of many a person in the evening of his existence. There is, for instance, Lala Ishwar Dayal who suddenly starts pacing his room at night wondering what happened to his wife who was snatched away from him after he had fallen unconscious defending himself and her from sword blows with his bare arm which is now withered and useless. To this day people remember Lady Edwina Mountbatten wading through ankle-deep mud in refugee camps, getting food and blankets distributed, water taps repaired and placing a soothing hand on fevered brows.

## No Place For Self-Pity

The credit for surviving the upheaval goes to that hardy generation of Punjabis. Not that the Government did not play its part. But the fact is that the Punjabi's well-known traits of enterprise, hard work, pride and versatility stood him in good stead as they always have. In his psyche, there is no place for self-pity and he despises the man who treats himself as a *bechara*. One of the things he resented in his new environs was the word 'refugee' or *sharnathi*. He won his point and the term 'displaced person', DP for short replaced 'refugee'. He spread out all over DP's from Multan division found a home in the Haryana districts of Hissar, Sirsa and Rohtak. A large number from the Frontier areas of Dera Ismail Khan and Dera Ghazi Khan were accommodated in the industrial town of Faridabad. But in Delhi was the largest concentration. Here he foresaw a future which he would build with his own bare hands, as his ancestors had been doing from time to time.

The old 'partition' breed is slowly diminishing as one notices, not without a little nostalgia, from occasional glances at the obituary columns of papers like *The Tribune* and *The Hindustan Times*.

IN TRANSIT—Two women giving a description of their lost ones to a railway official. Over 10 million men, women and children were reported to be on the move from Pakistan to India. Right, Blankets and woollens being distributed by members of the armed forces among refugee women and children at the Kurukshetra Camp. More than 2 lakh refugees were housed here at the time.



Revered Lala so-and-so Ram, formerly of Lahore or Rawalpindi or Peshawar, breathed his last... The man's origins are very important. The new generation, born and bred after partition, may not be aware of it, but the veterans of that exodus would still like to know of the other party's origins when they find brides for their sons and vice versa "Pichhon kithhon de ho?" (Where do you originally come from?) is an inevitable question.

Thirty-three years is a long time in the life of a man, as I said. The "partition Punjabis", or the DPs—a long-forgotten description now—after surviving the terrible holocaust, have married, raised families and died in a new milieu. They have, on the whole, done creditably for themselves. Giving up their rich holdings in the canal-irrigated "Crown colony" of West Punjab, the agriculturists among them overcame the stiffer challenge of tilling the lands they once despondingly described as "banjar" or barren.

### Entered All Fields

In trade, commerce, industry, arts and the professions, they have also done, by and large, enviably well. They have never begged. In fact they despised the man who stooped that low. Visit Faridabad NIT (New Industrial Township) set up with great vision by Nehru and you will know what I mean. The Frontierwallas, as they still proudly call themselves in the squalid sectors of that township, have a hospital named Badshah Khan Hospital after Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan. They work in humble positions in the factories set up by new entrepreneurs or are petty traders. But you can't miss that certain independence and pride and the attitude of the Frontier hillsman towards the man of the plains.

In Delhi's DP colonies like Rajinder Nagar, Patel Nagar, Tilak Nagar and Malviya Nagar, set up 30 years ago, you find abundant evidence of well-being. Most of the asbestos-rooted hutments, each constructed on 100 square yards of land, have given way to bhavans or



**BUILDING AFRESH.** At the King's Way Refugee Camp, Delhi, young members of the family help in laying the first kuchcha bricks to build their house. The family which completed this quota would be allotted a house first.

mansions" built with wealth earned in the very city the DPs once came to as penniless destitutes.

It is a reflection on our writers that such a momentous happening has not moved a sufficient number of them to creative literature. Kids all over the world are familiar with the westward move of the last century in the USA thanks to their writers.

Delhi was the city of promise for the DPs 33 years ago. Among them was a soft-spoken 16 year-old from Lahore's Gwal Mandi. A dedicated Rashtriya Swayamsewak Sangh (RSS) worker, he left Lahore on September 20, 1947, and, after a spell of work among Hindu refugee camps in Jammu and Kashmir, he came to Delhi in 1948 where he enrolled at Camp College, set up in a school building by the Punjab University. From there he went to Delhi University to get his master's degree and establish himself as a student leader. The Jana Sangh founded in 1951 by Syama Prasad Mookerjee, was just the party for young men like him. A college teacher by profession politics took him to the position of Chief Executive Councillor (CEC) of Delhi in 1962 and leader of the opposition in the Metropolitan Council five years later. His name Vijay Kumar Malhotra. At the time of writing he is President of the Asian Games Organising Committee.

### Jana Sangh Stronghold

Delhi became a Jana Sangh stronghold because of the hundreds of thousands of refugees who became a part of its population. When after the Emergency in 1977, the Janata Party swept to power, another old DP, Kedar Nath Sahni, 55, became the CEC. Migrating from Sialkot, Sahni also came to Delhi via Jammu and Kashmir, where he organised and worked among the Hindu refugees from Mirpur. A dashing handsome young man, he was selected for a commission in the Air Force in 1949, but chose to decline it because of his commitment to his party.

The partition generation of the north-west also raised its share of journalists. Prem Bhatia, of Lahore, former Resident Editor in Delhi of *The Times of India*, and, after a stint as India's High Commissioner in Nairobi and Singapore, now Editor of *The Tribune*, is the foremost among them. Inder Malhotra, the present Resident Editor at Delhi of *The Times of India*, migrated from Hafizabad, in Gujranwala District, as a



**SHE LENT A KIND EAR.** To this day, people remember Lady Edwina Mountbatten wading through ankle-deep mud in refugee camps, getting food and blankets distributed, water-taps repaired and placing a soothing hand on fevered brows.

17 year-old Kuldip Nayar of *Indian Express* belonged to Sialkot.

Ashwin Kumar, who rose to be Director General of the Border Security Force, is an old boy of Lahore's prestigious Government College. For nearly two decades he was President of the Indian Hockey Federation. Now retired from the BSF, he is Secretary General of the Asian Games Organising Committee and also one of India's only two members—Raja Bhalendra Singh is the other—of that exclusive club called the International Olympic Committee.

Many a 'refugee' has also made good in the armed forces. Air Chief Marshal O P Mehra, former Chief of Air Staff, belonged to Lahore. So did Air Marshal H C Dewan. Gen O P Malhotra, Chief of Army Staff. Lt Gen (Retd) Z C Bakhshi, one of the country's most decorated generals. Lt Gen J S Arora, liberator of Bangladesh in 1971 when he headed the Eastern Command and Lt Gen H C Dutta, Deputy Chief of Army Staff are all 'refugees'.

The field of business management has also not been without a 'refugee' leading light. Prem



**PROF HARGOBIND KHURANA** receiving the Nobel Prize for Medicine from King Gustav Adolf in Stockholm on December 10, 1968. He was the third Indian to receive the Nobel Prize, the other two being Rabindranath Tagore and Sir C.V. Raman.



**THE PARTITION** raised its share of journalists. Prem Bhatia of Lahore, former Resident Editor in Delhi of 'The Times of India', is now Editor of 'The Tribune'. Bhatia was also India's High Commissioner in Nairobi and Singapore. Here he is seen presenting his credentials to Jomo Kenyatta, President of the Republic of Kenya, on September 8, 1965. Among other journalists, Inder Malhotra, the present Resident Editor of 'The Times of India', migrated from Hafizabad, while Kuldip Nayar of 'Indian Express' belongs to Sialkot. Right: Rajindar Singh Bedi, one of the well-known literary figures in Indian Cinema, is a 'refugee'. Other actors include Manoj Kumar, Sunil Dutt and I.S. Johar, not to speak of the late Prithviraj Kapoor and his all-star family.



Pandhi, chairman of Cadbury India, belonged to Lyallpur.

Jag Mogan, former Chairman of the Delhi Development Authority and now Lt Governor of Delhi, was a young, intelligent college student in Lahore when he was forced to migrate. His predecessor, D.R. Kohli, also hailed from West Punjab.

The arts and films are not without with their "refugee" stars. Painter Satish Gujral and sculptor Amar Nath Sehgal are internationally famous. Writers Krishan Chander, Kartar Singh Duggal and Rajindar Singh Bedi need no introduction. So also actors Manoj Kumar, Sunil Dutt and I.S. Johar, not to speak of the late Prithviraj Kapoor and his all-star family. Academicians like Dr G.L. Datta, a former Vice-Chancellor of Vikram University, and China expert V.P. Datt, scientists like Nobel Laureate Har Gobind Khurana and Satish Dhawan, administrators like S.L. Khurana and politician-diplomats like Inder Gujral once belonged to the other side of the fence. The late Mehr Chand Khanna became the country's first "refugee" Cabinet Minister.

Indian sport also has been enriched by DPs, the legendary Flying Sikh Milkha Singh being the most famous of them all. For long after partition, Milkha lived with the trauma of massacre—the massacre of his own family. He struggled to Delhi as an impoverished stripling. He tried to join the army as a sepoy but was rejected. The recruitment officer perhaps found him too weak to be a soldier. But the Sikh boy somehow made it on his second attempt and soon found himself outpacing other runners at the EME Centre, Secunderabad. Milkha's first encounter with any Pakistani after the traumatic vivisection of the Punjab was at the Indo-Pak athletic meet in the 1950s in New Delhi. Running one of the legs of the 4 x 400 metres relay, the young Sikh, who was still to grow a proper beard, caught up with the Pakistani rival, looked over his shoulder to give a challenging nod before decisively outpacing him.

### Made The Country Proud

Milkha never looked back again. Not only the army, but the entire country was proud of him as he won medal after gold medal till he made the stirring final of the 1960 Rome Olympic 400 metres final where he failed to win a medal, although he broke the world record. Milkha's sprint encounters with Abdul Khaliq, who was a prisoner of war in India after the 1971 conflict, are remembered to this day. A new generation of athletes has grown up since. But Milkha's national records in the 200 and 400 metres still stand.

In fact, after a national meet last winter, the Flying Sikh, a director of youth activities in Punjab, offered Rs 5,000 to any young man breaking his records.

Jarnail Singh, India's all-time great football centre-back, Everest mountaineer Capt M.S. Kohli, Olympic hockey stars Keshav Datt and Raghbir Lal and R.S. Bhola, Davis Cup tennis captain Narendra Nath and R.P. Mehra, former Cricket Board President, are all refugees. Mr Mehra is a man with a story. His family were rich financiers or Shahs of Lahore with vast properties in the Paris of United India. "Suddenly we found ourselves on the street," says the Shah, a descendant of Bulaki Mal and Son, who had among their clients men of the Muslim landed aristocracy of West Punjab. "I knew of no way of earning a living. I could only drive a car and play cricket. The story of how we rehabilitated ourselves here is too long and too painful to print in a small magazine article—you'll need a whole book to do justice. Suffice it is to say that, after a bitter period of struggle in Bombay, I managed to

rent an office at Rs 100 a month at Asaf Ali Road, Delhi. God has been kind since then.

But God was not all that kind to many others who were born with a silver spoon in the mouth, as the saying goes. Many of them could not adjust and resettle and faded and vanished from the face of the earth. There was, for instance, Iqbal Sita Ram, MLA in the United Punjab. Managing Director of a bank in Lahore, he died a broken man in Delhi.

It is only the success stories people talk of. Such is the way of the world. The successes of men like the late N N Mohan, H P Nanda, Raunaq Singh, M S Oberoi, the late Janki Dass Kapur and B I Munjal are astounding. The Mohan brewery empire is spread all over the country. Nanda heads the giant industrial concern of Escorts. Raunaq Singh's Bharat Steel Tubes is one of the leaders in

its line of manufacture. Oberoi is the hotel king of the country and Munjal's Hero cycles and Janki Dass Kapur's Atlas cycles are now internationally known brands.

DPs who had been trained for the trades and professions fared excellently. Engineers, doctors, lawyers prospered as Delhi began to grow. So did the jewellers or *sarafs*, furniture makers and cloth merchants. Leading jewellery firms carry the same old names—so-and-so of Pindi, Lahore or Peshawar. The Salwans of Peshawar are one of Delhi's top firms in the furniture business. Whole bazars were captured by the sweet-tongued 'Bhapas' who migrated from the Pindi area. Ajmal Khan Road in Delhi's Karol Bagh area is one example.

The business of eating also presented vast



I. K. GUJRAL, former Minister for Information and Broadcasting, came to India from Pakistan. The late Mehr Chand Khanna became the country's first 'refugee' Cabinet Minister. Below: Ashwini Kumar, Director General, BSF, receiving the Skill at Arms Trophy from Gen I. N. Raina, former Chief of the Army Staff, in 1978. Ashwini Kumar was for nearly two decades President of the Indian Hockey Federation. Now retired from the BSF, he is Secretary-General of the Asian Games Organising Committee and a member of the exclusive club called the International Olympic Committee.



WRITERS LIKE KRISHAN CHANDER, painters like Satish Gujral and sculptor Amar Nath Sehgal are internationally renowned names. Here Krishan Chander is seen with wife Salma Siddiqui. Below: 'The Flying Sikh', Milkha Singh, is probably one of the most famous and legendary 'stars' from the 'other' side.

opportunities. Humble roadside *dhabas* and *chhole bhature* stalls in time became havens for the gourmand. The Kundal Lals of Peshawar spread the *tandoori* cuisine in Delhi from where Punjabi chefs have taken it to all corners of the globe.

They are all a few names in a list which, however exhaustive, will still be guilty of omissions. ■



# Bengalis Are Still Unsettled

**The Bengal refugee problem is different from that of the Punjabis and Sindhis because it is not confined to the 1947 exodus. Over the years, there has been a continuous trickle of refugees, rising to a flood in 1972. The trouble in the North-East is the current manifestation of this continuing problem.**

by Satyavrata Ghosh

IT WAS about half a century ago Maurice Hindus had written a book entitled 'Humanity Uprooted'. I had read it. Little did I even dream that some day India would witness it in actual operation, that many of my near and dear ones would be vitally affected by it. I could escape it only because I was already a refugee, thanks to the benign British Government which had externed me from my home province of Bengal.

It all came in the wake of Partition, which itself was hastened by the large scale massacre of minorities in the affected areas. Those who had to leave their homes as a consequence were compulsorily called the refugees—a term now much in use in political parlance.

In the West, they came from far off Sindh and not so far off Punjab. And, in the East, it has been a continuous flow of East Bengal refugees. There has, however, been an outstanding difference between the two types. In the case of Bengal, they came in dribs and drabs, starting from pre-Independence days, after the notorious Noakhali carnage which itself was the reaction to the cruel Calcutta killing of August 16, 1946. Even today they are coming in though not in great numbers. They also went towards Assam, Tripura and Manipur. From the North West, the refugees came all at once. By 1948, all had crossed the line of demarcation. Only a few have chosen to remain behind and they are no problem on either side.

There are other differences between the two types of refugees. Those who left their homes in

the North-West generally had some one or the other of their family in India. So, they had some one to lean on. Moreover, they came all at once, lock, stock and barrel. The Bengal refugees were mostly poor agriculturists or artisans and had no one in India to depend on. They have been half-hearted even when one or two of a family came to India, as a sort of exploration of the possibility of a better future in India. There was always a backward drag on their minds which came in the way of their fully and finally settling down. As their troubles grew in intensity and frequency, the soil sick Hindus of East Bengal very reluctantly left their ancestral homeland. Their own efficiency suffered and the Government could not plan their future in entirety.

Again, there was a question of the distance from the centre of power at New Delhi. The North-Western refugees came and got shelters in camps in and around Delhi, the ones in the East clustered around Calcutta, the only city in Bengal. And Calcutta and its suburbs were already saturated and could not easily absorb any large influx. The number of Muslims that left India was very insignificant compared to the Hindus that came. Moreover, in the case of Bengali Hindus, they have been coming intermittently, while the Muslims hardly go away now.

There is also the excessive attachment for the ancestral soil which led to half-heartedness even when leaving their homes which, in its turn, led to the lack of earnestness in work. This has been deprecated in many quarters and has been held as the main cause of the backwardness of the Bengal refugees. As a contrast is cited the over-zealousness and over-active nature of the refugees from the West.

## Leftist Propaganda

Above all, there have been the persistent activities of the leftists who, primarily to discredit the Congress Governments both at the Centre and in the State, have been carrying on propaganda among the refugees, not only raising high hopes in their minds but also instigating them to return to Bengal from the camps and rehabilitation sites outside Bengal. Unfortunately for them, however, it has boomeranged on them now, when the Left Front is in power in West Bengal.

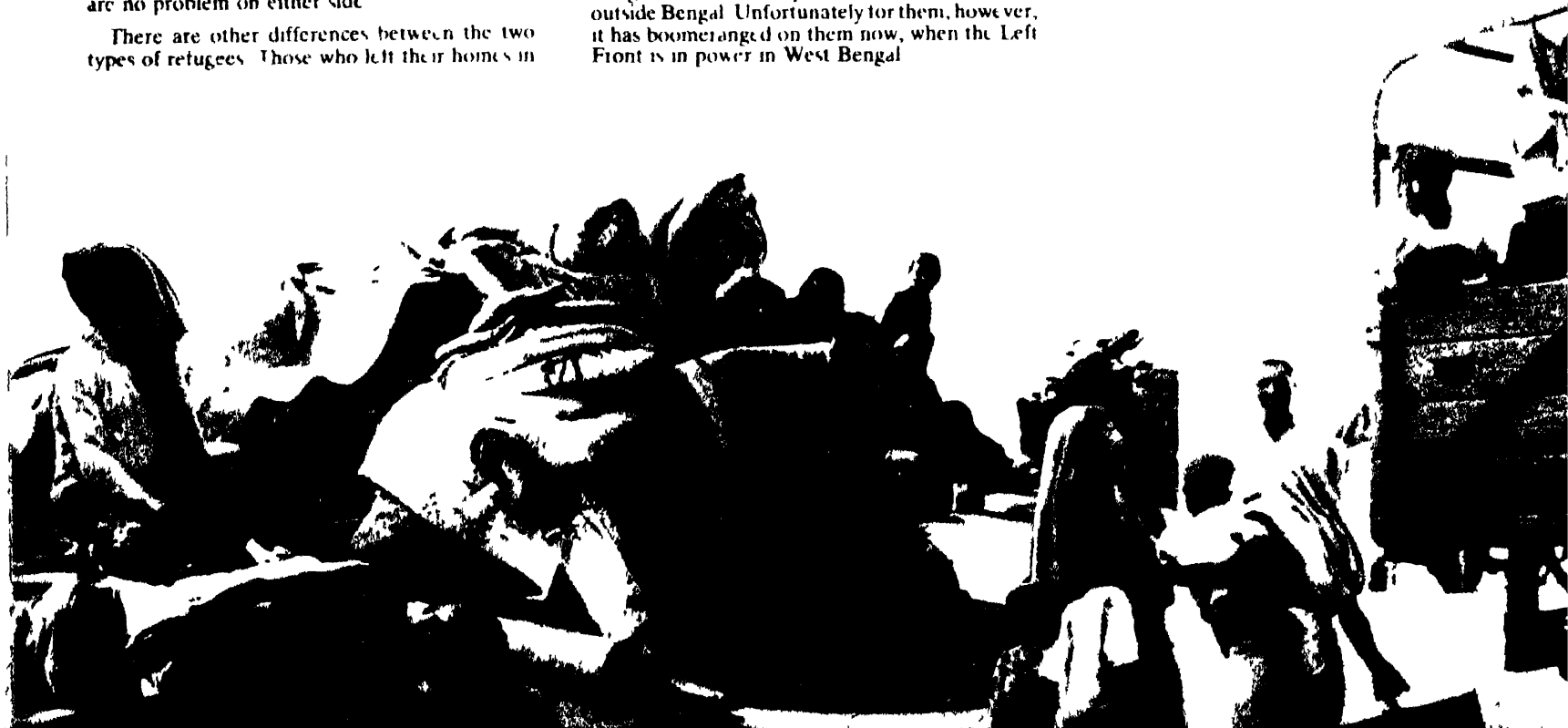
From the very beginning, with the first attempts to send them out of Bengal, there have been meetings and confabulations, particularly in camps like those at Mana in MP, to stop them from seeking permanent settlement in Dandakaranya. Some idea of the background and the project itself will help understand the problem of Refugee Resettlement in that area, the most ambitious scheme of the Government of India with co-operation from the Governments of Orissa and Madhya Pradesh.

By December, 1956, 4 million Hindus from East Bengal had sought refuge in India. Of these, three-fourths were settled in Bengal and the rest—one million—in the three eastern States of Assam, Manipur and Tripura. In the first instance one-tenth of those in West Bengal found their place in various camps and colonies pending final settlement. About 70 per cent of these were agriculturists to whom land was the prime necessity. But the pressure on land had already reached saturation even prior to Partition. The search for land for resettlement was on.

There was an enormous land mass measuring about 80,000 sq miles lying between the States of Orissa and Madhya Pradesh. This is the famous Dandakaranya of the Ramayana where Rama spent his days of exile. The twentieth-century exiles were now to spend their lives there. The altitude was high, between 2,000 and 5,000 feet above sea level. There was thick forest in most parts with hardly any scope for habitation unless the whole area was completely revolutionised.

The Government of India, along with the neighbouring States Andhra, Madhya Pradesh and Orissa, constituted a Committee in early Janu-

**SCENES OF DESOLATION—and hope. Below (l to r): Refugees from East Bengal at a railway station en route to Maharashtra where they were to be settled under the Dandakaranya Rehabilitation Project; others on the way to Dandakaranya; and refugees just arrived in the Andamans—the only successful settlement project among those undertaken for Bengali refugees.**





ary, 1957, which inspected the area. There was a group of experts to advise them, experts in Forest and Soil Conservation work, in Health, Agriculture, Finance and Home Affairs.

Acting on the recommendations of the Committee the Dandakaranya Development Authority (DDA) was established on September 12, 1958. It had a two-fold purpose—to resettle the refugees from East Bengal, and to improve the lots of the local tribals, the original inhabitants of the area. Unfortunately, however, with all the money and material sunk there over the years, those who came to be settled started deserting the place almost from the very beginning. Diverse factors have been responsible for it. Desertions also came in waves as was the case with their entry into India—1,039 families in 1965, 1,865 in 1966 and 3,465 in 1972. The climax came in 1978 when 14,388 families left for West Bengal in the hope of being settled in the Sundarbans.

As for the cause of this reverse process of resettlement, the Government of India and some of the concerned States squarely put the blame on the persistent propaganda carried on by the Opposition parties in West Bengal.

### Quick And Cruel

The extremist elements among the refugees, whether in the transit camps in Mana, MP, or in Dandakaranya itself, used to constantly assert: 'All the migrants outside West Bengal are firmly determined to return to W B for settlement in the Sundarbans area only—refugees outside Bengal can survive nowhere.' Some of the leaders, at a press conference in Calcutta on June 2, 1957, averred that 16,000 families could be resettled in Marichjhampi and 30,000 in Dattapasha in the Sundarbans. Agitational activities continued until 1978 when there was a massive exodus. The counteraction by the CPM Government in West Bengal has been both quick and cruel. They literally drove out the refugees by denying them rations, even by actual lathi charges.

The irony of the whole situation is that the same elements which had been instigating the refugees for years to return to West Bengal to be rehabili-

tated in the Sundarbans made a right about turn when it fell to their own Left Front Government to help in the settlement. Further still, the new refugees from Dandakaranya never sought and never got any government help. They only tried to settle on the land of their choice, a land which was far from thickly populated.

There is, however, always the other side of the coin. The one single potent factor that helped the political propagandists achieve their ends in unsettling the settlers was the psychological leanings of the refugees towards Bengal. But, "no one, howsoever evilly motivated, could have persuaded the refugees to desert the area if the Rehabilitation Ministry had succeeded in arranging for even tolerably satisfactory rehabilitation for them", says a Memorandum submitted to the Rehabilitation Committee.

Various witnesses emphasised the inadequacy of the economic rehabilitation of the refugees in the area—adequate land distribution, rocky land, arid and unproductive, inadequate irrigation facilities and non-development of small-scale industries on which people could depend during the lean years. Added to those was the official indifference on the one hand and the growing hostility of the local elements, particularly the tribals, on the other. When they found that the government had made the land habitable and cultivable they thought of getting rid of the refugees so that the entire area of 80,000 square miles would be exclusively theirs. In this some local politicians added fuel to the fire.

The DDA also pointed out another cause. It is quite possible that the elements were not willing to lead a hard life in agriculture and being educated, were attracted by job opportunities in West Bengal, real or imaginary. Of course, from facts known through other sources, the very premise was not correct. Most of them were not educated.

Anyway, the ball was now in the court of the very political elements which had earlier instigated the refugees to desert places of resettlement outside Bengal. Pannalal Das Gupta, a one-time fiery revolutionary termed the refugees from Ahilyabhoom: the victims of nostalgia, impelled by the instinctive love for a lost home. But here, again, he has not been factually correct. For, the elements most insistent on returning to West Bengal were the post-Partition generation.

They certainly could have no nostalgic impulse to return to Bengal. At the most it could be a love of the language. The basic question is about the very idea of sending the refugees to Dandakaranya. Could they not have been absorbed in W B itself? For, many times more non-Bengalis came and got settled there during this period, at times even in agriculture.

Moreover, there was a misconception even at the initial stage. Dr B. C. Roy's Government thought that any more pressure on land would be counter-productive. But the experience of neighbouring countries showed that the contrary is the case. Per 100 hectares of land, India engaged 92 persons whose income per head was \$ 150 while in Pakistan the corresponding figures were 101 persons with \$ 215 income. In Ceylon there were 107 persons and \$ 266. Ten per cent more peasants in Pakistan earned 43 per cent more per head. If only our State Government had effected some improvement in the system of agriculture, not only could the refugees sent to far off Dandakaranya and the Eastern States have been easily absorbed, but the country also would have been spared the problems arising out of such efforts at settlement—no Marichjhampi mishap and no foreigner flare up.

The Government of West Bengal should have widened their mental horizon and tried to rehabilitate the refugees in occupations other than agriculture and office work. To agriculture could have been added other fruitful allied activities like poultry, dairy, bee-keeping, etc.

This does not in any way mean an open invitation to those refugees who have stayed in areas outside Bengal. They could and should stay on wherever they are, try to accept their lot and make the best of it. That they certainly have the potential, they have proved beyond doubt. Entirely unaided by the Government, at times in the teeth of official opposition, they have transformed the one-time abandoned Sundarbans into a granary—and all within six months. The Government should only guarantee protection against the hostility of the local people—the tribals in Dandakaranya and the originals in the Eastern States. Moreover, aid should arrive on time and in sufficient quantity. The attitude of the concerned officials must also change from indifference and obstruction to sympathy and support. This all

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**THE LAND OF THEIR FUTURE.** More families from East Bengal disembarking to settle in the Andaman Islands. Above right: A transit camp to house settlers until they are moved to permanent villages.

important realisation should dawn on those Indians who are better placed, that refugees are also human beings and deserve human treatment. They are the unwilling victims of Partition which paved the way to Independence, the benefit of which we are today enjoying. We owe them some gratitude.

For a proper perspective, we should go back to the period of Partition. The trouble started in the middle of 1946, with the Calcutta killing and its reaction in Noakhali. Gandhiji and a band of devoted workers on the one hand and Surawardy on the other tried their best to instil confidence in the minds of minorities on both sides of the border. Yet, there was an all-prevailing feeling of uncertainty and insecurity and the trek of uprooted humanity began, maybe not on the scale witnessed in the North-Western parts of India. To this general feeling of fear was added other factors which accelerated it. Khulna was given to West Bengal and Murshidabad to East Pakistan. This was, however, suddenly reversed. The people of Beru-bari suffered a worse fate. They twice underwent a change of loyalty to the land. All this may appear to be somewhat academic at this distant date. But the traumatic tension of the times has left an indelible impression, more so when we find that the same sufferers are today facing a similar fate in our North-Eastern areas.

The second big wave came in 1950, after the large-scale riots in East Pakistan. The total number of refugees sheltered in various camps prior to 1950 was 40,000. The number now swelled to 4,60,610. And the problem of their rehabilitation became proportionately more perplexing. The Nehru-Liaquat Pact followed and feelings on either side were somewhat assuaged and the exodus abated.

There have been various pacts and agreements at various times with different degrees of success. The Nehru-Liaquat Pact, the Nehru-Noon Pact on Beru-bari, the Indra-Mujib Pact after the Bangla Desh War, immediately followed by the Simla Agreement between Mrs Gandhi and Bhutto, are the notable ones. In any case, after the Bangladesh war, not many Hindus were left in East Bengal to account for any significant exodus.

At earlier stages, there were two significant and extreme proposals from two very different quarters. At one stage, Sardar Patel threatened Pakistan that India would be compelled to claim a por-

tion of Pakistani territory if the continued exodus did not stop. At a high-level secret meeting at the residence of Dr B. C. Roy, the then Chief Minister of W.B., General Cariappa and he discussed the possibility of army action to take back Jessore and Khulna, if necessary.

The second threat came from Dr Shyama Prasad Mookerjee who, along with Mr K.C. Neogi, had resigned from the Central Cabinet on the refugee issue. Said Dr Mookerjee in his forthright manner: "Either the two countries should be reunited or there should be a complete exchange of population or Pakistan should be made to cede territory necessary to rehabilitate the refugees." These proposals certainly were very much against the professed position of the Government of India.

Out of the list of failures or near-failures of all efforts to rehabilitate the refugees there is one outstanding exception, the experiment made in the Andamans. Of course, the surrounding was suitable, plenty of water and fish, greenery all round and coconuts in abundance. Thirty thousand of the 1,30,000 population were Bengali-speaking. The ten thousand that came have been easily absorbed, mostly in agriculture, but partly also in small-scale industry such as shell-making, wood-craft, etc. The Khadi and Village Industries Commission is thinking of further accelerating the process and more refugees can easily be fruitfully occupied. What was only a brain wave to Dr B.C. Roy in 1948, is today a reality and shows the way in which other areas could help the process of resettling the refugees.

This, in a nutshell, is the tragic history of the Bengal refugees, most of whom are still not settled either materially or emotionally. And, suddenly, they are confronted with another and unexpected calamity, with dangerous portent and potentiality. It is the flare-up in the North-East of what has come to be known as the 'foreigner' issue. Though the term 'refugee' is being avoided, the movement very much affects that category of people.

The genesis of the trouble can be traced back to much earlier than Partition when an attempt was made to outnumber the Hindus by 'importing' Muslims from nearby areas so that, in the case of a referendum, the area would opt for Pakistan. According to the latest figures supplied on the floor of Parliament on June 24, 1980, the number



of 'old migrants' (between Oct 1946 and March 1958) was as follows—Assam: 4,87,000 and Tripura: 3,74,000 The 'new migrants' (between 1-1-64 and 25-3-1971) were 2,14,318 in Assam and 1,43,021 in Tripura Quite a large figure, indeed

A stage slowly came when Assam and Tripura began to feel the weight of the burden In earlier years also, they had a grievance against various language groups other than their own but never reached such an explosive point. The first indication, however, came in the sixties with the introduction of the slogan of 'Bangal Kheda' (Drive out the East Bengalis) It has now become 'Drive out the Indian dogs'

Various factors have complicated the present crisis. Refugees are not the only victims But our limited concern is with the refugees, old and new

In support of their stand the Assamese cite the judgment of an Assistant Sessions Judge who decided the case of a refugee family. In the judgment he said The members of this family came to Assam in 1951 and were duly registered as refugees None of them holds a citizenship certificate They remain *foreigners* under the law despite long residence Very handy for the anti-foreigner agitationists

#### Citizens In Fact

But taking the total background and the prevailing situation into consideration the picture is not so simple From much earlier than when the Citizenship Act came into operation in 1955, these people have been enjoying all the rights and privileges that any regular citizen enjoys in any country—the right to vote, to hold government service, to acquire property, to practise any profession, etc Even after the Act came into operation, they have been enjoying these rights Thus, there was no felt need for going through the strict process of law, particularly because most of these refugees were uneducated And now, suddenly to turn against them, to call them 'foreigners' to try to throw them out of the area, will not be justice, certainly will not be humane And wherever else

they may go, they can be thrown out as 'foreigners'. Certainly they cannot be thrown back into their former homeland

Legal quibbling will not take us any nearer the solution nor will the pressure tactics that are being adopted by the more militant section of the agitationists The militant attitude of the 'Amra Bangali' Movement will not help bring about a quieter climate in which alone counsels of sanity can prevail The need, not only in the Eastern Region but also elsewhere, for the final solution of the problem of Bengali refugees is an all-round and immediate change of attitude

The refugees must give up the idea of being a privileged and protected class, entitled to all-round sympathy and support, life-long doles and loans They have to accept the land and the life allotted to them and adapt themselves to the new situation without any reservation

The people among whom they are rehabilitated also should look upon them not as intruders or usurpers but as unfortunate arrivals from a land which had to be ceded away so that we could enjoy the fruits of freedom It is worthwhile quoting Acharya Kripalani here "We cannot absolve ourselves from the responsibilities towards the minorities in East Pakistan They were a part of our nation as much as we are They suffered and fought as our comrades in the struggle for freedom"

Above all, the Government and its officials should give up their officiousness in handling the refugee problem which has to be looked at from the human and not the administrative point of view No place for indifference or arrogance here. They only alienate people The solution recedes

If we do not measure up to the challenge the pessimism of Bina Das (of Convocation Governor Shooting fame and a life-long worker among the East Bengal refugees) will be justified She recently wrote to me in a rueful tone "Remember, there will be no fruit These thirty-two years of suffering and sacrifice may be just taken as their offerings at the altar of Independence Had they been finished in one stroke, there would have been less cruelty"

**'COME'—AND GO!** A Bengali family crossing the border into India is told by a BSF jawan to go back where they came from.



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(We managed to catch Mr R P. Jhalani, Executive Director of Gedore Tools Ltd., shortly before he was off on another business trip abroad. Here's what he had to say about us )

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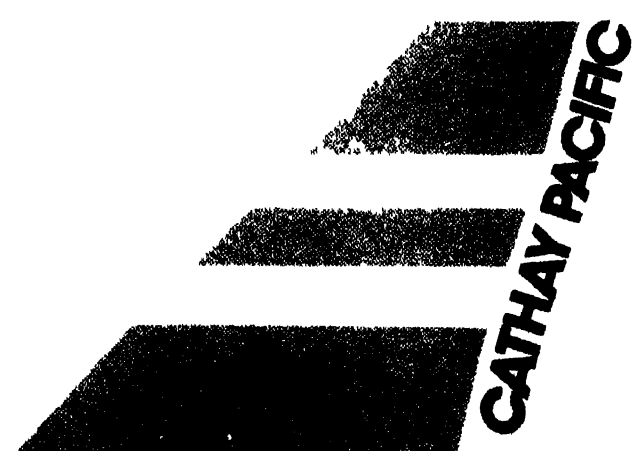
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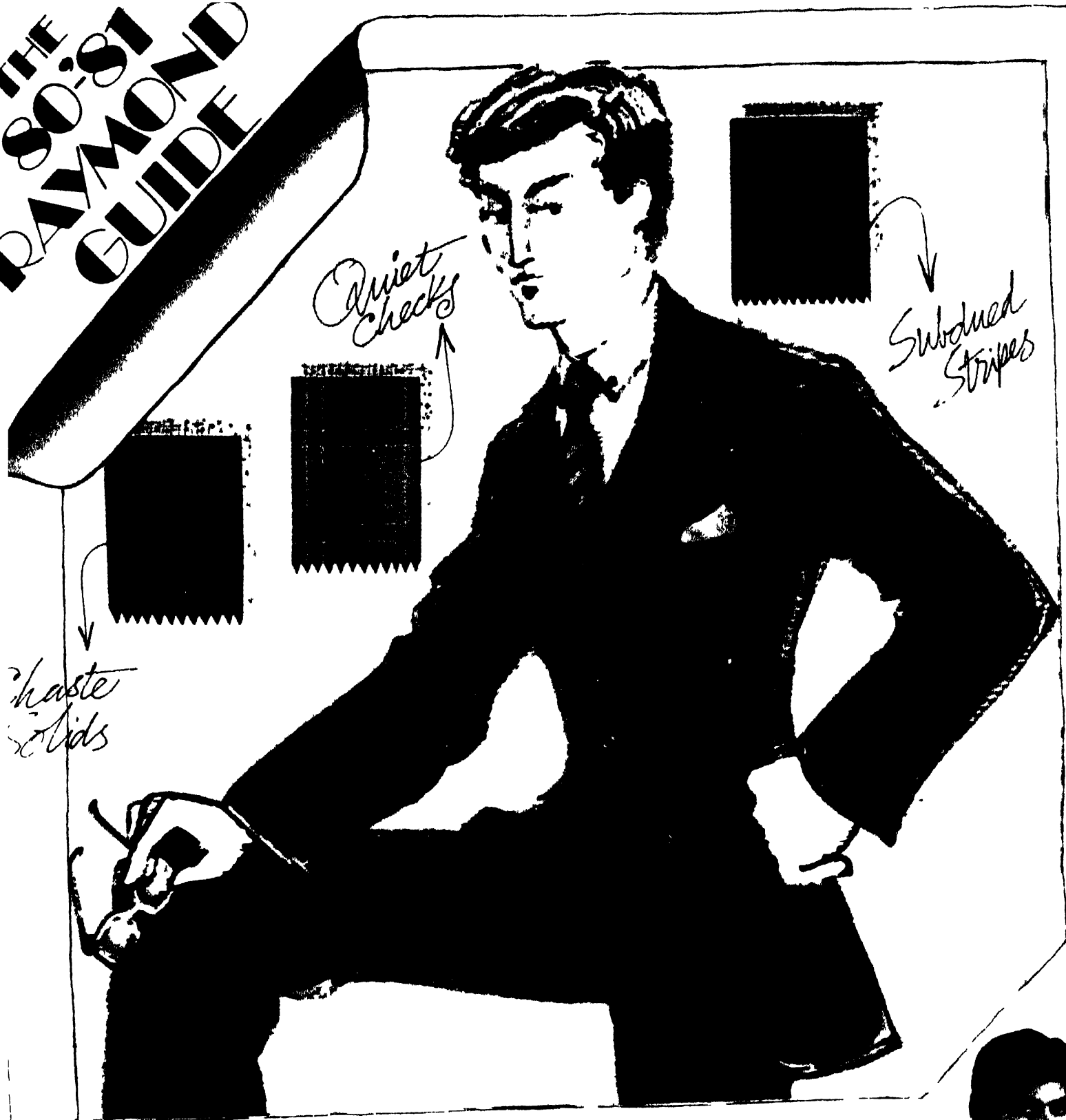
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# The Sindhi Miracle

The political upheaval of 1947 split the province of Sind into two. Karachi, Nawabshahr, Sakkar, Hyderabad and Mirpur, once the strongholds of Sindhi Hindus, went to Pakistan.

Forced out of his homeland, the enterprising Sindhi came to India to start life afresh. Mainly in business, but in various other fields as well, the community has again flourished.

By G.G. Mirchandani

THE scene is a local train racing from Kurla to Victoria Terminus, way back in 1948. An indifferently dressed boy, Gopal, a tender 9, with his 7-year-old sister, Sita, is hawking sweets, cigarettes and other petty items. They sing a song extolling the virtues of their wares to attract buyers. A kindly passenger's heart melts at the sight and he buys some of the wares. He hands over a 5-rupee note and asks the boy to keep the change. The boy politely hands back the change, saying he had been taught by his parents never to accept what he had not earned.

Gopal now runs a prosperous business in Dubai and his sister, Sita, is happily married to a senior computer executive of her community in the United States.

Multiply Gopal's example by a hundred thousand and you have a fair idea of the dimensions of what may truthfully be described as 'The Sindhi Miracle'.

There is no reliable head-count of Sindhis around the world but, in India, the 1971 Census gave a total Sindhi population of 1,677,000;

concentrated mainly in Gujarat, Maharashtra, Rajasthan and Madhya Pradesh. Smaller numbers live scattered in Delhi and Uttar Pradesh and every other State of India.

## Homeless In 1947

After the partition in 1947, the Sindhis became homeless in every sense of the word. (They have no land which they can call their own and their home is where they live; on a rough computation, Sindhis now live in over 75 countries.)

The Government's rehabilitation measures were inadequate and tardy. Trainloads and boatloads of Sindhis were driven to seek shelter in various parts of India. Those who arrived in Bombay by sea from Karachi were herded to Kalyan, Bhandup, Chembur and Koliwada, where the Government had set up refugee camps. As one Sindhi put it:

*We were given food in which we could see insects. Yet we ate that food. But my old grandmother refused to eat that food and cooked for herself on the sly in the tent as we stood guard. The worse was when the rains came—we saw with tearful eyes whatever little we had floating away.*

Large numbers of Sindhis went out wherever resettlement opportunities seemed to be reasonably good. Even from their new 'homes', many ventured out wherever hope beckoned. In the recent past, many have been attracted to the Maldives Islands in the Indian Ocean. In faraway Taiwan, too, the local Indian Association has over 100 members—and a majority of them are Sindhis.

## They Never Begged

In his direst moments, the Sindhi never begged. He sold anything which brought a return. He took his wares to the buyer's doorstep on his shoulders or in a handcart. Even women, confined to the home in Sind, helped their menfolk to run shops. Wives of rich men were seen selling groundnuts and gram, while some women sold home-made pickles and papads from door to door. The motto was: *Small profit, big turnover.*

In the early days after Partition, it was common to see Sindhi shopkeepers selling fruits, textiles and other wares at cost price or at a nominal profit. On being questioned, a fruit seller gave away the secret:

*I make little or no profit on the fruit I sell I sell empty wooden boxes and other packing material and I take home 30 to 40 rupees daily This is enough to keep my home fires burning at present*

The technique *small profit, large turnover* brought this fruit seller, and thousands like him, a rush of customers. The wholesale suppliers vied for their patronage and the business grew. With it grew the margins of profit. Many such little businesses later provided the foundations and the resources for multimillion rupee enterprises in India and abroad.

For generations before, he was forced out of his homeland, the typical *Sindhwariki* was a businessman who hailed from Hyderabad Sindh whose forefathers had carried on business mainly outside India. The celebrated Sindh poet, Shah Abdul Latif sang about these *sanjaras* (traders) 300 years ago.

The *Sindhwariki* formed a chain of brothers and cousins—the Sindh version of multinationals—each one settled in a different country and looking after a branch office. They exchanged goods from Spain to Hong Kong and Hong Kong to Manila, Manila to Japan and Japan to Indonesia—and thus covered the world fulfilling the demands of each country with the surplus products of mother country. Before partition they earned lakhs, now they reputedly earn in crores.

Sindhis are mainly divided into *Amils* and *Bhabbands* (*Sindhwarikis*). This division is neither social nor religious. It is based on occupation.

The word *Amil* is derived from the Persian word *almir*—a scholar. Traditionally *Amils* used to go in for higher education and entered the services. The *Bhabband* boys entered the ancestral business at a young age. After partition this difference has not obliterated. *Amils* around the world have entered business in a big way. The *Bhabbands* now vie with the *Amils* in taking up higher education and in intellectual pursuits.

There are no Shudras among the Sindh Hindus. There is no domination by the Brahmins, nor is there the evil of untouchability. Brahmins are no more than professional priests who are summoned on ceremonial occasions. The traditional ills of ancient India like child marriage, cruelty to widows and casteism, do not afflict the Sindh community.

**'The Scattered Treasure'**

Today there is hardly a field where the stamp of a Sindh enterprise is not evident. In Bombay's film industry at present, an estimated 80% of the total finance is provided by Sindhis. The names of Sindh film producers, directors and actresses, past and present, are too well known to need recounting.

In diverse fields of manufacture, many Sindh enterprises are now



**DOING OUT GRAIN TO REFUGEES FROM SINDH**  
Government arrangements were often inadequate



**EVEN A RAILWAY PLATFORM** was good enough for a shelter. In the massive upheaval, all they wanted was a roof somewhere



**REFUGEES FROM THE KALYAN CAMP** demonstrating against the stopping of free rations. The Kalyan camp was one of the biggest refugee camps near Bombay

household words. Notable among these are Delhi's Weston Electronics of Prem Vachhani, a former clerk in a textile mill, and his brother Sunder Vachhani who pioneered the colour TV and the video in India. Bush Radios of Tirath Rachiram Mulchandani whose products go to over 50 countries. J.B. Mangharam and Co. the biscuit manufacturers. Bright Brothers the plastic kings, the late Mohan Advani's Blue Star supplying air conditioners and refrigerators to many countries. Western Mechanical Industries manufacturing cranes, Westersworks manufacturing heavy engineering goods, shipbuilders Tolani Ltd. Chetan Thadani's Marlex Pressure Cookers. Advani Orlikons products including electronic watches. Onida electronic clocks and watches of S.I. Mirchandani and G.I. Mirchandani. Bombay based K.I. Shahani's East India Paper Mills. Gajra Gears, the India Book House of Mirchandani.

Mrs. Maya Ramchand of Bombay heads the giant Krishna Steel Works. Another Bombay based housewife, Kiran G. Advani is managing partner of a successful travel agency and also assists her husband in running the Sun and Sand Hotel at Juhu in Bombay.

The list is too long and the range of activity too wide to be captured in a single article. The lexicon of Sindh published in India in February is not adequate to record the full story of what this well-known author M. Popal Hirani and his aptly described as *India's scattered treasure* in a recent book in English under the title:

**Not In Business Alone**

Not every Sindh went into business. Around the country today and abroad in smaller numbers, you have numerous examples of Sindh who have far exceeded the achievements of their own ancestors in a variety of fields—law, science, engineering, education, medicine, journalism, creative writing, art, literature and construction work of all kind.

Many national and international organizations have Sindh in key positions. The US Nuclear Regulatory Commission has a Sindh nuclear scientist on its staff. The French nuclear establishment too has a young Sindh nuclear physicist on its rolls.

Many Sindh have distinguished themselves in the defence services. It would be hard to list all of them, but some of the well-known Sindh names are the late Prem Ramchandani who carried his aircraft into Pakistan in time for the late Bhutto. Lt. Masud, Lt. Gen. R.D. Hira, General Officer Commanding in Chief, Southern Command, the late Brig. Shamir, Brig. Gul Ram, Lt. Colonel, Brig. Bhagwan, Lt. Colonel, Lt. Colonel, Brig. Malani and Air Vice Marshal J. D. Verhomal Sahani.



In the field of medicine and health many Sindhis have made a mark at the international level. A few among them are Dr M H Keswani - eminent plastic surgeon, Dr L H Hiranandani - ENT specialist, Dr H G Badlani - an ophthalmologist, Dr Manohar A Talchundani - a famous dental surgeon of the United States - as the first non-American in the field - broke a record by studying first in the New York University in specialised subject while doing his doctorate in dental surgery in 1974.

A few outstanding names in the legal field that come readily to mind are the late Justice H K Chimanji of the Bombay High Court, who officiated as Governor more than once, the late K H Nigami, Justice J L Nani, Justice Motilal Butani, Hotchind G Advani and Ram Jethmalani.

Among the top administrators could be listed ICS brothers S K Kripalani and H K Kripalani, K L Punjwari who did a stint as Chief Secretary, Maharashtra Government, the well-known Mithrani Brothers, H B Shydiasani, U M Mithrandani and V I Gidwani and a number of others who have in the past held and who at present hold key positions at the Centre and in the States.

Many Sindhi women actively participated in the freedom movement and many went to jail. After partition, there is no field in which they have not come to prominence. Whether it is film, processing or banking, business, industry, atomic research or medicine, education or law, they are or broadening. Sindhi women have given a good account of themselves. Three notable names are Miss Shyam Parwani - Assistant Commissioner of Police, Bombay; Mr Urvashi Advani who was Assistant Commissioner of Sales Tax; and Dr Sundri Mirchandani - the first woman I.B. specialist. One has also heard of Sindhi women making a mark even in foreign land.

### Few In Politics

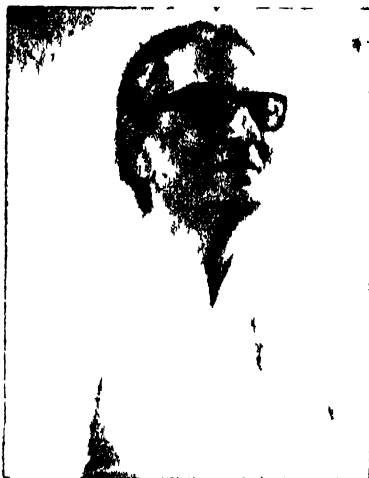
Understandably, the Sindhis have made only a limited impact in the field of politics. Pre-partition leaders like Jairamdas Doulatram, Chothrani, Putlibhai Gidwani, Prof Ghanshyam Shydiasani, C J Valscha, Gopaldas Jamnani, Newaldas Vishnudas, Bhai Pratapji, Kikiben Lalwani, Pustani, Talharani and Dr Farooq and Hanumanthji and Harirani Murwala have passed into political history. Acharya J B Kripalani remains the lone Sindhi alive out of the Congress Party's Old Guard.

After Independence, the Sindhis have not been able to return many members of their community to legislative bodies. Some have however, got into local municipalities and zilla parishads and occasionally into State Assemblies.

Currently, there are two Sindhi members in the Lok Sabha and one in the Rajya Sabha. The former Union



1. **Sadhu Vaswani** after whom the Mitra Trust has been named. The Trust runs a chain of schools that impart religious education and emphasise character building.
2. **The late Kumari Jethi Sipahimalani** who pioneered the ownership flat system and founded the Navjeevan Housing Society.



3. **Prof Ram Panjwani** is a cultural ambassador of the Sindhis. His programmes have fetched lakhs of rupees for charitable purposes.
4. **The late Seth Lokumal Chantani** after whom is named the ultra-modern Jaslok Hospital in Bombay.



5. **The foremost Sindhi national leader, Jairamdas Doulatram.** Not many Sindhis figure in politics.
6. **G.P. Sippy, maker of 'Sholay',** is one of our top film producers. Sindhis are quite prominent in Bombay's film industry.

**Information and Broadcasting Minister, Lal Kishan Advani,** and the well-known lawyer, **Ram Jethmalani** are active parliamentarians at the national level. In Maharashtra, the former Minister for Housing, **H. S. Advani** was re-elected in the June 1980 Assembly Elections.

### Construction Wizards

It is in the field of house building that the Sindhis have made the most spectacular contribution - a contribution which has not only helped in the process of their rehabilitation, but has also aided others in need of houses in almost every part of India. In Gandhinagar in Gujarat, visionary **Bhai Pratap Daldas** tried unsuccessfully to create a New Sindhi in Bombay and elsewhere, the ownership flat concept was popularised and caught on very well. Bombay's numerous housing cooperative societies have made the city a showpiece of the success of cooperative housing. On a smaller scale, Delhi, Rajasthan, Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh and Gujarat too boast of large scale house building construction undertaken by Sindhis.

Go anywhere in Bombay and its suburbs and you cannot miss the imposing multistoreyed structures like **Shyam Niwas** and **Nanik Niwas** in **Bhulabhai Desai Road** built by the late **Bhagwan Singh Advani** and scores of others built by people like **J. P. Advani**, **G. P. Sippy**, the film maker, the late **Jethi Sipahimalani** who became Deputy Chairman of the Bombay Legislative Council, **A. S. Bhatia**, **Ishwardas Haribhai Builders**, **Ram Dhallani**, **Dhalani Builders** and **Atar Singani**. Some of them have their credit large scale construction in places like Pune, Calcutta and Delhi.

When the proposal to build New Delhi as India's capital was mooted, three Sindhi contractors were among the first ones to come forward to lend their hand.

**Khan Bahadur Seth Haroon** - a Sindhi Muslim - helped build the Viceroy's House - which is now **Rashtrapati Bhavan** in Seth **Lachhmandas Dambha** built the impressive Parliament House. **Ram Bahadur Fatchchand** built the Old Secretariat near Metcalfe House in Delhi which today houses the Delhi Administration's offices.

**Vijay Bhavan** in Delhi which is said to be a structure without any pillars, was designed by a Sindhi engineer - the late **Rajhsinghani**.

Sindhis have entered the hotel field in a big way. The **President Hotel** in Bombay, now in the **Taj Mahal Group**, was launched by a Sindhi **Ram Shahani**. **Sun and Sand Shahmar** and **West End** are among the other better-known hotels owned by Sindhis in Bombay. Chains of hotels elsewhere in India are owned by enterprising promoters like **Lokumal Mangtani** and **Devdas Mulchandani**.

## Some Sindhi 'Firsts'

**SIND** and Sindhis boast of many 'firsts' The first postal stamp in India (perhaps in Asia) was issued on July 1, 1852, under the inspiration of Sir Henry Barile Edward Frere, Commissioner of Scinde (as Sind was then spelt) Embossed on the stamp were the words Scinde District Dawk

Europe once fondly believed that history had started with the Greeks However, in 1924, the breathtaking discoveries of the Mohenjo-Daro (The Mound of the Dead) indisputably established that, during the third and fourth millennium BC, there existed in Sind a very highly developed city life—houses with wells and bathrooms, an elaborate drainage system and a general welfare of citizens superior to that prevailing in contemporary Babylonia and Egypt

There are many 'firsts' in recent years too To mention some

It was a Sindhi, the late Diwan Gianchand Chandumal Motwane of Chicago Radio fame, who gave India its first radio transmitter, which was tried out at Bombay's Radio Club

It was another Sindhi, the late Mohan T Advani of Blue Star fame who gave the country its first electric water-cooler in 1954 Today, Blue Star water-coolers, air conditioners and other products are in use in over 30 countries

Once again, it was a well-known Sindhi firm, called Advani Orlikon Private Ltd, which, in 1952, introduced electrodes in India in collaboration with a Swiss firm

The Sindhis gave generously to help Subhas Chandra Bose with funds in forming his Azad Hind Fauj Bombay's ultra modern Jaslok Hospital was founded by a Sindhi—the late Seth Lakumal Chanrai Hinduja's National Hospital is another example Numerous other health and medical institutions have sprung up in various States A large 6-crore rupee hospital is presently coming up in Indore This is the D Choithram Hospital, financed by Meghraj Bhagnani and his brother

The Sindhis' charities have helped establish large chains of schools and colleges in different parts of India teaching all disciplines, including the most sophisticated forms of higher education Credit for this goes to numerous public minded Sindhis and trusts and institutions, such as the Hyderabad Sind National Collegiate Board, which runs 14 institutions in Maharashtra, the Sind Education Society, the Prabhdas Golani Trust in Gandhidham, the Maitrya Mandal, Gandhidham, the Adarsh Vidya Samiti in Ajmer, and chains run by the disciples of Swami Lala Shah in Gujarat

Leading Sindhi educationist Prof M Advani rose to be Vice Chancellor of Bombay University and, later, of Kashmir University Among the other well known educationists may be mentioned Principals Kundnani, Ungorani, Khubchandani, Gidwani, Sita Samtani, N V Thadani, N B Butani, L H Ajwani and H C Malkani, and, of course, Prof Ram Panjwani, who was chosen as Bombay University's first Reader in Sindhi

The Sadhu Vaswani Mission in Pune, a world-renowned religious-cum-educational movement, is now better known as

the Mira Movement It started in a small way under the inspiration of the late Sadhu I L Vaswani in Hyderabad-Sind in 1933, and is now sustained by his tireless nephew, Jashan P Vaswani, and the mission's General Secretary, Gangaram Sajandas A chain of Mira Schools has been established in India and abroad providing education with a religious bias, the emphasis being on character-building A university is now planned to be established at Sadhu Vaswani Nagar on the outskirts of Pune

With the breakdown of the joint family system, particularly after partition, the family elders have to be taken care of Bombay's K I Shahani has set up an elders' home in Mulund, a Bombay suburb There is a holiday home in Lonavala, near Bombay

### Material Yet Religious

Despite his seeming materialism the average Sindhi is a religious being Go anywhere in India or abroad, where Sindhis have settled, and you will find Sindhi temples and *tikanas* (mandirs)

Non-Sindhis are often amazed when they see a Sindhi *tikana* (mandir) which has the holy *Sri Guru Granth Sahib* (the Sikh sacred book) installed in the middle, with all the gods and deities like Lord Krishna and Lord Rama, Hanuman and Shiva, Vishnu and Brahma, surrounding it The devout worship Hanuman on Tuesday, Shiva on Monday, Jhulelal on Friday, Goddess Kali on the *ekana* (partial fast) days and Shri Satya Narayan on full-moon days The first day of the Hindu year is celebrated as Sindhyat Day, with lavishly decorated images of the legendary Saint Uderolal taken out in processions.

Sindhi, one of the 15 languages mentioned in Schedule VIII of the Indian Constitution, is a rich language with 52 letters in the alphabet It is phonetically one of the world's most perfect languages

In the field of letters, there has been, in the past two decades, a spurt of activity unknown in pre-partition Sind Whether in the field of prose or poetry, music or dance or drama, there has been an abundance of quality which has surprised those who thought Sindhi was a dying language About a dozen Sindhi writers have won the Sahitya Akademi Awards for excellence in literature

The Sindhu Kala Mandir of Ramesh Janjani and the Sindu Art Theatre of S P Menghani are well-known cultural organisations specialising in Sindhi drama

Unfortunately, the Sindhi audience keeps dwindling, as the new generation of boys and girls do not understand the Arabic script in which Sindhi is traditionally written Controversy still rages among Sindhi authors and writers on whether the language they all love will in future prosper by changing the script from Arabic to Devanagari The Arabic script has many fiercely loyal protagonists

The dwindling number of readers of the Sindhi language in the Arabic script puts limits on the growth of journalism The Sindhi daily, *Hindustan*, of Bombay is the largest in India, followed by *Hindu*, published from Ajmer From Hong Kong, a Sindhi brings out a magazine *Bharat Ratna* in English, which started publication 15 years ago Another Sindhi of Hong Kong brings out a magazine entitled *Indian*, also published in English

### The Modern Sindhi

How Sindhi is today's Sindhi? The Sindhi is now an international citizen He goes every where and gets assimilated in the local population

Yet he retains his own distinctive identity

Enter a typical Sindhi home in Singapore In his drawing-room you will find a Cambodian painting, depicting a scene from the Mahabharata, an oil-painting of a half-clad girl from the Bali Island, sculptures of a Korean bride and bridegroom, dolls showing a Mombasa couple in one corner, a dancing Spanish boy and girl in the other corner The house is modern—complete with Japanese and German electric fittings

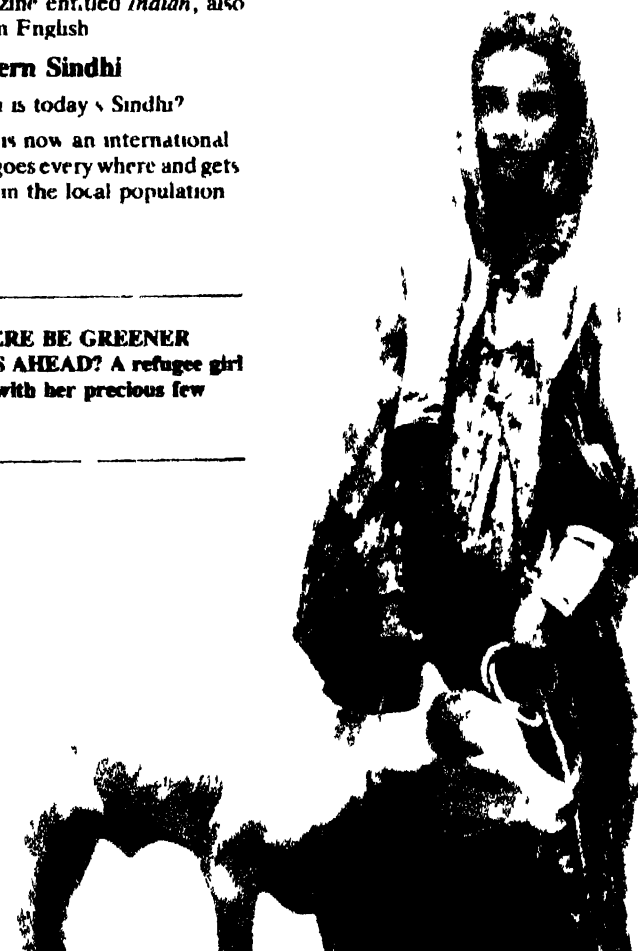
The Sindhi's children, born abroad, have Indian names, speak English, Malay and Chinese fluently enjoy Hindi movies and are fond of Sindhi *papads*, relish the Indian *paan* and love the Sindhi *khuchri* and *sap bhaaji* (spinach cooked the Sindhi way)

The family listens to Gita slokas in Sanskrit sung by Lata Mangeshkar, Pt Ravi Shankar's sitar recital, ghazals sung by Begum Akhtar and, of course their favourite Sindhi songs sung by Master Chander reminiscent of the Sind that was

Says well known Sindhi writer Gopi Gauba

*He (the Sindhi) will survive (as a community), no matter how many transfusions of foreign blood and upheavals of location political changeovers and religious revivals, are put in his path Each time he is knocked down he has promptly got up and continued from there* ■

**WILL THERE BE GREENER PASTURES AHEAD? A refugee girl from Sind with her precious few belongings.**



# Old Spice

## the mark of a man



Cool, refreshing.  
As the spray  
of the sea.  
The brisk freshness  
of fragrance.  
Old Spice.

Also in the same range





**THE TWO FACES AND PHASES OF REKHA** We see her here with Jeetendra in Prasad Art's 'Judai' (produced by A V Subba Rao and directed by T. Rama Rao) Jeetendra came to films just a year or so before Rekha (with V. Shantaram's 'Boond Jo Ban Gayi Moti'—1967) and is still going steady—with Rekha! Below: Two others for years in the lead—Rajesh Khanna with Kirti (left) in 'Phir Wohi Raat' (produced by N N Sippy and directed by Danny Denzongpa) and Sanjeev Kumar with Sulakshana (right) in 'Waqt Ki Deewaar' (produced by J. C. Dewan and directed by Ravi Tandon). Rajesh chose to hold on to his mantle of 'superstar' and is now back with 'Thodisi Bewafahi', while Sanjeev preferred to be an actor first and a star after Sulakshana, for her part, wanted to be a singer first and a performer after, but is still waiting for a breakthrough. Sulakshana was first heard with Hemlata at the Roshan Nite in 1967.



**FOR  
AGES  
IN  
THE  
LEAD**

# INDIA'S WILDLIFE

Aug. 24-30, 1980

## The Illustrated Weekly of India

**Highlights:**

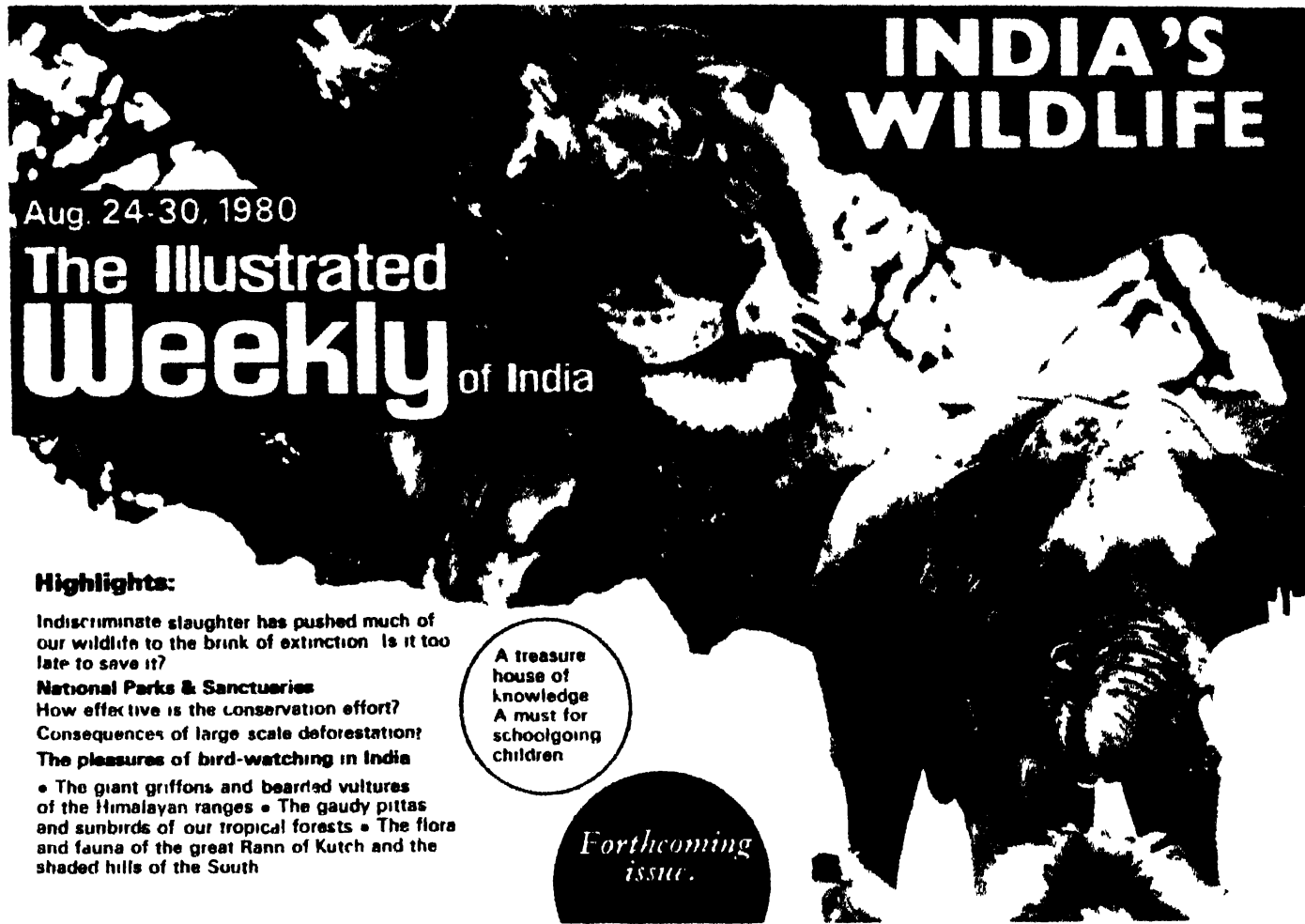
Indiscriminate slaughter has pushed much of our wildlife to the brink of extinction. Is it too late to save it?

**National Parks & Sanctuaries**  
How effective is the conservation effort?  
Consequences of large scale deforestation?  
The pleasures of bird-watching in India

- The giant griffons and bearded vultures of the Himalayan ranges
- The gaudy pittas and sunbirds of our tropical forests
- The flora and fauna of the great Rann of Kutch and the shaded hills of the South

A treasure house of knowledge  
A must for schoolgoing children

Forthcoming  
issue.




**“We now have two good things of life—but don’t quite know what to do with the second one”.**

*-says Mrs. Pasha, Librarian,  
Account holder, Hyderabad Branch.*

**A true story on how you too can build up your fortune like Mrs. Pasha on Indian Bank’s Reinvestment Plan.**

“When we got married, both of us being music-lovers, we felt we must have one stereo set. So the wedding gift money, we put in a special scheme for 5 years. And a year after that, we put in a substantial sum he earned on commission on the same scheme, on a ten year term. The first scheme matured and we bought our stereo. Last year the second one matured and we bought a second-hand car. So we now have two good things of life—but don’t quite know what to do with the second one—with the price of petrol being what it is today!”

**Benefit by Mrs Pasha’s experience**

Take the initiative like Mrs Pasha. See the Branch Manager of your nearest Indian Bank, the best person to advise you

\*The identities of the persons have been deliberately concealed for the sake of secrecy



**Indian Bank**  
(A Govt of India Enterprise)

**Helps build  
your fortune**

DELHI has had a heavy downpour of the monsoons followed by some sultry weather. But it has not dampened the spirits of politicians or speculation among political pundits.

There is some talk of reviving moves for Congress unity but also some resistance from the Congress youth against bringing back the stalwarts of the 'Old Guard'. This is understandable in the light of the record of the older Congressmen in the recent past switching their loyalties from one party to another.

Some seasoned politicians say that this is a historic opportunity to reunite all Congressmen and if only Mrs Gandhi will give the call, the Janata, the Congress (U) and the Lok Dal will respond. But the young in the Congress (I) feel that the old guard has failed and should not be allowed to spoil the unity and cohesiveness of

the Congress (I). They are critical of those Congressmen who joined the Congress (I) after the elections and even of some of the present ministers at the Centre and in the States. Many of them are highly motivated and impatient for early steps to ameliorate the living conditions of the people, bring down prices and increase production. They are not ideologues and are looking up to Mrs Gandhi to come out with a bold programme that can be implemented quickly, especially in the economic, social and political fields.

The problems facing Mrs Gandhi and the country are indeed stupendous. She cannot ignore the hopes and aspirations of the people who returned her to power. She has to train the younger elements in the art of government and public service. They must be steered by doing constructive work at the grass roots and build the party and its cadres in their constituencies.

### Shouting Is Not Enough

Shouting down the opposition in Parliament and the State Legislatures may sometimes be necessary, but it is not enough. More constructive work is needed. The time has come when the enthusiasm, energy and impatience of the young legislators must be channelled in a positive and constructive direction. How is this to be done?

There is some talk of starting an institute to train them in various branches of internal and external affairs. There is also talk of allotting special subjects to each group, such as defence, internal security, law and order, agriculture, small, medium and large-scale industries, labour, social and cultural affairs, power and energy, transport and communications and education.

The young legislators seem keen to learn and do things, but they need some practical training, guidance and facilities. It is for the more senior members to provide these. But they



# Delhi Kauling

## Give Youth A Chance

**The younger members of the Congress (I) feel that "the old guard has failed and should not be allowed to spoil the unity and cohesiveness of the party". These young Congressmen are themselves keen to learn to do things but they need training and guidance.**

seem to be more interested in holding on to the posts they occupy or hope to occupy and have little time and even less inclination to take up this challenging task. They only look up to Mrs Gandhi to give the green signal without taking the initiative themselves.

Mrs Gandhi has to look at things in the larger national and world perspective. She has to handle delicate national problems and complicated world problems. The non-aligned world looks up to her for initiative and leadership to keep it together and free from interference by the great powers. They expect her to give the kind of leadership and take the kind of initiatives that her father used to do.

### States In A Bad Way

Mrs Gandhi also has to face a difficult situation in the country. Some of the States are in a bad way. The Chief Ministers and the colleagues and legislators spend half their time hanging around the corridors of power in Delhi, intriguing against one another. Some of the Central Ministers are partly responsible for encouraging this. Instead of concentrating on their own portfolios, they are busy interfering in the internal affairs of the States they hail from, thus weakening the stability of the State Government. It is time Mrs Gandhi issued a directive to her Chief Ministers and their colleagues not to visit Delhi unless they are called and

to devote more time to economic, social and other problems in their home States.

The administrative machinery at the Centre is still reasonably efficient. It is institutionalised but its efficient running is adversely affected by the low calibre of some of the incumbents. The administration in most of the States is far worse. The Ministers in the States want to keep all the powers in their own hands, they delegate all responsibility but little authority to the civil servants. They do not have enough time to read or even discuss papers and proposals with their senior officers. The result is that administration is carried on in a routine fashion, important matters are left unattended because Ministers do not find enough time to devote to serious problems which get shelved or postponed for months.

I came across an instance where a small, well-established public sector project in a certain State needed some additional funds to renovate old machinery and make some urgent improvements. After several weeks a meeting was called by the Minister but instead of dealing with the case in point an inquiry was ordered into the working of all the public sector projects in the State and a decision on the urgent requirement postponed until the inquiry was completed. This may take months and, in the meanwhile, the project may be ruined. I only hope that such instances are the exception and not the rule.

There is a growing tendency among Ministers in the States to make scapegoats of the civil servants, instead of encouraging good work and taking the best out of them. The Ministers are mainly interested in transfers and postings from chaprasis and clerks to higher posts, from one place to another. In spite of the so-called ban on transfers, the Minister yields to pressure from local representatives, especially in their own constituencies, and transfer government servants at will from one station to another within weeks and months.

Perhaps this is only a passing phase and will, one hopes, soon end. For things cannot be allowed to drift like this. Also, some Chief Ministers have made a good start and can do even better, if left undisturbed. It is not fair to expect Mrs Gandhi to look into each and every case. She has to rely on her colleagues at the Centre and in the States to take on more responsibility and show greater initiative. They must take decisions and bear responsibility instead of running up to her for every little thing.

There is need to institutionalise the present set up and work according to accepted norms, rules and regulations. Ministers must learn to work within the framework of these and not govern according to their whims and fancies. Civil servants must also give honest and correct advice and carry out orders faithfully, promptly and efficiently. It is their duty to point out the pros and cons of every important issue fearlessly and without looking over their shoulder. The tendency among some senior civil servants to please their political masters, irrespective of the rights or wrongs of a case, is reprehensible and demoralises the whole fabric of administration.

In a live and healthy democracy, the public must be vigilant, watchful and cooperative and help as well as keep on their toes their representatives and the bureaucracy. The responsibility of the media to report fairly and objectively is no less. The opposition parties have as important a role and responsibility for safeguarding the integrity and unity of the country as the ruling party.

What is at stake is the strength, stability and prosperity of our country. The time for fighting and scoring cheap debating points is long past. We cannot afford the luxury of corruption and waste of national resources and efforts in anti-social and anti-national directions, as some of the more developed countries may. Let us not blindly imitate others but try to evolve our own ethos, according to our own genius, to meet our urgent needs and long-term interests.

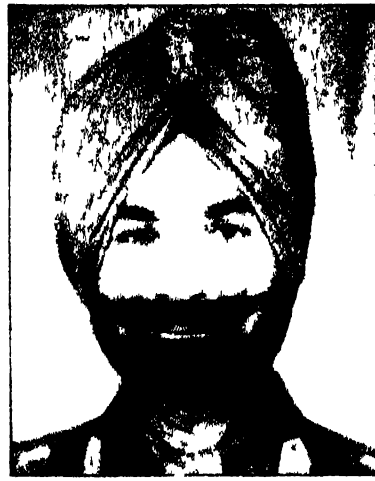
The older generation is cynical, but the youth are not. The future lies with them.

**T. N. Kaul**

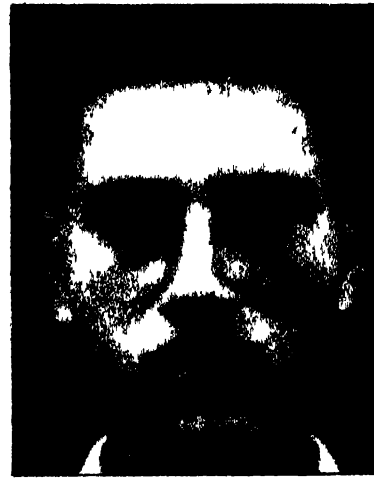




RAJINDER SINGH (MVC Bar)



SANT SINGH (MVC Bar)



ABDUL HAMID (PVC)



ARUN K. PAL (PVC)

# Profiles in Gallantry

Over 1,300 of our men in the Army, Navy and Air Force have displayed remarkable courage during the last four battles (1947, 1962, 1965 and 1971) that India fought with her neighbours and won various types of awards for gallantry. But not all of them can be listed here for want of space. We mention a few.

Company Quarter Master Havildar, Abdul Hamid, PVC, 4 Grenadiers (Posthumous)

ON September 10, 1965 the Pakistani forces launched an attack with a regiment of Patton tanks in the Khem Kharan sector. The

attack was preceded by intense artillery shelling.

Hamid, who was commanding a recoilless gun detachment, moved out to a flanking position with his gun mounted on a jeep despite intense shelling. He knocked out the leading enemy tank and wittily changing his position, he sent another enemy tank up in flames. By this time, the enemy spotted him.

Hamid kept on firing, on yet another enemy tank but he was hit by a shell and killed.

The gallant fight by Hamid and his men helped to beat back the heavy tank assault by the enemy. His complete disregard of personal safety during the operation has been described as a shining example not only to his unit but to the whole division and was in the highest traditions of the Indian Army.

Lance Naik Albert Ekka, PVC, 14 Guards (Posthumous)

Albert Ekka (1971) was in the forward company of a Battalion of

the Brigade of Guards during their attack at Gangasagar on the Eastern Front. This was a well fortified position held by the enemy and Indian troops were subjected to intense shelling and heavy small arms fire.

Albert Ekka noticed an enemy light machine gun inflicting heavy casualties on his company.

He charged the enemy bunker and silenced the light machine gun. So great was his courage that even when seriously wounded, he moved to destroy another enemy medium machine gun which had been inflicting heavy casualties on his company but was also holding up the attack.

Subedar Joginder Singh, PVC, 1 Sikh (Posthumous)

Subedar Joginder Singh (1962) was the commander of a platoon of the Sikh Regiment holding a defensive position at a ridge near Tongpen La in NEFA. The Chinese attacked the Bum La axis in three waves, each about 200 strong. Joginder Singh and his men fought back and the enemy was temporarily halted. The second wave, however, caused heavy losses to his platoon.

Joginder Singh was wounded in the thigh but refused to be evacuated. The platoon stubbornly held its ground and did not withdraw.

Second Lieutenant Arun Khetar Pal, PVC, 17 Horse (Posthumous)

On December 16, 1971, in the Shakargarh sector Indian troops were subjected to an attack by a

Pakistani armoured regiment. Our troops were heavily outnumbered. The Squadron Commander asked for reinforcements.

Arun Khetar Pal went to help. His troops came under fire from enemy strong points and recoilless guns that were holding out in the bridge head which had been established across the Basant river.

Khetar Pal assaulted the enemy strong points, physically overrunning them and capturing the enemy's infantry and weapon crew. The Commander of one of his tanks was killed but Khetar Pal continued to attack relentlessly till the opposition was overcome. When the enemy tanks started pulling back after their initial probing attacks, he chased them and destroyed one of them.

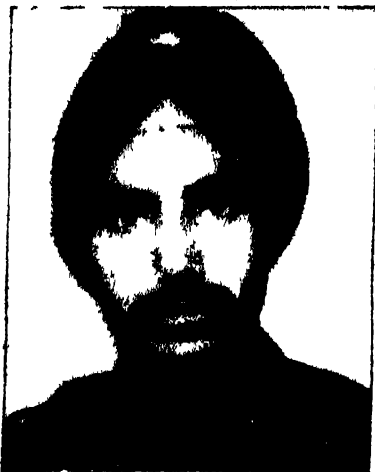
The enemy launched another attack with an Armoured Squadron against the sector held by three tanks, one of which was manned by Khetar Pal. A fierce battle ensued and 10 enemy tanks were hit and destroyed. Khetar Pal destroyed four. Soon after, Pal's tank was hit.

Company Havildar, Major Piru Singh, PVC, 6 Raj Rif (Posthumous)

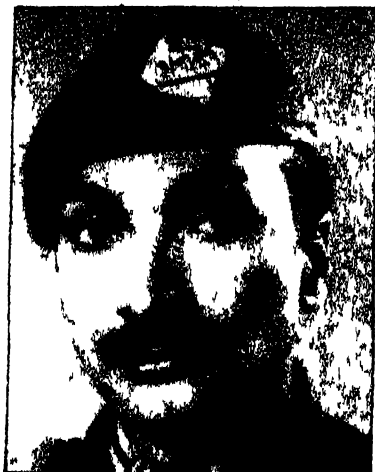
Piru Singh was detailed to attack and capture a hill feature. The enemy had well dug in positions. Piru Singh met heavy machine gun and grenade fire. Half of the forward section was wiped out.

Not losing courage, Piru Singh goaded the remaining men with

R. S. CHEEMA (MVC)



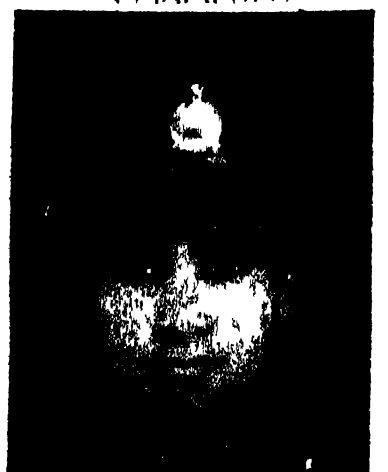
N. S. SANDHU (MVC)

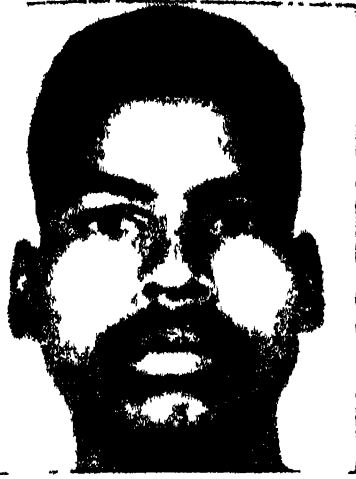


R. D. HIRA (MVC)



N. S. DALAL (MVC)





ALBERT EKKA (VC)

battle cries and rushed forward. Grenade splinters ripped his flesh. But he continued to advance. He was soon on top of the machine gun position shooting the gun crew with his sten gun.

It was only then that he realised that he was the sole survivor of the section, the rest of them either dead or wounded. Meanwhile a grenade thrown at him wounded him in the face. He crawled out of the trench hurling grenades at the next enemy position. With a loud battle cry he jumped on the occupants of the next trench, and bayoneted two to death.

As Piru Singh emerged out of the second trench he charged on the third enemy bunker. He was hit in the head by a bullet.

**Jamadar Nand Singh, VC, MVC (Posthumous)** 1st Battalion, Sikh Regiment

The only soldier to have won both the VC and the MVC was Jamadar Nand Singh (1947) who belonged to the 1st Battalion of the Sikh Regiment. At Uri during operations against tribesmen in Kashmir the enemy opened fire on the leading company of the battalion causing heavy casualties. Ten men of his company were killed and another 50 were lying wounded within 10 yards of the enemy position. The enemy was attempting to capture their arms and encircle them. Nand Singh VC who was commanding one of the forward platoons of his Company foiled the attempt.

AS VAIDYA MVC BII



N N KHANNA (MVC)

**Naik Nar Singh, MVC (Posthumous)-4 Kumaon**

On May 31, 1948, a Company of 4 Kumaon while trying to capture a hill feature occupied by the enemy was pinned down by intense machine gun and mortar fire. Nar Singh was hit on the shoulder and a continuous stream of blood flowed out of the wound. He was ordered by his Company Commander to be evacuated to the Regimental Aid Post (RAP). Nar Singh did not utter a word at this, but also made no effort to be evacuated to the RAP.

When the third wave of assault started this NCO quietly slipped out and resumed command of his Section which was leading the assault. With his bayonet still firing his sten gun from the hip he jumped into the enemy LMG bunker, his pre-selected target, bayoneted two of the LMG gunners and captured the gun.

**Lt Col Rai Singh MVC - Grenadiers**

Lt Col Rai Singh was the Commanding Officer of a border outpost at Nathu La. On August 20, 1965 he was ordered to construct a wire fence along the water shed in order to avoid trespassing by the Chinese troops. The Chinese opened fire and he was wounded. Four days later while strengthening the wire the Chinese suddenly opened fire with artillery, mortars and recoilless guns. Rai Singh opened up with his LMG and gave covering fire to his troops to allow them to get back.

AB FARAPORI PVC



PURAN SINGH (VC)



NAND SINGH (VC, MVC)

## Punjab Wins Highest Number of Awards

**PUNJAB** is the foremost winner of awards numbering 232 followed by Uttar Pradesh with 195, Maharashtra 108, Haryana 106, Delhi 97, Rajasthan 84, J & K 67, Himachal Pradesh 63, Tamil Nadu 38, Bengal 36, Kerala 34, Karnataka 30, Andhra Pradesh 22, Madhya Pradesh 19, Chandigarh 15, Bihar 12, Meghalaya 6, Vr Cs Assam 5, Vr Cs Gujarat 3, Vr Cs Orissa 3, Goa, Nagaland, Arunachal Pradesh 1, Vr Cs each, Nepal won 65 awards.

In the Army the Punjab Regiment (including Pattala RS Infantry) won 18 MVCs. The Para Regiment won 10 MVCs.

The other regiments of the Army to win MVCs are Dogra Regiment 5, Rajput Regiment 7, Jat Regiment 6, Ladakh Scouts and J & K Militia 6, Raj Rifles 5, Madras Regiment 5, Garhwal Rifles 4, Regiment of Artillery 4, Sikh Light Infantry 4, Grenadiers 4, Brigade of Guards 4, J & K Rifles 3, Mahar Regiment 3, Kumaon Regiment 3, Army Medical Corps 3, Maratha Light Infantry 1, and Corp of Engineers 1. The two officers of the Army Medical Corps who won the MVC are Major A K Barat and Major N B Banerjee.

Major Barat was awarded the MVC in 1948 for giving surgical attention to casualties amidst bullets and shells.

Major Banerjee won an award for parachuting with his surgical team behind the enemy lines and for organising the medical care of the seriously wounded for five continuous days.

17 personnel of Gorkha Rifles won MVCs, 20 MVCs went to the Indian Air Force and 8 to the Indian Navy.

The first Param Vir Chakra was awarded in 1948 to Naik Ja Jhu Nath Singh of a Rajput. He was the first posthumous awardee and the first Non-Commissioned Officer (NCO) to have won this award.

Havildar Kan Raj Vr C who is serving as a fireman in OTC, Pathankot on a salary of Rs 714 p.m. regrets that he was not called either on 26th January or on 15th August for receiving the Vir Chakra award in the hands of the President.

Lakshmi Devi, wife of late Naik Umed Singh of BSF who won Vr C in 1971 complains that financial benefits given to Service personnel by the Haryana Government are not given to her. X A

CHEWANG RINCHEN (MVC BII)



TS RAJVA MVC





A.D. ALLEY (V.C.)

Sqn Ldr Purshotam Lal Dhawan, Bar to Vr C

Sqn Ldr Dhawan was awarded Vr C twice in 1948 and then in 1967. In 1948 operation against P. K. in he was responsible for carrying out 144 sorties.

Despite heavy enemy fire he carried out a number of supply dropping sorties over our best positions at Nowshera, Bhingra, Muzpur, Punch and Baranulla.

In 1962 he was in command of a Transport Squadron in F&K area. When the active hostilities started in Ladakh information was received that Chandra post was under fire and to clear picture was available regarding our post in Old area. Sqn Ldr Dhawan carried out a complete reconnaissance over the area.

Lt Col Francis Ibernius Dias, Vr C

On December 12, 1971 Lt Col Dias was ordered to capture a well defended position held by an enemy infantry battalion in the eastern sector. His 11th Gorkha Battalion was assigned the task of capturing two bridges and a portion of Bogra town. He carried out all the tasks successfully. He infiltrated between the forward defended localities and captured the Commanding Officer along with many other enemy officers.

Captain Satish Kumar Vashisht, Vr C  
Rajput Regiment

On December 15, 1971 while leading a patrol Captain Vashisht was fired at by the enemy in the



CHANDAN SINGH (V.C.)



CHARANJIT SINGH (V.C.)

weapons when his patrol was 30 yards from the outpost defenses. Captain Vashisht charged towards the light machine gun bunker but in the process stepped on a mine and lost his foot. Though injured he encouraged his men to charge the bunker and silence the light machine gun.

Lt Lt Rajendra Singh Wahi, Vr C

In 1972 Lt Lt Wahi a pilot of a fighter bomber squadron flew 21 operational missions in support of our ground forces and destroyed 3 tanks, 4 vehicles, one fuel dump and one gun position. He bombed Chander in field Zafarwal bridge over Dura Bibi Nalik as well as enemy concentration of troops in village Dharman.



P. GAUJAM (M.V.C.)



V.K. BHATIA (V.C. Bar)

Lt Lt Syed Shahid Hussain Nagvi, Vr C

Lt Lt Nagvi while serving with a fighter squadron on December 9, 1971 flew for nearly 12 minutes over the Pakistani area in western sector and brought back valuable information despite heavy ground fire. On another occasion while on an operational mission he set ablaze a number of trains carrying fuel and stores.

Sqn Ldr Sudesh Kumar Dahar, Vr C

Leading a section of 4 Vampire aircraft in the Chhamb Sector (September 1, 1965) Sqn Ldr Dahar destroyed 6 enemy Patton tanks, one anti aircraft gun position, several trucks and many enemy troops. Skillfully handling the situation he



RANJAN DUTT (M.V.C.)

brought 3 aircraft safely back to base in spite of heavy resistance by the enemy anti aircraft guns and surface jets.

Lt Lt Partha Das Gupta, Vr C

During December 1971 operation against Pakistan Lt Lt Das Gupta flew 19 sorties deep into the enemy territory.

On December 5, 1971 while flying on a tactical reconnaissance strike mission he spotted a train carrying tanks near Chhamb Mandir Bhawal Nagar. Despite anti aircraft fire he attacked the train twice and destroyed 3 tanks. Again flying a strike mission to Multan he destroyed a huge oil dump and returned to base.

Jemadar Har Singh, Har Singh, Bar to Vr C

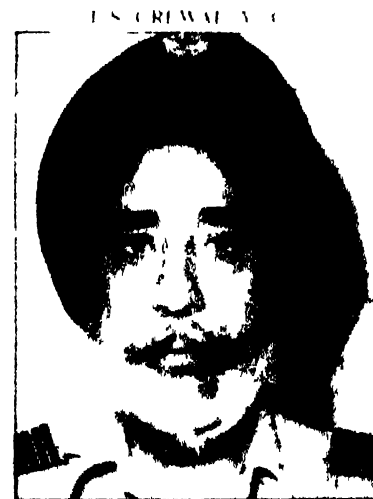
Jemadar Har Singh was given Vr Chakra twice during 1947-48 Kashmir Operations against Pakistan.

Major Devenderjit Singh Pannu, Vr C  
Sikh Regiment (Posthumous)

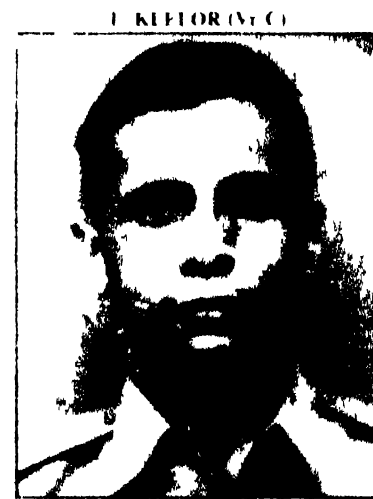
Major Pannu was commanding a company of a Battalion of Sikh Regiment which was occupying a key position for the defence of Chhamb when the enemy launched their attack on the night of December 13, 1971. He repeatedly exposed himself to enemy small arms and artillery fire by moving from one locality to another inspiring his men to beat back the enemy. In the process he was wounded by a shell and died at his post.



N.S. SHEKHON (P.V.C.)



I.S. CHAWLA (V.C.)



I. KEFFLOR (V.C.)



H. MOOLGAVKAR (M.V.C.)

**Lt Venindra Kumar Dutta, Vr C - Indian Navy**

Lt Dutta was a pilot of the naval aircraft which carried out strikes on enemy-held positions in Bangla Desh. He carried out 8 strike missions over heavily defended portions of Chittagong, Mongla and Khulna ports.

On December 12, 1971, while carrying out a bombing run at Chittagong airfield, his aircraft was struck on the front wind screen by anti aircraft fire but he continued to carry out his attack.

**Sepoy Nursing Assistant Dharm Pal Singh Dahiya, Vr C (Posthumous)**

Dahiya was attached to a company of the Kumaon Regiment deployed at Rezangla in Ladakh. On November 18, 1962, when the Chinese forces attacked a company post in large numbers supported by overwhelming fire power, there were many casualties in the forward trenches. While dressing the wounds of a seriously

to enter Vishakhapatnam. The submarine destroyed by him was identified later as *Ghazi*.

**Lance Havildar Sardar Singh, Vr C (Posthumous) - Kumaon Regiment**

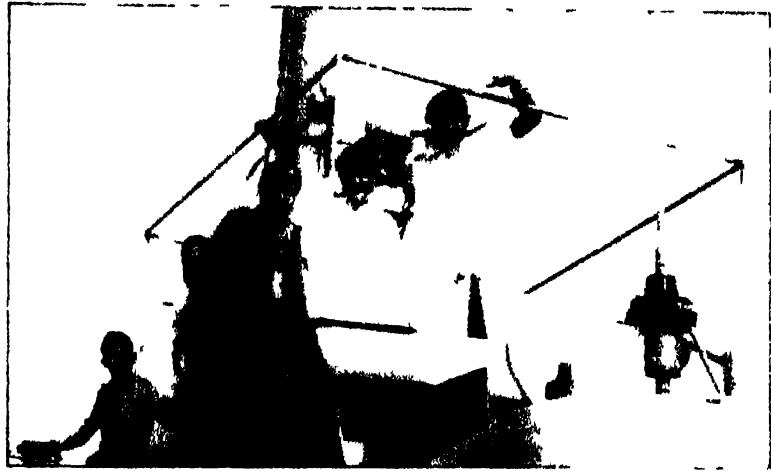
Sardar Singh was a member of the convoy which was ambushed on Uri-Poonch road in Kashmir in 1947. He was wounded by a bullet on the left leg but he continued to hold the position till he died.

**Captain Mahendra Nath Mulla, MVC Indian Navy**

Two ships of the Indian Navy in the command of Captain Mulla were assigned the task of locating and destroying a Pakistani submarine in the North Arabian sea.

On the night of December 9, 1971, IN ship *Khukri* was hit by torpedoes fired by an enemy submarine and sunk.

Having left with no choice but to abandon the ship, Captain Mulla supervised the arrangements for the



**BB YADAV (MVC) BN KAVINA (MVC) INDIAN NAVY**

Officer of the Force consisting of 4 craft which carried out daring attacks in Mongla and Khulna ports during Bangla Desh operations in 1971.

After routing the enemy in Mongla, he attacked Khulna to destroy the enemy entrenched in strength in this port. He was subjected to continuous air attacks. He had a number of narrow escapes.

**Lt Col Swai Bhawani Singh, MVC Parachute Regiment**

On the night of December 6, 1971, Lt Col Swai Bhawani Singh, the former Ruler of Jaipur, commanded a Battalion of Parachute Regiment (Commandos) into the enemy territory. He made relentless raid on the enemy held positions for four days and nights leading to the capture of large areas of enemy territory.

**Shri M. Ismail, MVC**

Shri M. Ismail, MVC, was a civilian porter with a Reconnaissance Patrol which was ambushed on June 23, 1948, by the enemy in Zozila Pass. One man of the patrol severely wounded, rolled down the side of the hill to a depression and was unable to get back to the picket as the enemy kept on firing. Ismail volunteered to bring the wounded man single handed, which he did.

**Lieutenant Keshar Singh Panwar, Vr C Indian Navy**

Lt Panwar was a pilot of the Indian Navy aircraft which carried out strikes on enemy held positions in Bangla Desh in December, 1971.

Enemy ship directed heavy fire against his aircraft but he managed to sink 3 enemy ships. It was a result of his vigilant aerial patrol and his aircraft's harassing of the enemy ships that no ship could leave Bangla Desh ports during the operations.

**Ft-Lt Aditya Vikram Pethia, Vr C**

A pilot of a fighter bomber squadron, Lt Pethia was detailed as a leader of tactical reconnaissance mission over Christmas Munch to seek and destroy enemy armour vehicles. He spotted a train moving towards Bhawaniagar, transporting 15 tanks. Despite heavy enemy ground fire, he was responsible for destroying two enemy trains.

**Subedar Piara Singh, Vr C (Posthumous) - Sikh Light Infantry**

On the night of November 2, 1965, subedar Piara Singh was ordered to clear a group of bunkers which were covering the approach of his Battalion in Mendhar sector in I & K. In spite of a mine field and wire obstacle laid by the enemy, he led the assault, he lost 25 men.

He silenced a machine gun firing from a bunker and then he attacked another bunker from which one 83 mm rocket launcher was firing and holding up the advance of his Battalion. As he threw a grenade into the bunker, both his legs were blown off by a rocket. The grenade he threw killed the occupants of the bunker. A few minutes later he died.

## They Won Bars

**WHEN** a soldier already decorated with an award performs an act of bravery which would make him eligible to receive the same award once again, this is recorded as Bar. The following are the winners:

### MVC Bars

Brig A S Vaidya, Major Gen Rajinder Singh Sparrow, Brig Sant Singh, Major Chewan, Rinchen Squadron, Lt Jagmohan Nath and Squadron Lt Padmanabh Gautam.

### Vir Chakra Bars

Lt Col Satish Chander Joshi (Posthumous), Naib Subedar Kartar Singh.

Subedar Bhim Chand, Naib Subedar Har Singh, Captain V Rangaswamy, Wing Cdr B K Bishnoi, Lt Lt A G K Soares, Lt Lt P I Dhawan, Lt Lt V K Neh and Lt Lt V K Bhatta.

### Victoria Cross as well as Maha Vir Chakra

Naib Subedar Nand Singh.

### Maha Vir Chakra & also Vir Chakra

Lt Col Sampuran Singh, Sgt Ldr Chandan Singh, Naib Subedar Lt Bahadur Khatri and Brig Zorawar Chand Bakshi.

wounded soldier, he was hit and killed on the spot.

**Lt Cdr Inder Singh, Vr C Indian Navy**

As Command Officer of a Naval Unit of the Eastern Fleet in December, 1971, Lt Cdr Inder Singh was ordered to patrol the approaches to Vishakhapatnam against enemy submarine attack. He attacked a Pakistani submarine which was trying

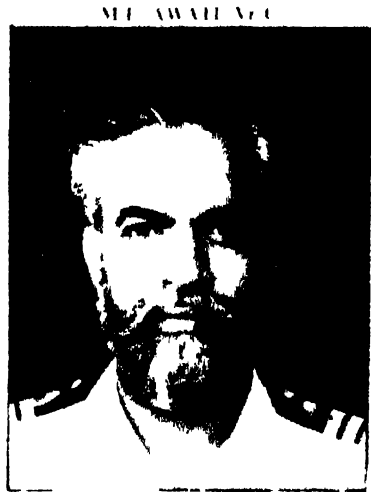
to rescue of his ship's company in very cool, calm and methodical manner. He gave his own life saving gear to a sailor. Having forced as many of his men as possible to leave the ship, Captain Mulla carried on rescue operations. He went down with the ship.

**Commander Mohan Narayan Rao Samant, MVC Indian Navy**

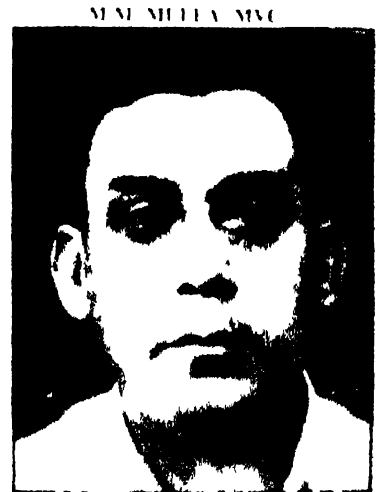
Commander Samant was Senior



**SWARAJ PARKASH MVC**



**BR CHOWDHURY MVC**



**M M MULLA MVC**



**M M MULLA MVC**

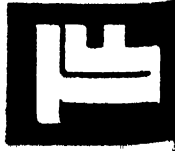
THACKERSEY BRIDGES THE GENERATION GAP



Portrait: HM 20

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SINCE 1873 SYMBOI OF A RICH TEXTILE TRADITION

**Flt Lt Hemant Sharat Kumar Sardesai, Vr C**

Flt Lt Sardesai, pilot of a fighter squadron, was responsible for locating and directing an attack on camouflaged enemy headquarters bunkers between Rajinderganj and Mohindarganj in Bangla Desh in December, 1971. This resulted in the capture of enemy HQ and about 160 enemy personnel. Again on December 6, 1971, he was in the first bombing strike mission which rendered Tezgaon airfield inoperative.

**Sqn Ldr Shri Krishna Singh, Vr C**

Sqn-Ldr Shri Krishna Singh of the Accounts Branch of the IAF was in charge of ground defence and security arrangement of an airfield when hostilities started with Pakistan in 1965.

When information was received that some paratroopers were hiding in a village, Sqn Ldr Singh volunteered to lead a mobile patrol to apprehend them. During this operation, he was able to apprehend 3 paratroopers including the officer-in-charge of the Pakistani paracombatant and also a considerable quantity of automatic weapons and 70 parachutes.

(Based on the material supplied by Mr S S Gandhi Editor 'The Defence Review')

X A.

## A History Of Gallantry Awards

**T**HE Victoria Cross is the highest gallantry award in Britain followed by George Cross, Distinguished Service Order, Distinguished Service Cross, Military Cross, etc. Egypt honours its soldiers with the Military Order of the Republic followed by Sinai Star, Honorary Star and Military Star. Zambia instituted, in 1965, the Gallant Service Cross to be awarded to any member of its Defence Forces for gallantry beyond the call of duty while on active service.

The Virtuti Military Order of Poland was established by King Stanislaus Augustus in 1790 for heroism and soldierly courage. Legion D'Honneur, Ordre National De Merite and Medaille Militaire are conferred by France. In Sweden, any citizen, including a soldier, may be awarded the Order of Merit.

During the first and second World Wars, the Governments of Allied Powers knighted each other's soldiers. The President of the French Republic honoured soldiers of the allied armies with Legion d'Honneur, Croix de Chevalier, Croix de Guerre and Medaille Militaire.

The US President awarded the American Distinguished Medal, the former Shah of Iran the Order of the

Lion and Sun. The President of the Republic of China gave the Order of Wen-Hu. The Supreme Council of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics conferred the Order of Patriotic War and Order of the Red Star.

The Victorian Cross instituted in 1856 by Queen Victoria consisted of a Maltese Cross of bronze made from metal from one of the Russian guns captured at Sebastopol. Civilians serving with the Armed Forces are eligible for this award. This is how three magistrates serving the Bengal Civil Service during the Indian Mutiny have been awarded the VC. The fourth civilian was a Bengal clergyman who won it in the Afghan war.

The VC has so far been awarded to 1,346 persons. So far 40 Indians have been decorated with the VC including 2 officers and 38 JCOs and other ranks. Prominent among them was the late Lt-Gen P S Bhagat who won the VC as Second Lieutenant on January 31, 1941 while serving with the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners in Abyssinia. His award came for working under high pressure each day from dawn to dusk in order to clear off 15 minefields over a distance of 55 miles.

The Government of India instituted its own gallantry awards Param

Vir Chakra was instituted as the highest gallantry award followed by Maha Vir Chakra and Vir Chakra. Lesser gallantry and bravery awards are Sena/Nao Sena/Vayu Sena Medals, Wound Medal, General Service Medal, Raksha Medal, Poorvi Star, Paschimi Star, Sainya Seva Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, Territorial Army Decoration and Long Service Medal. Senior Defence Service officers are honoured with Param Vishisht Seva Medal, Ati Vishisht Seva Medal and Vishisht Seva Medal.

The Param Vir Chakra (PVC) the highest gallantry award has been designed as No 2. The Bharat Ratna is No 1.

The awards are conferred by the President.

The Param Vir Chakra (PVC), Maha Vir Chakra (MVC) and Vir Chakra (Vr C) have been so far given to 1322 personnel from the Army, Navy, Air Force and Border Security Force. The break up is 15 PVC, 195 MVC and 1112 Vr C.

The maximum number of awards were given in 1971. 5 were awarded PVC, 75 MVC and 511 Vr C (total 591) — X A.

## Families Of War Heroes Live In Misery

by S.S. Gandhi

**B**HARPAI, widow of Am Lal (Vr C), writes from Gurgaon. I have 3 sons and one daughter. The daughter is married and I have to support my 3 sons, the eldest of whom, 20 years old, is unemployed. I got only 2 'kilas of agricultural land which is not sufficient'. Further in her letter, she begs for some grant for the deceased soldier's dependents.

The father of Major Asa Ram Tyagi (posthumous Vir Chakra), single handedly managed a hospital, a primary school and a children's garden-cum-playing ground. He writes that a road is being constructed from Modinagar to Fatehpur in the memory of Major Tyagi.

The father of 2nd-Lt Ashok Kumar Nanchal, (Vr C, posthumous), writes: "The Defence Ministry gave us some cash and a small piece of land at a concessional rate."

Bhadra Bahadur Thapa writes he is happy and proud to receive the award of Vir Chakra. He is in his 50s and has children who could not be educated. He wants facilities for education, job priority and medical assistance for the children of those who won gallantry awards.

Bhag Singh Bhatia, father of Captain G S Bhatia, (Vr C, posthumous) recalls the school and college days of his son when he was captain of hockey and football in M L N Higher Secondary School, Yamunanagar and Sohni Lal College, Ambala City. He won the first prize in boxing while under training at IMA, Dehra Dun. He was his only son. He is grateful to the Sikh Gurdwara for having installed his photograph in the Sikh Museum Hall of the Golden Temple, Amritsar. His home town of Yamunanagar has named a road after him.

Jemadar Nand Singh is the only Indian soldier to have been awarded the Victoria Cross and the Maha Vir Chakra awarded posthumously. His wife, Joginder Kaur, now living in Patiala, laments: "Here in our country, pen and sword are worshipped only while in action. My husband was a valiant warrior and I am proud that I am the widow of the most decorated soldier of the Indian Army. But I am sorry to write about the humiliation which I had to suffer after the death of my husband. I am drawing a meagre pension of Rs. 165 p.m. (Rs. 90 for Victoria Cross and Rs. 75 for MVC)."

Sqn Ldr B Karkare, father of the late Captain Ashok Kumar Karkare, feels hurt that the Ministry of Defence, in maintaining such a large establishment, does not even care to send the medals and ribbons won by soldiers who have made the supreme sacrifice in the war. Calling it a great

injustice to the departed gallant soldier, Karkare wants memorials raised for each posthumous awardee.

Havildar Kans Raj (Vr C) is a fireman in O I G in Pathankot and regrets that he has got no promotion from his unit so far. This in turn is affecting his financial condition as he will be denied an extra pension.

Kamlesh Chhetri, wife of R P Chetri (Vr C) writes from Gorakhpur that her gallant husband after retirement from the Army at a premature age has no job. They have 3 school-going children.

Papri Devi, wife of the late Sant Ram (Vr C) has a large family to support consisting of about 10 members. She pleads:

"For God's sake, a family pension may kindly be sanctioned and immediate aid be given to me."

WAR WIDOWS RECEIVE TRAINING







**NOT SO GOLDEN EMBRACE.** Jubilation reigns in the Indian camp after we had beaten Spain by the skin of our Olympic teeth to wrest the gold medal at the 1980 Moscow Games. India started impressively, but lost the initiative in the last quarter of play, when Spain were all over them, but could not prevent them from winning 4-3. This hockey gold medal, however, is at best a rolled-gold medal! With holders New Zealand, Australia, Pakistan, West Germany and Holland keeping out of the 1980 Games, India should have won much more convincingly. The exuberant reaction at home, therefore, was totally out of place. Below left: Poland's goalkeeper Zygfryd Jozefiak baulks India's Mervyn Fernandes as Jerry Wybieralski watches. India could only draw this game with Poland, who look like becoming an Olympic force one day. Below right: India's new sharp-shooter, Surinder Singh Sodhi, is all set to find the Spain goal. Incidentally, it was Spain Manager Luis Sarda who observed at the 1968 Mexico Games that "India are not playing like the Olympic champions any more"!





# OLYMPICS 80

MOSCOW 80 may not have seen full participation by all countries, still the Olympic Games were full of incident and action. Some of those moments are captured here.

'REACHING' OUT for the gymnastics gold proved a highly controversial exercise at Moscow, where Nadia Comaneci, seeking to build on her considerable Montreal reputation, was said to have been deprived of the highest honours by the Soviet determination to keep her out of the hunt. Soviet gymnast Mariya Filatova (left) is seen in action with other members of her team (below).



A FIRM GRIP ON THE MACHINE is what GDR's Harald Wolf showed.



GIVE HER A HAND—GDR's Ines Diers in the women's 400 metres freestyle at Moscow.

### Photographs: Amiya Tarafdar

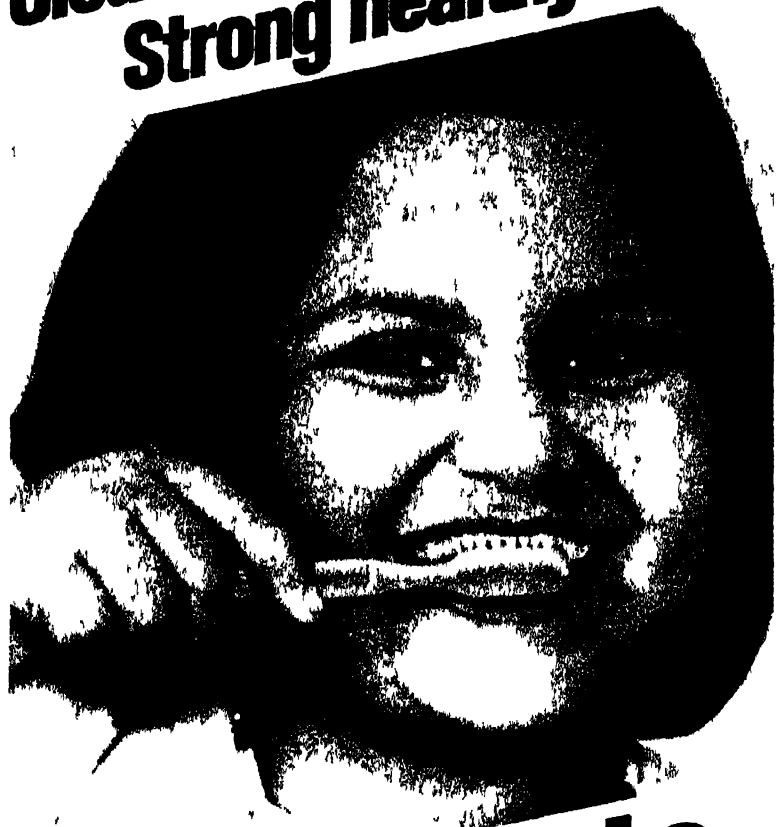
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT! Weightlifter Donald from Australia with a British competitor who was left with very little elbow room.



NADIA AT MOSCOW looked quite different from the cute little thing she was at MONTREAL 76. Nadia has obviously gained in years—but not in gold medals!



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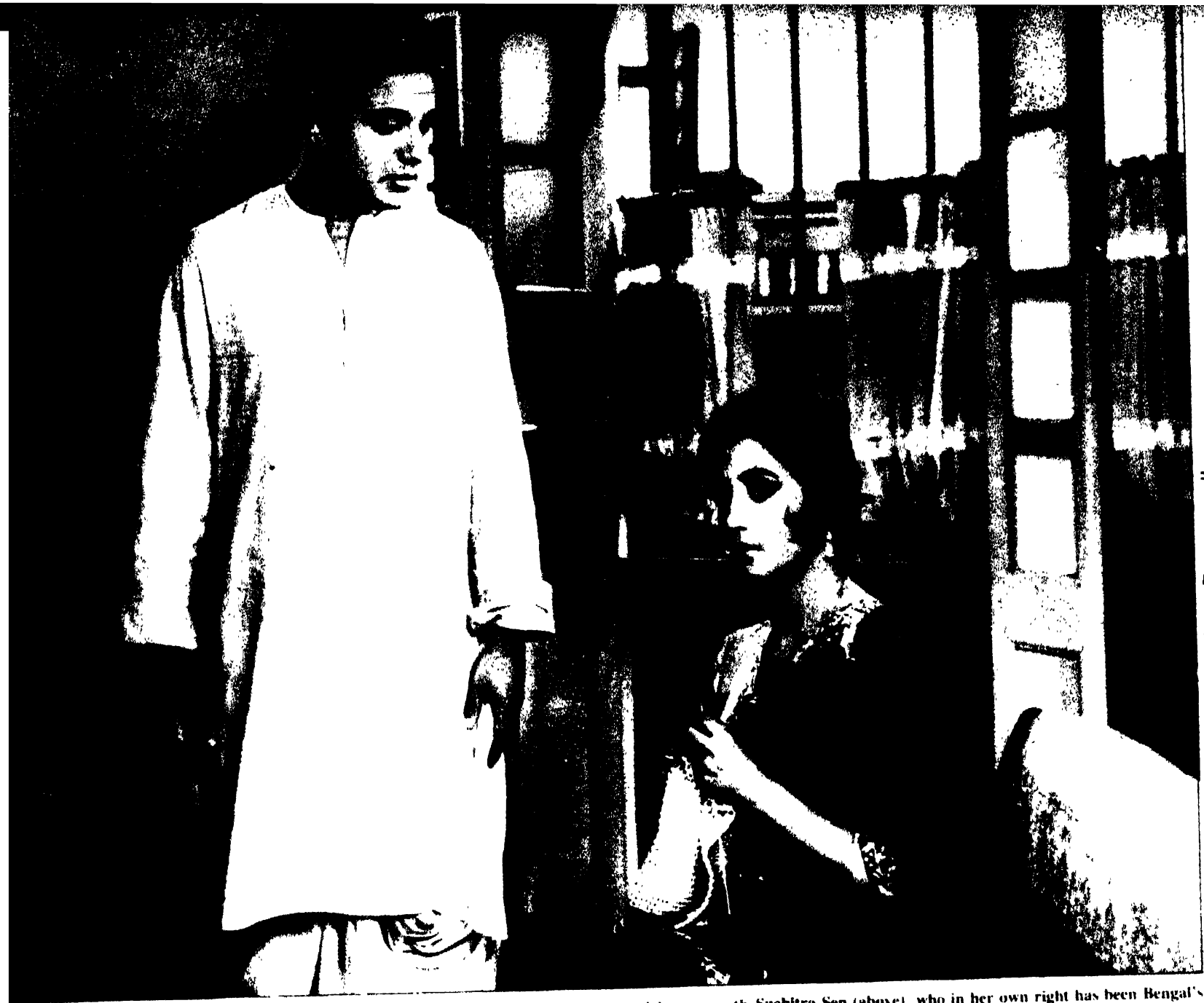
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Photographs from the collection of Firoze Rangoonwalla

**'GRIHADAHA'**. Uttam's most charismatic pairing was with Suchitra Sen (above), who in her own right has been Bengal's topmost heroine for as many years. Here they are seen together in the Bengali 'Grihadaha', based on Sarat Chandra's story. Genuine artists both, neither Uttam nor Suchitra could ever really fit in the commercial jungle of Bombay.



**'BRAJO BULI'**. This Bengali film of Piyush Bose found Uttam co-starring with Sabitri Chatterji (below). It was a comedy with Uttam putting on disguises.



**'NAYAK'**. Uttam made his historic mark at its highest point when Satyajit Ray selected him to play his real-life role—with the full low-down on the life of a movie star. The film was 'Nayak' (below).

# The Legend That Was Uttam

Bengal's greatest movie idol to date, Uttam Kumar, played the hero in scores of Bengali films and, finally, also made it on the Hindi screen with 'Amanush'. Given the pet name of 'Guru' in Bengal's film circles, Uttam truly dominated the scene for three decades. Here are a few typical glimpses from his films.



'SEI CHOKH' With Mahua Roy Chowdhry (above). Uttam appeared in the Bengali 'Sei Chokh', directed by Sahl Dutta

'BIVASH' Uttam starred with Lolita Chatterji (above) in 'Bivash', presented by R.D. Bansal and directed by Biju Bardhan.

'CHHOTI SI MULAQAT' AND 'AMANUSH'. Uttam tried to make an entry into Hindi Cinema by producing 'Chhoti Si Mulaqat' opposite Vyjayanthimala (inset) in 1967, but the film was a resounding flop. Uttam went back to Bengal, but was destined to achieve true all-India fame a decade later with Shakti Samanta's Bengali-Hindi bilingual, 'Amanush', in which he played a brutalised kind of Devdas, deserted by his beloved (Sharmila Tagore—below)



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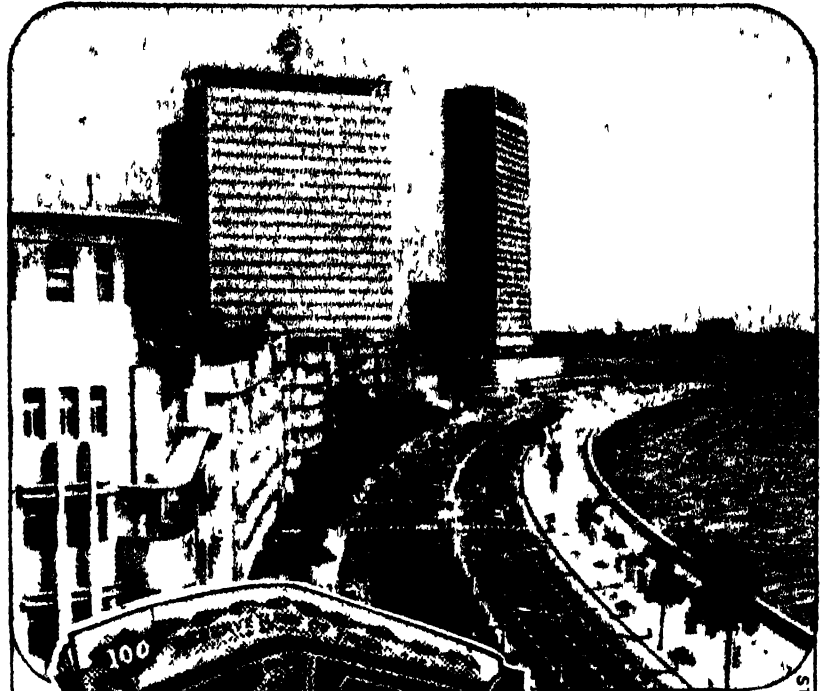
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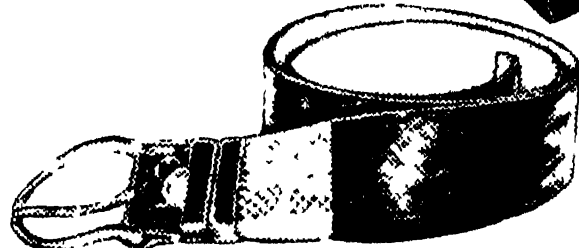
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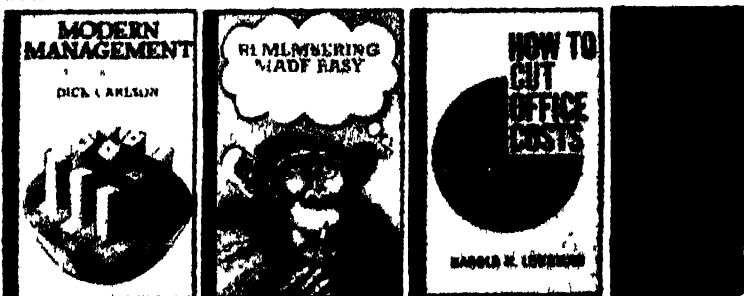


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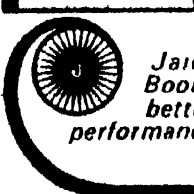
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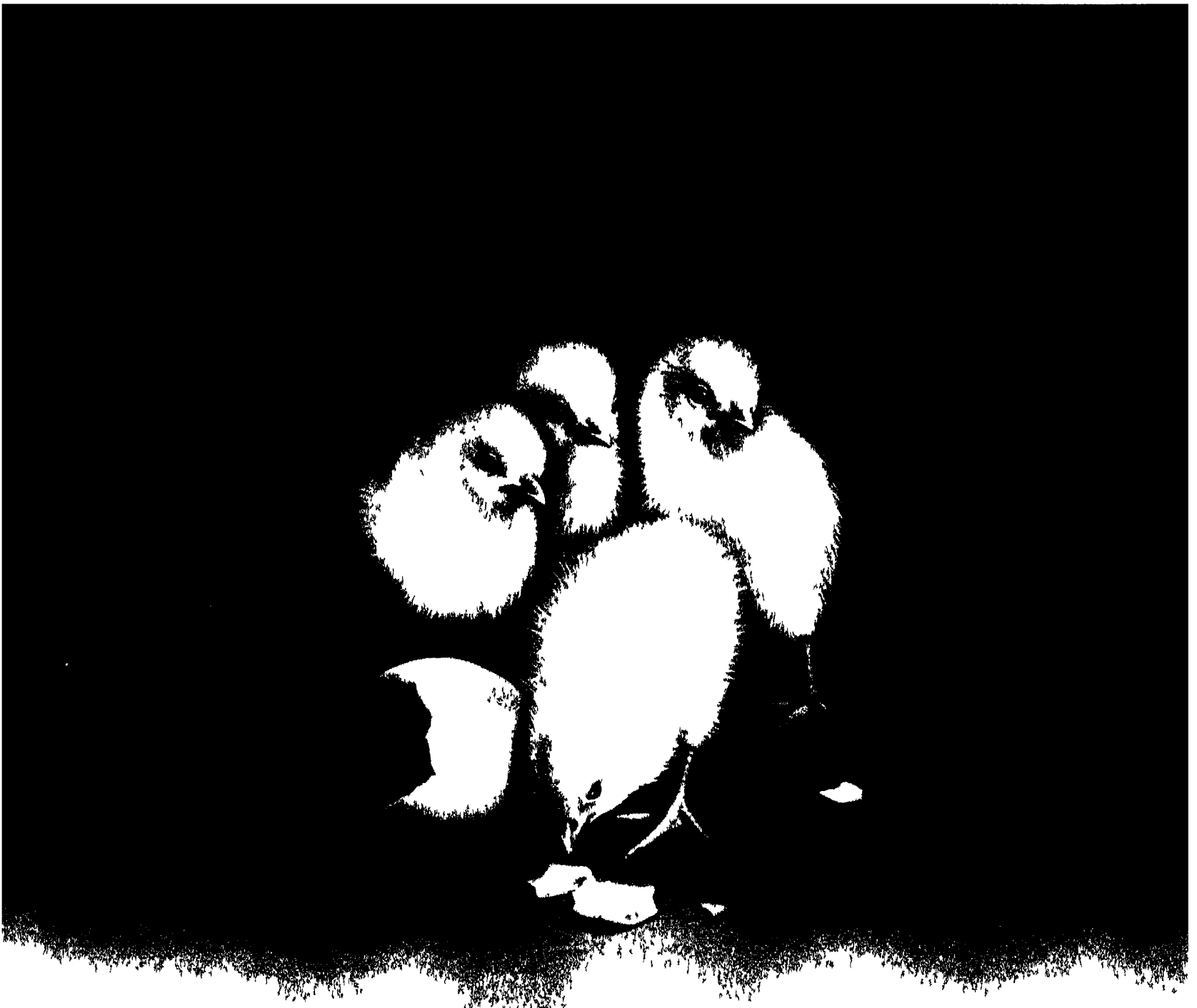
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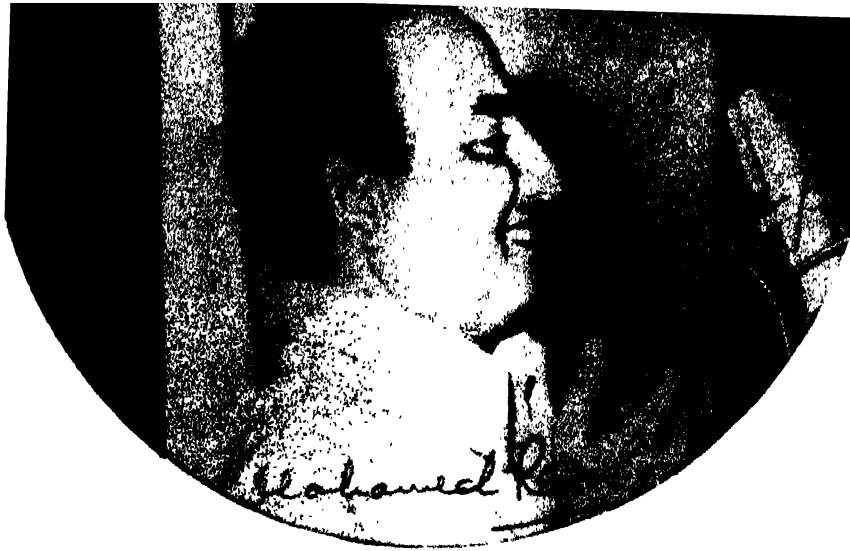
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**'HUM BEKHUDI MEIN TUM KO PUKARE CHALE GAYE'.** This most favourite Rafi number of Runa Laila (above) was first composed by S.D. Burman in her native Bangla! Dada Burman heard his assistant Jaidev sing a Muslim call to prayer, instinctively recognised a hit tune in it, originally cast it in his own Bengali to escape the charge of plagiarism and then got Urdu Majrooh to write to 'Bangla' tune to give Rafi—and Runa—an all-time 'classic' in Chhaya Nat!



**'EHSAA N TERA HOGA MUJH PAR'.** No matter how far apart they might have drifted for a while, Rafi and Lata always remained two sides of the same 'Jungle' record for their fans. These fans only later, when Shanker and Jaikishan too drifted apart, came to recognise the Haasrat-Jaikishan combination-stamp on 'Ehsaan tera', which endures as a tandem tune by which to identify the Lata-Rafi-S-J syndrome. It was Jaikishan who composed the catchy Lata-Rafi duets: 'Dhire dhire chal' in 'Love Marriage' and 'Sau saal pehle' in 'Jab Pyaar Kisi Se Hota Hai'.



**'JAB AATI HOGI YAAD MERI'—**the 'Phaansi' duet that fulfilled the lifetime ambition to sing with Rafi of Sulakshana (above), who was among the first to rush to our singing thespian's home on hearing the grim tidings. Sulakshana wept bitterly to see the end of one whose airs she grew up singing.

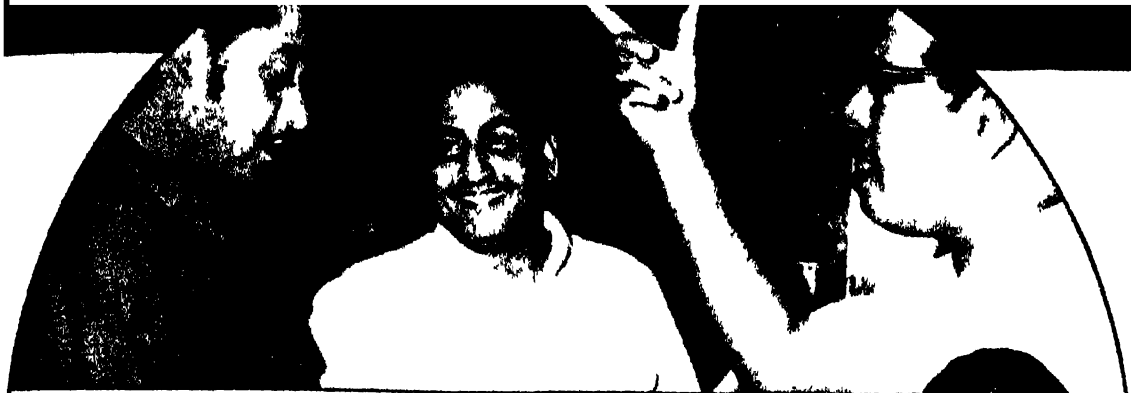
It took him 10 years to reach the top, where he then remained for full 15 years. His last 10 years, however, again witnessed a dauntless struggle by Mohamed Rafi to regain the top position he had lost to Kishore Kumar.



**'DHAL GAYA DIN HO GAYI RAAT JAANE DO JAANA HAI'.** Asha Bhosle, Laxmikant-Pyarelal and Mohamed Rafi (seen above) collaborated on this 'Humjoli' duet, which takes some recalling since, early in L-P's career, it was always Lata with Rafi. Even when Lata and Rafi fell out and wouldn't sing together, it was more Suman and Rafi than Asha and Rafi. Actually, Asha and Rafi first became a fixture singing together when 'Duet King' S.D. Burman casted for them as a twosome in the wake of a serious misunderstanding with Lata.



**'HUM AAP KI AANKHON MEIN'... 'AANKHON HI AANKHON MEIN ISHARA HO GAYA'!** The Geeta Dutt-Mohamed Rafi-O.P. Nayyar threesome always held out its own appeal, starting with 'Aar Paar' (1954)—'Muhabbat kar lo ji bhar lo' and 'Are na na na tauba tauba'—extending through other Guru Dutt films like 'Mr & Mrs 55' ('Udhar tum hazaar ho', 'Jaanee kahan mera jigar gaya ji' and 'Chal diye bandhanwar'), 'C.I.D.' ('Al dil hai muahqil'), even 'Pyaar', not to speak of 'outside' films like 'Munafikhaan' ('Aachhaji maaf kar do'). Geeta died in July 1972, Rafi in July 1980.



HEMANT KUMAR IS INSET HERE to complete the picture of the six male stalwarts to dominate our film music in the last 33 years. Above, Rafi is flanked by Kishore Kumar and Manna Dey, below he is with Mukesh and Talat Mahmood. Salil Chowdhury was one composer who used all these six voices effectively without false pride or prejudice—'Chhota sa ghar hoga' (Kishore), 'Tote huye khwabon me' (Rafi), 'Dharti kabe pukar ke' (Manna Dey), 'Subana safar aur yeh manam hameen' (Mukesh), 'Jhoom re' (Talat Mahmood) and 'Jhoom jhoom Mannohan re' (Hemant Kumar).



*Mohamed Rafi*

'YAHAN BADI A WAFAA KA BEWAFAI KE SIVA KYA HAI' was the song with which Rafi first went on the tragic lips of Dilip Kumar, opposite Noorjahan, and from there on to the languishing lips of the entire nation. The late Feroze Nizami composed this 1947 'breakthrough duet' of Rafi with Noorjahan for 'Jugnu'

# He Sang His Heart Out

Owing to unforeseen pressure on space following the untimely passing of Uttam Kumar and Mohamed Rafi, the features on 'Punjab Composers O.P. Nayar and Khayyam' and 'The Sports Goods Industry In Punjab' are held over and will appear in a later issue.

FROM 'TA RA RI TA RA RI TA RA RI' TO 'AI HUSN ZARA JAAG' graduated Rafi under the bountiful baton of Naushad (left), who decided that this his pet performer will sing for even Raj Kapoor (second from left) in 'Dastan' long before Rafi came to sing for Rajendra Kumar (right) in 'Mere Mehboob'. After Humnai-Bhagntram, it was Naushad who best tapped the tonal gold in Rafi's throat.



'GUN GUNA RAHE HAIN BHANWREN' hummed Rafi with Asha for Rajesh Khanna opposite Sharmila in 'Aradhana'—'Baagon mein bahar hai' sang the same Rafi in the same film with Lata for the other Rajesh Khanna opposite Farida Jalal. Yet, though Rafi did effective duty for both Rajesh Khannas in the trend-setting 'Aradhana', the superstar opted for the 'Mere sapnon ki raani'-'Roop tera mastana' voice of the younger Kishore Kumar to change the vocal face of our film music





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# Initiation Rites

His hand became more predatory in the underworld, while above the table the professor behaved with perfect correctitude.

by Dina Mehta

**I**SHWARI was a prude. Back home no one had called her that, but during her student years in California she was reproved for this dreadful infirmity by her room-mate Carol; by Mike, who on their second date had pronounced her a malingering spinster in a state of freeze and was concerned, genuinely concerned, when she refused his proffered aid to defrost her; and by other graduate students on the campus who warned her — in different ways — that unless she got rid of a certain unwanted physical fact she was well on her way to becoming a neurotic and retarded old maid.

In time Ishwari came to believe she was doomed, but being a prude she obstinately chose to do nothing about it. Which made it all the more inexplicable why, in the last year of her exile, she accepted Mr Johnson's dinner invitation despite the rather unsavoury reputation he enjoyed.

Between 10.15 and 11 that morning the balding but still-handsome Archibald Johnson, who took the summer class in Comparative Literature, had been in scintillating form. Strutting to and fro between the confines of two walls, his hands linked over his sacrum, he had dwelt on the fallibility of great writers when it came to evaluating the works of their contemporaries. Archibald was eloquent, witty and unsparing of the acknowledged masters whose harsh or gauche judgments he exposed and demolished with zest.

Ishwari had been entranced, as much by the brilliance of the discourse as by the clear, clipped accents in which it was delivered. It brought to mind the bell-like articulation of Sister Matilda at the convent in Bombay where she had received her early schooling. But this affectation of an English actor's diction did little to endear the Yankee-foaled-and-bred Archibald to his American audience. Sidney Davis, who was black and very earnest about his work, interrupted the flow of Oxford vowels by calling



loudly for "Translation please!" His cry was echoed in a shrill treble by his redhead girl-friend. There was some sniggering and a great deal of shuffling of note-books and sliding of sneakers on the floor. The paper-thin discipline of the class threatened to disintegrate but, undaunted, Mr Johnson had concluded his talk with a vivid little disquisition on how it was the task of the original artist to create the taste by which he is to be enjoyed

Ishwari got up reluctantly, in a daze; and on the noisy, echoing corridor Mr Johnson had caught up with her and asked if she would meet him for dinner that night. And before she could quite get over her astonishment she had said 'yes' to the distinguished professor, then suffered a near heart attack.

**Y**OU could have said 'no'," Carol said coldly an hour later, "to the randy old goat You've met his wife?"

They were in their room cluttered with books and posters and unwashed jeans and the large bronze *Nataraja* that Ishwari had lugged all the way from India. She shook her head. She hadn't met Archibald's wife but had heard that she was tall and blond and strapping. Like Boadicea. "Well, why didn't you say 'no'?" Carol persisted. "Because he talks like a phoney James Mason? Or because you've quarrelled with Mike?"

"The quarrel had nothing to do with it," said Ishwari with dignity.

"So you *have* quarrelled with Mike. What about?"

Ishwari was silent. She wasn't going to describe the interlude in Mike's parked car three evenings ago, when she had slapped away his questing hand whereupon with a cold, lucid rhetoric Mike had torn to shreds the doctrine, cant, hypocrisy, hung-ups, delusions and fairy-tales that had been led into her in the underprivileged country of her birth. (How could Mike know that in India the past lives on in a kind of agony, but a precedent can be trotted out for all possible innovations of the future?) His eyes emitting blue fire, he had blasted away at the moth-eaten pieties and the ridiculous tyrannical conditioning which made her hold out against her own liberation

"Can't you see," said Mike pityingly, "that a conscience which only says 'no' is not *your* conscience, but somebody else's conscience? Don't you see that the only virtue is the virtue of involvement, of communication, sympathy, empathy?"

But Ishwari had not allowed him to brainwash her with his masculine ethics. "Look," she had argued, "when you talk like this all you prove is that you are in strong possession of your *mind*. But what you are demanding of *me* is that I should be in strong possession of my *body*, right? So that I can render it more fully to you?"

This application of cerebration to a field where cerebration was not required from bedworthy females made Mike sit taut with anger. He could not abide silly, passive, clinging girls, but he was insulted every time Ishwari seriously challenged any of his ideas. Such infidel behaviour was not to be encouraged. She was immobilised, he warned her, by an out-dated set of *oughts*. "Do you have to deny all natural expression to your starved identity?" he tried to maintain his gravest, most responsible voice. "Must you build up a barricade against living? Like a zipped-up and cross-kneed old maid?"

"What barricade are you talking about?"

"You don't know shut about anything, do you? You're scared of your body! Your soul is genuine antique, your adjectives belong to... Gandhi!" He boxed the steering-wheel to emphasise his point "The only four-letter word she can use is *love*! Christ!"

"What words do you want me to use?"

"You think those pure, unsullied lips can attempt certain other monosyllabic words? Like..."

"I won't!" she interrupted him.

"Why should I use words I don't *want* to?"

"Because it is your *right* to do so, don't you see? Your emancipation, goddamit! Your freedom from puritanical, uncivilised attitudes!"

"Uncivilised?" Now she was angry too. "How can *you* tell? How much does the ugly American know about civilisation?"

"Oh yeah? Every bit as much as the pontificating Indian!" With that Mike had started the car then braked with an abruptness that had flung her against the dashboard. He swung it round vengefully and drove in handsome-profiled silence the rest of the way, while Ishwari kept feeling the bump on her forehead. And wishing for a gooey pie to smack into Groucho Mike's face.

She hadn't seen Mike since and missed him like Benzadrine or Pervitin or any other stimulant one had become addicted to. But she had carefully refrained from mentioning the squabble to Carol—who would have only called her a prude—and had no intention of doing so now.

"Okay, don't tell me why you quarrelled with Mike," said Carol, swinging her long honey-coloured legs from the table she was perched on, "but why Archibald Johnson, in heaven's name? Because he says *loo* for washroom and *football* for soccer?"

"That's not even funny!"

"Well, what's got into you? A square like you going out with a slob like him!" And Carol slipped down from the table.

"Where are you going?" asked Ishwari, a sudden note of anxiety creeping into her voice.

"For a swim with Ken. See you later."

The door slammed and Ishwari curbed an impulse to call after her. Carol was a lovely girl and a marvellous friend. Her offer to share this room with her had relieved Ishwari of the tension and misery of living in with Uncle Harish and Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha had never been to India, which wasn't her fault, but all she could ask her niece-by-marriage about the home country were the snake-charmers there. Otherwise she was a knowledgeable woman with enlightened attitudes on everything who wanted Ishwari to put her time to noble use—like typing out the chain of protest letters she regularly released to the city's newspapers or overhauling the coats' closet under the stairs and other such daunting tasks

All of Aunt Martha's opinions were concretely reinforced by Uncle Harish. He believed passionately in Teddy Kennedy, but was not so sure of Indira Gandhi. He spoke American but wrote a flowery Brahmin English with pedantic Edwardian flourishes. He sang American folk-songs and had unbounded enthusiasm for Ravi Shankar *after* his American debut. Racism made him both indignant and eloquent. He was intellectually against religiosity, theocracy and dictatorship, but not too certain in his attitude towards Pakistan.

Sometimes at the table Uncle Harish raised his eyes from his rare steak or bacon-and-tomato sandwich and quart of homogenised milk at the same time that Ishwari raised hers from her lumpy vegetables—this was before she had turned carnivore—and he seemed startled to discover her in the same room with him.

He is my father's brother, Ishwari kept reminding herself. In exile she had developed a passion for kinship and as their eyes met she had a great urge to blurt out something inane about all the things she missed: the familiar amalgam of spice odours from the kitchen; Mother tossing rice on a plaited bamboo tray to clear out the husks; the *gul mohr* in passionate bloom outside her bedroom window; the weekly drama of the dhobi's visits with a huge mountain of wash and a narrow range of excuses for sheets mangled, smalls missing... But the thought of voicing such meagre trifles when her aunt was holding forth on David Oistrakh's violin playing to an eagerly nodding Uncle Harish made Ishwari so nervous that she quickly averted her face.

He might well be an escaped convict, she thought resentfully, the way he never regressed in time, never referred to his antecedents, the way so little in the house suggested his origins. And sitting opposite this



unfrosted Indian, Ishwari recalled wisps of family gossip about a black sheep deported in dreadful secrecy from native shores just about the time she was born. Had Uncle Harish embezzled money? Been threatened litigation by a scorned and malicious mistress? Ishwari was not even sure the gossip had referred to him, but as she ate of the foreign mess in her plate she dreamed up a whole sequence of scandals of which the anti-hero was always Harry—as her uncle was called by his wife at home and by colleagues at his real estate agency. And she never forgave him that, homesick as she was, he gave her no opportunities for reminiscence. How can one rehearse one's history before a stranger?

Finally Ishwari was reduced to such straits as planting herself at her window in the lonely evenings and reciting aloud the names of Indian rivers: The Jhelum, the Ravi, the Sutlej. The Yamuna, the Ganga. The Gandak, the Gogra, the Sarda. The Tista, the Kosi, the Subansiri. The Godavari, the Krishna, the Kaveri... She was a priestess weaving a spell by melodic incantations to exorcise her homesickness... and from this sad plight it was Carol who had rescued her.

Carol was slapdash and happy. She lived in an uncomplicated emotional climate. Intangibles she ignored, the unseen powers were extraneous and she avoided them in good conscience, like the forbidden apple, while Ishwari tended to tie herself into knots over them. The two friends complemented each other in a manner which had seemed perfect to the Indian girl—till one day she received a terrible jolt.



Towards the end of that first year Ishwari had bought a ticket for a Bharata Natyam recital by a visiting Indian artiste. Carol said she could not go with her as that very evening she was expecting her Aunt Abigail from Boston. As it happened, the performance was cancelled because the dancer's car met with an accident on her way to the concert hall. The audience was asked to go home after being assured that the money for their tickets would be refunded.

Ishwari returned early to the apartment to find that Carol was out—entertaining her aunt at one of the high spots, no doubt, before seeing her off at the airport. Wretched at this unexpected end to an evening she had so looked forward to, Ishwari ripped off her sari, switched off the light and went hungry to bed.

About an hour later something woke her up. She heard a low moan, followed by a kind of suction noise, a snarl that made her think of a wild animal, little rustling murmurs that made her think of sundry jungle birds and raucous breathing that terrified her.

"Who's there?" she had called out, her voice shrill with panic as she sat up in bed. "Carol?"

A sudden silence greeted her. Her blind, nervous fingers found the switch to her table lamp and the subdued light went on, identifying the narrow dimensions of the room.

"Who did you think it was?" said Carol's voice, hard-breathing, as she rose from the rug at the foot of her bed. Ishwari stared in utter disbelief at the second figure who got to his feet behind Carol. In the dim light she could not distinguish the face, but she

could have sworn that this was *no aunt* quickly buttoning the trouser waistband with muscular hands.

"Where," she asked in an oddly flat voice, "is Aunt Abigail?"

"She didn't turn up," Carol answered, "because of a sprained ankle." And added coolly enough, "We — I never imagined you could be back so early. We didn't switch on the lights as we came in —" She broke off because Ishwari's mouth had opened ludicrously and there was a sudden, unmistakable giggle from the boy. Abruptly he turned his back to the room. Holding the bed's headboard with both hands, he began to laugh, his hunched shoulders shaking.

"Shut up!" said Carol sharply.

He shook his head, stopped, then was off again, fizzing and sputtering helplessly, bent double, clinging to the wood for dear life.

Carol turned on him. "I said shut —" She broke off with a gasp, struggled briefly against a rising paroxysm of mirth, then supporting herself like him gave vent to peals of almost hysterical laughter, while Ishwari sat there open-mouthed, paralysed by decorum. Like Victoria, she was not amused.

"You better go," Carol had gasped at last, pushing the boy towards the door. He stumbled out obediently enough, braying all the way, with Carol close behind him. The door shut on them.

Later Carol had attempted an apology. "I'm sorry we laughed," she said gently, "but if you had *seen* your face..." She had changed into her night clothes and her flushed cheeks, tousled hair and breasts swelling out

of the plunging V of her high-waisted gown were somehow a horrible affront to Ishwari. Carol looked like the inmate of a harem. A Caliph's delight. How *could* she!

"Don't tell me you were doing no wrong," Ishwari had managed hoarsely at last, "because I won't believe you!"

"Wrong!" Carol stared at her, expressions chasing across her face, one moment the comedienne's exaggerated surprise, the next, indignation at the unmerited reproach. "Shit, I don't have to tell you anything!" she said, biting her lip. And she had switched off the light with a disdainful flick.

That night as she tossed and threshed about in bed, Ishwari could not understand why her heart was laid waste. How could it be a betrayal of loyalties that Carol chose to do what she did? One did these things merely to be sociable these days. And surely there was something a little comical about the whole situation? On her a Sultan would have solemnly conferred the Order of Chastity, while to Carol he would have been delighted to offer the most opulent divan in his seraglio. Yet *she* was on the rack, while the scarlet woman of her indictment enjoyed impregnable repose on the opposite bed. When at last Ishwari fell into exhausted sleep she had dreamt of Mike making love to her in his car and the reactions of her body were treacherous.

She now rose from her bed where she had been lounging and walked across to the book-shelf where *Nataraja* stood poised on one gleaming leg between *The Adventures of Augie March* and *Gone With The Wind*. And because by this time she was in a blue funk over her date she said aloud to him: "I have accepted Mr Johnson's invitation to dinner and I am not going to chicken out!"

The agile god maintained his precarious stance.

THEY ate in a remote, gloomy, but rather charming little restaurant with red-checked table-cloths, cloudy candles and fake Victorian carriage-lamps on the walls. The decor was discreet enough to be reassuring. The bland food which catered to Mr Johnson's ulcers did dismay Ishwari a little when it was served (she had left the choice of dishes to him), but she perked up at the thought that no one was capable of planning a riotous seduction with boiled chunks of meat and greens and potatoes on his plate. What was even more reassuring was that for conversation Archibald was still harping on the subject of his morning's discourse. Speaking between energetic mouthfuls with more and more self-conscious enunciation, he began tearing to shreds the great Voltaire for his obtuseness in condemning *Hamlet* as a barbarous piece...

This, Ishwari told herself delightedly, was part of her liberal education. True encounter with knowledge. Master continuing his brilliant dialogue with star pupil outside the classroom. From Archambault to Ishwari, with love. You didn't forget your notes this way. She relaxed with an inaudible sigh.

Then it happened.

"Fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage, Europe's most brilliant man called the most subtle and profound of the bard's works," Swami Johnson was saying, when she was startled by a hand exploring the blue folds of her Bangalore silk as it groped for her thigh under the table. Above it, the neat, dry, chiselled face claimed total ignorance of any subterranean manoeuvres.

She tried to move subtly out of reach as she attempted a deferential smile at this example of the vulnerability of great minds. Above the table it was returned with a thin pedagogic twitch of the mouth, while in the area of darkness below Archibald's fastidiously manicured fingers persisted in their quest. "What do you think of that?" he asked, referring, of course, to the Frenchman's blind spot and not to his own labours in the nether region.

Ishwari was beginning to feel a little angry at the fraudulence of this, but the pupil in her pleaded extenuating circumstances for the professor. Apart from suffering from angomania, she reflected, he was also schizophrenic—though at the moment attempting a valiant synthesis between life and literature. "Rather thick," she answered, instinctively turning on her old-hat English slang, the patois of her convent schooldays. She was not particularly immense at this sort of thing, but the poor man seemed to expect it of her. "How daft can you get!" she added for good measure.

"Pearls before swine, wouldn't you say?" His mouth gave a thin twitch again before he resumed shredding away at his salad like a supercilious rabbit.

"Absolutely!"

"I adore that chaste British accent," continued Mr Johnson, his hand becoming more predatory in the underworld, while above the table he behaved with perfect correctitude. It was a situation to be endured with a stiff upper lip. He leaned forward. "Where did you learn to speak like Julie Andrews, if a chap may ask?"

She resisted the temptation to tell him he spoke like James Mason, actually. "At the convent, of course. In India they still import the accent, though not all can ape it..." At this point she had to slap away his pat-a-cake baker's hand. He must have found her attitude a trifle obstructive, but she couldn't help it. And it was rather unnerving how Archibaldus did not bat an eyelash at this bit of *sub rosa* unpleasantness. He even managed to intrude a large,



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booted foot between her gold sandals despite the encumbrance of the sari, and while in the antipodes it was all she could do to refrain from fetching him a kick in the shins—in the northern hemisphere he was graciously offering to show her his early folio edition of *Merchant of Venice*.

"A bloody good buy when I was last in London. I'm devilishly fond of London," he added predictably Ishwari nodded. It was not difficult to imagine him reading *Punch* with a furled umbrella in one hand, or balancing a cup of tea in one hand and waving to royalty with the other Besides, there was a Churchillian tenacity about the man. She nodded again when he confided in her that from his mother's side he could trace his ancestry in a direct line to one of the early English colonists of Connecticut. He belonged to a pioneering breed, she could tell

When the meal was over, his pilgrim hand resting briefly on the table, Archibald said with Oxonian suavity, "My place, then, for coffee shall we?" She smiled. It was not compulsion, not recklessness, but a kind of doped passivity that made her acquiesce in her teacher's little game His wife, he had told her over his toothpick, was out of town, visiting her sick mother Ishwari had clucked her tongue in sympathy and avoided

his eyes. They had all heard echoes of his marital discords. She tried to dismiss her qualms as they rose and made their way between tables Dr Johnson was only helping her to experience the Age, she told herself They were making the scene, the erudite professor and his gifted pupil She was being initiated. and it was time!

At the door of his flat, while amorous Archibald fumbled with his key, Ishwari didn't know why it was so reassuring to be told that Goethe had found Dante's *inferno* abominable, his *purgatorio* dubious and his *paradiso* tiresome She tinkled merrily, as at some witty, face-saving jest, but when his rather portly back was turned on her, her laughter trailed away She was struck by the incongruity of such mirth Dear God, what was she doing here?

The scene now took on the macabre quality of an unpleasant dream, in which reality is mercifully off-centre, but you can't get rid of the feeling that a vile experience awaits you just round the corner Why was he bent so long over the latch? Soon she would be called upon to switch over from spectator to participant—ugh! She knew a moment of panic and was staring at the dyed semi-circle of hair on the back of his head when the door was violently thrown open from within

A large blonde of warlike disposition stood framed there in a black negligee And in ominous silence, strong arms crossed over her ample bosom

Ishwari did not wait to discover if she was his wife or her counterfeit She did not want to exchange civilities—to ask her if she called him Archie or Baldy, or if his mother-in-law had turned the corner Heaven had sent her succour in the shape of this statuesque creature and she smiled at her in sheer gratitude before she whirled round and ran On flashing heels Ishwari ran the entire length of the corridor to the elevator doors

**B**Y the time she alighted from her cab outside her building it was late in the night and her relief at having escaped an unmentionable fate had given way to a mood of desolation tinged with hysteria Suddenly everything was in doubt Ishwari felt that with every passing year in this country she had become more irrelevant, displaced Foreign in face, pace, accent, syntax, values—why in hell was she here? She would rush up, pack her things right away and catch the next plane to India—and Carol had better not try to stop her!

So intent was she on this new resolve that she failed to notice Mike's

Impala parked against the kerb till, just before she turned into the gate, he called out her name

"Mike!" She peered into the gloom of his car "How long have you been waiting here?"

"Never mind Three hours and fifty seven minutes, to be precise He sounded grim "Get in"

She obeyed with alacrity Inside the car she tried to read his face "Oh Mike, I've had such a miserable time! Please let's drive off somewhere—"

Roughly he grabbed her arm "Carol told me You fool! Did that bastard—? I'll kill him!"

"No no I got away Please, Mike Suddenly she began to sob

He held her close, crooning soft words Abruptly he released her "You better go up and sleep it off" His voice was husky "You're dead beat"

"No Mike, please I want to stay with you"

"I'll call for you tomorrow"

"No! Let's drive off somewhere now"

They did And that was the night of her initiation

(From *THE OTHER WOMAN And Other Stories* by Dina Mehta, to be shortly published by Vikas Delhi)

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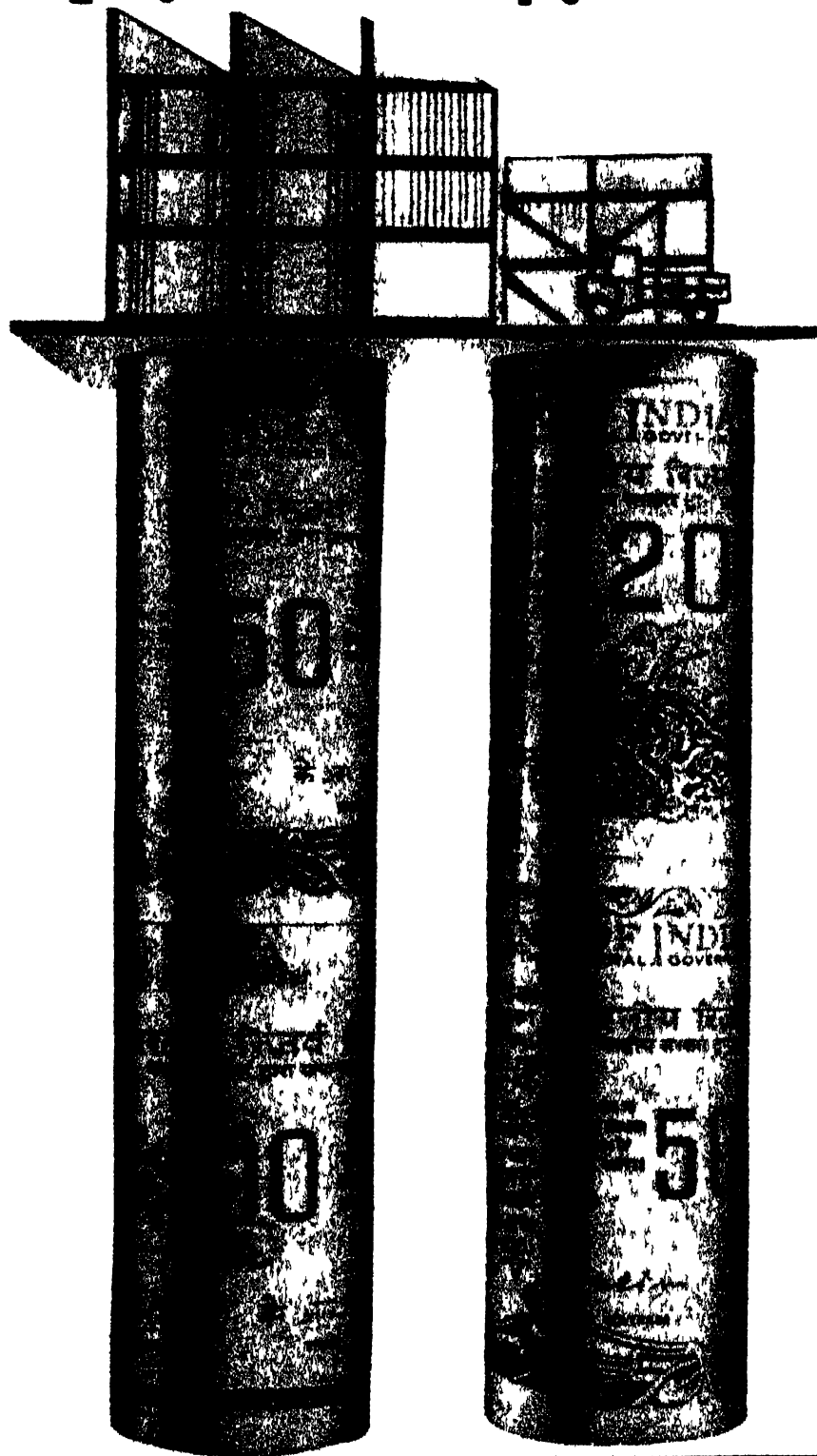
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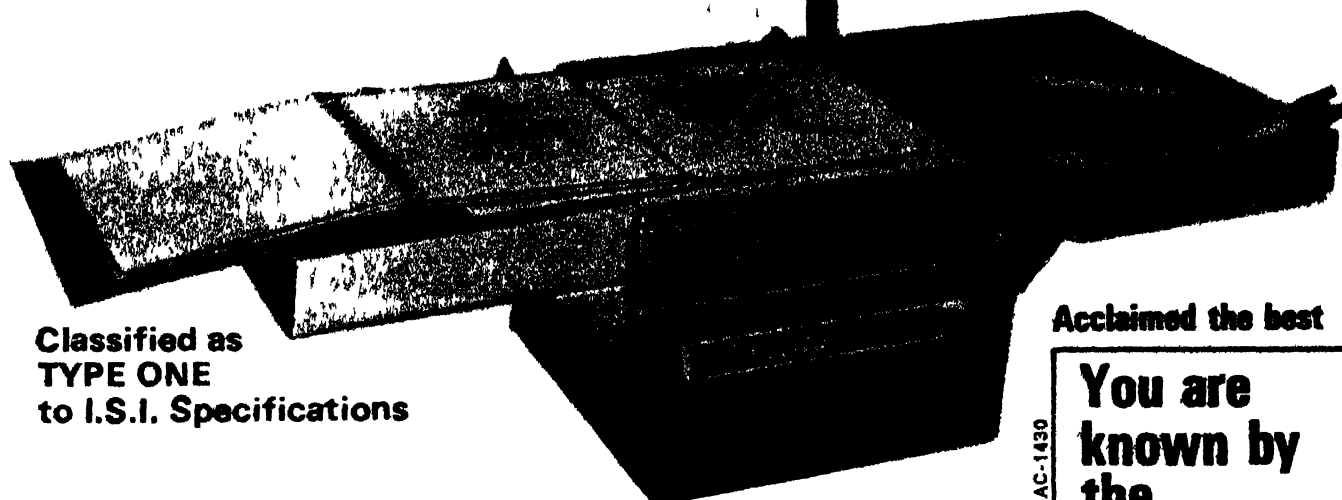
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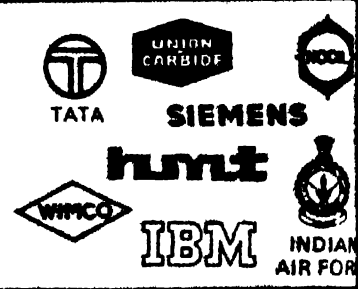
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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Kibitzing Most Enjoyable

**K**IBITZING experts can be a most enjoyable pastime. Watching expert plays or bids is rewarding, matching yourself with an expert even more so. But what is perhaps most enjoyable is watching an expert make an unusual bid or play, a play one would never have made oneself, of course, and seeing that play or bid rebound.

For example, you are kibitzing behind an umpteen times National and International champion. He picks up his hand, as West. With North dealer and none vulnerable. You see:

- ♠ J86
- ♥ A9
- ♦ AKQJ32
- ♣ 94

and the bidding goes three passes to your expert. To your astonishment he eschews the normal One Diamond in favour of One No Trump! You realise, after a little thought, that he has done so for two reasons (i) he expects to make One No Trump! and (ii) he is worried about the opponents competing effectively in a major suit. So you nod approval, and the auction proceeds:

West	North	East	South
	P	P	P
1NT	P	2C	P
2D	P	5C	All Pass

You disapprove, naturally, of this wild bidding, since you are convinced that 3NT might have been better! The four of Diamonds is led, and the whole deal is:

- |          |          |           |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| ♠ J86    | ♠ A1042  | ♠ K       |
| ♥ A9     | ♥ K10875 | ♥ 64      |
| ♦ AKQJ32 | ♦ 108    | ♦ 9765    |
| ♣ 94     | ♣ J6     | ♣ AK10532 |
- 
- |         |     |
|---------|-----|
| ♠ Q9753 | ♠ 4 |
| ♥ QJ32  | ♥ 4 |
| ♦ 4     | ♦ 4 |
| ♣ Q87   | ♣ 4 |

The declarer wins the Ace of Diamonds, plays two rounds of trumps, and reverts to Diamonds, claiming eleven tricks, for the loss of the Ace of Spades and a trump. It dawns on you, of course, that Three No Trump would have had no play on a Spade lead, that Five Clubs has no play on a Heart lead or on a Spade lead and a Heart shift, and that Six Diamonds is cold! You are even ready with the ideal auction:

West	North	East	South
	P	P	P
1D	1H	3C	3H
3NT	P	4D	P
4H	P	4S	P
6D!			

You leave the table, and comment quite acridly on that "terrible One No Trump" opening bid, your earlier nod of approval all forgotten.

This deal occurred in the National Masters Team of Four Duplicate finals recently.

Another deal from the same event provided more ammunition for our friend:

West	East
♠ A5	♠ KQ10987
♥ AKQ109	♥ J32
♦ A72	♦ 85
♣ 832	♣ A5

The auction went:

West	East
1H	1S
2NT	3H
4H	Pass

East-West were playing a Natural system, and the kibitzer sniffed in disdain. "A strong Club system would reach the slam easily," he said. When he heard the "strong Club" auction on the other table, he modified his comment with: "If I had been playing my 'strong Club' system..." For they also stopped at four Hearts!

Yes, this actually happened. How do I know? Was I the expert in the West seat? No. I'll give you three guesses. Who do you think the kibitzer was?

AVINASH GOKHALL

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Exercise Your Judgment

**T**HE consequences of a combination or a sacrifice may not always be precisely calculable. In such cases the player has to take a decision based on his judgment of the resulting position.

In position Nos 97 and 98 White sacrifices a Knight fully confident that the exposure of the enemy King will offer sufficient compensation.

**Inkev-Padevsky, Albena 1979:**  
 1.PK4, PK3 2.PQ4, PQ4 3.PK5, (French Defence; Advance Variation) PQB4 4.PQB3, QN3 5. NB3, BQ2 6.BK2, PXP (MCO continues 6...BN4 7.00, BxB 8 QxB, QR3 9.QQ1, NQ2 10.RK1, NK2 11.QNQ2, NQB3).

7.PXP, BN4 8.00, BxB 9.QxB, NK2 10.NB3, QNB3 11.QQ3, NB1 (This ungainly move becomes necessary as 11...NB4? would permit 12.NxP! This explains the defect of 6...PXP clearing QB3 for White's Knight. If 11...NN3 12.PKR4 is strong) 12.NK2, PKR3 13.PQR3, PN3 14.PQN4, QQ1 15. PKR4, PKR4 16.BN5, BK2 17. N84, BxB 18.NxB, NIK2 (Black has managed to keep the position intact but the White Knights are

omniously placed) 19.PN5, NR4 20.QRB1, QRB1 21.QB3 (Threat 22.N4xKP, PxBN 23.QxPch, KQ2 24.QxPch, KK1 25.NB7; 21...00? would lose to 22.NxRP) 21. NB4.

Position No 97. 22.NxQP!, PxBN (if 22...QxN? 23.RxRch, or if 22...RxR? 23.NB6ch) 23.PK6!, PXP (On 23...00 24.PxPch, RxP 25.RxR, QxR 26.QxQP, or 24...KR1 25.NK6, QQ2 26.RxR, QxR 27.NxR, QxN 28.QxQP. White has Rook and two Pawns for two Knights) 24.NxKP, QQ2 25.RxR, QxR 26.RK1! (Simply 26.QxQP should offer better prospects) RR2 27.PN4!?, PXP 28.QxNP, NK2 29.NN7ch, KB1 (The trap is 29...RxN 30.QxQch) 30.QB3ch, KN1 31.RxN RxN 32.QxPch, KR2 33.RxRch, KxR 34.QK5ch, KR2 35.QK7ch, KN1 36.PQ5, QN5ch 37.KR2, NB5 38.QK8ch, KN2 39.QK7ch, drawn.

R. Nagendra-S N. Dave, Delhi 1980:

1.PK4, PK4 2.NKB3, PQ3 3.BB4 (Philidor's Defence. White's theoretically best continuation is 3.PQ4) BK2 4.00 (Now 4.PQ4 would transpose into Hungarian Defence characterised by Black's

BK2) NKB3 5.PQ3, PB3 6.BN3, QN2 (To be considered is 6...BN5) 7.RK1 (With attack on the KP White stops PQ4) 00 8. QN2, NB4 9.NB1, PQR4 10.PB3, QB2 (Better 10...NxB in his cramped position) 11.BB2, RK1 12.NN3, PKN3 13.PKR3, PQN4 14.BR6, NK3 15.QQ2, KRI 16. PQ4

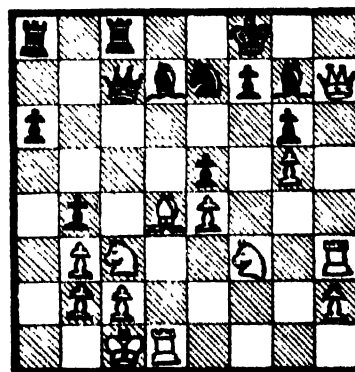
From irregular beginnings White has reached a Ruy Lopez formation, but Black's defensive set-up is unusual. 16...RQN1

Position No 98. 17.NB5!, PxBN? (The sacrifice should not have been accepted: 17...BB1 would be prudent) 18.KPxP, NQ1 (Alternatives are worse, e.g. 18...NB5 19.PxP, PxB 20.NxP, N5Q4

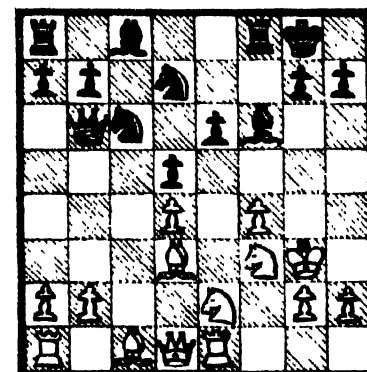
(or 20...BQ3 21.QxB1) 21.NxPch, KN2 22.QN5ch, KxN 23.QN7 mate, if 18...PxP 19.PxN, QPxP (or 20...BQ3 21.QxB1) 21.NxPch, PxBN 21.PxP and White's attack should win; if 18...NN2 19.PxP, PxB 20.QN5, RN1 21.NxP! RQ1 22.QRQ1, NK3 23.PxN? RQ2 24. RxPch, QxR 25.NxPch etc. Nagendra)

19.PxP, PxB 20.NxP, RN1 (if 20...BB1 21.BxB, RxR 22.QN5, NQ4 23.PB6, RN1 24.QR6) 21. QRQ1, BN2 22.QB4, RQB1 (or 22...BQ3 23.RxB, QxR 24.NN6ch wins the Queen) 23.BN3, NQ4 24.BxN, PxB 25.PB6, BBI 26. BxB, RxR 27.RQ4!, NK3 28.QR6, RKN1 29.QxPch!! Black resigns

R. B. SAPRE



No 99 WHITE TO PLAY



No 100 BLACK TO PLAY

# Pharmaceutical units in danger of becoming sick

Several units in the pharmaceutical industry are on the verge of becoming sick

The new drug policy has led to severe shortages, needless imports of drugs and a progressive erosion of the economic viability of drug firms

This was stated by Mr Dutt Gupta, doyen of the Indian pharmaceutical industry, during his presidential speech at the Annual General Meeting of the Organisation of Pharmaceutical Producers of India

He feared that the industry, which had a very good record of performance (Table I) would be unable to meet the Sixth Plan targets unless the drug policy was revised

The following are excerpts from his speech

"There are three main areas where re thinking is urgently called for. These cover policies regarding production, pricing and controls on the industry

## 1. Production

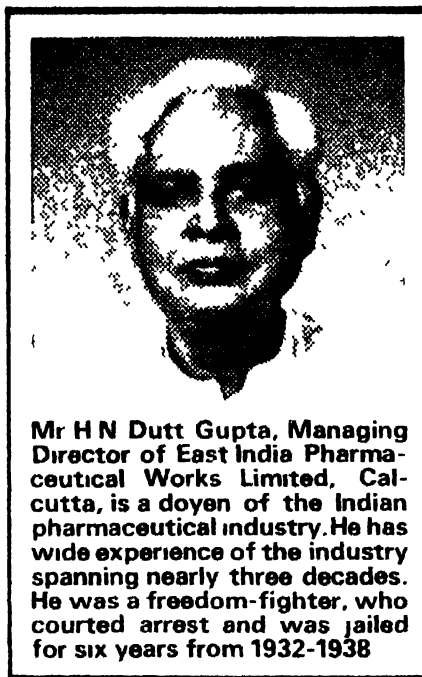
"When more production of drugs is the paramount need, we have the anomaly of a sector of the industry being asked to curtail production

"If several units in the industry have to go back to 1977 levels of production, as required under the new drug policy a cutback of up to 25% in bulk drugs and formulations is likely. Which means that Rs.250 crores worth of production will just not be available to consumers

	1947-48	1979-80
	Rs (crores)	
Capital Investment	24 (1952)	450
Production	10	1150
Bulk Drugs	18 (1965)	200
Exports	1.27 (1963-64)	30
Research & Development	-	10

"This will aggravate the prevailing shortages, necessitating more imports which are already showing an alarming trend upwards.

"And, ironically, many of the bulk drugs currently imported are being manufactured in the country. The technology, the knowhow, the experience and the capability are



Mr H N Dutt Gupta, Managing Director of East India Pharmaceutical Works Limited, Calcutta, is a doyen of the Indian pharmaceutical industry. He has wide experience of the industry spanning nearly three decades. He was a freedom-fighter, who courted arrest and was jailed for six years from 1932-1938

all available within the country. Yet we are importing these drugs because the existing units are not allowed to increase production

## 2. Drug prices

"It is remarkable that, according to the Government price index, drugs are among the very few commodities in which inflation has been minimal. The annual average increase in drug prices during the last ten years has been no more than 3.9% whereas the increase in "All Commodities" has been as much as 12.5% (Table II)

"However, of late the costs of all inputs and services used in the industry have increased enormously, due to the inflationary impact of the current economic environment in the country, while the prices of all drugs, both bulk as well as formulations, are frozen.

"The impact of these economic forces, over which the industry has no control, has seriously affected the health and viability of the industry as a whole. Several of the units in the industry are on the verge of becoming sick and some already have.

"If this situation is allowed to continue the whole industry will become sick today or tomorrow as the textile industry did a few years ago.

"It may come as a surprise to many that there are many products in the market today where the cost of

basic inputs exceeds the prices at which these are sold.

"Apart from this inflationary impact on the cost of production, it is not as widely known, as it should be, that 25-30% of the price consumers pay for drugs is accounted for by taxes and duties alone.

"A rational, long-term pricing policy which ensures that prices are reasonable to the consumer as well as to the producer, is fundamental for the healthy growth of the industry. Price control must be simple to operate and devoid of complications. The present price control scheme is unnecessarily complicated, rigid and leaves room for arbitrary decision-making. The emphasis should be on price regulation rather than total control

	Index Number of Wholesale Prices Base 1970-71 = 100	
	All Commodities	Drugs & Medicines
1971-72	105.6	99.7
1972-73	116.2	101.0
1973-74	139.7	101.8
1974-75	174.9	108.2
1975-76	172.9	118.7
1976-77	176.6	133.9
1977-78	185.6	136.3
1978-79	186.4	136.2
1979-80	212.3	135.0
Average Annual Increase	12.5	3.9

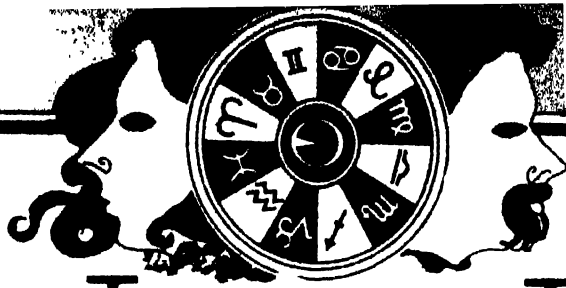
## 3. Controls

"The pharmaceutical industry tops the list of industries in the country that are tightly controlled, regulated and legislated upon. There are at least 7 Ministries and Departments at the Centre concerned with the control and regulation of the pharmaceutical industry. In addition to these, there are controls, regulations and legislations to enforce them at the State level.

"No wonder, then, there are inevitable delays in decision-making at every point of control. The cumulative impact of such delays is staggering in terms of slow-down in the pace of growth and consequent loss of production, employment and revenue to the national exchequer.

"Clearly there is urgent need to move away from a period of excessive or counter-productive controls to an era of vigorous and healthy growth."





# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K. KELKAR



## Sunday, August 10

The Solar eclipse does not indicate a smooth phase for you. Therefore take all possible precautions about your health. The current period and December to February are critical months in this respect. Manage financial and property affairs judiciously.

## Monday, August 11

Your vocational sphere will be under stress and strain due to several reasons. Do not undertake new investments or expansion projects. Watch your health. Youngsters should stick to their jobs and await a better period before making a change.

## Tuesday, August 12

Lady Luck favours most of your activities and keeps your purse full. Ties of the heart will help youngsters to settle in their careers by their next birthday.

## Wednesday, August 13

For no apparent reason, you will face anxieties about your future prospects. However, no untoward events are likely to happen. Take heart, remain sincere and work hard. In August, December and April move cautiously to avoid the danger of a deception.

## Thursday, August 14

Curb your ego and avoid being overbearing. Guard against a possible air or road accident in December and April. Don't terminate an existing partnership on flimsy grounds in February.

## Friday, August 15

This will be a far happier and luckier year than the last year provided you curb your obstinacy. All legal matters should be settled amicably and in consultation with experts.

## Saturday, August 16

On the financial and vocational spheres, you attain rare success and distinction. However, temptations, prejudices and allurements may disrupt your routine in December-January and April-May.

**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec. 21-Jan. 19



A sudden breakdown in health may force you to cancel or postpone your appointments in the early part of the week. Avoid making a financial investment on Monday. You are headed for a lively atmosphere in your professional sphere from Tuesday onwards. Saturday is for romance.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Members of your sex may cause you a lot of trouble. Don't complicate things by being whimsical on Sunday-Monday. Physical strain and mental tension will continue to mount even on Tuesday, leading to a depressing Wednesday. Thursday galvanises you into action in your domestic and professional life.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb. 19-Mar. 20



There is danger of misunderstandings and ill health on Sunday. Monday brings vexations and confusion. You get a temporary spurt of energy and enthusiasm on Tuesday which gives way to pessimism about business affairs on Friday. Avoid undertaking a journey and important jobs on Saturday.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar. 21-Apr. 20



Children will demand a lot of attention and money either due to sickness or other problems. Lovers' tiffs are likely this week. Avoid speculations till mid-week. By Thursday you will overcome most of your difficulties and arrive at a solution on Friday. Saturday will fill you with enthusiasm.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr. 21-May 20



This week brings many tensions. Your property, vehicle or a sickness will cause you much tension. Be patient and your tolerance will be rewarded by mid-week. Wednesday is ideal for chalking out a new strategy. Friday-Saturday should be utilised for sorting out your affairs.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



This week may bring many mental worries. Plans for travel and meetings with influential business contacts should be cancelled or deferred till mid-week. Money gained on Friday may help you to sort out financial matters. On Saturday travel in the company of your sweetheart.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Financial problems may suddenly crop up, causing you tension. A promise in connection with money will not be kept. Your seniors are likely to respond to requests to cooperate with you. Don't clash over trifles on Thursday. On Friday you strike a new and profitable business bargain. Reserve Saturday for an excursion.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug. 21



Your physical and mental well-being will be greatly disturbed till Tuesday. It would be prudent not to aggravate your troubles but wait till Tuesday-Wednesday, when help and co-operation from well-wishers will be at your disposal. Follow a policy of give-and-take on Friday and relax on Saturday.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Secret worries and anxieties will nag you this week. Guard against a possible theft or a deception on Sunday. Someone may attempt to embezzle you on Monday. Wednesday brings pessimism which disappears by evening, leaving you to deal energetically with business issues for the rest of the week.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept. 24-Oct. 23



Undue reliance on even your nearest and dearest ones will land you in difficulties on Sunday. Government servants should avoid the temptation of making extra money on Monday. From Thursday onwards you will be free from mental pressures and will be able to decide on your affairs.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct. 24-Nov. 22



There is a danger this week of your opponents turning the tables on you. Be vigilant and watchful on Sunday. Heart patients should observe maximum precautions this week, specially on Monday. A secret information received on Wednesday should not be relied upon while contracting business.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov. 23-Dec. 20



Some of the events of this week are likely to prove a blessing in disguise. Do not, therefore, be perturbed if one of your close friends bids you goodbye as a result of prejudices. Give him or her a long rope but be watchful. Tuesday is your lucky day this week. Friday-Saturday brings money.

## STAR FOCUS

As Americans are trying to unravel the confusion of presidential politics, the stars have already given their verdict on who the occupant of the White House will be for the next four years.

Mr Carter's horoscope shows that Saturn and Jupiter are going to transit around his birth sign the Sun. The former is depressionary and malignant whereas the latter suggests success and prestige. Pluto, which is treated on par with

Mars and a planet of the masses, will be close to the ascendant. On the day of election, Mars will be favourably placed near the radical Jupiter, Venus around the Sun and Mercury near Saturn, Neptune in trine to Venus. All these planetary aspects help the president get a second term.

In Mr Reagan's horoscope, Jupiter and Saturn will go on forming trine aspect to radical Sun in the next couple of years. At the time of the election,

Pluto will be in the 5th house and Mercury around Jupiter and Mars in the 6th house. The most damaging factor is that of Ketu around the radical Sun. The Sun must be free from afflictions whenever the elections are held.

The present muddled situation will steadily improve after August 10, 1980, and the Carter administration will be able to sort out difficulties at

home and abroad. Neptune continues to transit in the 7th house in opposition to the radical Mars and leaving American voters perplexed about their choice for the presidency.

Current public opinion has been running in favour of Ronald Reagan and it is believed that he would win the elections, if they are held today. However, by November Mr Carter will have the upper hand, slight as it may be.

## Stars Favour Carter





replied "You should've given me a ring I wasn't doing anything all evening!"

**A** WOMAN'S dress should be tight enough to show there's a woman inside it—but loose enough to show she's a lady

**W**ROTE an exasperated railway superintendent to a maintenance of way man whose reports on trivial incidents ran into several pages. For the love of Pete, be brief!"

The reprimanded employee complied. His next report described the damage done by a cloudburst. Dear Sir, where the railroad was the river is!

**P**ADDY was having dinner with some friends in their house in Donegal when a severe snowstorm developed.

"You must stay the night with us," insisted his friends. "You can't possibly go home in this weather."

"That's very civil of you," replied Paddy. "I'll just go home and bring my pyjamas."

**A** VERY conscientious young parson was walking through his parish one morning when he chanced to meet an attractive young lady who was known to be very free with her favours.

"I prayed for you last night," the parson said reprovingly.

"Silly!" the young lady

**R**OADSIGN FOR MOTORISTS: Drive like Hell and you'll get there! Watch my rear end—not hers!

**W**E Indians are getting stronger. Twenty years ago, it took two people to carry 40 rupees worth of groceries. Today two children carry it!

**A** MOTHER of a large family was explaining why she dressed her children alike—right down to the youngest baby. When we had four children, I dressed them alike so we wouldn't lose any of them. Now I dress them alike so we won't pick up any that don't belong to us!

**A** COMMITTEE is a group of men who individually can do nothing but collectively meet and decide that nothing can be done.

**A** N ENGLISHMAN and an American were out on a walk. After half an hour's silence, the Englishman remarked: "Spring in the air."

"Why should I?" asked the American.



**SEASIDE CHUCKLES.** A feature of the famous Blackpool Lights, due to switch on this month, is a celebration of the well-known Bamforth Postcards. Pictured is a selection of the 'saucy' cards entitled 'Seaside Chuckles'.

**A**S the ship was sinking, the Captain raised his voice to ask if anybody on board knew how to pray.

One man confidently spoke up: "Yes, Captain, I do."

"That's fine," replied the Captain. "You'd better start right now. The rest of us will put on the life-belts—we're on short!"

**M**AGISTRATE (to old offender): Now, Jim, what brought you here again?"

Two policemen, sir.

Drunk, I suppose?"

Yes, both of them."

**A** MERICAN evangelist Bill Lawry tells the amusing story of a fire which broke out in a small town church. When the Fire Brigade, siren wailing, arrived on the spot, the pastor recognised one of the men: "Hello there, John. I've not seen you in church for a long time," he chided.

"Well," answered the man, struggling with the hose, "there hasn't been a fire in the church for a long time!"

**M**AGISTRATE

You've been sentenced eight times and this makes the ninth. You ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourself.

Prisoner: "I say, Guv, no man ought to be ashamed of his convictions!"

**T**HE lawyer looked quizzically at the doctor, who was testifying, and said: "Doctors sometimes make mistakes, don't they?"

"Just as lawyers do—sometimes."

"But a doctor's mistakes are buried six feet underground," said the lawyer.

"Yes. And the lawyer's mistakes sometimes swing six feet in the air!"

**A** WOMAN got into a bus with seven small children clinging to her skirt.

"Are these kids all yours?" asked the conductor, "or is it a picnic?"

"They're all mine," replied the woman, "and, believe me, it's no picnic."

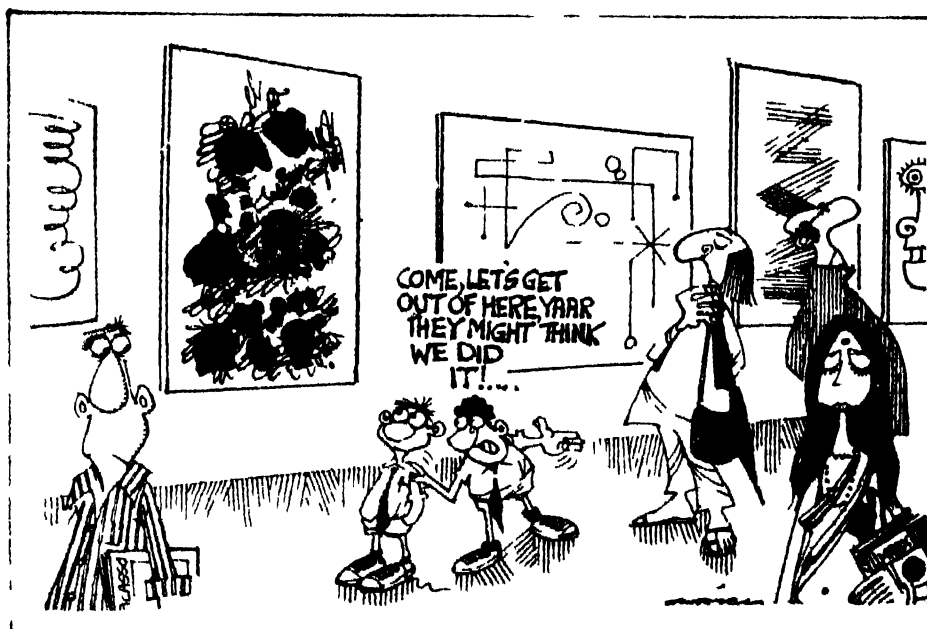
**S**AID the callgirl firmly: "I'm not going to any more psychiatrists. I just don't see any future in going to a guy who tells me to lie down on a couch and then sends me a bill."

**T**HE mother said to her son on his 16th birthday: "Son, you can always come to Mother about everything. If you ever start smoking or drinking, come to Mama and tell her. I don't want to hear it from the neighbours."

"Don't worry, Mom," the 16-year-old said, "I gave up smoking and drinking a year ago!"

**H**ARRY said: "My memory's excellent. There are only three things I can't remember. I can't remember faces, I can't remember names—and I forget what the third thing is!"

Jokes selected by K.R. Valdyanathan



# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

A	E	F	G
B			
C			
		D	

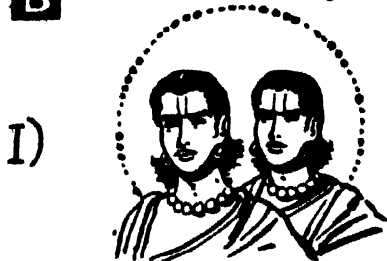
**A**

**CLUES ACROSS :** A) THE YEAR IN WHICH BOMBAY WAS GIVEN AWAY TO THE BRITISH BY THE PORTUGUESE. B) THE YEAR IN WHICH JAHANGIR ASCENDED THE MUGHAL THRONE, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER. C) THE YEAR, B.C., IN WHICH JULIUS CAESAR ESTABLISHED A NEW CALENDAR, BASED ON A 365-DAY YEAR. D) THE NUMBER OF TEETH, A NORMAL HUMAN ADULT HAS.

**CLUES DOWN :** A) THE YEAR IN WHICH AKBAR WAS BORN. E) THE YEAR IN WHICH HARSHA ASCENDED THE THRONE. F) THE LENGTH OF A CRICKET PITCH, IN FEET. G) THE YEAR IN WHICH AT THE SECOND BATTLE OF TARAIN, MUHAMMAD OF GHOR DEFEATED PRITHVIRAJ CHAUHAN.

## B TRUE OR FALSE ?

ABOUT 2,000 YEARS AGO, CHARAKA, AN INDIAN SURGEON, HAD USED CHEEK SKIN IN SURGERY OF THE NOSE.



**I)** ASHVINI KUMARS ARE THE DEITIES, REFERRED TO AS PHYSICIANS OF THE DEVAS. ACCORDING TO INDIAN MYTHOLOGY, THEY COULD TRANSPLANT EVEN HUMAN HEADS.

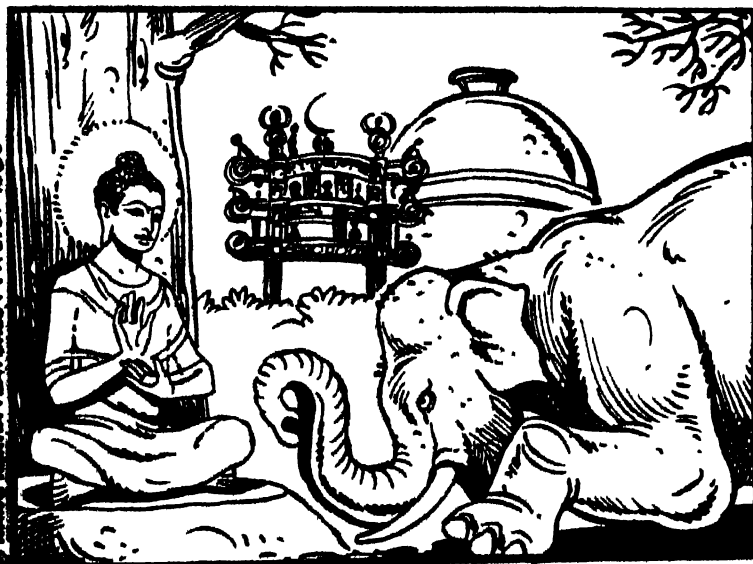


**III)**



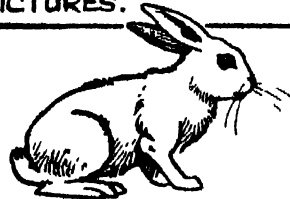
THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL HEART TRANSPLANT OPERATION WAS PERFORMED BY CHRISTIAN BARNARD OF SOUTH AFRICA.

## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



## D

FIND OUT WHAT IS COMMON IN THESE TWO PICTURES.



## E

WHICH OF THE LETTERS, GIVEN BELOW, SHOULD OCCUPY THE EMPTY SPACE?

I	T
H	?

E F  
Y A

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES :

**A**

1	3	3	6
8		5	0
2	1		6
9	2	6	1

**B** I) WAS FALSE. THERE ARE NO PORTRAITS OF BALDING GENTLEMEN FOR THE SIMPLE REASON THAT DURING THE 17TH CENTURY AND EARLY 18TH CENTURY, GENTLEMEN WORE WIGS. II.) & III) WERE TRUE.

**C** THE TUBE CONNECTING THE OXYGEN CYLINDER TO THE MASK WAS MISSING.

## D BEARD & BREAD.

THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET USED TO SPELL BOTH THE OBJECTS ARE COMMON.

**E** E = E + E

WILL CONTINUE THE SEQUENCE OF 8+B, C+C AND D+D

**NEW**

**IMPROVED**

# Vim

**with perfume**

**leaves nothing but the sparkle  
...and a fresh, clean smell**

Improved Vim with Perfume is so much better... it's got lots of foam that removes grease completely. Just look at the shine—and not even the slightest scratch!

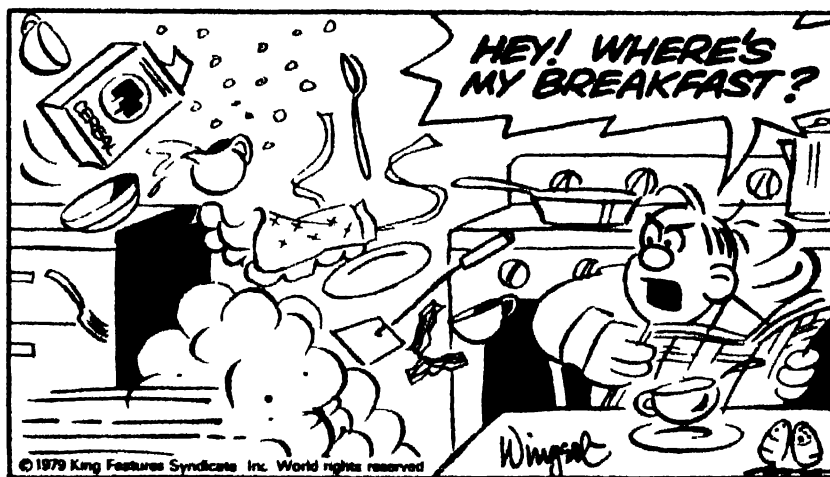
Your precious stainless steel utensils, crockery and cutlery will look just like new.

What's more, only Improved Vim is perfumed. It leaves such a fresh, clean smell.



**IMPROVED**  
**Vim**

**with perfume...the very best**



**"I've discovered Parry's Eclairs—  
they're the most 'chocolatey'".**



Unwrap a discovery  
today: Parry's Eclairs.

Discover the rich  
covering which just  
lingers in your mouth.

Discover the generous  
cocoa-enriched soft  
centre for a taste that's  
more "chocolatey".

Discover the  
liberal lashings of milk  
and sugar...

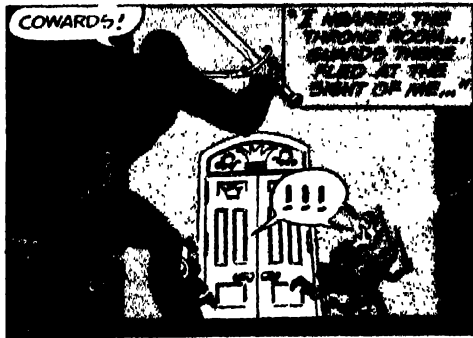
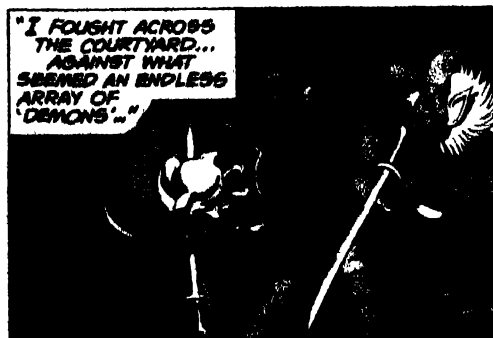
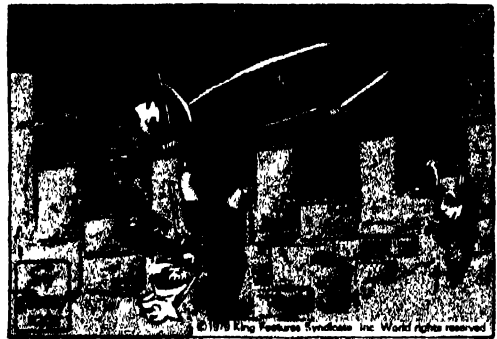
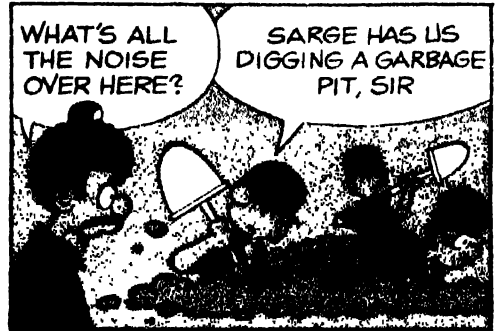
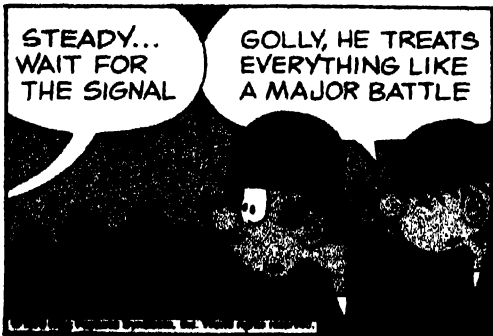
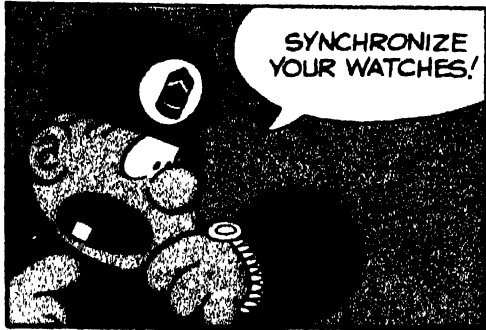
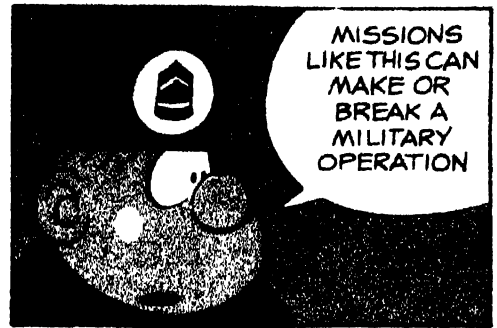


**The eclair:  
Parrys  
make it better**



**Parrys  
Confectionery Limited  
Madras**

**beetle bailey** by mort walker





# Sri Venkateswara (Balaji) Pancharatnamala **LP3**

An offering of Smt. M.S. SUBBULAKSHMI

at the feet of the  
**LORD OF TIRUPATI**



In this third and central gem in the series of her five L P Garland "SRI VENKATESWARA (BALAJI) PANCHARATNA MALA", sponsored by Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanams M S Subbulakshmi renders five soul-moving sacred hymns of saint psalmists, four in Sanskrit and the last one in Hindi

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In this five stanza hymn by Sri Adi Sankara Bhagavad Pada, the great Acharya extols the transcendental exploits and traits of Ganesa

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"Madhura-ashtakam means the Eight Stanzas of Sweetness" Sri Vallabha charya, the propounder of a religio philosophic school of devotion to Lord Krishna, describes herein every detail touching Sri Krishna as suffused with sweetness

## **DASAVATARA-GITA GOVINDAM**

This is the poem in Sri Jayadeva's celebrated Radha Krishna love legend "Gita Govindam" In it the poet devotee describes the stories of the ten avatars of Vishnu, in a nutshell

## **NAMA RAMAYANA**

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is that the Aranya canto, Sri Rama's exile to the forest for 14 years is rendered in exactly 14 lines

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The concluding piece of this L P is the well-known Hanuman Chalisa by Sri Tulsidas the great author of Ram Charit Manas Traditionally Ganesa is the deity to be worshipped at commencement and Hanuman at conclusion This disc starting with 'Ganesa Pancha Ratnam' comes to a finish with 'Hanuman Chalisa' rendered in six Hindustani ragas In this hymn of forty couplets in Hindi, Goswami Tulsidas eulogises the numerous noble attributes of Hanuman

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**MADHURASHTAKAM** Misra Khamaj  
**DASAVATARA-GITA GOVINDAM:** Bhairav, Bhoopali, Jeyjeyvanti, Malkauns, Kedar, Patdeep, Behag, Durga, Purya Dhanasri, Brindavan Sarang, Bhairavi

**NAMA RAMAYANA.** Yaman Kalyan, Darbari Kanada, Kalavati, Sudha Sarang, Tilak Kamod, Dhani, Misra-kafi

**HANUMAN CHALISA** Bibhas, Desh, Bahar, Misra Mand, Jonpuri, Sankara.



APRC

## **RELEASE FUNCTIONS**

This LP record was released on the sacred Gurupoornima Day Sunday 27th July 1980 at Delhi, Chandigarh, Lucknow, Varanasi, Patna, Calcutta, Bhubaneshwar, Poona, Ahmedabad, Bhopal, Nagpur, Hyderabad, Madras, Bangalore, Dharwar and Ernakulam.



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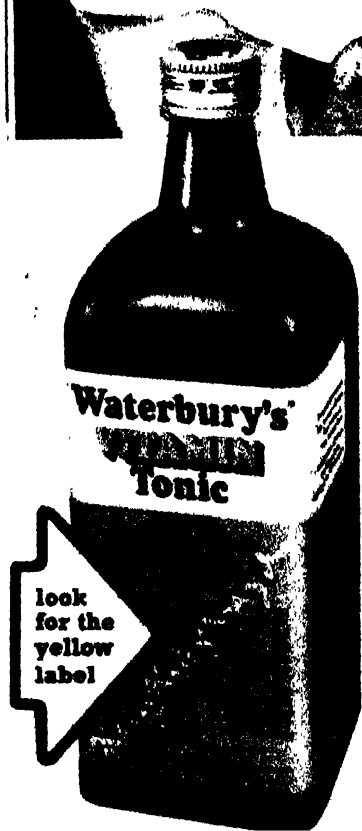
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# The Last Word

## A Partition Of Minds

**I**t was a dismal August evening, that 1947, in Mianwali an arid town in north west Punjab. My great-uncle, Uttamchand Malik, sat stoically, nursing his glass of whisky. He displayed a rare tranquillity in those nerve shattering days of partition, while the slight trembling of Aunty Shivani's fingers on her prayer-beads betrayed her inner turmoil, though outwardly her beautiful face was calm as ever. "I refuse to be converted!" she said. "I won't defile myself to live a few miserable years more!"

Jairam, their servant, who had served the family for 50 years and seen Shivani grow up, did not like it. She doesn't know what she's talking about, he said. Even the priest, Hajiram, got himself converted and he confided in me that he was not forced to eat the forbidden meat.

The wily old man was all for survival. Suddenly, there was loud banging on the door. Uncle sat upright with his gun and wondered whether the knocking could be ignored. But it grew more persistent and was now accompanied by angry shouting from outside.

Uncle told Jairam to open the door and a motley crowd poured in, some brandishing knives, others hugging the loot they had gathered at their last place of call. The crowd stood uncertainly for a while but soon there was a clamour from the hotheads: "Kill the Kafirs and take the woman!"

The commotion brought Ghulam Nabi on the scene. He was a Pathan who was beholden to the Malik family. He turned to the mob and said confidently: "What do we gain if we kill these fine people? Let's convert them to Islam."

The mob clamoured: "To the mosque, to the mosque!"

The trio was marched off to the mosque and the mullah made them recite the Kalma. Aunty kept chanting *Ram! Ram!* and no one was the wiser for it.

Uncle was christened Ghulam Rasool, while Aunty was Chand Bibi.

The mob, tired of the excitement, had left them. They trudged home to find it bereft of everything.

Uncle had kept his gun with him all through—it was his sole possession now.

Ghulam Nabi offered them shelter in his modest house. He tried to make them comfortable, but Aunty's loud chanting made his position untenable with his co-religionists. Poor Aunty was told to communicate with her God silently.

Meanwhile, Uncle's son, a Captain in the Indian Army, despite an almost total breakdown of communications, was frantically trying to get his parents out. Within two days of their harrowing experience, he managed to send a rescue plane.

**I**N Mianwali, old Aunty Shanti with her husband, his old mother and four beautiful children waited to be rescued. One midnight, Aunty Shanti and Uncle tiptoed down to the ground floor to pack a few things for the journey. They did not notice their doddering old servant open the door to a discreet knocking. But, when they looked up, it was too late.

The old lady upstairs did not hear a thing, but she felt that her son and daughter-in-law had been gone for a long time. She walked down and saw her son on the ground, with a dagger in his heart, and Aunty bleeding away.

In her state of shock, she thought she could revive them with some hot milk—if she could get some. She walked over to the neighbours and, surprisingly, their door was open. Their own stuff was scattered all over the neighbour's house. She looked up, stared into the eyes of the murderer and fled.

**M**EANWHILE, Ghulam Nabi had been despatched by the Maliks to inform Shanti Aunty about the arrival of the rescue plane. He herded the four crying children and the benumbed old lady to the makeshift

airport. A grateful Uncle handed over his gun to the Pathan and boarded the plane.

It had been a bad time in Lahore ever since Subrawardy's direct action induced a bloodbath in Calcutta.

One evening in late May, during dinner, our servant was bringing hot *chapatis* from the kitchen, which was 25 feet away from the house. Suddenly, he let out a blood-curdling yell. We rushed out to find him standing, dazed, next to a huge stone lying at his feet. Then started a barrage of more stones, big and small. We all hurried indoors, but how long could we stay holed up? My father, who stood exposed with a gun in his hand, said aloud: "Next time a stone falls in my house, I'll shoot to kill!"

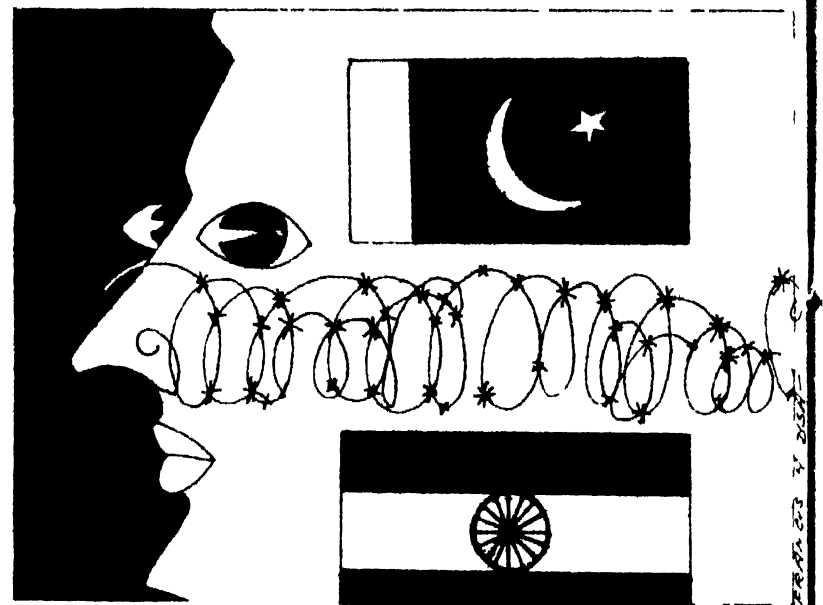
We finished our dinner in peace that night.

**N**OW started a chain reaction of mass killings. There was a riot in Rawalpindi, where Hindus and Sikhs were butchered, followed by one in Amritsar, where Muslims shared the same gory fate. In Lahore, the communities were well balanced, the carnage was localitywise.

**W**E worked out a plan of escape. At the first sign of restlessness in the mob, we would jump across into Justice Dua's house. They had one gate which opened into Temple Road—an area considered safe for the Hindus. As if in reply to our plans, they sent us word that, in the event of trouble, no one was to enter their place. They were so nervous that they would have shot the first intruder. After the stone-throwing incident, word had gone around about our having a regular arsenal and, perhaps, that was the reason the mob stayed at bay.

**N**EXT morning, an Anglo-Indian neighbour was dispatched to do railway bookings for us to Nainital, our usual summer resort. With the tickets, he brought back news of trains being stopped and passengers being butchered. We decided to risk getting away and I can still recall the rapacious looks we received from knots of people watching us as we moved out with a few summarily packed belongings.

We reached Nainital, where some of our relations had established



We lived in a complex of bungalows, with leading lawyers and judges, on the periphery of a Muslim ghetto called Mazang.

It was a still dark night which was suddenly pierced by lightning, followed by thunder. In reality, it was an attack with crude bombs. Muslims, believing themselves to be under attack, collected a couple of thousand of them, right across the road. At short intervals, they would burst into full-throated cries of *Allah-hu Akbar!*

We looked in vain for our household staff of two servants and two watchmen, who were hiding—in terror. There was no attack upon the Muslims, but my father felt that their fury could easily be directed towards us.

residence—a place in which any relation fleeing the orgy of violence found a temporary shelter.

My mothers, Aunt Vidya, also arrived with her brood. She had first lost her husband (who was believed to have been poisoned) and later lost her parents, uncles, aunts and other relatives in the mob violence.

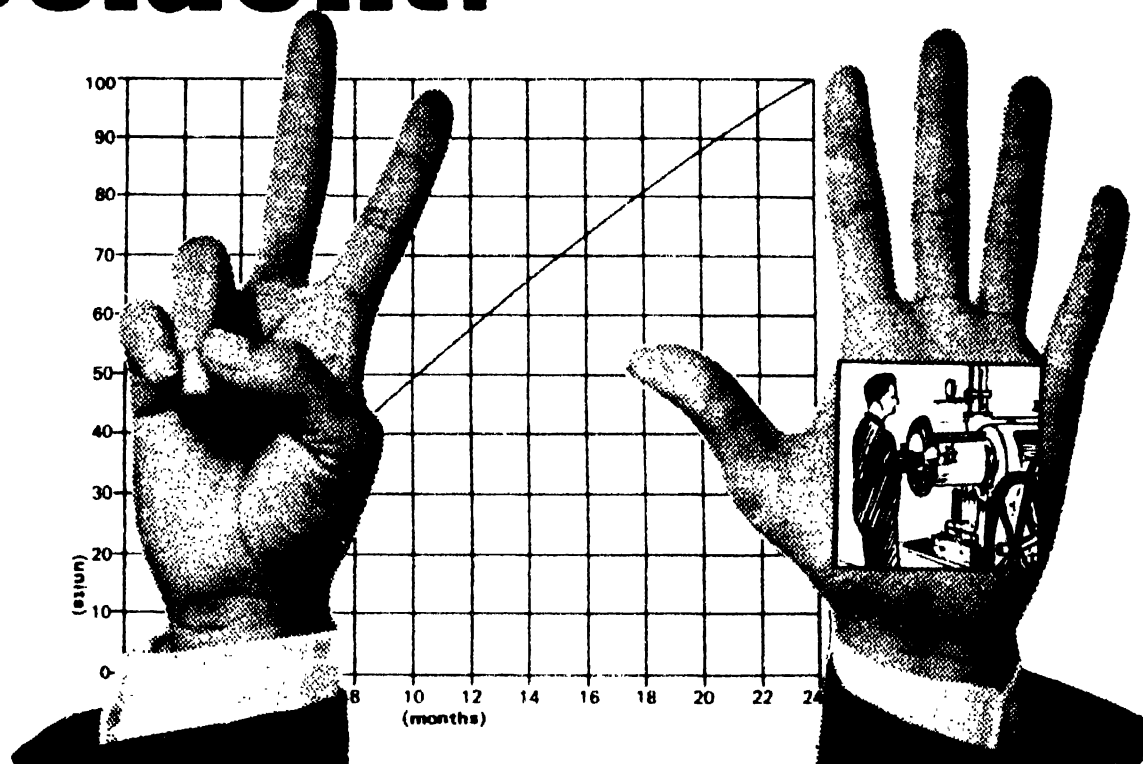
The poignancy of our situation came home to me later that evening as we were walking by the Naini lake. Someone from behind us remarked loudly:

*Look at their silks. They call themselves refugees. It looks as if they have looted someone and come over. They do not look like victims.*

We had lost our homes, a way of life—and even sympathy.

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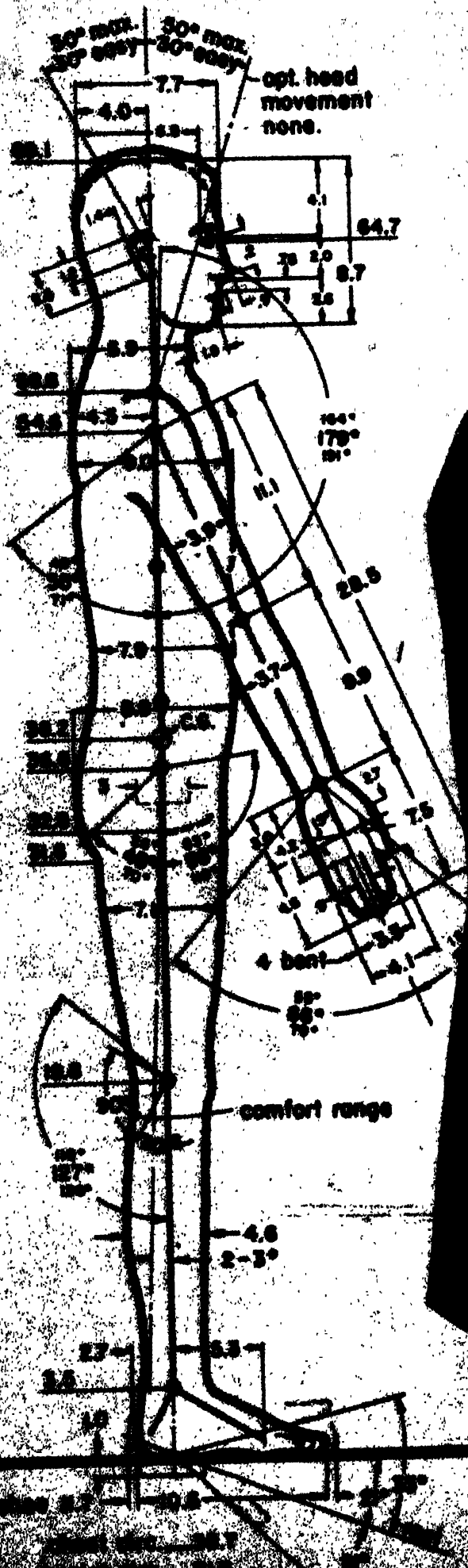
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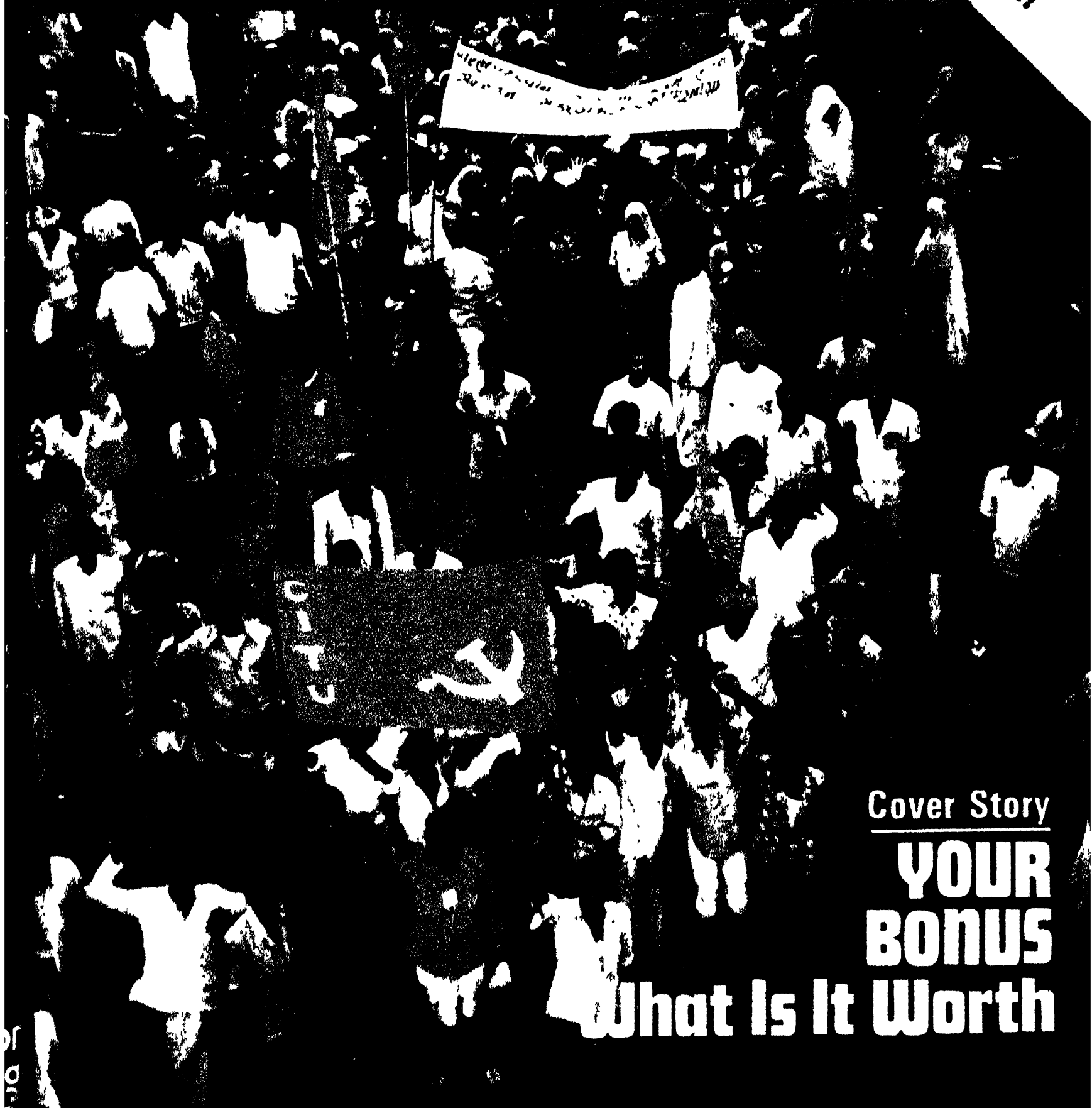
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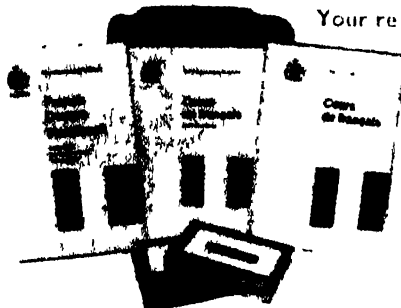
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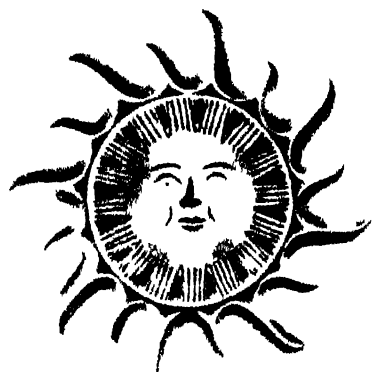
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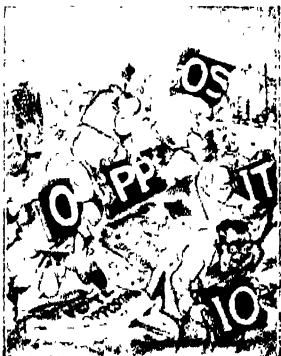
## Why Should This Opposition Unite?

Sir—For what should this Opposition unite even now? ('Can This Opposition Unite Even Now?' by Madhu Dandavate, July 20). To again betray people's wishes and aspirations? The people have learnt their lesson—when will the Opposition?

PHADKULE SURISH B  
Osmanabad

Sir—Madhu Dandavate writes: "In the initial years of Janata Government, the achievements were quite appreciable. In a rule of about 2½ years, which years should one count as initial?"

DEVANSHU B MEHTA  
Bombay



Sir—R.K. Laxman's cartoon is the best answer to the question posed in this article—the Opposition parties are too busy grabbing whatever they can get to bother about anything else.

K.N. TYAGI  
Meerut

Sir—I happened to go through a journal in which I found the following tailpiece: A visitor was being taken around a mental hospital. He noticed that at the ward where the most dangerous cases were placed, only two or three men were guarding about 100 patients. The visitor asked, "Aren't you afraid that these people could overpower the guards?" His guide replied: "No. Lunatics never unite."

N.M. KRISHNAMURTHY  
Shimoga

## Cross Connections

Sir—T.N. Kaul has wisely noticed only one indisputable truth ('Delhi Kauling' July 20)—that the posts of Ambassador to Washington and Moscow are still open. Good luck to him!

But, otherwise, he is hardly the perfect political columnist. In his very first article, he says: *The older generation of leaders, with the exception of Indira Gandhi, in almost all parties has lost its credibility in the public mind*

Are leaders like Madhu Dandavate, Atal Behari Vajpayee and Chandra Shekhar not worth believing in?

Mr Kaul continues: *But the burden on her (Mrs Gandhi) will be much heavier now. I don't think that a job that one has chosen can be regarded as a "burden". Even if it is so, Mrs Gandhi has two-thirds of the Lok Sabha with her*

If India's stand was even partly responsible for the token Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan, how is it that the Kremlin forgot to inform New Delhi of this?

RAMCHANDRA RASHINKAR  
Sakarwadi

Sir—A regular column like this one was long overdue. You have done really well in securing the versatile T.N. Kaul for it.

A.B. NATESAN  
Madras

Sir—'Delhi Kauling' left me yawning.

RAJESH SHARMA  
Rohtak

Sir—'Delhi Kauling' is an utter disappointment. It is neither 'lively' nor 'original'. One can walk into any of the canteens of the Central Government offices and hear more accurate and less spineless political gossip. The column struck me as an effort of an unhappy bureaucrat, unreconciled to his retirement, making efforts to secure some leftovers.

RAKESH KAUL  
New Delhi

Sir—As a student of history, I cannot help recalling that when Europe united the first time and defeated Napoleon, he was exiled to Elba. From there he escaped only to be defeated finally when Europe united again to fight him. Mrs Gandhi has been to Elba; but, for her to meet her Waterloo, the Opposition must unite once again!

ASHWINI MOHAPATRA  
Mayarbanj

Sir—The article said nothing new. The examinations and justifications put forward by members of the previous Government are getting tedious. Prof Dandavate has in no way reassured us that the Opposition will work at becoming a credible force.

V.P. THONTE  
Solapur

Sir—It is sad to see that even Prof Dandavate has erred in judging Sanjay Gandhi's position in national politics. A careful observation of Mrs Gandhi's actions does not show that she relied entirely on him and, as such the question of who protected

whom is open to doubt. The Opposition should not see in Sanjay's death a death-blow for the ruling party, or a heaven-sent opportunity for themselves.

M.S. NEMIVANI  
Bombay

Sir—In the Hindi belt, only two Opposition parties count: the Lok Dal and the Bhartiya Janata Party. The BJP has a strong urban base, the Lok Dal a strong rural one. The Lok Dal is farmer-labour oriented and the BJP is trader-businessmen oriented. To build a viable alternative to the Congress (I), these two parties must come to an understanding.

Capt G.R. CHOUDHURY  
Ahmedabad

## Belabouring Children

Sir—As Madhur Chaturvedi wisely put it, child labour as a whole cannot be abolished ('Child Labour: The Shame of a Nation', July 20). The next best alternative is to improve their miserable working conditions. This is the only practical proposition.

B.V. RAO  
Hyderabad

Sir—The solution offered by the author is no solution at all. By increasing wages and so on we do not contain child labour, we encourage it. What should be done is to open hostel-cum-schools for children as deprived as these. As for the expense—surely a Government that can spend crores on rockets, MIGs and bombs can divert some funds for this purpose?

B.R. DAS  
Balasore

Sir—The article clearly shows that there has been virtually no change in the condition of child labour—despite legislation. It is high time enforcement authorities took strict measures to initiate action against adults who play with the lives of children.

Incidentally, the Royal Commission on Labour in

India made its report in 1931 and not in 1946. It was the Labour Investigation Committee, popularly known as Rege Committee, which made its report in 1946.

SABINA J.R.  
Bombay

## Traumatic Situation

Sir—'India's Traumatic Triangle' (by Rami Chhabra, July 20) is a long-overdue warning to all those who believe that the nation will progress if only living standards are raised. The fact remains that all efforts are nullified in the face of our galloping population and, to contain it, we must be ruthless—if persuasion and incentives fail, then force and compulsion are necessary.

AJIT M. KSHIRSAGAR  
Bombay

## Hindu Controversy

Sir—I am grateful to V.K. Gokak and you for his review of my book, *Hinduism: Essence and Consequence*, in particular for the illustrations ('A Marxist Attacks Hinduism', July 20).

At last a part of the difference between our perspectives arises from the fact that this volume is just the first of four. My task in this volume has been to identify the chaff. I shall return to the same texts and to Gandhiji to identify the kernel in a volume on which I am working now.

I agree with the basic comment of Mr Gokak that the insights of mystics cannot be assessed at a merely intellectual level. But I have been at pains to show—and I think in this Mr Gokak agrees—with the evidence I have presented that much of what has been peddled and continues to be peddled in India as the insight of mystics is just charlatany.

I do believe, however, that Mr Gokak has been a bit hasty in branding me a "Marxist". He has gone merely by my assessment of Hindu scriptures from a "Marxist angle". Perhaps he will change his assessment after I assess Marxist scriptures from a Hindu angle! A doctrinal Marxist will detect many heresies in my book and is sure to say that Mr Gokak has criticised me for the wrong reasons.

ARUN SHOURIE  
Bombay

Sir—The attack on Hinduism is merely an exhibition of the author's unrealistic views. The rituals of a religion, like the husk of a grain, preserve its life and make it germinate. If the rituals are omitted, the faith becomes mechanical and lifeless.

A flag-hoisting, an oath-taking or a convocation are also rituals of a type. To give a concrete shape to abstract spiritual ideals, Hinduism requires the performance of several rituals.

Dr K. VENKAT RAO  
Mangalore

Sir—The review is an exercise in Hindu polemics. In his attempt to refurbish the "essence" of Hinduism, Mr Gokak only substantiates Shourie's arguments.

Totally amorphous in its thought, Hinduism has for centuries been wallowing in abstractions. The more abstract the thought, the closer they think it is to God!

And of what use is such abstract, ambivalent thought to the millions of the wretched of this earth?

G. GURUCHARAN  
Bangalore

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

Sir—That family planning measures have to be adopted voluntarily for the programme's success is a proven fact. The masses must be made aware of the benefits of family planning. But, in the meantime, we should follow China's example and stop all financial aid to parents who have a third child.

RAJAT DATTA  
Pune

Sir—Family planning programmes should be intensified in the villages. We must awaken rural consciousness and the *Weekly*, with its all-India circulation, can help constructively in this.

SHRIKANT NATH  
Lucknow

Sir—It is very unfortunate that an important issue like family planning should be caught in a political controversy. One possible way to solve the mess is to bring family planning under an independent organisation which is completely outside the purview of politics and politicians.

C P BELLIPPA  
Athur Post

## Afghan Apologia

Sir—I was amused to read K P S Menon's apologia for the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, subtly garbed in *Afghan Memories* (July 20). I fail to understand how he comes to the conclusion that India is helping to defuse tension. Big Power naval forces have increased in the Indian Ocean, Soviet strength has increased in Afghanistan and East-West *detente* is on the rocks.

As for our foreign policy on this issue, it is as vague as Mr Menon's article.

K P NAIR  
Visakhapatnam

## A Humorous Low

Sir—I have always been an avid reader of the *Weekly*. I find it enjoyable but, of late I am disgusted by the constant use of puns in the captions. Most of them are absolutely humourless and hence very tiresome. Punning is, after all, considered the lowest form of humour.

VINAR R. SHETTY  
Bombay

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### The Muketeshwar Man-eater

Story by the legendary Jim Corbett. Specially chosen for this issue.



### Our Wildlife: A Great Legacy Dissipated

By neglect of their protective duty and by their permissiveness our governments have been the chief deplorators of our wildlife, says M. Krishnan. What must we do to stop further degradation upon this magnificent dwindling asset?



Also Zafar Futehally on the larger animals of India—how many of them have been pushed to the brink of extinction by our total disregard for ecology.

### Forests for the People

We must save our forests now—because tomorrow it may be too late. Rusi Engineer highlights the grim firewood famine threatening us.



### Plus

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**YOUR BONUS**  
**What Is It Worth**



**“To insist on ever larger bonus and to refuse, at the same time, to link it to productivity is tantamount to driving the nation to economic bankruptcy.”**

**The author is Director, Centre for Monitoring Indian Economy, Bombay.**

**by Narottam Shah** →







**T**HE never ending battle for bonus now appears to have entered a new phase. The air is full of expectancy. As these lines are being written in the opening days of August, everyone is eagerly awaiting the Central Government's ordinance on bonus which has been promised before the Onam festival falling on August 24. Later, with some modifications, the ordinance is to be placed before the next session of Parliament in the form of a Bill for its approval.

In the meantime, the atmosphere is thick with rumours, guesses and wishful thinking as to the content of the ordinance. On a careful scanning of a plethora of such reports, it appears that most probably the following would be the salient features of the bonus ordinance:

- *The coverage of the industries would be widened to embrace the Railways, Post & Telegraphs and the ordinance factories. This would be a historic departure from past practice. Some other industries/establishments which are now exempted may also be covered.*
- *The minimum for bonus would be kept unchanged at 8.33% of the*

*annual wages/salaries, irrespective of whether the particular enterprise has made a profit or a loss. The ceiling it appears would continue to be 20% although an increase to 25% was considered at one stage.*

- *At present the wage/salary ceiling for bonus payment is Rs 750 per month. This ceiling may be increased to Rs 1,500. This would enormously increase the number of workers receiving the full benefit of bonus.*
- *As of now, those who receive a monthly salary of more than Rs 1,600 are not entitled to any bonus. But those who receive salaries ranging from Rs 750 to Rs 1,600 can be paid bonus on the basis of the maximum ceiling of Rs 750. This entitlement ceiling may be raised from Rs 1,600 to Rs 2,500. This would also enormously increase the number of workers receiving at least some partial benefit by way of bonus.*
- *The ordinance is also likely to make one more determined effort to link the payment of bonus to productivity and profit. The details of this important aspect would be available only when the ordinance is issued.*

- *Some reports indicate that the ordinance would prohibit any agreement on bonus outside its purview. This is too radical a step to be true.*

Most of the likely features of the expected bonus ordinance, as indicated above, would certainly mark a major victory for the organised working class of the country. The ordinance would certainly mean more money for many more people.

#### End of Disputes?

But would all these concessions put an end to the old and seemingly endless battle for bonus?

As is well known, the bonus dispute has, of late, ranked among the top two or three major causes of industrial dispute and loss of mandays, which means loss of production running into hundreds of crores of rupees and a most deplorable dislocation of the economy in general.

If past experience is any guide, these major concessions to the demands of organised labour are unlikely to lead to any significant improvement so far as industrial disputes are concerned. The new gains are likely to be only the starting point of still higher

demands and continued industrial strife.

#### Same Old Pattern?

When the Payment of Bonus Act was first passed in 1965, it was hoped that, with the establishment of ground rules within the framework of the Act, bonus would cease to be a major bone of contention between the employers and the employees. This hope has been belied over the past 15 years. The pattern of development during the coming years, even after the new ordinance (and the promised Act thereafter) is unlikely to be any different. Why?

Here we come face to face with a central problem which we face not only in employer-employee relationship, but also in every type of inter-group relationship in our national life. The problem is:

**The Government or anyone else may lay down some ground rules; but whenever any group perceives some big advantage for itself in jettisoning the ground rules, it does so in a most cavalier manner and rushes forward to grab the maximum possible gains for itself with utter disregard for the larger national interests. Every powerful group behaves in this**



manner and so does labour—particularly those sections of labour which are better organised and are, therefore, in fact fairly well paid.

The Payment of Bonus Act itself leaves ample scope for this. It lays down a formula for payment of bonus (with modifications from time to time), but it does not make this formula compulsory in all cases. In fact, it gives full freedom to the workers to ignore the formula whenever they feel like it and make a bid for more than what the Act provides for. The organised workers—and particularly those employed in the strategic and therefore more vulnerable areas of the economy—have generally taken the fullest advantage of this provision of the Act.

So long as either the employers or the employees choose to behave in an irresponsible manner on any issue of labour relations, the organised, modern sector of the Indian economy would continue to be plagued by industrial disputes. The nation suffers terribly as a result of such short-sighted behaviour.

#### Practical Advice

In the face of such a problem, a Government law by itself may not be adequate for securing a sharp

reduction in industrial disputes which we need so badly.

How then should we tackle this issue so as to at least minimise industrial strife?

On this question, we would do well to listen carefully to the advice Bagaram Tulpule, India's foremost authority on labour problems, offered in the context of a discussion of the same question way back in 1975:

*If the new approach to bonus is thus unlikely to reduce industrial unrest and conflict over the issue, the basic question persists: What is the way out of this miasma? There is no easy or ready answers to this question.*

*Indeed, most issues which arise in labour-management relations, such as wages, dearness allowance, job security, discipline and the latest gimmick, participation in management, do not lend themselves to ready solutions or simple formulae. The difficult and painful process of collective bargaining is perhaps the only practical way of tackling these issues in a fruitful and constructive way. A number of employers and trade unions have learnt this lesson and that is why a large number of bonus disputes got settled through bipartite bargaining, making such use of the Labour Appellate Tribunal or the Bonus Act formula as was helpful, but not remaining bound by the formulae.*

*The best course might, therefore, be to let the parties bargain and settle their bonus issues without any imposition of external formulae, apart from the minimum and maximum for which there are strong supporting considerations.*

#### Some Larger Issues

Judged in the context of the extremely complex situation prevailing in the country (abounding in agonising dilemmas and despairing obstacles), Bagaram Tulpule's advice is eminently sensible and practical. Within the present political and economic framework, perhaps no other approach would prove workable.

Even while granting this, one cannot but feel deeply disturbed about some aspects of the situation regarding the income structure of the country, of which bonus is only one element.

Firstly, there is the widespread inter-union rivalry, which generally tends to militate against any rational or sensible settlement of the claims of labour even along the lines suggested by Bagaram Tulpule. Whatever one union signs is denounced as a "surrender" by the rival union. A large number of labour leaders seem to have developed a vested interest in fomenting, and sustaining, industrial unrest. The bonus issue comes in very handy to them.

The second disturbing element is the cynical refusal of most labour leaders to take any deep interest in the problem of increasing the workers' productivity, which is the ultimate source of economic growth in any

economy—capitalist or socialist. This attitude becomes all the more reprehensible when it surfaces even in the public sector enterprises.

**To insist on ever larger bonus and to refuse, at the same time, to link it to productivity is tantamount to driving the nation to economic bankruptcy.**

Indeed, this is one of the major causes of the poor performance of the organised sector of the Indian economy. Besides, increases in wages (and profits) far in excess of increases in productivity constitute a major source of inflation.

#### Question Of Equity

Thirdly, there is the question of equity. All the labour struggles—some of which are wholly justified and some of which are not—concern only the top 10% of the labourers of the country. The remaining 90% of the labourers (including the poor self-employed) are totally bypassed in all these struggles. So even as the powerful unions in the strategic-vulnerable industries (large manufacturing and non-manufacturing establishments) manage to get relatively substantial incomes for themselves, there is a further widening of the inequality of incomes between the organised labourers and the unorganised labourers.

**It would appear as if those who are organised in large and powerful unions have joined the top propertied/exploiting classes of the country to build up a higher standard of living for themselves—at the cost of the lower 90%.**

In this sense, the battle for bonus, or for higher wages, on the part of well-paid workers/employees can be regarded as an effort to improve the economic position of those who are already better off. (Anyway, their economism has nothing to do with Marxian socialism.)

#### One-To-Three Ratio

For every one urban worker, there are three agricultural labourers in rural India who are among the poorest of the country. Yet most of the labour leaders are interested in leading the battles of only the urban working class.

No less vexing and forbidding is the fourth aspect of our subject. I have no doubt that there is a need to curb the claims of those sections of labour whose income levels have gone beyond the levels which can be justified in the overall Indian context. But, in moral and practical terms, it would be impossible to impose any curbs on the claims of this relatively affluent section until we can find ways and means of putting similar, or at least comparable, curbs on the top 2% or 3% of India's population (that is, property owners, industrialists, businessmen, top business executives, professionals, rich farmers, politicians and many others) who claim and enjoy standards of living far in excess of anything we can justify under Indian conditions.

These are, of course, very complex issues with far-reaching ramifications in many directions. But it would not be meaningful to discuss a question like bonus without taking into account these related aspects too. ■



# BONUS: It's Not Worth Anything Any More!

**AUGUST-SEPTEMBER** were much-looked-forward-to months. Months when expectations soared and people speculated wildly. The most-heard and most-talked-about topic during these months was bonus! "How much will we get this year?" "What will we do with our bonus?" "Will we get a bonus at all?"

The spirit of festivity would gain momentum as Dussera and Divali came closer. Children would begin to look forward to new clothes and gifts. Shops would gaily announce bonus sales and discounts! Housewives would eagerly await the extra packets husbands were going to bring home, so that they could at last buy the sewing-machine or the mixer they had wanted so much

## Growing Feeling Of Disgust

Today, however, the dominant mood is one of frustration and resentment. Those who don't get a bonus resent those who get one. And those who do get a bonus are not jubilant either. While there are others who don't seem to care at all.

Escalating prices and the declining value of the rupee are mainly responsible for this growing feeling of disgust and discontentment. No longer does your money have the same purchasing power as before. "The same pair of shoes you put off buying till October, and which you got at a discount for Rs 70, is now worth Rs 95 at the discount rate. Add a 30% tax on it and the pair costs you nothing less than Rs 123," said D.N. Mishra, a bank clerk. "I've three children. My bonus (8.33 per cent) is certainly not a 'gift packet' any more. My month's salary is hardly sufficient to fulfil the demands of a growing family. My wife and I now wait expectantly for my bonus only for the reason that it will help us pay up some pending medical bills or repay money I've borrowed from a friend."

S.N. Kothari, a typist with a private firm, said: "I'd be much happier if the bonus payment could be replaced by some other scheme. Like adding the amount to your provident fund or something of the sort. That way at least the money would get accumulated. Otherwise, what's the purchasing power of my bonus today?"

It is strange that the Government, which is employing the largest labour force in the country, has always been reluctant to give bonus to its staff. The maximum agitation has been resorted to by Government employees. Sheila Zachariah was voicing the complaint of many of her colleagues when she said indignantly. "What's the use of asking us our views about bonus? We don't get one and we don't know why this discrimination is made in our case. Don't rising prices affect us too? Don't we do our jobs? Aren't we contributing to production? Today, an ordinary pencil costs 50 paise. A 200-page notebook is not available for less than Rs 2.15-2.30. One set of a child's uniform, complete with shoes and socks, is not to be had for less than Rs 100. Surely the bonus, even if it was the minimum, should at least ensure for our children decent school uniforms every year"

*Ironically, what was first given as an ex-gratia payment, then as a gift and, at a much later stage, termed as 'bonus' has been the cause of greater friction between the employer and the employee, on the one hand, and the trade unions and the Government, on the other. This has also led to more industrial strife, work stoppage and inter-union rivalry.*

*The question of linking bonus with productivity has made many employers sore. P.M. Bhatia, production manager in a well-known pharmaceutical company, adopts the typical industrialist approach. "Why should bonus be linked to productivity?" he asks. "Productivity is the function of the management. Higher productivity is the result of better industrial organisation and more developed sophisticated and costly equipment—and not of effort on the part of the workers alone. We are willing to share our profits with them, but will they ever share our losses with us?"*

## Prices Are Not Rising—They Are Galloping!

*The fixture on the ceiling of the bonus is a grudge many nurse, especially those in the higher-income group. "Why no bonus for me?" asks Suresh Gillani. "With my expertise, skill and education abroad—all of which has contributed to the company's profits—why should I be barred from getting a bonus?"*

*Said Rita Fonseca, personal assistant in a publishing house: "Those in the higher-income group get other perks and benefits. They get free travel and medical facilities, so they don't need another 'gift'. But we? What's even our bonus worth by the time we get it in hand? Especially now, when prices are going up, up and still up up up!"*

*Still all this talk about raising the ceiling on bonus has certainly raised the hopes of many. A.G. Potdar, a middle-level executive in a public sector oil company, has not been getting a bonus for the past 3-4 years—since "I fall in the disqualified category. If the proposed amendment comes into effect, I'm likely to get Rs 3,600 (inclusive of income tax) as bonus for the year 1979-80, computed at 20% on the permissible revised lower limit of Rs 1,500. Today, prices are not just increasing, they are galloping. But at least the money could be used towards partial payment for a fridge or a TV set."*

*For Atmaram Shinde, who works in a cloth mill, "the bonus has always been used for buying one major item for the house. Last year, I finally got an almirah made and the year before that I bought a radio. This year I hope to get a ceiling fan for the family."*

*Keep hoping, that is what they all do.*

**Madhur Chaturvedi**

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# MPs Have Their Own Peculiar Problems

**Our MPs reportedly want 100% increase in their salaries and a threefold increase in their tax-free special monthly allowance as well as daily allowance. What is the justification for such a demand?**

**by Madhu Limaye**

**T**HERE was a news item in the Delhi national dailies to the effect that a signature campaign was afoot among Members of Parliament in favour of a proposal to increase the emoluments and facilities of MPs. This question crops up from time to time and a satisfactory solution has not been found—not as yet.

Like all those with fixed incomes, the real income of the MPs also gets eroded as a result of the rise in the cost-of living index. As far as organised industrial workers are concerned, there are agreements between the management and the trade unions which provide for an automatic rise in their dearness allowance. The Central and State Government employees are governed by recommendations of various Pay Commissions and committees appointed by the Government from time to time. There is an agreed inbuilt device whereby increases in the cost-of-living index of a certain order result in increments in the DA. However, it is conceded by all that the Government employees, unlike the organised industrial sector, do not get full compensation.

Members of Parliament are entitled to a fixed salary and allowance. But they are technically not *salaried* servants. They are neither employees of the Government nor of Parliament. The matter of their status for the purpose of income tax was raised by C C Desai and, if my memory is not failing me, he won the point and it was accordingly decided that they should not be treated as *salaried* persons.

For a long time, MPs were drawing Rs 500 as salary and Rs 31 as daily allowance during sessions of Parliament. They further had a Railway pass which entitled them to travel anywhere they liked on the Indian Railway system. They get some air concessions on their forward and return journeys and also for

intermediate journeys performed during Parliament sessions.

This position with regard to salary and allowance continued for a long time. The rising cost of living made inroads into the income of the MPs and an honest, hard-working member found it difficult to make ends meet.

## Rs 51 A Day

After a long time lag, the daily allowance was increased to Rs 51. It was during the Emergency, I think that a further upward increase was made in the emoluments of Members of Parliament. I remember when I was in Narsinghgarh Jail, amendments to the Members Salaries and Allowances Act were made under which a monthly allowance of Rs 500 was paid to them along with the daily allowance, which had been enhanced to Rs 51.

There has been no change in their emoluments in the last four or five years.

The problems which our legislators face, especially those at the Centre can be listed very briefly. Most of the MPs have to maintain two establishments and, sometimes, even three—one is their permanent residence, the second in Delhi and possibly a third in their constituency. Even if they do not maintain a regular

establishment in their constituency they have to spend a lot of money on sustaining their contact with their constituency, on tours and generally for 'nursing' the constituency.

The better-known MPs have an endless stream of visitors, not only from their constituency, but from all parts of the country. These visitors come with their tales of woe, their little grievances and also their major problems. Some of the cases are hopeless but MPs cannot turn them down.

In the United Kingdom, the MPs have mostly to look after the grievances of their constituencies. Since all members are supposed to look after the interests of their constituents, the prominent MPs are not burdened with the problems of other members. The number of voters is smaller in Western parliamentary constituencies than the number of constituents in the UP State Assembly segment! The Western administrative machinery is highly developed and the size of public grievances is limited.

I have attended surgeries (the places where MPs hear the grievances of their constituents) of some members in Britain. They were mostly cases involving social insurance. Their redressal is easy. Nor would British

members meet anybody on week-ends and holidays.

## No Fixed Working Hours

Indian legislators, if they are active and are persons with a conscience, cannot enjoy any holidays, what to speak of week-ends. They have no fixed hours of work. Even in cases which do not require urgent attention, they will have to receive visitors at dead of night.

We in India do not have a stable and well-organised party system, with efficient organisation at the grass-roots level. If there were such an effective organisation, much of the load on MPs and other legislators would be taken off their backs by the Party Committees, as is being done in Western democracies. This does not seem attainable here in the foreseeable future. The burden on conscientious legislators therefore will, instead of diminishing, go on increasing.

The public have a wrong notion about the telephone facilities of Members of Parliament. The free calls which are allowed to them are mostly used by visitors. Nobody can stop these visitors from using the telephone—from making STD calls. These visitors do not even have the courtesy to ask for permission. Calls have to be made to taxi stands for their sake.

In spite of the facility of free calls, the telephone bills of MPs run into substantial sums and many of them remain unpaid. My own suggestion is that the number of local calls should be increased, but STD facilities should not be given free of charge. The MPs should be made to pay for the STD charges separately. The →



MPs IN THE CENTRAL HALL OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE

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Government should also become stricter in recovering arrears from legislators. When they are given adequate local-call facilities, they should not expect lenient treatment in the matter of recovery of dues.

When you have a large number of visitors and guests, you have to entertain them: even a cup of tea ultimately means a considerable expenditure for the legislator. It is true that legislators who are not well-known or are not active do not incur these expenses and can even make some saving, but the lot of the active and hard-pressed MPs is really unenviable.

However, it is not really a question of increasing emoluments. Suffice to bring them in line with the cost-of-living index at stated intervals—say, two years. The biggest handicap of an active Member of Parliament is the total lack of secretarial facilities: the pool of stenographers and typists at Parliament House is totally inadequate. Sometimes the MPs have to stand in a queue and their turn comes after several hours. What is needed is efficient secretarial assistance at the residential office of an MP. MPs have to write a large number of letters, sponsor innumerable notices, make notes, prepare speeches, etc. This requires assistance.

It is true that the Indian exchequer cannot afford secretarial assistance on a lavish scale. The minimum requirement of an MP is one full-time stenographer and one research-cum-public relations assistant. In fact, some of the legislators have to carry on work in three languages—their own mother tongue, in Hindi and in English. A stenographer is generally never bilingual. So, even with one stenographer, Central legislators will still be faced with considerable difficulties. Pressure of work, however, will be greatly eased if they also have one secretary-cum-research officer to deal with visitors, to check references, to process petitions, to collect statistics and to dig out other material.

This is one side of the story. It is not as if there are no negative points. Unfortunately, among our legislators, we have a high proportion of those who slyly their premises and employ not so honourable methods of increasing their incomes and cutting down their expenses. There are members who never write to the Government and never open their mouths in the House. Such members do manage to save some money out of their emoluments.

I remember that, when Mr Sanjiva Reddy was the Lok Sabha Speaker, he said he would not agree to any additional facilities and concessions to members (including increased emoluments) unless they were unanimously recommended. There

were two divergent opinions then. Those who took an active interest in the work of Parliament insisted, not on cash payment, but secretarial and stenographic assistance. Others, less active and more numerous, insisted on monetary compensation.

One leading member of the then Government, when approached by Congress members, advised them to go in for cash and not research and stenographic facilities. Why buy trouble? Such facilities, he is reported to have remarked, would make the limited number of opposition members even more effective and they would be a source of consistent embarrassment to the Government. Subsequently this politician became a leader of the Janata Party. As a result of the pressure of Congress MPs, the plan for secretarial assistance was dropped and, despite opposition by some of us, the Government opted for an increase in emoluments.

It may be said that members who are in business or have business connections will abuse their secretarial facility. I do not deny the possibility. But, because of these errant members, those who really want to serve the people should not be made to suffer.

In all these matters, we must have a sense of proportion. We must follow the golden mean.

In all conscience, the number of really effective members is minuscule. But, undoubtedly, these few are doing a great service by constantly keeping the Government on its toes. I am not implying that such MPs are on the Opposition side only. There are conscientious legislators in the Congress Party also, although, with passage of time and the general deterioration in our public life, their number is decreasing.

Allied to this question of emoluments is the question of pension for Members of Parliament. This pension law was put through when all of us were in jail. I do not want to be uncharitable to those who have spent long years in the service of Parliament and the nation. After serving for such a long time, the country cannot expect them to return to business or their old professions. Some modest compensation, I think, is in order. But I suggest at least two amendments to the law.

#### Suggested Amendments

One is that the minimum period of total service should be 10 years.

Two, that such pension or compensation should be paid to those who do not have private incomes beyond the taxable limit.

Unfortunately the Janata Government did not tackle this matter, because the then Prime Minister was afraid that Party MPs would revolt against him. However, I do feel that the amendment on the lines suggested above is necessary. ■

## The Picture In The US

One of the few issues, perhaps the only one on which persons of such differing political hues as Jyotirmoy Basu, Ramchandra Rath and Ram Jethmalani agree is a hike in the wages of Members of Parliament. This phenomenon is not exclusive to India—throughout the democratic world legislators have time and again cut across party lines and with heartening accord voted themselves a raise. Even the foremost nation of the free world and the trend setter of democratic norms, the United States, has faced an unprecedented rise in the wages of their lawmakers in the last decade.

In February 1969 the salary of a member of the House of Representatives and the Senate (the two Houses of Congress) was \$30,000 per annum. At this point they approved an increase to \$44,600. In March 1977 the level was again raised to \$57,500. Last October the wages of all government employees were revised with Senators, Congressmen and top Federal officers getting a 5.5% hike and military personnel and civil servants 7%. Fear of voter retaliation kept the legislators from giving themselves a hike on a par with the civil servants. Retirement benefits were also raised so that a 32-year veteran retiring in 1980 does so now with \$47,054 instead of the previous \$46,000.

At a glance the differences between salaries after the 1979 pay hike are

	1977	1979
Vice President	\$75,000	\$79,125
Cabinet Head	\$66,000	\$69,630
Agency Head	\$57,500	\$60,663
House Speaker	\$75,000	\$79,125
Senate, House Leaders	\$65,000	\$68,575
Senators	\$57,500	\$60,663
Representatives	\$57,500	\$60,663

The Senate also raised the ceiling on money earned from outside commitments such as speechmaking and other unofficial duties, from \$8,625 to \$25,000 in April 1979. Moonlighting has therefore become an important and legitimate source of income.

One of the biggest advantages that members of Congress have over their Indian counterparts is their fully fledged, trained battery of personnel that see to routine work—research and keep in touch with the problems of the legislator's home constituency. Expenses for this staff are taken care of by the government.

It would however be unfair to assess the income of the American legislator only by these standards. A study shows that only 18 lawmakers out of a total of 535 make do entirely on their salaries.

#### Diverting Surplus Campaign Funds

One of the most common ways of supplementing incomes or cushioning retirement has been by diverting surplus campaign funds for personal use. By the norms of correctitude this excess from the war chest should be returned either to the contributors or donated to charity. In practice, however, the money has been used for such diverse purposes as buying presents for supporters and aides, travel, houseboats, limousines, parties and have even been given away again as contributions to the funds of other politicians, irrespective of the wishes of the original contributors. Till January 1980 there was no federal election law to prevent this as long as the booty was used for lawful purposes and income tax was paid on it. Now a new law prohibits this windfall from being used for personal purposes, but there is a clever catch—all members serving in Congress at the time of the enactment are exempt.

An interesting fact about the financial status of American lawmakers is that in the US, where every citizen is said to have an equal chance at being elected to any office in the land, there is a growing 'millionaire contingent' in Congress. Financial disclosure statements show that 20 Senators and 17 House Representatives each have assets in excess of \$1 million. As full and precise disclosures are not necessary, as many as 27 other Senators and House Representatives might be millionaires. At least 31 other Senators and 55 House Representatives are at the half a million mark.

In fact, financial statements which are made compulsorily by all members of Congress, show that the lawmakers would be secure even without their salaries. Two out of three Senators and almost one out of four House Representatives supplement their Congressional pay with outside incomes of \$20,000 or more annually.

Most legislators put their assets that range from real estate to pet food companies, oil and gas holdings, banking concerns and foodstuffs into blind trusts to avoid any appearance of a conflict of interest as well as a full disclosure of wealth. The Congressional Quarterly (the magazine published on Capitol Hill itself) shows that the average Senator received \$53,000 in 1978 in unearned income from such securities.

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## The Editor's Page



### Time Marches On

IN ONE of our special centenary issues, we published an article on how the *Weekly* is processed and printed. Since then, the *Weekly* has acquired more sophisticated equipment in the belief that where quality and speed are concerned, electronics and computers are the answer.

One piece of equipment we have recently acquired is a photo-composing machine which has successfully welded together several major disciplines such as optics, photography and electronics. It has replaced hand-composing and mechanical line-casting machines and is fully automatic with all operations controlled by a computer. The type-faces are fully 'digitised' with the result that one has only to press a button to obtain any type face that is needed. And as compared to the line-casting machines that give about 5 lines per minute, the new equipment gives us anything from 50 to 200 lines per minute. An automatic processor washes and develops the entire output coming from the photo-composing machine in a matter of minutes.

The *Weekly* has not yet gone over totally to photo-composition but will, progressively. I am sure readers have been noticing the change in *Weekly* typography and the improvement in design.

### The Chairman's Speech

MOST chairmen's speeches at annual general body meetings are deadly affairs but some are better than others. I was deeply touched by the valedictory speech of Mr T. Thomas, the retiring chairman of Hindustan Lever Limited. He came to Bombay in 1950, thirty years ago, by train from the south, with a first-class degree in Chemical Engineering and Rs 50 which was all that was left of the money my widowed mother borrowed to send me looking for a job". Mr Thomas says that "neither she nor I ever hoped or expected that I would travel this far and leave this city as the chairman of what is one of the largest companies in India, without any influence or favour except that from God". I would like to quote the rest of the paragraph:

"If any young man who is now in a situation similar to mine in 1950 feels

the anxiety which I felt at that time, I can only say that what has happened to me is still possible in this wonderful land of ours. India is still a country with a warmth and a faith that make up for everything else."

What a wonderful thought.

### Dog Eat Dog

SOMETHING utterly reprehensible and sickening is coming over the profession of journalism. I find the spectacle of journalists attacking fellow journalists, of running each other down for a laugh, of assuming airs, somewhat pathetic, if not jejune. Doctors don't run down fellow doctors. Lawyers don't run down fellow lawyers. Teachers don't run down fellow teachers. Even butchers and tailors have a healthy respect for their fellow craftsmen. Professional jealousy there always has been and always will be; it is one thing to be jealous (a teacher of mine always used to say that it is the tree that bears the most fruit that attracts the most stones) and quite another to make it public. There ought to be some professional ethics. We are in the business of reflecting society not slinging mud at each other.

I say this because goodness knows we are the targets of public displeasure at all times, but editors treat this as part of the game. Like politicians and film stars, editors have no right (alas!) to seek shelter from criticism—and that is as it should be. We criticise the public or offend their tastes and they fight back as they have full right to. Those who can't stand public criticism should not be in the business; as President Truman once said, if you can't stand the heat in the kitchen, better get out. But this is not the same thing as journalists spitting at each other. This is not only in poor taste, but is worse ethics. Isn't there any decency left in the profession?

### India-Haters

A BOOK recently published mentions the conversation that took place between two Pakistanis, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto and Foreign Secretary Aziz Ahmed, soon after Lal Bahadur Shastri died. Bhutto, still smarting over his country's defeat, went over to Ahmed and asked: "What's happened, Aziz?" Replied Mr Ahmed: "The bastard is dead." "Which bastard?" was Bhutto's rejoinder. Bhutto is dead, in a somewhat unconventional manner, I must say, and no doubt Lal Bahadur, as gentle a man as I have known among politicians, will intercede with whatever God Bhutto believed in, for mercy to his soul. It is hard to say anything nice about Aziz Ahmed. He hated India with a passion that was almost comic. At the United Nations he would sit in a corner in the Delegates Lounge, scowling at passing Indians. I used to

take great pleasure in greeting him every time I saw him with: "Good morning Mr Ahmed. And how are you today?" He would indicate his well-being with a deeper scowl. He specialised in scowls.

### Electric Car

IS THE electric car the vehicle of tomorrow? *Fortune* magazine, which is always alert to new developments in the industrial field, carries a story in its July 14 issue on this subject that should make many people in the automobile industry sit up and take notice. The story is about "the first practical" power source for electric vehicles perfected by Gulf and Western Industries, a system "that could make electric cars cheaper to run than conventional cars, help dispel urban pollution, and save more than 600,000 barrels of oil a day by the turn of the century". Gulf & Western, apparently, is not the first in the field of perfecting the electric-car propulsion system. *Fortune* draws attention to General Motors' electrified Chevette, known as the Electrovette, that runs on nickel-zinc batteries and has the range to cover some 90 per cent of the round trips driven in America, which is quite something. Where G & W reportedly scores is in out-performing GM, by a factor of six, with its zinc chloride batteries. What I am surprised to learn is that there already are several thousand battery run cars in existence in the United States, but which run no more than 20 or 30 miles at highway speeds on a single charge. Who knows, maybe there is an electric car in your future. Mind that drop of oil, OPEC.

### Non-Poetry

YOU LIVE and learn. Poetry, I know or, at least, think I know. But what is one to think of Expanded Poetry? The latest issue of *Chandrabagha* (an excellent review, by the way, published from Cuttack, Orissa) carries an article by Ajit Singh Bhatu on the subject. Expanded Poetry, he says, is just another term for non-poetry, anti-poetry and pop poetry which he claims are genuine integrants of poetry. My head reels. How can non-poetry be poetry? The phrase apparently was first used by one Ronald Gross, author of *A Handful of Concrete*, in a lecture at San Francisco's State College Poetry Centre. San Francisco, a city I love, has spawned enough *avant-garde* movements for a century, but I wish it would leave poetry alone. Being incurably square, I prefer my poetry the way Shakespeare wrote it and not the way one Deqo Pignatari of Brazil feels compelled to write. Consider this masterpiece (apparently in Portuguese):

*beba coca cola  
babe cola beba coca  
babe cola caco  
cloaca.*

The trick is to employ the permutational process along with anagrammatical play activity to fragment *beba coca cola* (drink coca cola) into *babe cola* (drool glue) and *beba coca* (drink cocaine) to reunite again into the anti-slogan *babe cola caco* (drool glue shard). Our culture is thus identified with *caco* (shard), *cola* (glue) and finally *cloaca* (cesspool). Expanded Poetry, anybody?

### The Late President

PROBABLY the very last article the late Mr V. V. Giri wrote was for the *Weekly*. He was willing to write for us, but in his letter to me he made a specific request. "I want to make it very clear," he wrote, "that my personal request to you is not to change a word because a change of a word here or there may give a different meaning altogether." I thought it was a rather quaint request, especially since we are very particular where editing copy sent in by VIPs is concerned. His copy was edited, but he made no complaint. I watched his funeral on TV and saw how heart-broken his son Shankar Giri was. It is sad that the son should have followed his father so soon.

### Devotion And Prayer

IN THE late thirties, the principal of my old college, Mr G.K. Chettur, compiled a delightful book which he called *Altars of Silence*. It was a selection of readable—and elevating—quotes from various authors; they made marvellous subjects for precis-writing for college students and frequently made the topic for the morning college prayer as well. A friend now sends me a copy of another book on much the same lines. This is not a book of quotes but a book about India's famous saints: you name them and the book has something to say about them. Consider the list: Sri Ramakrishna and Sri Sarada Devi, Swami Vivekananda, Sri Ramana, Sri Aurobindo, Swami Nityananda, Sri Adi Sankara, Andal, Ramanujacharya, Sri Chaitanya, Narasing Bhagat, Sant Tukaram, Guru Nanak, Sister Mahadevi, Swami Rama Tirth, Madhvacharya, Sri Basaveshwara, Sri Samartha Ramdas, Sri Purandaradasa....

The book, entitled *Anjali* and published by Gita Mandir, Manipal, is priced ridiculously low at Rs 10 and apparently has been quietly selling extremely well, as such books tend to do. I myself have enjoyed reading it immensely and it is a kind of reference book to me. When I come to think of it, that there should be a great demand for a book like *Anjali* comes as no surprise to me. After all some of the best sellers in the country are books like the Gita and the Holy Bible.

M.V.K.



# Weekly TOPICS

◀ **NO BIZ LIKE SHOW BIZ?** Elizabeth Taylor and Nancy Reagan form part of the audience at the Republican National Convention. This "show biz" spectacular featured Ronald Reagan, Pat Boone and Glen Campbell.



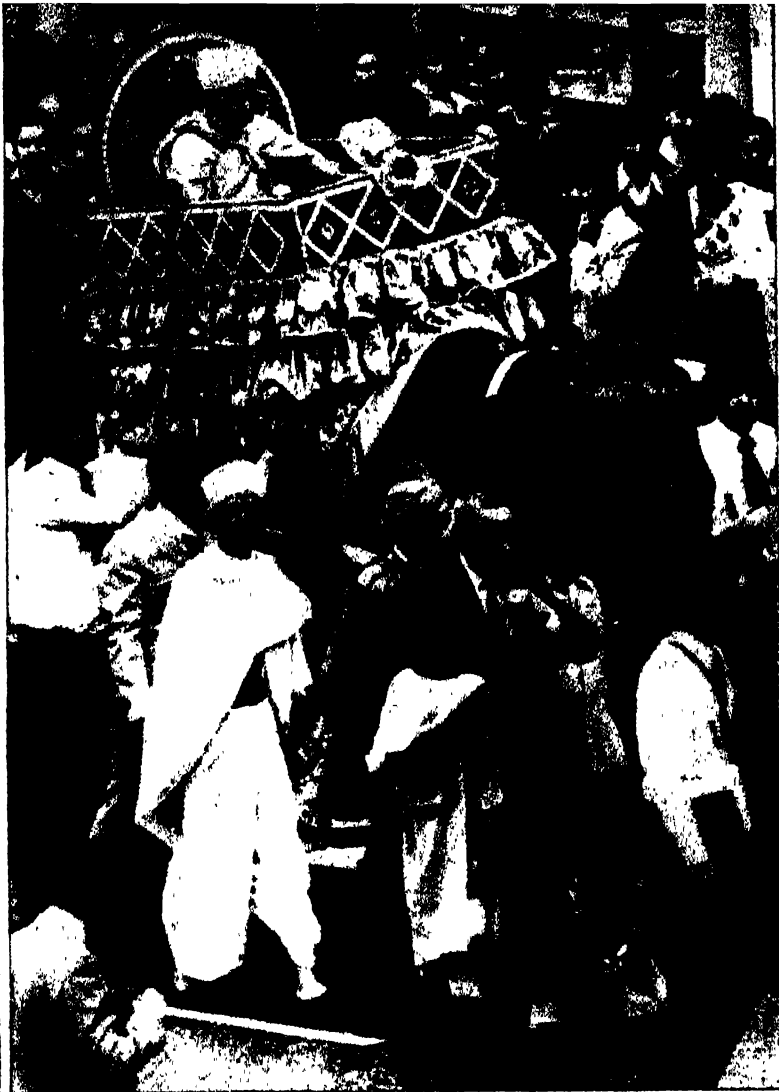
▲ **NO PENALTY FOR SUCH CORNERS.** Sandra Chick of the Zimbabwe hockey team relaxes with four British athletes—(from left): David Robertson, Colin George Seymour, John Arthur Roberts and Gordon Alexander Rankine at Moscow's Olympic Village.



**NOT THE WAY TO BE DRAFTED.** In what looks like a throwback to the 1960s, policemen carry out an anti-draft protester, who was arrested for allegedly refusing to leave a Hartford, Connecticut, post office where registration for a possible draft had begun.

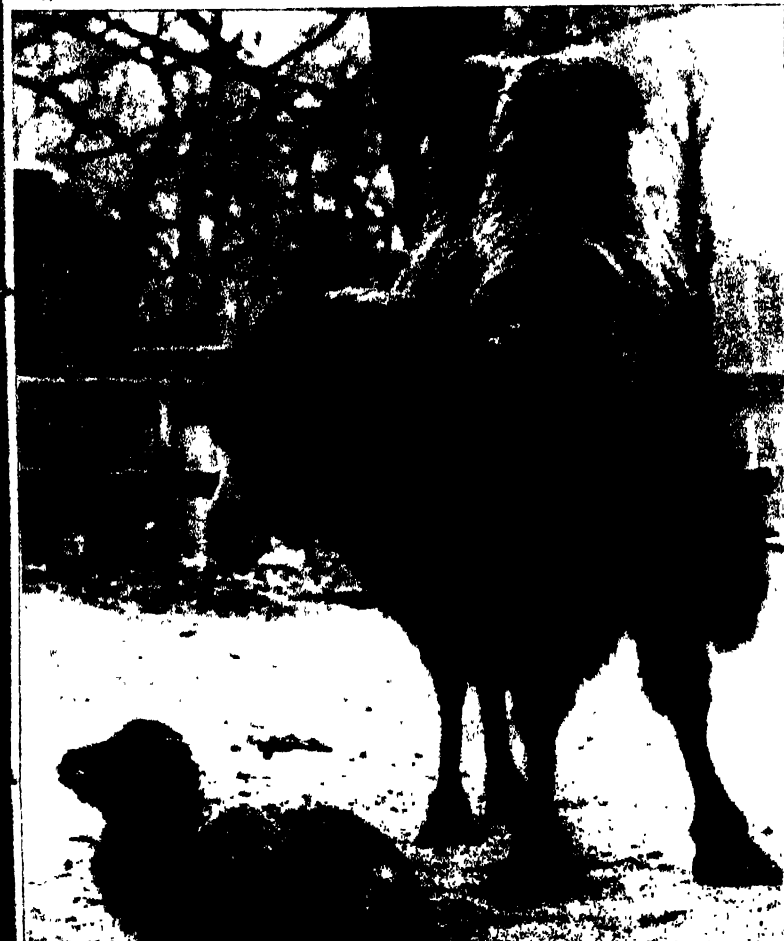
► **SUN-YET-SUN.** This is one of the 100 cement solar stoves manufactured by a Chinese solar energy research centre. China is among the growing number of countries trying to harness sun power.





**OM NAMO NARAYANAYA.** His Divine Holiness Shree Pramukh Swami, riding Maureen, goes to consecrate a new temple in North London. Pramukh Swami leads millions of the Swaminarayan sect in UK.

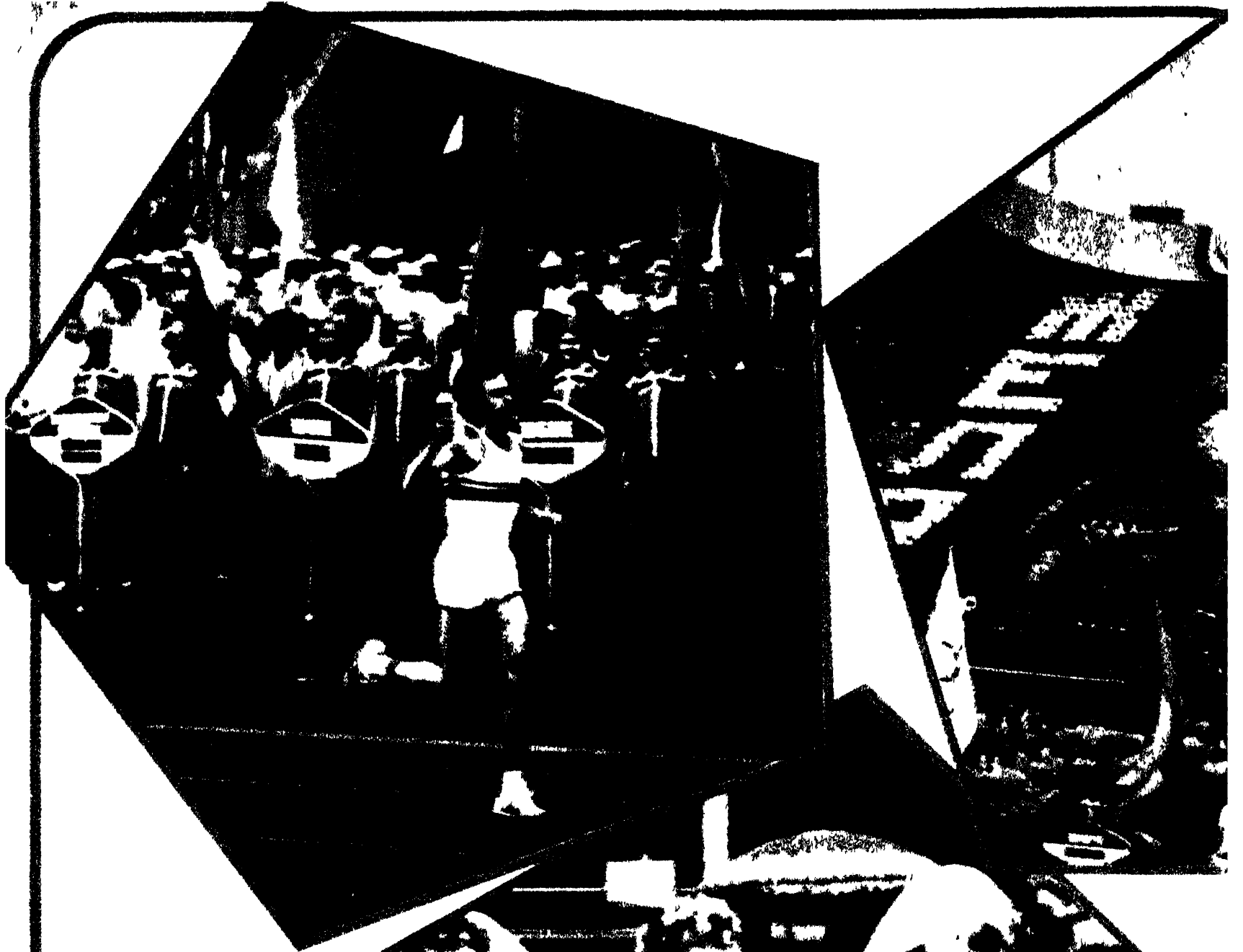
**SHE STOOPS TO NUZZLE.** A mother camel bends to administer some tender loving care to her two-day old baby at a zoo in the suburbs of The Hague.



**LET'S HOPE IT WON'T BOOMERANG ON HIM.** Bunny Read claims to have thrown himself into Australian record-books by hurling this giant boomerang, which is 2.2 metres from tip to tip.

**THE CHINESE DON'T SHOW SO MUCH.** Against a backdrop of Chinese signs in London's Soho, 18-year-old Gina models a pair of mini tights for export to China.





From 1956 the author has been arguing that the day must come when the Nation-versus-Nation build-up of the Olympic Games will lead to political and racist troubles. No other Indian has submitted this for so long and so consistently and this year has proved that the question of flags and anthems and other such pageantry is being seriously reconsidered by very many countries.

It was this community label—'Parsi', 'Hindu', 'Mohammedan', 'European' and 'The Rest'—that caused A.F.S. Talyarkhan voluntarily to give up broadcasting the Quadrangular and the Pentangular and gradually help build up the National Cricket Championship in India.

His foresight and arguments stand vindicated today as far out as the Olympic Games.

M.V.K.





Photographs: Amiya Tarafer

# From Cuba To Carter

by A.F.S. Talyarkhan



**T**HE 1980 Olympic Games were staged and concluded at Moscow despite some faint fears, when a boycott was originally mooted, that there might be a break in the routine four yearly foregathering of the world's outstanding athletes. But, even though some of the recognised best on form individuals from a very few countries of Western Europe and the USA were absent from the track and field and pools this year, the Games completed the schedule in traditional form, leaving behind a new cluster of record setting champions who, from every account performed before an attendance whose numerical strength equals only the enthusiasm which followed victories and defeats.

At Mexico in the 1968 Olympic Games, there was a remarkable demonstration on the Victory Stand by the coloured athletes of the USA.

Here was racial mixed with socio-economic, protest.

This year, before Moscow, some athletes from Eastern Europe countries, banned some time ago for having taken dope, begged lifting of the ban on the plea that they 'will be heavily punished by their Governments'.

The ban was lifted, but here is seen Governmental pressure—the nation theory again.

But, for this writer from the very time when President Carter of the USA pleaded with some success, that Moscow be boycotted so this



CHANCELLOR ADOLF HITLER

for the full display of racial, political and other ideological dissension, if not actual hatred.

Because where the world and his wife come to spectate lies the biggest single platform for the parading of prejudice.

### How It Started

It all started with the Berlin Olympics, when Hitler was in power in 1936, when (see picture) the Games Guidebook carried the legend under his likeness: **Protector of the XIth Olympic Games.**

Hitler's 'protection' started the ball rolling, for surely he laid the foundation for racial prejudice when he left the stadium before he would be compelled to shake hands with the fabulous Jesse Owens who was, not only a non-white American, but also not an Aryan.

What else? As an aside, when Owens shared the microphone with me in Bombay and I asked him about this incident, he smirked: *Well, I'm here! Where's Hitler now?*

### Deadly Distortions

But what must have been behind the German Chancellor's mind is very much there today—in fact racist

**TOMMIE SMITH** carrying his suitcase as he leaves the Olympic Village on October 18, 1968, following his suspension from the American track-and-field team for making a black power demonstration on the victory-stand. Behind him (wearing a white cap and a Mexican jacket) is John Carlos, who was suspended with him.



**BLACK POWER.** US runners, who all bettered world and Olympic marks in sweeping medals in the 400 metres of the 1968 Games, wave their black berets to the crowd after the presentation ceremony. From left: Larry James—silver medallist at 43.9 sec; Lee Evans—gold medallist at 43.8; and Ronald Freeman—bronze medallist at 44.4. This was the Games in which black athletes publicly protested against white domination.

might serve to stress the disapproval of the USSR's sudden and very material interest in the affairs of Afghanistan, the significance of the 1980 Olympic Games has meant something totally different—to the final assessment of results and records.

Because the pre-Moscow Games developments are nothing but what was to come about with the passage of time.

Because at the root of a growing menace to the Olympics lies the steady and studied exploitation of this greatest of all sporting spectacles

considerations have been joined by other more deadly distortions of the mind.

From Berlin, when the Games went to Melbourne in 1956, Holland—if memory serves correctly—withdrew its entry, preferring to divert the funds collected for the Games towards aid to those who suffered during the rising in Hungary. A humanitarian gesture, for sure, but political!

Then came Munich, where the massacre of Israel athletes by a gang of murderers from hostile territory opened the eyes of the world to more

than the now seemingly puerile gesture of Adolf Hitler. Here was racist and political hatred timed to show the world that, where representatives of nations foregather, under the National Label and the National Flag, with the bands blaring the National Anthem, is the very place and time to unleash predatory propaganda.

Next, at Montreal, there was the boycott by many African official entries because New Zealand, who had played rugby in and against South Africa, were in the Games. A boycott that has not been accorded its full significance but is all of a piece. Here it was Race and Politics combined but, again, only because of this traditional procedure to stage the Olympics with all the fanfare and trappings of Nation versus Nation.

It is always the label that is at the root of the trouble. In recent Olympic Games lies the answer to the old question: *What's in a name?*

### The Moscow Lesson

To step aside for a moment, it is this same cancer that has made for such tensions as exist regarding Israel, South Africa, Taiwan and, till yesterday, China. These are outside the Olympic pale, but the splash of political and racial hatred is on their heads. And those who swear by the perfectly correct stand on

non-alignment should be the first to ignore all calls for boycott, whether by emperors, kings, queens, presidents, prime ministers or dictators.

The lesson after Moscow in 1980 is that, by and large, individual sportsmen and sportswomen are now waking up to the truth that sport is something which cannot, must not, be dictated by Governmental edict. Many from the countries officially boycotting the Moscow Games chose to enter in individual capacity and, as a result, more and more individuals will in the future choose to ignore the pleas of their Governments and enter for the glory of international competition only.

It is significant that, after Moscow, President Carter, while thanking the USA athletes for accepting his boycott call, admitted that, even so, there are many who did not see eye to eye with his arguments on this occasion. Mark the words *this occasion*, please.

Mrs Margaret Thatcher heartily congratulated the Britishers who have earned fame at Moscow, which only goes to show that, in the final analysis, it is *accomplishment* that counts, not *acrimony*.

If, then, we are seeing the certain disapproval of individual athletes to obey official dictates and stay away

from the Olympics, we have also noticed the several proposals that have been made—many implemented—when talk of boycott first arose. It is now admitted that, to get over Governmental interference, the surest way is to avoid display of National Flags, the use of the National Label and the playing of National Anthems. This very clearly supports the writer's decades-old submissions

*that to save the Olympic Games, the first essential is to do away with the Nation versus Nation theory and return to the original concept of the Olympics which was: mano a mano.*

For this, the team games should be scrapped, for now there are 'world' championship events for almost every major team game, so that once again the Games should return to the original and traditional disciplines with, of course, some of the more contemporary sports added.

The scrapping of the name of the nation is of the utmost urgency if a stop is to be made to the growing menace of maniac minds.

*Governments shall appreciate that the Olympic movement is independent from their interference.*

*Governments are expected to develop the social and educational aspects of sport within the national boundaries.*

*The mass media, surely largely responsible for overplaying the Nation versus Nation angle, trumpeting 'medals' instead of what are proud titles, publishing standings which, in actual fact, are not within the concept of the Olympic movement, might work hard in between the Games to help revive original values.*

### It is A Colosseum

The Olympics arena is there to match the skills of physical prowess, but we have come to the time when it is a colosseum where, if Christians are no longer thrown to the lions, enmity is cloaked as entertainment and what should be merriment provides entry even to murderers.

From the rigid edict that the code of the amateur athlete binds firm the spirit of sportsmanship, we are at the stage where, almost every four years, international pageantry is exploited for race and political prejudice.

Hitler started the protection—a la the Mafia racket—and that protection has gotten hold of others evidently anxious to protect the Olympics from... sportsmanship.

Truly can it be said that the great Games have descended, slowly but surely, from Brundage to Brigandage.

Not to forget that the Olympic code has come a long way from Coubertin to Carter.



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Graham Gooch books



Brian Rose drives

THE FOURTH TEST AT THE OVAL ended in draw, but only after England had had quite a few anxious moments. To start with, England called the tune in this Test, but on the final day, when their total stood at 92 for 9, Botham & Co were in positive danger of defeat, being only 197 runs on. But Peter Willey once again showed his paces as a batsman, ably assisted by Bob Willis (24 not out). Willey, after falling for 9 in the first innings, hit his maiden Test hundred on the final day. Graham Gooch made 83 and 0. Brian Rose 50 and 41. Mike Gatting 48 and 15.



# The Oval Picture

MARSHALL HIS RESOURCES WITH SKILL did Malcolm, who is caught here by Brian Rose off John Emburey for 45 on the fourth day. These runs from Marshall's bat came at a vital time when West Indies, in reply to England's 370, were on the verge of a collapse, having lost all their star batsmen—with Skipper Clive Lloyd in no position to take any further part in the match. Joel Garner (non-striker in picture) also played his part most ably by hitting 46 and enabling Marshall to add 64 for the 8th wicket after 7 West Indians had fallen for 197.



Peter Willey cuts



Mike Gatting swings

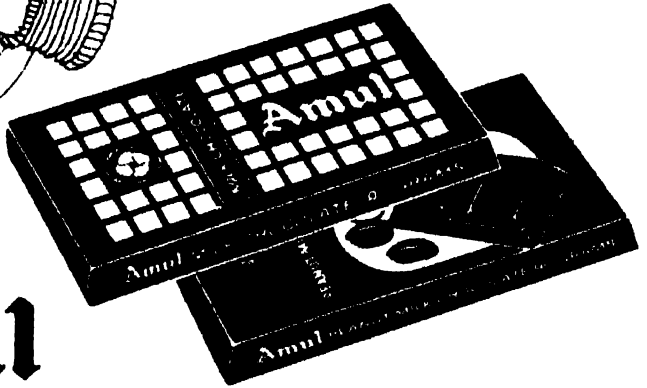
IT'S THE WEST INDIAN WAR-CRY as Gordon Greenidge brings off a super slip-catch to get rid of England Skipper Ian Botham for 4 on the crucial fifth day, when England fell in heap.

PLUMB AS PLUMB COULD BE! Graham Gooch, who's shown himself the finest striker of the English (or West Indian) ball this summer, is crestfallen as Mike Holding, who at last bowled with some of his old fire, traps him lbw for 83 on the opening day. England have been completely dependent on Gooch in the matter of giving them a striking initiative.



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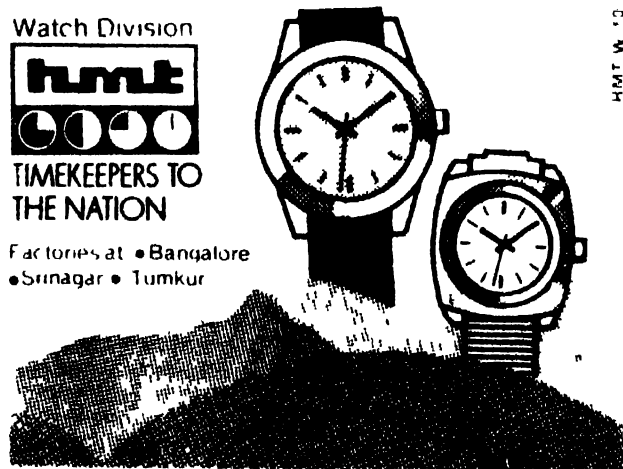
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# Auroville: An Experiment In Becoming



**In this International City, a back to nature movement, with a deeply conservationist basis, provides a living reminder of what the earth can give when properly nurtured.**

**by Geeta Doctor**

**I**N THE LAST few years a red revolution has quietly been taking place, a hundred miles south of Madras in the vicinity of Auroville—the dream city of the Mother—co-founder of the Aurobindo Ashram. Millions of cubic metres of the precious red topsoil have been prevented from being washed away into the hungry waters of the Bay of Bengal. The land which some experts feel could become a desert in less than 25 years is being transformed by a series of long red curving ridges, “bunds”, earthen check dams, punctuated by water traps and artificial reservoirs in a concerted effort to reverse the



**THE ORIGINAL MODEL (above) of Auroville has undergone significant modification. The emphasis now is less on building a “city” than on establishing a secure infrastructure in a healthy, balanced environment. This new approach is exemplified in the use of alternate energy devices (left) and use of local materials for construction (below).**

**Photographs: Courtesy Auroville**



**IN ITS HANDICRAFT UNITS,** Auroville tries to avoid creating a factory situation, keeping the production scale small. Below: An Aurovillian in a community kitchen.

process. Already trees, with their roots reaching down to bind the soil, have begun a second line of defence, and most wonderful of all, the "koel" has started making its plaintive cries heard once more, hidden amongst the new leaves.

"The local farmers could not understand what we were up to," remarks Joel Goodman, an architect who now devotes all his energy to designing "bunds". "They thought we were only trying to stop them from grazing their animals but now some of them have started building bunds around their own fields." This small but significant breakthrough has come after nearly 12 years of confrontation between the 500 remaining members of the international community of settlers who call themselves Aurovillians and the local population.

"We don't teach people anything anymore," they say. "We know that a farmer will only change through experience."

Change. The change in the environment, the change in approach, the change in values and the creation of a new consciousness that could lead to the evolution of a new kind of human being are all part of the meaning of Auroville, though even this definition is open to change.

"Nobody likes change," comments Major General Krishna Tiwari who, with his wife Kamla who is a doctor, has retired from the Indian army to take up a new kind of challenge. His moustaches still bristling militantly, Maj Gen Tiwari now commands a well ordered battalion of 250 papaya trees, 225 pineapple plants, bananas, guavas, custard apples and a mixed corps of other fruiting trees.

"Auroville," he claimed, "is a deliberate spiritual experiment." And he adds, to dispel any doubts that it may not be working too well:

"As in all experiments there are bound to be explosions sometimes, but that does not distract us from our original purpose"

The Auroville experiment was formally started on February 28, 1968 with the rousing call of the Mother inviting "all those who thirst for progress and aspire to a higher and truer life" to Auroville. Young people representing 112 nations came forth to pour earth from different corners of the world into a slim lotus shaped urn and pledge their belief in the essential unity of humankind in its struggle upwards



**BRINGING BEAUTY** back into the landscape (left) is part of the drive towards an ecologically balanced environment.

The plan envisaged the creation of an ideal city which would be a kind of material manifestation of man's spiritual yearning.

It was a time particularly ripe for the creation of new societies. The urban sociologist Lewis Mumford, for instance, wrote, "The chief mission for the city of the future is that of creating a visible regional and civic structure, designed to make man at home with his deeper self and his larger world, attached to images of human nurture and love" and that the modern planner should build a city "not primarily as a place of government or business but as an essential human organ for expressing and actualizing the human personality as that of 'One World Man' ". Those exposed to Shri Aurobindo's ideas of the descent of the supramental or overmind into the material, felt that the time was at last at hand.

