India is presently undergoing a radical transformation. It is no longer the soft, flabby, undisciplined State that it was. World opinion about India is changing too. But, says R. K. Karanjia, the country has yet to move up smoothly.

Kamala Das, the famous Indo-Anglian poet, looks at the ordinary Indian woman a year after the International Women's Year. She laments their fate.

The potentials of the publishing industry have yet to be exploited, says Narendra Kumar.

Hamdi Bey discusses colonial literature in English. He finds nothing wrong in the emergence of an Indian English which, however, is criticised by many Indians obsessed with the Englishness of the English language.

A selection of memorable photographs of 1976.

Gopal Sharman, Iqbal Masud and Samik Bandopadhyay write on the developments in the field of drama in 1976.

How much Indianness is required of an Indian artist? Soon perhaps, says Geeti Sen, this will become of negligible importance.

Published from 8 Pratulika Sarker Street, Calcutta 700001 and printed at Ananda Offset Private Ltd., P-248 C 1'ly Scheme No. VI-M, Calcutta 700054 by Sappaditya Roy for Ananda Bazar Patrka Limited
Ravi Shankar, most admired

This refers to Opinion, “Sharmila forgotten” (Nov. 21). Idris Lien of Bombay has remarked in that letter that Satyajit Ray was the most admired Indian in the West. I respect the sentiment behind this statement since I myself have deep regard for Ray. But the fact remains that Satyajit Ray is not the most admired Indian in the West. By this I do not in any way belittle Ray. The most admired and popular Indian in the West happens to be Pandit Ravi Shankar, the sitar maestro.

G.P. GHOSH
Calcutta.

Conversation with Americans

JIMMY “Who.” vs “Who?” Ford (Oct. 31) was an excellent piece. I truly admire the astounding conversation of Shivaji Sengupta with the Americans. I think that article could have been of greater importance to the readers if it had carried the opinion of the Americans about Carter. Grant us some more of these fascinating articles by removing a few of those stale ones.

RAJA MUKHERJEE
Darjeeling.

Renu’s journey

PHANESWARMATH RENU'S article, “Between my village and Patna” (Nov 28) makes good reading. Men of Renu's stature are numbered these days. We are fortunate for having him amongst us. Renu’s writing derives its strength from his close association with nature. Renu’s involuntary journey to Patna to become respectable remained incomplete because of his attachment to that earthy goodness peculiar to village life, something like a dream in the city. I deeply enjoyed reading the piece.

GOUBANG CHABAN BOUL
Berhampur, Ganjam.

Heaps of thanks for publishing Renu’s article. It almost brought tears to my eyes. Hope this article will inject some good sense into those who are still enamoured of a city life.

ADHIR KUMAR MOYAB
A. H. W. Siliguri Jn.

The year of the Lord

B.V. RAMAN puts the date of Lord Krishna’s birth at 197, 3228 B.C. But this does not seem to be the correct one as per the following calculation:

(a) 3228 BC
+ 1976 AD
Total 5204 yrs by now (1976).

(b) The present year of Kali = 5077
+ Sri Krishna lived for 108 yrs.
Total 5185 yrs.
A.D. 1976 yrs.
B. C. 3309 yrs.

(c) 3228-3309 = 119 yrs difference.

PANDEY SASTRI—DIVAKAK NANA-
DA SHARMA, Jyotsna Visharada,
Fuli, Orissa.

Is this man telling the truth?” (Nov 14) T. S. Srinivasan has provided a horoscope of Sri Krishna as prepared by B. V. Raman. It gives the date of the birth as July 19, 3228 B. C. (Lat 27 25 N. Long. 77 14 E). It is not known from which records such an accurate date of birth was dug. The western Gregorian Calendar was worked out only in 1580 A.D. by Pope Gregory XIII. It is a question indeed, “Is this man telling the truth?”

B. M. RAMALINGAM
Calcutta.

“Is this man telling the truth?” made amusing, yet disturbing reading. It was really unfortunate that the numerous readers of your esteemed weekly were exposed to such a naive, confused and totally misleading article, which apparently sought to establish the so-called ‘scientific’ basis of astrology. The author has no scruples about peremptorily labelling astrology as an ‘exact science’, but nowhere in the long chain of tenuously connected incidents that constitutes his exposition has he made the faintest attempt to substantiate his statement on objective grounds. May I remind him that the only method by which the validity of a scientific theory can be tested is by intensive and painstaking experimentation, and I defy him to cite a single experiment conducted in objectively controllable circumstances which has yielded a positive result in favour of astrology, palmistry or numerology. Astrology bears even a fainter relationship to astronomy than does alchemy, the chemistry, and yet, unlike the latter, it has now developed into a social evil of significant propor-
tions, I would like to point out that in a recent issue of "The Humanist", 186 prominent scientists, including some 18 Nobel laureates, signed a strongly-worded "Objection" (to astrology), part of which was as is quoted below:

"We, the undersigned — astronomers, astrophysicists and scientists in other fields — wish to caution the public against the unquestioning acceptance of the predictions and advice given privately and publicly by astrologers. Those who wish to believe in astrology should realize that there is no scientific foundation for its tenets."

SUKANTO SINHA, 
Kharagpur.

Not foreign, but modern

I HAVE been reading the adverse comments by some of your readers against "Asterix". To appreciate "Asterix" some knowledge of Roman life and times is necessary. Thus only can one realize the subtle humour of Goscinny and Uderzo. As regards the language, it is not foreign but modern. In fact, it has to be so to make the piece readable. I find that my son and his friends, all Std. IX students, are great admirers of "Asterix". All of us are for that matter. So, a request. If you do decide to take "Asterix" out, do so only after this adventure is over. Though I can't help wishing you never will change him!

MRS. P. C. DAS, 
Durgapur.

I HATE to mention it, but I do shudder at the possible consequences of the inadvertent exchange of druidical sacks in "Asterix and the Goths" (Dec. 5, 1976). We begin with Obelix tottering Getafix's yellow sack and end with the wailing of Getafix. I can well imagine both druids' chagrin when they discover in their sacks underwear that doesn't fit. Cigarettes that just aren't their brand, not to speak of the unfamilar herbs and potions of which they know nothing. Why! Our three Gaulish friends would be powerless without their magic potion while the other druid, not knowing its value, might be doing it out to (great Scott!) the Romans themselves. All this would not have risen I believe, had Getafix been a gentleman and refrained from diving into someone else's brief case — sorry, druidical sack — when about to demonstrate his magical prowess.

G. SARKAR, 
Calcutta.

I FULLY agree with the opinions asking you to stop "Asterix". It is better to replace this by a more popular comics like Phantom, Tarzan, or Dennis the Menace.

N. CHANDRA SEKHAR, 
Hyderabad.

"ASTERIX" is the best comics I have come across. Such subtle play of words, I agree, is a bit too much for school kids and like minded elders. But you have got to continue it — at least for the sake of my friends in my hostel who 'Ole' every week when they read "Asterix". Tarzan, Phantom and Laurel-Hardy comics are available in the book-stalls. "Asterix" should refuse to descend to that level. I am actually looking forward to "Asterix" in Taxila and the Punjab.

C. GANAPATHY, 
Bangalore.

WHATEVER comics you serialize, Asterix, Tarzan, or Tin Tin, I think it would be a good idea if you make the two pages of comics detachable from the body of the magazine, something like the blow-ups of posters in magazines. In that case one can have one's own comics after a while, which one may bind or stitch as one wishes.

ANURADHA CHAKRAVORTY, 
Calcutta.

This refers to the unkind letters in SUNDAY (Sept. 5 and Oct. 31) regarding "Asterix in Spain". I think the cartoon is most popular with children, their parents and the grand parents. I myself have found the cartoons by Goscinny and Uderzo very artistic, sensible and educational for the children. Language should not be a difficulty for the intelligent English knowing section. In other cases parents should guide their children to appreciate artistic cartoons. If the names of the characters and places in "Asterix" can be explained to the children they will find it interesting.

I appreciate your selection, and hope it will be continued.

B. P. BISWAS, 
Gauhati.

I HIGHLY appreciate "Asterix", I hope you do not replace this by comics like Tarzan or Phantom or Laurel and Hardy, etc., which are rather too common. I suggest that after "Asterix" you should publish Tin Tin which will be much appreciated by almost all school children.

ANGIBA DUTTA, 
15 years, 
New Delhi.

Sex before siesta

SUNDAY is my family's favourite magazine. Nowadays, however, I cannot read it together with the younger members of my family for obvious reasons. Are the exciting photographs really necessary? I must admit that it has now become a good company before an afternoon siesta. Poor SUNDAY!

SUNANDA CHATTERJEE, 
Surat, Bombay.
THE LOST TEST

England won a convincing victory over India in the first Test at New Delhi. Reviewing the match, MANSUR ALI KHAN PATAUDI, says that what was depressing was India's absence of fight. This was totally unexpected after the brave show Indian batsmen put up against Holding and Daniel earlier last year. But, says India's former captain, all is not lost and if Bedi and his men keep their wits about them, they should go on to win the series.

Pictures by Aloke Mitra

AFTER suffering from what seems a common fate of a number of international sides, that is a severe mauling at the hands of the West Indies, England is here with full intentions of restoring her professional pride. English batsmen, by their inconsistent performances in the last few months, have mystified their selectors. This has resulted in a major overhaul, with an introduction of younger players.

This series is an opportunity for Greig to consolidate his team and to establish himself as the rightful leader. So far he is on the right track.

India recently has sailed in both turbulent and calm waters. In the West Indies a fairer result might have been two-all. In spite of the dubious tactics employed by Lloyd endangering flesh and limb, India showed her determination and her ability to fight well against strong odds. Rarely has a team been so physically battered with no hope whatsoever of
retaliation, and rarely has a team complained less. India came back defeated but strong in spirit, to face in the next series a weak New Zealand side. This provided her with an opportunity to prepare herself for this stern test.

Where has all the determination gone?

It is difficult to understand why India succumbed so weakly in this Test. Bedi’s remarks that “Our batting let us down and everything went England’s way”, though true, are a little unsatisfactory for an attempted analysis. This is almost the same side which faced the more lethal barrage of Holding and Roberts, but this time the resistance was taken. Apart from Gavaskar, and to a certain extent Sharma and Ghavri in the dying moments, nobody showed an inclination to bat to a plan or method to counteract the situation.

Indian batsmen vacillated between defence and offence, allowing Greig to maintain his grip on the game. Instead of trying to disperse the cluster of close-in fielders by out and out aggression, or trying merely to keep their wickets intact, perhaps a more realistic policy would have been to ensure a steady flow of runs, through well-placed singles. There seemed to be a lack of conviction also and thus, against bowling which, apart from one spell by Lever, can at the most be called persistent, one was left wondering where all the determination had gone. To be bowled out twice, cheaply, is not the point; what was disappointing was the lack of fight from a team which has been known to do better.

Earlier in the game India had managed to neutralise the disadvantage of losing the toss on the slow turning wicket when her spinners struck quickly. At this stage the score was 125 for 5, and the English batting looked unsure and uncertain. From then on England fought her way back surely and by the end of the third day was within sight of victory. Bedi had bowled magnificently, but Chandra was without his usual rhythm and Venkatraghavan nonplussed by Knott’s unorthodoxy. Hesitancy amongst the batsmen and lapses in the field by India cost her this match.
Lever's bowling exemplary

THIS is by no means to discredit England's bowling, and Lever's performance—though intriguing, the way he swung the replaced ball, late and prodigiously—should be a lesson for India's seamers. Gavaskar and the others must note that it is not necessarily speed but intelligence and accuracy that produces results.

England played more professional and positive cricket and deserved to win this game. Her bowling, especially in the hands of Willis, Barlow and Randall, was keen and agile; and her team work and co-ordination should be a lesson to any student of the game. India's batting had crumpled, her bowlers contained by England and the smile on Greig's face was more relaxed.

Denis Amiss: Sheer grit got him his 179 runs.
Derek Underwood: Had Gavaskar hopping in the second innings

The MCC team

The Indian team

And now what?

ONE imagines Indian selectors must be a little worried, though one hopes not unduly. Much the same situation existed when Lewis was here, and India won that series. In this game, Indian spin was never

The end (for India) was near and Greg, predictably, was in a good mood. Here he walks up to congratulate Chandrasekhar after the Indian 'bunny' had lasted a Lever ball.
swing the ball, the wicket itself is a slow turner. On the evidence of this match, it is apparent that Prasanna is still capable of utilising a slow wicket better than Venkatraghavan. Prasanna has more variety and will not allow batsmen to disturb his line and length easily. One would like to see him back.

The psychology of winning, and losing

The selectors have been wise in not being desperate. There is only one change. Even though one may not agree entirely with the composition of the tour party, once a player is selected, he should be given an opportunity to play at least three innings before reconsideration of his merits, keeping in mind the actual conditions under which he played. Apart from Gavaskar and Viswanath, no batsman can be considered an automatic choice. This leaves the selectors and the captain with considerable problems. One should guard against our inherent tendency to praise excessively or be over critical merely on results, be it in cricket or in some other game.

At the moment, England's strongest weapon is not her batting or her bowling but any despondency she may have created in the minds of India's less experienced players. If this factor can be overcome by a more professional attitude, I see no reason why, on cricketing merits alone, India should not win this series. Her capacity to fight back against better equipped teams is on record.

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Beds cooling off: At least the water was pleasant

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Calcutta as a Test centre

-K. R. GURURAJA RAO

<table>
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<tr>
<th>COUNTRY</th>
<th>PLAYED</th>
<th>WON</th>
<th>LOST</th>
<th>DRAWN</th>
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<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>3</td>
</tr>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>New Zealand</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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**LARGEST TOTALS FOR INDIA:**

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<tr>
<th>Against</th>
<th>Total</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>380 in 1961-62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>339 in 1959-60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Indies</td>
<td>325-3 decl. in 1948-49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pakistan</td>
<td>397 in 1952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand</td>
<td>438-7 decl. in 1955-56</td>
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**LARGEST TOTALS AGAINST INDIA:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>By Country</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>403 in 1933-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>355 in 1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Indies</td>
<td>614-5 decl. in 1958-59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pakistan</td>
<td>301 in 1960-61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand</td>
<td>482-9 decl. in 1965</td>
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</table>

**LOWEST TOTAL FOR INDIA:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Against</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>155 in 1972-73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>136 in 1958</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Indies</td>
<td>124 in 1958-59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pakistan</td>
<td>180 in 1960-61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand</td>
<td>132 in 1955-56</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LOWEST TOTAL AGAINST INDIA:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>By Country</th>
<th>Total</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>England</td>
<td>163 in 1972-73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Australia</td>
<td>174 in 1964</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>West Indies</td>
<td>224 in 1974-75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pakistan</td>
<td>257 in 1952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Zealand</td>
<td>338 in 1955-56</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(Note.—India registered an identical score of 138 runs against Australia in 1956 in both innings)

**INDIVIDUAL HUNDREDS FOR INDIA (9)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Against</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. A. K. Pataudi</td>
<td>153</td>
<td>vs. New Zealand</td>
<td>1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. R. Viswanath</td>
<td>139</td>
<td>vs. West Indies</td>
<td>1974</td>
</tr>
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</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Against</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. L. Jaismha</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>vs. England</td>
<td>1964</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. G. Phadkar</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>vs. England</td>
<td>1951</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. H. Shodhan</td>
<td>110</td>
<td>vs. Pakistan</td>
<td>1952</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. S. Ramchand</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>vs. New Zealand</td>
<td>1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Mustaq Ali</td>
<td>108</td>
<td>vs. West Indies</td>
<td>1948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. Roy</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>vs. New Zealand</td>
<td>1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Kanhai</td>
<td>256</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1958</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. D. Weekes</td>
<td>182</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. Sutcliffe</td>
<td>151*</td>
<td>(New Zealand)</td>
<td>1965</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Reid</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>(New Zealand)</td>
<td>1955</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. O'Neill</td>
<td>113</td>
<td>(Australia)</td>
<td>1959</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. L. Wallcot</td>
<td>108*</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. C. Cowdrey</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>(England)</td>
<td>1994</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. S. Sobers</td>
<td>106*</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1958</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. R. Taylor</td>
<td>105</td>
<td>(New Zealand)</td>
<td>1965</td>
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<td>B. F. Butcher</td>
<td>103</td>
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<td>1958</td>
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<td>E. D. Weekes</td>
<td>101</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1948</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. C. Fredericks</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>(West Indies)</td>
<td>1974</td>
</tr>
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**WICKETS OR MORE WICKETS IN AN INNINGS FOR INDIA (8)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Wickets</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ghulam Ahmed</td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. S. Bedi</td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. A. Durrani</td>
<td>1964</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. P. Gupta</td>
<td>1955-56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. A. Durrani</td>
<td>1961-62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. S. Bedi</td>
<td>1972-73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. S. Chandrasekhar</td>
<td>1972-73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. G. Phadkar</td>
<td>1952</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**AGAINST INDIA (19)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Player</th>
<th>Year</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>R. Benaud</td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. D. McKenzie</td>
<td>1969</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Gilchrist</td>
<td>1958-59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. W. Greig</td>
<td>1972-73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fazal Mahmud</td>
<td>1980-81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. R. Gibbs</td>
<td>1966-67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Benaud</td>
<td>1956</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. Allen</td>
<td>1961-62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. S. E. Price</td>
<td>1964</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. R. Taylor</td>
<td>1965</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
There's no way but up, up and up

R. K. KARANJIA, Editor of 'Blitz', feels that the disciplines imposed by the Emergency have got India all set to take its great leap forward in 1977.

The foreign policy of a country depends on the domestic situation which in India is presently undergoing a radical transformation. India is no longer the soft, flabby, indisciplined, politically weak and economically less-than-solvent country of yesterday. However, controversial it may be in terms of the Westminster type of democracy and its liberal values, the Emergency with its hard disciplines has forced world opinion to respect if not fear the country.

Tributes to our political integration, fiscal stability and economic solvency have come from all the Three Worlds, besides hitherto hostile institutions like the World Bank. If all goes well, including another good harvest, 1977 promises to see Indian economy 'take-off' on its long and arduous flight from a developing to a developed status.

Side by side, there has been another substantial change. While the national policy ideology relating to foreign affairs remains inviolate, the emphasis nowadays is more on pragmatic action than on ideological profession. We shall continue to be friends and allies of the Soviet Union and the socialist countries, which have proven to be our comrades in need as well as deed; at the same time we are anxious to seek friendlier relations with China now that the Maoist era is over.

Our relations with the United States and the Western complex, particularly in matters of trade, commerce and economic co-operation, are likely to improve. A great deal depends on what attitude Mr. Jimmy Carter adopts, not so much with reference to India as to the myth built up by his predecessors of a subcontinental balance of power. If the new administration withdraws from the stupid and counterproductive American line of balancing Pakistan with India, adopted over the decades from Dulles to Kissinger, we can look forward to a more co-operative and mutually rewarding relationship. The same condition will apply to our relations with Britain and Western Europe, which normally ditto the Washington line.

The main thrust of our foreign policy under Mrs Gandhi, concerns, however, the subcontinent and its neighbourhood. Our positive and encouraging record in this region promises ir 1377 better relationship with Pakistan and other neighbours. barring Bangladesh, which has adopted an incomprehensible hostile attitude towards this country instrumentally to its liberation.

The one can foresee the accomplishment of the grand dream shared between M. Gandhi and the Shah of Iran to transform the subcontinent into a model of economic co-operation through a positive, working partnership within the Indian Ocean community of States. Plan to also to integrate India, Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iran into the hard core of such a partnership, with an electrified railway system running from Iran, through Afghanistan, Pakistan and India, right up to Bangladesh and, maybe, beyond.

The Shah has told me he would like to accomplish this project with the help of Indian expertise, Pakistani and Afghan labour, and Iranian capital investment. According to the monarch, "It would bind the region in rails of goodwill." If the enterprise comes through—it now awaits Mr. Bhutto's sanction, I am told—the projected railway will become a working symbol of trade and commerce and the resulting goodwill and peace in our region.

I would put this as the most rewarding enterprise of 1977. It would create a powerful economic centre at the heartland of the world, an international workshop which could not only draw the subcontinental and regional countries into its sphere but also exercise a powerful and sobering effect on the rest of the world, including the super-powers. It would further bring into realisation and operation Jawaharlal Nehru's dream of India assuming the role of an independent, unaligned, solvent economic laboratory.
or workshop, in which all the Three Worlds can participate in a co-operative enterprise for the benefit of mankind as a whole.

Another significant development one may forecast for 1977 is greater Indo-African collaboration in which the foundations have well and truly been laid. Comparisons are odious and counter-productive; yet it goes to India's credit that, in the face of direct and vigorous competition from China, we have been able to cultivate ties most friendly and co-operative relations with the African states. Our technological expertise, freely and willingly given, has been our most successful envoy to Africa, while our traditional sympathy for and support to African freedom movements have fetched us a splendid harvest of goodwill.

Mrs Gandhi's triumphant visit, last October, to Tanzania and Zambia—both countries facing a war-like situation—under the South African-Rhodesian colonial regimes—was a tour de force in both timing and strategy. The Zambian Government's decision to honour her with the country's most distinguished award of 'The Grand Companion of Freedom' ('First Division') in toto, this fact alone, India has thus played a role of a grand companion in the African freedom struggle.

In South-East Asia, also, India's fraternal relations with victorious and reunited Vietnam proves the history's own vindication of our foreign policy. Paradoxically, here also, Hanoi today stands nearer to New Delhi than to Peking. Not Vietnam alone, but our entire neighbourhood can claim cordial and co-operative relations with India and these are bound to develop as the American presence in this region withers in time.

The great Arab complex, stretching from the Gulf through the Mediterranean to the Atlantic Ocean, cannot forget the stupendous debt it owes to India's enlightened foreign policy. Gandhiji was the first among the world's statesmen to repudiate the inhumanity of the Zionist occupation of Arab Palestine and Nehru, Shastri and Mrs Gandhi have remained faithful to the Mahatma's enlightened, humanistic stand on the problem.

All parties of the Opposition had combined, under Israeli-American pressure, to create a raging controversy over India's policy on the Arab-Israeli conflict, but Mrs Gandhi, like her father and Shastri, firmly stood against the 'right of wrong'. The extent of inviting Western hostility and forsaking American aid.

The tools of imperialism in India decried us as fools of idealism for our support to the Arab cause, until the petroleum crisis proved the stand to be worthwhile from the point of view of our own enlightened national interest. The Arab, though at present divided in fratricidal conflict fanned by the common enemy, are bound to return to an integrated nationhood sooner or later, when History will record India and her policy-makers as among the most trusted friends of the Arab struggle.

This brings us back to Pakistan, which has been a thorn in the side of India's efforts to establish friendly secular ties with the Islamic world, but recent developments show that the thorn has been blunted, if not removed. Prime Minister Bhutto, a secular intellectual in contrast with Islamic stress on the Ayub-Yahvi brand, knows that the jehad lies is no longer relevant to Islam or Pakistan. The Indo-Islamic economic alliance, as well as Indo-Arab co-operation, have proved this truth. Pakistan today is about to celebrate the centenary of Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah with the belated discovery that her Islamic creator had unequivocally decided after partition on a secular democracy. This can be Pakistan's moment of truth. I believe the astute diplomat in Bhutto is responsible for this remarkable discovery which should help to create a less acrimonious and more fruitful relationship between India and Pakistan.

What about the Kashmir problem? Even as I write this, Pakistan demands the Kashmir Valley, while India calls for Pakistan's return of Occupied Kashmir. This contradiction itself needs a settlement on the basis of the status quo. Nobody in India or Pakistan today dare suggest that we keep what we possess and they retain what they hold, but maybe, tomorrow in 1977, this formula will provide a satisfactory solution to both the sides involved in this frustrating conflict.

Thus our foreign policy carries almost all factors on the credit side; yet some defaults need mention that they may be rectified by 1977. The biggest of them concerns the dangerous and needless restraints imposed on India by our continued addiction to American PL-480 imports.

Our harvests have been excellent and our granniers are full, yet we continue to import what is mistakenly called "token" foodgrains and like commodities. This shackled us to the US Battle Act which does not concern a country, so tied, from economic co-operation with friendly nations like Vietnam regarded by America as enemy. As matters stand, the American Battle Act prevents India—vague the paradox—from economic co-operation with Vietnam. This is one of the most restricting and embarrassing brakes on our foreign policy and its operation.

India, placed geopolitically and historically at the centre of the world's continental as well as oceanic heartland, is likely in 1977 to occupy a pivotal, strategic position between the East and the West as well as the developing and the developed countries. We are well on the way to this consummation, to judge by the compliments lavished on our recent economic gains as well as by the socialist, African, Latin American and South-East Asian countries, but also by the hitherto inimical Western complex. A British leader has reportedly said that Britain may have to put the Indian Emergency and its disciplines at the head of its 1977 list of imports. There is, however, a snag or, maybe, even a trap about such compliments which calls for the maximum national caution.

The Western industrial-military complex today facing a severe recession if not an outright slump, is exerting all kinds of covert persuasions on India, in its position as the most developed of the developing countries, to provide it with subservient markets for its exportable capital and technology. This implies invocation of the infamous multinational corporations into our country, which would transform Indian industry into a junior partner of the transnationals as against the swadeshi path of independent economic growth with fuller development of the absorbable capacity of the domestic market. This was how the East India Company managed to colonise this vast land and it is to be hoped that the Government will not permit any new John Corporation to dominate our escalating industrial enterprises.

To sum up, if only we can make one great leap forward with the execution of the 25-Point Programme, the whole world will be eager to co-operate with us. At the same time, irritants like our addiction to PL-480 imports which chain us to the US Battle Act simply have to go; and so must, also, the lengthening shadows of the transnationals over our economy. I do not think that the policy-makers responsible for these humiliating developments realise how 'they pervert our foreign policy at a time which it could proudly claim to be its finest hour.

Sunil Dasgupta
Suddenly, as she enters middle age

KAMALA DAS, poet and author of the book 'My Life' which raised a storm, looks at the ordinary Indian woman a year after the International Women's Year is over and sadly concludes that nothing has changed here, in the land where goddesses are made of weak-willed, ill-treated women.

WHEN I was a schoolgirl in Calcutta, about 27 years ago, a classmate of mine who was called Moni got married, suddenly one day, surprising all of us. She could not have been more than 15 at that time although she had wide hips which made her look matronly. She used to score the highest marks in Maths. In all the other subjects Moni was weak. A relative of hers told us that her parents felt she was not really interested in her studies and so had decided to give her a break. After the wedding she was absent for a week. When she appeared again she was in a white sari and not in the blue tunic which was our school uniform. She whispered to her friends that her husband had told her not to bare her knees in school. The headmistress announced in class that she was no longer Moni but Chabi which was the name the in-laws had selected for her. But Moni is not dead, is she, we whispered to one another. Surely this is not a reincarnation ...

For Moni, it was a reincarnation all right. She stopped playing volleyball. Instead of coming to the gym with all of us on Wednesdays she sat in the class reading Bankim Chandra. She began to look listless and old. “What has gone wrong with you,” asked a friend, shaking Moni by her shoulders, “I am mar-

ried”, said Moni. “I have no time to waste in idle chatter...”

If I remember right, Moni failed in her finals that year and left the school. After I had myself got married I began to understand the changes that had taken place in Moni. I too fell in love with my husband and wished to let him know that I was a patera like Sita, Skeelavati or Shakuntala. I had heard of such heroines from my grandmother during vacations spent in Kerala. Sita was abandoned by her husband only because a washerman had talked ill of her. Skeelavati carried her lecherous old husband on her back to the brothels where he frolicked with the lusty inmates. Shakuntala, pregnant and helpless, was humiliated in the court of Dushmanla by the king himself who had married her during his sojourn in the woods. Such were the women who were deified in India, weak-willed, masochistic creatures who had not the vitality in them to hit back when insulted. My ideas of love at that time talked with theirs. Love, I thought, was giving endless sacrifice. I began to notice that my husband knew enough of sadistic techniques to tackle the patera that I was. He ignored me and humbled me whenever he could. We had established together one of those classic relationships. I would have, if I had died of exhaustion during my honeymoon days, become another Indian goddess. But meeting cruelty and vulgarity, I gradually became disillusioned and asked myself what I was doing with myself, staying with a man who didn’t obviously appreciate me. It was only when I stopped loving my husband that he began to love me. Liberation from a demeaning kind of love helped me find respect and understanding.

Women are not as strong as men physically. So if we do not let them know of our superiority they are apt to take advantage of our frailty. The working class husband still comes home drunk and beats his wife black and blue. I believe there are perverts among those of my sex who get a huge kick out of being spanked on their posterior. They have their own reasons for forgiving the brutes. But, in general, women suffer when beaten up. They develop wise the luck would not have served its purpose so quickly. In my village, it was not uncommon to find in the morning pregnant girls dead and floating in the wells near old temples. They were mainy
those who worked as domestic servants in rich homes. Pregnancy was an occupational hazard which every maid had to reckon with. The man, when told of the imminent arrival of his heir, immediately had her killed. This was easy, for the servants never used the privy but squatted behind bushes in the night. Anyone could catch them from behind and strangle them to death.

At times I feel that in villages a woman about to marry is envied only because she will soon be free to become pregnant. She can be legitimately and conspicuously pregnant. No hands will steal from behind to throttle her at night. Most women are happiest when pregnant. I felt good when I was big with child. At least, for those months I did not feel guilty about not writing enough. I felt that I was doing something as important as writing. Besides, pregnancy does beautiful things to one's skin and eyes. It is the best of beauty treatments even today.

Recently I saw a Malayalam movie entitled 'Kanyadanam' which, when translated, means the giving away of the bride. The heroine is married off to the brother of the man she secretly loves. But on the very first night she tells her husband that having tied the mangalsutra round her throat he has now become her God and that she loves him deeply. A sickening speech that naturally caused the man to despise her instantaneously. From that moment onwards, marriage is a disaster, but she thrives on and the diet of brutality, looks saintly and very very gloomy until at last she makes him realize what a goddess he has married. He then apologizes, to the utter delight of the audience whose sighs sounded like runners on the beach at high tide. It was evident from this reaction that the middle classes still cherish false values. The rituals of marriage are more important to them than the vital ingredient, which is love. They are willing to crucify their sisters and daughters on the bed of callous men who are crude and vulgar. In return, the poor girls get a meal or two every day. Their spirits wilt. Making love to a man one loves is like a fiesta. It is indescribably lovely. But sexing with a brute, although with the sanction of society, is like abandoning one's body to devouring maggots. There is then a certain kind of death creeping into the body. The spirit moves far away from the scene of the mating.

I have been observing the plight of the middle class woman. She has not profited from the Women's Year that went by. She still toils in the kitchen, loses her health and self-respect and finds as she enters middle age that the children no longer need her and that the husband does not ever listen to her when she talks. Then she asks herself all kinds of uncomfortable questions. Why did she sacrifice her youth and all her talents to make an indifferent family comfortable? She cannot sing. She cannot paint any longer. She cannot write as she once did. She is only good in the kitchen. Such thoughts begin to make her hate the kitchen which has been for years her only empire. The kitchen sink resembles a man's foul-smelling mouth. It is at such moments that she realizes the need to fill the hollows of her soul. With God perhaps. Or at least with a godman. She wants to establish a new relationship immediately, to find a reason for living on. She is too faded to be able to get a lover. So a godman enters her heart. Then she convinces herself that she has found a meaning in life. She does not then see the truth that are so blatant. For instance the fact that she is in no way inferior to her man. Except in the biological gadgetry there is hardly any difference between a man and a woman. Such details have relevance only at the time of reproduction. When that function has been satisfactorily performed such dissimilarities can well be forgotten.
**Artist first, Indian second?**

Must an Indian artist have an Indian identity, distinct and unique? GEETHA SEN discusses three 'generations' of artists in the country and concludes that with the passage of years the artists themselves have ceased to believe in the relevance of such identity.

It is widely believed that art has little to do with politics. This happens to be one of those paradoxical axioms of our times: When economy, science and technology are each dictated by political motivations, we would still like to reassure ourselves that the arts are inviolate. We expect the artist to comment on man and society, but not to relate it to political causes and consequences. We expect him to 'express' his own individualism, but without expressing the identity of his country.

The 20th century has done everything to debunk this myth of the artist and his private world. Most aggressively, all the more so in the post-war years in the West, the artist has shown great concern to relate himself to the ethos of a country or a way of life, to be part of, rather than alienated from, communities. From Siqueiros and Orozco in Mexico to Grant Wood, Ben Shahn and Andrew Wyeth in America, the pictorial images and also the content define the ethos of a country. Even a Rauschenberg has relevance for us, in as much as his images deal with the cardboard, paper and print industry and the magnetic appeal of the advertising world.

In India nonetheless, the position remains ambiguous. On the one hand we are proud to acknowledge the genuine Indian identity of the works of Tagore, Amrita SherGil, Ram Kinkar and Jamini Roy. On the other hand, there are moments in the brief history of our conception of art, as in 1953 when the works of six Indian artists were introduced for the first time in New York. Some of the artists—in particular Mohan Samant—boiled the idea of any debt to the Indian heritage. Said Samant at this critical juncture: "I am an artist first and an Indian second."

To date much has been written on the nature and quest of Indian identity, on whether or not a contemporary work is valid only if it is "Indian," or "indigenous." New words such as "indigenous" have been coined. Artists can be influenced in their work—in treatment and colour—directly—by visual stimuli from classical art or from idioms and from yantras. Alternatively, the content of their work can return to earlier themes, perhaps mythological and heroic such as the Mahabharata, or lyrical such as the Gita Govinda. Of these there are countless examples to be found. Finally there is another way in which the artist chooses to give his opinion on the contemporary situation: by commenting on social equality (inequality), on political events and happenings and regimes, on the everyday situation of the banal, commonplace lives of thousands of men and women who live timorously, and indubitably in the present situation.

Indeed, there are those who would like to believe that to avoid any kind of comment on the present situation is to indulge in a sophisticated kind of escapism. To quote John Berger, one of the most articulate critics today in Britain:

"It is our century which is pre-eminently the century of man throughout the world claiming the right of equality, it is our own history that makes it inevitable that we can only make sense of art if we judge it by the criterion of whether or not it helps men to claim their social rights... The hysteria with which many people today deny the present, inevitable, social emphasis of art is simply due to the fact that they are denying their own time..."

In the 1930's and 1940's in India the upsurge of national fervour had everything to do with motivating the expression of artists, as well as poets. Amrita SherGil's preoccupation with the Indian scene as in paintings like Brahmarcharis and Indian Bride—was not only born from her own desires, it also became relevant in the social context. Likewise, the rediscovery of Kalighat painting and of Bankura clay toys by Jamini Roy may have happened at any time: it became significant because of its contribution to Indian expression of that decade. At Santiniketan, Vandalash Bose and Binode Behari Mukherjee also rediscovered the value of Indian line, contours and gestures, to the point of obsession.

The post-independence era began, understandably, with a bang, and an iconoclastic defiance of Indian values and heritage. This defiance is summed
up in T. N. Souza's assertion of individual will, in the early work of Akbar Padamsee, and Raza, and some of Hussein. Some of these artists, such as Hussein, Krishen Khanna and Tyeb Mehta, were undoubtedly moved to expression by observing the more heroic aspects of art in the western countries. Some of them left India to settle abroad: Souza, Raza and Padamsee set out in a start. It is in a recent statement of Mohan Samant's where it is so visible, and more visibly expressive of their Indian identity. Let us take Raza's statement, quoted recently in a catalogue:

"The most tenacious memory of my childhood is the fear and fascination of the Indian forest. We lived near the source of the Narmada river in the centre of the densest forests of Madhya Pradesh. Nights in the forest were hallucinating; sometimes the only humanizing influence was the dancing of the Gond tribals. Daybreak brought back a sense of security and well-being. On market-day, under the radiant sun, the village was a fairyland of colours. And then, the night again. Even today I find that these two aspects of my life dominate me and are an integral part of my painting..."

Looking at Raza's recent works, done on his visit to India earlier this year, one sees again the persistence of savage colours: of light flickering against blacks and reds, or of the sun-burnt colours of Rajasthani paintings. Souza, on his return to India at almost the same time, pointed out in an interview that he owed a great deal of the power and energy of his figures to observing the same flow of energy in many-limbed and armed deities. Most certainly, he expresses his debt vigorously in his Bariha more recently in his Genesh, and again in his multi-eyed Self Portrait, exhibited at Dhoomimal gallery in 1976.

Nonetheless, it was the artists of the 1960's who deliberately set about the articulation of Indian imagery, motifs, idioms. I would like to refer to them as the artists of the second generation (post-independence) as opposed to Raza, Souza, Hussein, Tyeb, Mehta and Gaitonde, who comprise the first generation. Here there are many splinters and regional group activities: at Baroda, Ahmedabad, Calcutta, Madras. One group which called itself the 1890's group, was inspired, in one way or another, to produce imagery of a kind that was motivated by traditional imagery. There is J. Swaminathan who most emphatically began with hieratic symbols and graffiti, and moved on to a certain definition of colour, and space which he says is found in Paahari miniatures. There is the work of G. R. Santosh that compellingly moved on from a latent eroticism in his figures (1964-67) to a more conscious assimilation of tantric yantras. There is the work of Ambadas perhaps the most profound of all the 1890's group, in the articulation in his canvases of the flux and flow of energy. There is the work of Sunil Das in Calcutta, there is Devaram Krishna, and many others to conform this general impression of Indian imagery in the '60's.

In this context the '70's have provided a complete break with tradition. Private fantasies are indulged in more than ever before, as a valid form of productivity. What is more interesting is the fact that art-goers react to these sharply differing and intimate worlds. Each in its own way is significantly a strong assertion of Indian sensibility, though not necessarily of Indian imagery.

There is the work of Bhupen Khakhar, working in Baroda, who is original enough to be the first to combine a sense of poetry and bewitching fantasy in his landscapes, with a sense of realistic detail in the depiction of his View From A Teashop. Bhupen goes further than this: he not only uses the typical scenery of the tailor's shop and the bicycle repair shop
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(about which he writes short stories in Gujarati), but also uses the idioms, convention and lurid palette of popular calendars and biscuit tins, so that it becomes easier for us to "read" and identify with the situation.

The graphics and drawings of another artist of the ’70’s represents the work of what I would like to call the Third Generation (post-independence). Laxma Goud of Hyderabad began with black and white drawings of the phallic, symbols of flowers opening, dark forests, half-man-and-half-beast figures... presenting, most graphically perhaps, the bestial instincts in man. All this may have specific reference to the present situation, but the artist will insist that they refer only to his own private dreams. So too, his next series of images are born, he repeats, from those stored up in his memory. He describes his experience thus:

"I started wandering in this deadly dark and quiet environment. I found on my way the objects
Rusted Nail
Twisted Road
Crumpled Clothes
Crushed Tins
Hanging Hooks
Hunged Lamps
Half-cut Sleeves
Broken Chair
Barbed Wires
Butchers Block
Striped Trousers
Laced Boots
Empty Bottle
Knobbed Doors
Open Shelves
Broken Boxes
Keys and Locks
Ink and Pen
With a Writing Pad"

The confidence which Laxma exudes in depicting these commonplace items of daily usage and the care with which he describes them on paper, invest locks and keys, twisted hemp and broken chairs with inherent importance as images prophetic perhaps of the future. As he goes on to say about the clothes, "They bear all the burden of our bones and flesh. They had gone through so much of pain and torture. But they had no tears in their eye. Time has cut across them but they never bled..." His images are not as surrealistic as those of Bikash Bhattacharya of Calcutta Bikash, too in his private dream world, is stard to represent in the minutest detail images that remain embedded in our memory as symbols, as prophetic and heraldic images. The representation of a shirt hung out to dry After the Wash still drips blood at the hem suggesting mute the sensation of emotions drained after 1969.

The point of this discussion is to note that the artist’s world is not so entirely private or incommunicative as we would believe. Subjects of intensity convey the message to the onlooker, if they have explicit or implicit reference to the world around. Reviewing the art scene, then, at the close of 1976, we are in a better position now than in 1963, to determine the motivations and direction of contemporary art. Not that there are now great schools of art or thought, or new subjects for expression, but emerging from the hybrid art of the first half of this century is a new vision—that is neither Eastern nor Western in inspiration, but totally genuine in outlook and sentiment. By being unconcerned about its "Indian image" it has that ring of authenticity about it, an integrity which is remarkably bold and original at the same time—which expresses both the individual will of the artist, and his commitment to his natural, indigenous surroundings.
A theatre for all seasons

The way everyone is at everyone else's throat in the theatre—and you're sunk if you're alone so you organise yourself the protection of your gang—one would think the stakes were real and substantial.

But are they?

In the whole of India there isn't a single city that can claim to have even one proper professional theatre with a resident company of players. We haven't given ourselves that privilege in 30 years of being a free country, the world's largest democracy as we proudly call India. Not one proper functioning theatre, not one concert theatre for music, not one dance theatre half like Saddlers' Wells or the New York Met or the Bolshoi to give Indian dance a proper home.

So here we are: all dressed up in the greenroom and nowhere to go, no one to play to. But judging by the intensity of the gang wars of Indian theatre, who would think that anything could be the case? Look at the buzz, the hustle. Could it be for the infinitesimal audience—of largely friends and relatives, that dutifully turn up to see their sporadic efforts once or twice a year? Surely even the expansive advertising-executive-theatre-director who counts himself on every national and international committee to do with theatre, knows this: that a genuine audience for theatre isn't going to emerge from doing two or three amateur productions annually. The show must go on night after night: monsoon, winter and summer. If, that is, you are serious about it. Or else friends and relatives is all it is going to be—and of course the brochure (types, wrong fonts, fatuous statements, and all of it in wet ink too late to dry before curtain time) to pay for it all. As they say: 'What's the good of being with the agency?'

The air is thick with cigarette smoke, everyone has a glass of something or other—and it isn't nimbu paani. It is the cast party after the 'record breaking' five-night run, by Bombay's amateurs, of a hoary Broadway hit. This man in discreetly flared pants who has the bearing of an Olivier is to be taken very seriously: he is a minor bureaucrat attached to Finance. Mark the confident air with which he says: "All I lack is confidence." (With a flick of your bic you can see he's a hick). Take this other fellow too very seriously. He won't be happy until you've told him he barks his lines like a Gielgud. And that slightly disproportionate lady holding forth in the corner "actually did better" than Dame Peggy. Here is that old veteran, hot out of AIR and now drama critic of your morning paper, to confirm it: with nifty little throw-away lines, previews of next morning's review. "Those damned illiterates on the desk, if they'll only print the way I've written it!"

"Discipline", my postal stationery crisp from the Government Security Press at Nasik (or wherever they print it), tells me in a neat little slogan maybe coined by one of our friends here for an apparel manufacturer, "is a young man's good looks. Wear it."

And I am always being mistaken for a pair of trousers for saying that my theatre in Delhi, the Akshara is a way of life for those of us who work disciplinably in it. Professionally. Night after night. None of us holding any other job.

But not to worry. All will be worse confounded soon. Calcutta shall have the National Theatre—which it deserves. And with it, more bureaucracy than theatre. Which it does not deserve!

All will be worse confounded soon. They might decide on four National Theatres. Why not? Britain, the size of Kerala, had, at last count, six—or was it seven?

All will be worse confounded soon: then, Maharastradhala will have its National Theatre in Delhi. It is easier that way round. They know best—last month they did their annual Marathi Natya Sammelan here.

A National Theatre is being claimed for Delhi too. But that is foolishly with imported stuff and culture so freely peddled here in the capital. "Subversion" the Prime Minister keeps warning us. Of course it is subversion. But the last time I said so, I was asked to go talk to that to the Marines.

Given the existing drift of things, all will be worse confounded soon. The world has convinced me that it needs the apparatus for everything. Whether it is democracy, dictatorship of the proletariat, or art. But no one will convince me that from the apparatus to a self perpetuating establishment is not the inevitable next step. And the consequent obscuring of that for which the apparatus was thought necessary.

I am assured of being in good company if I would learn to wallow in the contradictions of this situation. You can wear any existentialist despair on your sleeve. It is an intellectual fashion. Swear by Sartre by Camus or Genet—by the existing drift of things. Or, a little less fashionable, swear by Marx. Or in the theatre, Brecht. Social realism.

Why the hell couldn't I get myself a decent pair of flared jeans the two years I was in New York?
It's an involved story, a little embarrassing to those who hear it, but since it is relevant, it must be told. And also, why I go about in baggy Indian pyjamas — and, now, even in a 'dhoti'? It's relevant, it must be told.

Once upon a time, young and naive, when I believed Subhas knew better than Gandhi (I don't now, but that's not the relevant part of it), under a 'peepul' in spring I met Hanuman, neither man nor beast and born of the wind. How do you see, or recognise, such a being? I don't know, but I did.

"Boy you're all uptight", he told me. "Five feet five you want to touch the sky. Timid as a toad, you want to bite a bit out of the sun. And all of it keeping your silly sanity. 'Why, look at you! Bet you wouldn't agree even to have a tail! Take it or leave it. Silly sanity or a bite off the sun. Will you agree to a pink bottom? Grow a tail?"

Hanuman looped his tail round one of the top branches of the 'peepul' and swung back and forth. Between the sun and the moon. "The sun, a million suns, like fruit I nibble and cast away", he boomed. In outright sport he leapt from branch to branch, off the giggling tree shaking down a rain of stars.

"Tail", I screamed. "A bite off the sun and a bottom as pink as the dawn."

That's the truth of it. Why I can't wear jeans, Flared or unflared. And have to go about swaddled in a 'dhoti'. It's the tail. It's why I cannot swear by Sartre or Marx. I swear by a pink bottom, the colour of the dawn! I swear by miracles in the theatre, not social rationalisation between the local and the total, microcosm and macrocosm. 'Ananda'.

'Ananda', not nausea.

Next year it will be Stockholm. Last year it was in New York, I think. An annual theatre conference. Of course, India is always there. But not represented by Jalabala Vaidya playing The Ramayana or by Habib Tanvir or Sombhu and Tripti Mitra. Again this year it will be a pin-striped, well-waxed official (perhaps two or three in addition to the one I know) who really ought to be among the exhibits at Madame Tussaud's — a graphic example of India's post-Independence elite. Don't you ever accuse him of being a philistine. I have myself seen him lapping up chicken and 'quawali' at Moti Mahal. In flared pin-stripes.

And don't you ever doubt his Indian-ness. In addition to chicken and 'quawali' he goes ghazeling every now and then and he adores the 'manch'. He has always adored the 'rangmarcha'. Why else, do you think, is he going to Stockholm to represent Indian theatre?

The world has convinced me it needs a well-heeled bureaucracy for everything. The apparatus of Establishment.

And I need to communicate with the universe. Like my ancestors, the authors of the Upanishads, who knew of the inevitability of tragedy. I too have learnt that injustice triumphs as often as justice. Like my ancestors I crave for a freedom from them both. I need to communicate with the universe, that parent state of both love and disaster, ecstasy and despair. I need to communicate because the universe needs to communicate with me. It goes by several names, the one I choose is Rama.

I have often been told that this is a curious desire for a man of the theatre. Is it?

GOPAL SHARMA
Epic, alienation and what have you

SATYADEV DUBEY, that aging enfant terrible of Bombay theatre recently declaimed in a fashionable-intellectual magazine, "Theatre is orgasm". He went on to elaborate the aphorism with a wealth of four letter imagery. Heads were shaken: "Poor old Dubey's mind is at the end of its tether". But Dubey was simply echoing Artaud, "the universal fornication of words". The theatre of orgasm is a variant of the cult of total theatre, that now passes well in the West.

The year began with two major expositions of this cult: Julius and Sambhoge sanyasa tek. Badal Sirkar's play as directed by Amol Palekar was a magnificent attempt to reach Artaud's own definition of a total theatre—total spectacle created by the director's commanding imagination subservient to no literary text. In its sheer physicality in its fantastically disciplined, yet vital body movement, its music and songs (at once parody and performance) Julius is perhaps rivelled only by Ghasiram Kotwal in the past decade of Bombay's theatrical history. Sambhoge—play by Dubey—is quite a different kettle of fish. Using ancient myths as a take-off point, Dubey takes you on a bewildering jaunt—minor gods and goddesses continuing their incandescent copulation on this human plane. The prescient dialogue is often brilliant, sometimes overlearned. A fascinating performance, but Dubey must really curb his tendency to ride off in all directions at once like Stephen Leacock's Lochinvar.

"Individuality is an arabesque we have discarded," said Brecht. This has not been quite true of Tendulkar and Elkunchwar who in their two plays of the year—Baby and Party have kept alive the terror and pity tradition. I have already reviewed these plays in SUNDAY and have nothing to add to it except mention that when I reviewed Baby favourably I was in a minority of one. I am now told that it is getting favourable attention from a number of little magazines. Tendulkar in Avishkar's recent production of Pahiye jakiche, has revealed that he can handle comic situations in as original a manner as the sombre ones. The play is about a young college lecturer in a small town who throwing overboard all that nonsense about raising cultural standards wins out by sinking to the level of his rustic roots. The performances of Vihang Nayak and Sushama Tendulkar (daughter of Vijay) bore promise of talent. I must also mention the revival of Udhoosta Daramshala, directed by Dr. Sriram Lagu. The play has been chosen for a showing at the National Festival of Drama at Delhi in February 1977. Written by G. P. Deshpande, the play is about the gradual but relentless breakdown of the Leftist intellectual under the pressure of a McCarthy type of investigation by his university colleagues and of failures in his personal life. It is an interesting play and carries a powerful performance by Dr. Lagu. But one got the impression that the artistic objectivity necessary to probe the heart of the matter in such a situation was missing.

No survey of Bombay theatre would be complete without a mention of the two groups who have been prominent in spreading the concept of an "intimate" theatre. The first is Avishkar, whose parents are Arvind and Subha Deshpande. Avishkar not only stages experimental plays, but has rendered valuable service to the theatre by securing the use of the hall of Chhabildas School for performance of plays by all drama organisations in Bombay. Today one can stage a show in Chhabildas for less than a hundred rupees. The advantage to the theatre in Bombay of this simple economic fact cannot be exaggerated.

So far over 300 shows have been staged in the hall—many of them memorable performances like
Julius, Hayavadana, Adhe Adhure, etc., Rekha Satnis, charming girl who played deliberately uncharming roles in 27 Down and Ashad ka ek din, is the moving spirit behind the other important drama group, Abhivyakti. This has a theatre in Chikitsa School, Girgaum, and affords all kinds of facilities like Chhabildas. Rekha’s group has produced Peshan Palauri based on C. T. Kanolkar’s novel, and of recent, Pooch Blank by Dilip Krundekar. The play which is based on an actual guerilla kidnapping in France received critical acclaim when staged last week at the Maharashra State Drama Competition.

Dramatic theatre or epic theatre, identification or alienation—you will find all the varieties of theatrical experience on the boards at Chhabildas and Chikitsa schools.

IQBAL MASUD

Palliatives

The pathetic decline of Calcutta’s so-called New Theatre continued in 1976 reaching a morass exuding infernal complacency. As the more daring groups went on gradually adapting themselves to the entertainment needs of the spectators, abdicating their obligation to lead public taste rather than follow it, the Jatra took over with its greater histrionic power and its mastery of spectacle, and the commercial theatre re-established itself. Some of the best talents in the Calcutta avant-garde went over to the Jatra and the commercial theatre as professionals, and at least one of them found himself emmeshed in the busy routine of a television producer. Their involvement in other forms has however not made any fundamental difference to these forms as they appear in Calcutta. Their withdrawal has left several empty spaces in the theatre scene, several groups have just stopped functioning, others have been trying to delve into the hit-flop mystique and learn the art of survival.

Utupal Dutt and his People’s Little Theatre went on sniping at political abuses in disguised historical allegory, with the overall productional efficiency that comes to Dutt o casually now. Tripiti Mitra’s Bohurupee production of an old Basal Sircar pierre Jadi Aar Ekbaar was fresh and amusing long as it played with its light-hearted theme of domestic dissatisfaction, but crashed into attention-getting gimmicky and cumbrous choreography. With two new productions, Nandikar tried out two new directors, neither of them making the grade. The jatraesque poetry of Baudagar Nauka degenerated into sound and sentiment and mane philosophics, with sudden descent into stage-stuntmanship showing the unmistakable hand of an amateur. Vintage farces were revived by Anup Kumar and Tarun Roy with more entertaining success. On the whole theatrical experiences in Calcutta were more palliative than abrasive, more an escape from the painful obligations of the time than an act of communal existence.

A new minority trend emerged in the form of sheer-of-life-naturalism. A number of groups recognizing the irredeemable inherent in the popular song-and-dance and-madness-and-moderate-anger routine, exploited over the last few years. Basal Sircar and Shatabdi in Boma made theatre out of a clearly worded and sharply pointed statement about how people lived somewhere in the Sundarbans. Physical energy and demonstrativeness were yoked to produce a taut and moving spectacle. Nilkantha Sengupta and Theatre Commune touched in Anamashree the core of cruelty inherent in the poor man’s struggle for survival, avoiding sentiment and tear-wringer techniques till the last few moments. In Atufuku Basa, Shekhar Chatterjee and the Theatre Unit showed a lower middle class couple learning that life is not acescence. The rugged earthiness and particularly the realism of detail gave Anaamika’s Godaan a solidity that defied the melodramatic potential of the story. With both Shatabdi and Theatre Unit settling into the mode of the small intimate theatre, with the audience sitting close to the actors in a room divided of the parapet of the regular theatre (the Shatabdi setting is barer than the Theatre Unit’s) opens up the prospects of theatre moving into the people rather than expecting them to come in. In its simple viability the small theatre seems to be the most relevant idea in a context of rising hall rents, advertisement expenses, and costlier productional technology.

SAMIK BANDOPADHYAY

The author is drama critic of The Hindusthan Standard.
Photographs of the year

Does it hurt? Eternal silence

Blessed relief/C. W. Limpkin

Devotion/Raghu Rai/Statesman

Friendship/Michael O'Brien

Cup final on wedding day/J. E. Lamb

Photo, 1976.
Transplanted literature

1976 was another typical year as far as Indian literature in English was concerned: not much published, and certainly nothing outstanding done. HAMID BEY discusses colonial literature in English, and finds there nothing much to say for using Indian English.

WHEN Kipling uses words like "jowabbed", "leaped" and "darwaza-band" we do not castigate his language as Indian English, which of course it was. But let an Indian writer split an infinitive, which in some situations the best English writers do, or meddle his interrogations and we all cry out that it is an Indianism.

Somehow in the Indian mind, race and language have relationships which do not exist elsewhere. Ghalib accused Qatil of not knowing Persian well enough because Qatil was in Ghalib's own words "both Hindi and Hindu". But Ghalib himself was a Turk, not a Persian, and his claim to mastery over Persian, a learned language, was based on his being a Muslim. However, Ghalib's awareness of the irrationality of his claim, and so invented the legend of his having learned Persian from a Zoroastrian, the original speakers of Persian. But within the period elapsing between the Muslim conquest of Iran and Ghalib's time—about 1200 years—Persian itself had changed largely due to Arab and Turk infiltration.

Amarnath Jha, who knew Urdu as much as any one else, thought that no Hindu could write Urdu as well as a Muslim, though there are millions of Muslims outside India who can neither speak nor write Urdu. He was seeking a mystical relationship between language and religion (to some extent in the same manner as Ghalib) by denying the facility in the language that his predecessors like Ratannath Sarshar and Brijmohan Chakhot had achieved. The irony is that Amarnath Jha's own colleague, Ragupati Sahay Firaq, is now considered the greatest living poet in Urdu, and is usually referred to as an "llama"—the learned in Urdu.

Stranger than both Ghalib and Amarnath Jha's was Mr. Niran Chaudhuri's association of linguistic facility with food habits. He is on record as having publicly declared that to write good English, one must eat beef. We can dismiss Chaudhuri as being merely provocative where Ghalib was pusillanimous and Amarnath Jha inhibited.

Language has no inalienable links with race, religion or food. It is not an umbilical chord though even umbilical chords have to be cut for children to have individual existences. Language is a matter of cultivation and of learning. Imagination is an important part of learning, and we all can learn more easily something which we listen to and can imitate without being aware of being imitative. That is one pole of the axis. The other is that all culture is artificial. We cultivate our palates for food or drink, we cultivate our eyes for paintings, our intellects for reading. There is no reason why we should fail to cultivate our facility for a language.

That is merely a logical proposition. In actual writing memory counts for a lot. The heard and remembered phrase solves half the problem of verisimilitude, which all writers strive for. Translations of remembered phrases are often stilted and deadest attempts at achieving verisimilitude. That is one of the major handicaps of Indian writing in English.

But there is another aspect to it. We notice the unnaturalness of the English phrase when we are acquainted with the original. It never occurs to us that in the English translation of a French or a Russian novel the dialogue may lack the authentic ring. It could be that the original captured the phrases all right, being written in the language of the heard phrases, and so the translation sounds right. What about African writing, which is originally in English, but the phrases recalled are picked out of dialogues in one or another African language? The Indian reader's bilinguality is the problem, not the writer's.

African or Caribbean writing in English is closer to us than either American or Australian. In both America and Australia the spoken language is English, and the problem is not of finding an English equivalent of a heard and remembered phrase but of merely remembering heard phrases. Some of the Caribbean writers are of Indian origin and they narrate stories about other compatriots of theirs of Indian origin, and they sound right.

When Salwan wrote Tiger Harry in 1950, he used the same broken English that the Indians and Negroes resort to in communicating with each other. The book was an immediate success and led to Caribbean fiction in English establishing itself. Caribbean English poetry existed earlier but it did not use the spoken language—it was in Standard English. Vijay Shankar Naipaul, another Caribbean English writer of Indian origin, followed Salwan in using the spoken language. His Mystic Masseur and Surfrage in Elorva were good books but not being long enough did not bring him the fame that A House for Mr. Biswas did.

Unlike Naipaul, the African writer, Chinua Achebe uses standard English. His Arrow of Gold is an excellent book, which in spite of not using the sort of English spoken by West Africans misses none of the local colour. It is just a plot which unfolds fully. There are other African writers who use the
local English and one of them writing about fears of spirits in the palm bush country attempted his work without knowing any grammar. The book was a success, and the success induced him to learn grammar probably in the hope of doing still better. The result was disastrous: he could not effectively communicate the mystique of the bush in Standard English.

The New Zealander, Katherine Mansfield used Standard English. She was middle class, but the Australian, Patrick White, intent on conveying the colonist's aspirations—confidence and pride in his own community as well as a link with England—had to use the local idiom. He is one of the more important writers in English today.

The choice of the language in which one would write, and the type of that language one would use, are best left to the individual writer. The first English novel located in India was written about 1813 and novels in English about India continue to be written even today. George Orwell had coined a phrase to describe this genre—English Language Indian Literature. But here in the country about which this literature is there has been a tendency to separate those written by Indians from those written by Englishmen. The former is called Indo-Anglian and the latter Anglo-Indian.

Generally, English authors have tended to use the language Englishmen resident in India spoke among themselves. It had many Indian words. This speech was so characteristic that a Colonel Yule compiled a dictionary of it titled Hobson-Jobson. The title itself suggests a certain amount of derision, but neither the speech habit nor its use in writing was given up. There was a spontaneity about it which no writer wanted to lose. There have not been many great names in Anglo-Indian writing, not many great titles. Meadows Taylor, Rudyard Kipling, Flora Annie Steele, E. M. Forster, Edward Thompson, Rumer Godden, John Masters and Paul Scott are the names.

About the titles there will be less agreement. The Confessions of a Thug has stood the test of time, having been reprinted as late as 1930 years after the first edition came out. The Jungle Books and Kim, and A Passage to India are the other three books which are well known. Black Narcissus and Kingfishers Catch Fire deserve to be better known.

Indians writing in English had little access to the speech habits of the Englishmen resident in India. Only servants were acquainted with those habits but they did not write books. Indians learnt English from books, and when they wrote their language was bookish. The English resident in India became sensitive about the threat to their privileges after Indians started competing successfully for the I.C.S. This success was achieved in examinations conducted in English and through proficiency in English.

The threat led Englishmen to laugh at Babu English. It was bookish and pedantic, flamboyant and exaggerated whereas the spirit of the language was understatement. British ridicule induced an inhibition which we have not got rid of.

Now the number of Indians knowing and using English is very large, third or fourth largest in the world. Indians speak English among themselves, and the idiom is altered. E. M. Forster in the Passage noticed the changed idiom—he liked it and did not ridicule it. That was over 50 years ago. When Indians from different linguistic backgrounds converse among themselves they use English and in the process have evolved Indian English, which is not the same as Hobson-Jobson. The new Indian English has not been often put to literary use. There are only two outstanding examples, G. V. Desani in All about

H. Hatter used Babu English, and it is the language that makes the book such delightful reading. Nissim Ezekiel has written poems and plays in Indian English which again have come out well. The observer Kipling often made his Indian characters talk in that language.

Some people think that English would disappear from India as Persian did or as French did from Russia after a stay of nearly 300 years. As long as people who speak English remain creative and the language continues to be the vehicle of the global culture we too would learn and use English, and use it in our own way. And in increasing numbers that's all that is to be said on the topic.

Illustration: Jai Bhushan Malik.
Publishing : Indian style

NARENDRA KUMAR, Editorial Director, Vikas Publishing House, reviews the publishing industry in India and concludes that its potential has not been fully exploited.

Despite a long tradition of publishing in India, the industry is taking too long to come of age. The Indian attitude towards publishing is a major factor which hinders its growth. Publishing is viewed either as a purely commercial venture, to make quick money, or it is treated like a philanthropic undertaking, with no thought of profitability whatsoever. Publishing, in order to be successful, must be viewed primarily as a managerial enterprise partaking of the sense of an intellectual adventure tinged with social motivation.

Publishing as thus a cultural exercise which inevitably involves cost accounting considerations. It is an accurate yardstick by which to measure the educational level of a society. Pre-Partition Lahore, for instance, was an intellectual centre par excellence and was known for writers like Krishan Chandra, Rajinder Singh Bedi, and Sadat Husain Manto, who were adequately supported by publishing. Calcutta

Life is full of contradictions, more so in this country of many-splendoured paradoxes. While literary expression is through the medium of indigenous languages, a foreign language is the vehicle of scholarly expression. There is thus a dialectical situation existing between literary and scholarly thoughts. The dichotomy results in poor expression in either medium. Moreover, this dichotomy alienates the intellectual from society at large, since the Indian intellectual uses English as a major vehicle of communication. No matter how unfortunate this state of affairs is, realistically speaking, English is destined to remain a mistress and not achieve the status of a wife, the queen of a typical Indian household.

Another contradiction results from the fact that the public sector, notwithstanding its large output, in whatever language, has limited sales avenues. Unlike commercial publishers, it has no incentive to market its products. There are not many agencies in the

Freedom at Midnight

The three books of the year.

has a pre-eminent status in north India for identical reasons.

Paradoxically enough, Delhi cannot presume to have the same status in spite of the fact that it is the headquarters of at least English language publishing in India. Most of the more prominent publishing houses function from the capital city. Similarly, a large chunk of official and semi-official publishing—from the National Book Trust, Publications Division (Ministry of Information and Broadcasting), and the Manager of Publications (Government of India)—originates in Delhi.

All the propitious circumstances have failed to bring about a book revolution. The reason is not unfathomable. Publishing in Delhi is largely oriented towards the English language a language foreign to our ethos but, perhaps, not to our practical requirements. The English language is a vehicle of scholar-

country willing to market either Central or State Government publications.

There are other equally serious paradoxes in the prevailing situation. Our publishing is essentially city-oriented. Though the large majority of our people lives in the countryside, its special requirements are never taken into consideration by the publishing world. It needs to learn from the Tulsidas Ramayana which is the largest selling book year after year because it appeals alike to the rural and the urban masses. By orienting literature to the direction of urban dwellers, publishers tend to restrict their potential market. No wonder then that many of our books are marketed in editions of one thousand to two thousand copies. A meagre print-run of 2,000 copies is considered a Roman triumph. The number of English-language publications, barr-
ing textbooks, brought out in editions of 50,000 can
be counted on the tips of one's fingers. The recent excess of Freedom at Midnight to runaway seller, is an exception rather than the rule. While it makes sense to publish large editions by pricing them low, this will be possible only when primacy is given to vernacular publications intended largely for the rural masses.

The other unpardonable mistake the Indian publisher commits is viewing the reading public as a large mass with identical requirements and tastes. These characteristics have to be kept in view. Take children as a special category. Very little has been done in this area, considering the fact that a substantial proportion of our population consists of the young. There are also special sub-categories to be found among the young. Obviously, the tastes of those studying in the primary classes cannot be same as those going through middle school. Each sub-category has its peculiar psychological and functional requirements that should become the special province of any small publisher. Another category that has been left out is that of religious literature. The "Bible industry" is perhaps the largest publishing industry in the world. There is a substantial religious consciousness in this country where the populace at large breathes religion every minute of the day. A modern touch needs to be given to this particular area of publishing.

Finally, another fruitful area of operations is that of translations. The example of the Soviet Union is before us. Practically, every significant book seems to be translated into Russian instantly. The collected works of Rabindranath Tagore are easier to obtain in Russian than in any Indian language, except, perhaps, Bengali.

Translation is an art that needs to be cultivated through training and practice over a period of time as a continuing process. Translators in the West are considered necessary enough to be employed full-time. In India, on the contrary, the translator belongs to a motley tribe of nondescripts. Translation needs to be rehabilitated as a respectable art to be practised by seasoned scholars as a full-time profession. In a multi-language country like India, translations are an important instrument for cementing the bonds of unity between various cultural groups. It thus can fulfill a laudable national objective besides acting as a culturally unifying force between the people of different regions.

The ultimate test of the success or failure of publishing is social relevance. In a developing country, publishing must play the most constructive role in developing programmes of nation-building. The 20-point programme of the Prime Minister emphasizes the need to supply textbooks to students at moderate prices. The University Grants Commission is a most welcome proposition.

These are merely fringe benefits. The important thing is that publishing can play a very important role by disseminating information widely through books. Take the family planning programme. It should be possible for publishing houses to gear themselves in this direction. There is not a single book produced in this country explaining birth control methods for the common man. Illustrative literature can play an important role in educating a vast number of people. It is a task for the publishing industry. In recent years, reading need not be regarded as an end. There is a technical device called a machine designed to implement the programme of course without giving it any bureaucratic colouring.

The critical tone adopted so far in the article may surprise the uninitiated. It is unusual for criticism to emanate from within a system. But this has been done in the most constructive spirit with a view to highlighting the lacunae, in order to make publishing a powerful instrument for shaping the future of the country.

The publishing industry in India has taken enormous strides in the last decade or so. Publishers of English-language books have been the pioneers. They have not only shown the way to publishers in other languages, but have also begun to make a bid for the world market. It should be appropriate in this connection to take a quick look at selected titles of 1976.

Good books are like wines that mature with the passage of time. They cannot be produced at the flick of a switch. Hard work and, above all, involvement of the author are required. Producing a good book is similar to an intense and deep emotional experience. A successful book is quite often the product of its publisher. It is his ingenuity that enables the book to be brought to the notice of the largest number of readers. By this test, three books stand in particular to be noticed: Freedom at Midnight by Collins and Lapierre, Jawaharlal Nehru—A Biography (Vol. 1) by S Gopal, and The Remembered Village by Professor Srinivas. I consider these three as the most outstanding books of 1976. While the first is a reflective study of the romantic love affair of two foreign writers with this country, the second is an instance of a scholar under the overwhelming influence of a great man, still trying to have a critical look at him, and the third is about a village in Karnataka by a distinguished sociologist—a genuine classic in the right sense of the term. Though a scholarly work, it can easily get across to an average reader.

The surprising thing to observe is that all the three books were also commissioned by foreign publishers. It is indeed ironic that outstanding Indian scholars and literary figures consider it a feather in their cap to find sponsors in the West. It is also ironic in view of the fact that the best market for such books is in India and not abroad.

I consider three other books published abroad worth noticing: The Great Universe of Kota by Constandis and Kapur, Ramayana by William Buck, and The Painter of Signs by R. K. Narayanan. A respectable proportion of publishing in India has to do with printing doctoral dissertations. Research theses, written mostly in heavy style, are not the best form of communication. The art of writing biographies, the best form of communicating with others, has on the contrary not been cultivated.

One of the best autobiographies which holds attention throughout for its unlimited fund of delightful stories and its patent sincerity is I am Not an Island by the veteran journalist Khwaja Ahmed Abbas. The autobiography of ex-President V. V. Giri entitled My Life and Times (vol. 1), covering the story to the Forties, is authoritative but not half as exciting as it ought to have been. In the field of literature, Ananth Murthy's excellent piece of fiction Samasara is now available in translation and the original film version in Kannara. The novel is indeed a genuine masterpiece. The collection of songs of Satyajit Ray Our Films, Their Films, is tolerably interesting.

To conclude, there are plus and negative marks, with distinct potentials for the future. Publishing in India has reached its crossroads and it is high time its importance in the national context is fully realized.
The stars in 1977

ARIES
(MARCH 21 — APRIL 20)

YOUR ruling planet is Mars; your fortunate days are Tuesdays and Saturdays; your lucky colour is crimson red; your fortunate gem is the coral.

The first four months of 1977 will prove particularly happy and fortunate for the vast majority of Aries folk. Even when minor difficulties and annoyances crop up, these will be largely transitory, and will not be serious enough to create worry or unhappiness. The first two months of the year will be particularly auspicious, and the remainder of the first four months will bring considerable advantage.

Those born on March 21st and 22nd will benefit from the optimistic and sunny outlook of the first two months of the year. This will be particularly true for those born on these days who are also born in the first two weeks of the month. Those born in the last two weeks of March, however, may experience some difficulties and challenges.

Those born on March 30th and 31st, in April, and August, from elders. This will, however, be quickly overcome. Those born on April 1st-5th, especially the 3rd, 4th, and 5th, will be very successful in March, and their health will be excellent too. The last two weeks of August and in November. In April, however, those born in April, may encounter many obstacles and unexpected difficulties.

Those born on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, may face doubt and perplexity as to how best to solve acute domestic problems and are liable to prejudice in business. - April, here again, being a particularly awkward month. If possible, therefore, these Arians should make their decisions in March and stick to them. The 11th and 12th are birthdays, which warn their owners to guard against accession and tricky occupation in January, but those celebrating the 13th and 14th prosper by speculative enterprise in July and at the beginning of August. Some problems in October are foreseen for April 15th and 16th folk.

TAURUS
(APRIL 21—MAY 22)

YOUR ruling planet is Venus, your most fortunate day is Friday, your lucky colour is light blue; your fortunate gem is the sapphire.

With only one or two notable exceptions, but those are very important — sun in Taurus folk will enter on a period of substantial good fortune and much happiness at the end of April 1977, and again in one or two instances the degree of “good-luck” is likely to be exceptional.

As a general proposition the summer months will bring much vocational and business worry. There will be domestic uncertainties, sometimes resulting in divorce for those born at sunrise or sunset. By far the best fortunes, and those exceptionally auspicious, must be allotted to those Taurians who first saw the light at about noon. Those born on or around April 22nd, and especially the date mentioned and the 24th, are urged to exercise the utmost care, refraining all needless risk at the end of May and throughout June.

Those celebrating their birthdays on April 27th and 28th will prosper exceedingly in May, while those whose birthdays fall between April 29th and May 2nd will find that June and December will bring them better health and fortune than at the beginning of the year; they are, however, advised to exercise caution and refuse needless risks and quarrels in April and July.

Those born on or around May 3rd to 5th, though advised to be cautious in April, are promised much good fortune in the business and of November, this applies specially to those born in May 3rd. Those claiming the next three birthdays — the 6th, 7th and 8th — are earnestly advised to exercise the utmost restraint and caution at the end of March and beginning of April, but the upward swing of their fortunes will be resumed in November.

May 9th and 10th, and especially 11th and 12th, are birthdays signifying a continuance of splendid health and good fortune. August and September being particularly happy months, with some unexpected gains through travelling. Those born on or near May 15th would be wise to defer contemplated moves from the spring to the end of the year. Those born on the otherwise fortunate May 17th and 18th are advised to be cautious as to property and business in July, this also applying to the remaining birthdays.

GEMINI
(MAY 23 — JUNE 21)

YOUR ruling planet is Mercury; your fortunate day is Wednesday; your lucky colour is yellow; your fortunate gem is the emerald.

The year at hand will be remarkable, insofar as those born with the sun in Gemini are concerned, for its quiet, steady progress without any remarkable changes of fortune or ups-and-downs. Gemini folk as a whole will proceed steadily along the even tenor or their way with good fortune predominating, the greatest good being realised by those who were born about a couple of hours before noon or sunrise. The summer months will be somewhat trying for their health but thanks to speculation then and in the autumn they will get some money.

Those celebrating birthdays on or very near May 24th will be exceedingly active and in many cases will travel extensively in their natal month. Those whose birthdays fall on or very near May 28th meet with great success in business through the help of friends in April and through the co-operation and counsel of old friends and relatives in May and June, when they may also carry through profitable property deals. But they should note that at the end of the year conditions become somewhat unfavourable for them in regard to both elders and property transactions.

Those born on or about June 5th meet with success, often through friends' introductions. In property deals during the first three months of the year, and also through travelling and collaboration with near relatives in August. Those with birthdays on June 8th will have opportunities to gain by speculation in the spring and early summer. This forecast
CANCER

(JUNE 22 — JULY 22)

YOUR ruling planet is the Moon; your most fortunate days are Mondays and Tuesdays; your lucky colours are white and violet; your fortunate gems are pearl and agate.

Home-loving Cancer folk will again find themselves the victims of events beyond their control, changing their lives and often their places of abode. The pattern will in fact be somewhat similar to that of 1976 but with the big and comforting difference that before 1977 ends these will be some quite substantial benefits from these enforced moves. Or it will by then have become evident that such benefits will materialise in the fullness of time. This element of change is stressed for vocation and residence respectively, for moon and for midnight births. The biggest features of the year, however, will be the health and fullness of friends, old and new. Business should be good, essentially for those born at about sunrise.

Those celebrating birthdays on June 22nd benefit through friends and are socially prominent in April and May and will be much inclined to fall in love around mid-summer. Those whose birthdays occur at the end of June or the beginning of July are likely to encounter delays and obstacles, especially in regard to elder and property, and may feel themselves compelled to make moves which it would probably be better for them not to make.

Those celebrating birthdays on July 5th and 6th are advised to exercise care in property dealings in January and February, but may prosper thereby or by receipt of a legacy or some speculative gain in July, which month (also August and September) will favour those whose birthdays fall between July 7th and 12th, especially July 8th — an exceptionally propitious anniversary. July 13th, 14th and 15th birthdays will be subjected to worrying and perplexing influences in October and November. Although the next five birthdays, from 16th to 20th, are mainly propitious, nevertheless these people must be advised to guard against probable attempts at deception in January, which might result in litigation, and to be particularly careful in all dealings with elders and partners in November and December.

Romance is probable in June and July for many of the unattached celebrating birthdays on July 21st and 22nd.

LION

(JULY 23—AUGUST 22)

YOUR ruling planet is Sun; your most fortunate day is Sunday; your lucky colour is orange; your fortunate gem is the ruby.

The outlook for Leo folk remains relatively good for they will prosper in their business and vocational affairs in many cases, especially if born at about sunrise, through private associations and information, or through interests in distant parts of the world. They will, however, be sometimes troubled by domestic quarrels in their home life, with near relatives less helpful and appreciative. Those born at about sunset will find business and vocational affairs fraught with the danger of disputes, while those born at about midnight will benefit by success and fortune of partners and spouses. The best financial and general prospects are held by those born at about sunrise.

People born on July 23rd (especially) and 24th are advised to refrain from speculation and refuse all needless risks in the latter parts of May and throughout June they should, however, find business excellent in December. July and August will bring opportunities for gain by real estate transactions and through the co-operation of elders for those celebrating birthdays on August 1st and 2nd. Those celebrating the 3rd and to some extent the 4th, 5th and 6th, are advised to restrain a tendency towards extravagance and over-optimism in December. August 7th folk excel in business at the beginning of the year, also, in August, for them an exceptionally busy month, and as a result realise good profits in September, many of them gaining by speculative enterprise.

The 8th (to some extent only) and 9th to 12th (especially 11th and 12th) celebrants are strongly advised to exercise caution and refrain from all needless risks (especially in financial affairs) in April and at the end of July and beginning of August, when tendencies towards extravagance and over-optimism should also be checked.

Those whose birthdays occur on August 13th and especially 14th now enjoy improved fortunes and are likely to benefit substantially at the end of the year through legacies, often from elderly female relatives.

Those born on or about August 20th, particularly 17th, appear to be scheduled for successful business activity in July and promotion or gain through service matters during the last four months of the year August 22nd people prosper exceedingly, especially in December.

VIRGO

(AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22)

YOUR ruling planet is Mercury; your fortunate day is Wednesday; your lucky colour is dark yellow, your fortunate gem is the sardonyx.

Virgarians will experience at least average fortunes in 1977 with gain through distant interests a feature, especially in the case of those born at about sunrise who will also gain unexpectedly through wives or husbands and friends of unusual character in remarkable circumstances, often with a romantic flavour. Business and money will, however, be 'hard to come by'. Those born at about sunset will benefit through near relatives and in some cases by lucky speculation; those born at about moon will experience a very trying time emotionally in the summer months and suffer a serious disappointment through the loss or even death of a friend, while those born at about midnight will be particularly fortunate in regard to friends and friendship, but be troubled by some domestic annoyance involving financial loss.

Those celebrating birthdays between August 23rd—25th will make great vocational and business headway in May and June, often through travel or the co-operation of relatives, but will experience minor difficulties and annoyances in January (particularly 23rd folk) and December (especially 23rd and 24th people).

May will be a good month, particularly for those born between August 26th and September 2nd, but during August 26th and September 28th and September 28th and 4th (especially) and 5th birthdays should prosper and have excellent opportunities in June and still more in November and December — probably as a result of events in June and opportunities then seized.

Romantic events will throw many an unattached September 5th and 10th Virgarian into Cupid's willing arms. In December, the same applying to September 5th folk in November, September 8th and 9th subjects are likely to experience a remarkable run of luck both a few weeks before and after their birthdays — the same applying to the 13th and 14th, immediately before and after their birthdays. Good opportunities come to September 10th people in March, April and August, but they must be watchful against loss. 1977 will end well and begin much more happily for September 22nd folk than did 1976.
LIBRA  (SEP 23 — OCT 22)

Your ruling planet is Venus; your most fortunate days are Fridays and Saturdays; your lucky colour is pale blue, your fortunate gem is chrysolite.

The average sun in Libra person, if born in October, will be feeling the limiting, restraining spiritual thought—compelling influence of Saturn for the 'gloomy' planet will remain in Leo throughout 1977. In most cases it will soon be evident Saturn's restrictions are in reality 'blessings in disguise,' a rule it is only after a chastening event that we are able even to partially perceive the infinite goodness of God's providence.

Broadly speaking Librans born in September will now be beginning to look back and will be saying to themselves, 'Oh, well it has all happened for the best— I can see it now.' Most of those born on or very near October 10th will be making the same reflection in 1977. Librans born at about 3rd will find business and vocations affairs very unsettled, but their partners prosperous. Those born at sunset will be subject to circumstances compelling unexpected change of residence, those born at noon will be undecided and find business subject to delays; those born around midnight will have the best prospects.

The September birthdays are mainly propitious—in any case Saturn's departure must make for an easing of former troubles and despondency—and there will be some success in the spring, still more at the end of the year. October 1st and 2nd folk should prepare to encounter some opposition from others. Between April—July those celebrating birthdays on October 3rd and 4th will meet a great deal of opposition in April and August; October 6th and 7th people, though probably tied down in February, March and September, will nevertheless benefit through young friends in August and gain by travel and enterprise in November, which also applies to those celebrating October 8th, whose chief testing time, however, is January, when there will be a tendency to depression. Extra care of health should be taken.

Those born on or near the 10th and particularly the 10th and 15th are likely to find the early autumn very disturbing and if possible decisions should not be made by them then. A beneficial change in April—which may lead to a more secure position in October—is foreseen for those celebrating birthdays on October 13th and 16th, the natal moon being especially happy in these months, especially for the 15th and 16th folk, for whom it inclines to love and a happy event October 17th and 19th folk—especially 18th—will need to counter depressing influences in November and December by adequate recreation.

SAGITTARIUS  (NOV 22 — DEC 22)

Your ruling planet is Jupiter; your most fortunate day is Thursday; your lucky colour is purple; your most fortunate gem is topaz.

The first four months will prove to be the best part of 1977 for most Sagittarians and many will experience considerable good fortune—often speculative 'luck' which they are so often inclined towards. Health should be excellent for the majority but there may be some worry concerning the well-being of friends and one who is particularly valued may suffer during the course of the year. This threat applies particularly to those born around sunrise. Many of them will, however, rejoice at the success and good fortune of their spouses and partners. Sagittarians born around mid-day will benefit by the extraordinary progress of their children and speculation, while those born around midnight will benefit through old or new friends and distant interests.

Sagittarians born on or very near November 23rd are advised to be a little cautious in January and February in dealing with property and elders: their previous good fortune (in 1976) may, however, return in December—which in any case will be for them a very busy month. The good fortune of those born at the end of November (especially 29th) last year, is likely to extend into 1977, and should become very pronounced with a favourable legacy or property dealings, in the period May—July. After a very busy April. Speculative gain is also likely then.

Those born on or about December 8th will have a most interesting and eventful year; in the first two months, gain through elders and property being scheduled, in the latter part of May, June and beginning of July, minor losses and changes, followed by gains by speculation in August and intense business activities in November. Many Sagittarians, whose anniversaries fall on or about December 14th, will be much interested in the occult practically throughout the year and some will also gain from speculation in November.

Those celebrating their birthdays on or near December 19th are likely to profit by quick speculative deals or even by out-and-out speculation in the latter part of July and through other means at the very end of the year.

SCORPIO  (OCT 23 — NOV 21)

Your ruling planet is Mars; your most fortunate day is Tuesday; your lucky colour is dark red; your fortunate gem are the opal and coral.

Scorpio people will experience in 1977 one of the most remarkable perhaps, the most remarkable year of their lives—it will be a year of intense effort and action. One in which they will not only have tremendous emotional experience but also will exercise immense influence on their families and close associates, these remarkable aspects applying with special force to those born at about sunrise.

The first eight months of the year will be particularly excellent. Those born at noon will find that these months will mainly affect their vocational lives; those born at sunset will largely influence their partners; those born at midnight will influence their parents, residence and home life.

October 23rd and 24th are the most important birthdays because decisions made by people born on will cause 1977 to be a year of either crisis or achievement for these Scorpio folk and those celebrating the 25th, the latter part of May and June will be an exceedingly critical period and, unless caution and restraint are forthcoming, will be fraught with some danger of a crisis though, of course, in many cases, where there has been wise planning in 1976, there will indeed be notable achievement. Those celebrating their birthdays on October 27th are advised to exercise the utmost care in May in both health and financial affairs and, above all, not to lend without ample security, the same applying, though not quite so strongly, to October 31st people.

November 1st and 2nd folk prosper chiefly in February and March, but must conserve their gains or losses will quickly follow. The next six birthdays, though foretelling success in vocational activities, are subject to influences warning of danger of loss through extravagance in July and August and November and December. Those celebrating birthdays on November 9th and 10th are advised to exercise caution and restraint at the end of March and beginning of April. Those born on the next three days are advised to check tendencies towards optimism and extravagance in August and September.

Those born on or near November 17th will be troubled by minor financial difficulties, particularly in April and the beginning of August.

CAPRICORN  (DEC 23 — JAN 20)

Your ruling planet is Saturn; your most fortunate days are Fridays and Saturdays; your lucky colours are green and ash; your fortunate gem is turquoise.

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Domestic affairs, progress of children and, in some cases, occupation will bring much happiness and gain to the average sun in Capricorn person during 1977, this applies with special emphasis to those born at or near sunset. On the other hand business will pose many problems and demand constant watchfulness. Those born at about midnight, in general, are advised to be as cheerful as possible by making adequate use of leisure. Excellent business and social prospects are in store for those born at about sunset.

Those born on or near December 24 will excel in business (mostly through the help or co-operation of business friends) especially in the late summer and autumn, but also in those born in December.

Those born between January 1 and 4 Inclusive (especially if born at about sunset), will be troubled by sudden unexpected upheavals in respect of relations with partners, husbands and wives.

Probably a most exciting and eventful year will be the portion of those born between January 6 and 9 who through hard work and enterprise will expand their business in March or April and gain further by speculation but they will during the remainder of the year experience some matrimonial and partnership upheavals, which threaten to disturb severely the lives of those celebrating their birthdays between January 10 and 12. Those last mentioned Capricornians, however, meet with appreciable success in August and September.

Those born between January 13 and 17 will experience favourable anniversaries, benefit by hard work and help of friends, especially in the late summer and autumn, but are also advised to safeguard health particularly by keeping warm and dry at the end of the year.

People born in the remaining days are advised to guard against deception and over-optimism, also extravagance in January and April respectively. They are also advised to pay special attention to business details and refuse needless risks in November.

**AQUARIUS**

(YAN 21 — FEB 19)

**YOUR** solar sign is Aquarius, your ruling planet is Saturn; your most fortunate day is Saturday; your lucky colour is light green; your fortunate gem is amethyst.

For the majority of Aquarians, 1977 will be a good year with much gain through travel. Those born at about sunset, however, will find the last three months of the year trying in the matter of business, while those born at sunset are not unlikely to suffer bereavement and be adversely affected by some trouble befalling either of their parents. Whereas those born at about midday gain through friends and realise ambitions, those born at midnight gain through industry and courage also through their spouses and partners.

Those otherwise fortunate Aquarians born between January 20 and 24 are advised to avoid needless risks and refrain from quarrels in the latter part of May and throughout June. Similar advice applying, but very much more strongly, to those celebrating January 25 and 26.

Owners of the next four birthdays gain by property dealings, elders and fortuitous good fortune, including inheritance of legacies, especially in June. Those celebrating January 31, especially, and February 1 and 2 and 3 are urged to curb their ambitions.

The first two months of the year will be beneficial, perhaps, through legacy for those celebrating 4th, 5th and 6th. They should, however, refuse to avoid needless risks and quarrels in April and should exercise self-control over a tendency towards over-optimism and extravagance in July and December. This last-mentioned advice applies very much more strongly to those celebrating the 7th, 8th and 9th for whom, in addition, the end of March must be described as a trying, exciting period, during which caution should be the watchword. It should also be noted that the 4th and 5th February Aquarians gain much by business and vocational activity in December.

Those born between February 10 and 18 should realise gains through speculation or legacy in March, but then caution must also be advised in August lest these benefits be lost by carelessness or extravagance.

Those born on or near the 10th will be much interested in occult in summer. Those celebrating the 16th will be very active in business in July, and also those celebrating the 18th will have opportunities to gain by law in December.

**PISCES**

(FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20)

**YOUR** solar sign is Pisces, your planet is Jupiter; your most fortunate day is Thursday; your lucky colour is silver grey; your fortunate gem is blood-stone.

The first few months of 1977 should bring substantial expansion for Piscians, which may, however, be followed by heavy expenses on near relatives, often unhappily attended by some unpleasantry. These remarks apply particularly to those born about sunrise.

Those born at about sunset will experience changes and upheavals. But ultimately benefit will accrue to those born at about noon, while those born at about midnight improve in health.

Romantic and domestic joys, in many cases gain by inheritance, hard work and initiative are expected in May and June for those whose birthdays fall between February 20 and 27. February 23rd folks are exceptionally favoured in the months mentioned.

One of the most remarkable birthdays in 1977's calendar is February 29th—its owner should enjoy a considerable run of success in 1977, gaining dramatically by speculative enterprise and in sudden, unexpected ways— including in some cases lightning courtship and marriage.

Broadly speaking the first six March birthdays favour marriage for women—in any case for men in the services, especially in spring and summer this inclination to romance being particularly marked in the case of those celebrating the 1st and 6th. Those born between March 2 and 4 gain by original business methods in the period April-July, June being especially propitious. In many instances they will witness happy and sudden family re-unions, also occasional gains by legacy or luck in speculation.

Those celebrating March 7th (especially) and 8th will gain by hard work and keen business enterprises, some by speculation especially at the end of March, also by novel methods of business and advertising during the last four months of the year, but March 7th celebrants are urged to avoid needless risks and avoid quarrels at the end of May and June. March 9th and 11th folks will find things favourable in August, often through the aid of near relatives while those celebrating the 12th and 13th are advised to be cautious in May and July.

Those celebrating March 14th and 15th may find Cupid lying in wait for them in unromantic November, but April should be a good month for the remaining Piscians.
It is undeniably nice to make newspaper headlines, but there are some people whose name has almost always been held up mainly to be ridiculed Prince Philip is one such. Recently his name popped up again when he told an American magazine that England may well be overwhelmed by civil disorder and violence unless the country adopts a “greater sense of realism” and controls the “rate of breeding.

The Britshers snicker not merely because he is hopelessly wrong—he is so naive that he once suggested that overpopulation be cured by a tax on babies—but because they cannot understand why he must speak up at all. Nevertheless, when the pompous prince has lectured from his royal pedestal, his sayings demand comment. Why does he make these royal pronouncements? Some say this is because his horizons extend beyond the Queen’s narrowly defined field of interest—the royal family. It is said he is a shy loner who feels he must pontificate about current problems, and his external rudeness is just to hide his natural bashfulness. The result is not just that he loses his head at photographers but when he opens his mouth to talk to them, he promptly puts his foot into it. Then, say others, a combination of his distaste for pomp and eagerness for all new in science and technology makes him impatient and intolerant and he ends up saying things he has to apologize for later on. But probably the surest reason for his outspokenness is that he sees himself in the same role as Prince Albert, the Consort of Queen Victoria who had a profound influence not only on the Queen but on contemporary thinking on the institution of monarchy. However, what Prince Philip forgets is that Albert was an intellectual who studied law, philosophy, history, literature and the science of government. Prince Philip is intelligent but nowhere near as scholarly. The result is, as one noted critic of the Royal Family puts it, that Philip ends up being, “a bencvolent busybody without rival in our time.”

Trifre is good news for devotees of Carnatic music. Indira Natesan, a noted composer of Carnatic music, has just released her first book of 50 ‘Krithis’. The publication of the book, “Jyothima Natesan” represents a unique achievement for the Calcutta-based composer who has composed over 2,000 Krithis in Sanskrit, Telugu and Tamil all this, without any formal education. A noticeable feature about these ‘Krithis’ is their spontaneity. They were mostly composed on the spot during puja or a religious function. During the Durga Puja in Calcutta Indira Natesan composed a hymn as she sat before an image.

Mukul Sharma got married recently to Reena Das Gupta. Those who follow Indo-Anglian poetry will recognize Mukul Sharma’s name, whose book of poetry, ‘Hardcore Corn’, was published recently by a very enthusiastic Professor D. Lal and his Writer’s Workshop. Many more people will recognize Reena Das Gupta—she is the Aparna Sen of films. The marriage is the result of a long and beautiful affair (Mukul does not at all feel abashed about addressing Ananya as “light of my life,” etc.) Reena divorced her first husband to get married to Mukul and the actress and the poet can only foresee roses along their way. Oh yes, Mukul dedicated his book of poems to Reena, and Reena is giving up films as soon as she finishes her present assignments.

True love.
NANDINI SATPATHY resigned as the chief minister of Orissa. President's rule was imposed on the state following Mrs. Satpathy's resignation. The state Assembly has been kept in suspended animation and hasn't been dissolved, which would seem to indicate that another Congress ministry may soon be installed in Orissa.

RIYADH, HERE WE COME: Following the OPEC decision to raise prices, India's oil import bill is expected to go up by anything between Rs. 100-125 crore. While 11 among the 13-member OPEC decided to hike prices by 15% in 1977, Saudi Arabia and the UAE will raise prices by only 5%. This is the first split in the unity of OPEC. Above, Saudi Arabia's oil minister Sheikh Yamani is seen with Union ministers K. D. Malaviya and C. P. Maphi.

HE BELIEVES IN NATIONALISATION: Union labour minister Raghunath Reddy said recently that nationalisation of industry was vital if India was to become a socialist state. He said it was a pity that workers had not been paid a fair production bonus and that the company's balance sheets did not reflect the correct state of affairs.

M. KARUNANIDHI, the DMK leader and ex-chief minister of Tamil Nadu, convened a meeting of the non-Communist Opposition parties to discuss measures to break the political stalemate in the country. The parties agreed to hold unconditional talks with the government on national issues.

TRAITORS TWO? General Yahya Khan (left) and General Tikka Khan and four other retired Pakistan generals are facing charges of treason in a Lahore court. The case was filed by one Malik Aftab Khan in December 1971. The other four generals are Abdul Hamid Khan, who was Yahya Khan's chief of the army staff, Pirzada, Khudadad Khan and Kayhani.
BREAD PAKORA

8 slices of bread, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 100 gms besan, ½ teaspoon ginge- 

r paste, ¼ teaspoon chilli 

powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, a pinch of soda bicarb, salt to taste, mustard oil for 

frying

Grate onion. Add to the 

besan. Add vinegar chilli 

powder, ginger paste, sugar, 

salt and soda bicarb. Take 1½ 

cup of water and add to the 

besan mixture. Mix them very well and make a thick batter. Now cut the 

slices of bread into different 

shapes according to your 

desire. Place a deep Karai 

on heat. Heat oil and when 

it is smoking hot, dip the 

bread pieces one at a time 

into the besan batter and 

dep fry till golden brown. 

Serve at tea time. Garnish 

with sliced tomatoes, onions 

and sliced dhania patta.

CUCUMBER, APPLE 

AND MUSHROOM 

FRITTERS

1 cucumber; 1 cooking apple; 200 gms button mush- 

room, 6 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoon salad oil, 1-1/2 

cup of water, 1 level tea-

spoonful baking powder; fat 

for deep frying, salt and 

pepper to taste.

Cut the cucumber into 

half inch cubes. Peel the 

apple. Remove the core and 

slice into cubes. Wash and 

dice the mushrooms. Do 

not peel. Cook the salad oil 

into the sliced flour with 

salt and add half the water 

gradually to a batter with 

the rest of the water. 

Stir in the baking powder.

Heat the fat in a deep 

Karai on high heat. When 

smoking hot, dip a piece 

of cucumber on a fork dip 

into the batter, then slip it 

off the fork into the fat. 

The fritters should be gold- 
en brown. Make more 

fritters with cucumber, 

apple and mushrooms. Fry 
three to four fritters at the 
same time then lift them 

out of the fat and drain 

them on kitchen paper. Re- 

heat the fat between each 

batch of fritters. Serve at 
your tea table.

CHICKEN SALAD

750 gms. size chicken; 4 

large ripe tomatoes; a bunch 

of lettuce, ½ pint double 
cream; 1 tablespoon finely 

chopped walnut; 6 walnut 

halves; salt to taste.

Then pour off the water. 

Peel them and cut them in 

quarters. Scoop out the 

seeds. Cut the lettuce leaves 

into halves. Arrange the 

leaves round the sides of 

the plate. Then arrange the 

pieces of tomatoes down 

on the bed of lettuce giving 

an equal gap.

Whip the cream and lightly fold in the finely chopped 

walnuts and a bit of salt. Heap this on top of the 

chicken. Arrange the 

walnut halves along the top.

CHEESE AND 

MUSHROOM 

CASSEROLE

150 gms button mush- 

room, 50 gms butter, 1 

green capsicum, 3 eggs, 

250 ml milk, 1-1/2 
		table- 

spoon soft white bread 
		crumbs, 1 tablespoon minced 
		meat, 400 gms cheese. 
		salt to taste; 1 level tea-

spoon mustard.

Slice and fry mushrooms in butter. Leave few slices for 

garnishing. Remove 

stalk and pipes from the 
capsicum. Boil meat till 
tender. Beat eggs with milk 

and a little bit of salt and 

pour in the bread crumbs. 

Leave aside for ten minutes. 

Then add the other ingredi- 

ents. Mix well and add salt 

and mustard. Put in but- 
tered casserole. Garnish 

with capsicum and mush- 

room. Bake in a moderate 

oven for 30 minutes until 
golden.

DRAUPADI
This week Sun and Mercury are in Sagittarius, Venus in Capricorn, Jupiter and Ketu in Aries, Saturn in Cancer, Uranus and Rahu in Libra and Mars and Neptune in Scorpio. Moon will be moving through Gemini and Cancer from Taurus.

**ARIES**
(March 21 — April 20) Those working in offices will receive good news. The amount of money you expected will come in due time to solve your domestic problems. Peace will prevail in the family. Lovers must avoid unnecessary misunderstandings and controversies. Your court cases, if any, will cause worry. Students should take extra care of their studies for examinations. Avoid speculation, gambling and betting. Be alert and face the developments. Wisely postpone some matters. Good dates: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Bad dates: 5, 7 and 8. Lucky numbers: 3, 4 and 5. Favourable direction: West.

**TAURUS**
(April 21 — May 21) Though you are sincere and devoted, others will not acknowledge that. But you must work hard and establish yourself. Businessmen have to concentrate more on their activity to avoid loss. Your skills in the court will win you in your favour. Some members of your family may suddenly fall sick. A good time for ladies and lovers to seek new clothes, jewels, and presents. Don’t rush into any new ventures this week. Wait for an ideal time. Letters will bring you good news. Good dates: 3, 4, 5, 7 and 8. Bad dates: 2 and 6. Lucky numbers: 3, 7 and 9. Favourable direction: South-east.

**GEMINI**
(May 22 — June 21) You will get some relief. You will receive favours by the week end. Some of your long cherished wishes will be fulfilled. Those with whom your friendship is only lukewarm will come forward to help you. Strengthen your ties. You will be meeting big people and receive good news. Time is ripe for meeting the wants of your family, particularly your life partners and those of young children. You may even gain in speculation, lottery, gambling and betting. Good dates: 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8. Bad dates: 5 and 6. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 9. Favourable direction: North-west.

**CANCER**
(June 22 — July 22) Be on the alert throughout the week. Don’t enter into controversies or be the cause of a major problem which will arise. Your efforts to avoid loss will be successful. Friends and relatives. Don’t take hasty decisions or throw aspersions on others. Wait for the current to flow in your favour. Avoid speculation, gambling and bad company. Financially a tough time prevails. Wisely postpone troublesome matters to a later date. Lovers should avoid paying heed to tale bearers and bad elements. Good dates: 3, 5 and 7. Bad dates: 2, 4, 6 and 8. Lucky number: None. Favourable directions: South and East.

**LEO**
( July 23 — August 21) You may have to go on a journey this week. Financially you will somehow get some relief in matters. Some may have to seek loans. Suits, if any, will not worry you. You will be a host to your dear friends. You may have to re-open past issues and work them out. A good time for ladies, sportsmen and lovers. No worry about the health of your family. Generally speaking, no problem of a serious nature is likely to crop up. Good dates: 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7. Bad dates: 3 and 8. Lucky numbers: 7, 4 and 1. Favourable directions: East and South.

**VIRGO**
( August 22 — September 22) All those elements who were either openly or secretly against you and those with whom you had a falling out will turn a new leaf and come forward to help you. Some will even seek your help for solving their own problems. A good period to fulfill the wants of your family. Ladies and children will get new costumes, jewels and other presents. Good week for contracts, shifting residence and correspondence. A good time for love and matrimonial affairs and starting new ventures. Good dates: 2, 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Bad date: 4. Lucky number: None. Favourable direction: West.

**LIBRA**
(September 23 — October 23) A week of ups and downs. Your ventures will land in a stalemate. You will seek the aid of others. You have to gain tactfully by meeting seniors and officials. Financially you will be able to manage through new loans. Not a bright period for businessmen and lovers. You will have to face new problems one after another with a lot of patience and wisdom. However, you will get good news from a distant place. Wait and work for a good time. Good dates: 4, 7 and 8. Bad dates: 2 and 5. Lucky numbers: 4, 2 and 7. Favourable direction: South.

**SCORPIO**
(October 24 — November 21) Businessmen should be cautious and avoid losses. Middle class people will have to take charge of their duties at office. That is the only way to avoid displeasure, punishment and transfer likely. Avoid travel and correspondence. Exercise control over your tongue. Don’t poke your nose into others’ affairs. Avoid speculation and betting. Be vigilant throughout the week. Good dates: 6, 7 and 8. Bad dates: 2, 3, 4 and 5. Lucky number: None. Favourable directions: North and South.

**SAGITTARIUS**
(November 22 — December 22) Don’t go in for new ventures in the beginning of the week. All your past attempts will fail, you will be left in confusion and dejection. Try to avoid controversies with friends and relatives. You will have to face acute shortage of money. The last four days of the week will begin to give you relief. Act with great vigour. Good dates: 3, 4 and 7. Bad dates: 2, 5 and 6. Lucky numbers: 4, 2 and 7. Favourable direction: South-east.

**CAPRICORN**
(December 23 — January 20) A week of mixed reactions. Patience and wisdom needed in handling matters. Don’t be dejected by the loss you incur. A visit to a temple will help you. You will be patch up this week. A travel will give you gains. By the week end you will get new friends and benefits. Children will be happy. No worry over health. Good dates: 2, 4, 6 and 7. Bad dates: 3, 5 and 8. Lucky numbers: 6, 5 and 2. Favourable direction: East.

**AQUARIUS**
(January 21 — February 19) The track is clear. Act swiftly and seriously in all matters, and you will score. Many of your problems will be solved this week by your sincere and hardworking efforts. Elders and good friends will unhastefully rush to extend their support to you. Letters and journeys will help you. No worry over health. If ladies lose their temper and persist in their ill-conceived plans, they will be creating unnecessary problems. Good dates: 2, 3, 5, 6, 7 and 8. Bad date: 4. Lucky numbers: 3, 9, 10. Favourable direction: South-West.

**PILES**
(February 20 — March 20) A congenial atmosphere prevails both at home and outside. Act rightly and achieve success. Senior officials, elders, and comrades will be of help to you. A good period for love and matrimonial affairs. Good period for travel. Ladies and children will receive presents and gifts. Time is ripe for you to plan and work out new ventures. A good week before you. It is for you to make the best of it. Good dates: 2, 4, 6 and 8. Bad dates: 3, 5 and 7. Lucky number: 6, 7 and 9. Favourable directions: South and East.

M. B. RAMAN
Quotes of the year

**IT IS TIME** to catch up with Calcutta. The city will not wait for critics, cynics and admirers—Mr Bholanath Sen, West Bengal CPWD Minister.

I CONSIDERED myself an ideological liberal—the then CIA director, William Colby.

I GET SOUND sleep in crises I am not the sort to be intimidated by an ultimatum—Zulfiquar All Bhatta.

IF THE U.N. didn’t exist, it would be impossible to invent it—Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

LITERATUR[ ] is brilliant illiteracy—Raghupati Sahai ‘Firqa’.

DEMOCRACY is like the Ganga, it must be bound and bridled properly—Dr B Gopala Reddy, former U.P. Governor.

MR IAN SMITH is his own man and will go his own way, but whether to heaven or perdition I am not sure—James Callaghan.

IT IS THE rest of the world that is wrong and we that are right—Ian Smith.

I AM NOT concerned with what other people are concerned with—Mrs Gandhi.

WHEN I'M elected I'll never tell a lie—the then U.S. Presidential aspirant Jimmy Carter.

THE CONFLICT between us and Israel is one of the laws of nature—Geddafl.

MY MOTTO is: Ask the advice of the technocrats and just, well, do the opposite and you’ll succeed—Shah of Iran.

I WON’T have a women’s libber as one of my friends. Those idiotic women who go around telling all the other women the way they do—basically, because I think they want to be men—are, to my mind, totally wrong—Prince Charles.

IF COMMUNISTS took over the Sahara there would be a shortage of sand—Moynihan.

BRITAIN IS like a football team with 11 coaches sitting on the bench and one player to compete with the opposition—Prince Philip.

COMPARRED to the French, the American presence in Vietnam was very popular—General Westmoreland.

I PREFER men to be superior—Dame Margot Fonteyn.

I’LL WAGER you that in ten years it’ll be fashionable again to be a virgin—Barbara Cartland.

PEOPLE WILL vote for a bastard if they think he is an effective bastard. I intend to prove I am the most effective bastard around—John Parson, British M.P.

I AM BEGINNING to understand how arranged marriages can be successful—Michael Foot on his relationship with the British Premier.

IN INDIA, to be old is to be discarded—Uday Shankar.

GADAPI HAS a split personality—both of them evil—President Numulery of The Sudan.

ANYONE WHO thinks it is possible for an artist not to have an ego is obviously not an artist himself—Satej Ray.

THE PORTUGUESE people cannot eat ideology—Mario Soares.

LITERATURE grows out of the barrels of power, even if it is alien power—Samar Sen.

ALL I HAVE to offer is my head on the platter—Ian Smith.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to become irrelevant—Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole Rhodesian guerrilla leader.

WE'RE on a long march, but we're on the wrong road—Mrs Margaret Thatcher.

I HAVE YET not decided to die—Archbishop Makarios.

ONE BECOMES a chief minister only if he has committed 5,000 sins in his previous birth—S.S. Ray.

OPINIONS are important but more important is how they are held—Kuldip Nayar.

IRAN HAS NO interest in gaining more sand—André Abbes Haweyda, Iran’s Prime Minister.

ROME WAS not burnt in a day—Philip Howard in The Times.

IT IS A nuisance to be 70 years old and not feel it—the only reward I get is that young people think I am showing off—A.J.P. Taylor.

WE SHOULD start preparing people for retirement while they are still at secondary school—Dennis Howell Britain’s minister for sport.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has nine lives. And she is just entering her seventh—Shirley MacLaine.

ABOVE SENSE ko below sense wala kaise test kar sakta hai?—Sal Baba.

THERE ARE two kinds of rationalists, those who believe in God and those who don’t—Dr Narasimhiah.

THE FACTS OF science and the results of faith are two large non-overlapping realms of human activity—Dr. S Bhagavathan.

GOOD FICTION is just another way of telling the truth—Truman Capote.

AS YOU GET older, you get more boring and better behaved English novelist, Simon Raven.

I AM AFRAID that we in India worry too much about the “how” of things—Sanjay Gandhi.

IN THIS AGE of socialism, when everyone is expected to work, it is anti-social to grow nails—Dr M.S. Randhawa, VC of Punjab Agricultural University.

IN MY OPINION, the basic structure of the Constitution is that it is flexible—Swaran Singh.

GOD WILL ALWAYS bless me and I will not die until the day when God wants me to die—Idi Amin.

I’VE LOOKED on a lot of women with lust—Jimmy Carter.

I AM COLOUR blind—Jeremy Thorpe, Liberal Party leader.

THERE IS NO quality a politician requires more than to be lucky—Michael Foot.

I THINK PEOPLE should be very free with sex—they should draw the line at goats—Elton John, rock singer.
YOU may describe the feebleminded by some words with interesting histories. Stupid is a fairly simple case. It originally meant 'stupeled' or 'bemumbed', and gradually attached to people whose brains were always in that state.

Idiot is more complex. It comes from a Greek word meaning 'private' or 'individual' (whence idiosyncrasy, a private or personal trait). It meant a private or common man, a layman, as opposed to a rank, to mean an ignorant person, and finally one who was mentally retarded.

Fool has a good history too. It comes from a Latin word meaning a pair of bellows! In Latin slang, it was used to mean a person whose head, like a pair of bellows, was only full of wind. Modern languages have taken up this meaning.

Finally, you may have guessed that lunatic is related to luna and thus, basically, to moon. Certain types of insanity were supposed to grow and subside with the phase of the moon. Thus, in a general way, any insane person came to be described as 'lunatic', or 'moonstruck', as we may say.

WORD SPINNER

HUMOUR IN REAL LIFE

RECENTLY a friend of mine drove into Bombay's notorious Chor Bazar to replace the front wheel-cap of his new car. After much haggling with the shopkeeper, a 'new cap' was bought and fitted. He drove back home in great spirits, delighted at having struck a wonderful bargain. But his face was a study when, back in his garage, he discovered that the wheel-cap of his rear tyre was missing — Ravindra Gopal, Bombay.

AT A LOCAL cinema hall the police were having a tough time controlling the massive crowds for an English movie. Then somebody thought up a novel scheme to reduce the numbers. Anybody suspected of simply looking around was asked to chant the alphabet. Those who were unable to recite beyond 'C' were promptly chased away — Achal Mehta, Lucknow.

I WAS ACTING as a priest's sidekick at a nearby Jagadhatri pandal. Like many others before him, a man stepped up and paid one rupee as prasam! "Your name and gopa, sir", I enquired. "She know", replied the man, pointing to the diety and disappeared — Debabrata Sen Gupta, Calcutta.

CHRISTMAS means several things to you, unmarried girls who have been waiting for their Prince Charming. There is a delightful custom that is still in vogue in many countries.

Old prescriptions tell us that a girl goes to the nearest banyan tree on Christmas Eve and knocks loudly on the door. If a great hog grunts first in reply, this girl's future husband will be old, which is a pity, but if, instead, she hears a little pig squeal a young male will meet her at the altar.

In Devonshire, England, girls go to a fowl-house to know this secret. Tapping distinctly on the door they are supposed to wait, which they do with nail-biting impatience, for an answer. The crowing of a cock suggests to the girl the pronoun of the beast that is to find one. It means that she will be married before the end of the year. The outlook would be bleak if the hen supplied the answer.

Among the peasantry in the east of Russia there existed an old custom whereby the young girl used to discover through divination whom she would have as her husband. The traditional formula, still prevalent, has it that the girls should utter: "Come and take my stockings." After this, it is believed that their future husbands come and take the stockings.

Among the professional classes and, sometimes in the lesser nobility, parents placed money in the stockings of their child-boy or girl at marriages as a gift for the other partner in the ceremony.

The girls make a dough of cake on Christmas Eve. They prick their initials on it and place it on a stone in front of the hearth. Then they say to themselves a hiding place from where they keep a vigil at night. It is curiously believed that as the clock strikes twelve, their future husbands come walking in through the open door and prick the initials beside their own.

If on Christmas Day girls are still in doubt, one of the safest indications will be the kind of kisses they get under the mistletoe. "Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe." This old Druid custom has survived many generations and is still popular.

You are mistaken if you think that Christmas helps girls only. It also comes to the aid of young men who are shy of being wooed and won by girls. In the Tyrol, in Austria, special ples are baked before Christmas. The girls take these home to share with their families. If while carrying it, a man approaches and offers to carry the pie for her, that is understood to be a proposal. She can take it or leave it.

SUBHASH J. RELE

Illustrations: Abhijit Bhattacharya
DCM

presents new 'Terene' Chiffon Sarees.
Q. My problem is my paunch! I am not overweight and am quite proportionate except for my horrible paunch. Do you think I have hopes of getting rid of it?

A. Abdomen is one region which receives very little exercise, with the result the muscles tend to flab. So do a few abdominal muscle toning exercises. Sit-ups are extremely good for the abdomen. One exercise which seems quite tough initially but is quite easy once you are regular is to be flat on your back hands clasped flat under your neck. Flex your knees so that the feet are planted firmly on the ground quite close to the body. Raise your upper part of the body from the waist and touch your elbows to the knees. Go back to the starting position. Initially you may have to support your feet against a chair or a dresser to prevent them from moving. Do this four times to start with and increase the number to about sixteen times. You will see your paunch disappear within weeks.

Q. I am terribly embarrassed by my superfuzz facial hair. Make-up doesn't seem to help very much. I am a bit wary about getting rid of the hair as I have heard the growth increases later.

A. Well, any modern girl would feel embarrassed by facial hair as her counterparts don't seem to have any! You don't know why you should be afraid of removing them as that is the easiest and quickest method. There are various ways of getting rid of them (a) Creams especially meant for facial hair. (b) Waxing. (c) Electrolysis. (d) Threading which is fairly popular because it is inexpensive. If you are still not too keen on removing the hair the next best method is bleaching. A home made bleach can be prepared by mixing Ammonia (a few drops) to a teaspoon of Hydrogen peroxide and bleaching powder. Apply the thin paste evenly with cotton wool over the face and neck avoiding the eyes completely. Wash off after ten minutes.

Q. Can anything be done about them?

A. Looks like you have a dry skin condition, besides which you may not be taking proper care of them. Hands need such attention as the face slightly more perhaps because of their constant use. After your day's work dip your hands in warm soap water and your work apply cream or lotion to keep them soft.

Q. I am a young woman of twenty-four but because of my overweight I look over thirty. I have tried several ways to reduce but not with much success. I don't eat very much either.

A. Your problem seems to be more due to faulty eating rather than over eating. Make a list of every thing you eat. Even if you have a few peanuts, write it down. Take a look at it and see if your diet consists mainly of cereals (rice, bread, chapatti) and fried foods including vegetables fried in oil. Also see how often you eat in between meals that is munching at 11 o'clock, at tea time, at 6 o'clock etc. All the munching should be stopped immediately. Stick to a very light breakfast consisting of an egg and a glass of fresh fruit juice. Coffee and tea should contain only half teaspoon sugar. At lunch time try and include salads if you can. If not at lunch, salad at dinner time is a must. No desserts whatsoever for six days of the week. Seventh day you can reward yourself. Include citrus fruits melons, AVOID grapes, mangoes, bananas, also potatoes and beetroot. Cokes and Fantas should be curtailed. Exercise along with the diet is a must. Otherwise the slack muscles tend to put on weight again faster. Exercise for 15 to 20 minutes every day. Whenever you think of food, imagine your diet looking slim and beautiful in a clinging dress or a saree! Keep yourself busy all the time so that the mind is diverted away from the food.

MAKU MUKHARA
A VISIGOOTH HELMET! YOU'RE A HORDE OF GOTHES!!!

WHAT IS IT? IT MIGHT BE A HERDSMAID'S HAT. TWO OF THEM!

HAIL! HAIL! WE'RE LOOKING FOR THEM TO SEE IF THEY'RE GOTHES FROM THE WEST OR THE EAST!

HULL! HERE'S THE ROMANS!

LOOK! WHERE'S OBELIX?

LUP'S TOWN, WHAT ASTERIX?

LET'S GET THEM ASTERIX!

PAA!

TM w a e, O IDEAL OF SOD, UMEACR! COME ON, ROMANS!

SOON AFTERWARDS! YOU WERE RIGHT, DECISION, THAT WAS A HORDE!
things are getting complicated not only have we lost time, but the Romans won’t let us go now!

and in an hour Roman came in the tent of general lamentamus.

by Jupiter it seems incredible! Barbarian, winding all about on Roman traditions and getting away with it! We lose all the benefit of this treachery, and if this, we shall all be served up in the circus as the life’s dinner!

Aye, general! the enemy is near!

...say the leader, Kin!

Aye, general! we found the words of barbarians, but we were defeated.

Tell me what this word was like.

There was a fat man and a little one.

Well draw you a picture.

Let’s draw a map of this, future made and have the man to every lamp in the area!

We’ve got to lay hands on them! two Goths!

Hands will be laid on the man! Right and it won’t take long I can promise you that!

Runners set off in all directions...

And soon afterwards.

Somebody’s coming!

Let’s climb this tree!
The astronomers arrive at the launching pad in a truck. At the end of the wide road Prometheus waited, white clouds coming from her venting ports, the hot sun gleaming from her metal flanks. They get into the elevator and reach the cabin. In the cabin the recording of signals begin.

**CORETTA**'s couch was next to his and faced a bank of instrumentation. She was already strapped in and studying the dials.

These displayed duplicates of the biosensor information being fed continuously to Mission Control. Each of the astronauts was wired with pickups that passed on vital readings such as blood pressure, pulse, respiration, body temperature, all of the human biological measurements that had to be monitored, watched closely to assure that these astronauts could stay alive in space.

With the four in the inner compartment secured, Patrick went through the hatch in the wall. Of course wall, ceiling and deck only had meaning when they were on Earth. Once in orbit and weightless, these terms would become meaningless. The walls and lockers for food and equipment, some of it impossible to reach now, all of it accessible soon when they could simply float in any direction.

Prometheus itself, the only part of this immense spacecraft that would go into orbit, was divided into four sections. In the nose was the payload, thirteen hundred tons of generator, reflector and transmitter, the reason for everything else. At the other end of Prometheus, over two hundred feet away, was the nuclear engine with its fuel supply of U235, the engine that would lift them up into their final orbit. Above the engine was the biological shield, twenty-five tons of barrier to keep the radiation from the crew when the engine went into operation. Above the biological shield, also acting as a barrier to radiation was the immense bulk of the liquid hydrogen for the engine, a tank over a hundred feet long.

Sandwiched between the payload before and the hydrogen tank behind was the crew module, the thickest slice of the great length of the spacecraft. It was divided unevenly into two compartments. The larger, inner one, took up about two-thirds of the space. This was the Crew Compartment where the four non-piloting members of the crew had their couches, where all the food and extra equipment was stored. An inner wall with a sealing hatch separated it from the Flight Deck. Here were the couches for the two pilots, all of the flight instrumentation, the windows, periscopes and TV connections that enabled them to look out and guide the ponderous vessel. But they were blind now, the TV cameras sealed into takeoff position while the shroud that protected them and the payload from the atmospheric friction of takeoff, hid any direct view. Nadya was in her copilot's position and talking to Mission Control.

"He's here now, Flax," she said. "He'll be able to talk to you as soon as he plugs in."

"Any results?" Patrick asked her dropping onto the couch and reaching for the headset.

"Negative. The President won't be able to talk to you."

"What about Polyanri?"

"The same answer, Launch Control put me through, but he's involved in a conference with your President."

"They don't want to go on record for keeping this flight going," He threw the radio switch. "You there, Flax?"

"Roger. About your talk with the President, I had his First Assistant, but the President is in conference by phone with Premier Polyanri and cannot talk to you now, but he will as soon as he can."

"Flax. Is this conversion being taped?"

"Of course."

"Then I want to speak for the record."

"It's been a long hold, Patrick, and you must be tired. Why don't you . . ."

"Negative. For the record."

"I have been talking to the doctors here, Patrick. Your pulse and heartbeat show a good deal of stress. They suggest you attempt to rest, sleep if you can, your copilot will take over."

"Knock it off, will you please, Flax. I'm the Commander and what I say is of some interest. If not now—for the record later."

"Sure, Patrick. Just trying . . ."

"I know what you're trying. I'm trying to do it get some facts on record. We are almost two hours into what is called an unsafe period in the flight plan you have in front of you . . ."

"Just an estimate."

"Shut up. I'm saying something, not having a discussion. All the indications are that the unsafe period progresses the condition of the ship deteriorates so that the mission should be aborted. Early estimates were that after half an hour into the unsafe period mission should be cancelled. As Commander of this mission I ask why that has not been done?"

"Decision-making is still progressing at all levels."

"I didn't ask that. I want to know why the recommended procedure has been ignored and why we are still on hold despite earlier decisions to abort at this point."

"Observations indicate the earlier estimates possibility to be pessimistic."

"Give me those results, if you please."

There was a mutter of voices at the other end then Flax was back on, relief obvious in his voice. "Launch Control wants to get through to you. The holds are terminated. Countdown continuing at zero minus twelve minutes."

Patrick opened his mouth to protest—then closed it and flicked off the mike switch instead. He turned to Nadya. "We can still abort the mission. I can do it as a pilot's decision, but it would carry more weight if you agreed."

"I know."

"She spoke very quietly. "Is that what you want?"
"I don’t know what I do know is that we are heading for trouble if we take off now possibly big trouble. But if we abort

The entire Prometheus Project might be scratched. Is that what you are thinking?"

"Something like that. It cost a bundle and people are beginning to complain, and more and more pressure groups are jumping on the bandwagon. But that’s not a problem you have in your country."

We have it, but not in the same way. The Politbureau is the Politbureau. One night there will be a meeting—next morning Polyaev will be Minister for State Pig Farming, and Prometheus will be dead at the same moment. So what do we do?"

“We’re risking our lives if we go on now.”

“We risked our lives when we joined this project. I think—what do you say it in English?—the game is not worth the candle.”

Patrick looked at her in silence for a long moment, nodding his head grimly. “I’ve always thought the game was worth the candle, but this is different. If we take off now we risk destroying everything.”

“If we stay we have the equal risk.”

“Come on, Prometheus.” Kletenik’s voice sounded in their ears. “At zero minus nine minutes how are the levels on your ADP?”

Patrick was searching Nadya’s eyes for an answer to his question. But she had answered it already. She wanted to go ahead. And who was he to disagree? His superiors, the heads of the government, wanted to proceed. He could not go against their judgment and stop the whole thing now. Run his career, perhaps kill the entire Prometheus Project. It was a lot of responsibility to bear. He turned on his microphone. “ADP in the green. What are your readings on fuelling?”

Flax was running with sweat, slumped in his chair like a sack of potatoes. He could not slide down any further but felt the tension drain from his limbs when he heard Patrick’s words. The mission was on. There was danger still, but nothing that the programme and he and the computers could not handle. He was going to ride it all the way. The programme would come up with the answers and the pilots would throw the switches—but it was his mission the instant they took off. Let them space walk and get dosed with radiation and have their parade. They were welcome to it. But none of them could take his place here in Mission Control, the spider in the middle of all the webs, the interface between man and machine that kept them all working. One piece had weakened and caused the holdup, a bit of machinery, and he had put it right. Another
piece, a human one, had acted up, but that had been put right too. Five minutes more and... "Hold at zero minus five," a voice at Launch Control said, alwaysscientifightening him like a sudden blow with an ax. "I have a red light on sustainer propulsion It's the loco damper pressurization." "And it seems we have another hold, ladies and gentlemen, for exactly five minutes before this mission, and I assure you that no one is happy about this one at all. The tension is so great here at Ground Control that you can almost feel it in the air. I'm turning you over now to Bill White in the crowd in the viewing stand for a report on the reactions there, Bill." On millions of TV sets all around the world the scene changed suddenly, from the hectic order of Ground Control to the viewing stand five miles from the launch site. From here Prudhomme listened in a child's toy on the horizon with nothing to give an indication of its true size. Yet there had been much discussion over sitting the stands as close as this, since they would still be in danger if there were an explosion at takeoff. But any further away and there would be no point in having viewing stands at all. In the end the decision had been one more compromise; limited-size stands for what might be called the second-rate far rarer proportionable. If a few journalists and ageing generals and politicians went up in flames they would not be missed in the general horror and destruction. Of course the reality of this decision had only been discussed at the very last minute. And at a moment of crisis, men were pleasantly surprised to find their names in an invitation list. In the foreground between the spectators and the distant spaceship was the familiar lined face of Bill White. As he spoke the image of the event was covered by a superimposed telescopiv version. "The tension here in the viewing stand is exactly like that at Ground Control and Mission Control as you can well imagine. It must be the same all round the world. It must be the same within this incredible event taking place here. In Baikonur it is already late afternoon, over two hours past the scheduled time for takeoff. And now, only seconds away, we have another hold. We can only imagine how the men and women, the astronauts in their giant craft, must feel. They are professionals and trained for their work but it still must be unbearable. I don't think anyone would want to take their places. They have sacrificed much and the entire world appreciates their courage. Now, Harry Saunders at Ground Control. Any changes yet, Harry?" "We're exactly the same here, and in Prometheus which you can see on your screens there. The inside of the building is filling the screen and it is being zooming to her flight cabin, then panning down the length of her great boosters, streaming vents. Harry Saunders grabbed up his notes as soon as the camera was off him. He held the camera so long that he was running out of things to say, people to interview. He wished the damn thing would take off or blow up. His voice was beginning to go. He frantically searched his scribbled notes while his voice calmly described the scene. Ultimately he didn't have time. He hadn't done that one lately. He found the right figures. "We still have difficulty in realizing how big Prometheus is. When you say as high as a forty-story building, it keeps the same feeling as conveyed. But not the combined complexity of its construction, for this spaceship is really even separate machines in one. This programme is being transmitted on radio as well as television, and you lucky viewers must realize how impossible to visualize it must be for someone, say, in a small Asian village who has only seen a few simple machines in his lifetime. Perhaps the easiest way to understand construction is to hold out your hand with fingers straight, then bring all the fingers together until they touch and make a circle. These fingers are the boosters, each one a completely separate rocket with its own fuel, pumps, motors, everything. Now if you take a pen with its cap on and, cast in your other hand, push it down between your fingers you will have some idea of the construction of Prometheus. The fingers and the pen, called the core body, are all the same. Complete rocket ships zooming down right to the payload, Prometheus, the part of the ship that will go into orbit high above Earth. And stay there forever. "At takeoff all the boosters fire, as does the core body. Their fuel is the most powerful in the universe—hydrogen and helium—and will be burned and burned at the rate of fourteen thousand gallons a second. Yet this complex machine will not only burn fuel at that tremendous rate, but will transfer fuel from the outer boosters into the core body. This will be pumped in as fast as you can fill a booster's own fuel so that finally, when the boosters are empty and fall away, the core body will have a complete load of fuel. With the boosters gone the core body will burn to meet Prometheus into low orbit, then it will drop away as well, its job done. At that point Prometheus will fire its own nuclear engine to push itself higher and higher into the correct orbit. Complex, yes, but still practical, for these Lenin-5 boosters have had millions of successful missions lifting larger and larger payloads into space. Also ... wait a minute, yes, my countdown clock's moving again! The hold's over. Let's hope it's the final hold so I return you to Ground Control... "The countdown now is automatic and locked in. They can't stop us. He turned on the ship's intercom. "Crew compartment, are you secure?" "In position," Corella said. "No changes. Bio monitors functioning and all readings within predicted parameters." "Which means no one has died of boredom or fright yet," Patrick said. "Roger. You can listen in but I won't be able to talk to you really for booster shutdown. This is it—crew—we're on the way!" "One minute fifteen seconds and counting." The computer was running the entire operation now, issuing instructions to men and machines, opening and closing switches—counting down towards zero and lift-off. "Minus eleven seconds and counting." "Minus ten." "Minus nine." "A throb, more vibration than sound, swept through the towering metal structure as the huge engines ignited. Their flames shot down into the pit below and boiled out as smoke and steam at the sides. Second by second the flame spread until at zero the hold-down clamps would release. "Three...two...one...zero!" At full thrust the engines generated a fraction more lift than the immense weight of Prometheus. The clamps pulled free and flames wrapped the umbilical tower. Now the ground shook with the intensity of the rocket's and the air roared and cracked with unbelievable sound. Finally, infinitely slowly, only ten feet in the first second, the towering cluster of rockets rose into the air. "We have lift-off!" Noise. Vibration. Thunder. Patrick felt himself thrown back and forth against the restraint of his strap as the vectering engines swirled in their mounts to keep their course vertical. The first ten seconds were critical, until they passed the umbilical tower and their speed built up. At lift-off, the digital timer began to push its numbers flicking from 00:00:00 to 00:00:01, ticking off the seconds steadily to measure GET, the Ground Elapsed Time. 00:00:04 The G force, the gravity that pushed them down into their crotches was beginning to build. 00:00:06 First danger past. All instruments reading in the green.
Second by second the thrust increased until it reached 4.5G then 5G where it held firm. Five gravities pressing down into their couches, standing on end and facing breathing masks. They had all learned how to breathe under high G in the centrifuge. Never breathe out all the way or it will be almost impossible to fill your lungs again. Keep your lungs full at all times, just letting out short breaths and breathing right in again.

Pressure and acceleration. Speed. The engines gulped sixty tons of fuel a second and pushed the geese forward ten times faster. They were five times faster and faster. "You are GO, Prometheus," Launch Control said, the words tiny in Patrick's ear. G forces pressed on his eyes, bringing about the condition of tunnel vision; he could only see directly in front of him. Turning his head was an effort, but he had to do it to read all the instruments.

"All in the green."

"Stand by for staging at oh-one-thirty. We are turning you over now to Mission Control."

"Roger."

The Gs stood on their chests as the GET digits ticked over. Although the vibration and the pressure seemed to go on forever, the first-stage blasting took just under a half an hour. At read 00:01:30 the engines cut off and they were weightless. Patrick switched his microphone to intercom.

"That's the first stage shutting down. We'll be in free fall for a few minutes now so it is a good chance for your stomachs to get used to the sensation. I'll warn you before the second stage fires. Right now the boosters are pumping their reserves of fuel and oxygen into the core vehicle below us. Then they'll release..." A quick shudder passed through the ship. "There they go. I'll see if I can get a picture for you. The TV is for Mission Control but I'll be able to relay it to your screens."

The cameras were set into the hull, protected and obscured up until now by the bulk of the boosters. Patrick located the activating switches; three among the hundreds he had to operate, and flicked them on. At first there was just darkness—then a sudden flame. He angled the camera towards it and focused on one of the small engines that was pushing the booster away from them. As it grew, smaller, the surface of the Earth appeared behind it.

"We're Russia—there is Lake Baikal!" Nadya called out.

"And a second booster there," Patrick said. "I'm switching to camera two and panning. We should see one of them. Are you receiving, Mission Control?"

"Six by six, Prometheus, a great picture."

One by one the boosters swam into view, dark cylinders against the hazy blue of the world below, dwindling as they dropped back. Each of them was monitored from Ground Control in Baikonur so that the individual orbits could be controlled separately, for the success of the Prometheus Project depended upon bringing down the boosters intact. They were stable both nose up, as they had been when they left the Earth, and engines down as they returned. The plug nozzle of the rocket engine acted as an ablative shield to slow the booster and keep it pointed in the right direction. As the machine approached the Earth the engine would be fired, fuel had been left for this, to bring the booster in for a soft landing on the Russian steppe. One by one the boosters would come down to be picked up and brought back to Baikonur for that next step in the sequence. Prometheus Two. One by one the cargo to build and expand the solar generators would be lifted up until the great task was completed with Prometheus Three. But the project would be in operation long before that, sending electricity back to a world starved for power.

They hoped. They were still far from their final orbit 22,300 miles above the surface. At this point in the takeoff, although they were far above the Earth and in free fall, they were still bound to it by the invisible ties of gravity Prometheus was like an artillery shell fired high into the sky, to arch up and up to the summit of its climb plane to drop back to Earth. The multiple boosters had lifted them high and fast—but not to escape velocity, the speed of a body sent off the Earth that would permit it to leave the gravitational pull of the Earth.

"Shrouded jettisoned and ready for core burn," Patrick said, his eyes on the GET numbers. "It will be a two-and-a-half-minute burn, to get us into a higher orbit. Here it comes on the core vehicle had the remainder of the original thrust on lift-off, but it was still immensely powerful. The Gs built up more slowly, but build they did until once more 5Gs pushed hard upon them. Then, for the first time, the controlled progression of ever-changing A sudden shuddering gripped the ship, building up, shaking everything hard—then stopped.

"I have pogoung," Patrick said, sharply.

"Under control, pogo pressurization restored."

As quickly as it had come the shaking ended, and did not return. All of them aboard the ship relaxed for they knew that the very worst was behind them. The three of them who were new to space were vertebrate. They had had the moment of ignition when they had thought the unthinkable, riding in a cabin on top of the greatest chemical bomb ever constructed by mankind. The energy locked there had been extended to take them into space. They could have exploded instead. With his back behind them they relaxed unknowingly. Coretta and the flight surgeons on Earth noted it in their read-outs of pulse and blood pressure and were aware of what had happened. Even though they were hard at work in Mission Control the pressure was as well; there were still smiler than frowns. Flass had the victory cigar out and was chewing on it still until.

All was going according to plan.

"Shutting down," Patrick said quietly as the engines cut off. "How is our orbit now, Mission Control?"

"Four balls. Prometheus. We have a one in the last digit, just one away from five balls."

A good orbit with a 99991 error from the ideal predicted orbit. Patrick stretched and unlocked his belt, talking to the crew.

"We are coasting now, but please do not leave your couches. I am coming down for eyeball contact."

He pushed away from the couch and floated towards the bulkhead. "I'm going to cheer up the troops. Nadya will you take the con?"

"Nyet prahbljem, was pomyal."

As the opening of the hatch swam towards him, Patrick grabbed the edge to brace his motion. His feet came up slowly and brushed the wall, slowing his body to a stop. Head first he pulled himself in, floating towards the couches.

"A most dramatic entry, Commander," Coretta said, flinging the urge to draw aside as he floated headfirst towards her. "When do we get to try that?"

"As soon as we're in final orbit. How is everything here?"

He bent his arms as he floated to her couch, slowing and stopping. He tested her straps. She nodded and smiled.

"I'm fine now—but what was that shaking around about?"

"What pogoung?"

"If that's what you call it. Like a pogo stick?"

"That's right. As the tank empties pressure waves in the fuel line will sometimes surge backwards and forwards and cause the engines to set up a motion. Sort of something like that."

"It was shaking the fillings out of my teeth."

"Everyone else all right?" Patrick asked, looking around.

"So be continued"

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Illustrations/Medan Siroc
'My characters are one with mankind'

The young Hindi and Rajasthan writer, MANI MADHUKAR, had a very successful year in 1976. First, he was awarded the Sahitya Akademi Award as a poet. Then as a novelist, he won the U.P. Government's Prem Chand Prize, and as a dramatist bagged the AIR Award. He was also honoured with the Kalidas Prize and his novel "Safed Memmey" won Dakshin Sahitya Sangam's topmost creative award. His drama "Rasal Gandharva" won wide acclaim when it was staged by the National School of Drama. Dr. PADMANABHAN talked to him at Delhi.

Q: You have touched every branch of literature. Have you ever felt any clash between the various branches at the creative level?

A: No. It is my conviction that poetry, fiction, drama, sketches all somewhere or the other, supplement and complement one another. There is a close propinquity in their inner pattern they differ only in the outer texture. This separation lies in the presentation of experiences and not in prime empathy.

Q: You have described in the minutest detail life in the desert ('Rajasthan'). From this unenviable angle do you find yourself close to Phaneewar Nath Renu?

A: Renu is an established author while I have only just begun. The characters of my stories, though they are from arid lands and breathe in that atmosphere are one with mankind on the level of human relationships. Their loneliness, fear, self-pity and courage is true of man everywhere.

Q: A critic said most of your characters seem to be groping for the intensity of love. Why is it so?

A: I consider love to be an extension of inner understanding. In this wide world people meet, then separate, then reunite this is what life is.

Q: Which writers have influenced you?

A: Gorky, Chekhov, Strindberg, Brecht, Girish Ghosh, Ram Manohar Lohia, Jibananda Das, Saadat Hasan Manto, Suleman Arib, etc are amongst the many writers whose creativity has charmed me from time to time and has left its impression on my mind.

Q: You have earned high acclaim as a director of plays, but you have usually taken up only dramas with an abundance of music. Is there any particular reason for this?

A: I do not visualise music apart from drama. Even dialogues should have a lilin, and I carry that to the chorus, and in certain cases up to the songs even. The task of absorbing the significance of a theme through the medium of cadence has been very successful in folk theatre. It is my desire that the living sinews of tradition be adopted and taken to the level of modern comprehension.

Q: How much have you accepted from folk theatre?

A: The 'khyal' style of Rajasthan has always fascinated me. I wrote "('hattradhai') in 'surdhan bhayal', 'Radha' and "Tamas" have been adopted in "Bulbul Sarai". As for "Rasagandharva", it runs the entire gamut from "Khyal" on to "Yatra", "Ankya Nat", "Yaksha Gan", and "Sang". In "Dulali Bai", "Baba Kamdev", "Chidia Begam" and in some other plays I have used folk drama techniques. I have a deep interest in both classical and folk music— that is why I have become something of a "Kansen". (Pardon the pun and the allusion to the famous singer Tansee).

Q: A dispute is raging in the Hindi drama world—does the play belong to the dramatist or to the director? What do you have to say about this?

A: In reality the drama belongs to neither the dramatist nor the director—it is the presentation of a group of participants. If any prominence can be given, then that could be given to the actor because he who gives it is he who gives it a palpable form on the stage. Though the function of the dramatist ends after writing the drama, I am not in favour of the director using his scissors indiscriminately. If some editing is necessary, it should be got done, after deep deliberation, by the writer himself. But after that, the director should have a free hand in its presentation on the stage and establish his individuality and style.

Q: In what ways are you active these days?

A: Six years ago I began a novel on the Jaisalmer-Barmer area. and I am engaged in finishing it, but it is constantly growing longer. Recently I staged Jibananda Das's poem intertwined as a play under the title "Tinke aur Pankh". I am also presenting Nirlali dramatically in "Nirjhar ke aas paas". It is a difficult task to present imagery and symbolism of poverty before the audience, but I have a great fascination for such experiments.
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Nigel Wade, who was the first journalist to tell the world about the arrest of Madame Chiang and the other radicals, reports from Peking on the power struggle in China. The battle between the factions had begun during the Chairman's last months. But how exactly did the moderates win? Even China watchers of long standing did not have a clue to the drama that was soon to follow. For the first time in an Indian publication, the full story...

Sisirkumar Chose says loneliness is not always a curse. In the modern industrial age one is compelled to live with a certain amount of loneliness. But without a proper understanding of the phenomenon we may often suffer it only as a disease.

Singer Cliff Richard was in Calcutta recently for two charity shows. This great favourite of the masses in the late fifties and early sixties has of recent developed a fancy for spiritual songs. What has ahead of him now?

Derby fever has caught up with the punters of India. Capt A W Khan traces the history of the Derby in the country.

Why did Sardesai nearly start a row with a West Indian? Thus and many other anecdotes from Sunil Gavaskar's colourful autobiography.

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That man from Delhi

N O W I know who Col. Ranjit is.
(Cover-story, Dec. 5)
SANTOSH K SATPATHY,
Balangir Orissa.

Y O U R article 'Who is Col.
Ranjit?' and 'How they sold
'Freedom at Midnight',
made good reading. Unfortunately 'Free-
dom at Midnight', priced at Rs 45,
is beyond the reach of students
and the middle class elite. So a
paperback edition, when moder-
ately priced, should sell much
more than it has so far in India.

T. BENOY,
Tomnir.

Y O U R cover-story on Col. Ranjit
was interesting. While
the jossosi books are getting more
popular day by day, it is pathetic
to find their creators earning so
little from their stuff. I really
appreciate Col. Ranjit alias Mak-
moor Jullundri alias Gurbux Singh
for his guts, courage, foresight and
wisdom. Any other author would
have 'pooh-poohed' such an idea
of an interview at the cost of one's
reputation and image. Hats off to
this man who has done that.

The success of Col. Ranjit lies
in the fact that unlike Omprakash
Sharma, Ibne Safi or Akram
Allahabadi who write indigestible
stuff, which can be enjoyed only
if one stretches one's imagination
that far—he chooses those situations
which are essentially Indian and
the incidents he portrays can occur
in anybody's everyday life. So, his
readers feel 'at home' while read-
ing his books. However, I don't
feel Col. Ranjit is as innocent as
he makes himself out to be while
talking about sex in his books. In
fact, some of his books are of the
type of Harold Robbins' as far as
sexual interludes are concerned.
In "Peelay Bichchu" (Yellow
Scorpions) he has used all kinds
of sexual-courses like rape, homo-
sexuality, bisexuality, lesbianism
and sodomy with women. The
same is the case of 'Hatya ka
Hatya' which virtually touches
the walls of obscenity with a fair
portrayal of sex like a semi-porno
writing.

SURINDER SINGH TEJ,
Ludhiana.

I D O not quite agree with the
view of Makmoor Jullundri that
the situations in Ibne Safi's novels
are unconvincing. To what extent
has he done it better than Ibne Safi
cannot apparently be justified by his
reading of Perry Mason style novels.
I do not underestimate him but it
will not be an exaggeration to say
that Ibne Safi is a far more versatile
writer than Makmoor Jullundri. It
is Ibne Safi who has given new
dimensions to the detective novel in
India.

S. K. RAHMAN,
Ranchi.

T H A N K S for publishing the article
on literary criminals. I am a
fan of Col. Ranjit and have read
all his books. But I was always
very anxious to know something
about him. Now you have done that
marvellous job.

HARINDER MOHAN TANDON,
Sehrawapur.

Thrilling

I H A V E no special interest in
gossip but the article, "The
Shah's glided Geida" (Dec. 5)
thrilled me.

DULAL KARMAKAR,
Jalna.

T H A N K S for the article on the
Shah of Iran's loves. It will
remain in my memory for long. I re-
quest you to give more such articles.

MITA CHAKRABORTY,
Bhilal.

Cricketer's style

J A I S I M H A's day-to-day review of
the Third and final Test (Dec.
12) was excellent. His style of
writing made the report all the more
readable. I hope this trend of hav-
ing cricketers to report on cricket
will continue even during the MCC's
visit.

NIRMALYA MUKHERJEE,
Calcutta.

J A I S I M H A's report was brief and
good. He handled it with great
circumpection. Well done
Jalalnaha!

T. V. BASHKALI
New Delhi.

J A I S I M H A in his article has said
that Gaekwad's catch was taken
by Morrison. It was John Parker
who took the catch, not Morrison.

Mr. S. NATARAJAN
Madras.

B Y publishing full score cards along
with the Test reports of Pataudi
you can make the story even more
interesting.

PRITHWIS BHATTACHARYA,
Calcutta.

Incorrigible selectors

I A G R E E with M.A.K.
Pataudi when he says (Nov. 28) that
our selectors are strange. This is,
however, not the first time that
they are behaving so. They have
proved how incorrigible they are by
selecting P. Sharma in place of
Vengsarkar for the Third Test.
They could have selected B. Amar-
For ladies only

I DON'T see the reason why things which should be confined to a women's magazine find a place in SUNDAY. I mean columns like Beauty and Recipe Is it, by any chance, your way of identifying yourself with some female cause?

K. H. SHEMOY
Kanhagad

Give quiz

WHAT is the use of such silly items like 'Khaas Baat' and the like?

SOUMENDU CHATTERJEE
Baranagore

Ed’s note We are beginning a G. K. quiz as a matter of fact.

The reason given by you for discontinuing Crosswords is hardly convincing. SUNDAY is in a formative stage and therefore some changes in sections are expected. But not in Crosswords. Just as the Chess section has a specialised readership, so has the Crosswords. Moreover, your dealing with this section lately has been erratic, once you forgot to give the solution. If we did not write to you on those matters, it was simply because we thought that such things could happen in the case of new journals. We have condemned such lapses in other sections as well! Why don't you restart Crosswords for the sake of a large section of readers who love some intellectual exercise?

P. BENANI
DELHI

Rock'n roll in the sky

THE incident narrated by Aloke Roychoudhury about the IA plane (Dec 12) was a surprise to me. An almost identical incident happened to our flight on May 17, 1976 during our journey from Chabua to Calcutta via Gauhati. It was a Boeing and it took off from Chabua at 9:30 a.m. and minutes after reaching flight level started rocking violently. It dipped suddenly in four successive intervals and it looked as if we were heading for Mother Earth. However, a little tolerable.

After landing at Gauhati, we came to know that a snag had developed in one of the engines. Repair crew came from Calcutta and the flight was resumed in the evening after a delay of seven hours. But again while approaching Calcutta it started lumping and rocking violently. Almost the way it had been doing in the earlier hop. After a nerve wracking 10 minutes, however, the plane managed to land at Dum Dum. One should have seen the faces of the passengers to believe what death meant to human beings! After reading your article, I feel IA authorities should pay greater attention to aircraft maintenance.

V. S. KRISHNAMURTHY
Calcutta

Myself a victim

I AM rather amazed to read Mr T. K. Saha’s letter (Opinion, Dec 12) in reference to my letter of November 14. A still photo from “Milagaya” and the last line of my letter, “I wish M.J. Akbar hadn’t left the Milagaya review job to someone able” (which is the editor’s inclusion and not mine) have led Mr Shah to a very wrong idea of what I was trying to say. I did not mean “milagya” in mind while writing that letter. I have no way tried to belittle the importance of academic film-critics, and had nothing particularly against Mr. Akbar’s review. I too maintain that good film critics must not necessarily be good film makers themselves. But at the same time is it not worthwhile for creative artists to do some critical studies for the benefit of those who pay to see their films? I was very happy to read Mrinal Sen on Satyajit Ray’s book on films in SUNDAY.

I don’t know if I have been wrong in making my suggestion for a broader, unconventional style of film-criticism. I don’t feel this is very impossible. Mr Saha has been unkind in sarcastically terming my suggestion as ‘pious’ and ‘rhetoric prescription.

SUNIL KR. GANGOPADHYAY
Calcutta

Illustrations/Ah Ishan Mathi
CHINA: THE REAL STORY

NIGEL WADE describes the power struggle in China before and after Mao's death. An exclusive report from Peking by the man who scooped the world on the arrest of the radicals.

As darkness followed the September 18 memorial rally for Chairman Mao, and the last few thousands of about three million mourners cycled or walked away from the city centre, a sudden fracas broke out in the street just below my vantage point in the glass and concrete Peking Hotel. I slammed down the phone on a long-awaited line to London and rushed onto the balcony.

Trees on each side of the narrow road obscured my view at first, but the angry shouts were clear enough and soon a growing mob of about 100 jostling, seething people emerged from the shadows, with a white-jacketed policeman in a furious argument at its centre.

Headed by a phalanx of cyclists insistently ringing their bells, the mob grew increasingly menacing and began to march between the shops of Wangfu-ching (the Avenue of the Well of the Prince's Mansion) toward a line of unarmed soldiers who had been standing there all day controlling access to Peking's main thoroughfare, Changan, the Avenue of Eternal Peace.

The crowd breached the army's thin green line and broke right through it with ease. A second line of tough worker-militia linking arms, held them for a while as the soldiers doubled round behind and formed another cordon. More police and soldiers quickly arrived as the mob pressed on, and the militia line became a straining arc between the crowd and the now-empty Changan boulevard leading down to the Great Hall of the People and the rostrum where the Chinese leadership had been standing a few hours earlier in Tienanmen, the Square of Heavenly Peace.

As the crowd slowly pushed the picket line back I thought I was about to witness a repeat of the
violence which had flared out of control in Tienanmen Square last April after the removal of wreaths in memory of Chou En-lai. The trouble developing below me looked very much like the start of the turmoil which had been so widely expected to follow Mao’s death nine days earlier.

In fact, it was nothing of the kind. After five minutes’ further confrontation, the militia, police and soldiers stood back to let the people through. They were simply weary after the rally and angry at being prevented from crossing Chang'an, which was their quickest way home. They flooded out of Wangfujing and, far from causing more trouble, dispersed into the gloom. My adrenalin glands were still pumping furiously as I turned back inside to try to salvage my call to London.

The incident was a minor False alarm at a time when Peking and the rest of China seemed unnaturally quiet and foreign observers were ready for anything. Everyone had his pet theory about what was really happening in secret and how it would come to the surface. There were even some wild, half-joking predictions that Chiang Ching, Mao’s widow, would one day be paraded in effigy through the streets of the capital after a sweeping purge of her radical supporters. It seemed a bit far-fetched at the time.

**BITTER STRUGGLE**

Certainly, Mao had died in a period of grinding bitter struggle between the radical and moderate factions in the Chinese Communist Party’s Politburo and of growing disorder and factionalism in the provinces. The economy seemed to be heading for another phase of political disruption like the Great Leap Forward or the Cultural Revolution and the radicals were setting a frenetic political pace with their campaign to criticize the former Vice-Premier, Teng Hsiao-ping.

The radicals toppled Teng after the April riots and devoted the following months to kicking furiously at him when he was down. Teng had been guilty of such apostasies as advocating higher pay, while the radicals were pushing the idea of reviving revolutionary workers doing voluntary work time without any extra pay at all.

Teng had come back from disgrace in 1973, spoiling for revenge on the ultra-Left Shanghainese out of office since the Cultural Revolution. They put “one-sided stress on politics to the neglect of the economy and on revolution to the neglect of production,” he said, “Reliance on workers, peasants and soldiers is relative,” he added, “heaping upon the masses of the underprivileged and illiterate the impossible task of revolutionizing China by their own efforts.” He also that “laymen cannot lead experts” and asked “how can a class struggle be talked about every day?” To the radicals, these ideas were “pernicious fallacies,” “concocted nonsense” and “frowned distorted theories of Chairman Mao’s proletarian revolutionary line.” This was the level of political debate in China at the time of Chairman Mao’s death.

The fact that the anti-Teng campaign was being pressed so hard from late July to early September suggested it was not catching on. But when a diplomat friend said to me just before the memorial rally, “The country is plainly not in a radical mood,” I wondered how anyone could be so sure.

I ARRIVED in China last June and one of the first impressions I had of the Peking community of foreign Sinologists was that nearly everyone had a different interpretation of what few facts were known. Even when Premier Hua Kuo-feng, who, as first party Vice-Chairman, was Mao’s designated successor, delivered the funeral oration at the rally no one was certain who would take the Chairman’s place. Teng had been heir-apparent, too, and look what had happened to him.

Some observers even doubted the sincerity of the masses’ grief for Mao, a remote deified figure who had last appeared before his people in May, 1971. They thought that the mourning for Premier Chou, who died in January, was deeper and more spontaneous. I had not seen the reaction to Chou’s death but I was in Peking when Chu Teh, chairman of the National People’s Congress, died and it occurred to me that the people might understandably have been just plain exhausted by a year of upheaval and sorrow.

**CHINA-WATCHERS HADN’T A CLUE**

Any other country would have been stunned. China had lost its much beloved Premier, its titular head of state and, worst of all, its revered revolutionary leader, all within nine months. There had already been a major political shift, the dismissal of an heir-apparent and an earthquake which knocked out the nation’s biggest colliery, flattened an industrial centre of more than one million people and badly damaged China’s third city, Tientsin. It also forced millions to camp out over August, and thousands are still not back in their homes.
Hua's funeral speech, with its quotation from Mao warning against conspiracies, intrigues and splits, was a signal of more upheaval to come, although foreigners could not read it clearly. China-watchers watched and waited and, if you asked them straight, confessed they hadn't got a clue. In the absence of any obvious political developments, the prime subject of discussion became 'what would happen to Mao's body after the lying-in-state ended on the day before the rally.'

Journalists and diplomats wrote detailed reports speculating about a political row over whether the remains should be cremated or preserved. The mystery of the body fed speculation for two weeks and wallposters have told us since that some of it was not far off the mark. Chiang Ching's radical 'Shanghai clique,' the posters say, literally nagged Mao to death with their political schemes, moved him against doctors' orders during his last days and "strictly opposed the preservation of his body."

**GRIEF**

I was collecting a dining-room table I had bought from a departing German colleague on the afternoon of September 9 when he grabbed his small radio, which happened to be on, and rushed to his interpreter for a precise translation of what he thought he had just heard. Sure enough, the announcer was saying "There will be an important announcement at 4 p.m. Please listen to it carefully." No need to worry about that—by 4 p.m. almost every foreigner in Peking was standing by, except for one correspondent who returned from tennis an hour later to see all the flags in the city being lowered.

The scenes of grief in Peking have been well described: people weeping in the streets and gathering around the Red Flag flying at half mast in Tienamen Square. In my office, around the radio, I heard the news with Mr. Wu Hung-po, my interpreter, and Mr. Sun Chiang, my driver. Waiting for 4 p.m., we guessed nervously at what the announcement might be—another earthquake warning perhaps?—but I think the three of us knew privately what we were about to hear.

Sharp on four a woman's voice stopped and after a pause a man announced "a message to the whole party, the whole army and the people of all nationalities throughout the country." Simultaneously my Hainhuas news agency printer began running the announcement in English. The thought of a war with Russia flashed into my mind for a moment, but Mr. Wu, a young man fresh from language school, slumped slowly, head-in-arms on his desk as the sombre preamble left no doubt of what the announcement was to say.

Only shortly before he had been telling me that a relative from his home in north-east China was waiting at his dormitory to see him and he was hoping for a present from his parents. Now it was as if his own father had died. Mr. Sheh sat motionless in a big cane chair and then quietly left the room.
I also left a little way through the long announcement and drove to the Square, watching the news hit groups of people as it spread rapidly through the streets. When I came back, I found Mr. Wu cutting out a white paper chrysanthemum, the Chinese symbol of mourning. Sometime later, when he and the driver both had gone home, I looked across to the interpreter's desk. Dictionaries and papers had all been cleared away. Taking their place in the middle of the desk was a colour portrait of Mao, clung to one old issue of China Pictorial magazine and edged neatly in black with strips of carbon paper. Carefully placed at the top of the portrait was the cut-out paper flower. The black-edged portrait is now on our office wall with an accompanying photograph of Chairman Hua edged bright in red and yellow.

Shortly after Mao's death, embassies, especially friendly to China were given to understand by the Chinese that a radical-moderate compromise had been struck under which Hua would be made Chairman and the radical Vice-Premier Chang Chun-chiao would become Prime Minister. From hindsight, the first sign of a crack in this agreement was on September 15 when Chinese students at a provincial university were assembled to listen to an important radio announcement due to be broadcast at 11 p.m. The announcement never came and after waiting 45 minutes the students dispersed.

Next day, the media, then still under radical control, published an editorial entitled for the first time Mao's alleged commandment, "Act according to the principles laid down," which Chang Ching's radical group is now accused of having forged in an attempt to present as Mao's death-endorsement of the ultra-Maoist objectives.

Hua did not include the "quotation" in his memorial speech but I know of nobody who noticed its omission at the time. Chang Ching, Chang Chun-chiao and their two fellow-Leftists, Wang Hung-wen and Yao Wen-yuan, looked grim as they stood on the podium below the deep-red walls of the ancient Forbidden City. Mao's widow stared firmly ahead. Chang looked looked and Wang seemed very ill as he continued to being clearly at Hua. Observers attributed Wang's appearance to overwhelming grief.

Peking was heavily decked in the mourning colours of black and white and workmen had been busy for days preparing Tienamen Square for the rally. Skeletal white characters on huge black banners across the square said: "Carry out Chairman Mao's behests and carry the cause of the proletarian revolution on through to the end." Funeral music had been sounding out across the city for nine days.

Foreigners were not invited to attend the rally so I arranged to spend the day with friends living in a room of the Peking Hilton which overlooks the Square. To avoid the security cordons thrown up around the city centre later in the day, I arrived before 8 a.m., more than seven hours before the rally was due to start. The hotel staff soon realised what was happening as several other correspondents and diplomats trooped into the room with cameras and tape recorders.

"No guests allowed today," my friend was told by the agent of the staff of the hotel who followed him through the hotel. Ignoring his protests, my friend firmly locked the door to his room once all guests were assembled. Later we found we could move from our floor to visit friends on the one above. As millions massed outside the hotel, one of the attendants who were posted at desks on every floor was sleeping soundly in his chair.

The hotel was the perfect perch from which to see and photograph the vast crowd. It was bigger...
than any I expect to see again and, considering its size, incredibly well disciplined. Numbered spaces had been chalked on the roadway to show where each unit of workers, soldiers or peasants was to stand. Minutes before the memorial ceremonies were to start, one small patch still stood out clearly in the middle of the multitude, where one group had failed to arrive. The mourners were pressed very closely together, 80 to 100 abreast, but no one impinged on that space until the missing group showed up.

The Chinese tend to speak about millions of people as easily as Americans talk about billions of dollars. Besides the overall mass of people involved—one million in Tiananmen Square alone—the memorial rally impressed me with the amazing number of soldiers who took part. They came marching in from all directions and formed huge blocs which their green uniforms and red collar-flashes made look like vast fields of some ripe crop rather than gatherings of men.

The rally was due to end the mourning period but, probably because of the visible political tensions, Chinese officials let it be known that mourning would continue until October 9, one month after Mao's death. The nation kept its black armbands on and paper funeral decorations outside shops were covered with plastic to protect them from the autumn rain.

Photo shops still sold thousands of pictures of Mao each day and Mao badges, not worn much for several years, began to reappear. They came in tin or porcelain, some black and white and others coloured, showing Mao at almost every stage of his life.

CHIANG CHING: STRANGE, ISOLATED

Official visitors from overseas began to be received again, but several foreigners had their tour plans cancelled “because the people’s hearts are heavy.” Every day the People's Daily ran tributes to Mao from local communes, factories and army units.

The people of the beautiful Ming Tombs commune on the outskirts of Peking remembered how Mao had sweated with them to help build the Ming Tombs reservoir. An 80-year-old peasant in Hunan province was said to have walked 25 miles with the aid of a stick to mourn at Mao's birthplace, Shaoshan, on the night after his death was announced.

Among the last of all the tributes and condolences messages published came those addressed to Chiang Ching herself. The former film starlet, now aged about 82, had seemed a strange and isolated figure as she stood beside her husband's body at the lying-in-state and on the rostrum at the funeral rally.

Her distinctive black head-scarf gave her a totally un-Chinese appearance, suggestive more of Garbo than a proletarian austerity. Her wreath for Mao, made from sunflowers, ears of wheat and maize, recalled the art-deco style of Shanghai in the 1930s, where she gained as much affection for her celebrated love affairs as for her gifts as an actress.

I saw the wreath in a chilly wing of the Great Hall of the People which was set aside for the lying-in-state. It was placed at the foot of the beam, with the inscription: “Deeply mourn the esteemed great teacher, Mao Tse-tung; from your student and comrade in arms, Chiang Ching.” Provincial radio stations were later to denounce “those who call themselves students of the leader.”

Mao lay in the hall for a week. The red flag of the Chinese Communist party draped across his familiar grey tunic. According to his bodyguards, writing in tribute to him later, he was a kindly old man who wore his clothes thin with many years of use and rejected suggestions that he should have new ones. More than 350,000 people waited in long lines outside to file past his body.
There was no mistaking their profound grief once inside the hall. Its lofty chambers echoed with hysterical sobbing and wailing. Men broke down and many of both sexes had to be restrained from running back, arms outstretched, towards the body.

For most of Peking's foreign residents, like myself, the last look at Mao was also the first. Foreigners were invited to the hall at special times and entered through one door as the endless column of Chinese mourners filed in through another. Diplomats and their wives, embassy guards, journalists, tourists, language teachers, students and tourists were all invited and many left the hall in tears.

The little corps of foreign-born Maoist sympathisers who have been living in China for years paid their respects the following day. Most of them live a life of self-imposed exile in special hostels, appearing in public only rarely and having almost nothing to do with their embassies or fellow nationals in the city. They work as language teachers, journalists or translators "contributing to China's Socialist construction and sealing militant friendship with the Chinese people."

The official Hanhua news agency identified London-born Rose Smith, 55, as one of those who came "with profound proletarian feelings" to stand before Mao's body. She is a widow who has worked in China for more than a decade and is at present a young women attached to the news agency itself. She lives with other "foreign experts, friends and comrades" in the Friendship Hostel near Peking University.

According to Hanhua, she "stood before the bier, looking at the body of Chairman Mao with tears in her eyes. She could hardly restrain her grief as she paid last respects to Chairman Mao." She said to the young Chinese comrades working with her that Chairman Mao was "the great leader not only of the Chinese people but of the revolutionary people of the world. He achieved great accomplishments. The burden of the revolution is now on the shoulders of you young people. In mourning Chairman Mao, people will become even more determined to carry on the cause he left behind and keep fighting on."

After the memorial rally, Chiang Ching appeared publicly once more, at a gathering on the eve of October 1, China's national day. She wore a worker's cap and greatcoat and there was no hint in official pictures of the occasion that within a week she and her fellow radicals were to be arrested and charged with plotting "to usurp party and State power."

National Day was wet, but the day's usual festivities and paramilitary displays in Peking's parks had been cancelled because of the mourning so there was nothing for the weather to spoil. I visited the Sun Yat Sen park in the Forbidden City and the Temple of Heaven park in south Peking, only to find a few forlorn Chinese also apparently hoping to see some celebrations. Mournful music accompanied the drizzle but there was nothing more.

BACK TO NORMAL

In the following week Peking seemed almost back to normal. Persimmon fruit was turning gold and mushy and the tree-covered Western Hills were just beginning to change colour. The American senators Mike Mansfield and John Glenn were in town, as was the Tory M.P. Sir Bernard Braine, and plans were well advanced for the British Embassy social club's annual invitation tennis tournament.

Courting couples of young Chinese reappeared, standing very close together in a well-known lovers' lane near one of the main hotels, and a certain group
of foreign businessmen still had the headache of what to do with 96 dozen of the best French wine which arrived by mistake when only 96 bottles were ordered.

The lull was broken in the early hours of October 9 by the announcement of a decision to preserve Mao's body in a crystal coffin and another to publish a definitive collection of Mao's works. I was at home later that day when I heard that a wall poster had gone up, announcing that Hua was party Chairman.

Hua was China's little-known Public Security Minister until his surprise appointment to succeed Chou En-lai in April. Many observers had doubted whether he had the strength and support to replace Mao, despite his new status as first Vice-Chairman of the party. But big black characters on the brightly coloured poster spelled out the fact that Hua was the nation's new leader. It was several days before the world came to know that drastic moves had made his succession possible.

If a Chinese is reasonably thrifty he can buy a Seagull brand camera and take himself off, alone or with a group from his work unit, to see the sights of Peking. Visitors from all over the country come to the capital for their holidays, like Iowa farmers on their first trip to New York. Almost every Peking visitor finds himself soon, or later being photographed in front of Chairman Mao's picture on Tien-anmen Gate leading into the Forbidden City.

One of the many standing there to be photographed last summer was a middle-aged factory worker who had come up by train from Sian, the ancient Chinese capital, about 600 miles to the south west. The typical carefree tourist, he handed his camera to a friend and posed jauntily for some snapshots. Back in Sian at holiday's end he took his film to be developed, and was amazed to find that it was returned to him minus the photos from Tien-anmen Square.

"Where were they?" he asked. A worker-militia woman employed at the shop looked at him severely.

"You cannot expect to have those photographs printed," she said. "Your stance in front of the portrait of our great leader Chairman Mao was disrespectful and bourgeois!"

Reports of similar incidents reached foreigners earlier this year from Shanghai, where zealous Leftists in photographic shops also refused to handle "unhealthy" pictures and radical hairdressers conducted a campaign against coiffures which were deemed to reflect the Western "bourgeois" style of life.

Members of the militia, a paramilitary group then controlled by Chiang Ching's radical "Shanghai cliques," were also on hand to monitor behaviour in parks and restaurants, while militia members on the staff of a big Shanghai hotel watched for "bad elements" among the guests and organised compulsory political study classes for every Chinese who came to stay. The Hsinhua news agency proudly announced that the hotel had become "a home for workers, peasants and soldiers and a trap for freaks and monsters of the bourgeoisie."

No wonder Chinese were privately telling foreigners soon after the radicals' arrest became known: "This is not the first day we have disliked Chiang Ching. We have been waiting for this a long time. Peking families bought out the stocks of wine in Shanghai as the celebration of the anniversary of the Politburo Leftists. Even members of Shanghai's 10 million-strong militia were quoted as saying, "We long ago discerned their perverse actions and stored hatred for them in our hearts."

Within two weeks of their arrests, probably on the night of October 6, Chiang Ching, the widow of Chairman Mao; Chiang Ch'un-ch'ing, first vice-premier and mayor of Shanghai; Wang Hung-wen, party second vice-chairman; and the ultra-Maoist ideologue, Yao Wen-yuan, were being publicly denounced across China as "vicious enemies in the proletariat," "out-and-out counter-revolutionary revisionists," "a time bomb within the Communist party," "dog's dung" and, finally, as "fascists."

Tibetan peasants, Yangze River boatmen and sailors in Chinese navy ships patrolling the South China Seas all took part in demonstrations against them. Less than a month after Chairman Mao's death, his widow had been removed from Chinese public life and politics and placed under house arrest by the old-guard moderates she had attacked and ridiculed during the Cultural Revolution 10 years earlier. While Mao was mourned, she was scorned and depicted in posters as dreaming of herself as an empress, with Chang, Wang and Yao dancing attendance upon her.

Mao was the ultimate power broker as long as he lived, but the Army took over that role when he died, forging a coalition with party bureaucrats and economic regions backed premier Hua Kuo-feng to make him Chairman and restore the moderate, pragmatic policies developed by the late premier Chou En-lai.

I was unsure what official reaction my exclusive report from Peking of the radicals' arrest might provoke. On the morning it was published in The Daily Telegraph, October 12, I put on my best tie just in case of summons to the Foreign Ministry's information department. The worst they might do is to tell myself optimistically, was to order me out of the country. But I was apprehensive without cause.

My only visitor of the day was the chief correspondent of the Russian news agency Tass, who dropped around for tea and 20 questions about how I got the story. At a State banquet for the Papua-New Guinea Prime Minister that night I was relieved to find the information department officials relaxed and in good humour. I quoted from the report that told me that with me and other correspondents at one of the Press tables at the back of the banqueting hall and drank a toast to Chairman Hua.

WOMEN WEARING BRIGHTER CLOTHES

There was an obvious change of mood in Peking after the radicals were purged. Instead of staring blankly, some Chinese began to give a little smile or a nod to foreigners passing them in the street. At the main department store I spent an embarrassing 15 minutes trying to fit an awkward piece of furniture into the back of my little Toyota. As I struggled I sensed the usual large crowd gathering around. For Peking residents, foreigners are always worth staring at and a foreigner doing anything unusual, let alone making himself look foolish, provides a particularly popular form of spectator sport.

I was still struggling away when a woman stepped out of the crowd and motioned me to stand aside. She tried her best, gave up, and then came back to try again but still without success. This was amiable enough—I had made friends up such casual contacts in the past—but I was even more surprised to find a soldier in uniform stepping up to have another go.

As he squeezed the little table through one of the
Chiang Ching and Wang Hung-wen: ‘Dog’s dung’ and ‘fascists’

front doors and into the back, scores of Chinese burst into good-humoured applause. Remembering my Chinese manners, I smiled and politely applauded them in return. A week or two earlier I could have wrestled with the table all day without one of my audience lifting a finger to help. Things had changed indeed!

Shoo assistants seemed distinctly more friendly and some foreigners swore that Peking women had started wearing brighter clothes. One wit facetiously claimed to have seen a Chinese girl wearing lipstick. After five days of demonstrations against the ousted "Shanghai clique" in the city of Shanghai itself, the anti-radical euphoria burst on to the streets of Peking in the morning rush-hour of Thursday, October 21. Well-organised columns of demonstrators paraded through Tienamen Square every day from then until a mass rally the following Sunday to celebrate the "crushing of the Gang of Four" and the appointment of Hua as Mao’s successor.

Peking looked and sounded like Rio de Janeiro at carnival time or New Orleans during Mardi Gras. I was reminded of three days I once spent at the San Fermin bullfighting fiesta in Pamplona, where bands of revellers surged up and down the streets around the clock. At least Peking’s festivities stopped at night, but the din of drums and cymbals began each morning shortly after six and I could hear people shouting: “Down with Chiang Ching, Wang Hung-wen.”

Just as for the memorial rally for Mao a month earlier hundreds of thousands of people converged on the centre of Peking. But this time they were carrying flags and banners with placards showing the ultra-Leftists as spiders, snakes and bugs where mourners had sat in the Avenue of Eternal Peace outside the Peking Hotel on September 18, sobbing and wailing at the loss of Chairman Mao. Youthful demonstrators now paraded, danced and tossed firecrackers for joy at the fall of the woman who had been beside him for the last 36 of his 82 years.

Ioudspeakers permanently fixed on every lamppost of the avenue, which had broadcast funeral music for Mao, now gave full throat to the martial strains of “The Three Rules of Discipline and Eight Points for Attention,” a stirring army song, and “Chairman Mao is the Never-Setting Red Sun in Our Hearts.” Pom-pom girls, twirling gaudy paper flowers, danced in brightly-coloured outfits. People of China’s many national minorities appeared in traditional dress and the soldiers who had guarded Mao paraded smartly with rifles and fixed bayonets.

Departmental heads and high-ranking military men led their staff in joining the jubilee. Some had also marched in demonstrations welcoming the fall of the moderate vice-premier Teng Hsiao-ping in April, but foreigners who saw the display said it was a half-hearted and desultory affair by comparison with the atmosphere of glee and relief which prevailed at the anti-radical parades.

Ambassadors took their wives and children to see the fun and little paper pennants saying “Thoroughly smash the Gang of Four” or “Warmly welcome comrades Hua Kuo-feng’s appointment” were to be had simply for the asking. A small band of African children gathered a bunch of them, green, pink and yellow, and stood on the kerb to wave at marchers heading into town. Men in grey Mao jackets and women in coloured-check padded coats gaily waved back as they passed.
FESTIVE MOOD

Engulfed by people halfway across Tienamen Square, I asked my driver to stop the car, since it was easier to move by foot and almost impossible to make any headway on wheels, unless you happened to be driving a small green-truck or bicycle car with an indefatigable percussion section bashing away on the back. With my interpreter pointing out groups of special interest, I slowly walked through the crowd, the bewildered driver doing his best to follow in our wake. Me, the interpreter, the office and driver—the Telegraph on parade! It was such a change from drab old Peking, I felt as if I, too, had something to celebrate.

On the first day the Peking traffic police either gave up trying to handle the crowd or had orders not to interfere. Foreigners could do no wrong. A Chinese youth poked his head through the window of a Mercedes from one of the South American embassies and in almost perfect English told the passengers, "You are very welcome."

An old gentleman shuffled up to another diplomat and, in English, he had plainly not dared to use for years, engaged him eagerly in conversation. He wanted to know where the diplomat came from and, I told him, was smiling and nodding energetically at the answers "How old you think I am?" he demanded. "I am 76!" Thumping his chest triumphantly, he shuffled back into the crowd and was immediately surrounded by its crones, all wanting to know what that foreigner had said.

On one of the days of parading—they began to merge together—a group of Chinese schoolchildren stood tossing their coloured pennants into the open windows of any car with a foreigner at the wheel. Photographs which might have cost you your camera at any other time were positively invited and the only anti-foreign gesture I recall was one hoarse cry of "Down with the Soviet Union."

By Saturday night the square was nearly ankle-deep in spent firecrackers, trampled pennants and torn banners. Huge street-sweeping machines were soon at work cleaning up for the anti-radical assembly the next day. It was a more formal performance of the preceding celebrations, with Hua and China's other leaders looking very pleased with themselves as they walked out onto the Tienamen rostrum. Foreign correspondents and some groups of foreign tourists were permitted to attend in contrast to their exclusion from the Mao memorial rally.

We stood by the mast of the Forbidden City, gazing up at Hua on the podium. I asked a senior member of the information department what had become of the arrested radicals. She waved her arm toward the assembled masses and replied, "They are not visible." Large sepia portraits of Hua which appeared at the rally went on sale in the shops next day for the equivalent of 2-1/2 p.

HUA appeared in uniform as military commander-in-chief for the first time. Like all other uniforms of the People's Liberation Army, his bears no badges of rank. The two veteran moderates, Li Hsien-nien and Defence Minister Yeh Chien-ying, stood on his right and his left, with the regional military commanders close beside them. After listening to others make speeches attacking the radicals for 90 minutes, Hua walked to either end of the long reviewing balcony and waved cheerily at the crowd. As the People's Daily reported, "The thunder of drums, gongs and cymbals filled the entire square and the million people at the rally waved pennants and colourful bunting. There was cheering and dancing. It was a vibrant scene of unity, militancy and victory."

Signs of fundamental policy changes came thick and fast as Chairman Hua led China at a quick march back toward moderation. With Li Hsien-nien, Chou En-lai's old lieutenant, as his second in command, he promptly hitched the radicals' catch-cry of "self-reliance" to the qualification that China could still learn from other countries and wished to "resume and expand" its trade. The five-year plan for 1976-80, drawn up by Teng Hsiao-ping and Li Hsien-nien as Chou En-lai lay ill last year, began to be spoken of again, and senior officials accused the radicals of blocking its introduction in a deliberate attempt to thwart industrial expansion.

HOW TO RUN A 'SOCIALIST' RAILWAY

Their "pernicious influence" was even said to have disrupted the railways, where the radicals allegedly accused managers of "putting humanity instead of politics in command." The radicals were quoted as having said, "We'd rather have a Socialist behind schedule than a revisionist on schedule." This the Chinese were told, was all part of a "criminal" scheme to "ruin the economic foundation of proletarian dictatorship." But the attempt to "turn back the wheels of history" has been "crushed by the advancing locomotive of the people's revolution." The radicals had accused the moderates of being "capitalist roaders." Now the moderates pinned the same label on to them.

The Chinese Press predicted that Chinese art and literature would be "in fuller bloom" following
Chairman Hua: The last to laugh

Chiang Ching's demise Her group had led the Cultural Revolution campaign against foreign and "bourgeois" influences in books, music, and the theatre but soon after their arrest Hainhua was extolling the revolutionary value of translating works by foreign authors, and writers and artists were reported to have figure prominently in the many anti-radical demonstrations around the country. "The wing of crows," one article said, "cannot obscure the radiance of the sun."

Chinese in daily contact with foreigners were not afraid to voice their relief. "We can talk freely now," one diplomat was told. But he and others wondered how far the Chinese would be allowed to graze on new pastures.

The notion that Hua and the moderates are conducting a "counter-cultural revolution" is sharply rejected by officials in Peking. The Cultural Revolution was initiated and led personally by Chairman Mao, emigrant foreigners are told. A Chinese will tell you: "Of course, the Wang-Chang-Chiang-Yao clique were leaders of the Cultural Revolution in Shanghai, but this does not invalidate its great achievements. Chairman Mao's statement condemning the American invasion of Cambodia in 1973 was read for him from the 13th man on Tiananmen Gate by Lin Piao. Does the fact that Lin later tried to stage a coup d'etat detract from the importance of Mao's message?"

Far from attacking the Cultural Revolution, the Chinese Press under Hua was quick to hail the ousting of the radicals as one of that movement's greatest victories. The Chinese accept the logic of this as readily as they accept the term "capitalist roaders" being applied to the former apostles of ultra-Left Maotist fundamentalism. A renegade Leftist, in the Chinese view, must automatically be a Rightist in disguise.

Wall posters say Chiang Ching was never really interested in workers and peasants. She wore foreign dresses and perfumes and a Japanese wig and false teeth as well, one poster said.

A cartoon pasted up at Peking University showed the propagandist Yao Wen-yuan bellowing over, trousers down, halfway through a curtain. A finger-waggling Chiang Ching was giving Yao his instructions on one side as he, with bare bottom facing the audience, gave vent to them on the other.

According to the new propaganda, the "Gang of Four" were the chief criminals who sabotaged Chairman Mao's "great Cultural Revolution." But it remains to be seen how many of the "Socialist newborn things" which came from the middle 1960s will be retained under Hua's administration. They include "barefoot doctors" semitained young people doing rural health-care; the sending of workers, peasants and soldiers to lecture in universities; and the rustication of millions of educated young people to be "re-educated" by the peasantry.

Among other "newborn things" are Chiang Ching's "revolutionary operas" and scientific research by the "open door method," which draws on the experience and folk-wisdom of workers and peasants in the field. Hua can be expected to keep many of these and at least the form of others, but some of the most extreme innovations may not survive at all.

Certainly the austere, censorious style of politics which the radicals brought to Peking from the Red Guards' 1966 'January storm' in Shanghai is not shared by the older, more experienced modulates. One way of analysing the latest upheaval in terms of a Shanghai-Peking struggle for a decade Shanghai called the tune and controlled the box-office, but the headquarters of the party is now Peking and the party chiefs have put their own men in control of Shanghai and made the capital an effective capital again.

A sign that the party veterans were not going to stomach much more of the radicals' obloquy came last summer from Changsha, capital of Mao's native Hunan province, where a party official was accused of seeing too much of a sister of Lin Piao. As it turned out, the woman was related by radical wall posters the official admitted visiting Lin's sister and said he only wished he could have seen her more frequently. He added, the posters said, that he had not been afraid of Chiang Kai-shek's arms, or trebled before the threat of foreign aggression, so why should he fear the criticism of posters in the street?

Looking back on little pointers like this, it is easy to wonder if real battle for power in post-Mao China was not in fact sought almost to a decision in the period after Chou En-lai died in January, while Mao was still alive. Mao had quietly presided over the rehabilitation of many moderates disgraced in the Cultural Revolution, but following his death the radicals struck successfully at the chief of them, Teng Hsiao-ping. This was only after a violent pro-Chou demonstration in the centre of Peking in April, and the radicals' subsequent anti-Teng campaign never really got the ground.

The little-known Public Security Minister, Hua Kuo-feng, kept a low profile throughout it all as he advanced to acting premier and then became China's supposedly neutral premier and party first vice-chairman. I can imagine him, hugging his security files closely, and waiting for the first opening to assert himself against the radical four amid the continuing struggle.

When it came with Mao's passing he found sufficient strength and support to despatch the radicals quick. Hua is thought to be in 50s, some 20 years younger than Teng, which means his emergence as Chairman achieved not only a political but also a generational transition in a nation which had become increasingly gerontocratic.

If Hua can keep control he is young enough to remain as Chairman for years and build a new leadership team. But his immediate allies, who helped put him where he is, are considerably older men. Li Hsien-nien is about 71 and Yeh Chien-yung is thought to be 77. With a new "young" leader at their head, the last of the old bulls finally made their stand.

(By arrangement with the Sunday Telegraph)
India’s unique blond breed

All my life I have been an ardent dog-fancier, though for a quarter of a century now I have owned no dog, purely because of circumstances I do not believe in chaining or otherwise restraining my dogs and I like them powerful. And though I am eternally grateful to my father and to fate for having endowed me with the house I live in, a good house, mind you, and on one of the finest roads in Madras, prone to get flooded during the monsoons and to get cut off from the world by a lake and I like to let the rain in, but still a roof over my head even if a little leaky, and enough space for me and my things—yes, though I am proud of my cottage and will not swap places with a king, a basic honesty compelled me to realise, early in the fifties, that my house was just not good enough for a dog.

In the forties I lived in the Deccan, in an even more tumble-down house, but with a spacious compound round it, and beyond the compound wall an even more spacious maidan, and farther on extensive scrub. It was then that my attitude toward dogs underwent a radical change. Till then I had always been a bull-terrier man, and only another bull-terrier-man can know what that means. Yes, there were other breeds of dogs and I had seen them, and even politely admired them, at dog shows, but for me there was only one dog. I had just tragically lost my magnificent imported coloured bull-terrier when I migrated to the Deccan, and there, on an impulse, I went in for a Poligar puppy.

I have written the story of that peerless hound elsewhere, and there is nothing to say that in consequence of my long and intimate association with her, I became deeply involved with Poligar hounds I had, of course, seen other fine dogs of the breed earlier and thought them remarkably handsome, but had not studied them closely. Well, in the forties I made a proper study of the breed, no easy thing to do since only by then the Poligar was on the decline and really good specimens were few and far between. I drew up a master-plan for reviving the breed, but had neither the time nor the money for this challenging uphill effort. I got the Kennel Club of India interested in the breed, and some knowledgeable fanciers in my plan, but no one was willing to undertake the task. Gradually my enthusiasm waned and, moreover, I developed another live canine interest, the pig-hunting "pariah dogs" around me, the superbly balanced, sensitive, indigenuous herd dog of the Deccan, obviously the dog for Indian homes—why had no one standardised this much less demanding and no less Indian breed, as the Welsh had their corgi and the Aussies their kelpie and cattle dog?