The plan for Auroville, guided by the Mother's mystic vision, at first



centred around a gignatic lotus bud from the middle of which emanated the spheroidal shape of the Matri Mandir covered with what appear in the artist's imagination to be gold discs. Radiating from this, twelve gardens would spiral out spreading their beauty over the rest of the earth. The rest of the plan was no less ambitious as it imagined a fully articulated model city that would serve as the spiritual launching pad, or perhaps landing ground, for the new man.

Today, however, the stylised lotus bud rises out of its shallow concrete crater watched only by a few stray cattle. The unfinished structure of the Matri Mandir, its vast monumental ribs arching out to support the largest meditation chamber hanging in space, has become the focus of a bitter controversy after the passing of the Mother, as to who should be the most authentic interpreter of her vision. Almost the only legacy of the earlier mood is the commitment to the idea of a "One World Man" an attitude of mind that in spite of the insidious racial attacks that have been made on them binds the small community living on the land to see themselves not as Whites or Blacks but simply as Aurovillians.

There's no point in worrying about becoming something, all you have to do is to go ahead and become it, explains Johnny in a warbling Australian drawl. Sitting outside his thatched house with the proportions of a small cathedral in a torn faded lungi and a rag to hold back his hair, he does not look like an architect who would be regarded as a pride to his profession. Johnny's work and lifestyle in the agricultural green belt of Auroville is a distinct strand that seems almost a contrast to the rest of the community but forms in effect the solid web, across which the other strands are woven.

At first glance it appears as though some of the members of the green belt are taking the great leap backwards. The men wear

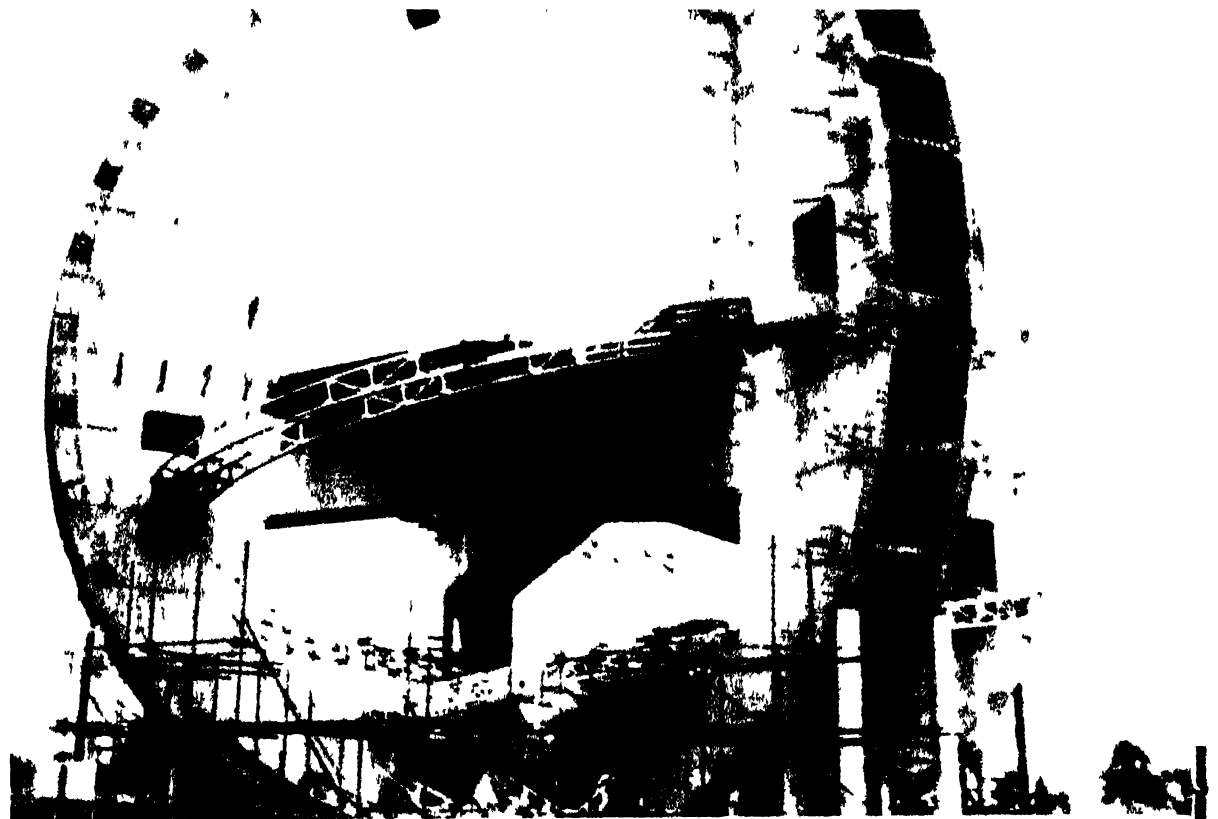
rudimentary loin flaps and a G string and work bareheaded in the fields even under the scorching mid day sun. They present an odd mixture of a hybrid type of East West farmer peasant and even react to outsiders with the same distant, disinterested vacant stare of the peasant, who has only time to worry about the weather and the crops. The women wear shapeless sarongs and squat on the ground with naked babies by their side.

Yet this group has integrated far more closely and with much less problems than most of the others. Their approach has not been so much to impose proved Western solutions on local problems as to find ways of

developing the existing materials to overcome these problems. Johnny, who described how his fascination for geometrical forms grew with the easy availability and adaptability of local materials such as bamboo and palmyra, is close to becoming the Buckminster Fuller of the thatched roof.

Another resident of the Auro green belt, Charlie, looks like a Viking who has strayed by accident onto the Coromandel coast but, as he strides through the burdgeoning fields that he has planted, and describes the pedigrees and pregnancies of each one of his cows, one can sense the confidence that comes from watching the results of hard work. Yet Charlie

**NURTURING A YOUNG FOREST** In many areas beyond human habitation water must be brought in a special bullock cart equipped with a water tank.



**SANCTUARY OF TRUTH** The Matri Mandir under construction. It is a globe-shaped structure with one central chamber for meditation.

once formed part of the large wave of young persons described for want of a better collective phrase as hippies that washed over the Indian sub continent in the sixties.

The green belt not only provides the food that helps Auroville in its struggle to evolve into a completely self-supporting community but forms a vital part in the experiment to work out a viable eco-system. The Aurovillians are trying to focus against the dangers of using chemical fertilizers by finding better and more practical ways of organic farming. The attack is three-pronged. Firstly through erosion control and afforestation to make sure that there is sufficient soil and water to grow the crops.

Secondly, by enriching the soil with organic manure in sufficient quantities initially, so that, thirdly the soil will be able to continue the process of re-vitalizing on its own. A simple example of how these three needs can be satisfied is shown by the planting of "Glyricidia" trees alongside the fields. The "Glyricidia", which is a native of South America, grows quickly and easily and provides a good supply of young stems and leaves which may be used for making green manure. At Auroville, a simple shredding machine is used connected to a tractor to mix the "Glyricidia" with the manure from dairy farming to provide the ideal compost. Apart from this the roots of the trees have nitrogen fixing properties, vital for soil regeneration.

A degenerated land leads to a corresponding degeneration in the quality of life of those living on it, is one of the frequent assertions that one meets with at Auroville. When we moved back to the more formalised communities living near the centre it was possible to test the reverse of this hypothesis as people could be seen at the other end of the





chain, eating and living off the food produced in the green belt.

The food in the community kitchens could only be described as spartan, prepared and served by bored helpers onto tin plates and plastic bowls with the minimum amount of ceremony. The Aurovillians believe in trying out new ways of preparing the local grains and pulses and in eating as much of it as possible in a natural state. Breakfast consisted of a slice of papaya, a bowl of curds and raw mung sprouts with brown bread for those who did not mind its prehistoric texture. In leaner times they even do with a plain bowl of millet porridge. Tea is brewed from local herbs. Dinner that day at the same kitchen consisted of hard boiled eggs, bread, a mixed vegetable soup, the water for which had been cooked for the greater part of the day in a solar cooker, salt to taste, and a "mosambi". It was certainly simple, but healthy and, from the way in which even the toddlers helped themselves to it, satisfying in its own way.

Not everyone of course lives in this austere manner or even agrees that the back to nature, back to the earth, trip is what Auroville is all about. Architects Piero and Gloria who have been deeply and personally involved in the struggle to build the Matri

Mandir which they feel will provide the living soul of Auroville, share a sense of regret at the slow, almost haphazard development of Auroville.

"The philosophy of Shri Aurobindo," they say, "does not stop at the level of a village. The town is the human cultural expression of the highest form of its civilization. Music, theatre, the arts and education have all flourished in the context of a city." They point out that the original idea was "to create in India a town for art and culture of international importance where artists, writers and scientists could have come to create a rich environment."

Major General Tiwari takes a more positive view and asserts that out of the very contradictions a new way of life would be created. "Human unity," he claimed, "was the key to the problem. By creating a hotch potch of different people, races, mixing egos, all types of insides, something is going to emerge."

As though to illustrate this, Vaya, who used to work as a commercial artist in a Paris firm, described the dynamic relationship that sometimes came out of the various types of people living closely together and working at different crafts such as pottery, woodwork, weaving, incense making, tailoring, etc. to name just a

few that provide an additional source of income to the Auroville budget.

"I was always interested in symbols," she said. "When I came to India, when I came to Auroville, I wanted to explore all the different symbols. I had this desire that one day I must draw a game, make a new game which is a very difficult thing to create. Four years after I came here a friend of mine explained one moment suddenly that she had the idea for a new game and could I help her. And so we made a new game. She is the brain and I am the hand."

The game which Vaya calls "the glass bead game" has a complex design in the form of a Mandala as its background. It was while looking for a suitable board for it that they hit upon the idea of using papier mache and this resulted quite by accident in the production of a new line of hand-made crafts, the making of colourful papier mache toys.

In contrast the experiments that take place at the Auroville Nursery, which in a year provides more than one lakh seedlings for that one area alone, are of a different kind. Narad, who is in charge, demonstrated a simple pond sealing technique which has been used in Australia and which could be of immense significance to India. Using a sieve to sprinkle a light, even coating of sodium tripolyphosphate

(S.T.P.P.) over a newly dug out shallow basin, he explained how with the help of two or three unskilled labourers, one could make a self sealing pond within a day's time.

Similarly, at other places studies in the use of alternate means of producing energy were under way using windmills of different designs and materials such as bamboo and canvas in some cases, trapping solar energy and working out bio-gas systems for domestic use with the addition of water hyacinths and algae to septic tanks.

The Auroville experiment is still very much at a take-off stage. It will need many more people who have the will to respond to the Mother's invitation to make Auroville "the place of unending education, of constant progress, and a youth that never ages". But in the words of Shri Aurobindo's philosophy explained by a disciple "the process of Becoming real is as real as Being, as the waves of the sea are as real as the sea itself". As one walks through the Nursery, a thousand frail blooms, delicate orchids from different parts of the world, white and yellow gold, imperial purple and pale pink, stretch out their heads as a living reminder of what the earth can give when properly nurtured, and provide the message that in Auroville, at least, the process of Becoming has started



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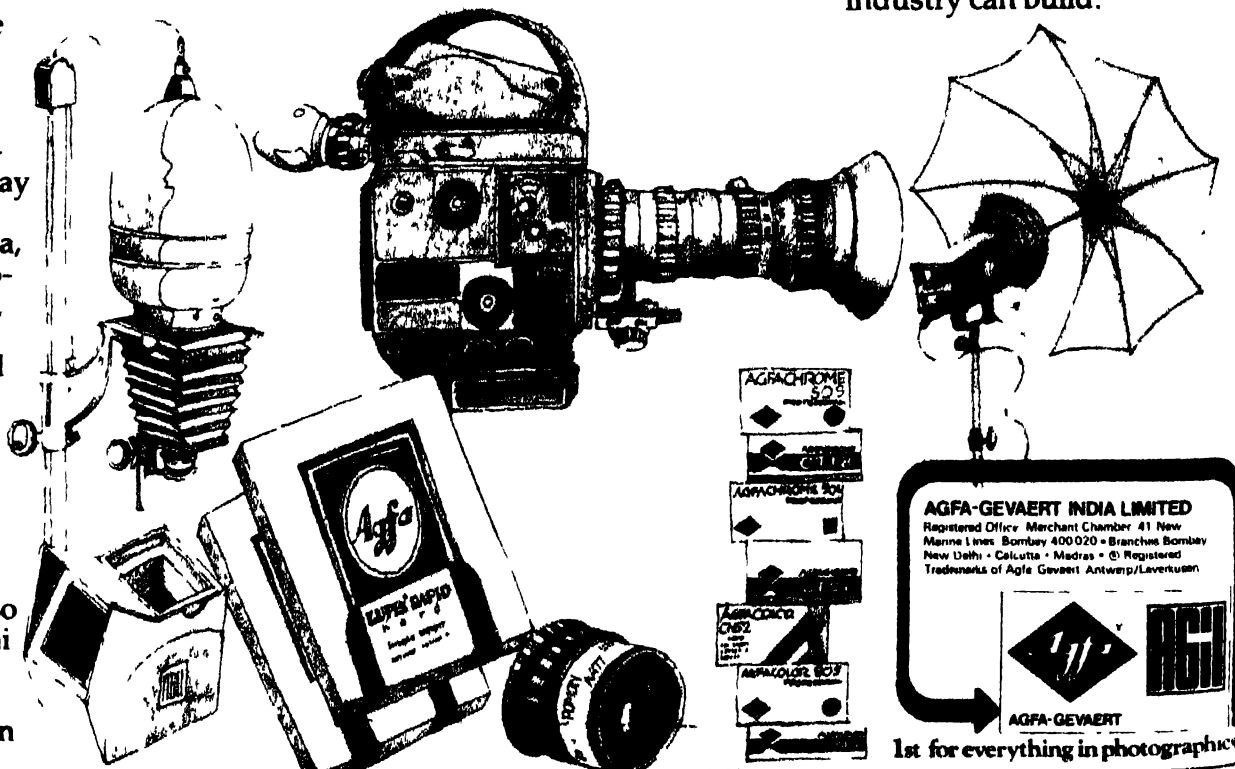


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# Sri Aurobindo And His Ashram

**Despite an insular, sheltered upbringing, there smouldered in Sri Aurobindo the spark of nationalism right from his youth. Later in life, the fiery patriot attained the heights of a spiritual yogi through intense meditation and self-realisation. His dream of creating a new way of life through global integration has materialised in the unique township of Auroville, where a diverse cross-section of humanity has flocked together to achieve communal harmony and 'Truth Consciousness'.**

by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

**W**AS IT sheer coincidence or shaping by Destiny that Sri Aurobindo, scholar, poet, patriot, mystic, yogi, philosopher and prophet, should have entered upon his seventy-sixth year on the very day—15 August 1947—that India achieved independence? In his message to the Nation, Sri Aurobindo himself declared: "I take this coincidence, not as a fortuitous accident, but the sanction and the seal of the Divine Force that guides my steps on the work with which I began my life, the beginning of its full fruition."

Right from his youth, he had cultivated with growing clarity and mounting conviction, a series of aims and ideals. India's march to freedom, Asia's liberation and resurgence, the realisation of human unity, the spread of India's perennial Light for the spiritualisation of global human life and, finally, an evolutionary burst of consciousness for the definitive solution of problems that have so long baffled and vexed humanity.

As he saw it, this singular agenda for the future was to be initiated and sustained by a new yoga integrating the older *Karma*, *Jnana* and *Bhakti* yogas, and mobilising human faculties and bringing forth all potential on the single issue of a radical change of man, society and the world. This regimen for a life-time was comprehensive indeed to the very limit of the term—the baptism of rebirth for India and Asia, the forgoing of human brotherhood and the awakening unto the underlying spiritual oneness of mankind, the push towards individual and social transformation, and, ultimately, the founding of a new heaven and a new earth!

Although no mystic or yogi, Arnold Toynbee has also concluded on the basis of his reading of the meaning of history: "A conceivable kind of progress in these spiritual terms—a kind that would give significance to history and would, so to speak, justify God's love for this world and His incarnation in it—would be a cumulative increase of the means of Grace at the disposal of each soul in this world."

And Teilhard de Chardin, mystic and palaeontologist, has remarked that the convergent enthusiasm of a large number of minds ideally grouped and organised might be the means of effecting the destined quantum leap in evolution towards the spiritual summit of Christ-Omega.

But where the historian was guardedly vague and speculative and the scientist-Catholic-mystic set his far vision on the Cosmic Christ in whom all imperfections shall be annulled, the Indian Yogi saw as a thing decreed and inevitable, the insistent human aspiration for the Godhead encompassing the descent of the Supermind and preparing for the transformation of man and the world. Even so, this would be no easy canter to the beckoning goal, and Sri Aurobindo himself wrote in 'A God's Labour':

*All around is darkness and strife,  
For the lamps that men call suns  
Are but half-way gleams on this stumbling life  
Cast by the undying ones*

*But the God is there in my mortal breast  
Who wrestles with error and fate  
And tramples a road through mire and waste  
For the nameless Immaculate*

*A little more and the new life's doors  
Shall be carved in silver light  
With its aureate roof and mosaic floors  
In a great world bare and bright*

Where are we?—What can we know?—What may we hope for? The classical questions of philosophy! And the answers are: We are under the reign of the pseudo-knowledge that is Ignorance. The true Light is within, and released, it can see its way through the mire-sunk ways of ignorance, and one decisive step more, and the rending of the mental veil—and yonder lies the *Life Divine*.

Strange, indeed, are the ironies of human calculation. Sri Aurobindo's father, the anglicised Dr Krishnadhan Ghose, desired to bring up his sons, Manomohan, Benoybhushan and Aurobindo, wholly insulated from Indian influences. After early schooling at the Loretto Convent School, Darjeeling, Aurobindo spent some years with the Drewetts in Manchester. He later moved to St Paul's, London, and on to King's College, Cambridge. But all this antiseptic upbringing couldn't touch his incandescent loyalty and puissance.

Young Aurobindo thus became, in the natural course, a fiery patriot and revolutionary, manoeuvred to escape absorption in the Indian Civil Service and, in 1893, his first year at Baroda, he contributed a series of anonymous articles to the *Indu Prakash* of Bombay, castigating the mendicant policy of the Indian National Congress and advocating a stronger stance in consonance

**SRI AUROBINDO GHOSH. Poet and Indian Nationalist, he propounded the philosophy of cosmic salvation through spiritual evolution.**



with India's impeccable self-respect and inherited traditions. He mastered Sanskrit and Bengali, taught English and French at the Baroda College, practised *Pranayama*, and engaged in poetic composition.

By the turn of the century, he had started, with the help of his younger brother, Barindra and other idealists, the dangerous work of preparing Bengal and India for an eventual armed insurrection at the appropriate time, against the soulless alien bureaucracy. It was at this period that his Principal, A. B. Clark, confided to his colleague, C. R. Reddy: "Did you see his eyes? There is mystic fire and light in them. They penetrate into the beyond. If Joan of Arc heard heavenly voices, Aurobindo probably sees heavenly visions."

Visions indeed, and spectres too, for Sri Aurobindo saw India, not as a subcontinental geographical area, but verily as the Mother, and he saw, as in a hideous nightmare, a Rakshasa sucking the Mother's blood. And Sri Aurobindo resolved that he would help to liberate the Mother from the clutches of the Rakshasa!

There was smouldering discontent all over the country, and yet it was Lord Curzon's decision in 1905 to partition the old, sprawling Bengal presidency that suddenly inflamed nationalist India. Bankim Chandra's song 'Bande Mataram' became overnight the electrifying mantra of Indian regeneration.

This was the time when Sri Aurobindo wrote in galvanised prose, the incendiary pamphlet *Bhavan Mandir* which circulated in secret and was cherished as the Bible of the Indian revolutionaries, while his inspired *Durga Stotra* charged tens of thousands with missionary fervour and an iron resolve.

*Mother Durga! India lies low in selfishness  
and fearfulness and littleness  
Make us great, make our efforts great  
make us true to our resolve  
May we no longer desire the small,  
void of energy, given to laziness,  
stricken with fear  
Mother Durga! Slay the enemy within  
then root out all obstacles outside  
Mother Durga! Enter our bodies in the Yogic  
strength  
We shall become thy instruments  
thy sword slaying all evil  
thy lamp dispelling all ignorance*

Thereafter Sri Aurobindo shifted to Calcutta to teach at the National College and edit *Bande Mataram*, the paper started by Bipin Pal. Sri Aurobindo contributed leading and special articles marked, as S. K. Ratchiffe thought, "with brilliance and pungency not hitherto attained in the Indian press." Every rift in his political writing was loaded with sedition, but done with such ingenuity that the paper was legally unassailable. He was, nevertheless, prosecuted in 1907 for reproducing certain articles from the *Yugantar*. But this only projected Sri Aurobindo, hitherto hardly known outside a select circle of nationalists, to the attention of India, and Rabindranath Tagore apostrophised the imprisoned patriot:

*O friend, my country's friend,  
O voice incarnate, free, of India's soul  
Where is the King who can with chain or rod  
chastise him?  
Rabindranath, O Aurobindo, bows to thee!*



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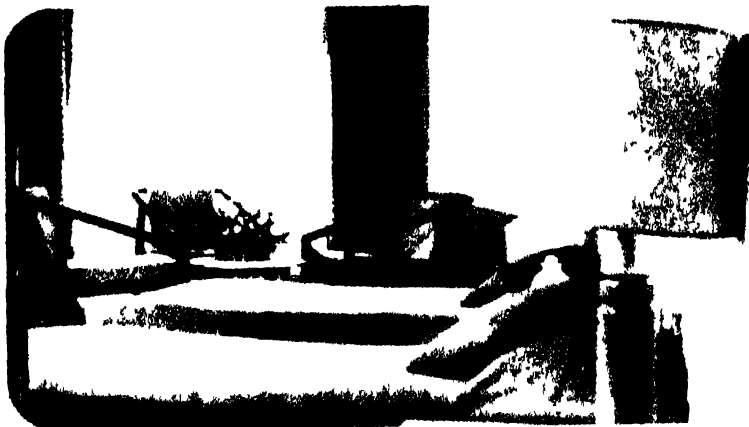
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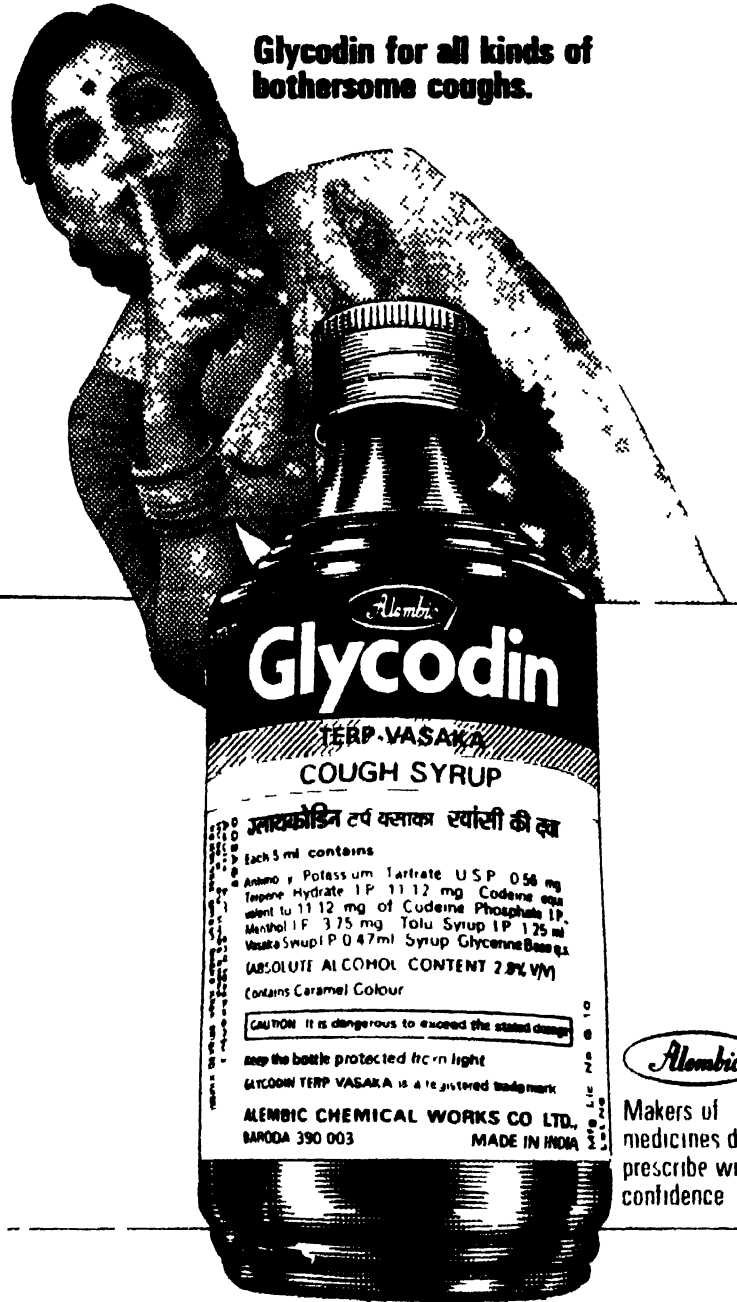
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On acquittal, Sri Aurobindo decried in his writings and speeches constitutional moderatism and made no secret of the fact that his deeper aim was to unleash a revolutionary movement geared to the wresting of independence from the British. The Moderates and the Extremists (Nationalists) clashed at the Surat Congress in December 1907, and Lokamanya Tilak and Sri Aurobindo preferred to split the Congress to acquiescing in moderatism.

From Surat Sri Aurobindo went to Baroda where he experienced the realisation of the immutable silence under Yogi Lele's guidance. However, he continued his political evangelism, speaking at Bombay, Poona and other places, and the Government felt more and more uneasy. Wasn't Sri Aurobindo—the author of *Bhavanī Mandir*—the inspiration behind the terrorist movement?

A bomb outrage at Muzzaferpore gave the Government the needed pretext to arrest Sri Aurobindo, and charge him with complicity in the terrorist conspiracy. During his twelve months' stay in the Alipur Jail, Sri Aurobindo experienced a realisation of the *Omnipresent Divine* as *Narayana, Krishna, Vasudeva*. He had also a glimpse of the possibilities of an ascent of consciousness from the mental to the supramental, the human to the Divine.

The trial was a prolonged affair, but his defence was in the capable hands of C R Das whose peroration suddenly lifted the proceedings to an almost transcendent level. Sri Aurobindo was no mere politician but the poet of patriotism, the prophet of nationalism and the lover of humanity! He was standing, not before the bar of a British Court, but before the High Court of History! Sri Aurobindo was acquitted again, and as editor of the new *Karmayogin* and of *Dharma*, as also in his speeches, he tried to give a clearly spiritual accent to politics. But for the bureaucracy, he was still their enemy and they tried to launch yet another prosecution against him.

Sri Aurobindo had now a clear urge from within to quit politics, and he moved out of Calcutta, first to Chandernagore in February 1910, and in April to Pondicherry, henceforth his 'Cave of Tapasya' and the destined seat of his *Yoga Sadhana*.

During his first four years at Pondicherry, Sri Aurobindo explored through yoga the possibilities of an ascent of consciousness, and felt convinced that he had the clue to the Supermind, the link and power between our everyday, mental world and the ineffable realm of the *Real*. In collaboration with Mirra (later to be known as The 'Mother') and Paul Richard, Sri Aurobindo launched, on August 15, 1914, the monthly philosophical review, *Arya*, in which he set forth a monumental synthesis of human knowledge and also presented a *Vision* of the Future Man and future human society.

From *Matter*—through *Life* in its infinite forms—to *Man* the mental being, the next step would be the beyonding of Man, the 'transitional' creature and the emergence of the Superman, not the Nietzschean 'blonde beast', tyrannous and ruthless in his strength, but the *Superman of Love wedded to Power*.

The new man will be the means of rearing a gnostic global community capable of enacting a life of unity, harmony and creativity, and the new poetry, painting, music, dance, drama, sculpture and architecture will likewise be attuned to the infinitudes of the Spirit.

Such was the seminal content Sri Aurobindo put into *The Life Divine*, *The Synthesis of Yoga*, *The Psychology of Social Development*, *The Ideal of Human Unity* and *The Future Poetry*. At the same time, in works like *Essays on the Gita*, *The Secret of the Veda* and *The Foundations of Indian*

*Culture*, he re-interpreted India's scriptural and cultural heritage in the light of his own speculations and realisations.

Cumulatively the *Arya* writings were a vast conspectus of knowledge, the roots going back to the remote past and the bud of unfolding possibility hopefully pointing towards tomorrow's rising sun.

Sri Aurobindo had a few disciples with him ever since his arrival in Pondicherry in 1910, and they were the nucleus of the *Deva Sangha* he wished to foster. On April 24, 1920, Mirra joined them on her return from Japan, and the number increased to twenty-five by 1926, when Sri Aurobindo went into seclusion and put Mirra (the 'Mother') in charge of the Ashram. The 'Mother' too was a rare spiritual adept and as early as 1912 she had felt the need to found "an ideal society in a propitious spot for the flowering of the new race, the race of the sons of God". In her view the processes of individual and social transformation were to team together, and be sustained by "an inner development, a progressive union with the Divine Light". Sri Aurobindo's concept of *Deva Sangha* and the Mother's vision of a *Typic Society* have acquired a concrete shape in the Yogashram at Pondicherry.

After 1926 the growth of the Ashram was rapid, and although in retreat, Sri Aurobindo took an active interest in its development and functioning. When Hitler let loose the hounds of global war in 1939, Sri Aurobindo identified him with an *asuric* force and openly appealed for support to the Allied war effort describing the war as the 'Mother's War'.

During his last years, Sri Aurobindo embarked upon the massive poetic testament, *Savitri*, ensouling the insights and illuminations of his rich and variegated yogic life. The eclipse of Satyavan 'the soul of the world', the debate between Savitri and Death, the retreat and extinction of Darkness, the triumph of Light, and the return of Satyavan and Savitri to the earth—it is story and symbol both—and it is also a pre-view of the unfolding evolutionary action that is to usher in the New World.

Like Shakespeare, Sri Aurobindo too, lived a life of allegory, and *The Life Divine* and *Savitri*—the twin peaks of the Aurobindonian Canon—are a mighty expression of this life of allegory, this promised change from man to superman, the life flawed and fractured to the life integral and divine.

In Sri Aurobindo's yoga the cardinal aim was not merely to transcend our egoistic human nature, and to attain the higher or cosmic consciousness, but also to possess and dominate our everyday life and transform it into supernature. "To be a yogi, a sanyasi, a tapasvi is not the object here." Sri Aurobindo once said: "The object is transformation." First, through right aspiration, self-purification and surrender to the Divine, one has to undergo an outer and inner change, moving always from the lower (human) to the higher (divine) nature. Second, this change will facilitate the descent and assimilation of the supramental consciousness. The third—and for us still a far off stage—will be transformation by the supramental of man's, mankind's and the terrestrial consciousness.

In practical terms, the inmates of the Ashram, who numbered about 600 in 1950, were drawn from various professions (farmers, mechanics, engineers, poets, musicians, artists, accountants, teachers, men of affairs), and they all found the stimulus, each in his or her own way, to grow in consciousness and find joy and fulfilment.

The Gita vakya—*Yogah Karmasu Kowsalam*, was thus in constant exemplification in the



THE MAHAYOGI'S SAMADHI in the centre of the Ashram.

Ashram. No region, no race, no segment of human activity (athletics, sports, games, industry, agriculture, bakery, gardening, writing, art studies, construction, maintenance, collective meditation) was excluded from the purview of Ashram life. There was an even tempo, a quiet efficiency in its manifold activities, and the stray, responsive visitor could at once sniff the bracing atmosphere of the place—its innate sense of harmony, its enveloping peace and its poise of spirituality. The complicated wheels of the Ashram, like the arms of *Prakriti*, seemed to revolve unseen and almost unconsciously and effortlessly.

Sri Aurobindo's outer life came to an end on December 5, 1950, but his work was continued by the Mother. The Ashram grew in diverse directions and the Ashram School became the International Centre of Education. Soon after her 90th birthday the Mother inaugurated, on February 28, 1968, the International City of Dawn, Auroville, on the outskirts of Pondicherry.

Auroville was designed to be a convergence of the whole world upon the Light of Sri Aurobindo, so that aspiring human nature might, in the fullness of time, flower into sovereign Truth-Consciousness. It was as though a world in distress sought a new way of life in this unique City of Dawn, and the men of faith, the men of adventure, the promoters, the pioneers, the forecomers did a wonderful job of reclamation and new creation.

*Dredging, clearing, wrestling with resistance,  
enacting a God's labour  
I saw not eyes but Eye, not forms of men  
and workers but only Love  
The close grip and gaze, the resolute hands  
the steely dedication  
A heaving tableau of humanity,  
and an Adoration piece.*

After the Mother's passing away on November 17, 1973, discordant voices are being heard in Auroville, but one must hope that they will not affect the long-term prospects of this great adventure, this collectivist journey to *Next Future*. When one visits Pondicherry today—and loses oneself in the Ashram or in Auroville—when one goes round the centre of education, the Ashram departments, the press, the publications (SABDA), the farms and factories, when one watches the march part or participates in the evening meditation, one feels that Sri Aurobindo's and the Mother's are felt presences and potent catalysts of change, whispering the firm ambrosial assurance:

*There is won a new proximity to the skies  
A first betrothal of the Earth and Heaven  
A deep concordant between Truth and Life  
A camp of God is pitched in human time* ■





# The Banyan Tree That Was

by Raju Bharatan

**He was at once an artist and a craftsman. His flexibility of voice matched his flexibility of price. This is what endeared him to producers and listeners alike. Still, good soul as he was, he was too famous to go through life without any clashes. Even while being the People's Singer, he did clash with composers.**

**T**HE Banyan Tree of our Film Music is no more. A banyan tree that, when wizened by the late 'sixties spirit of the *Aradhana* age, looked broken, but turned out to be only shaken!

Under the onslaught of the Rajesh Khanna Wave, which reduced all our screen heroes (including 'Sagina Dilip) to alter egos of Kishore Kumar, Mohamed Rafi fell with a thud. And, when a giant falls, he just falls. He may somehow manage to get up, but he can never be of the same stature again.

This is the unvarnished truth about Rafi. He did come back and all credit to him for doing so. But those who claim he was back with a Kishore vengeance overstate the case. For, even while Rafi manfully uplifted himself again, Kishore remained—and continues to remain—entrenched at number one. This is because, if Rafi was peerless as an artist, in the versatile manner born, Kishore always had his own range and resonance.

## Emergency: His Saviour

It may be argued that it was the chance success of *Aradhana* that

brought Kishore zooming up. But then what is our commercial cinema if not chance? Okay, it was chance that took Kishore up like a rocket. But he did not come down like a stick—as his detractors had glibly predicted. In fact, if the truth is to be told, both Rafi and Kishore went down and came up by chance.

How? Take the position after *Aradhana*, when Kishore could sing no wrong, when even a confirmed Rafi votary like Jeetendra, for all his Jumping Jack-in-the-box antics, had to opt for a vocal change of face with Kishore. This was the phase in which Rafi struggled as he had struggled only early in his career. Yet nothing he did seemed to go right.

Then along came the Emergency. And along came *Hum Kisise Kam Naheen* in which Kishore was the logical choice for a Voice of Youth like Rishi Kapoor. But then Kishore had come under a ban for refusing to perform on our captive TV during the Emergency and the *Hum Kisise Kam Naheen* makers were left with no choice but to opt for the proven romantic-comic versatility of Rafi.

Thus, if it was Rajesh Khanna whom Kishore had to thank for lifting him from the *Joota paalish karega* bootstraps, it was V. C. Shukla Rafi had to be grateful for imposing that ban on Kishore which opened the *cul-de-sac* of film singing for him all over again.

What was all this if not 'chance'?

## Contrasting 'Chance'

Another chance point. Rishi Kapoor insisted that Shalendra Singh alone would sing for him after *Bobby*. But, when Rishi saw with *Zehreela Insaan* that Shalendra Singh tended to be too offkey to be accepted on his visage under a less musical director

than Raj Kapoor, he had no go but to switch to *O hansi* Kishore.

Then along came *Laila Majnu* with its Punjabi orientation. Obviously Kishore could not sing *this* theme—not even for young Rishi Kapoor. Madan Mohan compositions like *Tere dar pe aaya hoon*, *Hoke mayoos tere dar se*, *Barbaad-e-mohabbat ki dua* and *Ab agar hum se khuda bhi*, alongside Jaidev creations like *Likh kar tera naam zamin par* and *Yeh diwane ki zid hai*, could be the Punjabi preserve of Rafi and Rafi alone. So on went Rafi on the *Majnu* lips of Rishi, and on went *Laila Majnu* to be one of the biggest box-office hits, after faring disastrously in Bombay and thereby misleadingly acquiring the label of a 'flop'. Thus a voice that was first heard, and a face that was first seen,

fleetingly in the famous *Tera jalwa jisne dekha* number composed by Pt Gobindram for *Laila Majnu* (1945) came resonantly back to listeners in *Laila Majnu* (1976).

Two films of contrasting genres, *Hum Kisise Kam Naheen* and *Laila Majnu*, thus cleared the comeback trail for Rafi. In the first, the chance ban on Kishore came to his rescue, in the second, the fact that both Madan Mohan and Jaidev never really tuned with Kishore made it doubly certain that Rafi would sing a theme he was born to do. By which I only mean that we should reflect on the supreme irony of Rishi Kapoor, the *youngest* of heroes, being instrumental in bringing back a singer whose age it was that was held against him!

Such a lot has already been written on Rafi that his past now can have meaning only if it is discussed in relation to the present. There is no point in reeling off his songs and posing as a musical authority, since this is something even the ignoramus can now do, given the variety of songbooks that are to be readily had in the market in the 'eighties. In any case, how can you do justice in 2,500 words to one who, like Lata, claimed to have sung over 25,000 songs?

## 25,000 Songs: A Myth?

Rafi claimed to have been in the singing field for 38 years, Lata too began her round of singing studios when still in her very early teens. Let us—allowing for a three-year period of travail when they could have cornered only the odd song—give each 35 years of active singing in the field. Such a 35-year span means they have had (at the rate of 365 days a year) a total of 12,775 days in which to sing their total numbers up to now. Which means, without taking a single day's holiday in these 12,775 days, they must have consistently sung 2 songs/day!

I say this is *physically* impossible. Especially as, with the advent of

**OUR THREE LONGEST-LASTING VOICES: Manna Dey, Mohamed Rafi and Kishore Kumar.** Manna once told the author: "I always had to be ultra-alert when recording a song with Rafi for fear of being beaten by his voice quality." Kishore, when he saw that his one-time mentor, Anil Biswas, had branded Rafi as "no singer", dismissed it as "a silly thoughtless statement, of course". What Anil told Kishore when he met him after this statement will not bear repetition here!



top-heavy 40- and 50-piece orchestras in the mid 'sixties, musicians saw to it that not more than one song was recorded in a shift. And, since these musicians began to ensure that only the orchestra was rehearsed during the shift and the song was rendered only after 'overtime' came into effect, it became a problem to record any second song in the day in the second shift—since the first shift invariably dovetailed into the second!

### Exception, Not Rule

Both Rafi and Lata have frequently been out on foreign tours. And it is a myth to think they once recorded as many as 5 songs a day. I checked up and found there was one, and only one, instance in which 5 songs were recorded in a day—and that was done by Lata. Rafi, too, might have done the same at least once—but this should be treated as the exception, not the rule. Even under the baton of C. Ramchandra, with whom Lata had a very special tuning in the early 'fifties, at most 3 songs were recorded in a day.

In any case, it is only up to 1960 or so that Lata and Rafi could have recorded 2-3 songs a day. And Rafi, remember, even if he came earlier into the field than Lata, had his real boom period only between 1953 and 1968. Before that, much as the Punjab composers (led by Husnlal-Bhagatram) favoured him, it was Talat Mahmood who was cock of the singing walk. This is something Rafi's himself admitted in print, though he did say later he was misquoted! But, if the bald truth must be told, not only was Talat number one those days, but it was Mukesh, and not Rafi, who ranked next to Talat. It was only when Talat and Mukesh ventured to turn to acting—something Rafi tried to do early in his career but never thereafter—that they were eclipsed.

Even so, though Rafi became indisputably number one after *Baiju Bawra*, Manna Dey and Hemant Kumar took up where Talat Mahmood and Mukesh left off. It was, therefore, not until the early 'sixties that Rafi had the field *all to himself*. By then the quantum of recordings per day was down to at most 2.

Between 1960 and 1968, of course, it was Rafi all the way. But then along came Kishore for Rafi to suffer his most severe setback. Therefore, granting that Rafi had the stamina to record more songs in a day than the frail Lata, he also had a longer period of struggle than Lata, plus an eclipse that Lata never knew once she climbed to the top.

It is idle, therefore, to think that either Lata or Rafi has 25,000 songs on record. *The Guinness Book of Records* clearly picked up the 25,000-song tag for Lata from a *Weekly* caption by me giving the rough estimate of the singer herself. But *Guinness* was wrong about Lata's year of birth—1928 instead of 1929.



**IN THE PICTURE** are four men who affected Rafi's career most. Top left: Kishore Kumar with Dev Anand on whom he was a 'fixture' long before Rajesh Khanna came into his singing life. Top right: The 'Aradhana' combination of R.D. Burman and Rajesh Khanna with whom Kishore came to be instinctively vocally identified. Above left: The Kishore-Dada Burman twosome that unwittingly initiated the Rajesh Khanna Wave with 'Aradhana'. Above right: The father-son combination of S.D. Burman and R.D. Burman. S.D. Burman composed the 'Aradhana' tunes, R.D. Burman orchestrated them. When the father staged a very big comeback with 'Aradhana' to shut him out all over again, RD decided on a total breakaway with the vocal aid of Kishore. This, more than anything else, contributed to Rafi's being no longer the singing monarch of all he surveyed.

It could similarly be wrong about her number of songs.

### 'Root' Cause Of Clash

However, where two singers achieve the kind of fame Lata and Rafi have done, a clash of egos is inevitable. This is the reason we had the Lata-Rafi duel over the issue of song royalty. Lata only needed Rafi, with his matchless stature, to go along with her in this matter to call the royalty tune with producers, who (like our composers) have all along revealed the backbone of jellyfish. But Rafi put his rhythmic foot down. It was his conviction that, once a singer specified his rate and was paid his charge, he had no further claim on the song.

Lata's stand thus struck at the very root of Rafi's strength as a singer. For, when Talat got Rs 500 for a song, Rafi had sung for as little as Rs 100—sometimes for nothing at all. It was as much his flexibility of price as his flexibility of voice that endeared

Rafi to producers. For a small-time film like *Khaj*, if Rafi came across a Nissar composition like *Chanda ka dil toot gaya*, he sang it for a song—royalty be damned!

Therefore, to be told now that his not insisting on royalty was weakening the singers' front as a whole made no musical sense to Rafi. He stopped singing with Lata. It is a tribute to the stature of both Rafi and Lata that there was not a vocal thing producers could do about it in spite of the fact that it was a non-professional thing for our two most professional singers to do.

Rafi was an artist of rare reach—there can be no doubt about that. But he was first a craftsman and then an artist. That is why Manna Dey, Talat Mahmood, Hemant Kumar, all ultimately lost out to him.

It is this craftsman's approach that made Rafi shy away from making an issue out of the royalty business. But even Rafi had no answer to the business methods of Kishore by

which every single action of this singer looked unbusinesslike, yet he managed to retain his commercial hold!

Even so, to this day I believe that, Rajesh Khanna or no Rajesh Khanna, Rafi would not have been so completely outstripped by Kishore but for the *simultaneous* advance of R.D. Burman as the new trend-setter. RD had orchestrated the entire music of *Aradhana*—only to discover that the film industry and the paying public had ears only for his father, S.D. Burman. He therefore decided his opening now lay only in a *total* breakaway. Like Chitalkar Ramchandra entirely breaking away from his mentor Anil Biswas's metier with *Sunday ke Sunday*, RD now determined he would create his own 'mod' idiom with Kishore.

Even this would not have hit Rafi as hard as it did if RD had not decided that, after Kishore, his second choice of voice would be Manna rather than Rafi. With Rajesh Khanna—and



therefore Kishore—having RD's ear, Rafi thus suddenly found himself behind even Manna Dey, a phenomenal talent he had once bested in the face of Shanker-Jaikishan so effectively putting Manna forth as a romantic singer in a whole host of films, like *Shree 420*, *Chori Chori*, *Ujala*, *Baghi Sipahi* and *Kismat Ka Khel*. Remember, in S-J's *Basant Bahar* Rafi had come from behind to steal a classical march over Manna with *Badi der bhayi* and *Duniya na bhaaye mohan*.)

### RD: The Culprit

RD thus changed the vocal visage of our music with his accent on Kishore and Manna to the virtual exclusion of Rafi. As Rajesh Khanna proceeded to have our cinema in his thrall, Rafi's long-time heroes, like Dilip Kumar, Rajendra Kumar, Shammi Kapoor and Jeetendra, began to fall from favour. Most heroes, in fact, were reduced to making a desperate switch to Kishore. 'Lucky' Dev Anand alone remained unaffected—Kishore had been singing for him all along from *De bh chuke hum dil nazrana* to *Nafra karne walon ke!*

Anil Biswas, after brashly branding Rafi as "no singer" had clarified that what he meant was that Rafi remained Rafi, whether he was singing a ghazal or a bhajan. A view that will not find many buyers, though the point may be considered whether Rafi fell at the turn of the 'sixties because, in displaying the empathy to take on the vocal personality of the hero, he became so much Rafi as to lose all appeal when Kishore came, after an enforced but refreshing five-year rest, to display a voice quality that made the public forget everyone else.

### SD's Telephonic Test

Dada Burman, our most professional composer, provides the clue here. Dada had a simple yardstick of testing voice quality. When he had a recording coming, he merely dialled the number of the singer he wanted. When the singer picked up the receiver, he blandly told him or her that he'd got what he wanted!

All Dada wanted was to get to know, through the phone, the *then* voice quality of the singer for his song due for recording in a couple of days! Lata, Shamshad, Geeta, Asha, Rafi, Manna, Kishore, Talat, Hemant, all stood or fell by this telephonic test. For Dada, like so many very old men, had a very sharp pair of ears. I should know for, whenever I pointed out how he had repeated an old tune of his, Dada sought refuge under the umbrella of his age and pretended not to have heard! And Dada, it is well to remember, dropped Shamshad, Talat, Hemant and Geeta because his telephonic test told him that their voice quality was not what it used to be. He similarly dropped Kishore too—when that singer's voice deteriorated—and switched to Rafi

even where it came to the song going on Dev Anand (*Hum bekhud mein*)

Whether Dada, who considered Rafi, overall, to be our greatest singer of all time, finally dropped Rafi in favour of Kishore guided only by this voice-quality touchstone I have no way of knowing. Certainly, this was the phase in which Rafi had begun to take incredible liberties with the popular tune—*Babul ku duayen* (Neel Kamal), *Falsafa pyaar ka tum kya jaano* (Duniya) and *Chhalke teri aankhon mein* (Arzoo), to cite just three of a whole host of such tunes. When this happened in the *Tum se bh pyaar yn se bh pyaar* portion of Naushad's *Duniya hanse* number in *Ganwaar*, I asked the maestro how Rafi could do this to one who was acknowledgedly his mentor. But Naushad flatly denied Rafi had ever done any such thing in *Duniya hanse* or any other number of his and that was that.

I have often encountered this contradictory viewpoint about Rafi depending on which composer I am buttonholing. For Naushad, Rafi was The Ultimate Singer who had given meaningful expression to the classical format he had devised for our film music in the wake of *Bajru Bawra*. Naushad's opinion (as I have already noted) was shared by S D Burman. As for O P Nayyar, despite his momentary opinion to the contrary, the break with Rafi only served to fortify his original view that this was the singer. But ask C Ramchandra and, if you have his confidence, he will tell you Rafi was no great shakes as a singer—that the "great artist" is Kishore and no one else!

### 'No Singer' Indeed!

Whether Ramchandra's view is conditioned by the fact that he grew into music as the assistant of Anil Biswas, there is no way of knowing. But, then, even Anil Biswas's view of Rafi is difficult to reconcile in the light of the way this artiste sang for him in Filmistan's *Heer* the numbers *Le jaa uski duayen ho*, *Allah teri khair karen* and *O khamosh zamanu hai*. Likewise, C Ramchandra's view of Rafi is hardly in line with the way this singer has put over for him *Apni chhaya mein* (Insaniyat) and *Yeh hasrat thi* (Nausherwan-e-Adil). Why, in the latter film, Rafi's rendition of the duets, *Bhool jaaye saare gham* and *Taaron ki zaban par*, makes you wonder in what respect he was ever inferior to Lata as a singer.

But composers are odd people. Thus, if C Ramchandra is obviously unfair in the view he holds of Rafi, is O P Nayyar rational in the assessment he makes of Kishore? For O P Nayyar, if you must know, has as poor a view of Kishore as Ramchandra has of Rafi. Is it because Nayyar is a very strict composer and will stand no nonsense—and you can record Kishore only if you are prepared to stand nonsense? But Ramchandra is no less strict in the recording room, so how come he always tuned so well with Kishore? How come he fell out

with Rafi over the simple matter of that performer not giving a singing line the way he wanted?

*You're no longer prepared to work hard*, Ramchandra told Rafi. *It's because you've got all the wealth in the world*.

*You're jealous of my wealth*, said Rafi, stung to the quick.

*You're reading the wrong meaning into what I said, I merely want you to do your job—sing this line the way it's to be sung*.

*How come I sing it for others the way it's to be sung?*

*I don't know about others, this is the way I want it. As a playback, I could sing it myself. But your voice is supposed to be that much better. I've no use for it unless I find it that much better*, said Ramchandra.

On that sour note the two broke—never to come again until a decade later. But things were never the same again. Just as things were never the same again even after Lata and Rafi made up. I suppose things can never be the same again for, once when I pressed Salil Chowdhury to use *Toote huye* Rafi again, he said *Are you sure he won't try those gimmicks all over again?*

I said *But you're the composer—it's your job to see he sings the way you want*.

*It is my job and it isn't*, said Salil.

Some composers have an ego, some don't. Salil is one who has. To him the singer *has* to be subservient. Dada Burman, too, had pride in his craft, but no ego. That is why he could make up with Lata after doing without her to a point where Asha began to make new vocal strides.

O P Nayyar has an ego. Still I once put it to him that, if Anil Biswas and C Ramchandra's view was odd that Rafi was no great singer, wasn't his own view, too, equally odd that Kishore was no great artist?

*Don't you compare the two?* said OP emphatically.

OP's view sums up the viewpoint of most composers in our films. But we, as lay listeners, just cannot escape comparing the two, especially when a wave comes along to see that Kishore is resurrected and Rafi is toppled. Regrettably, composers of today have neither an ego nor a viewpoint of their own! But then this is what has enabled them to survive.

**SURESH ('SEENE MEIN JALAN') WADKAR is the nearest thing we have to Rafi among the newcomers.**



To sum up, the trend of events over the last 30 years indicates that, if Rafi was without doubt our most popular singer, he was also the most controversial. Not among listeners, who always found with him a special equation, but among composers, who have the power to make and unmake singers. Thus even Khayyam, who claims to have brought Rafi out of the weepy *Ek dil ke tukde* rut, clashed with Rafi when it came to holding the Khayyam Nite. As the creator of *Tere bharose he Nandlala*, Khayyam assumed Rafi would sing at his Nite. But Rafi refused—I don't know why. There was an exchange in earthy Punjabi and things were never the same again between the two. True Rafi sang for Khayyam even after that (*Simti huyi yeh ghadiyaan*), "but I now prefer Yesudas, he has everything", Khayyam never hesitated to let you know.

Is it Yesudas, then, who will take Rafi's place? This line of reasoning itself is faulty! A great singer goes and leaves behind a 35-year-old vacuum. That vacuum can never be filled by any one singer. For singers like Rafi and Mukesh command in listener-heart a sentimental niche in which there can be no intruder. Suresh (*Seene mein jalan*) Wadkar is the best of the new prospects—he has everything. Rafi's classical background, Rafi's total lack of inhibition, some of Rafi's well-rounded virtuosity. But has Wadkar Rafi's 'throw of words'?

It is this that ultimately determines the quality of a film singer. Manna Dey had everything—even the throw of words. But Rafi's throw of words was that much more effective! Plus Rafi had that very special resonance which came through like the ring of a rupee.

Remember the time Rafi came through with *Suno suno ai duniya walon Bapu ki yeh amar kuhni?* Such compulsive hearing did he make that one businessman approached Rajendra Krishna, the man who wrote that song epic, with the bright idea that he should pen such tributes to all our national leaders, who were sure to die sooner or later—Nehru, Subhas, Vallabhbhai, *et al*—and get Rafi to record them with the same feeling there and then, so that the disc could be released on the dot of death!

Craftsman or not, even Rafi's professionalism would not have been equal to that challenge! But every other challenge he met like the banyan tree he was—one who gave shade to all our composers and one under whose shadow other singers grew to the maximum they could. Now that that banyan tree has fallen, one can but reflect wonderingly on the coincidence by which most of our musical talents have gone in the July-December phase. Ghulam Haider, Husnlal and Bhagatram, Roshan, Jaikishan, K Datta, Madan Mohan, S D Burman, Vasant Desai, Master Krishna Rao, Master Nissar, Geeta Dutt, Mukesh—and, last but not least, Mohamed Rafi. ■

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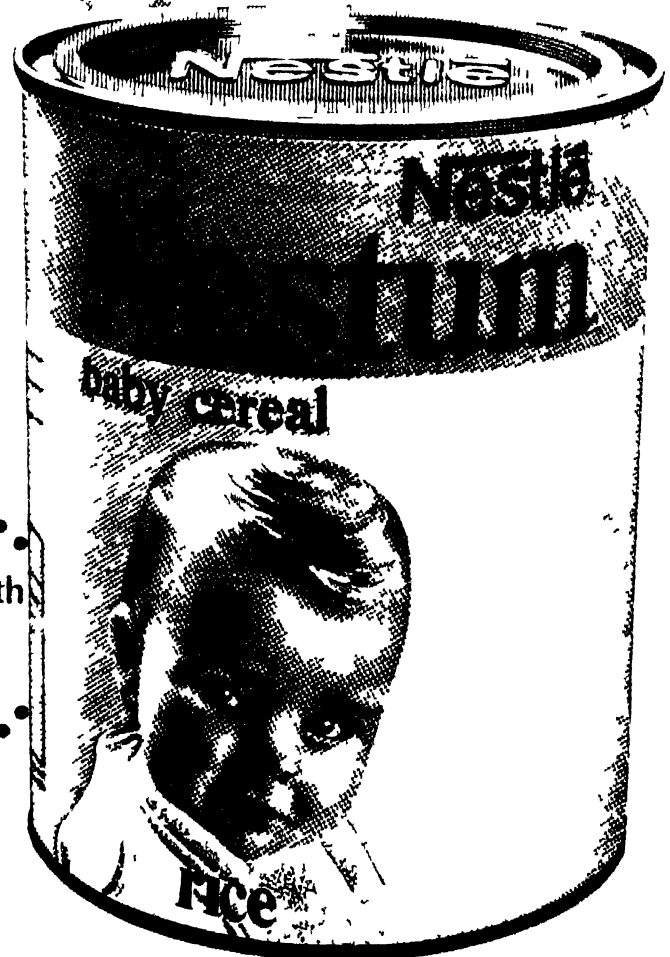
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# INDIA, RUSSIA AND ALI BABA

Indo-Soviet collaboration in the cinematic field dates back to 1957. Now, with F.C. Mehra's 'Ali Baba Aur 40 Chor', it has really got off the ground. The movie is a big box-office draw—complete with fights, songs and technical wizardry!

by V.P. Sathe

**T**HE success of the latest Indo-Soviet co-production, *Ali Baba Aur 40 Chor* which has been rated as an A grade hit by the film trade weeklies, is a culmination of an idea mooted six years ago at the Tashkent Film Festival. Producer F.C. Mehra discussed the idea of a co-production with Omar Bekov, Director-General of the Uzbek Film Studio in Tashkent, during the 1974 Festival. But it took almost two years for a suitable subject to be found. During the 1976 Tashkent Festival, two ideas were discussed—Ali Baba and Babur. Both ideas were approved, but it was decided to take up Ali Baba first, as it had a higher box-office potential.

Lateef Faizev, the Uzbek director, was at that time making a film about an Indian revolutionary entitled *The Sun Rises Over The Ganges* in which Indian actress Katy Mirza played a small part. Part of the film was shot in India, where F.C. Mehra and his unit gave all technical assistance to the Soviet director. Faizev, too, was interested in the joint venture and Uzbek Studio selected him as co-director along with Umesh Mehra.

In 1976, Sukirov, Vice-President of Sovinfilm, came to Bombay to sign the preliminary agreement with F.C. Mehra. It took nearly two years to finalise the film's script, which was first discussed in Tashkent and then in Bombay. In July 1978, the film went on the floors. A huge set of the cave, worth millions of rupees, was erected outdoors in Tashkent. And it is the technical wizardry of the first shot of the film when, at Abu's command, *Open Sesame*, the cave turns and the waterfall recedes that impresses the audience most.



ALI BABA, MARJINA AND FATIMA (played by Dharmendra, Hema Malini and Farida) in a song-and-dance routine. Below: Fatima watches as bandits fight. Below left: Fatima. 'Ali Baba Aur 40 Chor' is directed by Umesh Mehra.





nat Aman) try to distract captors with a  
er father (Madan Puri) in captivity.



ALI BABA DISGUISED AS A MAGICIAN comes to ascertain the whereabouts of Marjina, who is imprisoned by the  
wicked Caliph. Below : Marjina's suspicion is aroused by noises emanating from the 40 jars that Ali Baba has agreed to  
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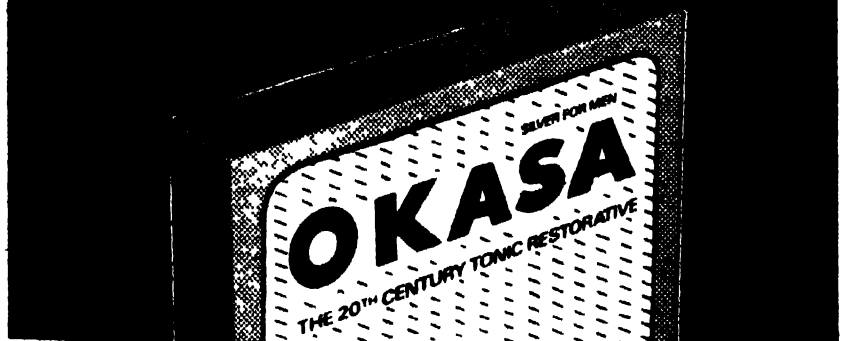
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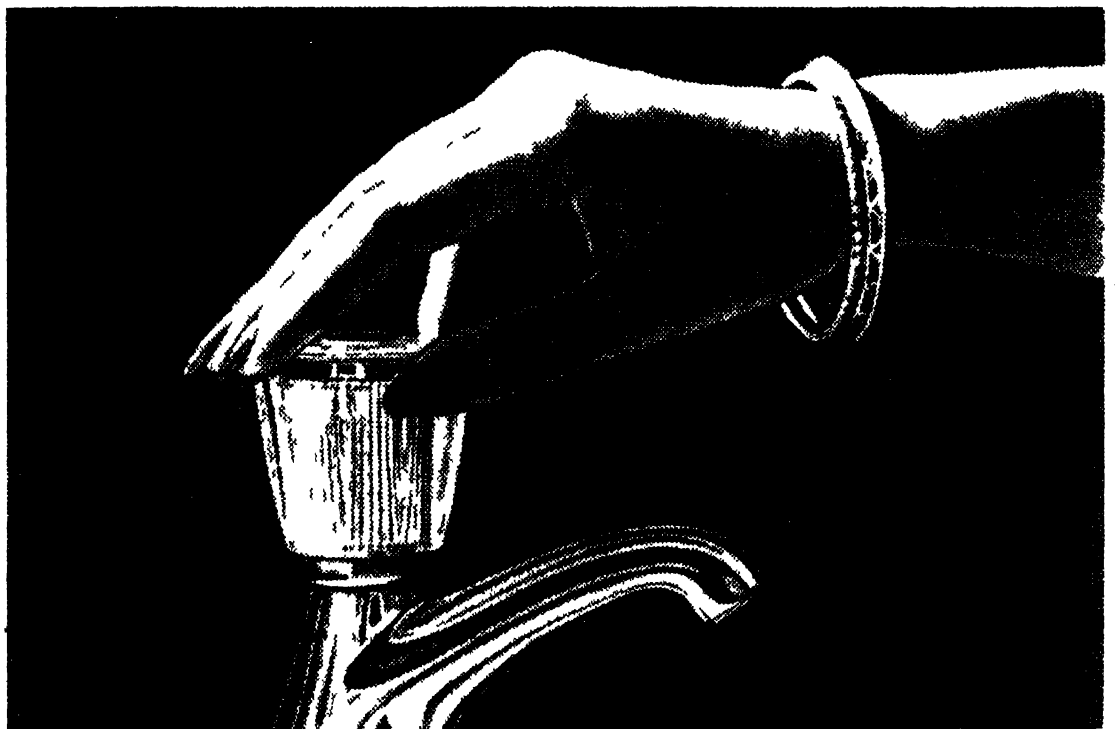
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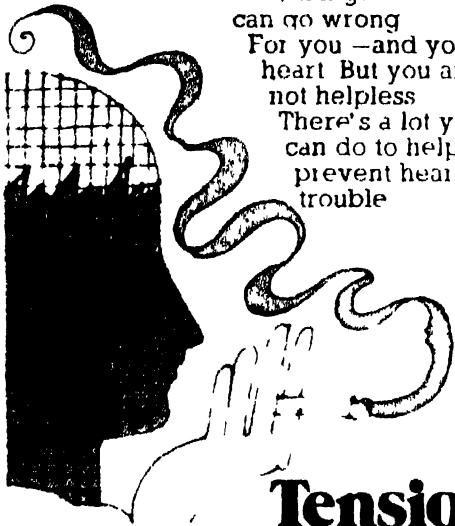
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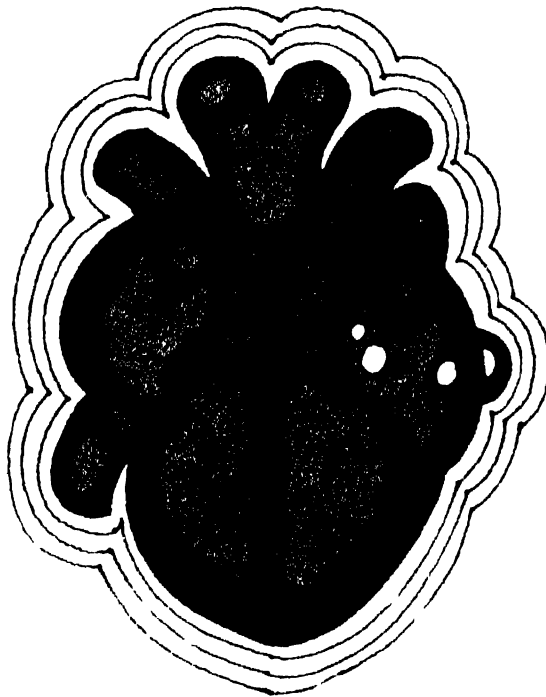
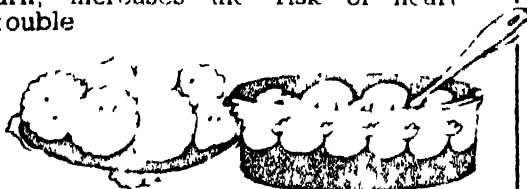


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THE LAST few weeks in Delhi have seen many comings and goings of Chief Ministers. Sheikh Abdullah seems to have cleared the misunderstanding created by a press report of his speech on Martyrs' Day in Srinagar. But, the atmosphere in Kashmir leaves much to be desired. The Janata and the Jamaat-e-Islami on the one hand, and Congress (I) hotheads on the other, are not doing anything to help the Sheikh. The BJP in Jammu and the Jamaat-e-Islami in Kashmir are doing everything to embarrass the Sheikh. The Sheikh is also facing some difficulties within his own party, the National Conference. But, he is the one man who is capable of maintaining the fair image of secularism in the State, if his hands are strengthened by other like-minded parties, such as the Congress (I).

There was a storm in a tea cup when Chief Minister Darbara Singh of Punjab placed on the table of the house on the very last day and at the last minute the Gurdev Singh Commission report. This was required under the rules and, if he had not done so, even some of his own partymen and, of course, the opposition would have severely criticised him. And the media would have speculated, as usual. He had taken the precaution of consulting Giani Zail Singh and obtaining his previous approval. The thing that hurt some people's *amour propre* was the appointment of a committee of officials to report on what follow-up action, if any, was to be taken. This is a technical formality and need not have given rise to the Centre's displeasure. Darbara Singh has made a good start and taken some concrete steps to root out corrupt elements and his hands need to be strengthened.

### Soft Spoken CM

The Chief Minister of UP has done well to resign his Parliamentary seat and set at rest the speculation about his reported desire to move to the Centre. He is a good man, soft-spoken and mild-mannered, but he must concentrate on mending matters in his own State rather than rushing to Delhi for every little thing. The antics of the Lok Dal in Western UP and the whirlwind tours of Bahuguna and his followers need to be watched. The convention called by Bahuguna in Kanpur attracted a motley crowd of disgruntled and frustrated elements in UP and is more a move aimed at the future than the immediate present. An intelligent and resourceful man like Bahuguna could have played a more positive and constructive role if he had not rushed into resigning from the party and Parliament. Unfortunately, he has shifted from one party to another so often that he has lost some of his credibility. But, back in the fold, he may still have a positive role to play.



# Delhi Kauling

## States Adrift

**“The present political scene in the States is reminiscent of 1973, though not of 1974 yet. But, if things are allowed to drift a situation may well develop like that of the pre-emergency period.**

From the South came Chenna Reddy, Chief Minister of Andhra—not once but twice during one week. An intelligent and dynamic person, he has lost ground in his State by his autocratic ways and self-willed behaviour. If he does not mend his manners towards his colleagues he may have to leave the *gaddi*. But, he is a clever man who knows how far he can go without going too far.

Another Chief Minister whose visit was not connected with his own problem State but with the national crisis in Assam was Dorendra Singh of Manipur. His efforts to bring about a peaceful atmosphere in Assam are commendable and one hopes he will now be able to bring peace and security to his own State.

Chief Ministers of Himachal Pradesh and Haryana are frequent visitors to Delhi. They will soon have to face the problem of holding elections to their State legislatures. Their Ministries include a large element of defectors and this is resented by those who have all through remained with Congress (I). Fresh elections cannot be held till November-December when the kharif harvest has been collected. They will have to keep their flocks together within the fold till then.

### Teething Troubles

Bihar, Maharashtra, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan Chief Ministers are reported to be having their teething troubles, too, and so is Karnataka. But all this is in the game—of politics—and they should be able to sort things out. Gujarat, Orissa and Tamil Nadu seem to be the only States free from internecine political warfare so far. Even West

Bengal, Kerala and of course, the North Eastern States are in turmoil but recent trends point to some simmering down of the boil.

The present political scene in the States is reminiscent of 1973, though not of 1974 yet. But, if things are allowed to drift, a situation may well develop like that of the pre-emergency period. However, everyone is wiser today, or should be, including those in power and those in the opposition. The ruling party at the Centre is in a better position to handle the problems today than it was in 1973-74 because the opposition stands discredited and the total revolutionaries are disillusioned. Mrs Gandhi is an astute politician and experienced administrator. She is watching the performance of both the Central as well as the State Ministers. She cannot afford to wait too long. The economic situation is causing anxiety. Law and order have not yet been restored to normalcy. Internal and external security are facing threats from within and without. Such a state of affairs cannot be allowed to continue. The Government and the opposition, the intellectuals and the masses, must act and work together to safeguard the larger interests of the unity, security, stability and progress of the country.

The main problem of implementing plans, programmes and policies lies in the States. But direction and guidance from the Centre is important and necessary.

### Replace Deadwood

Mrs Gandhi can be ruthlessly good—if the situation so demands.

We are fast approaching a stage when Mrs Gandhi may feel it necessary to shed some of the deadwood and replace it with new or old hands who can show better performance and results. Some of these changes may come after the present session of Parliament and some later. Policies and programmes are more important than personalities. Performance and results are even more important.

Seven months of Congress (I) rule at the centre and three months in the States have produced some impact but not enough—especially in the States. Corruption is rife, atrocities on the weaker sections and their womenfolk continue. The administration is soulless and demoralised. The Ministers are more involved in keeping themselves in power than in administering their States. There is urgent need to ginger up the Ministers and restore the morale of the bureaucracy especially in the States.

There is need to tackle national problems on a top priority basis from the Centre. There is talk of starting a National Security Committee, under the Prime Minister's chairmanship, to consider urgent problems as well as long term measures, to coordinate information and intelligence and give balanced and integrated assessments. It could make recommendations on matters referred to it, or even *suo moto*, as may be necessary. Such an informal committee functioned successfully during the Bangladesh crisis. The need for such a body is not less today. Its role would be mainly advisory and recommendatory and not executive. It would not interfere in the day to day functioning of the ministries but only act as a sort of catalytic agent and brains trust, with men of proven ability and experience both from the various ministries as well as outside.

### Body Of Experts

The bureaucratic machinery is cumbersome and slow-moving while the political leadership is too busy dealing with day to day crises. The situation demands some sort of machinery that could collate and coordinate facts and recommend measures to meet the urgent and immediate requirements. If it proves successful in the short run it could be institutionalised on a term by term basis. There is need for such a body of experts to consider important and urgent problems in a calm and calculated manner, free from political and party pressures.

What the country needs is not a presidential form of government but to institutionalize the parliamentary system, with such innovations as are suited to our special needs and requirements. The setting up of a National Security Committee is one, there are others, too, with which we shall deal in future columns.

T.N. KAUL

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# Poetry

## Faces of Delhi

by Jagmohan

### Connaught Place

*A horseshoe  
with passageways like sundered intestines  
encircling a patch of green  
At the heart of this cosmos sprawls  
a Garden of Eden that shelters stray  
lovers, truants from offices and shops  
while coffee-coloured shoeshines prowl  
around like a clairvoyant chorus  
looking for the feet of clay*

*The Circus runs on  
under the summer's candid sky—  
shoppers, pumps, smugglers  
and the newspaper boy prophesying  
the world's end*



JAGMOHAN, former Vice-Chairman of the Delhi Development Authority, is currently Lt-Governor of Delhi. He has published two books ('Rebuilding Shahjahanabad: the Walled City of Delhi' and 'Island of Truth') and several poems. In 1971, he was awarded the Padma Bhushan

### Chandni Chowk

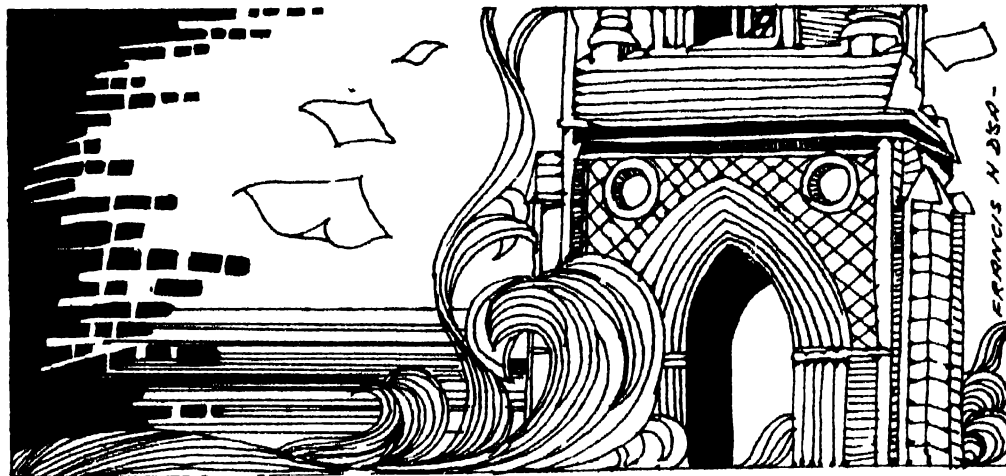
*No longer the moon's paramour—  
its streets have shrunk  
under some occult burden.  
Ghosts stalk at noon along  
its pavements under assumed names  
trading spurious merchandise*

*A vision comes floating across  
the landscape of my youth—  
a chaatwalla's siren call during lunch  
a kulfi pressed out of a magic cone  
an eternal monkey-show at the Fountain  
and a tram rumbly down the Disney  
Wonderland on toy-rails*

*But now only the stampede of an  
incensed mob—a pocket picked,  
a chain snatched Where will this  
army of ants end up?*

### GB Road

*As the orange sun ducks  
under a murky cover  
someone turns on the neon lights—  
this infra-red country breeds only outlaws—  
offers green flesh to the highest bidder  
naive or foreigner  
no cut-off year!*



*But behind the ankle-bells  
the crooner's tired throat and the drunken  
laughter a mute wail seeps through—  
of a hunger that may gobble up  
the entire harvest of a green revolution  
When will these refugees return  
to their own land?*

### Rajghat

*Since the brown god's fall  
this hallowed ground has writhed  
under strange ignominies—  
each impo-itor trying to plant  
his rancid seed, robe his falsehoods  
in borrowed plumes*

*And once  
fifty pitchers from the Ganges  
only singed its grass, made its  
blades bristle with venomous tongues*

*Even an island of truth  
after a brief desecration  
needs time to return to its anchorage  
After hordes of raiders have rampaged  
its fields, a voice shall rise  
'Let your deeds alone  
be your symbol!'*

Selected by Shiv K. Kumar

### Slaughter-House

*The guillotine's paunch  
is bottomless—  
its sacrament feeds an entire generation  
Its warheads scythe through nascent life—  
cow, buffalo, goat  
or man*

*for between moon's death and sun's  
resurrection, I often hear  
the newspaper headlines shrieking  
for my blood*

*Every morn I am crucified—  
my sin is every untraced murder  
rape or arson*

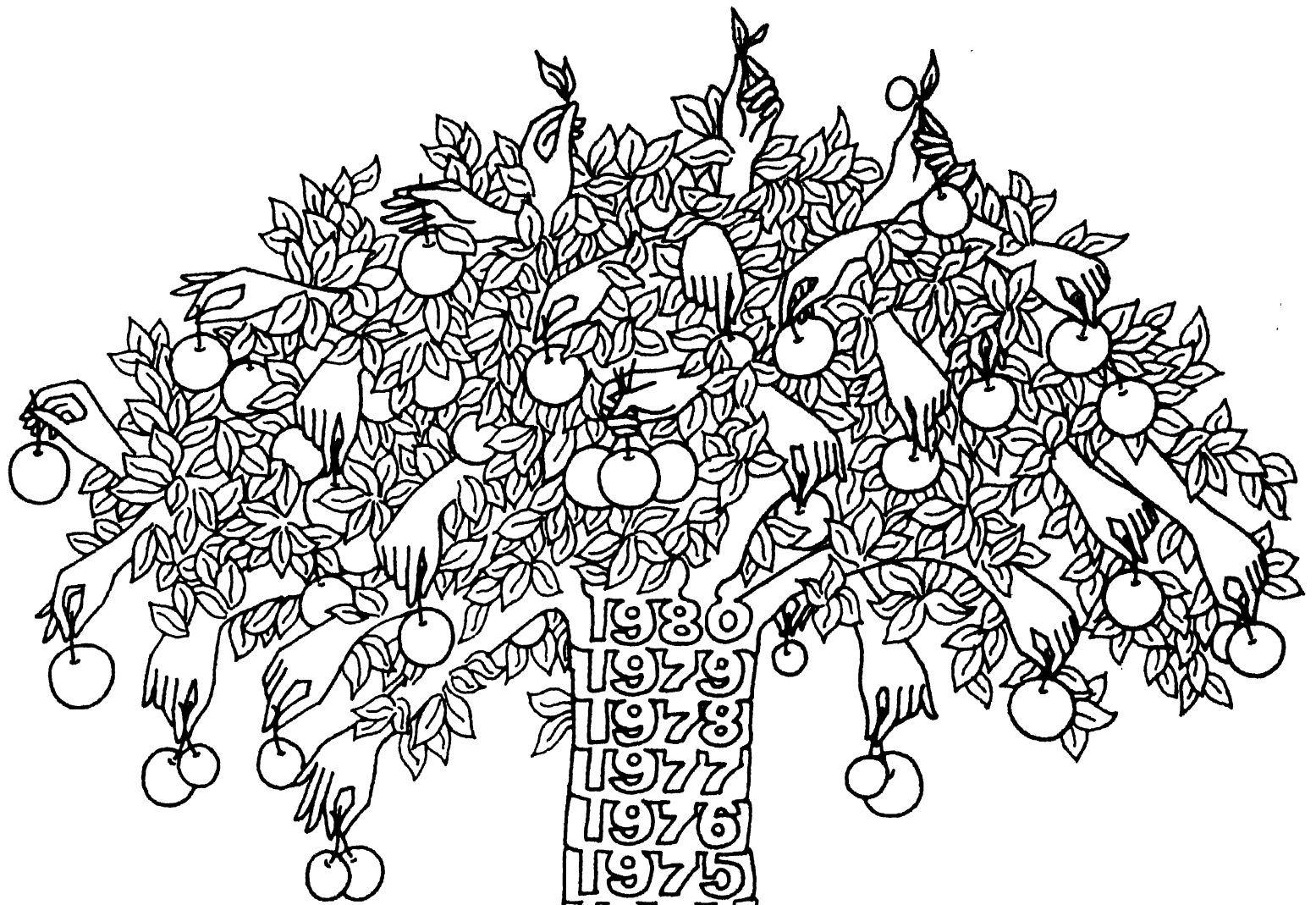
*every bride burnt at the dowry's altar*

*Now they are after my ancestors—  
may exhume their bodies for a fresh trial  
in which hired assassins will be prime  
witnesses for my prosecution*

*Like an innocent woman  
charged with adultery, I am an easy  
target for any passer-by to hurl stones  
curses on my naked head*

### This Battered Child Of Shahjahan

*With a sheaf of papers  
in my hand I stand  
in a corner—lonely and forsaken  
a victim of my paper dreams  
The shadows of the walls close in  
upon me Evening winds hustle by  
the frail grip loosens  
and my papers are blown off  
I return to myself sadder  
though wiser for I know  
that I am no Haussmann, no Lutyens  
no Corbusier—  
only a stray orphan of these streets  
crawling among its slums and ditches  
Yet with this albatross round my neck  
I can still face the angry sun,  
still cling to the hope of a gossamer  
dawn for this battered city of Shahjahan  
But this soulless city wounds me  
with its cusped talons till  
gored and vanquished  
I stand alone  
with my sheaf of papers  
blown off to the red sky*



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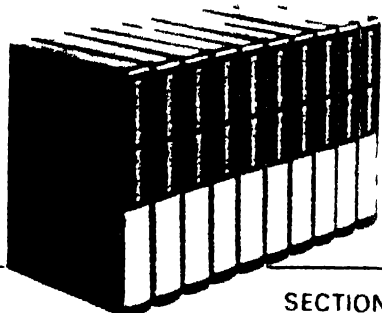
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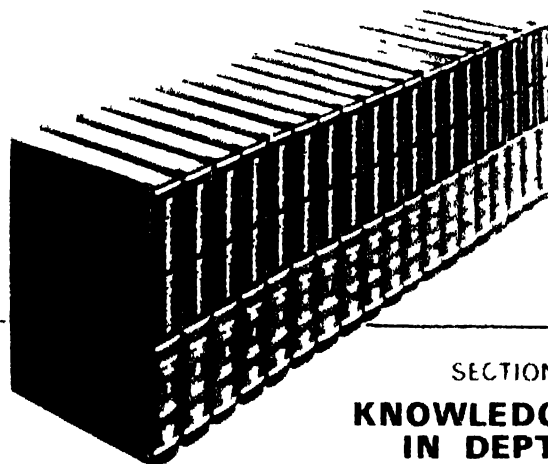


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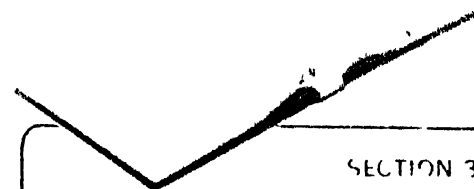


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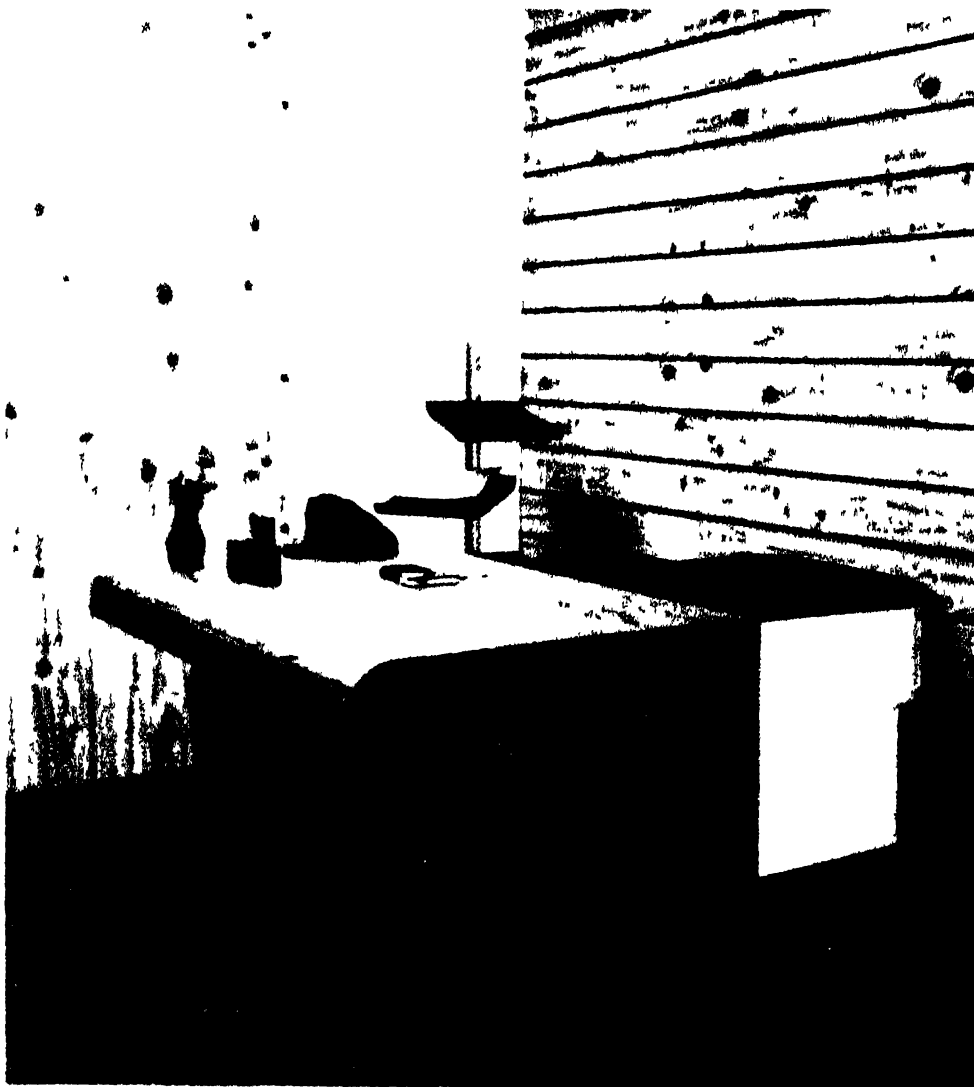
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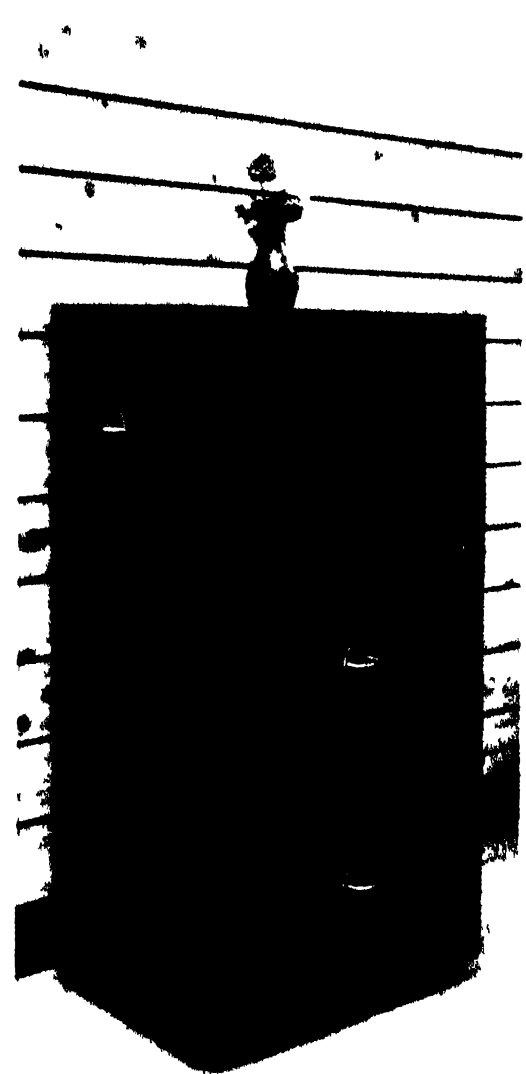
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We were at the door in a single movement. We distinctly heard a slither inside the room and a scuffle; then a total, cruel silence.

A story for the Nag Panchami festival on August 16.

As the crow flies, Nadigudem village in Warangal District is perhaps ten kilometers from Kazipet junction, but the ramshackle bus, with its circuitous route through the boulder-strewn landscape around the Warangal-Kazipet complex, takes over an hour to reach. Naturally, any sane person who has business at Nadigudem prefers to stay in the town rather than go there.

I was, therefore, somewhat surprised that so many other "civilised" people should be lurching along with me in the bus that May morning nine years ago.

For my sins, I had to go and audit the bank's branch at Nadigudem; and the prospect of summer in the arid Telengana was even less alluring than an earlier visit to a remote Assam village. My typist and I had left the air-conditioned Delhi train at Kazipet junction at 6 a.m. and another well-dressed person had hurried across from the up platform and taken the seat next to the bus driver. The card scotch-taped to his brief case proclaimed him to be Khwaja Abdus Salaam, *Siasat*. That was the best known Urdu paper from

# A Serpent in Warangal

by Prabhat Vaidya

Hyderabad and I wondered what had happened in sleepy little Nadigudem that a Special Reporter should be going all the way there.

And there was this young Andhra family that got in as the bus skirted the hill fort and halted briefly at Warangal Town. Father, mother and child; and lots of luggage—trunks and bundles, bedding rolls in *durries*, a folding deck-chair, a wicker basket full of Kondapalle toys, even a parrot in a cage.

He seemed to be in his late 30s, dressed in an old but carefully washed bush-shirt and a dhoti worn the

Andhra style. His steel-rimmed glasses kept sliding down his nose; they could not hide the lost look in his eyes and, if anything, accentuated his absent-minded, confused character.

The child was about two or three, a lively youngster feeling altogether cramped in that so-called passenger vehicle.

But it was the woman who arrested attention. Whatever the husband could not provide because of his vagueness or preoccupation, she more than made up. There was a motherly tenderness in her face and a wisdom beyond her years, and also an

untimely furrow the length of her forehead. Obviously, the guiding force in the family and also the one cohesive element that made the family a family and not a mere conglomeration of individuals.

Other than these four—and of course my typist, nursing his precious portable in his lap—the bus was full of farmers on their way back to their villages, one of them more concerned that his basket of ducks had been loaded on top than because he had had to leave his wife behind when even this bus didn't allow piglets either as passengers or cargo.

And Banjara men and women, the former shifty-eyed and taciturn, the latter gaudy in their mirror-work clothes and chattering away in their dialect of Telugu.

THE ordeal through the dust-bowl that is Telengana at last ended and we were at Nadigudem. My worst fears had come true. It was the sort of village you come across sometimes when you lose your way and try to avoid for the rest of your motoring days. Only three structures that could be called buildings and not mud-hovels—besides the bank office, and





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that too nothing to write home about the Zamindar's dilapidated mansion, more a historical monument than a useful residence, the little school and the minute master's lodge, and beyond that the Dak Bungalow, such as it was. No hospital, not even a Police Outpost.

So that underlined my question why should so many townspeople be travelling to this godforsaken place today?

I made for the bank, fetched the Manager from his house—this was an unannounced audit, you understand—and sent him scurrying to the Dak Bungalow. The *Stasi* man was already there and—although the bank Manager wanted to oust him from the best room which he had occupied and install me there—I dumped my luggage in 'Suit (sic) No 2'.

We finished checking the cash and the gold and silver ornaments against which the bank had given loans as early as three or half-past three and decided to call it a day. I found the Andhra family squatting on the verandah of the Dak Bungalow, behind a wall of trunks and other chattel. An ancient Banjara woman, her mirror-studded blouse hanging loose and her voluminous skirt more faded and bleached than dirty, was coaxing a few pieces of wood into a tolerable cooking fire.

Now your bank auditor is a lonely fellow, especially after we started opening all those village branches. I was happy I had some company for the evening.

But Abdus Salaam was in a sullen mood when he came home an hour later. He had been covering the trouble in what was still East Pakistan but had been recalled just as war clouds were gathering. And he had been sent on this non-news assignment as he called it—to write a series on 'Miracles & Mysteries' beginning with Nadigudem.

What was wrong with Nadigudem? Why, didn't I know that several children had died of snake bite over the years, children of schoolmasters of the place? Hadn't I heard at Hyderabad that the last one to be transferred here had refused to come and was being charge-sheeted for indiscipline? The wretched family on the verandah was obviously the replacement.

And for all his phlegm Abdus Salaam, who had but lately witnessed the gentle way Tikka Khan's soldiers were handling East Bengal women shivered involuntarily with the temperature still above 35 degrees centigrade under the rheumatic fan.

**T**HE next day was a Sunday, and as the bank manager took me round the hamlets where he had financed a few miserable yoke bullocks and pump sets, I heard the details

Yes, the schoolmaster's dwelling house was haunted—haunted not by any spirit but by a snake. Hadn't I read in the Hyderabad papers how child after child had become the victim of that evil reptile every time there was a war? Back in 1962 the 10-year-old son of the then schoolmaster had been bitten—three years later the baby boy of the next incumbent, his successor was a childless widower and had continued till he retired a few weeks back. The next schoolmaster didn't want to accept the posting and hadn't I heard he was suspended. Oh, the manager had forgotten I had just come from somewhere up North.

Of course the family on the Dak Bungalow verandah was that of the substitute schoolmaster. They had been advised not to occupy the official residence—but they were still in two minds.

Why? Who knows, said the branch manager volubly informative in his efforts to ingratiate himself with the audit party who can say why the house carried this curse? He was himself new to Nadigudem. Some said a big ant hill inhabited by a majestic cobra and his tribe had been bulldozed when the house was built and the old snake was blindly taking his revenge. Others that a *shikari*

from Warangal lodged temporarily in the school house, had killed a hamadryad and made a purse for the Collector's wife out of the skin—and *nagins* never forget—you know.

Another school of thought—the older generation—whispered that it was the old zamindar—the one who had built the palace—who was the villain. He had been a tyrant by all counts and among the many atrocities attributed to him was the tale that he had buried a bonded labourer's child alive in the foundation of his palace. The snake was his reincarnation because the present zamindar, great grandson of the founder, was a degenerate do-gooder who had even repaid the loan taken from the co-operative society—one of those modern young men who had dissuaded the villagers from spending money on a new Nagoba (cobra god) temple.

Variations of the story were that the old man had been reborn as a snake to guard the ill-gotten treasure in his vaults about which he had not told even his own sons—or in contrast that he had once shot a benign cobra that had raised its hood to shade his sleeping son in a regal gesture.

Old wives' tales seldom contain an element of logic.



**H**ADN I anything been done about it? I asked my informant as we rode a bullock cart to the next hamlet—how was this chain of tragedies allowed to continue unchecked?

Oh yes (the bank manager was pandering to the auditor's curiosity—now that he had gained confidence)—yes indeed, all sorts of measures had been tried—a pair of mongooses had been brought in—but had preferred to run away into the wilderness created by three years of drought. Snake charmers had plied *Asvini* on their *beams* like the miniature in the Salur Jung Museum—but had only enticed small fry displaced by the rising water of the new reservoir on the *podu* cultivation of the Banjara.

They had even called Mr Venkat Rao all the way from Hyderabad and his incantation did appear to have some effect—but it was just one year after his departure that the second tragedy had occurred.

Now they had given up all efforts at exorcising the evil influence—spirit or serpent. They had placed pictures of Shiva in the house—hoping that the deity with snake garland would tame the big snake impartially—they had hung the young Krishna's colognophis too—the Kalya Murdan syndrome might scare away the reptile. Van hope—the chowkidar—son became the next victim of snake bite during the incumbency of the childless widower—and after that the school could get no watchman for love or money.

Legend had grown around the predator over the years—that it had whiskers just like the old zamindar in the photograph—that it had *sphero* in its hood which lighted its way to the sleeping child. But it was difficult to separate fact from fable—one thing was clear—the killer of Warangal was real—no fictional invention of Rudyard Kipling—no fictitious creature from Conan Doyle.

And so, as we returned to camp in the evening the sarpanch begged us also to persuade the new schoolmaster not to live in the house—why not stay in a corner of the school building itself—the villagers and the zamindar would see to it that they were comfortable.

I spoke tentatively to Srinivasulu for that was the name of the new schoolmaster—but he seemed to be wavering still—and looked at his wife and child. The wife seemed to be a level-headed city girl with no patience with superstition or legend—'an government had provided quarters, so where was the sense in living anywhere else?'

I resolutely banished all pre-occupations from my mind and started writing my audit report. I didn't want any distraction which would prolong my stay in this ill-omened place a minute longer than absolutely necessary.





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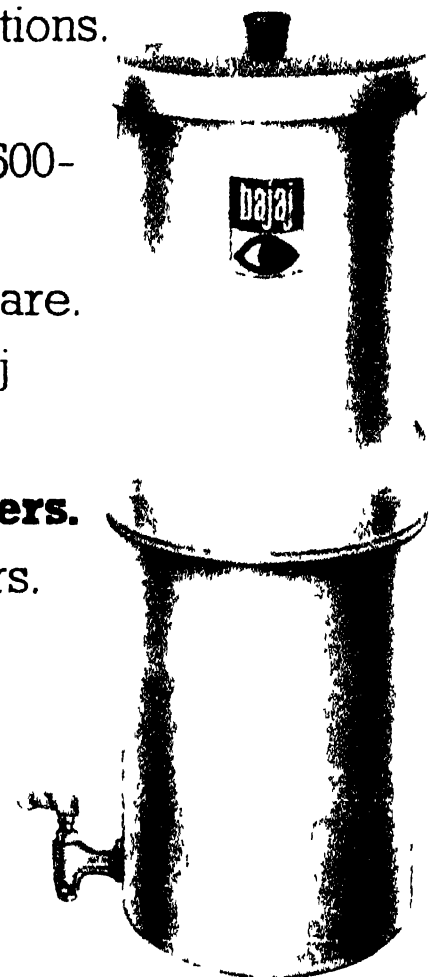
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**M**ONDAY morning, as I started for the bank, I found Srinivasulu moving his luggage and, on my return, I was told that they had settled down in their new house and he had started teaching

In fact the old Banjara woman, who had attached herself to the family, had taken little Raju to the fair at a neighbouring village. As I was arranging my audit papers, I saw them return, to the shrill joy of the parrot. Raju was holding aloft a gas balloon like a victory banner, though already half limp. All agog with the mini-giant wheel and the bullock cart race, he went to his mother, who gently but firmly took away his cheap pink goggles. And then he shyly came over to us, the old Banjara in tow; and showed us the copper ring she had placed on his chubby finger as a charm, curiously shaped like a snake trying to swallow its own tail.

I wanted to crack some banal joke that the Year of the Snake had long ago drawn to a close, but held my tongue, and thankfully, because tragedy struck that night, with the inevitability of Greek drama. Or, rather, early next morning, for the body was still warm when we were awakened by the hubbub next door. Srinivasulu was distraught, as well he

might be, for it was his wife who lay dead under the Yemmingannur *chaddar*, not knowing whether he should be thankful that Raju had been spared.

It seems at night she and the child, both restless in the new habitat, had changed places, and the mother had become the fourth victim of the snake, whether a sacrifice to the war-gods or the zamindar's ghost nobody would venture to say.

Srinivasulu sucked the puncture, spurned all quacks and charlatans as well as all advice that he should take the body to the Eagle Pillar at Jagannath Puri or at least call the Banjaras' *shaman*. But nobody really expected a miracle. The woman was dead and mute, and her face said *my child is now safe*.

Not so, said the villagers in hushed tones, shaking their heads, the Evil One would surely return that night.

The husband went to Warangal by the morning bus on its return journey and it was past noon by the time he could bring a doctor, a policeman and a priest to the verandah of the school and get things ready for the last rites.

We closed the bank—all our customers were at the school, anyway—and joined the mourners.

**W**HILE the preparations were still under way, the old Banjara woman, her haggard face a mask of terror, came screaming that little Raju had escaped her and was at that moment in the room where his *amma* was lying.

With a sense of foreboding, we were at the door in a single movement. We distinctly heard a slither inside the room, and a scuffle, sounds of a Laocoon struggle, then total silence, hot and cruel.

Abdus Salaam—who, he had told me last evening, had covered the Avro accident at Begumpet when a stray buffalo had got entangled in the landing gear and the plane had crashed in a *bustee*, and it had taken the police 48 hours to sort out charred buffalo meat from human flesh—hard-boiled Abdus Salaam was shivering even as the high sun sent the mercury into the 40s. I am not ashamed that I was cowering behind him, a mass of goose pimples and the villagers crowded behind us.

You could have cut the tension with a knife. There was not even a zephyr of a breeze that oppressive mid-afternoon, with the sun beating down relentlessly on man and beast alike. The few cacti and *babool* shimmered in the mirage. Vultures had gathered from nowhere and were

wheeling expectantly high up in the haze. Even the parrot was silent. I felt somebody walking over my grave, as they say.

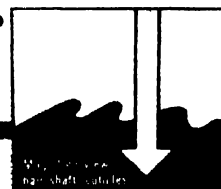
But beyond fear and tury is an indifference of oneself. We hesitated, but Srinivasulu, his *dhoti* hitched up and that bewildered look wiped off his face, strode up, took in the scene in a glance, pushed back his steel rims and walked straight into the room. We too surged in, more by herd instinct than with any purpose.

The last minute or two were confused, inchoate memories, but not the scene I saw over Abdus Salaam's shoulder.

Oblivious of the presence of his mother's body, the child was gurgling happily in a corner of the room, playing with his toys some game of his own invention. The corpse was lying under its *chaddar* undisturbed, but for one detail. The dead woman's right arm was stretched out, and clutched in its stiff fingers was the throat of a little green and brown diamond patterned viper some 18 inches long.

And even as the reptile gave a last twitch of the tip of its tail, I noticed that the copper snake ring, which I had seen on Raju's middle finger less than an hour earlier, tightly encircled the little finger of the dead woman's right hand.

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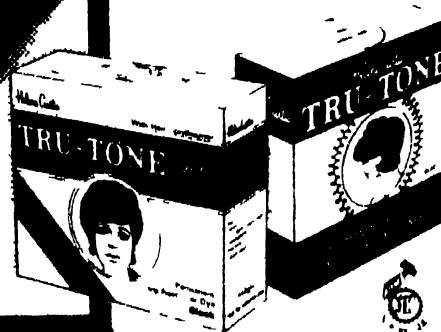


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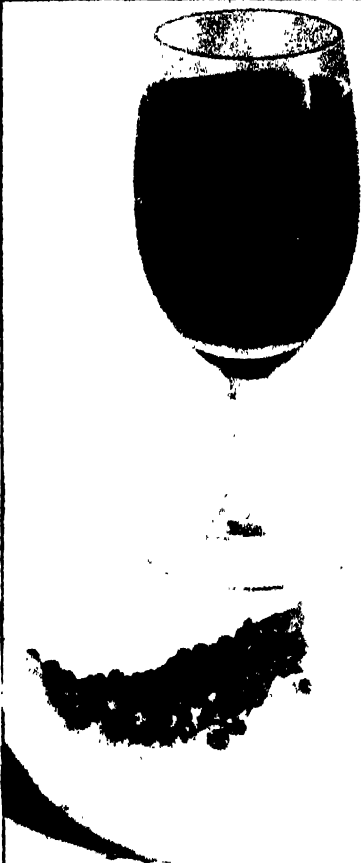


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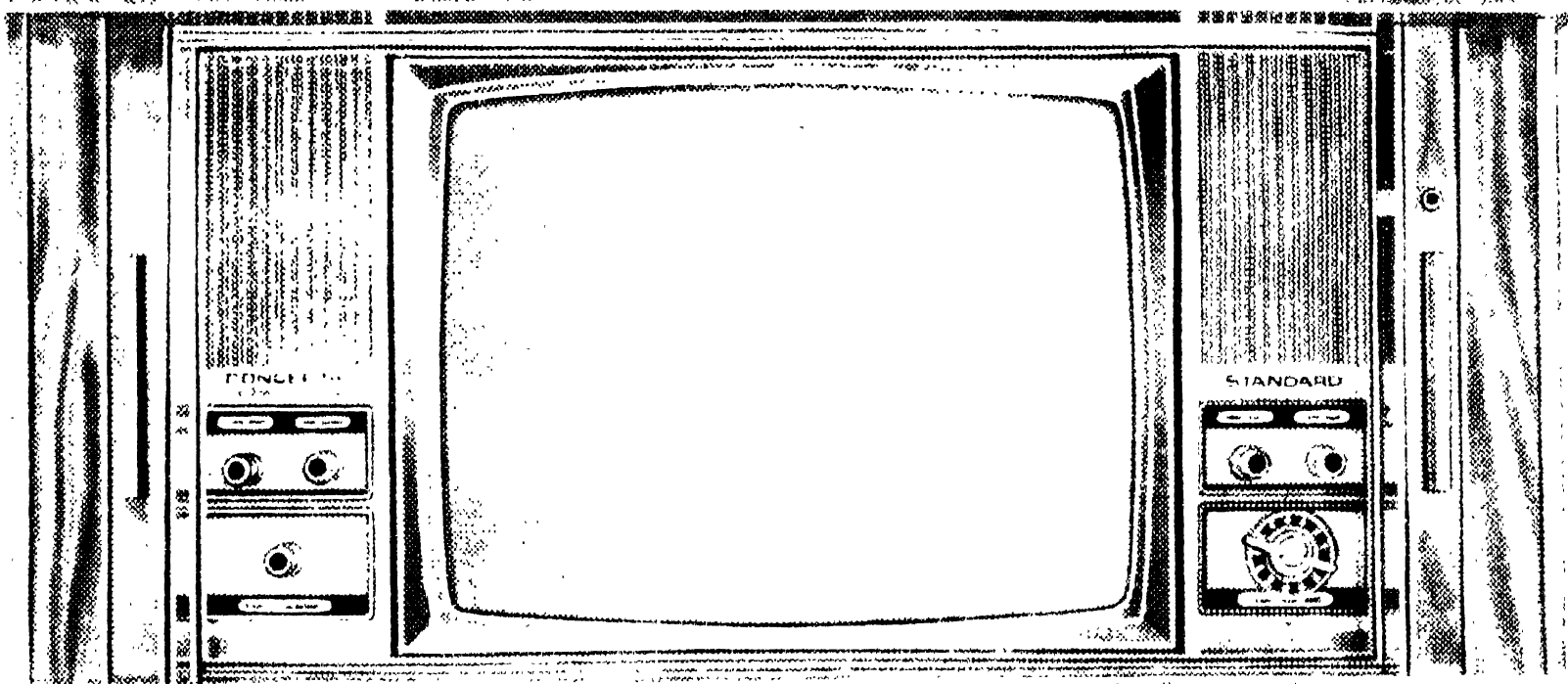
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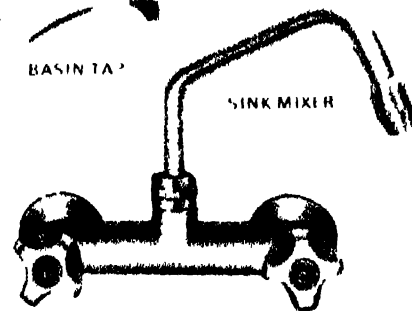
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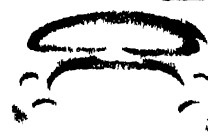


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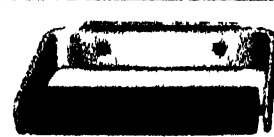


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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# The Key: Timing

**TIMING** was the key to this interesting deal from a Bombay Duplicate tournament.

West	East
♠ K83	♠ AQJ872
♥ AK94	♥ 5
♦ 1032	♦ AJ84
♣ AQ6	♣ 73

The bidding had gone:

West	East
1NT (1)	2H (1)
2S	3D
3NT	5S (11)
6S (iv)	P

1) 15-17  
 (1) Transfer to Two Spades  
 (2) Quantitative, asking partner to bid six with control cards  
 (3) Reasonable, although ideally the Queen of Clubs ought to have been the Queen of Diamonds  
 (4) Queen of Hearts was led, with the Ace, and a small trump was ruffed. If the Queen of Hearts were triple-two of Dummy's Diamonds and had been parked on the nine of Hearts, and a Club would see the declarer go further, if Spades proved, declarer could discard dummy's Diamonds, and improve chances slightly by playing the Ace and Jack of Diamonds. If North were dealt the ten King or Queen of Dia-

monds, he would be employed into leading a Club or conceding a ruff and discard.

However, the low Heart ruff fetched only low cards, so the Heart suit held no promise. At this stage, the declarer, one of the finest players in Bombay, slipped. What he actually did was draw three trumps, which broke 3-1, and pass the ten of Diamonds, South won his Queen, and returned a Club.

At the crossroads, declarer went up with his Ace, discarded dummy's second Club on his King of Hearts, and finessed the Jack of Diamonds. The finesse worked, but the Diamonds broke 4-2, so declarer had to concede the last Diamond, to go one down.

The superior line, both in theory and in practice, is, ruff a Heart small, return to hand with the King of Spades, and play the ten of Diamonds. Chances are it won't be covered if North has a bare honour, so you let it ride. South wins, and return a Club.

You go up with the Ace, discard dummy's last Club on the King of Hearts, and finesse the Jack of Diamonds. When it holds, you draw another trump, claiming if trumps are 2-2 if they prove to be 3-1 wash the Ace of Diamonds. If Diamonds are 3-3,

draw the last trump; if Diamonds prove 4-2, your only hope is that the defender with three trumps has four Diamonds.

In this last case, your Ace of Diamonds holds the trick, you ruff dummy's last Diamond with your carefully preserved trump, ruff a Club, draw trumps and claim.

And if North covers your ten of Diamonds, you are back to a guess in the Diamond suit.

The full deal was:

♠ 954	♠ AQJ872
♥ QJ106	♥ 5
♦ K966	♦ AJ84
♣ J4	♣ 83

♠ 10	♠ 8732
♥ Q7	♠ K109752

Dr Boms: Wadia delivered a typical hammer blow to his opponent.

North dealer, E-W Vul

♠ 98652	♠ 7
♥ 852	♥ AJ104
♦ 63	♦ J1052
♣ Q103	♣ A987

♠ 43	♠ AKQJ10
♥ K63	♥ Q97
♦ AQ874	♦ K9
♣ 542	♣ KJ6

The auction went:

North	East	South	West
	Wadia		Mrs Sicks
P	P	1C	1D
P	1H	1S	P
2S	3D	P	P
3S	4C (1)	P	4H
P	P	P	

Vulnerable against non vulnerable opponents, Mrs Bimal Sicks overcalled One Diamond against South's strong one Club, and thereafter subsided. But Boms, hit firmly in the teeth, first trotted out his Heart suit, then competed in Diamonds, and finally, with no encouragement whatever from partner, bid his moth-eaten Clubs at the four level!

Bimal converted to four Hearts, and the bemused opponents decided to take their chances in defence. Some chance-Boms ruffed the second Spade, played and passed the Jack of Hearts, drew trumps which were 3-3, finessed Diamonds and claimed his contract with four heart tricks, five Diamond tricks, and the Ace of Clubs!

I have good reason to remember this deal—I was the dumb-founded South! Sacrificing at four Spades wouldn't have saved many points, since the opponents would have collected 500 anyway.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Test for Calculation

It is possible to calculate combinations deeply and precisely when the opponent's king is subjected to attack and moves are practically forced.

Position Nos 99 and 100. In solving a series of heavy sacrifices provide a test for your faculty for calculation.

Suchen-Semkov, Varna 1978:

1. PK4, Q4 2. NKB3, NQB3 3. Q1, PxP 4. NxP, NBS 5. NQB3, 6. QB4 (Sicilian Defence, Nim Attack) 7. BK3, PQR3 8. N3, BK2 9. QK2, QB2 10. RKN1 11. Different variations arise according to the sequence of moves, e.g. in Quinteros-Diez del Moral, Buenos Aires 1979 with 12. BQ2 and 10.000, by transposition, the game continued 10. 11. PB3, PQN4 12. PN4, PN5. 13. Dzells-Dubunin, Corr. 1976-78. 14. 9 00 10.000, QK1 11. 12. N1, NQ2 12. PN4, NR4 13. PN5. 14. 14 QR5, PN5).

15. 00 11. PN4, NQ2 12. PN5. 13. 13.000, BQ2 (More cautious 14. RK1|14. BB1 preparing defence) 14. RN3, KR1 15.

16. QR5, PKN3 16. QR6, BB1 17. QR4, NxBch 18. RPxN, PN4? (Black underestimates White's attack. Necessary seems 18. BK2 to reply 19. RR3 by 19. PKR4) 19. RR3, BN2

20. QxPch, KB1 21. PB4, NK2 22. NB3', PN5 (Apparently winning the Knight, but he is soon disillusioned) 23. BQ4!, PK4 (On 23. BxB 24. NxB, PxN 25. QR6ch, KK1 26. QR8ch etc recovers the piece with attack) 24. PxP, PxP

Position No 99 The combination begins with three of White's pieces under attack! 25. BxP', BxB 26. RxB!! 27. KN1, QxB 28. QR6ch, KK1 29. QR8ch, NN1 30. QxNch, KK2 31. QN7!!! 32. QxB 33. NQ5ch, KQ3 34. QB6ch, QK3 35. QxBch, KB4 (After 34. KQ2 35. NQ4, QQ3 36. QxPch, KQ1 37. NK6ch wins quickly) 35. QK3ch, KQ3 36. QN6ch, KQ2 37. QN7ch, KK1 (Or 37. KQ3 38. NN6, QRN1 39. PK5ch, KB4 40. NR4 mate) 38. NQ4!, QRN1 39. QB7, RR1? (Better 39. QQ3) 40. QxR!, KxQ 41. NxB, PxN 42. NB7ch, KQ2 43. NxB and White won

Reshevsky-Vaganyan, Skopje 1976:

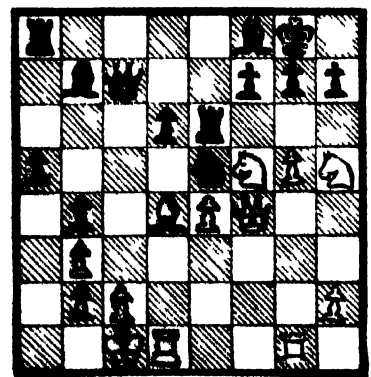
1. PK4, PK3 2. PQ4, PQ4 3. NQ2 (French Defence, Tarrasch variation) NKB3 4. PK5, KNQ2 5. PKB4, Q4 6. PB3, NQB3 7. QNB3, QR4 (Usual is 7. QN3, e.g. Suetin-Uhlmann, Sarajavo 1965 7. QN3 8. PKN3, PxP 9. PxP, BN5ch 10. KB2, PB4 11. KN2, or Fedoruk-Shilov, Leningrad 1979 9. PB3 10. BR3 BN5ch 11. KB1, 00 12. KN2, PB4)

8. KB2? (Better 8. BK3, PQN4 9. PQR3 PB5-Filsovich-Vizer Novosibirsk 1976) BK2 9. BQ3, QN3 10. NK2, PB3 11. KPxP (On 11. RKB1, 00 12. KN1, PxQP 13. PxQP, PxP 14. PxP the sacrifice 14. RxBN! 15. RxB, N2xP is possible) BxP 12. KN3, PxP, 13. PxP, 00 14. RK1?

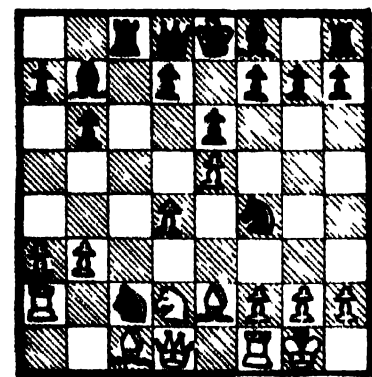
(As will soon become apparent, 14. RKB1 was correct)

Position No 100 The pent-up energy of French Defence now explodes! 14. PK4! 15. BxP, N2xP! 16. PxN, BR5ch! 17. KxB (17. NxB?, QB7 mate) RxN!!! 18. RB1 (If 18. PxR?, QB7ch 19. NN3, QxPch etc, or 19. KN5, PR3ch etc leads to mate) QN5ch! 19. BKB4, QK2ch 20. RN5, QK3! 21. BB5 (The only move, now not 21. QxB? 22. QxPch BK3 2. QxR) RxB 22. NB4, QxP 23. QN4, RB2 24. QR5, NK2' (Meets the threat of 25. QxRch!, KxQ 26. NQ3 disch by 26. NB4ch!) 25. PKN4, NN8ch 26. KN3 (26. NxB? QxP mate) BQ2 27. QRK1, QQ3 28. BB6, QKK1, White resigns.

R B SAPRE



No 101 White to play



No 102 Black to play.

# 11 READERS SHARE Rs. 10,000!

## Results of "Quotes" No. 268

**First Prize : Rs. 10,000**

**Runners-up : Rs. 6,000**

In "Quotes" No. 268, eleven readers were able to spot the correct words to all the clues and they thus share the First Prize, each getting Rs. 909.10 P.

Successful solvers in the three A, B & C SETS share the Runners-up Prize money proportionately as follows:

SET "A" : 286 winners getting Rs. 7/- each.

SET "B" : 201 winners getting Rs. 10/- each.

SET "C" : 190 winners getting Rs. 10.55 P. each.

The names and addresses of all-correct winners are published below in alphabetical order. Owing to lack of space we are not able to pub-

lish the list of A, B, C sets prize winners, but they are being notified individually.

If you believe you have won a prize and it is not stated in the prize-list that you have won such a prize or you have not been otherwise notified by us to that effect, you may demand a Scrutiny by writing a letter to Scrutinies, Competition Department, Times of India, Bombay-1, so as to reach us on or before September 1, stating therein the number of errors you have, the number of M.O. Receipt or I.P.O. or Cash Receipts, and enclosing a Scrutiny Fee of Rs. 1/- by M.O. or I.P.O. In the event of a scrutiny claim being substantiated, the distribution of the prize money will be readjusted accordingly.

Prizes to All-correct and sets prize winners will be despatched on September 8, 1980.

Prizes of Rs. 50 or over are paid by cheque. Prizes of Rs. 10 or under are awarded in the form of "Quotes" Cash Receipts.

### FIRST PRIZE WINNERS (ALL CORRECT) Each Awarded Rs. 909.10 P.

B. L. Bulchandani, Suta Falia, Fateh Pura, Baroda; Mrs. Urmil Chawla, Qrt. No. 36, Type III MS, Timarpur, Delhi-7; Durrsheshwar, New No. 17, Upstairs, Watkins St., Perambur, Madras-11; Mir Javed Ali, 824 Kaki Street, Khaderpet,

Vaniyambadi-635753; J. P. Kewalramani, W. Rly. Qrt. No. 1517, Near Ticket Printing Press, Mall Road, Ajmer, Raj; Mrs. S. R. Lalwani, Block No. A/334, Ulhasnagar-4, Dt. Thane; Mrs. N. Piyari, W/o Niyamatullah, 16, Fort Street, Vandavasi-604408;

Mahendra Patel, 2128 Vallabhbai Patel Road, Pune-1; Rashida Begam, 22/55 Panakal Raja Road, Near Haltalim Mosque, Nellore 524001; Mrs. Minati Sarker, Nutan Palli East, P. O. & Dt. Burdwan, WB; Chandrakant N. Shah, Subhash Lane, Dahanu Fort, Dahanu Road, Dahanu, Mah

# EMGEE

## POLY-CARBONATE FEEDER

- Can be sterilised by boiling
- Light in weight
- Crystal Clear
- Odourless
- Almost Unbreakable

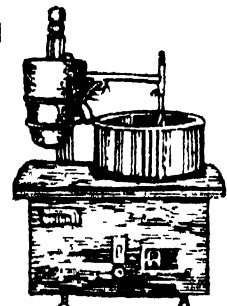
**M. G. SHAHANI & CO.**  
(BOMBAY) PVT. LTD.  
Bombay • Madras



P.P.S. 1 MGS

# Vellin

To-day's Topselling



**DOMESTIC WET GRINDER**

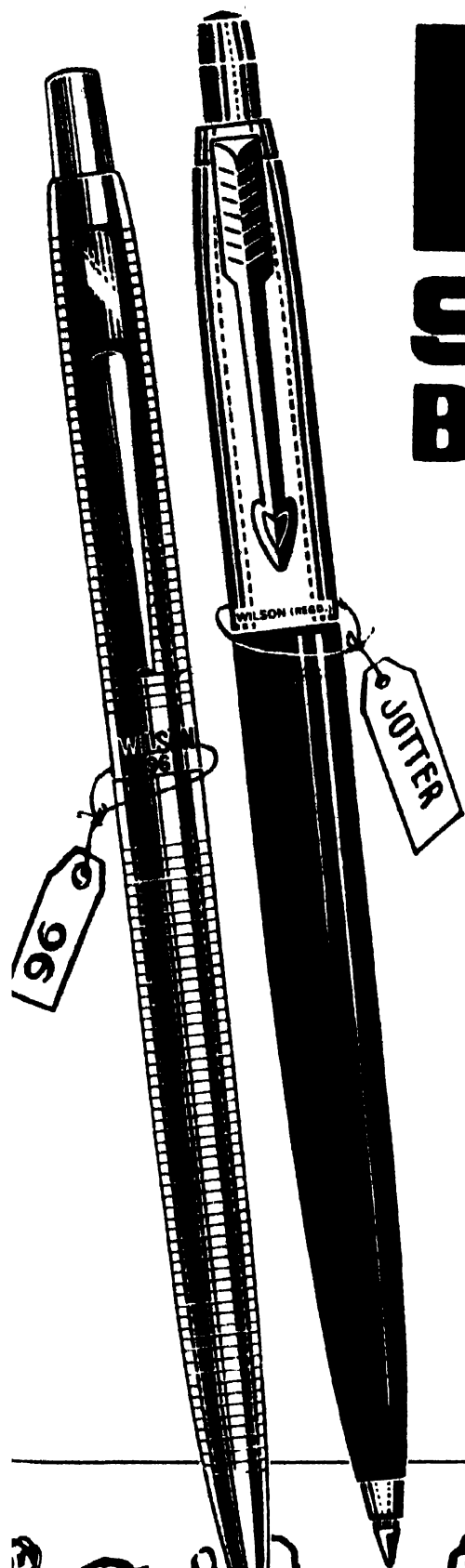
LITRES: 3/4, 1, 1 1/4, 1 1/2 & 2

ONLY WET GRINDER WITH PRE-LOADED DOUBLE BALL BEARINGS AND LABORATORY-TESTED STONES.

**M/S. SWAGATH**  
205-C, THAMBU CHETTY STREET,  
MADRAS-600001. PH: 36869.

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# WILSON

REGD.

## 96 & JOTTER BALLPENS

### WHO PROMOTES THEM?

**Students, Clerks, Technicians,  
Housewives and many others.**

*Reasonable price and maximum  
utility make them most popular.  
People from all walks of life opt for  
Wilson Jotter or Wilson 96.  
Designed to suit any style of  
writing. Jotter refill moves  
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73/75 Sharnset Street, Bombay 400 002 Tel. 324432



# Monarch has the guts to match yours.

The guts to tackle the toughest beard.  
**MONARCH**  
Shaving Cream

The guts to set you apart with a bold, male fragrance.  
**MONARCH**  
After Shave

**MONARCH**  
Shaving Cream and After Shave



everest/80/JKH/155

# Your Tomorrows Today S.K. KELKAR



**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan. 19



It would be a good idea to be practical in your personal and business affairs. This week you will enjoy the lighter side of life. The mid-week can be utilised for sorting out your affairs and holding talks. Set aside Friday-Saturday for new business deals and for revelling in interesting and lively company.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



Physical and mental tensions will disappear and prejudices can be cleared. A cautious investment on Sunday will help you earn profit. The hunches you have on Monday help you grab new business opportunities. Try to socialise on Tuesday and check the prospects of standing for an election.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



This is going to be a busy week for professional and vocational activities. Domestic affairs do not demand undue emphasis. Refresh yourself with an outing on Sunday. Socialise with those for whom you have a fondness and enlist their support for your activities. The mid-week offers new business deals.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



There is a possibility of entering into social or political activities in the next two weeks. Spend sparingly for decorating your home. An important clue to better your business will come your way on Monday. New and profitable business deals will be at your disposal on Tuesday and Thursday.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



Domestic worries recede into the background and you can divert your attention to vocational activities. Plan an overseas trip. Attend or organise important meetings on Sunday. Entertain yourself on Monday. On Wednesday-Thursday, your health leaves much to be desired.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



All pending business and travel proposals should be executed and property matters should be settled amicably. Tackle labour and your subordinates sympathetically on Monday so that a reconciliation can be sought on Tuesday. Attend a meeting or a discussion on Wednesday without committing yourself.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Financial and domestic matters should be sorted out to avoid a clash between them and a solution which satisfies you should be found. Try your luck moderately in speculation and lotteries on Sunday. Expect some pleasant news on Monday. The week-end is good for negotiations and meetings.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



Mental stresses and strains will disappear and you can look forward to a promising and progressive period in the next couple of months. Social workers and politicians should address mass rallies to put their views across effectively, but pleasantly, on Sunday. Monday. Sort out your domestic affairs.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



Courage and fortitude will be at your command from mid-week. Business problems and professional difficulties can be tackled successfully from now. Hunches you may have on Sunday will prove profitable on Monday. Inspiration on Monday helps artists and musicians to give good performances.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



After the hectic last few months, you will be inclined to rest and enjoy a holiday by mid-week. You should emphasise on regaining your health. Attend celebrations with your spouse or sweetheart on Sunday. You are likely to decide on a business deal on the spur of the moment on Monday.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



Financial prospects are brighter this week than they have been in the recent past. Group or social activities will keep you occupied in the next few weeks. The early part of the week should be utilised for personal comforts. Divert your attention to business on Tuesday and get profits on Wednesday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



Your social status and career prospects are under favourable stars in the next few weeks. Promises and offers will come your way. Rise to the occasion in the next few weeks to deliver what is expected of you. Reserve Sunday for a family member and Monday for relatives. Business on Tuesday brings profits.

## STAR FOCUS

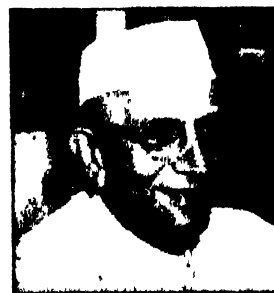
### Will Morarji Once Again Be Prime Minister?

"Morarji will once again be Prime Minister of India, though for a short period." This forecast was made very recently by an astrologer. However, it is astonishing to note that the period when this is likely to take place has not been mentioned. Another prediction, by a sadhu this time, further reveals that Mr Desai is destined to get a state funeral.

After reading the prediction about Morarji's second prime ministership, I checked his horoscope again and found that till 1983 he has no chance of regaining any post in the government in view of the fact that Saturn is transiting in the fourth house for the next two years. The only favourable aspect is that Saturn will be in trine to radical Mars, Venus and

Mercury, but this will help him to achieve higher spiritual power than what he has reached so far. By the end of 1982 or early 1983, Saturn enters in Libra and will form a trine aspect to the radical Sun and Rahu. Besides, by then, the inauspicious periods in his life will be over. However, I have very strong doubts about how he will face the sub-period of Mars and also

the transit of Mars (in 1982) in his 4th house.



## Sunday, August 17

A peaceful and prosperous year for you. Business activities can be expanded discreetly. Those in service should try to maintain cordial relations with seniors in February. March. Financially, you do well.

## Monday, August 18

Despite this being a successful year, there will be mental instability and physical ailments. Heavy investments in machinery, equipment and lands should be curbed. Your efficiency and integrity will be under trial in November-December.

## Tuesday, August 19

Intuition, perseverance, organising capacity and sincerity will lead to business prosperity and financial stability. Journalists and those dealing with mass communications will achieve rarely found success.

## Wednesday, August 20

The Solar horoscope showers outstanding abilities on you, but how effectively you use them will be up to you. Except for August and February, the rest of the year is conducive for making a headway in your career.

## Thursday, August 21

The stars predict success in your career and vocation. If you talk to your seniors and family members intelligently you may be entrusted with an established business or practice by November-December or April-May.

## Friday, August 22

Your career and material prospects are under lucky stars. Be shrewd and tactful rather than straightforward. Do not change your career or business despite minor upsets in January-February.

## Saturday, August 23

Do not upset seniors and elders. Youngsters will extend their support which will give a boost to your schemes. You can plan to set up a new industry on an experimental basis in November-December.



**T**WO drunkards were staggering home late one night when one of them said, "It takes me an hour to get to sleep when I reach home."

"That's funny, I allus fall asleep as soon as I hit the bed," his companion replied.

"Me too," said the first, "but it takes me an hour to hit the bed."

**D**URING a radio programme a woman who was being interviewed was asked by the commentator if she considered her husband a bookworm.

"Oh no," replied the woman, "he's just an ordinary one."

**W**HILE watching a film the husband became more and more annoyed with his wife's sniffles at the celluloid heroine's pitiable struggle to find true love. Finally in exasperation he demanded, "Why do you insist on crying over the imaginary woes of persons you've never met?"

"For the same reason that you yell and scream when a man you don't know hits a six," snapped his wife.

**T**wo things are inevitable—death and taxes. But death does not get worse every time parliament meets.

**A MISOGYNIST'S** analysis of women:

Symbol: Woe

Atomic Weight: 110-112.

Occurance: Found everywhere man exists. Seldom in free state.

Physical properties: Very active. Boils at nothing and may freeze any moment. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter when not well used. Turns green when placed beside a better-looking specimen. Ages rapidly.

Uses. Highly ornamental. Useful as a tonic for acceleration of low spirits. Equalises distribution of wealth.

**CAUTION.** Highly explosive in inexperienced hands.

**A MOTORIST** whose car was stuck on a muddy road was relieved when a farmer came by and towed him out with a team of mules. The stranger paid the farmer and said with a smile, "At this rate you should be towing out every night and day."

"No," said the farmer candidly, "At night I have to carry water for the holes."

**F**ROM the diary of a celluloid sex symbol out on a lengthy sea voyage.

**MONDAY.** The Captain saw me on deck and was kind enough to ask me to sit at his table for the rest of the trip.

**TUESDAY.** I spent the morning on the bridge with the Captain. He took my picture leaning against the "Passengers not allowed on this bridge" sign.

**WEDNESDAY.** The Captain made proposals unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman.

**THURSDAY.** The Captain threatened to sink the ship unless I agreed to his proposals.

**FRIDAY.** Today I saved 1,800 lives aboard the ship.

(Selected by Pradip Chowdhury)

**A**N old Scottish farmer, who had been henpecked all his life, was about to die. His wife felt it was her duty to offer him such consolation as she could and said,

"Sandy, you are about to go, but I will follow you."

"I suppose so, Jean," said the man, meekly, "but as far as I am concerned, you needn't be in any extraordinary hurry about it."

**A MISSIONARY** visiting a certain cannibal tribe in Africa asked the chief, "Do you people know anything about religion?"

"Well," explained the chief, "we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here."

**M**UCH of the legislation passed these days reminds one of the official who asked a lawyer friend to draw up a dog law for him to present to the Legislature.

"What kind of a dog law do you want?" asked the attorney.

The legislator said, "I want a safe, comprehensive, kindly and warmhearted one that will satisfy the voters and not interfere with the rights of dogs."

**A BOY** to his mother: "I want to be early at school this afternoon so that I can sit in the front row. We're going to have a lesson on sex!"

When he returned later in the day she asked him how the lesson was. "Pooh!" replied the boy, "It was all theory."

**T**WO drunks got on a bus. There was a naval officer standing near the door and one of the drunks handed him two fares.

Scandalised, the man in blue said, "I'm a naval officer, not a conductor."

"Hey! Al, quick, lesh get off," called out the drunk to his companion. "We're on a blooming battleship, not a bus."

**A QUARRELLING** couple saw a team pulling a heavy load. Asked the wife, "Why can't we get along and pull together in harmony like that team?"

"Because," said the husband, "those horses have only one tongue between them."

**"WHAT** can I say that will convince you of my love and make you marry me?" asked the ardent lover of a beautiful school girl.

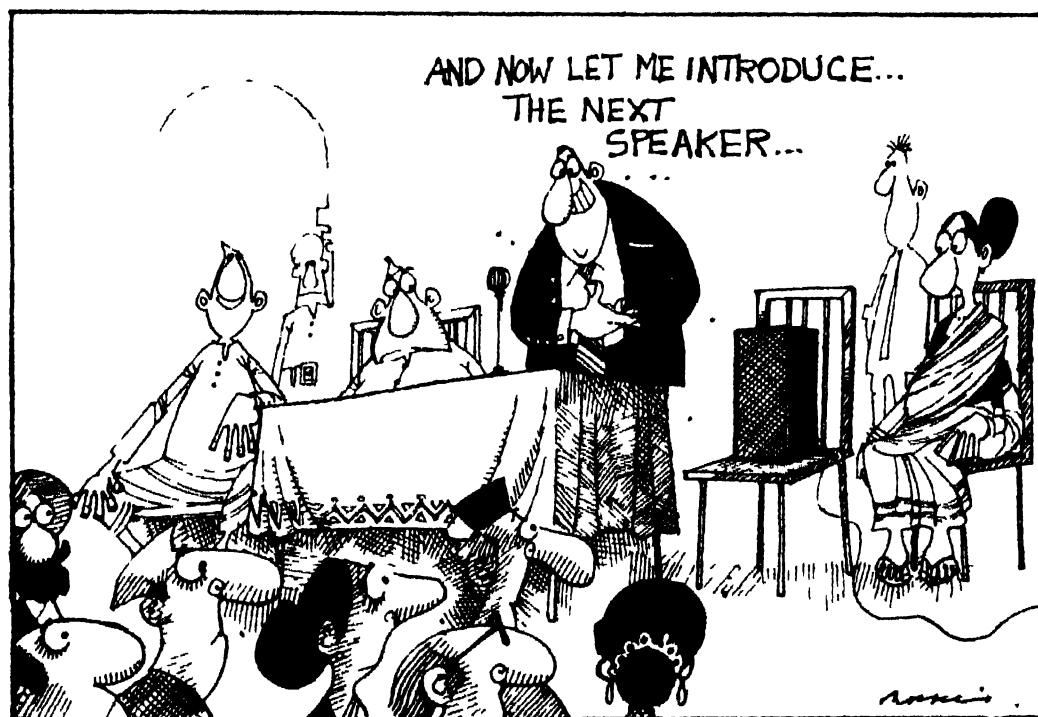
"Only three little words," she replied.

"Yes, and what are they?" asked the man breathlessly.

"One million dollars."

**ONE** banker, with a predominantly snobbish clientele, has a delicate way of informing depositors they are overdrawn. He writes them in this manner: "As of August 1, may we inform you, that you are no longer banking with us; we are banking with you."

(Selected by Pramila Rodriguez)



# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

A	E		G
B		F	
	C		
D			

**A**

**CLUES ACROSS :** A) THE NUMBER OF PLAYERS IN EACH TEAM OF SOCCER. B) THE CUBE ROOT GIVES THE ATOMIC NUMBER OF POTASSIUM. C) THE YEAR, B.C., IN WHICH THE ASSYRIAN EMPIRE CAME TO AN END. D) THE YEAR IN WHICH IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO HOLD THE NEXT OLYMPIC GAMES IN THE U.S.A.

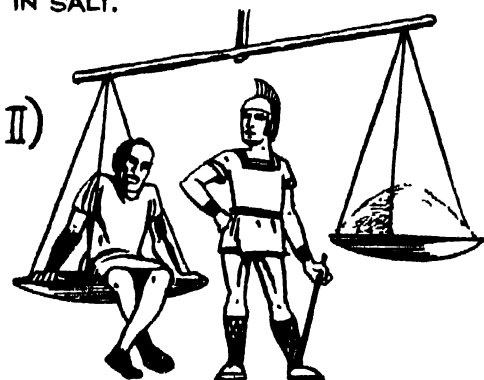
**CLUES DOWN :** A) THE AGE AT WHICH ABHIMANYU FOUGHT IN THE MAHABHARATA WAR. E) THE YEAR IN WHICH MAHATMA GANDHI WAS BORN. F) THE LENGTH OF THE BHAKRA DAM, IN METRES. G) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE FIRST LABOUR GOVERNMENT, UNDER RAMSAY MACDONALD, CAME TO POWER IN BRITAIN.

### B TRUE OR FALSE ?



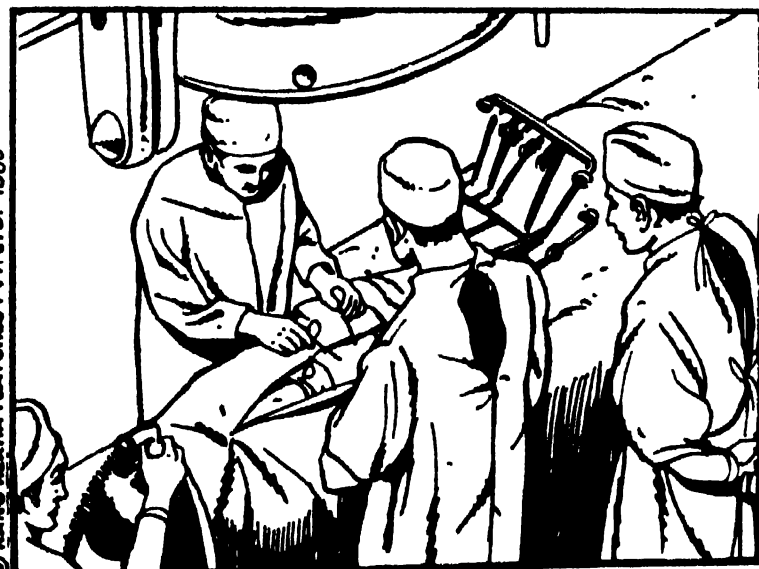
I) IN PARTS OF AFRICA AND IN SOME PACIFIC ISLANDS, SALT WAS COMMONLY USED AS CURRENCY.

ANCIENT GREEKS USED TO BUY SLAVES FOR THEIR WEIGHT IN SALT.



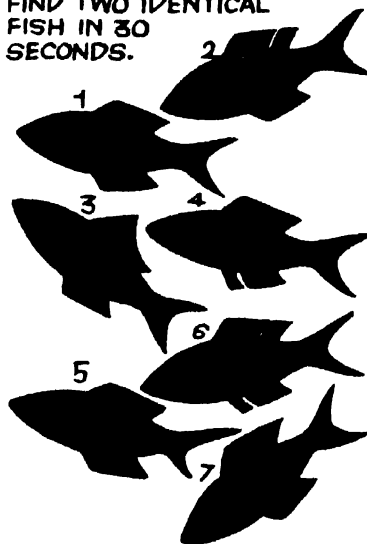
III) ROMAN SOLDIERS RECEIVED SALT AS PART OF THEIR SALARY.

### C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



© RANG MEKHA FEATURES PVT. LTD. 1980

### D FIND TWO IDENTICAL FISH IN 30 SECONDS.



### E SHARMA HAS WRITTEN A CODED MESSAGE TO INSPECTOR GARUD. DECODE IT.

LDDS  
LD ZS  
U.S.  
ZS EHUD.  
-RGZQLZ.

### SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES :

**A**

1	6	6	1
5	0	6	1
4	6		9
2		3	2

**B** II) WAS FALSE. THE NAME OF THE SURGEON WAS SUSRUTA AND NOT CHARAKA. CHARAKA WAS A PHYSICIAN. I) & III) WERE TRUE.

**C** IN THE PICTURE DEPICTING A SCENE FROM BUDDHA'S LIFE, A STUPA WAS SHOWN. STUPAS WERE BUILT AFTER BUDDHA'S DEATH.

**D** HARE & HAIR. BOTH THE WORDS HAVE A COMMON PRONUNCIATION.

**E** 'E' EVERY SUCCEEDING LETTER HAS AN ADDITIONAL LINE.

**If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.**



As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: "Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."

# Your children are under constant attack!

**It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient**



It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, but not spores.

You need something that rids you of both. For, spores are the resting stage of bacteria present in water. And even a temperature of 100 degrees C (the boiling point of water) has no real effect on them. A few hours after boiling, they are back in action again, contaminating the freshly boiled water.

**Beware of the Matka!**

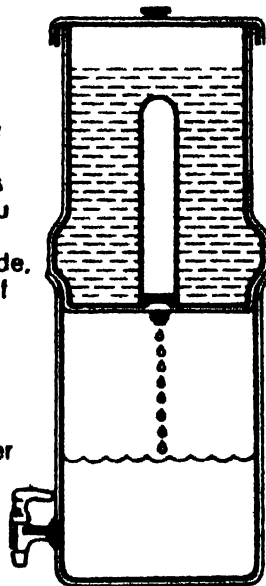
Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous.



For matkas breed germs by the million, in their millions of earthenware pores. Why, even crystal clear water examined under the microscope shows bacteria which cause cholera, typhoid, dysentery, jaundice, gastroenteritis and other terrible diseases.

**There must be a solution!**

Don't worry! Serious as the problem is, the solution is really simple. Wise parents all over the country have adopted the Puritas Water Filter. As you can see in the illustration alongside, the filter consists of two chambers, candles and a tap. Water filled in the upper chamber, slowly and safely filters into the lower chamber through the candles.



Take care of those you care for.

## BALSARA'S PURITAS



BALSARA & COMPANY (PRIVATE) LIMITED  
43, Nagpada Master Road, Fort, Bombay 400 023.

**The secret of the candles**

The secret lies in the Puritas Candle, the first of its kind in India. All Puritas Candles are laboratory tested and certified by leading municipal authorities. These candles are made of a very special kind of earth called 'Kieselguhr' which is so precisely porous, it makes the ideal filtering material. In fact, it filters out all germs and spores, providing you with 100% pure drinking water in the lower chamber.

**Where is the proof that Puritas gives 100% pure water?**

We have proof. You are most welcome to come over to any of our offices in India and check photostat copies of actual laboratory test reports. You can also check the originals at our Head Office in Bombay—reports that prove without doubt that the Puritas Water Filter removes bacteria totally. Assuring you of water that is 100% free of germs and spores. 100% safe for your growing children and for you.

### Caution

When you buy a water filter—think of your family's safety. Don't save a few rupees at the expense of their health and yours. Don't be misled by cheaper, inferior imitation filters. Buy only original "Puritas" Water Filter. Check the "Puritas" name on the Filter and also on the Candles.

CHAITRA-BLS





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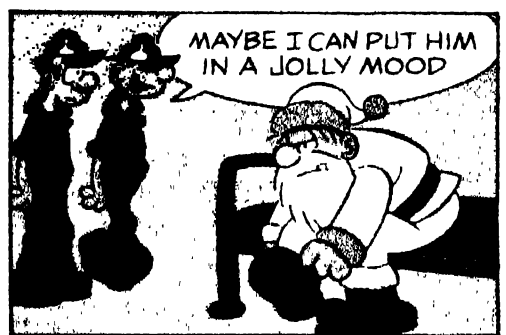
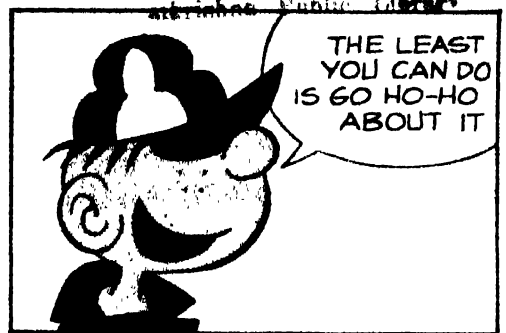
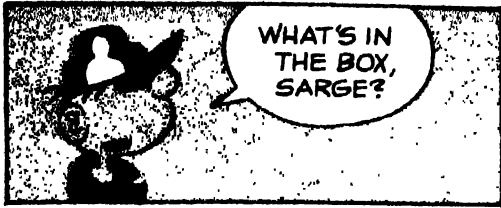
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## YOUTH TIMES DESIGN CONTEST

Indian youth today are as conscious about what they wear as are their counterparts in Europe. Our climate — our fabrics — our lifestyles allow for a great deal of innovativeness in design solutions particularly suited to us. Clothes need not be expensive to be fashionable — fabrics need not be foreign to be comfortable — styles need not be Western to be acceptable.

What we want to do is to invite your ideas on designs on how to dress cheap and look chic. Your look might be a cotton kurta with kolhapuri chappals or may be a denim blazer with 200-rupee heel boots. But your look should be in harmony with the way you live, who you are and not reflect what the fashion magazines say.

In order to explore the yet untapped field of garments for young people, YOUTH TIMES invites designers whether they are working for themselves, or for garment houses or are students of design to send designs to help make a Youth Times collection which will be promoted through the pages of the magazine to young people all over India.

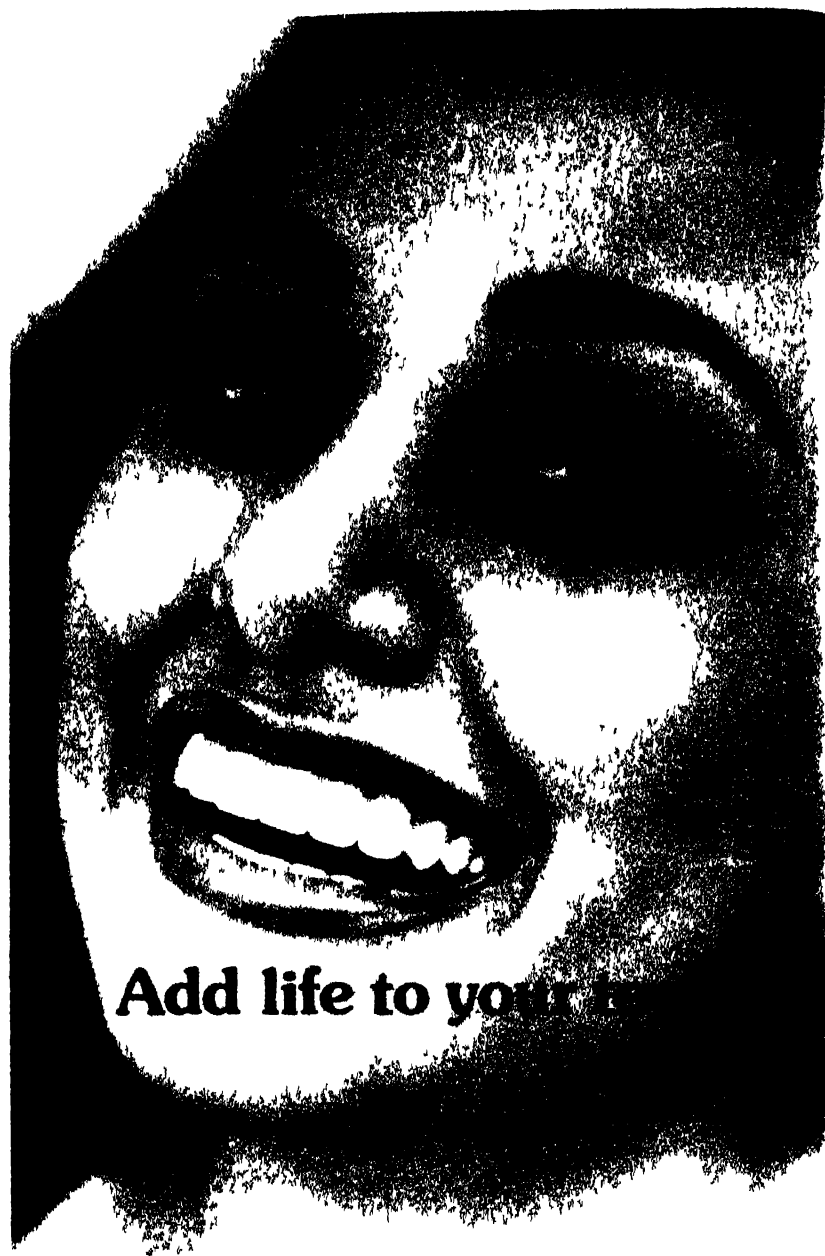
Individual designers must send sketches and swatches of material they would like to use. Two dozen entries will be chosen for realisation with leading pattern cutters. The best ensemble in each category will be awarded a prize by a distinguished panel of judges.

### YOUTH TIMES GARMENT DESIGN AWARD

- Young men's casual wear (traditional Indian & Western)
- Young women's casual wear (traditional Indian & Western)
- Young men's formal wear (traditional Indian & Western)
- Young women's formal wear (traditional Indian & Western)

You are invited to send your entries to Editor, Youth Times, 10 Daryaganj, New Delhi 110 002

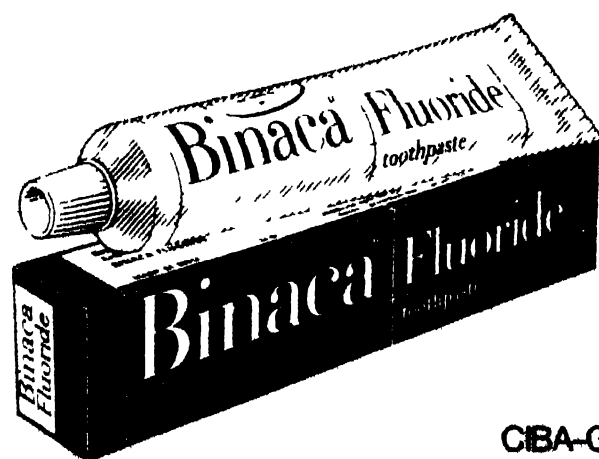
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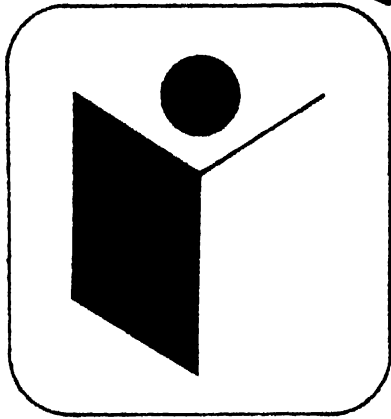
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# BOOK REVIEW



REVIEW

## Four Ways To Self-Realization

**REASON AND REVELATION** by Gopi Krishna, Kundalini Research and Publication Trust New Delhi, 1979, Rs 8.

**ONLY LOVE** by Sri Daya Mata, Self-Realization Fellowship, Los Angeles, \$6.50

**THE SCIENCE OF SELF-REALIZATION** by His Divine Grace A. C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada; The Bhaktivedanta Book Trust, Bombay.

**MY WAY THE WAY OF THE WHITE CLOUDS** by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, Rajneesh Foundation, Poona

**G**OPHI KRISHNA, Sri Daya Mata, Srila Prabhupada Rajneesh. It is hard to think of four more diverse personalities engaged in the same pursuit self-realization. They speak in different voices and yet there is one thing relevantly common to all and that is their concern for man.

Gopi Krishna is the author of more than 14 books on mysticism and has written extensively on Kundalini, having personally experienced it. It is his belief that a specific psycho-physiological mechanism in the body of man is responsible for the evolutionary process in the human race.

*Reason and Revelation* tries to explain this belief but the explanation does not quite come through, largely, one is afraid, because Gopi Krishna relies so heavily on others to make his point and while Plato and Planck, Thouless and Teresa are all right in their place what one demands is conviction born out of self-experience and not even Gopi Krishna's effort, in his final chapter to tell us how revelation became the greatest blessing in his life carries with it the fullness of his message. Which is a pity, considering that this man is a genuine mystic, not a fake.

**D**AYA MATA in contrast, comes through with amazing clarity. She was barely seventeen when she first heard Paramahansa Yogananda founder of the Self-Realization Fellowship in her hometown by Salt Lake City Utah she was so taken by his spiritual leadership that she decided to follow him and thus she did by entering his Ashram in 1931. For twenty one years she was a devoted Ashramite and when Yogananda entered *samadhi* she became his successor.

nanda entered *samadhi* she became his successor.

This book, *Only Love*, is a collection of Daya Mata's speeches, though that is only a formal way of describing the things she said at various *satsangs*. I find her words strangely moving for probably the simplest of reasons they come straight from her heart. Spiritual leaders can sometimes say the most banal things and get away with them. Daya Mata's utterances have nothing banal about them. She is obviously a very evolved individual. I have never met her but her pictures show that she is a very serene person and outer serenity, as anyone can tell, is a reflection of inner peace. Daya Mata does not preach; she shares. She exudes joy, a thing remarkable in itself. And she conveys a feeling of caring.

This book should be read in the quiet of an evening to still the turbulent mind. It has a very healing effect. One sentence in it is indicative of the depth of Daya Mata's thinking. *The things that happen to us do not matter what we become through them does.*

**S**RIILA PRABHUPADA has never ceased to amaze me. He went to the United States in September 1965 equipped with only seven dollars' worth of rupees, a trunk of books and a few clothes under instructions from his spiritual master, His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhanta Saraswati Thakura, to deliver India's vedic teachings to the English speaking world. He was then 69 a time when most men would consider the height of retirement.

Srila Prabhupada accepted his guru's assignment, by the time he attained *samadhi* in November 1977, some twelve years after he set foot on American soil, he had established the Hare Krishna Movement, produced some eighty books, set up worldwide 108 temples, initiated some 10,000 disciples and built a congregation numbering millions. Not many leaders can claim such an achievement. Of him, his disciple, Mukunda Dasa (Michael Grant) has written "To me and many others he was first and foremost someone who truly cared who completely sacrificed his own comfort to work for the good of others", which it can be said with certainty, is the hallmark of true leadership.

*The Science of Self-Realization* is a motley collection of Srila Prabhupada's articles, texts of interviews given and correspondence with other scholars except that they are assembled conveniently under

**Srila Prabhupada**



specific heads. Srila Prabhupada was totally committed to Krishna Consciousness which is very touching. In fact, Krishna Consciousness is the touchstone of Srila Prabhupada's philosophy. What is jarring about this philosophy, though, is Prabhupada's dogmatism. Can it be that it is only the totally committed dogmatist who attracts a following? Srila Prabhupada's success would indicate as much.

**I** FIND Bhagwan Rajneesh's *My Way The Way of the White Clouds* easily the most satisfactory of the lot under review. Gopi Krishna talks in terms of knowledge. Daya Mata of love, Srila Prabhupada of faith, but Rajneesh talks in terms of understanding. His book is satisfying intellectually, emotionally, aesthetically and speaks directly to the reader. "A white cloud" says Rajneesh, "has nowhere to go. It moves, it moves everywhere. All dimensions belong to it, all directions belong to it. Nothing is rejected. Everything is, exists, in a total acceptability. Hence I call my way The Way of the Clouds."



**Bhagwan Rajneesh**

Charmingly put, though Rajneesh is not without his contradictions, even if he is entitled to say with Whitman that it is his birthright. What Rajneesh does is to make you think if necessary by making what many might describe as outrageous remarks. But isn't it the philosopher's duty to free man by making him think?

Consider this statement. I contradicted myself and do it knowingly. Truth is so infinite, so great, that no partial statement can contain it—the opposite has to be included immediately. The whole will always be contradictory, only the part can be consistent, because the whole has to consider the opposite also. The opposite is there if exists."

I find *The Way of the Clouds* totally fascinating. This is the work of a man who has made a profound study of his fellow man. It is a challenging work but in many ways a *satisfying* work. Indeed it is extraordinary work, it does not admit dissection, analysis, criticism, but rather acceptance, understanding and appreciation which, come to think of it, can be said of so few books on philosophy. But *The Way of the Clouds* is not so much a book on philosophy as a guide to living. Happy, contented living. And what more can one say by way of praise of any book?

**M. V. K.**



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**3. Rush hour and stop-and-go traffic can double fuel consumption!**

You consume less fuel if you take a less congested route, even if it is slightly longer. In fact, fuel consumption in city driving is related more closely to travel time than to distances—your vehicle consumes double the normal fuel in a highly congested road.

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Unnecessary loads increase fuel consumption. Do you really need to carry the luggage rack and the 100 odd things in the boot all the time?

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A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking; smaller vessels waste fuel (especially where flames lick the sides). Avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.

**3. A pressure cooker and its separators - the biggest fuel savers!**

As you know, a pressure cooker is the fastest, most economical way to cook. But to get the best out of it, use the cooker's separators to cook rice, dal, boil vegetables, all at the same time. Think of the fuel saved!

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The larger burner cooks food faster but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner makes your fuel last longer.

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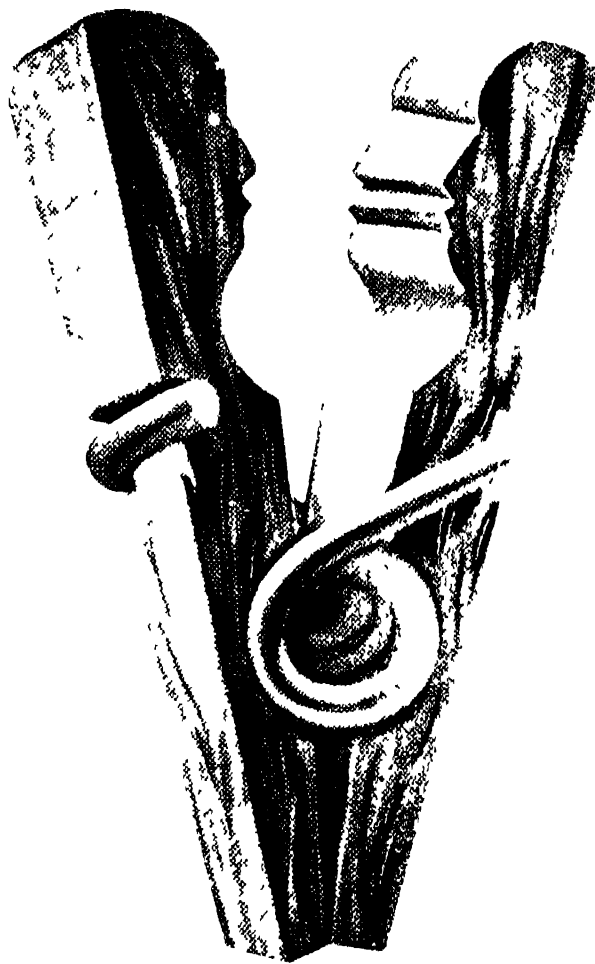
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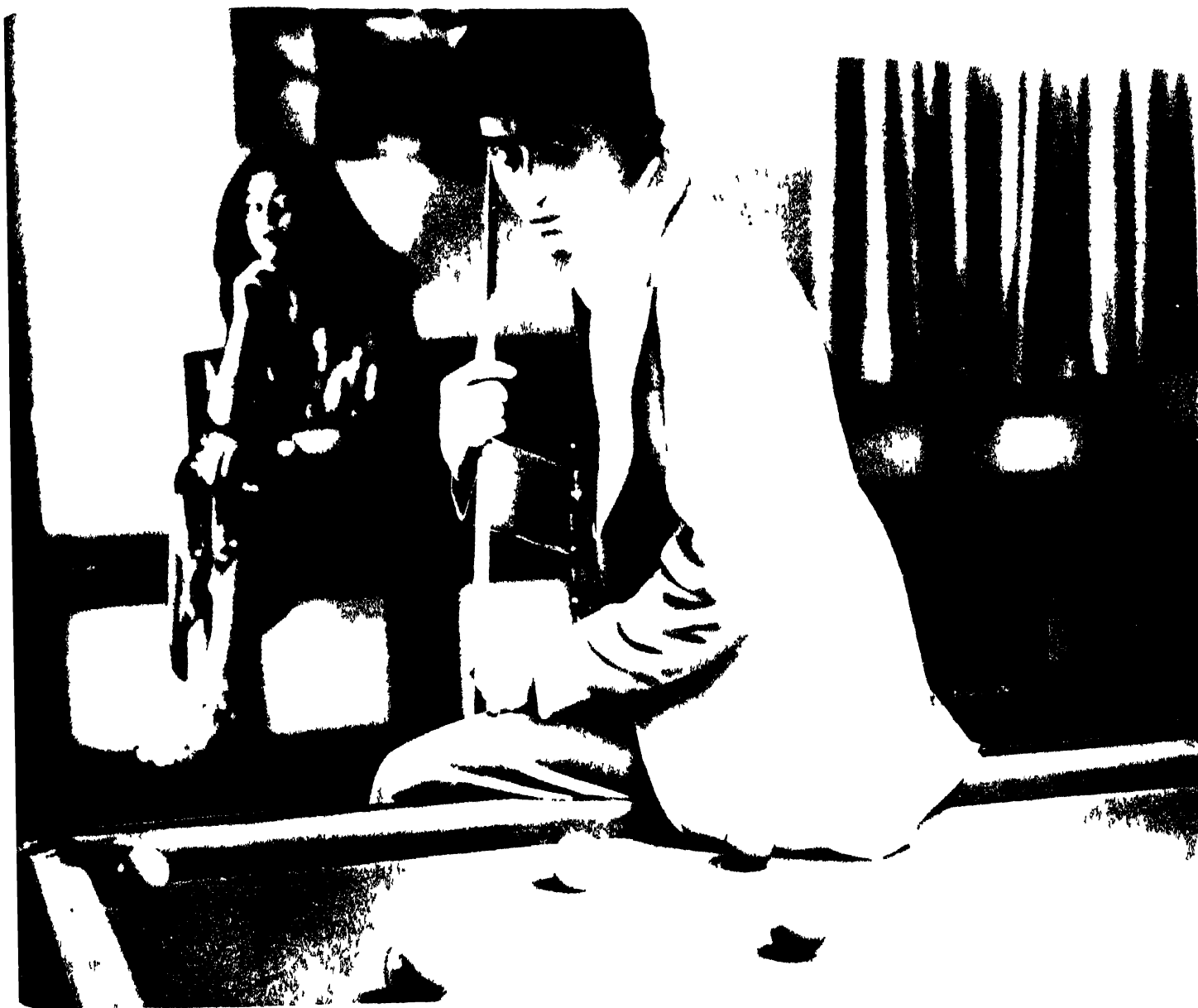
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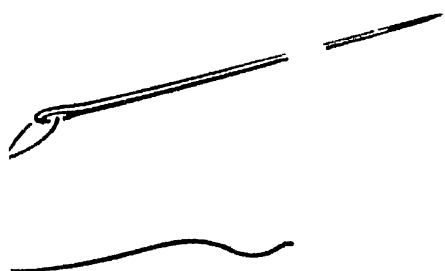
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## Why This 'Weekly' Excess?

Sir—Sorry to say that your *Weekly* of July 27 ('Why This Sex Excess?') had to be hidden away from the family book-rack and kept well away from innocent eyes, as it merely carried into the drawing-room the excesses on our screen. It would have been quite understandable if the contents were a healthy presentation of the facts of life; but, sorry to say, it was a projection of perverted psychology.

Did you really need to stoop this low?

Mrs M.P. GEORGE  
Baighat

Sir—Frankly, at least a discriminating section of readers was gaining the impression that the *Weekly* under your stewardship was committed to objective journalism of intellectual worthiness, as distinct from vulgar sensationalism. The appalling regression to overtones of sex and obscenity under devious pretexts may perhaps improve the circulation. But at what cost? To those who expect something loftier in objectivity, intellectually stimulating and worth while, reflecting the traditional standard, it is a tragic disappointment.

ATHRASSERI MADHAVAN  
Bombay

Sir—I was faced with a series of embarrassing situations when my children, aged 7 and 5, kept asking me questions, passing remarks and giggling over the pictures of the scantily clad women on the cover and inside this *Weekly*. They even invited all their friends to come and have a look. I suppose that achieved your sales objective. Bravo.

Mrs P. BHIM SAIN  
Jabalpur

Sir—By publishing such stills from Hindi and Southern films alike in *one* issue, you have earned the merit of reaching these pictures even to the homes of those families who make it a point to shun films for their vulgarity—all under the holy garb of probing: 'Why This Sex Excess?'

Long live hypocrisy in journalism and filmdom!

INDIRA P. SHANKAR  
Bombay

Sir—Just one question: *Why this excess of sex pics?*

M.T. PUTTARAJU  
Sorab, Karnataka

Sir—'Why This Sex Excess?' The reason is simple: circulation—in the case of producers of movies and magazines alike! Box-office is beautiful, isn't it?

SUDHIR PANDIT  
Bombay

Sir—Your 'Sex Excess' Special was superb. Almost all articles were uniformly good.

V. RAJENDRAN  
V. PADMANABHAN  
Madras

## Really, Mr Shantaram!

Sir—If V. Shantaram ('Why This Sex Excess?', July 27) could attempt showing sex on the screen as far back as in the 1930s, does he expect a heroine swimming to be clad in a *dupatta*? His own film, *Chaani*—in which the villain is shown having sex with the corpse of the heroine and in which the camera is always struggling to capture the cleavage of the heroine—is a perfect example of sex excess and vulgarity.

A veteran film-maker like Shantaram finds the kissing scene in Raj Kapoor's *Satyam Shivam Sundaram* "a box-office gimmick". Further, he recalls the "ugly and laughable nude scene in *Siddhartha*. Something laughable indeed! And to think that Shantaram appreciates a "mini emergency" just for the sake of checking the overdose of sex in cinema!

The author has not cared to think on psychological lines. About the "surprising" film he watched on TV, in which the hero was suffering from heart trouble, could not have sex with his wife and asked her to marry another man, I fail to see why such a film should not be screened in our drawing-room. It is time we stopped telling our children "they were sent by God to Mama's bedside as she was resting in the hospital".

Also, it gives one the heartiest of laughs when Shantaram describes the James Bond series as "sexy and bordering on pornography".

There should be a limit to hypocrisy, dear sir.

GRACIAS JOSE  
Kalina

Sir—In 'Why This Sex Excess?', V. Shantaram vehemently opposes exposure of the female anatomy in films. But Shantaram himself was the one to start it! In an era when showing even an ankle or a shoulder of the heroine unadorned was taboo, Shantaram went a step further and showed the complete midriff and navel of his own daughter, Rajshree, in *Geet Gaya Patharon Ne*, something that became a hot topic of conversation at the time. Come on, pioneer of Hindi Cinema, you also belong to those "worshippers of Mammon", the only difference being that you do it more sanctimoniously!

Dr PRAKASH PAI P.  
Cochin

Sir—*This sex excess, dear V. Shantaram*, is due to India's culture and civilisation which compels the people to keep mum on matters of sex. After all, the 'cigarette-smoking-is-injurious-to-health' advertisement only increased the demand for fags by 20 per cent, didn't it? Same is the case with the demand for sex!

KALPANA AIYER  
Bhagalpur



Sir—V. Shantaram has very conveniently skipped his own film, *Chaani*, in which he *did* cross the *Laxman-Rekha*!

PRASAN VACHHRAJANI  
Junagadh

Sir—V. Shantaram's article was informative, educative and, at the same time, interesting. I fully agree with him that a mini emergency is necessary to curb our cinema from going berserk.

V.S. DILEEP KUMAR  
Bangalore

Sir—Congrats for giving such beautiful photographs in the film issue. But one thing we cannot understand, Mr Shantaram. What is wrong with blue films and porno books? People should be allowed to enjoy them freely. V. Shantaram may have become old, but we have not!

HASMUKH D. BHAGODIYA  
Pune

Sir—No doubt the fully clad Prema Narayan appeared more exciting and sexy than the semi-nude Bindu!

HUSAIN E. BEGUWALA  
Bombay

Sir—I missed 'Sex-Bomb' Helen in your 'Sex Excess' issue. Throughout her career, Helen exhibited nothing but her bosom and her legs to the public, so how could the *Weekly* have missed out on her?

S. PATIL  
Kharagpur

Sir—The colour photographs illustrating V. Shantaram's cover story were splendid. They conclusively proved the superiority maintained by the *Weekly* in photo reproduction.

M. FRANKLIN SOLOMON  
Pasumalai

Sir—Your 'film' *Weekly* made one heave a sigh of relief with its departure from the usual lengthy slant on politics, economics and other such 'ics'. Dev Anand with his 33 heroines was an eye-catching feature. About Nazia Hasan, it is a shame that not a single Indian composer could muster enough courage to give a chance to this fresh young talent with the scintillating voice. While admiring V. Shantaram's unbiased, frank and bold caveat on sex excess in films, I felt he did not come out clearly with reasons as to *why* there is such excess. He stressed more on his personal experiences in films.

S. KRISHNA KUMAR  
Bombay

Sir—Sex should be included in films, but violence should be eradicated. Because, sooner or later, a man will know everything about a woman's anatomy, but violence will be almost unknown to the future generation if it is stopped *now*—since one gets to know about it only through *audio-visual* demonstration, as in films.

CHAKARAPANI PATNAIK  
Berhampur

## Dev: A Pictorial Treat

Sir—'33 Years and 33 Heroines of Dev' (July 27) was a pictorial treat. Similar pictorial surveys of Raj Kapoor and Dilip Kumar are now eagerly awaited.

RAMCHANDRA RASHINKAR  
Sakarwadi

Sir—Because of the beautiful pictures of Dev Anand with his countless heroines, this issue has become memorable—one to be kept in the library. If only you had not printed the article, 'Why This Sex Excess?', and if below each picture you had given the year in which the Dev picture was released, then this issue would have been a masterpiece.

J.B. WADIA  
Surat

Sir—'33 Years and 33 Heroines of Dev' was just what the viewer ordered.

ASHOK N. PRABHU  
Honavar

Sir—Many thanks for the Dev Anand feature. But how come you missed out on Saira Banu with whom Dev co-starred in *Pyar Mohabbat*?

SATISH B. PATEL  
Baroda

## Keep Blowing Up, Rekha!

Sir—A special attraction of this *Weekly* (July 27) was Rekha's fantastic blow-up.

All three blow-ups to appear so far in the *Weekly* are on my room wall

MOHD ABDULLAH ANSARI  
Yeola

Sir—I was stunned looking at Rekha in a tiger skin I am still stunned

PG DFB  
Bombay

### This Nazia, This 'Weekly'

Sir It is disgusting to see column after column devoted to the so-called 'singing prodigy', Nazia Hasan ('The Nazia I Now Know' by Raju Bharatan, July 27) In a land of Lata and Asha, it is demeaning to talk of Runa and Nazia! What is so great about the song, *Aap jaisa ko?* No doubt it has a catchy tune, but it is so simple that any novice can sing it with aplomb There is nothing sensational about it Sing it half a dozen times and you will feel like committing suicide

Enough is enough For you to join Raju Bharatan in singing Nazia's praises is the limit It hardly becomes the *Weekly* Editor to tell us that Nazia conducted herself with grace when she visited your office What was extraordinary in Nazia's being the epitome of grace in your office? We Indians are pastmasters at overreacting Write your age, MVK!

T SANTHANAM  
Bombay

Sir Kurios to Raju Bharatan for 'The Nazia I Now Know' He has hit out hard at the coterie of composers who now monopolise Hindi film music Most of these composers have no taste for melody and what they dish out is nauseating cacophony Scared of the monopoly singers these gutless fight composers shut out all new singers like Vani Jairam and Shalendra Singh who both made sensational debuts in *Guddi* and *Bobby* Why even a seasoned and top-class singer, Yesudas has been constantly ignored by this caucus of monopolists, thus depriving Hindi Cinema of a feast of melody that this singer is capable of providing

PRAKASH PARAYATH  
Kuladi

Sir—Without doubt Nazia has a kind of talent and her voice is God's own gift. It runs through you like an electric current! The 'Baat Ban Jaaye Girl' is the toast of the youth today The *Weekly* speaks up for youth when it speaks up for Nazia

KHURSHIED AHMAD  
Patna

### Reagan Is Delightful

Sir A Film Star in the White House by J Radhakrishnan (July 27) made delightful reading

K P ANDEVAN  
Gobichettipalayam

### Boxoffice Is Not Beautiful

Sir The short story, 'Boxoffice Is Beautiful' (July 27), was dull, insipid and meaningless Pray show more taste in your selection

A N SAKKUBAI  
Salem

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

VOL CI 34 AUGUST 24, 1980 ESTD 1880

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Few countries are blessed with such a rich variety and wealth of wildlife as India. And in few other countries is there such indifference to it as in Modern India. In our rapacity, in the pursuit of mistaken notions of "development", we have recklessly plundered this precious patrimony RKG makes an evocative plea for the preservation of our wildlife

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Cover designed by Dionyza Fernandes

## Next Week



### Who Will Police The Policeman?

There are 700,000 policemen in our land and not all of them are scoundrels and rapists, despite their bad conditions of work, poor pay and the influence that politicians, smugglers and moneybags exert over them There are many, particularly in the Bombay police force, who have earned the goodwill of the citizens by their honesty, pluck and refusal to be cowed down by vested interests It is the "bent" cop who has given a bad name to the police, because he does not seem to be accountable to law Benedict Costa investigates the criminal record of our policemen

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Action pictures to wind up the England Vs West-Indies series

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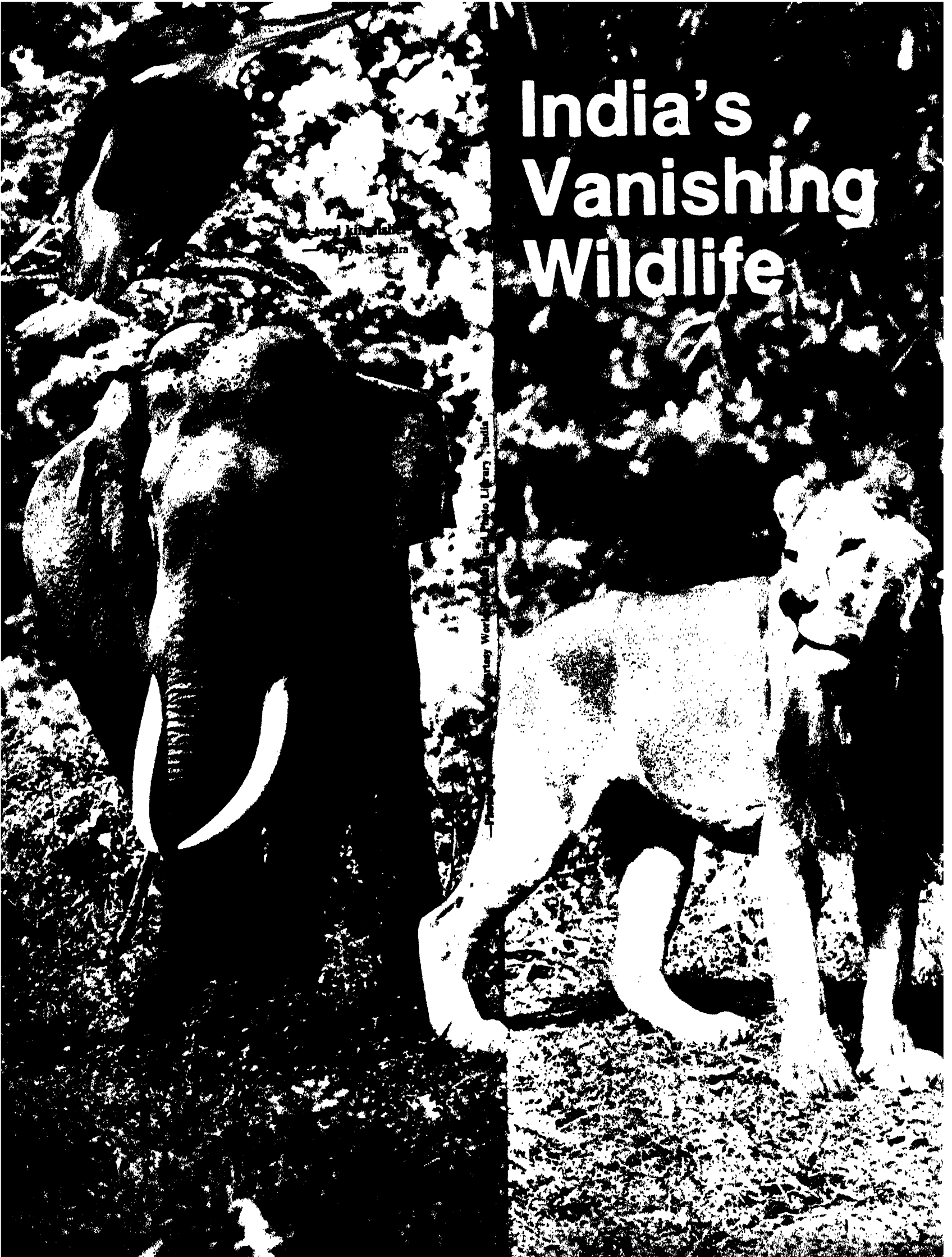
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# India's Vanishing Wildlife

—Kalya Sengupta

Courtesy World Wildlife Fund Photo Library, India





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 and in few other countries is  
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**M**A NISHADA" the words have been heard in India for some two thousand years and they are redolent of a whole tradition of story telling. They were first spoken by Valmiki and we may take the liberty of translating them into an admonition in English "Don't, hunter. Valmiki is the first of poets, he is *arshakavi*, the archaic poet, the word 'archaic' being related to the Sanskrit *arsha*. He was a robber turned seer, the metamorphosis occurred during his long spell of penance when he was covered over by anthills and thereby came to be called Valmiki. The story has an unmistakable symbolism, the creation of a poet from the elements, his emergence almost from deep down the earth. And the association of anthills is also not without meaning, since anthills are believed to be the dwellings of snakes, those timeless creatures of wisdom and of renewal.

*"Ma nishada" the first words spoken by Valmiki as a poet and it appears to my mind, in these words he sought to*

**THE STRIPES ON THE SQUIRREL'S BACK (left) are the mark of Rama's affection. Rama is believed to have blessed this valiant little creature when it sallied forth to help him in the construction of the causeway to the island city of Lanka. The Common Mynah (above) has won notoriety for its aggressive adaptability. Like the Common Starling to which it is related, it thrives wherever it is introduced in a commensal or semi-domesticated relationship with man. It is now reviled not only as an agricultural pest but as a competitor and a displacer of valuable native species in its "colonies".**

—M. Krishnan

*live down his past as a highway robber and probably killer "Ma nishada" the words must be repeated again and again for they echo the celebrated ancient Indian reverence for life*

Let us reconstruct the *archaic* scene. Valmiki is possessed of the poetic Muse and his mind is full of the doings of Rama. Waking or sleeping he contemplates the noble character of Rama and wants to know more about his chosen hero. One morning, as he is engaged in his avocations in the Yamasa river, he spies one of a pair of *krauncha* birds making love succumb to the arrow of a hunter. He is moved to sorrow and indignation and utters a curse on the hunter that he shall not be rewarded with an eternal life. The sorrow or *shoka* of the poet, it is believed, inspired the metrical form of utterance called *shloka*.

The story is significant in several ways. It exemplifies the compassion and anger quickly awakened in Indian minds. Compassion and anger, apparently contradictory in character, are part of a tradition that lays down the law that the weak must be protected and the wicked punished. It may be argued that Valmiki was too harsh in his curse, for the *nishada* had killed the *krauncha* for his very survival. Can we say the same of the hunters of subsequent centuries among whom there have been very few *nishadas* and the majority have been men and women of noble birth including royal personages. Their motto has been "Kill! Kill!"

It was the *dharma* of the ruler to protect his subjects from wild beasts. The royal hunt or *mrgaya* eventually exceeded its *dharmic* limits and became a grim pageant of slaughter. The king and his entourage rode elephants and killed everything in the

range of their arrows or spears *Mrgaya*, instead of being a legitimate activity to protect citizens, deteriorated into a bloodthirsty sport. Man himself evolved into the most cunning beast, a threat to other creatures everywhere. He went a-hunting to demonstrate his prowess and bring home a trophy of heads or skins. During British rule, *shikar* became one of the rituals of the Raj, and one of the savage ways in which a sahib could win a favour of a memsahib was to present her the tusk of an elephant or the head of a *barasingha*. For Governors and other dignitaries sometimes a dead tiger or panther was so placed in the jungle that they could conveniently claim the carcass as their kill. Our maharajas played an ignoble role pandering to the killer instinct of the agents of their white sovereign. Even after we became a free nation a hunt was organised for our dear Queen Elizabeth.

Countless numbers of lions, tigers and leopards, rhinoceroses and gaur have been killed for sport. The genocide of lions was assisted by the tiger, the most fiercely beautiful and treacherous of all our wild animals. The rhinoceros whose habitat once spanned the entire north of the subcontinent from the Khyber Pass to the Naga Hills suffered the same fate and today it is confined to the north-east. It was hunted by foolish and ignorant men in the belief that its horn, powdered and eaten, would feed and inflame their lust. The *Matsyapurana* recommends rhino meat for the *shraddha* ceremony. In the *Shakuntalam* there is an interesting piece of dialogue between an upper-caste character and the fisherman who has found the signet-ring of Dushyanta. On being told of his 'impure' occupation, the fisherman retorts: 'One's occupation, however despised, is not to be abandoned. The practiser of Vedic rites, though tender with pity, is heartless when it comes to killing animals.' This passage is said to be in defence of the philosophy of *svadharma* which is the basis of caste. The point of remembrance is that even in ancient India the slaughter of animals did not go unquestioned.

Kalidasa and his works provide glimpses into a civilised society that stands in contrast to the inhumanity into which we have often lapsed. Rabindranath Tagore has said somewhere that the civilisation of India was created in the forests just as the civilisation of the Hellenes was evolved in the city states. The poems and plays of Kalidasa illustrate the life of forest-dwellers with a beauty and psychological insight that are hardly matched elsewhere in literature. These works are peopled by men and women who are humane and imbued with all that is ennobling in our ancient *dharma*. *Abhijanashakuntalam*, like the *Ramayana*, can also provide a slogan for our wildlife programme. Dushyanta, as he enters the ashram of Kanva chasing an antelope, is

admonished by one of its inmates "Arhatranaya vah shastram na prahartum anagasi" (Your weapon is for the protection of the distressed, not to torment the innocent)

Shakuntala is lovable not only because she is beautiful, but because she is gentle and compassionate. A pet fawn of hers is called Dirghapanga. The name means one who has eyes with long corners. Long *apangas* are a sign of classical beauty. A doe is doe-eyed just because of its *apangas* and that is the reason why some beautiful women are called *enakshi* or *harinakshi* though the lotus-eyed variety is more common.

The name Shakuntala itself is significant. She is a child of nature having been nourished by birds after she was abandoned by her celestial mother Menaka. Implied in the name is the kinship of man, bird and beast. In Kanva's forest dwelling the plants and animals are treated as members of the family. Some of the most moving passages in the play relate to Shakuntala taking leave of them to join her husband. Pointing to a doe she asks her foster-father to keep her informed when it calves. And how sad she is that a *chakravaka* bird is distressed because it cannot see its mate hidden by lotus leaves. (Incidentally I find the name *chakravaka* particularly attractive. In his *Vikramorvashtam* Kalidasa refers to the bird as *rathanganaman* meaning that which has a part of the chariot in its name.)

Listen to the music of this line from Kalidasa's *Meghadutam* in the celebrated Mandakini metre: *Dirghikurvam patu madakalam kujam sarasanam*. In this verse the Yaksha gives the Cloud Messenger a description of Ujjayini. The wind from the Sipra river here, he says, assuages the fatigue of women caused by sex like a lover fondling his beloved. It carries the scent of lotuses unfolding and the intoxicating crescendo of the sweet warbling of *sarasa* cranes.

In the *Meghadutam* Kalidasa speaks of rocks redolent of musk and in *Kumarasambhavam* he paints a picture of elephants in rut rubbing their temples against cedars and the sap from the trees filling the valley with its scent. In *Ritusamharam* also attributed to Kalidasa, we are told of maidens' feet with tinkling anklets vying with the sonorous note of the *hamsa*. The *hamsa* is said to be the bar-headed goose, the Indian paradigm of grace and elegance, and a symbol of royalty and spiritual excellence. There is then the *kalahamsa* probably the flamingo. In autumn says the poet the river-banks are thronged with the *kalahamsa* and the *sarasa*, while the cry of the migrant goose is resonant everywhere, gladdening the hearts of men.

Our religious, literary and artistic traditions are an eloquent testimony to the fact that man and beast share the same world and they have an

equal right to it. One does not forget the animal sacrifices performed in Vedic times and in subsequent centuries, but the general Indian attitude has been one of a profound reverence for life. It is doubtful if in any other clime we have stories like that of Sibi and Jimutavahana. Hinduism, Buddhism and Jainism do not have a world-view that is anthropocentric. The transmigration they believe in encompasses all forms of life.

The concept that, in the presence of a great soul, all creatures live in peace and harmony is probably the expression of a visionary ideal. But it contains a profound truth: that love can transform a savage and a beast. The ashrams of ancient times were such abodes of love and, to some extent, they served the purpose of today's wildlife sanctuaries since killing was prohibited in them. Some of these forest-dwellings or *rishis* were in fact like university campuses with hundreds of students residing there. The foster father of Shakuntala, Kanva, was a *kulapati*, the head of a family of students; the term, according to some authorities, is the equivalent of vice-chancellor. Whatever it be, such institutions, apart from fostering knowledge, helped to protect wildlife.

The concept of Vishnu's avatars contains the idea of evolution in a rudimentary form. Ganapati is an attempt to combine man and beast, heaven and earth. The fact that so ponderous a god rides a rat is apparently comical, but here again the synthesis of two extremes is at work. The idea of assigning an animal or bird vehicle to a deity is not exclusively Indian and it may have archetypes that are similar all over the world. Animals in religion and art are not to be dismissed as products of superstition, but as symbols that need

**HANUMAN LANGUR (top right)** is regarded as sacred, as its very name indicates. However, sanctity no longer provides protection to our monkeys—the export of the Rhesus Macaque for biological experiments, the slaughter of langurs for quack remedies and the destruction of the already scarce habitats of the Lion-tailed Macaque and our only ape, the Hoolock, are examples of our double-faced attitude towards our distant cousins.

**VEHICLE OF KAMA, THE GOD OF LOVE (right)**. More species of parrots have been tamed and raised in captivity than any other bird. However, parrots have never been domesticated in the sense that chickens, ducks and pigeons have been. Their legendary ability to mimic develops only in captivity. In the wild they are raucous-voiced birds. The parrots' appeal is only partly aesthetic—coupled with their bright hues are their intensely human traits of imitating the human voice, of showing affection for each other and of using their feet almost as hands.



—M. Krishnan





—Christina Loke

to be studied with the insight of a psychologist and the scientific understanding of an anthropologist. However, trying to explain the subject on a purely totemistic basis may be too simplistic.

Let us take the case of snakes. Both snakes and eagles, according to mythology, are the children of the progenitor Kashyapa by two different wives, Kadru and Vinata. Among the mythical serpents are Adishesha on whose coils reposes Vishnu, Vasuki and Takshaka are two others. Adishesha is also Ananta, a name signifying time that is for ever. With his one thousand tongues he represents eloquence and, according to legend, it was he who taught Panini grammar. The Nagas in general stand for wisdom, fertility, bounty and the treasures of the nether world.

Nagas occur frequently in Buddhist literature and art. In fact some of the world's finest animal stories are to be

found in the Buddhist *Jatakas*, not to speak of the *Panchatantra*. Some of the stories are illustrated in the sculptures adorning Buddhist and other monuments. In the dream of Maya it is as an elephant that the Bodhisattva enters her womb. The Sanchi Stupa has magnificent examples of animal art including winged lions.

The Descent of Ganga panel of Mamallapuram is a rapturous invocation to animal life with its elephants, gazelles and the cow that is being milked, the last-mentioned being particularly realistic. Lions, horses, boars—there are numerous sculptured examples of these animals. The buffalo, not probably an attractive animal, is exquisitely depicted as the vehicle of Yama on a ceiling slab at Hemavati. Fanciful and hybrid creatures also abound in our art. At Ahichchhatra there is a rare Urvashi shown as a centauress. Our miniature paintings have birds and animals that are quaintly beautiful and highly decorative.

From Mohenjo-daro down to medieval times the art of the subcontinent displays a variety and exuberance of animal life that are



—M. Krishnan

**THE GOLDEN ORIOLE** (left top) arrives in India with the ripening of mangoes and its liquid flute-like call is one of the pleasantest sounds to be heard in our country during spring. **Left:** The "goggle" eyes of the Great Stone Plover indicate its nocturnal habit of prising up stones when it looks for crabs with its specially adapted bill. **Right:** The handsome White-breasted Kingfisher has an immense range from Asia Minor through Iran, India, Malaysia to southern China.







**AN OWL ELECTED KING by the birds is crowned by two monkeys—illustration to the Uluka Jataka, (From Animals in Indian Sculpture by K. Bharatha Iyer, Taraporevala.)**

hardly matched elsewhere in the world. If one may say so, the "father figure" of the animal art of the subcontinent is what has come to be called the Shiva-Pashupati of the Indus Valley. This figure of Pashupati, the lord of creatures, may be said to represent an integrated view of all life or, in other words, the kinship of all beings with the One Oversoul represented by Shiva. The deity takes different forms in the more recondite doctrines of later

times. It is also not without significance that the bull, which becomes the vehicle of Shiva, is seen in one of its noblest forms in the art of Mohenjo-daro.

The purpose of this brief note on animals in religion and art is only to point to the richness of a heritage that is not adequately understood by Indians whose education has a decidedly Western bias. It is noteworthy contemporary Indian writing has little feeling for plant and animal life. There may be vague references to nature, but there are hardly any passages that reveal intimate knowledge of wildlife, of the habits of animals and birds.

It is to be doubted if we have popular names in our languages for the immense variety of our animal and bird life. Kerala has probably the most wonderful treasure of birds. Keralites are believed to break into poetry at the drop of a leaf or a flower, but I am not sure if Malayalam poets can recognise even a dozen species of birds. It is not my view that every poet should be an ornithologist; however, any writer or composer of sensibility must have an awareness of nature—and the awareness must have a certain degree of precision.

I mentioned Kerala because of my own memories of that land and its abundance of wildlife. Even some 50 years ago, the parts where I belonged were regarded as the most advanced

in India in the matter of education, services and quality of administration. In other words I am not speaking of an area which comes under the category of backwoods. In spite of its semi-urbanised character, it was a flutter with bird life. Indeed each of the so-called garden houses of Kerala was a bird sanctuary. There was not a moment, from dawn to dusk, when you could not hear the music of winged creatures. One woke in the morning to the chorus of birds seen and not seen and birds that seemed never wert. They chattered and cooed, trilled and warbled. At night there were hoots, screeches and *huhaas*. There was a bird which made the scariest of sounds, piercing the night with a call that sounded like the voice of death. I have still not been able to establish the identity of the bird—the inability is the fault of my education.

Golden orioles were as common as sparrows in a city, the paradise fly-catcher was a regular visitor, there was a woodpecker poised to strike almost every tree, and kingfishers, those flamboyant birds, swooped down by the dozen into the pond for frogs and fish. The crow pheasant, with its black and russet, lingered long on the edge of the pond like an *abhisarka* in search of her lover. Bulbuls, ruby, pink and yellow, leaf-birds that mimicked many other birds, thrushes that had the virtuosity of Mahalingam or Chaurasia, the colours and the voices had a richness that could not be exchanged for an

empire. But, alas, there was no one to tell me about the birds that I saw every day as a child and about the animal and insect life of the land.

I regard my education particularly imperfect because of my ignorance of nature. You may establish a thousand wildlife sanctuaries in India, but you will not contribute very much to conservation or preservation—whatever the name we give to the protection of birds and animals—unless you educate your children about nature. It is man's capacity for wonder that has led to an understanding of nature. Wonder may be a primitive quality, but it is at the root of all discoveries. Can you cease to wonder about the tiger, fury personified, a tense mass of burning muscle, streaking through the forest? Or about the rhinoceros, which seems to be a prehistoric machine of war into which life has been breathed by some impish god? Or about the Lion-tailed Macaque, looking like Hanuman who has escaped from a Kathakali troupe? One wonders and wonders.

Can we regain Valmiki's compassion and sense of indignation?

*The earth upon whom the biped birds fly together: the flamingoes, eagles, birds of prey, and fowls; upon whom Matarishwan, the wind hastens, raising the dust, and tossing the trees ...*

*The earth upon whom day and night jointly, black and bright, have been decreed, the broad earth covered and enveloped with rain, shall kindly place us into every pleasant abode*

—Atharvaveda

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—Christina Loke

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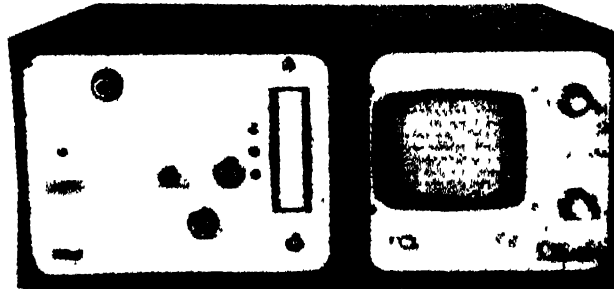
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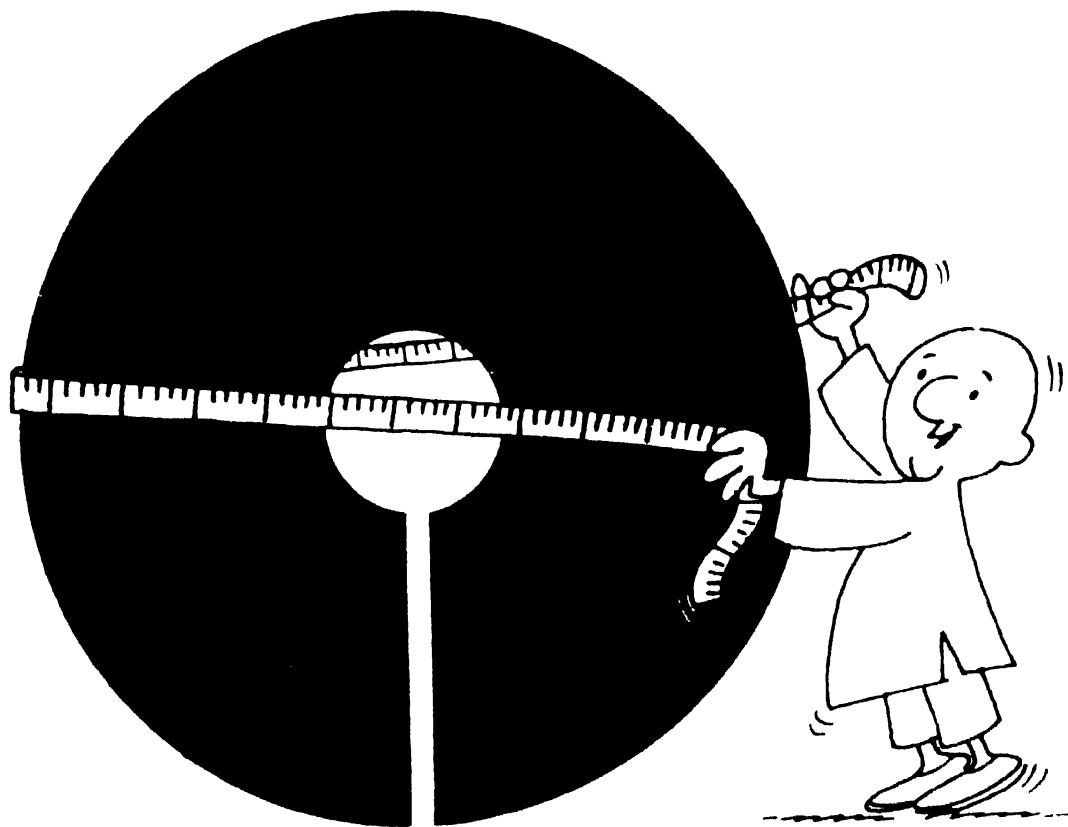
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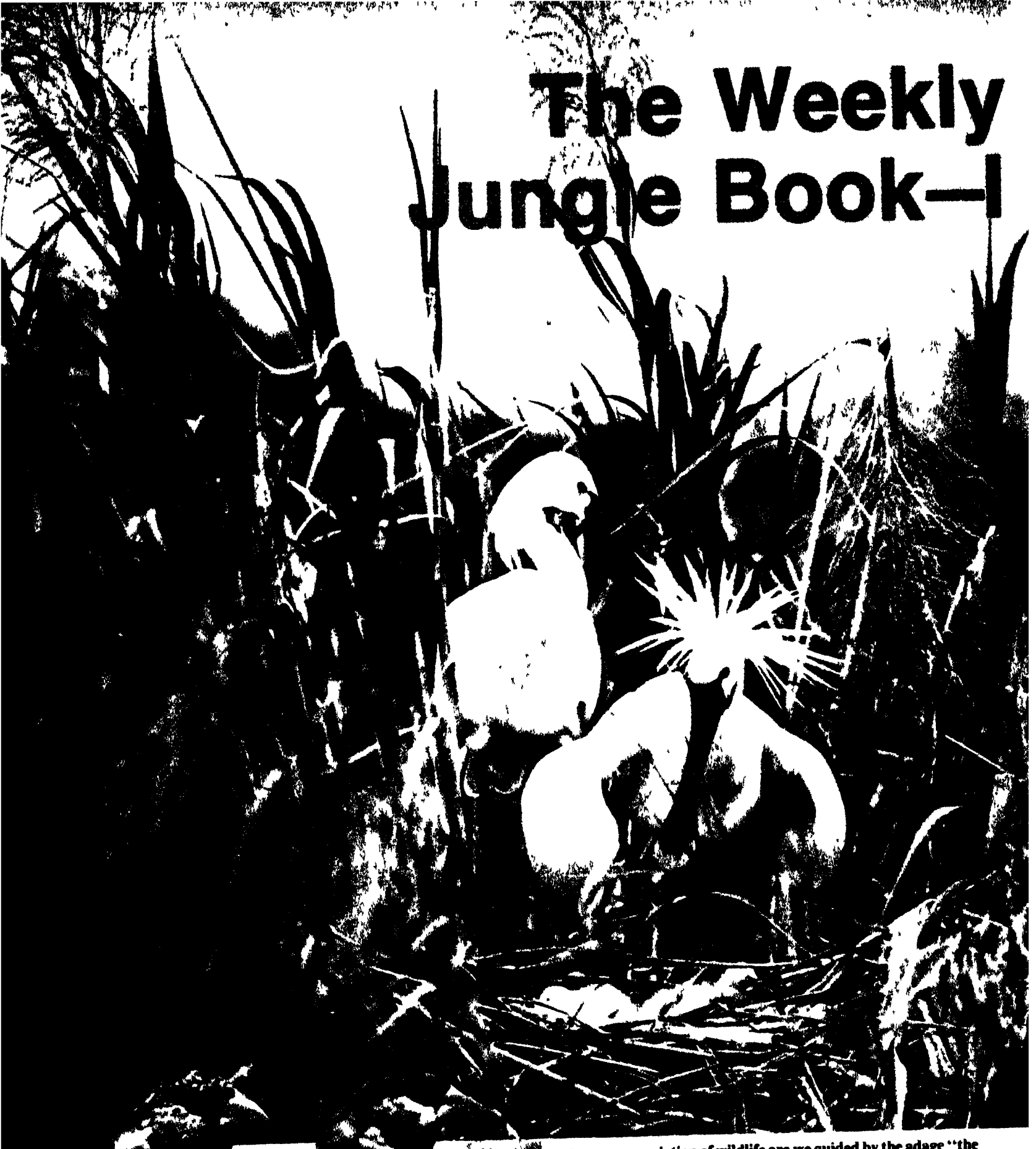


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And the Minor's Account.

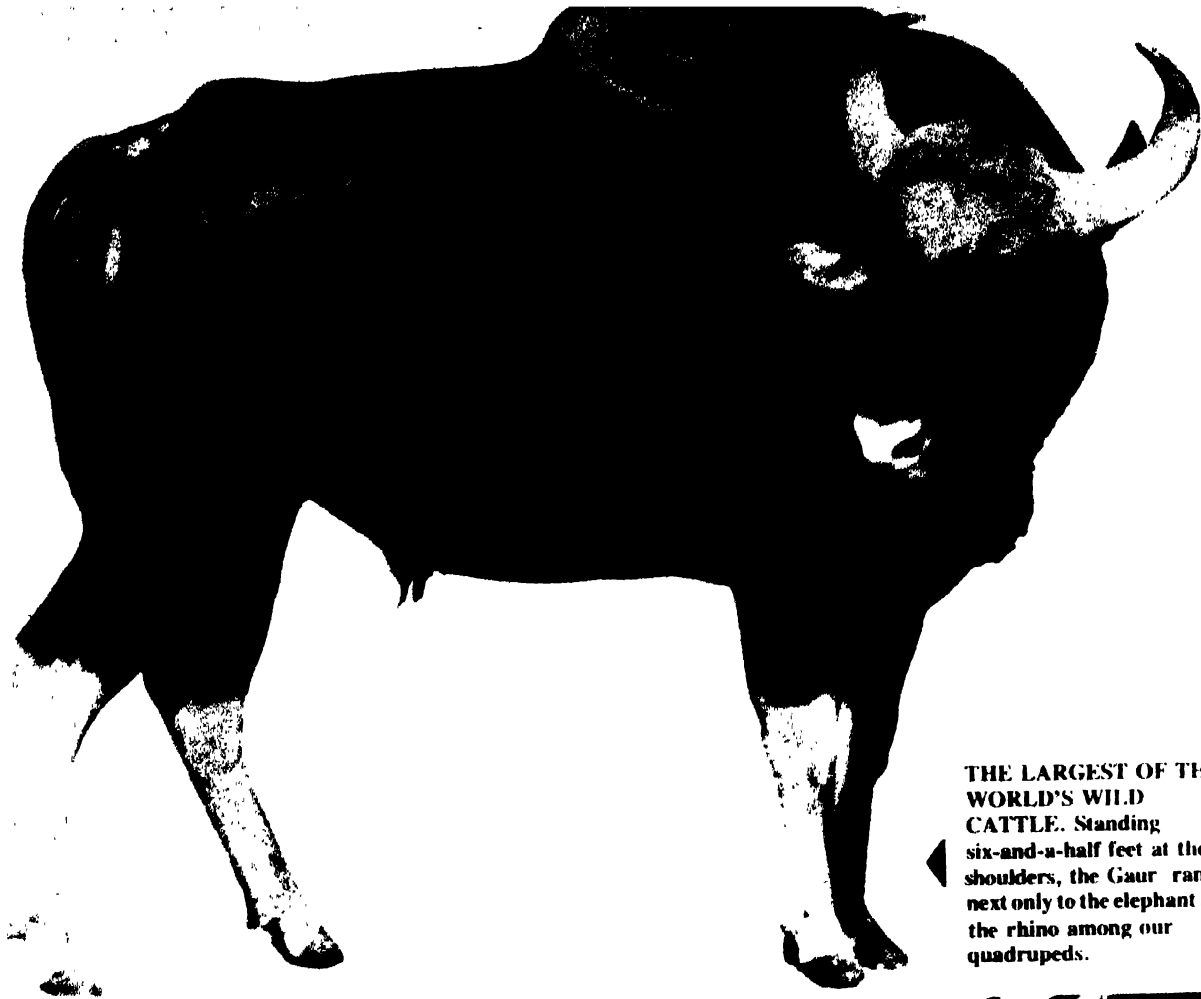
  
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# The Weekly Jungle Book—I



In our appreciation of wildlife are we guided by the adage "the bigger and showier the better"? Are we consciously or otherwise influenced by Western prejudices in the matter? Do we encourage our children to love only those species that are already well known—species that are either big, strong or cuddly and cute? What about the slimy snake and the warty toad and the cunning wolf and a host of other small and bright creatures—civets, lizards, lorises, rats, bats, pygmy hog, musk deer and the lowly worms and snails? They need protection as much as the tiger, the lion and the pachyderm. Without these small creatures the world will indeed be poorer.

**THE SPOONBILL** (above) and the Red Avadavat (left) are just two of the 1,250 species of birds found in the Indian subcontinent. The USA, which is twice as big as our subcontinent, has only half the number of bird species.



**THE LARGEST OF THE  
WORLD'S WILD  
CATTLE.** Standing  
six-and-a-half feet at the  
shoulders, the Gaur ranks  
next only to the elephant and  
the rhino among our  
quadrupeds.



**"THE PELICAN'S MOUTH HOLDS MORE THAN HIS BELLECAN".** The clumsy-looking bird is in fact so well adapted for flying that its bones account for a



# Our wildlife: A Great Legacy Dissipated

by M. Krishnan

**“By neglect of their protective duty and by their permissiveness, our governments have been the chief depreducers of our wildlife,” says the eminent wildlife photographer and naturalist.**

**T**O have a fair idea of the present worth of our wildlife preserves (of all kinds: sanctuaries, national parks and other protected habitats) and to know what further steps need to be taken to effectively safeguard our heritage of nature, it is quite necessary to take a quick, overall look at the past. Many of these preserves were set up long before Independence, in British India and in the princely States—well-known examples are Vedanthangal in Tamil Nadu, Bandipur in Karnataka and Corbett Park (our first authentic national park, set up in 1934) in Uttar Pradesh.

Soon after the shikar battues that followed Independence, the Indian Board for Wild Life was constituted, a number of fresh preserves were created (some quite major ones) and



**A BUCK-PARTY OF THE UNIQUELY INDIAN BLACKBUCK, the handsomest and fastest long-distance runners in the world. Of all our beasts, the blackbuck has probably suffered most at the hands of shikaris and is now locally extinct in many places where formerly common. This buck-party at the Bishnoi village of Tal Chhapar in Rajasthan is evidence of the response of wild animals to sustained and vigilant protection from human disturbance.**

conservation tightened. Illustrative examples of this are the metamorphosis of Keola Deo Ghana at Bharatpur in Rajasthan from a wildfowlers' paradise into the most important water-bird sanctuary in Asia in 1956, the Point Calimere and Anaimalai sanctuaries of Tamil Nadu and the intensification of conservation in the Gir Forest of Gujarat (the last home of the Asiatic lion) and in Kaziranga in Assam (the major stronghold of the Indian rhinoceros and the no less Indian wild buffalo). The trend has been continued right into the present. Sultanpur Jheel in Haryana, another favourite resort of wildfowlers, was converted into a fine sanctuary

recently and the ambitious Desert National Park of Rajasthan was initiated earlier this year. We now have almost 150 wildlife preserves big and small all over India. But neither the old nor the new preserves have taken note of the basic fact that the wild vegetation is quite as integral and vital a part of the wildlife of any region as its fauna. In 1970, with the acceptance by the Central Government of the definition of wildlife as the entire uncultivated flora and fauna of a tract, this profound truth gained formal official recognition—it still awaits recognition in the field. In fact, our wildlife preserves have all been set up solely for the larger animals, and a

few for water-birds, and the flora has been considered purely incidental, as providing cover and fodder, and the lesser life not considered at all. Hydel projects have been sited close by even right inside some of the best preserves with a few exceptions, diverse forestry operations (all highly destructive of the natural vegetation) are carried on in our preserves, and even the supply of raw materials at subsidised rates to industries from them undertaken. Cattle grazing, the collection of firewood and forest produce and other human activities are permitted, motor roads intersect the preserves, and human traffic on foot (highly unsettling to the wild animals) allowed. All our wildlife

habitats (including all preserves) are solely in charge of our various governments. Naturally, then, the responsibility for protection is entirely theirs, and even otherwise only governments have the sanction necessary for protection. It follows, inescapably, that by their permissiveness, our governments have been the chief depredators of our wildlife.

Actual, factual evidence in proof of every generalisation made so far in this overall survey of the past is on record, but the detailing of even selected examples of such proof will take up this entire issue of the WEEKLY and the rest of the brief space available to me is needed for constructive suggestions for the future. But before going on to them, let me comment on the outraged defence of their past policy and administration that governments are likely to raise on this criticism, that they have been preoccupied with more important things with providing for the elemental needs of our growing populations and industries.

#### **Sisyphian Task**

Yes, I do realise that they have had that Sisyphian task right from the start, but then all our preserves together constitute only about one per cent of the total land area and surely they could have provided for our populations and industries with the overwhelming percentage of the land not given over to wildlife at their disposal. Furthermore, conserving the wealth of nature we still have left is also an elemental national need. Much needs to be done towards more realistic conservation to rectify the apathy and wastefulness of the past and it has to be done right now—to delay further is to be assured of not having enough worth the saving.

That is the counsel, not of despair but of hope. The depletion of the past 50 years has been staggering. Places noted for their wildlife within my own recollection are now denuded and bare and their animals have declined to rarity, even to local extinction. But the wonderful, the heartening thing is this—in spite of everything, India is still second to no country in its wild fauna, and perhaps the richest in its flora. Though heavily depleted, our fauna is still there, and notably free from exotic introductions that cannot be said of our exotics-ridden flora, but it will regain its pristine glory if conserved, that is if left alone and allowed to regenerate.

The policy of leaving well alone and of manfully resisting the almost overpowering urge to improve on nature has been proved to be the best, actually the only sound policy in conservation. This was called trust in the balance of nature in the past, and is now termed total environmental conservation, and it will suffice to ensure the future of our wildlife. It means emancipating preserves of viable area from all forms of human exploitation, and the provision of





**THE EXCLUSIVELY INDIAN LION-TAILED MACAQUE**, the most seriously threatened of our mammals. Limited to a declining population in the southern reaches of the Western Ghats, this is purely a monkey of evergreen forests, and its major stronghold, Silent Valley in Kerala, is facing conversion into a hydel project.

—Photographs by the author.



strict protection (now sadly lacking) against human disturbance and depredation. That is all that is needed, but since natural regeneration is a slow process, patience and faith are also needed. Incidentally, it is only in the few reserves of Project Tiger that total environmental conservation is now being attempted, after a fashion

#### **Ravaged Opulence**

In the past decade, governmental cognisance of responsibility for the country's ravaged opulence of nature has displayed a certain nascent percipience. The Wild Life (Protection) Act of 1972 is constructive, if only for its insistence on a specific wildlife organisation in each State, and it is the first realistic attempt at a national policy of conservation. There are other tokens of awakening governmental concern for our wildlife, even of awakening public concern in a minority of our people, but for the next generation at least governments must bear the entire responsibility for protection

**THE BEAUTIFUL CHITAL** is one of our two wild beasts (the other is the wild pig) to have been able to hold their own, more or less, through the wildlife devastation of the past 50 years because of its exceptional adaptability and fecundity, and because it was introduced into new settings where it was formerly unknown.

Today, there is no informed popular interest in our culture, in our magnificent assets of nature. The human and natural curiosity of our children in the wild things around is sternly nipped in the bud by our traditions of life and instruction instead of being informed and stimulated. In the West, with a comparatively small store of wildlife, the great therapeutic value of such an interest in relieving the stresses and frustrations of civilised life has been fully appreciated after the last World War: wildlife recreation is widely organised and popular, and education at all levels features nature importantly. With no reliable natural history in the written or oral literatures of our languages, and no popular feeling for it, it will be no easy task to inform and stimulate this dormant interest in our people, particularly in the younger sections, but this is a vital national need and will endow future generations with a joy and a sustenance in life that we have been without.

### Primary Patriotic Duty

If I have only conveyed the impression so far that it is of national importance to conserve our wildlife and wildlife habitats, I have failed fundamentally in my argument. This is no matter of mere importance, but a primary patriotic duty, quite essential for the survival of the identity of this ancient country. Surely no country depends for its identity mainly on the conglomerate accretions of its cultural past or its mutable humanity—it depends overwhelmingly on its own peculiar physical integrity, its geomorphology and the flora and fauna that belong to it distinctively. Oddly enough, it is our poets and not our rulers or politicians who have realised this profound truth—it is they that have sung of our mountains and valleys and rivers, sounding seas and vast coastlines, great forests and lovely flowers, and of our birds and beasts.

The dissipation of India's physical integrity has now reached the stage where further indiscriminate demands on its natural resources will certainly erode its very identity. For this reason, it is imperative that adequate tracts, typical of the country's quiddity, should be freed from human exploitation and protected efficiently. Only that can ensure the continuance of India's identity. With our vast populations and growing industrialisation, it will be unrealistic to ask for much territory even for this vital national purpose, but a modest five per cent of the total land area should suffice, in the circumstances. Naturally, this will include all existing wildlife preserves, so that no further demands need be made on our forests; for the rest it will embrace notable geomorphological features, and areas not provided for so far in our wildlife effort, such as swamps, estuaries, offshore islands, mountain tops and, by no means last, adequate expanses of plains for the wildlife of the open country, now so sadly lacking sanctuary.



**PART OF A COMPOSITE HERD OF GAUR IN A NATURAL TEAK FOREST** in the Mudumalai Sanctuary of Tamil Nadu, taken before 1968. In that year, an outbreak of rinderpest contracted from domestic cattle, allowed to be driven through the sanctuary, devastated the gaur here and in the adjacent Bandipur Sanctuary of Karnataka—the two preserves then constituted the finest stamping ground of gaur anywhere in the range of this most magnificent wild ox in south-east Asia. Cattle are still allowed in this area, though the gaur have yet to revive from the disaster.

**A TIGER IN THE KANHA RESERVE.** It is in the reserves of Project Tiger that total environmental conservation is being practised, and even if reports of the swift increase of tigers in these reserves are exaggerated, undoubtedly the policy has already benefited not only the tiger but also the entire wildlife of these areas.





# Massacre In Zimbabwe





The body of a "culled" pregnant cow yields this foetus (above) which is being weighed. The tusks of the 25 slain elephants were numbered and auctioned. Their carcasses were separated by tractors; 200 labourers hacked off the skins and meat which was cut into strips and salted to be converted into "pet food"

Since 1930, the number of elephants at Wankie has increased from around 3,000 to 15,000. Their reproduction rate has been much more than the optimum. "By 'culling' we aim to keep our elephant population at its present level of 35,000 countrywide," says an ecologist from Zimbabwe.

THEY blandly refer to it as culling. But no euphemism can hide the sudden horror that befell this herd of elephants grazing peacefully in Zimbabwe's Wankie National Park.

One of the six "cullers" assigned for the grisly job walked up within 10 metres of the mammoths and fired his rifle into the brains of the leading cow. In the squealing pandemonium that followed, another big cow took the lead trying to drive the group away from danger. She, too, was cut down. The terrified animals instinctively pushed their young beneath them and the big tuskers bunched together in a tight circle. But they didn't have a chance against bullets flying from all three sides. Within seconds the herd of 23 elephants lay butchered (or 'culled'). The greatest calamity befell calves that were never before separated from their mothers. In blind panic two of them broke away and fled. Others, too young to comprehend death, refused to leave the scene of the murder of their mothers. They were 'sedated' and roped to trees. They will be shipped to foreign zoos and safari camps.

The massacre at Wankie marked the beginning of a culling operation in which 1,300—more than half the park elephants—are to be killed. "Much as we hate this job, it's a necessity," says ecologist Basil Williamson. "If we left the elephants to themselves they would hammer the entire area until there would be little habitat left for the rest of our animals—the sable, the kudu, the giraffe and other smaller species. With their high fertility rate in the park, elephants have become 'efficient environment wreckers' when confined to artificial man-made boundaries."

Although it seems incredible now, barely a hundred years ago three million elephants roamed Africa. Every day each ate 5 to 8 cwt of herbage. Still there was food for all, the grey giants were always on the move, constantly following the cycle of rain and drought, ranging from dense forests to green savannah and back again over mountain and swamp. Then, suddenly, the elephants lost the right of way—much of the virgin land was being put under yoke and plough. Two million of them were butchered in just 30 years from 1880 to 1910.

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We have a remarkable variety of wildlife. Some 500 different mammals, 1,200 species of birds, more than 30,000 species of insects as well as a bewildering array of fish, amphibians and reptiles. Some, like the Golden Langur, the Lion-tailed Macaque, the Blackbuck, the Nilgiri Tahr, the Pygmy Hog are unique to our subcontinent. "However," says the author, a noted wildlife expert, "because of our unimaginative planning and total disregard towards the landscape we have inherited, most of the wildlife outside the sanctuaries has been wiped out."

by Zafar Futehally

I shall here deal only with a few of the larger animals, though wildlife should include all uncultivated flora and fauna. The bird and insect life of which I make no mention has this advantage that it is ubiquitous and can be observed in the most urban localities. Unfortunately, most Indians have little inclination to peep out of their windows and several instances come to mind of academicians who dissect birds in their laboratories but have never seen them in their natural surroundings.

As far as our mammalian fauna is concerned, we are now compelled to visit sanctuaries—these situated far away for most of us—and this unfortunate deprivation has come

—Courtesy World Wildlife Fund Photo-Library, India  
—Peter Jackson

# A Desecrated Ark

about because of our unimaginative planning and the total disregard, aesthetic, ecological or economic, towards the landscape we have inherited. Let us then start with the deer, nine species of which contribute so much beauty to the Indian environment.

Not far away from Srinagar is the Dachigam Sanctuary, the catchment area of the Dal Lake. The sanctuary was established to protect the Hangul or Kashmir Stag, undoubtedly our most photogenic deer. I remember seeing a Hangul during a trek in 1939 on the way to Pahalgam, but today no Hangul is likely to be met outside a sanctuary. In 1970 the total population of this animal had been reduced to 150. Poaching, largely by army personnel, was the main cause of depletion. Today, thanks to a conservation project sponsored by the World Wildlife Fund and the efforts of the Chief Wildlife Warden, Mir Inayat Ullah, the animal is in no immediate danger of being wiped out, though the present estimated population of 320 is not enough to pre-empt a disaster

The conservation plan of Dachigam—apart from enforcing protection—was concerned with identifying the fawning areas and ensuring that the habitat in these parts was completely undisturbed. "In June/July 1978, 11 fawning sites were located where one or more hinds had given birth and stayed with their newborn." As was expected these sites were in valley bottoms surrounded by dense vegetation. The main predators of the Hangul are the Black and the Brown Himalayan Bear, the Leopard and the Snow Leopard. The Snow Leopard lives only in the higher elevations of Dachigam and, in view of the rarity of this carnivore, the deer are not subjected to much killing during summer when they sojourn at the top of the range. Strangely, the main threat to the Hangul in the sanctuary arose from a sheep farm which was established inside the sanctuary violating all norms of wildlife protection. Fortunately, some procedures have now been adopted which will prevent the sheep from robbing the graze available for the deer.

**THE BARASINGHA.** From a critically low figure of about 100 two years ago, this splendid species of deer, it is hoped, will add to its number as a result of the stringent conservation measures taken by the authorities in the Kanha National Park, MP. Even more endangered is the Manipur Brow-Antlered Deer of which, reportedly, there are only 14 specimens left.

Not less endangered than the Kashmir Stag are the Hardground Barasingha or Swamp Deer of Madhya Pradesh. According to some naturalists, there are few sights as memorable as a group of Swamp Deer leaping over thickets. But during my several visits to Kanha, I have seen them meandering listlessly in the meadows, and they have not struck me as particularly engaging creatures. After the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources General Assembly in New Delhi in 1969 (considered by some to be a turning point in the conservation movement of this country), a captive breeding project for this animal was organised, and a large enclosure was set up in the Kanha National Park where the Swamp Deer was expected to multiply in safety.

Simultaneously, the baiting of tigers in the Kanha meadow was discontinued as this practice allegedly attracted too many tigers in the area favoured by the Swamp Deer and led to a large number of killings. Scientific studies were also instituted

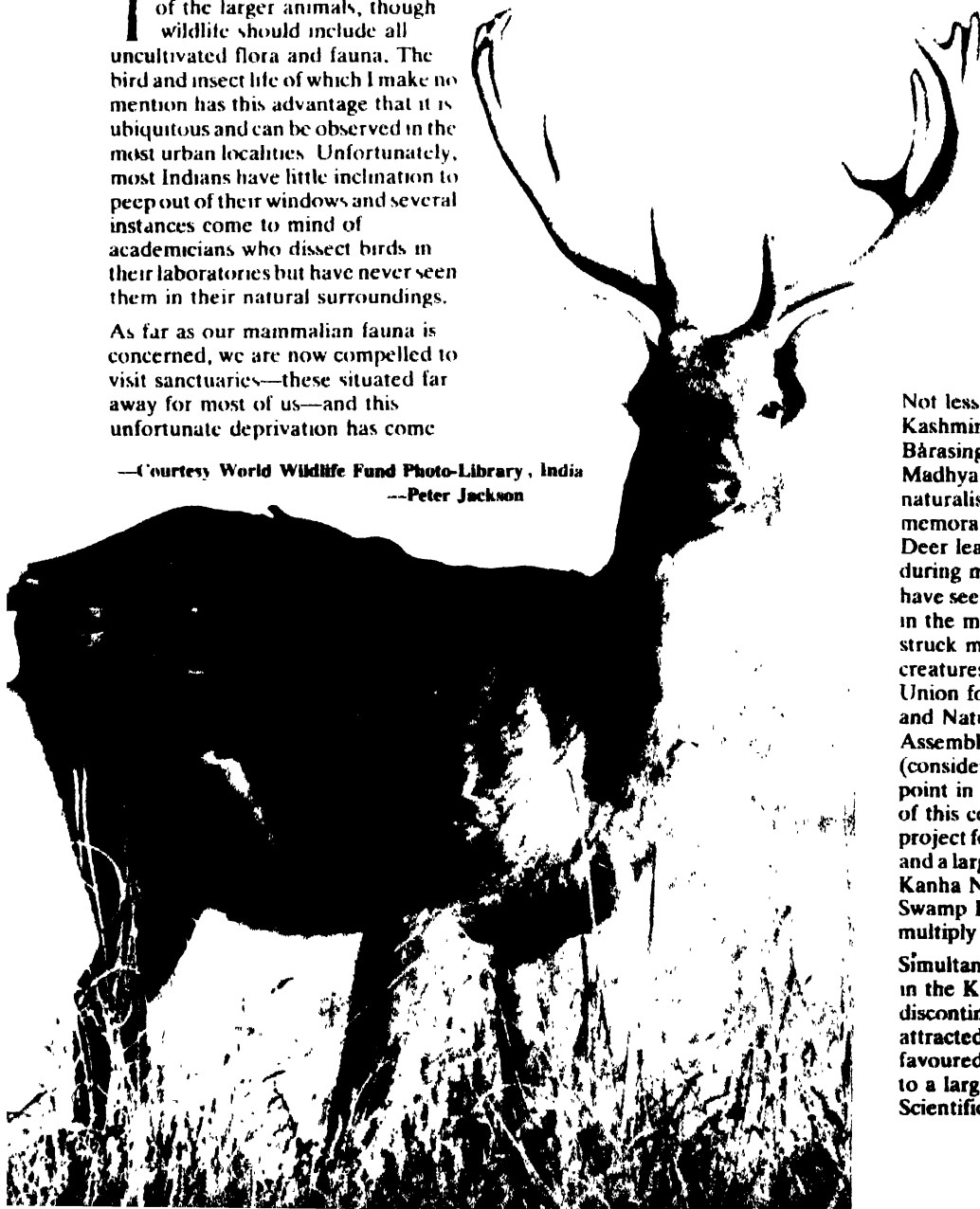
to find out the favoured species of grass for the different herbivores of the area and the findings helped to rehabilitate the environment in the interests of the animals which resided in Kanha. From a critically low figure of about a hundred, the deer have now started to build up their number. Though still endangered, their chances of survival are much brighter.

The species which seems doomed to disappear is the Manipur Brow-Antlered Deer (*Cervus eldi*). The animal is an example of how some species are adapted for specific habitats. Since they live in swampy areas covered with a thick mat of vegetation known as Phumdi, they have a horny pastern which is greatly elongated to enable the animals to move over this unusual terrain. At the present time only about 14 animals are reported to survive in Logtak Lake and frantic correspondence is in progress between conservationists to initiate a captive breeding programme. Meanwhile, the political situation in Manipur is hardly conducive to conservation. Apparently until 1891 this deer was strictly protected by royal edict, the penalty for killing being amputation of the hand, but when the British took over, and the "rule of law" was introduced, the locals indulged in mass slaughter and many deer were surrounded and speared by groups mounted on buffalo.

## Breeding In Captivity

The other six species of deer, i.e. Sambar, Spotted Deer, Mouse Deer, Hog Deer, Barking Deer, Musk Deer, are well settled in the various sanctuaries of our country. Some, like the Spotted Deer, are multiplying beyond the carrying capacity of their range in several areas. The Musk Deer faces great danger from hunters who kill it for its valuable musk pod. There are plans for breeding this animal in captivity and if this is done the pressure on the wild population will be reduced. Apparently in the USSR commercial breeding of this species has been a success.

The Antelopes which, unlike the deer, do not shed their horns annually are a tough breed, designed by nature to live in semi-arid conditions. The Blackbuck and the Gazelle can live without water for days obtaining their moisture from the plants on which they feed; and the Nilgai or the Bluebull receives protection on religious grounds being associated, at least in name, with the sacred cow. It is amazing how these animals withstand the heat of the sun in desert areas. Anyone who has not seen Blackbucks galloping and then taking a giant leap to elude their pursuers has missed a great sight. Glowing tributes have been paid by shikaris to this uniquely Indian Antelope, which has often run for miles in an almost disembowelled condition, after being







**MAN, NOT CURIOSITY, WILL KILL THIS CAT** The pelt of the panther is especially valued by many international furriers who encourage a flourishing illegal trade in skins. Although it is not yet on the "endangered" list (for the panther is far more adaptable and resilient than the lion and the tiger), its numbers have declined considerably because of widespread persecution with countrymade fire-arms, poisoned bait and snares. This picture was taken in Serengeti in Africa and shows the ease with which this master hunter negotiates its perch.

shot in the stomach. In the old days herds of several thousand Blackbuck were seen in peninsular India and in the North. The magnificent herds have vanished and the Blackbuck is now on the protected list of the Wildlife Protection Act of 1972, and in places like Valavadar in Gujarat, they are multiplying in peace. A group of Blackbuck taken to Texas in the USA in the 1920s are apparently thriving and private ranchers

organise hunts of these animals, charging the handsome fee of 500 dollars for a good head. I am sure the same could be done in India if imaginative entrepreneurs were given a free rein.

#### **A Snack Of Curtains!**

Speaking about private initiatives in the field of wildlife, one cannot ignore the exemplary work done by

the planters in the High Range of Kerala in having protected the Eravikulam plateau. This splendid place, free from human and cattle intrusion, is a unique example of natural grassland and shola forests of the Western Ghats. No comparable area exists, and one can only hope that now that the Kerala Government has taken over its management from the Kanan Devan Tea Co, the same rigid protection will

be enforced. John Gouldsbury who looked after the Sanctuary for many years told us an amusing story about the disappearance of curtains from the little hut, which was the sole human artefact in the Sanctuary. On one of his visits he found that the curtains had vanished from this little rest house. The Mudavan Game Watcher in charge said that elephants had eaten up the curtains. Gouldsbury refused to believe this,

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until the discovery of the curtain material which was found in elephant dung some distance away Eravikulam is the home also of the Nilgiri Tahr. According to F R C Davidar, a sportsman who has spent a lifetime studying the Tahr, these animals were almost extinct in the 1870s in the Nilgiri area. The depleted stock was built up by careful conservation measures adopted by the Nilgiri Wildlife Association which worked in cooperation with the local Government.

### Sanctuary For Elephants

The larger the animal the more difficult it is for it to find accommodation in our overcrowded world. This is certainly the case with the Elephant. The IUCN and the World Wildlife Fund have

established an Asian Elephant Specialist Group which is now engaged in surveying the animals in Southern India, in UP and Bihar, and in Eastern India. The Southern Indian population of approximately 4,000 is far the largest and the habitat also is the most satisfactory. Poaching for ivory, which now fetches as much as Rs 1,000 per kg, and killing of animals which wander into agricultural fields are the main threat to the elephant. The only answer is the creation of sanctuaries large enough for this beast which consumes 250 kg of grass and browse per day. Establishing sanctuaries for the Elephant would automatically preserve many natural areas which need to be saved for their much wider ecological functions.

I will not refer to Project Tiger which

has received so much publicity in India. The 11 Tiger Reserves and the protection they have enjoyed have resulted in some increase in tiger population. It will be recalled that the census of tigers in 1972 indicated a total population of 1,827 for the whole country. A recent census indicates that the population has gone up to 2,484. The proffered exact figures are of course misleading in the case of an animal whose censusing depends largely on pug marks, but the positive trend is an encouraging factor.

### FP Among Wild Dogs!

One of the more interesting conservation studies undertaken in India was in respect of the Wild Dog, the only pack-hunting canine in India, in the Bandipur Sanctuary of Karnataka. The studies revealed that

the Wild Dog was not really a menace to tigers and other forms of carnivore in the same locality. Hitherto it had been supposed that a tiger and a pack of Wild Dogs could not survive in the same area. Secondly, Wild Dogs follow a practice of family planning which keep their numbers from exceeding the availability of food. It has been found that among the females only one or two engage themselves in breeding during a particular year, the rest of the pack act like benevolent aunts to the litter of young, and look after them most solicitously. All this goes to show the importance of the science of sociobiology. We have much to learn from wildlife and it is high time that we developed an integrated land use plan for our country where wild animals will be able to have an honoured place.

**THE CHEETAH (left)**, reputedly the fastest of short-distance sprinter in the world, has been extinct in India since 1948. Loss of its natural habitat—low rugged hills and plains stocked with gazelle and blackbuck—hastened its end. Even in Africa, where cheetahs were said to “abound”, they are on the decline. **The Sambar (right)**, our largest deer, ranges from Kanyakumari to the Himalayas.



— M. Krishnar



# Forests For The People

**“Aesthetics and economic self-interest combine wonderfully in justifying the careful husbanding of our country’s forest wealth.” The author, Western India Region Organiser, World Wildlife Fund, describes some of the many ways in which forests bring vital and tangible benefits to people.**

**by Rusi Engineer**

**M**ANY of us who live in towns and cities are indifferent to the fate of our country’s forests. We think they have hardly any connection with the problems of our day to day life.

This indifference may be partly due to the fact that forests are physically remote from urban areas. Most of us have never seen a real forest let alone lived near one. In the words of our Prime Minister: “In his arrogance with his own increasing knowledge and ability, man has ignored his interdependence on the earth and has cut his links with the elements. He no longer puts his ear to the ground so that the earth can whisper its secrets to him. We thus live in ignorance of the many vital ways in which forests sustain our lives.”

It is worth reminding ourselves just how great is our dependence on one of the most obvious commodities we get from our forests, namely timber. Even the most cursory look at our surroundings is enough to show where a modern society would be

without timber. Most of the furniture in our homes and offices is made of wood. Timber is indispensable in the construction of the houses in which we live and work. Railway sleepers, train compartments, fishing boats and sailing vessels, packing crates and boxes, poles and fences, handles of knives, tools and implements—a myriad other things we cannot do without—are made from timber.

### **Civilisation Founded On Paper**

Most importantly, paper is made from wood pulp. Without paper, modern societies would grind to a halt. Paper is essential for all the transactions of trade, commerce and industry—indeed to all requirements of civilised life like education, administration, communication and the press.

Our villages, which constitute 80% of India’s population, are entirely dependent on forests for some of their most basic needs. Rural India cooks its meals on firewood. The enormous amount of wood that is cut

annually for burning as fuel is so great that it equals the country’s annual consumption of oil, coal and electricity put together. It is not only for fuelwood that villagers depend on the forests. Rural India consumes vast quantities of wood for constructing huts and shelters, bullock-carts, ploughs and ploughshares, and a variety of tools and agricultural implements.

In the past, it was assumed that our forests were virtually inexhaustible, and that people could freely go on utilising this resource without any fear of its running out. This was true in earlier times when the population was small and the demand on forests was comparatively little. Today, as a result of rapid population growth coupled with economic development, the demand for all types of forest

products is rising fast and our forests are being cut down much faster than the rate at which they can be replenished. As a result, the country’s forests are disappearing with alarming speed. In the 30 odd years since independence, almost half our forest area has been degraded or destroyed outright due to over-exploitation.

### **Firewood Famine**

In their desperate search for firewood, rural people are cutting down such large areas of forests around their villages that in some places the women have to walk as much as 10 miles every day to find a headload of twigs for cooking their food. If deforestation continues at the present rate—and since no practical substitute for firewood is in

sight—experts foresee an acute "firewood famine" in 10 or 20 years' time. They point out that since most foods cannot be eaten raw, it will not be much use having plenty of food if no fuelwood is going to be available for cooking it. The anticipated social unrest and violence in the countryside which would follow from a rural energy crisis provide an ominous domestic counterpart to the escalating international tensions produced by the current oil crisis.

One of the most destructive consequences of firewood scarcity is



the fact that millions of people are forced to use cattle dung as fuel in place of firewood. The use of cattle dung as manure is indispensable for maintaining the fertility of cultivated land. Chemical fertilisers cannot by themselves maintain soil fertility. In many areas of intensive agriculture where only chemical fertilisers are being used, crop yields are reported to be declining. It has been estimated that if all the cattle dung now burnt as fuel were to be returned to our fields as manure, an estimated 22.5 million acres of farmland could be fertilised, resulting in an additional yield of 23 million tonnes of foodgrains, which is as much as 20% of the country's present food production.

The damage to agriculture thus attributable directly to deforestation

is colossal. Add to this the fact that the forests play a crucial role in protecting our precious soil and water resources which are vital for the success of agriculture. When the catchment areas of rivers have adequate forest cover, most of the rainfall soaks into the ground replenishing the underground sources of water. This helps to keep the wells full and keeps the flow of streams and rivers well into the dry season, when farmers need water the most. With extensive deforestation in the catchment areas, rain falling on the bare ground quickly flows off the surface, giving rise to increasingly severe floods and leaving the rivers dry soon thereafter.

### Rape of The Himalayas

Rampant deforestation in the Himalayan foothills is responsible for the severe floods which strike North India with mounting fury every year. For example, in Almora district of the Kumaon Himalayas, entire hillsides can be seen which have been stripped bare within living memory of their magnificent forest cover of oak, deodar and pine, where nothing can grow today except that prickly denizen of the desert—the cactus. Deforestation is reducing large tracts of land in the hills to near desert conditions, and in the process inflicting devastation on downstream areas in the form of growing floods as well as increasing aridity and drought. Every year, floods bring untold misery to vast areas estimated at over 6.7 million hectares. The annual average damage to crops, livestock and property is estimated at Rs 450 crores. However, since 1978, the widespread havoc has greatly exceeded these estimates. More and more areas are progressively being affected, even Rajasthan now suffers regularly from heavy floods.

Sadly, this is not the end of the story. Land stripped of vegetation is exposed to the full fury of the elements and is subjected to severe erosion. Lashing rains wash away 6,000 million tonnes of soil every year, often leaving the land completely ruined. Along with the soil, 6 million tonnes of valuable plant nutrients worth Rs 700 crores are washed away each year into the sea. **The plant nutrients thus lost each year amount to more than the total consumption of chemical fertilisers in the country today.**

To make matters worse, this enormous load of silt gets deposited in dams, reservoirs and irrigation canals, reducing their water-holding capacity and eventually filling them up. Giant dams like Bhakra, Hirakud and Nizamsagar, on which the nation has spent many crores of rupees and on which it has pinned its hopes for irrigation and power, are fast getting choked by silt, drastically reducing their storage capacity. For example, siltation has cut the storage capacity of the Nizamsagar dam by over 60% from 900 million cubic metres to a mere 340 million cubic metres.



Soon we have to look for another forest to move into. This is all the fuel that is left here. (Cartoon by K. Srinivasan)

### Did You Know?

that some kinds of ants and termites are farmers. They raise fungus gardens.

that Paper Wasps were making paper out of wood thousands of years before people learned to do so.

that a young bird may eat more than its own weight in food in a single day, and that the dragon fly can eat its own weight in 30 minutes.

that the thread spun by spiders is stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

that the South American Armadillo is the only living creature besides man known to contract leprosy, and is proving enormously useful in the search for a cure.

that the Australian Bush Turkey is the only bird able to fly and take care of itself the moment it is hatched.

that a bird is 72 times as strong as a man in proportion to their weights.

that more than 40% of the medical prescriptions each year in the U.S.A. contain a drug of natural origin (from plants, animals, microbes) as the sole active ingredient or as one of the main ones.

that rats destroy between 10% to 20% of India's annual foodgrains production every year, and that snakes and birds of prey are potent forces for keeping the rat population down.

that by helping in pollination, honey bees can increase the yields of certain food and cash crops by 150% to 600%.

There are no resources more valuable than land and water. And there are no needs more basic than food and firewood. If deforestation has reached such enormous proportions that it now threatens agriculture, depletes the primary source of rural energy, and degrades our land, it is time we realised that the care of our forests is a matter of immediate concern to every citizen.

A nationwide afforestation programme on a war footing is the need of the hour. It is tragic that the amount being spent today on forestry is negligible in relation to what we spend on other priority areas. Investment in forestry and afforestation needs to be greatly stepped up. The production of timber and pulpwood from our existing forests will have to be increased with the help of modern forestry practices and by establishing man-made plantations of commercially valuable species.

We must ensure that our forests are managed on a sustained yield basis, which means that we do not cut more than what can grow back naturally or artificially. To meet rural needs of firewood and small timber, a nationwide social forestry programme will have to be launched to create woodlots or community forests for groups of villages all over the country on village common lands. As much as 14% of the country's total land area is officially classified as uncultivated 'waste land'. All these waste lands must be greened, in the process creating unprecedented employment opportunities in the countryside and, at the same time, helping to meet the enormous rural demand for firewood and small timber.

All these things must be done—and done now—because tomorrow it may be too late. If we do not care for and nurture our land, our land will one day cease to nurture us.

# The Weekly Jungle Book-II

By the time your grandchildren attain their adulthood some of the animals shown here may become extinct. Experts say that a sixth of all living species—some 5,00,000 of them—will be wiped out by the turn of the century. More insidious is the disappearance of species yet to be named. In the tropical forests, right now, at least one species, vegetable or animal, is dying out every day and in a few more years the toll may well be one species lost every hour!

**THE GODFATHER.** The Black-necked Stork (left) has a striking display dance in which a pair touch their wingtips and crane their heads and "clatter their bills like a couple of watchmen's rattles". Right: With the destruction of its habitat—riverine forest and swamp—the wild buffalo has now joined the list of endangered species. The illegal trade in skins has brought our crocodilians (below) to the brink of extinction.

—Sher Jung Singh

—Courtesy Jaipur Zoo

**THE PRINCE OF CATS,** cleverer than the fiercer than the lion, the leopard (right) is strongest of the carnivores. The Black Ibis appears to be "less inclined to rest and more than the larger White Ibis, storks and heron which it is related.

—E. H. H. H. H. H.



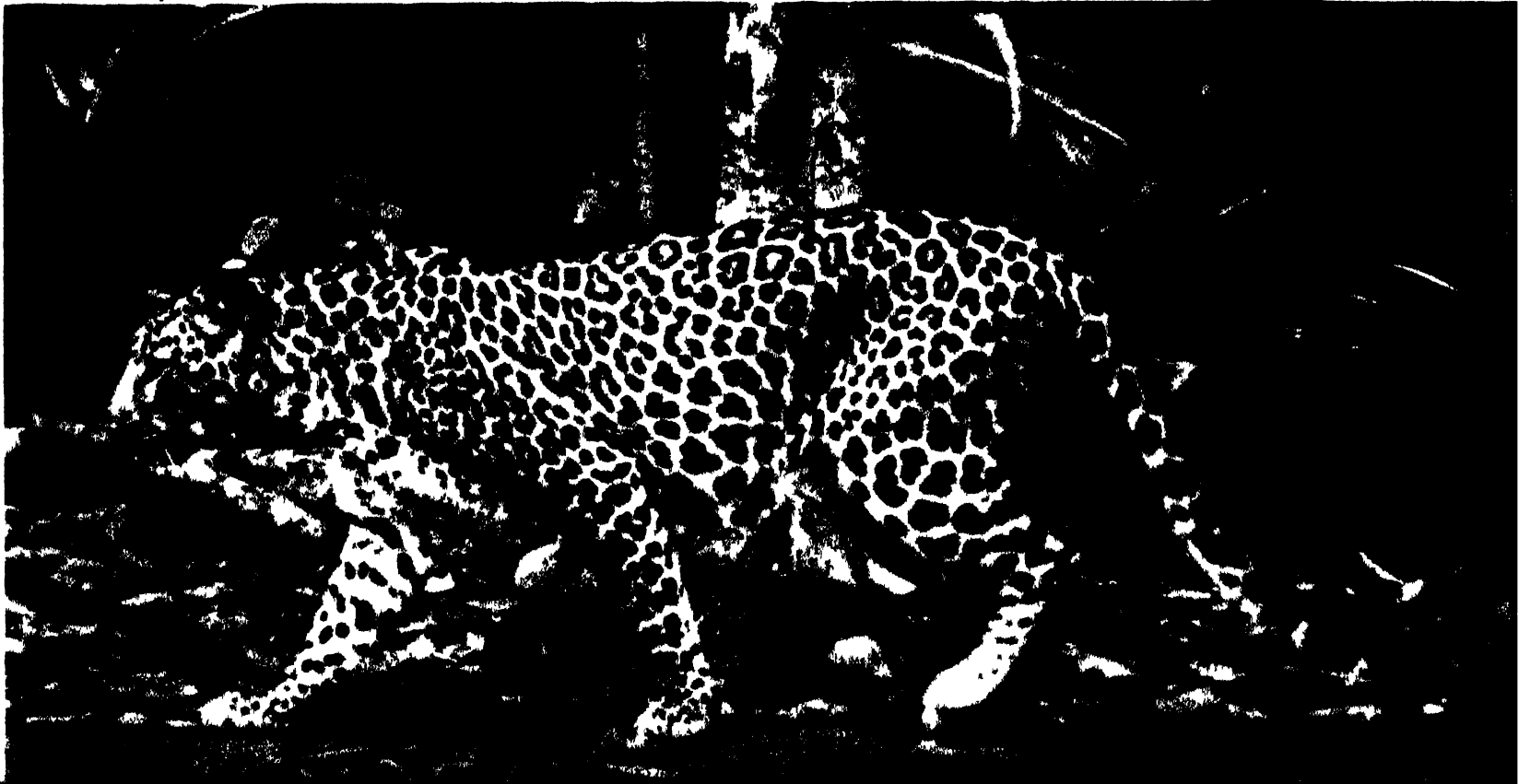
— Courtesy World Wildlife Fund Photo Library, India

— Ghani, Courtesy World Wildlife Fund Photo Library, India

**THE SLENDER LORIS** is a nocturnal animal around which a wealth of gruesome superstitious beliefs has grown. The eyes of the poor creature are used as "love charms".



— Hanumantha





# The Muktesar MAN-EATER

by Jim Corbett

**E**IGHTEEN miles to the north north east of Naini Tal is a hill eight thousand feet high and twelve to fifteen miles long running east and west. The western end of the hill rises steeply and near this end is the Muktesar Veterinary Research Institute where lymph and vaccines are produced to fight India's cattle diseases. People who have lived at Muktesar claim that it is the most beautiful spot in Kumaon, and that its climate has no equal.

A tigress, that thought as highly of the amenities of Muktesar as human beings did, took up her residence in the extensive forests adjoining the small settlement. Here she lived very happily on sambur, karkar and wild pig until she had the misfortune to have an encounter with a porcupine. In this encounter she lost an eye and got some fifty quills, varying in length from one to nine inches, embedded in the arm and under the pad of her right foreleg. Several of these quills after striking a bone had doubled back in the form of a U, the point and the broken off end being close together. Suppurating sores formed where she endeavoured

to extract the quills with her teeth and while she was lying up in a thick patch of grass, starving and licking her wounds, a woman selected this particular patch of grass to cut as fodder for her cattle. At first the tigress took no notice, but when the woman had cut the grass right up to where she was lying, the tigress struck once, the blow crushing in the woman's skull. Death was instantaneous for when found the following day, she was grasping her sickle with one hand and holding a tuft of grass, which she was about to cut when struck, with the other. Leaving the woman lying where she had fallen, the tigress limped off for a distance of over a mile and took refuge in a little hollow under a fallen tree. Two days later a man came to chip firewood off this fallen tree, and the tigress who was lying on the far side killed him also. The man fell across the tree, and as he had removed his coat and shirt and the tigress had clawed his back when killing him, it is possible that the sight of blood trickling down his body as he hung across the bole of the tree first gave her the idea that he was something that she could satisfy her hunger with. However that may be, before leaving him she ate a small portion from his back. A day later she killed her third victim deliberately, and without having received any provocation. Thereafter she became an established man-eater.

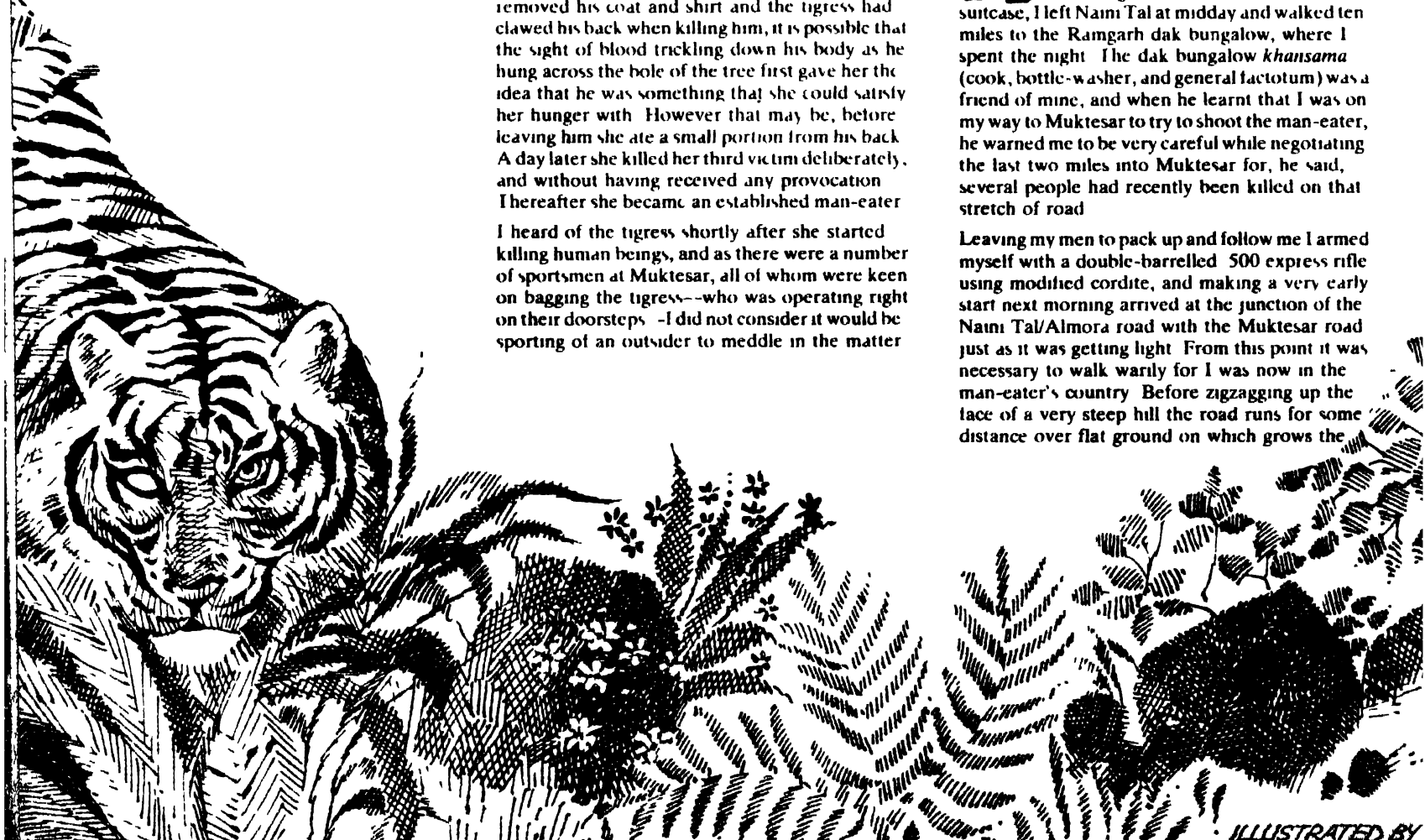
I heard of the tigress shortly after she started killing human beings, and as there were a number of sportsmen at Muktesar, all of whom were keen on bagging the tigress—who was operating right on their doorsteps—I did not consider it would be sporting of an outsider to meddle in the matter.

When the toll of human beings killed by the tigress had risen to twenty-four however, and the lives of all the people living in the settlement and neighbouring villages were endangered and work at the Institute slowed down, the veterinary officer in charge of the Institute requested Government to solicit my help.

My task, as I saw it, was not going to be an easy one, for, apart from the fact that my experience of man-eaters was very limited, the extensive ground over which the tigress was operating was not known to me and I therefore had no idea where to look for her.

**A**CCOMPANIED by a servant and two men carrying a roll of bedding and a suitcase, I left Naini Tal at midday and walked ten miles to the Ramgarh dak bungalow, where I spent the night. The dak bungalow *khansama* (cook, bottle-washer, and general factotum) was a friend of mine, and when he learnt that I was on my way to Muktesar to try to shoot the man-eater, he warned me to be very careful while negotiating the last two miles into Muktesar for, he said, several people had recently been killed on that stretch of road.

Leaving my men to pack up and follow me I armed myself with a double-barrelled 500 express rifle using modified cordite, and making a very early start next morning arrived at the junction of the Naini Tal/Almora road with the Muktesar road just as it was getting light. From this point it was necessary to walk warily for I was now in the man-eater's country. Before zigzagging up the face of a very steep hill the road runs for some distance over flat ground on which grows the



ILLUSTRATED BY

orange-coloured lily, the round hard seeds of which can be used as shot in a muzzle-loading gun

Where the road comes out on a saddle of the hill there is a small area of flat ground flanked on the far side by the Muktesar Post Office, and a small bazaar

From the flat ground in front of the post office and the bazaar the southern face of the Muktesar hill falls steeply away, and is cut up by ridges and ravines overgrown with dense brushwood, with a few trees scattered here and there. I was standing on the edge of the hill, looking down into the valley and the well-wooded Ramgarh hills beyond, when I was joined by the postmaster and several shopkeepers.

In a fold of the hill to our left front, and about two miles away and a thousand feet below us, was a patch of cultivation. This I was informed was Badri Sah's apple orchard. Badri, son of an old friend of mine, had visited me in Naini Tal some months previously and had offered to put me up in his guest house and to assist me in every way he could to shoot the man-eater. This offer, for the reason already given, I had not accepted. Now however, as I had come to Muktesar at the request of the Government I decided I would call on Badri and accept his offer to help me, especially as I had just been informed by my companions that the last human kill had taken place in the valley below his orchard.

**T**HANKING all the men who were standing round me, and telling them I would

rely on them for further information, I set off down the Dhari road. The day was still young and before calling on Badri there was time to visit some of the villages farther along the hill to the east. There were no milestones along the road, and after I had covered what I considered was about six miles and visited two villages I turned back. I had retraced my steps for about three miles when I overtook a small girl in difficulties with a bullock. The girl, who was about eight years old, wanted the bullock to go in the direction of Muktesar, while the bullock wanted to go in the opposite direction, and when I arrived on the scene the stage had been reached when neither would do what the other wanted. The bullock was a quiet old beast, and with the girl walking in front holding the rope that was tied round his neck and I walking behind to keep him on the move he gave no further trouble. After we had proceeded a short distance I said

'We are not stealing Kalwa, are we?' I had heard her addressing the black bullock by that name.

'No,' she answered indignantly, turning her big brown eyes full on me.

'To whom does he belong?' I next asked.

'To my father,' she said.

'And where are we taking him?'

'To my uncle.'

'And why does uncle want Kalwa?'

'To plough his field.'

'But Kalwa can't plough uncle's field by himself.'

'Of course not,' she said. 'I was being stupid, but then you could not expect a sahib to know anything about bullocks and ploughing.'

'Has uncle only got one bullock?' I next asked.

'Yes,' she said, 'he has only got one bullock now, but he did have two.'

'Where is the other one?' I asked, thinking that it had probably been sold to satisfy a debt.

'The tiger killed it yesterday,' I was told. Here was news indeed, and while I was digesting it we walked on in silence, the girl every now and then looking back at me until she plucked up courage to ask

'Have you come to shoot the tiger?'

'Yes,' I said, 'I have come to try to shoot the tiger.'

'Then why are you going away from the kill?'

'Because we are taking Kalwa to uncle.' My answer appeared to satisfy the girl, and we plodded on. I had got some very useful information, but I wanted more and presently I said

'Don't you know that the tiger is a man-eater?'

'Oh, yes,' she said, 'it ate Kunthi's father and Boushi Singh's mother, and lots of other people.'

'Then why did your father send you with Kalwa? Why did he not come himself?'

'Because he has *bhabari bokhar* (malaria).'

'Have you no brothers?'

'No. I had a brother but he died long ago.'

'A mother?'

'Yes. I have a mother. She is cooking the food.'

'A sister?'

'No. I have no sister. So on this small girl had devolved the dangerous task of taking her father's bullock to her uncle, along a road on which men were afraid to walk except when in large parties, and on which in four hours I had not seen another human being.'

We had now come to a path up which the girl went the bullock following, and I bringing up the rear. Presently we came to a field on the far side of which was a small house. As we approached the house the girl called out and told her uncle that she had brought Kalwa.

All right, a man's voice answered from the house, tie him to the post. Puthi, and go home. I am having my food. So we tied Kalwa to the post

and went back to the road. Without the connecting link of Kalwa between us, Puthi ('Dolly') was now shy, and as she would not walk by my side I walked ahead, suiting my pace to hers. We walked in silence for some time and then I said

'I want to shoot the tiger that killed uncle's bullock but I don't know where the kill is. Will you show me?'

'Oh, yes,' she said eagerly. 'I will show you.'

'Have you seen the kill?' I asked.

'No,' she said. 'I have not seen it, but I heard uncle telling my father where it was.'

'Is it close to the road?'

'I don't know.'

'Was the bullock alone when it was killed?'

'No, it was with the village cattle.'

'Was it killed in the morning or the evening?'

'It was killed in the morning when it was going out to graze with the cows.'

While talking to the girl I was keeping a sharp look-out all round, for the road was narrow and bordered on the left by heavy tree jungle, and on the right by dense scrub. We had proceeded for about a mile when we came to a well-used cattle-track leading off into the jungle on the left. Here the girl stopped and said it was on this track that her uncle had told her father the bullock had been killed. I had now got all the particulars I needed to enable me to find the kill, and after seeing the girl safely to her home I returned to the cattle track. This track ran across a valley and I had gone along it for about a quarter of a mile when I came on a spot where cattle had straggled. Leaving the track I now went through the jungle, I walked to and about fifty yards below



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the track. I had only gone a short distance when I came on a drag-mark. This drag-mark went straight down into the valley and after I had followed it for a few hundred yards I found the bullock, from which only a small portion of the hindquarters had been eaten. It was lying at the foot of a bank about twenty feet high, and some forty feet from the head of a deep ravine. Between the ravine and the kill was a stunted tree, smothered over by a wild rose. This was the only tree within a reasonable distance of the kill on which I could sit with any hope of bagging the tiger, for there was no moon, and if the tiger came after dark—as I felt sure it would—the nearer I was to the kill the better would be my chance of killing the tiger.

It was now 2 p.m. and there was just time for me to call on Badri and ask him for a cup of tea, of which I was in need for I had done a lot of walking since leaving Ramgarh at four o'clock that morning.

**I** HAD told Badri about the tree I intended sitting on and when I returned to the kill he insisted on going with me accompanied by two men carrying materials for making a small machan. Badri and the two men had lived under the shadow of the man-eater for over a year and had no illusions about it and when they saw that there were no trees near the kill—with the exception of the one I had selected in which a machan could be built they urged me not to sit up that night on the assumption that the tiger would remove the kill and provide me with a more suitable place to sit up the following night. This was what I myself would have done if the tiger had not been a man-eater but as it was I was disinclined to miss a chance which might not recur on the morrow even if it entailed a little risk. There were bears in this forest and if one of them smelt the kill any hope I had of getting a shot at the tiger would vanish for Himalayan bears are no respecters of tigers and do not hesitate to appropriate their kills. Climbing into the tree smothered as it was by the rose bush was a difficult feat and after I had made myself as comfortable as the thorns permitted and my rifle had been handed up to me Badri and his men left promising to return early next morning.

I was facing the hill with the ravine behind me. I was in clear view of any animal coming down from above but if the tiger came from below as I expected, it would not see me until it got to the kill. The bullock which was white was lying on its right side with its legs toward me and at a distance of about fifteen feet. I had taken my seat at 4 p.m. and an hour later a karker started barking on the side of the ravine two hundred yards below me. The tiger was on the move and having seen it the karker was standing still and barking. For a long time it barked and then it started to move away the bark growing fainter and fainter until the sound died away round the shoulder of the hill. This indicated that after coming within sight of the kill the tiger had lain down. I had expected this to happen after having been told by Badri the reasons for the failures to shoot the tiger over a kill. I knew the tiger would now be lying somewhere nearby with his eyes and ears open, to make quite sure there were no human beings near the kill before he approached it. Minute succeeded long minute, dusk came, objects on the hill in front of me became indistinct and then faded out. I could still see the kill as a white blur when a stick snapped at the head of the ravine and stealthy steps came towards me, and then stopped immediately below. For a minute or two there was dead silence, and then the tiger lay down on the dry leaves at the foot of the tree.

Heavy clouds had rolled up near sunset and there was now a black canopy overhead blotting out the

stars. When the tiger eventually got up and went to the kill, the night could best be described as pitch black. Strain my eyes as I would I could see nothing of the white bullock, and still less of the tiger. On reaching the kill the tiger started blowing on it. In the Himalayas, and especially in the summer, kills attract hornets—most of which leave as the light fades but those that are too torpid to fly remain—and a tiger—possibly after bitter experience—blows off the hornets adhering to the exposed portion of the flesh before starting to feed. There was no need for me to hurry over my shot for, close though it was, the tiger would not see me unless I attracted its attention by some movement or sound. I can see reasonably well on a dark night by the light of the stars, but there were no stars visible that night nor was there a flicker of lightning in the heavy clouds. The tiger had not moved the kill before starting to eat so I knew he was lying broadside on to me on the right hand side of the kill.

Owing to the attempts that had been made to shoot the tiger I had a suspicion that it would not



come by the dark and I had been my intention to take what I could get by the light of the stars—and then move the muzzle of my rifle sufficiently to my bullet to a foot or two to the right of the kill. But now that the clouds had rendered my eyes useless I would have to depend on my ears (my hearing at that time was perfect). Raising the rifle and resting my elbows on my knees I took careful aim at the sound the tiger was making and while holding the rifle steadily turned my right ear to the sound and then back again. My aim was a little too high so lowering the muzzle a fraction of an inch I again turned my head and listened. After I had done this a few times and satisfied myself that I was pointing at the sound I moved the muzzle a little to the right and pressed the trigger. In two bounds the tiger was up the twenty-foot bank. At the top there was a small bit of flat ground beyond which the hill went up steeply. I heard the tiger on the dry leaves as far as the flat ground and then there was silence. This silence could be interpreted to mean either that the tiger had died on reaching the flat ground or that it was un wounded. Keeping the rifle to my shoulder I listened intently for three or four minutes and as there was no further sound I lowered the rifle. This movement was greeted by a deep growl from the top of the bank so the tiger was un wounded and had seen me. My seat on the tree had originally been about ten feet up but as I had nothing solid to sit on the rose bush had sagged under my weight and I was now possibly no more than eight feet above ground, with my dangling feet considerably lower. And a little above and some twenty feet from me a tiger that I had every reason to believe was a man-eater was growling deep down in his throat.

The near proximity of a tiger in daylight even when it has not seen you causes a disturbance in the bloodstream. When the tiger is not an ordinary one, however, but a man-eater and the time is ten o'clock on a dark night, and you know the man-eater is watching you, the disturbance in the blood becomes a storm. I maintain that a tiger does not kill beyond its requirements, except under provocation. The tiger that was growling at me already had a kill that would last it for two or three days and there was no necessity for it to kill me. Even so I had an uneasy feeling that on this occasion this particular tiger might prove an exception to the rule. Tigers will at times return to a kill after being fired at but I knew this one would not do so. I also knew that in spite of my uneasy feeling I was perfectly safe so long as I did not lose my balance—I had nothing to hold on to or go to sleep and fall off the tree. There was no longer any reason for me to deny myself a smoke so I took out my cigarette case and as I lit a match I heard the tiger move away from the edge of the bank. Presently it came back and again growled. I had smoked three cigarettes and the tiger was still with me when it began to rain. A few big drops at first and then a heavy downpour. I had put on light clothes when I started from Ramgarh that morning and in a few minutes I was wet to the skin for there was not a leaf above me to diffuse the raindrops. The tiger I knew would have hurried off to shelter under a tree or on the lee of a rock the moment the rain started. The rain came on at 11 p.m. at 4 a.m. it stopped and the sky cleared. A wind now started to blow to add to my discomfort and where I had been cold before I was now frozen. When I get a twinge of rheumatism I remember that night and others like it and am thankful that it is no more than a twinge.

**B**ADRI, good friend that he was arrived with a man carrying a kettle of hot tea just as the sun was rising. Relieving me of my rifle the two men caught me as I slid off the tree for my legs were too cramped to function. Then as I lay on the ground and drank the tea they massaged my legs and restored circulation. When I was able to stand Badri sent his man off to light a fire in the guest house. I had never previously used my ears to direct a bullet and was interested to find that I had missed the tiger's head by only a few inches. The elevation had been all right but I had not moved the muzzle of the rifle far enough to the right with the result that my bullet had struck the bullock six inches from where the tiger was eating.

While drying my clothes in front of a roaring wood fire in the guest house I questioned Badri about the jungle into which the tigers had gone.

Badri was of the opinion that the tigers would lie up for the day in the ravine into which we had every reason to believe she had gone and as this appeared to be an ideal place for a beat we decided to try this method of getting a shot at the tigress provided we could muster sufficient men to carry out the beat. Govind Singh Badri, head gardener, was summoned and our plan explained to him. Given until midday Govind Singh said he could muster a gang of thirty men to do the beat.

Govind and the thirty men were local residents and knew the danger to be apprehended from the man-eater. However, after I had told them what I wanted them to do they expressed their willingness to carry out my instructions. Badri was to give me an hour's start to enable me to search the ravine for the tigress and, if I failed to get a shot, to take up my position on the open ground near the stream. Govind was to divide his men into two parties, take charge of one party himself and put a reliable man in charge of the other. At the end of the hour Badri was to fire a shot and the two parties were to set off, one on either side of the



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ravine, rolling rocks down, and shouting and clapping their hands. It all sounded as simple as that, but I had my doubts, for I have seen many beats go wrong.

Going up the track down which I had come that morning, I followed the path that the tigress had taken, only to find after I had gone a short distance that it petered out in a vast expanse of dense brushwood.

Working round to the left I found an open patch of ground on a ridge. The ground down here was very different from what I had pictured it to be. There was no place where I could stand to overlook the hillside that was to be beaten, and the tigress might break out anywhere without my seeing her. However, it was then too late to do anything, for Badri had fired the shot that was to let me know the beat had started. Presently, away in the distance, I heard men shouting. For a time I thought the beat was coming my way and then the sounds grew fainter and fainter until they eventually died away. An hour later I again heard the beaters. They were coming down the hill to my right, and when they were on a level with me I shouted to them to stop the beat and join me on the ridge. It was no one's fault that the beat had miscarried, for without knowing the ground and without previous preparation we had tried to beat with a handful of untrained men in a vast area of dense brushwood that hundreds of trained men would have found it difficult to cope with.

The beaters had had a very strenuous time forcing their way through the brushwood, and while they sat in a bunch removing thorns from their hands and feet and smoking my cigarettes Govind and I stood facing each other, discussing his suggestion of carrying out a beat on the morrow in which every available man in Muktesar and the surrounding villages would take part. Suddenly in the middle of a sentence, Govind stopped talking. I could see that something unusual had attracted his attention behind me, for his eyes narrowed and a look of incredulity came over his face. Swinging round I looked in the direction in which he was facing, and there, quietly walking along a field that had gone out of cultivation, was the tigress. She was about four hundred yards away on the hill on the far side of the stream, and was coming towards us.

**T**HE chances of a shot being spoilt are greatly increased when the quarry is in an inhabited area in which parties of men may be travelling from one village to another or going to or from markets, or where shots may be fired to scare away langurs from apple orchards. The tigress still had three hundred yards to go to reach the stream, and two hundred yards of that was over open ground on which there was not a single tree or bush. The tigress was coming towards us at a slight angle and would see any movement we made, so there was nothing I could do but watch her, and no tigress had ever moved more slowly. She was known to the people of Muktesar as the lame tiger, but I could see no sign of her being lame. The plan that was forming in my head as I watched her was to wait until she entered the scrub jungle, and then run forward and try to get a shot at her either before or after she crossed the stream. Had there been sufficient cover between me and the point the tigress was making for, I would have gone forward as soon as I saw her and tried either to get a shot at her on the open ground or, failing that, intercept her at the stream. But unfortunately there was not sufficient cover to mask my movements, so I had to wait until the tigress entered the bushes between the open ground and the stream.

Telling the men not to move or make a sound until I returned, I set off at a run as the tigress

disappeared from view. The hill was steep and as I ran along the contour I came to a wild rose bush which extended up and down the hill for many yards. Through the middle of the bush there was a low tunnel, and as I bent down to run through it my hat was knocked off, and raising my head too soon at the end of the tunnel I was nearly dragged off my feet by the thorns that entered my head. The thorns of these wild roses are curved and very strong and as I was not able to stop myself some embedded themselves and broke off in my head—where my sister Maggie had difficulty in removing them when I got home—while others tore through the flesh. With little trickles of blood running down my face I continued to run until I approached the hollow. This hollow was about forty yards long and thirty yards wide. The upper end of it, the hill and the further bank, were overgrown with dense brushwood. The lower half of the hollow and the bank on my side were free of bushes. As I reached the edge of the hollow and peered over, I heard a bone crack. The tigress had reached the hollow before me and, on finding the old kill, was trying to make up for the meal she had been deprived of the previous night.

If after leaving the kill, on which there was very little flesh, the tigress came out on to the open ground I would get a shot at her, but if she went up the hill or up the far bank I would not see her. From the dense brushwood in which I could hear the tigress a narrow path ran up the bank on my side and passed within a yard to my left, and a yard beyond the path there was a sheer drop of fifty feet into the stream below. I was considering the possibility of driving the tigress out of the brushwood on to the open ground by throwing a stone on to the hill above her, when I heard a sound behind me. On looking round I saw Govind standing behind me with my hat in his hand. At that time no European in India went about without a hat, and having seen mine knocked off by the rose bush Govind had retrieved it and brought it to me. Near us there was a hole in the hill. Putting my finger to my lips I got Govind by the arm and pressed him into the hole. Sitting on his hunkers with his chin resting on his drawn-up knees, hugging my hat, he just fitted into the hole and looked a very miserable object, for he could hear the tigress crunching bones a few yards away.

As I straightened up and resumed my position on the edge of the bank, the tigress stopped eating. She had either seen me or, what was more probable, she had not found the old kill to her liking. For a long minute there was no movement or sound, and then I caught sight of her. She had climbed up the opposite bank, and was now going along the top of it towards the hill. At this point there were a number of six-inch-thick poplar saplings and I could only see the outline of the tigress as she went through them. With the forlorn hope that my bullet would miss the saplings and find the tigress I threw up my rifle and took a hurried shot. At my shot the tigress whipped round, came down the bank, across the hollow, and up the path on my side, as hard as she could go. I did not know, at the time, that my bullet had struck a sapling near her head, and that she was blind of one eye. So what looked like a very determined charge might only have been a frightened animal running away from danger, for in that restricted space she would not have known from what direction the report of my rifle had come. Be that as it may, what I took to be a wounded and a very angry tigress was coming straight at me; so, waiting until she was two yards away, I leant forward and with great good luck managed to put the remaining bullet in the rifle into the hollow where her neck joined her shoulder. The impact of the heavy .500 bullet deflected her just sufficiently for her to miss my left shoulder, and her impetus carried her over the



fifty-foot drop into the stream below, where she landed with a great splash. Taking a step forward I looked over the edge and saw the tigress lying submerged in a pool with her feet in the air, while the water in the pool reddened with her blood.

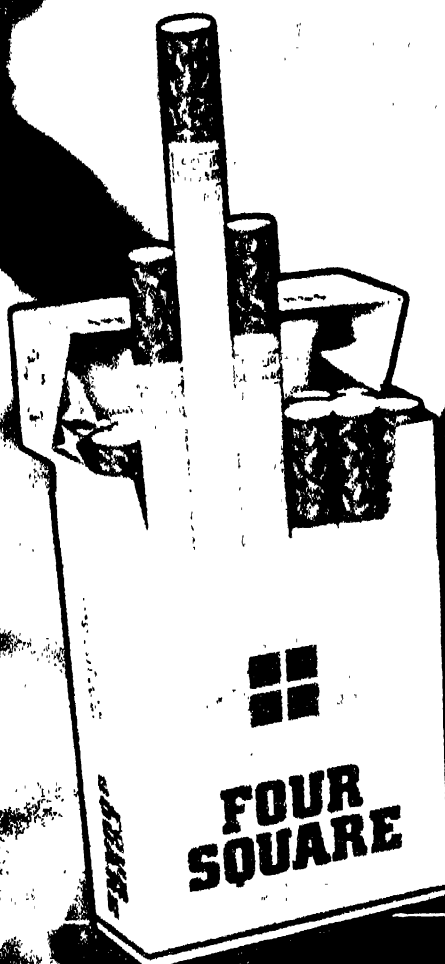
Govind was still sitting in the hole, and at a sign he joined me. On seeing the tigress he turned and shouted to the men on the ridge, 'The tiger is dead! The tiger is dead!' The thirty men on the ridge now started shouting, and Badri on hearing them got hold of his shot-gun and fired off ten rounds. These shots were heard at Muktesar and in the surrounding villages, and presently men from all sides were converging on the stream. Willing hands drew the tigress from the pool, lashed her to a sapling and carried her in triumph to Badri's orchard. Here she was put down on a bed of straw for all to see, while I went to the guest house for a cup of tea. An hour later by the light of hand lanterns, and with a great crowd of men standing round, among whom were several sportsmen from Muktesar, I skinned the tigress. It was then that I found she was blind of one eye and that she had some fifty porcupine quills, varying in length from one to nine inches, embedded in the arm and under the pad of her right foreleg. By ten o'clock my job was finished, and declining Badri's very kind invitation to spend the night with him I climbed the hill in company with the people who had come down from Muktesar, among whom were my two men carrying the skin. On the open ground in front of the post office the skin was spread out for the postmaster and his friends to see. At midnight I lay down in the dak bungalow reserved for the public, for a few hours' sleep. Four hours later I was on the move again and at midday I was back in my home at Naini Tal after an absence of seventy-two hours.

The shooting of a man-eater gives one a feeling of satisfaction. Satisfaction at having done a job that badly needed doing. Satisfaction at having out-manoeuvred, on his own ground, a very worthy antagonist. And, greatest satisfaction of all, at having made a small portion of the earth safe for a brave little girl to walk on.

This story is excerpted from "Jim Corbett's INDIA, Stories selected by R.E. Hawkins"; Oxford University Press, Rs 50. The hardbound edition of the book has been sold out and a paperback is appearing shortly.



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## Book Reviews:

# A Bird-watcher's Bible

*Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down,  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown*

—John Keats, 'Ode To A Nightingale'

ARTISTS and poets have "immortalised" birds and beasts since prehistoric times. The long-extinct mammoths and aurochs still cavort on the cave walls at Altamira. The *krauncha* shot by the hunter flutters to life at every recitation of the Valmiki Ramayana

And so it is with *koel ki pukar* and *bol re paphara* which have resonated albeit unseasonally a myriad times over AIR and Doordarshan throughout the length and breadth of our land.

However, apotheosis is no consolation for a bird adrift in the grey limbo of extinction. Nothing will ever quicken the Dodo's dry remains in the British Museum. This courtly cousin of the pigeon died out towards the end of the 17th century from Mauritius. It lives on only in the pages of *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland* where Lewis Carroll cast it in a 'pool of tears' in the company of 'a queer-looking party'—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable!

How many of our Indian birds are going to join the Dodo in oblivion in the years to come? One wonders while leafing through the second edition of the inaugural volume of *Handbook of The Birds of India and Pakistan*\*. The authors, Dr Salim Ali and S. Dillon Ripley, two of the world's most respected ornithologists, say

\**Handbook of The Birds of India & Pakistan* by Salim Ali and S. Dillon Ripley, Second edition, Vol I: *Divers to Hawks*. Oxford University Press. Rs 150. First published in 1968, this extensively revised volume, is part of the monumental ten-volume series completed in 1975.

THE COMMONLY SEEN DAIYAR, or the Magpie-robin, related to the thrushes, is a fine songster itself. It only shares its pied colours with the magpie of the crow family, not its notorious thieving habit (although the Daiyar is a bit of a mink, "stealing" other birds' calls.)

A more depressing corollary to our changing world is that subspecies as well as species are probably disappearing today at an accelerated rate. In some areas, particularly in the tropics and particularly in plants and in such classes of animals as the invertebrates, many of these species and subspecies may disappear before they have even been described as new to science, leaving no ascertainable ripple in man's time to mark their passing. Only the world's pool of genetic recombination is deprived here, not man's recordings of it by ascribed names.

"Let us hope that biologists of the future will not know many species of the great subcontinent of southern Asia only by names as we today, by accident, commemorate the lost Dodo of Mauritius or the Solitaire. For all that they have gone, they were seen by knowing men, recorded and their bony remnants described. In India the Pinkheaded Duck was described as locally tolerably common in Oates and Blanford's day, as 'most shy and secretive' by Baker 31 years later, and as 'probably extinct' by ourselves 36 years later still. And so in two generations, within the lifetime of many people, one of the most curious species of birds in the world has vanished. 'What's in a name?' indeed."

The "Handbook" is no ordinary birdbook. I would liken it to an "arbiter of last resort" when lesser magis and "guides" have failed you. A definitive reference work of vast

erudition and scientific rigour, it is likely to remain indispensable to every serious bird-watcher and field ornithologist in the subcontinent for many years hence.

In the introduction, the authors trace the great *parampara* or the distinguished tradition that has preceded the "Handbook".

The first six decades of the 19th century up till the publication of Jerdon's *Birds of India* were dominated by the virtual founders of Indian ornithology, F C Jerdon, Brian Hodgson and Edward Blyth. The period thence, and right up to the publication of the first edition of the government-sponsored *Fauna of British India* series on *Birds* was completely dominated by A O Hume who had meanwhile appeared on the scene. Hume, who, by the way, is memorable also as being one of the founders of the Indian National Congress while still in active civil service.

### Fauna Of British India

"Bird study in India received its second great boost by the publication between 1889 and 1898 of the four bird volumes by Eugene W Oates and W T Blanford in the *Fauna of British India* series. As in the case of its predecessor, Jerdon's *Birds of India*, it brought together and up to date all the advances in knowledge due to the extensive work in the field and in the museum during the intervening 27 years from scattered

sources including the most important—Hume's *Stray Feathers*. These volumes were clearly responsible for the eruption of the notable crop of outstanding field ornithologists that distinguished the next 23 years up to the publication of the Vol I of the *New Fauna* (1922) including its author F C Stuart Baker.

It was on a joint expedition to the Mishmi Hills in 1948 that Salim Ali and Sidney Dillon Ripley (the present Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution) conceived the idea of revising Stuart Baker's volumes. According to the authors, "The standard manuals of ornithology mentioned earlier were excellent in their own way, but they presumed a basic familiarity with birds and were difficult to use by the uninitiated layman. Besides, it was widely realised that now—over 30 years since their publication—Stuart Baker's *Fauna* volumes were outmoded in many respects and stood in urgent need of revision. What was obviously needed at this stage was not merely the *Fauna* in its old format brought up to date, but a work which combined strict scientific accuracy with non-technical language and popular appeal—concise accounts of life history and habits and, above all, good coloured illustrations supplemented by simple clues to field identification."

"Our inspiration was derived from the admirable *Handbook of British*

—O C Edwards

*Birds* by Witherby and others, which combines all the desired features in a manner that has seldom been excelled. But though our book is so entitled as a tribute to its British original, we are only too conscious of the loss it suffers by comparison since our information on most topics of the life history and ecology of Indian birds—even of distribution—is as yet quite elementary compared with that in the British handbook. Nevertheless it seems desirable to record whatever is known if only to show the extent of its incompleteness, so that the deficiencies may in time be rectified."

However, "even after suitable compression of the available data, meagre as they are on the whole", a coverage of this magnitude required 3,194 pages spread over 10 volumes (According to the publishers, to ensure good wearing qualities and resistance to insect attack, paper with over 75 per cent rag content and a waterproof binding cloth have been manufactured for the *Handbook*). The authors confess that "such a work must inevitably be a compilation to a large extent, collating our own notes with the sifted publication and MSS of a large number of field observers and museum workers."

### Gems Of Entertainment

These caveats are unnecessary. For the final product, terse as it is, is lucid and well-written. Admittedly there are portions such as measurements and taxonomical notes which might prove heavy going for the lay reader but even among these are concealed some aphoristic gems of entertaining information. For instance the longevity of *Acridothera tristis* (Eastern Grey Heron) we are told is "equal to 24 years". This figure has been worked out from "ringing data."

Again, turn to page 25 if you are one of those for whom the pelican is just a bird whose mouth holds more than his belly can and who takes in his beak enough food for a week. The essay on the family *pelecanidae* is first rate. At the end (on page 26) you are told that "the oil obtained from pelicans fat is highly valued in Indian medicine as an embrocation for rheumatism and similar ailments. This, in addition to the fact that, in pelicans, "syringeal muscles responsible for true voice-production (are) lacking". And that, "adults (are) usually silent, rarely uttering throaty grunts or croaks likened to the grunt of buffalo. The young have a variety of groans, yelps and chattering."

I must admit I was baffled by these techniques of voice production. With apologies to the old limerick, one may ask: If the pelican be a bird without those "voice muscles", how the hellican? However, the authors are good enough to confess their own ignorance in such matters, but much later—on page 107. The Adjutant Stork, they write, "is described as emitting a sound like 'the lowing of a

cow when separated from her calf (Oates) and 'a loud grunting croak not unlike the low of a buffalo'. How these sounds are produced is not known since the bird is devoid of true voice muscles."

The moral is that despite the Latinised gravity of tone adopted in some parts, a close reading of the text can be quite rewarding. Here, for instance, is a quote taken from a chapter called *Zoogeography of the Indian Subregion*.

"Records of the 17th century in India tell of the Mughal court and the hunting exploits of emperors like Jahangir who personally killed 3,203 large mammals between the age of 12 and 48 (*Salim Ali 1927 841*). These records show a strikingly different environmental pattern from our own Rhinoceros, found today in India in two limited areas in the north east in West Bengal and Assam and in the central Nepal terai then occurred north to Peshawar on the north west frontier of West Pakistan. North-western India and much of West Pakistan are semi deserts today. Heavy swampy undergrowth and savannah forest suitable for rhino must have been continuous in extent in the 17th century at least 800 miles to the north-west of where it occurs at present. And here climate itself has not been a factor. It is worth remembering in the context of zoogeography that human beings can affect the habitat rapidly and irreversibly through overgrazing and fires and eventually animal distribution itself. The discipline of zoogeography thus has much to teach conservationists. Certain species of animals which are on the lists of threatened species made up by various international organizations today are in this perilous state directly as a result of long range changes in the environment brought on by overgrazing or over cultivation or similar land-use habits which have become an almost immemorial pattern in many cases."

Close reading of the above-mentioned chapter also revealed a *Jauz pas* presumably the

result of an oversight. *East Pakistan* of the 1968 edition (page XI) should have been changed to Bangladesh. Taking up this point further, why not change the title of this magnum opus itself to *Handbook of The Birds of India, Pakistan and Bangladesh?* Or, *Handbook of The Birds of The Indian Subcontinent?*

The authors and publishers still have time to consider my humble suggestion since a single-volume compact edition of all the 10 volumes of the *Handbook* is to appear shortly. For this purpose, the text has been photographically reduced to 1/4th the original size (It can still be read by the naked eye), while the colour illustrations—113 plates in all with some new additions—retain their original size. The compact edition is priced at £. 50. So bird watchers who wish to buy it—and there will be plenty of them—can start saving up from now!

**A BUNDLE OF FEATHERS\*** is a deceptive book. At a first glance it appears forbiddingly technical. But as you read through this collection of ornithological papers presented to Salim Ali on his 75th birthday in 1971, your curiosity is thoroughly whetted. You realise how many of nature's mysteries are as yet unravelled. What a pioneering role natural history has had in dispelling our ignorance.

I shall cite only one example from the book—a paper on Asian Honeyguides by Herbert Friedman which stimulated me so much that I went on to read what ever I could find on these birds. Here is a sample of what I learnt.

The Honeyguide is a most extraordinary bird. Not only does it feed on wax which it digests with the aid of special intestinal bacteria, but also "guides" men and beasts such as the Honey Ratel to the beehives. These traits are all the more remarkable when you realise that the honeyguide is a parasitic nester. Its young are raised by foster parents.

\*A Bundle of Feathers proffered to Salim Ali for his 75th Birthday in 1971. Oxford University Press. Price Rs 85.

such as barbets and woodpeckers to which it is related. They are never fed wax as nestlings nor are they ever taught to lead men and rats to honeycombs.

The behaviour of the baby honeyguide is even more singular, it comes equipped into the world with a sharp "tooth" to bite its nest-mates to death. When this work is done, within a week of hatching, the "hooks" drop off.

This behavioural "profile" was pieced together recently by Western naturalists mainly from the studies done on the Black-throated and the Greater Honeyguides in Africa where most of the 17 species in the family live.

Practically nothing is recorded about the habits of the single species to be seen in India—the yellow-backed Honeyguide of the Himalayas. "This habit (of guiding men to hives) has not been observed here," says Salim Ali in his *The Birds of Sikkim*. "But the frequency with which the bird is found in the vicinity of cliffs where rockbees have combs suggests that its food (bees larvae and wax) here may also be the same."

Salim Ali is obviously right. But some ten years prior to the publication of his conjecture, Friedman had found out that 1700 years ago the Chinese scholars had heard of the wax eating habit of a bird (in the Himalayas) they had never seen for themselves—a bird that remained unknown to the Western world for nearly 16 centuries longer, and of whose wax-eating habits we have only become aware in the last few years. There is even a curious parallel between the old Chinese appellation "spiritual sparrow", and Hume's subgeneric one, *Pseudofringilla* proposed for the bird some 70 years after Blyth made it known to "Science".

### Materia Medica

Friedman quotes a fascinating account from an ancient Chinese *materia medica* parts of which date back to the 3rd century AD. He says it is indeed ironic that the first bird from this family which men wrote about, is the one least known today. There are several other interesting topics such as the voice of the Hill Myna (which once told the Queen Mother of England "Shut up, will you?") and the food habits of the edible nest swiftlets. But they are full of scientific terms and tables and they tend to presume that the reader knows his birds all right. Considering that these papers are a tribute by his peers to one of the greatest naturalists in the world, this is understandable. The warm personal account of Salim Ali by Zafar Futehally is an exception. Here although I may sound pedantic permit me to point out that Hugh Whistler, the great naturalist who worked in India during the years between the two World Wars, died on July 7, 1943 not in 1948 as is printed on page 6.

—Vithal C. Nadkarni



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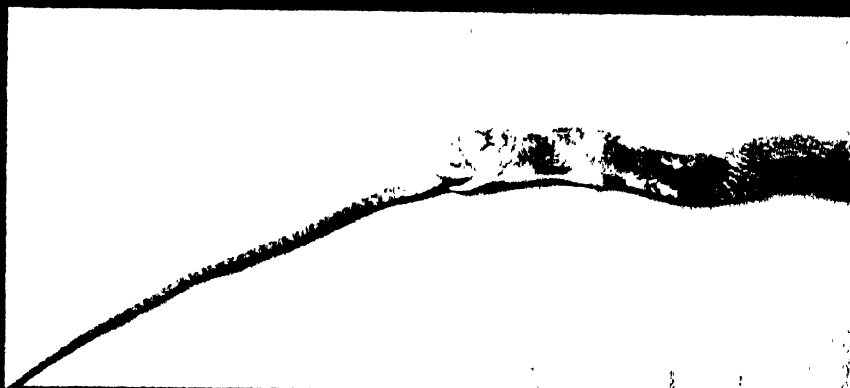
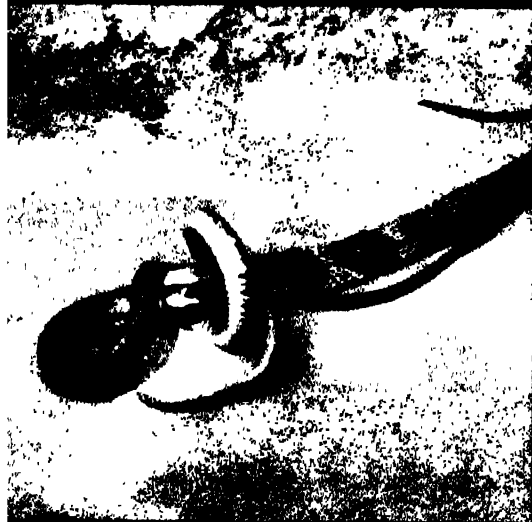
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King Cobras are now rare in India. They are partial to the dense rain forests in the Western Ghats and Northern hill forests and Assam. They seem to require special conditions of heavy rainfall and dense undergrowth. However, they are also found in mangrove swamps in the Sunderbans, Orissa and in the Andamans.

The venom of this serpent is less toxic than the ordinary cobra's but its massive venom glands contain enough poison—6 cc—to kill an elephant. A welter of folklore and myths centre around the King Cobra which is said "to charge its aggressors open-mouthed, emitting a deep growl". According to Romulus Whitaker it behaves with an intelligence and awareness unusual in snakes.

V. N.

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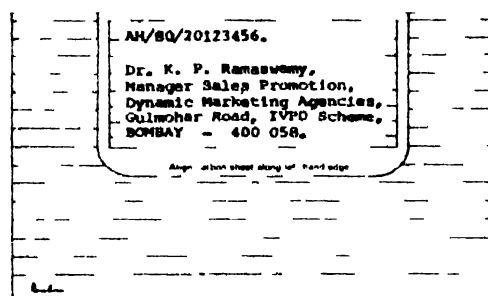
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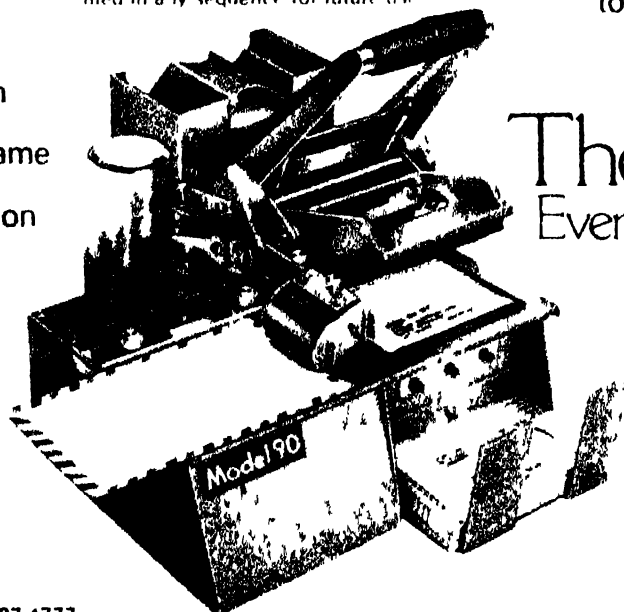
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### Who's The PM?

**C**AN YOU believe it? Rajasthan's Chief Minister Jagannath Pahadia writes a letter to the World Bank asking it not to consider the Gujarat Government's request for aid for the multi-purpose Narmada project till Rajasthan's dispute with Gujarat is "amicably settled". What I would like to know is who is in charge in Delhi Mrs Gandhi or Mr Pahadia? And what does Mrs Gandhi do when she hears of Mr Pahadia's impertinence? According to one report she 'chided' him for 'internationalising' an inter-State dispute. I can only state that I am amazed! Mr Pahadia should have been put on the mat. Additionally, it may be pertinent to ask who is the Chief Secretary of Rajasthan and what was he doing when such a letter was being sent to the World Bank. Did he advise the Chief Minister that one doesn't do this sort of thing? Or didn't he see the letter? Do we have Chief Ministers who do not know the limits of their powers, and Chief Secretaries who know less? And is that all that Mrs Gandhi could do to 'chide' Mr Pahadia?

### More Mystery

**B**UT HOLD ON, everybody! Mr Pahadia says that he never wrote the letter to the World Bank. Then who did? And who told Mrs Gandhi that he did? And how come that Mrs Gandhi made a public statement about that alleged letter without double-checking on so important a matter? The matter is getting curiouseur and curiouseur. This is a strange and tantalising way of running the government. I am sure everyone would like to have the mystery resolved. If Mr Pahadia indeed did not write that letter, then he is surely entitled to an apology from the Prime Minister. Or are we to wait for instalment 3 of the story in the days ahead?

### Amis Indiens

**R**AJA RAO always reminds me of France, I suppose because he is a Francophile and studied there and had friends among French intellectuals. He would probably be interested to know that the Alliance Francaise de Bombay brings out a quarterly called *Amis Indiens* with, as its editor J Neveu says, 'the collaboration of all those people, Indian and French, who are eager to strengthen the bonds of mutual understanding and friendship'. A special feature of *Amis Indiens* is that it is bilingual, French and English. Understandably, it is high brow, which is just as well. We can do with a few journals like that.

Unlike Indo-US or even Indo-German relations which are pretty fully spotlighted, Indo-French connections are seldom spoken about. Could it be that the French themselves are not very enthusiastic about their links with India? What is strange is that while the Germans never had a foothold in India, but have managed to retain India's sympathies and hopes, the French, with all their decades-old links, have been lukewarm in their emotional contacts with US. I suppose I will be challenged by Yves Beigbeder, a former Alliance Francaise staffer in Calcutta who is presently preparing a thesis on *India in French Literature after Romain Rolland*, who has contributed an article to the current issue of *Amis Indiens* and who asserts that he likes 'living in India with all that this word may imply by way of physical involvement and metaphysical insouciance'. I rather liked this one comment of his.

Indian society has moved within three or four generations from a highly hierarchical society founded on religious tenets, to a society of atheist economy, which is irreligious in principle. 'Atheist economy'. What is an atheist economy?

But take another comment by the same author. "And if one smiles at the picture of Ganesh placed in the office of an atomic engineer in the centre of Trombay, it is because one

has not understood that a cultured Indian of the twentieth century is able to synthesise two thoughts, his own, and scientific and technological thinking, and to assume himself on these two planes. This is perhaps the very mystery of India, so difficult to seize that the press prefers to go to the easiest by taking interest only in catastrophes and a few ministerial shake-ups".

I don't know whether this tells me more about India or about Mon Beigbeder. Either way I find the analysis fascinating.

### A Bicycle Built For Two

**A** BICYCLE I am eagerly looking forward to owning especially in these days of petrol shortage is one fashioned by the National Institute of Design. Its Executive Director Ashok Chatterjee (he has still to explain to me why he adds an 'e' at the end of his illustrious name) assures me that this new bicycle has been accepted for production by a group of small-scale entrepreneurs with the assistance of Gujarat Industries Development Corporation (GIDC). This bicycle—let me call it the NID for the time being—is certainly novel in design, but it rather looks like a toy to me. According to a note sent to me by Ashoke, NID can carry more than one person. The size of the frame is reduced to make it stronger and lighter. Medium-sized standard wheels are used to bring the point of movement nearer to the ground to improve on its safety and stability and to reduce the cost of the wheel. A drawer-type carrier is provided to help store things.

The note also says that the structure facilitates better load distribution. The rim brakes, apparently, have been replaced by hub brakes (now that's a clever idea) to avoid slippage and to stop the vehicle instantaneously when desired. Safety accessories like the lamp and the bell are integrated with the cycle (though this is not clear in the picture), eliminating extra cost. The security

problem with the front lamp has been overcome by providing in its place a casing for a standard hand torch. The cross bar is positioned low so that men and women in traditional Indian dress can also ride the bicycle conveniently. The note further says that the heights of the handle-bar and the seat are adjustable by hand levers to suit the height of the riders, making the bicycle a truly family vehicle.

All in all the NID, it seems to me, is pretty good looking and even functional, but with the smaller wheel how is one expected to make up for speed?

### The Brahmin And The Rabbi

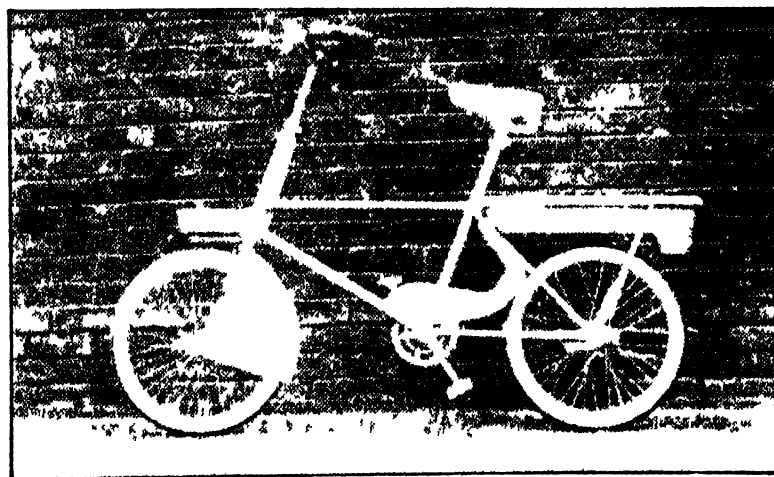
**R**AJA RAO, the brahmin from Hassan, Karnataka, who till recently was teaching Indian philosophy at Austin, Texas, was in town the other day and called in at our office. He has been a contributor to the *Weekly* since Mandy's time and felt at home in my cubicle. He is 72 but does not show his age and has just retired but not happily, from writing. I asked him why we haven't heard from him since his last book *The Serpent and the Rope* which received rave reviews all over the world, and his reply was that he is now working on a major three volume work called *The Brahmin and the Rabbi* scheduled for publication in a few months. If there is anyone in the world who can out-talk a brahmin, it is a rabbi, put a brahmin and a rabbi in the same room and a major work of philosophy can reasonably be expected in a matter of hours. It is improbable that either would win an argument but argumentative they certainly will be. And loads of fun. My predecessor A.S. Raman described *The Serpent and the Rope* as Nobel Prize material. Probably the same will be said of *The Brahmin and the Rabbi*.

Raja Rao was at his scintillating best but declined to write about Sartre, not one of his favourite philosophers. I suppose his best friend still is Malraux of whom Rao spoke nostalgically. Malraux knew both India and China very well. What was the difference between the two?

"India" said Malraux "is never wicked." Rao said he once asked Malraux whether he had ever come across the case of an Indian killing another for bread. Malraux's reply was instantaneous and firm.

Never! Another favourite of Rao was Albert Camus. When Camus met Jayaprakash Narayan, Rao said, he had one request to make of JP. "Tell Nehru when you meet him that he has failed us. But he has failed us because we have failed ourselves. Now all three are no more, Camus, Nehru and JP."

M. V. K.







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**T**HE job-study man stalked up to two clerks in a Government office. "What do you do here?" he asked one. The clerk, fed up with red tape, buck-passing, forms, and efficiency experts, growled: "I don't do a thing."

Silently, the interrogator made a note, then turned to the other clerk. "And what is your job here?"

Following his fellow worker's lead, he replied: "I don't do a thing, either?"

At this, the investigator's face brightened. "Hmmm," he mumbled, "duplication."

**T**WO cannibals, a mother and son, were stalking through the jungle. Suddenly, there was a roar in the sky, and the child ran to his mother for protection.

"It's all right," said the mother. "It's an airplane."

"What's that?" asked the boy.

"Well, it's a little like a lobster. There is an awful lot you have to throw away, but the insides are delicious."

**T**HE air, the sunshine, and the breeze may be free, but you wouldn't think so on a vacation.

**O**NE way to avoid excitement is to live within your income.

**T**HE newly-wed salesman, accompanied by his wife, entered the dining-room of the hotel which he used to frequent. His order included roast chicken, but there was some delay.

"Where's my chicken?" he demanded, somewhat irritably.

The waiter replied in a husky undertone: "Sorry sir, but if you mean the little girl with blue eyes and fluffy hair, she doesn't work here now."

**A**S the policeman helped the battered man up from the sidewalk, he asked him: "Can you describe the man who hit you?"

"That's what I was doing when he hit me," the man replied.

**M**OTHER'S reply to her daughter's questions on matrimony: "You'd better ask your father's advice. He made a much smarter marriage than I did."

**A**S two flies were enjoying a promenade on the ceiling, one said, "Aren't those human beings silly?"

"How do you mean?" asked the other.

"Well," said the first, "they spend a lot of money building a beautiful ceiling like this, then they go and walk on the floor."

**B**UTCHER: "I'm sorry, but we have no ducks today. How about a nice leg of lamb?"

Hunter: "Don't be silly. I can't tell my wife I shot a leg of lamb, can I?"

**T**WO sailors at sea for the first time, were looking out over the mighty ocean. Said one: "That's the most water I ever saw."

The other replied: "You ain't seen nothin' yet. That's just the top of it."

**M**ONEY may not buy happiness, but with it you can be unhappy in perfect comfort.

**T**WO confirmed bachelors talked about cooking.

"I got a cookbook once," said one, "but I never could do anything with it."

"Too much fancy work in it, eh?"

"You said it! Every one of the recipes began the same way: 'Take a clean dish.' That settled me."

**T**HE first day of the season the fisherman caught a huge trout and threw it back, then caught a medium sized specimen and tossed it back too. Finally, he kept two small ones.

When an onlooker asked him why he kept only the small ones, the angler replied. "Small pan."

**M**AN to neighbour. "How much mileage do you get out of your new economy car?"

"Oh about four. My son get the other 21."

**M**R newlywed: "Yo mean there's only cheese for dinner?"

Mrs Newlywed. "Yes, dear. When the chop caught fire and fell into the dessert, I had to use the soup to put out the fire."

**A** REPORTER from the local newspaper was interviewing a woman who had just reached 103 years of age.

"How did it happen that you have lived to be more than 100?" asked the reporter.

"Well," replied the woman, "it's because I never rocked any of our eight children to sleep, never washed any dishes, never cleaned the house nor did any laundry. My husband did that. Heaven rest his soul! He passed away at 48."

**B**E thrifty when you are young and when you're old you'll be able to afford the things that only the young can enjoy.

**H**EREDITY is something people believe in if they have bright children.

**T**HE straight and narrow path has not yet developed enough traffic to require a four-lane highway.

**N**EVER miss an opportunity to make others happy, even if you have to leave them alone.

**W**HEN you have to swallow your own medicine, the spoon seems very large.

**W**AITER: "May I help you with that soup, sir?"

Diner. "What do you mean? I don't need any help."

Waiter: "Sorry sir. From the sound, I thought you might wish to be dragged ashore."

(Jokes selected by K. Velayudhan)



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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Experts Go Down

**Y**OU often hear a Cricket commentator remark that so and so edged a ball to be caught behind the wicket only because he was a good enough player to even reach the ball, a lesser batsman might have missed it completely! Similarly, in bridge there are occasions when an expert goes down in a contract which a beginner might have made—the expert not having played badly at all

Like on this deal, for example, which occurred in an all-expert Duplicate game in the finals of India's first big prize-money tournament at Calcutta a few years ago.

South dealer, Both vulnerable

- ♠ K84
  - ♥ J953
  - ♦ KJ4
  - ♣ 1065
- |   |       |   |       |
|---|-------|---|-------|
| ♠ | QJ95  | ♠ | 762   |
| ♥ | A7    | ♥ | 1062  |
| ♦ | Q9732 | ♦ | 108   |
| ♣ | KJ    | ♣ | Q9872 |
- ♥ A103
  - ♦ KQ84
  - ♠ A85
  - ♣ A43

The auction was brief

South	West	North	East
1NT (1)	P	2NT	P
3NT	All Pass		

(1) 15-17

North and South were Minhaj and Alibhai Qadri of Hyderabad, two of India's all-time great players, particularly Qadri, South. Notice that they had avoided playing in 4 Hearts, despite the 4-4 fit, 4 Hearts makes a double dummy but 3 No Trumps is a very fine contract

West led the Queen of Spades, choosing his second-longest suit for two reasons (i) the Spades were stronger and (ii) since Stayman had not been used there was less likelihood of dummy at least, producing four Spades. Declarer Qadri won his Ace, as East followed with the deuce, indicating to partner a three card holding missing the ten!

A small Heart from hand was ducked by West hoping partner had an honour but dummy's Jack

won, and a second heart put West in with the Ace. East had followed with the deuce and six, indicating a three card holding so West had a reasonably accurate picture of declarer's hand—three Spades, four Hearts probably 3-3 in the minor suits, and 17 points since he had accepted partner's invitation to game

### Give Defence A Chance

West now found the only shift to give the defence some chance—the King of Clubs! Qadri ducked, of course, and West continued with the Jack, won by the declarer's Ace, East following seven. Deuce Alibhai now correctly decided to find out more about the opponents' distribution so he cashed two Heart winners. West parted with two small Diamonds, and East with the six of Spades. From the carding up to this point, West appeared marked with four Spades, two Hearts no more than four Diamonds (with five he might have led Diamonds) and thus three Clubs.

At this stage, a beginner would probably have finessed Diamonds, and notched up 1600 in his column. But Alibhai saw what many players might have missed—if West were indeed 4-2-4-3,

East was ripe for an end play! So he played the ten of Spades, just in case East had held his nine covered by the Jack and won by dummy's King, and exited with the ten of Club, to East's Queen!

A far from incorrect play, indeed an expert play since if West were 4-2-4-3, East would be able to cash only two Clubs and then would have to lead Diamonds into dummy's King Jack tenace. This play would gain over the beginner's Diamond finesse whenever the Queen of Diamonds was off side, and would lose only when as it actually happened East had five Clubs and West only two! East cashed his three Club winners down one

### Brilliant Shift

True West's Club shift was brilliant, but it worked only because Alibhai Qadri, India's top ranked Master Point winner was a batsman good enough to reach the ball! And Alibhai and his team were good enough to win that match and the tournament despite starting the finals some 22 points behind their opponents all of them National Champions several times over!

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

## Two Terrible (K)nightmares

**T**WO attacking Knights can wreak havoc in enemy territory. They are particularly find in the proximity of the enemy King and Queen.

In position Nos 101 and 102 the enemy King and Queen become the victims of terrible nightmares.

Manasov-Shuba, Varna 1978

1.PK4, PQB4 2.NKB3, PQ3 PQ4, NKB3 4.NB3, PxP 5.NxP, PK3 6.QB4, PQR3 (Sicilian Defence Najdorf System, King Bishop Variation) 7.BN3, BK2 8.PB4 NB3 9.BK3, 00 10.QB3, NQR4 (The opening has transposed into a Sozin Attack pattern 10, BK2 8.BN3, 00, or 7.BN3, 11.QN4 8.PB4, BN2 9.PB5, PK4, or 12.BN3, BK2 8.BK3, 00 9.QB3 QB2 10, PQN4—Fischer Tal, Zurich 1959, belong to Najdorf System)

### LATE CASTLING

11.PN4, PQN4 12.PN5, NQ2 13.NxKP? or 13.BxP? can be met by 13.NK4) 14.N3K2, NxP 15.RPxN, BN2 16.PB5, PxP (Black concedes his KB4 to a White Knight To be considered 16.PK4 17.PB6, PxN 18.B or 18.P RK1) 17.NxP, NK4

18.QB4, RK1? [Better seems 18.NN3 19.QN4, NK4 20.QN2 (to defend the KP and avoid repetition) driving the Queen to a less favourable position] 19.N2N3, QB2 20.000 (White's late castling has delayed Black's preparations for a counter attack) 21.BQ4!, PQR4 (On 21.PQ4? the threat NQ6ch is met by 22.NR5 if then 22.PxP 23.NR6ch, KR1 (23.PxN 24.PxP disch is disastrous) 24.BxN, RxB 25.QxR QxQ 26.NxPch etc wins a piece] 22.NR5, RK3

Position No 101 The Knights are ready for the kill, 23.NR6ch!, PxN (If 23.KR1 24.BxN 25.QxBP QxQ 26.NxQch Kf1 27.NQ6, RK2 28.NxB RxN 29.RQ5 with a Pawn up and threats to other Pawns) 24.BxN, PxP 25.NB6ch KB1 (On 25.NxN 26.PxRch, KR1 27.QN3 immediately decides) 26.QB5, RxN 27.PxR QN3 28.QN4, QK6ch 29.KN1, QN4 30.QQ7!, BxP 31.RxQ, PxR 32.QxP and White won

Van Der Sterren-Shakhovitch Lone Pine 1979:

1.PK4, PQN3 2.PQ4, BN2 3.BQ3, PK3 4.NQ2 (The Queen's Franchetto 1.PK4, PQN3 is re-

garded as irregular. Some variations 3.NQB3, PK3 4.NB3, BN5 5.BR3 NKB3 6.PK5 NK5 7.00?, NxN 8.PxN BxP 9.RN1 NB3 Faasz Turnikov Leningrad 1976 3.BQ3 PK3 4.NKB3 NKB3 5.QK2 PB4 6.PB3 QB2 7.00 BK2 8.BKN5 PKR3 9.BR4 NR4 10.BxB, NB5 11.QK3 KxB—Kengis Litvinov Daugaples 1979)

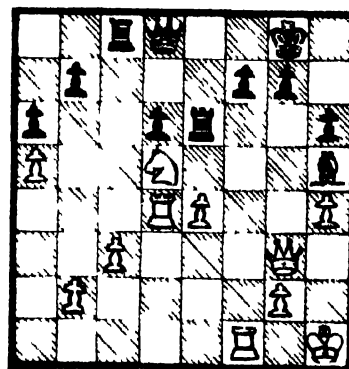
### KP ATTACKED

PQB4 5.PQB3, NQB3 6.KNB3, (6.NB3 7.00, BK2 8.RK1 QB2 9.PQR3 PQ4 would transpose into Torre Larsen Genova 1977) PxP 7.PxP?, (Better 7.NxP) NN5 8.BK2, RB1 9.00, NKB3 10.PK5 [The KP cannot be otherwise defended 10.PQR3 NB7 11.RN1 NAKP 12.BQ3 NxN 13.QBxN BxN and

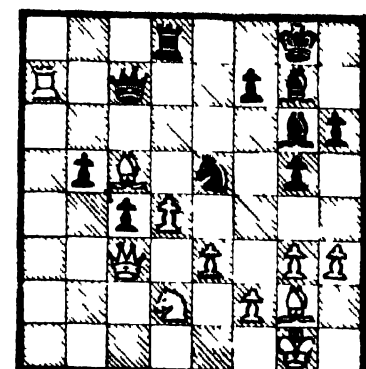
the Black Knight escapes with the gain of two Pawns] 10.N3Q4 11.PQR3? (Intending to trap the Knight but the idea is faulty 11.NB4 was indicated) NB7 12.RR2 (On 12.RN1 would follow 12.NxRP! 13.PxN NB6) NB5 13.PQN3

Position No 102 Black's Knight on QB7 seems lost but the two Knights have conspired to play tricks 13..NK6!! 14.PxN, RxB!! 15.PxN (15.QxR? NxBch and 16.NxQ) RxQ 16.RxR, BK2 17.NB4, 00 18.PQR4 PB3 19.PxP, BxP 20.NK3, BK2 21.PN3, PKN4 22.NN2, PxP 23.NxP, BQ3 24.NK5 QN4 25.RKB1, BxN 26.PxB QxP 27.RKB2 QK5, White Resigns

R R SAPRE



No 103 WHITE TO PLAY



No 104 BLACK TO PLAY

**FOUR-IN-ONE  
CONTEST !**

We are introducing a novel scheme of awarding Prizes for "QUOTES" No. 269, aimed at achieving a more equitable distribution of the Prize Money. At present the entrant's skill in solving a substantial number of clues correctly still falls short of a Prize due to a few stray errors.

We are therefore earmarking Rs. 2,000 for the First five clues (marked as SET—"A") Rs. 2,000 for the Second five clues (marked as SET—"B") and Rs. 2,000 for the last set of five clues (marked as SET—"C"). The Main Prize of Rs. 10,000 will constitute the First Prize of the contest to cover all the fifteen clues.

These separate amounts of Rs. 2,000 for each of the three "A", "B" and "C" sets are specially meant to reward solvers who: 1) solve any one (A' or 'B' or 'C')

**IMPORTANT**

In "QUOTES" No. 269, entrants who submit more than four entries in contravention of our rules by using the names and addresses of others are warned that all their entries will be disqualified at the discretion of the Competition Editor, and the entry fees will be forfeited.

This rule is being introduced to ensure that only skill succeeds and not number of entries.

set correctly, and 11) solve any two ('A' & 'B' or 'A' & 'C' or 'B' & 'C') sets correctly.

All solvers who would have been One Error solver, under the previous system will now naturally have any Two of the other sets without

(Continued on Page 62)

**RULES & CONDITIONS ON P 62  
ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN**

**NO READER MAY SUBMIT MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES. USE OF ANOTHER PERSON'S NAME TO AVOID THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY DEALT WITH.**

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**CLOSES : THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1980**

**CLUES ACROSS**

**SET "A"**

- The military mentality is a bandit and raider mentality. Thus, all military represents a form of organized banditry where the conventional — do not prevail (CODES|MODES|MORES)
- 'Don't begin to repent just yet — your sin out. It will have lasted such a short time.' (HAVE|LIVE)
- For a moment he just thought of giving up and admitting defeat. The girl wasn't worth talking about and the men had nothing of value, so there was nothing he could — off them. (HAVE|MAKE)
- He longed, then, for genuine human contact; he felt violently conscious of his encapsulation. 'Do I — you?' he asked. (SCARE|SHARE|SHAME)
- We all — to be loved or hated; it is a sign that we shall be remembered, that we did not 'not exist' For this reason, many unable to create love have created hate. That too is remembered (LIKE|LIVE|LOVE)

**SET "B"**

- All too clearly, perhaps. But I don't think you mean to continue to — him. I think this is a sort of game (DEFY|DENY)
- I was still thinking about that — when I got hit. That's what he meant. (DUCK|KICK|PUCK)

13 No one had at first believed the story but gradually signs of unusual excitement became apparent among the — themselves. (SINGERS|TINKERS|WINKERS)

14 You give your law a — aura. You ignore the ways it injures your societies. (THEOLOGICAL|THEORETICAL)

**CLUES DOWN**

**SET "B"**

4 "No! You want me to — it?" He took the cup from Levy. (SMELL|SPELL|SPILL)

**SET "C"**

5 He — and said: "What's your name, kid, and what stable you been riding for?" (GLARED|STARED)

6 "Prayer is — stuff," she said, and encouraged by the absence of calamity, decided to try again. (HEADY|HEAVY)

7 You and I know that the truth would be different, and not you and I alone. Are pretty standers so hard to —? (BEAR|HEAR)

8 The others, the many who have to do with the — moeties of life, look disdainfully at me. This may be because I live in a mud hut, drink tea without milk and have only once had a friend. (PAPER|RARE|SAFER)

10 'No. I can't feel anything from the — Well, how about a walk together? Shoot a few birds for dinner? I could just fancy a good casserole' (MOOD|MOON|MOOR)

**SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF SEPT. 28; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 5**  
Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 269, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices  
Post Bag No. 702, Bombay-1.

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No. 269**

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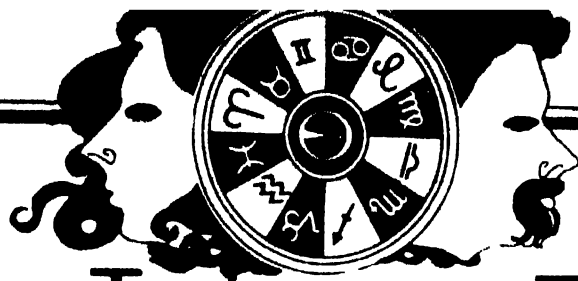
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		3	A	V	K		4	S	A	R	M	E
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		6	T	H	E		7	E				
	8		E			9	L	O	E			
	R	A	A	B	E	L			A	M		
	E								A	G	R	O
	11	D	E	Y			12	U	I	C	K	O
	13											
	14											

I Entry Re 1/-

II Entry Re 1/-

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.





# Your Tomorrows Today

S K KELKAR



**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan 19



The plans and projects you have been working on will be completed successfully. Money gained in the early part of the week will be spent on domestic affairs. Your proposal for travel on Tuesday will be postponed till Thursday. Be understanding with your family and try to appreciate their point of view.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrisabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



It will be a good idea for you to arrange a journey to beauty spots for a spell of relaxation. Artists will enjoy a lot of publicity. Cautious investments on Monday. Tuesday will bring dividends on Wednesday. Vague anxieties and worries will occupy your mind on Friday. Saturday is the lucky day of the week.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



Slowly and steadily you are beginning to look at the lighter side of life. Your work activities will be well rewarded in the coming fortnight. Group activities of Tuesday. Wednesday will cause tension on Thursday. Follow a policy of 'give-and-take' on Friday, and you will receive cooperation from others.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



Some contradictory experiences in personal life and at work are likely to upset your schedule. Do not develop prejudices against your fellow workers and family members in the coming two weeks. Strenuous job activities on Sunday. Monday will bring a lot of physical strain on Tuesday.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



Business and vocational activities are likely to be restricted either due to conflict with partners or the undue intervention of your family. Tackle both of them intelligently and secure their co-operation on Tuesday. Wednesday. Friday brings financial luck. Try to maintain secrecy on all important decisions.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



This is a week when you are mentally active and this will enable you to put ideas and schemes into operation in the next few weeks. Your tendency to brood over the past will cause tension till Wednesday. Observe patience while dealing with customers on Thursday. Friday. Saturday keeps you occupied.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



Deliberately or otherwise you are likely to disturb those who have been obliging and helpful to you in the recent past. Heavy expenses on Thursday will prove a drain on your wallet on Friday. Take an outing on Saturday to refresh yourself for the coming week. Your prosperous phase begins.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



In the next two weeks you will be able to fulfil a number of commitments that have been accumulating. While welcoming new acquaintances do not disturb family members but try to keep them happy. If you tire yourself on Sunday it will have a telling effect on your health on Monday.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrischika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



Politicians may have to play a game of hide-and-seek to avoid defections in the coming two weeks. Your close friends may perhaps develop prejudices against you on Sunday. Monday. Try to clear their doubts on Tuesday. Wednesday. Don't give your opinion on them but wait till Saturday for a reconciliation.

**ARIES**  
(Mehsa)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



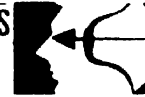
Industrialists and those involved with management should try to reconcile with labour and their subordinates to avoid strikes and lockouts. Similar care should be taken while handling family members. The early part of the week is good for business activities and brings financial luck. Rest on Saturday.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



Business activities will recede in the background this week. Your leisure should be utilised for sorting out your domestic responsibilities. Till mid-week your health will leave much to be desired when rest and recreation will be necessary. Curb expenses and conserve resources on Friday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



Your sense of freedom and independence may cause you embarrassment. Try to be flexible and absorb the views of others and plan a strategy to defeat the machinations of your opponents. By mid-week family members and your opposite number may criticise you vehemently. Be patient with them.

## STAR FOCUS



Tibetans all over the world still cherish the dream of national independence after

over two decades under Chinese rule. Many Tibetans are confident that they will eventually be liberated under the leadership of the Dalai Lama, their former God King. It may be recalled that in 1959 the Chinese occupied Tibet abolishing the authority of the Dalai Lama who was replaced by the Pancham Lama.

During this year and the

## Will The Dalai Lama Return To Tibet?

next Saturn is going to transit over the ascendant and will be in opposition to the radical Sun. This is likely to create a national awareness among the people who will try to free the country.

Mars is going to transit over the ascendant from the end of 1982 to the middle of 1983. When it becomes retrograde between March and May the situation will become explosive. This will

force China to give in to the pulse of the people and may even grant total independence to this mountain country.

By the end of 1982 and early 1983 Rahu will be in the 10th house and several slow-moving planets will be in opposition to the radical Mars. It is at this juncture that the liberation struggle will reach its peak, culminating in Independence by 1984.

## Sunday, August 24.

The coming few months are suited for sorting out your vocational problems. Money gained in December helps clear debts and financial liabilities. From February to March guard your health.

## Monday, August 25.

This will be a year of progress for you. Your hobbies and part-time jobs will not only be interesting but also profitable in the coming months. December brings financial gains.

## Tuesday, August 26.

Be careful in everything you do this week. Do not change your job. In October and March your patience will be amply rewarded and you will have financial gains which you must try to protect in June.

## Wednesday, August 27.

A year of enriching experience. After October you can make an all-out attempt to consolidate your vocational prospects. December brings money and a better personal life. February and March are suited to planning new projects.

## Thursday, August 28.

A year of mixed influences. Hasty decisions will land you in difficulties in the next few months. From November onwards your foresight enables you to strike deals at the right time. In February-March there will be minor financial upsets.

## Friday, August 29.

Artists, writers and politicians will find the coming year most exciting and profitable. People connected with the fields of communication may find it a year of unforeseen difficulties.

## Saturday, August 30.

A happy year is predicted for most people. In the domestic sphere there will be celebration either in December or in June. July. Vocational activities are under favourable stars in December and again in July-August.

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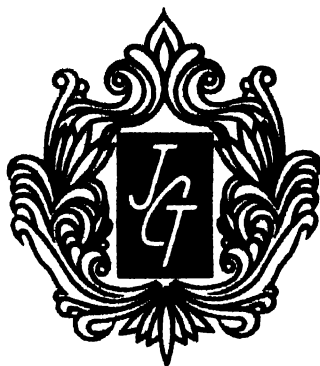
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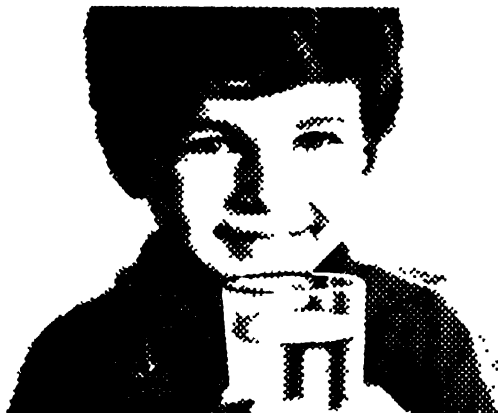


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POLYESTER

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# If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.



As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: "Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."

## Your children are under constant attack!

It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient



It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, but not spores.

You need something that rids you of both. For, spores are the resting stage of bacteria present in water. And even a temperature of 100 degrees C (the boiling point of water) has no real effect on them. A few hours after boiling, they are back in action again, contaminating the freshly boiled water.

Beware of the Matka!

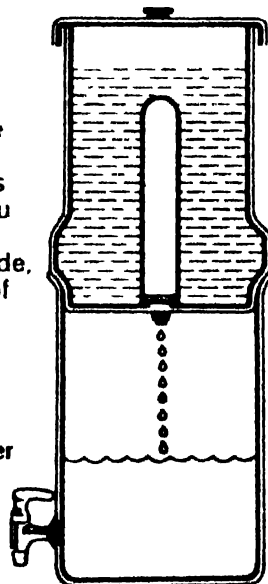
Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous.



For matkas breed germs by the million, in their millions of earthenware pores. Why, even crystal clear water examined under the microscope shows bacteria which cause cholera, typhoid, dysentery, jaundice, gastroenteritis and other terrible diseases

There must be a solution!

Don't worry! Serious as the problem is, the solution is really simple. Wise parents all over the country have adopted the Puritas Water Filter. As you can see in the illustration alongside, the filter consists of two chambers, candles and a tap. Water filled in the upper chamber, slowly and safely filters into the lower chamber through the candles.



The secret of the candles

The secret lies in the Puritas Candle, the first of its kind in India. All Puritas Candles are laboratory tested and certified by leading municipal authorities. These candles are made of a very special kind of earth called 'Kieselguhr' which is so precisely porous, it makes the ideal filtering material. In fact, it filters out all germs and spores, providing you with 100% pure drinking water in the lower chamber.

Where is the proof that Puritas gives 100% pure water?

We have proof. You are most welcome to come over to any of our offices in India and check photostat copies of actual laboratory test reports. You can also check the originals at our Head Office in Bombay—reports that prove without doubt that the Puritas Water Filter removes bacteria totally. Assuring you of water that is 100% free of germs and spores. 100% safe for your growing children and for you.

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# Weekly Fun Time

A	E		G
B		F	
		C	
D			

## NUMBER PUZZLE

**A**

### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE NUMBER OF THE APOLLO SPACECRAFT IN WHICH THE FIRST MEN TO LAND ON THE MOON TRAVELLED.
- B) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE AMERICAN COLONIES DECLARED THEMSELVES INDEPENDENT.
- C) A NUMBER CONSIDERED EXTREMELY UNLUCKY IN THE WEST.
- D) THE YEAR IN WHICH RAZIA SULTAN DIED, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER.

### CLUES DOWN:

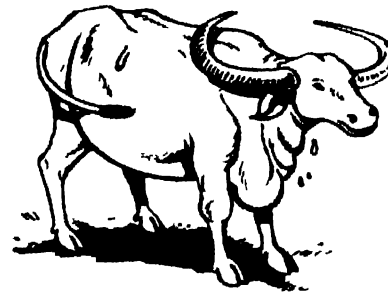
- A) THE YEAR IN WHICH JAYACHANDRA (ALSO KNOWN AS JAICHAND) ASCENDED THE THRONE OF KANAUJ.
- B) THE NUMBER OF YEARS FOR WHICH NEHRU WAS THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA.
- F) THE YEAR IN WHICH SINDH WAS CONQUERED BY THE ARABS.
- G) THE YEAR IN WHICH MUMTAJ MAHAL DIED.

## B TRUE OR FALSE? I



CAMELS STORE WATER IN THEIR HUMPS.

II  
SNAKES CANNOT BE CHARMED BY WHAT WE CONSIDER MUSIC THEY ARE ALMOST DEAF AND CAN HEAR ONLY LOW-FREQUENCY SOUNDS SUCH AS THAT PRODUCED BY THE SWAYING OF A 'BEEN'.

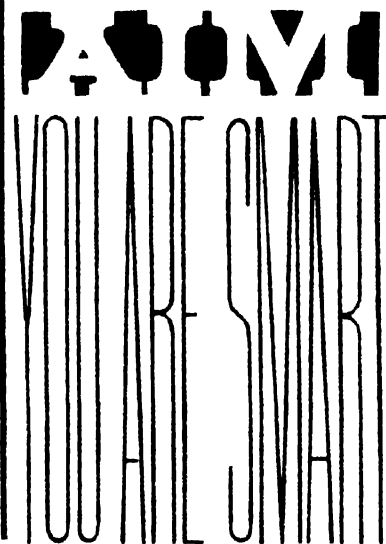


III  
THE BUFFALO ROLLS IN MUD BECAUSE THE MUD (WHEN IT DRIES) GIVES IT PROTECTION FROM SCORCHING HEAT AND THE STING OF INSECTS.

## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



## D CAN YOU MAKE OUT WHAT THE FOLLOWING FIGURES MEAN?



## E

GIVE VALUES FOR X AND Y IN THE THIRD SQUARE.

5	6	<sup>1</sup>
30	900	
8	3	<sup>2</sup>
24	576	
9	2	<sup>3</sup>
X	Y	

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

**A**

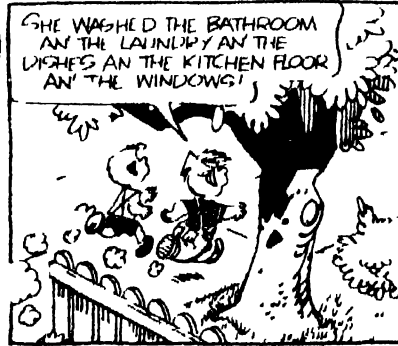
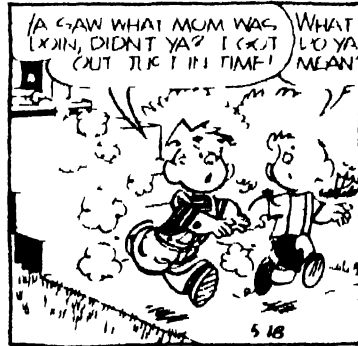
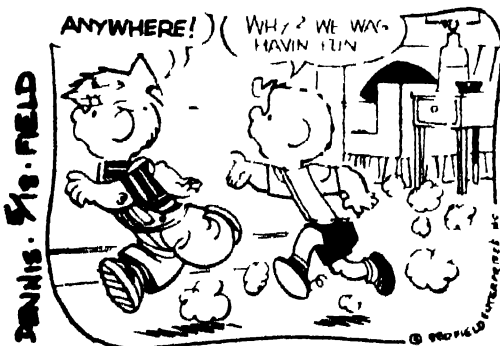
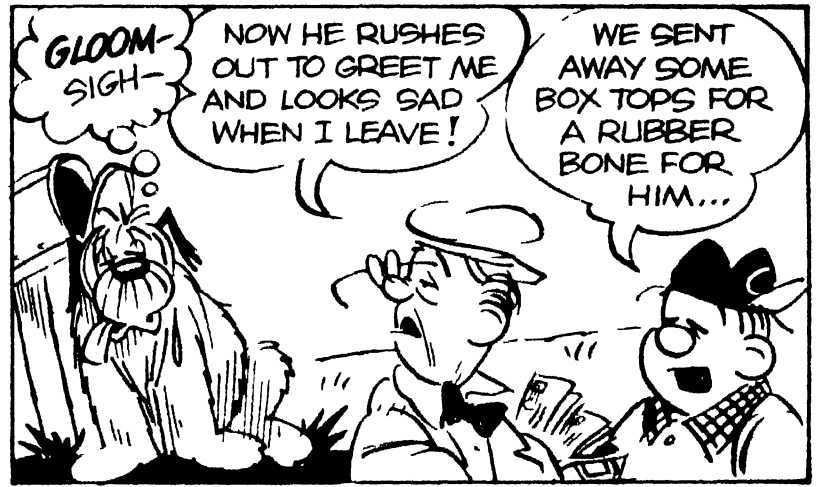
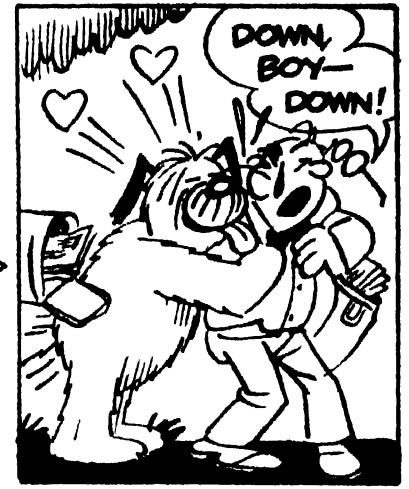
1	1		1
6	8	5	9
	6	1	2
1	9	8	4

**B**  
I), II) & III)  
ALL WERE TRUE.

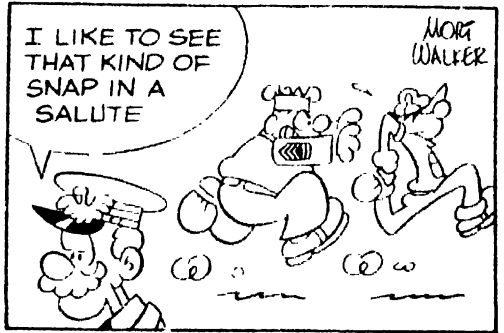
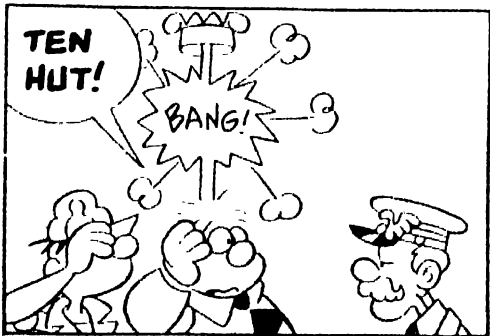
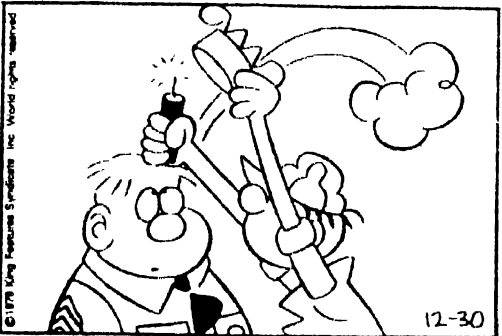
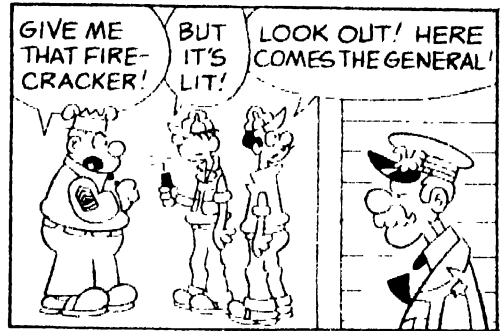
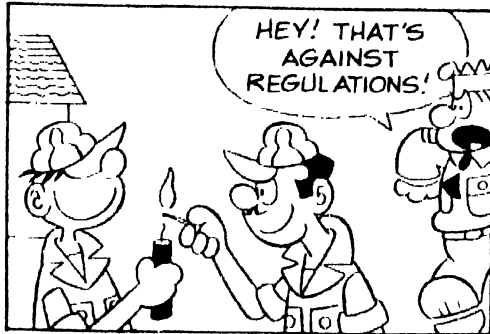
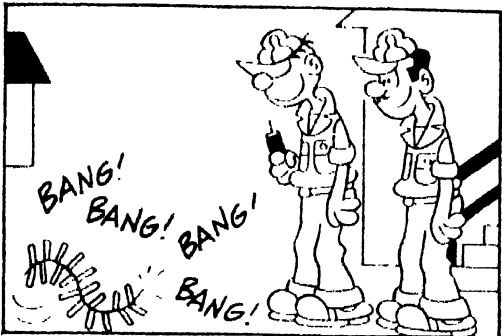
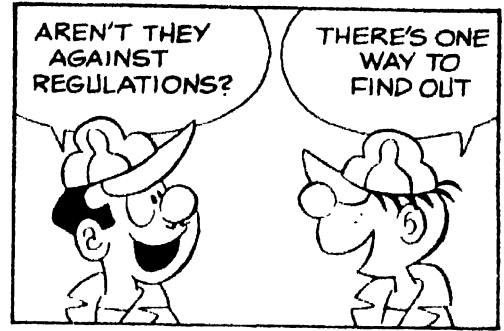
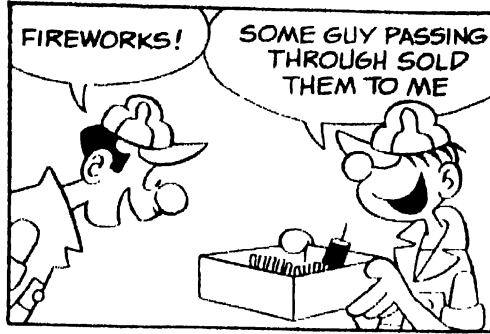
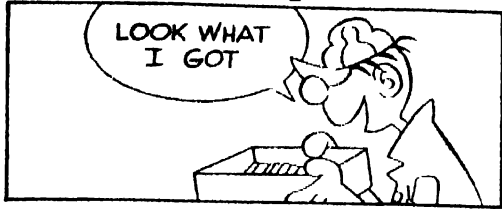
**C**  
THE DOCTORS WERE SHOWN PERFORMING AN OPERATION WITHOUT MASKS.

**D**  
TWO IDENTICAL FISH: 1 AND 7

**E**  
THE MESSAGE WAS:  
MEET ME AT V.T. AT FIVE — SHARMA.  
BELOW EVERY LETTER, WRITE THE LETTER THAT FOLLOWS IT IN THE ALPHABET.



beetle bailey by mort walker





## Rules And Conditions of "QUOTES" Contests

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON PAGE 54

1 All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with **INK** in **block letters** or **type-written**. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2 The Entry Fee is Re 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 269. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 269, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3 Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Thursday September 4 1980. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4 Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5 The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs 10,000 will be divided equally. The Runners up prize-money will be distributed among such solver, and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant

can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6 Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7 Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8 These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes" (Messrs Bennett, Coleman & Co Ltd) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9 No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize-list of the Contest.

10 In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

The Correct Solution and 'Sources' of "QUOTES" No. 269, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, September 16, 1980.

## NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST!

(Continued from Page 54)

error, and will share prizes in two sets. All solvers who have two errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set. Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error free sets. Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a Prize even if they err in the other sets.

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes. Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A" one in SET "B" and one in SET "C". Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in:

1. An All Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct for the Main Prize amount of Rs 10,000/-)
- OR
2. A TWO-Set Second Prize

(with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs 2,000/- + Rs 2,000/- + Rs 2,000/- AND/OR

3. A ONE-Set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that reserved Sub-Set Prize of Rs 2,000/- only.)

Thus, if a Solver wins under (1) above he is not eligible to share in (2) or (3). If he wins in (2) he is not eligible for a share under (3) except for the one remaining Set. And if he wins under (3) his share in the Reserved Prize is protected from (1) & (2) winners.

It must be expressly noted that All-Correct Prize-Winners (those who in one entry solve ALL three SETS "A" "B" and "C" correctly) will qualify only for the Main Prize amount and are not entitled to share in the Reserved Prizes earmarked for the Sub-Sets (Rs 6,000/-) which is intended to reward lesser efforts and near-suces only.

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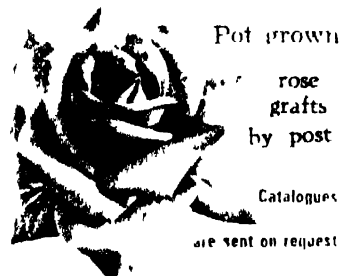
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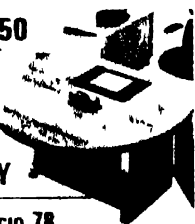
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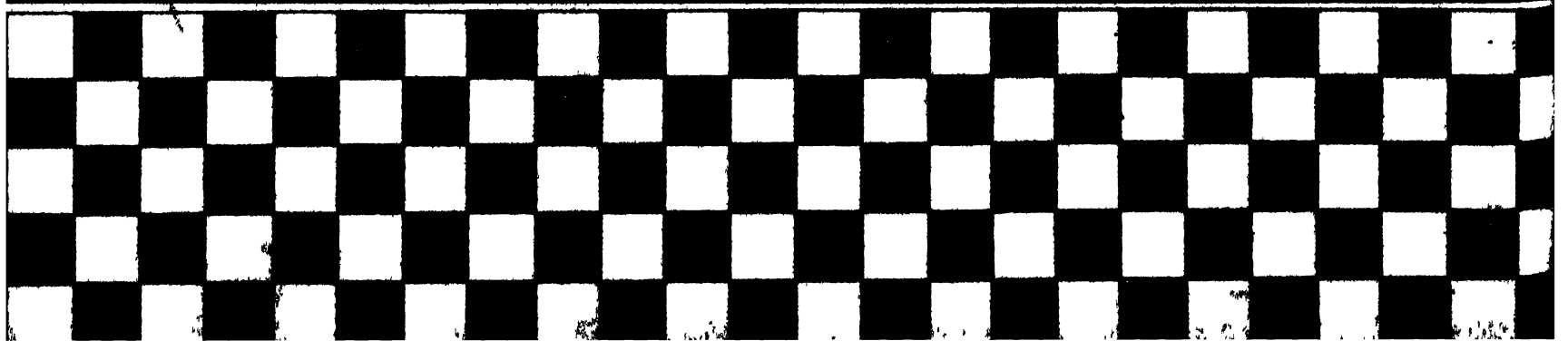
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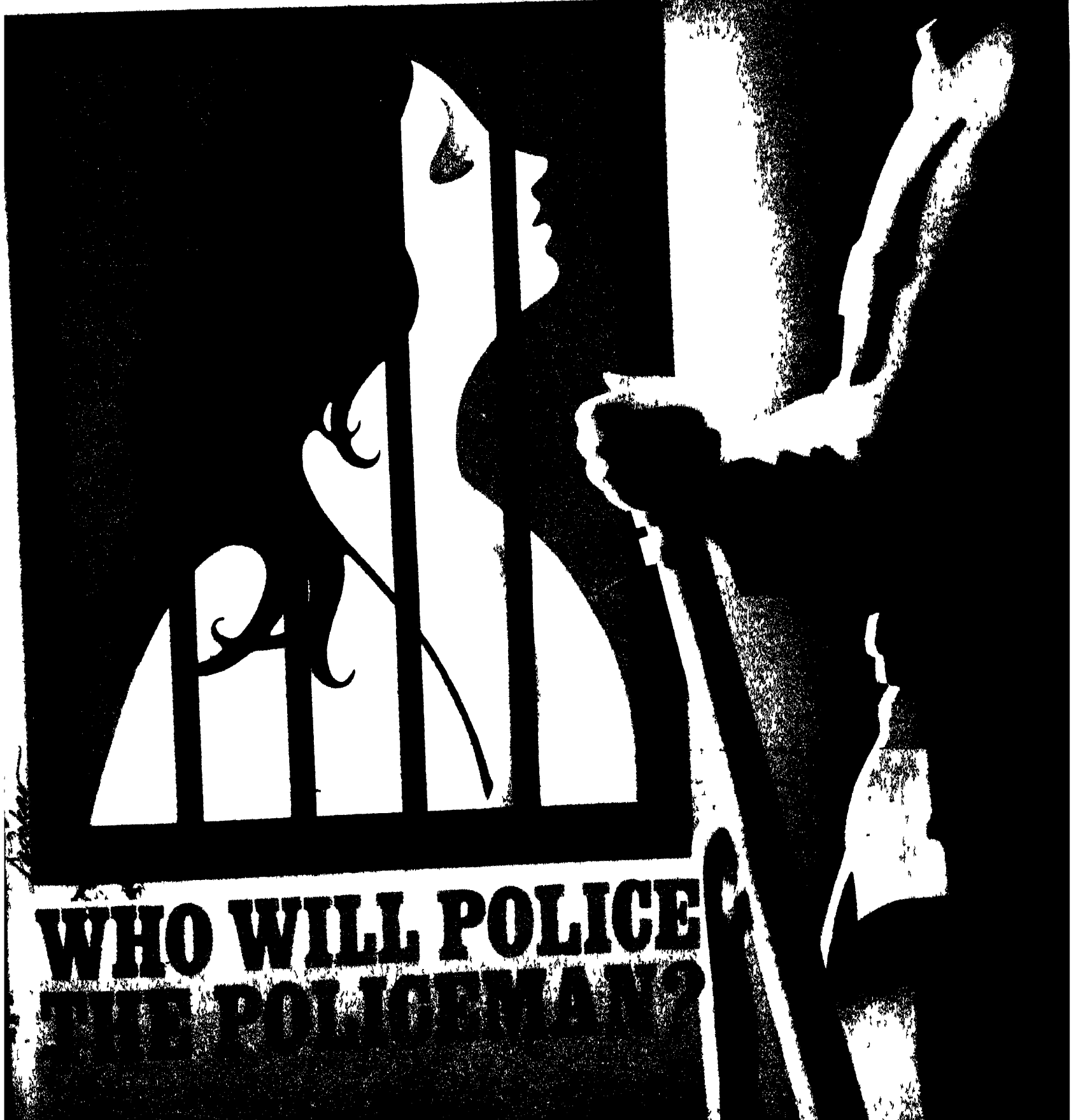
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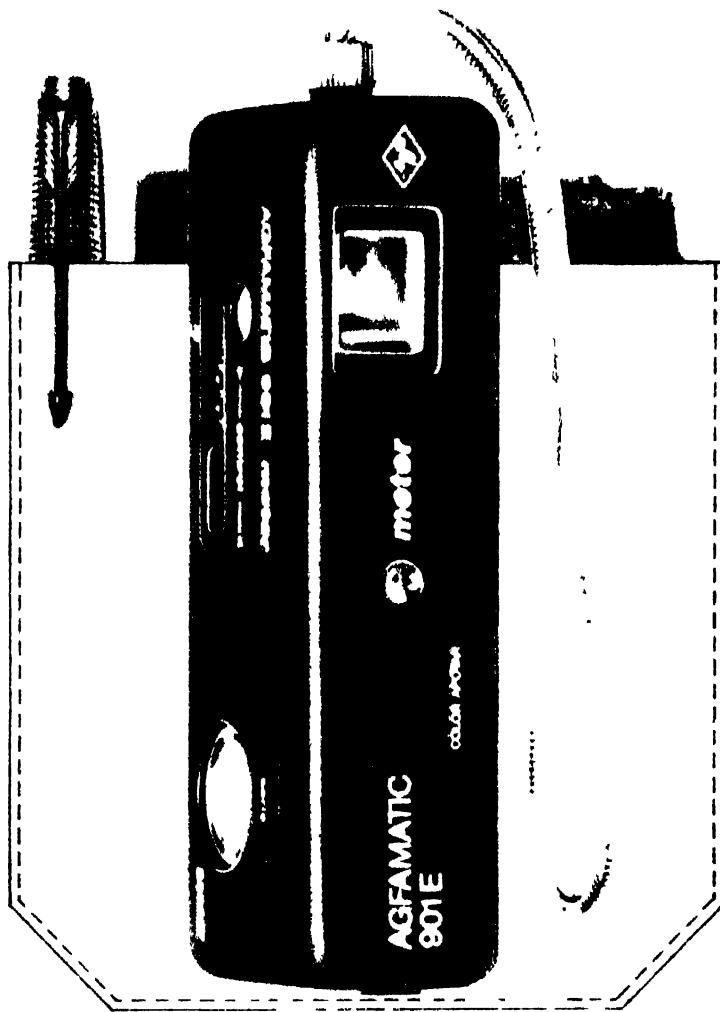
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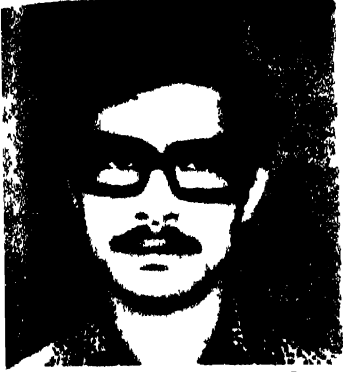
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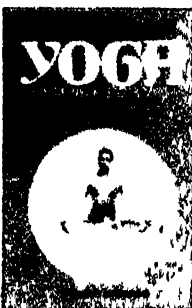
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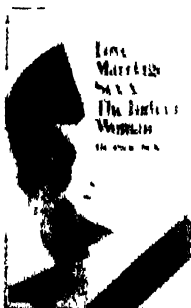
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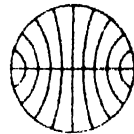
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## Hollow 'Inside Pakistan'

Sir—Ashok Chopra's impressions of 'Inside Pakistan' (August 3) were sketchy and superficial, to say the least. One cannot judge the productivity or the prosperity of a nation by cosmetic standards like cars and television sets—we expect a *Weekly* cover story to be more substantial.

V P THONTE  
Solapur

Sir—The article torpedoed all my prejudices against Pakistan. I thought everything was wrong in Pakistan under Gen Zia. But now I realise that, in many spheres besides cricket and hockey, Pakistan is great.

DI BASISH RAY  
Varanasi



Sir—Was the story on Pakistan written for adolescents? Otherwise I can't understand the content of the article—films, TV, clothes, fashion!

K GOVIND  
Kuttipuram

Sir—This cover story was very good. I liked it so much that I sent a few copies to my Pakistani friends.

S ANWAR AHMAD  
Marwar

Sir—The author did not shed any light on the political situation in Pakistan. How can you have a feature entitled 'Inside Pakistan' without any mention of the martial regime and its effect?

JAYANARAYANA NANDA  
Sambalpur

Sir—The article was most uninformative. You cannot judge the

prosperity of a country by merely looking at the rate at which it purchases consumer goods. I was interested in knowing the plight of the common Pakistani.

ANEFI D SORTUR  
Hubli

Sir—The Pak cover story was too fulsome and completely lacking in objectivity. And the photographs have been used in previous issues of the *Weekly*.

S SRINIVAS RAO  
Nallakunta

Sir—'Inside Pakistan' was 'hollow inside'. Firstly, it carried scanty information and gave a deceptive and incomplete picture of Pakistan. Secondly, Ashok Chopra's impressions of the affluence of Pakistan were based on hurried observations of urban conditions. We expect analytical and factual articles on such important topics.

ANIL THAKUR  
Chandigarh

Sir—The vivid description of life in Pakistan made the whole thing truly interesting. The cover photograph as well as the ones inside were excellent.

BHARAT CHANDRA SAHOO  
Cuttack

Sir—The abundance of consumer goods seems to have pleased Ashok Chopra, but we would have appreciated more facts about essential commodities.

Dr R V NISAI  
Pune

## Silent Valley With A Bang

Sir—I am one of those who will benefit directly by the Silent Valley project as I have unirrigated lands in the Palghat district. I had been eagerly looking forward to it. But, after reading 'How Silent Is The Silent Valley?' by Dr P. Remanandan (August 3), I am thoroughly convinced of the need to preserve this wilderness.

If someone like me is convinced of the need to preserve this priceless wealth, I wonder why the Electricity Board and the Government are not

MOHAMAD S KHADFER  
Palghat

Sir—I was wondering why the *Weekly* was silent about the Silent Valley when there was so much commotion over this issue all over the country.

D TURIYAVILASA  
Calcutta

Sir—The article proves amply that the Centre must take steps now to conserve the flora and fauna of Silent Valley.

P V L N S SAI PRASAD  
Ongole

Sir—We wondered about the *Weekly's* reticence on Silent Valley when the rest of the media was splashing it. But, in breaking the silence, you have done so with a bang. The article was a brilliant exposition and the photographs were superb.

PROF B R LUTHRA  
New Delhi

## What Do You Say, Kanak?

Sir—I have a Master's degree in dance and, presently, I am working for my doctorate in the subject. It was a great shock to see the article 'Dance Academics' by Dr Kanak Rele in your issue of June 15. Kanak Rele has copied the article, almost word for word, from a rare book entitled *World History of The Dance*, by Curt Sachs (1963), translated by Bessie Schonber.

I give below a few extracts from Kanak Rele's article which, when referred to the foreign author's sentences, show that she has blindly lifted word after word, phrase after phrase, even paragraphs.

Curt Sachs: The Dance is life on a higher level simply.

Kanak Rele: In simpler terms, Dance is life on a higher plane.

CS: Such a definition is not easy to formulate. Perhaps impossible, for all human activity eludes hard-and-fast classification.

KR: Such a definition is not easy to formulate. It may well be impossible because all human activity eludes hard-and-fast classification.

CS: When it becomes a spectacle, when it seeks to influence men rather than spirits, then its universal power is broken.

KR: When it becomes Art in a narrower sense and is turned into a mere spectacle aimed at influencing humans rather than the spirits, its ecstatic power is broken.

CS: But very high culture still has as a spiritual inheritance from a distant past—the lofty conception that all supermundane and superhuman motion is dance.

KR: As a divine activity impelled by a spiritual inheritance from a distant past continued to regard where all supramundane and superhuman movement is dance.

I can go on quoting more examples, but I think the plagiarist point is made.

MAI TI PARIKH  
Bombay

Sir—The feature on Silent Valley was a gem. After reading it, one felt as if one had been taken on a tour of the Valley. I am looking forward to the replies of the Electricity Board, Engineers and politicians to Dr Remanandan's arguments.

SANDHYA RAO  
Hyderabad

## All In The Political Family

Sir—'All In The Family' by M V Kamath (August 3) was interesting and thought-provoking. But how did James Callaghan, Margaret Thatcher and Morarji Desai escape your notice?

K P ANDAVAN  
Gobichettipalayam

Sir—To blame the Nehru family for nepotism is to distort facts. The dynastic stranglehold exercised by the Nehrus is due to sycophancy, inept political leadership and a feudal mentality among Indians rather than nepotism.

ALAN L ATHAIDA  
Bombay

Sir—It is unfair to include the Nehru-Gandhi family in an article on nepotism. Each generation of this family made it on its own and sanction was given to it by the people of India.

J S THANVI  
Jodhpur

Sir—This article should go a long way in convincing Mrs Gandhi that inclusion of family members in official positions is not desirable,

especially at a time when she seems bent on drawing her son or daughter-in-law into the scene.

BISHAN SWAROOP AGGARWAL  
Ropar

## The 'Weekly' Treasury

Sir—The *Weekly* has done a great service to the cartographer through RGK's excellent review of Schwartzberg's atlas ('A Treasury of Maps', August 3). In India, the cartographer and the map-maker have never been appreciated. The atlas which RGK has reviewed is an excellent example of how facts, even history, can be superimposed on a map of the physical space we inhabit.

A S IYER  
Bangalore

Sir—A review article on an atlas—think of it! Had someone else attempted it, it would have been a dry disaster. But how it transmuted itself into a classic little piece of writing in RGK's hands!

K S RAM  
Damb

## Only Capricornians Need Apply

Sir—If S K Kelkar's suggestion in 'Astrology for Employment' (Star Focus, August 3) were to be taken seriously, I wouldn't be too surprised to see an advertisement in a future Situations Vacant column.

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Dr HARI S PAI  
Hyderabad

Sir—It appears that there will be a great future for astrology if employers start asking for horoscopes. A third class academic degree need not be a hindrance if one is born under a suitable sign

B SUNDARA  
Lalgudi

### Chauvinistic Male Pigs!

Sir—The short story, 'A Similar Feeling', by Chudamani Raghavan (August 3), illustrates tellingly the attitude of the Indian male. A man is allowed all liberties, but, at the thought of his wife doing the same he blanches!

R K PASHINI  
Nagpur

Sir—The author dealt with the subject of male double standards beautifully. This prejudiced attitude is indeed a shame!

NASIR AZIZ  
Delhi

### Casualties Of Progress

Sir—It was sad to read 'Ooty Is Dying' (The Last Word) by Gita Venugopal, August 3). There are so many places that are dying—places whose faces have been disfigured beyond redemption. And all in the name of progress!

I C KATRAK  
Calcutta

### Why This V. Shantaram?

Sir—Why, why must you turn to V. Shantaram ('Why This Sex Excess?' July 27) every time you want an article on films? Apart from surface differences, the content is always the same—the films of V. Shantaram. How often do you think we can stomach this?

LOPITA BOSE  
Pune

Sir—The Shantaram article has convinced me that we must restrain the use of sex in our cinema. The Shantaram *Laxman-Rekha* seems reasonable—let's implement it vigorously!

UTPAL GOSWAMI  
Gauhati

Sir—It is disheartening to see the *Weekly*, too, turn to the ultimate sales gimmick—sex. And it is not as if the cover story had anything new to say.

K V CHACKO  
Nagpur

Sir—Whatever else your cover feature achieved, it did make a friend of mine very happy. All the photographs (unaccompanied by the sanctimonious article) have made it to his collection of photographs that delight

S M BHATT  
Deogarh

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

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# WHO WILL POLICE THE POLICEMAN?

In no State are deaths due to police torture registered as such. The victims die of so-called natural causes like a snake bite, suicide, angina pectoris or "on their way to hospital". Madhya Pradesh claimed that only 1 person died in their lock-ups every month. Bihar, UP, Haryana and Punjab may better this record. It is feared that at least 100 persons are killed savagely by our guardians of law, every year.

by Benedict Costa

NO ONE will deny the police the right to interrogate suspects, some of whom are hardened criminals, men who live by violence. But when fiendish methods of torture are used on undernourished Adivasis and other backward people, when their huts are burnt down and women raped, we must hang our heads in shame.

Often the undertrial may not know why he has been locked up in a small overcrowded cell. He may not have been shown a warrant of arrest and he may not be allowed to contact his family members or a helpful lawyer. He may not be produced before a magistrate within the 24 hours as stipulated by law.

Twenty years ago, a senior judge had charged that the Indian police "harboured the largest and most



organised group of criminals in uniform". Things do not seem to have improved since then.

Lawmen have become a law unto themselves. Not a day passes without reports of torture, rape and even murder by those who are supposed to be our protectors and guardians. There is something rotten in a system which allows police criminals to go scot free. How long will they be allowed to behave like sultans?

#### All Are Not Rapists

There are 700,000 policemen in our land and not all of them are scoundrels and rapists—despite their bad conditions of work, poor pay and the influence that corrupt politicians, smugglers and moneybags exert over the vulnerable ones.

There are many, particularly in the Bombay force, who have earned the goodwill of the citizens by their honesty, pluck and refusal to be cowed down by vested interests. It is the "wayward" cop who

has given the police force a bad name. Such cops who go berserk have unfortunately been growing in numbers.

The voiceless poor like the Adivasis in Madhya Pradesh, Bihar and UP, live in mortal fear of the local policeman who functions like an extended arm of the local politicians and landlords. He gets his power from them and, in exchange, he is there to do their bidding. Villagers who stand up to their rights and refuse to be bullied have everything to lose—their houses are looted, their women molested and they may get whisked away, maimed and sometimes killed. This process has been going on for ages. Only now have newspapers and public-spirited citizens awakened to the realities. The Madhya Pradesh Government was honest enough to admit that at least one prisoner was killed in their lock-ups due to torture. Hundreds of Naxalites in West Bengal and Andhra Pradesh have been wiped out in "encounters"

Hauling in a person and keeping him in the lock-up without framing charges is a common practice in Haryana and Punjab. A Harijan, Latoor Singh, resident of a township on Delhi-Agra Road, in Haryana, got into a heated argument with a police officer on a petty matter. He was detained. A few days later his body was found in a well. Police claimed that he jumped into the well while being taken to a field to ease himself. People disbelieved the story and gheraoed the police station. Police opened fire, killing two.

The well-heeled do not die in police lock-ups. Most victims of safe-keeping of our guardians of law are poor. Often their bodies are mutilated, the evidence of external or internal injuries so overwhelming that the authorities may be compelled to register cases against the wrong-doers. The punishment that police



LEFT TO WHIMPER AND DIE? A demonstrator after a sound thrashing is left to his fate. Police in Delhi (left), conditioned to look after VIPs, act only when there is "pressure from above". Below, Calcutta and Bangalore cops in action.





**RUKMINI AND HER FAMILY.** She was stripped before her 14-year-old son

criminals get for such heinous offences is meek—a transfer to another police outpost

A few months back two boys in Delhi were tortured following an alleged murder of another boy. The police 'successfully' extracted a confession that the murder had been committed by them; charges were framed. Later on the murdered man turned up. The zealous officers who extracted the confession of murder are none the worse for that.

### Macabre Happenings

There is no way of finding out how many people are tortured or killed by the police throughout our land. The more recent macabre happenings are listed.

The year 1980 started with mass rape and plunder by UP cops in the Narainpur village. But for a *kisan* leader and an alert news editor of a small newspaper the orgy (which was described by Mrs Gandhi as 'unparalleled in India since independence') would have gone unnoticed.

It all started when an old woman was knocked down and killed by a private bus. The inspector of the Captanganj police station went to the village (on January 14) for an enquiry. But the villagers insulted and assaulted him. He decided to wreak vengeance: police men tied up villagers, beat them up and went into a mass orgy of rape and plunder. For 10 long days nobody had heard of the happenings in Narainpur. On January 25 the Hindi daily *Jagran* (Gorakhpur) published a short statement by a CPI leader (Mr Gobari Prasad) that cops had looted the village. This attracted the notice of the news editor (Mr Tadit Kumar) who asked his colleague to get the story.

Two days later, the daily published a report of mass rape and other atrocities. Even then no

national daily followed up the story. UP's Home Secretary was not able to throw any light either. It was only on January 29 that the mass rape story became publicised after it came up for discussion in the UP assembly.

**February 20** Suryakant Magham, a slippery customer wanted in six criminal cases, was caught in the police dragnet after a dramatic chase at Bandstand, Bandra, in Bombay. He was remanded to police custody. A few days later Suryakant was a corpse. A criminal lawyer who has taken up the case has reported that death was the result of extreme torture and that the post mortem showed external injuries.

**March 8** Two suspects died due to torture in Dhotian, Punjab.

**March 10** A sadhu child-lifter of Bangalore was found dead in the lock-up.

**March 11** *Aaj*, a Hindi newspaper from Patna, reported the rape of the wife of a Harijan rickshaw-puller by two police constables in the Ladipur Police chowki, in Patna.

**April 15** Two Harijan girls were tortured and raped in the Patnala Kotwali police station by an Asst. Sub-Inspector. The two unfortunate girls claimed that they had been stripped and their legs stretched apart by two hefty constables.

**June 18** The sensational Bhagpat case where a pregnant housewife was stripped and paraded by police in the crowded bazar of Meerut district in broad daylight, after they had killed her husband and two others, is still making news.

Mrs Maya Tyagi (30) mentioned in her report to the district magistrate the names of the police personnel who had criminally assaulted her. They were all proceeding to a nearby village in a car to attend a marriage, when they had a puncture. She was alone in the car. Her husband and his two friends got down to drink beer.

A man (who turned out to be a police officer) admonished them for drinking in public. Taking him to be a local *dada*, the trio gave him a sound thrashing. The *mufji* man rushed to the police station for help. Only then did the trio realise what they had done and tried to get away as fast as possible. The car would not start. They tried pushing it. Meanwhile policemen arrived and mowed them down.

Maya was dragged out of the car. She put up stiff resistance during which her garments were removed. She was naked and bleeding.

What followed next has been described by Mr J D Singh, TOI special correspondent. 'Near the police station, Maya is made to lie on the ground, with her legs held apart at an angle of 80 or 90 degrees. One leg is pinned down to the earth and the other is lifted up. A stick with a burnt-out end is shoved into her vagina, causing her immense pain and making her bleed more profusely. Thereafter she is taken into the police station.

'I asked eye witnesses why they remained dumb spectators to such ghastly acts, and their answer was two fold. They had just seen three men shot dead by a trigger happy police and this had stunned them.

'What is more germane is that they had till then swallowed the police version that the trio killed were notorious dacoits.'

### "Rape Your Mother"

**June 18** Thirty-three-year old Rukmini, a Harijan woman, was beaten up at Nandini (MP) police station, stripped in front of her 14-year old son who was asked to rape her. (The Madhya Pradesh Chief Minister described the incident as 'barbaric').

Rukmini, an Oriya labourer, who was in her third month of pregnancy, aborted. She recalled her

traumatic experience to a reporter. "I started bleeding at the police station itself. But they would not permit me to wear my clothes. In fact the police women beating me drew apart the curtain dividing the male and female sections and invited others to have a good look."

Her arrest was a sequel to a complaint by M L Maithi, the general foreman of Nandini Mines, who reported that ornaments worth Rs 6,000 were missing from his cupboard and that he suspected his maid-servant, Phulmati, and her teen aged daughter, Pushpa.

Maithi was an influential man in the small mining township. The police swung into action. Phulmati and Pushpa were hauled in. Under duress, Pushpa confessed having stolen the ornaments, but said she had given them to Rukmini, her aunt. (She later confirmed that she said so under police pressure.)

Rukmini was summoned along with her young son Irmath, 14. They were detained. Next day her husband, Kochru, a low-paid employee of the mines came. He too was detained. Kochru's sister and her husband brought meals for their detained relatives at the police station. They too were held. For several days they were detained illegally for questioning.

Their ordeal was not over. On June 22, the 'private army' of Maithi swung into action. Phulmati was called to his house and beaten mercilessly till she vomited blood and lost consciousness. Although a complaint was made to the Collector of Durg on June 26, he claimed that it reached him late due to inordinate delay by the dispatch section of his office. The incident came to light only on July 2, when a local daily published the news based on a complaint by some politicians.

**July 11** A 16-year old Harijan girl from UP who was raped narrated her tale to a correspondent. Two policemen pushed me into our hut, after keeping my parents out. Then a khaki-clad man threw me on the floor and raped me. After he got up the other man raped me. I do not remember what happened afterwards. I fainted.

Her mother screamed but constables held her back. She could not enter the house to save her daughter while being allegedly raped by two police sub-inspectors, attached to the Hasanput thana in Unnao district.

**July 12** The wife of a court peon was raped by policemen in Dabwali, Haryana. Later while being taken to hospital for a medical examination, by the police, she was allegedly 'run over' by a truck and killed. The police say it was an accident. The victim's husband and the local people say it was murder. They took out a procession to the police station.

Trigger-happy cops were ordered to shoot down the agitators—24 of them received wounds. The Deputy Commissioner of Sirsa rushed to Dabwali after the outrage and found that the policemen's story that they had acted in self-defence was not correct. The DC apologised to the people and assured that the Government would bear the medical expenses of the injured—a commendable gesture.

**July 21** A 28-year old man of West Delhi was picked by the police and within 48 hours he died—of pneumonia, according to the police, of torture, according to others.

Police claimed that Ragaria had high fever when he was picked up at midnight and complained of severe stomach pain. He was taken to hospital and put under guard. The next day a magistrate ordered his release. Ragaria was taken back to hospital, and the guard was removed. He died the following day.

This must be the first case of a robber trying to commit a crime in a state of high fever and severe stomachache—a bad enough physical condition for the police to rush him to hospital

The Deputy Commissioner of Police said the man was involved in at least six dacoity cases and was a proclaimed offender "avoiding appearance before court" Would a magistrate release such an offender?

**August 8** A magisterial inquiry was ordered into the police torture of Laxman Singh, alias Hanuman, 21, following his death at the Jayaprakash Narayan Hospital. Head constable, Narinder Kumar, and constable, Narinder, of Andhra Mughal police post were arrested in connection with the incident

The victim was arrested while "loitering" in the Subzi Mandi area. In his dying declaration, he told the magistrate that a head constable and a constable had sprinkled kerosene and set him on fire. He suffered 80 per cent burns

The police claimed that he committed suicide by pouring kerosene on his body from a stove

### Commissions—A Waste

A hundred crores of rupees has been spent on Commissions but not much good has come out of them. In 1976, a Commission headed by Justice Sarkar investigated the frequency of deaths in police lock-ups. The Emergency ensured that its findings were aborted

The Bhargava Commission was disbanded when the Government realised that its findings were not flattering to the police

The Tarkunde Committee went into 77 cases of "deaths by encounter" of Naxalites in Andhra Pradesh. It found that at least 19 were nothing but pure cases of murder. The report is gathering dust

A Commission looked into why the Delhi police rained lathi blows on blind persons demonstrating before the PM's residence. No one knows what action has been taken against the guilty

The Shah Commission's voluminous report on police excesses has been withdrawn from circulation

It was particularly during the Emergency (1975-77) that policemen showed excessive zeal and became aware of their hidden powers to harass, maim and kill suspects. They were nothing but instruments of terror of the party in power

Let us refresh our memories with a few cases which hit the headlines

A student turned actress, Sulochana, was in a drama troupe and was earning her livelihood by acting in dramas. One of her coaches had links with a banned organisation. Sulochana was arrested to find out his whereabouts

Ever since her arrest (on August 6, 1976), she was molested by the police. Every day for a month, she claimed, she was stripped and tortured. Sulochana was released after a year's detention



SNEHALATA REDDY: An Emergency victim

Several detenus were driven to madness after their arrest and torture. Salim, a medical student and Rajagopalan, an Electricity Board employee, were treated in mental asylums

The case of P. Rajan of the Calicut Regional Engineering College is well known. The Government has more or less admitted that he died in police custody. What is not known is the exact number of people who were arrested and tortured to death

Among those arrested with P. Rajan was the son of a partner of an automobile spare parts concern who got himself released by bribing the authorities

### No Trace Of The Orphan Boy

An orphan who acted as a errand boy for various students, including Rajan, was the first to be arrested by the police in 1976. There is no trace left of him

The Iyer Commission found that Mr. Vijayan Nair was taken into custody on March 5, 1976, in Trivandrum by a police party consisting of circle inspectors Shanmughadas and Alexander with a few constables. He was inhumanly tortured while at the Crime Branch Office from the time he was taken to that office and as a result of the torture inflicted on him on the 5th, 6th and subsequent two days he succumbed to it.

The same fate befell Mr. K. Kannan. He was taken into police custody by sub-inspector Natarajan on the night of January 1, 1977. Kannan was tortured while in custody and died. Material pieces of evidence, namely the photos taken of the dead body concerned in Crime 1 of 77 Feroke Police Station, have been deliberately suppressed by then sub-inspector Jayaprakash in connivance with his superior officers of the district. Two other detenus, Venugopalan and Vikraman, escaped from police custody

Another disturbing case: A young rustic woman, Rameeza Bee, had come to Hyderabad for the first time from Nandikotpur village with her husband Ahmed Husain. In the evening of March 29, 1978, a fortnight after their arrival, the couple went to see a movie. On the way back home, they halted the rickshaw as the husband had to answer a call of nature. Seeing the woman alone, two police constables, G. Rama Rao and Syed Murtuza Husain, questioned her and whisked her away to the Nallakunta police

**THE ADIVASIS AND THE LANDLESS** Wayward cops in remote villages are in league with landlords, politicians and moneybags from whom they get their kickbacks to torment those who stand up to their rights





station. Alleging that she was quarrelling with the rickshaw puller in a public place, they charged her under the City Police Act.

At the police station, she was beaten by Sub-Inspector Surender Singh and raped by him as well as by two constables, Mohammed Sultan and Mohammed Khaja. In the morning of March 30, these two constables took her to the house of Imam Saheb, her husband's uncle, where they were staying. From there they brought her back to the police station along with her husband, Anwar Husain, and his uncle.

When sub-inspector Surender Singh found the three at the police station, he beat Rameeza Bee as well as Anwar Husain. Constable Sayed Mohmood Ali joined in the beating. The couple was allowed to leave in the afternoon, after Rs 400 had been extracted from them. Anwar Husain complained of severe pain in the chest and died when he was taken to hospital. The body was taken to Imam Saheb's house, where the wailing of the women brought the neighbours and the local people to the spot. They advised that the body should be taken to the police station. It was taken there and placed in the verandah. People started gathering and the assembly became riotous. Violence erupted in the city and a Commission headed by Mr Justice Mukhtar was set up.

The Commission held: "It is proved beyond doubt that the deceased died as a consequence of injury caused by Surender Singh, Sub-Inspector, and Syed Mahmood Ali and these injuries, according to Dr Nagaraj, would cumulatively cause the death of the deceased in the ordinary course of nature. As such they would be considered to have committed an offence punishable under Section 302 (murder) read with Section 34 of the Indian Penal Code."

The cases of Snehalata Reddy and Lawrence Fernandes may be mentioned. Snehalata was arrested on May 1, 1976 and died on January 20, 1977 after a heart attack, after release from prison where she was tortured. The whole account of her misery has been brought out in a diary she maintained, and was later published.

### Perjury

Lawrence Fernandes was also arrested on the same day—May 1, 1976. What followed thereafter is best summed up in the Third and Final Report of the Shah Commission. "It may be pointed out that this case highlights not merely the illegal detention and torture of an individual by the police, but the subversion of an entire legal system including judicial process by senior and responsible Government officers. Some of these officials had colluded with the police officials in an effort to ensure that the story of torture and illegal detention of Shri Lawrence Fernandes should be withheld from the public.

"Even assuming that the police officers were under very severe compulsions to secure the presence of Shri George Fernandes as he was suspected by the police to be responsible for some of the railway accidents due to suspected sabotage, and they may have believed that the interrogation of Shri Lawrence would yield the desired result, still they were not justified in doing what all they did to Shri Lawrence. They resorted to illegal detention and torture, and to cover up a series of illegal and indefensible acts, some of them fabricated public records, gave false testimony and otherwise acted in a manner unbecoming of the high and responsible offices they held. The concerned police officers, amongst whom there are some very senior and responsible officers, have by their conduct set a very poor example to the members of the Force which they represent. By glibly telling lies on oath, they have

attempted to put a premium on perjury. By their conduct they have lowered themselves and the Police Force in particular and have done more lasting damage to the credibility of the Force as a whole."

### Respect Human Dignity

Before India became free, the police functioned as an instrument of the alien government to terrorise people and suppress the movement for independence. The police force was kept isolated from the people. The hangover persists: our policemen are ill-equipped, have become overbearing in their attitude, and a few are suspected to be in league with the underworld,

addicted to third degree methods and framing-up cases.

The fear has grown that once the policeman (often it is the man behind the policeman!) acquires a taste for doing away with an undesirable character there is nothing to stop him. Of late, our vigilant judges and legislators have tried to police the policemen.

But in the final analysis it is the policeman himself who can do so. His training must include a good dose of liberal education. He must be made to understand the sanctity of an individual's basic rights. In a democracy, he must respect the dignity of a human being.

## Why Torture Naxalites ?

ON March 17, 1973, the *Ananda Bazar Patrika* published a statement from the West Bengal Home Minister informing that "the total number of prisoners arrested for being Naxalites was 171,787".

The *Patrika* went on to say that more than 17,800 had been held for 2 or 3 years without a trial.

The Minister of State for Home Affairs admitted that the number of Naxalites who "died" in jail (1978) was 393. He said that 2,696 had been released between 1977-78. And the number of those still in prison was: Bihar 98, Andhra Pradesh 78, West Bengal 78, Kerala 56, Tamil Nadu 47, UP 19, Orissa 5, Tripura 4, Punjab 3, Assam 3 and Rajasthan 2.

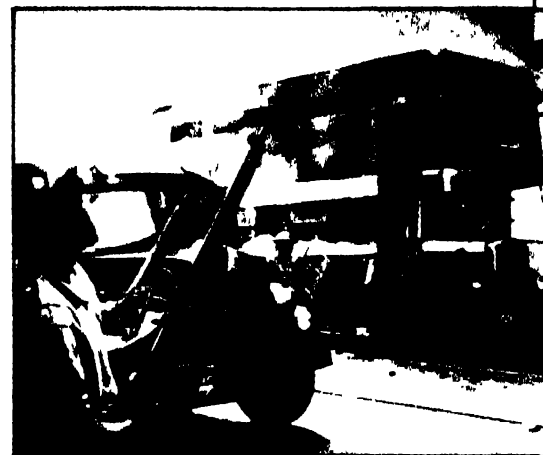
The inhuman condition prevailing in jails was highlighted by *Frontier* which said that in the Calcutta Presidency jail (reputed to be one of the "most modern" in India), there is 1 water tap for 150 prisoners. The Alipore Special Jail has 1 tap for 700 prisoners. Most cells contain 50 to 100 prisoners, who are locked up from 5.30 p.m. to 6.00 a.m. with no sanitary facilities.

Breakfast in W. Bengal jails consists of boiled gram with large quantities of gravel, droppings of rats, dead worms and cockroaches. Lunch is made up of rice, dal and curry, spiced with dirt. The quantity of rice is enough to keep a 10-year-old child on a starvation diet. Sometimes both lunch and dinner are served at 4 p.m. as one meal—there is then a mad scramble and the wardens bring out their lathis.

There are numerous cases of prisoners being kept in fetters consisting of an iron ring on each ankle, attached to an iron bar. In the Hazaribagh jail, in Bihar, 50 Naxalites were fettered for more than 2 years.

The Presidency jail has what is known as "10th Degree Cells"—which admit neither light nor air and stand over a drain which carries all the prison's filth.

Amnesty International mentions the case of Shibul Roy who contracted TB while in prison and managed to get medical attention. "After having received treatment, he returned to jail and was put in irons again."



LOOKING FOR CALCUTTA NAXALITES.

Allegations of torture of women prisoners have been made by the All-Bengal Women's Association. During an agitation against price rise (May, 1974), members of this Association were detained together with some 25 female Naxalite suspects. We quote from the report:

"After arrest and the usual police interrogation (which often included routine physical torture), they were detained in jail. One month after their detention, most of these girls were taken to Lal Bazar (headquarters of the Calcutta police) underground cell for interrogation. And if their answers failed to satisfy the police bosses, they were immediately subjected to physical torture.

"These girls were stripped naked and made to lie on a table. Then they would begin by burning with cigarettes—neck, breast, stomach and other soft private parts not excluded—accompanied by all conceivable humiliation. And after this if any girl refused to speak, an iron ruler would be inserted in her rectum (as a result of repeated torture, the rectum and vagina of some of these victims have been joined).

"After this, unconscious girls would be brought back to jail in a police van. About 20 days later, after they recovered, the girls would be once again taken to Lal Bazar and subjected to the same treatment."

Reports of maltreatment have gained currency (both at home and abroad). An enquiry must be held into the state of our prisons, conditions of prisoners and undertrials. The MISA, DIR and PD have given the police draconian powers which have to be used with care and circumspection. A single state like West Bengal may have as many as 20,000 undertrials, several of them awaiting trial for petty offences. Prisoners, particularly the Naxalites, are not greatly loved by the police. But it would be wrong for the police to consider that their detention is an opportunity for revenge.

X.A.

# The National Police Academy

Police officers get their training in this institution, which is unique in many ways.

By Madhukar S. Heble

**W**HEN, as a member of the first batch of the Indian Police Service—the successor to the Indian Police—I graduated from the Central Police Training College at Mount Abu in September 1949 after a year's training, I left the place with mixed feelings. My heart was heavy because I was parting company with my brother-officers and the college staff, many of whom I was unlikely to meet again. However, it was a relief to get away from the depressing atmosphere of the CPTC with its dilapidated barracks which had been our living quarters, ill-furnished and lacking in elementary amenities like running water and proper toilets, with volleyball and basket ball courts, even public roads being used as parade grounds. The National Police Academy which I visited recently, is a far cry from its forerunner, the CPTC.

During the British regime, IP officers were trained at police training schools within the provinces to which they were posted. There was hardly any common bond, not even much contact amongst them, and officers of one province rarely met their counterparts elsewhere. When Independence came, Home Minister Sardar Patel conceived the idea of training IPS officers at a central institution, with the two-fold object of introducing uniformity in training methods and instilling in them a spirit of camaraderie and an integrated outlook. Accordingly, the CPTC was opened at Mount Abu with the first batch of the IPS on September 15, 1948.

The choice had fallen on Mount Abu only because of the ready availability of a few disused buildings belonging to the Rajputana Rifles. Within a year, however, the army authorities demanded the return of these buildings. The CPTC moved into the Rajputana Hotel which then housed the officer-trainees and the Lawrence School which accommodated the administrative and training wings. Later the CPTC also occupied the Palanpur House. All this accommodation, costing over a lakh of rupees annually, was still thoroughly unsatisfactory.

## New Name

The college was re-christened Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel National Police Academy in 1965, while its Commandant was re-designated Director. But it was only in 1968 that the Government of India realised the unsuitability of the Mount Abu set-up, and decided to build a new campus on the outskirts of Hyderabad. Plans and designs for the new campus were prepared immediately and by 1971, most of the campus was completed, at a cost of Rs 1.47 crores. However, the Government of Rajasthan was not willing to let the Academy be shifted from Mount Abu and offered to acquire the equally unsuitable Alwar House for it. Regardless of the fact that this could stifle the growth and development of the Academy and would mean that the new campus, put up at considerable cost, would be unused, the institution was left to languish at Mount Abu.



Foreign officers at a tutorial session. Below: Undergoing weapon training at the firing range.



The Government of India, meanwhile, appointed a committee under the Chairmanship of Dr. M. S. Gore (Director, Tata Institute of Social Sciences) to examine the entire mode of police training. After a thorough evaluation of the Academy as it functioned at Mount Abu then, the committee faulted it on several counts—its scattered and ramshackle buildings ruling out a genuine campus atmosphere, its inability to provide trainees with field exposure, its isolation from the rough and tumble of life and from educational and training institutions, its inaccessibility, discouraging visits of eminent guest lecturers among others. The committee strongly recommended that the Academy be shifted to "a suitable central location which can provide the supporting infrastructure needed for such an institution."

Unfortunately, the committee's recommendations bore no immediate results. It was frustrating enough for the trainees and the staff alike to suffer hardships in the makeshift Mount Abu campus, despite a new and well-planned campus lying ready at Hyderabad. To make matters worse, the year 1974 saw Mount Abu in the grip of its worst water scarcity in years. And to add to the Academy's problem the Lawrence School Trust served a year's notice saying that the lease would be terminated. It was only after frantic appeals from the then Director

of the Academy, Mr. S. M. Diaz, that the Government permitted the Academy to shift to its new home in Hyderabad, which it did in February 1975.

Situated on the Hyderabad-Bangalore highway, the NPA is spread over some 300 acres of land, close to the picturesque Mir Alam Lake. It comprises an imposing main building housing the administrative and the training wings, a fine library which has over 20,000 volumes on its shelves, a modern auditorium, a spacious conference hall, messes for the IPS probationers and senior officers, a well-equipped gymnasium, indoor badminton and squash courts, parade grounds, obstacle courses, firing ranges and playgrounds (including an athletics stadium with a cinder track) and even riding grounds. The whole campus is planned beautifully, with good, well-lighted roads and lovely gardens. On the anvil is the proposal to construct a swimming pool.

The IPS probationers' mess, which forms the centre of the Academy's corporate life, is spacious and tastefully appointed. The living quarters consist of comfortably furnished single rooms with attached baths and toilets. The Senior Officers' mess has self-contained residential units, each containing a sitting-room, a bedroom and a kitchenette.



Mrs. Yash Kohli, Editor in Chief. Supervises every rupee spent at the office, and at home. She demands items of value. Selects them herself.

When I want  
bathroom ware  
there's just one  
brand I buy



**because:**

I want them to be really durable.

I want them made from  
virgin plastic.

I want my money's worth.

I want to buy the best.

# “I trust Brite”

Don't just buy plastic. Buy *Brite*



## ATROCITIES AND FIRINGS

by Sima Sharma

**I**N November 1979, the Andhra Pradesh police had turned Karimnagar, Nalgonda and Adilabad districts into police camps and was perpetrating atrocities on Adivasis.

Reports from Bihar (in 1978 and 1979) also mention shooting of Harijans and Adivasis by the police. In most cases the police was in collusion with land owners. It was openly said that the policemen got their "salaries" from the Government and "allowances" from the landlords.

An official of the Bihar Government's Harijan-Adivasi cell said "There is no case of atrocities against Harijans and Adivasis in which the police were not involved directly or indirectly."

Last year, the National Police Commission in its first interim report recommended the establishment of district inquiry authorities (DIA) each headed by a person of the status of an Additional Sessions Judge, to hold automatically judicial inquiries into complaints of serious misbehaviour against the police—such as those relating to torture, deaths in custody or firings.

The Commission said that complaints of death or serious hurt caused to persons while in police custody should be immediately inquired into by the proposed District Inquiry Authorities. This would include firings and rapes of women in police custody.

The Commission suggested that if a *prima facie* complaint against the police disclosed a specific cognisable offence, the statutory responsibility for a proper investigation would immediately arise. It would, therefore, be desirable that irrespective of the fact-finding inquiry by any authority, a formal first information report be registered at once in the police station having jurisdiction over the place of alleged occurrence of misconduct.

The police, after having registered the FIR, would await the result of the fact finding inquiry before proceeding with further investigation. Other complaints of minor nature—about police failure to take notice of a crime, etc.—would be dealt with departmentally.

### Police Firings

	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977-1978
Andhra Pradesh	24	29	184	64	30	54	60	37	40	30	34
Assam	1	9	2	2	2	13	1	5	2	3	3
Bihar	12	6	9	27	30	44	20	NA	NA	NA	10
Gujarat	13	13	132	NIL	22	18	5	176	27	23	23
Haryana	2	5	2	23	5	13	4	NIL	1	3	5
Jammu & Kashmir	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	NA	2	1	NA	NA
Karnataka	1	16	5	11	5	7	2	5	5	4	6
Kerala	2	2	10	5	3	5	NA	5	4	NA	NA
Maharashtra	20	25	204	108	14	16	35	98	13	4	17
Madhya Pradesh	4	1	31	5	4	3	NA	8	6	NA	2
Orissa	3	4	5	4	4	4	2	6	5	2	2
Punjab	1	7	3	9	11	9	NA	NA	NA	NA	1
Rajasthan	6	2	4	6	2	5	2	3	4	NA	3
Tamil Nadu	4	9	5	9	4	16	2	3	7	3	7
Uttar Pradesh	22	22	31	28	56	54	40	10	2	7	17
West Bengal	136	88	84	648	790	131	50	15	11	5	71
Delhi	2	NA	NA	NA	NA	1	11	6	11	2	NA

With its easy accessibility to the local University and the Administrative Staff College of India, the Academy has the kind of infra-structure which the Gore Committee had recommended. The IPS probationers' basic training course covers indoor and outdoor subjects like criminal law, police science, managerial and behavioural sciences, physical training, infantry drill, weapon training and musketry, unarmed combat, riot drill, equitation, motor driving and mechanics. The trainees get the benefit of exposure to the practical side of police work (as during the recent communal riots and the January General Elections in Hyderabad), as well as field exposure when they are made to live and work in villages. They are also taken on a tour of different parts of the country as a part of their training, to enable them to study the basic features of police work.

After a year's practical training and work in the States, the young officers return to the Academy for their Basic Training Terminal Course. This course aims at assessing how far they have absorbed their basic training and have utilised it in field conditions and thus determining whether any changes in the training schedule are called for. The Academy also trains Sub-Inspectors specially recruited for the Central Bureau of Investigation.

The Academy introduced a Senior Officers' Course in 1965 for the benefit of the younger Superintendents of Police. This 14-week course brings them abreast of the latest in police techniques and methodology. Research papers prepared by the participants in these courses form a significant contribution to police literature, which is, as yet, limited. These courses have been attended by officers from countries like Bhutan, Afghanistan and the Philippines under the Technical Co-operation Scheme of the Colombo Plan.

### Several Courses

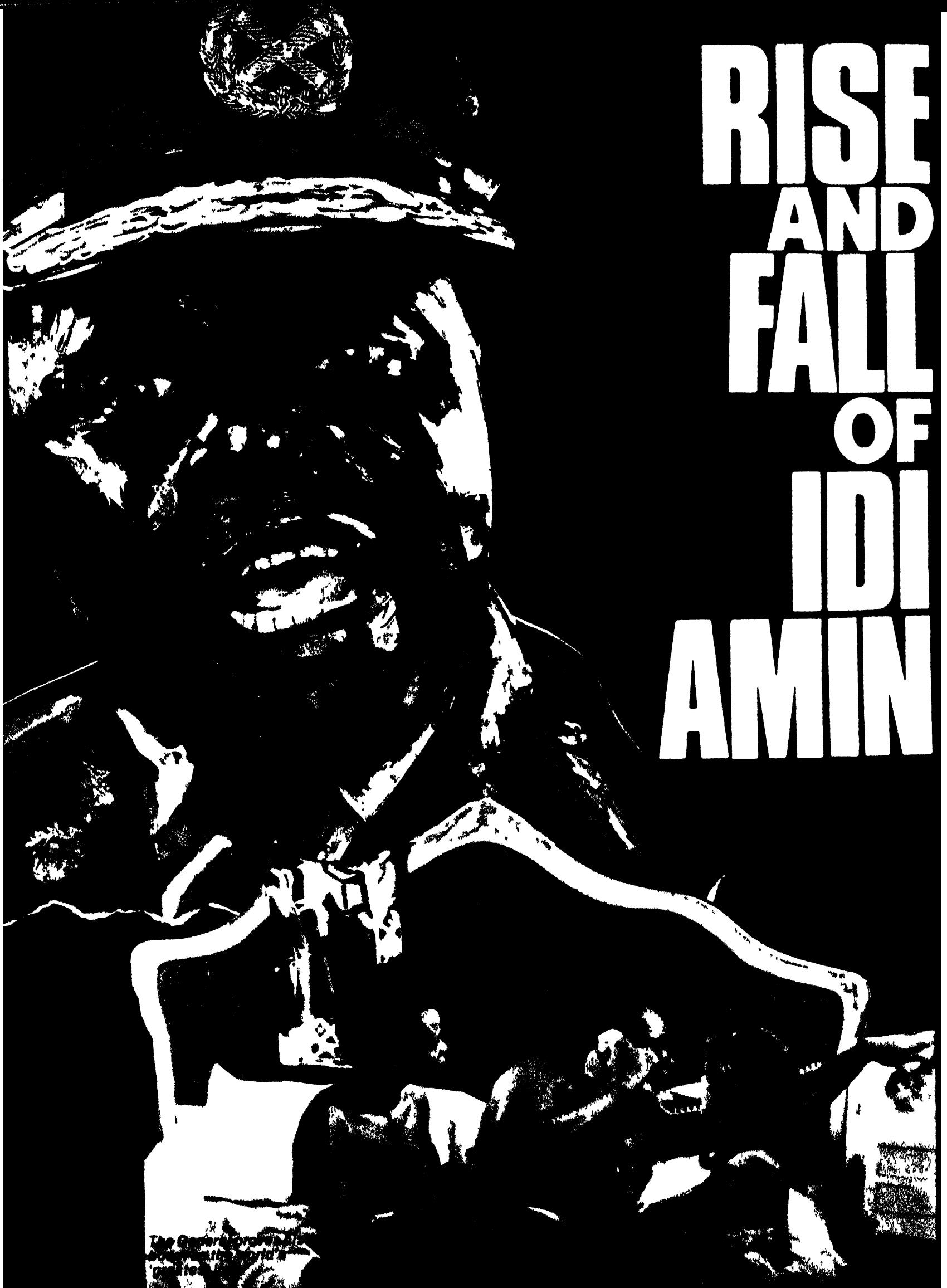
In accordance with another recommendation of the Gore Committee, a two-week programme was started at the Academy last year for senior officers of the DIG's rank. Its emphasis is on the importance of planned changes and innovations in police organisation systems and procedures.

The Academy is headed by a director of the rank of Director-General of Police. He is assisted by two Deputy Directors who handle administration and training, ten Assistant Directors with the requisite supporting staff and faculty. A professor of management and readers in behavioural sciences and training methodology are about to be added to the faculty.

The Academy in its new home is still in its infancy and naturally has its teething troubles like the acute water shortage and an abundance of mosquitoes! Transport poses another problem, especially for the staff members and their families, as Hyderabad is situated several kilometres away.

This then is the NPA. The NPA is no NDA nor even the IMA (Indian Military Academy). It does not boast of a plush, glittering look, nor any insulated and sterilised atmosphere. Its trainees are not served mechanically-made, "untouched by hand" *chupatis*. Instead, at the NPA, the trainees live and train in conditions closely approximating those in which they have to work and live later, so that at the end of their training, far from having their heads in the clouds, the trainees have both their feet firmly on the ground. And the NPA does have something about it, which can transform a fun-loving, mod young man with a drooping moustache and long hair into an earnest, serious-minded and smart young officer and prompt an ex-police officer to jump from his chair and stand to attention on hearing the "Retreat" for the first time in several years!

# RISE AND FALL OF IDI AMIN



The General's Grotesque  
Smile Shook the World  
Called



IDI AMIN'S DISC OVERS HIS HEADS IN THE FREEZER—a gruesome moment from the Sharad Patel film in which Joseph Oita plays Idi Amin. Below and below left: The loves of Idi Amin.

**I**DI AMIN seized power in Uganda on January 25, 1972. During the following eight years, his reign of terror led to the death of a million people and the displacement of a million more. Through imprisonment, torture, murder and rape, he drove his country into a state of terror and poverty from which there is even now no hope of recovery.

*Rise and Fall of Idi Amin*, produced and directed by Sharad Patel in collaboration with Christopher Sutton, vividly depicts the life and times of a dictator—probably the most infamous since Hitler. From his rise and Patel's Amin's rise was meteoric. Within two or three months of assuming power, Amin had built up his own personal army and secret police, and set up his State Research Bureau. He imprisoned, and killed or expelled, intellectuals and students, abolished freedom of speech and expression.

### Not Just A Catalogue Of Horror

*Rise and Fall of Idi Amin* follows the 30 events until his descent into paranoia, and madness, and his final, inevitable confrontation with his fellow countrymen, the Western world, and, importantly, the neighbouring East African states.

This film is not just a catalogue of horrors, but a simple reconstruction of historical events. It is the portrait of a man whose power was based on personal ambition, greed and fulfillment of his intense dream of becoming Emperor and an immortal God.

### Shot On Location

Based on actual events and carefully researched, the film claims to have the grain of old newsreel combined with the quality of a full-length dramatic work, aiming to get the viewer to know how and why such a regime existed and flourished.

Shot on actual locations in East Africa, *Rise and Fall of Idi Amin* sets out to tell us a story the world is waiting to hear.



# Who Needs Rajiv Gandhi?

**O**F late, a large number of articles have appeared in the Indian Press on Rajiv Gandhi under such headings as *After Sanjay, Who?* or *Filling The Void*, presumably because there is a 'void' to be filled and he is the right person to fill it.

Ridiculous proposals have been put forward by sycophants, such as 'drafting' Maneka Gandhi as a 'successor' to Sanjay, as if he was the Crown Prince and the country was being ruled by a monarchy.

These proposals are patently predicated on the beliefs—one, that Mrs Gandhi is a spent force, needing support from someone close to her, and, two, that the country wants the security of dynasticism.

Those who put forward such proposals are doing a distinct disservice, not only to Mrs Gandhi, but to the country as well.

In the first place, if Mrs Gandhi wants the feel of the country, she has only to listen to her Press Adviser and his staff, both of whom are extremely capable. Furthermore, she should make herself available to the press at news conferences at more frequent intervals. How many major news conferences has she given since she came back to office?

In the second place, she has to gear up her intelligence services, which are obviously in a state of disarray. An intel-

ligence service that did not know that a spate of riots was being planned all over the country simultaneously is not worth the money spent on it.

In the third place, Mrs Gandhi should look beyond her nose and permit the natural growth of political leadership within the Congress, instead of relying on nonentities to take down her orders. There is not one single political leader in the Congress of national standing. She has destroyed them all.

## Parliamentary, Not Presidential

Those who insist that Mrs Gandhi needs a family member to alert her to developments or provide her with the necessary feedback for the efficient discharge of her duties make the first major mistake of vesting in her the responsibilities that should vest in the *entire* Cabinet.

We have a parliamentary form of government, not a presidential one.

And all feedback must be processed by the Cabinet, not by the Prime Minister sitting in isolated splendour and attended by sycophants.

Mrs Gandhi bristles with holy anger when accused of being weak and indecisive. But that weakness shows when she does not scotch rumours that she contemplates taking Rajiv Gandhi under her political wing. That weakness shows when she does not take effective action against communal reactionaries.





**THE MAKINGS OF A DYNASTY?** Mrs Indira Gandhi with sons Rajiv and Sanjay (far left) Left: Mrs Gandhi and Sonia, seated, Sanjay, Maneka and Rajiv, standing, and Rajiv's children, Rahul and Priyanka, in front. Above: Rahul and Priyanka.

Whether Rajiv Gandhi is to be 'drafted' to a position of power is not the question at all. The question is whether she is going to make effective use of the bureaucracy which is available to be used.

Lal Bahadur Shastri brought in L. K. Jha to be his Principal Private Secretary. Mr Jha, a distinguished and efficient Civilian, was a pillar of strength to Mr Shastri.

There are first-class men available in the Indian Administrative Service who should be given responsibilities. In so far as the Congress Party is concerned, its affairs, again, should be the matter for qualified Secretaries to handle. These are not matters to be handled by a son.

### The 'Void' Simply Does Not Exist

It was wrong, in the first place, for Mrs Gandhi to have relied on Sanjay Gandhi. She would be compounding the original mistake were she to induct his older brother to fill in the 'void'. The 'void' simply does not exist. It was created by Mrs Gandhi and is a figment of the imagination.

In any well-run democracy, the party problems are handled by a party functionary. The official duties are handled by regular members of the Civil Service. If this is fully understood, all talk of 'successors', 'voids' and the rest will cease.

There is something sickening about the way people have been fawning on Mrs Gandhi—and, latterly, on Rajiv Gandhi.

There is too much of 'caucus power' and unconstitutional centres of power—more than is good for the country. Mrs Gandhi says "it is for Rajiv to decide". Decide what? That he will be a 'successor' to another unconstitutional centre of power? Is it that it is in him that the answer lies? Nobody wants Rajiv Gandhi except some parasites. And parasites should be exposed for what they are: parasites.

When allegedly responsible people say "the only possible inheritor of the Sanjay Cult figure is Maneka", we have to ask ourselves whether we understand the processes of democracy after 33 years of independence. Such obscenities as comparing Maneka, a 23-year-old chip of a girl, as "the very reincarnation of Durga" indicates an unbalanced mind. India does not want either a Rajiv Gandhi or a Maneka Gandhi. What India wants is a Prime Minister who runs the Government through her Cabinet, who has a first-class administrator to translate Cabinet decisions into executive action, and a party secretary who knows how to handle party affairs. The sickening spectacle of Congress (I) men (and women) rushing to Delhi every now and then, encouraged no doubt by Mrs Gandhi herself, has to stop.

### The Press Has Been Brainwashed

The entire discussion in the press has so far been focused on Rajiv Gandhi and *not* on the democratic process, which is indicative of how thoroughly the press has been brainwashed. Rajiv Gandhi is totally irrelevant to our democratic process. The Indian people must send this message to Mrs Gandhi in as loud and clear a voice as possible. The spectacle of people in the past bowing and scraping before Sanjay Gandhi was sickening enough. The talk of 'drafting' Rajiv Gandhi shows the depth to which we can sink.

Mrs Gandhi started the ball rolling in 1975, when she unobtrusively appointed Sanjay Gandhi as the bulwark between her and the party. That none of the Congress stalwarts in her Cabinet had the courage to question this must remain the most shameful chapter of our nation's life. Men like Yeshwantrao Chavan and Brahmananda Reddi, not to speak of leaders like Swaran Singh, gave in to her whims and remained nothing better than office boys. Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet members today are made of no better stuff.

'Enemy lists' were compiled by Sanjay Gandhi and those who would not toe the line were ostracised. There can be no 'enemy lists' where a party is concerned. In the 'thirties and the 'forties, opponents were not lacking for Jawaharlal Nehru, but nobody thought of denying them membership of the party. There were no loyalty tests, such as became the rule under Sanjay Gandhi. The loyalty was to the country, not to Jawaharlal Nehru who had the greatness to understand it.

### After 11 Years—And Seven Months...

In her August 15 speech, Mrs Gandhi invited the Opposition to cooperate with her. How can the Opposition come in if cooperation means servility? The administrative machinery was broken and shattered, not by the Janata Party, as Mrs Gandhi wants to make out, but by herself during the Emergency. Now she has promised a Government that works. There is no such Government and placing the blame on the Janata—as mindless a body as ever came to power—after 7 months in office, and after an earlier administrative experience of 11 years, is to duck responsibilities.

India, to repeat, does not need a Rajiv Gandhi or a Maneka or servile sycophants. It requires democracy and a Prime Minister who understands the meaning of democracy. Blaming the press, the bureaucracy or the Janata Party for failure is not the best way to run this country, which surely needs a Prime Minister who works.

M. V. K.

# Should India Be A Hindu State?

In response to our invitation to readers to start a debate on the topic, 'Should India Be A Hindu State?', we have received some very thought-provoking letters. Starting with this issue, we present a selection of the views of hundreds of readers.

THE question as posed, is value-loaded. This is inimical to rational discussion. It virtually invites one to take sides. I would rather put the question this way: 'Will India Be a Hindu State?' Then one can extrapolate from the past and the present and arrive at a projection which would be relatively free from the prepossessions, predilections, allergies and misperceptions that plague the Indian mind. One needs to off-load the burden of 3,000 years of history and the hysteria it has bred in order to be able to understand the concept of a Hindu state in its true resplendence. Yes, I mean *resplendence* and I am willing to brush wit with anyone on this till the sun goes cold!

But let me not be a spoil-sport. Let me, even if with a grumble, revert to the Editor's question. My answer comes with the roll of thunder: "Yes, yes, yes." And the sooner the better. Our dalliance with imported hybrids has gone on long enough. Stop the rot now.

Do we or do we not want this ancient land to regain its soul? The question answers itself. A nation without a soul is a nation lost. This is no idle rhetoric. The evidence is there all around us—for those who have eyes to see. We need a sane society not one ridden with shibboleths. The trendy modern *triratna* of secularism, socialism and democracy has run itself to the ground. We are stranded on the road to nowhere. Take an about-turn while yet

we can. And give the *triratna* of *dama-daana-dayaa* (as portrayed in the exquisite *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* parable) a fair trial.

Restraint (*dama*), generosity (*daana*), compassion (*dayaa*). These are the hallmarks of the Hindu system of polity, conspicuously absent in our present technological spree. They make a self-sufficient whole, capable of taking this nation in a meaningful direction. Call it the rule of Dharma, if you like. Labels don't interest me.

Gandhu called his dream Ramarajya. But then he went on to scuttle it by saying that his Rama was not the son of Dasaratha! I guess he ran short of guts at the crucial moment—like Arjuna on the battlefield. The result: a carbon-copy India trying to transplant an alien graft which the Hindu system consistently rejects. I weep at the tragedy of it all.

New Delhi

T K MAHADEVAN

## Declare India A Hindu State

YES Hindustan should be for Hindus. When 29 countries have openly declared Islam as their national religion, why not India declare Hinduism as a state religion? Hindus have suffered beyond their point of tolerance ever since Ibn Qasim of Arabia set foot on our sacred soil with 6,000 Arabs and killed Dahir, the Hindu king of Sind in 712 A.D. Hindus have made the maximum sacrifices to maintain peace and harmony. They have suffered silently ever since all the onslaughts of foreign invaders.

Even on the eve of our Independence when our motherland was cut into three bleeding bits, Hindus exhibited their tolerance to preserve peace with Muslims. They have accepted Muslims as children of the same soil and brothers in blood. And this



Understanding is not reciprocated That is why the population of Muslims in India is almost equal to the number of Muslims in Pakistan and Bangladesh and it is much less in other Islamic countries except Indonesia The Muslim population accounts for 62,600,000 as compared to 62,945,000 in Pakistan and 63,750,000 in Bangladesh—and the latter two were created out of our own motherland exclusively for Muslims

We don't hear of communal riots in Islamic countries That is the difference between India and the other nations That is the result of secularism Show me another country which neglects its own majority population of a particular religion and offers the highest office to a member of the minority group as in India

Hindu religion developed towards a peaceful civilization in which culture and not power was the keynote Hinduism is a cultural and not a credal religion Islam and Christianity are the major religions in the world in whose name several battles were fought and human blood was shed

Muslim political parties in India are always showing anti-national attitudes Last time, the Muslim Leaguers objected to the singing of the national song, *Vande Mataram*, in Muslim schools and refused to bow to the motherland in due respect

Therefore, I am of the firm opinion that Hindustan should be for Hindus and Hinduism should be declared as the state religion **VANDE MATARAM**

Secunderabad A SRINIVASULU

### Can Never Be Hindu

**C**AN India be a Hindu State? India was never a Hindu State at any time in the past, it cannot be a Hindu state at any time in the future India should be a state of those who love it those who want it to flourish and those who want to adorn it.

Dnyaneshwar, a saint of Maharashtra, has said in his *Dnyaneshwari* a Marathi version of the Bhagavat Gita "A tree gives shade to those who come to it, without asking details The water of the river is drunk by men and the same water does not kill the tiger which drinks it" This very verse is applicable to India for its wide generosity and love and lack of hatred

If India desires peace and a bright future, it should never be a Hindu state  
Bombay MANOHAR R PAI

### Secularism Is Hypocrisy

**A**T the outset I may ask When was there not a Hindu state in India? As far as history goes there have been Hindu "states" in India There have been various foreign Hindu invaders coming here and settling down and forming their Hindu states at places suitable to them Then, later on, there were numerous Muslim invaders coming here and conquering the Hindu rulers and forming their own kingdoms And, lastly, there were the British usurpers coming here and acquiring places and conquering and subjugating the Muslim and minor Hindu rulers of this good ancient land.

The work of consolidation and unification of this vast land by the Muslim rulers was given some fatal blows by the British rulers I have called the Britons usurpers because they had not come here as conquerors but as traders and were allowed to settle here by the kindness and mercy of the Muslim rulers of this land But, by their cunning and by other means, they managed to become rulers of this vast territory

The hatred and contempt of the Hindus against the Muslims was created by the devilish British rulers

It is silly and stupid to think and feel that only Hindus are inhabitants of India and that others are foreigners Also, the Hindus in India are the main rulers and administrators of this land and the word 'secular' has proved to be hypocritical, as events have shown.

Bombay QUDDOOS AKBAR MACKBA

### India Is A Hindu State!

**W**HAT do you mean—"Should India be a Hindu State?" India is a Hindu state! My criteria are

- (1) An overwhelming majority of the citizens are Hindus,
- (2) An overwhelming majority of Central and States Service personnel (both military and civil) are Hindus and, above all
- (3) The cultural life style of the nation, as a whole, is Hinduistic That's all there is to it!

What I mean is that technically and constitutionally we are not a theocratic Hindu state, but that culturally it looks as though we are a Hindu state

Pune N G SATHE

### We Lose Nothing!

**B**EFORE answering the question, "Should India be a Hindu State?", I would, with all humility and sincerity, like to ask a counter-question "What are we going to lose, if we declare our country a Hindu state?" Will our political pundits give a satisfactory answer?

Our country has more than 380 million Hindus and we believe in the principles of democracy In democracy, it is not a crime to go by the decisions of the majority Those who have other political designs and selfish ends will raise a hue and cry over this issue but I honestly feel that we must declare our religion and proclaim our country a Hindu state I wonder how Dr Rafiq Zakaria would have answered a similar question if he had been a Pakistani citizen Muslims are more loyal to their religion and they never feel ashamed to call their nations Islamic

I wonder why our leaders are so reluctant and afraid of declaring India a Hindu state By declaring our nation a Hindu state, we shall not be tarnishing our secular image We Hindus are more tolerant, more peaceful and more accommodative than any other people in the world Our

history will substantiate my convictions We had two Muslim Presidents At present in Maharashtra we have a Muslim Governor and a Muslim Chief Minister

It is difficult to predict the future of our Hindu race, unless we rise to the occasion and immediately proclaim our state a Hindu state By doing this sane act not only will we give a religious faith and character to our nation but we will soon get rid of the various inhibitions of democracy When a country declares its religion, it unknowingly declares its character, its principles, its morals and way of life is not religion the index of the inner urges of our people and the growth of our nation?

Our leaders must remember that communalism is an attribute and instrument of the minority It is therefore, quite unjustified and improper to accuse Hindus of indulging in communalism We can make a beginning by being honest and announcing in plain words that by virtue of being the majority—a sure deciding factor in democracy—India is a Hindu Nation

Indore PRABHAKAR S HARSOLE

### Secularism Is Anti-Hindu

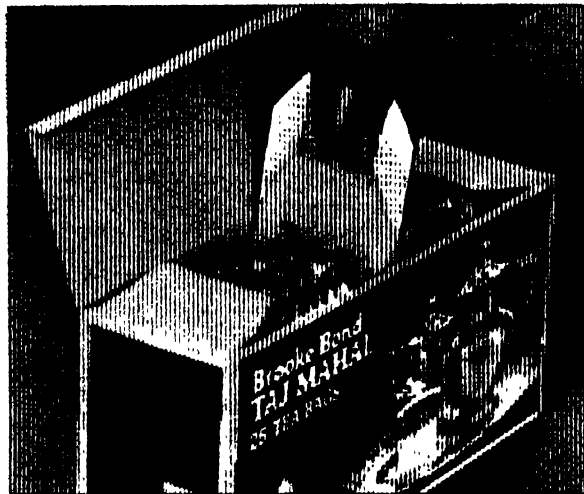
**I**T is anathema to most people that India should be ruled by Hindus Why is this so? The root cause of the trouble is our curious conception fostered from time immemorial, that Hindus live by sufferance in India An almost successful attempt to wipe out Hindus from India was made by Muslims from the year 1185 AD and has persisted right upto now This has so changed our outlook that people want to call themselves secular and the word 'secular' is synonymous with anti Hinduism

This insistence on the part of the political parties has created the deep rooted idea that India should be governed with the help of the Muslim minority community No other minority counts Christians, Parsis, Jews, Buddhists have so assimilated themselves in the society that no question of seeking their assistance is ever raised Even in the days of the British there was a peculiar political division of voters—'Mohammedans' and 'non-Mohammedans' It was never 'Hindus' and 'Non-Hindus' When India was divided, it was divided because of the Muslims, on the specific theory that Muslims were a nation in themselves and at least they were not Indians' In other words, all others were Indians except Muslims These 'all others' included a vast majority—a very great majority—of Hindus So, without calling India "Hindu India", it would not be wrong to govern India through the majority community—the Hindus

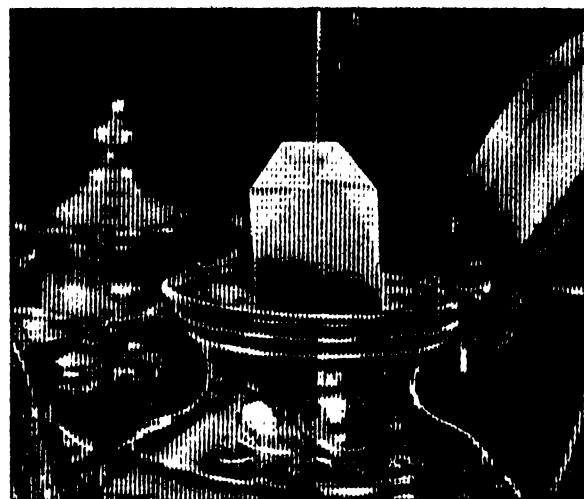
Hindus have always been tolerant The highest executive posts and the highest judicial posts have been held by Muslims and there has been no discrimination But Muslims in general celebrate the victory of Pakistani Muslims against Indians even in sports and resent the celebration of the victory of Indians against Pakistanis

It is, therefore, necessary that Hindus open their eyes and discard the idea of protecting the Muslim minority and try to protect the Hindu community itself This can be done only through the principles

# Brooke Bond presents a great new way to good tea



just pick...



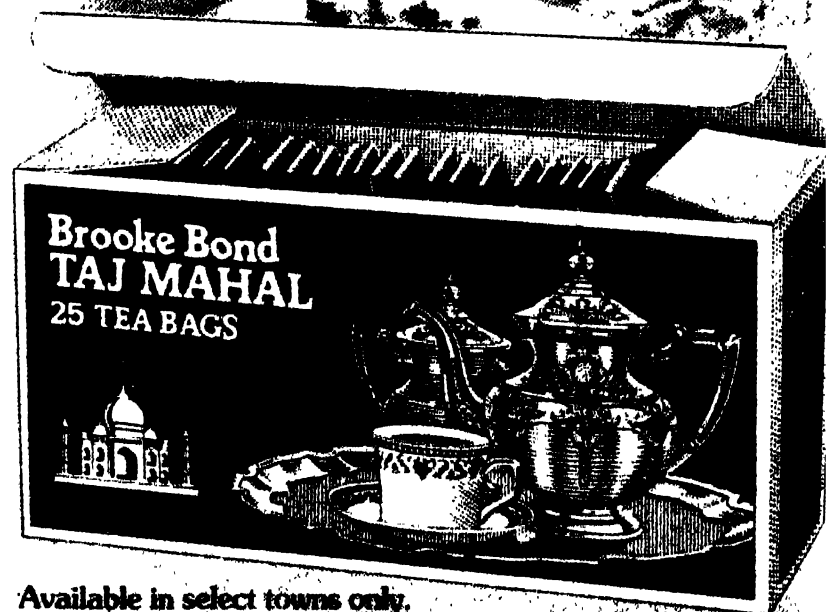
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of democracy The fundamentals of democracy are rule by majority So, if the Hindus govern India without seeking the help of Muslims and govern India democratically on principles of Hindu culture and Hindu way of life, there would be nothing wrong in calling India "Hindu India"

Neemuch

U M TRIVEDI

### May Hinduism Flourish

**I**N your feature, 'Should India Be A Hindu State' (June 15), the most interesting and sensible article was ironically by a Hindu—RGK The others, ranged from the lunatic fringe (P N Oak) to the completely hackneyed (Rafiq Zakaria) to the downright patronising (F M D'Mello Kamath)

All have of course missed the first and most startling point Why should India be a Hindu state when she is already one? Any sensible person following recent history should know that straight away

What was the quarrel in 1942? The Indian Muslims led by Jinnah wanted a Muslim homeland This dispute was settled and Pakistan became the homeland of the Indian Muslims As their quarrel was with the Hindus, it automatically means that by accepting partition, the leaders of the Congress had accepted that India would be the homeland of the Indian Hindus

If we are now allegedly secular, it makes not in slightest difference as the

historical forces have already been given the thrust required for a Hindu Rashtra and the RSS' labours are wasted indeed The rest is just sophisticated semantics and the Muslims who have their ears and eyes open know exactly what the score is—no wonder every brilliant Muslim graduate from Aligarh emigrates!

Neither P N Oak nor D'Mello Kamath makes any sense whatsoever Oak is known by now for being a maverick but D'Mello Kamath, of course, exposes himself with his title "Nip This Ethnic Minorities Mischief in the Bud"

Trying to compare a Hindu theocracy with his Catholicism is nonsensical No Hindu religious leader would dare address a nation as the Pope ventured to do recently in Paris 'France, eldest daughter of the church, have you been true to the vows of your baptism?'

The authority of a Hindu state will come from the Dharma—the ethical mode that evolves with man—and not through the semi-scriptural law books like the Dharma Shastras, which have been violated more than they have been obeyed

Unlike in D'Mello's Catholic institution, the Hindu religion finds its authority in anti-establishment movements From the Vedas the Upanishads the Gita, the Epics, to the Buddha and Nanak himself Hinduism is based on experimental human authority which ascend into spirituality and not from a deity dispensing

descending divinity This RGK has completely missed for of more than 150 Hindu saints, over 130 in the last century alone are from the lower castes

The great upsurge of the Dharma can be expected not from the higher castes but from the increasing politico-spiritualising of the vast masses of lower castes Anyone who misses this has missed one of the profoundest sayings of Vivekananda —'the next era will be the era of the Shudra' he stated with great pride

And so it shall come to pass, that others will become as irrelevant as Pandita Ramabai and Michael Madhusudan Dutt who towards his demise, shamfacedly confessed to Sri Ramakrishna by writing on the wall at Dakshineswar 'It was a sin for me to run away from the Dharma and become a Christian Pandita Ramabai became a 'dead personality' when he embraced Christianity She is neither looked upon as a saint nor as a scholar or social reformer today but as a religious renegade

Why, may I ask finally, has D'Mello retained his Saraswat surname if not for ethnic reasons? Having left his caste he still will not give up his claims to brahminism while taking potshots at caste from the sidelines No wonder he is patronising and puerile His kind are the worst for they are supported by the might of Catholic hypocrisy

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# THE GURU TRADITION

*Yasya deve para bhaktir  
Yatha deve tatha gurau  
Tasyaite kathitaharthah  
Prakasante mahatmanah  
Prakasante mahatmanah*

A PRIMARY SCHOOL at village  
Savali in the Sikkar District of Rajas-  
than.

—Ramesh Sanyal

(These subjects\* which have been declared shine forth to the high-souled one who has the highest devotion for God and for his spiritual teacher as for God. Yea they shine forth to the high-souled one.)

—Svetasvatara Upanishad

THIS is one of the earliest passages extolling the guru and equating him with God. It is particularly significant for the word *prakasante* is applied in this context to a subject or otherwise knowledge imparted to a student that "shines forth". It defines the vocation, function or purpose of a guru as bestowing illumination, an act that is godly in its nature.

The idea of equating a teacher with God has of late come to be ridiculed. During the past few years the word "godman" has gained currency as meaning the same thing as guru. It is used in a mocking sense by people who have no

\*The "subjects" are those dealt with before this concluding verse of the Upanishad. The translations of all Upanishadic passages in this feature are from *The Principal Upanishads* by S. Radhakrishnan.

A feature  
compiled  
by R. G. K.  
to commemorate  
Teacher's Day  
which will be  
observed on  
September 5.



School for tribal children in Bastar, MP.



—Savali Bay



understanding of the Indian tradition. First of all, it must be explained that the word God does not mean the same thing as *deva*. There is also a difference in the Hindu concept of the Supreme Being and the Semitic God with whom the West and educated Indians are more familiar. In the Hindu view although there may be hundreds of gods and goddesses, there is no monotheistic God resident in a remote heaven. On the other hand, an abstract unknown Being non-Being is foreign to the non-Hindu world view.

It must be remembered whenever Hindu ideas are discussed that this abstract Principle is not outside the world and that necessarily all beings or non-beings here are part of it. In the Vedic conception there are gods who are sustained by humans and there are humans who because they are liberated beings are one with the Brahman. To be educated or to be illumined in the highest sense means to be aware of one self. A man who is so illumined or who knows that there is only one Reality is indeed godlike. Surely the teacher who helps him to realise this truth must have a claim to be a god.

There is however, no arrogance about the teacher: he does not dispense knowledge like a pharmacist. He must also go through the travail of discovery. The Rigveda says in all humility:

*Who knows and who can declare what  
pathway leads to the gods?  
Seen are their lowest dwelling places  
only  
What pathway leads to the highest, most  
secret regions?*

The entire Upanishadic approach of the teacher and the taught is one of constant inquiry, not of dogmatic assertion. Read the following from the *Kena Upanishad*:

If you think that you have understood the Brahman well, you know it but slightly, whether it refers to you (the individual self) or to the gods. So then is to be investigated by you (the pupil) (even though) I think it is known.

"I do not think that I know it well, nor do I think that I do not know it. He who among us knows it knows it and he, too, does not know that he does not know."

#### Nachiketas

Nachiketas in the *Katha Upanishad* is an exemplar as a student and he has Yama himself as guru. He is not tempted by the gifts of wealth and long life. "I will make you the enjoyer of all desires," says Yama. But Nachiketas is determined to have his ignorance dispelled. He declares: "Having approached the undecaying immortality, what decaying mortal on this earth who knows the pleasures of beauty and love will delight in an over-long life?"

Since the guidance of a guru was needed to find the path of liberation, he came to be worshipped as God and a whole corpus of literature developed on guru worship. Siva himself was conceived as a guru, the south-facing god or Dakshinamurti and the great Sankara composed a hymn to him. Its first stanza\* goes:

*Visvam darpanadrsyamananagaritulyam  
nijantargatam  
Pasyannatmani mayaya bahirivodbhutam  
yatha nidraya  
Yassakshat kurute prabodhasamaye  
svatmanamevadvayam  
Tasmai srigurumurtaye nama idam  
Sridakshinamurtaye*

\*From *Dakshinamurti Stotra*. Samata Books, Madras. The book has an excellent translation and introduction by Alladi Mahadeva Sastry.

(To him who by illusion of the Atman, as by sleep, sees the universe existing within himself—like a city seen to exist within a mirror—as though it were manifested without, to him who beholds, when awake, his own very self, the secondless, to him who is incarnate in the teacher, to him in the effulgent form facing south, to him be this obeisance.)

There is a classic image of Dakshinamurti known to all Hindu students:

*Chitram vatatarormule vrddhah sishyah  
gururyuva  
Gurostu maunam vyakhyanam sishyaste  
chhinnasamsayah*

(It is a strange and picturesque assembly under the fig tree. The students are aged and the teacher is youthful. The teacher teaches in silence and the students are freed of their doubts.)

This verse is apparently meaningless or absurd. But it illustrates the state of ideal understanding between the guru and his students. The guru in the ultimate sense must be able to communicate without words, for words are imperfect instruments for conveying the truth.



GURU—PHILOSOPHER AND STATESMAN. Teacher's Day is celebrated on the birth anniversary of Dr S. Radhakrishnan (b. September 5, 1888).

Dakshinamurti is also known as Dakshinamukha. Alladi Mahadeva Sastry observes: "The word 'Dakshinamukha' is interpreted in two ways: first as referring to that incarnation of Siva in which he is represented as a guru teaching spiritual wisdom at the foot of a fig tree with his face turned to the south, secondly as referring to the unconditioned Formless Divine Being who can be intuited only by the *dakshina* or *buddhi* becoming perfectly pure and serene."

#### Silent Guru

Dakshinamurti thus is a symbol of self-illumination, of awareness, of being that cannot be expressed in words. Siva as Dakshinamurti is a recondite concept. Says C. Sivaramamurti: "The idea of Siva as the poet of the Vedas probes into the form of Dakshinamurti, the mute, eloquent master of the most profound rishis. The rishis are the seers of the Vedas, *rishayah mantradrshtarayah*. The rishis just comprehended the Vedas." Dakshinamurti is represented in various forms, as a drummer, as Vinadhara. To quote Sivaramamurti again:

"Nataraja dancing with the vina, as represented in several northern forms, signifies his supreme knowledge, as *sarvajna*. It is the dance of omniscience. As Dakshinamurti, as Nataraja, and as Vinadhara he is respectively the lord of knowledge, of dance and of music and in this composite concept there is the essence of all knowledge brought together to suggest omniscience."

Westerners and educated Indians, nurtured in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, cannot appreciate the glorification of the teacher because the idea that knowledge can be a gateway for self-realisation (or knowledge itself is self-realisation) is alien to their thinking. The Hindus gave so much importance to the teacher that, according to Manu\*, the term *pta* can be applied both to the father and the teacher. He goes to the extent of saying that the *acharya*—father who imparts the Vedas is superior to what we may call the biological father. Mahamahopadhyaya P. V. Kane says that, though the words *acharya*, *guru* and *upadhyaya* are often used as synonyms, ancient writers made a distinction between them. According to Manu an *upadhyaya* is one who teaches a student a portion of the Vedas or the *Vedangas* as a means of his own livelihood and a *guru* is one who performs the *samskaras* and who maintains the child. Manu also makes the point that "whoever confers on another the benefit of knowledge, whether great or small, is the latter's *guru*." And again: "That priest who girds his pupil with the sacrificial cord and afterwards instructs him in the whole of the Vedas, with the law of sacrifice and the sacred Upanishads, holy sages call an *acharya*."

#### Father and Teacher

In the beginning it was probably customary for the father himself to be the teacher of his children, as illustrated in a story in the *Bṛhadaranyaka Upanishad*:

Svetaketu Aruneya went up to an assembly of the Panchalas. He went up to Pravahana Jaivali who was having his servants wait on him. Seeing him, he addressed him, "Young man!" He answered, "Sir." Then the king said, "Have you been taught by your father?" "Yes," he said.

As a matter of fact Svetaketu was not able to answer a single question on philosophy put by the king. The moral of the story is that a student is better taught by a teacher other than his father. And this was the practice that was widely followed, however learned the father happened to be. There is the story of Bharadvaja who sends his son Sukesha who goes in search of a guru, fuel stick (*samidh*) in hand, and finds one in Pippalada. Going out, fuel-stick in hand, indeed became symbolic of the seeker of knowledge.

The handing over of a son to a teacher or initiation came to be called *upanayana*, literally meaning "leading or taking near." The *Hiranyakesi Grhyasutra* says: "The teacher makes the boy utter, 'I have come unto *brahmacharya*. Lead me near. Let me be a student, impelled by the god Savitr.'" The Atharvaveda observes: "The *brahmachari* incessantly covering the world by his glory, roams the two worlds, the gods have the same thoughts of grace and favour about him, he fills his teacher with austerities."

The *Satapatha Brahmana* contains details about the life of *brahmacharis*. "The boy says, 'I have come unto *brahmacharya*' and 'let me be a *brahmachari*.' Then the teacher asks him, 'What is your name?', then the teacher takes him near (*upanayati*), the teacher takes hold of the boy."

\*The compiler has depended on Vol. II Part I of P. V. Kane's *History of Dharmasastra* in the preparation of this feature.

hand with the words, 'You are the *brahmachari* of Indra; Agni is your teacher; I am your teacher.'

After giving the *brahmachari* the girdle, the sacred thread, the deerskin and the staff, the teacher touches the student's heart saying: "May your pure heart ever hold me dear." He then turns silently from right to left and then, putting his hand with the palm upon the student's heart, he prays in a low voice. He says: "Under my direction I place your heart. Your mind will follow my mind. In my word you will rejoice with all your spirit. May Brhaspati unite you with me. You are a student. Tend the fire. Drink only water. Perform your service. Do not sleep in the daytime. Keep silence till the lighting of the fire."

In the old days the Gayatri or Savitri mantra was not imparted immediately after the *upanayana*. It was sometimes after one year. The teacher and student sit to the north side of the fire, the teacher turning towards the east, the student towards the west. Then the student says: "Recite, sir." The teacher, after uttering the syllable AUM, invites the student to say the mantra: "Recite the Savitri, sir." Then he recites for him the Savitri, that verse, "That glorious Savitri," at first verse by verse, then line by line, and finally the whole at one stretch.

### Satyakama Jabala

The *upanayana* or initiation ceremony was, it is probable, not as elaborate as it was subsequently made by the *Grhyasutras*. This is illustrated by the story of Satyakama Jabala, a story that also points to the fact that the early teachers were liberal in their outlook. This well-known story is worth repeating as it is told in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*:

"Once upon a time Satyakama Jabala addressed his mother Jabala, 'Mother, I desire to live the life of a student of sacred knowledge. O, what family am I?'

"Then she said to him, 'I do not know, my child, of what family you are. In my youth, when I went about a great deal, as a maid-servant, I got you. So I do not know of what family you are. However, I am Jabala by name and you are Satyakama by name. So you may speak yourself as Satyakama Jabala.'

"Then he went to Gautama, the son of Haridrumat, and said, 'I wish to become a student of sacred knowledge. May I become your pupil, venerable sir?'

"He said to him, 'Of what family are you, my dear?' He replied, 'I do not know this, sir, of what family I am. I asked my mother. She answered me, 'In my youth, when I went about a great deal as a maid-servant, I got you. So I do not know of what family you are. I am Jabala by name and you are Satyakama by name.' So I am Satyakama Jabala, sir.'

"He then said to him, 'None but a Brahmana could thus explain. Bring the fuel, my dear, I will receive you, as a pupil. Thou hast not departed from the truth. Having initiated him, he separated out four hundred lean, weak cows and said, 'Go with these, my dear.' While taking them away, he said, 'I may not return without a thousand.'

The *Apastamba Dharmasastra* lays down certain excellent rules for a teacher: "The teacher, anxious for the welfare of the student as if he were his son, should attentively impart learning to the student without hiding anything from him in all matters of duty; nor should the teacher restrain the student for his own work in such a way as to cause obstacles in his study except in times of distress." According to Swami Vivekananda, "the

\*From *Vedic Experience* by the Rev. Raimundo Panikkar



—Raja Raghunir Singh Collection

SITA, LAVA AND KUSHA IN THE HERMITAGE OF VALMIKI.

real guru is he who leads you beyond this maya of endless births and deaths and who graciously destroys all the griefs and maladies of the soul."

The true purpose of the guru is illustrated in a fine story told by Dravidacharya, one of the predecessors of Adi Sankara in the lineage of Advaita teachers. A king defeated in battle rides off with his wife who is with child, his enemy in hot pursuit. He is anxious that the wife should live so that the son likely to be born to him will avenge his defeat. The wife is persuaded to take refuge in the hovel of a hunter and the king, riding on, is slain by the enemy. In due course a son is born to the queen, but she does not live to see him grow up.

The boy is brought up as a hunter without his knowing anything about his parentage. Meanwhile, the king's loyal minister, already aware of the fate of his master and the birth of an heir, seeks out the boy in the hovel of the hunter in the hope that the kingdom can be restored to him. He is able to identify the prince among the group of hunter children and make him realise that he is no hunter but the heir to a throne.

The symbolism of the story is obvious. The hunter boy stands for the man who is ignorant about himself and the minister stands for the teacher who alone knows who he is. All of us are men and women in disguise not knowing our real identity and all of us are in need of a teacher who can enlighten us as to who we are. The minister in the story is the guru who dispels ignorance.

### Giver of Vision

In the *Vivekachudamani* Sankara says: "By the grace of God one is blessed by three things: birth as a human, the desire to know the truth and obtain final release and to obtain a great man as a teacher." The need for a teacher is also illustrated in this story in the *Chhandogya Upanishad*.

"Just as, my dear, one might lead a person away from the *Gandharas* with his eyes bandaged and abandon him in a place where there are no human beings, and just as that person would shout towards the east or the north or the south or the west, I have been led here with my eyes bandaged, I have been left here with my eyes bandaged."

"And as, if one released his bandage and told him, 'In that direction are the *Gandharas*, go in that direction'; thereupon, being informed and capable of judgement, he would by asking (his

way) from village to village arrive at Gandhara [modern Kandahar]; in exactly the same manner does one here who has a teacher know, 'I shall remain here only so long as I shall not be released from ignorance. Then I shall reach perfection.'"

In his commentary to this passage, Sankara "makes out that our real home is *sat* or Being. Our eyes are bandaged with desires for worldly possessions which blind us. When we suddenly meet a person who knows the Self, whose own bonds are broken, when he points the way, we feel that we are not mere creatures of the world but we belong to the ultimate Reality. We are released when the body reared by our past deeds falls off."

The one who makes us see: that is the teacher. And that is why the guru is adored thus:

*Ajnanatimirandhasya jnanjanasalakaya  
Chakshurunmilitam yena tasmai  
srigurave namah*

(Obeisance to the guru who has opened my eyes, blinded by the cataract of nescience, with the rod with which the salve of knowledge is applied.)

Talking of eyes, one is reminded of a fine interpretation given of the word *upanayanam* by the elder Sankaracharya of Kanchi, Sri Chandrasekhara Sarasvati. From *ni, nay*, to lead, *nayanam* means that which leads you; that is why the eye is called *nayanam* because it leads you. A man who has no *nayanam* has to be led by someone else. We are all without a *nayanam* in a metaphorical sense and we have to be led by a guru. The rite called *upanayanam* (leading near) means giving a *brahmachari* a new vision.

### Duration of Studentship

The usual duration of *brahmacharya* was 12 years, though examples are mentioned of studentships that lasted much longer. According to the *Gopatha Brahmana* it takes 48 years to learn the Vedas. Sabara is of the opinion that the *smritis* which enjoin such a prolonged studentship are opposed to the Vedas and ridicules them by saying that some persons desirous of concealing their lack of manhood observed *brahmacharya* for 48 years—which shows some of our commentators had a nearly wicked sense of humour. Kumarilabhatta does not tolerate such a light-hearted statement and rebukes Sabara "by saying that there is no contradiction between the *Srutis* text and the *smriti* passage...that *smritis* speak of *brahmacharya* for 48 years only with reference

to him who wants to become a *samnyasin* immediately after *brahmacharya* or who desires to become a perpetual student."

The subjects taught were a great many in number. In the *Chhandogya Upanishad*, Narada wants to become a student of Sanatkumara. The latter says to him: "Come to me with (tell me) what you know. Then I will teach you what is beyond that." Narada replies: "Venerable sir, I know the Rigveda, the Yajurveda, the Samaveda, the Atharvaveda the fourth (Veda), the epic and the ancient lore as the fifth, the Veda of Vedas (grammar), propitiation of the fathers, the science of numbers, the science of portents, the science of time, logic, ethics and politics, the science of the gods, the science of sacred knowledge, the science of elemental spirits, the science of weapons, astronomy, the science of serpents and the fine arts..."

There was no prior agreement about fees for teaching. In the *Bhahadaryaka Upanishad* Yajnavalkya says to King Janaka who offered to give him an elephant and a bull, "My father was of the opinion that without fully teaching a pupil one should not receive any reward from him." There were strict rules about the conduct of a student, about his *sikha* or topknot, about his beard, about how he should address his teacher, etc. "The *Apastamba Dharmasutra*," says Mahamahopadhyaya Kane, "prescribes that the student shall behave towards his teacher's wife as towards the teacher himself, but he shall not clasp her feet or eat the residue of her food. Gautama also says the same thing and adds that the student shall not assist the wives of the teacher at their toilet or bath nor wash their feet nor shampoo them."

### Samavartana

Student life ended with the *samavartana samskara*. The *brahmachari* had to shave his head and beard, bathe in water to which perfumes like sandal-paste had been added. After the bath he became a *snataka* and he wore new clothes, ear-rings, etc. In the *Taittiriya Upanishad* there is a famous exhortation to students which some regard as being equivalent to the present-day convocation address.

"Having taught the Vedas, the teacher instructs the pupil. 'Speak the truth. Practise virtue. Let there be no neglect of your (daily) reading. Having brought to the teacher the wealth that is pleasing (to him), do not cut off the thread of offspring. Let there be no neglect of truth. Let there be no neglect of virtue. Let there be no neglect of welfare. Let there be no neglect of prosperity. Let there be no neglect of study and teaching. Let there be no neglect of the duties to the gods and the fathers.

"Be one to whom the mother is a god. Be one to whom the father is a god. Be one to whom the teacher is a god. Be one to whom the guest is a god. Whatever deeds are blameless, they are to be practised, not others. Whatever good practices there are among us, they are to be adopted by you, not others.

"Whatever Brahmanas there are (who are) superior to us, they should be comforted by you with a seat. (What is to be given) is to be given with faith, should not be given without faith, should be given in plenty, should be given with modesty, should be given with fear, should be given with sympathy.

"Then, if there is in you any doubt regarding any deeds, any doubt regarding conduct, you should behave yourself in such matters, as the Brahmanas there (who are) competent to judge, devoted (to good deeds), not led by others, not harsh, lovers of virtue would behave in such cases.



DOES HE HAVE A GURU?

"Then, as to the persons who are spoken against, you should behave yourself in such a way, as the Brahmanas there, (who are) competent to judge, devoted (to good deeds), not led by others, not harsh, lovers of virtue, would behave in regard to such persons.

"This is the command. This is the teaching. This is the secret doctrine of the Vedas. This is the instruction. Thus should one worship. Thus indeed should one worship."

### Lineage of Gurus

One cannot naturally enumerate all the great gurus of the past. The *Bhahadaryaka Upanishad* concludes with a passage listing a long succession of teachers and pupils. "The son of Pautimasi received this teaching from the son of Katyayani; the son of Katyayani from the son of Gautami; the son of Gautami from the son of Bharadvaji... the son of Sankirti from the son of Alambayani... the son of Jayanti from the son of Mandukayani..." The list is too long to be included here and the names of teachers are sonorous and suggest all that is hoary about the Upanishadic times. The important point to remember here is that the lineage of teachers is finally traced from Brahma. "It is the same up to the son of Sanjivi, the son of Sanjivi from Mandukayani... Yajnavachas Rajastmbayana from Tura Kavaseya, Tura Kavaseya from Prajapati, Prajapati from Brahma. Brahma is the self-existent. Adoration to Brahma."

There were rishis and *samnyasins* among teachers, the former predominating. Rishis were mostly householders and many of the Vedic hymns are attributed to them, like Visvamitra, the Kshatriya turned Brahmin, who "saw" the Gayatri or Savitri mantra. (The word *arsha* related to archaic is from *rishi*.) Vasishtha, Bharadvaja, Yajnavalkya (who was a teacher to his wife Gargi and King Janaka), Parasara, Vyasa, Kasyapa, Sandilya, Agastya, these are a few illustrious names.

Each school of thought claimed a lineage of *gurus* and *students*. For example, here is the

succession for Advaita: Narayana, Padmabhu, Vaishtha, Sakti, Parasara, Vyasa, Suka, the great Gaudapada, Govinda the king of yogins, his student Sankaracharya, and his students Padmapada, Hastamalaka, Todaka. (the special regard with which Gaudapada and Govindapada are mentioned is as in the original *sloka*).

There are many stories of *gurubhakti* or devotion to the guru. The most famous of these is that of Ekalavya and it is also illustrative of the harshness of caste. Ekalavya was the son of Hiranyadhanus, the hunter king. He wished to learn archery under Dronacharya who, however, refused to accept him for training because he belonged to an inferior caste. The enthusiastic hunter boy was not disheartened; he made an image of Drona, regarding him as his guru, and practised archery in front of it. In due course he became an archer whose skill no one else could surpass. One day the Pandavas went hunting and their dog bayed at Ekalavya who thereupon silenced it with seven arrows that sealed its mouth. Eventually Arjuna came to recognise the unknown student of Drona. Drona, who could not tolerate an archer superior to Arjuna, demanded of Ekalavya his thumb as *gurudakshina*, with which demand the brave hunter instantly complied.

Another Mahabharata story is that of Karna. Karna was anxious to learn the art of *Brahmastra* which Drona would not impart to him. So he disguised himself as a Brahmin and became a disciple of Parasurama who was sworn to exterminate all Kshatriyas. On a day of fast Parasurama relaxed, resting his head on the lap of Karna. A wasp (or hornet) stung Karna in his thigh, almost drilling it, but the student, anxious that his guru's rest should not be interrupted, bore the pain courageously. Parasurama soon awoke and when his eyes fell upon the insect it perished and a *rakshasa* appeared in its place. The demon said to Parasurama: "Sir, I was once a *rakshasa* called Damsaka, but I was under a curse by Bhrgu for stealing his wife. I have now been released from it by you and have become a *rakshasa* again." Parasurama now turned to Karna and would not believe that a Brahmin lad could bear such pain. He bade Karna to reveal his identity. When the student told his master the truth, Parasurama cursed him saying that whenever he wanted to oppose a foe his *Brahmastra* would be futile.

### Alexander and Aristotle

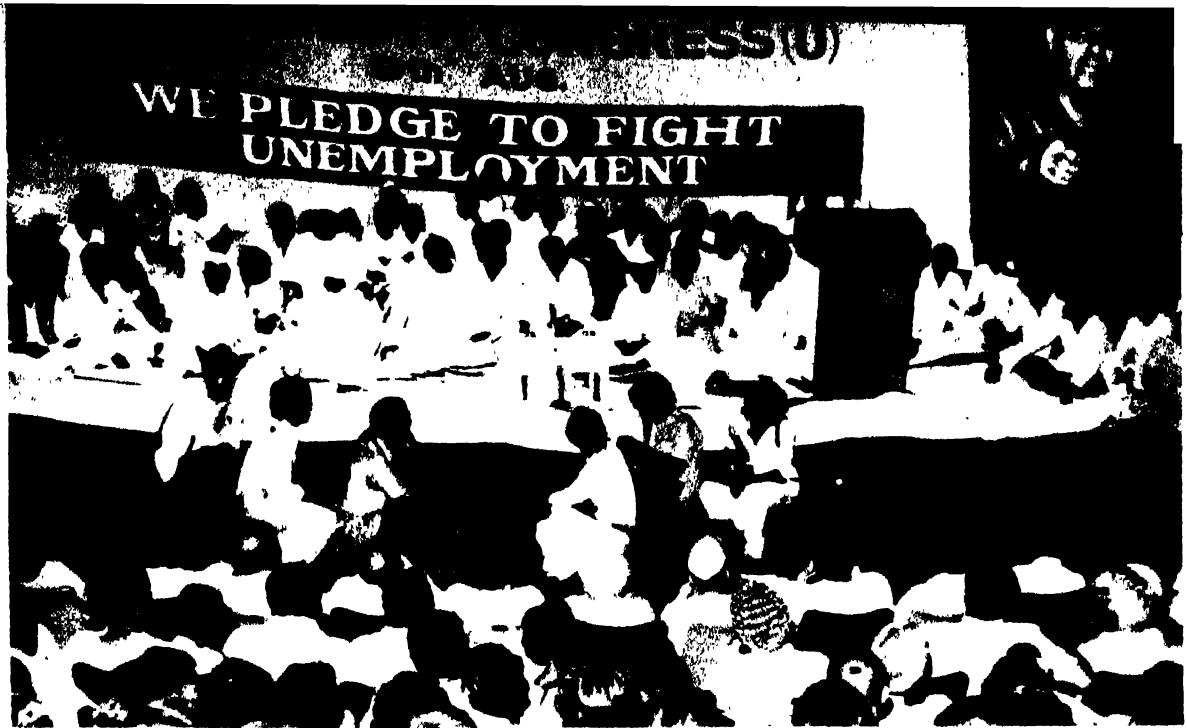
Teachers have been respected in all cultures. Dr Radhakrishnan relates a story of Alexander which shows that the Greek respect for teachers almost resembled the Indian. Alexander was one day asked: "Why do you show greater respect and reverence to your instructor than you do to your father?" He answered: "From my teacher I obtain life eternal; and from my father a perishable existence. Moreover, my father brought me down from heaven to earth but Aristotle has raised me from earth to heaven."

*Gurubhakti*, inordinate *gurubhakti*, as has obtained in India, has come in for harsh criticism. It is suggested that it has inculcated in us a pathological respect for authority and stifled independent thinking. The rapid intellectual decline in our country is attributed to our abject surrender of our thinking faculties to this tradition of respect for our masters. Attempts have been made in recent times to revive the *gurukula* type of education, but doubts have been expressed as to its suitability to modern times. Meanwhile guru worship goes on whether or not there are gurus

गुरुं ब्रह्मा गुरुं विष्णुः गुरुं देवो महेश्वरः ।

गुरुः साक्षात् परब्रह्म तस्मै श्रीगुरुवे नमः ॥

# And Now Congress (U) For Youth!



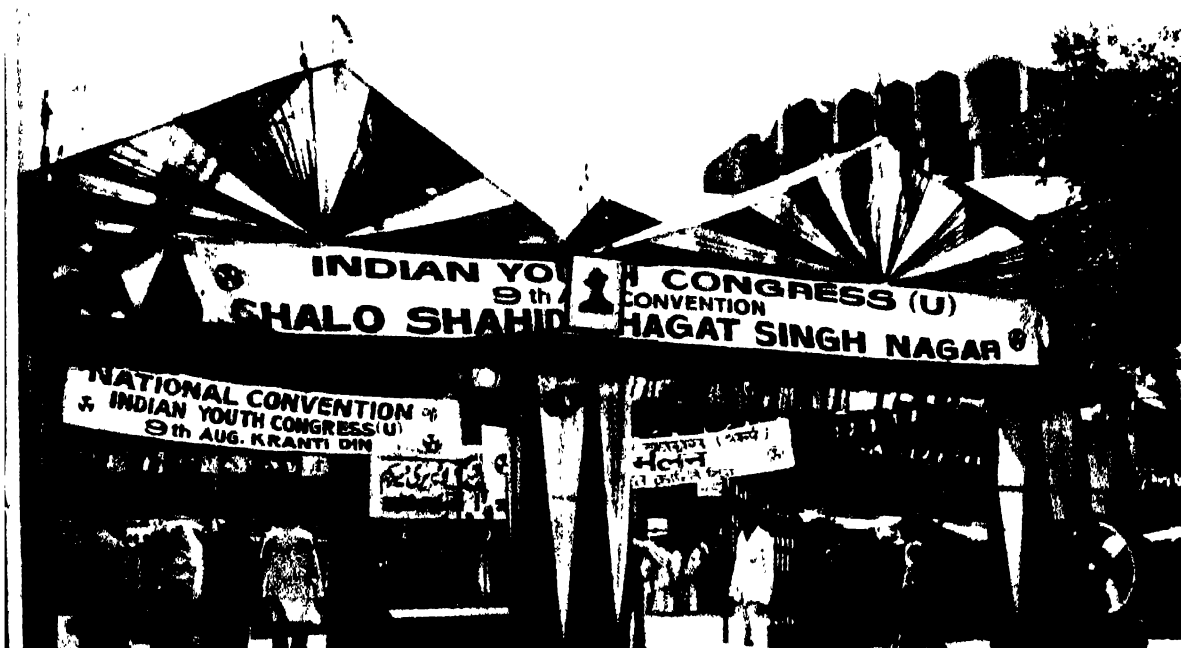
**FIGHTING UNEMPLOYMENT FROM THE PULPIT.** Dr Karan Singh, Congress (U) MP, addresses the 1,500 delegates at the New Delhi National Convention of the Indian Youth Congress(U) on August 9—Youth Day.



**"WHAT, YOU WANT MY PAAN-MASALA AGAIN?"** Mrs Tarakeshwari Sinha having a word with Suresh Kalmadi, President of the Indian Youth Congress(U). At right is Yeshwantrao Chavan.



**UNITED THEY STAND—BEFORE THE CAMERA.** Top brass of the parent party pose with Youth Congress(U) members—(l to r) Congress(U) Parliamentary Party Leader Y.B. Chavan, Congress(U) General Secretary Mohammed Yunus Sallam, Congress(U) President Devaraj Urs and IYC(U) President Suresh Kalmadi.



**DILLI CHALO.** Delegates arrive for the National Convention at Shahid Bhagat Singh Nagar, New Delhi.

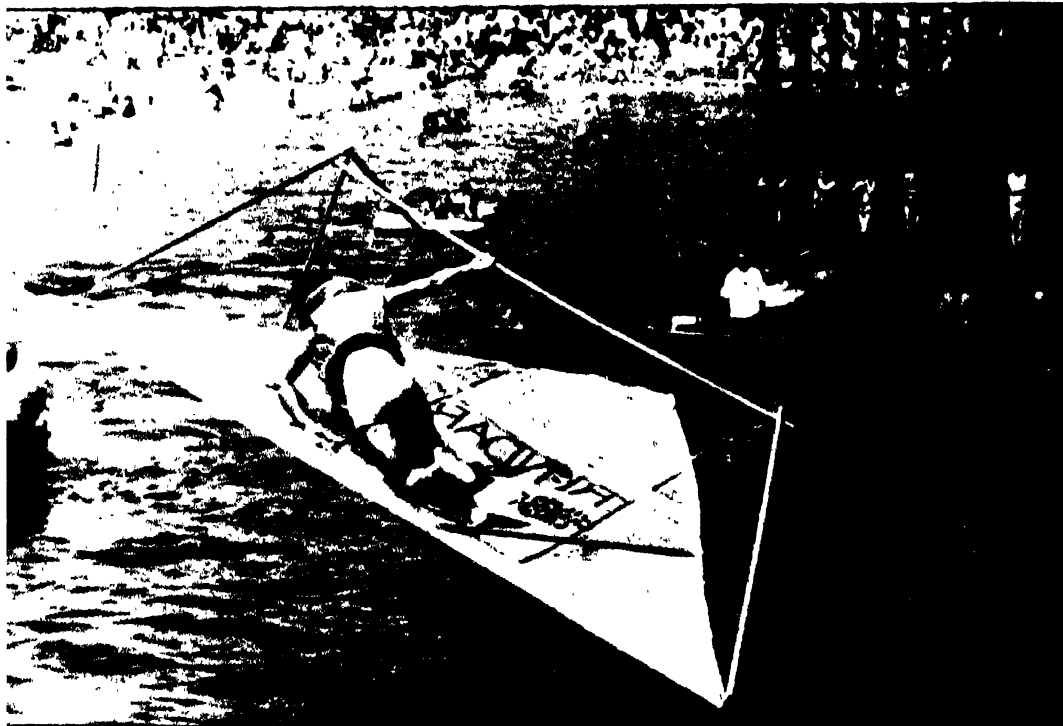


**PRINCE TO FROGMAN—A FAIRYTALE REVERSED!** Charles, Prince of Wales, donned full diving gear to inspect the remains of submerged family property, King Henry VIII's warship, 'Mary Rose', which sank in 1545.

# Weekly PICS



**'FOR THE GOOD TIMES'**. Old colleagues Princess Grace of Monaco and Frank Sinatra share a laugh at the annual Red Cross charity gala held at Monte Carlo.



**IN THE WAKE OF ICARUS.** Colin Saunders turns in mid air only to nosedive into the sea at this year's International Birdman Rally. The target of the Birdmen was a mark 50 metres from the shore.



**BEHIND THE MUTTON CHOPS—AN OLD HAM.** James Cagney put on mutton-chop whiskers and returned to acting after a 20-year break. Cagney has started shooting for 'Ragtime', a film made by neighbour Miles Forman.



**THE SOUND AND THE FURY.** Angry American protesters hang a mask of Ayatollah Khomeini in Washington as part of an effort to counter a demonstration organized by pro-Khomeini Iranian students in the US capital.

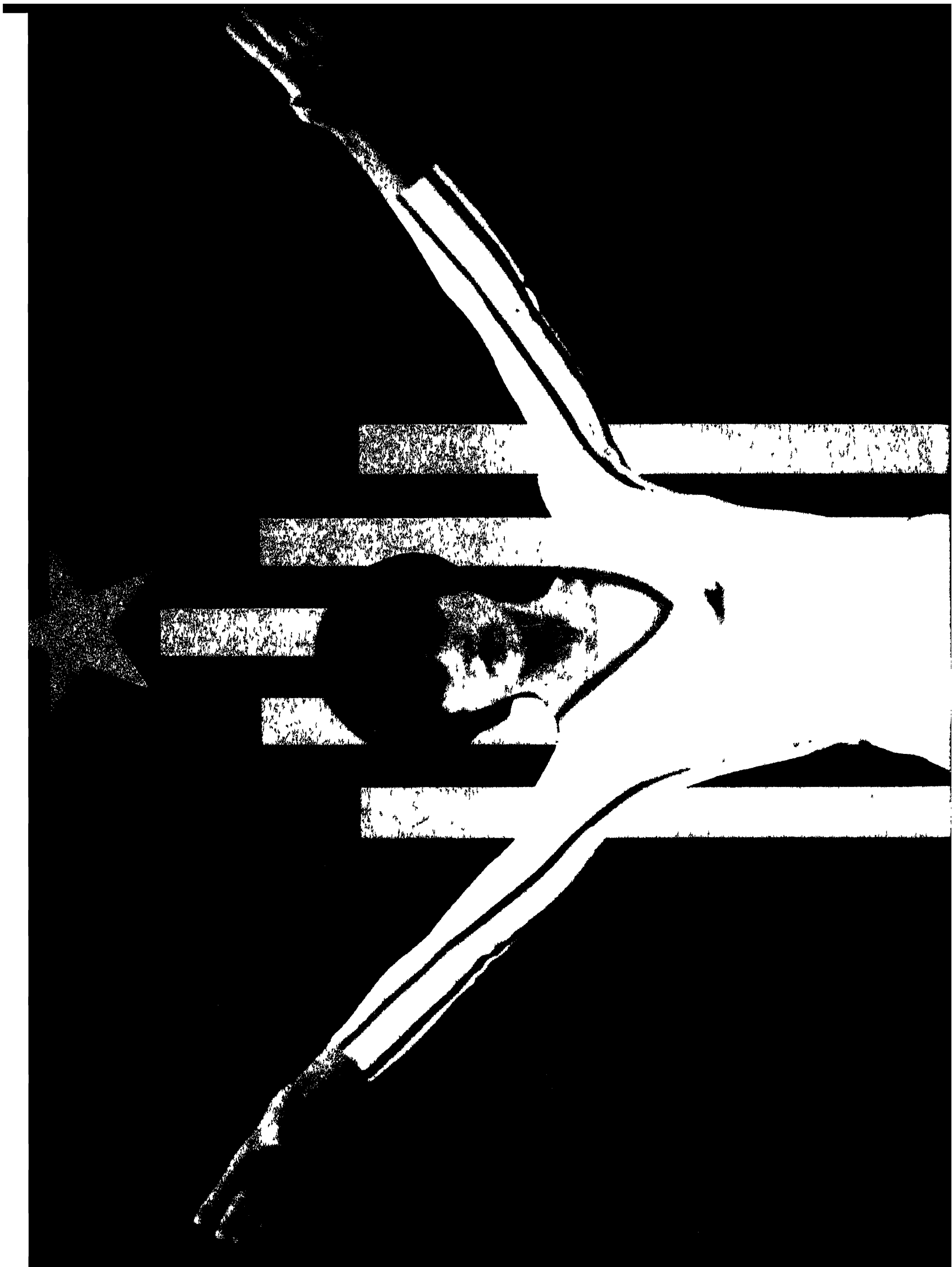
**NATURE'S SCORCHED-EARTH POLICY.** Cowboys ride past the carcass of a steer in South Texas, where only 2 inches of rain has fallen in the past ten months. Human deaths are also on the increase in this unprecedented heat wave



**BOUND TO WIN.** American stuntman Alan Jones (33) in the process of having his legs and arms bound. Jones aimed to swim the English Channel in this condition, but gave up after four miles.

**THERE'S AS GOOD FISH IN THE SEA AS EVER.** The waters around Melbourne offer catch of all kinds—Australian Judy Green as she emerges from the water.

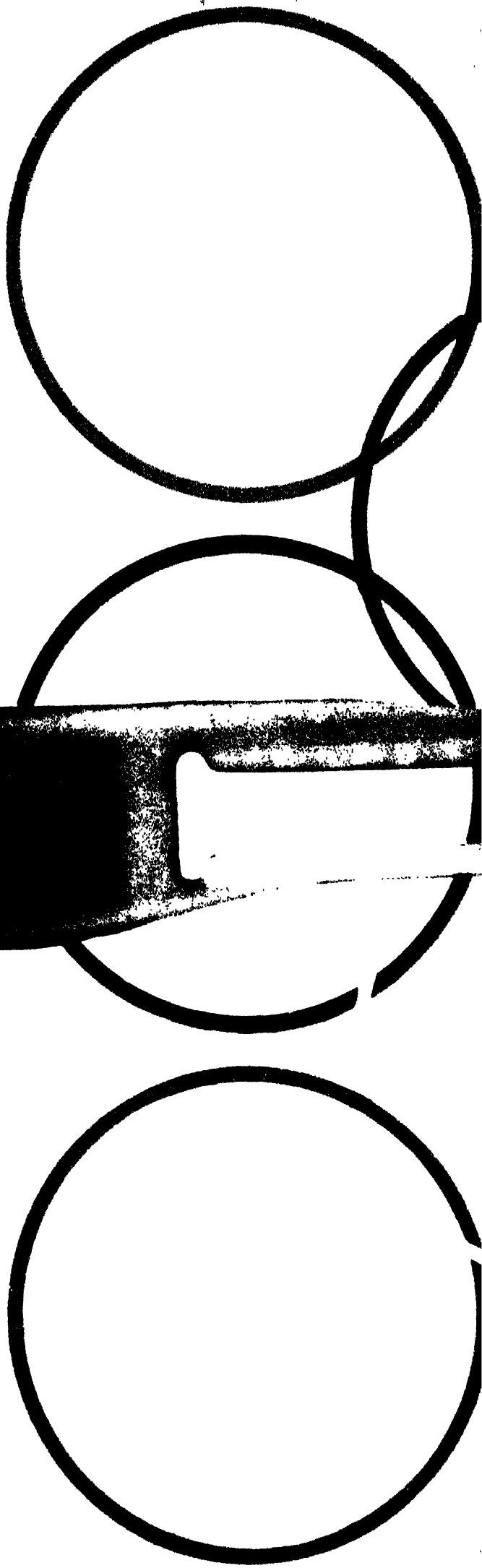






**The 1980  
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**Weekly**





**BRUCE LAIRD IN ACTION**

**ALLAN BORDER  
HITS OUT**

**ONE STRAIGHT BAT** India would love to watch is Bruce Laird, who is seen in play here during his knock of 55 for the Australians vs Surrey at The Oval. But Indians will have to wait awhile to catch a batting glimpse of Laird, as we are due to tour Australia this season—not they India! Above right: Allan Border, of course, India has seen and admired. Border (seen hitting Surrey's Pat Pocock here) is one of the few survivors in the present Australian eleven from the team of Kangaroos that toured India last season. Australia and England are engaged this week-end in their Second Centenary Test.

**J DYSON** CRICKET FANS WILL RECALL as the Australian opener who failed against Bedi's India in 1977-78 Dyson, now a much-improved batsman, is here (below and below right) caught by Surrey wicket keeper Richards off the bowling of Knight for 23

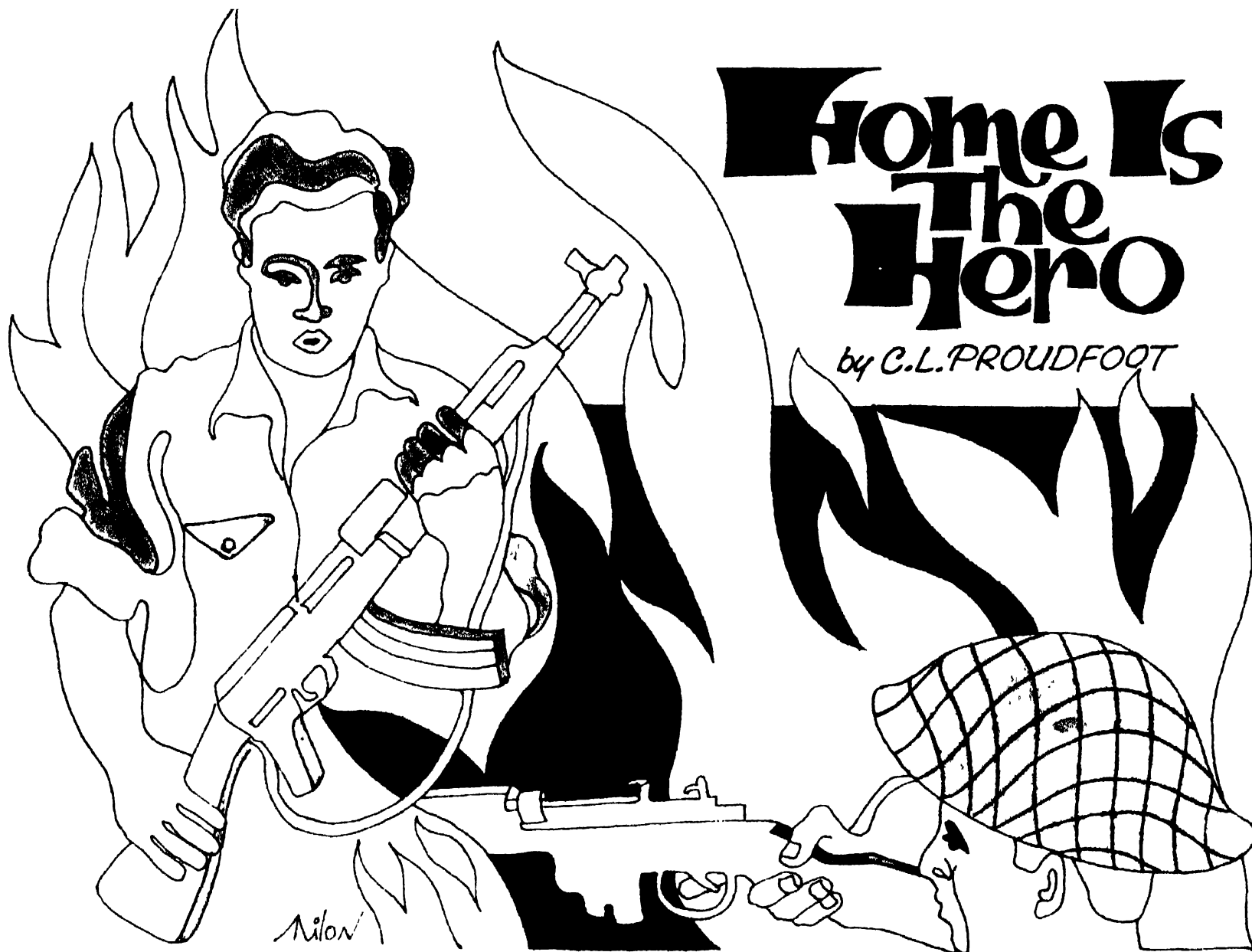


# The Aussies India Will Play Soon

**DENNIS LILLEE BOUNCES  
AND ALAN BUTCHER DUCKS**



**IT'S NEARLY A DECADE** since Dennis Lillee came on the world scene—yet India has still to see this pace ace in action. The nearest Lillee's come to India is Pakistan! Now, while Lillee is sure to be a thorn in India's side when we tour Australia later this year, it is doubtful whether our crowds will have the opportunity to see him. As Australia play England in the Second Centenary Test at Lord's, one recalls the way Lillee dominated the First Centenary Test in Australia with match figures of 11 for 165 (6 for 26 and 5 for 139). Here Lillee sends one bouncing past Surrey opener Allan Butcher. Mind your head, India!



# Home Is The Hero

by C.L. PROUDFOOT

**This story of the capture of Jamalpur in Bangladesh, by a Battalion of The Maratha Light Infantry during the 1971 conflict, is based on the history of the Regiment written by the author. For the purpose of this narrative, fictitious names have been used.**

**O**N December 8 as dusk fell, the Battalion moved forward and established a roadblock three and a half miles south of Jamalpur. At 08.30 hours on the 9th, a civilian car approaching from Jamalpur was engaged by rifle fire and damaged, but the occupants managed to get away. Apparently acting on the alarming information carried back, a strong enemy party ventured out at about 11.30 hours and outflanked the leading Maratha company (approx 120 men) with the purpose of breaking the roadblock.

A brisk fire fight ensued during which heavy casualties were inflicted on the enemy. Realising that opposition was greater than expected, the enemy

pulled back, leaving their dead behind.

That same afternoon the Brigadier flew in by helicopter and a note was sent to the enemy commander in Jamalpur through one of the Mukti Fauj, calling upon him to surrender. The offer was rejected and the Brigadier decided to close with the enemy defences.

Immediately after last light the Battalion started advancing and by dawn next day had dug in and established a firm base astride the road, approximately 1,000 yards south of Jamalpur. (See sketch map) 'Y' and 'C' Companies were forward west and east of the road, 'A' and 'D' in depth. Battalion Headquarters was located in 'A' Company area and the Brigadier was with 'D' Company. Forward of the main position a 'Y' Company Protective Patrol of Platoon strength (30 men) was established adjacent to the road about 600 yards from the enemy's Forward Defended Localities. Across the Brahmaputra River north of Jamalpur was a Mountain Battery whose guns would support the Battalion, the fire of the guns being directed by artillery forward Observation Officer (FOOs) with the Infantry, using wireless sets.

During the night of 9/10 aggressive patrolling was carried out to determine the extent of the enemy's defences, with sporadic clashes on the enemy's perimeter. At 21.00 hours the Brigadier met the Commanding Officer (CO) and the four Company Commanders in his bunker for a briefing.

"I needn't tell you, gentlemen, that the quick capture of this vital road and rail junction is one of the keys to our advance on Dacca. Mukti Fauj intelligence sources, which are usually dependable, estimate enemy strength in Jamalpur to be about 1,300 consisting of the 31st Baluchis and three companies of para-military units, supported by a battery of 120 millimetre mortars. Their morale is good, so we have a pretty bloody fight on our hands. Stay put in your present positions tomorrow whilst the Air Force and artillery soften up the enemy defences. We will attack on night of 10/11 December. However, the enemy commander may try to break out before that—so watch for it. Your CO will give you orders for the attack. Good Luck!"

**I**N the Protective Patrol position Captain Yeshwant Sable sat in his bunker sipping a mug of tea. Outside, his Batman Dattu Sawant

was etched against the stars, rifle across his knees. Sable was due to go out on a patrol in half an hour and the waiting got him down. Because when there was time to think his mind always went back to Sheetal. As usual they had quarrelled on his last leave; they quarrelled when they were in college and after that when they were married. He had strong convictions about male dominance and she was a high-spirited girl who laughed at his ideas. Yet they loved each other. So he could not understand why...

There was a burst of machine-gun fire outside. Sable grabbed his sten and rushed to his fire trench. Dattu slipped back like a ghost to report that an enemy patrol had ventured too close and been given a hot welcome-cum-send off. As the Captain got back to his bunker a Signaller came in with a message for him to report forthwith to the Company Commander in 'Y' Company area. Probably orders for the attack, he thought as he moved out with a patrol.

The 10th was a day of watchfulness for the Battalion, resting by sections, cleaning weapons and replenishing ammunition. No patrolling was possible during daylight as the area consisted of open paddy fields

covered by enemy fire from well sited bunkers. But it was satisfying to see the MiGs rocketing and machine-gunning enemy defences whilst the guns of the Mountain Battery lobbed shells across the river, directed by the FOOs.

Company Commanders had already given out their orders for the attack (based on the CO's) and now Platoon and Section Commanders were filtering them down to individual sepoy. As the winter sun slipped behind the railway embankment on the west, the men donned their jerseys against the night cold. But it was more than the cold of winter that chilled the air.

Major Ponappa commanding 'Y' Company shivered involuntarily as he thought of the coming attack, which his Company would be leading on the left flank. All this talk about fearlessness and "our brave jawans" was so much bullshit! By God, he was scared sick every time he went into an attack, and if any soldier said he felt no fear he was a bloody liar! How could a man avoid thinking of his loved ones and all the precious things life still held for him and weigh them dispassionately against the awful suddenness of a brutal death? Yet, once the advance commenced or an enemy attack

began—professionalism took over and relegated fear to the background. But it was always present.

His thoughts went to young Sable, stuck out on a limb with his men right in the enemy's teeth. But he was not unduly worried. Sable was cool, confident and an excellent Junior Leader. A sudden fierce pain seared the Major's lungs and he gripped his chest for a few agonizing moments, then he butted out his umpteenth fag in the ration can overflowing with cigarette ends.

The CO, Lieut Colonel Bachittar Singh Grewal, went over attack details again and again, checked fire plans with the Gunners and fretted like all COs do over an impending attack, till he ran out of checks and lay back to rest against a night of frenzied activity. But he couldn't sleep. His mind turned to the last letter he had received from his wife the day before they had crossed the border, with the disturbing news that their eighteen-year-old son Gurbachan was on drugs. Bachittar had been more sorry for Bindu—like so many Army wives, left alone to bring up and manage unruly children without the assistance of fathers who spent most of their time away from families. He had had to postpone his annual leave because the small personal problems of individuals mean very little to a military machine preparing for war.

What was that lovely phrase they always used when turning down leave applications? "Exigencies of the Service." When this bloody business was over he'd get back quick. For the present his only concern could be tonight's attack—and how many of his beloved men would be killed.

Suddenly, unbidden and unexpected, tears welled from his warm brown eyes, rolled down his cheeks and ran into his beard. How could a Commanding Officer worry about one son when he had eight hundred others to think about—many of whom would be dead by tomorrow? There was nobody to share his sadness and worries, because the Man at the Top is a Lonely Man.

Mohamed Usman, the Brigade Commander, put down the book he had been reading by hurricane lantern and wondered what he was doing here. It was not customary for Brigadiers to be with their forward battalions in an attack. If there was a ball-up, questions would surely be asked at higher levels. But he was not bothered. The capture of Jamalpur was a pivotal requirement in his race for Dacca and Usman felt his presence would help.

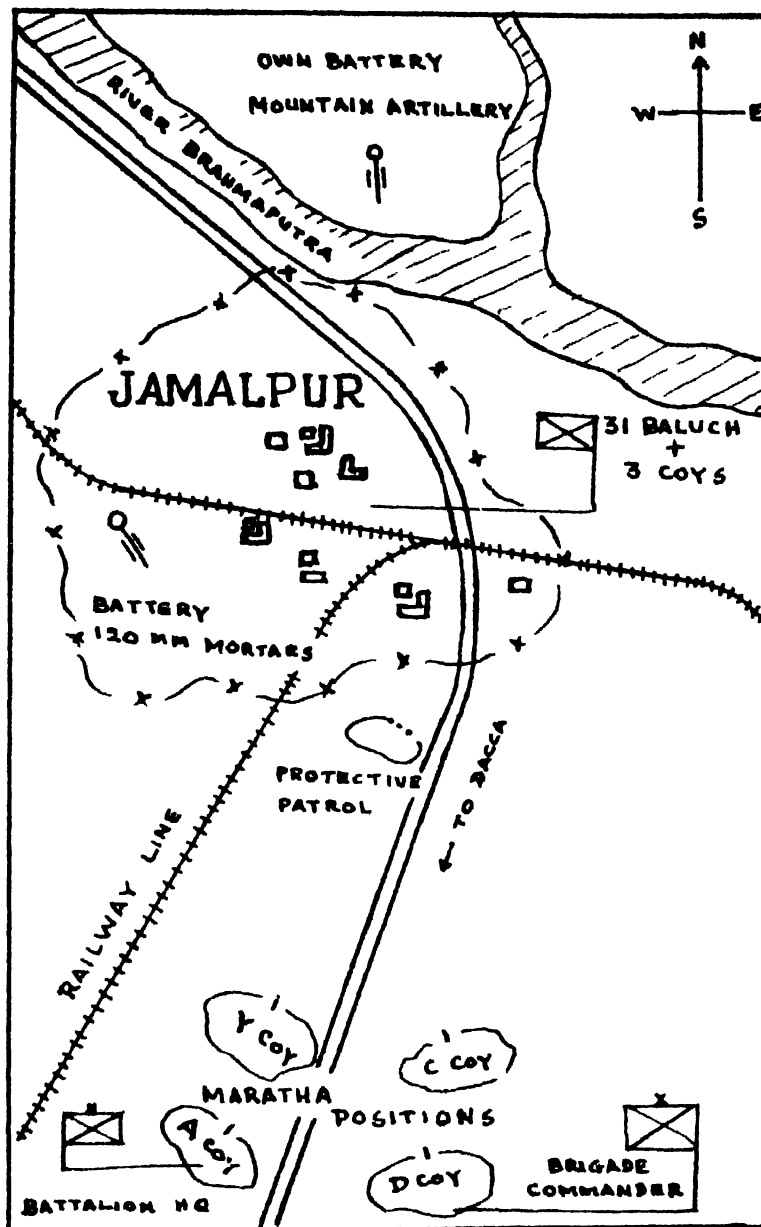
Not for a moment did he doubt the result of the battle. He had commanded Maratha troops before and had developed a healthy respect for their fighting qualities—a warm admiration for their quiet, professional efficiency and dependability, bereft of outward show. Usman's wife had died many years ago, his children were settled and the Army was the only home he knew, he was truly happy to be with his troops—so to hell with questions!

Then an intuitive bug entered his brain and buzzed, and he played an old soldier's game—looking into the enemy commander's mind. What would he be thinking now, trapped as he was in Jamalpur? "My only hope of getting my men and equipment back to Dacca is to make a bold dash for it. And the best time is now! God, thought Usman, if he decides to break out tonight in the middle of my attack, what a bloody mess we'd be in. He picked up the field telephone and got the CO on the line.

"Cancel the attack tonight, Bachittar. I have a strong hunch that our friend will try to burst out tonight. Hold fast and wait for him."

The CO countermanded the attack and ordered a stand-to instead. And now they were waiting. Waiting was always the worst part of war, he thought, because it gave you time to think. There's nothing more I can do except wait. Maybe this would be a good time to dash off a letter to Bindu, perhaps a psychiatrist could help young Gurbachan with his drug problem.

Major Ponappa made a round of 'Y' Company positions, shadowed by his faithful Batman Ramchandra Sakpal. There was a word of cheer here, a joke there, a fatherly hand laid on a raw youngster's shoulder rewarded by the flash of a smile in the darkness. Ponappa savoured to the full that deep indescribable feeling of comradeship built up on fairness and discipline, efficiency, genuine care for the men's welfare and a strong mutual affection—the whole cemented by two centuries of



THE JAMALPUR BATTLE  
(Sketch map not to scale)

regimental tradition. God, how he loved his boys!

Returning to his bunker a sharp pain gripped his chest again and he stumbled to his knees, but was up before Ramchandra came in. "Okay, so it was cancer. The secret tests arranged through a friendly Doc whilst on leave had confirmed that he could count on a couple of years more at the most. Shit! Poor Suja left alone with the children. He had been most improvident. What could she do with the miserable pension she would get after his death? Maybe if he died a hero tonight there would be better rewards for her? The Major laughed grimly.

Up front in the Protective Patrol position Sable was restless with the order to sit tight and wait. If there was anything that made him nervous it was this crappy business of masterly inactivity—waiting to be attacked. And as always in these moments of stress his mind flashed back to

Sheetal. Why had she got so upset when he flirted jokingly with her attractive cousin on that picnic? He just could not understand women. Just then, to use a popular American phrase he'd heard in the movies, all hell broke loose in the Battalion area to the south.

**A**T 22 00 hours on the night of 10/11 December the enemy commander broke out from Jamalpur as 'hunched by the Brigadier. Skirting the Protective Patrol position silently so as to obtain surprise, he launched his first attacks in strength on the forward Companies, 'Y' and 'C'. The Marathas who had been waiting in silent anticipation, let the enemy come well within range and suddenly poured in a devastating barrage of small arms and medium machine-gun fire, together with shellfire called down from the Medium Battery across the river. The attack faltered and was driven back.

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Once the offensive had begun and surprise was no more part of their strategy, the enemy launched a fierce assault on the Protective Patrol. Out-flanked, subjected to shelling, machine-gun and rifle fire and attacked time and again from different directions, Sable kept his men fighting. He moved from trench to trench encouraging and controlling their fire. On one occasion when an enemy thrust had broken into his perimeter, he coolly called down artillery fire on his own position and broke up the assault.

Throughout the battle, which lasted over an hour and spread over six hours in sporadic attacks, this gallant young officer inspired his small group of Marathas to hold their precarious position resolutely. Later, 40 enemy dead were counted in front of the position.

In his desperate bid to break through, the enemy launched four more attacks that night and all Companies got their share of fighting. 'Y' Company furthest forward, bore the brunt of the attacks and Major Ponappa fought a grim defensive battle, manning a forward trench throughout the night when he was not moving about his position between assaults encouraging his men, bringing down artillery fire as close as twenty five yards from his trenches. Ponappa's bold aggressiveness and determination inspired his men to fight back fiercely, killing 71 of the enemy, wounding 8 and capturing 23. The next attack by passed the

forward Companies and came down hard on 'A' and 'D' Companies with special attention to 'D' where the Brigadier was located. Havildar Babu Kenjle, manning a medium machine-gun on 'D' Company's perimeter, allowed the enemy to approach to within 40 yards before he pressed the trigger and poured in a murderous blast that broke up the assault.

The next rush came from a direction not covered by Babu's gun, but scoring the hail of bullets, he carried his gun into the open to re-deploy it and opened fire at point-blank range, once more dispersing the attackers. In front of his first position 47 enemy dead were counted, 30 in the second

Lance Havildar Laxman Patkar, a Section Commander (10 men) in the forwardmost Platoon of 'D' Company, re-loaded his sten, filled spare magazines and climbed out of his fire trench to visit the other two Rifle Groups of his Section, a *shabash* for Tukaram Thorat, a pat on the shoulder for young Baban More and he rejoined Bhosle and Prahlad in his trench. Suddenly he was back home in Koregaon with Lakshmi and their son, Mahadeo, strong and supple at 9, splashing in the muddy waters of the Bhima with other youngsters. Eight months since he had been on leave now. How he longed to be with them again. Meantime there was this war to be fought, and Patkar came from a long line of small landholders who had served the Regiment from father to

son for generations. Soldiering was their vocation.

Once more the Baluchis came into the attack and broke into 'D' Company's forward positions. Patkar leapt out of his trench with Prahlad and Bhosle and together they went in with the bayonet. Sturdy Pathan was met by lithe Maratha and hand to hand they fought it out in primeval ferocity with bayonet and rifle butt, no holds barred, no quarter asked, none given. The forward Section was wiped out to a man, Laxman Patkar being the last to die, killing three of his antagonists before he was overpowered and bayoneted to death.

The enemy commander made one more desperate attempt to break through in a vehicle convoy which was blasted by accurate rocket launcher fire from the Protective Patrol. The battle waged furiously through the small hours of December 11 and died at 04.30 hours when a number of the enemy, caught in a murderous cross-fire from the Maratha Companies, gave themselves up. Only a few stray rifle shots, an occasional burst of machine-gun fire and pitiful groans of the wounded broke the deathly stillness of the battlefield.

**A**T daybreak 'Y' Company advanced and entered Jamalpur by 07.15 hours where the remnants of the 31st Baluch and paramilitary forces surrendered. The battle for Jamalpur had been one of the grimmest and

bloodiest in the Campaign, and threw the 93rd Pakistan Brigade into complete disarray. The Maratha Battalion won five Vir Chakras in this action alone including the CO, 'Y' Company Commander Major Ponappa, Captain Sable and Havildar Babu Kenjle. Lance Havildar Laxman Patkar was awarded the Vir Chakra posthumously. There were also two Sena Medals and a Mention in Despatches.

When Sable and Kenjle went on leave a month later, they carried a small casket sewn up in the Indian Tricolour to Koregaon on behalf of the Regiment and were accompanied by a bugler. Laxman Patkar's son Mahadeo bore his father's ashes to the river Bhima, escorted by the whole village, many of them veterans wearing their uniforms and medals, led by Lakshmi's father, Subedar Major Yeshwant Ghadge, MC, IDSM.

Mahadeo was stony-eyed throughout the immersion ceremony, and tears came only when the clear notes of the bugle sounded that strangely moving call, the Last Post. "Your son is a fine boy," Captain Sable remarked to Lakshmi as he made his farewell *namaskars*. She nodded and smiled faintly. "Yes, indeed," said her father. "And Mahadeo too will join the Regiment when he grows up."

Lakshmi said nothing. And she did not smile. ■

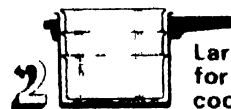
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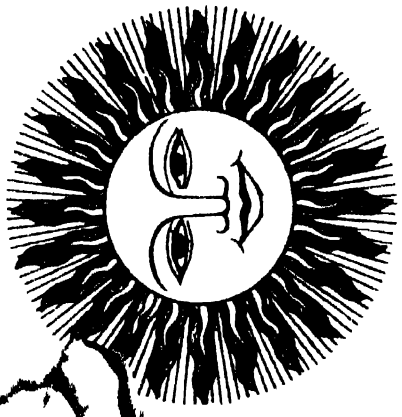
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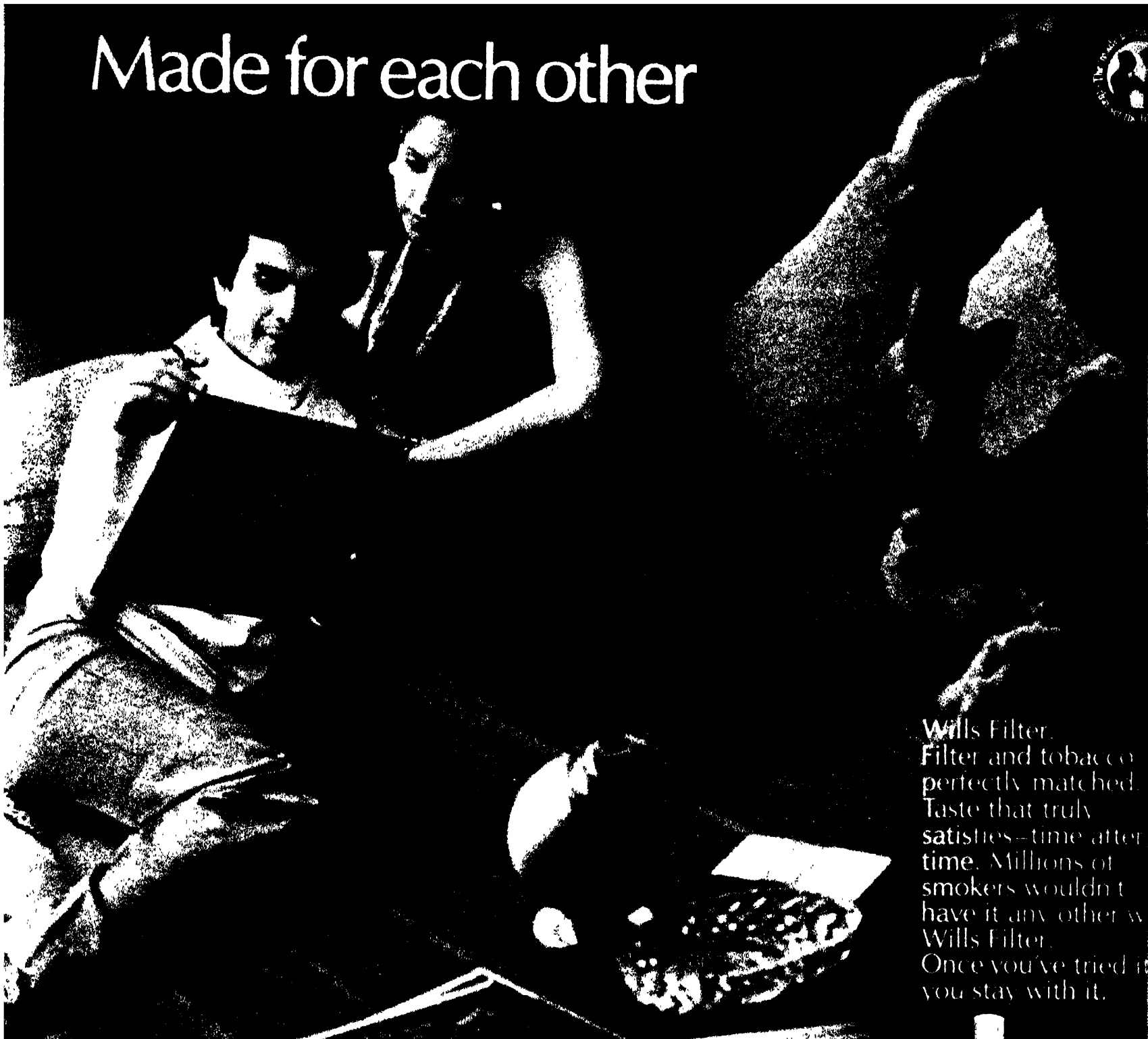
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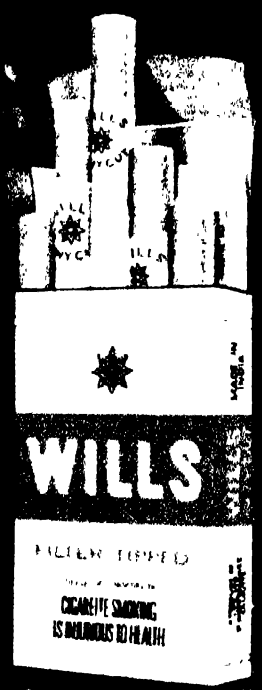
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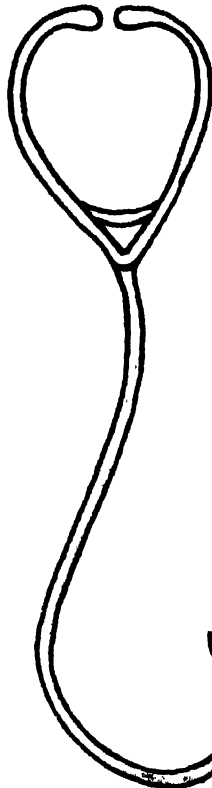
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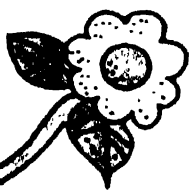
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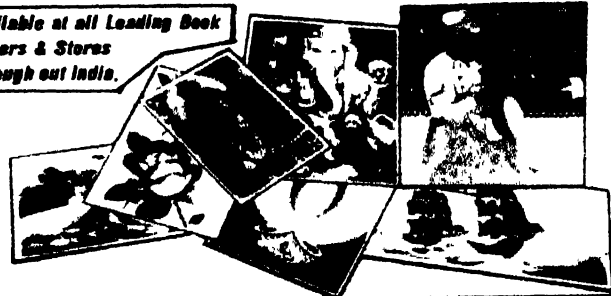
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**T**HERE have been some important visits by foreign dignitaries—the Governor General of Fiji and his wife, the Vice President of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR and last, but not the least, the Director General of UNESCO and his charming wife and daughters. The three visits are more important than they seem. They show the importance of India not only in this region and the Asia-Pacific area but also in the international field of education, science, culture and communication. It is in this latter field that India's enduring influence is felt and where she can play an important role in the months and years ahead.

India has the third largest number of scientists, technologists and medical doctors in the world. She is already helping some developed and many developing countries by sending her trained people abroad. Some call it 'brain drain'. That would be true if we had jobs for them at home and could not spare them. But, that is not so. Why then are we training such a large number of engineers, scientists, medical doctors and technicians?

The answer is obvious. Young people want to go in more and more for these subjects and the state has to meet this growing demand. In fact the present facilities are not adequate and many bright and intelligent students cannot get into institutes of higher learning because of the limited number of seats available.

The facilities available today are far too inadequate in regard to housing, equipment and pay scales, etc. for our trainees. Hence the perpetual strikes in our medical establishments and educational institutions.

### Genuine Grievances

The junior doctors in Delhi have been on strike for a long time. First it started with the prestigious All India Institute of Medical Sciences. Now it has spread to the rest. They have some genuine grievances.

For instance, they do not get credit for the hard work of 5 to 8 years they put in as interns, junior and senior residents after passing their MBBS examination. This period is not counted towards their seniority when they join permanent government service. Another just grievance is that they have to put in almost 12 hours a day in hospital work and are not given any time to study for their post-graduate work which they are supposed to do. The third genuine demand is for reasonable accommodation, preferably near their place of work, as they are on demand almost day and night.

If an assurance is given that these three grievances will be removed within a reasonable time I am confident our young medicos will respond positively. It is a pity that the promises made in the past have not been fulfilled. They expect a fair and better deal from Mrs Gandhi.



# Delhi Kauling

## Questions To Be Asked

**From the grievances of medical students to the state of radio, television and cinema, there are several problems to be solved. But Cabinet and other ministerial and advisory posts have to be filled before these can be tackled.**



WHAT'S THE REMEDY? Junior doctors at a 1974 rally in Delhi.

Unfortunately, she has not yet been able to appoint a separate Health Minister with Cabinet rank. The present Education Minister is a good man but he is over-burdened with five departments—Education, Culture, Social Welfare, Health and Family Planning. It is not physically possible for one man to do justice to five such important departments.

The time has come when Mrs Gandhi should reorganise her Government and appoint honest, efficient and dynamic ministers in the vacant posts. Industries, Steel, Labour, Health are not such departments as can be left in independent charge of Ministers of State. Defence is a very important ministry and it is just as well if the Prime Minister keeps it in her own charge.

One gathers the impression that there is very little coordination between the various economic ministries *inter se*. Important statements are made by some Ministers without consultation

with the Planning Commission or the Economic Committee of the Cabinet. The Cabinet Secretariat acts as merely a post office without playing any coordinating role. The need is for an Economic Coordination Committee of a few outstanding and experienced people—outside the Government—which could play a useful role as an advisory body.

Similarly, an Advisory Committee to work out a media policy seems to be called for. It would also coordinate the role and activities of Radio and TV, as well as the cinema.

### Pedestrian And Monotonous

The radio can be a very effective means of educating and informing the millions who now listen in to their transistors in the far flung and remote corners of this big country. The TV could be expanded as a powerful medium for educating the masses. The present programmes of All India Radio and Doordarshan leave much to be desired. These powerful media

are not being used well or adequately. The programmes are pedestrian, the music monotonous, the dialogues dull and the old panels of hackneyed speakers have yet to be revised.

The four news agencies compete not only with one another but with some of the dailies, weeklies and fortnightlies in putting out exaggerated stories of rape, murder, sex and other sensational items. We seem to be anxious to imitate the Western and, in particular, American models of propaganda and publicity.

It is even worse when we come to the Cinema. India leads in the number of films produced every year, but most of them lack art, originality or social consciousness and are poor reproductions of cheap Westerns, with a sprinkling of fist fights, shoot outs and cabaret dancing.

Satyajit Ray undoubtedly blazed a new trail on the Indian screen but his films are more appreciated in the West than in India or the developing world. The recent brief debate in Parliament did not go into the deeper causes of the problem. Why are young enterprising film producers and directors not successful? Who finances the numerous third-rate films in India, and why? What is the role of these financiers, the distributors and the owners of cinema halls? Why is there such a paucity of cinema halls in the countryside where 75 per cent of our people live? Is the Indian cinema to be treated as an 'industry' and what are its implications?

These are some of the many questions that have to be examined. The Minister of Information & Broadcasting is a dynamic and modern-minded man. He should welcome the advice and assistance of a properly constituted coordinating committee, comprising not the vested interests, but a few honest, experienced and independent public men (not politicians).

The need for a National Security Committee to coordinate defence, security and foreign affairs has been mentioned in an earlier column. Now that the Parliament has adjourned, and the Prime Minister has had time to think over these and other matters, people expect her to take some measures that would create a new image of her Government and sustain the people's hope that declared policies will be implemented and promises made fulfilled, before Parliament meets again.

The Independence Day speech of the Prime Minister was vibrant in tone and sober in content. Her reference to the Moradabad riots and corruption was necessary. The mention of internal and external dangers and the need to stand united was timely. People expect the Prime Minister to give the lead, as she expects the people to come forward and join her in building up a strong, united and prosperous India.

**T.N. KAUL**

**Sprained ankle?**



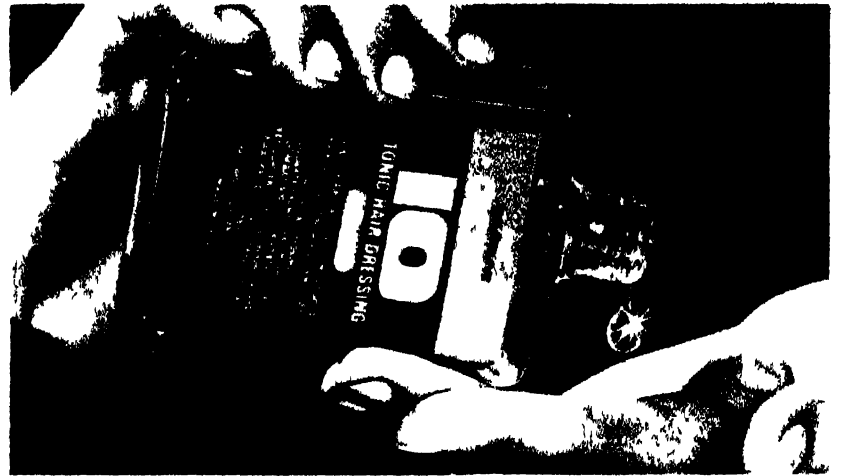
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## How's That, Umpire?

THOSE WHO live in glass houses should not throw stones at others. At least that's what I was taught in school and I think there is a stoneful of truth in that. Among the more obvious glasshouse residents are editors who should be particularly chary of indulging in such hazardous exercise lest stones are thrown back at them. I realize that it is part of an editor's job to be critical: he is paid to study, assess, analyse and judge, but the public has the further right to study, analyse and judge him in turn and those who can't take counter-criticism, howsoever unfair (why should an editor think that he alone is fair?), shouldn't be in the business in the first place; they should stick to such healthy exercises as pinching bottoms of unwary ladies. I get my quota of angry, even abusive letters which is par for the course and I have no complaints. An MP once wrote an extremely abusive letter to me which I duly published. In my time I have had things said about me which are shocking. But editors must be immune to them. Some editors, for instance, are called faceless. Some are called sycophants. Speaking for myself, I would rather be called faceless, than a sycophant. There is something odious, if not malodorous, about the latter.

## Our Cong (I) Chiefs

CONGRESS (I) Chief Ministers are going on a rampage and it must be conveyed to them that they are doing irreparable damage to the nation's psyche. When Congress (I) governments seek to write off debts of farmers to the tune of crores of rupees, they may hope to get votes but, in the process, they are destroying the entire foundation on which our social structure is built. Repaying debts is a way of life and it used to be said of great men like Chittaranjan Das that they scrupulously repaid the debts their parents accumulated, no matter at what cost to themselves. It was a matter of honour. After all Premchand was not exactly writing fiction when he wrote *Go-daan*. He was reflecting social mores and they are great mores. You write off debts of any one segment of society—and for whatever reason—and you are

not only encouraging that segment to incur more debts (and why not?) but you are telling other segments that the government has no principles. Debts don't have to be necessarily recovered. But they should stay on the books as a reminder that what has been borrowed has to be repaid. In this life.

## Prices and Politics

WE WERE promised a government that works. Works for what? To the deterioration of the economy? Prices are going up and up and in the capital itself, in just one month, there has been a 2 to 4 per cent increase in the price of essential consumer items like vegetables, edible oils, pulses and atta which works out to anything from 25 to 50 per cent rise per year. Sugar alone has gone up by 30 per cent in one month. Is this a government that works? It is not price alone that is going up. In Delhi, under Mrs Gandhi's favourite cop, Bhinder, crime, too, is going up. But Mr Bhinder was away in Moscow, allegedly to learn 'crowd control'. If he had taken the trouble to drop in on our own Mr Contractor, just-retired Assistant Commissioner of Police in Bombay, he would have learnt more about crowd control in one hour than he could have in Moscow in one lifetime.

*Mainstream*, which speaks powerfully for the people, said in an editorial the other day that Finance Minister Venkataraman "could not possibly have been unaware that he was giving a clean chit to a number of illegalities when he defended in Parliament the scandal surrounding the ill-fated Pitts aircraft in which the Prime Minister's son died". To all of this the Prime Minister's refrain in Parliament is that the Opposition has been "making political capital" out of all problems, from prices to rape. But what is the Opposition for? And what was Mrs Gandhi doing when she was out of power? The prevailing uncertainties are eating into the morale of the nation. Seven months have passed and still Mrs Gandhi's Cabinet is incomplete. We do need a government that works. But what we now have is not a government that does. As *Mainstream* has said: "Power without perspective has to face its own hazards"

## Royal Meal

THERE IS one thing I share with my friend V. S. Bakshi: food. He likes to cook it and I like to eat it, which is a fair share of responsibilities. Whenever he is in town—and he seldom is for reasons that will soon be apparent—he calls on me and we discuss food. The reason why he is away so often is that he is Air-India's Catering Superintendent and one day he is in London, another day in San Francisco and some other day in Tokyo where he inspects Air-India



V. S. BAKSHI demonstrating his skills to a London audience.

kitchens, gives tips to local cooks on how to make vegetarian dinners—and Bakshi is such a genius with food that he can cook you a cent per cent vegetarian meal and make you believe you are partaking of a non-veg dinner, the only man I know who can do that. He must be in his early forties now but his girth does not show his zest. He is an M.A. from the University of Bombay and also holds a law degree, but they should award him a D.Phil. at the very least, for his mastery of the art of cooking. He has one advantage over the rest of us. He comes from a family of great cooks from the time, I understand, of Krishnadevaraya of the Vijayanagara Empire. That is some tradition. Bakshi has been threatening to come and cook for me if I could get a sufficient number of gourmets of international reputation. I ought to put in an ad in our papers asking for volunteers. My kitchen is small but Bakshi's heart is large.

## Some Nerve

I ADMIRE the sheer nerve of the Western powers in boycotting the Olympics because the Russians occupied Afghanistan. Is anyone aware of what the United States is doing in Kampuchea through its new-found friend China? Mr Carter probably does not read the *British New Statesman*, but I would recommend it to him. According to the *New Statesman* "today"—and I am quoting—"America, allied with China (and supported by the British) uses Cambodia as a new battlefield; its latest proxies are Pol Pot's Khmer Rouge, the most thorough mass murderers since Hitler". John Pilger, who wrote the article, interviewed one Lionel A. Rosenblatt, formerly of the US Embassy in Saigon and presently 'Refugee Coordinator' in Thailand. Said Mr Rosenblatt: "I feel that what we're doing is an appropriate extension of our war in Vietnam. I think it's important for America to remember its responsibilities in this region..." Responsibilities for what? To kill

thousands of Kampuchean? Even the Russians haven't done that in Afghanistan.

## Made In Heaven

LIKE ANY normal human being, I admit to a lively interest in astrology. Not that predictions about my future have always come true. On some occasions they have; on other occasions they have landed me squarely—if that is the right word—in the ditch. I have duly risen, shaken the dust off my pants, and marched on towards the horizon, none the worse for trusting my astrologer. Now I have a lovely little book written by my friend Jagjit Singh Uppal, an astrologer of note, entitled *Marriages Are Made in Heaven* with the sub-heading: *Love, Marriage and Astrology*. (IBH Publishing, Bombay) I don't know why I should be interested in such books at my advancing age, but then hope springs eternally in the human breast, as Bob Hope would say as he lunged at his heroine.

I have been reading Uppal with some trepidation. He says it in very clear words that no woman should trust me, something that I had always suspected but was hopeful no woman would know. Now Uppal has spilled the beans and I am furious. My only consolation is that at least some people born under Cancer and Capricorn think I am a decent fellow which is sort of cheering. As for the rest, listen to this list of what others think of me. *Gemini*: His hyper-critical nature scares me. He is fastidious and difficult. I wonder how people find him jovial and friendly. *Leo*: Too prosaic and dull. I find his conversation inane and his company tiresome. *Sagittarius*: In a personal relationship, I find it difficult to establish any rapport with him. *Aquarius*: I find his realism a bit too commonplace. He never bothers to appreciate the finer things of life! Hell, I don't.

M.V.K.

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## How to get more meals out of your stoves.

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: cooking fuel that lasts longer every month!

# 8 sensible ways to make your gas or kerosene last longer.

- 1. Get yourself organised...**  
Cooking is so much more economical—and enjoyable!—if you've got all things chopped and ready, spices within reach, before lighting your stove. Never keep a flame burning unnecessarily.
- 2. Put the lid on heat loss!**  
A good idea would be to put a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside. This way food cooks faster and consumes 15% less fuel—35% fuel saving—with just a simple action! Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep them boiling. So promptly turn down your flame—research tests show that you save 35% fuel!
- 3. Water quantity should be just right.**  
Surplus water, especially in rice and vegetables, consumes extra fuel. So reduce water to the minimum—food is tastier and more nutritious too! Experiments also show that soaking dal overnight before cooking saves 35% cooking fuel.
- 4. Use wide shallow vessels always.**  
A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking as it covers the flame completely. Narrow vessels waste fuel (especially if flames lick the sides). Since a vessel first absorbs heat before its contents get cooked, avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.
- 5. Eating together saves money.**  
Plan meal times when the family can eat together—this way you avoid reheating food which wastes both the fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.
- 6. The biggest fuel saver—the pressure cooker.**  
A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking. But did you know you can turn down the flame and even switch off the stove completely while food continues to cook with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel.  
Another fantastic advantage—you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables all at the same time—think of the fuel saved!
- 7. Make more use of the smaller burner.**  
The big burner takes less time to cook food but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner saves fuel every time.
- 8. A clean burner helps too.**  
Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing?  
Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.

The information here is the result of tried and tested research studies by the PCRA, a unit of the Petroleum Ministry. Set up over 4 years ago in anticipation of the worldwide oil crisis that is affecting us all today, PCRA is helping promote more efficient use of fuel—in homes, farms, industries, and on roads. Because, till alternative sources of energy are found, we have to make the best use of the world's diminishing oil reserves.



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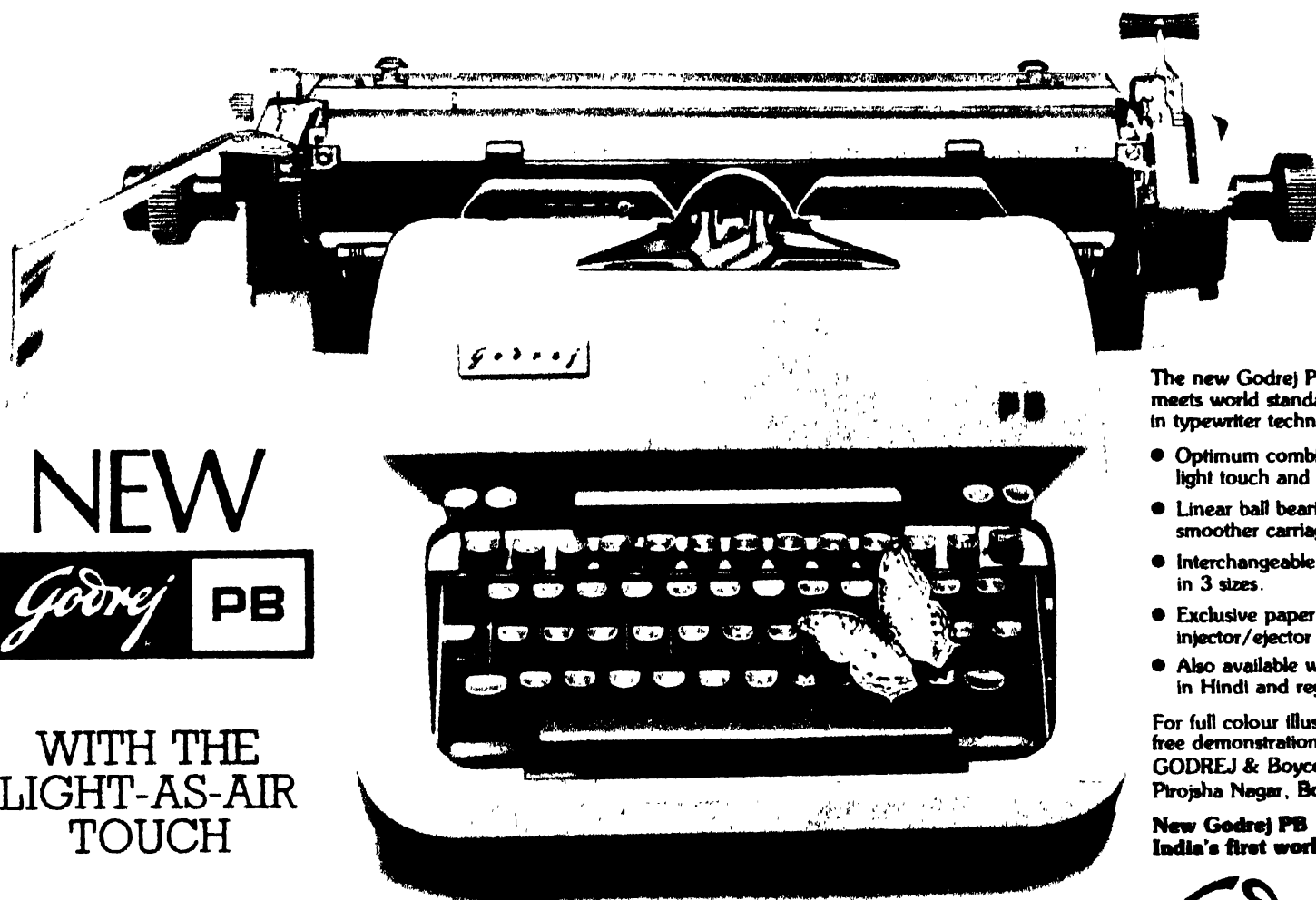
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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Making A Sacrifice!

ONE of the most exhilarating things that can happen to you at the Bridge table is sacrificing against an opponent's contract, and finding yourself making it! This spectacular deal turned up in a recent Maharashtra State Pairs Selection tournament

North dealer, Both vulnerable

♠ —  
 ♥ 962  
 ♦ AKQ43  
 ♣ AK765  
 ♠ AKQ1073  
 ♥ QJ7  
 ♦ 108  
 ♣ 92  
 ♠ 8542  
 ♥ 3  
 ♦ 9762  
 ♣ J1083

North	East	South	West
2D (i)	3S	P	4S
5C	P	P	5C
P	5S	?	

(i) 14-16 point, at least 5 Diamonds, at least 4 Clubs

Up to the five level, the bidding was normal, although West's 5

Hearts bid might be considered daisy picking, in retrospect. The bid was not completely thoughtless, though, since if the opponents went on to six Clubs, West wanted to ensure a Heart lead

But the effect of the bid, and North's failure to double it, was to persuade South that North's values were entirely in the minor suits. If so, with North marked with at the most a singleton Spade, a six Clubs sacrifice might be cheap—at the most two down. Further, South's 4 card length in the minors made defending an unappetizing proposition, so he sacrificed six Clubs, which was doubled, of course!

As can be seen, with North producing a void Spade, solid Diamonds and the opponents' Clubs deliciously placed, six Clubs was cold! The sacrifice, far from the expected 200 or 500 away, turned out to be plus 1540! As it happened, East West would have done better by sacrificing at six Spades, which only goes down three, for 800 away.

Here is another remarkable deal

West dealer, Both vulnerable

♠ —  
 ♥ 6542  
 ♦ J873  
 ♣ AK982  
 ♠ AQ74  
 ♥ 8  
 ♦ AK1065  
 ♣ Q54  
 ♠ KJ106  
 ♥ J973  
 ♦ Q942  
 ♣ 7  
 ♠ 9532  
 ♥ AKQ10  
 ♦ —  
 ♣ J1063

West	North	East	South
1D	P	1H	P
1S	P	2S	P
3C	D'ble	4S	5C'
D'ble	All Pass		

West's three Clubs was a scientific probe for game, a long suit game try, North seized the opportunity to show his decent Clubs by doubling, and East, with a singleton Club, four good trumps, and a fit in partner's Diamond suit, naturally jumped to game. Most Souths would probably have doubled, with five trumps, a void Diamond and so many tricks in Hearts, on a sunny day, South could even have hoped for a blood-bath.

But not today's South. He could see that his partner was void in Spades, he himself was void in Diamonds, and since his partner had promised decent Clubs, five Clubs should be good, and then again, four Spades, might not be easy to beat! So he bid five Clubs.

The play was soon over. West led the Ace of Spades. Declarer ruffed in the dummy, ruffed a Diamond with the ten of Clubs, crossed back to dummy with a low Club to the King, ruffed another Diamond with the Jack of Clubs, finessed the eight of Clubs and drew the outstanding trump.

A Heart to the Ace, and the King of Hearts, revealed that West had started with a singleton, so declarer ruffed a Spade with dummy's last trump, finessed the ten of Hearts, and romped home with five Club tricks in dummy, two Diamond ruffs in hand and four Hearts trick.

The play in four Spades, say doubled, is interesting. North presumably leads the King of Clubs and shifts to a Heart when South plays a lead directional Jack on the first trick. If South returns a second Heart, West ruffs, catches the Ace of Spades and plays an inspired low Diamond to the nine South ruffs, and must return a Club to shorten East's trumps!

If instead he returns a Heart, West ruffs, draws trumps and claims, with six trump tricks and four Diamond tricks. But South returns a Club, East ruffs and plays another Diamond, South ruffs, and has to be content with one down since whatever he returns, his trumps can now be drawn.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Can You See The Pin

SOMETIMES the way to exploit a pin may not be obvious, or the pin may be masked and you have to discover its tactical implications. In position No 103 White makes a pleasing combination based on the pin on the Black QP. In No 104 the effect of the masked pin on the White QP comes as a surprise.

**Ermenkov-Lukov, Sofia 1979:**  
 1.PK4, PQB4 2.NE63, PQ3 3. PQ4, PxP 4.NxP, NK63 5.NQB3, PQE3 (Sicilian Defence, Najdorf System. Usual 6th moves for White are 6.BKN5 and 6.BK2) 6.PQB4, NB3 7.PB4, PK3 8.BK2, BK2 9.00, 00 10.KR1, KR1.

Different sequences are possible e.g. Darnyanovich-Shuntzel, Graz 1979, with White's BK3 instead of PKB4, went 10...QB2 11.PB4, RK1 12.QK1, PK4 13.PxP, PxP 14.QN3, NxN 15.BxN, BQ1

**Geller-Anikayev, Minsk 1979,** with White's BK3 instead of KR1, continued 10 BQ2 11.BB3, NQR4 12.QK2, QB2 13.PKN41, KR61 14.PN5, NK1 15.PB5, NB5 16.BR51, PKN3 17.PxNP, BPxP 18.QB2, NK4 19.NB3, NN2 20.NxN, RKB1 21.NB71, NxN 22.

NQ511, PxN 23.NR6ch, KN2 24.QB7ch111, RxQ 25.RxRch, KR1 26.BQ4ch. BB3 27.RxB(B6). Black resigns

UNPLEASANT

11.BE3, PK4 12.N4K2, PxP 13.NxP, NK4 14.BK3, BK3 (if 14.NB5 15.BQ4, NxNP 16.QK2, QB2 17.N3Q5 wins the Knight) 18.N3Q5, NxN 16.NxN, RQB1 17.PB3, BN4 (On 17 BxN 18.QxB White's centrally posted Queen may be unpleasant, but perhaps less so than the Knight) 18.BN6, QQ2 19.BK2, QB3 20.PE5, NB5 21.BxN, QxB 22.RR4 (An unusual route for the QR) QN4 23.EN4, BN5 24.QN1, QQ2 25.QQ3, RK3 26.EQ4, PE3 27.QN3, RR4 (if RN3 28.PK5) 28.PE4, BQ1 29.BxB, QxE.

Position No 103 30.PK51, RxP (Or 30 PxP 31.NB6ch wins the Queen) 31.NB6ch, KB1 22.QxR1, PxQ 33.RxQch, RxR 34.NxB, BQ7 35.PQN4, BQ6 36.RB1, Black resigns.

**Deda-Maryanovitch, Sember 1978:**

1.NK63, PQ4 2.PKN3, PQB4 3.BN2, NQB3 4.00, NB1 5.PB4, PK3 6.PxP, PxP 7.PQ4, BK2 (From

Reti Opening the game has transposed into Tarrasch Defence to Queen's Gambit Declined 8.NB3, 00 would be regular) 8.PN3, NK5 9.BN2, BK3 10.PK3 (Here with NQB3, 00 already played White continues 11.NQR4, RK1 12.RB1, PxP 13.NxP) 00 11.NB3, BN5 12.NK2, QRA 13.RK1, PB5!

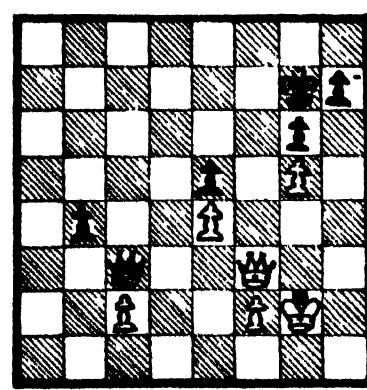
ACTIVE PIECES

White's deviation in the opening has benefitted Black who has now a passed QBP and more active pieces 14.PxP, PxP 15.PKE3, BK3 16.PQB4, PKN4 17.BE3, KRQ1 18.QB2, QRB1 19.KRN1, BR4' 20.QB1 (20.RN5' would be met by NQ3) QB2 21.RN5 (He cannot take the QBP because of 21.QxP?, NxQP' 22.QxQ, NxN (K7)ch etc.) BN3 22.NE3, NxN

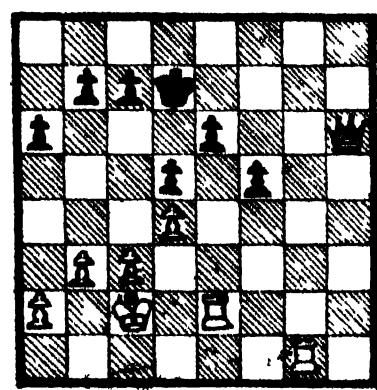
23.QxN PN3 24.RK1, PKE3 25.NQ2 (Again after 25.QxP NxP 26.QxQ, NxNch etc Black has end game advantage in his potential Q-side passed Pawn) PE3 26.RQ5, PN4 27.PxP, PxP 28.RxRch, RxR 29.BE5, BN2 30.RR1, NK4! 31.RR7?

Position No 104 (White's last move is a mistake though it looks like a winning move, e.g. 31 QB1 32.RR8, QB2 33.RxRch, QxR 34.PxN) 31 QxB'' 32.PxQ, NB6ch 33.NxN, BxQ 34.PB6, KN2 35.RN7, PN5 (White is helpless against Black's connected passed Pawns supported by the Bishops) 36.NQ4, BxN 37.PxB, PB6 38.RxP, PB7 39.RB4, RxP! 40.RB3, RQ8ch, White resigns

R. B. SAPRE



No 105 WHITE TO PLAY



No 106 BLACK TO PLAY



**A** YANKEE farmer had just returned from the polling booth and was asked whom he had voted for.

"Well," he said, "on my way I met a Republican who promised me ten bucks if I voted for his party. I took the money. Then I met a Democrat offering five bucks for a vote to his party. I took that money too."

"So you voted Republican?"

The farmer replied: "Not really! I voted for the Democrats I figured they were fifty per cent less corrupt!"

**R**OBERT BENCHLEY, the famous American theatre-critic was once called upon to see a play that was hopelessly bad and the dialogue too trivial. After a long torture, he had his cue when in one scene, a half-clothed girl spoke the line: "Me happy, me good girl, me stay" Benchley whispered to his neighbour: "Me not happy, me bad boy, me go," and promptly left the hall

**A**S is well-known, Karl Marx was the author of *Das Capital*, the Bible of modern Communism. After his death, his widow was asked about their marriage. "Well, we were happy enough," she replied, "but I wish dear Karl could have spent some time acquiring capital, instead of writing about it"

**O**N the sunlit lawn only two seats were vacant. One, a comfortable deck-chair, and beside it an uncomfortable wooden bench. Two people—an elderly clergyman and a stout, middle-aged woman—were competing for the deck-chair. Naturally, her age prevailing, the woman over-took the clergyman.

Having settled into the deck-chair, the woman called out to the clergyman: "God helps those who help themselves." Soon, unable to hold her weight, the deck-chair collapsed, leaving her sitting on the bare ground. The old clergyman forbore the smile, but remarked loudly: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

**B**USY army doctor to fresh recruit: "Read the letters on the top of the chart."

Recruit: "What chart?"

Doctor: "Quite right. You are selected!"

Recruit: "But doctor, I can't even see the chart."

Doctor: "That's right. There is no chart."

**A**N Irishman was asked whether he had any children. "No," he replied, "infertility is hereditary in my family."

**R**EV Dr Spooner (originator of Spoonerisms) was interviewing a student who had made poor progress in academics, at the former's university. He ended thus: "I'm afraid that your progress reports are far from satisfactory. For that matter, I feel that you have tasted the whole worm." (apparently for 'wasted the whole term')

**A**T a very formal Oxford party, a lady by the imposing name of Ironside-Bax saw Dr Spooner, whom she knew, talking with a professor she wished to meet. She requested Dr Spooner to do the necessary introductions

"Certainly," said the absent-minded Spooner, "Professor, I have great pleasure in introducing you to a friend of mine, Mrs Iron Backside."

**A** LITTLE girl, after all her usual prayers: "Bless and take care of Daddy and Mummy and Grandma and please take care of yourself. Because if anything happens to you, we're all sunk."

**W**INSTON CHURCHILL had two full time, hand-picked lady stenographers for the various memoranda, minutes and instructions that he had to issue during World War II. Often one of these stenos worked till a very late hour. Once, however, he wished both to remain on duty well past midnight. "I shall want both of you to stay late tonight. I am feeling extremely fertile," he added.

**A** PROSPECTIVE air passenger was asked how much he weighed "With or without clothes?" he enquired. Pat came the reply: "Whichever way you intend to travel, Sir."

**N**ERVOUS passenger to air-hostess: "How often do aircraft of this type crash?"

Air-hostess: "Only once, Sir."

**I**N the lounge of the British Parliament one young MP hesitantly told Churchill that the fly of his trousers was open. While thanking the member, Churchill quipped: "Don't worry, young man, dead birds don't fall out of nests!"

**A** PRIEST, whose sect recommended total immersion during baptism, asked a recent convert whether he had been baptised. "Yes," came the reply, "by an Anglican clergyman."

"Oh," said the priest, "for us that isn't baptism. That's just dry-cleaning!"

**D**URING the course of the American Civil War Abraham Lincoln ordered that he should be kept informed of all that happened on the various fronts.

One obedient general sent Lincoln a telegram reading: "Have captured six cows. What do I do next?" Pat came Lincoln's reply: "Milk them."

**Y**OUNG lady, commenting on a buxom woman in a frilly, close-fitting dress: "Wonder how she gets a dress like that into her trunk?"

Male companion: "And I wonder how she gets her trunk into a dress like that!"

**T**HE Prime Minister of one of the provinces comprising the Federal Republic of Germany began his speech in English to a party of American tourists with the words. "I must explain that my relationship to your language is like my relationship to my wife—I am acquainted with it but have never succeeded in mastering it"

**A** SOCIETY lady wrote to the editor of a women's magazine asking whether it was good form to wear the latest, low-cut, backless swim-suit on a public beach. The editorial answer: "It is good form if your form is good. If not, not."

(Jokes selected by N. P. Dilcep)



# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

A	E	F	G
B			
C			
	D		

### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF MT. ACONCAGUA IN ARGENTINA, TO THE NEAREST METRE.
- B) THE LENGTH, IN METRES, OF THE HIRAKUD DAM IN ORISSA (TO THE NEAREST TEN METRES)
- C) THE MINIMUM AGE TO QUALIFY FOR THE MEMBERSHIP OF THE RAJYA SABHA.
- D) THE EQUIVALENT OF 55° CELSIUS ON THE FAHRENHEIT SCALE.

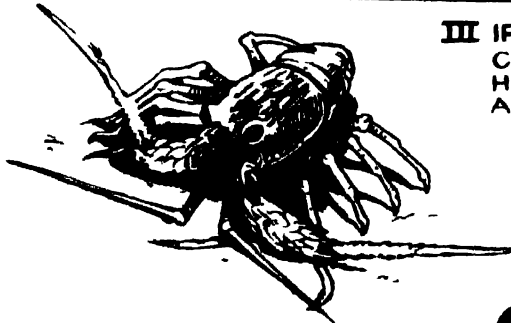
### CLUES DOWN:

- A) THE YEAR IN WHICH HARSHA CONVOKED THE ASSEMBLY TO DISCUSS RELIGIOUS MATTERS.
- E) THE SQUARE ROOT GIVES THE ATOMIC NUMBER OF EINSTEINIUM.
- F) THE NUMBER ASSOCIATED WITH THE CELEBRATION OF DIAMOND JUBILEES.
- G) THE NUMBER OF METRES IN A KILOMETRE, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER.

## B TRUE OR FALSE?

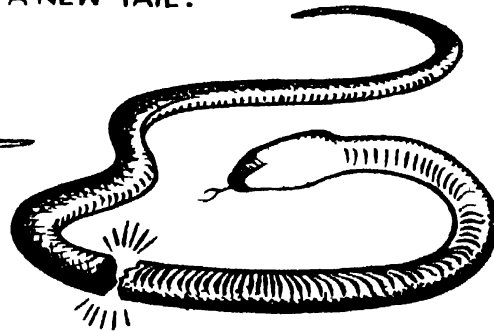


I WHEN GRABBED, WALL LIZARDS LEAVE THEIR TAILS BEHIND.



II A LOBSTER THAT LOSES A CLAW CAN GROW A NEW ONE!

III IF A GLASS SNAKE IS CUT INTO TWO THE HEAD PORTION GROWS A NEW TAIL.

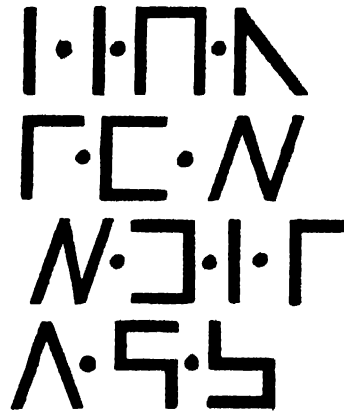


## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.

© RANGI BEEMA FEATURES PVT. LTD. 1980



D JUST ADD A STRAIGHT LINE WHERE NECESSARY, TO THE FIGURES GIVEN BELOW AND YOU WILL HAVE THE NAMES OF FOUR ANIMALS. THE DOTS SEPARATE THE LETTERS.



E CHANGE "CRONY" TO "BRAVE" IN FOUR STEPS. YOU CAN CHANGE ONLY ONE LETTER AT A TIME.

C	R	O	N	Y
B	R	A	V	E

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

A

1	1		1
1	7	7	6
7		1	3
0	4	2	1

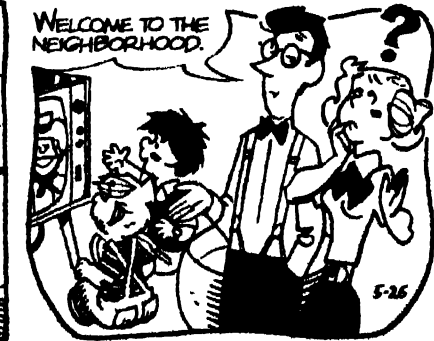
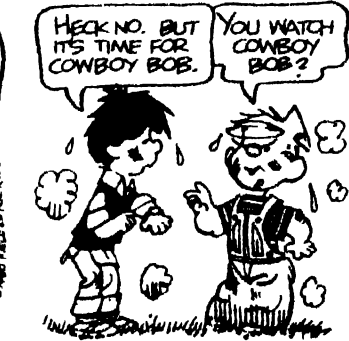
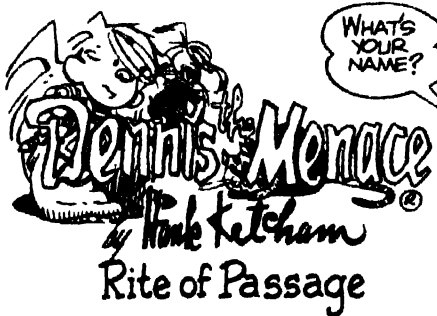
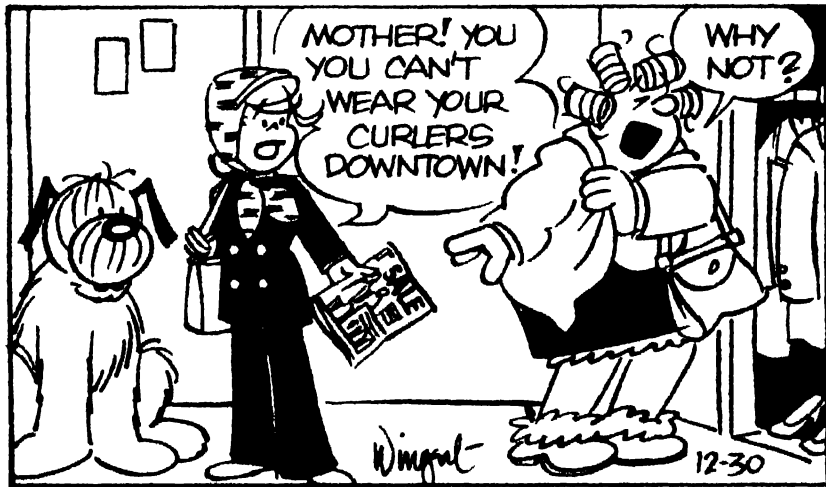
B (I) WAS FALSE. CAMELS DO NOT STORE WATER IN THEIR HUMPS. WHAT THEY STORE THERE IS ONLY FAT IN DIGESTING WHICH THEY PRODUCE SOME AMOUNT OF WATER.

C AN ARAB WAS SHOWN HANDLING A FALCON WITHOUT GLOVES. THE SHARP CLAWS OF A FALCON CAN CAUSE INJURY TO BARE HANDS EASILY.

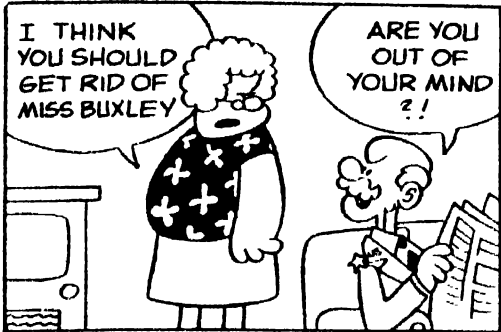
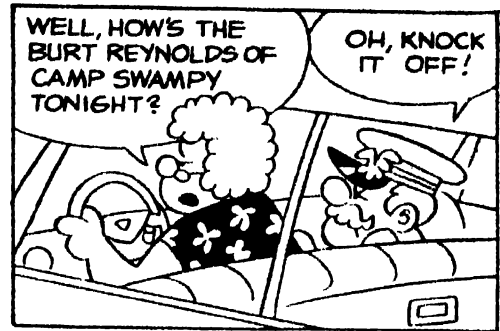
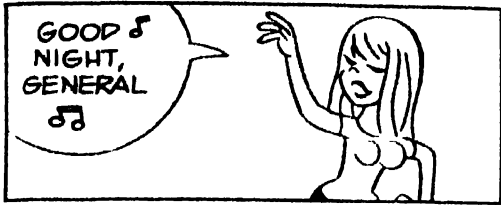
D THE WORDS WERE: 'AIM' AND 'YOU ARE SMART.'

E X = 18, Y = 324 THE NUMBERS IN THE THIRD AND FOURTH SQUARES WERE THE PRODUCTS OF THE NUMBERS IN THE EARLIER SQUARES.





# beetle bailey by mort walker



THE PHANTOM



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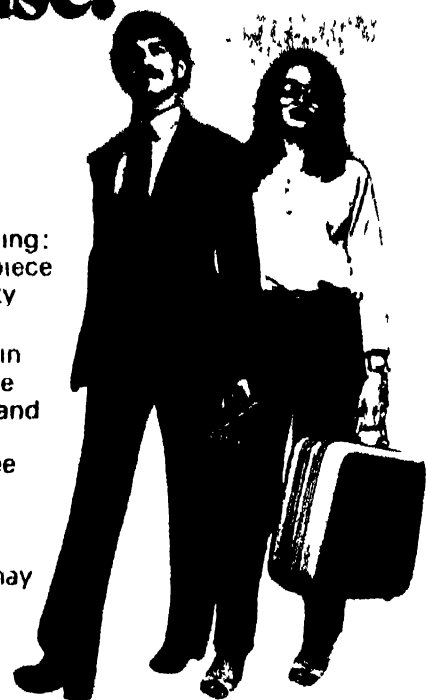
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# Your Tomorrow's Today

S.K.KELKAR

## Birthday Forecast



### Sunday, August 31

You will complete new ventures successfully this year, though for the next two months you will have to work hard. November, January and July-August may bring financial gains. Between February and April you may run into a rough phase.

### Monday, September 1

Be content with your present state of affairs and attempt to improve them only after November onwards.

December-January are auspicious for enhancing your status and increasing financial gains.

### Tuesday, September 2

This is going to be a tough year professionally. Back-biting and the jealousies of your co-workers may embarrass you in October-November and March-April. Businessmen may face difficulties with the government.

### Wednesday September 3

A lively, interesting and peaceful year can be predicted for you if you combine the co-operation from youngsters with advice from elders. Plan a change of residence or purchase a vehicle in this or the next month.

### Thursday, September 4

You will be confident of the direction you are headed for. Your career prospects are brighter than they were in 1979-80. In the last quarter of the year you will turn a situation to your advantage.

### Friday, September 5

Your own initiative combined with some luck may help to open a new chapter in your career. Your present venture will flourish.

### Saturday, September 6

Though not a turbulent period, this year will not be peaceful. Adjust to changing circumstances quickly, but don't make major changes in October-November.

### CAPRICORN (Makara) Dec. 21-Jan. 19



Your business deals will materialise and new assignments will be accepted. Without realising it, you will be drawn to a new personality for whose favours you will spend heavily. Gains on Sunday should be held carefully. On Friday you will absorb new ideas and new projects. Reserve Saturday for rest.

### TAURUS (Vrishabha) Apr. 21-May 20



Financial luck is in evidence in the next few weeks. Develop cordial relations with family members and enlist their co-operation for your ventures. An outing will be ideal for Wednesday. Inspirations received on Friday will help artists with outstanding creativity. Tackle family members with sensitivity on Saturday.

### VIRGO (Kanya) Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Dispassionate handling of new business ventures will bring profits. Be ready to put in hard work in the coming few weeks. Sound judgment on Sunday helps secure active co-operation of VIPs. On Monday, handle officials delicately and try to use them to your advantage on Tuesday. Socialise on Friday.

### AQUARIUS (Kumbha) Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Fresh ideas and strangers will keep you occupied but make it a point to understand them carefully before you commit yourself. By hook or by crook, you will attempt to achieve the success you have been anticipating on Monday-Tuesday. Sit back and ponder over important issues on Wednesday.

### GEMINI (Mithuna) May 21-June 20



Domestic issues will require careful sorting in the next couple of weeks. Seasonal changes may affect the health of family members. Agricultural activities should be given priority. Sunday favours intimacy, but do not disclose your mind to others. Mental unrest may cause tension on Tuesday-Wednesday.

### LIBRA (Tula) Sept. 24-Oct. 23



Your antagonists may cause you much tension on Sunday. Tackle VIPs skilfully on Monday-Tuesday so that you can receive their co-operation on Wednesday. Thursday-Friday are ideal for pushing business interests. Spend carefully on others on Saturday.

### PISCES (Mina) Feb. 19-Mar. 20



In the coming few weeks act judiciously and discreetly in order to avoid a possible breaking of established relationships. Don't fill your mind with prejudices but try to get at the bottom of things since you are likely to be the one at fault. Have an outing on Sunday with your spouse or fiancée. Friday brings success.

### CANCER (Kataka) June 21-July 20



Financially, the next three weeks are favourable. All the same you will acquire expensive tastes. You will be romantically inclined towards a member of the opposite sex on whom you will shower your money and affections—but be discreet about it. On Monday do not get too involved in the affairs of others.

### SCORPIO (Vrishchika) Oct. 24-Nov. 22



The decisive, determined and objective side of your personality will be evident in the next three weeks. Enjoy the company of interesting personalities on Sunday. For no particular reason, you will brood on Monday about vague fears and anxieties. Complications will be sorted out by Wednesday.

### ARIES (Masha) Mar. 21-Apr. 20



Try to maintain peace and tranquility in and outside your home. Business activities will be dull. Utilise spare time to sort out your business problems. Your health may be in an indifferent state on Sunday. Clear the back-log on Monday-Tuesday. Attend to domestic affairs on Tuesday.

### LEO (Simha) July 21-Aug. 21



The regal and pompous side of your personality will surface in the next couple of weeks. Flattery and admiration should not be taken at its face value. Grace a function on Sunday. Discuss all your ideas about new business deals on Thursday. Postpone taking important decisions on Saturday.

### SAGITTARIUS (Dhanu) Nov. 23-Dec. 20



You will be tossed between pessimism and optimism during the course of this week. Unsettled business issues may cause anxiety, therefore do not sign any agreements on Monday-Tuesday. News received on Thursday will clear your doubts on Friday, enabling you to move forward on Saturday.

## STAR FOCUS

## Do Planets Affect The IQ?



The use of IQ is made extensively, whether for selecting candidates for

academic courses or for jobs. However, IQ does not give any clues about the tendencies of a person. Raman Raghav, the brutal murderer had an IQ of 130, and Hitler of 140. Planets in astrology, when judged from their positions and zodiacal signs, give some clues about a person's intellect and bent of mind. Mercury rules the intellect while the Moon helps in

judging mental ability. In the case of Hitler none of the 12 planets are in Mercurial sign, or Gemini-Virgo but are in Cancer, Aries and Capricorn. Because of this placement and square and opposition aspects, he held the mad ambition of conquering the world and ultimately committed suicide out of frustration at his failures. Similar is the

case of Raman Raghav. In his horoscope, most of the planets are in the earth sign Taurus and water sign Scorpio. The case of Albert Einstein is quite unique. He was born on Gemini ascendant and Mercury and Saturn are placed in conjunction to Pisces. Herschel and Neptune are in wide trine, from 3rd to 11th house of his horoscope.



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**Rules And Conditions of "QUOTES" Contests**

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON PAGE 58

1. All entries must be on "Quotes" Entry Forms. All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or type-written. Only one letter must be written in each blank space. The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope.

2. The Entry Fee is Re. 1/- per entry. Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order, Money Order or "Quotes" Cash Receipts. Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted. Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to "Quotes" No. 269. Money Order remittances must be addressed to "Quotes" No. 269, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1. Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or "Quotes" Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form. If this is not done, the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender.

3. Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY. Closing Date for all entries is Thursday, September 4, 1980. Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor. No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

4. Alterations, erasures, indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error.

5. The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution. Failing an All-Correct entry, the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs. 10,000 will be divided equally. The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit. A contestant

can receive only one prize in this Contest. All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only.

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest.

7. Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry, is liable to disqualification. Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification. It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding.

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett, Coleman & Co. Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay. No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay. No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit.

9. No suit shall be instituted in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize list of the Contest.

10. In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action.

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 269, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, September 16, 1980.

**NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST !**

(Continued from Page 58)

error, and will share prizes in two sets. All solvers who have two-errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set. Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error-free sets. Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a Prize, even if they err in the other sets.

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set, as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes. Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A", one in SET "B" and one in SET "C". Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in:

- 1) An All-Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct for the Main Prize amount of Rs. 10,000/-;
- OR
- 2) A TWO-Set Second Prize

(with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/- + Rs. 2,000/-; AND/OR

3) A ONE-set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that reserved Sub-Set Prize of Rs. 2,000/- only.)

Thus, if a Solver wins under (1) above he is not eligible to share in (2) or (3). If he wins in (2) he is not eligible for a share under (3) except for the one remaining Set. And if he wins under (3), his share in the Reserved Prize is protected from (1) & (2) winners.

It must be expressly noted that All-Correct Prize-Winners (those who in one entry solve ALL three SETS "A", "B" and "C" correctly) will qualify only for the Main Prize amount and are not entitled to share in the Reserved Prizes earmarked for the Sub-Sets (Rs. 6,000/-) which is intended to reward lesser efforts and near-successes only.

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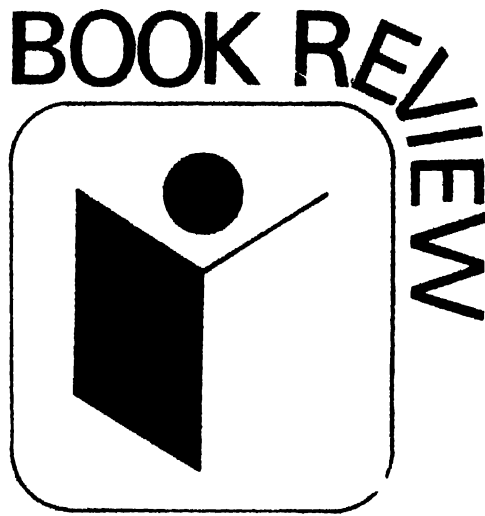
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## A Poet Honoured

**SURDAS: KRISHNAYANA; Edited by N. M. Sazanova and Roland Beer; Gustav Kiepenhauer of Leipzig and Weimar.**

**A**FTER the appeal made by UNESCO to honour the Indian saint-poet Surdas, the 500th birth anniversary of this poet was celebrated not only in India but all over the world. The German Democratic Republic's finest gesture towards honouring Surdas was the publication of a superb edition of his *Krishnayana*. It has 77 beautiful reproductions of miniatures in colour along with the Devanagari script. These selected paintings are taken from the Bhagavata Purana by courtesy of the Braj Academy of Culture, Mathura. By publishing this monumental work the GDR has rendered a unique service and brought into the limelight the work of an unknown Indian poet all over the European world.

The period of the 15th and 16th century was epoch-making in the annals of the medieval period of Indian history. After the defeat of the Hindus, their land being overrun by the Muslim invaders, northern India became a centre of religious activities of medieval saints like Kabir, Dadu, Nanak, Sur Tulsī, Namdeva, Narsī Mehta and others. They preached the gospel of *Bhakti*, emphasising equality between man and man.

Braj, the region around Mathura and Agra, became a nucleus of the *Bhakti* movement. It was at this time that Vallabhacharya, a Telugu Brahmin from Andhra, accompanied by his son, came here and settled down in a village at the foot of the Gobardhan hill.

Surdas, the blind bard, was a great devotee of Krishna. Impressed by his musical and poetical talents, Vallabhacharya put him in charge of the daily *kirtan* at the newly built temple of Sri Nath. Surdas composed his monumental work, *Sursagar* ('Ocean of Songs'), in praise of Krishna. This remarkable lyric-epic is also known as *Krishnayana*.

Surdas's poetry is extremely rich in fascinating episodes from Krishna's childhood and his amorous adventures. Krishna is not depicted here as a ruler of Dwaraka or a philosopher preaching the Gita in the battle of Kurukshetra, but as a lovely child full of delightful pranks and as an adolescent lover who seduces the *gopis*

and makes them almost mad with his charm and the melodious notes of his flute. By depicting Krishna as a cowherd living a simple life, Surdas has identified his lyrical excellence with the aspirations of the pastoral community. The German Democratic Republic deserves kudos for popularising this invaluable treasure of India.

*Krishnayana* is a production of Indian, Russian and German collaboration. N. M. Sazanova, who spent a number of years in India studying Surdas's works from old manuscripts, was in charge of the Russian as well as the English section. Roland Beer handled the German Section.

The entire work is divided into two parts. Part One contains the German rendering of Surdas's *Krishnayana*, comprising *padas* in praise of Krishna, selected from the tenth book of *Sursagar*. It has a brief preface in German, explaining the purpose in bringing out *Krishnayana*. Then follows the German translation of 77 *padas* of the poem, interspersed with 77 miniature paintings in colour with Devanagari script, reproduced from the Bhagavata Purana manuscript, depicting the life of Krishna. Then there is a list of illustrations in Russian and English.

Part Two contains a commentary explaining the background of the theme. It begins with a well-written article by Sazanova with coloured illustrations on the folk culture of Braj and the poetic creativity of Surdas. The illustrations include the temple of Vrindavan, a portrait of Sri Vallabhacharya, Sanskrit manuscript of the Bhagavata Purana, Krishna holding up the mountain to shelter the *gopas* and the cows from the rain of Indra, Raslila in Vrindavan, the monument of Surdas in Parsouli and so on. This is followed by Russian and English versions of *Krishnayana* and a list of illustrations.

Excellent printing on art paper with attractive miniature paintings, hard cover neatly cloth-bound in flaming orange with the inscription *Om* in gold, dust-jacket with miniatures in colour and the Devanagari script all go to make the book a work of art worth possessing. It occupies a place of pride in my bookshelf.

**JAGDISHCHANDRA JAIN**

## Ideal For Children

**OUR RELIGION—Book I, Zarathushtra; Book II, The Navjote. Script by Puro Nanavutty, illustrated by Mehroo J. Wadia, Delhi Parsi Anjuman, Indraprastha Press; Rs 5.**

**PARSIS** are the smallest of the educated minorities in India, and very little is known about their beliefs and customs among other Indian communities. A child's life of Zarathushtra, (Zoroaster), and a description of the significance of the *Navjote* or initiation ceremony among Parsis is, therefore, all the more welcome.

Several beautiful publications have been printed for children in the International Year of the Child, yet the books mentioned above have broken new ground in two ways. For the first time, a child's book has been printed, in vivid colours, without the necessity of typesetting or

proof correcting. Each page is designed by the artist, Mehroo J. Wadia as a single block. Every letter of the script is depicted in the print lettering children learn at school when they start to read. The result is that any child, in the age group six to eight years, can read these books easily and enjoy them. This is something unique in the publication of children's books in India.

Secondly, the series, *Our Religion*, though meant primarily for Zoroastrian children anywhere in the world, points the way to a series of illustrated children's books on the many living religions of our land. Keeping precisely the same title, the series could become one on national integration at the kindergarten level. Teachers, children and their parents would be educated in the tenets of the founders of our living faiths, and so bring all Indians, of whatever community or social status, closer to one another in love and understanding.

Book I, *Zarathushtra*, has already made its mark. It was exhibited at the International Children's Book Fair, organised by the Children's Book Trust, at New Delhi, in 1979. The little book was also included in the Exhibition of the All India Booksellers Association held in New Delhi about the same time.

Book II, *The Navjote*, released towards the end of December 1979, has been hailed as even more attractive and interesting than Book I.

**MEHER HEROYCE MOOS**

## Managing With Humour

**EXCELLENCE IN MANAGEMENT by M. K. Rustomji, India Book House; Rs 15**

**P**ROFUSELY supplemented by wit and humour through delightful illustrated cartoons, this book analyses, in a very pleasant manner, most of the concepts of management principles and practices. Like an interesting novel one can hardly stop once one starts reading it. It is indeed attractive and yet very effective in highlighting the different facets of the subject. No wonder this book has been widely commended by various readers as an invaluable addition to scarce literature in the field of Management Science.

I conform with Prof Peter Parker, Chairman, British Railway Board who, while commenting on this book, has observed that "this is something very special. It is compact, full of zest, wit, and direct kick in the pants and it is such a relief to have a book on Management which is readable. So often, for some reason humour in management is considered sabotage, but you (Rustomji) seem to carry the whole thing off with such style and good sense, that the book should be welcomed all over the place, all over the world".

Rustomji's effort in producing this fascinating publication has received wide acclaim from all over the Management world, since it carries its meaning through a typical style of educating through recreation.

**B. G. VARSHNEY**

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**Astrology:**  
**What It Is—**  
**And What**  
**It Is Not**  
—B.V.Raman





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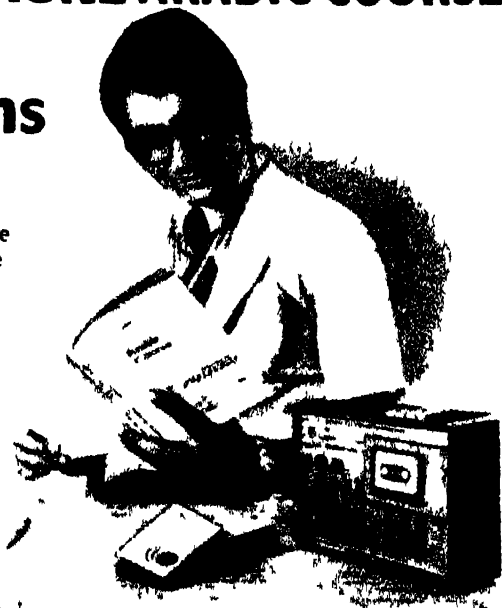
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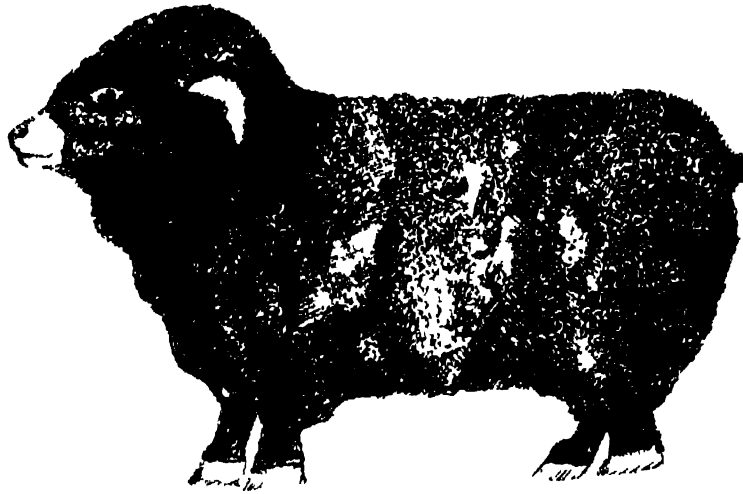
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## Independence Issue To Remember!

Sir—What an appropriate tribute! ('The Untold Refugee Story', August 10). It is only right that we should remember the refugees on the anniversary of the most important event in the history of modern India. The articles were touching personal accounts.

N.P. DILEEP  
Shimoga

Sir—The *Weekly* errs in interpreting the success of a refugee as a triumph merely for his community. The true greatness of these people lies in the fact that they have endeavoured to unite the nation—by building bridges in our country and not fragmenting it with narrow domestic walls.

PRAKASH K IYER  
Bombay



Sir—In these disheartening times, the stories of their struggles and successes are indeed inspiring

Dr HARI J PAMNANI  
Jamnagar

Sir—The *Weekly* has done a signal service by highlighting the achievements of the real heroes of this country. The younger generation, especially, idolise film stars and politicians—it is time they read of the deeds of the truly brave

S.G. NIGAL  
Thane

Sir—Perhaps never before has any responsible journal dedicated its

Independence Day Issue to the memory of those who lost everything in the folly of partition. How deeply one feels after reading the articles can be seen in the tearful eyes of those who happen to be one of them.

R.K. GULATI  
Siliguri

Sir—The way you have celebrated this Independence Day is indeed appropriate. The tribute accorded to the millions who suffered during those cruel days of 1947 has indeed helped many of us realise the value of our freedom. And the lesson has come at a time when we once again seem bent on self-destruction.

V. PUTTASWAMY  
Hanbar

## The Miracle Makers

Sir—'The Sindhi Miracle' by G.G. Mirchandani (August 10) presents a well-knit thesis on this once homeless and now highly organised community. One can now picture how the Sindhis in the 'forties constituted an insignificant part of the national scene. But their lot has changed radically on every socio-economic front. What an unparalleled saga it is!

SUBHASHIS RAY  
Puri

Sir—It is regrettable that there is a grave error in the very first paragraph printed in bold type. In the political upheaval of 1947, the province of Sindh was never split. The whole province was given over to Pakistan. For Sindhis there was no part of Sindh in India where they could settle and hence they wisely decided to choose their new homes in all regions of India. Sindhis are proud that they belong to the whole of India, as Indians first and Indians last.

P.S. MATHRANI  
Bombay

Sir—Thanks for publishing an article on the Sindhis. The landless Sindhi community is the one most neglected by the Central and States Governments in every respect. I wish many more such articles were published not only in English but also in all Indian languages.

S.G. LAHEJA  
Nagpur

Sir—The Sindhis do indeed have a lesson to teach the rest of us. What a triumph for enterprise!

S. ANWAR AHMAD  
Pali

Sir—In the article on Sindhis, it has been mentioned that I worked as a clerk in DCM. This is wrong. I was Marketing Manager in that concern.

PREM T VACHANI  
New Delhi

## Punjabis Deserve It

Sir—It was inspiring to read 'The Punjab Upheaval and After' by K.

Datta (August 10). Punjabis deserve every bit of their success.

V.P. THONTE  
Solapur

Sir—K. Datta says that the late Prithviraj Kapoor was a refugee from Pakistan. This is not so, as Prithviraj Kapoor, though born in West Punjab, settled in Bombay long before partition.

D.N. MATHUR  
Ajmer

Sir—I was filled with pride when I read of my Punjabi compatriots. Through sheer hard work and a will to survive we have overcome all odds and, today, Punjab and Haryana are India's premier States.

J.K. SINGH  
Jalandhar

Sir—It is all very well for Punjabis to go on about their success, but the fact remains that they, as a group, enjoyed the maximum benefits the Indian Government gave to refugees.

B.R. AGARWAL  
Jhansi

Sir—Prem Bhatia has been wrongly referred to as Editor of *The Tribune*. He is Editor-in-Chief of the Tribune Group of Publications.

KAMAL JIT SINGH  
Amritsar

## Rootless Refugees

Sir—In his article 'Bengalis Are Still Unsettled' (August 10), Satyavrata Ghosh presented a correct picture of the refugee problem in the eastern part of India. Being a displaced person from East Pakistan (now Bangladesh), I see how politicians have taken advantage of their miseries to fulfil their narrow interests. Politics seems to have wrecked all prospect of a solution to the problem.

PRAHLAD GHOSH  
Calcutta

Sir—The author of the article was less than fair about Bengali refugees. Their miseries were no less and many of them have overcome many handicaps and achieved spectacular success.

B.D. BOSE  
Rohtas

Sir—Satyavrata Ghosh deserves special mention for pointing out the difference between the refugees of the North and the refugees of Bengal. He has ably traced their struggles, tribulations and, finally, their exploitation.

K. GOVIND  
Kuttippuram

Sir—I was really touched by the article, especially by the photograph of refugees pleading with the BSF jawan for entry. I think India should welcome refugees at any time in any number on humanitarian grounds.

K. GOVINDRAJ  
Bangalore

## Most Timely Tribute

Sir—The article, 'Profiles in Gallantry' (August 10), made us feel

proud of our war heroes. To read about the misery of the families of some of the deceased heroes was distressing. If we knew where to send aid for such families, a large number of readers, I am sure, would be glad to contribute their mite.

A.M. PAI  
Bombay

Sir—I was amazed to see that a journal of the *Weekly's* calibre had published photographs of servicemen without mentioning their ranks. In the Services, it is considered an insult if your rank is ignored.

Capt B.C. JOGLEKAR  
Ujjain

Sir—It was distressing to learn from S.S. Gandhi that 'families of war heroes live in misery' (August 10). We have families of war heroes living in abject poverty and nobody seems interested in doing anything to improve their lot. On the other hand, we have politicians who indulge in every activity other than nation-building. What is happening to our country? Where is our moral fibre?

T.S. VINEETH KUMAR  
Manipal

Sir—On reading about families of war heroes, I remembered an incident in the life of the Duke of Wellington. It was customary for the Duke to give an annual dinner to his former officers. On one occasion, his diamond-studded snuff-box, which was being passed round, disappeared. The officers present allowed themselves to be searched, but one of them preferred to leave the place.

Some time later, the Duke found the box in his own pocket and went in search of the officer who had left to apologise to him. Finding him in a garret, he wept on hearing his story. It transpired that the reluctance shown by the officer to have his pockets searched was because they contained scraps of food gleaned from the table to be taken to his starving family. The Duke saw to it that the officer and his family were never in want again.

Old soldiers, so the song goes, never die: they only fade away. But how!

A. BRITO  
Bangalore

Sir—In 'Punjab Wins Highest Number of Awards' (August 10), it has been mentioned that the first PVC was won by Naik Jadunath Singh of 1 Rajput. I sincerely apologise for this error as, at the time I sent this information, the exact date of award to Maj Som Nath Sharma could not be ascertained. I have since found the exact date of the awards to all the 5 PVC awardees of the 1947-48 operations and have found that the first PVC was awarded to Maj Som Nath Sharma of 4 Kumaon. He was awarded posthumously on November 3, 1947, while Naik Jadunath Singh was awarded posthumously on February 6, 1948.

S.S. GANDHI  
New Delhi

## No More 'Partition'!

Sir—We suggest you delete articles like 'The Partition of Minds' by Pinnu Gupta (August 10). Both Hindus and Muslims have similar woeful tales to narrate, so let it not be *The Last Word*.

AHAMED KAPASI  
SHENAZ KAPASI  
Abu Dhabi

## Rafi Was Always Tops!

Sir—It is an error in assessment to say that Mohamed Rafi had lost his position to Kishore Kumar ('He Sang His Heart Out', August 10). There was nothing like a 'top' position for Rafi—he was always on top. The fact is that, in sheer range and pitch, India has yet to produce a singer of Rafi's calibre. And that is what made Rafi tops!

NAZIR BACHANI  
Bombay

Sir—Mohamed Rafi is unquestionably the greatest singer of our era. Be it Lata or Kishore, no one can equal the variety of songs he has rendered.

K. KRISHNAMURTHI  
Madras

## 'Sarvottam' Kumar

Sir—Uttam Kumar, though he did only a few Hindi movies, was so good that we will never forget his superb acting ('The Legend That Was Uttam' August 10).

MANJANATH HEGDE  
Bombay

Sir—This year the *Weekly's* Independence number made very sad reading because of the pictorial obituary of Bengal's matinee idol, Uttam Kumar. The day Uttam Kumar died, every family in West Bengal felt as if it had lost its nearest relative.

JAHAR DAS  
KARTICK C DAS  
Calcutta

## Weekly With A Difference

Sir—The *Weekly* (August 10) certainly stands out in the news-stands now!

B SUNDARA  
Lalgudi

Sir—Different times  
Different trends  
Difference in the  
masthead catches the eye.  
Congratulations!

RANJAN BHATNAGAR  
Jaspur

Sir—With the new masthead, the elegance of the *Weekly* cover has been lost!

Dr P.K. SIKUMARAN  
Yeudayar

## Deft Initiation

Sir—'Initiation Rites' by Dina Mehta (August 10) was an extremely deft piece of story-writing!

AJIT N DESPANDE  
Bombay

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

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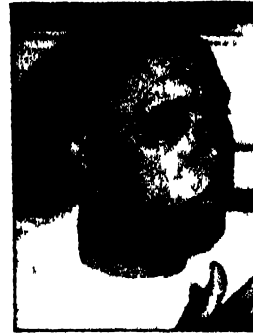
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"The grim truth is that Kashmir has never been so tense as now. Many tourists, Indian and foreign, have cut short their stay and rushed back to Delhi," writes noted journalist K.R. Sundar Rajan in an on-the-spot survey.

### After Moradabad What?

Sima Sharma meets seven prominent Members of Parliament and get their points of view.

### End Of A Curse

From the days of Sati, through social ostracism, the Hindu widow has progressed to a stage of financial independence, social acceptance and, perhaps, remarriage. By Indira Mahindra.

### "I Shall Pretend That I Am Not"...

Sheela Barse gives expression to the modern woman's awareness that she need no longer remain faceless and subordinate.

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The revolutionary child widow, who founded the Matru Seva Sangh, interviewed by Sathya Saran.

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Mohan Nadkarni pays tribute to the noted musician.

### The Centenary Test

Pictures of the occasion when the best players from Australia and England met to revive memories of a hundred years of Test Cricket.

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# ASTROLOGY: What It Is And What It Is Not

by Dr B. V. Raman

Most people confuse astrology with fortune-telling. Astrology is such a wide-bodied area of knowledge that it would not be an overstatement to call it the "mother of all sciences". The author, who is Editor of 'The Astrological Magazine', talks of the oldest science—what it is and what it is not. The blind prejudice against the science, he says, stems from, among other things, the confusion of astrology with what appears in 'The Stars Foretell' columns of newspapers.

EVER since the beginning of human civilisation, man has tried to explore and establish his relation to the heavens.

Would it be scientific on the part of an individual to dismiss psychology or medicine as a useless subject and not worthy of acceptance or investigation because experts in the field held conflicting opinions or because, after reading a textbook on the subject of psychology or medicine, the individual was unable to make an accurate diagnosis?

Astrology is said to be the oldest science known to man and a vast literature on the subject exists, not only in India but also in Europe and China. The tradition that remains is fairly authentic, though covered by many accretions. As with all ancient wisdoms, it is likely that ancient

records have disguised the truth in order to prevent misuse by the unworthy.

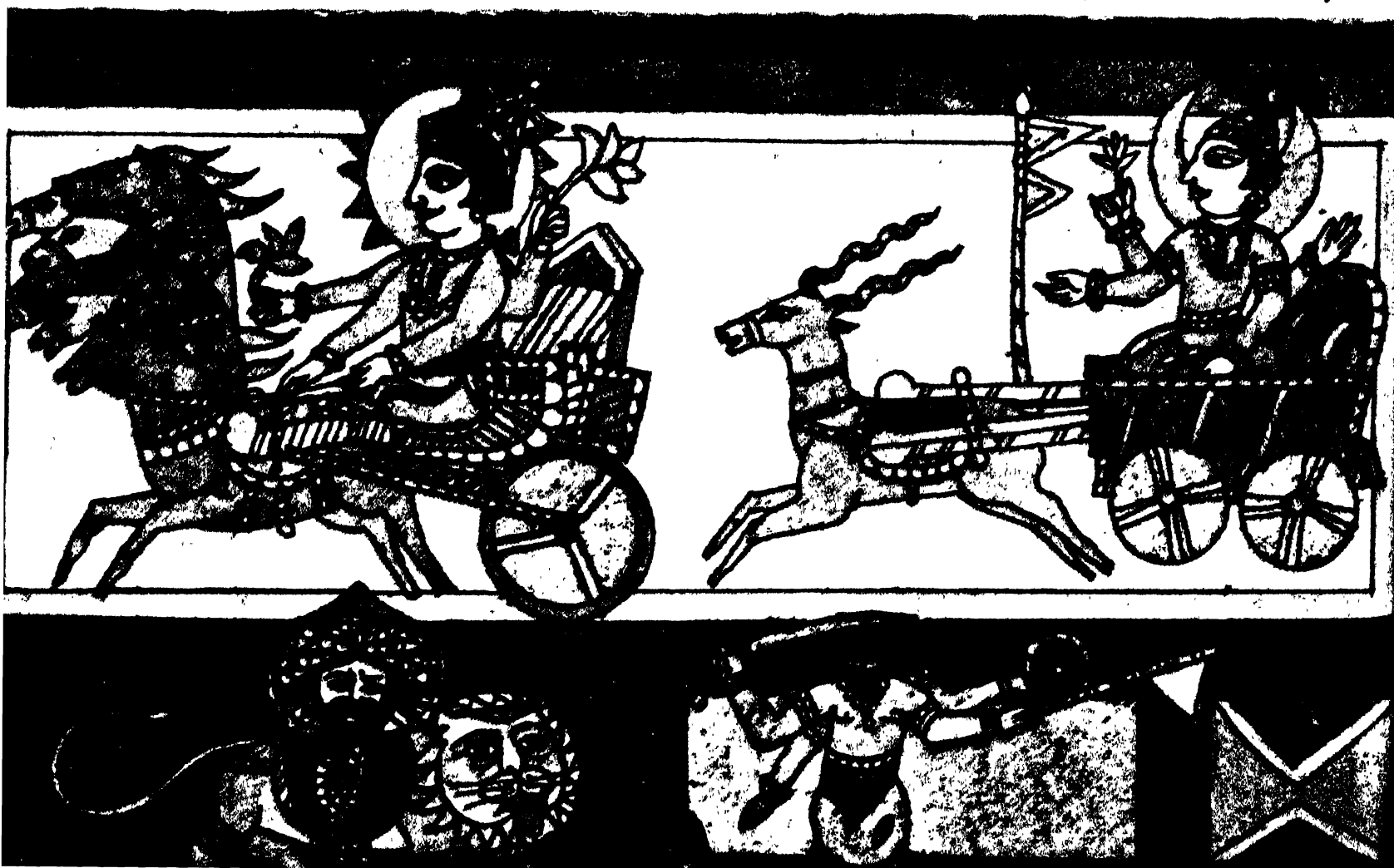
The blind prejudice against astrology demonstrated by many critics claiming to be rationalists actually stems from two sources, both involving ignorance—viz, want of a correct definition of astrology, which, according to them, is just fortune-telling, and confusion of astrology with what appears in *The Stars Foretell* columns of newspapers. Such action is equivalent to passing judgement on the validity of psychology on the basis of newspaper columns offering advice to the love-lorn.

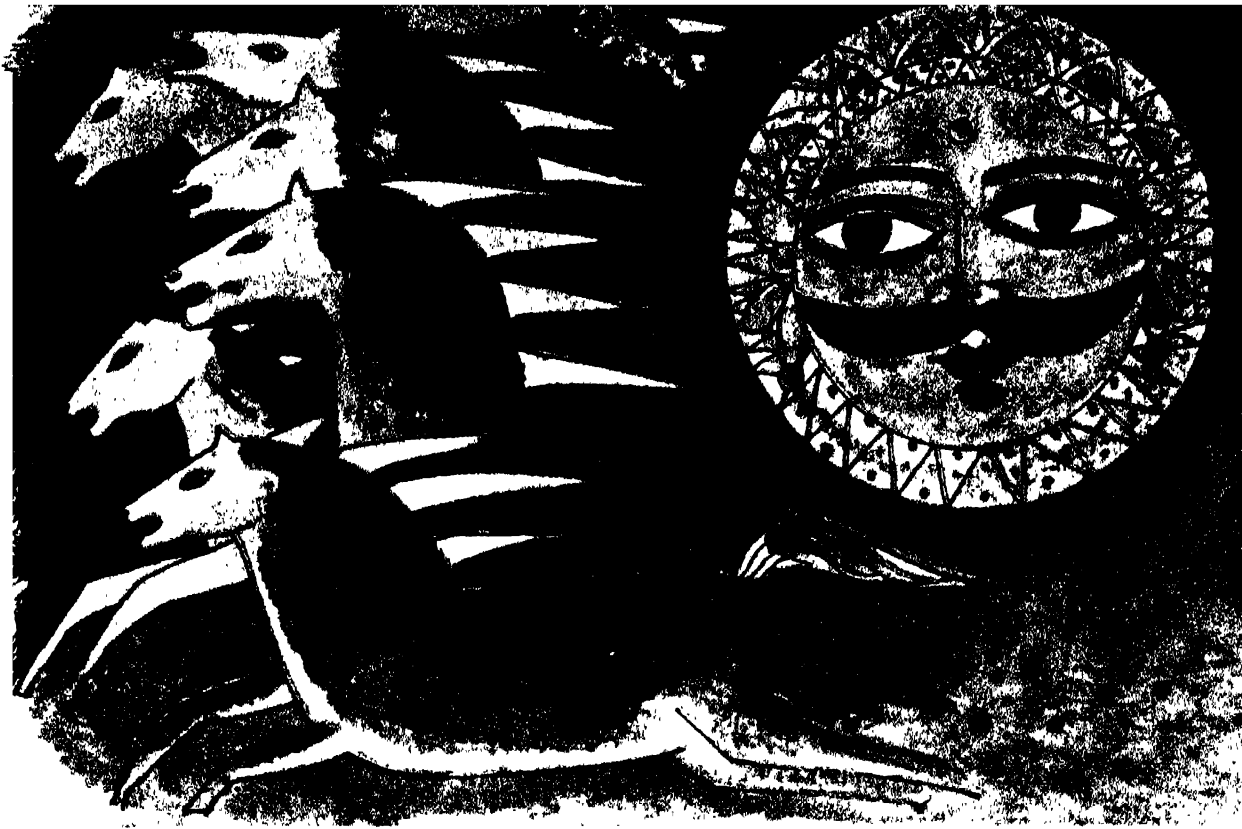
## Science Of Radiation

What is astrology? Various people confuse it with various things, including what commonly goes under the name of

"fortune-telling". Astrology is such a wide-bodied area of knowledge that it is not an overstatement to call it the mother of all sciences. One definition coming closest to the ideal is that this is a science linking extra-terrestrial, terrestrial and human phenomena and attempts to establish a correlation between man and the cosmos. It is the science that tries to bridge the gulf between the world of galaxies and the world of living cells. The Sanskrit term, *Jyotisha*, is most appropriate. *Jyotisha* means the science of *jyoti* or light. And light is radiation. Astrology is, therefore, the science of radiation.

Over thousands of years, the ancient sages have deduced a connection between the motions of the planets and relative positions of stars with every kind





of terrestrial activity. Their ability to predict future trends—even actual events—has been repeatedly demonstrated.

What prevents the critics from looking objectively at astrology involves a philosophical issue also—an assumption or an insistence on a theoretical explanation.

Those who make the statement that astrology is “irrational” and part of “the cult of unreason”

may refer to Whitehead who, in *Science and the Modern World*, puts the point succinctly:

*Science has never shaken off its origins in the historical revolt of the later renaissance. It has*

*remained a predominantly anti-rationalistic movement based upon a native faith... Of course, the historical revolt was justified ... it was a sensible reaction, but it was not a protest on behalf of reason.*

▲ **SURYA.** The Sun is depicted as a person of burnt gold colour, riding a red chariot of seven horses and bearing a white lotus.

**Illustrations by  
Badri Narayan**

▼ **THE NAVAGRAHAS.** All the nine planets have been given some form and associations in our ancient books. Saturn, for instance, is blue, has matted hair, a long moustache and holds a blue lotus.

We need to apply the scientific method to astrology in order to validate what is dependable in the accumulated traditions and theories from its 5,000-year history. If the vast majority of educated Indians, not to mention the illiterate, believe in astrology, classifying this large segment of society as “superstitious” is hardly likely to encourage respect for the self-appointed judges.

Astrology was humanity’s first attempt at science defined as the search for order and meaning in the world. Observations extending over centuries, if not thousands of years, by generations of observers have gone into the making of astrology as a science and as an art of prediction.

**As It Stands Today**

As it stands today, astrology embodies a mass of facts, some of which can be verified by the useful scientific technique and others not. The effect of the waxing and the waning of the Moon on the sex life of living beings, the correlation between Sun Spots and the incidence of influenza and heart attacks, the influence of solar radiation on agricultural produce and, in consequence, on the prices of minerals and metals, the →





occurrence of earthquakes just about the time of the New Moon and the Full Moon are some of the examples of astrological facts which lend themselves to scientific verification.

The death while in office of the majority of American Presidents elected under the Saturn-Jupiter conjunction—the next US President will also assume office under a similar conjunction and may not complete his term—and the epochal events happening in Indian history, including the recent Emergency rule coincident with Saturn's movements in Cancer, are all astrological facts of great significance.

Predictions about the past and future lives exemplify the second category of facts which cannot be verified by the methods of science as they stand today.

Ionisation of the atmospheric charges have been linked with solar flares. The positive and negative ionisation of the air has a very significant effect on health and psychosomatic functions. In fact, in 1961, the American

Institute of Medical Climatology made a statement to the effect that electrical charges in the atmosphere affect the way we think, feel and behave. And, again, these charges are influenced by solar flares, which in their turn are traced to the planetary positions. Therefore, the method of forecasting behavioural trends on the day-to-day movements of planets cannot be dismissed as hocus-pocus. In fact, a great number of planetary configurations are given in ancient works bearing on human behaviour and events in life.

Earthquakes have caused damage worth crores of rupees everywhere, besides taking a huge toll of life. It is here that astrology scores heavily. Dr Rudolph Tomaschock, a nuclear physicist, who writes in one of his letters to me as to how and why he came to accept astrology as a true science, discovered, on checking the positions of planets during innumerable severe earthquakes, that, in over 82 per cent of cases, Uranus was directly over the

meridian when the earth shook. This is again astrology simply explained by ancient authors like Varahamihira.