To proceed with the Poligar I forgot all about it when I came back home to Madras, but reading a news-item last week, that a Rajapalayam hound had won a prize at the Madras dog show, my interest was revived. I wished I had gone to the show, to see what sort of a Poligar the kennel club people thought prize-worthy.

Irrespective of the breed points as recognised by any kennel club, I recapitulate the result of my own study. The Poligar or Rajapalayam dog is the authentic, old-established, indigenuous boar-hound of the Tamilian south. There are other Indian hounds, for instance the Rampur and Mudhol hounds of the north and central India, and the Kombai (now probably extinct) of the south, but the Poligar is easily the finest of them all, and has the unique distinction of being the only truly blond hound of the east—or, for that matter, of the west. The nose in a pure-bred Poligar is never black or dark but a deep, slightly brownish plum; the eyes, too, are never black, but have the iris a shade of amber, and the toe nails are a pinkish white.

Though only medium-sized as bear hounds go (it was used for the hunt in braces and in small packs), the Poligar is remarkably strongly built. It is late maturing, and when about 3 years old, suddenly attains a fine-drawn refinement of limbs and lineaments, and an equity of balance that marks its rugged build, but in young dogs (which are somehow never fat) the bone structure is clear. The somewhat stylised pen-and-ink drawings illustrating this note from my pencil sketches of a promising 7-month old dog, give a fair idea of its build in youth.

The dog is considerably larger than the bitch. A good dog should not be gross, but not too delicate either, and stand about 26½- inch high and weigh around 65 lb. in hard condition—bitches should be about 3 inches and 20 lb. less. The skin is very supple and loose, and forms houndy wrinkles at the throat and on the forehead and the smooth, short, fine, hard coat is always a very pale tawny darkening to a light wheaten tint along the middle of the back. The tail strong at the root, tapers suddenly about a third of the way down its length, and no Poligar is ever dish-faced, but is downfaced with no perceptible stop. These are the important breed characteristics.

A tireless runner and far ranging, the Poligar thrives on plenty of exercise—as in all true boar hounds, it has an excellent nose. The two main difficulties in rearing this superb breed is that good specimens are now hard to find and some judicious in-breeding is needed, and that even those who own good dogs are seldom able to give them adequate exercise. A pity for it is a far finer breed, though so little known, than many recognised and admired the world over.

M. KRISHNAN
A time to live, a time to change

WHAT is a year that passes? A chain of events, some sorrowful others stimulating and pleasurable. They could describe what I might call the public year, visible to all and marked by little successes, little failures, crises and opportunities. But it's the private year that really matters and, for me, I could call 1976 "a year of change of pace" or, better, "a year of living".

For some things in such a year there never was any flurry. If I was ill, then I had to wait until I got well; that was all there was to it. At such times problems and decisions get stripped to essentials and the priorities set themselves up fortuitously. When, on the other hand, life is a series of notings in an engagement diary, then there are no clear priorities, only a dicing up of time into overlapping pieces.

Change of pace can be fun. You don't have to do things that you were accustomed to, that you felt called upon to do. You could sit back and let things slide past.

And there is time for living, for conceding that the routine and the humdrum also have their place. Floods in Patna, the Congress in Guwahati, an Olympiad, Beirut devouring itself, a non-aligned conference—steadily they try to intrude into the consciousness. But in a year of change of pace, you don't let them throw you off course much. You keep your distance because it is your year of detachment.

There is comfort in the cycle of everyday things. The change of the seasons, for instance, and the wonder of clean winter sunlight on a newly minted day. There is satisfaction in the discovery of the warm human relations possible in an unhurried small town, where non-events have a soothing flow and where people have time for each other.

For all of us there should be a time when we make a list of the things we have always been wanting to do but seem never to have the time to get down to. The places we haven't visited, the friends we have been wanting to re-establish links with, the books we haven't read, the leisure we've never had for wives and children. Too often these are lapses we discover when they are too late to mend. A year of change of pace is where we should make such a list and go through it, ticking them off one by one, experience by experience.

I'd spoken earlier about priorities. How in critical situations they automatically loom according to size, whereas in ordinary times they jostle for recognition by our dithering mechanism of choice. For me, in a year of living there was no return to messages and convictions that had crystallised in earlier years.

What has always appealed to me is the certitude in principles of behaviour around which our truly great and ideas of men like Tagore and Gandhi never fail to intrigue us, never fail to beckon in times of confusion or change. They have the quality of being whole, of an unhurried certitude which is enviable. No wonder they were untroubled in crises because their values were pitched right.

In the year of change of pace I want again and again to return to the books and ideas of men like Tagore and Gandhi to find the sources of their inspiration. Before them superfund is melted away. It is not the brilliance of conception or cleverness that attracts me but the rock-hewn, graceful simplicity of their responses. Out of their lives and experiences they had fashioned a set of principles and measuring rods so they never had any difficulty in sizing up the challenges that faced them.

Often in India our true teachers have wanted to have a small community around them. This little community lived its daily life connected to the outside world through the transmission belt of the central person.

The only thing sad is that, too often, it was the worshipful idolatry that won out. But the acceptance of principles. When the central figure passed on, the light went out. But it needn't. Their messages and their rich lives are there for all to study, ponder over and feel. And what better opportunity than a year of change of pace, a year of living?

CHANCHAL SARKAR
Nurses as wives

Malayali nurses are in great demand as wives. G. S. KARTHA finds out why.

An apparently desperate woman from Kerala, staying in Bangalore and presumably employed, wrote a letter to the Editor of a leading Malayalam daily of Kerala sometime ago in which she lamented that in the marriage market the demand was high for Malayali nurses. She wrote: In these days, employees in all avenues of life seem to think of marrying a nurse and then go to Persia or America. If the bride is a nurse, then her caste, family, character, age and such other matters become quite irrelevant. And look at the present condition of the nurses. Who, once upon a time, were anxious to get someone to marry them! Now they want only highly placed men, doctors, engineers, or bank officials. What to do? Times have changed. Many have postponed marriage because a suitable nurse-bride is not available. If this goes on, what would be the fate of girls who work in Government offices or are unemployed?

This may look strange and interesting. But it is true, and it also poses a genuine problem. The demand for Kerala nurses is indeed great not only for employment overseas and in other parts of India, but also to become wives of well-placed men. In the oil-rich Gulf countries and in America, nurses are paid attractive salaries, and it is said they get handsome “tips” too. When the husband also gets a job, life will be quite happy, and they can look ahead to the day when they will return home with enough money saved. This temptation prompts many Kerala nurses to go abroad, and job-seekers and others want to marry a nurse. And one need not be jealous of the “lure for nurses”.

Kerala is the largest supplier of nurses to the whole country, both to civil and military hospitals, as well as other nursing services, besides sending a contingent overseas every year.

Despite the social stigma attached to the profession, nursing attracts a large number of educated young girls in Kerala year by year, and there are excellent training facilities and a College of Nursing in Trivandrum. After a strenuous course of training, these girls offer themselves for work in hospitals at an age when most other girls of their age try to find maximum fun in life. And once employed, whether in government service or in private hospitals, the conditions of service are not at all satisfactory. Their career is full of risks, apart from exposure to contagious disease, dirt and death. Grievances about the misbehaviour of doctors are not rare in Kerala, although very few nurses would ever dare lodge a formal complaint. Said a young nurse: “Unless we learned to be bold enough to resist and hit back at least in words, we would become helpless victims of scandal and even lose our chastity”.

Against this background of “risks” why should one choose a nurse as wife? This is a question posed by some cynics. The life of one who marries a nurse need not always be a nightmare of suspicion and tension, provided he has confidence in his partner. The risk involved is not any way more than that involved in marrying any working girl.

Many who work in the state and have nurses as wives are confident that it is really much better to choose a nurse. Said a middle-aged Government employee: “My experience shows it is an asset to have a nurse as one’s wife, as she will be fully responsible for the health and hygiene of the children. When the children are taken ill, she knows what to do. We cannot expect such expert and useful attention in the case of any other working woman”. As nurses come into touch with people of different strata of life including high-ups in the official hierarchy, husbands of nurses often find it easy to get things done, using the influence of the wife.

Nursing inside Kerala is not at all attractive as a profession but many are eager to seek employment overseas. In Kerala, the patient-nurse ratio is not at all satisfactory in most of the hospitals, and one has to work under heavy pressure. In a majority of cases, it is a thankless job, strictly speaking, because no patient or his relative stops to thank the nurse before leaving the hospital after the cure. At the same time, the nurse will have to hear all kinds of complaints and insults. It is only right and proper that they get better service conditions at home so that there is no drain of nurses from this state.
Never without fear

ON a dark windy night in January, on the Madras coast, a giant Olive Ridley sea-turtle (Lepidochelys olivacea) lumbered ashore, wheezing and breathing heavily from the strenuous land exercise for which she is not adapted. Reaching the dry sand about 50 metres away from the edge of the sea, she flops down for a short rest before she starts scooping out sand with her flippers. When the nest cavity is 8-10 inches deep, the cloaca opens up and the eggs start dropping in, in ones, twos, sometimes in even threes. The number of eggs usually varies from 100-150; these resemble ping-pong balls and are soft and leathery. After the laying she pushes sand back into the nest with her hind flippers, "packs" it by thumping her body sideways and goes back to the sea. With the first wave she rides away, having completed her strenuous task of procreation.

Very often, commercial egg collectors collect the eggs as they come, that is, right when they are being laid. Oblivious of this, the turtle fills and packs the nest. The eggs sell at annual markets for 5-10 paisa each and some hotels use these as "hen's eggs" to make omelettes.

The hatchlings emerge from the egg in about 60 days; but only to be predated upon by feral dogs, jackals, monitor lizards, birds and crabs as they scramble out of the nest and head towards the sea. Nor is their life safe once in the ocean: for there they are fed upon by several species of fish. It is estimated that one out of a thousand sea turtles reach adulthood and at that stage their only predator is man.

No studies have been made on how much exploitation sea turtles can bear. All the five species found in Indian waters (Olive Ridley, Hawksbill, Green, Leatherback and Loggerhead) are hunted and killed for the meat and shell, although this is now illegal.

Last year I visited the sea turtle market in Tuticorin. At five o'clock in the morning, as we arrived at the market place, we found people already waiting with glasses in their hand. Fresh sea turtle blood is bought at Re 1 per glass and is drunk as an elixir and as a cure for piles. Later, a line of hand-drawn tarts assembled, each with five or six sea turtles turned on their backs. They are "stored" in this position for days, sometimes weeks; and are completely helpless. It was a distressing sight, to say the least, and I was really happy when a boy who was teasing one of them got a good solid bite on his hand.

The species usually brought are Riedleys and Hawksbill. The butchers act without ceremony or sentiment. The piastron (bottom shell) is pulled off, leaving the turtle writhing in agony. As blood gushes out, a row of glasses appear. The insides are then cut out; this is a slow process but no one pays much attention to the flapping and writhing.

In an underdeveloped country it would be unjust to deprive people of cheap and good protein from the eggs and meat of the sea turtle. However, the first step would be to survey exploitation possibilities and work out a quota on a sustained yield basis. The Central Government did rig in imposing a ban on the export of meat to the West. Apart from the conservation aspects, even if this deprives the rich countries of the famed 'turtle soup' it doesn't seem right that we should be exporting a source of protein for our own people.

Sea turtles have been on the earth for 200 million years; much longer than we have, and as a part of our national heritage it is our responsibility to assure their future.

The Madras Snake Park has been carrying out an artificial hatching and releasing programme; eggs are collected and transplanted in a wire-enclosed hatchery to exclude predation of eggs and hatchlings in the wild. When the babies hatch, they are personally escorted to the sea.

ZAHIDA WHITAKER

Our painting ancestors

In the last few years sites near Bhopal have yielded veritable treasure troves of rock paintings thousands of years old. N. K. SINGH reports.

A hundred thousands years ago, our then primitive ancestors hunted, made love, and painted pictures on the roofs of their caves. And they painted beautifully! The sheer profusion of the thousands of prehistoric drawings, in rock shelters around Bhopal leaves one stunned. There are hundreds of rock-painting caves around Bhopal and in them we find glimpses of the past of which we know very little. Most of the paintings are of
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Men fight as (possibly) bisons walk away in unconcern on the walls of Bhimbetka caves.

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The most exciting encounter is Bhimbetka, discovered in 1973 by Prof. V. V. Wakankar of Vikram University, Ujjain. The largest collection (2,000) of prehistoric rock paintings anywhere in the world, Bhimbetka evoked worldwide interest, causing an influx of foreign correspondents.

The oldest of the drawings are believed to be 30,000 years old but there are many that were done as recently as a thousand years ago. Some of the “modern” ones relate to battle scenes, with decorated horses and men carrying spears. The primitive men saw armies of kings of old times and probably even joined them. Horses are however not common in these caves. The common animals are deer of different kinds, boar and bison. There is a simplicity, grace and robustness in these drawings that could come only after a deep understanding of animals.

A special feature of the Bhimbetka rock shelter is the pit offering for the first time, a continuous sequence of culture—from the pebble-tools of the early Old Stone Age to the modern period.

How far was Bhimbetka man civilized? In addition to being able to express himself in paintings, the Bhimbetkan led an organized social life and traded by barter. He had graduated from a nomadic existence to living on an elementary domesticated basis—in caves. There are drawings showing community dances in groups of 30 or 40 at a time. Even hunting scenes show group activity.

Yet another rock painting site was discovered in 1975 by Prof. Shanker Tiwari, head of the geography department at Hamidia College, Bhopal. Here also the paintings have been protected against weather—thanks to Nature. The paintings are beneath overhanging boulders that have acquired the shape due to natural erosion.

That the Chiklod paintings belong to the neolithic period is evident from the prominence of animals and huntsmen in them. There are several paintings of bulls, horses, tigers and deer. A particularly clear painting, two feet by four feet, is that of a swamp deer. There is a conspicuous absence of vegetation
“Col. Ranjit is from the Secret Service”

Perhaps readers did not give much importance to the revelation (Sunday December 5, 1976) that Gurubux Singh alias Makhmoor Julundri writes under the pen-name of Col Ranjit. After all, the English-speaking public has its own James Hardley Chase, Carter Brown and Erle Stanley Gardners to cater to its taste.

But when a Hindi daily of Indore, Nal Dunia (circulation 90,000) borrowed the information from Sunday to reveal the identity of Col Ranjit, there was tremendous response and the newspaper office was swarmed with letters from his fans. Many of them had, in fact, tried in their own way to contact their popular thriller writer, but their attempts had been thwarted by the publisher who said that “Col Ranjit is a special agent of the military secret service,” and hence inaccessible.

One of the fans, Mr. Mahadev Muwel of Indore, who has been trying to track down his favourite author for the last five years, claims that he tried all the spots that recur in Col Ranjit thrillers—Dholitalaw, Girgaun, Sonapur, Zimkhana, Kalgoda and other suburbs of Bombay—hoping to encounter Col Ranjit there!

Mr. Muwel wrote several letters to the publishers (Hind Pocket Books) to enquire about the whereabouts of Col Ranjit. But ever since the late Sixties, when the Ranjit thrillers clicked in the market, they have been replying that Col Ranjit is in the Secret Service and hence his identity cannot be revealed, Mr. Muwel is in possession of two such letters, one dated October 8, 1971 and the other as recent as August 3, 1976.

In fact, Mr. Muwel says that when one of his friends (obviously a Ranjit-fan) went personally to meet the publisher, he was told that Col Ranjit was the special secret agent of the Indian armed forces.

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Watch it through half-shut eyes

BOLU Khosla's Kabeela, though no good at all, is fun in portions. It is a good natured bad film — to be seen at exam time, or when you just feel like seeing a film you won't have to discuss afterwards. There is nothing in the show that cannot be found in most tough-mug films — and nothing that isn't passably entertaining, watched through half-shut eyes.

Kabeela — a rough translation would be 'community' or 'gang' — is about a band of roving gypsies, pure desi products to be sure, who live and loot in a style reminiscent of the celluloid dakuks of Sunil Dutt, Basu Bhattacharya and sundry others. This means, in other words, that they wear outlandishly weird-clothes, drink with a heady abandon that is enough to put Bachchus to shame, fight and fall over each other with a casual cool. Only, they do it so often that after a while you cease to remember — or care — as to who is slugging whom. They ride their horses so strenuously that soon a technical problem crops up: the tracking camera begins to jerk uncontrollably; and, of course, they revel and cavort about — at least the Sardar (Premnath) of the Kabeela does — in style! Every time he feels happy — which is quite often — he lustily bear-hugs the Sardarnee (Kamini Kaushal, who else?) and the lady, no prim Miss Joan Brodie herself, responds enthusiastically.

That such sights are apt to turn one's inards is of no consequence at all to the performers, the crudest pair of middle-aged have-beens on the Indian screen.

But then, when aping means money — and good money at that — it is only natural that humans should have like Babarap go in heat. The son, Mangal (Feroz Khan), is a chip of the old block, is quite virile, too; only his girl, Solema (Rupa), is amusingly something of a wet-rag. No women's libber, she has solid, middle-class aspirations — a home and a husband, and in the film, strictly in that order.

Not an impossible or even an improbable dream, considering the fact that Feroz is more than keen on a reformed life-style, but between them looms the sombre shadow of Durjan (Imtiaz), aspiring to the gang's leadership, scheming and ruthless, a 21-carat film villain. Whereas, Ajmird in Sholay had a feral quality about him, brother Imtiaz in Kabeela seems unaccountably subdued, as if, bored with the stupid proceedings, he had decided merely to tug and mug his way through in a part that is modelled, in some respects at least, on that of Gabbar Singh.

Durjan's intrigues and villainy constitute the complications of the film and the cariages that follow in the end is no better or worse than what we are accustomed to seeing in a standard Bombay production. In fact, the violence in Kabeela has a quaint, stylized air about it; it is more operatic than lethal, a violence that somehow seems so comfortably unreal that the audience is transported into a world of childish enthusiasm calendar art. True, the fights lack style but that is compensated for by the over-eagerness of the performers: their faith in whatever it is that they are doing is quite touching, another reminder to the fact that people attuned to the sound of money are forever willing to turn themselves into morons at the earliest opportunity.

One of the nicest things about Feroz Khan is that he is so unabashedly bad and I suspect that he knows it. That is why he performs with a certain unself-conscious gusto which, though outrageously foolish, seems oddly enough, appealing in a wacky, screwball kind of way. In Dharma, Feroz performed not exactly with authority, but certainly with enough zip to make the film a runaway hit. In Kabeela he is several shades paler and he really doesn't act — he is a series of vaudeville turns minus the humour. Nevertheless, after the synthetic chic of a Shashi, Rajesh and Amitabh Bachchan it is a relief even to look at an authentic Pathan face. About Rekha, one can say no more than note that she manages to be as undistinguished as the script will allow, which is plenty.

GAUTAM KUNDU

CRINKUM-CRANKUM

The movie camera can do anything that the human eye can do except flinch. In Hera Pheri Prakash Mehra's camera remains as fixed and steady as any voyeur's. It is the viewers who must proceed, flinch by flinch, to the next fade out.

Hera Pheri is mostly the usual police-smuggler, murder-revenge stuff, crummy and vicious. It looks too obviously on such films as Sholay, Baazudd, Dus Numbri and Fakira for inspiration. All the old tricks are there: a plot so crunny with moulid that the audience groans in unenlighten violence, villainy and double crosses. The results are exciting but only in a strictly muscular way. Amitabh Bachchan and Vinod Khanna slide down patios, scale walls and leap on off from cannonballing locomotives and tote a variety of lethal weapons with impressive lack of skill. When not engaged in such worthy activities they decide to leap on each other in what is supposed an elaborate ruse to con the bad guys but which in reality is just another Odessa to indulge in what is perhaps the most favourite device of the Hindi film makers to infuse some zip into the proceedings: mindless mugging and slugging. As if there were not enough we have dollops of sentiment and an utterly passionless cabaret number by Padma Khanna: a simp Saira Banu mopping through a show-case part and Sulakshana Pandit, too obviously thrown in the fray on second thoughts—and realizing it too late to do anything about it besides gawking and giggling in a pretty senseless sort of way.

Giving his film a 'slick' look and his characters a rakish air, director Mehra obviously hoped to play his film cool. But there are several degrees between cool and frigid: a degree of wit, a degree of plot and a degree of that old unbeatable, style. Their absence stops the film dead cold.

G K

23
KHAAS BAAT

who Goldie was with recently at the Rajneesh Ashram in Poona? Newcomer Shamlee looks like the quiet, unassuming favourite director of all his (top) heroines (Mumtaz, Waheeda, Rekha) has gotten over his sad marriage to Loveleen. Shamlee, that tall, slim shy-looking girl from Dharwar, has quite a few films in hand and frankly one could never have associated her with the Rajneesh cultists, or with Goldie for that matter. Seems they know each other quite well too. No, I am not seeing anything farther than just the two dating each other with the Ashram and the Poona 'bawa' for a background. And then Goldie, they always complained, needed to come out of his shell: he was much too retiring and self-effacing for all his talents. Let's see what more happens with Shamlee.

that Sharmila has whizzed back into Bombay, following the Best Actress National Award which she won, she is busy working (what else would she be doing in Bombay?) like she had planned to, with only one or two or three "only-the-very-good, top directors" like Baru Bhattacharya, in his 'Asamapta Kavita', with Devendra and Gulzar for co-stars, and Shakti Samanta's 'Aman Ashram' with Uttam Kumar. The trio had a hit in 'Amanush' remember? Sharmila's probably also having story sittings and considering taking up or rejecting roles. But she's changed—her image, her new look is one of maturity now. she's I've-seen-it-all-and-done-it-all look which has finally drawn the curtain on her famed synthetic frills like lacquer, curls and eye-raising hairdos. It is the absence of the latter that has made the real change in her.

most hectic recording schedule was on and director Gulzar was at it from morning to late in the night. He was recording Ravi Shanker's compositions for "Meeraa" with Vani Jairam singing all the numbers. Now a fresh controversy is beginning over the choice of Vani Jairam for the big film. Rumour-mongers are asking "why not but the truth is that Lata Mangeshkar decided to sing for the film, for she has already made Bhajans famous. To take up this would clash with her own interests or repeating

Zeenat: Getting broad
herself. And as for Gulzar’s going all the way to the States to get Ravi Shankar for composing the music, Producer Premjith’s usual tune-masters, Laxma-kant-Pyarelal or R. D. Burman, daily believe that they cannot compose Meera songs without Lata! And thus the deadlock has been broken and how! It is going to be a super selection of music, wait and watch, according to Gulzar.

It seems Zeenat Aman is being very mysterious. As someone said to me the other day, For one thing, she doesn’t seem to be spouting Rajaab this and Rajaab that any longer, nor all the time talking about Satyam Shivam Sundaram! And ever since her return from the States, she has been hectically completing all her films with Dev, like the recently complete “Kalabaz” and then “Darling Darling”. I don’t see much in this latter thing except that she is trying to finish long-standing and much-neglected commitments, before she sets to work on new and bigger projects. So giving a generous portion of her dates to Dev’s films, is being different. Further, says this friend of mine, Zeenat, who had “such a lovely figure, in fact the best figure in the land”, is going all round. Is Zeenat in love? My informant would neither confirm nor deny but did suggest that there may be somebody on the horizon, in fact the foreign horizon, who is not in films.

The whole film-world was invited personally by Zarina Wahab to attend her first-ever big party, the other day, only I was not invited,” said a sad-faced rakhi-brother of Zarina’s who had helped her with her career and sheltered her in her pre-Chichor (and that’s not too long ago, for her memory to fail so much) days. The event was the silver jubilee success of “Chichor”. This person seems to have a bee in his bonnet about what he calls “Basu Chatterji and company”.

On this subject of people who are sore with others, one would expect Basu Chatterjee to be sore that he was tactfully left out of the delegation that accompanied his own film ‘Chhoti si Baat’ to the Vancouver Film Festival. While heroine Vidya and the “presentor” of the film, B. R. Chopra went, Basu himself was somewhere in London.

VIJAYA IRANI

Sharmila: Getting sober
The loneliness of Jesus and others

Loneliness, solitude, alienation etc are part of the jargon that plagues the bulk of third rate novels, both indigenous and foreign, that pass for modern fiction. The same can be said about a large section of modern poetry.

Sisir Kumar Ghose traces the gradual dissipation of the basic concept of loneliness and explains why this state of the mind had been, and still is, so significant in man's condition.

To be alive means to be in a body, separate from all other bodies, a limiting mind, a confined pile. What is worse is that not only is man alone, but he knows that he is alone and that it is going to be that way till the end. 'Alone, alone, all, all alone; Alone on a wide, wide sea.' The knowledge is often a curse, the wounds of self-consciousness are beyond healing. The history of disreputable, I-against-you, is the standing proof of a heresy of individualism. Change of system and government changes nothing, neither human nature nor the human condition. We mortal millions live alone, and Arnold had written in a situation whose essence was empathy and togetherness.

It was not always so. There have been peoples and cultures that knew how to use solitude as a step towards oneness. The pain of being alone is loneliness, its glory lies in a self-fulfilling solitude straining towards the voiceless, luminous heights of ecstasy. This secret we have to renew, a secret known to our early ancestors. When Pintinus wrote of the flight of the alone to the Alone he was giving expression to his deepest longings and transcendent faith in the Good and the Beautiful; he was not unhappy. Pressed between instruments of assorted torture, it is only now that our dispossessed minds have no other food but self-pity and the Absurd.

What is then that makes us solitary, though we still keep needing others and are still needed by them? That is the question we keep on asking. The answer, of course, is our old friend Ego. According to Theologia Germanica, nothing burns in hell but self-will. Alexis de Tocqueville had noted that each citizen is habitually engaged in contemplation of a very puny object, namely himself. So the chorus goes on:

And is there anyone at all?

And
Is
any one
at all?
I am knocking at the oaken door
And will it open never?
I am calling to you—
don't you hear?
And is there anyone never?
And does this empty silence have to be?
And is there no one at all?
To answer me?
I do not know the road—
I fear to fall
And is there anyone at all?

It is an irony that in the age of mass media people should have become so very lonely and uncared for. As for the contrived beautitudes of a 'we' universe, this is a consumption devoutly to be avoided. An organised reality-slayer, modern amusement fails to mitigate loneliness: on the contrary, it paves the way for complete insensitivity.

Lack of a sense of belonging hurts the children and the old folk most. Both are defenceless, though in different ways. Today every one is more or less a Displaced Person, a denatured disciple. All very nice for electronic experts to speak of the global village, the One World. Their sense of community does not go beyond sharing the same stimulus. Wiser heads have described television as the greatest single factor for the greatest human illness—loneliness. That is why the non-stop noises like the all-night shows, the Towers of Babel, the mounting trivia. Anything to help forget. But solitude, at times, the best society, can communicate better than the most advanced communication systems. Can anything compare, in depth and delicacy as also in power of communication, with the Flower Sermon of the Buddha?

Baudelaire: Less alone when alone.

The modern malaise has been diagnosed by more than one doctor. Behind the economic, social and psychological factors of alienation lies an error with a longer history: the separation of man from nature. From holding her back we now hold her down. Actually what we have done is to upset her ancient balance. The titanic passion for power has resulted in a total estrangement, till "You Can't Go Home Again." To
He went up the hills to pray, and when even came, he was there alone.

quote Samuel Beckett, that authority on anomie. Nature has ceased to exist. So has the family. In a letter Lawrence had expressed the desire of establishing a "pure, unsullied relationship with the universe". What we need is a sacramental experience, the wisdom of the body, a harmony of the whole, a cosmic community. To see a world in a grain of sand is a gift of the symbolic imagination. Is the secret irretrievable? Must Paradise Lost be the drudge's pin code for ever?

Loneliness is not always negative and does not always mean a deprivation. I am never less alone, wrote Baudelaire, than when I am alone. In Man the Unknown Alexis Carrel had suggested building little Inlands of Contemplation on the large cities. Magma civicus, magma solitudo, the bigger the city the greater the howling wilderness. The best retreat is no doubt within and not without.

The open spaces of the world can still be a healer. To be saved one has to be worthy of it. A Robinson Crusoe or a Henry Ford is not likely to gain from such nature cure. But some do. Alone in the wilds of Antarctica, Admiral Byrd was at once tuned to infinity: "The day was dying, the night being born—but with great peace. Here were the imponderable processes and forces of the cosmos, harmonious and soundless. Harmony, that was it! That was what came out of the silence, a gentle rhythm, the strains of a perfect chord, the music of the spheres, perhaps. It was enough to catch the rhythm, momentarily to be myself a part of it. In that instant I could feel no doubt of man's oneness with the universe. The conviction came that rhythm was too orderly, too harmonious, too perfect to be a product of blind chance—"

that, therefore, there must be a purpose in the whole and not an accidental offshoot. It was a feeling that transcended reason, that went to the heart of man's despair and found it groundless. The universe was a cosmos, not a chaos; man was as rightfully a part of the cosmos as were the day and night. Teleology is of course more than a sensation or an expansive mood. Or, who knows, the aesthetics of enlightenment the ineffability of satori may be the only soteriology. In Religion in the Making Whitehead has suggested that all order is aesthetic order and the aesthetic order is derived from God. In brief, beauty is proof of deity. It would save us a lot of ugly wranglings if we could believe or experience that. Nothing else can assuage the human hunger for harmony.

The great have always been lonely. Some have elected silence. Yet their voices of silence speak directly to our noisy but lonely crowds. Solitude used to be salutary, a means to self-finding. The bliss of being is not to be had in a crowd; foster-child of silence and slow time, it is the gift of solitudes. The shock of recognition, along with the fragility of an impermanent universe, is unlike any other. Here may be the origin of Compassion, the birth of karuna in the humanising of man.

The non-attached, non-assertive person may be as lonely on the battle-field as in the home, forest retreat or mountain top. Solitude is a state of being and not a location. Free from the accidents of living, it is during these lonely, peak hours that a person can be wholly himself. If you have never been alone you have not taken the full measure of your personality. The supra-social is at least as real as the social. Our trouble today is not that we are lonely, but that we are not lonely enough.

The point is, we do not know how to contain or sublimate it. In the big plains of the white leisure has begun to be dreaded. Today there are not many who can easily like Scipio Africanus: Never less idle than when unoccupied, never less alone than when without company.

Two forms of loneliness no one can escape, high or low: the loneliness of guilt and death. An abattoir hangs round everybody's neck: for, to be frank, there is no crime of which we are incapable. As for death, whoever walks a funeral without sympathy walks his own funeral to his shroud. We die alone, ungrieved and perhaps without honour, because life itself has no dignity, no point. He only who has striven, who created, and who perished for a soul is a candidate for an honourable death. That leaves most of us out. How many of us can say when the hour comes: I am striving to give back the divine which is in me to the divine in the universe?

The paradigms of loneliness are to be found more easily in the higher echelons of society, among the men of power and property. Power is never without a price; it not only corrupts, but also isolates. The pathos of a child lost in the woods prevented by politics from "listening to the oracle" was never far from Pandit Nehru, who often confessed his lack of belonging. His moving testament, that his ashes might mingle with the holy Ganga was an exile's posthumous expiation and return to the roots. To believe Woodrow Wilson who had left Princeton for the White House, "It is an awful thing to be the President of the United States. It means giving up everything that one holds dear. When a man enters the White House he might well say 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'" In spite of crowded public duties, he found "It's very lonely, very lonely."

The way out of loneliness is through the lost language of inwardness, not an easy language to learn. Not even for Jesus. He went up the hills to pray, we are told, and when evening came, "He was there alone." When evening comes we are all alone.
A roman legionary.

Hay! You know that?

Let's capture him and find out why he's running.

Right!

Oh! A mixture of us!!

No! No! I won't! I know!

There's something written 'with breath, and that's not so good.' Wanted, dead or alive, two goats, large reward.

These idiots will be after us now, instead of looking for the barbarians!

Many thousand times worse than the legion in the forest. They want some of the wool for the tresses, and the only ones who are not worried are the barbarians...

Yes, they are! We are no good from the west, instead of coming from the east, they are in the west.

Durs not to reason why!
WHAT A BIT OF LUCK
IT WOULD BE IF WE COULD CAPTURE THEM
WE'LL TRY!
YES IF ONLY THE GODS WOULD MAKE THEM CALL OUR PATH!

HEY ASTERIX! HINT:
DIDN'T WORK, HUH? ANY MORE?
STOPPED, WASN'T IT?
LET'S TAKE THE MAN AND
YOU TAKE THE LITTLE ONES!

WE'LL TAKE OUR OWN CLOTHES WITH US
YOU'D NEVER KNOW THIS DIFFERENCE!
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“He never did anybody any harm”

An embittered and frustrated man in the last few years of his life, BERRY SARBADHIKARY killed himself in Bombay on December 19. SUBROTO SIRKAR, who came to know him only in his twilight years, writes about the man who had been acknowledged as the doyen of Indian sports journalism.

A YOUNG man like you, you shouldn’t waste your life in sports journalism,” were the first words the late Berry Sarbadhikary ever spoke to me. Hearing them from the country’s most noted sportswriter and commentator, I was taken aback at the time, but later realised that it was the bitter reaction of a man who—for all the benefits he had enjoyed—had discovered himself to be a loser, in the end.

This first meeting was in December 1972, when the north Bihar town of Bhagalpur staged its maiden Ranji Trophy match, Bihar versus Orissa. It was my “Ranji debut”, too, as a cub reporter for Hindustan Standard while it was probably Mr Sarbadhikary’s last Ranji assignment—for The Indian Nation of Patna.

Berry Sarbadhikary and I travelled together on the overnight train from Bhagalpur to Howrah, and in our compartment were two other elderly gentlemen, one a bank officer and the other (I think) a dentist. We sat up till the early hours of the morning, listening as Mr Sarbadhikary replied to our diverse queries on Indian cricket and talked on about so many different facets of the game.

An interesting thing we learnt was how he came to be called “Berry”. Once, from a cricket XI he had organised (I cannot recall if Mr Sarbadhikary had mentioned the occasion) an opening batsman had withdrawn. While seeking a replacement, Mr Sarbadhikary inserted the name John Berry—which were the first and second names of the great English opener, Sir Jack Hobbs—at No. 2 in the batting order. Eventually, no substitute was found and Mr Sarbadhikary himself played—but from that day he ceased to be Bijon and became “Berry”.

At the time I first met him, Berry Sarbadhikary was in his early sixties, a very well-dressed, somewhat diffident gentleman. Strangely, after the Calcutta Test that winter, I never saw him again at a cricket occasion until the last time, during the sportswriters’ meet in Calcutta last February.

After his first major illness, sometime in 1968, Mr Sarbadhikary exiled himself to the Bihar health resort of Madhupur, coming to Calcutta only for short visits. Then, in 1973, he shifted his residence to Bombay.

Berry Sarbadhikary adopted cricket writing as a career on the advice of a former editor of The Statesman, Mr W. C. Wordsworth. Besides covering over a hundred Tests in which India played, he reported on two Olympic Games, Asian Games, Davis Cup ties and the like, thus becoming India’s best-known and most-travelled sportswriter. Of his many publications, “Indian Cricket Uncovered” (1945) is one of the best sports books ever written in this country, while his major work, “My World of Cricket” (1964), is a fine study of the changing face of the game in India.

As a reporter, Berry Sarbadhikary’s great virtue was his absolute fairness. He wrote thoughtfully and lucidly, and though after 1949 he achieved fame as a broadcaster, his writings up to the mid-’60s were probably his best work. To add to his qualifications, he had been a good-class cricketer himself, representing Calcutta University as a wicket-keeper and opener (he also played soccer for the Varsha side), and was also founder of the well-known University Occasionalist team—playing against all the best players in the land in the 1930s.

In May 1975, I visited him at his lodgings opposite the Cooperage in Bombay. He was really touched that someone from the Calcutta sports world had remembered him, and searched around his room for one of his books to give me. We talked for about two hours, about cricket, sport, and life in Calcutta. By then he was a regular in a gentleman’s automatic action. Mr Sarbadhikary first held out the match to me, then remembered I wasn’t smoking.

He was, by turn, nostalgic, bitter, and anxious about the future (he often mentioned his daughter in Calcutta), but his memory was still sharp, and he was as frank as ever: “It’s only since I came to Bombay that I’ve become an alcoholic.” When I took my leave, he was apologetic: “You should have come at six. I look absolutely fresh after a bath in the evening.”

While in Bombay last month, I had it in the back of my mind to go and see him—but I did not. Only when I got the news of his tragic end did something else that he had said then come back to me: “When I am gone, I want just this to be said: He was a good man, he never did anybody any harm.”

As I knew him, Berry Sarbadhikary was a fine, kind person. His fame as a radio commentator might have been greater, but to me he was the most knowledgeable cricket critic India has had, one who loved the game and appreciated its true import better than anybody else I have known. He died literally penniless, it was reported. For all one knows, he might have given away a hundred rupees to somebody with a hard-luck story just two days before. Berry Sarbadhikary was that type of a man.
Why is a Derby so important?

The Indian racing world is now in the grip of the seasonal spell of Derby fever. Captain A. W. KHAN, lifelong turffire, traces the origin of the famous Epsom Derby and talks about the Derby races in India.

"The Derby fever is a world-wide malady which affects all turffire at every big racing centre at one time or another once every year."

The Calcutta racing world is in its full grip at the moment. So is Madras, and the fever will soon spread to Bombay. This malady has no cure, only the end of the Derby race ends the fever. Calcutta Derby is on January 8, while Madras and Bombay will have their Derbys on January 15 and 30, respectively. Bengalore's turn comes during the summer.

The history of Derby races goes back 218 years and, whether the following tale is fiction or fact, it provides some clue to its origin.

The year is 1760, the occasion the summer meeting at Epsom — in England. The place, the residence of the 12th Earl of Derby: "The Oaks", near Epsom. Over port after dinner, the house guests agreed that Epsom ought to have a race for 3 year-old colts to match the race for 3 year-old fillies, named after the host's house, that had been run for the first time that year and been won appropriately by Lord Derby's filly, Bridget.

There was no dissenting voice at the dinner table, but there was a real pandemonium when the discussion turned to the subject of a suitable name for the projected race. Some of the guests declared that there was no room for argument — of course it must be called after the generous host. Others were equally emphatic that there was already a race named after the host's house and that the new race should honour one of the fellow guests, Sir Charles Bunbury, acknowledged to be one of the greatest authorities on racing and breeding in the country. For a long while, amidst the uproar of raised voices the question remained poised, was it to be Derby or Bunbury stakes?

At last the spirit of sportsmanship prevailed. Everyone agreed that the matter should be submitted to the verdict of the toss of the coin. Silence fell. The coin rose in the air, dropped and gave its verdict. The race which was destined to become the most famous in the world was to be called "The Derby". Never has a high-spirited party had a more permanent effect in
the field of sport. And with the race came the Derby fever.

If Sir Charles Bunbury had any regrets about naming the race, he must have been consoled on May 4 of the following year, when his colt named Lord Derby won the first Derby. Lord Derby won his first Derby in 1777, but it was not till 1924, that Sansovino gave the Derby family their second success in this premier classic.

Why is the Epsom Derby considered such a notable race or for that matter, why is a Derby anywhere in the world so important? The answer is simple and also intriguing. Every country, or practically every big racing centre in the world, have their Derbys. A horse, to take part in a Derby with any prospect of success, has to be bred on the right lines, has to go through a number of trails and tests for speed, endurance, temperament, adaptability and courage. In fact, he has to possess every possible quality of an ideal thoroughbred. The winner is considered the best horse of his age, and apart from earning big prize money, is awarded the honour of the Blue Riband of the Turf. No wonder, every owner, trainer and jockey wishes to have the privilege of winning. Training or riding the Derby winner, be it Epsom Derby or Epsom. The last Epsom Derby winner, Empery, has been sold for the staggering sum of 6,000,000 dollars.

Several Indian owners have won the Epsom Derby. The late Aga Khan won 5 Derbys, which is a record for any owner so far. The Aga Khan was racing and breeding on an extensive scale in Europe. He employed the best experts for breeding and buying, and must have bred thousands of thoroughbreds of very high quality. Sir Victor Sassoon, who too was based in India, won the second largest number of Epsom Derby — four.

The Derby is a sweepstake race over 2,400 metres for 3-year-olds, both colts and fillies. The colts give an allowance of 1½ kg, in weight to the fillies. In the long history of the Epsom Derby, only 5 fillies have won this coveted race.

A race similar to the Derby was first introduced in India in 1943, at Bombay. It is called the Indian Derby. Calcutta started such a race in 1958 and it is known as the Calcutta Derby. Madras, Bangalore, Hyderabad and Mysore followed and we now have 5 Derbys in India. In U.S.A. there are 3, while in England, France, Ireland, Italy, West Germany and Japan it is only one.

The Derby is a sweepstake race, in which the owners of horses engaged are required to contribute a fixed sum, which is added to the sum allotted from the race fund. The entire amount is distributed proportionately to the winner and placed horses. All Indian Derbys carry in stakes a lakh of rupees from the race funds. If the entries are big, a greater amount is added to it. Bangalore happens to receive the largest number of entries of all Indian Derbys, for the simple reason that most Indian horses are in Bangalore at that time of the year for summering. And as such, the Bangalore Derby becomes the richest in the country.

The 1976-77 Calcutta Derby attracted 67 entries, but only about a dozen are likely to remain in for the race. When horses of the same age meet at weight-for-age scale, the most important thing becomes the tactics thought of by the trainers and carried out by the riders.

Perhaps, it may be of interest to know that no full brothers or sisters, apart from Fair Court and Star Haven — who both won the South Indian Derby at Madras — have won any of the Indian Derbys. The Epsom Derby, too, has not been won more than one by full brothers or sisters. A full brother is a horse with a common sire and dam. A half-brother is one with a common dam, Horses with common sire only are not related.
Sunil Gavaskar remembers

SUNIL GAVASKAR’S autobiography ‘SUNNY DAYS’ is literally bubbling over with rich anecdotes and observations. We give below the choicest extracts from Sunil’s story. The book has been published by Rupa and Co.

SOON after the first Ranji Trophy match I was dropped from the 14, and it not only disappointed me but I felt rather confused. After all, I had nothing to do but field and, when there, I had taken a good running catch. This is one thing which has always foxxed me. How the ‘reserves’ get dropped remains a mystery. Do they suddenly become so bad after one game that they do not merit a place, even as a ‘reserve’? How can one merit such treatment, even without playing?

* * *

The following anecdote, about the Inter-University cricket championship at Indore in 1969, is revealing. Bombay University was playing Indore.

Having taken a first innings lead we had only to draw the match to qualify for the final. Navin Ambulkar, a great character to have around, was playing a dogged innings and, with only two runs and seven minutes to go, glanced the ball to deep fine-leg. Surprisingly, he was half-way down the wicket when he was declared out leg before. Ambulkar was so shocked by the decision that, for almost ten minutes after that, he could not speak even though he tried to. In the meanwhile both the umpires had run off and had not bothered to sign the score book, as is the rule.

* * *

A word about the Inter-University Tournament. These are the very matches which are the stepping stones to first-class cricket. Every University in each Zone gets to host the matches by rotation and the All-India final and the Vizzy Trophy matches are played at the same centre. The tournament, which is played during December-January in cold weather, can take quite a toll of one’s resources. The teams are asked to stay in rooms where eight to ten boys are crammed. There is hardly any hot water to bathe and shave and the boys have to sleep from being terribly uncomfortable.

WEST INDIAN ADVENTURE, 1971

I REMEMBER, once Dilip had charged out leaving his food, which he loves, to take up cudgels against a young Indian who had said to me in Jamaica, “Sobers will get you out, first ball, bowled behind the leg.” One of the other boys reported this to Dilip, who was about to bite into his chicken, left and caught hold of the Indian, and nearly started a row. We stopped him, but Dilip was fuming. He was touchy about what was said about the team, especially any of the younger players.

* * *

As I was nearing my first Test century, dark clouds began gathering over the ground and it started to drizzle. Play continued, however, and on 94 I survived what was probably the simplest of catches. I played forward to a pitched delivery from Noreiga. The ball spun and jumped hitting me on my glove and went to Sobers, who would have taken a doolly catch if he had been standing where he was before the ball was delivered. But Gary, in forward defensive stroke, had moved forward to try and get me. Thus he had to jump and stretch for the ball, which eluded him and in the bargain I got a run. At the end of the over, Gary stood in front of me and said: “Man, why are you after me, can’t you find some other fielder?” He had dropped me thrice so far and this last one was the easiest of the lot.

* * *

When we arrived at Bridgetown (Barbados), the customs officials wanted to see Sardessi. Asked if he had anything to declare, Dilip said with a broad smile: “I have come here with runs, and I am going to leave Barbados with more runs.” It was a sight to see Dilip being bombarded with questions by the officials and the ready answers he had for them. Dilip was, by far, the most popular man in the Indian team. At the airport he was told that Wesley Hall had been included in the Barbados side. Dilip’s reply was typical of his self-confident self: “Ha! By the time I come to bat we will be 200 for 2 wickets so what is your Wes Hall going to do?” The officials loved him. He was a man after their own heart.

* * *

There was an incident during the Barbados match, which involved Russi Jeejeebhoy and Seymour Nurse. Nurse, annoyed by Russi’s constant thrusting of his pads to the ball, made a sarcastic comment that Russi had a bat to play the ball with. Russi resented the remark and walked down the wicket gesturing that he wanted to have a word with Sobers, who was then bowling. Sobers told Russi off and Russi was so upset about it that he refused to talk to anyone in the dressing room, when he returned after he was out. Dilip ribbed him a lot about this and even his room-mate Solkar did not spare him. The sight of the outraged Russi walking down the wicket to remonstrate with Sobers is one of the memorable events of the 1971 West Indies tour.

* * *

OH! TO BE IN ENGLAND—1971

LORDS, at first sight, is not impressive. Quite frankly, I don’t understand why cricketers are overawed by Lord’s. The members are thestuffiest know-alls you can come across, and the ground is most uninspiring. It slopes from one end to the other. I shuddered to think of it as the Headquarters of Cricket!

* * *

Just before lunch, an incident, the famous ‘Snow charge’, took place involving me. Snow bowled to Farokh from the Nursery End, and Farokh trying to turn a ball to leg missed and was hit on the thigh and the ball fell near short square-leg. We set out for a quick run. From the corner of my eye I saw Snow also setting off for the ball. I would have reached home safely as Snow had gone across to the other side on his follow through. However, I found to my surprise that he was level with me and, with the ball nowhere near him, the hefty fast bowler gave me a violent shove, which sent me sprawling. Now, Snow is a well-built bowler, with strong shoulders, so that poor little me had no chance! I crawled to the crease having lost my bat in the tumble. Snow came and tossed the bat back to me. He did not fling it as re-
Pakistan War, which was then going on, didn’t exactly make him ‘Mr. Popular’ with Bishen and myself, as well as the other members of the team. Farokh was referred to have him as an Australian journalist that, because his house in Bombay faced the sea, he was afraid about the safety of his wife and daughters and that he was going to ask them to go ‘home’ to Lancashire. Bishen, whose parents were in Amritsar, was rightly upset because Amritsar is close to the Pakistan border. Nevertheless, Bishen had offered no comments to the Press.

The World XI players, particularly Ackerman, used the situation to imagine some really funny situations, such as Intikhab and Farokh facing each other with bayonets: myself in a fighter plane, with Asif Masood on my tail; and Bishen and Zaheer trying to run away. We had a good laugh. Though the Australian players were careful not to joke with us on this subject, Richard Hutton came up with a typical one when he said that even if Farokh stabbed Intikhab first with his bayonet, the Pakistani player would survive as he had so much fat to absorb the blow.

I must say that there was no tension at all between the Indians and Pakistani players, despite what was happening. Almost every evening we went out for a meal to a restaurant owned by a Pakistani. The owner would hear reports from various radio news bulletins and write them down in Urdu on a paper napkin and give it to Intikhab. Intikhab would barely glance at it, crumple it up and throw it away.

Clive ‘Hubert’ Lloyd was severely injured when he fell while trying to take a catch in the Melbourne Test. We were all very sorry for Lloyd and to cheer him up for Xmas the Rest of the World team composed a song and booked a call to his hospital room to sing it to him. We imagine our support when we were told that he had gone out. Only a week before the doctors were of the opinion that he may not be able to walk! We were happy, anyway, though he was obviously not going to play on the tour any more.

On the eve of the New Year (1972) the Pollock brothers—Peter, better known for his fast bowling, and Graeme, the left-handed batting artist—joined us. The brothers are vastly different, though obviously attached to each other. Peter, who is a journalist by profession, is an extrovert. He loves beer and enjoys a cigarette. He would talk about cricket endlessly showing an amazing knowledge of Indian cricket, which really surprised me.

Graeme, on the other hand, doesn’t look as sturdy as his elder brother. He does not smoke and drinks beer only occasionally. He is the quiet type and would rather smile than talk. In any case, his deeds spoke for themselves. He, too, was very much interested in Indian cricket, and recalled with pleasure his association during the 1963 (Rest of the World vs England) series with Chandrasekhar. He thought Chandrasekhar was as fascinating as his bowling.

The Melbourne Test
Zaheer was in an attacking mood and he was severe on anything slightly loose. Sometimes he played odd-looking shots. He has a pecuilar style, and lifts the short bat from the point, brings it down quickly. He doesn’t seem to have a forward defensive shot, but follows through and seldom does the ball stay dead at his feet. For deliveries pitched on his legs he turns quickly and, with a flick of the wrists, sends them past square-leg. This is a remarkable shot more often than not, he is only showing part of the face of the bat to the ball. He has very supple and strong wrists and, in spite of his seemingly incorrect technique, plays very stylishly.

WORLD XI DOWN UNDER

After Farokh was out in Perth, he said he had mistimed his shot because the ball had stopped. On this wicket there was no stopping, and everybody in the team ribbed him for this statement. This, as well as an earlier statement by Farokh about the India-

ported in the newspapers. In fact, after lunch he came to me and apologised.

[The Third Test.]

We had a little over two hours and the entire fifth day to get the 171 runs required to win. I was given out leg-before to a ball from Snow, which clearly pitched outside the leg-stump and to which I offered no stroke. But then you don’t question an English umpire’s decision, do you? They are supposed to be the best in the world. However, I earned the distinction (?) of getting out for a ‘duck’ for the first time in Tests! Ashok Mankad played determinedly and with Ajit stroking well they took the score to 37 and wore down the England pace attack. Ashok was finally out to Underwood for 11, his highest in the series. But, he had stuck around and denied the pace bowlers a breakthrough. His was an insignificant score, but an immense contribution to the eventual victory. Ashok has a tremendous sense of humour and constantly pulled everybody’s leg. After he returned to the pavilion and had taken a shower, he marked, “At last I can go home and tell them what the English spinners were like.” Then when he was told that he had scored just 11 runs, he said, “A pity the Tests are over, I was just getting into my stride and by the fifth Test I would surely have scored 25 runs.” Travelling by coach between the Counties, Ashok would keep everybody in good humour with his jokes and singing. At the several official parties and receptions he had to face innumerable people who would come to him and tell him they knew his father and would talk about him and Ashok would turn around to one of us and say “I am getting to know a lot about my father”. He would put on a typical British accent and converse with the people. He enjoyed doing that and with his power of observation he was a terrific mimic.

* * *

After Farokh was out in Perth, he said he had mistimed his shot because the ball had stopped. On this wicket there was no stopping, and everybody in the team ribbed him for this statement. This, as well as an earlier statement by Farokh about the India-
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CARRYING CASE NOW FOR Rs. 15 ONLY
Gevaskar was 'appealed out' in this 'Test'

My entry into the dressing room wasn't exactly peaceful and, when I was inside, I gave full vent to my feelings. Gary, already upset by his first innings failure, was tuning up. All Kai had put no power behind it, I had declined a run. I sheepishly said to him, "Jeezus, that did go, huh?" Graeme replied modestly, "Yeah, sometimes they do!"

ENGLAND IN INDIA '72-73

I was given out, caught by Greig, after the ball had come off my pads. The poor umpire got faxed by Greig and wicket-keeper Knott, who began applauding the bowler with such gusto that he declared me 'out'. When I met Greig in our dressing room in the evening, he laughed in characteristic fashion and started pulling my leg. I, however, swallowed all the choice bad words I had thought of, because, with Greig it is a love-hate relationship.

Throughout the tour Greig made use of his knowledge of Hindi expetives which he learnt from us and the Pakistanis during the Rest of the World's tour of Australia. Often, he did not even know the meaning of what he was saying, but the rest of the members of the Indian team were certainly surprised to hear his Hindi vocabulary. His pronunciation was not perfect, but the meaning was clear.

Salim Durranli, who had injured his leg while fielding, took me as his runner. But, there was precious little running I had to do for Durranli, who seemed to concentrate on hitting boundaries. Once, after the crowd chanted that they wanted a 'six', Durranli swung a ball from Underwood into the near pavilion at mid-off. He hit the ball on the back foot which was being returned, I walked from my square-leg position and congratulated Salim for the shot. I also wanted to caution him, because our position was not secure as yet. Salim's reply typical of him: "I wanted to show him (Underwood) who is the boss."

The next day Gary continued to hammer the bowling and with Peter Pollock defending stoutly and attacking in sudden bursts, we were really going strong. Two shots of Gary stood out. First, when he cut Massie to the point boundary, the ball beat the fielder who was posted wide just for this kind of shot before he could move even two feet. And remember, Melbourne has the longest boundary in the world. The second one was off Dennis Lillee, when Gary went back and slammed the ball straight back past the bowler and it crashed into the fence. He also lifted O'Keefe for two successive sixes. When he returned to the pavilion the crowd rose to a man in applause.

This incident relates to Graeme Pollock's first century in the 'Test'.

I was his partner in a long stand and one incident stands out in my mind. Graeme uses a very heavy bat—about 3 lbs. in weight. He played forward to a ball and I called out to him to wait. Imagine my surprise when I saw the ball speed past the mid-off fielder to the boundary. Graeme had timed it so sweetly that it had looked like a defensive push and, as he had put no power behind it, I had declined a run. I sheepishly said to him, "Jeezus, that did go, huh?" Graeme replied modestly, "Yeah, sometimes they do!"

The Calcutta Test

Salim Durranli, who had injured his leg while fielding, took me as his runner. But, there was precious little running I had to do for Durranli, who seemed to concentrate on hitting boundaries. Once, after the crowd chanted that they wanted a 'six', Durranli swung a ball from Underwood into the near pavilion at mid-off. He hit the ball on the back foot which was being returned, I walked from my square-leg position and congratulated Salim for the shot. I also wanted to caution him, because our position was not secure as yet. Salim's reply typical of him: "I wanted to show him (Underwood) who is the boss."

Long after the game was over huge crowds were waiting outside our hotel to catch a glimpse of the players. Calcutta crowds are terrific and the players are treated like heroes. The players I think feel unnecessarily that there is danger to them physically. True, the enthusiasm of the crowds can be a little too much, but it is well meant. The enthusiasm of the Calcutta crowd is terrific and I, for one, would rather play before a Calcutta crowd than at Lord's where the applause is strictly limited to three or four claps.

During my innings there was a funny incident when I survived a leg-before appeal off Arnold. Greig walking past me at the end of the over remarked, 'It hasn't close, wasn't it?' I replied, 'Sure, but the umpire is my uncle!' Greig then asked what his name was, I said "Gothoskar, but he had changed it, or else he would never get to be a Test umpire." Within minutes word had gone round and I was asked with much consternation by quite a few people whether umpire Gothoskar was really my uncle.

This incident relates to Graeme Pollock's first century in the 'Test'.

I was his partner in a long stand and one incident stands out in my mind. Graeme uses a very heavy bat—about 3 lbs. in weight. He played forward to a ball and I called out to him to wait. Imagine my surprise when I saw the ball speed past the mid-off fielder to the boundary. Graeme had timed it so sweetly that it had looked like a defensive push and, as he had put no power behind it, I had declined a run. I sheepishly said to him, "Jeezus, that did go, huh?" Graeme replied modestly, "Yeah, sometimes they do!"

* * *

England in India '72-73

I was given out, caught by Greig, after the ball had come off my pads. The poor umpire got faxed by Greig and wicket-keeper Knott, who began applauding the bowler with such gusto that he declared me 'out'. When I met Greig in our dressing room in the evening, he laughed in characteristic fashion and started pulling my leg. I, however, swallowed all the choice bad words I had thought of, because, with Greig it is a love-hate relationship. On the field he makes you hate him but off it he is a wonderful chap, who doesn't bear you any grudge. He believes that whatever happens on the field should be left there and should not be allowed to sour one's friendship.

Throughout the tour Greig made use of his knowledge of Hindi expetives which he learnt from us and the Pakistanis during the Rest of the World's tour of Australia. Often, he did not even know the meaning of what he was saying, but the rest of the members of the Indian team were certainly surprised to hear his Hindi vocabulary. His pronunciation was not perfect, but the meaning was clear. More than anyone else, Farokh and Ajit suffered, because they often played long innings during the series. Yet, when the M.C.C. left, all our players agreed that he was a likeable guy, off the field.

The Calcutta Test

Salim Durranli, who had injured his leg while fielding, took me as his runner. But, there was precious little running I had to do for Durranli, who seemed to concentrate on hitting boundaries. Once, after the crowd chanted that they wanted a 'six', Durranli swung a ball from Underwood into the near pavilion at mid-off. He hit the ball on the back foot which was being returned, I walked from my square-leg position and congratulated Salim for the shot. I also wanted to caution him, because our position was not secure as yet. Salim's reply typical of him: "I wanted to show him (Underwood) who is the boss."

* * *

Long after the game was over huge crowds were waiting outside our hotel to catch a glimpse of the players. Calcutta crowds are terrific and the players are treated like heroes. The players I think feel unnecessarily that there is danger to them physically. True, the enthusiasm of the crowds can be a little too much, but it is well meant. The enthusiasm of the Calcutta crowd is terrific and I, for one, would rather play before a Calcutta crowd than at Lord's where the applause is strictly limited to three or four claps.

During my innings there was a funny incident when I survived a leg-before appeal off Arnold. Greig walking past me at the end of the over remarked, 'It hasn't close, wasn't it?' I replied, 'Sure, but the umpire is my uncle!' Greig then asked what his name was, I said "Gothoskar, but he had changed it, or else he would never get to be a Test umpire." Within minutes word had gone round and I was asked with much consternation by quite a few people whether umpire Gothoskar was really my uncle.

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“If game at all continues into fifth day it will last only very short time” — this forecast of the London-based Indian astrologer Vimala Lonavat, about the first India-England cricket Test at New Delhi last month was certainly correct, but for the rest her predications turned out to be all awry. Ms. Lonavat, whose clientele included the late Lord Thomson of Fleet and who (according to The Guardian) is “the only Indian woman to hold a degree in astrological science”, had apparently got everything right about the first Test she had ever forecast — Calcutta in 1974-75. But as far as New Delhi '76 was concerned, she must have made some mistake in her calculations. Not only was she confident India would win, some of her forecasts regarding individual players were: “For Amss his first innings will be of great anxiety. For Brearley and Barlow Friday will be a day of honour and success. Lever will find his success move at the end than at the beginning. Bedi will not personally shine as a bowler in this Test. Chandra will have a wonderful match. It is Chandra who will ultimately prove the disaster for England.” No information is available on whether Vimala Lonavat made any predictions for the Calcutta Test, or not.

NOT often does one hear of some champion’s Olympic Gold medals being stolen. But for such prize possessions to be stolen, and then returned by “the thief” himself, must be a very rare occurrence. Australian swimmer Dawn Fraser, who had created history by winning the women’s 100-metre freestyle event at the 1956 Melbourne, 1960 Rome, and 1964 Tokyo Olympics, had been robbed of the second of these three Golds, and another she had won for the 4x100 metres freestyle relay at Melbourne, way back in 1968. Last month she received a bulky cardboard box in the post, and inside — neatly wrapped in cotton-wool — were the two missing Golds. Miss Fraser was obviously happy to get them back. As she remarked, the thief must have found it difficult to dispose of them because, obviously anybody would know to whom the medals belonged.

The Test career of the world’s highest-paid cricketer at an end? During the Christmas Test versus Pakistan at Adelaide, Australian speed merchant Jeff Thomson — who only a few months ago had signed that fabulous contract with the radio system in Brisbane — dislocated his right shoulder in collision with teammate Alan Turner, after both fields had gone for a catch from Zaheer Abbas. The 28-year-old Thomson, who is regarded as the one of the fastest bowlers in international cricket today, later underwent surgery for a partial dislocation of his collar-bone. But because he had screws inserted in his shoulder to hold it in position, he is definitely out of big cricket for the rest of the season — including the Centenary Test against England in March. The injury also makes him doubtful for the Australians’ tour of the U.K. later this year. But it would be premature to write off “Thommo” just yet. Remember his pace partner Dennis Lillee’s fantastic recovery after that back injury four years ago.

Gracious Greig.

The gentleman buying cakes at a well-known Calcutta confectioners’ as Christmas presents for his children was using his own, proven method to make his offspring happy. Since the young daughter was a fan of Hema Malini, so one box he attached a card: “To little....with best wishes from Hema” — much to the amusement of others crowding the confectionery counter. The man’s son, apparently, was a hero-worshipper of the England cricket captain, Tony Greig. As he began dictating the message for another card, the crowd around him parted and the man stood staring at an immensely tall and blond figure in front of him. It was Tony Greig in person. Smilingly, the M.C.C. skipper bought a bigger cake, signed “To Master...from Tony Greig” with a flourish on the card, and strode away leaving the gentleman in question speechless at this 79-inch wonder. Without doubt, it was another hit for the popular Greig!

Have the British lost their sense of humour or is this their idea of a wry sense of humour? Lord Snowdon, the Bohemian royal photographer, turned lord has been ousted from the Madame Tussaud wax museum following his break-up with wife Princess Margaret, in the wax museum his effigy occupied a place alongside Margaret with the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, the Duke of Kent, Lord Mountbatten and David Ogilvy (Alexandria’s husband). Lord Snowdon is the last to take this downgrading seriously. He probably prefers to be plain Tony Armstrong-Jones, photographing the beauties of the world for posterity.

Lord Snowdon: No longer a museum-piece
CLIFF RICHARD was in India in December, charming audiences in Bombay and Calcutta. NONDON BAGCHI met the 36-year-old pop music superstar.

At 36, Cliff Richard continues to be cute. He also continues to be a husky, deep-voiced, a draw, and a one-man package entertainment deal. The days are gone when every alternate song on Western music programmes was a Cliff hit, but the crowds still came to greet Cliff because he brings back a lot of memorabilia to a lot of people. The police were also there, armed for a lathicharge, at the Kalamandir auditorium in Calcutta, but disappointingly, Cliff was not mobbed, and no one pulled out tufts of his hair for keepsake. In fact, it was a peaceful, self-conscious crowd who seemed quite unsure whether Cliff would like them or not.

It has been 29 years for Cliff, and in between, he has run the entire gamut: ridicule during childhood on account of his tan and accent, in British suburban schools; the adolescent fascination for the glittering world of rock and roll; slowly, the determination to become a singing star; and finally, briefly, the dizzy experience of being a superstar in his time.

He was born in Lucknow, christened Harry Webb, and brought up in Howrah till seven, when the Webb family emigrated to England.

He remembers a few things about his childhood here, and eating "buddha ka baat" and "chub jamin" are two of them. Cliff's biggest asset is his consistency. He doesn't need press releases to pave his conferences. All his important views seem to come forth in the same language, many quotes unchanged from his biographies and past interviews. And yet he is a remarkably easy person to talk to, liable to break into song in mid-sentence—he did, at the Press conference in Calcutta's Bengal Club.

Today's teenagers were in diapers when Cliff was really making his hits and a lot of the excitement his visit has generated has been among people who witnessed his Presleyan, pelvis-shaking songs like "Move It", "High Class Baby", "Dynamite" and "Apron Strings".

Most of these people followed Cliff into his phase of super-polished show business, with his backing group. The Shadows, sometimes accompanied by chorus girls and a full scale orchestra. And when it seemed that he was going to be rendered antediluvian by the music, he changed. But he could never do the wild singing that the new groups were doing; in Calcutta, standing in one spot in a spotlight for two hours, with just one guitar, he entertained 2,000 people. That's what he knows to do well, and that's what he will continue to do.

Cliff's audience in Calcutta consisted largely of people of his own age group, and there was even an elderly matron who couldn't stop sneaking with delight every two minutes. When he was, inevitably, garlanded at the end of the show, he bent to sniff at the tuberoses and this alone was sufficient to provoke an insane round of applause. It was a remarkably nervous crowd, shy, hesitant to join in the singing, and afraid, almost, that Cliff might say something funny ("This is an old Chinese folk song... It's called Ta-Ning") and they would forget to laugh. Considering the city, Calcutta, a very pleasant audience.

In Bombay, delegations had prepared "Welcome Home. Cliff" banners to greet their hero. In Calcutta, the news of his arrival was received in a number of ways. Many assumed it was a fraud, like the much-publicised Presley-Armstrong show in Delhi eight years ago, for which enormous quantities of tickets were sold before it was revealed to be a hoax. Most other Calcuttans found this the kind of news they wanted to believe.

But the most pertinent question about his visit is perhaps: Why did he come to India? He became a millionaire when he was just a teenager (the kind of boy "every Mom would like her daughter to marry", as a magazine said). What brings him, now that he is nudging 40, to India? He has far more up-to-date and receptive audiences in Europe. In fact, his biographies all omit talk of his first seven years, in India, and he has never before expressed a desire to visit here. So what brings him here?

"Eleven and a half years ago, I met a character called Jesus", said Cliff to 2,000 people, and I want to tell you about what he has done for me." Having given up pop music, or vice versa, Cliff found a new priority: religion and the message of Christianity. Pop life can't go on forever." His father's death in 1962 was a maturing shock, and in the Christian fold, he felt he was "a person" and not up "on a pedestal.

And so, in Calcutta and Bombay, although he sang his "Bachelor Boy" and "Summer Holiday" and "Congratulations", Cliff's main purpose was missionary. Some people did sneak out of the hall, as Cliff rightly pointed out they were free to do. "I have been called here to speak on Jesus, and you have come here to listen to me," he said. "I will try not to disappoint you."

But to be fair to Calcuttans, they could only have taken two hours of sermonizing from Cliff Richard, the musical demi-god they once adulated. They had come to see their first real-life pop star, and were temporarily willing to overlook and listen patiently to whatever he said.

And to be fair to Cliff, he sermonizes fluently and well, knowing just when it is time to put in an "oldie" to revive the crowd, or slip in a pre-packed one-liner ("I don't use any make-up. Just cement."). And his last song, a hymn, sans guitar, with just his head and hands caught by the light, was truly beautiful. As a Calcuttan said, "I didn't mind. I went because he was Cliff Richard and I wanted to see him. I heard he would sermonize, but that was OK by me. He isn't young any more, and if he spoke about heavy topics, I didn't mind. I wanted to hear 'Bachelor Boy'".
ORISSA'S NEW CHIEF MINISTER: Binayak Acharya, 58, was sworn in as the head of the new Congress ministry in Orissa in Bhubaneswar on December 29. Mr. Acharya, a one-time headmaster of a municipal high school in Berhampur, Ganjam, has a nine-member Cabinet. Five days earlier, another Congress ministry in Gujarat, headed by Mr. Madhavsinh Solanki, had been sworn in at Ahmedabad.

INDIAN CRICKETERS WHO ARE DOING WELL: While India's men's team were counting the Test match victories in England, their women's team, under the leadership of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, was taken to New Zealand. This photograph shows the Indian girls' meeting Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi before leaving for New Zealand last month.
"THE REAL FRUIT OF SUCCESS"... This photograph of the Australian women cricketers practising before their Test match at the Eden Gardens was taken by Devi Prosad Sinha (Staff Photographer, Ananda Bazar Patrika) who has been chosen "Young Photographer of the Year" by the Press Institute of India.

"RESCUE"... A rescue party trying to extract the body of an injured passenger from the wreckage of a compartment of the Habra Local after the Darjeeling Mail had dashing against it at Ultradeja Railway Station. This photograph by Mr Satyen Sen, Staff Photographer of Ananda Bazar Patrika, won him the first prize in the Spontaneous Spot News Category in a nationwide contest conducted by the Press Institute of India, New Delhi, last year.
THE SUB-INSPECTOR OF POLICE, Nampally, has seized one currency note worth of Rs 100 as unclaimed property. If it is not claimed by the claimant within six months, the property will be sold by auction and the sale proceeds will be credited into Government Treasury — The Deccan Chronicle (K. Ramesh, Hyderabad).

TWO DOGS kept as pets by a leading contractor of Durg district of Madhya Pradesh have now some of his land registered in their names. Their master wanted to save a large portion of his excess land from the application of land-ceiling Act. The Times of India (Lincoln Fernandes, Bombay).

VANDIPERTYAR ERUMELI and Vedasserikkara Panchayat, Karimnagar. Ranni forest areas and the precincts of the Sabarimala temple have been declared as prohibited areas for beggars during this year's Sabarimala pilgrimage season — India's Express (Jayarac Vijayan, Calicut).

IT HAS BEEN decided in relaxation of the existing control to allow the export of rats and mice (dead or alive) or parts thereof or products therefrom without any licensing formalities and other charges for export of wildlife and its products—Financial Express (Jimi Hafizji, Calcutta).

THE BILASPUR police have detected a novel use (or misuse) of Nirodh. A foreign national has been apprehended for carrying over one kg of charas concealed in a number of Nirodh—Sunday Standard (Santa James, Madras).

IN THE LAST week's issue on page 22 we had printed an obituary for N. T. Mudnani, But on Saturday we were shocked to be notified that Shri N. T. Mudnani is alive and well. This piece of news was received by us on telephone on Friday at 10:00 p.m. This was too serious a matter for us to take as prank so we did not give a serious thought to it. But we now very much regret. Our apologies to Shri N. T. Mudnani. We wish Mudnani a long and happy life—Trade Guide (R. G. Seshachalam, Bangalore).

THE CUBANS came to Angola dreaming of peace and thinking about a nice vacation in tropical Angola. But we have made them feel as if they are sitting on an anthill—Jonas Savimbi, leader of the anti-government UNITA.

ISRAEL IS not ready for peace. Rabin's government is a weak government. He fears peace. He fears to face his public opinion in the Knesset—Anwar Sadat.

STILL THE GESTAPO nothing better has been invented to destroy people than the French tax administration and its inquisitions—Gerard Nicoud, French trade union leader.

I'M A VERY aggressive peace person, I'm afraid: I love to sock it to them—Betty Williams, Irish peacemonger.

THE DACOITS have certainly had a change of heart. It's the police who haven't—S. N. Subba Rao, Gandhinagar.

IT IS a strange phenomenon in India that no political party—The Congress is no exception—has held elections for the past several years to party offices at various levels—Kuldip Nayar in the Indian Express.

THE JAPANESE sense of grace will not permit me to stay—Takeo Miki, Japanese premier who recently resigned.

I'LL BE back in 1985—Henry Kissinger.

WHEN AN intellectual like Kissinger gets involved in events, it's a disaster.—Graham Greene.
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction

No custom is more universal than that of greeting the New Year with joy and festivity. It is common to the highly civilized and the most backward peoples on earth.

To the early Romans, the New Year invariably symbolized the putting aside of an old life and the taking up of a new. They presented one another with branches of trees as a token of good luck for the coming year. This might have given rise to the custom of decorating houses and churches with evergreens at this time of the year.

The turn of the year must have been widely regarded as an auspicious time to dispose of evil spirits, for the hide-clad exorcists of Scotland had their counterparts in many other countries. In Silenias, for instance, all evil spirits were smoked out of the house by a huge fire of Greenwood. In some countries they were circumvented by Holy Water. In Czarist Russia they were thrashed into flight by young girls armed with wands.

One popular mode of divination employed was a row of plates. Blindfolded, the inquirer advanced until his extended forefingers touched one of them. If it contained water he expected a voyage; a ring meant marriage, a coin meant wealth; ink signified marriage to a widow or a widower and an empty plate forecast celibacy. Another method was to file a spool of molten lead into water, and note the shape it took. A circle meant marriage; a horse-shoe meant prosperity.

The custom of ringing bells on New Year’s Eve originated in England long ago. It was customary to ring muffled bells just before 12 o’clock and exactly at 12 to remove the wrappings and permit the bells to ring out loudly. This symbolized the thought that the old year was weak and feeble and that the new strong and powerful.

The ancient Egyptians believed that bells tolled at the time of death kept spirits from wielding an evil influence upon the dead and the living. The superstition found its way to Italy, Scotland, Ireland and England. In Paris hundreds of years ago it was the custom to ring the bells of Notre Dame whenever a prisoner was led to execution. The ringing of the bells on New Year’s Eve was apparently intended to announce the death of the old year.

In Scotland the festivities were so exuberant that the New Year season was known as the ‘Draught Day’. One of the country’s curious old customs, which has probably descended from pagan days, is of lighting fires to ‘burn out’ the old year. Bonfires are lit at 9 o’clock in the evening and they remain alight till New Year’s Day. Care is taken, too, to keep household fires burning through the night.

The old custom of the ‘Wassail Bowl’ lingers on. During the Middle Ages a flagon of ale, warmed and spiced, was an invariable feature of the New Year celebrations. The children would march round the streets bearing a bowl decorated with evergreens, into which coppers were dropped, while they sang a very old song, part of its chorus running:

Love and joy come to you,
And God send you a Happy New Year.

Scotland still retains with undiminished vigour the custom of ‘open house’ at New Year’s. There is a quaint old superstition among the people that he who is first to visit a family in the New Year will be lucky and prosperous throughout the year. Therefore every one visits everyone else on New Year’s Eve, revellers usually making a scramble to be ‘first foot’ as the clock strikes twelve.

Undoubtedly, one of the most robust welcomes to the New Year is given by the inhabitants of Orkney, where every year on New Year’s Day a terrific football struggle is fought out. The men at Kirkwall, the capital, divide into two sides, the men living ‘down town’ battling out the contest with those living at he ‘harbour end’. The contest wages fiercely, scores of men on each side endeavouring to secure the football. At last the ball is hurled into the harbour and is duly recovered by one player who wins the laurels of the day.

The greatest fun witnessed in Spain is grape-swallowing. It is seen at its best in Madrid where crowds gather for the annual feast of swallowing a dozen large grapes as the Home Office clock strikes midnight. The rendezvous is the Puerto del Sol, sometimes known as the Trafalgar Square of Madrid.

Ancient tradition decrees that whoever manages to accomplish the feat may be safe from all ills during the succeeding twelve months. It is reckoned that on an average a thousand tons of grapes are consumed every New Year’s Eve. The kind which renders the feat difficult is the Almeria— a variety the size of small plums. It is usual for the theatres and similar places of entertainment to hold up the programme for a minute or so while both actors and audience gulp down the fruits.

SUBHASH J. RELE
THE FORMATION of the German Colonial Society in 1862 led within a few years to the establishment of German colonies in East and West Africa and among the Pacific islands. The Germans were slower in providing distinctive stamps for their new colonies but in 1900 a standard design featuring the Kaiser's steam-yacht Hohenzollern was introduced for the 10 principal colonies, including German South West Africa. Because the stamps were also on sale to collectors in Berlin, they are fairly common in mint condition but genuinely used on mail from the colonies some value is very scarce. When eventually South West Africa becomes independent as Namibia these German issues will be in demand as forerunners to a collection of the independence issues.

In the match between New Zealand and Argentine the bidding went:

South       West       North       East

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

West led a diamond to the Ace and Dr Kerr, of New Zealand, dropped the King! This is not an entirely new 'ploy', but it worked perfectly here. East switched to the Jack of clubs, and a later finesse of the 9 of hearts established two discards for South's remaining diamonds.

The same hands were played at all tables in the Olympiad, and this is what happened between Morocco and the Netherlands:

South       West       North       East

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

3 of Clubs

If East was going to defend over Four Spades, 4N1 would have been a rather better choice. The defenders did not to double Six Clubs. What gave pliability to the occasion was that East was Bobby Steenburgh, who has spent some recent years in Morocco, and South was his former Dutch partner, Hans Kreys, with whom he won the 1886 Pairs Olympiad.

As can be seen, Six Clubs presented no great problem. Declarer ruffed the spade lead, took two rounds of dummy, then played Ace of diamonds and ran the Queen. He had to give up a heart eventually, but that was all.

Dr Kerr's deception won one of the prizes, and Steenburgh's effort earned a good laugh, if nothing else.

*The Acrol Diary* makes its usual popular appearance, with new features including a review of the new Duplicate Laws, 97p, including postage from 5 Ellis Avenue, Chalfont St Peter, Bucks.

THE FISHING and sailing schooner Blue nose featured on this 1929 Canadian 50-cents stamp, was built at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, to compete in the annual Fisherman's Trophy races for Canadian and American working vessels. From her first race in 1921 she won the trophy nine years in succession but in 1930 was defeated by her American rival Gertrude L. Thibaude, shown at the left of the stamp design. The Blue nose crossed the Atlantic in 1935 for the King George V silver jubilee celebrations and spent the war years trading in the Caribbean but was wrecked off Haiti in 1946. This mint example of the 50-cents realised £52 at a recent Phillips sale.

by TERENCE REEBE

This DEAL from the Olympiad at Monte Carlo earned two nominations for the Bole Brilliance Prize with a respect of two very different performances. The Wests were:

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This is what happened between Morocco and the Netherlands:

The Chess Player

When I was a boy and young master I relied upon two chess magazines for instruction and entertainment. One was the *solid British Chess Magazine*, which was mostly concerned with national matters. In these leisurely days the teams of county matches were given in full. For international matters it was the German Kegane Neueste Schachnachrichten, that really took my fancy. It contained whole tournaments in pieces with dream names like Bad Pleyen and Schwenningen, there were wonderful analytical and discursive articles by such magnificent figures as Nimzowitsch, Reti, Spielmann and even, above all, there was the spirit and feeling that chess was a worthwhile pursuit for the artist.

Also, Kegane's were long ago, but it left an indelible impression on me and ever since its demise I have looked for something comparable. Probably the production nearest to Kegane is Tony Gilliam's *The Chess Player*! It gives an enormous number of games, in one year something like 900, and the articles, not I think on a par with the great ones of Kegane's, but I may be prejudiced by a nostalgia for the past. And there is a profusion of tournament cross-tables.

There are 10 issues in a year and the subscription for a calendar year (Gilliam will only take them on this basis) is £3. The address to write to for subscription is - The Chess Player, 12 Burton Avenue, Carlton, Nottingham NG4 1PT.

An early computer game

Here is a game played against a computer in 1951. White 'Program' Black Human

This week Sun, Mercury and Mars are in Sagittarius, Venus in Aquarius, Jupiter and Ketu in Aries, Saturn in Cancer, Rahu and Uranus in Libra, and Neptune in Scorpio. Moon will be moving through Virgo and Libra from Leo.

**ARIES**

(March 21 — April 20) A week of mixed fortunes. You will have to face many problems, some will be solved by financial difficulties. Businesses are going to get letters of disappointment. Yet no need to worry. Just postpone the matters to a later date. A week of joy and peace for your family. Good dates: 12, 13 and 15. Bad dates: 9, 10 and 11. Lucky numbers: 1 and 6. Favourable direction: West.

**TAURUS**

(April 21 — May 20) You will be brisk at the beginning of the week. People around you would be helpful in solving your debts and pending suits. You will solve problems to your advantage. Some are likely to get transfer and also receive third party. You will find it rather difficult to attend to your domestic affairs. Short journeys are also likely. Be cautious about taking loans. Avoid unnecessary expenses. Good dates: 9, 10, 11, 13 and 15. Bad dates: 12 and 14. Lucky numbers: 3 and 7. Favourable direction: North-west.

**GEMINI**

(May 21 — June 20) You will achieve some of your long cherished desires. Your meeting with the seniors will help you a lot. Domestic problems will, however, continue to pester you. Financially Gemini people are bound to suffer worries this week. Those who are appearing for interviews, competitive examinations will find it. Good dates: 11, 12, 14 and 15. Bad dates: 9, 10 and 13. Lucky numbers: 4 and 7. Favourable direction: South-east.

**CANCER**

(June 21 — July 21) You are likely to misread others' good and noble intentions. A serious problem in the family is predicted. The debts and litigations will keep on upsetting you. Businessmen will get encouraging letters. Don't get upset by failures and disappointments. Good dates: 13 and 14. Bad dates: 9, 10, 11, 12 and 14. Lucky numbers: 9 and 10. Favourable direction: North west.

**LEO**

(July 22 — August 22) A good week for Leo people. Many of your problems will come to nothing. A fine period of joy and happiness for your family. Ladies will get costly presents. Meeting big people and attending parties will help. Lovers will come closer to one another and their dreams will materialise. Debts and suits will not worry you. Pay attention to sound propositions to better your prospects. Bad dates: 9, 10, 13 and 15. Good dates: 11, 12 and 14. Lucky numbers: 3 and 4. Favourable directions: West and South.

**VIRGO**

(August 23 — September 22) Many of your negotiations and ventures are nearing completion. You will find some of your desires materialising. Friends who were hesitant and lukewarm are likely to come to your rescue. Some members, particularly children, of your family will fall sick. Yet no need to worry. Businessmen will make a good profit. Ladies will receive costumes and jewels. Generally a good week. Good dates: 9, 10, 13, 14 and 15. Bad dates: 11 and 12. Lucky numbers: 10, 1 and 3. Favourable direction: North.

**LIBRA**

(September 23 — October 22) Be ready to face worries and disappointments. Don't be rash in your decisions. Be wise to meet challenges. Your status by postponing matters. Friends and relatives will not be helpful to you. Businessmen can avoid loss by cancelling trips. In short, this week will be full of tension, showing changes in many spheres. Don't depend on other assurances. Try to stand on your legs. Good dates: 10 and 12. Bad dates: 9, 13, 14 and 15. Lucky numbers: 7 and 8. Favourable direction: None.

**SCORPIO**

(October 23 — November 22) A good week. Many relief are in store for you. Your words will carry weight. You will gain through the good offices of partners. Letters will bring you good news. You will succeed in suits. A favourable time for love and matrimonial affairs. Some will make merry in dinners, etc. Money will not be a problem. Good dates: 10, 11, 12 and 15. Bad dates: 9, 13, 14 and 15. Lucky numbers: 2, 3 and 4. Favourable directions: South and West.

**SAGITTARIUS**

(November 23 — December 20) You will notice improvement this week. Some of your old problems will end and give you peace of mind. Businessmen will be compensated for their losses. Letters will bring you good news. You will succeed in suits. A favourable time for love and matrimonial affairs. Some will make merry in dinners, etc. Money will not be a problem. Good dates: 10, 11, 12 and 15. Lucky numbers: 5 and 9. Favourable direction: West.

**CAPRICORN**

(December 21 — January 19) Be brisk and vigorous in your activities. You can solve your problems. Some will get promotions. Awards and felicitations likely. A good week for journeys, sports and speculations. Get in touch with the high-ups. Think of new plans. Ladies will have a good time. Children will get surprises. Businessmen will see good sales and gain profits. No need to worry over health. Good dates: 9, 10, 12 and 14. Bad dates: 11, 13 and 15. Lucky numbers: 4 and 8. Favourable direction: West.

**AQUARIUS**


**PISCES**

(February 19 — March 20) A week of hopes and frustrations. Many of your dreams will have to be postponed. You will come across hurdles in all your attempts. Don't rush into new ventures. Letters will not be favourable to you. Attempt to solve the problems of your family with wisdom. Avoid unnecessary talks and trips. This week is not favourable for speculation, gambling and betting. Good dates: 14 and 15. Bad dates: 9, 11, 12 and 13. Lucky numbers: 8, 7 and 9. Favourable direction: West.

M.B. RAMAN
SKYFALL
Harry Harrison

THERE was a moment's hesitation, then Gregor spoke slowly.

"I regret the false start, the shaking, caught me by surprise. I had my stomach... a small accident, " He was almost blushing. "But there is the plastic bag; it is all right now."

"Happens to all of us," Patrick said. "Hazard of the profession. Are you over it?"

"Yes, finished. I am most sorry."

"Don't be. When we are back on solid ground I'll tell you some real good Air Force whoopsie stories."

"Spare us now will you, Patrick?" Ely spoke the top edge of his book, a novel with a title in French.

"Of course. Here's the situation." They were listening closely now, even Ely. "We're about a hundred and thirty kilometers high and still climbing. Our boosters are gone but the core vehicle still has fuel. It will fire one more time for orbit insertion before staging. After this, as soon as Mission Control is happy about the orbit, the core vehicle will be detached and we will be on our own. That will be when Ely does his thing."

"An honest job at last," Ely said. "I'm tired of being a passenger and look forward to the moment when I own and control my atomic rocket engine."

So far as Ely knows, we have dropped behind us, it is true-blue and with a heart of gold and will puff and toot and lift us up into the perfect orbit in the ideal position."

"May it do just that. Any questions? Colonel?"

"What do we eat?"

"A good question. With all the holds we had I'm feeling hungry myself. I'd say break out the food packs now if I thought we had time. You have the tubes there so drink some lemonade if you want to keep the hunger pangs away. As soon as wet get into the low orbit we'll eat. Then Ely can get to work on his engine."

Patrick pulled himself back up into the flight cabin and buckled in once again. "How's our time?"

"About three minutes to firing," Nadya said looking at the CET. "Good. I'll take it."

The pumps whirred, the engine fired. It worked at full thrust for exactly three seconds. Then it exploded.

WASHINGTON D.C., on a muggy morning, at the height of the rush hour. The motorcycle escort was making heavy weather of shepherding the Cadillac at more than the snail's pace through the rest of the traffic. Once they were over the Chain Bridge from McLean, Virginia, they picked up a large escort of police cruisers that circled their way down the wrong side of the parkway, frightening the hell out of the few drivers leaving the city.

General Bannerman slumped in the back seat of the Cadillac and hated the world. He had not been in bed more than an hour and, certainly was not asleep, when this shit of a captain had pounded on the door. The police escort probably had no idea of who he was, in the car not why they had been called out to this suburb so early in the morning. But the captain knew. He had got the address from Bannerman's adjutant — the only one who knew it — and had straight out with it. He was used to it, and even seen the blonde had in bed with the general before he had been told to go hell and get out and wait. The escort had picked them up at the corner and that was that, Bannerman rubbed his massive jaw and felt the sore spot where he had cut himself shaving in a rush and wondered how much would leak out.

"You're not on my staff, are you, Captain?" he asked the officer.

"No, sir. G2 special liaison to the White House." Bannerman grunted, then yawned widely.

"There's some benzedrine in the bar if you're tired, sir," the captain said.

"What makes you think I'm tired?"

"You didn't leave the party until after four, sir."

"Well, well, so someone was keeping tabs on him."

He had always suspected it, but put it down to the endemic Foggy Bottom paranoia. Taking out a crystal glass he filled it with water, then washed down a bunny from a little green bottle. He started to put the glass away, hesitated, then poured two fingers of scotch into it instead.

"You know a good deal about my movements, Captain. Is that wise?"

"I don't know about wise, sir, but I have my orders. It's the Secret Service that monitors your movements, for your own protection of course, and I act as liaison." He turned his head briefly to look back at the general and had the sense neither to smile nor wince, displaying only a fixed and very serious expression. "Your life is your own, General, but we must know where you are in order to protect you. But we are very discreet."

"Let's hope to hell you are. Do you know what this meeting is about?"

"No, sir. I was just given your address and told to bring you to the White House as soon as possible."

Bannerman nodded and watched the pillared buildings sweep by. He yawned again, then sipped the straight scotch. He was used to going without sleep, commanding an armoured cavalry division had given him plenty of experience. At the age of sixty-one he looked ten years younger and had the stamina of a man ten years younger than that. Beryl had told him that he did more than an hour ago, and she had reason to know. He smiled at the thought. So what the hell did Bandit want him for at this hour of the night? Arabs again; probably, it was usually the Arabs. Since he had been appointed Joint Chief of Staff nearly all the meetings were about oil and Arabs.

The car stopped before the discreet rear entrance of the White House and Bannerman emerged.
the door opened the two guards there presented arms and he returned the salute. That little pimp Charley Drconi was waiting inside, moving from one foot to the other like he had to pee, waving at the elevator.

"You're the last one, General Bannerman, they're all waiting."

"Well good for them, Charley. What's this meeting about?"

"The elevator, General, if you please."

Well up yours, Bandin, thought Bandin's errand boy was getting kind of big for his breeches. As the elevator rose he speculated happily about different ways in which he might put the kibosh on Drconi.

A Marine guard opened the big door and the general sucked in his gut and stamped forward, hitting his heels down hard enough to make the spurs on his cavalry boots jingle. He knew a lot of them hated it, which is why he did it. Bandin was at the head of the big mahogany table, Schlochter next to him and — surprisingly — the only other person was Simon Dillwater. Interesting. The Secretary of State, Dillwater, who was the top man at NASA, and himself. What did they have in common? The answer was obvious.

"Trouble with Prometheus, Mr President?" The best defence is a good attack.

"Christ sake, Bannerman, doesn't your radio work? What do you think we're doing here?"

Bannerman pulled out his chair and sat down slowly, coolly. "I worked late with my staff, then retired and slept soundly." Not a twitch of expression, even from Drconi, so maybe the captain had told the truth and the Secret Service did have close mouths.

"Tell him, Dillwater, and as simply as possible if you don't mind."

"Of course, sir. Prometheus has serious difficulties. Primary staging was fine and the boosters separated and have landed as planned. But the core body will not fire nor will it separate completely."

"Still attached?" Bannerman was cold attention on the instant.

"Partially," Dillwater said.

"What's their altitude?"