### In Weather Forecasting

The importance of astrology in weather forecasting cannot be underrated. Rules given by ancient savants—eg *gna sukrou samagame patati jalam*—which means rainfall occurs when Venus and Mercury conjoin—can be easily verified by the meteorologists.

With the aid of astrology, it is possible to construct a fairly accurate picture of an individual's *psyche*—his temperament, his likes and dislikes, his aptitudes, his moods, his abilities and weaknesses and strong traits. For instance, it is said that one born on *Pratham* (or first lunar day when the Moon is 12° away from the Sun) is said to be *vyasanakta chittaacha*—ie, always given to worrying. This information could usefully supplement the diagnosing of normal psychology.

Astrology is being reassessed and is in the remaking in Western countries and we should not lag behind in restoring the subject to



THE AUTHOR B.V. RAMAN

its proper position in the comity of other sciences.

In the opinion of Carl Jung, modern civilisation, by ignoring astrology, gains little and maybe loses much by what he calls "the contemptible treatment and defamation of an ancient art which defied a reasonable explanation".

It is a pity that sometimes flimsy and feeble objections are raised against the study of astrology in universities just because astrology, however sound and well established, seemed to "contravene" assumptions of the orthodox scientists.





Amongst the professional astrologers in India, there are, no doubt, experts well-versed in the subject and who know how to guide those who consult them with correct advice. But there are also a large number of exploiters who, calling themselves astrologers, exploit the credulous people. Refinements of astrological calculations and interpretations are beyond the meagre powers of these "seers".

**Need For Academic Study**

Astrology is not what is passed off as "What The Stars Foretell" in newspapers. Malpractices in astrology can be put an end to only when qualified astrologers are made available. It is heartening to note that the Karnataka University has been the first in India to introduce a two-year post-graduate diploma course in astrology.

Science must widen its horizons to include branches of knowledge like astrology developed in India thousands of years ago if humanity is to really benefit from it.



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# TEN TOP HOROSCOPES

by Gopalkrishna Modi & S. K. Kelkar

Two top astrologers look at ten handpicked horoscopes to see what the stars hold in store for these personalities now very much in the public eye.



## Jimmy Carter

**B**ORN on October 1, 1924, at 7.00 a.m. (CST) in Plains, Georgia. His chart indicates a decline. His earlier charisma was possibly due to the close conjunction of Neptune, Rahu and Venus in the sign Leo. The opposition of a powerful Mars from the 4th house and from the airy sign Aquarius has given Carter ample strength to bear the strains of office. Although his Ascendant is fast approaching his radical Jupiter, beneficial results cannot be guaranteed because of a nasty square aspect of Uranus, which again is afflicted by Mercury, a radical Lord of the 11th house. After October 1981, when US affairs will be troubled, Carter is likely to give a helping hand in the affairs of the nation. Although Carter's health will be able to stand this strain, there is little likelihood of his coming to power again as President of the United States.

G.M.

## Ronald Reagan

**T**HE delineation of the chart of Ronald Reagan, Presidential candidate for the coming elections in the United States, is worked out on the basis of his date of birth as February 6, 1911 (1.53 p.m. CST), at Tampico (Illinois), USA. The beneficial aspects of Jupiter and Venus have given Reagan an artistic personality. The present period is exceedingly favourable to him and it is possible that he will win the Presidential election. The aspects of the progressed Ascendant indicate victory through conflict.

Still the coming two years do not indicate smooth sailing. Reagan's chart shows that no planet is deposited in the fiery signs, hence his genial, practical and forthright temperament. He has a penetrating mind and can take practical decisions all by himself courageously. During his Presidential career, he will face various conflicts and adversaries. Military action during his regime is a strong possibility. Therefore, the years 1982 and 1983 indicate very strong tensions and conflicts.

Reagan should guard against health hazards, particularly lung and chest ailments.

All said and done, his artistic talents, pragmatism and bold leadership will make a mark in world politics.

G.M.



## Zia-ul-Haq

**A**FTER the military coup of July 4, 1977, Zia-ul-Haq took over on July 5, 1977, and undertook to hold free and fair polls in Pakistan by October 1977. However, he has ruled over his country without any such poll for more than three years now.

During this regime, he has claimed often that he will hold elections and hand over the administration to an elected leader. In October 1979, he put off, indefinitely, the elections scheduled for November 1979, banned all political parties and imposed censorship.

This decision was not unexpected, as Saturn, Rahu and Mars were transiting in the Ascendant. Jupiter's auspicious influence did not help in changing the political atmosphere in the country.

Ever since the entry of Rahu in Cancer (from June 5, 1980) and the Saturn-Mars conjunction of June 24, 1980, the people of Pakistan have been showing signs of restiveness—the opposition to the General has been growing. The recent attempted coup by the army officers and the call by the clergy for a *jehad* against Zia confirm this.

The solar eclipse of August 10, 1980, was positioned exactly over the radical Sun, which is in the 12th house of Zia's horoscope and thus has a direct bearing on his future prospects as the ruler of Pakistan. Though nothing untoward is likely to occur immediately, the malignant effect of the planets will be in evidence either in the last week of November, or early in 1981, or in March-April 1981. Beyond this it will be difficult for Zia to rule. Either he should hold elections immediately or risk a revolt by the army or a rebellion by the people—if not both—during one of the periods mentioned above.

S.K.K.



## Ravi Shankar

**B**ORN on April 4, 1920, at 6.00 a.m. in Varanasi. A very strong conjunction of Jupiter and Venus in the 12th house and an exact conjunction of Jupiter and Neptune in the 4th house, near the cusp of the 5th, have given a spiritual quality to his personality.

Neptune has given him a passion for music. His health and popularity will stand by him and he will be able to achieve from his profession spiritual salvation and peace. His intuitive faculties are not likely to diminish either. He is able to control his emotions through the power of meditation.

There are no conflicts in store. He has achieved the ultimate fulfilment through music and a supreme mastery over materialism has helped him live in total rapport with his Creator.

G.M.

## Sunil Gavaskar

**B**ORN on July 10, 1949. Being a Gemini, his talents are multiple. He has tact, diplomacy and adroitness. The Jupiter-Herschel trine indicates originality, championship and leadership. His superb performances were due to the transit of Jupiter around his radical Mars, Sun and Venus. With 23 centuries in 63 Tests (three of them double centuries), he is now in sight of Don Bradman's record.

At the time of his birth, the Sun and the Moon were in opposition—in Gemini and Sagittarius, respectively. He could have broken Bradman's record within a short span of time if Saturn had not entered the solar sign of Virgo. However, if he is really determined, he can hit off the remaining 6 centuries before mid 1981—because, from June 1981 till the end of 1982, Saturn is going to transit in a square to the Sun-Moon and may affect his prospect of standing on the same peak as Bradman. Consequently he will have to wait till 1983 for a better phase

S.K.K.



## Lata Mangeshkar

**B**ORN on September 28, 1929, at 10.47 pm in Indore. The presence of Jupiter in opposition to the Ascendant gave her a troubled childhood and adolescence. Her frail frame has ample stamina thanks to the time aspect of the Ascendant Mars.

She has reached the zenith of her career—there are no new vistas to explore. The position of Jupiter in the 12th house in a harmonious aspect with Mercury and Mars will ultimately make her a recluse around 1984. She has got a fairly long span of life and a rare capacity to get over physical exhaustion.

She is advised to guard against stomach and gas trouble.

G.M.



## Amitabh Bachchan

**H**E was born on October 11, 1942, around 4 p.m. Pisces in his horoscope comes under the twin rule of Jupiter-Neptune and is rising on the Ascendant. The true philosophy of the Piscean is immunity from material wants and is reflected in his attitudes. The typical Neptunian heart is, after all, free from greed.

Five planets are located in the 7th house of Amitabh's horoscope. Neptune is a planet of the cine fraternity whereas Venus denotes artistic talent. Both these are in wide conjunction and stand for artistic genius. The Mars-Mercury combination denotes tremendous energy and an aggressive spirit. Hence his effectiveness in portraying the Angry Young Man.

During the next couple of years Amitabh has to combat various odds, but he will be able to cope with them. A small ailment is likely to afflict him in mid 1982.

Amitabh's really critical period, however, will be between 1983 and 1986 when he is likely to think of retiring from the screen. By that time, he will be 40. He has a strong intuition about his future and, therefore, would not like to fall from public grace.

S.K.K.



## Atal Behari Vajpayee

**A**TAL BEHARI VAJPAYEE, according to records, was born on December 25, 1924, at 1.37 am in Delhi.

With Libra rising at about  $26^{\circ}$ , he is not given to aggressiveness as a politician. His Sun is heavily afflicted by Mars from the 3rd and 6th houses, which indicates that he is a man of strong sentiments and rigid principles.

Vajpayee's health will be indifferent, because his progressed Ascendant is in opposition to the radical Moon and the progressed Sun is in square aspect to Jupiter. Between 1981 and 1983, he is likely to stage a comeback to power. But the adverse aspects between the Moon and the radical Uranus are likely to lead to an ailment of the kidneys and the liver and this may force him to abandon active politics by 1985-86. However, Vajpayee's is a chart of conflicts and, despite bad health, he will continue to uphold the ideals dear to him at the cost of straining himself.

The close conjunction of Jupiter and Venus in the second house in the fiery sign, Sagittarius, has given him a commanding power of oratory, but at present the progressed Venus will be opposing his radical Rahu. This aspect is likely to add acidity to his speech—and this may result in a misinterpretation of his statements. In these circumstances, he is advised to be cautious in speech.

In the next two years, Vajpayee will gain popularity, but it is imperative that he does not endanger his health.

G.M.



## M.G. Ramachandran

**B**ORN at Kandy, Sri Lanka, on January 17, 1917, at 9.15 am (IST), M.G.

Ramachandran has a horoscope that shows an Ascendant of Pisces  $10^{\circ}$  and a few minutes. The chart has complicated squares and indicates a person who has had to fight his way through life from the very beginning. An inherent capacity to struggle against odds and a stubborn regard for principles have brought MGR into eminence. His present phase of achievement will receive several jolts by 1982, followed by a period of about three years of renewed conflict during which he will have to contend with severe opposition. He will find it difficult to nominate a successor. The conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter, beginning December 31, will reduce the strength of his supporters and admirers.

Regarding health, MGR is warned against blood-pressure and tension which can lead to a difficult situation in 1982. The movement of Mars from January to March 1982 cannot be considered favourable, because Mars is practically retrograde on February 1 at  $17^{\circ}$  Libra and its movement will go on affecting the four planets which occupy the 10th and 11th houses, especially Saturn, which is in his 5th house.

The chart indicates renunciation of all public activities and a quiet retirement and contemplation for at least three to four years.

G.M.

## Margaret Thatcher

**F**OR Mrs Margaret Thatcher, the transit of Jupiter in the 10th house and around the radical Sun will help her continue as Prime Minister till the end of 1981. Mrs Thatcher was born with the Scorpio Ascendant and Saturn close to it. This is excellent for a politician and it has invested her with courage and enterprise.

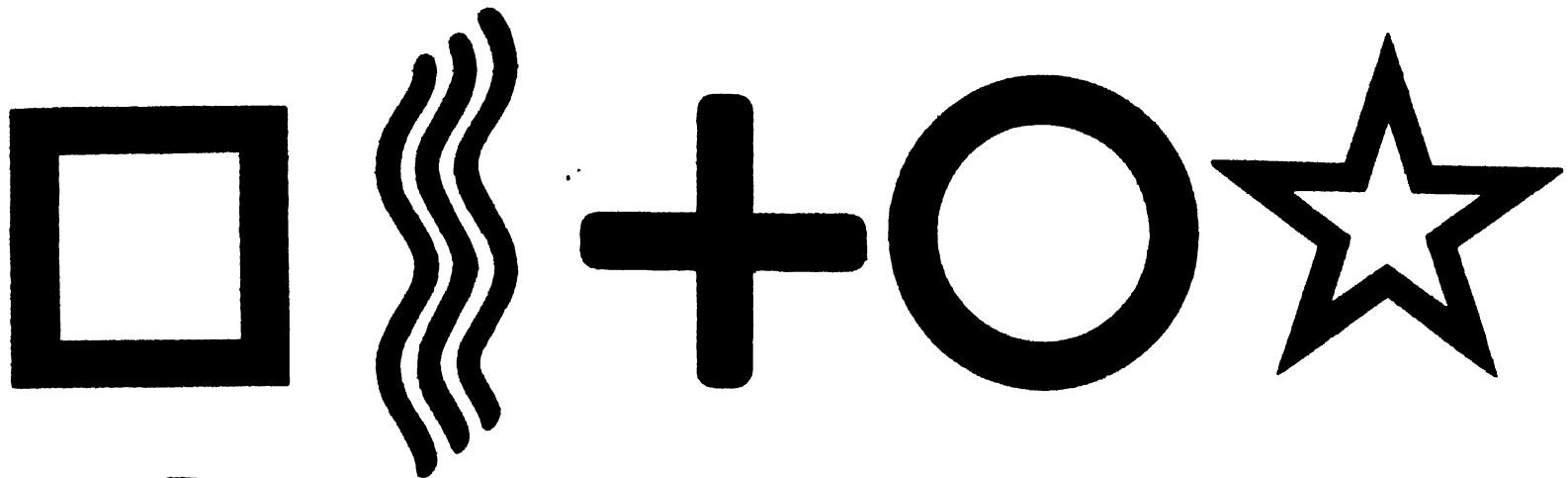
But, in 1982, Saturn will be in Libra and quite close to the Sun, so Mrs Thatcher will face considerable opposition—in the party as well as in her country. This despite her foresight and assertiveness, which she acquires through the Moon-Neptune conjunction and through her Sun being in Libra.

The planetary configurations for Great Britain also suggest some changes within a couple of years. Saturn and Pluto in the 7th house and Rahu near the 10th house from the end of 1982 indicate a change of leadership and also a mid-term poll.

This may well bring Mrs Thatcher's Premiership to an end by 1982.

S. K. K.





# Of ESP And Astrology

by Bejan Daruwalla

**T**AKE a good look at these symbols. We are going to test your ESP by them. Later on, we are going to blend it with astrology. The symbols are actually cards designed at the Parapsychology Laboratory (Duke University, USA) to test extra-sensory perception. Extra-sensory perception is the faculty of seeing mentally what is happening or existing out of sight. You can call it intuition, or the sixth sense.

For the ESP symbol test, you need congenial surroundings and self-confidence. Patience helps. Ready for it? As you can't do your own testing, you will need another person to help you. Sit comfortably on a chair, keep a table opposite you, and let the other person remain seated, facing you. According to the Instruction Sheet of the Duke University, a piece of cardboard or plywood, 18" by 24" placed on the table between experimenter and subject will serve to conceal the cards during the test. You are the subject and the other person, the experimenter.

Five cards, each of a different symbol, as shown on this page, will be in the experimenter's hands. He will shuffle them, so that you can't see, and then place them, face downwards on the table. The experimenter will lift the first card, request you to guess it, record your guess on a piece of paper. He will do likewise with the second card, the third, the fourth, the fifth. You can take your own time about it. The interpreter will repeat this entire process, four times. That means, totally, you will guess twenty-five cards. Every guess is a test, a trial.

Twenty-five trials or tests make one run. Four runs, therefore, means that you have guessed a hundred cards.

## How To Evaluate?

How to evaluate your ESP rating? The Evaluation clarifies: "The average score to be expected from chance alone is 20% or five hits per run of 25 cards. In four runs, 20 hits would be chance expectations. The subject's success is evaluated by size of his deviation from the chance rate; that is the number of hits beyond that expected from pure chance." Settle in advance as to how many runs would be made in a series. Here's the Duke University evaluation table to estimate your ESP success:

Number of runs of 25 trials	Chance	Fair Success (odds 20 + to 1)	Excellent Results (odds 250 + to 1)
4	20	28	32
10	50	63	69
50	250	279	293
100	500	540	560

There are various other methods of testing: the GESP test, the BT clairvoyance test, the DT clairvoyance test, the matching clairvoyance test. Those of you interested in these and the pack of cards, may get them from, Haines House of Cards, Norwood, Ohio 45212. Alternatively, no harm in having, that is, devising your own cards, carrying these 5 symbols. Twenty-five cards, each symbol of

five cards, are enough. Should you feel like probing further into the mysteries of the ESP card, please read *Parapsychology, Frontier Science of the Mind*, by J.B. Rhine and J.G. Pratt.

Yes, this astrologer uses the cards and their symbols for astrology. The cross symbol stands for the planet Venus, the circle for the moon, the star for the Sun, the wavy lines for the planet of eccentricity and originality Uranus; the square represents Jupiter. Explaining why these symbols are related to these planets is outside the scope of the article.

## Have A Good, Long Look

I want you to have a good, long look at these symbols, once again. Choose

riches; the Cross - planet

Venus—love, comfort, sacrifice, beauty, art; the Circle - the Moon—imagination, fertility, femininity, laziness; the Square - planet Jupiter—expansion, progress, conservatism, spirituality, protection; Wavy Lines - planet Uranus—eccentricity, invention, originality, love of freedom and freerplay.

Generally, those who select the Star as the first preference are ambitious and dominating. If you like the Cross best, accept sensuality, as well as sacrifice, as part of your make-up. If the Circle be your first love, it shows spiritual tendencies, a hyper-sensitive nature, wild imagination, and a streak of femininity even in the males (nothing wrong in it, if you ask me, as most poets have feminine souls!) Those who love the Wavy Lines, will do splendidly in the arts as well as the sciences, but not commerce. If the Square is your first love, you will be lucky, find protection and money, and never remain poor.

## Not Infallible

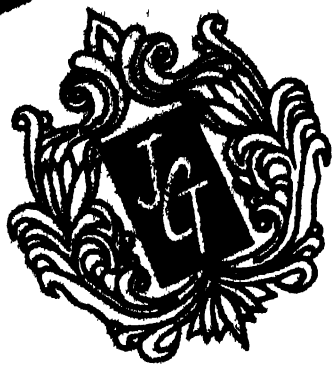
The third card you choose is the balance-wheel of your personality. Often, it shows what helps you from going off your mind. By my findings, the Sun gives results in one's 19th year, Venus around the 24th year, the Moon in the 5th or the 11th year, Uranus around the 32nd year, Jupiter around the 23rd and the 32nd year. One can combine it with the horoscope, as I do, or use this method by itself. It is exciting, informative, but not infallible. Nothing ever is



cut out for



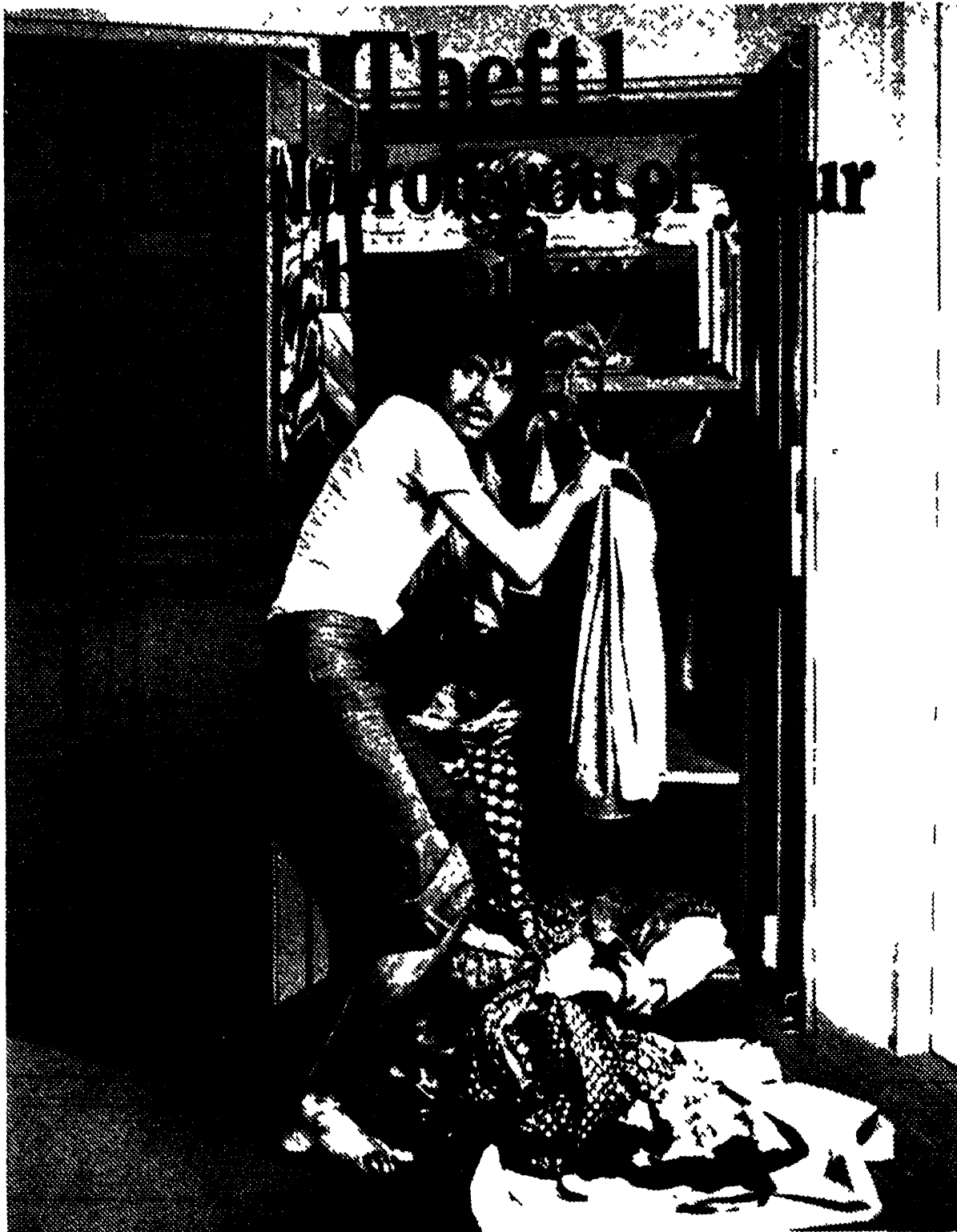
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# Those Baffling Nadis

The astrological 'nadis' or 'sambhitas' are India's unique contribution to the science of divination. These manuscripts, compiled in the hoary past, have "readings" for everyone.

by Badri Narayan

**A**STROLOGY tries to probe the mystery of predestination. It is rooted in our urge to understand ourselves and our place in the universe by unravelling conditions obtaining in our personal lives. Unique amongst this ancient astrological esoterica are the *nadi-granthas* of Hindu astrology. These manuscripts are veritable storehouses of diverse horoscopic patterns, character delineations and related predictions all set down for generations past and present and those yet to come.

A number of these baffling *nadis*, or astrological *sambhitas*, as they are also called, exist in manuscript form on palm-leaf and paper, largely in Sanskrit and Tamil, under various names like the *Bhrigu-sambhita*, the *Surya-sambhita*, the *Shukra-nadi*, the *Dhruva-nadi*, the *Nandi-nadi*, the *Bhujander-nadi*, the *Nava-nadi*, etc. The *Bhrigu-sambhita* and the *Shukra-nadi* are perhaps the most well known in the series.

## Their Origin

The origin of the *nadis* is lost in antiquity, but tradition ascribes them to the yogic insights of the venerable gnostic *rishis*.

Of paramount significance in the *nadis* is the division of each zodiac into 150 *amshas*, each named differently (beginning from an *amsha* called *Vasudha* and ending with another called *Parameshwari*). The *amshas* symbolise "astrogenetic" determinants which specify a person's characteristics, both mental and physical, and the main course of his life's events, including the potentialities and the limits of variability.

Prognostication also depends on the accuracy of reckoning the ascendant or rising sign at birth; on an astonishingly sophisticated inquiry regarding birth factors, which refer to the instant of conception, the fertilisation of the ovum (*adhana*); the

initial emergence of the child's head (*shirodaya*); and "descent to earth" corresponding to the moment of the severing of the umbilical cord and the child's consequent independent entity (*bhoopatana*).

The *nadis* have grown from the same matrix that has composed Hindu philosophy, with its central concept of life as consisting of cycles of birth, flourishing and decadence. Therefore, in addition to the present birth, the *nadis* describe a past and future birth.

The pages or leaves of a *nadi* will exert their strongest spell upon a person as sensitive indicators of the course of his life, provided the reading refers to an identical horoscopic pattern. Matters pertaining to genealogy, property, speech, children, enemies, illnesses, marriage, beliefs, professions, relations, friends, death are dealt with in the framework of the 12 zodiac signs—and the subject is given advice and guidance in the *nadis*—solemn warnings, felicitous auguries and sudden twists and turns of a personal destiny are fascinatingly and bewilderingly revealed.

## In Recent Years

In recent years, general interest in the *nadis* has grown enormously. A large share for the stimulus goes to B.V. Raman, the doyen of India's contemporary astrologers. His writings, lectures and the pages of his *Astrological Magazine* have shed much light on the *nadis*. Introducing the *nadi-granthas* to the Western world during an address to the members of the Astrological Lodge of London, Raman emphasised that the *nadi* contained the key to astrology. "Till about the 1930s," he said, "the *nadis* were not known even to the majority of Hindu astrologers." And that "investigations into the *nadi* system have brought out several important matters of astrological and



S. N. Kulkarni

WHAT THE 'NADIS' FORETELL. A pundit with his *sambhita*.

philosophical interest—the existence of certain basic patterns of destiny... certain conditional predictions such as serious illness, or death of a wife, etc, suggesting that the evils can be overcome by suitable remedial measures, implying thereby scope for the exercise of man's volition".

Some other comments and observations made by a *nadi* reader and astrologer provide interesting information: "In Sanskrit, the word *nadi* usually means a fine tubular stalk, something pipe-like, a human artery or vein or pulse; in astrology, it denotes a certain measurement of time. It is not possible to trace the chronology or the development in the area of the *nadi-granthas* with any historical accuracy. According to ancient legends, the *rishi* Bhrigu, renowned as a *trikala-gyani* (knower of past, present and future) and connected with fire and knowledge, composed a copious work called the *Bhrigu-sambhita* which became the archetypal *nadi*. The object of the prodigious work was to guide and

benefit the erring, unhappy humans of the age of Kali.

"Genuine *nadis* are rare and they are mostly in the private possession of traditional astrologer families. In manner and treatment, the formulae followed by the *nadis* are apparently different from those in vogue in general astrology. A particular horoscopic pattern found in a *nadi* must categorically belong to that particular person. Importance is laid on predictions and operations that bring relief and not much can be said about how these readings and perspectives have been arrived at.

"The *nadis* are worded in an astrological jargon and code, and the compact aphorisms contained in them require proper comprehension and interpretation."

For example, a plain phrase like *yantra vidya* could broadly refer to engineering, technology, the art of making mechanical contrivances; *raja vidya* may mean statecraft, politics, diplomacy, etc; *vyapar vidya* could relate to commerce, economics, business acumen, shopkeeping.

Astrology and the *nadi*, if put to proper use, work like psychological assistance in times of personal stress and emotional disturbance. The *nadis* were composed for the guidance and the betterment of mankind prone to affliction and tragedy, for individual good and collective welfare. The best of astrological lessons that one can learn is that of the incidents of joy and sorrow to come in one's life and be prepared, as well as one can, to face ill health and other problems. Also, since joy and sorrow both do not endure, the astrological discipline can stimulate a speculative turn of mind, encourage a philosophical outlook on life and its problems. ■

## MAHARSHI BHRIGU— watercolour by the author



S. N. Kulkarni



ILLUSTRATED BY DATTA PADEKAR

# The Indian Firmament

**What is the contribution of ancient Indians to astronomy? How far were they indebted to the Babylonians and the Greeks? Can we rely on the assessment of European indologists?**

**It is likely Indian astrology rather than Indian astronomy is indebted to foreign sources.**

by R.G.K.

THE contribution of ancient India to the sciences is not sufficiently appreciated by Indians themselves. India certainly did not make aircraft and submarines nor did it explode atom bombs in the dim past. While there is no room for chauvinism in science or any other subject, there must be legitimate pride in the achievements of one's country. Even though we sometimes romanticise our past we fail to inspire in our children an interest in history. Our past is still largely an unexplored field and full of challenges to the quizzing archaeologist, historian, scientist and linguist. However, our universities, being primarily examining bodies, have done precious little to encourage students in the rediscovery—and reassessment—of our heritage and in filling the gaps in the knowledge of our past.

We owe a great deal to foreign scholars for our understanding of prehistoric and ancient India. Most of them were men of dedication who had mastered more than one Indian language and more than one Indian discipline. Unfortunately, a majority of them were reluctant to concede the

strides taken by us in mathematics and astronomy: they tended to attribute the fount of all wisdom to the Greeks. Indian indologists, on the other hand, have been neither as numerous nor as distinguished as their Western counterparts. Also quite a few of them have not had the courage to carry out investigations on independent lines.

Mahamahopadhyaya P.V. Kane, who seldom takes an extreme position and is invariably guarded in his observations, says: "About astronomy and astrology, as developed in India, Western scholars such as Weber, Whitney and Thibaut have propounded many sweeping and unwarranted theories based on flimsy data." He adds with some acerbity: "At present such nations as England, France, Germany, the USSR and the USA are the foremost nations in science and technology and industry, but they clung for 1,400 years to the *Almagest* of Ptolemy as their astronomical bible, were ignorant of the decimal place value system and the use of a sign for zero till the so-called 'Arabic numerals' (borrowed from India) were introduced into Europe.

"The intolerance and ignorance of bigoted priests went so far as to condemn Galileo... to perpetual imprisonment at the age of 70 for no greater offence than holding fast to the Copernican theory. Hardly any parallel to such an attempt to suppress honest difference of opinion as regards heavenly bodies can be found in any non-European country..."

## 2,000 Years before Copernicus

Some Europeans have, albeit grudgingly, spoken in admiration of the early Indian quest for knowledge. Sir Monier Monier-Williams has paid a tribute "of respect to the acuteness of the Hindu mind which seems to have made some shrewd astronomical guesses more than 2,000 years before the birth of

Copernicus". A.L. Basham, on the other hand, says: "Western astronomy brought to India the signs of the zodiac, the seven-day week, the hour and several other ideas. Thanks to their achievements in mathematics Indian astronomers made some advances on the knowledge of the Greeks, and passed their lore, with that of mathematics, back to Europe by way of the Arabs."

## General Ignorance

A. Berriedale Keith observes: "The characteristics of this period (the Vedic presumably) are a general ignorance of the mean motions of the sun and the moon, resulting in faulty appreciation of the length of years and months; a total ignorance of the true motion as opposed to mean motion; the teaching of an equal daily increase of the length of the day; dividing the sphere into 27 or 28 *nakshatras*; entertaining fantastic ideas of the constitution of the earth and the universe; and determination of false premises to work out large numerical calculations." Mr Keith, however, fails to record whether civilisations contemporaneous with the Vedic were in any way superior in their knowledge of the stars and in the measurement of time.

Our forbears personified the forces of nature, invented eight elephants that supported space and spoke of the sun and the moon going round Mount Meru. But consider the following passage from the *Aitareya Brahmana* of the Rigveda:

*The sun never sets nor rises. When people think to themselves the sun is setting, he only changes about (viparyasate) after reaching the end of the day, and makes night below and day to what is on the other side. Then, when people think he rises in the morning, he only shifts himself after reaching the end of the night and makes day below and night to what is on the other side. In fact, he never does set at all. Whoever knows this, that the sun never sets, enjoys union and*

*sameness of nature with him and abides in the same place.*

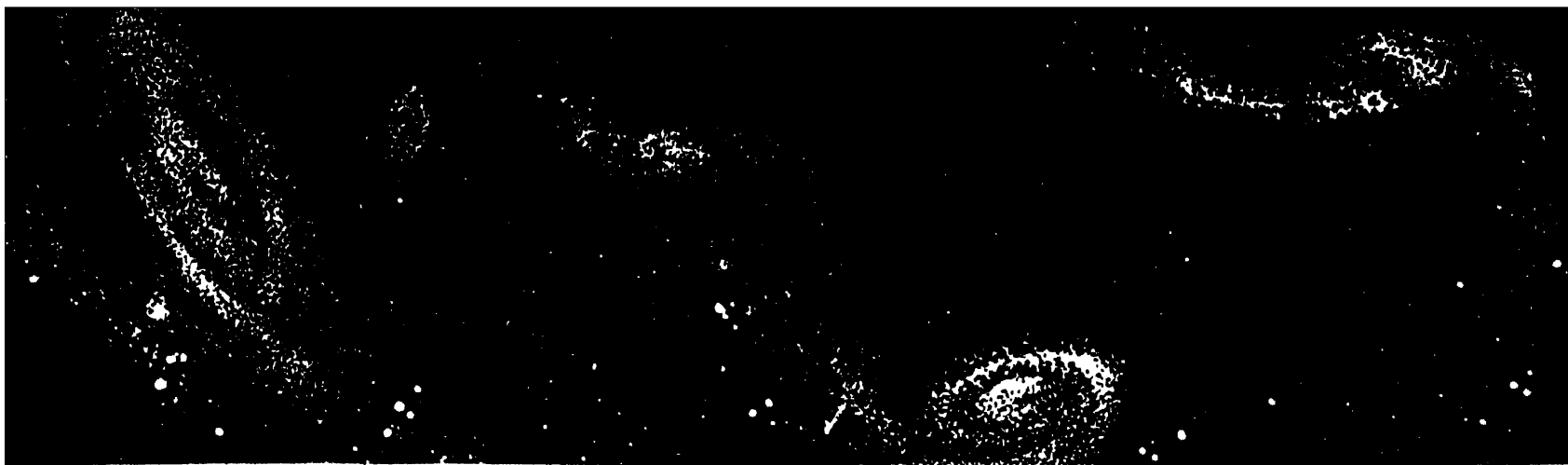
To what period do we assign the *Aitareya Brahmana* and the Vedas in general? According to Western scholars the Rigveda belongs to 1500 BC. But there is no conclusive evidence for such a view. Bal Gangadhar Tilak is one Indian scholar who has been accused of chauvinism in trying to push back the date of the Vedas. The Lokamanya has sought to determine the antiquity of these texts on the basis of the position of certain *nakshatras* in relation to the sun as mentioned in the Vedas.

## Did We Borrow the Nakshatras?

There is a controversy as to whether the *nakshatras*, asterisms or lunar mansions (*i.e.* the 27 or 28 positions occupied by the moon in one sidereal rotation) are Indian in origin: Originally it was thought that the Vedic Aryans borrowed them from the Chinese *hsu*, a wholly untenable view since one cannot point to any other Chinese element in the Vedic world-view. Later it has been suggested that the Chinese borrowed the asterisms from us while, at the same time, the view is not ruled out that the two peoples evolved the system independently of each other!

## Give and Take

When one discusses the question of knowledge that is borrowed or lent, one must remember that there was much give and take in the ancient world. Not only the western parts of the Indian subcontinent, but even the southern parts had contacts with the Middle East and China. While the primitive Aryans before they branched off into various countries must have shared a common heritage it must not be forgotten that they and their successors had contacts with Babylonia, Egypt and the pre-Aryan civilisation of India.



Indologists have also failed to take into account the Dravidian factor. H.J.J. Winter claims that "by the study of two Greek papyri of the Roman period, which seem to have been written c AD 100 and c 250 respectively, and the Tamil methods of reckoning time, O. Neugebauer has revealed the persistence of the Babylonian methods of the Hellenistic period up till recent times in Southern India". But is it not possible that the Dravidians, believed to be a Mediterranean race, and the Babylonians had a common heritage? And is it always necessary to think that the Tamils borrowed from the Babylonians? It is almost certain that the Babylonians had contacts with Southern India and possibly also with the Dravidians of the north-west of the Indian subcontinent.

Winter also suggests the possibility that the *nakshatras* are of Harappan origin: this he bases on the recent attempt by Finnish philologists to read the Indus Valley script using a computer method. There is, however, another school which believes that the Harappan language was Indo-Aryan.

### The Year is the Sacrifice

Reverting to Bal Gangadhar Tilak and his researches into the Vedas. In the Vedic *Samhitas* and *Brahmanas* the year or the *samvatsara* is equated with the *yajna* or the sacrifice. But, according to Tilak, there are two types of years in the Vedas, though the *Vedangajyotisha* itself has a year that commences with the winter solstice. The Vedas mention that the middle day or the *vishuvan*\* of the annual *satra* (sacrifice) divides the year into two equal halves. Now this *vishuvan* could be either of the two equinoxes, vernal or autumnal. There was a civil year and a sacrificial year and the latter most often began with the vernal equinox.

The sense in which *utarayana* is used in the Vedas (the more common word then was *devayana*) is also different from how it came to be

\*From *vishuvan* is derived the name of the Kerala festival *Vishu* which is supposed to be observed on the solar New Year's Day, on the vernal equinox. Nowadays *Vishu* is celebrated in mid-April while, strictly, it falls on March 28.

understood in later times. It was not the period between the winter and summer solstices as it is now but between the vernal equinox and the autumnal equinox. Similarly the period between the autumnal and vernal equinoxes was *pūryana*, equivalent to *dakshinayana*.

### Three Vedic Periods

Based on these findings, the Lokamanya divided the Vedic age into three broad periods. The oldest was the Aditi or "pre-Orion" period when the vernal equinox was "in or near" the asterism Punarvasu (Geminorum): 6000 to 4000 BC. The next was the Orion: 4000 to 2500 BC. The third period had Krttika (Pleiades) in the vernal equinox. Tilak says: "It was the period of the *Taittiriya Samhita* and several of the *Brahmanas*. The hymns of the Rigveda had already become antique and unintelligible by this time..." It was because of the precession of the equinoxes that the relative *nakshatras* were different.

It is interesting to note here that from about AD 400 *nakshatras* came to be enumerated from Asvini to Revati which shows there was a further precession of the equinoxes from the time when the list of *nakshatras* started with Krttika and ended with Apabharani or Bharani. In the later reckoning the asterism Abhijit is not included. About its exclusion, Tilak observes: "It marked the approach of *vishuvan* in the primitive sacrificial calendar, but when it ceased to be used for that purpose owing to the falling back of the seasons, it was naturally dropped from the list of *nakshatras* as it was far away from the zodiac."

The asterisms were divided into *Devanakshatras* (Krttika to Visakha) and *Yamanakshatras* (Anuradha to Apabharani). Some auspicious *nakshatras* have been mentioned in the Vedas themselves. In the Rigveda the cows were driven to the bridegroom's house on Aghas (Maghas) and the bride was carried in a chariot to the groom's house in Arjuni (Phalguni) *nakshatra*. In the *Baudhayana Grhyasutra* the asterisms for marriage are Rohini, Mrgasirsha, Uttaraphalguni and Svati. Some asterisms were regarded as *apunya* and some as *papa* like Jyeshtha and Mula.

P.V. Kane also seems to agree with Tilak in the matter of the Krttika period being around 2500 BC. He observes: "Why the *nakshatra* lists begin with Krttika in the Vedic literature and why with Asvini in classical Sanskrit literature can be explained only on astronomical considerations. The vernal equinox was in Krttika about 2300 BC. Instead of admitting this as a probable date for the Vedic works, Fleet boldly asserts that the list of *nakshatras* beginning with Krttika has no basis in fact, but belongs entirely to ritual and astrology."

The Mahamahopadhyaya also refers to the "contemptuous" statements made by European scholars about Indians not only with regard to astronomy "but also generally". Whitney, for example, says: "There can be no question that, from what we know in other respects of the character and tendencies of the Hindu mind, we should not at all look to find the Hindus in possession of an astronomical science: possessing so much of truth."

The Vedic Aryans or whoever were the early Indians could not have gained much knowledge of astronomy in the remote past from the Greeks because the astronomical lore contained in the earliest extant literature (900 to 800 BC) of the latter does not even mention the equinoxes. The Egyptians, the Babylonians, the Hittites (they were probably Aryans) and the Chaldeans hardly applied mathematics to astronomy as our forbears did.

### Not Respected

Astrology came to be called *nakshatravidya*, but the *nakshtradarsas* (star-gazers) and *ganakas* (those who calculated the movements of the stars and the planets) were looked down upon. Those who maintained themselves by astrology were not fit to be invited to rites in honour of the gods and the *puts*. Kautilya also condemned reliance on *nakshatra* astrology, though (and here is a contradiction) he suggests that "the king should appoint a priest... who has well studied the divine and other portents." (See box on "the ideal astrologer".)

In the *Taittiriya Brahmana* the asterism Chitra is said to be the head of Prajapati; Svati the heart; Hasta the hand; Visakha the thighs; and Anuradha the feet. There is a similar idea expressed in relation to the signs of the zodiac in Badarayana's portrayal of the Brahman. Max Mueller translates it thus: "The ram is the head, the face of the Creator is the bull, the breast would be the man pair, the heart the crab, the lion the stomach, the maid the hip, the balance-bearer the belly, the eighth (scorpion) the membrum, the archer his pair of thighs, the fish his two feet." There is a similar representation of the Kalapurusha in the *Brhajataka*.

### Did We Borrow the Zodiac?

The origin of the zodiacal belt is a matter of controversy. The Indian names, or at any rate their synonyms, of the 12 *rasis* that form the zodiac are, according to Weber and some others, borrowed from the Greeks, but this view has been vehemently opposed by Indian authorities.

P.V. Kane has quoted the *Brhajataka* for the appearance of the *rasis*: "The sign of Mina (Pisces) appears as two fishes (each facing the tail of the other), Kumbha appears as a man carrying an empty jar placed on his shoulder, Gemini is represented as a man carrying a mace and a woman holding a lute, Sagittarius is a man with a bow whose legs are like those of a horse, Capricorn is a crocodile with the face of a deer, Libra is a person holding the scales, Virgo is represented by a maiden in a boat with an ear of corn in one hand and fire in the other; the remaining signs are similar (in form) to the objects indicated by their names and all signs reside in places appropriate to their names"

### From Rat to Pig

While the *rasi* names have almost the same meanings in Babylonia, in Europe and in India, in China they are different. The figures representing the *rasis* there are the rat, the ox, the tiger, the hare, the dragon, the snake, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the hen, the dog and the pig.



It is the view of Mahamahopadhyaya Kane that we borrowed the signs of the zodiac from the Babylonians—not from the Greeks. He observes that the Indians in their travels must have seen representations of the signs in Babylonia. "The theory that is sought to be propounded," he says, "is that the sight of the signs of the zodiac on such patent objects as monuments and boundary stones in the fourth and third centuries BC excited the curiosity of Indians visiting Babylonia, that on knowing their significance they brought the knowledge back to their country and fitted it on to the *nakshatra* astrology that already existed in India and developed the *rasi* astrology in their own way."

## Two Possibilities

The question, however, deserves further study. The Mahamahopadhyaya himself refers to the Hittites of the Middle East who spoke an Indo-European tongue resembling Sanskrit and to the presence of Tamil names in the Hebrew chronicles. This suggests two possibilities: that the Babylonians were influenced by their Aryan neighbours or by the Dravidians. In the matter of the *grhas* or planets also indologists have neglected to study the Dravidian tradition: the Dravidian names of the sun, the moon and all planets except Mercury and Saturn (all names in common usage) have nothing Sanskrit about them. Here again the Dravidians—remembering that they were a Mediterranean race—shared a common lore with the Babylonians.

As far as the Vedas are concerned, there are few express references to the planets except Jupiter in the *Samhitas* and *Brahmanas*. Rahu and Ketu are referred to in the *Chhandogya Upanishad* and the *Maitrayani Upanishad* respectively.

The post-Vedic centuries saw a great spurt in astrology. The *Brahajataka*, the *Saravali* and the *Rajamartanda* set out the various names of the sun, the moon and the planets. Some of the synonyms of the heavenly bodies mentioned in them are, according to Western scholars, derived from the Greek, e.g., *Ara* for Mars, *Himna* for Mercury, *Jiva* for Jupiter, *Asphujit* for Venus and *Kona* for Sani. But this is disputed by Indian authorities.

## Greek Influence

Greek influence in Indian astrology and astronomy is a matter of debate. As far as astronomy is concerned, P.V. Kane says that "no Indian work of the *siddhanta* class admits that any Yavana knowledge was at the basis of Indian astronomy nor do these ancient Sanskrit works on *astronomy* (italics in the original) set out any larger number of purely astronomical terms of Greek origin as Varaha does in astrology."

There are two *siddhantas* whose characteristics have been summarised by Varahamihira in his *Karana*: they are the *Romaka* and the *Paulisa*. *Romaka* is believed by Western scholars to stand for the Alexandrian school and *Paulisa* is said to be borrowed from Paulus Alexandrinus (AD 4th century). Brahmagupta (b AD 598) condemns *Romaka* as beyond the pale of the *smritis* and in any case it did not have much of a vogue. P.V. Kane wonders if *Romaka* is not a work in Sanskrit by a Greek settled in India in the same manner as he thinks are the *Yavanajataka* and the *Vrdhayavanajataka* (both astrological works). As for the name *Paulisa*, he says he cannot agree with Thibaut that Pulisa has a non-Indian ring, considering such names as Pulastya and Pulaha.

The famous author of the *History of Dharmasastra* quotes Prof Neugebauer and his contention that the ancient Indians must have borrowed the eccentric-epicyclic model from the Greeks and says: "If ancient Indians were capable of analysing the elements of the Sanskrit language and raising such a system as Panini's, if they could plumb the depths of the human mind and create a mental discipline like Yoga, if they carefully noted down centuries before Christ the parts of the glottis and other organs in the mouth in the production of the letters of their language and produced the *Pratisakhya*s and *Siksha* works, if they could create a fable literature and invent the game of chess...if their knowledge of algebra was of a superior order...if they invented the decimal place system...and the sign of the zero, there is hardly any compelling reason for saying that it would not have been possible for them to arrive at their own eccentric and epicyclic system."

## Eighteen Siddhantas

The Rev Ebenezer Burgess, who has translated the *Surya Siddhanta*, counters the view of fellow Europeans that Indian astronomy was bodily taken from the Greeks. He says: "...from the light I now have, I must think the Hindus original in regard to most of the elementary facts and principles of astronomy as found in their systems, and for the most part also in their cultivation of the science; and that the Greeks borrowed from them, or from an intermediary secondary source, to which these facts and principles had come from India."

As for the theory of the epicycles, which is supposed to have been borrowed from the Greeks, Burgess says that the difference in the development of this theory in the Greek and Hindu systems precludes the idea that "one of these people derived more than a hint respecting it from the other". He goes so far as to say that the Greeks may have been the borrowers.

In Indian astrology there are many words that are apparently Greek in origin, for example *hora*. Burgess quotes Herodotus to show that the "sundial and the gnomon, with the division of the day into 12 parts, were received by the Greeks from the Babylonians." It is likely that both the Greeks and the Indians were influenced by the Babylonians and the Chaldeans in astrology. The concept of *dreskana* may be of foreign origin and can be traced to the Egyptian *decans* or guardian divinities.

There were said to have been 18 astronomical works called *siddhantas* of which only five had survived

during the time of Varahamihira (sixth century AD): *Surya*, *Paulisa*, *Romaka*, *Vasishtha* and *Pitamaha*. The number corresponds to that of the *puranas*. All the *siddhantas* are believed to be revelations, the most famous, *Surya* (AD 490), is said to have been revealed by the Sun God himself to Maya, an *asura*. There is speculation as to whether Maya was an Assyrian or a Babylonian. The *Surya Siddhanta* contains chapters on "the true positions of the planets", "the nature of eclipses", "helical risings and settings", "cosmogony, geography", "measuring instruments", etc. It contains a curious passage about "Forms of Time":

# The Ideal Astrologer



*I*n his *Brhatsamhita* Varahamihira has given a description of what he regards as the ideal astrologer:

*An astrologer ought to be of good family, friendly in his appearance, and fashionable in his dress; veracious and not malignant. He must have well-proportioned, compact and full limbs, no bodily defect, and be a fine man, with nice hands, feet, nails, eyes, chin, teeth, ears, brows, and head, and with a deep and clear voice; for generally one's good and bad moral qualities are in unison with one's personal appearance.*

*As to mathematical astronomy, he must know the divisions of the heaven and of time, in ages, years, half-years, seasons, months, half-months, days, watches, hours, half-hours, minutes, respirations, moments, sub-divisions of moments, etc, as taught in the five siddhantas. He must know the reason why there are four kinds of months—the solar (saura), natural (savana), stellar (nakshatra), and lunar (chandra) months—and how it happens that there are intercalary months and subtractive days.*

## 60-year Circle

*He must know the beginning and end of the Jovian cycle of 60 years, of the lustrums, years, days, hours and their respective lords. He must foretell the moment of commencement and separation, the direction, measure, duration, amount of obscuration, colour and place of the eclipses of sun and moon; also the future conjunctions and hostile encounters of the nine planets.*

*He must be skilful in ascertaining the distance of each planet from the earth, expressed in yojanas; further, the dimensions of their orbits and the distance of the places on earth in yojanas. He ought to be clever in geometrical operations and in the calculation of time.*

*If, moreover, he knows how to speak pithily, because he thoroughly understands all sorts of captious questions; if the science he expounds, by being put to the test by his own exertion and unceasing study, has become more refined—like gold is rendered purer by being put on the touchstone, by purification in fire, and by careful workmanship—then he may be said to be a scientific man.*

## A King Must Have An Astrologer

*It has been said: "How can one who solves no difficulty, nor answers any question, nor teaches his pupils, be styled a scientific man?" And thus it has been said by the great seer Garga: "The king who does not honour a scholar accomplished in horoscopy and astronomy comes to grief." "As the night without a light, as the sky without the sun, so is the king without an astrologer; like a blind man he erreth on the road." "No one who wishes for well-being should live in a country where there is no astrologer." "No one that has studied astrology can go to the infernal regions." "A person who, without knowing the science, exercises the profession of an astrologer is a wicked man and a disgrace to society. Consider him to be a mere star-gazer."*

—translated by Dr Kern



Forms of Time, of invisible shape, stationed in the zodiac (*bhagana*), called the conjunction (*si-girochcha*), apices (*mandochcha*) and node (*pata*), are causes of the motion of the planets.

The planets, attached to these beings by cords of air, are drawn away by them, with the right hand and the left hand, forward or backward, according to nearness, towards their own place.

A wind moreover, called provector (*pravaha*), impels them towards their own apices (*uchcha*), being drawn away forward and backward they proceed by a varying motion.

The so-called apex (*uchcha*), when in the half-orbit in front of the planet, draws the planet forward, in like manner, when in the half-orbit behind the planet, it draws it backward.

When the planets, drawn away by their apices, move forward in their orbits, the amount of the motion so caused is called excess (*dhana*), when they move backward, it is called their deficiency (*rina*)

### The Brahma-Egg

In the chapter on cosmogony, the *Surya Siddhanta* gives a detailed exposition of the varying relations of day and night in different parts of the globe which, according to Burgess, is "quite creditable to the ingenuity and the distinctness of apprehension of those by whom it was drawn out" Of the *Brahmanda* it says "This Brahma-egg is hollow, within it is the universe, consisting of earth, sky, etc, it has the form of a sphere, like a receptacle made of a pair of cauldrons" We must also note that the earth is referred to as *bhugola*, i.e. the earth-sphere

The diameter of the sun's disc is given as 6,500 *yojanas*, of the moon's as 480 *yojanas* and of the earth 1,600 *yojanas* While the diameter of the sun is wide of the mark, Burgess observes that the diameter of the earth in relation to that of the moon is fairly accurate

The most famous Indian astronomers (leaving out Sawai Jai Singh) were Aryabhata I (AD 499), Latadeva (AD 505), Varahamihira (AD 550), Brahmagupta (AD 628), Bhaskara I, Lalla (AD 748), Manjula (AD 932), Aryabhata II (AD 950) and Sripati (AD 1039)

### Aryabhata

Aryabhata belonged to Kusumapura, generally believed to be in Bihar, though some claim it was in Kerala, and we have only a few remnants of his works: the *Aryabhatiya*, the *Dasaguktikasutra*, the *Aryasataka*, the *Kalakriya* and the *Gola*. He was an outstanding mathematician and was one of the

earliest to apply mathematics to astronomy. A thousand years before Copernicus, Aryabhata conceived of a heliocentric universe. He held that the earth was a sphere, that it rotated on its axis and revolved around the sun.

He propounded the *laghava-gaurava nyaya* or "the logic of the light and the heavy". According to this the lighter or smaller object revolved round the heavier or bigger. This information is contained in a discourse of the elder Sankaracharya of Kanchi, Sri Chandrasekhara Sarasvati The Acharya also refers to a composition of Nilakantha Dikshita, the *Sivotkarshamanjari*, which contains the phrase, *Bhumir bhramayati* (the earth rotates/revolves)

### Varahamihira

Varahamihira, author of the *Panchasiddhanta*, was something of an encyclopaedist. He refused to accept conjunctions of planets as explaining eclipses and Alberuni thought highly of him. His *Brhatsamhita* is a mine of information and in it, as Berriedale Keith says, "he shows himself a master of the learning of the day in wide fields of knowledge, and thoroughly skilled in language and metre, not at times without a real touch of poetic ability" (Incidentally, there is a chapter in *Brhatsamhita* in praise of women that may gladden the hearts of female chauvinists) Varahamihira reformed the luni-solar calendar by taking into account precession

Brahmagupta was a talented mathematician and he was a critic of Aryabhata, though his *Khadakhadyaka* is based on a lost work by the latter. His writings were known in the western parts of the subcontinent during the Muslim invasion (AD 712) and it was about this time that Indian astronomy and mathematics passed to the Arabs

Bhaskara II was one of India's greatest mathematicians, famous for his *Lilavati*, *Bijaganita* and *Siddhanta Siromani*. Some of the mathematical problems he mentions and solves were understood by European mathematicians (Euler and Lagrange) only six centuries later

A. L. Basham points out that the precession of equinoxes was known and calculated with some accuracy by medieval Indian astronomers. The lengths of the various years, months and other astronomical constants, he says, were in many cases more exact than in the Graeco-Roman world. He adds "Eclipses were forecast with accuracy and their true causes understood" (Indian astronomers knew that the Rahu-Ketu myth was purely symbolic and some of their texts explicitly reject it)

### Gravitation

Sri Chandrasekhara Sarasvati, the elder Sankaracharya of Kanchi, is a storehouse of traditional Indian knowledge and he is not entirely

unacquainted with modern science. He makes the claim that ancient Indians did not have a static concept of the universe. He says that the very word *jagat* shows that they knew that the world, the cosmos, was always subject to motion. He also says that there are references in the old texts to gravitation, albeit in a rudimentary form. In his commentary to the *Prasna Upanishad* Adi Sankara refers to the gravitational pull of the earth. In this Upanishad there is a passage. "The divinity which is in the earth supports a person's outbreath. What is between the sun and the earth is the equalising breath." In his commentary Sankara says "Just as the earth attracts an object thrown up, the *prana* that goes up is drawn under by the *apana*"

Here, as a fitting conclusion, is given a few stanzas from the last chapter of the *Surya Siddhanta*

*Etan te paramakhyatam rahasyam  
paramadbhutam  
Brahmatat paramam punyam  
sarvapapapranasanam*

*Divyam charksham ghanam cha  
darsutam jnanamuttamam  
Vijnayarkadilokeshu sthanam  
prapnoti sasvatam*

*Ityuktva Mayamamantrya  
samyaktenabhijujah  
Divamachakramerkausah pravivesa  
khamandalam*

(Thus hath been told thee that supreme mystery, lofty and wonderful that sacred knowledge (*Brahman*))

most exalted, pure, all guilt destroying;

And the highest knowledge of the heaven, the stars, and the planets hath been exhibited: he who knoweth it thoroughly obtaineth in the worlds of the sun, etc, an everlasting place

With these words, taking leave of Maya, and being suitably worshipped by him, the part of the sun ascended to heaven and entered his own disc.)

### Acknowledgements

*The Orion Or Researches into the Antiquity of the Vedas* by Bal Gangadhar Tilak

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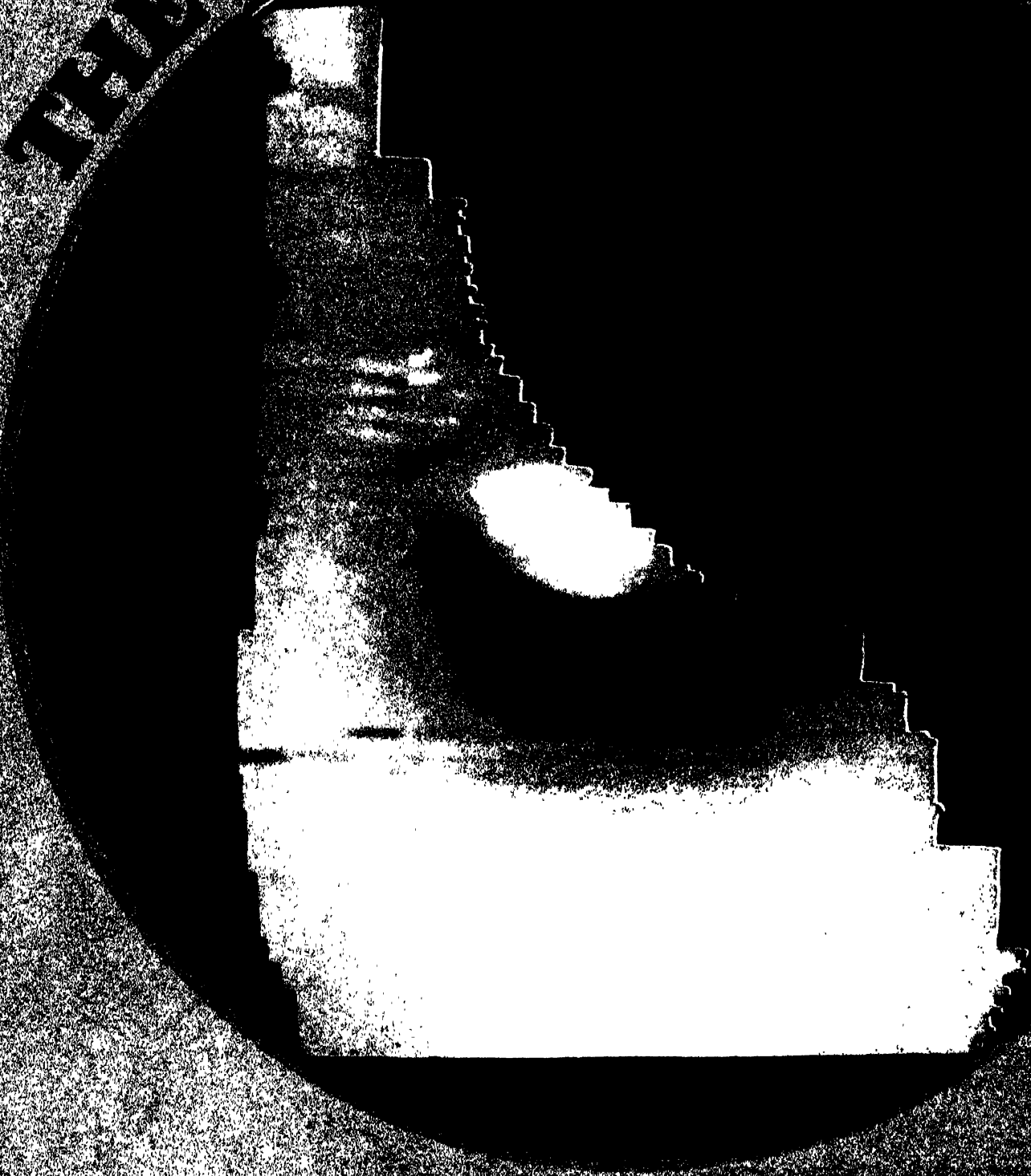
*Daivatn Kural* (Lamil discourses by Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekharendra Sarasvati Vijnati Patippakam

BEFORE RAHU  
COULD  
DEVOUR HIM.  
Surya from the  
Konarka temple,  
Orissa,  
photographed a  
day before the  
total eclipse of the  
sun on February  
16, 1980.



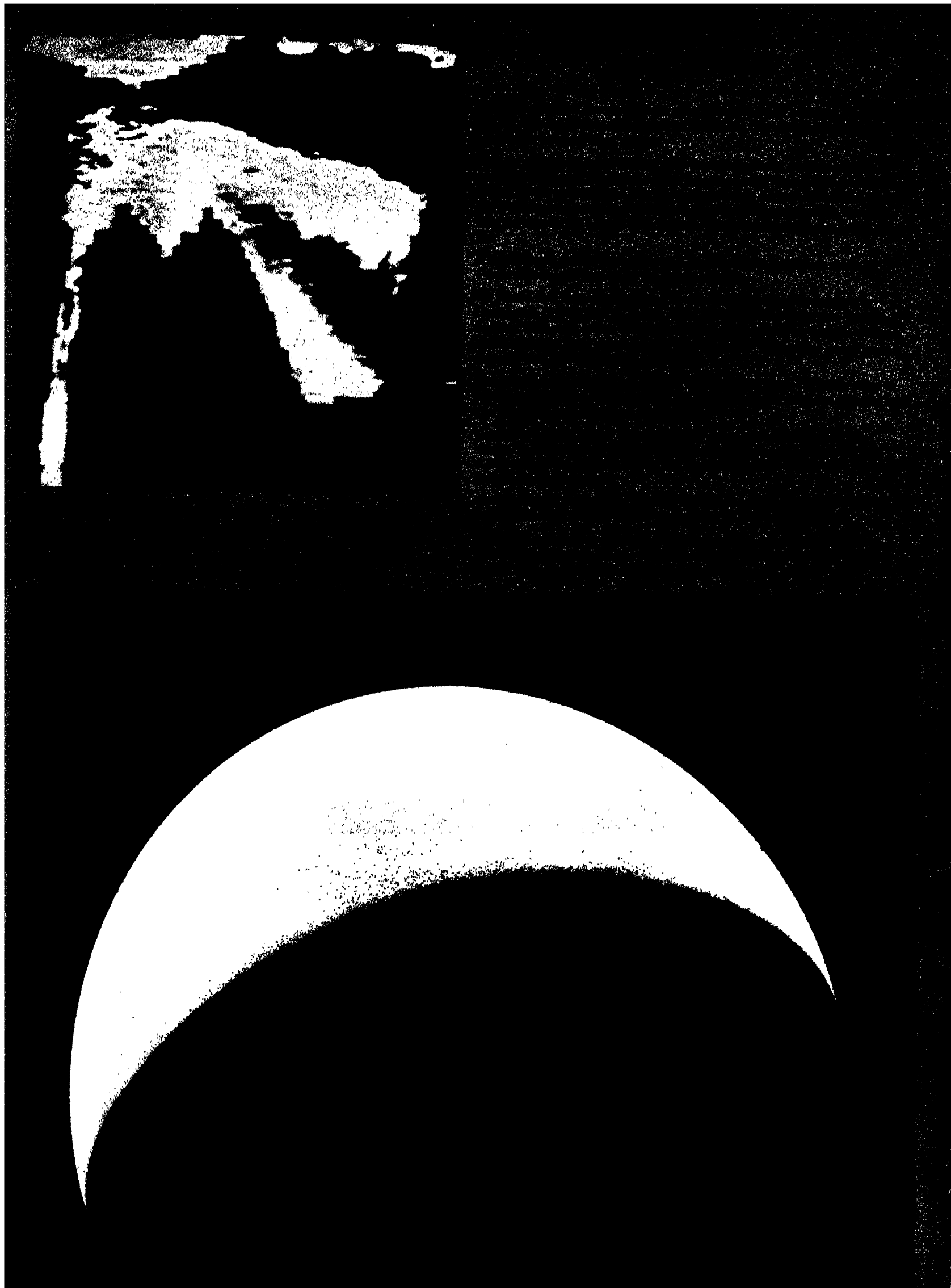
—Jitendra Arya

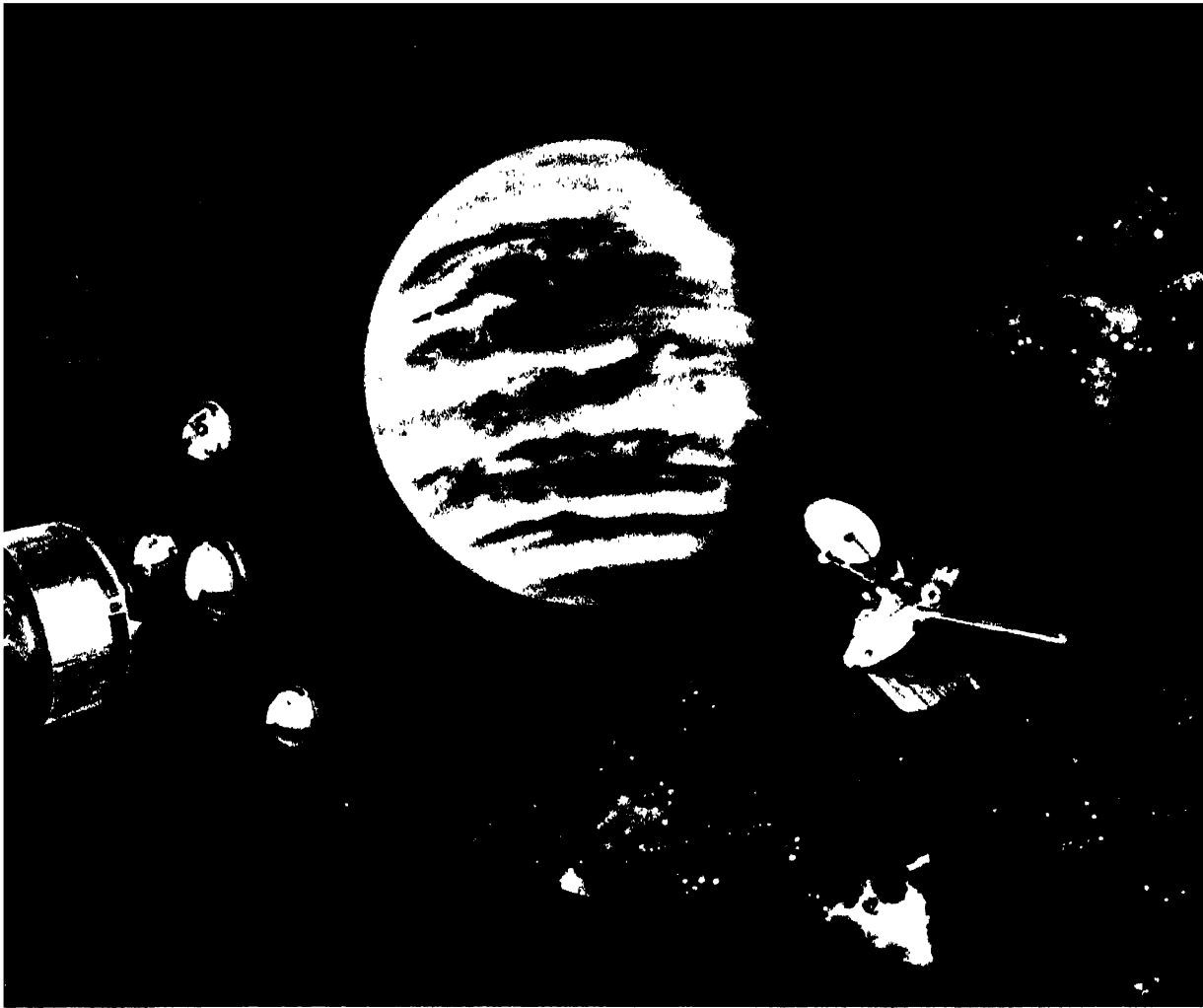
# THE NEW



THE NEW







probe passes the turbopause at 90 miles from the surface of the planet, the clouds below look like a dense smog-like haze.

The cloudy region begins at 43-mile altitude and extends for 12 miles. The Sun dims. At 39-mile altitude it is no longer a visible disc. The surrounding yellow cloud layer consists of tiny sulphuric acid particles. Visibility is reduced to 4 miles. The temperature is 55°F. The atmospheric pressure is about one half that at the Earth's surface.

At 31-mile altitude our passenger is still not discomfited as the temperature is mild, about 68 degrees F, and the visibility is about one mile as on a foggy day on our Earth.

This brief comfortable spell, however, does not last. When our passenger leaves behind a clear layer of space to enter the next layer, where the atmospheric pressure equals that on Earth, the temperature rises suddenly to 395 degrees F. Here, sulphur clouds are densest.

Beneath this dense sulphur cloud there is clear space again but no more than a few hundred yards deep. Then the passenger would see a faint haze in front of him, when he is 29 miles from the surface of Venus. At 19 miles from Venus, the haze clears away. There are no particles in the atmosphere. Visibility expands to 50 miles. It looks like a bright cloudy day on Earth. But the temperature rises to 590 degrees F.

Then things begin to happen rapidly. At 12-mile altitude, the temperature is 716 degrees F and the light is redder. The visibility is down to 12 miles.

At 6-mile altitude, the light is quite red. Visibility is reduced to 7 miles.

### Like A Gloomy Day

At 4-mile altitude, some surface features can be seen in the red murk below. We could not expect our passenger to survive the landing on Venus whose surface temperature is 847 degrees F although only 10 per cent of the non-reflected light reaches the ground. The Sun cannot be seen through the different layers of the Venusian atmosphere which is 91 times as dense as the Earth's atmosphere. All around, it is like a gloomy day on Earth.

Pioneer Venus has been directed to find an answer to the question: "What has happened to the Venus water vapour if the planet ever had any?"

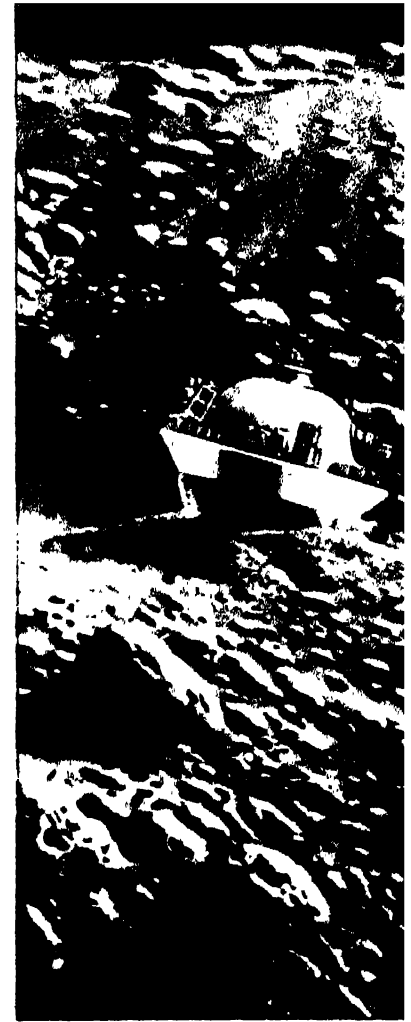
The orbiter's measurements show that the Venus atmosphere has about the same amount of nitrogen as Earth's atmosphere. Both planets have about the same amount of carbon dioxide. Most of Earth's carbon dioxide is free. Its atmosphere has 75 per cent of it.

It has been found that the Venus atmosphere has 0.1 to 0.4 per cent water vapour and 60 parts per million of free oxygen.

Scientists speculate that the planet's

**ARTIST'S CONCEPT of the Pioneer Venus Orbiter and Multiprobe sent to the planet in 1978. The multiprobe (left) split into five entry craft which provided data from the top of the atmosphere to the surface.**

**IMAGE OF VENUS acquired by the imaging experiment on the Pioneer Venus spacecraft on December 25, 1978.**



primordial water circulated to the top of the atmosphere where solar ultraviolet rays broke it down into hydrogen and oxygen. Hydrogen, being lighter, escaped into space although there is no evidence of escaping hydrogen now.

If this theory is accepted, the question is: where is the remaining oxygen? Well, one answer is, it could be locked up in the planet's crustal rocks which may have overturned into deeper foldings during the last three billion years.

The planet's searing heat as well as that of its atmosphere is due to the "green house effect". This means that the solar heat received by the surface of the planet is unable to escape due to the thickness of its atmosphere which acts like a lid. The trapped radiation heats up the planet and its atmosphere.

Two items make up the "lid"—the dense carbon dioxide and the water vapour content of the atmosphere. The solid and liquid sulphur particles contribute to the process. The cloud layer has about 100 particles per one cubic centimeter.

The Venus cloud layers are approximately 12 miles deep. There are, in fact, three distinct cloud layers.

The top layer is 9 miles thick and consists mainly of sulphuric acid particles, about 3,000 per cubic centimeter.

The middle layer is four miles thick and consists of solid and liquid



sulphur particles which are bigger than the particles in the first layer. The bottom layer is opaque and it is three miles thick. It has 400 particles per cubic centimeter of sulphur. At the bottom of the dense cloud, the temperature nears the melting point of sulphur. As the droplets fall into the lower hotter atmosphere, the material vaporises and splits up forming a chemical stew of water vapour, sulphur dioxide and molecular oxygen. A number of sulphur compounds are also formed.

Radar mapping shows that the Venus topography could be similar to Earth's in which mountain-like features alternate with relatively flat areas strewn with rocks. One probe showed up fine dust rising on impact and it took three minutes to settle.

The two night side probes witnessed an unexpected glow increasing in its intensity as they descended. The mysterious light could come from chemical fires through reactions involving sulphur compounds.

There is also a possibility that the glow resulted from the heated surfaces of the probes themselves.

The Pioneer Venus spacecraft have identified 10 chemical constituents of the Venus atmosphere. NASA (National Aeronautical Space Administration) says.

'Composition of the planet's atmosphere appears to be as follows: About 97 per cent carbon dioxide, 1-3 per cent nitrogen, 250 parts per million (PPM) helium, 6-250 PPM neon, and 20-200 PPM argon. Other

**PROBE ON THE SURFACE OF Venus—an artist's concept, pictured before the launching of the Orbiter and Multiprobe.**

**ENTERING the Venusian atmosphere—an artist's concept of the Pioneer Venus Multiprobe transporter bus at entry.**

constituents measured below the cloud layer were water vapour 0.1 to 0.4 per cent, sulphur dioxide 240 PPM, and oxygen 60 PPM. There is indirect evidence that sulphuric acid and elemental sulphur particles also are found in the clouds. Further data analysis is expected to turn up additional sulphur compounds as well as other constituents."

NASA adds "Pioneer found several hundred times more primordial argon and neon on Venus than on Earth. Mars, on the other hand, has far smaller amounts of these two primordial gases than has Earth."

"The argon/neon findings challenge most theories of Solar system formation, which propose that the sun and the planets formed at about the same time, with the planets forming from a gas cloud surrounding the sun and composed of the same elements as the sun."

This is an important finding as it helps to question the validity of the existing theory of the formation of our solar system.

### Thunderous Electrical Bolts

The surface mapping which continues has already revealed a surprising drop in altitude of 10,000 feet over an area 75 miles long. It is like the drop between the crest of the Front Range in the US near Denver to a spot in the Great Plains. It is located about 1,000 miles south of the Venusian equator.

Dr Gordon Pentingill of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology holds that the deep valley is the product of a rift. There is no such thing on Earth. The canyons were formed by moving water. In the

case of Venus, the crust of the planet has moved.

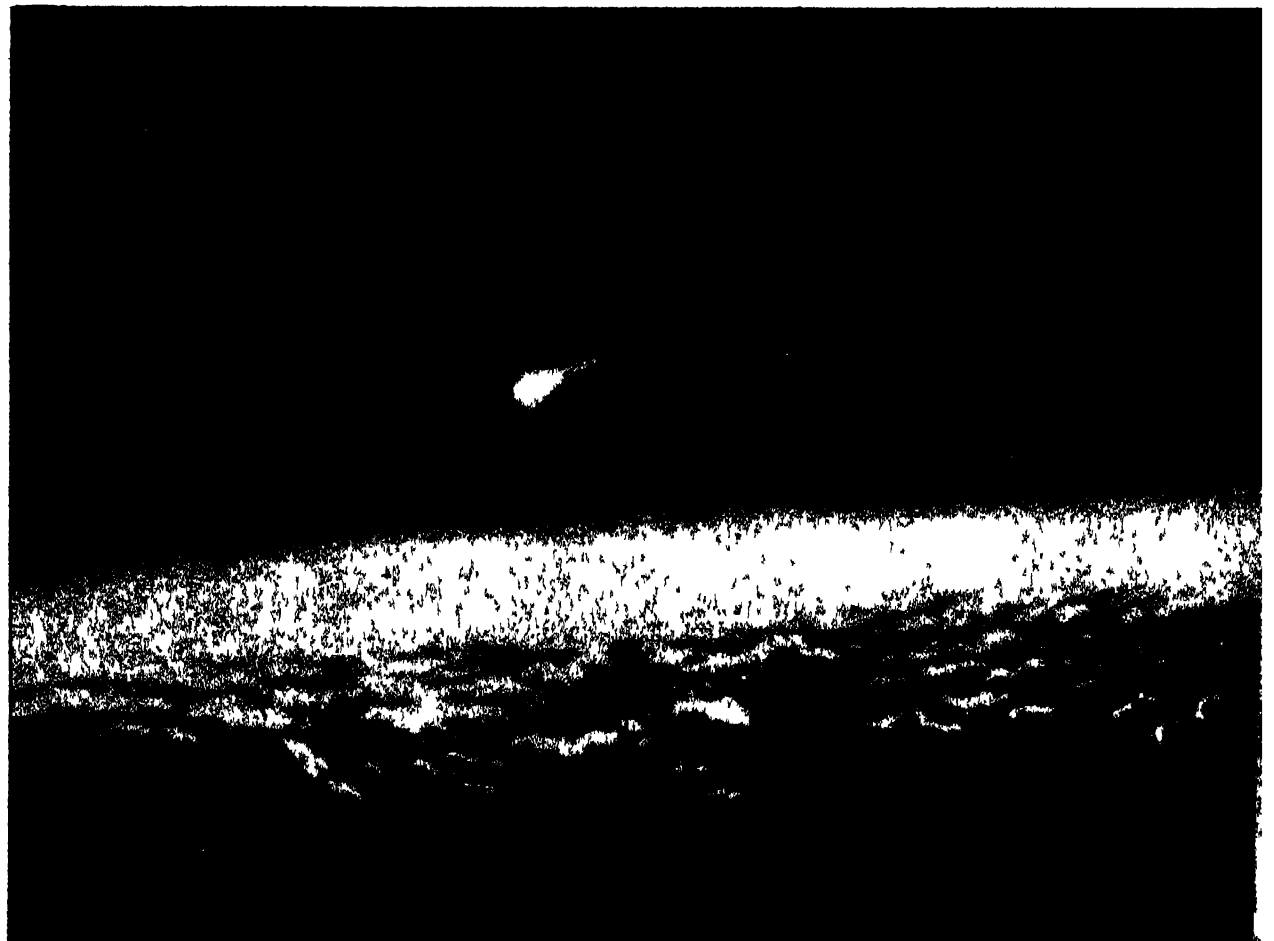
Another surprise which Pioneer instruments have discovered is the steady discharge of lightning in the atmosphere of Venus. There is a continuous electrical activity in the clouds of Venus which produces thunderous electrical bolts.

The ultraviolet telescopes on the orbiting Pioneer have found a pair of bright rings which circle the two Venus polar regions down to a latitude of 50 degrees from each pole. The polar rings are described as 'the brightest things on the disc of the planet which is the brightest in the heavens'.

The important point is that Venus seems to have been "a hell in the heavens" supposedly for over two billion years which is most of the life of the planet. Venus is like Earth and yet it is so different. The two planets are about the same size and are as close to each other as any two planets in the solar system.

Both have massive atmospheres but one is covered with oceans of water and the other is dry and hot. One supports two million species of life, the other has none.

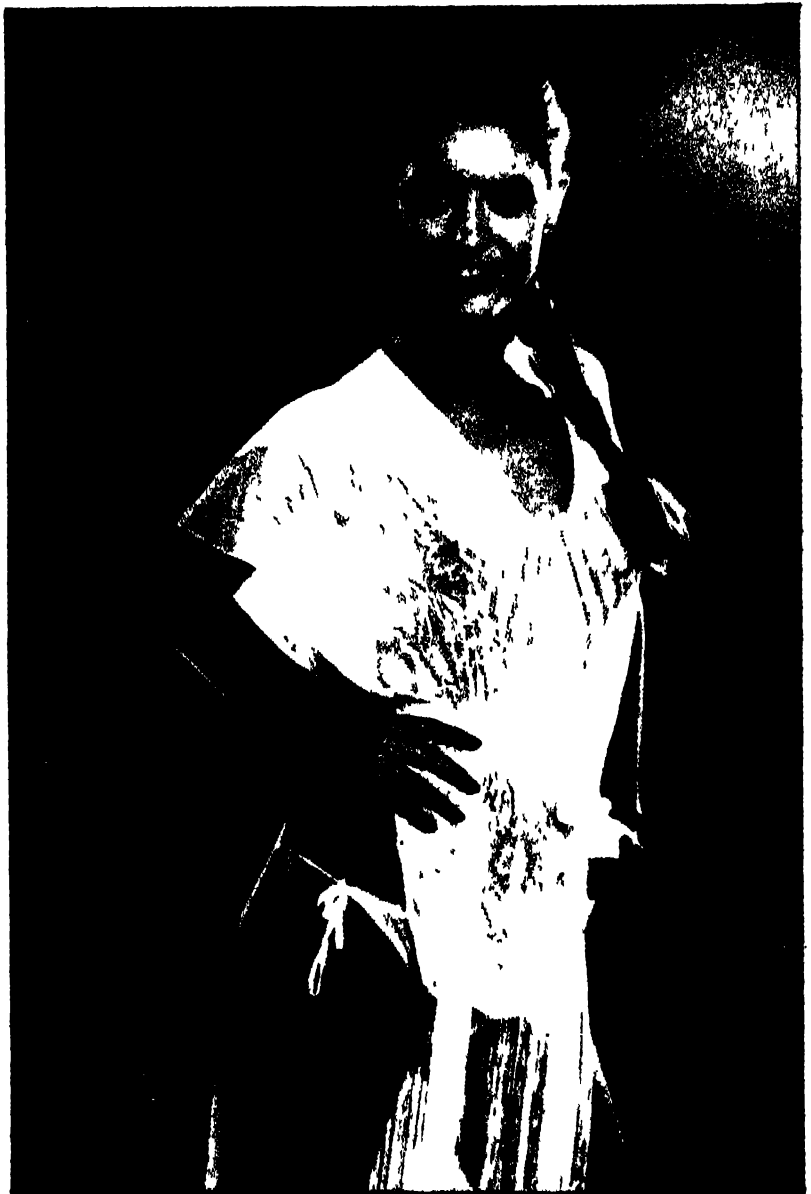
Professor Donahue of the University of Michigan speculates that some of the processes occurring on Venus can still take place on Earth unless man is careful and conserves the quality of his atmosphere. The fact is that man is causing carbon dioxide to increase by burning fossil fuels. He is also depleting the blanket of ozone in the stratosphere. So who can say that, unless man mends his ways, the Earth will not follow the evolutionary path of Venus?



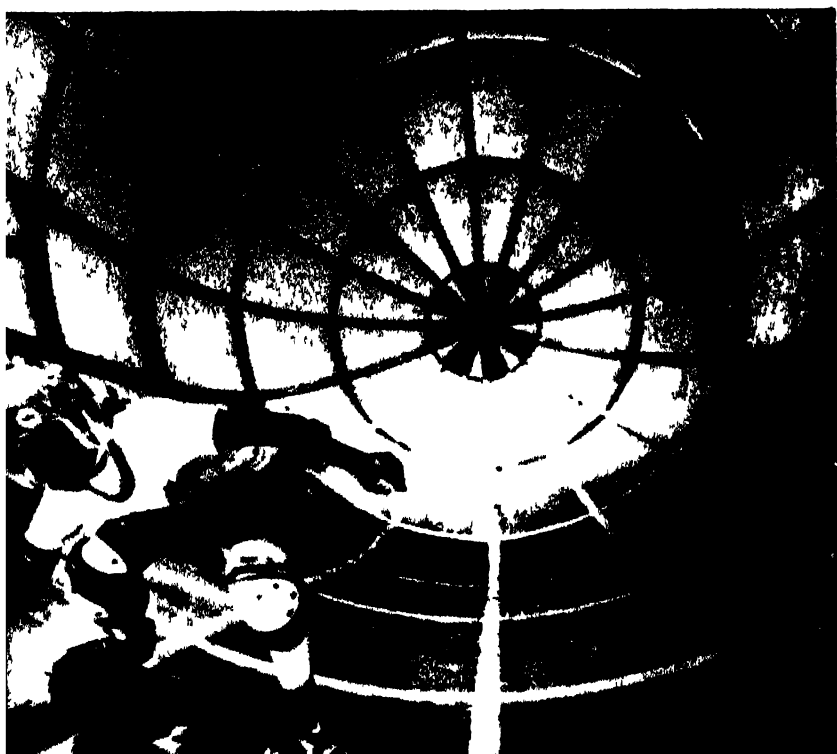


◀ **UNCLE SAM'S HOPE.** Sam, the animated mascot for the 1984 Los Angeles Olympic Games, makes a public appearance with one of that city's old hands—Bob Hope.

**COOL CUSTOMER.** Nikki Thomas knows how to keep cool—and how to keep fit. This 17-year-old model dances, plays badminton and lifts weights.



◀ **WHIRLIGIG!** Twelve-year-old Christian Hosoi (foreground) and friend whirl about in this tunnel-like skate park. Skateboards have once again become popular in the US—this time complete with gimmicks.





**AT THE END OF HIS TETHER.** Stuntman Dar Robinson, wearing a harness, lunged 300 ft downwards from Toronto's CN Towers before the special equipment atop the building applied its brakes.



**CAT ON A TALL TIN ROOF.** Colin Pearson (26) has a head start over his neighbours when it comes to high places. The six-foot-nine Englishman, hiding his true height here, has just joined the police force.



**◀ HANGOVERS WON'T BE A HANG-UP NOW.** Dami Curro claims to have developed a product that can prevent hangovers. Just two drops along with your favourite tippie and there's no danger of morning-after blues.

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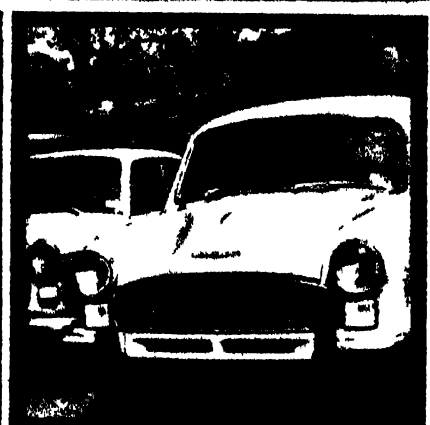
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## The Editor's Page



## Revolting

I AM afraid I'm going to tread on a lot of corns in the ensuing few paragraphs, since they deal with religion, which is usually a banned topic on this page. But too often we push unpleasant things under the editorial carpet for fear we offend this or that group, so perhaps the time has come to discuss some issues quite openly.

Thus I was rather pained to see a report in *Newsweek* (August 18) to the effect that missionaries engaged in relief work along the Thai-Kampuchea border have been seeking to make converts to Christianity. Refugees fleeing from the tyrant Pol Pot's regime in Kampuchea were being lured with movies and colour books for children and with money for adults who were being told that they were going through hard times because they were sinners and that Christianity will save them. A Khmer-speaking Roman Catholic priest is quoted as saying: "In my view, that's criminal." A UNICEF field worker is also quoted as saying about the refugees: "All that these people have left is their Buddhism. Now they're losing that too." Children were apparently being taught to say: "We believe in Jesus because Christians go to heaven. When Buddhists die, they go to hell."

Never having had any occasion so far to carry out a survey of hell and heaven, I've no idea about the religion of their respective denizens. But what calls for comment is the obscene way in which some missionaries behave. They should be drummed out of Thailand.

## KAMPUCHEAN REFUGEES



## Banned Films

THE Censors have banned an American film, *Ashanti*, that deals with slave trade on the ground that the total impact of the film is anti-Arab, because Arabs have been portrayed as conniving in the slave traffic. I have not seen the film, which is probably awful for other reasons. But Arabs have been guilty of indulging in slave traffic and, if it is a historic fact, why have we got to be scared of saying so? We need not go out of our way to smear Arabs, or anyone else, and goodness knows anybody can smear any people—including Indians. But it seems to me we are unnecessarily scared about what Arabs would do to us.

## Bloodthirsty

WHO is responsible for the riots all over India on August 15 and after? The fact that they took place almost simultaneously would indicate that some mischief-mongers have been active. I can't imagine anybody in his right mind wanting to create disturbances at Moradabad for the heck of it. People who go in to pray do not take arms with them. That they did is undeniable. They were out to create trouble.

In Kashmir, some people have been again stirring up dissension—slogans have been heard, such as *Pakistan Zindabad!* Those who feel Pakistan is the New Paradise should be given a one-way ticket so that they can go and live in their Paradise instead of creating trouble in India. One Pakistan paper is reported to have gone to the extent of calling India a land of brutes ruled over by bloodthirsty animals. Ah, Mrs Gandhi, kindly take note. *The Pakistan Times* saw in the incidents in India "a point worth pondering by all those who speak lightly of Pakistan and do not attach much value to its creation", arguing that the incidents had a lesson for Pakistan, "particularly those who don't seem to realise what a haven Pakistan is for its citizens". It would be interesting to know how many non-Muslims still live in Pakistan, following their butchery in 1947. *The Pakistan Times* obviously does not suffer from any knowledge of history.

## Banned Drugs

THE *Weekly* once brought out an issue on how multinationals were dumping drugs (unwanted or found dangerous in developed countries) in developing countries. The *New Statesman* (August 15) now has given evidence of Ciba-Geigy dumping Amidopyrine in Mozambique.

A British citizen in Mozambique apparently bought Cibalgin, an analgesic, for use. She took them for four days and was soon having painful white spots on her mouth and gums,

with lip ulcers and pain in a tooth, accompanied by vomiting and high temperature. The condition is known as agranulocytosis and it cost the lady, who took amidopyrine, high-priced surgery.

What is Ciba-Geigy up to? Amidopyrine has been withdrawn from Sweden, Britain and the United States; and, in 1977, drug regulatory bodies in several countries, including Switzerland, recommended its withdrawal. Ciba-Geigy and Sandoz (both Swiss) announced their intention to reformulate all products containing amidopyrine before the end of the year, yet, says a report in the *New Statesman*, a representative of Ciba-Geigy was distributing free samples of Cibalgin in Maputo, the Mozambique capital, in late 1979. I want to bring this to the attention, not only of Ciba-Geigy in India, but also of Indian physicians and the Government of India.

## All In The Family

SEVERAL readers have drawn my attention to the fact that I did not mention certain other dynastic situations elsewhere in the world. And they have recalled President Marcos of the Philippines and Madame Marcos, the late President Peron and Eva Peron in Argentina and the late President Duvalier and his son of Haiti. I find it embarrassing to think of Mrs Gandhi being in this sordid company.



FERDINAND AND IMELDA MARCOS

## Our Man In Riyadh

I HAVE an extraordinary letter from a friend in Saudi Arabia who has raised some important questions that I would like to bring to the attention of (a) Mrs Gandhi, (b) Mr Narasimha Rao, our Foreign Minister and (c) the External Affairs Ministry.

The letter says: I found the letter of Ambassador Hafizka (in connection with a *Weekly* article on the deteriorating situation in Saudi

Arabia) extraordinary—not for its contents, but for its context.

Extraordinary because it was not the Saudi Mission in India, but our man in Riyadh, who took upon himself to say something in defence of a Government to which he is posted, though the same Government did not ask for such a defence, nor probably it took any notice of Mr Hafizka's concern.

Does Mr Hafizka know Arabic? Assuming he does, does he go through the Saudi newspapers daily? Let him, with equal concern for fairness, inform the *Weekly's* readers how many letters he has been able to have published in the Saudi Press defending India against the daily reports, comments and letters they publish against us

The dailies, Al-Jezira and Okaz, both last week published critical reports and also wrote editorials about the Indian Government's attitude to the Jamat-I-Islami and denounced Sheikh Abdullah by name for banning an Islamic Youth Conference to be held in Srinagar. I am anxious to know if Mr Hafizka, or any of his able staff in the Embassy in Saudi Arabia, wrote to these newspapers explaining the real position, or if they even contacted them in that connection, or if they were given any courteous hearing when they did.

Taking Mr Hafizka's performance as a precedent, the *Weekly's* readers would also be anxious to know if the Saudi Ambassador in New Delhi has ever written a single line to any of the Saudi publications correcting and/or refuting the endless anti-Indian items that are appearing in the Saudi Press.

I can't think of an Ambassador of one country writing to the press of his own homeland in vigorous defence of the Government to which he is accredited. This is none of his business. In fact, the Saudi Government instead of being happy, should take Ambassador Hafizka to task for usurping without permission the functions of its Embassy in New Delhi. He has taken this liberty obviously confident of the thought that—being a political appointee and not a career diplomat—he will be able to get away with this flagrant breach of diplomatic behaviour. Three years after his appointment, he is yet to learn that there is a vast difference between heading an Embassy and heading the Bombay Pradesh Congress Committee.

If Mr Hafizka really enjoys so much rapport with the Saudi Government, the Indian people, whom he represents, will be very happy if he manages to persuade the Riyadh leadership to accept a non-Muslim as the next Indian Ambassador to Saudi Arabia. All secular countries of the world have non-Muslims as Ambassadors to Saudi Arabia. Why should India be the lone exception?

Over to you, Mrs Gandhi. Have a good time in Parliament.

M.V.K.



# THE JUPITER EFFECT

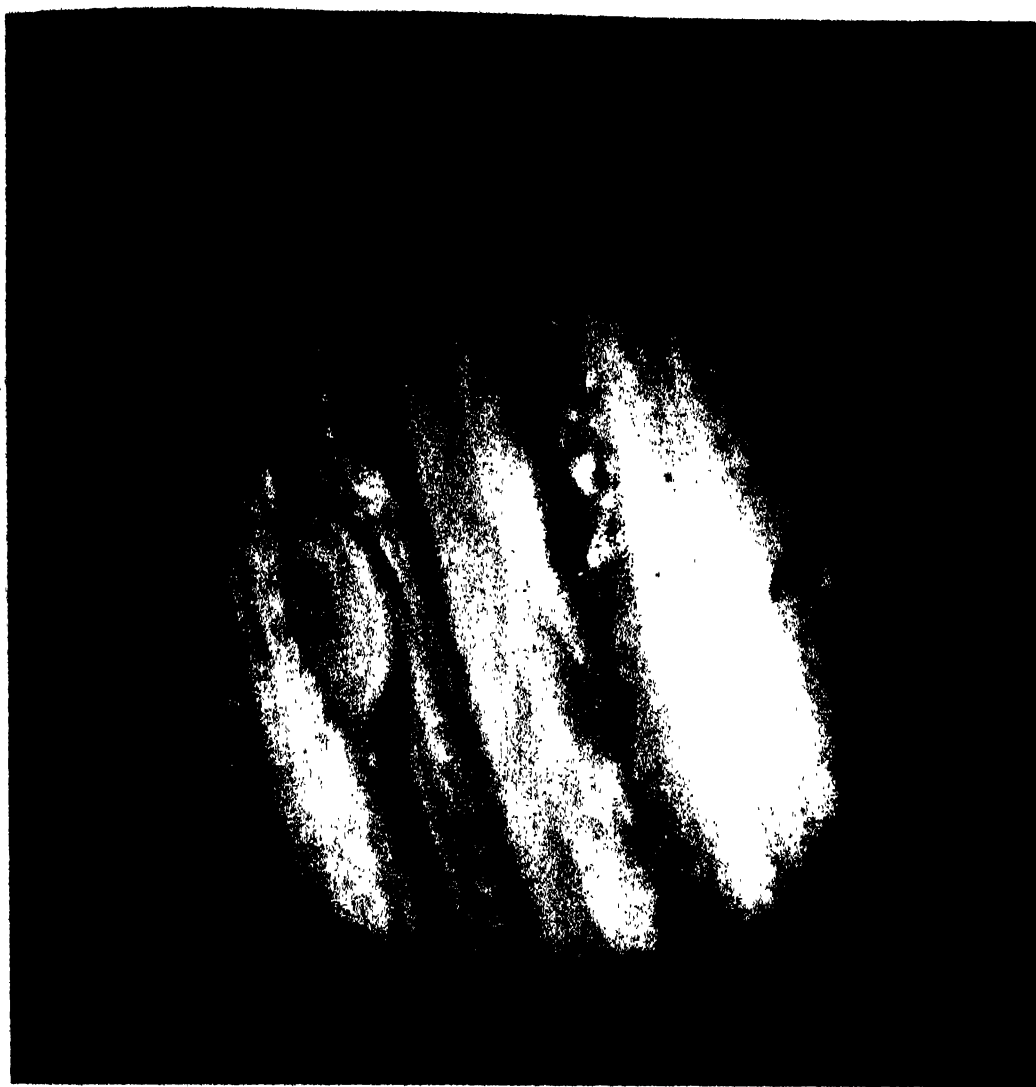
## The Fascinating Guru

by Dr V. S. Venkatavaradan

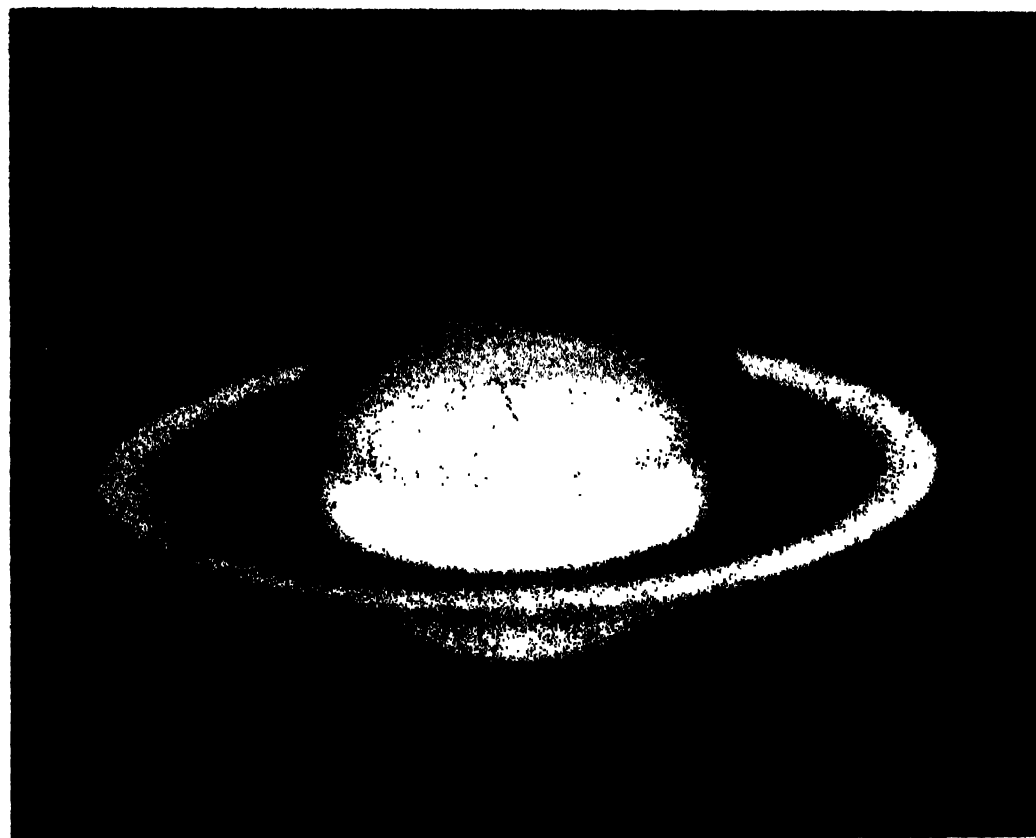


Until recently, it was believed that because of its great distance from the earth, Jupiter had no effect on man. Modern research has, however, proved the contrary. Jupiter, in fact, just missed being another Sun. So great is its potential to affect the earth that it can unleash devastating earthquakes and tidal forces. Such a calamity is expected in 1982, when all the planets along with Jupiter will be on the same side of the Sun.

JUPITER FROM 54 MILLION KILOMETRES. Jupiter's surface gravity is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  times the earth's gravity.



**JUPITER'S GREAT RED SPOT FROM 5 MILLION KILOMETRES. Jupiter resembles the Sun in many ways. It is made up mainly of hydrogen and helium.**



**SATURN, the sixth planet from the Sun, is also known as the blue planet. It is the second largest planet, the first being Jupiter.**

**I**T IS the very error of the Moon that she comes nearer earth than she was wont and maketh men mad," said Shakespeare 400 years ago in *Othello* and it is a fact that the Moon's phases do indeed affect the mental state of a person. Even the word 'lunatic' is derived from the word Luna—the moon. The belief that the Sun, the Moon and other planets affect the destiny of man is as ancient as civilisation itself. Modern astronomical studies have underscored this belief.

In astrology, the 12 heavenly constellations are transformed into the twelve houses of the horoscope. The horoscope is a transformation of the positions of the Sun, the Moon and the planets in the sky at the time of birth in the form of a chart. Astrologically, the planets are believed to have a considerable effect on earthlings.

### Legend from Ramayana

The legend goes that when Indrajit, Ravana's son, was born, Ravana wanted to make sure that all the planets\* were in the eleventh house. Such a position would ensure Indrajit's good luck and even make him invincible. This really frightened the gods and they requested Saturn to stretch his leg to the twelfth house. Saturn obliged. Saturn in the twelfth house is said to bring bad luck. Indrajit became so proud and arrogant that ultimately his own pride brought about his destruction. When Ravana knew of this trick, he cut off the leg of Saturn and since then Saturn is known as the lame planet.

Ancient sages studied the movements of planets mainly to find the influence of the stars and planets on the fate of the rulers and the nations. The idea that each person is influenced by the stars, especially at the time of his birth, came much later. Famous astronomers were also astrologers in the strict sense of the term. Johannes Kepler, who gave the laws of planetary motion, advised the use of astrology for political purposes.

But can the planets, including Jupiter, affect the earth in an astronomical way?

Ancient men who watched the sky and followed the movements of the Sun, the Moon and the planets began to correlate the astronomical events with terrestrial happenings. It became obvious that the position of the sun in the background of the stars as the year advances results in changes of the seasons and the position of the moon and its phases were directly correlated with the tides of the oceans.

### The Lunar Power

In due course it became more or less a dogma that heavenly movements affect all earthly phenomena. Since the Moon causes tides in the oceans, man began to believe that the power of the Moon could also be transmitted to the human mind. It was observed and well recorded that the Moon affects the mental attitudes of men and it is well known that mental patients become very emotional during Full Moon and New Moon days.

Scientists from Sandia Laboratories in Albuquerque, USA, have found that accidents occur with a higher frequency among people when the phase of the Moon is similar to that in which they were born and also during the phase exactly opposite by 180 degrees. That is, if a man was born on a New Moon day he would have more accidents during New Moon as well as the Full Moon days. For a man born during the first

\*The word "Planets" here is used in the sense of *grahas* including the Sun, the Moon, Rahu and Ketu.

quarter, accidents will occur with a higher frequency both during the first and third quarter and so on.

Accidents are also found to be correlated with the 27-day cycle of the Sun's rotation. More accidents occur during the first seven days, the 13th and 14th, the 20th and 25th day of each cycle. Also, when the number of Sun Spots reached their peak more accidents tended to occur. During the peak of solar activity of 1968-69 the accident rate at Sandia was the highest in the past two decades.

### Not So Sunny Sun Spots

Even though Sun Spots are quite insignificant compared to the total surface area of the Sun, they appear to affect many things on earth. It has been found that a period of high Sun Spots activity coincides with extreme weather conditions. During solar maximum periods, winters will be extremely cold and summers very severe. During solar minimum we will have moderate summers and winters

Rainfall and cyclones are also found to increase with the number of Sun Spots. How can Sun Spots, which are situated at a distance of about 150 million km from the earth, affect the weather? The interaction could come about by the solar wind whose intensity and speed change with solar activity.

A number of other things on earth are also correlated with Sun Spot activity. Such things as heart attacks and traffic accidents are found to show a high degree of correlation with Sun Spot activity. Major influenza epidemics are found to break out during Sun Spots maximum and this has been observed consistently during the last six maxima.

At present the solar activity is at its peak. One finds a lot of unrest among people and nations. The great economic depression and the two World Wars started during the periods of high solar activity. Even though the causes are not well understood it is certain that the Sun Spots do indeed affect the earth in many ways.

### Comets Foretell Disasters

Comets too are supposed to foretell disasters. Recently two well-known scientists, Fred Hoyle and Wikrama Singhe, have studied the encounters of a number of comets with the earth over the past many years and have concluded that whenever the earth passes through the tail of a comet, epidemics break out. They suggest that this may be due to the entry of the viruses from the cometary tail.

A direct entry of comets into the earth can spell catastrophe. Apart from physical damage, it can totally change climatic conditions. The famous Tunguska explosion in Siberia in 1908 is attributed to a collision of a comet with the earth. It is also believed that extinction of dinosaurs a hundred million years ago was due to the impact of a huge comet. That comet is believed to have changed the climate to the extent that it was impossible for the large creatures to survive

### The King Of Heavens

Jupiter is by far the biggest planet and the most fascinating one too. Unlike Venus, which is nearest to the earth, it is a considerable distance away from the earth. Its mass is much more than the combined mass of all other planets in the solar system. Its mass is more than 300 times the mass of the earth and its diameter is about 11 times that of our planet. In fact, according to some scientists, Jupiter just missed becoming a star in its own right. If it had been somewhat more massive it would have become a second Sun—a binary system with our Sun. Even now Jupiter resembles the Sun in many respects. Like the Sun it is also

mainly made of hydrogen and helium. Again, like the Sun, it has a fluid core largely made up of hydrogen rather than a solid one like other planets.

Jupiter's surface gravity is about two and a half times the earth's and this is responsible for the perturbation of asteroids and comets.

It is due to modern astronomical observations that we know Jupiter to be a giant planet. But even before the discovery of modern astronomical methods, ancient Greeks and Romans called Jupiter the King of the Heavens. In Hindu mythology, too, Jupiter is given an exalted status and is called Guru or Brahaspati. How the ancients discovered the magnitude of Jupiter and gave it such a status is still unknown!

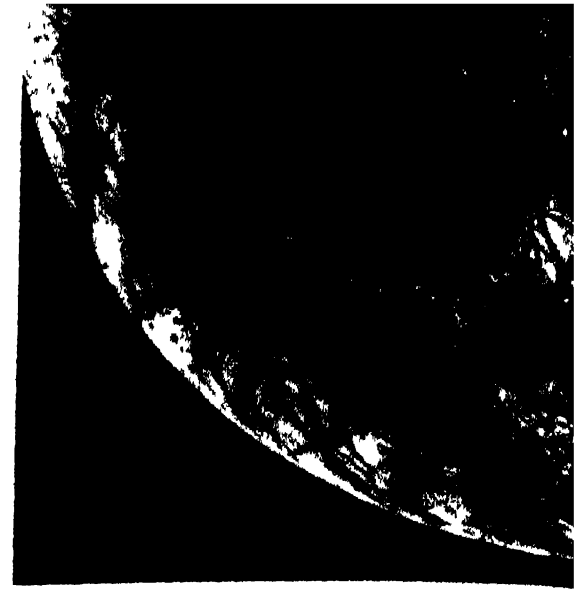
Until recently it was thought that Jupiter, being very far from the earth, may not have any significant effect on the earth. However, recent space missions sent to Jupiter have shown that energetic particles coming from Jupiter enter the earth's atmosphere. Once in 13 months Jupiter, earth and the Sun are aligned in such a way that the transfer of jovian particles to earth may take place in appreciable quantity through the solar magnetic field lines.

Some scientists believe that if all planets were to align along with Jupiter on the same side of the Sun it can cause considerable tidal forces on earth. Along with Saturn, the second most massive planet, the effect of Jupiter is expected to be enhanced considerably. Such an alignment of planets will take place during 1982, when all the planets along with Jupiter will be on the same side of the Sun. The Sun, which is already active, will become even more active during this alignment. Intense earthquakes and volcanic activity are predicted during such an alignment.

### Speculative Astronomy

Such an alignment is said to take place once in about 180 years. The Jupiter effect is not a well understood scientific theory but is based on some empirical data. One cannot also pinpoint the correlation of the Sun Spots with the climatic conditions of the earth. Thus, the predicted effects of the above mentioned alignment due to take place in 1982, border more on speculative astronomy which again borders on astrology. 'Super conjunction', as it is called, will also affect the earth's weather.

**JUPITER AND ITS FOUR SATELLITES.** The moons from left are: Callisto, Europa, Io and Ganymede.



**EUROPA, A SATELLITE OF JUPITER.** This was the first ever picture obtained of Jupiter's satellites by 'Voyager II'. Not many craters were easily identifiable, indicating that the satellite has a young surface, though not as young as Io's.

Dr John Gribbin and Dr Stephan Plagemann, in their book *The Jupiter Effect*, have predicted the occurrence of major earthquakes in heavily populated places like Los Angeles and San Francisco

Even though astrology is considered as a science without much basis, it is probably worthwhile going through some of the astrological ideas before we reject them. It is likely that some, if not all, astrological effects may have some basis. Some scientists think it below their dignity even to talk about them.

The 'Jupiter Effect' is an idea which borders on astrology and astronomy. There are a number of astronomical effects which are correlated with terrestrial matters without obvious connections. For instance, it has been only recently observed that certain bright X-ray stars in the sky can cause ionisation of the earth's atmosphere. Newer findings in astronomy and astrophysics may add support to some of the astrological theories which were built on centuries of observations coupled with the imaginations of generations of sky-watchers.

"Are these  
pillowcases  
from  
New Great?"

No,  
they're from  
Zee Cee Em.  
Now move over  
and let me sleep!"

new  
great  
mills

...we make in that factory might get them here!

Bombay: Bhog...

Bangalore: The Green

...national cinema. Their

Ashwathama is a very honest movie

# Offbeat Cinema In The South

Every country gets the cinema it deserves. So, while our commercial cinema is bad, all that one can say about our offbeat cinema is that it is not bad. But there are healthy signs—especially in the South.

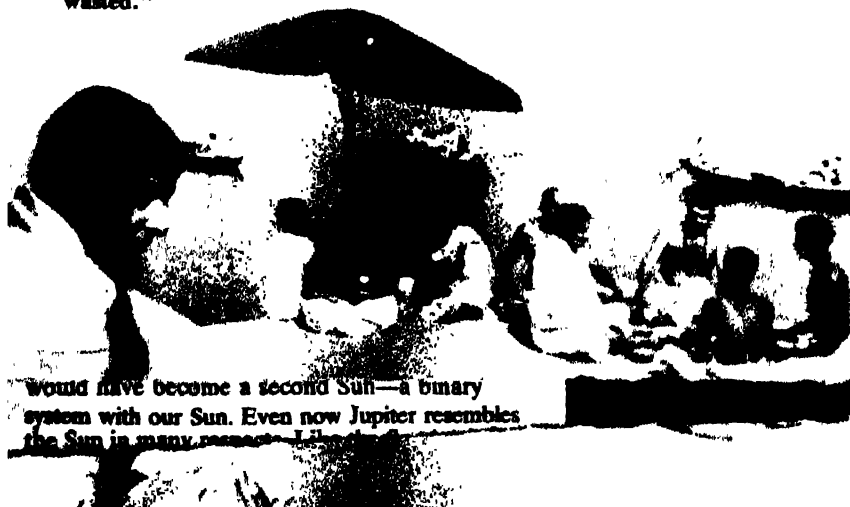
by A.S. Raman

THE consensus among the foreign delegates to FILMOTSAV 80 was that Indian Cinema was neither Indian nor cinema. Not Indian, because, they said, it was regional when it was not pseudo-Hollywood. Not cinema, because it was more sound than sight, more words than visuals.

The more discreet among them however conceded, condescendingly if not cynically, that Indian Cinema was like an Indian god or a demon with a dozen or more hands and heads, depending on the number of languages in which we make films. Some of them felt that even Satyajit Ray makes only Bengali films—it's Bengal that comes alive in his great pictures, not India. The obvious implication is that, torn by regional or linguistic chauvinisms, Indians have yet to discover and define their national ethos and identity.

True. There is no Indian cinema as there is no Indian literature or Indian art, or Indian theatre or Indian music. The walls that divide us, such as languages, caste or religion, have become more important than the magnificent place where we are all supposed to live, divided inevitably by our distinctive identities, but united by our common loyalties. This is only an imaginary state, not a reality.

FROM THE TELUGU 'NIMMAJJANAM'. "The theme is very delicate," says the author. "But Sharada (left), the greatest artiste in India today, has been wasted."



What follows is co-destruction, not co-existence. Commercial cinema tries to destroy offbeat cinema, Hindi Cinema, Tamil Cinema, Western Cinema, regional cinema (regional cinema), and so on. A clear case of the bigger fish swallowing the smaller ones. So local interests have to be protected somehow. In metropolitan cities, the Government insists that a certain portion of playing time be allotted for the regional films, whether the people want to see them or not. In Madras, for example, nearly 50 per cent of the population speaks Telugu. But there is a virtual ban on the screening of Telugu films, which can be seen only at two or three theatres many months, even years, after their release in Andhra Pradesh.

## Ugly Controversy

The ugly controversy ignited by Lankesh and M. Bhaktavatsala about the North and the South in the context of the Indian Panorama at FILMOTSAV 80 only emphasised the trivial issues that divide us at the expense of the vital interests that unite us—at any rate, ought to. The basic concerns of our film-makers seem to centre, not on the technical, aesthetic and intellectual challenges of the cinema—which is a highly sophisticated medium of visual



MANJU BHARGAVI IN THE TELUGU 'SHANKARABHARANAM', "an exquisite musical with a strong classical base directed by K. Vishwanath, who believes that one can make very good films within the format of commercial cinema".

communication, a gift of Western technology and sensibility—but on the petty regional and linguistic pressures and priorities. The question asked is, not who makes what film and how, but who makes what film in what language and for whom.

It is not realised that the cinema speaks its own language. The result is that our cinema remains tragically adrift, moronic and dangerously poisonous in its impact on the mass mind. The only comforting fact is that our nascent offbeat cinema is a shade better than the commercial cinema, because it is in the hands of incompetent though well-intentioned amateurs who are not capable of much mischief. While our commercial cinema has all the evils of overprofessionalisation, our offbeat cinema represents the other extreme: amateurism at its clumsiest.

## What Is Offbeat?

Innocent adventurism is better than irresponsible expertise. If our offbeat film-makers are unnecessarily self-conscious and pretentious, the adorners of the bitch goddess produce movies which are totally irrelevant and insensitive to the compulsions of a developing society. As Satyajit Ray rightly observed at his press conference in Bangalore on the occasion of FILMOTSAV 80, our offbeat cinema has a social relevance and a literary thrust, though visually it is not strong enough. He added that he considered the new-trends in

South Indian Cinema particularly significant.

How offbeat is our offbeat cinema? By offbeat we mean something daringly and responsibly innovative. Something that is not only different but distinctive, not only dynamic but durable, not only contemporary but modern. Whatever is modern is contemporary. But whatever is contemporary is not modern. One does not become modern by not washing oneself or by affecting a rude and aggressive posture or by wearing jeans and sideburns. Modernity is in the mind. It is more a process of thinking and a way of life than what a tailor or a barber can make it appear.

In fact, modernity implies more discipline than freedom, the sort of discipline one imposes on oneself, resisting the tyranny of fashion, more acceptance than rejection, acceptance of what one passionately believes in, acceptance of something enshrined in one's own insights, intuitions and perceptions. Viewed in this context, our offbeat cinema is as transparently thin as our modern art.

On paper, India's film industry has impressive credentials. The capital invested is Rs 721.5 crores and the workers employed are more than 2 million. And 8 million people see films each week. On an average, India makes 2 films a day. There are 9,951 theatres in the country. Out of these, the South accounts for 45 per cent (4,298). Even in terms of production, the four Southern States are well ahead of the rest of India.

Here are the figures for the year 1979-1980. 150 films were made in Malayalam, 105 in Telugu, 100 in Tamil and 60 in Kannada. But still film-making in India is considered more a gamble than an industry for various reasons.

First, the financial infrastructure is fragile because of the highly usurious rates of interest, which go up to 60 per cent and often beyond, and a crushing tax levy—nearly 120 per cent. Naturally, the producer finds himself resorting to black deals on which the vicious star system cynically flourishes. The dangerously speculative character of the so-called Indian film industry thus compels him to play the knave, if not the fool.

I do not believe that our producers are nitwits as their films project them to be. I think they can make good films if they choose to. One however should not expect them to risk their money in a venture that ensures only 1 per cent success. So our films will continue to be bad, worse and worst, unless there is an improvement in the quality of life at the grassroots. Every country gets the cinema it deserves. So, while our commercial cinema is bad, all that one can say about our offbeat cinema is that it is not bad. Still it has miles to go in order to be able to arrive at its desired goal.

#### Kerala Stays Ahead

Kerala has managed to stay ahead of the other States where the New Cinema is concerned, because of the effective feedback from the people who see films. The Malayalis are not only more literate than the other Indians, but more critical, discerning and articulate. The majority of the 21 films screened at the Indian Panorama on the occasion of FILMOTSAV 80 were from the Southern States in spite of complaints from Lankesh and Bhaktavatsala Kerala 4, Karnataka 3, Andhra Pradesh 2 and Tamil Nadu, 2. At the

unofficial parallel Mini Panorama organised by the dissident group, only South Indian films were shown and these evoked better response from the foreign delegates than the entries at the Government-sponsored mess.

Among the movies screened at the Mini Panorama, an exquisite musical in Telugu with a strong classical base, directed by K. Vishwanath, *Shankarabharanam*, and *Pasi*, a disconcertingly truthful probe into the anatomy of squalor in slums, in Tamil, directed by a newcomer, Dorai, stood out. Both the films ran to packed houses, though they had no stars and other props of a box-office hit. This shows that the reactions of the masses who see movies have a mystique of their own and it cannot be predicted or rationalised.

Vishwanath, like Hrishikesh Mukherjee or Basu Chatterji, belongs to the minority of directors who are aware of the immense potential of the cinema and believe that, for a film to be successful, what is required is, not money or glamour, but something which the audiences alone know and which a director with imagination, sensibility and judgment can perceive intuitively, if not through logic and reasoning. Directors like Vishwanath are interested exclusively in a cinema that is clean, credible, lively and relevant. They believe that one can make very good films within the format of commercial cinema. They have no interest in the overtly commercial cinema which is not only vulgar but pedestrian. Nor do they care for the so-called art cinema which is a big bore because of its inept handling.

The mood and the atmosphere that the offbeat cinema evoke are no doubt Indian. They are based on authentic writing in Indian languages. But, judged by the *elan* and the thrust of the art cinema in its final form, it



FROM THE TAMIL 'AZHIYATHA KOLANGAL', directed by Balu Mahendra, among those cineastes who have given a new dimension and a respectable value system to Tamil Cinema.

lacks credibility, because of its heavy didactic and intellectual accents. The films made by Vishwanath, Hrishikesh Mukherjee and Basu Chatterji, to mention only a few, are by contrast light, elegant and stylish and, what is more important, say something inconspicuously relevant, something pleasant to say and even more pleasant to hear.

Indian cinema, as we see it today, neatly falls into three categories:

- 1 The commercial cinema which has some mysterious strength and resilience that enable it to survive even the severest of crises, caused partly by the Government's many acts of provocation—i.e. stupid, outmoded censorship guidelines, lethal tax structure, unrealistic raw-stock policy, import restrictions, vagaries of the Film Finance Corporation, etc., and partly by stiff competition with international cinema.
- 2 The offbeat cinema, which is also called parallel cinema, New Wave, art cinema, the other cinema, low-budget cinema, etc., which caters for the elitist, minority audiences.
- 3 The cinema that is neither cheaply commercial nor cheekily experimental. The spokesmen for this virile, healthy cinema are among many others, K. Vishwanath (Telugu), K. Balachander and Bharathiraja (Tamil), Hrishikesh Mukherjee, Shyam Benegal, Basu Chatterji, Basu Bhattacharya and Gulzar (Hindi), M. T. Vasudevan Nair (Malayalam) and Lankesh (Kannada). I am not mentioning Mrinal Sen and Satyajit Ray because they belong essentially to the mainstream of the international cinema. Their

triumphs and tragedies lie there, not here. They represent the suavely popular cinema and not the haughtily offbeat cinema. Even Satyajit Ray is firmly convinced that one has no right to make films that do not sell. He has publicly stated that ultimately it is the people who decide whether a film is good or bad.

The offbeat cinema has become commercially viable for the first time in Tamil Nadu and Kerala. In Kerala the people are genuinely interested in films that are different. That is why so many art films are being made in Malayalam. The sources of finance are the remittances from the Gulf, various cooperatives and the Film Finance Corporation. In the other Southern States, the local Government and some wealthy individuals with taste and imagination provide the necessary funds.

In Kerala, there is a joke about film-making: the Malayalis are seeing films only when they are not making them. So a number of bright unknown young men have become famous overnight by making socially relevant and aesthetically significant films. Among them, the better-known ones are Adoor Gopalakrishnan, G. Aravindan (*Kummatty The Bogeyman*), P. Padmarajan (*Peruvazhambalam A Dead End*), P. A. Backer (*Sanghaganam (Chorus)*), K. R. Mohan (*Ashwathama The Wandering Soul*) and Ravindran, who has also made an excellent film in Telugu, *Harijan*.

#### Morbidly Sexy?

The criticism against the New Wave Malayalam Cinema is that it is morbidly sexy and sadistic without any artistic finesse. It is no doubt true that the heavy accent is on either Freudian aberrations or Marxian straight lines. Mohanan's *Ashwathama* is a very honest movie



## 11 'save-fuel' tips for the sensible driver:

# 1 litre of petrol can take you even further than before.

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: more mileage out of your car or 2-wheeler!

### 1. Your ideal driving speed - 40-50 kmph.

Slow and steady really wins—you use the minimum amount of petrol with this good habit. The faster you go, the more the wind resistance, and your vehicle has to burn up more petrol. Tests on Indian vehicles prove that you can get 40% extra mileage at 40 kmph as opposed to 80 kmph.

### 2. Is your vehicle a petrol drinking monster?

The trouble begins with an unhealthy engine. Tests show that on an average you save as much as 6% fuel by tuning your engine regularly. Remember, Dust leads to rapid wear of engine components and increases fuel consumption. So see that your air filter is thoroughly cleaned at every tune-up. The silencer and exhaust ports of a two-wheeler should be decoked periodically. If you find that your vehicle emits black smoke, or has poor pulling power, take it immediately to a reputed garage for thorough servicing. This will prove far less expensive than the petrol you'll waste otherwise.

### 3. An under-inflated tyre wastes petrol!

Tests show that under-inflated tyres increase rolling resistance leading to higher petrol consumption. A 25% decrease in tyre pressure can cost you 5-10% more on petrol and 25% on tyre life.

### 4. Do you know these facts about gears?

Incorrect gear shifting can lead to as much as 20% increase in fuel consumption. Start your vehicle in the first gear only. Use a higher gear for starting only if you are in a muddy patch or going downhill. For city driving, change to a higher gear as soon as you are sure that the engine will not struggle. Get into top gear as soon as possible. The right gear for coming downhill is the gear you need to go up the same slope.

### 5. Avoid rush hour and stop-and-go traffic.

You may use less fuel if you take a less congested route, even if it is slightly longer. In fact, fuel consumption in city driving is related more closely to travel time than to distances—your vehicle consumes double the normal fuel in a highly congested road.

### 6. Wise drivers anticipate stops—do you?

When you slam on the brakes, a lot of useful energy is wasted in the form of heat. Over tight brakes, or driving with your foot on the brakes can cost you 5% extra fuel.

### 7. Let go of your clutch.

Unnecessary use of the clutch leads to loss of power and petrol. Replace clutch liners immediately if they are worn out. Manipulating the clutch and accelerator to stay stationary on a gradient is a bad habit—this wastes a lot of fuel.

### 8. Stop the engine when you stop your vehicle.

Idling is big petrol waster. So if your battery, dynamo, self starter and fan belt are in good condition, you can easily switch off at halts over a minute, and re-start again. You save a lot of fuel this way.

### 9. Take away those extra kilos!

Do you really need to carry the luggage rack or the 100 odd things in the boot all the time? A reduction of weight by 45 kilos can lead to a saving of 2% in fuel in city driving.

### 10. Don't wait for your car to warm up.

Instead, drive in low gear till the engine warms up. Do not use the choke longer than necessary.

Also never park your car so that you have to reverse with a cold engine. This can use up a surprising amount of fuel.

### 11. Planning your trip—the smartest way to save.

Before you start on a trip, ask yourself, is it really essential? Or can it be combined with other trips in the same direction?

Another fantastic way to save—form 'vehicle pools' where you share your vehicle and the costs!

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on man's eternal quest for the truth about himself. G. Aravindan's *Kummaty* is a delicious fantasy for children and P. Padmarajan's *Peruvazhiambalam* is a mini saga of sex, sadism and superstition.

A miracle has happened: Tamil Cinema has come of age. I thought it was one of the worst disasters of the century. It has been redeemed by young geniuses like Dorai (Pasi), J. Mahendran (*Utharipokal: Scattered Flowers*) and Balu Mahendra (*Azhiyatha Kolangal: Indelible Memories*) who have not only given Tamil Cinema a new dimension and a thoroughly respectable value system, but created new artistes, Vijayan and Sobha, brilliant by the severest of tests. Vijayan does not act, does not project his ego, does not even speak audibly. He almost whispers, but you are already tense and you do not want to miss even one word that he utters. What he does on the screen is not at all heroic: what is heroic about him is his character. His humility, honesty and humaneness which involve him in situations he cannot get out of endear him to the audiences. There is nothing to suggest even vaguely that he is Vijayan and not the role he is called upon to play: he finds himself totally involved in whatever role is assigned to him.

### Rahu-Ketu Stranglehold

I was once sorry for Tamil Cinema and Telugu Cinema, because I found them in the firm grip of a Rahu and a Ketu. Who the Telugu Rahu and the Telugu Ketu and the Tamil Rahu and the Tamil Ketu are anyone can easily identify. Thank God the end of the eclipse is in sight. With the arrival of Kamalahaasan and Rajnikant and now Vijayan, the Rahu-Ketu stranglehold on Tamil Cinema will sooner or later disappear.

In *Utharipokal*, Vijayan appears as a most lovable villain who is not a villain. He is just himself. He is as weak or as strong as his neighbour. He does not even rape the girl who is at his mercy for the moment. Finally, when the whole village turns against him and wants him to die because of his feudal ways, which he regards as just human frailties, he walks straight into the river, crying silently for his two children whom he advises not to emulate his example. The audience has nothing but sympathy for him.

In *Azhiyatha Kolangal*, three school-children are initiated into the mysteries of sex by adults whose indiscretions and infatuations they observe almost with a sense of involvement. Gradually, the trio begin to take a perverse interest in the anatomy of their own lady teacher, Indu, played forcefully by Sobha. One almost feels that the boys, given a chance, wish to sleep with her! Perhaps this is possible. But Balu Mahendra's characters do not come alive, because of the exaggeration of the emotional problems accompanying adolescence. In their teens, boys

normally become homosexuals with little interest in the other sex. But Balu Mahendra's visuals are idyllic. The story is meaty enough. The situations have a logic and coherence. The dialogue is crisp and telling. Sobha's performance is most endearing.

### Non-Andhras In Telugu

In Telugu, non-Andhras have made several low-budget films of significance: Mrinal Sen (*Oka Oorie Katha*), Shyam Benegal (*Anugraham*), Ravindran (*Harijan*) and Goutam Ghose (*Maa Bhoomi*). Two Telugu movies were screened at the Indian Panorama. Ghose's *Maa Bhoomi (Our Land)* and B.S. Narayana's *Nimajjanam (The Immersion)*.

*Nimajjanam* is based on a short story in English by Manjeri Eswaran. It deserved a much more understanding and sensitive handling. The theme is very delicate. Sharada, the greatest artiste in India today, has been wasted.

The story is simple. A Brahmin couple, Bharathi and Srikanth, are on their way to Varanasi. To reach the railway station from their remote village, they have to go a long way in a bullock-cart. The purpose of their visit to Varanasi is the immersion of the ashes of Srikanth's father in the Ganga. The wife and her husband are orthodox and they are conditioned by traditions, superstitions, dogmas and phobias. The village Brahmins are even today upholders of the orthodox caste system. The cartman, a low-caste Hindu, overpowered by the seductive curves of the woman's anatomy, rapes her, when her husband is away briefly in search of the urn containing the ashes. Earlier, the cartman had manoeuvred to let the urn fall off the cart so that he could pounce on the poor woman while Srikanth was away.

The wife and the husband reach Varanasi. He ritually immerses his father's ashes in the Ganga and, when it is her turn to bathe in the sacred river, she drowns herself from a sense of guilt.

When the husband and the family priest return home, the same cartman receives them at the railway station. When he comes to know of the tragedy, he collapses exactly at the site where he raped Bharathi. He dies after making a confession. The husband, in a true spirit of beautiful forgiveness, pours the *Gangajal* into the mouth of the dying cartman so that his sin is atoned for to some extent. In the original version, the cartman falls off the cart which runs over him. With the change made by Narayana, the ending is easier on the heart and artistically more significant.

A very lofty theme. But the director has almost debased it by emphasising the surging lust in the cartman, frame by frame. The camera zooms monotonously and mercilessly on the breasts of Bharathi. The ghats of Varanasi, which are more

photogenic, seem to have interested him less than the curves of Sharada, who is not known at all for her sex-appeal. She is a serious, mature and totally dedicated artiste: no one associates vulgarity with her.

### Honestly Marxist

Gautam Ghose's *Maa Bhoomi* is a more satisfying film. This is Ghose's first feature film. Based on the novel by Krishan Chander, *Jeb Khet Jaage*, it is honestly Marxist from the first frame to the last. Set against the backdrop of the Telangana peasantry's uprising in the 1940s against the feudal tyranny of the Nizam, it brings into sharp focus the savagery of the class war. There is no doubt more politics than art in every frame. But the theme justifies it. There is an atmosphere of authenticity throughout, because of the locations and the players who are all villagers. The music under the competent direction of Vinjamuri Seetha is genuinely folk and smells of the Telangana soil. *Maa Bhoomi* is full of elemental fury and righteous indignation. It is a pleasantly and purposefully disturbing picture.

Girish Karnad and B. V. Karanth are by now household names in Karnataka. They symbolise quality cinema at its best. Among the younger exponents of the New Kannada Cinema, T. S. Nagabharana is important. His *Grahana (Eclipse)* is a significant film. Though technically poor, it makes a strong impact on the audiences because of its emotional thrust. It centres on the barbarity and the violence inherent in a ceremony that transforms the Harijans of a village near Tumkur into Brahmins for a few days for the purpose of the bizarre Hebbaramma festival. One of these temporary Brahmins invariably dies each year and no one is prepared to arrange for his funeral. The corpse is acceptable neither to the Harijans nor to the Brahmins.

Finally, when a progressive young villager calls the municipal staff for the disposal of the body, he becomes

the enemy of the whole village for violating a hoary tradition. The temporary Brahmin dies because the deity whom he carries after a purificatory ceremony casts a spell over him!

*Savithri*, directed by T.S. Ranga, is another outstanding Kannada film.

### The Kannada New Wave

The Kannada New Wave is concerned with the total repudiation of silly superstitions and demolition of orthodoxy. So a silent social revolution is in evidence in Karnataka through the medium of the cinema. Films in Kannada and Malayalam are more significant than the ones in Telugu and Tamil, though of late Tamil Cinema also has begun to show new trends which fortunately are being sustained by solid success at the box-office.

Cinema is a mass medium: it is concerned essentially with communication. So it cannot sustain itself unless it keeps audiences in their seats. Immediately it may not draw crowds. But sooner or later, after proper exposure, they are bound to see quality in a good film. Basically, a movie is either good or bad: there is no such thing as an art film and a commercial film. If a film has no audience, it is a bad film.

### No Genuine 'Critics'

As for the awareness of good cinema among the people, it is the duty of the critic to strengthen it. Unfortunately, there is no prospect at all of a healthy and dedicated body of informed criticism emerging in this country. Satyajit Ray has said that our critics can only give the synopsis of a story: they know nothing about the language of the cinema—ie, cutting, editing, angles, etc.

Also, sadly, the sole preoccupation of our film critics seems to be with gossip of a very trivial nature. Who sleeps with who concerns them more than who makes what film and how.

FROM THE KANNADA 'SAVITHRI', directed by T. S. Ranga. "A silent social revolution is in evidence in Karnataka through the medium of the cinema."



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**T**HE cold wind swept over the open platform like a lance. Groups of ragged villagers huddled together for protection and waited for the night passenger to Bombay, already an hour late. Then over the Eastern horizon a loom of light heralded its arrival and the silence was shattered by the pealing of the station bell. The little groups on the platform broke up and exploded into pandemonium as the train roared into the station.

This is typical of all your little stations where the trains halt for a few contemptuous moments as though unwilling to associate themselves with the ignominy of the place. Those waiting to get on know that the train is always full and that they will have to fight their way in or get left behind. Even before the train stops there is a chaotic scurrying about, like so many rats trying to find a hole to escape into. But all the holes are plugged already.

He felt disgust at himself and all those like him who did not have the guts to stand up and be counted. Because, to get involved you have to care and to care is to live.... and suffer.

# Passage In the Dark

by JAPVIR SINGH



This night was no different: the urgent pleas of those outside fell on a metal wall. The rush of bodies flowed past the locked doors of the First Class and Sleeper compartments to the tail end of the train, where light showed from a few open doors. That, too, proved to be an illusion, for the metal door had been replaced by an equally immovable mass of humans.

The train shrilled its whistle and I felt the adrenalin course through my limbs. I ran back to the centre of the train where, I knew from past experience, was a compartment reserved for passengers from a station down the line. I generally avoid doing the wrong thing in public—not from any idealistic motivation, but because I doubt I can face the consequences of such behaviour. One look at the milling crowd and the jerky start of the train decided me, however,



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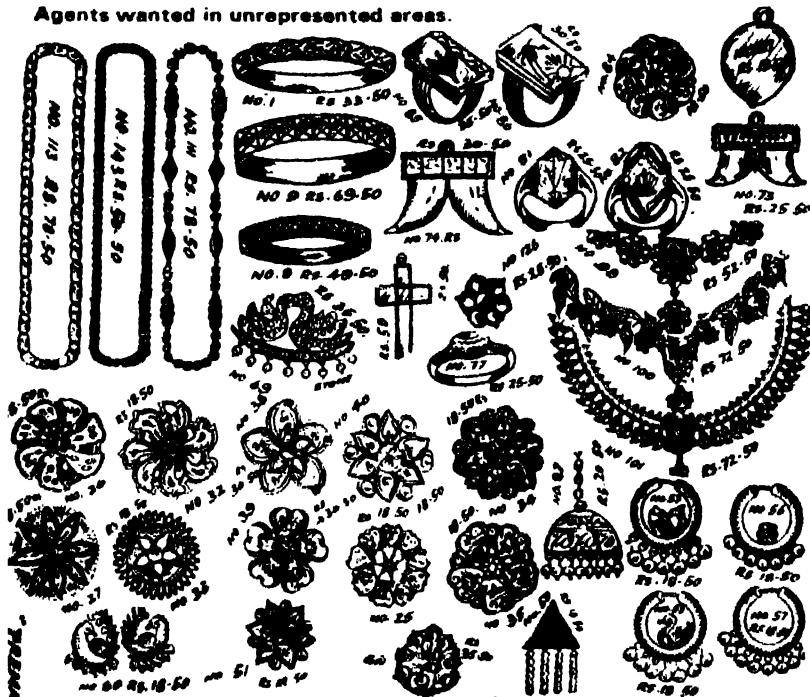
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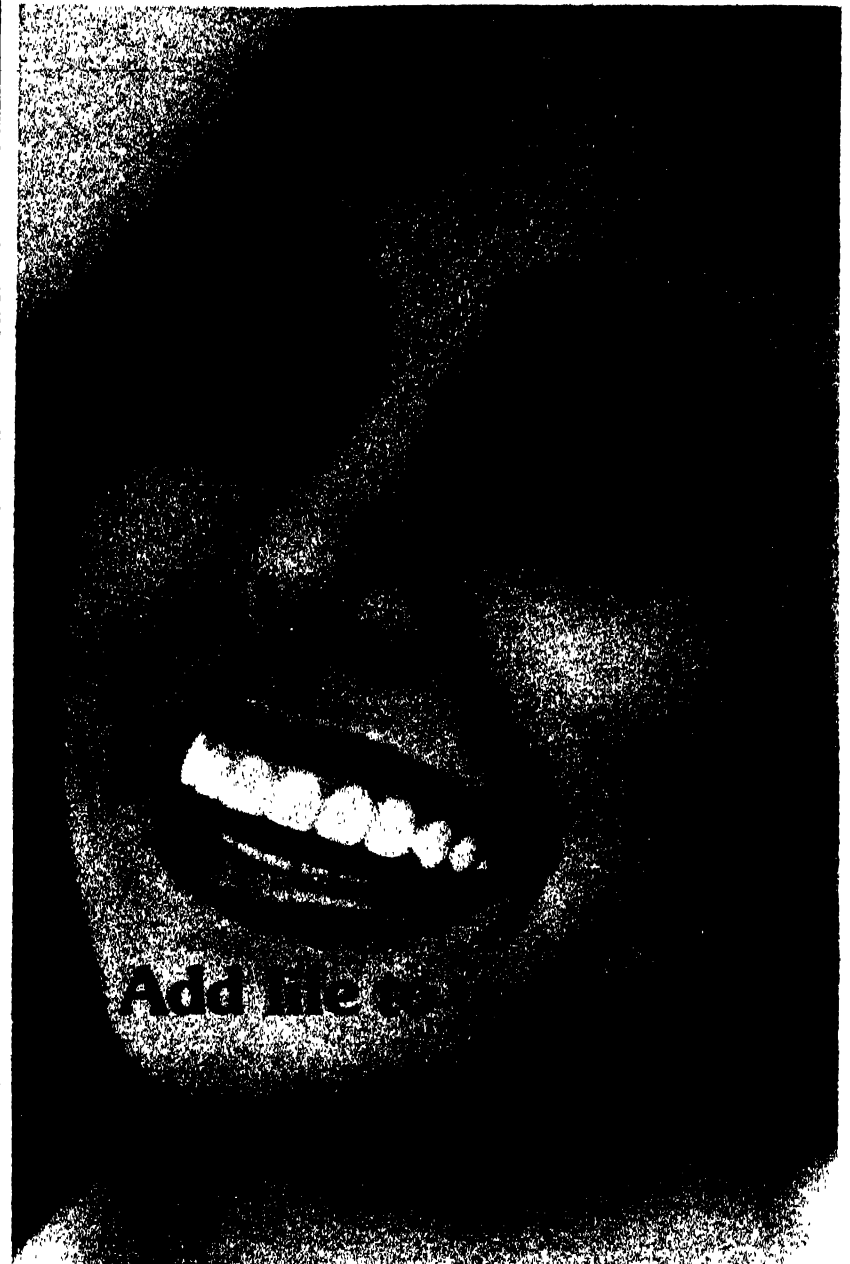
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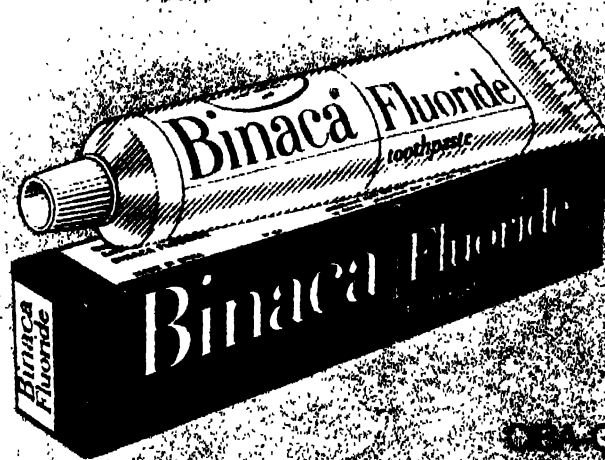
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and I guiltily climbed into the compartment. I found myself a single seat by a window and eased into it, trying to look as inconspicuous as possible. I felt as though I might be accosted at any moment and the sight of a few others in the compartment did not reassure me.

I travel this route practically every week and catching this train gives me the willies every time. The drama normally ends on gaining entry into the train, after which it is only a question of passing the dreary hours. I have developed a technique for it. Once I have a place to sit, or stand for that matter, I just tune out and daydream—if you can call weaving fantasies of the high life in a crowded second class compartment in the middle of the night, daydreaming. The neck-jerking state of semi-consciousness that passes for sleep for many under these circumstances is impossible for me. But this night, in spite of having a comfortable seat, I was uneasy. A vague sense of foreboding that went beyond the feeling of guilt.

The TTE suddenly appeared at the far end of the compartment. He chatted with a few of the passengers—obviously acquaintances of his and in this compartment by his grace—as he made his way towards me. I shifted uneasily in my seat and prayed for salvation. To my intense relief and surprise the train began to slow down for its next halt just then. And this was the station. I have never been so glad, as I was then, to see a nice comfortable space filled up by a screaming, smelling mob that flooded in through the doors. Nobody objected to my prior presence and as the train pulled out of the station I heaved a sigh of relief and sank back into my castle-building-in-the-air routine.

A tug on my shoulder brought me back to earth. It was the TTE, wanting to see my ticket. I produced it with alacrity and presented it to him as politely as I knew how.

"You got on at Begdewadi," he accused me.

"Yes, TTE Sahib," I said, leaning on the 'Sahib'. "I am aware I have done the wrong thing. But if you allow me.....to aap ki bahut meherbani hogi."

The combination of deference and timidity from a comparatively well-dressed person did the trick and the TTE moved on leaving me in my seat. I congratulated myself on my smooth handling of the situation and made myself comfortable.

The train stopped at every little station on its route, and people got on and some got off. I was only vaguely aware of them, their shifting sounds and smells. The compartment was chock full and people fitted in where they could—perched on the upper berths or squatting on the floor. A young woman with a babe in arms stretched out in the aisle beside me, unconcernedly pulling up the blouse from her ample bosom to breast feed the mewling child. Mother and child sank into drugged slumber, the woman oblivious of her nudity, while others dozed fitfully about her.

**A**T one station a particularly noisy group that entered shook me out of my latest reverie. Or maybe it was the strong smell of country liquor that accompanied them or the fact that they were obviously friends of our TTE but had no seats. My instincts told me that I was the obvious victim. My pride would not allow me to vacate my seat for those thugs but I knew that this would lead to a physical situation, and while I am healthy enough, I am no tiger. Either way I was lost. My skin crawled as they moved further into the compartment, shouting obscene greetings to their friend the TTE.

"Arrey sala, tere raj mein koi seat nahi?"

A little barb like that was all that was required to fire the TTE's vanity. He promptly got up to make arrangements for his friends. His hawk eye passed



over the seated passengers and I felt the immediate need to become invisible. The idea of getting into an argument with these unsavoury types did not appeal to me at all so I put on my most friendly and sympathy-evoking expression.

With a grateful heart I watched the laser beam pass over me on to the next most obvious victim. This hapless soul was another who had got on the train with me. There were others, too, but he alone wore a clean shirt and trousers, and that made him fair game.

The TTE had chosen well. No one interfered or protested as the man was rudely shaken awake and told to vacate the berth. I could hardly suppress a malicious little thrill, myself. It's always funny when someone else is in a spot. I congratulated myself on being smart and taking a seat when I could have appropriated an upper berth. I told myself the fellow had been a fool.

"What do you want?" asked the unfortunate one, knowing very well what was to come.

"Get down, you!" shouted one of them, pulling at the man's leg.

"Don't touch me!" his voice cracked, "I am not the only one who got on before. There are others also, I won't leave this seat." His tone was aggressive but his cringing stance gave him away. He looked around for support and as he caught my eye he grew hopeful.

I nipped in the bud any rash, chivalrous ideas and turned away. I wasn't likely to get involved with these hooligans on anybody's behalf. People should fend for themselves, is what I say. The little stab of conscience I subdued easily. The man was handling the situation badly; in his place I would have been friendly and compromising and to hell with Ayn Rand. Discretion is definitely the better part of valour.

As I watched, one of them grabbed his ankle and started to pull him down. The man kicked out in reflex and got his tormentor straight in the face. That was all that was required to precipitate the fight.....a kick in the face is not easy to accept, not even by a gutter-snipe.

There was the sound of a shirt tearing and a thud as the man was hauled bodily off his perch. I felt sorry for him but that was all I was prepared to do. He was actually the bigger of the two, and had he pressed home the initial advantage, he could in all probability have finished the fight as the victor. But he just covered in the corner and took a

horrible beating. Blood flowed from his nose and bruised lips. It was like watching a pet cocker spaniel being mauled by an alley cat.

The ruffian began to remove his belt and the man just stood there as though mesmerised. He took a number of vicious cuts from the buckle end of the belt, screaming each time it hit. No one tried to stop the massacre. I just imagined I wasn't there, but it wasn't very convincing. When he decided he had had enough the local tough stopped and contemptuously pushed the man to one corner of the compartment. As he stumbled past me our eyes met and I could not hold his gaze. I looked down in shame as he gathered his tattered shirt and dignity about him and left.

**I** TRIED to tell myself that it had happened too quickly, that my intervening would have made no difference, that I wasn't my brother's keeper. I tried, but I couldn't stem the feeling of disgust that welled up inside me. Disgust at myself and all those like me who have lost their guts to stand up and be counted, who have smothered their principles with cynicism and made a sophisticated virtue out of non-involvement; because to get involved means to care and to care is to live.....and suffer.

I was not always like this, and I can't remember to have been brought up to be like this, so when had this slow death caught up with me? Where did I pick up this malady? In my home? On the campus? Among my friends? Or were we all born with it and had to take active measures to conquer it? These and a thousand similar questions flashed through my mind.

I came to the inevitable conclusion that I was not really alive. Oh, I was the most vivacious member of my group of friends, I had a hundred things to do at all times and the feeling of never having enough time; but it was all so shallow. A mask, a smokescreen, a running away from the real thing. These pursuits gave one the chance to avoid a little soul-searching because one was subconsciously aware all the time of the darkness that lay there and it wasn't pleasant to contemplate.

I resolved then to make a new beginning. Henceforth, I would live so I could look myself in the mirror every day. It may be difficult, but I would try. I got off the train full of noble sentiments and ran straight into my first chance at redemption.

There near the gate stood the lonely figure in a torn shirt, with a small curious crowd gathering round him and a police constable. As I reached the outer fringe of the knot of people the man broke off talking to the policeman and stepped forward and grabbed me by my arm. Suddenly I was the centre of attention, and the crowd shifted position to envelope us.

I felt my pulse quicken and a dizzy claustrophobic spell made my head whirl. He wanted to know if I would corroborate his story to the police. There was hope in his voice and the plea showed so clearly in his eyes. The hostile crowd eyed me. I tensed myself—for I was a new man now—to say 'yes'.

I started to speak and the words tumbled out in quick succession, like a well rehearsed act: "I am sorry I can't really get involved in this. I wasn't watching everything, you see, I wouldn't be able to give the whole story. After all, you were also not ....." The look of contempt in his eyes was what first made me aware of what I was saying and I stopped.

As though divining my need, the crowd parted to make way for me and I walked through, with downcast eyes, to take up my place among the ranks of the walking dead.





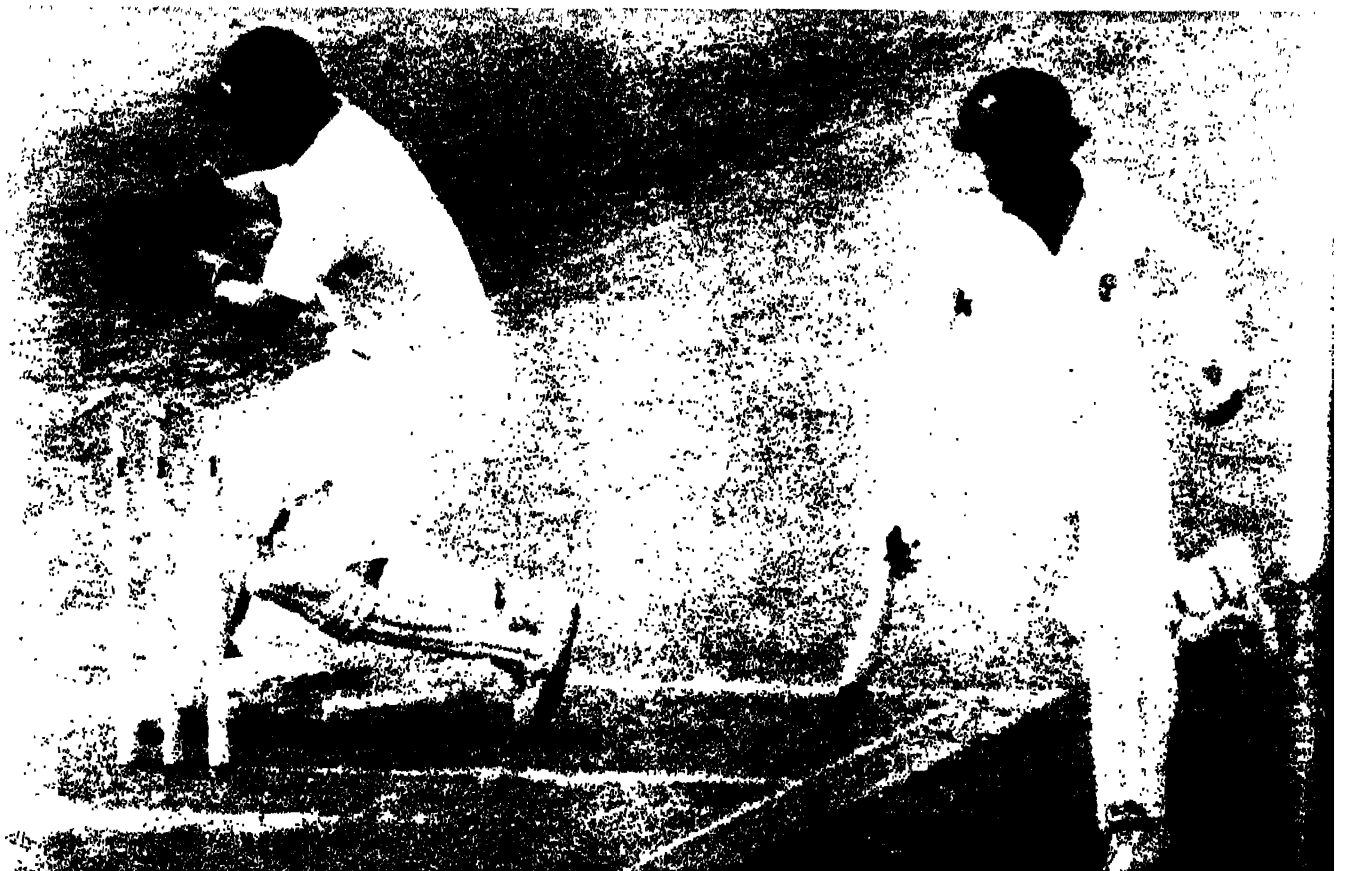
**PRUDENTIAL 'MAN OF THE MATCH' GRAHAM GOOCH.** It was on the strength of Graham Gooch's 108 and his opening stand of 154 with Geoff Boycott (78) that England mounted their swift offensive in the Second One-Day Prudential International at Edgbaston, Birmingham, England, after totalling 320 for 8 from 55 overs, won this Second International by 47 runs, with Gooch's hundred fetching him the 'Man of the Match' award. Above: Gooch is seen in square-cutting action (left) and being bowled for 54 in the First International at The Oval.

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## When Australia Lost Twice In 'One Day'

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**THE KANGAROOS** failed to run England close, making only 273 for 5 off 55 overs, in the Second International at Edgbaston. Here Bruce Laird, who hit 36, is nearly run out by England wicket-keeper David Bairstow. Australia's highest scorer in this match was Kim Hughes with 98. Graham Yallop made 52 not out.





**STICKLER GEOFF BOYCOTT** was instrumental in England triumphing in both Internationals—at The Oval by 23 runs and at Edgbaston by 47 runs. Boycott is hitting out at Edgbaston, where he made 78, while at The Oval he had been dismissed by Dennis Lillee when 99—something that made him scratch his head in disbelief (above right)!



**WEST INDIAN IN 'ENGLISH' ACTION.** Roland Butcher (left) made his bow for England in the Second International at Edgbaston with 52 of the best. This 26-year-old Caribbean is seen swinging Lillee in the course of his breezy knock.

**PACKER 'FLOOD' COMES TO ENGLAND.** Not a scene from the Australia-England Prudential confrontation, but the picture at the Chelsea football ground, London, when the first ever floodlit cricket match in England was played there between the touring West Indians and Essex. Now it is only a matter of time before floodlit cricket comes to India—the power situation in our country permitting!





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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Defeating A Grand Slam

A GRAND Slam is the most exciting moment at the Bridge table. Dr Haren Choksi, the Bombay Pathologist and race buff produced this brilliant defence during a recent practice session in Bombay. His hand, as East, was:

- ♠ J1082
- ♥ K9
- ♦ 873
- ♣ 8642

The bidding had gone:

South	North
1S	2C
2S	4NT
5C	5D
5S	7NT

Five Diamonds was a relay, and Five Spades showed an extra feature. Choksi led the eight of Diamonds, and dummy came down on his left:

- ♠ AKQ73
- ♥ 82
- ♦ 1092
- ♣ A7

Declarer proceeded to cash four tricks in Diamonds partner following thrice. What would you discard, in Choksi's place, on the fourth Diamond? A Spade is obviously out of the question, so most of us would discard a 'useless' Club. Not Choksi, though. Like a flash, he discarded his nine of Hearts, baring his King!

Let's take a look at the whole hand, an advantage denied to Choksi of course, to appreciate the magnificence of this play:

- ♠ 94
  - ♥ AQJ
  - ♦ AKQ4
  - ♣ KQ103
- |           |         |
|-----------|---------|
| ♠ 65      | ♠ J1082 |
| ♥ 1078543 | ♥ K9    |
| ♦ J65     | ♦ 873   |
| ♣ J95     | ♣ 8642  |
- ♠ AKQ73
  - ♥ 82
  - ♦ 1092
  - ♣ A7

Let us suppose that Choksi had discarded a Club on the fourth Diamond. Declarer would then have tested the Clubs, and finding the Jack coming down, would have cashed the fourth Club. Choksi would now have to discard a Heart to guard the Spades. After testing the Spades, the declarer would have been able to count East's hand, four Spades, three Diamonds, four Clubs, therefore two Hearts.

With this information, the declarer would very likely have dropped the new bare King of Hearts, to make his contract. East's willingness to discard a Club from four cards, which could sell an extra trick if West's three Clubs were Jack ten nine,

and his earlier reluctance to discard a Heart, would indicate to an expert declarer the winning line.

After that actual discard, the declarer was at the crossroads. He could not afford to test the Clubs, then the Spades, and fall back on the Heart finesse, because if both Club and Spades proved sour, he needed two entries to finesse Hearts twice! So he cashed three Spades, discovering the break, and finessed Hearts. Down two, in a contract which might have made but for Choksi's brilliant defence.

A similar situation came up during the last Summer Nationals Pairs event at Poona. Coincidentally, the contract then too, was seven No Trump:

- ♠ 9865
  - ♥ 1054
  - ♦ 9872
  - ♣ 85
- |          |        |
|----------|--------|
| ♠ J104   | ♠ AK3  |
| ♥ A7     | ♥ KJ62 |
| ♦ AJ9    | ♦ KQ3  |
| ♣ AQJ104 | ♣ K63  |
- ♠ Q72
  - ♥ Q983
  - ♦ 1064
  - ♣ 972

The auction was brief:

West	East
1D	1C
	3NT (19-20)
7NT	

South led a Club, the most passive lead possible, and declarer proceeded to cash his Clubs. On the third and fourth Clubs, North

discarded his four and five of Hearts, declarer a Diamond, and South? Seeing the square coming up, South discarded his two of Spades.

On the fifth Club North threw his ten of Hearts, East threw a Heart too, and so did South. Declarer went through the motions of cashing his Diamonds, tasted the King and Ace of Hearts, and when the Queen did not drop, passed the Jack of Spades for down one!

But if South had discarded say a small Heart and a small Diamond on the run of the Clubs, declarer could have inferred, possibly, that South was guarding something in Spades.

North's Heart discards had revealed the position of the Queen of Hearts, so declarer could well have played a Vienna Coup. That is, he could have cashed his Clubs, cashed the Ace King of Spades, and cashed two Diamonds ending in dummy, reaching this four card end position:

West	East
♠ J	♠ 3
♥ AJ	♥ KJ6
♦ J	♦ —
♣ —	♣ —

South
♠ Q
♥ Q98
♦ —
♣ —

On the Jack of Diamonds, declarer pitches his Spade, and South goes home!

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Evaluate The K & P Ending

THE first requirement for proficiency in conducting the end game is the ability to evaluate the King and Pawn ending. At times this may involve long and precise calculation and some finesse in handling the King, but the opportunity must be seized when it occurs.

In position Nos 105 and 106 we see the winner's far-sighted visualisation and refined handling of the King and Pawn ending.

Gutop-Sindelf-Zade, USSR 1979:

1.NK63, NK63 2.PK3, PQ4 3. BN2, PB3 4.00, BN5 (Reti Opening; 4...BB4—the London System—is more popular) 5.PN3, QN2 6.BN2, PK3 7.PQ3, BQ3 8. QN2, 00 9.PK3, BR4 10.PK4 PxP (possible is 10...PK4 without exchanging Pawns) 11.PxP, BxN 12.QxB, PQN4 13.QE2, PK4 14.KRQ1, QE2 15.PQ4, QE3 16.NB1, KRQ1 17.NE3, PN3 18. NN4, NxN 19.QxN (White has a slight advantage with his two Bishops and better Pawn structure).

BETTER BISHOP

19...NB4 20.PxP, RPxP 21. PRA, NK3 22.QE2, BE2 (Here 22...QB2 and ...BB1 can be considered) 23.BKR3, RxBch 24. RxB, RE7 25.BE3, PN5 26.RR1, RR6 27.BxN, QxB 28.BN2, RxBch 29.BxR, BN3 30.BN2, QQ3 31.KN2 BQ5 (The position is practically level, but White has a better Bishop) 32.BB1, KN2 33.BN5, PQB4 34.QE3, QQE3 35.PN4, PB5? (He should play PKR3)... PKB3) 36.PxP, PB3 37.BQ2, QxBP 38. PN5!, PxP 39.PxP, BR6 (39...QxP? would be bad because of 40.BxP, QB1 41.QB6ch, KN1 42.BQ6, QK1 43.PB4; he might have tried 39...QB4) 40.BxB, QxB (On 40...PxP 41 QB6ch loses the KP).

Position No 105. 41.QxQ, PxQ 42.PB4!, PR3 [If 42...PxP 43. KB3, PRA 44.PxP ep, ch, KxP 45. KK5!, KN2 (or 45...PN4 46.KB5) 46.KQ4 wins] 43.KB3, KR2 (43... PRA would lose to 44.PB5!, KR2 45.KN3, KN2 46.PxP, KxP 47. KR4) 44.PxP, PxP 45.KxP, KxP 46.KK5, KN4 47.KQ5, KB3 48.KQ6, KB2 49.PK5, KK1 50. KK6, Black resigns.

Bugholtz-Makarichev, Mexico 1977

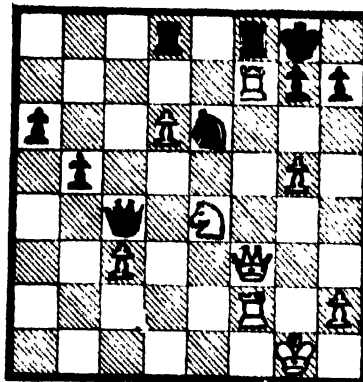
1.PQN3, PQ4 2.RN2, BN5 3. PKR3, BR4 4.NK63!? (Irregular Reti Better 4.PN3) BxN 5.NPxP, PE3 6.PK3, NK63, 7.PKB4, PKN3 8.QE3, RN2 9.PQ3, NB3 10.BN2, NKRA! 11.BxB, NxB 12. PQ4, NB4 13.BB1, NR5 14.QN3, QK2 15.PQB3, PQR3 16.BQ3, 000 17.NQ2, PR3 18.000, QB3 19. QEN1, KRN1 20.KB2, PKN4! 21. PxP, PxP 22.PKB4, PxP! 23.QxR, RxB 24.RxBch, KQ2.

25.PxP, NB4 (Not 25...QxBP? 26.RKB1; but Black has compensation in the weakness of White's KBP and KRP for the difference in the value of two Rooks for Queen) 26.RK1?, QR5

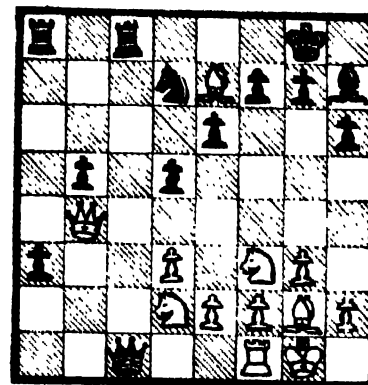
27.R8N1, QxBP 28.KB1, N3K2 29. BE2, QR3 30.BxN, NxB 31.RR1, NN6 32.RR2, NK5 (White must lose his KRP or QBP) 33.KK2, NxN 34.RxN, QxP 35.RB2, PKB4 36.R2K2, QR3 37.RQN1...

Position No 106 37...PB4! (To get connected passed Pawns) 38.PxP, PB5 39.RJK1, QN3ch! (if 40.KQ2?, PB6 41.RxP, QN7ch and 42...PB7 wins) 40.KN2, QB3 41. RxP, (What else?) QxR 42.RxQ, KxR 43.KB2 KB4 44.KQ3, KN5 45.KK2, KN6 46.KB1, KB6 47.PN4, KK6 48.PR4, PQ5! (Poor White is just one move short; but for this finesse he would win) 49.PxP, KxP and White resigned on the 47th move.

R. B. SAPRE

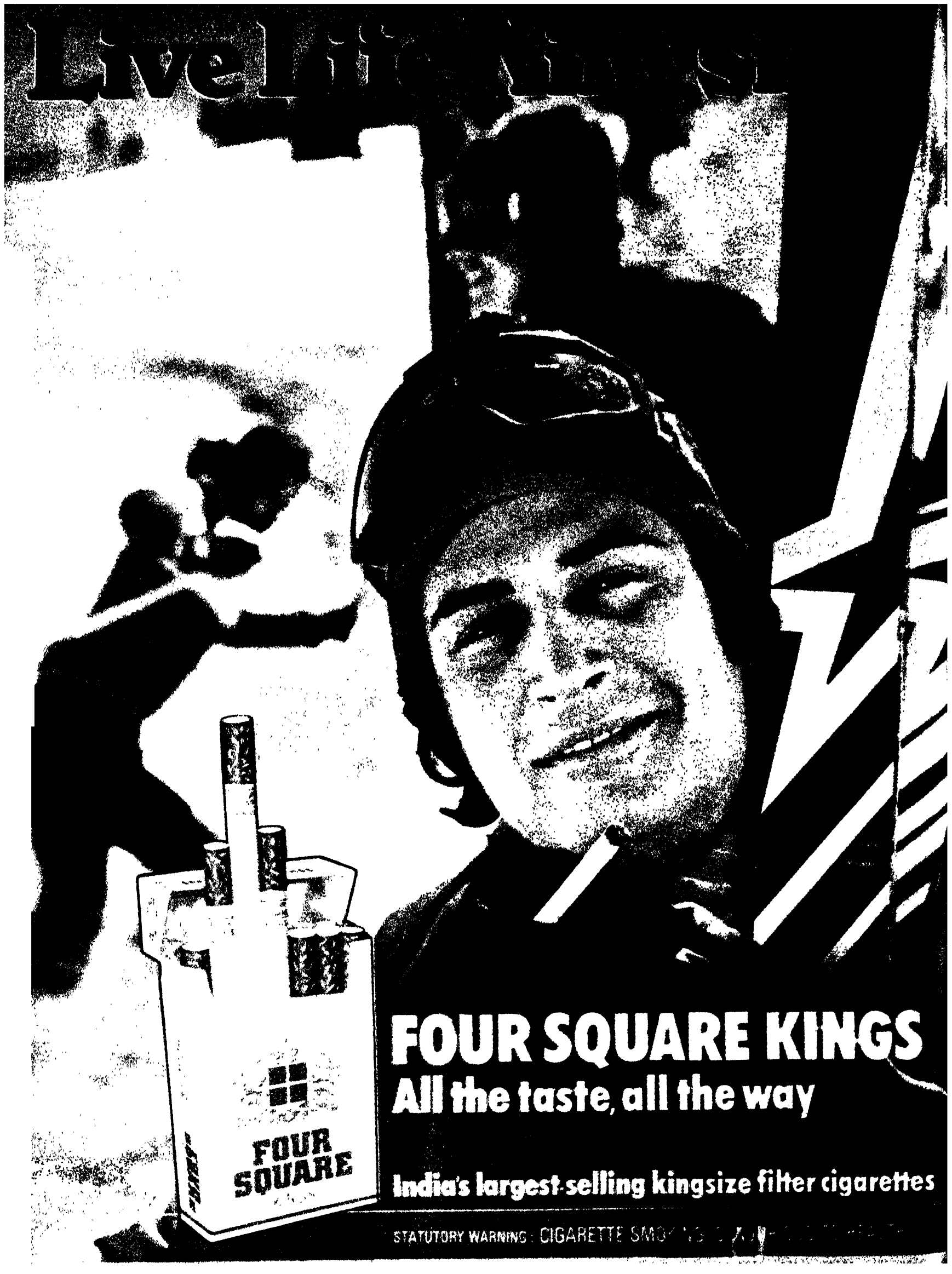


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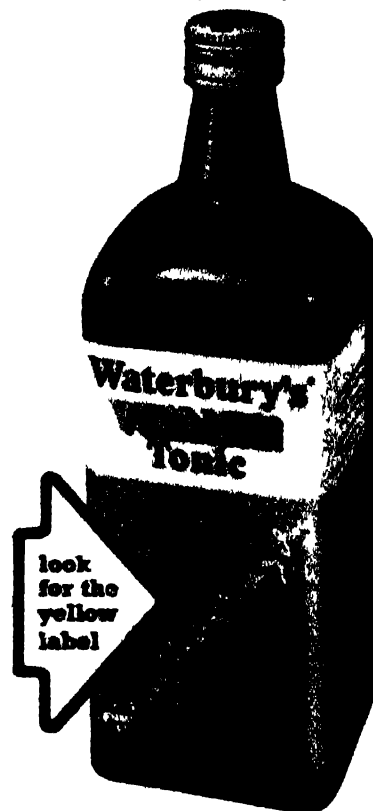
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CONTEST!**

We are introducing a novel scheme of awarding Prizes for "QUOTES" No. 270, aimed at achieving a more equitable distribution of the Prize Money. At present the entrant's skill in solving a substantial number of clues correctly still falls short of a Prize due to a few stray errors.

We are therefore earmarking Rs. 2,000/- for the First five clues (marked as SET—"A"). Rs. 2,000/- for the Second five clues (marked as SET—"B") and Rs. 2,000/- for the last set of five clues (marked as SET—"C"). The Main Prize of Rs. 10,000/- will constitute the First Prize of the contest to cover all the fifteen clues.

These separate amounts of Rs. 2,000/- for each of the three "A", "B" and "C" sets are specially meant to reward solvers who: i) solve any one ("A" or "B" or "C")

**IMPORTANT**

In "QUOTES" No. 270, entrants who submit more than four entries in contravention of our rules by using the names and addresses of others are warned that all their entries will be disqualified at the discretion of the Competition Editor, and the entry fees will be forfeited.

This rule is being introduced to ensure that only skill succeeds and not number of entries.

set correctly, and ii) solve any two ("A" & "B" or "A" & "C" or "B" & "C") sets correctly.

All solvers who would have been One-Error solvers under the previous system will now naturally have any Two of the other sets without

(Continued on Page 60)

**RULES & CONDITIONS ON P. 60  
ENTER REGULARLY AND WIN**

**NO READER MAY SUBMIT MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES. USE OF ANOTHER PERSON'S NAME TO AVOID THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY DEALT WITH.**

**"QUOTES"—A NOVEL LITERARY PASTIME**

**NEW  
PRIZE  
SCHEME!**

Rs. **16,000**

**FIRST PRIZE  
Rs. 10,000  
FOR ALL CORRECT SETS  
NUMBERS-UP  
SET—"A": Rs. 2,000  
SET—"B": Rs. 2,000  
SET—"C": Rs. 2,000**

**CONTEST OF SKILL • Rs. 1/- PER ONE ALL-SET ENTRY!**

Here's "QUOTES" No. 270, OUR OCTOBER OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs. 10,000! Find the suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue

**CLOSES: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1980**

**CLUES ACROSS**

**SET "A"**

- 1 Chance knew how to —, all right. (BREAK|CHEAT)
- 2 "Yes, you told me. Everything went —." (BLACK|BLANK)
- 3 He stopped his eternal — of thinking and let himself feel. (JEST|PEST|TEST)
- 4 He was beginning to faint, but he knew if he passed out before he — he would never wake up. (TALKED|WALKED)
- 8 "We'll charge it to your bill. Anyway, all Army captains are —." (HEALTHY|WEALTHY)

**SET "B"**

- 13 When she was through she had half a dozen shots — her and called my attention to the women. They were her former associates. (BESIDE|INSIDE)
- 14 "— or not, it's what I've come for. Inaction now would be a crime." (RIPE|WISE)

**CLUES DOWN**

**SET "B"**

- 2 He grinned cheerfully, letting me know both that he thought I was — and also that I had every right to be, as long as I was harmless and, moreover, paying him. (BALMY|BARMY|BATTY)
- 5 When they destroyed the old — and the way of life man had known since the beginning of history, they swept away many good things with the bad. (NATIONS|NOTIONS)
- 6 'Have a drink,' said another voice, 'and to hell with —.' (FAME|FATE|CARE)

**SET "C"**

- 7 Another curious item turned up which gave us further grounds for —, and vaguely uncomfortable, speculation. (CURIOUS|FURIOUS|SERIOUS)
- 9 The left eye was — almost shut, and the left side of his mouth and face fell slack, in grey folds. The look of severe stroke. (DROOPED|DROPPED)
- 10 Good. — it impersonal it: a case. A puzzle. (MAKE|TAKE)
- 11 'I suppose that — was a bit of a joke. I wasn't seeing things very funny at the time.' (SHIFT|SHIRT|SKIRT)
- 12 Among this only what was man-made was —. (FINE|MINE|VILE)

**SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF OCT. 26; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF NOV. 2**  
Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 270, Competition Department, "Times of India" Offices, Post Bag No. 762, Bombay-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR "QUOTES" No. 270

**"QUOTES"  
No. 270**

**CLOSING  
DATE:**

**FRIDAY,  
OCTOBER 10,  
1980.**

Enclosed Money  
Order Receipts/  
Postal Order/  
"Q" Cash Receipts

No. ....

1	R	H	E	A	K	2	B	L	A	K
3	E	S	T	4	A	L	K	E	D	
			5	E	N					7
8	E	A	L	T	H	Y				9
10										
11	S	U	E	O	R	A	D	I	O	
12										
13	I									
14	T									

"QUOTES" No. 270

1	R	H	E	A	K	2	B	L	A	K
3	E	S	T	4	A	L	K	E	D	
			5	E	N					7
8	E	A	L	T	H	Y				9
10										
11	S	U	E	O	R	A	D	I	O	
12										
13	I									
14	T									

"QUOTES" No. 270

I Entry Re 1/-

II Entry Re 1/-

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME } Mr.  
                  } Miss  
                  } Mrs.

LETTERS }  
                  }



**A** CRAFTY travelling salesman saw his calling card being torn-up by the busy manager of a large company. When the office-boy came out and told him that the boss was busy, the salesman just smiled and asked for his card to be returned. The boy went back and came out with five cents from the boss and the message that his card had been misplaced. The salesman took out another card and sent the boy back, saying "Tell your boss I sell two cards for five cents." He got his interview.

**R**EPORTER from a local paper to a self-made millionaire "How did you make your fortune?"

"I became the partner of a rich man, he had the money and I had the experience."

"How did that help?"

"Now he has the experience and I the money."

**T**HE live-wire salesman walked into the factory and demanded an interview with the manager.

"Look here, sir," he began, energetically, "I would like to talk to your men and sell them my correspondence course on how to put fire and sparkle into their work."

The Manager turned pale "Get out!" he yelled, "This is a dynamite factory, you idiot."

**O**NE bum to another: "What happened after you were thrown out of the side exit on your face?"

"I told the usher that I belonged to a very important family."

"So what?"

"He begged my pardon, asked me in again and threw me out of the front door."

**A** FREQUENT creditor has a unique way of settling his accounts with customers. He rings them and says: "If you don't pay up this month I will ring your other creditors and say that you have just paid me."

**T**HE father who was wheeling his newborn son's pram, was asked by a passerby "That your baby?"

"No," said the father sarcastically, "I borrowed it from a neighbour."

"Hmm," retorted the other, taking a closer look, "ugly little beast in that case, isn't he?"

**T**HE financier's son, running into his father's office, "Dad, lend me five hundred."

"What for, my boy?"

"I have got a sure tip on the stock market."

"How much shall we make out of it?" asked the old man cautiously.

"A couple of hundred for sure," replied the boy eagerly "That's a hundred each."

"Here is your hundred," said his father, "let us consider that we have made this deal and that it has succeeded. You make a hundred and I save four hundred."

**T**HE boss came in early one day and found his book-keeper kissing the stenographer passionately "Is this what I pay you for?" he demanded angrily.

"No sir, I do this free of charge on my own initiative," replied the book-keeper.

(Jokes selected by M. A. Mir)

**B**OSS to secretary: "Every time I want you, you're engaged on the phone, Miss Blank!"

"They were business calls, Sir."

"Well, don't address my client as darling in future."

**A** YOUNG mother says that after putting her two children to bed one night she changed into a floppy blouse and an old pair of slacks and proceeded to wash her hair. All during the shampoo she could hear the children growing wilder and noisier. Finishing as hurriedly as possible, she wrapped a large towel around her head, stormed into their room and put them back to bed with a stern warning to stay there. As she left, she heard the two-year-old say to his sister in a trembling voice. "Who was that?"

**O**NE woman golfer to another, who has just swung and missed. "You're improving! The ball trembled that time!"

**I**RVING BERLIN once urged Victor Borge to stick to the classics.

"But, Irving, every time I play Mozart, I hear a little voice that whispers: 'Don't play it. Don't play it!'"

"You recognise the little voice?"

"Yes, Irving. It's Mozart's."

**A**NGUS was helping at the accouchement of his wife, holding the paraffin lamp. When the doctor had produced not one but three fine babies, Angus disappeared with the lamp.

"Here, come back with the lamp. I think there's another!" called the doctor.

"I will not!" called back Angus "It's the light that attracts them!"

**O**NE morning a young lady left her husband in their hotel room and went shopping. When she returned she got out of the elevator at the wrong floor. Stopping at the door of what she assumed to be their room she knocked and called softly: "Honey! Oh, honey!"

There was no response, so she knocked again "Honey," she called, "Honey, it's me. Let me in, honey." At this, an exasperated male voice rasped out, "Madam, this is a bathroom—not a beehive!"

**S**MALL boy (to his brother on their being sent to bed by a thoroughly harassed mother "I can't work it out. Every time she gets tired we have to take a nap.")

**O**N a plane flight was a lively child who nearly drove everyone crazy. He was running up and down the aisle when the stewardess started serving coffee, and he ran smack into her, knocking the cups of coffee to the floor. As he stood watching her clean up the mess, she glanced up at the boy and said: "Look, why don't you go and play outside?"

**T**OURIST "Any big men born round here?" (in a condescending tone)

"No," responded the native, "Best we can do is babies. Different in the city, I suppose."

(Jokes selected by Mirajit Bhatia)





# Weekly Fun Time

## NUMBER PUZZLE

A	E	F	
B			G
	C		
D			

### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF THE ASWAN HIGH DAM IN EGYPT.
- B) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF NANGA PARBAT IN THE HIMALAYAS.
- C) THE AREA OF THAILAND IN UNITS OF THOUSAND SQUARE KILOMETRES.
- D) THE YEAR IN WHICH ABUL FAZL DIED.

### CLUES DOWN:

- A) THE NUMBER OF CHAPTERS IN THE BHAGAWAD-GITA
- E) THE YEAR IN WHICH BIJJALA KALACHURI ASCENDED THE THRONE OF KALYAN
- F) THE YEAR IN WHICH QUTB-UD-DIN AIBAK DIED
- G) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE CHALUKYA KING PULAKESIN II WAS KILLED IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE PALLAVAS.

## B TRUE OR FALSE?



DORMICE WERE RAISED BY THE ROMANS, WHO FATTENED THEM IN EARTHENWARE POTS AND ATE THEM HEARTILY.

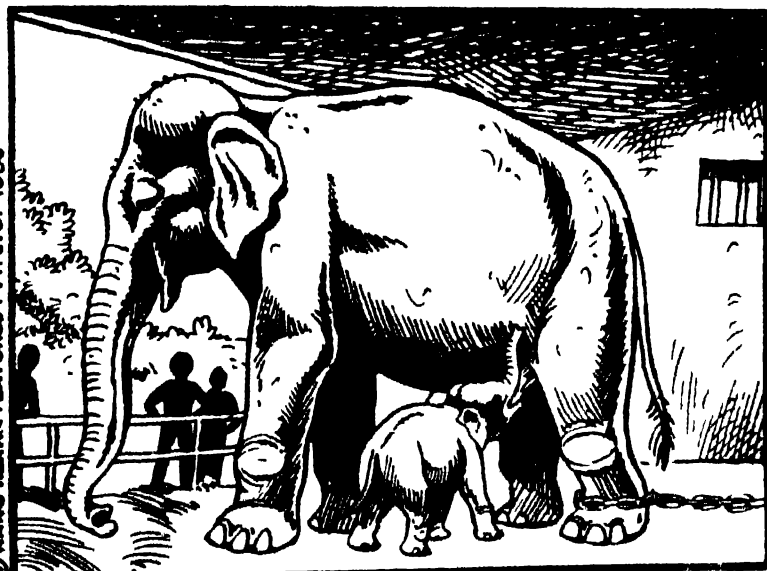


BEEES WERE FIRST DOMESTICATED IN INDIA ABOUT 5,000 YEARS AGO TO PROVIDE WAX FOR WRITING TABLETS.



SILKWORM CULTURE BEGAN IN CHINA AROUND 3,000 B.C

## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?



© JANG MEENA FEATURES PVT. LTD. 1980

## D

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF X?

4	6	7	9
42	20	90	56
11	15	14	8
240	132	X	210

## E

GIVEN BELOW ARE THE NAMES OF THREE CITIES OF INDIA, IN A CODE LANGUAGE. WHICH ARE THESE CITIES?

CPNCBZ  
EFMIJ  
NBESBT

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

**A**

6	9	6	0
4	8	0	0
3	0		0
	1	3	1

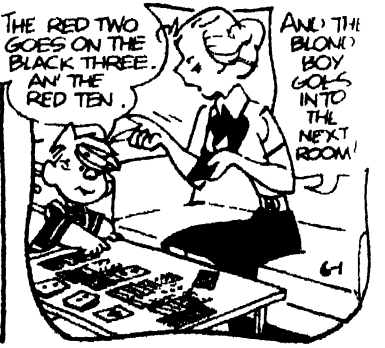
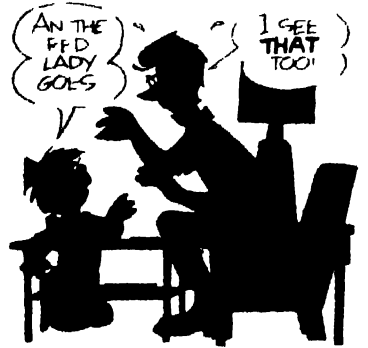
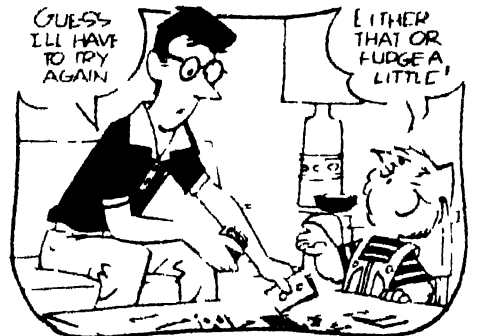
**B** ALL THE STATEMENTS WERE TRUE.

**C** THOUGH THE FLAMES CAN BE SEEN, THE KNOB OF THE BURNER IS SHOWN TURNED OFF.

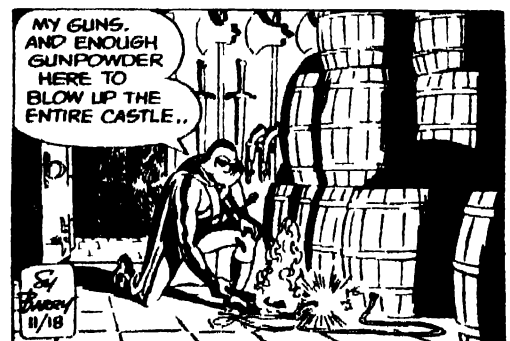
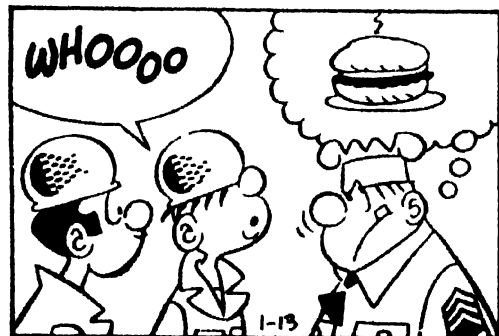
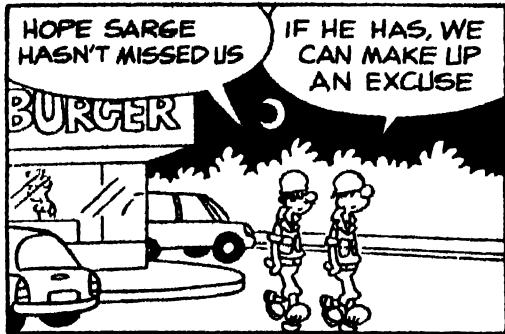
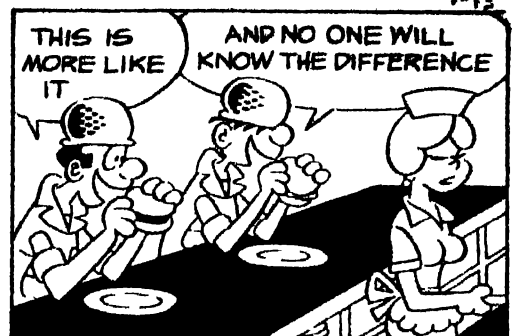
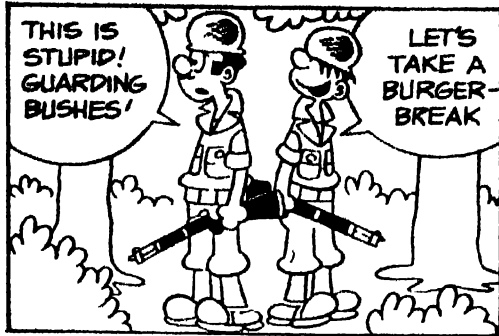
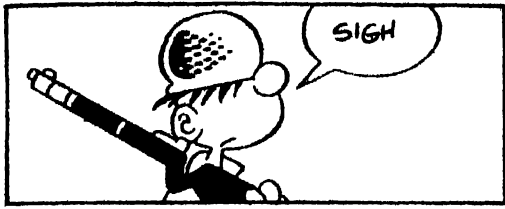
**D** LION, COW, WOLF, ASS.

**E**

C	R	O	N	Y
C	R	O	N	E
C	R	A	N	E
C	R	A	V	E
B	R	A	V	E



beetle bailey by mort walker



**"I've discovered Parry's Eclairs –  
they just stay in my mouth."**



**Unwrap a discovery  
today: Parry's Eclairs.**

**Discover the rich  
covering which just  
lingers in your mouth.**

**Discover the generous  
cocoa-enriched soft  
centre for a taste that's  
more "chocolatey".**

**Discover the  
liberal lashings of milk  
and sugar...**

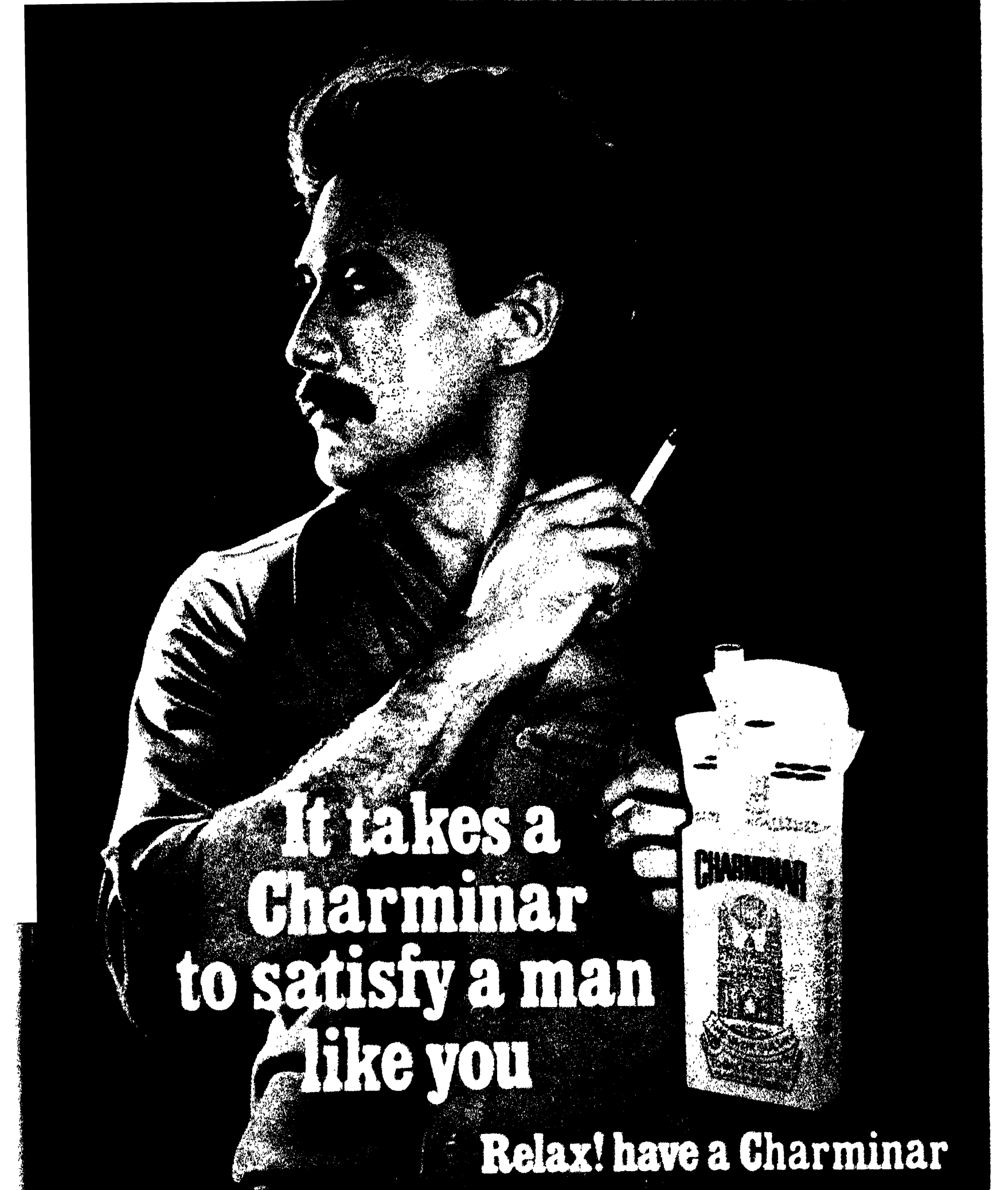


**The eclair.  
Parrys  
make it better**



**Parrys  
Confectionery Limited  
Madras**

FCL-2201



**It takes a  
Charminar  
to satisfy a man  
like you**



**Relax! have a Charminar**

STATUTORY WARNING:

**CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH**

CASVS-236-305

**Rs.1 for 10**

\* Max. Price Subject to Local Taxes

**"MAIN DEALER : R. KUMAR & BROS., NEYVELI 607 803"**

THACKERSEY BRIDGES THE GENERATION GAP



Debarun-HM 21

Famous since 1873 for their superfine cottons. And the first to introduce Polyester Blends. Thackersey creates fashion fabrics for the whole family. An infinitely delightful range of prints, colours and textures in voiles, linos, cambrics, poplins, two x two, dhosis, jacquards, furnishings, **CRONOLIZED** (pre-shrunk) and **TABILIZED** (for tested crease resistance) cottons. And polyester blended suiting, shirtings, dress materials and sarees.

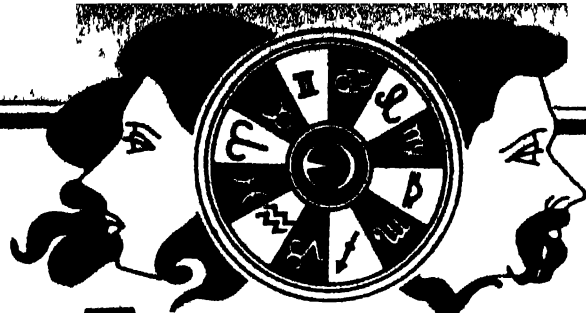
# thackersey fabrics

SINCE 1873 SYMBOL OF A RICH TEXTILE TRADITION

THE HINDOOSTAN SPINNING AND WEAVING MILLS LIMITED



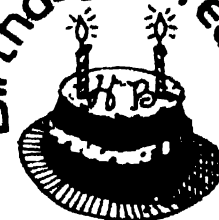




# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K.KELKAR

## Birthday Forecast



### Sunday, September 7

This year you may have to seek the help of your seniors for improving the state of your affairs. Experiment till October, assess results from November onwards.

### Monday, September 8

This year you will lead a happy and peaceful life. From November onwards you will try your hand at new ventures on an experimental basis. Financial luck is in evidence in January, May and July.

### Tuesday, September 9

You will be exposed to competition from October. Join a financial organisation so that the flow of capital will continue in your favour. In January and March take bold decisions and turn things to your advantage.

### Wednesday, September 10

A fertile imagination and systematic working will help you not only to earn stability in your existing vocation but will render openings to new avenues. July builds your reputation. Financially you do well.

### Thursday, September 11

This is going to be a year of stress and strain. However, your patience and fortitude will help you to withstand difficulties. Rare opportunities will present themselves enabling you to make headway in your career in June-July.

### Friday, September 12

Indications are that you will tend to be extremely individualistic and also touchy. Though there is nothing untoward in store for you, your mental frame of mind could stunt your prosperous phase.

### Saturday, September 13

A lucky year ahead for you. Some of you will inherit or establish a business or professional venture. Doctors and engineers will be the luckiest among all those who fall under this sign. You have a chance to go abroad either in January, May or July.

**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec. 21-Jan. 19



Your financial stability should be your primary concern for the next six weeks. Ignore minor domestic worries in the early part of the week but look forward to improving business prospects from Tuesday. Handle new personalities cautiously on Wednesday as you may have to commit yourself.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr. 21-May 20



A cautious handling of your speculative habits will enrich you. Sort out domestic issues on Monday in consultation with your spouse. This will fetch you his or her cooperation on Thursday. Utilise Wednesday for clearing your mail or holding talks with VIPs. Reserve Friday for an outing.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Shed complacency and attend to your affairs with discretion. Utilise Sunday for meeting people in higher echelons. Tuesday is suited for business and government work but not for legal matters. Promises of financial help will materialise on Thursday. Don't let others irk you on Friday.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Patience and perseverance will be rewarded in the coming two weeks. No fresh investments or promises should be made. Delays and setbacks may hamper your progress till mid-week. Thursday brings a secret tip-off of a meeting with influential people which helps gear up business activities.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



Your seniors and family members should be handled tactfully and wisely in order to enlist their support for improving your business or career prospects. Spend sparingly on Sunday-Monday. Tuesday will be financially lucky. Make a suitable impression on Thursday to win over the people by the week-end.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept. 24-Oct. 23



Your sense of justice and fair play will surface in the next few weeks. Money comes through secret sources on Sunday but do not re-invest it. A short trip on Tuesday will help solve many problems. Attend public functions on Thursday. A social gathering is likely on Friday.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb. 19-Mar. 20



Bear patiently the burden of a difficult job in the coming few weeks. You are likely to cancel your programmes frequently even though they had been fixed in advance. Adjust to the volatile situations that occur till Thursday. By Friday-Saturday you can execute your plans on a moderate scale.

**CANCER**  
(Karka)  
June 21-July 20



You will manage to present a facade of good health even though it may need improving. Sunday will bring you some financial gains which will be spent on the luxuries you are used to. Tuesday will bring similar luck if you recover old dues without creating any bitterness. Clear up your dues with the Government.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrischika)  
Oct. 24-Nov. 22



Doctors, scientists and pharmacists will make a great success of any new activity they undertake. Army and police officers will also be outstanding in their respective fields. Talk matters over with your spouse on Sunday. Observe patience on Tuesday. Thursday brings promising business deals.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar. 21-Apr. 20



There are no indications of major changes in the existing field of business. Direct your efforts towards dealing cordially with everyone around you. Minimum investments should be made on Sunday. Withdraw from competition on Monday. Have fun on Thursday. Do not give in to your impulsiveness.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug. 21



On Sunday you will impress people despite the expenses it will involve. Don't repeat this on Monday. By a stroke of luck you will get publicity and money on Tuesday, but you will squander it on Wednesday. Don't disclose the results of your negotiations. Saturday is a lucky day for improving your career prospects.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov. 23-Dec. 20



Slow down your business activities in the next couple of weeks. Unexpected developments in the next week may cause you much embarrassment if you are in service. On Tuesday-Wednesday listen to advice from others. Meetings on Thursday will be fruitful provided you do not disclose your trump card.

## STAR FOCUS

The author's prediction published somewhere in 1976 that the Blacks would succeed in capturing power in Rhodesia between January and June 1980 came true on April this year.

The horoscope calculated for the nation, therefore, can be confirmed. The position of the planets on April 17, 1980, if inserted in a chart can be

used for future predictions. Saturn, the hard task-master, is placed in the ascendant and will help the citizens to adopt a realistic approach for the betterment of the country. The Moon and Venus in the 9th house will bring riches to the nation and help it develop friendly relations with other countries. In regard to domestic affairs, the Sun in the 8th

house in opposition to Pluto is not favourable. The race for power will go on continuously affecting peace and finances.

### Troubled Time Ahead

In the second half of 1982, many planets are likely to bring unforeseen troubles which will change the leadership and a new era will emerge. Strict and

stringent financial measures will be adopted to suit planning and solve domestic issues.

1983 will be a most striking year in the history of independent Zimbabwe and the economy will start prospering. There will be constitutional changes to suit the local needs and problems. Unity and harmony will continue to prevail at least till 1986-87.

## How Will Zimbabwe Shape?



## Rules And Conditions of "QUOTES" Contests

CLUES AND ENTRY FORMS ON PAGE 51

1 All entries must be on 'Quotes' Entry Forms All letter spaces in all squares entered must be clearly filled in with INK in block letters or type-written Only one letter must be written in each blank space The Entrant's correct name and address must be written in the space provided and also on the back of the envelope

2 The Entry Fee is Re 1 per entry Entry fees must be sent by Indian Postal Order Money Order or 'Quotes' Cash Receipts Postage stamps or Postal Orders bearing Postage stamps or currency notes or coins will not be accepted Postal Order remittances must be crossed and made payable to 'Quotes' No 270 Money Order remittances must be addressed to 'Quotes' No 270, Competition Department, The Times of India, Bombay-1 Money Order receipts, Postal Orders or 'Quotes' Cash Receipts must be attached to Entry Forms and their official numbers written in the space provided on the Entry Form If this is not done the Entry or Entries will be disqualified without intimation to the Sender

3 Local entrants may deposit their entries in the LOCAL ENTRY BOX at our offices in BOMBAY Closing Date for all entries is Friday October 10, 1980 Entries received after this Closing Date are liable to disqualification at the discretion of the Competition Editor No responsibility can be accepted for entries lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt

4 Alterations, erasures indistinct letters, mutilations, substitutions or omissions in an entry square will each count as one error

5 The First Prize will be awarded to the solver who submits an Entry which agrees with the Correct Solution Failing an All-Correct entry the First Prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry In the case of a tie or ties, the First Prize amount of Rs 10,000 will be divided equally The Runners-up prize-money will be distributed among such solvers and in such proportions as the Competition Editor thinks fit A contestant

can receive only one prize in this Contest All prizes are payable in Indian currency and in India only

6. Employees of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" and allied publications are not allowed to enter for this Contest

7 Any entry that does not comply with these Rules and Conditions, or with the directions and conditions printed on the Entry Form containing the entry is liable to disqualification Where the entry fees sent by a reader are insufficient for the number of squares entered, and enclosed in one cover, all or any of such squares shall be liable to disqualification It is an express condition of entry that the decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Contest shall be final and legally binding

8. These Rules and Conditions constitute a binding contract between the promoters of "Quotes", (Messrs. Bennett Coleman & Co Ltd.) and each entrant and such a contract shall in every case be deemed to be made in Bombay and intended to be entirely carried out in Bombay No suit in regard to any matter arising in any respect under this Contest shall be instituted in any Court save the City Civil Court of Bombay or the Court of Small Causes at Bombay No other court shall have jurisdiction to entertain any such suit

9 No suit shall be institute in respect of a claim for a prize unless notice in writing, setting out in clear terms the grounds of such a claim, has been given to the Competition Editor within fifteen days of the first publication of the prize list of the Contest

10 In no case shall the promoters of "Quotes" be liable for a claim for a prize arising under the Contest after the expiration of one month from the date of the publication of the prize-list unless the claim is then the subject of a pending action

The Correct Solution and "Sources" of "QUOTES" No. 270, will also appear in "The Times of India" dated Tuesday, October 21, 1980

## NEW FOUR-IN-ONE CONTEST!

(Continued from Page 51)

error and will share prizes in two sets All solvers who have two errors will naturally have at least ONE set without error, and will earn a share in the prize earmarked for that set Solvers who manage to confine their errors to any one set will not go unrewarded for their correct words in their other error free sets Also solvers who manage to just solve ONE set of five clues correctly will not miss a Prize even if they err in their other sets

A solver can win ONE prize in EACH Set, as each Set constitutes a separate 5-clue contest for prize purposes Every entrant is thus eligible for ONE (but only one) Prize in SET "A", one in SET "B" and one in SET "C" Every entrant in his one or more entries will be attempting to win or share in

1) An All-Correct First Prize (with all Sets correct for the Main Prize amount of Rs 10,000/-,

OR

2) A TWO-Set Second Prize

(with any TWO sets correct) for the reserved Sub-Set Prizes of Rs. 2,000/- + Rs 2,000/- + Rs 2,000/-, AND/OR

3 A ONE-set Third Prize (with any ONE Set correct) for that reserved Sub-Set Prize of Rs. 2,000/- only)

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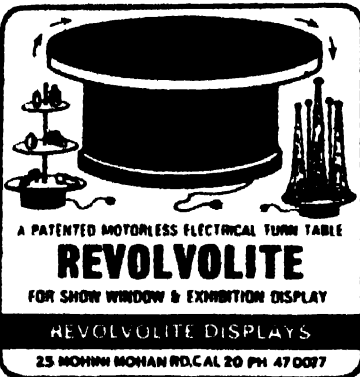
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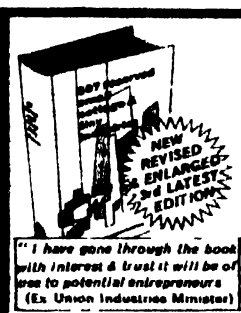


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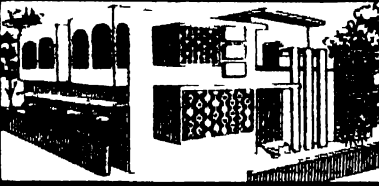
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# BOOK REVIEW

**THE PASSION OF DRAUPADI** by Shreela Ray; Hardback—Rs 40, Paperback—Rs 15.

**IN MEMORY OF BEGUM AKHTAR** by Agha Shahid Ali; H—Rs 20, P—Rs 10.

**TRIMURTI: THREE MAJOR POEMS** by Vinda Karandikar; H—Rs 20, P—Rs 10.

**A TALISMAN OF LOVE** by Raj Verma; H—Rs 20, P—Rs 10.

**THE LONDON BRIDGE AND OTHER POEMS** by Subhas Kak; H—Rs 20, P—Rs 10.

**THE VALLEY OF VISION** by Lila Ray; H—Rs 20, P—Rs 10.

All published by Writers Workshop, Calcutta.

THESE six books of poems, beautifully produced by Writers Workshop, provide interesting insights into the Indo- Anglian poetry of today

Shreela Ray's *The Passion Of Draupadi* contains poems written from a self-imposed exile. Poignant and deeply personal, Ms Ray's verse shows a satisfying mastery over the language. Witness *Night in April* *The Windows are open* and *the sleepy violets of the bloodstain towards the dark outside*

In *Poem (For my father)*, memory and consciousness of the present are skilfully juxtaposed in a sincere striving to make sense of the poet's past as she projects herself into the future. *Poem for Gawain*—her "half-breed child"—speaks of her country, her race, of the world and of life, of what tomorrow may bring to her and hers. *I cannot tell you enough that I am frightened* *My life is like the wastelands* *Amerika leaves behind her*

Ms Ray moves with ease in the domain of the immediately personal (*An Elegy*, *Two Love Poems of a Concubine*), but falters when she attempts something like *Address Before an Empty Assembly*, an ambitious poem which somehow does not crystallize. This book is Shreela Ray's first in India. She deserves to be more widely read and better known

*In Memory Of Begum Akhtar* is Agha Shahid Ali's second book of verse. Throughout his poems, he uses Muslim names and Urdu words to evoke a particular atmosphere, a

particular past. Ghalib, *qawwalis*, *ghazals* and old Delhi are embedded in the texture of his verse. For example in *The Jama Masjid Butcher* he writes: *courtesy grazes my well-fed skin* *(he hangs this worm January morning/ on the iron hook of prayer)*. Agha Shahid Ali's smoothly-flowing lines seem inadequate in the face of a theme like Partition; the poems dealing with this fail to leave a permanent impact on the mind. He is at his best in the tender and subtle title poem—*In Memory of Begum Akhtar* who "corners the sky into disbelief" while the poet "innovate(s) on a note-less raga". He writes on in the same vein: *Now when/Malhar longs to stitch the rain/wrap you in its notes: you elude completely. The rain doesn't speak, and life, once again, closes in ....*

*Trimurti* contains three major poems by Vinda Karandikar, the well-known Marathi poet, translated by the poet himself with A.K. Ramanujan. The first poem—*Immortal Are The People*—with its refrain of "Alas, for the dawn" is disappointing considering the scope of the subject. There are a few powerful images like "hopes gallop on the steeds of storms" along with lines like "sighs of the sons of the soil". Only in the final stanzas, the quickened rhythm infuses some life into a rather cumbersome poem. *Triveni* has an important place in Marathi love poetry. Its images are exciting and vivid: *I saw you in leaf... dressed in the bark of yellow sunshine, I like a slender yellow serpent, rustling and the burning rain, those sparks of memories, brittle, crushed...* Karandikar is successful here in tying together various strands of experience into a memorable whole. *Humayoga* speaks a winter in a foreign country. Here and there, it has some striking images

Raj Verma's *A Talisman Of Love* is a facile exploration of a theme similar to that of *Triveni*. He writes about entering "the backdoor of your heart", adoring "the white lily of your throat..." "Ramdrops from your side of the river" are "to cool my fevered brow", "smooth my parched lips", "soothe my burning eyes", etc. Another poem, *Twelve Strokes To A Midday Madness*, starts off in a promising way but peters out predictably. It is only in *A Somnambulist* that he moves out of triteness towards some kind of sincere poetic expression.

*The London Bridge And Other Poems* is Subhas Kak's second book of verse. His lines have a certain jerkiness of syntax, sometimes a sluggishness, as in *Dreams*. *Soon the outline vanishes behind the thick curtain of the heavy atmosphere*. The easy rhymes in *Eyes* (demanding—commanding) are jarring. *Journey Into The Himalayas* is one of the few poems in the book which has flashes of perception.

Lila Ray, the poet of *The Valley Of Vision*, calls her poems "existential" and the blurb to the book describes

them as "poems of spiritual insight". Ms Ray's syntax is often that of the prose of discourse as in *The Monkey's Disciple: Moved by inner conviction/ man passes sentence on what he perceives, I saying what he thinks....* There are embarrassing lines like *the thunder of powerful phrases proudly spoken*. But the poem *Variations On A Single Note* has a successful extended metaphor, and *These Stars* has a soft lyricism. Words like passion, ecstasy and renunciation are used, but there does not seem to be much of an effort to transform these into images.

The language in several of these volumes of verse is insipid and banal. Words are scattered like confetti across the pages in conventional imagery. As in much of Indo-Anglian poetry, the possibilities of the poetic metaphor are left largely unexplored. What is needed is a new way of looking at reality, and a radical breakthrough in the handling of language; perhaps through this one might achieve what Andre Breton called "convulsive beauty"—that which shakes the reader out of his complacency, and shocks one into awareness.

TEJASWINI NIRANJANA

**THE ORDEAL OF LOVE: C.F. ANDREWS AND INDIA** by Hugh Tinker; Oxford University Press; Rs. 90.

BORN in 1871, C.F. Andrews came to India as an Anglican priest and lecturer at St Stephen's College, Delhi, in 1904. A man full of love for all humanity and capable of deep and lasting friendships, he became a close friend of Gandhi, Tagore and several other illustrious Indians of the period. He was able to mediate between Indian national leaders and British officials in India and he had won the esteem of persons like Viceroy Lord Hardinge and Lady Hardinge. He also won the implicit love and trust of the Indian people.

There are several books on Deenabandhu C.F. Andrews. There

C. F. ANDREWS



is his own autobiography, *What I Owe To Christ*. There is also the authorised biography by Chaturvedi and Marjorie Sykes. But Hugh Tinker's (Professor in the Department of Politics in the University of Lancaster and Director of the Institute of Race Relations, London) is the only one which recreates in detail the "great decade" of Andrews' life between 1912-22. It is also the only biography which makes liberal use of the voluminous correspondence of C.F. Andrews and other archival sources and presents vividly his abounding love for all and his espousment of the cause of all down-trodden peoples against oppression.

C.F. Andrews spent his last days in the Presidency General Hospital in Calcutta in 1940. His "most famous visitor" there was Gandhiji. Mr Tinker tells us how Andrews confided to Gandhiji "the apocalyptic vision of a dying man. 'Mohan, swaraaj is coming. I see it coming. India will be free'. And Gandhiji said: 'I know it'."

Mr Tinker calls this biography *The Ordeal Of Love* because, as Andrews strove hard to reconcile the ideals of equality and universal brotherhood with the inequality and racial-prejudices inherent in the colonial situation, the efforts resulted sometimes in great suffering, doubt and self-questioning. For instance, when the British Government negatived Andrews' ideas after a great deal of discussion and issued a *White Paper* which let down Indians in Kenya very badly, Andrews was hurt deeply to find that he was attacked as the betrayer of the Indians of Kenya, his advocacy of African advancement was dismissed as a ruse, and the old slander that Andrews was really a spy for the British Government was revived. But Andrews' love always triumphed in the end. Gandhiji called him "an incarnation of love".

He argued in 1915 and saw to it that Hardinge would be "remembered by history as the abolitionist of indenture". At this time, there was "a sharp fusion in Andrews' mind", says Mr Tinker, "of his spiritual longing and his desire to serve humanity" and Andrews saw the vision of a beaten coolie, his face merging into the face of Jesus Christ. Andrews wrote a poem about it and sent it to Tagore

*There he crouched,  
Back and arms scarred, like a hunted thing,*

*Terror-stricken.  
All within me surged towards him,  
While the tears rushed.  
Then a change.  
Through his eyes I saw thy glorious face  
Ah! the wonder:  
Calm, unveiled in deathless beauty,  
Lord of sorrow.*

Tagore replied: "Yes, human wrongs are not pitiable but terrible."

The biography is full of many such moving episodes.

V. K. Gokak

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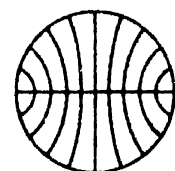
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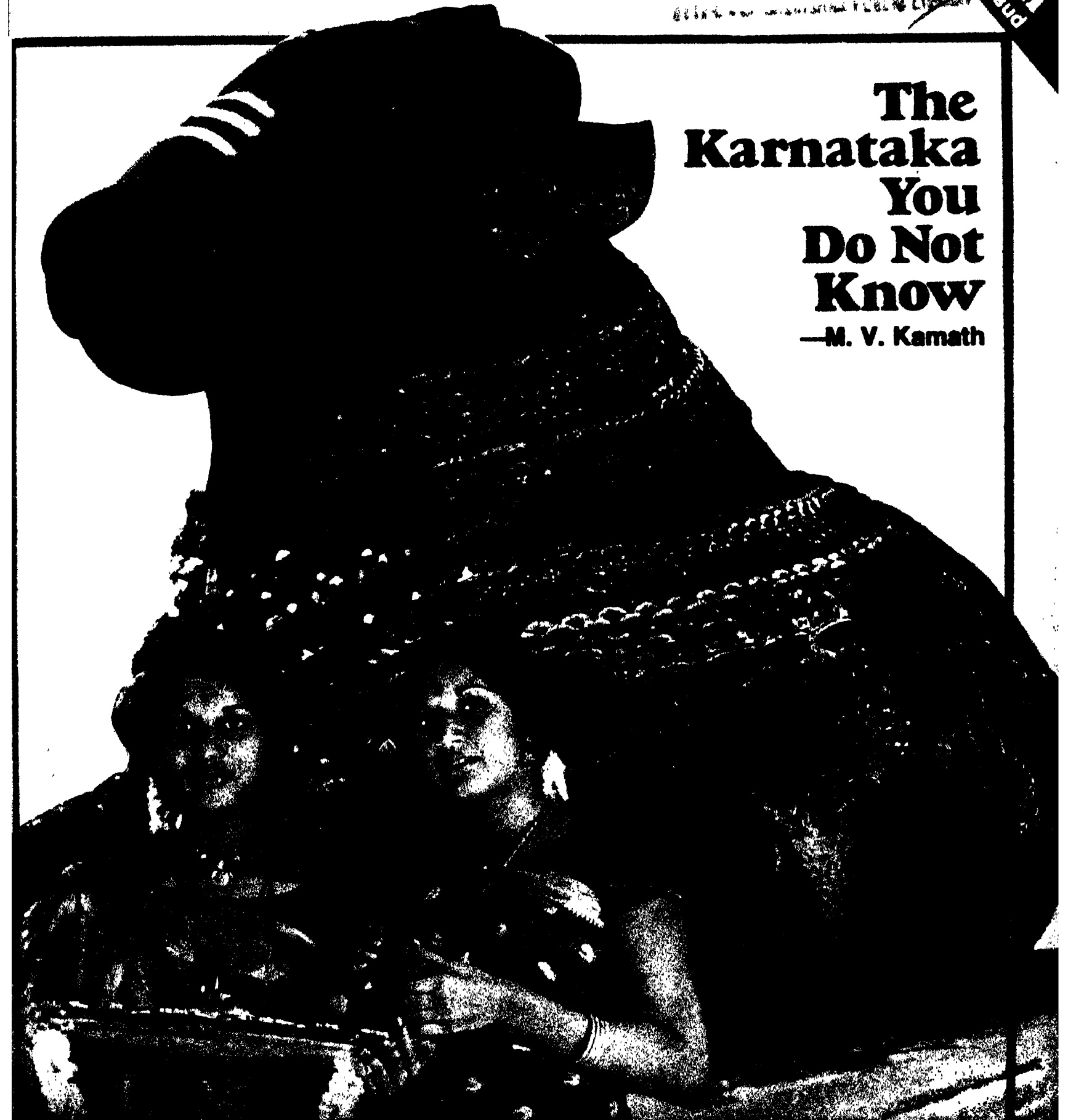
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### "Couldn't Be Verse"

Sir—Why did Jagmohan not write poems about the areas of Delhi beautified by him—namely, Turkman Gate or Jama Masjid: ("Faces of Delhi", August 17).

GURSHARANJIT SINGH  
Patiala

Sir—If you want to please the ruling party, give Jagmohan an article or a column to write. But to inflict his poems on us is unfair—after all, the *Weekly* does carry only one page of poetry.

MANIK SAMBRE  
Dbar

### "Delhi Kauling"

Sir—T. N. Kaul ("Delhi Kauling", August 17) has intentionally tried to twist the facts about the Kanpur convention called by H.N. Bahuguna and implied that it was a fiasco. In this regard, I would like to emphasise that the Kanpur convention, which was a grand success, has proved that Bahuguna is still a force to be reckoned with even outside the Congress (I). He is so popular among the minorities that they see in him a future Prime Minister!

MOHI-MAQDUMZADE  
Kudchi

### The Spice Of Variety

Sir—By jazzing up layouts, livening up captions and issuing special numbers the changes in the *Weekly* remain cosmetic. We want each issue to offer a variety: a special issue should be exactly that—special; not become a bimonthly happening. And, on reading the articles (no matter what they are about), one gets the feeling that all "research" has been done without the author having once left his desk. Journalism should be a dynamic profession, not a sedentary, stagnant one.

Dr HRADAYANATHA HEGDE  
Udupi

Sir—It was a pleasure—a pleasure after a long time—to read the *Weekly* (of August 17). The wide sweep of the subjects it covered provided a refreshing change from earlier issues, which palled because of their concentration on a single topic.

V.M. VINAYAKUMAR  
Cochin

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### EMERGENCY: Can It Work Again?

"Reimposing another emergency would be a breach of the solemn promise on which Mrs Indira Gandhi was elected," says "Blitz" Editor R.K. Karanjia in a hard-hitting interview, covering all the political implications of whether the situation is ripe for another "June 1975"

### Gandhiji: An Untold Story

Edmond Privat, a Frenchman, wrote two books on Gandhiji on the basis of a brief companionship—books about which little is known. On the occasion of Babu's anniversary, Manish Nandy tells the Frenchman's remarkable story.

### The Golden Calm

Excerpts from "An English Lady's Life in Mughal Delhi", the diary of Emily Bayley, daughter of Sir Thomas Metcalfe. Edited by M.M. Kaye.

### 700 Dead And 220,000 Injured

Why such a steep decline in safety standards in our industrial establishments? Winifred Costa investigates.

### The Disastrous Decade

The decade 1971-80 witnessed a series of losses in the musical field. On the occasion of Lata Mangeshkar's 51st birthday, Raju Bharatan does a novel kind of feature, discussing how much this stalwart singer contributed to enriching the art of certain gifted composers no longer with us.

### An All-India Artists' Camp

Milon Mukherjee, who participated, reports. Colourfully illustrated.

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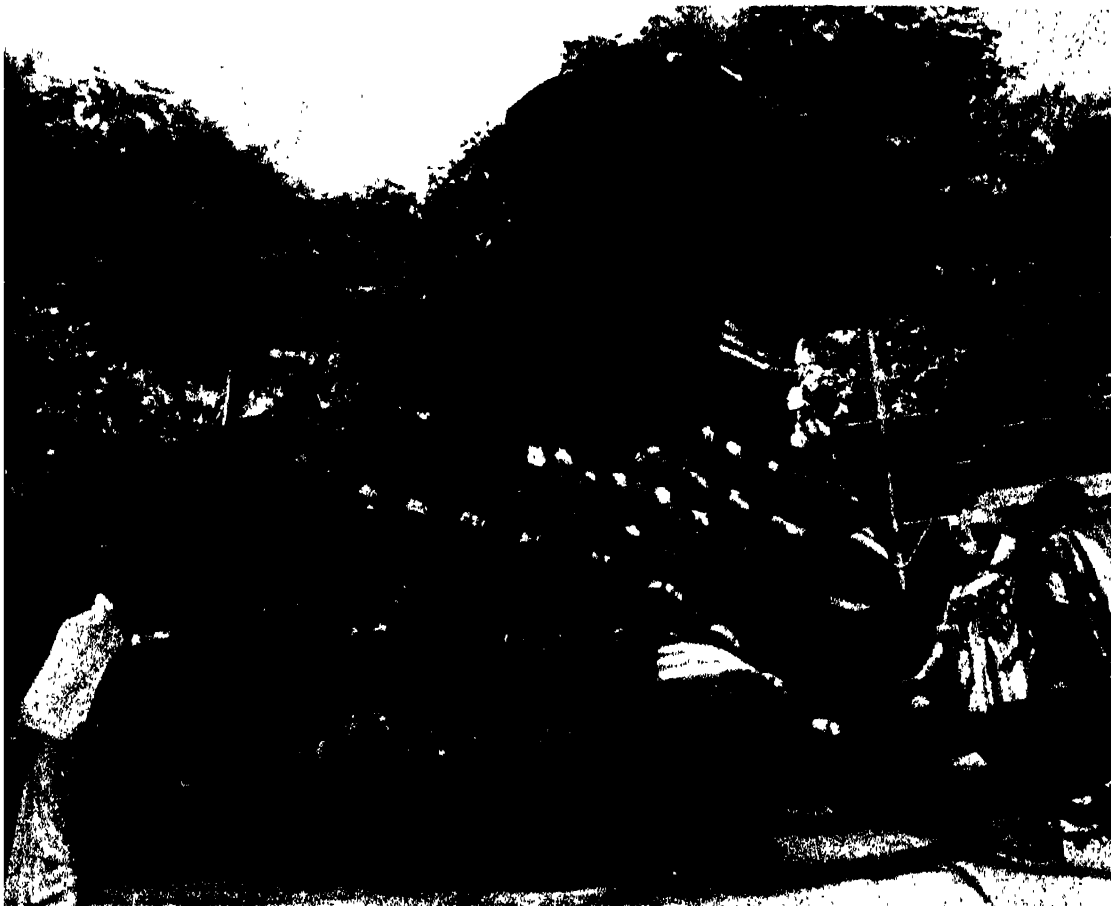
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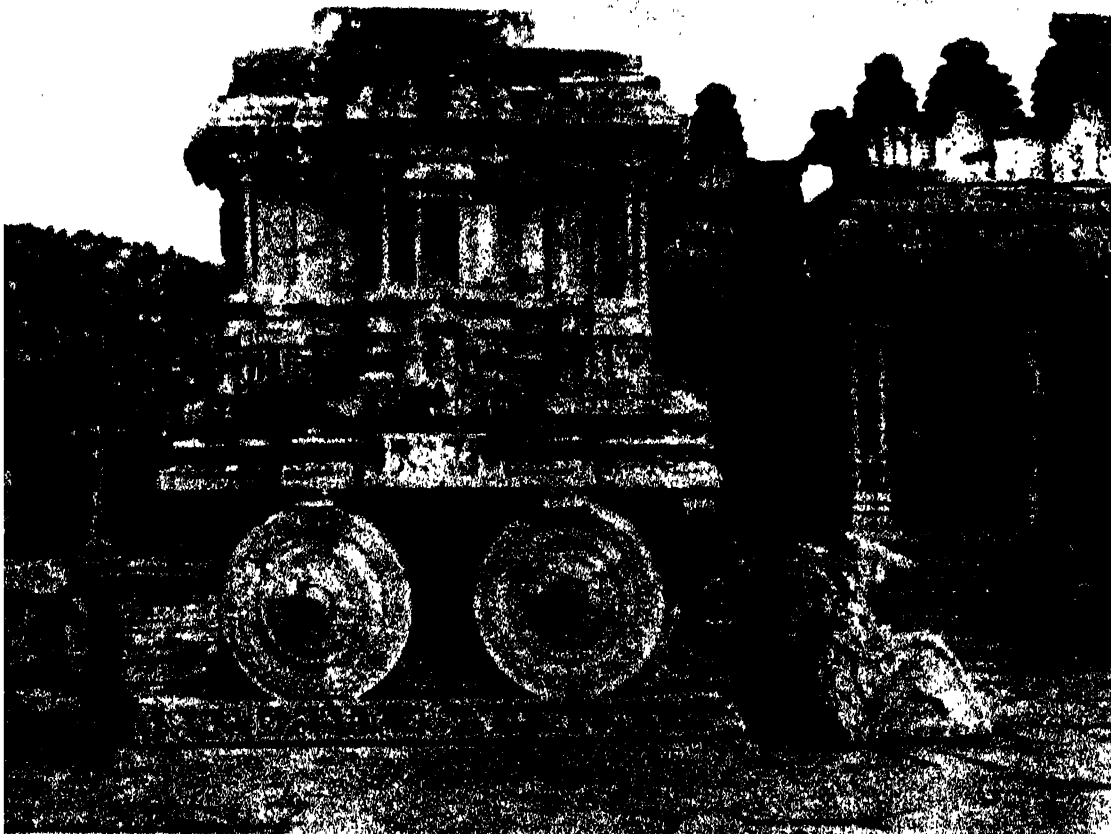
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## Karnataka

# Where Synthesis Is A Way Of Life



**FROM KAILAS TO CHAMUNDI.** Nandi, the sacred bull of Siva, at the temple of Chamundeswari, on a hill just outside Mysore. Below: A stone chariot at Hampi, once the capital of the mighty Vijayanagar Empire. "There is something about Hampi that touches you to the quick. A great city that once was unmatched in the whole world, now in ruins."



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"Sarva dharma samanvaya" describes Karnataka's way of life and the tolerance of Kannadigas. "Where else do all religions live in such mutual respect of each other? Communal rioting is minimal in Karnataka. Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Jains blend harmoniously in the State."

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— Surendra Sahai



—T.P. Issar

by M.V. Kamath

**M**Y heart leaps up when I behold the silhouette of the Western Ghats. On one side of it, stretching up to the sandy shores of *Paschima Samudra* (Arabian Sea) is Konkanpatti, land of my forefathers, with its coconut trees, its casuarina groves, its areca plantations, its rice fields, its evergreen forests and its scented gardens of *sampige*. On the other are the fertile lands, watered by the Tunga and the Bhadra, the Cauvery, the Ghataprabha and the Malaprabha and numerous other rivulets, that made them the target of attraction of kings and conquerors. Karnataka!

Once it extended, as the poet would say, *Kaveriyinda magodavariparyanta*, from the



—S.N. Kulkarni

**THE DOMES OF BIJAPUR**, home of the Adil Shahi dynasty, belong to innumerable mosques rising to the skies in praise of Allah. In their architecture, they are held to have excelled "anything of that sort on this side of Hellespont". Left: Jog Falls on the Sharavati river.

Cauvery to the great Godavari itself. Its boundaries are shortened now, but its greatness abounds. K.S. Karanth once called Karnataka the cradle of temple architecture. This is the land where the Chalukyas—and much later the Hoysalas—experimented with stone and granite. Come with me to Aihole and Badami, Mahakuta and Pattadakal, to Halebid and Belur and finally to great Hampi itself where Krishnadevaraya worshipped at the Virupaksha Temple. Earth has nothing more fair to show. Karnataka's glory is the glory of Bharatavarsha.

It was from Karnataka that sculpture flowed east and south. As S. Settar has said, the Chalukyas were the *first to monumentalise* the mid-Deccan and to systematically popularise Saivism, Vaishnavism and Jainism, to coin a currency system (*varaha*) that was to outlast them in history, and to evolve an architectural complex going by many names like *Nagara* (northern), *Vesara* (middle) and *Dravida* (southern).

#### A Tolerant People

Never mind if there were frequent clashes between Saivism and Vaishnavism, not to speak of Jainism but, somewhere down the line, Kannadigas learnt the wisdom of tolerance and accepted each other's religion. Today, when the guides whether at Halebid or Belur show you

around, they speak proudly of Karnataka's way of life: *Sarva dharma samanvaya*. I like that. It is true. Kannadigas are a very tolerant people. Where else do all religions live in such mutual respect of each other? Communal rioting is minimal in Karnataka. Muslims, Christians, Hindus, Jains blend harmoniously in the State.

At Dharmasthala, where Virendra Hegde presides, all people of whatever religion are welcome and receive his princely hospitality and spiritual comfort with equal measure. Dharmasthala is a meeting point of all religions. In the Siva temple, the priests are Madhva Vaishnavites, but Hegde, the *dharmadhikari* of all temples, is a Jain. Dharmasthala—the abode of Dharma—is a dream of *sarva dharma samanvaya* come true.

This equitolerance of religions is a heritage. Tipu respected it. I went to Srirangapatna (Seringapatam) to pay my homage to this remarkable Muslim king who died fighting there. I stood for a while at the place where he fell in silent tribute. Tipu was an Indian, first and last. Hindus as well as Muslims hold him in the highest respect. Within the fort area still stands the temple to Sriranga which he patronised.

From Bangalore, I first went to Somnathpur which has one of the finest examples of Hoysala

temple architecture. Then to Tipu's Summer Palace, well preserved by the Archaeological Department. It was built in 1780, exactly two hundred years ago, largely of teakwood and is in a fair state of preservation. Dariya Daulat, it is called.

### Humbled The British

Tipu, like his father Hyder Ali, was concerned with Mysore's sea defences. Look at all those forts he built along the Kanara coast. Sultan Battery (Tipu's) at Mangalore is a mute reminder of Tipu's power. It was at Mangalore that Tipu humbled the British and forced them to sign the Treaty bearing that historic town's name. Mangalore in July was reeling under the impact of floods. This is India's tile capital and, possibly, bidi capital. Floods or no floods, Mangalore continues to export its valuable goods to the wide world.

If I digress to say a word about the sea coast, it is because this is getting increasingly important. In the United States, 1980 has been declared the Year of the Coast by President Carter because American coasts are in trouble. So is India's west coast. There are almost 290 km of Kanara coastland now in trouble because of erosion. Between the Kali at the northern limit and the Netravati in the south, there are as many as 14 rivers that cause floods, but also provide excellent manurial soil, not to mention feed for the prawn beds which, in turn, support a whole industry and bring foreign exchange to the country.

Mysore is Karnataka's cultural capital. The Kannada spoken here falls sweetly on the ear. Its palaces now stand proud and empty. Symbols of a vanished glory. Jaganmohan Palace has become a museum, crowded, but fascinating. Here are some of the Ravi Varma originals, as well as Chughtais, Gaganendranath Tagores and works of an earlier era. Here, too, one sees some of the veenas that old court musicians from Subanna onwards played and had made. The Mysore Durbar was famous for its patronage of Carnatic music.

### Mysore Mallige

But Mysore is famous for something even more exciting: *mallige*, jasmine. In my most romantic mood I feel like giving every woman in India a bouquet of Mysore *mallige*. In fragrance there is no flower in the world to beat it. What beauty, what loveliness! K.S. Narasimha Swamy wrote his paen to domestic bliss in a book of poems by that name.

The one thing that strikes me about Karnataka is its vast tolerance. It accepts all and turns it into that undefinable thing called culture. Dattatreya Bendre put it in some of the most beautiful lines I can imagine ever written in any language.

*Rasave janana  
virasa marana  
sama rasaveh jeevana*

How can I translate these lines?..*Rasa*, joy, feeling, essence. To have *rasa* is to be born, to lack it, is death. Equipoise, ah, that is life itself!

Karnataka, it seems, is the land where everything is finally synthesised. The cave containing the tomb of Baba Budan, a Muslim saint who came to India from Arabia, is sacred both to Hindus and Muslims. Hindus believe that Dattatreya disappeared into this cave and will reappear when Vishnu incarnates next as Kalki Avatar to redeem the world (he might do that soon, considering the mess we are in). Hubli-Dharwar has given four of India's most distinguished Hindustani musicians (Bhimsen Joshi, Mallikarjun Mansur, Gangubai Hangal, Kumar Gandharva).

Baba Budan, incidentally, had brought some coffee berries with him and today all



HOSTAGES TO THE BRITISH. Tipu Sultan's sons being led away while their sorrowing father looks on. Below: Tipu's sons in the English camp. Right: The seven sons of the "Tiger of Mysore".



Photographs by B. Kesat Singh

self-respecting Kannadigas swear by coffee. No day is well begun without a cup of steaming coffee drunk steaming, darn it! And here in Karnataka—which gave birth to Madhva (expounder of the *dwaita* philosophy), hosted Adh Sankara (at Sringeri where peace is a way of life) and Ramanuja (who expounded *Vishishtadvaita* qualified monism)—stands on Indrabetta (Indra's Hill), a 1,000 metres above sea level, the 58-ft statue of Gomateshvara, the Jain saint. The place is called Sravanabelagola. Here it was that Bhadrabahu, one of the immediate successors of Mahavira's personal disciples, came to live and die in a cave. And here also came Chandragupta Maurya, no less, after he renounced his throne and became a hermit.

### Punjabhoomi

Karnataka is no ordinary land. It is *punjabhoomi* (sanctified country). And if one remembers that it was in Karnataka that Basava was born who preached equality and a rational and humanistic outlook among all men and denounced casteism, superstition and reliance on rituals—they call him Basavanna (brother Basava)—one gets a flavour of the people. Which other religious leader or saint is called *brother*? None but Basava. He is one of my favourite saints. I would go anywhere to listen to someone sing:

*vacahanadali ninna namamritava thumbi,  
kiviyalli ninna kiru thumbi  
nayanadalli ninna moorthi thumbi*



FATEH-HAIDER



ABDUL KHALIQ



MAIZ UDDIN



SULTAN MOHI-UD-DIN



YASIN SAHEB



SUBHAN-SAHEB



SUKUR-ULLAH

*kudalasangamadeva ninna  
charanakamaladalli nanthumbi*

(The spoken word is filled with the nectar of your name; my ears are filled with nothing but your glory; my eyes dance with the beauty of your presence; O Lord of Kudalasangama I fill the lotus of your feet.)

The reason why Karnataka shines, I guess, is because it *accepts* everything and integrates everything into its culture. Christians thrive in Kanara (St Joseph's Theological Seminary, the church of the Most Holy Rosary at Bolar, was founded in 1526, the year of the first battle of Panipat). George Fernandes studied there once (The Lord help us!). Sravanabelagola is the

spiritual home of Jains (next year is important because of the *mastakabhisheka* of Gomateshvara—come one, come all). Udupi is where Krishna is. Bharata Natyam would lose much of its grace but for those evocative lines (*Krishna nec begane baro, mukhavanu thoro*—Krishna come soon and show your face). And where would Bombay's thirsty go if all Udupi restaurants are shut down for a day? Over 80 per cent of middle-level restaurants in Bombay city are run by entrepreneurs from Kanara, speaking either Konkani or Tulu

### No Foreigners

In Karnataka there are no foreigners. Karnatakambe—Mother Karnataka—takes them

all in. In Bangalore Tamil is heard as freely as Kannada itself. In Bijapur Urdu is heard in its own native variation. In Hubli-Dharwar Marathi is as familiar as Kannada. In fact every Kannadiga, it would seem, is bilingual. In addition to his own mother tongue, he would be familiar with at least one other language.

They are sure of themselves, these Kannadigas. If China thinks that it is the Middle Kingdom it has another guess coming. Long before, a Kannada poet wrote of Karnataka as

*Dharani mandala madhya dolage  
Mereyuthiha Karnatu desha dhi*

(Karnataka glorying right in the centre of the world!). Kannadigas *know* they are the centre of the universe. They have no hang-ups. Which is why they can digest all religions, all languages and all modes with equanimity. Kannada writers come from Tulu, Konkani, Tamil, Marathi, Malayalam, Telugu and Urdu-speaking people. Kannadigas merely shrug their shoulders and enjoy them all. They have neither envy nor jealousy. Girish Karnad, K.S. Karanth, R.K. Narayan, D.R. Bendre all are Kannadigas, loved and respected. And who has not sung the songs of Panje Mangesh Rao or M.N. Kamath? (*Maragili, maragili, malagilli*—parrot in the tree, parrot in the tree, won't you sleep here please?)

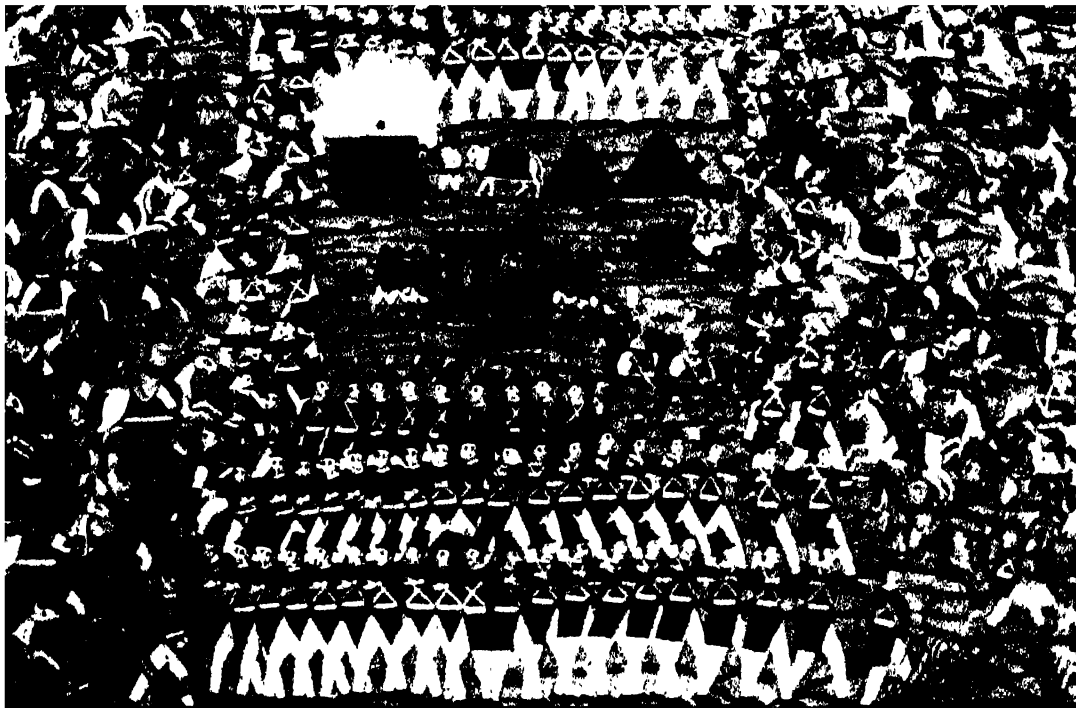
In industry, commerce, business and trade, music, cinema, even publishing, Karnataka seems to excel. Barely eight years after the invention of the incandescent lamp by Thomas Edison and the development of an economical motor, they were surveying the hydro-power resources of Mysore State—in 1898! Just one district, South Kanara, boasted at one time of having three scheduled banks (Canara, Corporation and Syndicate Banks). One of the smallest districts, Coorg, gave two excellent generals, Cariappa and Thimayya. One unknown hamlet, Manipal, has an educational set-up, probably unrivalled anywhere else in India—the work of one entrepreneur, Dr T.M. Pai, who was by no means a millionaire. Bangalore probably has more cinema theatres per capita than any other city in the country. And it is at the entrances to Bangalore's famous garden, Lal Baug (laid by Tipu Sultan), that I saw signs:



BOOTHA KUNITA. Folk dance of Karnataka.



B. Kesar Singh



**FIGHTING THE FIRANGIS** Part of one of the huge mural plantings done in rich oil-colours at Tipu Sultan's Summer Palace in Srirangapatna.



**THE MALIK-I-MAIDAN** cannon at Bijapur, a giant howitzer, brought from the fort of Purenhdah after its destruction in the reign of Adil Shah.

written large as life: *Devalaye vi huvina thotam* (temple is this garden of flowers) and *kai mugdhu volage ba, idhu sasya kashi* (enter clasping your hands in prayer, this is the Kashi of the kingdom of vegetation). Who else can think of such lovely lines?

### Like An Emerald Carpet

R.K. Narayan once wrote a book after travelling through Karnataka. He called it The Emerald Route. One has to journey from Mysore to Mercara, Mercara to Hasan, Shimoga and Harihar to see the greenery laid down like an emerald carpet to appreciate the title. I did exactly that. A highlight of the tour was a stay at Kemmangundi, way up on a hill. The road winds up and soon we are in the midst of clouds and can hardly see further than our stretched arms. I thought of Tukaram who went to heaven in a *vimana*. I seemed to be going to heaven in an Ambassador, till the Guest House stood firmly in our way, and a happy meal of rice, rasam and sambhar. Some heaven!

From Kemmangundi to Hospet and Hampi. Hampi, the ruined capital of the Vijayanagar

Empire. Byron might have written about Hampi: *Stop! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust an earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below.* I make my way gingerly through the rock-strewn ruins, remembering the Battle of Talikota and the end of a mighty empire. I stand shell-shocked before the damaged image of Ganesha, looking down on me 12-ft high, feel as if my own arm has been cut off as I view the mighty Ugra Narasimha, 22-ft high, a victim of vandalism. There is something about Hampi that touches you to the quick. A great city that once was unmatched in the whole world, now in ruins. And why is the Archaeological Department dragging its feet to restore it to its greatness?

From Hampi to Bijapur—home of the Adil Shahi dynasty where the dome of innumerable mosques rise to the skies in praise of Allah, not to speak of the curves of the Bara Kaman. They have stood the ravages of time, these great masterpieces of architecture of which Fergusson said they excelled "anything of that sort on this side of Hellespont." Ibrahim Roza and the mosque attached to the mausoleum of Ibrahim Adil Shah II. The Dome of Gol Gumbuz looms over all, but gently, softly, unobtrusively, as if acknowledging that Allah alone is Supreme. It is a beautiful city, is Bijapur, but for its pigs which, a thoughtful guide told me, were the best unpaid scavengers in town.

### Tongues In Trees

What can one single out in Karnataka for praise? Halebid and Belur for what they teach us of greatness? Sringeri for peace? In Karnataka you'll find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything—well, or almost everything. At Ullal, little known but with a lovely stretch of beach as good as at Goa's Calangute, a tourist centre has sprung up. The wild life sanctuary at Bandipur is almost a must.

And have you been to Sivasamudram waterfalls or the even more striking Jog falls? Or to Gokarn and Karwar by the sea? Never mind. Karnataka was not raised in a day and awaits your pleasure at your leisure. Jakanacharya's great sculptures are there and will be there till kingdom come. Nandi—the sacred bull—remains seated in solemn stone whether at Chamundi Hill or the temple to Chennakesava. They are destroying the old-world charm of Bangalore with high-rise apartments but public-spirited citizens like T.P. Issar are trying to hold the line, as it were. No

more ugly mortar and concrete in one of India's prettiest cities. If you want the intellectual life, where else to go but to Mysore's Manasa-Gangotri, Mysore University's centre? K.V. Puttappa thought up the name, and a lovely name it is.

Karnataka has its problems; there were riots not so long ago on water cess. Bad business. Iranian students were beaten up in Bangalore for the silliest of reasons, but these young people are disturbing the cultural equilibrium of the city. In Bangalore I met that amazing person, Lankesh, who, in his own way, has been disturbing everybody's equilibrium. He is Karnataka's satirist *par excellence*. His *Lankesh Patrike* lampoons everybody and within three issues this 8-page weekly selling at 60 paise has gained a circulation of 20,000. Lankesh won the National Award for Best Director in 1977 for his film *Pallavi*. His *Anurupa* won the State Award for best picture and best dialogue in 1978, but success hasn't spoiled him. He continues to be in his strange way, Karnataka's conscience. Karnataka no doubt needs a man like him. To keep it awake. And to remind it that it has things to do. ■



**PURANDARADASA**, Pitamaha of Carnatic Music, and one of the great figures of the bhakti movement.



**MYSORE VASUDEVACHAR**, a distinguished Carnatic vageyaka (composer).



# India's Gold Mine

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"One of the earth's magic regions," is how the former Mysore State was described. Comprising 19 districts, topographically Karnataka is a study in contrasts. Its landscape varies from evergreen to arid.

The primary produce of the State is agriculture. About 18.07 lakh hectares are cultivated and about 18 per cent is irrigated, with many major and minor irrigation projects. The main crops are rice, ragi, jowar, wheat.

Karnataka is India's major producer of coffee. Its other cash crops include sugarcane, cotton, tobacco, oilseeds, cardamom, cashew and oranges.

Among the State's rich variety of minerals, gold takes pride of place. Karnataka is the only State in the country where gold is mined. The Kolar Gold Fields provide 90-95 per cent of the gold while the rest comes from Hutti in the Raichur district. The gold reserves are estimated at 52.14 lakh tonnes. The mines were taken over by the Government of India in December 1962.

The Shimoga, Bellary, North Kanara and Chickmagalur districts are rich in iron ore. Kudremukh, when complete, will be the biggest iron ore project in India.

Dandeli and Bandipur are major wildlife reserves and its forests are a source for wood and paper pulp. Silk is a traditional industry.

Sandalwood is another important product and there is a soap and perfume industry based on it.

Sharavathi is Karnataka's first major hydroelectric project, Shivasamudram and Kalinadi being later schemes. The installed power capacity at present is 1,055.7 MW.

The per capita income of Karnataka is Rs 785 and it ranks 15th among the States of the Union. In literacy, it ranks 8th (31.52 per cent of the population can read and write). The per-capita electricity consumption is 139 kw and, on an all India level, it ranks 5th.



Map by Mukund Talwalkar



# The Temple Heritage

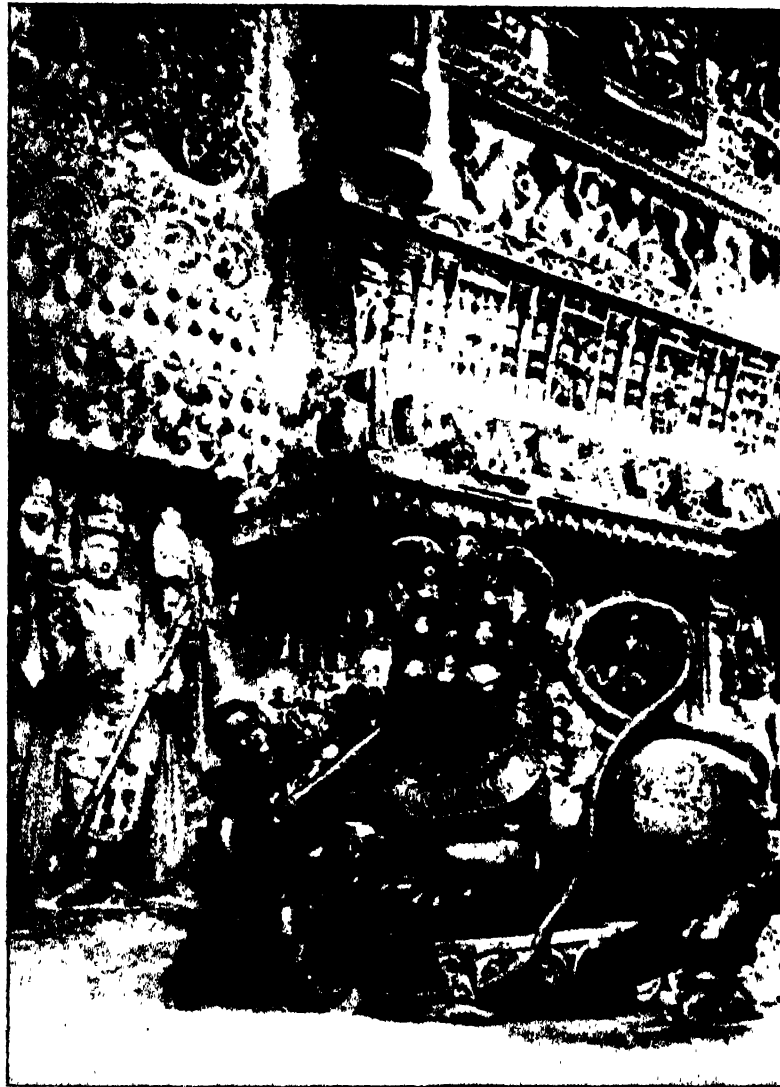
The temples of Karnataka bear testimony to ancient India's splendour and advancement in the fields of sculpture and architecture.

by J. C. Das

**S**OUTH INDIA is a land of legendary temples. Most of these bear testimony to ancient and medieval India's splendour in sculpture and architecture. Referring to South Indian temple architecture, Paul Genthner, a French savant, wrote: "In Dravidian art, it is not the engineering skill, but the sculptor's skill that is most important..." The details of the sculpture are very interesting, and the history of architecture in South India reduces itself to the history of ornamentation.

It has been remarked by Fergusson, to whom we owe not only a wider appreciation of Indian and Eastern architecture but also of the history of architecture itself, that "the great value of the study of these Indian examples (he has been really referring to the Halebid group of temples in this State of Karnataka) is that it widens so immensely our basis for architectural criticism".

It is now generally acknowledged that image worship in India is older than the time of the Buddha. It has been suggested that it is contemporaneous with, if not older than, the Yoga



SCULPTURE OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF CHENNA KESAVA AT BELUR (12th century).

system, which dates from probably before Patanjali, who was only its systematiser. Patanjali lived about the 2nd century BC and the Buddha himself was a follower of Yoga before his enlightenment. The Sakyamani is sculpturally represented in the Gandhara school as an emaciated person, almost dying under the stress of the austerities he practised.

Images of gods, as they laugh, cry, sing, dance, are referred to in the *Adbhuta Brahmana*, part of the *Shadvimsa Brahmana*, a supplement to the *Panchavimsa Brahmana*. Dr Bollenson thinks that images of gods are clearly referred to in Vedic hymns. "Indians," he says, "did not merely in imagination assign human forms to their gods, but also represented them in a sensible manner." Image worship seems to have become common in the time of Yaska. In the Ramayana, we have mention of temples in Lanka from which we may infer that at least in South India temples existed, where

images were enshrined and worshipped.

Sculpture in Karnataka, as elsewhere, may be treated under the heads of: (1) wood; (2) stone; (3) precious gems; and (4) metals. For images set up permanently in the Brahmanic temples or in the Buddhist or Jain *chaitryas*, stone has been generally used. There are occasional examples of wood being used for them but, in that case, the images are periodically renewed, the old ones being either buried deep in the earth or thrown into the sea with due solemnity. The gods and goddesses worshipped by village folk are usually made of wood, though, in recent times, they are tending to be replaced by stone. Occasionally, they are made of brick and mortar.

Metal is rarely employed in the making of images intended as permanent fixtures in Brahmanic temples, though their use has been made as a stop-gap arrangement. Metal, however, has been generally used for casting images for processional purposes. Such an image is called the *utsava vigraha*, or the image for festive occasions. There is evidence to show that the art of metal casting has been long known in South India. At least it is older than the 10th century AD, if we are to believe that the inscriptions of Raja Raja and Rajendra Chola, both of whom are known for the conquests of parts of Karnataka. In fact, both of them specially patronised the temple of Pidariyar in Kolar, now known as Kolaramma, and especially endowed it, while Rajendra Chola had the brick-parts rebuilt in stone.

## Buddhist Influence

There is reason to believe that the sculptural work of Karnataka up to the beginning of the 3rd century BC was mainly Buddhist. Little of it has, however, survived to date. Under the Satakarnis (1st and 2nd centuries AD) Buddhist worship began to decline, though it still shared with the Brahmans the devotion of the people. The Kadambas (3rd to 6th centuries AD) who succeeded the Satakarnis were avowedly Brahmans in origin and the earliest known temples in the State are connected with them.

Jainism, however, competed for supremacy with both Buddhism and Brahmanism from the very early period, and succeeded during the time of the Gangas (2nd to 11th centuries AD) in firmly establishing itself in the land. Buddhism managed to survive in an attenuated form till the 12th century AD, while Brahmanism, which lay dormant during the period of the Gangas, slowly gained strength during the time of the Rashtrakuta, Chalukya and Chola domination and finally



THE MALEGITTI SIVALAYA TEMPLE (625 AD) at Badami.



THE VIRHOBA TEMPLE AT VIJAYANAGAR. The ornate entrance is known for its fine composition and detail.

asserted itself during the Hoysala period

### A Confluence Of Cultures

The rulers of the Hoysala dynasty (11th to 14th centuries) were, however, staunch Jains up to the time of Vishnuvardhana (1111-1141 AD), and favoured Jainism, but after his conversion to the Brahmanic faith, the latter, especially Vaishnavism, gained considerable strength and spread over the country. The later Buddhists of Karnataka, as elsewhere, used images in their worship as much as the Jains and the Hindus, and the adherents of the three religions drew on a common

stock of symbolism in the same way as in early times. The Buddhist statuary of the 12th century, for instance, is almost identical with that of the Brahmanic temples of the period. The Jain statues are, however, distinguishable from the others by their nudity.

The Rashtrakuta sculptures found in Mysore bear a close affinity to early classical art as represented in the Kailasa temple at Ellora. The Chalukya rulers, their generals and ministers (10th to 12th centuries), built and endowed many temples in their kingdom and developed a style of architecture which goes by their name. The later Kadambas, who

were their feudatories, closely followed their style. In fact, most of the monuments in the Chalukyan style are connected with this line of kings. Its chief characteristic is elaborate ornamentation. A development of this style, peculiar to Karnataka and the outlying parts of the former Madras Presidency close to it, is the Hoysala style which is represented by many fine examples in the State ranging from the 11th to the 14th centuries. This style is specially noted for its lavish friezes, crowded with thousands of figures, often worked out in the most elaborate and delicate manner. The Cholas (11th century) introduced the southern (or Dravidian) style of architecture with which they were most familiar in their homeland.

### Gopura Tradition

The principal specimens of the Dravidian style in Karnataka are the temples at Terakanambi, Gundlu-Pet, Taluk, which date from a period anterior to Krishnaraya of the Vijayanagar dynasty (1509-1530), the Sriranganath temple at Srirangapatna, the Nanjundesvara temple at Nanjangud and the Chamundesvari temple on the Chamundi hill near Mysore, of the imposing *gopuras* attached to these temples of the Mysore princely family, the first probably belongs to the 15th century or may be older, the other two are modern. The one at Chamundi was built in 1827, and the one at Nanjangud, apparently, about 1845. The temples at Halsur (16th century), Melkote, Taluk, (1100 AD), Tirumukudlu-Narasipur (1100 AD), Ramanathapur and other places may be mentioned as effective illustrations of temples in this style.

The Nandisvara temple at Nandi, architecturally the first and most ornate of Dravidian temples in the State, goes back to the 8th century AD. The temples of Kolar and Kolar (11th and 12th centuries) belong to this style. The Binnamangala temple, dating from



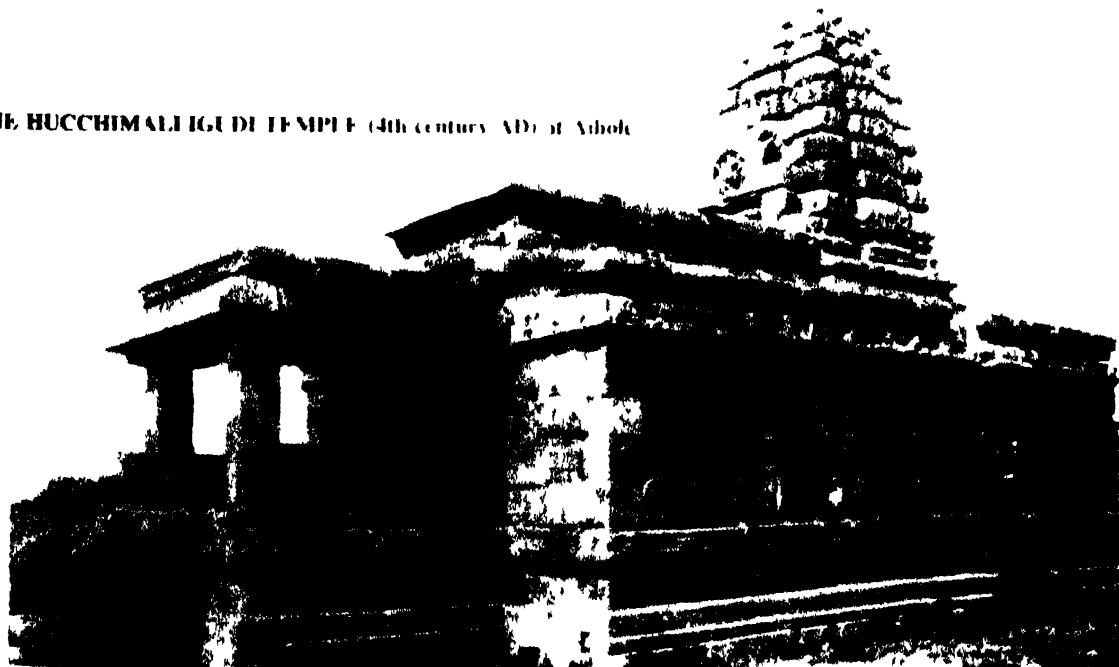
MOHINI PILLAR in the pavilion of the Chenna Kesava temple

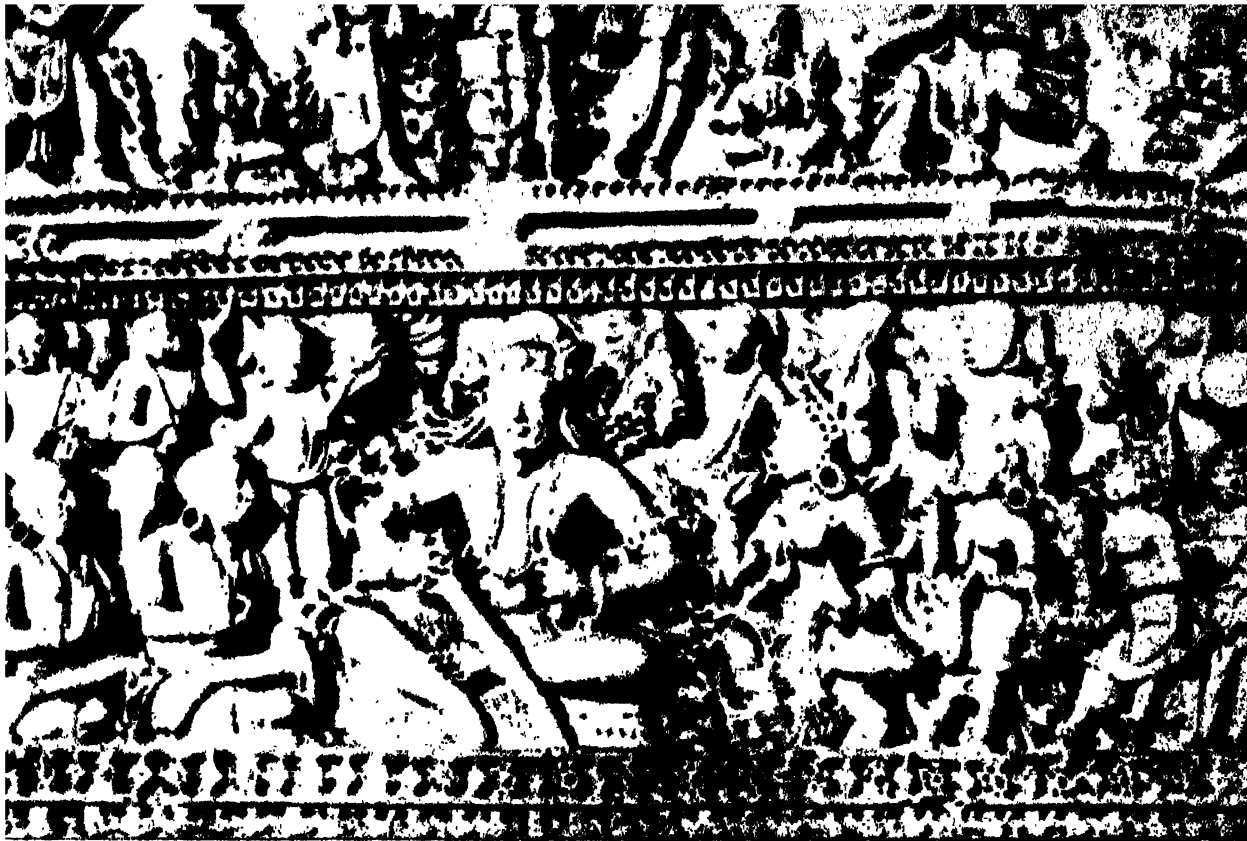
the time of Kulottunga Chola I (11th century), is typical of this style in the State. The Lakshminarasimha temple at Doddadalisatta (Tumkur district) is one of the biggest temples in the State in this style.

The temple of Vidyasankara at Sringeri is another well-designed building in this style. It resembles the temple at Vijayanagar and belongs to the reign of Bukka I (1356 AD). As Burgess remarks, the earlier Dravidian structures had lions or *yalis* and elephants placed as supports for pillars, and these were gradually enlarged, made affixed to pillars and the animal forms multiplied and conventionalised with riders and human and other figures introduced as supporters or attendants, until about the 14th century or earlier they had obtained a permanent place in the architecture.

At a later date figures of gods, demons and patrons or donors sometimes took their place. Well-known examples of these occur in the famous temples of Vellore,

THE HUCCHIMALI GUDI TEMPLE (4th century AD) at Ahobila





PANEL AT THE CHENNA KESAVA TEMPLE depicting King Vishnuvardhana holding court.

Rameswaram. In this State, the best examples of these later innovations are to be seen at the Aghoresvara temple at Ikkeri, Hanumantha mandapa at Terakanambi (1640 AD), the double temple of Rameswara and Virabhadra at Keladi.

### Cave Carvings

In Karnataka there exist a few caves and cave temples whose dates are not certain. The inner sanctuary of the Hindimbavara temple at Chitaldrug is carved out of a single rock. The figure of Hindimba, the *rakshasa* who was killed by Bhima, one of the Pandava brothers, is sculptured on the *vimana*. The Anklematha at Chitaldrug is noted for its caves which form a perfect labyrinth consisting of rooms of various sizes at different levels. The Gopinatha temple on the Gopinatha hill is in a large cave sheltered by a gigantic boulder. On the Tyakal hill is the cave known as Bhima's *Gardi* (gymnasium), the approach to it being a very difficult one.

### Blend Of Styles

The influence of the dominant Hoysala style on the later Dravidian architecture as known in this State is manifest in many temples during the period of Vijayanagar ascendancy and even later. The most notable example of this is the Vidyasankara temple (1356 AD) which is such a blend of the two styles that it is difficult to say to which it belongs, though there is some evidence of its Dravidian parentage. Another is the Aghoresvara temple at Ikkeri and the Gopalakrishna temple at Krishnarajasagar. The Gopalakrishna temple at

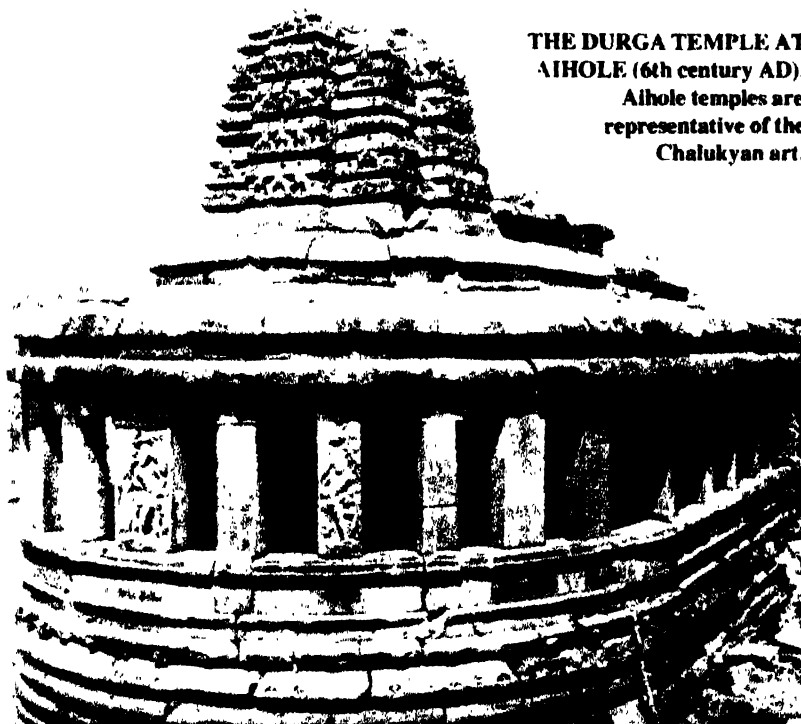
Nonavinkere is a three-celled sanctuary (or *trikutachala*) in the Dravidian style.

In the Hoysala style, which is like a sub-variety of the Chalukyan style, a new development of the Chalukyan style is seen. All the temples in this style are to be found in Karnataka and were built entirely during the period of the Hoysalas.

The temples at Belur, Halebid and Somanathpur are doubtless regarded as masterpieces of the Hoysala style. They stand unrivalled for their sculpture as well. The Viranarayana temple to the west of the Kesava temple has numerous exquisitely sculptured figures. The temple of Andal, north-west of the Kesava temple, has sculptured images on its outer walls and the canopies over them exhibit elegant workmanship.

The exact date of the construction of the Halebid temple is not known, but it is believed to be about 1141 AD. Probably it was begun in the reign of Vishnuvardhana and continued during that of his son Narasimha I. It is a double temple dedicated to Hoysalesvara and Banchikesvara. Again to quote Fergusson: "The great temple at Halebid, if it had been completed, is one of the buildings on which the advocate of Hindu architecture would desire to take his stand."

Around Belur and Halebid temples there also exist a number of other sanctuaries, among which mention may be made of the Chennakesava temple at Belur (Ravananugrahamurti, representing Siva and Parvati on Kailasa being lifted by Ravana, and also an image of



THE DURGA TEMPLE AT AHOLE (6th century AD).

Ahole temples are representative of the Chalukyan art.

Madura, Vijayanagar and Varaha) and the Nritta-Ganapati

### Three-Celled Temple

Somanthpur, or Vidyandhi-Prasanna-Somanathpura, according to inscriptions, is situated about 20 miles to the south-east of Srirangapatna. The Kesava temple at Somanthpur is an excellent example of the Hoysala style of architecture, its sculpture being, according to Fergusson, more perfect than that of the fascinating temples at Belur and Halebid. The temple, which measures 215 feet by 177 ft, is a *trikutachala* or a three-celled temple. An image of Kesava once occupied the cell opposite the entrance and gave the name to the temple. The other two, which are opposite to each other, face north and south respectively. The original image of Kesava in the central shrine is not available now, and in its place a modern image has been installed. The north has the image of Janardana and the south has that of Gopal. The temple, which resembles the famous Kedaresvara shrine at Halebid, stands on a raised platform supported at the angles by figures of 12 elephants facing outwards.

One of the best examples of the influence of Hoysala art in temples built in the Dravidian style, as already stated, is the Aghoresvara temple at Ikkeri, the second capital of the Keladi kings.

During the period of the Vijayanagar kings, the custom of engraving labels descriptive of the sculpture was continued. Thus in the Janardana temple at Sringeri is a stone on which are small figures of Brahma, etc, with labels giving their names. The practice was continued by the Mysore maharajas down to a late period. There are, for instance, 13 short inscriptions on a pillar in the Tirukachchinambi temple at Melkote, five of which are on the pedestals of the images representing Krishnaraja Wodeyar and his four queens.

There are many examples of good workmanship in brass, copper, bronze, etc, in the temples. The best of this kind is to be found chiefly in connection with the processional images. During the periods of Hoysala and Vijayanagar ascendancy, the custom of presenting cast metallic images to the temples received even greater sanction and the tradition was kept up by the Mysore rajas. A number of metallic images, presented by Sri Krishnaraja Wodeyar III in 1829, are to be seen in the Prasanna Krishnaswami temple at Mysore. These images represent various Vaishnava deities and saints and sages of Southern India.

There exist still innumerable temples in this State all of which cannot be described in detail. The temples of Karnataka, famous not only for their history but also for their sculpture and architecture, will always remain a pride of India. ■



# Traditional Paintings

by Dr S. R. Rao

**K**ARNATAKA has played an important role in fostering art and literature as evidenced by the wealth of monuments and literary works produced under the patronage of the early Chalukyan, Rashtrakuta, Ganga, the later Chalukyan, Hoysala and Vijayanagara rulers, the Sultans of Bijapur and Mysore, the Nayaks of Keladi and the Wodeyars of Mysore. The Hindu rulers embellished temples with beautiful sculptures and painted the walls of some of them with mythological scenes. The Muslim kings also decorated the palace walls as in the case of the Darya Daulat at Srirangapatna.

According to the *Natyashastra* of Bharata, painting was considered a necessary qualification for a cultured person. In the Sanskrit drama, *Muchchakatika*, Vasantasena (2nd century BC) is eulogised for her achievement in painting. It is no wonder then that painting was popular from the very early days and

that India produced some of the world's most exquisite murals such as at Ajanta (2nd century BC - 6th century AD). The Ajanta tradition was continued by the Chalukyan rulers, as exemplified by the paintings in the rock-cut temple of Badami in Bijapur district. The successors of the Chalukyans, namely the Rashtrakutas of Manyakheta (Gulbarga district) continued the Ajanta-Badami tradition, a sample of which can be seen in the Kailasa rock-cut temple at Ellora. The post-Rashtrakuta period witnessed a slow drifting towards stylisation of figures owing to the rigidity of iconographic canons.

Until the Hoysalas came to power there is no evidence of painting in temples or other monuments. The best examples of miniatures are provided by the famous *Dhavala* manuscripts in the possession of the Jain math at Moodbidri, which contains fine illustrations to the

twelve Jain canons of the Digambara tradition (1113 AD). They contain the commentaries of Virasena on the *Shatkhandagama*. The *Dhavala* manuscripts are known for the grace and beauty of the figures and are superior in figure-drawing to the later Jain *Kalpasutra* miniatures of Gujarat (13th-14th centuries).

The Vijayanagara Empire, which represents one of the greatest phases of Indian history and culture, evolved a new style of painting which forms the basis of what has been termed as the traditional painting of Karnataka (18th-19th centuries). The Vijayanagara School, the best examples of which are noticeable in the murals of the Vitupaksha temple at Hampi, the Virabhadra and other shrines at Lepakshi and the Somapalyam temple, is known for the rhythmic outline of composition, richness of dress and ornamentation and iconographic treatment of deities. Some of these features are

**KARNA-ARJUNA YUDDHA.** The painting is known for its composition and detail. At the top of the picture is depicted the episode of Karna handing over the "amrita kalasa" to Krishna who is in the guise of a Brahmin.

repeated in the wall paintings of Madurai, Tanjore and Vellore, and the miniatures of the 17th-18th centuries in Karnataka.

## Mythological Subjects

The continuance of the time-honoured practice based on ancient concepts, themes and rules of painting as enunciated in ancient texts is one of the important features of what is termed as traditional painting, which includes both murals and miniatures. The subject matter is very often mythological, but secular subjects such as portraits of important personalities and musical



Priests climb up the 21.4 mtr high scaffolding and perform the Maha Mastakabhisheka. 1008 pots of sacred water are poured over the head of Lord Bahubali followed by the ritual bathing of the statue with milk, ghee, curds, silver and gold coins, flowers, vermillion, saffron and sandalwood.

**Shravanabelagola.** A small town in Karnataka with a population of under 5000. But once in every 12-14 years, Shravanabelagola suddenly becomes a major pilgrimage centre, drawing lakhs of Jain devotees and tourists from all over India and abroad.

### The Maha Mastakabhisheka

They come to celebrate the spectacular *Maha Mastakabhisheka* ceremony—the sacred head-anointing of the 17.4-mtr high statue of Jain sage Lord Bahubali (also known as Gomateshvara). Shravanabelagola is one of the oldest and holiest of Jain pilgrimage centres and streams of devotees flock here all year round. But at the time of the *Maha Mastakabhisheka*, the celebrations assume truly awe-inspiring proportions.

### 1000th Year Celebrations

The *Maha Mastakabhisheka* of February-March 1981 is of special significance. For it coincides with the 1000th anniversary of the installation of the statue.

### Special Arrangements

Karnataka expects over 10 lakh pilgrims at Shravanabelagola for the occasion. Special satellite towns are being set up, and transportation and other facilities are being organised.

Karkala, Dharmastala, Venur and Moodabidri—also important places of pilgrimage—are at a convenient traveling distance from Shravanabelagola. Belur and Halebid, with their world famous temples, are just a few miles away. So is Bangalore, the "Garden City" and gateway to South India.

We extend to you a warm invitation to attend the Maha Mastakabhisheka and the 1000th Year Celebrations.

Welcome to Shravanabelagola  
And to Karnataka, the many-splendoured State.

For further information, contact  
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Government of Karnataka  
9 St Marks Road, Bangalore 560 001



# Karnataka welcomes you to the Maha Mastakabhisheka

And the 1000th Year Celebrations  
at Shravanabelagola.



### World's Biggest Monolithic Statue

The 17.4-mtr high statue of Lord Bahubali (also known as Gomateshvara) has been carved out of a single rock. Completed around 981 AD, it shows the Jain sage so absorbed in penance that vines have begun to grow along his limbs and anthesis form around his feet — while he stands in absolute tranquility.



iconography which included a pictorial version of the *svaya, tala* and *raga*, are not wanting. There are several wall paintings of the traditional school in the Jagannathan Palace at Mysore, the Naranahaswami temple at Siba, the Nargund Palace, etc.

The general belief that individual skill does not come to light in such miniatures owing to the dependence of the artist on ancient texts both for theme and technique is disproved by some of the examples given here. The ancient texts such as the *Abhilasharthacintamani* or *Manasollasa* of Somesvara III (12th century) the *Mallinatha Purana* of Nagachandra (1100 AD) and *Sivatvaratnakara* of Basava Bhupala of Keladi (17th century) do reflect the change in technique and style. The last mentioned text goes into such details as the preparation of colours and brush, the imitation of a beginner and the principles of drawing various categories of pictures which reveal an evolution of the earlier ones.

The Mysore School of Traditional Painting established by Raja Wodeyar (1568-1617) reached its zenith under Mummadi Krishnaraja Wodeyar (1799-1868). He had a pictorial digest prepared, known as *Sri Tarva Nidhi*, containing a mine of information gathered from epics, Puranas and ancient texts on



A. S. NINGR

**VISHWARUPADARSHANA.** This masterpiece was created by Tippaji around 1857. It depicts the cosmic form of Vishnu as revealed to Arjuna in the Kurukshetra battle.

iconography for the benefit of sculptors, painters, musicians and dancers. It is profusely illustrated with sketches and paintings, to serve as a visual aid and still forms the basis of this living art of miniatures in Karnataka. Another text produced by this ruler is the *Sarasamgraha Bharata* illustrating dance poses.

In producing miniatures the Mysore School used both mineral and

vegetable colours, the ground being board or cloth. Board was made of waste paper or wood pulp. Occasionally wood was also used, and its surface was prepared by applying dry white lead, yellow ochre and glue. After preparation of the ground a rough sketch of the picture was drawn and colouring was done. After attending to details of jewellery etc. and before giving final touches to the

face, gesso work, a special feature of the Mysore and Tanjore Schools was done. While the Tanjore painter used raw lime powder with a paste made of powdered seeds of tamarind, the Mysore painter preferred white lead and *malku gamboge* produced from the juice of a particular tree because of its golden tint. The Mysore gesso is in low relief whereas the Tanjore gesso is in high relief. The latter used gold-coated silver and the former pure gold leaf. Pearls and glass pieces used by Tanjore painters for further ornamentation were invariably avoided by their Mysore counterpart. The faces of Gods are slightly oval shaped in Mysore paintings, while those of Tanjore are round. The architecture and dress are of the 17th-19th centuries in Mysore pictures.

Among the famous painters of the Mysore School mention may be made of Javagal Narasimhaiah, Durgada Krishnappa, Y. Sundarayya, N. Naranappa and Tippaji. Each had his own favourite subject. Till recently the paintings of these artists were adorning Bhajan Mandirs and private homes. The Karnataka Chitrakala Parishat has rendered yeoman service by collecting and preserving more than 200 paintings and by running a school to teach the art with a view to revive it. They will be displayed in the Art Complex under construction at Bangalore.

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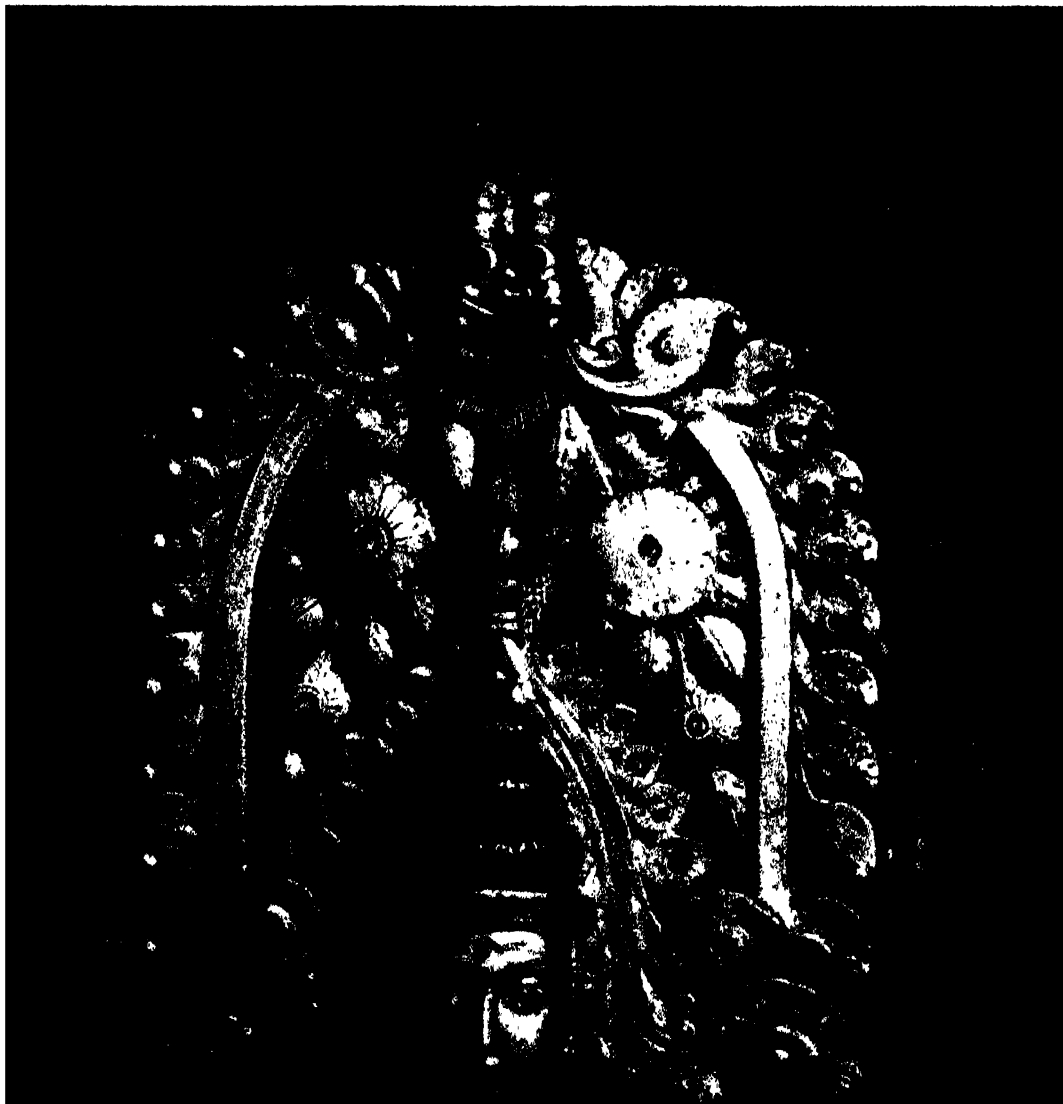




—B. Kesar Singh

# Vignettes Of Karnataka

B. Kesar Singh



**K**ARNATAKA, sang the poet Chikupadhya, is "A land of charm; and beauty and grace; you want a haven of happiness? This is the place..."

The State, named Mysore after the legendary minotaur, Mahishasura, has been eulogised as "a green land, beautiful land. The land of rivers" (the Tunga, the Bhadra, the Cauvery, the Ghataprabha, the Malaprabha, the Krishna and others).

This "navaratna" in the crown of mother earth is also described as the cradle of temple architecture. The finest example of temple art is found in those built by the Chalukyas between the 6th and 8th centuries AD—Aihole, where one finds the genesis of South Indian temple architecture; Badami or Vatapi, the Chalukyan capital, where are some of the most beautiful sculptures which Indian art has produced; and Pattadakal where Vikramaditya II brought architects from the Pallava capital of Kanchi to build the great Virupaksha temple.

More widely known than these is the ornate architecture of the Hoysala temples of Belur and Halebid.

—Continued on page 36

**MASK OF SIVA** (left). The handicrafts of Karnataka take pride of place besides its silk and sandalwood. The worship of Siva is of special significance among the Lingayats, a sect of both social and political strength in the State. Top: A folk dance.



—Srivendra Sahal



**VISITORS TO BELUR.** The 800-year-old capital of the Hoysala kingdom offers opulent evidence of delicate and sensuous sculpture. The exquisite stone dancers of Belur have inspired some very lyrical verses in the Kannada language.



Srivendra Sahal

**BATTLE SCENE AT BELUR**

—B. Kesar Singh



**GIRIJA KALYANAM.** Early 10th-century painting (from the collection of S. Nanjunda Rao). The theme, the marriage of Siva and Parvati, follows closely the Kannada classical work, *Girija Kalyana*, of Harihara.