"Approximately eighty-five miles at perigee."

"That's damn crappy orbit!"

"Your description is accurate."

"What's being done?"

"We're still attempting to separate. Then Prometheus should be able to climb to her correct orbit on her atomic engine."

"Well work fast. That orbit must be decaying. How long before it goes bust?"

"About twenty-three hours on our last estimate."

Bannerman tapped his fingers on the table and thought quickly. "If that thing burns up it's going to put paid to a couple of billion dollars and maybe your whole project."

"I was thinking more of the six people aboard,"

Dillwater said, coldly.

"Were you, Simon?" He paused. "You've got to get that thing into some kind of stable orbit as soon as you can."

"You're damn right," Bandin broke in. "Listen to some sense, Dillwater. We have got national prestige to think about. We have the entire Prometheus project to keep in mind, and the damn Russians and the UN who are on our side just this once, and the next election and a lot of goddamn things. We'll worry about the passengers if and when we have to. Right now we don't. Schlochter will tell you what Polyvni said while Drconi gets an update report on the thing. Top priority must be to get that thing
moving up and away before it goes bust. Nothing else matters—and I mean nothing!"

Dragni, who was seated discreetly at the small table by the door, reached for the telephone before he could touch it he buzzed softly. He picked it up, listened, then replaced the receiver. Then he rose quietly and stood beside Bandin until he was noticed.

"What is it? Anything new?"

"Dragni, I don’t call yet, Mr. President. I took a priority call from your press secretary who said that a big news story has broken in New York about Prometheus..."

"What the hell do they know in New York we don’t know in Washington?"

"He did not say, sir. But NBC is having a special news break in about three minutes and he said it might be best to watch."

"Call him back and find out what this nonsense is about."

"It might be wise to turn the television on at the same time," Bannerman said calmly. "We could learn just as much that way."

"Yes, I suppose so. In my office then."

They trooped through the connecting door and Bandin dropped into his chair behind the massive desk. One button slid aside the paneling, with a portrait of George Washington attached, to reveal the screen of a 72-inch projection television. Another button turned it on and they watched fixedly while two bars of soap danced to a Chopin étude, then dived into a basin of water. This scene faded to be replaced by the life-sized image of Vance Cortwright. He did not have his familiar smile, known to millions, but his familiar brown, equally well known, which meant the news was very serious. He laid down a handful of paper and spoke solemnly, directly into the camera.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. Many of you who stayed up last night to watch the spectacular launch of Prometheus will have retired with the comfortable knowledge that this largest of all space fights was off to a successful start. If you read the early editions of the morning papers you would have known this well. Only when you watched your radio, or watching television, would you know that a most recent development has altered that situation dramatically. There has been some difficulty in firing the core body; the final booster that will lift Prometheus into its higher orbit. The orbit they are now in is..."

"he consulted his papers... approximately eighty-six miles above the Earth and the ship and booster are making a complete orbit every eighty-eight minutes."

"His image vanished and was replaced by an animated drawing of Prometheus and the attached core body orbiting the Earth."

"Our hearts go out to these six brave astronauts who are, literally, trapped in orbit. Until means are found to fire the booster, Prometheus cannot rise up to its proper place in the sky, to the fixed position in space above the Earth where it is to begin this mighty project of supplying solar energy to a power-hungry world below. Not only can they not go higher, but they cannot return to the safety of the Earth in Prometheus, which was designed to remain forever in orbit. It does not have either the correct engines, the power or the fuel for this task. It is a prisoner in orbit, and the six men and women aboard are prisoners as well. As we speak their fate will be we cannot determine at this moment."

Cortwright reappeared on the screen, and sitting next to him now was a small man in an ill-fitting suit, his long hair carefully combed into place by the make-up men. "This was not my decision because, as he moved his head nervously, a long hank detached itself and hung in front of his eye. Cortwright nodded to him.

"With me in the studio now is Dr. Cooper, the Science Editor of the Gazette-Times. I have a copy of the morning edition of your paper here, Dr. Cooper, and the lead story is a very startling one, I might even say a very frightening one. If I might just read the headline. It is in very large type and says BOMB IN THE SKY.

He held up the newspaper so the screaming red words, covering half the page, could be seen.

"That is strong language, Dr. Cooper, as it the story that follows. Do you think it is true?"

"Of course, it must be true."

"Could you please tell us just what are the facts behind this extra edition of your newspaper?"

"It’s obvious, there in the sky above us!" He waved his hand over his head, then dropped it, started to worry his finger, then dropped his hand guiltily back to his lap. "Prometheus is up there, pacing over our heads about once every hour and a half. Not just the satellite itself, but the attached booster that won’t fire. Prometheus at this moment weighs slightly in excess of four million pounds. We must guess at the weight of the booster, but since it must contain a great deal of fuel, in addition to its own mass, I would say that its weight must also be in the region of a million pounds. There are five million pounds up there, plus a thousand pounds of metal and explosive fuel. If that should fall..."

"Hold on, please," Cortwright raised his hand and Cooper stammered at a stop and instantly had a quick nibble on one nail. "If I remember correctly the space scientists have been telling us for years that it takes energy to change anything in space. It took a lot of energy to get Prometheus up there into orbit, and it will take a lot of energy to get it down as well. It will stay in orbit until it is pushed out."

"Yes, yes, of course, in his chair with the intensity of his feelings. "That is for an orbit well outside of the Earth’s atmosphere. But Prometheus has not reached that altitude yet, there are still traces of air at that height. Air that will slow her down, more and more. It is what is called a decaying orbit."
"I would like to kill that hairy little son-of-a-bitch," Bandin muttered.

"As you know, altitude is speed in a satellite. The faster it goes the higher it rises, like a stone on the end of a piece of string, swung in circles. The string is the bond of gravity, the speed is what maintains the orbit. As Prometheus slows it will drop lower, as it drops lower it will hit denser and denser air and will be slowed. Its speed will drop so much that it will lose its orbit and will fall back to Earth."

"Where it will burn up by friction in the atmosphere, as have all the other satellites and boosters that have fallen back to Earth," Cortwright said calmly.

"Why should it?" Cooper jumped to his feet so abruptly that his head vanished for an instant and the image jerked as the cameraman hurried to follow him. "Smaller boosters yes burn like meteorites. But meteorites have hit this Earth before, we can see them in museums. Meteor Crater in Arizona is where one enormous object penetrated our atmosphere and dug that immense pit in the landscape. In 1908 the Tunguska meteor in Russia wiped out an entire forest, killed..."

"F-kit, Dr. Cooper, Prometheus is not as big as these."

"Big enough! Big as a destroyer. Big enough to stay in one piece when falling back through the atmosphere. Do you realize what would happen if a steel destroyer, a battle ship, with this mass came hurtling out of the sky and struck this city..."

"That seems far fetched."

"Is it?" The camera moved again as Cooper rushed to a large globe of the Earth that stood behind him. "Look here, at the track of that bomb in the sky. It's over: our heads right now, cutting across the United States, over New York, over the ocean, hurling along, getting lower and lower over London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow. Cutting a path through the sky like this." With a red marking pen he slashed a line that connected these cities. "A bomb with all the kinetic and explosive energy of the atomic bomb that blew up Hiroshima. If it should fall and strike one of these cities—what do you think would happen?"

There was silence in the Presidential office at these words, silence broken by the softly spoken words of General Bannerman.

"It's in the fan now, it really is."

_to be continued_

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Illustrations/Madan Sircar
‘The wives wear saris with the Regiment’s colours’

The history, valour and distinction of the 8th Light Cavalry, which recently got its colours from the President of India, goes back nearly 200 years. Major-General L. M. Vohra, GOC, Maharashtra and Gujarat Area, has been the Colonel of this Regiment since September 1969, having been commissioned into the Regiment in August 1942. He served with distinction in various capacities for the first two years in Waziristan and NWFP, and subsequently in Burma—where he became the first Indian Adjuant of the Regiment. The General has three other brothers in the Cavalry, in different regiments—a record not achieved by any other family! Olga Tellis talks to him.

Q: What is the significance of the presentation of colours?
A: Colours mean the standard under which a regiment fights. It is an intangible sign of duty. The honour of the standard becomes a prerogative. This regiment last received its colours in May 1810, and after Independence these were laid up in the Chetwode Hall at the Indian Military Academy Dehra Dun.

Q: Could you tell us something about the history of the Regiment which goes back some 200 years?
A: The 8th Light Cavalry was formed in 1922 by merging the 26th Light Cavalry and the 30th Lancers (Gordon’s Horse), two famous Indian regiments. The 26th Light Cavalry was originally the 1st Madras Native Cavalry raised on October 25, 1787, and during its 155 years of existence (till 1922), it distinguished itself in campaigns in distant lands like Afghanistan (1879-80), Burma (1885-87), and Aden (1915-1919). Gordon’s Horse was part of the famous Hyderabad Contingent which was raised in 1826 to replace the army officered by the French in the Nizam’s Dominions. It served in the Burma Wars (1887-89), in Afghanistan and Flanders during World War I, and in the Khyber Pass during the Afghan War of 1919.

Q: How was it arranged to give the regiment its new colours this year?
A: First, we had to get some things cleared. Then we had to find a place to hold the function and we had to get the new colours—French grey, buff and sable green—approved because the President lays down the pattern and the regimental crest. Ever since Independence we had been waiting for this opportunity. It requires a lot of money and we started collecting this three years ago, because we have to invite members of the Regiment from different parts of the country to participate. Even their wives wear saris with the Regiment’s colours.

Q: Is all this ceremony needed for the presentation of colours?
A: Behind the pageantry there is a lot of hard work. It is a signal honour to receive the colours from the President of India, who is the Supreme Commander of the Armed Services. We assure him on this occasion that it would be our constant endeavour to uphold and be worthy of the honour done to us by him, and glory and honour to the standard in peace and war. Going through the parading, and it builds up esprit de corps and comradeship, and after you have completed it it gives you a tremendous satisfaction.

Q: What does the presentation of colours mean to you personally, since you are so deeply and emotionally involved in it?
A: I am indeed very proud to be the Colonel of this Regiment. My grandfather was in the 26th Light Cavalry, which had the 8th formed. He fought in World War I and retired in 1919. I myself commanded the Regiment from August 1958 till September 1960, after which I took over as Colonel in September 1969.

The whole presentation ceremony and the parade—which lasted one hour and ten minutes—is very impressive. When your tanks start and everything goes according to the plan which you practised for six weeks you get a lump in your throat. The most thrilling moment on that hot, sunny day somewhere in Rajasthan (where the ceremony was held), was when the old standard was dipped to the President and the new standard was raised. The drummers arrange their hand drums in a circle with the standard fixed in the centre. The flag is then raised and the colours are consecrated and blessed by a Sikh and Hindu priest. After the presentation of the new colours all tanks (about 45 in number) turn quarter to left and go past the President, dipping their guns in salute. About 600 people of all ranks participated in the ceremonies.

Q: Could you describe some of the actions your Regiment has participated in?
A: Perhaps you would be interested to know that it was my Regiment that used the Vijayanta tanks in 1971, during the fighting in the Chicken Neck area in the Jammu sector. It also took part in the Indo-Pak war in 1965 and the War against the Chinese in 1962. It also saw action in 1948 in J & K, in Hyderabad the same year and in Goa in 1961. From October 1962 to April 1973 the Regiment was continuously deployed in the field in places as varied as Sikkim, the Himalayan foothills south of Bhutan, and the Jammu Sector. Today it is in tune with its versatility. The Regiment is part of a desert formation.
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The Mall, Nainital.
Minal Sen tries to find out what makes a good film and concludes that such attempts at definition are difficult.

Some directors of Hindi films discuss what sort of films are likely to be made in 1977.

In Pakistan, Mr. Bhutto is making sustained efforts to give the working class a better deal. A report from Islamabad.

Is the world going to have a new balance of power?

Bhabani Sen Gupta answers.

Who are the people that succeeded in getting a ticket for the Calcutta Test and how did they manage to get it?

Subhransu Gupta writes on an almost-annual scandal.

The pilgrimage to Gangasagar draws people from as far away as Kerala and Haryana. A pictorial report. Further excerpts from Sunil Gavaskar's autobiography.

How does Bombay get its hooch? A picture story.

Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi gives a day-by-day account of the Calcutta Test.
The importance and unimportance of sex

AN acute feeling of nausea returned to me after a very long time when I read the series of articles—Father Fallon’s excepted on morality in SUNDAY (Dec. 12). Sunil Gangopadhyay’s ‘confessions’ were irrelevant, superficial and pervers. His hero might have had his first orgasm while hiding his tears in his aunt’s breasts but where does the fact fit in a piece on changing morality? Indeed, someone, somewhere might even have had the first experience of orgasm while being suckled by his mother. Confessors like Mr. Gangopadhyay may well deserve the services of clergymen or psychiatrists to help them out of a mental ailment. His visualization of a Marxist betrayed the level of his understanding. Some Marxists may choose to sport dishevelled hair or unironed clothes as much as some non-Marxists may do. But speaking of a philosophy which has made such a profound impact on society in terms of such trivialities is stupid. And then his great confession: that little story about collective kissing of prostitutes in protest against the absence of mature scenes in Bengali movies! Isn’t that the most perverse way of registering one’s protest against anything?

Dibyendu Paitt, for reasons beyond my comprehension, has chosen to deal with extra-marital relationship, to the exclusion of other more important ones. That reminds me of an old teacher in the university who used to say that if sex were so very important in human life, God would have placed the sex organs on the forehead rather than where they were. That was his way of talking, crisp but not so polite. But serious novelists and senior executives like Mr. Paitt will do well to put the phallos back in its position when discussing a problem.

Again, Shantata Devi has chosen a serious theme, namely, the twilight people, but the treatment is not serious. Nor is it understandable why she had to do this interview with a homosexual rather than with a psychiatrist or a sociologist.

Father Fallon’s article fortunately helps wash off some of the bitter taste left in the mouth. My only complaint against him is why at all his recently readable article had to be in such dirty company?

AMITABHA BASU, Calcutta.

IT was a pleasure reading the articles on morality. I feel that in his article Mr. Sunil Gangopadhyay should have thrown more light on the autocrats, the old stalwarts of the bygone moral society. They astonish everyone and talk with astounding acracy in support of intercaste, inter-state marriages and promotion of normal friendship between boys and girls. Talk they can, yes, but that’s all. God help you if they caught you talking to a girl (you might have been just asking her for the time). Here I exclude the nouveau-riche and the privileged minority who discuss their steady girls with their daddles, mummies and uncles. They, in fact, are a class apart.

The old school people are those who will try their best to ruin your life by stopping you from marrying your lady love, just to stick to their stupid guns. But then, the autocrats should have been given more space to put across their views on the present-day morals.

SUSHANTA MUKHERJEE, Calcutta.

SUNIL GANGOPADHYAY writes that he feels a constant pang because his great vision and dreams have been belied. It is indeed unfortunate. He has himself witnessed Nazru’s contribution towards awakening the youth before independence. Gangopadhyay too is a great writer. But how much duty has he done towards the contemporary society? I cannot help smiling to myself when someone like him says people are neglecting their duty.

SUBHASIS MAJUMDAR, Tashangar.

I am at a loss whether to curse you or admire you for your highly provocative articles in the morality issue. We cannot certainly find it wrong when a disloyal Bengali makes confessions and feels sorry at the sight of bribers, fare-dodgers and the like. But then, the bribers and fare-dodgers constitute only a negligible portion of the masses! Father Fallon rightly observes that our society is well started on the road to integral human development, moral as well as material. A senior executive, a so-called disciplined professor, an M.A. girl may find their pleasures in random sexual intercourse with their boyfriends or husbands but that does not mean that everybody wants to sleep with other people’s wives or that the wives wish to sleep with the husband’s or her own male friends. There are people, and certainly they are the bulk of society, who are extremely cold to the opposite sex, after the flight became more or less in even when opportunity beckons.

PRADYOT SAHA, Calcutta.

HOMOSEXUALITY in India is not as prevalent as it is thought to be. And yet this topic is being given so much importance in most of the Indian magazines that readers have got sick of reading about it. As many as 50 per cent of homosexuals in India are not real homosexuals. Due to lack of permissiveness in our society they have turned homosexuals to satisfy their sexual desires.

ASHOK KUMAR GUPTA, B.H.U., Varanasi.
The two articles by Sunil Gangopadhyay and Dibyendu Palit have gained a tremendous response in the press and on social media. Others have been stumped by your keen sense of business. Sunil Gangopadhyay's cynical article, showing contempt for those having faith in the 'red business', is in bad taste. It also reminded me of Sasthi Brata's trash novel My God Died Young. Dibyendu Palit has gone a step further. It is true that among the nouveau riche—the so-called high-society—a "community of wives" is being created. But to indicate that this is usual and normal among the other sections too is really revealing! It implies that the author was always imagining the society as a big brothel.

ANINDA BANERJEE,
Calcutta.

From Gouri

I MUST first thank you because you are now giving some thought to publishing a pen pal's column. From your note I have come to know that many SUNDAY readers are asking for my address. Therefore I would be highly obliged if you kindly gave my address to them.

MISS GOURI SAHA,
C/o. L. M. Saha,
33, Bidhan Sarani,
Calcutta-700006.

Ed's note: Since we do not have the address of those who had asked for Miss Saha's address we print it here for their benefit.

The 40-40-40 question

SHAKUNTALA DEV'TS interview with a homosexual seems to be a piece of wild imagination because of the following reasons:

(a) How did SD know that VS was a homosexual?

(b) At such a young age, 28-30 years, it is almost impossible for a person to become a senior executive in a well-known company with international collaboration, and that too without having a degree in Engineering or Business Administration. VS does not have any professional or foreign qualification.

(c) Thirty years, very fair, tall. Rock Hudson in looks, senior executive in a company with foreign collaboration in Bangalore, three sisters, hailing from orthodox Brahmin family of Madurai, recently married—wasn't VS afraid of exposing himself by granting such an interview? Or was this his way of "hooking" the prospective homo?

Rakesh Lakhotia
Visakhapatnam.

The answer of 'Is bigger better?'

(Dec. 12) is very easy. The figure of 40-40-40 with clothes on gives more pleasure to the eyes than a figure of 30-33-36. This is the reason behind popularity of Indian heroines. Of course the situation will be reversed if clothes were removed but that is not possible on the Indian screen and hence the question of mass hysteria over a big bosom does not arise. Moreover, a 40-40-40 has more space for accommodation, who does not want more...?
WHAT IS A GOOD FILM?

Mrinal Sen's latest film, 'Mrigaya,' provoked a heated controversy. Some praised it, others called it rotten. This happens to every good film: as eminent a director as Truffaut walked out on 'Pather Panchali.' The only yardstick by which we can measure a film's value, writes MRINAL SEN, is by the amount of intelligent discussion it can arouse.

Not long after we had Mao interview in 1970, a thorough-bred intellectual made a devastating attack on the film in a well-attended film society seminar and made it very clear to all of us that a lousy film like Interview should not have been made at all. And it is a widely circulated story that Truffaut, while watching Pather Panchali, could hold his patience only briefly and then, without offering any excuse, walked out of the theatre in utter disgust.

Instances such as these can be cited in plenty showing violent reactions in opposites, and a simple conclusion can thus be drawn that there is hardly one opinion about any work done in any field of art. Take the most recent domestic examples in the area of film: Mrigaya, or, Jana Aranya. Both of them have been liked immensely and both of them have been condemned with no less vehemence. How, then, does one draw a line between good films and bad? Is there no yardstick to measure no standard to apply no acceptable norm? Or, is the judgment strictly or even loosely subjective in the ultimate analysis? And, finally, is it imperative that such a line to separate the good from the bad needs to be sharply defined? One really gets baffled.

Of all the countries in the world, we know, India produces the largest number of films in a year. Most of them, 90 per cent or more, are not discussed; they are just seen. They are seen by an enormously large crowd, they create a senseless craze, they spread the most effective kind of contagion and consequently they earn tons of money. But discussions on them: no, never.

The rest, a bare 10 per cent or even less, are the films which, in fact, create a noise in our country. These are the films which provoke discussions, cause dissension and agreement, build controversy. This is the area where the discriminating public becomes articulate—airing divergent views and giving various interpretations to life and art. This is where two opinions or more stand sharply divided.

In the appreciation of film, therefore, it is on this 10 per cent of the annual output and not on the vast 90 per cent that we launch our intellectual battle. Here, within a certain boundary, various tastes clash against one another, attitudes appear in violent conflict and here, to crown all, judgments are quite often prejudic-
petit bourgeois imbécility. To be frank I was appalled by the colossal ignorance of the gentleman about the rudimentary fact of life and about the tribal phenomenon to which the characters essentially belong. As I see it coquetry is an integral part of human behaviour and, as is evident in the life-style of the tribals and in their everyday existence, it is the art which the tribals have perfected amazingly. It is precisely this which, in an appropriate situation, we put to shape. While doing so, so we believe, we were actuated not by over-enthusiasm nor by any show of pretence; we just wanted to develop respect for the circumstances in which the tribals live. That too in terms of cinema.

In a case like this, with point and counterpoint, desperate bid to outwit each other, how can the two opinions converge to a point? An absurd speculation, indeed!

Again, one of the angry ones found the mixture of actuality and fiction to be a bad amalgam. Aesthetically, he argued, such exercise is highly untenable. How can I, as one keeping in close touch with the modern trends of this continuously growing art, agree to a regimented concept like this? Contrarily, I, for once, have been indulging in such exercises for years and have been working on the chemistry of such an amalgam, which strikingly lends dimension to the material at hand.

In another round of discussion an impatient critic asked me: Why did you write “Stand up, STAND UP” at the end instead of the usual convention “The End”?

Why should we not? I asked quietly.

It is not in good taste, he said; it sounds propagandist, it is blatant. Are we schoolboys taking lessons in the classroom and are meant to be spoon-fed? he asked rather indignantly.

Just before the end came Mrigaya captured the tribals slowly rising on their feet and stretching out their hands, as if to reach the sun. As they performed this ritual on the distant hill they acted in glorious protest. With the beating of the tribal drums, as the wind blew, slowly appeared the line from the bottom edge of the screen: “Stand up, STAND UP.” The line stayed for some time. And that was where we found the people in the theatre, as we expected, slowly getting up from their seats and looking deep into the line and the visual. That was where we drew the curtain. That was how the spectators were made to undergo an experience which, in essence, was a political act—a new ritual taking place inside the theatre quite in conformity with that of tribals.

We never say that, as we place our argument, further debate on this issue is permanently closed. All that I suggest is that discussion on any work of art must not be brought down to the floor of a debating society where instant wit and smart posture leads one to win the battle. Here is not a battle to love or win. It is a battle to expand the area of operation—both for the maker and the spectator. And that, an accomplished debater is not necessarily a perceptive connoisseur.

What is important, therefore, is not to seek unanimity but to provoke discussion and, in the process, to raise controversy to the extent necessary. And, in all probability, all works of art are, in lesser or greater degree, prone to be controversial.

The breeding ground of such controversies, quite in the fitness of things, are the International Film Festivals if, however, proper attention is given to generate the same.
from Kubrick's 'Barry Lyndon'-one of the best foreign films of 1975. Below: Marlon Brando, the super superstar of the We
On the screen this year

OLGA TELLIS meets some important directors to get their views on what sort of films are likely to be made in 1977.

The year just gone by saw a recession in the multi-crore film industry. There was a 20% drop in production. There were big-star, big-budget and big-set films but several of them flopped. There were successes like "Kabhi Kabhi," "Sholay" and "Chitchor," but they were few and far between. The recession has been attributed to a sudden stop in the flow of funds. It is estimated that 30% of the financial backing to the industry comes from black money, and this source dried up when smugglers and big-time illegal operators were nabbed under MISA. For instance, Mr. Han Mastan, alleged to be the king of smugglers, was a top producer-distributor, exhibitor—all in one. He was in the midst of organizing a multi-million rupee film in Bangalore when he was arrested and there has been no progress in work on the film.

Despite its problems the industry will have to live. It feeds the exchequer to the tune of Rs 90 crores annually by way of entertainment tax. In addition to giving employment to thousands of people, directly or indirectly. It has not lost its glamour even though it will now have to find a synthesis between sensible and censorable films and operate within the hazy demands of a censorship code, "Hazy," because films that are banned by the censoring authority in Bombay are taken by some influential producers to Delhi and passed.

HRISHIKESH MUKHERJEE:

I am expecting a much better standard of film making in 1977 because of the influence of the international film festivals. Film makers will be exposed to the good aspects of film making and will discard the bad. Anyway I am optimistic and do believe that the festival will stimulate and inspire us to make better films.

Owing to the Emergency and the censorship code one expects that films will tend to be generally "sloppy." Producers will be scared to touch political themes and themes of social comment. One expects a shift towards romantic or propaganda films. So, though the immediate future does not seem too bright, things will change in a matter of time. Personally speaking, I am a commercial filmmaker with my own production company. I like to make a rather convey truth and beauty to the people, and nothing has happened to change my attitude or style of functioning.

B. R. CHOPRA:

In view of the censors' policy of discouraging violence, producers will turn to social themes and themes that do not involve violence or scenes which could be censored. The films that we will see in 1977 are the ones that are left-overs and could not be shown in 1976. There is a huge backlog waiting for a verdict from the censors and once this is given, they will be released.

Of course the thinking of film makers will change in 1977. There will be an accent on social themes, which is not necessarily boring. For that matter, violence can be boring, as anything that is repeated is boring. So, in a way, we needed the change. It is also interesting to note that every movie revolving round violence did not do well at the box office in 1976. In my case I have never made a movie based on violence. "Karam" was a social theme and I would like to continue this trend. "Dadi ke do hasth," which is under production, also deals with a social problem—divorce in the context of a working girl. "Karam" deals with superstition as opposed to destiny.

DEV ANAND:

One film that 1977 will see is "Desh Pardesh" which I will complete in April. It's a contemporary film on the subject of Indian immigrants. It's a subject which is in the headlines, a "now" subject. If the film is a hit I suppose it will set a trend. I believe in setting trends, in belting the cat before others do, and I think that dealing with subjects that are in the headlines will be the themes of movies to come. Personally I don't think the new censorship code is going to prove a bane to the industry. The censors are prone to logic and open to convincing. If violence
is necessary to the film then I am sure they will allow it. If one is a responsible citizen and film maker then I don’t think the censor code will affect one much.

MANMOHAN DESAI:

MUCH of the present problem has been brought on by us. We didn’t heed the censor’s warning and went on merrily with violence and action. My film “Dharamveer,” which is a period film like “El Cid”; “Robin Hood”; “Three Musketeers”, etc, is at present with the censors because it’s a swashbuckling film with a lot of sword fencing, naturally. Sword fencing is an art, a martial art. It’s almost like a ballet, but for some reason the film is being held up. It seems to be unnecessarily caught up in the violence tangle when there is no violence in it.

1977 will see a change in film making from the previous years, but the change will take time. There will hardly be any new films made and what we will see are those started two years ago. The reason is that distributors and exhibitors are shy of buying new films as they are not sure whether the films will see the light of the screen.

The change, when it comes, will bring films without action. Not a rosy future. As it is, in 1978 there was not a single hit. No big grosser. In 1975 there was “Deewar”, “Sholay”, “Roti Kapda Aur Makaan”, “1976 had nothing like these. Action was out, reduced to six fights of 90 feet each, so total action was never more than six minutes in the whole film. This is okay for the new films which will be planned accordingly. But for those already made, it is difficult to chip and chop without harming the flow and sequence.

I feel that films will be sober and simple in 1977. There would be love stories or thematic stories. We shall make the films they want us to make. 1977 will be a period of adjustment and complete fulfillment will come in 1978. We are now researching the 20-point economic programme and we hope to be able soon to give the audience something inspiring and innovative on its basis.

YASH CHOPRA:

I FEEL that in 1977 two types of films will be made, the big multi-star extravaganzas and the small budget films. It will be a bleak year for the average productions. There will also be a healthy move towards international joint projects. The industry, we hope, will go international with the world shrinking and becoming our market. It will also mean more foreign exchange for the country.

Obscenity and vulgarity will be out; crime of dispensable. Sex, however, is not but it can be aesthetically portrayed. If the 1976 successes like “Kabhi Cabie”, “Chit Chor” “Chhoti si Baat” show anything, it is that it is not only crime that pays. What we need is good films and there is no set formula for them. Each good film has its own formula. Whether it portrays violence, sex or religion, commercial art has to be acceptable to the people. The message will go home only if more people see it.

The quality of a film depends on the quality of the film maker. There will, however, be less charm in film making because of the increasing problems and restrictions. Themes with an emotional or social bias will not however face much problem.

I am making two films which would be quite a departure from my previous films. “Trishul” portrays the victory of good over evil in an emotional sense and “Kala Patthar” is about coal miners with coalfields as a backdrop. It will reflect the India of tomorrow. It is a big cast film and is a departure in the sense that hitherto I had made soft emotional dramas and here romance will be in the background. With “Kabhi Kabie” I set a trend because in an era of violence, it was a neat and clean film. Other movies of mine had also proved to be trendsetters—“Deewar” and “Ittefaq”. So maybe the two on the floor now will be the movies of 1977.
Bombay meri jaan

1977 comes and I complete my 24 years in Bombay. How do the two Bombays compare—the Bombay of 1953 and Bombay of 1977?

The more I loathe Bombay, the deeper my involvement with it becomes. I hate a sort of love-hate relationship with this big, ugly, wicked city which has too much of everything: repulsive vice, noise, squat, vulgarity, poverty, pollution, violence, tension, adulteration and what have you. The rich are very rich, and the poor, very poor, while the middle-class barely survives on the brink of extinction.

The sheer crush makes one feel that Bombay has a population of not 6 million, but 60.

Sweating crowds press on you from all sides. They don't hurt you. They just knock you down, say, 'Sorry!' and stay ahead of you. Here everything has a price, but no value. Pity, compassion, fellowship: Who has the time to ponder over such emotional extravagances? Sooner does one begin to reflect on them than is corrupted. One is robbed even of the privacy of one's own thoughts. There are no nosy Parkers around. But still one has the feeling of being stripped. The Bombay crowds are so cold and impersonal that when they are, at a baraat, they give one the impression of being at a funeral. Look, on the pavement, right in front of the Corporation building, a middle-aged man drops dead! There is no reaction at all from passersby. He must have died not of hunger, but of ennui.

Would I be happy to move out of this callous city? John Steinbeck answers for me. What he says of New York is equally true of Bombay: 'New York is an ugly city. Its climate is a scandal, its politics are used to frighten children, its traffic is madness, its competition is murderous. But there is one thing about it—once you have lived in New York and it has become your home, no place else is good enough'.

No place sweeter than home and Bombay is the home of every Bombayite, whatever be his place of origin. Bombay is a mini-India. People have come here from different parts of the country and successfully transplanted their roots to the hospitable Maharashtrian soil. One occasionally encounters eruptions of chauvinist violence. But the Emergency has reduced it to impotence. Once you get into Bombay, you don't feel like getting out. The city has an elan and mystique which no one can replicate, never to return. All in doubt: It cannot be explained, it can only be experienced.

In the 50s, naturally, the rupee took one very far. The minimum taxifare was half a rupee (now it is Rs 1.60 p). One could have a lunch at the Taj for Rs. 5. One could stay at a posh hotel for Rs. 25 a day (full board provided). Dear old Scotch could be had on permit for Rs. 70. Imported chintz, butter biscuits, chocolates, chalices and other items of daily consumption were openly available even in Irani shops. Today, the snobbish, phoney-crazy shopkeeper gets what he deserves: Locally made products bearing the inscription 'Made by USA'—by in very small type, e.g., pasted off as 'cents per cent phoren'. Here, the USA, I understand stands for 'Ullhasnagar Silk Association'.

It was then Morarji Desai. Bombay. Being a fervent good, he fancied that he could make angels out of men by sleight of hand—just by keeping them out of mischief. Pass laws, tell the police to enforce them, and overnight alcohols are transformed into saints. Under his austere regime, it was difficult to drink legally. Liquor permits were as hard to obtain as dollar bills. It was easier for one to get adequate foreign exchange for going abroad than to save a scrap of paper which entitled one to a glass of beer on a warm, sticky afternoon. Actually the situation was not that bad, except for the thoroughly demoralised new citizen. There was a rash of speakeasies all over the city, presided over by beatific aunts. There was the steamship ill-wind from the air. The cop prospered, the politician developed a vested interest in prohibition, the aunts earned enough for several generations to come, the boozar had his booze and everybody was happy.

Another interesting feature of the Bombay of the 50s was the Chor Bazar, a poor cousin of London's Portobello Road. The Chor Bazar had unique art treasures for sale at throwaway prices. Treasures the value of which only the buyers and not the sellers knew. Genuine Moghul and Rajput miniatures, Chola bronzes, Persian carpets, English cutglass, period chandeliers in crystal, Chinese jade, Japanese colour prints, grandfather clocks, pearl necklaces: All, buried under layers and layers of dust, within the reach of most buyers, and not all the items offered for sale were stolen property. The dingy, dismal lanes and bylanes, known as Chor Bazar, situated in the heart of the spider's web on the periphery of one of Bombay's most densely populated areas, is today of interest only to junk-hunters. Broken pieces of cheap furniture, spurious antiques, soiled clothes, auto spares and all sorts of knick-knacks. Nothing else is left.

Bombay, being India's richest and most modern city, has many plus points: It has a smart police force, an efficient civic administration, a massive, smoothly run three-tier transport system—taxi, train and bus—a discreet and disciplined public, a hard core of professionals at its best, and, thanks to the Emergency, a responsive and resilient bureaucracy. Naturally, it also has many minus points—evils which are inherent in the acquisitive, acquisitive spirit of which Bombay is a symbol. The city has its own multi-tiered underworld.

Bombay belongs neither to its trendy teenagers nor to its glu intellectuals. It is a city of the industrial elite. It owns its character and complexion to its hard-working entrepreneurs, professionals and company executives. If Calcutta is the brain of India, and the Punjab, the brawn, Bombay is her backbone.

A. S. RAMAN
Voices from the air

HOW portentous and dull it was, what the British called their Third Programme on the radio! Composers one had never heard of, strange-sounding music, discussions and talks on recondite subjects that went on too long. Then I realised that the failure was mine. In the education that I had scraped up, the Anglo-Indian education that most of us got those days, the true Europe and its culture never got in and so, of course, I was unprepared for The Third.

This came back to me when reading, quite by chance, a poem in memory of the man who founded The Third Programme. A rather moving poem, in metre and language that I could grasp. The occasion was the 30th anniversary of The Third — a good event on which to peg the thinking back on what it's done.

Yet for a while, pursued by the easy sneer,
Great words, great notes
Wandered through the startled air.
For a while the bay-trees in the black tubs glistened,
And even the Muses sent for a radio, and listened.

I didn't want, of course, to do any thinking back about a British programme. Why should I? Inevitably the train of thought led to the radio here in India — what has it done? How do I look back on it as a listener and one-time performer?

The categories are apparent: news; public affairs; programmes for special groups like women, children and industrial labour; music for the high, low and middle brow; drama; students and education; bringing about an interest in science and technology; nature and inventions; a sense of nationhood; the pleasures of hearing good Malayalam, Gujarati, or Bengali in unaffected conversation; the sounds and feel of a vast and variegated country.

I could go on but I have to shake my head—we haven't got much out of radio, have we? Nothing, but nothing, like what we could have got.

Television is a fine medium, but not for us. It's far too expensive. Remember if you want for a few hours. Use it as a closed circuit teaching medium. But it will be aeons before every family has a TV set and it's not just the set which is expensive, transmission is. Heavens, so few even have radios though it's come down to less than a hundred rupees. Some 13 or 14 million in a country of 800 million, and the rate of spread has been slackening for some years.

However you look at it, radio is the medium. I'm not really talking about the countryside. Not because I don't think that radio for the rural areas isn't enormously important. It is. But I'm an urbanite, I don't know the villages or the peasantry, not in the way that I could decide what should fill their minds and thoughts and emotions. Secondly, I know that the number of radio sets in the rural areas is pitifully small. I would like to listen to the people who are close to villagers talk about radio for them. I'd listen, of course, to anthropologists, sociologists, agricultural economists and agricultural scientists — but they really won't know the people in the round. Communication is not technical or pedantic knowledge, it is an instinctive feel for what people are hungry for hear and know.

You can teach a lot about radio technique to those who wish to learn. And nobody does the teaching. But eventually, as in all media, the ultimate skill is something that is beyond virtuosity. And this is what troubles me. We've never really used the medium to liberate the creative energy of communication. That lies in people's desire, to think aloud, to talk to another person or a group of people, to catch the essence of a place, an event or an institution.

Communication would be far more satisfying in India with radio than with any other medium because our people are such natural gossips, what do we need today? Just a small cassette recorder and a blank cassette. No cost at all. With just that one could capture the sound and life of the country. But we have never tried.

Years ago when radio was a limited thing, a novelty, and working in it was fun and a free for all, there must have been a sense of adventure which communicated itself. But too soon the dull hand of routine descended on it with a straitjacket and we lost the medium that could have made our lives richer.

Early mornings and late evenings I sit by my set and listen to a lot to programmes from all over the world. And though I have a stumbling acquaintance with one or two non-Indian languages, it's inevitably English that I have to listen to. The BBC has just had one more severe cutback in its grants but it still rustles up very listenable programmes.

Last year, I was sitting on a UPSC Board to choose some senior people for AIR. I took along some copies of London Calling, the monthly listing of BBC's overseas programmes as a question-asking aid. T. R. Chakravarty, chairman of our Board was vastly impressed by the fare. If you have the time — and all good programmes are repeated on different days — morning, afternoon and late night — it's very good listening.

I started with The Third Programme and admitted that I wasn't up to its cultural premises. But on culture I feel AIR has vast uncharted, unexplored ocean before it which it has scarcely begun to navigate.

CHANCHAL SARKAR
Loving labour in Pakistan

The working class in Pakistan is in for a better deal. Mr. Bhutto's government is wooing it with various welfare measures and is actively promoting the growth of healthy trade unionism in the country. SYED YUSUF RAZA reports from Islamabad.

Ever since he came to power five years ago, the Pakistani Prime Minister, Mr. Z. A. Bhutto, has been trying to win labourers, peasants and students in a big way. This is Mr. Bhutto's method of repaying his debt to the working classes, with whose active support he came to power at the time when the Generals had badly let down the country.

Indeed, the ruling Pakistan People's Party attaches increasing importance to the working classes. This was evident by the recent celebration of the "Labour Week" throughout the country. A tripartite labour conference was held in Islamabad during the week. It has recommended far-reaching reforms in the existing labour laws. Its report seeks to eliminate bottlenecks and to solve problems that are still hampering the development of healthy trade unionism.

According to a government spokesman, new and rather "radical" labour legislation will be announced soon. Although much remains to be done, observers admit, the Bhutto regime has done much more than any other previous government in Pakistan to uplift the down-trodden. It has formulated a meaningful labour policy.

It has promulgated a series of laws governing minimum wages, compulsory dearness and cost of living allowances, workers' participation in management, compulsory bonus, old-age pensions, guarantees of trade union rights, protection of workers and office-bearers of trade unions, from victimisation, introduction of social security and many other fringe benefits.

Measures have been taken to encourage and ensure healthy growth of trade unionism in the country. Office-bearers of trade unions have been afforded protection against transfer, discharge and dismissal as long as the application for registration of their union is pending. Victimisation of office-bearers for trade union activities has been declared an unfair labour practice.

Steps have also been taken to eliminate procedural delays. The time limit for the registration of a trade union has been fixed at 15 days. Any grievance before a labour court must be decided within seven days and a case before a labour court must be decided within 30 days.

To ensure expeditious disposal of labour cases, 13 labour courts and a large number of junior courts have been established.

As a result of the freedom to form trade unions and the grant of facilities for their registration, the number of trade unions shows a record increase. By the end of 1974, the number went up to 7,172 with a total membership of 741,174.

This freedom was, however, misused by some unscrupulous elements, among both owners of fac-
tries and the labour leadership. There was a mushroom growth of trade unions and pocket unions which threatened the unity of the workers.

To control the multiplicity of trade unions and to curb the unhealthy growth the government amended the Industrial Relations Ordinance. It laid down that in an establishment where two registered unions already exist, no other union shall be registered, unless it has at least 20 per cent membership of the total number of workers in the establishment. No worker shall be entitled to be a member of more than one trade union at a time.

In order to strengthen the position of the workers' elected "Collective Bargaining Agent", labour laws have ensured that an agreement with the Collective Bargaining Agent and the employer outside the conciliation proceedings is valid. As against this, any agreement between the employer and an union other than the Collective Bargaining Agent has been prohibited by law.

The new labour laws have provided security of service for workers. No employer is allowed to terminate the services of any worker without giving him in writing the reason for his dismissal. No independent enquiry in the case of dismissal of a worker for misconduct, termination, discharge, dismissal or removal from service have been made justifiable.

The right to strike, the ultimate weapon wielded by the working class to defend its just right in industrial warfare, has been fully restored to the workers. However, every effort is being made to prevent unnecessary work stoppage.

The new labour policy has provided for the creation of a quasi-judicial machinery—the National Industrial Relations Commission—to help workers build up trade unions industry-wise and at the national level. This will be genuinely representative of workers and will put a stop to the growth of pocket unions.

According to the new labour policy, the workers' participation in management has been made effective and workers' representation on management committees in factories, employing 50 or more workers, has been extended to 50 per cent.

In matters affecting the workers directly, such as service rules, promotion and discipline policy, in-service training, recreation and welfare, the workers have been given the right to give advice to management, which can be overruled only by top management in the factory. Even when overruled, the workers have the right to take up the matter in works councils and ultimately have it decided through a labour court. Joint management boards, with one-third representation of workers, are also being set up at the company level.

The government is also gearing up its various agencies to provide medical, housing and other facilities for the workers. It has already earmarked Rs. 100,000,000 for the development of residential plots for workers in different cities of the country.

The old-age pension scheme is one of the most laudable of its kind introduced by the Bhutto Government. So far, nearly 250,000 workers have been registered under the scheme. The target for the current year is 1,000,000 workers.

During the tripartite conference many labour leaders pointed out how the factory owners were still armed with legal powers that militated against the concept of a balance of power between the two sides. However, they were optimistic that the new reforms promised by Mr. Bhutto would go a long way in meeting some of the most pressing demands of the workers.

Player as pedlar

"This is the way to beat inflation, man—and, in any case, everyone wants a fast buck. Above all, we're professionals—and we're in cricket for the game AND the money." That was Derek Randall, 25-year-old Nottinghamshire batsman and medium-pacer, making his debut in Test cricket and already a pedlar par excellence. He began by selling cricket equipment in Delhi, during the first Test. Through this "selling agent" the team netted about Rs. 4,000. With the experience of one Test behind him, Randall is now the MCC's crack salesman. In Calcutta he would have netted about four times the Delhi amount.

On the second day of the second Test match at the Eden Gardens, Randall came out of the dressing room armed with mini bats which sell for about Rs. 5. But he wasn't selling toys for children. Each one of them was going for Rs. 200—because the England cricketers had scrawled their signatures across them.

The saddest part of this exercise in professionalism—in its crudest form—is that it has come from the most mediocre England team to have ever landed on a foreign shore, in a long time. From fees for services, professionalism in cricket branched out to prizes for best performance—with the bat and the ball. Selling autographs was a natural follow-up. The next step will perhaps be the charging of fees for autographs.

Cricket has become the most successful circus, in terms of money gained through various interests—even more than tennis and golf.

A Randall or a Topley are a dime a dozen in any cricket-playing country. If their signatures help fetch about Rs. 10,000 in one Test centre, there must be something seriously wrong with the game's fans. One can argue that the "Rajasthan blue" (as the Rs. 500 ticket enclosure in the CAB Clubhouse has been called by irate cricket enthusiasts) can buy dozens, if only to counter the claim of the Joneses (or Popallais?). But there were many people in less elite quarters ready to buy this "souvenir".

There were reports that several England players had sold their special guest cards for Rs. 500 each. Even if they had managed three cards each, the profit was Rs. two thousand plus. Add to that the "returns" from the bat-selling drive and you get a neat Rs. 3,000 each—at the least.

What do the players plan to do with this money? "Oh, we're making jeans—they just Rs. 70 each, a fourth of the price back home," said one of the players. "And then, wives, girlfriends and others expect little presents. Saris, for example, are wonderful gifts."

But these fly-by-night businessmen may have to do a little rethinking on their "spoils". The local IT department has taken note of the illegal sale and are likely to forward the information to Bombay, which was the point of entry of the MCC team and the place where the players will be assessed. Meanwhile, the matter has also been taken up at the diplomatic level.

But, to what purpose? If the players are fined for the sale of bats, they will think of disposing of their under-clothing the next time they get to a country where fancy is often inane.

ARJIT SEN
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Ah! TAJ
THE TEST TICKET SCANDAL

The Eden Gardens has a capacity of 64,000. However, modest estimates place the number of people who daily saw the second Test at 80,000. Yet, only 5,000 tickets were sold to the general public. What happened to the rest of the tickets? SUBLRANSU GUPTA finds out.

It had happened like this: Some MLAs had charged into the Sports Minister's room at Writers Buildings a few days before the Calcutta Test and surrounded the Minister's table. The Minister, already encircled by some 30 people in his small room, looked harried and quite upset. He was explaining to someone over the phone the ticket-distribution system for the India-England Test at the Eden Gardens. As soon as he put down the phone — apparently having failed to convince the person at the other end — one MLA directly charged the Minister with discrimination in the distribution of tickets. He went as far as to say that the Minister had been distributing most of the tickets to his political protégés and mastans just to serve his own interests. While prominent persons, veteran cricketers, students, and other genuine cricket-lovers were being deprived.

The Test match is now over. People are no longer much bothered about what happened. Actually, the attitude is similar to what happened two years ago, when there was the same furor and scandal over distribution of Test tickets. But after the event, everything was forgotten. Perhaps, it will be that way in the future. Like so many other Calcutta scandals, the Test-ticket distribution affair has become a regular feature. And interested parties take advantage of this situation where demand is far greater than supply.

The Cricket Association of Bengal organizes the Test match at Eden Gardens. But since the State Government looks after the law and order angle, the Government comes into the picture. It is also involved because some tickets are distributed to the general public through lottery. Incidentally, the Government makes money out of this.

At a press briefing on the eve of the Test match, the CAB President, Mr. A. N. Ghose, disclosed the arithmetical distribution of 64,000 tickets (a total of 1,460 tickets over the last Test's). He stated that the distribution was at the discretion of the State Sports Ministry and that while for the general public, 5,000 tickets and for numerous school and college students (taking part in CAB tournaments) 2,200 tickets had been allotted, 5,100 tickets and a large number of free passes had been issued to 120 CAB officials. CAB life members took 552 tickets, associate members 1704, invitees 441 and there were 500 tickets for VIPs. Moreover, 2,500 free tickets, 631 players' passes, 490 complimentary and 952 special passes had been distributed — but how Mr. Ghose did not disclose.

The State Sports Department drew 9,500 tickets and some passes and invitees tickets from the CAB for the Ministers, MLAs, officials and 170 Government-accorded press correspondents. The break-up is not known, but the Sports Minister, Mr. P. K. Ghose, said that each Minister was to get five tickets (including two free ones), each MLA two, and one against each accreditation card. But simple calculation brings this total to, at least, 5,000. What about the rest? The Sports Minister had to admit that Congress leaders, organizers of the Youth Congress and the Chhatra Parishad, and leaders and other prominent persons of different political parties were also given tickets.

The CAB distributed tickets to its affiliated clubs, Board members, its own working committee and sub-committees, sports journalists and photographers, and other invitees besides issuing guest slips and players' cards. But complaints were made about discrimination in this distribution chain.

Many of the visiting players and journalists were approached by fans for tickets at their hotel. The police admitted that tickets were being sold in the black market and the prices were really high. For a ticket of Rs. 70, it was Rs. 400 and for Rs. 125 ticket, it had been Rs. 700.

Officially, the Eden Gardens capacity this time was 64,000. But, according to the police, over 80,000 people crammed in. How did all these extra people get in? Altogether 500 VIP tickets were distributed, but through whom, and who were these VIPs? Some people who cannot possibly come into the VIP list were seen on the seats allotted to the VIPs. Tickets were distributed among the public through lottery but some people winning were not given tickets, it has been alleged.

A thorough probe into the distribution will ensure that there is more regularity in the future. Why don't the CAB bring out the full details of ticket distribution? Perhaps, it is not done simply to avoid a much bigger scandal, in which the names of many prominent persons might be linked.
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The diffusion of power

Experts recently met to agree that the mechanism devised to maintain world peace and order in the period after World War II had broken down but no alternative mechanism was in sight. What does this mean, for the superpowers, the developed nations and the Third World? BHABANI SEN GUPTA analyses.

EARLY in October, the London-based International Institute of Strategic Studies held its annual conference in a small Austrian town to look closely and expertly at the kind of world in which we are living in the late Seventies. The consensus of 200 scholars and strategic experts, most of them drawn from the Western world but with a sprinkling of specialists from the developing countries, was that the mechanism devised to maintain world peace and order during the period following the World War II has broken down and that no alternative mechanism is in sight. We live in a world of "proliferation of force and diffusion of power," announced the IISS Director, Christoph Bertram, a West German lawyer and defence expert. Instead of one global power, there were now two, he added, but neither was in a position to preempt, or even control, local conflicts. While the massive might of the superpowers was thus almost impotent when it came to the business of conflict-control, the options of a number of local powers had tremendously increased. And so had their military, economic and political power.

From the Western point of view, then, the instabilities that have visited our planet in the late Seventies have been caused mainly by two new developments: the rise of Soviet power, and the autonomy that has been grasped by the local actors in the strategically sensitive regions of the Third World. To some people in the West, the Soviet Union has once again emerged as an "expansionist power," with the difference that the United States is no longer in a position to contain Moscow without the active cooperation of major nations outside Western Europe. Helmut Sonnenfeldt, one of the closest advisers of Henry Kissinger, said in a public speech to the U.S. Naval College in June 1975, "The Soviet Union is just beginning its truly 'imperial' phase. Its capacity to influence events in remote areas is of relatively recent standing. And it is only just acquiring the habit of defining its interests on a global rather than a solely continental basis."

Kissinger had devised, with encouragement from Richard Nixon, a three-faceted strategy to deal with the emergence of the USSR as a global power. The centerpiece of this strategy was detente, which Nixon and Kissinger offered Moscow as a broad quid pro quo in return for a strategic arms limitation agreement with the United States. In effect, if transfer of latest Soviet technologies, the Soviet Union would "behave" in the Third World, that is, it would not seriously upset the global balance of power which stood firmly and overwhelmingly in favour of the USA. And the Nixon-Kissinger strategy broke the deadlock with China and actively sought Chinese collaboration, however indirect, in limiting the Soviet global role. Thirdly, the USA thought that by carefully phased and orderly withdrawal from some of the costly and counterproductive overseas commitments (such as in South Vietnam), it would be possible to set up "local mechanisms" for maintaining order with indirect support from America and the Western bloc.

Events, however, overtook the Nixon-Kissinger grand design. In December 1971, India was able to defeat Pakistan, an old-time client of the USA and China, and Bangladesh was born. Two years later, the Arabs demonstrated their military prowess in a new war with Israel, and by using oil as a strategic weapon, induced the gravest economic crisis in the Western world. At the same time, the revolutionary armies of the two Vietnams crushed the U.S.-backed regime in Saigon and soon the whole of Indochina went communist. Within a year, the more radical of the nationalist forces in Angola won a decisive military victory, with the help of 12,000 Cuban troops and $200 million worth of Soviet military hardware, against the forces backed largely by the USA but more purposefully by the Union of Southern Africa.

Americans in key positions saw in these events not so much the built-in weaknesses of the U.S. involvement, with basically weak, unstable and static elements in the Third World, as the ascendency of Soviet influence. They aimed their attacks on the Kissinger concept of detente which, they now argued, yielded to the USSR much more than it could wrest out of Moscow.

Amidst the cacophony of strategic disharmonies and discords, the world of the late Seventies is witnessing the active quest for a two-tier global balance: at the apex, there will have to be a balance of Soviet and American power; however painful,, jolting and protracted may be the process, for the sheer reason that the two must avoid a head-on conflict, which can only wipe out both of them and most of the world with them. China will somehow fit into this two-power balance as long as it cannot control the strategic power of either—and that is a very long time.

At the same time, regional nations are seeking to construct inner balances without the involvement of the major powers. During 1975-76, as many as 35 joint communiques were issued by leaders of Third World nations, as a result of bilateral or multilateral discussions, declaring their intent to put together regional security systems with the exclusion of the major powers. This is now the declared wish of all nations in South-East Asia, South Asia, the Persian Gulf, West Asia, Africa and Latin America. The UN General Assembly has adopted resolutions declaring the Indian Ocean as a peace zone. The peace zone concept now covers Latin America, Africa as well as West Asia.

Third World nations have neither the wish nor the capability to banish, either global power from respective regions. Depending on their individual linkages with one or other of the global powers, they want one to balance the presence of the other, and the two to keep their competing presence and rivalry at a reasonably low level. The Third World nations have been imparted a new strategic content to the concept of detente. It is something the two global powers might find worth weighing in their minds.
The fall at Eden

India is that her brains trust has studied the weakness of each Indian batsman as also the possible solution of playing Indian spinners successfully. The way England's bowlers blocked Vishwanath at Delhi and forced him to commit an error, and the way Armes and Knott played Venkatraghavan shows that the Indian team has been assessed individually and collectively.

There is no more experienced cricketer in India than the team's manager, Polly Umrigar, nor is there a player in the team who knows the opposition as well as Bedi. These two must put on their thinking caps, to come out with a suitable antidote. This match could decide the series.

1st day (January 1):
Indian batsmen oblige Greig

INDIA this morning made the expected changes in her team. Prasanna, Solkar and Madan Lal replaced Gavaskar, Amarnath and Venkatraghavan. Gavaskar must be a disappointed man having batted well in Delhi, but he is primarily in the team as a bowler, and in this department he was not very

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Preview (December 31):
Put on the thinking caps

LATELY, that is in the last two series that have been played in India, Eden Gardens has proved lucky for her. In 1972 India began her fightback here, and two years later was successful against the West Indies. One hopes that the New Year will bring her good fortune.

Over the last 15 years the wicket has changed in complexion and texture to become a loose, slow turner, catering well to India's strength. In the early Sixties one could believe, with a little imagination, the stories of its speed and bounce, and Shute Bannerjee and others after him must have made the ball hustle off the grass. Well, today to find grass one must look carefully, and to be successful a seam bowler needs accuracy and perseverance, qualities which an English professional learns quickly, but which seem to be lacking in the Indian seamers. On first sight it should play as it has done for a number of years, slow but helping spin progressively. Winning the toss could be a near decisive factor and a score of 350 will make it tough going for the opposition.

After the performance in Delhi, one expects a few changes in the Indian team. Prasanna on this type of wicket is more penetrating than Venkatraghavan, and if Prasanna plays one would like to see Solkar at forward short leg. Mohinder Amarnath, short of runs and out of form, may be rested, and if Madan Lal is also brought in it will mean Gavaskar has to go; which would be a pity because if he can be made to attack the stumps and not the body he could be useful here.

Whatever are the cricketing merits of both sides, it is clear that England's win in Delhi is not genuinely indicative of the superiority on the field, and that if India plays to her potential she is at advantage on her home wickets. Where England has so far scored over

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
reliable. He has spent his time, like some of his colleagues, being in and out of the side and if he wants more permanency he must realise that accuracy is more important than speed, especially when one is not really fast.

England surprisingly dropped Woolmer and chose Tolechard. Though Woolmer is not in the runs he is still more of a recognised batsman than the reserve keeper. Randall, a hard hitting player, replaced Fletcher who is not well.

When India won the toss, Bedi must have sighed gratefully. One look at this wicket was enough to convince most people that the ball was going to turn. As Willis followed through after bowling, noticeable puffs of dust arose, and this on the first day. There is no grass, and little firmness, and, because of a dry spell that Calcutta has apparently experienced, there was no moisture in this wicket. This was a ready-made opportunity for India to take a firm grip on this game. Winning the toss here was like getting a 40% bonus.

It was a sad commentary on the consistency of Indian batting that it allowed England to nullify this advantage. There was no help for the seamers, except that every new ball will swing a little and sometimes cut off the seam, even on the most placid of tracks. Apart from Gavaskar who got a ball that left him, no Indian batsman can blame this wicket for getting him out; even Viswanath, stroking fluently till 35, played a casual forward defensive stroke to be caught at forward short-leg. Gaekwad, who was lucky outside the off stump more than once, and looked like settling down, dragged a yorker onto his stumps. Sharma also was set till he didn't get across to an angled delivery from Lever, bowling left handed over the wicket.

One doesn't know whether it was because of the harrowing experiences in the West Indies or some other reasons, but it was clearly noticeable that the first reaction of Patel, Solkar, Kirmani and Madan Lal was to step back on to the stumps expecting every ball to be a bouncer. This places one in an unfavourable position to play the well pitched up deliveries, and though both Madan Lal and Solkar were out trying to cut balls of shorter length, they were beaten often as they groped outside the off stump.

It is again apparent that unless Gavaskar or Viswanath takes charge, there is enough reason to suspect that the other Indian batsmen are mere supporting actors without enough talent to play the main lead.

The English fielding was enthusiastic and efficient. All catches were taken and a number of runs saved. The bowling, getting little help from the conditions, was accurate, and to the field. If at times it seemed defensive (90 overs bowled in a day) it is Greig's policy (already one up) to let India make the running and in doing so make the mistakes. All Willis, Old and Lever did was to bowl on or outside the off stump and wait for Indian batsmen to commit errors of judgement. Most Indian batsmen obliged and now India is again forced in a defensive position.

I must be an inveterate optimist, because I still feel that India's spinners can bring her back into the game, but not unless a few more runs are added by the tail, and not unless her batsmen, in the next innings, show better judgement.

2nd day (January 2):

England toil as India tire

England started the day with Willis and Old to a defensive field. With plenty of time on hand, Greig was not interested in hours, but averse to giving India even a single unnecessary run. Having to bat last on this wicket and required to score anywhere near 200 could provide an interesting duel. Whether India can get into a strong position is of course to be seen. Today, the balance was in England's favour.
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India added nine runs today and batted for about half an hour. Only Kirmani offered any resistance and if he had had some support from the tail he would probably have contributed more. England began her innings with 80 minutes to lunch, facing a total of 155. Brearley did not open and Amiss came out with Barlow. It was a pleasant change to see both the Indian openers bowl on a line and length. Sankar even bowled Barlow outside the off-stump, but it was Madan Lal who impressed more. Bowling from the High Court end, he had Amiss dropped at short-leg. Sankar is far more effective in front of the line than behind, and he was too deep anyway. Madan got his reward a little later when Barlow inside-edged an off drive for Kirmani to hold a difficult catch. Barlow had not been particularly impressive, nor was Brearley who found it difficult to adjust to the slowness and uneven bounce of this wicket; and was caught bails and pad off Bedi.

Bedi had kept Prasanna waiting while he alternated his attack between Madan, Chandra and himself. As Chandra was again proving ineffective, Prasanna came on from the High Court end and brought authority to the attack. Still a great bowler, he immediately put the batsman on the defensive and forced Randall to play across a straight delivery to be bowled. Randall had played some good cricket; he was willing to play his shots and his first three offensive strokes all produced boundaries. An encouraging start to a Test career.

Amiss, runless for 45 minutes, turned an off-break into Kirmani's hands and the scoreboard at this stage read 90 for 4 with India fighting back into the game. From them on Greg, using his long reach, and Tolchard, sweeping effectively steered their team to end the day at 136 for 4. Towards the end they both looked as if they are going to need a bit of shifting tomorrow.

The Indian attack, apart from Madan Lal and Prasanna, especially in his early overs, was too often off target; and towards the end of the day looked tired.

Apart from Bedi, there is no Indian cricketer in this side who has played professionally and none is accustomed to the amount of cricket he has been exposed to recently, nor to the hard work involved. Perhaps playing this New Zealand series was not such a good idea. A month of less travelling and cricket may have been more beneficial. By the time this tour is over, the Indian cricketers are going to be very, very tired men.

**Third day (January 3): England in sight of victory**

As in Delhi, England ended the day in sight of a possible victory, and this time there is even less hope for an Indian revival.
Fourth day (January 5): Spinners good in the morning

ENGLAND further secured her position today when her batsmen added 36 runs to take the total to 321, and then through the afternoon and evening removed seven Indian batsmen for 145 runs. India begin the last morning requiring 21 runs to make England bat again, and it will be small compensation and little satisfaction even if she does it.

Greig duly completed his century — an innings which further convinced all that though this wicket is helping spin, it is possible to play a long innings with the right technique and approach, and of course, a bit of luck. Greig had batted for well over a day, and was the main architect of England's total, which though not by itself large seems huge in the context of this game. Old got his second 50 in Test matches, which included two huge sixes, and it looks as if he is going to contribute well for his team.

India's spinners have bowled well throughout this game — except for Chandrasekhar, who could not find his direction and length often enough to trouble the batsmen. It becomes virtually impossible to set a field for a wayward Chandrasekhar. Thus left a heavy burden on Bedi and Prasanna, and both tried hard to carry the responsibility. Yet there is little even the best can do, if there is no support from the field. Indian fielding has not reached such a low since the days it was considered unnecessary to make an effort in this department. Apart from the batting it is the catching which has let India down, making it very frustrating for the Indian captain. I don't hazard a guess at how many catches were dropped, but there were five distinct chances spilled, and most of these by someone who was till recently considered the finest forward short-leg in the world.
India’s batting, facing a deficit of 186 runs, followed the same pattern as her three previous innings: a regular fall of wickets, mostly to indifferent shots, and against bowling which must be surprised at its own ability. Sharma and Solkar hung their heads loosely with no attempt to hit but just the ball. Madan Lal, leaning away, tried to cut down to third man — a shot which may fetch him a number of runs against the gentle medium-pacers one usually encounters in the Ranji Trophy but one which is too risky again; the quicker pace of a Willis or Old.

Viswanath should have known better than to attempt an on-drive on this slow wicket without getting his weight right over the ball. Gavaskar played onto his wicket: the ball kept low and hurried through; he may have got away with it if he had been on the front foot. Gaekwad looked unhappy as a bat-pad catch was confirmed by the umpire, whilst Kirmani was beaten by the pace and bowled by Old. Apart from Patel, India’s batting had let itself down again and it was left to this Karnataka batsman to show his colleagues what a cricket bat is meant for. Now that Viswanath is not in the run, temporarily, Patel is the only batsman who has a natural flair for playing strokes — but in this series he played them one match and one innings too late. When he strokes the ball, Patel looks a fine player; when he dithers and dabbles, he looks terrible. Unfortunately for India, between his innings of any note, there are many better forgotten — and this not consistent enough for a No. 5 batsman.

It will be a pleasant surprise if India manages to hang on for long on the last day, but while Patel is there, the others must give him their utmost support. More runs than same from Patel will give the Indian batting some confidence in its potential.

Fifth day (January 6): The inevitable happens

India prolonged her innings long enough for Patel to get his 50 and for Bedi to show that the devil in this wicket was not as vicious as Indian batsmen had demonstrated. England scored the 16 runs required for victory without losing a wicket, but not before India dropped two more catches. There is dejection in the Indian camp, and frustration. Bedi himself used the word “dissatisfied” in a television interview, and went on to say that the difference in the teams was not as wide as the results have so far shown.

Much the same was felt after the Delhi Test, but the fact is that India has been convincingly beaten again, and that on a wicket tailor-made for her spinners. Not that her spinners are the prime culprits; well as they have bowled, it has been to very small scores, and with the catching going haywire, it has been impossible to keep the pressure on. Nor has Indian batting ever found itself in a commanding position to cause Greig any worries, except on the fourth evening when Patel cut loose. It was then immediately noticeable that Greig was non-plussed. For the first time the immediate situation was not in his control, and he showed his confusion in his field placings. If only India’s batting would click, the chinks in the English armour would become so apparent.

The Indian team for the Madras Test has two changes: Mankad and Vengsarkar take over from Solkar and Sharma. One feels sorry for Solkar, called a “saviour” in his days in the West Zone, he let himself down in the one department he had justly become famous for. This can be

Patel follows the course of the ball down the leg-side

a cruel game. Sharma is a well-organised player but sometimes the difference between first-class and Test cricket is too wide to bridge. Players like Chauhan, Parkar, Bose and others, all prolific scorers in the National Championship, just cannot seem to force themselves into the national side. Also, Sharma does not have Patel’s advantage, whereby the latter’s failure with the bat is somewhat compensated by his fielding. What India needs desperately is a No. 3 who is willing to play his shots and at least attempt to keep the initiative.

Mankad’s recall, though I admire greatly his single-mindedness of purpose and determination to make up for natural talent by hard work, suggests further that the selectors are in a quandary. He’s been in and out of the team like a yo-yo. He was again dropped during the New Zealand series though he got some runs mainly because he played the new ball at Bombay like a novice. But there seems little chance of a permanent solution, and Mankad’s as good as the rest; and with more experience.

To fit these two into the XI is not going to be easy unless India opens batting with Vengsarkar, and pushes Amarnath back to No. 3. There will then be accommodation for Mankad lower down. India’s been compromising since she entered the Test arena — another will not make any difference.

The Madras wicket is usually like the Calcutta one, in that it helps spin; also the ball on the corner outfield loses its shine earlier. Again India is at an advantage, and surely she can’t play this badly again. Or can she?
BOMBAY HOOCH

The demand for the drink known as "country liquor" remains high despite the knowledge that it claims quite a lot of lives in this country every year and makes many other people blind. This illicitly distilled drink—which is produced in pockets of big cities as well as in smaller places—is particularly in demand not just in towns where Prohibition is in force, but also in "wet" areas, where it is popular because of its inexpensiveness and distinctive taste.

The scene (photo 1, left) is a particularly dirty area in the interior of a Bombay suburb. The liquor is fermented in an underground wash, with a lid covering the top of the barrel buried in the ground. The lid usually has a pile of rubbish (photo 2) atop it as a marking. The wash—which contains ingredients like jaggery, dates, and nasadhur—is kept underground for three or four days, during which it is stirred at regular intervals (photo 3).

After the wash is ready, it is removed (photo 4) from the underground and stored (photo 5) for a day or two in large wooden barrels (photo 6). Thereafter it is taken to the "bashiti" (photo 7, right). This latter place is always in the open so that the "distillers" can easily run away in the event of a police raid.

Photo 8, on the right, shows the wash being brought for distillation in wooden barrels. One distillation, which costs roughly Rs. 20, can fill seven 200-ml bottles with one hundred per cent proof. After further distillation, there is sufficient liquor to fill "twenty bettis," which is easily for sale.

The liquor in the picture here is the result of four distillations. It has been bottled and is known as "country whiskey."
If it’s Gangasagar, once is enough

RITA RAM BEHANI writes about the Gangasagar mela, possibly India’s most ancient pilgrimage.

EVERY year, on 'Makara Sankranti' day (middle of January), thousands of devout Hindus from all over India take a dip in the sea, close to the sandy shores of the Sagar island, popularly known as Ganga Sagar (confluence of the Ganga and the sea), eighty miles to the south of Calcutta. The devout believe that the dip will cleanse their sins accumulated over a lifetime and thus release them from the cycle of rebirth.

There was a time when people had to undergo great physical hardship to make a pilgrimage to this holy centre. The journey was so arduous that a saying arose that unlike other centres of pilgrimage it is enough to visit Ganga Sagar just once. But today, the pilgrimage is no longer an ordeal and many devotees even walk more than 1,000 miles from Gomukh (the source of the Ganga) to the Sagar island and back, prostrating themselves every few steps of the way.

Most of the pilgrims are from Uttar Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Bihar and Rajasthan—the menfolk wearing big turbans and the women in swirling dresses. There are people from Tamil Nadu, Orissa and Kerala also. They come to Calcutta in chartered buses and then move to Sagar in country boats.
steamers, ‘dinghis’ and launches. The more affluent fly to the island where the devout believe the Ganga enters ‘patal’, the nether world. The sea looks discoloured for miles and miles and no one knows exactly where the Ganga ends. Prayer and meditation take place on the waterfront and oblations are offered to the spirit of ancestors. Pilgrims are also seen holding the tail of a calf on the seashore; by doing so they symbolically cross the Baitaran. (corresponding to the styx in Greek mythology). The evening puja is held at the temple of Kapil Muni, the ‘patron saint’ of the island. Bells ring, hymns are sung and earthen lamps are set afloat to cast sparkling images all around. The number of people it draws is second only to the Kumbh mela. Occasionally, the crowd, countless in number, rents the air with loud impassioned cries of ‘Kapil Muni ki Jai’ ‘Ganga Mata ki Jai’.

The Puranas refer to the importance of taking a bath at Ganga Sagar on various auspicious days and on the full moon nights in the months of Baisakh, Asadh, Kartick and Magha of the Bengali calendar. In Kalidasa’s Raghuvaamsam there is a mention of Ganga Sagar, as also in the work of the Roman historian of the second century A.D., Claudius Ptolemy. Al Beruni also refers to it in his book on India.

Hindu mythology has it that when King Sagara organized an ‘Aswa-medha Yajna’ (a fire oblation in which the sacrifice was a horse) Indra hid the horse in Sagar island. The 60,000 sons of Sagara found it in the ashrama of Kapil Munji in the underworld. The evil deed had been done by Indra, but, not knowing this, the sons started abusing Kapila taking him to be the thief. The sage was angered and reduced them all to ashes. Later the sage relented and declared that if any descendant of Sagara brought the Ganga to the spot, the princes would get back their life. Generations later, Bhagirath, belonging to the same dynasty, performed severe penance to persuade Ganga to descend from heaven. Ganga was moved and she rolled across the world to touch the ashes at Ganga.
sagar. Because Bhagirath was the catalyst of this great fall, Ganga is also known as the Bhagirathi.

The temple to Kapil Muni at the island is the main attraction of the pilgrims. Today's new temple is only a few years old but the images—of King Sagar, Ganga, Bhagirath, Bishalakshmi, Indra and the horse—inside the temple are very old. The temple, an appalling structure of concrete and corrugated sheets, had to be shifted several times because of soil erosion. The sebayats (worshippers) stay in Ayodhya in Uttar Pradesh and come to Sagar a few days before the holy day and collect lakhs of rupees from the pilgrims. Not merely money, women also offer ornaments to the gods or, actually, to the sebayats. Unfortunately, their interest ceases with collecting money and they do practically nothing for the pilgrims who have to pay for everything from the dip in the sea to the offering of prayers at the temple. Volunteers and police maintain round-the-clock vigil to ensure that law and order prevail and that at least the main bathing area is kept clean.

Many Naga sadhus attend the mela. They stick to their alcoves and move out only for a dip, after daubing themselves with ashes. They meditate in many ways. Some stand on their head, some even put their head underground, some lie on a bed of thorns.

The last people to leave the island when the mela is over make a bonfire of the huts. The seashore is brilliantly ablaze for some time and then the island returns to quiet isolation till the next Makar Sankranti day.□

Kapil Muni temple looming on the horizon (top). A sadhu demonstrating a yogic feat (middle). Catch a heifer's tail and pay, and the priest will lead you across the Baitarani to heaven (bottom).

Pic Debiprasad Sinha
THE Gujarat Government gives a lot of incentives to film-makers, provided they go to that State and make films, use their studios. Of course, the films have to be in the Gujarati language. Taking up a long-standing offer of friends there, veteran writer-producer-director Ramavand Sagar made a film there. It is called "Veer Mandavalo," based on the legendary lore of Gujarat. It has turned out to be the greatest hit of all time in the Gujarati film industry. It is still running to packed houses, though it was released about three months ago. Bombay stars like Amjad, Keshto Mukerji, Tun Tun, Shakila and Bano Bhopali have put in appearances. The heroine is Suchitra, who began her career in Bombay, but didn't get farther than a few vampish roles. She's stuck it big in her homeland and is happy there. And it also looks like Sagar Arts will be spreading roots to this State, along with others. Pretty soon, Gujarat will be like Madras was for the Hindi film industry.

THE other day, I dropped in to see Dimple, hoping I could catch the elusive Mr. Rajesh Khanna as well—before he left for shooting. It was a long time since I had seen them both. With the master of the house just having left, the house was quiet. I waited for the memsahib to come down from her beauty sleep. But I was told that nothing less than her "guruji" could draw her out of her room. Dimple spends the day singing and learning classical Indian dancing. Sometimes she has friends like Neeta Rajaram (wife of the producer Rajaram) joining in the singing with her. And so, says her staff, the memsahib is well occupied for the day. Dimple's mother came in and asked for "Bhabiji"—as everyone calls her. "Too bad," she was told that her daughter was sleeping. She turned heel and left. I got up, too: if her own mother couldn't have woken up, no one else could!

Rajesh and Dimple: When he is away, sing and sleep

THE near-blind music director, Ruwinda Jain, who has turned out to be this year's hit with "Gect Gata Chal", "Chitchoh", "Fakira" is quite a favourite with his producers. And why not? While the other established music-makers are doing out the same hackneyed tunes, Jain at least varies from song to song and film to film. And then, after I was introduced to him, he tells me quietly that we (journalists) spend all our time writing about stars, we should shikri-kabhi write good things about music-men, too. I told him he didn't need any write-ups, when his music has carried him well into the all corners of the country. But getting one's name and picture published, he said, was the established practice.

ON the "Des Pardas" sets—there was shooting for a fortnight at Mehboob—I found the art department was in a hussle with the production hands as to how the final touches had to be kept ready for the scene. The set was the cellar of a British pub, and to one, darkened corner, the earth had been dug up to reveal a body, supposedly buried for some time. The confusion was caused at this point—how the body and the stones around it were to be placed. One of the spot-boys was demonstrating in excited gestures how everyone would run, once the director Dev Anand came on the sets... He said the men would first run into one another, trying to clear the way and at the same time trying to appear to be doing something very urgent. And then they would all sneak away to discreet distances, watching Dev's reaction and waiting to help out with whatever he needed. A few seconds later I felt the silence and the scurrying, as Dev came in smiling. It was a scene between him and villain Ajit, who had to dig out the body. Instructions, make-up, camera, lighting—everything was ready. But no sign of Ajit. Yet there was no sign of loss of patience from Dev. An hour and a half later, Ajit turned up, and the ever-smiling Dev jumped up to begin his directions!

TALKING of singing, Lata Mangeshkar has left for the United States to resume her earlier holiday and complete the musical tour she was doing with Mukesh and a troupe, when he died suddenly and the whole party had to return. Like the earlier tour which was cut short, this time, too, Lata would be staying for six to eight weeks.

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Sunil Gavaskar remembers

Last week we published some extracts from Sunil Gavaskar's autobiography, "Sunny Days". Here, beginning with the 1974 tour of England, Gavaskar provides some more anecdotes. The book is published by Rupa and Company.

We were invited that evening to dinner by an Indian family. At the dinner there was a serious and furious argument between Ajit Wadekar and Bishen Singh Bedi. Without going into the rights and wrongs of that verbal battle, it is sufficient to say that, for the younger members of the side, it was a terrible thing to see two of India’s senior-most cricketers squabbling in an unseemly manner, especially in a house where we were guests. Sure, on a tour there are always minor disagreements but, what happened on the day of our first match on the tour was more than a mere ‘disagreement’.

When we returned to our hotel, I could see that the younger members had been shocked by what they had seen. Though the whole thing was patched up by the players concerned the next day, there was a lot of tension still left. This continued throughout the tour. Now, Bishen was a very popular member of the team and Ajit also, in his own way, was liked by everyone. Besides, he was also the captain.

Ajit and Bishen are men of different stamps. Bishen is an extrovert who joked and ‘fooled’ with the boys, never once letting the younger members feel that they were with a great bowler. Ajit, on the other hand, has a dry sense of humour, and is always prepared to help the junior colleagues in all their difficulties. However, towards the end of the tour I found Ajit a little more withdrawn, and he preferred to spend his time alone with his worries. To the credit of both, however, it must be said that whatever their differences, these did not interfere with their trying their best on the field.

I reached 49 and then was frustrated when Parthiv refused easy singles thrice in an over. When Parthiv is at the non-striker’s end a quick single is out of the question. Even after the bowler has delivered the ball he is near the stumps and does not bother to back up a few yards down the wicket. For a cricketer who plays limited-overs cricket in England regularly, this is an unpardonable habit. When he is batting, he is always looking for quick singles, but when he is at the non-strikers end his attitude is one of indifference and inertia.

It was a totally disastrous series and the tour was one of the worst I had made. There was no such thing as ‘team spirit’. Instead there were a lot of petty squabbles, which didn’t do anybody any good. The incidents which gave the team such a bad name didn’t help. It was all extremely frustrating.

Lloyd’s Eleven

There was a bombshell just before the Selectors met to name the team for the first Test. The President of the Board of Control asked the Selectors not to consider Bishen Singh Bedi for the first Test for disciplinary reasons. Bedi’s offence was reportedly a Television appearance in England after our team had left. Let me say quite frankly that Bishen certainly wasn’t on top my popularity chart, as well as on a lot of his other team-mates on the 1974 tour. His behaviour towards the captain, to put it mildly, wasn’t exactly respectful. Bishen was generally impatient and intolerant with the rest of the boys. Despite this, the Board President’s action was shocking.

On the eve of the match (the Bangalore Test) I was told by the selectors that I was the vice-captain. But, for some reason, I was asked to keep the news confidential. This surprised me very much because I didn’t understand why I should have been chosen vice-captain, if the matter was kept ‘confidential’. I am afraid this cloak-and-dagger business did not make any sense to me.

At the introduction ceremony preceding the first day’s play, too, I was asked to go down the line and not stand next to ‘Tiger’ Pataudi, the captain, as I should have done. This hurt me because I don’t believe that a vice-captain has to stand next to the captain. Yet when in the bustle of the match I did so, I was asked to go elsewhere. Frankly, Vishwanath and I love standing last in the line for the introduction ritual. We’ve always done that. So even though Vishwanath knew I was the vice-captain he laughed when I came and stood next to him at the end of the line. With a grin he asked me, “Demoted?”

A Question of Spirit

One morning I turned up at the Wankhede Stadium and found the Cricket Control Board President, Mr. P. M. Rungta, having breakfast with the boys. When he saw me he wanted to know whether I was staying at the stadium or going home. I told him I was going home for the night. He rebuked me saying, "Why do you think arrangements have been made for the team to stay here? Team spirit has to be developed and you must also stay here. You are the vice-captain and you should set an example." I replied that I had sought the manager’s permission to go home at night. I don’t think Mr. Rungta was listening, because he turned to ask Eknath Solkar whether he too was going home for the night. Eknath replied
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that he was staying at the stadium. This was a lie and everybody around knew that Eknath was spending the night at home. But, seeing the Board President's attitude, he did not dare tell him the truth. I don't understand why Mr. G. S. Deshmukh, the manager, who was present, didn't accept responsibility for allowing us to go home.

Eknath's defence of himself by lying hurt me more, because I couldn't understand the need for it. The manager had allowed us to go. Moreover, why a Test cricketer, particularly one of the calibre of Eknath Solkar, should be afraid of a mere cricket administrator, is beyond my understanding. So what, even if the 'administrator' was the Board President himself!

If it's New Zealand, they are not out

The New Zealand second innings started with Morrison being brilliantly caught by Vishwanath, jumping up at short mid-wicket: then Madan Lal, who was at mid-wicket, ran back to hold Glenn Turner. Congdon and Parker, who put on 122 runs for the third wicket, survived mainly because the umpires refused to give them out. Bat-pad catches were smilingly turned down, and lbw appeals by us might have been stupid. The way the umpires looked at us. Once when I took a bat-pad catch and found it negatived, the entire team was stunned. Shouts from the stands saying "Home rules up, silly boys", didn't sound funny. At the end of the day New Zealand were 161 for 2.

* *

One of the incidents in this Test, which we will all remember, is the time Chandrasekhar bowled Wadsworth to terminate New Zealand's second innings. He was appealing to the umpire who turned round and said, "He is bowled," I was beside Chandrasekhar at the time, trying to calm him down. The exasperated Chandrasekhar posed the classic question, "I know he is bowled, but is he out?" That goes to show what we thought about the umpiring.

Glenn Turner’s century in the Second Test

When he was on 98, he turned Madan Lal to Mohinder at deep fine-leg and took one run. He was hardly out of his ground to complete the second run when wicket-keeper Kirmani had the bails off from a lovely throw-in by Mohinder. But seeing Turner throw back for his second run, hundreds of boys and girls had taken off to greet him in the middle, and the umpire did not have the heart to disappoint them! Turner got his century and everyone around was happy.

The third Test at Wellington

When we were to bat we noticed that the grass had not been mown. When asked, the groundsman said that he had, which means he must have used a grass-mower without blades. Bishen remarked at the end of the Test that when the New Zealand team comes to India next, it will find the wickets devoid of grass, because our groundsman use lawn-mowers with blades in them.

Barbarous series

Barbasos Test, in which Solkar was hit on the head.

When told to go for an x-ray to see if there was any damage, particularly to the brain some of the players brained. "What brain?" But Bedi's comment really raised a laugh. "The blow has done him good. He is talking more sense now," said the skipper. Over the years, Solkar has taken a lot of painful blows while fielding at that position. The strain is now
showing and he is no longer at his best in that position as before, when he was rated as world class.

On Gauakar’s favourite hunting-ground, Port of Spain, Trinidad

The crowd there loves its cricket in its typically crazy way. Like the man who had a bet with me when I was playing on the third-man boundary and then he was prepared to give me 100 Trinidad dollars in return for one dollar if Maurice Foster scored a century. Foster was batting with 99 then! He won the bet, because Foster was out playing on to Abid All for 99! After the interval I went and gave him his dollar. He took my autograph on it. When we met again in 1976, he took another dollar from me, when he bet that India would score the required 402 runs for victory. That’s Trinidad for you. Trinidad, I love you!

On the Kingston Test.

When Holding pretended to be wiping his fingers to show that the ball had really slipped, it was difficult to believe. After one over, during which all I could do was to keep my head out of the way of the speeding ball, I walked up to umpire Gosein to ask him the question: ‘Was that intimidation bowling?’ It was during the drinks interval at the end of an over from Holding and, as I approached the umpire, I realized that this was the man who had given those decisions in the second Test under pressure from the crowd, and there was no hope of getting a satisfactory response from him! So I asked Anshuman Gaekwad to stick around and concentrate even harder.

To call the crowd a crowd: in Jamaica is a misnomer. It should be called a mob. The way they shrieked and howled every time Holding bowled was positively horrible. They encouraged him with shouts of “Kill him, Maan!” “Hit him Maan!” “Knock his head off Mikel!” All this proved beyond a shadow of doubt that these people still belonged to the jungles and forests, instead of a civilised country.

Their partisan attitude was even more evident when they did not applaud any shots we played. At one stage I even ‘demanded’ clips for a boundary shot off Daniel. I got was laughter from the section, which certainly hadn’t graduated from the trees, where they belonged. The whole thing was not cricket. The intention certainly wasn’t to get a batsman out, but to knock him out.

Next morning while we were having a work-out, Tony Cozier, the most respected cricket writer in the West Indies, passed by and laughingly asked me, “Expecting applause from a Jamaican crowd?” The query speaks for itself and should give one an idea of the character of the so-called cricket-lovers in the Island.

Off-day frolic

The Rest of the World team in Australia had a ‘Sunday Club’. One club meeting required the players to attend wearing just a tie and an underwear. And no one was allowed to come to the meeting in a dressing gown. Everyone had to come all the way from their rooms to the meeting room in the specified uniform. There were a couple of boys who were not on the same floor as the room where the meeting was held and it was a problem for them to get there without attracting attention.

When the meeting began the chairman observed that Tony Greig and Hally Allen were not wearing ties - their subrule would have to be fined. Greig, however, got up and said he was in fact wearing a tie. To prove this, he lowered his underpants to show that he was wearing the tie around his waist! His argument was that the chairman had not specified how and where exactly the tie was to be worn! Zaheer Abbas, who was the chairman, was hilarious. He wanted Rohan Kanhai to down his drink in a gulp, so he ordered, “Mr. Kanhai, I want you to do bottom’s up!” Rohan, taking him literally, put his ‘bottom’ up.

My teammates

On Farokh Engineer

In spite of his ready-wit and humorous ways, Farokh is not liked in international cricket. Cricketers of other countries think that he is tricky. A serious allegation indeed and Farokh’s reply is that all is fair in love and war, and Test cricket nowadays is more akin to a war between twenty-two players.

Even among members of the Indian team he is not particularly popular. This is basically because, in order to hide his own failures, he will put the blame on others. If he has dropped a catch his general gestures will be to show to the crowd that it wasn’t really a catch, but a deflection off the pad or some such thing. He has got away with it often. When we played the 1972-73 series against England he missed 12 chances until the Madras Test and only three were reported by the Press. It is well known that Farokh will go to the journalists in the evening and explain that it wasn’t a chance at all, just the excitement made the fielders throw up their arms.

On ‘elder brother’ Vishwanath

I am reminded of a funny incident associated with Vishwanath when he and a few others were invited by ‘Tiger’ Pataudi to play a match in Bhopal. On the rest day they decided to go on a ‘shikar’. They had hardly entered the jungle when suddenly they were surrounded by ‘dacoits’ who fired a few shots from their rifles in the air, warning them not to try anything funny. Vishwanath, Prasanna and the other members of the party were asked to get down from the jeeps and hand over their belongings. When one of the men accompanying them tried to run, he was ‘shot down’ by the ‘dacoit’ leader. Vishwanath and Prasanna were told that they were being held to ransom. The petrifed Vishwanath, who was tied to a tree, started weeping and explaining that he was an Indian Test cricketer and country needed his services. The ‘dacoits’ had never heard of cricket and weren’t in the least bit impressed. They were eventually released, when the ransom was supposedly paid to the ‘dacoits’ and Vishwanath breathed a sigh of relief.

Only later did they come to know that the ‘dacoits’ were, in fact, ’Tiger’ Pataudi’s servants and the whole incident was staged as a big hoax!

On Ashok Mankad

‘Kuka’ is an avid cinema-goer and whenever there is a good scene in a film he is watching, he would invariably stand up and applaud. This can be pretty embarrassing for the others who are with him, but ‘Kuka’ just doesn’t bother and he will not change his habit. After seeing the movie “Cromwell”, the way he talked to the cab-driver must’ve made the poor cabby wonder ‘where’ he had picked up his passengers! The poor cabby, who couldn’t understand English beyond a few words, was bombarded with such phrases as, “In the name of the Lord, I beseech you to take us to the CCI,” and “I beseech you to drive more slowly.” But, how can one blame the cabby for trying to drive fast so that he could be rid of his ‘mad fare’ as quickly as possible!
I TELL girls that marriage is meaningless”. “It is awful if you have to submit because it gives you two square meals.” “A woman can get a man’s heart only through his loins”. Is that a Western woman liberating? Would have been, had India not had its own stormy petrel in the shape of the plump and outspoken Kamala Das. Her book, "My Story," has already made news in India — after sensational serializations in "Malayala Nadu" and "Current", it came out in its book form, which is now going on to the third edition — but her fame (or is it notoriety?) has now spread far. It was first the turn of Hong Kong weekly "AsiaWeek", to "discover" the remarkable 42-year-old talent from Kerala. Edited by a fellow Keralite, T. J. S. George, the weekly took a cover story on the poet-turned-fiction-writer. Late last month, "Time" featured Kamala Das. As the magazine’s stringer in Bombay, Olga Tellis, reports, Kamala Das’ story began five years ago when she deluded herself into thinking that she was dying after an abdominal operation. She then decided to write about her life totally uninhibitedly, "as only one unburdened by thoughts of tomorrow could write”. As it now seems, her delusion eventually turned out into a brilliant piece of lucrative writing. Says the author of 30 Malayalam novels and three books of English poems, "I am a poet; it’s my strong point. But there is no money in it, so I turned to fiction". One question that none of her avid fans are asking: Are all her affairs just tales of fiction?

FIFTEEN winters ago, Ken Barrington had been the backbone of the MCC team led by Ted Dexter. He scored heavily in the first three Tests, all of which were drawn. In the next two Tests, he failed and the MCC went down.

This was all a long time back, but it is apparent that the experience that Barrington gained in 1961–62 and 1963–64 has stood Tony Greig’s men in good stead. In Calcutta, Barrington impressed everybody by his cheerful personality and enthusiasm. Spectators were pleasantly surprised to see the English team’s manager braving the sun for the entire day, watching the game from a sofa placed right near the boundary. Barrington believes that what is particularly remarkable about the present MCC team is its team spirit and, with modesty typical of the truly great, passes on the credit to the captain, Tony Greig. Now 46, Barrington lives in the village of Brookham and values the simple pleasures of life, like bringing up a seven-year-old son who he hopes will take up cricket.

THE Olympic Games at Montreal last July had been quite a successful one for Ivo von Damme, who benefited from the absence of the Africans to win silver medals in the 800 metres and 1,500 metres track events. But the Belgian middle-distance runner did not live to see even the end of the year.

Four days after Christmas, the 22-year-old von Damme was on his way back home to Belgium when he was killed in a road accident in the south of France. The car he was travelling in jumped the mid-road crash barrier and was hit by a car coming in the opposite direction. Von Damme, who finished second to Cuba’s Alberto Juantorena in the two-lap sprint and behind New Zealander John Walker in the 1,500 metres, was to have received his country’s highest sports award when he got back home.
OM MEHTA, Union Minister of State for Home Affairs, said that press reports about General Elections being held in March were "purely speculative and without any basis". Mr. Mehta said that even though the Opposition parties had not yet called off the agitation started before the Emergency, the Prime Minister was trying to normalise the political situation and MPs were being released steadily. Among the latest lot to be set free were Mr. S. N. Mishra (Cong-I), Mr. Madhu Dandavate (Socialist), Mr. Ramdhan, Mr. Baijayant Madhok (JS) and Mr. Rabi Ray (Socialist).

TARTING PRESENT? American President Gerald Ford created a piquant political situation when barely three weeks before he was to relinquish office, he called for the admission of Puerto Rico as the 51st state of the USA. Opinion was divided in the Central American island about the proposal. The outgoing administration is in favour of continuing the present Commonwealth status, while the incoming government favours a merger. Mr. Jimmy Carter said he would consider the proposal favourably, provided the suggestion had the support of the Puerto Ricans.

ARRESTED AGAIN: Mr. B. P. Koirala, former Nepalese Prime Minister, was arrested the moment he stepped back in Nepal after an eight-year self-exile in India. The official news announcement from Nepal said Koirala and some associates were held for "anti-national activities and violence in different zones".

SACRED DIP: On Poush Purnima, January 5, the Kumbh Mela got under way at Allahabad. Labelled the biggest Mela in the world, the Kumbh Mela may be visited by anything between 20 and 30 million pilgrims. Hindu astrologers say the 1977 Kumbh is particularly auspicious as the unique configuration of stars and planets this year takes place only once in 144 years.
POTATO SOUP

250 gms potatoes; 1 medium sized onion; 500 ml stock (this can be made from a stock cube); 350 ml milk; ¼ small cabbage; 50 gms mushrooms; rooms; a bunch of parsley; 50 gms prawns; salt and pepper to taste; 50 gms margarine.

Boll the potatoes in salted water. When tender peel and mash. Add to the milk and boil. Sieve through fine muslin and keep aside. Chop the onion. Shred the cabbage finely. Add the mushrooms. Shell the prawns and boil till tender. Melt the margarine in a large pan. Cook the onions and cook it in the margarine for a few minutes until it is tender but not coloured. Add the cabbage, mushrooms, prawns and parsley. Fry for another two to three minutes. Add the stock and milk and bring to the boil. Then add salt and pepper. Allow to simmer for five minutes. Take out of the heat and serve hot.

MEAT AND MUSHROOM BAKE

4 eggs; 250 ml cream; 250 gms minced meat; 120 gms mushrooms; 50 gms butter; salt and pepper to taste.

Wash the meat, drain and boil with 500 ml of water till the meat is tender. Keep the stock (the stock should be by this time 1 cup; if not dry it up till one cup). Whisk eggs lightly and mix in cream with salt and pepper. Pour the meat and stock into an ovenproof bowl. Fry mushrooms lightly in butter and arrange over meat. Pour the egg mixture over it. Bake for fifteen minutes or until the egg mixture is set.

APPLE LEMON MERINGUE PIE

6 tablespoons flour; 100 gms DALDA or margarine; 4 tablespoons castor sugar; 1 large egg; 3 tablespoons milk; a pinch of salt; 750 gms apple; 1 lemon; 6 tablespoons sugar; 3 cups water; 1 tablespoon cornflour.

Sprinkle chopped parsley or dhania patta on the top.

2 cups of water. Add the rind and juice of the lemon. Put on a low heat. Stew until soft. Mix the cornflour with one cup of water. Sieve the apple and lemon mixture. Again put on low heat. Add the cornflour mixture and boil, stirring continuously until it thickens. Remove from heat and leave to cool. When it is cold pour into the baked pastry case.

4 tablespoons tomato sauce; salt and pepper to taste.

Sift the loaf and butter the inside. Cut the cucumber into thin slices. Chop dhania patta. Lay lettuce leaves along the base. Shell and slice the eggs and lay the slices of cucumber and eggs along the loaf. Sprinkle the chopped dhania patta. Spoon tomato sauce over them and put on the loaf top. Wrap in napkins.

GRAPE PUDDING

250 gms black grapes; 250 gms green grapes; 250 gms digestive biscuits; 500 ml double cream; 6 tablespoons sugar; 2 heaped teaspoons cornflour.

Halve the grapes and remove the pits keeping the green and black grapes separate. Make sugar syrup with the help of sugar and divide into two bowls. Heat the black grapes and green grapes separately in the sugar syrup. Stir in 1 heaped teaspoon of cornflour to each to make them of thick consistency, leave to cool.

Put the biscuits into a polythene bag and crush them between your hands. Take a shallow heatproof dish which will hold about one m of liquid. Use a transparent one if possible so that the grapes show through the sides. Cover the base of the dish with half the biscuit crumbs and scatter the black grapes over them.

Whip the cream until it is light and stiff. Mix together with the biscuits and pour the mixture over the grapes. Sprinkle with the remaining sugar and put in a preheated oven. Stir in a greasedproof paper bag with star nozzle and spread over the top. Put inside the oven for five minutes. Stir in the top becomes golden brown. Take out. Serve hot or cold.

PICNIC LOAF

1 French loaf; 50 gms butter; 3 or 4 lettuce leaves; 4 hard boiled eggs; 1 cucumber; a bunch of dhania patta.

Rub margarine into sieved flour. Add salt. Mix them with your fingers until the mixture resembles fine bread crumbs. Add two tablespoons castor sugar. Separate the egg yolks from the white. Keep the white aside. Combine egg yolks and milk, then add to flour mixture and mix to a firm dough. Leave to rest. Roll out with a rolling pin. Bake in a moderately hot oven for fifteen minutes.

In the meantime peel, core and quarter apples. Mix with 6 tablespoons sugar and Whisk egg white until stiff. Add one tablespoon castor sugar, whisking until the mixture turns shiny. Add the remaining sugar. Put in greasedproof paper bag with star nozzle and spread over the apple. Put inside the oven for five minutes, until the top becomes golden brown. Take out. Serve hot or cold.

DRAUPADI
Something happened on my way to the seminar

It was a bright, blustering day early in January. The sky was an uninterrupted stretch of pure azure. The wind blew in circles and eddies. It swept the dust off the pavements in swirling spirals of grey.

I was pacing the pavements of a well-known road in north Calcutta. My school had sent me to attend a Science Seminar being held in a neighbouring institution.

I happened to live in the suburbs and that particular morning had left my house at 6 a.m. to attend to matters in the city. This business of the science seminar was at 11 a.m. and was the last on my programme. Anyhow my ideas of punctuality made me arrive at 10:30 a.m., to find my punctilious self confronted by two large, locked, wrought iron gates.

Meanwhile, another urgent matter had taken a strong grip on me in genteel society. It is, in hushed tones, called the 'little call of nature.' Unfortunately, it was no little war of self-control that I fought with myself. The kidneys and the bladder showed themselves to be worthy opponents. I had two avenues open before me: wait till the gates open or else find a public urinal. Without hesitation, I opted for the latter.

But futile was my endeavours. I walked about 300 yards along one sidewalk and then crossed over the tram tracks to walk an equal length on the opposite sidewalk. But nowhere did I see the salvation I was looking for.

There is a limit to human endurance. I entered a dingy side-street, a cul-de-sac. Nearly the whole left half of the blind alley was piled high with obnoxious garbage. I saw a lungi-clad rickshaw puller ease himself on the garbage. I followed suit.

He was about fifty, quite tall and wearing a dark brown kurta and dhoti. His eyes had a 1-mean-business look. As soon as I had finished he beckoned me and as I came near, caught hold of my wrist in a vice-like grip.

"What were you doing just now? Don't you know it's not allowed?"

"But who are you and where are you taking me?"

"Plainclothes police. You see that man waiting there, under the lamp post? I'll deposit you with him. When we collect our quota, we'll march you to the police station."

I looked at the direction of his index finger and saw a man wearing a green woolen pullover and a dhoti. He had close-cropped hair and a portly figure. He had a guilty looking 'dehati' standing beside him. Similar case, I thought.

After an eternity that lasted 5 minutes, we reached the portly guardian of the law.

Mr. Brown Kurta left me in the custody of his colleague and sauntered off to catch some more like me.

The portly guy was quite a nice fellow—as portly guys usually are. I got talking with him. He asked me my name and I asked him his. It was Sukdeo Pande. He asked me where I lived and seemed surprised that I lived away in the suburbs. He enquired what my business here was and how I had landed myself in such a predicament. I explained with delicacy and finesse my war with myself and he seemed to understand my position. He guffawed loudly and declared that he would have let me off if he had sufficient power. If he did so now, he would be charged with neglect of duty.

Presently, Mr. Brown Kurta appeared, leading three more unfortunates. His countenance was one of extreme satisfaction. His quota was complete. Surely, a strange way to earn a living. Of those arrested, two were rickshaw pullers who trundled their rickshaws along with them.

Sukdeo made us get into a single file. He himself would lead the battalion. Giving him flank support were two skinny, yellow-eyed home guards. I was the first; behind me the guilty looking chap, then the shabby guy and then the rickshaw pullers.

At the station we entered with a crisp "—case" to the sentry on duty from Sukdeo Pande in his native tongue. I was mentally preparing my part of the dialogue with the Officer in Charge of the thana. However, our case was much trivial to disturb him with. So, we were led to a clerk who looked dreadfully small amongst heaps of voluminous ledgers.

Just at that ominous moment, the shabby-looking guy chose to start with flamboyant eloquence and defiant gestures, his allegations against the law enforcing authorities of the country and about the absence of civic amenities and how big crimes went unchecked whereas the innocent were hounded up for silly reasons. The police clerk just gave him a prolonged stare from above the ancient horn-rimmed spectacles perched precariously at the tip of his nose, and that was enough to make him shut his trap.

We were asked to tender a fine of five rupees and in return we were given a slip showing our name, address and the nature of our offence. The next day, we were supposed to go to court and there, if the authorities concerned pardoned us, we would get back our money. As I came out Sukdeo Pande was there and he told me not to go to court as it would mean another day lost in futility. I thanked him for his advice though it did not need anyone to dissuade me from going to court.

I walked out of the police station the poorer by five rupees but the richer in experience. I retraced my steps to the venue of the science seminar. On my way I saw a host of sparrows chirpy-chirping on the telephone wires. I don't know why, but I felt happy and good to be alive.

After all I told you in the beginning that it was a blustering Sunday morning and the sky above was an uninterrupted stretch of azure.

VINAYAK CHATTERJEE
MOGA: A mad man made news here today by biting a dog. The man was walking on a road where a dog pounced upon him. It seemed the man was ready for the occasion. He caught the dog by the ears, lifted it and bit its tail off. The encounter lasted a few minutes and the man was slightly injured in the process — Indian Express (Uday Kakodkar, Curcharim).

BOMBAY: An income survey among hutment-dwellers by the income tax department! The department has already done a sample survey, and what has been revealed is that nearly 15 percent of those surveyed have monthly incomes of more than Rs 1,000 and at least one-third of them have monthly incomes exceeding Rs 2,000 — The Economic Times (Mrs A. Sripathi, Calcutta).

MASS STERILISATION and smaller families, simple and less ostentatious weddings have drastically reduced the earnings of Hijras. They are very worried about the future and have formed a Hijras Association to voice their grievances against family planning! — Narija India (Dr K. J. Mariamwamy, Bellary).

CHIKKAMUGALUR: Bees have forced the closure of the main entrance of the State Bank of Mysore here, after sending several people to hospital with their nasty sting. Since yesterday, the bees have stung over fifty people, many of whom were treated at the General Hospital. Two elderly persons are reported bed-ridden with serious sting injuries. Bank Manager, Nanjundappa said today that arrangements were being made to destroy the insects — Deccan Herald (B. V. Viswanath Sharma, Bangalore).

"FRIEND-IN-NEED SOCIETY" is indeed the name of the organisation. But that does not mean anyone in need can enter its premises in Periamet and walk away with anything he could lay his hands on. A gang of four, who ventured to do that, are in police custody. Their arrest led to recovery of clothes, sewing machine and other articles, alleged to have been stolen from the Society — The Hindu (R. P. Geetha, Madras).

THE WHITE ANT is being worshipped like a deity even today in the backward pockets of Jammu. NSS officers and students witnessed this yesterday at Chak village, 22 km from here, where an anthill was adored like a temple. The householders placed flowers on the anthill and also fruits and sweets as offering. The students, despite the tough resistance of the men and women of the village, destroyed the anthill, describing it "an enemy of foodgrain and books" — The Times of India (S. Boriker, New Delhi).

I HAVE consciously kept politics out of everything I do — S B. Chavan.

HE (SADAT) talks about peace which is only an end to the state of war — Yitzhak Rabin.

I LIKE to beat him (Carter) on the tennis court. He's a poor loser — Bert Lance, Carter's cabinet appointee.

IF I WENT back to Harvard, there would be mass heart attacks in the political science department — Henry Kissinger.

RICHARD NIXON was the only President who was lying in state when he was in office — British comedian Ted Rogers.

MEN FALL in lust, not love — Kamala Das.

I DO NOT look on Kamala's affairs as affairs per se. I am not jealous — Madhav Das.

I'M KEEPING the opposition guessing — Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

WE ARE NOT going to be ruled by violence but by heavy manners — Michael Manley, Prime Minister of Jamaica.

hUMOUR IN REAL LIFE

SIFTING THROUGH old letters, I came across one from my father written years ago to me, when I was in my engineering college boarding. It ran, "Please write me longer letters with more details of what you are doing. Don't just ask me for money. I am enclosing the ten rupees you asked for. By the way, you made one little error. 'Ten' is written with one zero, not two." Basudev Kundu, Calcutta.

When I was studying in the second form at school, an old and highly respected lady, who had travelled widely, used to take our English classes. One day, she was telling us the story of a great British monk. Before beginning, she asked us who a monk was. One sprightly girl put up her hand with great enthusiasm. Smilingly, the old lady gave her permission to answer. Pat came the reply, "A nun's husband!" There was a moment of stunned silence before the entire class, including the teacher, burst out laughing — Bhanooriyengar, Madras.

On the rest day of the first cricket Test match, a man was listening to his pocket-transistor in front of the Metro Cinema. Another man approached him and asked, "What's the score?" The former was taken aback. He then tried all the stations he could, but failed to get the cricket commentary. He finally gave up and said, "I can't get it... I suppose it's tea-time!" The other man looked satisfied and left — Sudip Bhattacharya, Calcutta.

My cousin and I got on to a rickshaw on our way to the hostei. I offered a piece of Cadbury's chocolate to the young rickshaw-puller, who accepted it and put it into his mouth without a word. Then, after riding for a distance, he asked, "Is it an intoxicating thing?" — Jim K. Jojo, Imphal.

Our Physics teacher had given us four problems for homework. A friend of mine could not do problem No. 2, and so he left a blank page and continued, thinking he would do it later when the book would be returned. To his surprise, when the book was returned, he found this note scribbled on the blank page. "Next time, please use visible ink." — D. Huggain, Silchar.
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction

Any of us must have made a New Year resolve to stop drinking and by many many of them must be relieved to find that their spirit is quite weak and there's nothing so pleasant as succumbing to temptation. For them and for those otherwise inclined— it is good to know exactly what happens when we drink.

When we toss back a tot of hard spirits, the stomach's gastric juices immediately begin to dilute it, until the concentration of alcohol drops to about five per cent. The presence of other food in the digestive system will slow down how fast you haven't eaten, about a third of the alcohol will pass almost immediately into the blood, entering it through the tiny capillaries in the stomach's wall. The rest passes into the small intestine and is quickly taken up by the capillaries there. Alcohol is the only food absorbed in this way—directly, without digestion. That's why it takes effect so fast.

Next it passes through the liver, where oxidation begins. This is the process whereby the oxygen carried by the blood transforms the chemical energy of food into heat and work. If you drink slowly enough, the alcohol will be oxidized by the liver as rapidly as it is absorbed and you will not "feel" it. By spreading a small whisky over sixty minutes, you can drink 24 hours a day without becoming even mildly high.

But we generally gulp an ounce of whisky in a few seconds and the liver can handle only three-quarters of an ounce in an hour. Hence most of the alcohol passes through the liver unchanged, reaches the heart by way of the veins, and is then pumped through the body and brain. Thus, within a few minutes, we begin to "feel" our drink.

If you are a large person, you will feel less effect than a smaller person does. That's because you have more blood and other body fluids to dilute the alcohol. If you add water to your drink, it will absorb into your bloodstream just as fast. If you add soda water it will get there even faster because carbonation speeds the passage through the stomach — which explains why champagne goes to your head so quickly.

This is what we do to alcohol. Now, what does alcohol do to us? A little alcohol calms the nerves and ease tensions. In most situations, however, skills as well as tensions are lowered. After a couple of whiskies we react a trifle more slowly to the flash of a light or the ring of a bell, and we do not type. Add, memorize, sort out cards or do other such tasks quite as well. However, since our centre of judgment is depressed, we think we can do everything better. The chief danger in driving after a few drinks probably lies in the fact that our confidence zooms — and we take chances.

A researcher once tried to induce hangovers in a group of subjects by giving them a pint of whisky a piece. It knocked them out, but in the morning, except for queasy stomachs, they felt all right. They had not gone through the fatiguing process of a party — too much smoking too little sleep. They had simply had their drinks and fallen into bed.

Besides deadening us to the effects of fatigue, too much alcohol upsets our mineral balance. Some of the water inside our tissue cells flows through the cell walls, taking potassium, sodium and other minerals with it and joins the water outside the cells. That's why people with a hangover have a thirst, but drinking quantities of water before going to bed won't help because it won't stay in the cells where it is needed. The balance remains upset until the alcohol is burnt up. Neither exercise nor any other measure known will hurry this burning process.

What about the permanent effects of drinking? In the moderate drinker there does not seem to be any. Alcoholics — people who can't stop after a few drinks — are another matter. Excessive consumption of alcohol cuts down their normal intake of protein, vitamin and minerals. Most of them have a disturbed liver too, and a few have delirium.
ARIES
(March 21 — April 20) Try to control your longs in the beginning of the week. That is the way to avoid controversies and trouble. The later part of the week will be helpful to you. You will be a guest at certain places and have contacts with V.I.P.s. Keep constant watch on the pending suits in the court. The week is good for exporters and businessmen. Somehow or other you will be able to score well in all your good work. A good week for entertainment and sports.

Good dates: 17, 18, 19, 21 and 22
Bad dates: 16 and 20
Lucky numbers: 7, 4 and 1
Favourable direction: South-west

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 20) Exhibit all your talent this week and chalk out your plans for the future. You must be prepared to shoulder new responsibilities. Financially you will have to face a still time. Don't be dejected. Be cautious in spending. You will indeed be very busy this week despite financial strains. Some good ventures may be postponed to a later date for want of money. Yet, you will score surprisingly in one or two attempts very well.

Good dates: 16, 17, 20, 21 and 22
Bad dates: 18, 19 and 20
Lucky numbers: 7, 8 and 3
Favourable direction: South-east

GEMINI
(May 21 — June 20) A good week for businessmen to enter into new contracts, acquire stocks and push up sales. You will get back lying with others. Home front will be very peaceful. The members of your family will get new clothes, ornaments, luxurious presents and gifts. Some may go on a journey. Don't worry about debts and suits, if any.

Good dates: 16, 17, 20, 21 and 22
Bad dates: 18 and 19
Lucky numbers: 2, 7 and 9
Favourable direction: West

CANCER
(June 21 — July 22) Some may get promotion and transfer. A good week for the working class. Some may go on tours and may take part in auspicious functions. Some may go in for something new.

Good dates: 15, 19, 21 and 22
Bad dates: 17, 18 and 20
Lucky numbers: 1, 9 and 11
Favourable direction: North-west

LEO
(122 — August 22) Be vigilant throughout the week. Your meetings with others will result only in loss of time. You will achieve very little despite Herculean efforts. You will have personal worries. Your colleagues will play their part well. Letters will be disappointing. Others will blame you unnecessarily. Don't think of new contracts and fresh plans. Avoid gambling and bad company. Not a good week for love and matrimonial affairs. Business people are advised to concentrate on their normal business.

Good dates: 16, 18 and 21
Bad dates: 17, 19, 20 and 22
Lucky number: None
Favourable direction: None

VIRGO
(August 23 — September 22) You are powerful enough to overcome difficulties and boldly face your opponents. No financial trouble. Yet, you may meet distant people who will turn out helpful. Some will gain in lottery, sports, gambling and speculation. A good week for businessmen and lovers. A good week also for matrimonial transactions. Push up with new plans and make the best use of the time.

Good dates: 17, 18, 19, 20 and 22
Bad dates: 16 and 21
Lucky numbers: 7, 4 and 1
Favourable direction: South-west

LIBRA
(September 23 — October 22) Good time has begun to dawn on you. Your words will carry weight. Others will come forward to help you. Your meetings with elders and seniors will be fruitful. You will be a host and your family will be enjoying the week to its maximum. Letters will bring good news. This is the time to seek success and prosperity. A good time for love affairs and also for expanding business. Be brisk and intelligent to exploit the situation.

Good dates: 16, 19, 20 and 22
Lucky numbers: 4, 8 and 2
Favourable direction: North

SCORPIO
(October 23 — November 21) Your bed time continues. Your problems will keep you dull and depleted. Businessmen will face loss in transaction. Avoid new contracts. Don't be tempted by the words of others. Financially you will find it difficult to make both ends meet. You will not be able to fulfill the wants of your relatives. Avoid travel. Some may have to part with their property. Some will seek new homes. However, in the beginning of the week you may gain something unexpectedly.

Good dates: 19, 22 and 21
Bad dates: 16, 17, 18 and 20
Lucky number: None
Favourable direction: West

SAGITTARIUS
(December 21 — January 19) Your attempts will succeed. Letters will give you new scope for planning and proper actions. Your relatives will be very much interested in your health. Some will gain in sports, speculation and gambling. Don't worry about debts and pending cases. Be brisk and go ahead.

Good dates: 16, 19, 20 and 21
Bad dates: 15 and 17
Lucky numbers: 5, 8 and 7
Favourable directions: South and East

CAPRICORN
(December 21 — January 19) You will merely gain tributes for your talent and ability. Your financial difficulties will continue to worry you. Talk about partition of property will go on. Solve your problem by speculation. Others will gain profit in business in the end of the week. Trade with others: distant places will be encouraging. Don't think of gambling and betting.

Good dates: 16, 20, 22 and 21
Bad dates: 18, 19 and 12
Lucky numbers: 4, 1 and 8
Favourable directions: South and West

AQUARIUS
(January 20 — February 18) You will be very busy this week. You will meet with disappointments. Take care of your health. Those whom you trusted will betray you. Correspondence will be difficult. Avoid bad company. Keep away from gambling, speculation and clubs. Not a good time for love and matrimonial matters. Business people are advised to keep a close watch on everything. Home front will be without problems.

Good dates: 17, 20 and 22
Bad dates: 16, 18, 19 and 21
Lucky numbers: 9, 4 and 2
Favourable directions: South and East

PISES
(February 19 — March 20) You will be a man of mystery to others. Your daily efforts and its fruits will surprise them. Be wise to plan for future prosperity. Some will gain in sports, speculation and gambling. Avoid partnership in business matters. A good week for everyone in the family. A good week for excursion, love and matrimonial matters.

Good dates: 16, 17, 18, 20 and 21
Bad dates: 19 and 22
Lucky numbers: 1, 10 and 3
Favourable direction: West

M. B. RAMAN
science

SUPERHEAVY DISCOVERY

Naturally occurring elements number 116 or 126. Does that sound like nonsense? For, to date, the heaviest element found in nature has been Uranium having the atomic number 92 (atomic number being the number of protons in the nucleus of the atom). But 116 or 126 may very well be the first naturally occurring superheavy elements to be discovered. Using ‘atom smashers’, physicists have been able to create man-made elements from 93 to 106, including plutonium, a possible fuel for nuclear reactors. But most of these superheavy artificial elements are radioactively unstable and short-lived. So scientists believed that it would be impossible to find any superheavy elements in nature, since probably a long time ago they would have disintegrated into lighter simpler elements. But to some scientists, it was a conjecture that an ‘island of stability’ might exist around element 114. And now an experiment performed at Florida State University has tentatively proved that such elements can exist. They were found in rocks of great antiquity, indicating a long life span.

An experiment at Oak Ridge detected some special types of radiation damages around tiny crystals found in ancient rocks. These damages were far from those caused by uranium. Later experiments performed at California University have shown that these crystals, when bombarded by intense proton beams, eventually emitted X-rays, the pattern of which is a characteristic of the element itself. Characteristics predicted by the Oak Ridge groups for elements 116 and 126 were obtained by physicists at California. Weaker evidences for traces of elements 114 and 124 were also found by them during the process. And the consequences? A hunt for other natural superheavy elements is now sure to follow in scientific laboratories round the globe.

SAMIR KUMAR GHOSH

bridge

by TERENCE REESE

GOOD PLAY in defence, like good acting, need not be dramatic. Here is an example of accurate play that might easily pass unnoticed.

Dealer, South Game all
4 J 10 42
\ N 3 7 5 4
\ C 2 10 8
\ 7 10 A
\ A Q
\ V K 3 2
\ E W
\ 4 5 6 7 8
\ A K Q 7 5
\ K 9 8 7 6 5 3
\ A Q
\ A K Q
\ A

At one table in a match the bidding went

South West North East
\ 1 ♦ dbl e ♦ No
\ 4 ♦ dbl e No No
\ No

South thought of redoubling but decided that the prize from Four Spades doubled would probably exceed the value of a penalty should the opponents run into a spade loser. However, the dummy was useless and South was given no chance. So the contract West led ♦Q, on which his partner dropped the 6, and switched to a diamond. South’s entry was the ace, spades were ruffed, and West’s last trump West exited with a club and eventually scored the setting trick with the King of hearts.

Was there anything clever in that? Well, observe what happens if West plays another club trick 2. South ruffs and, playing West with all the top cards, plays off the top diamonds. After West has taken his trick, the declarer gains a trick by playing the King of hearts and then West discards a trump.

East’s play of ♥6 helped West to avoid the trap. With only three clubs East would have played the lowest. West was fairly sure that his partner held four clubs rather than a doubleton.

This was the bidding at the other table

South West North East
\ 1 ♦ 3 NT No No
\ No

South refrained from doubling because he did not want to encourage his partner to lose a heart trick. It was, however, and West was able to enter dummy on the third round of clubs and lead a heart to the King for his ninth trick. Against such bidding it often pays to lead the declarer’s probable long suit and leave him to find his tricks.

classic

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 1

With this position we commence a fresh competition, the 72nd of the series which has now really come of age since I started them 21 years ago. The exercise is and always has been to combine entertainment and instruction in equal measure. The most effective way of sharpening the edge of your combinative powers and, even if you have no ambitions in the direction, at the very least you can enjoy the beautiful and varied combinations that abound in the game.

Competitors will get the best out of the competition if they imagine that they are playing a game over the board and the position I give has arisen in their game. Analyze it and determine what you think is the best line of play. Then, in your entry (I have taken the liberty of changing the person in order to be as little stilted as possible) give the main line together with such side-lines as may occur. Be as lucid and as brief as possible since clarity and conciseness are both helpful in over-the-board play and it would also aid me in marking the positions.

Marks up to a maximum of 10 are awarded for each entry. The competition lasts three months and at the end of that time the top three competitors receive £2 book tokens, the next three £1 book tokens and the next five £1 book tokens. First prize-winners from the previous competition are handicapped five points and the remaining prime-winners three points.

Good but not commercial

Leonid Stein was a great Soviet master who won the Soviet Championship three times, had an impressive record in world tournaments in the last dozen years of his life and died prematurely in 1973 at the age of 38. Raymond Keene has written an excellent book in his memory, Leonid Stein, Master of Attack (Robert Hale, 157 pages, £3.95). Illustrating his threes with a large number of attacking games won by the grandmaster, Keene shows the beautifully clean sweep of Stein’s style and no one can doubt his true grand-masterly. But, is all this sufficient to guarantee a commercial success for the book? I frankly think not. Remember that Stein (admittedly through no fault of his own and through the existence at one time of a ridiculous limiting provision as regards players of one nationality figuring in the Candidates) never quite managed to break into the penultimate section of the World Championship Cycle. Had he lived, say, 15 to 20 years more no doubt he would have done so but equally without much doubt he would not have contributed to become a challenger for the world. The fact remains that the book is a book to think that the good book will sell in big numbers, but fear it lacks a big enough name in its subject.
AND JUST REMEMBER, OBELIX, IF WE MEET ANY ROMANS, YOU'RE LEGIONARY OBELIX AND I'M LEGIONARY ASTERIX. YOU MUST SAY "BY JUPITER" AND "AYE..."

ROH! ROH! HOW FUNNY!

LOOK OUT! LEGIONARIES!!!

WAAHHHHHHHH!

AYE, COMRADES! HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SIGN OF THE TWO GOTHICS?

AYE AND BY JUPITER! WAAHHMMMMHHHHHHH!

HOOOOHAAAHHAAAAAA!

?!

I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR MY FRIEND OBELIX, HE'S VERY NERVOUS.

HEEEAHHOOOOOOOO! HO! HO! HEE! HEE! HAA! HAA!

HE'S LUCKY IF HE FINDS IT AMUSING TO TAKE ON TWO FEROCIOUS GOTHICS...

WELL, WE MUST BE OFF. AYE.

NO! NO! HAHAHA!

ONE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

I SAY, DID YOU NOTICE THEIR HAIR AND WHISKERS?

YES, IT'S AGAINST REGULATIONS. THEY'LL GET PUNISHED.

OH!

QUID? QUID!

HMMMM!!

HMMMM!!
LOOK!! A FAT ONE AND A LITTLE ONE! VISIGOTHS!!!

VIS GON?? Why THE HELL TEME?

HMM? HMMMMMMMMMM!!

YES, IS IT ALL? THOSE TWO GOTH'S HAVE BEEN CAPTURED BY A LEGION NAPE COME FOR REINFORCEMENTS TO TAKE THEM TO CAMP AND COLLECT THE REWARD!

AH, VISIGOTHS!

WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE THEY'RE ALL READY FOR US. SOUND AND GAGGED...

AND WE'LL COLLECT THE REWARD!

DISHONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY...

HMMMMM!

VIDEO MELIORA PROBOQUE DENNIS ANNO SEGNO

MEANWHILE...

HIC! I'VE GOT HICUP'S NOW. HIC! GIVE ME A BRIGHT, ASTER... HIC! ASTERIX!

HIC!

As for the GOTH's, they are getting more puzzled all the time. Because my main men you haven't seen these two?

AND STILL MEANWHILE...

WE'RE COMING TO THE CAMP...

HOW PLEASED THE GENERAL WILL BE!

AND THE LEGIONNAIRES WANTED TO SEE YOU THEY'VE CAPTURED SOME PRISONER'S GOTHs!

SEND 'EM IN! BY MERCURY! SEND 'EM IN! I'M DELIGHTED WITH THEM!
“And those supports and pistons are Soviet,” Patrick said in a weary voice. “The interface between the two techniques, the weak spot where one system meets the other. Well, we were warned. Not that it makes much difference now. But—that bolt’s at least five meters away. We can’t possibly reach it.”

“Perhaps we can rig a pole and attach the torch to the end?”

“We’ve nothing like that on board, we’d have to improvise. What would be strong enough? And we would have to light the torch here and work it over there while it was burning. Right between all that piping and the guts of the atomic engine. If that’s injured there goes the entire ball game.”

“There it goes indeed,” the Colonel said, snapping open the latches on the tool pack. Inside, held in clips, were the tools specially designed to work in the cold and vacuum of space, to be operated by clumsy gloved hands. He drew out the torch. “The very thoughts you have outlined crossed my mind. The only way to cut that bolt is for someone to go over there and cut that bolt.”

“We’ll have to unsnatch one of the AMUs.”

“No time for that, you said so yourself. So if you’ll aid me I’ll go over there and cut it. First the lighter, to be sure the torch is operating. Wonderful, I turn it off …”

“Colonel Kuznekov, what are you talking about? Your umbilical won’t reach over there.”

“Obvious. So I breathe in a good deal of air, disconnect it, do the job and return. I can hold my breath three, maybe four minutes. It should be enough. If I black out I count upon you to reconnect my oxygen in time.”

“Stop him!”

“He can’t, no …”

The intercom roared with the cries of many voices. “Silence!” Patrick shouted. “If you have anything to say speak up by turn. Nadya.”

“… nothing. You are the commander, you must decide. The bolt must be cut.”

“Coretta, Ely? Anyone else?”

It took a moment for anyone to speak, then Ely’s voice came over “There’s nothing to say, I guess. Down here we’re just passengers. But isn’t there any other way?”

“Negative,” Kuznekov said brusquely. “Now we must begin. There’s no time to waste.”

“Aghed,” Patrick said. “The first problem’s going to be how to disconnect your suit from the umbilicals without your losing all your oxygen. If we just unplug it goes whoosh.”

“I have concerned myself over that too and think I see an answer.”

The Colonel opened the tool pack and reached in. All of the devices bore little resemblance to their earthly counterparts because of the unusual conditions of working in space. Small tools could not be held easily in the thick gloves, nor could fine adjustments be made on them by hand. Nor, when tools were being used, could gravity be counted upon for help. We do not think of gravity until it is not there. On Earth it is a simple thing to put a wrench over the head of a bolt, to brace and push and turn it. Not so in space, in free fall. Without gravity to act as an anchor Newton’s third law comes into its own. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. If the bit of power still goes in one direction, whoever is holding the drill rotates in the other. Therefore all the tools for use in space were power-operated from built-in nicad batteries. Internal flywheels spun in one direction to provide torques for tools rotating in the opposite direction. Adjustments were made by moving a sizable lever, actuating a motor to make the adjustment.
Colonel Kuznekov took a wrench from the pack, very much unlike the crescent wrenches and open-end wrenches it replaced. The two adjustable jaws were motor driven and could be adjusted either to open or close, or to stop at an exact present measurement on the scale.

“What are you going to do with that?” Patrick asked.

“It will be obvious in a moment. The torch now, if you please. I think the tanks would be best clipped to my back where they will not be in the way.”

The twin tanks were easily secured in place by Patrick with the flexible hoses passed over the Colonel’s shoulders to the pistol grip of the burning head he held in his hand. A large trigger turned on the gas flow and when he touched the ignition button on top the nicad batteries produced a fat spark that ignited the oxygen-acetylene mixture. A lever next to the button adjusted the mixture to a long needle of fire.

“Step one,” Kuznekov said. “Now, Patrick, if you will just hold this burning torch for a moment, if you please, pointed well away.”

The Colonel stopped speaking and began to inhale, slowly and deeply, filling his lungs with oxygen, hyperventilating, getting the maximum amount of oxygen into his bloodstream that was possible. Through his faceplate, Patrick could see him nod and smile when he had enough. With a swift motion he raised the power wrench close to his chest and clamped it over the umbilicals, actuating the mechanism at the same time. With geared-down strength the jaws closed tighter and tighter, clamping down on the electrical and intercom cables, squashing flat the flexible hose of his air supply, until it was clamped shut completely.

“No air flow,” Kuznekov whispered, conserving his breath. “Torch.”

He took the burning torch from Patrick’s hand.

With a single blast he severed the umbilicals, leaving the stump with the attached wrench dangling from his gait.

Then he turned off the torch, waved his hand in farewell, and hauled himself over the bottom of Prometheus with a firm grip on a metal stanchion.

“What is happening?” The voice sounded in Patrick’s earphones and he realized that the others could have no idea of what was going on.

“Colonel Kuznekov is going to cut the bolt. He clamped the wrench on his oxygen hose so it wouldn’t leak into space, then cut the umbilicals with the torch.”

He wasn’t thinking clearly, Patrick realized. The severed umbilical was writhing in space like a garden hose. But instead of spouting water it was sending out a shower of frozen crystals.

“Nadya,” he called out. “Turn off the Colonel’s air at the wall valve. It’s just being pumped into space.”

“It is off,” she said, and the hissing spray slowed and died. “What is happening now?”

“He’s halfway there. It’s slow going through that maze of hardware without a safety line—watch out!”

Patrick shouted the last, forgetting that the Colonel was out of communication with his umbilicals severed. Kuznekov was fighting against time, taking chances that as an experienced space walker, he would never normally consider. He must take them now. The last yards to the bolt were across a bare patch of metal. Up until now he had been moving steadily from handhold to handhold. Now he gauged the distance—and launched himself towards his objective, floating free in space.

But he could not see what Patrick could. The bulk of the tanks on his back was in line with one of the extended jacks aiming directly for it. Patrick could only watch, horrified, as Kuznekov drifted forward, his hand extended to grab the length of the unexploded bolt.
His tank's struck first and he cartwheeled in space, missing the bolt completely. The force of the impact swung his booted feet in the opposite direction, slamming them into the base of Prometheus. As they hit and rebounded the Colonel grasped at the bolt, but couldn't touch it.

He was drifting now, out from between the booster rocket and the satellite station, heading towards the depths of space, with nothing near enough to grab on to.

An inexperienced space walker would have kept on drifting, clutching vainly at the objects that passed just out of reach, but the Colonel knew better than this. He was already rotating slowly from the last impact. Bending over he drew his legs up to his chest in a single swift motion, increasing his speed of rotation. Just as a stone on string will spin faster when the string is shortened, so did he rotate faster.

Then he straightened out to his full length, reached out and grabbed a tangle of rope on one of the packs. There were worried questions in his ears and Patrick realized he had been watching the drama in space in silent horror.

"It's fine now. The Colonel has had difficulty reaching the bolt ... but he is almost to it."

"He will be running out of air!" It was Gregor's voice, thick with fear.

"Not yet," Patrick told him. "He's not only hyperventilated but he has oxygen in his suit. He'll make it.

The Colonel was making it. With a final swing he reached the bolt and examined it for a long moment. Only then did he swing out as far as he could and attach a clip from his belt to the base of Prometheus. Then, carefully, and methodically, he ignited the torch, adjusted the flame to his liking, reached out and put the flame to the length of steel.

"It's working, he's cutting it!" Patrick shouted, so loudly that his voice echoed inside the confines of the helmet. His face was red. "It's tough steel but it's glowing. I can see, drops of metal coming off—almost through—THERE!"

The end was dramatic indeed. The pressure of all the suits made them heavy, and before the metal was cut through completely the bolt snapped. Released at last the metal arms extended in complete silence the two great meal shapes were pushed apart. Once started the motion continued, the core of Prometheus slowly away from Prometheus.

"It did it, it worked!" Patrick called out. "We have separation. And Kuznetsov is all right, he's unchipping and starting back."

He did not add that the Colonel was obviously in trouble. The minutes had ticked by, one by one, and his body was already beginning to gray. His movements were slow, clumsy. He pushed himself forward, grabbed the stub of the bolt and used this to accelerate himself towards Patrick. But his hand slipped as he flung his hold, drifting slowly. He shook his head, trying to drive away the blackness that pressed in on him. Then, with his last strength and consciousness he planted both feet on the bolt, waited until he was lined up then pressed down firmly. Patrick then made the bolt more of a Prometheus, beside the bell-shaped mouth of the atomic engine, straight towards Patrick. Limp now and barely conscious.

But not straight enough. His hand was out, hanging slackly, his arm kept in position by the pressurized fabric of his suit. Patrick seized the lip of metal with his left hand, pushed hard, straightened against the pull of the taut umbilicals, reaching out towards Kuznetsov's hand drifting close.

Close, moving, but not close enough. He gasped with exertion as he fought the tug of the umbilical cables, stretching, fingers extended as far as they could go.

Silently drifting, Kuznetsov's hand went by scant inches from Patrick's groping fingertips. In the full light of the sun Patrick could see the Colonel's closed eyes, his lined face calm and at ease.

The suited figure drifted by him, arm still extended as if in a last salute, into space and oblivion. Flax was washing down his Mealox with black coffee and it was not doing him any good at all. His gut vibrated continually and sent out sudden gusts of flame like a roman about to blow up. Not only that but the coffee was going right to his bladder and he forgot the last time he had been to the John so he felt as if he had a full basket ball down there. But there. But he couldn't leave the console now.

Listen, Patrick, I'm telling you this. He was pleading and he knew it. "You were out of contact for almost forty minutes, there, it was only the readouts from the bio-sensors that let us even know you were there at all. And when Kuznetsov cut his umbilicals I'll tell you things were hairy down here. And you haven't had the TV cameras broadcasting more than a total of fifteen minutes the entire fight.

"We have had some problems, Mission Control."

"I know that—and I'm not making light of them in any way. But the situation here, without going into many details, demands your aid. We need that broadcast, Patrick—desperately."

"I'll read you, Flax, and I'm getting agreement here. Before we get off the flight deck I'll give you a shot out of the hatch. Stand by, Mission Control."

Flax sighed and leaned back, hooking his thumbs inside the front of his belt and pulling outward, away from the force of the pressure on his bladder. He took a sip of coffee. He could see the display below him on the TV monitor console, a breaking up signal and picture that quickly was put under control. He switched the picture to his own TV screen and switched his phone through to the network liaison console.

"We have a picture, Bob, what's your status?"

"All networks vamping and ready to take our broadcast."

"Tell them to stand by. Sixty seconds."

A light blinked on his board and he flipped the switch beside it: the voice sounded in his earphone: "Mr. Flax, I have Mr. Dillwater on the line for you."

"He'll have to hold."

"But."

"You heard me. I'll get back to him as soon as this broadcast from Prometheus is over. I'm sure he will understand that." He switched off the voice before there could be any response, and nodded approval as the picture on his screen steadied and the hatch loosed large, then vanished and the Earth, as seen from space, appeared on the screen.

"We're receiving a perfect picture, Patrick. Just hold it there please. The networks are standing by, are you ready to go?"

"Yes."

"Give them the signal," he ordered, and saw himself, small on the screen, from the network camera to the rear of Mission Control.

"Switching over now to the camera on Prometheus. There, you can see it now, the Earth from the open hatch. Major Winter is holding the camera and is moving it now. Over to you, Prometheus."

"That's Earth as we see it, plenty of cloud. We are now sending our picture to you now if you can make it out through the Pacific with Peru just coming up, the air is clear there. I'm going to move the camera ... just a moment ... there, you can see the detached reentry core body. It's in orbit behind us at a bearing of about fifteen degrees."

Flax pressed one of the buttons on his console. "Kill the sound to the networks, but keep the picture. Tell them it's a technical difficulty. He switched back to Prometheus. "Hello, Prometheus. A good picture great commentary, Patrick. What I'm saying now is not going out to the networks. Do you see that spot of light just to the left of the booster."

"Affirmative."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it's Colonel Kuznetsov. He's also following
us in orbit. And before you ask—the answer is no. I'm not going to zoom in on his corpse or anything like that."

"Just a report, that's all I ask."

"You've had that already. I'm going to give you about one minute more of this then close the hatch and pressurize. We have work to do."

"Going live again," he sighed and gave the signal.

"The core body will gradually drop behind us in this and it will still jump back to Earth for a soft landing. In the cabin now, I'll hand the camera to Major Katinina while I close this hatch. Once we're pressurized we can begin preparations for orbital firing."

The picture jumped around as the camera was passed over. Flax groaned to himself and wondered if his bladder really would burst. A light flickered on and he threw the switch.

"Mr. Dillwater insists on talking with you, Mr. Flax."

"A few moments more."

"He's not waiting. He's gone into Mission Control."

"Damn!" Flax disconnected and turned his chair about. There he was all right, the dark figure just entering the upper tier. It had to be him, the only man who had been in the summer who wore a dark suit with a vest. Striding steadily, right up to the console.

"Mr. Flax, your presence is required in the press conference chamber."

"Mr. Dillwater, I wish I could, but as I told you on the phone I can't leave this position now. The atomic engine..."

"Your assistant controller will take over. I have flown to Dallas from Washington for this conference which could have done just as well from here. The venue is here for your benefit. I realize your worth, Mr. Flax, and commend your attention to duty. But if you do not come with me now your assistant will take over and you will be relieved of your duties and will no longer be an employee of NASA. Do I make myself clear?"

Flax, for the first time in his life, could think of nothing to say. The seconds ticked by dumbly and he realized that there was nothing he could really argue about. Realistically, he could take a break now as the flight cabin was pressurized and they removed their suits, he had the time. "Sendlove, take over," he said, then turned his chair around and threw it onto the console behind him. "I'll come with you, Mr. Dillwater. Only I have to go to the bathroom first."

He heaved himself erect and though his bladder would explode now with the pressure on it. He tried not to waddle when he walked. The men's room sign looked familiar and he thought of it as the gates of heaven and he fell against it and pushed it open.

Dillwater was waiting when he came out—were his eyebrows elevated ever so slightly? Maybe they were, he must have set the world's peeing record but did not feel he could explain this to Dillwater. They went to the elevator.

"Can you brief me?" Flax asked.

"It is simple enough. A New York paper broke a story a few hours ago, this morning New York time. Since then all of the media have picked it up, all over the world, and it's snowballing. Have you heard about it?"

"Just a couple of words, someone told me who was watching TV. It was a crackpot idea about Prometheus turning into an atom bomb. Insane!"

"I am glad you feel that way, Mr. Flax, but please save your arguments and indignation for the press. As soon as I heard the news President Bandin sent me here to arrange a conference to destroy these rumours before they spread. I have just spent a very uncomfortable time in a supersonic Air Force plane, so you must excuse me if my temper is short."

"Where here? What kind of coverage?"

"Everything and everyone. All the media. We must be on our toes and I look upon you for aid in every way."

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'Here I am not a star'

For an Indian film artiste, perhaps the highest honour he can attain today is to be asked to act in a Satyajit Ray film. Among the very few Bombay actors who have earned the privilege is SANJEEV KUMAR. Here he talks to RANJAN K. BANERJEE about what acting in "Shatranj ke Khilari" has meant to him.

Q: When did you first come to know that Satyajit Ray was going to cast you in his film?
A: It was about a year back. Jalal Agha rang me up one morning to give me the news. I am sure the next question would be, what was my immediate reaction?
(laughs) I was both excited and nervous. I thought the film was going to be in Bengali and I don't know the language. So the first thing I did was to start learning the language. Anyway, I soon met Ray in Bombay and was relieved to learn that the film was to be in Hindi.

Q: Did Ray tell you then exactly what you were going to do in the film?
A: No, not when we first met in Bombay in the August of '75. But one thing he said flattered me very much. Which was, when he first decided to make a Hindi film, I was the first man he thought of.

Q: Did you agree to do this film absolutely on Ray's terms?
A: Absolutely. When you are working with a director who is himself a superstar, you can't do otherwise. There was only one thing I was a bit hesitant about. While shooting I can't concentrate on my voice which is, incidentally, not very attractive. So I prefer dubbing. But Ray said he would keep the original soundtrack wherever possible. I've seldom allowed a director to do that. But Ray's reasons were so convincing that I thought it would be silly not to agree.

Q: When did you get to know what exactly you were going to do in the film?
A: It was just a few months ago, only after the producer had got me Frenchand's short story. I read the story and the one thing I was sure of was that I was going to do a role the like of which I had never done before.

Q: Was that the only thought in your mind?
A: No, you are right, it wasn't. I thought the story was uncinematic, the kind of thing any other director would put aside at once. And I was naturally eager to see the script Ray had made out of this thin story.

Q: Do you still have your misgivings?
A: No, not after I read the script, and discussed my role with Ray. It's certainly one of the finest film-scripts of the century.

Q: Do you think "Shatranj Ke Khilari" is going to influence your acting career more than anything else?
A: Any doubt about that? It's the biggest challenge I've ever faced as an actor.

Q: What exactly do you mean?
A: "Shatranj" is a completely new experience for me - in two ways. First, because of the role I am doing in it. Second, Ray is totally different from all other directors I've worked with.

Q: Could you say precisely where you find him to be so very different from other directors?
A: Yes, of course. It's because "Shatranj" has made me a different man. When I work with other directors I leave the floor immediately after each take. That's what I've always done, until "Shatranj". But here I was no longer a star, I wasn't conscious of myself. What made me forget myself was the fascination of working with a director who was a greater star than I. I have been attending the floor even when I was not shooting, just for the thrill of being near him, seeing him work.

Q: Now that you are going back to Bombay, do you think it might be difficult for you to get yourself adjusted once again to the directors there?
A: It would be if I couldn't switch Ray and "Shatranj" off from my mind. Satyajit Ray doesn't happen to one every day, after all. And as for working with other directors, I had had the pleasure of knowing one earlier today. It was delightful working with him.

Q: Who?
A: Sandip, Ray's son (laughs). He was shooting the trailer of the film. The idea was all his own. It was refreshingly new. And here was another director I was working for!
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Bleaded just the way
you'll love it
Ranajit Roy analyses the position of the Left parties today. Will the revolution ever come?

Who is the archetypal South Indian? There are four States and one Union Territory in the South. The people of all these places are summarily called South Indians. Why? Is there any logic in this? A. S. Raman examines the ethnic identity of South Indians and finds that the label is at once wrong and right.

K. P. S. Menon, the eminent diplomat, describes his Kerala: What the place means to him and how it has changed during his lifetime. Olga Tellis studies the life of the South Indians in Bombay.

T. M. Narayanan reports on the protest by Bombay’s Catholics against the blasphemous pornographic film made on Jesus.

Bhabani Sen Gupta writes on Carter’s man, Brzezinski, Kissinger was not as successful as he was made out to be, says M. J. Akbar.

Editor M. J. AKBAR
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Separate issues

Amir Khan who was a purist with a highly aesthetic approach to the khayal (perhaps he sang a gazal only once) and never sang to the gallery. Mr. Gupta is disappointed in finding only a little fresh vocal talent but he fails to mention some real vocalists. It is unfortunate that such a large portion of classical music-lovers show their affinity only towards instrumental music—especially the sitar. However, we are sorry to note that the number of flute-players is decreasing day by day.

BIPLAB MOITRA,
SUNITA MOITRA,
Santipur.

I HAVE read with great interest Mr. Nilaksha Gupta's article, but am astonished at the conspicuous omission of a sitar artist like Manilal Nag, of Calcutta, in his survey. Manilal Nag has become a favourite not just in Ahmedabad but, I believe, all over India.

P. K. MUKHERJEE,
Ahmedabad.

Mr. NILAKSHA GUPTA surprises me by saying that the emerging world of Indian vocal music is devoid of any good singer worth the name. He betrays a regional bias by mentioning only those vocalists who perform in and around Calcutta. Mr. Gupta's statement that "what smart work the instrumental music can do, vocal cannot", is without any basis, either historically or factually. Any fan of music will tell you that historically, vocal music has been considered superior to instrumental music. Our Vedas and other ancient works will hold testimony to this.

With some sections of the audience, vocal music is still popular, and if at all, it has receded to the background, it is because of the overshadowing by instrumental music and not because there are no more vocalists left at all.

P. MATHUR,
Calcutta.

Our congratulations to your music critics who attempted to throw light on the artistry of the classical musicians. We are very impressed by "Don't sing, play us a tune", in which Nilaksha Gupta paid the highest tributes to Ustad...

What a music critic should be

YOU have erred in your duty by publishing the article about Vilayat Khan as it is. A great artiste need not necessarily be a good writer or a lucid speaker. The article is pedestrian in style and presents the artiste as a naive egoist. True, modesty is seldom a strong point with well-known artistes. But there is no point in overdoing the candidness. Instead of quoting the Ustad verbatim throughout the article, your music critic should have tried to portray the spirit behind the words.

A. ISHWARAYYA,
Manipal.

I AM distressed at some very unpleasant and unwelcome comments of Mr. Nilaksha Gupta, who has attempted seemingly ambiguous comparisons amongst artistes of equal or near-equal musical attainments. The role of a music critic is to arrest the present dangerous and deteriorating trend, and not the promotion of his personal choice.

B. B. BASU,
Calcutta.

No Hemant?

USTDAD VILAYAT KHAN's critical analysis regarding the music compositions of S. D. Burman, R. D. Burman, Naushad, Madan Mohan and Lakshmidatta Pyarelal is excellent. But he has not mentioned the name of the most popular and famous music director - cum-playback singer, Hemant Kumar, who has composed music for some well-known films. We will never forget the Bengali songs sung by him.

S. SUBBA RAO,
Vilasawada.

.... and no Rafi?

THE whole thing looked incomplete as no mention was made of Mohammed Rafi. If Lata Mangeshkar can be called "Queen of Melody" then Rafi is certainly the King. Lata's voice is sweet and her style of singing is unique. But she lacks in variety. Rafi is the master of all—he can sing bhajans, thumris, ghazals, qawwals and classical songs with equal versatility.

ZAHIR HASSAN,
Calcutta.
PANDIT RAVI SHANKAR, in his article, exhibits his modesty—for he does not once talk about his own overwhelming greatness. With his great “sitar explosion” in the West, he has succeeded in steering away the millions of misguided youth from the fangs of drugs and immorality. He believes in disciplining and refining through the upliftment of musical spirituality. In short, he is not only a great instrumentalist but also an effective reformist and a musical bridge-builder between the West and the East.

FAKRUDDIN HATIMBHAI, Lucknow.

Prague, not Vienna

ITHOUGHLY enjoyed the article, “Why our nights aren’t ready for a Moonlight Sonata”, by Mr. Kishore Chatterjee. However, there is one point in the article in which I think Mr. Chatterjee is probably mistaken. The episode of whistling “The Marriage of Figaro” overture, and the letter Mozart wrote, was in Prague (Mozart's visit to Prague early in 1787) and not in Vienna.

CAESAR SCHEIN, Calcutta.

‘Everything conked out’?

MR. Alok Roychoudhury’s minute-by-minute account of the Imphal-Calcutta Boeing flight on November 14 (December 12) was interesting. The story narrated by him appears to be more of fiction than fact. The facts are that the Boeing aircraft developed a technical defect at Imphal on November 14, to be exact “the left hand thrust lever was not moving forward.” The snag was rectified by engineers from Delhi. As the author himself states, there were 120 passengers waiting to fly to Calcutta, the staff on duty had to give preference to fare paying passengers, as per the airlines rules. Hence, the engineers could not travel on the same aircraft. The aircraft developed a similar fault before landing at Guwahati and had to be grounded.
All modern aircraft are certified to fly with 50% engine power available. Therefore, it was not such a critical situation as Mr. Roychoudhury has tried to picture.
The Commander, Capt. L. S. Rao, is one of the senior pilots of Indian Airlines and neither he nor the cabin crew discussed the technical problem with any passenger.

F. SUBRAMANYAM,
Senior P.R.O.,
Indian Airlines,
Calcutta.

Mr. Alok Roychoudhury replies: Para 2. The I.A. account seems to be the same as mine; how then did I write fiction and Mr. Subramanyam give facts? I had no means of knowing what the snag was simply because nobody bothered to tell us.
Para 3. As Mr. Subramanyam himself admits, even the cabin crew were not aware of the defect; how, then, does he expect passengers not to panic when all they know is that the aircraft is rocking violently? Next time, I’ll remember that I’m safe even when engine power is down to half.
Para 4. Mr. Subramanyam says, it was not really critical and the cabin crew did not know about the defect. Obviously, the air hostess said, ‘everything conked out’ because of her ignorance. But say it she did. And my quotation from Captain Rao is also correct.
Para 5. I am touched by Mr. Subramanyam’s expression of regret. But he would have done better to explain why everybody had to be so tightlipped for thirty hours, why no arrangement was made for our overnight stay at Imphal, why no food was available at the airport and why the airport staff everywhere forgets to say sorry all the time.

Real pirates

YOUR cover story on “The Literary Criminals” (December 6) was incomplete since it had no mention of the actual literary criminals. I am referring to the so-called “book-pirates”. They are the underground publishers who pirate best-sellers from abroad, produce unauthorised Indian prints of the same and flood the market with them. Authentic paperback editions of books like Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s “Gulag Archipelago” and Arthur Hailey’s “Moneychangers” were released long after the pirate editions had swept the Indian book-stalls. It is, of course, heartening to note that certain Indian publishers are now releasing authorised Indian editions of best-sellers at just about the same time they are released abroad.

RANJISH VASHI,
Jamalpur.
PROCESSIONS, strikes, hartals and bandhs have become things of the past. Even Calcutta has ceased to be a city of processions. Lock-outs have far outstripped strikes in causing loss of man-days, and industrial production and profits have recorded exhilarating increases. The word ‘socialism’ has been inscribed in the Preamble to the Constitution. These are among the many visible gains of the Emergency which was promulgated in June 1975.

The preoccupation of the Left parties used to be organising the exploited and the oppressed classes mobilising the youth and students, fighting for their immediate demands, politicising them, making the more militant among them party members, and preparing them for the ultimate political battle for socialism. For nearly all these parties, this battle was the battle of the ballots. The CPI (ML) had introduced a discordant note. It shot through the political scene like a meteor after the fourth general election in 1967.

The Congress, to be sure was not innocent of demonstrations and strikes. It had to compete with other parties for people’s loyalties and, like them, set up many frontal organisations. When the need was felt, it launched “liberation wars”, as in Kerala and West Bengal, against the combined Left governments. Being in power has its advantages. The main work of the Congress has been in and through government.

For a year and a half the Left parties have done little to indicate that they are alive. Indeed, never before have they felt as helpless as they do today. Only the CPI has been carrying on a campaign for speedy implementation of the Prime Minister’s 20-point programme, but it has thereby annoyed the Congress. It appears that the Left parties are waiting in the wings for the Congress to commit blunders on economic and political fronts and thus create an opportunity for them to re-enter the political field.

Meanwhile the Congress has made great inroads on all fronts — worker, peasant, student, youth and the middle classes — at the expense of the Left, not excluding the CPI. In isolated areas the CPI, too, has gained — again, at the expense of the other Left parties.

THE CPI — the undivided party, that is — has a long history of struggle and sacrifice in the cause of the
exploited and the oppressed. It has organised and led many agitations in different States and at different times, and has helped people gain many demands, economic and political, including civil liberties.

What can be more tragic than that the CPI should, in its golden jubilee year, have contributed so materially to creating and buttressing a situation in which the entire Left finds itself crippled. The CPI has become an object of ridicule, and the question is being asked whether it is a Left party at all.

Mr Laxman, for example, in a cartoon in the Times of India (Delhi Edition, December 31), shows a CPI office from where a member, following another, is walking away, saying: "I am going. I too didn't know that it didn't stand for the Congress Party of India!"

Which parties constitute the Left? Mere profession of faith in socialism is not a trustworthy criterion. The word has been given many, often contradictory, meanings. Moreover, in Europe, some of the most blood-thirsty servitors of the capitalist system also hoisted the flag of socialism. Hitler himself fastened the word to the name of his party to call it the National-Socialist German Workers' Party.

From the late Twenties, Jawaharlal Nehru and many other Congressmen have propagated socialist ideals. Mrs Gandhi and other Congress leaders today also are saying that the party is taking the country towards socialism, but it considers itself to be a party of the centre, not a socialist party.

FOLLOWING the Indian convention, we shall take those parties as Left which propagate views more radical than those of the ruling party. They all happen to swear by socialism.

It is difficult to keep count of the Left parties. Most of them are regional and small entities. A few have all-India reputations though their organisational ramifications are not as wide. West Bengal and Kerala were strongholds of the Left, mainly of the CPI, before 1964 and of the CPI (M) thereafter. The combined Left were able to dislodge the Congress from power in these two States more than once. The position had radically changed, judging by what is seen on the surface. The fragmented Left was further splintered when the CPI (M) broke away from the CPI in 1964, and the CPI (ML) from the CPI (M) in 1967.

Outside the Communist fold, the party that has an all-India stature is the Socialist Party. Founded as the Congress Socialist Party within the Congress in 1938 to work as a ginger group to push the mother party to the Left, it became a separate party in 1948. Two years earlier, the CPI had been driven out of the Congress for its role during the Quit India movement of 1942-45. This was the period of the "people's war" for the CPI. Over the past quarter-century the Socialist Party has dissipated much of its goodwill and effectiveness through amalgamations and "split.

We need not say much about the other Left parties except that they can only supplement or hinder what the bigger ones do.
Jyoti Basu leading squatters. This was the time when the Left was a fighting force.
The Left parties in general and the CPI (M) in particular had their heyday between the fourth general election (1967), when the Congress temporarily lost power in as many as eight States, and the fifth (1971 for the Lok Sabha and 1972 for some State Assemblies).

They thought, especially in West Bengal, where their hold on the people spread like wildfire, that they had got bastions from where to assault the Congress all over the country in due course. Since the CPI (M)’s influence was spreading fastest, it became the target of attack by the others. The Congress, as a party and as the power at the Centre, took advantage of this to dislodge them. The United Front edifices with the CPI (M) as the stoutest pillar came crashing down. The Left parties have, during the past five years, been fruitlessly trying to reforge the United Front.

This has proved difficult. Following the 1969 Moscow conference of the pro-Moscow Communist parties of the world, the CPI that year reversed its course, walked out of the Kerala United Front Government headed by Mr. E. M. S. Namboodiripal of the CPI (M), and, along with a few splinter groups, began running in the State a coalition government of which the Congress is the dominating partner.

Differences within the undivided CPI became sharp from 1955, after the visit to India of Mr. Khrushchov and Mr. Bulganin, on the attitude to be taken towards the Congress, the ruling party, which even the CPI goes on describing as a bourgeois party. These differences sharpened over the China-India conflict. By 1964 the differences could no longer be papered over, and the split finally became open.

Its pursuit of an alliance with the Congress has taken the CPI a long distance away from its proclaimed stand even of 1938. The CPI’s policy, as explained at its Congress in Patna that year, was to “weaken and break the Congress monopoly of power” and to “divert the Union Government of its overriding power”. To keep the Congress out of power wherever possible, the CPI in several states joined hands with the Jana Sangh and the Swatantra whom it had always condemned as reactionary parties. The Congress was called a “representative of the bourgeoisie”, “The lack of unity of the Left and democratic forces,” it said, was “the greatest single weakness of popular forces” which the Congress “fully exploited”.

Today, it wants the Left forces to try to form an alliance with the progressive forces in the Congress which, as Kerala shows, means alliance with the Congress as such. Despite their differences on all basic
issues the CPI (M) has for a long time been trying to make the CPI agree to having joint movements on specific issues. The effort is going on but little progress has so far been made. No effective Left united front can come into being without the CPI. The CPI has played that much importance. But the CPI will not join any alliance which does not include "progressive" Congressmen.

For good or ill, the future of Left politics and mass movements will largely depend on the relations between the two CPIs. The undivided CPI was the first Left party to be set up. Despite all its faults and bewilder-
ing twists and turns in its policies, it has made significa
t contributions to the development of the movements of the exploited classes. It is irrational to imagine that the Communists have exhausted their contributions to the cause of the nation.

SOCIALIST ideas and the Communist movement grew in India as a result of the impact of the Russian Revolution. The CPI including the CPI (M) till 1964, often faced a charge that it dances to the tune called by the Soviet Union. To say that the CPI is not a patriotic party and does not have the good of the nation at heart is unjust. The fact cannot be challeng-
ed, however, that its policies have almost always corresponded to the policies framed by the Soviet Union. That country has never followed policies which were not dictated directly by its national interests.

To quote Stalin's report to the CPSU Congress on January 26, 1934, a year after Hitler had seized power in Germany: "We are far from enthusiastic about the fascist regime in Germany. But fascism is not the issue here, if only for the reason that fascism in Italy, for example, has not prevented the USSR from establishing friendly relations with that country. Our orientation in the past and our orientation at the present time is towards the USSR, and the USSR alone." This statement was greeted with "loud applause" by the Congress.

Hitler invaded Poland after signing an agreement with Stalin. The agreement provided for division of Poland and delineation of the "spheres of influence" in Europe of the two countries. After Poland had collapsed, and had been divided, the Soviet Union began saying that Britain and France were "responsible for continuation of the war". Communists all over the world, including India, took up the refrain till Germany attacked the Soviet Union. Then, for them, the war suddenly became the people's war.

Communists in India for a long time worked both within and outside the Congress. Their relations with the Congress suffered a setback after the Communist International, guided by Stalin, enjoined upon all Communist parties to follow the policy of "class against class". The Indian Communists not only kept them-
selves aloof from the civil disobedience movement but called the Congress and its leaders, including Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru, all manner of names. This was a "costly mistake", the CPI now admits. In 1935 the International adopted united front tactics. Thereafter the CPI did everything to build up a national front against the British. In 1948 the Com-
munists in colonial and newly independent countries tried insurgency which too suited the Soviet Union's and also China's national interests admirably. Where the policy originated can be guessed.

When the Soviet Union began wooing the bourgeois ruling powers in the newly independent countries, those in the former undivided CPI who now constitute the CPI followed suit. At the World Communist Conference in Moscow in 1960 the concept of the "non-capitalist path of development" was mooted by the Soviet Union. Basically, this concept is the outcome of a belief that, provided the Communists maintain sufficient pressure, bourgeois governments in develop-
ing countries can be made to build a non-bourgeois society. The CPI promptly fell in line.

THE CPI refuses to take note of the fact that the Soviet Union has ceased to be the sole defender of the Communist faith. The Soviet Union is a state in a system of States and has to function as such. Its interests cannot on each and every occasion correspond to Communist movements in other countries.

The German Communists — such a powerful party — in the Twenties went down before Hitler because their policies were dictated by the Communist International to suit Russian requirements. The Sino-Soviet conflict would not have arisen had the national interests of the two countries not clashed. The CPI landed itself entirely on the Soviet side in this conflict. The CPI (M) has taken an independent stand, and, on the lines of Ho Chi Minh's testament, has been arguing with both to resolve their differences in the interest of the world Communist movement. The CPI (M) is displaying too much love for Stalin and his writers.

Is it longing for the impossible — a return to the Stalin phase of the world Communist movement? At the opposite pole is the CPI which, it appears, believes that Mr Brezhnev is the only leader the Soviet Union has produced since Lenin's death in 1924. Has it taken the cue from the Soviet Union? In the Soviet Union's publicity material and ponderous studies by Soviet scholars of economic and political problems of different countries the same vast gap in Soviet leadership is invariably there.

The differences between the two CPIs continue to be sharp. Probably developments in this country will sooner or later bring them together on the same platform again.

Meanwhile, the Left movement is in the doldrums. The leaderships of both parties have become old, and possibly a new generation will have to rise before politics in India takes another turn. There can, to be sure, be no guarantee that that turn will be to the Left.
Essential taboos

There are certain things which should be tabooed. For instance, buffet lunches and dinners. Those who have helped themselves from the table do not move away to let others get some food. They eat around the table and those who hate to push and jostle for food starve on such occasions. Yet there are hosts who consider it fashionable to organize buffet meals. It saves them having a large dining table, and few people can have a table for twenty or more—or even the space to accommodate such a table. Their arranging a buffet meal is pardonable, and in any case the hosts are anxious that even the shiest guests get food.

It is the other way around with meals organized by organizations—Government departments or private associations. The buffet meal is not offered in a small flat, on the contrary in a hotel or club, where a large table can be easily fitted in, or several tables are available. The buffet meal is supposed to promote conversation between people who are not seated together at a table. But unlike a banquet, most conversation ceases as soon as the food is laid on the table in a buffet. That is, among those who eat or get the food. Others who stay away, because they cannot fight their way at a place where they have been in- vited to, or continue to talk. The more enterprising eat; and each buffet meal of this type becomes a justification for free enterprise. The banquet is bureaucratic.

But the large buffets are arranged by bureaucrats. They may not earn a commission from the hotel, club or food supplier but the latter, of course, makes a profit. They do not have to serve all the food that a large assemblage would eat. They can do with less whereas in a banquet or seated dinner they would have to provide all the courses for each of the guests. And it is the experience or knowledge of the food being in short supply that encourages the scrimmage—the refusal of those who have served themselves to let others have access to the food. All this happens among people who are well-to-do and pretend to have good manners.

Swing doors should be banned by an ordinance. They are not suited to our temperament, sure- ly even less than the buffet meal. Our manners are ceremonial, but there is little consideration for others. Swing doors are generally left to swing back, even if in the process they flatten the next man's nose. Those who are considerate and hold the door till the next person is in are never thanked for their consideration. Sometimes they are passed by with a look as one would give to a door-keeper and left to hold the door while one after another several people file through.

I would suggest a similar ban on brief-cases. The leather brief-case was not as hurtful as the new fibre-and-aluminum pieces are. Those who carry these hard and hurtful pieces are less mannerly than those who lug about a leather piece. The metal cornered brief-case may hit you on the pavement, more frequently at road crossings where everyone is in a hurry—and those in a hurry have no time to be careful that what they carry should not hurt others.

The brief-case is a bigger nuisance than either the swing door or the buffet meal. The last named is once in a while. The swing door is confined to offices and institutions, but the menacing brief-case is all over in the streets. It intrudes in large numbers in the mini-buses, whose seats are not wide enough to accommodate two people. If you are the unfortunate person to sit next to one carrying a brief-case you are likely to find that the awful object is deposited in your lap while its owner squeezes himself into his seat. But if the mini-bus starts before that, the carrier of the brief-case may hurl his hard piece hit your head. Even if you have escaped such hazards you will find that the brief-case lies on one of your thighs and is opened to take out the fare. You have to bear with it because the owner of the brief-case possesses something which you do not, and we are all rated by our possessions. You are a poor neighbour, and have to suffer your situation.

The brief-case is, of course, a status symbol. It denotes that the man who carries it is a busy person, that he has to deal with a lot of people, to be a kind of salesman. At one time spectacles, fountain pens and even newspapers were status symbols, but none of them was even remotely an indictment on others.

Lack of consideration, similar to that in the buffet meal, the use of the swing door and the carrying of the brief-case is demonstrated by those who carry umbrellas. The points of an umbrella's ribs are likely to scratch your skull or get into your eyes, if you are not careful. It is not incumbent on the user of the umbrella to see that he does not hurt you. The responsibility for that is yours, for the umbrella is a more ancient status symbol than all those mentioned above. The chhatrapati, therefore, is disdained by all those who are similarly shaded. And he will open it in a dense queue to maintain the social distance between him and others.

Worse is the situation when the umbrella is folded and carried like a gun on the shoulder of the owner. It juts out behind him and can hit anyone in the face if you are not careful. Once again the obligation to avoid a hurt is yours for the chhatrapati could bother less. But I cannot place for a baton or umbrellas, though in most big cities carrying lathis or wearing swords and daggers is banned.

Too many people carry umbrellas, many more than surround buffet tables, or go through swing doors, or hug brief-cases. What was once an exclusive symbol—for anyone belonging to the lower castes and using an umbrella could be thrashed for his upstart ways—is now an item of popular use. Large-scale production has put it within the reach of most people, and the umbrella is a democratic institution.

Hamdi Bey
Taming of the sea

HAVING lived in the old city from childhood, I am fond of it and its polyglot but essentially southern character and culture. Like Calcutta, it has the earliest and most interesting associations with the East India Company and, unlike Calcutta, also, with the Nawabs of Arcot and post-Vijayanagar chieftains. Those familiar with "Telopea" Whitter's magnum opus, "Madras in the olden time", will know how little even the physical entity of the city has changed in over two centuries, in spite of the congestion and the suffocating architecture and the industrialisation that have overtaken it in the past four decades when the population has doubled itself—Ennore and Elephant Gate, San Thome and Sairapet, Armenian Street, George Town and Fort St. George, are all there still; and the Buckingham Canal and the "sweet-smelling Cocum" still flow through the mushroom growth of nagars and purams and industrial estates, peripheral, purely peripheral. And those that care for Tamil literature, or Carnatic music, or even for the graphic arts of the south, can clearly perceive their unbroken continuity with the past when Madras was the cultural heart of the arts in the south. The old city retains its quiddity all right, having seen so many changes and survived so many crises, indifferent rather than enlightened, different from an ancient knowledge of men and their transient ways, knowing they will pass and it will remain.

And behind it all, sustaining the city's physical integrity with their immemorial immensity are the sea and the vast beach that neither governmental caprice nor the atrocious architecture of its builders have been able to deface—they have now laid a long and needleless road along the sands and cluttered up the magnificent marina with hostels and offices, symbols of the pettiness of human industry in the face of stupendous nature.

That was what I thought, with smug reassurance. I should have reflected that while nature in its might could afford to ignore man's industry, nothing can survive man's well-intentioned art. I should have realised this long, long ago, for from boyhood the one thing I have feared is not corruption or despotism, the wrath or the spite of the powers that be, but their vulgarity. The vulgarity of the literate is all-conquering—to try and stem it with talent or taste is like trying to stop the inexorable progress of the road-roller with a blade of green grass! I can find no excuse for my idiotic complacency, for I have seen nature at its most resplendent laid low by art elsewhere. At Nadu at Kuttalam where a few painted effigies (an angler and a rishi among them) have sufficed to deprive a tall waterfall in an evergreen forest of its impetuous beauty, and at Kanyakumari where a single hideous edifice, the Gandhi memorial, has reduced to nothingness the serene grandeur of the many-coloured sea.

I do not know what started the epidemic, but decided to put up statues all over the city in honour of some arbitrarily selected immortals of Tamil literature, and others whose claims to commemorative worth is debatable. I do not refer to the bronzes of Anna or even of Karunadhi, the latter so wrongly criticised for having sanctioned a memorial to himself in his lifetime—he has merely followed established precedent in Madras—others long before him equally apprehensive perhaps of fickle public memory, have also staked a claim to the future by statues of themselves while they were still very much there. I write of an occurrence of far greater consequence.

Almost overnight the Marina, which had so long gallantly withstood all attempts on it, was conquered. Till then, two symbolic statues by D. F. Roy Chouton and Cezanne dreaded so greatly. They have quelled the tumultuous ocean and rendered it commonplace.

Recently, when the deluge visited Madras and some of us were thankful (as I was) that the water was only knee-deep within the house, I wondered how well those statues on the Marina had weathered the storm—I had heard a vague sort of rumour that their pedestals were of substandard construction and liable to give way under pressure. Well, I can assure the reader that this rumour was entirely baseless. All the statues are still there, high and dry, with the dust and bird-droppings of months washed off by the rain, more emphatic than ever before in their versimilitude because of their freshly cleaned clarity.

M. KRISHNAN
A fatal shot in the dark

On December 22, at Khunti near Ranchi in Bihar, a British missionary woman was strolling back home with two companions. It was evening and nobody noticed that somebody was aiming a pipe gun at Miss Barker. One shot was enough to kill her. S. P. Sagar reports on a murder that has created a sensation in Bihar.

A chilly evening was slowly settling down over the countryside in the Khunti area of Ranchi district in Bihar. The date was December 22. Three women, two of them British nationals, were strolling back home from a nearby hamlet Shyamabasa, where they had gone on some routine chore, possibly to buy some fuel. From nowhere a youth appeared and the sound of gunfire raked the hills.

One of the women slumped, groaning in a pool of blood. She was Miss Jean Barker, aged about 40, a missionary teacher and the headmistress of St Luke Girls’ Middle School at Maranhatta, ten miles from Khunti. It was a shot from a pipe gun which pierced her rib. The shot had dislodged 34 pellets. She died before her screaming companions could reach her any medical aid.

The two were Miss Pearson, a Britisher who had come recently, and a local lady, Miss M. Kandale. They were just too stunned to know what to do. One went to Ranchi about 50 miles away in a jeep and reported the matter to the Church authorities Khunti. Police promptly came to know of the incident some five hours after it had happened. A case was registered at about 11 in the night. By then there was little left on the spot as clues. The killer had disappeared in the woody terrain and there was not even any correct description of his appearance. All that could be gathered from Miss Pearson and Miss Kandale was that he was a brown complexioned youth, stoutly built and wore a pair of black trousers and a black jacket in all probability was a native of the area.

Miss Barker was a popular figure in the area. She was soft spoken and of an amiable disposition. She never made any enemies except once. About a year ago, Miss Barker was not happy with a teacher of the school and thought the latter should come more. She had an affair with a youth of the area and Miss Barker thoroughly disapproved of this. The teacher, Mr. Padmanib Demta, had to leave the job.

The same night, after the killing, police raided a house at Khunti. There they found the pictures of three persons, including that of the dismissed teacher. The police went on a hot chase. Sleuths were employed. Another place was raided but one of the wanted men managed to escape. He was chased in a jeep and was nabbed at Murhu-Murhu Bazaar, seven miles from Khunti. This man is Singhraj Swaist, who is in the Army with the rank of sepoy and the alleged lover of the dismissed teacher. Enquiries revealed that he was in the area on a week’s leave when the killing took place. Now police kept looking for the second man whose picture they found at the house. This man is Singirai Munda, who had a police record. Even after ten days of gruelling interrogation, however, police could extract nothing from Swaist to tie him with crime.

A few days before the incident, about four persons were seen moving in a suspicious manner near the residence of Miss Barker. One of them was holding a gun, and was donning black trousers and a black coat. When challenged they had said they were shooting birds. Police are trying to find out more about them. Miss Barker had recently had some trouble with some people at Ranchi, maybe her own people, over some financial matters. This too, is being investigated. Police are also aware that Miss Barker was a very good organizer in an area where missionary activities in the past had antagonized many people.

Miss Barker came to India in 1969 and her visa was valid till 1973. She was from Surrey, England and was a dedicated missionary. She planned and executed a lot of development work in the area which she had made her home. She wore Indian clothes, ate Indian food which herself cooked and taught poor children beyond school hours.

Police are baffled. The first thing that hampers them is that they were not able to reach the spot before it was too late; why the two companions of Miss Barker rushed to Ranchi before telling the local police is hard to understand. The motive of the murderer is also baffling. If the trouble with Miss Demta has anything to do with it, there is an interval of almost a year between the provocation and the performance. This is rather unusual.

Troubled waters

The closure of Pushkarini, the tank adjacent to the sacred shrine at Tirumalai, led to a tussle between the temple authorities and the Hyderabad Minister for Religious Endowments, who wanted the tank drained, renovated and refilled. When the temple authorities won the "battle", the Minister felt so strongly about this disruption of religious tradition that he gave up the portfolio. I. Gowrinath reports on the drama.

Pushkarini, the sacred tank adjoining the shrine at Tirumalai, where millions of pilgrims have washed away their sins since time immemorial, is now forbidden for use on grounds of hygiene. The sight of hundreds of devotees cavorting in the tank and mixing clothes is now a thing of the past.
in the tank before and after the ritual of shaving their heads at Kalyan Kutta, and then entered the temple to offer worship to the deity. There used to be such congestion at the ancient Kalyan Kutta that recently the authorities raised many such kuttas and expanded the contingent of barbers.

With the commercialisation of worship at the temple, the authorities have provided all modern amenities to make the devotees' stay at the hill comfortable, and what formerly used to be quite an ordeal is now an easy process. Tradition had it that the Lord was pleased only when devotees climbed the seven hills, enduring all the hardships. But time has changed not only the tenets and traditions but also the traits of the Lord of the Seven Hills.

The temple authorities built cottages and guest houses equipped with all up-to-date facilities to be let out at a reasonable rent. The waterfalls at Papanasham and Gogarhama have been diverted into a reservoir which was built by joining the two hills—and now there is regular water supply to the township around the shrine.

The water in Pushkarini—which was never drained—saturated with the sins washed in it by pilgrims during the past hundreds of years, turned thick and green. The authorities of religious endowments proposed closure of the tank to save pilgrims from contacting diseases by bathing in it.

This proposal did not find favour with the Andhra Minister for Religious Endowments, Sagi Suryanarayana Raju. The Minister wanted draining and refilling of the tank with fresh water after it had been renovated. But the departmental heads did not want it that way.

Raju argued that Pushkarini constituted the best part of the temple, and that its closure amounted to tampering with religious tradition—which was undesirable. Pushkarini was as important as the sanctum, he asserted. The deity was known as the Lord of Pushkarini and it was not proper to displace this conception by detaching Pushkarini from the shrine.

While this controversy was raging in the State capital of Hyderabad, reports of drowning incidents in Pushkarini came to strengthen the stand of authorities against the Minister. Circumventing the Minister concerned, the temple authorities approached the Chief Minister and got him to order a stop to bathing in Pushkarini by pilgrims.

This episode so hurt Suryanarayana Raju that he pressed for a change of portfolio and even went to the extent of abstaining from discharging his functions as Minister for Religious Endowments. The death of the Minister in charge of Animal Husbandry and Dairy Development, Venkataram Reddy, was a convenient occasion for Sagi Suryanarayana Raju to be shifted to another Ministry. Yet, he is still unhappy over the closure of Pushkarini. He fears it might bring ill luck to the State.
Jesus: Crucified again

A film on Jesus Christ which shows Him indulging in various sexual acts with His disciples has been made. Bombay's Christians have protested against this to many governments. Will this film reach the world's cinema halls? T.M. Narayanan reports.

Some people will do anything for a kick, even to gain notoriety of sorts from their act. Several have thus earned mention in the Guinness Book of Records as Ripley's Believe It or Not for their outrunish acts of endurance or some silly nonsense. But none of them has caused hurt or anger against their fellow citizens in amusement or wonder. But J.J. Thorsen, a Danish citizen, and Joern Donner, a Swede have chosen the less arduous (to themselves) but more bitter (to the rest of the world) task of crucifying Jesus Christ all over again to get their kick and, of course, to make a profit in the bargain. The much-maligned Romans who nailed Jesus to the cross killed him only physically, but Mr. Thorsen and company have gone one better. They have character-assassinated Christ in their film "The Many Faces of Jesus."

This film, the script was by Thorsen himself, depicts Jesus in intimate homosexual activity with his disciples, especially St. John, and in heterosexual activities with Mary Magdalene and others. It is, in fact, a blue film with a difference. It has been smuggled into India from Britain. The simple carpenter from Nazareth who was later to be worshipped by millions of Christians, the world over as God—and by delving into his supposedly sexual propinquities has attempted to bring him down to earth as a human being.

People will tolerate almost anything, even personal assaults. Christ Himself advised his followers to turn the other cheek when hit upon one. But when you tamper with religious sentiments of the people, nobody can control their wrath. Not even Jesus. By planning to show the blasphemous film, Thorsen and Donner have made themselves the target of protests, demonstrations and round-the-clock prayer meetings. Petitions have been addressed to the heads of nations to ban this film and to stop giving any production facilities for the project.

The film project, a multi-million dollar venture, ran a tortuous course. The film was conceived three years ago but despite the frantic efforts of Thorsen to get the film produced, France, Cuba, Yugoslavia, North Africa, and finally, Denmark, banned any filming on their soil. Mr. Thorsen then joined hands with Donner and attempted to get permission from the Swedish Government to produce the film in Sweden.

The news brought forth a fresh spate of signature campaigns and protests addressed to the Swedish Government. The one from the Catholic Association of Bombay, representing the Catholic population in Greater Bombay, viewed the action of the Government of Sweden in granting permission to Mr. Joern Donner to produce the blasphemous film 'Many Faces of Jesus.'

The reaction from the Swedish Government was prompt and unequivocal. Its Minister for Education and Cultural Affairs, Mr. Bertil Zachrisson, in a letter addressed to Mr. G.F. Fernandez, organizer of the Catholic Association campaign in Bombay, said, "Your reaction towards the film I can easily understand. But your information is wrong. It is not going to be released in Sweden and there is no Governmental support. The risk is coming from the USA, where private capital is said to be invested in the project."

An official of Buckingham Palace had this to say about the film: "... It has been publicly revealed that the (British) Queen finds the whole idea of Mr. Thorsen's proposed film about Jesus Christ totally obnoxious, and I am sure that must reflect the opinion of every other member of the royal family. However, it is up to British Government to decide what, if any, action should be taken to prevent such a film being made in the United Kingdom, and for such effect you should address your protest to the Home Secretary."

A plea to Mrs. Gandhi brought forth the reply, "The Indian Ambassador in Copenhagen had discussed the matter with the concerned authorities in the Royal Danish Government and has been given to understand that the Danish Government has dissociated itself from the project. This information may please be conveyed to the other signatories of the appeal."

John Cardinal Wright of the Vatican assured the petitioners, "I shall immediately take steps for its effective ban. Do not fear. One wonders how much of a coinci-
dence' there is between the sudden appearance of blasphemous films about Jesus and a rush of appalling books attacking the Blessed Mother. There is something satanic about all this. I shall do my part."

But the plot thickens. Having been denied permission to produce the film in most of these countries, the producers seem to have completed the project in Israel, of all places, and are now said to be awaiting a suitable place to release it for public viewing. Not only that, the idea seems to have caught on and another producer from the USA seems to have just completed the filming of a second movie on Jesus entitled "The Passover Plot." This movie is also said to be a blasphemous film with the sexual life of Jesus as its central theme. The major portion of this film was shot on location at Israel.

What had the Israeli Government to say about these two projects? The special adviser to the Ministry of Religious Affairs told the petioner: "We have discussed your petition with our legal counsel, yet find no way to exercise authority over its production. We will, however, seek to use moral persuasion as far as possible. With reference to your second request, regarding exhibition in Israel, we will again use whatever means available to deal with the matter as you request. We have no apologies to offer for the private filming of a story which was not brought to us for review or approval. The enterprise had no approval for any Ministry and, therefore, none need feel responsible on a matter open to various views and opinions."

The Minister of Commerce and Industry, Jerusalem, says, "While I do appreciate your concern in the matter of 'The Passover Plot,' I have to reiterate the previous statement given by the representative of my department to the Ecumenical Council at a meeting in Nazareth, to the fact that the Israeli Government has neither given approval nor has extended aid to the production of the film. It could, however, not interfere in the filming operations as it cannot interfere in the writing of books or articles, or photography or any other way of expression. It should be noted that both the principal producer as well as the director are not residents of Israel. I may add that the film, having been produced with foreign investment, has been completed in the USA. A decision disallowing its screening in countries outside Israel does not lie within the jurisdiction of the Israeli Government."

Does one hear the voice of Judas speaking again in these stand-offish statements? Truly, it would seem so, when one considers that it finally had to be Israel which allowed even the production of the two films on its territory.

There is no response to the petition addressed to the US Government. But the Church in the USA has taken a positive attitude. The Cardinal Archbishop of St. Louis says, "You can be sure that we shall do everything in our power, both at the local level through our priests' council and their committee on pornography, and at the national level with the committee of the national conference of catholic bishops. Your concern in this matter is shared by all Christians. I am sure and through our mutual efforts and prayers, hopefully this blasphemous film will be prohibited in most places."

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Even home-wash may damage your clothes!

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A tough guy with an image problem

ZBIGNEW BRZEZINSKI is President Carter's National Security Adviser and along with Cyrus Vance the man on whom the President will lean most heavily for the conduct of his foreign policy. BHABANI SEN GUPTA, who has known him personally for a long time, analyses his philosophy to give us a preview of what to expect.

President Jimmy Carter has not departed from the style of his predecessors in selecting his 11-man Cabinet, except that he has found a majority of faces untarnished by the wear and tear of Washington's political merry-go-round. He has picked one-fifth of his Cabinet aides from the Deep South; among others, there are some who served President Johnson in putative ministerial offices, a top aide of John F. Kennedy, and the brilliant though controversial James Schlesinger who had to leave the Ford Cabinet as Defense Secretary largely because Kissinger would not tolerate an intellectual peer. All the men and women Carter has named to Cabinet positions are competent and capable, and their collective political complexion is what the Americans call liberal. The intellectual star of the Cabinet is the Polish-born Columbia University professor, Zbignew K. Brzezinski, who has been one of the most consistent and articulate critics of both the style and content of Kissinger's power-politics diplomacy.

The foreign policy lobby in the USA is unusually strong; it is a combination of the foreign policy bureaucracy, the military, powerful industrial and financial interests, and an army of intellectuals who have transformed the study of international politics and diplomacy into a mammoth, scholarly-political industry. For a long time, this lobby has succeeded in persuading Presidents that, for the USA at least, foreign policy is an exercise independent of, and vastly superior to, the constellation of domestic policies. Presidents have themselves been tempted to act as "President of the World" rather than of the USA alone. Every President since World War II has found poverty, welfare, health and education to be less tractable and less rewarding than global issues of war and peace. A "bold" international move, "solving" an international crisis, being "tough" with the enemy or the adversary, "dramatic" trips abroad—these oft-practised flashes of diplomacy have been used for political advantage at home.

Not, however, without a heavy and accumulated cost. Stagnant and insolvent cities. Largescale unemployment. Health services beyond the reach of perhaps half the American population. Universities blockaded by empty treasuries. Industrial pollution. Alienation of the average citizen from government (forty-eight per cent of the electorate did not care to walk to the neighbourhood school to cast their vote in the November election). And last but not the least, in the name of national security, a systematic invasion of the privacy of the individual, cloak-and-dagger intelligence work, de-stabilisation and overthrow of politically unpalatable regimes, a tragic divide between the moralistic rhetoric of foreign policy and the cynical amorality in the pursuit of diplomacy.

As a result of all this, American foreign policy of the last decade ceased to enjoy broad popular support and became the exclusive preserve of the foreign policy lobby. The Vietnam war, conducted without a popular mandate and Congressional approval, became Johnson's war. The Nixon-Kissinger style of detente split the foreign policy lobby itself, although it enjoyed the approval of the majority of American people, as public opinion polls indicated. Whether it is detente, or diplomacy of peace in West Asia, or dealing with political explosions in Southern Africa, or normalising relations with China, American foreign policy no longer enjoys bipartisan support. Moreover, Congress has emerged as a maker and unmaker of foreign policy, thus clipping the wings of the Imperial Presidency.
Can President Carter conceptualize a foreign policy and then translate it into effective diplomacy, which will benefit not only the foreign policy lobby but the most important, the government and the people? The American people are impatient for a President who will make domestic problems his first and sustained priority. Nor is the president, however, not particularly care who remains leader of the world if this means poverty and unemployment at home. Carter has promised greater attention to domestic problems than was given by his predecessors. If he determines to keep that promise, he will have to make detente stronger, not weaker; he will have to transfer to the home front part of the enormous billions now spent on maintaining 500 military bases abroad manned by over half a million troops.