LAL BAUG, BANGALORE

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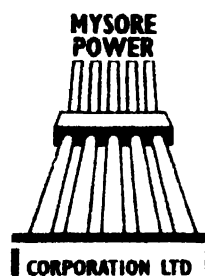
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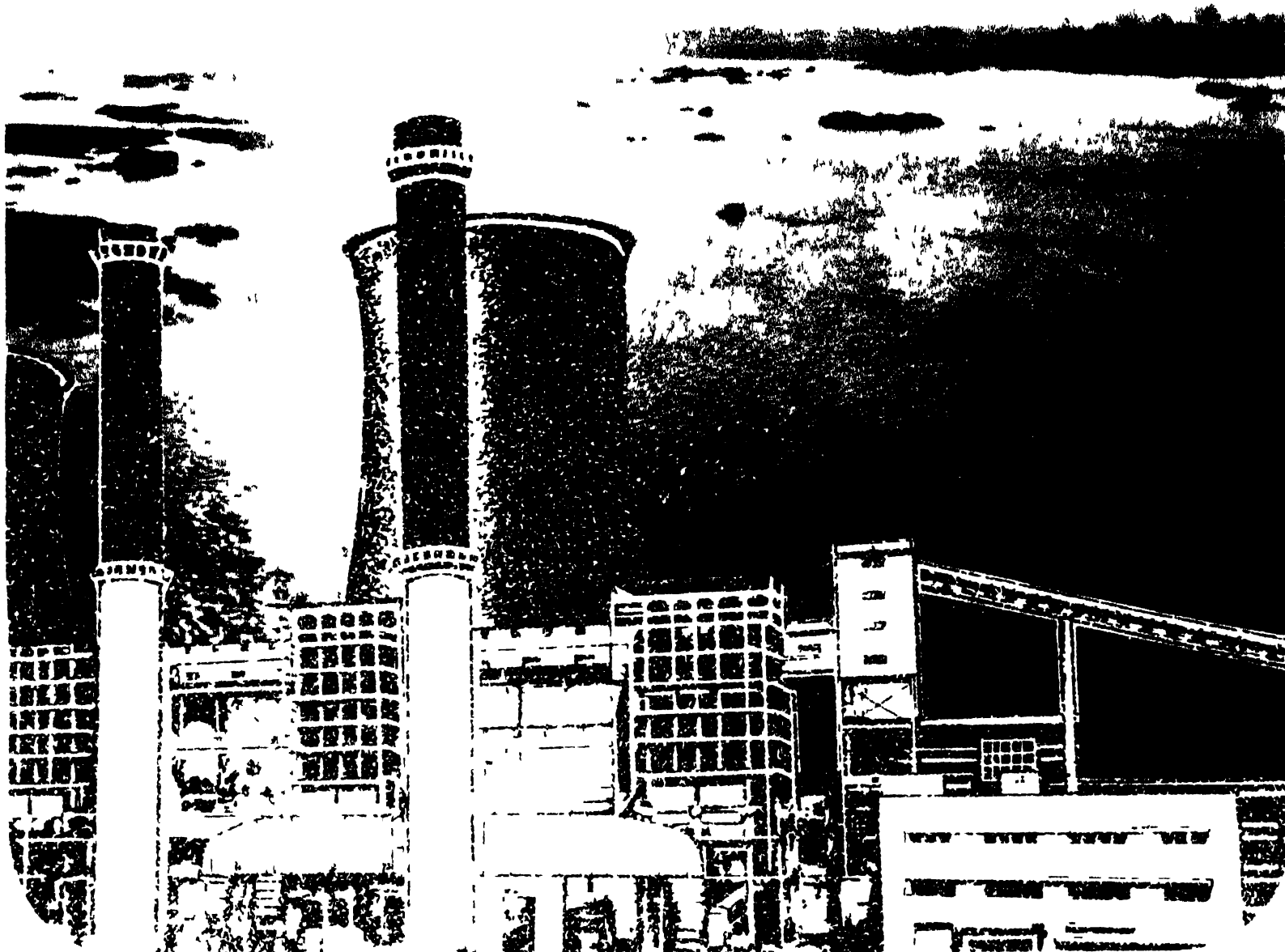
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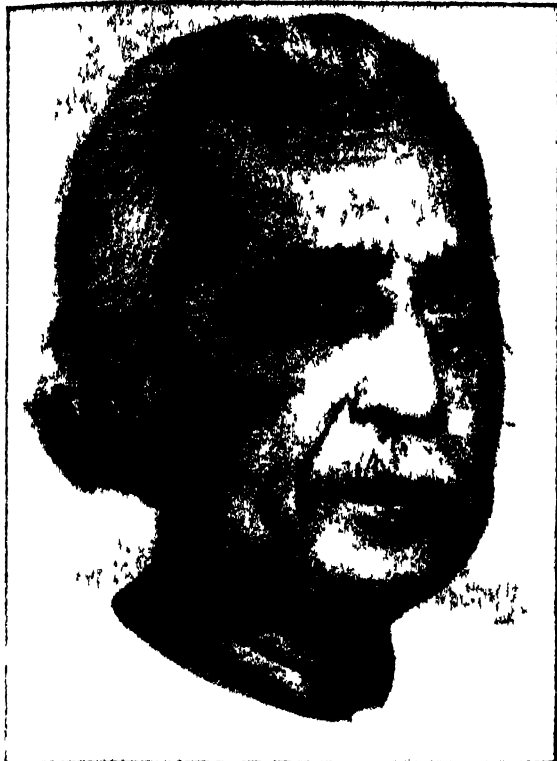
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# A Literary Renaissance



THREE JNANPITH AWARD WINNERS FROM KARNATAKA. Dr Shivarama Karanth (left) won the award in 1978 for his classics "Chomana Dudi" and "Marali Mannige". The lyrics of D.R. Bendre (centre) have been widely acclaimed. Dr K.V. Puttappa (right) won the award for his epic, "Ramayana Darshana".

Kannada is one of India's oldest languages with a rich tradition. The "modern" idiom, however, is hardly 60 years old and in this, too, Kannada has some outstanding works to its credit.

by L.S. Seshagiri Rao

**K**ANNADA LITERATURE is probably the second oldest among the Dravidian literature

It is a curious fact that the earliest work which has survived is not one of creative writing. It is *Kavirajamarga* (9th century), a work on poetics, which however implies a history of creative writing. In *Vaddaradhane*, which must have just preceded Pampa the great poet (10th century), prose had already gained flexibility and directness. Pampa's

*Vikramarjunavijaya* is the first retelling of the Mahabharata story in a non-Sanskritic language. The early history of Kannada literature is illumined by the works of Pampa, Ranna and Janna.

The *vachana sahitya* of the 12th century has probably nothing comparable in any Indian literature. The *vachanakaras* were Veerasaiva saints like Basaweswara and Akkamahadevi who were at once mystics and social reformers

*Vachana sahitya*—not consciously composed as literature—combines power and light and it has deeply influenced the thought processes and the literature of Kannadigas. The *vachanakaras* were followed by the Hardasas who carried philosophy to every hearth and home. In *Kumatajyasa Bharata* we have a powerful genius who is a master of language, with an infectious zest for life, telling one of the saddest stories in the world. His image of Lord Krishna with an irresistible sense of humour is perhaps the only one of the kind. From the point of view of literature, the 18th and 19th centuries were unproductive.

### Rediscovery of Indian History

It is against this background that modern Kannada literature should be studied. It is about 60 years old. One need not reconstruct the political and social context in which the first phase

**GIRISH KARNAD** established his genius with the runaway success of his "Tughlaq"



generally referred to as *Navodaya* developed. It was the age of Tilak and Gandhiji, of a new system of education and the wonder of the printing press, of the introduction to Shakespeare and Dickens and Stuart Mill. It was also the age of the rediscovery of Indian history and the glory of Vijayanagar and of *vachana* literature.

*Navodaya* literature is thus the literature of the age of the discovery of Western political philosophy and literature and the rediscovery of the past glory of India and Karnataka. Masti Venkatesa Iyengar created characters representative of everyday life. Bendre's best lyrics would find a place in a world anthology of modern poetry. Few have sung the agony and the ecstasy of love as he has. Shivarama Karanth portrays the process of ripening. Alone among Kannada novelists, he reminds us of the mighty Russian masters of the novel. His *Marali Mannige* is a saga of man's relations with Nature. His *Chomana Dudi* (1933) is now known all over the country. Like Masti, he is concerned with ripeness and, like Masti, he sees ripeness in weary flesh and humble clay, too, but he shows the spirit confronting the world and getting bruised but slowly taking shape.

Puttappa won the Jnanapith Award for his epic *Ramayana Darshana* but a greater achievement was the novel, *Kanuru Subhanna* depicting the flowering of a sensitive soul in the complex world of the *Malenad*. Was it all a romantic illusion—this faith in

the latent magnificence of man? But exposure to the winds of transformation of the freedom movement in India was to have considerable impact on modern Kannada writing. This literature was humanistic and secular, centering on the experiences of man as man and with faith in the reformation of society through the improvement of the individual.

### Banner of Progressivism

A brief interlude of progressive literature was folk wed by what came to be known as *navya* literature. The formation of the Socialist Party in the mid-1930s marked another phase in Kannada literature. A number of writers turned to Marx and Engels through their writings. The immensely popular and charismatic novelist, A. N. Krishna Rao, unfurled the banner of progressivism. But progressive literature was soon brushed aside by the onslaught of the academically well-placed and more sophisticated *navyas*. It must, however, be said that Basavaraja Kattimani's *Jwalamukhiya Mele*, T. R. Subba Rao's *Munjavininda Munjavu* and *Bidugadeya Bedi* and Niranjana's *Churasmurane* succeed in combining an attack on a vicious system with an unflinching vision of man's need for tenderness and emotional satisfaction.

Gopalakrishna Adiga ushered in the *navya* movement and his name and that of Dr. U. R. Ananthamurthy (author of *Samskara*) are known far beyond Karnataka. Adiga was



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# The Vision of Visvesvaraya



It transformed the village of Bhadravati (Karnataka) into India's leading producer of sophisticated alloy steels and ferro-alloys.

In the early 1900's, when a village prospered still under feudal luxury, the Kingdom of Mysore was laying the foundation of one of India's first public sector industries. Much of the credit for this must be given to Dr. V. Visvesvaraya — the great engineer and statesman of Karnataka.

At a time when thousands had migrated at the expense of their only comfort was. What a colossal waste! And so the first law of Bhadravati was passed: a law which would ensure that the village would not be abandoned.

At Bhadravati, he perceived the idea of a major steel plant — with iron ore from Kempankundli, limestone from Badami, coke from Shankaraghatta, the coal from the Deccan and Shomana and electricity from Jait.

Visvesvaraya's dream of a steel plant in India is a reality. Today, the production of 12,000 tonnes of steel is being manufactured by the VILCO, the first of a long line of steel and ferro-alloy



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reacting to the disenchantment with Nehru and the new breed of wind-bag politicians. But the *navya* writer was trying to be an existentialist and a socialist at the same time. The pen came from Sartre and the ink from Lohia. Adiga's poem, *Bhumigeete*, Ananthamurthy's novel *Samskara* and some of the stories of Yashwant Chittal, Shanthinatha Desai and Lankesh were certainly remarkable achievements. But it is interesting to observe that, except in *Clip Joint*, Ananthamurthy succeeded only when he was placing the action in a rather distant past (*Samskara*, *Ghatashradha*) or presenting a study of a strong character (*Prakriti*, *Mouni*) but seldom when he was concerned with the society around him. *Bharatapura* was a failure.

It is also an interesting fact that most of the galaxy outgrew the *navya* phase. Perhaps, even if the disenchantment of the *navyas* with the old leaders and old values was justified, what the will of the people, the collective consciousness as it were, demanded was an endeavour to change things, and not a turning away from the world without. The phenomenal popularity of Dr Bhyrappa is, I think, partly (I must stress the word "partly") attributable to the fact that his characters face life. They do not just reflect on life and its dilemmas; they are willing to take the plunge and face the consequences.



YASHWANT CHITTAL wrote "Shikari", among the most significant novels of the decade and one of the best books of 1979.

One of those whose work held out the best promise of great things in the *navya* school has recently given the most satisfying work outside it. I refer to Yashwant Chittal and his *Shikari*. The novel goes beyond Kafka. It is the best study we have to date of the ruthless rat race of the petty-souled big bosses of the business world. It is unsparing in its details of human meanness and in its picture of the ugliness and shamelessness of evil. But it retains a sense of tenderness in human relations—something sadly absent in *navya* literature.

Another work rich in promise is Devanur Mahadeva's *Devanuru*—a collection of stories. This, to date, is the summit of the achievement of the *dalua* and *bandaya* school. The school has undoubtedly been influenced by the Digambara writers of Andhra: Chandrashekhara Patil, Baruguru Ramachandrappa, Channanna Valikara, Buddhanna Hingamire and Siddhalingaiyah are representatives of the group. This literature voices the aggressive spirit of the downtrodden. A collection of poems like *Kappu Janara Kempu*

*Kavya* is a ringing call to revolt. The language is uninhibited and the pages seem to burn the very fingers which hold them.

*Navodaya* literature was the literature of those who had come to terms with life. Since then Kannada literature has been the literature of quest. In the last 25 years, exciting works have reached the hands of the Kannada reader and the literary world has been full of life. Three of the elder generation (Puttappa, Bendre and Karanth) have received the Jnanapith Award.

Apart from the works of this generation, Rao Bahadur's *Ceramayana*, Chandrashekhra Patil's poems, Ananthamurthy's *Samskara* and some great stories, Krishna Alanahalli's *Kaadu* (Tirish Karnad's *Tughlaq*, Chandrashekhara Kambara's *Jokumaraswamy*, Inamdar's *Navidu Nouke*, Vaikuntaraju's *Aakramana*, A. A. K. Ramanujan's *Rokkhalali Huvilla*), one can easily name 20 works at least which have made an impact. Add to these the fortunate fact that the rebellious Lankesh has gone beyond *navya* and given stories like *Umaphavya*, *Scholarship Yatre*. The Kannada writer has remained alive and restless in his changing environment. And he has been trying to find the right way of expressing his response to the complex and changing world around him. And that is what matters. ■

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# The Art Of Shubharay Maharaj

1980 marks the 200th year of the establishment of the Shubharay Math at Solapur, in south Maharashtra. Shubharay Maharaj, its founder (1750-1820), was Tipu Sultan's Deputy Prime Minister before he took sanyas. In the Math is housed a collection — 500 of Shubharayji's paintings—perhaps the biggest art treasure of a single artist in India.



**V**EDIC scholar, linguist, poet, humanist, social reformer, connoisseur, patron of music and dance and sensitive painter—that about sums up the multi-splendoured genius of Shubharay Maharaj, who was Tipu Sultan's Deputy Prime Minister

Of Andhra stock, Subba Rao (as he was originally known) was born at Malur, in Karnataka, in 1750. His extraordinary qualities attracted the attention of Tipu Sultan who made him his Deputy Prime Minister although he was still under 30.

Before long, however, Subba Rao relinquished his post after a tiff with the Sultan. He took to spiritual life and left Srirangapatnam for Solapur in south Maharashtra. He changed his name to Shubharay Maharaj and established a math (monastery) in 1780. From there he carried on his missionary work until his *mahasamadhi* in 1820.

A visionary who lived far ahead of his times, Shubharay Maharaj



**PAINTINGS OF SHUBHARAY MAHARAJ** (some of which are shown here) inspired Abdulhussain Almelkar's "Divine Love" which won the President's Gold Medal in the First National Competition held by the Lalit Kala Akademi.

championed the cause of the downtrodden, especially the Harijans, braving social boycott. Great musicians and dancers visited his monastery to perform before him. The outer wall of the monastery was built by Chima Bai, a noted singer, as a mark of her devotion to the Maharaj.

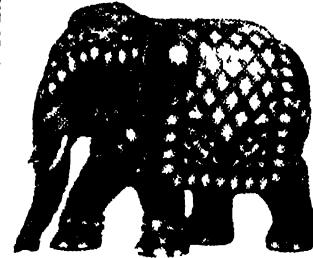
Besides Telugu, which was his mother tongue, Shubharay Maharaj was a master of Sanskrit, Tamil, Kannada, Urdu and Marathi. His Marathi *bhaktigeets* have earned him acclaim from several eminent *litterateurs*, past and present.



—Photographs by Jitendra Arya



# Ancient treasured crafts.



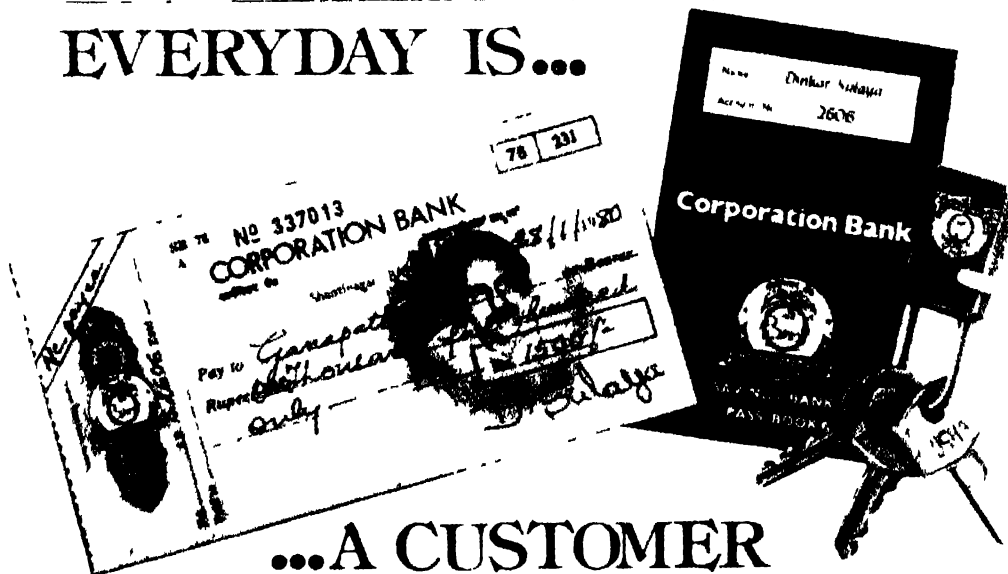
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It is only in recent years that Shubharayji's genius as a painter has come to light. The credit for the discovery of his paintings, numbering nearly 500, which were rescued from family "trunks", goes to P.J. Buwa, a fifth-generation descendent of the Maharaj, who manages the affairs of the *math*.

A representative selection of these paintings has been displayed at exhibitions organised recently by the Information Directorate of the Maharashtra Government at Delhi, Bombay and Panaji. The exhibition will shortly move to Bangalore

### Glowing Colours

The paintings are significant for many reasons. Apart from the fact that they are the handwork of a statesman-turned-*sanvasin*, they are executed on ordinary ledger paper in water colour made from natural vegetable dyes. That is probably why the colours look so remarkably fresh even after 200 years

The themes are drawn from the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Needless to say, these are all evocative of spiritual love and devotion for God in the true Hindu tradition.

Shubharayji's depiction of his subjects is vigorous without being pretentious. The viewer is struck by his distinctive style. The delineation of the male and female figures shows



RAS LEEHA. Far left: An amusing variation of the vastraharan episode from Shubharay Maharaj's collection.

delightful design, linear grace and rhythmic elegance accentuated by decorative flair and the uncanny use of appropriate colours and shades.

### Mythological Milk-Maids

One can see themes with marked, even amusing, deviations from mythology. For instance, in the painting, *gopi-vastraharan*, milk-maids are shown climbing up a tree in a frantic bid to retrieve their clothes from Sri Krishna who is seated atop, merrily playing his flute. In another painting Sri Rama is

depicted with a dark complexion, (in the Ramayana, he is described as very fair).

This year marks the second centenary of the establishment of the Shubharay Math. A committee under the chairmanship of the Mayor of Solapur has been formed to commemorate the event and to set up an art gallery to preserve the precious art treasure, an exhibition hall and a guest house.

—Gurudev Sharan

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# KANNADIGAS IN HINDUSTANI MUSIC

Many of the reigning maestros of Hindustani music are Kannadigas.

by Mohan Nadkarni

THE LATE SAWAI GANDHARVA

BHIMSEN JOSHI



INDIA is perhaps the only country in the world to have two systems of classical music—Hindustani and Carnatic. Both have evolved and flourished independently in a spirit of peaceful, fruitful co-existence over the centuries. Each *paddhati* has produced many stalwarts of national stature.

Karnataka is the only State in India to have contributed significantly to the preservation and enrichment of both these systems. If, as the late Prof P. Sambamurthy rightly points out, the emergence of Hindustani music in North India is a historical accident, then Karnataka's distinction can be fairly summed up as a coincidence of a socio-cultural and political character—political in the present context.

#### Migration of Musicians

All this began over a hundred years ago, with the homecoming of Balkrishna Buwa Ichalkaranjikar after his arduous but rewarding *shagirdi* (studentship) with the pioneering masters of the *khayal gharana* of Gwalior. Soon after began the gradual migration of many noted *khayal* maestros from Central and North India to the south-west and southern regions of the former Bombay Presidency. While these maestros were welcomed by music lovers, they also received patronage from the ruling princes of several States in the region—like Kolhapur, Sangli, Miraj, Kurundwad, Ichalkaranji, Aundh and Bhor. The States were geographically contiguous to the then princely State of Mysore, and it was in this region that various *khayal gharanas* sprang up and

crystallised and came to be recognised as distinctive singing styles.

Besides Balkrishna Buwa, who firmly established the Gwalior *gayaki* in this part of India, there were other doyens like Abdul Karim Khan (*Kirana gharana*), Alladiya Khan (*Atrauli-Jaipur gharana*), Natthan Khan (*Agra gharana*) and Bhaskar Buwa Bakhale (exponent of three *gharanas*), who earned acclaim as performers *par excellence* and, in the process, attracted several budding youngsters to their ideologies.

The entire region (then known as Bombay Karnataka till its political merger with the erstwhile Mysore State in August 1956) bustled with intense musical activity. The phenomenon could even be called a musical renaissance and its impact could not but be felt by Mysore's Wodeyar princes. Traditionally known as enlightened connoisseurs and patrons of the performing arts, they soon extended their patronage to North Indian stalwarts with typical munificence. That is how Natthan Khan and his son, Vilayat Hussain Khan, Abdul Karim Khan, Fayaz Khan of Baroda and Hafiz Ali Khan, the sarod maestro of Gwalior, were among the celebrities who came to grace the Wodeyar *darbar* either as *asthana vidvans* or visiting *vidvans* for many years.

### Impressive Line-up

In the impressive line-up of Karnatak disciples of some of these maestros, mention must first be made of Nilkanth Buwa Alurmah who was groomed by Balkrishna Buwa himself. It is of interest to know that Nilkanth Buwa taught the rudiments of Hindustani music to the present day Dharwar maestro, Mallikarjun Mansur, who later learnt from Manji Khan and Bhujji Khan, both

sons of Alladiya Khan. The celebrated Sawai Gandharva (Ramrao Kundgolkar), who has given us masters of the eminence of Gangubai Hangal (Hubli), and Bhimsen Joshi (Gadag) and Basavaraj Rajguru (Hubli), was a *Kannadiga* who achieved fame as the most outstanding disciple of Abdul Karim Khan.

### Popularising Hindustani Music

Bhaskar Buwa Bakhale, who taught music at the training college at Dharwar for some time, taught many disciples, one of whom was the noted Hubli vocalist Shankar Dikshit Jantali. Vocalists Panchakshari Buwa (Gadag) and Ramrao Nark and Govind Vitthal Bhave (both of Bangalore) as also Swami Parwatikar, a science graduate turned *sanyasi* and a veteran *rudra veena* player, and Mohammed Khan and Rahimat Khan, *veena* and *sitar* masters, all of Dharwar, have also played a significant part in popularising Hindustani music as much in Karnataka as in the rest of the country.

Besides Mansur, Gangubai, Bhimsen and Basavaraj, the names of *Kannadigas* that come to mind in the contemporary context are those of Kumar Gandharva (Shivapuri, Komkali), a pioneer of the *avant garde* generation of vocalists, Sangmeshwari Gurav, popular as the sweet voiced exponent of the *Kirana vavaki*, and Shyamala Bhave, the young researcher and vocalist.

In the younger set who hold promise are Panchakshari Swami Mittigatte, a disciple of Mansur, Narayan Deshpande and Madhvi Gudi, taught by Bhimsen Joshi, Krishna Hangal (Gangubai's daughter) and Somnath Mandoor, who has learnt from Biswaji Rajguru.



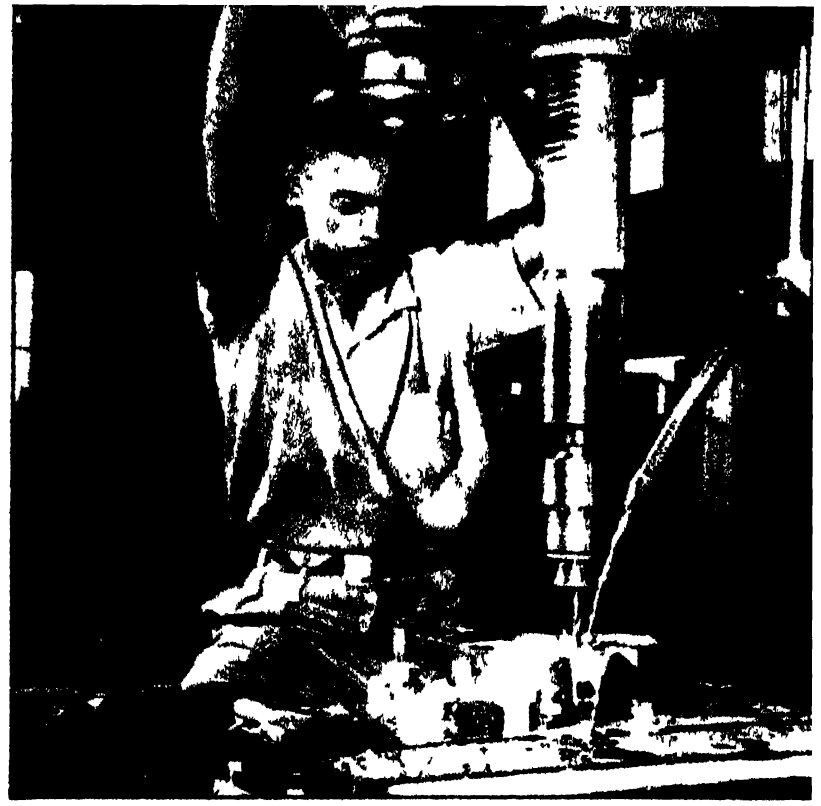
KUMAR GANDHARVA

GANGUBAI HANGAL



MALLIKARJUN MANSUR





# On The Industrial Front

**The picture is not at all depressing compared to some other States of India.**

**by Shibani Mitra**

**T**HE biggest news about industry in Karnataka to hit the national headlines recently has been the ambitious iron ore project at Kudremukh. Set up under the joint collaboration of the Governments of Iran and India, it ran into trouble even before completion. Initiated by the late Shah of Iran, it was supposed to provide a highly specialised form of iron ore to support Iran's growing steel industry. Financed largely by Iran, it had the added advantage of a captive market.

With the fall of the Shah's regime, the picture changed dramatically. Iran today cannot buy the ore, as promised, and India cannot find a market for the product. The Kudremukh project, with an installed capacity of 7.5 million tonnes, will have to produce within 3 million tonnes.

The overall picture in Karnataka is, however, not so gloomy. The State boasts of some of the nation's largest projects—namely, Hindustan Machine Tools, Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd, Bharat Electronics, Bharat Heavy Earth Movers, Indian Telephone Industries Plus, under the auspices of Indian Railways, a plant has been set up for manufacturing

cast railway-wheels using the American griffin method.

The setting up of industrial belts has received the active cooperation of succeeding Governments in Karnataka. Nor has help been confined to Government or large private enterprises alone. Small entrepreneurs have also been given incentives to exploit the industrial potential of the State. The Karnataka State Financial Corporation, the main agency for extending loans, has sanctioned Rs 8,628 lakhs to nearly 3,224 units in the State. The main characteristic is that major assistance has gone to industries being planned in backward areas and a special scheme for technically qualified entrepreneurs.

Other incentives include a comprehensive land allotment scheme. So far, 12,000 acres for the establishment of 650 small-scale industries, with an employment potential for about 50,000 people, has been sanctioned. An additional 1,800 acres is being developed for allotment, while the Government is still planning a massive programme for areas around Mysore, Raichur, Belgaum, Hubli, South Kanara and Bijapur, among other places. The other advantages being extended are exemption from octroi, electricity tax, conversion fine and royalty on water.

One of the most striking aspects of the industrialisation of this State is its wide range. Karnataka already has its fair share of heavy industries and the State is at pains now not to let its traditional cottage industries die

The problems that have to be contended with are, firstly, the scattered nature of these industries and a decentralised, home-based operation, low security and financial inputs and marketing problems. All these factors make organisation difficult and an efficient exploitation of the market nearly impossible.

## Handloom And Handicrafts

The handloom industry is at the top of the list of traditional industries. To help sustain this industry, where the total loomage is 1,02,834, three intensive projects have been set up—two by the Central Government and one by the State Government. The World Bank has granted the sericulture industry assistance that will push the production of raw silk from 2,700 to 4,300 tonnes by 1984. Export-oriented centres are also being set up, along with a series of retail outlets.

The handicrafts industry has also received a boost. Sandalwood, ivory, bidriware, glassware and laquerwork are some of Karnataka's better-known cottage industries. Here artisans and craftsmen have been trained to work at the highest efficiency with guidance in the field of marketing. The help also covers housing, education and training for new recruits.

Another field that is rapidly gaining interest is the newly born electronics industry. The State has so far not been strong in this sphere and its promotion has been started in Peenya at the Testing and Development

Centre, which will be the largest industrial estate in South-East Asia. Another problem that the Corporation has taken on is a way to stem the brain drain. They are endeavouring to offer bright career prospects to the young and, perhaps, even attract Indian engineers back to the country.

## Greatest Handicap

The greatest handicap suffered by Karnataka is in power production. The State is completely dependent on hydro-electricity and, therefore, the monsoon, for power. The situation was brought to a head by an incident in April this year which amply demonstrated the shaky energy situation.

On April 16, the Chief Minister, Mr Gunda Rao, announced a 100 per cent power cut on all high-tension consumers, thereby paralysing 1,200 industries. The announcement naturally raised a public furore and, within 24 hours, the order was rescinded and the existing power cut raised from 50 to 70 per cent.

Karnataka however, with its rich iron ore, copper, manganese, chromite and china-clay deposits, along with a progressive and comprehensive industrial policy, is today well on the way to being one of the country's most developed States. And the heartening thing is that, in its eagerness to develop a modern industrial state, traditional cottage industries have not been left out in the cold. ■

# Power Generation Needs Greater Push

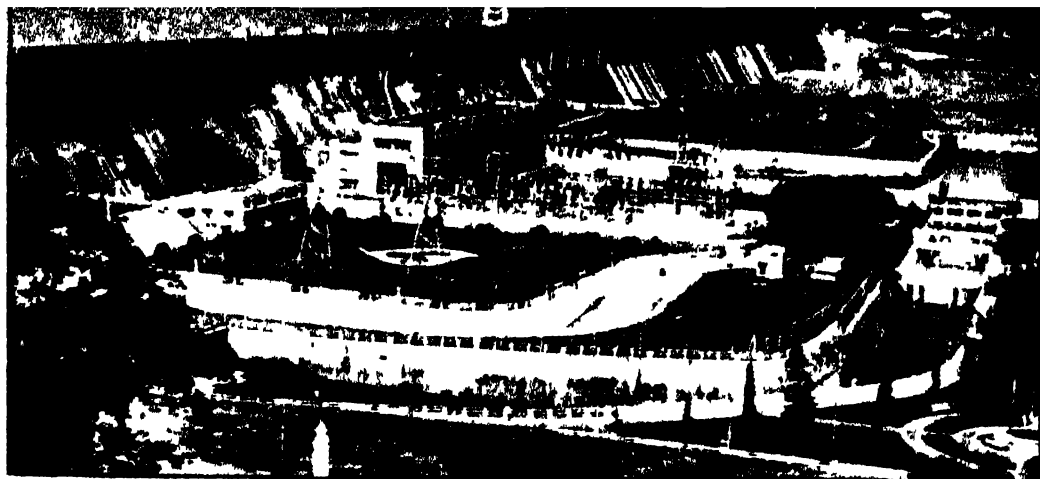
by T.S. Venkataraman

**T**HE revised draft of the Sixth Plan proposes an investment of more than Rs 15,000 crores between 1978 and 1983 in power, which is by far the highest for any sector. The expectation is that power generation capacity will go up from about 26,000 MW at the beginning of the Sixth Plan to 44,000 MW at the end of the five-year period.

Even so, the overall power outlook is not encouraging, largely because performance has always been short of the target. The lack of advance planning in a field where schemes have a long gestation period is also held responsible for the slippages. Yet another factor, which is feared to be making an increasingly large contribution to the shortage of power, is the changing pattern of economic growth.

The loss of power generation due to inadequate shortage in the hydel reservoirs and the decline in the operating ratio of thermal stations have been responsible for a sharp drop in industrial production, in regions where the shortage is acutely felt. It must be conceded, however, that in Karnataka as in Maharashtra, the South-West monsoon did not make its usual contribution to the storage in hydel reservoirs.

The difficulties experienced by the Electricity Board in Karnataka in meeting the needs of all



TUNGABHADRA PROJECT

classes of consumers, have led to the closing down of power-intensive units for short periods, in order to release electricity for meeting the requirements of the agricultural sector.

There is considerable scope to save electricity not only by reducing losses in transmission, which are estimated at 20% of the generation but also in the area of conservation. The power situation in Karnataka goes to prove that the implementation of power projects is also not taking place at the desired rate.

## Lack Of Generating Capacity

One of the most important reasons for the nagging shortage of power in Karnataka is the inadequacy of generating capacity to meet the demands. Slippages have been due to various causes such as delays in the delivery of not only main plant components and materials but also other auxiliary equipment, delays in the execution of civil works and erection of equipment, dilatory

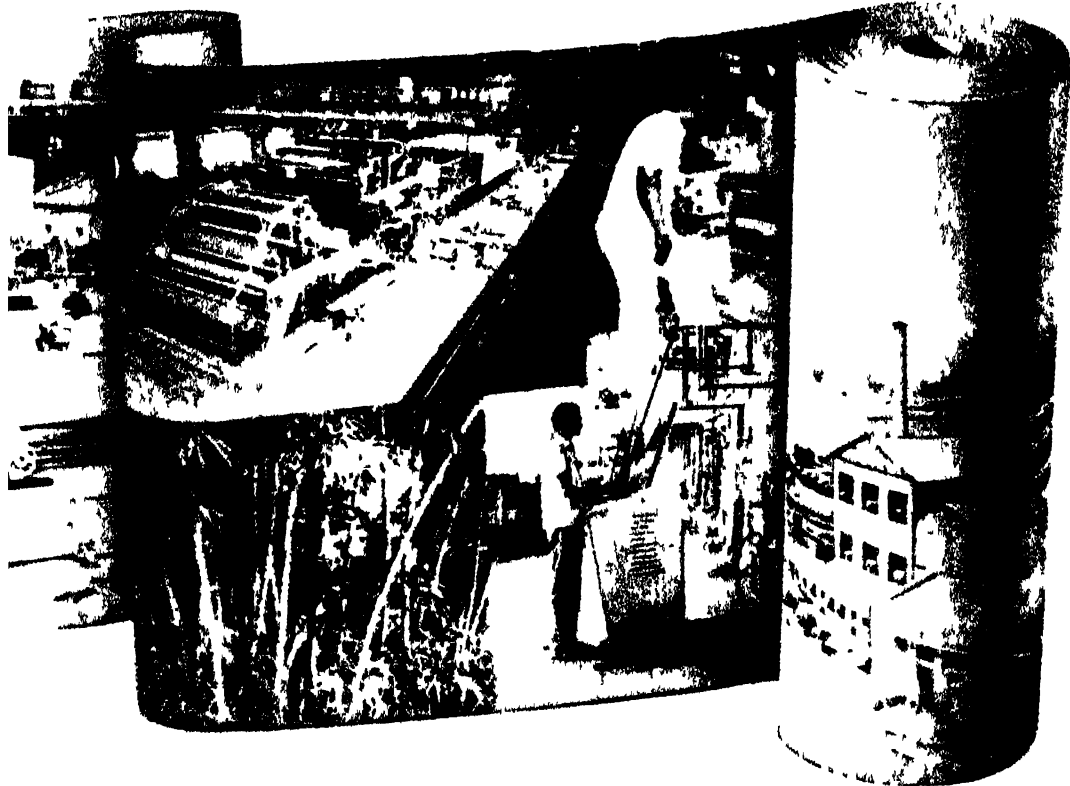
decision making procedures and dilution of responsibility.

Karnataka is at present passing through a 60% power cut. However, there is room for optimism that the shortage will not be pronounced and it will be possible to make effective use of the region's capacity with integrated operation and effective use of the inter-linked state grids.

Power cuts have been imposed regularly from 1972 as demand for diverse uses has been accelerating and no new generating capacity was created until very recently. One of the additions to Southern Power Grid is the construction of Tattihala Dam at the giant Kalinadi Project in Karnataka. The first of six 135 MW units was commissioned in December 1979 at the Nagghari Power House. The five major power projects—three hydel and two thermal which are in various stages of completion will ultimately add over 3000 MW of generating capacity to the Southern Grid.

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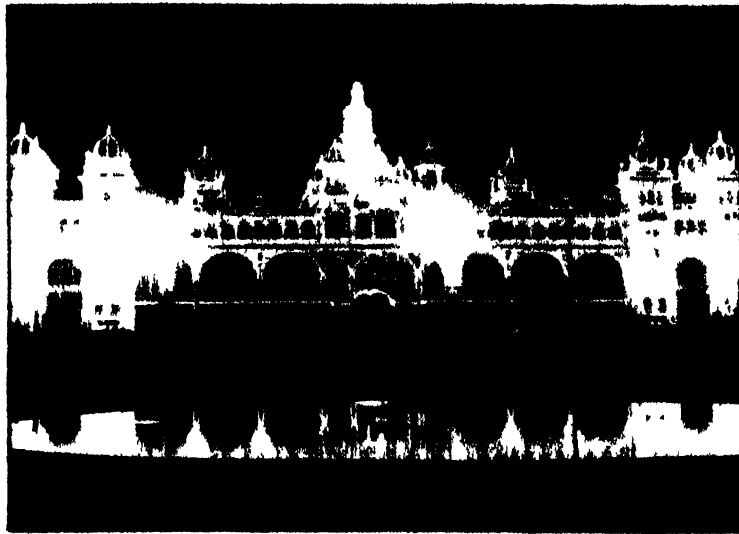
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# Malpe Fisheries Harbour

by R. Ramachandran

**A** FULLY equipped fisheries harbour is taking shape in Karnataka and an additional catch of 40,000 tonnes a year can be expected after it is commissioned.

Karnataka State has a coastline of about 290 kms on the Arabian Sea and its continental shelf is estimated to cover 25,000 sq kms of which only about 20% is exploited by the existing mechanised fishing craft.

In 1976, the United Nations Development Programme, at the request of the Government accorded priority for a deep-sea fishing harbour project on this coast and in view of the favourable location and the existing fishing industry Malpe, six km from the temple town of Udipi was chosen as the best site for the purpose.

The actual work on the Rs 4.26 crore project was started in the latter part of 1977 and, by December this year, 95% of the work is expected to be over. At any rate, it will be a full-fledged harbour for fisheries by April 1981 according to Mr N.S. Devariah, Executive Engineer of the project.

## The Harbour Project

The catch of fish, off the coast of South Kanara during 1979-80 was 1,60,000 tonnes, two-thirds of which was off Malpe. After the harbour is commissioned, the Karnataka Fisheries Department would be able to initiate deep-sea fishing and an additional catch of about 40,000 tonnes of shrimp is expected. With deep-sea fishing the Karnataka Government will be covering the continental shelf along 200 kms of the coast.

The harbour project, of which 80% of the major work is already over, envisages all the essential facilities such as landing quays, berthing jetties, training walls for the channel, slipway for repair yards, etc. The sprawling area of the harbour,

reclaimed by the soil of the channel and basin, provides space for an auction hall, roads, water supply scheme, ice plants, cold storage and ancillary industries.

It was estimated that Malpe harbour would need 23 deep-sea fishing vessels of 18 to 28 metres length, and another 46 of 14 metres length, as also 275 small mechanised vessels. Altogether there was to be a fleet of about 350 vessels of different sizes using the harbour, according to Mr Devariah, 'these figures have no relevance now, and the number of vessels using the harbour will be much higher.'

## Outstanding Engineering Expertise

The construction of training walls (breakwaters) one on the northern side and the other on the southern, carried out by a private firm of contractors, is a remarkable engineering feat among harbour projects in India, Mr Devariah said. The total length of the two walls is 2,200 metres, 850 metres on the north and 1,350 metres on the south, including the spur jetty. Over 5,78,000 tonnes of stone, consisting of boulders weighing between 2.3 tonnes and 2.8 tonnes, were used in the construction of the walls. These boulders were available in the nearby hills in plenty.

The next important work of the project was the 100 metres x 200 metres harbour basin. The engineers faced heavy odds in the initial stages. Between the project approval and commencement of work about 60 metres of the land was eroded by the Udvaneri river, and the contractors wanted the department to fill the gap with sand.

It was thought this could be done with bulldozers. But to their dismay they found that whatever sand was dumped was washed away to the shore at high tide.

For a couple of weeks they did not know how to tackle the heavy undercurrent at the mouth of the river. The problem was solved with the help of expert divers from Kerala. He himself had to run from pillar to post to obtain a sufficient number of cement bags to fill sand and erect a bund under the water.

## Cutting The Bar

According to Mr Krishnataj, a leading fish exporter, June 20 was a red-letter day for hundreds of fishermen in Malpe when a subsidiary company of the principal contractors cut the sand bar across the 1,350 metres long channel. Mr Devariah said that the reason for cutting the bar in the rainy season, which is off-season for fishing, was to help quick clearance of possible flood waters in the river.

Upto now the fishermen were able to launch their boats only at high tide and even small mechanised boats loaded with catch had to wait offshore for high tide because of shallow water and concealed rocks underneath. With the opening of the channel, fishermen can now return to the shore without having to wait for the high tide.

To a question whether the harbour would adversely affect the rampom fishermen, as had happened in Goa, Mr Devariah said that the problem was there even now with the mechanised boats fishing on surface water in spite of Government warnings. The harbour is intended for deep-sea trawlers and therefore it would in no way complicate matters further.

When the harbour is completed, Malpe will be one of the most beautiful picnic spots on the coast of Karnataka with the centuries-old Columnar Lava (rocks) maintained by the Geological Survey of India in St Mary's Island, a few kms from the harbour.

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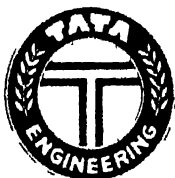
The trend continues to be promising and we have embarked on a Rs. 130 Crore expansion to enlarge our manufacturing facilities from the present 36,000 to a production of 56,000 vehicles. A part of the finance has already been raised by issue of Convertible Bonds

aggregating to Rs. 18 Crores to the shareholders and Daimler-Benz AG, West Germany. We shall soon be raising further capital by offering 100% Convertible Bonds to the public of Rs. 450/- each amounting to Rs. 24.10 Crores, giving the bondholders an opportunity to share the fruits of the expansion in years to come.

With the completion of the expansion, the shareholders and bondholders can look forward to higher turnover which will more than double the sales from the existing level of Rs. 455 Crores and in turn will increase earnings per share and its net worth.

In fact, out of the Rs. 47.25 Crores Bond issue, Rs. 26.25 Crores will be added to the share premium account after exercise of option by bondholders—increasing an already healthy reserve of Rs. 62.63 Crores substantially.

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# Of Coorg And Coffee

The total production of coffee in India is 1,21,000 tonnes. Of this, the Coorg district alone accounts for 44,450 tonnes. The total area under coffee cultivation in the district is around 1,00,000 acres.

by S. N. Murthy

To all those who have been to the Coorg district, the very word "Coorg" summons up all that the royal season, spring or *Vasantha*, connotes to lovers and poets. A drive around this, the smallest and the loveliest district in Karnataka, will introduce the visitor to some of its most enchanting features—the breath-taking beauty of its landscape alongside its large and well-maintained coffee plantations.

If poets and lovers associate Coorg with "spring" and "rain", coffee addicts and coffee merchants speak of Coorg coffee and its special flavour.

Coffee is the most important commercial crop in the Coorg district. The total production of coffee in India is 1,21,000 tonnes. Of this the Coorg district alone produces 44,450 tonnes. The total area under coffee cultivation in the district is around 1,00,000 acres. And, of this the small growers, owning less than 25 acres, hold more than 50 per cent of the land. There are around 15,000 small growers in the district. Of them 5,100 are members of the Coorg Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society, Mercara.

Till 1956, there was no organisation of small growers from which they could get financial help for the maintenance and the development of their plantations. There were a few private firms whose advances were mostly restricted to big growers and if financial help was made available to the small growers, it was on very rigid terms.

## On Cooperative Lines

The possibilities of organising an institution on cooperative principles were, therefore, considered by a few enterprising people in the district. It was a great relief to small growers when the Coorg Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society was registered in 1956. The small growers still remember the initiative taken by the late M. M. Bellappa with gratitude.

Very frequently, complaints are made that the cooperative movement in India is dominated by vested interests and that small growers are



exploited. But this institution is meant exclusively for the small growers. Without the financial assistance provided by this institution the small growers of the district would not have been what they are today.

How did their economic plight change?

As agents of the Indian Coffee Board, we of the Cooperative have maintained 26 collecting depots all over the district to collect coffee, not only from members, but from all small growers. During the year 1977-78, we collected nearly 11,000 tonnes of coffee on behalf of the Coffee Board.

The total payments made on behalf of the Coffee Board to our members and other small growers at our depots for around 11,000 tonnes of coffee is Rs 14,50,08,000 and, on this, we are paid 1½ per cent agency commission by the Coffee Board. We earned a commission of Rs 17,36,287 during the year 1977-78.

During this 1977-78 phase, we had advanced a crore of rupees as crop loan among the members. The maximum borrowing limit of a member is Rs 30,000. We supply fertilisers to our members on a credit basis and the cost of this fertiliser is deducted from the loan.

Every borrowing member is compulsorily required to use 25 per cent of the loan amount sanctioned to buy manure. And, during the year 1977-78, we have supplied fertilisers worth Rs 36,000.

## Biggest Curing Unit

Not everyone connected with the coffee trade has heard of our institution. But our Coffee Curing Works, situated at Hunsur, popularly known as the Hunsur Works, is well-known to all those involved in the coffee trade.

The Hunsur Works is the oldest and the biggest coffee curing unit in India. It was started in the year 1873 by Donald Stewart, a European coffee planter settled in Coorg. After some time, the management was transferred to Mr Matheson, who ran the Works for more than 50 years. In 1947, the Hunsur Works was converted into a private limited company.

In 1966, the then President of the Coffee Growers' Cooperative Society, A. N. Somaiah, hit upon the idea of buying the Hunsur Works for the institution. He negotiated with the owners of the Hunsur Works, but found to his dismay that he had had to collect Rs 13,50,000 to buy the Works. Being still determined, he approached the State Government and, through it, obtained Rs 7,00,000 from the National Cooperative Development Corporation, New Delhi, and persuaded the State Government to sanction Rs 2,00,000 as share capital, collecting the balance from members as additional shares.

Thanks to A. N. Somaiah's determined efforts, the Hunsur Works was bought by the Society in 1966. The coffee that we collect in our depots in the district is shifted to the Hunsur Works in our lorries for curing. Here again, we cure coffee on behalf of the Coffee Board and we are paid Rs 188 per tonne as curing charges. ■

# Vignettes Of Karnataka

—Continued from page 19

Karnataka is also a confluence of religious philosophies. At Sringeri, on the banks of the Tungabhadra, Adi Sankara founded his *math*. And Madhvacharya established his *math* at Udupi, famous for its Krishna temple. The third great acarya of the South, Ramanuja, found refuge from persecution in the accommodating tolerance of Karnataka.

The Jains flourished and their art and architecture are still to be seen in places like Mudbidri and Sravanabelagola. Muslim art expressed itself in austere beauty in Bijapur.

In the arts, again, the State has given its name to the classical tradition of South Indian music and has produced some of its greatest composers and musicians—Purandaradasa (the *pitamaha* of Carnatic music), Veena Seshanna, T. Chowdiah, Bangalore Nagaratnamma, Bidaram Krishnappa and Mysore Vasudevachar (one of the great composers of modern times). The late Maharaja of Mysore, Krishnadevaraja Wodiyar, was himself a composer of some note. The fertile land of Karnataka is also redolent of sandalwood and spices, *mallige* (jasmine) and *sampige* (champak), coffee and cedar, ebony and elephant, peacock and gold, as well as the famous silk of Mysore.

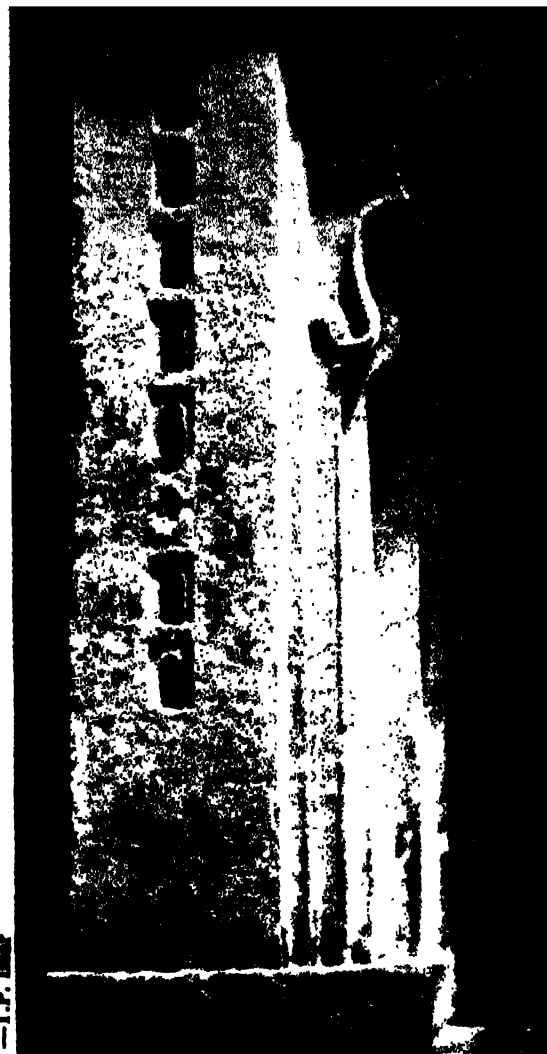
But the Karnataka of tradition and pomp, of graceful coffee-growing Coorg, stately Mysore and tranquil Sringeri, does not give the whole picture. The State which gave birth to what in today's language is called a technocrat and a far-seeing one—Visvesvaraya—houses some of India's crucial industries—HAL, HMT, BHEL, ITI, to name only a few.

Finally, in the variety of its natural beauty Karnataka is unsurpassed. There are the golden beaches of Ullal and Malpe, the gentle hills and valleys of Coorg where the Cauvery has its birth and the slopes are fragrant with coffee, the mountain jungles teeming with wildlife, the rocky grandeur of the landscape around Hampi, the turbulence of rivers like the Tungabhadra and the Sharavati—the list of Karnataka's charms is endless. ■



LADY WITH MIRROR. One of the bracket figures, called Madanikas, in the Hoysala temples. They depict dainty women dancing, making up or playing musical instruments.

—B. Kesav Singh

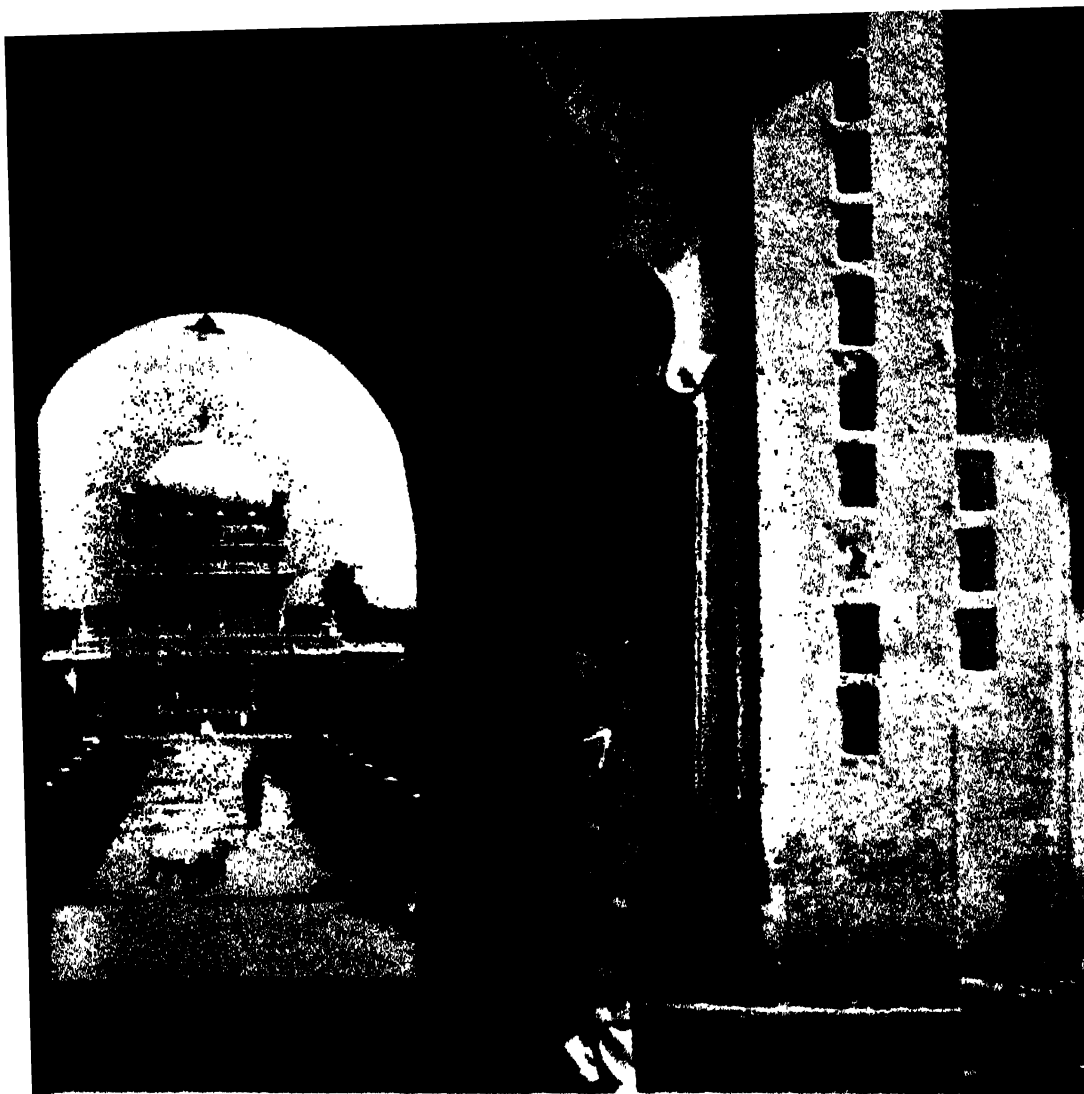


TOMBS OF TIPU AND HYDER. The British, who fact ferocious and cruel ruler. But in several instances they

—T.P. Inam



THE SWIFT-FLOWING CAUVERY roars down the projects in India was constructed. In the hills of Karnat the broad serenity of her later progress through the



—B. Kesar Singh

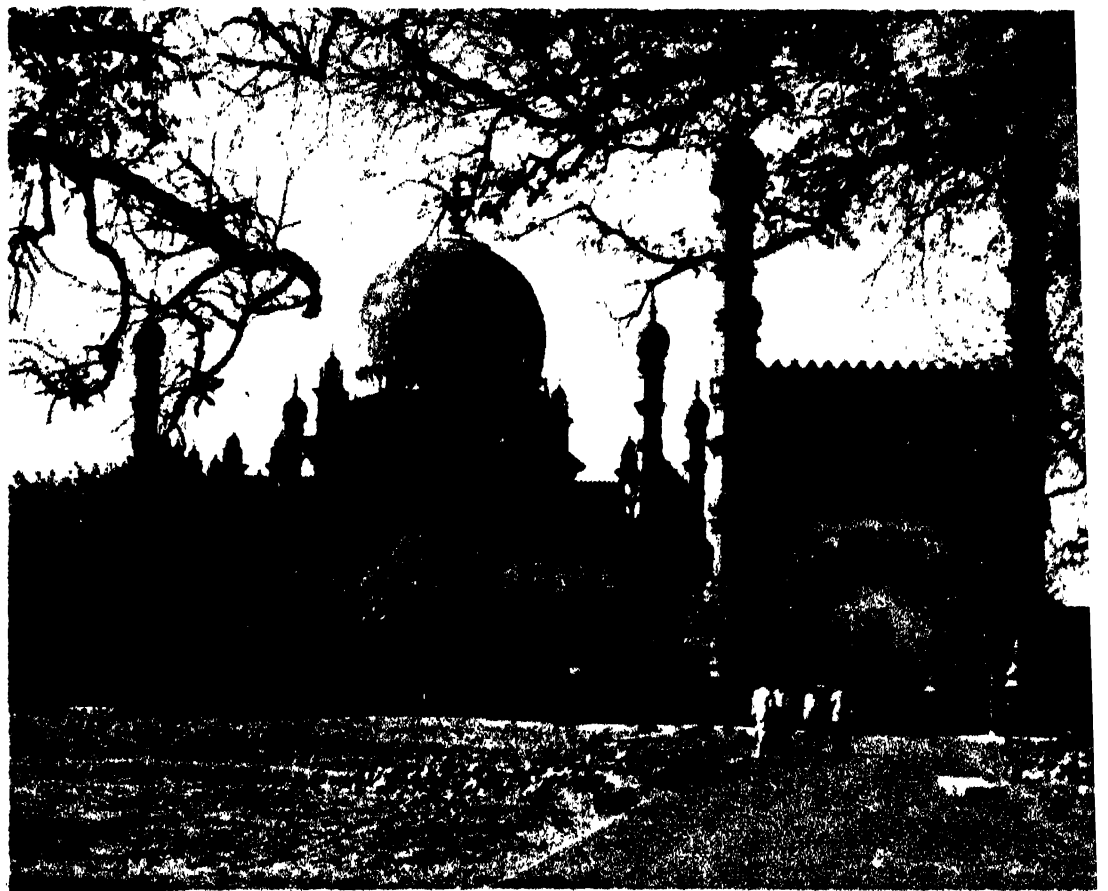
Stubborn resistance from Tipu Sultan, branded him as a "tyrant" and were instrumental in depicting him as a admitted to the devotion of his subjects to their Sultan—evidence of his enlightened rule.

GOMATESWARA at Sravanabelagola. The 18-metre nude statue is carved out of a single rock. Gomata was the Jain prince Bahubali who renounced the world.

—B. Kesar Singh



Falls where one of the first hydro-electric is a turbulent beauty very different from war.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF IBRAHIM ROZA, Bijapur, noted for its graceful minarets and exquisite calligraphy of the Quran. The Asar Mahal is said to contain the relics of the Prophet.

# The Restored Arm

by R.K. Narayan

Illustrations by R.K. Laxman

The following story is based upon the traditional accounts of the life of the famous sculptor, Jakanachari, who built the Belur, Halebid and other Hoysala temples, in the reign of Vishnuvardhana (12th century AD). For purposes of the story a few changes in detail have been made.



**T**HE temple at Behr was nearly ready. At the next Full Moon it was to be consecrated and opened for worship. The old sculptor, Jakanachari, was working on the main image of the temple in the inner shrine. He spoke to no one and tolerated no interruption. As he was working he noticed a shadow falling on the wall. He had ordered that no one was to be allowed to disturb him. He turned sharply with a curse on his lip, but swallowed the curse quickly, fell down and touched the floor with his forehead. The king had come in noiselessly.

"You go on with your work," said the king.

"I obey," said the sculptor. He was working on the drapery of the image. The king watched the image, fascinated, as godliness grew upon it with each stroke. There was grace in its eyes and protection in its gesture.

The king said, "Jakanacharya, I am longing for the day when I may offer worship to this Kesava. When will you finish your work?"

"Sire, by God's grace, I hope to finish the work by full moon."

When the king left, the old sculptor, plying his delicate chisel, conjured up a vision of the day of consecration. At the auspicious moment while priests chanted and smoke curled up from the sacred fire, he would place the God on his pedestal. He could almost hear now the babble of voices. And the king stood on the threshold of the shrine with the minister beside him, having arrived in state on his elephant, people from all over the empire were crowding in for the occasion. As the image was fixed to its pedestal, a great cry of joy went up from the crowd, and the king presented the sculptor with a gold bracelet.

**J**AKANACHARI did not break off for food at noon. In the ecstasy of vision he forgot hunger. Someone had the kindness to remind him. He merely replied, "Get out and don't talk to me." A little later he turned from the image and was annoyed to see someone standing at the doorway, watching the image.

"Go away," said the sculptor.

"Yes, I will go away as soon as I have seen as much of the image as I like."

"Oh, oh! Who may you be?"

"I am a wanderer. I happened to pass this way and dropped in to have a look at the temple."

"Get away now or I will have you pushed out. No one must see this image before it is completed."

"I am one interested in stone. I can do a little work myself."

"Oh, you are a master, are you?"

"I don't say that. But ever since I can remember I have loved stones."

"You are an upstart. Now let me see

nothing more of you," said the old man.

"Say what you like," replied the stranger. "I have gone round and seen all that is to be seen. The pillars are divine; the figures on the outer walls are the work of a godly hand. This temple will be remembered by coming generations as the greatest."

"I do not need your certificate."

"Hear me fully," said the young man. "I am not speaking now to flatter you. I am merely expressing a fact. I say once again that all that you have done so far is wonderful, except"

Now the old sculptor pricked up his ears and cried, "Except what? Except what?"

"Except the work you are now doing."

The old man picked up his mallet and flourished it at the intruder.

"I will smash your skull if you speak any more."

"At your age you must have greater self-possession," said the young man. "I am not saying that your work is bad but your choice of stone is unlucky."

"Your words are inauspicious," wailed the old man.



"With that stone you could make a figure for a gateway but not the main God of an inner shrine. After all, the tens and thousands of carvings and decorations are only a setting for the main image, and its stone should have the utmost purity. Now this stone has a flaw, and the image is unfit for worship and consecration."

"Oh, will no one drag this man away? His words are inauspicious."

"I am merely warning you with the best of motives. Don't get angry. I repeat that this stone has a flaw, and I am surprised that a man of your experience did not notice it."

"Young fool, you don't know what you are saying. See this arm—it has chipped and carved fifty thousand forms of God, but I swear I will cut this off if you prove what you are saying."

The stranger replied, "Don't say such serious things. I merely said something about the stone because I thought you might like to hear it. Take it for what it is worth. Don't do such a terrible thing."

"No, you shall prove it."

"I will prove it but not if you are going to cut off your arm. I will even say where the flaw is."

"Where?"

"Around the navel of the image."

"Young man, I will tell the king and have you put in chains if you don't get out this moment."

"All right, I will go," said the young man and turned to go. While crossing the courtyard he turned round and shouted, "I am going but bear in mind my warning. The old man ran after him, gripped his arm, and said, 'Stop now. I will not let you go.' He yelled for everyone in the place. A crowd gathered. He told the crowd, 'This young fool holds that Kesava is made of a stone which has a flaw. If he proves it I will cut off my right arm. If he does not I will cut off his arm and ride him on a donkey.'"

The stranger said, "I refuse to prove anything. Now let me go." The old sculptor held him by the arm and said, "Either you prove what you have said or I will chop off your arm and haul you up on a donkey, though if I tell the king he will chop off your head."

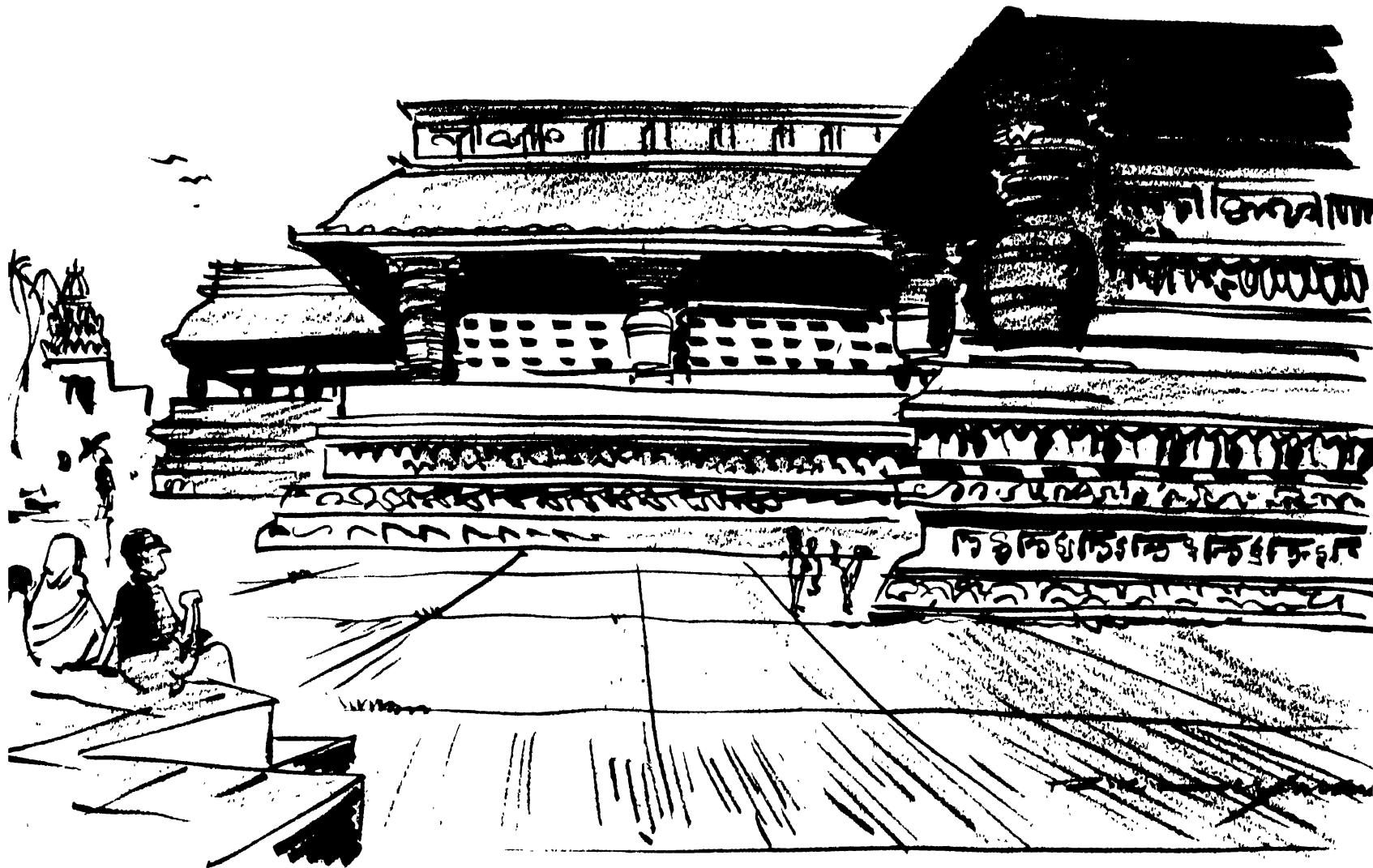
"All right," said the stranger. "I accept the challenge. Don't blame me afterwards. Will someone bring me a little paste of sandal-wood?" It was brought. He said, "May I go near the image?"

"Yes, you may."

**T**HE young man walked into the shrine with the sculptor and the crowd following him. The image stood leaning against a block of stone, looking on all this scene of strife with an unruffled calm. The stranger asked, "May I touch it?"

"No," said the old man. "What do you want to do?"





"I want this sandal paste to be smeared over the image from the chest down. Will you do it?" The old man smeared the sandal paste as directed. "Now watch it," said the stranger. The paste dried quickly and stood out in whitish flakes. "What has it proved?" asked the crowd derisively.

"Has the sandal paste dried all over?" asked the young man.

"Yes."

"Look at the navel of the image," said the young man; and where he pointed there was a wet patch the circumference of a little coin.

"It is still wet," said someone.

"Do you want to watch till it dries up?"

"Yes."

"Then you may spend the rest of your life watching it, but it won't dry, because underneath it there is a cavity with water, and in that water there may be a toad living."

The sculptor said grimly. "I have never allowed anyone to touch my implements but I am about to break that habit now because I may have no more use for them henceforth. Here, take my mallet and chisel and break that navel and show me what is inside."

The young man was at first reluctant to break the idol, but the sculptor was

insistent. The young man held the chisel and with a deft stroke hit out a circular flake at the navel. A little water flowed out, and out peeped a very baffled toad.

The sculptor said, "My career is now over. I wish I had never been born!"

**I**N that crowd there was a guard with a sword in his belt.

The old man snatched it off. "Now I fulfil my vow, and I gladly do it. I have no use for this arm." The young stranger wrenched his wrist till he dropped the sword. "You will not do it. When I came here it was to see all this work and learn whatever there was to be learnt. I did not come here to deprive you of your arm. Now I will be going." He appealed to those around him: "Please see that he does no violence to himself." He added, "My purpose was only to prevent the consecration and worship of a toad. Please watch this old man..." He turned to go. Jakanachari called him and said, "I admire your feeling for stone. God bless you. Where do you come from?"

"My home is in Kridapura," said the stranger.

"Kridapura?" repeated the old man and became reflective. "Kridapura! Who are you? Who is your father?"

"I don't know. I am in search of him," said the stranger.

"Oh! Tell me more about yourself," said Jakanachari.

The stranger said, "When I was yet unborn, that is a month before I was born, my father left home one evening and never returned!"

"What was his name?"

"Krishna Deva," replied the stranger.

The sculptor said, "Listen now. I will tell you something I know. It was very good of your mother to have sent you out to search for the old absconder, considering the manner in which he had left. But this is to be said for him. He had a life of dedication before him, a life in the service of God. He saw it in a vision. The choice was between family attachments and utter dedication. There was no middle way; and he made his choice abruptly and uncompromisingly, the only way in which any choice in life could be made. And he never looked back with regret because gods above and kings below have been kind."

"You know so much about him!" said the stranger.

"Yes, because Krishna Deva concealed himself behind a new name: Jakanachari."

An hour later he said, "My son, now take me home. My career is over. I

may not cut off my arm, but I will never again touch my chisel and mallet. When my eyes and hands cannot discriminate between stone and stone, it is time to put down the chisel and wait for death."

**T**HE sculptor returned to Kridapura. With all the comfort he could derive from regaining home and family he was secretly very unhappy. For he was essentially a creature who threw on his art. And the self-imposed separation from his work was agonizing. He would have withered away and died of this want like a plant kept away from sunlight, but for a dream he had a few months after his return: he was commanded to build a temple in Kridapura and dedicate it to Kesava. He obeyed this command and built the temple, and a number of others along with it. After this the name of the place was changed from Kridapura to Kai Dala, which means: The Restored Arm.

Today Kai Dala is an obscure little village, a few miles off Tumkur. It is known to have been the capital of a state at one time. Nothing of that ancient glory is now left, except the temple with its magnificent Kesava, which stands even today to commemorate the resurrection of an artist.



THE GIRISH KARNAD OF "VAMSHA VRIKSHA" AND "SAMSKARA" is almost lost to Kannada Cinema, according to the author.



AJI KUMAR in Girish Kasaravalli's Swaran Kamal-winning "Ghatashraddha", which makes compulsive viewing.

# Kannada Cinema Today

Kannada films would seem to be losing their vital spark. They are no longer as strongly in the National Awards' reckoning as they used to be.

by V. R. Kusnur

**K**ANNADA CINEMA would appear to be going downhill, if the National Film Awards for the past two years are any indication. After *Chomana Dudi* and *Ghatashraddha* (both won the Swaran Kamal), there has not been a single Kannada film which could be considered for the National Award.

This does not mean that the craze for the new-wave cinema has ebbed in Karnataka. Offbeat movies are still being made in great numbers. However, they fall short by the high standards set earlier.

The reason for this is not far to seek. The two leading new-wave film directors, Girish Karnad and B V Karanth, have diversified into other fields. Karnad is neck deep in Hindi films. And Karanth, President of the National School of Drama, has very little time for Kannada Cinema.

The medium in Kannada is thus bereft, with Karnad (an outstanding director in his own right) turning to acting in Hindi films. His intentions are clear. According to him, there is no money in regional cinema. True enough. However, one would have thought that Girish Karnad had more talent as a director than as an actor. His acting leaves much to be desired. Judging by his performance in some of the Hindi films so far (like *Man Pasand*), he is unlikely to make much headway here.

## Plenty Of Talent

Happily, there is plenty of talent in Kannada Cinema besides these two

Girish Kasaravalli, Puttanna Kanagal and Lankesh have it in them to prove that this two-year period is a temporary slump in the Kannada film industry.

In the latest National Awards, there has been some consolation for Kannada Cinema—*Dangeyedda Kukkalu* has been adjudged the Best Children's Film. Produced by T S Narasimhan and directed by U S Vedraj, the film portrays the story of some courageous inmates of an orphanage who decide to put an end to corruption and tyranny in their institution.

*Ariyu* produced by K R Lalitha and directed by Katti Ramachandra has been adjudged the Best Regional Feature Film in Kannada.

## Ray-Directed Wind Of Change

It was Satyajit Ray who put regional cinema on the national map. It was he who experimented with new wave films and brought a totally new outlook to bear on the medium. The result was *Pather Panchali*, which was an instant artistic success, not only in India, but also abroad.

This wind of change gradually percolated to other regions, especially Karnataka and Kerala, which followed up with telling effect. The good work done by Satyajit Ray. It started with Ramu Kariat's *Chemmeen* in Malayalam—which won the President's Gold Medal. Karnataka then stepped in and a series of small-budget films, with social themes and artistic finesse, were made by Girish Karnad, B V Karanth, Puttanna Kanagal, Lankesh and Girish Kasaravalli.

## Five Decades Old

Kannada Cinema is five decades old. It was in 1929 that *Mrukkatuka* was made. It may be said that early Kannada Cinema was an extension of the professional theatre. The first Kannada film *Rajasuya Yoga*, was produced in Karnataka in 1935.



IRAIL-BI AJER PUTTANNA KANAGAL whose films, even while being within the commercial format, set the tone for the renaissance of Kannada Cinema.

The fifties saw some signs of improvement. Gubbi Karnataka Productions' *Bedar Kannappu* bagged one of the National Awards instituted by the Government of India in 1954. This was the maiden film of matinee idol Raj Kumar, who has over 175 films to his credit.

The first rumblings in the otherwise quiet atmosphere, however, were felt in the sixties when new talent was inducted and well known literary works became vehicles for the Kannada film medium. Folk music and poetry invested Kannada Cinema with a character native to its soil and its people. Two outstanding films were made during this decade. While N. Lakshminarayana's *Nandi* dealt with the deaf and dumb, Puttanna Kanagal's *Belli Modu* adapted the famous novel, *Triveni* to the screen.

The seventies were marked by a total change in the very concept of film making. Conventions were relentlessly broken and creative experimentation became the order of the day. Controversial themes were

boldly tackled. Starting with Pattabhi Rama Reddy's *Samskara*, a string of offbeat films—Girish Karnad's *Kaadu*, G V Iyer's *Hamsageethe*, B V Karanth's *Chomana Dudi*, Lankesh's *Pallavi* and Girish Kasaravalli's *Ghatashraddha*—were made which kindled national interest and admiration. Kannada Cinema's superiority over other regional films can be judged from the number of National Awards it has won during the last decade. B V Karanth, Girish Karnad and M S Sathyu have become celebrities.

## Helpful Government Policy

A large share of the credit for the success of Kannada Cinema goes to the helpful policy of the Karnataka Government in promoting the arts. The State Government has provided a number of incentives for the growth of this vital medium. For more than a decade now, it has been offering a substantial subsidy for every feature film made entirely in Karnataka.

Starting with a modest sum of Rs 30,000 for each film, the Government now pays Rs 1,00,000 for every black-and-white film and Rs 1,50,000 for a colour film. Besides, films in any language other than Kannada, Tulu, Coorgi and Konkani—are also entitled to a subsidy of Rs 50,000 each.

The success of this scheme can be measured by the fact that while in 1967 only one film was produced, 70 films are now made every year. Apart from this, the Karnataka Government has instituted an awards scheme. Outstanding film artists and technicians are suitably awarded and their merits adequately recognised. The State Government also provides assistance for the subtitling of award-winning films.

However, all such assistance, while acting as a spur to start with, is now beginning evidently to be taken for granted, judging by the steady drop in cinematic quality.

# Should Vish Not Remain Captain?

Is Sunil Gavaskar again captain of India or only Rest of India? For G.R. Viswanath is now to play under Gavaskar for Rest of India. Vish became India captain only when Sunil didn't feel like it. Now that Sunil feels like it again, should our selectors deprive Vish of the India captaincy when that player is in super touch again, is senior and the holder? The choice is between Class and Craft.

by Raju Bharatan

SUNIL Manohar Gavaskar returns this week from his second sojourn in Somerset. Does he return as India captain? Pammi's guess is as good as Kavita's!

Viswanath is the holder. But then the challenger in Sunil has surfaced all over again. Sunil has made it clear to Sharad Kotnis in *Sportsweek*:

*I am available in any capacity. My standing down from captaincy was only for the tour of West Indies for which I was not available.*

This could be interpreted as another way of saying that the switch to Viswanath as India captain was a personal arrangement between Sunil and his brother-in-law. Rusi Modi puts the point in perspective when he says:

*The right person to captain would be Gavaskar, but he is in the habit of accepting captaincy and chucking it when it suits him, which he did during the last series against Pakistan. This attitude should not be encouraged and the Cricket Board and the selectors must be firm. However, all along, their attitude has been spineless and I won't be surprised if Gavaskar is made the captain for Australia.*

Rusi Modi is being proved right to the hilt seeing how our selectors have already reversed gear and made Sunil captain of Rest of India over the head of Vish.

Rusi Modi gives his qualified vote to Sunil in a symposium conducted by *Sportsweek* in which there is a total consensus in favour of Gavaskar as India captain. Nari Contractor, Dilip Sardesai, Madhav Apte, Ramakant Desai, Ramnath Kenny, Madhav Mantri, Khandu Rangnekar, Naren Tamhane, all eight, come out strongly in favour of Gavaskar as India's only captaincy choice for Australia, with Rusi Modi alone expressing certain reservations about Sunil accepting and rejecting the leadership as and when he feels like it.

However, this kind of consensus is neither here in Bombay nor there in Bangalore! Conduct a survey in Bombay and you are sure to get a consensus in favour of Gavaskar. Conduct a similar survey in Bangalore and you are certain to get a verdict in favour of Viswanath—on the ground that the India captaincy was legitimately Vish's when Sunil pre-empted him for the post.

P.E. Palia, under whom Rusi Modi cut his Pentangular teeth, may in Bangalore have come out strongly in favour of Gavaskar. But the rest of Karnataka could put forth the legitimate argument that, no matter what may have been Viswanath's form last season, 1980-81 is another pair of cricket shoes, that Vish now could proceed to assert himself in a manner which would justify his being allowed to retain the India captaincy as Sunil's senior.

Much could be said on both sides. Certainly, the circumstances in which Sunil renounced the India captaincy were odd, to say the least. Sunil's point, that the idea was to give Viswanath a feel of the India captaincy before our team embarked for the tour of West Indies that never was, may have had its cricketing validity, but the peculiar circumstances in which Gavaskar took his decision made it look as

though he was backing out, leaving an off-form Viswanath to face the Caribbean music of Roberts, Holding, Croft and Garner!

There could be no doubt at all about the legitimacy of Sunil's argument that March 1980 was no time to embark on a tour on which you had to face the four fastest bowlers in the world—after you had gone through the grind of 13 Tests in 6 months on top of 13 Tests (with the World Cup thrown in) in the 10 months preceding. Clearly, there was no method in the madness by which our Cricket Board wanted to undertake such a gruelling West Indies tour after 26 Tests in 16 months. And Sunil, after what he wrote in his book about Caribbean crowds, was in no moral or physical position to take on such a West Indies tour. But the lay public could not be expected to understand the nuances of this dilemma of Sunil's own making. To



Patrick Eggert

IS HE OR IS HE NOT AS GOOD A TECHNICIAN AS SUNIL? True Vish failed to keep rungetting pace with Sunil in the last series against Pakistan in India. But, before that, in Pakistan, in three Tests Sunil had scores of 89 & 8 not out; 5 & 97; 111 & 137, Vish 145; 20 & 83; 0 & 1. (However, in the First Test at Karachi, where Sunil made 111 & 137, he was out early in both innings, but refused to "walk" with Vish the question of not "walking" has never arisen.) Then, in the four Tests of the 1979 series in England, Sunil had scores of 61 & 68; 42 & 59; 78; 13 & 221. Vish 78 & 51; 21 & 113; 1; 62 & 221. However, it is final impressions that count—and Sunil's 111 & 137 in Pakistan and 221 in England ensured that it was the memory of his batting that would endure!

them it looked, plain and simple, a case of shirking on Sunil's part.

### Truly Professional

In the long term, however, far from shirking his responsibility, Sunil, as it turns out, has geared himself for the 1980-81 Australia tour like the true professional he is. This 1980-81 tour of Australia, Sunil knew, was like no other tour: on it our cricketers were expected to play a five-day traditional Test one moment and a one-day limited overs' game the next. And Sunil had always found it a problem to adjust to the contrasting demands of these two styles of cricket. So, instead of taking a chance with the West Indies crowds at time when he was mentally stale as stale could be, Sunil made the professional decision to equip himself for the tour of Australasia by spending a conditioning season with Somerset in England.

This season has proved most fruitful, if not in terms of runs, at least in terms of Sunil's being able to adjust to the varying demands of one-day, three-day and five-day cricket. Sunil has acquired a reputation for hitting sixes in England and it is a fair bet that, when he goes to Australia, he will now be a different proposition altogether in the one-day matches, while keeping his batting powder dry for the mighty effort needed to catch up with Bradman's tally of 29 centuries in Tests

In acting as he did, Sunil, it could be argued, was thinking of himself first and India after. But, in the process of thinking of himself first, Sunil is now likely to be of greater five-day and one-day value to us in Australasia, where we are to play 20 one-day games alongside 6 Tests.

Sunil's approach is professionalism *in excelsis*, which is what makes him stand apart from even Viswanath. On his return from England, Sunil makes it a point *overnight* to turn out for his local club in a maiden match. It is his professional instinct that makes him do so. Sunil knows that the light in India is quite different from the light in England and that, unless he mentally attunes himself to the changed light in India, he would be all at sea in the Test match to follow in an era in which Test matches follow thick and fast.

Temperamentally, Vish can never bring himself to acclimatise his cricket to such cold-blooded planning. For, while Sunil lives for the tomorrow, Vish lives for the moment!

### Vish: India's Victor Trumper

The difference between Sunil and Vish is the difference between Bradman and Trumper. To this day, there are those who maintain that Victor Trumper was the better batsman—that Victor was a true run-getter while Don was a mere run-gatherer. Trumper, when he set

up a sports shop after retirement, made a hash of it—he would give away a bat or two free to a young prospect who had the essence of cricket in him. While Bradman, if he had set up such a sports shop, would have insisted on the young prospect going out and getting the runs to be worthy of being presented with a bat!

Viswanath, if he opens a sports shop, may confidently be expected to make a Trumper-like hash of it. On his day, Vish is a better batsman than Sunil. But his days, it may be argued, are becoming fewer and farther between.

Certainly Vish had a very patchy run when we played Pakistan and then England at the climax of a hectic season. But, then, 26 Test matches in 16 months is not the kind of programme calculated to bring the best out of an *artist* like Vish. His keen edge was bound to be blunted in the circumstances. Now Vish starts a new season with a clean slate. If he shows himself in good touch, there is no reason why he should be divested of the India captaincy. It is no argument to say that Vish did not impress as captain in the two Tests in which he led India—against Pakistan and England. Remember, Sunil did not impress as captain in his first 12 Tests—it was only as he went along that he picked up the ropes.

Likewise, Vish is certain to improve as he goes along, though it cannot be overemphasised that he needs to take

a grip on himself. Let Vish recall how, when Sunil was injured after the First Test of the 1974-75 series against West Indies, he held the India batting together, *all by himself*, against Clive Lloyd and his men.

That was the series in which Viv Richards made his international debut with the First Test at Bangalore. In that Bangalore Test, Viv was all at sea against Chandra. It was only when our selectors so incredibly dropped Chandra for the Second Test of that series that Richards took the opportunity to come to grips with his Test career with an unbeaten 192 (at Delhi).

### Now Brilliant, Now Brittle

From that point, Richards has not looked back—he is the toast of the cricket world today. While Viswanath has been now brilliant, now brittle. The way he batted against West Indies in Viv Richards' debut series, Vish invited comparison with Greg Chappell. But, today, he trails far behind both Viv Richards and Greg Chappell.

This is a psychological moment in Vish's career when his reputation as a batsman of international class is at stake. To deprive him of the India captaincy at this psychological point may shatter his confidence rather than help build it. The choice is between Class and Craft. ■

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# A Cold Look At Islam

**“Socialism alone can help the Muslim world to stand on its feet. To assist in this process, we should not only cast a cold and objective look at Islam, but suffuse it with the warmth of what it means to be a Muslim.”**

**Review-article on Asghar Ali Engineer's "Origin and Development of Islam" (Orient Longman; Rs 65).**

by Iqbal Masud

ISLAM is very much in the news these days. Discussion of the topic has now entered the domain of public discourse. In a section of the Western Press, Islam is given an unnuanced and sensational treatment. On the other side, we have the apologists who either see salvation in a return to the classical age of Islam or see Islam in a liberal-humanitarian fashion as an instrument of social change.

Before one can appreciate the underlying issues of the debate, one must know and understand the roots of Islam in their historical setting. In *Asghar Ali Engineer's Origin and Development of Islam*, an attempt has been made to place the origin and the growth of Islam in its socio-economic context. Similar attempts have been made in the past. Ibn Khaldun, as far back as the 14th century AD, showed startling insights into the interaction of religion, sociology and economics. In more recent times, both Maxime Rodinson and Montgomery Wyatt have considered in some detail the role of social and economic factors in Islamic history.

But Engineer's book appears to be the first systematic attempt to apply Marxist methodology to Islam. He has not followed the tempting path of broad historical generalisation. On the contrary, he has related specific texts and incidents to specific social and economic tendencies. The book is provocative in a creative fashion and, hence, constitutes a landmark in Islamic studies. Engineer sets out his approach thus:

*When I strive to see historical developments from the Marxist viewpoint, what I have in mind is the broadest Marxist approach, especially its methodology, and not any rigid pattern conceived a priori.*



**GATHERING ON THE ARAFAT PLAIN**—an essential part of the Hajj. This has been called "the greatest single assembly of people from all corners of the earth ever to meet in one place, on one day, for one purpose".

Engineer points out that pre-Islamic Arabian society was not complex enough to evolve a sophisticated mythology, nor affluent enough to afford a priestly class. But the 7th-century AD Mecca saw the rise of a mercantile class which needed an organised state, bureaucracy and a standing army. This could not be provided by the individualistic tribalism of Arabia. It is Engineer's thesis that Islam was, in part, an answer to the needs of the hour. Its call for unity and brotherhood, its establishment of the elements of state machinery, struck the right balance between individualism and collectivism.

Engineer seems to be among the first of the writers on Islam to demolish completely the popularly held opinion that Islam was a desert or nomadic religion. On the other hand, Islam was the first among the great religions to be urban-based—hence the strict monotheism, the puritanism, the stress on scriptural revelation—on literacy, egalitarianism between believers and, consequently, absence of special mediation (which, of course, on its worldly side would involve hierarchy), the minimisation of ritual or mystical extravagance—moderation and

sobriety and stress on the observance of rules rather than on emotional states (which developed later in the non-Arabian peasant societies of Persia, Central Asia, India, etc).

The choice of Islam as a religion by the Arabs was not merely historic, but an act of history impelled by the need of the Mecca mercantile class to have its own ideology as against the ideology of Christianity and Judaism, which were identified with outside forces.

### The Medina Phase

Engineer elaborates his thesis when he deals with the Medina phase of the Prophethood. During this period, ways and means were worked out to unify the various groups and classes, which included non-Muslims.

I would refer those interested in the now important questions of Islam's stance on land ownership, of interest and banking, of the status of women, to this chapter. Engineer's views may not command total agreement, but this chapter is an excellent introduction to the subject. Also, I do not think Engineer's conclusions about Islam as it took shape at Medina can be seriously challenged. Islam transformed a

primitive culture into an advanced, sedentary one. It became a cohesive force generating social solidarity, deference to authority and respect for the rights of others.

Engineer's Marxist analysis is specially fruitful in the period after the Prophet's death. He analyses the reasons both for the rapid expansion of Islam and the near civil war conditions which plagued the infant state 30 years after the Prophet's death. The Islamic explosion was partly theological, partly the drive of the Mecca mercantile class for safer trade-routes. For the Arabs, Islam was a national revolution and this revolutionary zeal infected the subjects of the neighbouring empires. But the foreign conquests and the wealth they brought in sowed the seeds of civil war, because they caused great social tensions at home. It was not a question of classical Islam losing its purity. The new *milieu* created problems for the early Islamic state for which ready solutions could not be provided.

One consequence of this failure was the rise of heterodoxy and *achism* in Islam which Engineer describes in his last and most brilliant chapter.



Dissents form a moving and fascinating chapter in the history of Islam. Engineer points out how each dissenting movement could be connected to the rise of a dispossessed or a disgruntled class. In fact, this chapter contains the germ of a big book.

### Bones To Pick

Now for a few bones I have to pick with Engineer. There has been a tendency for most writers on Islam to overplay the role of most of its early heroes. Engineer has gone to the other extreme and overstressed the impersonal and historical forces at the expense of the role of the highly charged, motivated and intense individuals who lead the Arabs to consciousness as a nation and to their astonishing early conquests.

Engineer might well argue that he had to set right the balance—to see the expansion of Islam in a more objective fashion than in the past. However, this could perhaps have been done without sacrificing a degree of complexity. The history of Islam is a perfect illustration of the tensions created by extraordinary individuals (viz The Holy Prophet Muhammad and His Companions) acting upon and being influenced by social and economic forces.

The next comment on Engineer's book is more a question of attitude and of emphasis. He has rightly pointed to the dilemma that faced Islam immediately after its conquests

began: How to integrate and assimilate not only the vast wealth but the vast population (mostly non-Arab) which conquests brought in their wake. He is so fascinated by this dilemma and the problems that it created that he follows up this thread almost to the exclusion of others. This again might be justified by the fact that this is a furrow which has scarcely been ploughed.

This train of thought takes Engineer on to a very fruitful inquiry about relationship between the various heterodox movements of Islam, like the Shiites and the Ismailis among the non-Arab (and usually discriminated against) peoples in the Arab empire (the Mawalis). He sees the battle of Karbala (680 AD) between Imam al-Husayn, son of Hazrath Ali, and Yazid I, son of the first Umayyad Caliph Muawiya, as the battle of Islamic ideology against unprincipled political rule.

### Interesting Debate

However, an interesting debate arises at this point. The Umayyads, who destroyed the elective Caliphate and turned it into a dynastic kingdom, have invariably received a "bad press" in history. But they were themselves the victims of a historical dilemma. They represented the "worldly wisdom" of imperial Islam which needed the qualities of compromise, strategy and political deceit. It should not be forgotten that it was under the Umayyads that



THE GREAT MOSQUE OF THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD IN MEDINA AT DUSK. The front covers his tomb.

North Africa was conquered and Europe invaded through Spain and half of France overrun, till the Arabs were stopped at Tours near Paris by Charles Martel (732 AD).

In a sense, the Umayyads were more "secular" than the earlier rulers of Islam and the great dissenters who came later. But can it be said with any degree of historical certainty that the Umayyad empire was "non-Islamic"?

This point is touched upon in *The Cambridge History of Islam* (Vol 1A, Page 76), but not elaborated.

Engineer's veering off into a study of heterodoxy at a critical point of Islamic history makes for a limited view of the growth of Islam.

Historical victors can be damned morally; but they cannot be ignored

My next criticism of the approach in this book is Engineer's summary treatment of what he calls the Myths of Islam—its twin messages of equality and brotherhood. It is apparent that Engineer is using the word "myth" in its dictionary meaning—a commonly held belief that is untrue or without foundation. But "myth" also has another meaning in sociology— a pervasive complex of values and beliefs that are generally so deep that they are rarely verbalised, but are experienced unconsciously and taken for granted.

Of course, as psychoanalyst Rollo May has shown, some of the myths can disintegrate—in Western Europe, the Christian myth has been replaced by rationalism, individualism, nationalism and competition. But can it be said that the Islamic "myths" of brotherhood and equality have disintegrated in the sense that they no longer perform the function of a *Kerygma*—"a call to organise, maintain, defend or transform both the world in which men live and their personal lives by means of ritual or organisational actions"? Maxime Rodinson, from whose book, *Marxism and the Muslim World*, this quotation is taken, believes that "myths are not just epiphenomena, that they have their own importance and efficacy—Primitive Islam is a universalist myth which soon became

nationalist, then moved back into a universalist phase".

One would have liked at this stage a deeper examination of the question whether the myths of Islam are dead or if they can still motivate change. The recent happenings in Iran would seem to cast a doubt on the certainty with which Engineer enunciates his thesis.

### Treatment Of Iqbal

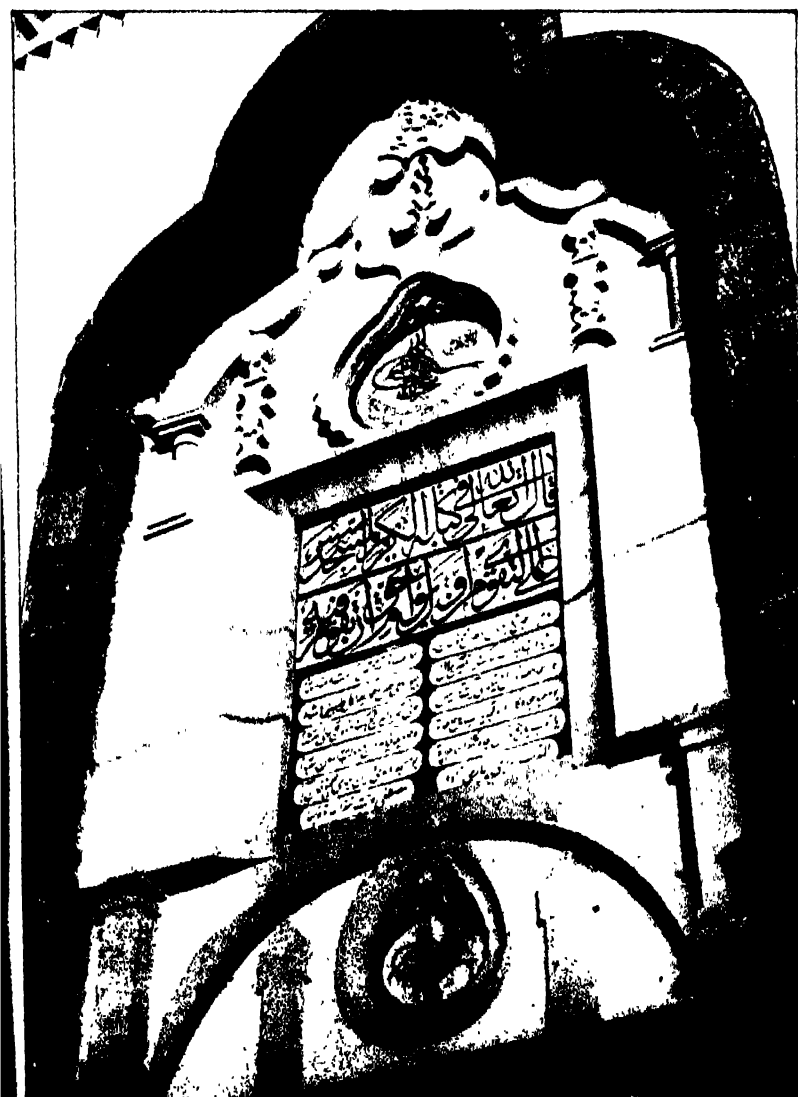
A connected aspect of the book is the rather summary and dismissive treatment of Iqbal. He is criticised as an idealist who totally ignored historical forces in harking back to the first 30 years of Islam. All I would say at this place is that to criticise Iqbal because of the "contradiction" in his thinking is to miss the point Iqbal summed up in himself the contradictions of the educated Muslim who would like to mobilise Islam's "law, its education, its culture and to bring them into closer contact with Islam's original spirit and with the spirit of modern times". (Iqbal quoted in Aziz Ahmed's *Islamic Modernism*, Page 163). Iqbal's hold continues to be strong on the educated Muslim mind in the subcontinent. It may be more fruitful to use Iqbal's thought (contradictions and all) as a wedge to liberalise orthodox Islam rather than to confront it as a conservative force.

Engineer shows his hand in the last para of his book to indicate that this is no academic study:

*Socialism alone, whether on its own merit, or deriving its legitimacy from the religious sanctions of Islam (on its own merit, as far my personal view is concerned) can help the Muslim world to stand on its feet.*

In my personal view, if Engineer wishes to assist in this process (which he is uniquely qualified to do), he should not only cast a cold and objective look at Islam, but suffuse it with the warmth of what it means to be a Muslim. Islam, after all, is a spiritual and human totality, and he who would persuade the Muslims into entering the modern world (and not coerce them) must betray an instinctive awareness of that totality.

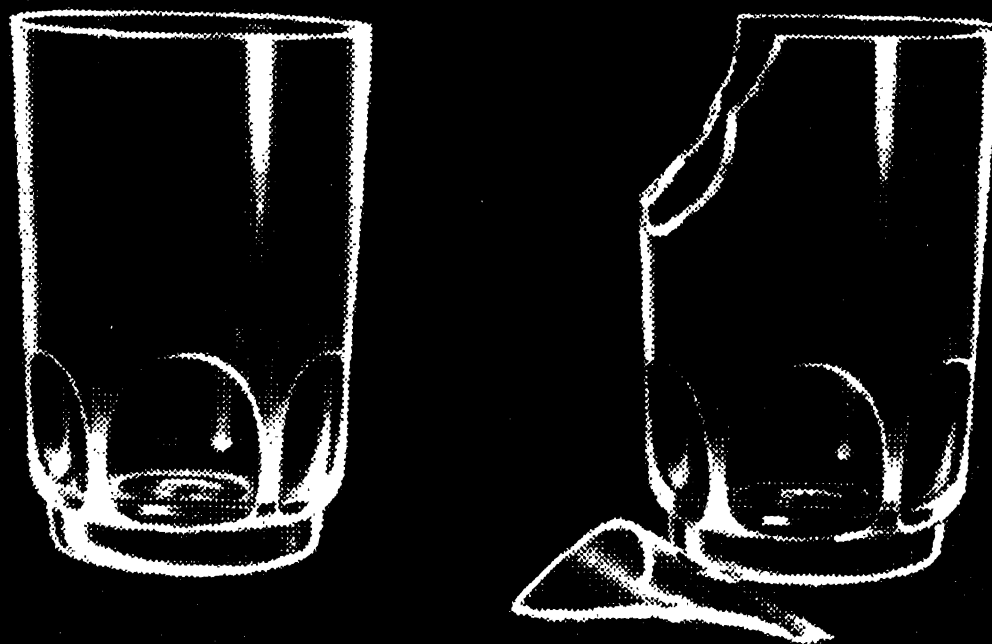
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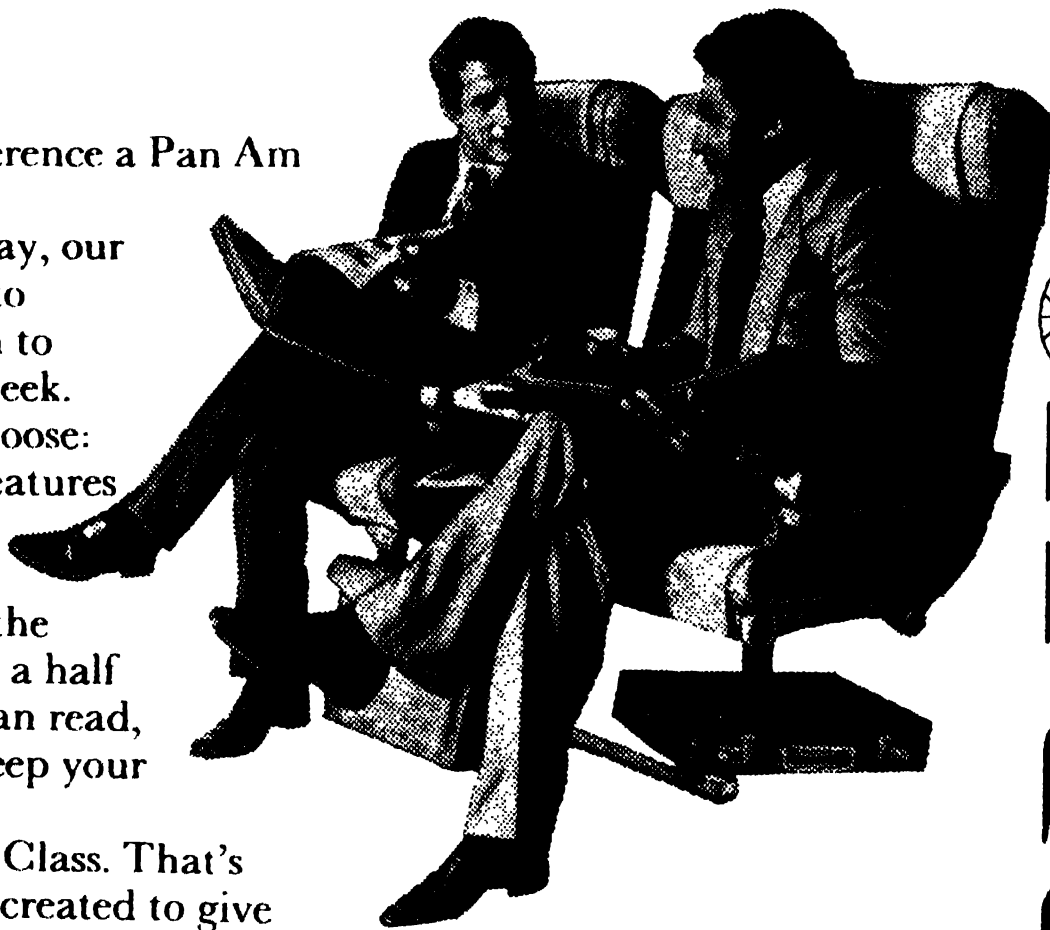
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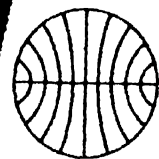


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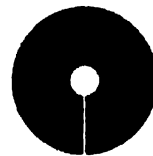
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## The Editor's Page



## Atheist Economy

IT is always wholesome to be corrected. When I mentioned that I did not quite know what an *atheist* economy is, Reader J C Haran from Kharagpur has hastened to inform me that "there is such a thing called atheist economy and the economy such as the one you know, is definitely an atheist economy which is totally material oriented"

And he adds: "The original Indian economy was a non-atheist economy. Why do you think the brahmins of India were asked to spend their life in prayer? And why do you think the caste system existed? They are all part of the non-atheist economy which had developed through the ages."

The one thing which distinctly separates man from other animals is his greed. And that is exactly what is controlled in a non-atheist economy. The brahmins were the intelligentsia of India. And, if they were asked to do work, they would have evolved methods of reducing their workload. That would have led to greed and the desire to reduce more, which would have all ended in exploitation.

So the principle of a non-atheist economy is simply *Take the minimum from the world and be tranquil in mind*. I hope these random thoughts give you enough food for thought."

The thoughts, I agree, are pretty random. I had always suspected brahmins of trying to dodge physical labour by inventing all sorts of excuses. You never can know what those chaps will be up to next. There are a couple in the office who are always finding good reasons why they think I can do the job better. But, having said that, I am still a little beclouded about what a true atheist economy is. Friend Haran recommends that I read Schumacher. I suspect that is another way to make me work. As if I don't have enough to do.

## Jnana Prabodhini

I LIVE in Bombay, which is not too far away from Pune, and yet it was news to me that you have in that city an excellent institution called Jnana Prabodhini. They call it a new experiment in education and new it certainly is. The Pune HQ houses a modern paper capacitor factory, a small electronics institute, a Government-recognised Research Institute in Psychology (unless something is Government-recognised, I guess, no institute has credibility!), a compact unit in which timing devices for missiles are assembled, a reading room and a library and a secondary school for children.

In sum, Prabodhini combines diversity in action with unity in purpose and its goal is the total development of man—very worthwhile indeed. Some day I must go and pay my respects to Appasaheb Pendse, the famous educationist and founder father of Prabodhini.



APPASAHEB PENDSE

Santanu Kulkarni himself a man of many creative ideas, called Prabodhini "neither Princeton nor Oxford" but "a typically Indian institution organised to function for India's diverse needs" and I am amazed at its manifold activities that include enrichment camps for girls, rural development in the Shivaganga and Gunjavani river valleys—but, then, this is not a catalogue and I am merely expressing amazement at my own ignorance of things in front of my eyes. In fact, as I have always maintained, no matter whether there is a government or no government, it is men like Appasaheb that keep the country together.

## Shri Pachlegaonkar Maharaj

MEN like Appasaheb and Shri Pachlegaonkar Maharaj are known so well in the Shivaganga valley. There is a story told about the latter

that is pertinent and indicative of how life is lived in rural India. Prabodhini had organised a *shrama tapasya yajna* (free labour camp) in the valley where free labour was to be offered as an oblation to the Almighty, under the auspices of Shri Pachlegaonkar Maharaj. The saint gave a discourse, after which some of the high-caste ladies applied *kum-kum*, first to the saint, and then to women of high caste. The meeting then broke up. One of the organisers, staying with a Harijan family, asked the host how the *yajna* was going on.

"It's going on well, but we are not interested," came the reply.

"But why? Why are you not interested? Will not the new approach-road be useful to Harijans as well?"

Silence in the family. Then an old woman spoke, angrily.

"Didn't you see this evening that the *kum-kum* was offered only to high-caste ladies and we were ignored? Aren't we also human?"

The point was well taken and word was passed on to Shri Pachlegaonkar Maharaj, who had the good sense to know someone had erred. The next day he acted. Going from one house to another, he applied *kum-kum* to all the Harijan women and, with cowdung and water, cleaned their houses as well. The women were in tears.

I recount this story for two reasons—to show how easy it is to offend and how easy it is to make restitution. And I may be permitted to say one more thing: there are all over India, ordinary people doing magnificent work which seldom gets into the news columns. Like the unsung heroes of Jnana Prabodhini.

## Protest

WHAT the Congress (I) Working Committee does is its business and, if the Committee wants to promote the Sanjay Cult, it is welcome to its idiosyncrasies. But Mahatma Gandhi is not the monopoly of any one party, not even the Congress (I), nor is Jawaharlal Nehru its monopoly, so I very strongly protest at any effort to put Sanjay Gandhi on par with those two men whom I revere.

I make this point, having just seen a photo of a meeting of the Congress (I) Working Committee held in its premises. The photo shows a portrait of Sanjay Gandhi in between portraits of Panditji and the Mahatma, with Sanjay's portrait more profusely garlanded. I call this vulgarity in *excelsis*. I am delighted that my friend Narayana Swamy, *Deccan Herald's* Special Correspondent in Delhi, raised this issue in a despatch to his paper and I am gladder still that the *Herald* had the wisdom to use the story. I myself

have been flooded with congratulatory letters and phone calls for an editorial on Rajiv Gandhi and the intensity of feelings of my readers astounds me. Isn't there anyone around Mrs Gandhi to tell her what the country thinks?

## New Lintas Chief



ALYQUE PADAMSEE

BOMBAY'S cultural life will be the poorer with the departure on a UNICEF assignment to Brazil of my friend Gerson da Cunha of Lintas and I suppose he will soon be putting on shows in Portuguese in Brazilia, if not in Sao Paulo and Rio, where they have some of the loveliest women in the world. Gerson is irrepresable and his optimism is contagious. He is being succeeded at Lintas by another friend, Alyque Padamsee, who has been with the creative side of the company for the last two decades.

Alyque's interests are varied and, I suspect, he has sold more soap and tyres than anyone else in India—he is the man behind the advertisement campaign for Mansfield Lyres, Rin, Incremin, Liril and God alone knows what else. Every time I lather myself, I think of Lintas, when I should be thinking of all those glamorous film stars who use Liril. Alyque is a super adman but, strangely enough, I think of him, not as an adman, but as an actor, which he is and a good one too. I would have recommended him to Alfred Hitchcock if the old man was still around.

Never mind. Alyque is the Communications Consultant to the World Wildlife Fund and the Indian Cancer Society. They have got the right man. Alyque's film for the International Year of the Child won a citation in the 1980 International Cho Awards. Natch, as they say in younger circles. Alyque looks fierce in his chipped goatee, but he really is a kind man given to reading and not frightening children.

M.V.K.

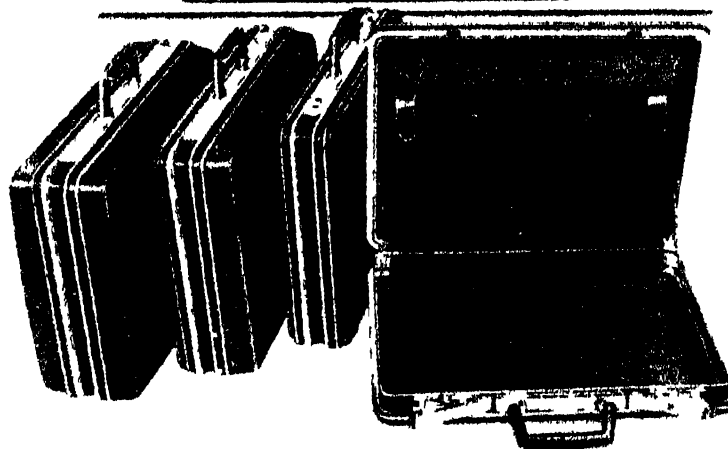
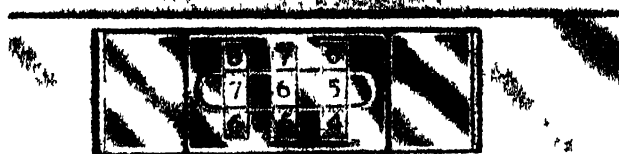


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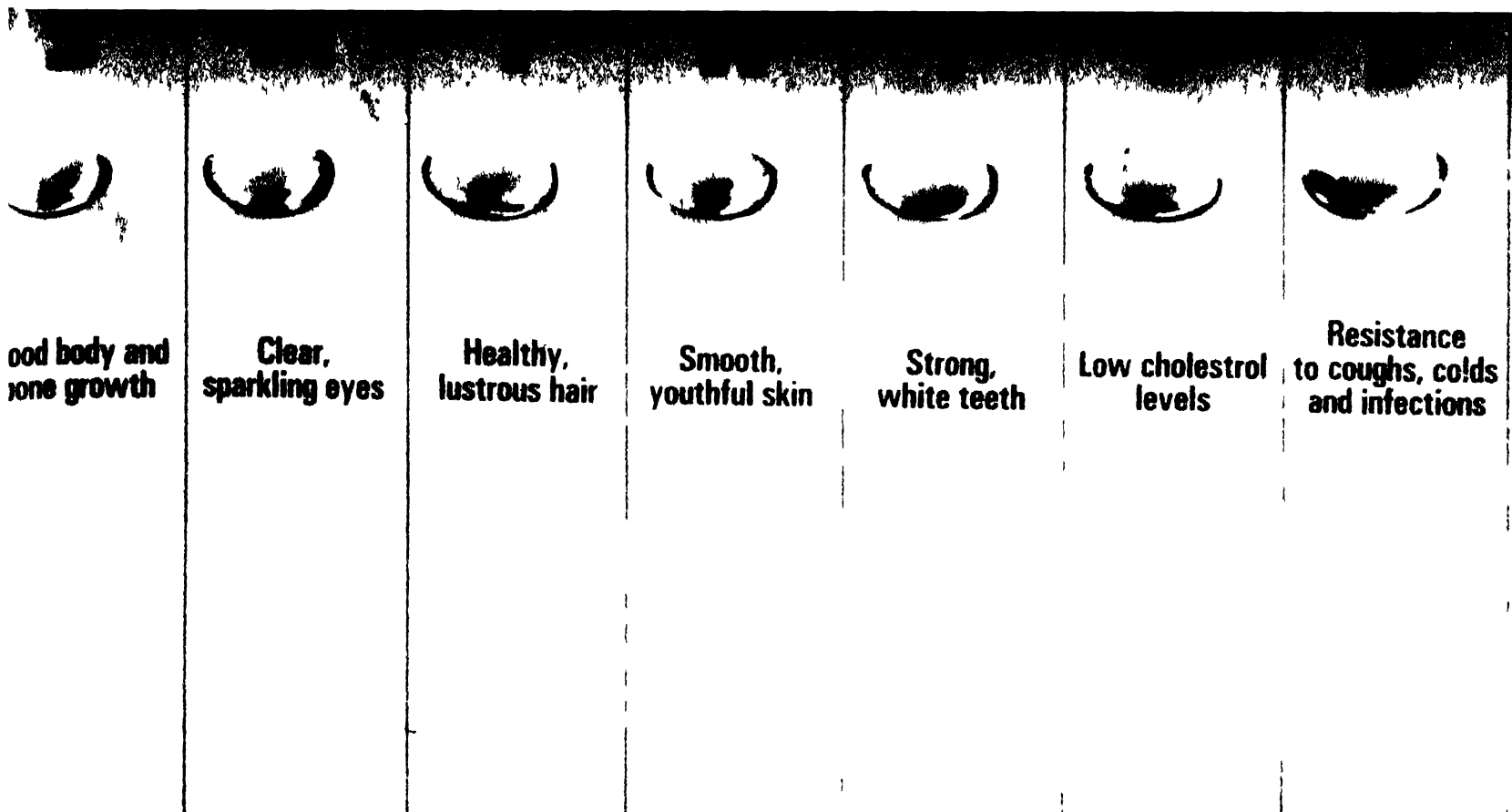
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**Strong, white teeth**

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A rich source of natural Vitamins A and D—Cod Liver Oil is vital for bone and body growth. Taken in this natural form, these vitamins are completely absorbed by growing children. So they become strong and sturdy.

The natural Vitamin A in Cod Liver Oil keeps your hair thick and lustrous, your skin soft, smooth and youthful. Your eyes clear and sparkling.

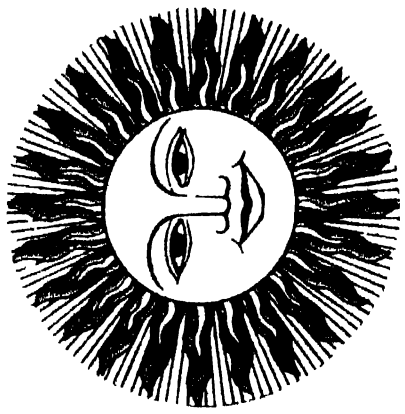
Rich in a special polyunsaturate, Cod Liver Oil helps lower cholesterol levels, reduces incidence of coronary troubles. Keeps you physically fit.

Make Seven Seas a vital part of your family's diet. For that glow of natural good health.

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At the very  
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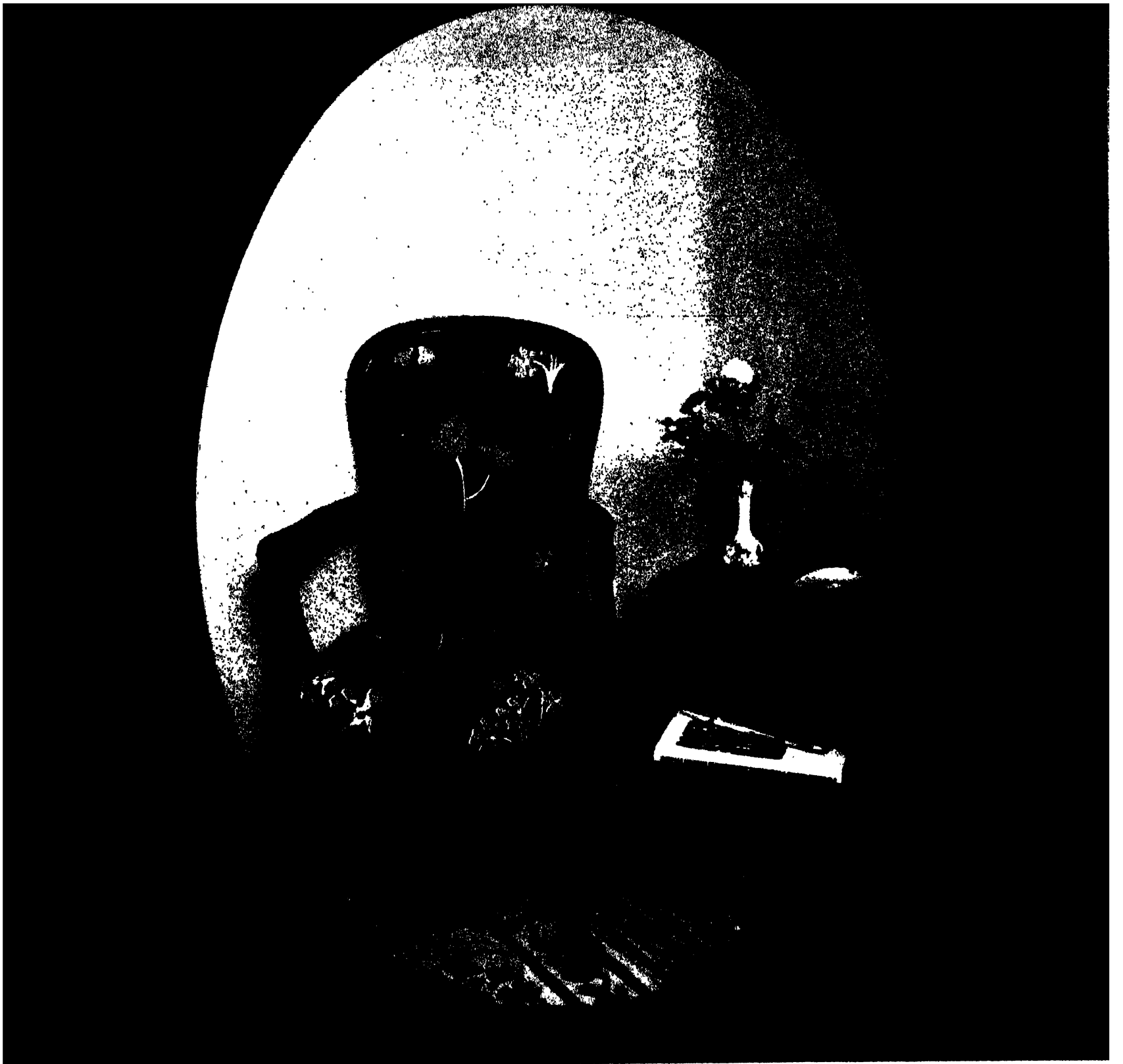
SUN GRACE  
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from

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personality is Hypnotic or Electrifying

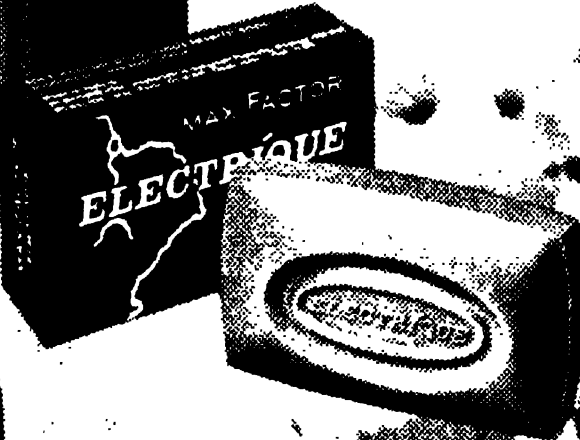
# MAX FACTOR

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Floral, long lasting,  
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from the beautiful world of Max Factor... naturally

Shipl DM-271

THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Pre-emptive Bids

**P**RE-EMPTIVE bids are fun—not always a success, mind you—but they certainly do generate a great deal of excitement all around the table. They cut both ways, cut in a literal sense, since until the hand is over, you never know whether it is your throat or your opponents' that has been sliced.

The classical theory of pre-emption is the 'Rule of 2 and 3'—ie when you are vulnerable, bid two tricks more than you expect to score from your hand, and when you are non-vulnerable, bid three more. But these days, the modern trend is to ignore this same advice.

**North Dealer, None Vulnerable**

Your partner, North, deals and opens 3 Diamonds, a pre-emptive bid announcing a seven card Diamond suit with little else. East doubles for takeout, and you view your hand without much enthusiasm.

♠ 9752 ♥ J10832, ♦ 742, ♣ 8

What do you call? At the table in a recent tournament South made the enterprising and imaginative bid of 5 Diamonds! The

upshot was the West bid 5 Spades, everyone passed (South somewhat smugly, since he felt he had pre-empted the opponents out of a 'cold' slam), and eleven tricks proved to be the limit of the hand! North produced nuisance value in the shape of Jack ten four carder Clubs and the Queen of Hearts, and the E/W cards were:

West	East
♠ QJ843	♠ AK6
♥ K5	♥ A976
♦ 5	♦ Q103
♣ AK965	♣ Q74

This was a big swing to East—West, since at the other table their opponents duly reached the Spade slam, to go one down. Observe by the way, that North's opening pre-emptive bid was hardly a thing of beauty! South dealer, none vulnerable.

One of our Lady Internationals held this hand as South at a recent Duplicate session.

♠ 4  
♥ 8  
♦ 96  
♣ KQJ986532

By the classical rule, this hand certainly qualifies for an opening bid of 5 Clubs, since you have eight winners all right. But the L.I. found another opening bid—she passed, awaiting developments, hoping to buy the contract later. The subsequent auction was brief: West opened 3 Spades, pre-emptive, and East jumped to 7 Spades! A big loss for our friend in the South seat? Well not quite, because these were the East-West cards:

West	East
♠ KQJ9762	♠ A83
♥ 752	♥ AK964
♦ 1072	♦ AJ543
♣	♣ —

East's majestic jump to 7 Spades is easily explained. He counted on seven Spade tricks with partner, at least two Club ruffs in his own hand if trumps were led, or else three Club ruffs, three tricks with the red tops and if required, perhaps the fifth Heart could be established. How could he possibly imagine with no one bidding Clubs that his partner too was void? So the Lady International's refusal to pre-empt hit paydirt!

But pre-emptive bids do work too, as witness this deal from the 1978 Summer Nationals at Bangalore:

**Dealer South, N-S Vulnerable**

West	East
♠ QJ73	♠ K10652
♥ Q6542	♥ 73
♦ 4	♦ 873
♣ 832	♣ 976

The auction went

South	West	North	East
1C (strong)	2H (1)	3H	5S (11)
P	P	5NT	6S (11)
P	P	7D	P
P	7S (1v)	D'ble	All Pass

(1) West's 2H showed 5-4 in the majors in a virtually defenceless hand.

(ii) Perhaps East should have bid 6S, but even 5S was good enough.

(iii) Rectifying the earlier omission, since the opponent have found no fit yet.

(iv) With East announcing no tricks, West was happy to sacrifice.

East-West held their loss to 1300—at the other table, East-West never entered the auction, and North-South played undisturbed in 7 Diamonds, for a huge pick up.

**AVINASH GOKHALL**

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Try For Combinative Finish

**I**N King side attacking positions opportunities for the decisive combination are likely to arise as the opponent grapples with defence.

In position No 109 White sacrifices the exchange and after 7 forcing moves wins the Queen. In a Rook In No 110 White begins with a risky-looking Queen sacrifice and forces mate in 10 moves.

**Talbut-Mikhailchishin Mexico 1978**

1 PK4, PK4 2 NKB3, NQB3 3 RN5, PQR3 4 BR4, NB3 5 00, BK2 6 RK1, PQ3 (Ruy Lopez, here the Closed Defence by PQN4 is usual. The text transposes into Steinitz Deferred Defence, but continuations in this are Talbut-Mikhailchishin, Sumit 9 7 PB3, 00 8 PKR3, NQ2 9 10 BB3, Mikhailchishin Petrov 11 BB3, Alma Ata 1977 7 PB3, BN5 12 Q3, 00 9 QNQ2, RK1 10 NB1, 11 BB1 11 PKR3, BR4 12 NN3, 13 PN3 13 PQ4, BN2)

7 BxN, PxR 8 PQ4, PxP 9 NxP 10 good is 9 QxP, 00 10 NB3, 11 QQ3, BN2 12 PB4—Tal-

**Bannik, USSR Ch 1963** BQ2 10.NQB3, 00 11.QB3, RN1 12 RN1, RN3 (If 12 NN5 13 NxP) 13 PKR3, PN3 14 NN3, NR4 15 BK3, RN1 16.PK5, PxP

**TROUBLESOME BISHOP**

Perhaps Black could have tried to exchange White's troublesome Bishop ie 16 BN4 17 BxB, QxB 18 PxP, PxP 19 NK4, QK4 20 NxP, QxN 21 QRQ1, QB2 22 RK7, QRQ1 23 NB5 and Black has 23 BN5, but 17 NK4 (instead of BxB) BxB 18 RxB PQ4 PxP 19 N4B5, or 18 BB4 19 N 24 should ensure for White positional advantage 17.BR6, RK1 18 RxP (threat 19 RxN, PxR 20 QN3ch etc Matug), NN2 19 RQ1 NK? (On 19 QB1 to get out of the pin 20 NK4 threatens 21 NB6ch, if then 20 NB4 21 RxB, RxR 22 NB6ch KR1 23 QB3 threatens a devastating disch, and against 20 PKB4 or 20 BKB4 21 QR3 is effective ie 21 PxN or BxN 22 BxN KxB 23 RxBKB disch etc) 20.NK4, RN4.

Position No 109 21 RxN, PxR 22 QB3, PK4 23 QB4ch, KR1 24

QB7, RKN1 25 NB6, BxN 26 RxR, QxR 27 QxQ. Black resigns. **Rigo-Espig, Leipzig, 1977**

1 PK4, PQR4 2 NKB3, PK3 3 PQ4, PxP 4 NxP, NKR3 5 NQB3, PQ3 6 BK2 (Sicilian Defence, Schevtingen Variation, White's alternative here is 6 PKN4 Keres Attack) BK2 7 00, 00 8 PK3, NB3 9 PB4 BQ2 (Unzicker) Anderson W Ger 1979 9 QB2 10 QK1 NxN 11 BxN PK4 12 PxP PxP 13 QN3, BQB4 14 BxB, QxBch 15 KR1 KR1 16 BQ3 PK3 17 QR1 NN1 18 BK2 QRQ1 19 QRQ1 RxR 20 RxB, QN5 21 RQN1 RB1 (favoured Black)

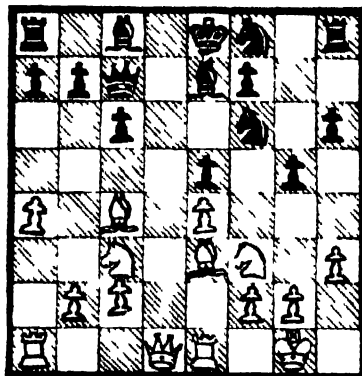
**IMPROVEMENT**

10 QK1, NxN 11 BxN, BR3 12 QN3, PKN3 13 QK3 (An im-

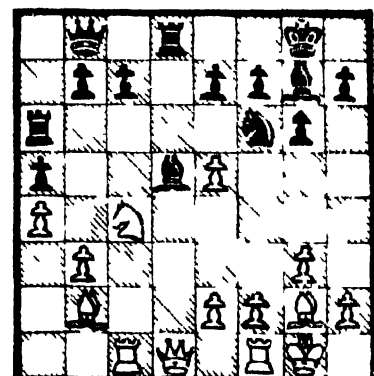
provement on MCOs is BQ3 NR4) NQ2 14 QRQ1 QR4 15 QQ2, QB2 (After 15 PK4 16 BK4 PxP 17 NQ5 QQ1 18 NxBch QxN 19 RxR, BxP 20 QxP QxQ 21 RxQ BB3 22 BQ4 White is better off in the end game) 16 PB5 PK4, 17 BK3, NB3 18 BKR6 KRQ1 19 PxP RPxP 20 BQB4 PQN4 21 BN3, PN5

Position No 110 22 QN5, NQ4 23.NxN, BxN (2) BxQ 24 NxQ wins the exchange) 24 RB6 (The key move is 24 KR2 25 BxB BxR 26 QxB KxB 26 RQ3 and 27 RR3ch forces mate) BxB 25 RxPch, KR1 26 BN7ch, KN1 27 PxPch, PxR 28 QxPch KB1 29 BN7ch Black resigns.

**R B SAPRE**



No 111 WHITE TO PLAY



No 112 WHITE TO PLAY

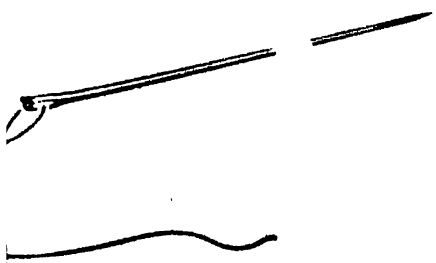
Calibre: It's when you chisel away all labels unflinchingly till you find your core.



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ali—ber: It's what some men look for in other men and  
all men look for in suitings.



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**A**N American editor unearthed the following rules of conduct which governed the behaviour of girls at Mt Holyoke College, back in its early days:

"Every member of this school shall walk a mile every day except during a storm, earthquake or any other natural calamity.

"No member of this school is expected to have any male acquaintance except retired missionaries.

"No member of this institution shall tarry before the mirror for more than 3 consecutive minutes.

"No member of this school shall devote more than one hour each week to miscellaneous reading. Shakespeare, Scott's novels, Robinson Crusoe, and other immoral works are strictly forbidden. Missionary Herald, and Washington's Farewell Address are earnestly recommended for light reading."

**T**HE customer was annoyed by the waiter who kept scratching his stomach and finally asked: "Do you have an itch?"

The waiter replied: "No special orders, just what's on the menu."



**W**HAT time is it?" a passerby asked a hippie.

"Twelve o'clock," replied the hippie.

"Goodness," said the man, "I thought it was later than that."

"Man, it never gets later than that around here," said the hippie. "Like when it reaches twelve, we start all over again."

**A** CANDIDATE for the legislature called on a clergyman and asked for his vote for the coming election.

"Before I decide to give you my vote, I'd like to ask you a question. Do you partake of intoxicating drinks?" asked the cleric.

"Before I answer," said the candidate. "I'd like to ask you a question. Is this an inquiry or an invitation?"

**H**ERE is the love letter by a recently appointed bureaucrat. Addressed to "My Sweetheart (unless hereinafter revoked)".

An excerpt reads: "The time has come, according to a conservative estimate, to tell you that I love you with a complete utilization of all available factors. I take it that you have evaluated your feelings towards me and have concluded to reciprocate to the maximum in the interest of unity. We must now channelise our emotions with celerity for the attainment of our ultimate goal."

(Selected by P. J. Francis)

**I**NEBRIATED host, bidding farewell to equally-drunk guest: "Thank you. It was so kind of me to invite you." The guest parried by saying: "Not at all, really. It was so kind of me to come."

**A**DVERTISEMENT in an Irish magazine: "PAUL'S—stocks practically all the leading brands of liquor. Funerals undertaken at short notice."

**Y**OUNG lady, inquisitive about the Scottish way of dressing, to McPherson: "Pardon me, Sir, but what is worn under the kilt?"

Reply: "Madam, nothing's worn. I can assure you that every thing's in good working order."

**H**OST: "What man! You're surely not going home so early—the night has just begun!"

Guest: "Of course not. But I thought I'd just say 'Good Night' while I can still recognise you."

**A** GERMAN-BORN house-wife's comments in an English market on being told the price of a cabbage, which she thought was too high: "Such much! You're too dear to me. Round the corner I can become a cabbage for half the price!"

(Selected by N. P. Dileep)

**P**ATIENT: "Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up—something to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in this prescription?"

Doctor: "No. You will find that in the bill."

**A**N impatient old duffer had been sitting for hours in the crowded waiting room of the medical clinic.

At last he stood up, walked over to the receptionist and announced: "I guess I'll just go home and die a natural death."

**S**OB story: When a young mother found her six-year-old son busily tying a bandage around his thumb, she said sympathetically:

"You poor child, what happened."

"I hit it with a hammer and it hurts," he replied.

"But I didn't hear you cry," she said.

He looked up and answered frankly, "I didn't cry because I thought you were out."

(Selected by K. Velayudhan)

**O**NE winter night I was in the drivers' room of a country bus terminus when the driver of an incoming bus arrived. He started filling in his report sheet but he had forgotten to count how many passengers were on the bus at this, his last stop.

Suddenly he dashed out and in an instant was back and filled up his form. Knowing that he couldn't have checked through his tickets in such a short time, I asked how he did it.

"Felt the seats," he said. "There were five warm ones."

(Selected by Mangla Bhatra)



# Weekly Fun Time

A	E	F	
B			G
C			
	D		

## NUMBER PUZZLE

### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE YEAR IN WHICH CHRISTIANITY BECAME LEGAL IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE UNDER CONSTANTINE.
- B) THE SQUARE ROOT GIVES THE ATOMIC NUMBER OF BARIUM.
- C) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA DEMONETISED CURRENCY NOTES OF RS. 10,000, RS 5,000 AND RS 1,000.
- D) THE YEAR B.C., IN WHICH ROME WAS FOUNDED, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER.

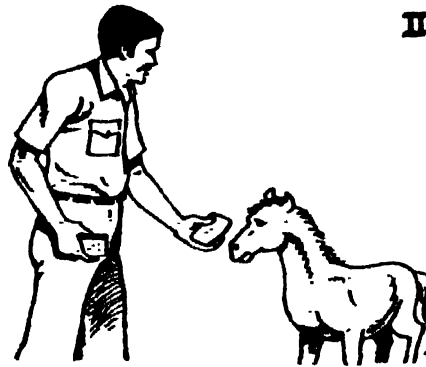
### CLUES DOWN:

- A) THE YEAR B.C., IN WHICH ALEXANDER DEFEATED DARIUS III OF PERSIA.
- E) THE YEAR IN WHICH QUTB-UD-DIN MADE DELHI HIS CAPITAL.
- F) THE CUBE ROOT GIVES THE NUMBER OF CONSTITUENT REPUBLICS IN THE U.S.S.R.
- G) THE NUMBER OF DAYS, TAKEN BY THE PLANET MARS TO COMPLETE A REVOLUTION AROUND THE SUN.

## B TRUE OR FALSE? I



IN U.S.A., SHORT-LEGGED SHEEP ARE BEING BRED THAT CANNOT JUMP THEIR FIELD FENCES. THIS IS DONE BY WHAT IS CALLED SELECTIVE BREEDING.



RECENTLY, MANY HORSES HAVE BEEN BRED, WHICH ARE NO BIGGER THAN DOGS.

## II III



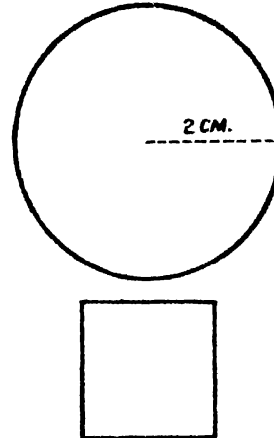
ADOLF HITLER NOT ONLY HAD IDEAS OF SELECTIVE BREEDING OF HUMAN BEINGS, BUT ACTUALLY TRIED TO IMPLEMENT THIS IDEA BY SETTING UP A LOVE CAMP.

## C WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?

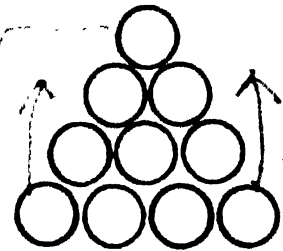


© RAHS BIRMA FEATURES PVT. LTD. 1980

**D** WHAT IS THE MAXIMUM SIZE FOR A SQUARE PEG, WHICH CAN BE INSERTED IN A ROUND HOLE WITH A RADIUS OF 2 CM.?



**E** BY MOVING ONLY THREE COINS, TURN THE TRIANGLE UPSIDE DOWN.



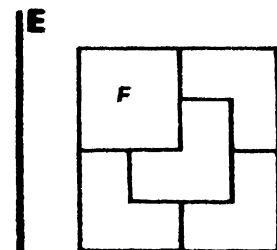
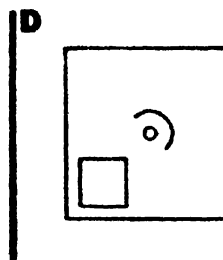
## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

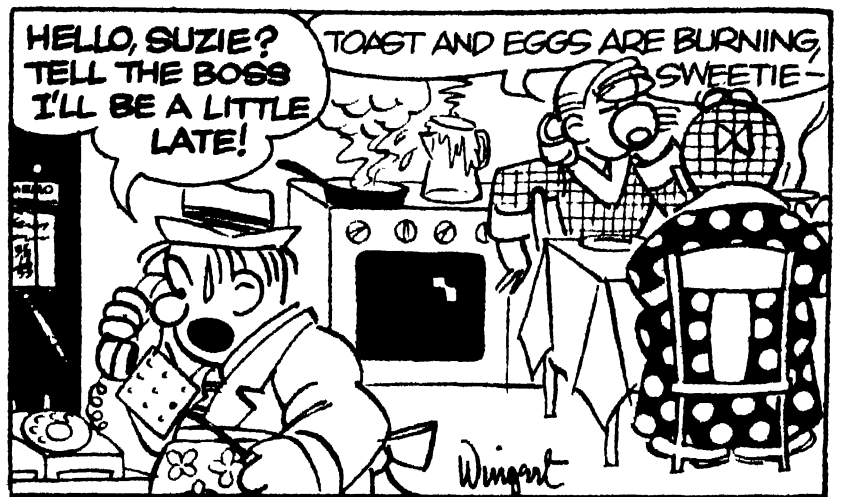
**A**

1		1	2
8	6	1	1
2	4	7	1
7	3		6

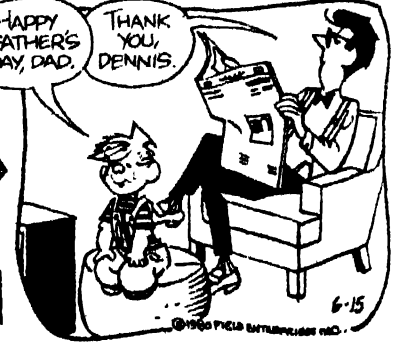
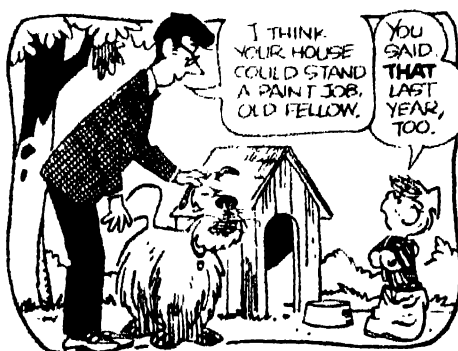
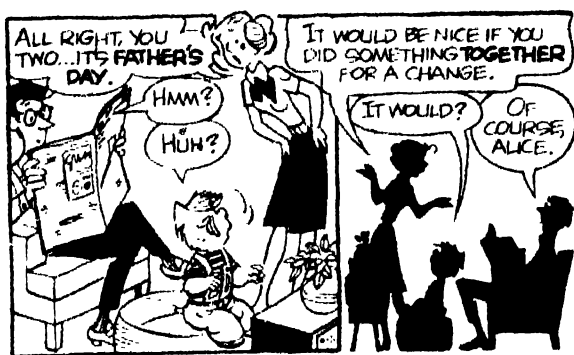
**B** THOUGH MANY MIGHT HAVE PRESUMED THAT STATEMENT I IS MERE SUPERSTITION, IT IS TRUE. BAMBOO WITHERS AWAY SOON AFTER FLOWERING. THE RAT POPULATION IN BAMBOO JUNGLES DESCENDS TO THE PLAINS, EATS AWAY FOOD GRAINS AND CAUSES FAMINE.

**C** SURFING CANNOT BE DONE WITH A ROW BOAT.

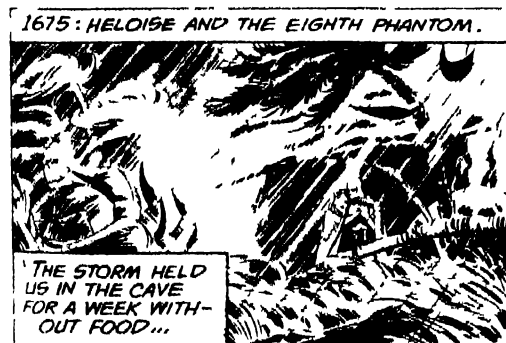
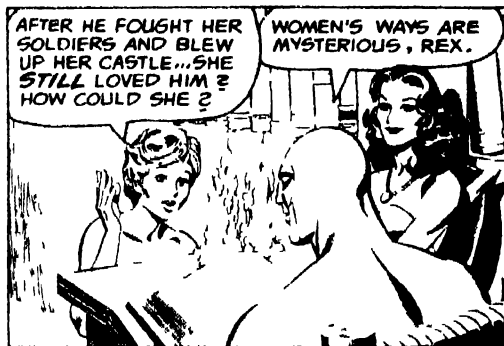
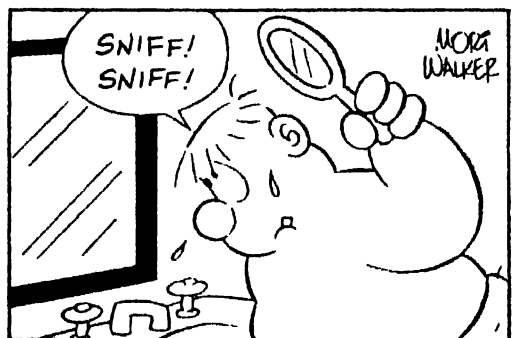
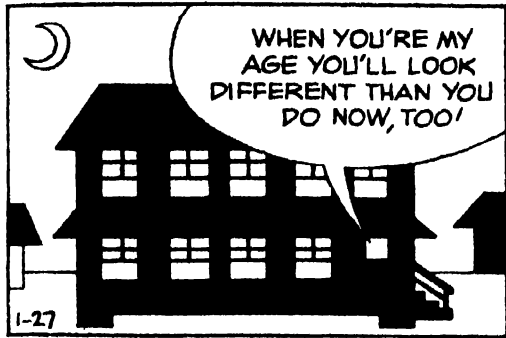
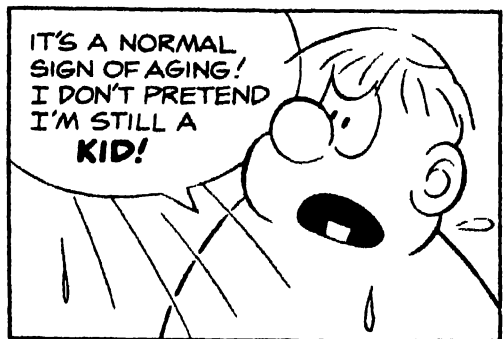
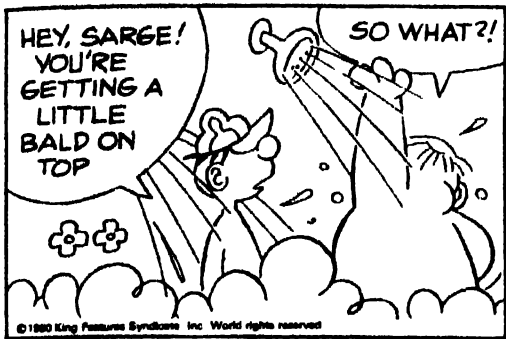
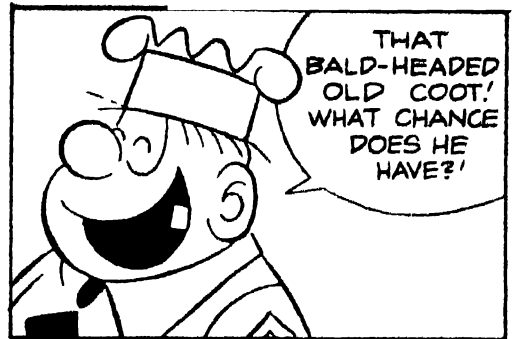
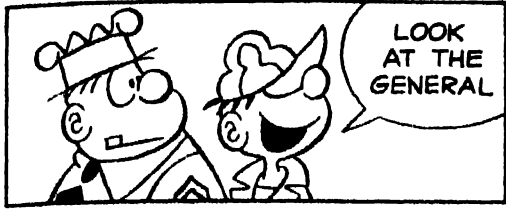




**Dennis the Menace**  
by Hank Ketchum  
Together Again



# beetle bailey by mort walker



## 11 'save-fuel' tips for the sensible driver:

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: more mileage out of your car or 2-wheeler!

# 1 litre of petrol can take you even further than before.

### 1. Your ideal driving speed - 40-50 kmph.

Slow and steady really wins—you use the minimum amount of petrol with this good habit. The faster you go, the more the wind resistance, and your vehicle has to burn up more petrol.

Tests on Indian vehicles prove that you can get 40% extra mileage at 40 kmph as opposed to 80 kmph.

### 2. Is your vehicle a petrol drinking monster?

The trouble begins with an unhealthy engine

Tests show that on an average you save as much as 6% fuel by tuning your engine regularly.

Remember: Dust leads to rapid wear of engine components and increases fuel consumption

So see that your air filter is thoroughly cleaned at every tune-up. The silencer and exhaust ports of a two-wheeler should be decoked periodically. If you find that your vehicle emits

black smoke, or has poor pulling power, take it immediately to a reputed garage for thorough servicing

This will prove far less expensive than the petrol you'll waste otherwise.

### 3. An under-inflated tyre wastes petrol!

Tests show that under-inflated tyres increase rolling resistance leading to higher petrol consumption.

A 25% decrease in tyre pressure can cost you 5-10% more on petrol and 25% on tyre life.

### 4. Do you know these facts about gears?

Incorrect gear shifting can lead to as much as 20% increase in fuel consumption. Start your vehicle in the first gear only. Use a higher gear for starting only if you are in a muddy patch or going downhill.

For city driving, change to a higher gear as soon as you are sure

that the engine will not struggle.

Get into top gear as soon as possible

The right gear for coming downhill is the gear you need to go up the same slope.

### 5. Avoid rush hour and stop-and-go traffic.

You may use less fuel if you take a less congested route, even if it is slightly longer. In fact, fuel consumption in city driving is related more closely to travel time than to distances—your vehicle consumes double the normal fuel in a highly congested road.

### 6. Wise drivers anticipate stops—do you?

When you slam on the brakes, a lot of useful energy is wasted in the form of heat. Over-tight brakes, or driving with your foot on the brakes can cost you 5% extra fuel.

### 7. Let go of your clutch.

Unnecessary use of the clutch leads to loss of power and petrol. Replace clutch liners immediately if they are worn out. Manipulating the clutch and accelerator to stay stationary on a gradient is a bad habit—this wastes a lot of fuel.

### 8. Stop the engine when you stop your vehicle.

Idling is big petrol waster. So if your battery, dynamo, self-starter and fan belt are in good condition, you can easily switch off at halts over a minute, and re-start again.

You save a lot of fuel this way.

### 9. Take away those extra kilos!

Do you really need to carry the luggage rack or the 100 odd things in the boot all the time? A reduction of weight by 45 kilos can lead to a saving of 2% in fuel in city driving.

### 10. Don't wait for your car to warm up.

Instead, drive in low gear till the engine warms up. Do not use the choke longer than necessary.

Also never park your car so that you have to reverse with a cold engine. This can use up a surprising amount of fuel.

### 11. Planning your trip—the smartest way to save.

Before you start on a trip, ask yourself: is it really essential? Or can it be combined with other trips in the same direction?

Another fantastic way to save—form 'vehicle pools', where you share your vehicle and the costs!

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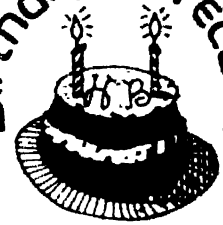
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# Your Tomorrow Today

S.K.KELKAR

## Birthday Forecast



### Sunday, September 21

Cautious steps will make the coming 12 months worthwhile and satisfactory. Avoid any changes in your work pattern. Financial resources should be taken care of.

### Monday, September 22

A year of mixed influences. Sincere efforts and goodwill built up in the past will come to your rescue in difficult circumstances, especially in March-April. A better period awaits you from June onwards.

### Tuesday, September 23

You are advised to maintain cordial relations with your seniors. Otherwise, a trying period awaits you, charged with difficulties which might force you to stand on your own feet.

### Wednesday, September 24

Your solar horoscope does not indicate a very smooth period. Therefore, be on your guard and do not behave whimsically, especially during March, April and June. Financial resources should be handled with care.

### Thursday, September 25

Tenacity, sincerity and integrity will prove beneficial in the coming twelve months. Those in business should coordinate production with profits. At the personal level, try and maintain a harmonious atmosphere in the family.

### Friday, September 26

It is not a particularly favourable year for you. You might have to contend with delays, setbacks and ill-health between March and June. However, there is a possibility of financial luck, which will enable you to tide over certain difficulties.

### Saturday, September 27

The year can be divided into at least two phases. Till November you will have a lot of luck. Between January and June you will confront a testing period that will put your abilities to test.

### CAPRICORN (Makara) Dec. 21-Jan. 19



You may be thinking seriously of making dramatic changes in your work life on Wednesday. Ponder over the proposal for a while but resist the temptation of making a swift change. Job activities will be strenuous on Thursday. Your hunches on Friday will help fetch business.

### TAURUS (Vrishabha) Apr. 21-May 20



Industrialists will face sudden labour problems. Other problems also crowd your mind in the early part of the week. No definite solution will be in sight till Wednesday. Friday brings a solution to your problems. Relax on Saturday, in order to tackle the next week. Spend Sunday, with your family.

### VRGO (Kanya) Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Throat and eye troubles may hinder your work. Delays and postponement will be frequent. Financial stringency may cause tension till mid-week. Secret information received on Thursday should be scrutinised before acting on it on Friday. Defer important decisions on Saturday.

### AQUARIUS (Kumbha) Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Instead of shooting off at a tangent and becoming the subject of a conflict, take elders into your confidence and seek their advice on Monday-Tuesday. Similarly, while dealing with bosses and subordinates, you must involve them in your projects. Postpone travel on Wednesday.

### GEMINI (Mithuna) May 21-June 20



Do not gamble or speculate this week. There will be frictions due to the generation gap in the early part of the week. On Tuesday there will be a sudden set-back in business. On Wednesday you can improve your affairs and on Thursday you earn a windfall which helps you sort out your affairs.

### LIBRA (Tula) Sept. 24-Oct. 23



A week of stress and strain. Someone close to you may throw you off-balance. A long-standing relationship is likely to come to an abrupt end. Politicians and social workers should not rely unduly on co-workers as they may suddenly withdraw their support on Tuesday-Wednesday. Relax on Thursday.

### PISCES (Mina) Feb. 19-Mar. 20



Not a very happy week. Wrong decisions of the past will bring matters to a head and cause worries and anxieties till Tuesday. Mental and physical health is also likely to be disturbed. Differences and prejudices will be cleared by Friday on the intervention of a well-wisher. Relax on Saturday.

### CANCER (Karkata) June 21-July 20



Don't complicate property and other matters, if you can't find a solution for them. A sickness in the family may disturb your domestic life till mid-week. Thursday is good for peaceful negotiations but do not commit yourself indiscreetly. Rest during the week-end. Be optimistic about the coming week.

### SCORPIO (Vrishchika) Oct. 24-Nov. 22



Sudden reverses and set-backs cannot be ruled out this week. Cardiac patients must take preventive measures. Financial matters need to be handled with utmost caution in the early part of the week. Don't advance loans or accept financial help from anyone on Wednesday.

### ARIES (Mesha) Mar. 21-Apr. 20



You are likely to face some problems. You will not succeed if you decide to contest an election or accept challenges on Monday-Tuesday. Watch your health on Wednesday. Business propositions will be moderately profitable on Thursday. Your intuition helps you grab business on Friday.

### LEO (Simha) July 21-Aug. 21



This will not only be a dull and monotonous week but also a vexing one. Be on the defensive and avoid taking initiative. Political workers may face stiff opposition in the early part of the week. Even on Tuesday-Wednesday prejudices may cause you much tension. Thursday will bring financial gains.

### SAGITTARIUS (Dhanu) Nov. 23-Dec. 20



Your relatives will look upon you with jealousy and enmity. Be on guard. New clients and personalities should not be relied upon till mid-week. The problems arising out of the friction due to the generation gap should not be allowed to complicate domestic issues on Wednesday-Thursday.

## STAR FOCUS

The Solar sign, Libra, influences people born between September 24 and October 23.

Librans are known for their keen sense of justice, their easy-going temperaments and a love of luxury and quietude. But they are very often responsible for generating conflicts and tension in their own lives and in the lives of their associates.

During the next two-and-a-half years these conflicting factors are likely to play upon each other, for Saturn is going to transit around the Sun. Librans are therefore cautioned against mental imbalances and ill-health. A diversion in the form of creative activity would prove beneficial.

Regarding vocational activities, plans and projects are likely to be hampered

and delayed and little change in the status quo is predicted. A better period is likely to follow in 1983.

### Don't Be Impulsive

Domestic issues are likely to be on the forefront in November-December. Librans are warned against impulsive clashes with authorities, which might prove detrimental in the

long run and effect future prospects.

### Lucky Breaks

Those born at midnight may make a lucky breakthrough in their careers. Those born at sunset should guard against ill-health and accidents. The only silver lining is provided by Jupiter. Its aspect will help Librans in trying circumstances.

## Hard Days For Librans.

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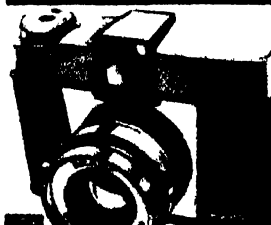
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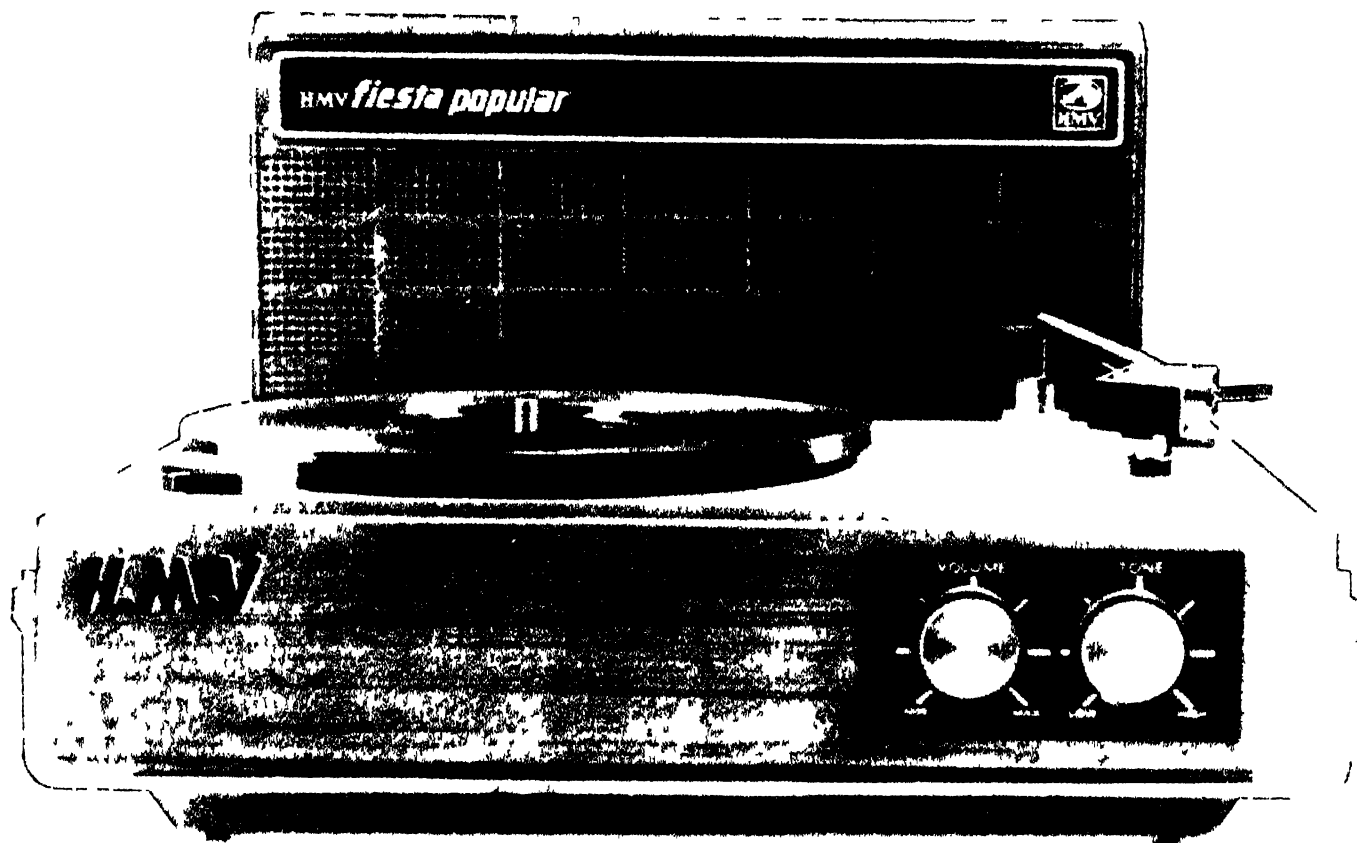
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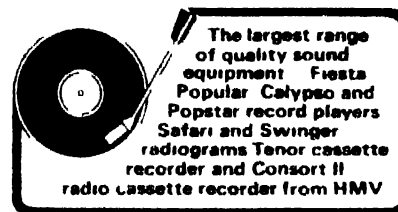
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The  
Golden Calm



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## A Police Manual?

Sir—The cover story, "Who Will Police The Policeman?" by Benedict Costa (August 31), should be given by the authorities concerned to each of the 7,00,000 policemen in this country.

K.S.R. MOHAN RAO  
Bombay

Sir—The article should not be construed as an indictment of the police, but as a candid study of where they actually stand in relation to their responsibilities and the confidence reposed in them.

H.N. DESHPONDE  
Shimoga



Sir—The article presents a lengthy list of atrocities committed by the Indian police, but it falls short of providing the reasons behind them.

LARUN K. MAHESHWARI  
Indore

## Sorry, Readers

We regret that owing to labour unrest we could not publish "The Illustrated Weekly of India" since the issue of September 21.

The inconvenience caused to our readers is regretted.

## The Importance Of Being Rajiv Gandhi

Sir—"Who Needs Rajiv Gandhi?" by MVK (August 31) was one which expressed the views of millions of Indians. Please do continue writing in this uninhibited manner about topics which are crucial and from which many other journalists shy away.

MAYA MITRA  
New Delhi

Sir—Where were you all these days? I did not know you were so gutsy! You started out meekly enough. But, then, even the worm turns.

ANIL AGARWAL  
Varanasi

Sir—No one needs Rajiv Gandhi save sycophants.

HARVADAN MEHTA  
Ahmedabad

Sir—I declare that I need Rajiv Gandhi. Am I a "parasite" or a "servile sycophant"?

AJAY KUMAR  
Bombay

Sir—No true lover of democracy wants Rajiv Gandhi's entry into politics.

SUSHIL KUMAR  
New Delhi

Sir—Instead of grooming future leaders, Mrs Gandhi should start governing now. Looking back at the last eight months, I feel: *Who needs Mrs Gandhi?*

BIJU THOMAS  
Cochin

Sir—A democratic country like India does not need a Monarch-Prime Minister but a Prime Minister who works.

JASBIR SINGH  
New Delhi

Sir—To say "nobody wants Rajiv Gandhi except some parasites" is to deceive oneself. Of course, these parasites are taking advantage of the situation but, considering the psychology of our people, their religious sentiments, their concept of *moorti pooja*, the personality cult in this country is an age-old-faith. And this is why Indians need as their leader a person to whom they are emotionally attached, however "irrelevant to our democratic process" he may be.

ARUNA B. RAO  
Bombay

Sir—Does not the inaction of Mrs Gandhi against galloping prices and communal disturbances point towards an ulterior motive of letting the country drift towards a chaotic condition, so that the ground is prepared for another emergency? Sanjay was skyrocketed into politics during one emergency—can the feat not be repeated for Rajiv in another?

K. BANERJEE  
Hyderabad

Sir—Though the price for writing the article may prove high, it is worth while. If other journalists had



your guts, maybe we would not have had a national fear psychosis.

MEHRCHAND DANG  
Meerut

Sir—If Rajiv Gandhi wants to enter politics he is very much within his rights as an Indian citizen to do so. If Mrs Gandhi wants to groom him it is only natural as she is his mother. And who can question the Congress (I)'s right to choose its own leader?

Dr K.V. RAO  
Bombay

Sir—I was so pleased with your article that I purchased five copies of the *Weekly* and distributed them among friends in an attempt to spread the message.

S.M. NAYAK  
Khapoli

Sir—Rajiv Gandhi in an interview has said that Sanjay took care of minor problems whereas his mother took care of the major ones. Rajiv forgets that he is talking about a country, not his home.

N.B.  
Bombay

Sir—There would have been no grouse against the induction of Mrs Gandhi's children into politics if they were really qualified and deserving. But this is not the case, so it is time for Nehru's successors to retire gracefully and make way for others.

RAGHUPATHY  
Bangalore

Sir—It is very unfortunate that we have a PM who believes "loyalty to Indira is loyalty to India".

N. JAGAN MOHANA REDDY  
Warangal

Sir—If Mrs Gandhi depends on her family more than on anyone else, then why follow the convention of forming a Cabinet? Why not have the whole Nehru family as Cabinet Ministers?

DEEPAK MEHRA  
Ajmer

Sir—Why do the *chamchas* of Indira not realise that it is most dangerous to force an unwilling horse into the arena? It is only the willing horse that wins the race.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE  
Indore

Sir—If there is anything that is not in shortage in our country, it is human

beings. When this is so, why should we look into only Mrs Gandhi's family for future leaders?

C.P. BELLIPPA  
Athur Post

Sir—Rajiv Gandhi being a mild, mature and gentle person, we cannot disqualify him on the sole ground that he happens to be the son of the PM.

A. BALASUBRAMANIAN  
Delhi

Sir—My heart breaks when I think of the country today—a zero growth rate, communal riots, national disintegration. Does Mrs Gandhi really believe that the issue of a "successor" is of greater importance than the issues listed above?

JYOTSNA CHAUHAN  
Mysore

Sir—It is to be hoped that Mrs Gandhi will not sacrifice democracy for the sake of her family by bringing son Rajiv into politics.

BISHAN SARUP  
New Delhi

Sir—It is high time Mrs Gandhi realised that the country is more important than the family. At a time when non-government is visible everywhere, Mrs Gandhi should be more worried about governing the country than about grooming Rajiv, Maneka or anybody else to be her successor.

BHUPINDER PAL SINGH KANWAL  
Bombay

Sir—I blame the country's press for playing into the hands of the sycophants by publishing headlines like *Rajiv To Succeed Sanjay?* or *Maneka To Succeed Sanjay?*—as if Sanjay was a monarch or a crown prince and someone had to succeed him.

V.P. RAMANATHAN  
Bombay

Sir—It is a vital hypothesis that, in a democratic set-up, no man is indispensable. Sanjay Gandhi was not, nor is Rajiv Gandhi.

APARAJEETA MAHAPATRA  
Orissa

Sir—Leadership must come spontaneously—it cannot be trained or injected.

DEBI PRASAD PATNAJ  
Berhampur



## Why Two Rupees

The other day we had a rather pleasing letter from a reader in Madurai, Tamil Nadu, extolling us for our issue on Karnataka. He found it so exciting, he said, that he bought three additional copies.

And he added. "Yes, I can afford to distribute them lavishly as the Weekly costs much less than an ordinary greeting card!"

We had never looked at it that way and sometimes it surprises us to know how much we give for so little

We hope reader N.P. Ravindranath, like thousands of our loyal readers, will appreciate why it has become necessary for us to raise the price of the Weekly from Rs 1.50 to Rs 2 beginning with this issue. Costs have spiralled to a point where we are left with no alternative but to raise our price by a modest 50 paise

For a good part of our hundred years of existence, the price of The Illustrated Weekly of India was 6 annas which, for a new generation of our readers, unfamiliar with rupees, annas and pies was about 36 paise

We were well into the third quarter of our existence before the price was doubled to 12 annas (corrected to 75 paise) on March 31 1957. Nine years later this was increased by a paltry 5 paise, but within another year the company felt it necessary to raise it once again by a small margin—to 85 paise. And that's where it stayed pegged for five years till January 1972 when the price became a full rupee

Two years later, in January 1974, as inflation kept inching upward, the Weekly felt compelled to raise its price to Rs 1.50. For six years, while readers wondered, we held it at that price, but at current rates of inflation and skyrocketing costs of everything from paper and ink to photo materials and paints, it has been found necessary regretfully to raise the price to a full 2 rupees

But even while doing so we want to promise reader Ravindranath that we will continue to provide him and his friends fare as exciting and interesting as he has been accustomed to get

As another reader wrote to us about the same time, the Weekly is a treasure at any price. We will try to make sure it remains that way. All we want to say for now is that we appreciate those sentiments

M. V. K.

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

VOL C1 39 NOVEMBER 2, 1980 ESTD 1880

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## Next Week



**SPLENDOURS OF CLASSICAL MUSIC: Are They Vanishing?** A rasika's alapana—setting the tone of the ragamalika we present in our Divali issue. By R.G.K.

**HINDUSTANI SANGIT: Aroha or Avaroha?** Hindustani music has been widely acclaimed as one of the greatest arts that ever existed in the world. How have our kalakars and rasikas been treating it? Has it been coarsened or diminished in any way? Or has it grown even more splendid in their care? Extensive interviews with musicians and connoisseurs by Vithal C. Nadkarni and Gurudev Sharan.

**Carnatic Musicians Speak**  
Interviews by E. A. Srinivasan

**HINDUSTANI AND CARNATIC: Ganga and Kaveri Meandering Together and Apart**  
Does the love of one paddhati automatically make you allergic to the other? Is the "chasm" between the two unbridgeable? Shakuntala Narasimhan, an artiste at home in both Hindustani and Carnatic music, clears some misconceptions about the two systems.

### The Ramayana Tradition

The saga of Rama, first sung by Adikavi Valmiki, has enriched the lives of countless generations in lands as far apart as India, Indonesia and Kampuchea. Dr Suresh Awasthi presents a colourful account of how the epic still continues to be presented in stories, songs, pictures and folk theatre in these countries.

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# EMERGENCY: Can It Work Again?



—Yash Mehra

**"A GRAVE EMERGENCY EXISTS WHEREBY THE SECURITY OF INDIA IS THREATENED BY INTERNAL DISTURBANCES."** This proclamation of the Emergency was signed by President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed (seen here with wife Abida) shortly before the midnight of June 25. However, close friends and aides of the late President recall that Mr Ahmed had several times expressed his unhappiness, in private, at the tense atmosphere created in the country by the Emergency.

Holding the Prime Minister to her pre-election pledge against imposing an emergency for another thousand years, the Editor of "Blitz" notes that "bitter memories of the 1975 Emergency, which brought about her downfall, followed by three years of disgrace and humiliation in the political wilderness, should warn Indira Gandhi against its reimposition in any form or shape". To drive the point further home, he recalls Jayaprakash Narayan's post-1975 poll assessment that "the Emergency was the declaration of her own downfall—it provoked us all to challenge her dictatorship, fight the Emergency, forge a united front in jail and, finally, defeat her in the elections". And, by way of confirmation of this historical fact, he quotes Union Home Minister Zail Singh's assurance to him: "Emergency? Never again! You have Indiraji's own word for that."

Here is the text of the "Weekly's" exclusive interview with

## R. K. Karanjia

→ "TOYING WITH THE IDEA OF A MILITARY DICTATORSHIP" is what, according to Kuldip Nayar in "The Judgement", Mrs Gandhi (quoting press reports dating back to 1967) accused Jayaprakash Narayan of doing. Again, a day before the Emergency was clamped in June 1975, JP appealed to the police and the military "not to obey any illegal orders"



—R. B. Bedi

FOUR STALWARTS, FOUR EXTREMES OF A PARTY that united under the banner of Janata following the rout of the "Emergency" Congress of Indira Gandhi at the polls: (rto l) George Fernandes, Raj Narain, Atal Behari Vajpayee and Morarji Desai.

THE ROUNDLY INEFFECTIVE HOME MINISTER, BRAHMANANDA REDDI, who, during the Emergency, virtually abdicated in favour of his controversial deputy, Om Mehta. Except for a temporary return to power as Industry Minister in the Charan Singh Government, Reddi's political career has been on the decline.



—S. N. Kulkarni

MRINAL GORE: the Janata "Paaniwali Bai" drowned in the political eddies at the Centre? From being tipped as the first woman CM of Maharashtra at the time, Mrinal has faded away from even local politics.



*How do you, Mr Karanjia, react to the talk that the situation today can only be tackled with the aid of an emergency?*

All talk of reimposing an emergency is in the context of the situation in the North-East, Moradabad and, most potent of all, the threat of a cold war being brought almost to our borders. None of these, not even the last, is sufficient reason to justify the need for reimposing an emergency of any sort.

To substantiate even at the height of the Chinese aggression in 1962, the Defence Ministry, led by Krishna Menon, wanted Nehru to play the role of an Indian Churchill—suspend the powers of Parliament, clamp an emergency to check possible dissent in the press and an uproar in Parliament against the contingency plan mooted by Gen Throat and Gen Thimayya.

### How Nehru Tackled It

It may be recalled that the two Generals had recognised the folly of fighting the Chinese on the Himalayan slopes. Instead, they had mooted the strategy of allowing the invaders to come down to the plains up to the Se La Pass, which would have stretched their lines of supply and communications almost to breaking point. The strategy of the two Generals could not obviously succeed, with the Lohias and the

in terms of our democracy to set right these "great wrongs". Therefore, on the basis of pure logic, can anything be worse than the worst?

*The impression gaining ground is that, after Sanjay's death, Mrs Gandhi seems to have lost the will and the determination to act?*

On the contrary, I would say she is a person who takes such tragedies and disasters in her stride and refuses to be depressed or defeated by them. Her partymen felt the whiplash of her tongue at the Congress (I)'s recent session in Delhi, when she told them to go back to their constituencies and establish contact with the masses rather than use her as an election mascot. She told them in no uncertain terms that she would no longer carry them on her shoulders.

### Her Sense Of Statesmanship

Even in the international sphere, the Commonwealth Heads of Government Regional Meeting in New Delhi showed her at her very best—the way she put all the jackals and hyenas of the Western Powers, like Lee and Fraser, in their places proves that she has lost neither her will nor her sense of statesmanship and diplomacy.

*How do you react to the allegations that Mrs Gandhi's aides are encouraging a deliberate policy of drift that would perhaps endear an*

**Interviewer: Rajiv Shankar**

Kripalanis magnifying the death of every soldier. However, when I put this proposal to Nehru, he exploded in an angry retort: *Are you a dictator or a democrat?*

If Nehru could tackle a grave external threat without resorting to an emergency, there is no reason to presume that his daughter needs an emergency to deal with the situation facing the country today. Mrs Gandhi has returned on the pledge that no emergency would be imposed for a thousand years. It would be a breach of the solemn promise on which she was elected if she did resort to one now.

*Still it can be argued by Mrs Gandhi's apologists that the conditions today—a super power having moved nearer our borders, the North East situation, Moradabad etc—did not exist ten months ago. It can also be argued that her pledge was made on the presumption that things would not be as bad as they are now.*

According to Mrs Gandhi's pronouncements, during her electoral campaign, conditions were never worse than during Janata rule. She claimed that there was non-government and non-performance, that violence ravaged the country, that Muslims and Harijans were being massacred, and that there was no security for the masses. She sought the people's vote

*emergency situation to the people? Are the current crises designed to pave the way for another—and perhaps more popular—bout of emergency?*

That is a relevant question. But such a step would indicate a failure on her part to resolve the crises, which would be a very humiliating development for a person of her guts and determination. It would mean that Mrs Gandhi has exhausted all the shots in her locker and is resorting to an emergency as a last desperate weapon. That will be of no weight so far as public opinion is concerned.

*The last emergency, as you may recall, was essentially a last-ditch effort by Mrs Gandhi—to save herself from the judgment of the Allahabad High Court. Do you think that, if she feels similarly threatened in the future, she will resort to another emergency?*

Certainly the situation for her was very bad before she clamped the last emergency. But did the Emergency help bring about better conditions? On the contrary, things came to such a pass that there was certainty of insurrection in UP and other sensitive areas. And that is what forced her to lift the Emergency, remove censorship and restore normalcy.

*What if Mrs Gandhi's power base were to crumble and her MPs were to split and draw away from her? Would she then be likely to resort to an emergency to consolidate her powers?*



"THE CHAINS WE BEAR BEFORE YOU TODAY ARE SYMBOLS OF THE ENTIRE NATION WHICH HAS BEEN CHAINED AND FETTERED BY A DICTATORSHIP WHICH HAS ESTABLISHED ITSELF IN OUR COUNTRY!" is how George Fernandes (above) protested to the Delhi High Court when C.G.K. Reddy (in white kurta-pyjama) and he were produced before it on September 26, 1976.



THE ACCUSED IN THE BARODA DYNAMITE CASE. Standing: Jairam More, S.R. Rao, Suresh Vaidya, Padmanabh Shetty, Somnath Dube, Motilal Kanodia, Govind Solanki, Sushil Bhatnagar. Sitting: Kamlesh, Laddi Nigam, C.G.K. Reddy, George Fernandes, Viren Shah, Laxman Jadav, Mahendra Narain Bajpai. On the ground: Devendra Gujjar, Vishwanath Shetty and Gopal Sherigal. Inset: Vijay Narain Singh.

Let her party come, crumble! But let her face another mid-term poll! If she respects the Constitution and believes in democracy, she should not grudge it its part in the system. As it is, I foresee another mid-term poll quite soon.

### Let Her Trust The People

Do you feel there is any ground at all that could be considered permissible for imposing another emergency?

The Government has sufficient powers within the normal democratic process to deal with any situation. During any crisis, there is no greater power than the trust and the confidence of the people. Every war that India has fought has generated greater patriotism and greater trust in the leadership. That should be Mrs Gandhi's glory—not emergencies, not censorship. What can be had voluntarily can never be imposed by the Legislature. Mrs Gandhi should trust the people.

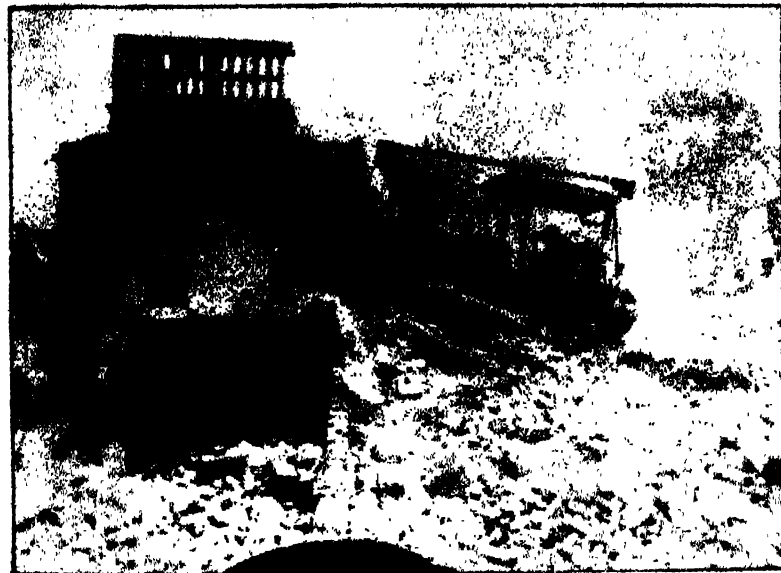
With at least 55 per cent of the electorate having voted against her in 1980?

Every Indian is a patriot who would not like to create conditions which would threaten the integrity of the nation. Knowledge of this alone should deter any talk of the necessity for an emergency.

In your August 16 Blitz editorial titled EMERGENCY?, you have talked of "the mafia of political upstarts that have usurped the leadership of the Congress to transform the party into a corrupt organisation of blackmail". One wonders how these people came to control the levers of power when even relatively minor appointments rest with Mrs Gandhi and the "high command".

That editorial was written soon after Sanjay Gandhi's death. Now it is quite well known that Sanjay had mobilised a lot of odd characters in his political campaign against the Janata and Lok Dal regimes to fight pitched battles against the authorities in the streets, in the bazars and even in the law-courts in a mafia-style operation. Sanjay knew these political upstarts inside out and he could be trusted to monitor and control them. But, with him out of the political scenario, these elements, led

**THE BEAUTY BEHIND THE "BEAUTIFICATION DRIVE".** A bulldozer at work during the Turkman Gate demolitions with which the name of Ruksana Sultana (below) came to be not so glamorously linked.



D'OCRACY — D. E. M. for Democracy, T. Rath for Truth, L.I. Bertie for Liberty.  
 (West-Pakistan).  
 expired on 26th June.

## WALK FOR HUMAN RIGHTS FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK September 20-October 1 INDIANS FOR DEMOCRACY

A 1976 POSTER OF INDIANS IN AMERICA campaigning for the restoration of civil liberties in their country. Inset: A veiled anti-Emergency advertisement that found its way into the classified columns of "The Times of India": D'OCRACY standing for DEMOCRACY—D.E.M. for Democracy, T. Rath for Truth, L.I. Bertie for Liberty!

by a powerful lady close to Mrs Gandhi, made an attempt to take over the party. It was this extra-constitutional development I had in mind when I condemned their plot. Since then, there have been reports that the Prime Minister has managed to overcome this danger and put her trusted men in sensitive positions.

### Emergency: Not Effective!

Ram Jethmalani, MP, in an interview with Himmat, has said that Mrs Gandhi can only function effectively with the aid of Emergency powers.

My answer is Mrs Gandhi did not function effectively at all with the aid of Emergency powers! So ineffective had she become that she led the country into an election which proved fatal to her—because of the wrong feedback from her Home Ministry to the effect that she could get 350 seats! My eye-of-the-election interview with her proves that. Today, Mrs Gandhi commands an absolute majority in Parliament and has her own trusted Ministries in all but five

States. The nation is at her command—if she will but provide it with "a government that governs".

What if her Government still fails to govern?

Then she should go and let the people find someone who can govern. The people will certainly not tolerate an emergency on top of non-performance. Instead, they will revolt and, if constitutional means are choked, then, naturally, the emergency will be fought by any means available. In fact, an emergency now would only serve to reunite and strengthen a divided and demoralised opposition. And this would be a bonanza for them—my friends Mr Jethmalani and others will welcome it.

So far, we have talked of the likelihood of a second internal emergency. But would you not agree that we are nearly living on the brink of one right now?

Well, there are several recent ordinances which would appear to justify such a line of reasoning. We

already have Preventive Detention spreading its wings over several States. The J & K Act, the Anti-Social Elements (Prevention of Activities) Ordinance of Uttar Pradesh; the Prevention of Communal (Anti-Social and Dangerous Activities) Ordinance of Maharashtra, where any person acting in any manner prejudicial to public order can be detained, the Disturbed Areas Act, where entire States have been brought under the armed forces, the continuance of COFEPOSA - the ordinance amending the Criminal Procedure Code, and now, to top them all, the National Security Ordinance, which is like bringing MISA through the backdoor! Surely, all this should suffice without declaration of yet another emergency?

### The "Asli Bharat" Case

*What do you make of the seizure of the August 23 issue of the pro-Lok Dal weekly, Asli Bharat, without any reason being assigned for the Government's action? Apparently, the pictures of, one, chappals left behind at the Idgah by the panicking devotees and, two, an unidentified corpse being nibbled by pigs were considered inflammatory*

I am sorry I cannot go all the way with you on issues where communalism with its resulting holocaust like Moradabad is concerned. In the event of communal riots, the Government is entitled to resort to drastic preventive action.

*If the paper's seizure was justified on these grounds, then why was Asli Bharat singled out for such treatment when the same photographs are believed to have been also used in Kanpur's Dainik Jagran, Kottayam's Malayala Manorama and Delhi's The Hindustan Times. Can a picture considered innocuous in one paper be inflammatory in another?*

If that is the case, then the Government should have taken action against all of them rather than so selectively. I am against

### "BLITZ" EDITOR R.K.

KARANJIA, in a recent editorial in his paper, said the situation today is more chaotic than in 1973-75, since there does not seem to be a political alternative, like a joint opposition.



discrimination of any sort. If anything is likely to provoke communal fanaticism, then I would advise all my brother editors to submit to self-censorship rather than invite governmental suppression or action.

*More than that, was this not an attempt by the Government to choke off dissent by creating a fear psychosis? The way the press which prints Asli Bharat was surrounded by the police and the owner detained till late in the night prior to his arrest, and the way the van carrying copies of the paper was followed and surrounded by 40-50 policemen, is it all not reminiscent of the Emergency era?*

The kind of excess you mention in the case of Asli Bharat is totally unjustified. If the Government wants us to exercise self-restraint, then the same should be applicable to it as well. The Government also must function under some restraint. Remember, I have talked about self-censorship only in terms of grave crises like communal riots. My self-censorship does not apply to cases of exposing a trigger-happy police or paramilitary forces.

*In the same context, is the unceremonious transfer of AIR's News Director, as also the reporter who covered the Moradabad riots, not an attempt to force bureaucrats into submissive passivity?*

Any such unceremonious transfer of officials without assigning reasons obviously exposes itself to condemnation. I really do not know the details of why the News Director or the reporter in question was penalised. All I know is that both AIR and Doordarshan miserably failed to give adequate coverage to the Moradabad carnage. Had they done so, we would at least have known what happened—whether it was the police or the Muslims who started the pitched battles.

### Will They Take It Again?

*So far we have discussed the imposition of another emergency from Mrs Gandhi's point of view. In conclusion, do you think Indians will ever come to accept emergency as a boon—or even as a necessary evil?*

No! We are far too individualistic. Individualists to the point of being anarchists. That is why the British chose not to confront Gandhi beyond a point. Even Alexander was swallowed by the ethos of our culture when he came to conquer India. He even became a disciple of an Indian yogi.

Since we are talking in terms of public reaction to an emergency, Mrs Gandhi realises very well how severely the electorate punished her and her party for the crime of the Emergency. Three years in the wilderness, suspension from Parliament, even confinement in the Tihar Jail! Not that I approve of such vindictiveness as a penalty, but worse could happen if she were to reimpose another emergency!



A PHOTO-POSTER DEPICTING MASS ARRESTS during the Emergency, while citizens watch helplessly.



ANOTHER EXCESS? An offigy of Justice J.C. Shah being set ablaze by Congress (I) workers in Indore to protest against the inquiry by the Commission headed by him.

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“The role of the press during the Emergency,” says the writer, “was comparable to its contribution to our freedom struggle, even though there were quite a few eminent journalists who were with the British Government in those days also. Thus we had a stake in the Janata experiment—not in keeping in office the men and women who clambered to power, not even in the particular policies of the Janata Government, but in the values which had brought the experiment into being.”

A veteran journalist, the author was Principal Information Officer, Government of India, after the Janata came to power.

by G.S. Bhargava

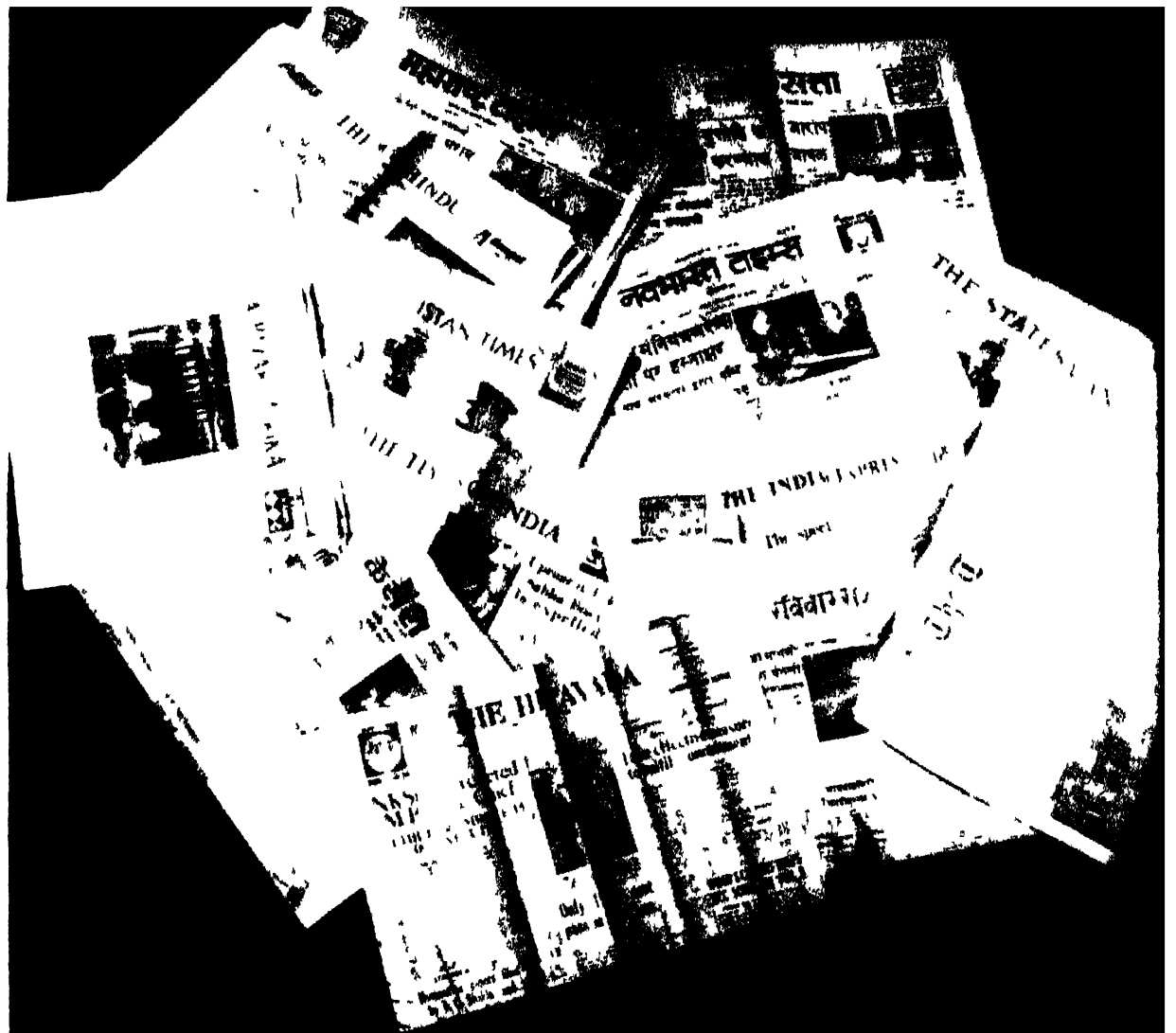
THE media strictly mean the press, the radio and television. It should have been specially so in our country because, while the 929 daily newspapers have a total readership of 10 million (with some 14,000 periodicals and journals accounting for an additional 27 million circulation), the 20 million licensed radio sets (of which about 200,000 are for community listening) reach a much larger section of the population. The number of television sets in the country is 700,000, though the population covered by the 16 originating and relay centres may be as extensive as 100 million.

However, since the electronic media are Government owned and run as its departments, there is no sense in discussing their dealings with the administration, which are those between a master and his servant. So I will confine myself here to the relationship between the practitioners of print journalism and the Government.

*The Indian Press has been so busy speaking about its rights that it has had no time to exercise them.*

This remark of B.G. Verghese succinctly sums up the relationship between the print media and the authorities during the last 30 years. Until the imposition of the Emergency on June 25, 1975, and the clamping of different kinds of censorship on the press, freedom of the media was not an issue in India; it was taken for granted.

The press was a partner in the freedom struggle, and, after



# The Media And The Government

Independence, thanks to Nehru's liberal outlook, there were very few curbs on the newspapers. Panditji, as India's first Prime Minister is still endearingly remembered, had said often enough that misuse of the freedom by a section of the press did not warrant its circumscription. He would prefer even that to dilution of freedom of the press. Nehru declared more than once, and had also lived up to that approach:

As for the radio, Nehru told the Constituent Assembly in 1948 that the objective should be a 'semi-autonomous' corporation under the Government, approximating to the BBC model. Sixteen years later, the Chanda Committee suggested, among other things, conversion of Akashvani and Doordarshan into corporations. Four years later, the Government decided that the time was not appropriate for the suggested institutional changes. I will deal with the Verghese Committee Report and the Prasar Bharati Bill presently.

It is not necessary to recall the treatment meted out to the press during the Emergency—which Mrs.

Gandhi has graciously said was due to "misunderstandings"—beyond mentioning that about 200 journalists had been sent to gaol for asserting their professional right to freedom of expression. C.R. Iram of *The Statesman* was one of the very few associated with the large daily newspapers to resist the Emergency. So it was most appropriate that a conference on the Freedom of the Press in India, sponsored by the International Press Institute and the Friedrich-Naumann Stiftung, should be held under Iram's auspices.

Held in November 1977 in sessions spread over Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta and Madras, the weeklong conference had six moderators—three of whom were from India and the rest from outside. The Indian section consisted of such eminent persons as S. Mulgaokar, Minoo Masani and Leela Parulekar. At the conclusion of the deliberations, a Declaration on Press Freedom and Democracy in India was issued on behalf of the conference, which said that, in "a democracy, a free press has an inalienable right to an adversary role."

When the Declaration was issued some of the participants in the Delhi session of the conference—Prem Bhatia, Dinkar Rao Mankekar, Prithvi Chopra, Chanchal Sarkar, Prithvi Chakravarti and I—pointed out that such a formulation never emerged from our discussions. There was much else in the Declaration which was unexceptionable—that the press should be free to criticise authority at all levels in the general public interest, to function as a watchdog over the Government's handling of the problems of the people, to act as a channel of communication to put facts and give fair and considered information on all issues, and that it should be 'conscious of its responsibility'. There were also two opinions that the news agencies should be free and more than one in number.

## Adversary Role—No

However, an adversary role for the press in a developing country like India we could not persuade ourselves to accept, because it would be unrealistic and inimical to the interests of the country as well as the press itself. Almost all of us made this

point during the conference. We drew the line between an adversary role and a critical role. Lal Krishna Advani, who was Minister for Information and Broadcasting at the time, addressed the conference and said that, in a developing country like India, the press could not be like its counterparts in the West and the Communist countries—adversary or ally—but should play a constructively critical role.

Incidentally, I had not joined the Government then as its Principal Information Officer nor was my role in anticipation of such a reward, if it were a reward at all. Even now I am against the press adopting an adversary role to the Government, assuming it can do so. I told K R Sundar Rajan a few weeks ago, when he asked me whether my 1977 stand was not wrong, that whichever party was in power the press should not play an adversary role to the Government unless, as it happened in 1975, there was an onslaught on its professional rights. I may be suspect because I had a job under the Janata Government of the day, but journalists like Prem Bhatia, Pran Chopra and Chanchal Sarkar have a lifetime record of commitment to values.

To return to the Declaration issued on behalf of the conference, when we pointed out that there was no consensus to that effect, we were advised to say so in a communication to the journal of the International Press Institute so that we could have our say. But the IPI journal has not been able to find space for our dissent during the last two years!

Still Iran continued to pursue an "adversary" role towards the information policies of the Janata Government and, at a lower level towards me personally. At a seminar organised by the benighted organisation, which goes by the name of All India Newspaper Editors Conference, he unleashed on me Hiranmay Karlekar—the name should ring a bell!—as the last word in the championship of freedom of the press and professional integrity!

### Role Of The Press Then...

What is wrong if the press plays an adversary role in a country like ours? First of all, one should be clear in one's mind that any voluntary role—adversary, critical or friendly—for the press presupposes a tolerant and liberal government. From January 1980 to the last week of June, when Sanjay Gandhi died prematurely, the press, including the newspapers which had resisted the Emergency, had been on such good behaviour that the joke in the journalist circles was that, if another emergency had to be imposed, there would be no need to discipline the press.

The watchdogs of public interest who devoted acres of precious newsprint to in-depth descriptions, *ad nauseam*, of Charan Singh's fight with Morarji Desai—in the interests of secularism,

socialism and democracy—started looking elsewhere when scores of senior Civil Servants were transferred for patently political reasons, when even the High Courts began to quash proceedings against the associates of the Prime Minister after having heard the cases for months on end, or when the Government reversed its decision to investigate thoroughly the circumstances in which the ill-fated Pitts aircraft came to be acquired by the Delhi Flying Club and how safe it was when Sanjay flew it to his death!

These are admittedly minor issues though they reflect the trend. But there are two policy matters of far-reaching importance for the welfare and progress of our country: family planning and fight against illiteracy. There was much that was wrong with the way the family planning programme had been implemented during the Emergency, with the victims of forcible sterilisation left to fend for themselves and the bureaucracy set Soviet style norms to fulfil. But first the excesses were not universal though widespread. More importantly, the cause being crucial to our development, we could not afford to throw the baby away with the bath water, even if the metaphor is somewhat mixed. But Raj Narain was allowed to have his way with the nation building programme yet to recover from his depredations.

The National Adult Education Programme, conceived and launched by the Janata Government, was comparable to some of the Chinese schemes of rural transformation of their community. In quantitative terms alone, it would have brought literacy to 100 million of our people by 1982. Meant mainly for persons in the 15-35 age group, it was to benefit those above 35 years also. The Planning Commission was particular that half of the outlay on the programme—Rs 2,000 million—should be spent through the State Governments, to prevent the bureaucracy from executing it in the way some of the earlier schemes had been muffed. Several voluntary organisations, some of them run by veteran Gandhians, were associated with it.

### Out To Kill It

However, while chicken sexpert 'experts' picked holes in the National Adult Education Programme's conceptual framework, the politicians set out to kill it with the stick of the RSS. Mrs Gandhi herself led the onslaught. I repeatedly requested several leading journalists to examine the working of the programme wherever it was operational and spare some newspaper space for constructively critical writings on the subject. There must be many aspects of its working which left much to be desired and these could be remedied if senior journalists looked at its implementation on the ground and brought the drawbacks to light. Some



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MONARCH

of the friends whom I approached were honest enough to sniff at it as "sarkari journalism".

If I understood them correctly, any non-political writing geared to focusing attention on even the process of development—not publicity of schemes announced by Ministers and others—was not the "in" thing. It is in this respect that the values and perceptions which go with journalism in the developed countries vary from what are desirable in a society like ours. It is true that the regimes in many of the developing countries—like that during the Emergency in our country—are intolerant of independent writing and have often distorted the concept of development journalism. But India during the Janata days could have set a different example.

It is patently false to say that India has remained where it was when the British departed. Only a Charan Singh could have written off as a bad dream the first 30 years of our independence, just as only an Indira Gandhi could claim that nothing was achieved during the Janata days, while at the same time pursuing many of its policies, like augmentation of irrigation potential to generate employment, the food-for-work programme, accent on provision of drinking water to problem villages, and the like. The Sixth Plan document, prepared in Charan Singh's time, had itself given the lie to him by acknowledging the growth of the infrastructure in the earlier years.

### Question To Ask

In the circumstances, should the press merely report and comment on polemical pronouncements of the politicians, laced with official press releases about schemes and ministerial activities? Or should senior journalists with a national outlook visit the different projects and write about their working? Not all the development projects are official. There are many run by the voluntary agencies and some of them are doing excellent work. A few private enterprises also are engaged in that kind of work. Above all, millions of our people are struggling relentlessly to improve their lot with the means available to them. Do they get the attention they deserve from the press?

An adversary role may not theoretically rule out development journalism, but it does so in effect by distorting priorities and warping the outlook. To cite one more example, the dairy development scheme, which was given the ambitious title of Operation Flood, has been a success in several parts of the country. Above all, it has inculcated the cooperative spirit in the small landowners supplementing their incomes by cattle rearing. Some of its manifestations, like Amul, are success stories which have been written about in the past. But

American sense—the programme, the indiscretions of Dr Kurien, his contempt for official procedures, his hauteur and his alleged preference for multinationals would overwhelm the mundane aspects of cooperative dairying on a massive scale.

### Monopoly Control

Reference has been made earlier to autonomy for the broadcast set-up. It figured as an issue in the 1977 Lok Sabha Elections, with the Janata Party's Election Manifesto pledging itself to "ensuring that All India Radio, Doordarshan and Films Division are converted into genuinely autonomous bodies that are politically objective and free from governmental interference". On the day he was sworn in as Prime Minister (March 24, 1977), Morarji Desai told an impromptu press conference that removal of Government control on radio and television was one of the priorities of his Government. The others listed by him included repeal of the laws directed against the press; action to restore and guarantee the independence of the judiciary; amendment of the Constitution to make it impossible for a future government to impose an emergency at will; and doing away with the system in which there was a single



news agency with a monopoly of Government control over it.

All those promises were fulfilled—some of them within the first six months. In the case of the electronic media, the Janata Government could have straightway implemented the Chanda Committee recommendation, which approximated to its election promise and which had been rejected by Mrs Gandhi in 1968. Instead, perhaps in line with the craze then for committees and commissions, it set up a working group with B.G. Verghese as chairman "to examine the functional, financial and legal aspects of the proposal to give autonomy to Akashvani and Doordarshan, consistent with accountability to Parliament, keeping in mind the different forms of autonomous organisations existing in other democratic countries in the matter of broadcasting".

The Akash Bharati Report of the

document—like the Shah Commission findings in a different context—but even that is not an adequate recompense for the lost opportunity to free the broadcast media from Government control. Worse still, the very idea of autonomy for the radio and television has gone out of currency, overtaken by such grand schemes as colour television.

The Verghese Committee suggested an ideal set-up which went beyond anything obtaining anywhere else, including the BBC. It wanted a National Broadcast Trust entrenched in the Constitution, but registered as a Corporation. It has made out a cogent case for its recommendations, which have to be discussed separately if justice is to be done to them. But the Prasar Bharati Bill, introduced in Parliament by the Janata Government, differed from the Report in many vital respects.

The legislation, which ceased with the dissolution of the Lok Sabha in August 1977, envisaged a corporation for the electronic media more or less on the lines of the BBC in Britain. It would be a unique public sector undertaking in India in the sense that its chairman was put on par with the chairmen (and the members)

of the Public Service Commissions, with his tenure entrenched in Article 317 of the Constitution. It did away with Government interference in the day-to-day running of the broadcast set-up which would cease to be a department of the Government. Given certain modifications, it would have been a big leap forward towards media freedom.

However, Advani was made to feel like one who pinched a chocolate-bar from a child, with even S. Mulgaokar charging him with "cheating". If Advani were honest about making the broadcast media autonomous, why did he not accept the Verghese Committee Report in toto was the burden of the indictment against him. The Verghese Committee members naturally felt rebuffed at their suggestions having been ignored or drastically altered in the Official Bill, but the campaign unleashed against the Prasar Bharati Bill—which it did not even provide a platform for

even some former functionaries of All India Radio and Doordarshan, who had run them efficiently during the Emergency, to expose the hollowness of the Janata promises!

### Stony Silence

It was exciting to watch the upsurge of freedom among journalists and media personnel, but it evaporated equally quickly between January and June this year. (It is a promising sign that some of it is reappearing since June 24 last.) Stony silence greeted Vasant Sathe's announcement that there was no question of autonomy for radio and television because the Government could not abdicate its responsibility to use them for the good of the people, as if it were a casual remark about what he had for dinner the previous night. Some newspapers which commented on it bracketed him with Advani, but a little more honest, because he said what he would not do, instead of saying one thing and doing another.

### Stake In Janata

The press should undoubtedly cut the politicians to size and it was right in faulting the Janata Government for its many failures. But if autonomy for the media was a desirable objective—as it undoubtedly is—it should be pursued even if the present Government was no more guilty than its predecessor in the matter. However, it is put on the back-burner. Even more ironically, the press—I mean the thousands of journalists who valued their professional dignity and freedom—which played an important role in enabling the Janata to win the 1977 Lok Sabha Election, treated it as just another government. The role of the press during the Emergency was comparable to its contribution to our freedom struggle, even though there were quite a few eminent journalists who were with the British Government in those days also.

Thus we had a stake in the Janata experiment—not in keeping in office the men and women who clambered to power, not even in the particular policies of the Government, but in the values which had brought it into being. They would surpass the concept of an adversary role for the press.

Morarji Desai, as Prime Minister, was guilty of several shortcomings. Especially he never acknowledged the contribution of journalists and others in making it possible to throw out by the ballot-box the Emergency regime. (It was not surprising considering that, in an interview in *The Illustrated Weekly* recently, he did not even once mention Jayaprakash Narayan's name, as if it were a bad word.) He thus wronged many journalists who suffered during the Emergency. But should eminent journalists have judged his Government by that yardstick? ■

This is based on a chapter from the author's forthcoming book.

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**IN CHASNALA 372 MINERS WERE ENTOMBED**



**SPURT IN DOCK ACCIDENTS.**

# **700 DEAD & 220,000 INJURED**

**Industrial accidents take a heavy toll because owners of factories and mines do not observe safety rules. Why this carelessness?**

**by Winifred Costa**

**WELDING WITHOUT GOGGLES—A COMMON SIGHT.**

\*A maintenance superintendent at the Tarapur Atomic Power Station was overcome by fumes and killed while trying to rescue two of his colleagues from a nitrogen gas chamber

\*Ten persons died and twelve were injured in an explosion in a pharmaceutical factory in Ahmedabad some time ago. The chief chemist was among those killed. The blast occurred while the anti-tuberculosis vaccine was being prepared

\*Two workers were crushed to death and eleven seriously injured when the loft of a foundry in suburban Bombay collapsed. The bodies were buried under a heap of iron scrap, heavy metal pieces, coal and firewood —◆



\*Eleven persons were injured when a hydrogen gas cylinder burst in a factory at Sion (Bombay) manufacturing vegetable food products

\*A chemist and his assistant were scalded to death in a factory while supervising the mixing of sodium salt with caustic soda in an open vessel. The chemist started the stirrer, the mixture frothed and the burning contents splashed on them

All these tragedies need not have taken place if there were better safety measures in our factories and industrial establishments

Out of five million industrial workers about 700 die every year and 220,000 receive injuries

It was estimated that 83 per cent of such accidents were caused by negligence, 10 per cent by unsafe conditions and seven per cent could be termed "acts of God"

Safety has not attracted the same notice of the trade unions as their claims for higher wages. Accidents cause a lot of human suffering. Workers with serious injuries become cripples and human wrecks. They are left to their fate with the pittance they may receive as compensation

Every management aims at obtaining optimum production. This is possible only when the workers are satisfied and properly motivated. In many cases, industrialists feel that once they provide a job and pay the worker, their obligation is over

But what about the physical well-being of their workers? Why has there been a big decline in safety standards in our industrial establishments?

Seventy per cent of our mines and factories have obsolete machinery

Because of toxic substances and chemicals used the workers' lungs, kidneys and heart are seriously affected

Cancer due to "occupational exposure" takes a heavy toll

### Human Life Is Cheap

Accidents in our factories, shipyards, mines and construction sites do not get the same newspaper coverage as plane crashes and rail smashes. Often the dependents of the victims secure only a pittance by way of compensation which is an insult to the dead and the bereaved

A recent instance: A contractor engaged in carrying out repair work to a building in Bombay was required to pay only Rs 250 each to the families of two workers who were killed when a slab came down on them. Those injured were awarded Rs 50. How are the families of those who have lost their breadwinners to live while the authorities concerned decide about the compensation they are going to receive?

A safety adviser in a petroleum firm claimed that best results were achieved "when accident prevention efforts are built into executive decisions and blended with normal operating procedures"

During 1961-71 nearly 3,800 workers lost their lives and 1.3 million suffered serious injuries. The loss to the nation because of the absence of workers during this period was estimated at Rs 21 crores. There were 320,000 industrial accidents in 1971 alone

### Industrialists Do Not Care

Do employers, by and large, care for the lives of the workers who contribute to the welfare of their organisation? A noted industrialist deplored that a "humanitarian cause such as prevention of accidents in industrial concerns lacked support from the employers. He mentioned that out of several thousand employers he could mobilise support only from 300!

But the Chairman of Premier Automobiles claimed that industrial accidents could not be reduced "unless workers cooperated with the management". He deplored absenteeism among workers even when they suffered "minor injuries"

"The very idea of reducing absenteeism and accidents was vitiated by workers, their doctors and labour leaders," he added

Wrong judgement about the speed of the machines, irresponsibility, lack of training, nervousness, fatigue, poor lighting, faulty supervision and defective machines are some of the causes for a growing number of accidents

Another cause is inadequate inspection. Safety rules and regulations exist only on paper. In Orissa, Assam and Rajasthan a large number of factories are not inspected at all. Hundreds of small factories do not even have a licence to operate. Government inspectors are few and there are complaints that they are not averse to taking bribes from employers. Others seem to be overworked, having to inspect 200 factories or more at a time. Their visits are cursory

Can industrial establishments escape the blame for the prevailing laxity? The problem of occupational exposure is serious because complex tools and manufacturing processes have brought in new hazards like noise, fumes, chemical dust, heat and harmful vapours

These effects depend on the concentration of a particular toxic substance at the work place and the number of years he is exposed to it. Our workers have poor health and are prone to illness. Many a worker is the sole breadwinner in the family and in his anxiety to earn a little more he may take risks which are beyond his physical capacity

Workers with a rural background may be slow to familiarise themselves with modern industrial operations. Sometimes because of the heat and humidity, they are unwilling to demand gloves, overalls, helmets, masks and glares which are vital to protect their persons

What has been the attitude of our managements? There is a feeling that because the workers are available in plenty ("for every one who goes out

there are a hundred ready to take his place", an industrialist claimed) their health and well-being have not received adequate attention. There is also no suitable deterrent for the increasing number of industrial accidents. The compensation paid is niggardly. One must consider that the chief executive and the top men of an industrial organisation do not run the same accident risk as the worker

Records of successful enterprises reveal that productivity is linked with safety. A worker cannot be motivated into higher productivity unless he trusts that the management is genuinely interested in his welfare

"When we buy a new car or a new machine, we train operators to look after them. Is the same attention given to a recruit when he joins a manufacturing plant?" asks a technical expert

"Of all the Ms (money, materials, methods, machines and men) we should realise that Man is the most important of them all. But is Man in our factories and mines being treated as a resource or the creator and exploiter of resources? The feeling has grown that he is considered as a resource (like materials). Because of the prevailing unemployment there is a tendency to discount his value. This is tragic and undesirable"

Let us take the case of Maharashtra where there was an unprecedented spurt in industrial accidents last year. As many as 155 workmen lost their lives, 93,000 others sustained injuries while on duty—rendering a number of them disabled

The Industrial Workers' Union has blamed this on the criminal negligence and violation of statutory safety and preventive measures by employers and the callous attitude and inefficient administration of the Factories Inspectorate Office. These deaths and accidents did not include those which occurred in the 4,000 factories (employing 28,000 workers) not covered by the Factories Act

Nearly 650 cases were pending before the labour courts or civil judges under the Workmen's Compensation Act—that is compensation for labourers who died while on duty

The chaotic conditions prevailing throughout the country even in the organised sector have been

### HAZARDOUS TO WORK IN SUCH AN ENVIRONMENT



described in a random survey of the chemical industry which found that 47% of the units had no medical room and 73% had not held any health checks for their employees. Things are not getting any better. This is proved by the fact that there has been a 20% increase in industrial accidents in West Bengal in just four years, from 55,618 in 1974 to 66,895 in 1978. The highest incidence of accidents, not surprisingly, is in jute followed by cotton and engineering. The picture is not very different in Maharashtra and Tamil Nadu.

While the casual attitude of managements and workmen has a lot to do with the high incidence of accidents, what can one say about a Government that does not insist on adequate safety precautions in its own organisations? That there was only one fire hydrant at the Santa Cruz airport when a disastrous fire broke out in the terminal building and that water pumps of requisite power were not

available to cope with a precarious flood situation in the Chasnala mines four years ago shows how a casual approach to industrial safety is a sure road to disaster.

Based on their past industrial experience, the American Conference of Governmental Industrial Hygienists had laid down safe limits (Threshold Limit Values, T.L.V.) for 400 industrial chemicals and dusts. It had been accepted that if the concentration in the working environment was kept within these limits the workers' health would not be impaired.

Managements whose responsibility it is to ensure the health and welfare of the workers, the Hygienists said, could make sure of safe working environment by: i) getting the different work room environments in their plants monitored for concentration of toxic substances, ii) implementing control measures suggested by experts on the basis of their studies; and iii)

checking the improvement in the environmental conditions attained by a second monitoring survey.

The Bombay Port Trust has a safety training programme for their shed superintendents, labour supervisors and inspectors. There is also need to train crane drivers, winchmen, fork-lift operators, riggers and tindals. It has been estimated that 85% of accidents in the docks are caused by wrong handling of cargo, falling objects and persons falling from a height. In factories, mishaps are due to lack of guards for machines and faulty maintenance, failure to wear protective equipment, lack of fencing to prevent heavy objects from falling on workers and storing dangerous materials without a licence.

The Central Labour Institute in Bombay is well equipped and has undertaken several surveys. Industrialists who care for the lives of their workmen would do well to seek their advice.

## LACK OF MOTIVATION CRIPPLES WORKERS

OUR industrialists have yet to accept that they have a social responsibility—besides making profits for themselves. More man-days are lost due to industrial mishaps than through strikes and lock-outs. There are nearly 300,000 such accidents every year.

Brig G.R. Chainani (Central Labour Institute) participating in a seminar on *Humanisation of Industry* said "Experience in India fully corroborates that investment in safety leads to reduction in accidents and increase in productivity. Our research has revealed numerous such cases."

Mr R.S. Pande, Managing Director, TISCO, gave the following example: "In my own city of Jamshedpur, I have seen long queues of workers and their family members standing for 11 hours for drawing a ration of 500 gms for a fortnight. At the end of this long waiting, they are not sure whether they would get their ration. Ration or no ration, they have to reach their workplace in time. In such a situation, what do you think will be the worker's mood when he comes to the factory? It is easy to talk about productivity and prevention of accidents, but difficult to take positive measures in the prevailing situation. Workers' behaviour on the shop floor is influenced by the situation on the home front."

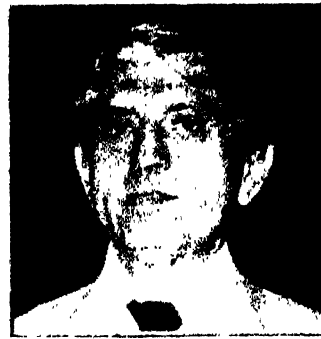
### Housing — Low Priority?

He gave another instance: "What is the state of housing provided by the industry? Even today, industries which claim to be highly developed, with good profit, give a relatively low priority to housing. The modern management concept considers investment in housing unproductive, and therefore it is not given the priority that it deserves.

"All of us who are involved in industry—manager, supervisor and worker—have to understand that management is not one man's job. It is not the workers alone who are responsible for the illness of the industry. The managers are equally responsible. Whatever we say, the fact remains



BRIG. G.R. CHAINANI



S.P. GODREJ



RASHMI MAYUR

that it is the managers who formulate and implement the policies."

Stressing the need for Workers' Leadership and Productivity, Dr Rashmi Mayur, Chief of Urban Systems Centre, NITIE, explained: "There is further need to share leadership between the management and workers. They cannot be pitted against each other. An experience of such a joint project in New York City in 1969 proved not only reduction by 50 per cent of unemployment but also 3 per cent increase in production. It is easy for the management to become complacent and isolated while the workers can think that the only recourse to their grievances is to go on strike."

"A great deal has been said about the illiteracy of workers. Many implications of illiteracy are exaggerated and used against workers."

The President of All India Port and Dock Workers' Federation, Mr S.R. Kulkarni, pointed out that the middle management employees had become the worst sufferers.

"Middle management cadre acts as the agent in the process of production but their conditions are worse than the people over whom they supervise," he said. "Now, this particular cadre which really gets the work done on the production line is totally ignored in terms of wages and fringe benefits. This cadre deserves our sympathy and needs consideration."

Prof Nitish De (Indian Institute of Management, Calcutta) dealing with the problem of "how to overcome the alienation of the working class" added: "I do not think that one union for one industry is the answer. I do not think that a highly conformist union leader is the answer. Then you will have to buy a union and make them members of the company on the pay roll. That is not possible. There is no point in attacking and criticising the environment unless you try to carry out a revolution in the country and change the entire democratic structure. There is no point in arguing that there is too much of politics and too

many trade unions. Too much of politics in trade unions cannot be a cause of criticism."

"For a very long time workers have been treated merely as a source of labour or output," Mr S.P. Godrej, a noted industrialist countered. "It is not at all surprising that the workers were called 'hands'. Many of us are familiar with what we have read and seen in photographs: the long tiring hours that men, women and children spend in badly ventilated and cramped work places trying to make out a living. Many of them probably feel that they are not getting the just share of the national output and I do not think that there is any dispute in the fact that they are not much better off."

### Can Trade Unions Help?

How can trade unions help in prevention of accidents? Mr H.N. Trivedi (INTUC), gave the following facts: "Regarding the use of personal protective equipment, it has been seen that employers purchase and bring these in a lot and often are found to be defective, bad smelling or not properly fitting to the body of the workers. Hence they do not find them really useful. It is therefore, necessary that the personal protective equipment should be of a high standard and be freely supplied.

"It is often found that accidents are due to mental or physical conditions of the workers. It may be difficult to counteract the mental state of the person. The physical condition can only be observed and, if not corrected, the worker may think it to be the correct one, continue to work in an unsafe manner and in the process get injured."

Industrialists must realise that higher pay in itself does not yield best results. What is required is motivation through involvement in work. This unfortunately is sadly lacking.

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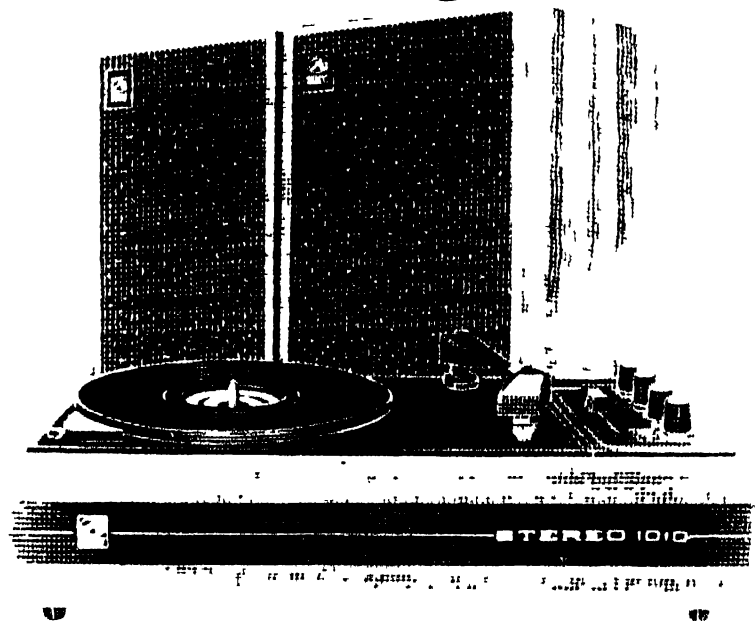
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# HMV STEREO SYSTEMS

# Carter Or Reagan



American power to influence the "Third World" is now marginal. Will it make any difference to us which of the American presidential candidates emerges the winner?

by M. V. Kamath

THIS week the world will know whether the United States has re-elected Jimmy Carter as President for a second term or has replaced him with Ronald Reagan the Republican candidate. The ding-dong battle for the American citizen's vote has been going on with increasing vigour and every move of the candidates'—their every pronouncement—has been eagerly listened to, sometimes with cynicism—sometimes with boredom—but always with an acknowledgement of the stakes involved. The Gallup Poll sponsored by *Newsweek* (October 6) gave an edge to Reagan in the presidential race. Asked which candidate the voter would favour were the elections held right then, 39 per cent said they would vote for Reagan, 35 per cent for Carter, 14 per cent for the third and independent candidate John Anderson with 12 per cent undecided. Gallup noted by way of clarification that the margin of error was plus or minus 3 percentage point.

Contrast this with a *CBS New York Times* public opinion poll released on September 16 which showed President Carter coming from far behind in the presidential race to gain 38 per cent to 35 per cent for Reagan and 14 per cent for Anderson and it will show how precarious is the task of predicting who will win in the end. Anderson, the Liberals hope, does not of course stand the ghost of a chance to win. One of his aides has described Anderson's campaign as an "existentialist" one like the fourth act of a Pirandello play. But his insistence on staying the course—and a consistent 14 per cent slice of the vote is no laughing matter—provides just that element of excitement to what might otherwise have been a routine election.

### White House Confident

*Newsweek* said in its October 6 political round up that—with only a month to go before the election—the White House is growing increasingly confident. The journal made its then assessment on the theory that the war between Iraq and Iran would benefit Carter because—the country tends to rally round the President in a time of

world crisis—and that its poll showed that voters believed that Carter was better able than Reagan to keep the nation out of war.

There was some corroboration of this in the earlier *CBS New York Times* survey which showed that Carter was rated above his Republican challenger for an understanding of the problems that must be faced and for concern of ordinary people.

It was *Newsweek* which noted Carter's attack on Reagan that was at first but a shaft from the wormonger had not apparently discredited the President in the voter's eyes. Carter has been depicting Reagan as a lineal successor to Barry Goldwater—always or ready to throw bombs around in Carter's hands—the war and peace issues it has been a trinity card.

Reagan on the other hand has been playing another suite with a family suffering index—a combination of the inflation rate, food, fuel and rising prices, not to speak of unemployment—a strategy card. Both candidates are playing very canny game and it thus points really anybody's guess to whom the United States will turn in its final decision.

The important question is whether it would really matter if great old Carter is replaced by Reagan. Technically, a nominee may win more popular votes than an opponent and yet lose the presidency because the American electoral system is for an electoral college that ultimately elects the president.

In 1824, for instance, Andrew Jackson achieved a margin of more than 37,000 popular votes over Quincy Adams, but not enough electoral votes to gain the Presidency.

In 1888, Grover Cleveland, Democrat, drew better than 90,000 more popular votes than Benjamin Harrison, a Republican, and yet it was Harrison who became President because he won a majority of electoral votes.

Indeed, several Presidents have been elected by outpolling their competitors, even though they did not get a majority of the total popular vote. In all these cases, there were

# Does It Matter?

more than two nominees. Among minority Presidents can be included Abraham Lincoln in 1860, James Garfield in 1880, Grover Cleveland in 1884 and 1892, Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and 1916, Harry Truman in 1948, John Kennedy in 1960 and Richard Nixon in 1968. All of them won a majority of electoral votes and thus the Presidency.

In the circumstances, it should come as no surprise if Reagan should poll a larger popular vote and yet lose out to Carter. But, according to an ABC survey, Reagan still the other way is leading in 23 states with 191 electoral votes while Carter was leading in just 14 states with 134 electoral votes. This arithmetic, coupled with constantly shifting values of the voter, would indicate that nobody should take the election results for granted.

## No More 'Pax Americana'

But while for the American voter the question is directly of choosing one candidate over another, for the political analyst the issue is whether his candidate, however chosen, has as much elbow room to manipulate world events. Richard Nixon, a longtime sworn enemy of Communist China, found it both necessary and expedient to make his peace with Mao. No matter what Reagan's rhetoric concerning domestic and international issues is, it is not within a president's power to direct or dictate them. The days of *Pax Americana* died a long while ago. Relevantly, at the annual conference of Strata of the London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies, the majority view was that the end of *Pax Americana* and the decline of American omnipotence were the effect rather than the cause of the great turbulence of the Third World, with its divisions and conflicts of its rising power and ambition. As Prof. Stanley Hoffman of Harvard noted, a simple resurrection of American power (under a Reagan-led Republican administration, for example) would once more stabilise the world. It was admitted by Secretary of State Muskie on September 24 when he said that 'we (the US) cannot control the Government of Iran in any unilateral sense, nor the Government of Iraq, as has been said.

Today, the days of a muscle flexing Republican leadership (in the style of the Eisenhower-Dulles combine) are played over. Even should Reagan get into the White House, his options would be limited. In late September Saudi Arabia (often damned as an ally of the US) announced that it was raising oil prices by two dollars a

barrel, raising the price per barrel from \$30 to \$32—a move that would cost American oil majors a whopping \$650 million in unexpected petroleum payments—and Libya simply announced a 10 per cent cut in oil production, thus literally thumbing their noses at the western powers. Clearly, Muskie is right: no matter who is in power in the White House, both OPEC and developing countries would do exactly as they please. American power to influence them was marginal.

## Do Personalities Count?

The same situation would prevail in other areas of likely American influence, whether it be in NATO or the affluent corridor of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. A Reagan in the White House would not be able to provide cheaper energy any more than Carter can or change the fact that a dozen OPEC countries will in 1980-81 run a current account surplus between them of \$100 billion or more while the other 125 members (including the developed countries) of the IMF must run and finance the corresponding deficits. Reagan has made snide remarks about Carter's economic record charging that the present high inflation and high taxes and high interest rates and high unemployment are all symptoms of the president's lack of leadership and vision. The charge may stick and may even pay dividends, but it is unlikely that Reagan will find any crucial answers should he be in power. Economic issues are not resolved by words and Republicans have been in the saddle before and not done any better than the Democrats whom they have decried.

And yet in a way personalities do count and many in India may think that Carter may still be a better bet than Reagan. For them there are encouraging signs. The polls have been showing that all but the most diehard supporters of Edward Kennedy are returning to the Carter fold. And Reagan may still commit more faux pas such as suggesting (as he has already) that Cuba be blockaded in response to Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Sometimes the last few hours before the election can be important. The polls have recorded the shifting loyalties of the voter toward the candidates and his unpredictability. But whether it is going to be Carter or Reagan, the next President will operate in the knowledge that his options are limited and that pragmatism and not preconceived ideas should guide his behaviour. In the end, it is not the American voter, but the world at large that will condition American foreign policy. ■





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year-round cheer.



	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	V	S	A	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	V	S	A	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S					
Oct			1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
Nov						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
Dec		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		

**Fabrics** The style  
is the season

# GANDHIJI: An Untold Story

Edmond Privat, a Frenchman who died in 1962, met Gandhiji accidentally in the thirties. Their brief companionship ended abruptly with Gandhiji's sudden arrest by the British rulers of India. In the late forties, Privat planned to visit Gandhiji again, but an assassin's bullet ended that plan. Yet, out of his extraordinary experiences with Gandhiji, Privat wrote two books "Aux Indes avec Gandhi" and "Vie de Gandhi", both practically unknown in India.

by Manish Nandy

## CHRISTMAS TIME, 1931

Gandhiji was passing through Europe on his way back from the Round Table Conference in London. India meanwhile had been restive. Thirty thousand people in jail. Gandhiji had declared in St James Palace, "I would rather be called a rebel than a (British) subject." He stopped briefly at Villeneuve to meet his friend Roman Rolland. There he met Rolland's close friend Edmond Privat, a pleasant-mannered scholar, and his shy wife. For the quiet French couple that meeting proved a turning point. When Gandhiji mentioned that he would take the Italian boat *S.S. Pilsna* from Brindisi, the Privats offered to accompany him up to Rome. They would act as his guide and interpreter. They took a small briefcase, a couple of tooth-brushes, a necessary parasol, little more. Rolland's sister Martheine offered a coat. "No need," said Mrs Privat, she would be back the following day. She did not know enough about the man she was going to accompany.

"Now that I've seen your country, Gandhiji asked the Privats, 'when are you coming to see mine?'"

"We'd like to, but we don't quite have the six thousand francs the trip would cost," said Edmond.

"Six thousand francs! You think you'll travel first class and live in hotels! With me, you'll always travel third class, on the deck. You'll stay with my friends. Check your calculations." Gandhiji pulled up his blanket, about to retire. "We'll get to see whether you like an adventure."

Revelation. What had seemed a dream, Gandhiji had made an instant reality. He went peacefully to sleep, the Privats could not. They discussed through the night. By dawn as the train entered Rome, they knew what they had to do.

Visa. Some woollens and linen. A trip to the post office to send out a couple of telegrams and letters. The Privats boarded *S.S. Pilsna* with Gandhiji.

### In The Same Boat

3.30 am. Miraben's alarm clock wakes everybody in the group. Mahadev Desai, Pyarelal, Bernard Shamrao, Devdas, the Privats.

All sit cross-legged in a circle around Gandhiji. Miraben hums a hymn, Mahadev Desai reads from the Gita. All round them sacks of potatoes. Overhead the ship's blatant lamp. You can hear the last batch of dancers upstairs and their raucous music.

When Gandhiji talks of religion, he talks of life. He has no use for ideas that have no application. Two idealist Germans, sick of their country's bellicosity and going to the Himalayas in search of "truth", join the group. Gandhiji welcomes them, but tells them, "You'll find no truth in the Himalayas. You have to find it within yourself. And in your own country, where you must work for truth and peace." The Germans see the truth. They decide to go to Sabarmati instead.

Gandhiji himself is puckish, full of gaiety. Life's trifles amuse him constantly. He kids the Privats on their useless parasol. "If I didn't have a sense of humour, I'd die," he says



THE PRIVATS with Gandhiji on board the "S.S. Pilsna", which brought them to India in the 1930s. The Privats had to travel on the deck as fourth class passengers with the Mahatma.

serenely, as Miraben shaves his head with a razor. His concerns are for the others in the group. He is constantly plying people with oranges and apples from his basket. He writes out a three-page note for Edmond, listing what he should see in India: cities, tombs, monuments. Also what he should eat or drink. Boiled water. No curry, no chillies.

Sitting straight, Gandhiji deals with piles of letters. He writes with his left hand when his right hand tires. The noise the sailors are making all round doesn't bother him. Not the fly that sits on his wrist. He relaxes by running the spinning wheel, producing cotton thread.

During the day people from the cabins upstairs come to see Gandhiji. The English are, reluctantly, fascinated by the man. He loves their courage and sense of fairplay, but the concept of the empire he will in no way accept. By enslaving Indians, the English repudiate the best in themselves.

The children love him. They are always around him. Even an Alsatian somebody has brought along adores him. It never stirs when he talks, and comes to snuggle at his feet. Simple sailors and mechanics come to talk to him. The captain is infinitely considerate, he wants to do everything for Gandhiji. No, says Gandhiji with a smile, "We'll miss then the great experience of travelling on the deck!"

Gandhiji gets a telegram. It tells him that two teenage Bengalis have just shot a British magistrate.

Gandhiji is profoundly saddened for the victim's family, for the two youths, for India in general. He is chagrined people don't understand that you can't end a regime by killing its agents. It is a cruel illusion.

He makes up his mind. The moment

he has met the Congress leaders in Bombay, he is going to Bengal on a campaign against violence. He hopes for peace, for he wants to do constructive work for religious harmony for the Harijans.

### Christmas Eve And After

*S.S. Pilsna* approaches Bombay. It is Christmas Eve and the Catholics and Protestants can't agree on who should take the morning service tomorrow. Finally, they come to Gandhiji.

"We want you to speak to us all on Christmas Day."

"What time are you suggesting?"

"Whatever suits you."

Gandhiji smiles, "My hour of prayer is four in the morning."

"But so few will come at that hour!"

"Those who need to sleep, let them sleep. Those who have to come, will come."

It is still dark when they collect on deck, all on the floor around a bony bespectacled man, his pate shining in the lamp's eerie light. A joyous hymn. Then Gandhiji's soft clear voice rings out.

"When true peace will come, there will be no need for a display. It will shine in our life, individual and collective. Then shall we say Christ is born. We will not think of a day in the year as the anniversary of his birth. We will think of it as a perennial happening which can illumine each of our lives."

"We are yet to achieve Christianity. When we can love one another completely, dispense with all thoughts of retribution, our life will be Christian."

Normally, Gandhiji doesn't like to give talks. He prefers discussion. His grace and humour always keep the debate calm. The more you fight him,

the more you sense his affection. The Privats don't like routine, particularly religious routine. They deliberately drop out of the daily prayer one morning. Gandhiji comes down the stairs to enquire.

"Routines produce hypocrisy," Edmond explains.

"It is a risk, but I can't judge others. We need meditation, so we need an occasion for it. Otherwise the excitement of life strips away all such occasions."

"But each can meditate by himself."

"Quite. But each doesn't. And we live in society. It's a discipline to learn", Gandhiji says.

"We don't like pledges that inhibit. We don't consume meat, alcohol or tobacco, but we must remain free. We

Romain Rolland's suggestion, she came to India to visit Gandhiji's ashram. She has stayed behind to teach and to act as the mother to his entourage. In her white sari, calm and intelligent, she is a disinterested Madonna.

Miraben's baskets of apples and oranges are nearly exhausted. So is her large stock of bitter twigs, from which she fashions indigenous tooth-brushes every morning.

S.S. Pilsna is evidently close to India.

### Arrival In India

Bombay

A tumultuous welcome. "Gandhiji ki jai!" "Inqulab Zindabad!"

Gandhiji does not speak. It is his day of silence.

Gandhiji being garlanded by one person after another. Then suddenly he is gone.

Lost. Edmond and his wife stand helpless on the roadside with their baggage, under a pitiless sun. They don't even know the exact address where they were supposed to go with Gandhiji. Except that the house is called Mani Bhawan.

A car honks.

The head out of the car window is that of a local jeweller, a co-passenger with the Privats on the boat.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just waiting."

"For what?"

"For someone to help us."

"No problem. I'll take you to Mani

Immediately Gandhiji's sharp eyes pick up his friends. He smiles broadly and signals to them.

Miracle! The masses divide, like the Red Sea under Moses' baton, and the Privats walk straight into Mani Bhawan. They are received by Desh Sevikas in orange saris and the next moment find themselves being garlanded. A touching welcome.

Gandhiji gives a public speech at five today. The Privats turn up at the maidan. A vast space, entirely covered by lakhs of people sitting calmly on the grass. Vendors are selling oranges and bananas at discounted prices. An anonymous philanthropist has sent water-carriers with their leather waterbags. No police at all. Women volunteers are guiding people.

At exactly five, a shout which dies quickly. Gandhiji climbs the steps to the stage and sits in front of the microphones. His voice comes from the speakers, calm and precise. Occasionally a small movement of the left hand. But no excitement at all.

Curious Christmas gifts, he says, are Abdul Ghaffar's deportation, Jawaharlal's arrest and martial law in three provinces. Still he does not advise conflict. All means of negotiation must be explored. But if there is no understanding and a new ordeal has to be faced, he counts on every man, woman and child to do his or her duty, with discipline and without violence. Each should be ready to make the greatest sacrifice. But the Englishman's life must be treated as sacred, even if he takes recourse to his gun.

The silence and discipline of the crowd are astounding. When the speech ends, the assembly melts slowly and it takes an hour for the field to empty. Gandhiji returns to Mani Bhawan. So do Edmond and his wife.

The Privats keep travelling to various parts of Bombay to see the city for themselves. Miraben takes them one morning to a flower-garden. As they stop at a temple on their way back, a brahmin bends to take the dust from her feet. "You are his disciple, after all," he says.

Edmond goes to a bank, to change some money. The moment he gives his local address, a crowd surrounds him. "You're the one who came with Gandhiji, aren't you? You are our friend!" A cup of tea arrives.

### Conflicts And Concerns

In the evening the Privats climb to the roof terrace of Mani Bhawan where Gandhiji works. In his favourite corner, he is writing letters. His eyes twinkle above the glasses at their sight, "Well, well, the young inseparables? When are you going to the Elephanta Caves?"

"We will. But right now we're making the acquaintance of the people of Bombay."



GANDHIJI WITH ROMAIN ROLLAND and his sister Madeleine Rolland (right). The picture was taken when Bapu was on his way to Switzerland.

haven't signed up for anything."

"What about the person who needs to depend on your pledge? What, for example, would you say of a person who respects the truth in principle, but chooses to remain free to lie one day? That can be just the day you need him to speak up for you."

These exchanges take place in front of all. The Akshian at Gandhiji's feet, he has already christened it Sita. Miraben sorts her many baskets. Easy-going Devdas eagerly watching his father. Pyarelal silently taking notes. Mahadev checking some papers spread out on the floor.

Miraben, an Englishwoman, is well-known to Governors in India as the daughter of Admiral Slade. On

The quay is full of people. A sea of Gandhi caps. But the front lines are only of policemen: the English wear white hats, the Indian yellow berets.

Two women come forward from the crowd. A young bright Antigone. Jawaharlal Nehru's daughter. The other is a snowhaired petite woman. Kasturba.

Like a child, Gandhiji is eager for the news. Nehru has been arrested. Curfew in Frontier Province. Abdul Ghaffar Khan is deported. Firing in Peshawar, several dead and injured. A storm is brewing.

Privats' hastily bought baggage is passed by customs. Free at last. But the crowd has separated them from the group. From a distance they see

Bhawan. Bapuji will worry if you don't turn up there."

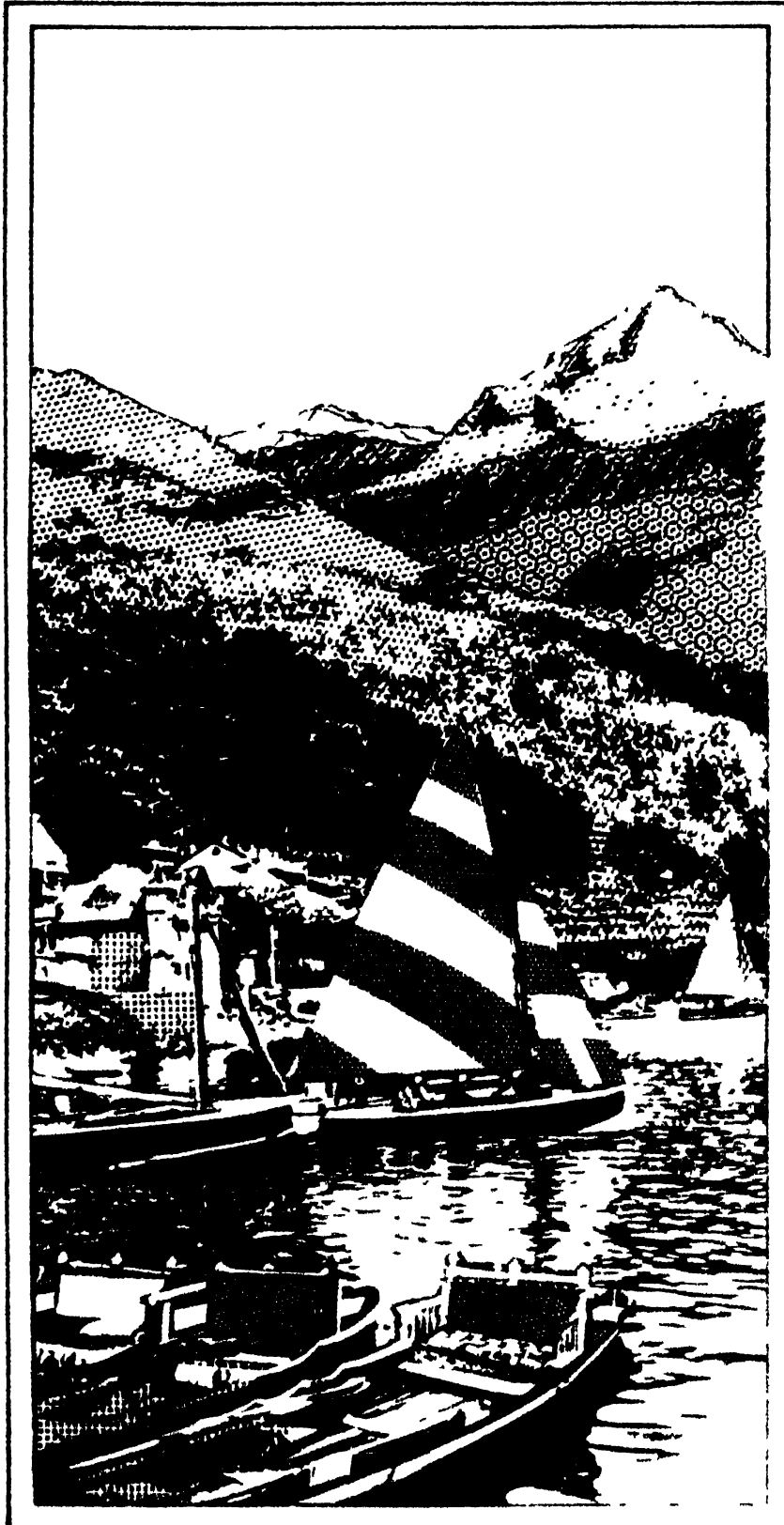
Ten pairs of hands guide the Privats, luggage, parasol and all, promptly in the car. Edmond is amazed. Everybody talks of Gandhiji as of a family intimate, a "father".

Mani Bhawan is quite close. But the car can't enter the street because of the immense crowd. Edmond and his wife try to make it on foot, luggage in hand. Not easy either, as the crowd is compact and all eyes are on a balcony on the second floor.

A huge clamour. Gandhiji appears on the balcony with his friends. Perspiring and exhausted, the Privats try to get ahead, causing a disturbance in the crowd.

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Good But Bombay is a city after all You must meet our villagers, they are the bulk of the land "

The next day the Privats decide to venture further Early morning they take the train to Borivli At Borivli there is only a tonga to go any further As the Privats ponder their next step, they notice a person who seems to have been following them An agent of CID, no doubt Well, they have nothing to hide from anybody The truth, Gandhiji says, is the only practical method. "If it is good for science, it is good for me "

Edmond decides to treat the man the way Gandhiji prescribes that a policeman should be treated as a friend He asks him for direction and guidance

The Privats are stopped in their track by the sight of a sadhu, with matted hair and ash-covered torso

They ask him, "Is it necessary to retire into seclusion to reach for truth, or is it possible to find it while living and working among one's fellowmen? "

It is my *dharma* to find truth this way, yours may be to find it quite another way which pleases you The truth does not lie in the way Where are you from? "

We are from Europe We have just come with Gandhiji

The sadhu's eyes shine this time

So he is back! Whatever happens, he will triumph It's all written The foreigners ought to let India follow its own destiny

As the Privats turn to leave, the sadhu adds, "May happiness and joy come to our friends"

### Highly Charged Atmosphere

When they return in the evening, the atmosphere in Mani Bhawan seems highly charged A journalist friend, an American, tells them that the Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, has sent a telegram refusing to meet Gandhiji to discuss the penal measures adopted In fact, the Viceroy's secretary has signed the response and insisted on the continuance of the measures for maintenance of law and order'

Now", says the journalist, "there will be civil disobedience Thousands of arrests Lathi charge on processions And, doubtless, the arrest of Gandhiji "

Two in the morning Members of Congress Committee have just left In his pajamas, Edmond decides he must see Gandhiji The air is warm and heavy in the roof terrace Tired people sleeping all round But Gandhiji is in his favourite corner, fully awake Bare torso, bent head, lips curled in concentration He is writing a response to the Viceroy

As Gandhiji turns to accept a glass of warm, salted lime-water—his favourite drink—from Miraben, his sharp ears pick up the sound of Edmond's footfall A pair of tired but benign eyes look up from above large

glasses The creased face is suddenly lit with a glowing smile

"Don't you ever sleep?" The concern of a grandfather Then detailed enquiry about the Privats' travel plans

Edmond is overwhelmed On the frail shoulders of this aging man rests the burden of an entire people How can he still worry about the little problems of his friends? "

"You are babes in the wood here and I'm responsible for you!" He laughs and adds, "In a few days I may be a guest of the Government So I'm going to write a letter of introduction for you to each of my friends who are less likely to be royal guests

Edmond remonstrates, 'I'd rather you write a brief and general letter I can then take some addresses from Devdas'

'All right That's a practical idea But you must tell me later how you fare with such a novel Indian passport

Six lines in English, three in Hindi and a signature That small square piece of paper will be later a passport indeed the Privats will stay anywhere, eat anywhere get any help they need all just by showing that note

During the day Gandhiji's other son Ramdas takes the Privats round showing sculptures and monuments his father insists they must see At night, an air of anticipation at Mani Bhawan Edmond watches Gandhiji dictate his last minute appeal to the public

While I expect every man and woman not to retreat, however great the sacrifice or suffering but to face this ordeal of fire bravely and humbly, I hope that they will observe the strictest possible non violence in thought, word and action, whatever be the provocation I would urge you not to be in anger against men who work for the Government Our struggle is not against persons but

**EDMOND PRIVAT, whose brief companionship with Gandhiji proved to be a turning point in his life**



against the measures taken'

A sudden whimper A hardened English correspondent is in tears

A curt reply comes from the Viceroy "The Government of India cannot permit its policy to depend on your personal judgement regarding measures which have been taken after due consideration "

### The Final Act

Edmond is suddenly taken ill Cold and fever Doctors among Gandhiji's friends examine him Take two aspirins A hot bath And go to sleep early

How do I know if something important happens at night?

Don't worry We'll wake you up

The aspirins have their effect Profound sleep

Loud banging on the door The Privats jump up The watch shows three in the morning

What is it?

The police are here

The police!

They are coming up the stairs Devadas has gone to awake Bapuji

Quick! Shirt, slippers, passport One never knows

Just outside their room an English sergeant in khaki uniform stops them

Who are you?

We live here'

How?

We are invitees of Gandhiji

Devadas turns up on the scene

These are special funds of my father Please let them pass

Gandhiji is at the top of the stairs

Commissioner Wilson, in his white hat, stops a few steps below him Apologetically, he shows a red document and says humbly, 'I have to arrest you, Mr Gandhiji'

Gandhiji has instantly realised the discomfort of the man He responds with a radiant reassuring smile Then he takes out his huge pocket watch and indicates an arc he needs thirty minutes to get ready Suddenly everyone remembers it is his day of silence Wilson is relieved He happily says, Please take your time

About to turn, Gandhiji remembers that the Englishman is still surrounded by a hostile group indignant that he should come to arrest Gandhiji in the middle of the night like a common criminal He stuns the group with an unexpected signal to Miraben Commissioner Wilson must be given a glass of goat's milk

Gandhiji writes some quick notes to Vallabhbhai Patel, to the workers of Ahmedabad and finally to his English friend Verrier Elwin The last says "Tell your countrymen that I love

them as much as my own I have never acted out of hate or ill will towards them and with the grace of God I hope I never will

Gandhiji looks at his pocket watch Not much time is left His friends stand in a close circle Edmond and his wife among them and chant his favourite Vaishnava hymn

Gandhiji takes leave of his family Others take the dust from his feet Gandhiji pats them on the back He wants them to treat it all lightly He likes to avoid emotional scenes Miraben is in fury that her country should dare to touch her master Gandhiji caresses her face Finally he grasps Edmond's hand with both hands His look says 'You wanted to see India, didn't you?'

Finally, Gandhiji is out of Mani Bhawan He enters the police van The door is closed

The crowd has already begun to collect on the street The shout goes up, *Gandhiji ki jai!*

Lights come on in house after house window after window Balconies are filling up *Gandhiji ki jai!*

The van has started moving Edmond and wife stand hand in hand on the pavement People are flowing out into the streets They are all suddenly orphaned The van picks up speed and begins to disappear in a cloud of dust

That was the last time the Privats saw Gandhiji

By themselves, they travelled over India, visiting all the cities, tombs and monuments Gandhiji had suggested in his three-page note that they should see They kept their pledge with Gandhiji Travelling and talking to hundreds of people who knew Gandhiji, they felt they had solved the mystery of the man's extraordinary influence Gandhiji was, very simply, a man of love whose simple and direct affection was impossible to resist and it overnight made friends out of enemies and indifferent people Love—that was the only clue to the man's inexplicable power over the hearts and minds of men

### Epilogue

They remembered that the day Gandhiji took the boat from Brindisi two burly men had stood on the pier Scotland Yard men who had not let Gandhiji out of sight for three months Following Gandhiji across Europe watching his every move, hearing his every word, a strange experience had overcome them both they had fallen in love with their quarry They kept the crowd from pressing on him they carried his shawl if he forgot it

Now, as Gandhiji boarded the boat for India, they felt they were losing their closest friend The two detectives stood on the pier, tirelessly waving their white handkerchieves long after the ship had disappeared in the blurry mist of their tearful eyes



# A Gandhi

On the evening you left us  
I grieved more  
Than at my mother's passing  
On the evening you left us  
I loved you more  
Than ever I loved my father.  
A brine-pit trembled in my palms  
I emptied the cup into the sea  
Salt unto salt  
For water-haunting birds  
For flocks of returning children  
.....

O lamentful thirtieth of January  
O blessed second of October  
We programme atonements  
In a litany of memorials  
Look for your presence in the sky  
Make penitence on noisy pavements  
Buy your trivial-coloured lithograph  
And coffin it on the lacerated wall  
By the cloister of a closed window  
And glad are we to enthrone a sage  
In the glory of a postage stamp  
For long and loving lip service

Are you not by any chance  
Some sort of a strange kin  
To that son of a carpenter from Galilee?  
That princely mentor from the garden of Lumbini?  
The ascending steps, the clockwise movement?  
Tattered banner of a landmark in man's evolution?  
An enamelled streetsign in unknown towns?  
Holy used-up face flourishing a toothless grin?  
The hero behind the unfound door in an unwall'd house?  
Swatter of soliloquies in the conflagration of noonlight?  
The ambitious blunderer, the sad laughing clown?  
The saint who clipped the phrases of his misunderstood wings  
The open-minded preacher, soul-force's cognoscente?  
The old man in the history book?  
Patron figure of tea-stalls and eating houses?  
The ineffectual guard at the entrance to toddy-shops?  
The gentle man who clattered dishes in the kitchen?  
Experimented with Truth, erasing the stink of sinks?  
The hermit forever undressed in public  
Because his brothers were bereft of clothes?  
The sage who shaved himself without a mirror  
For fear of confronting a million haggard likenesses?  
The well-bred man who made a mess of his family  
But to whom a vast world wished to be bound?  
Grain of sugar and grace of salt  
In the time-caten meal-plate of Everyman?  
The simpleton who dreamt of voyaging  
Beyond the familiar perimeter of violence?  
The pilgrim who sought the god of the musty temple  
And found the Real Image in the prayer of the lowborn?



# Sutra

by Badri Narayan

For the toiler come as sweat  
For the hungry descend as food  
For the sick bring comfort in a bottle of medicine  
For the homeless as a one-room tenement  
For Everyland as the International Anthem of Peace  
God with one name, no name, two names, too many names  
O, all our brethren confer  
Some small grant of the mind's equanimity

The glasses you wear are the spectacles of truth  
The wand in your hand is the staff of life  
Your goat is the steed of Paradise  
The watch in the folds of your loin-cloth is time eternal  
For you are the regulator of the spinning-wheel

From exigencies and daily angers  
From darkness lead us into sunfire  
From sunburst into constellations  
For beyond the grammar of stars  
In glory lie other words of worlds

Will the fruit of the prophet's exodus fall upon us?  
On a certain day he dreamed we purloined his nimbus  
Crowned the sprouting thorns of hair on his head  
With unhealing sores fallen from a mushroom cloud

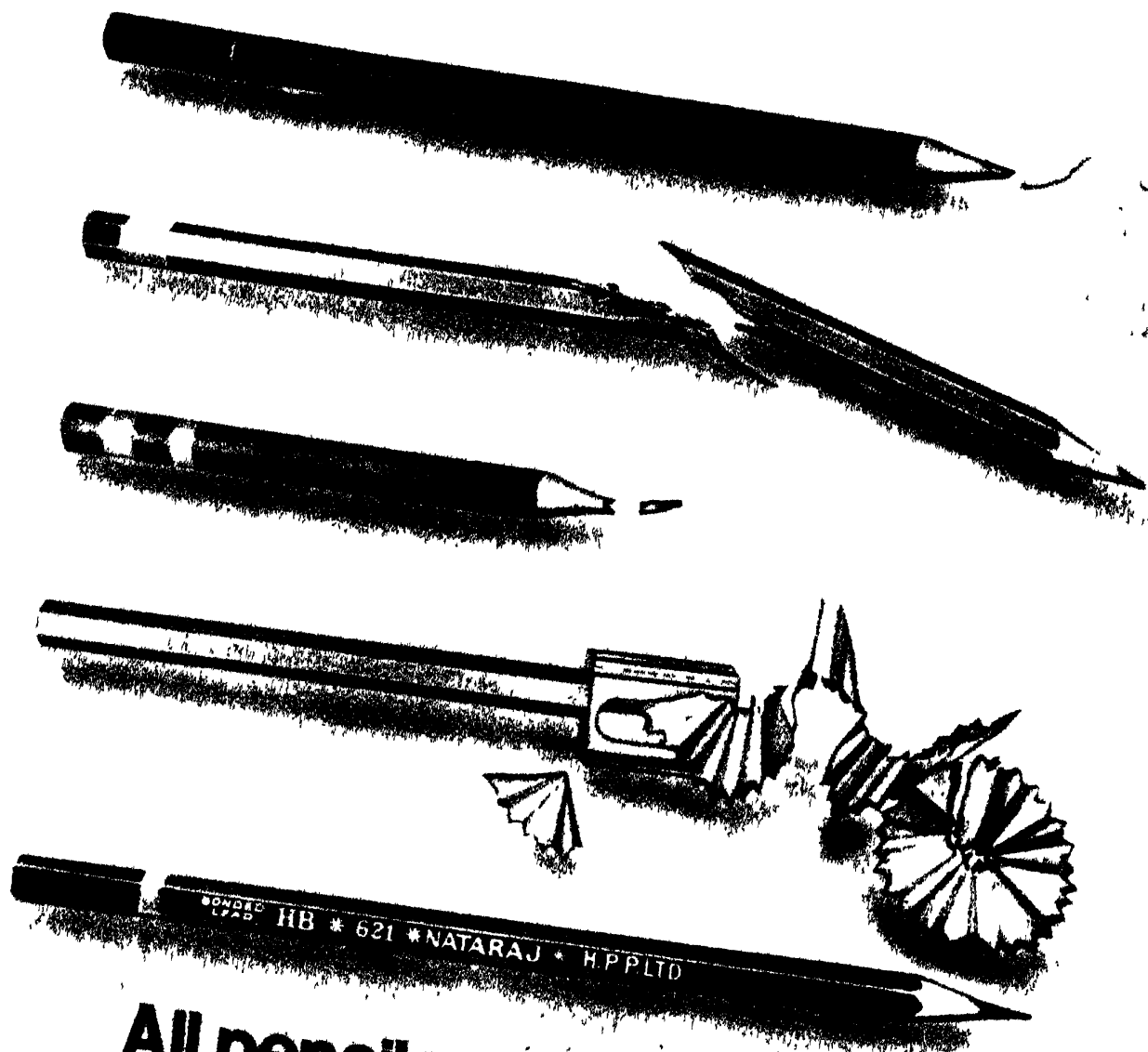
Now they come with quiet brow and bowed head  
These friends, and sons of brothers  
Who once manacled you with wristlets of revilement  
Kindly they lead your carcass by its shrinking hand  
Clamber up the laddered verses of steps  
To unveil your effigy in the expanse of the city-square  
A world applauds, mistaking the centre of the town  
For the hub of the heart's kingdom

You were tested by a malicious brother  
He gave you a taste of your own blood  
For you would not will to shed another's  
By the grace of God saints die and depart  
But the grace of the assassin elects them for evermore

I send you a collage of words  
Pitched up with a little gum of guilt  
Kindly do not take my uncouth lines  
Unto the cross at your breast  
A brother's unlucky wishes felled you there  
Let my lines quietly fall  
A simple exercise at suppliance  
At your journey-welted feet  
Where between the threshold of gnarled toes  
Lie bits of tear-damp earth  
Glinting like tesserae of gold  
Charioteer, gift the traveller with a signal of reassurance

ILLUSTRATION BY BADRI NARAYAN

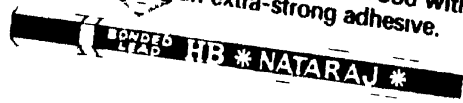




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**The Irani Cup was an exercise in rungetting futility. This became obvious from the final sixteen chosen for the tour of Australia and New Zealand. If this was the final team, it could have been picked a fortnight before it was and then better conditioned for the tour.**

**by Raju Bharatan**

**SURINDER AMARNATH** is not our Irani Cup of tea! This is the message that emerged loud and clear after tea on the final day of the Irani Cup contest when the selectors retired to pick the long-delayed Indian team for the tour of Australia.

After all, what more did Surinder need to do to gain selection? He hit 235 in style, bat in hand, and, as a *left-hander*, was in a position to fill a major lacuna in our batting line-up. But Surinder could have come in only at the expense of Yashpal Sharma or Sandeep Patil and, on this point, the selectors already had a closed mind, judging by the fact that Yashpal and Patil were left out of the final Rest of India eleven on the ground that their selection was a foregone conclusion.

In fact, the way T.E. Srinivasan finally got in is a pointer to why Surinder could not be fitted in. Like Surinder, in the middle order, Srinivasan could have come in only in place of Yashpal Sharma or Sandeep Patil. Hence Gavaskar's ploy of shifting Srinivasan to the top spot on the reasoning that, like Anshuman Gawkwad, he was a better player of pace than spin.

There was room only at the top where, in terms of the future, Arun Lal, the straightest bat in India after Gavaskar and Viswanath, had youth and technique in his favour. But Arun, at crucial selection time, has more than once got this attack of jitters, so that his Irani Cup failure opened the path for

Srinivasan, with Srikanth too failing to seize his chance.

Srikanth is still young and bound to get a look-in if he keeps it up; but against Arun Lal there must now remain a big question-mark in terms of *temperament*. A pity seeing in every other way this thoroughbred is cut out for the highest class of cricket.

## Set Pattern

For the rest, there are no real surprises. A certain pattern was set last season by which our selectors took their pick only from a chosen few. This pattern has been sustained: the selectors first proceeded to pick, for this tour, the twelve they had named for the Jubilee Test against England and then added to the list the four needed to complete the sixteen.

Thus nothing Surinder Amarnath did in that splendid rearguard action could change the pattern. Surinder went out of the India eleven on the ground that he was shaky against pace and a bit of a shirker in the field. It is now argued that he is a different proposition against pace with the helmet on. But then the same argument is put forward in the case of Brijesh Patel, not to speak of Madan Lal.

The validity of the argument can be tested only against *peak* pace—and not on the sleeping beauty that is the Kotla wicket. Neither of Brijesh Patel nor of Madan Lal, nor of the Amarnath Brothers, can it be said that they haven't had their chances. The point at issue is whether you move forward or keep going back.

If it is a question of moving forward, why Chetan Chauhan? you may ask. Is he an investment for the future, as are Kirti Azad and Yograj Singh?

Here it is well to remember that Chauhan was a strokeless wonder until he went to Australia in 1977-78. It was on the pacier Australian wickets that he first began playing shots, hence his return to Kangaroo soil.

After the way he shaped against Pakistan last season, there are some doubts about Chauhan's

capacity to keep one end going so that Gavaskar and Viswanath may lay the foundation of a decent score from the other. But Chauhan is a fighter all the way, Gavaskar believes he has a vital role in the India team as anchor man and Chetan is the one man who with the years gives nothing away in the field.

## Mental Make-Up

How then, it may be asked, are we building for the future when each of our three openers, Gavaskar, Chauhan and Srinivasan, is past 30?

Well, this is one aspect of our cricket in which it is not so much age as the capacity to withstand pace that matters. Srinivasan has demonstrated by the way he handled Imran Khan and by his general consistency that he has the *mental* make-up to tackle pace. Any man who has the ability to do this must command pride of place in the India team of today.

Yograj Singh's selection should not really come as a surprise. Right from the start of the season he has been a most steady performer. Yograj is a versatile field and needs only a tour to tone up his batting, which holds out possibilities.

The same holds good for Kirti Azad, who has the right approach for a tour on which we have so many one-day games. But drawing a balance between the one-day and the five-day game is an art and Azad needs to learn the virtue of restraint. While retaining his sunny outlook on the game, he needs to approach it in a slightly more serious frame of mind if he is not to go the V. Subramanyam way on this Australian tour.

It is hard lines for Sunil Valson, but it should have been obvious that our selectors would never plump for the genuine quickie who bats only so much and no more. Plus there was an added complication in the fact that Valson, like Ghavri, bowled left-handed. There may be some doubts about the continued utility of Ghavri himself, but then so often has this left-hander pulled out something extra where it

comes to the crunch that one has to give it best. Clearly this is Ghavri's last tour unless he displays a better consistency of effort.

## Ever Reddy!

I deplore the selection of Bharath Reddy, who must be just about the luckiest cricketer on earth. After the way Reddy failed to seize his wicket-keeping chance on a *full* tour of England, clearly there was no place for him in the India team. With Syed Kirmani at his peak but not getting any younger, the second wicket-keeper should have been a prospect for the future.

The choice here, therefore, should clearly have been Ved Raj. There was no point, absolutely no point, in sending another Indrajitsinhji to Australia in Bharath Reddy.

Off the field, Reddy is a popular tourist with the Indian players, but surely a professional like Gavaskar could not have allowed such extraneous factors to weigh in the matter. Sunil should have put his foot down and, I feel, the selectors would have seen reason. The way Bharath Reddy surfaces every time there is a tour on is nothing short of scandalous. His legside collection should automatically disqualify him.

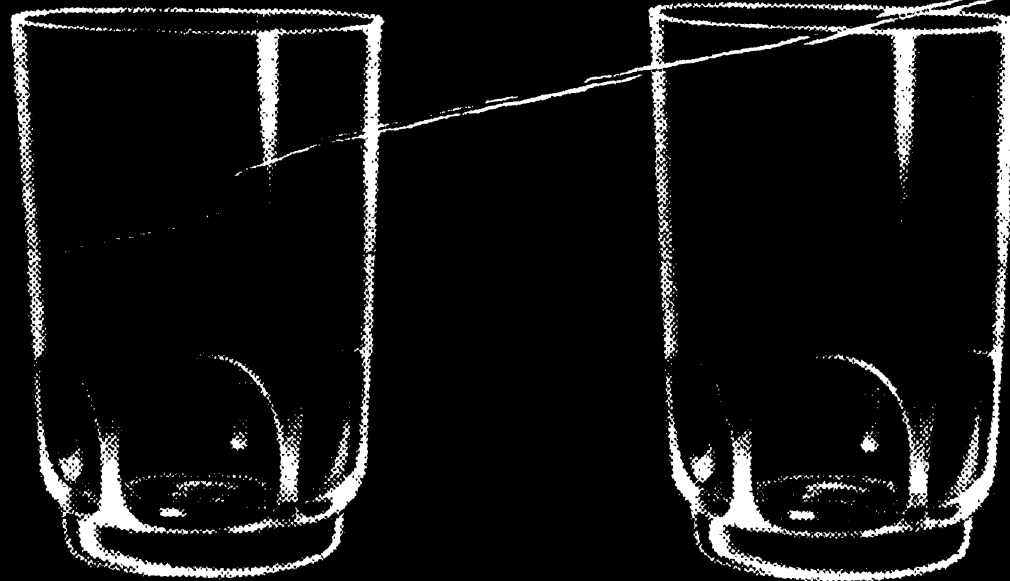
## Dreary Medium Pace

Otherwise the team has a certain balance. Only the bowling would seem to lack the penetration needed to make a dent in the Australian batting of today. How sad to see that India, too, are beginning to say goodbye to spin! With just Dilip Doshi and Shivalal Yadav in the team, our bowling must wear the routine look, while the Australians cherish the memory of Bedi, Chandra and Prasanna.

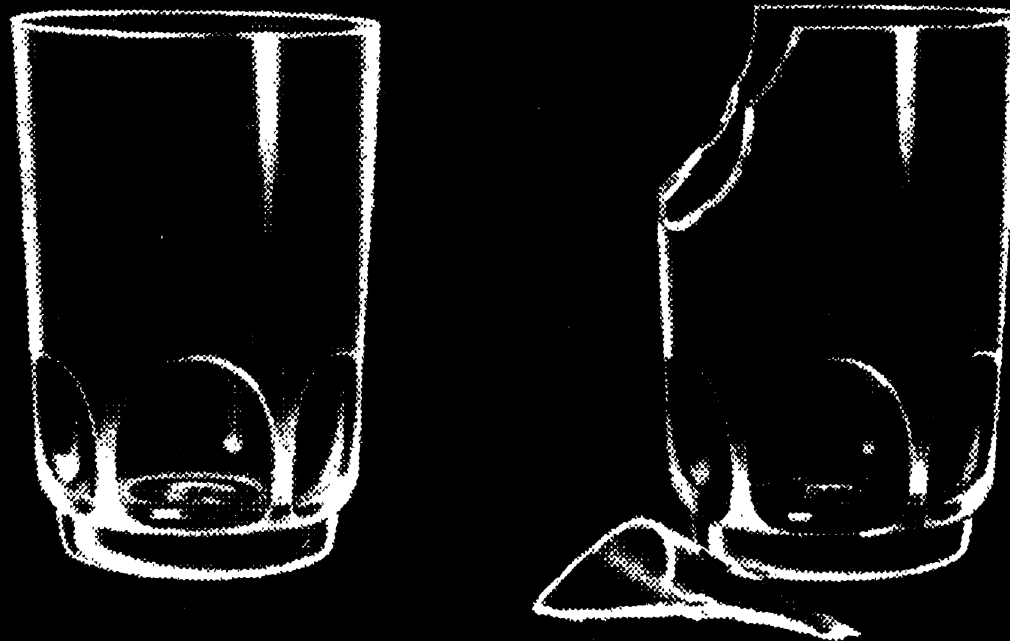
They will thus find this attack the very antithesis of what made India so different in Test Cricket. No wonder Yajurvendrasinh never came into the selection picture—there are no bat-pad catches left for the likes of him to hold!

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# The Golden



An English Lady's  
Life In  
Moghul Delhi - 1

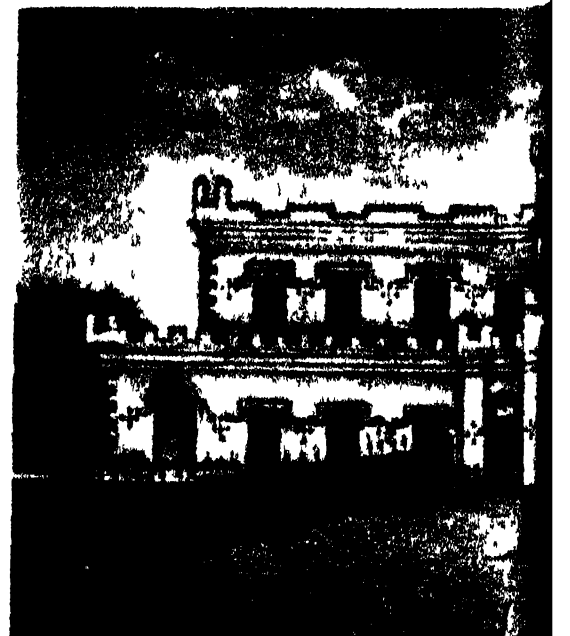
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by Emily, Lady Clive Bayley  
and her father,  
Sir Thomas Metcalfe

Edited by M.M. Kaye

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LADY EMILY CLIVE BAYLEY (left). Below. The  
Residence of the Agent to the Governor General,  
called "Ludlow Castle"





**THE ID PROCESSION OF BAHADUR SHAH.** Seen in this section, from left (mounted on the elephants), are the Emperor, the Heir Apparent with other sons and relatives, the Resident Assistant and Commandant of the Escort, and the Queen Consort.

THE ID PROCESSION OF BAHADUR SHAH

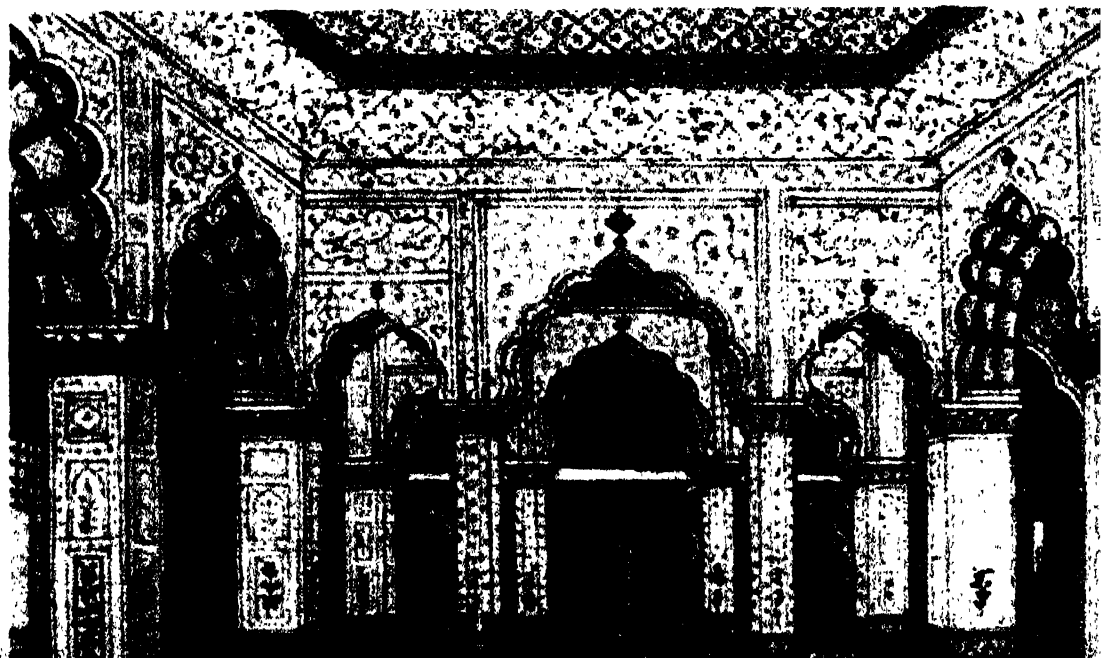
alm

The reminiscences which form the text of this beautiful book cannot fail to intrigue the scholar, the historian, the art-lover and, indeed, every Indian, since his forebears lived in the era of British presence in our country. The span of 25 years covered here may be looked upon as an interval of comparative calm before the stormy outbreak of the Mutiny in 1857—an event which changed the destiny of India.

In 1813, Sir Thomas Metcalfe took up his position as the British Resident and Agent to the Governor-General at the Moghul Court in Delhi. Here he spent all his working life (till his mysterious death in 1853), and compiled a magnificent collection of paintings under the title, *Reminiscences of Imperial Delhie*, which he bequeathed to his daughters.



**THE YELLOW BOYS** was the nickname by which Skinner's Horse—the Fourth Irregular Cavalry—was known. Below: An example of intricate Moghul art. The declining Moghul power still maintained the pomp and ceremony of its past glory.





His daughter Emily was born in India, but spent her childhood in England. At the age of seventeen she rejoined her father in Delhi and two years later married Sir Edward Clive Bayley, then Under Secretary to the Foreign Department. An ideal complement to Sir Metcalfe's collection of original paintings is the journal written by Emily, edited and copiously annotated by none other than M.M. Kaye, whose recent novels, *The Far Pavilions* and *Shadows Of The Moon* made such a stir in two continents.

The creation of a remarkable trio, *The Golden Calm* is a kind of *tableau vivant* of bygone Delhi. It is soon to be published in the UK by Webb and Bower. The *Weekly* affords you a preview of the book in 2 instalments.

*My early recollections are all confined to my home at Delhi where I spent most of my infancy the beautiful house—the river the birds the kind faithful old servants have never been forgotten but I do not remember any events beyond the nocturnal visit of a large wild cat who somehow got into my mother's bedroom and drank up a cup of tea by her bedside. This must have been when I was between three and four.*

*The next event was my Uncle Clem Browne's marriage to Miss Davidson, which took place in my father's house when I was four years old, and I also remember an accident to my sister Georgie, who when about two years old was roughly pushed off the sofa in the drawing room by a little play fellow and broke her collar bone. The bone was set by Dr Mark Richardson for whom both my sister and I always entertained much affection all through his life. He was a great and valued friend of both Father and Mother and had been associated almost from the beginning with our old Indian home.*

*Then, in February 1835 my sister Eliza was born, and I can well remember the curiosity with which we inspected her and enquired where she had come from?*

*Soon after this occurred the event which I clearly remember to this hour and though I was then only four and a half it made a deep and lasting impression on me—the murder of the Honourable William Fraser, Commissioner and Resident at the Court of the King of Delhi.*

*It was Sunday evening, March 22, 1835 Georgie and I were sitting in the Bay Drawing room with Mother who was instructing and reading to us how clearly I remember her that evening sitting between us? My Father was sitting in the Napoleon Gallery, a room dedicated to the memory of the Great Napoleon, of whom he was a great admirer. It was full of books and pictures of Napoleon at all periods of his history and contained many valuable bronzes, busts and relics of him (although many of these were collected in later years). The whole house was still and hushed as only an Indian house can be when suddenly there were sounds of great stir amongst the servants, and my Father came hurriedly into the room where we were sitting and announced Mr Fraser's death, and that he was going out at once to enquire into the murder*



CAMELS UNLOADING after a day's journey.

*How well I remember clinging to my Mother, and her horror at the news—and our childlike fears for our Father's safety, because if Mr Fraser had been murdered, perhaps Papa would be killed too! We heard the carriage drive rapidly away and we sat by our Mother who was silent and remained there until Father's return. I shall remember that day I think as long as I live. In that same room where we were sitting hung a coloured print of Sir Joshua Reynolds' well-known picture of two children's heads, one fair and one dark, and I suppose this event fixed that picture and its position indelibly in my memory, for I never forgot it.*

*I can distinctly remember, too, old Colonel Skinner, and the Begum, his wife, who gave me my Indian dress—they were both in Delhi at this time—and I also remember that later on in that same year we had to leave our home at Delhi, Georgie and I, to travel with our dear Mother to Calcutta, preparatory to going to England.*

*This would have been Colonel James Skinner, the famous 'Sekunder Sahib', who married an Indian lady, built the church at Delhi and raised and commanded Skinner's Horse, a cavalry regiment nicknamed the 'Yellow Boys'—not because they were yellow in the modern meaning of that word, but because of the colour of their uniforms. Skinner's mother had been Indian, and his exploits not only would fill a book but have in fact filled several, the latest of which 'Skinner of Skinner's Horse' by Philip Mason—that Arthur Bryant of the Raj will well repay anyone who is interested in learning more about this fabulous character. His regiment is still going strong, and it is to be hoped that many Skinners will grow up to command the 'Yellow Boys' in the years to come.*

*In 1947, when India became independent, James Skinner's sword, on which each new recruit took an oath of allegiance to the regiment, was brought back to England by the British officers who had served in Skinner's Horse, and presented to the National Army Museum to put on display. But it has recently been returned to the regiment "on permanent loan", so that now, once again, newly joined troopers of that famous regiment will be able to touch "Sekunder Sahib's" own sword as they are sworn in.*

*In Calcutta I do not remember the parting from my dear Mother except in a vague hazy way. But it must have been some time in February 1836 that she put us—Georgie*

*and me—on board the sailing ship 'Broxbournecherry' for England. We were consigned to the care of a dear old servant, Phoebe Saunders, whose fortunes had been associated for years with my Mother's family. She took devoted care of us and has always been a true and faithful friend. The Captain of the ship, Captain Chapman, had us under his special charge, as also had Mr Robert Saunders, an old friend of my Father's.*

*A few of the incidents of the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope remain in my memory—the capture of a dolphin and its glittering colours as it lay on deck, the noise and fun amongst the sailors on 'crossing the Line'—an old custom now I believe fallen into abeyance, the anchorage at St Helena, and the road on which we drove up the Castle hill when we landed for a few hours. I have never seen a picture of St Helena that I can remember, but I still have a vivid recollection of the place as seen from the ship.*

*Our voyage came to an end some time in June 1836, when we landed at Weymouth and Phoebe Saunders conveyed us by coach to Clifton to our Grandmother, Mrs Browne, who was to have care of us.*

*This dear old lady was then living in Saville Row, Clifton with her old friend Mrs Lawrence—mother of my Uncle George Lawrence—into that house we were both lovingly welcomed, and I can remember nothing but love and kindness and affection from my Grandmother during all the years we were under her care. She was a sweet, tender-hearted, gentle old lady who never wearied of caring for her "little children" for their Mother's sake. Both souls and bodies were carefully tended and instructed, and I remember so plainly even now a little black-bound Prayer Book from which I used to read the evening prayer, "Lighten our Darkness", as I knelt on a chair by the open window in Grandmama's bedroom before I went to bed, she sitting by me and helping me to read.*

*We were ultimately to be consigned to the care of my aunt, Mrs Smythe, my Father's sister—who already had charge of our brother Theo. But as it was not convenient for her to have us at once, we continued for some time with Grandmama. We were very anxious to see Theo and at last were taken to Mrs Bragge's School at Clifton for a meeting with him, although as he was only just recovering from some infectious illness—measles I think—we were not allowed to kiss nor shake hands, but could only look at each other from a distance. I recollect him quite well as he stood on the doorstep and we*

on the gravel path in the garden: a stout, chubby lad wearing a large white turned-down collar with a frill round it, white drawers of the same model with deep frills round his ankles, a little dark frock and stout leather shoes. Mrs Bragge's round red face surmounted with a huge cap with frills rose behind him, and with her large hands laid upon his shoulders, she explained to him who we were.

During the period of British rule in India (which was very brief when one compares it to the length of time that the Roman invaders held power in conquered Britain), hundreds of thousands of British children who were born in that country grew up barely knowing their parents. And year after year weeping mothers took their children down to the great trading ports of Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, and handed them over to the care of friends or nurses to be taken "Home" and brought up by relatives, or in many cases (Rudyard Kipling and his sister Trix among them) by strangers.

Such separations were one of the saddest aspects of the Raj; almost sadder than the terrible toll



NAUTCH GIRLS (above). Left: "Dohieh" or covered litter in which a bride is conveyed to the bridegroom's house.



that heat and disease took yearly from the British who lived in India, and the fact that every mother expected to lose at least three children out of every five she bore—Emily herself was to lose a son and a daughter out there. India was littered with the graves of children, and as a result those who survived infancy were sent home and often did not see their parents again until they were almost grown up, if ever, since many parents, like Emily's mother, died before their children were old enough to go out to join them.

There are touching letters dating from 1838 from Emily herself, writing in England to her parents in India, one of which reads: "My own darling Mama: I was very glad to receive your kind letter dated 17th July 1838 I have got an exercise for the Hip and Grandmama says she thinks it is better I have sent you Eli and Charlie a present The Penwiper and kettle for you, the India Rubber Ball for Eli and the soft Ball for Charlie Grandmama gave me tenpence a week and I saved it up and had £10s d. to spend I bought them in the Soho Bazaar I like London very much J'apprends L'anglais, le Francais, la Musique et la Danse I send my love to all and to Dr Richardson.

"We are going to have a dinner in our dinner set on Theo's birthday Good bye my own darling Mama Your affectionate little Girl Emily."

With a similar disregard for punctuation, Emily appended a brief note to her father: "My own darling Papa: I must write to you, as I have not done so far a long time and hope that you will accept of a pair of slippers from both of us I saw Aunt Sam Swinton the other day Adieu mon cher Pere Your affectionate little Girl Emily."

Nor did such separations happen only in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They continued right up to the Second World War, when it was suddenly discovered that children could remain in India and receive an education there without being ruined by the spoiling of Indian servants, or falling victims to cholera, typhoid, smallpox, malaria, heat-stroke or similar ills. Although, of course, by then medicine had learned to control most of these perils, including hydrophobia and snake-bite. My own brother was left in England to be brought up by relatives when he was only six years old, and I remember my mother weeping over the photographs of him that were sent out to her, because the boy in the studio portraits was not the one she had known. I and my sister were luckier, since girls were not sent "Home" as early as boys. But my brother was twelve before he saw any of us again. And then he did not recognise us.

My husband, too, was only four when he was left behind with a family of maiden aunts in Iceland.

who spoiled and adored him, and whom he somewhat naturally regarded, and always will, as his collective mothers. He had comparatively little use for his own, whom he hardly knew and looked on as an interloper—a stranger. The wives of Indian service officers and all British officials paid a heavier price for serving the Raj than anyone nowadays realises.

Emily was not yet six and Georgie only four when their mother kissed them goodbye on the deck of that sailing ship in Calcutta, and since Emily seems to have no recollection of her brother Theo he must have been sent home when she was very small and he very young, and all too soon Eliza and Charles would be sent home to join them. Poor Lady Metcalfe—poor Felicity Annie, nee Browne! How you must have grieved to see them go and wept over their stilted little letters. Yet you were only one of thousands who had to endure that same cruel grief.

*I had been at Hill House since 1840, the year I first went there with my sister Georgie (Lady Campbell) and it was a blessed home to both of us: to Georgie for ten years and to me for seven. But in 1847, my father having expressed a wish that I should go out to India in the care of my aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs Edward Colvin, it was decided that I was to leave with them that Autumn, and we sailed from Southampton in the steamer Indus on October 20th of that year: less than eight weeks after my seventeenth birthday.*

*Our first halt was at Gibraltar, and as it was also my first experience of foreign life I was enchanted with all I saw that day. The luxuriant abundance of fruit in the market, and the gay, picturesque dresses of the people. It is still as fresh in my memory, forty-seven years afterwards, as if it were yesterday, although I have never seen the place again.*

*A day spent at Valetta, in Malta, was equally full of enjoyment, and our drive to Citta Vecchia and a visit to the Catacombs and to St John's Armoury were sources of great pleasure. Our next halt was at Alexandria where we left the Indus, and after a few hours wandering about the town had to board a steam-berge and travel all night up the Mahmoudieh Canal to Cairo. (There was no Suez*



“ZUMBOORUCKEE” or camel artillery. The name was derived from “zumbooruck”, a piece of ordnance of small calibre.

Canal at that time, and the day that the first ships would pass through it still lay twenty years ahead. MMK)

*The boat was densely crowded with passengers, and of course all the snug berths were given over to the elderly members of the party, the younger ones having to sleep on the floor or wherever they could find a resting-place.*

*We arrived at Boulac on the canal before daylight, and were then driven in omnibuses to Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo, preceded by Arabs running with flaming torches. The hotel was already overflowing with passengers from India who had reached it before we did, so again no beds were available and the elder members of the party laid down on the couches in the public rooms, but we younger members decided to have baths, and were escorted by Arabs through narrow lanes to some establishment where we could get them.*

*We all enjoyed the fun and excitement of walking about an eastern town at night, escorted by several Arab servants with their torches, and having had our baths we were quite ready for coffee and bread and butter when we returned to the hotel. But everything was so new, so delightful and so strange, that of course we were in no mood to go to sleep, and sat on the steps of the hotel until the early morning, watching the gathering together of the donkeys and donkey-boys, and interested by all the strange sights that Cairo presented to us, for in those days it was nothing but an oriental town, with no veneer of European customs.*

*There was then no railroad in Egypt, and the mode of progression across the desert from Cairo to Suez was by small, covered vans drawn by four horses that had been scarcely broken in at all, and driven at a tremendous pace by Arab drivers armed with long whips. I forget how many vans were needed to accommodate all the passengers from the Indus, but each held six people, and our party, which consisted of my uncle and aunt, our friends Mrs Macdonald and Mrs Tierney, myself and Major Charles Havelock, packed ourselves into one that evening to be driven to Suez during the night.*

*It was a most uncomfortable conveyance, and the journey, for those who were not strong, a most trying one. But in those days everything was delightful to me. I was as happy as a bird, and thoroughly enjoyed every moment of my life, even the many discomforts of travel.*

*In one of my novels, *Shadows of the Moon*, I sent a handful of my characters to Suez in one of these desert vans—which must have been among the*

most uncomfortable vehicles ever invented. But, as Emily has pointed out, there were no railways in Egypt at that time (or in India either) and, since there was no Suez Canal, travellers had to choose between a long voyage round the Cape and up the east coast of Africa, or taking a ship as far as Alexandria, disembarking themselves and their luggage there, and going on, via Cairo and the desert, to Suez, where they would board another boat—a P & O or an “East Indiaman”, which would take them down the Red Sea to Aden, and on to India. Incidentally, when the Suez Canal was formally declared open, twenty years later, it was Emily's old school-friend, Eugenie, who graced that ceremony with her presence as Empress of the French.

*There were three halts made on the way to Suez, the drive occupying from seventeen to eighteen hours, across the desert. The caravanserais, or rest-houses, were large enclosures, built of sand and mud, in which there were one or two large rooms (quite bare of furniture except for tables and chairs) where tea and rough meals were provided for the passengers; and there were smaller rooms where the travellers were expected to arrange their dress on the journey. Everything was in the roughest style. In the stables attached to these caravanserais were relays of horses for the vans, and about ten of these cars started together at the same hour, followed at the space of three hours later by another set, and again three hours later by a third, according to the amount of accommodation required.*

*It was a headlong gallop the whole way across the desert, where there was no regular road but only a beaten track along which the cars were in the habit of passing, and as the horses were very wild and often swerved off this track, it was no wonder that in the darkness of the night, going at a furious pace, accidents occasionally happened.*

*Such was our experience, for in the dead of the night, when we were all dozing (or trying to doze despite the shaking and creaking of the carriage) we felt a tremendous shock, and the carriage was overturned. We had gone over a large boulder, and come down with a tremendous smash.*

*Three of the occupants of the car were lying on their backs on the ground, and the other three, of whom I was one, were either thrown on the top of them or thrown out of the door. The Arab drivers rushed after their horses, which had got loose, and we had to attend to ourselves as best we could. Major Havelock was fortunately thrown out at the door,*

*and having sustained no injury, he helped to get me out next, then Mrs Macdonald, and finally Mrs Tierney and my uncle and aunt. All were terribly shaken, but no one except myself had received any injury apart from bruises and shock. I had got a very bad blow over my left eye, and for many days afterwards had to wear a bandage over it.*

*It was an awkward predicament to find ourselves stranded in the desert in the middle of a dark night, but fortunately another van full of passengers came up just as we were beginning to wonder what we should do, and how we were to get on, as one of the wheels was smashed. We then found we were close to one of the caravanserais, where we could get food and rest for some hours.*

*The beautiful starlit night enabled us to reach it without difficulty, so we all walked to it, and remained there until breakfast-time next morning, when we started in a fresh van, and finally, accompanied by the other passengers, reached Suez by midday where we were glad to find ourselves in a large hotel, and to get some tolerable food—roast pigeons and macaroni. The hotel was kept by a Frenchman, and although very eastern in its arrangements had some comfortable bedrooms in which we were able to get to sleep that night. (The nationality of the proprietor probably accounts for the fact that, in spite of describing the meal as merely “tolerable”, Emily can remember, 47 years later, exactly what she ate! MMK)*

*The air of Suez struck me then, as it has done each time, as being so fresh and light and delightful—which was just as well, as we had to remain there until the rest of the passengers came up from Cairo, and the P & O steamer from India arrived to take us all on. This it did two days later, and a boatful of Anglo-Indian passengers took over the hotel while we went on board and occupied the cabins they had vacated.*

*In those days—and well into my own!—“Anglo-Indian” did not mean, as it does now, a person of mixed blood, but any of the British who were in the service of the Government of India, or who, for trade or any other purpose, were resident in that country for the term of their working lives.*

*There is a poem in Kipling's *Just So Stories* that begins “China-going P & Os...”. To those who do not remember the P & Os, the magic letters stand for “Peninsular and Oriental”. And apart from going on to China, the ships of that line carried generations of men and women to and fro between England and India, year after year.*

*In another poem Kipling calls it the “Exiles' Line”—“The Exiles' Line brings out the exiles' line, And ships them homeward when their work is done”... and the final verse ends: “For all the soul of our sad East is there. Beneath the house-flag of the P & O.” The flocks of girls who arrived in India at the beginning of each year came to be known as the “Fishing Fleet”, while those who sailed away again, unwed or unengaged, were known more cruelly as “Returned Empties”. But to thousands of people the P & O stood for adventure, romance and the magic spell of the East, even though to others it meant only hard work or hard fighting, and exile.*

*For a time, after India achieved Independence, the liners still sailed from Southampton or Liverpool to Karachi, Bombay, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta...and on eastward to Rangoon and Penang, Singapore, Hong Kong and Shanghai...But there were fewer and fewer passengers. The Raj had ended and the Air Age had begun, and P & Os, like the dinosaurs, became extinct (the company, of course, is still in existence). Yet as long as anyone who served in the India-of-the-Raj remains alive, they will live on in fond memory.*

*The second instalment of extracts will appear in the issue of November 19.*

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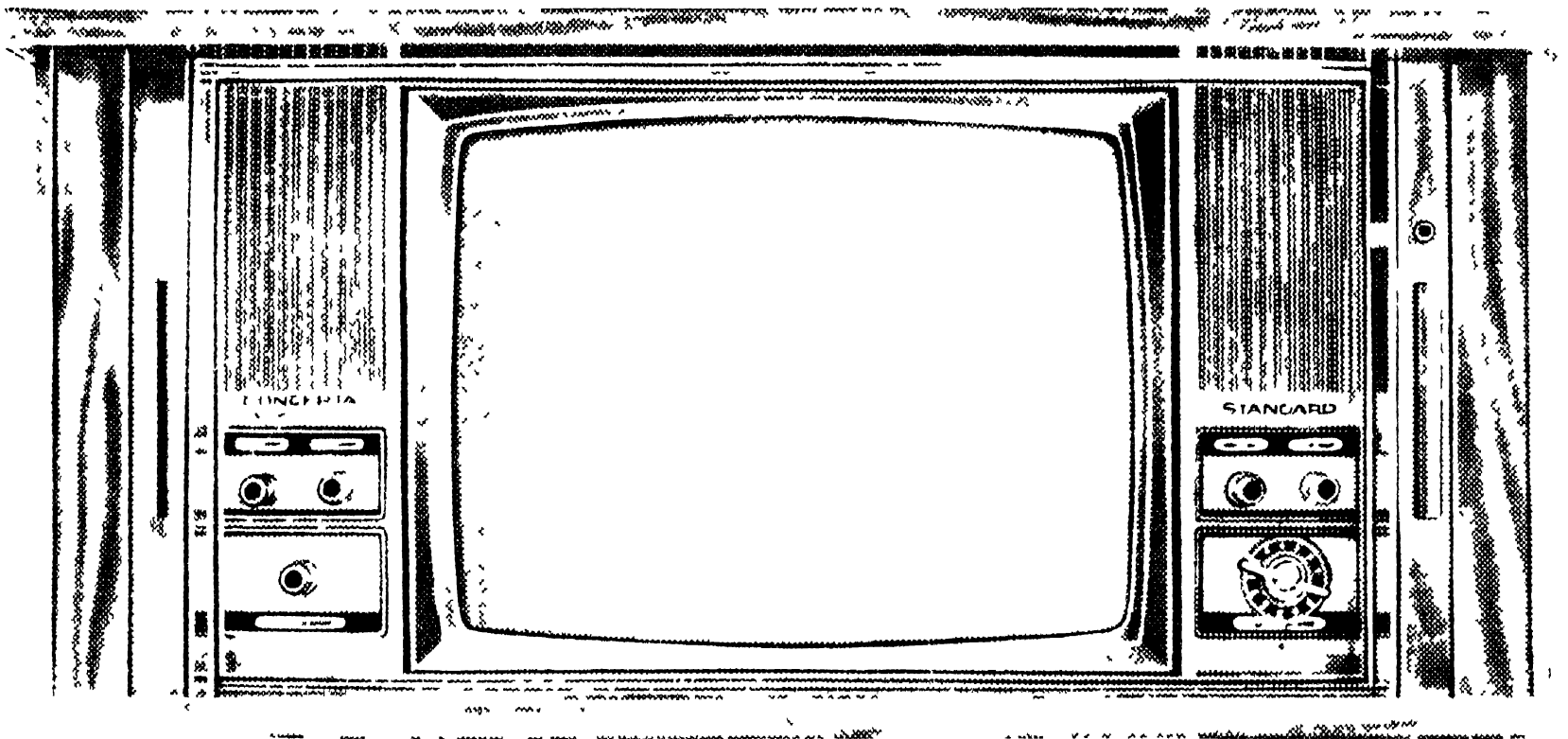
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# Value Of Our Moscow Gold

**N**OW that the event is behind us, it is time for a realistic appraisal of India's hockey gold medal-winning effort at the Moscow Olympic Games. Immediate reactions had varied from unqualified praise by the Prime Minister and a few others to downright ridicule. A well-known cartoonist depicted the representative of this country as lying thoroughly exhausted on the victory-stand, with runners-up Spain and third-placed USSR standing up smartly at the medal-receiving ceremony.

It is not so much the comparison of the physical condition of the respective challengers it reflected as the *ridicule* implied with regard to India's performance that was biting. It was certainly a below-the-belt blow. We need not gloat over India's victory, but there is no need to scoff at the effort either, even granting that the absence of the top four challengers—Pakistan in particular—at Moscow made it less strenuous. I am sure however that, if only Pakistan had participated and we had won the gold, the celebration would have been as euphoric as it was in 1975, when India won the World Cup for the first time at Kuala Lumpur. It would then not have mattered at all that Holland, West Germany, New Zealand (who won the Olympic gold last time at Montreal) and Australia (the then runners-up) had not participated. This little obsession with regard to Pakistan where hockey is concerned has clouded our judgment all along. A victory over Pakistan is rated better than the Olympic gold!

## What Double Standards!

When India was riding the crest, hardly anyone paused to evaluate the worth of the gold medal won at the 1932 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Because of the distance and the absence of the quick mode of transport now available, there were only two teams to oppose India. They were: the USA (the host country, unheard of in big hockey before or since) and Japan. India scored at will, averaging a goal every third minute—almost. No one till today has spoken disparagingly of *that* effort. In fact, great pride was taken in publicising some of the headlines that appeared in news-sheets there at the time; like India doing the rope-trick or the team being compared to the Bengal tigers.

Most followers of the game admit that the political upheaval in the subcontinent has affected our hockey fortunes vitally in that the punch or the measure of aggression provided by the Muslim and Anglo-Indian players no longer operated. Coupled with this is the fact that several

**The telecast of the India-Spain 1980 Moscow Olympics final, notes the author, was at total variance with the picture projected by our radio commentators on the spot. Drawing on his experience as an India-watcher of 35 years' standing in the game, he concludes that we are back on the up grade and have reason now to fear only Pakistan and Holland in world competition.**

by A.T.P. Sarathy



challengers for the Olympic gold have put in a lot of studied and conscious effort over the past 15 years to catch up with the leaders and, in the process, have evolved strategies that could stand up to the most rigorous tests in attack and defence.

Besides, changes have been brought about in the rules of the game and the Indian player, thanks to a variety of circumstances, finds himself in a quandary, trying to play to the whistle of the foreign umpires. On top of all this is the low morale consequent on the series of drubbings suffered since Montreal and the jitters the thought of failure at Moscow could cause Bhaskaran & Co.

## Most Underrated Team

There were not many in this country, before the team left for Moscow, who were prepared to give Bhaskaran and his men an even chance of grabbing the gold. Soviet Russia (who beat India on goal average in the pre-Olympic series in Moscow last

year), Spain (who finished 5th and a place ahead of India in the World Cup at Buenos Aires in 1978), Poland (who have seldom been outplayed by India in the friendly Test series) all loomed large enough to upset our applecart. And the reports from Moscow, that India just about managed to avert defeat by Poland and Spain, scoring last-minute goals in the league series, served only to increase the volume of pessimism. Yet, when India came good, there was no ready appreciation. This is indeed most unfortunate.

In Karachi, earlier this year, when we played in the Champions Cup Invitation Tournament, the local sentiment was so much in favour of India that, in matches other than that against the home side, there was considerable encouragement from the stands for Surjit Singh and his men. And almost every hockey lover there expressed the hope and the desire that the world hockey crown should stay in the subcontinent for innumerable years—when Pakistan

cannot win, it should be India! And vice versa!

It is this trend of thought that has encouraged the pattern of an annual series of Tests between India and Pakistan to be evolved. The Montreal result was a provocative factor. Pakistan has now realised that it would be in the interests of *both* nations to have a regular exchange of visits for hockey. The prime mover in this regard is Air Marshal Nur Khan, whose approach to the game as an administrator has revitalised Pakistan.

## Telltale Results

The absence of goodwill in our country for our own efforts might serve as a terrific damper and that can do no good to the game. Detailing a few past results may perhaps bring India's effort at Moscow into better focus:

*In the Olympics at Montreal in 1976, Pakistan were held 2-2 by Spain.*

*Gold-medal winners New Zealand were also held 1-1 by Spain.*

*New Zealand, who had lost to Pakistan in the league series by 5-2 (half-time score 4-1), squeaked their way into the semifinal past Spain with a sudden-death goal in the play-off. And that was the only goal of the play-off!*

*Again, in the World Cup Tournament at Buenos Aires, Spain lost to Pakistan 1-2 (there were no second-half goals)*

*And Spain lost to Holland by a similar margin (1-2).*

It is only in Karachi early this year that Spain had suffered a big defeat at the hands of Pakistan and Holland. Both Pakistan and Holland have two great match-winners in Samiulla and Paul Litjens. Take them away from the pack and the results would be vastly different.

I feel sure that, had Litjens been playing for Spain in the Olympic final against India at Moscow, he would have single-handedly turned India's moment of elation into one of utter despair. He would have scored from each one of those penalty-corner awards Spain forced in the final phase of the game against India.

## India Deserved To Win

Spain were no mean opponents and India deserved to win that final, if only for the way intrepid inside-left Shahid scored after Spain had surged back into the reckoning with 2 goals in as many minutes—India had earlier established what seemed a winning lead of 3-0.

Poland, it may be recalled, were the winners of the Intercontinental Cup in 1977 in Rome, where 12 teams participated.



The USSR had finished 3rd—behind Poland and Ireland—in that inaugural year of the competition

Kenya, always rated among the keenest competitors, finished 9th

Let us not forget that India had beaten New Zealand, the then Olympic Champions, in the classification games of the Esanda Tournament at Perth last year by 5-3—the very verdict Pakistan had registered against them in the league series—to finish 5th

Let us not also forget that India led Australia 3-1, before being held 3-3 in the Champions Cup series in Karachi early this year and that both at Perth and Karachi the surface was astroturf

Even against West Germany, India did well to hold them 2-2 at half-time before losing 3-4 finally

We had, therefore, to fear most only Pakistan and Holland if the original field of challengers had come to Moscow. Our team at Moscow was younger and played better as a combinative unit and we should count on the Moscow victory as a significant and firm step on the way back to the very summit

#### Providing The Impetus

The International Hockey Federation President septuagenarian Rene Frank has already talked about India having to prove their mettle at the Third

Champions Cup Tournament to be held in Pakistan in January 1981. It appears that the challengers for this splendid trophy, won twice by Pakistan, will be the same as early this year—Holland, West Germany, Australia, India, Spain and Britain. The series of Tests programmed between India and Pakistan before that must help the Indian Hockey Federation plan properly to provide the necessary impetus for the progress towards the summit

The telecast of the India-Spain final and parts of the earlier games presented a picture that was so much at variance with the one projected by our radio commentators. Listening to the commentary on the final, one felt that the pace was breathtaking from start to finish, but the TV view made the rival sides look somewhat listless, until India made the initial breakthrough.

There was no doubt however that this team was well equipped to play all 70 minutes—and more if necessary—at full pace. There was much gusto in the attack and right winger Kaushik played right through as a man possessed.

This winger went out of the reckoning after making the grade some four years ago. He is now back with a vengeance. The leg injuries that plagued him have left, fortunately, no deep scars. But it was surprising to note that a good ball player like Mervyn Fernandes did not quite live

up to the occasion. Both he and Zaffar Iqbal (on the left wing) were less prominent in the final. Talking of Zaffar, he appears to be handicapped a little by Shahid being inclined to go solo often.

Improvements in these two areas must be effected along with a further tightening up of defence. The passage down the middle seems somewhat soft now. Maybe it is due to the reason cited by India Captain Bhaskaran—that, on polygrass, a beaten defender finds it is very hard to recover lost ground. But a way must be devised to provide proper cover for the beaten defender without upsetting the general balance of the side.

Up against a pair of lightning wingers like Samiulla and his younger brother Kalimulla, it profits little to blame the synthetic surface and throw up our hands in despair. At Moscow deep defender Dung Dung seemed to have struck splendid form. But then he is 30 years old and has not many years of competitive hockey on synthetic surfaces left. Bhaskaran and Devinder Singh are also of the older set.

#### No Style Is Good Or Bad

It is in this context that the striking of any rigid stance with regard to the style of play to be adopted is likely to prove harmful. On the eve of the Moscow series Balkishen Singh the team's coach and former Olympic

defender, mused on the usefulness of Western methods on polygrass. Former India Captain Balbir Singh stated, on return from Moscow, that India should stick to the old style.

No style is good or bad—much depends on the players who are required to work out the pattern. India failed miserably during the last few years because of the erosion of strength at centre-half, which is the very hub in the Indian style of hockey. Also, the inside forwards were not just as hard-working and skilful as their predecessors. If the current strength of the India team warrants a change of style to meet certain specific demands, there should be no hesitation in doing so. Constant experimenting with different styles has helped the Western teams improve a lot. Their experiments followed a close and critical study of camera records of rival styles.

Raghu Singh Bhola, Manager of the India team at Montreal, bought a video camera for the use of the Indian Hockey Federation from the funds that came through playing exhibition games before the Olympics. If the IHI has got hold of the equipment from the Customs (where it was held up long) it does not seem to have been put to any use.

A scientific and not a dogmatic, approach to problems can help us. For this the IHI must be led by the right person.



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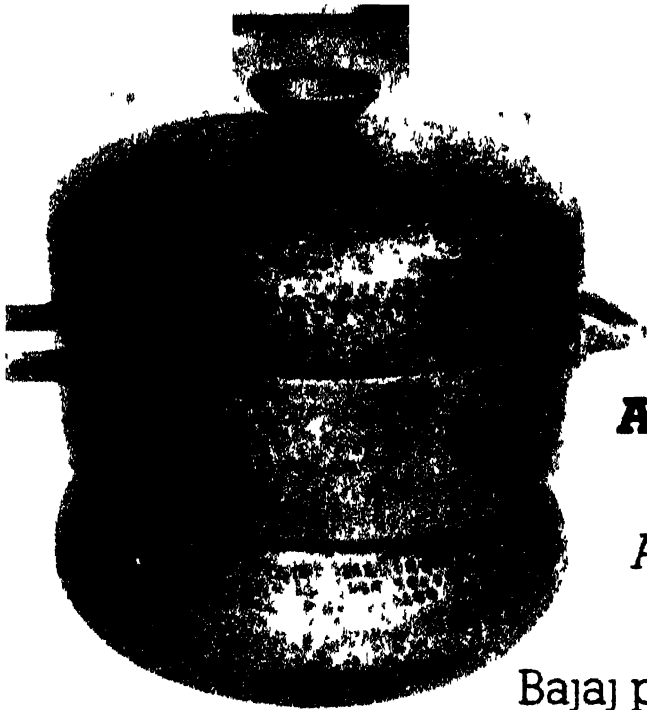
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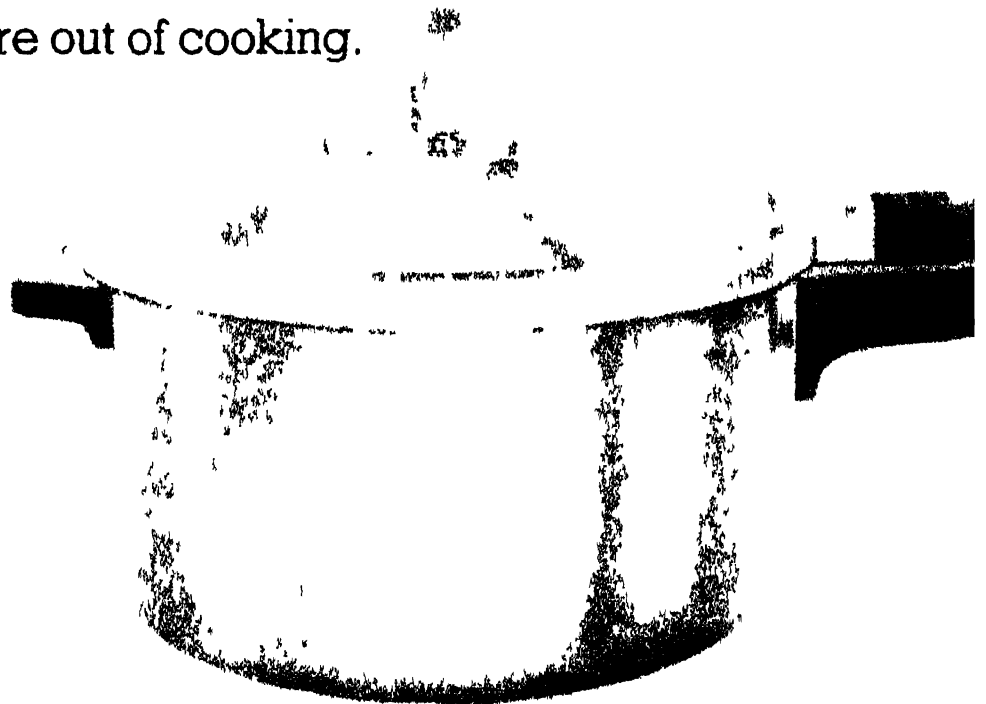
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**HOCKEY WIZARD DHYAN CHAND** in Berlin during the Olympic Games of 1936, obliging a fair German admirer with his autograph.

## Over To BERLIN'36

The Germans could have matched us at hockey in the Berlin Olympics of 1936—had they stuck to their own style instead of trying to imitate ours!

**Text & Photographs by U.S. Navani**

**DHYAN CHAND**—just mention of the name conjures the picture of hockey *in excelsis*! Of the 1936 Olympic Games that his stick won for us in Berlin!

I happened to sail with that 1936 India team on board the *S. S. Ranpura* from Bombay and shared some memorable moments with them. The players were an assorted lot from all over the country including, of course, the present-day Pakistan and Bangladesh. Those on board comprised a colourful cross-section—from the Maharajah of Mysore and his royal entourage to fellow Indian students proceeding to England for higher studies. M. N. Masood, the vice-captain, later wrote and published an impressive account of the journey and the historic events of the Berlin Olympics in *The World's Hockey Champions 1936*.

Our players, I remember, made a tremendous impact as they marched, along with participants from other

countries, at the inaugural and closing ceremonies, with no less a personage than Hitler taking the salute. And memorable was the occasion when Dhyan Chand received the prize trophy—an oak tree 28 inches high and enclosed in a special pot.

As for the play itself, India gave a splendid display in all respects. Dhyan Chand's masterly dribbling and accurate placing into the opposite goal were a treat to watch. In the Olympic matches, India won against Hungary (4-0), the USA (7-0), Japan (9-0) and, finally, Hitler's Germany (8-1).

### Germany's Tragedy

Success, however, was not easily achieved, as was evident in the very first practice match against Germany, when our players did not quite have things their way. The German team, which was then considered the best in the Continent, put up a tough fight. They played fast and straight, with long passes and hard hits, before which our dribbling and short passing were rendered powerless. Moreover, the Indian players took time to get acclimatised to Berlin weather conditions and the continental grounds. Ironically, the Germans did not stick to their style in the Olympic tournament—in a vain bid to imitate Indian tactics, they lost out in the final!

The main scorers on our side were Roop Singh, Shahabuddin and Jaffar—each a master in his own right. But Dhyan Chand was undoubtedly the wizard as he spearheaded India to victory.

It was an unforgettable experience for the participants as well as the spectators (among whom I was privileged to be one). That moment will remain etched in the memory. For it is the kind of moment our hockey may never know again, the gold medal at Moscow notwithstanding.

**THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE** with our 1936 Olympic hockey team on board the "*Ranpura*" on its way to Marseilles.



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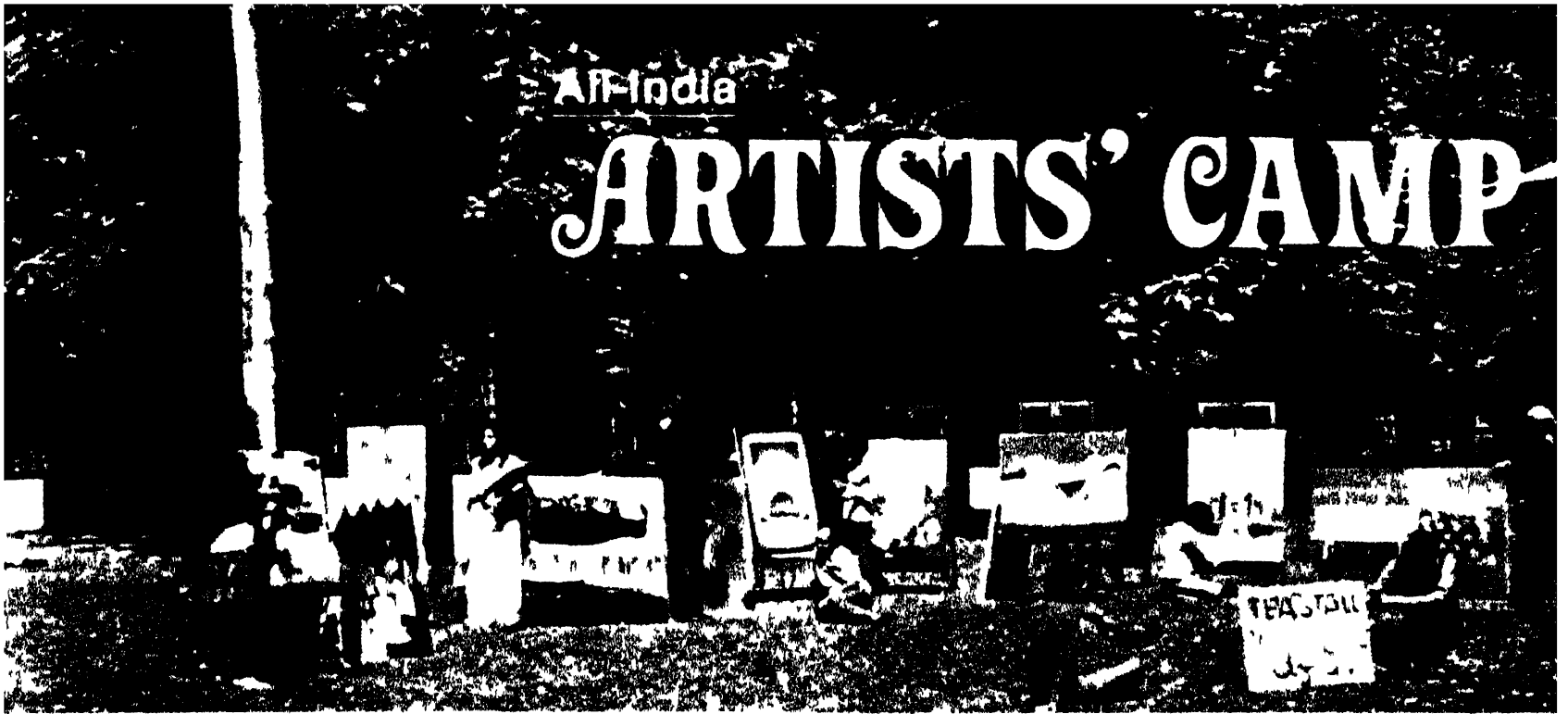


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All-India

# ARTISTS' CAMP



THE ARTISTS AND THEIR PAINTINGS make a colourful display as they wait for Governor L.K. Jha. Camps like this, if organised by other States, would greatly help the Arts

Every year the Jammu and Kashmir Academy organises an artists' camp near Srinagar. This camp, the only one of its kind in India, has done a great deal in fostering artistic talent.

Text and Photographs  
by Milon Mukherjee

**A**TENTION, Indian artists—even if you are invited, never go to this Artists' Camp in Kashmir (organised by the Jammu and Kashmir Academy) on a Sunday. The office of the Academy remains →

THE AUTHOR AND HIS PAINTING "Kites For Sale"



KASHMIRI GIRLS washing in Dal Lake. The pollution rate of the lake is very high.

A LONE GUJAR NEAR THE CAMP Usually, these sturdy herdsmen are found higher in the mountains with their sheep and goats



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closed on that day and you don't have the proper address of the camp (except 'Ganderbal') in any of the correspondence

So, after arriving at the tourist centre in Srinagar at 12.30 a.m. (though you may have the residential telephone number of the Academy's Secretary, you cannot be so inhuman as to wake him up at that hour) you wait for the dawn at the enquiry office counter dinnerless and exhausted by the train and bus journey. Because, a representative of the Academy waits for you only upto 9.30 p.m. On your way to Ganderbal in an autorickshaw (fare Rs 40) Srinagar is waking up and you use a roadside bush as a toilet. Chinar leaves as toilet-paper. After 19 km of bumping and jumping (mind you! you're invited as a creative painter!) you arrive at the village. Villagers, shopkeepers frown over the enquiry about an Artists' Camp and then, thoughtfully, direct you to a fire-training camp, from which you are fired. Then you are directed by kind pedestrians to Tula Mula,—"go to Khar Bhawani Temple—there should be a camp—

I came to know afterwards that it is not a camp—a fair, a festival of devotees, which starts on June 20. I was a little too early! It was the first of June, 1980, the opening day of the Artist's Camp.

### On The Right Track

On my way back from Khar Bhawani I caught hold of a person buying fresh mutton and enquired. All smiles, he said, 'I am the chowkidar of Chinar Baug Tourist Rest Huts, and that is the venue of the Artist's Camp every year in June.'

Two beautiful double-storeyed bungalows on the bank of the Sind river. I found about 150 chinar trees in the compound, standing as chowkidars, erect, green and welcoming me, waving their hand like leaves. It seemed like the last but-one-stop before Heaven. I thanked the Academy for choosing such a beautiful spot for artists who have come from all over the country to attend the only all-India camp for the last 12 years.

I found myself with a comfortable bed in a good room on the first floor. Nice of the officers who came in the afternoon to enquire about my safe arrival. They were apparently disappointed to find me very much a man! Apologising, they admitted that my name and their imagination had led to their thanking otherwise. They kindly introduced me to two local artists Ashoke and Aftab, who were also invited to attend the camp. Both of them were diploma holders from the Jammu and Kashmir Institute of Art in Srinagar.

I was taken there the next day. A small two-storeyed building with a tiny patch of green in the backyard. Some sculptures were kept there. Inside the building were very small rooms filled with thousands of works of art. About fifty students were busy



ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CAMP sit Abdul Rahman, the camp cook, smoking a hookah with the general factotum Sheikh and his son. Right: Children at the primary school in Ganderbal.

making different kinds of things for their Art Fair. The space problem was terribly acute. I asked one of the students, 'How do you manage to set your painting when all of you work together? You have to look at your big size canvas from a distance.' He smiled thoughtfully and replied, 'We go backward, stumbling, pushing and dashing into each other and when our backs touch the wall we can only see someone else's painting in the front.' We laughed and he added, 'You know after all, it's mutual!'

### The Artists Arrive

I was, virtually, alone in the camp for 3 days. The hired cook for the camp, Abdul Rahman, was my only companion. He cooked and sang Kashmiri folk songs for me at night. He told me about the bridge on the river Sind on the way to the camp which was named

Dodarhama where logs and twigs are collected. On June 3, three more artists joined the camp—Jyoti Bhatt of Baroda, Raj Kumar Jain from Chandigarh and Raj Sing from Jammu. Nine canvases were being stretched.

The next day started with a drizzle. The sound of the rain-drops falling on the chinar leaves made me feel romantic. The meaning of chinar, may be "What a fire!" During autumn all the green leaves slowly turn into bright yellow and orange. Kishori Kaul arrived with the sun in the afternoon escorted by the secretary of the Academy, Mr Yusuf Teing, a nice man, all smiles and a very simple person, too. The more I knew him, the more I was charmed. Kishori, originally a Kashmiri, studied in the Baroda school and then

settled in Delhi—a well known artist today who has a senior fellowship. Then came Vidyasagar Upadhyay from Udaipur along with his wife Jaya. Though Jaya was a very nice lady according to the academy's rule no artist was supposed to bring his spouse to the camp. But I understand the authorities were helpless in this case and reluctantly accommodated Upadhyay's wife. With the two women the camp started looking colourful.

On the 7th we were all sitting in a group in Jam and Jyoti Bhatt's room. Jam was engrossed with his flute and Raj had his *daflee*. The lights went off. We had a beautiful musical evening in candle light. Neelam Bajor from Jammu and Karim from Hyderabad came in the dark.

### Beauty Free Of Charge

Now the camp was in full swing. Each one of us was supposed to donate a painting (for a token amount of Rs 500) to the Academy. We were given first class return fare, Rs 25 as daily allowance and the beautiful Ganderbal surrounded by snow peaks, the sound of the Sind and soothing green surroundings—all absolutely free.

Kishori was the first to finish her abstract, 'Harmony in Red'. I was busy with my 'Kites for Sale'. Jam was painting a white 'Bench' in red background placing his huge canvas under a chinar tree. Jyoti Bhatt went on adding anything he could find on his way (every day till the end of the camp) to his collage 'Tea Stall of Kashmir'. Upadhyay painted only in monochrome. Karim was struggling with something which may be called miniature style. Suman was doing a collage, Raj Sing the

*dafleewala* of our camp was slow and steady with his surrealist canvas. The 'host-cum-guest' artists Ashoke and Aftab were doing a 'Lonesome Chinar' and a colourful distorted landscape respectively. Ashoke has won a State award this year.

One fine morning I met the most interesting character, who was the uninvited artist in the camp—Kundan Kumar. His father was a rich farmer in Bihar. Kundan had passed from the Jammu and Kashmir Institute and did not want to go back to the uncivilised, non-artistic, illiterate surroundings of his village. Instead, he stayed in a lodge, trekking all around Kashmir, sometimes without a single paise in his pocket, doing odd jobs here and there, serving art faithfully.

Talkative Kundan brought a tiny orange tent. It looked gorgeous against the green backdrop. Suresh Sharma from Jaipur was the last artist



to join the camp. He did an abstract painting. Mr Shah of the academy was a regular visitor to our camp who really tried hard to look after us, told me about Balan from Bangalore who could not join us because he had broken his ankle, and about Mr Ara of Bombay who never replied to the invitation letters sent by the Academy. Mr Teing was planning to have an exhibition of all the paintings done in this camp during the last 12 years (about 120) in Delhi later this year. Some of the artists who have worked at this camp were Bendre, Habbbar, Shanti Dave, Ramkumar, Bimal Das Gupta.

Laxman Pai, Shankho Choudhury, Gaitonde, Harkrishan Lal, Bikash Bhattacharya, Paritosh Sen, Swaminathan and Krishan Khanna.

The Governor Mr I. K. Jha visited our camp on June 14 to see the variety of paintings in progress. We had a Kashmiri *kahwa* (tea) party that day. All of us were interviewed individually by J and K television. When asked to explain my painting I thought of Tagore and said, 'He was asked, 'What is the meaning of your painting?' to which he had replied, 'If my painting did not say anything to you at all then I would also prefer to keep mum.'



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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Interesting Slam Deals

**T**HIS slam deal came up in a recent Team of Four Duplicate Tournament in Poona. Since the same boards were played on both tables it was interesting to compare the various results. South dealer, both vulnerable.

♠ AKQ83  
 ♥ 97  
 ♦ QJ3  
 ♣ J74  
 ♠ J974  
 ♥ 10843  
 ♦ K1087  
 ♣ —  
 ♠ 10  
 ♥ AKQJ5  
 ♦ A652  
 ♣ A10

On most tables the contract of 6 Hearts by South in some cases doubled by East. On all the west led the King of Clubs. East ruffed giving declarer a hook and here the play varied. On half the tables East tried a trump. Declarer won with trump, cashed his top clubs, finessed Diamonds, and ended his doubled slam. On the other tables after ruffing Clubs lead and played back aiming low Diamond. Declarer had no real option but to finesse and the slam rolled home. To refuse the Diamond finesse would mean playing on a Club Spade squeeze. With West marked with eight Clubs it is unrealistic to assume he has four Spades as well so the squeeze is an inferior line.

All the Easts, somehow missed the killing shift a Spade shift. The best declarer can do is win in dummy and play the Queen of Diamonds. East must be careful not to cover otherwise the Jack of Diamond becomes an entry to cash the Spades later. If declarer attempts to cash the Spades West will ruff the third round. And even if declarer is inspired to play the King of Hearts after winning the Spade switch and playing the Queen of Diamonds East covers and dummy is dead—so for that matter is the declarer.

On a few tables South played in 6 No Trumps, a clearly superior contract but only because he has the ten of Clubs. Other wise on a different layout a Club lead could beat the contract. For example if East had King

of Queen ten of Club and West the King of Diamonds. On this layout, 6 Hearts could even on a Club lead since declarer can win draw trump discard his Club on the Spades and then give up a Diamond. But that ten of Clubs tips the scale.

In the same Tournament the Finals were a closely contested affair between two evenly matched teams Rathi and Bafana. The latter were lucky on this deal.

West dealer, both vulnerable

West	East
♠ A843	♠ K7
♥ K92	♥ A108543
♦ J74	♦ Q5
♣ KJ3	♣ 962

Where Bafana were East West the bidding went:

West	East
1♠	2♥
3♥	4♥

East's decision to raise to game can only be described as ambitious. To say the least Rathi had topped in 2 Hearts at the other table clearly the more desirable spot. But the Heart were 2-2, declarer guessing to drop the Queen Jack doubleton and the Club Ace Queen were deliciously placed with South in finessé. There was no way to misguess in Clubs and ten trick rolled home for a fortuitous 10 imp swing to Bafana who went on to win the

♠ 196  
 ♥ 10743  
 ♦ 742  
 ♣ K92  
 ♠ AQJ  
 ♥ 165  
 ♦ J  
 ♣ H10743  
 ♠ K8432  
 ♥ A7  
 ♦ AK6  
 ♣ AQ8  
 ♠ 10  
 ♥ KQJ9  
 ♦ Q110753  
 ♣ 5

♠ AQJ	♠ K8432
♥ 165	♥ A7
♦ J	♦ AK6
♣ H10743	♣ AQ8
♠ 10	
♥ KQJ9	
♦ Q110753	
♣ 5	

West North East South  
 Double 600 Double 1000 (1000) 3D  
 No bid

South (3 Diamonds) jump and attempt to prevent the opponent from finding their fit. A standard tactic against a strong Club system the Heart values however weigh against the treatment. North looking at almost no defensive values preempted all the way to the six level. East West collected 1100 aided by a heart ruff and picked up 9 imps. At the other table the contract was 3 N Trump. The six Clubs or No Trump need only the Club finesse indeed not a six or seven hand but with only 10 points it is not yet a slam to reach slam.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Pawn's Brilliant Career

**T**HE onward march of a Pawn can create a turmoil in any position and the last brilliant career of the small piece can be the main idea in a position.

In position No 111 watch the excellent progress of the White Pawn. In No 112 White's Pawn is away his Queen only for a kick in the interest of quick promotion of his advanced King.

**Viktor Palatnik, Frunze 1979.**  
 1 PK4 PQ1 2 PQ4, NKB3 3 NOB3, QN2 4 NB3 PK4 5 BQB4, BK2 6 00 PB3 7 PQR4 QB2 8 00 PR4 game has transposed into the Hanham Variation. Philidor defence MCO code 7 PKR3 8 PQN3 QB2 9 N 00 10 QO1 8 RK1 PKR3 PKR3 PKN4.

**UNREASONABLE**

1 m11 development gives a cramped position. Bill Seydler Argentina 1977. 11 v transposition 9 00 10 11 RK1 11 QO2 BB1 12 QRQ1 13 BxQP NK4 14 NxN, PxN 15 K3, BQN5? 16 BxKRP1, PxB 17 PxP, NR2 18 RQ3, BB1 19

QN6ch KK1 (or 19 BN2 20 KN3) 20 BxP BN2 21 BxR winning. But the attacking demonstration is not a reasonable substitute. 10 BK3 NR1? (Logically he should have continued 10 PN5) 11 PxP PxP.

**FORCING MOVES**

Position No 111. A Knight sacrifice is now followed by long series of forcing moves and the White KP advances triumphantly. 12 NxKP1 QxN 13 BQ4, QR4 14 PK5 NQ4 15 PK6, PB3 16 NxN, PxN 17 BN5ch KQ1 18 PB3 QN3 19 QxPch KB2 20 PR, QB4 (if 20 QO1 21 QxQch KxQ 22 BN4ch (if) 21 QxQch BxQ 22 PK7 BQ2 23 PxN(Q) KRxQ.

**TWO PAWNS**

Black has survived but is a Pawn down and must soon lose another Pawn. 24 BxB, KxB 25 QRQ1ch KB2 26 PQN4 BQ3 27 RK6 QRQ1 28 KB1 (Not 28 Kx1 RxB 29 BxR BR7ch) RQ3 29 PN5 BR4 30 RxBch KxB 31 BxP RxB 32 BxB and White won.

**Pigusov-Malozuk, Leningrad 1979.**  
 1 NKR3, PKN3 2 PKN3, BN2 3 PQ4, NKB3 4 BN2, 00 5 00, PQ4

**CPBA (It is Neo-Gamfeld Defence by transposition. Apart from the text Black can choose 6 PB4 or 6 PB3) PxP 7 NR3 NR3 (Even now 7 PE4 1 PxP OR1 is playable) 8 NxP BK3 9 PN3 QQR1 10 BN2, BQ4 (Not yet 10 PK5 because of 11 NN.**

**OUTWITTED**

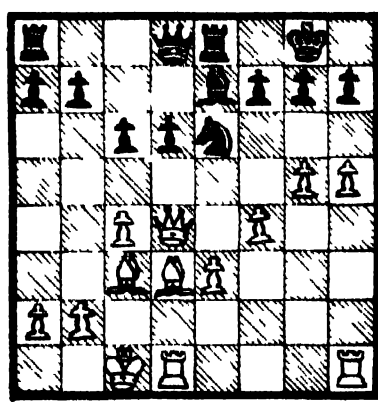
11 RB1 RR3 Now 11 PR5 12 PxP is difficult to see for the Pawn) 12 PQR1 QN1 (Trying for PQN1) 13 NxB NxB? 14 The crucial play. Black is outwitted. 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100. White has the edge. 14 PxN RQ1.

**MANY SHOCKS**

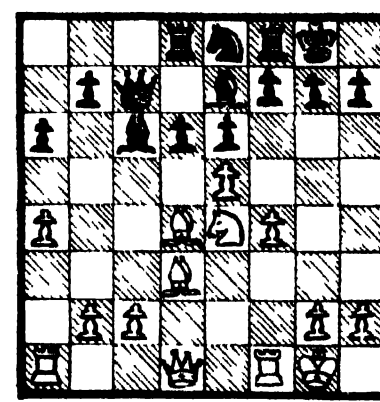
Position No 112. Black expects 1 QP2 when he can continue 1 PxN 15 NK1 (but not 15 NK 16 BxB RxB 17 OK1 and White wins a piece) or 16 BxB in an exchange sacrifice. 16 BxB 17 PxN BxR 18 BxB R.

19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100. White has the edge. 23 RQ8ch.

R B SAPRI



No 113 WHITE TO PLAY



No 114 WHITE TO PLAY

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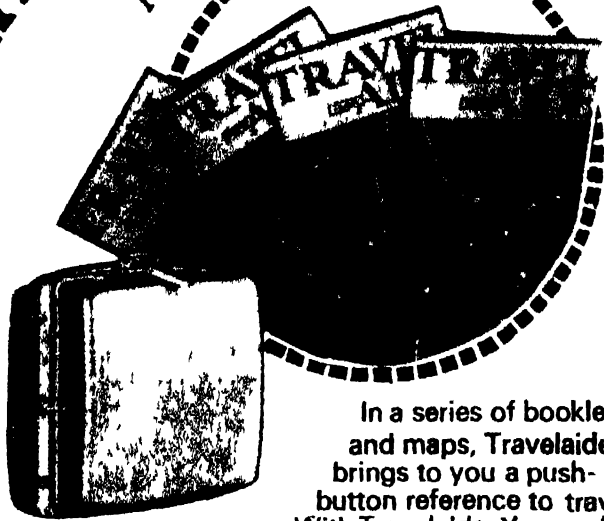
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**A** LITTLE boy and his younger sister put on their parents' clothes and knocked on their neighbour's door and said: "Mr and Mrs Brown have come to call." Taking it in their stride, the lady of the house, said: "Do come in, Mr and Mrs Brown, and have some refreshments."

After serving two rounds of lemonade, lady asked children: "Care for some more lemonade?"

"No," replied the little girl, "We have to go home because my husband just wet his pants."

**TELECASTER** in the studios: "This is the 6 p.m. news. The moon has mysteriously retarded its orbit and is spiralling towards earth at a speed of 2,287 miles per hour. It will crash in two hours. The impact will cause a cataclysmic explosion which will completely disintegrate planet Earth. And now after a message from our sponsor about his brand new product, we will continue with the news of the impending disaster."

**A** GIRL went into a butcher's shop and said: "I want a pound of kidleys." The butcher corrected her: "You mean kidney, don't you?" Angrily the girl retorted: "Well, I said kidneys, didn't I?"

**A** GROUP of deaf mutes in a cocktail lounge were animatedly using sign language. The owner made them leave. "Why did you throw them out?" asked a patron. The owner replied, "If I've told them once, I've told them a hundred times—I don't allow singing in here."

**A**FTER the kindergarten teacher struggled to get a pair of boots on her pupil, the little one said: "They don't fit too well 'cause they are not mine." With more struggling the weary teacher got them off when the child chirped: "They're my sister's but my mother lets me use them when I can't find mine."

**F**ATHER to a boy: "Young man, are you the brave little boy who jumped into the icy river and saved my girl from going over that horrible waterfall?"

"Yes, sir, I sure am."

"What did you do with her mittens then?" thundered the irate parent.

**A** MAN standing in a subway said to the man next to him who was feeling his pockets: "What are you doing with your hand in my pocket?"

"I'm looking for a match."

"Why didn't you ask me for one?"

"I don't speak to strangers," replied the other nonchalantly.

**S**ARGEANT to the troops: "Men, this escape route must not be discovered. What do we do with the dirt from this tunnel we've dug?"

"Let's dig a big hole and bury it."

"Fine. That takes care of the dirt from the tunnel. Now, who has any ideas on what to do with the dirt from the hole?"

**C**HINESE colonel: "General, I agree this attack plan will work, but it will cost us 350,000 men."

General: "So what's the problem? Our comrades will send us more where they come from."

**A** LEADING marine biologist says that if you happen to be walking along the beach and find a huge blue whale, follow this advice: Don't move it.

**S**OCIETY lady at coffee party: "My husband and I are taking French lessons at night school. You see, we adopted a little French baby and we want to be able to understand him when he's old enough to talk."

**O**VERHEARD about a package tour of Europe: "We visited 25 countries in ten days, one day I missed three countries, because I didn't have a seat by the window."

**A**N admirer to an Indian: "Mr Singh how did you manage to get past President Lincoln's personal guard?"

"I told him he was wanted on the telephone."

"And he believed you? Incredible!"

"Yes, isn't it particularly so since the phone wasn't invented then?"

**T**HERE'S no news from Calcutta tonight. What's happening down in Bombay?"

"Well, everyone in Bombay is talking about the big subway disaster in Calcutta."

**S**HE told the judge in a divorce trial: "He keeps a goat in the bedroom and I can't stand the smell any longer."

"Why don't you open a window?"

"What, and let my hens fly away?"

**O**NE herpetologist to another: "Are you talking to that snake?"

"Yep."

"What's he saying?"

"Don't know. He talks with a forked tongue."

**T**WO little boys came bursting into the house shouting to their mother that their youngest brother had fallen in the lake. "We tried giving him artificial respiration," one of them gulped, "but he kept getting up and running away."

**H**E copied from his friend's geometry examination paper using a hand mirror. He got all his answers backwards. His friend got a grade of 93 and he got 39.

**O**NE dreamer to another: "Last night I dreamed I ate a five pound marshmallow and this morning my pillow was gone."

**H**ERE is a sick joke. Once upon a time there were three ostriches. Two of them heard a strange noise and quickly buried their heads in the sand. The third ostrich looked around and said: "Where is every body?"



(Selected from various sources)



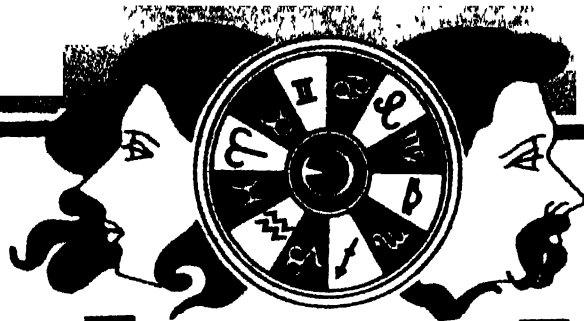
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# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K.KELKAR

## Birthday Forecast



### Sunday, November 2

You can look forward to a progressive year in your professional and vocational spheres. Financially, a good period can be indicated in November-December, February and July onwards.

### Monday, November 3

Worries and anxieties may overshadow all your affairs. Try to be content with the existing vocational activities. Those in service are likely to recede in the background for a few weeks.

### Tuesday, November 4

Despite certain handicaps you must make efforts to maintain the pace for progress and stability till the middle of 1981. Thereafter, opportunities may go out of your hand, causing dislocation in your work life.

### Wednesday, November 5

Financial and physical hardships cannot be ruled out during the course of the year. Problems may put you in an embarrassing position in August. Be calm. Vocational activities are under favourable stars.

### Thursday, November 6

This is not going to be a happy and peaceful year. All important jobs and assignments should be put through before March. From May onwards, confrontations and conflicts may affect your work life.

### Friday, November 7

Strive to maintain the present status in your business, profession or vocation. In April and September-October, money comes through a stroke of luck. July, August and December are critical months when you may face physical handicaps.

### Saturday, November 8

It would be wise to exert yourself to maintain the present level of work. Upto April there will be overall progress but from May onwards your vocational activities may be disturbed.

### CAPRICORN (Makara) Dec 21-Jan 19



Politicians should not underestimate the opposition, but must try to deal with them tactfully. By the mid-week you will be extremely busy entertaining guests. Group or social activities will be pleasing during week-end. However, don't be over-ambitious. Friday-Saturday are ideal for an outing.

### TAURUS (Vrishabha) Apr 21-May 20



If you steer a steady course in the next few weeks, you will find that you progress slowly but steadily. Actors and sportsmen will enjoy much popularity. The early part of the week is auspicious for business deals. By mid week, labour problems may cause tension to industrialists. Relax on Sunday.

### VIRGO (Kanya) Aug 22-Sept 23



The stars of travel and minor changes are effectively operating in your solar chart. If you are planning a journey abroad, make hectic preparations in the next couple of weeks. Those who are looking forward to a change in the job or residence should try to do so on Friday. Saturday is excellent for recognition.

### AQUARIUS (Kumbha) Jan 20-Feb 18



A travel programme will be in sight for the next few weeks. If you are contemplating a new venture or plan to open an additional branch for your business, then do so on Friday. Saturday is suitable for arranging public functions and inviting the attention of the public or clients for your business.

### GEMINI (Mithuna) May 21-June 20



Involments in either your personal or vocational life cannot be ruled out. Make it a point not to neglect the advice of seniors while accepting newcomers. The mid-week is auspicious for business deals and money gains. By Thursday Friday you may handle a tricky situation skilfully. Saturday is suitable for negotiations.

### LIBRA (Tula) Sept 24-Oct 23



Financial interests will crowd your mind in the next few weeks. It would be worthwhile to contact financiers or banks in the middle of the week in order to have ready cash on Friday. New Plans and projects can materialise easily either on Friday evening or Saturday morning.

### PISCES (Mina) Feb 19-Mar 20



You will improve your vocational activities in the coming few weeks. Socialise and participate in group activities on Sunday-Monday. New relationships of Tuesday should be judged carefully on Wednesday. You may make a commitment on Thursday evening. Rest on Saturday.

### CANCER (Karka) June 21-July 20



Luck favours hobbies. Additional monetary gains to supplement your income will be in sight. Invest some money in a lottery to test your fortune. Journeys will have to be executed in the early part of the week. Family interests will occupy your mind during the mid week. Attend to domestic chores.

### SCORPIO (Vrischika) Oct 24-Nov 23



This is one of the best weeks of the year. Most of your ambitions, either personal or professional, will be fulfilled in the course of the week. Ponder over the offers being made to you for a couple of days before committing yourself on Friday. Reserve Saturday for domestic pleasures and group activities.

### ARIES (Mesha) Mar 21-Apr 20



Don't neglect your health in the next few weeks while going on a long journey or an expedition. Youngsters should listen to the advice of seniors while launching new schemes and projects. The mid-week is quite good for a family get-together. By Saturday you may make up your mind to launch a new business enterprise.

### LEO (Simha) July 21-Aug 21



Demands either for a vehicle or new residential accommodation will weigh heavily on your mind during the next two weeks. Financial luck is also in evidence. This is an ideal time to invest some money in property matters on the eve of Divali. Set apart the mid week for overseas business ventures.

### SAGITTARIUS (Dhanu) Nov 23-Dec 20



The pace of progress is likely to be thwarted for one reason or the other. It would be worthwhile to clear all government and tax matters in the early part of the week, so that you get enough time to attend to business deals on Thursday-Friday. Friday-Saturday keeps you occupied.

## STAR FOCUS

### Will Russia Intervene In Poland?

#### Epochal Event

The striking Polish workers made a historic breakthrough on August 31, 1980 compelling the Polish government to accede to their demands for independent trade unions and the right to strike. Significantly, this event has taken place for the first time in the history of a communistic country.

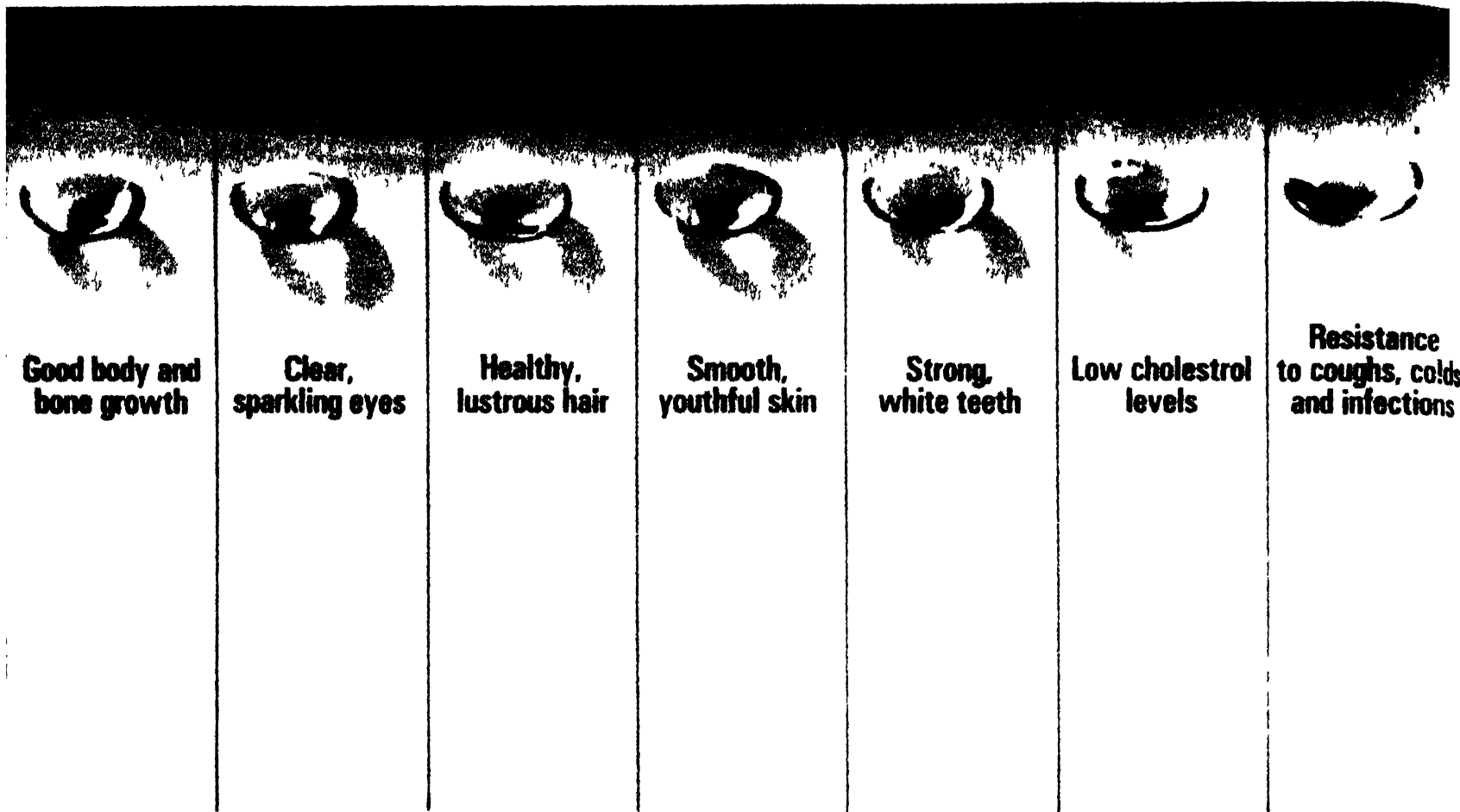
This, coupled with the lenient attitude of the Government, indicates changes in Polish communism. The foundation chart of that country was prepared by this astrologer in 1976 when Polish socialism was on trial. In this horoscope, Libra 24 was rising on the ascendant and Cancer 24 on the meridian chart. With the help of this workable

horoscope, it was indicated that by the middle of 1980 or so, the whole face of Poland and the socialistic ideology would undergo a change with several ups and downs.

#### 1982—A Critical Year

Planetary configurations, calculated for the next two years indicate the likelihood of Russia taking steps to

weaken the labour unions. However, these efforts will not succeed. The first step will be taken in March 1981, the second attempt will be in September-October 1981 and the more serious and decisive one, from the end of February 1982. The outcome of these will be known to us by August 1982.



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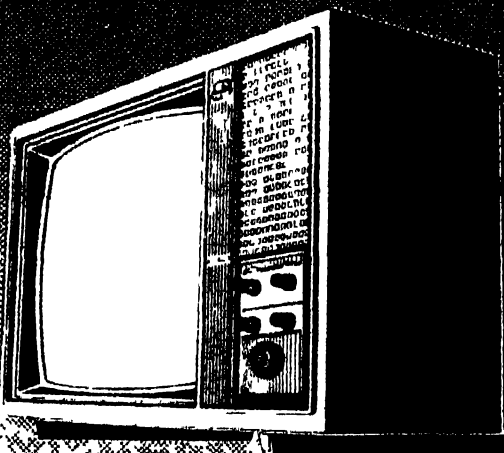
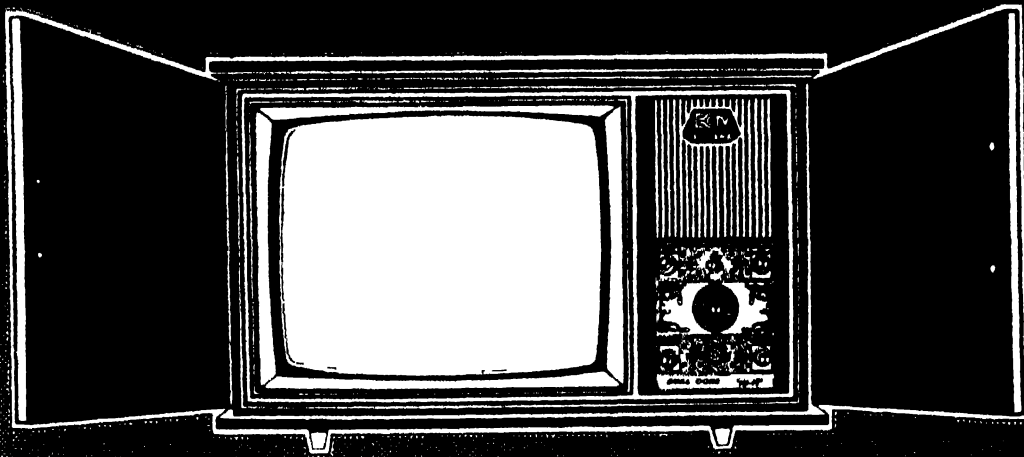
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*Grey hair might add that 'distinguished' look. But it also adds those years to your look. Ask your friend*

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2 shades: Natural Black  
Dark Brown*

CASGS 134.29

# Weekly Fun Time

A	E		G
B		F	
	C		
D			

## NUMBER PUZZLE

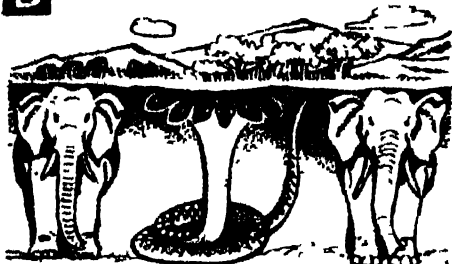
### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE AREA OF MIZORAM, IN UNITS OF THOUSAND SQ KM
- B) THE YEAR IN WHICH JOAN OF ARC WAS BURNT ALIVE.
- C) THE YEAR IN WHICH PROPHET MUHAMMAD WAS BORN.
- D) CALCUTTA CITY WAS FOUNDDED BY THE BRITISH IN THIS YEAR

### CLUES DOWN:

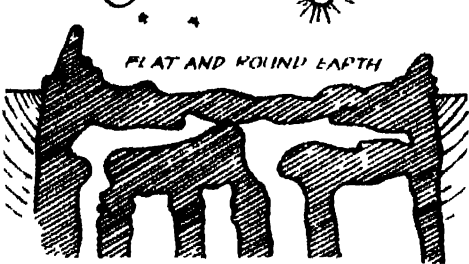
- A) THE NUMBER OF THE CONSTITUTION AMENDMENT ACT, WHICH ACCORDS RECOGNITION TO SINDHI.
- E) THE YEAR IN WHICH MAHARANA KUMBHA CAPTURED NAGOUR, AFTER DEFEATING THE ARMY OF THE SULTAN OF GUJARAT.
- F) THE YEAR IN WHICH THEODOSIUS THE GREAT BECAME THE EMPEROR OF ROME
- G) THE SQUARE ROOT OF THIS NUMBER GIVES THE NUMBER OF MINUTES FOR WHICH A FOOTBALL GAME IS PLAYED.

## B TRUE OR FALSE? I



THE PURANAS HELD THE VIEW THAT THE EARTH WAS FLAT AND WAS SUPPORTED BY THE SERPENT, SHESHA, AND EIGHT MIGHTY ELEPHANTS

## II



THE ISRAELITES BELIEVED THAT THE EARTH WAS FLAT AND WAS SUPPORTED BY STRONG PILLARS.

## III



WE NOW KNOW THAT THE EARTH IS SO COLD INSIDE THAT NO LIFE CAN EXIST THERE.

## C WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE?

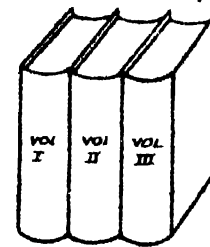


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## D HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU SPOT IN THIS PICTURE BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER H?



## E IN AN EDITOR'S CABIN THREE VOLUMES OF A MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA ARE KEPT ON A RACK, AS SHOWN. THE INSIDE PAGES OF EACH VOLUME ARE 3 CM. THICK AND THE BINDING IS 0.5 CM. THICK. IF A BOOKWORM EATS ITS WAY FROM THE FIRST PAGE OF VOLUME I TO THE LAST PAGE OF VOLUME III, HOW MUCH DISTANCE WOULD IT COVER?



## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

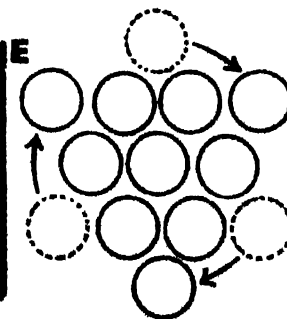
A

3	1	3	
3	1	3	6
1	9	7	8
	3	5	7

B ALL THE STATEMENTS WERE CORRECT.

C JAMES WATT COULD NOT HAVE MISSED ANY TRAIN, BECAUSE PASSENGER TRAINS HAD NOT BEEN INTRODUCED AT THAT TIME.

D THE DIAMETER OF THE CIRCLE = HYPOTENUSE AC OF THE TRIANGLE ABC. SINCE  $AB = \sqrt{2}$ , THE SQUARE PEG WILL HAVE EACH SIDE MEASURING  $\sqrt{2}$  CM.



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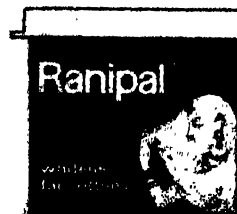
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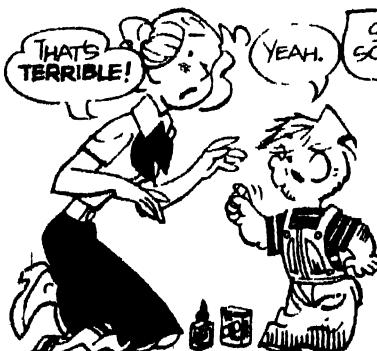
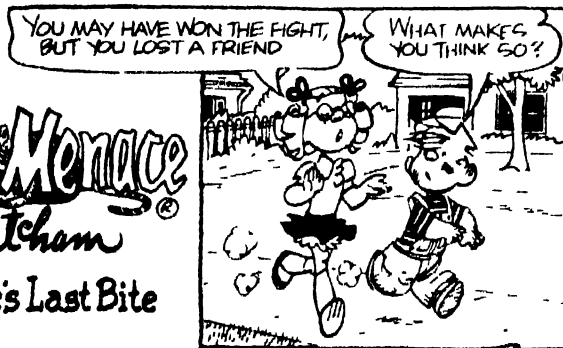
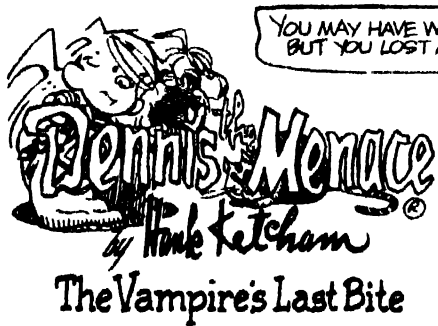
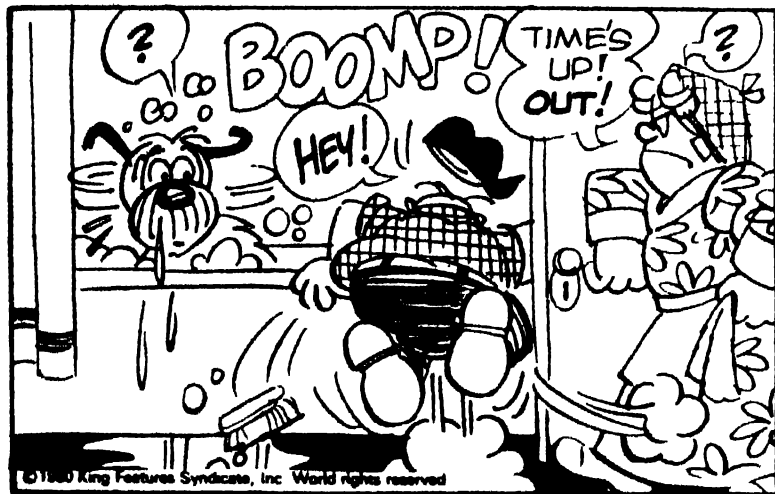
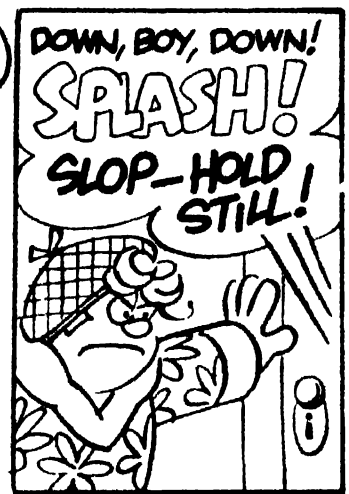
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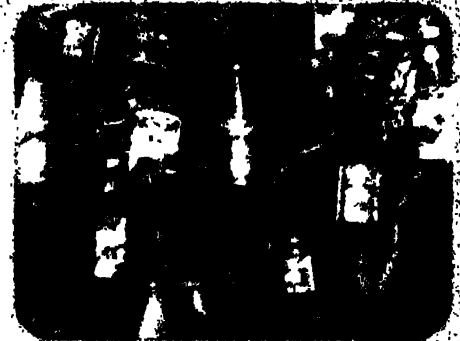
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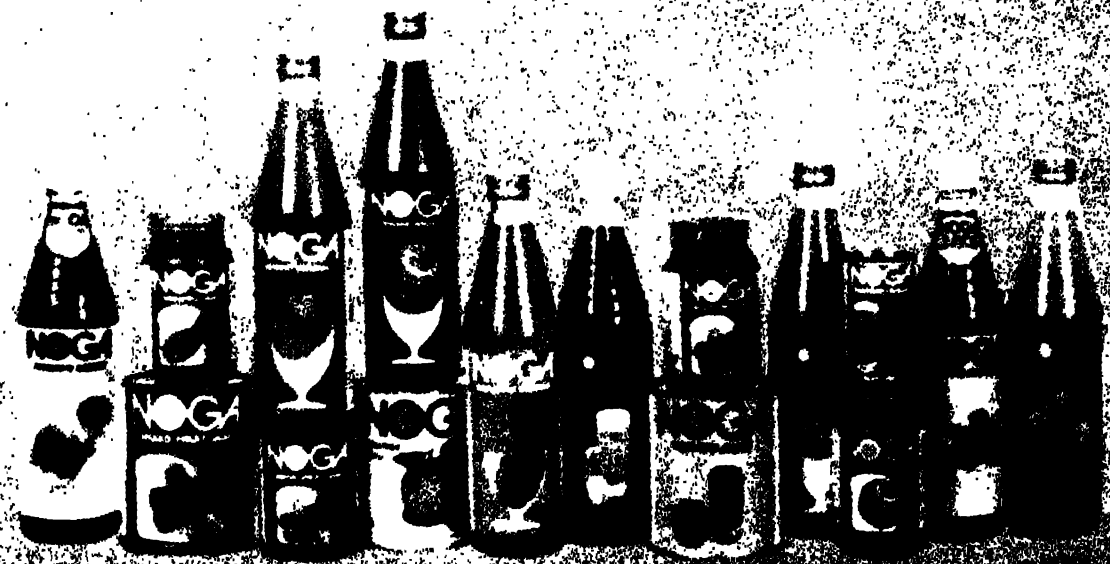
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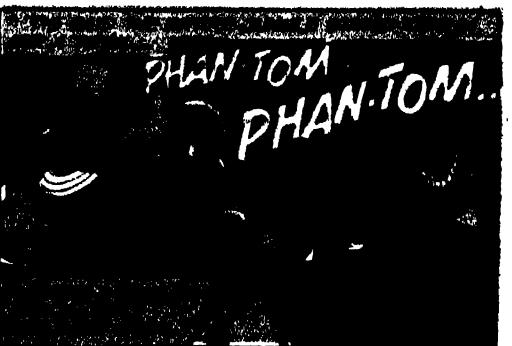
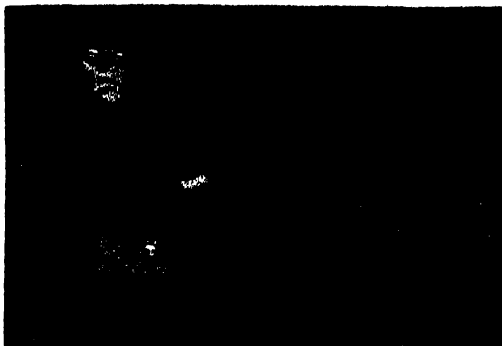
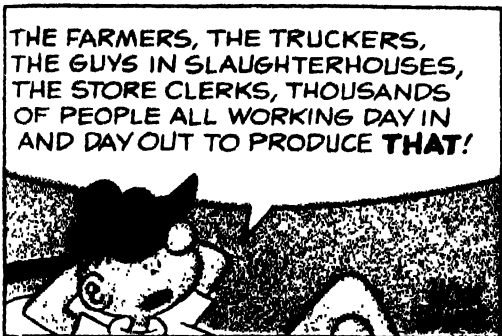
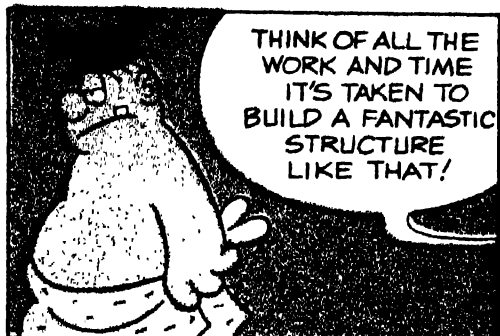
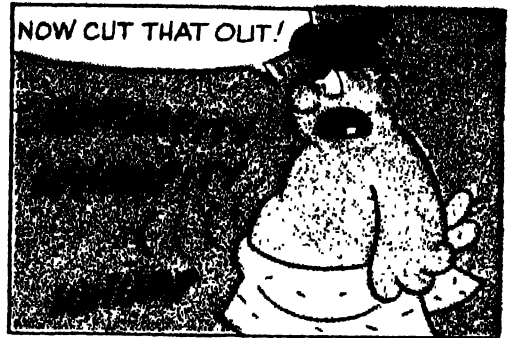
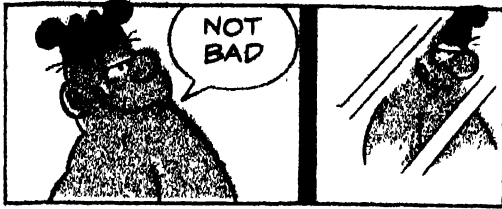
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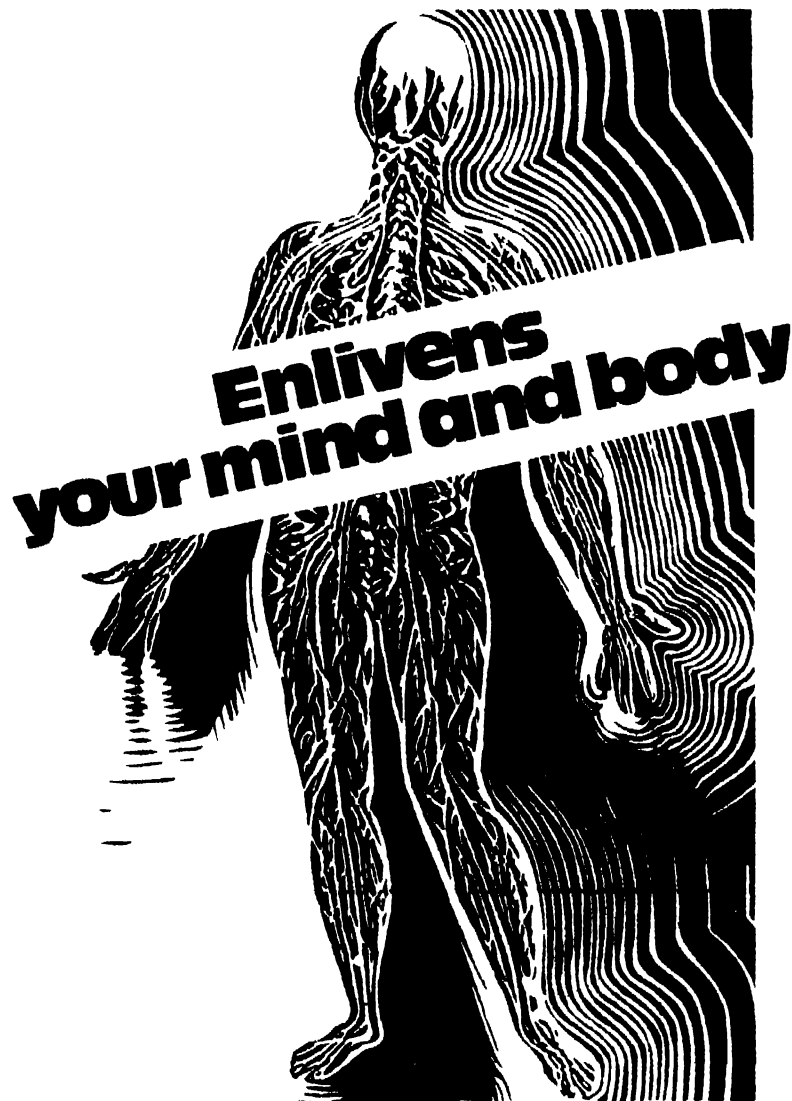
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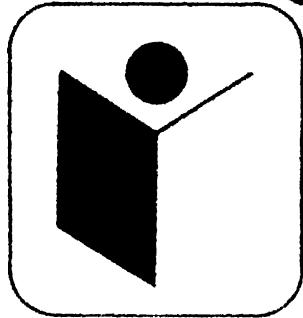
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# BOOK REVIEW



## Marco Polo To Minayeff

TRAVELLERS' INDIA, AN ANTHOLOGY, chosen and edited by H.K. Kaul; OUP; Rs 120

FROM any point of view, lamented E.H. Aitken in 1890, "it is strange that Europeans in India know so little, see so little, care so little about all the intense life that surrounds them. That must have been a contemporary attitude for, as this book makes plain, India has been observed with interest and wonder by a long procession of travellers. The compiler of this anthology, H.K. Kaul, is Librarian at the India International Centre, New Delhi, and he has included nearly 400 extracts from over 170 accounts of India left by visitors to the country from ancient times to the early twentieth-century. The text has been supplemented with 47 plates, ranging from the gruesome "Criminal Executed by an Elephant at Baroda" to the familiar "Taj Mahal at Agra". Apart from compiling and editing the anthology, Kaul has contributed a useful introduction in which he lists the travellers according to their country of origin.

Most of the extracts in the book have been based on personal observation and reporting that is both interesting and accurate. Although most of the extracts are from literature in English, the volume also includes the observations of travellers from Africa, West and Central Asia, China, the USA and several European countries. The book is arranged subject-wise, and begins with a quotation from Marco Polo, who records his general impressions, and ends with an 1880 account by the Russian Indologist, Ivan Pavlovich Minayeff.

Father Antonio Monserrate, a Jesuit at Akbar's court, has left a description of Akbar that for detailed observation could scarcely be bettered. "His eyebrows are not strongly marked. His nose is straight and small, though not insignificant. His nostrils are widely opened as though in derision. Between the left nostril and the upper lip there is a mole. He shaves his beard, but wears a moustache like that of a Turkish youth... He creates an opportunity almost every day for any of the

common people or of the nobles to see him and converse with him; and he endeavours to show himself pleasant-spoken and affable. It is very remarkable how great an effect this courtesy and affability has in attaching to him the minds of his subjects."

The seventeenth century traveller, Niccolao Manucci, gives an account of the Parsis at Surat. He would have qualified today as a gossip columnist, as instance his tale of Aurangzeb's measures against wine. "It was so common to drink when Aurangzeb ascended the throne, that one day he said in a passion that in all Hindustan no more than two men can be found who did not drink, namely himself and Abd-ul-wahhab, the chief qazi appointed by him. But with respect to Abd ul-wahhab he was in error, for I myself sent him every day a bottle of spirits (vino), which he drank in secret, so that the king could not find it out."

Things had clearly changed since the 3rd century BC when Megasthenes recorded: "The Indians all live frugally, especially when in camp. They never drink wine except at sacrifices."

Dress, or the absence of it, was a recurring theme among the mediaeval European travellers. Marco Polo remarked in 1320 "The king goeth as naked as the rest," save for his ornamentation of pearls and precious stones. "In India everyone goes naked," wrote the Russian Afanasy Nikitin in 1466-72. Such observations could only have come from northerners not mentally adapted to a tropical climate.

The early English travellers such as Ralph Fitch (1583-91) were impressed by what they saw by contrast with what they had left behind: "Agra and Fatepore are two very great Cities, either of them very much greater than London, and very populous."

The prohibition on second marriages for women, and the practice of polygamy, were commented on by J. Ovington (1689) to whom "a merry Bannian" who had ventured too hastily upon a double marriage confessed "one Wife best for one Husband". The more matter-of-fact Sleeman in the 1830's could comment. "Not one man in ten can afford to maintain more than one wife, and not one in ten of those who can afford it will venture upon a sea of troubles in taking a second, if he has a child by the first."

In 1811 Maria Graham, who witnessed a nautch in Calcutta on a Raja's invitation, grieved "that the distance kept up between the Europeans and the natives, both here and at Madras, is such, that I have not been able to get acquainted with any native families as I did in Bombay." Seventy years later a civilian whose wife was taken by a landholder in Bengal to see his wives could write: "We English in India are accused of

keeping aloof from native society; but the blame does not rest with us. It is attributable to caste prejudices, and the seclusion of women."

The last item in the book is an account by the Russian Indologist, Ivan Pavlovich Minayeff, of his discussions in Baroda with the Dewan, Sir Madhav Rao, in 1880. The Dewan observed to Minayeff that "the existing relationship of the British with the natives was extremely beneficial to India. The British are keeping themselves aloof from the natives and are not striking roots in India. The natives in consequence are preserving their originality. His words meant: thank God, the British are keeping aloof; thank God, the Indian climate is unbearable to Europeans, else they would have occupied the whole of India and would have turned India into Australia. But now it is not difficult to drive out the British. Indians send up their prayers to the sun not for nothing; the sun has done a great service to them."

H.K. Kaul records in his preface that he devoted evenings and holidays over a number of years to the preparation of this book. His labours have resulted in an anthology that is both entertaining and instructive.

John Bowman

## A Damp Squib

DOCTOR FISCHER OF GENEVA OR THE BOMB PARTY by Graham Greene; The Bodley Head, London and BI Publications, New Delhi; £ 3.95

A NEW novel by Graham Greene, coming right on the heels of his astonishing tour de force, "The Human Factor", raises hope and expectation and ends in despair.

I looked forward to a joyous celebration: read it twice over for I was bewildered at first and thought I had missed the gnawing, disturbing deeper level—Greene has to be savoured at the overt and the suggested levels. The novel never gets beneath the superficial for all the hopes and the unpursued themes tenuously suggested initially. It peters out rather like Dr Fischer's deadly cracker which does not explode and kill but "was a little fart when I pulled it".

Jones, the impoverished son of a knighted diplomat, a quiet Englishman in his fifties, meets, over sandwiches, Anna-Luise about thirty years his junior. He has lost his wife in childbirth twenty years earlier and "may have been unconsciously engaged on a parallel pursuit, of a daughter rather than a wife", while Anna was perhaps seeking "a father more sympathetic than Dr Fischer". The relationship, so facetiously explained, is never explored.

Jones's love for Anna is matched by his hate for her father "for his pride,

his contempt of all the world, and his cruelty".

Dr Fischer hovers over this love and marriage like a miasma and Greene suggests a foreboding of evil. The promise of the first theme—the love between the two with a disparity of age—is never realised: Anna dies in a skiing accident while Jones reads an anthology in a restaurant not realising what is happening to him—a chapter of fine craftsmanship. He later attempts suicide and fails: "So it is we often bungle our own deaths." I winced at this piece of speciousness for I had just finished Alvarez's magnificent study of suicide, "The Savage God".

The other, stated, theme of the book, is human greed. A set of "toadies", cut-out portrayals of cupidity, suffer the insults of Dr Fischer, verbal and material, like Scotch porridge, laugh "even before the joke is sprung" and earn expensive gifts they can do without. Dr Fischer's behaviour is partly because his wife, Anna's mother, had been discovered happily listening to Mozart with Steiner, a clerk of a toady, and Dr Fischer breaks Steiner and she "wills herself to die".

During a Jones-Fischer encounter, Jones is beyond temptation and, therefore, not a victim of the tempter Fischer, the inevitable Greene imprimatur emerges:

"You never forgive, do you, even the dead?"

"Oh, forgiveness, Jones. That's a Christian term. Are you a Christian, Jones? ... I tell you, you hate, you don't despise. To despise comes out of a great disappointment... Perhaps, if I believed in God, I would want to take my revenge on him for having made me capable of disappointment..."

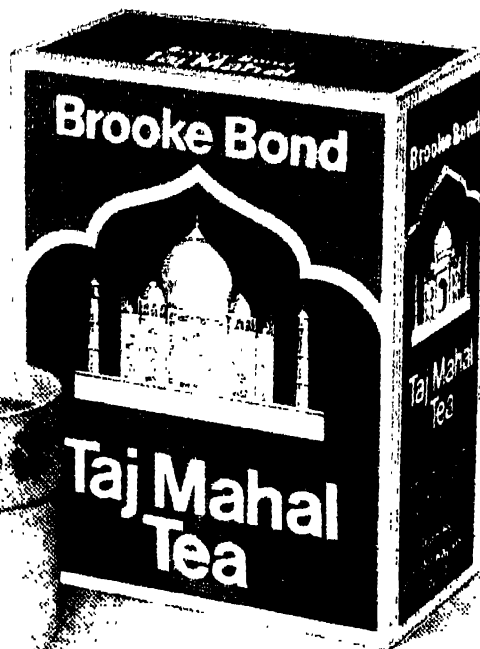
This is Greene, I think, tired and mechanical, certainly not at his best. Fischer arranges a last party, the Bomb Party, an extreme test of greed, a macabre plan with Gothic overtones unrealised. The temptation: two million francs for every guest but one. All have to play the Russian Roulette, pick one of six crackers out of a bran tub and one cracker will have a lethal charge. Greed overcomes even fear of death for all but one guest who refuses to play. Jones buys the last cracker from a coward and it turns out to be a squib. In a final confrontation Steiner is unable to spit on Fischer and Jones points out that Fischer despises himself. Uncharacteristically, and unconvincingly, Fischer shoots himself and death for Jones "becomes an irrelevance" for he and Steiner share memories of love. Jones does not have "a sufficiency of despair"—the reader has enough as the characters and their problems are as abstract and insubstantial as the themes of greed, despair and hate. Greene sets out to portray.

V. S. Thirumalai



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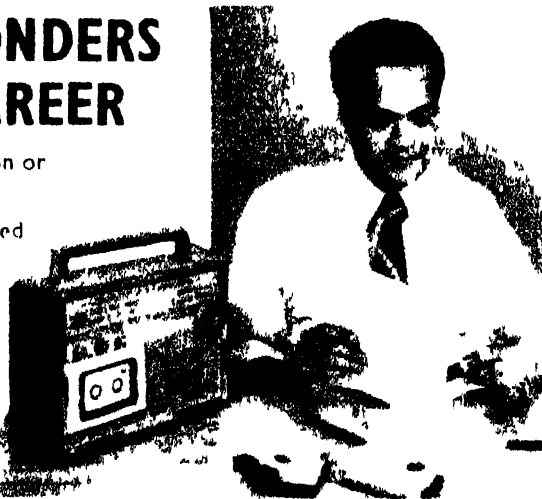
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## Astrology: What Is It And What Is It Not?

Sir—"Astrology: What Is It And What Is It Not" by Dr B V Raman (September 7) deserves the highest approbation, for it has given new dimensions to the study of astrology. Now astrology will no longer be food for the superstitious and poison for the rationalists.

VIRENDRA GOSAIN  
Batala (Punjab)

Sir—The age-old trick of astrologers is to confuse dextrously astronomy with astrology to convince people that astrology is also a science. In his article, Dr Raman has also tried this trick.

Another gem of astrological wisdom from Dr Raman is that the "recent Emergency rule was coincident with Saturn's movement in cancer". Does Dr Raman make the assessment assuming the Emergency to be a calamity or bliss? People are divided in their opinion and one would like to have an astrological clarification.

N KUNJU  
New Delhi

Sir—We write to express our intense sorrow at the sad demise of the *Weekly's* esteemed standing. We were shocked when we heard of the strange and sudden malady that struck the September 7 issue. We join all other rationalists in this great sorrow and hope for an early resurrection of the *Weekly's* rationality. We also hope that, in future, the *Weekly* is vaccinated with scientific articles to prevent a recurrence of fatal irrationality.

AMITA SHAH  
KAIYOMERZ J SATHA  
MANOHAR RAO  
SRINIVASRAGHAVAN  
Bombay

Sir—I have never cared for nor heeded any so-called astrological predictions and have never had time for astrologers. Now, after reading your cover story, I pay my respects to this Science of Radiation.

R K GULATI  
Siliguri

Sir—I felt like telling the author the words of admonition administered to Brabantio in *Othello*: "To vouch it is no proof. No amount of passionate enthusiasm for a cause will advance it unless and until the cause itself has intrinsic viability."

V.M. VINAYA KUMAR  
Cochin

Sir—The *Weekly* is really moving with the times. The astrology issue was simply superb. It even tempted me to buy a costly book on astrology.

SUNIL PADIYAR  
Bangalore

Sir—The task of an editor is to balance market demand with certain refined values. It is not difficult to guess what happens when the editor succumbs to the degenerated taste of its readers. If the *Weekly* propagates the cause of the astrologers, thereby ensuring their future, India will have to wait to take its place among the modern and developed nations of the world. Please spare us the agony of our past.

H.C. SHUKUL  
Baroda

Sir—Dr Raman dismisses in the beginning the fortune-telling role of astrology. He later contradicts himself by predicting that whoever becomes the President of America will die in office. Does one need to say more?

DHARANIDHAR SAHU  
Hyderabad

Sir—The author should remember that a false notion does not become right just because "the vast majority of educated Indians... believe in astrology". The vast majority of mankind believed in the "fact" that the Earth was at the centre of the Universe and that everything else, including the Sun, revolved around it.

Those ancient authors of astrology did not have any sound knowledge of the Universe and Man's place in it. Of their *navagrahas* (nine-planet system), five are real *grahas* (planets), one is a star, another is a satellite and the remaining two simply do not exist. We are asked to believe that even those non-existing heavenly bodies affect us in some way or other!

RANJAN DAS  
Bombay

Sir—That astrology is the "oldest science known to man" can earn no more credibility or respectability for it than it can for the "oldest profession in the world".

S. BALCHANDRA RAO  
Bangalore

## "Top Ten Horoscopes"

Sir—For an intelligent appreciation of the study of the "Top Ten Horoscopes", the writers, Gopalkrishna Modi and S.K. Kelkar (September 7) should have furnished (1) the date, the time and the place of birth and (2) the planetary position and the ascendant in degrees for the horoscopes discussed. The wide-spectrum readership enjoyed by the *Weekly* includes many who are well versed in the principles of astrology. The two astrologers should not have taken their readers for granted.

A PUDMANABHAN  
Madras

Sir—The timing and the place of Atal Behari Vajpayee's birth are absolutely incorrect. Mr Vajpayee

was born on December 25, 1924, at Gwalior—and not at Delhi; at 6.39 a.m., and not at 1.37 a.m. This has been verified by Mr Vajpayee himself.

ANAND NEMLEKAR  
New Delhi

Sir—It is surprising that the birth-date of Pt Ravi Shankar is printed as April 4, 1920. The real birth-date of Panditji is April 7, 1920.

PRADIP CHAKRABARTI  
Cuttack

Sir—Is our Prime Minister very unpredictable or do you not consider her important enough to be included in the ten top horoscopes?

SHARAT MATHUR  
Lucknow

Sir—Gopalkrishna Modi and S.K. Kelkar have joined hands to kill whatever authenticity the others tried to give this science. In the Independence Day issue of the *Weekly*, S.K. Kelkar says that the stars favour Carter, in no uncertain terms, whereas Modi here says that Carter is out and Reagan is in—almost! If two astrologers can be so contradictory in their findings, God help astrology!

T S VINEETH KUMAR  
Periyakulam

## The Voice of Kashmir

Sir—The article, "The Sheikh and His Sheikdom", by K.R. Sundar Rajan (September 14) is, I regret to say, not a fair and objective assessment either of the Chief Minister, Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah, or of the general political situation in Kashmir. The whole exercise appears to be a desk story, unrelated to the realities of the situation in Kashmir.



The very first "experience", to quote Mr Sundar Rajan, is the "anti-Indian sentiment in Kashmir". There is no evidence of this anywhere in the State. No doubt there was resentment among the people over the unfortunate happenings of July 26-27, 1980. But to say that it generated an anti-Indian feeling is to stretch the argument too far.

Mr Sundar Rajan has said that Srinagar, which was known to be a tranquil place for centuries, now presented an atmosphere of hostility. This is also far from the truth. There are moments of bitterness and violence in every city: this is true of Srinagar as well.

The people of Kashmir joined their

fate with India under the leadership of Sheikh Abdullah in 1947, when the choice of joining Pakistan was also available. But Sheikh Sahib, as a far-sighted politician with the good of the people at heart, decided in favour of India, as he found that the values and principles cherished by the people of Kashmir could only thrive in the democratic and secular atmosphere of India. Therefore, to say now that there was an atmosphere of anti-Indian feeling in Kashmir is absolutely untrue. There can be a few disgruntled or frustrated elements who may cherish such a dream, but to say this of the people as a whole is to discredit the people of Kashmir. To say that utterances like "dhotiwallas" or "rude behaviour of taxi or tempo drivers" represent the Kashmiri mind is something no one can accept.

B.A. WANI  
Public Relations Officer  
Government of Jammu and  
Kashmir

Sir—The average Kashmiri should be grateful to the "dhotiwallas" who have dumped thousands of crores of rupees, apart from sweat and blood, for the upliftment of that State.

G.L. BAKSHI  
Secunderabad

Sir—No doubt political leaders as popular as Sheikh Abdullah will resort to the populist or communal card to save their chair, but it would have been wise on the part of the senior Congress (I) leaders not to have allowed their youth wing to interfere in the affairs of the sensitive States like Kashmir, Mizoram, Nagaland and Assam. It requires seasoned leaders with great experience to tackle the problems of a country like India and these novices should desist from any activity which might endanger the unity of India.

Capt G.R. CHOUDHRY  
Jaipur

Sir—Why blame Kashmiris for their anti-Indian feelings when the Indian Government has done nothing to abate this state of mind? Instead of squashing the question of Kashmiri independence once for all, the Government has allowed it to become a virtual sword of Damocles.

N K SINGH  
Kurcong

## A Tradition Breaks?

Sir—The *Weekly* was noted for its fair-mindedness and liberal outlook. It was even looked upon as a champion of the cause of the Muslim minority. But, alas, your editorial note, "Bloodthirsty" (*All Things Considered*, September 7) is in tune with "anti-Muslim" newspapers and journals. Without waiting for the verdict of the judicial enquiry, you have held the Muslims of Moradabad responsible for creating trouble. You have not a word of condemnation for the PAC atrocities. Even the death of scores of innocent children as a result of massacre and stampede has not moved you.

Dr M. HASHIM KIDWAI  
Anarh

## Why Rajiv?

—Your fearless analysis of the present stalemate at the Centre and the nonsensical talk of "drafting" Rajiv (Who Needs Rajiv Gandhi?) (August 31) reflects unbiased and clear thinking. If Mrs Gandhi's recent Press Adviser would but add it to her word by word!

SYLVESTER LOBO  
Sambalpur

—This article was a fitting reply to the innumerable questions put by our politicians recently

S DAS  
New Delhi

—We must now learn from our mistakes and stop attempting to fill our heads with our sick minds have made

S N MANI  
Bombay

—Sanjay Gandhi was totally irrelevant to our democratic process. Sanjay Gandhi, who has been "stressed", is equally irrelevant and with her dismally inefficient government, Mrs Gandhi is quickly becoming irrelevant herself

P RADHAKRISHNAN  
Bangalore

—Your piece has been the subject of a hot debate in Delhi and the piece is not only in elite gatherings but in *am* shops as well

RAVI SHARMA  
New Delhi

—The question currently discussed *ad nauseam* "Should Rajiv be in politics or not?" is not only relevant but insulting to the democratic ethos. In the current climate it seems to be suggested that the experimental plant in the form of the Prime Minister was unfortunately struck down and the experiment cannot survive unless a replacement from the same stock is found

P N DUDA  
New Delhi

—The people Rajiv Gandhi and Indira Gandhi understand that all those who so vociferously ask for Rajiv in politics are doing it simply to get into the good books of Mrs Gandhi

B NAGA RAJ  
Hyderabad

—It is time the Prime Minister fulfil her promise of a government that works and more so "a Prime Minister who works". We were not interested in Sanjay and we are not interested in Rajiv

DEEPAK CHHABRA  
New Delhi

—I wish more journalists would find a way that would strengthen a healthy democratic society rather than follow those whose vested interests make them blind towards their duties as true representatives of the people

HARSHAD PRANLAL PAREKH  
Bombay

# The Illustrated Weekly of India

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Megh Malhar

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## Next Week



The Indian Muslim Mind Today

The young Indian Muslim today has no guilt complex about Pakistan, no mental reservations about national integration, about his national identity. For him Pakistan is just another neighbouring country. For him his destiny is part of India's destiny. His point: Why should the present generation be asked to pay for the sins—real or imaginary—of its forefathers? Why should it be denied its due role or its due rewards? Muslim India is not apologetic about voicing its demands, says Syed Shahabuddin, MP, in a trenchant, hard hitting cover story

The Muslim Elite: Its Roots Of Dependence

"If you analyse them you will find a lurking desire that the state should take the initiative in solving their problems," says M Rafiq Khan, tracing the continuing dependence of the Muslim elite on the state from medieval times

Iqbal In The Age Of Moradabad

A perceptive review-article of the commemorative volume on Mohammad Iqbal. By Iqbal Masud

Extracts From Indra Gandhi's "My Truth"

"It was in the sphere of foreign affairs actually that the first signs of ideological polarisation appeared. During the Arab-Israeli war of June 1967, I came out against Israel as the aggressor and Morarji Desai's visit to Japan and the USA provoked an open clash. I don't think he would have done anything by himself, but his followers kept saying that he had their full support and that he should not knuckle under me and that sort of thing." Telling extracts from "My Truth", Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's version as presented by Emmanuel Pouchpadass in the vision book now due for publication

Plus articles on the publishing industry

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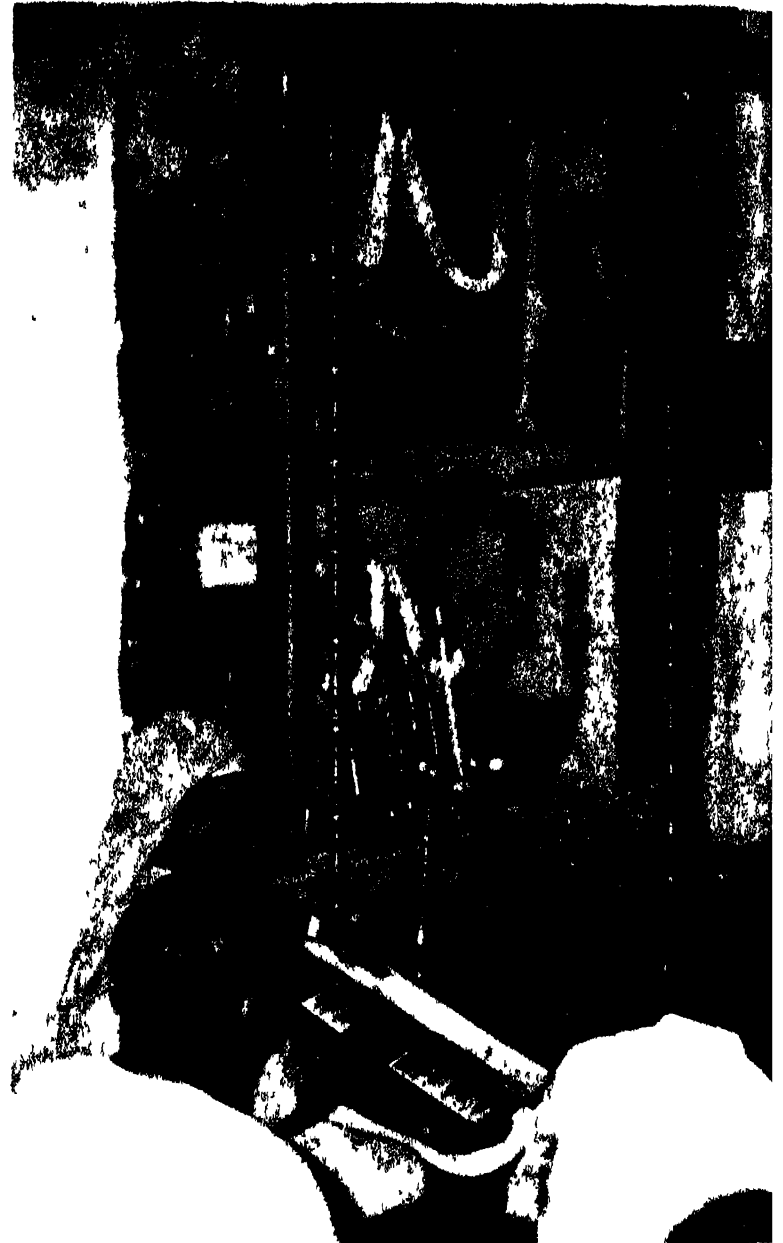
# Splendours Of Indian Music Are They Vanishing?



—Balkrishan

**HOMAGE TO A SAINT-COMPOSER.** M.S. Subbulakshmi gives a recital during the aradhana celebrations held at Thruvaiyaru, on the banks of the Kaveri in Thanjavur district, to commemorate the 131st death anniversary of Tyagaraja in 1978. Right: Bhajan at the house in Thruvaiyaru where the great vaggeyakara lived most of his life. Below: An open-air class at the Svati Tirunal College of Music in Trivandrum. The teachers shown here are Nellu Krishnamoorthy (seated) and Pudukode Krishnamurthy (standing)

—S.N. Kulkarni



## A Rasika's Alapana

by R. G. K.

**I** KNOW it is presumptuous on my part to arrogate to myself the title of rasika and unburden myself of an alapana<sup>1</sup>. All I can do is try to savour a whiff of the rasarnava and svararnava, legitimate Sanskrit terms which, when translated into English as "ocean of flavours" and "ocean of notes" respectively, may suggest a

parody of Indian attitudes. The word ocean is used to signify anything that is boundless. Sarngadeva's famous work is known as *Sangitaratnakara*, Ocean of Music—ratnakara, producer of gems or jewels, means an ocean. I stand on an obscure corner of this expanse of melody and rhythm marvelling at those who have dived into its depths to come up with

<sup>1</sup> Alapa or alap is perhaps the right word. But alapana is the term used in the South and it is more euphonious.

priceless pearls. My imagery may seem grotesque to those exclusively nurtured by Western symbols, but I may claim it to be apposite in the case of our music with its hidden riches. An Indian musician is a voyager and discoverer all his life; every performance of his brings up unexpected rewards for him and his listener to be treasured for a moment, maybe for an eternity.

### Act Of Magic

Most of us are rooted to our own little shores and have only a vague idea of the distant parts of the uncharted svaranava and we jealously cling to the treasures thrown up on our bit of land. I believe for this reason that music is the most parochial of arts while it remains at the same time the most universal. One must be born to a particular musical tradition to savour it fully and claim it as one's own. The music to which one is born grows with one and finds expression in one's personality. Indeed it is part of one's being and relates to one's memories, to one's emotional make-up and to one's deepest urges. A song or a melody is sensed not only by our ears

but perceived by our total personality.

The quality of a musical performance depends as much on the ability and imagination of the performer as on the receptivity of the listener, on his sensibility. Music is an act of magic in which the two have an equal share. In other words, the sensitive listener silently creates his own music in consonance with the music created by the performer. There must be empathy on the part of both musician and audience; empathy may be translated as tadanubhuti or tadatmyata for us Indians to get its full import.

Music cannot be understood entirely through the laws of physics and its impact is more than physical and biological. It has a profound effect on the psyche and its spiritual value cannot be brushed aside. Great music induces the rapture of the body and the mind and brings tears to the eyes. I believe in Aldous Huxley's idea of downward and upward self-transcendancy. Music has been a means in our country for upward self-transcendancy. That is why



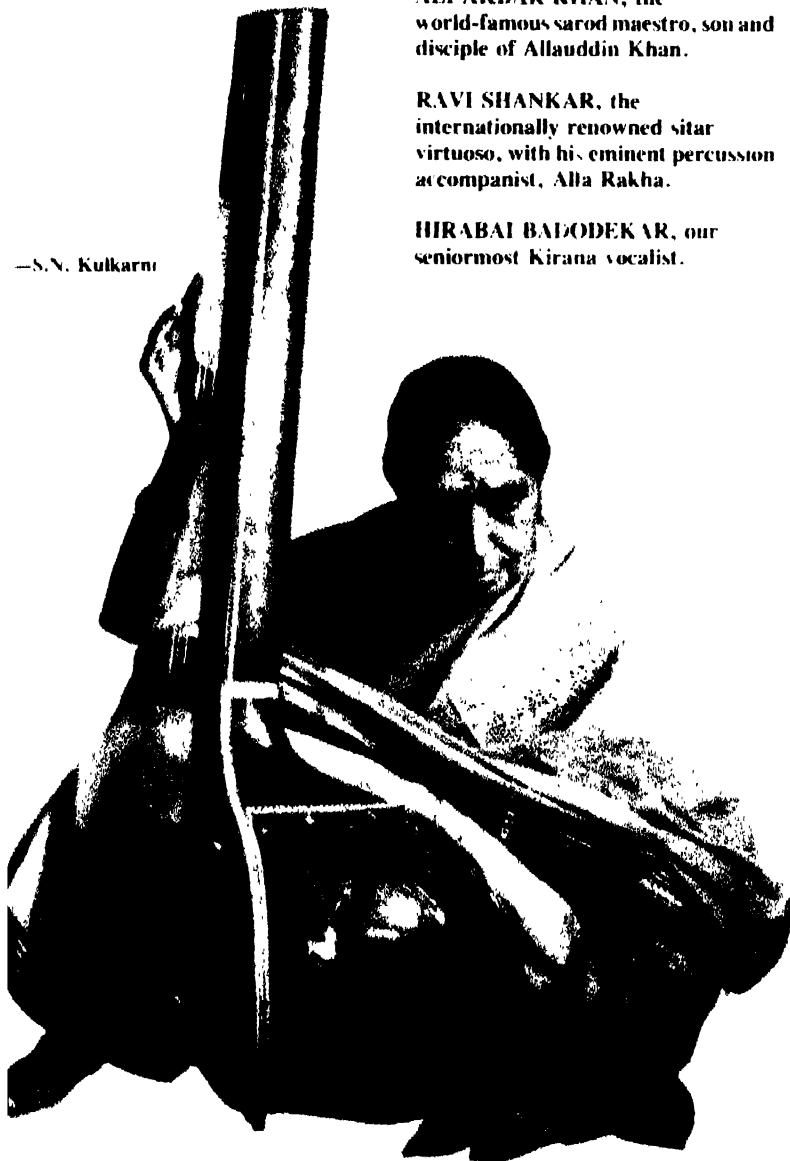
From top:  
MALLIKARJUN MANSUR, the septuagenarian maestro of the Atrauli-Jaipur tradition.

ALI AKBAR KHAN, the world-famous sarod maestro, son and disciple of Allauddin Khan.

RAVI SHANKAR, the internationally renowned sitar virtuoso, with his eminent percussion accompanist, Alla Rakha.

HIRABAI BAILODEKAR, our seniormost Kirana vocalist.

—S.N. Kulkarni



—Photographs by Jitendra Arva





AMIR KHUSRO

nadopasana has been extolled in our texts. Says Tyagaraja: Nadopasanache Sankara Narayana vidulu velasiri omanasa (Vishnu and Brahma shine forth through devotion to nada). He goes on to say that the three deities manifest themselves in the music of stringed instruments in laya in svara and in gana (trantriya svara ganaviloluru).

### Nadabrahman

As a teen-ager I listened once or twice to the talks on music given at the Music Academy in Madras. Some 40 years ago that august body met in the halls of the imposing Indo-Saracenic building then known as the Senate House. There was a whole sargam<sup>2</sup> of learned men debating on ragas and their lakshanas, some wore turbans and some gold-bordered angavastrams and all looked properly pious with their Saiva or Vaishnava appurtenances. They spoke loftily of the spiritual content of Indian music and of the Nadabrahman. I thought it was all empty talk and that the Nadabrahman was a concept of idle minds.

### Mystic View

Today I feel differently, perhaps even foolish thoughts seem wise to ageing men. I have not yet seen the light and I still fail to recognise the smallest wavelet<sup>3</sup> of the Nadabrahman. But I have come to appreciate the mystic view according to which all things created and uncreated, all things manifest and unmanifest, produce nada that is heard and unheard. I try to visualise everything dissolving in music of heaven and earth vibrating as Siva dances with his damaru.

<sup>2</sup> Sargam (gamut) in Hindustani music is equivalent to the kalpanaswaram or svarapastaram of the Carnatic style. The term is made up of *Sa Re Ga and Ma*. Incidentally and appropriately there is a Sanskrit word *sargam* which can be taken to mean creating.

<sup>3</sup> The reference is to *vicharanam* waves generating smaller and still smaller wavelets.

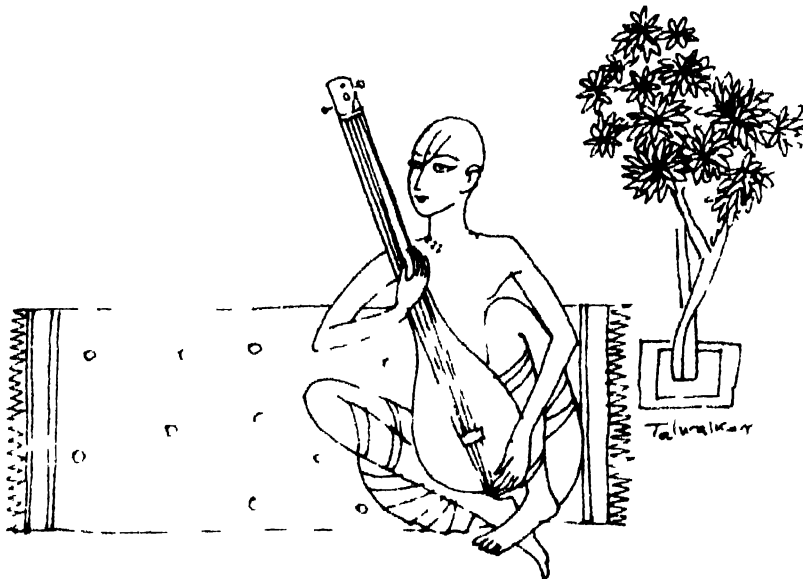
Jonannes Kepler, who laid the foundations of modern astronomy, wrote ecstatically: "The heavenly motions are nothing but a continuous song for several voices (perceived by the intellect, not by the ear), a music which through discordant tensions, through sincofes and cadenzas, as it were (as men employed them in imitation of those natural discords), progresses towards certain pre-designed, quasi six-voiced clausuras and thereby sets landmarks in the immeasurable flow of time. It is, therefore, no longer surprising that man in imitation of his creator, has at last discovered the art of figured song which was unknown to the ancients. Man wanted to reproduce the continuity of cosmic time within a short hour by an artful symphony for several voices to obtain a sample test of the delight of the Divine Creator in his works and to partake of his joy by making music in the imitation of God.

The *Sanguaratanakara* speaks of the Nadabrahman which is the spark of life in all creatures (chaitanyam

to the *Narada Parivrajaka Upanishad*: Is there anything musical about the saptasvara but for the panchama (the trill of the keel)? One may ask how one can produce music from the klaxon cry of the peacock (shadja), the lowing of the bull or the cow (rshabha), the bleating of the goat (gandhara), the cackle of the heron (madhyama), the neighing of the horse (dhaivata) and the trumpeting of the elephant (nishada).

### Artful Symphony

Those who regard the saptasvara in this manner miss the whole spirit not only of Indian music but of music itself. For music expresses the very throbbing, the very pulsations, of nature with sounds, harsh and pleasing, brought together to form, in the words of Kepler, "an artful symphony for several voices." But, speaking of symphony, the question arises, whether Indian music has harmony. The view of Nicholas Nabokov, a Western musicologist comes to mind: "I must correct the statement that harmony has



SVAMI HARIDAS

sarvabhutanam). Anahata nada is equivalent to the harmony of the spheres spoken of by European poets and savants and according to Yoga, there is an echo of it in our muladhara chakra. Tyagaraja affirms that the bliss of final release is nothing else but becoming aware of the nada emanating from the muladhara chakra ('muladharaja nadamerugude mudamagu mokshamura'). And the *Yagnyalakshman* has it that one proficient in playing the vina and conversant with *sruti* and *tala* obtains moksha.

Whether the inspiration is Upanishadic, Pythagorean, Orphic or Taoist, the quest has been for a unity of the whole world expressed through music. Indian music derives the saptasvara from nature, from the voices of birds and animals. The reference to the saptasvara goes back

developed at the expense of rhythm and underline the need for a common and clear terminology. Harmony not only implies several things, but it is very intricate in Indian music and the charge that Indian music lacks harmony is crude and uneducated. One may add here that harmony is implicit in *samvaditva*. According to the late Professor P. Sambamoorthy, the percussion instruments provide rhythmic counterpoint in Indian concerts.

Many Western musicologists like Nabokov are today discovering new virtues in Indian music. They no longer regard our music as inferior because it does not possess the architectonic of European music. Instead they appreciate its proliferating nature and its meditative and "argumentative" qualities. It is surprising that the West has taken nearly four centuries to



MIAN TANSEN

recognise some merit in our singing. European scholars, who studied our religions, philosophies, sculpture and painting, ignored our musical heritage. But perhaps we must remember again that music is the most parochial of arts and that the special characteristics of a nation's genius are more eloquently and subtly expressed through music than through any other art. To understand a nation's music one must be long exposed to it or even be converted to its culture. One can appreciate how, as recently as in the forties a music author like Beverly Nichols could compare Indian music to the creak uttered by pigs being slaughtered. One must admit here that to many Indians Europe's singing sound like the laughter of hyenas being strangled.

### Western Plaudits

The West today dominates the world in every respect - militarily, economically and even culturally. All of us want to win its admiration because we want to be self-assured in our present sorry predicament. In other words the scramble for Western plaudits is an expression of our profound feeling of inferiority. Indian LPs worth millions of dollars may be sold in America, there may be a star explosion in the manner of kadambamukula<sup>4</sup>, some Indian musicians may be sought after in Western capitals and their svaras and apasvaras amplified if not their love and hates. But Indian music will largely remain a curiosity in the West just as European music will remain a curiosity in this country. The Indian artistes who, on their return from abroad, acquire a musical swagger and preen themselves before the public, as before a king-size mirror, cannot qualify to be called

<sup>4</sup> Kadambamukula is the term used to suggest a scattering of sound in the manner of water spouting.



BAIJU BAVRA

angitasamrats unless their digvijaya includes the conquest of their own homeland

### Music For Export

Those who look upon music as a commodity to be exported or as an earner of foreign exchange should operate cargo liners or become commission agents. It is as meaningless to our self respect to sell music as it is to sell moksha. The Nadabrahman cannot be neatly packed in polythene covers and sold to the highest bidder, nor can we exchange a khayal or a pallavi for

It is I have contempt for vocalists and instrumentalists who go abroad and return with press clippings of reviews of their performances to be read before bored Indian audiences. This does not mean I am averse to a musician finding satisfaction in his having been able to give moments of joy to an audience in India or abroad.

Some ideas have to be drummed in—literally and figuratively—and they can stand musically speaking

any number of avarttanas. Such an avarttana has become inescapable in these columns because of our obsession with the West. In my humble opinion all of us must be worried more about Indian music in India than about Indian music in the West. We cannot find recompense for our having been a subject race by trying to make cultural inroads into the territory of our one-time masters. We must, on the contrary, try to overcome the cultural backwardness of our own country. We must find out if Indian music is understood in India, whether it is listened to, whether it is loved. We must find out if Indian music has lost its place in the new mass culture that is rapidly gaining ground in the country, a mass culture that has no native roots.

### North And South

That Indian music has made no headway in India is forcefully demonstrated by the fact that Hindustani music is not understood in the South and that Carnatic music is understood even less in the North. North and South are deaf to each other, at any rate in the matter of music and maybe in other matters also. Musically speaking, Kerala is as much a foreign country to a Punjabi as is Germany or Holland. The Hindustani and Carnatic paddhatis are based on the same fundamental principles and philosophy but they represent two almost antagonistic worlds. (Here again I would like to recall the essentially parochial appeal of any particular system of music.)

### Origins

It is doubtful if there ever was a golden period of unity when one system of music prevailed in the Indian subcontinent. It is almost certain that because of the many racial strains and cultural groups there was a medley of voices. Indian musicologists do not go further than the Samaveda and the *Chilappakkaram* when they speak about music. It is likely that Indian music in the dim past had features



PURANDARADASA

common with those of Sumeria and other neighbouring countries. It is not established how the two predominant systems—Hindustani and Carnatic—originated, though we have some idea as to how they evolved. That the South had its own arts from very ancient times is supported by Bharata (he flourished in the pre-Christian era) who makes a special mention in his *Natyasastra* of the music and dance south of the Vindhya.

### Karnataka or Karanatu?

It is not clear how the music of the South came to be called Carnatic. Does the term refer to Karnataka as a linguistic or geographical region? Some experts believe that it is derived from Karanatu, i.e. coastal land. Karanatu music being opposed to the continental music which came to be called Hindustani. All this of

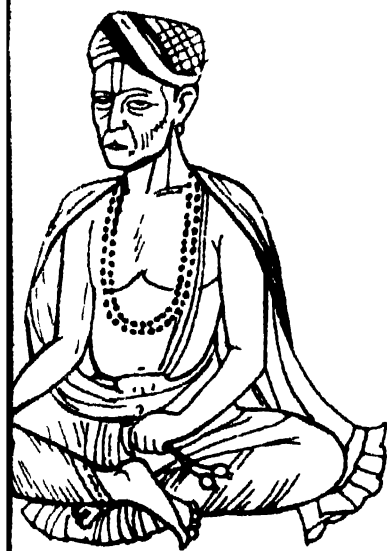
course, is speculation. It is, however, certain that the music of the North acquired a new dimension after its contact with Islam and it is generally believed Amir Khusro was largely responsible for the transformation. Northern music became exuberant—and extravagant—breaking loose from its old constraints. It was romanticised and fertilised by its embracing Persian and Arabic ideas.

While all this was happening the music of the South built a wall around itself. But it too underwent a change by the adoption of the Melakarta system according to Venkatamakhī. As Hindustani music became freer, Carnatic music became more systematised, and in this sociologists discern two different temperaments of the people concerned. Also nothing profane was tolerated though in the padams of Kshetrajñ, and in the javalis there is an undercurrent of erotic profanity. During the past four centuries the South has produced vaggeyakaras<sup>5</sup> who are hardly matched by their Northern counterparts either in eminence or in numbers. Also their output has been prodigious in the form—apart from the aforesaid padams and javalis—of kirtanas, kritis and varnams. One of the glories of Carnatic music is what is called its sahitya—the unrivalled wealth of its compositions.

### Hindu Orthodoxy

In the North there was a stigma attached to music in recent centuries. Hindu orthodoxy frowned upon singing as an ignoble and immoral occupation. The same was not the case in the South despite the general belief that orthodoxy there was more hidebound than in the North. According to the *Manusmṛiti* a Brahmin may learn and teach music but he may not perform. In spite of this injunction many Brahmins took to music as an avocation. There is an impression that Carnatic music has been nurtured by Brahmins and dominated by them. This is a half truth. As a matter of fact this paddhati found its inspiration from the bhakti movement which was if one considers the country as a whole non-Brahmin in its character. As a matter of fact non-Brahmins have had a big part in shaping Carnatic music and in enriching it. Until the advent of the gramophone and the transistor music in the South was propagated by nagasvaram vidvans who were all of them non-Brahmins. One of them was Rajaratnam Pillai who is still remembered by people in their fifties and sixties as an extraordinarily gifted musician who was a repository of ragas. Svati Tirunal was a Kshatriya. A minor non-Brahmin composer who has captured my fancy is Pachimiriyam Adivappayya whose single varnam in Bhairavi entitles him to a lasting place in the history of music.

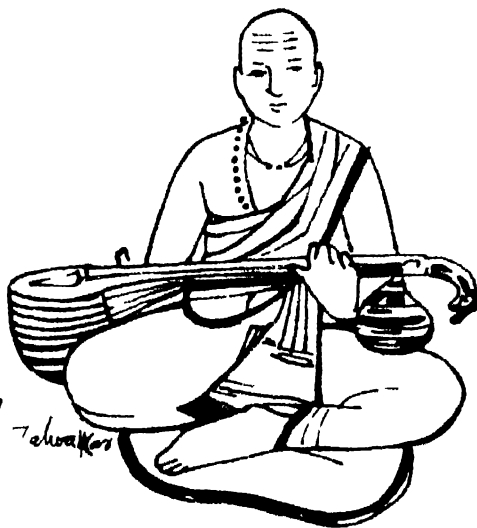
<sup>5</sup> When speaking of Indian music it is better not to use composer as the equivalent of 'vaggeyakara'.



TYAGARAJA



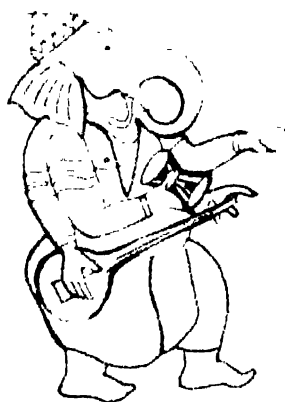
SYAMASASTRI



MUTTUSVAMI DIKSHITAR

For all its rigidity and reluctance to outgrow its format Carnatic music has not been averse to borrowing ragas from the North. Muttusvami Dikshitar introduced a number of Hindustani ragas through his kritis—his Dvijavanti must have got its name from the two "jays" in Jayjayvanti. Huseni is a Carnatic raga, but it is patently of Middle Eastern origin. In recent years a number of Carnatic ragas have been transplanted into the Hindustani style like Hamsadhvani, Vachaspati and Abhogi.

For all this give and take Hindustani and Carnatic are like the Ganga and the Kaveri divided by a thousand miles. One must mention with some sadness that no Northerner has tried to learn Carnatic music. Compare this with the number of Southerners who have distinguished themselves as Hindustani musicians. One must, with equal sadness, refer to the intolerance towards Carnatic music sometimes encountered in the Hindustani belt. (The word belt is from the Hindi belt of political



commentators—but I am no Karate buff though I can claim to have practised Kalaripayattu, at least its *Na* and *Ri*.) I understand there are ustadhs who make fun of Carnatic music and there are pandits who have a low opinion of it. Some Hindustani musicians view Carnatic music with the same aloofness with which Europeans at one time looked at Indian music as a whole. Southern vidvans, I admit, do not go around hugging every pandit and ustad coming their way, though I have heard the story that G.N.

Balasubrahmanyam (G.N.B.) was so carried away by Bade Ghulam Ali Khan's music that he fell at the fairly large feet of the late ustad. To which story we may add the footnote: *Hari Aum Tatsat*.

### Enchanted

I must digress here to write about my own experience of Hindustani music. My first acquaintance with it was in Delhi soon after I had been transplanted from the lush hilly districts of the deep South into the dusty plains of the North. I was then of a vulnerable age and full of fancy. I romanticised everything in the North, its faces, its voices, its attitudes. Even the Northern snake-charmer's pipe



VISHNU NARAYAN BHATKHANDE codified the entire system of Hindustani music through his monumental series of books.

sounded to me more pleasing than the Southern makuti. The first music recital I heard was that of D.V. Paluskar and it enchanted me no end. It was like stepping out from home for the first time and discovering all the wonders of the outdoor

I have been exposed to Hindustani music for nearly 40 years and I do not think I can live without it. It was the wondrous world of melody built by the human voice that bound me to it for ever. As for Hindustani instrumental music, I find it too noisy even when it is played by the masters. I do not understand how Hindustani instrumental music can, as it is feared, be a threat to the popularity of vocal music. It has had a surreptitious influence on South Indian musicians. Some Carnatic *vainikas* are aping *sitarvadan*, almost "ravishing" the gentle and coy *vina* with a violence unbecoming of either a musician or a lover.

In the South the tradition for instrumentalists is strictly to follow

the *gayaki* method and no departure must be made from this practice in thoughtless imitation of another style.

### Arbitrary?

Some musicologists question the very framework of Carnatic music: it is their view that the *Melakarta* ragas are derived arbitrarily and on an essentially arithmetical basis. They also claim that the Carnatic *tala* system is no more than a matter of "scaffolding". It is for South Indian experts to answer such criticisms. It may, however, be remarked that to the Southerner his musical heritage is as precious as the Hindustani musical heritage is dear to the Northerner. (The terms "Northerner" and "Southerner" are not accurately used in India. Geographically Maharashtra is Southerners; after all, much of Maharashtra lies in the region known as the Deccan. Maharashtra, like Gujaratis, are Northerners only in the sense that



VISHNU DIGAMBAR PALUSKAR, a contemporary of Bhatkhande, took music to the "masses" with a missionary zeal and removed the social stigma attached to it.

they speak an Indo-European language and that their music belongs to the "Hindustani belt". I may add here that Marathi *natyasangit* has a strange South Indian element which I cannot define. Significantly, it has influenced South Indian operatic singing.)

As a layman it is my view that the Carnatic *sampradaya* is one of the great possessions of mankind and as many-splendoured as its Northern counterpart. However, the Carnatic music often heard nowadays is not without serious shortcomings. And it is relevant to point out that Hindustani music as practised today is not without faults. I am ignorant about the *dhravas* that were sung during the staging of the plays of Kalidasa in ancient times; nor am I acquainted with the *dhrupadas* which were sung in later times. But, I venture to say, that the *khayals* which replaced the *dhrupadas* and now form the mainstay of Hindustani music are sometimes monotonous, too long-drawn-out and repetitive. I will



not say more and confine my criticism to Carnatic music.

It is the experience of even lay audiences in the South that sruti and laya are neglected in Carnatic music. And the Northerner may well ask: "What is music if there is no sruti and laya?" "Srutirmata layah pita," goes the saying (Sruti is mother and laya is father). The offspring of unsatisfactory parentage must be genetically defective. Sruti and laya make for the unison which inspires ideas of beauty and mysticism.

### Tearing Hurry

Carnatic musicians also seem to be always tense and in a tearing hurry. The true character of Indian music is expressed through its spaciousness and leisureliness, while Hindustani artists are too unhurried and too expansive, their Carnatic counterparts race through, afraid as it were of missing the train that is to take them home. Vilambitam is seldom heard in the South, one gifted vocalist who is distinguished for it is constantly ridiculed by the Tamil press.

When Ariyakudi Ramanuja Iyengar laid down the format now followed in Carnatic recitals he had in mind the need for variety and he probably took into account the impatience of modern audiences. We have tried this format for 50 years and it is time we reconsidered it. The anxiety to pack in many "items" as possible in a recital of 150 or 180 minutes has led to the erosion of sahityabhava and rasabhava. South Indian audiences seem to be averse to alapana and shruti to saaval javab. To them music is substitute for violence and they relish saaval javab as much as Spaniards love bull-fights.

### Kalpanasvaram

The Carnatic vocalist is a laryngeal robot. He takes pride in his unlimited capacity for solfa-singing (kalpanasvaram or svaraprastaram). Indeed some vidvans turn out

svarams in the manner of a sackful of mustard crackling in a giant cauldron of oil. Assisted by the violinist and the percussionists he pushes himself into a frenzied crescendo. It is an orgy of sound and fury working towards an obscene explosion. But the musicians have their reward: the audience responds with an equally noisy burst of applause.<sup>6</sup>

The Indian musician is his own composer and every piece "rendered" by him is a spontaneous composition. In other words, improvisation and manodharma constitute the basic character of our music. The criticism is often made that Carnatic music lacks both these qualities and it has even been suggested that in this deficiency it resembles Western music. This is of course an exaggerated view. There may be an established pattern of singing a kriti but a musician is expected to transform it with his art every time he sings it. Bhava as far as Carnatic music is concerned is twofold—sangtabhava and sahityabhava. A master (or maestro if you like) is one who can weave the two together, exploring the sancharis of the kriti and the raga, and hold his audience captive in the magic world of nada. Such masters are admittedly rare in the South.

### New Values

The distinguished musicians interviewed by our contributors for this issue have not tried to answer the question whether Indian music has ceased to evolve and whether it will survive the onslaught of the new aural invasions with all their technical armoury. Is our music seriously taken by our young people? Are they aware of the values on which it is based and do they question their validity? These are questions relevant to the future of our music, Hindustani or Carnatic. There is such a thing as conditioning

<sup>6</sup> Much of this is charvitacharyanam as far as I am concerned but the cud deserves to be chewed again and again.

whether or not you take behaviourist psychology seriously. The Indian air is filled with the hybrid strains of film music and it is all the time producing a preposterous vichitarangam of its own. It is idle to believe that classical music and its appreciation will remain unaffected in course of time.

Our pandits, ustads and vidvans should learn a lesson from the death of folk music in India, the spontaneous music of the people from which classical music must have evolved. The pop music of the West is nothing but their new folk music. What passes for pop music in India is not our music but a hideous alien medley of sound and it has certainly nothing to do with our folk. As a matter of fact, film music is taking the place of natural folk music and, in my humble opinion, it is doing immeasurable damage to the Indian psyche. This is a subject which has



been neglected by our musicologists and sociologists in spite of all the seminars they conduct in Vigyan Bhavan.

### Official Bodies

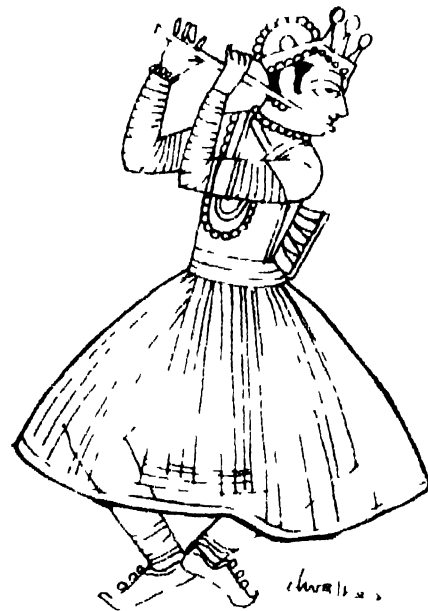
That brings me to the role of the Sangeet Natak Akademi and other official bodies. Does this Akademi sponsor research and the publication of books? Why is it that the Akademi has done little in the matter of writing authentic histories of the two



paddhatis? Has it tried to bring about what in current cliché is called a North-South dialogue in music? What has it done towards the preservation of our music, the voices of musicians old and new? Our universities are also svaravithana but it may be a good idea to have music as a degree course.

As for patronage of music I feel the munificence of princes in the old days is exaggerated. While some maharajas and navabs did encourage musicians and confer honours on them, there was popular interest in music among some sections at least in the South. Today the government is said to have taken the place of the princes and All India Radio is the chief instrument of official patronage. In actual fact AIR is a double-edged weapon in the hands of the government and the edge with which it does injury to music is deadlier than the one with which it tries to promote music. Vividh Bharati is a Sabda Mohini who has bedazzled the semi-literate masses of India. (In my opinion the illiterate masses have a rudimentary sensitivity in matters of culture and are not utterly debased like the other category.)

I cannot as is the practice in Southern recitals of music, conclude with a mangalam but at the same time I do not wish to make my attempt at alapana or a threnody. ■





**Hindustani And Carnatic :**

# Ganga & Kaveri Meandering Together & Apart

**“There is a border-line between Hindustani and Carnatic music where the points of resemblance become as strong as the points of divergence. It is, of course, also possible to pick areas in the music of the two styles in such a manner that there is nothing in common.”**

**H**OW does one compare and contrast two systems of classical music in print when snatches of song can illustrate far more eloquently what perhaps a thousand words in black and white cannot convey? To

say that Hindustani and Carnatic music are sister streams with a common fountainhead is to reach for a cliché—and an inadequate one at that. What does it *mean* in terms of performed music?

**MAHARAJA SVATI TIRUNAL** of Travancore, one of the great Carnatic *vaggeyakaras*. Not many even in the South know that he also composed Hindustani music—*dhrupads*, *khayals* and *thumris*.

**by Sakuntala  
Narasimhan**

A matter of geographical division? In a way yes—the music of the Southern States is Carnatic and that of the areas of the North, the East and the West is Hindustani. But then what about the border regions like Dharwad and Hyderabad—or even Bombay and Delhi—in fact—where both the styles of music thrive side by side?

A division based on language perhaps? Yes—in the sense that a Tamil or a Telugu composition would traditionally be in the Carnatic idiom, and a Bengali or a Hindi song in the Hindustani style. But wait—instrumental music that employs no language can still be identified clearly as Hindustani or Carnatic, an *alap* or *tune* without words can likewise, still be recognised as North or South Indian, besides. Sanskrit lyrics figure in both systems, and there are Marathi songs (composed by Raja Serloji of Thanjavur, for example) which are sung in the South Indian style. Obviously language cannot by itself categorise music as belonging to one system or the other.

## Cuts Both Ways

Raise questions of technical, historical or lyrical traditions to differentiate between the two styles and each one of them can be answered either way—with arguments to back up your stand. (A bit like the story of the six blind men who set out to describe an elephant, the man who felt the beast's legs declaring the elephant to be like a pillar and the one who got hold of its trunk, pronouncing it to be more like a snake—each was partially true, but...)

Theoretical analyses take one just so far and no further. The most widely accepted chronology traces the beginnings of both systems to Vedic times—when euphonious chanting fixed and developed the notes of the

scale—and from there on to the origin of the raga system, which became the corner-stone for subsequent musical development. A recital of classical music of either kind outside the framework of ragas is inconceivable. Somewhere around 500 years ago, the Northern areas evolved the Hindustani style. This is supposed to have been the result of Persian influence, when the Muslim invaders came over.

The South, meanwhile, remained untouched by extraneous cultural influences. Authoritative written records of those medieval years of flux are either not available or are ambiguous, so that terms and definitions that have become obsolete over the years allow for differences in interpretation. In any case, five centuries are not a long span in an art heritage spanning a millennium, so that the two systems are very much consanguineous and continue to enrich each other through a two-way traffic.

Popular misconceptions and myths have, however, managed to underscore the points of divergence rather than those of similarity. One such in the North clubs all South Indian music as devotional, likewise the Southerner thinks of Hindu music mainly as earthy love-lyric. (“Every *khayal* is *piya ao* or *piya* as one Southern chauvinist once put it.)

## Trend, Not Heritage

Of course, both systems span the entire gamut of themes, from the most ascetic to the most passionately romantic, only it just so happens that the *kriti* form, which is the backbone of Carnatic music today, is largely devotional in content, while in the *khayal*, which is the most common heard form in Hindustani music, devotional emphasis does not perhaps always come through mainly because of the paucity of words—but then, that is a comment on a current trend, not on the content of its heritage.

Carnatic music is wordy, while Hindustani music gives greater thought to melodic substance—another popular myth that could be substantiated as well demolished depending on what examples and parallels one chooses. *Kritis* do have more words, but then a *pallavi* item (which could be said to correspond roughly to the North Indian *khayal*) has fewer words than its counterpart.

“Carnatic music is rhythm-dominated, restrictive and involved”—from the Northerner's point of view—while Hindustani music is “easy-flowing, melody oriented and far more liberal in its constraints” (the Southerner will say the same thing, rephrasing it as “Carnatic music has a highly developed rhythm structure with scientific, well-defined rules, while the music of the North lags on both counts”). This myth probably has its genesis in the fact that rhythm seems







**V. GOPAL KRISHNAN** is a leading mridangam vidvan. He has given a number of successful Hindustani vocal recitals in Madras.

Carnatic music with greater fluidity than it does Hindustani music, because the predominant kritam is a preset fixed composition set rhythm, whereas the main extant forms of Hindustani music, khayals and thumris, are more loosely woven content.

Carnatic music seems replete with 'flakes' and curves to North Indians and Hindustani music in turn appears angular to South Indians; again it is the shaking of notes that seems more pronounced in the style—trills and waves and subtle nuances—*gamakas* in technical parlance—are as much in aesthetic requirement in the Hindustani style as in the South and in fact play a vital role in defining good music in both systems. It is the difference in types of curves and embellishments that makes the two styles sound dissimilar and builds up their disparate identities.

So much for reactions at the lay level. For the initiated, there are other questions raised by the differences between the canons governing the two styles. Why, for example, do Northerners seem to place so much emphasis on the subject of gharanas (schools of musical training, each with its own specialities) when the corresponding *baani* or *paddhati* of North Indian music has been kept in a proper perspective? This again is but only a matter of opinion. A generation or two ago, individual schools of training in Carnatic music could have such militantly faithful followers that I have heard anecdotes of disciples groomed in different camps combatively tightening their canons and almost coming to blows over the relative merits of their respective stands. At the same time, an eclecticism is also a feature of the musical personalities of most of the

performers of the younger generation in Hindustani music, so that rigidity is more a matter of reputation than fact—many artistes do combine, in their styles, the salient features of two or more gharanas. (Whether this is good is of course, another question.) Why don't Carnatic ragas have *vadi* and *samvadi* notes spelt out, when this pair of concordant notes is so important in the Hindustani system that the choice of a different pair from the same set of notes can mean an entirely different raga? This, again, is not a valid point of divergence, for each Carnatic raga too has a predominant note (or notes) that sets its mood patterns, and this emphasis is taken care of in practice rather than in theory (Sankarabharanam for instance, takes all the seven notes in the octave, but you do not pause on the note *ri* or *dha*, and you do stress *ga* instead.) And, in reverse, Carnatic ragas that have been assimilated into the Hindustani style have had their *vadi* and *samvadi* fixed implicitly, the way it has always been in the South. So where does one draw the dividing line?

The time theory of ragas is another such issue—connoisseurs of the North often wonder: How can the South Indian sing *Malkhus* at noon when it is a night-time melody? While tradition does recognise the need to match the moods of the hours of the

day to the moods of ragas even in the South (*Ralyani* is indisputably 'evening', while *Bilahari* is for the morning) and there are scientific arguments advanced for such a classification based on time in practice, the rigidity of the theory itself has been in question for North Indians, too, ever since recording facilities became available. (The national programme to be broadcast at 9.30 p.m. is recorded during the day: does the artiste suit his raga to the hour of actual performance or broadcast?)

From the point of view of concert patterns in the two systems, too, a couple of distinguishing features stand out. One is the sequence of items—the custom in Hindustani music is to begin with slow, *vilambit* pieces and go on to fast tempo in Carnatic music, one warms up with brisk pieces and then settles down to elaborate, slow, long drawn out items towards the end. Both sequences, of course, have their attractions from the points of view of performers and listeners.

### How The Two "Feel"

So much for theory. How do the two styles 'feel' to a performer? If explanations there have to be simple, are as good as any other means, do people not grow up learning two or more different tongues and mix each with felicity? What goes for the spoken word ought to be true for singing, too. Music being just another language, there need be no difficulty in treating each style according to its proper mode.

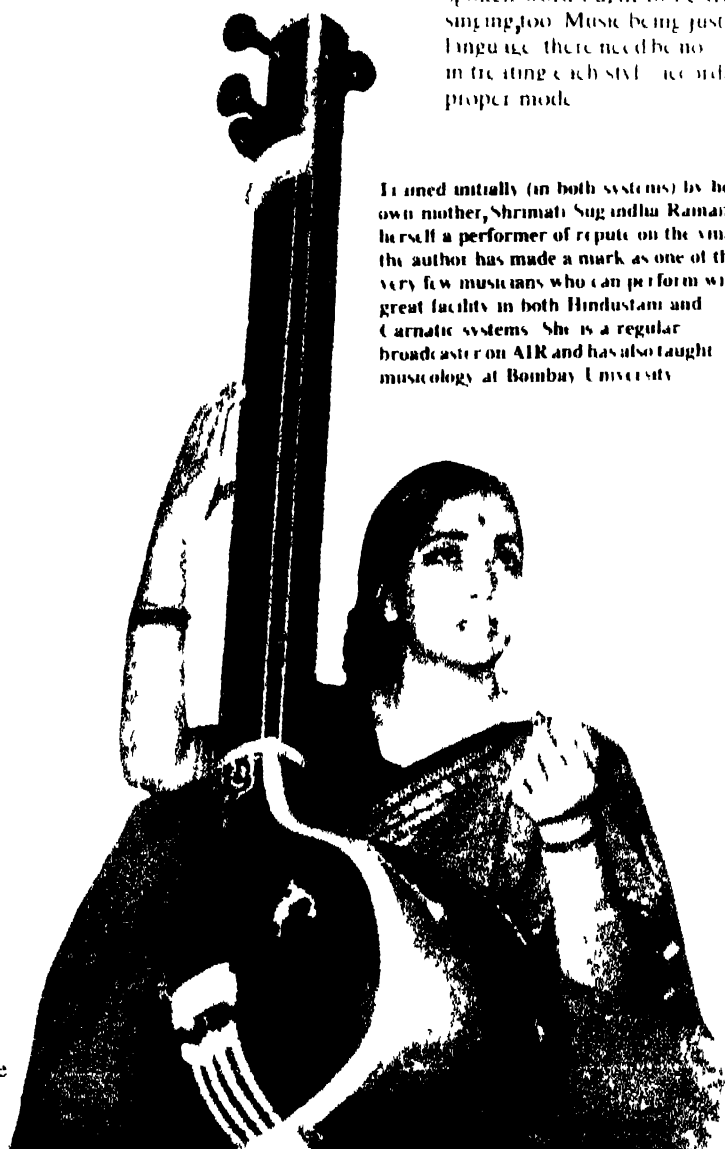
The goods are the same—only the method of delivery differs—that is another way of looking at the relation between the two styles and a valid one at that for the purists and the sticklers for authenticity look not just for grammatical or technical competence, but also the peculiar variations in intonation, inflection and tonal modulations of North and South Indian tongues that put their own individual stamp on each style of singing.

Analogies from another subjective art form could also serve—just as an artist can paint two different canvases, both be useful using the same set of colours, so also Hindustani and Carnatic musicians can spin out the same set of identical notes to build up melody patterns that sound different, and yet have much in common. Which is what compatotism between the two systems translates into in practice.

Is one style easier than the other? Well, yes and no—some aspects of the one are easier than others—both ways—and prior acquaintance with one style can be a help, as well as a hindrance in trying one's hand at the other.

Having said that, I have often been asked: Which style do I hum to myself spontaneously during random moments of preoccupation? The argument here is that it would indicate subconscious choice or preference based on heredity or environment. That is, tricky one for I subject the scores are (speaking for myself, of course) even.

**M/S. GOPAL KRISHNAN** is probably the only instrumentalist to have won acclaim as a Carnatic and Hindustani virtuoso. He is the son of Parur Sundara Iyer, who learnt Hindustani music from Vishnu Digambar Patilkar.



Tuned initially (in both systems) by her own mother, Shrimati Sugandha Raman, herself a performer of repute on the *vi*, the author has made a mark as one of the very few musicians who can perform with great facility in both Hindustani and Carnatic systems. She is a regular broadcaster on AIR and has also taught musicology at Bombay University.



# Hindustani Sangit

## Aroha Or Avaroha?

Like the notes of the octave are the fortunes of Hindustani music on the ascendant (*aroha*) or are they on the decline (*avaroha*)?

Candid interviews with artistes and connoisseurs.

by Vithal C. Nadkarni  
and  
Gurudev Sharan



**KRISHNARAO SHANKAR PANDIT**, the oldest living exponent of the oldest Hindustani gayaki, the Gwalior gharana. Right: Nizamuddin one of our leading percussionists teaching his son the tabla on the pavement outside the chawl in which he lives in Bombay

**O**UR much proclaimed affair with Hindustani music has been going on with undiminished ardour for many years now. We have lost count of the number of times we have been enraptured by raginis like Asavari, Todi, Nilambari and Bhairavi. But even if we had a million more births to spend in their melodious thralldom, we would still ask for more.

Such is the enduring beauty of our ragas and raginis that it shines through brilliantly even when it is disguised in cheap catch penny film.

**MOGUBAI KURDIKAR**, the oldest exponent of the Atrauli-Jaipur gharana



**KISHORI AMONKAR**, Mogubai's daughter, is one of our most popular vocalists.

*vane*. The timeless classical tunes live years after the films were made even after the words, in which they were originally cast, are forgotten.

However, perennial as its appeal is, our classical music is hardly static. A recital of Bageshri presented by, say, Sharadechandra Arolkar or Mogubai Kurdikar is different from one given by Nissar Hussain Khan. And no two recitals of the same raga by any of these masters are ever alike. To be sure, all are based on "shastrya" rules (on the 'changeability' of which, more later), yet each differs from the other

like the myriad variations of shape in a single interminable river — the raga Bageshri.

Indian music, says the musicologist Lothar Lutze, "is not presented as something readymade. Beginning with the tuning of the instrument the work of art unfolds before the listener: he is made witness to a creative process. Indian music, one might put it, grows, and it is enjoyable at any stage of its growth. European music is built like a house into which one does not move before it has received its finishing touches. Indian music is by nature vegetative; its Western counterpart is architectonic.

Our ragas and raginis, therefore, do not reside in mansions made from a plethora of blueprints. Rather they are like magic mantras or like seeds that sprout in the minds of our musicians and rasikas. And it is only in the course of an actual recital, depending on his skill, sadhana and 'mood', that the musician, like the magician, aided by the sympathetic rapport of the audience, invokes the ragas and elaborates on forms which may turn out to be as different from one another as a tiger is from a winsome damsel.

\*Vegetative not in the sense that it is inert or stagnant, but in that of being evergreen and fertile.



**SHARAN RANI**, our first woman sarod player, a disciple of Ali Akbar Khan.

Talking of the musician/magician Khadim Hussain, himself the downer of the Agra gayaki, recites to us a celebrated composition in Bhimpalasi by Daras Piya

नाबसनुंवरको हं महाकठिन रस ।  
कौन करे याको बिस्तार ऐ बरस ॥  
नाबसनुंवरके तीरबेको  
सरस्वतीहियामे दो तीब घरे ।  
तबहं ना पायो पार ऐ बरस ॥





freely translated it means—'To cross the intractable waters of the Ocean of sound when the goddess Saraswati herself had to clasp two floats to her heart, how can we, mortal musicians, dare?' But we are compelled to, says the Ustad. Daunting as this *nada samudra* is, it casts a hypnotic spell upon us—*nadopasakas* and the *rasikas* alike. Again and again we are drawn to its shores, again and again we submit our senses to its swirling eddies and depths. And only after years of *sadhana* in the dangerous waters can one learn the *quaidas* (laws) that enable the adept to caper

**RAM NARAIN**, the famed sarangi wizard



**JASRAJ**, a popular exponent of the Mewati gharana

on the tossing waters like playful porpoises. However, the ocean/music is only metaphorically different from the porpoise/musician. The connexion between the two is obvious. The latter creates the former—whether it be a puddle, pond or a raging *saptasindhu*—again depends on the invocatory powers of the musician. It is thus that music like everything connected with life and living beings is susceptible to the process of progress as well as decline, says the renowned musicologist Alain Danielou. He is referring to the

present promiscuity in culture which tends to create hybrid, low-standard by-products—a sort of universal pie-music, universal pie-painting, universal pie-architecture.

Fortunately, here in India, says the musicologist, we can still find today the brilliant tradition of one of the greatest arts that ever existed in the world, a music of which the Persian musician and philosopher, Amir Khusru, once said: 'It is an art so subtle, so difficult, so refined that after 20 years in India I only begin to understand its beauty. The leaders of the nation have a great responsibility to uphold (the tradition) before you before us, before the world.'

The charge of preserving and enriching this great musical heritage, however, devolves not so much on our leaders as on our *kalakars* and *rasikas*. How have they been treating it? Has it become consigned or diminished in any way? Or has it grown even more splendidous in their care?

Curiously, similar questions arose nearly 60 years ago when Vishnu Narayan Bhattachande was writing the final volume of his unsurpassable series *Hindustani Sangit Paddhati*. Using the Socratic method, the venerable pandit asked: 'India produced so many talented stalwarts in the last hundred years. Will we ever see more of them in the future?' His answer was: 'No. Not even in eighth of the original talent now subsists in India. It is the inevitable result of the dwindling royal patronage in recent years.'

Bhattachande, however, ended his reply on an optimistic note: 'We have new music for new listeners; today, he said, 'And that mixture of the new and the old (or the traditional and the modern) is in everything else, was to be found in music. And even today one could find some artists of the calibre of the old masters—(it lies ours).'

To say that the time has changed in the 60 years since Bhattachande would

conscious or Haphazard Evolution in Music, address at the seminar *Music East & West*, held in New Delhi in 1964.

**PRABHA KIRE**, the talented vocalist of the Kirana tradition



be to make a gross understatement. The changes that have occurred in the past 15 or 20 years alone have been nothing short of cataclysmic. In terms of sheer numbers, the record seems to have been an exponential growth: more music conferences are being held in the country than ever before; music is no longer the preserve of the small core made up of the elite; more people are listening to music than ever before; the handiwork of mass communications—radio, television, films—is also the gramophone and the cassette recorder—have spread classical music in ways undreamed of before. There are countless *sabhas* and schools teaching music, and with the increasing awareness of music in society, artists—at least the

**KUMAR GANDHARVA**, the celebrated vocalist of the *avant-garde* group



top-ranking ones—are earning both prestige and pelf, a their older counterparts never could.

But as the noted musicologist V.R. Athavale says, this growth, commendable as it is, is only the quantitative aspect of the situation.

We must therefore look beyond mere numbers, into the qualitative aspect of the change that have been taking place in Hindustani music. That endeavour is a fact, our main contribution, or composition. (Admittedly, the prologue is something of an *ad libitum*—*Ad lib*—improvisation in extra slow tempo.)

Several factors complicate the orderly development of the evolution of the composition. First, it is fashioned from several sources, notes from interviews with musicians and connoisseurs, not all of these are concordant.

The second factor is purely a matter of logistics. Ideally, one would have liked to meet just about everyone concerned with Hindustani music—*kalakars*, *rasikas*, *sammelankartas*, Akashvani and Doordarshan officials, media men, recording company executives, music directors—from all over the country. But we have had to confine per cent



PARVEEN SULTANA, one of our most popular young vocalists.

meetings to Bombay and that too to an abridged list of names which we have tried to make in all good faith as representative as possible. Under these circumstances inevitably, some big ones have got left out of our net.

Moreover, even if all these problems were to be overcome, how does one tackle the hurdle of setting standards with which to evaluate the present state of the art? For, as the sitar veteran Abdul Halim Jaffar Khan says, "How do we assay our musical bounty? How much of what is being offered today is gold and how much of it is dross? We are dealing here not with a bar of clanging metal, but with a highly evolved art in the hands of men and women. And we have no bureau of standards, but only tradition and intuition to appeal to."

With that prologue, we present the findings of our survey. Almost everyone we talked to stated emphatically that classical music was living, evolving and changing constantly. This response may have been conditioned by our own ineluctable question: has classical music become fossilized?

Evolution *per se* is meaningless in Hindustani music. Can you for instance improve on the raga Marwa? No amount of eugenic grafting of svaras can produce a bigger fitter scale of Marwa, one that is more likely to survive in the 21st century.

The beauty of our system is such that ranging from dolorous dhrupads to flighty taranas, one can build an infinite variety of structure, all within the borders of a six-sided plot of melodic territory called *Maawa*.

There is not to say that techniques of presentation and manners of declamation have not changed. Barring a few notable exceptions, most vocalists have been now relegating profound, spacious *alapchari* to a secondary or even tertiary position in the overall scheme of unfolding the *raga*.

And the artistes generally give excessive attention to *alankars* (ornaments) which, by definition, are designed to be used sparingly. Thus, at an average vocal recital, you are likely to be treated to a surfeit of *sargams*, *murkis*, *khatkas*, even *zanzamas*, soon followed by a veritable avalanche of fast and superfast *tranas*. A marked tendency to 'strike' into the *ati-taar* *saptak*

(the 4th octave) can also be observed. As the eminent vocalist Jitendra Abhisheki puts it, "Music served thus is like a lopsided thali, loaded with a variety of chutneys, pickles and relishes but with very little, or no rice and chapatis in the centre."

These aesthetically ersatz techniques are thus driving out the older and more harmonious processes such as the *alap*, *bol-alap* (*upa*) which formed the core of the *asthai* and the *antara* with its well-balanced complement of *taans*.

If *alapchari* has become somewhat retarded in vocal music, in the case of instrumental music, it has grown with unchecked vigour. (Again with the caveat that there are several artistes who are honourable exceptions.)

The instrumentalists nowadays take special delight in slow pondoous *alap* in which they can display their virtuosity in full measure. But, then, the same ideas are repeated in *jod* and *jhala*. Thereafter again in the *gat* in the *vilambit* and *madhya-laya* movements. This is followed by *drut* and *ati-drut* work, all to the accompaniment of the *tabla* which brings in its wake, unseemly 'altercations' and *sival javabs* between the main performer and his accompanist which end up, in most cases, in unregulated noise.

Why are these changes being introduced? Purely for showmanship. Sheer virtuosity and speed never cease to impress the unlimited audiences who are increasing in number, whether in Calcutta or in California.

Also there is an element of imitation involved, says Krishna Hangal, the noted vocalist daughter of the Kirana veteran Gangubai Hangal.

Younger and immature artistes who are in search of quick success and cheap popularity, are copying the so-called successful (rabble-rousing) techniques of their seniors, says Hariprasad Chaurasia, the flute maestro. Encouragement from the public, a majority of whom are unschooled in the finer aspects of the art, is an incentive to the unprincipled to mould their entire performances for the gallery.

This is not a new phenomenon, says the Marathi journalist and music critic Ramakrishna Bakre. We have always had two kinds of artistes, those who vulgarised the tradition and those who enriched it.

In the old days, artistes of the former category were like the proverbial blind men with the elephant. If they did imbibe wrong, fragmentary notions of the towering *gayaki* of some *gharana* master, they at least copied only one single master.

In these enlightened times, no one apparently has any blinkers. Armed with recordings of several masters and the memory of listening at various concerts, anyone can descend into a menagerie of masters and

synthesise for himself a chimerical *baaz* or *gayaki*. More often than not, the ill-fitting result is likely to be as ridiculous as "an ant's head set on the shoulders of an ox standing on the legs of a peacock."

Shobha Gurtu, the eminent *thumri* and *ghazal* singer, describes these incongruous examples of pastiche art as Benarasi silks darned with unseemly bits of cotton, woollen and leather. Just as the artiste must eschew blind imitation (the word she uses is *popatpuchi* — mere parroting), he must also guard against misguided innovation. This elusive creative tension between diverse elements is in fact the essence of any great art.

Firoz Dastur, the veteran Kirana vocalist, says, "At no time has there ever been a surfeit of great masters. Like rare comets that flash across the night sky once every few years, they shall continue to appear on the musical firmament to the delight of the listeners."

Lalit Rao and Padmaja Punde, the young gifted Agra vocalists, agree that the future of Hindustani music is bright. Both the average artiste and the audiences are better educated, well-informed and very inquisitive too! And it would not be fair to say that any one generation had all the monopoly of talent and dedication. In the present context, however, if we are to nurture veterans of tomorrow, they should be given encouragement from all quarters.

According to Sumit Savur and Prafulla Dahanukar, both sponsors of periodical concerts of budding *kalakars*, the dire need is to spot them and catch them young. A beginning has been made in this regard by institutions like the Sangeet Research Academy (Calcutta), Maharashtra Kala Nidhi, Sajan Milap and Badi Ghulam Ali Khan Yaadgar

Sabha (Bombay). This was an encouraging prospect, they hoped.

Unfortunately, most of our musicians are mediocre — artists anxious to make a dash to the stars before they have even learned to 'crawl' in the green room," says an eminent musician who insists on total anonymity. "While the earlier *ustads* and *pundits* were tightly listed in the distribution of their *vidya*, today there are hardly any gurus left to hand it down. Admittedly, we still have some very good concert artistes, but most of them are either too busy or are not erudite enough to create a proper *parampara*. With the result, many so-called artistes (including some of our most popular ones) are spreading among the audiences distorted or even vulgar images of an art which is infinitely noble — an art which has the power to lead you into a trance on to the shores of tranquility."

Shivkumar Sharma, who promotes the use of the *santoor* on the concert platform, says emphatically that it is absolutely unnecessary to play to the gallery to become popular. His experience has been that audience always appreciate serious and inspired music. Admittedly, attending classical music concerts has become the in-thing in high society today, he says. Many of the beautiful people who flock to the front rows are more interested in things sartorial than classical. But if music had charms to soothe a savage breast and to often rocks, could it not convert such philistines into true votaries? The answer, not surprisingly, is 'Yes!'

Constant exposure to good classical music does train the ears of the kansens, says the distinguished violinist V. G. Jog. But there is no need to lower your standards to make your music attractive. One can be popular without being cheap.



...udha Divekar, a talented young vocalist, cites the example of the late Amir Khan, one of the country's most distinguished vocalists, who "never once sang a thumri nor ever pandered to the so-called tastes of the public and yet was probably the most popular vocalist in recent times".

"This proves that good classical music can never be boring or dry (as some ignorant people hold it to be)," says D.K. Datar, another leading polymath.

"It is only those svaras which move and inspire the artiste himself that pierce the hearts of the public," says Shobha Gurtu. "One must satisfy one's own spirit, one's own sense of design and form before one can even think of 'capturing' the audiences, leave alone 'transporting' them to other worlds."

The moment you consciously begin to run after popularity, success and a mass-following, you begin to debase your art," says Sharad Sathe, disciple of the late D.V. Paluskar and Chhatradheendra Arolkar and himself a noted vocalist. For, as Ramesh Gadkarni, a senior vocalist, who is also a producer at AIR, says, "classicism and popularity are contradictory terms".

To popularise your art, you first simplify it. For instance, a difficult piece in Tilvada tala is reset to Ektala. You ignore the resulting loss of innate dignity and weight. Then you deliberately strive for gimmickry and stunning peculiarities" with which to impress the so-called "masses" who are only too willing to clap in heedful wonder.

According to Pandit Jasraj, one of our most popular vocalists, clapping and other forms of excessively demonstrative approbation in the middle of a concert are anathema to the good artiste. First, they disturb the mood and the atmosphere. And

the second reason, he says, is that "there is something childish about clapping. Real appreciation flows from silent, profound enjoyment. This also reflects the real, 'meditative' character of our music. Does anyone clap when Ravi Shankarji is presenting his alap? They all listen to him in respectful silence".

It is only when the saval-javabs (or the "mimicry business" between the instrumentalists) begin in a mounting crescendo that the "public" breaks out into an orgy of clapping. Incidentally, we are not against saval-javabs or any other display of aural "pyrotechnics". They have all to be appreciated against the backdrop of the "total" scheme of presentation.

Another noticeable feature in modern recitals is the preponderance of "new" ragas as well as the growing penchant for unfamiliar (anvat) ragas.

However, according to the septuagenarian maestro of the Jaipur gharana, Mallikarjun Mansur, the so-called "new" ragas are nothing but pruned and twisted versions of our time-honoured melodies. He says that "one lifetime is not enough for the exploration of our vast family of old 'siddha' ragas. Even now, new combinations could be fashioned from them. In fact, there is no need for new-fangled melodies when a whole lot of old but still unfamiliar ragas are pining away in our collective repertoire waiting for the right artistes to unfold their beauties".

"Where is the need for 'new' ragas when we can't master even half the

number of old ones?" asks Gangubai Hangal.

According to S.C.R. Bhatt and K.G. Ginde, maestros of the Agra gharana, many of the so-called new ragas are only old wine in "newly-labelled bottles".

None of the artistes and connoisseurs we met, however, would deny any "genuine creative Muse her due". Indeed, our repertoire has been considerably enriched by several "modern" combinations such as the late Jagannathbuwa Purohit's Jogkauns, Kumar Gandharva's Malawati and Sohini-Bhatiyar, Kaishikiranjani created by the late Chidanand Nagarkar, the late Allauddin Khan's Hemant and several other ragas and compositions.

"But such combinations are successful if and only if they fulfil time-honoured aesthetic criteria. Fortunately, many of the ragas, created under dubious circumstances, die their natural deaths within a few days of their birth," as the talented duo, Parveen Sultana and her husband, Mohammad Dilshad Khan, maintain.

"Even so, one must use words like creation and innovation with great circumspection," says Fayyaz Ahmed Khan, the eminent Kirana maestro, who usually performs jugalbandi with his younger brother, Niyaz Ahmed Khan.

"Has anyone shown any genius to create the eighth svara in addition to the svara saptak?" he asks. "Our forefathers were so ingenious as to create an entire universe with just seven svaras and twenty-two shrutis. Could they, who thought of such subtle laws as time and seasonal laws for our ragas, have not created all the new variations that we are now 'discovering'?"

Says Lothar Lutze: "Indian music is cyclic. It is based on variation—a basic structure—raga or tala—is varied or explored with apparently inexhaustible inventiveness. This revolving around a central basic structure or idea, which may also be observed in the sculptures of Khajuraho or the poems of Kabir, is expressive of the oriental way of thinking, which is fundamentally cyclic, as opposed to Western thought which is basically linear. Moreover, although the Indian musician feels himself bound by tradition, he is by nature a soloist and individualist and likes to depend on the spur of the moment. The combination of these extremes, age-old tradition and momentary inspiration, results in a certain quality of timelessness which should make us use words like progress with a question mark."

"The present tendency of gathering mammoth audiences for our classical audiences is also doing some harm to our innate aesthetics," says Jitendra Abisheki. "You may, like a modern-day Ravana (who was incidentally a great singer), amplify your voice a hundredfold



**KARTICK KUMAR, the talented disciple of Ravi Shankar who also plays the surbahar.**

electronically and reach the ears of those whom you can't even see. But what is the 'total effect' that you are creating?" he asks.

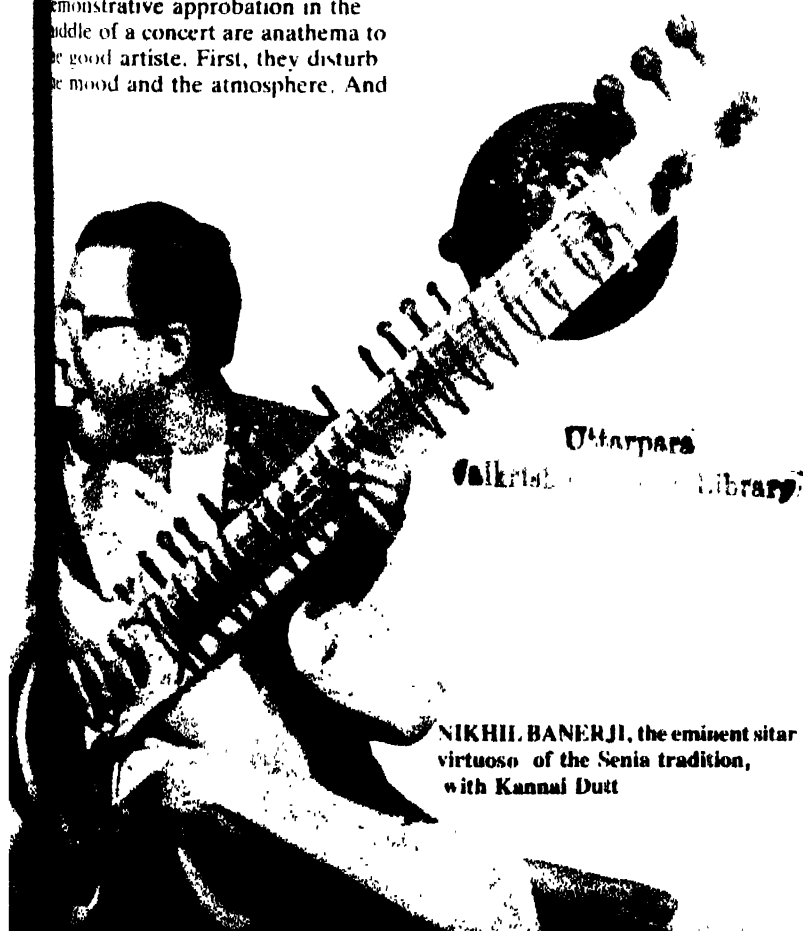
"Even in fairly small concerts, the microphone robs the voice of its subtle modulations and introduces cunning distortions," says Sarla Bhide, the talented young vocalist.

This "depersonalisation syndrome" has been carried to the extreme with the advent of mass media—playback and video-taping facilities. For instance, as we are writing this line, the image of Gangubai Hangal is flickering eerily on the television screen and her resonant voice, modulated by "volume control", is vibrating in the entire room. It is a national programme of music probably recorded weeks in advance. It is tolerably faithful to the "real-life rendering". But in the telecast, something vital is missing. Naturally the "message" has been delivered through a "medium" (with apologies to Marshall McLuhan).

Kishor Hiranandancy, an ardent collector of taped music, complains that much of the classical music "dished" out by the mass media today is "badly recorded" and "distorted". "For instance, I was present at the video-recording of Pandit Jasraj's national programme in New Delhi recently. I know how well he sang the ragas Jog and Malkauns. But the telecast in Bombay was so bad that I could cry!"

To say all this is certainly not to underestimate the role of the mass media, especially AIR, in the dissemination of classical music. "By taking it to every home at no 'extra charge', radio and TV are rendering a great social service," says the well-known Calcutta sitarist, Joya Biswas.

Many artistes complained bitterly about the indifference, even callous attitude, of the media officials. Charges of nepotism and corruption were made against them in matters of audition and scheduling. One lady singer went to the extent of mentioning the name of a non-professional but influential "vocalist" who was twice featured in the national programme without even being auditioned. She also complained of intrigues among the musicians themselves that would put to shame even a Byzantine. Her stoic conclusion, however, is that the



**NIHIL BANERJI, the eminent sitar virtuoso of the Senia tradition, with Kannai Dutt**

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**SHARADCHANDRA AROLKAR, the doyen of the Gwalior gayaki.**

fraternity was, after, all, a microcosm which faithfully reflects the attitudes and values (or the lack of them) current in our society.

On the other hand, N. Rajam, the talented violinist, is all praise for the Government of India which, according to her, is the only agency which helped Indian music to



**BISMILLAH KHAN, the most eminent shahnai maestro of our times**

rehabilitate itself in the post-independence era. At the same time, she concedes that the importance given to classical music in the early years has now dwindled after the introduction of commercial broadcasting.

The obsolescence of a large number of instruments is yet another disconcerting aspect of the contemporary music scene. Admittedly, this process has been in operation for many centuries now, but in the last few decades it has accelerated. A bare skeleton of 70 instruments (Hindustani and Carnatic) now remains from the original 500. Even from among these, except for a handful of string, wind and percussion instruments like the shahnai, the sitar, the sarod, the flute and the tabla, the rest of our *vadya vinda* also seems destined for an early demise.

Surprisingly, however, a folk instrument like the santoor has now been elevated to the concert platform, while a Western instrument like the guitar has recently joined the family of our concert instruments, says Ambalal Sitari, the veena player who has a number of instrumental innovations like the *pranav bahir* to his credit. Equally noteworthy is the return from exile of the harmonium (a portable organ) as an accompanying instrument on AIR and TV. This obviously has ominous portents for the string, the one instrument whose tone it is acknowledged,

comes nearest to the human voice. (Apart from the controversy that once raged around the harmonium's utility as an accompaniment to singing, the fact remains that it is a "keyed" instrument with a tempered scale totally unsuitable to the melodic character of our music. So much so



**VILAYAT KHAN, the world-renowned sitar maestro**

that Rabindranath Tagore dubbed the instrument as 'the bane of Indian music'.)

Meanwhile, whole styles of singing are teetering on the brink of oblivion. The *dhrupad* and *dhamari* style which reigned supreme until it was supplanted by the *khayal* is now almost totally neglected. Curiously, Aminuddin Dagar, the eminent *dhrupadi* from Calcutta whose family trace their roots directly to Miyan Tansen, is most optimistic about the future of classical music. He said music has maintained its dignity—particularly vocal music.

Several other lighter styles of singing are also on the endangered list: the *tappa*, the *chaiti*, the *kajri*, the *barasati* as also the *dadra*, all of which constitute the very core of our *upashastriya sangit*.

Despite all this, the undeniable fact remains that classical music fulfils the needs deep within the human psyche, says Sharadchandra Arolkar, the doyen of the Gwalior gayaki. Otherwise so complex a system would never have survived for so long.

Even today, it is not only holding its own but also happily thriving, says the sarod virtuoso Anjad Ali. So great is the love of classical music among middle class people in cities like Bombay and Calcutta that they are willing to undergo the rigour of staying up night after night during *munioth sammelans* and still report to work every morning. Given such support from the people, who can ever think of the extinction of classical music? asks Shamus Ahmed, the popular sitarist (he is actually a scion of the Agra gayaki). He says he is especially gratified by the response from the younger generations who are increasingly coming to classical concerts.

We must not forget the enormous groundswell of sympathy, goodwill and understanding for classical music that subsists in the smaller towns and



**SHIVKUMAR SHARMA (santoor) and HARIPRASAD CHAURASIA (flute) are top-notchers today.**

of fustil areas like Nanded, Kurma, Amtehi, Phaltan, etc. Although we do not earn much on performances in these areas, the very sense of involvement and appreciation of the people there is our best reward, says Fayyaz Ahmed.



**JIFNDRA ABHISHEKI, Among the foremost of our vocalists.**

That is altogether a happy state of affairs, we agree. Yet for all the heartening support that the audience provides, ultimately it is the artistes and artistes alone who remain the custodians of this precious heritage. The classicism of our music would only be jeopardised when they become lax or indifferent about maintaining the blood lines.

No artiste can ever afford to tamper with his art, especially when his subsistence depends on it, says Pandit Jasraj.

However, a state of glorious *laissez faire* prevails in Hindustani music. There is as yet no basis of common agreement on the form and structure of our classical melodies.

A wag describes this situation as one which is the purist's nightmare and the charlatan's dream come true. We have no central mint comparable to the Madras Music Academy that can stamp its imprimatur on new coinage and revalidate older tender. It is high time our musicians and musicologists got together and amicably settled these issues. Artistes and connoisseurs agree unanimously.

Nevertheless, the very ambivalence of Hindustani music has in the past been its main strength, says Dinkar Karkini, the eminent Agra vocalist.

Its lack of rigidity allowed it to escape musical straitjackets. And it has developed and changed with the times without losing its character. By the same token, is it not

**BHIMSEN JOSHI, one of the most eminent of our vocalists. Equally noted for his lighter and devotional pieces.**



**GANGUBAI HANGAL, the doyenne of the Kirana gharana.**



conceivable that classical music in the years to come could mutate further into an atavistic folk form? This is possible if one selectively extrapolates only the pernicious trends seen today. On the other hand, is the septuagenarian maestro, Vishnudas Shirlal, who pioneered the use of orchestration in classical music, says, 'Who knows? The next 50 years could well be another golden age for Hindustani music!'

At the end of our *asthai*, we are only too aware of the many lineaments missing from our *badhat*. But then the task is of such immensity, to borrow a metaphor from the 13th century Marathi saint poet Dnyanidev, that it is like trying to empty an ocean with a sandpaper's beak.

If all that has been so far said reads like a heap of black tidings, we wish to emphasize that there is a silver lining—there is a group of talented, dedicated artistes from the younger generation (to echo Bhatkhande's lines) in whose hands this art is secure.

We are sure that 50 years from now some noble musician/poet will be found frolicking in the Sound Waters when someone else raises the question: The splendours of classical music—Are they

(Gurudev Sharan is the nom-de-plume of Mohan Nadkarni, a music critic of "The Times of India". A student of musicology, Sanskrit literature and ancient Indian culture, he has been covering major musical events for the past 32 years. He has also interviewed many celebrated musicians of our time.)



# Carnatic Sampradaya

**“Carnatic music is like the Kaveri; tributaries and new streams converge on her regularly; distributaries and new rivulets carry the water away from her regularly, but the Kaveri flows on... Carnatic music cannot get into a rut; it has not and will progress and develop always.” That is the eloquent collective judgement of the stalwarts of the sampradaya interviewed**

by E.A. Srinivasan and Alamelu

As is true with all strands of Indian culture, particularly when these have taken hundreds of years to attain their present format Indian music more so Carnatic music, is rich in colourful apocrypha. Believed with awe and respect by most these anecdotes seem to rest on a bedrock of truth.

One of these is the legend that in those days musicians sang or played a certain raga or kruti for days. When we raised this story with a Madras musicologist we were told that the ‘legend’ could be true. Normally the musician sang at the command of his patron—usually a ruling house. He elaborated the raga perhaps for an hour or so on the first day. But as the patron had other duties to perform it was quite possible that the artiste was requested to be ready to continue the performance

the next day. So it went for the pallavi, anupallavi, charanam, kalpanasvaram, avarttanams by his supporting artistes, etc. and this took perhaps a few days. Presto, the legend was true in its essentials!

Has Carnatic music got into a rut, reached the end of the line as it were? How can any music more so Carnatic music, ever get into a rut? As described colourfully by a venerable musician of yesteryear: “Carnatic music is like the Kaveri—tributaries and new tributaries converge on her regularly—distributaries and new distributaries carry the water away from her regularly but the Kaveri flows on. Carnatic music cannot get into a rut—has not and will progress and develop always. And the savant concluded, it is like divinity—no anta.

Since Independence a number of music schools have been started in the South, one of the more prominent

MADURAI SOMASUNDARAM



S. MANI IYER, the doyen of Carnatic music.



I. R. MAHALINGAM who is now settled abroad. Right: Palghat Mani Iyer, an all-time great in the mridangam.

schools till now. Perhaps it is too early to expect the surfacing of equivalents of the giants of earlier generations, but M. D. Ramanathan has no doubt that they will.

Students now learn music by reading notation. According to T. K. Govind Rao, the vocalist, “This is most certainly not enough. Music can be improved only by listening. With modern conveniences like discs and tapes easily available, a student has ample scope to listen to his own



being the Tamil Nadu Government Music College in Madras, now being guided by T. N. Krishnan, the noted violinist (incidentally, Krishnan will be presiding over the Madras Music Academy session this year, 1980).

It must be mentioned however that no “distinct personality” has emerged from the portals of these

music, to improve and polish it. It will be a pity, if this facility is not fully utilised.”

Most Carnatic musicians, who perform on the stage now, have been products of the guru-shishya system. Their feelings about the abandonment of this practice were reflected by Madurai Somu’s

We are indebted to the Shanmukhamanda Fine Arts and Sangatha Sabha for lending a number of photographs used in this feature.

comment. "It was hard, but it was worth it and I believe that, if I am a good artiste now, I owe it all to the training and guidance given by my guru" Somu was for 16 years a shishya of one of the giants of Carnatic music, the vocalist Chittoor Subramania Pillai

While all of them agree that this earlier system is gone for good, a search is on for alternatives which will supplement positively the school systems of today. One of the suggestions mooted would operate as follows

Senior vidvans of various disciplines would be requested to accept a student for a certain period, say, two years or so as a shishya. While the earlier guru-shishya equation is no longer practicable, the guru would be told that, within the changed and current context, he should teach, guide and professionally mould the student. Once the vidvan's acceptance was received, the top 5 or 10 students of the discipline who have

individual or group and, left to himself, he would not have had the student in the first instance. In other words it will not be a repetition of the college scheme where a student paid his fees, attended his classes, passed his examinations along with others and became officially a musician, perhaps over a period, a concert artiste as well. In this case the shishya coming up becomes part of the ego satisfaction of his guru.

Another unhappy absence which affects the up-and-coming musician is that, while the number of sabhas sponsoring concerts by the artist and the size of the audience are to an extent indicative of the artiste's calibre, it can hardly be said to be a total evaluation of his worth as a musician. What is required, and is now missing, is judgement by peers if not superiors taking the form of constructive criticism.

According to a suggestion now being discussed to rectify this situation, top musicians of a particular discipline



Prof I N KRISHNAN



D K PATTAMMAI

day. Not only have they chosen to attend a classical music concert, it can also be presumed that they have chosen the particular artiste as on any given day a number of classical artistes are performing in the city.

Talking in the same vein, the distinguished vocalist Madurai Somasundaram went on to add that with such an audience, the artist had to be careful and had to offer a mixed fare. According to Somu,

In the old days a musician sang or played four or five pieces in a concert which lasted often for more than four

or five hours, not so now. Concerts do not exceed 150 minutes and within this period a repertoire of no fewer than 10 to 15 pieces have to be rendered, covering the spectrum from bhakti to shringara, hoary to yesteryear ragas and heavy classical pieces to light music. As Lalgudi Jayaraman, the violin maestro, put it succinctly: 'Nowadays the audience is king unlike yesteryear when the artiste was.'

More educated and sophisticated artistes, bigger educated and sophisticated audiences, these are the ingredients which make up the current mix.

No longer an audience which stood in awe of the artiste, afraid even to demur, no more an audience prepared to put up only with eternal verities like Sankarabharanam, Bharavi, Kambodhi and Kharaharapriya as staples both as ragas and kritis.

No more are artistes prepared to sing or perform for five or six hours. No more the slogan that old is not only the best but God forbid, that it ever should be treated as less than the best. The chemistry of the new audience has started operating.

Current audiences insist on new ragas and new kritis. As Balamurali, the vocalist, put it: 'The repertoire of an artiste must be large and more important should continue to grow practically every day. Contemporary audiences ask for new ragas and new kritis in old ragas.'

Thanks to the new audiences, artistes are no longer afraid of new phrasings reacting to the feel of the audience for melody, fear of transgressing the tala kattu—a fear which earlier



Dr M BAI AMURALI KRISHNA

graduated from the various schools would be asked to perform before the vidvan.

The operative and vital point would be that the vidvan would be the one who finally chose his student. The expenses incurred by the vidvan in this modified or partial gurukula endeavour would be met by the sponsoring agency.

At first glance the proposal has its plus points. For instance the vidvan cannot at any time, say that the student was selected by some other

NAMAGIRIPETTAI KRISHNAN



(veena, vocal, flute, etc.) would get together as a group or a circle. Periodically, once a month or so, one of the members would present his star pupil to the circle for a concert to which the public would be admitted. After the concert there would be a discussion of the plus and minus points in the artistic performance as noticed by the senior vidvans. It would be mandatory for every member of the circle to attend, say 75% of these concerts. Considering that each of the members of the circle would, at some date, be presenting to the circle one of his pupils, it can be presumed that the criticisms will be positive and most helpful to the artiste.

What about audiences? As the doyen of Carnatic music, Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer, put it: 'Present-day audiences being highly educated and sophisticated cannot be put upon. The fact that they attend a classical music concert is itself an indication that they have chosen to do so deliberately, preferring it to other forms of entertainment like the cinema, drama and light music shows which are programmed for the same



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RAMANI



...source of the sahitya. One cannot add that this is an eloquent tribute to the Carnatic music vidvan to their audiences.

...at all - at the interflow between classical Carnatic music and film music? In the earlier decades composers like Papanasam Sivan were an active part in film music. Their compositions set to classical tunes were mostly bhakti pieces and occasionally were even asked for and performed by vidvans at stage concerts. Not so now. Current South Indian films are no longer

JAYARAMAN



N. D. NURI KRISHNAMURTI



U. MAYAI PURAM SIVARAMAN

...mythologicals nor are they based on traditional morality tales. They have switched totally to stories in consonance with the current social milieu. Their music while delightful to the ear are no longer asked for by sabha audiences. Mahalingapuram Santhanam in an impromptu clarification for us sang snatches from the evergreen Kalyan charya "Uthunara" and followed it up with a film song in Kalyan which held audiences enthralled with its lilt a decade ago. He did not have to conclude the argument - the film song is now part of the limbo unlike "Uthunara".

While in the South Hindustani music concerts - both vocal and instrumental - are not unusual during the year they are musts during the annual music season in December. Why the coviness of North Indian sabhas and audiences in sponsoring and listening to Carnatic musicians?

Hypothetically assuming that this generalisation is untrue, the

T. H. VINAYAKARAM



DR. S. RAMANATHAN

...following facts cannot be disputed: a) if ever a Carnatic musician is asked to perform in North India (by a Northern sabha) he is normally an instrumentalist - rarely, if ever, a vocalist; b) the audiences at these concerts are mostly expatriate South Indians while audiences for Hindustani music concerts in the South are primarily if not totally South Indian.

Reactions to this ranged from pity for the Northerner who just could not understand or appreciate the nuances of Carnatic music to anger at his disdain for Carnatic music.

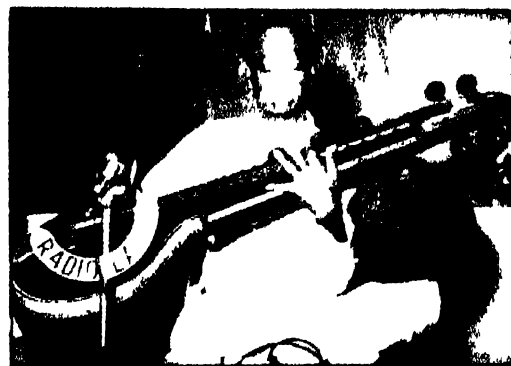


M. CHANDRASEKHARAN

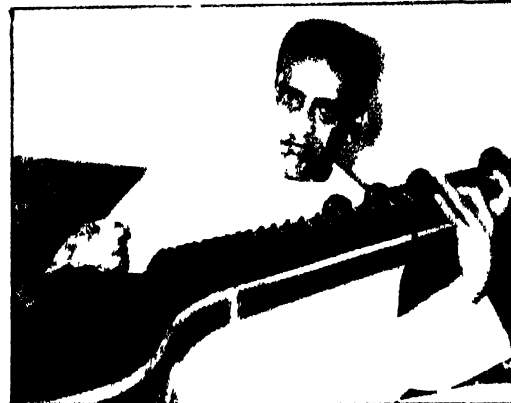
T. MUKTA



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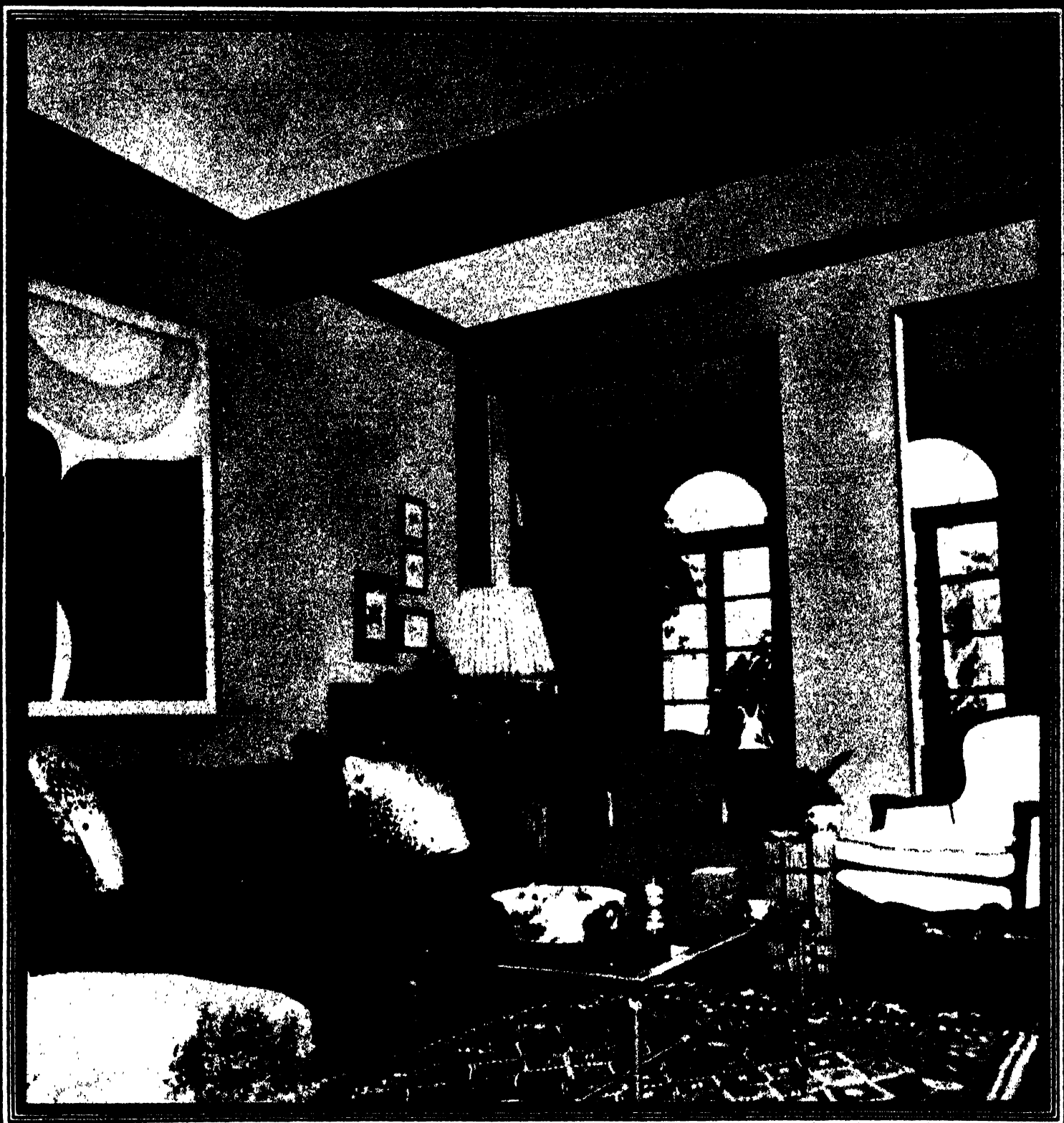


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effect the North taking the South for granted if perhaps not for a ride.

To Chitti Babu, the eminent veena maestro, "The Hindustani artiste and audience laid great stress on laya and bhava and very little on sahitya." Perhaps the importance the Carnatic musician gave to sahitya, in a language which the Northerner did not understand, is an inhibiting factor (shades of the language controversy!).

Most of the leading musicians agreed that the Hindustani artiste had more shruti shuddhi than his Carnatic counterpart. However, dissonance cropped up even here. The information was offered that the audience was regularly forced to listen to the shruti in a concert by a North Indian artiste as the music was slow with straight notes and long phrases always beginning and ending with the adhara shruti at which stage the listener's attention was repeatedly brought down to be aware of the artiste's shruti shuddhi.

Nothing like that for a Carnatic musician. His tempo was fast and he did not deem it necessary to revert to the adhara shruti often. In fact if he reverted to the adhara shruti it was quite possible that the audience presumed that the kriti or the raga alapana had concluded! "Credit for shruti shuddhi; on closer listening, perhaps would not be extended to svara suddhi by audiences" was the comment of a leading Carnatic musician.

The South abounds in music sabhas and cultural academies and classical fare is offered regularly by quite a few of these organisations. Over the years a few of these have grown flabby, a few petulant and unfortunately one or two laughably pompous



EMANI SANKARA SASTRI, the noted vainika, conducts the AIR Vadya Vrinda at the Tyagaraja aradhana celebrations in 1978. Purists frown upon orchestration of Indian music and, indeed, another noted vainika, S. Balachander (below), resigned in protest from a committee of Tyagabrahma Sabha. Right: M. L. Vasanthakumari gives a recital at the same aradhana celebrations.



To supplement these, most residential suburbs in Madras city and towns all over South India have their own sabhas which function well, although not perhaps glamorously. Amongst these is the Nadopasana, a small organisation, whose secretary, R. Srinivasan, proudly claimed that the sabha's founder membership of 125 is still intact with no member falling by the wayside, since the sabha was founded in 1968.

Most artistes expressed doubts about the present-day functioning of some sabhas. Veena maestro Balachander believed that personal equations between officials of these few sabhas and artistes determined the frequency and emoluments for programmes there. When it was



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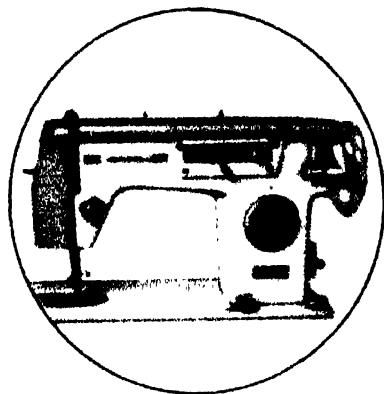
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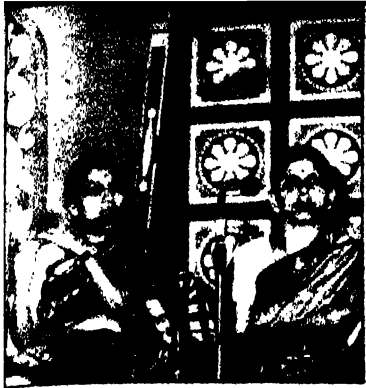
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SIKKIL NEELA AND KUNJUMANI

pointed out to another senior musician that this situation was usual to an extent at all times, put came the answer: "This situation would remain at minimal levels if sabha officials were not perennially re-elected to their offices and a limit was imposed on the period they could hold office." Perhaps he had a point.

Most of them agreed that within the available financial and time framework AIR and Doordarshan did play a significant and effective role. It was refreshing to hear neither Mr. Kandasamy, Director of AIR, Madras, nor Mr. Garg of Doordarshan, Madras, putting the blame, if any, on their financial constraints. Both of them, quite rightly, commented that more good work can be done, not perhaps in any spectacular way, as and when more channels/transmitters with more power were installed in the region.

Any signs of unusual ferment in the Carnatic music firmament? Yes. Most recently a controversy about the possibility of framing new ragas.

C. TALITHA



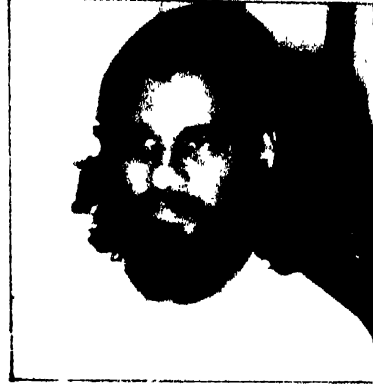
I.R. SUBRAMANIAN



M.S. ANANTHARAMAN



S. KAIYARAMAN



YESUDAS



C. SAROJA

While one group of musicians insisted that all possible ragas had been allowed for in the permutation and combination of arohanas or arohans based on the 72 Melakarta system of Carnatic music, and, as such, no new raga can be conceived of, another group of enthusiasts maintain that the theoretical possibility of a raga cannot be confused with the practical expression of the raga. According to the latter group, only when a certain arrangement of svaras as arohana-avarohana is finalised and, more important, sung or played without transgressing any fundament



MURUGABHOOPATHY



MANI KRISHNASWAMY

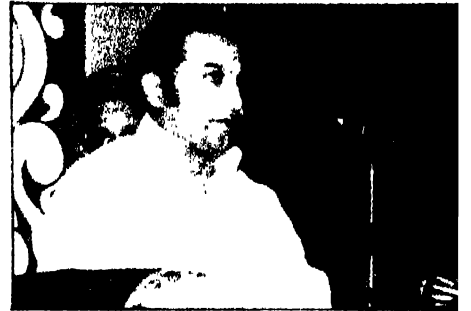
KUNNAKUDI VAIDYANATHAN



of music can a raga be said to be born. From what one gathers the controversy was referred to various august bodies for decision. Whatever the decision the controversy certainly is not dead, even now.

Any other issue? Yes, again. Qualified Women's Lib in a justifiable and understandable manner. Kumari Kanyakumari, the violinist, in talking of opportunities for women accompanists, put the case clearly: "Sabhas and sponsors need not necessarily try and team a women's group for their concerts."

V. RAMACHANDRAN



THYAGARAJAN





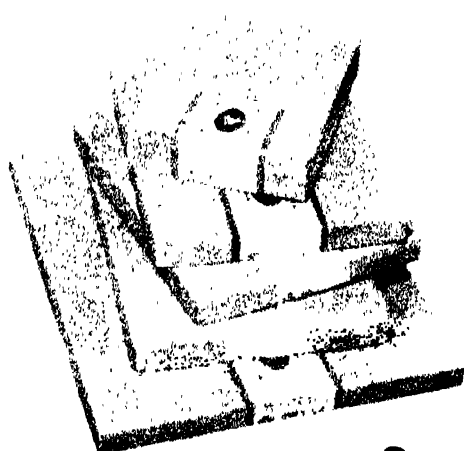
*Bride putting away the ceremonial*

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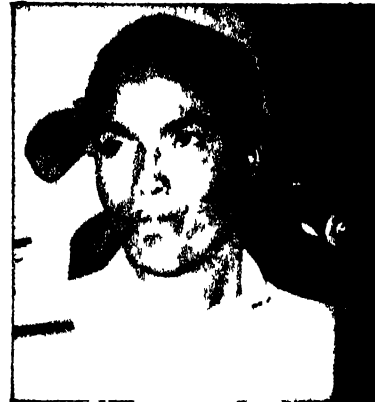
V V SUBRAMANYAN



R PICHUMANI



AYYAI UR KRISHNAN



N VASUDHAVAN



PRABHAKARA VARMA

The selection should be on the basis of merit and, if a male accompanist is good, he should be asked to play with a woman artiste. And the same would apply in the case of a woman accompanist teaming up for a concert with a male artiste.

In tune with the new thrust of innovations, Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer is nowadays pleading for a reorientation in the teaching of Carnatic music. To Semmangudi, teaching the alphabet (sraliyirisi) is important, but more important is

singing. In fact, the doyen has gone to the extent of saying that teaching sraliyirisi for a beginner is not good. We should follow the new techniques in teaching languages. Once you learn to talk, learning the alphabet will become easier.

Semmangudi's other proposal is to radically alter the mechanics of teaching Carnatic music. As he says, starting to learn Carnatic music in the *ruga Mayam iliyuguli* (is is lone no) is incorrect. The note in the *ruga* being nearer each other perhaps

suits a beginner in the vein. But for facility and manoeuvrability, *Sinkiribhirinim* would be better for beginners since the distance between the notes is longer. In the North, beginners start with *Bilayal* which corresponds to *Sinkiribhirinim*.

In the course of a casual conversation, Sandhyavandana Srinivasa Rao, the musicologist, perhaps *au pasant*, said, "While emoluments are important for an artiste, it is for anyone else in the

world there should be a different ego-satisfaction for them. Recognition, particularly by the state, is a tremendous boost to their ego. Why not resurrect the system of *Asthana Vidvans* and select and appoint musicians to the *Rashtrapati* and perhaps to State Governors also? We thought this idea worth pursuing if we could draw the attention of interested parties to recommend the convening of a 20th-century court of *Samra Vikramaditya*.

(F. A. Srinivasan, a retired diplomat, is a student of music.)



NIRKAZHI GOVINDARAJAN



T BRINDA AND DAUGHTER VAGAVAHINI



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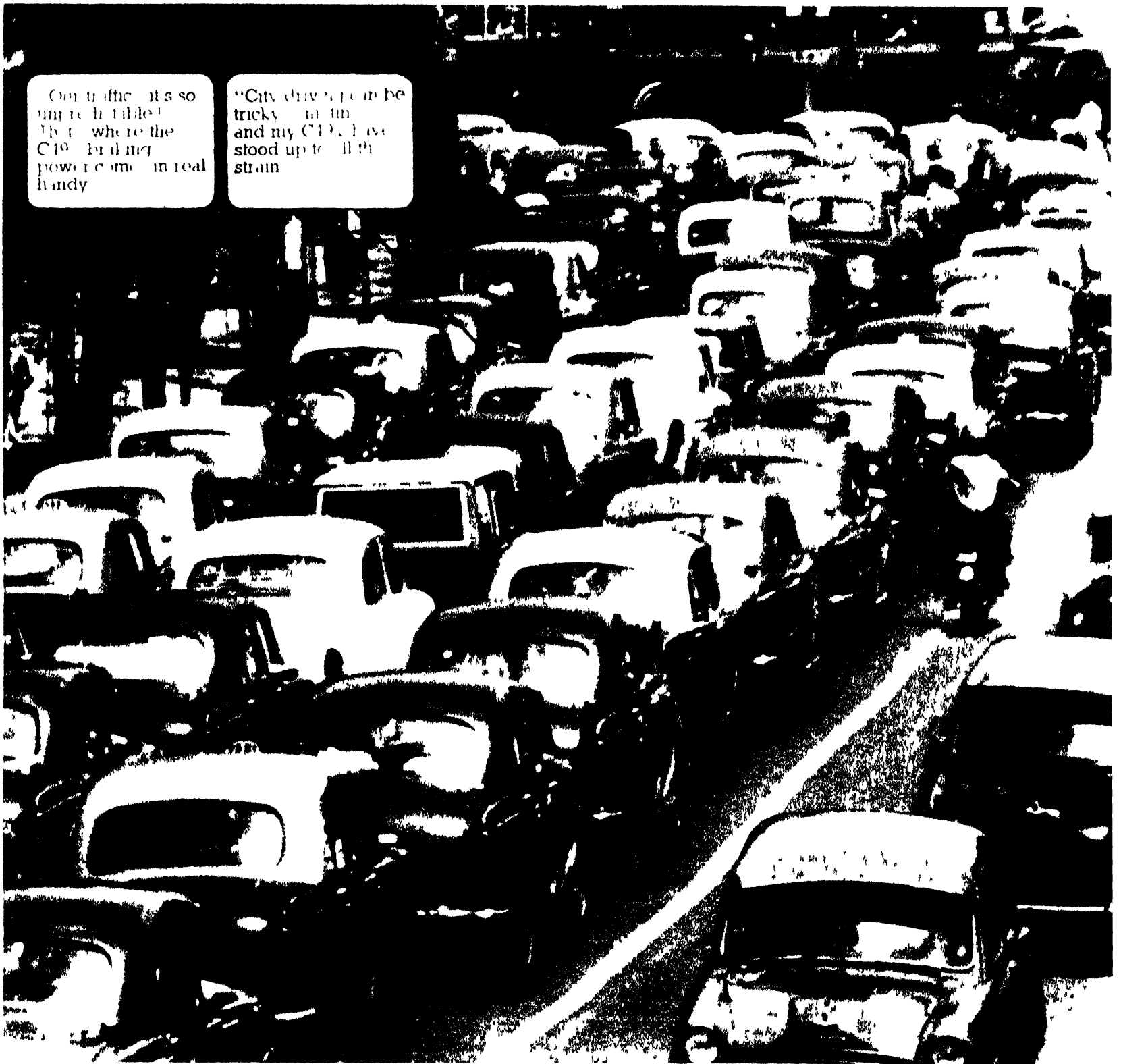


RAGHU AND RAVI



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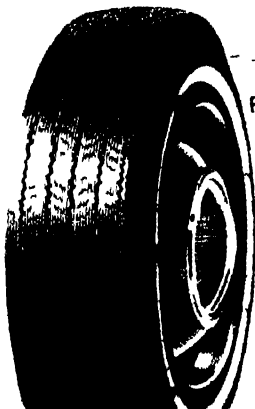


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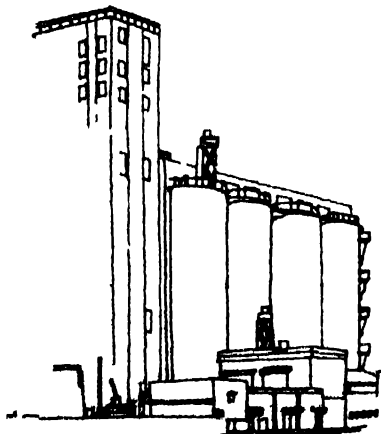
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		<b>CONSUMER SUBSIDY</b>	<b>31 05</b>



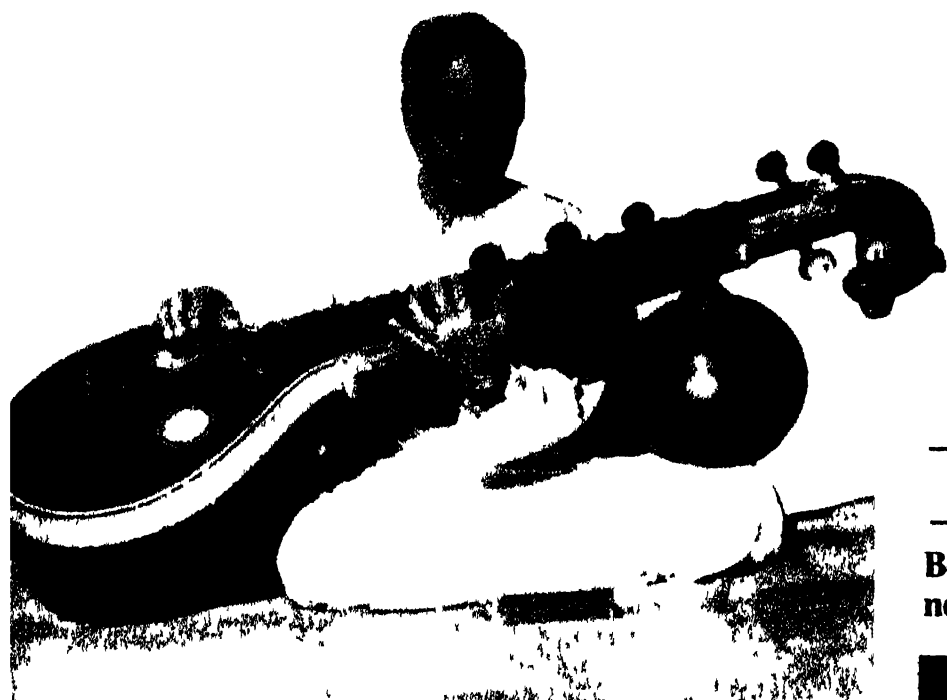
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# The Carnatic Scene In Bombay

by SULOCHANA RAJENDRAN

Bombay is emerging as a Carnatic music centre next in importance only to Madras.



K.S. NARAYANASWAMY, the noted vainika, is Principal of the Shanmukhananda Sangeetha Vidyalaya.

**B**OMBAY is emerging as a major centre of Carnatic music—in importance it is perhaps next only to Madras. It has a score or so of sabhas. The Shanmukhananda Sangeetha Sabha has the largest membership of any musical association in India and its auditorium is also the biggest in the country. Many of the sabhas conduct classes in music. The major sabhas are said to pay artistes better than in the South.

How do the Carnatic musicians of Bombay react to various views?

A.S. PANCHAPAKSA IYER is Principal of the Bharatiya Music College.

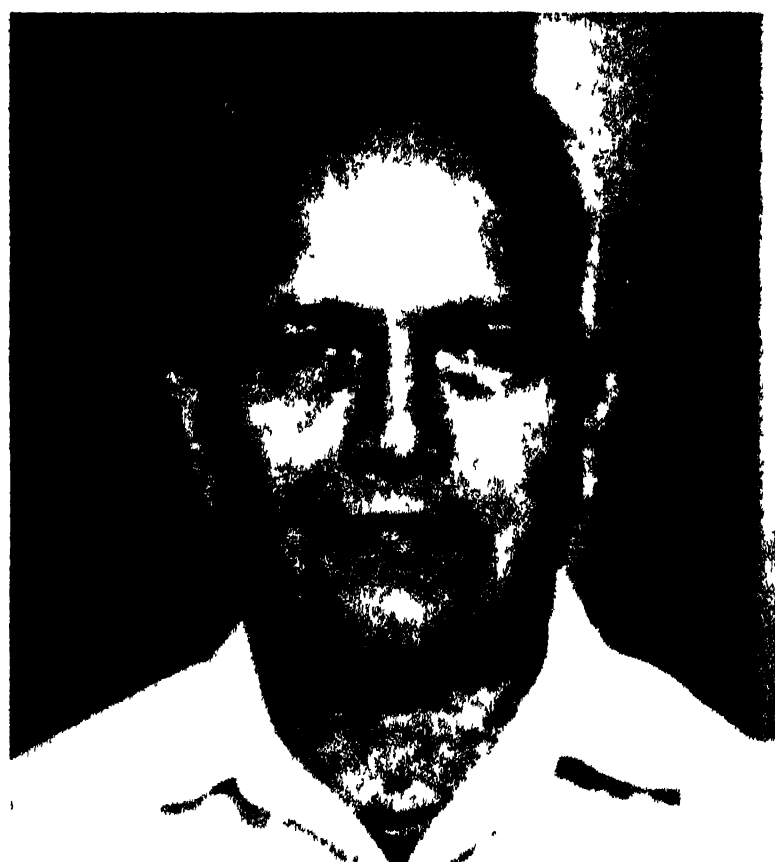


expressed on their art? It is often suggested that Carnatic music has got into a rut. There were probably prophets of doom even during a time of glory when giants like 'Tiger' Varadachariar dominated the scene when a vaggeyakara like Mysore Vasudevachari enriched the concert repertoire and stalwarts like Konerirajapuram Vaidyanatha Ayyar enraptured thousands of rasikas in the mikeless era.

It is true that film music with its wild excursions into Eastern melodies and Western polyphony, grabbing indiscreetly from both, has made inroads into our musical systems. And true too that public interest has been diverted by arts of greater visual appeal such as dance and drama. But the pessimists reckon without an understanding of the inner vitality of Carnatic music.

Has the situation really worsened as to cause stagnation in the art?

Tiruchi Swaminatha Iyer, a stalwart in the laya tradition, who at present directs the Carnatic music wing of the Sri Vallabh Sangitalaya does not agree that Carnatic music has ceased to evolve or got into a rut. He, however, feels that certain distressing trends are discernible which, if not corrected in time, could weaken classical values. He particularly refers to the neglect of alapana and niraval and to the absence of bhava in the rendering of kritis. Quite often a kriti is rendered based on its melodic framework rather than on its sahitya. bhava and niraval is treated for a display of virtuosity. Odd splitting of phrases like *Niddurani raagarinchi* or taking up an incomplete stance like *Paluku paluku lagu thene* for niraval is not uncommon. That is not music in right perspective, he says. Those with a gift of voice are sometimes too lazy to go in for the grind—so essential for acquiring mastery of the art and finesse.



TIRUCHI SWAMINATHA IYER is in charge of the Carnatic section of Sri Vallabh Sangeetalaya.



I.S. KRISHNASWAMI



S. RAMACHANDRAN

## Business Of Music

**W**ITH the shift in patronage from princely courts to the concert platform, the business sense in music has gained importance and the role of sabhas, more particularly of sabha organisers, has become significant. Laudable as are the services rendered by these sabhas as a bridge between the vidvan and the rasika, there is the question of the connected finances and the sabha's viability. Caught in the vortex of the mounting demands of "box-office" artistes, in the need to be labelled "cultural" and encourage up-and-coming artistes—apart from having to cater for the demands of an assorted listening clientele—most sabha organisations find their financial position to be far from satisfactory. The proliferation of sabhas with leaner memberships has only added to the problem.

The remuneration demanded by an artiste and the sabha membership are key factors in maintaining financial viability. While the affluent sabhas are able to meet such demands (which in some cases equal the monthly gross salary of a top MNC executive), for the other less fortunate ones, featuring topnotchers is a once-in-a-blue-moon experience, except during "bunching" with other sabhas.

In inviting a seasoned upcountry artiste, the fees asked for generally follow the law of demand and supply. But there are instances, if rare, of top artistes accommodating the less affluent sabhas purely on grounds of "merit".

—photographs: S.N. Kulkarni (10)

Sangeetha Kalanidhi K.S. Narayanaswamy, Principal of the Shanmukhananda Sangeetha Vidyalaya, points to the increased awareness of music among people but doubts if this can justify expectations of better performance by artistes or better appreciation by listeners



V.S. BABU

The sabha's problem does not stop with the main artiste. There are demands that a particular accompanist be billed and this artiste's demands are sometimes as much as, if not more than, that of the main artiste. However, presenting lady artistes, even topnotchers, does not pose this problem—it is always "and party" with them, according to a sabha spokesman.

### No Easy Job

Introducing a new artiste in Bombay is no easy job, observed a senior spokesman of one of the better-off sabhas with a membership running into thousands: the listener's keen receptivity being what it is, no risk could be taken unless an artiste had proved his kacheri calibre in the South. Even this sabha's attempt to encourage juniors by organising a second monthly concert, or even a separate festival featuring young artistes, has not clicked. The mini festival organised by the sabha following a maxi-clamour attracted only a micro-mini audience.

The other cultural pursuits, such as music appreciation courses and lecture demonstrations by senior vidvans, ended in failure because of lack of patronage and of commercial viability. The saving grace has been the growing popularity of the music schools of such sabhas which have mainly survived on subsidies and grants besides festival proceeds.

S.R.

T. S. Krishnaswamy, the unassuming violin master, who is content being a "ladder" for many young artistes to climb to fame, wonders if all the present pessimism is not but a reflection of the inferiority complex of South Indians and their misplaced enthusiasm to



S.R.R. SARMA

gently the past. Some of the discs cut in the past make amusing listening, he says, adding, "If music has become substandard, how could there be so many topnotchers, vocal and instrumental, some of them winning international acclaim?"

True we do not have in our midst a margadarsi or path-finder like Ariyakudi, melodists like Madurai Mani and Musiri, trend-setters like Maharajapuram Viswanatha Ayyar and GNB or "hoary vidvans" like Chembai and Alathur. Not to speak of the equally eminent instrumentalists like Rajaratnam Pillai, Rajamanickam Pillai and Dakshinamurthy.

Equally categorical is A.S. Panchapaksa Iyer, Principal of the Bharatiya Music College, who wonders how any decay can set in as



CHANDRAMAULI

long as the roots of Carnatic music are firmly embedded in the krits of the Trinity and other luminaries.

V.S. Babu, who is something of an idealist, blames the "atmosphere" and the "environment" for the present state of affairs. There is no sincerity of approach matching the enthusiasm to perform "Reconciliation to substandard music," he feels, further defiles the air. "Any commitment to uphold high values appears to be absent," he added.

Is the fall in standards to be ascribed to the large audiences of present times when musicians have to cater for a variety of tastes or is it to be ascribed to the mode of training imparted and the "psychology" of the young people who have received training?

The consensus of opinion is that classical music in all its traditional majesty and purity is not for big sabhas. Big sabhas have become a venue for "social gatherings", said Swaminatha Iyer, "with the refreshment stall providing additional attraction". Besides, the larger audiences, with interests varying from the classical and light to jazz and pop, and with diverse responses, cannot be taken seriously.

There are sufficient disturbances during a recital such as the VIPs seated in the front row engaging

themselves in a tete-a-tete, the "exodus" during the thani, the "engineered" applause and committed appreciation, to affect the musician's mood, especially those striving hard to make a name, says Panchapaksa Iyer. While performers in the past had the temerity to protest against such bad sabha manners (for they were few in number and the concerts held too were few and far between), present-day artistes are afraid of losing patronage. While the topnotchers may either ignore these disturbances or resort to whatever is their penchant, the youngsters are usually driven to gimmickry and pyrotechnics, which, they claim, is in response to the rasikas' request. And "stunning music" is served in place of soul-stirring renditions, remarked Krishnaswamy.



MEENAKSHI VISWANATHAN



KALYANI SARMA

In fact, the very healthy growth of classical music requires a chamber-music atmosphere with an informed audience ensuring artiste-audience rapport at a high aesthetic level. And chamber music is "the stepping stone for young musicians to come up in the field", according to Swaminatha Iyer.

K.S. Narayanaswamy, however, has a different angle to this issue. Musicians can be presented in big sabhas to see how well they fare before huge audiences. There will, after all, be discerning connoisseurs and vidvans to appreciate and encourage them. It is not easy to get a spontaneous "aaha" or a thunderous



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applause if the singing or playing is not inspired. Knowledge of music has spread so wide and vast that musicians perform have to strive for pleasing presentations. K.S.N also emphasises the responsibility of sabha organisers in spotting talent and giving encouragement.

There is much dissatisfaction with AIR and Doordarshan. To be on the rolls of AIR does not make one a musician, many feel. Selection from tapes that are mostly "mugged up" is not proper. It is very rarely that a first-prize winner in an AIR competition turns out to be a good concert performer. And a suggestion made as early as three decades ago—to select artistes on the basis of their public performances—is yet to reach the corridors of Broadcasting House.

Is the mode of training imparted satisfactory? Are students really talented? And do they have a serious interest in music? There is no general sympathy to institutionalised training or that is the best under the circumstances. It has also many desirable features which were absent in the gurukula system, save the opportunity for constant listening. It was constant exposure to music, in *sadhana* and in performance, that inspired a *sishya's* musical instincts and shaped his style in the gurukula. It is this taste for listening to music—perseverance for personal expression, diligent *sadhana* and discriminating presentation—that is to be instilled in the present-day students who are exposed to diverse interests with general education claiming their foremost attention.

The crux of musical education lies in teacher-taught rapport and understanding, says Krishnaswamy. According to Narayanaswamy, once



RADHA WARRIAR



MEERA NATHAN



I R BALAMANI

the taste for music is instilled, there need be no fear from listening to pop or film music. But the task of the teacher in this respect—especially in the more or less regimented training that is imparted—is stupendous in the opinion of Swaminatha Iyer. However, students opting for advance training from a *maestro* can be provided with the essence of gurukula. To such students, scholarships from Government and academies will be of real use provided selections are entrusted in the hands



CHEMBAI SRINIVASAN

of the guru for that alone will ensure the continuity of a *bani*. Competitions invariably breed politics, remarked Narayanaswamy. Discussing teacher-taught relations, S Ramachandran—an experienced teacher—advocated the one guru-one *bani* system. *Guru visvasam* (loyalty to a guru) is a prerequisite which is sadly lacking, he says. Tired by the opportunity of winning prizes at competitions or of giving public performances, they often change gurus and fritter away their talents.

Viewing the question quite differently, Kalyani Sarma, a product of the Svati Tirunal College of Music, says better results can be obtained from learning from different teachers and from listening to a number of *banis*. Once a certain standard is acquired, learning from one master alone, she fears, may set one with blinkers on—and tempt one into imitation.

A concerted effort in mastering the *varnam* and improving the *nraval* in perspective will sufficiently help to save music from the morass into which it has fallen, says I R Balamani, a dedicated teacher belonging to the *Musiri* school. It is on these two, she says, that the entire edifice of *kalpita* and *manodharma sangita* is built. The *varnam* inspires one into *alapana* designs while *nraval* harnesses one's imagination into a synchrony of *bhava* (*sahitya*), *raga* (melody improvisation) and *laya* (within the *tala* framework). She prefers a small group to individual coaching for inducing a spirit of competition, original expression and a 'dialogue' among students.

'Model concerts' by leading *vidvans*, lecture-demonstrations, mini-

concerts by student-artistes and playing of "tapes" of *maestros* were other suggestions made by the musicians to improve the standards of students. Research into retrieving compositions that have almost gone into oblivion would be a boost.

As a means to arresting any trend suggestive of decay, the following suggestions have been made: changing the format, innovations in the form of new compositions or shifting the content from religious themes to profane ones or lifting



M AMETU MANI

modes and forms from other allied systems. But can these help?

New compositions have never been taboo. It is well known that quite a number of compositions of classical value by G N B Balamurali Krishna, Talgudi Jayaraman and Ambujam Krishna have been popularised and are very much in vogue today. There has also been a plethora of compositions—a sort of *kichidi* of the *varnamettu* of classical *vaggeyakaras*, clothing mundane lyrical stances, put in circulation—but these have been voted out of circulation! Even the plea from political quarters to provide a mass base for the classical idiom may not succeed. How can Gangai Amaran's *Oram po* stand the test of time against Tyagaraja's *Orajoopu joochedi nyayama* (Kannadagaula)? Again new ragas based on mere permutation and combination of *svaras* in *arohana* and *avarohana* can hardly improve the matter. Any new raga worth its name with characteristic *svarupa* and classicism will seldom go unnoticed.

As regards the future, there is general optimism, especially since many young people have a keen perception of musical sensitivity, much aided by the present-day sophisticated gadgets. However, says Swaminatha Iyer, it lies with the scions of hereditary musical families to hold aloft the banner of Carnatic music. For however much music may be learnt from academic institutions and other teachers, an artiste must be born with that divine spark that makes the difference between talent and genius.

(Sulochana Rajendran, herself a vocalist, is a music critic of "The Times of India".)



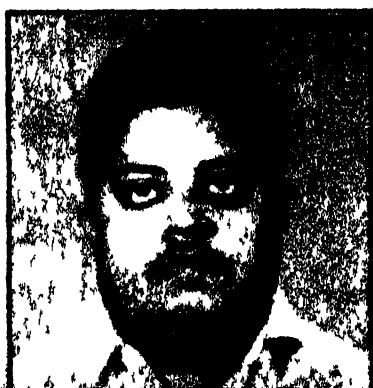
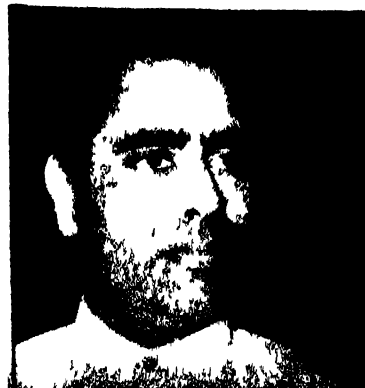
GEETHA RAJA



ARUNA SAYEERAM

S BALACHANDRAN (flute)

T K RAMKRISHNAN (mridangam)



# Ragamala Paintings



Left: *Ragini Saurat Meghat di* (Kangra)—National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi. *Raga Megh* (Krishna arrives at the house of Radha during a storm). Below: *Ragini Sihuti* (Kangra)—National Gallery of Modern Art, New Delhi.

\* Excerpted from *Ragamala Painting* by Klaus Ebeling; published by Ravi Kumar—Dass, Paris, New Delhi—Rs 750; distributed by Oxford University Press.



Connoisseurs in medieval India believed that classical music was not only to be "heard" but also to be "seen". And they created exquisite miniatures called *ragamala* (garlands of ragas). These paintings have been described as "visual interpretations of musical modes (ragas) which were envisioned in divine and human form by musicians and poets". A *ragamala* miniature can thus be said to represent a *triveni sangam*—a threefold confluence of music, poetry and painting.



Left: Raga Vasant (Kangra). Above: Ragini Gujari Deepak di (Kangra).

**R**AGAMALA paintings were created in albums containing most often 36 or 42 folios, organized in a system of "families". Each "family" is headed by a (male) raga and contains five or six raginis (wives), sometimes also several raga-putras (sons), even raga-putris (daughters), and wives of sons.

All known surviving examples of this art were painted in the 16th through 19th centuries in Rajasthan, in Central India, in the Deccan, in the Ganga-Jamuna plains, or in the Pahari region.

Ragamala albums are arranged in an order similar to the "garlands of ragas" of ancient and medieval authorities of musical learning. These garlands of ragas were devices of memorization and classification for the musician who associated the individual modes with deities to whom the ragas were dedicated. Poets then became intrigued with this deification of ragas and spun elaborate situations around their characters. In fact, the poetic versions conjure up images that often have a more human than divine quality or combine both in a fashion typical of many religious concepts in India.

Both the musical and the poetic beginnings of Ragamalas are many centuries older than the painted versions. The introduction of paper and a blooming of miniature painting in many parts of India, among Jains, Hindus and Muslims alike, brought with it the first illustrations of Ragamala poems or prayer formulas, probably between 1450 and 1550. ■

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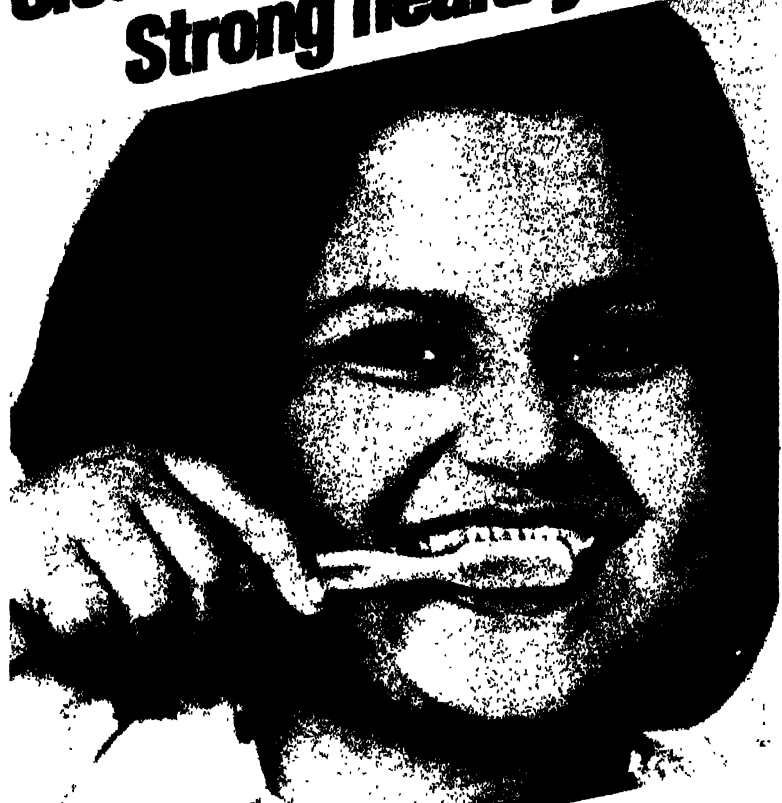
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# A Connoisseur Speaks

Conservative attitudes more than anything else pose a threat to the survival of Carnatic music, complains a connoisseur.

by V.S. Thirumalai

CASSANDRAS, mostly old people, looking back with rose-tinted glasses, have for years been bemoaning a lost glory and despairing decline of standards and announcing the last gasp of Carnatic music's latest breath.

Not only listening but looking around during the winter concert season in Madras one senses an explosion of rasikas—for in the civilised South you are not a member of the audience but a rasika, an individual of discrimination, taste and standards. The rasikas are young, quite a few women and girls among them—something one didn't see in the lost golden days—glory be, they certainly are more knowledgeable, more perceptive in the grammar of music and raga and in the aesthetics of it all too. They present a formidable, awesome authority to the musicians.

The fading away of old established musicians (some of whom for forty years sprad like banians and allowed nothing to grow in their



—Mohan Nadkarni

South meets North: Lalgudi G. Javaraman in a jugalbandi with Amjad Ali Khan



Vellore Ramabhadram



A. Kanyakumari



M.D. Ramanathan



T. Rukmini



Gayathri

Sheikh Chinna Moulana



shade) has cleared the way for an efflorescence of new talent.

Hundreds of youngsters are encouraged to make their debut during the winter festivals and mid-veer mini-series by organisations in Madras like the Music Academy, the Krishna Gana Sabha, Mylapore Fine Arts and other organisations elsewhere. Some of them make the grade too.

## Platitudinous Tributes

They are not the products of the gurukula system to which platitudinous tribute is paid year after year at the conferences. It is not possible any more for a disciple to go and live with a guru. The feudal days are gone but tuition can still be had. The other incentives to which homage is paid are sampradaya or tradition, lakshya sangita or ideal music and lakshana sangita or exemplary music.

The Carnatic concert form as we know it today is hardly 50 years old. With a corpus of compositions mostly in Telugu, it has been lost or died mostly by those whose mother tongue is Tamil and would talk about it only in English.

Music has grown and paradoxically also suffered because of the movement of people to Madras and other cities.

In Thanjavur and other districts of Tamil Nadu music filled the air during temple festivals when the deity was taken out in procession for ten days. Thousands of people would flock to hear the nagaswaram heralding the procession. An expensive marriage also meant a procession with top class nagaswaram music. This versatile wind instrument accompanied by the passionate percussion of the tavil, actually meant pure music—ragas elaborated and explored spaciouly. It was an out door event.

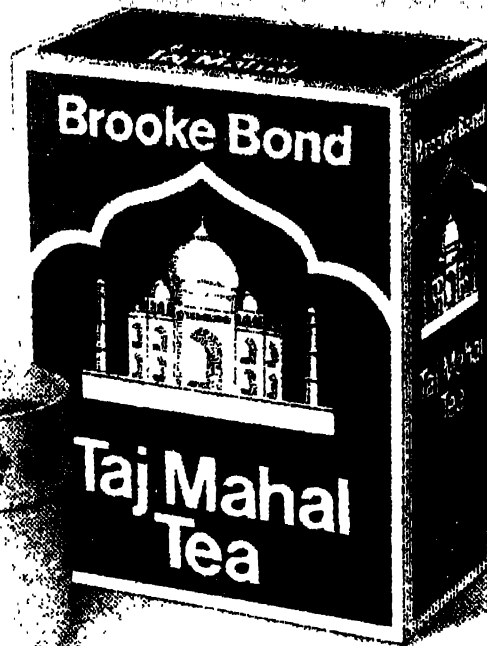
Music moved indoors into sabha halls or pandals as Madras city grew, with sabha secretaries replacing the patronage of the landed gentry, temples and religious institutions. Its character changed as vocalists became predominant. The Greek gift of the microphone destroyed voice culture in Carnatic music—its poverty



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K.S. Gopalakrishnan



Prapancham Sitaram

was exposed sadly when Bade Ghulam Ali visited Madras thirty years ago. Its choral potential and promise are hinted at remotely when groups sing the Pancharatna at Thiruvaiyaru on Bakula Panchami day every January. Compositions which had married the mood and content of words to that of the raga gave a new dimension to the aesthetic experience, even though three or four raga elaborations with one major alap in every concert still vouched the experience of pure music to the rasika.

From the leisurely rural scene to the hurried city hall also meant not only a larger audience but also the emergence of competitive forms of entertainment. The radio initially did much to encourage classical music but soon had to please popular taste by broadcasting light music and cinema songs. Cinema, with all its vulgarities, has become the greatest single factor against the growth of all that is good and great in our culture. Sabhas could only break even by giving some programmes, until a few years ago, of dance performances.

### Competitive Entertainment

Dance schools and academies turned out students by the hundred who performed like Japanese spring-wound toys with as much individuality. For lack of genuine authentic individuals interpreting dance, Bharata Natyam does not draw the additional customers who will buy a ticket for a performance. Without gate money, as distinct from monthly membership fees, sabhas could not survive. As a corollary to the cinema and the replacing of dance as a drawer of crowds, Tamil plays, full of sound and laughter and no content, have usurped the sadas. Unlike dance, Carnatic music still throws up masters with distinct individualities like, say, M.D. Ramanathan, M.S. Gopalakrishnan, Vinayakaram. Top-drawer musicians continue to attract crowds and many of them do rather well by giving concerts in Madras and other towns and cities all over South India.

Madurai Somu, Maharajapura Santhanam, Ramachandran, Seshagopalan and other concert vocalists and accompanists like Lalgudi Jayaraman (a solo violinist in his own right), Rukmini, Kanya Kumari, percussionists like

Sivaraman, Ramabhadran and Palghat Raghu do have a busy schedule and draw good crowds. A number of youngsters of great promise are coming up because they would rather be musicians than anything else. Financially the career is so insecure that most of them have to take up jobs in music colleges or elsewhere (flautist Suresh works in ITI, Bangalore) or, much worse, become "private music teachers". Once you are a music teacher you only train your students to win prizes in some competition or the other—small rewards often at the sacrifice of becoming a musician.

Instrumental music, which could restore appreciation of pure music, unfortunately seems to be on the decline. There are many nagaswaram players in the districts, earning a pittance from the temples and nobody gets to hear them or of them. Veenas are made and sold by the thousand but we have few veena players of authority and originality, who have made it to the concert platform. Most of the accompanists today make only fifty rupees or so per performance in Madras. (Not everybody can demand and get Rs. 2,000 for playing in Bombay as Lalgudi Jayaraman does.) Some musicians manage to secure invitations abroad. They provide a taste of home and water the cultural roots of Indians settled there, coming back the richer for it. Others work in offices or in Akashvani (they envy the cricketers who thrive under the patronage of banks and other organisations).



T.M. Thyagarajan accompanied on the mridangam by Palghat Raghu and by Colabatore Dakshinamoorthy on the violin.

In the 1930s Vaidyanatha Pillai, the celebrated nagaswaram player of Chidambaram, turned down Gramophone Company's offer of Rs 3,000. "Later I do not want my music to blare from the tea shop," he said. He need not have worried for it is not classical music that issues forth from transistor radios and tea shops today. The industry finds it more profitable to promote pop and film hits rather than classical music.

### Small Is Beautiful

The sabhas cannot muster enough people to fill their large halls for classical music. This great art form can only be sustained through chamber concerts for small coteries of listeners, if possible without a microphone. I would love to be one of the fifty or hundred rasikas in a small hall listening to a maestro, part of an audience enthusing and spurring the player, having a commerce of souls.

With changing lifestyles, the character of music may also change for most of our compositions are devotional, a direct consequence of the bhakti cult. We have so many deities and so many temples. Composers have sung in praise of the various gods, relating directly and simply to their isthamurtis. This aspect has all but obliterated the fact that music is sensuous and must relate to our lives, even as the erotic padams and javalis and excerpts from the Gita-Govinda do.

Many of the temples celebrated by the compositions of Muttuswami



Madurai Seshagopalan

Dikshitar or, earlier, by the eminently musical hymns of the Nayanmars and Alvars are now lampless, deserted and empty save for the bats and owls. The compositions survive, glory be, even though devotion and religion may not be as alive as the songs themselves. How many, listening to a modern composition like Sivan's Kamboji piece "Kana kan koti" know about the Mylapore Kapali temple festival, I wonder. Which is to say that perhaps Carnatic music would be better served by restoring pure music, without dependence on the words of compositions. If, like me, you had listened to Rajaratnam Pillai essaying Shanmukhapriya for four hours and you had still wanted more, you would know what I mean. Putting the clock back will be progress iconoclastically. Tyagaraja was a revolutionary who went against the established, repetitive bhajan tradition of his times by introducing sangatis and experimenting in many other ways. He has now himself become part of the "establishment" and tradition.

The establishment today unfortunately frowns on innovation and experiment. And it is this conservative attitude that poses a threat to the survival of music more than the extraneous challenges of popular entertainment.



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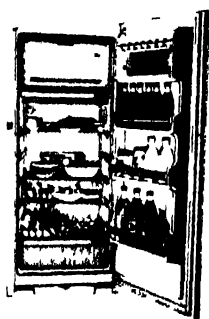


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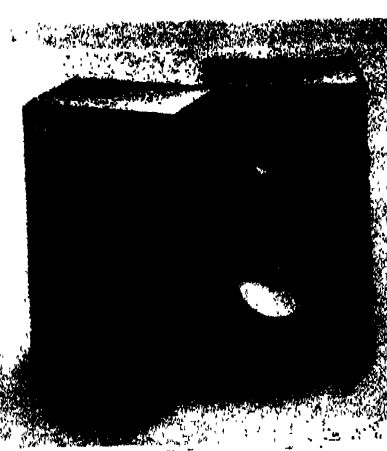
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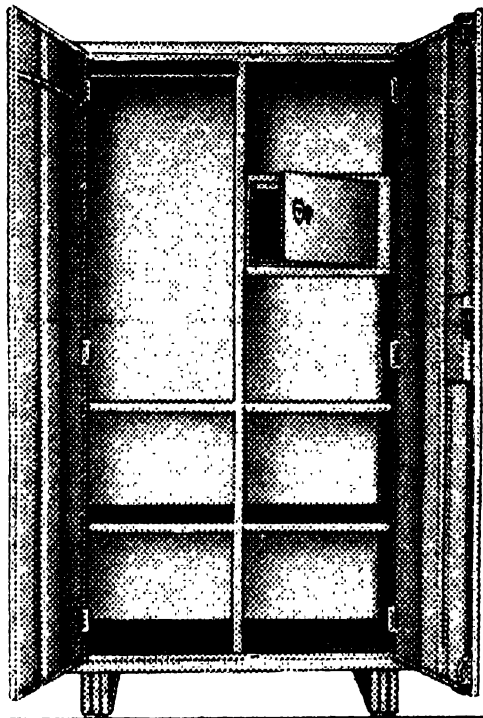
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USTAD ALLAUDDIN KHAN AND HIS MUSIC by Jotin Bhattacharya; B.S. Shah Prakashan, Ahmedabad; Rs 80.

USTAD ALLAUDDIN KHAN, who passed away in 1972, was something more than a musical genius—a visionary whose like is born but once in centuries. Few luminaries have shone so resplendently in the musical firmament for over half a century as the venerable maestro. Fewer still are those who could achieve, with such tremendous success, a unique synthesis of tradition and experiment in the realm of Hindustani instrumental music.

Of historic significance was the new trail Allauddin Khan blazed in the field—the veena-based fusion of gayaki, layakari and tantrakari and its adoption to the playing of instruments like the sitar, the sarod and several others. And he himself showed how this approach made it possible for our ragas and raginis to emerge in their true form, dignity, grandeur, colour and sparkle

The vitality of his trend-setting concept, alongside the versatility of its creator, is resoundingly brought home by the fact that some of our greatest virtuosi are his disciples: his son, Ali Akbar Khan (sarod); daughter, Annapurna Devi Ravi Shankar (surbahar); son-in-law, Ravi Shankar (sitar); and the late Pannalal Ghosh (flute); to name a few.

#### A Catholic Understanding

Allauddin Khan was not only a performing maestro *par excellence*, but also a teacher, composer and conductor, with an astounding mastery of several instruments, from the string, wind, bow and percussion groups. A master of dhrupad and dhamar, Allauddin Khan also innovated a rich and varied repertory of melodies and instruments and scored the music for operas and ballets. He had a catholic understanding of Western music and became one of the pioneers of orchestration in Indian music.

Above all, Allauddin Khan was a saintly personality and an ardent votary of Hinduism and of the *guru-shishyu parampara*. He acquired, enriched and propagated music as a precious heritage of the human spirit and dedicated himself to the service of his Music to the last.

Jotin Bhattacharya's book is perhaps

## The Maestro from Maihar

the first comprehensive biography in English of the great Ustad. (Rajendra Shankar and L.N. Garg have also written Allauddin Khan's biography, the one in English, the other in Hindi, earlier. But these are concise.)

The chief merit of the book under review is that it is based on authentic material collected through personal interviews, reference books, press comments and several other sources. What is more, the author was intimately associated with the Ustad as his disciple and secretary for many years till Allauddin Khan's death. It is, therefore, to the credit of Jotin Bhattacharya that he betrays no partisanship anywhere in his writing. As the blurb rightly claims: "He is devout, but not dogmatic, sympathetic and yet objective."

The first 19 chapters are replete with intensely personal and, therefore, little-known facts of the Ustad's life and career: the times he lived in; the rigours he had to undergo in pursuit of his quest; the pain, sorrow, frustration and humiliation he suffered in the course of his arduous *sadhana*; and the name and fame he finally earned

#### Deeply Touching

Deeply touching are those passages which tell the reader of the Ustad's deep love for his only surviving daughter, Annapurna Devi, and her equally unflinching devotion to her father and her determination to continue his mission in the face of her personal tragedies and how the Ustad, emotionally shattered in his last years, died a broken-hearted man.

The remaining seven chapters deal with the Ustad's mode of theoretical and practical training, his inventions, his favourite ragas and the like. Besides, brief biographical chapters on Tansen and Ustad Wazir Khan, principal *guru* of Allauddin, and a copious glossary add to the value of the book, which has come as a significant contribution to the scanty biographical literature on our great maestros.

Finally, the author has done well to make a pointed reference to the controversy over the Ustad's date of birth. He holds that 1881 is the year of his birth. This reviewer, incidentally, had the privilege of meeting the maestro himself and Ravi Shankar in the late 'fifties and both had mentioned 1870 as the year of the former's birth!

—SUR-SUNDARI



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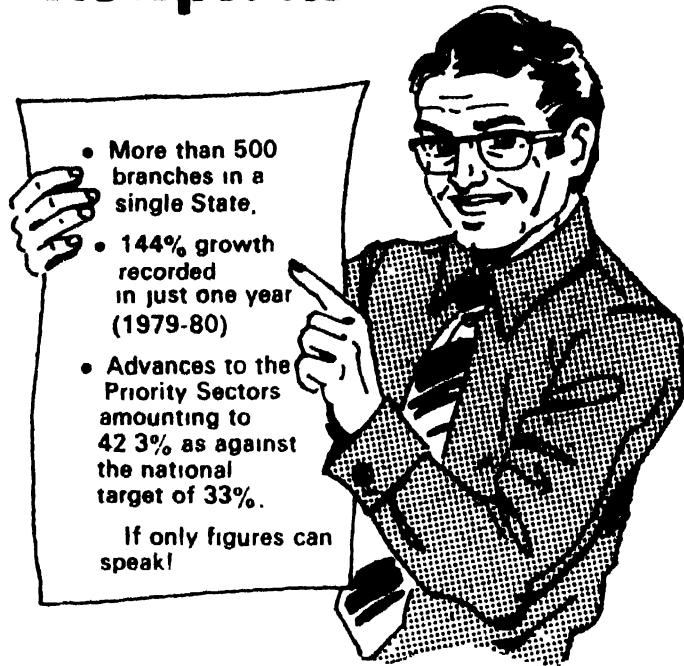
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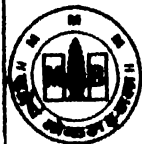


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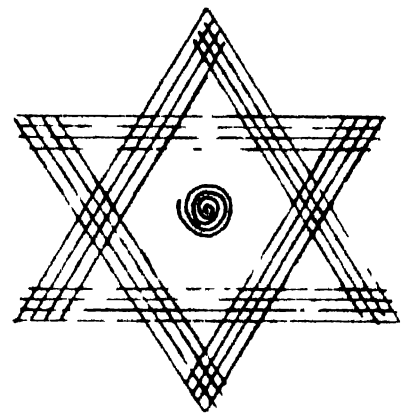


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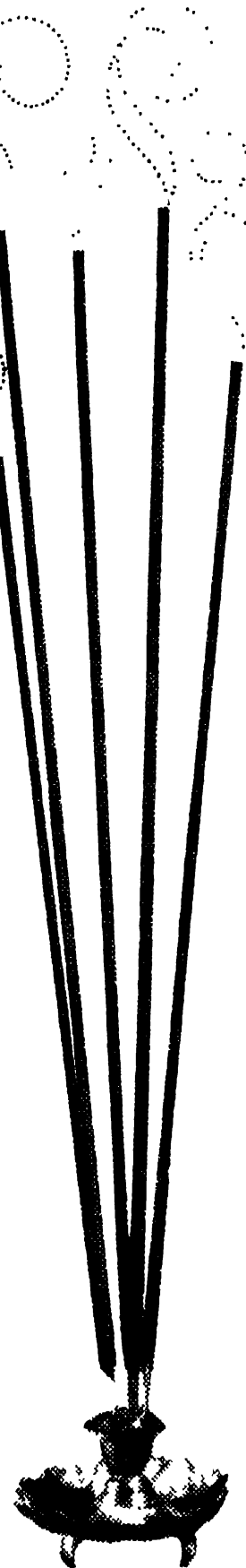
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Stupid ?

WHAT can one say of a political party that specialises in violence of language and behaviour, that does not understand the basic norms of social and international conduct, but deliberately sets out to create tensions where none existed before? I am referring to the Lok Dal and the manner in which its hooligans set out to disrupt the Himalayan Rally.

I have long despaired of its 'leader', George Fernandes, who seems incapable of any constructive action. There is nothing more ridiculous than to describe the Himalayan Rally as a "wasteful sport" because it allegedly consumed fuel which the country can ill afford. What this country cannot afford is Mr Fernandes and his lunatic antics. There surely must be other ways open to him to remain in the public eye than to encourage his supporters to indulge in senseless violence? The action of Lok Dal lads of stoning cars participating in the rally is plain irresponsible. and Mr Fernandes' 'leadership' is a disgrace to the country. Mr Fernandes wants us to believe that the Rally was 'stupid'. What the country should tell him in unmistakable words is that his action also answers to that description; but, even otherwise, it is most objectionable.

Tipu's Family

READER Narendra Kumar Nayak of the Indian Revenue Service has thrown some fascinating light on Tipu Sultan (about whom I wrote in the Special Karnataka Issue) for which I am very grateful to him. Mr Nayak has pointed out some inaccuracies in our captioning of pictures, drawing special attention to the fact that Tipu had twelve sons—and not just the seven whose pictures we published in our Karnataka Issue. Apparently, two of Tipu's sons not included in our portraits, Jamai-ud-din and Ghulam

Muhammad, became quite important figures in their later life. Writes Mr Nayak:

*Jamai-ud-din was famous in London social circles and died at the age of 46 in 1842. Ghulam Muhammad enjoyed the friendship of Queen Victoria and, shortly before his death in 1872, was made a Knight of the Order of the Star of India (KCSI). A number of families, institutions and places of worship in Calcutta, Bombay and Karnataka still benefit from the Wakfs created by him... Abdul Khaliq (another son, who was the Chief Mourner at Tipu's funeral) died on September 12, 1806, at the Sands Head of Calcutta when the Mysore princes were being brought to Calcutta to be kept in "close confinement". Maiz-ud-din was the only elder prince to face Major Allan after the British entry into Srirangapatnam on that fateful day in May 1799. Main-ud-din and Muin-ud-din were accused of aiding the mutineers at Vellore, although nothing was proved against them. Both died in "close confinement" at Russapuglah (now Tollygunge) Calcutta.*

I wonder whether there is any descendant of Tipu alive today. I can't believe there aren't, with those twelve sons Tipu had.

English Bachao

COMMENTING on another note I wrote recently concerning the role of English in India, Alyque Padamsee, Director of Theatre Group, Bombay, writes:

*If English Theatre is any criterion, audiences have grown from 5,000 to 50,000 in the last few years. Of course English has always been popular in a city like Bombay. But recently, when the Theatre Group performed A Streetcar Named Desire in Delhi, we were astonished at the five packed houses we drew in just two days...with a promise of twenty more housefuls by our sponsor...And every second week a new English magazine seems to hit the stands. As for English schools—just try getting your child's name on the Waiting List! Morarji notwithstanding, English in India refuses to give up the ghost!*

Morarji? Morarji who?

I don't have any children to send to school, but I understand that these days not only are children "interviewed" for admission to KG, but the children's parents are interviewed as well! Lucky I have no children. I would have flunked at an interview. Fancy being cross-examined by a School Principal about... about what, I wonder. My finances? My morals? My dentures? When I was admitted to school... ah well, forget it, folks. Times are just different. That's all.

Durgabai Deshmukh

DURGABAI was once a known name all over India and, as a Congress leader, a pioneer in women's movements and a champion of lost causes, she has few peers. Her work for the Andhra Mahila Sabha will probably remain her greatest contribution—and no mean contribution at that—of her long life (she is 72 now), though she will no doubt also be remembered as the Founder-Chairman of the Central Social Welfare Board in which capacity she served between 1953 and 1962. To the surprise of many of her friends, she married Chintaman Deshmukh (the then Finance Minister with whom she was working as a member of the Planning Commission) in 1953.

Few expected the marriage to succeed, but it is probably one of the happiest marriages that God ever blessed. As H.M. Patel wrote:

*Today, when Deshmukh is in his eighties and Durgabai has just crossed her seventieth year, it is touching to see the two together, taking an understanding and admiring interest in each other's work. Durgabai is now completely blind, though active.*

But how did the sophisticated member of the ICS marry an utterly different type of woman? In her short autobiography, *The Heart Speaks*, Durgabai wrote:

*I told him (Chintaman) that I was almost a rustic, not in the least a socialite, and that I do not even know to wear fashionable footwear or go to these parties in the evenings: did he still want to marry? Chintaman took me to a eucalyptus tree in his garden and inscribed two Sanskrit slokas on its bark: it was a proposal of marriage I accepted and he kissed me.*

How charming! I salute this great pair. May they live long and in good health.

Dhanvantari Award

THE Purandares are a famous family in Bombay and Dr B.N. Purandare is a kindly old gynaecologist (well, kindly anyway, he may not like being described as 'old' and nor, ahem, do I) to whom many women in Bombay are no doubt grateful. At 69, he is one of our greats. He was awarded the Padma Bhushan in 1972, in which year he

Dr B.N. PURANDARE



was also elected President of the International Federation of Gynaecology and Obstetrics. (I always manage to get the spelling of both words wrong, darn it!) Never having had the opportunity to be treated by him, I can't vouch for him by personal experience, but his many new surgical techniques in the field of gynec etc have received wide acclaim and now he has been awarded the Dhanvantari Award for 1980, which seems only natural.

The Dhanvantari Foundation was established in 1971 and its first award went to Dr Rustom Jal Vakil. Other distinguished recipients of the Award have been Pt Shiv Sharma, Dr Shantilal J Mehta, Dr K.K. Datey, Dr C. Gopalan, Dr Minocher Mody and Dr Diwan Harish Chand. Pretty distinguished company, if you ask me. If the accompanying picture makes Dr Purandare look young—well he is. For one who has delivered more children than he cares to remember, he ought to have been looking morose! But he keeps smiling.

Premier Kosygin

WHEN Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin visited Anand in March 1979, he found out to his surprise that the Soviet Union did not have anything comparable to the milk producers' cooperative in Gujarat. "What you have done," he told V. Kurien, the man who built the cooperative, "is to eliminate the middleman, but it took you thirty years!"

Mr Kurien, not a man ever to be at a loss for words, nodded silently, no doubt floored by the praise Kosygin bestowed on him. "The middleman," continued Kosygin, warming up to his theme, "is a curse, eliminate him!"

I think the actual word Kosygin used was "exterminate", not "eliminate", but I find it hard to imagine Kosygin going round exterminating people as if they are cockroaches. I watched him several times at close quarters and he always came through as a quiet and gentle person, but one who knew exactly what needed to be done. Maybe extermination was part of his list of things to be achieved.

He was a man of his word. Before he left Anand he told Mr Kurien that the latter should visit the Soviet Union to tell Soviet experts how things were run in India. Mr Kurien at first took this as the usual sort of thing one says on such occasions. But Kosygin meant business and, within a week of the Soviet Premier's return to Moscow, a formal invitation to Mr Kurien had indeed come through official channels.

Not a man to let grass grow under his feet! Many in India would remember him as one of the late Lal Bahadur Shastri's pall-bearers.

M.V.K.



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# The Ramayana Tradition

SITA'S ABDUCTION, as represented in the Kecek dance of Bali.

HANUMAN carrying Rama and Lakshmana in the shadow theatre of Karnataka.



RAVANA in the shadow theatre (Wayang Kulit) of Java.



SITA in the shadow theatre of Andhra Pradesh.



**The four aspects of the Ramayana tradition—the oral, the literary, the performing and the pictorial—have co-existed and intermingled. But the performing tradition, as old as the epic tradition itself, is the richest and most varied.**

**Text and Photographs  
by Dr Suresh Awasthi**

**T**HE Ramayana tradition in India and South-East Asia has greatly influenced the beliefs, values and life-styles of the peoples of this region, comprising different ethnic and cultural groups. The tradition covers a wide spectrum of the socio-cultural life of the people. It has flourished in the temple, the court and the community and, in many periods of history, the tradition simultaneously existed in all these centres and levels. The tradition has, for over 2,000 years, been a vital and integral element of the culture of these countries and has profoundly enriched the literary, performing and visual arts.

There are four aspects of the Ramayana tradition—the oral, the literary, the performing and the pictorial. These four have co-existed and intermingled. It is in this complex pattern of the tradition that we can understand its true nature, and its role in the arts and in the life of the people of the Asian continent. The performing tradition, as old as the tradition of the epic itself, is also the richest and the most varied. It functions as a bridge between the literary and the oral tradition, and often inspires and feeds the pictorial tradition.

SITA in the Ramayana ballet of Bali.

The tradition of the Ramayana and that of the Indian theatre, and also of theatre in South-East Asia, are very closely related. One of the several theories of the origin of drama in India maintains that it originated from the epics and their recitation. The epics, in any case, have greatly contributed to the growth of Indian drama—Sanskrit drama, drama in modern Indian languages and in multiple forms of traditional and folk theatre. Parallel to this is its dramatised presentation as a spectacle. The earliest reference to such a presentation is found in the *Harivamsha Purana* of the 4th Century AD. The Ramalila prevalent in North India in several styles belongs to this tradition and is a grand dramatisation of the epic.

### Animated Sculpture

The performing tradition of the epic has close links with the pictorial tradition. The thematic content and artistic elements of the temple reliefs of the Ramayana are often inspired by the performing tradition of the region. The dramatic design of the panels, the conventions and principles for organising the scene, the setting for the action, and the costumes and ornamentation often follow the performing tradition.

The Ramayana reliefs of the Pantaran temple in Java seem to depict the episode of Hanuman Duta (Hanuman as the messenger of Rama) as performed in the shadow theatre, Wayang Kulit, following the iconography of the puppets. A performance of shadow play looks like animated sculpture, and the reliefs like a static moment in a performance. The Cambodian shadow figures have a close resemblance to the temple reliefs of Angkor Vat in iconography and posture. Many of them are cut out as group figures with two or more characters portraying a dramatic sequence and these adopt the same pattern of organising the action as in the bas reliefs. In India shadow figures of Andhra Pradesh follow the conventions and iconography of the mural paintings of the Lepakshi temple and the Pathan folk paintings of Maharashtra.

Medieval miniature paintings on the Rama theme follow the principles and conventions of the traditional Rama theatre. Ramalila, in regard to the treatment of time and place and the organisation of the narrative. The two important practices of the traditional Ramayana theatre, namely, multiplicity of locale and simultaneity of action, are also followed in the traditional painting and sculpture. Interdependence and interrelationship between the performing and visual arts, a special feature of the Indian artistic tradition, are sharply reflected in the Ramayana theatre.

The performing tradition also maintained close links with the literary and oral tradition, and made full use of the poetic

compositions as well as influencing their form and design. Poets wrote epic poems on the Rama saga keeping in view the forms and conventions of the performing tradition. Some poets wrote the epic primarily to be performed. The Thai and Burmese Ramayana were conceived as dramatic works and composed for theatrical performances. The Bengali Ramayana of Krittivas and the Vichitra Ramayana in Oriya are used by the Ramayana theatre of these regions for textual material.

The Ramacharitanas of Tulsidas having a sound dramatic design greatly enriched and has sustained Ramalila for the last four centuries. The Kamba Ramayana in Tamil, and the Tulugu Ramayana of Ranganatha along with several other Ramayanas like in Malayalam and Kannada supply the spoken word material to many forms of human and puppet theatre dealing with the Rama theme. Along with the literary sources, the Ramayana theatre also uses a great deal of material from the oral tradition, especially in the puppet theatre. The puppet theatre has also been an important mode of oral tradition and it continues to be so in Malaysia.

The performing tradition of the Ramayana has manifested itself in a great range and variety of forms. From the dramatic recitation of the epic with simple mime to the highly stylised and codified forms of dance and theatre and several forms of the puppet theatre, the epic is performed in hundreds of forms. The Ramalila of North India, the Yakshagana of Karnataka and the Kathakali of Kerala are some of the main forms of theatre in India using the Ramayana theme. The mask dance drama of Thailand and Burma and the dance dramas of several modes of Indonesia and Kampuchea are highly evolved theatrical forms performing the epic. In the puppet theatre the epic is performed in forms ranging from the simple glove puppet of Kerala to the highly refined shadow theatre of Indonesia.

### Shadow Theatre

The most ancient and dominant form of theatre using the Rama theme in the countries of South-East Asia is the shadow theatre. It is the shadow theatre which has given rise to several forms of human theatre. These later forms use many elements and conventions of the shadow theatre and often follow the same division of the story, taking textual material from the same sources. In Bali and Java, the Wayang figures have influenced the dance movements and attitudes of many characters such as Hanuman and Jatayu. The movements in the Khon mask dance-drama of Thailand have a close resemblance with those of the shadow figures.

The shadow theatre in Indonesia is the most developed and highly cultivated form. It has a great



RAMA and Lakshmana with Hanuman, Karnataka.

socio-cultural significance and truly mirrors the beliefs, attitudes and traditions of the Indonesian people. With spoken word material of rich poetic content, codified music with elaborate orchestra, highly stylised figures and the developed art of manipulation and vocalisation, Indonesian shadow theatre provides a total theatrical experience. It is interesting to note that many preliminaries and the rituals and ceremonies observed in Wayang Kulit are similar to those followed in Indian shadow theatre. While in Indonesia the Mahabharata is also equally popular, in Thailand, Kampuchea and Malaysia only the Ramayana is performed.

In Thailand, while the tradition of the large figures has already become extinct, that of the smaller figures is alive in the southern parts of the country and shares common features with the shadow theatre in Malaysia. The shadow theatre existed as part of the oral tradition of the Ramayana for several centuries before King Rama I composed the epic poem towards the end of the 18th century and formalised the dramatic text both for the puppet and the human theatre.

In Malaysia the shadow theatre continues to have a living tradition and is the only form of the performing tradition of the Ramayana. In Kampuchea the shadow theatre uses large figures, beautifully cut out and delineated in dramatic postures. The dance-like movements of the manipulators greatly contribute to the theatricality of the performance.

In India the Ramayana theme seems to have been used in the puppet theatre from the early centuries before Christ. References to it are found in early Buddhist literature. The strongest tradition of the shadow theatre is that of Andhra Pradesh, other regional traditions being those of Orissa, Karnataka and Kerala. While in Andhra the Mahabharata is also equally popular, in Kerala and Orissa it is the Ramayana which is exclusively performed. The Andhra and Karnataka figures being translucent throw colour shadows on the screen, a very special feature of the Indian leather puppets. Notwithstanding many common features and conventions, the four styles of shadow theatre differ in size and delineation of figures and in the spoken word material and music content. Other forms of the puppet theatre presenting Rama stories are the rod-puppet of West Bengal and the marionettes prevalent in Tamil Nadu and Karnataka.

In several forms, of both the human and the puppet theatre, the Ramayana is performed as a serial—in some covering the entire story. In Ramalila the entire story is performed in 10, 21 or 30 days at Ramanagar (near Varanasi). In other forms the most popular and frequently performed episodes are Sita's abduction, *Balivadha*, Sita in the *Ashoka vana* and the *Rama-Ravana Yuddha*.

In South-East Asia the epic is performed in a serial of four to six days, beginning with Sita's abduction. The most popular



episodes are Bali Sugriva, the Ravana-Jatayu combat and Sita's fire ordeal. In the magnificent architectural background of the Prambanan temple in Java with the panels of the Ramayana story on the temple walls the epic is performed in a series of four episodes on a large open stage during the full-moon nights of every month. These four episodes are Sita's abduction, Hanuman's burning of Lanka, Kumbhakarna's fall and Sita's fire ordeal. Both in Thailand and Burma the episode of the breaking of Shiva's bow is performed in a most spectacular manner.

In Thailand the most popular episode is the Lady Afloat, an important interpolation in the Thai Ramayana. According to this story Ravana in a clever and mischievous move floats his niece on the waters past the camp of Rama in the disguise of Sita in the hope that Rama will believe that Sita is dead and give up the siege of Lanka. Ravana's move is foiled. The most dramatic and touching scenes in many forms are the Ravana-Jatayu combat and Hanuman's meeting with Sita. The Jatayu episode has also been treated most dramatically in sculpture, miniature painting and folk paintings of several regional styles, Pat painting of Orissa, Madhubani of Bihar and Paithan of Maharashtra.

While the Ramayana theatre is an integral part of the colourful and multifarious traditional theatre, it is distinguished by many technical features. It is the most representative and artistically rich sector of the

traditional theatre. It also most vividly reflects the values and concepts of the *Natyashastra* with its emphasis on stylisation and conventions. The epic story, with its legendary and mythical character, eminently suited the stylised and convention-based traditional theatre. Elaborate preliminaries and rituals as part of the performance, and an enthusiastic and devoted audience sharing the myths and legends with the performers render the Ramayana theatre among the best in the tradition of participative theatre.

In the performing tradition of the epic, the art of recitation is basic and while having a religious significance it serves an important dramatic function. The performing tradition of the epic was born the day recitation was born and recitation was born the day the epic was born. We know the tradition of the recitation of Valmiki Ramayana by Lava and Kusha later the same tradition was continued by the *sutas*—a class of epic reciters and bards. We also know from inscriptional evidence that the Valmiki Ramayana was recited in the courts of Kimpuchea in the 6th century and in Java in the 8th century.

It is with the tradition of recitation that the epic seems to have migrated from India and through the process of assimilation and adaptation it was considerably changed. Most of the Ramayana theatre and dance forms including the puppet theatre seem to have evolved out of recitation which acts as a base line upon which the superstructure of the form is raised. The tradition of recitation survives along with the literary and performing traditions in most countries.

In the Ramayana theme the idea of struggle between the forces of good and those of evil is so basic that it greatly influences the structure and nature of theatrical forms of various types. The performance structure follows a pattern and has four distinct phases. In the first phase there is confrontation between the two forces; in the second phase challenge; in the third conflict and combat; and in the fourth the victory of the forces representing good and the defeat of the forces of evil.

#### Inspired Choreography

It is to highlight this idea of a spiritual conflict that in almost all the forms of the Ramayana theatre, in all countries, combat scenes dominate the performance. In Kathakali and Yakshagana there is a whole series of plays based on the two epics, entitled *vadham* and *maranan*. These scenes are most exciting and dramatic and also most beautifully choreographed. The choreography of the combat scene is often inspired by the martial arts of the region concerned. The basic postures, attitudes and movements also have close affinities with the martial arts. The audiences take great delight in these scenes and derive spiritual satisfaction in

witnessing the defeat of the evil characters.

In Ramaila the burning of huge effigies of Ravana and his allies, on the day of the defeat of Ravana, is a grand ritualisation of this theme of the struggle between good and evil. Almost all the forms of the Ramayana theatre have a strong ritualistic background, and many rituals and ceremonials are observed as an integral part of the performance. But what is more fascinating is the fact that many forms, especially puppet forms, also incorporate social material and sharply project secular values. This is achieved through impromptu dialogues by the clowns, spoken in modern languages as against the archaic language of the form, as in the Wayang Kulit of Indonesia.

The Ramayana theatre is a theatre of stylisation and conventions, which are in many forms strictly codified. The make up and costume, the gait and movements and the delivery of dialogues—all follow stylised patterns, the basis having been provided by a non-realistic approach to the theatre. The masks and make up of characters like Ravana, Hanuman and Jatayu have inspired craftsmen to evolve a variety of interpretations and stylised approaches to their designs.

The embroidered zari mask of Ravana used in the Ramaila of Ramanagar (Varanasi) is an exquisite piece of art. The life-size mask of Jatayu used in the Ankia Nat of Assam, the mask of Ravana of the Shahu Jatra of Orissa, and those used in Burmese and Thai dance-drama are most dramatic and powerful. It is interesting to note that the scheme of colour symbolism followed in the make-up is also adhered to in the masks. The masks represent the totality of the folk arts and crafts of the region, and follow the elements and conventions of the plastic arts. The make up and masks greatly accentuate and enrich the scheme of stylisation of the Ramayana theatre.

Along with the rich thematic and textual material the Ramayana theatre also has a highly developed music and dance content. Music is the very dynamics of the theatre, and it determines the pace, the rhythm, and the movement of the drama. Specific melodies are fixed for various situations and actions to express different sentiments and moods, and also to accompany the entries and exits of the characters. Orchestral pieces are often used as incidental music. The orchestra plays in unison with the vocal line and repeats the melodic phrase giving relief to the actors to present choreographic patterns and enrich gestures by an elaborate interpretation of the text. The theatrical presentation with rich music, striking poses and expressive gestures builds up a spectacle of great choreographic beauty and pictorial charm.

The use of poetry, music, dance and

mime, the intermingling of epic and lyric poetry of narrative and dramatic material, highly stylised and choreographic style of acting illuminating the gestures, poses and movements of the actor, conventions of speech, such as the alternation of prose and verse, and a stylised, recitative and rhythmic mode of delivery, the use of singers and narrators, elaborate costumes, stylised facial make-up and fantastic masks and head-gears, freedom from the unities of time and place, elaborate preliminaries and rituals are the main features which characterise the Ramayana theatre of various countries. While the primary conventions and some of the practices have a pan-Asian character the secondary conventions are indigenous reflecting the values of traditional theatre of the country concerned.

The urge to perform the Ramayana is so great that new forms are continuously evolved as a result of the wedlock between the new performing techniques and the traditional material. The use and popularity of the Ramayana episodes in the traditional dance Kechak of Bali is one such example of this urge. It was only in the '30s that the episode of the abduction of Sita was put in this traditional dance performed with a large group of dancers accompanied with a most vigorous and dramatic chant.

#### Modern Drama

In India the modern drama in several Indian languages began with the Ramayana plays, such as *Janaki Mangal* and *Sita Swayamvara*. During the last four decades or so choreographers and dance directors have used the Ramayana theme in dance-dramas and ballets applying a variety of dance-styles—classical, folk and free or creative style.

Uday Shankar, the creator of the modern dance drama, produced in 1940 the Ramayana as a spectacular shadow play with human actors. The late Shanti Bardhan composed a Ramayana ballet with puppet-like choreographic movements using colourful folk designs and decor. The Kalakshetra of Madras has produced a series of ballets in classical dance-styles covering the entire epic story under the direction of Rukminidevi Arundale. The Bharatiya Kala Kendra's *Rama Leela*, encompassing the epic story in a spectacular dance-drama on a vast three platform stage, has succeeded in constructing the traditional Ramaila for the modern stage. It is presented every year in a large open air arena and has become an important function of the Dasara celebration in the capital the past 22 years. Kathak dancer Guru Birju Maharaj has composed a dance-drama, *Katha Raghunath Ki* in the Kathak style, and based on the Ramacharitmanas of Tulsidas. It has become an important item of the repertoire of the Ballet Unit of the Kathak Kendra in Delhi. ■

# The Ghazal Singer

by Jayashree Chatterjee

**The singer was good. His tone and pitch perfect. But soon a restlessness gripped the audience.**

**T**HE newspaper headline read *Indian Ghazal Singer Visits Kuwait* And to my delight I learnt

that Akbar Ali Sultan, the noted artiste from Lucknow, was arriving in Kuwait at the end of the week. My husband and I enjoyed his style of singing. Besides, I had met the singer a couple of times in Bombay, before I left India, at functions organised by a close friend. I made a note of the hall where he was going to perform and hoped we'd get tickets for the opening night.

Akbar Ali Sultan sang to an enthralled audience on his first night in Kuwait. He did so every subsequent night for the five days he was in the city. His voice had lost none of its resonance and the applause he received was deafening. When the show got over, on a sudden impulse, I decided to go backstage and meet him.

The singer greeted us—as he did all his other fans—with a charming cordiality. I knew at once that though he recalled my friend he didn't remember me, despite the fact that he pretended he did. Then I introduced my husband. Akbar Ali Sultan turned to him and in the same pleasant manner started asking him a few questions about himself and his work. As my husband answered him the expression of cultivated politeness on the maestro's face was replaced by one of genuine interest.

"Why don't you give me your card," he suggested to my husband, "I'd like to meet you again."

By this time the small dressing room was full of his fans and I could hear more footsteps and animated voices in the corridor outside. Ali Sultan obviously heard them, too, because

he carefully put the card away in his pocket, smiled at both of us as he bid us *namaste*, then turned to the group of people next to him.

We elbowed our way through the crowd. In the car I said, "I wonder why he wanted your card."

"He was being polite to an over-enthusiastic fan," replied my husband, grinning at me. "A policy every successful showman adopts. Especially towards his lady fans!"

I pulled a face at him. "Well, I like it when a man with a wonderful voice is polite to one! You've got to admit he sang really well."

"Oh yes," agreed my husband seriously. "He's one of our best ghazal singers."

That he was. His voice was melodious with just that touch of dignity that prevented it from being oversweet. And the quality was obviously natural. No guru could have taught him to sing that way.

We were eating a light snack before going to bed when the phone rang. I glanced at my watch as I picked up the receiver. It showed thirty minutes after midnight and I wondered who it could possibly be.

"I'm really sorry to disturb you at this late hour," said Akbar Ali Sultan. But I was sure you wouldn't be

asleep—you must have just got home—and I'm running short of time. I'll be in Kuwait for only a couple of days more. May I speak to your husband?"

"Of course," I replied in a daze.

My husband took the receiver and after a few minutes his expression changed to one of bewilderment. I heard him repeat a name that I had never heard before and say, "Yes, yes, of course. Tell him to see me tomorrow morning at 10 a.m." Then he said, "Good night," and put the receiver down.

"What was all that about?" I asked.

"I'm not very sure myself," he replied slowly. "Akbar Ali Sultan said there's a lathe operator by the name of Nur Mohammad working for our organisation. He said he'd look upon it as a favour to himself if I took a personal interest in the man and saw that he always got a fair deal. I told him to ask the man to see me tomorrow morning."

"But is there such a man in your organisation?" I asked.

"I don't know," my husband replied. "A construction firm has so many operators. But the Personnel Department should know."

We spent a good part of the next hour trying to figure out who this man

could possibly be. Was he an old friend from Akbar Ali Sultan's hometown? A close relative whom the singer wanted to befriend? Even after my husband went to sleep the question continued to puzzle me.

**T**HE next morning at 11 o'clock I phoned my husband. "No one's come to see me yet," he said, before I could frame the question.

I could scarcely hide my disappointment. "But have you found out whether a man by that name works for you?"

"Yes," he replied. "I checked with the Personnel Manager. The man is—Just a minute! I'll call you later" and he rang off.

He called again, a good forty-five minutes later. "I'm bringing Akbar Ali Sultan home for lunch," he told me. "I hope you can rustle up a nice meal. Nur Mohammed didn't come to me at ten because he felt too embarrassed to do so. Akbar Ali Sultan phoned him at 11 o'clock to ask him whether he'd seen me. When he found that he hadn't, he brought the old man to me personally. You'll never guess who Nur Mohammad is!"

"His father!" I breathed.



My husband made an impatient sound. "His guru!" he said.

Nur Mohammad (Akbar Ali Sultan told us) had lived in one of the small, quiet areas of Lucknow. The eldest son of a lathe operator, from his childhood he had loved vocal classical music. As a boy he spent all his spare time either day-dreaming outside the Bhatkhande School of Music, or sitting in the last row of a music hall listening intently to classical maestros. The turning point in his life came the day he returned home and sang, non-stop, almost every raga he had heard at the musical conference that evening. A sentimental uncle with a passion for the arts took him to one of the city's vocal music teachers and arranged for the boy to have lessons.

Nur Mohammad learnt quickly and diligently. He had a ear for music and his guru said that few students could have developed such an accurate sense of rhythm in so short a time. In fact, right from the beginning what he sang was absolutely correct—every komal note, every tivra was clear and perfect. His guru helped him with a scholarship to enrol for a degree course in music. After Nur Mohammad graduated, he helped him to get a lectureship in music in one of the universities of northern India.

When Nur Mohammad got this post his parents were relieved. They had objected to their son's adventures in music because they felt a man had little hope of making a good living for himself in this field. But now Nur Mohammad had a fairly secure job and a steady income.

Unfortunately, this lectureship proved to be the beginning of Nur Mohammad's frustrations. He loved classical music and he wanted to maintain its purity. He insisted that his students sang every note perfectly, mastered the intricate study of tala to such a degree that they would never make the slightest mistake.

He took three months to teach his students the raga Bhupali. At first the Head of the Department was unaware of what was happening. It was only during a casual conversation with Nur Mohammad that he realised that the new music teacher had little hope of keeping to the syllabus and completing the prescribed twelve ragas in one year!

"But you can't do that!" the Head had protested in alarm. "You can't teach them only four ragas a year!"

"Four ragas?!" Nur Mohammad had said. "If they take three months to learn the raga Bhupali correctly, they'll probably take longer to learn the ragas that have komal or tivra notes! And I will not start with a new raga until they can sing the old ones perfectly!"

The war over methods of teaching, over the syllabus itself, over how much responsibility a music teacher with a large number of students under him must assume to inculcate a desire for perfection in those he taught, was on. As both the university authorities and the young, idealistic teacher were equally adamant about their own points of view, the situation could be resolved in one way only. Nur Mohammad was asked to resign.

This pattern of incidents repeated itself twice in two other music colleges and after that Nur Mohammad could not get a job anywhere.

He returned to Lucknow and started giving private music lessons, specialising on the advice of his guru, in ghazals, which were a popular form of vocal music. He was able to get quite a few students and it was about this time that Akbar Ali Sultan came to him, drawn to the *ustad* because of the high degree of excellence which he demanded. Yet this addiction to perfection led Nur Mohammad into trouble again because, gradually, these new pupils began to feel that he took too long to teach even the basics of music. What Nur Mohammad failed to realise was that the old, slow, leisurely days that had helped to develop a different style of teaching and different values, were gone forever.

Of course, a few students like Akbar Ali Sultan who were themselves in pursuit of excellence remained with

him. But they were a handful. As a last resort Nur Mohammad tried to join the film industry. But a man like him, who was not prepared to compromise on style, should have known better. Gradually as the months stretched to years, lack of a steady income, coupled with the fears of his worried parents, led him to realise that he could never make music his career. He was middle-aged by then, and a broken man. He became a lathe operator like his father, gained some experience in India and then left the country where he had met with so many frustrations, forever.

"You can't imagine how much I've tried to help him," Akbar Ali Sultan told us wearily. "I've introduced him to music directors, I've tried to organise shows for him—but nothing seems to help."

He sighed. Then said, "I promised myself that I'd try to ensure that he got a fair deal as a lathe operator"—he said the words with disdain—"at least. Also that I'd try once more to do something for him here."

"You mean you're going to organise a show for him here?" I asked.

"No," Akbar Ali Sultan replied. "I wish I could. But who would sponsor it? However, many Indian businessmen here have asked me to sing in their homes. I'm hoping one of them will let my guru sing a few songs as well."



LATER that evening Akbar Ali Sultan phoned to say that a prominent Indian businessman who had invited

him to sing in his home the next evening had agreed that Nur Mohammad could sing a few ghazals. Akbar Ali Sultan had considered it best not to reveal the *ustad's* identity. Besides, Nur Mohammad, too, had wanted it that way. The businessman had invited the Press to the function. So it was possible that Nur Mohammad would get some publicity too. Akbar Ali Sultan sounded very hopeful about his guru's future.

The guests were still coming when we arrived. The ghazal singers were already there, seated on one side of a dark blue carpet, their musicians next to them. Perhaps it was unfair to compare the two maestros, but to do so was inevitable. The tall, lean singer, the older of the two, had more discipline—that was obvious from the way he sat, straight-backed and rock like. But the younger man was more good looking and in a romantic sort of way. He sat there crossed-legged and casual, his hands resting on the harmonium in front of him. Dressed in delicately embroidered kurta and pyjamas, his face was full and youthful and set off by very black hair. His eyes were large and the dark rings under them only heightened the aura of romance.

As for his companion, his drawback

lay not so much in his age as in the inflexibility of his demeanour. It is not that a ghazal singer should not look old; but if he must, he should look like Mirza Ghalib, dressed in a long, flowing, pearl-grey *acchkan*, candle in hand and trailing clouds of glory as he glided into your line of vision. Not like Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, with a long gaunt face which frustration, humiliation and pain have helped to line, and not dressed in a baggy grey *shalwar* and a loose *kameez*.

Our host liked doing things in style and the evening's performance was to start with the lighting of the *shamma*, a tradition commonly associated with *muschairs* but which nevertheless lent atmosphere to the evening's entertainment. The candlestand was an elaborate brass affair, set with little mirrors that twinkled and shone in their polished metallic setting. Akbar Ali Sultan was asked to light the candle. The flame flared up—and was reflected a thousand times in the mirrors—and threw a flickering light on his face, causing his eyes and features to appear even more romantic. I glanced at his companion, who was also looking at the candle. Unfortunately, the candlelight only served to heighten the harsh lines beneath his eyes and the deep hollows in his cheeks.

Then the singing started. Akbar Ali Sultan had never sung better. His voice was so mellifluous and he sang with such feeling that the sentiments he conveyed must have been intelligible even to those who did not understand Urdu. And coupled with this was the underlying dignity in his voice that lent a richness to his style and gave it the indelible stamp of great art. He sang two songs; then pushing aside the harmonium, introduced Nur Mohammad as a fellow ghazal singer and a good friend.

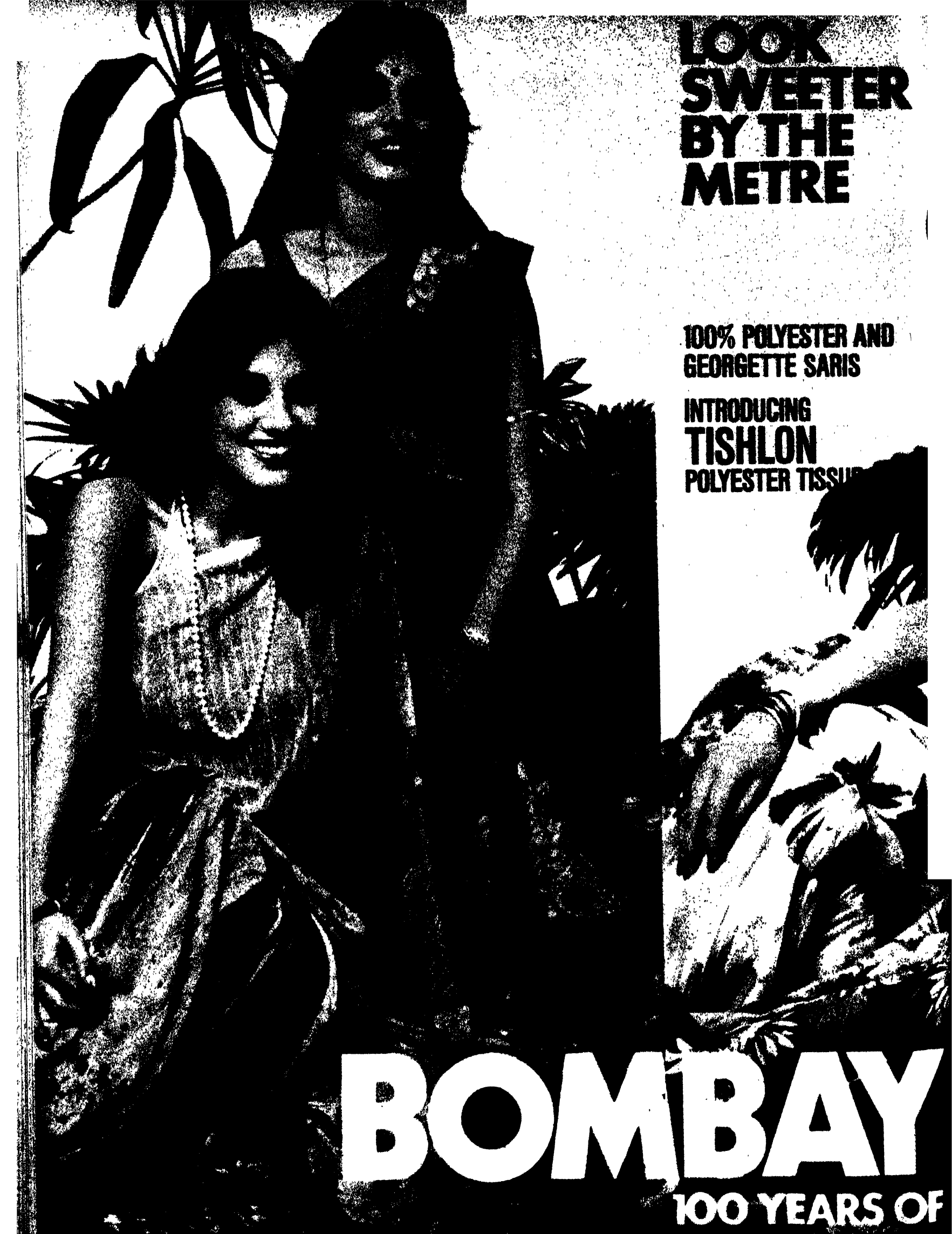
The atmosphere was still mellow when Nur Mohammad started singing. But slowly a palpable restlessness seemed to grow in the room. Though it was soundless, it gripped the audience. The singer was good; his voice was perfect, his tone and pitch, just right. He excelled in all the technicalities of music. In fact his voice was perfection personified. But it was just that and nothing more. I got the curious feeling that it was too perfect to be human.

He sang two ghazals. The applause was fairly long but there were no encores. Then Akbar Ali Sultan took over and the room was diffused with enchantment once more.

Two days later the local papers carried a review of that night's performance. I read the column report with growing impatience as the story waxed eloquent on Akbar Ali Sultan's style and voice. There seemed to be no mention of Nur Mohammad at all. Then I came to the last paragraph. It was just one line. I read. A friend of the maestro's—whom Akbar Ali Sultan introduced as a ghazal singer—also sang a few ghazals.







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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Incredible Contracts

BRIDGE literature abounds with some really incredible, if possible to believe, contracts like a declarer who wound up in six Clubs, with Ace nine doubleton in hand opposite King ten doubleton in dummy, a 2-2 fit! He made his contract by cashing eight side tricks and crossing ruffing four more, his hapless opponents under ruffing four times. This deal is apocryphal, but there has been many almost as spectacular, in real life.

Take this one, in a match between teams from Helsinki and Stockholm.

♠ 94	♠ QJ8
♥ 10964	♥ 532
♦ Q843	♦ J1076
♣ J53	♣ 962

♠ AK7852	♠ AKQ108
♥ QJ8	♥ AK7
♦ 92	♦ AK5
♣ 74	♣ AKQ108

The auction needs several footnotes

- |          |           |
|----------|-----------|
| North    | South     |
| 2C (i)   | 2H (ii)   |
| 3C (iii) | 3H (iv)   |
| 7H (v)   | Pass (vi) |
- (i) 2C Artificial game force

(ii) 2H. Artificial, one Ace, One King

(iii) 3C Natural!

(iv) 3H A Transfer to 3 Spades, believe it or not!