Reduction of the military burden will require a redefinition of America's national security, which prior to the growing literature has grown in the USA during the Seventies, restructuring national security. The central American Alliance is a security act which will solve the security overload without sliding down from the summit of power, loosening up the Western alliance still further, and risking the withering of US dominance of the world economic order's strategically important zones, and its oceans and seas.

The man who, more than anyone else, will be called upon to help Carter resolve this dilemma, is Zbigniew Brzezinski (pronounced Bigniew bra-zhin-ski), the President's national security adviser. "Big", as he is called by his friends and peers, has been known to Carter for many years. He joined the Trilateral Commission as a member. The US, among others, by David Rockefeller, with Brzezinski as its director till he resigned in late 1974, brought together industry, academic and political leaders of the US, Western Europe, and Japan in an effort to diagnose the multiple crises that had seized the industrial and post-industrial societies in the Seventies and threatened the stability and effectiveness of their political, economic and social institutions and values. Brzezinski, then, becomes Carter's Henry Kissinger, not just as an outstanding American critic but armed with several years' intensive studying at the Institute of the Rich Nations' Club. More than any other US academic, he has familiarised himself with the ideas and thinking of a cross-section of policy and opinion-makers in Western Europe, the USA and Japan.

During the election campaign, the New York Times reported that Brzezinski "continues to be the most influential of Jimmy Carter's foreign policy advisers." His public image was that of a hardliner on détente, who believed that the USA must not open a major portfolio in Moscow until the Soviets were ready for make détente a two-way business, that it is not until America got an equal bargain for each inch of ground it gave up at the altar of peaceful coexistence. Indeed, Columbia University's massive School of International Affairs includes the Institute, separated by a single flight of stairs and headed by two stalwarts holding very different views on détente: Brzezinski the hard-liner and the soft-liner Marshall Schulman, chairman and statesman-like director of the Russian Institute.

The same divide divided Carter's foreign policy advisers. Apart from Brzezinski those who advised a tough stance include Paul H. Nitze, Dean Rusk; both former secretaries of state, and George Ball, a former under-secretary of state. Those who defended détente and wanted it to become stronger included Cyrus R. Vance, a former deputy defence secretary. Carter has chosen Vance as his Secretary of State, thus indicating that the pursuit of détente will be a major plank of his foreign policy. At the same time, he has nominated Brzezinski as his national security adviser, indicating that he will be a tougher bargainer than Ford and Nixon. Ted Sorensen, the CIA director, Andrew Young, the Black liberal who will be Carter's man at the UN, and Schlesinger, the President's special assistant for energy problems, will be among the others on whom Carter should be able to draw for specific counsel or matters of foreign policy.

I have known Zbigniew Brzezinski for some ten years and have worked with him for nearly six years as a senior fellow of the Columbia University Institute of which he has been the director. One of the most brilliant products of Harvard, Brzezinski is a man of considerable charm, a computerized brain, and a razor-sharp mind.

Among some 2,000 Sovietologists, none has worked more systematically and doggedly than Brzezinski to discover the weaknesses and inner tensions of the Soviet system and the Soviet bloc. None is more at home with the diversities of world communism. Besides, Brzezinski, who was born in Warsaw in 1926 (which makes him five years younger than Henry Kissinger), comes of an East European intellectual background (his father was a Polish diplomat), and is married to Emily Ann Benes, the beautiful and elegant niece of Eduard Benes, former president of Czechoslovakia. He is therefore regarded as a man of some influence among a section of the East European intellectuals and other elements. Brzezinski's writings are carefully read in the Soviet bloc, and I have known several Soviet scholars who, while denouncing his political line with vehemence, expressed considerable regard for his sharp analytical mind, and his amazing grasp of details.

Brzezinski's expertise of Soviet bloc affairs is his strength as well as weakness. In an era of Brezhnev, let-live, his deep-rooted anti-Sovietism tarnishes his image as a statesman. He is aware of this image problem. Unlike Kissinger, he did not project any intellectual shadow over the American scene as a strategic thinker. In recent years, however, Brzezinski has worked hard to broaden the field of his expertise and a great deal of his time has been consumed by an effort to understand the troubles and dilemmas of the industrially advanced societies. Among the societies that Brzezinski has tried to study in depth are Japan where he spent a whole year in the early Seventies, which resulted in one of the most realistic and un-euphoric studies of Japan. The Fragile Blossom is an extremely effective rejoinder to Herman Kahn's The Emerging Superstate.

Brzezinski is not opposed to détente, but to détente, Kissinger style. His objection to the latter was two-fold; for domestic reasons, Washington was over-sell-
ing detente to the Soviets, and was yielding more than it was getting in return. Brzezinski would like to sell detente at a higher price. The price he would covet most is what he describes as to sell human freedoms in the Soviet Union. As I have said, Brzezinski’s small, grey-blue, sharp eyes are focused on the weaknesses of the Soviet system. He argues that the Soviets are in dire need of Western, especially American, technology. They would pay a higher price for it only if the West could hold out. Brzezinski therefore backed Senator Jackson’s stubborn opposition to financial credits to the Russians, without major Soviet concern, on this question of migration of Jews from the USSR. Brzezinski would also like to help Soviet dissidents.

Whether Brzezinski will change his stance when he works in the White House remains to be seen. As Carter’s principal aide, he will have to adjust his own stance of the USSR to the demands of real life. He knows as well as Kissinger did that neither the USA nor the USSR can afford another strategic arms race which would cost the US alone $20 billion in five years. As an academic, Brzezinski has not had to deal with the Soviet leaders as negotiators, nor as partners. His adversary image of the USSR will have to recast into the image of a partner in the maintenance of a world order.

Kissinger made relations with the USSR the centerpiece of US foreign policy. And he conceded Soviet supremacy in Eastern Europe. Brzezinski would make close collaboration of the industrialized nations — his tripartiteism — the centerpiece of American foreign policy. He is convinced that once the US, Western Europe and Japan forge strong links of unity and overcome their internal weaknesses and instabilities, they can bargain more effectively with the Communist countries. However, Brzezinski also knows that the problems that beset the industrialized democracies cannot be overcome easily, and that tripartiteism itself is a fragile blossom. "Thirty years after the end of the war," he conceded last October, "neither Europe nor Japan is prepared to play a major role — neither in the traditional nor in regard to the new global problems."

Brzezinski has had little direct involvement in the affairs of Asia with the sole exception of Japan; I once told him that he was "Asia-blind," and he accepted the compliment with a chuckle. He knows little about South-east Asia and South Asia; his knowledge of Chinese affairs is superficial relative to his incredibly firm grasp of the affairs of the Soviet bloc. He later came to South Asia and India some ten years ago. Brzezinski has never wanted the USA to get irrevocably involved in the problems of the small Asian nations. Among the hawks, he has less enthusiasm for the Vietnam war than most others. His interest in promoting as much diversity in the Communist world as possible would prompt Brzezinski to advise President Carter to do business with Vietnam. Nor is he emotionally friendly towards Pakistan. In fact, Brzezinski would invest foreign policy resources strictly according to the rewards they are likely to bring in.

His strong Roman Catholic beliefs will not permit Brzezinski to imitate Henry Kissinger’s candid amoralism in the conduct of foreign policy. Nor would he indulge in the dramatics of Henry. Unlike his predecessor, Brzezinski is shy. He is a short man of a reserved disposition with a dry sense of humour.

While Carter takes time to change the content of foreign policy — provided he finds it possible to do so — the Vance-Brzezinski diplomatic style will be vastly different from Kissinger’s. It will be more open. I cannot imagine Vance Brzezinski landing anywhere in the world wearing a wig or a moustache. Carter will not treat the world to a series of diplomatic surprises.

A firm, long-term strategic arms limitation agreement with the Soviet Union; a peace settlement in West Asia, an agreement among the nuclear technology exporting powers on preventing proliferation; co-ordination of the Western alliance; negotiation rather than confrontation with the raw material exporting nations; and a cautious, slow and very gradual lightening of the global defence burden — these are the priorities on Carter’s foreign policy agenda. I also expect a new Administration to move in the direction of encouraging regional security arrangements in Asia without the direct involvement of the major powers. And, once SALT II has been firmly up, of a naval arms limitation accord with the Soviets in the Indian Ocean.

The rise and fall of King Henry

Will Rogers always got a laugh when he cracked, "America never lost a war and never won a conference."

— Henry Kissinger, in a bicentennial essay for Time.

The good doctor was surely not aware of the irony in that quotation when he used it in his current mission, if only to sum up Dr. Henry Kissinger’s eight years in the Foreign Office of the USA in one sentence, it could only be that under Kissinger, America lost every war and won every conference. The list of wars which Kissinger has lost is nearly as impressive as the list of conferences he has won: Vietnam (a humiliating defeat after the Nobel Peace Prize), the oil war (which rocked economies and found West Europe deserting the nation which had guaranteed her security), in West Asia (where, in 1973, Israel was in trouble for the first time in a war, defeat enough for a nation living on foundations of fear), in Angola (a sheer loss of nerve), in Portugal, in India (where large injections of US money could not stop the Communists from increasing their vote), in Southeast Asia. In 1976, Kissinger began by saying that there was no alternative to white rule, but by 1976 he was forced to admit that whites would have to go; peace with honour again? Worse, the defeats punched huge gaps into that edifice called detente, which lay at the heart of Kissinger’s vision of the new world order. And the man who could count at the end of his tenure, Lebanon, Chile and the preservation of the world’s worst totalitarian regimes as his only major achievements.

The whirligig of time brings strange rewards sometimes, and it is a bit bewildering that by 1976 the man who had done so much for the conservative cause all over the world should be, at home, the target of Right-wing attack. Why was there so much disillusionment in America with the man who was better known than his President, the man who seemed to have a virtual stranglehold on all the headlines, the man who made news wherever he was: at the conference table or in his bed (quite often with yet another pretty girl)?

Kissinger came to office promising to build a "structure of peace." It
was something which the USA needed desperately after three generations of war: a Second World War followed closely by the Cold War in which billions lived in abject poverty. Fortunately there was a nuclear standoff and then the cancerous Vietnam war. President Johnson could not seek re-election because his efforts to end the Vietnam war by escalating it had proved to be disastrously ineffective. His Vice-President and Democratic nomine in his stead, Hubert Humphrey, was tainted by Johnson's record in Vietnam and lost to Richard Nixon, who promised peace with honour, by the barest of margins.

It was Kissinger's duty to search for this peace with honour. The path to Kissinger's peace was soon littered with bad intentions, as he insisted that America should lose the Vietnam war if it were to be a war of Vietnam against Vietnam. He began a murderous war in Cambod- dia, and bombed North Vietnam with gattic inhumanity. However, like Americans before him, he could not break the Vietnamese will, and in the final bargain he lost Cambodia too. If LBJ was considered a murderer, Kissinger and Nixon can only be called homicidal maniacs for their crimes in Vietnam.

And why only Vietnam? The Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy was (and this qualification I must add, fortunately) not ideuistic in the sense that Kennedy's was. They were not seeking to create a world of Christian soldiers, marching on to war against poverty and injustice with the cross of capitalism leading on before idealists create Bay of Pigs. Nixon and Kissinger did not want enemies nurtured in the passions of the Cold War. They wanted a mutually beneficial relationship with both the USSR and China, and consequently, Ford and Brezhnev were thinking along similar lines, vis-à-vis the USA.

The two major Communist powers had weared (a little too easily) of fanning the flames of liberation at the cost of national benefits to be derived from superpower deals. Even Mao's China felt that entry into the United Nations was important enough to fete paper tigers in exchange. The Seventies saw the development of a radical realignment in international friends and enemies, largely through Kissinger's initiative. It should have been a famous victory for Kissinger; then why did the US government decide in 1976 that detente was a bad word? Because detente was obviously more beneficial to both Russia and China than it was to the USA. It did not prevent the USSR from launching an initially successful attack against Israel in 1973, it did not prevent the collapse of US-backed regimes in South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, it did not prevent Cuban troops from securing a decisive victory for the MIA in Angola. Kissinger had clearly hoped that detente would create a kind of status quo in the Third World, which would be to America's favour, since the USA influenced far more of the non-communist world than both Russia and China put together. But what actually happened was that the USA lost influence in half of Africa and South East Asia and the future does not look too bright either.

Nixon and Kissinger began their exercises in reshaping the diplomatic map of the world by ignoring Africa. They assumed that Salazar's Portugal and the whites of South Africa and Rhodesia would not permit much drama in that part of the world. Kissinger began by saying that white rule in Southern Africa was inevitable within the foreseeable future. When, he went on his last bit of shuttle diplomacy in the middle of 1976, it was to Africa, in a last and desperate bid to pick up the pieces. And he sang a different tune: he quoted President Ford's statement that "The United States is totally committed to assuring that the majority becomes the ruling power in Rhodesia". Alas, it was a total dedication that had not been exactly viable two years ago, not to say anything of the point that even this statement left the US position on South Africa a tripe obscure. In his keynote speech at Luzon on April 29, 1976, Kissinger tried to paper over his earlier neglect by saying that "there is nothing to be gained in a debate about whether in the past America has neglected Africa or been insufficiently committed to African goals." True, as far as America was concerned there was nothing to be gained, but a great deal had already been lost. While the USA was busy mending the world elsewhere, the USSR and China were building their support in Africa. And in the African chess games between the USSR, China and an indifferent USA, played over the last decade, the USSR has won comprehensively. Kissinger was later even in his apologies. After the liberation of Mozambique he should have realised that nemesis had begun, and sent fraternal greeting, quietly if necessary, to black brothers fighting in the jungles. Instead, he sent arms to South Africa and encouraged Mr. Vorster to send out a foolhardy expedition into Angola. Quick retribution came in the shape of Cuban forces, giving the USSR the chance to seal its victories. Before South Africa's toy soldiers went into Angola, only half the members of the Organisation of African Unity were in favour of the USSR-backed MIA; once South Africa opposed the MIA, the other African countries had little option but to back it.

Kissinger's prescription for the Third World has always been extremely cynical. His ideal Third World is in Latin America—a set of people kept firmly in their place by brutal generals. Kissinger singly had to end the Chilean experiment under Allende; if by some chance Allende had succeeded, all the other Latin American regimes would have come tumbling down. Ruthlessly he pegged up regimes whose major concern was satisfying the demands of American corporations and voting with the USA in the United Nations.

If Kissinger is criticised vehemently now, it is only because he was admired so much. Like his mentor Richard Nixon, he has been found wanting. He became a hero for many reasons, but the main one was that after Vietnam, America needed leadership. If Kissinger did not exist, America would have had to create one. But there was a Kissinger: a man of vast intelligence and wit, a man who operated like a professional star and for some time bluffed the world into believing that despite Vietnam, America still mattered. In a way he had mattered during the Fifties and Sixties. Kissinger was a media creation, a glamour boy who, if he had succeeded, would have been acclaimed as one of the greatest diplomats in history. He had, after all, the incomparable ability of being able to negotiate from the edge of the precipice: if in the end he fell, it cannot take away from the fact that the performance was superb in its orchestration.

With a smile, which means that Kissinger does not really rule out the possibility, Kissinger has said: "I'll be back in 1985." Maybe he will be back and hopefully he won't make the same mistakes.

M.J. AKBAR
STATE OF THE ECONOMY

Confidence is good, but don’t be blind

KEWAL VARMA takes a hard look at the realities of the Indian economy and finds that there are serious problems which refuse to be wished away. Mr. Varma, who is Chief of Bureau, Delhi for Business Standard, will write a regular fortnightly column in SUNDAY.

Perhaps, never before have we rung out the old year and entered the new year with so much of optimism as this time. With the Press, radio and TV pouring in, day in and day out, success stories, we have come to believe that a golden period in our economic history has been ushered in. There will be no dearth with making conscious efforts aimed at boosting the nation’s morale. At least half of the battle on the economic front can be won if the country exudes confidence. But the outcome of the other half would depend on the harsh realities of life. The danger is that in a state of euphoria there is a tendency to ignore realities. Let’s take a look at the realities which will affect the medium-term growth prospects of the Indian economy.

We shall first turn to those who have first-hand knowledge of the running of the economy. When the news columns in the last days of 1976 were full of statements and reviews holding out breath-taking prospects for the Indian economy, inside pages of leading newspapers carried two interesting speeches, delivered by Dr. Bharat Ram and Mr. S. L. Kirloskar at the annual general meetings of Delhi Cloth Mills and Kirloskar Oil Engines respectively. Both companies are leaders in their respective fields of textiles and engineering and, hence, fairly representative of the state of affairs in a big section of the industry. Dr. Bharat Ram said that “in spite of the satisfactory results today the economy is not in too healthy a condition. Even last year in my speech I had said ‘it will be dangerous to place undue confidence in some narrow and random indicators which may suggest that the economy is poised for faster growth’.”

Why is he not that optimistic? This is because of a queer phenomenon. “Normally, with so much increase in money supply, there should have been an upsurge in demand, but the fact of the matter is that there is hardly any industry which is not saddled with excessive inventory.” He stresses that “unless demand picks up, industrial growth and employment cannot take place. We seem to be caught up in a vicious circle. It is very necessary that adequate investment takes place; otherwise, in three-four years, we shall find shortages taking place. But in the present condition of the capital market and the not-too-healthy state of existing industries, it would be too optimistic to expect large investments.”

Let’s now listen to Mr. Kirloskar’s problems. He says that the 1976 under review had its own stresses and strains with unpredictable supplies of raw materials, price fluctuations, restriction of power, continued dear money policy. The sudden fall in agricultural commodities affected the demand for diesel engines from February 1976 onward. The difficulties of the automobile industry affected the sales of the bearings division.” Mr. Kirloskar adds that “during the last four years, the take-off of diesel engines from the Faridabad branch, resulting in cessation of work. Most of the skilled labour and supervisory staff left service and the situation has resulted in complete stoppage of all activity.”

The point of both Dr. Bharat Ram and Mr. Kirloskar is that production may be increasing but the rise in domestic demand for industrial products and consumer goods is not adequate. Expectations of a consumer boom following a bumper harvest of 1975 and a normal crop of 1976 have been belied. Industry did try to whip up the demand; look at ‘discount’ and ‘special offer sales during festival periods. It is not private industry alone which is worrying about the shrinking domestic market. The fact is borne out by an official survey, prepared by the commerce ministry. It reveals that per capita cloth consumption declined to 13.31 metres in 1975 from 13.62 metres in 1974 and 14.49 metres in 1973. The same story holds good for other mass consumption items like soap, toilet goods, tea, cigarettes, household utensils, shoes, cycles, sewing machines, electric fans, transistors and radios.

These industrialists have only referred to the dichotomy of excessive money supply and poor consumer demand. Why this dichotomy? Let’s try to answer this question.

The obvious answer could be that even though much more money may be floating around, its distribution has become more unequal. In cities, the gains of wage earners from a negative rate of inflation have not been wiped off. On the other hand, they have been denied bonus, overtime payments, and periodic upward revision of salary scales through wage boards. Impounding of part of the D.A. is continuing and part of it has been withdrawn. On the balance, wage earners are no better off in terms of consumption; indeed, they might have lost somewhat. It could be said that the aggregate urban
market of mass consumer items is not expanding to any significant extent.

However, for obvious reasons it is the rural areas which are to be the backbone of India's domestic market. But what is happening to the rural market? The same survey of the Commerce Ministry reveals that in the past two years the share of the rural areas in the total textile sale declined from 45 per cent in 1977-78 to 41.7 per cent in 1978-79. This is most puzzling, since 1975 was the year of the highest agricultural production. Farmers might have produced more but their net money income after meeting the expenses, was relatively smaller. In agriculture, there were some improvements after 1964 but all the gains were wiped out by 1975-76.

Let us take the behaviour of prices of major crops during the peak harvest period, when farmers sell their produce. The official wholesale price index (1960-61=100) of rice was around 310, wheat 305, bajra 220, and jute 152. The index of groundnut and cotton were 275 and 258 respectively during the peak of last year's harvest period. As against this, the wholesale price index has been around 310 or so. Thus, comparison will be better appreciated in the context of the fact that in 1961 the terms of trade of agriculture were already very unequal.

On top of adverse terms of trade, the cost of inputs for agriculture has gone up steeply. In the last two years, the per tonne price of urea went up from Rs. 1,050 to Rs. 2,000 and then was reduced to Rs. 1,750, and that of diammonium phosphate from Rs. 1,350 to Rs. 3,000, only to come down to Rs. 2,210. The prices of other fertilisers also went up considerably. Irrigation rates and power tariff for agriculture have also gone up though not as steeply as the prices of fertilisers.

Thus, the net money income available in the rural areas is smaller. The situation is further distorted with unequal distribution of land holdings. The top five per cent of families own 35 per cent of total irrigated land and the top four per cent own 30 per cent of the operational holdings. With the increasing population and fragmentation of land, the size of holdings of small and medium farmers is shrinking. According to the latest agricultural census, one half of the total operational holdings in Indian agriculture are of a size of less than one hectare. The average size of land in this group is 0.41 hectare of which the irrigated component is only 0.12 hectare. In the early Seventies, the gross value of crop output per hectare was less than Rs. 1,000 per annum in 60 per cent of the total crop area.

Because of increasing pressure on land and collapse of village industries, small and marginal farmers and artisans are joining the ranks of agricultural labourers. As a result, between 1961 and 1971, the percentage of agricultural labourers in the total rural population increased from 26.8 to 49.75 and that of cultivators correspondingly declined from 58.8 to 30.88. With the increasing pauperisation in rural areas, the potentials of India's domestic market of 600 million people will remain limited. So long as the domestic market is restricted, the growth prospects of the Indian economy will remain uncertain. When demand does not pick up, production cannot be increased for long. For some time you can do so and add to your stocks. After some time, you will start cutting back on production and new investments will slow down. Industry after industry is beginning to face this problem. It is this basic fact of life, i.e. unequal distribution of income, which must be altered to ensure a sustained growth of the economy. Without overcoming this hurdle, even one drought can cause a serious dislocation in the process of economic growth. This is a problem which cannot be wished away.

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The Madrassi who never was

North Indians have always, a shade contemptuously, called South Indians 'Madrassis'. The South Indian image has always been, well, a little unfortunate in others' eyes—too many myths distort it. A. S. RAMAN, former Editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India and an Andhra, describes South India and its varied people.

Who is the archetypal South Indian? Where does he live? There are three States and one Union Territory in the South: Tamil Nadu, the Andhra, the Malayalee and the Kannadiga. They are all South Indians, each with an identity of its own.

The South Indian dwells in the walled mind of the chauvinist who thinks of India only in terms of north and south as he visualizes the world into east and west, thus causing irreparable damage to the underlying oneness that binds the two together. Why don't we refer to Bengalis, Oriyas and Assamese as East Indians, and Gujarathis and Maharashtrians as West Indians? We can't, because the terms East Indian and West Indian have different connotations. Who are the North Indians, anyway? Kashmiris? Punjabis? Uttrachalis? Madrasites? Rajasthani? Biharis? Can they all be typed together as North Indians? But that is precisely how we react, when we use the handy term, South Indian.

We are both right and wrong. Right, because north and south do exist not merely as geographic expressions but as cultural entities, each with a thrust of its own. Wrong, because the process of assimilation and integration has already begun. The diversity one sees is superficial while the unity that lies beneath it is fundamental. However, since the spirit of give and take has just begun to surface, north and south continue to be realities in the context of the Indian situation, as east and west are in the context of the interaction of ideals and ideologies between nations. There is, however, one difference and a big one at that. In India, the north and the south are complementary, while the orient and the occident are antithetical.

PAROCHIAL GODS

Even the gods and the goddesses of the Hindu pantheon are partisan. They prefer to be localised. South India is plentiful with north—examples: Vaisnodevi (Jammu), Kamakhya (Guhati, Assam), Srinathji (Nathdwara, Rajasthan) and Vithoba (Pandarpur, Maharashtra). And some are linked with the south-examples: Muruga (Tamil Nadu), Mallikarjun (Andhra Pradesh), Ayappan (Kerala) and Chamundi (Karnataka). Some deities, such as Balaji (Tirupati), Viswanath (Varanasi), Jagannath (Puri) and Ramanathaswamy (Rameswaram), are national and people bearing their names—Sreenivas, Viswanath, Jagannath and Ramanath—can be found throughout the country. There are no Vithobas among the Tamils, no Murugans among the Maharashtrians, no Malilkarjunas among the Malakees and no Ayappans among the Malayalees. There is, however, one thing that intrigues me. Naraima, the man-lion incarnation of the Lord Vishnu, is apparently a Telugu deity, since there are the largest number of Narasimhas in Andhra Pradesh—Ahobilam, Simhachalam, Mangalagiri, Yadadri, Perchalu and Kadiri, to mention only a few. But there are many Tamils and Maharashtrians of the name of Narasimha. Even among the non-Iyengars, too, this name is common. In fact, there are, in one form or another, Narasimhas throughout India (Narsingh in the north). Shall we then conclude that Narasimha is also a national deity?

Culturally, too, there is unifying diversity among the South Indians. Let us take dancing, for example. The Tamils have their Bharata Natyam and the Andhras their Kuchipudi which is structurally closer to Bharata Natyam but in style and sensibility has an accent of its own. The Malayalees are as proud of their Kathakali as the Kannadigas are of their Yakshagana. As for music, the Karnatak system which is popular throughout South India, provides the base. But there is subtle diversity. The intonation, the enunciation, the interpretation of the bhava, etc., vary from place to place. Broadly, we can say that the Tamil is intellectual in his approach, the Andhra, literary, the Malayalee, emotional, and the Kannadiga, lyrical. There are no doubt exceptions. But I'm not concerned with them. Generalisations are deceptive. But they are inevitable in a magazine article for reasons of space.

WHAT DELHI FEELS

My 11 years in Delhi (1942-53) brought me face to face with the reality that the north and the south then were; the distance just couldn't be wished away. I had, of course, many South Indian friends. But the North Indians outnumbered them; I had been particularly friendly with them. Since, for four years (1944-48), I was an official of the Chief Commissioner's administration, I happened to come into very close contact with the core of the local population. Among my beloved friends were the women, the men, the Muslim to whom I felt drawn by their social ties and personal loyalties; the pan-chewing, Scotch-drinking and raksh Kayaathas whom I emulated for their lust for life; the portly Baniyas, whom I admired for their ability to laugh at a joke against the odds; the Bihari and Punjabi Jats whom I loved for their endearing earthiness and the rugged Pathans, whom I adored for their self-imposed norms of
friends assigned reverse roles to my name and the generic term. They would use Raman in derision and Madrasi as a term of endearment. We, the maximum liberties only with those we love most.

The term, Madrasi, has no relevance at all today: in fact, it has been always a misnomer. Madras today is the name of a city and not of a province and all South Indians don't live in Madras. Nor are all the citizens of Madras South Indians, Tamil Nadu, the capital being an amalgamation of many other metropolises. The term, Madrasi, by usage has been associated with a type that never existed. It is even more unrealistic and irrelevant today. The dress, the cuisine and the life style which are traditionally South Indian, or, as the expression goes, Madrasi, have been successfully adapted by the other Indians. The idit, the masala dosai, the methu vadai, the Conjeevaram sari, Bharata Niyam, Kuchipudi, Kathakali, the all-India services, inter-marriages and domestic tourism have succeeded where politicians failed. These integrating factors have brought the north and the south closer together than ever before. It is perhaps not known to many people that Karnataka (Hubli, Dharwar and Belgaum) has been the home of a number of stalwarts of Hindustani music, such as Malikarjunu Mansur and Basavaraj Raiguru.

Tamil Nadu: Friends and Critics

Nowhere else are India and the Indians seen to better advantage than in Tamil Nadu which represents the heart of South India. Tamil Nadu is very sensuous and photogenic. Vibrant with colour, flavour and style, its own, this small southern State has a mystique and charisma unmatched by the other parts of India. The land of the Tamils, which is more Indian than the rest of the country, is, indeed, the home of whatever is dynamic and vital in Hindu culture. Here what strikes one most is not merely the unbroken continuity of traditions which date from the dawn of known history but the larger import which these have acquired in the context of the stirrings of the modern age. Here, indeed, there is a subtle fusion of religion and science, a happy marriage between intuition and intellect. The 2000-year-old Dravidian lifestyle and nuclear technology co-exist on mutually advantageous terms. In Tamil Nadu, as in the rest of South India, apparently the present is en rapport not only with the past but with the future. A very illustrative, fitness and roundness of human vision ever out of focus.

There are, of course, critics too. They say that the South Indian must be regarded as the biggest impediment to progress because he is obsessed with the dead past. They make a point. Instead of using Hinduism as an instrument for self-examination, the Tamil has reduced it to an extravagance, which has all the colour, gloss and spectacle of a Hollywood set. The caste system is very rigid in Tamil Nadu. Even today, there are many villages where the Brahmins live in charmed isolation in streets, close to the Harijan whose shadow is not permitted to fall within sight. The South Indian, particularly the Tamil, finds himself enmeshed in a web of meaningless festivities, ceremonies and rituals round the clock.

But to all of them, I was a mere Madrassi. The language I spoke was Madrassi, the food I ate was Madrassi, the dress I wore was Madrassi and even the English I spoke was Madrassi, not Anglo-Saxon. To them a Madrassi was some one born inferior and hence beyond redemption. My South Indian friends, naturally, spoke different languages—Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Kannada, and even Tulu. But to my North Indian friends all the languages sounded alike and were dismissed as Madrassi. Whenever I committed a faux pas my North Indian friends would good-humouredly say: "Saala Madrassi kuch gati bad kiya: phas jaayega, Bachaana padega." Whenever I achieved something spectacular, I ceased to be a Madrassi to my North Indian friends, who would say: "Arre Raman kamaal kar diya / Chalo usko Black Dog pilaayega." Gradually, my North Indian camaraderie, justice and rectitude.

The criticism is, in my opinion, not valid. Despite his puritanism, orthodoxy and veneration for the past, the Tamil, intellectually, is very alert, demanding and sophisticated. It is a mistake to think he is dogmatic and irrational, because of his preoccupation with religious beliefs and practices which obviously have no social relevance today. The first Indian to be elected to the British parliament was the orthodox young Tamil Brahmin Ramanujam, who died prematurely in his 20s. The only Indian Nobel Laureate for science (Physics) was also a Tamil Brahmin: Dr. C. V. Raman. There have been a number of Fellows of the Royal Society from
leader was the Adi Sankara whose militant monoism (Advaita) exterminated Buddhism and Jainism. The other celebrated exponents of Vedanta, such as Ramanuja and Madhavacharya were South Indians. Ramanuja was a Tamil-speaking Telugu—or was he a Telugu-speaking Tamil? Vallabhaacharya was an Andhra and Madhavacharya, a Kannadiga.

The Hindu revivalists were soon to be swamped by a succession of Muslim invaders. The rise and fall of the Mogul empire, eventually supplanted by the British, the near-long British rule and the transfer of power to the Indians on August 15-15, 1947, completes the story. With the advent of the British, the Tamil who is very shrewd and pragmatic, had no difficulty in adjusting himself to the new challenges. The result was that he became as British in his material pursuits as he was Indian in his spiritual urges. Because of his intellectual maturity and resilience and strong, built-in defences, he could keep his way of life and his style of functioning apart and endure himself not only to his alien masters, but to his own elders, the custodians of Tamil culture. He managed to stay soaked in spirituality without, at the same time, cutting out the invigorating breath of fresh influences. His mellowness and malleability won him new friends and admirers among his British bosses.

Tamil Nadu is the home of gracious and discreet conformity. It is famous the world over for its myriad art forms preserved in its pristine purity. There is, however, one exception. The magnificent Chola, Pandya and Pallava temples and their unique architectural and sculptural heritage and being defiled and desecrated in the name of innovation under official auspices. I believe Tamil Nadu is the only place in the world where superb classical sculptures are painted in garish, commercial colours by those who don't even know what they are doing. I have seen sculptures on the gopuram of the magnificent Madurai Meenakshi temple. The south consists of restorers have painted gods as goddesses and goddesses as gods! One can see gods wearing sarees and goddesses sporting moustaches in different styles. (But not now perhaps. The colours, being standard, are fading fast, revealing in sharp focus the original figures.) In the West, the restorer aims at preserving the aesthetic aspects and aestheticism and not at detracting from it. The alterations he has to make are reduced to the barest minimum, but all possible attention is paid to the structural flaws of the painting or sculpture. In the cultural sense, however, left untouched and most reverently at that. If an eye or a limb is missing or mutilated, it is not replaced. On the contrary, the damage, which, in a work of art, is irreparably, is subtly emphasised by means of cleaning and correcting purely on the physical plane. The word, restoration, nevertheless, seemed to suggest something totally different to Tamil Nadu's officially patronised restorers.

In South India, the greatest man living today is a saint who was born in the old Mysore state: the sage of Kancheepuram, now in his 80s. He was till recently the Jagadguru Sankaracharya of Kamakoti peetham, Aranmula, Kerala, an highly explosive book, The Lotus and the Robot, states that he had "a feeling of personal loss", when he had to leave the Sankaracharya, whose "gentle, saintly personality, lovable, gentle, loving, peace-loving, immersed in contemplation, without shape or object" reminded him of Christ, the image being, not the one depicted in European art at its greatest, but that invoked by the simple, childlike faithful in their daily recitation. Here is Kanchi's approach to his audience with the Sankaracharya: "His Holiness remained silent for about half a minute, and I had time

Ruins at Warangal

Tamil Nadu. Dr S. Chandrasekhar, Dr. K. S. Krishnan, Dr T R Seshadri, Dr Mahadevan, Dr. Ramachandran and several others. Since the Tamil is very sharp, acute and critical, he never takes anything for granted in the style of his boss for tradition and routine. Some of the country's greatest Sanskrit scholars are in Tamil Nadu and Kerala.

The Tamil, by birth and upbringing, is more superstitious than others. Communism can never take root in Tamil Nadu. The Tamils, particularly women, don't travel on Fridays. Certain months, days and hours (Rahukalam and Yamagadham) are considered most inauspicious for marriages and other happy events. Astrologers have the final say whenever something wants to be launched. The do's and don'ts of Brahminical orthodoxy had a mandatory effect even on Dr C V Raman. Thus only shows that the Tamils are happily aware of the limitations of science and rationality. A brief acquaintance with the history of South India will give one an insight into the essence of Dravidian culture.

In the south two clearly identifiable strains of Indian culture, inadequately termed, Dravida and Arya, meet and the result is a happy blend. The 2000-year-old Sangam works, the earliest stratum of Tamil literature, are, but one aspect of this magnificent whole. The elemental human passions pervading these lyrics represent a primitive sense of wonder which revelled in the colour and pageantry of the earth. An ornate poetical form soon began to evolve and in the next two centuries—300-500 AD—culminated in the epics of the Silappadikaram and its sequel, the Manimekhalai. The Silappadikaram, which deals with the eternal triangle leading to a very poignant denouement involving three lives, the lives of Kovalan, Kannagi and Madhavi, is the theme of a series of bas-reliefs at Poombhaur, the ancient capital of the Cholas, on the Kaveri where stands a modern museum. It seeks to recapture the mood and milieu of that great classic, the Silappadikaram, which, by the way, has been translated into English by Alain Danielou under the auspices of UNESCO. Here, at Poombhaur, where the Kaveri joins the sea, the tragic story is retold in stone.

THEN came the Jains and the Buddhists, followed by a wave of virile Hindu revivalism. The new
to study his remarkable face. His features had been reduced to bare essentials by hard spiritual discipline. It was dominated by the high smooth, domed forehead under the short-cropped, white hair. The brown eyes were set so deep that they seemed to be peering out from inside the skull, with soft, dark shadows underneath. His firm, carved lips, framed by a trimmed white beard, were surprisingly mobile and expressive as they carefully formed each word. He was emerging from sleep or trance, his eyes only gradually focusing on those present. I was told that he managed an average of three hours' sleep a day, in short fits between duties and observances...He asked me gently why I had come to India." At the end of his audience with the Sankarascharya, Koctler decided that his experience was too deep for words.

ANDHRAS: ARYANS?

HOW little one knows about the Andhras who live in the fifth largest State! They constitute the largest linguistic group, next only to those who speak Hindi. The Andhras speak a language which is one of the sweetest in the world. Foreign experts have described Telugu as "the Italian of the East". It is true that the Telugu-speaking Andhras have none of the qualities which have made the other South Indians better known to the outside world. For example, they lack the seriousness of the Tamil, the sharpness of the Malayalee, and the sweet reasonableness of the Kannadiga. But why should they advertise their deficiencies? Apparently, the Andhras have respect neither for themselves nor for the others. I know what I'm talking about, because I'm myself an Andhra. The Andhras are prompt in denigrating those they dislike. They are equally quick to imitate such non-Andhras as they admire.

There is, among the Andhra names, an exasperating diversity: Tagare, Bose, Majumdar, Gandhi, Tilak, Godse, Nehru, Chavan, and even even Chavan! These are all names, not surnames. The Andhras consider themselves Aryans because the Tamils are Dravidians. The animosity between the Andhras and the Tamils is unbelievable. Fortunately, it is just one-way, because the Tamils, being very pragmatic,adroitly conceal their contempt for the Andhras.

The Andhras, fancying themselves to be Aryans, look northward for their inspiration. My complaint against the Andhras is that they don't assert their identity, as the Tamils, the Malayalees and the Kannadigas do, with pride. Where are the Andhras bearing such hallowed Telugu names as Tikkana, Potana, Vallabhacharya, Vemana, Kshetrajna, Veerasingam and Tyagaraja? Not that the Andhras don't boast of their great men and women. They don't deny they defy them. But they can make no enlightened assessment of the achievements of their great ancestors. The names of successful men in the other States cast a dislike over the Andhras, though being intellectually lethargic he doesn't bother to emulate the example set by his heroes whose names he merely adapts! It is said that, if Bengal sneezes, the rest of India catches a cold. The Andhra does not merely catch a cold: he gets an attack of pneumonia! He is so vulnerable to the influences from outside.

It appears the Andhra hates to assert himself in positive terms. The criticism against him is that he has no capacity for organization. Only in his rhetoric is he like the Bengali but, unlike the latter, he understates his case. It is said that the Andhras can never function as a team. As one half of an institution is busy consolidating itself, the other half is already engaged in the suicidal task of demolishing it. Where are the Andhra artists whose great ancestors created those magnificent sculptures at Amaravati, Nallurkonda, Warangal and Ramappa? Where are the successors to Tyagaraja, Kshetrajna, Tikkana, Potana, Peddana, Vallabhacharya and Veerasingam Pantulu? The Tamils are great achievers, because of the discipline, organization and resourcefulness. The Andhras are equally great as destroyers, because of their genius for falling apart! The Tamils in Bombay have built what is claimed to be the largest temple in the East: the Shaniukhanada Hall. Also, the Tamils have built a Ganesa temple in New York, a Muruga temple in New Delhi and a Balaji shrine in Bombay.

The boat race at Aranmula—one of the main attractions of the Onam festival.
It is of course not correct to say that the Andhras today have nothing to be proud of except akkari (papaya chutney) and baddam (dry ginger). They have amongst them many writers and artists, scientists and scholars, engineers and doctors as outstanding as those in the other States. But these great men and women will have to remain in undeserved obscurity as long as the Andhra character and temperament continue to be what they are. A number of Andhras abroad have distinguished themselves as scientists and doctors. Dr. Yallanragadda Subba Rao, who was American Cyanamid’s Research Director and discovered Aureomycin, is no more. Who will project the Andhras, if they don’t project themselves? I don’t know how many Andhras have been elected to the Royal Society. I know only one: C. R. Rao, an outstanding statistician. In other fields, some of the well-known Andhras are: Shaikh Chinnna Moula (nadaswaram maestro), M. Balamurali Krishna (singer, classical), Vedantam Sathyam (Kirchipudi, performing artiste), Vempati Chenna Satyam (Kuchipudi, guru), Marella Kesava Rao (violinist), Vijaya Raghava Rao (flute, Hindusthan style), Emani Sankara Sarathy (Veena), Ballapalli Ananta Krishna Sarma (literary critic and musicologist), Devulapalli Kalluri (Indra) (novelist), S. S. Padma Raju (novelist), Rachakonda Viswanatha Sastry (novelist), S. V. Rama Rao (painter now living in Kentucky, USA), Krishna Reddy (sculptor and graphic artist), P. T. Reddy (painter), A. B. Raju (painter), Reddappa Naidu (painter), B. N. Reddy (producer of quality cinema) and L. Sanjeevanayudu (the genetically blind human computer par excellence).

I’m tempted to claim Balasaraswati for the Andhras, for she is, strictly speaking, of Telugu origin. There is no Indo-English writer of importance among the Andhras. As for the Jnaapth, Award, there was one Andhra writer who has won it (he died recently), Dr. V. Subrahmanya Sastry. In Karnataka there are two: K. V. Puttapra and D. R. Bendre. In Tamil Nadu there is one: Akhill. In Kerala also there is one: poet Sankara Kurup, the very first Jnaapth Award winner. Among the South Indians who enjoy an international reputation as Indo-English writers are Tamils (R. K. Narayan and Balachandra Rajan), a Malayalee (Aubrey Menen), and Kannadigas (Raja Rao, Kamala Markandaya and A. K. Ramanujam).

To return to the eminent Andhras: V. V. Giri and J. Krishnamurti are among them. Dr. C. R. Reddy Dr. S. Radhakrishnan and T. Raghava, now no more, were Andhras. Rabindranath Tagore, it is claimed, regarded Raghava as the greatest Indian actor (in theatre) ever born. I’m leaving out the politicians because I’ve no interest in them.

Kerala: Progressive

Kerala is a very progressive State. Politically, Andhra Pradesh comes next. The Nazis and the Communists were very firmly rooted here till recently. The General Secretary of the CPI is an Andhra: C. Rajeswara Rao. Another dedicated leftist of international renown is Puchalai Sundararaya, also an Andhra. But then again, the Andhras are not consistent even politically, unlike the Malayalees who mean what they say and say it with transparent fervour. Let us take just one example: the movies. The films that Kerala makes are leftist, purposeful and reformist in tone, consistent with the temper of the State, while the Telugu movies are disgustingly escapist and Ruritanian in spite of the fact that the Andhras in general are in favour of radical reforms. I assume the Andhras masses are to blame: there are no “masses”, there being the highest percentage of literacy in the country (more than 60). Kerala produces the best movies, Karnataka coming very close. Tamil Nadu makes very bad films but their audience is so small that they are not worse than the ones made by the Andhras which once produced which were both artistically and socially as good as the ones made in Bengal (in the New Theatres era). I’ve in mind the golden age of the Vauhini pictures which in the 30s and 40s flourished under the dedicated stewardship of B. N. Reddi.

Today, the Telugu and the Tamil films are very bad, pedestrian and predictable. There is no theatre in Andhra Pradesh worth writing home about. The Tamil theatre is terrible, silly, sentimental stuff: the less said about it the better. Tamil journalism is lively, but loud: it’s too lowbrow. The paper with the largest circulation in India (nearly 500,000 copies) is a Tamil weekly: Kumudam.

Among the South Indians who have distinguished themselves in different fields, the Tamils and the Malayalees are best known the world over. It would be impossible to mention them all. They are too many. The list would be too long and tedious. However, some names are compulsive and here they are: Rajaji (politics), Dr. C. V. Ramam (science), Kamraj (political organization), M. S. Subbulakshmi (vocalist), Karanatak music, C. V. Narasimhan (administration) and Kamala (Bharata Natiyam): all Tamils. And among the outstanding Malayalees, (many of them no more) those who deserve special mention are: Sankaran Nair (statesman), K. P. S. Menon (diplomacy), V. K. Krishna Menon (politics), V. P. Menon (administration), Dr. K. M. Panikkar (scholarship), Kalamandalam Krishna Nair (Kathakali), and Kumaran Asan (poet). Among the other famous Malayalam poets were Vallathol and Ullur Paramasiva Iyer.

Karnataka, of course, has its share of eminence: Mirza Ismail, Dr. M. Viseswarayya, Adya Rangacharya, Girish Karnad, Masti Venkatesa Iyengar, Gubbi Veeranna, S. P. Kailasam, Veena Seshanna, Venkatappa, B. V. Karanth, P. T. Narasimhaiah and Shanta Rao. They have all distinguished themselves in a diversity of fields: administration, statesmanship theatre, music, poetry, classical dancing etc. Shanta Rao is one of the Big Three of Bharata Natiyam, the other two being Balasaraswati and Kamala.

In the field of sport, among the South Indians who have distinguished themselves are: M. J. Gopalan (double international), R. Krishnan (tennis), the Amritraj Brothers (tennis), Chandrasekhar (cricket), Gundappa Viswanath (cricket), E. A. S Prasanna

Balasaraswati with Satyajit Ray.
FIRST IN CULTURE

Tamil Nadu is the epicentre of all activity in the south. And Madras, the capital of Tamil Nadu, is the nerve centre of the goings-on in every area of human endeavour. The wary, cold-blooded Tamil, who is a hard nut to crack, feels deeply emotional at the mere mention of Tamil Nadu. This is the only city to which he keeps returning again and again for the recharging of his batteries, wherever he may be based for his bread and butter. The first city in Tamil Nadu is the fourth in India: Calcutta, Bombay and Delhi have precedence over even Chennai (Madras) and Coimbatore. But, under the leadership of the DMK, the State suffered a lot. They were eased out of business, industry and the trade union movement. The giant uni’s now flourishing are: Tube Investments, Ashok-Leyland and the several textile complexes.

By South India and South Indian one often means Tamil Nadu and the Tamil. In Tamil Nadu, a visitor from abroad finds himself exposed to sights, smells and sounds to which he just does not know how to react. But gradually these begin to grow on him and the land and the people soon become his magnificent obsession. I have a friend who is a very great Telugu poet. He keeps saying that the greatest moment of ecstasy in his life will be when he drops dead in the shadow of the stately gopura (tower) of the Madurai Meenakshi temple to the delicate, distant strains of the nadaswaram (South Indian pipe instrument). Tamil Nadu has an identity which is loved and admired the world over. The other southern States are more or less cultural extensions of this citadel of Dravidian values. Indeed, the Tamil who carries his 2000-year-old Dravidian culture so lightly on his shoulders has a genius for reconciling his material interests to his spiritual urges. All South Indians, the Andhras, the Tamils, the Malayalees and the Kannadigas, claim Madras as their city because it satisfies them not only as a status symbol (Hyderabad, Trivandrum and Bangalore being by comparison, of no consequence), but stimulates them intellectually, culturally and emotionally. In the south, Madras stands out: relaxed, rational, refined and at the same time militant in its own quixotic way. It’s very plastic and photogenic. It’s full of colour, warmth and sensuousness. No other Indian city is more Indian than Madras where the past, the present and the future come together integrally and inevitably. It has an old world charm, which is further embellished by its modernist elan. All the same, we must remember that there is no such type as the Madrasai who was invented by the British. The Andhras, the Tamils, the Malayalees and the Kannadigas have collectively as well as individually contributed to the ethos of Madras: they all have equal claims on this great city.

And finally there is one point which needs stressing. The impression among the north Indians is that the South Indian is cowardly, compared with the so-called martial races, and is best shut out of the armed forces. His record in the two world wars and his performance since Independence have confirmed beyond doubt that a South Indian is as good a soldier as a Sikh, a Gurkha, a Dogra or a Rajput. A South Indian (Tamil) even became the Chief of Army Staff: G. K. Kumaramangalam. It is a matter of common knowledge that Coorg in Karnataka has been the home of some of India’s finest soldiers. The first Indian Commander-in-Chief was a Coorgese: General K. M. Cariappa. Another Coorgese, General K. B. Thimmayya, became the Chief of Army Staff.
My Kerala

K. P. S. MENON, a former Foreign Secretary and Ambassador, reminiscences about the Kerala of his younger days, a land of milk and honey where the women of one area had very strange notions about their sisters in another.

Kerala today is very different from my Kerala, the Kerala in which I was born and brought up. For the first 15 years of my life I was glued to Kerala; I knew no other state, province or country I then belonged exclusively to Kerala, and I felt that Kerala belonged exclusively to me.

For the last 15 years of my life Kerala has again become my home, though I have to spend more time outside Kerala than in it. In between my childhood and my retirement there was a patch of about 50 years when, in accordance with my astrologer’s prediction, I had to wander over the face of earth.

The Kerala of my retirement is very different from the Kerala of my childhood. All India is different from what it was at the beginning of the century, but the transformation of Kerala has been more dramatic than elsewhere. Before 1950 Kerala did not exist. Geographically and sentimentally it did but not politically or administratively. It consisted of three entities, Travancore, Cochin and Malabar. Travancore was ruled by the Maharaja of Travancore, Cochin by the Maharaja of Cochin and Malabar was directly under British rule. I myself was a hybrid, with a Malabar father and a Travancorean mother.

In my childhood we lived much more in tune with nature than people today. Sixty-five years ago, when I was a student in the C.M.S High School, Kottayam, I remember writing an essay on “Town Life and Country Life.” I wrote eulogizing country life. I do not remember the arguments I used, but I began with the saying, “God made the country and Man made the town.” One had of course, to be on the side of the God.

Even though I preferred the country to the town I must confess that I did not quite know the distinction between town and country. Kottayam was a town by courtesy; it would be more aptly called a country-town, just as a man, who, though residing in a town, has the manners of a villager is called a country bumpkin. The only other town in Kerala, which I knew in the first fifteen years of my life, was Ottapalam, then in British Malabar. Ottapalam, too, was a country-town. The strange thing is that it still has more of the country than the town, whereas Kottayam has become proudly and defiantly man-made.

Ottapalam was my father’s native place. Kottayam was my mother’s and therefore mine, for among us, Nairs, fathers did not count. The matrilineal system was in full force and a man belonged to his mother’s family, not to his father’s. In 1866, my father, a native of Ottapalam, migrated to Kottayam in Travancore State and set up practice as a pleader. He married the District Munshi’s daughter and this must have helped him to become the leader of the local bar. It did not, however, help him vis-a-vis his own people in Malabar. In their eyes he became an expatriate.
Ottagalam is situated on the bank of the Bharata Puzha. Anyone who crossed the river for the sake of a livelihood was regarded as an adventurer. To have crossed the Bharata Puzha was bad enough but to have married a wily girl from Travancore—for in the eyes of Malabar women, all Travancore women were wily—was treacherous. It was left to me a Travancorean, to expiate my father’s sin by marrying a girl from Malabar 60 years later; and then the women of Travancore turned up their noses and said: “As if none of our girls was good enough for him! The I.C.S. has turned his head.”

The Bharata Puzha used to be almost as formidable a barrier as the wall between East Berlin and West Berlin. The women of Travancore and Malabar used to be even more conscious of their separate identities than the menfolk. From Marco Polo downwards, foreign observers have dwelt on the beauty of the women of Kerala, who, indeed, took no trouble to conceal their charms, for they wore nothing more than a loin-cloth. Trichur, in particular, had a reputation as the last word in feminine sophistication. The women of Malabar considered themselves superior to their sisters in Travancore and vice versa. They had strange notions of each other.

The women of Malabar thought that the Travancore women were dirty, simply because they did not have a bath in the rank as soon as they got up, as the women of Malabar invariably did. The Travancore women were better at cooking and more interested in the kitchen and preferred to bathe after they had finished cooking the midday meal. Some of them preferred to bathe in the evening before they went to bed. No wonder, the Malabar women scoffed, because they had no thought except of bed! They even had a name for this nocturnal bath, varjula kuli, or beauty bath.

The Travancore women, on the other hand, regarded Malabar women as uncultured and unmusical.

St. Francis’ Church at Cochin Fort. This is the oldest European church in India.

They did not even know how to sing their children to sleep. They would make strange noises which would frighten a child to sleep, whereas the women of Travancore would sing such lovely lullabies as Omana Tingal Kidave-Nalla Komala Tamara Puna, i.e., “Are you the darling child of the moon or a lovely lotus flower?”—a lullaby full of the most beautiful similes in the world.

Another taunt against the women of Malabar was that they did not know how to behave at childbirth. The Travancore women would show the utmost fortitude; not a sound would escape their lips when they were in pains; but a Malabar woman would wail and weep and even shower abuse on her husband and warn him never to touch her again. I have two daughters-in-law, one from Travancore and one from Malabar. I have no personal knowledge regarding the conduct of my Travancore daughter-in-law at childbirth, but I was in the room next to my Malabar daughter-in-law’s when her daughter was born and I can certify that the taunt against Malabar girls is grossly exaggerated, though not altogether untrue. I suppose there are few women anywhere in the world who will not let out a cry, unless the baby is brought forth under chloroform or under the Pavlov method.

In the disputes between the women of Travancore and the women of Malabar, I, being the son of a Malabar father and a Travancore mother, could honestly follow a policy of non-alignment. I must confess, however, that in my childhood my sympathies generally lay with my mother and her people. It would be tactless for me to say with whom my sympathies now lie.

Now that we have attained the ideal of Aileya Kerala (One Kerala), the examples that I have given of the rivalry between Travancore and Malabar may sound like grandmothers’ tales. These rivalries have become a thing of the past; but other discords, political, communal and ideological, less elegant and less amusing, have taken their place.

On one day of the year, all controversy is at a standstill. That is Onam, the national festival of Kerala. On that day we are all Keralaites and not Cochinites or Travancoreans or Malabaries; not Hindus or Christians or Mooplas; not even, I hope, Congressmen or Communists or Socialists. On that day our thoughts go back to that golden age when King Mahabali ruled our ancient land, the land of milk and honey. Kerala can yet be the land of milk and honey, if all of us put our shoulders to the wheel with discipline, dedication and determination.
Friends from south of the border

Hema Malini is one of them, so is Venkat the shoe shine boy. They are among the 500,000 South Indians in Bombay. OLGA TELLIS writes on their life.

SHE was frail and 15, but a very good dancer. A film producer, Mr Anantaswamy, brought her to Bombay, the Hollywood of India, to star opposite Raj Kapoor whom he had signed as hero of ‘Bapnon ka Saudagar’. She used to stay somewhere in Chembur at the time, a little-known person but today, 13 years later, she lives on the right side of the city in the star-studded Vile-Parele Scheme. She is also the highest paid actress and her name shares equal honours on the glittering marques with the topmost male stars of the Hindi screen. Yet, she remains essentially the poor unspoilt girl who came to Bombay in search of fame — there is no smell of cigarettes or alcohol in her home, just the heady aroma of South Indian coffee. She is from Madras; her name, Hema Malini.

S. Venkat came to Bombay six years ago and, one wife and two children later, he is still a shoe shine boy in a dirty shirt and lungi on Veer Nariman Road. He regularly reads about his palm-studded home town in Kerala and is happy to be able to send Rs 100 every month home to his parents. His own home is the marble staircase of an office building and his little girl goes to the school of excellence on the crowded neon-lit Veer Nariman Road.

These two individuals perhaps represent the fascinating quality of the time, life and fortunes of the people of the four southern states, who have made Bombay their home. Their total number is estimated at 500,000.

First, one should get rid of the notion that anyone who comes from the south is a Madrasi, said my friend, Chandrasekhar Murthy, when I told him I was writing about the South Indians in Bombay. “People from any of the four southern states bring their own distinct culture to the city — particularly the Tamilians and Keralites who try to superimpose their culture on the existing ones in the city. Take Matunga in central Bombay. It’s a miniature Madras. Half the people there speak the Tamil lingo and they generally don’t join the mainstream life in the city. Their food habits are set — idli, dosa, certain dishes typically of Madras with a heavy sprinkling of pepper. They bring their Bharata Natyam recitals, vocal singers and films to the city and patronise them religiously. When I first came to Bombay and felt had, I would litter around Matunga where the sound of the Tamil lingo and the visuals of dress and labels on provision stores would bring back the smile on my face.”

There are several other mini-South areas in Bombay, like Sion, Dharavi King’s Circle, Chembur, Vile Parle, Malad, etc. Manikpur, a little village in Vasai on Bassein Road, is totally Keralite. The Malayalees have made it their home, the rents are cheap there and they don’t mind spending an hour each way in the fast local train getting to and from work each day.

Like at home so also here, the Keralites discuss politics in every tea shop. Even the rows and rows of shoe shine boys on Pherozaah Mehta Road or Churchgate Street can be heard discussing politics and are perhaps better informed politically than the Police who have to date been the only ones to go to Keralites to find out about what they think and feel.

The South Indians — namely, the Tamilians, Kannadigas, Keralites and Andhra — have managed to maintain their respective ways of life in Bombay. For instance, there are certain cinema houses that show regular movies from South India — the Azora for Malayalam films, the Rivoli for Tamil films, the Capitol for Kannada films, a picture house on Deolive Road which shows Telugu films and so on. All four shows in all the houses are sold out.

A South Indian journalist, who specialises in underworld reporting and is quite controversial, man-
tains that South Indians control a large part of the illicit trade in Bombay. "They come here looking for jobs, act as carriers and then take over themselves. Several big names in the underworld started this way. One person started life selling one bottle of liquor for 5 annas in the 1930s; today, he is worth Rs 78 lakhs and owns a chain of restaurants".

Keralites provide a string of success stories but these are not without undertones of sorrow because whilst they come here and do well, they miss those who have to leave behind for compelling reasons. Prabhukar, who was a canteen boy in the Indian Express, is now manager of a branch of the Vijay Bank. Appiappa, a law graduate and today a bank branch manager, started life as a canteen boy in the Free Press. In one news agency most of the reporters started out as tea boys and learnt the way of the world there. Of course, not all start this way but the newspaper world alone boasts of South Indians in most of the top editorial positions.

The Keralites and the Kannadigas are very hard working as office boys, canteen boys and the like. They work during the day, and invariably attend night schools to ultimately graduate and become Class One officers. Many of them also find jobs in the Canara, Syndicate and Vijaya banks in Bombay.

Most of the stenographers in Bombay are South Indians, particularly Keralites and Tamilians. In the trains one can hear them talk of bonfire, food or the 'speed at which the boss dictated his letters today'. Mostly things concerning themselves, and then suddenly break on a journey at Matunga to have their favourite dishes before returning home. Home for many of them in Bombay is a room they share illegally with five to eight others.

There are three South Indian schools in Bombay — at Matunga, Wadala and Chembur — where the medium till the fourth class is Malayalam or Tamil, says Venugopal. He adds quite proudly that two top police officials in Maharashtra are from South India and speak Marathi better than Maharashtrians. They are V. Balachandara, a suave, well-dressed Keralite who is Director of the Research and Analysis Wing, and D. Ramachandara, a Tamilian, who is an Additional Commissioner. South Indians usually speak five languages — English, Hindi, Marathi, Tamil and Sanskrit.

They have a fine sense of humour, says Jyothi who specializes in film writing as he works as an accountant in a five-star hotel. In 'Padosan', comedian Mohanparodies a South Indian wearing a lungi and just walking down. Yet this movie ran to full houses in Madras. If any other community were ridiculed in this fashion, it would have had the movie withdrawn. Jyothi says, it was actually so successful that Mohan had to keep repeating his performance in another film, "Naya Bakra".

Fifty per cent of the nurses in Bombay hospitals come from Kerala. They are from central Travancore, Mavelikkara, Kottiyam and Kozhcherry.

The most popular things brought by the people of South Kanara are the Udupi hotels. They have, in fact, staged a coup de grace over the restaurants which were once a byword for good, cheap food and Khara biscuits. Forty-five years ago, there were about 200 South Indian restaurants in Bombay but today there are 3,600 South Indian hotels and restaurants and 4,500 canteen and tea stalls, says Mr. M. V. Shetty. He is a tax consultant by profession and owns two restaurants. "I can make any dish you like and we always experiment with new dishes and pass on the results to others," he says. As against "our restaurants, there are 1,500 Punjabi and Irani restaurants, 1,250 board and lodging houses run by other communities". Mr. Shetty is General Secretary of the Bombay City and Suburban

Calcutta has a large South Indian population; there are groceries which cater exclusively to their requirements.

Hotels Association, and has been in Bombay for 25 years. Taking over the restaurant trade in Bombay wasn't difficult. The competition was one of taste and quality and at our prices we still give both. While else can a couple get three meals and two snacks per day for Rs 10, except in our restaurants. We know the tactics of providing cheap food. We get our own cooks, who are specially trained in making food at the most economical price and style. They are trained by eight Mutts in South Kanara's Udupi district. In these Mutts, thousands of people are fed daily free of cost and so, have to be found to feed them cheaply and well. The South Indian restaurants employ about 1,41,000 workers, half of them South Indians. We give all of them board and lodging in the hotel. The turnover of a restaurant is anywhere between Rs 50 to Rs 500."

"Of course" says Shetty, "TV has cut into our business by about 20 per cent. People prefer to eat at home on evenings when there are interesting film programmes and on Sunday". The day they showed Mughal-e-Azam on TV, business fell by Rs. 2,000 in one of his restaurants.

A strange thing about the Udupi hotel owners who have made themselves kings in the business in Bombay is that they would never open such restaurants in their home towns. People would consider them untouchables if they did. Here, however, the big names like Shettys, Kamaths and Nayak's are spoken with awe.

Udupi restaurants also double up as information centres and guidance bureaus for South Indians coming to the city. The South Indian Hotels is one of them and so is the Kerala Hotel in Fort and the Trichur Lodge and Mess at Matunga.

However, the population of South Indians in Bombay will not grow as fast in the future as it did in the past. Various constraints like the rule that 80 per cent Maharashtrians should be taken in jobs in every establishment and the new rush to the Gulf countries see fewer South Indians making their home in Bombay.
DHARMENDRA says, very ruefully, that there is just one thing he regrets and has always regretted: his weakness for drink. He really shouldn’t worry, he was told, for he has never misbehaved on account of it. No, he insisted, this “damned thing” leaves a bad feeling in his mind. And he thinks his relationships with his people would have been so much better had it not been for it! If a man can
direct them it is the latest sad, so why not Neetu. If she really thinks hard, it should help her to help shoot “Sohni Mahiwal.” For some thing, she is from the Punjab (a Sikh), and the popularity the Punjabi stars enjoy is something that has been to be believed.

THIS I got to learn from Komila, who is also a Sikh. She was telling me how she, even she, being such a small-time star by Bombay standards, gets mobbed—yes, actually mobbed by the Punjabis in her home town. Ever since she has been shooting this film for Dara Singh, her fame has caught on up North, like more established stars like Dara Singh, Yogita Bali and others are just adored in their State. So maybe Neetu will change her mind.

TALKING of comebacks a mere whisper blew over the city that our top glamour-gal of just two years ago, Mumtaz, might have got back into films, if it were not for the baby she is going to have. She seems to have had her fill of the London hawai and the Madhvari rishiedars. Being an ordinary bahu and biwi of a millionaire has its initial attraction: but not the never-dying charm of being a top star, with the adulation of the masses to go on feeding you. Mumtaz, it seems, was staying in Bombay for a longer spell than his time (12 months or more), and folk down here want to interpret it as only one thing: a rift between her and hubby Mayur?

SHE had confided in her hairdresser long ago, something during the shooting of “Fonga Pandit” which was her first (and so far only released) film. Nita Mehta and Sanjeev Kumar have been seeing each other for some time now. Nita is one bahu Sanjeev’s mother would accept readily—she happens to be a Gujarati and comes from a very well-educated affluent family. Only thing is, while she is a teenager, he is a battle-scarred veteran and too long an eligible bachelor!

LET’s hope Shatrughan doesn’t take the 13 years that Jeetendra took in deciding to marry his sweetheart. Komal, like Jeetu’s Shobha, has been waiting patiently in the wings, to get a chalo-let’s-get-married signal from Shatrughan. And I am told the signal is about to fall any day now! Meanwhile, Komal has become his unofficial gharwali, in the tradition of all sweethearts, before marrying their heroes. Komal tends his home-affairs, like supervising the stock, planning the menu, etc. Good practice for her. But what about Shatrughan practising before the mirror, “I can’t call myself a brahmchari now,” over and over again?

FIILMLAND was divided in half, for new year’s celebration. One half, like Ramesh Sippy and his family, Yash Chopra’s family, migrated to Delhi for the new year and the film festival following. Among the rest, one half, which doesn’t show signs of migrating north, celebrated a day in advance. Rajesh Khanna and daughter, Twinkle’s birthdays fall one day before the new year’s eve. While Sunil Dutt’s friends look forward to their annual meet — an all-night party on January 1. This is to celebrate the Dutts’ wedding anniversary as well as the inception-day of Sunil Dutt’s unit, Ajanta Arts. With so many year-end celebrations, you’d think they wouldn’t attend another event in years. But no, the entire Delhi film industry was up in Delhi this year, lining up for the Film Festival. All the busiest stars, Zeenat, Shashi, Amitabh, etc., were there.

VIJAYA IRANI
The real No. 2

The actress who really made a mark in 1976 was Raakhee. SUNDARI finds out why.

In the last fifteen months several prestigious films have gone on the three-membered cast of Neeta, Ayesha, and Zeenat Mian at the expense of Upasna, Vaani, and Zeba, with stars like Asha Parekh and Waheeda Rehman in the lead roles in many an important movie. Following close on her heels was no, not Zeenat, but Raakhee.

Raakhee, who used to insist on tagging 'Gulzar to her name may have dropped the surname mysteriously (and as suddenly) as she picked it up. But where films are concerned, she has picked up the cerebrum of Priya, Nita, and Zeenat, and the likes of them have been busy signing films with Ram Nath Khanna Dharmendra, Amitabh, and on song in the commercial films like Chhaya Babu and Charas. Raakhee has been steadily increasing the number of assignments on hand without giving up quality.

It's not as if Raakhee hasn't done quite a few films in her career. In fact, ask her or Hema Malini. As per you do films like 'Banaras Babu' and she'll quickly rattle off a few more names (like 'Paras') and tell you that she has acted in more stupid, inconsequential films than you know of. Where, then, lies the difference between Raakhee and the other commercial actresses?

Twice things One is that Raakhee did stupid films only until the time she realized that she was in a position to choose and do only those that excel in quality. Two, her acting is much better than the hamming that Hema and Zeenat and Rekha dish out in their films. Probably that's why Raakhee has always had the guts to take up films starring other leading ladies in it. Who can forget her small but impressive performance in 'Daag' for instance? Or in 'Heera Panna'? Or in 'Lai Fatther'?

Unlike the girls who're game to do any film as long as it is a big set up, irrespective of their roles in it, Raakhee is insisting on quality, at least these days. As she puts it, "When I started my career films were just my source of livelihood. I acted in films because that got me bread and butter. I didn't know anything about acting in those days and did all the silly films I was offered."

Her comeback last year was absolutely different. "Money no lon-

ger was the criterion People can say what they want about me. They can say I'm money-crazy, fame-crazy or even publicity-crazy. What they say makes no difference to me. But I know that I had to come back to films because now I know what acting means. I know now that I have to keep acting to keep myself happy. Acting was only my source of livelihood when I joined films. But my comeback is because I want to be an actress."

Not that the comeback has been terribly smooth. Offers of course were there in plenty. But it brought about a fair share of heartache and responsibilities Raakhee, for instance, has to divide her time between her work and her daughter. For, she says, "I will do only one film a year. I don't want to have any date problems. The minute I finish one film I'll start working for another. But I don't even have too many films on the floor simultaneously. I have to adjust dates in such a way that my outdoor shooting will coincide with Bosky's holidays. I can't leave her alone and go outdoors and at the same time I won't be able to take her along once she starts going to school regularly."

It is one thing to plan and quite another when it comes to executing the plan. For Raakhee sometimes finds herself suddenly faced with two or three sets of shooting dates clashing badly. "Though for instance, the story 'Trisha' would be completed this year. From my side the dates were given and everything was clear. But Mr Shashi Kapoor is so busy these days. Thanks to him my films haven't been completed on time."

Then there are those films which have been signed with much pride but which are apt to take their own sweet time in product. As in 'Majnoon'. What a hit and cry there was when Raakhee signed the film! So many people envied her as the actress who had the best make-up artists in her pocket (Yash Chopra, Kamal Amrohi, Sunil Dutt) But "Majnoon" continues to be a Hamlet-like proposition: will it be made? or will it not be made? Recently, of course, they did record one more song for it. In any case, even if "Majnoon" is made, it won't be a quickie by any chance.

Then there is Sunil Dutt's "Messiah", the story Raakhee heard when she was working in "Rehman Aur Shera". The story is said to be beautiful. But it is also said that the script calls for violence which is frowned upon by the censors. Currently, therefore, Sunil Dutt has no time to consider it; he must first see how the present 'Majnoon' is going. But Raakhee says, "I don't know what's happening to the film. I know only one thing that Sunil Dutt has just asked me to report for work and I'll be there when he wants me—any time he asks me!"

So much for the films and the dates that haven't worked out. But luckily for Raakhee, there have been several bright spots in her comeback. Like the success of two films released this year "Tapasya" and "Kabhi Kabhi". It would've been most unfortunate if Raakhee had walked out on Gulzar and come back to films only to discover that the industry didn't really need her. It is creditable that unlike most actresses whose comeback isn't always well received, Raakhee's comeback has been welcomed by the film-makers and the audience. While makers like Yash Chopra are addicted to Raakhee (she's there in his "Trishul", "Kala Pathar" and "Doosra Aadmi"), the audience has shown its acceptance of her comeback by allowing both her films ("Tapasya" and "Kabhi Kabhi") to be jubilee hits. Shall we leave it at this point and just wish her a very happy 77?"
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BUSINESS STANDARD
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Wanted, some green grass

The slow, grassless pitches prepared in our country does not only discourage budding pace and swing bowlers, says DATTU PHADKAR, they produce such unexciting cricket that it becomes unfair to spectators who support the game by paying money for entry to the ground.

The drubbing the Englishmen gave our cricketers in the first two Tests demoralised them to such an extent that regaining confidence has to be difficult. Everybody started saying that our batsmen cannot play swing bowling. Well first it was pace—and now it is swing.

Who is to be blamed for this poor showing? Of course, the players are responsible for their inept and grassless batting but I also blame the authorities, who have been producing these grassless, slow turners. Such pitches do not encourage fast or swing bowlers. Our pacemen thus do not develop the art of swinging the ball and because of the death of pace and swing bowlers our batsmen do not get sufficient practice in their preparation to face such type of bowling.

Slow pitches, even though providing turn, produce dull and boring cricket. That was evident from the Calcutta Test. Our authorities must not forget that it is the public who, by paying the money for Test tickets, keep the game alive. Unless our cricket bosses make efforts to produce good, fast and heavy wickets, we shall find it difficult to survive in international cricket.

The CAB authorities must be commended for the efforts they put in to organise this Test. In arranging such a big affair there are bound to be some slip-ups. Some of these can be overlooked, but some cannot. On December 30 the Indian players found there was no transport arranged to take them back to their hotel after practice, and had to find their own way back.

The same evening the Indian team had to leave their hotel at 7-15 p.m. for a reception at the UK Deputy High Commission Manager Polly Ummargr had asked the CAB official concerned to send the bus to the hotel by 7 p.m. But the transport did not turn up and Umrigar had to rush here and there to arrange a few cars. At the reception Umrigar met the Chief Minister, Mr S. S. Ray, and told him of his problems. The C M. asked the Director of Sports to see that everything went smoothly, and thereafter Umrigar had no difficulties.

A Test in Calcutta always produces a tremendous hue and cry about tickets. The rich have no trouble in getting tickets, it is only the "janata" that cannot get them. I had asked for a club-house ticket so that I could watch the game from a vantage point, but the CAB President told me he could not give me a ticket. Fortunately Prof. Kaimarkar of the Central Board came to know of this, and it was thanks to him that I received a Board complimentary ticket and was able to sit in the club-house and enjoy the company of present-day cricketers.

It is a pity that people who played first-class cricket should be denied the privilege of sitting behind the bowler's arm and appreciating the finer points of the game. Instead these seats are occupied by people who have never played cricket in all their lives, people to whom these seats are a "luxury symbol."

There was a lady sitting next to me in the club-house who after watching the match for three days asked me who the England wicket-keeper was. Umrigar made a good point at the CAB official dinner in saying that there should be a separate block in the pavilion (club-house for ex-Test cricketers.

Former Test men are treated with honour everywhere else in the country. There is a separate block for them in the Garware Pavilion at Bombay. At Bangalore they are put up in their hotels. Mr. Chinnaswamy, and in Madras Mr. Sriraman treats ex-Test players as VIP's.

While on this topic I would like to draw the attention of the authorities concerned to the fact that there in India cricketers, sports journalists and commentators, once they retired, are so completely forgotten that no one cares what happens to them. This brings to mind the very tragic manner in which my friend the late Berry Babudhikar died. A person who gives his life for a cause is remembered as a martyr. I will always think of Berry-da as a martyr because by ending his life in such a manner he brought into glaring focus how a man who delighted millions and his vivid commentary was forsaken by his admirers in his hour of need.
Mufti Mohammad (seen here with Gillette Cup and Northampton team mates Bedd and Peter Willey) Down under, it is not as good going.

The days when cricketers taking part in a Test series were automatically debarred from making comments to the Press on the matches are long past. Except for English and Australian players. But men who spent their playing careers under such restrictions are understandably not too happy about this trend. One such man is Colonel Shuja-ud-Din, 46-year old manager of the Pakistan team touring Pakistan. Shuja, the bald-pated, left-handed all-rounder who represented his country 18 times but did not get a Test on the tour of India in 1966-67, was so upset by comments made by Australian players Dennis Lillee and skipper Greg Chappell in their daily newspaper columns that he accused the host of waging "psychological warfare" against the Pakistanis. But the Colonel went on to say that half the Aussie team was "illiterate"—a comment which was not taken too kindly, and which caused Pak skipper Mufti Mohammad to express bewilderment Mufti apologised to the infuriated Aussies, saying, "I don't know which way to look." The aftermath to the drama when Shuja-ud-Din himself retracted his statement and paid a special tribute to Lillee—"I love him and I adore him."

E llen Burstyn is not a very familiar name in Delhi where the Sixth International Film Festival was held. Her face is even less familiar. Perhaps that was very much to her advantage for, right through the festival, this Oscar-winning actress was able to move about freely in the city, going places she wanted to, meeting people she was fond of and living as peacefully she would live in, say downtown Manhattan or in the Latin Quarter of Paris. But, of course, did notice her, and she had to go through the usual routine of interviews. But then, most of the newswriting centred around Olga, that sweet, sweet Juliet of Franco Zeffirelli's 'Romeo and Juliet.' Ellen the more mature and intellectually inclined of the two, spent an evening at the Kamani Auditorium listening to Ravi Shankar's sitar recital, which to her was something mind-blowing. She also saw Satyajit Ray's "Jalsaghar" one of those evenings, a not altogether happy experience. She was forced to pay for her ticket because nobody knew that she was a delegate. And the heroine of "Alice Does Not Live Here Anymore" is the last person to use pressure to force recognition. Perhaps that is what makes her a different movie star. The manner in which she humbly walked into the green room to meet and pay tributes to Ravi Shankar was truly endearing.

About the saddest person in the film industry today is Leena Chandavarkar. Married to Siddharth Bandodkar, brother of Goa Chief Minister Shashikala Kakodkar, in December 1975, she became a widow even before her first wedding anniversary. Readers will recall that Leena’s husband, a wealthy and powerful man in his state, suffered a grievous injury when a pistol went off in his bedroom barely ten days after the marriage. The accident, as it was given out, had all the trappings of a ludicrous high-society scandal, and it was inevitable that the hawks of the popular press should swoop in on the story. All this, of course, added to the misery of the young actress who had made a sensational debut a decade back in Sunil Dutt's film 'Man Ka Meet.' In no time, Leena Chandavarkar, christened 'Woman Ka Meet' by gossip magazines, became the hottest actress in Bombay's film world. Leena's career faltered—she always did give the impression that her family, and in particular her brother, took all the decisions—but when she bagged a role opposite Dilip Kumar ('Bastra') and Siddharth Bandodkar all in the same year, it seemed she had made it. And then tragedy struck. Reports from Goa say that the shock of her husband’s death was so severe that Leena had to be put under sedation. She has now come back to Bombay, to her parents' home. As always, Leena continues to seek solace in prayer. Will she return to films, as her brother insists? It is much too soon to say; Leena no longer looks like a film star.
THE PLANE THAT HAS CREATED TENSION: Pakistan has announced its decision to free the hijackers who forced the Indian Airlines plane to land in Pakistan in September. The Pakistani Government said they did not have "sufficient evidence" to warrant criminal proceedings against them. The Indian Government has deplored Pakistan's decision.

INDIA'S SIXTH INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL was held in New Delhi from January 3. The Indian festival is one of the five 'A' grade festivals. Satyajit Ray (left) headed the jury. Among the distinguished delegates were the Italian film-maker, Michael Antonioni and the Japanese director Akira Kurosawa (second from right) seen above with Mrs. Gandhi. Over 250 films from more than 50 countries were screened.

YOU GIVE US A HOME, WE'LL GIVE YOU PEACE: The Palestinian Liberation Organisation has said that it may agree to accept an armistice with Israel when a Palestinian State has been set up. The PLO, which would prefer to take part in the Geneva negotiations as an independent organisation, is still not willing to recognise Israel. Above, Yasser Arafat.

PLAIDITS FOR THE POLIO KILLER: Dr. Jonas Salk, the American scientist who discovered the anti-polio vaccine, was honoured with the Jawaharlal Nehru Award for International Understanding for 1975 by President Ahmed. Dr. Salk is the 11th recipient of the award and the first scientist to be so honoured. His wife, the French painter Françoise Gilot, one-time companion of Pablo Picasso, accompanied the scientist to India.
AN AFFLUENT marriage party that had gone to Agra returned empty-handed as the marriage could not come off. The girl shown earlier was reportedly replaced by an aged, and ugly damsel to the bewilderment of the bridegroom who refused to marry her. This led to blackmailing to the tune of thousands of rupees under intimidation and duress when some "baratis" were held hostages at the bride's residence and were freed only after paying the ransom.—Pioneer (A. K. Ahuja, Lucknow).

A COSTLY foreign-made stethoscope, a golden shrimp and lottery ticket were among the numerous offerings made to the Dharma Saha at Sabarimala this pilgrimage season, according to the Travancore Devaswam Board authorities. Other conspicuous items included a diamond, currency notes from foreign countries like Saudi Arabia, Denmark and Malaysia, a rare variety conch shell, old Indian currency notes, gold ornaments and coins—Indian Express (B. Hariraran, Cochin).

ONE PETROL bank owner had told the attendant to use a pump with a defective meter. If an alert customer noticed this and complained, the owner would rush out of his cabin to slap the boy and shout: "Have I not instructed you not to use this defective pump, again you are using the same!" The gullible customers were led to believe that the fault was with the boy. Of course, the boy will get Rs 10 every time for each lapse he receives.—Deccan Herald (B. R. Shankar, Dharwar).

25 YEARS' TRAINEE, if given job, marries any girl (Blind) Physically Handicapped etc. Meet personally after 3 p.m. till 5th December, V. Veeran, C/o Sree Venkateshwar Lodge, Room No. 8, Near Bus Stand, Kurnool 518001 Ad in Sunday Standard (Narayanara S. Bhal, Bangalore).

BOMBAY: THE INCOME-TAX officials came across at least one family of five brothers, priests in a temple, who were found wallowing in wealth and luxury. A raid conducted in the past two days on the residential flats of these brothers in Central Bombay has brought to light, besides cash, an astonishing variety of costly jewellery and silver utensils valued at over Rs. 21 lakhs.—Andh Bazar Patrika (G. A. Ojha, Calcutta).

RAJENDRA KUMAR, a constable of the Madhya Pradesh police, ran a sword into his neck in the police station premises shouting "Jai Durga" and later died. Rajendra Kumar, a devotee of Goddess Durga, had told his friends that the goddess was angry with him as he had committed some lapses during his pooja. The goddess had visited him in a dream and given expression to her anger.—The Hindu (B. Padma, Tiruchirapalli).

A NOTICE in a hosiery shop in Garibhat Market, Calcutta announces: "3% Discount on Maidenform Bra under the 20 Point Programme."—(A. Chakravarty, Calcutta).

A duck might seem to be doing nothing on the water, but under it the animal is always fiercely peddling—Japanese Premier, Takeo Fukuda, on the need forsecret diplomacy.

"I do not like pornography, I think it is boring—Michelangelo Antonioli.

We reject the women's liberation movement as it has developed in the West. We do not want to imitate men or adopt rigid postures and attitudes—Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

Emotions have no colour— Cicely Tyson, Negro actress.

HUMOUR in real life

WANTED AGED, dumb, blind, any limb missing, widow, mother, or divorcee bride. Bridegroom Baisya Saha aged 30, healthy, passed H.S. having income has no relative. Willing to marry any wealthy Hindu Calcutta girl.—Ad in Ananda Bazar Patrika (S. Das Gupta, Calcutta).

THIS HAPPENED some years back when I was in the College of Agriculture, Dharwar. Our young Assistant Professor of Animal Husbandry was teaching us the reproductive system in animals. He finished with the class early and requested one of the students to distribute a set of his wedding cards. While the distribution was on he said, "I have finished up with the male reproductive system", he paused, "I request you to attend my marriage which will be during the next week." A pause again and he continued, "After I come back I shall deal with the female reproductive system"—K. R. Mahabaleswarappa, Raichur.

THE MINI-BUS was overcrowded and was travelling on a route in which a combination of blind curves and stray cattle necessitated the frequent application of brakes. I was standing near the driver's seat. An Anglo-Indian lady dashed against my shoulder each time the driver jammed on the brakes. The first time it happened, she said, "I am sorry". The next time, she smiled with a "I am terribly sorry". The third time she explained that she was "awfully sorry". When it occurred for the fourth time, she surprisingly didn't say anything so I looked back at her and smiled. Her immediate, puzzled response was, "Oh! Did it happen again? I was so lost in thinking about what I should say if it happened again that I didn't notice it happen".—K. Krishnaraj, Nilgiris.
We have all heard of the nine Muses, the Greek goddesses who reigned over the various fields of art and learning. But time has dimmed their association with certain other words, though indeed it appears obvious when we consider the formations of these words.

A museum, for instance, is literally a place sacred to the Muses. It was originally the name of the great university at Alexandria in ancient days. Hence it came to be applied to any institution of art or learning—even, on occasion, a scholar's study room. Only later did the word take on its modern sense of an exhibition-hall of objects of interest. The old, wide application still survives in a few names like the British Museum, which of course includes a library as well.

Music literally means 'the art of the Muse'—inspired or bestowed by one of the Muses, that is to say. In early classical times, the word could apply to any of the fine arts; but long before the English language came into being, it had been restricted to the art that employs sounds.

Music itself is an interesting word. It comes from an Aryan root meaning to think or remember, and is ultimately related to mind. It makes an appropriate name for the goddesses who guide the gifts of the intellect.

We are all very smug in our superiority to all other animals, but scientists have for long been saying that the social behavior of many animals is remarkably similar to ours and, in some cases, more graceful and disciplined even. Greylag geese, for instance, court their prospective brides like bashful country bumpkins; tiny fish fight with the vigour of rising executives for such status symbols as pretentious homes; mice are capable of heroic affection and sacrifice for one another.

Dr. Konrad Lorenz, a German professor of zoology and one of the world's foremost naturalists, observed that seniority in many animal groups is earned by age, family position and provident performance rather than by violence. Even the apparently irresponsible jackdaw observes a traditional decorum. Lorenz noted that a group of them, alighting on a telegraph wire, arranged themselves from right to left according to rank. There were occasional flapping and screaming rows about priority, but nothing serious happened.

In turkeys and wolves, the professor discovered astonishing forms of chivalry. A fighting turkey cock, for example, realizing that he is being beaten in battle, will suddenly bare his throat to the opponent. The other turkey will not—seemingly cannot—strike the fatal blow. The surrender is accepted and the fight is over.

Lorenz succeeded in identifying and imitating a dozen articulated phrases in the vocabulary of geese. Some of these various pitches are operational signals, some are expressions of pleasure, fear, affection. But the actual language of geese, ducks and many other animals are postures. Scientists call these the releaser mechanisms because they activate reactions between the animals.

Ganders and geese, for example, have several dozen ways of crooking their long necks. Each position conveys a different meaning from "Damn you" to "I'll kill you." One disdainful wiggle means, "Oh, drop dead." Another signal—a certain kind of waddle with a distinctive neck-crock—is used by the goose to encourage her husband to attack another animal.

Lorenz detailed the stages of young European grey goose falling in love. When a gander finds a prospective bride he goes in for manoeuvres that no sane bird would attempt. The female plays hard to get often for weeks. She gives the suitor only sidelong glances. Gradually, she will fly closer to him in the air, edge up to him on the ground: when near him in the water, she increases the intensity of her neck-dipping (which signifies interest in various degrees).

The day of formal proposal brings a spectacular performance. After a zooming splashing approach to his love, the gander shouts a peculiar cry. If she repeats it, the vows have been pronounced. Later, when members of the husband's and wife's families and their friends have joined in a signal of acceptance, known as the triumph shout, the newlyweds join a tight clan to which their progeny will belong.

S.C.
stamps

by C. W. HILL

ALTHOUGH the Commonwealth of Australia was formed in 1901, the six Australian States continued to use their own stamps for a further 12 years. Then, after a public competition had yielded no acceptable designs, the Postmaster General commissioned an Anglo-Australian artist, Blamire Young, to produce a suitable design for a general Commonwealth issue. When the first stamps were placed on sale in 1913 there was much public criticism of their simplistic "Kangaroo and Map". But the issue, ranging from 1d to 2s, soon proved popular with collectors and the complete set of 15 stamps now costs upwards of £1,000 in mint condition. Thus, a stamp realised £46 at a recent Phillips auction.

A RARE opportunity to acquire a 'Post Office' Mauritius will occur this week when Stanley Gibbons offer this Penny Red in their Imperial Collection sale. Issued in 1847, chiefly for use on invitations to a ball given by the wife of the Governor of the island, the 'Post Office' Mauritius are among the most valuable of the early classics. In 1968 an envelope bearing two Penny Reds was sold in New York for £158,300 and six years ago another example on an envelope realised £700,000.

WHEN King Edward VIII abdicated, just forty years ago, many philatelists laid in large stocks of the British stamps bearing his portrait, in the belief that the brevity of his reign would make them a good investment. The stamps had already aroused controversy by the unusual simplicity of their design, which was based on a suggestion by a 17-year-old Torquay collector, Hubert J. Brown, with a photograph by Hugo Cecil.

bridge

by TERENCE REESE

TWO of the later books to be published this year are similar in content. Either might have been described as 'Famous Hands from Famous Matches'. The titles are Master Play ("The best of international bridge") by G. C. H. Fox (Robert Hale, £3-80) and Bridge Unlimited ("The fateful years") by Victor Mollo (Faber, £4.25). The material in both books is excellent. The two sub-titles point the difference in style. Fox gives a straightforward account of outstanding deals from World and European championships, keeping the horse do well, as it were. Mollo is more of a ringmaster, presenting his turns with panache.

A few of Mollo's hands depend on report rather than record. See what you think of this episode.

chess

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Tal and Cleopatra's nose

Pascal's remark that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter, the whole face of the earth would have been different, and here P-QR3 is the most aggressive move.

Position No. 2

White: Hubner. Black: Tal English Opening


Dealer, East E-W vulnerable

AKQ5 6 7

10 9

KJ WE 10 9 3

AQ 10 13

CJ 3

AQ 10 5 4

10 9 8 3

¥76

¥98

¥87

¥ 11 A Q J 7 6 5 4

The occasion is given as France v Holland in 1948 and South is Bob Slavengue. The bidding goes:

South West North East

1 NT double No No

1NT double 2 NT No No

No No No No

West begins with Ace, King and Queen of spades. Then, (so the story goes) he leads a club, 'just to be safe.' Declarer goes up with the King's King, draws the Ace with

8, and makes six more tricks to land Two Spades doubled, while the opponents have a lay-down grand slam in hearts.

South's failure to retreat to clubs is attributed to his fear that his partner would continue to put him back to spades. You might think that North held strong spades, hardly that he would go to Three Spades over Three Clubs.

The greatest improbability of all is West's failure to switch to hearts after three rounds of trumps. This would have held North-South to two tricks.

'I liked your new book very much,' I said to Victor. 'But that story of Slavengue's Two Spades dou l=10 goes a bit far. 'Why?' said Victor.

'I was at Copenhagen in 1948 and I didn't hear anything about it. Where did you get it from?'

From Slavengue himself.

Oh well, in that case.
This week Sun alone is in Capricorn. Venus is in Aquarius till January 26 and enters the Pisces. Jupiter and Kethu are in Aries. Saturn alone is in Cancer. Rahu and Uranus are in Libra. Neptune alone is in Scorpio. Mars and Mercury are still in Sagittarius. Moon will be moving through Pisces and Aries from Aquarius.

**ARIES**
(March 22 — April 20)
You have to face new problems. New friends enter your life and contribute much to your happiness. A measure of financial success is presaged, but be not careless in business interviews and correspondence. You will be held in esteem by others. A good week for sportsmen, students and speculative stocks. Finished ventures are likely to materialise. Beneficial changes in professional career and successful travel are foreseen. Good dates: 23, 26, 27, 28 and 29. Bad dates: 24 and 25. Lucky numbers: 5, 1 and 10. Favourable direction: South-west.

**TAURUS**
(April 21 — May 21)
Your affairs make good progress despite some anxiety and annoyance. Love, domestic and social activities are well signified and contribute to much happiness. Translated plans, despite a lot of Opposition, will be found feasible. Business people will get more opportunities to enter into new agreements. Be ready to host to your relatives and friends. A week of merry-making for womenfolk. Don't worry about pending suits and debts. You can proceed along your own way. Good dates: 23, 24, 27, 28 and 29 Bad dates: 25 and 26. Lucky numbers: 3, 6 and 2. Favourable direction: West.

**GEMINI**
(May 22 — June 21)
Make changes only after careful reflection. Delays, adverse, unexpected events beyond your control and indifferent health are portended, but some compensations are vouchsafed. So postpone things of great importance to a later date and resume correspondence in the last few days of the week. Regarding money matters you will be in need. Avoid harsh words, too. Seek the help of your friends in solving your family problems. Good dates: 26, 28 and 29. Bad dates: 23, 24, 25 and 27. Lucky number: None. Favourable direction: North-west.

**CANCER**
(June 22 — July 23)
An exciting week of joy and pleasure for your family. This week augurs promising financial success (perhaps including inheritance) and much happiness although some sharp annoyance in business is probable. Try to solve with wisdom and your partners. Be ready to entertain your kith and kin in the last days of the week. Some may have to go on foreign tours also. Good dates: 23, 24, 26 and 25. Bad dates: 25, 26 and 27. Lucky numbers: 9, 1 and 10. Favourable directions: East and West.

**LEO**
(July 24 — August 23)
You will surmount unexpected difficulties by courage, resourcefulness, enterprise and the help of women and strangers, but deal tactfully with elders. Children and your colleagues will help you. You will have to struggle hard to keep your word. The week-end will be enjoyable. A good week for love and matrimonial affairs. Betting and gambling are not favourable. Good dates: 24, 26 and 29. Bad dates: 23, 25 and 27. Lucky numbers: 7 and 8. Favourable direction: South.

**VIRGO**
(August 24 — September 23)
Do not be despondent if progress is slow and health indifferent — the clouds will pass. Be content to mark time — deter changes: conserve your resources. You will be able to do good work at the end of the week. No family problems exist. The middle of this week will be productive — of more than average good fortune. Some of your unfinished ventures are likely to materialise. You will have good news and handle some trouble and health necessities. Meet the dire necessity of medical expenditure. Good dates: 27 and 29. Bad dates: 23, 24, 25, 26 and 28. Lucky numbers: 6 and 8. Favourable direction: South-east.

**LIBRA**
(September 24 — October 23)
You are very responsible. Yet you have to be very energetic in achieving your objectives. The first few days of the week are very favourable. Some are likely to be bestowed with honours and praise. No family problem will worry you. Ladies would get many nice presents. You will also gain in speculation and sports. Correspondence will bring you good humour. Good dates: 23, 24, 25 and 28. Bad dates: 26, 27 and 29. Lucky numbers: 7, 3 and 4. Favourable direction: North-west.

**SCORPIO**
(October 24 — November 22)
A good week for businessmen to make profits and new agreements. You will have unexpected riches and spend sleepless nights. You will be praised by your friends and relatives. Your normal work will also be very quick and be accomplished comfortably. A fine week for love matters. No professional worries and no debts. A family member will get costly things. Good dates: 23, 24, 25 and 29. Bad dates: 26, 27 and 28. Lucky numbers: 10, 3 and 1. Favourable direction: South.

**SAGITTARIUS**
(November 23 — December 22)
Good fortune and some ill is in store for you. Gain through elders, property and perhaps the government may be depleted by speculation, trickery, false friends and excessive pleasure. Do not be afraid to adopt novel ideas in business, but beware of arousing hostility through impulsive actions. You will have sudden changes and watch finances closely. Professionals are likely to be transferred in the near future. Good dates: 23, 25, 27 and 28. Bad dates: 24, 26 and 29. Lucky numbers: 1, 9 and 2. Favourable directions: East and West.

**CAPRICORN**
(December 23 — January 20)
A week of mixed reactions. Be ready to face all unexpected developments. Financially you will have some adequate income to meet the dire necessity. Some new ventures will build, but what the government will result in much gain. Be ready to meet unexpected domestic expenditure. A letter will bring you news that would cause worry. Any problems in love, matrimonial affairs will be different in your favour. Good dates: 23, 24, 26 and 29. Bad dates: 25, 27 and 28. Lucky numbers: 3, 8 and 2. Favourable direction: West.

**AQUARIUS**
(January 21 — February 19)
Provided precipitate decisions and actions are avoided, all quarrels and much good fortune should be realised, including unexpected benefic and perhaps inheritance. Guard against extravagance and imposition. Meet people in position to solve your problems. Some will suffer from tooth and ear trouble. You can contact people and carry on correspondence freely in connection with your personal matters. Good dates: 24, 26, 28 and 29. Bad dates: 23, 25 and 27. Lucky numbers: 5, 6 and 10. Favourable direction: North-east.

**PISCES**
(February 20 — March 20)
This week new friends and fresh interests, probably intellectual or artistic, are forecasted for you, but do not neglect business, and eschew gambling. Make changes only after careful reflection as to probable cost. Some will find it necessary to spend on repairs for vehicles. You will meet the dire necessity of travelling to South and South-west directions and there will be some costly achievement. Good dates: 23, 25, 26 and 29. Bad dates: 24, 27 and 28. Lucky number: None. Favourable direction: South-west.

M.B. RAMAN 43
Ave! Ave! Ave! Ave! Ave! Yes! You've captured the Goths!

Legionaries as a reward for this brilliant piece of work, you will receive seats for the circus!

Let us interrogate the barbarians!

By Jupiter! Have you quite finished fooling about!!!

That's funny! I don't understand Gothic now!

What the who are you?

Marcus Urquillos and Julius Monotonus, legionaries of the third cohort!

Who the what the legionaries??

I'm just wondering whether we haven't gone and put our foot in it?

We were outnumbered by two Gauls, who took our clothes?

Send out intelligence to the effect that the Gauls are disguised as Romans... and get them captured!!!

Now about our seats at the circus...

Certainly! In the best possible position.

In the arena with the lions!
As soon as the Romans know that the Goths are looking for and disguised as Romans, there is complete chaos... the Romans go about capturing one another.

I'm a Roman! I'm a Roman! I'm a Roman! Got you, you Farrakian!

The unhappy general Cantankerous is nearly out of his mind.

They're all quite there, and I'm there, too! (sob, sob)

But some people are making the most of the situation, for instance, a wealthy and obsequious who have just tried on their own clothes on again.

And my Goths, the stock of all the troubles, who are people belonging to the indubitably unversus their own country, sit in Amunia.

Watch out! The frontier's ahead. We've got to cross it!

A heavy responsibility weighs on those who guard the frontier against foreign invaders.

Hey!

Victory is ours! We'll be given a hero's welcome by our own people!

Anything to declare?
SKYFALL

Harry Harrison

Patrick shouts the last, forgetting that the Colonel was out of communication with his umbilicals severed. Kuznekov was fighting against time, taking chances that as an experienced space walker, he would never normally consider. Patrick watches horrified as Kuznekov drifts forward, his hand extended to grab the length of the unexploded bolt.

Flax wanted this whole process to be pictured. He asked Patrick to cut off the sound while keeping the picture. Minutes after his conversation Dillwater enters his room to tell him that he is needed at the Press conference chamber. When Flax expresses his inability he is threatened that he would lose his job for failing to do so.

Flax was scared. He did not like big crowds nor did he enjoy being cross-examined by suspicious journalists. When a corner he tended to squawk like a rat, which everyone enjoyed but which sapped his morale. He wished he could have a drink before he went on. There was the bar in the office behind the conference hall. But what would Dillwater think? The hell with what he thought.

"I'm going into Jack's office for a moment," he said, turning the knob. Dillwater's eyebrows arched up.

"Whatever on earth for?"

"For a drink, if you must know."

The eyebrows slowly dropped and a suspicion of a smile touched the corners of the rigid mouth.

"I will join you."

Dillwater had a small dry sherry while Flax poured a half glass of whiskey, diluted it with water, then drank it straight down. "My God," he said, striking himself lightly on the protruding stomach with the thumb of his closed fist. 'That's going to cure or kill me.' He bledched cavernously and shuddered. Dillwater finished his last sip of sherry, tapped his lips with his handkerchief, and waved to the door. "Into the lion's den, if you please, Mr. Flax. I'm afraid we have no choice."

They came in by the side entrance and were unnoticed for a few seconds Minford, the PR man, was behind the podium and fielding the questions. If his sweat-drenched face was any indication, he had not been having an easy time. Heads turned, one by one, as they crossed the front of the hall and the cameras began to click. Minford had the expression of a man just saved from the lion pit as they came forward.

"Now if you would please hold those questions for a moment or two you will be able to ask the people who are completely in the picture. Mr. Simon Dillwater you all know. He has just jetted down here from Washington to give you a full report. With him is Dr. Flax who has been in the hot spot at Mission Control, ever since take-off, and has been in contact with the astronauts all of that time. Will you please address your questions to them..."

Hands, pencils and pads being waved; there were hoarse shouts for attention. Minford looked over quickly, and pointed to the science editor of the LA Times. They had worked together for years and he might just be a little more sympathetic.

"Dr. Flax, just what is the situation in space at this moment?"

"Dr. Flax was relaxed, ever so slightly, no trouble here. "Separation has been achieved as you know. At the present time the crew is repressurizing the flight cabin so they can work in shirtsleeve environment again. The programme now calls for the check-out of the nuclear power unit. After that the star is turned on, which will now be fired to lift Prometheus to its final orbit..." Hands were waving again and Minford stabbed his finger at the nearest.

"What about the core body, the last booster still there in orbit? If it fail couldn't it cause immense destruction? As much as an atomic bomb?" They were silent now, waiting for his answer. Flax spoke slowly, counting off the major points on his fingers.

"Firstly, nothing can fall from orbit, despite what you might have heard. The last booster, like the previous five, will be inserted into a proper descent orbit and soft-landed just as the others were. Secondly, if anything were to go wrong, though this is unimaginable, the worst that would happen would be the destruction of the booster by combustion in the atmosphere."

"If a malfunction is unimaginable," a voice called out loudly, "what do you call the failure of the core body engines and the failure to separate?"

"Flax was beginning to sweat heavily. "Perhaps I chose the wrong term. We can imagine an uncontrollable landing, in which case the booster would burn up."

"It couldn't hit a city, explode?"

"Impossible. Thousands of rockets have been launched, all of them with disposable stages. All of these have burnt upon reentry and none have ever caused the slightest damage."

"One man had been calling for attention since the interview had begun and Minford could ignore him no longer. "Mr. Redditch," he said.

"The Newsweek correspondent was one of the senior men present, well known to all the reporters. They quieted, waiting for his questions, knowing he could speak for most of them.

"I appreciate your arguments, Dr. Flax," Redditch said. "But aren't you referring to far smaller boosters than this one?"

"Possibly. But the scale isn't that great."

"Isn't it?" There was frank unbelief in Redditch's voice. "This type of booster is bigger than any other, and Prometheus is many times bigger than the booster. Is that not correct?"

"Yes, but..."

"So forget the booster for the moment. What would happen if Prometheus itself slammed back to Earth. Wouldn't it make one hell of a hole in the ground?"

"But Prometheus is not going back to Earth," Flax could feel the sweat trickling down inside his
shirt. "It's already in orbit and will soon be firing its engine and going into higher orbit."

"I can't tell now what is called a decaying orbit? Is it not true that if the engine does not fire soon that the entire satellite itself could plummet back to Earth and after contact with the atmosphere? Is it not true that this decaying orbit will not last more than eighteen hours more?"

Flax did not know what to say. Where had he gotten those figures? Someone had talked—they were NASA's own figures. "What the hell could be done?"

Dillwater saved his bacon. Cool and calm as always he coughed into the microphone and nodded in Redditch's direction.

"There has been too much loose talk today," he said. "Unfounded speculation by a certain irresponsible minority. You gentlemen of the press are absolutely correct in your attitude, in your questions. You have heard these speculations and you wish to know about them. To determine the truth, if there is any truth, to lay to rest rootless and absurd speculations, dangerous speculation I might say, if that be the case. You are not gossip mongers, but representatives of a free press dedicated to telling the truth...

"Well, could we have some?" Redditch said, unimpressed. "My question still stands. If, at the end of the 18-hour period, Prometheus hits the atmosphere—what is going to happen?"

"Nothing. Because Prometheus is not going to do that. As we are talking here the fusion engine is being tested and will soon be building up thrust. There have been difficulties and they have been surmounted. We are on our way."

"Oh baby, you had better be right, Flax thought. You had better be very, very right. His fingers went out, unseen by the newsmen, to the back of the podium, where he knocked, ever so lightly, on wood.

GET 07 : 52

President Bandin was in the toilet, in his own private toilet when someone pounded on the door. He burst out seconds later, holding the towel, his hands still wet, fire in his eye. Bannerman was standing there, white faced, almost trembling. Thus in itself was enough to stop Bandin, who never in his life had expected to see that leathery skin drained of blood, the man suddenly as old as his years, older. The words came quickly:

"Holy God, Oh my God..."

It took seconds, then minutes, then almost an hour to find out what happened in any detail. Colonel O'Brien, the silent witness at Ground Command Control, in Kapustin Yar, knew that something had gone completely wrong at the precise moment the controllers did. He had the same readouts before him, the same information. His fists tensed, tighter and tighter, as he saw the first erratic firing, then the continuous firing—then the change in orbit. The new one could not be measured quickly enough, and he was aware of the growing panic, the hysteria in the voices calling to each other and he was to verify this in many secret interrogations in the coming months. But right now all he could do was watch.

The figures flashed on the screen. The computer, which had been printing out the rows of figures, came to the end of its information and fell silent. The chattering of the printer stopped at the same moment. The silence was absolute.

"Send this!" O'Brien ordered, and was surprised at the roughness in his voice. Silverstein looked up at him, taken unaware, for he did not know one word of Russian and even less of space technology, and had not the slightest idea of what had gone wrong.

"Top priority, and I mean top! For the President. Computer malfunction? Apparently heiaced the Earth. Site unknown." He scribbled in the papers before him and made some quick calculations. "First estimate would be area fifty-two degree north latitude, zero longitude, longitude, unknown."

"Where is that, Colonel? Where is it?" The sergeant was beginning to have some realization of what was happening.

"Zero longitude" Greenwich, England...

They looked at each other in mutual shared horror. They both knew England well. Knew how crowded with people that island was. Silverstein slowly tapped out the information that O'Brien gave him, but knew this was only the outline of the tragedy. When there was nothing more to report he typed a query for return information nearest on point of impact.

The orbit analysis from Kapustin Yar was sent directly to the White House, followed by Houston's own orbit from their tracking stations. Then Houston ran their own figures and the Russian ones through the computer once more and came up with an estimated point of impact, theoretically correct to within a quarter of a mile. Instead of bringing the raw data to the President the Information Officer in the White House made a xerox of the southern half of England and drew a red circle with a felt tip pen on the site. He then put the map and the final figures in a leather attaché case and ran for the elevator. Because he was well known, plus the fact that rumors of what had happened were already
circulating, the guards at the conference room door opened it as he approached. Almost the entire cabinet was there, and everyone was on him when he entered. The President held out his hand and the officer gave him the papers. Bandin looked at them in silence until the door had closed, then raised his head slowly. There was a faint tremor in his hands.

"It looks from here, I can't really tell, as though the rocket came down in the countryside. There's a lot of countryside in England. His voice was hollow, his handwriting unconvincing even to himself. General Bannerman reached for the map and he passed it over in silence. Forgetting that he had never worn them at a public meeting before, Bannerman took the gold-rimmed pince-nez reading glasses from his breast pocket and put them on.

"Countryside, yes," he said. "But the motorway cuts right through here. It's heavily travelled, I know. And there is one name here, not easy to read in the xerox. Looks like Gottenham New Town."

"Cottenham New Town," Dr. Schlochter said in his best scholastic voice. Unlike the others the Secretary of State seemed outwardly unmoved by the developing events. "One of the more successful British attempts to move light industry out of the cities into areas in need of development. You will remember that I was there at the dedication ceremonies with the Minister of Labour."

"No one remembered or cared. The President turned to Charley Dragoni who sat at the secretarial table, a telephone pressed to his ear. "Well?" he called out.

"I have your office holding on calls to Whitehall and the Embassy in London, Mr. President. They know nothing more than we do, but will report as soon as they do. I'm holding myself here on the scrambler line which has been patched through to Ten Downing Street. The Prime Minister is in conference, taking reports, but he knows you're waiting for his call. I... excuse me. Yes?" He listened to the phone for a moment while they all waited in silence.

"Yes, thank you, I'll pass on the information. He looked up, "The Prime Minister will be with you in a few moments, sir, as soon as he has finished a call to the Kremlin."

"Has anyone found out what sort of impact this thing would have?" Dr. Schlochter asked. "Perhaps we are making nothing of it all. No new plane accidents every day and they are forgotten next."

Bannerman had the figures scrawled on a piece of paper and his words filled the silence. "The GCCT at KY is that approximately twenty per cent of the fuel was unused at the last engine shutdown. That, with the total weight of the vehicle, gives us a total impact mass weight of over a million pounds. Speed is important here. Going at sixty miles an hour that would make a big hole in the ground and nothing more. Houston reckons that, even allowing for reduced speed from atmosphere friction, that must have hit a velocity of over twenty-thousand feet per second. Or if you want it on a speedometer, that is just about eighteen-thousand miles an hour. About half the explosive power of a tactical atomic bomb."

"President, Mr. President," Dragoni said. Bandin picked up the phone by his elbow.

"Yes, I'm holding. Yes, Mr. Prime Minister, President Bandin here. I am shocked, as I am sure you are, at this terrible accident. All of us here are hoping, praying, that there has been no loss of life, minimal loss of life. Yes, I'm sorry. There has been what? ... Yes, I understand. Good God, this is terrible. I have no words, no none... Whatever aid, anything we can do. Or course it is."

"And of course we are not responsible for this terrible tragedy we do feel responsible in that it is a joint project, although this rocket was Soviet, and we wish to do everything in our power in this hour of need. Yes, thank you, goodbye."

Bandin put the receiver gently down and looked around at the silent men.

"That does it," he finally said. "The goddamned rocket did hit that town, that Cottenham place you were talking about. Took it out just like it had been aimed at. No exact figures yet of course but the FM says the first estimates are at least twenty-one thousand dead...

"Those are just the people who were in the place," Bannerman continued. "There are roads hit, the motorway, accident reports still coming in. Fires too. He's called a national alert, mobilized troops, ambulances, fire departments, everything he can get.

"We could offer the assistance of our armed forces stationed there to aid in the relief work," Schlochter said.

"No," Dillwater said with great firmness, "I would advise issuing orders for all American personnel to be restricted to their bases. The British have enough manpower to handle this themselves. Soviet rocket or no we're in this up to our necks. I don't think our people are going to be very popular over there for a while."

"I second that," Bannerman said. "If you agree, Mr. President, I will issue an order to that effect right now."

"Yes, you're probably right considering the circumstances." Bannerman picked up his phone. "But what else can we do? There must be something." Bandin looked around at the men in his cabinet but no answers were forthcoming. "What effect is this going to have upon the Prometheus Project," he asked.

"It should not affect it in any way," Dillwater answered. "We have backup boosters to replace the one destroyed. The project can go ahead. But there can be no question about not having a second disaster like this."
Enjoy being a passenger while it lasts. When we get into orbit you're the only person who counts, the one this whole trip is about. The pilots are just cab drivers, and I'm here to make sure you don't get sniffs. As I remember this thing is called the Prometheus Project and it's supposed to put some kind of solar generator in orbit. And, with the Colonel gone, it looks to be like you're the only one who can do that."

He wrung his large hands. "It will be difficult without Vladimir," he said.

"Mr. President, you are going to have to snap out of this." She was totally professional now. Opening the medical cabinet she took out a small tube of pills. On her way back to the couch she grabbed up a squeeze bottle of water as well. "Take these," she said, holding out two white capsules. "Wash them down with water, and I'll give you two more in six hours."

"What are they?" he asked, suspiciously.

"The pharmaceutical industry's answer to the rigors of the age of technology. Tanks. Tranquilizers. They file the thin edge of hysteria off life."

"I do not take medicines, thank you. They are not needed."

"They will help, Gregor. They are to help, not hurt. " She saw the signs of strain around his eyes and lips. "I feel the need of a little tension-relieving myself." She put the pills in her mouth, showed them to him on her tongue, then swallowed them with a mouthful of water. And took two more from the vial.

"Your turn now. No arguments."

This time he took them without protest and she sighed with relief.

"Fly in the nuclear engine control station below. feel no relief at all. In fact, even in the controlled environment of the ship he was sweating. From tension, not from physical effort. The checkout was almost done, the preparations for starting up the nuclear engine almost complete."

"Ready to go," he said.

"Begin," Patrick said. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Negative. We're in the green so far. This engine is complex—but theoretically simple. The uranium dust is trapped in a vortex of neon inside the light bulbs. The quartz tubes with this mix are surrounded by hydrogen, mixed with some tungsten to make it red hot. But this is the start. If we don't the same thing could happen to us. And we would make a far bigger hole when we hit."

In silence he pushed into the tube and back to the engine compartment, with Ely right behind him. "I'll contact Mission Control," Nadya said, shortcutting from the couch towards the opening to the flight cabin. Her eyes were red, from fatigue not from tears, and her motions were slow.

"You should take a rest," Coretta said. "Speaking as your doc.

"I know, thank you, but not right now. There is too much to do right now. It is checklist time for the air scrubbers to be examined. The fuel cells as well."

"Can I help?"

"No. This is a particular job that either I or Patrick must do." Then she was gone.

"It's always this way, Gregor said. "Nothing for you to do—just wait. You're a physician, you have your work, but I am only a fifth wheel. I do nothing." His face had sunk back into Slavic melancholy.

"You get gloomy too quickly, Coretta said, moving over to him. "This trip has not been one of joy unrelieved, admittedly, but it's not that bad."

"to be continued"

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‘South India is more forward than required’

S. BASHYAM, 66-year-old journalist and writer and popularly known as “Chandilyan” to readers of Tamil journals, left his studies and job to join the freedom movement in 1930. Four years later, he became a reporter in the Swadeshamitran, then spearheading the nationalist movement in South India. After a stint in the Communist movement in the early Forties, Mr. Bashyam found himself a script writer for films. He returned to the Swadeshamitran and edited the weekly issue of the paper. In the last decade, he has been freelancing, writing novels, mostly relating to Tamil history. Mr. Bashyam answers questions from T. S. SRINIVASAN on a specific South Indian identity.

Q: Do you think there is something like a South Indian identity? Many think there is an Indian identity and other divisions are artificial.
A: There is a distinct South Indian culture with regard to culture, language and arts. For example, even though we have a number of languages in South India like Tamil Telegu, Malayalam and Kannada—there are a good number of common words and expressions among them. During the years B.C. there had been some influence of Sanskrit on the South Indian languages, but not on all of them—at least Tamil and Telegu did not feel it fully. Even today there is a distinction between Sanskrit expressions overriding them. There is one Indian community from the Himalayas to Kanyakumari, a common Hindustani, but there is still a distinct South Indian culture and art, as given shape in the great temples and pagodas. These are totally different from what is in the North.

The South Indian temple gopurams or pagodas have no parallels anywhere in the world, let alone North India. The northern temples could be rated, at least ninety percent of them, as pyramids, when compared to the towers of the Madurai Meenakshi temple or the Tanjore Bragadeeswarar temple. Even today, modern engineers wonder how the very huge stones had been lifted to the top of these towers. There is also that engineering feat that is almost 1,700 years old—the famous Kallanai, a dam on the Cauvery in Tanjore district built in about 200 BC. It has stood the test of time, while modern bridges across the river have shown signs of cracks. Engineers are still unable to place the soil mixture or the binding materials used in this ancient dam. This culture, art and engineering is something that has existed from time immemorial. Its influence has been built across the seas in China, in Europe. In Greece. The Tamil culture has known a mariner’s compass even 2,000 years ago. There have been Greek settlements in Tamil Nadu and Indian settlements from South India abroad.

Q: Do you think the South Indian culture is specifically different from that of the North or the East or West India?
A: India is not a country of a uniform culture. We have several cultures in different parts, relating to music, dance and literature. The Carnatic music has certain features, like gamakas, which are yet to be surpassed. Some very delicate and refined musical instruments like the Tanjore tambur and the Mysoreser vendu, and the percussion instrument, mardangam, exist. The last one is so delicate that it will lose its basic tone even if the hand playing on it perspires. A musical instrument called suruswati, in Tamil Nadu, could give out hundreds of antrasaras.

Q: Socially, is there much variation in South India from the North, or, just streaks of variation?
A: Socially, I believe North India is more forward than the South. The caste system in the North is not so rigorous. The people there seem to be mixing more freely. Things have been improving in the South, but not to the extent desirable. In fact, the Brahmin-non-Brahmin question, though apparently disappearing, still exists in the minds of the people. This is a very sad state of affairs. Only time can cure this ill.

Q: Do you think too much is made of the better culture of the South being subdued?
A: There is no question of anybody subduing the South. It is not possible to subdue this culture or language and art, as long as it is really virile. Tamil, for instance, has made very rapid strides and is no less than any other language. It would outshine others still more, if only there are no petty cliques developing here.

Q: Are the people in the South less forward and thereby suffering progress-wise?
A: My belief is that South India is more forward than necessary. In recent years we have seen a good deal of change in the hair and dress styles, among both boys and girls. The South is definitely not lagging behind the North in this respect. That is something which is growing uniformly fast all through India—apart from the foreigner. South Indians are less inclined to taking risk. In Tamil Nadu a man with Rs 20,000 is considered rich, while in a place like Bombay lakhs of rupees change hands by word of mouth. Entrepreneurs have to look increasingly to banks, who may not be too helpful.
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Chris Bonington, the famous mountaineer and author of the best seller "Annapurna", tells the story of his latest Everest expedition, 'the hard way', as he puts it.

The 22-year long history of the Ananda Marg climax in the killing of 18 Avadhoots on the orders of Anandmurti, Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar. Why were they murdered? Farzand Ahmed reports from Patna on the case against the Baba.

Chanchal Sarkar writes about the mad rush for UN posts because of the fat salaries.

A. S. Raman writes a note on why Indians cannot really master the English language, especially the art of speaking it, despite all the efforts made from time to time by the zealous English administrators.

Janardan Thakur discusses with Gen. T. N. Raina, Chief of the Army Staff, the role of the army in the defence of the country. "Our defence expenditure in relation to GNP is one of the lowest in the world," the General tells him.

Pataudi reports on the Madras Test.

Vietnam has now settled down to the task of reconstructing the shattered nation. How is it going about this? Harish Chandola, who recently toured Vietnam extensively, reports.
**Unfair to Monty**

Mr. Sankar Ghosh has been more than unfair to the late Field Marshal Montgomery in his article "For whom the bell tolled" (SUNDAY, December 26). It was not that his death had to remind people that he had still been living. Readers of military history and contemporary tactics are well-conversant with Monty's history of that part of World War II where he was involved, and even in his retired life such people still remembered this hero of El Alamein. For that matter which Generals do the people remember—once the heat of the battle has cooled off—except, of course, the INA Generals who have been sumptuously provided for by a benign government!

**The Best**

KUDOS to the staff of SUNDAY for the Special Issue of 1976. It was by far the best issue of the year. All the articles were excellently written. I am sure that many others like me will be looking forward to such special issues every year.

P. Sreedhar, Sindri.

**Calendar misses**

While featuring important events in your 1976 Calendar, inclusion of the Chasanal coalmine tragedy and the introduction of the Airbus in India's air transport have, however, escaped your attention.

Y. Mohana Krishnan, Bombay.

The actual Chasanal tragedy occurred in December 1975, but admittedly the Airbus overflew us—Editor.

**JULY 24 is an important omission in the Calendar.** On this day Ambassadors K. R. Narayanan, K. S. Bajpai and Fida Hasan presented their credentials to the respective heads of State of China, Pakistan and India to pick up threads of amity and good neighbourliness. Could this date not be called a historic one?

M. Kaleem Ahmad, Chandanbasa (Bihar).

**44th or 42nd**

I READ the article about the 44th Amendment Bill, but I believe it was later renumbered the 42nd Amendment Bill. Am I correct?

Anjan Bhattacharya, Calcutta.

Mr. Pawan Chaudhary's article was comprehensive, but he has slipped up on a few points. First, the Amendment Bill is the 42nd and not the 44th. Of course, the Bill was introduced as the 44th Amendment Bill but was passed by Parliament as the 42nd Amendment Bill. Secondly, Mr. Chaudhary did not mention two important changes relating to the executive body:

1) The Centre is empowered to send an armed or police force to any State to deal with a grave law and order situation. Such a force will act in accordance with Central directives and will not be subject to the control of the State governments.

2) Parliament is to have powers to define the functions of armed or police forces so deployed.

Krishna Kumar Sersaria, Howrah.
Surprised

I SHOULD say racing is the sport of idle and rich people, and so may be called "Sport of kings". But I am surprised to learn from the interview that it is the 'King of sports', too. I always believed this to be cricket. What is more surprising is to hear from the president of the Indian Hockey Federation that I spend a good part of my time in the company of horses. My request is that you should present another interview with the same personality, this time on hockey.

INDU S DASS, Calcutta

5+5+5?

AFTER going through Mr A S Abraham's commendable article on the 10+2+3 system of education, a common man like me is forced to wonder whether our present educational policy is meant for an onward or backward march of the nation. I believe our present policy is not only confusing but also that it has a crippling effect, in that it has not been proclaimed in clear terms the status in schools of English, a language which is absolutely necessary to provide access to modern technology, a technology necessary for India's scientific and industrial development. Because of our short-sightedness and thoughtless policies, in the past, the standard of education has suffered badly and it has become necessary to decide upon a realistic and constructive educational policy consistent with our national progress and international developments. I feel the adoption of a 4+5+5 pattern instead of the 10+2+3, with special emphasis on language, vocation, and specialized studies for the first, second and third stages merits consideration. Since there is high incidence of dropouts among school children in our country—particularly in rural areas—imparting language and trade knowledge during the first and second stages will be of great value.

ANTHONY PARKAL, Bombay.

Forever Uttam

A RUIT Sen's article on Bengali films contains a very astonishing and shocking remark about Uttam Kumar. "No longer a safe bet." Everyone connected with or interested in the Bengali film industry knows full well that Uttam Kumar is the person who has kept the pulse beating regularly for years. I think there is no other instance of such dependence of an industry on one actor. If Mr. Sen's remark is true, then we can easily take it for granted that the industry will soon become more and more anaemic.

M. F. IYER, Calcutta.

Major mistake

It surprises me how a film critic can have committed the mistake Mr. Arthur Pais has made in his review of the Tamil film, "Moondru Mudichu," Major Sunderarajan, whom he has referred to, was not in the film at all. Mr. Pais must have been referring to N. Viswanathan of Calcutta, who was there in the film as large as life. In fact, his performance stands out because of its refreshing nature as compared to the loud and monotonous acting of most of the south Indian film actors.

DILIP SARKAR, Jalpaiguri.

Impressed

The comments made by Amrita Pritam in the interview (December 5) your correspondent had with her are really impressive and captivating. I feel grateful to the gracious lady for her guts in giving an exposition of the stale film stories and songs from the pens of people who are anything but writers or poets. Can we not get rid of these grasping people?

BJOY GUPTA, Lilash.

NEXT WEEK
SPECIAL ISSUE ON
LOK SABHA ELECTIONS
EVEREST DEFEATED!

The highest mountain in the world had not been conquered via the South West Face until 1975, more than two decades after the first successful assault on the Everest. On September 25 that year, two climbers of the British expedition led by CHRIS BONINGTON succeeded in negotiating the virgin path. This is Bonington’s story of the climb to the top.

This was Bonington’s second attempt via the SW face. In the autumn of 1972, his expedition had to go back from 27,300 feet. Bonington had immediately applied for the next available spring slot and had settled down for a long wait. The Everest was booked till 1979. But when the Canadians cancelled their autumn 1975 booking, Bonington had to decide.

As he accepts, “It took me several days to decide. If I were to attempt the South West Face I felt strongly that it should be in the spring rather than in the autumn. The memories of the bitter wind and cold of the autumn, the problems of leadership and organisation, the worries of finding the money to pay for it were all too fresh. Could I go through all this again for what might be little more than a forlorn hope of success? Every consideration of reason and common sense said, ‘Don’t go!’” But of course he went.

The following describes the final assault on the summit in the words of Doug Scott and Dougal Haston who reached the summit. This is from Bonington’s best-selling book, "Everest The Hard Way," brought out by Vikas Publishing House Pvt. Ltd. (price, Rs. 100).

THE SUMMIT (23rd SEPTEMBER — 25th SEPTEMBER.

DOUG SCOTT: I caught Dougal up at the bottom of the Rock Band and carried on up into the foot of the gully. I cleared the rope of ice as I jumared up, conscious of the struggle that Tut must have had, firstly traversing into the gully and then clamberling over a giant snow-covered chock stone half-way up. I noted the new perspective with interest, for the ropes led through a huge gash—a veritable Devil’s Kitchen of a chaos 300 feet deep into the rocks, whereas the rest of Everest had been wide slopes and broad open valleys. At the top of the gully I followed Nick’s rope out and up steeply right. I clipped onto the rope, using it as a safety rail, rather than pulling on it directly with my jumars, for he had warned me that the rope was anchored to pegs of dubious quality. It was awkward climbing with a framed rucksack, especially as the straps kept slipping on crucial hard sections. Nick had done a first-class job leading it without oxygen. I was glad to get to his high point and hammer in extra pegs.

Ang Phurba came up the rope next, for Dougal had stopped lower down to adjust his crampons which kept falling off his sponge overboots and also to disentangle
the remains of Nick's rope. Ang Phurba delayed me with all the confidence of a regular Alpine climber. I think, he is the most natural climber I have ever met amongst the Sherpas. After only thirty feet of difficult climbing I tied off the rope and Ang Phurba came up to me. I stood there exhausted and climbed a vertical ten-foot block with too much clothing and too heavy a sack. From there I leq 250 feet of rope to a site for Camp 6. Ang Phurba came up and we both kicked out a small notch in a ridge of snow which could be enlarged to take our summit box tent. Dougal came up with his crampons swinging from his waist.

DOUGAL HASTON: I hauled onto the proposed site of Camp 6. Straightaway my energy and upward urge came rushing back there, but in reality was the way we'd been hypothetically tracing for so long with fingers on photographs and making us forget everything else was the fact it looked feasible. There was a steepish looking rock pitch just ahead, but after it seemed like unbroken snow to the finish. It looked as if progress was inevitable as long as the others were successful in their carry. Ang Phurba kept muttering about a camp site further up under some rocks, but this looked like wasted effort to us, as the traverse line started logically from where we were. I clapped a hand on my lap and we told everyone we were staying there, it being mainly Doug's and my concern, as we were going to have to occupy the camp, and he started off down leaving his valuable load. We began digging in spells, without oxygen, but using some to regain strength during the rests.

Mike, Chris and Mick arrived one after the other looking tired, as well they should be. Carrying heavy loads at over 27,000 feet is no easy occupation.

"JUST YOU GET UP!"

DS: Theirs had been a magnificent carry, especially Chris who had now been at Camp 5 and above for eight days, and also Mick who was carrying a dead weight of cine equipment. He had been at Camp 6 for five days, and Peremba had worked hard practically every day of the expedition carrying heavy loads and encouraging his Sherpas. While Mike Thompson, who had never been above 23,000 feet before, had arrived carrying a heavy sack with apparent ease at 27,300 feet, and there talked confidently in the late afternoon sun. There was a strong bond of companionship as there had been all the way up the face. One by one they departed for Camp 5 and they left us with the bare essentials to make this last step to the summit itself. They summed up their thanks down to Mike as they were sliding back down the rope. He must have known his chances of making a summit bid were slim, yet he replied, "Just you get up, that's all the reward I need." And that's how it had been from start to finish with all members of the team, it had taken the combined effort of forty Sherpas and sixteen climbers, together with Chris's planning, to get the two of us into this position. We knew how lucky we were being the representatives of such a team and to be given the chance to put the finishing touches to our efforts. Finally Mick left, having run all the film he had through the cameras. Dougal and I were left alone to dig out a more substantial platform and to erect the two-man summit tent. We were working without oxygen, without rest, yet recovery, but also to look across the Upper Snow Field leading up to the South Summit couloir. After the tent was up Dougal got inside to prepare the evening meal, whilst I potted about outside stowing away equipment in a little ice cave and tying empty oxygen bottles around the tent ropes. They hung in festoons on either side of the snow arête. Finally I huddled rope and oxygen bottles into our sacks for the following morning and dived into the tent to join Dougal.

DH: Inside, we worked on plans for the next day. We had 500 metres of rope for fixing along the traverse and hoped to do that, then come back to 6 and make our big push the day after.

I was higher on Everest than I'd ever been before, yet thought of the summit were still far away in the thinking and hopeful process. It had all seemed so near before in 1971 and 1972: euphoric nights at camps 5 and 6 when plans had seemed good and one tended to skip the difficult parts with visions of oneself standing at the top of the South West Face, then reality shattering the dreams in progressive phases as realisation of certain failure burst the bubble. There had been an inevitability about both previous failures, but still carrying a lot of disappointment. Failure you must accept but that does not make it any easier, especially on a project like the South West Face where so much thinking, willpower and straight physical effort are necessary to get to the higher points. This time it seemed better. We were above the Rock Band and the ground ahead looked climbable, but I kept a rigid limit on my thoughts, contemplating possible progress along the traverse to the exit couloir, nothing more. If that proved possible then I would allow for further up-type thinking.

A MEAL OF MEAT AND MASHED POTATOES

Our physical situation felt comfortable. Maybe that is a reflection of the degree of progress that we have made in our adaptation to altitude. Many were the stories we had read or been told about assault camps on the world's highest peak. No one ever seemed to spend a comfortable, restful night at Camp 6 on the South Col route. Their nights seemed to be compounded of sleeplessness, discomfort and thirst. Here there was none of that. The situation was very bearable. We weren't stretched personally, didn't even feel tired or uncomfortable, despite a long day. The stove brewed the hours away—the lemon drinks and even a full scale meal with meat and mashed potatoes. Each was deep into his own thoughts with only one slightly urgent communal reaction as a change of oxygen cylinder and then subsequently into white heat. Order was restored before an explosion, with Doug fixing the leak at the same time as I turned off the stove. Emergency over, we laughed, conjuring visions of the reaction at Camp 2 as Camp 6 exploded like a successfully attacked missile target. It would have been a new reason for failure!

Thereafter sleep claimed its way and I moved gently into another world of tangled dreams, eased by a gentle flow of oxygen. The night was only disturbed by a light wind rocking our box and a changing of sleeping cylinders. One would need to be a good or very exhausted sleeper to sleep through a cylinder running out. From a gentle warm comfort one suddenly went cold, and wet, and whatever. We woke after midnight and the changeover, we gave up sleeping and started the long task of preparing for the morning's work.

Shortly after first light, I moved out into a blue and white dawn to continue the upward way, leaving Dougal wrapped in all the down in the tent mouth, cameras and belays set up for action. There was a rock step lurking ahead that had seemed reasonably close in the setting afternoon sun of the previous day. The clear sky line hit the sun, the perspective was established, as I kept on thrusting into the deep powdered fifty-degree slope, sliding sideways like a crab out of its element reaching for an object that didn't seem to come any closer. It was 100 metres of this progress before I could finally fix a piton and
The way to Everest (above) Camp 1, protected by what of crevasses, clockwise from left: Perenosha sherpa, sherpa preparing loads for a carry up the Cwm; looking up the Western Cwm from North Face of Nuptse; Camp 4 in the tarpaulins stretched over the powder snow avalanches, over the wreckage of Camp 2 after it was huge avalanche from Nuptse via a route through the last beyond Camp 1.
and looked around. A couple of probes with the axe brought nothing but a sense of commitment.

"No man is an island," it is said. I felt very close to a realization of the contrary of this, standing on that semi-secure snow step in the midst of a sea of insecurity. But there was no racing adrenalin, only the cold clinical experience of years of experience. About five metres away the snow appeared to deepen. It would have to be another tension traverse. Long periods of excavation found no cracks. Tugs on the rope and impatient shouting from Doug, Communication at altitude is bad in awkward situations. One has to take off the oxygen mask to shout. Then when one tries to do this the throat is so dry and painful that nothing comes out. Hoping that Doug would keep his cool I carried on looking for a piton placement. A reasonable-looking crack came to light and two pitons linked up meant the game could go on. This time I felt I could put more bearing weight on the anchor. Just as well. Twice the tension limit failed and there was the skidding movement backwards on the scraping clubs. But a third try and a long reach saw me in deep good snow, sucking oxygen violently. The way ahead relented, looking reasonable. My voice gained enough momentum to shout to Doug and soon he was on his way. Following is usually monotonous-skiing along on skis. This one was not so. I could almost see the gleam in Doug's eyes shining through his layers of glasses as he pulled out the first tension piton with his fingers.

"Nasty stuff, youth."

I had to agree as he passed on through.

DS: I continued across further, using up one of our two climbing ropes, before dropping down swiftly to belay. We had probably come too high, for there was easier snow below the rocks that led right up towards the South Summit couloir. However, avalanches were still cascading down the mountain, so we climbed up to the rocks in an effort to find good peg anchors for the fixed ropes. We didn't want to return the next day to find them hanging over the Rock Band. Doug led a short section on easy snow, then all the rope was run out and we turned back for camp.

I sat in the snow to take photographs and watched the sun go down over Gaurishankar. What a place to be! I could look straight down and see Camp 2 6,000 feet down. There were people moving about between tents, setting up, preparing for the camp for the night. Mounds of equipment were being covered with tarps, one or two wandered out to the crevasse toilet, others stood about in small groups before diving into their tents for the night. A line of shadow crept up the face to Camp 4 by the time I was back to our tent. I again sorted out loads and pushed in oxygen bottles for the night, whilst Doug melted down snow for the evening meal.

THE SUN ON THE UPPER SNOWS, GOLDEN TURNING RED

We discovered over the radio that only Lhakpa Dorje had made the carry to Camp 6 that day. He had managed to bring up vital supplies of oxygen but, unfortunately, the food, cine camera and still film we needed had not arrived. Anyway they were not essential, so we could still make our bid for the summit next morning, preparing for the night. There was also no more rope in camp, but I think we were both secretly relieved about this. Chris had always insisted that whoever made the first summit bid should lay down as much fixed rope as possible so that if that first attempt failed the effort would not be wasted. The fixed rope would be good sense, but it did take a lot of effort up there and we all longed for the time when we could cut loose from the fixed ropes.

It was a perfect evening with no wind at all as we sat looking out of the tent doorway sipping mugs of tea. Finally the sun was gone from our tent and lit up the upper snows, golden turning red, before all the mountain was in shadow. We zipped up the tent door and built up quite a fume of warm air heating up water for corned beef hash.

DH: 500 metres of committing ground was a good day's work on any point of the mountain. The fact that it was all above 27,000 feet made our performance-level high and, more to the point, we hadn't exhausted ourselves in doing it. This was crucial, because deterioration is rapid at such altitudes. Over tea we discussed what to take next day. I still reckoned deep down on the possibility of a bivouac. Doug seemed reluctant to admit to the straight fact, but didn't disagree when I mentioned packing a tent sac and stove. The packs weren't going to be light. Two

**Glossary of terms**

**Ableism** - Method of descending steep terrain by sliding down a rope.

**Anchor** - The point to which a fixed or belay rope is anchored—either a natural feature such as a rock spike, a piton in a rock crack or ice, or a deadman in snow.

**Arete** - A sharp rock or snow ridge.

**Base camp** - Cn Everest the camp at 18,000 ft. before the bottom of the Ice Fall.

**Belaying** - Tying oneself to a firm anchor in order to safeguard all other climbers in a roped group.

**Bivouac** (Bivy) - Temporary overnight stop on a mountain without a proper tent. Haston and Scott's bivouac on the South Summit of Everest is probably the highest bivouac ever survived.

**Col** - A dip in a ridge, usually between two peaks. Cornice - An overhang mass of snow projecting over the edge of a ridge formed by prevailing winds.

**Coulou** - An open gully.

**Champons** - Steel-spiked frames which can be fitted to boots to give a grip on ice and firm snow slopes.

**Face** - A steep aspect of a mountain between two ridges.

**Jumaring** - A method of climbing a fixed rope with a jumar clamp, which can be slid up the rope, but locks on the rope to support weight when subjected to downward force.

**Neve** - Permanent snow at the head of a glacier.

**Pitons** - A metal peg hammered into a rock crack to support a belay.

**Prussik** - A method of directly ascending a rope with the aid of prussik knots, or friction hitches with foot loops.

**Ridge** - The line along which two faces of a mountain meet.

**Rock Band** - On Everest the 1,000 ft. wall of sheer rock that stretches across the South West Face around 27,000 ft., at the foot of which five earlier expeditions turned back.

**South Col** - The col by which Everest was first climbed in 1953 by Hillary and Tenzing, and the most frequently climbed route since.

**South West Face of Everest** - 7,000 ft. high from its base in the Western Cwm to the summit; the first 5,000 ft. is not technically difficult, being an open gully system but above this the Rock Band had blocked the way to five previous expeditions.

**Traverse** - To move horizontally or diagonally across a rock or snow slope. Also the ascent and descent of a mountain by different routes.

**Western Cwm** - On Everest the cwm above the Ice Fall, leading up to the start of the Face, and extremely dangerous from avalanches.
oxygen cylinders each would be needed for the undoubtedly long day, plus three 50-metre ropes. Also various pitons and Karabiners. Even if a bivouac was contemplated we couldn't pack a sleeping bag. This would have been pushing weight too much. The bivouac idea was only for an emergency and we would have hastened that emergency by allowing ourselves down through too much weight—so we tried to avoid the possibility by going as lightly as possible. The only extra I allowed myself was a pair of down socks, reckoning they could be invaluable for warming very cold or even frostbitten feet and hands. There was no sense of drama that evening. Not even any unusual conversation. We radioed down and told those at Camp 2 what we were doing, ate the rest of our food and fell asleep.

DS: About one in the morning we awoke to a rising wind. It was buffetting the tent, shaking it about and pelting it with spindrift, snow and ice chips. I lay there wondering what the morning would bring, for if the wind increased in violence we should surely not be able to move. At about 2.30 we began slowly to wind ourselves up for the climb. We put a brew on and heated up the remains of the corned beef hash for breakfast. The wind speed was decreasing slightly as we put on our frozen boots and zipped up our suits. Dougal chose his duvet suit, whilst I took only my windproof with a harness to move faster and easier without the restriction of tightly packed feathers around the legs. I had never got round to sorting out a duvet suit that fitted me properly.

DIFFICULT AND MISERABLE

Because of the intense cold it was essential to put on crampons, harnesses, even the rucksack and oxygen system in the warmth of the tent. Just after 3.30 we emerged to get straight on to the ropes and away to the end. It was a blustery morning, difficult in the dark and miserable in the cold. It was one of those mornings when you keep going because he does and he, no doubt, because you do. By the time we had passed the end of the fixed ropes the sun popped up from behind the South Summit and we awoke to the new day. It was exhilarating to part company with our safety line, for that is after all what fixed ropes are. They facilitate troop movements, but at the same time they do detract from the adventure of the climb. Now at last we were committed and it felt good to be out on our own.

DH: There's something surrealistic about being alone high on Everest at this hour, no end to the strange beauty of the experience. Alone, enclosed in a mask with the harsh rattle of your breathing echoing in your ears, already far in the west behind Cho Oyu a few pale strands of the day and ahead and all around a deep midnight blue with the South Summit sharply, whitely, defined in my line of vision and the always predawn wind picking up stray runnels of spindrift and swirling them gently, not malignantly, around me. Movement was relaxed and easy. Passed yesterday's tension points only a brief flash of them came into memory. They were stored for future remembrances, but today the mind was geared for more to come. Not geared with any sense of nervounness or foreboding, just happily relaxed, waiting. Signs of life on the rope indicated that Doug was making pace and I waited at yesterday's abandoned oxygen cylinders as he came up with the sun, almost haloed in silhouette, uncountable peaks as his background. But no saint this.

"All right, youth?" in a flat Nottingham accent.
"Yeah, yourself?"

A nod and the appearance of a camera for sunrise pictures answered this question, so I tied on the rope and started breaking new ground. The entrance to the couloir wasn't particularly good, but there again it was not outstandingly bad by Himalayan standards, merely knee-deep powder snow with the occasional make-you-think-hard patch where there was no snow base on the rock. On the last part before entering the couloir proper there was a longish section of this where we just climbed together relying on each other's ability, rope trailing in between, there being no bejays to speak of.

QUIET CLOUD OF DISAPPOINTMENT

The rope length before the rock step changed into beautiful, hard front pointing snow ice but the pleasure suddenly seemed to diminish. Leading, my progress started to get slower. By now the signs were well known. I knew it wasn't me. One just doesn't degenerate so quickly. Oxygen again. It seemed early for a cylinder to run out. Forcing it, I reached a stance beneath the rock step. Rucksack off. Check cylinder gauge first. Still plenty left. That's got to be bad. It must be the system. Doug comes up. We both start investigating. Over an hour we played with it. No avail. Strangely enough I felt quite calm and resigned about everything. I say strangely, because if the system had proved irreparable then our summit chance would have been ruined. There was only a quiet cloud of disappointment creeping over our heads. Doug decided to try extreme unction. "Let's take it apart piece by piece, kid. There's nothing to
lose." I merely nodded as he started prising apart the jubles clip which held the tube onto the mouthpiece. At last something positive—a lump of ice was securely blocked in the junction. Carving it out with a knife, we tentatively stuck the two points together again, then shut off the flow we could register oxygen being used. A couple of hard sucks on the mask—

that was it. I could breathe freely again.

Doug started out on the rock step, leaving me contemplating the escape we'd just had. I was still thinking very calmly about it, but could just about start to imagine what my feelings of disgust would have been like down below if we'd been turned back by mechanical failure. Self-failure you have to accept; bitter though it can be. Defeat by bad weather also, but to be turned back by failure of a humanly constructed system would have left a mental scar. But now it was upward thinking again. Idly, but carefully, I watched Doug. He was climbing well. Slowly, relaxed, putting in the odd piton for protection. Only his strange masked and hump-backed appearance gave any indication that he was climbing hard rock at 28,000 feet.

DS: At first I worked my way across from Dougal's stance easily in deep soft snow, but then it deepened and thinned out until it was all a veneer covering the yellow amorphous rock underneath. I went up quite steeply, hoping the front points of my crampons were dug well into the sandy rock underneath the snow. I managed to get in three pegs in a cluster, hoping that one of them might hold, should I fall off. However, the next thirty feet were less steep and the snow less thick. I was fortunate, seeing as I had run out of oxygen. I reached a stance about a hundred feet above Dougal and with weaving lungs I started to anchor off the rope. I pounded in the last of our rock pegs and yelled down to Dougal to come up. Whilst he was prussiking up the rope I took photographs and changed over to my remaining full bottle of oxygen. I left the empty bottle tied on the pegs.

We were now into the South Summit couloir and a way seemed clear to the top of the South West Face. We led another rope length each and stopped for a chat about the route. Dougal's sporting instincts came to the fore—he fancied a direct gully straight up to the Hillary Step. I wasn't keen on account of the soft snow, so he shrugged his shoulders and continued off towards the South Summit. I don't know whether the direct way would have been any less strenuous, but from now on the route to the South Summit became increasingly difficult.

PROGRESS? THE WORD SEEMED LAUGHABLE

DH: The South Face wasn't going to relax its opposition one little bit. That became very evident as I ploughed into the first rope length above the rock step. I had met many bad types of snow cond-
tions in eighteen years of climbing. Chris and I had once been shoulder deep retreating from a winter attempt on a new line on the North Face of the Grandes Jorasses. The snow in the couloir wasn't that deep, but it seemed much worse to handle. In the Alps we had been retreating now we were trying to make progress. Progress? The word seemed almost laughable as I moved more and more slowly. A first step and in up to the waist. Attempts to move upward only resulted in a deeper sinking motion. Time for new techniques: step up, sink in, then start clearing away the slope in front like some breast-stroking snow plough and eventually you pack enough together to be able to move a little further and sink in only to your knees. Two work-loaded rope lengths like this brought us to the choice of going leftwards on the more direct line I had suggested to Doug in an earlier moment of somewhat undisciplined thinking. By now my head was in control again and I scarcely gave it a glance, thinking that at the current rate of progress we'd be lucky to make even the South Summit.

It seemed that conditions would have to improve but they didn't. The slope steepened to sixty degrees and upwards, heading for a rock step in an attempt to get out of this treadmill of nature. No relief for us. The snow stayed the same, but not only was it steeper, we were now on open wind-blown slopes and there was a hard breakable crust. Classic wind slab avalanche conditions. In some kind of maniacal cold anger I ploughed on. There was no point in stopping for belays. There weren't any possibilities. I had a rhythm, so kept the evil stroking upwards with Doug tight on my heels. Two feet in a hole, I'd bang the slope to shatter the crust, push away the debris, move up, sink in. Then Swing. Sweep. Know that we'd have to, else me. Then repeat the process. It was useful having Doug right behind, as sometimes, when it was particularly difficult to make progress, he was able to stick two hands in my back to stop me sliding backwards. Hours were flashing like minutes, but it was still upward gain.

DS: I took over the awful work just as it was beginning to ease off. I clambered over some rocks poking out of the snow and noticed that there was a cave between the rocks and the new ice— a good bivvy for later perhaps. Just before the South Summit I rested whilst Dougal came up. I continued round the South Summit rock whilst Dougal got his breath. I was crawling on all fours with the wind blowing up sindrift snow all around. I collapsed into a belay position just below the front ridge and took in the rope as Dougal came up my tracks. After a few minutes' rest we both stood up and climbed onto the ridge and there, before us, was Tibet.

After all those months spent in the Western Cwm over this and two other expeditions, now at last we could look out of the Cwm to the world beyond—the rolling brown lands of Tibet in the north and north-east, to Kanchenjunga and, just below us, Makalu and Chomo Lonzo. Neither of us said much, we just stood there absorbed in the scene.

THE SUMMIT BECKONS

DH: The wind was going round the South Summit like a mad maypole. The Face was finished, successfully climbed, but there was no calm to give much thought to rejoicing. It should have been a moment of elevation but instead it certainly did not climb the Face but neither of us wanted to stop there. The summit was beckoning.

Often in the Alps it seems fine to complete one's route and not go to the summit, but in the Himalayas it's somewhat different. An expedition is not regarded as being totally successful unless the top is reached. Everything was known to us about the way ahead. This was the South East ridge, the original Hillary-Tenzing route of 1953. It was reckoned to be mainly snow, without too much technical difficulty. But snow on the ridge similar to the snow in the couloir would provide a greater obstacle to progress than any technical difficulties. There were dilemmas hanging around and question marks on all plans.

My head was considering sitting in the tent sac until sunset or later, then climbing the ridge when it would be theoretically, frozen hard. Doug saw the logic of this thinking but obviously wasn't too happy about it. No other suggestions were forthcoming from his direction, however, so I got into the tent sac, got the stove going to give our thinking power a boost with some hot water. Doug began scooping a shallow snow cave in the side of the cornice, showing that he hadn't totally rejected the idea. The hot water passing over our raw, damaged throat linings brought our slide into lethargic pessimism to a sharp halt.

Swinging his pack onto his back Doug croaked, "Look after the rope. I'm going to at least try a rope length to sample conditions. If it's too bad we'll bivouac. If not, we carry on as far as possible."

I couldn't find any fault with this reasoning, so grabbed the rope as he disappeared back into Nepal. The way it was going quickly through my hands augured well. Reaching the end Doug gave a "come on" signal. Following quickly I realised that there were now summit possibilities in the wind. Conditions were by no means excellent but relative to those in the couloir they merited the title reasonable. There was no need to say anything as I reached Doug. He just stepped aside, changed the rope around and I continued. Savage, wondrous country. On the left, the South West Face dropped away steeply to the right, wild curving cornices pointed the way to Tibet. Much care was needed but there was a certain elation in our movements. The Hillary Step appeared, unlike any photograph we had seen. No rock step this year, just a break in the continuity of the snow ridge. Seventy degrees of steepness and eighty feet of length. It was my turn to explore again. Conditions reverted to bad but by now I'd become so inured to the technique that even the extra ten degrees didn't present too much problem.

To be continued
English after the English

WHAT was the social and historical background to the introduction of English into India by the British? What is the significance of the three-language formula vis-a-vis English? Who were the nationalists among the nationalists, who fought for the spread of English in India? What are the problems of teaching English to Indian students?

All our language troubles are traceable to one source: To that mischievous "Minute" by Lord Macaulay in 1835 recommending the use of English by the Indians for purposes of (1) administration, (2) higher education and (3) unification. The result, he fancied, would be the emergence of an Indian elite. "From blood and colour, but English in tastes, in opinions and in morals and intellect," was the Educational Despatch of 1854. "The education which we desire to see extended in India is that which has for its object, the diffusion of the sciences, arts, science, philosophy and literature of Europe — in short European knowledge." The British introduced the study and use of English into India principally for administrative and expeditious purposes though the pride in their own language naturally had something to do with it. It is a historical fact that all foreign and imperialist rulers have sought to create a mystique of the higher language with a view to subverting indigenous cultures. Macaulay's "Minute" of February 2, 1835, was supercilious in tone and had the tang of racial hauteur and imperialist ethos. However, as the subsequent growth and development of the language in India proved, he was right for the wrong reasons. Gradually, the learning of English became a symbol of social status. The Indians imitated the English; the imitation in due course sublimated itself into emulation. With the growth of nationalism, the language introduced by the conquerors was used against them by the freedom fighters who now acquired the tongue and insisted on being heard the world over.

Situated as we are, there is no getting away from the three-language formula in the foreseeable future. Understandably, a child has to be given instruction in the language he is born to and yet the federal character of the Union stipulates a knowledge of the Union or link language, which is Hindi, in our case. As for English, it continues to be the de facto link language for all practical purposes. And since it is also the language of higher education, research, administration, commerce and industry, foreign trade, travel, defence and diplomacy, we just cannot manage without it. In fact, English has already struck roots and become an Indian language in its own right. Politically, overwhelmingly, English will retain its supremacy at the higher levels of thought and expression.

Among the nationalists who pioneered and advocated the study of English, Raja Ram Mohan Roy was more active than the others. In his historic letter of December 11, 1823, to Lord Amherst, he made a fervent plea for introducing English into India in preference to Sanskrit. His objective of course was to bring the scientific, philosophical and literary treasures of the West within the reach of the Indians who had been living through a period of twilight of the mind. Encouraged by other prescient scholars, he began to crusade for the propagation of English in the country where eventually he succeeded in creating a very favourable climate of opinion. In the early years, English owed a lot to such major Indo-English writers as Michael Madhusudan Dutt and Toru Dutt; E J Thompson justifiably compared Toru Dutt with Sapho and Emily Bronte particularly in the quality of her ardour and imagination.

Teaching of English to Indian students, by all accounts, does not appear to be an easy task. There are many handicaps such as the lack of competent, old-fashioned syllabuses, poor quality of teachers themselves, unsuitable examinations, large numbers of pupils, the absence of suitable books and other reading materials for learners and insufficient exposure to the language. A Professor teaching English at one of the Southern universities says: "Learning of any language is to be encouraged. But a language teacher has a number of problems to encounter. As for the teacher of English, one of the difficulties is that the language is not being spoken or heard by students; there is no atmosphere.

In my opinion, the main hurdles are: (1) Inadequate background, (2) student unrest, (3) substandard teachers and (4) proliferation of cheap 'notes' and guides.

A language not native to the soil is best learnt from those born to it. The next best thing to do is to live among the people whose mother-tongue it is. Even these two methods have proved imperfect in the context of Indian English. There are Indians who have taken their intensive lessons in English from the English. There are also Indians long resident in the English countryside. They still stubbornly remain swadeshi, not merely in their exotic ways of living but in their modes of expression which I suspect can be only due to certain built-in reflexes making it impossible for whatever is inside them to go out and whatever is fresh, wholesome and invigorating is outside to get in. Is this resistance typically Indian? I fear it is. Not exclusively 'Indian', perhaps: Oriental, shall we say? An American after a spell at Oxford or Cambridge acquires the pique and brashness disappae. Even a Negro after close association with England and the English speaks English in a manner intelligible and acceptable to his hosts without losing his identity. Not so the Indians. Professor D G Morgan is firmly of the opinion that the spoken English of Indians, in general, is not "so intelligible or comprehensible as that of other non-English speaking people of the world".

The problem of problems is: How to strengthen the will of the Indians to do better than others in every area of competitive endeavour?

A. S. RAMAN
But is that because we really get all that much of because the UN is a convenient forum to hold the rich world to its pretended rectitude, and also because it provides jobs for some boys? He also said that today UN salaries attract neither Americans nor Russians—the latter because it takes them away, if they are scientists or technologists, from the mainstream of their work. Common garden officials, on the contrary, are quite keen on getting into the act.

I feel that the UN has contributed quite a bit to the brain drain from Third World countries. A different kind of brain drain: it takes good people, often at their most productive peak, and anaesthetizes them with lazy living, ineffectve paper pushing and airport-hopping. And after a few years the spark dies out.

I am sure it is true that, partly because of their life-style, institutional and personal, the UN and its agencies and special bodies are getting more and more remote from real people and real problems. If one sees the UNESCO building at Paris's Place de Fontenoy, of FAO, at Rome's Via delle Terme di Caracalla, the reception halls, offices and auditoria—they seem a million miles away from the harsh truths of Sahel, Beirut or Vietnam.

The UN is supposed to be hard up but most of whatever it has goes to paying salaries and less and less is left over for programmes. A friend in ESCAP told me this when explaining why it has hardly anything for doing the sort of things it really wanted. Tightening of funds has caused the UN to economize, we are told. But the way of life of UN officials hasn't changed, not so as to be noticed, anyway.

An easy and quick resort to this point would be sour grapes—meaning that if I had a UN job I wouldn't be saying what I am. Indian Airliners pilots used to say this to those who suggested their takings were too high. Maybe that's right and I would have defended UN salaries strenuously if I were part of the machine. Or maybe I would have faced up to the moral problem posed. The UN itself gives little sign of staring the problem in the face and, in countries like India, back-stairs manoeuvres go on to get into the UN.

Since the easiest, and the broadest route to it is through government officers vie with one another for a UN assignment. Many arrange for it a few years before retirement, others want a bash while they're on the service roster—to lay by a comfortable nest egg. There is whispered gossip of what A did to B and all the others to get that cushioned UN post in Vienna or Geneva or Washington or New York. A rather sordid come-down for an international body from which the world once had so much hope, isn't it?
Why should a woman die?

Meera Sreevastava was a pretty young girl of 20 when she was married to an engineer. Her life at her in-laws' place was never happy for the dowry her father had paid for her was considered inadequate by them. After some miserable months, Meera died of burn injuries and a protracted trial ended with a judge holding her husband, sister-in-law and father-in-law guilty of murder. They have appealed against the judgment. MA- NINDRA BHATTACHARJEE reports.

Meera was married to Ashok Kumar on May 13, 1973 when she was 20 and a student of M.A. in Banaras Hindu University. Pretty Meera is a daughter of J.P. Sreevastava, a publisher of books. Ashok—an engineer in the employ of the U.P. Government—is a son of a retired head of the Economics department of a degree college, Rajendra Lal. Both families live at Varanasi and their houses are pretty close by, but it was no love affair that led to the marriage. It was arranged by Meera's father.

When his elder daughter was married to a doctor, Mr. Sreevastava had to give Rs. 6,000 in cash to the groom's family and Rs. 4,000 in ornaments and clothes. Besides this, he also spent another Rs. 3,000 to Rs. 4,000 on the ceremony. He promised to spend almost the same amount on Meera's marriage. The Tilak ceremony was performed on May 19, 1973 when he offered Rs. 4,000 in cash and gave Rs. 2,000 worth of clothes. The occasion, however, proved an unhappy one. Ashok's father threatened to break the marriage agreement because of Mr. Sreevastava's failure to act up to his word of honour. He withdrew the threat only when the latter pledged to make up the deficiency in the Dahej later on and also gave a refrigerator and a radio set as presents to avert the break.

Meera was sent after marriage to her in-law's house where also lived a 35-year-old, widowed sister of Ashok with two children—Sudha by name and a teacher by profession. She returned to her father's place after a month, and was always gloomy and downcast. She revealed that off and on she was being scolded and abused at her father-in-law's house because of the poor dowry she had brought for the family. Meera went back after only four days.

On July 13, 1974, Ashok and Meera went to Varanasi. After five days' stay with his parents, Ashok returned alone to Lucknow. Meera insisted on accompanying him, but her father-in-law did not permit her to do so. She was determined, however, and on July 9, 1974 in the temporary absence of Ashok's father, she visited a friend in the locality, and sent for her brother, Sushil, there to talk to him. The same afternoon Mr. Lal came to know of this. He went to Meera's father and warned him that it would be highly improper if Meera went to Lucknow; it could even be unsafe for her. Her father met Meera at her friend's residence and told her how angry her father-in-law was. But all his persuasions were vain. Before leaving for Lucknow, she confided to her father saying that in case her husband, too, rejected her she would certainly return and live with him throughout her life. Meera left with her brother who returned to Varanasi immediately after leaving her in the house of her husband.

The news of Meera's departure reached Mr. Jain, who, with her daughter, Sudha, left for Lucknow hurriedly. They were there on July 20, 1974. Next day, Mr. Sreevastava received information from somebody of the Marwari hospital at Varanasi that Meera had died of burn injuries. Failing to get a train, he took a taxi to the Lucknow residence of his son-in-law and reached there by 5 p.m. There, some people told him that Meera was dead. He then lodged a complaint with the local police station.

Meera often narrated her miseries to the sister of Prabhat Kumar, the landlord of Ashok. On the evening of July 21, Prabhat heard angry voices from the first floor, went upstairs, and found Mr. Lal, Sudha and Ashok kicking and punching Meera as she lay on the floor sobbing. He came down back to his own rooms but at about 2 or 2:30 a.m. was awakened by piteous cries from the first floor. He, with his younger brother, again went upstairs and found the trio—the young engineer, his sister and his old father—standing on the verandah adjacent to the railing and shouting "fire, fire". Prabhat Kumar saw Meera lying in-between two rooms on the ground. She was in flames. Stunned by the macabre scene, Prabhat hurried downstairs and then to the nearest Fire Brigade station, along with a neighbour. The firemen carried her to a hospital and from there to another hospital as there was no bed available in the first. Doctors declared Meera dead.

Mr. Lal accompanied the firemen to the hospital and later sent a report to the police to the effect that it was a case of accidental fire. The police had no reason to smell foul play and everything went well with the Lals till Mr. Sreevastava complained, insisting that it was a case of cool and calculated murder. Investigation of the case was then taken up and the matter referred to the CID. The three accused were committed to the court of sessions where they were charged under Section 302, read with Section 304 IPC.

The Additional District and Sessions Judge of Lucknow, Mr. K.M. Pandey found the three accused guilty of murdering Meera by beating her up and then burning her. He sentenced each of them to life imprisonment on December 22, 1974, nearly 29 months after the death.

The doctor who did the autopsy on Meera had found two significant things. First, her tongue had protruded. Second, her hair had been soaked with kerosene oil. According to the doctor, she had received third-degree burns on account of which she died.

The other circumstances on which the prosecution relied included: (A) the sweater where the only persons present in the house
New Fear’s Eve

New year’s eve. A shiver of panic went down most spines. It was this day, 31st December, that promised a major catastrophe. Impending doom seemed to hover around every home. Wasn’t it on the last day of the month in November that the Abhyankar family was butchered? And wasn’t it on the very same day a month before when the Josh family saw the last of the world? Was the New Year’s day going to experience mass murders?

Tighter police security measures meant nothing. If such a gruesome act could take place in a crowded locality like Deccan Gymkhana in the early evening, what could the police do? The fact that no trace of the murderers was yet discovered was ample threat to each one’s life.

It’s this religious nonsense that has led to this, remarked some. Yes, these saffron-robed, blonde-haired followers of strange cults and rites must be responsible. They were said to perform strange ceremonies and go into bizarre trances. They must be the ones who assaulted both the unfortunate families! A sudden hatred towards the unsuspecting foreigners arose. People eyed the saffron garb with disgust and fear. There were rumours and stories of other cults. Some even said smugglers were involved.

There was a special official announcement from the police. The public were advised to get in touch with the authorities on a certain telephone number if any suspicious movement of persons or vehicles was spotted in the vicinity of their houses. People in bungalows requested greater vigilance by the police around their areas. Special steps were taken to protect the secluded residential parts of the town. The city, basically, led to revelry by pranksters. Mischief makers went around spreading rumours or phoned people in the middle of the night, threatening them with the worst. Several such complaints dragged the police on wild goose chases, and soon the police, wiser now, advised the fearful to panic on such occasions. Although a rumour went round that curfew was going to be clamped, no official restriction was needed for such a rule. Families, with the Year of God in them, sat tight in their dens, not venturing to step out after dark. The putt-putt of an auto-rickshaw anywhere near their home left an eerie feeling—eyes peeped through chinks to check on the culprit.

But there were still some optimists with highly unlikely ideas. “Oh, the murderers have moved to Calcutta. We read the report of the murder of that young family; a victim of the same incident... The police claim that it was similar to the first two, so we’re lucky now. This town is free of any danger.” But others were watchful. “Why ask for trouble? We’ll forego our nocturnal walks and other outings. The more daring went to the mohallas boldly, whispered around midnight. But the police on the beat didn’t relax their vigilance. Each late wanderer was questioned about his whereabouts. Suspicions were high and the atmosphere tense.

As the evening of 31st December approached, the police, patrols increased their rounds. The slightest noise whether in the lawns or at home, resulted in screams. Creaking doors, rustling leaves and even squeaking mice led to desperate phone-calls for help. The patrols were more vigorous. Despite the assurances by the police, people living on the outskirts were fear-ridden. Unwary, alert to every suggestion and advice about their next movement. New Year’s eve was subdued. Couples couldn’t move out because of their children. Hotels and bars, not to mention restaurants, had little gaiety. The few streets in mid-town jolted drab and faded in spite of the bright lights and decorations. The adventurous moved in big gangs, sticking close to one another, but not a merry sound emanated from their throats. 1976 ended miserably.

The Bal Gandharva Mandir was empty. No drama had been booked there—that was a record, as never before a night passed without some show or the other. A couple of policemen knocked menacingly at the door. Frightened inmates shouted, “Who’s there?” “Police!” They had received calls seeking help in this area. Jokers again. “Don’t open the door again,” warned the police. “Police.” Chained doors, bolted gates and locked latches greeted every visitor. Every one was unwelcome. Shopkeepers dealing in locks and latches were jubilant—their sales were booming!

This little town, suddenly pushed by industries into untimely maturity, had limped around since that ill-fated night, the night of 31st October, the night of the first murder which jolted the sleepy inhabitants into a watchful, scared and timid vigil. Defenders of themselves and their families. This town was suddenly transformed into a ghostly cemetery at sunset, ready to fight anyone just to unravel the mystery of the murders, the likes of which the country had never known before.

LALITA UTTAMSINGH
The Ananda Marg Affair

The bizarre and violent dream-world of Anandmurti Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar has crumbled. How did the Ananda Marg evolve? Why did it break up and why were 18 Awadhoots killed? FARZAND AHMED reports from Patna on the sensational revelations of the Ananda Marg case.

PIX Aloke Mitra

November 29, 1976 Time 1100 Hrs. Place: Court of the Additional Sessions Judge of Patna, Mr. Radha Ballabh Singh.

Several curious eyes peer through the doors as the security staff enter, carrying a stretcher with a man wrapped in a ‘chadar.’ Two sadhu-looking Awadhoots and two plain-clothes young men follow in handcuffs.

The six-footer Madhavanand enters, flanked by Intelligence personnel. “Everything is perfect, Sir. We have made all arrangements to keep the crowd away,” reports the young police officer to his superior.

11.30 Hrs. The buzzer creates a stir in the court chamber and the judge takes his seat.

“Your honour, I would like to submit that Baba does not deserve capital punishment,” the defence counsel Mr. Nageshwar Prasad begins his argument. “Gone are the days when capital punishment was a rule and life term an exception. Sir, if he is to be hanged, galius will have to come to him, he can’t go to galius. Look, he is now reduced to a virtual heap of skeleton. Sir, if he is hanged his will be the same case as of a martyr or even Jesus Christ.”

“But Sir,” the Prosecution Counsel Mr. P. S. Gupta replies, “What he is today is his own doing. Your honour, a criminal is a criminal whether on being hanged he becomes a martyr or a Christ.”

The judgment is reserved. The judge goes back to his chamber. Nobody knows what will happen to the “Goddess.” Guzz work and chains of whispers bind the court room. Baba turns and gestures towards the sadhus in the dock. Riflemen move closer. They nod. “Judgment is expected after lunch,” announces the court clerk. Madhavanand is escorted out and security men start relaying messages for their transport.

Anxious moments and the Baba lifts his left arm upward, looks at the wrist watch and glances over the disciples and their inside the ‘chadar’.

*  *

Five years ago, he was the same man sitting on a lotus-shaped podium declaring himself the “Tarak Brahma,” the god-incarnate, exhorting his saffron-clad sannyasi to bring about armed revolution through “Physical force” and establish “Sadvipra Rajya” in the country. “Do it or die” was his last sermon when his house of cards had started crumbling.

He was then a very happy man. He commanded an estimated three million followers in India alone, with devotees spread over 33 countries. That he would soon join the rank of notorious godmen like Sangli Narayan Baba, Sakari Upasane Maharaj, Ganpathy Sachchidanand, Sant Parvii and Mehar Baba, was something he had never thought.

Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar alias Anandmurti alias Marga-guru, founded the pseudo-spiritual organisation, Ananda Marga, in 1954-55 at Jamalpur in Bihar with the declared aims of attaining “Moksha” through “Yogic sadhana”. The ex-employee of Jamalpur Railway Workshop proved to many a “great menace to our society” as his ambitions knew no bounds. The prosecution had claimed in the court that he (Anandmurti) formed a fanatical VSS (Vishwa Shanti Sena) on the pattern of Hitler’s Schutzstaffel—“S.S.”, launched “Kapalika Tantra Sadhana” and set up a political wing to “capture power” through an armed revolution.

Sarkar was born on April 1, 1923, at Jamalpur. Son of a railway clerk, Laxami Narain Sarkar, he was educated at Calcutta where he lived with a “tantrik” uncle. After a brief period of tantrik training the story goes, he roped in people who could vouchsafe about his fantastic powers. Several cooked up legends
and stories were circulated. One of the stories claimed that he once came face to face with Lord Shiva and got his soul transformed into him. Another held that he was born on the Buddha Purnima day, exactly at the time Lord Buddha was born.

The year-long trial of this "god" revealed that in 1961-62 Anandmurti created an order of fanatics, the Awadhoots, three years after the VSS was set up allegedly to "impart military-type training" to the followers. The Proutist Forum of India was formed in 1962. The so-far spiritual organisation took a political turn in 1967 when the Proutist Bloc of India was set up. The Seva Dharma Mission, which had come into existence in 1964, was in the mean time engaged in brainwashing credulous youth. The "Education Relief and Welfare Section" was set up for opening schools, dispensaries and organising relief camps.

Several prosecution witnesses told the court that the Marg Guru used to hold in-camera meetings where he used to exhort the followers to capture political power through violent means.

Some of the Marga literature admitted by the court and not denied by the accused, revealed the startling political ideas that the Marga propagated. "Democracy in an illiterate country like India is a farce. There cannot be a socialistic government under a democratic framework. He who speaks high of socialism deceives the public. The so-called leaders are nothing but socialist show-boys."

* * *

The fair-complexioned, clean-shaven Baba takes another turn on the stretcher, again glance over his gold-coated wrist watch and then whispers to his attending doctor.

* * *

Nov. 1964—Just 22 years ago, in a small room of quarter No: 338 of Rampur Colony at Jamalpur, a small group of his disciples had gathered to listen to their Guru—"You are treading the same path ... and do you know, the path is Brahma Ishtha Marga. You think that your sadhana is for the attainment of Brahma ... ."

Like people hypnotised his worshippers followed his "Supreme Command"—"He who performs sadhana a day regularly, the thought of Param Purush will certainly arise in his mind at the time of death, his liberation is a sure guarantee ... . Disobedience to his command is nothing but to throw oneself into terrors of animal life for crores of years ... . That no one should undergo torments such as his, that he might be enabled to enjoy the eternal blissness under the loving shelter of the Lord, it is the bounden duty of every Anand Margi to endeavour to bring all to the path of bliss ... ." (BABA: A biography of Anandmurti).

These words of the lord had set the train in motion. The number of disciples swelled and soon crews of P R boys had fanned out across the country to spread the story of his "miracles," exploiting credulous youth, students and the socially uprooted.

As the Ananda Marga spread its tentacles, Anandmurti widened his activities. The list of pseudo-religio-political statements grew. In one of his books he claimed that "it is almost a settled fact that the advices of the sect will capture power through physical revolution. According to the prosecution, he not only made special efforts to infiltrate the army and government departments like the police but went on exhorting his followers that

Qr. No. 339 in the Rampur Railway Colony where the Ananda Marga was born.

"Violence is the essence of life, rudimental factor, the spirit of life."

Prabhat Ranjan, the self-proclaimed "god" told his followers that "unless dictatorship is established, socialism is not possible. Socialism cannot thrive under a democratic set-up."

The medium-height and medium-built Prabhat had a good muscular body during his hey day. Wearing gold rings studded with precious stones, a gold chain around his neck with his favourite silk 'Punjabi' and shot, he had had an attractively attired man. Though he propounded the awadhoot cult, he never wore saffron robes nor did he ever sport a beard. Now virtually a skeleton, the 'god' has a fast receding hairline, bordering on baldness.

His obscure empire, however, suffered several serious schisms and many of his hard-core followers deserted him disillusioned. He faced a series of internal coups which proved his spiritual powers a hoax.

The first stroke the "param purush" suffered was when five Ananda Margis, including two Awadhoots, were killed in a fierce battle with adivasis at Purulia in West Bengal during the construction of an Ananda Marga Ashram in March 1967. Following the clashes the "bhagwan" ran away along with his family. While many Margis were still to recover from the shock, he sneaked into politics, set up his own candidates in the 1967 general election, blessed them but none won.

Though this was a serious setback to his powers, said his followers in the court, the final blow came in 1969 when, during the Dharma Maha Chakra function at Cooch Behar, CPM workers clashed with dagger-wielding sanyasis. The god was manhandled and humiliated and finally arrested. He was released after a few days but he was never the same godman again. Several whole-time workers rebelled openly, challenging his supreme powers, and deserted the organisation.

The man who had built a dream-empire and was posed to stage a war against the government was burnt inside out and felt severely jolted. The demon within the god instigated him to dip his fingers with the blood of his own sons. He entered into a criminal conspiracy to do away with his "enemies" during the DMC at Jambeshpur in July 1970 and ordered the killing of a number of deserters. Eighteen were executed by the "Killer squad" he had set up, according to the confessional statement and deposition of the approver Madhavanand.
Ultimately, his wife, Mrs Uma Sarkar, too left his company when she found him a god-turned-murderer. The demi-god, the wife told the court, became “silent, rather kept mum” when he was asked to account for the missing “sons.” She revealed that her suspicion was aroused when she got hold of a letter which took the lid off the malpractices and corruption in the organisation. She had also heard some conspiratorial discussion going on in her husband’s room in Ranchi in 1970. Initially, the Marga-mata said, she could not believe that her husband could be a party to a series of murders but later she was convinced when this was confirmed to her by the killers themselves.

Openly repudiating the husband-god and the organisation, she left his company on October 1, 1971 at Calcutta, addressed the workers and described the organisation as “Tap-puri” (Citadel of sins). But, there were other reasons also why the Marga-mata deserted her husband. Certain facts suggest that she was an eye-witness to the acts of sexual perversions of the husband.

A series of gruesome murders inside the jungles of Singhbhum and Ranchi created quite a sensation in the last week of July and mid-August 1970. The first of the series was the discovery of a body of a young man in a forest of Bhilai Pashari near Jamshedpur on July 7. The body was found with chest wounds and the abdomen tied on a tree.

This was followed by the recovery of three bodies, all in identical conditions, by the side of a nala inside the jungles of Chandil on August 4. Yet another body was found with a burnt face from the jungles within a span of ten days.

Terror gripped the region. The investigating police officers could neither establish the identity of the deceased nor did they have a clue about the murderers. The chapter was closed by the end of December 1970 with the remark, “case true but no clue.”

Not satisfied with the initial police probe in the case, the Bihar Government ordered the state CID to reopen the investigation in July 1971 and finally handed over the case to the Delhi Special Police Establishment (CBI) later that year.

CBI investigators headed by H. L. Ahuja and B. R. Puri combed all parts of the country and ultimately arrested Prabhat Ranjan Sarkar at his Puthaputra Headquarters on December 12, 1972 and submitted a charge-sheet against him (Sarkar) and four others - Sarbeshwaranand, Awadhoo, former general secretary of the Marga, Satyanand Awadhoo, Barun Kumar Mahkherjee and Pavitra Kumar Roy, two VSS workers, on the charge of murdering six defectors - Tapeshwaranand, Sudhanshu, Sushmitanand, Mironjanand, Japesanand (all Awadhoota) and Acharya Amulya Kumar.

The clay-god, as described by his own followers, had been roped in but his influence didn’t end immediately. According to the charge-sheet in the L. N. Mishra murder case, he continued sending word from the jail to his followers to “prove their loyalty by bringing him out and not to rest until they annihilated their enemies.” Subsequently, Mr. L. N. Mishra was killed and an abortive attempt was made on the life of Chief Justice A. N. Ray. The followers shadowed many top-ranking leaders and officials, planned to blow up public buildings and break open the central jail at Patna but their attempts were foiled.

Tiger’s grave at Jamalpur where Anandmurti sat every evening with his followers.

During the trial the defence, however, rejected the prosecution case as thoroughly “motivated” and argued that the story based on the so-called con-

1 400 hrs : Lawyers start coming in. Security men take their positions, the doctor looks at the weak-looking 55-year-old “god” who has been living on liquids for the past three years.

The court clerk reappears, announcing that the court would resume in half an hour.

“Torture him with this baba affair,” mutters a police officer and rushes out of the court room. Intelligence men continue their round and Madhavanand comes in.

The 45-year-old bearded Satyanand bends over the stretcher uttering “Baba nam kevalam. Kevalam professional statement of the approver Madhavanand was “tutored.” The defence also described the approver as an “untrustworthy” person.

Sarkar and the other accused denied their knowledge of any conspiracy or killings having taken place. They even pleaded ignorance about the existence of any “political” wing except the “Education, Relief and Welfare Section.”

The defence counsels, raising a lot of legal points, asserted that the Ananda Marga had remained a philanthropic organisation having set up at least 250 schools, one degree college of arts at Purulia affiliated to Burdwan University and one institute of technology at Purulia. In addition, the organisation ran a chain of dispensaries, orphanages, tribal centres and welfare centres. But according to the prosecution these were only a cover-up to carry on their covert activities.

Defence lawyer Nageswar Prasad, commenting on the conduct of the approver, pointed out that “On his (Madhavanand’s) own admission he is a dreadful monster having committed eighteen murders and having promised to commit many more, some of which had been unsuccessfully tried by him in various parts of the country. To believe such a witness outright as a believer in truth is against the spirit of human conduct and judicial propriety.

“Though he pretended that he wanted to be hanged and nobody is obliging him, he is still a clever man to seek his own immunity for his monstrous crimes while implicating other human beings and statements of such a person should not be accepted outright without independent and good corroboration.”

*
baba naam." Sarveshwaranand, Barun Kumar and Pavitra Kumar repeat the "mantra." As these words vibrate, Prabhat Ranjan looks around silently. 

0215 . . . 0230 . . . 0300 hrs and the judge emerges from the ante-room. "Everybody is here!"

The judge who, three days ago, had found that the prosecution had succeeded beyond doubt in bringing home the charges against all the accused persons and accordingly completed them under sections 120 B (Criminal conspiracy)/302 (murders), abetment and screening the offence, announces:

"In the instant case the accused persons have been found to have committed murders of so many innocent followers of Ananda Marga under the leadership of accused P R Sarkar—that being so, the accused P R Sarkar deserves no sympathy of the court and as such capital punishment can hardly be said to be stringent and extreme but . . . . . the court while awarding the sentence in a case of murder, has to take into consideration certain extenuating circumstances as also the prosecution version on the basis of which the accused has been found guilty for offence under section 302/150-B Indian Penal Code.

" . . . . I feel that the sentence of life imprisonment will serve the end of justice."  "I sentence all the accused persons to undergo rigorous imprisonment for life for both the offences under sections 302/120 B and sections 302 read with section 109 IPC. The sentences, however, will run concurrently."

The judge closes his ordsheet, glances over the "baba", who lies on the stretcher as if he has heard nothing, and then looks at the other four persons in the dock.

(Madhanand was the man who had uncovered the mystery in a most dramatic manner. The time was May 1971 and birthday celebrations of Anandamurti were being held at Ranchi. Several foreigners, including ladies, had come to participate. During the functions some Marga clashed with the local students and the police rounded up a number of Marga workers. Anandamurti left the place and shifted his headquarters to Patna. It so happened that on June 21, during their regular investigation, the police recovered bombs and other deadly weapons from the Marga-Guru quarters and arrested 18 Margas from there including Madhanand, then the commander-in-chief V. S. S.

Meanwhile, CBI took up the investigation of Ranchi bomb affair and started questioning Madhanand. Madhanand, who suffered the "pangs of killing a number of innocent friends" and pleaded not guilty, startled the CBI by disclosing the gory tale of a series of murders and volunteered to turn an approver. He made the confessional statements which led to the trial of his Guru.

Giving a day-to-day account of the murders he admitted having executed 18 Margis with the help of the "killer squad." He told the court that many others were on the list to be executed under the orders of "Baba." The approver expressed his wish to be "hanged" for these gruesome crimes.

0320 hrs: The Judge rises for the day. The "god" along with four of his trusted followers is taken back to the police van and the 22-year-old drama ends with a whimper.

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‘I am not aware of any theory of martial races’

General T. N. RAINA, who was 56 on January 24, was commissioned into the Army at twenty-one, lost an eye in Malaya during World War II—when he was mentioned in despatches—and later married a French girl from Indo-China. He was involved in most major Army actions after Independence, commanding an infantry division in Ladakh in 1962 and being a corps commander in the Eastern sector in 1971. Awarded the Maha Vir Chakra in 1962 and the Padma Bhushan ten years later, General Raina was GOC-in-C, Western Command, for two years before becoming the Chief of Army Staff in June, 1975. JANARDAN THAKUR met the General in New Delhi recently.

Q: How do you assess the role of the Army in the defence of the country and in nation-building work since Independence?

A: The raison d'être for an army is to defend its national frontiers. The Indian Army has been successfully fulfilling this role since Independence. During the last three decades it has been repeatedly engaged in warding off military aggression by bellicose neighbours. The Army was called upon to defend our frontiers against the regular forces of Pakistan on four occasions—in 1948, twice during 1965, and again in 1971. As part of the latter campaign, it undertook operations to help in the liberation of Bangladesh. We have also been involved in operations against China in 1962, when we were caught unprepared. In retrospect, we can now say that the events of 1962 were for our good, both as a nation and as an Army. They promoted defence consciousness among our people, resulting in expansion and modernisation of the Army, with consequent beneficial results during the wars in 1965 and 1971.

As for nation-building, I may mention that the Indian Army has been making a silent contribution towards national integration. In a country whose charm lies in its wide diversity, the Indian Army can lay claim to be more representative of the nation as a whole than any other organisation in the country. Its personnel are drawn from every State, every race and every religion in India; they all live in complete harmony and in a very disciplined environment. Regarding actual nation-building, we have generally been undertaking these tasks only in a restricted sphere. Our activities are confined to remote areas on our borders where normal civil agencies engaged in development work are not so effective. Army personnel have been used for road construction, medical assistance and even for agricultural projects, in these areas. However, one has to view this problem in its correct perspective. Under normal conditions, we can divert our highly trained manpower from their primary role of acquiring and maintaining their professional skills for war. The requirements of modern war and modern weaponry necessitate a high degree of skill as also a high level of operational preparedness. Any diversion of effort of the regular Army, which facilitates against its professional efficiency would, therefore, be counter-productive.

Q: The size of the Army has increased several times since Independence, its equipment has been modernised and efficiency increased. Could you tell us, in specific terms, about the expansion and modernisation of the Army?

A: It is true that the size of the Army has been more than doubled since Independence. We have also laid emphasis on modernising its equipment. The size of the Army has to be related to our perception of the threats we face to our national security. Since Independence, the dimensions of these threats have increased both in quality and in number. The organisation and equipment of the Indian Army has to be kept tailored to meet these threats. Of late, we have not undertaken any significant expansion programme for the Army but modernisation and increased efficiency are recurring requirements which go on continuously.

Q: How far are we self-sufficient in arms now?

A: It is an indisputable truth that our modern Army needs a sound industrial base. Today, the strength of a country is determined not only by the strength of its Armed Forces but also by its economic and industrial strength. Self-sufficiency in arms is an important defence requirement. Our defence production has, to a large extent, helped us to move closer towards this goal. However, the point to remember is that no country can be completely self-sufficient in its requirements of defence equipment. Whether for finished products or for raw materials, imports to meet defence needs have to be resorted to. The important thing is that one must reduce one's dependence on these im-
ports as much as possible, so that one cannot be held to ransom by any foreign power. We have appreciably succeeded in reducing our dependence on imports for defence equipment.