(v) 7H Forgetting the Transfer, assuming partner has a good Heart suit, along with the Ace King of Spades

(vi) Pass Assuming partner knows what he is doing

West led a Spade, and South cashed his 2 Spades, 2 Diamonds, 2 Clubs and ruffed a Diamond in hand to bring his tally to eight tricks. A Spade, ruffed by West's nine, over ruffed in dummy, a Club ruffed in hand, another Spade overruffing West's ten a Club ruffed in hand with the Queen meant 12 tricks, and dummy's seven of Hearts was high for the 13th trick!

Then there was this one

♠ A92	♠ QJ
♥ KQ10	♥ 987542
♦ J987	♦ 32
♣ 852	♣ 974

♠ K54	♠ AKQJ3
♥ J63	♥ A
♦ KQ1054	♦ A6
♣ 106	♣ AKQJ3

The bidding sequence is lost to posterity, but it is true that South wound up in 6 Spades, and got the lead of the King of Hearts. South was one of those never-say-die fellows, and he was quick to perceive that his only chance was for the trump suit to be distributed precisely the way it was, plus some hocus pocus.

He won the Ace of Hearts, cashed the Ace of Diamonds as though it were singleton, and played a Spade towards the King. West went up with his Ace, eager to cash his Heart Queen before the declarer could pitch his losing (♠) Hearts on dummy's Diamonds, and South had pulled off a brilliant coup. The Jack of Spades came down on the Ace and his King and ten sufficed to pick up the remaining trumps.

And this deal from the 1968 Olympiad

South dealer, E-W Vulnerable

♠ Q3	♠ A1095
♥ J	♥ J7
♦ AK8642	♦ J7
♣ 9762	♣ AKQ104

♠ 86	♠ KJ742
♥ AKQ109864	♥ 52
♦ Q3	♦ 1095
♣ 5	♣ J8

At one table West opened 4 Hearts, his partner bid 6 Hearts, and North cashed his Ace King of Diamonds for one down. East and West were not unduly worried since the same thing might well happen on the other table.

At the other table the auction went

West	North	East	South
			P
4H	4NT	Double	5C (♠)
P	P	Double	All Pass

North's 4NT was Unusual and showed both minors—hardly classical with all the strength in one suit, and a 4-4 pattern in the suit, and a 4-4 pattern in the suit. Then it was South's turn to bungle with his 5 Club bid. After East's double of 4NT his call ought to have been 'pass' indicating no clear preference for either minor suit. East doubled 5 Clubs and everyone passed. North trusting his partner implicitly.

West led his King of Hearts and switched to a trump. East drew all the trumps, and put his partner in with a Heart. West wound up scoring all 13 tricks in defending 5C. Doubled to collect 2,100. North-South were understandably unhappy with each other, but soon burst out laughing when the excited East wrote the score as 2200 in his column, claiming 100 for honours!

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Bishop Sacrifice On KR7

MANY a King side attack culminates in a Bishop sacrifice on KR7 followed by concerted action of Queen and other pieces. An important point to note is the inability of enemy pieces to participate in defence.

In No 113 the finish in four moves with a quiet Queen offer amazingly quick. In No 114 the Bishop sacrifice has to be preceded by a Knight offer.

Nucio-Barbero, Skien, 1979:  
1.PQ4, NKB3 2.PQB4, PK4 (Budapest Gambit) 3.PxP, NN5 (NN5 is Fajarowicz Variation) MCO gives 4.NKB3, NQB3 (or 3.PQ3 5.QB2, BB4 6.NB3, PQ4 7.PQR3, PQ3 6.QB2, PQ4 in real gambit style) 4.NKB3, BB1 (The critical line is 4.NQ4 5.BB4, BN5ch 6.QN2, QF2 7.PK3, N5xKP 8.NxN, NxN 9.PQR3 BxNch 10.QxB, PQ3 11.BK2 00) 5.PK3, NQB3 6.NB3, N3xP 7.PKR3, NxNch 8.QxN, AK4 9.QN3, NNS.

DIFFICULTIES

Black is already in difficulties or development and has inevitably to castle on the King side

into attack 10.BQ2, BQ3 11.PB4, BK2 (11.QR5 to exchange Queens would be met by 12.NN5 and NxB doubling the QP with a crippling effect) 12.000, BB3 13.QB3 PQ3 14.NQ5, 00 15.BQ3, BQ2 16.PKR4!

PAWN ASSAULT

The Pawn is immune, ie 16.BxP? 17.QR5 18.BxN, 19.QxR or 16.NxP? 17.NxBch, QxN 18.QR5 wins a piece. Black is helpless against the coming Pawn assault 16.RK1 17.PR5, NB1 18.PKN4, BB3 19.PN5, BK2 20.RK3, BxN 21.QxB, PQB3 22.QQ4, NKB3.

LIGHTENING FINISH

Position No 113 Black hopes for 23.QK4, NB1 with chances of prolonging the struggle but a lightning finish is in the offing 23.BxPch!, KxB (if 23.KR, 24.QQ3 and PR6 follows) 24.QK4ch, KN1 25.PR6!, NxP 26.PxP!, Black resigns (26.NxQ 27.RR8 mate, or 26.BB3 27.PxN!, RxQ 28.PxB and RR8 mate follows)

Dvoynis-Kuzmichev,

Tashkend 1978:

1.PK4, PQB4 2.NKB3, PK3 3.PQ4, 4.NxP, NKB3 5.NQB3, PQ3

C.BK2, BK2 7.00, 00 8.PB4, NB3 9.BK3, BQ2 10.NN3

OPTIONS

Sicilian Defence, Scheveningen Variation For 10.QK1 NxN Refer No 110, 21980 On the 9th move Black, instead of BQ2 can opt for other variations: 1) Karpov-Andersson, Tilburg 1977 9.PQR3 10.QK1 NxN 11.BxN, PQN4 12.PQR3, BN2, (ii) Kuzmin Popov, Moscow 1979 9.QB2 10.KR1, NxN 11.QxN, PK4 12.QQ3, PQR3 13.PQR4, PxP 14.PxP, BK3, (iii) Westerman-Timman, Buenos Aires 1978 9.PK4 10.NN3, PxP 11.RxP, NQ2 12.RKB1, N2K4 13.KR1, BK3

DANGER

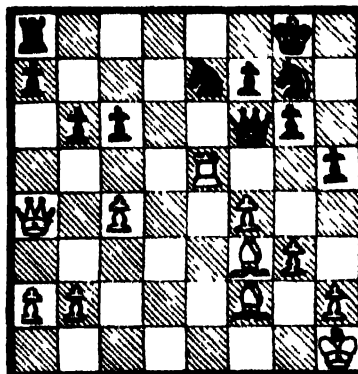
10...PQR3 11.PQR4, NQR4 12.PK5 NK1 13.NxN QxN 14.NK4

QB2 13.PQ4 seems a must here, but Black is pursuing a far-fetched plan unaware of the danger 15.BQ1 RQB3 16.BQ3, BQ1

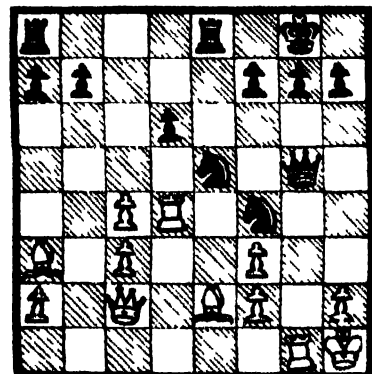
CRUSHING ATTACK

Position No 114 Now Black intends 17.BxN 18.BxB PxP 19.BxP? QB4ch. But White is ready for the crushing attack 17.NB6ch, BxN (On 17.PxN 18.QN4ch KR1 (or 19.NN2 19.PxBP) 19.QR4 PB4 20.PxP disch wins) 18.PxB, PxP (After 18.PKN3 19.RK1 and QN4 R4 PK3KR? is unmetable) 19.BxPch!, KxB 20.QR5ch KN2 (Or 20.KN1 21.RR3 NN2 22.RKN3) 21.QN4ch KR1 22.RR3, BK5 23.RR3ch, BR2 24.RxBch. Black resigns (24.KxR 25.RB3KR3)

R B SAPRF



No 115 BLACK TO PLAY



No 116 BLACK TO PLAY



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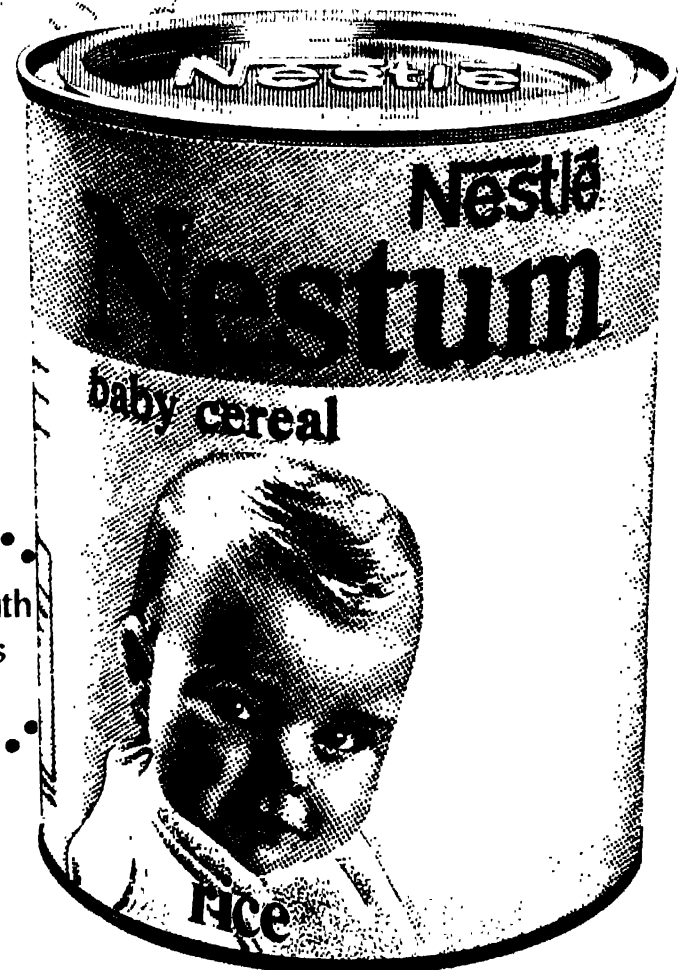
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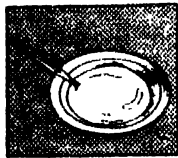
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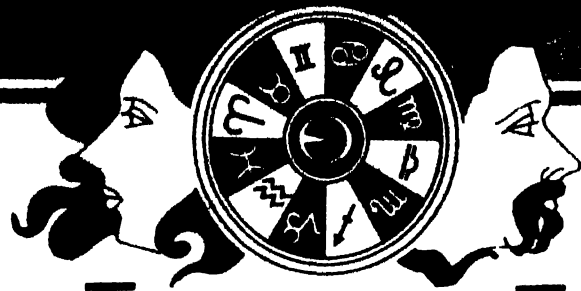
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**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan 19



Resist the temptation to make easy money as well as associating with undesirable people. Take care of your belongings in the early part of the week. Attend to business activities on Thursday. Friday brings considerable gains. On Saturday you can expect a windfall which you must try to preserve.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr 21-May 20



Try to maintain a responsible position otherwise you are likely to be caught in a dubious affair. You may be troubled with ill-health due to some infection. Wednesday brings good news or a gift from abroad which enlivens your surroundings and business prospects on Thursday. Friday

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug 22-Sept 23



Postpone important property transactions in the early part of the week, as there is a possibility of being deceived in money matters. Similarly, chronic chest or respiratory troubles will suddenly afflict you. The mid-week is good for business deals. The week-end should be spent completing the backlog.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan 20-Feb 18



Don't take recourse to dubious means in your anxiety to make money on Sunday-Monday. A close friend or associate may suddenly threaten to part company with you on Tuesday on flimsy grounds. Do not succumb to the threats but wait patiently till Thursday-Friday and sort out the matter.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



Confusion and confrontations in regard to partnerships cannot be ruled out on Sunday-Monday. Keep your wits about you and avoid clashes and conflicts on Tuesday. Wednesday is suitable for reconciliations. Rest on Wednesday-Thursday. Entertain on Sunday.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept 24-Oct 23



Don't be overbearing and haughty. Wrong judgements may lead to road accidents. Cousins may demand much of your time and money. Turn your attention to domestic spheres and meet the immediate requirements of your family on Wednesday-Thursday. Rest on Saturday.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb 19-Mar 20



Do not build castles in the air. Handle everyone around you with tact and caution on Sunday-Monday. By Thursday you will be able to come to grips with the confused situation. You are cautioned against undertaking new business ventures on Saturday. Relax on Sunday.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Hidden or secret enmity comes in the open suddenly in the early part of the week. This will weigh on your mind considerably. On Wednesday, you will be able to uncover the trouble maker, but you must wait for the right time to expose him. By the week-end you will be able to decide on new ventures.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct 24-Nov 22



Money transactions and inherited property matters may cause you much tension in the early part of the week. Chronic eye troubles need to be attended to on a priority basis. Conduct peaceful negotiations on Wednesday. Support from those with influence helps to resolve career problems.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar 21-Apr 20



It would be a good idea not to rely unduly on VIPs or influence-peddlers in the early part of the week. You are likely to miss appointments on Tuesday due to unforeseen circumstances. Business deals of Wednesday-Thursday can be cashed in profitably. Use Saturday for rest.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug 21



Use all your skills to take complete advantage of your beneficiaries. Intrigues of the heart will occupy you in the early part of the week but move slowly till you get to know the person better. Pending jobs should be cleared on Wednesday. Thursday the week-end is favourable for travelling or socialising.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov 23-Dec 20



Beware of illusions and wrong perceptions as you are likely to be surrounded by bad company on Sunday. Monday don't try risky games. The mid-week is auspicious for routine business matters. Be pleasant with all those around you and seek their help in pushing up your career interests.

## Birthday Forecast



### Sunday, November 9

Take calculated steps, specially in regard to financial matters. In February and June someone may attempt to dupe you. Be on guard. Youngsters should continue with their present job.

### Monday, November 10

You will be over ambitious and will go on collecting funds from various sources in the hope of establishing a big industrial empire. However this ambition will prove illusory.

### Tuesday, November 11

Plan your programme systematically and maintain your schedules till March. September-October are ideal for consolidating your professional affairs.

### Wednesday, November 12

Use your energy judiciously for overcoming difficulties in personal and vocational spheres. Conserve your financial assets as you are likely to incur additional liabilities between May and July.

### Thursday, November 13

There is an urgent need to secure co-operation from your subordinates and seniors in order to maintain the present level of business and vocational activities. Doctors and engineers should restrict their activities.

### Friday, November 14

Conscious efforts will help you to withstand all the bottlenecks from the middle of next year. Youngsters should try to stabilise their career prospects and can look forward to a marriage.

### Saturday, November 15

Although you are ambitious the surroundings in which you are likely to be placed in the middle of 1981 may not favour the fulfilment of your desires. Be patient till October and march forward with your ambitious around your next birthday.

## STAR FOCUS

### Guidelines For Scorpios

Those born between October 24 and November 22, are subject to the influence of the Solar sign Scorpio.

Being a watery sign Scorpios are always at war within themselves, with a negative outlook. It is peculiar to them to undergo sudden transformations and go to extremes. Their highest achievement is in their ability to draw on their

reserves of strength in the most difficult situations.

Due to unfavourable trends that operate in their personal and vocational activities, they should conserve their physical and financial resources throughout the year.

November-December are favourable months for fun, romance as well as financial

luck and extensive travel. The tough period starts from January onwards, and Scorpios will be in neck-deep difficulties between March and June, when delays, set-backs, financial stringency, complications in partnership as well as in love life will disturb them. They should therefore move cautiously, be discreet in speech and writing and

control their business activities by avoiding fresh investments and expansion and exercise restraint over emotions.

Those born at midnight and at noon are luckier than those born at sunrise and sunset.

The remarkable good fortune enjoyed by most Scorpios in 1979-80 will not continue in 1981-82.



# HOW TO ENTER

This literary pastime is purely one of skill in which every clue permits of only a one-word solution

These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors, and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work.

The names of the authors are published in the "Sources" along with the correct solution.

The Entry Fee for each Entry Square is Re 1/- You can send the Entry Fee by Money Order Postal Order or "QUOTES" Cash Receipts Money Orders are to be addressed to "QUOTES" No 271, Competition Dept., The Times of India, Bombay-1 and the M.O. Receipt is to be enclosed with your entries as token of payment. You will receive the M.O. acknowledgement for the remittance through the Post Office subsequently Postal Orders are to be crossed and made payable to "QUOTES" No 271 at Bombay-1 "QUOTES" Cash Receipts can be had from our agents or direct from us.

Please remember that if you use only one of the squares, the other blank square must be struck out in ink.

RESULTS OF "QUOTES" No 269 ON PAGE 64

NO READER MAY SUBMIT MORE THAN FOUR ENTRIES. USE OF ANOTHER PERSON'S NAME TO AVOID THIS RULE WILL BE STRICTLY DEALT WITH.

"QUOTES"—A NOVEL LITERARY PASTIME

**NEW PRIZE SCHEME!**

Rs. 16,000

**FIRST PRIZE**  
Rs. 10,000  
**FOR ALL CORRECT SETS**

**RUNNER-UP**  
SET-"A": Rs. 2,000  
SET-"B": Rs. 2,000  
SET-"C": Rs. 2,000

CONTEST OF SKILL • Re. 1/- PER ONE ALL-SET ENTRY

Here's "QUOTES" No 271, OUR NOVEMBER OFFER with a handsome First Prize of Rs 10,000! Find a suggestion in the clue or use your memory, knowledge and skill to spot the CORRECT WORD from among the words given at the end of each clue

**CLOSES : FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1980**

### CLUES ACROSS SET "A"

- 1 Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Dijlah, or Tigris, will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct, if thy — has plenty, be liberal as the date tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress. (HAND/LAND)
- 2 Of course, with so much work to do, and with everybody conscious of the need to maintain cordial relations, sex didn't get much chance to rear its — head. (LIVELY/LOVELY/LONELY)
- 3 The dark girl behind it had a — of red paint between her eyebrows. She looked up at him mysteriously. (BLOB/CLOT/SPOT)
- 4 The cadet looked at the ground and said: "I didn't — anything" (HEAR MEAN/WEAR)

### SET "B"

- 5 'Well, today's undignified — has brought you a fortune What's it brought me?' (SCAMPER/SCARPER)
- 12 His — drooped down, his expression had saddened (LIDS/LIPS)
- 13 Somehow he kept back whatever he had been on the point of — out He drew up a chair and sat down (CLIPPING/SNAPPING/TRIPPING)

### CLUES DOWN SET "B"

- 2 'He's been mean to his —, he's apt to need a drink.' (LIVER/LOVER)
- 6 Women could work themselves up, they could reach an alarming pitch of hysteria unnoticed by the oblivious male who was the object of their — (DEVOTION/VEXTATION)

### SET "C"

- 7 Then it resumed, a little louder and consequently a bit more easily understood. 'How are you? You feel all right? —?' (FIT/HIT/SET)
- 8 The mistake was his own The Science of Luck was an impersonal force, vast as the slipstream of the planets, relentless as a river — down a hill. (HEADING/WENDING/WINDING)
- 9 'So don't you try no monkey-tricks Suicide isn't allowed in this prison. See?' said the — (WARDEN/WARDER)
- 10 He moved forward on — legs and his hands reached out (STUBBY/STUMPY/STURDY)
- 11 She raised a pair of capable hands up to her hair and stroked it into position before a mirror in the — (HALL/WALL)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 4; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN 11  
Address Envelope:—"QUOTES" No. 271, Competition Department, "Times of India" Office, Post Bag No. 702, Bombay-1.

ENTRY FORM FOR QUOTES No 271

## "QUOTES" No. 271

CLOSING DATE:

**FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1980.**

- Enclosed Money
- Order Receipts/
- Postal Order
- "Q" Cash Receipts
- Nos

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

1	A	N	D		2	L	V	N	E	L	Y
3	L	O	T		4	E	A	R			
	V		V		L						
5	S	C	A	P	E	R		6			
				R		7		8			
9	W	S		11		I	E	V	E		
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	Y			13		I	A	P	P	I	N

"QUOTES" No 271

I Entry Re 1/-

1	A	N	D		2	L	V	N	E	L	Y
3	L	O	T		4	E	A	R			
	V		V		L						
5	S	C	A	P	E	R		6			
				R		7		8			
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	A	T		A	L	E	R	T		O	A
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	D			12	L	I	S			I	
	E					O	R	I	O	N	
	Y			13		I	A	P	P	I	N

"QUOTES" No 271

II Entry Re 1/-

In entering this contest I agree to abide by the Rules & Conditions and accept the Competition Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

FULL NAME } Mr  
IN INK & } Miss  
BLOCK LETTERS } Mrs  
ADDRESS

CUT HERE

CUT HERE



**J**IMMY Mummy, Richard broke my toy fire engine with his head"  
Mum "How did he do that?"  
Johnny "I hit him over the head with

**D**OCTOR to the man with the stizzled nerves "The thing for you to do is to stop thinking of yourself—to busy yourself in your work"  
Gosh doc! I'm a grave digger!

**C**USTOMER "What's wrong with these eggs?"  
Waitress "Don't ask me I only laid 'em on the table"

**H**E (throwing stones into a stream) "I'm only a pebble in your life"  
She (encouragingly) "Then why don't you become a little boulder?"

**T**HE twins had been brought to be christened  
"What names?" asked the clergyman, of the absent-minded father  
"Er—steak and kidney, I think"  
"Oh Bill," cried the anguished mother "It's Kate and Sydney"

**T**HE dentist kept trying to get his girlfriend, a manicurist, to marry him

"No Henry, I don't think a manicurist should marry a dentist" replied the girl firmly

"Why not?"

Because if we had a disagreement we'd be fighting tooth and nail

**I**RVING husband to his wife "Jennifer did you say in the presence of my little girl that I was a great rusty rat?"

No my dear I just said you were a great aristocrat

**A** FARMER who had just arrived in town was walking across the street and happened to notice a sign in a hardware store "Cast iron sink"

He stood for a minute and then said "Any fool know that?"

**T**HE lady to the absent-minded patient sitting down on the chair "Do you want gas?"

Patient "Yes about five gallons. And take a look at the oil a well"

**O**FFICE boy (nervously) "Please Sir I think you're wanted on the phone"

Employer "You think? What's the good of thinking?"

Well sir the voice at the other end said "Hello is that you you old idiot?"

**P**URCHASER (who is selecting a wedding gift) "Yes I rather like that. What is the title?"

Picture dealer "It's called *The Coming Storm*—would make a splendid wedding present"

**A**N accused once smirked upto Lord Bacon, who as chancellor was trying him "Your highness ought to let me free. We're really kin. For my name's Hogg and hog's kin to bacon"

Not until it's hung countered Lord Bacon

**A**T the New York Immigration office one form was recently filled in as follows

NAME Isaac I. Jacob

BORN Yes

BUSINESS written

**W**HEN a novelist sent in a book manuscript he attached a note stating "The character in this novel is entirely fictional and has no resemblance to any person living or dead"

Within a short time he got the manuscript back and also the note in which the editor had written "That's what is wrong with them"

**L**ORD Bacon to Sir Edward Coke "Mr Attorney I respect you I fear you not and the less you speak of your greatness the more I will think of it"

**K**ING George V once asked his grandnephew why he was studying so intently

About Peter Warlock "I said he was a youth"

Why was he?

Oh said the grandnephew he pretended he was the son of a king. But he wasn't. He was really the son of respectable people

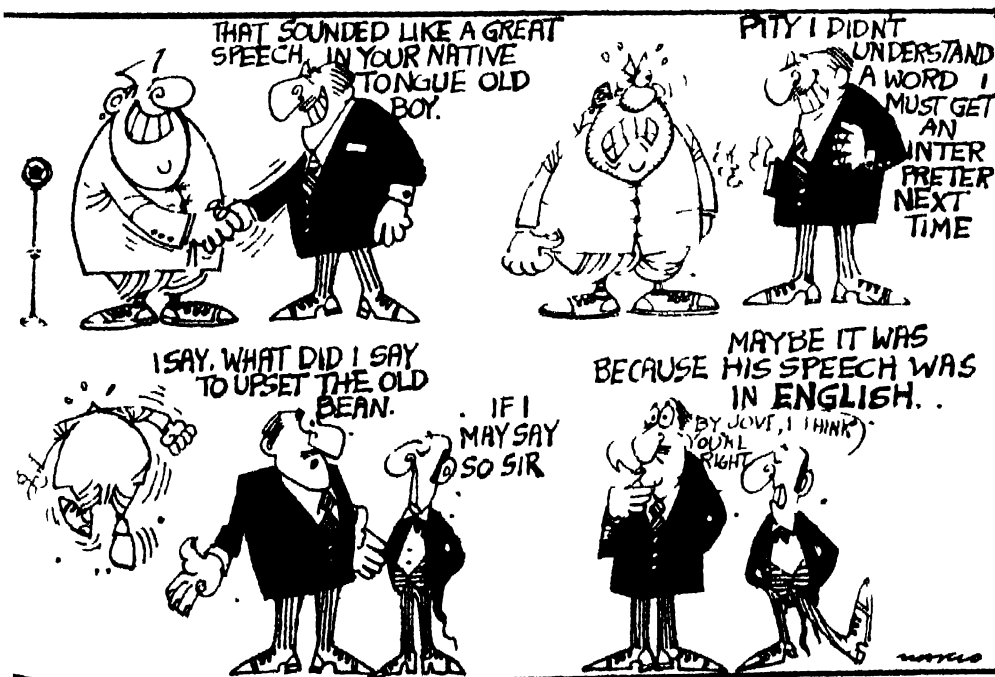
**I**N 1952 Queen Elizabeth II became annoyed at persistent newspaper reports that she was pregnant. She summoned Prime Minister Churchill to Buckingham Palace and once told him "I insist that these rumours be stopped"

When Churchill left the royal presence he was reported to have muttered "She may not be pregnant but she is certainly pregnant"

**O**f Adolf Hitler Winston Churchill once said "No one can have a higher opinion of him than I do. I think he's a first-rate gutter snipe"

**A** NEWSPAPER editor at West London was searching for a scoop. He had a page full of articles about the disaster in which no other paper in the nation had been about the tragedy. The next day the editor had another scoop. His paper was the first to announce the news about the destruction of Junkers plant store a week. We are now the first to announce that the report was absolutely without foundation

(Selected by K. R. Vaidyanathan)



# TWO READERS SHARE Rs. 10,000!

## Results of "Quotes" No. 269

**First Prize : Rs. 10,000**

In "QUOTES" No. 269, two readers were able to spot the Correct Words to all the clues and they thus share the First Prize, each getting Rs 5,000 -

Successful solvers in the three A, B & C SETS share the Runners-up Prize money proportionately as follows:

SET "A" 152 winners getting Rs 13.16 each

SET "B" 212 winners getting Rs. 9.44 each.

SET "C" 148 winners getting Rs. 13.52 each.

The names and addresses of all-correct winners are published below in alphabetical order. Owing to lack of space we are not able to pub

**Runners-up : Rs. 6,000**

lish the list of A, B, C sets prize winners, but they are being notified individually.

If you believe you have won a prize and it is not stated in the prize list that you have won such a prize or you have not been otherwise notified by us to that effect, you may demand a Scrutiny by writing a letter to Scrutinies, Competition Department, Times of India, Bombay 1 so as to reach us on or before November 17, stating therein the number of errors you have, the number of M.O. Receipt or I.P.O. or Cash Receipts, and enclosing a Scrutiny Fee of Rs. 1/- by M.O. or I.P.O. In the event of a scrutiny claim being substantiated the distribution of the prize money will be readjusted accordingly.

Prizes to all the prize winners will be despatched on November 24 1980

Prizes of Rs 50 or over are paid by cheque. Prizes of Rs 10 or less are awarded in the form of "Quotes" Cash Receipts

### FIRST PRIZE WINNERS (ALL CORRECT) Each Awarded Rs. 5,000/

Sohrab F Farzadi  
A H Wadia Bldg, Bldg. No 2,  
R No. 21, 5th floor,  
Parel Tank Road,  
Bombay-33 DD;

Ahmed Sultanali,  
Nana Taiwad, New Bldg,  
Hasam Chawl,  
Valsad,  
Gujarat

## jain udhay excels repeatedly



ju offers the latest in garments for the child.

some important design numbers of the season- baba suit—736-738-740-741, skirt midy 751-754-761, middies—767 772-778-792, heren suit 801-806, frock 810-820, gem pant--878-888-896; jerkin suit—909-910

 **Jain Udhay**

# Weekly Fun Time

E		A	G
B	F		
C			
D			

## NUMBER PUZZLE

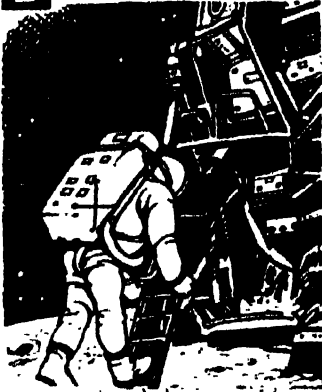
### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE NUMBER OF MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS ORGANISATION, WHEN IT WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1945.
- B) THE YEAR IN WHICH DALAI LAMA SOUGHT REFUGE IN INDIA.
- C) THE YEAR IN WHICH NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BECAME EMPEROR OF FRANCE.
- D) THE LENGTH OF A BASKET-BALL COURT, IN FEET.

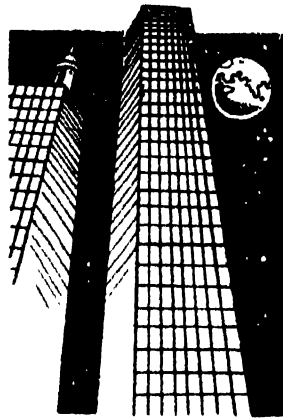
### CLUES DOWN:

- E) THE AREA OF GREECE IN UNITS OF TEN SQ. MILES (TO THE NEAREST UNIT).
- F) THE YEAR IN WHICH RAJARAJA CHOLA ASCENDED THE THRONE.
- A) THE EQUIVALENT OF ONE HORSE POWER IN FOOT-POUNDS (OF WORK) PER SECOND.
- G) THE YEAR IN WHICH THE SECOND WORLD-WAR ENDED.

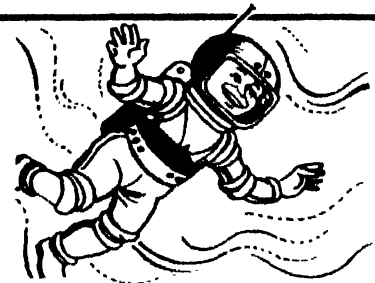
## B TRUE OR FALSE ?



**I**  
EDWIN ALDRIN WAS THE FIRST MAN TO SET FOOT ON THE MOON. HE DID THIS IN 1969.

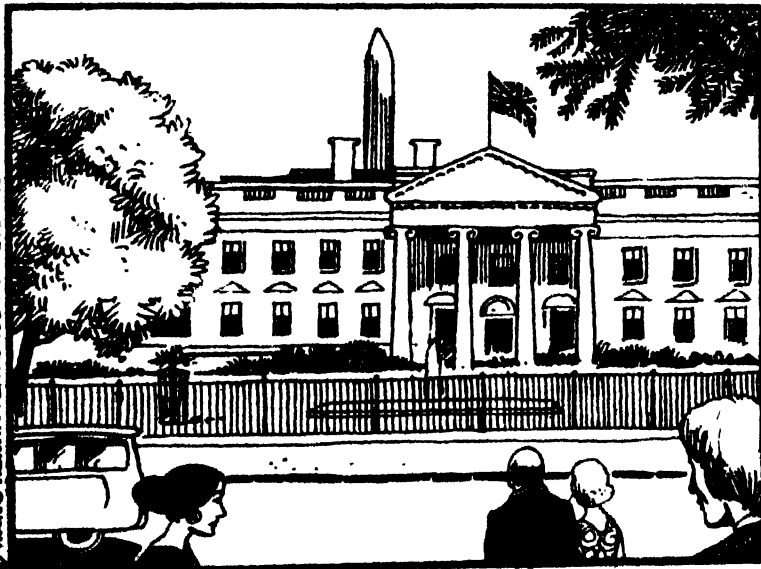


**II**  
IF AND WHEN BUILDINGS WILL BE CONSTRUCTED IN SPACE STATIONS, IT WILL NOT BE DIFFICULT TO CLIMB A HUNDRED STAIRS!



**III**  
THERE WILL BE NO DANGER OF A CHILD FALLING FROM EVEN A HUNDREDTH STOREY AND HURTING ITSELF, BECAUSE THERE WILL BE TOTAL WEIGHTLESSNESS.

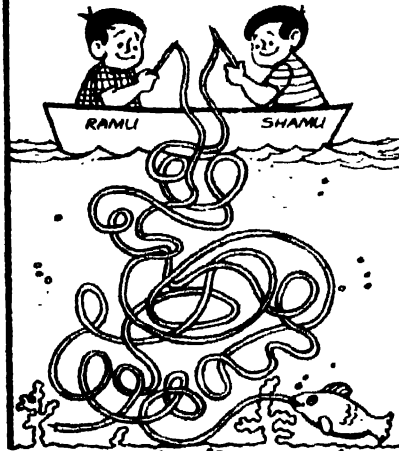
## C WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE ?



© RANG MEENA FEATURES PVT. LTD. '89

## D

WITHOUT USING A PENCIL, FIND OUT WHO HAS CAUGHT A FISH—RAMU OR SHAMU ?



## E

CONVERT 'HARE' INTO 'PEST' IN FIVE STEPS BY CHANGING ONE LETTER AT A TIME.

H	A	R	E
P	E	S	T

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES :

**A**

2	1		8
1	4	3	1
	5	7	0
1	6	9	0

**B**  
STATEMENT III WAS FALSE. THE EARTH IS VERY HOT INSIDE. TWENTY FIVE MILES BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE, THE TEMPERATURE IS ABOUT 1200°C.

**C**  
THE GIRAFFE SPLAYS ITS FORELEGS TO DRINK WATER. OTHERWISE IT WON'T BE ABLE TO DRINK.

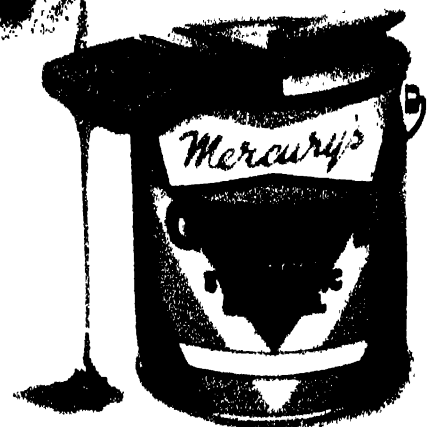
- D**
1. HORSE
  2. HOOVES
  3. HORSEMAN
  4. HEAD-BAND
  5. HEAD
  6. HAND
  7. HEN
  8. HILL
  9. HUT

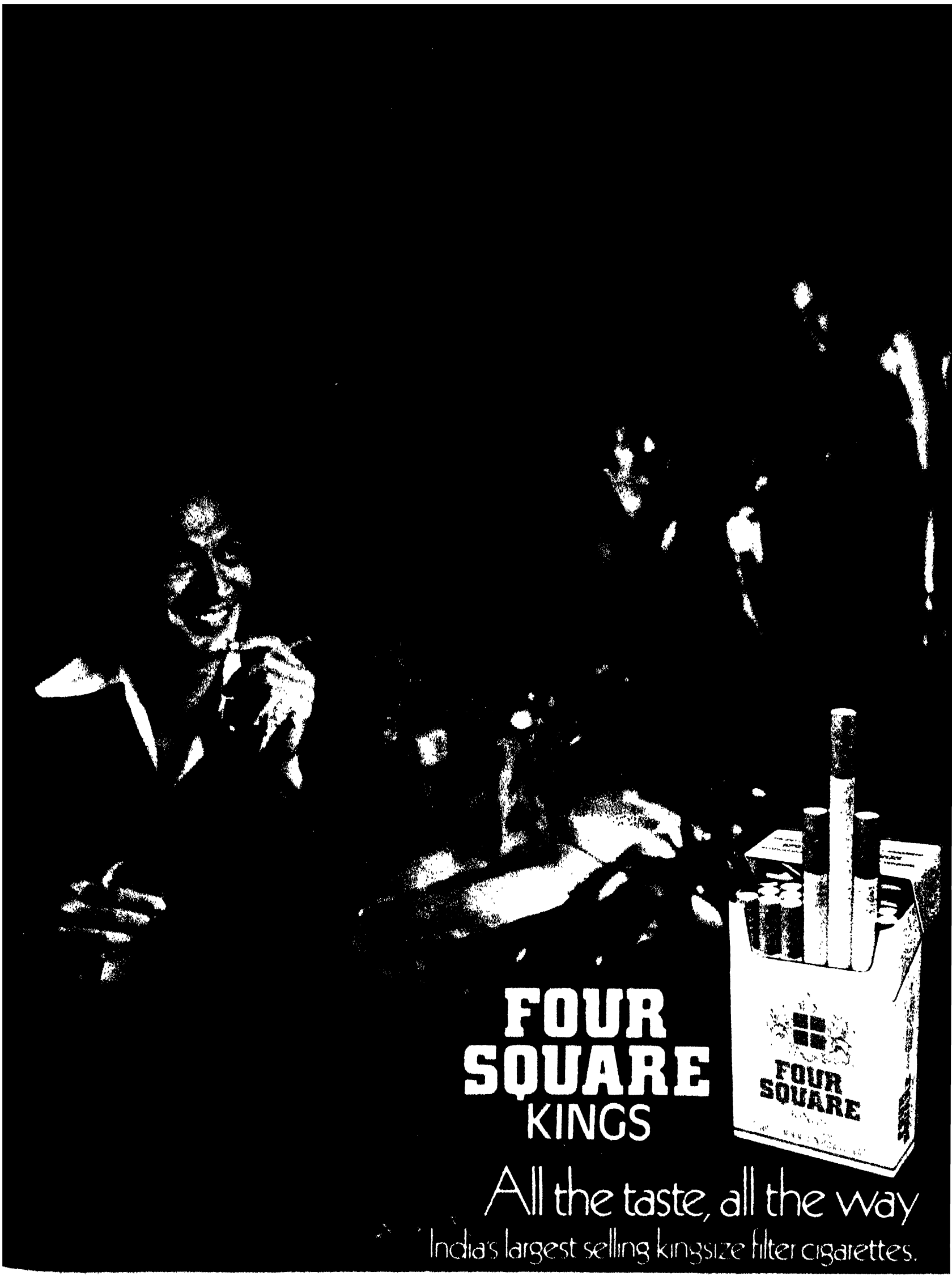
**E**  
OBSERVE CAREFULLY HOW THE BOOKS ARE PLACED.  
THE ANSWER IS :  
 $0.5 + 0.5 + 3.0 + 0.5 + 0.5 = 5 \text{ CM.}$

# When life needs brightening up...



**MERCURY**  **PAINTS**

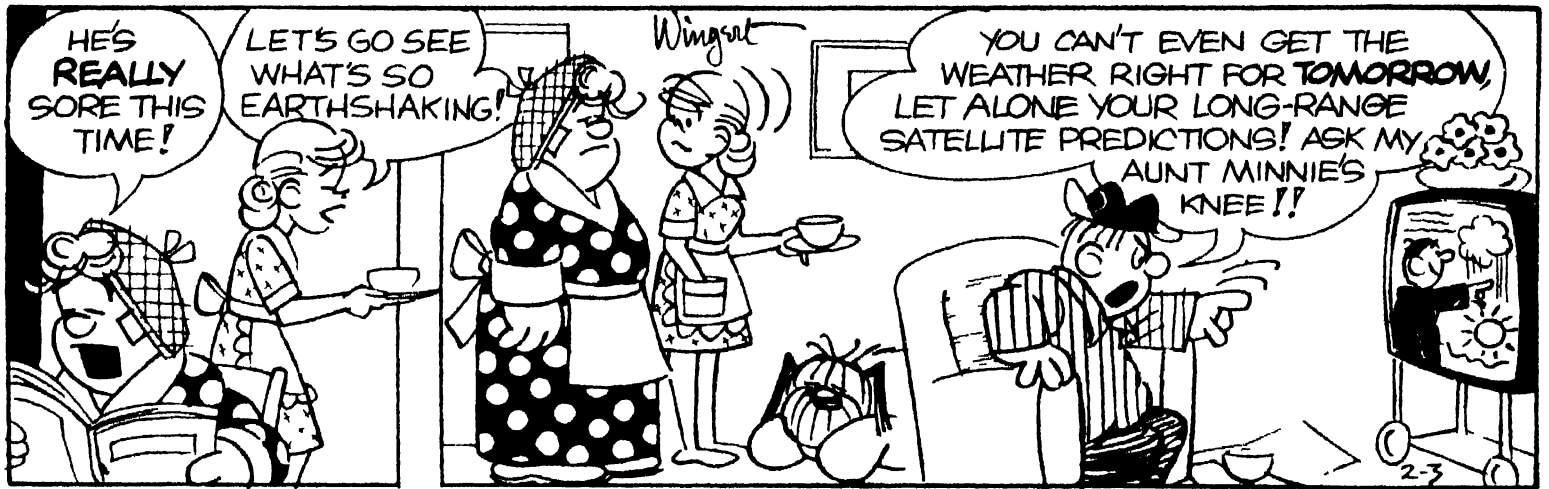
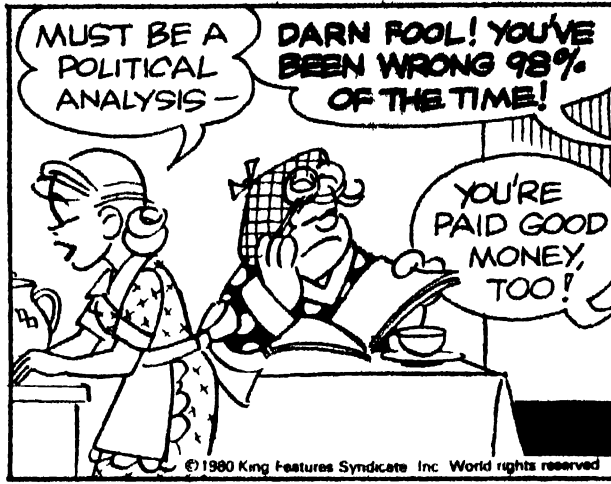




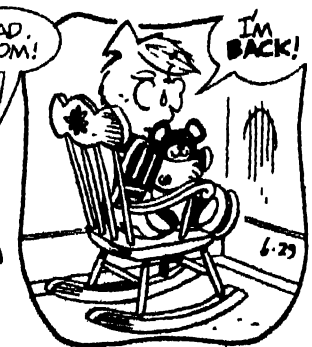
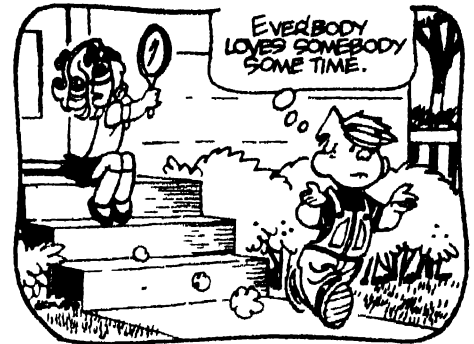
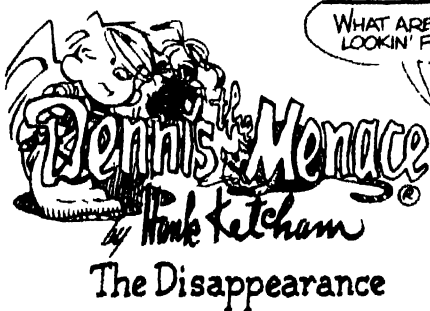
**FOUR  
SQUARE  
KINGS**

All the taste, all the way  
India's largest selling kingsize filter cigarettes.

STATUTORY WARNING : CIGARETTE SMOKING IS INJURIOUS TO HEALTH

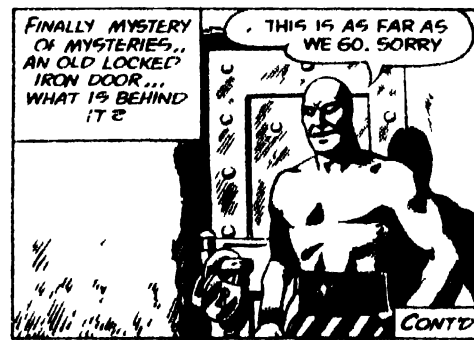
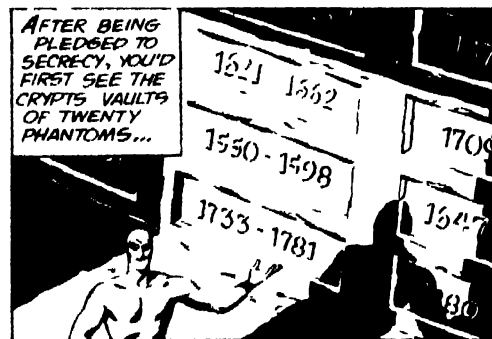
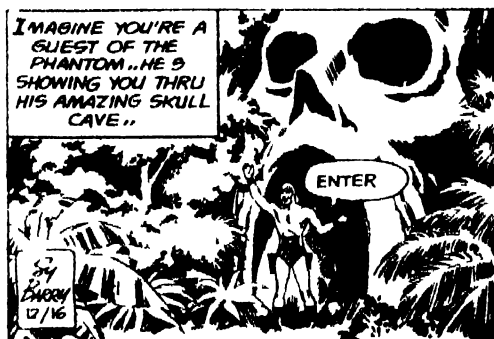
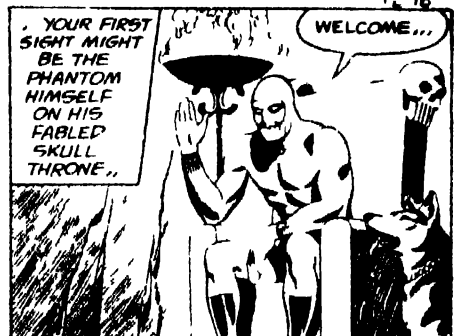
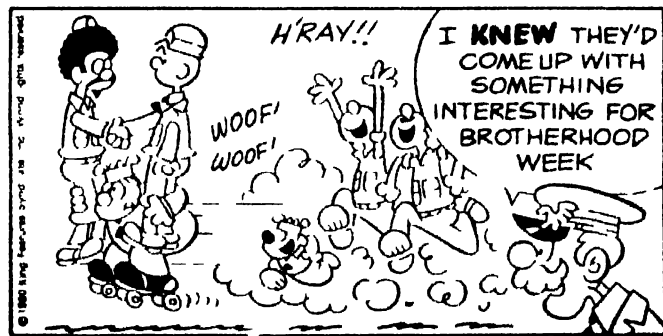
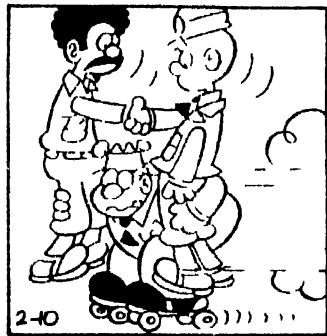
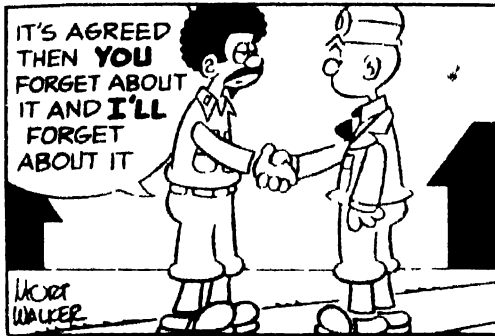
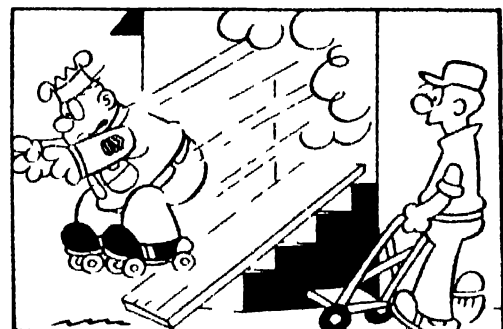
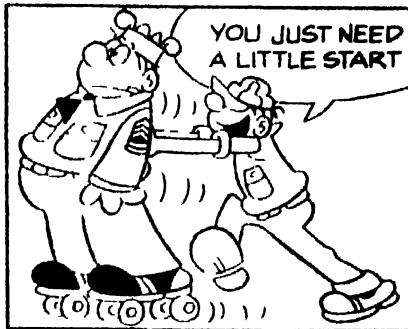
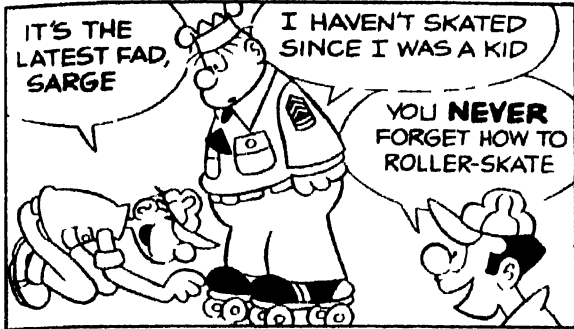
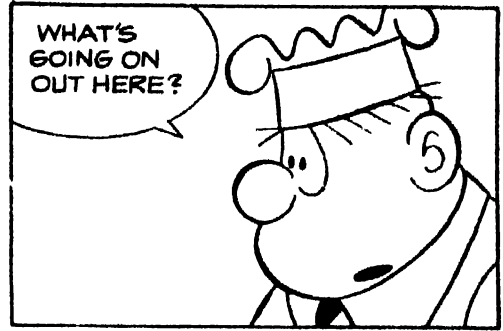
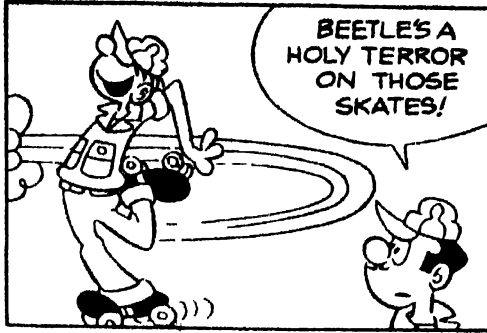


HUBERT





# beetle bailey by mort walker





# BARGAINS, BOOKS, THINGS...

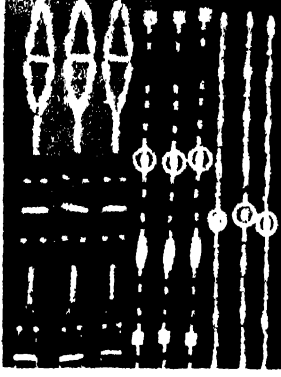


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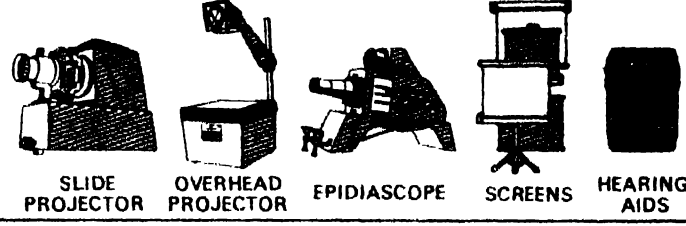
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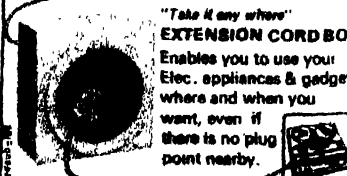
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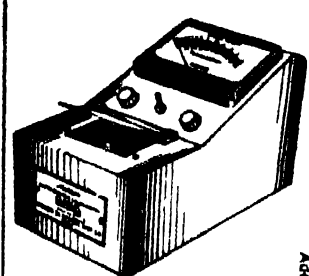
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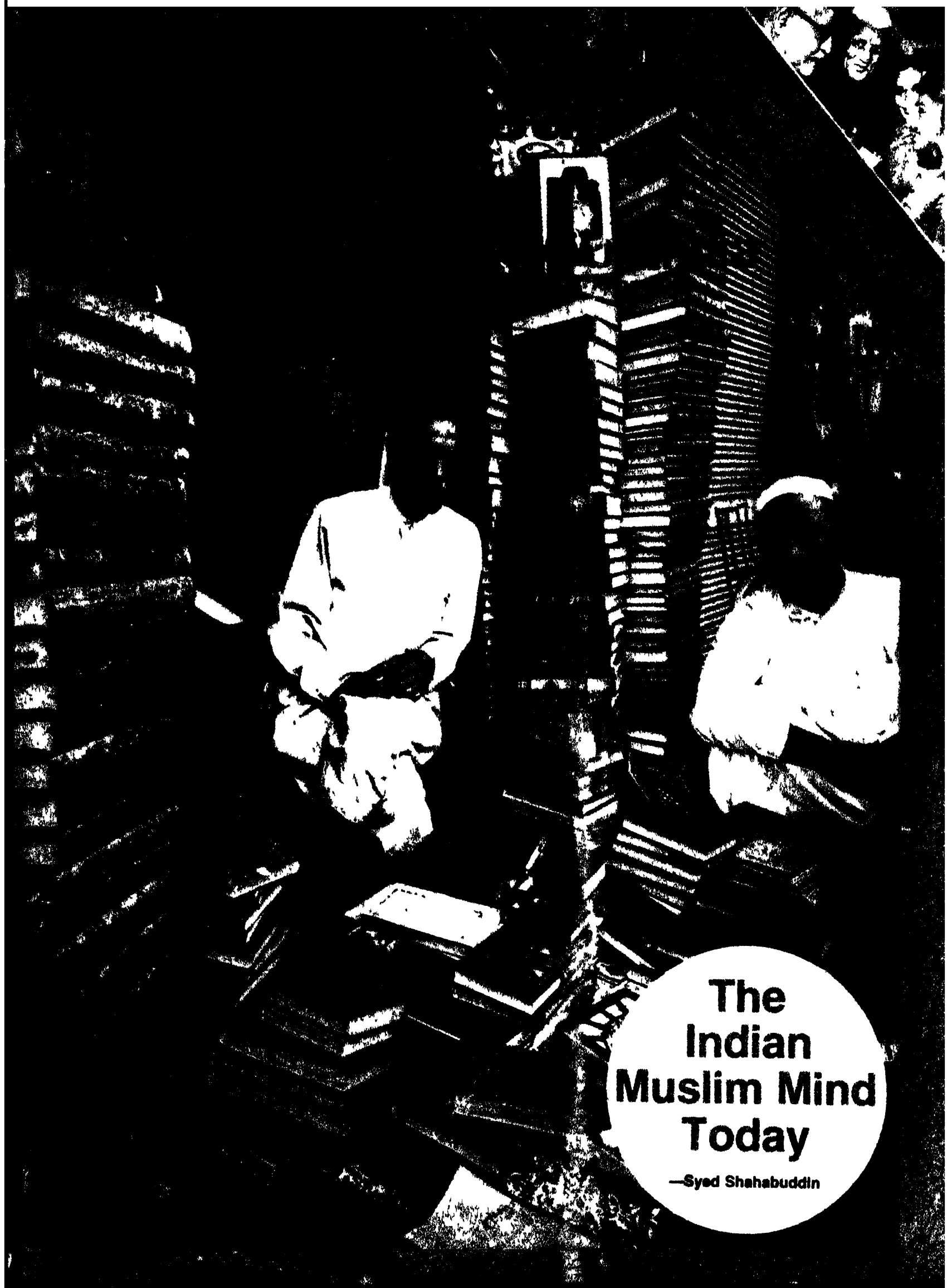
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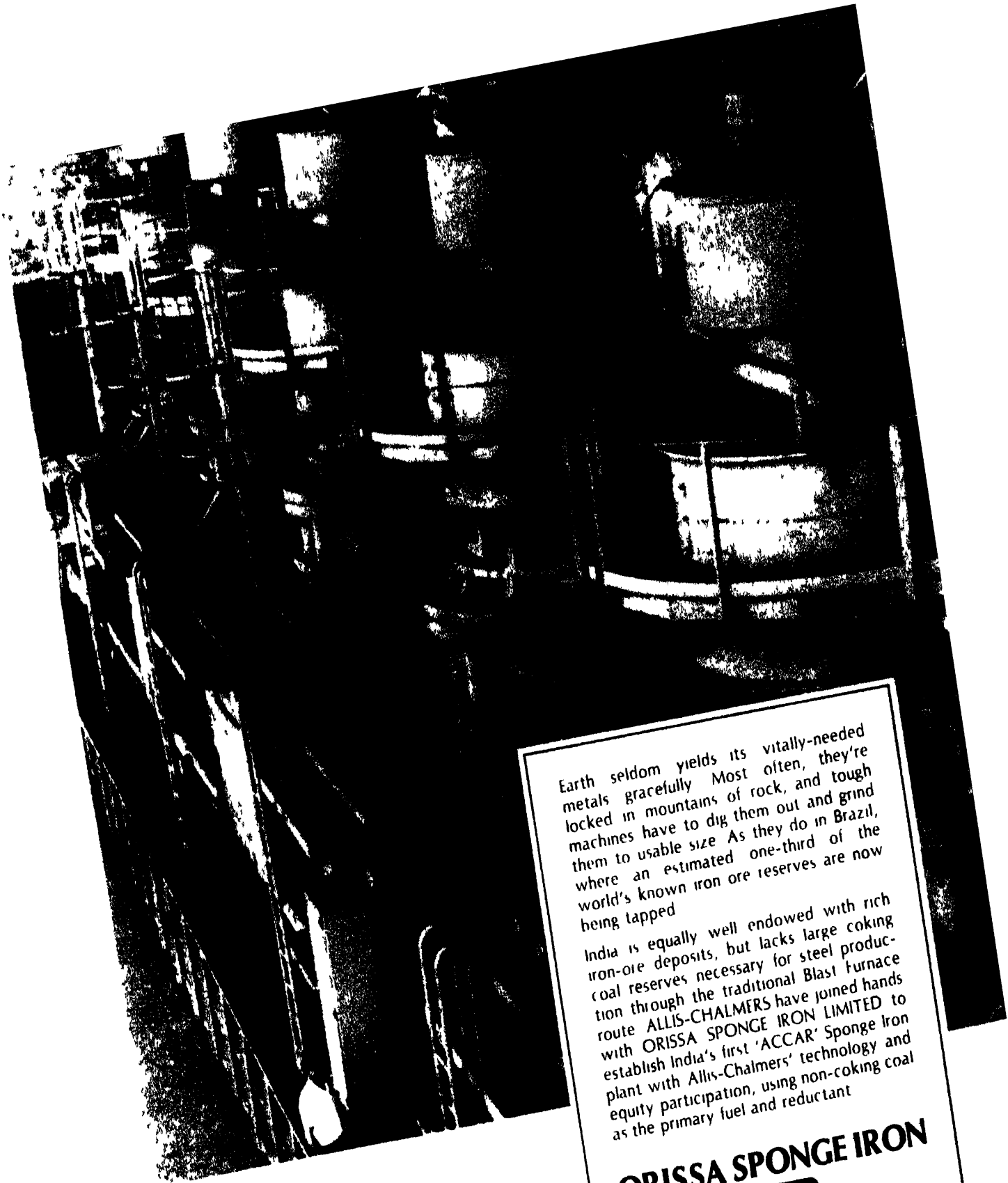
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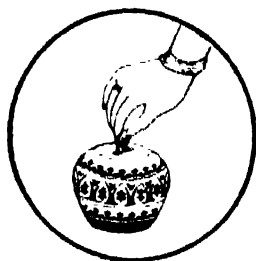
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AS AT 31. 12. 1979

(In Crores of Rupees)

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0.58	<b>CAPITAL</b> 1. Paid-up Capital and Reserves	0.83	1.07	<b>1. FIXED ASSETS</b> (Buildings, Furniture, etc.)	1.19
42.08	★ <b>SECURED LIABILITIES</b> 2. Social Welfare Scheme Fund (Liability to Public, i.e., Certificate-holders under the Scheme)	64.03	44.45	<b>2. INVESTMENTS IN GOVT. CUSTODY</b> Investments in Govt. Securities, Unit Trust & Nationalised Banks	70.35
	<b>OTHER LIABILITIES</b> 3. Current & Outstanding Liabilities and Provisions		1.44	<b>3. Other Investments</b>	1.90
13.25		20.88	3.52	<b>4. Cash &amp; Bank Balances</b>	5.08
			5.43	<b>5. Other Current Assets</b>	7.22
55.91	<b>TOTAL</b>	85.74	55.91	<b>TOTAL</b>	85.74

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## Communal Riots: The Reason Why

Sir—None of the interviews in "Why These Communal Riots?" (September 14) dared touch the root cause of the communal riots. They are:

1. Weakness of politicians and political parties in condemning Muslim fanatics even when they are the proven culprits.
2. The orthodoxy of Mullahs who stick to outdated religious laws.
3. Muslim leaders who instigate their uneducated brethren by raising ever so often the cry of *Islam in Danger*.
4. The continuance of the Muslim Personal Law. Unless a common code is introduced, even at the cost of antagonising fanatics, Muslims will not join the mainstream of our country.
5. The pampering of fanatic Muslims in order to get votes. We want persons like Mr Chagla and Mr Hidayatullah to be given importance, not the Imam of Jama Masjid.

ABDUL SHAIKH  
Gandhinagar



Sir—The massacre of Muslims in Moradabad was not a communal happening. It was the brutal handwork of the PAC. With the revival of Islamic fundamentalism, there has been an international effort to suppress Muslims—and India too has followed this practice.

AHMED FAHMI  
Hyderabad

Sir—I fully agree with H.N. Bahuguna that communalism is taught to us in our classrooms. Every victory of a Muslim ruler over a Hindu one is painted as tyranny. Muslim rule is always treated as an alien phenomenon and as suppression and subjugation. Muslim rulers are shown to be foreign invaders who oppressed rather than governed. When prejudices and biases are being inculcated in impressionable minds, how can we strive for secularism?

MOHAMED THAMBI  
Tanjore

Sir—The interviews were indeed thought-provoking. As a matter of fact, little do we realise how many of our thoughts and opinions are inherited from the past. The mind of the present generation is burdened with religious hatred and baseless prejudices and with feelings which have been injected into them long ago. We are suffering for the sins of our forefathers.

C.T. MANZOOR  
Kasaragod

Sir—I am surprised that you did not ask the views of any Harijan leaders—they have, after all, been the victims of the bloodiest riots.

MAHESH NATANI  
Jaipur

Sir—Why These Communal Riots? The answer is very simple: A wrong understanding of religion. Why should the sight of a pig incite Muslims (and the slaughter of a cow the Hindus) to go berserk?

An average lower-middle-class Hindu (especially the Northerner) harbours anti-Muslim sentiments and a majority of them think that the Muslims have no place in India, which country, according to them, is now theirs! As for the Muslims, they behave like a person who, having murdered his parents, throws himself at the mercy of the court on the plea that he is now an orphan!

Dr P. MOHAMED ALI  
Cochin

Sir—Your interviews with six prominent MPs on the Moradabad riots clearly show that most of our politicians are content with behaving like the ostrich on the question of communal relations.

There is nothing new in H.N. Bahuguna's analysis. We have been hearing this kind of nonsense on communal riots over the last 33 years. Sundar Singh Bhandari's views show the timidity of a politician who knows the truth, but cannot speak it for fear of earning a bad name.

Madhu Dandavate's analysis is full of pious platitudes.

Prof Rasheeduddin Khan's demand for proportional representation for Muslims in the police force presents him in his true colours.

The terrible fact the Moradabad riots

have created is the fear in the minds of millions of peace-loving and law-abiding citizens who do not know when they will fall victims to smuggled arms while their leaders are busy delivering meaningless homilies concerning the virtues of a bogus secularism.

Dr. S.V. DHAYAGUDE  
Pune

Sir—Muslims complain about how few of them are chosen for the IAS, the IPS and other Government services. This is also a major complaint by Maharashtrians, Gujaratis, Rajasthanis, Madhya Pradeshis and Biharis. In Maharashtra, out of 310 IAS officers, hardly 20 are Maharashtrians, and, out of 4,200 in the all-India cadre, hardly 50 are Maharashtrians. This number is still poorer for Gujaratis and Biharis and others. The percentage of Muslims in Central and other services is much higher. And yet we have to put up with their complaints!

TATYA TENDULKAR  
Kolhapur

Sir—It is very clear why these riots take place and who is responsible for them. It is the politicians who are responsible for creating bitter feelings among peace-loving communities to meet their selfish ends. "Divide and rule" is as true today as it was in the days of the Raj.

N.C. PANT  
Ajmer

Sir—Every Muslim who has attended a *Madrassa* (Muslim school)—and most of them have—has been taught that all non-Muslims are *kafirs* and are, therefore, unreliable. This is so well drilled into them that, for the rest of their lives, they regard non-Muslims with suspicion. Under these conditions, intercommunal relations can never be harmonious. The only solution is to make education secular by law.

C.P. MANSUKHANI  
Bombay

## Not A Libbers' Paradise

Sir—The phrase, "matriarchal society of Kerala"—followed by the assertions that in "...Kerala women held on to their old position of strength in society" and "...their matriarchal inheritance has spared them the fate of widows elsewhere"—in Indira Mahindra's article, "End of a Curse" (September 14), give the impression that the matriarchal system, with its attendant advantages for women, was practised by all the communities in the State, which is far from true. Only the Nair (*Kshatriya*) community and its subcastes practised matriarchy in Kerala. The Namboodiri brahmins, Christians and Muslims, as also all other Hindus, who constitute the majority of the State's population, practised patriarchy. Consequently, the women of these communities were helpless victims of complete male dominance, as elsewhere in India.

NORMA LOUIS  
Bombay

## Indian Women: The Brutal Truth

Sir—The article, "I Shall Pretend That I Am Not", by Sheela Barse (September 14) on the suppression of Indian women was priceless! But I am compelled to clarify certain issues. In the first place, she has wrongly accused Indian women for their passivity. It is the Indian male who should be summoned to the dock and dissected for his ideas, standards and values.

Secondly, that educated girls submit themselves for inspection is hardly surprising in a constrained society where free intermingling of the sexes is taboo. How else would the boy and the girl get to know what the other is like?



These points notwithstanding, this article was noteworthy for thrusting before the reader's eyes the brutal truth. Yes, *brutal* is the key word here. An educated, enlightened man thrashes his daughter because she dares to think differently. A brother watches mutely while his sister is harassed by gossipmongers and dogmatic parents. A mother despairs and taunts her daughter if she does not get married at the *right* time. I know of a young man threatening his own sister with physical assault and disfigurement to "put her in her place".

All of which goes to answer the leading question in your article: Why do Indian women behave like secondary, spineless, subservient species? When the Indian male displays such a brand of bravery, do you expect his daughter to be normal? Which is why I fail to admire the *Satis* and the *Savitris*. What other option do they have?

The aware and action-oriented women against such gross injustices are few—vociferous, persecuted, lonely and yet diehards. Perhaps, with the passage of youth, they too will go forth with the mob, for in loneliness lies danger. But their struggle will not have been in vain. Each struggle will have hammered against the barricade erected by the male of the species down the centuries, beyond which lies emancipation.

PREMA DAS  
Bombay

Sir—What a laugh to blame the plight of Indian women on male chauvinism. Who does not know of the antagonism between mothers-in-law and their daughters-in-law? I have yet to hear a mother put her foot down about a dowry demand. Its easy to pass the buck—it is time Indian women started taking the onus of liberation on themselves.

**BIJU PRATAP**  
Boko, Assam

Sir—The only ray of hope seems to be the educated, urban mother who *must* provide assurance in every form to the women in the family—daughter or daughter-in-law.

**KAMINI SABHARWAL**  
Agra

Sir—Looking at India's depressing statistics in the economic and demographic fields, one feels that this is the price we have paid for the subjugation of Indian women. We are in dire need of women who are educated and independent for the progress of the country. It is time we stopped treating women as child-producing machines.

**GURDIP S. REEHAL**  
Ruwi, Sultanate of Oman

Sir—Sheela Barse gave an illogical and thoroughly perverted interpretation of womanhood. And what is her "message" to the women at large and those in India in particular? One failed to find in her article any guidelines for redeeming the status of women!

**G. KASI VISWANATH**  
Bangalore

Sir—The article was truly worth reading. The same problem exists in our country and so we heartily support the author's views. We really admire her guts.

**AMREETA & ANITA REGMI**  
Kathmandu

Sir—Is it not erroneous to say that the "iron lady" finds it necessary to cover her head for acceptability by her country? Covering the head with the sari is no more a sign of female subjugation than Morarji Desai wearing a cap is that of male subjugation.

**B. NEERAJA**  
Delhi

Sir—In places, the author has used language which even men must find embarrassing. Is it the language of a rebel or is it a sign of maturity?

**R. R. SHANBAG**  
Dombivli

Sir—In India, women are not only secondary and subservient, they are also extremely self-sacrificing. The integrity of the Indian family is because of the Indian woman. Let her be otherwise and it will result in more Indian men needing psychiatric help, more "in-laws" needing old people's homes and more adolescents turning into delinquents.

**SUSHILA MATHEWS**  
Mercara

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Cover Photo: Courtesy, "Pilgrimage To Mecca"

Cover designed by Suhas Bawdekar

## Next Week



## The World In 1981

### Will There Be A Fifth Round?

"If Pakistan were to develop even a small nuclear arsenal of a few kilotons' capacity to be delivered by its Mirage aircraft, it would be in a position to take the initiative in a conventional war with India without fear of defeat." K. Subrahmanyam, Director, Institute for Defence Studies and Analyses, takes an authentic look at the Indo-Pak scene in the context of the possibility of a fifth round.

### India, Iran And Iraq

After the US Presidential elections, the event likely to have the greatest world impact in 1981 is the Iran-Iraq conflict. What are its implications for India? Veteran journalist M. Chalapathi Rao examines the issue in depth.

### 100 Days That Shook The Communist World

"Poland has already lost an estimated Rs 400 crores in foreign trade because of the shutdown of the ports and the wage rises agreed to by the authorities will cost another Rs 2,500 crores. Add to this the nation's whopping foreign debt of Rs 16,000 crores and you have a recipe for economic disaster." Rahul Singh, just back from a visit to Poland, makes an on-the-spot assessment.

### India, China And South-East Asia

Was recognition of Kampuchea the only Congress (I) electoral promise that had to be matched by performance? Dr. D.R. SarDesai, of the University of California, Los Angeles, takes a look at the role of India and China in South-East Asia.

### Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal And India

H.T. Parekh, Chairman of the Housing Development Finance Corporation, makes out a comprehensive proposal to develop a social and economic community in South Asia.

### America's New President: Special Picture Story

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by  
**Syed Shahabuddin**

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**“Muslim India does not seek confrontation. Nor shall Muslim India go along with assimilation as the price of acceptance and equality. Neither perpetual hostility nor permanent self-effacement will serve, only equal participation in overcoming obstacles to development, an equal role in spanning the lost centuries and in bridging the gap of technology,” says the author, who is a Member of the Rajya Sabha.**

**T**HE Muslim mind is in a state of flux—in transition from the state of Indian Muslim to that of Muslim Indian. This metamorphosis has necessarily to be a long-drawn-out process. The process began only in 1971. It should be awakened, encouraged and accelerated.

Unfortunately, every communal riot, every act of discrimination, every insensitive comment, every humiliation, every negative experience is a setback. The Muslim mind, cautiously emergent from its shell, recedes into it; and it takes time before the next probe is attempted, before the desire to look at the world beyond the blinds takes possession of the soul, before the quest is resumed...

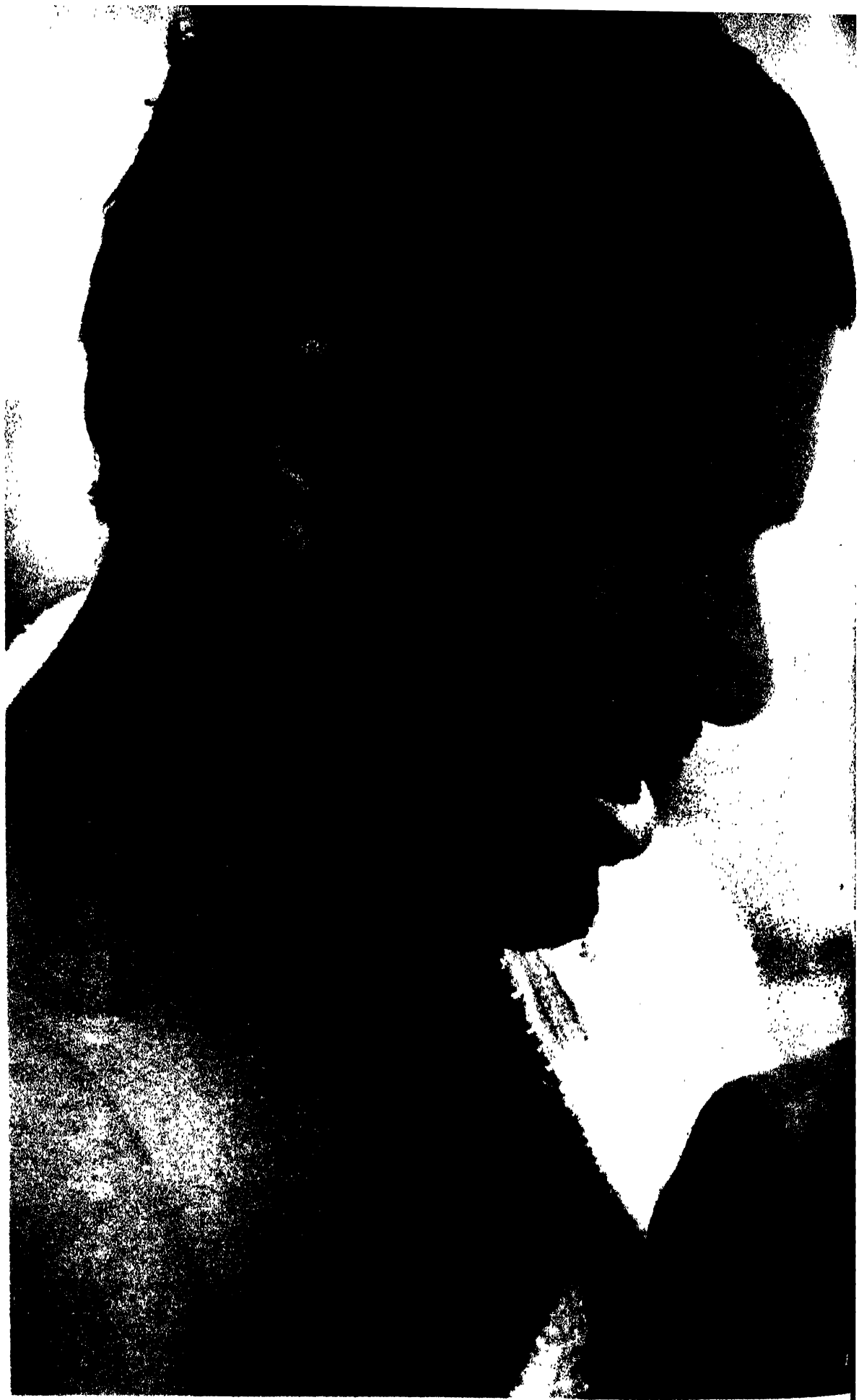
In the mean time, Muslim communalism has a field-day with its “I told you so” Hindu communalism may smile at yet another battle won, but the nation has suffered a loss in the struggle for national integration

The Muslim mind, perplexed and bewildered by the pulls and pressures and by the march of circumstances, is beginning to realise, on the one hand, the futility of confrontation as strongly as the repugnance of assimilation, on the other. But it is psychologically ready for integration, for a *modus vivendi*, in peace and honour, and for participation in the great cause of building a New India.

The Muslim mind has many diversions.

The Muslim mind is orthodox but not fanatic. It reacts emotionally to anything amounting to sacrilege, because its sense of belonging to the *Umma* of the Holy Prophet, the last transmitter of God's message to Man, is at the foundation of its ego; perhaps injecting a touch of superiority to its make-up.

The Muslim mind is fundamentalist in its approach, absolutist in its reaction, making clear-cut choices,



seeing things in black and white, situations as right and wrong, people as friends or enemies. Analytical rather than synthetical, it finds it difficult to define intermediate categories—shades of grey or variations on the theme. For it the clarity of the star-studded desert sky, not the grey of the monsoon clouds!

To an extent, this explains the political behaviour of the Muslim community, the swing from one extreme to the other. The Muslim mind has an international dimension, cutting across political frontiers, geographical boundaries, ethnic barriers, linguistic divides,

ideological differences and class conflicts—and across centuries. It sees itself as a part of the *Umma*, heir to all the glories of Islamic contribution to human civilisation. It relates itself to the world of Islam, sometimes committing itself to unknown or little-understood causes, making unexpected sacrifices and

# The Muslim Mind Today

Today the Muslim mind also feels insecure and nurses a persecution complex. It is touchy and sensitive. It carefully hoards real and imaginary grievances. It is full of frustrations and suspicions.

It is not in the national interest to ignore this, to leave it licking its wounds, sulking in its wornout tent, rotting in its ghetto, stewing in its own juice.

The Muslim Indian is a product of history—interpreted in Hindu and Muslim terms, of orthodoxy and inherited prejudices and passions, of *mohallas* neglected and going to seed, of the knocks of discrimination at every step, of an environment of tolerance but not of equal partnership, and of the unusually high price demanded for acceptance.

## Second-Class Citizen?

The Muslim Indian thinks of himself as a second-class citizen. His name is his nemesis. He wears it like the star of David worn by the Jews in Occupied Europe—living with it, suffering because of it, protecting his self as best he can, sometimes from those paid to defend his life, honour and property. No wonder the ghetto mentality wins, block voting comes naturally—survival has the first priority—the Muslim Indian seeks compensation in the manifestation of orthodoxy. He is too shy to experiment, too timid to venture out. He laments his fate and oversimplifies his experience in terms of *we* and *they*.

The Muslim mind is concerned with physical security, with mutual identity and with economic opportunity.

For 33 years in riot after riot the Muslim Indian has suffered heavier casualties—in life and property—and yet received more beating, more humiliation, more harassment, more searches, more detentions. And now he is being accused of being a foreign agent, a traitor to whom no sympathy is due, for whom no tears need be shed. No one need be punished for the atrocities against him. No one has been—in 33 years.

Undoubtedly, this experience weakens his sense of identification with the nation and distorts his vision.

The Muslim Indian, when he takes stock of his situation, finds himself with virtually no presence in Government employment. Forget the private sector and the Class I, even Class II services, why aren't Muslim clerks, peons and chauffeurs in Government offices and in the public sector? Forget the officer level! Why are Muslims not adequately represented in the armed forces and in the police—at the jawan level?

The Muslim Indian is educationally backward *because* he is economically backward and *vice versa*. The vicious cycle goes on, but there is also a persistent pattern of deliberate

discrimination—otherwise, even without reservation, over three decades, given equal opportunity, the composition of any service or cadre would *statistically* reflect the composition of the population. The Muslim Indian has benefited from development but he questions if the crumbs represent *all* that is his due.

## Concerned With Identity

The Muslim mind is concerned with identity—cultural and religious. Hence the magnificent obsession with preservation of Urdu, the zeal for protecting personal law, the support to orthodox causes, the rejection of Indianisation. Hence the Muslim Indian's commitment to the AMU which is only of symbolic value to the vast majority of the Muslim community, his repulsion at the Lyagi Bill empowering the state to regulate change of religion.

The Muslim Indian sees no reason at all why he should learn Sanskrit at the cost of Arabic or his mother tongue? The Muslim mind finds no answer as to why Urdu should receive such shabby treatment in the land of its birth and be made to choose between death and suicide. It finds no reason for the urgency behind the introduction of a common civil code in a country of continental dimensions. Indeed it finds nothing but chauvinistic presences behind the efforts to force India into a monolithic mould.

Unfortunately, there has never been a real dialogue between the two major communities. It is easy to distrust and even hate—it requires interest and effort to comprehend. Lack of mutual comprehension persisted despite the euphoria of common struggle. Proportional to the members, it is amazing how few Muslims have studied Hinduism and *vice versa*, and how little they know about each other. In medieval India Islam and Hinduism interacted and learnt from each other and got transformed in the process. That process came to an abrupt halt and slowly gave place to a callous disregard for each other's sensitivities, even to mischievous and deliberate provocations.

Hindus and Muslims often speak like the blind men describing the elephant—they do not talk to each other but *at* each other. What results is a dialogue of the deaf—at least an exercise in artificial courtesy or diplomatic sweetness. They speak with mutual reserve, with the burden of centuries of uneasy co-existence on their minds.

## What Is All-Important

It is important to know what Hindus and Muslims think about each other. It is even more important to know what Hindus and Muslims think how the one thinks of the other. Hindu perception of the Muslim mind and Muslim perception of the Hindu mind will alone give us an idea of the



Photograph (courtesy, "Pilgrimage to Mecca")

dominating unreal commitments.

## Rooted In The Soil

And yet the mind of Muslim India is intrinsically nationalist, characteristically Indian, rooted in the soil, patriotic. It is not the mind of a spectator or of a visitor, it has love for the *watan*, sharing the ethos in

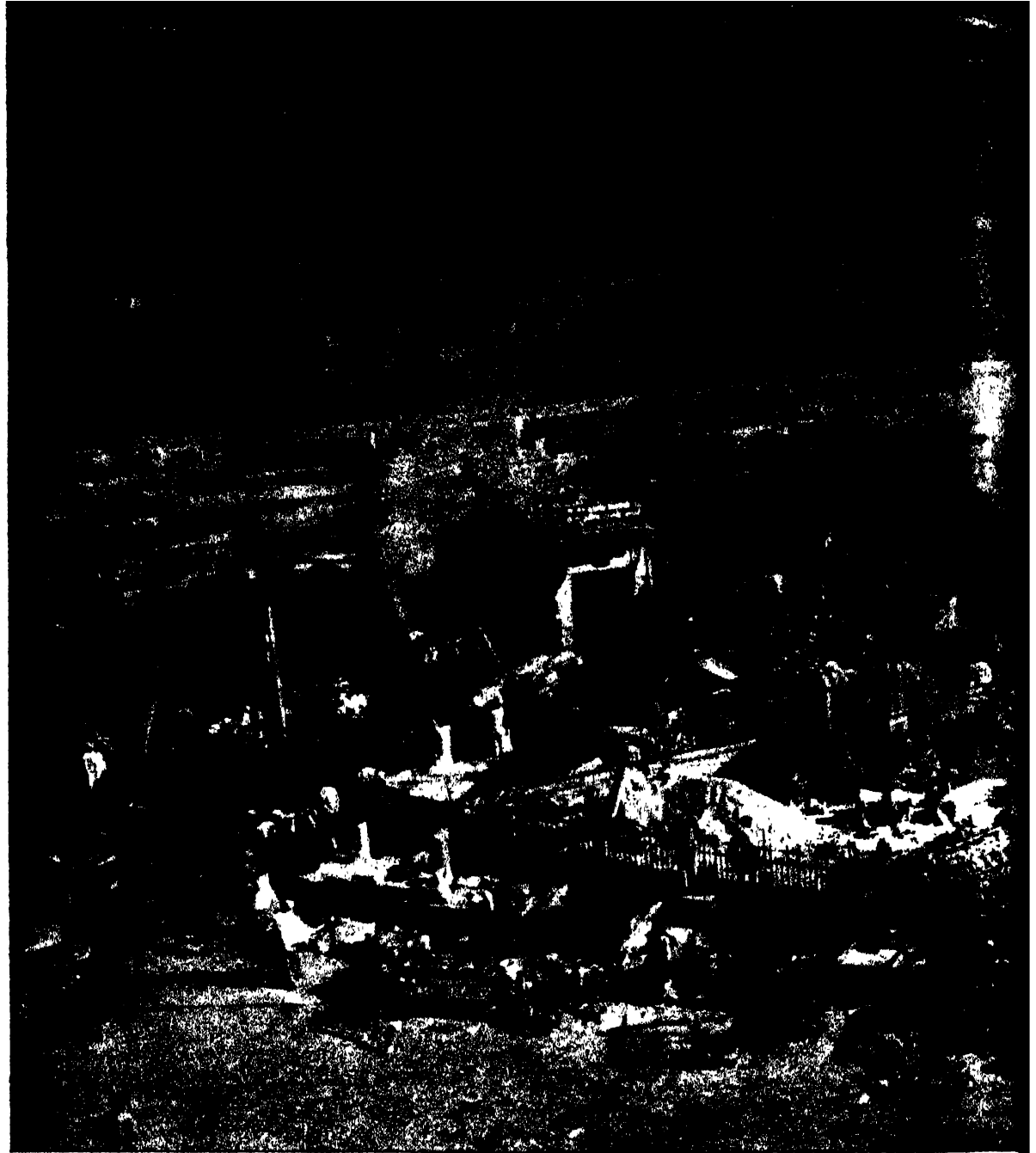
most situations, it reacts as any Indian mind would. It is a mind which finds itself rootless in the wasteland of Pakistan and which pines for the familiar sights and sounds when abroad. When my father died, his last wish was for his body to be taken to Gaya and laid to rest in his mango grove, beside the river Phalgu!

enormous gulf that yawns between them and how far removed from reality and from secularism they both are. This psychologically complex situation leads to mental stereotypes. It is this substratum of incomprehension which generates misunderstanding, fear, hatred and violence, which is behind the eruption of communal riots, which explains *our* passivity to violence against *them*, which makes brutes of us all, unable even to shed tears when a busload of women and children are roasted alive, when an Id congregation is massacred in cold blood!

### Victim Of A Cruel Tragedy

The Muslim has been the victim of a cruel tragedy since independence; he has acted like a sleepwalker—as if he had lost all sense of direction or purpose, lost his faith in himself, his confidence in his future, his trust in his fellow men. Demoralised by Partition, weakened by the continuous exodus of talent and skill, charged with lack of patriotism, accused of extraterritorial loyalties, of being a fifth-columnist or a spy or a traitor, lost between the mirage of pan-Islamism and the hard realities of existence, facing steady economic deterioration—he was exploited as a “vote-bank” to be overdrawn at the time of elections, through a bunch of discredited intermediaries who, with their guilt complex and dependence on patronage, had neither the will, nor the capacity nor the commitment to provide leadership, to inspire hope and even to serve as faithful channels of communication.

The adoption of secularism as a national goal gave hope but, in every election, promises were made only to be broken; hope turned into despair; frustration stalked the mental landscape; *mohallas* turned into ghettos across the fair face of the country; economic development largely passed the Muslim by; the credibility of the system reached a low ebb; secularism appeared



**IN THE SHADOW OF THE JAMA MASJID.** Riots broke out in this predominantly Muslim area of Delhi in 1975, when the Imam of the mosque, Syed Bukhari, was arrested. “For 33 years, in riot after riot, the Muslim Indian has suffered heavier casualties—in life and property—yet no one need be punished for atrocities against him. No one has been—in 33 years,” notes the author.



**AN EMERGING NATIONALISM.** “The break-up of Pakistan was like a catharsis... It made the Muslim Indian realise that only by giving of himself to the common cause of building New India could he gain the understanding, the goodwill and the support of his fellow citizens in his own struggle. And so in 1975, when the dark night of the Emergency descended upon the country, the Muslim Indian stood up defiant and made sacrifices.” Here residents of Turkman Gate, Delhi, hold up the photograph of a person killed during the demolitions in 1976.





**TRADITION—A PROTECTIVE BUT INHIBITING FACTOR** The Muslim Indian is tradition-bound because thereby, he believes, he can preserve his identity. Muslim youth have been the main sufferers of this policy as their education, untouched by modern trends, places them at a disadvantage in the job market.

phoney, communalism had a field-day and even treasonable thoughts sometimes entered the minds of men

**1971: A Watershed**

Then came 1971, the year of the liberation of Bangladesh. Muslim India realised that it was the biggest of the three segments in which Indian Islam was divided and that it was neither Pakistan nor Bangladesh but India which was the repository of all that was of a permanent nature in the Islamic heritage of the subcontinent

It sat up and took notice of the fragile, artificial basis of Partition, of the absurdity of the two nation theory. Pakistan was no longer named as a bulwark, as a hope, as a protector. There was a clean break with the past and a decision to stay and struggle for democratic rights.

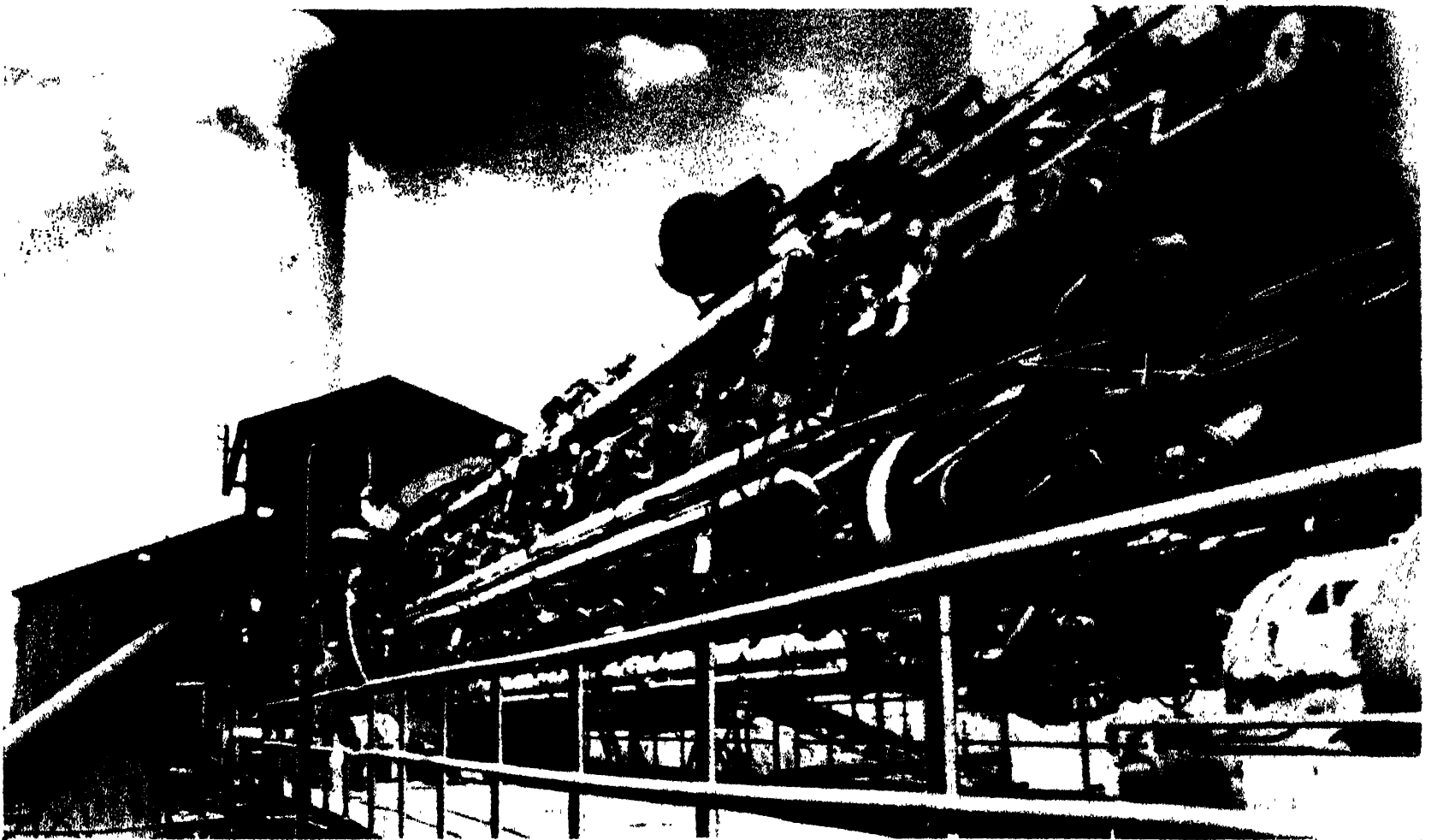
The break up of Pakistan was like a catharsis, a purge of the soul which released the Indian Muslim from pathological obsessions clouding his destiny and restored his confidence. It made him realise that rights →



**A GROWING ECONOMIC INEQUALITY** The feeling among Muslim Indians is that they are being isolated in their ghettos with little hope of getting out as educational and employment prospects have dwindled over the years.



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presumed duties, total and absolute commitment to the common cause, and that only by giving of himself to the common cause of building a New India could he gain the understanding, the goodwill and the support of his fellow citizens in his own struggle.

And so in 1975, when the dark night of the Emergency descended upon the country, the Muslim Indian stood up defiant and made sacrifices. And, in 1977, he exercised his franchise to defeat authoritarianism and to restore democracy.

The diversity and the plurality of India are large on its face. India is a land of minorities—religious, cultural, ethnic and linguistic—at national, State and district levels. This problem forms part of the national agenda, above the ebb and flow of power politics. Muslim discontent would be a drag on national development, Muslim backwardness would act as a brake on our march forward.

### Let's Face It

Democratic pressures in any developing society are bound to accentuate group identities. This is the essential reason for the present fragmentation of our policy—the emergence of the caste factor, the obsession with regional interests, the pressures of communal solidarity. We have to deal with these problems taking note of the facts of life. It is as unhealthy to ignore these problems as it is to seek a solution in separation, or isolationism, or outside the constitutional framework.

Muslim communalism seeks to

convince the Muslim Indian that his problems cannot be solved within the system and that the Hindu majority wishes to reduce Muslims to the level of untouchables prescribing socio-political exclusivism and Islamic fundamentalism as the antidote. It believes in separation and is opposed to integration. It must be defeated.

The young Muslim Indian has no guilt complex about Pakistan; no mental reservations about national integration; about his national identity. For him, Pakistan is just another neighbouring country. For him, his destiny is part of India's destiny.

If India moves forward, he shares the pride of achievement, if India stumbles or falters, he shares the gloom of failure. In any case, why should the present generation be asked to pay for the sins—real or imaginary—of its forefathers? Why should it be denied its due role or its due rewards? Muslim India is not apologetic about voicing such demands.

Muslim India does not seek confrontation. Nor shall Muslim India accept assimilation as the price of acceptance and equality. Neither perpetual hostility nor permanent self-effacement will serve, only equal participation in overcoming the obstacles to development, an equal role in spanning the lost centuries and in bridging the gap of technology. Equal rights and responsibilities, equal rewards..

For that is what national integration is all about. ■



**A DICHOTOMOUS SENSIBILITY.** The Muslim Indian "relates himself to the world of Islam", seeing himself as the "heir to all the glories of Islamic contribution to human civilisation", and yet he is "characteristically Indian, rooted in the soil, patriotic". Here pilgrims on their way to Mecca on the Haj transit in Bombay.

**ANOTHER SETBACK FOR SECULARISM.** Army jawans patrol an Aligarh street in August 1980 after the outbreak of riots. "The Muslim mind, cautiously emergent from its shell, recedes into it after every riot, every humiliation, and it takes time before the next probe is attempted."





**THE POWER AND THE GLORY.** The Nizam of Hyderabad (seen here with his glittering entourage) was symbolic of the Muslim power elite in British India.

## Muslim Indians

# Roots Of Overdependence On The State

by M. Rafiq Khan

**“It is impossible for the state or the Hindus alone to ensure that Muslims feel no grievance. The Muslims have actively to initiate a process of self-reliance and self-reassurance and take the support of the Hindus and the state in this process.”**

The author is Senior Research Fellow at the Gandhian Institute of Studies, Varanasi.

**T**HE upper caste Muslims who happen to form the traditional elite of the Muslim community, particularly in North India are victims of a strong tendency to rely on the state to solve their problems and work for their advancement

This tendency is not quite invisible among the Hindus, but it is a post freedom phenomenon and, unlike in the case of the Muslims, it is not characterised by a widespread helpless passivity. For the Muslims, it has become a part of their psychology and, although the post-freedom days have given some jolts to it, it continues to retain a tenacious hold in a pathetic manner over the Muslim educated elite of the so-called upper castes. An average member of this class is usually inclined to put all the blame for his poverty, illiteracy, poor health, general backwardness, unemployment, squalid localities, lack of benefits from welfare and development programmes, low representation in the Government services and the non-governmental organisations and in political offices, and all other conceivable complaints, at the door of the state.

There is a good deal of truth in many such complaints on account of historical reasons and due to facts of prejudices of casteism, communalism etc, striking

increasingly deeper roots in all sections of Indian society and, in the main, due to the fact that, when a group is socially or numerically weak, it suffers from a number of real or imagined handicaps. The Muslims hold these grievances against the state—regardless of which party is in power—and complain of being ignored. Most of these complaints imputed to the state are not described as errors of commission but of omission.

If you analyse them, you will find a lurking desire among the Muslims that the state should take the initiative in solving their problems. They would not even like to take the trouble of spelling out many of these problems. In fact, most of these people really do not have an idea of a moderate range of their problems or of their expectations. The reason is that on many questions of a social and economic nature, they are yet to imbibe modern and up-to-date values. But they are rather quick to raise an accusing finger towards the state for neglecting them or discriminating against them.

I repeat that many of these complaints are not totally baseless and I also admit that my criticism of this class of Muslim community may appear rather harsh—somewhat like adding insult to injury. But it is time some bitter pills were administered.

### Historical Background

This tendency has a long historical background. The Muslim community in North India acquired a differentiation into two broad divisions from the very beginning of

the conversion to Islam in India. A small fragment followed the Muslim invaders from time to time or came during the time of the Muslim rulers for recruitment in the army and other services in India and settled down here, either marrying locally or in some cases, bringing families from areas in and around Afghanistan, Iran and Central Asia. Since this small minority had come with the invaders or had somehow managed to remain close to the courts, the members of this group developed a supercilious attitude towards the large majority of Muslims who embraced Islam from local communities.

Part of the reason for this attitude was the well-known conqueror's psychology which usually regards the way of life and the heritage of the defeated people as deficient in some way or other. The major reason, however, was the fact that many of the Indian occupational castes and tribes who joined the ranks of Islam were marginal communities in relation to the main Brahminic thoughts and traditions which formed the bedrock of the Indian culture of that time. Since they were either marginal communities within the Brahminic fold or some among them professed a folk-level Buddhism, they could not impress the new entrants as having a superior way of life.

This resulted in creating two broad divisions among the Muslims: one which regarded itself as superior and of nobler birth, and traced its descent and geneology from non-Indian sources, and the other which was

usually poor, illiterate, engaged in various occupational pursuits, away from the glimmers of the courts and was converted from the local communities. Individuals and small groups from amongst the upper castes of the Hindus also accepted Islam from here and there but, by virtue of their social, economic or political position before their conversion, they were absorbed within a short time in the upper classes of the Muslims and began to identify themselves with the nobility. They continued to regard themselves as superior to and different from the Muslim masses converted locally, even as they did so before the conversion of these people, and their own, to Islam.

On the other hand, at the level of the kings and the aristocrats, the policy was to recruit men from the upper classes, for they could speak their tongue and could be relied upon for loyalty and other qualities required in the politics of the court. People of the so-called blue blood could perhaps more functional and effective in running the administration and adding credibility and legitimacy to the rulers in relation to one another and in relation to those in Afghanistan, Iran and various Central Asian states.

Thus, in course of time, the two factors mentioned above combined to contribute to the crystallisation of two broad groups among the Muslims—one engaged in the occupational pursuits (like weaving, dyeing, carding, vegetable selling), the other hailing from different castes of artisanry, etc, most of them meeting the demands of society and a few talented among them mainly catering to the needs and the tastes of the aristocracy, the courts and foreign markets.

However, the vast majority of this class depended upon the market forces—the market of the village, the *mandi*, the towns, etc. The number of those talented artisans and members of the occupational groups who attended to the demands of the courts and the courtiers was comparatively smaller.

In other words, the main sections of the artisans, craftsmen and occupationalists, although converted to Islam, neither felt an unavoidable need nor found an opportunity to become dependent on the state managed by the Muslim rulers. They remained, by and large, self-reliant. Even those few who received patronage from the court and the aristocrats did not run the risk of losing everything if the patronage was withdrawn. But the upper-class Muslims, who identified themselves with the status, aspirations, values and norms of the aristocracy and even looked for seizing opportunities to grab the royal or gubernatorial crowns, remained absolutely dependent on the state and the vicissitudes that it went through.

Members of this class hated manual labour and looked down upon those Muslims who were engaged in such occupations as depended on manual work. They even did not appreciate trade and business, for these symbolised to them the occupation of the *baniyas* whom they considered soft people and bereft of martial qualities.

### Attitudinal Pattern

Such was broadly the attitudinal pattern that characterised the Muslim elite during the times of the Muslim rulers. After the decline of the Muslim rulers and the aristocracy created by them, the situation changed but little during British rule. True the British rulers did not look kindly on this class of people after the events of 1857, but that policy lasted only for about half a century, until the rise of the Hindu middle classes against British rule.

The rising discontent among the nascent Hindu bourgeoisie pushed the British rulers towards revising their attitude to the Muslim upper classes in favour of adopting a soft policy. This class was only too eager to seize the opportunity and a large section of it again started wallowing in the loaves and fishes of Government jobs and official patronage. The old proclivities of depending on the state sprang to life again in new garbs and acquired newer dimensions.

One of its major dimensions was to publicise a feeling and a mortal fear of the rising movement for independence which, under the historical circumstances, could not but be overwhelmingly dominated by the Hindus. The prospects of

domination by the Hindus in free India adopting a representative form of government developed into a panic and we all know how it culminated in acquiring an ideology of a separate homeland for the Muslims and the creation of Pakistan.

The Muslim occupational classes, however, remained by and large neglected by this class and, as the pace of economic development was slow during the British rule, they continued to smart under poverty, drudgery, social humiliation and political alienation.

Thus, at the dawn of national freedom in 1947, Muslim society continued to remain broadly divided into the two large segments mentioned above. One consisted of upper-class Muslims who were dependent a great deal on the British Government of India for jobs, *zamindari* and other patronages, while the other depended on its talents and hard work. The former class was obsessed with insecurity and felt somewhat orphaned by the transfer of power.

It was this section which, in its own class interest, had tried to mobilise the Muslim masses and formed the hard core of the movement for Pakistan. The members of this class were the foremost pleaders for a separate homeland for the Muslims but, instead of talking of the dangers to their interest and stability, they argued that Islam and the cultural traditions of Indian Muslims would be wiped out in a United India.

How false was that cry is for anyone to see after 33 years of freedom. Slogans for protecting a culture or a

religious community from extinction have an infectious appeal and, as we all know, the movement for Pakistan succeeded in bagging around 66% of the Muslim vote, of course, with a restricted franchise. Most members of the occupational Muslim communities did not have the right to vote in the election of 1946—on which basis the decision for partitioning the country was taken—but, even then, around 33% Muslim votes were cast in favour of United India and against the formation of Pakistan.

Now, soon after the partition of the country, a sizable section of the upper-class Muslim gentry migrated to Pakistan and this in fact left the Muslims in India without much of an elite for some years.

### After Independence

The new era provided a good deal of opportunity for economic and social development to those who had an enterprising nature and were ready to put in hard work. The post-freedom days are marked by a comparatively vigorous growth in the field of sari-weaving and other handicraft work, carpet-weaving, bangle-making, *zari* and *chikan* work, the fruit, vegetable and meat business, hide and tanning work, carding, dyeing, carving on wood, ivory work and a host of trades and occupations which are either exclusively or mainly owned and run by the so-called Muslim lower castes.

These classes have improved their economic status and, thereby, social status in Indian society in general, but more visibly among their

**A TRULY NAWABI LIFESTYLE.** Members of the Muslim aristocracy "looked down upon those Muslims whose livelihood depended on manual work. They did not appreciate trade and business either, as they thought tradesmen lacked martial qualities," says the author. Here Nawab Azam Bahadur of Hyderabad displays the four tigers he shot within 25 minutes in one beat in the State Reserves.





**POTENTIAL THAT IS YET TO BE EXPLOITED** One of the fields where there has been little advance, according to the author, is women's education. More strictly bound by custom than their men, Muslim women have yet to come into their own.

co-religionists. In many places the upper caste Muslims offer their daughters in marriage to the sons of Muslims whom only a few decades ago they despised as low castes.

These occupational castes of the Muslims do not complain of any stepmotherly treatment from the state—apart from what is usual for all minority groups in this country—nor do they expect any special favour on account of being Muslims. Their expectations lie in other fields, such as law and order, transport and communication, raw material, marketing, banking and fiscal arrangements. They do not keep their sons illiterate and their wives crying for medical aid just because the facilities provided by the state-run institutions are limited or they are in some cases discriminative against them. They open their own hospitals

and in places where they are in favour of higher education their own schools for boys and girls. However they are fully aware of the dangers of the so-called higher education which they say, instead of adding to the wisdom or the morals of the children makes many of them good for nothing idlers or seekers of white collar jobs with monthly salaries hardly a little more than what their fathers earn in one or two days.

So these people do not exhibit that pathetic feeling of dependence which the educated elite is conspicuously suffering from. These classes are not as clamorous for the representation of the Muslims in legislatures either, their grievance on this score is almost insignificant as compared with that of the educated elite coming from the professional classes.

Over the past few years, a number of professional young men and, here and there, some women have also come up from these occupational classes. You can see quite a few doctors, engineers, architects, lawyers, professors and journalists among the new generations, but they have a firm root in their parent occupational castes and do not run from pillar to post applying for jobs.

### The Upper-Caste Muslims

The condition of the sons and daughters of the former Muslim landed aristocracy and the professionals, particularly those depending on Government jobs, is, speaking generally, unenviable. They usually go in for formal higher education in the humanities and the social sciences and hope that by qualifying themselves in these fields they will be able to obtain a job in one of the Government departments which will assure them respectability and protect them from engaging into manual labour. Their main problem however is not only manual labour and rough work, but a kind of decadent set of values which they unhappily regard as the hallmark of respectability and decency.

It is mostly the Muslims of this class who, as a matter of habit, keep bemoaning the lack of opportunities and facilities for their social, educational, economic and professional growth. They feel ill at ease in the present political and social set-up of the country and curse their fate. They are not only stagnating but increasingly becoming a marginal group and many among them are dropping down to the level of abject poverty and social alienation. They cannot look up hopefully to Pakistan either, for the reports they receive from friends and relations are not encouraging. The condition in that country, from the point of view of relations between the various regional groups of the local Pakistanis as a whole and with those who migrated from India, appears to them dismal and discouraging.

The psychology of dependence, whose hangover from the past they cannot shed, leaves them with no alternative. The only scapegoat they have before them is the Indian state. They would like that the state should pitchfork them to prosperity from their economic indigence; the state should ensure them better health, better education and a better cultural standard. The state should accord the Urdu language an official status at all levels and in all parts of India and lend their cultural life the same aroma and charm which they believe was pervading the country some time in the past. If you ask them what are you doing to ameliorate your condition, the answer is a blank look or a frown.

The other most obsessive topic of their talk is communal riots. Here again, they will always blame the state machinery and the Hindus.

According to them, all riots are caused and engineered by the Hindus and the state machinery—the police and the magistracy, they feel, invariably and without exception intervene in the riots against Muslims and ensure that they are ruined and killed. I must again remind the reader that I do not mean to suggest that their fears and observations are completely baseless. What I am driving at is their attitude of always blaming others and taking no positive steps to improve a situation.

Frustration on all fronts breeds in them a strong extra-punitive attitude and they are firmly convinced that the cause of all their troubles in every walk of life lies in the hostile attitude of the Hindus and in the state which, for all intents and purposes, they regard as a tool of the Hindus always ready to exterminate the Muslims.

### Analysis Of Reality

The picture I have given of the psychology of overdependence and overexpectation coupled with the extra-punitive attitude of the members of the old-fashioned Muslim elite may appear overdrawn. But my experience and observation of such people keeps me on firm ground in this description.

I do not accuse them for this, nor do I hate them. They are unfortunate victims of a set of values of a bygone age and it will take one or two more generations for this psychology to be sloughed off. I do realise that there is a grain of truth in most of what they complain of, but who is there in this country—regardless of his religion, caste and regional affiliation—who is not experiencing similar problems? The need of the hour is to mobilise the opinion and the resources of the right type of people from all the groups concerned to fight the evil rather than to let off steam merely by cursing others but shying away from all programmes of positive action.

It is easy to accuse the state or other castes and communities for one's problems, but patient thinking demands a more complete view of the situation and a sympathetic understanding of the problems being faced on the other side as well. There is nothing extraordinary in the comparatively discriminatory or hostile attitude of some non-Muslim individuals against Muslims. But can any dispassionate observer claim that all or most of the members of non-Muslim communities are taken up with such attitudes?

Moreover, why not turn the searchlight within and see whether your own attitudes and practices conform to the standards and the qualities which you expect from others? Are you really as free of prejudice, stereotypes, narrow-mindedness and discriminatory thoughts and conduct as you wish others to be in relation to you?



The first and the most important need is that the Muslims of this class make a critical appraisal of their own mind and behaviour, both in relation to themselves and in relation to the members of other communities. Once they have cured themselves of their pathologies, they will find they have little to blame for in others.

This I say on the basis of the practical experience of millions of their own co-religionists who, as mentioned above, depend on their own manual and mental resources and on honest labour. As a result, they carry a healthy mind and are never troubled by ghosts of emotional depressions, inferiority feelings and insecurity complexes which infest the souls of this class. Occasional problems of conflicts do arise, but these are quite normal even among members of a community professing the same religion or speaking the same language.

Are there no riots of linguistic, regional or caste nature? Why isolate only the communal riots between the Hindus and the Muslims and why leave out of consideration the riots between people of different linguistic communities and between various caste groups, particularly the violence against the Harijans? And, for that matter, why isolate the riots and violence in India which pale into insignificance when viewed in the context of the riots, civil wars and unprecedented violence going on in most countries of the Third World?

I do not plead that violence and riots in India are to be looked at only philosophically and that we have to throw up our hands in despair, saying this is a worldwide malady and nothing can be done about it. Nor do I suggest for one moment that, since tensions and riots are there between several other communities in India, we have to put up with the Hindu-Muslim riots until better sense prevails among all Indians. What I object to is the psychology of being so much overwhelmed by the riot complex that all actions of a social, economic and political nature get suppressed by it and one sees all around nothing but an atmosphere of communal tensions and riots.

### It Is Counter-Productive

This obsession makes one inert and alienated both in thought and conduct. Continuously complaining about tensions and riots, as if these are part of a special conspiracy against Muslims, is not only pointless but also counter-productive. Essentially the whole notion is baseless and ill conceived.

Riots take place, not between two individuals, but between two groups belonging to two communities. And, since it is not one man but a crowd of men who are involved, it will be absolutely pointless to expect that one can call a stop to riotings and violence merely by beating one's breast and cursing others about them. A whole range of programmes on all fronts—social, economic, emotional,

political, administrative, etc, is to be carried out to reduce their frequency and arrest their expansion.

Moreover, in every riot, Muslims themselves say that it was the police rather than the Hindus who caused them the suffering.

If one is really serious about stopping large-scale communal riots, one has to initiate a real heart-to-heart process of understanding and appreciation of the problems of both the Hindus and the Muslims in the locality concerned.

I have deliberately used the phrase *large-scale communal riots*, for small clashes, as we know the history of man and visualise the future, can never be completely banished from society. Possibilities of large-scale riots and civil wars can be eliminated or at best reduced by a vigilant and concerted programme of conflict resolution and by ensuring an effective control and an impartial handling of the situation by the forces of law and order. A certain amount of prejudice, discrimination and occasional tensions between castes and communities may, unfortunately, remain with man throughout the entire conceivable future. And, I believe, man has by now learnt to live with them.

### The Alternative

The analysis presented above demonstrates that dependence on state initiative and resources is a hangover of the feudal times and a leftover of the colonial mentality. This mentality had imbued a feeling among the upper-class Muslims that they are members of a conquering race; that the mass of the Indian

people (both the Muslim converts from India and the Hindus) were inferior to them; that, as a conquering race, they had to remain confined to political, administrative and cultural pursuits; that it was *infra dig* for them to engage themselves in occupational fields, as if these were menial jobs; that the state alone was sufficient to look after their interests and solve their problems; and that they had absolutely no need to win the confidence of the Hindus and enter into a dialogue with them for solving their problems and meeting their grievances.

India is now on the way to a democratic way of life and, in the not-too-distant future, no individual, caste or community will be allowed to tinkle itself with notions of being more respectable, privileged or blue-blooded. On the other hand, the experience of democratic societies so far has been such that individuals and groups are usually engrossed in solving their own problems and looking after their own interests, often enough by elbowing out others. No one has the time or the resources to go about pulling other people's chestnuts out of the fire. Only those survive and succeed who stand on their own legs and work hard for moving forward.

So the best alternative for the Muslim educated elite is to make genuine efforts from its own side to come closer to the Hindu masses as well as to the Hindu elite. This is to be done, not out of fear or a feeling of expediency, but out of a genuine love and a feeling of brotherhood with the firm conviction that, unless all the communities in a neighbourhood,

region or country emotionally share the need for realising an objective at a particular level, the efforts will be either fruitless or too tenuous in their results.

The former Muslim upper classes should be clear in their mind, once for all, that many of the problems affecting them are such that no democratic government of India can solve, unless the effort is backed by an effective support of the Hindus. Even if the state comes out with legislative measures, it will be extremely difficult to execute those laws unless the Hindus are taken into confidence. If they are not taken into confidence and feel suspicious, or if a particular legislation proves repugnant to their sentiments, they can create problems at the time of its implementation. The state can take up effectively only those issues concerned with Muslim life and sentiments whose solutions are such that they do not injure the Hindu sentiment.

### Question Of Urdu

Take the question of Urdu. Some states have agreed to certain arrangements for its teaching at the school and college levels. But anyone can see the absence of facilities at those levels, for the authorities of many of such institutions do not look kindly upon this provision. So, if Muslims had, in addition to spending their time and energy on pressuring the state at various levels for recognising Urdu for teaching and other purposes, a well tried to organise Hindu opinion in favour of Urdu, the cause of Urdu would have been served really meaningfully. But their psychology of dependence on

**A TRADITION OF ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE.** The Muslim occupational classes have never depended on official patronage for a livelihood, so "these people do not exhibit that pathetic feeling of dependence which the educated elite is conspicuously suffering from".





the state misled them to approach the Government and to ignore the prevailing Hindu opinion on the subject.

The same is true on the question of Aligarh Muslim University, cow slaughter, the repair and maintenance of ancient mosques which are contested by Hindus as former temples, Muslim Personal Law, a large number of graveyards in villages and towns and dozens of other issues that crop up in daily life and irk the Muslim sentiment. None of these problems can be solved by the state alone, however secular and powerful it be, unless the efforts are backed by an effective Hindu opinion. Once Hindus are sufficiently enlightened and roused on the problems that the Muslim community is exercised about, Muslim demands will face no difficulty in being accepted at the state level and realised into practice to their satisfaction.

No serious effort is being made by the Muslims in this direction. In fact, there exists no realisation of this need at the level of the traditional Muslim upper classes and their whole thinking is oriented in the opposite direction. Instead of coming to terms with the Hindu mind and seeking Hindu cooperation for the solution of Muslim problems, the tendency so far seems to have been of confrontation, sometimes tacit, sometimes open. And this has not only been responsible for the failure of their efforts, it has, in fact, been creating many new problems.

### Issue Of Dignity

This brings us to a direct and frank question: Are such groups of Muslims keen to solve their problems or are they chiefly interested in perpetuating confrontation with the Hindus? The practices so far lends

support to a positive answer to the latter question.

Some Muslims are afraid that, once they start seeking Hindu support in favour of their problems and mobilise Hindu opinion for getting them accepted and implemented by the Government, the trend will lead to a point where the Muslim community becomes emotionally subservient to the Hindus and, in the course of some years, completely loses its sense of dignity and selfhood. It is not very far-fetched to imagine that, once the sense of selfhood of the Muslim community is lost, the next step will be the erosion of its identity and of the cherished moral and spiritual values and everything else that is embodied in Islam.

In other words, the fear is that, once a psychological process of feeling weak and inferior overwhelms the mind of a community in relation to a sister community, there is no end to it, short of complete disappearance in the course of time. The very first step creates a feeling of loss of prestige and dignity which, in its course, sets in a feeling of demoralisation.

On the face of it, this logic is quite plausible, but its basis is absolutely fallacious. This question in fact arises because of an underlying prejudice: that, once the Muslims start befriending the Hindus on problems which concern relations between the two communities or those that concern the Muslims alone, the Hindus will inevitably start looking down upon them and dominate them. The underlying assumption is that the Hindus have no love and respect for the Muslims and, once they come to realise that the Muslims are seeking their help in solving their problems, they will take undue advantage of the situation. Some Muslims probably also feel that the problems they are facing are the creation of the Hindus

themselves and it would be preposterous to go to them for their solution.

In other words, the fear they feel in trying to take the broad masses of the Hindus into confidence is generated chiefly from the old feudal notion that Hindus and Muslims are two distinct groups, each trying to dominate, if not exterminate, the other. The new democratic conceptual framework that both are sister communities having everything in common, except certain matters of belief and certain cultural traditions and historical memories, is yet to strike a firm root in the Muslim mind. Once this new conception is accepted—not only intellectually but emotionally as well—there will be no fear or hesitation in approaching the Hindus for seeking help in the solution of Muslim difficulties.

I say this on the basis of the historical experience of Muslim populations living for hundreds of years in villages of India where they constitute very insignificant minorities. They do not have to face any educational, cultural, religious or economic problems for reasons of being Muslims. Even in urban areas in North India, there is a powerful group of educated Hindu elite which comes forward with full sincerity and with all the force at its command to support the Muslim causes, whenever they are spelled out clearly and constructively. Thus the fear that seeking Hindu support in solving Muslim problems will prove demoralising is based entirely on the old feudal notion of a superior-inferior pattern of relationships and is not only out of date in the new situation but suicidal for the Muslim interests.

### Hollow Argument

I cannot appreciate the validity of the argument that, while appealing to the state to come to the rescue of the Muslims for this or that problem is not demoralising or humiliating, appealing to the good sense, conscience and brotherly love of the Hindus, with whom there exists so much of personal relation in day-to-day life, will be demoralising to the community and will injure its sense of selfhood in the long range. In fact, what is likely to happen is that, when Muslims appeal to the Hindus, they will respond—some negatively, some positively, some others critically. This will afford an opportunity to the Muslims to examine their problems in wider frameworks, to see the *other* side of the picture, make their causes more realistic and constructive, integrate them with other useful issues. Thus the demands will become realistic and acquire added justifications for being accepted by the concerned powers and implemented in practice.

The other problem is of jobs, prospects in trade and business and acquiring political offices. Let us recognise one basic truth: for various

economic and social reasons, Muslim students are not showing the same tenacity of will and persistence in academic and professional pursuits as their counterparts from the upper-caste Hindus. A certain amount of lack of proper climate of guidance and inspiration in these pursuits is also responsible. The overall situation is that not only in competition for jobs, but even in the field of availability for certain jobs Muslim are not easy to find. Their attitude to higher education, particularly in the fields of science, medicine and technology, and to women's education leaves much to be desired. This results in very poor representation of Muslims in academic and professional pursuits.

The experience of a number of Muslim institutions is that, despite their efforts to find competent Muslims for recruiting on their staff, they have to feel not unoften disappointed and have to appoint non-Muslims. Now no one can justifiably accuse Muslim institutions of discriminating against Muslims or being unduly pressured to screen them out. The statement is true for reasons of either inferiority or non-availability of Muslim candidates and one can convince oneself of its veracity by discussing the matter with managers of Muslim educational institutions and proprietors of Muslim-owned firms and businesses.

### The Conclusion

In sum, the educated Muslim classes should develop a sense of realism, shed the old feudal psychology of looking at group relations in terms of inferior-superior, wean themselves away from the pathetic feeling of overdependence on the state, try to solve their problems themselves and with brotherly help and appreciation from the Hindus and other sister communities. They should try to spell out their problems concretely and in the overall context. They should promote a self-searching insight and give up the all too ready impulse of blaming others for their problems. Communal discriminations, tensions and riots will take time to be reasonably eliminated and, since these phenomena are to a lesser or greater extent troubling all sections of Indian society, Muslims should also turn their attention to the positive aspects of life and give up being haunted all the time by such depressive complexes.

It is impossible for the state or the Hindus alone to ensure that Muslims feel no grievance. The Muslims have actively to initiate a process of self-reliance and self-reassurance and take the support of the Hindus and the state in this process.

Decades ago, Iqbal advocated a similar view of life when he said:

*O you stupid moth, give up circling  
round the lamp;  
Rehabilitate thyself in the light of  
thine inner-self.* ■

**HEIRS TO CENTURIES OF DISTRUST?** For harmony in inter-religious relationships it is not enough to blame the majority community and expect it to reform, feels the author. "The Muslims have actively to initiate a process of self-reliance and self-assurance and take the support of the Hindus and the state in this process."



# Iqbal In The Age Of Moradabad

"Iqbal, not Jinnah, was the true father of Muslim separatism—and of Pakistan," says the author in his review of the volume commemorating the poet's centenary.

by Iqbal Masud

IN the 'thirties, we had in the South a category of schools known as "Mahomedan". In one such school in a small town, I was a member of a particularly rowdy middle school gang—the despair of our Headmaster. One day the Headmaster brought to our room a pale, bespectacled young man to teach us Urdu literature. Iqbal's *Sagiliyah* (Sicily) was the poem set for that day. The teacher recited and explained the famous lament for the loss of Sicily by the Arabs to the Normans (11th century AD).

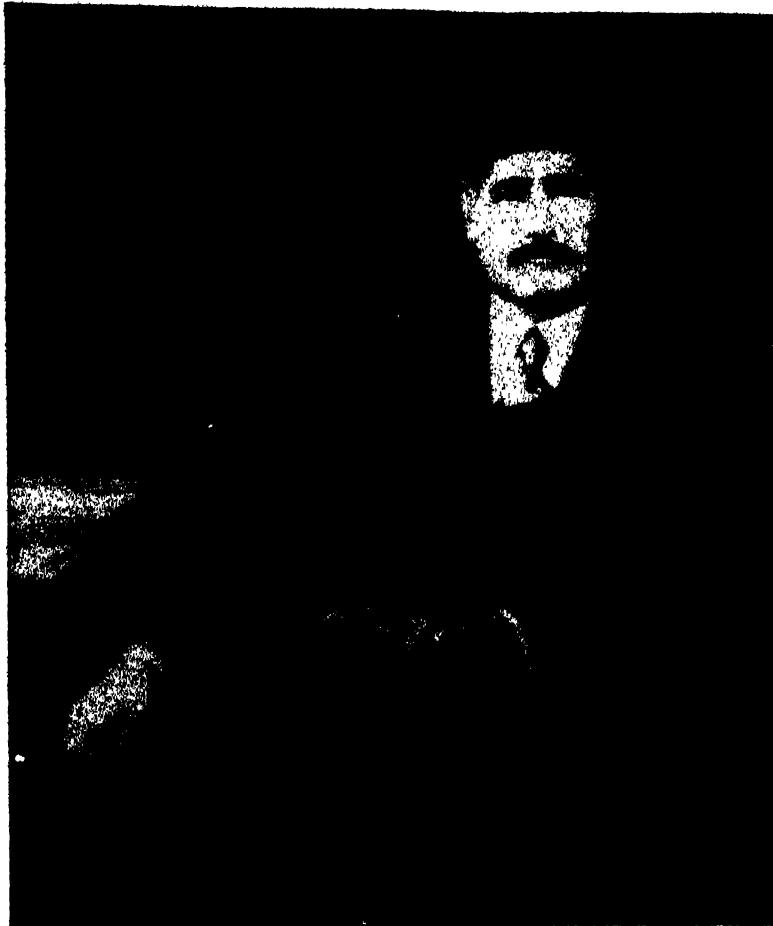
When he came to the great couplet addressed to Sicily by Iqbal, which encapsulates, bitterly for Muslims, the discrepancy between their past and present—*Dard apna mujh se keh main bhi sarapa dard hoon jis ki tu manzil tha main us karwan ki gard hoon* (Tell me thy Pain, for I am Pain myself/I am the dust of that Caravan of which Thou was the Destination)—he buried his face in his hands and wept. We—the toughest lot in town—wept with him. Our hearts, too, were in the ravines of Sicily, the passes of Spain of a thousand years ago.

Today, one part of me laughs at that memory of tears over the fate of an island far away and long ago. But, when I meet anyone of the class of 1935, I do not laugh.

These reflections came to me when I read through the expensive-looking (and unpriced) Iqbal Commemorative Volume published by the All India Iqbal Centenary Celebrations Committee and edited by Ali Sardar Jafri and K.S. Duggal. Iqbal summed up in himself many sides of Islam and of India. I found excellent and erudite articles—but no trace of the man who brought tears to a stoic boy of 12. It is important to understand that Iqbal and his appeal in the Age of Moradabad.

## Separate Cultural Identity

Iqbal was instinctively aware of the separate cultural identity of Indian Muslims. He celebrated that identity in deathless verse and gave it intellectual respectability by brilliant rationalisation, so that, today, an overwhelming majority of Muslims in



the subcontinent regard him as The Defender of the Faith. Iqbal, not Jinnah, was the true father of Muslim separatism and of Pakistan. To understand the current communal malaise, it is as important to understand this Iqbal as to applaud the man who wrote *Sare jahan se achcha Hindustan hamara*.

From this angle, there are three essays in the volume under review which are valuable. Dr Zoe Ansari sees Iqbal's thought as a pendulum swinging between *Gosastan* (Alienation) and *Paiwastan* (Integration). Iqbal saw Indian Islam as a beleaguered faith threatened on all sides—by decadent Sufism of Punjab, by Hindu revivalism, by the glittering but soulless Western Culture (Page 176). Therefore, he took on the role of a *Sirrul Firag* (The Discerner of Separatism) rather than of *Sirrul Wisal* (The Discerner of Union).

Religion became not only a reaction to colonial oppression, but to impending cultural osmosis by the majority community. At the same time, Iqbal could not be unaware of the Indian context of Islam. While he proclaimed in his historic presidential address to the All India Muslim League, 1930, the need for a "higher communalism" according to which each community needs to live in the ambience of its own culture while retaining the highest respect for other

communities (the justification for Pakistan), he could also say to a close friend, Dr Qazi Abdul Hameed, that this did not mean that this Muslim Province "could not be a part of India"

## His Main Concerns

Prof Alam Khundmiri traces the roots of Iqbal's political philosophy to Bergson and Nietzsche. Iqbal's main concerns were transformation of the world, the agents of this transformation and the meaning of freedom.

Change is a fact of the human world; man must develop his personality by transcending finite material conditions to become an agent of change. Unlike as in Marx, inner change precedes external change. This change is intimately connected to the mental background which must be spiritual "inspired by the infinite complexities of life". Agents of change must have Power—the most significant aspect of Iqbal's philosophy and also a dilemma Iqbal could never quite resolve. Such Men of Faith, who could be trusted to bring change, became myths in the thought of Iqbal and as, Khundmiri points out, dangerous myths (a problem reflected in Pakistan's quest for leadership).

Asghar Ali Engineer, in his essay on Iqbal's major prose work, *The Reconstruction of Religious Thought*,

in *Islam*, mounts a brilliant and sustained attack on the book. Iqbal was committed to Islamic fundamentalism—Islam alone provided a way out of the evils of modern capitalism.

Muslims declined in history because they accepted ideas contradictory to Islam. Engineer says that, in his anxiety to establish his thesis, Iqbal ignored the material foundations of the origin of Islam. This in turn led to an idealised vision of orthodox Islam's place in the future—that Islam was inherently dynamic regardless of the material conditions of a particular Muslim community. This is why Iqbal, when he came to Indian Muslims, became conservative and "shuddered at his own free thinking" in other areas of his thought.

These essays (and others besides them) contain illuminating insights and make this volume a prized possession (I hope a cheaper edition will become available). For reasons of space, I shall reserve my comments to two points—one addressed to the critics of Iqbal, the other to Iqbal worshippers.

## The One Reality

First, it is simplistic to treat Iqbal as a self-contradictory, even reactionary, person. The true parallel to Iqbal as a thinker is Edmund Burke—the man who opposed the British over their attitude to American Colonies and who condemned the French Revolutionaries for their "rational" inhumanity. Iqbal shares with him a concern for the psychological facts of man's existence in societies, which springs from a moral imagination; also his doctrine of history as "the tragic past". W.C. Smith says of Indian Muslims: *Their faith—Islam—is the one thing the present denouement left to them, the one reality to which, in their forlornness, they can and must cling.*

This psychological fact of life must be understood—as it was by Iqbal—and empathised with before we can even begin to disentangle the tangled web of communalism.

## Intellectual Freedom

To Iqbal worshippers: As W.C. Smith has pointed out (*Islam in Modern History*):

*Indian Muslims face a problem radically new and profound—how to live with others as equals.*

Pakistan was an attempt to avoid facing it. The Indian Muslim has one advantage rare in the Islamic world today—intellectual freedom. He should use it to explore the heart of Iqbal's thought and to transcend it.

*The Islam that will live in the hearts of Muslims of India will be—should be—their own.* ■



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# Monkey Business

The Macaque monkeys of South East Asia are a big boon to cultivators and harvesters, who use them to pluck fruits and nuts from tall trees. In fact the owners of the Macaque live off the earnings of their pets.

by T. A. Davis

Monkeys are not just those adorable creatures swinging in the cages of a zoo or from treetop to treetop in jungle films. Nor are they the destructive pests ravaging farms and orchards.

In fact, in several South East Asian countries they are domesticated to perform agricultural labour like harvesting coconuts, areca nuts, mangoes and other fruits from tall trees. In those countries, the owners of the monkeys live off the labour of their simian assistants.

Monkeys are quite a business in Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand and Sumatra, for the professional monkey-trappers, trainers and finally the agricultural harvesters.

Normally only the males are caught but occasionally even females may be trapped. Trainers have an elaborate process of turning the monkeys into efficient agricultural hands. The first step begins with teaching the primates to twist and break a coconut spike after which they are taught to distinguish between the ripe and the unripe fruit. Initially they are fastened to a cord which the trainer holds and uses to communicate his instructions to the animal.

Most monkeys prefer to use their right fore-paw and left hind paw for plucking the nuts and fruits. A left handed animal obviously prefers to follow the reverse order. Occasionally they even use their teeth where the fruit spikes are too

tough to be broken with their paws. As they get more experienced the monkeys pluck only the mother spike which sends the whole cluster of fruit cascading earthwards.

For a smart monkey, three to five seconds are adequate for nipping down a fruit with the teeth. The bunch hanging under the weight of the nuts is dislodged by a kick of the leg.

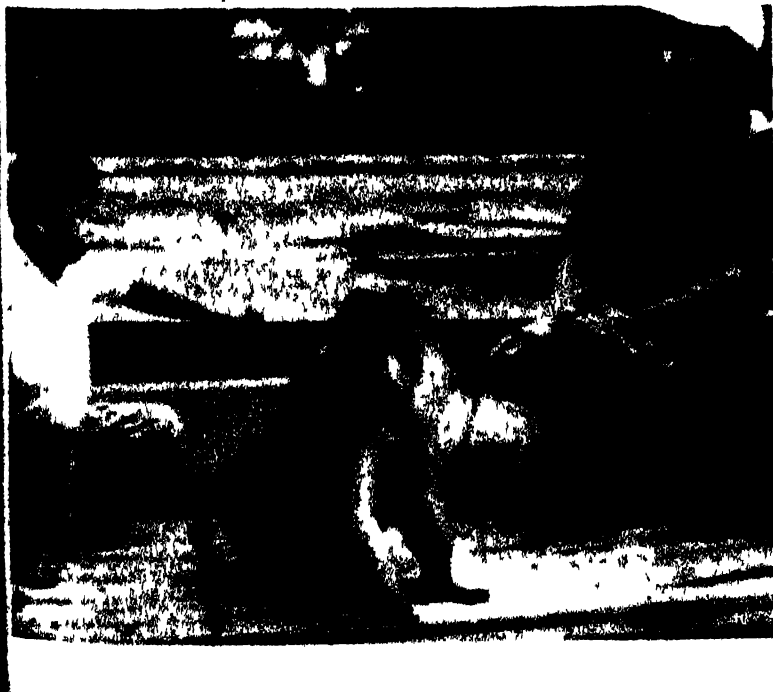
## Ways Of Picking Nuts

Twisting the nuts seems to be the most common method adopted for plucking coconuts. If the animal gets a place to sit near the bunch it uses one of his fore-paws on a trigonous ridge at the top of the fruit and forces the fruit to turn towards his side, simultaneously pushing the lower portion of the fruit backwards with a foot. The fruit gets twisted and the act is repeated a few more times before it snaps. Even where a convenient sitting place is not available, the primate is still able to twist a fruit with just his two hands. At times he hangs supporting himself with his legs and wrenches off an inconveniently-placed fruit.

The final graduation for the animal comes when he can swing from tree to tree instead of coming down and climbing up again and plucking only the clusters of ripe fruit. However according to most monkey-owners such an elaborate training is unnecessary. They claim that these animals can instinctively distinguish



A MACAQUE MONKEY TWISTING A COCONUT FRUIT WITH JUST TWO HANDS. A foot also usually helps in plucking the fruit when the monkey gets a convenient place to sit near the fruit bunch. Below Mundi the macaque, trainer Santoso and his son Hartono arriving in an open truck to give a demonstration to the author at Pekanbaru, Sumatra.



between the ripe and the raw fruit and how to pluck them. But they admit that the animals have to be taught to learn the different commands which are conveyed through the cords which the owners hold.

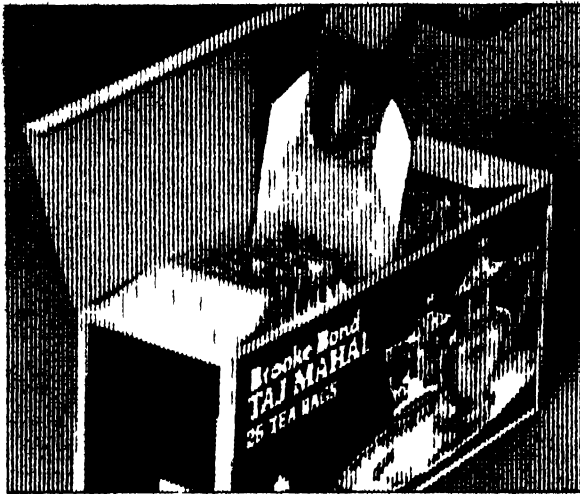
The climbing capacity of a monkey depends on the kind and quantity of food it receives from his master. The nature of food provided for the harvesting monkey varies between countries and between regions within a country. Mundi, the male macaque of trainer Santoso of Pekanbaru (Sumatra) receives daily a chicken egg, adequate quantities of boiled rice mixed with coconut sauce three

times a day, a few bananas and three glasses of sugared water. During the training period, the novice receives additional delicacies such as peanuts and sugar candy.

However it's not all fun being a monkey. The stubborn and the stupid who refuse to learn are promptly packed off to the butcher's shop to be sold to connoisseurs who are fond of curried monkey flesh!

Most monkeys average a harvest of 500 to 750 fruits a day, which earns their masters up to US \$3 a day. In certain areas where better prices prevail, the animals can earn up to even \$9 per day!

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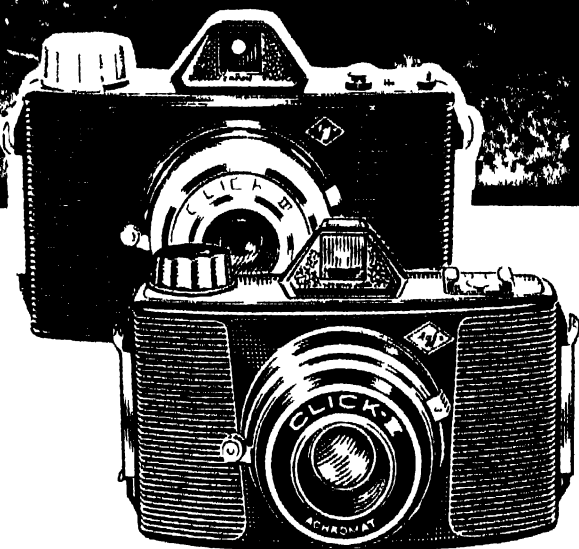


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# Indira Gandhi's 'My Truth'

We reproduce here special selected extracts from Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's MY TRUTH as presented by Emmanuel Pouchpadass in the Vision book due shortly for publication.

## As Congress President

**I**N 1957 I was elected to the Congress Central Election Committee. I had not been a candidate, I didn't want to stand, but U N Dhebar informed me that they had sent up my name and that I could not refuse. As it happened, all but four people voted for me. Had I won by, say, 80% or less, nobody would have bothered to wonder who hadn't voted for me, but, since there were only four dissenters, I was terribly concerned to know who they were and this bothered me for a long time. Eventually, I found out the name of one of them! I also remember that there was a tie between two South Indians. One was Mr Mallaya and the other was Mr Nijalingappa. I didn't know them very well, so I went to my father to ask him whom one should vote for. My father never helped me in such matters; he just replied, *You are now on your own.* Then I went to the other leaders and learned what a poor opinion they had of Mr Nijalingappa!

For the general elections of 1957 I campaigned all over the country. Lal Bahadur Shastri, who was then Railway Minister, was put in charge of the elections and this is really why he resigned (*as Railway Minister*). There was a railway accident and everybody thought that he had resigned his ministership merely because of the accident. It may have had something to do with it, but one reason was the elections.

## Role In Kerala Government's Fall

**T**HAT year (1957) a Communist Government came to power in Kerala. This attracted a lot of attention abroad because, for the first time, this had happened through *constitutional* means. But I want to say something about Kerala because the Marxists are always accusing me of having brought down their Government. My recollection is that Mr Nambudiripad, who was the Chief Minister, *did* make a statement to the effect that the law and order situation was not entirely in their control, there was a strong public demand for a change of government. But it could never have been done had the Central Government not been willing. I did go to Kerala and I did report on the situation. My own opinion would not have changed things. The fact is that my father probably was not happy about the situation. I know Ieroze was not happy about it. But I also know that people like Govind Ballabh Pant, the then Home Minister, and others were determined that it should happen. So that my part was not as important as it is now made out to have been.

## Of China And Krishna

**I**N October 1962, the Chinese attacked because of the Tibet situation. I felt it was very unfortunate because if all the countries of Asia could be more united, it would be much easier to solve the problems of this continent. India certainly doesn't want to be a leader, but we do want to be strong enough to be able to defend ourselves and to solve our own problems. On the other hand, the Chinese have very strong views about their own superiority as a people and as a nation. What the basis was for their attack, I do not know. I think the effects of it will show up only much later.

We had border problems and this is a question about which people get very excited. There are moments when one should try to be cool and say, *Well, just let it lie for a while.*

I am sure if they had taken that attitude, we could have solved the problem later on. But they chose the aggressive way. Maybe they thought that they would frighten us. It was unfortunate and it certainly increased our burden very much. But as a member of the Government's National Defence Council, I could not let them intimidate us. I viewed the Tibetan problem as a human one. There were people who were being oppressed and who asked for shelter. I was not questioning China's sovereignty or anything like that, but I did feel that when people were coming to seek refuge, it had always been India's tradition to grant it.

I was opposed to the Chinese bringing their troops. But I think we had accepted the view that Tibet had a very close relationship with China. I first met the Dalai Lama and the Panchen Lama in Peking when I was there with my father. I was impressed by the Dalai Lama. Later they came to India. Now the Dalai Lama lives up in Dharamsala.

On November 21, 1962, there was a unilateral ceasefire. As a result of the war, Krishna Menon, the Defence Minister, left the Government. This departure was a loss to the Government. Menon had his fads, but he was very lucid and a great



patriot. He saw the problems very clearly and he had an extraordinary ability in finding solutions. The reason for his leaving was not simply that people didn't like him. It was part of it, but the main reason was that they thought his departure would weaken my father. That was their aim. We saw a repetition of this tactic much later when they tried to attack everybody they thought was close to me. Although my father did regard Krishna Menon as a friend, I wouldn't say that he was as close to him as people made him out to be. I am sure he took Menon's advice on many matters, but he made up his mind on his own and not because Krishna had said so.

## Nehru: The Last Phase

**A**FTER the war, my father's health deteriorated, he probably wasn't too well before, but Krishna Menon's departure was a very big blow to him. I think what hurt him most was that his own colleagues had been so opposed to him and the manner in which they had literally hounded Krishna Menon out of the Cabinet. If my father could have withstood that, it would have been better, but the movement was so big and all the people he considered very close—T T Krishnamachari, Shastri, and all—were against him. It was a great disappointment.

All this weakened his position considerably and, in that sense, one can say that the Government moved to the right at that point, because none of the programmes were implemented. Of course, the Syndicate had always existed, but it had never been so visible or so compact. It really emerged at that time. This was the time of the so-called Kamaraj Plan under which six leading Cabinet Ministers and six provincial Chief Ministers were asked to resign their Governmental offices in order to apply themselves to organisational work for the Congress Party.

It seems that Kamaraj, Sanjiva Reddy and others got together at Tirupati and talked about it. Biju Patnaik just happened to be there. He overheard all of this, dashed back North and presented it as his plan. I was in Pahalgam with my father. As my father was resting after lunch, I went to the garden and sat with Mr Patnaik, who put this proposal to me. Naturally I didn't know that it was Kamaraj's idea. I asked, *Well, how will they take it?*

*I can convince them,* he replied.

Then my father came down and I left them together. Much later we heard it was really Kamaraj's plan!



I am told that Mr Patnaik did the same sort of thing at the time of my election.

In fact, until I was in the Working Committee. I never knew what the Working Committee did except what I read in the papers. I was quite close to Mr Shastri, largely because of his own attitude. By my father never spoke to me about Government matters. Never. I mean I didn't ask him and he never volunteered any information on what the Government was doing. He never said anything, but his colleagues did. I mean Mr Shastri would tell me and also Mr T.T. Krishnamachari.



My father died on the 27th of May (1964). He had been Prime Minister for 17 years. Many people in India and abroad thought that the Indian political system would not survive and predicted all sorts of disasters.

### As A Minister Under Lal Bahadur Shastri

WHEN Mr Shastri became Prime Minister. I remember that, some time before my father's death, an American called Welles Hagen had asked who would succeed Nehru. Without hesitation I had said: Mr Shastri. Hagen said that no one else mentioned that name and that his hot favourite was S.K. Patil. He asked: *Why do you talk about Shastri?* And I replied: *For the simple reason that he will have the party's support and ours is a system where the party has to vote for its leader.* Mr Shastri was helped also by the fact that he was so close to my father after Bhubaneswar.

When my father was ill, I went to inform Mr Shastri first of all. I didn't know how much we should say about my father's stroke. I told him that I thought it was very serious, but we did not say that to the others, we just said that he was unwell. I also persuaded my father that Mr Shastri should be closer to him.

I was then Chairman of the Nehru Memorial Trust but, when Mr Shastri asked me, I accepted the portfolio of the Minister of Information and Broadcasting. I was very reluctant, though. I had assured Mr Shastri of my support from the very beginning. In fact, before that, I had got on quite well with Mr Morarji Desai, although I didn't approve of many of his ideas. But, personally or socially, we got on quite well. At that time, Mr Desai asked for my support, but I had already pledged it to Mr Shastri. Most people had given him a vague answer saying: *We are still thinking.* My categorical answer angered Mr Desai.

Mr Shastri had also come to ask for my support. Later he came again. This time he wanted me to be a Minister and he offered me the Foreign Ministry. I did not accept it. In fact, I said I didn't want to be a Minister at all. His reply was that he must have a Nehru in the Cabinet to maintain stability. I pointed out that there was a Nehru who was very anxious to become a Minister and that it was better to choose that person than one who is reluctant. Then I said:

*Well, I have a way out. You can say that I have agreed to join the Government but, because I am in mourning, I shall not join now, but in two months. By then, you will know whether your position is stable, in which case I won't need to come at all. If there is any difficulty, I will.*

I told him also that I would not accept an important Ministry and that my first preference was Education. But, since Mr Chagla was in charge of that office, I thought that he wouldn't want to remove a Muslim. My next choice was Information and Broadcasting. I thought he had agreed to this arrangement. Both my sons hoped that I had not accepted anything; I explained what had happened. We were just talking about it at 8.30 when, on the 9.00 p.m. news, All India Radio announced that I was going to be sworn in with the others. I rang up Mr Shastri at once. His response was:

*I thought it over in the car and felt that your suggestion would create a lot of confusion. Nobody would understand why you should wait for two months. If you are going to join, why not join now?* This was how I became Minister. I must say I enjoyed being Minister for Information. I made a lot of changes. But not all of them were seen through to the end.

As for Mr Shastri, at the beginning, it was said that he lacked decisiveness and that Government policy at that time was some sort of patchwork compromise. This was the recurring theme of Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit's speeches. She also said once that Mr Shastri was a *prisoner of indecision*. I retorted: *You can't be a prisoner of indecision which indicates that the doors are all open to you! You can only be a prisoner of a decision.*

In the beginning, Mr Shastri appeared unsure of himself. Whether he really was or not, I don't know, but he always said that, after Panditji, he was a small man. This gave people a feeling of insecurity. Whoever is leading must be sure that he is the leader. And yet, in the Cabinet, Mr Shastri had declared firmly that, although the opinions of his colleagues were welcome, his word was final. He had said it in no uncertain terms—at the very first meeting. He was probably thinking of Mr Patil and others who thought they would sway him their way.

At the time of the Pakistani aggression, Mr Shastri gained self-confidence. I don't think that he really lacked it before. It was only his way of speaking, his style. But in the beginning, although people admitted his modesty, they wondered whether it was conducive to strength. Then, unfortunately, he had a heart attack soon after he took over.

It was also said that some foreign countries were putting pressure on him. I think that was not fair. The bureaucracy has never been much in favour of non-alignment. They were—and many of them still are—biased in favour of the Western bloc. Mr Shastri was surrounded by such people. For instance, when the Soviet Union suggested the Tashkent meeting, Mr Shastri asked whether the Americans would mind. I remember that I was most distressed at this attitude, for I felt that we should not encourage any country to interfere in our affairs. At some point, I remember warning against the danger of the Congress Party sliding away from the socialist path. I could see that policies were not being implemented and, of course, the more conservative groups had come very much to the fore after my father's death.

### Shastri At Tashkent

ON January 10, 1966, after signing the Tashkent agreement which put an end to the 22-day war with Pakistan. Mr Shastri, "the well-meaning and honest man" who had succeeded my father hardly 19 months before, passed away. But there is something I must say about the Tashkent agreement. It was very unpopular in the country—not the fact that it was an agreement, but the terms of it. Knowing how unpopular it was, Shastriji phoned his family and his daughter herself admitted to me later that they had told him that the situation would be very tense. In fact, she said that she had scolded and shouted at him. I was personally upset because, when I went to Haji Pir, I had told the cheering soldiers that we would not give it up. The soldiers there had surrounded me and explained how they had fought for it and made sacrifices. But Shastriji seemed to be soft towards the Jana Sangh. I don't know whether I should say "soft". His nature was gentle and some people take gentlemanly and civilised behaviour to mean weakness; they don't see it as a gentlemanly quality. But the common man appreciated it and the nation was plunged in grief at his death. Afterwards, although we had a majority in 1967, Mr Patil and some others were in favour of a coalition government. When asked how this was possible, they answered: *With the Swatantra Party and the Jana Sangh*, though both these parties were diametrically opposed to our secularism, our socialism and our foreign policy.

When Mr Shastri passed away, I really didn't think of myself at all. When he had come to ask me to become a Minister, I had thought it was just a huge joke and I had told him that, firstly, I was not in the mood for jokes immediately after the death of my father and, secondly, that this was a ridiculous proposition. I didn't know that people had been discussing it. I think somebody else had mentioned it to me, but again I had dismissed the idea.

Whenever there is a vacancy for anything, they go round to people canvassing. But one does not believe all they say. I must say I was worried at the thought of Mr Morarji Desai becoming Prime Minister, because his policies were so diametrically opposed to what we stood for and I feared that India would immediately change direction.

## How She Became PM

I was elected Leader of the Party on January 19, 1966. Morarji Desai chose the date and I was sworn in as Prime Minister on January 24. I think Mr Kamaraj and others supported me just because they felt that I had the majority in the party—between Mr Morarji Desai and myself. The other person whose name was then mentioned was Mr Y. B. Chavan. I offered my support to Mr Chavan but he had investigated the situation and thought that I had the majority. Mr D. P. Dhar and some others told me earlier that Mr Patnaik was supporting Mr Morarji Desai. Mr Patnaik had always been close to Mr Desai and, in fact, of the Orissa group, only Nandini Satpathi supported me at that stage. Patnaik went to scold her. She said it was both her private opinion and one based on ideology. Mr Patnaik was quite angry. Mr Barooah and some others were discussing the matter when Mr Patnaik tried to canvas for Mr Morarji Desai. They told him they were supporting me. Mr Patnaik also went to Atulya Ghosh to tell him to support Morarji Desai. But in the meantime, these people had gone to Atulya Babu, who had agreed to support me.

They said, *Will you come with us to her to make her accept that we should propose her name?*

Patnaik had come there to Atulya Ghosh and he had talked to Morarji when these people arrived. Then they all came together to my house and Patnaik told them, *You sit here. I'll call her out.*

Mr Patnaik came to me and said that he had brought some friends and that they all wanted me to be Prime Minister. Then I remembered what had happened about the Kamaraj Plan and I told them about it. There was every strong feeling against Morarji Desai. I think at that point they were not so much for me as against him. India's problems were quite serious then—in fact there was a drought—and I think that it is only because I had no experience at all that I could be bold enough to feel I could take over. Besides, it all happened very fast. There was little time for hesitation.



## Why They Wanted Sanjiva Reddy After Zakir Husain

A CHALLENGE emerged on the occasion of the election of the Union President and Vice-President. When Dr Zakir Husain was selected as our candidate, a lot of our people didn't like the idea of a Muslim becoming President. It was the first time. But when I stuck to it they supported me on it. Then they said that he was a bad choice not because he was a Muslim but because he wouldn't win. That was the excuse. So I said, *Let's lose but we should still try.* And, of course, he won.

I think it was a great thing because it broke the chain. For instance, before that, Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed was Finance Minister in Assam and, every now and then, someone would say that he should be Chief Minister but that, as he was a Muslim, he just couldn't be chosen. After Dr Husain's election, we have had Muslim Chief Ministers in Hindu majority States and in other important positions.

Nevertheless, after the 1967 election, there was a definite split in the Congress Party. It was not obvious to all, but it was obvious to us, to everybody here, because, every time we had a meeting of the Executive of the Parliamentary Party, there would be tension and some people would deliberately try to—I won't say insult, although it was pretty near—but needle me on any small point and make it as unpleasant as possible. Mr Patil was openly saying that we should have a coalition government. We asked him whom with? He said the Jana Sangh and the Swatantra. Two parties whose policies, foreign and domestic, had always been diametrically opposed to the Congress since the very beginning. So this difference was there and it was growing.

It was in the sphere of foreign affairs actually that the first signs of ideological polarisation appeared. During the Arab-Israel war of June 1967, I came out against Israel as the aggressor and Mr Morarji Desai's visit to Japan and the USA provoked an open clash. I don't think he would have done anything by himself but his followers kept saying that he had their full support and that he should not knuckle under me and that sort of thing.

In July 1968 there was the famous case of supply of arms to Pakistan and at the Soviet Union's invasion of Czechoslovakia. India did not vote for the West-sponsored UN resolution and internally this led to a lot of discussion. Factional warfare in the Congress escalated rapidly. And then, in April 1969, the Faridabad Congress Session, two rival points emerged on virtually every issue. It happened in a very strange way. Traditionally, the Congress President always shows the Prime Minister the written speech he will deliver at the Congress Committee meeting. All Congress Presidents used to show it to my father. I know this because quite often they would give it to me and ask me to have him glance through it and give it back to them. But it is not a rule—I don't have to. So Mr Nijalingappa, the Congress President, didn't show his speech to me and it never struck me that I should ask for it. (In fact I didn't ask Barooah when he was later President of the Congress Party for the speech he delivered at the session.)

I spoke in the morning extempore, without my notes. I outlined what I thought was the Congress policy and then, in the afternoon, Nijalingappa said exactly the opposite. He read his written speech.

The battle was reopened in May with the death of Zakir Husain. I had chosen Zakir Husain not because he was a Muslim, not because I liked him, but because I had spoken to a large number of Members of Parliament, Members of Legislative Assemblies and other people and they had all said that there was nothing against him except his religion. Many had supported him even though he was a Muslim, but those who were against him had admitted that their only reason for it was his religion. It seemed to me that opinion was almost unanimous in his favour.

When Dr Husain died, once again I started talking to people. I never tried to impose my choice. I would simply say, *Some names have been mentioned in the newspapers, you have seen them. What would you like to say about them?*

I met nearly all the opposition leaders too. I got the impression that they all supported Giri, the Vice-President. So far, all the Vice-Presidents had become Presidents and, although it doesn't mean that we should always stick by this precedent, there was no real reason to bypass Giri.

Morarji was the only person who honestly said that he didn't support him, although Giri had been chosen Vice-President at his special request. I had accepted Giri then because I thought that it made it easier for Zakir Husain to become President. Therefore, I was very surprised when Morarji said he didn't want Giri. He was the only one to say so quite frankly. When I asked them all the others, whether it was Kamraj or Nijalingappa, were 'thinking about it' or 'discussing the matter'. Then I started asking people, *Suppose for some reasons we can't have Giri, the second name I propose is that of the Agriculture Minister, Mr Jagjivan Ram.*

So, when they chose Sanjiva Reddy, I was upset because some people who I thought—I may be mistaken—had said they would support Giri voted for Reddy at the meeting. The score was 6 to 5. Moreover, it was very wrong for the Parliamentary Board to choose the President. Never before had this happened. The choice was always discussed in the Working Committee and so on, because whoever is elected does not simply become the President of a Party, he is the President of India.

This was the first time that the Parliamentary Board had selected the President in that way—at least so far as I know. When Reddy won the vote there, I decided to support him too, I thought I would go along and, therefore, I signed the paper for his nomination. After that, though, they openly said that the point of getting Reddy elected was to get rid of the Prime Minister. A newspaper even carried a signed article to this effect. I felt this was against our very system. The way to remove a Prime Minister is not to create a conflict between the President and the Prime Minister. Our system simply cannot work with such conflict. The decision must be made by the Party. If the Party loses its confidence in him, then the Prime Minister goes.

But, even when the conflict came out in the open, I did not wish to tell a single person to vote for Mr Giri. People, including Ministers, did come to ask me what to do. My reply was that they know the situation and that they had to judge and

for themselves what was the right action.

nor give such directives. There was talk about the Judiciary being aborted in politics but, when Dr Zakir Husain stood for Presidentship, all the opposition was supporting the ex-Chief Justice. With Mr Sanjiva Reddy, they tried to change the system through the backdoor by using the President who, under the Constitution, has no such powers.

## Bangla Triumph

ON December 16, 1971, Pakistan surrendered. Bangladesh was thus liberated within 14 days. It was a decisive military victory—there is no doubt about that. But what I am most proud of—not for me but for the army—is that it was so neatly done. In large part, this was due to the leadership in the army and the excellent rapport between me and the armed forces. I kept in constant touch with them.

Immediately afterwards, I took the decision to have a unilateral ceasefire on the Eastern Front. This was not a popular decision and a lot of people and some political parties thought we should press our advantage. This decision also was made very quickly. Had I delayed it, had I not made it that night, I wouldn't have been able to do it. I wish we had kept a minute-to-minute record of that day. I was giving an interview to a Swedish TV team when the first news of the surrender came. The talks had gone on through various stages and we were expecting something to happen. As the interview proceeded, I was getting the information in bits and pieces. In the middle of it, I had to go and meet the General who was in the next room to give me a report. I went back and answered the questions. Then I made a statement in Parliament. I came back and answered two more questions. Later I recorded a statement for the radio.



All this didn't strike me as unusual! I just felt it was something that had to be done. While giving the interview, I was making up my mind—what to do and how. I think that being able to do several things at once without any tension is one of my main assets. If I am talking to someone, one part of my mind is with him, but, if I have something else important, it doesn't mean that I have shelved it.

First, I discussed the proposal with the Defence Chiefs. Then I called the Cabinet meeting. Next I gathered together the opposition leaders and, by 8.30, we had announced the ceasefire on the radio. In between, I had twice phoned Sardar Swaran Singh, who was in New York. Meanwhile, General Yahya Khan was going around saying the fight would go on. And the Generals were listening to him even while I was talking to the opposition in the other room. But, all considered, I think it was a significant victory, not only a military victory, but also a political and diplomatic one. Some people have not forgiven it. Our troubles in India started with our great victory in the election; and our trouble with the rest of the world started with the victory in Bangladesh.

Today my guiding principles are exactly what they were before: co-existence, non-alignment, international cooperation on a basis of equality and sovereignty, full independence and freedom from domination and fear, and work with other nations for friendship and peace all over the world.

## Emergency And After

THE reason for the Emergency and postponement of election was instability and indiscipline in the country. We got over that position. So I thought it was time to have the elections. I was by no means sure that I would win. I was sure that we would not get a big majority. I thought that we would just get through perhaps. I did not really give a thought to our winning or not. I just thought that we did not have the elections for some reason and, now that the reason was no longer there, we should have the elections. It was just that. It was a purely democratic action. Everybody gave the credit for democracy to the opposition, whereas it was I who decided the elections. And I accepted the defeat very gracefully and offered cooperation. It is they who were then trying to crush the Congress.

There is no use saying that we also arrested people, because we did it in a different context, when there was a threat of agitation and when the economy was on the verge of collapse, whereas we had left them granaries overflowing and every kind of stability. Apart from economic welfare, politically we have achieved a great deal, because the unity of India was never so strong and meaningful in all these years—before or since Independence. Especially in the border states we have managed to bring the people into the mainstream of the national life. Now, unfortunately, that is already cracking and, in every State, there is trouble.

## Ram Thought He Would Be PM!

JAGJIVAN RAM'S departure represented, in fact, a true and new split—the last being that of 1969—within the Government party, because he announced the creation of a new party—the Congress for Democracy. He didn't want to say anything. He just thought he would be Prime Minister. They promised him that he would be Prime Minister.

People were telling me for a long time that Mr Ram was talking against me and that he would do something. I knew that he would do it, but I just didn't know the time and the manner in which he would do it. I didn't think that anything would be served by putting him out of the Government. On the last day, Mr Ram came and said that we should remove the Emergency. He didn't say it as if he really expected me to do it. He just said: *I think you should remove the Emergency.* I replied that I would consider it. For the last two days, I had had discussions with the Home Ministry and the Home Ministry had said that they were bothered only about two things: one, what would happen to the smugglers if they were all suddenly released and, two, how could we continue to ban the RSS? Otherwise we had removed everything.

The Presidential Rule had gone; political prisoners had been released. So I said: *Since you have mentioned it, I will take it up again with the Home Ministry.* And, as soon as Mr Ram left, within half an hour, I phoned the Home Ministry and asked it to take another look over it and send a note on it. In fact, Mr Ram was not serious about it. I think it was Mr Bahuguna who was behind his move.

## Bhutto's Tragic Compromise

WITH Mr Bhutto and Pakistan, our fault had always been overgenerosity. I don't know whether they understood this or whether they just thought that we were soft because of foreign pressure or something like that. I had no special relations with Bhutto except that I tried my best to be friendly. Although Bhutto started by being rather stiff and nervous when he came to Simla, he and his daughter both relaxed considerably during their stay. I think that, if he had taken a stronger line with regard to friendship with India, it would have worked. But, when he started to compromise with the military, that was bound to give the edge to the military.

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# Temple In The Sahyadris

An accidental discovery by a photographer trekking in the Sahyadris has brought to light some valuable historic and pre-historic material.

The author is on the staff of the Department of Archaeology, Deccan College, Pune.

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by Dr Ashok Marathe

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Photographs by Dundappa

**T**REKKING towards Khireswar village in the Sahyadri range, one is faced by three awesome escarpments rising abruptly from the ground. Tradition attaches a historic value to these by giving them the names of Raja Harischandra flanked by Taramati and Rohidas. Archaeology, however, doesn't corroborate this belief.

Harischandragadh had long been a place of sport for young trekkers. In spite of the ravages of time and vandalism there still stand upright a few sanctuaries of historical and cultural value.

Thanks to Dundappa, a wayside adventurer, who stumbled upon these shrines and led Ivan Fera and myself to them, much historical material has been discovered.

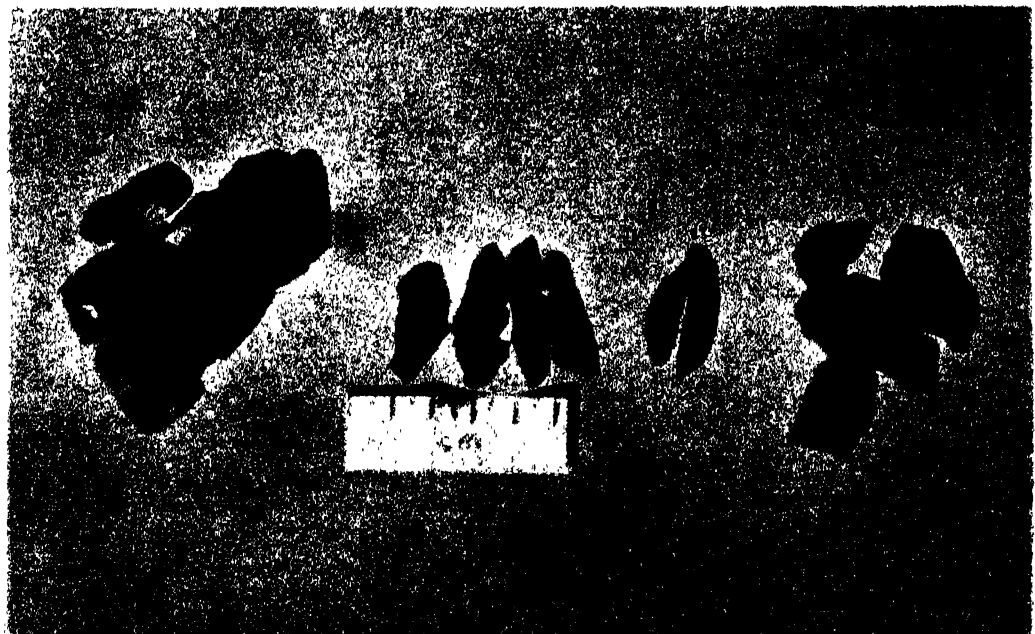
Harischandragadh, a fort of the time of Shivaji, is situated about 100 km east of Bombay off the Kalyan-Junnar-Paithan road, the ancient trade route. Since early historic times—first to second centuries AD—this route played a crucial role in trade. The Satavahana rulers in the Deccan, with



THE HARISCHANDRESHWAR TEMPLE built sometime in the 9th century AD in the Indo-Aryan style. It combines architectural features of both the north and the south. Below: Microliths used by prehistoric people as weapons and implements.



TREKKERS' REST? The area around Harischandragadh is popular among hikers and some of the temples and caves have been subjected to vandalism.

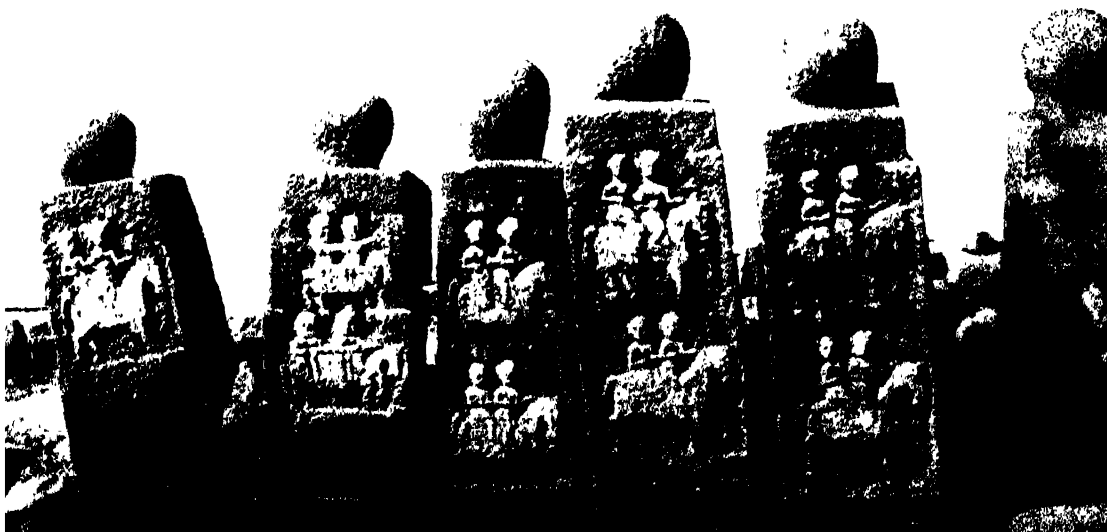




HOUSE OF SIVA. Rockcut cave with carved square pillars. Below A Sivalinga inside the cave.



Below: Hero stones erected as memorials on Harischandragadh.



their headquarters at Pratistan (modern Paithan) maintained their trade with the outside world through the flourishing ports at Kalyan, Chaul, Nala-Sopara and Vasai on the western coast. Hence, quite a few places like Naneghat, Harischandragadh and Junnar have yielded valuable information in the form of lithographs and copper plate inscriptions for the reconstruction of the cultural heritage of the ancient Deccan.

A copper plate grant found at Surat mentions Harishchandra, a Trikutaka king(?). The word 'Trikuta' refers to a region surrounded by three hills and the rulers of that region were known as 'Trikutakas'. Raghuvamsa of Kalidasa mentions this. Historians identify the region of Harischandragadh with the description in Raghuvamsa. The political history of this region is as yet shrouded in darkness. However, being on the ancient trade route since the days of the Satavahanas of the early Christian era until the emergence of the British in India, Harischandragadh occupied a major place in the cultural history of the Deccan.

At Khireswar village there are three temples, in nagara style of architecture, built around the 8th century AD. These temples have not been preserved or restored by the concerned authorities.

The temple of Khireswar is a small but neat looking work of architecture. It can be ascribed to about the 12th century. Its roof consists of a number of sloping cornice-like projections interspersed with the *chhatra-torna* motifs. Its external walls are severely plain nor is there any sculptural ornamentation inside. There are a couple of hero-stones lying outside. On the other hand, the Nageswar temple, which houses a *Sivalinga* in the sanctum sanctorum, bears a few sculptures in relief on the *mandapa*—Siva-Parvati on an ox, Brahma-Saraswati on a hansa, Madan-Rati on a peacock and Ganesh on a rat, the last being a rare and noteworthy example. On the outer wall of the temple there is a much-effaced inscription.

The temple of Harischandreshwar is at the top of Harischandragadh. This temple is a monument built sometime around the 9th century. It is built in the Indo-Aryan or Northern style. Much of the stone is eroded due to the weather. There is very little of figure sculpture on the walls but the entire structure and its constituent parts are of a piece with early medieval architecture south of the Narmada. In fact, if one has to find a parallel to the *sikhara* (spire) of this temple one has to travel all the way to Aihole. But a number of features of this temple suggest a later date and a northern rather than southern origin.

Most outstanding is the fort of the Maratha period which heralds the military supremacy of Chhatrapati Shivaji. In 1818 this fort was conquered by Shivaji from a detachment under Captain Sykes. This was a place from which a mutiny was launched against the British. It is interesting to note that some of these caves were health resorts during 1836-1943.

If these monuments speak of the history of human activity at Harishchandragadh the relics of prehistoric human activity are represented by microliths. These tiny stone implements, not measuring more than 6 cms, were hafted in wood or bone to facilitate the procurement of food. Hundreds of such tools are found strewn over the rock surface and on the floor of natural caverns. Prehistoric men seem to have made the best use of natural resources such as chalcedony, a lustrous milky stone, wild plants, animal food and the natural shelters which protected them from severe climate and from wild beasts.



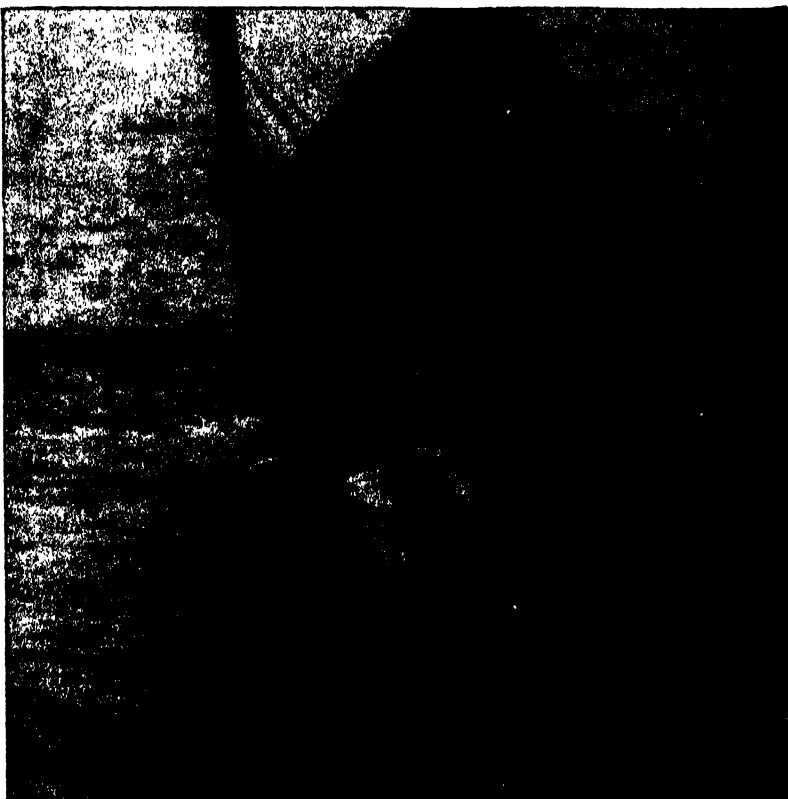
# Here Comes The Prince Of Wales!

Charles, Prince of Wales, arrives in India on November 25. The Prince has been, over the years, one of Britain's most effective representatives and his visit to this country is sure to arouse considerable interest.



**NO SMILE AS YET FOR THE CAMERA.** Prince Charles looks perplexed as his mother, Queen Elizabeth II (then Princess Elizabeth), smiles. This photograph was taken in 1949.

**A BORN ATHLETE.** Known for his love for and proficiency at a variety of sports, Prince Charles is seen wind-surfing at the Isle of Wight.

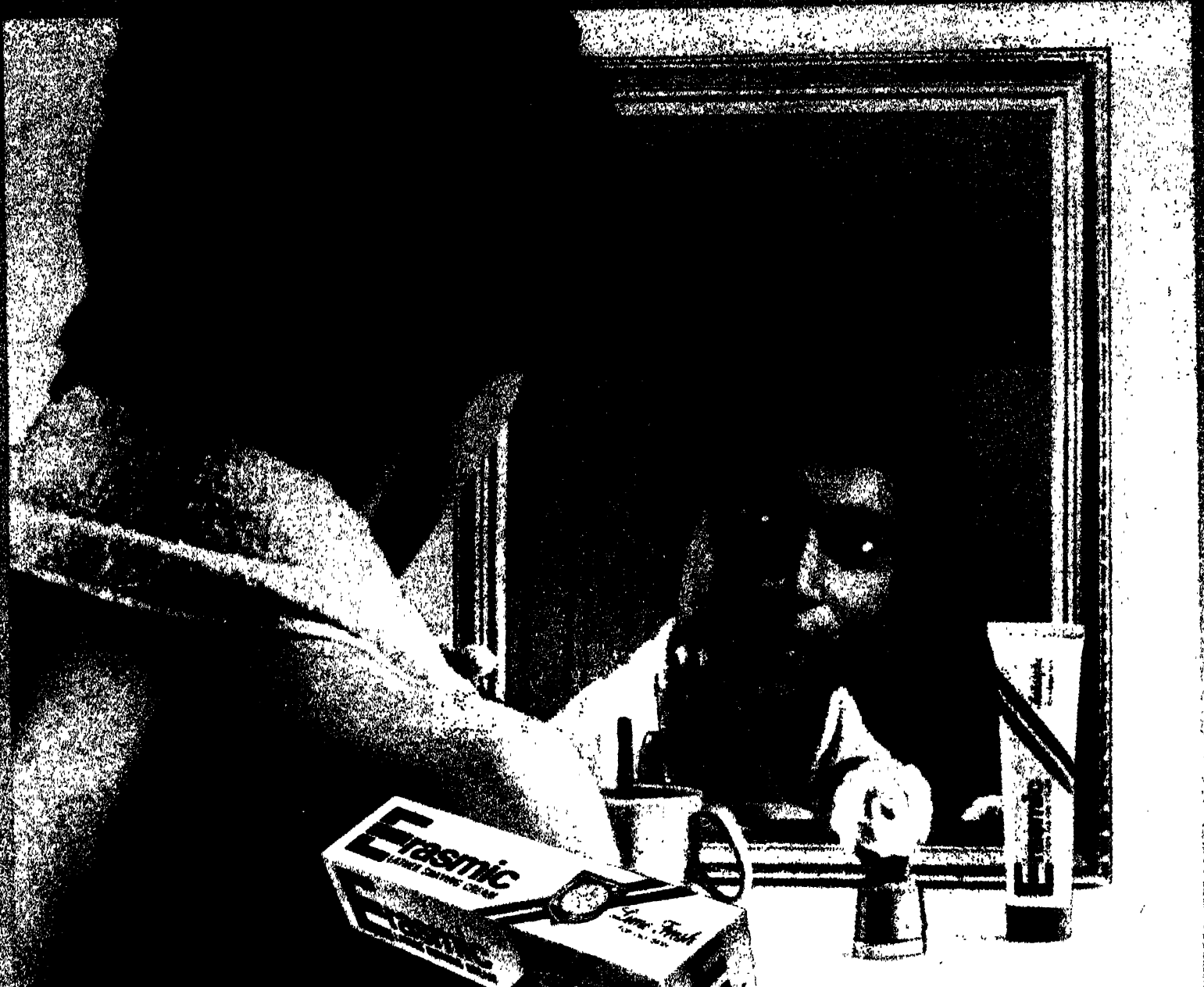


**A PRINCELY CAREER.** In 1971 the Prince joined the Royal Navy and served for five years. Before that he had trained at the Royal Air Force College, where he gained his pilot's "wings". Here he explains to his brother, Prince Andrew, the working of the compass of a ship under his command: "HMS Bronington".

**BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.** The Prince of Wales' overseas engagements earlier this year have included the Independence celebrations at Zimbabwe and the Accession Ceremony of Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands. The Prince's popularity is demonstrated here by an enthusiastic crowd at Melbourne. The Prince however is no longer eligible—his engagement to Lady Diana Spencer has been confirmed by Buckingham Palace.







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# The Face Of Indian Publishing

**The role of the private sector is very crucial if book publishing is to flourish and assist in the Government's efforts to spread education.**

by K. S. Duggal

NEW avenues were opened in the field of book publishing in India after Independence. The modern Indian languages acquired more and more importance and literary activity in the regional languages received a fillip. There was a boost in the number of schools and colleges. There was a spate of newspapers and periodicals and publishing developed by leaps and bounds. Before long, India found itself to be the seventh-largest publisher of books in the world and the third-largest publisher of books in English after the USA and the UK.

And yet ours is one of the lowest rates of book production. As against 535 for Europe, 150 for the world average and 50 for Asia, India has a meagre 27 books per million of our population.

While we have, among ourselves, publishers who can claim an initial print-run of 5 lakh copies in soft cover of a Hindi novel and about a lakh copies of a fairly expensive title like *Freedom At Midnight* in hard cover, the normal print run of our publications in English and the Indian languages is 1-100 copies which is utterly uneconomic. It is even less in some of the regional languages like Urdu and Punjabi, Oriya and Assamese.

Most Indian authors cannot make a livelihood out of royalties. They have to work in Government offices, teach in schools and colleges, do odd jobs to enable them to pursue their literary activity.

Meanwhile, the price of paper and other raw material, not to speak of production costs, have spiralled so high that buying a book is now beyond the pocket of a reader of average means. Even paperbacks are becoming prohibitive day by day.

## Sethback To Private Sector

While Independence opened the floodgates of opportunities for Indian publishing, it slammed the vital door on publishing in the private sector. School textbooks came to be nationalised. This decision had disastrous consequences on book publishing in the country. Many an empire collapsed overnight. It had an equally devastating effect on the student community. The public sector was found utterly unprepared



**CATCH 'EM YOUNG!** The nationalisation of school textbooks has had disastrous consequences on book publishing in the country.

for the gigantic responsibility. Every now and then, complaints were received about the non-availability of school textbooks or of malpractices in their distribution.

One could hardly say that we have streamlined all this even today, despite the existence of highly professional organisations, like the National Council for Educational Research & Training (NCERT). While one can understand the Government's anxiety to arrange for the preparation of school textbooks under its auspices, why cannot the production and distribution of the titles be entrusted to the expertise of the private sector? It is now learnt that NCERT has made a beginning in this direction.

The position before the nationalisation of school textbooks was that the publishers made assured profits in textbook publishing and did not mind undertaking publication of books of general interest. Deprived of this important source of income, publishing in the private sector became wary of involving itself in general books. This cautious approach killed many a budding writer.

## After Nationalisation

After the nationalisation of school textbooks, the Indian publisher was left with university-level books as an important sphere of activity. The Government, however, started making inroads in this field, too, by entering into bilateral agreements with the countries that were major suppliers of higher-level textbooks and also by setting up bureaux of textbooks in the universities. Then the Government took the momentous decision to switch to the Indian languages as media of instruction from the lowest to the highest degree, including

post graduate research. The Ministry of Education and Social Welfare earmarked Rs 18 crores for the purpose and set up a network of University Textbook Boards throughout the country. This was the proverbial last straw that broke the camel's back.

The Government, with a view to producing low-priced, good reading material and encouraging creative writing, set up the National Book Trust, India, and the Sahitya Akademi at the Centre. Very soon the States also organised similar bodies at their level. They started snatching whatever little was left with the private sector. However, soon the realisation dawned upon those in authority that the public and the private sectors in publishing must be complementary to each other. The public sector should undertake publishing of books which people ought to read and leave those which people want to read to the private sector.

It was also realised that the public sector in publishing should engage itself more and more in promotional activities. For instance, the National Book Trust, India, should organise book exhibitions and book fairs at the regional, national and international levels. Rather than publishing books as its primary activity, the Trust should foster book-mindedness. It should conduct periodical surveys in reading habits and share its findings with the book trade.

In pursuance of this, the Ministry of Education and Social Welfare entrusted the Trust with the operation of a scheme called Subsidised Publication of University Level Books. It is an ambitious project under which the Trust has already disbursed large funds to the tune of Rs 1 crore to the University level textbook publishers.

The scheme is designed to help the student community by providing it with low-priced textbooks. The provision for the current year is Rs 25 lakhs approximately.

## The Library Crisis

The present crisis in publishing has been precipitated by the Government withholding the normal grants for purchase of books by the libraries. It is noticed that whenever there is a constraint of funds, the axe invariably falls first on the cultural and educational institutions. The blow this time has been crippling. According to one estimate, books worth over Rs 4 crores printed specifically for college and university libraries have not been lifted from book publishers and distributors.

The publishing industry even in the developed countries depends mainly on library purchases. For every book purchased in the UK, 15 books are borrowed from libraries. The leading fiction writers in the UK do not have more than 2,000 copies as the first print run of their novels. Of this, 1,200 copies are purchased by the libraries, 500 copies are exported and 300 copies are left for counter sales. In India, we spend 5 paise per head on library services. In the USA, they spend more than Rs 12 per head. In the UK, it is about Rs 6 per head.

We must have a network of libraries if we do not want our literates to lapse into illiteracy. It is also not true that those who are affluent read more books. Punjab with its highest per-capita income is the least book-minded.

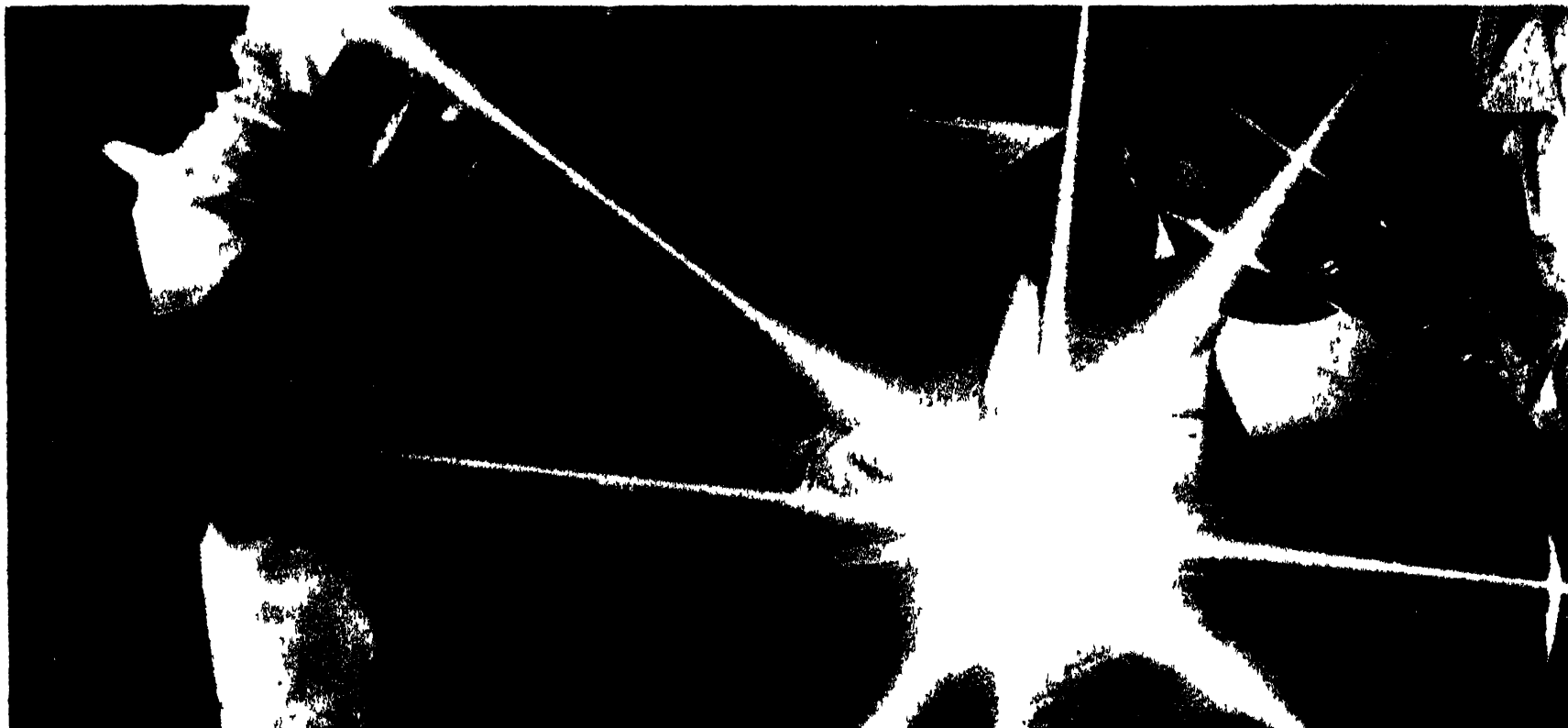
## And Now "Instant" Books

In paperbacks, however, the private sector has gone a long way in meeting the needs of book lovers in these days of soaring prices. Recently, some publishers, especially in English, have successfully exploited the topicality of some of the events of current history and have given birth to what has come to be known as "instant" books. They have indeed gone a long way in developing the reading habit and also in creating a wider market for Indian books. It was for the first time that we heard of "bestsellers" one after another, in the history of Indian publishing.

But viewing it from the larger interests of society, sheer numbers do not contribute to the quality of reading material which is the crying need of the day. Towards this end, both the public and private sectors must work together. A more perceptive approach on the part of the Government can help the book trade come out of its present predicament.

**The author is former Director of the National Book Trust.**

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If we do not have a national policy for books so far, this more or less reflects on our general approach to problems of human development. We do not have clearly formulated policies on matters related to youth, sports or even education. Most decisions that are taken are *ad hoc* in nature. They are usually in response to pressures from various directions and the overall thrust of these decisions is that the immediate problem is taken care of but a long-term perspective is always absent.

There is one important difference, however. In regard to various other sectors—sports and education, for instance—there are vested interests of one kind or another. The general situation being what it is, policy-makers find it difficult to resist them. In the case of books, there are hardly any pressures. Nobody is opposed to more books being published and sold. Nobody with any show of reason can say that we should not have more books. All those who are professionally concerned with books—writers, publishers, booksellers, librarians—have the same objective and that is to see that books are made available easily as well as at a fair price.

### Myopic Policies

What explanation can then be given for not having a national book policy? Those who are concerned with policy-making have not given due importance to books, libraries, the problems of publishing and the requirements of intellectual life in an integrated manner. Problems are attended to as and when they arise. Some marginal help is also extended to publishing and related activities. But no one had a clear idea of the problems of human development and the role of knowledge in fostering it.

Over the last three decades or so, the country has made a commendable effort in regard to the spread of education. That the results achieved are not entirely satisfactory is another matter, but there can be no doubt that enormous resources have been invested in spreading education. However, when it comes to publishing and libraries, which are a natural corollary to the spread of education, the effort has been hardly 10% of what it ought to have been. To assume that the state has performed its duty when it establishes a large number of schools, colleges and universities is to know only half the story. The other half is the neglect of a very fundamental activity called publishing and encouraging book-mindedness.

It is, therefore, important to recognise the interdependence as well as the mutually supportive role of the various sources of knowledge. Their growth has to be according to an integrated plan. To develop one sector and neglect the other is to weaken the whole edifice. This is precisely what has happened over the



At the first All India Exhibition of Books are seen Dr S. Radhakrishnan, the then President of India (centre), Mr. M.C. Chagla, the then Education Minister (right) and Dr B.V. Keskar.

# Formulating A National Book Policy

The absence of a comprehensive national book policy has adverse effects on the spread of education in India where illiteracy is widespread.

by Dr Amrik Singh

years. As a result, a kind of imbalance has been created which requires to be redressed now. If that is not done at an early enough date, it will render the effort in spreading education worthless.

### Need For National Policy

The case for having a national book policy is thus obvious. In addition to what has been said, there are three other important reasons why such a policy should be formulated soon and implemented efficiently.

To repeat the first one, in the absence of a strong infrastructure of publishing, libraries and the general availability of books, the quality of education will not improve. These are important inputs and have to be provided for in a much greater measure than has been done so far.

Secondly, it is not the Ministry of Education alone which can formulate or implement this policy. That requires the active cooperation of a number of other Ministries of the Central Government. Those that have an obvious role to play are the Ministries of Industry (manufacture of paper and printing machinery), Commerce (import policy in relation to books), Finance (credit and other banking facilities), Communications (postal rates) and a couple of others.

Thirdly, though the Central Government can formulate the policy and implement it to some extent, unless the State Governments, too, are actively involved in its implementation, bottlenecks are bound to arise. For all practical purposes, education is a State subject. The problems of regional languages can be taken care of only by the State Governments. When it comes to the establishment of

libraries and setting up of bookshops in suitable areas, the principal responsibility will be that of the States. For this and various other reasons, it is a matter of some significance that whatever policy is formulated is at least subscribed to, if not actively implemented by, the various States.

Fourthly, in order to ensure that the national book policy is implemented effectively, considerable financial support would be required. Funds of the required magnitude can come only from the State, though one must hasten to add that that would be only in the beginning. Eventually and ideally, capital resources would be generated by the ever-widening circle of readers. They would buy books and provide the recurrent capital for the industry. But, in order to encourage readers to buy books, the intervention of the State is crucial, particularly in the beginning. Our present system of education does not foster any reading habit.

### Importance Of Libraries

The role of libraries in the building up of a congenial book culture must be understood clearly. Even today, despite the limited library facilities that the country has, it is libraries which buy the bulk of books in the country. Strengthening of the library system is thus the key to the development of publishing as an industry. Full 90 per cent of the books are sold to libraries, whether they are college or university libraries or public libraries. Public libraries exist only in a few places. Certain Southern States, notably Kerala, have done some good pioneering work in this regard. But the rest are virtually indifferent to this important public service.

Even if it is accepted that we must have a national book policy, who is to formulate it and how is it to be implemented? Perhaps the simplest answer would be to suggest that a statutory body be established at the Centre. This body should both lay down a policy and ensure its implementation.

Most people concerned with publishing today talk somewhat nostalgically about the National Book Development Board, which functioned somewhat fitfully more than a decade ago. Even when it functioned it had no executive power. All that it did was to provide a useful forum for discussion. But for reasons not stated publicly, it has not functioned for almost a decade now. To pine and plead for its revival is a futile exercise. What is required today is not an advisory body but an executive body.

In recent years, some people have occasionally talked of a Book Finance Corporation more or less on the lines of the Film Finance Corporation. The idea is sound. Publishing as an industry does require a considerable inflow of capital into it. But the question to ask is which of the two—book publishing or book selling—requires to be supported in the first instance. The basic problem with Indian publishing is its inability to sell books. Sale outlets are limited in number and, as such, deficient in capital resources.

Most of what is stated here is from the urban point of view and indeed with its accent on English publishing in India. These reasons, however, should not be regarded as decisive enough to dismiss the argument out of hand. Furthermore, the problems of regional publishing are basically not different in character from what has been discussed here. Regional publishers, too, are starved of capital and they too find it difficult to reach the readers. In a sense, their situation is even worse. In towns and cities, at least there are some sale outlets but, in rural areas, these are altogether absent.

One problem is particularly evident in the rural areas. A large number of adults who want to expand their knowledge are deprived of books and other reading material. For instance, a farmer who wishes to know about beekeeping, horticulture and the like may be at a loss to find literature on such topics in the regional language. The tragedy lies in the fact that translations are not freely available in regional languages. The problem thus is quite complex.

A start has to be made somewhere to prevent the crisis from deepening further. The sooner the better. ■

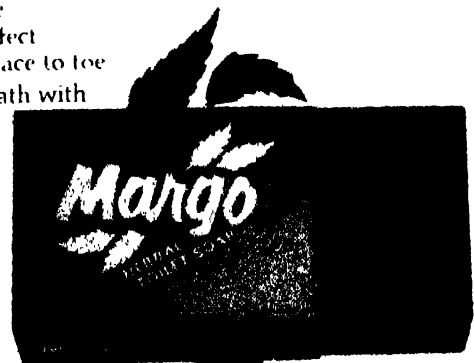


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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, NOVEMBER 23, 1980



# The Paper Crisis And Its Repercussions

Scarcity of paper in India has had a far-reaching effect on the publishing business in India. This and the virtual blackmailing attitudes of Indian paper manufacturers have made book publishing suffer a severe setback.

by O. P. Ghai

**T**HE growth of an industry depends to a large extent on the availability of raw material at a reasonable price. Invariably, production falls whenever there is a shortage or the price is too high for the industry to support. The worst sufferer is that industry which has a single raw material base, since the price of the manufactured article depends on the price of the raw material. Publishing is one such industry. The only raw material is paper. Any rise in the price of paper affects the price of books and this is more so in the case of paperbacks, textbooks and children's books where paper is the major factor deciding price.

Printing paper has been in short supply for the last eight or nine years and during this period its price began to soar. The pinch was more felt in 1971-72 and an organised effort of the publishing industry to draw the attention of the Government was made at the time of the First World Book Fair in 1972 when a seminar on Paper Problems was organised by the Akhil Bhartiya Hindi Prakashak Sangh. It was alleged that the paper mills had failed to maintain regular supplies and as a result the market price of several varieties of paper had shown a steep increase. It was also

brought to the notice of the Government that the mills, in order to charge higher rates, had changed the nomenclature of white printing paper to super calendered paper or maplitho. There was a great hue and cry from publishers and other consumers regarding the unscrupulous practices of paper manufacturers.

There was no relief till 1974 when the Government issued the Paper Production Control Order 1974 which made it obligatory for the paper mills to produce white printing paper to the extent of 30 per cent of the total manufacturing capacity and fixed the price of this paper and also of the other varieties of paper. There was some relief, but even in this exercise the paper manufacturers were the gainers as the reduced inflow of profits from the lower price of 30 per cent of paper produced was offset by the exorbitant rates fixed for the remaining 70 per cent. If we go into statistics, it will become clear that the mills are making much higher profit on 70 per cent of paper in proportion to the marginal loss on 30 per cent and this continues till today as the price of non-concessional paper is going up every three months or so.

Things began to improve after the Production Control Order 1974, as it made at least the reserved quota of 30

per cent available for textbooks resulting in less pressure on other varieties of paper. The result was that production increased in 1976. However, the price of books which were printed on paper other than the one used for textbooks rose even higher, resulting in reduced sales and the resultant accumulation of stocks.

## Blackmail By Manufacturers

In spite of many difficulties, the supply position was tolerable till about the middle of 1977 when all of a sudden the attitude of paper mills hardened again and on one pretext or the other, the supplies became irregular and very sizeable funds of the publishers were blocked with the mills. This created a shortage of textbook paper resulting in more pressure on the other varieties and resultant increase in their price.

Even during these two years of apparent calm on the paper front mills were trying their utmost to press the Government to withdraw the Paper Control Order. Thanks to the Ministry of Industrial Development the suggestion was not accepted.

After failing to have the Paper Production Control Order amended or rescinded the paper manufacturers are now creating difficulties in the supply of concessional paper. The supply is not even a quarter of the certified

demand, with the result that the publication of many textbooks is delayed and some have to be printed on paper procured from the market at 3 times the control price resulting in higher price for such books. Cases have been reported where even when advances of huge amounts were paid by publishers, the supplies were delayed by several months. In spite of their assurance to the Government, the paper mills have increased the rate of other varieties of paper used by the publishers, resulting in a steep rise in the price of general books.

Matters have deteriorated much more since 1979. The story is one of empty threats by the Government and open defiance by the paper industry.

Some of the mills which have not increased prices are resorting to other dubious practices to increase their profits. They are employing the questionable means of reducing the discount to the distributor. In some cases they have appointed their own men as distributors and supplies to the old distributors are now being made at no discount. Publishers are being told this in no uncertain terms by their suppliers who give this reason for the arbitrary price rise in spite of the fact that the mills have not raised them officially. Publishers' woes increase day by day. With some distribution of imported paper by the Hindustan Paper Corporation the crisis is checked a bit. But the price of the paper supplied by them is very exorbitant, its only effect has been to arrest the frequent rise in the price of indigenous paper.

In 1979 the Government issued the revised Paper Control Order but it has been challenged by some tycoons making all the efforts of the Government to give some relief fruitless.

The immediate demand of the publishing industry is

- i) To persuade and discipline the industry to conform to Government orders.
- ii) To ask the mills to increase the production of low grammage white printing paper from 30 per cent to 40 per cent as the consumption of this paper has considerably increased during the last six years since the order was passed.
- iii) To ask the mills to resume the production of 20 per cent cream-wove paper.
- iv) To ensure from the mills a regular supply of concessional paper not only for textbooks, but also for paperbacks and children's books which are equally important.
- v) To fix a reasonable price for other varieties of paper to be valid for at least 2-3 years so that the publishers could plan their production programme well in time.

It is very essential to check the crisis in publishing because the growth of literacy and all-round progress of the country depends on the proper growth of the publishing industry.



# November. Winter prelude.

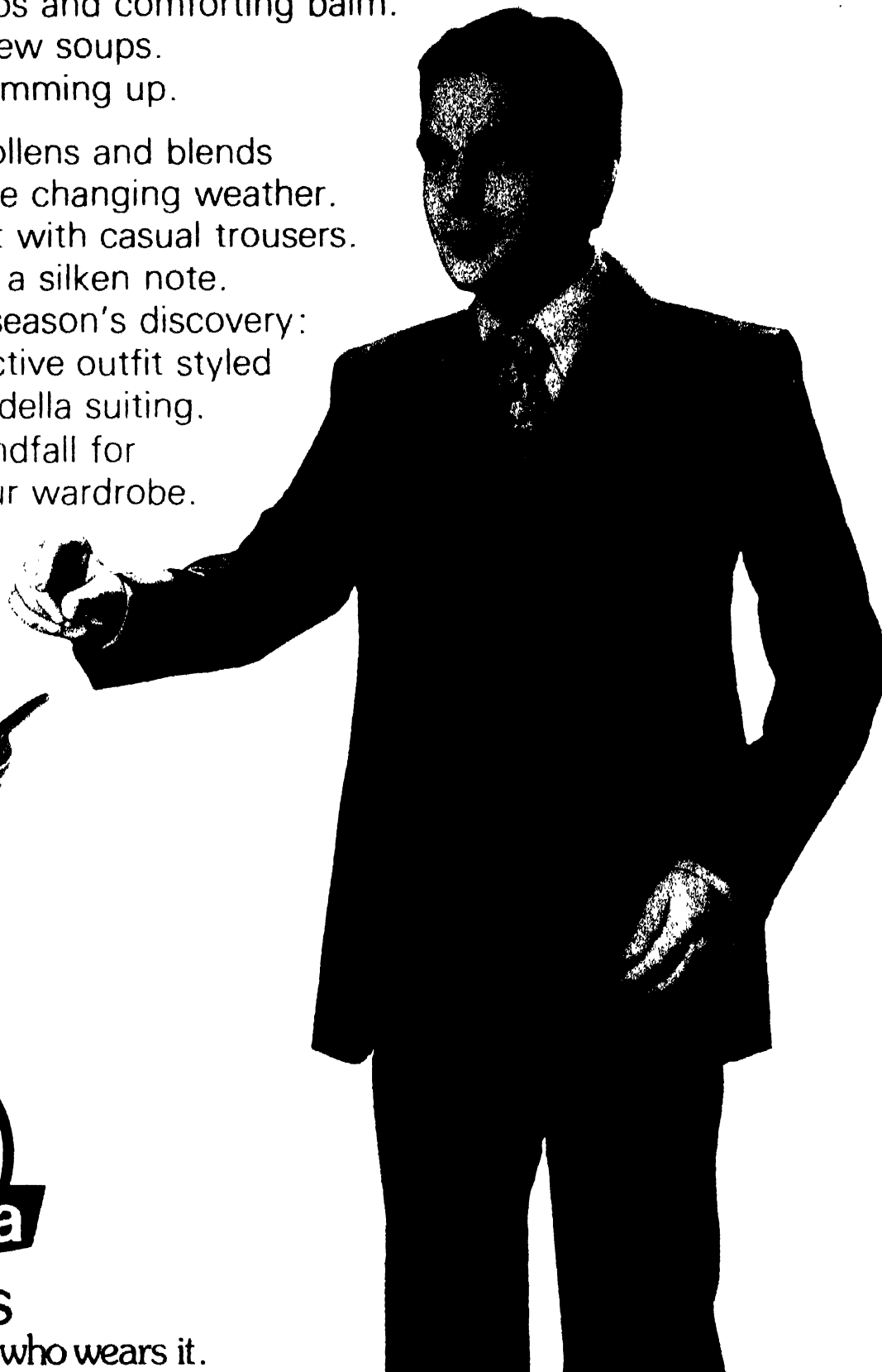
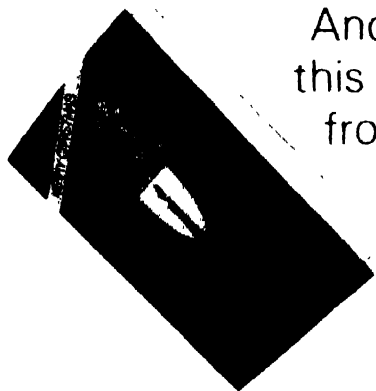
The day dies early. Skies darken.  
Shadows lengthen. Time to make  
your Christmas card list. To buy  
cough drops and comforting balm.  
To invent new soups.  
To start your summing up.



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# Third World Publishing

**T**HE term, Third World Publishing, connotes both a happy and an unhappy development in book publishing in developing countries. It implies, on the one hand, that the more industrially and technologically advanced nations of the First and Second Worlds have, metaphorically speaking, been there before and that the Third World is merely following a trail that has already been well-trodden. On the other hand, having entered the race later, it implies that the products and experiences of these same nations—acquired over a period of over 500 years—are available to the Third World, more or less ready-made, to pick and choose from, to suit their individual requirements, and from there to move forward, skipping stages that had to be painfully undergone over the last few centuries.

Broadly speaking, two or three features are characteristic of publishing in the Third World. Whichever the country, it operates in a society that has high illiteracy rates in an economy that is developing, and often fragile, as a result of which it is, commercially, a high-risk activity and finally, in almost all cases, it has parallel streams of publishing in the local language or languages. It is a fact peculiar to many Afro-Asian nations that the greater part of their publishing is carried out in a language foreign to the majority of their people. From this duality arise tensions (both of articulation and communication) that serve to make publishing a most complex as well as a most rewarding vocation.

## Cultural Imperialism

At the interface between wholly indigenous publishing and publishing that was set up in the colonies (as an outlet for the home country) that creates some of the most curious, as well as some of the most challenging, situations in Third World publishing. While we are now well past the era of political and geographic colonisation, cultural "imperialism" continues to be an active, sometimes growingly insidious, phenomenon with an impact that is far more significant and long-ranging than might at first appear.

Book publishing has, in fact, even been used as an instrument of foreign policy in the hands of Big Powers, especially by the United States and the USSR. While the Americans have operated through extensive utilisation of PL 480 funds in Afro-Asian countries, the Soviets have operated mainly through local book dealers who sell their publications at throwaway prices. In

**The Third World publishers have immense challenges before them. The challenge of "cultural imperialism" is by far the most formidable.**

by Narendra Kumar



At the Frankfurt Book Fair held in mid-October 1980. The Indian Book Stand was jointly organised by the National Book Trust and 115 other publishers.

financial terms—this means that an unusually (even unhealthily) high percentage of the turnover of the book trade in developing countries is attributable to the sale of imported titles—thus substantially elbowing out indigenous publications.

Overwhelming as this competition is in financial and cultural terms, it is only the first of many hurdles that hinder a publisher's course in developing countries. Far more daunting are the pressures exerted by problems endemic to a developing society. A Third World publisher, as a result, finds himself having to operate in two arenas simultaneously: *the fiercely competitive, hard-nosed world of international publications and the highly controlled national market* where his activity must be in keeping with national preoccupations and priorities.

It is ironic that education and communication are often accorded low priority in the development programmes of the Third World. At the same time, since achieving literacy is of paramount importance, the greater part of primary and secondary education is state controlled, narrowing the area of operation, for most publishers, to general and higher education publishing. Both these areas, however, require extensive, state-sponsored support facilities

that are woefully inadequate in the developing world. Libraries, public and private, are the lifeline of book publishers everywhere—and not only in a financial sense. They are an essential prerequisite for developing 'book-mindedness' and encouraging the habit of reading. So substantial is the role of public libraries in providing an access to reading to people of low incomes that authors in Great Britain have moved that public library authorities be required to remunerate them in proportion to the circulation of their books in public libraries!

## Subsidiary Status

Thus the characteristic features of the colonial heritage in Third World publishing are subsidiary status, financial and ideological dependence and a cultural bias in favour of the ex-coloniser. The barometer of publishing in any developing society is the extent to which it has dispensed with foreign subsidiaries or reduced their role to a minimum, and its capacity to produce and distribute books on all aspects of information, entertainment and knowledge relevant to its specific needs and in response to specific stimuli. Thus Third World publishing becomes not so much an evolutionary activity—as it was in the West, impelled largely by social and historical forces—as a revolutionary one.

As is apparent, *cultural colonialism* is the most tenacious form of imperialism. There is not an indigenous publisher in the Third World who has not had an *unequal* start in this respect, having to grapple with the phenomenon at every level from entering the race a few decades ago, as opposed to a few centuries ago—encountering not only a sophisticated communication and selling machinery, but a formidably wealthy one as well, operating in the same home market, experiencing all the pitfalls of the transfer of technology as well as of a cultural shock, and finally, and most significantly, using a language, equipment and strategy for the task whose skills he is still acquiring.

But it is the attitudes of *cultural dependence* that are the hardest to combat. A certain amount of *de-schooling*—first of the publishers and then of their audience—is essential before a healthy exchange between reader and writer can come about. The kind of exchange without which neither an author nor his audience will be in harmony either with each other or, ultimately, with their environment.

How many buyers are there whose eyes have glanced off local books to rest comfortably on imported ones, whose children have grown up more familiar with the topography and cultural *mores* of distant, mostly unseen, lands than of their own, who would respond more easily to intrinsically alien experiences because they are already biased in their favour?

## The Greatest Fulfilment

The Third World publisher, because he participates so closely in the interpretation of culture, is revolutionary in this sense. By selecting what is universal and rejecting what is imposed, by freeing himself from material and cultural dependence by *reinterpreting* in the light of his experiences and requirements, and by establishing new modes, he arrives at an expression that grows out of the environment he functions in and is more truly representative of its ethos.

Once he recognises this, the very constraints of the system make for its excitement and its fluidity provides the kind of opportunity where initiative and innovation are at a premium. For in this, as in all other fields of endeavour, the greatest fulfilment lies in the *creation* of a phenomenon, not simply in its emulation or continuation.

**The author is Managing Director of Vikas Publishing House Pvt Ltd.**

## An English Lady's Life In Moghul Delhi - 2

by Emily, Lady Clive Bayley  
and her father,  
Sir Thomas Metcalfe  
Edited by M.M. Kaye

Emily Metcalfe, whose reminiscences—edited and copiously annotated by M.M. Kaye—form the text of this beautiful book, is recalled to Delhi at the age of 17 by her father, Sir Thomas, British Resident at the Moghul Court of Bahadur Shah, and compiler of a set of magnificent paintings, some of which are reproduced here in the second and final instalment of *The Golden Calm*. After an exciting journey over land and sea, Emily's steamer nears the Calcutta of 1847..



*The excitement was great as the steamer neared Calcutta, because we had to pass the dangerous sandbank, the James and Mary on which many fine vessels had been stranded and sucked down by the peculiar nature of the quicksands, most of the passengers losing their lives. It is still a great danger, and there are so many stories of ships that have been lost on it, that captains of vessels are nervous and anxious till they have passed without touching it, and we were all thankful when we were safely out of its reach.*

Emily does not mention that then, as now, ships bound for the port of Calcutta must anchor off the "Sandheads" at the mouth of the Hooghly River, to wait for the tide and to take a pilot on board. For of all navigable rivers, the Hooghly is the most dangerous, because of the many shoals and sandbanks that lie hidden under its swirling, silt-laden water, and which are forever shifting and changing at the whim of the treacherous currents. The most notorious of these sandbanks is the deadly James and Mary, whose quicksands have become the graveyard of countless ships, and which takes its name from one of its victims, the *Royal James and Mary*, wrecked there in 1694. Once aground on it no ship can hope to escape.



THE DELHI GATE, the second principal entrance to the Emperor's palace. It faces the Golden Mosque.  
Below: A section of the Id procession of Bahadur Shah with the umbrella and other insignia of royalty.





the steamer would be just another statistic on the long list of ships that have been swallowed by the James and Mary.

*There was also the excitement of looking out for alligators on the banks of the river, and for boats coming down from Calcutta with letters for the passengers on board, and finally, as we passed up by Garden Reach, I was enchanted by the Indian-style houses with gardens sloping down to the water, and several things I saw that recalled memories of the days when I was a child in Calcutta.*

Calcutta's "Garden Reach", described by Emily, is where many of the rich East India Company merchants lived in considerable luxury and splendour. Horatia Lawrence, Sir Henry's wife, mentions that while staying in one of these mansions on her arrival in India, and being amazed by the large number of servants, she asked her hostess how many she employed. To which that lady replied: "I'm not sure; but we are very moderate people." The number when actually totted up came to almost thirty—not bad for "moderate people"!

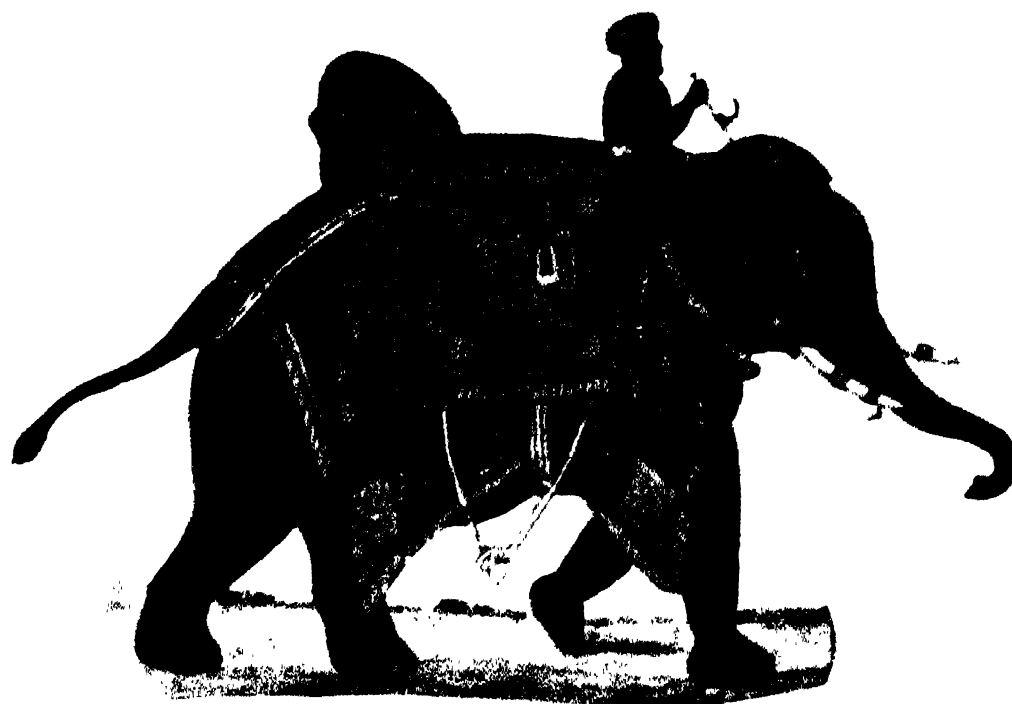


**THE PALACE OF DELHI** (left), built by the Emperor Shah Jahan, as seen from the terrace of the Metcalfe House. Below: Elephant with native seat.

and buoys are useless, because of the swiftness with which the bank can change its shape. The Hooghly Pilots are, in consequence, extraordinarily skilful and also very highly paid—which is not to be wondered at.

The tales of wrecks are endless, and the first time I travelled up the Hooghly to Calcutta, on the *SS City of London*, we could see where the shoal lay because it was clearly marked by the wreck of a river steamer that had run aground on the James and Mary the day before. The steamer had, we were told, only touched the sands: but that was enough, for its prow being held the currents instantly swung it against the main bank, which gripped its keel, and sands and current together made it heel over to one side.

In the suddenness of the disaster a great many lives had been lost, and there was no hope of salvage, for the James and Mary does not give back anything it has once caught. The steamer had been a big one, but already all that could be seen of her were the top few feet of her funnels, part of her masts and a very little of her superstructure, through and around which the turgid Hooghly current swirled and chuckled. It was easy to see that soon there would be nothing left except dimpled brown water from bank to bank, and that

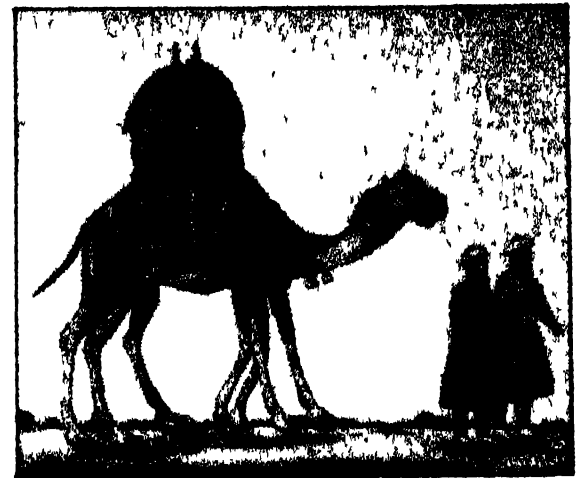


We can be sure that Emily's father, who was far from moderate, employed at least three times that number, if not four. However, the popular view taken by the ignorant that all the British in the days of the Raj employed far too many servants (whom they paid far too little), in order to show off or feel important, is in fact, like most popular views, bunk. The reason why households employed so many is because in that country, even up to Independence (and, I suspect, still), no servant would do any work but his own, so that every household chore had to have a separate person to do it. The *masalchi*, who washed up the dirty dishes, did not put them away—someone else did that. The *bhusti* carried water, but would not water the garden—the *mali* did that. And so on. Such a person as a cook-general had not only never been heard of but could not have been found in all India. It was, like so many other things in that great land, a matter of caste. It was also a very useful thing, for it gave a livelihood to literally millions of people, since each servant, however humble his task, lived in the servants'

AN INDIAN STABLE.



THE KOTEWAL'S CHUBOOTRA (Court of the Chief Native Magistrate).



MODE OF CONVEYING FEMALES on a long journey or through arid countries.

quarters behind his employer's bungalow, and supported a large family

When I returned to India in 1963 to do research for *The Far Pavilions*, an old servant of a British officer who had left India when the Raj ended said to me sadly, 'Memsahib, in the old days every Sahib, even the youngest ones newly arrived from Belait (England), often employed as many as eight servants. True, the pay was far less than it is now, but then the prices were also much less and so one could support one's family without difficulty. Nowadays, although my pay is more than three or four times greater than it was then, the prices are greater still, and not one but several officers share my services between them, so that very many people are left without work and do not know where to turn to earn bread for their wives and children.'

India's princes too—the Maharajahs and Rajahs, the Nawabs and Nizams and Ranas and all the many rulers of independent states—used to employ enormous numbers of servants. But now that their titles have been abolished and they can no longer use the revenues of their one-time kingdoms, they too have had to drastically retrench, and many can afford only one or two servants where once they kept two hundred. One wonders what became of those who had to be dismissed?

*W*E stayed in Calcutta a fortnight and I saw a great many friends and connections and many very pretty sights, and the unpacking of all my new and pretty clothes was a source of great

*amusement. I shall always remember the delight with which I donned my first smart evening dress—a white tulle affair, trimmed with satin ribbon and pink roses. I wore it at a party at Sir Frederick Halliday's, where there was some good orchestral music. I went to several parties in Calcutta, and during the few days that we remained there before resuming our journeyings towards Delhi, was in a constant state of jubilation.*

*The happiness I experienced on my first arrival threw a halo over all my residence in India, especially over my life in Delhi, and the letters that awaited me in Calcutta from my dear Father were so full of tender love and eager anticipation of our reunion, that they made me intensely happy, and I was most anxious to get to my home as quickly as possible.*

*But travelling up to the north of India in those days was a very slow process, for the journey had to be made in a small river steamer which crept slowly up the Ganges as far as Allahabad. We ourselves, my uncle and aunt and I, travelled in a large barge attached to the steamer, on the move from daybreak until evening, when we were moored to the bank with strong cords and chains to avoid being carried away by the rush of water down the river at night.*

*When moored we would get out and walk along the bank as long as it was light, and then we used to sit on deck, when some of us would sing. We were a party of some ten or twelve on board, Major Charles Havelock, Captain Read of the Fourteenth*

*Hussars, Mr James Barnes, Mrs Alexander, Mrs Macdonald, Dr Campbell, Mrs McNabb's brother, Major and Mrs Pratt of the Seventh Lancers, and others. The cooking was done on a separate barge that travelled in our wake.*

Emily's return trip up the Ganges from Calcutta to Allahabad must have been a good deal less attractive than her journey down by "budgerow" as a small child. The smoke from the steamer that towed up the barges would have blown back on to them, complete with soot and sparks, and the noise of the paddles as they churned up the Ganges water would have ensured that river turtles, *muggers* (the blunt-nosed, flesh-eating crocodiles of India) and their long-nosed cousins, the fish-eating *garrials*, would have been warned in time and slid back under water long before the boats reached them. Any form of wildlife on shore or on the river would have made itself scarce, and I am grateful when I remember that my own Ganges trip, made in the nineteen-thirties, was downstream, from Garhmuktesar to Narora, in a great, flat-bottomed, wooden-built, open country-boat, car-powered when necessary, but in general merely allowed to drift down with the stream, instead of having to be pulled against the current.

Emily's voyage took a month, and ours only a fortnight; but like hers it was one of the happiest times of my life. We too passed the sacred city of Benares with its old and lovely jumble of palaces and temples, its long flights of stone steps that

come down to the river's edge and are always crowded with people, its burning-ghats and the smoke that rises up from the pyres and makes a haze in the air, so that seen from the river the colours are faintly muted, as though one saw them through a gauze curtain. Less pleasant was the sight of an insufficiently burned corpse that bobbed past our boat on the tide, tugged at from below by fishes and turtles.

**T**HE road called the Grand Road, which connected Allahabad with Delhi, was perfectly straight and level the whole way, beautifully constructed, so that there was not much danger of accident, though we travelled in very rough carriages drawn by still rougher horses. The distance was four hundred and fifty miles, and it took us a week to accomplish it. The rest-houses, or dak bungalows, where we had to halt for meals, were square-built thatched erections at the side of the road, with a verandah all round the house. They contained four rooms with a bath-room attached to each room, and the furniture consisted of one table in the centre of the room, one bed (but no bedding) and two or three chairs.

Travellers generally made a halt of from two to four hours at these rest-houses, and as we were anxious to push on to Delhi, we never stopped longer than was actually necessary.

The nights were generally spent travelling in these carriages, and then the progress made was not very rapid, for if the occupants of the vehicle went to sleep, the coachman, and often the horse, took the opportunity of doing the same by the side of the road, for some hours during each night.

In those days there was no idea of danger anywhere, and we travelled quite unprotected, little

thinking that less than ten years later, that very road would be the scene of such awful tragedies as were enacted in 1857.

When we arrived at Allyghur, I was made intensely happy at receiving a letter from my Father by the hands of one of his own servants. He had sent two of his mounted orderlies to escort us to Delhi, and also three palanquins for my uncle and aunt and myself. The one he sent for me had been made expressly for my Mother, and was now to be my property for all my future journeyings.

We had to give up our horse carriage at this point, because the road to Delhi was not metalled, and I was delighted with my first experience of this new style of travelling.

The palanquins were made comfortable with good bedding inside, and doors made to slide, so that they could be shut or opened at pleasure. They were carried by four men, with four more running alongside to change with the others when they were tired, and a torch-bearer with a flaming torch accompanied each palanquin, to run alongside and throw enough light for the bearers to pick their way at night. There was also a man called a banghy-wallah, who carried two tin boxes slung to either end of a long bamboo, which he carried across his shoulder. Everyone in India in those days packed their luggage into these tin pitaraahs, as they were the most convenient form of box for the men to carry.

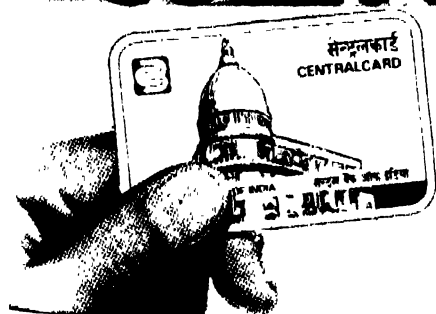
Now the last stage of our journey to Delhi had really begun, and I could not sleep because I was so excited at the thought of seeing Daddy before dawn. At about one o'clock in the morning I looked out of my palanquin, and saw in the glorious moonlight the minarets of the Juma Musjid, the great Mohammedan mosque that is one

of the chief beauties of Delhi and of Northern India. As we got nearer I could see the wonderful red walls that surround the city, and I felt I was really getting home, and was wild with excitement. Old servants of my Father's were waiting for me on the road, to give me a welcome.

It was the most marvellous moonlight I have ever seen, and as we crossed the river, the view in both directions with this magnificent city lying before us, was quite wonderful, so many exquisite minarets towering up into the sky belonging to the Mohammedan temples.

At that time, as in the days of my own childhood, the approach to Delhi from the far side of the river was all open country, strewn with ruins and dotted with kikar-trees and clumps of pampas grass. The city itself, with its crenellated walls, its palaces, domes and towers, the soaring minarets and the wide, shimmering ribbon of the Jumna and its white sandbanks curving past it, was always an entrancing sight, and must have been more so in those days. But the bridge of boats that Emily and her party crossed in their palanquins was the same bridge over which, only ten years later, the insurgent troopers of the Third Cavalry, galloping in from Meerut where the Mutiny had broken out on the previous day, rode to bring the dire news to Delhi and urge the King and his subjects to follow their example and massacre the British.

Soon we were under the great portico and our palanquins were put down in the verandah just before the door of the library, and I rushed in to meet my Father, who received me with the most tender loving affection in my Mother's sitting-room, and there both he and I cried with joy at being together again—but without her



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# Indian Language Publishing

Compared to the situation in colonial India, the present state of language publishing appears to be rather gloomy.

by

Dr Prabhakar Machwe

**P**UBLISHING in Indian languages today is in an unhappy situation. The writer blames the publisher, the publisher blames both the Government and the buyer (mostly libraries), the bookseller blames the publisher that the margin of profit is so little and the omnipresent Government blames everybody except itself. The buyer complains that there are no good or great books

in Indian languages, the writer complains that there are no good reviews, no connoisseurs. Even at the World Book Fair at Delhi, the language bookstalls appeared to be deserted.

Was this always so in India? Did books lie in stock, unsold and unwept? Is it true of all languages? No. Bengali and Malayalam have the highest readership—Complete Works of Tagore (*Rabindra Rachanavali*) sold half a million copies and it is still in demand. I saw *Complete Works of Lenin* in Malayalam, in a far-off fishing town library in Kerala. But the Government of India's Publications Division reportedly has unsold copies worth about Rs 70 lakhs of *Complete Works of Mahatma Gandhi* in Hindi and English. The record of Sahitya Akademi, National Book Trust, NCERT and many such

Government-subsidised organisations is no better even though some of the books are classics, translated by the best of writers. The prices too are reasonable. Perhaps the only explanation is that reading habits have changed and that the publishers do not move with the times.

## Advent Of Printing Press

Publishing came to India after the printing press was brought here by Jesuit Missionaries. It was in the 19th century that publishing got a boost. In the beginning it was for textbooks, then there were religious books, Bible translations and there were books and magazines which serialised serious debates. What we call nowadays by the euphemism of pocketbooks was probably the form of all early printed books, first on litho and later by type-setting. General books had a very limited demand, partly because the oral tradition predominated. Vedas were *Shruti* (to be heard and remembered), tales were told, songs were sung, *mantras* were chanted. Even in a *shastrartha*, or a public debate, it was the art of oratory that counted. A learned man was called a *bahu-shrut* (one who has heard a lot) person.

Later, in the nineteenth century, came the schools and colleges, courts and government offices, where books and texts and Acts and manuals became more valuable. Even then private libraries were few. Some palaces had *kitabkhanas* or book houses (Shahjahan fell from the staircase of one such *kitabkhana*). Even in big cities there were not many bookshops. They were mostly attached to printing presses. Early



## Books First Printed In India

1. The Spiritual Compendium Of The Christian Life by Gaspar Dedeas (Goa, 1561)
2. The Dialogues On Indian Samples And Drugs by Gareia da Haria (Goa 1563)
3. Two Tamil books printed by the Jesuits in 1577 and 1598 respectively, at Ambalakata, a place on the Malabar Coast, probably now ruined, or known by some other name.
4. Hortus Indicus Malabaricus (printed with blocks, 1678).
5. Bhagavad-Gita (with copper blocks, under Nana Phadanavis' direction, in Miraj Museum; 1805). (Mentioned in A.K. Priyolkar's Printing Press-India, 1958)

(From Introduction of European Printing in East, by Richard Garnett published in Transactions and Proceedings of the second International Library Conference, London, July 13-16, 1897)

P. M.

## First Hindi Publications

There was no printed Hindi book before 1802. In Calcutta Harkurj Press published Miskeen's *Marsia* (12 pages, page numbers in Roman) in Devanagari in 1802. In the same year, Calcutta Gazette Press published *Sakuntala* and the *Mirror Press* Betal Pachchisi. Only the first book is available in India at the Asiatic Society, Calcutta

The India Office Library, London, has a copy of Hindi Manual: A Casket of India (1802) by Roaback

In 1803, Chaturbhuj Mishra's *Brajbhasha* work Prem Sagar was translated by Lallooji Lal Kavi and published by Hindustani Press (first prose original work)

The National Library, Calcutta, has J. Romar's nine page-thesis published in 1804 called *Hindustani*. These were "infantile attempts," according to Fort William authorities.

(From the late Sri Krishnacharya's Hindi ke Adimudrit Granth, *Bharatiya Jnanpith* publication, 1966)

P. M.

publishers had such names as Nirnayasagar Press, Arya Samaj Press or Baptist Mission Press (in Assam) Then came the Series or *Malas*. *Bharat-Gaurava Granth Mala* (Marathi), *Upanyas Series* or *Ganga Pustak-Mala* (Hindi). Ownership names followed in the 20th century. Sometimes newspaper and bookselling went hand in hand, generally under some great nationalist leader (Kesari Maratha Prakashan, Prajavani Prakashan, Navjivan Trust, etc).

But after independence, like so many other things in our life, publishing also fell a victim to the uncontrollable desire to earn a fast buck, by any means, fair or foul, by a certain unscrupulous 'New Rich' class; and also the Government's desire to become the Big Brother in every field, centralising and controlling all fields of life, including culture. Writers became ghost writers, pocket-books were plain plagiarism of Western imported stuff, textbook committee members became rich overnight and every teacher and professor took to the side business of writing keys and notes and passing them under the pompous title of "...A study" or "Sidelights on...". Translations were done without knowing the language of the original work, professors in seminars passed on their papers as books and the more clever amongst them rearranged their own research work in several forms. Earning predominated learning.

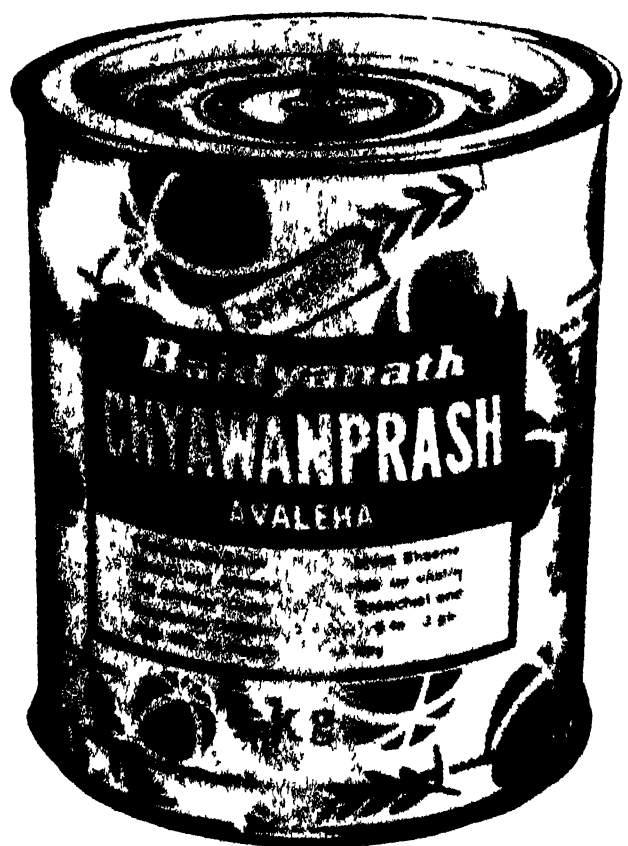
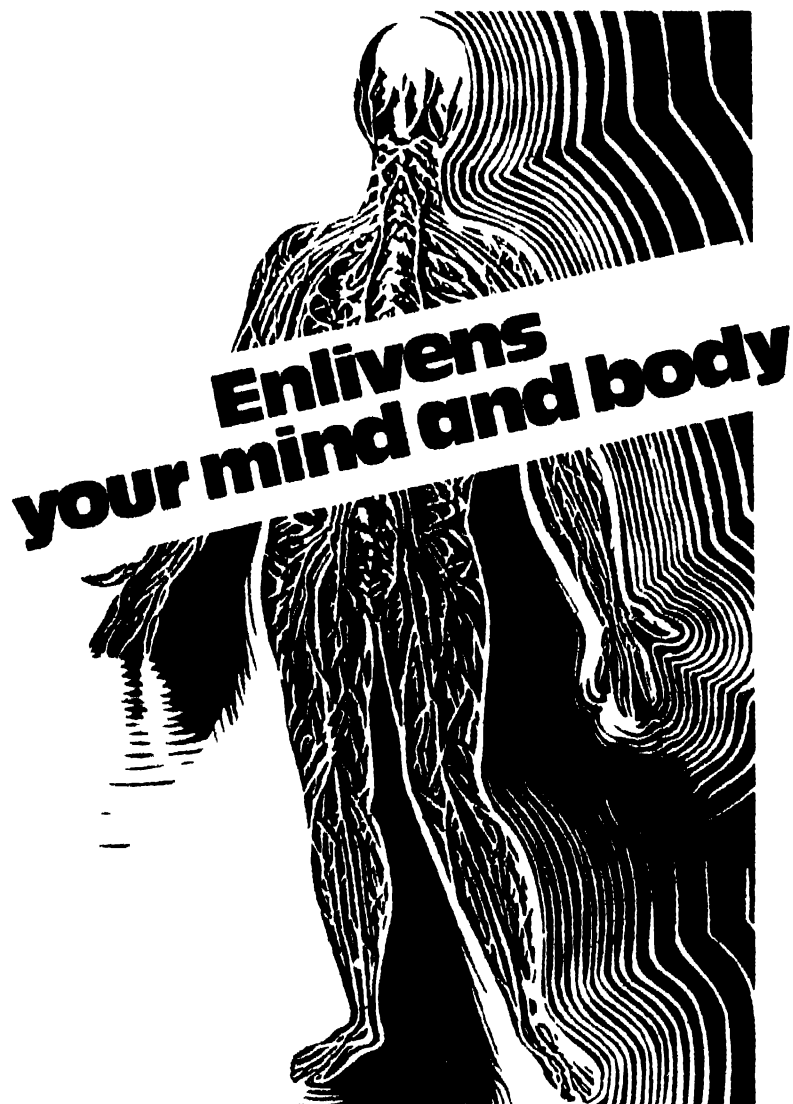
## Cornerstones

Book-making has four cornerstones: the writer, the printer-publisher, the book-seller and the Government. The latter three were responsible for



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Texts from the Bible translated into various languages (above and below centre).

## 2,33,795 Publications In Indian Languages 1958 - 1978

### Percentage Of Total

Assamese	1.34
Bengali	9.20
English (general)	14.68
English (Government publications)	16.72
Gujarati	4.89
Hindi	16.68
Kannada	4.18
Malayalam	5.02
Marathi	8.58
Oriya	2.14
Punjabi	1.99
Sanskrit	1.28
Tamil	6.22
Telugu	5.20
Urdu	1.71

### Books Published In Indian Languages In 1978

Assamese	157
Bengali	824
English (general)	2018
English (Government publications)	1470
Gujarati	573
Hindi	1977
Kannada	592
Malayalam	797
Marathi	960
Oriya	240
Punjabi	198
Sanskrit	92
Tamil	1330
Telugu	266
Urdu	169
<b>Total</b>	<b>11,683</b>

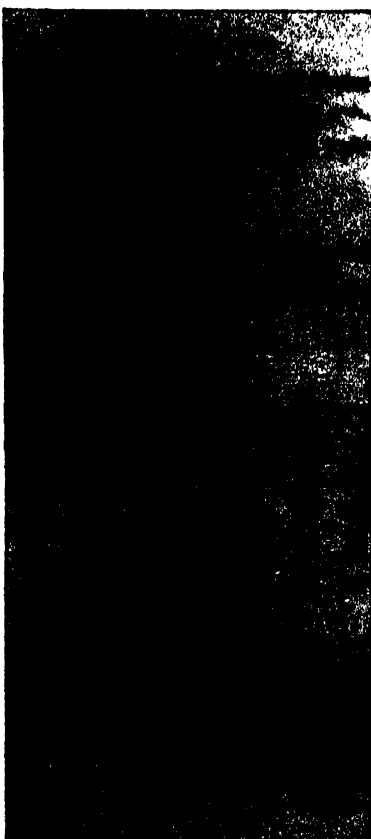
corrupting the first, viz, the writer. Quality is the last consideration. There are expert committees to revise the writings or suggesting changes. But then again, this does not work to any advantage.

The problems commonly faced by private publishers are procurement of paper, the rising costs of production, restriction of grants to libraries which are the major buyers of books and, failure to promote book-mindedness.

It is interesting to note that book-mindedness is predominant in Bengali, Marathi, Tamil and Malayalam languages. This is not so in the North, barring voracious readers like Dr Rajendra Prasad, Dr Zakir Hussain, Jawaharlal Nehru, C.D. Deshmukh, Dr Ambedkar who maintained vast personal libraries.

The question of quality apart, a few years ago a publisher brought out five lakh copies of a paperback in Hindi by Gulshan Nanda, the popular film story-writer. But it is no indication of language publications. Classics like Tulsiadas's Ramayana or Premchand's works have a steady permanent sale—they are ever in demand (whether they are prescribed or not does not matter). Even Dharmavir Bharati's *Gunahon ka Devata*, a popular novel, is running the twelfth edition, Bachchan's *Madhushala* and Bhagavatcharan Varma's novel, *Chitraklekha*, were the bestsellers in the forties. I was also pleasantly surprised to know that *Lokpriya Kavi 'Agyeya'*, a selection by Vidyaniwas Mishra is in its tenth edition.

It is therefore wrong to say that poetry does not sell, or plays or short stories sell less than novels. Some useful science books have a large edition and wide distribution



## Early Translations And Dictionaries

*William Carey (1761-1834) was an extraordinarily gifted linguist. He had a grounding in Latin, Greek, Dutch and Hebrew before he arrived in Bengal in 1793. Ram Bose was his first Bengali munshi. He worked as a supervisor in Indigo plantations at Maldah. In 1794 he wrote to the Rev Fuller: "I can so far converse in the language as to be understood in most things belonging to eating and drinking, buying and selling, etc, and my ear is somewhat familiarised to Bengalee sounds. It is a language of a very singular construction having no plurals except to pronouns; and not a single preposition in it—but the cases of nouns and pronouns are almost endless, all the words answering to our prepositions being put after the word and forming a new case. Excepting these irregularities I find it an easy language."* (Serampore Letters)

Carey was appointed teacher of Bengali and Sanskrit in 1801 on Rs 500 a month; in 1805 he was assigned the job of professor of Marathi in addition to his duties, and in 1807 his allowance was increased to Rs 1,000.

*Padre Manoel da Assumpcam, a Portugese missionary published a work, Bengali Grammar, in 1743; Carey's Dictionary of Bengali Language was published in 1818. Carey published the New Testament in Bengali in 1801, the Old Testament in 1809. It was translated into Oriya in 1811. After thus referring to similar attempts "in the language of the Hindusthanis, the Marhattas, the Chinese, the Sacks (?), the Telugu and the Kharnata (?), the Gujarati and the Burman", Carey says: "There is a different character used for each of these languages except one, so that we have to cast types for all of them and except in two or three instances our types are the first ever cast for these languages—we have to fix the orthography of each language on a rational and grammatical manner, but we are also obliged to attend to correct all the errors the copyists make who have no rule of spelling but their own fancy." Carey wrote A Grammar of the Punjabee Language in English published at Serampore in 1802.*

*From records of the College of Fort William dated January 12, 1804, "Tamil had two Indian moonshies on the staff and Kanara one, each appointed on a fixed pay of Rs 200 per month, the teacher of Bengalee and Sanskrit languages was drawing Rs 500 and John Gulchrist Rs 1,500".*

*Here is a selection from Hindoostane Publications in the College of Fort William (1800-1820): 1 Singhausun Buteesec 2. Buetal Pucheesec 3. Sakuntoli Natuk 4. Tota Kahanee 5. Hindoostanee Dictionary 6. Sutsae Of Beharee Lall 7. Prem Sagar 8. Goole Bakawalee 9. Raj Neeti (translation of Hitopadesa) 10. Bara-masa.*

*(From Appendixes to Western Influence in Bengali Literature by P.R. Sen)*

Translations to Hindi from Bengali have had a roaring success. One never knows what would click with a Hindi reader. It is as uncertain as a Hindi film. Sometimes a religious book is in great demand (like *Santoshi Mata*, the film which broke records, and Rajneesh who has become a bestseller.

This pattern in Hindi is more or less true of general publications in all Indian languages: novels as such sell most, next to them children's books, travelogues, historical accounts, while biographies, poetry, plays and short stories fall in the third category. Classics have always a generation-to-generation demand.

## What's In A Name?

*The Sanskrit word for "book" is Grantha. Its root is to collect, enjoin, put a thread into. Pustak is from the Avestan post or the Hindi bahu. In Urdu, Punjabi and Kashmiri it is kitab, the writer is katib, and a library is kitabkhana. In the South the Sanskrit word pustakam is generally used.*

*In Chanakya's Arthashastra, a library is nibandhasthana; in Nalanda university it was called*

*Dharmaganja; in Trikanda Kosha it is grantha-kuti; in Jain books it is jnana-bhandara; in old stone edicts it is bharati bhandara. The Moghuls had kitabkhanas and the Peshwa's pustakashala.*

*(From the Bharatiya Granthalayacha Vikas, a Marathi work by Sri N.B. Marathe, 1979)*

P. M.

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## Why This One-Way Traffic?

**I**NDIAN publishers undertake a lot of reprints and translations from English and other foreign languages in various subjects every year. No serious thought has been given to this and little effort has been made to check this one-way traffic and to offer our books to foreign publishers for reprints or translations into their languages.

India is an ancient country, with more than a dozen living languages. These languages have thoroughly developed literatures of their own. Even in modern times, these literatures are keeping pace with the literatures of foreign countries. Consequently, publishing in India is also fully developed and we hold an important position in book publishing in the whole world.

Though books in English form a major part of publishing in India, books in Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, Malayalam and other languages are equally important. Not only are their numbers large, the subjects they deal with and their quality are at par with English books and, in many cases, even better. In fact, the genius of India is expressed through its many languages and there are many books that would find a good market in foreign countries.

There are old and modern classics that await translation. Already, some work is being done, but that is a mere drop from the vast ocean of Indian writing and literature. Unfortunately, this work has never been properly organised and projected in a suitable manner.

The only worthwhile effort in this direction has been the India Series of the UNESCO's translation project. Though a long list of contemporary and classic Indian works that would be translated into English and French under this series was prepared a couple of decades ago, hardly a dozen or so have been published so far. In fact, for nearly a decade now, this scheme seems to be virtually under suspension.

At this point, a comparison will perhaps explain what went wrong with this scheme. About the same time as this scheme, Japanese writing was also launched for the world readership by the UNESCO. But it was done properly and, very soon, readers in foreign countries took a fancy for Japanese writing and developed a taste for it and, within a decade, a very large number of Japanese works were translated.

Today, most of the important works from Japanese literature have been translated into English. Now UNESCO is left far behind and private publishers in various

countries have taken up the job in right earnest and with great enthusiasm. On the other hand, launching of Indian writing got stalled somewhere along the line, chiefly due to our own apathy and lack of imagination.

There are old English translations of Sanskrit classics available in the market, but perhaps new translations of these are due for a new generation of readership. The regional languages have classics of their own which can be projected for the world market. Modern writing in various languages has many worthy works and masterpieces which can stake their claim for translation into foreign languages. In fact, there are already available English translations of many such works which can be passed on to prospective publishers for consideration.

Most Western countries publish material which could be translated in the form of regular bulletins. These bulletins are sent to publishers in foreign countries for possible publication in their languages. We in India have nothing of this system, though our output in terms of quality and quantity is quite appreciable.

It is high time we started a quarterly bulletin giving descriptive information of such books. We should identify and focus on what India can offer to other countries for reprints and translations into world languages. A well-produced informative list of books of wider interest should be produced which could appeal to readers outside India. Books on yoga, culture, the arts, architecture, Indian fiction, etc., on the one hand, and selected textbooks which are appropriate for adaptation in the Third World countries, on the other, could be discussed and listed. A background note on Indian copyright should also be added. Copies of the list should be distributed among foreign publishers and librarians. At all International Book Fairs, these bulletins should be made available freely to the publishers to get them interested in the rich and varied fare India can offer.

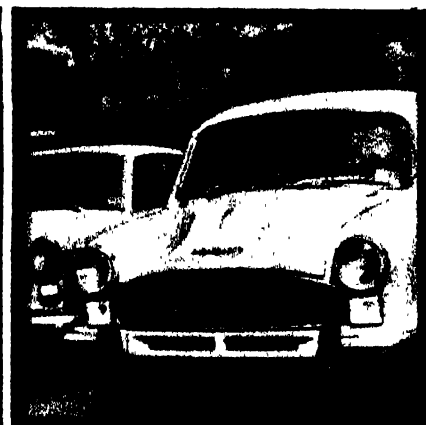
It would seem that certain publishing houses in Russia and East European countries (like East Germany, etc) are eager to publish important works from India in their languages. Some rights have been sold in the recent past, but these efforts have always been stray and unorganised. We can do much more. We have a very rich heritage of literature and the contemporary literary scene is also full of promise. We must act now and stake our claim for a share in the world market.

**Vishwanath**

The author is President of the Federation of Indian Publishers.



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## Book Piracy In India

**I**t is only in very recent times that the word *piracy* has come to be used for the unauthorised edition of a book. While a lot of material about printing howlers, publishing dishonesty and plagiarism is available, surprisingly enough, there is nothing about book piracy.

Book piracy is a worldwide phenomenon and India is no exception. In fact it will not be out of place to say that book piracy in India is part of our commercial ethos.

How do book pirates go about their business? All that they have to do is to get hold of a fast-selling book, run a couple of thousand copies of it in a press and be ready to market the product as quickly as possible. Printing press owners look the other way and feel concerned only about their bill.

Enter any bookshop and you will find copies of James Hadley Chase, Harold Robbins, Mario Puzo, Arthur Hailey, Agatha Christie and Ted Mark piled up high. Presumably published in the UK or the USA, the books have actually seen life in the backlanes of the printing presses of Delhi, Meerut or Chandigarh. Word for word and page for page, thousands of copies of an entire book are reproduced in a very short time. It captures the market before fresh stocks arrive from the UK or the USA.

The irony lies in the fact that such editions, photo-copies in their entirety, are as good as the genuine ones—and at a much lower price too. The bookseller has no guilt feelings because he gets a handsome rate of discount and the reader just does not bother.

As was seen recently in the case of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's 'If I Am Assassinated...' the pirated version presented the entire text, word for word and mistake for mistake. And yet, no one thought of bringing the culprits to book till Vikas launched criminal and civil proceedings against the 'counterfeiters'.

It was indeed a publisher's nightmare—and a detective's paradise—when the police under court orders searched the premises of booksellers to confiscate the pirated copies of "If I Am Assassinated..." and found hundreds of pirated editions of every kind. It was evident that the nefarious game had flourished for many years without being checked or challenged. The sufferer, in each case, was the original publisher who lost his revenue and the author who lost his royalty.

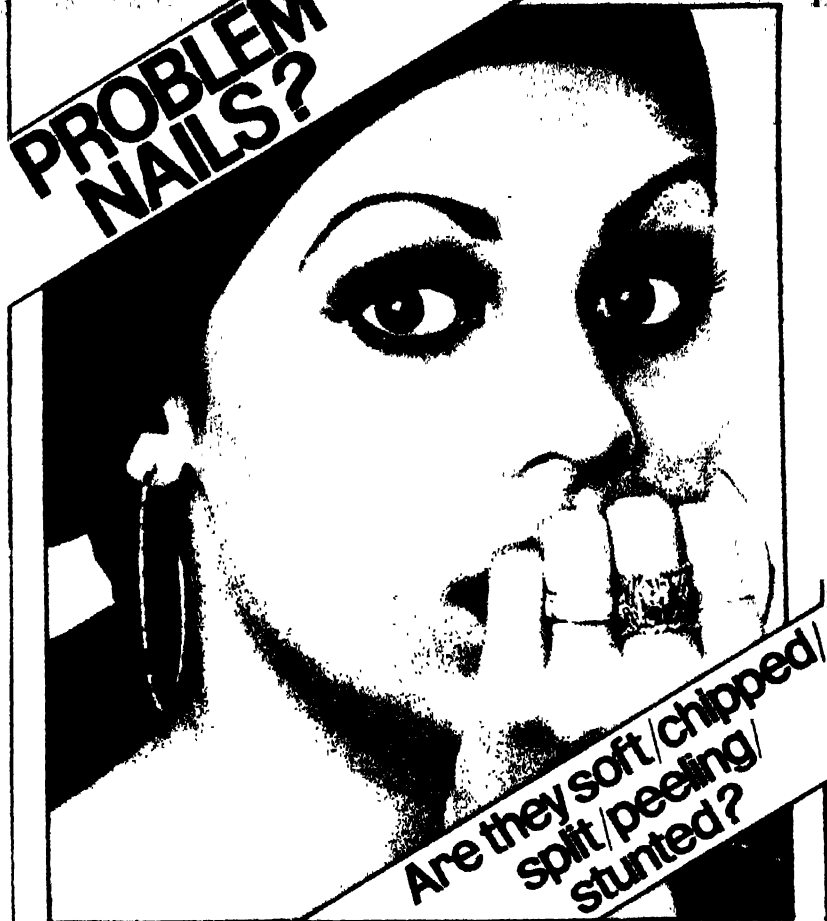
Books worth lakhs of rupes are sold, year after year, without the original publishers in India, or abroad, even being aware of the pirated edition. The pirated versions are so perfect that it is difficult to differentiate between the original and the pirated versions.

The common belief that in this country the law can be twisted like the proverbial waxen nose is responsible for the widespread piracy in publishing. What is needed is a legislation on the lines of the law on patents.

Ashok Chopra



**PROBLEM NAILS?**



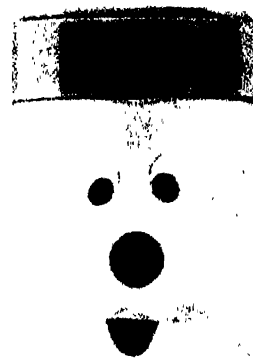
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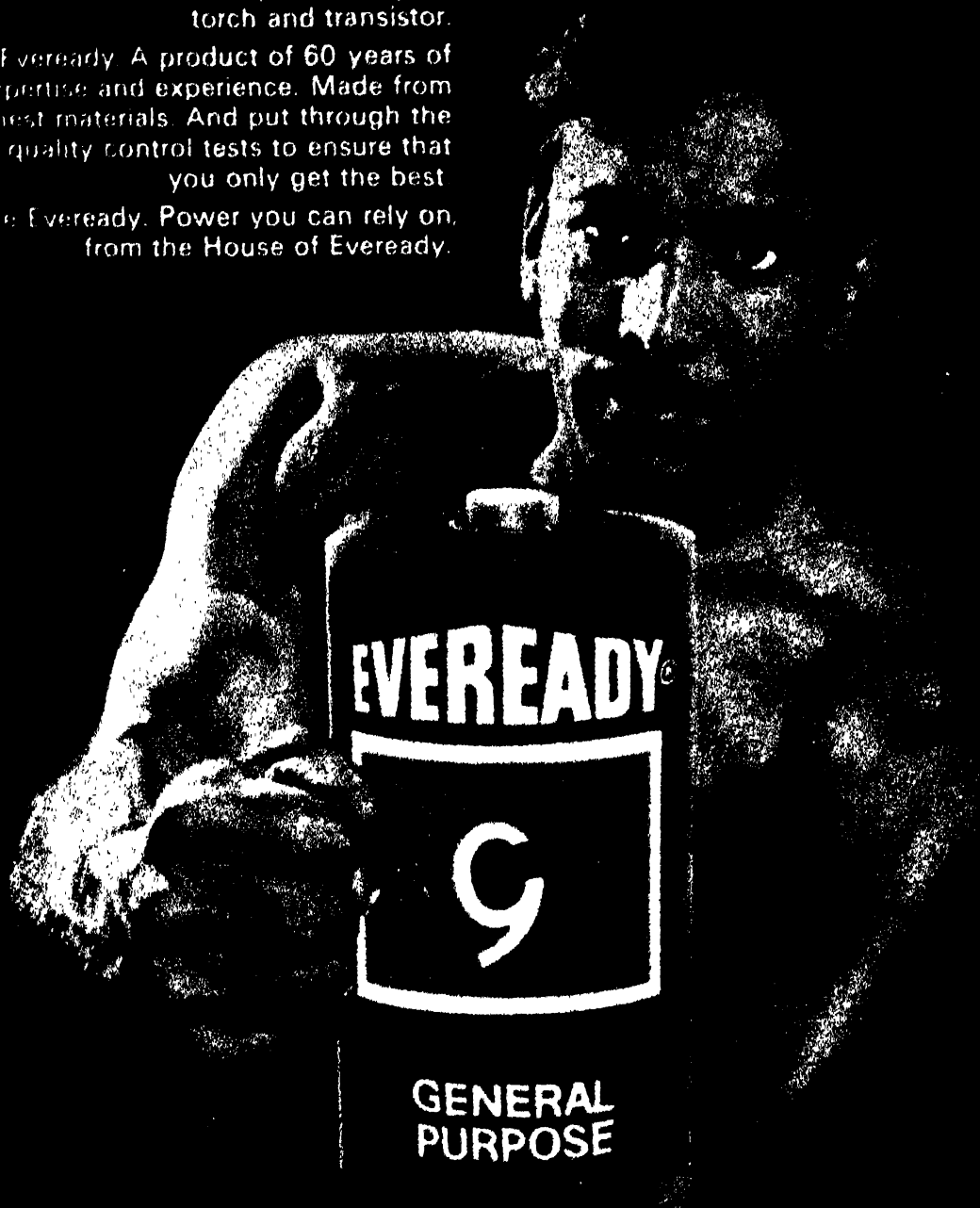
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# An International Sculpture Camp

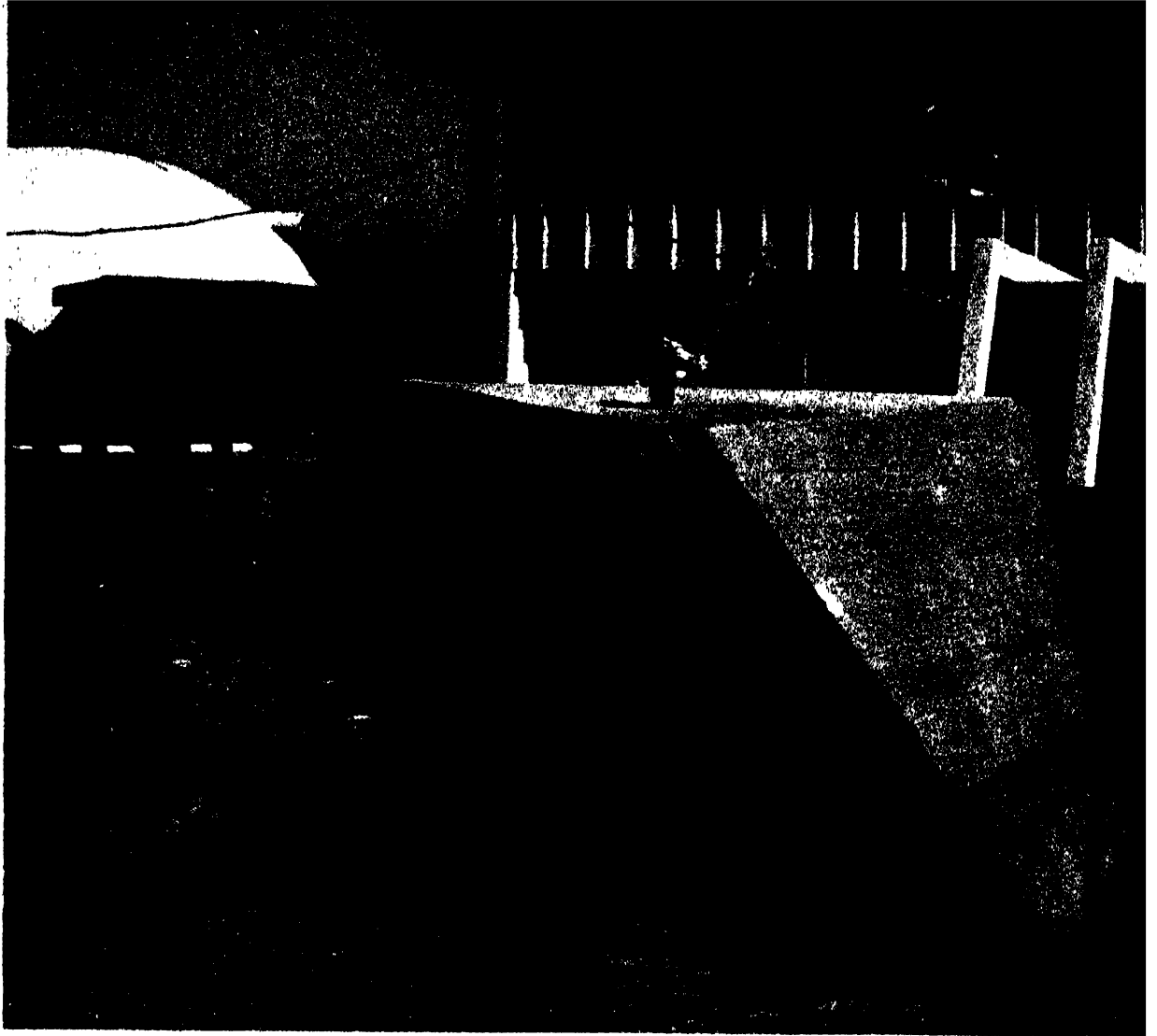
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The Friends of Punjab, an overseas organisation, and Panjabi University were the joint sponsors of the International Sculpture Symposium, held in Patiala recently—a venture that had much to commend by way of fostering close cultural communication in a common field of creative endeavour.

by S. V. Vasudev

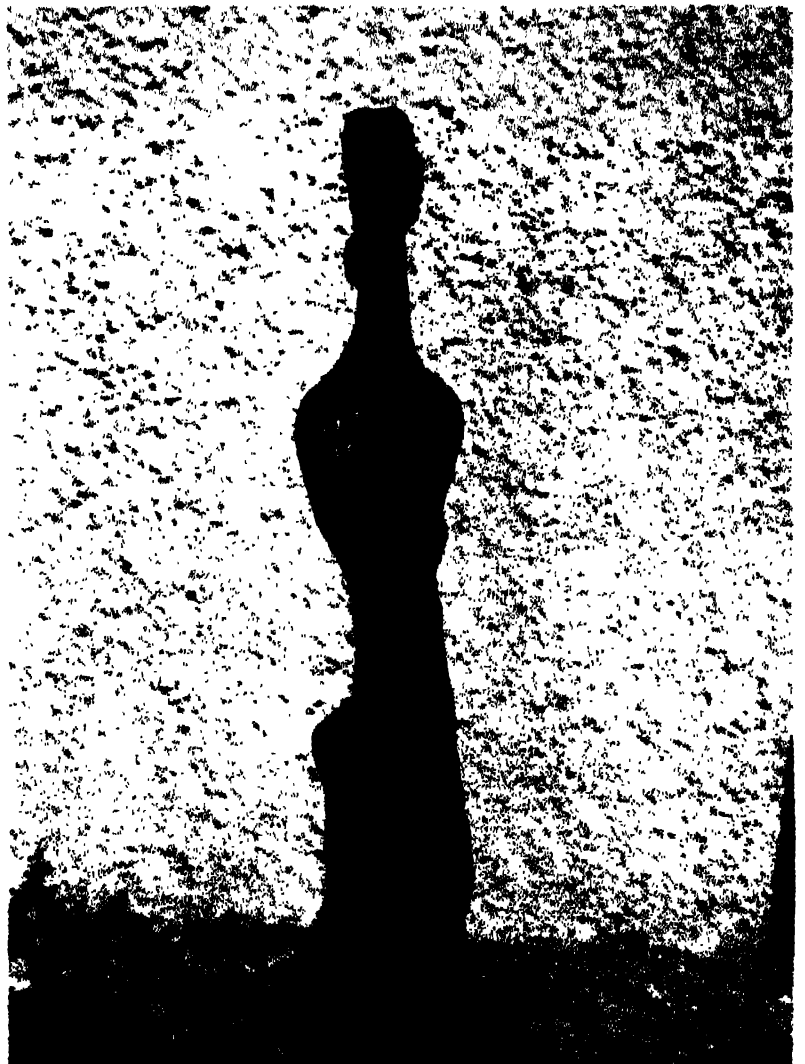
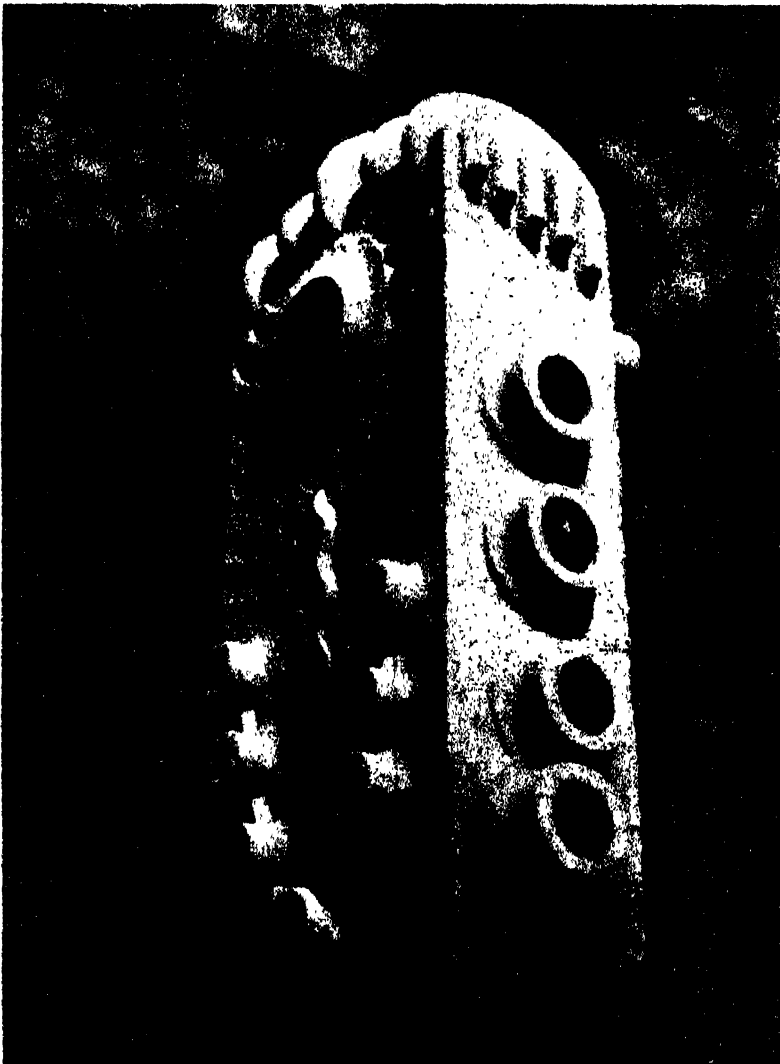
Photographs: Balkrishan


“A PILLAR TO DURGA”  
IN BADRAPUR YELLOW SAND  
—by Avtar Singh



“MONUMENT TO PEACE” IN PINK STONE—by Hiroshi Mikami

“FIGURE STUDY” TO BE CAST IN BRONZE—by Harbajan Sandhu





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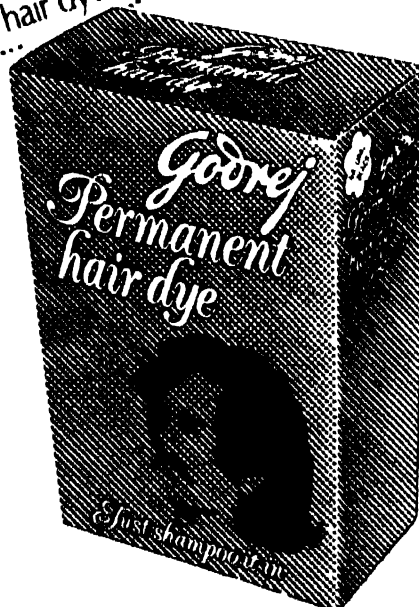
*Who wants to go through the bother of dyeing one's hair?*

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**A** SCULPTURE CAMP (like those organised periodically for artists at various centres on the national level) is, comparatively, of recent origin. The idea, evidently, took shape when it was recognised that modernistic expression in the arts has its own varied accents, depending on regional and other influences, and that a further correspondence between different movements is necessary to coordinate the underlying forces to emerge together as a tradition.

The art and craft guilds of old met and merged under different conditions and circumstances and, always, it has been proved that communication in the arts, as in all fields, is of positive influence in widening the horizon of vision and enlarging the area of experience. The so-called cultural exchange programmes do not necessarily establish communication in depth—and, in that respect, the work-and-study camps for artists do serve a specific purpose.

The Panjabi University, following this trend, set its sights on a wider perspective and, at the international sculpture camp, brought together 14 sculptors, including four from abroad and three guest participants

#### Ideal Site

The wide, sprawling campus of the Panjabi University, at Patiala, is indeed an ideal site for sculpture in the open to bloom in creative splendour. The architecture at the site speaks its concrete jargon in different styles—and the sculpture park, now established, activates the spacious lawns around the museum

From pink stone to marble, from wood to steel, from sheet metal to bronze, from patterned tubes to cement construction, a variety of styles, a variety of forms, bear testimony to the hectic activities that marked the month-long sculptural camp at the campus.

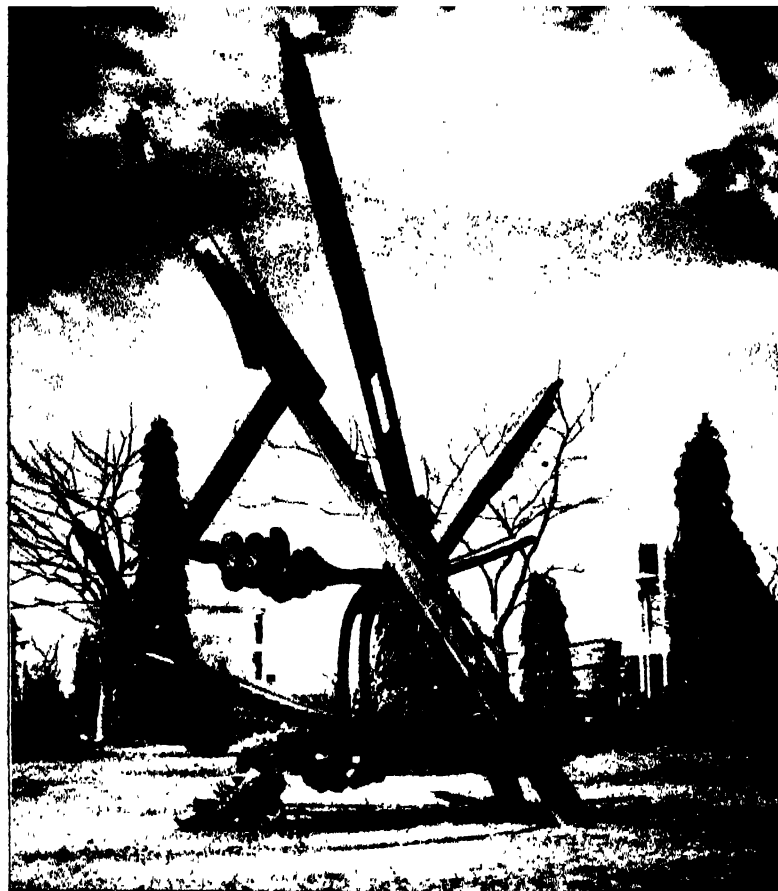
#### Pink Stone

The pink stone was preferred by three foreign participants—Karl Prantle (Austria), Paul Schneider (Germany) and Hiroshi Mikami (Japan). Each sculptor has left his own mark on the stone hulk.

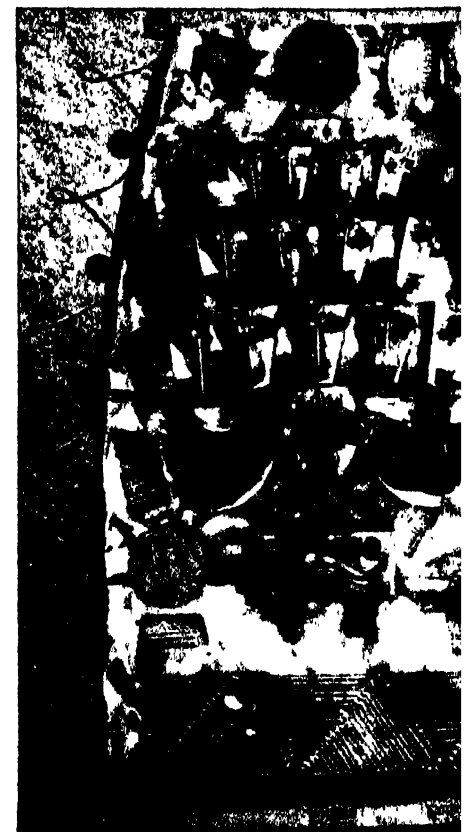
Karl Prantle, respecting the "birthright" of the stone to retain the shape and form given by nature, has sought to fashion it as a whole, smoothing the upper edges and leaving behind just an imprint of delicate design, to let the stone merge with the new setting.

Paul Schneider, inspired by certain details of the astronomical observatory constructions of old, has scooped a sun-dial, with a projection to cast the shadow of time. The frontal surface is cut into a neat pattern with deep lines—again with an eye to let the stone find its place in the sun.

Mikami has shaped the sides to let the stone gain a sculptural balance; a



"SIVA" by Peter Fink



"DEITY" by Nandagopal

pyramid shape in outline emerges at one end, while the body-lines at other sides sweep in and flow out in fine rhythm. Mikami, in the tenderness of his heart, has gathered the chipped stone bits and laid them out in patterned pathways radiating from the base of his sculpture to sanctify symbolically the collective spirit of the sculptural camp

The only Indian sculptor to have opted for the pink stone is Avtarjeet Singh Dhanjal, but here we find a serious and successful attempt to dramatise a thought, a situation Dhanjal has clamped the huge mass of stone with a pair of mighty steel grips to project a battle of forces.

Shiv Singh, essentially a spatial sculptor, has taken recourse to a material that has stood him in good stead—metal tubes. The tubes, curved and shaped, rise like an ornamental tree, swaying gently in the breeze.

The grouping of the above-mentioned sculptors on one side has come about instinctively because of an underlying critical observation. Among those who assembled at the Patiala camp, only these sculptors showed a clear appreciation of sculpture in the open.

Kanayi Kunhirama did erect a "shrine" on a horizontal plane, featuring a sloping altar face. Avtar Singh raised a pillar to Durga in Baradpur yellow sand. And Balbir Khatt had a free standing structure in wood, seeking spatial relevance. But these, in essence, did not tackle sculpture in terms of open space and landscape demands.

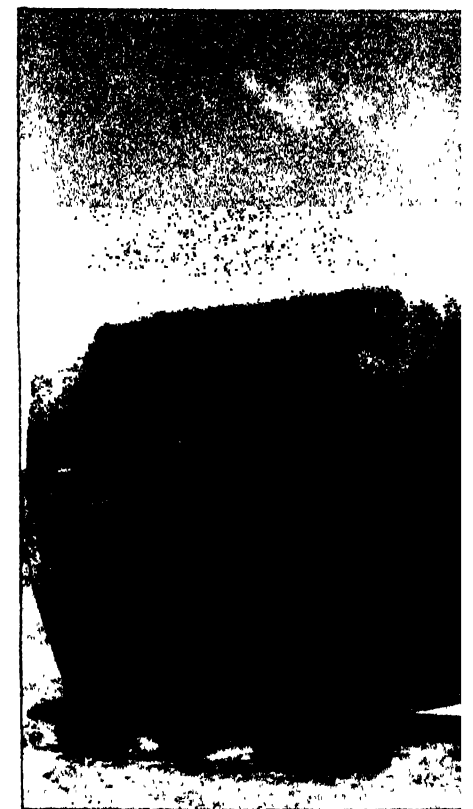
Thus the fact that—except in a few cases—modern sculpture in India still remains indoors was underlined at this camp. One need not go into the reasons to explain the factors restricting our contemporary sculpture to the confines of a drawing-room or a hall—it is mainly a question of supply and demand, as also the state of the economy—but one sincerely hopes that, with more ventures of the kind as organised by the Panjabi University, modern Indian sculpture will seek new dimensions in the open

On a higher plane, sculpture speaks a universal language and, in our country, the various languages themselves influenced by the international idiom, have an astounding variety of work to offer.

Nandagopal and Khajhuria had impressive sculpture to offer at the camp: the first-named, a "Devi" in sheet metal, shaped and embossed, cut and pierced, in typical style, the other, a marble carved with abundant feeling for beauty of line and form.

Vipin Jain and Joshi who along with Khajhuria were guest artists, had competent pieces in welded metal and wood, respectively.

Lastly, one comes to Peter Fink (Britain) to single him out for special praise as one who has clearly left behind, at Patiala, a monument to the international sculpture camp. A keen sense of visible structure consciousness gives to his "Siva" a rare dynamism in crisp notes of vigour. Fink's sculpture in steel sketches out in skeletal form an uprising and surging force, well



"THE GRIP" by Avtarjeet Singh Dhanjal

supported by compressed serpentine lines and chain links.

Now, from afar, as one recalls to the mind the sculptural park at the Panjabi University campus, one sees Nature holding the mirror to the beauty of art—art by several hands and from several lands

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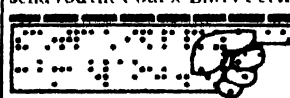
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# The first signs of gum trouble



#### Plaque

Plaque is the invisible film of bacteria that forms around your teeth and gums all the time. If neglected, plaque leads to tartar.

#### Tartar

Tartar collects at the base of your teeth, irritates your gums and causes swelling. Later on, gums and bone may recede, causing teeth to fall out.

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THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

# Freak Hand

**T**HIS freak hand, dealt at the table during a Duplicate tournament at Allahabad, could have resulted in a huge swing, but didn't. At one table, the declarer had no clue to the winning line, at the other, the declarer failed to draw the correct inference from the bidding.

South dealer, Both Vul

		♠ QJ106
		♥ AK8643
		♦ 4
		♣ 87
♠ 754	W	♠ AK9832
♥ J102	N	♥ Q975
♦ 863	E	♦ K109
♣ KQ106	S	♣ —
		♠ —
		♥ —
		♦ AQJ752
		♣ AJ95432

At one table, the auction went

West	North	East	South
P	2H (ii)	2S	2D (i)
P	P	P	5C (iii)

(i) At least 5 Diamonds, 4 Clubs, 14-16

(ii) Relay, asking for distribution

(iii) 6-6 in the minors! There is no bid for 7-6

West did not double because he did not expect 5 Clubs to be the final contract—he fully expected North would correct to 5 Diamonds, which he did not feel confident about beating

At the other table, the auction went

West	North	East	South
P	1H	1S	1D
P	3NT	P	3C
	D'ble	All Pass	5C

At this table, West had decided to double the expected correction to 5 Diamonds and lead a trump, so he doubled 5 Clubs too

At the first table the play was soon over—declarer ruffed the Spade lead, cashed the Ace of Diamonds and ruffed a Diamond, cashed Ace King of Heart to

pitch two Diamonds, ruffed out the Ace of Spades and ruffed a Diamond. When they broke 3-3, he ruffed a heart in hand and cashed the Ace of Clubs. A 3-1 break would have given him his contract a 2-2 break would have given him an overtrick. But the 4-0 break beat him.

At the other table too, declarer played in like fashion and went down. But on a Spade lead, the hand is cold, and should in fact be made after that tell tale double. Ruff the King of Spades, cash the Ace of Diamonds and ruff a Diamond, ruff out the Ace of Spades and ruff another Diamond. Cash the top Heart and the good Queen of Spades, discarding the remaining Diamonds, and ruff a Heart in hand! Declarer has come to nine tricks, thus far and West and he are down to four trumps each.

West	South
♠ —	♠ —
♥ —	♥ —
♦ —	♦ —
♣ KQ106	♣ AJ95

Any Club played from hand except the Ace endplay. West says he wins the five with his six and plays the King. South ducks

and makes his Ace and Jack for his contract

West was at fault of course—one of the best young players in India his logic in doubling 5 Clubs was that he would double 5 Diamonds too and lead a trump. He failed to carry his reasoning to the logical conclusion, and lead a trump against the unexpected final contract!

On a trump lead the declarer must win his Ace and concede a trick to the King of Diamonds without ruffing a Diamond. When in with a Spade ruff, he must play a trump to wards dummy and the nine of trumps when in with a Heart or Spade ruff. He comes back to hand by ruffing a major suit card with his last but one trump, draws West's last trump and makes his good Diamonds.

Only by playing in this fashion does he escape for one down. If he ruffs one Diamond in dummy West's six of trumps is prompted for down two. And in the suggested line he must be careful not to cash dummy's top Hearts, since if Diamonds prove to be 4-2 in the end he will lose a Heart trick as well for 800 away.

AVINASH GOKHALE

THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Knights Challenge Bishops

**T**HE theoretical superiority of two Bishops may sometimes be challenged by two Knights if they can menace the enemy King. At first sight White's position in No 115 with two Bishops against two Knights seems satisfactory. The way Black conjures up an attack is characteristic of world champion Karpov's style. In No 116 the Bishops look silly as the Knights unleash a combination beginning with a Queen sacrifice.

Ljubojevic-Karpov, Montreal 1979

1.PK4, PK4 2.NKB3, NQB3 3.PQ4, PxP 4.NxP, QB3 5.NB5 (The Scotch game 3.PQ4 is rarely seen in today's master practice 5.NN3, 5.PQB3, 5.NN5, 5.NxN are more usual) 6.BB4 6.NB3, KxNK2 7.NK3, 00 8.PKN3? (Aiming at control of his Q5, but the move has a flaw) 9.PB4 (On 9.BN2, PQ4! 10.PxP, BxN 11.BxB, BN5 is awkward) 10.N4N3 10.BN2, PB3 11.00, PQ4! 12.KR1 (If 12.PxP, PxP 13.NxP, NxN 14.QxN, QN3 the pin on White's Knight would be troublesome)

UNNATURAL

12...BxN! (12.PQ5? is met by 13.NR4) 13.BxB, PxP 14.QB1 (White has to make unnatural moves, for neither 12.NxP, QxNP

nor 12.BxKP, NB4 is desirable) 15.NxP, BxN! 16.BxB, KRK1 17.RK1, PN3 18.PB3, NB4 19.BKB2, PKR4 20.QB2, N3K2 21.BB3, PN3 22.RK5, NQ4 (22.BxN, 1xB 23.RxP? loses to the pin 23.QB3) 23.QRK1, RxR! 24.RxR, NN2! 25.PB1, NK2 26.QR4

DEPTH

Position No 115 Having conceded two Bishops the K file and withdrawn his Knights, Karpov now reveals his secret move 26.PKN4! 27.QR3. If 27.RxP, QxNP with possible favourable continuations such as 28.KN2, RQ1 Q7, or 28.KN1, PR5 29.BxP, PR6! NK3! 28.BxRP, RQ1! (Black's pieces are now better co-ordinated) 29.RK2, PxP 30.QKB3, KB1 (Another typical Karpov move showing the depth of his calculation)

FINAL PHASE

31.QK4, PxP 32.PxP, QR3! 33.QR4, RQ8ch 34.KN2 (or 34.KR2, QB6!) 35.BxN, QxB 36.PB5, PN4 37.QR8ch, KK2 38.QK5, RQ4 39.QK3 (39.QB7ch, KB1 40.QxBP? fails to 40.NB5ch, if 39.QK4, PB4) 40.QR3, RR4! (Final phase of the attack) 41.QxPch, KB3 42.BN1, RB4 43.RKB2, QK5ch 44.KB1, NQ5 45.

RxRch, QxRch 46.BB2, QQ6ch 47.KN1, QQ8ch 48.KR2, QK7 49.KN1, NB6ch 50.KN2, NQ7, White resigns

B Vikstrom-L. Omelchenko  
Corres. Chess Olympiad 1979

1.PQ4, NKB3 2.PQB4, PK3 3.NQB3, BN5 4.PK3, PB4 5.NB3, NB3 6.BQ3, BxNch (Nimzo Indian Defence 4...005, PB4 6.PQ4 is the main variation. In the text White can vary with 5.NK2) 7.PxB, PQ3 8.00, PK4

INTERESTING

MCO gives 9.PK4, Gligoric Anderson Yugo, 1978 9.NQ2, 00 10.PQ5, NK2 11.PK4, NK1 12.QB2, NN3. Interesting is 9.NN5!, 00? 10.PB4, PKR3 11.BPxP! QPxP 12.RxN! QxR 13.NR7, won by Fortisch against Seom Budapest 1979

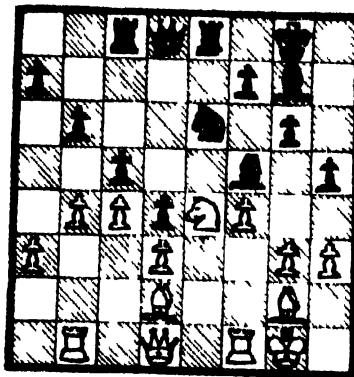
BREACH

9.QE2, 00 10.RQ1?, BPxP 11.KPxP (If 11.BPxP, NQN5) BN5 12.BR3? (Trying to win the QP at the cost of breach in castling. Better 12.BK2) RK1 13.PxP, NxB 14.BK2, RxN 15.PxB, NR4! 16.RQ4, QN4ch 17.KR1, NB5 18.RKN1

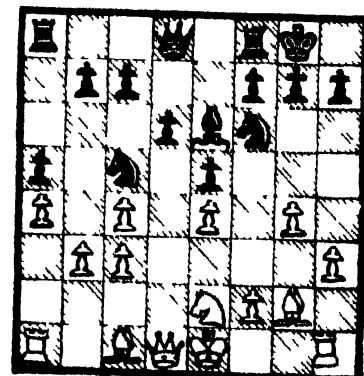
BACK RANK

Position No 116 18.QxRch! 19.KxQ, PxPch! 20.KR1? (20.PxN is impossible because of back rank mate but 20.KB1 was preferable though in any case Black gets two Rooks for Queen by 20...NxR 21.PxN, NxB) RxR 21.QB1, NxR 22.PxN, PKN4 23.BN4, QRK1 24.QKN1, NR6, White resigns

R B SAPRE



No 117 BLACK TO PLAY



No 118 BLACK TO PLAY



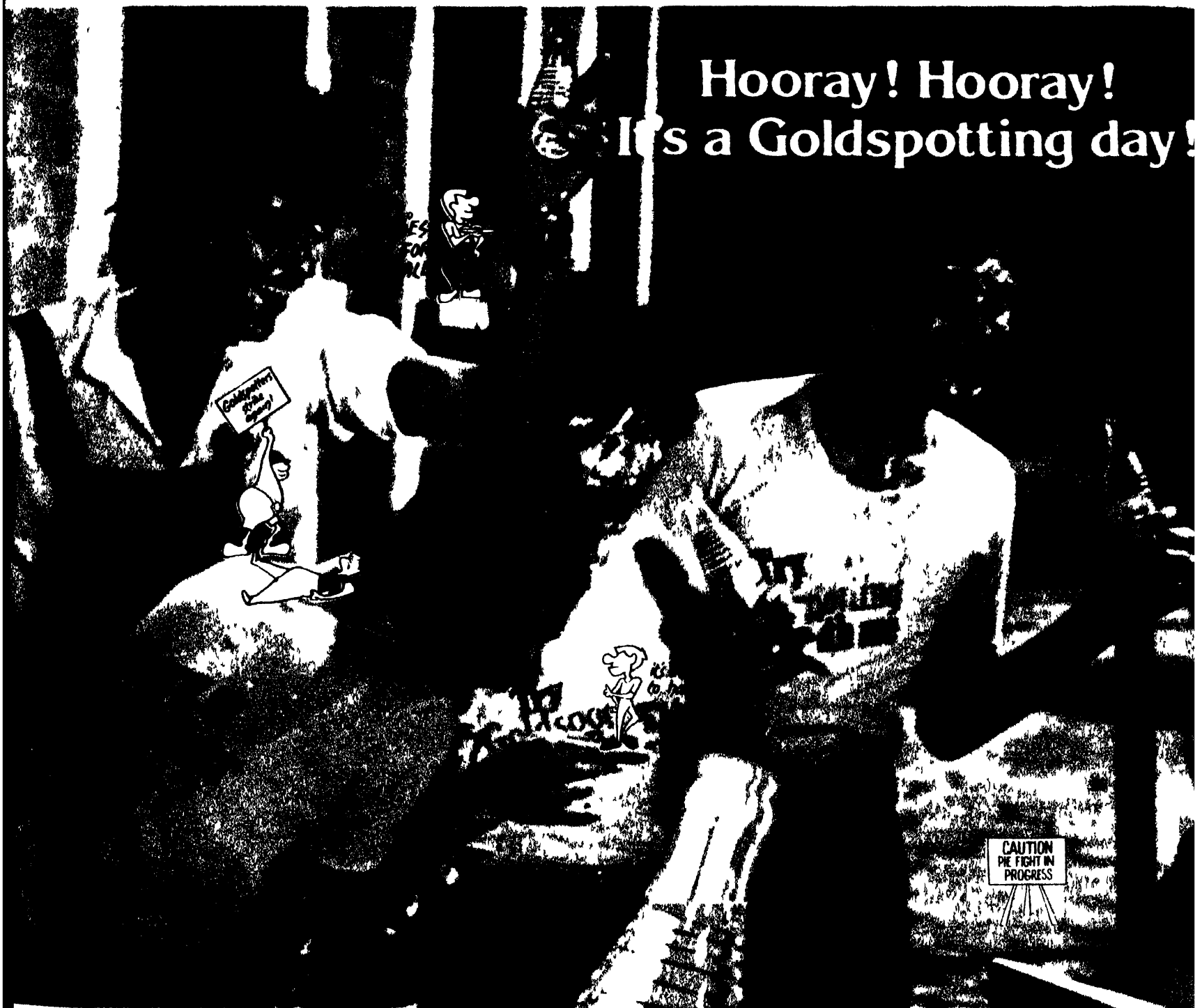


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CHAITRA-S5-



**A VETERAN** parachute jumper submitted to a TV interview by a lady gabber.

"When did you get your greatest kick?" asked the lady.

"That's easy, m'am," answered the para. "Once I hesitated too long at the plane door and the sarge booted me out."

**I**n the Officer Training School a lieutenant was questioning a candidate: "If you're on duty on a pitch-black night, and suddenly somebody sneaks up behind you and wraps two arms around you so tightly that you just can't use your rifle, what would you say?"

The candidate answered hopefully, "Let go, Honey."

**A PUBLISHER** in Indianapolis received an unsolicited article entitled, "How to make your own mink coats?"

Opening line: "First catch sixty-two minks..."

**A PERSON** accompanied by an escort went to an eye specialist and complained, "Doctor, whatever I see appears to me in two's. Even now I can see two of you in those two chairs behind those two tables."

Asked the doctor calmly, "Do all four of you have the same complaint?"

**A POMPOUS** lady stamped into an elevator and declared, "I'm in a hurry, a great hurry. Take me right up to the ninth floor."

"Whom do you want to see on that floor?" asked the operator.

"What business is that of yours?" countered the lady.

"None, madam," admitted the operator, "but there are only eight floors in this building."

**T**he world's most polite bandit waved his pistol at a bank's employees and customers and announced silkily, "Now all those ladies and gentlemen, in favour of leaving this premises alive, will kindly hold up their hands."

**A NOTORIOUS** drunkard was persuaded to take up yoga to pull himself together. After ten months of torturing long-unused muscles, he became quite proficient at it.

"Has yoga helped him?" his wife was asked. "In one way," she answered. "Now he can get drunk standing on his head too."

**A**n Army colonel was walking near the border when a man suddenly turned up and they got to talking. The Colonel said, "I shave four to five times a day."

The stranger said in turn, "I shave forty to fifty times a day."

The astonished Colonel asked him, "Are you crazy?"

Back came the reply: "No. I am the new platoon barber."

**H**ere's a diet that will really work, complete in four short words. "No more, thank you."

**A BEGGAR** accosted a lady with a time-honoured, "Can you spare a quarter for a starving man?" The lady fumbled with her purse, whereupon the beggar urged her sharply, "Hurry up lady, I'm double-parked."

**O**verheard at a local press club. "He's the kind of editor who expects his photographer to get both the start and finish of a hundred-yard dash."

**T**wo fish were idly flipping their fins in the English channel when a black shadow spread over the scene. "Must be a storm blowing up above us," hazarded one. "Nonsense," corrected the other. "That was only the Queen Mary's bottom."

Fish number one, visibly impressed, murmured, "God save the King."

**A COUPLE** of adjoining barbershops in Miami Beach were having a poster war with each other. One announced, "Why pay \$1.50 for a haircut? We'll do the job for fifty cents less!" Two hours later the other hung out this sign twice as big. "We guarantee to repair dollar haircuts."

**A**t an annual roundup of agents for a big American insurance company this spring, the President suddenly cried, "On your feet everybody! Look at the bottom of your chairs!" The startled agents jumped up and found on the seat of every chair a crisp new dollar bill.

"Keep the dollars, boys," smiled the President. "I just wanted to demonstrate that the time has come when you've got to get out of your chairs if you want to make a quick buck."

**A POLICY** purveyor who had experienced a run of miserable luck finally persuaded a secretary to summon her boss to the phone. "I don't suppose you're in the market for some additional life insurance?" began the salesman. "Why, yes I am," replied the prospect. "How large a policy would you suggest?"

"Excuse me, Sir," stammered the bewildered salesman unable to believe his good fortune, "I must have the wrong number!"

**T**he wife of a submarine commander gave birth to a beautiful baby girl while her husband's craft was patrolling the far eastern waters. This is the cable she sent him: "Ahoy, skipper. New craft successfully launched at seven bells. Tonnage: Eight pounds. No periscope. All shipshape. That is all we hope. Love Mary."

**T**he old gaffer pleading to the doctor, "You have got to help me. Here I am ninety years old and still chasing girls."

"What's wrong with that?" laughed the doctor.

A tear trickled down the old graffer's cheek. "I chase them," he confessed, "but I can't remember why."

**T**he happiest man in Montego Bay is Abercrombies Wilkins. A hurricane has just been named after his mother-in-law.

**H**erb Shriner boasts that a fireman in his home town has rescued at least a dozen girls but never got a single medal or promotion for his bravery. He rescued the girls from the fire chief.

**A DOCTOR** diagnosed a patient's run-down condition as too much worry over his money matters. "Relax," he ordered the doctor. "Just two weeks ago I had another fellow here in a dither because he couldn't pay his tailor bills. I told him to forget about them and now he feels great." "I know," said the patient glumly. "I'm his tailor."

(Selected by R. Kasturi Rangan)



# BOOKS

## Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh

Buddhas have always been very much aware that they impart something of their presence, something of their silence, something of their joy, rather than imparting their wisdom. Even if

they have to talk, they talk only in order to persuade you to be silent. Even if they use words, these words are used to create a wordless state of consciousness in you. **Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh**

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# Weekly Fun Time

E		A	G
B	F		
C			
D			

## NUMBER PUZZLE

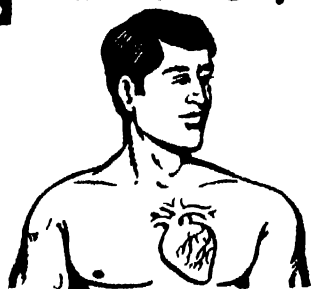
### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE NUMBER OF PLAYERS IN EACH CRICKET TEAM.
- B) THE NUMBER OF SQUARE YARDS IN AN ACRE.
- C) THE EQUIVALENT OF 10°C ON THE FAHRENHEIT SCALE.
- D) THE NUMBER OF ARMS, KARTAVIRYA ARJUNA (WITH WHOM PARASHURAMA FOUGHT) HAD, ACCORDING TO HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

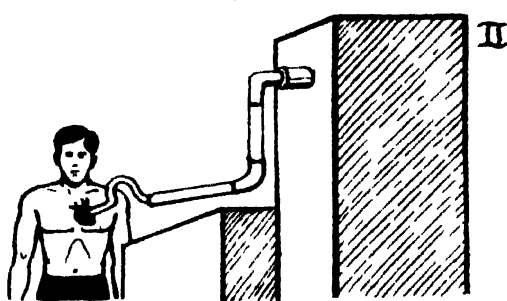
### CLUES DOWN:

- E) THE YEAR IN WHICH BUHLUL LODI ASCENDED THE THRONE OF DELHI.
- F) THE YEAR IN WHICH CHARLEMAGNE WAS CROWNED EMPEROR OF ROME.
- A) THE NUMBER OF YEARS FOR WHICH RAMA WAS BANISHED FROM HIS KINGDOM.
- G) THE NUMBER OF METRES IN A KILOMETER.

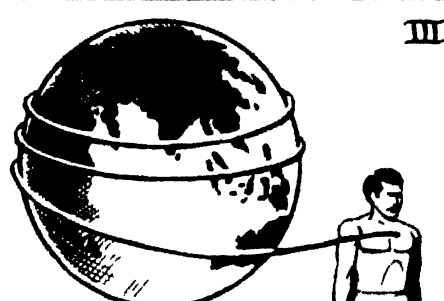
## B TRUE OR FALSE? I



WOMEN REALLY HAVE A BIGGER HEART. THE SIZE OF A WOMAN'S HEART IS ABOUT 20% LARGER THAN THAT OF A MAN'S HEART.

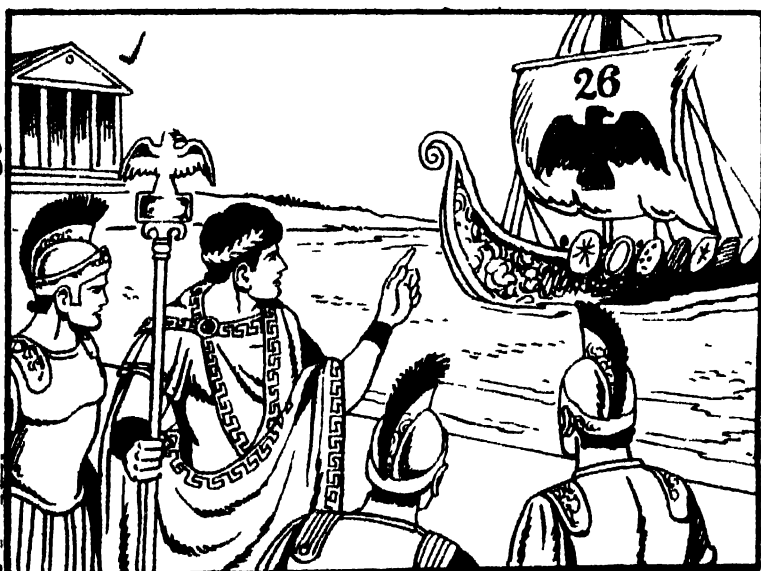


DURING THE COURSE OF A NORMAL LIFE-TIME OF 70 YEARS, THE HUMAN HEART BEATS ABOUT 2,50,00,000. AND THIS PUMP DOES NOT NEED SURVICING.

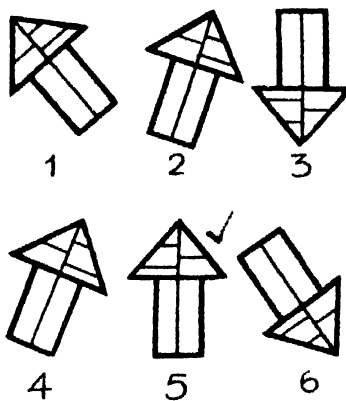


A HUMAN ADULT HAS ENOUGH BLOOD VESSELS TO STRETCH TWICE ROUND THIS EARTH OF OURS, IF PLACED END TO END.

## C WHAT IS THE MAJOR MISTAKE IN THIS PICTURE?



## D FIND THE ODD ARROWHEAD:



## E GIVE VALUES TO X AND Y:

2	5	11	23
3	10	31	94
4	17	X	Y

## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

12

A	5		5	1
	1	9	5	9
	1	8	0	4
	8	5		5

B STATEMENT I WAS FALSE. IT WAS NEIL ARMSTRONG WHO FIRST SET FOOT ON THE MOON (IN 1969).

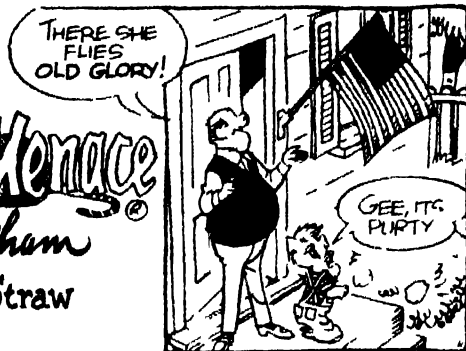
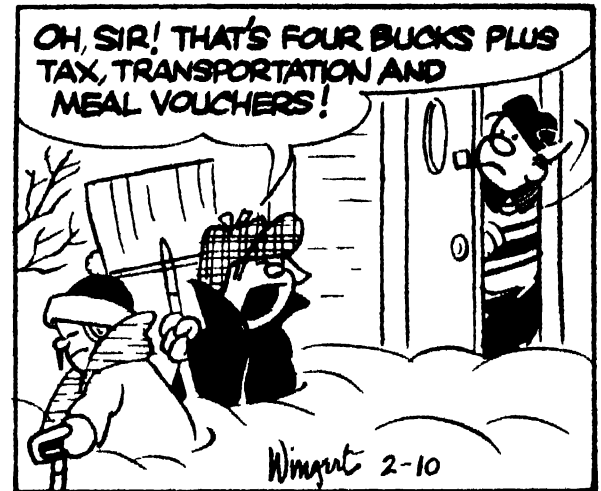
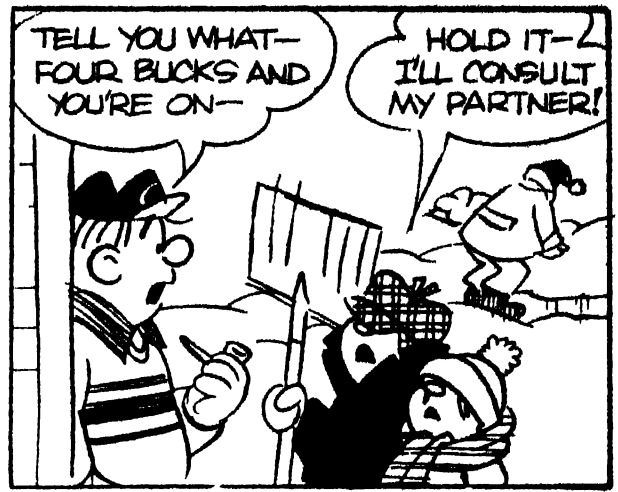
C IN THE PICTURE, THE UNION JACK WAS SHOWN FLYING ON THE WHITE HOUSE (OF U.S.A.).

D RAMU.

E	H	A	R	E
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**HUBERT**

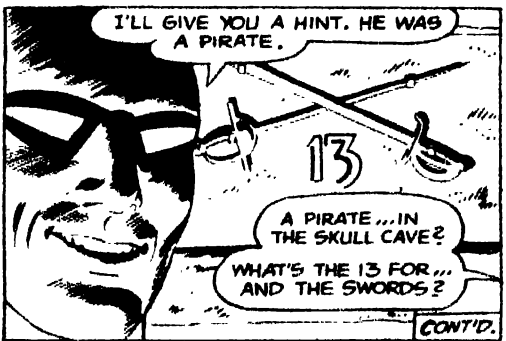
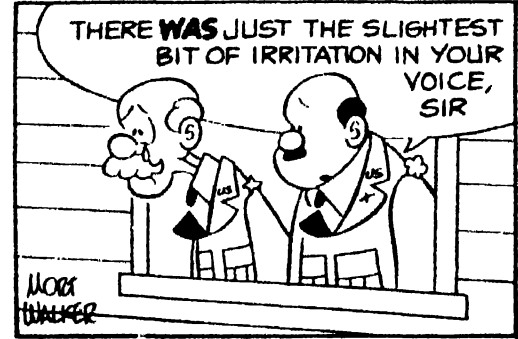
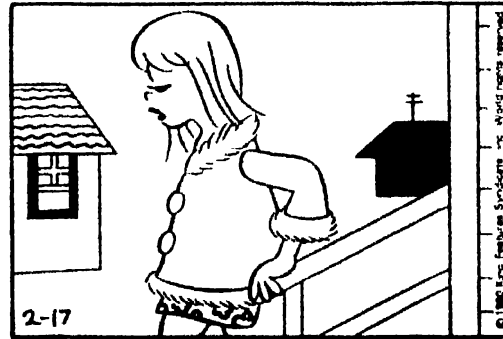
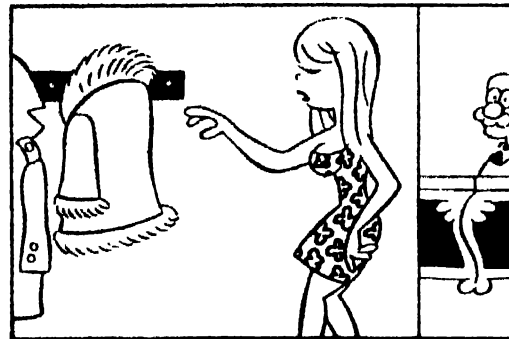
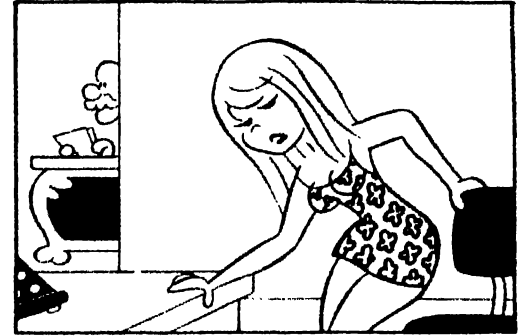
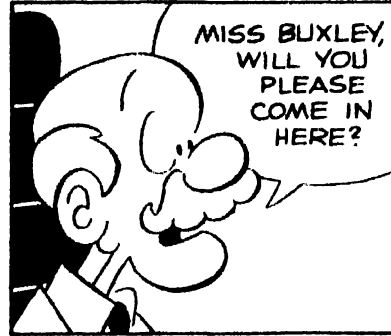
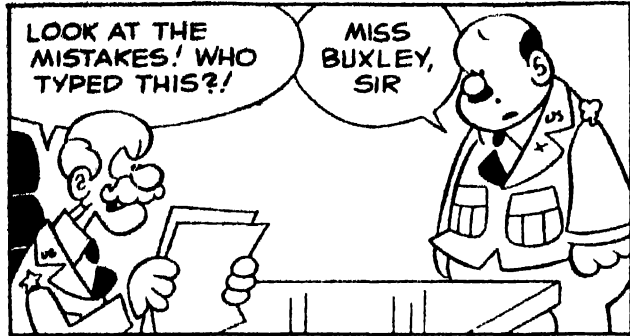
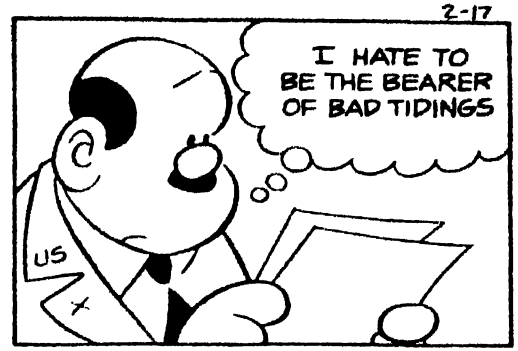
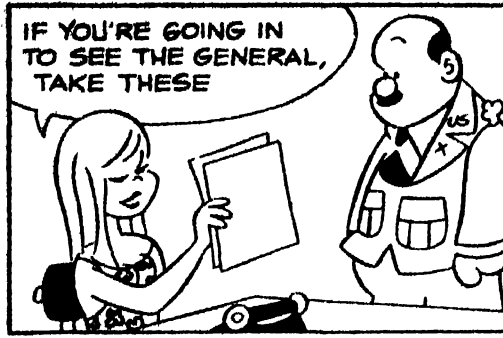
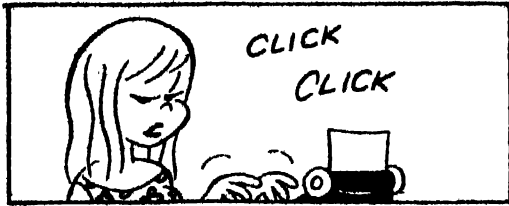
by Dick Wingert



DENNIS THE MENACE



**beetle bailey** by mort walker



THE PHANTOM

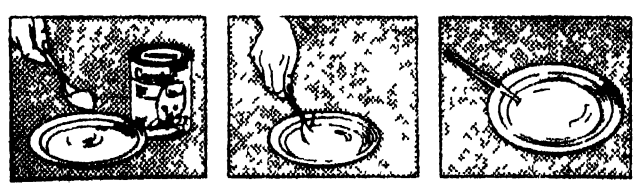
Watch your baby



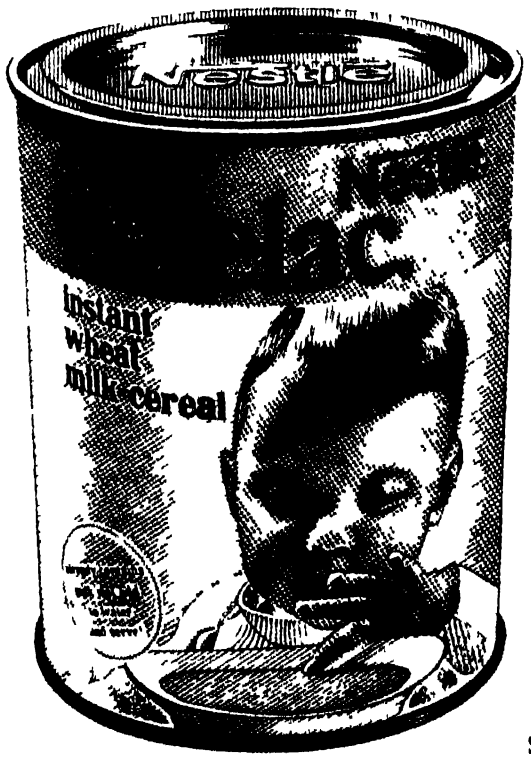
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# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K.KELKAR

**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec. 21-Jan. 19



Your hopes for radical changes in your career may not materialise. In the early part of the week, you must move discreetly, or else you may offend someone close to you. Rest during the mid-week to restore your mental and physical health. Don't waste the day on Friday. Entertain on Saturday.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr. 21-May 20



Sports, outings and extra-curricular activities occupy your mind this week. Labour problems should be dealt with caution and sympathy on Sunday. New investments should be postponed till Monday. Domestic duties and obligations should be discharged carefully, by the mid-week.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Although you are heading towards financial well-being, you must take care not to follow dubious methods in your ambition to get rich quickly. Stick to the honest path. Do not trust friends and associates on Wednesday. Thursday's discussion and interviews will be fruitful on Friday evening.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18



You will have to be on the watch-out for someone quite close to you who will try to play foul with you. The developments of the early part of the week may bewilder you. On Wednesday you will succeed in facing the troubled situation. Thursday is ideal for business deals.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



A tricky and confusing atmosphere is going to prevail for the next six weeks. Promises made to you recently will not materialise. Between Monday and Wednesday financial affairs should be handled with the utmost care. Set apart the week-end for agricultural and estate matters.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept. 24-Oct. 23



This is going to be a rather hectic week for personal and business affairs. Dilemmas in the early part of the week will cause you much tension. Therefore postpone important decisions till Tuesday evening. Thursday inspires you to strike a profitable bargain at the most opportune moment.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb. 19-Mar. 20



Friends and associates may act whimsically and threaten to part company with you for no apparent reason. Some prejudices may suddenly develop between lovers in the early part of the week. Thrash out your differences on Wednesday and attempt a reconciliation on Thursday. Conserve all your resources.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



Either be on the defensive or use the influence of important people to chalk out a strategy to maintain your present status. Someone comes to your aid secretly on Sunday to help you defeat those who have been opposing you. Thursday helps you to relax. But keep on your toes on Friday.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct. 24-Nov. 22



Even though you may be right, it would be wise not to disclose your strategy for staging a *coup de grace* in your professional field. Business matters gain momentum on Thursday. Therefore, try to make a gain out of the present environment, which favours your moves. Rest on Saturday-Sunday.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar. 21-Apr. 20



There will be a rapid improvement in your health. The business environment also improves, but competition will be very tough. Respect the advice of elders on Sunday-Monday while taking important decisions in your work-life. Reorganise your business on Wednesday. Check your assets on Thursday.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug. 21



It is an ideal time to re-decorate your drawing-room or the showroom of your business premises. Invest your extra income in property. Ignore the criticisms of your relatives and friends in the mid-week. Thursday-Friday may bring a lot of contentment and pleasure.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov. 23-Dec. 20



Don't let your colleagues provoke you into an act of rashness or even inertia. Your antagonists will try to undermine your professional status and integrity in the early part of the week. By Wednesday you will recognise their plans and take appropriate steps to foil them. Have a small celebration.

## Birthday Forecast



**Sunday, November 23**

This is going to be a year of peace and contentment. Avail of all opportunities for accumulating your assets. Travel prospects are good in this and the next two months. Financially, you do well.

**Monday, November 24**

More than average success can safely be predicted for you. Try to maintain cordial relations with elders. Youngsters should resist the temptation of changing jobs between June-August.

**Tuesday, November 25**

Stability in your professional sphere helps you to devote yourself to new hobbies. April-May and September-October are, financially and vocationally, a good period.

**Wednesday, November 26**

The year will bring a step-up in your career, a rise in income and prosperity in business. Youngsters can do well academically, or secure a lucrative job and have fun and romance till May.

**Thursday, November 27**

Most of you can look forward to a year of achievements. Old investments will mature and prove profitable in March-April. Take care of your health in July-August. Try to consolidate your professional gains.

**Friday, November 28**

Balance your budget properly and invest some portion of your income in fixed assets. Promotions, with wider powers await those who are in the police or armed services. Youngsters can settle down in a career and in life.

**Saturday, November 29**

You can look forward to a progressive year ahead. You will expand your present scale of activities in April-May or October-November. Financially you will not face any specific problems. Avoid conflicts and clashes in July-August.

## STAR FOCUS

Those born between November 23 and December 20 come under the 9th Solar sign—Sagittarius.

Sagittarians are basically restless, curious, impulsive, seekers of truth and lovers of nature and sports. It is their peculiarity to be intuitive and hence bring success out of failure time and again.

In the last few years, their dreams and ideals have been shattered owing to the unfavourable transition of Saturn. During the next two and half years, all their efforts will bear fruit and they will reach an unassailable position in all walks of life. Their innovative and sporting outlook will fetch them handsome rewards. They will

also enjoy stability and contentment.

In January-February 1981 they will travel far and wide and enjoy much publicity and recognition. In March and April, hobbies, sports and other creative abilities will bring them money and all sorts of pleasures including new promotions. Youngsters will have fun and romance in May-June and can look forward to

settling down in a career and in personal life between July and September.

Those born at sunrise, sunset and at noon are luckier than those born at midnight.

In short, Sagittarians will not only recoup the deficiency of 1979-80 but can also march forward towards prosperity and progress—material, mental and spiritual.

## Prosperity Awaits Sagittarians

# ARE YOU INSURED FOR FULL REPLACEMENT VALUE?



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Chairman of GIC  
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"Some of the inevitable consequences of rapid industrialisation, anywhere in the world, are labour strikes, riots and sabotage, all of which can lead to fire in a factory. The other causes of industrial fire are explosions and spontaneous combustion. Fire, you know, can reduce your capital assets to ashes overnight

## ... AND YOU MAY BE UNDER-INSURED

Reason: Inflation! If your machinery was a 6-figure investment 5 years ago, it could well be in 7 figures this year.

And, if the premium you've been paying has been the same for the past 5 years

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Shilp-GIC 1 A/80

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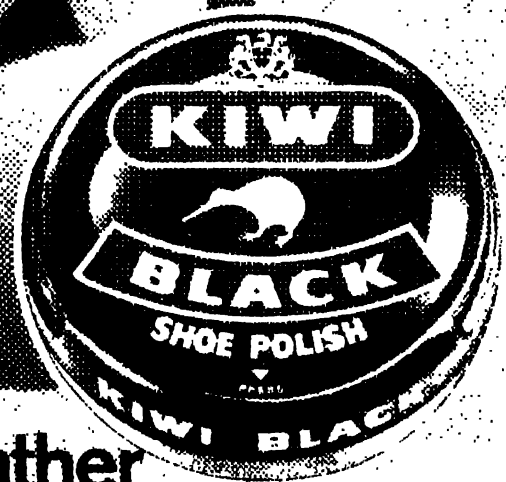


Poor old shoes! Every time you put them on, you bend them, twist them, turn them, on an average, 1732 times a day.

Mind you, your shoes would gladly bear this torture if only they got the nourishment they deserve: KIWI, the only polish with 36% leather-conditioning wax.

This formulation gives KIWI its strong water and dust-repelling power, a longer lasting shine and its ability to provide better protection for the leather; also it doesn't dry or cake easily.

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CX 550	TAIPEI
CX 502	OSAKA
CX 500	TOYOYO
CX 721	PENANG
CX 731	BAHRAIN
CX 741	DUBAI
CX 711	JAKARTA
CX 903	MANILA
CX 101	SYDNEY



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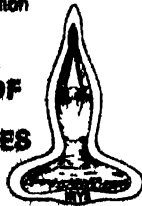
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Revised V.S. 3

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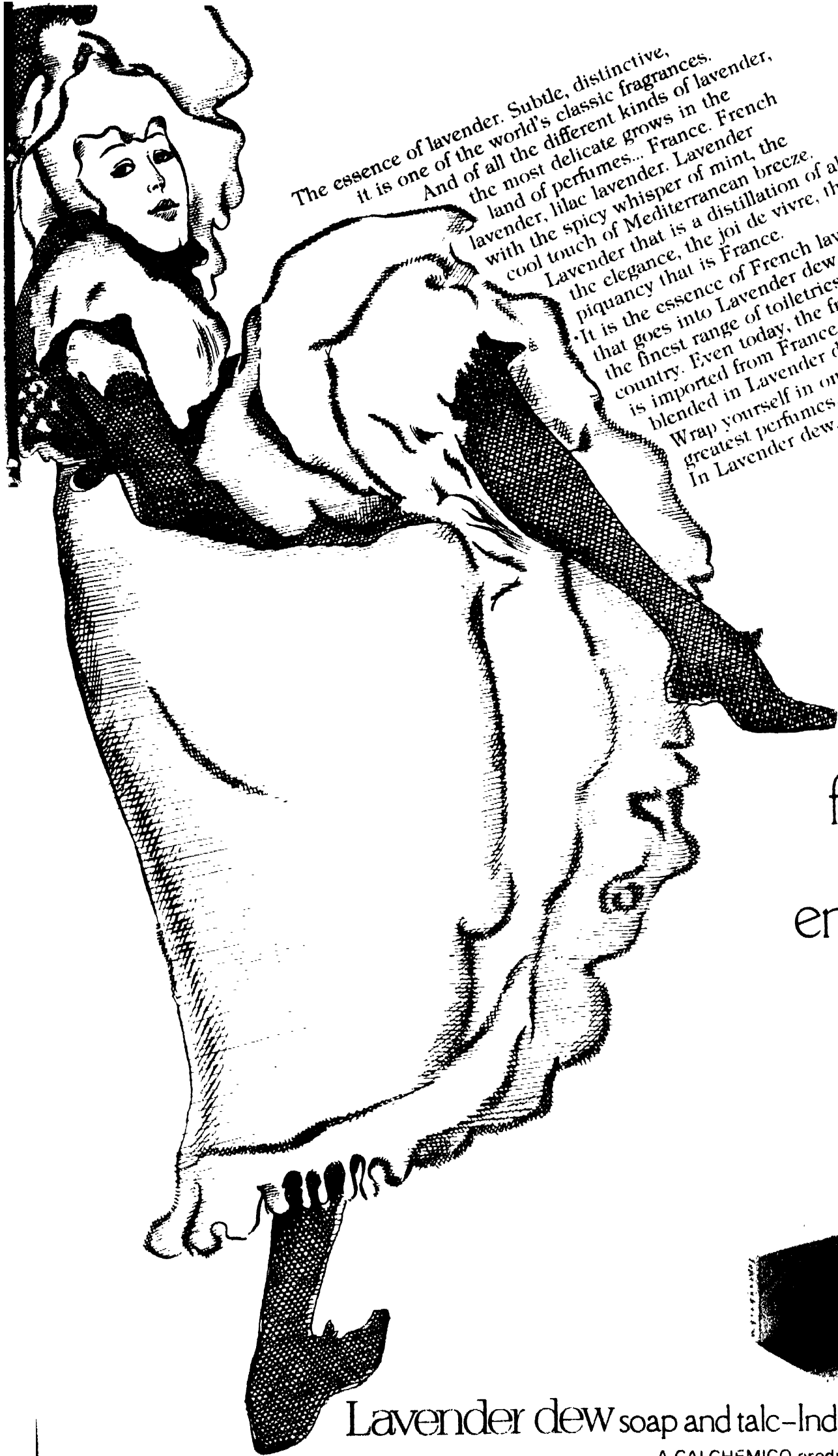
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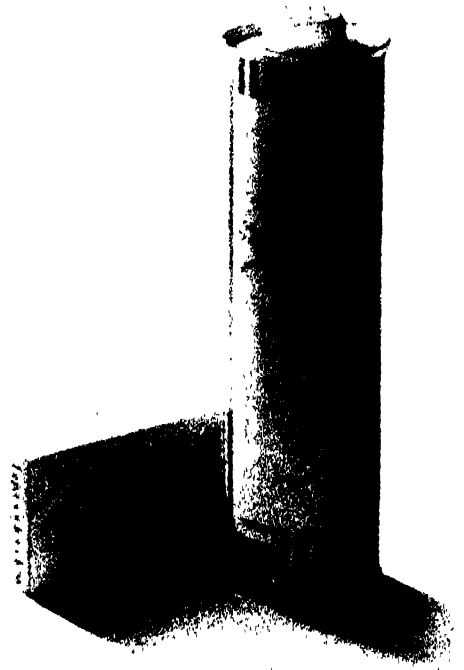
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country. Even today, the fragrance  
is imported from France and lavishly  
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These Quotation Clues are actual quotations from authors and they are sensible, witty and delightful, and therefore, they are in themselves truly educative and entertaining. Moreover, there is no element of chance in this contest, because there is NO "Adjudication Committee" to decide the final solutions, and there is only one CORRECT ANSWER to each quotation clue—the word used by the author in his or her work

The names of the authors are published in the 'Sources' along with the correct solution

The Entry Fee for each Entry Square is Re 1- You can send the Entry Fee by Money Order, Postal Order or 'QUOTES' Cash Receipts. Money Orders are to be addressed to "QUOTES" No 271, Competition Dept., The Times of India, Bombay-1 and the M.O. Receipt is to be enclosed with your entries as token of payment. You will receive the M.O. acknowledgement for the remittance through the Post Office subsequently. Postal Orders are to be crossed and made payable to 'QUOTES' No 271 at Bombay-1. 'QUOTES' Cash Receipts can be had from our agents or direct from us

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**CLOSES : FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1980**

### CLUES ACROSS SET "A"

- 1 Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Dajlah, or Tigris, will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of calliphs is extinct, if thy — has plenty, be liberal as the date tree, but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress. (HANDLAND)
- 2 Of course, with so much work to do, and with everybody conscious of the need to maintain cordial relations, sex didn't get much chance to rear its — head. (LIVELY|LOVELY|LONELY)
- 3 The dark girl behind it had a — of red paint between her eyebrows. She looked up at him mysteriously. (BLOB|CLOT|SPOT)
- 4 The cadet looked at the ground and said: "I didn't — anything." (HEAR|MEAN|WEAR)

### SET "B"

- 5 'Well, today's undignified — has brought you a fortune. What's it brought me?' (SCAMPER|SCARPER)
- 12 His — drooped down, his expression had saddened. (LIDS|LIPS)
- 13 Somehow he kept back whatever he had been on the point of — out. He drew up a chair and sat down. (CLIPPING|SNAPPING|TRIPPING)

### CLUES DOWN SET "B"

- 2 'He's been mean to his —, he's apt to need a drink.' (LIVER|LOVER)
- 6 Women could work themselves up, they could reach an alarming pitch of hysteria unnoticed by the oblivious male who was the object of their —. (DEVOTION|VEKATION)

### SET "C"

- 7 Then it resumed, a little louder and consequently a bit more easily understood. 'How are you? You feel all right? —?' (FIT|HIT|SET)
- 8 The mistake was his own. The Science of Luck was an impersonal force, vast as the silpstream of the planets, relentless as a river — down a hill. (HEADING|WENDING|WINDING)
- 9 'So don't you try no monkey-tricks. Suicide isn't allowed in this prison. See?' said the —. (WARDEN|WARDER)
- 10 He moved forward on — legs and his hand-reached out. (STUBBY|STUMPY|STURDY)
- 11 She raised a pair of capable hands up to her hair and stroked it into position before a mirror in the —. (HALL|WALL)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 4; RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 11  
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No. 271

CLOSING DATE:

**FRIDAY,  
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"QUOTES" No 271

Entry Re 1/-

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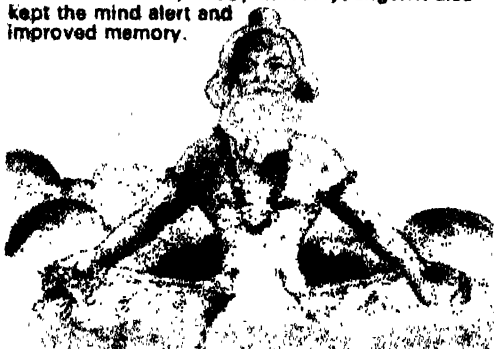
## **Dabur** Chyawanprash

### ● The elixir of life ●

Chyawanprash literally means "food for Chyawan Rishi". The legend goes that Chyawanprash was first created 3,000 years ago as a health food by the physicians of the Gods.

So amazing were its powers, that the rishis often called it "Jeevan" or "the elixir of life".

The rishis believed that it not only built up resistance and kept body tissues young...it also kept the mind alert and improved memory.



### 3,000 years later... Dabur Chyawanprash

For centuries, Chyawanprash remained a secret of the rishis and a few remote ashrams.

It was only in 1884, when Dabur set up their first ayurvedic plant, that Chyawanprash became easily available to everyone.

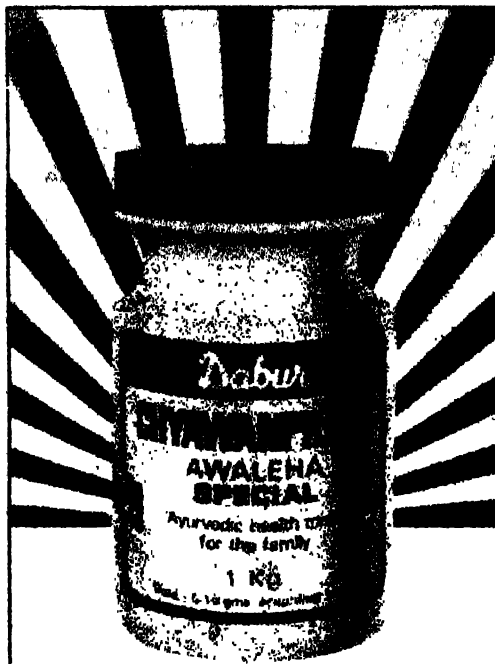
Dabur Chyawanprash is made from over 40 carefully selected herbs and ingredients. The most important of these is fresh amla. It also contains Dashmool (10 roots), Ashtawarg (8 herbs), til oil, ghee, sugar and spices.

### THE SECRET OF AMLA

It was the early ayurveda who first discovered that amla is nature's best defence against illness. It is the richest known source of natural Vitamin C. In fact, amla juice contains 20 times more Vitamin C than orange juice!

### An amazing medical discovery

For years people felt that all Vitamin C did was prevent colds.



It was Dr. Linus Pauling, two-time winner of the Nobel Prize, who found that Vitamin C revitalizes body tissues and slows down the ageing process. It also controls high blood pressure and reduces the chances of a heart attack.

### DR. ASHOK MAJUMDAR, RENOWNED AYURVEDIC EXPERT SAYS:

"I strongly recommend Dabur Chyawanprash to all my patients. It has a wide range of long-term benefits for both young and old."

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Dabur Chyawanprash is manufactured in fully automated plants by the world's largest manufacturers of ayurvedic products.

### Dabur Chyawanprash—your daily ounce of prevention

Ayurveda has always believed that prevention is better than cure. By building up the body's natural resistance to infection, Dabur Chyawanprash helps to keep your family healthy.

Make Dabur Chyawanprash a daily health habit for everyone in your family.

### Does a healthy person need a health tonic?

Far too many people believe that a health tonic is meant only for those who are sick.

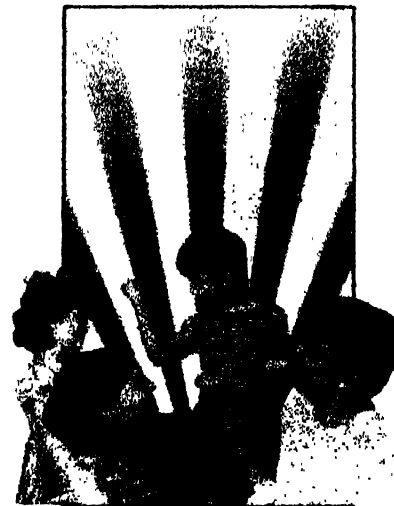
The fact is, that a good health tonic acts as a preventive. It can actually build up the body's resistance and keep you from falling ill easily.

A health tonic therefore, should be taken by everyone in the family.

### Why is a natural health tonic better?

When you take vitamins and minerals in their natural form, they are more easily absorbed by the body.

Because there are absolutely no chemicals or artificial additives, a natural health tonic is completely free from side effects and is safer for children.



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# Dipy's tomato ketchup



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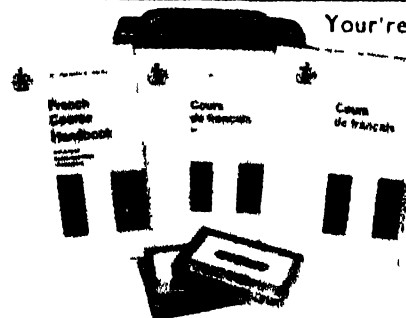
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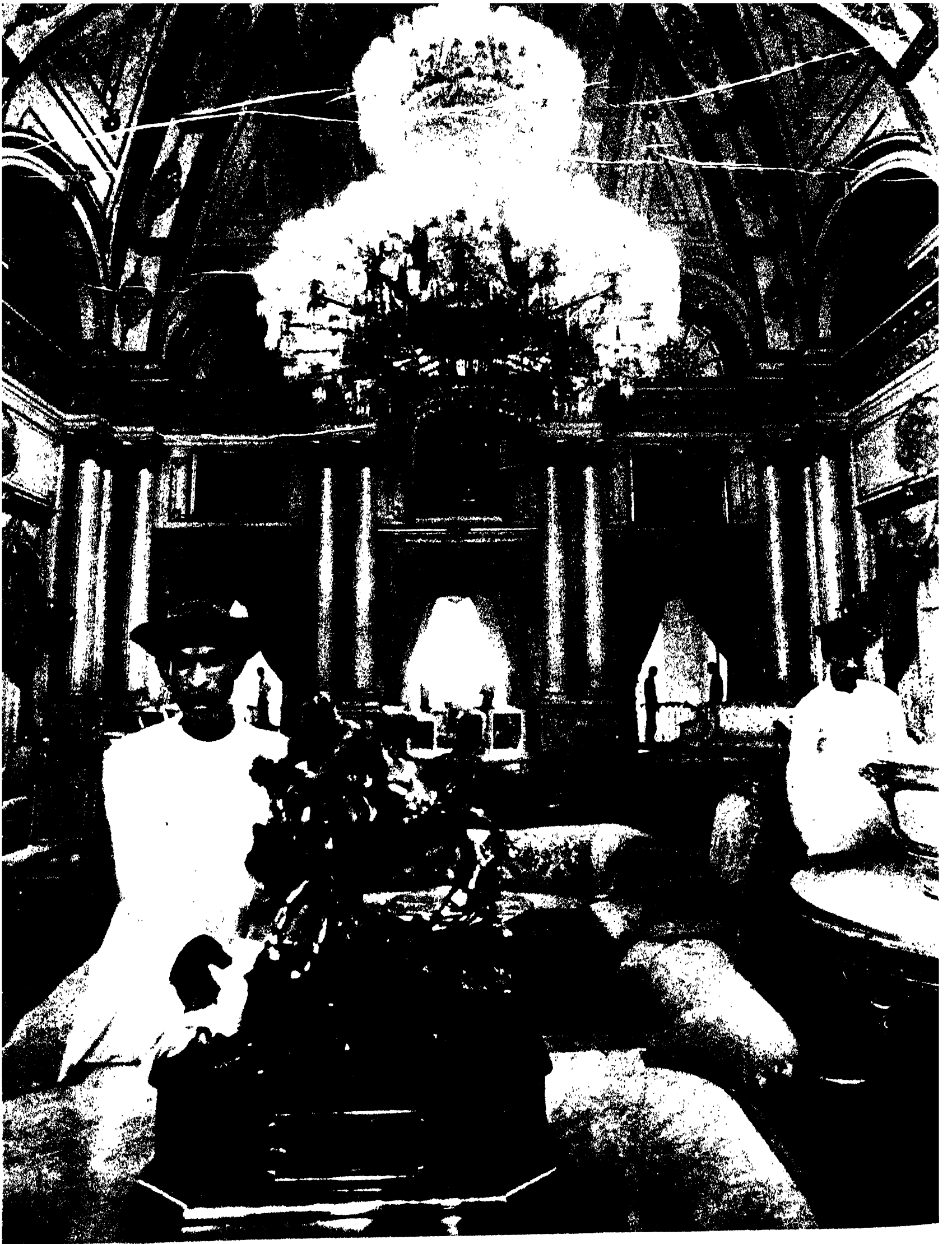
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“The Darbar Hall at Gwalior is a very fine Italianate room, and with its orange and yellow hangings and vast chandeliers, made a wonderful setting for the three hundred chiefs and nobles.”

—VIVIANE FITZROY, *Courts and Camps in India*

When you motor down the short distance from Agra to Gwalior, leaving behind empty monuments, you enter a city of living palaces. For when you enter Gwalior, you brush back the cobwebs of time and relive the opulence of great maharajas whose names fill the pages of Indian history.

The Jai Vilas Palace at Gwalior combines three distinct styles of architecture—the Italian, the Tuscan and the Corinthian. The imposing Darbar Hall reflects the mood in cutglass and crystal.

As your eye travels along the gilt walls to the dome-like roof, your sight is struck by the largest pair of chandeliers in the world. (Each chandelier weighs 6 tonnes, and, before they were suspended, eight elephants were first used to test the strength of the ceiling.)

But Gwalior has more than the royal palace and the darbar hall.

Overlooking the city, dominating it like a great monolith is the great Gwalior Fort—one of the finest citadels in India. This is the fort that the legendary and courageous queen Rani Lakshmi Bai and Tantiya Tope attacked in 1857, and it was from Gwalior that she went out, fighting through enemy lines, only to die from a stray musket shot.

Today Gwalior lives on. It is a city its people are forever proud of. For it belongs to their memories and the memories of those gone before them.

### **Shivpuri—a rich game sanctuary.**

Shivpuri, just over an hour's drive from Gwalior, was once the summer capital of the Maharajas.

It is one of nature's beauty spots. It boasts a rich game sanctuary, the Madhav National Park. Lush forests abound with sambar, blue bull, chinkara and leopard. And in the midst of the Park is a crescent-shaped lake, Chand Pata (crescent moon), with a Boat Club, where once regattas were held.

Take time off to see the 'chattis' which were erected by the royal families of Gwalior in memory of their ancestors. See a fascinating ritual where servants attend life-sized statues day and night.

### **Orchha—a preserved mediaeval city.**

A hundred and thirty kilometres from Gwalior you will see the amazing city of Orchha. Once the flourishing capital city of the Bundela Rajputs, it is today preserved and still inhabited—but without any signs of twentieth century!

A city of palaces, temples and forts that silently tells the story of many conquests from the Rajputs up to the great Moghul emperors.

With just one trip you can relive the wonders of three unique places that you will never forget. From Gwalior with its living palaces to Shivpuri and its wildlife sanctuary to Orchha, a living monument of the past.



# GWALIOR

## MADHYA PRADESH

*The very heart of India.*

### **Useful Information**

**Best season:** July to March

**How to reach:** Air Indian Airlines operates daily flights to Gwalior from Delhi, Bhopal, Indore and Bombay. Gwalior is also connected with two weekly flights to Jabalpur and Raipur.

**Rail:** Gwalior is on the Central Railways main lines of Delhi-Madras and Delhi-Bombay (via Jhansi).

**Bus:** Gwalior is connected by regular bus services to Agra, Mathura, Jaipur, Delhi, Bhopal,

Shander, Indore, Jhansi, Khajuraho, Rewa, Ujjain and Shivpur.

**Local Transport:** M.P. State Tourism Development Corporation operates conducted tours of Gwalior from the Tourist Bungalow, Gandhi Road.

Gwalior is 118 kms from Agra, 427 kms from Bhopal, 1091 kms from Bombay, 318 kms from Delhi, 344 kms from Sanchi, 108 kms from Shivpur, 278 kms from Khajuraho.

**Where to Stay:** Tourist Bungalow (M.P. Tourism Corporation)

Tariff: Rs. 30 single, Rs. 40 double

For reservations contact: (Manager, Tourist Bungalow, M.P. State Tourism Development Corporation Ltd., Gandhi Road, Gwalior Telephone 21568)

Madhya Pradesh State Tourism Development Corporation, Gangotri, T T Nagar, Bhopal 462003



## A Many-Splendoured State

Sir—It was a delight to read the in-depth account of the history and greatness of Karnataka in "Where Synthesis Is A Way Of Life" (by M.V. Kamath, September 21). The coverage was comprehensive, with the focus on the right aspects of Indian culture. I look forward to more such revealing studies which will inform many an ignorant Indian about the charm and glory of his country.

SATYA KRISHNAN  
Kuwait

Sir—Your lead article on Karnataka was a dazzling panorama. A real discovery of Karnataka! Your best tribute to it is that no one is a foreigner, "Mother Karnataka" embraces them all. Would that this were said of every Indian State! Our evolution into nationhood would be less paroxysmal.

J. V. VELINKAR  
Bombay

Sir—Apart from introducing the glory of Karnataka to the rest of the world, the article will certainly freshen up the knowledge of numerous Kannadigas away from their State for many years!

SRINIVAS S. ACHARYA  
Bombay

Sir—We are all aware of what Karnataka has achieved in the past. Anyway, even if we were in need of a lesson, we could consult a history book—there is no need to convert the *Weekly* into an exercise in didacticism.

BENEDICT WILLIAM  
Dharwad

Sir—Your issue on Karnataka truly represents the greatness of South India. Huge and sprawling temples; the world's largest monolithic statue of Lord Gomatesvara; huge figures of Nandi; the sacred bull of Siva; the colossal statue of the demon Mahisasur; the world's biggest dome, the Gol Gumbaz of Bijapur; all prove the greatness of the people of this part of our country.

MAHAN BHARAT  
Baroda

Sir—At the risk of sounding cliched, let me say that people are always interested in other people. Therefore, it would have been better to write about a cross-section of

Kannadigas rather than about monuments from a once glorious past.

K. GOVIND  
Kuttippuram

Sir—I wish other Indian States, particularly in North India, would emulate Karnataka's noble example for enabling Indians to live in peace and inter-religious harmony.

HUSSAIN SHAHEEN  
Bombay

Sir—It is a wonder that you have not mentioned even a single word about the great lady of Karnataka, Rani Channamma of Kittur, who in 1824 was the first woman to fight against the British Empire. Do you think that brave warriors are born only in Rajasthan?

Dr C. C. KARADIGUDDI  
Kittur

Sir—The cover designed by Suhas Bawdekar was extremely attractive. And the photographs by Jitendra Arya of 'Coorgi Girl' and B. Kesar Singh of 'Nandi' are also praiseworthy.

KHURSHED AHMAD  
Patna



Sir—I do not agree with your choice of photographs for the cover. A photograph of Mysore, Bangalore or one of the palaces or gardens would have been more appropriate.

PHALAKSHI S. KOTI  
Bassein

Sir—The article was boring. You have admired and glorified everything you have seen, but have not made a mention of the perpetually famine-stricken areas like Gulbarga, Bidar and Raichur where the tolerance of the people is beyond words.

K. V. SATISH  
Gulbarga

Sir—I learnt more about Karnataka from this one issue than by spending a year in this State. But one thing I can endorse is the tolerance and hospitality of Kannadigas—I have never been treated with hostility.

SANJEEV BHARTIA  
Bangalore

Sir—The article mentioned that the late Maharaja of Mysore, Krishnadevaraja Wadayar, was a composer of Carnatic music. The

name should read as *Jayachamaraja Wadayar*.

K. S. BASAVAIHAH  
Devlali

Sir—For those who doubt the Kannadiga's tolerance, here is concrete proof. While the Salem and Vizag steel plants are ready for production, even the foundation-stone of the Vijayanagar steel plant is missing. The work on the Konkan railway has started from Maharashtra, but not from Mangalore. The century-old demand for a Karwar-Hubli railway has been derailed for ever. While every major State capital in the country has got television, Karnataka is yet to find a place on the TV map of India. A powerful short-wave transmission is still a dream in Karnataka. Is any more proof needed?

Dr G. N. SHARMA  
Suri

Sir—Going through this issue, one feels as if one has had a tour of the State.

VENKAT SURYAWANSHI  
Srinagar

Sir—It has been wrongly stated that, on the basis of *per capita* income Karnataka ranks 15th among the Indian States. In fact, Karnataka today is the fourth highest *per capita* income State and is highest among South Indian States.

SANTOSH S. SHETTY  
Belgaum

Sir—The Karnataka Special with its coverage of our heritage from music to sculpture made me proud to be a Kannadiga.

P. R. KAIKINI  
Delhi

Sir—I have to join issue with you where you state that "Iranian students were beaten up in Bangalore for the silliest of reasons..." It is only because of the great mutual respect for each other that exists among the people of Karnataka that these students are allowed to live at all in that State. Any person living in Bangalore or any other city of Karnataka knows the amount of law-and-order problems these students create for the police and the public.

C. UMAPATHI  
Cannanore

Sir—As a Kannadiga, I was thrilled to the core by almost every sentence in your write-up. The entire special is superb.

P. RAMANAND  
Bombay

Sir—After reading this colourful issue of Karnataka, I invite you (on behalf of the people of Orissa) to come and see our places of historical interest and let your readers know all about your experience. "The City of Temples", Bhubaneswar, "the Place of Lord Jagannath", Puri, "The Black Pagoda", Konarka, they all invite you.

SNEHALATA RAY  
Puri



M. VISVESVARAYA

Sir—Among the many names in the Karnataka Special *Weekly*, we have missed one of the greatest M. Visvesvarayya. There is no mention of this able administrator, an engineering giant and one of the greatest visionaries of India. He has done so much, not only for the erstwhile Mysore state, but for the whole of India, and he is remembered with affection and reverence in all parts of India.

V. SRINIVAS  
Nagpur

## Deceptively Golden

Sir—There are a couple of inaccuracies in "India's Gold Mine" (September 21). It has been mentioned that Sharavathy is Karnataka's first major hydroelectric project. The Shivasamudra is the first, the Shimsha the second and Sharavathy the third. It has been mentioned that Karnataka's gold deposits are 52.14 lakh tons. This quantity at today's prices would fetch an equivalent of about 600 to 700 times the annual GNP of the whole country! Perhaps the quantity mentioned by you is of the gross ore!

VIRESHWAR BHAT KHADILKAR  
Nagpur

## A Heritage Diminished

Sir—J. C. Das's "The Temple Heritage" (September 21) is so full of errors that it is surprising it has been published. Whoever said that, in Dravidian art, it is not the engineering skill that is most important? In fact, the *gopuras*, corridors, the pillared halls are noted for their engineering skill. What reasons led the author to believe that Karnataka art up to the 3rd century BC was "mainly Buddhist", that Satakarni's time witnessed a decline in Buddhist worship, that Kadambas, of Brahmanical origin, built the earliest known temples? Did Brahminism lie dormant during the Ganga rule (3rd to 11th century)? If this is true, who were the Badami Chalukyas, Rashtrakutas and Kadambas and why did they build temples?

Mr Das has no idea of Chalukyan art at Badami (he refers to it nowhere) and his illustrations of Huchchimaligudi at Aihole, dating it



in the 4th century are ridiculous. He does not know any centres in North Karnataka, though he talks of Chalukyan art. He is not aware of the Buddhist remains at Sannati, nor of the Buddhist bronzes at Kadiri—not even of the Gommatas at Sravanabelgoia, Karkal, Venur and Gommatagiri. As the sub-title on the cover page says, this is indeed "The Karnataka You Do Not Know!"

S RAJASEKHARA  
Dharwad

### Cold But Not New

Sir—Iqbal Masud contradicts himself in "A Cold Look At Islam" (September 21). When Islam is a religion with spiritual and human totality how does the question of applying Marxist methodology to Islam arise? Socialism, however, is the branchchild of Islam and is, therefore, not new to the Islamic world. Hence it is absurd to believe, as Mr Masud does, that "socialism can help the Muslim world to stand on its feet"

TURHAN S HAFESJI  
Calcutta

### Literary Conflicts

Sir—L. S. Seshagiri Rao's article "A Literary Renaissance" (September 21) shocks one by its grave inadequacies and significant omissions. I wonder what reason the writer had for omitting the names of B. M. Sri, D. V. G., I. P. Kailash, V. Sec. Govind Pai, Sriranga, Rajarathma Pu. Thi. Na. K. S. Narasimhaswamy, V. K. Gokak and others. B. M. Sri's *English to thegulu* marks the emergence of the Navodaya movement. It is indeed the first blossom of Kannada literary renaissance. Gokak is one of the most significant names in the history of the Navya. And what about women writers?

It seems that Mr Rao has, of late, developed a fondness for the names of several young writers. This is understandable. But it does not mean that other names already significant in the history of literature should be brushed aside.

C. N. MANGALA  
Bangalore

Sir—L. S. Sheshagiri Rao's article is disappointing. It is patchy and lacks understanding. He has devoted two or three sentences to the Jnanpith Award winners, while he writes a whole para on Shikari, a shadow of Kafka.

Puttappa has made notable contributions to every form of literature: poetry, novel, short story, epic biography, essay, criticism, drama. Mr Rao, however, chooses Shivaram Karanth to compare with the mighty Russian novelists. No novel of Karanth has the canvas of *Kanoora Heggaduhi* (the title of which Mr Rao has given wrongly!) or *Malegalalli Madumagalu* of Puttappa. Puttappa alone favourably compares with the Russian giants.

K. S. BHAGAVAN  
Mysore

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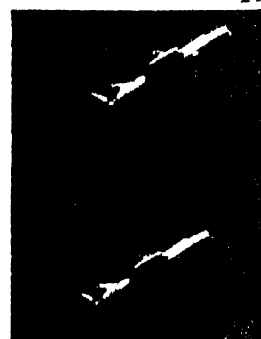
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The Polish dock workers strike is the first of its kind in the Communist world. Rahul Singh files an eyewitness report on its impact. 40

Cover designed  
by Dionyzia Fernandes

## Next Week



### Jai Jai Garavi Gujarat'

Gujarat—the old Gujar desh—has more to it than Gandhi, garba and the Gir lion. It is one of the most industrially developed states of India. Gujarat's glory is its people. Their relentless effort at making the State prosperous has yielded ample reward. M. V. Kamath writes about this industrious state.

### Kathiawari Horses

Among the many vanishing animal species are the Kathiawari and Marwari horses. Digvijaysinhji, MP, talks about these breeds which are found only in Gujarat.

### Women's Lib, Gandhian Style!

SEWA—is a success story in women's lib. F. F. R. Simhan reports.

### Textiles Through The Ages

Textiles is an unbroken tradition in Gujarat. It is one of the biggest industries in the State. A historical survey.

### The Gujarat Touch In Shastriya Gana

Several Gujaratis have enriched the Hindustani classical tradition. Mohan Nadkarni writes about their contribution.

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**IRAQI TANK CREW LEAP FROM THEIR VEHICLE** into a nearby foxhole during an air attack by Iranian U.S.-built Phantom jet planes. These troops were in action near the Karoun River, north of Abadan. In the background is smoke from fires on the pipelines at the giant oil refinery, a constant target of advancing Iraqi forces.

# India, Iran And Iraq

**BAZOOKA AND OTHER SMALL ARMS** are used by Iraqi forward troops from their position near the disputed Shatt-al-Arab waterway, where preparations were being made for an assault on the Iranian oil refinery at Abadan in late September 1980. Right: Iraqi forward troops manning small-arms beside a roadway that links Khorramshahr with Abadan. The smoke rises from fires along the pipelines carrying oil from Abadan to Tehran and Ahwaz.



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**“The best chance for peace in West Asia lies in the success of the non-aligned peace mission. This mission’s aim is not only to create goodwill between Iraq and Iran in the present dispute, but to create permanent goodwill.”**

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**by M. Chalapathi Rau**

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**T**WO revolutions are in conflict in the Iraqi-Iranian fighting—as two revolutions were in conflict in the Sino-Indian fighting of 1962—and it is hoped the non-aligned nations will succeed at least here in bringing about both a ceasefire and peace.

China was not a non-aligned nation and the proposals of the five non-aligned nations had only a limited appeal then. But Iraq and Iran are wholly non-aligned nations and it is to be hoped that the wholly non-aligned mission will succeed in bringing about peace between them. It is a goodwill mission, not a mediation mission, for what is needed is goodwill now, a bridge across a small gulf.

It is good that the conflict has not become more complex because of direct Big Power involvement, that both Iraq and Iran have been fighting a limited war, though it is difficult to say when a limited war will become a limitless war. The danger is not only to the non-aligned world, to West Asia, but to the whole world, but a goodwill mission may succeed where a multi-power interest can fail.

There have been many instances in which the Security Council’s efforts for larger UN mediation

have meant only statements and deadlocks. This is one reason why Iraq and Iran should welcome a limited but wholesale non-aligned effort. The members of the present mission, Yugoslavia, Algeria, Zambia, Pakistan, India, Cuba and the PLO, are all friends of both Iraq and Iran.

The immediate need is a ceasefire between Iraq and Iran. Whatever else may have happened at Belgrade, the search must be for a ceasefire formula. But while Iraq was willing for a ceasefire, having gained her objectives, Iran was not—for obvious reasons. The stages of withdrawals and peace negotiations cannot be telescoped, but an immediate ceasefire would mean at least no more fighting, no more advance and no more withdrawals.

#### **Limited War Aims**

The war aims of both Iraq and Iran are limited: Iraq’s is to control Shatt-al-Arab, Iran’s to deny it to that country. Neither country wants territorial control; and neither can conquer or subdue the other, with or without friends.

The danger about a ceasefire is that it may settle down to a stalemate, stay frozen and not be



**IRANIAN RELIGIOUS LEADER AYATOLLAH SADEQ KHALKHALI, notorious as the “hanging judge”, pictured during a recent news conference in Tehran, posing before a large poster of Ayatollah Khomeini. Below: The world’s largest oil refinery at Abadan has been in flames since September this year.**



accepted even as a ceasefire line as has happened in Kashmir. It would mean that there will be no permanent peace.

Iraq has gained by the initial thrust, but it does not seem she will want to retain Iranian cities like Abadan. If there are to be no gains or losses, the *status quo ante* has to be restored, but it is the duty of all friends of both countries to see that permanent grievances over waterways do not remain.

The main matter in dispute seems to be sovereignty over the Shatt-al-Arab—and such disputes over bigger waterways have been settled. The Dardanelles, the entrance to the Black Sea, was once a source of deadly conflict and even at the Potsdam Conference of the Allied Powers, just before the end of World War II, there were serious differences among the Allies. Later, the Suez Canal became a waters of discord. In recent years, it seemed the Panama Canal would remain a permanent source of conflict. But all these questions have been settled, one by one, and these waterways are now waterways of peace.

It should not be beyond the ingenuity of the goodwill mission to take up both the question of a ceasefire and of a possible solution, so that the ceasefire does not seem to be separated from peace. If a ceasefire is to be a certain way to peace and is not to mean one-sided terms and advantage to one side, there has to be an effort to convince the side that is in a worse position that it will not lose.

### Peacemaking Motives

The PLO knows that it has lost a homeland for years by Security Council resolutions on Palestine. Pakistan is aware that she could leave behind in Kashmir an atmosphere in which any party can have any imaginary grievance—as she has had for so many years. And the PLO knows that she cannot leave another problem unsolved like Palestine. From Yugoslavia can be expected a detached effort and India's interest is peace between a predominantly Shia country and a country with many Shias like herself.

Ceasefire, without which there can be no end to fighting and no prospect of withdrawal, may mean a prolonged stage of



**IRAQIS IN ACTION** Iraqi artillery shooting at Iranian positions after the occupation of Khorramshahr. Right: After his troops occupied the area, an Iraqi soldier holds his country's flag on a building in Qasr-E-Shirin, Iran.

withdrawals which will defeat peace unless they are quick and eagerly carried out. These should not mean the delayed Israeli withdrawals from the Sinai which have been the only peace gesture of the 1967 Israeli aggression, added to earlier aggressions.

Neither the Camp David agreements nor Egyptian overtures have made Israel agree to the restoration of a homeland to the Palestinians. And the Iraqi-Iranian conflict could not have had a persuasive effect on Israel. If West Asia is to be kept from boiling as a cauldron, it is necessary for the non-aligned goodwill mission to succeed as early as possible.

The non-aligned nations should succeed in West Asia where any other set of nations may have failed. It is not certain, however, that they will succeed. Iran has rejected the mission, wanting to recover all the territory she has lost. The non-aligned nations will succeed only to the extent that the spirit of non-alignment is strong in both Iraq and Iran. If they understand that they are among the pillars of non-alignment, especially in West Asia, they should respond to the initiative of the goodwill mission.

This mission's aim is not only to create some goodwill between

Iraq and Iran in the present dispute, but to create permanent goodwill, which is possible only if there is a permanent settlement including settlement of all outstanding disputes, including some over ethnic minorities.

### Wanted: A Ceasefire

The dispute between two such oil-rich countries as Iraq and Iran has to be contained as early as possible so that they do not destroy more of each other's oil and war does not spread to other oil-rich countries, with crippling effects on the rest of the world. The United States may be keen immediately on the release of her hostages and, with the conclusion of her Presidential elections, may follow her own policies. If there is no conflict between Iraq and Iran, there may be no conflict between the Soviet Union and the United States on their behalf. No non-aligned nation can afford to get a Big Power involved in a conflict and endanger the non-aligned movement itself.

Not only oil but weapons are necessary for large-scale fighting and, though Iraq has superior armour and Iran superior manpower, and though they can both engage the sympathies of the Big Powers, it would be a thoughtless act on their part. The goodwill mission has to make

Baghdad and Tehran see the issues clearly and make them work in the long-term interests of the region.

It is clear that the Soviet Union and the United States do not want a direct conflict. To seek an indirect conflict, though it is less harmful, may only promote arms deals. Nobody wants restoration of monarchies, either in Iraq or Iran, except the relics of old dynasties.

Non-alignment is in essence independence. Iraq and Iran are independent of each other, they should be independent of any other country. Where cooperation is needed, they have to cooperate, and Iraq and Iran also can cooperate over anything including waterways.

The task of the goodwill mission is to bring about reconciliation between two revolutions, to eliminate age-old conflicts between religious sects at a time when fundamentalism is meeting with a setback everywhere. And since the essence of the dispute is over a small gulf, to bring about an understanding on the use of it should not be too difficult, as it has been possible to settle bigger waterways.

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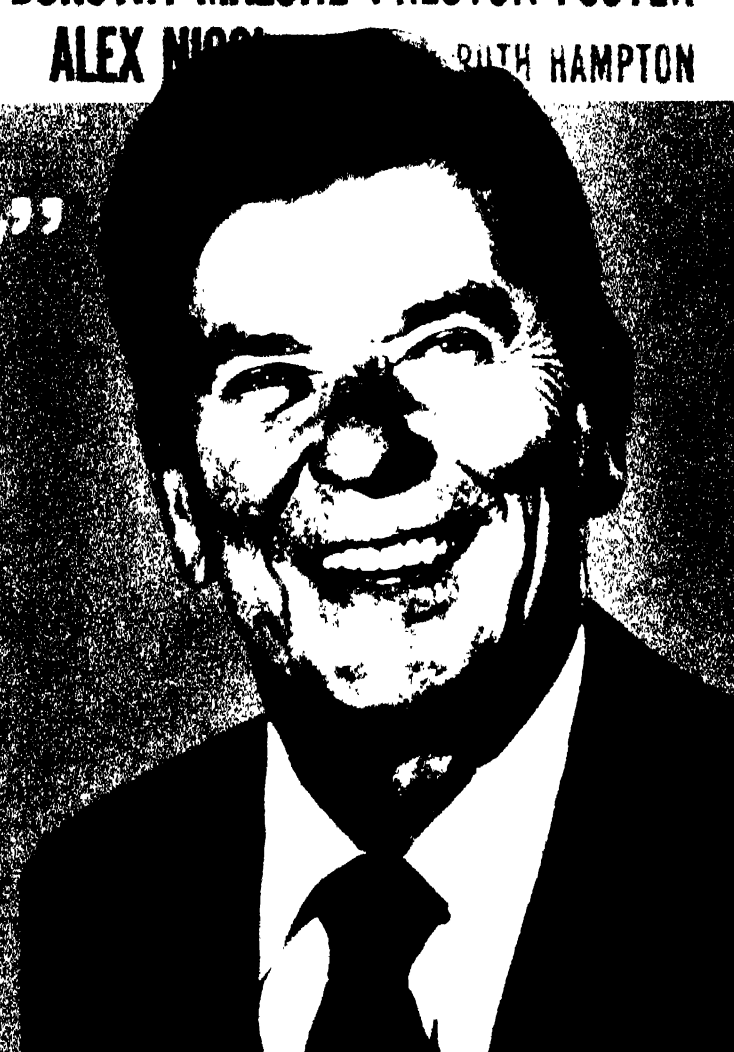
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# "The Presidency" Starring Ronald Reagan

by M. V. Kamath

"New Delhi has sound ground to believe that a Reagan Administration will have no moral compunction in keeping Pakistan's military arsenals fully supplied. Herein lies the danger to India."







THE SWEET TASTE OF SUCCESS. With wife Nancy.



**W**HAT manner of man is Ronald Reagan who will preside over the destinies of the United States in the coming four years and whose decisions may affect the lives and fortunes of nations and peoples elsewhere in the world?

What seems more clear to all but the truest believers is that Reagan would be strictly a one-term President. He would be 69 at his Inaugural, 70 within a month thereafter. It seems inconceivable that he would, even health permitting, stand for a second term.

The next oldest President, William Henry Harrison, took office in 1841 at the age of 68, caught pneumonia that day and died a month later. Not many realise that Reagan today is older than Eisenhower was when the latter left office, or almost. Reagan could not possibly have any illusions about standing for election for a second term. He will be the *oldest* President ever to get elected. And while his doctors, including the *New York Times* Medical Correspondent, Dr. Lawrence K. Altman, MD, have given him a clean bill of health, it is known that he had prostate surgery in 1967 and that he cannot hear a watch ticking with either ear. The years have stiffened his gait, though *Newsweek* has described him as "hale, vigorous, undyed and unretouched" and, whatever the astrologers may say (Reagan checks his horoscope daily, which may endear him to Mrs Gandhi), he ought to complete at least his first term with no visible damage to his faculties.

#### Haunting Realisation

Nevertheless, the fact that he may not be wanted for a second term must surely haunt Reagan, but what psychological effect *that* will have on his thinking and approach to

international affairs few can say with any degree of certainty!

Will he consider himself a *transitional* President?

Will he dare to take on political decisions that, deep in his heart, he must know he cannot see fulfilled after his first term is over?

This is one aspect of the Reagan Presidency that must weigh in every chancery around the world.

Most Presidents work on the theory that they will get re-elected and modify their long-term planning as appropriate to such a belief. Reagan, in the circumstances, must be giving serious thought to how to conduct himself so that history will remember him as a man of peace rather than one who led America into war. In his debate with Carter, as indeed in his acceptance speech as the Republican candidate, he has said, taking some liberty with truth, that Americans are not a warlike people, that they "always seek to live in peace" and that they "are awed—and rightly so—by the forces of destruction let loose in the world in this nuclear era".

"Four times in my lifetime," he said, "America has gone to war, bleeding the lives of its young men in the sands of beachheads—of all the objectives, first and foremost is the establishment of lasting world peace."

But Reagan's approach to world peace is for America to remain the

1. In an interview to "Time" magazine (November 17) Reagan said: "I am determined to behave as if it's a one-term office. I think that with too many Presidents... there is a terrible temptation to think in terms of the next election...I will not do that." He said that was "a promise" and that will be the rule for his administration.



Number One Power and by standing by allies irrespective of their domestic policies. The Republican platform makes this very clear

*Decisions to provide military assistance (it says) should be made on the basis of US foreign policy objectives. Such assistance to any nation need not imply complete approval of a regime's domestic policy.*

A statement like that must come as music to the ears for Pakistan's military regime. Further on the platform says:

*The establishment of arbitrary ceiling on foreign sales, and the complex procedural and policy guidelines governing such sales, have impeded the support of US foreign policy objectives abroad. Friendly and allied nations alike have had to turn elsewhere for arms. This has stimulated the growth of a new arms industry in developing nations. Republicans pledge to reform and rebuild US military assistance and foreign arms sales policies that will serve American interests in promoting regional security arrangements and the individual defence needs of friendly nations.*

Nowhere in the long and detailed Republican platform (32,400 words) is there any mention of South Asia, though the platform asserts that "a new Republican Administration will restore a strong American role in Asia and the Pacific", that "Japan will continue to be a pillar of American policy in Asia", that it will "reaffirm our special and historic relationships with the Philippines, Singapore, Indonesia, Thailand, Malaysia, New Zealand and Australia", that it will "continue the process of building a working relationship with the People's Republic of China... based on mutual respect and reciprocity, with due regard for the need to maintain peace and stability in Asia"

India does not come into the picture at all.

While Reagan's *bona fides* as a man of peace no doubt are clear, the Republican Administration's penchant for supporting dictatorships in the larger interests of American foreign policy are painfully well known and with the declared policy of willingness to give "US military assistance" to such nations out of fear that but for that assistance it may "lead to the undesirable attempt by nations fearful of their security to seek to acquire their own nuclear weapons" New Delhi has sound ground to believe that a Reagan Administration will have no moral compunction in keeping Pakistan's military arsenals fully supplied. Herein lies the danger to India.

On the economic front, the Republican platform asserts that "Republicans are committed to

protect American jobs and American workers first and foremost", which will mean a policy of limiting Indian exports to the United States as a protectionist measure. Even more revealing is the statement in the platform which says that "America's foreign assistance programmes should be a vehicle for exporting the American idea", which is that others should be "consistent with America's foreign policy interest".

Now it may be argued with considerable force that election platforms are not necessarily official policy statements and that what prevails in the end is not what Republicans want but what the international situation will permit. But going by what has been said, India cannot ever complain that it has not been warned.

### Wars Through Proxy

The platform and Reagan's own personal predilections notwithstanding, there is nothing to prevent the new President fighting wars through proxy. Much will depend on the man he will choose as his National Security Adviser (though reports indicate that Reagan will downgrade that post) and his Secretary of State. According to a *Newsweek* report, Reagan's "strongest advocates grant that he, more perhaps than any President since Ike, would be the creature of the men around him" and that "the real contours of a Reagan Presidency would depend on which ones keep his ear after Inauguration Day". One of his close confidants has been quoted as saying that he would "absolutely" be the captive of his staff.<sup>2</sup>

American Presidential candidates say one thing as long as they remain candidates, but tend to do something different once they are in power. The gubernatorial candidate Reagan said one thing before he was elected Governor of California and did things diametrically opposite once he was installed in power—an aspect of his personality commentators have often noted in the last few weeks. He governed California "like a board chairman" rather than as the chief executive officer. At the same time, he proved far less ideological and far more competent than his foes would admit.

He had promised as a candidate to "cut and squeeze and trim" California's fantastic budget but, during his years as Governor, spending in fact doubled to 10.2 billion dollars annually.

He had promised to cut taxes, but they rose at a rate faster by half than they did in the rest of America.

2. In that same "Time" interview Reagan spoke of giving his Vice-President George Bush the position of what "in the corporate world they would call an executive Vice-President" so that he is involved in the functions of the government.

He talked about the right for life, but then signed the nation's most liberal abortion law, "unaware", he says apologetically now, of just how liberal it would turn out to be", according to *Newsweek*.

Those who analyse his performance as Governor of California are emphatic that he learnt to compromise when he knew that he was beaten. Not that he did not fight. As *Newsweek* summed up: "His record in the end bears little resemblance to the rhetoric he wrapped it in—then or now." It is good to know.

### Some Picture!

The picture drawn of him by Americans is that of a decent man who prays when his plane takes off, who trusts in prayer and believes "that everything happens for a reason", who is "square" enough not to say "Hell!" but is content with writing "h-f", who calls his wife of 28 years "Mommy" and is not ashamed to hold her hand in public, who, learning that a Black team-mate from his high school football days was dying, had the humanity to sit for 20 minutes at his bedside, holding his hand, but who is anything but an intellectual.

A Republican legislator has been quoted as saying that "you could walk through Ronald Reagan's deepest thoughts and not get your ankles wet". His admirers play down his role as a Communist-baiter during the dark McCarthy days but, today, some of them think Reagan will retire happy if he can see America through a period of "no world war, no depression, no double-digit inflation, no social upheaval and no runaway growth of the welfare state".

These were the characteristics of the Coolidge and Eisenhower eras, but they were different days when the United States had the power—military and economic. That luxury Reagan has not been afforded. He may want Big Business to have its way, defence industries to prosper (his advisers talk of increasing the

Pentagon budget by as much as 40 billion dollars a year) and to stand up to Soviet pressures,<sup>3</sup> but whether, in the end, he may be forced to understand that international affairs are not run the way he fancies and economic problems have a way of their own, only time will tell.

Unlike Nixon, who had a visceral hatred of India, Reagan at least comes to power with no known antagonism towards New Delhi, unless one of his board of consultants like Kissinger injects such poison into his system. For the time being, it would be unwise to jump to conclusions about his likely attitude and approach to New Delhi (which rates a very low priority in the US approach to international affairs anyway), despite the Republican platform.

He is all that Republican right-wingers say they are, but, though Reagan denounces *detente* as an "illusion", Salt II as "a bad bargain" and praises good old-fashioned *laissez-faire* as the answer to all economic ills, it is not beyond human comprehension that wisdom may even dawn on him—an eventuality that should be most consummately desired.

### Sole Silver Lining

One event, however, should be remembered: with the defeat of Senator Frank Church and Senator Jacob Javits the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has gone to a liberal Republican, Senator Charles (Chuck) Percy, a man who is considered a friend of India, who has often visited our country and been a welcome guest at most Indian Embassy functions. Senator Percy has been a pillar of strength to President Carter when the Senate discussed the question of releasing atomic fuel to India and may be expected to speak up for India when the time comes. But it is a slender hope.

3. He would want to negotiate with the Soviet Union everything from Salt II to Afghanistan and what he calls the Soviet Union's "over-all policy of aggression". But Richard V. Allen, Reagan's chief foreign policy adviser in an interview to "Newsweek" magazine (November 17) said, so far "the Soviet leadership should feel comfortable in dealing with the Reagan administration" because "we do have a mutual interest in regional peace, arms reduction and reduction of tensions across the board". Allen is tipped to be Reagan's likely National Security Adviser.





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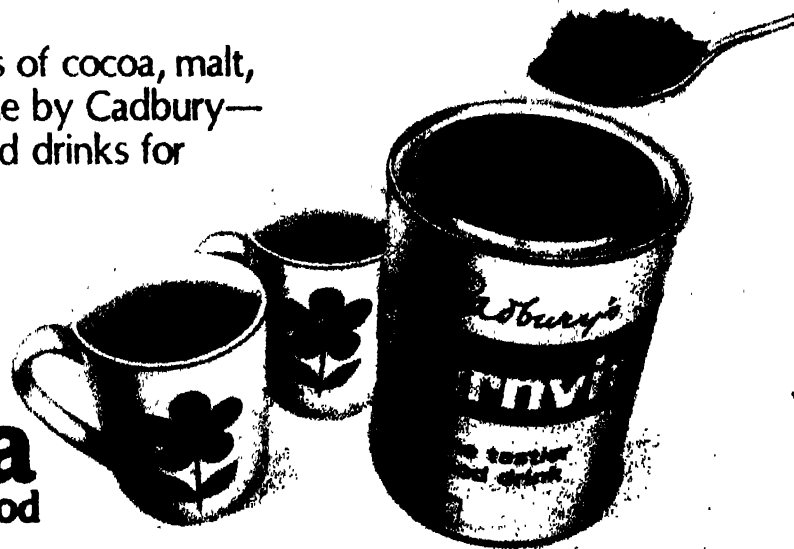
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# Saudi Arabia And The World

by R. Narayanan



A US-SAUDI BHAI-BHAI SESSION. Former US Secretary of State Henry Kissinger enjoys traditional Arab hospitality with Omar Sakkaaf, who was then the Saudi Foreign Minister. Since World War II, the USA and Saudi Arabia have enjoyed close ties to the extent Saudi Arabia meets one-fifth of the US's oil needs.

**Vast reserves of oil, which feed the industries of the oil-hungry West, have given this desert kingdom tremendous leverage in world affairs. However, despite its status as a petro superpower, Saudi Arabia is plagued by internal contradictions which may be detrimental to its very foundations.**

WITH an abruptness reminiscent of the magic tales of *The Arabian Nights*, the archaic, theocratic kingdom of Saudi Arabia has, in the last three decades, apparently transformed itself into a country of considerable influence and importance befitting its newly acquired status of a petro-superpower. Its emergence may be attributed to the accidentally discovered genie—oil—and the assiduously cultivated genius of its founder king, Ibn Saud.

During most of his reign till 1953, Ibn Saud's Arabia remained backward and inward-looking, fed on the revenues derived primarily from services to the Muslim pilgrims performing their Hajj. United in the strict puritanical *Wahaabi* tradition as well as being the custodian of the spiritual treasure of *Kaaba* and the twin holy cities of Mecca and Medina, Saudi Arabia remained, and continued to project, its image as an Islamic country.

The discovery, in the 1930s, of the incredibly enormous hydro-carbon reserves on its the Eastern coast and subsequent exploitation by ARAMCO (acronym for the Arab

American Oil Company), a subsidiary of four major American oil companies, offered Saudi Arabia an immense economic leverage in the oil thirsty industrial world. Having to its credit as it does more than one-third of the total production of the OPEC oil and meeting almost one-half of the oil needs of Western Europe and Japan and one-fifth of that of the United States, Saudi Arabia to these regions is by no means insignificant. According to one recent estimate, it is expected to net more than \$90 billion from its petroleum exports during the current year. Its fast accumulating reserves of petro-dollars in the European and American money markets and its massive contribution to the IMF (the second largest contributor after the United States) has made Saudi Arabia a financial superpower of some consequence since 1974.

## Twelfold Increase

Domestically, too, the newly acquired oil wealth is making an impact. Endeavouring to utilise its huge oil revenues to the much needed indigenous economic development, Saudi Arabia's second development plan, which commenced in 1975, committed an outlay of \$141 billion—a twelfold increase over the first plan.

Contrary to the popularly held view, while being monarchical in nature, Saudi Arabia is by no means highly centralised. The monarchy rests on three pillars—the religious establishment represented by the *ulema*, the royal family and its alliance with the major tribes and, finally, its newly acquired oil bonanza. Separately, none are strong enough to dislodge the other and emerge as the key and critical input in the decision-making process. Nor do they together offer sufficient cohesion to meet the internal or

external threats confronting the present regime.

The process of socio-economic modernisation ushered into the country by the sowing of oil has already proved disruptive in its clashes with the traditional values upon which the kingdom rests. While the 1977 incident when 17 officers (including three of the Air Force) and a large group of civilians were tried for plotting against the regime to establish a democratic revolutionary state is a demonstration of one kind of disruption the country has witnessed the attempted takeover of the Mecca mosque by radical religious zealots led by the *mahdi* (who was none else but a cashiered corporal of the National Guard belonging to the fanatical *Wahaabi* tribal army) is an even more serious destabilising event portending trouble to the ailing monarch, King Khalid.

Not only do these and other similar recent incidents indicate the incipient conflict of interests between the religious conservatives and the 'progressive' modernisers but the fact that these incidents have been spearheaded by the two major constituents of the Saudi military establishments—the regular armed services and the National Guard headed by two princes (Sultan and Abdulah) belonging to the two ranking divisions within the royal family suggests that the royal family itself is divided.

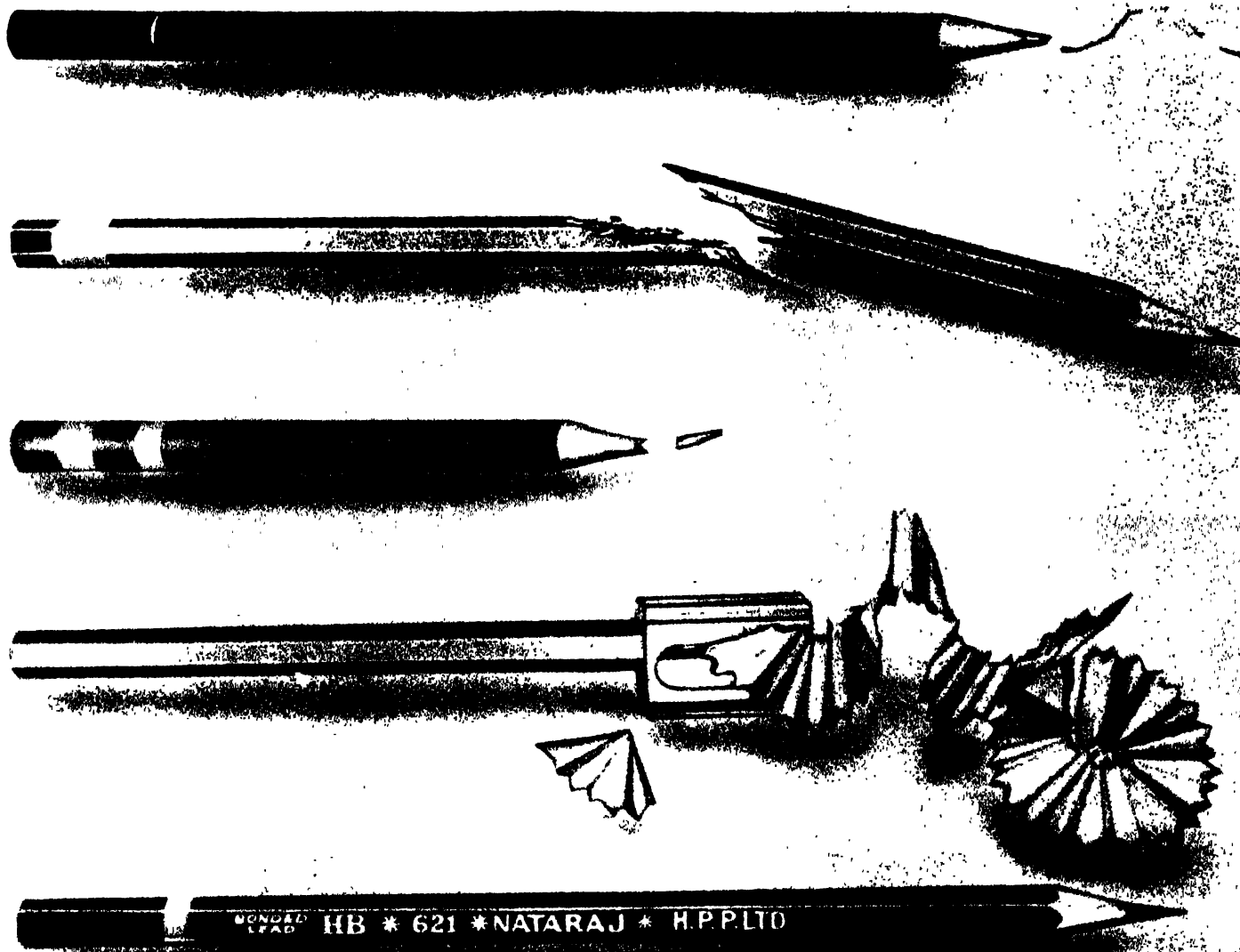
## The 'Sudari Seven'

By today's reckoning, although the royal family consists of 5,000 princes immediately related to the founder king, Ibn Saud, the progeny of his most favourite queen, Hussa al-Sudari, known as the "Sudari Seven", perhaps are the most influential in the decision-making process. In a relative sense, they also

constitute the progressive elements in the royal family having been exposed to Western education and Western life. Upholding the conservative sentiments by virtue of a power base drawn essentially from the network of tribal allegiances, Prince Abdullah as the commander of the National Guard leads the competing faction within the royal family. Heading the two main arms of the military establishment and chains of command these two representing the two factions within the royal family pose a serious threat to the internal security of the country.

External exigencies and pressures outside in West Asia as well as elsewhere are generating new strains which, over the years, may cause irreparable damage to the ruling Saudi regime. Aware that the country's vast oil riches constitute a covetous attraction to the powerful neighbours, both super and small Saudi Arabia ever since World War II has been a close ally of the United States. Since radicalism has long been anathema to the deeply conservative *Wahaabi* royal family whose survival depended critically on their ability to insulate themselves from violent disruptions and revolution they identified closely with the United States and other Western powers.

Expressions of such faith also suited American interests. Not only the Saudi oil but the country's close proximity to the Soviet Union offered immense logistical advantages at a time when the US had not developed ICBMs for mounting preemptive and massive retaliatory attacks in the 1950 cold war era. Even now although Saudi Arabia is internally weak and unstable, billions of dollars worth sophisticated weapons stockpiled in the country are handy for the US, not only to meet possible



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**MARKET TIME AT HOFUF**, capital of the Hasa province in Saudi Arabia. In the centre (background) is an old garrison, which once protected the walled oasis city.

major crises, but to provide assistance on limited engagements to its other allies in Asia as evidenced in several of the Indo-Pak wars

### The Logic Of Events

Despite its effort to ensure the cooperation of the United States through its gestures—important among them its independent stance in the OPEC, essentially to bail the Western countries out of their energy crisis, its acquiescence to US initiatives on the knotty Palestine question and generally underwriting US policies in Asia and Africa—the logic of events in the region unmistakably indicates that Saudi Arabia can no more rely on the United States. The fall of the Shah of Iran is a disturbing pointer in this regard. Although the Shah's collapse

brought down their chief rival in the region—given his political interest in the Gulf which perhaps could have been resolved by negotiations through the good offices of the US—the circumstances of his abdication and the passive US role there point not only to the fragility of the feudal regimes (such as that of Saudi Arabia), but also the limitation of the extent to which Saudi Arabia could look to the United States.

Other events in the region, such as the Egyptian-Israeli peace pact, the Syrian-Iraqi *rapprochement* and the simmering conflicts between the two Yemens are adding further strains to the politically ailing Saudi regime. In these critical circumstances, the Soviet troops, stationed in an area where Soviet tanks are only four days' drive from the Strait of

Hormuz clearly seem to be the proverbial last straw on the camel's back. With no strong allies in the region and being intrinsically weak both militarily and economically and, above all, with disruptive elements surfacing from within the regime, Saudi Arabia finds itself more vulnerable today than ever before.

Instead of reorienting both its domestic and foreign policies along realistic lines, Saudi Arabia seems to be venturing in seeking merely a shortsighted military solution. Sophisticated military hardware and the disproportionately large number of US military technical personnel training the standing Saudi army has not in the least changed its status as a second-rate military power. No wonder, therefore, that Saudi Arabia is negotiating an agreement with Pakistan under which the latter's combat troops of one division strength (10,000) would be stationed in the Arabian peninsula in return for \$ 1 billion economic-cum-military assistance to that country.

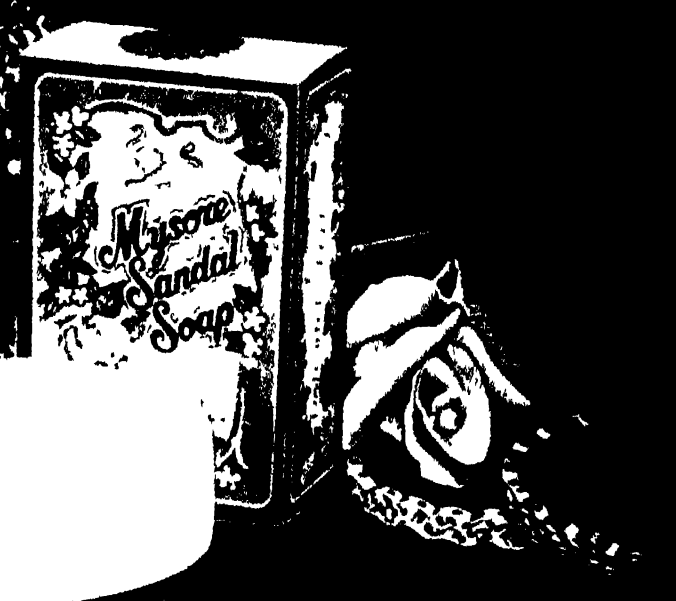
### Mutually Beneficial Deal

From Saudi Arabia's point of view, the choice of Pakistan—a non Arab Islamic theocratic country—for a deal such as this seems, under the circumstances, most appropriate. It may even enable it to meet those perceived internal and external threats as far as Saudi Arabia is concerned. To Pakistan, closer

identity with Saudi Arabia would help improve its credentials, under President Zia, of moving closer to Islamic fundamentalism. More important, the one billion dollar assistance might even enable Pakistan to further modernise and duplicate its military strength. Both being acknowledged allies of the United States in West Asia, such a deal helps promote strategically whatever may be the US military designs in the region.

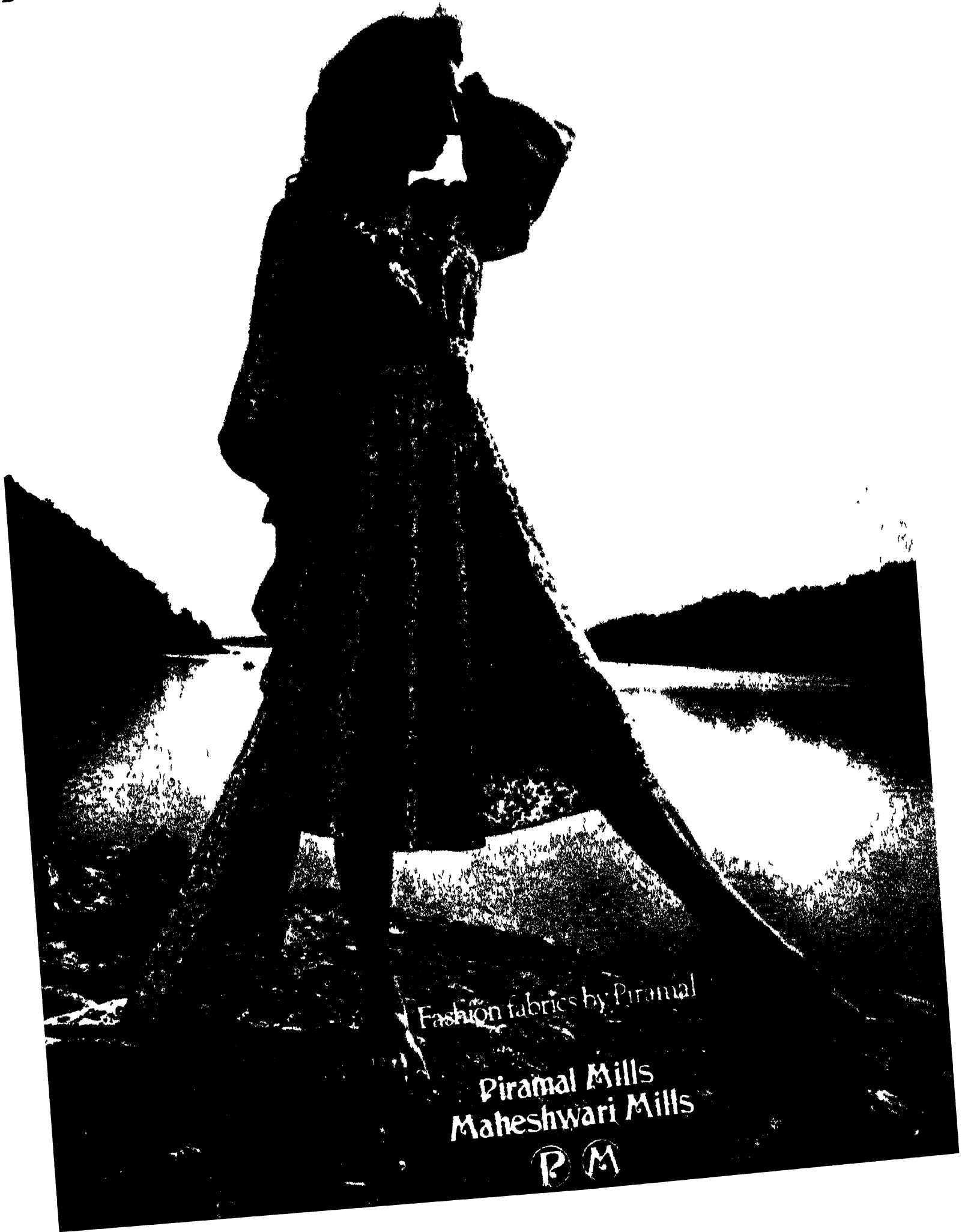
Notwithstanding these seeming advantages, the problems that the Saudi regime is confronted with presently cannot be resolved in the narrow military confines. Apart from the threat that Pakistan may pose with its replenished military hardware towards India, a chain of events following such a deal would only intensify tensions in West Asia. That the Saudi-Pak deal (as is claimed) is not at the behest of Washington seems certainly not plausible. In fact, the deal very aptly fits into the new evolving strategy of a US-Saudi-Pak-Chinese axis to contain Soviet incursions in the region. Granting that the Saudi venture would further alienate the regime and encourage progressive Arab neighbours to seek friendship and defence treaties with Moscow—a development which certainly would prove detrimental to the stated foreign policy objectives of the regime.

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## Will There Be A Fifth Round?

“There is one possibility which can upset all rational calculation and set Pakistan flexing its muscles—and that is its acquiring nuclear capability,” says the author, who is Director, Institute for Defence Studies and Analyses, New Delhi.

by K. Subrahmanyam

**E**IGHT years after the Simla Agreement the question once again being raised is *Are India and Pakistan headed for another war?*

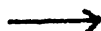
An informed answer on the basis of an analysis of rational considerations is a definite no. Except for one contingency, because there is always some possibility of irrational acts based on misperceptions.

Yahya Khan's air attacks on the Indian airfields on December 3, 1971, was one such act. He had misperceived the international situation and felt that once he escalated the confrontation with India into a war, the US and China were bound to hail him out.

On the other hand, Ayub Khan had rationally calculated in 1965 that with Pakistan's armour superiority over India, if his "Operation Gibraltar" (infiltration of raiders into Kashmir) were to escalate into a major war—as it actually did—he would come off the better in it. Instead, the Pakistani armoured division's losing the battle of Khemkaran to a totally inferior Indian armoured brigade proved one of the incalculables of war. Irrespective of ethical considerations, one cannot blame Ayub Khan of being irrational.

**AFTER BEING ASSEMBLED**, the guns are shipped out to the various customers in Baluchistan and the North West Frontier Province.

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Barring the claim to the territories of Jammu and Kashmir under the occupation of Pakistan, India has no dispute with that country. In respect of even those territories, India has already undertaken not to use force to settle the issue. There are no great pressures within India to regain those territories and, more than once, Indian leaders have indicated their willingness to convert the present line of control in Kashmir into a regular international boundary.

These indications—it is worth noting—have not raised any significant protest among the Indian public. It is, therefore, difficult to conceive of rational considerations for which India will initiate a war against Pakistan.

On the last two occasions—both in 1965 and 1971—India promptly returned the territories won from Pakistan, thereby making it quite explicit that not only did India not have any designs on Pakistan's territory, but also that India would not even consider using the occupied territory as a bargaining lever in its negotiations with Pakistan. This was obviously designed to reassure Pakistanis on the alleged Indian desire to undo Partition. There appears to be increasing realisation in Pakistan itself that this fear has no real basis.

Pakistan's attitude towards India is somewhat more complex. Firstly, Pakistan loses no occasion to harp on the Kashmir issue and General Zia-ul-Haq has attempted to internationalise the issue (contrary to the spirit of the Simla Agreement)

recently in the UN and more often in various Islamic forums.

Secondly, it is generally believed that the Pakistani armed forces are simply itching to avenge their defeat of 1971.

Thirdly, Pakistan continues to show a persistent penchant for intervening in India's internal affairs on the pretext of showing concern for the Muslim minority.

Fourth, as revealed by its Foreign Minister Agha Shahi's raising the issue during his visit to Delhi, Pakistan tries to portray that India's alleged dominance, power and arms acquisition cause concern to all its neighbours.

Fifth, Pakistan, as stated by the Indian Prime Minister in the Rajya Sabha on August 7 this year, is making serious attempts at acquiring military-use nuclear capabilities.

Finally, Pakistan has been expanding its armed forces and acquiring arms on a scale disproportionate to its reasonable requirements since 1972.

None of the above factors by itself would justify the hypothesis that Pakistan may launch its fifth attack on India (The first one was in Kashmir in 1947, the second in the Rann of Kutch—April 1965, the third ("Operation Gibraltar") was in August 1965; and the fourth was the attack on the Indian airfields on December 3, 1971).

Taken together, they would still amount to forming the basis of a low, but not totally negligible, possibility of a likely Pak adventurism against

India (on rational considerations) in the near future. The overall strategic environment in that region being against Pakistan—the Soviets in Afghanistan; the ebb in relationship with Khomeini's Iran; and the latter's mistrust of conservative Arab states including Pakistan—only reinforces this view.

### The Military Balance

Though India started with a two-to-one superiority at the time of Partition, Pakistan has more or less closed the gap. The most strenuous effort was made by Pakistan under Bhutto, after the Simla Agreement, to bridge the gap in military capability with India. The Pakistani Army was expanded from 10 infantry divisions to 16 divisions and, as Bhutto had asserted in his death-cell testament, he obtained more than a billion dollars worth of arms from China and a similar amount from the Arab countries to finance further purchases from the West. Today, in terms of deployable forces on the Indo-Pakistan frontier, there are no significant gaps between the military strengths of the two countries, as seen below.

### INDIA (ARMY)

- 2 armoured divisions
- 17 infantry divisions
- 5 independent armoured brigades
- 1 independent infantry brigade
- 2 Para brigades
- 1 Commando brigade

### PAKISTAN (ARMY)

- 2 armoured divisions
- 16 infantry divisions
- 4 independent armoured brigades
- 10 armed recon regiments
- 4 independent infantry brigades
- 1 Special services group

Besides the above, India has 10 mountain divisions deployed on the northern and north-eastern border areas against China.

### INDIA (AIR FORCE)

- 3 light bomber squadrons of Canberras
- 17 fighter-bomber squadrons of Sukhois, Hunters, Maruts, Gnats and Jaguars
- 14 interceptor squadrons of MiG 21s

### PAKISTAN (AIR FORCE)

- 1 light bomber squadron of Canberras
- 12 fighter-bomber squadrons of Mirages, Mig-19s and Sabres

(Source: "The Military Balance 1980-81": International Institute for Strategic Studies, London)

The naval balance is not being discussed here, since naval engagements cannot decide the outcome of a war in the Indo-Pak context.

It is obvious from this comparison that, in terms of army strength of deployable forces on the Indo-Pak border, there is near parity between the two countries. There are reports of Pakistan now raising additional forces after the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan.

1971: THE INDIAN ARMY'S MOUNTAIN GUNS IN ACTION at the Haji Pir Pass, shelling Pakistani positions across the border, during the Indo-Pak war. If Pakistan were to acquire a nuclear weapon, India would lose its marginal deterrence in its armour superiority, notes the author.



1971: AN INDIAN JAWAN crouches in the grass at an advance post on the Western Front.



In air power, India has invested more on the defensive potential—the interceptor squadrons—and has a marginal superiority in the offensive potential. Qualitatively, till Jaguars become operational in numbers, the Pakistani Mirages will have longer distance strike capacity within the Indian territory. While India is acquiring more Jaguars, Pakistan has ordered 50 more Mirages.

In a sense, the overall military equation of Pakistan vis-a-vis India presently is more favourable than it was in 1971 or 1965. However, a major deterrent factor appears to be larger reserves of tanks India has—according to *The Military Balance, 1980-81*, India has 2,000 medium tanks as against Pakistan's 1,000—and the slight qualitative edge the Indian tanks (Vijayantas with 105 mm guns) have over the Pakistani T 59s (with 100 mm guns) and Pattons (with 90 mm guns). However, even here, Pakistan is attempting to close the gap although for the next two or three years, the balance will continue in favour of India.

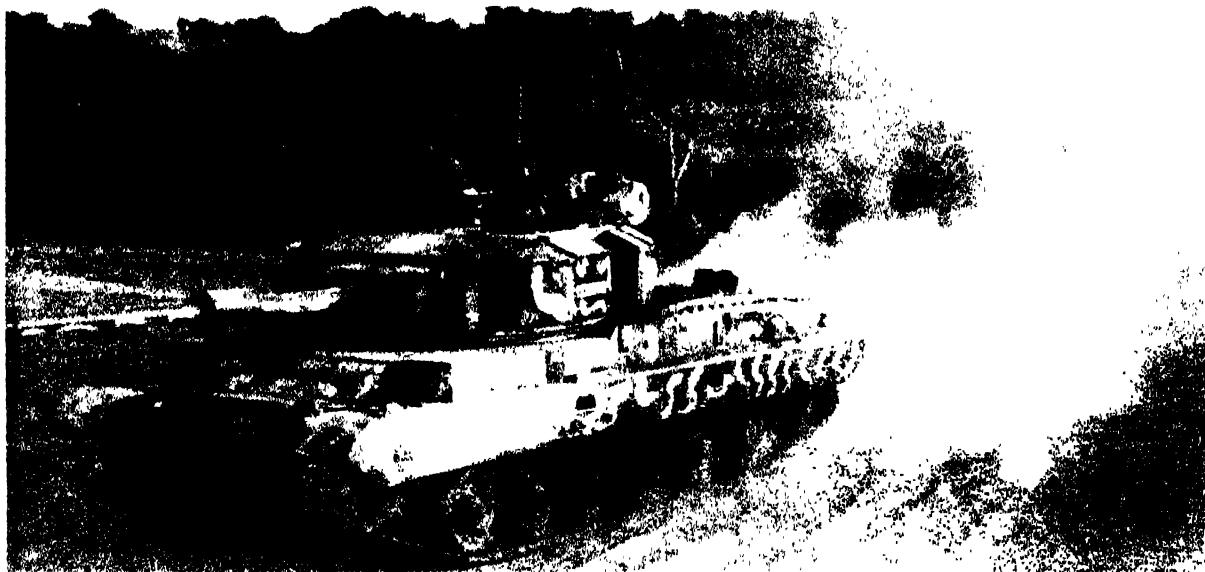
#### Armour Deterrence

Given India's armour deterrent and Pakistan's relationship with the Soviet Union and Iran, one may normally rule out any temptation on the part of Pakistan to indulge in military adventurism. Out of the four wars they fought with India, Pakistan came off the worse in three (1947-48, 1965 and 1971). At present, Pakistan's army is the last all-Pakistani institution left in that country—with the others having been decimated between the army and the late President Bhutto. If the army were to launch on a war against India and if it were to be defeated, its impact—with reference to its special position in that country as well as the unity and integrity of Pakistan—could be in serious threat. Therefore, in terms of purely rational considerations, a Pakistani offensive can be ruled out.

But there is one possibility which can upset all rational calculation and set Pakistan flexing its muscles—and that is its acquiring nuclear weapon capability. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi herself admitted in the Rajya Sabha about the Government's awareness of Pakistan's desire to make a nuclear bomb. Foreign Minister Narasimha Rao has also reiterated, in his interview in New York to *Foreign Policy*, that the Government of India had information that Pakistan was making an atom bomb. Gen Zia-ul-Haq has no doubt denied it, saying Israel, the Western Press and India were indulging in false propaganda. Yet the General has not offered any explanation about the project for uranium enrichment through the centrifugal method carried out, not by the Pakistan Atomic Energy Commission, but by the Defence Organisation.

Maj-Gen Anis Syed is said to be in

**1965: CHARGING INTO BATTLE.** A jawan signals his mates to follow him as he rushes through the desert shrubs of Rajasthan. Today, there is no significant difference between the deployable military strength of India and Pakistan.



**1971: AN INDIAN-BUILT VIJAYANTA TANK ROARS ACROSS THE BORDER,** leaving behind a trail of dust. At present, India is estimated to have 2,000 tanks against Pakistan's 1,000, though Pakistan is fast closing the gap.

charge of the project, modelled, to some extent, on the Manhattan Project in the USA, which produced the atomic bomb. Dr A Q Khan is reported to be the scientific head of the project.

If Pakistan's intentions were peaceful, why should the project be in a defence sector organisation? In India, the PNE was carried out entirely by the BARC scientists, a non-defence service organisation.

Secondly, why does Pakistan need enriched uranium when it has no reactor at all which needs enriched uranium? The Pak efforts over the years to acquire, clandestinely, the necessary plant and machinery for enrichment of uranium and their remarkable success in those efforts have been detailed in the Western Press. A Dutch Parliamentary Committee has rendered a report on Dr A.Q. Khan's activities while he

was associated with the centrifuge uranium enrichment process at Almelo in Holland. In the light of such irrefutable evidence, Gen Zia's bland denials carry no more credibility than his constant assurances on holding elections in Pakistan.

#### Nuclear Deterrence

If Pakistan were to acquire nuclear weapons, then the marginal deterrence India has in its armour will become totally irrelevant. The initiative will pass into the hands of Pakistan. It appears that Pakistan's nuclear strategy may have been influenced by the French and Israeli doctrines of proportionate deterrence. According to this view, though the Soviet Union could completely destroy France and the latter has the capability of destroying only a few cities in the Soviet Union, yet it is possible to deter a Soviet nuclear attack, since even the loss of a few cities would be an unacceptable

risk to the Soviets. Similarly, Israel, too, is reported to have developed a strategy to deter the Soviet Union from directly intervening against it. It is possible that the Pakistani strategists may be planning to deter both the Soviet Union and India, besides making their weapons available to the Arabs to deter Israel, which is widely believed to possess a nuclear arsenal. If Pakistan were to develop even a small nuclear arsenal of a few kilotons capacity to be delivered by its Mirage aircraft, it would be in a position to take the initiative for an offensive in a conventional war against India without fear of defeat, because, if such a contingency should arise, India can be deterred by the threat of Pakistan's resorting to the use of nuclear weapons.

Except for this contingency, one can safely rule out, rationally speaking, a Pakistani attack on India and the possibility of another war. ■

# India And China In South-East Asia

**China's historical role of a political overlord of South-East Asia clashed with Vietnamese plans to dominate Laos and Kampuchea. Also, India's decision to recognise Heng Samrin's regime in Kampuchea has caused a lot of controversy, particularly among the ASEAN countries. China showed its displeasure in many ways. What are the prospects of peace and cultural growth in this region?**

by D. R. SarDesai

INDIA'S recent recognition of the Vietnam backed Heng Samrin regime in Kampuchea has raised a diplomatic duststorm not only among the non Communist states in South East Asia but also in China. The ASEAN nations have not minced words to indicate their displeasure at India's action which in their view sanctifies the Vietnamese aggression against Kampuchea in 1978 and their continued occupation of that tiny hapless country through a large scale military presence estimated at between 200 000 to 300 000 troops. As the principal supporter of the toppled Pol Pot regime Beijing felt so miffed by India's action that it announced the indefinite postponement of its foreign minister Huang Hua's visit to India scheduled for October.

Early last year the Chinese Government was insensitive to Indian feelings. It then sent troops across the border into Vietnam a country having friendly relations with India even while the Indian Foreign Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee was still on Chinese soil. Vajpayee very properly cut short his visit and headed home. These recent events affecting South East Asia have shown the potential of a diplomatic conflict between India and China capable of hampering the process of normalisation of relations between the world's two most populous countries.

## Cultural Context

Historical ties between India, China and South East Asia began in the form of large scale penetration by Indian and Chinese cultures around the commencement of the Christian era two or three centuries after the first major political consolidations in those countries in the 3rd century BC—China under Shih Wang Li and India under Ashoka Maurya. The Sino-Indian cultural demarcation is noted by a French scholar diplomat, Reginald Le May thus

*On the map of Asia there is a range of mountains running down the spine of*

*Annam and this range marks the boundary or dividing line between Chinese and Indian culture. Everything north and east of this range is culturally based on China while everything west and south is based on India and the two neither overlap nor clash.*

Indian influence spread all over South East Asia except the Longking delta its character was however predominantly cultural and commercial its progress rarely buttressed by political authority from the mother country. The only exception was Rajendra Chola's successful though brief occupation of the Sumatran Srivijaya kingdom in the 11th century. On the other hand China established its hegemony periodically over the kingdoms of South East Asia which sent grudging tributes to the Heavenly Emperor as long as the Chinese central authority remained strong lapsing into independence when it became weak.

## Religion And Culture

Even so South East Asia did not become a cultural battle field between China and India. In the field of religion there was no rivalry. Confucianism peculiar as it was to the Chinese society lacked an exportable orientation—the Chinese themselves adopted Buddhism which was introduced from India by way of Central Asia in the 1st century AD. Throughout the first millennium the

Indian centres of learning and culture at Nalanda, Taxila, Vallabhi and Kanchipuram became the Hellas of the Eastern world where scholar pilgrims from China as well as South East Asia flocked to draw inspiration for their works of art, architecture and literature. The Indian culture made its impact for a variety of reasons. Lack of political ambition on India's part was indeed a positive factor.

The South East Asians discovered among the Indian immigrants, be they traders, priests or artisans, a similar cultural base—a shared substratum some of whose traits were pre-Aryan and common to all peoples of monsoon Asia. Perhaps the most numerous agents of such a cultural transmission were the Indian traders and seamen who came into contact with South East Asian rulers who were themselves the principal traders of the region. The latter must have been so impressed by the Indian culture that they invited Indian priests for the magical sacred legitimisation of dynastic interest and the domestication of subjects and probably for the organisation of the ruler's territory into a state. The process of Indianisation of South East Asia included the alphabetical basis (except for Vietnam) of the region's scripts, importance of Sanskrit in the vocabulary, styles of art, dance, architecture and sculpture.

introduction of Ramayana and Mahabharata and also works on a variety of subjects like philosophy, astrology, medicine and mathematics, and finally, the religious lore—Brahmanic, Buddhist or a combination of both.

To this date, the epics have such a hold over the minds of South-East Asians including the predominantly Muslim population of Indonesia, that the latter boasts one of the best Ramayana ballets in the world and its population avidly watches the *wayang* (puppet shadow theatre) whose themes are drawn from the Indian epics.

## Post-Freedom Involvement

India's major involvement with the affairs of modern South-East Asia began in the year 1954 when the Indo-China conflict threatened to flare up into a global conflagration. At that point of time, India literally forced itself upon the circle of countries—Great Britain, France, the US, USSR and China—that were determining the fate of French Indo-China. Indian exertions at the Colombo Conference and in the behind-the-scenes parleys at Geneva played a crucial role in the Indo-China settlement. Underlying the new peace agreement was the Indian proposal for neutralisation of Laos and Cambodia, and by implication a policy of 'hands off' in all of South East Asia.

It was significant for global peace that the Geneva Agreements were preceded by a momentous agreement between India and China over Tibet in April, 1954 incorporating Panchsheel or the five principles of peaceful co-existence. India hailed the Geneva settlement as a victory and vindication of her Panchsheel approach. Through persistent efforts thereafter, notably at Bandung where an assembly of heads of governments of Asian and African countries was introduced to China's Chou En-lai, Nehru secured from China and North Vietnam promises of non-interference in neighbouring countries. On that occasion, Chou En-lai exuded great charm all around as he pledged to follow the Panchsheel policy in his country's relationship with other countries. This helped to remove apprehension in the minds of leaders from many countries of South-East Asia making alignment with any super power for security reasons redundant.

Burma, Indonesia, Cambodia and Laos followed the Indian lead, adopting the policy of non-alignment. It appeared to the South-East Asians that the successful Indian democratic experiment provided a viable political alternative to the Communist Chinese way of life, which would allow in 1956 only a momentary blooming of the Hundred Flowers. Leaders like U Nu, Sukarno, Sihanouk and Souvanna Phouma often visited or remained in contact with New Delhi and shared in the impressive fall-out of the policy of

VICTIMS OF THE POL POT REGIME

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non-alignment all the way from Bandung to Belgrade. All this, however, was hardly palatable to Washington, which followed during the period, John Foster Dulles' perceptions, clouded by fears of Communist aggression everywhere. Neutrality, non-alignment and peaceful co-existence were to remain dirty and immoral words for the US policy until the Camp David talks between Eisenhower and Khrushchev in September, 1959, four months after Dulles' death. Dulles' policies of getting the smaller countries of Asia to sign "mutual security" alliances with the United States in order to "contain" Communism everywhere would have perhaps created an equilibrium in Asia between China and the US even if an uneasy one. But it was India's role that helped the propagation of the policy of peaceful co-existence and the creation of necessary confidence among small, newly independent nations to counter the American alternative. Only two South-East Asian nations—Thailand and the Philippines—joined the US-sponsored SEATO which remained a constant target of Indian criticism for well over a decade.

#### After Chinese Invasion

In 1962, the foremost leader of the non-aligned group, suffered a major setback at the hands of China. South-East Asians were among others who heard Nehru confessing to his countrymen that India had been 'getting out of touch with the realities of the modern world' admitting by implication that his friendship with China was a gross blunder. Apart from the colossal damage done to the Indian image and leadership, the Indian debacle in the Sino-Indian war undermined the whole basis of trust in Chinese pledges of respect for the territorial integrity of neighbouring nations. Two years later, China's emergence as a nuclear power created a new wave of China's military might and political intentions.

By 1971 the prestigious, London-based Institute of Strategic Studies reported that the Chinese missiles, "suitably deployed" could reach 'as far as the Urals, India and all of South-East Asia'. With the promulgation of the Lin Biao doctrine in 1965 in support of "wars of national liberation" and evidence of Chinese support to Communists in Vietnam, Indonesia and Thailand, the non-alignment basis of security in South-East Asia became most questionable.

For the rest of the sixties, the Indian foreign policy in South and South-East Asia suffered from an unfocused and unrealistic dualism, ascribing the wider context of the 'wars of national liberation' to the Chinese role in the Himalayas, at the same time exempting Chinese assistance to the Communists in



HENG SAMRIN

various South-East Asian countries from similar condemnation. Moreover, the Indian pronouncements on the Vietnam conflict did not reflect an understanding of the Sino-Soviet conflict, instead, they harped principally on the older conflict between Vietnamese nationalism and Western domination and partly on the tussle between the Super Powers, which would hopefully allow some scope for Indian mediatory offices to operate.

Ironically enough, even as the Sino-Indian pedestal of the Panchsheel doctrine was cracking beyond any hope of diplomatic repair, the solutions that India had prescribed for regional peace were being increasingly advocated by others including the South-East Asians themselves. Among the solutions was a multinational guarantee of sovereignty and territorial integrity of the South-East Asian states by the principal powers. De Gaulle proposed such an arrangement for Vietnam in 1965. Sihanouk continued to clamour for it for his own country.

In 1970, the Non-Aligned Nations Conference in Lusaka resolved to consider the Indian Ocean a zone of peace. In the following year Malaysia hosted a meeting of the ASEAN member states that formally endorsed a previous proposal of the Malaysian Prime Minister for the neutralisation of South-East Asia and for the adoption of non-alignment as the cornerstone of foreign policy. In all these moves, however, in contrast to the decade of the fifties, India was consulted only marginally, if at all, despite the restoration of Indian military prestige by the Bangladesh war. And, indeed, it should not surprise anyone to know that in the early seventies, India was scrupulously kept out of the secret Vietnam peace negotiations both by China and the 'tilting' Nixon-Kissinger duo in Washington.

#### China's Prospects

China's ambitions in South-East Asia have been thwarted by two factors, first the Soviet Union, which has since the late sixties, definitely substituted the United States as the principal Chinese foe. For a long time, the Soviet leaders had shown no desire to get unduly involved in South-East Asia, in fact, their support of the North Vietnamese and the NLF in the Second Indo-China War had been given grudgingly and

that also because they did not seem to lag behind the Chinese and be vulnerable in the Communist world to the charge of "betrayal" of a fraternal cause. One of the principal aims of Soviet foreign policy has consequently been not to allow China at any cost to assume the leadership of the South-East Asian region.

Secondly, Vietnam has harboured its own ambitions for the regional leadership of South-East Asia. Their reasons for denying the role to China go far beyond the purely ideological ones. Historical hatreds between China and Vietnam as well as between the latter and Kampuchea have resurfaced most intensely since the mid-seventies. Vietnam's several revolts during the millennium of Chinese rule (111 BC-939 AD), its successful overthrow of the Chinese rule again in the 15th century (1407-1428) its readiness to sign an agreement to allow the return of the French only to get the Chinese occupation troops out in 1946, its reluctant acceptance of the ceasefire along the 17th parallel in 1954 at Geneva because of Chinese insistence, these events all demonstrate Vietnam's intense distrust and suspicion of China whether under imperial nationalist or Communist governments.

#### Potential Competitor

In the early seventies, the Vietnamese suspected that China did not want to see a strong, reunified Vietnam to emerge as a 'potential competitor' for influence in South-East Asia. Additionally, they found themselves on the opposite side of the Chinese in regard to the US presence in Asia, which China regarded as a desirable counterbalance to Soviet ambitions in the area.

On the other hand, the Kampucheans have historically hated the Vietnamese, who deprived them of the rich Mekong basin in the eighteenth century and then shared with Thailand the suzerainty over what was left of the Khmer Empire. As early as 1930, the Vietnamese Communists had betrayed their imperialistic ambitions by founding the Indo-Chinese Communist Party. The Kampuchean Communists and non-Communists alike, never abandoned their fears that Vietnam would by virtue of its size, numbers, educated manpower, economic and military strength, someday compel Kampuchea and Laos into a composite policy under Vietnamese domination.

Thus, China's historical role of a political overlord of South-East Asia clashed with Vietnamese plans to dominate Laos and Kampuchea. Would Hanoi's ambitions extend to all of South-East Asia? Until late 1978 the ASEAN countries were favourably impressed with Hanoi's efforts to establish friendly relations and assuage any apprehensions of expansionism. During that same period, however, Beijing attempted

to bring Hanoi into the traditional role of a vassal insisting it join the Chinese in condemning the Soviet Union of hegemonism. Hanoi prevaricated, then refused. Soon specific issues of conflict between China and Vietnam shaped up: the off-shore islands, Vietnamese of Chinese ethnic origin and land border claims.

Meanwhile, China continued to support the Pol Pot regime despite its brutal, insensate domestic pogroms, which had dislocated, decimated and alienated the bulk of the Khmer population to the shock and dismay of the entire civilised world. The regime's excesses made any aggression by an external power less culpable than otherwise. Moreover, the Pol Pot government provoked Hanoi by attacking the border provinces, reopening the claims of off-shore islands and above all by inviting several thousand Chinese military and technical personnel in what Vietnam called a bid to encircle it. The Phnom Penh-Beijing axis pushed Hanoi into Moscow's willing arms. On June 29, 1978, Vietnam joined the Moscow-dominated COMECON and in October signed with the Soviet Union a full-fledged treaty of Friendship and Co-operation. The die had been cast and Vietnam had consciously and openly taken sides in the Sino-Soviet conflict. Two months later Vietnam marched into Kampuchea, installed a government under the Hanoi Khmer Rouge leader, Heng Samrin, and to bolster it stationed a large military force on Khmer soil. Almost immediately China retaliated by marching across its southern borders to teach the Vietnamese 'a lesson', which somewhat backfired, helping only to expose the weaknesses of the Chinese military machine.

#### India's Recent Role

It is not easy for Indian diplomats abroad to defend the Indian Government's decision to recognise the Heng Samrin regime on grounds that the Congress (I) election manifesto had promised the recognition. After all the Vietnamese were not even the voters in the Indian election. Recognition of Kampuchea did not have to be the only electoral promise that had to be matched by performance. Besides, the manifesto was written before the Soviet march into Afghanistan. That cataclysmic event must have influenced the Indian Government's refusal to announce the recognition at the time of Premier Pham Van Dong's visit to New Delhi early this year. Besides the Indian policy of recognising governments has, in the past, been predicated upon several conditions including the full governmental control of the territory and lack of foreign troops on the country's soil. The Pol Pot regime still controls substantial portions of Western and Southern Kampuchea and there is no early end in sight to the presence of Vietnamese troops on the Khmer soil. ■

In the cities, the Chinese live in spacious flats which cost a minimum of Rs 10 a month, but, in any case, not higher than 5% of one's basic pay. The Deputy Director of a steel complex may have a bigger flat, but his next-door neighbour could well be a worker under him staying in a smaller apartment. There are no private cars and there is no income-tax.

by S. N. CHOPRA

NOT since the basic revision in the structure of property relationship in 1958 has China seen such a major change of direction in its internal and external policies as it has done this autumn. In some ways, the direction has changed by 180 degrees. In others, the movement has been erratic, hesitant, uncertain, exploratory. But there is near certainty in political and diplomatic circles in Beijing that the China of day after tomorrow will be very different from what Mao Zedong had intended it to be.

In mid-September, peasant-emperor Mao Zedong lay as usual in his crystal coffin in the simple but impressive mausoleum the Chinese have built for him in the vast Tian-An Man Square in Beijing (right opposite the Forbidden City of emperors of the past). When I went to 'see' this titanic leader in the history of mankind, I found him full-chested in his smart, well-cut, steel-grey uniform, his face not pale, shrivelled or mummified but full, shining, though a trifle red. Tian-An Man Square, reported to be the largest public square in the world, was the scene of great but orderly bustle. Thousands were lined up, in disciplined rows of four abreast, to be led past the crystal sepulchre of their great leader.

As Mao Zedong lay in eternal sleep, to the right of his mausoleum, in the Great Hall of the People, the fifth National People's Congress was slowly but surely undoing the works of the founder of the Chinese People's Republic—burying deep the poet-philosopher's dream of a 'permanent revolution', dismantling his plans for total self-reliance, 'even if we have to eat grass', discarding his concept of perpetual austerity in favour of a new consumerism, reaching out to the world for new friendships, more trade and freer exchange of goods and technologies, to the extent of joint enterprises on China's socialist soil with the once hated capitalism of Japan and America, and, above all, planning for a little competition, a bit of free



## CHANGING CHINA

### INSIDE A FARMER'S HOUSE IN A COMMUNE

enterprise, a modicum of material incentives for Chinese farmers, workers and state enterprises. In short, the nation's delegates at the People's Congress were working to open up' Chinese society, to release it from the straitjacket of Maoism.

Tremendous forces are at work in China that could, once again, alter the political picture of Asia as decisively as the successful revolution of 1949 had done. These forces are barely perceived in the spot news from Beijing suitable for newspaper headlines. The explosion of the hydrogen bomb, the test firing of the ICBM, the launching into orbit of China's own, indigenously fabricated satellite, the punitive expedition against Vietnam, and, recently, the political self-abnegation of senior Chinese leadership in favour of younger leaders and fresh blood, all these and other headline stories tell, but incompletely, the story of changing China.

More significant than the news that makes headlines is the news that does not make headlines. I went in search of this kind of news in a 20,000 km, month-long tour of China from the far north-west in Sinkiang to the far north-east in Liaoning, from the south-east in Shanghai and Hangchow to the far south in Kwangchow. On one of these journeys I spent more flying time to get from one point in China to another than it had taken me to make from New Delhi to Canton.

The most significant fact about China (of which India needs to take the most careful note) is that the Chinese have broken, very nearly, the back of abysmal poverty in their country. Pockets of local hardship were not difficult to come by in an extensive tour like mine, there were areas where living was apparently not easy. But in a visit where I might have looked at hundreds of thousands of Chinese feet, in the cities and in the countryside, I did not see a single foot that was unshod, and most had socks on although it was early autumn and the weather was still warm. Nor did I see any man, woman or child inadequately dressed. Nor, for that matter, did I see a single Chinese woman or girl wearing lipstick or nail polish, much less tight-fitting jeans or a see-through blouse. Chinese are good eaters, a nine-course festive meal is nothing unusual. Of course, such lavish meals are not the regular fare of even the upper crust. But almost every Chinese household habitually cooks and eats a diet of pork, vegetables and eggs, with rice and noodles as the grain food. I have seen and eaten the food that workers eat in the cities. Chinese cuisine is world-famous. The average Chinese eats well and heartily, downing his food once in a while with good beer or *maotai*, the famous rice spirit. If workers in the cities eat adequately, the farmers in the communes eat even better. Every worker who is engaged in a particularly arduous operation—such

as blast furnace stocking in steel mills—gets a special allowance for extra nutrition.

#### Compare This With India

China has been importing some 10 million tons of wheat annually. The figure gives the impression of food scarcity, an impression I had carried with me to China. In Shanghai I was told by a senior Chinese official that China was 'barely self-sufficient in foodgrains'. In 1979, it produced some 333 million tons of foodgrains to feed a population of 970 million. India claims self-sufficiency in foodgrains with a yield of 130 million tons for a population of 650 million and its stockpile is 17-20 million tons. Of course, the off-take of foodgrains in India is poor because people have no money to buy food which is not the case in China. It is evident however that the Chinese import of foodgrain is not for current, annual consumption but for other reasons of which there could be three: for large-scale stockpiling for a war which the Chinese do seriously expect, for an exchange of cheap foreign wheat for the three times more expensive Chinese rice, as a method of earning foreign exchange or industrial uses of imported foodgrain since China has a large food processing industry.

The best of China is on its fields and farms. The commune system, about which there is so much of misinformation in India, has changed the social and economic picture of the



country beyond recognition. The eye tells more than the figures do though the evidence of figures is as conclusive. China has an arable area of only 130 million hectares; the corresponding area in India is 139 million hectares. But with more arable area than China, the Indian production of foodgrains, as stated above, is only 130 million tons in a season of good monsoons, whereas in a year of calamities like drought and floods, China produced 333 million tons in 1979.

The commune system is almost wholly responsible for the enormous change in China's agricultural fortunes. Under this system, land and water management become the collective responsibility of the state and community, with adequate funds, machinery and technical knowhow for land development, extension of irrigation and adequate feeding of the soil so that it may in turn feed the teeming millions. There is no parallel between this system which considers agriculture an important 'industry', and subsistence level operation of the owner-farmer in Uttar Pradesh with his two acres of indifferent land but with neither the capital, labour, implements nor knowledge of modern agriculture.

Each house has a paved approach veranda and at least two rooms—one with a couple of built-in, sunken ovens, to serve as the kitchen and dining corner; and the other, a bed-sitting room. After visiting several farmer homes in different communes, I could say that most peasant homes have serviceable, at times excellent, furniture, table radios, sewing machines, full or half-size mirrors, either iron hospital beds or built-in wooden box-beds, with curtains and decorations, some glassware and china crockery—and, occasionally, gold fish in a glass bowl on the top of an ornamental chest of drawers which I found in most homes.

#### No Unemployment

In China, the right to work is constitutionally enforceable. There is no unemployment in the sense in which we in India know it, but each year millions of youngsters, after leaving school, may be compelled to wait for long periods before being placed in a job selected for them by the state. There is no such thing as workers who have 'lost their jobs'.

In the cities a kind of community living is indispensable since class distinction in housing is just not there. The same block of flats will

as Rs 10 per month, including electricity and water charges, but in any case no higher than 5% of the basic pay. Ministers, governors (or heads of revolutionary committees, as they are called), senior professors, top scientists, may enjoy the upper bracket income of Rs 1,500 per month, but the worker in the lowest pay grade (Grade 1) may not be paid less than Rs 200, including bonus. The salary of the head of a department in the government may be anywhere between Rs 800-900 while a professor will draw between Rs 1,000-1,500 and a middle school teacher between Rs 225-700.

#### No Private Cars

There are no private cars or other such private vehicles in China. Until this year, there was no tax on incomes. There are said to be a total of 20 very highly paid individuals in China today, with earnings in excess of Rs 4,000 per month; from this year they will be subject to a stiff dose of income-tax. Included in this special class are some cinema and theatre stars and a few outstanding painters and musicians.

In a way, modern China is to be seen to be believed. The throng of customers at department stores

all books are thin paperbacks—Rs 5 is enough to buy a fair-sized book, and Rs 10, a thick volume.

Chinese society and life in China are a closed book as far as the Indian press is concerned. Indian newspapers reproduce, mostly from the Western press, diplomatic or political news from China but there is no opportunity for the Indian newspaper-reading public to know something about what is happening at the grassroots level in a neighbouring country whose problems and preoccupations are not very much unlike ours.

#### We And They

What is happening in China will affect Asia and India profoundly. That a billion neighbours of the Indian people are able to afford life's small luxuries of life (besides food, clothing and housing) while 40% of Indians live below the bread line has a logic of its own.

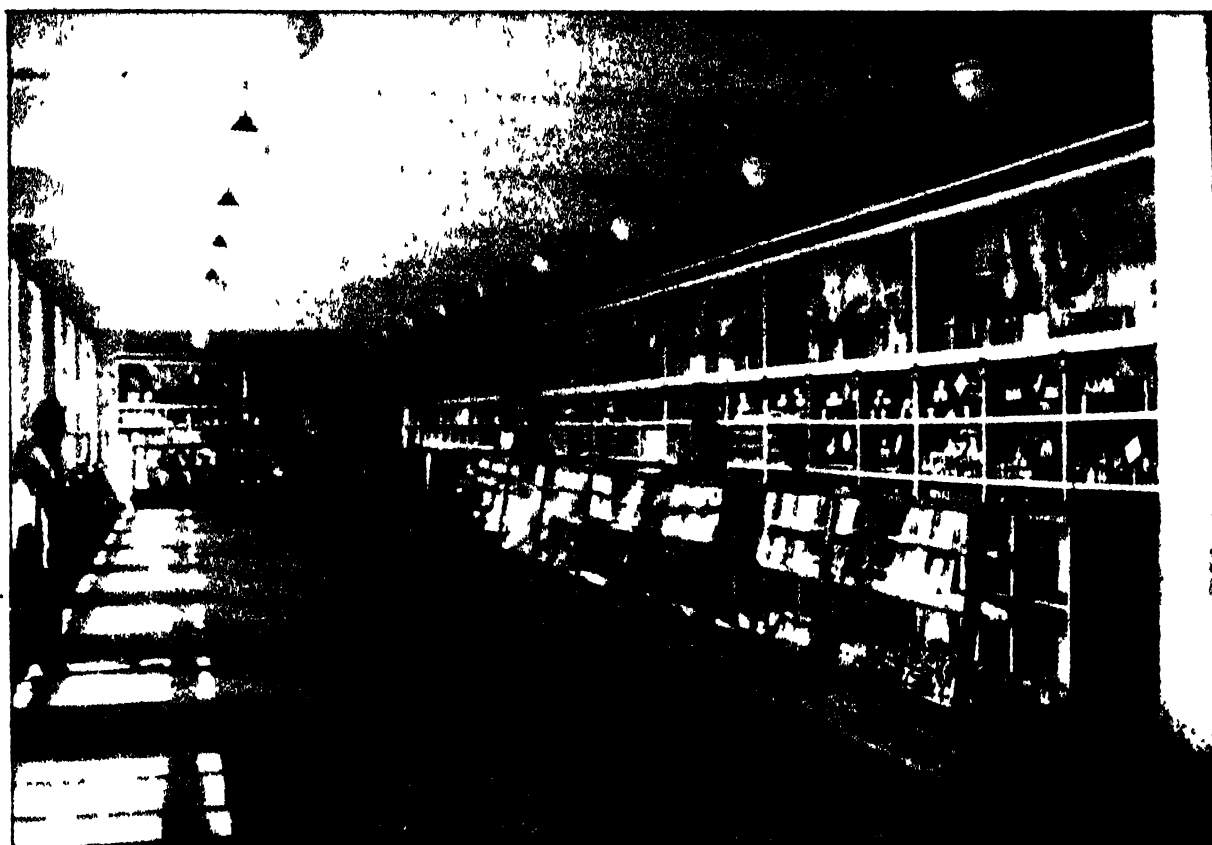
They are able to produce the most sophisticated machinery, chemicals and instrumentation such as 4th generation computers, laser scalpel, oil rigs for drilling off-shore below a depth of 40 metres and metal alloys and plastics.

China 1980 is not bothered by the energy crisis (it produced 106 million tons of crude in 1979 and will progressively do better in the years to come). It is not overwhelmed by inflation (less than 5% this year after 20 years of fixed prices). It has no reason to fear a population explosion now (it has already achieved a growth rate of 1.17% and is well set to touch the end of the century target of 0.5% growth rate).

The highly organised People's Liberation Army is fighting fit for war although its weaponry is antiquated, its soldiers are shod in canvas shoes, wear simple—even sloppy—uniforms, with no shining brass buttons and without emblems of rank.

The PLA when not fighting a war is continually engaged in peace-time activities of national development and reconstruction. An organised cadre of 118 millions, under the banner of the Communist Youth League, receives the most rigorous training and serves as the fountain of leadership at every level, from the smallest production or territorial unit to the highest office of state.

The new Prime Minister of China, Zhao Ziyang, is a product of the Communist Youth League. The 33 millions of the Communist Party act as the virtual rudder that guides—and controls—the ship of state and society. And, above all, the capacity of the common people to be natural, normal and relaxed, generally, and also to be ready "to eat grass", as Mao once put it, when necessary in national interest—this is what distinguishes China from its neighbours in Asia.



A COMMUNE STORE SERVING FIVE VILLAGES

China is perhaps the only country in the developing world where there has been a reversal of the population movement to the countryside. Chinese villages are different from villages in most developing countries. Except in depressed areas like Sinkiang, houses in the rural communes are brick or stone structures, with sloping burnt-clay

have two, three, or even four-room accommodation units. But, generally, there is no segregation. Thus, the deputy director of a steel complex may be living cheek by jowl with his foreman at the works. Some sort of segregation can be found in regard to ministers, P.L.A. generals and top party cadres. Almost everybody lives in a flat where the rents may be as low

bookshops, food shops—even chemist shops is incredible. Shanghai's largest department store entertains an average of 150,000 customers a day and its daily sales tally is around Rs 35,00,000. Bookshops are as crowded as restaurants. Barring works of Marx and Mao and a few reference books, hardcovers are not known in China;

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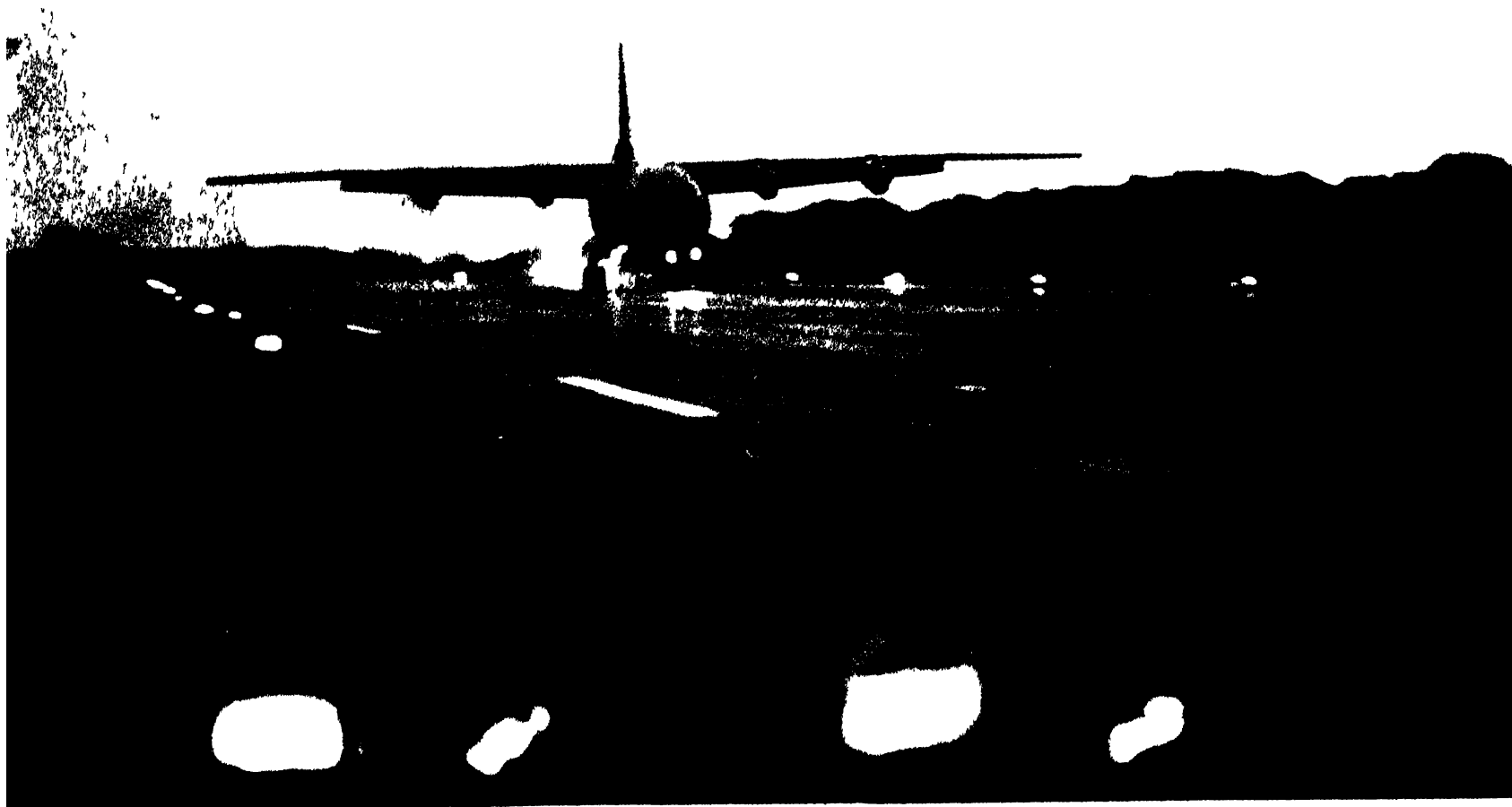
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**THE STRONGER THE AIRPUNCH, THE SHORTER THE WAR.** This fact was amply demonstrated during the 1971 war, when the IAF had completely neutralised the PAF within 36 hours. Below: An IAF plane keeps a solitary vigil over our skies.

# NO FORCE LIKE AIR FORCE

With a deterrent Air Force, the likelihood of a war, today, can be substantially reduced. This was one of the points made by AIR MARSHAL I. H. LATIF in a speech earlier this year to the Rotary Club of Bombay (Mid-Town). Here is a condensed version of that speech which should be of interest in the context of the role of the Air Force in modern warfare.



**O**UR armed forces represent an enormous investment of national resources in terms of both men and material, with an annual Defence Budget of around Rs 3,000 crores. Whilst this is certainly an enormous sum—particularly for India where there are many other competing demands on the nation's resources—it would be wrong to

conclude that it is too great a burden for the country to bear

To put this figure in perspective, it should be remembered that Rs 3,000 crores represents roughly 3½ per cent of our GNP and is, compared to other nations, amongst the lowest. Pakistan, for instance, spends around 9 per cent on defence. Israel has been spending over 30 per cent



Seen in this context, 3½% for India cannot be considered excessive, particularly when one has also to keep in mind the fact that we have to defend really enormous frontiers which have been repeatedly violated by our neighbours. We must also recognise that, in the long history of mankind and even in the present-day environment, respect and recognition among the comity of nations continues to be directly related to the demonstrable strength of a country, measured, to a large extent, by the strength of our armed forces.

Air defence is, of course, one of the primary responsibilities of our Air Force—guarding the security of our own skies by means of an alert air defence system. This includes not only fighter aircraft and surface-to-air missiles, but also radars to detect and guide our aircraft and missiles to their targets. However, just as no war can be won by defence alone, if an air battle is to be won, the emphasis has necessarily to be on offensive operations of striking



**"AN AIR FORCE CAN GO INTO ACTION IN A MATTER OF MINUTES and penetrate into enemy territory, striking him where it hurts hardest," says our Chief of the Air Staff, Idris Hasan Latif, PVSM.**

the aggressor in his own territory in order to cripple his air power, rather than on a merely defensive role.

### **The 1971 Example**

The 1971 war provided a good illustration, when the Pakistan Air Force in East Pakistan was completely neutralised within 36 hours by the IAF's attacks on its aircraft and airfields. While not seeking to belittle the

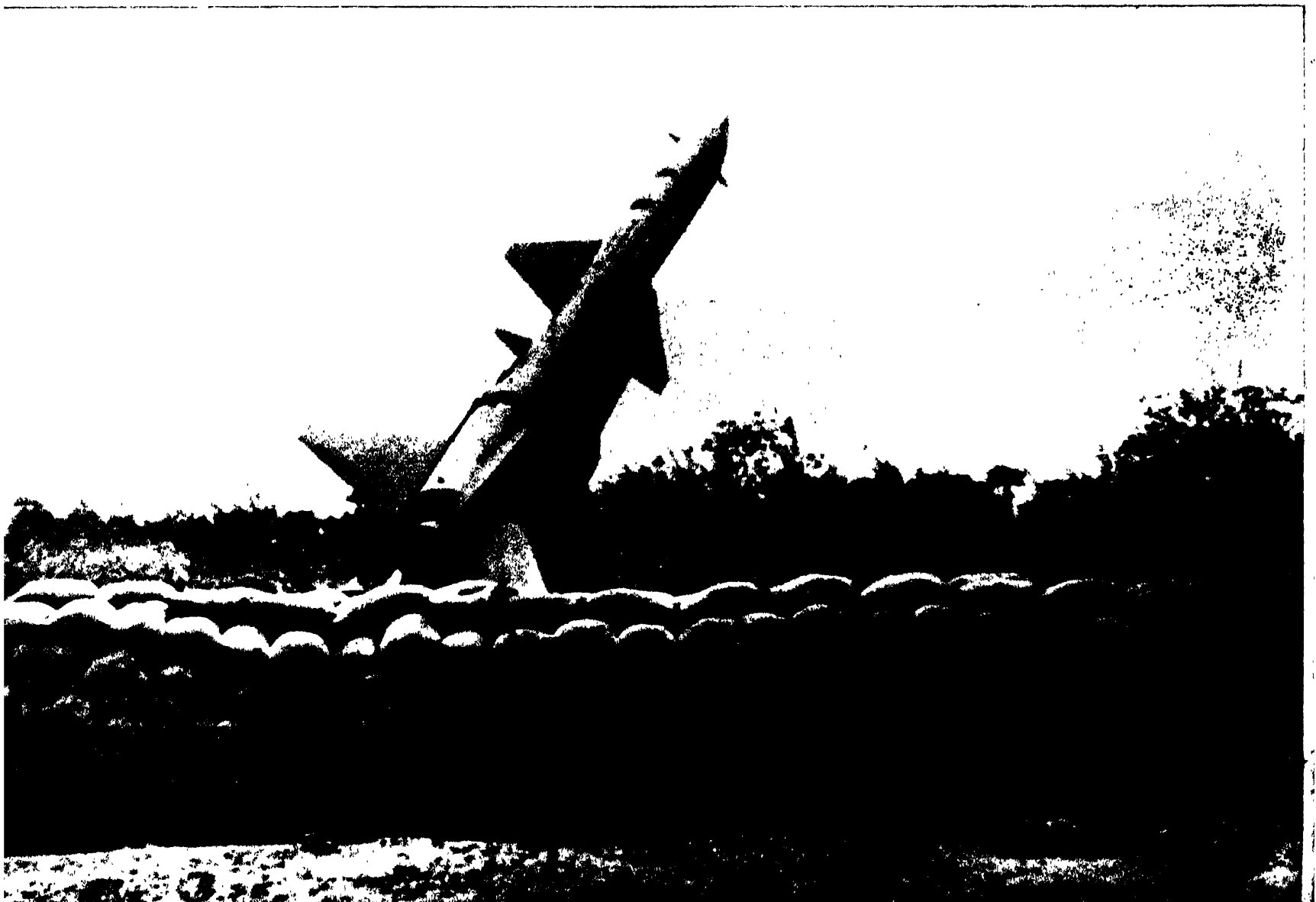
achievements of the Army and the Navy, it is widely recognised today that it was this *single* factor, more than anything else, which helped our Army and our Navy to operate at the peak of their capability and bring the war in the East to a rapid and successful conclusion.

Apart from offensive operations against the enemy Air Force, another major responsibility is to attack strategic targets in their

territory, aimed at weakening the enemy's capacity to wage war. A striking example, again in the 1971 war, was the precision with which attack after attack was mounted by our fighters from Jamnagar at the oil-storage tanks in the Karachi area—targets which were subsequently attacked by our Navy also. These attacks, apart from denying the enemy valuable oil, had also a very damaging effect on its morale.

Air transport operation is another important role of the Air Force. Its importance was amply demonstrated, first in 1948 in the Kashmir operations, when the swift induction of our troops into the Kashmir Valley, literally in a matter of hours, by the transport squadrons turned the tide of the battle for Srinagar; again, in the 1971 war, the transport aircraft (this time including helicopters) played a major role in the pincer thrust on Dacca. Our helicopters were largely responsible for Gen Sagat's rapid and successful advance on the part of our Army towards Dacca from the East,

**ANOTHER DETERRENT IN OUR AIR ARMOURY** is the surface-to-air guided missile, which kept the PAF at bay during the 1971 war.



whilst the other transport aircraft flew in the paratroopers for the thrust from the West

### Offensive Support

Offensive support of the Army is yet another important role of the Air Force. This means air-strike operations against enemy tanks and artillery which can make the advance of our Army difficult. Air power today plays a decisive role in the success of the land battle. The Arab-Israeli war of 1967 and, again, the 1973 war are striking examples of the key role of air power in modern warfare.

In our own subcontinent, a good example is the now famous Longevala battle, where a few Hunter aircraft based at Jaisalmer, almost single-handed, turned back Pakistan's armoured threat by dawn-to-dusk attacks on its tanks, destroying dozens of them in the process. For its contributory role in this and other operations, even army commanders, from Field Marshal Manekshaw down, have paid the Air Force handsome tributes.



**RETURNING FROM A MISSION** An injured helicopter pilot being helped out by his crew at an air base. During the 1971 war, the IAF flew a total of 3,000 sorties (with its 600-odd aircraft) within 14 days.

Quite apart from our wartime tasks, the Air Force has an important role to play in peacetime—in addition to maintaining a very high state of training and operational readiness. The transport aircraft and crews, for instance, are required to airlift thousands of tonnes of supplies every year for the forward posts (throughout the length of the Himalayan ranges), not only in support of the jawans who man those peaks, but also to help the civil administration in its development programmes. And

then, of course, during the monsoons, every year, somewhere or other in India, often in several places at the same time, there are floods and often cyclones.

Relief operation is a task that the Air Force is proud and ever ready to undertake. Notable examples in recent times were the massive flood relief operations that were mounted in Patna in 1975, in Rajasthan, Maharashtra and Gujarat in 1978, and again in 1979, and now in recent weeks in Himachal Pradesh.

Of the 3,000-crore Defence Budget, the allocation has been of the order of 50% to the Army and around 20% to the Air Force. A point which is relevant in this context is that the Army is *manpower*-oriented while the Air Force is basically an *equipment*-oriented service. Escalation of cost in these two areas would be a significant factor—15% per annum in respect of equipment and 2% to 3% per annum in respect of manpower. In developed countries, the allocation for each of the three Services is around one-third and, in the Soviet Union, the percentage of the Air Force is the highest—40%.

In conclusion, it would be worth bearing in mind that the Air Force has a unique feature—namely, of offering the greatest *deterrent* value by virtue of its instant reaction capability. The Air Force can go into action, not in days, not in hours, but in minutes, and mount lightning strikes at points which can do the maximum damage to the aggressor in the minimum time. ■

**ON THE OFFENSIVE.** An IAF fighter raids into enemy territory. A major responsibility of the Air Force is to attack strategic targets, aimed at breaking the enemy's line of supply.



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# Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal & India.

When many nations of the world are coming together to step up economic and social development, the countries of the Indian subcontinent appear to have failed to create a common platform for themselves.

by H.T. Parekh

**T**HE Indian subcontinent is today made up of Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka, Nepal and India. The first two of these five countries are the product of partition twice over—the independent, separate existence of the second is only a decade old. Politically all are sovereign nations, but they have so much in common that they can well form themselves into a social and economic community for peaceful co-existence and common prosperity without each sacrificing its individual independence.

The peoples and governments of these lands have chosen to live in splendid isolation, alienated from each other, in spite of being geographically contiguous, linguistically close, culturally akin, economically interlinked and sharing a common heritage. The accent has been on separateness with the friendly ties remaining tenuous. Between neighbours, this relationship is unnatural and this form of isolation is against the interests of all. In the modern world of large and powerful blocs, such an isolated existence becomes a factor in their weakness.

## Fear And Confrontation

The three larger countries have lived in an atmosphere of fear, distrust and confrontation. The differences in size have sometimes created in the smaller countries a sense of fear and suspicion which has prevented them from coming together to seek peace and prosperity through common endeavour for the common good of all. This is illustrated by the relationship of the two smaller countries, viz, Nepal and Sri Lanka, with India. In the case of Nepal the bonds are traditionally very close while the island state of Sri Lanka, despite its geographical closeness, has remained alienated to an almost unnatural extent.

the memories of undivided India and of the subsequent bitterness generated by partition and by the Kashmir problem are of little personal concern. On the other hand, sportsmen, artists, writers and musicians are being exchanged and their tours have succeeded in breaking many barriers. The political leaders in all the countries, however, have only moved from a negative to a neutral position but have not yet been able to take any positive initiative to improve the relationship.

## Government And Public

Accepting the objective that it is desirable to develop a sense of social, cultural and economic togetherness, what should be the approach and strategy of this regional group of South Asia? This objective has necessarily to be a long-term one and capable of being achieved over the coming decades. The concept of a community of South Asia has to evolve, it cannot be imposed. It



PRIME MINISTER INDIRA GANDHI with Pakistan President Zia-ul-Haq after their 55-minute talks on America aid to Pakistan. The picture was taken in Salisbury when Zimbabwe became independent.



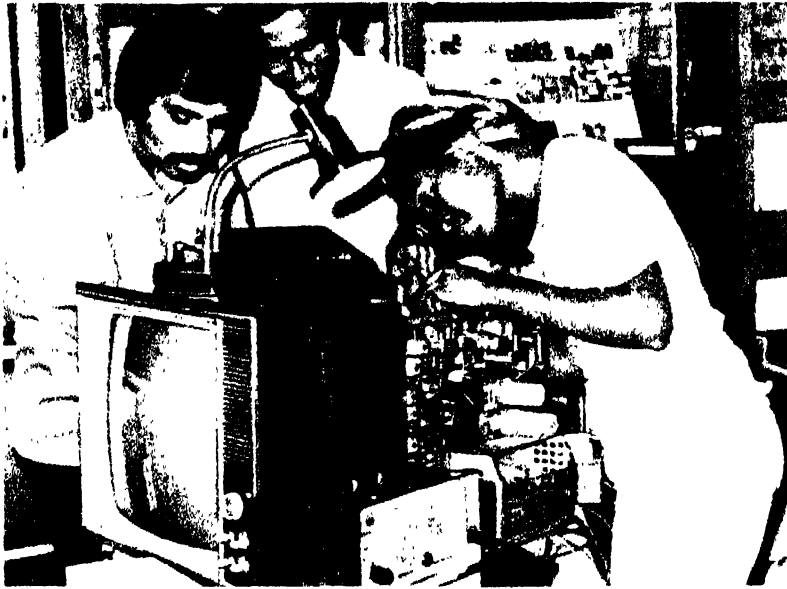
ZIA-UR-RAHMAN, President of Bangladesh, being received by President Sanjiva Reddy at New Delhi in 1977.

Initially, this task looks formidable, some may regard it even as an impossible one. There are the obvious roadblocks to clear — of suspicion, of distrust, of motives, etc. However, one primary issue to be considered is whether, at this stage, such a task can be undertaken by governments of the various countries or by the peoples in these countries on a voluntary basis. Both the government and the people are complementary to each other. Nonetheless, for obvious reasons the first moves have to come from the people—not of one country alone but of all the countries in question—working for a common purpose, from a non-political platform. Government moves could be misconstrued and could be suspect but initiatives coming from the people would receive a positive response. In matters of such regional importance, government policies more often follow public opinion, as in Europe.

The differences in the size of these countries and of their population

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*prima facie* raises a difficulty. Should the first moves be made by a government of a large country such as India, the smaller countries may see some political design in it and would not react favourably to it. Political motives may be imported to government action. On the other hand, it would be open for any of the other countries to take the first initiative but this may not be forthcoming because of fear of losing their identity.

In any possible establishment of a community in South Asia, the Indo-Pakistan relationship perhaps holds a pivotal position. In 1977, the President of Pakistan and the Prime Minister of India met at Nairobi and expressed their desire to normalise relations between the two countries. The President of Pakistan and Prime



THE 1972 TALKS between India and Pakistan in Simla. The Pakistan delegation was led by Mr Aziz Ahmed (extreme left), Secretary-General in the Foreign Ministry, the Indian delegation by Mr D.P. Dhar, Chairman of the Policy Planning Committee in the External Affairs Ministry.



◀ KING BIRENDRA OF NEPAL having talks with President J.R. Jayawardane of Sri Lanka, when the former visited Sri Lanka to discuss bilateral relations.

Minister Indira Gandhi met recently at Salisbury when they had talks on Indo-Pak relations. Meetings of officials of various countries continue to take place, indicating a general desire to come together.

### Improved Popular Mood

In regard to three areas, viz, trade, travel and cultural exchange, the two countries have come to an understanding which will help the situation. The volume of trade between the two countries is going up rapidly, the issuance of visas in 1980 has more than doubled compared to 1979 and the air and road links which were earlier closed have been reopened. Both governments have accepted the need to encourage greater people-to-people contact, in particular, to permit cultural exchanges. The popular mood in both countries has greatly improved.

However, this year, perhaps as a reaction to the serious situation

created by the occupation of Afghanistan by the USSR and the events in Iran, much more thinking is going on in different countries on their individual relationship at both unofficial and official levels. For example, Mr N.B. Naqui, a senior Pakistani journalist, wrote in May 1980 a remarkable article in the *Pakistan Economist* calling for a thorough reconsideration of Pakistan's "basic approach" to India and of its underlying assumptions and motivations. Almost immediately, this has been followed by an even more remarkable proposal of the Bangladesh President for a regional conference for cooperation between Pakistan, Sri Lanka, Nepal, Bhutan, Bangladesh and India in the form of a letter to Prime Minister Indira Gandhi—and this proposal has been welcomed by India.

The limitations of such governmental moves and approaches are obvious. It would be more worthwhile if these came from people operating from

non-political platforms. Unless people themselves take the lead independently of their governments, it would not be possible for the movement to make any headway. Governments can then lend their support, which would be in the nature of backing a popular movement.

The vision of five nations cooperating among themselves to create a social and economic community in South Asia can be a grand design and an exciting adventure for the progressive elements in all these countries to work for. The concept of one community — social, cultural and economic — can have a mass appeal and mass support if properly organised.

### Vital Prerequisites

The people's movement for a social and economic community of these five nations has to be not only strictly non-political and non-party but, for it to succeed, it must be based on equal

status for each and every constituent member irrespective of the size and population of the country. It follows from this that their decisions have to be unanimous and that even the smallest member would have the right of veto. There must be scrupulous adherence to a spirit of mutual respect and trust among the member countries.

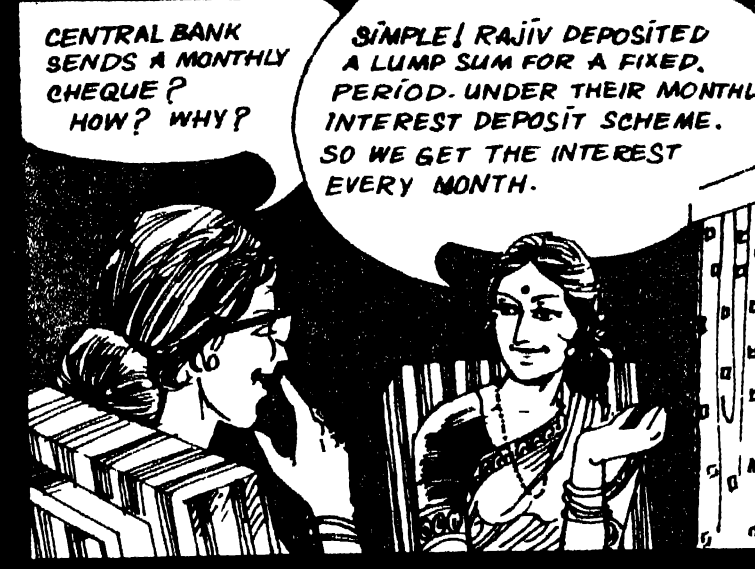
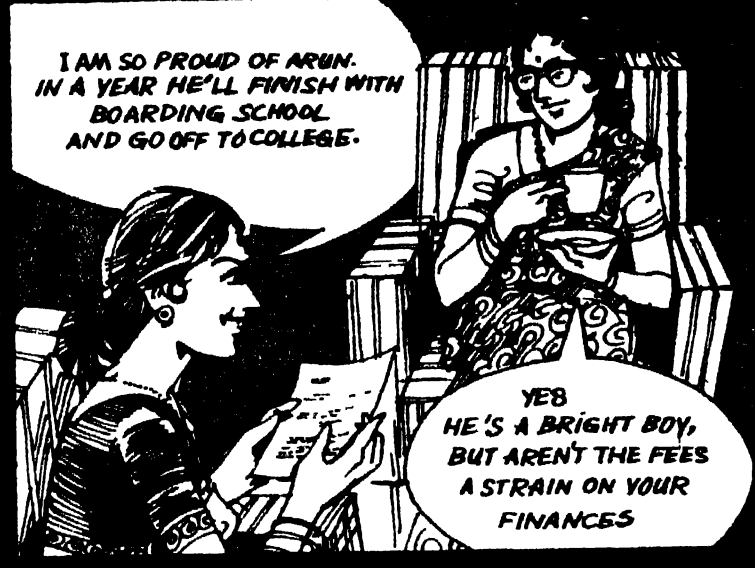
Forging a sense of new community must be based on firm foundations which can only be by first regarding the problem as human, and only then as social and economic. At present there are elements which bind the people of these countries and there are other elements which work for separateness. While during the last thirty years, the latter factors have been predominant a time has now come for us to emphasise the importance of establishing a common community.

Free and easy travel conditions with as few restrictions as possible between all these countries will help create a fund of goodwill. Radio, television and lately video films have already broken the distances but we can further help promote the exchange of technology and other expertise. Similarly, an unrestricted flow of newspapers and books would ensure better understanding between the nations concerned.

So far as the economy of South Asian countries is concerned, the existing state of mutual isolation and separateness means economic non-cooperation between them leading to non-utilisation of

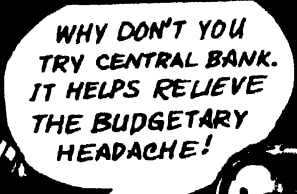


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## EEC: Realisation Of A Dream

**T**HE outstanding success in regional cooperation, which has acted as a pace setter, is the establishment of the European Economic Community under the Treaty of Rome of 1957. The Treaty itself was a culmination of earlier developments resulting in the establishment of the European Coal and Steel Community and the European Atomic Energy Commission.

The credit for this achievement goes, above all, to one person, Jean Monnet, who, with the help of a small band of persons of similar ideology, worked single-mindedly for over 20 years to realise the dream which very few in Europe expected to be realised. The saga of his efforts is beautifully brought out by Jean Monnet himself in his *Memoirs* (published by Collins, London, in 1978). It is rarely that a book of *Memoirs* succeeds so beautifully and so refreshingly in unfolding a grand design and its realisation as the one of Monnet. Those attracted to the idea of regional cooperation could not have a better guide and better inspiration than what is provided in this great book.

### Monnet's Sole Preoccupation

The book substantiates that a great dream can be realised with a minimum of finance and manpower provided a handful of dreamers make its realisation their life's passion and work. The inspiration such persons provide and the strategy they are able to evolve day by day serve in due course, to bring home to people and governments the benefits of such a movement and its acceptance by the masses. Monnet has written in his book about his aim in these words:

My sole preoccupation was to unite men, to solve the problems that divide them and to persuade them to see their common interest. I have always been drawn towards union, towards collective action. Since I did not get in statesmen's way, I could count on their support. When ideas are lacking, they accept yours with gratitude—provided they can present them as their own. These men, after all, take the risks they need the kudos.

I have no particular taste for secrecy, if I can best expedite matters by self-effacement, then I prefer to work behind scenes.

### People's Movement

What follows from the above example is that a people's movement outside of government must develop in all the countries of South Asia simultaneously, led by progressive elements of the community who desire to see the growth and development of a social and economic community. The five countries in South Asia (India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Nepal) make a compact region and it would be much easier to concentrate the movement, at this stage, within these countries. There can be provision for admission of other countries of the region later on, as has happened in the European Community. The effort should be to deal first with issues where the common interests of the people converge. Those issues where the interests are divergent or conflicting should be dealt with later and should be studied by teams of experts and their findings put before the people for general discussion.

All the five countries concerned must be regarded strictly on the basis of equality and decisions must be unanimous and subject to veto of any one member-country of the proposed community. Even if that may slow down progress of the movement, it must be accepted as necessary to inspire mutual confidence and trust. Perhaps the establishment of a non-political voluntary agency may be considered to promote close social, cultural and economic relations under the title of a Council of India, Pakistan, Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Nepal, with offices in the capitals of each of the five member-countries and with arrangements for periodical meetings by turn in each country.

The work of the Council would be to organise and build public opinion and to undertake joint studies of different problems by technical teams.

However difficult may be the objective, the vision of a Community of South Asia is inspiring and the few who share this feeling in these countries can join hands. Nothing can be lost in such pursuit and much may be gained.

H. T. P.



CULTURAL EXCHANGES between India and Pakistan have been very rewarding. Mehdi Hassan, the "ghazal king", was a top draw in India. Below Jagjit and Chitra Singh (second and third from left) undertook a successful tour of Pakistan recently.



resources to the best advantage of the region. The present rate of trade results in greater dependence on countries outside the region for their exports and imports even though it proves relatively disadvantageous and unprofitable to them. Further, the effort and huge expenditure on military preparedness, particularly between Pakistan and India, results in frittering away of the limited resources of both countries on heavy imports of military equipment from Western countries, meant only against each other.

### Areas Of Cooperation

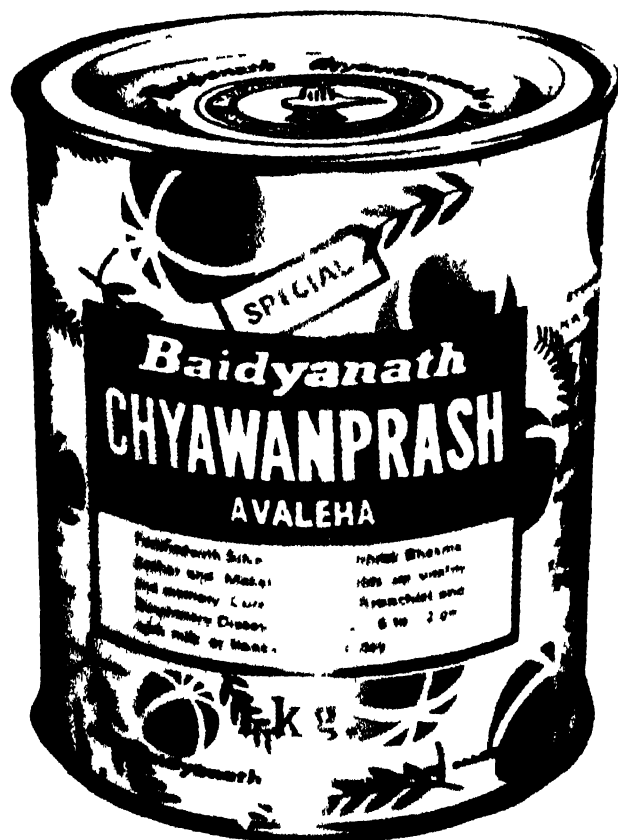
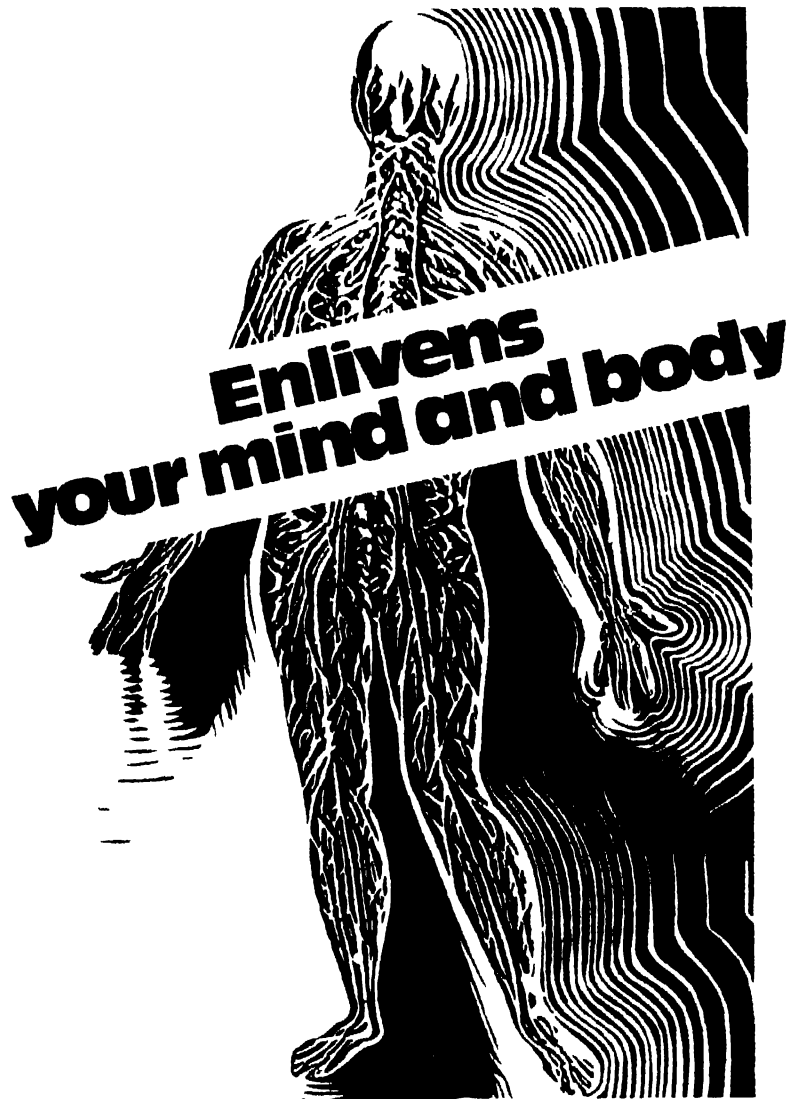
The field for economic and monetary cooperation among these nations is vast and the scope of augmenting trade both ways is immense. The ideas of a possible customs union, a monetary union, a common market to be established over a period of time—require to be intensively explored sector-wise—in agriculture, industry, commerce, finance, etc.—by joint teams of technicians of different countries. Voluntary

non-political agencies can examine such issues at a technical and professional level and put their findings before the public for their reaction. These can then be examined at official levels to see in what phases and over what period they can be implemented.

The need for regional cooperation is now widely accepted in different parts of the world. With the spread of nationalism in the post-war world and the disintegration of empires, small sovereign states have risen all over the world. While this development has satisfied political aspirations of peoples all over the world, it has at the same time given rise to new problems in social and economic fields. In Africa, Asia, South America and Europe efforts in regional cooperation are being made at many places—and these have only been partially successful. Nonetheless, the fact that a great deal of work is going on is a proof that regional cooperation is a felt necessity however difficult the problem may be.

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# 100 Days That Shook The Communist World

by Rahul Singh

What was the background to the successful revolt of the Polish workers against their Communist Government? How did Poland escape Russian intervention?

The author was on a visit to Poland when the workers' strikes broke out.

**L**IKE many great upheavals, it all began innocuously enough. Just over four months ago, the Polish authorities raised the price of meat overnight by 60 per cent. They had good reasons to do so—meat prices had been kept artificially low by subsidies that the Government felt it could no longer afford.

However, the move was carried out in typical totalitarian fashion—the censored media was told to keep shut about the price rise. The authorities evidently expected the Poles to take it quietly. They couldn't have been more wrong. Starting with isolated outbreaks—again unreported by the media—the number of strikers increased steadily. The turning point came when 16,000 workers at the prestigious Lenin Shipyard at the

Baltic port of Gdansk downed tools. The world was witnessing an extraordinary spectacle—the proletariat were showing their lack of confidence in their proletarian government—a most ironic twist to the Marxist slogan, "Workers of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains."

Belatedly, the Government, realising its mistake, backtracked. It agreed to give the dock workers a Rs 400 per month pay hike, raising their average monthly salary to Rs 3,100, roughly double the national average. But the gulf between the rulers and the ruled had become so great that it was already too late. In an astonishing gesture of defiance, the rank and file workers repudiated their strike leaders and continued the struggle.

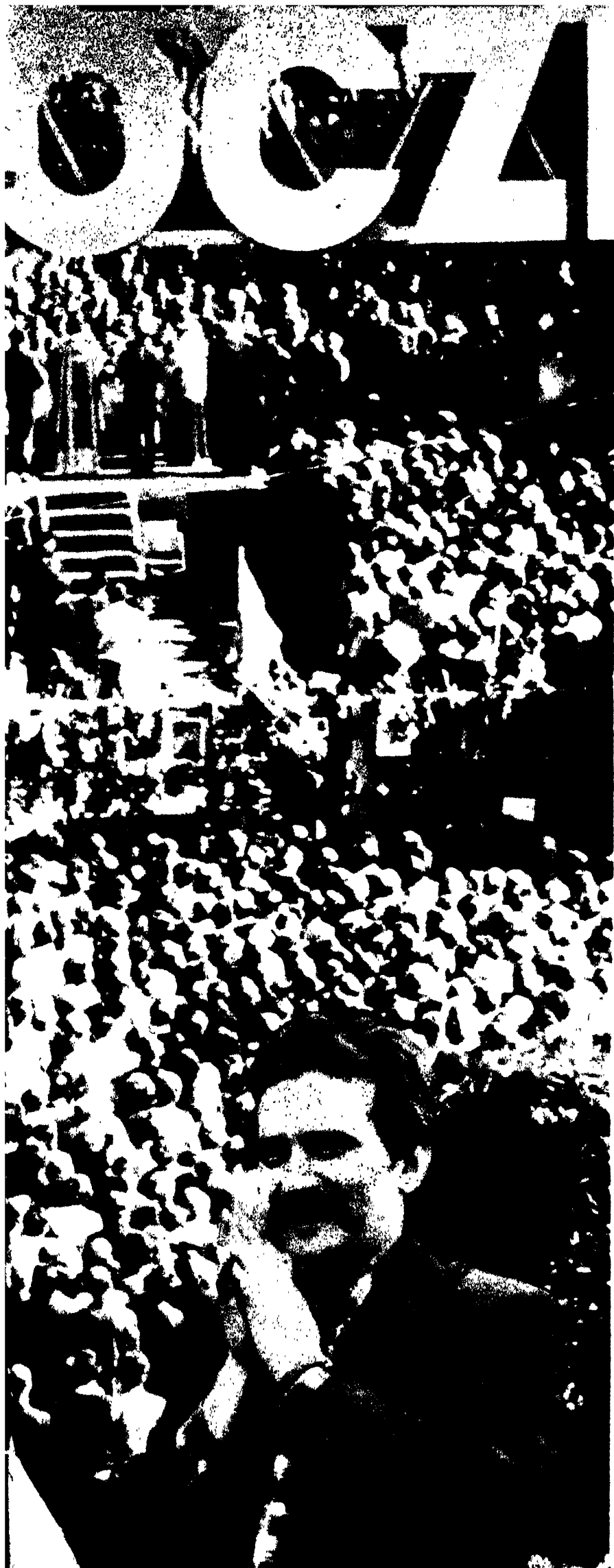
The stoppages soon spread all over the country—500,000 workers in 500 enterprises joined in—even to the steel complex of Nowa Huta, where an especially built "model" township, comprising parks, modern housing and a university, had been set up. If the most pampered Polish workers were unhappy enough to join the strikes, something was obviously very rotten indeed with the health of the country.

→  
▶  
**NOT THE OPIUM, NOW?** At a mass held on August 26 at the Lenin Shipyard, Gdansk. Inset: Lech Walesa, leader of the striking workers.



**PEOPLE'S POWER.** Striking shipyard workers near the gates of the shipyards at Gdansk in August await the outcome of their confrontation with government representatives.





**CLAIMING THE RIGHT TO STRIKE, shipyard workers in Gdansk defy the Polish Government.**

**LEAFLETS being printed by the striking workers.**





At first sight, the unrest resembled the 1970 riots when, too, the workers demanded higher pay and lower food prices. On that occasion the violent crackdown had led to the dismissal of Communist Party leader Wladyslaw Gomulka and his replacement by Edward Gierek. But this time the workers went further. They linked their bread and butter issues to three major demands: the right of setting up independent trade unions which would have the legal sanction to strike, an end to censorship, the release of all political prisoners.

For the communist world, these demands were quite revolutionary and were bound to raise the hackles of the Party bosses, since they struck at the very core of the regimes in eastern Europe. Not surprisingly, Moscow and the other communist governments censored all news about the Polish strikes and jammed Western broadcasts, in case their own workers took a cue from the Poles. But Gierek had another concern. If the Russians felt their strategic position in Europe threatened, they might move in forcibly, as they had in Czechoslovakia in 1968.

Desperately, he tried to dampen the fires without giving too much away to

**NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED.** Municipal workers clear debris and repair the damaged services in a bid to bring normalcy back to the riot-torn city of Gdansk.

**STRIKE LEADER LECH WALESA** acknowledges Bishop Henryk Jankowski's blessings during mass at the Lenin Shipyard.



the strikers. But the difference between 1970 and 1980 was that now the Polish workers had found a tough, though tactful, leader in 37-year-old Lech Walesa. Gierek, to his credit, avoided force and bloodshed. However, it cost him his political career: following an alleged heart attack, he was stripped of his political posts and replaced by Stanislaw Kania. Earlier, all the important demands of the striking workers had been conceded and, on September 1, Lech Walesa, carrying a large wooden crucifix—most Poles are devoutly Catholic—and a bunch of gladioli, walked into the temporary offices of the "Independent Trade Union". Aware of the historical significance of the occasion and seeing that there was nothing there but a telephone, he murmured: "These are empty rooms but they are full of hope."

### Fortunate Timing

How did the Poles get away with it and why didn't the Russians intervene? For one thing, the timing of the strikes was fortunate. The Russians were already involved in a frustrating war in Afghanistan. To march into Poland would have over-stretched their armed forces and also invited the indignation of the non-communist world just when the Soviets have been getting plenty of flack over Afghanistan. Then, there was the virtual certainty that the Poles, unlike the Czechs in 1968, would fiercely resist the Russians. They would have no chance against a determined Soviet thrust, but many remember how the Polish cavalry, with sabers drawn, fought heroically, though hopelessly, against German tanks in the Second World War. Would it be worth the bloodshed and the bitterness that would inevitably follow Soviet intervention? the Russians must have reasoned.

However, to appreciate the remarkable, peaceful victory of the Polish workers one must look more closely at Polish society.

As luck would have it, I was holidaying in Warsaw when the strikes began (journalists were not

allowed in later on). The first thing that struck me was how much the Poles knew about the stoppages even though there was no mention of them in the censored media. "We have the most thriving underground press in the communist world," explained a leading film-maker. "Many of the underground writers even manage to earn a pretty good livelihood from it."

Add to this the bold outspokenness of so many Poles and you have a people who, unlike other communist countries, are not afraid to express themselves in the harshest terms about their leaders and the Russians, even to foreigners. "This room may be bugged for all I know," declared a professor defiantly after a tirade against the government, "but I don't care a damn!"

The talk in Warsaw at that time was about the high life led by Mieczyslaw Szezepanski, then head of Poland's Radio and TV, and a close associate of Gierek. After Szezepanski's subsequent ouster in a Party shake-up, it was publicly revealed that he is being investigated for embezzling government funds. His acquisitions are said to include: a yacht, a 40-acre sheep farm, a palace with 19 servants and over 900 pornographic video tapes, a villa with a glass-bottomed swimming pool and four black prostitutes in attendance. The Poles I met are convinced that there are many others like him who have not been exposed, partly due to press censorship.

In fact, so great is the general cynicism about the life-styles of the top civil servants, military officers and politicians, that they are scathingly referred to as the "Red Bourgeoisie". Posh country houses, where some of these privileged people spend their week-ends, were pointed out to me. "Eleven years ago, I paid a huge deposit for a tiny apartment in Warsaw," a married lecturer, who lives with his parents, bitterly told me. "And I'm still waiting." The inability of married couples to get a flat of their own for many years is cited for the extremely high divorce rate: 12 out of 100 Polish couples get divorced.

It is also common knowledge that the favoured elite have exclusive shops where they can buy goods not otherwise available; they even have access to a special hospital which has imported medicines. "If this is called Marxism," said a student, "me and my friends want nothing to do with it."

Ironically, the relative liberalism of the government has partly been responsible for Polish dissatisfaction. Though they border the Soviet Union, the Poles have more freedom to travel than other communist nations. To get a travel permit for the West, all that a Pole needs to show the authorities is a hard-currency bank balance—and the canny Poles have devised ingenious ways to get it. "If I



want to spend a holiday in France," a jazz pianist explained, "I borrow 1,000 from a business friend of mine who has an import export business, put the money into my bank account and get my travel permit. When I return, I give him the money back, with a little commission for the favour he did me." The authorities know that such deals commonly take place, but wink at them. Anyhow, the result is that Poles are probably the most travelled communists in the world, which naturally gives them a greater affinity to the West.

### Lagging Behind

They are also great emigrants—about ten million Poles—almost a quarter of the country's present population—are settled abroad, 6.5 million in the USA (Chicago alone has 800,000 Poles, making it the largest 'Polish city' after Warsaw). The constant travel and emigration has made the Poles acutely conscious of the contrast between their living standards and that of the West. "We are supposed to be the tenth largest industrial power in the world," said a young scientist, "but what have we got to show for it? Even the Finns are better off than us." This was a theme I was to hear constantly—despite its strong industrial base—Poland is a major coal producer—the Poles are lagging further and further behind Western Europe, especially in the quality and variety of consumer goods. The Poles blame it on economic mismanagement and on a bureaucracy that cares only for itself.

For a visitor at least, the most startling thing about Poland is its thriving black market. The official exchange rate is \$1.30 Zloty (the Polish currency). However, there are any number of touts who will openly offer you 120 Zloty for a dollar. Strangely, the government seems to do nothing about it. In fact, the authorities even indirectly encourage it—special shops, called "Pevex",

**THE TWO OPPONENTS** On their way to negotiations at the Lenin Shipyard are (bottom right) the head of the striking workers' delegation, Lech Walesa, followed by the head of the government delegation, Deputy Premier Mieczyslaw Jagielski, and some of the representatives of the government group.



**DEMANDING BETTER SAFETY PRECAUTIONS AND SHORTER WORKING HOURS.** Striking coalminers at the Lipcowy mine in Lower Silesia in front of a statue of St Barbara, patron saint of coalminers in Poland.

**LECH WALESA** addressing supporters in the Lenin Shipyard after workers signed an agreement with government negotiator Mieczyslaw Jagielski that could end Poland's labour turmoil.



have been set up where a Pole can buy foreign goods—from a motor car to a bar of soap—with hard currency. No questions are asked about how he got the exchange. Similarly, Poles are allowed to keep foreign currency accounts without the government querying the source of the currency (virtually every Pole I met had some relative living abroad). Though such pragmatism probably earns the government quite a bit of foreign exchange, it has created a "craze for phoren" that puts the Indian craving for Western goods completely in the shade.

The tragedy, of course, is that the current upheaval will, in the short run certainly, make matters even worse than they are at present for the Poles. The nation has already lost an estimated Rs 400 crores in foreign trade because of the shutdown of the ports, and the wage rises agreed to by the authorities will cost another Rs 2,500 crores. Add to this Poland's whopping foreign debt of Rs 16,000 crores and you have a recipe for economic disaster. But against that is the pride most Poles must feel at having peacefully and successfully defied their government and at having shaken up the communist system as it has never been shook up since Mao came on the scene.

Pride and patriotism have been typical Polish characteristics. So, too, have been the despair and disillusionment that comes from blighted hopes. In one of the films of Andrej Wajda, the great Polish director, a Pole who has fought for his nation's freedom is asked why he always wears dark glasses. "It's because of the love I have for my country," he replies. "Unfortunately, that love has not been reciprocated." The next few months will show if the Poles can finally take off their dark glasses.



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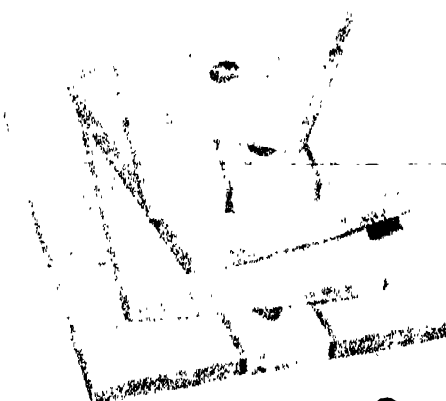
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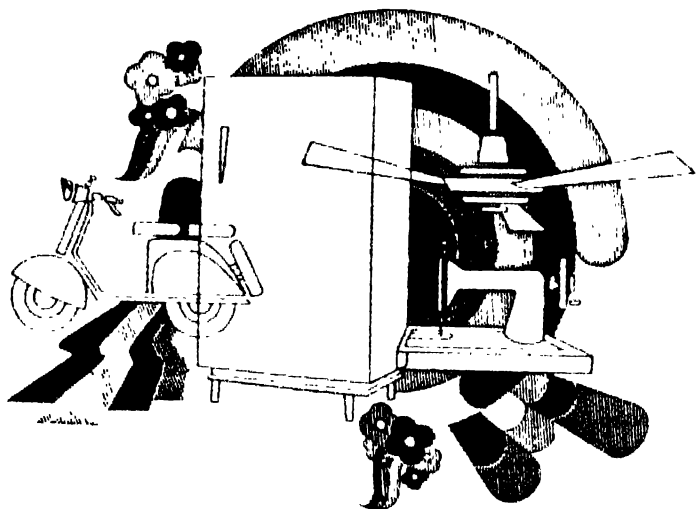


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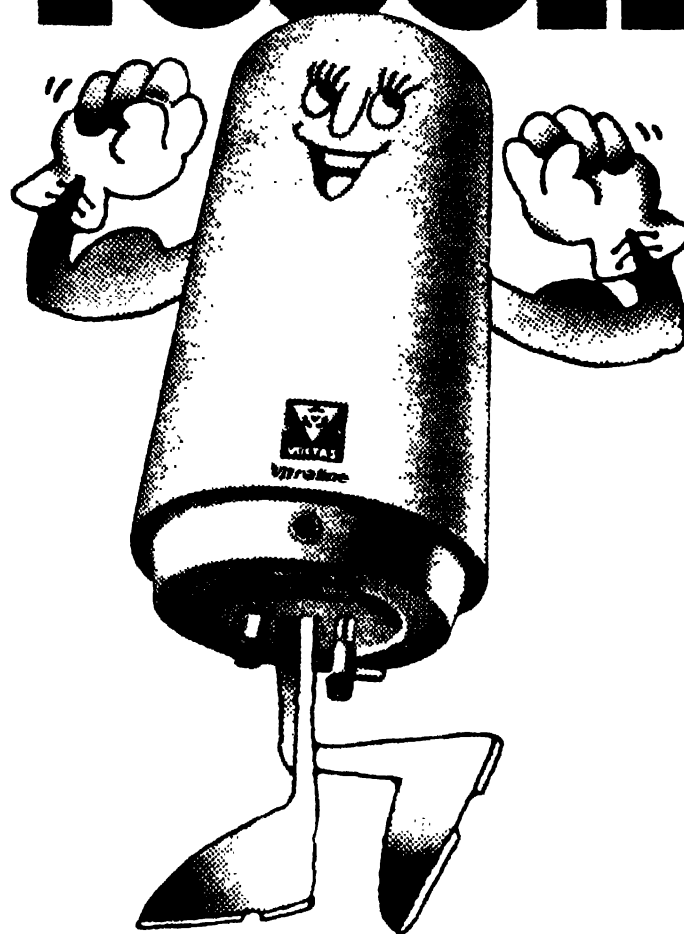
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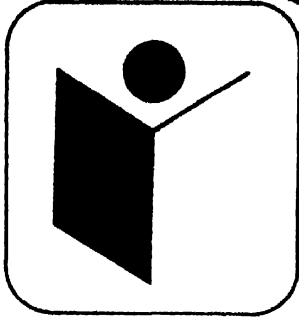


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# BOOK REVIEW



REVIEW

## Damning Indictment

**SIDESHOW: KISSINGER, NIXON AND THE DESTRUCTION OF CAMBODIA**, by William Shawcross, Fontana Paperbacks, 1980 (distributed by Rupa & Co); £ 1.95.

THE colossal human tragedy in Cambodia (renamed Kampuchea five years ago), which wiped out nearly two-fifths of the country's population including most of its non-Communist intellectuals, has attracted worldwide attention and sympathy. A half-dozen major books have already appeared on this recent phase of Kampuchea's history and politics, notably John Barron and Anthony Paul, *Murder of a Gentle Land, The Untold Story of Communist Genocide in Cambodia* (New York, 1977), George Hildebrand and Gareth Porter, *Cambodia Starvation and Revolution* (New York, 1977), and Francois Ponchaud, *Cambodia, Year Zero* (New York, 1977). All are critical of the American policy (and of the brutal excesses of the Pol Pot regime), but none of them is a more incisive, better-documented analysis of the American role in the 'Destruction of Cambodia' than this book by William Shawcross, described by Henry Kissinger himself as "one of the most implacable critics" of US policy in Cambodia (*White House Years* Boston, 1979 p 486).

A reporter of the *Sunday Times* (London) working out of Vietnam and later from Washington, William Shawcross was financed by the Oxford University, among others, to research and write this book. His sources included hundreds of interviews with highly placed political, military, diplomatic and civil service officials of the US, France, Cambodia and Vietnam. Most importantly, Shawcross secured thousands of pages of Confidential and Top Secret materials from the Department of Defence, State Department, CIA and the National Security Council of the United States under the Freedom of Information Act of 1976. As Shawcross conceded "The Freedom of Information Act is a tribute to the self-confidence of the American society. It recognises rights of citizens that are hardly to be

conceived anywhere else in the world." In a sense, therefore, the United States Government itself has supplied Shawcross materials for its own indictment.

Shawcross's work should be made mandatory reading for members of the diplomatic and defence establishments of Third World countries. The author furnishes the minutest details of how the government of a small, non-aligned Third World country was systematically harassed, weakened, toppled and the successor government manipulated to the point of its perdition. Until 1970, Kampuchea, though sandwiched between and under pressure from its two US-allied neighbours, had managed to remain relatively peaceful and stable despite the fires of war enveloping Vietnam and Laos. Almost all the credit for such a seemingly impossible feat was owed to the political finesse and the diplomatic tight rope walking abilities of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, who symbolised for his people a god-king, in the long line of divine monarchs since the heady and halcyon days of the Angkor Empire.

An inveterate foe of the Vietnamese, who had historically grabbed chunks of Khmer territory beginning in the late eighteenth century, Sihanouk was however realistic enough to admit in the late sixties that the regional future belonged to Vietnam and that the US defeat was only a matter of time. Consequently, and partly out of helplessness, he winked at the North Vietnamese and the NLF's use of Kampuchea's north-eastern border areas for the movement of cadres and material along the Ho Chi Minh trail to South Vietnam. By 1969, the US alleged that the Viet Cong had a labyrinthine underground headquarters (COSVN) as well as principal ammunition dumps well within the Kampuchean 'sanctuaries', which must be destroyed to reduce American and South Vietnamese casualties in the Mekong delta. There were severe domestic pressures on Sihanouk as well to reduce or to be rid of the growing Vietnamese presence in Kampuchea among others from army generals including his own Prime Minister, Lon Nol, who did not see any contradiction, however in feathering his own nest through commercial deals with the Communists.

Shawcross provides a blow-by-blow account of the decision-making process in the White House largely centred around Henry Kissinger at that time Nixon's National Security Advisor, leading to the secretive bombing operations deep inside Kampuchea for the destruction of the alleged sanctuaries. Morbidly named the "Menu" by the Defence Department, the Operation began with the "Breakfast" and moved through "Lunch", "Snack", "Dinner", and "Supper". They were



**ARCHITECTS OF DESTRUCTION** President Nixon with his Secretary of State, Dr Henry Kissinger, walk the grounds of the White House. Right: A Kampuchean task force tries to clear an endangered area as the first US bomb explodes.

known only to a handful of B-52 pilots who flew out the sorties being given the coordinates of the bombing area at the last minute just before taking off. All this was carried on despite the US Congress' injunction against the President waging a war on his own. The constitutional violation later became one of the charges in Nixon's abortive impeachment proceedings. The Menu operations compelled the North Vietnamese to move deeper into Kampuchean territory, weakening Sihanouk's domestic position, leading to his overthrow in 1970.

The subsequent US-South Vietnamese invasion of Kampuchea, the stolid support provided by the US to the decrepit, corrupt regime of Lon Nol, the widening of the war into Kampuchea involving the destruction of the countryside, wide scale casualties, hordes of refugees into the Capital of Phnom Penh swelling its numbers from 600,000 to 3 million and the final victory of the Communist Khmer Rouge in 1975 are all well chronicled.

Shawcross documents beyond a shadow of doubt the personal involvement of Kissinger and Nixon in what David Frost termed (in his interviews with Nixon two years ago)

"the holocaust which created the Khmer Rouge and destroyed a country which might otherwise have survived". Neither Nixon nor Kissinger have in their respective memoirs, proffered a convincing explanation or a suitable apology for their actions. It is, however, a fact that the US supported Lon Nol and the widening war offered the till then small and disorganised Khmer Rouge a target and an opportunity to garner public support and international aid, particularly from Beijing.

In his *White House Years*, Kissinger has confused the cause and effect sequence and lamely submitted that

Sihanouk himself supported the bombing raids by not protesting against them and that he in fact supported the Nixon Doctrine. Shawcross rests his prosecution pointing out that

Sihanouk was in an impossible position. He was no more able to prevent the American bombing in 1969 than he was able to prevent the North Vietnamese from usurping his country in the first place. His collaboration with both powers, such as it was, was intended to save his people by confining the conflict to the border regions. It was American policy that engulfed the nation in war. That war did not end when helicopters lifted Americans out. It took another form.

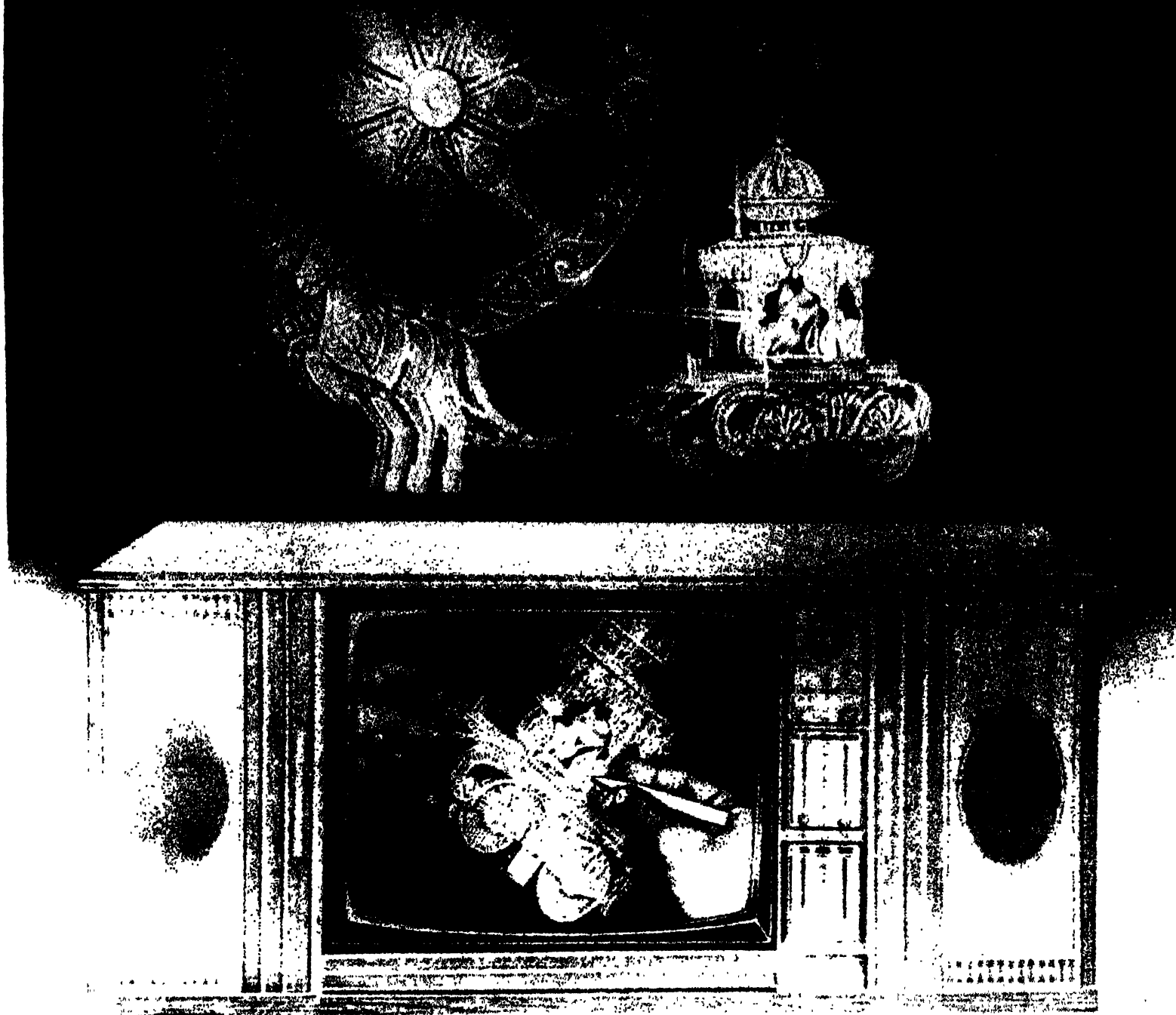
Shawcross's book is one of the first to benefit from the 1976 Freedom of Information Act under which he secured thousands of pages of classified material. Only very little was held back on grounds of national security. Kissinger refused him interviews. Shawcross's account is authentic though in places clouded by marginal passion and prejudice. All Kissinger has been able to come up with in self defence are generalities. Prefacing his section on the Kampuchean events he pleads

*Historians rarely discuss the psychological stress on a policy maker. What they have available are documents written for a variety of purposes under contemporary rules of disclosure increasingly to dress up the record—and not always relevant to the moment of decision. What no document can reveal is the accumulated impact of accident, intangibles, fears and hesitation.*

Kissinger is a historian. He has not allowed such a latitude to his subject. No good historian should

—D.R. SarDesai

Nimble fingers, deft fingers  
weaving a web of gossamer fine



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## Scientific Temper

SOME time ago, a group of Scientists and 'intellectuals' met at Coonoor in the Nilgiri Hills under the chairmanship of P.N. Haksar to discuss Scientific Temper. The deliberations have been summed up in a statement subsequently released by the group and one sees the hand of Mr Haksar in its drafting

"There is a cancerous growth of superstition at all levels. Rituals of the most bizarre kind are performed frequently with the highest official patronage." says the statement as a starter. No names are named, but can one guess? Quite early in my career as a reporter I was taught to make the right kind of distinction between 'official spokesman', 'official sources', 'knowledgeable sources', 'authoritative sources', 'sources close to those who know', 'usually reliable sources' (the implication being that if the news report proved wrong one could always say that the usually reliable proved wrong just once!) and 'informed sources'.

The statement of the Coonoor Group speaks of "the highest official patronage". Now, in our country, the 'highest official'—if we preclude the President—is the Prime Minister. Was it the group's intention to condemn the Prime Minister for patronising "rituals of the most bizarre kind"? If it wasn't, then the choice of its words, to say the least, is most infelicitous. What also needs to be clarified is the nature of those "bizarre rituals". Imprecision among scientists is as much to be regretted as superstition among 'highest officials'.

What interested me even more about the Coonoor statement is its final paragraph, which says that "Scientific Temper is not opposed to the right to personal beliefs but attacks the evil social consequences of private beliefs". Well, if private beliefs are prone to 'evil social consequences', then Scientific Temper ought to be opposed to them. Come on, P.N. At least be logical! And don't fight shy of naming names. If "the influence of a variety of godmen and miracle-men is increasing alarmingly", isn't it the duty of scientists who don't believe in all the bocus-pocus to mention the miracle-men they think are dangerous? Or is this a case of willing to wound but afraid to strike?

## Sixteen Spiritual Summers

IT just happens that I have a book by one Indulal Shah entitled *Sixteen Spiritual Summers* which is a garland of tribute to Sai Baba who would probably fall in the Coonoor statement's category of 'miracle-men'. I have never met Sai Baba, though I have watched him from a distance, and I can't say that I was tremendously impressed, which is a purely subjective reaction and not necessarily valid. Mr Shah, of course, is a total devotee of Sai Baba, and I am not one to condemn him even in the name of Scientific Temper. At Whitefield I did not have the feeling of peace but that of being in the midst of a mela.

But take this story recounted by Shah of Swami Chinmayananda at a Sri Sathya Sai Summer Camp held in Maharashtra. Chinmayananda asked a student how come he was attending the camp. The student said in all honesty that he really did not want to come but that his father had promised him a motorcycle if he attended the course in Indian Culture and Spirituality. That was a good enough reason, the student thought, to attend the course. "At least you got your motorcycle," remarked Swami Chinmayananda. To which the student replied: "No sir, when I returned home, I was no more the same person who went to the Course in order to get the promised motorcycle. Baba and his Summer Course have totally transformed my life. I am a new being now, sir."

I call that a miracle. In case anybody is interested in the book it is published by the Sri Sathya Sai Seva Organisation, Dharmakshetra, Bombay 93. With 190 pages and many colour photographs, it is priced at Rs 14.

## Prizes, Prizes

HOW pleasing it is to know that historians and biographers are now getting their due recognition! The latest recipients of the Dadabhai Naoroji Memorial Prize are B.R. Nanda and H.M. Seervai. Nanda gets his award for his biography of Gopalakrishna Gokhale, one of my favourite Indian leaders, and Seervai for his brilliant work, *Constitutional Law of India—A Critical Commentary*. I had not heard of the Dadabhai Naoroji Award before (ah, the things one does not know!) but I now learn that in past years the recipients have included such worthies as Sir Rustom Masani, C.D. Deshmukh, Nandlal Bose, Verrier Elwin, Sardar Pannikar, Jaya prakash Narayan, V.V. John, A.D. Gorwala and B.S. Minhas.



B.R. NANDA

Book awards are seldom publicised. Nanda is an excellent biographer and one only hopes that his work will not only sell well but will be translated into other Indian languages, especially Marathi



H.M. SEERVAI

## A Manque's Memoirs

JAGJIT SINGH, who should be familiar to old time readers of the *Weekly*, has just published his memoirs which he modestly claims are those of a 'mathematician manque' (Vikas Rs 60). *Manque* is a French word meaning 'that might have been but is not, that has missed being' but, in the case of Jagjit Singh, it is only partially true. He is a mathematician and did apply mathematical principles in his job as a railwayman. Probably, in the Railways' long history; they never had a truly mathematical genius as Jagjit Singh.

This book is what Singh himself might have liked to call a *compte rendu* (I note he is fond of using French words) of his life—and fascinating it is. Singh, as we know, rose to the topmost rung of the railway official ladder, presided over the Operational Research Society, (he

even won an honorary degree of Doctor of Science from Roorkee University for his work in Operational Research), won a Kalinga Prize for distinguished scientific exposition and has written some brilliant books, of which the most notable is his very first one *Mathematical Ideas—Their Nature and Use*.

I could hardly put the book down, not because there is a mystic relationship between the *Weekly* and Singh (it was in the *Weekly* under the editorship of Mr A.S. Raman that Singh's articles first appeared, which were to bring him fame and renown as a populariser of science, for which credit must go to the editor) but because Singh has what he himself calls in a different context, *gallic* wit. Gallic or not, his wit, his quiet self-deprecation and his towering talent make this book something of a literary event even for a mathematician *manque*.

I have lived under the belief that few autobiographies can match the style and wit of Malcolm Muggeridge's two volumes (a third is on the way), but if Jagjit Singh had only worked a little harder he might have been able to catch up. It is not just his recounting his encounters with various people great and small (Jawaharlal Nehru, M. Visveswaraya, a British railwayman with no mathematical education but plenty of arrogance), but his eye for the opportune phrase, the right quotation and the sense of wonder that are most attractive. Jagjit Singh had a fascinating and, if what he has written is even fractionally revealing, a fabulous career for an intellectual. He thrived on woe and permits himself to say, not, one hopes, ruefully:

What a man will not learn from  
wisdom  
He will learn from woe  
And after repeated experience with  
woe

He will not then deny  
That is much the better way.

## Banish 'Ishq'

RAJNEESH—Bhagwan to his followers—has been at it again. This time he is jousting with Pakistan. It would seem that the word *ishq* which means love is being excised from prose and poetry courses in Pakistan universities and Bhagwan Rajneesh is justifiably incensed at the thought. "Scholars in Pakistan are destroying the Urdu language," he says, his anger understandably bubbling over. If the report is true, I won't be surprised if at some future day they will also ban Meer and Ghalib and Iqbal from university curricula. I thought there was only one four-letter word that was unmentionable in polite company. Now it is joined by another one which is apparently even more deplorable.

M.V.K.





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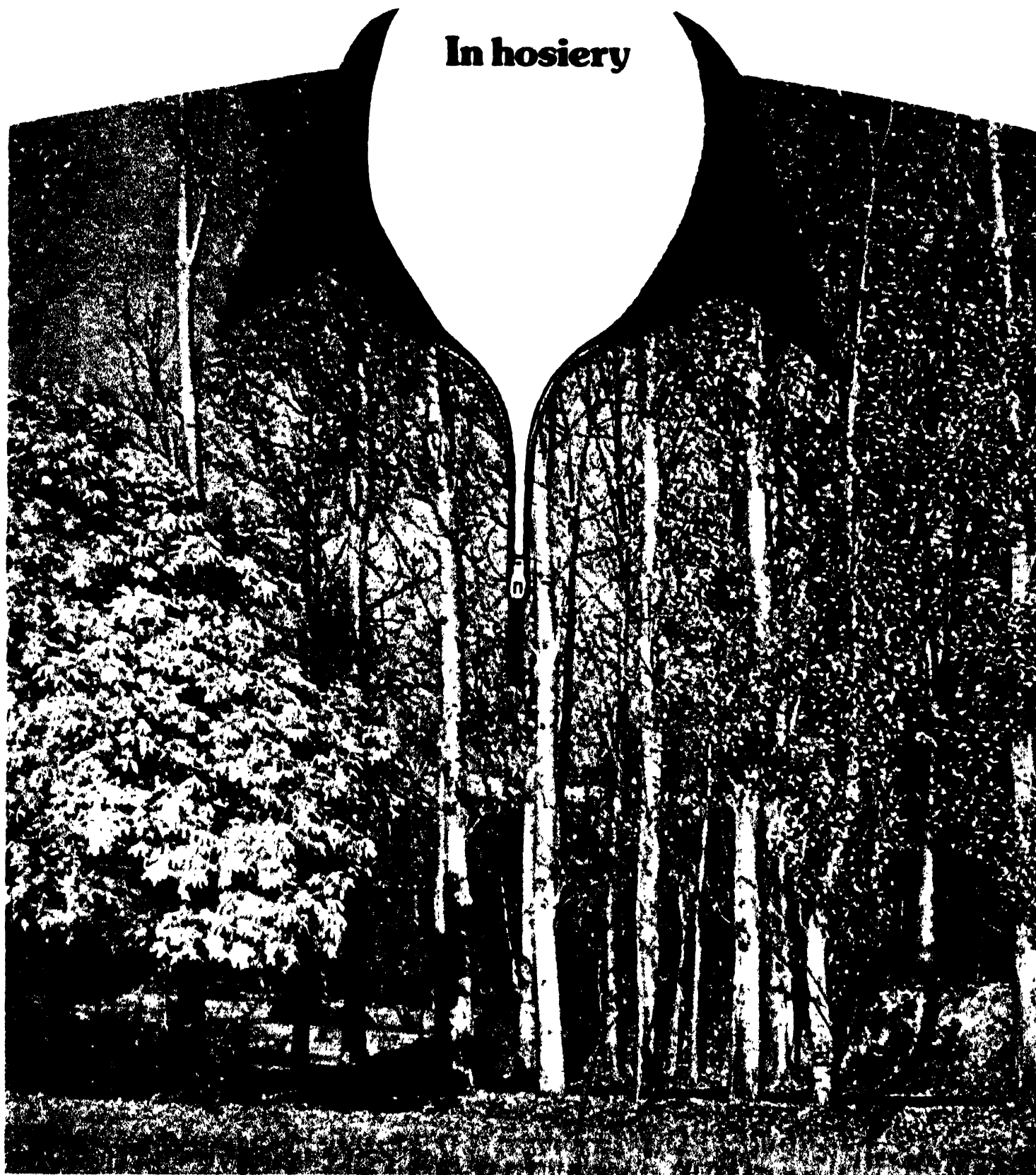
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**N**ERVOUS young mother to psychiatrist  
 "How do you treat sleeplessness doc?"  
 "I strike at the original cause of the trouble, madam."  
 Here's the hammer doctor Only don't strike the baby too hard!"

**S**EE here" said the inspector at an Indian Reservation "It is a violation of the law to have more than one wife and the law must be obeyed. When you get back home you tell all your wives except one that they can no longer look upon you as their husband."

You tell em" suggested the Indian after a moment's apprehensive reflection.

**T**HE prosperous pompous businessman was staying at a small country hotel and as he entered the breakfast room in the morning the only other visitor rose from his seat.

"Sit down sit down" boomed the great man condescendingly.

"Why?" asked the other surprised. "Can't I get the marmalade from the next table?"

**Y**OUR wife drives like a thing doesn't she?"

Yes always striking trees.

**A** SOCIETY lady was out airing her Pekingese when she stopped to look down into an excavation where men were working. A tractor was tugging away without success, trying to haul a giant crane out of the hole. Presently the foreman approached the woman and asked "Lady could we borrow your Pekingese?"

"Whatever for?" demanded the lady in surprise.

"We'll hitch him up and pull out that crane."

"What? Tie up this poor little dog to that big crane? It's impossible."

"That's all right, lady," leered the foreman. "We have whips."

**M**AN overboard" shouted the young sailor on his first voyage. Amid great confusion the ship was stopped. The sailor stepped up to the Captain, saluted and said "I'm sorry sir I made a mistake when I said 'Man overboard'."

"Thank God!" said the captain, signaling for full steam ahead.

"Yeah" explained the sailor "It was just a dame."

**S**OME time after the last war several men in a bar room were discussing one of the battles. A lieutenant, telling his version of it was interrupted by a former captain who corrected him on several points. He, in turn was contradicted by a man who claimed to be a major and told a different story. Presently a fourth man spoke up.

"Gentlemen I was in that fight. Perhaps I can refresh your memories a little."

And he gave a quiet but precise account of the action.

What was your rank sir asked the bartender.

I was a private," he replied proceeding to leave. "How much do I owe you for the drinks?"

Not a thing sir, not a thing," said the bartender. "You're the very best private I ever had."

**A** BOARDER ventured the opinion that the chicken served him was brought up in an incubator.

"So it was," agreed the landlady "but how did you know?"

"Well any chicken that had a mother wouldn't be as tough as this."

**F**USSY lady "I notice you have chicken salad on the menu. Is it all chicken?"

Waiter "Well not exactly madam. It has just a bit of veal in it."

Lady "How much veal?"

Waiter "Oh, fifty-fifty—one chicken and one calf."

**B**UTLER "Mr Billingsley I regret to say it but I must give notice I cannot get along with the Madam."

Mr Billingsley "Oh she is too demanding?"

Butler "Yes sir Mr. Billingsley for gets I can leave any time and orders me around as if I were you."

**S**AILORS are always complaining. A committee was appointed to call on the captain and register a complaint about the kind of food they were getting.

Want to complain about the grub eh? growled the Old Man. "What's the matter with it? Not enough of it?"

Oh yes sir," said the spokesman. "There's plenty of it such as it is."

The Old Man scowled even more menacingly. "Not enough, eh?"

Oh yes sir," said the spokesman. "There's plenty of it such as it is."

**A** busy man in a traffic jam saw an elderly bearded man. He held up two fingers and said "Excuse me to get to the office and get home. What is it for me?" The old lady stepped out her hand on his arm. "Officer," he said in a soft voice. "You want to tell me that your number is the number of my telephone?"

"What's the trouble?" asked the officer.

"I've given you an explanation."

"Oh yes," said the officer. "What is the explanation?"

**P**ANDBREADER "Can you spare a few cents for a cup of coffee?"

Leading citizen "Why don't you do something useful for a living? You need brain more than money."

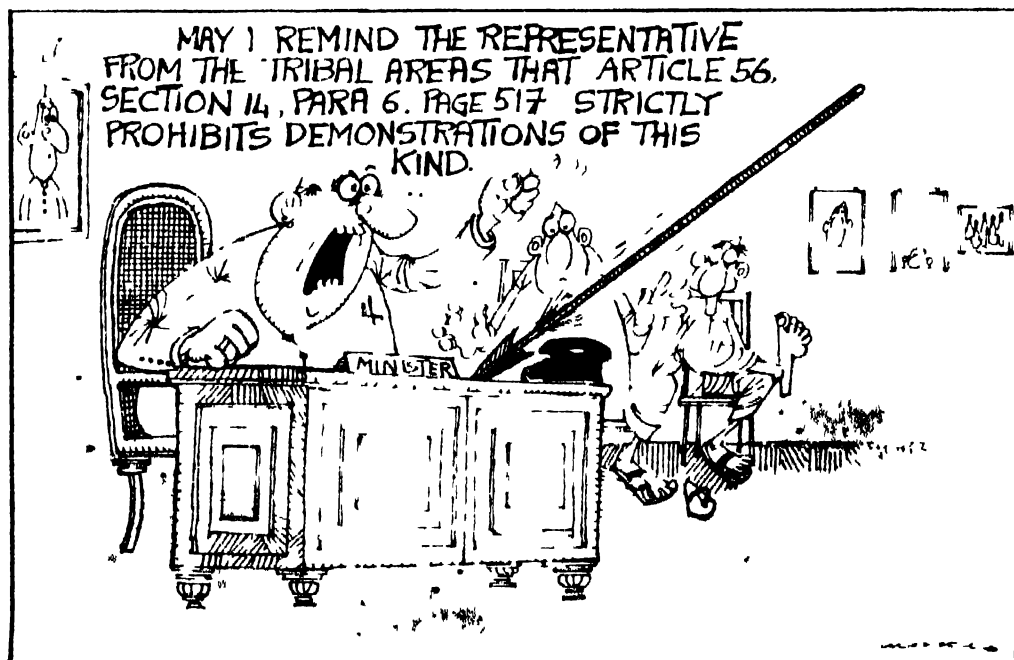
Panbreader "Well sir I asked you for what I thought you had most."

**S**WEET little thing "What's the trouble Officer?"

Traffic cop "You were going sixty miles an hour. Miss that's all."

Sweet little thing "Ah that's what I've got you. I've been out only ten minutes. So smartly!"

(Selected by Pranilla Rodrigues)



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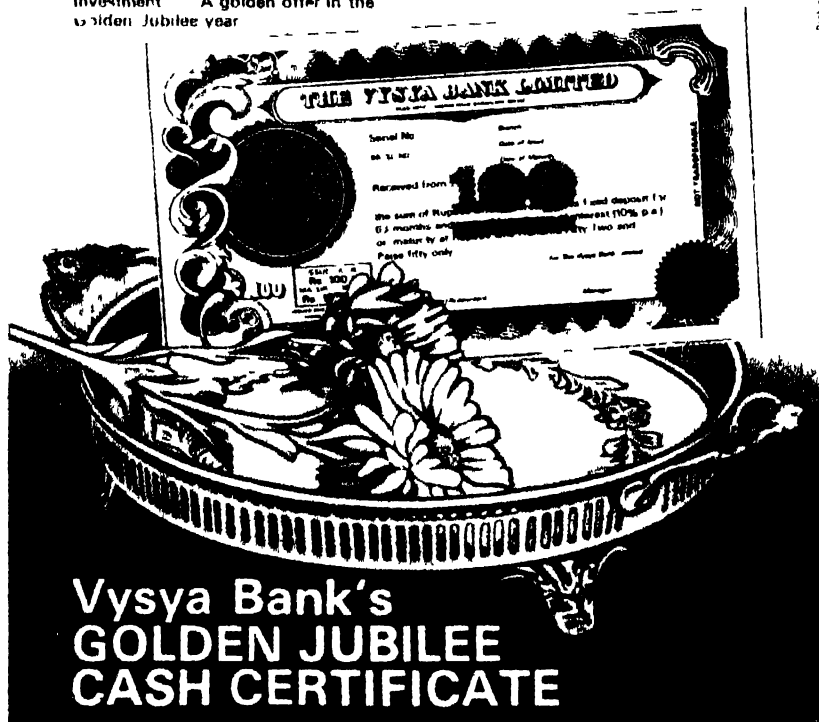
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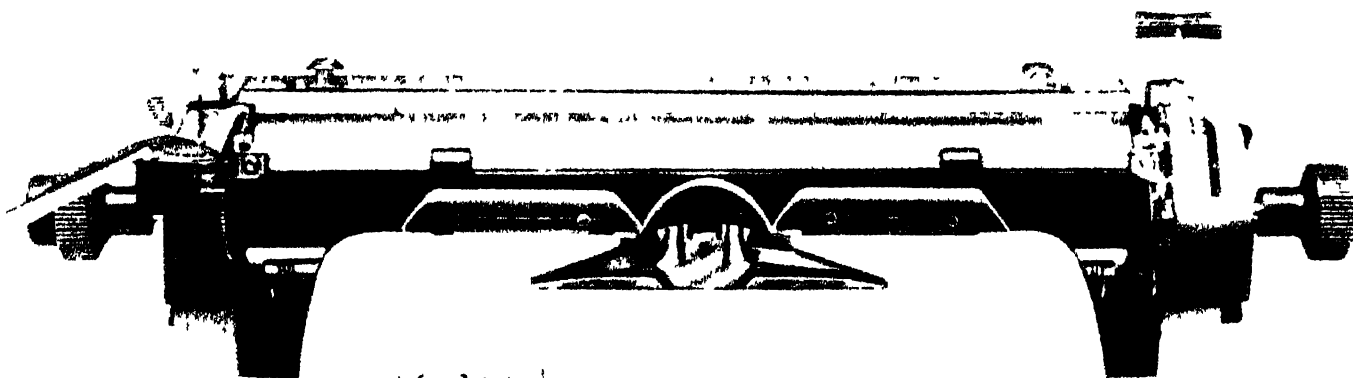
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# THIS WEEK'S BRIDGE

## Fine Defence Plays

**T**IGHT defence can pick up points by the dozen in Duplicate matches or Pairs games. Partialis are considered relatively insignificant by many Duplicate players, and defences are often careless. But two partial swings add up to more than one game swing, so it is worth any partnership's while to pay closer attention to their defensive carding methods.

Here's a pretty defence from a recent Hyderabad Duplicate tournament. The declarer was a bit careless, and the defence took full advantage.

East dealer, both vulnerable.

♠ 1032	♠ QJ
♥ Q3	♥ A108
♦ K752	♦ AJ10863
♣ QJ85	♣ K4
♠ K875	♠ QJ
♥ J764	♥ A108
♦ Q84	♦ AJ10863
♣ A2	♣ K4
	♠ A964
	♥ K952
	♦ -
	♣ 109763

West	East
1H	1D
	2H

North led the Queen of Clubs against this very comfortable part game contract. South encouraged with the seven, and West won his Ace. Now declarer, for reasons best known to him, played a low Heart dummy's eight. South won his nine, and returned a Club to dummy's King. Trying to retain trump control, the declarer got off the table with the ten of Hearts, ducked by South and won by North's Queen. North continued the good work for the defence by returning a Club, giving declarer a ruff and discard, and a headache.

Declarer decided to ruff in hand, and played the Queen of Diamonds. North did not cover, of course, and when dummy played low, South ruffed and exited with his last trump to Dummy's Ace—on which North unblocked his Jack of Clubs. Marooned in dummy, the declarer played a Spade—South went up with his Ace, and cashed two more Clubs, for one down.

The declarer completely bungled the play, of course, but this does not detract from the fine opportunistic defence. Three No Trumps is cold, with the Dia-

mond finesse working, and was in fact bid and made at the other table.

This fine defence beat a game contract scored quite comfortably at the other table, during the Summer Nationals at Bangalore.

East dealer, none vulnerable.

♠ 1073	♠ AJ4
♥ J2	♥ K10873
♦ J54	♦ 87
♣ K10954	♣ AJ2
♠ KQ82	♠ 965
♥ 4	♥ AQ965
♦ A10632	♦ KQ9
♣ Q83	♣ 76

The bidding had gone:

West	North	East	South
		1H	P
2D	P	2H	P
2S	P	2NT	P
		3NT	

East-West were playing Precision, so East should have rebid 2NT at his first turn, but this did not affect the final contract.

South led the nine of Spades. Declarer won it in his hand and played a Diamond.

South followed with the nine, dummy's ten was put up and North won his Jack. He now found the remarkable shift to the two of Hearts! Declarer had no counter to this, because when he

inserted his eight, South won his nine and returned a low Heart to North's Jack and his King. South had to enter eventually with a Diamond, to cash the Ace and Queen of Hearts. Note that if North had switched to the Jack of Hearts, instead of the two, declarer would have put up his King, and South would be stuck after winning his Ace. He could at best have switched to a Club, but the declarer would then have knocked out his Diamond stopper, and made the contract. The defender who found that brilliant shift to the two of Hearts was Indian International Ratanlal Kejriwal of Bombay.

The play and defence would have been equally interesting on a Club lead. Declarer must win his Jack right away, else the same Heart shift cooks his goose. He now plays a Diamond, and this time South rises with his King! Declarer must duck in dummy, because if he wins, South will win the second Diamond and continue Clubs. North's Clubs are set up, with the Jack of Diamonds as the entry. When declarer ducks the King of Diamonds, South continues Clubs. Again declarer cannot duck, so he wins and plays as second Diamond. When South puts up his Queen, declarer ducks again in dummy, and scores his contract.

AVINASH GOKHALE

## THIS WEEK'S CHESS

# Breakthrough By The QNP

**I**N some defences Black's strategy is to stabilise the centre and advance the Queen side Pawns. Black's Queen Knight Pawn plays an important part in this plan and in some variations it is gambited early in the opening.

In position Nos 117 and 118 White is shocked by an unexpected sacrifice of the QNP to effect a breakthrough.

**Dorfman-Magerramov, Belsi 1979:**

1.PKN3, PKN3 2.BN2 BN2 3. FK4, PQB4 (Now it is White's Closed System against Sicilian Defence. Usual continuation is NQB3|PQ3|PB4|NB3 by White) 4.NK2, NQB3 5.PQB3 PK4 6.00. KNK2 (Hubner-Petursson, Lutsern 1979: 6...PQ3 7.NR3, KNK2 8.NB2, 00 9.PQ4, BPxP 10.PxP, PxP 11.N(B)xP, PQ4).

### INITIATIVE

7.PQ3, 00 8.PQB3 (White plans an inverted Benoni, but more flexible is 8.NQ2 and if 8...PQ4 9.PxP, NxP 10.NK4, PN3 11. PQR3, PB4 12.PQB4; or 8...PB4 9.PKB4, PQ4 10.PxQP, NxP 11. NQB4) PQ4 9.PxP, NxP 10.PQB4,

NB2 11.QNB3, BB4. This attack on the QP gives Black the initiative.

### DIVERSION

12.NK4, NK3 13.BK3, N(B)Q5 14.NxN (Preferable may be 14. FQN4) KPxN 15.BQ2, PKR4 16. PQN4, PN3 17.RN1, RB1 18.PR3? (Before this diversion he should fix up the Q-side Pawn structure, though after 18.PxP, BxN 19.BxB, NxP Black has some pull with the threat ...NxR) RK1 19. PB4?...

### PASSAGE FOR QP

Position No 117: Black sacrifices two Pawns to secure the passage for his QP. 19... PQN4!! 20.BPxP, PB5!! 21.PxP, PQ6!! 22. NB2, NQ5! (Stronger than 2... RxP. If 23.PN4?, PxP 24.PxP. NK7ch 25.KR2, QR5ch 26.BR3, QN6ch 27.KR1, BK5 ch and mates) 23.PB5, RK7 24.RB1 BK3! (On 25.NxP?, BN6! wins) 25.RB3, RxR! 26.QxR, NK7ch 27.KR2, NxR 28.QxP, QxQ 29.NxQ, BB5 30.RB3, NxP and Black won.

**Solodovnikov-Semenyuk, USSR Corres. Ch. 1976.**

1.PQB4, NKB3 2.NQB3, PK4 3. PKN3, BN5 (English Opening;

Black's move treats it like inverted Sicilian) 4.BN2 (Korchnoy-Karpov World Championship Match 12th game. 4.QN3, NB3 5. NQ5, BB4 6.PK3, 00 7.BN2, NxN 8.PxN, NK2 9.NK2, PQ3 10.00, PQB3) 00 5.PK4 (The main line is 5.NB3, RK1 6.00, PK5 7.NQ4, NB3 8.NB2, BxN 9.QPxR, PKR3—MCO).

### WEAK PAWNS

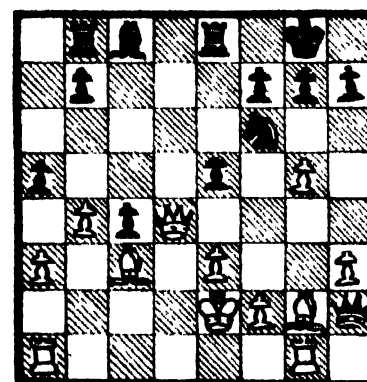
5... BxN 6.QPxR (Playable, but less frequent is 6.NPxR) PQ3 7.NK2? (In Dorfman-Zeitlin, Leningrad 1975 7.QK2, QN2 8.NB3, PQR3 9.00, PQN4 10.NQ2, NB4 11.RQ1, BN2 12.NN3, NxN 13.PxN gave White the better game) PQR4! 8.PQR4 (Necessary to prevent... PR5. BK3. White's Q-side Pawns are vulnerable) BK3 9.PN3, NR3 10.PR3? (He

should have played 10.BQR3 to answer NB4 by BxN) NB4 11.PKN4.

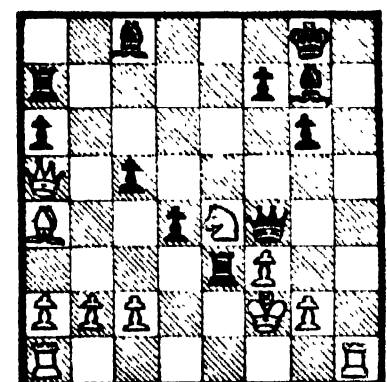
### TRICKY MOVE

Position No 118 White's trap is 11... KNxKP? 12.PN4, or 11... QNxKP 12.PN5 winning a piece. But Black has different plans. 11... PQN4!! (A tricky move ruining White's Q-side. If 12.BPxP, BxQNP, or if 12.RPxP, PR5 13.PxP, BxBP 14.BR3 RxP! 15.RxR, BN6) 12.PN5, N3Q2 13. FN4, RPxP 14.BP3xP NxR 15. PxP, N2N3 16.00, QQ2 17.QK1, QxP 18.PB4, BB5 19.BR3, PxP 20.BxP, NN7 21.RxR, NxR 22. NQ4, QN3 23.BK3, NQ6 24.QB3, QxP 25.QxQ, NxQ and Black won.

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No 119 WHITE TO PLAY



No 120 BLACK TO PLAY

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THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1980

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA, NOVEMBER 30, 1980

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**Bombay.** The sprawling sands glisten in the sun. Juhu, Versova, Marine - exciting seaside holidays in a swinging metro.

## Palm fringed havens in the South.

**Kovalam.** The curling surfs sound a constant beat. Coconut fronds weave patterns against the sky.

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**Mahabalipuram.** The great shore temple is lapped gently by the waves - a testament to lasting faith.

**Covelong.** En route to Mahabalipuram from Madras. Once a fishing village. Now a lovely resort.

**Marina.** In Madras itself lies the second longest beach in the world.

## Sun, sand and solitude in the East

**Puri.** A beach resort that's also a pilgrimage centre. With one of the most

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**Gopalpur on-sea.** Quiet and secluded. Listen to the fishermen's song at the break of day. Swim out into the clear blue sea. Be yourself.

**Digha.** A lovely beach township in West Bengal. About 250 kilometres south of Calcutta.

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If she married him, it would mean leaving India, her parents and the village folk who needed her so desperately.

**A**NJANA'S heart sank when she entered the dispensary at ten minutes to 8. There was a long line of patients—some sitting on the benches, some on the stone steps and many under the shades of trees. Looking at the miserable sufferers clutching bottles of every size, shape and colour, Anjana knew that it was going to be a very busy day. And today, of all days, she wanted a little free time to marshal her thoughts.

In the little whitewashed room which served as her examination room, observation room and dispensary, everything was in its place—the basin of Dettol solution, the torch, the thermometer, the sphygmomanometer—everything was there in its place, spotless and shining, thanks to Mariamma's rigid discipline. The red cement floor was scrubbed to the point of shining, the bare white walls were scrupulously clean, the whole room had a faint smell of disinfectants, and Anjana knew without checking that in the curtained recess the examination table would have a spotless white sheet and a pillow.

Mariamma herself came in from the adjacent dressing room, big-bosomed and comfortable-looking in a starched white sari. She handed Anjana her white coat with a "Namaste, Doctor."

"Namaste, Mariamma. Going to be a busy day today."

That big ape of a Patel was here at cock's crow, with his wife seven months gone.

"Oh God! Again?" cried Anjana.

I sent him right back. Having the heart to make another baby after his wife's predicament last year! This will be her eighth one.

But where has he taken the poor woman?

Let him take her to the Government Hospital. She will die this time surely. Pale as your coat, she was.

"All right, send them in," said Anjana briskly.

**T**HE first to come in was a girl of ten, with a dirty bandage tied around her knee. "I fell down from the tree and hurt myself, doctor," she said, untying the bandage and exposing a large, angry wound on her knee.

"When did you hurt yourself?" asked Anjana.

Three days ago.

"Why didn't you come here immediately? Now your hurt has become worse and you will have to take an injection."

"I put the paste of the leaf on it as soon as I got hurt," said the child in a tearful voice.

"Look here, what's your name? Sumati, you must wash the wound with soap and water as soon as you get hurt, understand? And no paste of leaves or cowdung."

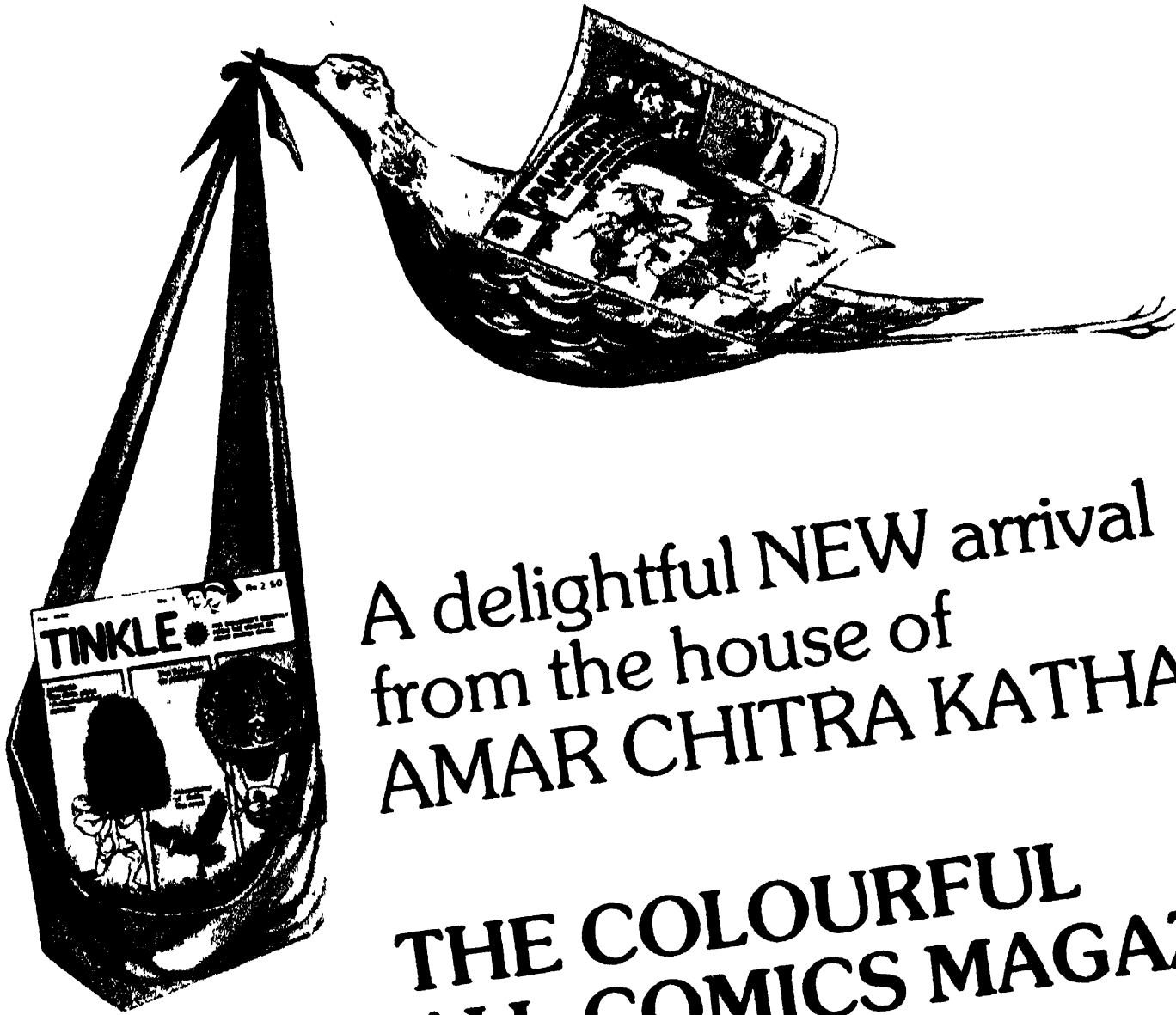
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# Dear Doctor

by PADMA RAO



Kawadi

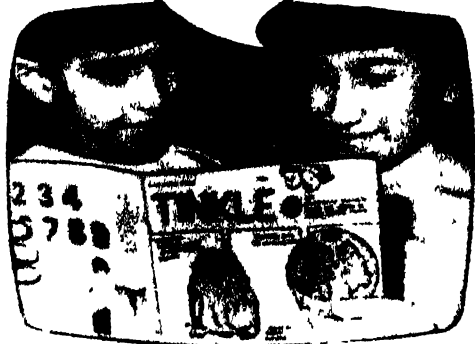


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USP

"Yes, doctor," said Sumati meekly. Anjana wrote out a prescription for penicillin tablets and sent the child for dressing.

The endless procession of patients continued—some with real, some with imaginary ailments and some with terminal diseases; but most of them came with serious but preventable diseases caused by malnutrition, insanitary living conditions and ignorance.

In her sojourn of nearly a year in the hospital Anjana had learnt many things which no professor had taught her in the Medical College. She had begun to realise the utter helplessness of the people of rural India in the face of poverty. They were born in poverty; they would die in it. Poverty coupled with ignorance and superstition was a fearful demon indeed. The pitiful doses of medicine were of no avail against this powerful combination. If a child was hurt, it would be rubbed with cowdung and very often end up with tetanus and lock jaw—a sure and fearful death for the child. Again, when a man had diarrhoea after drinking the dirty water from the tank, his wife would forgo her one meagre meal to procure some sticky, fly-blown sweets for him from an inhygienic, wayside hotel. More often than not the man would end up with amoebic dysentery.

The village tank was a sore point with Anjana. As soon as she joined the Mission Hospital, she took up the case with the local health inspector but, even after one year, nothing had been done to procure safe drinking water for the villagers. Anjana forbade her patients to use the water of the tank, evil-smelling tank, and advised them to use water from the three wells in the village. But habits are hard to break and the villagers continued to use the tank as a reservoir as well as a cesspool!

Mariamamma was having an altercation with somebody on the verandah. Evidently, somebody had tried to come in out of turn. Mariamma was very strict that way—nobody, not even government officials, were allowed to break the line. Mariamma must have triumphed in this unequal combat too. A man clad in rags now entered, obviously a leprosy patient of long standing.

Leprosy was another of Anjana's nightmares. The Mission Hospital was situated in a region where leprosy was more or less endemic, and she had her fair share of those unfortunate sufferers. When she first joined duty she was shocked to see people from well-to-do families suffering from the dread disease, but now she was inured to shocks. Only last week there was that young High School maths master complaining of a feeling of numbness on his lips and chest. She had diagnosed it immediately, but had given evasive answers to his near-frenzied questions. She had prescribed dapson and advised him to come after a few days, but he had not turned up.

Anjana wrote out the prescription to the patient before her and awaited the next one.

She was obviously very ill. She could hardly walk and was almost carried in by her husband. Anjana examined the patient. Temperature, pulse, tongue—everything indicated serious trouble.

"She has been having this terrible headache and fever since the last five days, Doctoramma," said the young husband.

"Why didn't you come earlier?" asked Anjana sharply.

The young man hung his head.

"Did you give her any medicine?"

"Yes, doctor," said the man eagerly. "I gave her the medicine which you had given my mother three months ago."



"Oh, you fool!" cried Anjana in exasperation. This case appeared to be one of typhoid; if so, it would be the seventh one to be reported since yesterday.

A cold shiver of apprehension passed down her spine. They could be having an epidemic on their hands!

"You have to admit her into hospital. I will give a letter to the Health Officer. Admit her immediately in the Government Hospital!" she said sharply to the distraught husband. Looking at his crestfallen face, she felt a surging of pity. "Don't be afraid. If you admit her immediately, she will recover."

**T**HE commotion which had started earlier, suddenly increased with Mariamma's strident voice rising to a crescendo and many more voices joining in.

Suddenly the door burst open and a man came in.

With a sense of shock Anjana recognised Dr Das, the doctor in the Government Hospital in the next town. Anjana said, "Good morning, Doctor. Please take a seat. It is all right, Mariamma, you can go." Mariamma retired, grumbling audibly. Dr Das said with a rueful grin, "Your Ayah is a bulldog! I literally had to push her aside to get in." Anjana smiled. "She is a martinet, but she is helpful."

Dr Das said, "Doctor, you have got to help me. My wife is dying."

Anjana sat up. "What is the matter, Doctor?"

"We had a fight early in the morning and she has taken something....She won't tell me what it is..."

"Where is she?" asked Anjana crisply.

"Here. In your Special Ward."

Anjana smiled at his description of the small room, the only one with an attached toilet in the small hospital. She got up and briskly walked outside, calling to Mariamma to follow with the B.P. instrument.

"Now tell me all about it, Doctor," she ordered. "What do you suspect she has taken?"

"I ... I don't know. It may be ... Phenobarb. I didn't speak to her at all after our fight and at 7 o'clock, just as I was leaving for hospital, she called out: 'Good-bye! You will never see me alive again.' At first I thought it was just one more tantrum, but the way she said it made me uneasy. But I went to the hospital anyway and telephoned home at 10 o'clock. My orderly told me she was sleeping. I felt very uneasy and rushed home. She was already deeply asleep and her pulse rate had fallen."

By this time they had reached the little room. The woman on the bed seemed to be in deep sleep. Anjana set to work immediately, taking her blood pressure and pulse rate. The blood pressure had fallen much lower than normal. The pulse was very low. She pulled up the right eyelid of the woman and observed that there was no flickering reflex. It confirmed that the patient was in a deep, coma-like sleep.

Anjana inserted the thin rubber tube carefully through a nostril of the sleeping woman, down her throat and gullet to her stomach. There was no facility in her little hospital for analysing the stomach contents, but she decided to pump out the entire amount anyway. As the woman's stomach was emptied of the lethal matter, her condition changed perceptibly for the better. Finally, everything had been pumped out of the unhappy woman's stomach. Anjana gave her an injection of Coramine. At last the patient's pulse became stronger and her breathing normal.

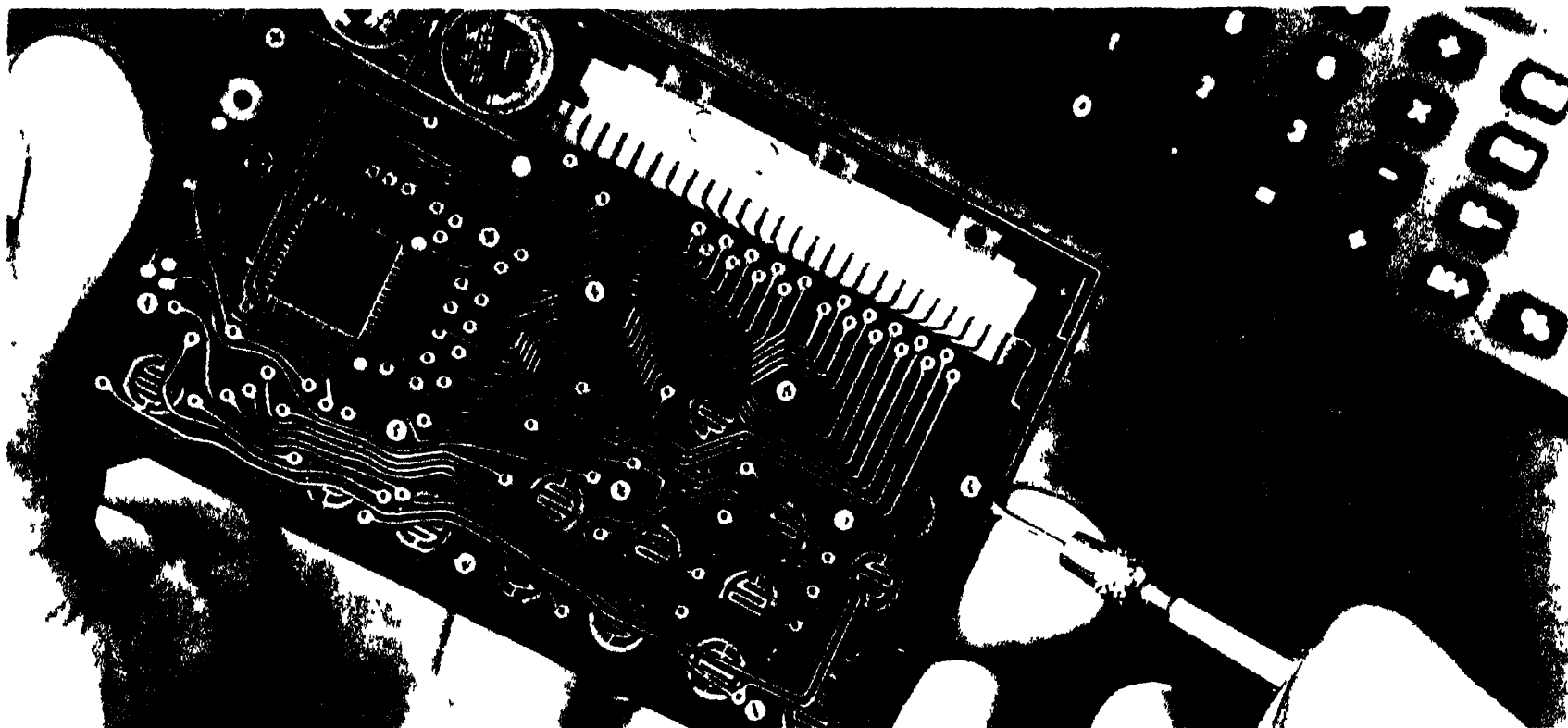
She fluttered her eyelids weakly and opened them. "How do you feel now, Mrs Das?" asked Anjana. The woman smiled wanly.

"Drink this hot coffee. It will revive you." A nurse held a cup of coffee to the woman's lips.

Her pulse was weak. Anjana adjusted the glucose drip and said to the little German nun, Sister Teresa, "Sister Teresa, you stay with this patient, yes?"



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"Ja, Ja, Doctor...Sister Teresa take care of the little woman. You go to the dispensary. Many people waiting."

Knowing that she was leaving the patient in competent hands Anjana went back to the dispensary. She signalled to Dr Das, who was waiting outside. "She will do. You better let her stay here for the present."

"I .. I don't know to thank you, doctor!" said the man.

"By the way, Dr Das, have you had any typhoid cases recently?"

"Yes, of course. I had eight cases yesterday. All typhoid."

"What! What are you going to do?"

"I have informed the authorities already. Don't worry." But Anjana had another worry now. How to contain the dread disease and prevent it from assuming epidemic proportions.

**A**NJANA had passed out of the Government Medical College with distinctions the year before. After a stint of housemanship in a big hospital in Bangalore, she had applied for the post of "Medical Officer" in this little hospital run by Christian Missionaries in an out of the way village.

Compared to her classmates she was well-off. They had waited for an opening in big city hospitals and private clinics and many were still waiting. When she first joined, Anjana did not think this would be a permanent posting for her. Like many of her classmates she wanted to emigrate to the USA or Canada. A few of them had already done so. Her parents, a middle-class couple in their sixties, wanted her to get married.

Last evening she had received a letter from her father, urging her to accept Pradeep, who had settled in Detroit, as her life partner. She had met the doctor two days ago when she had gone to Bangalore to visit her parents. He wanted to get married within ten days and go back to the United States. Anjana had known Pradeep well before he went away to America, as they were living in the same neighbourhood. But now she was in a dilemma. If she married him, it would mean leaving India, her parents as well as the village people with whom she had become emotionally involved. Her father wanted her reply by the next post.

The interminable procession of sick people started. Cough, cold, influenza, TB, pleurisy, dysentery, worms and all kinds of vitamin deficiencies and diseases caused by malnutrition. And now, typhoid! Anjana was examining the patients with her fingers crossed. Fortunately, none of the others seemed to have contacted typhoid. She made it a point to tell everyone. "Get typhoid inoculation at the health office in town. It is important!"

Anjana still had not decided what reply to give her father, when she at last climbed the stairs wearily to her neat, aseptic room on the second floor next to the novices' rooms. She washed her hands with Lifebuoy soap and flopped on to her bed. There were three letters on her bedside table. Two of them in strange handwriting.

She opened the first one which she knew was from Prabha, her classmate who had married another doctor. They were already quite successful as a team. After a lot of amusing gossip about mutual friends, Prabha had asked her whether she'd like to join them as a partner in their up-and-coming Nursing Home. It was a tempting offer. There would not be the variety which Anjana found here

in this little village hospital, as the Nursing Home was for the delivery of babies only. Nor would she have to face the poverty and squalor of the patients here. It existed only to deliver the babies of rich parents. There would be a lot of work and a lot of money. Yes, it was a tempting offer.

Anjana opened the second letter whose handwriting she did not recognise

*Dear Doctor,*

*Thank you for trying to help me. But it is no use. I know the disease I have contacted and its consequences. I am not brave enough to face it in this life. It is the river for me. So, good bye and God bless you.*

*Viswanath.*

Anjana felt a chill down her spine. It was the maths teacher. She felt a surge of anger. The fool! To take his own life when there was every possibility of checking the disease!

She dreaded writing to her father. But write she must. To postpone the moment, she decided to open the third letter in an unknown hand—although she had no interest in it now. In fact, she dreaded opening it. She sighed and tore open the envelope. She took out the single sheet it contained. She stiffened with surprise. The letter was from Pradeep, the doctor from Detroit.

*My dear Anjana,*

*I only want to tell you one thing: I love you!*

*Yours,*

*Pradeep.*

Anjana forgot all her uncertainties. With an air of decision she took a sheet of paper and opened her fountain pen.

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# Weekly Fun Time

	A	E	F
B			
C			
D			

## NUMBER PUZZLE

**A**

### CLUES ACROSS:

- A) THE ARTICLE OF THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION, UNDER WHICH PRESIDENT'S RULE CAN BE DECLARED IN A STATE  
 B) THE YEAR IN WHICH SHER SHAH DEFEATED HUMAYUN AND BEGAN TO REIGN FROM DELHI.  
 C) THE YEAR IN WHICH ANDHRA PRADESH WAS CREATED.  
 D) THE LENGTH, IN MILES, OF THE RIVER THAMES IN BRITAIN, WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER.

### CLUES DOWN:

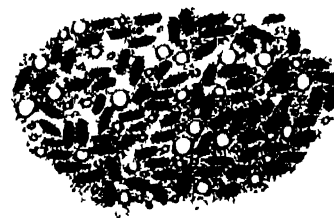
- B) THE EQUIVALENT OF 230° FAHRENHEIT ON THE CELSIUS SCALE.  
 A) THE YEAR IN WHICH MOUNT EVEREST WAS CONQUERED (WRITTEN IN THE REVERSE ORDER).  
 E) THE HEIGHT, IN METRES, OF MT. POPOCATEPETL IN MEXICO. F) THE YEAR IN WHICH HARSHA ASCENDED THE THRONE.

## B TRUE OR FALSE ?



THOUGH THE POLAR BEAR WEIGHS 700 KG. WHEN FULLY GROWN, IT WEIGHS ABOUT 0.3 KG. AT THE TIME OF BIRTH.

IF ALL THE DESCENDANTS OF JUST ONE PAIR OF MICE WERE TO SURVIVE AND MULTIPLY, THERE WOULD BE TWO MILLION OF THEM IN TWO YEARS.

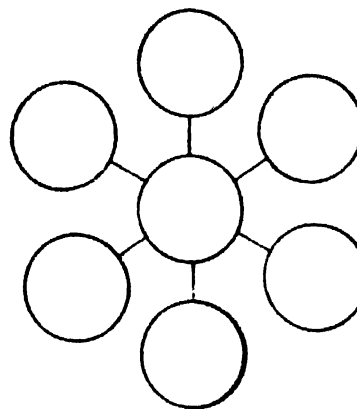


BUT EVEN THIS FANTASTIC RATE OF REPRODUCTION WILL SEEM VERY SMALL IN COMPARISON WITH THE TINY BACTERIA. ONE BACTERIUM MAY GROW INTO BILLIONS IN JUST 24 HOURS!

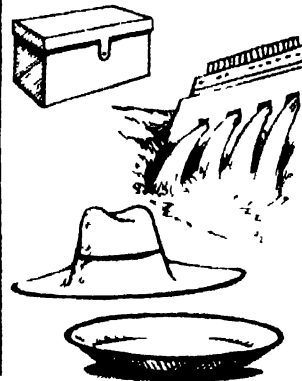
## C FIND OUT WHAT IS WRONG IN THIS PICTURE.



**D** WRITE THE NUMBERS 1 TO 7 IN THE CIRCLES IN SUCH A WAY THAT THE TOTAL IN ALL DIAGONAL DIRECTIONS IS THE SAME.



**E** SPELL THE NAMES OF THE OBJECTS GIVEN BELOW THEN JUST BY CHANGING THE FIRST LETTER IN EACH WORD, GET THE NAMES OF 4 ANIMALS.



## SOLUTIONS TO LAST SET OF PUZZLES:

**A**

1		1	1
4	8	4	0
5	0		0
1	0	0	0

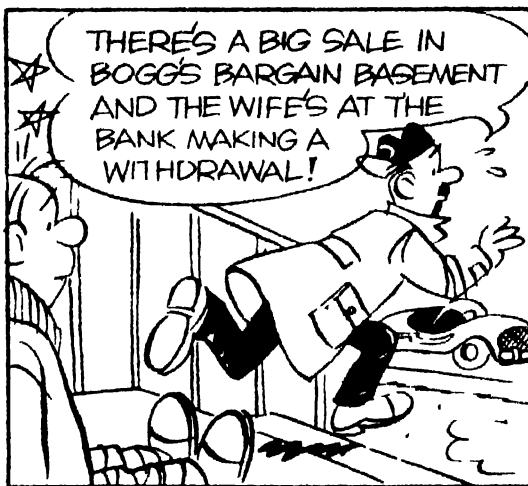
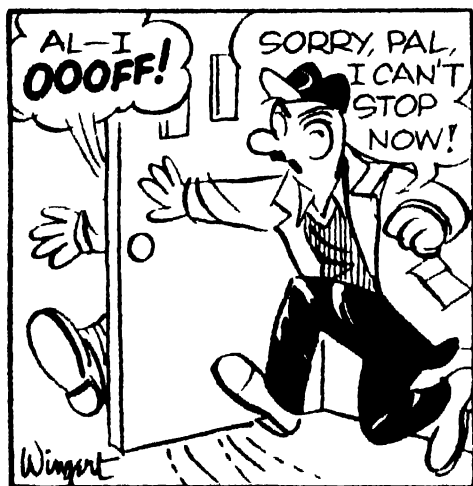
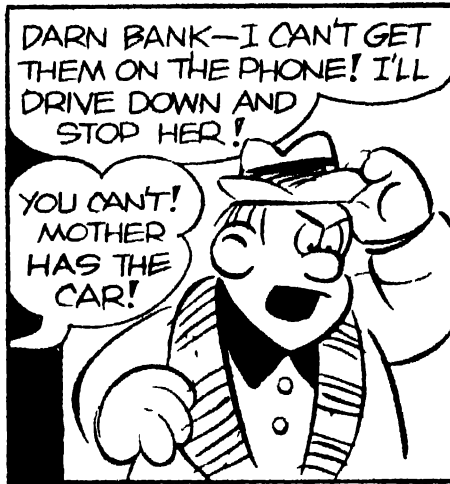
**B** STATEMENT I WAS FALSE. THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF A WOMAN'S HEART IS 230 GMS. TO 280 GMS., WHEREAS THE AVERAGE WEIGHT OF A MAN'S HEART IS 280 GMS. TO 340 GMS.

**C** THE NUMBER 26, SHOWN ON THE SAIL OF THE ROMAN SHIP SHOULD HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AS XXVI.

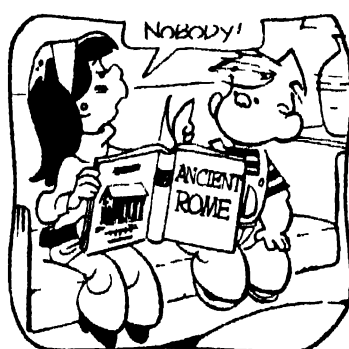
**D** THE FIFTH ARROWHEAD WAS THE ODD ONE.

**E** IN THE FIRST ROW, EVERY SUCCEEDING NUMBER IS OBTAINED BY MULTIPLYING BY TWO & ADDING ONE; IN THE SECOND ROW, BY MULTIPLYING BY THREE AND ADDING ONE; AND IN THE THIRD ROW BY MULTIPLYING BY FOUR AND ADDING ONE. X-69, Y 277.

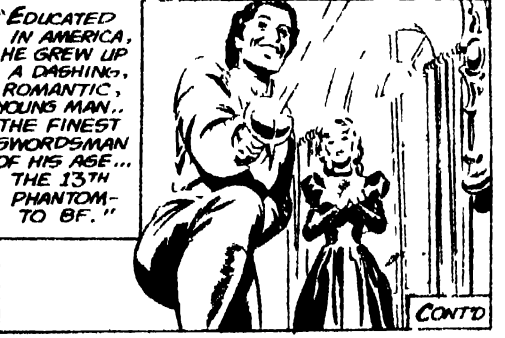
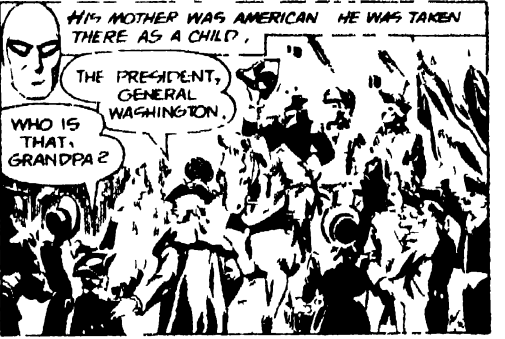
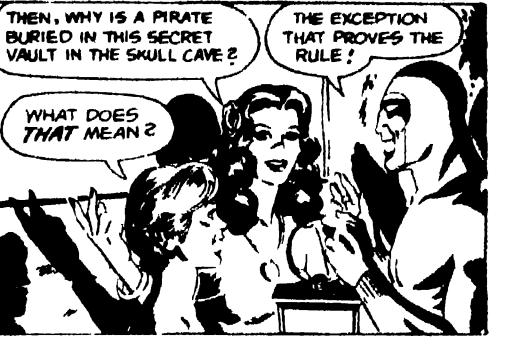
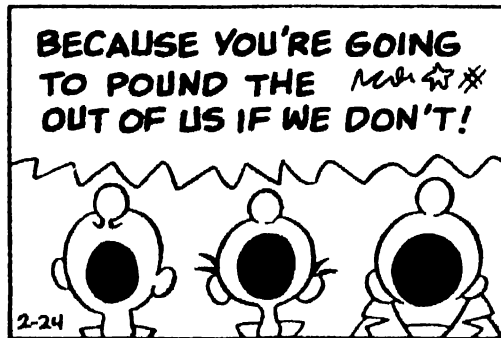
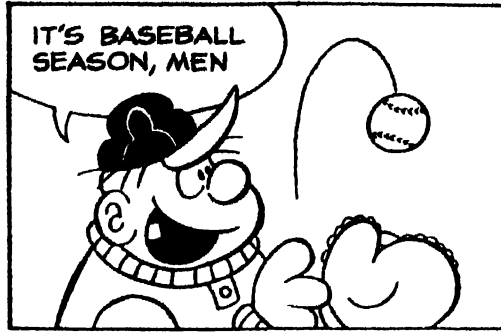
13



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by Hank Ketchum  
The Dents of Rome



beetle bailey by mort walker



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## A cold can be relieved

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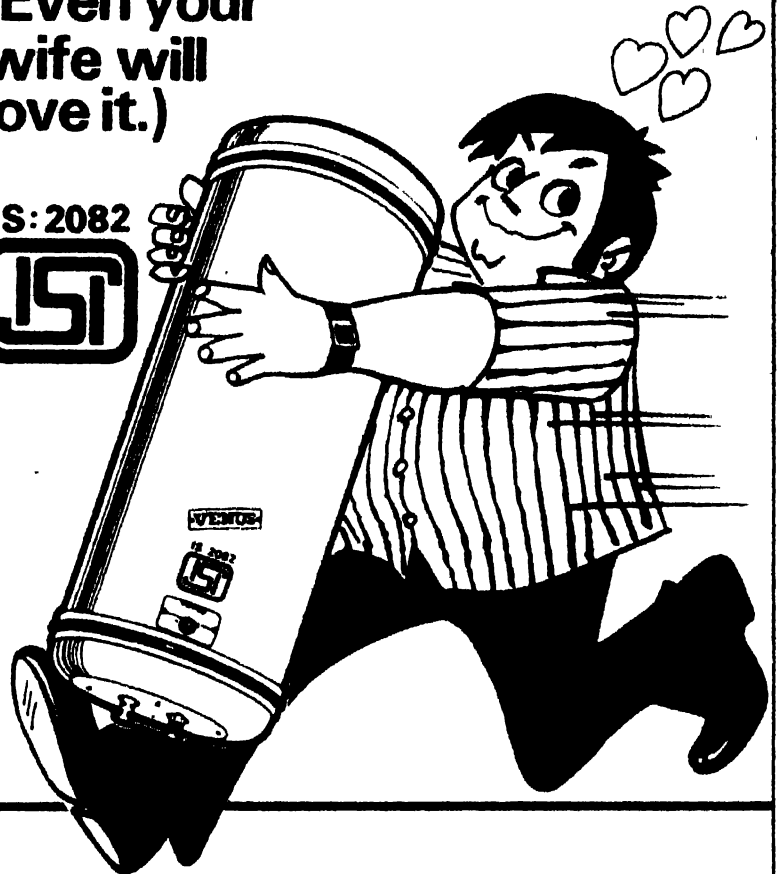
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# Your Tomorrows Today

S.K.KELKAR

**CAPRICORN**  
(Makara)  
Dec 21-Jan 19



Your courage and foresight will be evident in the next couple of weeks. Social activities and philanthropy will help you build up goodwill in the early part of the week. On Tuesday-Wednesday you can outmanoeuvre your antagonists. Recover your debts on Friday. Set apart Saturday for socialising.

**TAURUS**  
(Vrishabha)  
Apr. 21-May 20



This may be among your best weeks of the year. Journalists, actors, as well as sportsmen are likely to excel in their spheres on Sunday-Monday. Make preparations on Wednesday-Thursday to stage a new and novel show on Friday. Reserve Saturday for rest and recreation.

**VIRGO**  
(Kanya)  
Aug. 22-Sept. 23



Maintain cordial relations with your cousins and elders. This will benefit you immensely in the near future. Monday is a financially lucky day. If you are impressive on Wednesday, you will sway the masses in your favour and enlist their support. Go out on tour on Thursday, but return on Friday.

**AQUARIUS**  
(Kumbha)  
Jan. 20-Feb. 18



Due to a temporary setback in your career you will feel isolated. Your antagonists will also try to disturb your peace of mind in the early part of the week. On Wednesday you will revise your stand on several issues, though it is unlikely to give you immediate benefits. Friday-Saturday are the lucky days of the week.

**GEMINI**  
(Mithuna)  
May 21-June 20



The condition of your health will be a major handicap for maintaining efficiency in your career. In addition to this, a difference of opinion with your colleagues and superiors may hamper your routine on Tuesday-Wednesday. Even on Thursday-Friday, labour and other problems may occupy your mind.

**LIBRA**  
(Tula)  
Sept. 24-Oct. 23



Your mental equilibrium should be maintained in the early part of the week. On Wednesday you will introduce something new to boost up your business interests. Meet VIPs on Thursday. Get a commitment for receiving funds from financial institutions on Friday. Relax on Saturday.

**PISCES**  
(Mina)  
Feb. 19-Mar. 20



It is quite likely that you will develop prejudices against your co-workers and be in the mood to abruptly terminate your relationship with them. Do not give room to such thoughts till Thursday and on Friday you will find that you would have made a blunder. On Saturday, you must avoid extravagance.

**CANCER**  
(Kataka)  
June 21-July 20



The emotional and sentimental side of your personality will come to the fore this week. Minor conflicts with your family members cannot be ruled out on Tuesday-Wednesday. However, you will not bear a grudge against anyone on Thursday and will seek a reunion with them.

**SCORPIO**  
(Vrishchika)  
Oct. 24-Nov. 22



Exercise restraint and act tactfully while moving in social or political circles till Tuesday evening, otherwise some of your secrets are likely to come out in the open. On Thursday you can tackle your opposite number quite skilfully. You will pick up a small business bargain on Thursday. Conserve your funds.

**ARIES**  
(Mesha)  
Mar. 21-Apr. 20



This will be one of the best weeks for an outing as well as for entertainment. Sportsmen and artists can display their skills on Monday-Tuesday and get fresh opportunities to enter into new and profitable contracts on Thursday-Friday. Sort out your problems over the week end.

**LEO**  
(Simha)  
July 21-Aug. 21



Mixed influences will prevail this week. Outings will be an ideal proposition between Monday and Wednesday, but make it a point to return home on Thursday so that you can attend to domestic duties on Friday. Turn your attention to your business on Saturday. A windfall is likely by Friday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
(Dhanu)  
Nov. 23-Dec. 20



Make a small donation for some philanthropic work in the early part of the week. Be pleasant with friends and foes. On Wednesday you will attract public attention. This helps you beat your rivals. Anonymous sources may provide you with finances on Thursday-Friday. Reserve Saturday for the family.



**Sunday, November 30**

July and August are critical months for health and finance. You can turn your attention to something new either vocationally or as a hobby.

**Monday, December 1**

In March and April your love life flourishes and money gains increase. This year ushers in a lucky phase for your career. But don't be overconfident as it may upset your work schedule.

**Tuesday, December 2**

This will be a tough year. The main source of trouble for you this year may be due to differences with elders and your family members in July and August. However, new partners and friends may join hands with you and support your moves in October-November.

**Wednesday, December 3**

Journalists, writers and intellectuals will forge ahead and build their reputation as well as make money. Legal and constitutional experts will get ample opportunities to display their skills.

**Thursday, December 4**

You will enjoy contentment and happiness throughout the year. Rapid strides are in evidence in your vocational sphere. Family get-togethers and celebrations will help you to off-load your responsibilities.

**Friday, December 5**

While developing new contacts in March-April, do not disturb your earlier ties and associations.

Youngsters should seek stability in their careers before going in for marriage.

**Saturday, December 6**

Intuition, inspiration and foresight help you to do well in your vocation. This is a favourable phase for politicians as it will help them to regain lost ground in March-April. Youngsters will do well in all spheres this year.

## STAR FOCUS

After the fall of Khorramshahr to the Iraqis and with the prospect of Abadan being lost to the invaders, the question being posed is: *How will Iranians react to the Ayatollah if he were to lead them to defeat?*  
**End of the Khomeini Era?**

This raises the point—will Iraq be able to sustain its thrust in Iran and topple its

government? This astrologer had occasion to indicate in "Dharmayug" in January this year that concerted efforts would be made to end the Khomeini era by mid-1980.

### Fiftieth Day

At the time of writing this, the war between Iran and Iraq approaches the fiftieth day, without an end in sight. All attempts for a cease-fire have failed because of the

Ayatollah's refusal to negotiate, and his overconfidence that Iran will ultimately win the war. Till the end of 1980, Khomeini can continue being optimistic about the outcome of the war.

### Astrological Implications

From January to March, Mars will be in 7th and 8th houses, the eclipse of February in the ascendant

to the 7th house and near the Moon in the horoscope of Iran. All these and other positions suggest that Iran will have to equip itself to face a threat of a much greater magnitude in order to survive as a nation. February and March 1981, are likely to prove crucial for this country with the likelihood of Khomeini being replaced by the end of March 1981.

## Will Khomeini's Iran Survive?



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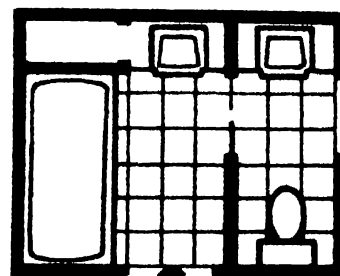
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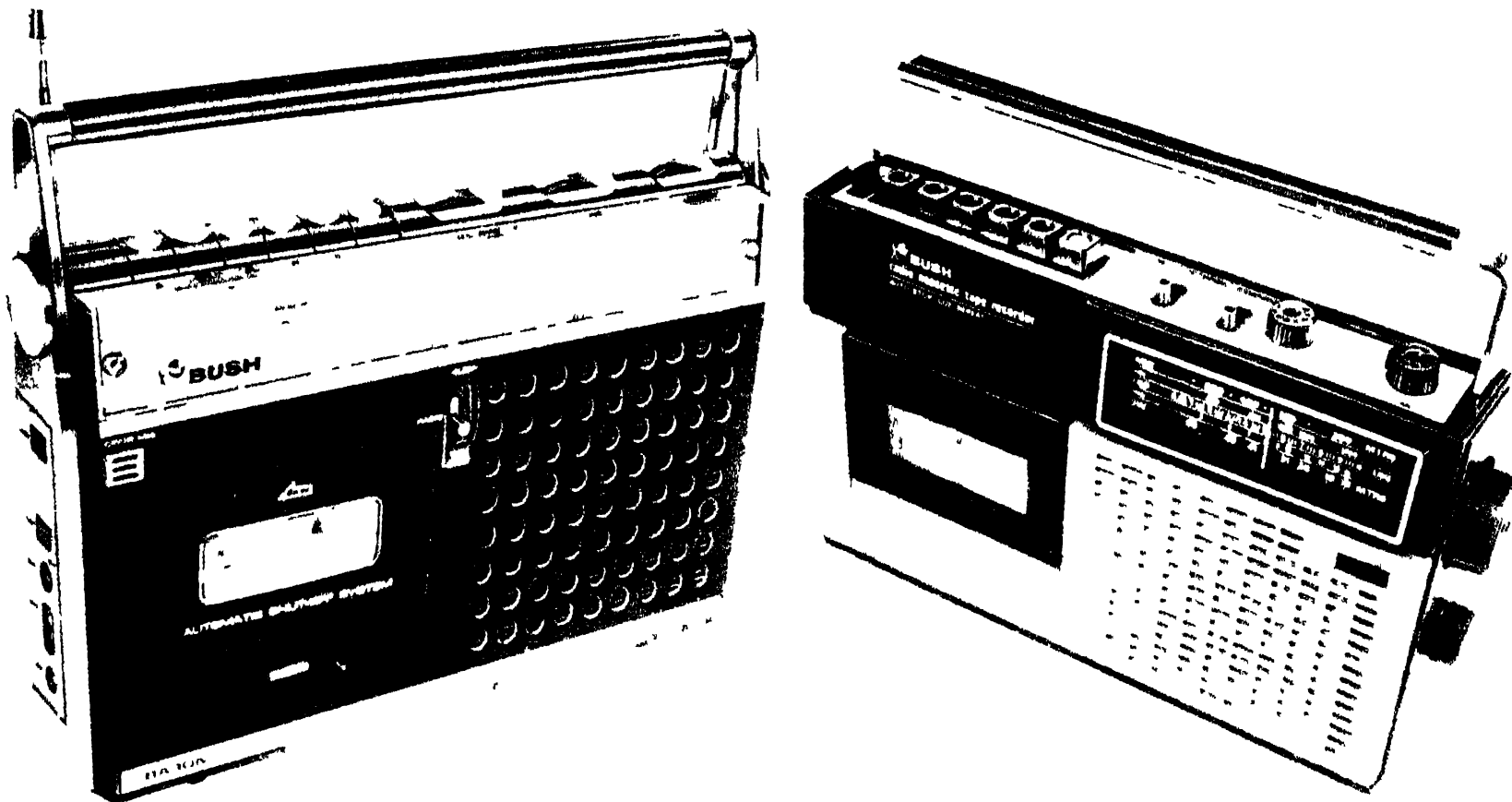
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The names of the authors are published in the "Sources" along with the correct solution.

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**CLOSES: FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1980**

### CLUES ACROSS SET "A"

- 1 Fix not thy heart on that which is transitory; for the Dijlah, or Tigris, will continue to flow through Bagdad after the race of caliphs is extinct; if thy — has plenty, be liberal as the date tree; but if it affords nothing to give away, be an azad, or free man, like the cypress.  
(HANDLAND)
- 2 Of course, with so much work to do, and with everybody conscious of the need to maintain cordial relations, sex didn't get much chance to rear its — head.  
(LIVELY LOVELY LONELY)
- 3 The dark girl behind it had a — of red paint between her eyebrows. She looked up at him mysteriously.  
(BLOB;CLOT SPOT)
- 4 The cadet looked at the ground and said: "I didn't — anything" (HEAR MEAN WEAR)

### SET "B"

- 5 'Well, today's undignified — has brought you a fortune. What's it brought me?'  
(SCAMPER/SCARPER)
- 12 His — drooped down, his expression had saddened.  
(LIDS LIPS)
- 13 Somehow he kept back whatever he had been on the point of — out. He drew up a chair and sat down.  
(CLIPPING SNAPPING TRIPPING)

### CLUES DOWN SET "B"

- 2 'He's been mean to his —, he's apt to need a drink.'  
(LIVER LOVER)
- 6 Women could work themselves up, they could reach an alarming pitch of hysteria unnoticed by the oblivious male who was the object of their —.  
(DEVOTION; VEXATION)

### SET "C"

- 7 Then it resumed, a little louder and consequently a bit more easily understood. 'How are you? You feel all right? —?'  
(FIT; HIT SET)
- 8 The mistake was his own. The Science of Luck was an impersonal force, vast as the slipstream of the planets, relentless as a river — down a hill.  
(HEADING; WENDING; WINDING)
- 9 'So don't you try no monkey-tricks. Suicide isn't allowed in this prison. See?' said the —.  
(WARDEN WARDER)
- 10 He moved forward on — legs and his hands reached out.  
(STUBBY; STUMPY; STURDY)
- 11 She raised a pair of capable hands up to her hair and stroked it into position before a mirror in the —.  
(HALL; WALL)

SOLUTION IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 4, RESULTS IN THE "WEEKLY" OF JAN. 11.  
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No. 271

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DECEMBER 12,  
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"QUOTES" No. 271



"QUOTES" No. 271

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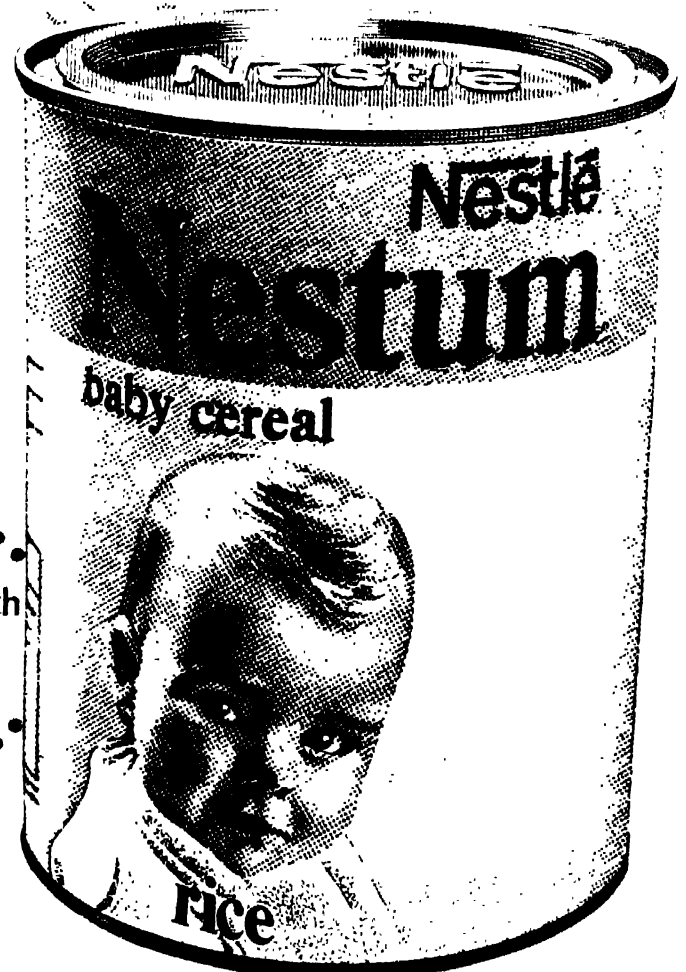
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rice



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 4 Sheldon, 8. Tiede, 13  
 Spillane 14 Clifford  
**DOWN** 2 Francis, 5  
 Clarke 6. Forester, 7  
 Callison, 9 MacDonalid  
 10 Sherry, 11 Christie  
 12 Williams

(Prize-list in next issue)

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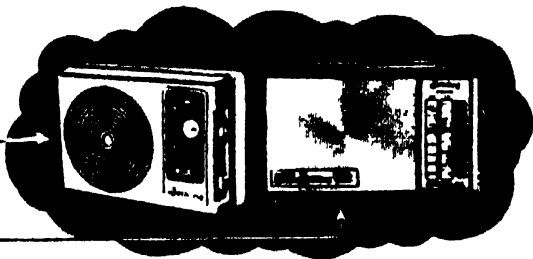
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