Today we are self-sufficient in small arms and light artillery and have achieved a major degree of self-reliance in medium weaponry. In the range of small arms, we are producing self-loading rifles carbines, machine guns and related ammunition. In the field of artillery we are producing 120 mm mortars, 75/24 pack howitzers, L-70 anti-aircraft guns and 105 mm field guns. We are also producing our own tanks. The total value of production in our Crdnance factories and Public Sector defence undertakings has risen from Rs 832 million in 1961-62 to Rs 5,460 million in 1974-75.

Q: How does expenditure on the Armed Forces in relation to our GNP compare with the expenditure in the developing countries and the developed countries?
A: Our defence expenditure in relation to GNP is one of the lowest in the world. The figures of defence expenditure in 1974 in terms of percentage of GNP of various developing and developed countries were: Israel 32%, Egypt 22.8%, USSR 10.6%, Iran 9%, Pakistan 7.6%, USA 6%, UK 5.2% and India 2.8%.

In 1975 our per capita expenditure on defence in relation to our population was Rs 480 dollars, whereas Pakistan's was Rs 12 dollars, Iran's 314 dollars, the USA's 430 dollars and Israel's 1,043 dollars.

Q: Since this expenditure is substantially lower than in other countries, of whom we have to take account of, can we say that our Army is equipped to meet any defence problem that may arise?
A: Our requirements of force levels and equipment have to be related to our perception of threats to our national security. Based on this assessment expenditure has to be incurred to sustain the required force levels. Therefore, comparison of level of defence expenditure with other countries is not so relevant for arriving at the force level or the equipment required by the Army. However, I would like to add that notwithstanding the low percentage of GNP being spent by us on defence, we have today a sufficiently strong and well-equipped Army to face any likely military threat to our sovereignty.

Q: How well-equipped are we in mountain warfare?
A: We have mountain divisions in our Army which are fully trained and equipped to fight in mountainous terrain including high altitudes. I am confident that these mountain formations have a high degree of professional capability.

Q: Have we totally done away with the theory of martial races for the purpose of recruitment?
A: I am not aware of any theory of martial races as such. However, before 1947 the Army was largely recruited from certain traditional classes only. With Independence, we have been trying to broaden our recruitment and the aim has been to uniformly spread recruitment to all States of the country on the basis of their recruitable male population. For obvious reasons this could not be done suddenly and we had to do so gradually. We have now achieved this target in respect of all arms and services in the Army other than the Armoured Corps and the Infantry. Fixed class composition has continued in respect of these two Arms, but even amongst them the new regiments lately raised have been of a mixed class composition, and there has been increasing representation from non-traditional classes.

Q: Do you think that the introduction of conscription, if only for training, would help in the creation of a really national army?
A: There is no need to introduce conscription, because our Army is already a national force. Moreover, when we have enough volunteers readily available for joining the Army, there is no need to introduce conscription.

Q: To what extent have the service conditions of army personnel at different levels improved since Independence? What are the areas which still need attention?
A: We have been able to make a marked improvement in the service conditions of our personnel below the rank of officer since Independence. Ration scales, scales of accommodation, pay, wages and tenure of service have all been improved considerably from what obtained before 1947. However, there is still scope for further improvement in terms of actual provision of accommodation for our serving personnel and rehabilitation benefits for them, when they retire from the Army. We are fully alive to these problems and efforts are being made to effect further improvements. So far as officers are concerned, certain improvements in their pay and pension have been made after Independence but there is a great deal that still needs to be achieved. The major problems facing the officer cadre are early retirement and very meagre prospects of promotion. These problems have been engaging our attention and efforts are being made to effect improvements.

General Ramo (fourth from left, back row) as he was 35 years ago. On his left, holding the banner, is Lt. General J. P. R. Jacob, PVSM, GOC-in-C Eastern Command. The two were in the same platoon in the Officers' Training School at Mhow in January 1942.
Massacre at Madras

In the third Test at Madras, India was dismissed for her lowest total in home Tests, and England romped home by 200 runs to win the rubber. MANSUR ALI KHAN PATAUDI writes a day-by-day report on this Indian debacle, and pinpoints the reasons for the decline in our cricket.

Photographs
by Biswaranjan Rakshit

1st day: England contained

INDIA made three changes from Calcutta. The two batsmen replaced were Gaekwad and Sharma, both a little short on strokeplay, and both, though capable of staying at the crease, not having the ability to wrest any initiative away from the English bowlers. With Viswanath in the runs, Indian batsmen have found the bowling too accurate and in trying to keep the score moving have succumbed to some moderate bowling and efficient fielding. Whether Vengsarkar and Amarnath succeed in their places is to be seen, but it is presumed that at least they will play their shots, and in doing so perhaps put some pressure on Greig. Mankad’s inclusion is meant to lend some experience. It has always meant to lend experience but the only fact that he has established so far is that he is a fighter and therefore is always likely to be considered whenever India is in trouble.

This morning as Greig won the toss he waved jubilantly to the crowd. Later the Englishmen trooped out in their blazers much in the fashion of a football team, and were greeted enthusiastically by the huge crowd. The wicket itself had patches of greenery at the Wallahjahan Road End, and as Madanlal made the ball hurry through, one wondered what Willis and the other English quick bowlers would have done to the Indian batting. There was some moisture, and an uneven bounce and the English be-
cut to Viswanath, thereby giving Bedi his 200th Test wicket, and Brearley was caught and bowled via Amarnath’s head at short-leg.

The Indian bowling had stuck to its task on this wicket, which progressively got slower. Especially Bedi and Madanlal, both of whom had long spells and usually kept a decent line and length. Prasanna, underbowled during the afternoon, was not particularly effective, nor was he expensive.

The fielding of this Indian team can never be agile or quick and except for Madanlal and Patel will be considered below average for an international side. Suffice it to say that for those of us who have watched the previous Test matches there was little surprise at the simplest of catches was dropped off the first ball; yet India managed to hold on to the others, and England ended the day on 171 for 3. India must get the rest out quickly. It’s going to be tricky batting last on this wicket.

11nd day: Once again, the procession

GREIG took the light roller and Bedi, after allowing Amarnath two looseners, gave him the new ball. There was still life in this wicket and the Indian openers bowled well, till Alan Knott began playing his shots, and unsettled both Amarnath and Madanlal. Bedi was forced to come on at 193 for 5. Twenty-two runs had been added by Lever and Knott. And it was looking as if England was again going to fight her way out.

In an attempt to break this partnership, Chandrasekhar came on at the pavilion end but he was again faulty in direction and length. An inaccurate Chandra is the most frustrating engine for any captain. Placing a field for him becomes impossible. With three close in fielders a must, there are wide gaps in the field especially on the off side, and English batsmen have taken full advantage. Instead of trying to hit him with the full face of the bat, they have prepared to glance and deflect, taking most of their runs in singles and twos. As it turned out, Chandrasekhar again went wicketless. He
AN APPEAL

If any of our readers, or their friends and relatives, have seen a specimen of that vanishing species called 'the Indian Batmen (Homo Shortius), they are earnestly requested, in the national interest, to pass on the information immediately to the Selection Committee. A reward, possibly tickets and airfare for the next Australia-Pakistan series, may be offered.

The requirements are not too exceptional: TIB must only be able to meet these qualifications—not flash outside the off-stump, not get out in the first over, not drop more than two catches during an innings played by the opposing team, and score at least ten runs without giving a chance when batting.

SUNDAY, meanwhile, invites readers to send in some suggestions on how precisely to send our present Indian cricket team to the ground. A hundred words each, and fifty rupees to the zaniest entry. Half that prize to the next best entry, and many many thanks to everybody else. All entries must be in by February 10. —The Editor

has had no success or luck for some time now, and this is one main reason why the Indian spin attack has not been found so inelastic. Bedi eventually had Knott caught by Viswanath of glove and pad and then Amarnath at short-leg held a sharp chance off Old.

Chandrasekhar had proved too expensive and Prasanna came in his place, but even so India was denied the end as Underwood hit his way to 23, getting good support from Tolchard. Earlier, Lever had also managed to throw his hand around, showing that the English tail had more confidence in its ability than its counterpart. England survived to score 282, a moderate total in a 5-day match, but higher than India had managed in her previous 4 innings.

Though both Amarnath and Chandra had been wayward, the rest of the Indian bowlers had stuck to their task well, and their fielders had taken most of the catches that had come their way.

India began her first innings with a makeshift opener Vengsarkar had back trouble, and Amarnath partnered Gavaskar. Again not fated to succeed, the latter was bowled by Old as he played across and late to a long half volley. Viswanath, empty of runs, played a sparkling square cut off Willis, and was looking good till Lever angled one across his body and Knott took another catch. India were 17 for 2, and Mankad, so often the saviour of Bombay-West Zone, played the first three balls in the middle of his bat, and was then comprehensively bowled by Lever's last ball. India 17 for 3 and England's total looming very large. But this was to be England's last success as Gavaskar, defending solidly, allowed Patel the freedom of his shots. By close, this pair had added 41 runs, and Patel, making most of the running, was 27 and Gavaskar 13. So far, the only aspect in this match that has really surprised me is the nature of the wicket. Quite uncharacteristic of a Chepauk strip, this one has pace and bounce, and even late in the
second day English pacemen were looking genuinely fast, the ball often going through to Knott head high. These types of conditions were ideal for Willis and the other quicker bowlers, and they showed their appreciation. It is going to be uphill again for India, but she must be getting used to it by now.

Another sad day for India, which is now in a virtually irretrievable position, and for the third time in the series England can relax on the rest day knowing full well that victory must be around the corner.

IIIrd day: The same old story

The grass was short, as it is on alternate days, and the wicket looked barer. Bedi made use of the light roller, and Gavaskar and Patel began to Underwood and Willis, needing 204 runs to even the scores. It was not long before the procession began, as Underwood spun one across Patel’s tenta- tive bat to flatten his off-stump. The most productive partnership of the innings was over. Vengsarkar, his back trouble free today, began confidently, and though he was dropped at second slip of Underwood, but he was in line against the quicker stuff and used his height to play down the short deliveries which Willis was digging in. He saw Willis off but then hooked late to a Lever bouncer and was caught at square-leg. India were now 85 for 5. Madan Lal came in to play an innings which developed into a nightmare. He played forward and he missed, he played back and he missed and he swung his bat and he missed. Gavaskar walked down the wicket to advise him. This time Madan Lal managed an edge, and then quite rightly left Gavaskar to the problems of facing Lever. He himself was content to push forward to Underwood, till Willis came on and had him caught at mid-off attempting a hook towards mid-wicket. It was the kind of innings which a number of us have also managed to play at times, and it is better forgotten. Chris Old, bowling from the pavilion end, dealt the death blow, when Gavaskar edged a late outswinger to first slip, and though Kirmani and Prasanna had a thoroughly enjoyable partnership of 36, India were bowled out for 184, 96 runs in deficit. Even on this the third day, the wicket had retained much of its pace, and Underwood had also turned the occasional ball sharply, Lever. Indeed, presently in the “wax mystery”, (more of this later when we hear the findings) had been the most successful, and though England surprisingly dropped three catches, there seemed to be no question of Indian batsmen capitalising on these lapses.

The latter part of the day saw Amis — fit again to bat — and Woolmer increase the lead to 137 before Woolmer was lbw aiming a sweep at Prasanna. Indian seamers again beat both batsmen outside the off stump, but they were kept on too long. Both sides seemed to have similar goals, the Englishmen not to lose any wickets and the Indians to deny them any runs. This, with the frequent stoppages to change the ball, which kept losing shape, ensured tedious cricket, and most of us breathed a sigh when the last ball was bowled.

IVth day: Chandra, at last

ENGLAND began today with a lead of 142 and nine wickets in hand, and Greig became the first to employ the heavy roller on this wicket. Not that it is going to make any particular difference.

To begin with, neither Chandra sekhar nor Prasanna showed any signs of the damage they were going to cause, till after a couple of overs each Chandrasekhar got one to bounce a bit to Lever and Amarnath at forward short-leg helped himself gratefully. A wicket after 60 overs is rare for Chandra but now, for the first time in the series, he began to harass the batsmen. Also for the first time we saw English batsmen prepared to use their feet and discard the inhibition that had been their trade mark in the previous innings. Spectators in Madras must consider themselves lucky. Amis lifted Prasanna over mid-wicket, and when Bedi replaced the off-spinner Amis drove him through the covers. But Chandrasekhar had been denied for too long. He had got back that predatory look which means trouble for the batsmen and had both Amis and Randall out in quick succession, the former going in similar fashion as Lever and the latter caught behind. England had lost 4 wickets for 83 runs.

The English captain began with supreme confidence, giving the impression that the present lead of 181 was more than enough. Both he and Brearley hit some aggressive shots, and Greig even belted Bedi deep into the stands over mid-off, and Bedi recalled Chandrasekhar whom he had surprisingly taken off. Chandra immediately bowled Brearley while Prasanna had Knott caught at extra-cover a little later.
After lunch, which was taken at 135 for 8, Old went—much like Knott—trying to hit Prasannas against the break. For about 20 minutes Greig and Tolehard took it easy, but England was looking for a quick declaration and lost two more wickets before the innings was closed just before 2-30 p.m. This was a view to giving the opening bowlers a few overs before the tea break.

India were left with 284 runs to win and, more to the point, Greig left himself just over 440 minutes to bowl her out. This time Vengsarkar was fit enough (not for long, though) to open with Gavaskar. There was still some bounce in the wicket, but it had become slower, and both the batsmen were getting behind the ball, till Willis rapped Vengsarkar on the head and dashed his midriff. It eventually turned out to be a fracture, and Vengsarkar unlikely to bat on the morrow unless there is an emergency. One has not been in sufficiently what constitutes an emergency.

Amaranth had again to face virtually a new ball, but both he and Gavaskar gave India's supporters hope as they took well-judged score of 24. At this time, Greig brought on Underwood, the bowler India was dreading the most. He immediately began to bowl a good ball, and though Gavaskar tried to move down the wicket to unsettle him, it was India's batting which began to look shaky. It did not take long for the inevitable to happen as India lost three quick wickets—Gavaskar, Amaranth, and night-watchman Prasanna—all to Underwood.

At the close, India were left with all intents and purposes, four down for 45, and taking into consideration our recent batting performances, with next to no chance of making it.

Vth day: Between breakfast and lunch

The Indian batting collapsed as it has never done before, not on Indian soil. The previous lowest total of 88 against New Zealand was lowered by five runs. And England had won by 200 runs against the series of three straight games. Although Underwood was supposed to do the damage on this wicket, which had worn thin by now, his only success was Ranjith, who was perhaps the only Indian batsman who was not to blame for his dismissal.

It was to begin with Willis, and then Lever, bowling from the Pavilion, who capitalised on the batsmen's hesitancy against Underwood, to play shots of varying indifference. When they reached the other end, Bowling short around the off-stump, Willis had Patel, Kirmani and Madan Lal fencing at the ball, to be caught in the arc between third slip and the wicket-keeper, while Levy added the wickets of Mankad and Chandrashekhar to his already impressive tally.

Indian batting had presented a pathetic and sorry picture, and Greig must be congratulated for not only winning this series convincingly but winning it without having to expose the deficiencies of his team. These will no doubt become apparent when England play against a more talented and experienced opposition.

The Editor

Lowlights

Major achievements of the Indian side in this series:

We dragged the match into the fifth day in every Test.

At least three batsmen reached double figures in each innings we played.

Two batsmen did reach 50 in a single innings—Gavaskar in Delhi and Patel in Calcutta.

Solkar created a record in Calcutta by dropping six catches.

Kirmani has displayed some kind of consistency: he dropped somebody in every long innings.

The last six batsmen, except once, scored more than the top five.

Viswanath, the little master—no, sorry, the very little master, has managed to contribute 74 runs in six innings.

Our generosity to our honoured guest, Greig, was overwhelming: virtually every time he effected a bowling change, we presented the fresh bowler a wicket.

Our patience was rewarded with a 2-1 series win.

—The Editor

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“BULLET” has been giving many film-folks pangs. Like Raakesh Roohan, who thinks it will give him the great big break he has been wanting. He takes keen interest in every film, personally seeing how everything is shaping up. But with “Bullet” it is something extra. He was even asking the ad-layout man why his face had not been included in a particular layout. But Raakesh is not going through so much trouble for nothing. He has a very good role in the film and with the right push, he might just make it big.

Reena was just about tearing her hair in despair, which is putting it a bit strongly, for Reena never loses her calm more than breaking out into a typically convent-girl wail. Now they were pairing her off with she has these unavoidable functions to attend, she just gives her face a good scrub from all the make-up, and lands up wherever she has to go in her “studio-going dress.” But this attitude, Zeenat says, gives her producers a fit! They insist that as the heroine of the film, she must look glamorous! Once on a Sunday afternoon, she went shopping and wore (according to her) a simple “home-dress” but it looked like something out of “Vogue” to me. Getting out of a cab and into a food store, she was given double takes, but enjoyed the feeling that she had foiled the lookers-on: They kept saying she must be Zeenat Aman, but then maybe she is someone who looks a lot like the famous actress! When she finished her purchases, Zeenat hauled a cab, and drove off, leaving the mob scratching their heads.

Moushumi Chatterji and hubby Ritesh (or Babu or Jayanta), any one of his numerous names are devoted parents. Whatever reputation the giggle Moushumi had earned with her childish behaviour can be put away as in the past. For the two take great delight in sneaking in on their little daughter Payal's school and peeking in from the window—with the principal's permission—and watching the girl with pride. Each takes a turn at the window and clears the other in Bengali. This goes on till Moushumi can't help catching the attention of the child, who promptly comes running up to clutch at her parents! Asked if she didn't have any shooting that day, Moushumi smugly says “No, shooting cancel ho gya!” and walks off with her baby clutched in her arms! And the school staff gather around the departing trail of the trio and say, "What rubbish these papers write, Moushumi and her husband are such devoted parents—they couldn't possibly be having an affair with Vinod Mehra!"

Chintu can really be called a lucky star. Like when he innocently got trapped in a human frenzy which gushed all over him, at the Tashkent Festival. The town collected to cheer him day and night. And then, at the International Film Fest in Delhi, guess whom he met. Olivia Hussey of the “Romeo and Juliet” fame. Hardly had he given out to a journal that his favourite Hollywood star was Olivia Hussey than she landed up at the Fest. Needless to say, Chintu was very much in her orbit. With his eternal problems of having too many older women around him, Olivia must've been terrific company. Chintu's "I'll be exacted a take-off on "Romeo and Juliet" but one could use that as an ice-breaker! Anyway, to get to the earlier point, maybe Chintu is lucky with Festivals, and that's a credit for him, since they say his films are proving not so lucky!

Parveen and Kabir made it back to Bombay before New Year's Eve. Naturally, they were the cynosure of all the filmi eyes. It seems they were looking more Hollywood-returned than ever. Kabir has to complete his desi assignments, before he gets back to the Continent. He is still considering the Hollywood offers he has received. Which means he has arrived on their scene—according to folk here. One of the films he should complete—for because of him they couldn't start on it earlier—is the film-version of "Tughlak", the hit-play which shot the then unknown Kabir into prominence. He has Simi as his co-star and the man who directed the original play, Alyque Bhalamis, is the director. One has a feeling this film is going to make it in a big way with the class audience.

Birthday girl Reena

Feroz Khan. Another Bal-bache walla admi: The trouble is, her mother gets into a frenzy whenever she reads about her daughter's escapades. Especially when it happens to link her name with married heroes who have kids!

Zeenat Aman was enumerating the complaints she had been receiving regarding her looks. Concentrating as she does on her work she has no time left at all to take care of her appearance, she says. All that is important in her six-day week is to come out well and do well in front of the camera! And when
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HARISH CHANDOLA recently spent a fascinating fortnight in Vietnam. In the first of a series of two articles he writes about Hanoi's pervading gentleness, of how the New Economic Zones are changing the face of south Vietnam and how saucy Saigon still peeps through in what is now Ho Chi Minh City.

AIR Vietnam now flies three times a week from Vientiane, Laos, to Hanoi. On that day last year when I travelled on the flight a troupe of Vietnamese artists, young women and men, who had come to take part in the biggest festival of Laos, the That Luang Festival, were returning home with their Vice-Minister for Culture, Mr. Nong Quoc Chan. Laos is probably the friendliest country in the world and we were given a very warm send-off.

The plane had hardly crossed the Mekong valley when dusk fell. But an impatient seventh day moon, already in midsky, lit itself up without waiting for the departing sun. Mist rose from the forest-clad mountains that intervene between Laos and Vietnam. Then the edges of a soft carpet of lights came up. The carpet did not have the harshness of bright gas lights that one meets while flying into big cities at night. Even at night Hanoi looked gentle and peaceful.

Three years ago when I had come to it on the occasion of the signing of the Paris Agreements, Hanoi had looked like a vast garden of flowers with red and gold and blue flags of the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam and the Democratic Republic of Vietnam flying from every housetop.

Gia Lam airport, ruined by the US bombs then, has been completely rebuilt. The vast railway workshop near the airport, which had looked like a ploughed-up field due to carpet-bombing, has been built anew and is in operation now.

As we joined a convey of vehicles entering the city through the two-kilometre-long famous Long Bien bridge over the big Red River (it was bombed and destroyed several times and then rebuilt every time), two trains passed by along the rail-track in the centre of it. Three years ago, I had to cross over on a pontoon bridge, because the January 1973 bombing had torn the spans of this bridge.

It was well past 10 p.m. when I arrived at the hotel. There were plenty of people on the streets, unlike in 1973, when the city had been evacuated because of the air raids.

The next morning I woke up early to see what the city looked like after three years. Then, most of it lay in ruins. Now, all the bombed areas have been rebuilt, except portions deliberately left in ruins to remind the people and visitors of the extreme barbarity of the US aggression.

From 7 a.m. onwards, the streets start getting filled with happy, bright-eyed and well-looked-after children going to school and thousands of people going to work on bicycles. Hanoi is a large city of 1.4 million people and in the mornings and evenings its streets look crowded. Offices start work at 8 a.m. in the winter (half an hour earlier in the summer) and finish at 4 p.m., with a rest period of half an hour at noon.

One may well wonder how a nation which brought the mightiest power in the world to its knees has adjusted to its victory. The Vietnamese continue to be very simple and frugal, indulgence is unheard of. They dress so simply that it is impossible to tell from...
their appearance or clothes the professions or vocations they follow. In Hanoi’s bitter cold, all wore cotton trousers and coats but all had woollen pull-over sweaters, whether they were pulling a cart or managing an office. They all walk, ride bicycles or use motor vehicles. Priority state or party tasks are, of course, done by using motor vehicles. But one will never find even the highest leader using a car for personal work.

Their standard of living is almost uniformly similar. The President of the country draws a monthly salary of 250 dongs (approximately Rs. 500) a month, and an apprentice draws 40 dongs, which is absolutely the very minimum one gets in the country.

In their dealings too they are very simple and straightforward. I wanted to see how their society functions and requested that I be taken to villages, co-operatives, schools etc., and be allowed to talk to the people there. Today’s the correct light. This includes everybody, even those who worked for the Americans and took up arms on their behalf and inadvertently helped an alien culture and alien power to subjugate their land and people. The first people the administration in South Vietnam has taken care of are orphans, drug addicts, former prostitutes and the unemployed: the worst victims of the war. Schools are being run to provide homes and education to orphans and uncared for children who used to be on the streets before. And there are homes and schools for the former prostitutes who were mostly girls from villages driven to the cities. New economic zones are being opened up. These zones will reclaim farmlands laid waste by the war and open up new areas. Both irrigation work and agriculture is being organised in them on a scientific basis, as these lands do not belong to individual farmers but to the state. This is the beginning of collective socialist production in the south.

MEANWHILE, there are a number of social scourges that the new regimes has had to deal with. The major ones are diseases. The puppet regime did not pay any attention to public health. Its physicians opened private clinics only to cater to the needs of those who could afford to pay the high fees.

While many diseases have been eliminated in the north, they are still rampant in the south. In Saigon itself there are still areas where plague, typhoid fever and malaria break out in epidemic form. Lepers beg in streets and markets. Venereal disease is rampant because during the US occupation there were a million prostitutes in the south.

Another scourge is drug addiction. After liberation it was found that there were 150,000 drug addicts in Saigon. There were 700,000 to 800,000 orphans or uncared for children (some fathered by US soldiers) on the streets of the south.

As far as politics is concerned, the great majority of people in the south supported the reunification of their country and the building of socialism in it. That was why in just one year after liberation it was possible to organise general elections (held in May) for a common National Assembly. And throughout the south now, down to the village level, revolutionary power has been established. C.I.A. agents attempted to instigate a civil war, but in vain.

Unlike the stable political situation, difficulties persist at the social level. Finding jobs for the great number of people concentrated in cities remains a problem. The other difficulty is caused by traders. They still persist in hoarding and speculation. That is why prices keep fluctuating in the south. These traders are taking advantage of the lenient policy of the government, which aims at transforming the society gradually.

Another gain has been in the field of education. Before, there were many private schools in the south with high school fees. Now the state has taken over the entire school system. Students have no longer...

Sending the pineapple crop to the city.
to pay school fees and are provided with free books. Many new schools have been opened. It has been possible to eradicate illiteracy in some cities in just one year. Illiteracy was completely eradicated in the north by 1958.

The north has proved to be a strong base for the south. During the past year, the north sent nearly 2 m. tons of goods to the south to meet shortages in food, medicines, fertilisers, etc., following the stoppage of US aid. The north also sent to the south thousands of technicians, doctors, teachers, specialised workers, and thousands of buffaloes to plough the land. Technicians from both the zones are now collaborating to produce the requirements of the whole country. They have already started producing certain types of tractors.

**Life in a New Economic Zone**

The Le Minh Xuan economic zone which I visited is 80 kilometres north-west of Saigon. It covers 6,110 hectares. Its inhabitants had been herded into a strategic hamlet by the French in 1945, in a corner of that vast area, where they remained for 30 years, until liberation in April 1975. The strategic hamlet occupied one-fourth of the total area.

After liberation the Provisional Revolutionary Government and the Saigon Party Committee felt that this land should be reclaimed. On September 1, 1975, they named it the Le Minh Xuan New Economic Zone, and began reclaiming the land and settling people on it. Le Minh Xuan was a heroic martyr from that strategic hamlet who was killed in a battle in the area in 1969.

Because the area had not been tilled and irrigated for decades, deposits of salt, alum and iron had covered its top soil. The first task was to construct irrigation canals and bring in fresh water into it from a nearby river, and build drains to drain out the salt, alum and iron deposits.

So they built three canals, 14 metres wide and 6 kms. long, which divided the zone into four main parts. Then they started the construction of 11 feeder canals, totalling 30 kms. in length, of which eight had already been completed when I visited the zone. The three main canals from the river were dug by machines, but the feeder ones were built by about 5,000 people working daily. People came from 11 districts of Saigon and 10 districts Skirting that city, and included students, members of labour unions and other volunteers.

The villagers who had been herded into a strategic hamlet, which now form part of it, numbered about 1,000. Then, some 1,284 families who lived in the city, but had no housing or work there, volunteered to come here to settle down. Along with families of party cadres who work in the city, the zone had 3,500 families or 21,500 inhabitants. They are divided into 21 working groups, of 1,000 each.

Each family that came to settle was given a private plot of 1,000 square metres, with a bamboo-and-thatch house in it worth 100 dong. Each member over 15 years old was given a rice ration of 16 kgs. a month (the younger people getting between seven and ten kgs.), a daily allowance of 10 xu (20 paisa), a monthly drinking-water allowance of 40 xu, half a kilo of salt and half a litre of kerosene oil a month. The water there was not good and so drinking water had to be brought from the city in tankers, and each family was given drums to store it. All the working implements were provided by the state.

**To approach the zone, we had turned off the main road and driven along an eight-metre-wide, ten kilometre-long road constructed by its residents and other volunteers. Eucalyptus trees had been planted on both sides of the road and electric poles had been laid. It was said electricity would be made available to the zone soon.**

Beyond the young trees, ran one of the large irrigation canals. On the other side of the canal was a row of houses with walls of bamboo-mats and roof of thatch or palm leaves, sitting in their individual 1,000 square-metre plots, stretching as far as the eye could see, to the horizon. It was a warm day, and children from the houses played in the canal. The individual plots around the houses grew bananas, pineapples and vegetables. At certain points along the canal, canoes were loading bananas and pineapples for sale elsewhere.

Mr Bay Ha, the Secretary of the Party Committee of the Zone and the Vice-Chairman of the Administrative Committee, 48, said they planned to grow pineapples over 2,500 hectares and set up a food-processing factory.

The Administrative Committee had opened a shop which sold necessities like soap, sugar, cigarettes, tea, cloth, fish, vegetables and so on. Fish, depending upon its kind, sold at between 90 xu (Rs. 1.80) and 1.40 dong (Rs. 2.80) a kg. Chicken was available locally, but pork was available only when the people of the next-door Binh Chanh district killed pigs and brought some of the meat for sale.

**Life in the zone, inspite of the sun and rain, appeared richer and more fulfilling than in cities.**

**Ho Chi Minh City alias Saigon**

I ARRIVED here on an Air Vietnam service from Hanoi, with which it is now linked by three daily flights. The flight took 3 hours 15 minutes. Tan Son Nhat airport, where I had spent long hours waiting for US military planes to take me to areas where battles were being fought and which was always crowded and chaotic in the past, with American soldiers waiting for flights and Vietnamese haggling around, was very orderly and quiet now. On the tarmac there were three planes of the civilian airline, Air Vietnam. Some distance away stood a long row of C-47 aircrafts, wearing their camouflage colours, captured from the US.

The air terminal was now spotlessly clean. There were no vending machines around and no taxi-drivers offering different fares for taking you to the city. As we drove out, a group of Vietnamese army men
was walking towards the buildings of the former Tan Nhut military base, around which one used to see swarms of US soldiers waiting for their military buses to the city. The acres of military junkyards near the airbase had vanished.

Along the route, the houses built for Americans working in a variety of establishments still wore fronts of wire net, which were built to protect their inmates from bombs and hand grenades tossed in during the struggle. But the wire net gates of those buildings were open and not padlocked as before. Coils of barbwire along the streets, so common before, were gone as were the large iron triangles that used to be drawn across streets to stop traffic. Large portraits of Uncle Ho adorned the facades of major buildings.

One strikingly visible change was that women were dressed less gaudily than before and mostly in black trousers, worn by peasant women and therefore considered by the past regimes to be the attire of those working with the patriotic elements. In Saigon during the Thieu regime girls and young women had almost completely taken to western dress or slacks. Middle-aged women who wore the traditional ‘ao-dai’, also wore white trousers with it and never black. Now, a year and half after liberation, more and more women had gone back to their traditional, simple blouse and trousers, though one occasionally did come across heavily made-up women dressed in western clothes.

The flower shops of Nguyen Hue Avenue were still in business and so were those selling photographic equipment and offering to make copies. One export-import trade and big trading houses had been taken over by the Government. All medium and small shops were still in the hands of their owners. Some of them still displayed US and Japanese goods, like refrigerators, hi-fi sets, cameras, calculators, etc., but the big textile shops seemed to have vanished.

The main street of the city had changed its name yet again. It was now called Dong Khoi (Uprising), in honour of the civilian uprisings which started the patriotic movement in 1950 and then broke out again, simultaneously with the liberation forces’ attacks on Thieu’s troops last year, completing the final stage of the liberation of south Vietnam. During the French rule this street was called Rue Catinat. In the late 1960’s it was christened Tu Do. Young trees grew along it, the earlier ones, those by the French having been chopped down by the Thieu regime. In 1958 when I first saw this street, it was so shaded, with cafes on the sidewalks, that it used to be called the Champs Elysees of Saigon.

All the big business houses along its length were shut, their foreign and local owners having run away after making enormous profits from the war. But their signboards remained, like those of various international airlines, of Masserey’s Maritime, and even of the large department-store owned by the Pondicherry Indian, called O.A. Karim, Jabbar & Cie. Some restaurants which served excellent but expensive food, like Au Chalet, had closed.

The pleasure palaces: Gone

A couple of barber shops with young female barbers remained, and I wondered if the girl-barbers in them were the same that used to work there before. Being timid, I had not visited those establishments when they were very popular. The message-parlours, Turkish-baths, saunas, ‘health clubs’ and girly bars where you either got entertained while you drank or negotiated the price of other services, were no longer there. Some popular coffee houses and eating places like Bo Dá, and Garden Restaurant were still open, but no longer crowded as before. The biggest of them, La Pagode, had closed.

The stalls of girly magazines and pinups and books like “Reminiscences of a Whore”, or “The Business of Marrying Westerners”, were no longer on the streets. However stalls were selling expensive art books at reduced prices, left-over of old stocks.

Japanese motor-bikes, mostly Hondas, which choked and filled the streets with fumes and whose constant roar disturbed work during day and sleep at night, were largely gone. A few are left, but are now less of a menace.

Most Indian shops had closed and their owners were busy arranging the transfer of their business to their Vietnamese wives, before leaving the country. A number of them had left behind some Indian employees to tie up the loose-ends of their business and take out the last penny of their assets. Many of these Indian traders came from Pondicherry, carried French passports and had sought repatriation to France.

One of them I knew who sold suitcases and dresses on the main Tu Do, and kept an enormous Alsatian dog in his shophouse, was gone. He used to change US dollars in the blackmarket, and when he would vanish into one of his backrooms to fetch bundles of Vietnamese plasters, the Alsatian
would guard not only his shop but also see to it that the visitor changing money did not disappear or play any tricks. Not only him, but a number of Indians, mostly stationery merchants, changed sums up to a couple of hundred dollars. But if one had to change thousands or millions, on behalf of business houses, embassies or generals of the Thieu regime, one had to go to the Chinese. Most of the Chinese too were gone now.

Saigon could still be wild. Occasionally one ran into elaborately made-up and attractively clothed girls following foreigners with their eyes. Saigon is a port city and a number of ships come to it with sailors from various places. One also ran into people selling all kinds of things, and for those who sought them, all kinds of pleasures, but not as brazenly as before. And yet Saigon has changed basically.

LAST May when the Vietnam Army liberated the city, it had brought along thousands of social workers, teachers, technicians, etc., and most important of all, large quantities of rice, so that the city's population did not starve because of hoarding. The social workers that came along quickly strengthened the underground structure of the Women's Union and helped to distribute rice so that nobody starved.

How is Saigon looked after now? Saigon is now divided into 11 administrative districts. I give an account of my visit to its District 4, which is the port area along the Saigon river, the most crowded, congested, poor and crime-ridden area before. 260,000 people and 44 factories cram its three square-km. area.

In the large busy office of the district administration, I met Mr. Trung, the Secretary of the People's Committee of the district. He used to be a teacher in a secondary school in Saigon, had been arrested and spent a few years at the notorious Concor prison island, with its infamous tiger cages. He was exchanged as a prisoner-of-war following the 1973 Paris Agreement, and had quietly returned to his native Saigon soon after being set free.

After liberation, all those who had participated in the resistance selected seven persons to form the present People's Committee, with a chairman, two vice-chairmen, and a secretary (Mr. Trung). The Committee's main tasks were to look after the security of the people and their economic life (to provide jobs or means of livelihood, etc.) The district was divided into 18 sectors or sub-districts.

The first thing they did after liberation was to distribute 200 tons of rice every month through the Women's Union to those who had lost their means of livelihood. Since last year, 80,000 unemployed had volunteered to go to the new economic zones and work there. All the factories which had either closed down due to the lack of raw materials or because their owners had fled with their senior staff, had now restarted, and so now the number of unemployed in the district was negligible.

The People's Committee had established several shops for selling rice, cooking oil, fish, meat, vegetables, coal and other essentials at cheap and fixed prices. Rice of course was rationed, a manual labourer getting 22 kilograms a month, an office worker 17 kilograms, children of five eight kilograms and those around 16, 17 kilograms. Because of these shops, private traders were unable to raise their prices too high or hoard for a long time. Recently, consumer co-operatives had been organised, supported by the Government but managed by the people. A resident could become a member of a co-operative by paying five dong (Rs. 10) a month towards its capital. Both the government shops and co-operatives obtained goods direct from the manufacturers, without middlemen, and therefore prices in them were lower than in private shops. For instance, a litre of fish sauce, eaten with every meal, cost 80 xu (Rs. 1.60) at a co-operative, while in a private shop it was two dong (Rs. 4).

A great deal of attention was being paid to public health. Before liberation, the district had only one government doctor; now they had 18, one in each sub-district. Formerly, there was no hospital in the district; now they had just completed a hospital with 100 beds. Every sub-district had a clinic and a dispensary. Sanitary conditions had been improved. In the past, the district suffered from the outbreak of many kinds of contagious diseases in the summer, which used to kill many. But there was no outbreak this summer.

The People's Committee had taken charge of education. All schools had been turned into public schools and school fees had been abolished. After liberation, the People's Committee held a fresh census and created its own administrative records. It found it had 10,000 illiterate people in the district. In Vietnam they use a method perfected by a teacher named Kim Lien, with which one can make anyone literate in a month. By using the Kim Lien Method, 80% of the people were made literate and it is hoped that by the end of this year no one will remain illiterate in the district.

Every month the People's Committee holds a mass meeting. Each family sends one representative to this meeting, and they discuss the working of the new administration, criticise its action they did not like and make suggestions for the betterment of life. In every field, Mr. Trung said the Committee was at first afraid of such meetings, because it thought the population which had lived under the Thieu regime had formed certain habits which it might not
like to change. But the meetings brought to light the inadequacies of the committee and it started receiving many useful suggestions. "We get true benefits from these meetings," Mr. Trung said.

I then went to see the working of a co-operative store set-up for a sub-district with a population of 8,900 in August this year. One first went to a store where samples and prices were displayed and one paid the money for goods to be bought and paid one ticket for picking up the goods from a string of stores next door. It was like a department store stretched along the street. Among the stores, there was one for fuel coal, which sold at 7 xu, or 14 paise, a kg, and animal feed, and others for condensed milk (3.40 dongs or about Rs. 7 a tin), sugar (1.20 dongs or Rs. 2.40 for half a kg), sandals (1.40 dongs or Rs. 2.80 a pair), toothpaste (24 xu or 48 paise for a regular size tube or 49 xu or 98 paise for a large one), soaps, towels, buckets, utensils, pins of various kinds, sugar-candy and small cakes, cookbooks, material for making raincoats, etc. There was another selling fish-sauce only, and the next one dried fish, and yet another for fresh fish and meat. Fish was freely available but meat was rationed, a manual worker getting a higher meat ration than an office worker.

The wage-system had not been rationalised yet, with the employees of the earlier regime still getting their old salaries. But nobody was receiving salaries lower than 55 dongs a month (about Rs. 110). House rents for those working in the new administration and in industries run by it had been brought down to one per cent of one's salary.

Where dignity is restored

UNDER the Thieu regime, Saigon alone had 36,372 officially-registered prostitutes, aged 16 to 45. But in fact professional prostitutes in the city numbered more than 70,000, and if one added to this the semi-professionals who masqueraded as "waitresses" in the more than 300 "snack-bars", their numbers surpassed the 200,000 mark.

Thieu's Minister for Social Affairs, Tran Ngoc Lien, seemed proud of this situation, when he said: "In this country, prostitution has developed into one of the best-organised trades ever," and his Minister of Economy, Pham Kim Ngoc, was equally proud when he said: "Our foreign exchange reserves have rapidly increased thanks to expenditures by American GIs essentially in the night-clubs of all kinds."

After liberation, one of the major problems for the new administration was how to treat, cure and rehabilitate the vast number of women who had been lured into vice. The administration opened a number of institutions for them, where they were first cured of their debilitating diseases, and then given some academic and political education and taught some vocations.

I visited one of these institutions, perhaps the largest in Thu Duc district, near Saigon. There are three of them around Saigon known as Schools for the Restoration of the Dignity of Women. The one I visited opened on July 9, 1978, and had 60 women in it, most of them between 15 and 35, with some only 14 and a few 40.

The school was located in a large compound with several buildings in it and a large garden for growing vegetables and raising animals. Most of the girls had been sent in by provincial administrations and popular organisations. Some had been picked up by the police from brothels, bars, restaurants and hotels. A small number had come in voluntarily.

The school was run by Mrs. Tran Thu Bong, with six nuns. All seven had fought and operated in the heart of Saigon before. Mrs. Tran had been arrested and imprisoned twice. Because they had not done this kind of work before, they faced some problems initially, but now the school was functioning smoothly.

Most of the girls there came from the countryside. They had been driven to the city by the war. When they came to the city, they had no place to live, no money and no education and so they easily became victims of vice operators. Others were daughters of working people in the city. There were even some who had studied up to grade 12. They had been corrupted by the permissive films, pornographic magazines and books and parties with drinks and drugs.

Eighty per cent of them were infected with syphilis when they came in. Doctors tested their blood and gave them a thorough medical examination. Most of them were cured after a fortnight's treatment. Some, more seriously infected, were given another course of treatment and the very serious cases were sent to a specialised hospital. The school found out that some were heroin addicts and so they were sent to another institution for treatment.

ON Mondays and Fridays they had political classes. They were learning such lessons as "Why it is necessary to study", "The significance of the victory of the revolution", "The origins of prostitution", and "The new woman in the new society". Each lesson consisted of a lecture to the whole class, a debate on the same subject in small groups and then answers to questions. Of the lessons mentioned above, the third was the subject of much discussion because of its personal significance to the students. Besides academic education, they were also given vocational training, and learnt crafts like mat-weaving, knitting and sewing etc.

The course at the school was for six months. Those who made good progress were, if they wished, being sent back to their families. Thirty girls had already returned to their homes. But before the girls went home the administration had to make sure that their families were good ones and would take care of their daughters and that the administration could obtain work for them. Those that did not make satisfactory progress after six months were sent to another school for further study and work.

Mrs. Tran was very frank and said that prostitution had not stopped completely and went on secretly. But the society in the south was changing rapidly, and in the new one there would be no room for prostitution.
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TWENTY years—almost to the day—after he vacated the British Prime Minister's office over the Suez affair, the first Earl of Avon, Anthony Eden, died of liver failure at his home in the Wiltshire village of Alvediston. Five days earlier, on the very anniversary of his resignation, a special Royal Air Force plane had flown the seriously ill Lord Avon home from the United States, where he had gone to spend a few days at the Florida home of his old friend, Averill Harriman, the American diplomat. Anthony Eden had won a Military Cross as a teenager in World War 1, taken a First in Oriental languages at Oxford, become a Member of Parliament at 26 and—in 1935—his country's youngest Foreign Secretary for over a century. Sir Anthony's political career was riddled with controversies, and his brief tenure (21 months) as Prime Minister was marked by his actions in the Suez crisis. His health, then, was considered not strong enough to bear the strain of the office. In 1961 Sir Anthony became the Earl of Avon, and in the years following he remained in the public eye with his books and television appearances, mainly defending his Suez decision. One of the best-dressed British premiers of this century, Lord Avon would have been 90 in June.

This time he was an “Ambassador” for just a day—but maybe a time would come when he will land a regular diplomatic assignment. An item in the country's largest-circulation English daily gave out the scoop earlier this month that Yusuf Khan, alias film star Dilip Kumar, was to become India's Ambassador to one of the Arab countries, probably Kuwait. And for a day there was much speculation in the news world on the genuineness, or otherwise, of the story: before the actor personally issued a firm denial. However, the incident opened up a fresh avenue of thought—surely Dilip Kumar does have sufficiently good credentials to become a successful Ambassador, especially in some Middle-East country where his films have been rather popular? The actor's film assignments, as the scoop item pointed out, have become rarer and some say he is no longer particularly interested in his acting career. After all, there is little more he could accomplish there while, as Dilip Kumar himself commented, "It would be a great honour to represent my country." Perhaps some day somebody in the External Affairs Ministry may wake up to the realisation that it might be a good idea.

At 72, Christopher Isherwood—perhaps best known in this country for his biographical work, "Ramakrishna and His Disciples"—still possesses a charming smile and retains the bit of a bash look in his face. But, he says, he has no wish to be young again and that the last part of his life has been in a lot of ways, the best. However, Isherwood's latest work, "Christopei and His Kind", is not about these later years. It is a franker, freer version of his younger days—beginning with his experiences in Berlin in the early 1930s. Isherwood, who left Britain in 1939 to become an American citizen, had previously published two autobiographical books, "Lions and Shadows" (1938) and "Kathleen and Frank" (1971)—but these did not involve the candidness of his newest work. The reason he first went to Berlin, Isherwood admits, is that the city was a happy hunting ground for homosexuals. But this paradise was soon lost: "Hitler proclaimed Germany was being sabotaged by three classes of traitors: the Jews, the leftists and the homosexuals." The new Isherwood also talks about "a Hindu monk who became my guru and remained so until he died last July...As this Hindu monk grew older, he grew quite evidently more remarkable, and it became more evident that what he said was true—that God exists and that He can be known." It is possible the latest Isherwood may not be as well accepted as his earlier works, but the author himself believes "it's better to be a has-been than a bloody never-was."

So when India suffered her second successive defeat against England, at Calcutta, some forward-thinking Women's Libbers, detecting at this state of national cricketing prestige, suggested that Santa Rangaswamy be included to boost the dispirited men's team. Just a few days later, Miss Rangaswamy scored a stylish 108 out of her side's total of 177 in the first New Zealand-India women's "Test" at Dunedin—and thus provided a comforting thought that at least one Indian cricket player was getting some runs somewhere. We shall not be guilty of disclosing the lady's age, but Santa Rangaswamy—quiet darkish, good-natured and essentially South Indian in her ways and looks—should continue to lead her women's cricket for a few years yet. Miss Rangaswamy, who is a dependable middle-order batsman (batswoman?) and medium-pace bowler was the first Indian girl to score 1,000 runs in international cricket, and even if tradition forbids her from appearing in Test cricket proper (that is, men's cricket), the Bangalore lass seems destined to make her mark on success in her own world of cricket.

Santa Rangaswamy: India's best bat?
ELECTIONS IN MARCH: In a surprise announcement on January 18, the Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, said that the present Lok Sabha would be dissolved and polls held in March. The Prime Minister has promised that emergency restrictions would be eased. Opposition leaders Morarji Desai (Congress-O) and L. K. Advani have been released.

THE DAOUR ALAFFAIR: Mr. Abu Daour, Palestinian leader suspected of masterminding the Munich massacre, was arrested in Paris on an Interpol warrant and later released. Both West Germany and Israel filed an extradition request but the French, apparently eager not to annoy the Arabs, let Daour go. Israel then recalled its envoy from Paris. The issue is bound to be used in the coming elections in Israel by Defense Minister Simon Peres (above) who is expected to challenge Prime Minister Rabin.

DOUG'S DAYS ARE OVER: Doug Haston (inset), 32-year-old famous British mountaineer who climbed Mount Everest via the South West Face (see Cover Story), died in an avalanche on the Alps. Married, Haston was Director of the International School of Mountaineering in Leysin. Besides being an expert climber, he was a very perceptive and imaginative writer on mountaineering. Describing a sequence in his ascent up the Everest in 1975, when the sun was playing rapid hide and seek with the clouds, he writes: "I began to feel like Saul on the road to Tarsus." At another place, "There's something surrealistic about being alone high on Everest at this hour. No end to the strange beauty of the experience." Here he is seen with another member of the 1975 expedition.

HORSEPLAY: With things going very much their way, it can hardly cause any embarrassment to the MCC cricketers to have been caught with their pants down. Here (from left) Randall, Lever, Selvey and Miller are seen frolicking around at a party held in Gauhati during the visiting team's match with the East Zone.
This week Sun alone is in Capricorn, Venus is alone in Aquarius, Jupiter and Ketu are in Aries, Saturn is in Cancer, Rahu and Uranus are in Libra, Neptune is in Scorpio, Mercury and Mars are in Sagittarius. Moon will be moving through Gemini and Cancer from Taurus.

**ARIES**
(March 22 — April 20)
A splendid week that will offer you many opportunities for progress and success. Plan well and work hard. Meeting V.I.P.s and correspondence will give you hopes. No problems. You will be a guest and enjoy the week-end. Make the journey. A good week for love and matrimonial matters. No problems for businessmen. Good dates: 30, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Bad dates: 31 and 5. Lucky numbers: 4, 7 and 2. Favourable directions: North and West.

**TAURUS**
(April 21 — May 21)
You will have to bear the strain in the beginning of the week. Untimely meals and sleep might affect your health. Avoid disputes in the family. In the later part of the week, you will get back your money. Letters will bring you good news. Some may gain in lottery, speculations, gambling and betting. You may have to participate in auspicious functions. Meet seniors and leaders. Some may get transfer and promotion. Good dates: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Bad dates: 30 and 31. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 9. Favourable direction: South.

**GEMINI**
(May 22 — June 21)
Fruits of your labour will not be commensurate with your efforts. Letters too might disappoint you. Talks regarding partition of property will not be in your favour. You had better postpone such affairs. You will find your home front annoying. Financially you are weak. Keep away from clubs and races. One of your family may fall ill and cause expenditure. Good dates: 3, 4 and 5. Bad dates: 30, 31, 1 and 2. Lucky numbers: 8 and 4. Favourable direction: West.

**CANCER**
(June 22 — July 23)
A good week for you. Meet elders and seniors. Discuss your problems — that is the way to obtain right solutions. Friends and relatives are likely to extend helping hands. Letters from distant places will be encouraging. Business people would gain by new and innovative methods. Some may go on pilgrimage. A good week for love and matrimonial matters. Good dates: 31, 1, 2, 3 and 5. Bad dates: 30 and 4. Lucky numbers: 7, 3 and 1. Favourable directions: South and East.

**LEO**
(July 24 — August 23)
You will reap the fruits of your past actions this week. Some would go on tour. Visit relatives and spend time happily. Financially, your fortunes will follow the normal course. You can stop a transfer and other evils by your influence. Some would get new clothes and presents. You have to go on two journeys. Generally, a normal week for business people. Good dates: 30, 31, 2 and 5. Bad dates: 1, 3 and 4. Lucky numbers: 6, 4 and 5. Favourable direction: North.

**VIRGO**
(August 24 — September 23)
A good week. Your opponents are weak. Nothing to worry about debts and suits, if any. Your blood relations might praise you for your goodness. Travel also will bring you profits and prestige. Some mishaps are likely to affect relatives on your mother's side. No domestic or money problems. Letters will be encouraging. Business people would gain a lot. Not a good time for love and matrimony. Good dates: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. Bad dates: 30 and 31. Lucky numbers: 4, 7 and 3. Favourable direction: South-West.

**LIBRA**
(September 24 — October 23)
A week of disappointments. Keep away from new ventures, love and matrimonial affairs. Exercise caution on contracts and agreements. Disputes are likely to arise with your elders and seniors. Avoid controversies in the family. Keep away from gambling and betting. Do not be tempted by evil elements. Good dates: 3 and 5. Bad dates: 31, 2, 4 and 1. Lucky numbers: None. Favourable direction: South.

**SCORPIO**
(October 24 — November 22)
You may have to stoop to even bad methods to achieve success in your problems. Concentrate on the unfinished problems only. No thoughts of anything fresh. Some would get transfer orders. Your health would be alright. Only a part of your domestic problems. No issue with life partner. No health problems. Good week for making easy money or for love affairs. Good dates: 30, 31 and 4. Bad dates: 1, 2 and 3. Lucky numbers: 7, 2 and 1. Favourable directions: South and East.

**SAGITTARIUS**
(November 23 — December 22)
The beginning of the week will bring you good news. Exporters would receive encouraging letters. You will find the opposite sex very cordial. Contracts would succeed. Your family members would get new clothes, jewels and other gifts. Your elders would surprise you with voluntary help. Some would gain in speculation and betting. Good dates: 30, 31, 1, 2, 4 and 5. Bad date: 3. Lucky numbers: 1, 6, 9 and 8. Favourable direction: South.

**CAPRICORN**
(December 23 — January 20)
Always meet others in the mornings to gain success. Your meeting with V.I.P.s would give you new scope for success. Some would gain in contracts, sports and speculation. Difficulties in partition matters would be solved in your favour. Some good events will take place in your family. Some would go in for loan. Be cautious in spending. Good dates: 31, 1, 2 and 5. Bad dates: 30, 3 and 4. Lucky numbers: 30, 3 and 4. Favourable direction: South-West.

**AQUARIUS**
(January 21 — February 19)
Take care of your health. Do not strain or miss timely meals and sleep. Ear troubles, toothache and stomachache likely to worry you. Though you have sufficient money you will not be able to spend properly. Concentrate on keeping your business accounts up-to-date. Letters would disturb your peace. Do not be hasty in anything. Good dates: 30, 2 and 4. Bad dates: 31, 1, 3 and 5. Lucky number: 2. Favourable direction: West.

**PISCES**
(February 20 — March 21)
Away acquaintance will be of help to you. You will need to give more time for domestic problems. Some of your old problems will find a good solution. Partnership is advised for business people. Some would get new contracts. Some would go on pilgrimage. Some would gain in debts or suits. A good week for love and matrimonial affairs. Some would gain in sports and speculation. Good dates: 30, 31, 2 and 3. Bad dates: 1 and 4. Lucky numbers: 1 and 4. Favourable directions: North and West.

M. B. RAMAN 39
CHICKEN VELVET CORN SOUP

500 gms uncooked chicken, 2 egg whites, 8 tablespoons corn, 3 cups clear chicken broth, 1 teaspoon dry sherry, 2 teaspoons salt and 1 tablespoon corn flour.

Slice and mince the chicken, discarding the skin and bone. Beat the egg whites until stiff, and mix with the minced chicken and sherry. Dissolve corn flour in two tablespoons cold water. Take a deep pan. Bring the chicken broth to a boil on a gentle heat. Add two teaspoons salt. Add the corn and let it boil for ten minutes. Add the predissolved corn flour, stirring continuously until the soup thickens. Stir the chicken mixture into the soup. As soon as it boils again, the soup is ready. Serve immediately.

TAN CHIAO WITH PEAS

4 eggs, 1/4 cup minced pork, 300 gms peas, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons groundnut oil and a pinch of ajinomoto.

Beat the four eggs thoroughly. Mix the pork with one teaspoon sugar, one tablespoon sherry, one tablespoon soya sauce and half teaspoon salt. Using a frying pan of four-inch diameter, brush a little oil into the pan and heat over a low flame. Add one tablespoon of egg mixture and let it set slightly. Put one teaspoon pork just off the centre of the egg pancake. Fold it in half and press down gently over the edge. Turn pancake over and cook for a minute. Remove and set aside. Repeat this process until all the eggs are used up. It makes about twelve to fourteen small half-moon omelets.

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SHRIMP WITH CUCUMBER

500 gms uncooked shrimps, 2 medium-sized cucumbers, 3 tablespoons groundnut oil, 1 tablespoon dry sherry, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 teaspoons corn flour.

Shell the shrimps leaving the tails in shell. De-vein, wash and drain the shrimps, wash and drain.

Cut each shrimp in half lengthwise, then cut each half into two or three pieces crosswise. Mix shrimps with one tablespoon sherry, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon sugar and two teaspoons corn flour. Peel the cucumbers. Quarter lengthwise and scoop out seeds. Then cut into one-inch strips. Fry the cucumber gently with one tablespoon oil in a saucepan on a high flame. Add one teaspoon salt and stir until the cucumber is slightly transparent. In another pan fry the shrimps with two tablespoons oil, stirring continuously until the shrimps turn pink. Add cucumber, mix and cook for two to three minutes more, serve hot.

The cucumber can be cooked beforehand but the shrimps should not be cooked in advance, as they will tend to be overcooked when they are reheated.

DRAUPADI
**bridge**

by TERENCE REESE

HERE is a hand from the Bermuda Bowl that nobody else will write about, remarked a colleague.

**Dealer. West E-W vulnerable**

- A 10 6 7
- J 8 3 10 3
- A 10 8 3
- J 4 3 N K 5 2
- A 10 7 2 WE Q 9 5 4
- Q 5 S Q J 8 7
- J 9 4 2 Q 6 K 9 6
- K 6 A 9 6 4 2 Q 7 6

This was the bidding on bridge:

South West North East

Eisenberg Garozzo Hamilton Franco

- No No No 1 C
- 1 No No No 2 V
- 2 No No No No No

West led a trump. East won and returned a trump. A low club was led from dummy. East went up with King and led a third space. South exited with a low diamond. West won with the Queen and returned a diamond to the Jack and Ace. Declarer ruffed a diamond and re-entered his hand with Q, arriving at this position:

- J 8 3
- A 10
- A 10 7 N W E Q 9 5 4
- S O K
- J 9
- K 6

South, who had lost three tricks, had a reliable count and was confident of the club finesse. West was likely to hold the Ace of hearts and Eisenberg thought of exiting with a diamond, to force a heart lead from East. But meanwhile, he seemed, would be abandoning the club finesse, so in the end he finessed 10, cashed the Ace, and lost the last three tricks.

It looks as though the diamond exit would have worked. West throws a heart and so does dummy. When East leads a low heart South plays low and now West is in a dilemma. If he plays low, a heart is returned and he has to lead into 10.

But wait a moment: suppose East, thrown in with K, exits with the Queen of hearts! This unusual play saves the defence.

**stamps**

by C. W. HILL

During 1978 the world's postal authorities have issued well over 6,000 different stamps. Few of them are intended solely for the pre-payment of postage and most are unashamedly designed to tempt money from collector's pockets. One of the year's most attractive series came from the island of Ascension and depicted wild birds. The 18p stamp, surely a classic of the future, had a fine study of a brown booby above the Atlantic rollers.

IN 1937. the retiring Governor of St Helena, Sir Spencer Davis, reported that a deficit of £7,219 in 1933 had been turned into a surplus of £25,285. Much of the revenue came from sales of stamps to collectors. They included a series of 21 ranging from 1d to £1 and showing the bridge of St Helena, an East indiaman off Jamestown. A superb mint example of the £1 (above) realised £60 at a recent Phillips auction.

**£2 each for the first three correct solutions opened. Was this really one of Columbus's doom-laden ships? If not, identify by country and date of issue the two stamps which have contributed to the confusion.**

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**chess**

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

**Position No. 3**

White to play—how should the game go?

**Continuation of Position No. 1**

This was the finish of a game played at Olly last year between Medina and Sanz—

8; 5 Q 1 p; 3 Kt 1 kt p; 8; R 4 P 2; P 6 P; 6 P; 4 Q 1 2.

White won by 1. Kt—B5 ch, K—R4; if 1... P x Kt; 2. Q x Kt ch followed by mate.

2. Q x RP ch, Kt x Q; 3. P—K4 mate.

**The originals**

Every now and again in the history of chess you get a great player who believes in the adventure and the paradox. He creates complications for the sheer pleasure of surmounting them in the Wittiest form possible. Such players are few and far between since they rarely achieve the success that their talents or perhaps their genius deserves. I am thinking of such wonderful players as Breyer, Nimzowitsch and Tartakower.

Another player of our time belongs to this select category—the Danish grandmaster, Bent Larsen. At Biel he was all-s triumphant. Here is a very clever win of his from that tournament.

White: Larsen, Black: Sanguinetti

**QP Game**


A History of Chess, by Harry Golombek (Routledge, £5.75). With many illustrations, Golombek traces the history of chess back to its origins in North-West India 1,500 years ago. He shows how successive civilisations—Perisan, Arabic, Byzantine, West European—have taken up chess in turn. The Russians, today's masters, with a direct line through Central Asia, had a head start over the rest of Europe; the Russian bishop is called shol (=elephant).

A.E.
A LOCAL BUSINESS MAN hosted a feast to console the death of a squirrel. He was very much grieved to see that the squirrel was killed under the wheels of his cycle. So according to the Hindu tradition, the businessman arranged a feast, in which over 100 members of his community took their meals. — M. P. Chronic (V. P. Jeyaraman, New Delhi).

RAIPUR: GREY-HAIRED Sanichara Satnami, a 50-year-old resident of village Suddhu, under Tilda block some 30 kilometres from here, was given a sum of Rs. 250 consumption loan by the Bank of Baroda this morning to accomplish his second marriage. Sanichara is a widower at 50 and is yet to have an heir to his 3 acre farm land property. Bank officials, when asked replied that they had no option but to grant this loan for if Sanichara didn’t get the loan from the bank, he would have procured it from some Sahukar, Hiteswada (Utpal Chakrabarti 24-Parganas).

I HAVE discovered the root of a certain tree which can be used safely and successfully as a contraceptive. A small piece of the root is put in a copper cover and tied on woman’s waist preferably during her menstrual period. The root works on the nerves on the sides of the navel and disturbs the embryo.—Letter in Blitz (Jimi Hafiz, Calcutta).

A SANITARY INSPECTOR of a tribal area in Madhya Pradesh collected a bribe of Rs. 5 each from the tribals for not vaccinating them as they were needle-shy; in another village, the same sanitary inspector collected hush money of Rs. 5 each for vaccinating the villagers who all wanted to be vaccinated.—Indian Express, (G. A. Shanthakumar, Madras).

WALL POSTER ad for fan in Calcutta—‘Life long companion, guarantee for seven years.’—Krishna Kr. Sekaria, Howrah.

43-YEAR-OLD Umar Samaji Cheda, an estate broker and commission agent, had to spend 36 days in custody without comment

I AM bemused by those in power—C. P. Scow.

SEE (the CPI leader who had clarified his party’s stand on the 5-point programme) does not know what he is supporting or opposing—Sanjay Gandhi.

IT IS not Pakistan’s policy to fish in troubled waters—Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

OUR MOVIES don’t appeal to a very sophisticated audience... The Indian film is like a Harold Robin novel—S. K. Kooka, Chairman, Indian Motion Picture Export Corporation.

IN PAKISTAN our wickets are so life-less that you win the toss, send in your openers and the rest of the team retires to the dressing room to play cards—Col. J. K. Bhatoo, manager of the Pakistani cricket team touring the West Indies.

MY NEIGHBOUR’s two-year-old son was suffering from nematodiasis i.e., threadworm infestation. The child’s father took him to a specialist who prescribed some medicine. But the local medicine dealer couldn’t decipher what the doctor had written, not being used to reading his hand. The child’s father tried two more medicine shops, but in vain. Disappointed, he trudged back to the doctor, mentally cursing him. But all his anger vanished when the doctor explained that all he had written was: “Don’t take sugar”—Nirmalya Mukherjee, Calcutta.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a fresh graduate, once applied for a job. He requested the prescribed application form soon. He took great pains in filling up the application form in a very neat handwriting. Before posting it, he showed it to me and asked me to check it to see if there were any spelling mistakes. There certainly was a mistake, but a mistake greater than a wrong spelling. In the column ‘Marital Status’, he had neatly written—married to one woman only.”—B. Mahesh, Madras.

OUR ENGLISH lecturer was in a bad temper the other day. “Half of the students assembled here are rogue,” he angrily declared. At once there was an uproar in the classroom. One student even said, “Take back your words, Sir!” The lecturer paused for a moment. Then with a mischievous twinkle in his eye he corrected his statement thus—“Okay—half of the students assembled here are not rogues.”—Jayasri K. Koki, Bangalore.


ANIMALS enjoy "love-play" in various forms. From fishes to mankind, all grades of creatures have their own style of love-making, be it in the form of dancing, rubbing, groaning or howling. But courtship behaviour exhibited by some flies are particularly fascinating. A pair of butterflies may often be found to fly round and round each other for many minutes before going for sexual intercourse; sometimes more than one male may follow a single female, and the one who pursues longest, gets the prize. Or the reverse may also happen.

During two days of adult life, the female of the prettily banded-wing flies (Euxesta) spends much of the time dancing round a male. She first stands close to a male, then in front of him and then slightly to one side, and starts dashing in widening circles round him inviting him to participate in the dance. But the male refuses and sits tight. During her dance, she now extrudes her ovipositor (sex organ) and occasionally tickles the head of the male to get him excited.

The male, however, does not show her the least desire to indulge in sex and maintaining his sanctity throughout the day. Nevertheless, the female continues her dance in grim determination and on the following days, i.e. on the 3rd, 4th and 5th days, the male yields to the persistence of the female and joins in the dance, occasionally tickling her with his front legs appealing for her consent to copulate.

Now the time is ripe for the female to take revenge. She does not respond to his earnest call. So she moves away each time the male tickles her. The male is really determined now to get her. He continues his dance and finally succeeds in hooking her on the 5th day. During the 5-day long course of courtship, however, they frequently change partners in disgust.

A group of insects, the empid flies, popularly known as the "dance-flies," show spectacular courtship behaviour where a presentation from the male to the female is a pre-condition for sex enjoyment. When a male of one species of the "dance-flies" (Empis scutellata) feels the urge for sex, he will first capture a small insect for presenting it to his fiancée. He will carry the prey to a swarm of females "dance-flies" and will present it to none he likes most. He will dance round her and hand over the gift with a whisper of private intention. She generally accepts the gift and follows the donor into the shrubbery. During copulation, the female generally feeds on the gift.

Presentation is given in a very sophisticated way by males of some species (Hilara quadrinotata). The male loosely binds the captive insect in a mesh of silk before presenting it to the female. Wrapping is considered of great importance (aristocracy!) by some species (Empis popпитer) and the male takes every care to make it an excellent bit of spin-work. But the case is sometimes not so efficiently woven by some other species (Hilara thoracica) around the captive insect, which often slips out before the case is presented to the female. The female, however, never doubts the sincerity and eagerness of her male counterpart and doesn't refuse him sex.

Not always, however, can the male manage to capture a suitable prey for presentation. But since he must give something to his sweetheart, he substitutes a small bit of vegetation, preferably a petal of a flower for the insect prey. Such behaviour is often encountered in Hilara maurus. A near relation to this species (Hilara sutor) prepares only a compact, neatly woven silken case while in courtship and hands it over in a ceremonial fashion to conquer her.

The most dreadful of all love-making behaviours is seen in the praying mantids. The male presents himself voluntarily to be devoured by his female counterpart during courtship, a dangerous gamble for the male and he succeeds in enjoying sex at the cost of his life. The mating behaviour of the mantids can easily be watched by keeping a pair or more of these insects in a fairly large cage. After copulation has proceeded for some time, the female starts eating the male, head first, and then gradually downwards till the wings and legs drop off and only the tip of the abdomen is spared. Surprisingly enough, the male apparently shows no sign of offering resistance to this gruesome misdeed of his sex-partner and quietly allows himself to be eaten up, as if his sole mission of life was to copulate and then die! Biologically the habit may be of some advantage to the female, because she is assured of a grand meat-rich in protein before she starts laying her eggs.

Dr. A. R. KHUDA BUJKSH
You bet we’ve got something to declare!
One druid!

Will you open the parcel, please.

You realise you’re importing foreign goods...

That was our mission—to bring back a druid to help us get ready for the next invasion. Let us through you stupid Ostrogoth!

Oh no? You’ll have to see the C.O.

Meanwhile, in the next room...

Meanwhile all this "barbarian" activity on guard duty.

I was attacked from the rear by some Goths who were invading the Goths.

A likely story! Goths invading Gaul, all right Gaul; invading the Goths, all right!

But Goths invading the Goths, that’s stupid!!!
O great chief Metric, we have brought you the champion druid, whose magic will help us conquer Gaul and the whole of the Roman Empire!

Well done! Have him put in the cage. We'll interrogate him later!
The nuclear engine countdown was almost finished when word of the disaster reached Prometheus, relayed from Mission Control. Flax did not mention the fate of the core booster until all of the facts were in, until the complete extent of the catastrophe was known. Then he talked to Nadya, telling her what had happened in exact detail.

They did not want to believe it; they had to believe it, but it still seemed impossible.

Then the efforts to avert the tragedy began.

Patrick kicked off into the lower compartment. He saw that Gregor was lying face down on his couch, really floating a few inches to it and held in place by the clamps. Patrick started to speak but Coretta raised her finger to her lips and hustled him, then waved to him to the far side of the compartment and went to join him.

"Gregor is sleeping," she said in a whisper. "I don't want him disturbed. Emotionally he's in not very good condition. The fatigue and strain have been almost too much for him to handle. I gave him some sleeping pills. Told him they were tranks. Had to take two myself to con him into it, but I managed to spit them out without swallowing them."

"How bad is he?" Patrick asked, looking at the sleeping figure.

"I can't say. Back home I would give you a guess, but this is different. He must have been stable enough or the Soviets wouldn't have him on this project."

"Don't bet on that. The report I saw said he was the only microwave transmission authority fit enough to go on this flight. I have a feeling he was drafted."

"If that's true it would explain a lot. He doesn't seem to have the right temperament or the right constitution for this kind of work. But he's going to be needed when we're in orbit. With the Colonel dead, Gregor is now our only authority on getting the generator working. So if I can get him to sleep, to relax now, he should be functional when we need him. Once he's doing that I don't think there'll be any problems."

"Thanks, Coretta. You're right. Let me know if you need any help..."

"He doesn't like to take pills."

"He can be ordered to. I'll take care of that."

Patrick started for the flight cabin but Coretta caught his sleeve and pulled him back. "Just a minute. You're under doctor's orders too."

"Pills?" he asked, looking grim.

"Food— and drink. And bring some up for Nadya when you go."

"Of course, thanks. Hunger and thirst strike like lightning as soon as I think of it."

He took the plastic meal bags and squeeze bottles from the locker before he went to join Nadya. He strapped down next to her and passed over her ration. "Doctor's orders, my ass," he said.

"Thank you, I am thirsty."

"Eat too."

Patrick forced himself to finish most of the pulverized beef stew before calling Mission Control. "A little engine trouble," he told Nadya as he sent out the call.

"No! Not more, it cannot be." She was horrified, her hands clasped against her breasts. "I am sorry," he said, reaching out to take her hands in his. Her skin was cold. "I hope it's something small. Ely is checking it out now..."

"Prometheus, Mission Control here."

"Hello Flax, Patrick here. I am reporting an apparent malfunction with the fission engines. Checklist gone, but a barrage of red lights when we tried to fire it up."

There was the slightest delay before Flax spoke again. Fatigue and tension were just as bad on the ground. "Do you know the extent of the malfunction, Prometheus?"

"Negative, Dr. Biron is on that now. Are the fission engine team standing by in case we need them?"

"Absolutely, all here. They want to know if you will transfer engine housekeeping data dump?"

"Roger. I'll set it up."

All the steps Ely had followed in starting up the nuclear engine had been recorded by the ship's computer. Patrick used the necessary controls to retrieve the information. When he was satisfied he pressed the transit button and all the details were radioed at high speed back to Mission Control on Earth. While he was doing this he was aware of the intercom bleating and Nadya taking a call. She tapped his arm.

"Yes," he said, turning towards her.

"It was Ely. He thinks he knows what has happened. I told him you were onto Mission Control so he's on his way up here. Patrick nodded and turned on his microphone again.

"Mission Control, I have more information on the malfunction. Dr. Bron will report shortly. He appears to have located the source of the malfunction."

"You better believe I have," Ely said, coming in. He saw the squeeze bottle of water in Nadya's hand and realized suddenly how dry his mouth was, how thirsty he had become without knowing it. "Can I have a swig of that? Thanks."

He drained half the bottle before sighing and passing it back.

"It's not good, Patrick, not good at all. I'll check with the team in Mission Control and they can run it through their mockup, but I'm pretty sure about what has happened. You know that the heart of the nuclear engine is heavy quartz tubes—which is why they are called light bulb reactors. That quartz is good stuff and the way the engine is set up
the tubes are immune to thermal shock. But the pogo, and the abortive separation of the core, booster must have done something..."

"Physical shock?"

"Exactly. Quartz is just a fancy kind of glass. Something must have bashed around back there during separation because I think one of the tubes is broken.

"But—can you replace it?"

Ely laughed, very bitterly. "Replace it? Even if I had a spare it would be impossible in space. That tube is broken and it is going to stay broken. Those engines will just not run."

"Something can be done. Something must be done," Patrick insisted.

"Like what?"

"Yes, we must take a look at the motors and see just what happened, send a complete report back to Mission Control and have them see what can be worked out."

"You're an optimistic bastard, you know that Patrick," After the intensity of his work something seemed to have gone out of Ely. He was hunched, seemed smaller.

"No, I'm not. Just doing the job I was trained for. There are programmes that cover a lot of what's gone wrong, but we need more data on it. You're going to space walk and assess the damage. That's what we need to know next. There's only one undamaged umbilical left. Use it. Let's suit up.

So far, I've never space walked before, and I certainly hadn't planned to do it alone for the first time. You have the experience and could save a lot of time..."

"I'm not an atomic physicist. You are. You helped design the motor, as you've often told us, so you should know what's wrong just by looking at it."

He started towards the suit locker, then turned back as a sudden thought struck him. "You're not afraid of going out there, are you?"

Ely smiled. "Yes, if you want to know, I'm frightened shitless of being out there on the end of a rubber tube and a couple of wires. I'm frightened of this whole trip and everything about it. But I'm here anyway because I wouldn't miss it for the world. So let's get suited up before I change my mind."

Patrick wasn't sure what to say. "I'm sorry I said that. Please understand, it wasn't personal...

"It was personal as hell, my boy, but all is forgiven. This hasn't been much of a pleasure cruise, has it? And you've been awake and working for what, two hours now?"

"That's true."

He glanced up at the GET clock. "13:57 and still counting. And the estimate was that we would run out of space at twenty-four hundred. Ten hours left. Why doesn't someone ask Mission Control if they've any revisions on that original estimate. It would be nice to know."

"Nadya, as soon as we're all suited up, talk to them about that. Tell them Dr. Bron is going to look at the motors and they want to listen and record everything he says, then get to work on the information as soon as it comes in. Our time is running out."

There was not a second to be wasted now. As soon as the suits were sealed and the flight cabin evacuated, Patrick opened the hatch. His cabin wall about umbilical stretched far enough to enable him to help Ely through and feed his umbilicals after him.

"Slowly," he said. "The one thing you can't do is rush now."

"Rush!" Ely laughed. "It's all I can do to move."

"There are rings all the way along. Clip onto one before you release a handhold."

"Right. Moving now. Faster than I thought, guess the experience inside the ship in free fall helps. Here's the back of the first booster. Good news—fine. I'm moving to the next—Christ, there it is!"

"What?" Flax's voice sounded loud in Ely's ears.

"We read you well, Dr. Bron. What did you find?"

"The source of our trouble. I can see what happened. The pushing and that thing last night we had with the core body booster. There was plenty of misaligned thrust then, knocking about. The shroud must have been shifted because it bashed into one of the motors. There are quartz fragments floating out of that and the thrust chamber is all near shot. I'm close to it now. Motor four. The others look okay. Going up it now to look into the trumpet. I can see now—my God—there's a mess. A real mess. Broken tubes, quartz everywhere...must have a massive leak."
Users of Firestone car tyres are smiling.

Some months ago, we put an improved car tyre on the market. We didn’t tell motorists about it, we didn’t charge extra. Buyers have found out for themselves that it lasts longer.

When a crisis hit the car tyre market, we didn’t pull off the road. In fact, we drove harder... making our car tyre better, improving it for more impressive performance. It doesn’t look different because the tread design is the same. But improvements like extra rubber on the shoulders have helped to increase mileage. Economy when economy is needed most.

Firestone

Getting better by the year. For 76 years.
in regard to this?"

"It is not, though not exactly. Look, comrade, I do not like to be misunderstood. Do you think that either I or Academician Moshkin, one of the leading astronomers in the nation, do you think that either of us came here to play silly games?"

"Of course not. But without stating your business it would be impossible for me to do anything to aid you. You realize my position, don't you?"

Glushko sighed and straightened up. "I certainly do. But, as I told you earlier, what I have to say is for the Premier alone and for no others. Therefore I wish to see your immediate superior and explain the same thing to him."

"He is in conference, if you wait...."

"Eventually, we will see the Premier. He will want to hear what we have to say as soon as possible."

Anyone who is responsible for delaying us will not be viewed with favour. Do you understand?"

The civil servant understood, only too well. He had heard this sort of talk, this kind of yelled threat in the past. If they meant what they said why then, yes, he would be in trouble. But if they were bluffing and he sided them he would only be in for a reprimand. It was a simple decision. He pushed his chair back and stood.

"But I do understand. And I am sure you understand that I want to help you in any way I can. If you will stay here I will see how soon he can see you."

"Of course," Glushko said, and his sternness leant erect. He remained that way until the door had closed, then dropped into the nearest chair.

"This is exhausting, Academician. I hope you realize that. If you are not correct we are both going to be in very big trouble."

"That is not the kind of trouble to worry about at this time. This is the trouble," he said, tapping his worn leather briefcase. "The facts are correct, they can be checked. It is all here."

Glushko looked at his watch, then drummed his fingers on his leg. "In that case," he said, "They had better hurry."

Halfway around the world, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, it was still early evening. Not quite dinner time, but late enough. All the offices in the East were closed, the labs shut, the college professors gone home. Professor Weisman sat in his scruffy office watching the shadows grow longer, listening to the ring-ring of an unanswered phone in his ear. Not for the first time either. He carefully put the receiver back, slept his fingers on the desk before him, and wondered what to do next.

The few people he knew who might have been able to help him had not answered their phones. Or some moronic answering device had beeped at him and told him to record his message. He did not think there was time for that. He was still not sure how to go about passing on the vital information he had, nor was he exactly sure whom he should pass it on to. Of course, the people involved with the Prometheus Project would want to know, but he had gotten only busy signals from both numbers given him by the information operator. He rarely listened to the radio and had no television set, so he did not know if the news story that was just breaking about the disaster in England. He would have been interested to hear it, but it would not affect what he had to do.

Washington, that was it, he would just have to go to the station. Normally he hated to travel, but always said that getting out of the Fraunhofer Institute and out of Germany and staying one step ahead of the Nazis all the way across Europe had been enough travelling for a lifetime. Life at the University of Pennsylvania was very easy, very calm, and he preferred it that way. But now his peace would have to be broken for a bit. He would have to go to Washington. Even as he decided this he began carefully placing a thick sheaf of notes into a briefcase as old and disreputable as the one Academician Moshkin was clutching on his knees in the Kremlin at this very moment.

There were footsteps in the corridor outside and the rap of knuckles on the frosted glass of his office door. Weisman did not respond because he was concentrating so he did not hear the sounds. Only when the door swung open did he look up. A bearded face poked in.

"Say, Sam, isn't that something? Did you hear the broadcast about how he town in England?"

"Ah, Danny, come in. I want to ask you something."

"You didn't hear, then. One of the boosters from Prometheus took out an entire city, they don't know how many dead, worse than an atom bomb attack...."

"Danny, do you know how to get to Washington, D. C.?"

Danny, started to gape, then changed his mind. He had taught in the university long enough to realize that his associates on the staff weren't really fruitcakes, but individuals with different powers of concentration and different interests. Sam Weisman had a world-wide reputation and a Nobel Prize. And he did not care about blown-up cities nor did he know how to get to Washington, which was maybe all of a hundred miles away. Danny shrugged and forgot Colletham New Town for the moment.

"You can drive, you can take the bus, you can take the train."

"I cannot stand motor vehicles," Weisman frowned in thought, then took out an old-fashioned clasp purse and looked inside. "Four dollars I don't think that will be enough."

"Not really. What do you want to do in Washington?

Weisman ignored the question, his mind involved in the logistics of the journey. "The banks are closed. But you can cash a check for me, can't you Danny. Do you think five hundred dollars will be enough?"

"Five bills is more than enough but I don't always carry quite that much on me," He looked in his wallet. "You're in luck, I just cashed my pay check. I'll give you two hundred backs, pay me when you get back. Your credit is good."

Weisman pulled on his jacket. "Is there more than one train station in Philadelphia?"

"Don't worry, I'll drop you off. You buy a ticket for L. C. and try and get on a Metroliner because the old rolling stock will give your hemorrhoids hemorrhoids inside five miles."

"Very kind." He put on his hat. "Would you know if the Smithsonian Institute is hard to find? I have a friend there."

"I am going to control myself and not ask you why you are going there in the middle of the night when it is closed. I am afraid you'd tell me. Grab a cab at Union Station when you get in and tell him Smithsonian. Maybe the nightwatchman will know where your friend is. All I can do is wish you good luck."

Professor Weisman sat calmly, his old briefcase on his lap, as they drove to the station. In Moscow Academician Moshkin was sitting in the same position holding a very similar briefcase. Yet this wasn't the only thing they had in common. Each was an astronomer with a world-wide reputation. Each specialized in the study of the sun.

to be continued

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‘I’d like to come again, and again…’

The handsome and likable tennis star, HAROON RAHIM, is probably the most popular Pakistani visitor to this country. Five and a half years after playing a Davis Cup tie in Patna, Rahim was a quarter-finalist in the Indian Open championships at Calcutta in November 1975. He came to India again last year, and reached the last four of both the Grand Prix tournament in Bangalore and the National meet at Bombay, where SUBROTO SIRKAR talked to him.

Q: After your experience in Patna, you must have had the idea that spectators in India were very partisan. How did you feel when you came for the Calcutta Grand Prix, and what do you think of our crowds now?
A: Frankly, I was rather scared when I arrived in Calcutta. Especially because all the security arrangements that were made for me. But I was surprised to find such a fine stadium. The Calcutta crowd somehow took to me; they get so involved with the game, they can carry the match! After playing there, and in Bangalore and Bombay, I must say some of the best crowds I've ever played in front of were in India. I've enjoyed playing here, and the hospitality has been fantastic. I'd certainly like to come back for the Indian Grand Prix every year.

Q: What was your general impression of these cities?
A: Well, Calcutta was a bit depressing. There seemed much of poverty around, and certainly the drive from the airport to the hotel is not the best sight. Bombay's much gayer—more cosmopolitan and westernised, though that doesn't necessarily make it better. It's like Karachi...Bangalore, on the other hand, is so quiet—it is a lot like my native place, Lahore.

Q: You must have been brought up on lawn-courts. Is it still your favourite surface?
A: My early tennis was all on grass, which is why I didn't have any proper ground-strokes before I went to the U.S.A. These I developed playing on slow cement. Right now, I think I prefer slower surfaces such as European clay and carpets like Supreme-Court which are medium-slow and afford firm footing.

Q: With your background, was it inevitable that you became a tennis player?
A: Almost! My father got me started very early, and ours was certainly a tennis family. A sister and three older brothers—Naeem, Nasser (sons of my father's first marriage) and Zulfiqar—were all National champions in singles, while another brother, Sarfraz, also played Davis Cup for Pakistan.

Q: You played Davis Cup quite young, didn't you?
A: Yes, at 15 years and a few months I believe I was the youngest ever to play Davis Cup when I appeared against South Vietnam in early 1965. My last appearance has been versus Australia, in May '74.

Q: What were the events that shaped your career?
A: My first real break was in 1968, when I qualified for Wimborne that year it became open. Later a tennis scholarship took me to the University of California, Los Angeles—where my teammates included Jeff Borowiak and Jimmy Connors. I was a term short of achieving my Bachelor's degree in Political Science when World Championship Tennis offered me a contract in 1972, and I turned professional.

Q: What do you regard as the best win of your career?
A: The most thrilling victory I had was over my boyhood hero, Pancho Gonzales, at Toronto in '70—he was still pretty good then.

Q: Which has been your best year so far?
A: My best year has been, in fact, 1976. I won two tournaments on the Independent Players' Association circuit, beating Alex Metravel in Cleveland and Colin Dibley at North Little Rock (where Vijay Amritraj lost early to Ray Ruffels) and made the semis in two others. On the GP circuit, just before coming to Bangalore—beat Harold Solomon, one of the world's Top 10, in successive weeks at Stockholm and London. Because of some reason, the ATP computer didn't take the IPA results into account, otherwise my ranking (49) for 1976 would've been in the top 30.

Q: Would you say something about your South African trip?
A: I accepted an invitation to play in Johannesburg in November 1975 mainly because I'd read so much about conditions in South Africa. Well, I found it hard to believe that nothing that's been written was exaggerated. There were certain incidents in which I was involved, and though I decided I'd never go there again, it was certainly the most amazing experience I've had.

Q: The circuit must have had a big influence in determining your outlook in life.
A: The tour's a great experience, but after living in the States a few years—I married an American girl in '74—I've been wanting to find out more and more about my back- ground. This feeling has influenced my personality, I'm a Kashmiri, you know, and lately I've been reading a lot about religious psychology—I've been fascinated to see how people of different religions get along in India—and Moghul history.

Oh, yes, I've bought a lot of Moghul-style paintings to take back home.

Q: Anything else Indian that you've found?
A: Sitting in the hotel lobby, I've been admiring your Indian women and their beautiful sarees. I think the saree is a very feminine thing, and some are so lovely that I've felt like taking one or two sarees home, just to hang them on the wall and gaze at them!
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Ah! TAJ
tactical masterpiece. S. P. Sagar meets Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan to find out about his plans and programmes, if any. Olga Tellis writes about the Opposition camp's problems in finding enough good candidates. Hanish Bey writes on the campaign techniques of Pandit Nehru and Mrs. Gandhi respectively.

In his concluding article, Harish Chandola talks about the role of the army in the reconstruction of Vietnam.

Ahi Bhusan Malik interviews Amada Muns, a hallowed name in Indian advertising. Muns, 72, is now a retired man but keeps himself busy with the writing of a journal. A strange but charismatic personality he believes himself to be an incarnation of Jesus Christ.

M. J. Akbar writes a sizzling note on the Malayalees: their fondness for booze, their extremely attractive women and and the beautiful place they live in. Kerala. Chanchal Sarkar writes on the boredom that plagues the lives of people in cosmopolitan cities.

Yashpal, the noted Hindi writer, died recently. Yatindra Bhatnagar pays a tribute to the novelist.

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Cover Transparency Tarapada Banerjee
were very nice. If even Pataudi cannot understand India's succumbing, how can we expect cricket listeners hope for a recovery of the Indian team?

I. BHUSHAN, Patna.

WE ENJOYED reading about the "The Lost Test". But what we liked most was the welcome change from the day-by-day reporting by Pataudi.

B. B. K. and T. Calcutta.

Naipaul's name

HAMDI BEY'S article on "Transplanted literature" contains one mistake. The correct name of the eminent Caribbean writer and Booker Prize-winner is Vidyadhar Surajpeshad Naipaul, and not Vijay Shankar Naipaul. Surajpeshad is his proper name while Vidyadhar is his family nickname. It is because of a family tradition that he writes his real name after his family name. Naipaul is actually an anglicised version of his grandfather's name, Naipal. V. S. Naipaul's grandparents hailed from Gorakhpur and he suffixed his grandfather's name with his original Vidyadhar. Surajpeshad in accordance with the Indian tradition.

SURINDER SINGH TEJ, Ludhiana.

Not My Life

YOUR January 2 issue contains an error of statement. In the introduction to the article by Mrs. Kamala Das, her autobiography is referred to as "My Life", instead of "My Story".

V. KRISHNA MOORTHY, Bombay.

Mrs. Kamala Das's article provides much food for thought to the serious reader. With wonderful boldness she has hit upon the problem of male exploitation of the female—which is still a shame on the part of every male citizen of India. But she has slipped up on a few points in connection with the ideal marriage. These are:

(i) Most men and women are still more animals than human beings. So, in marriage sex comes before love, and cruelty and vulgarity enters married life too soon.

(ii) Physical torture no doubt is hateful, but will the cessation of it by itself ensure happiness in conjugal life?

(iii) In true love the question of superiority never arises. Each is eager to become the other's shelter. But in how many cases can we dare to see this realised?

LEBASIS BHATTACHARYA, Calcutta.

This was just the article I had been impatiently awaiting—ever since a lot of ultra-modern women in cities started clamouring for equality with men. In seeing this article they would laugh from the wrong sides of their mouths. But though I share Mrs. Das's views, her article was a mere narration of observations. Suggestions regarding reform are neither accessible nor are they utilized. I request Mrs. Das to refrain from such writings as to most readers— they are just "very interesting reading" and can be forgotten afterwards. Anything which pertains to definite steps to reduce this evil will be more than refreshingly welcome.

H. SHARMA, Bhubaneswar.

Another view

Mr. NARENDRA KUMAR should realise that merely having sold a potentially saleable book like "Freedom at Midnight" very efficiently does not make him in any way qualified to pass judgement on the merits of books of the standard of Satyajit Ray's "Our Films, Their Films". What may be "tolerably interesting" (Mr. Kumar's article on "Pubblahing, Indian style") to a glorified bookseller need not be such to one who has something more than just selling calibre inside his brain.

CHANDAK SEN GOPTA, Calcutta.

Too many stars

YOU HAVE proved yourself, like most magazine-men, to be money-minded in devoting one page to astrology without thinking about the sentiments of the national readers. The Sundayweek columns, which are only meant for the erudite and tradition-bound Indians (who obviously constitute the majority of your readers), are somehow tolerable—but the unscrupulous wastage of four full, valuable pages on astrology (January 2) was sickening.

RADHANATH PRADHAN, Kelahandi.
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A tactical master stroke

On January 18, Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi set a good deal of speculation at rest by announcing that elections to the Lok Sabha would be held in March. In this special issue we analyse the reasons for this important decision, and why it has been welcomed by all sections of the people. From Delhi, RANAJIT ROY, the eminent political commentator, reports on how and why Mrs Gandhi decided that elections were necessary now. It was an excellent tactical move, he says. On the succeeding pages, our correspondents glance quickly at the situation in Bihar (where S. P. Sagar met Mr. Jaya Prakash Narayan to find out his views), Bombay and Madras, and find that unless something very unusual happens, Mrs. Gandhi should win the forthcoming elections comfortably.

The Prime Minister eminently succeeded in keeping the non-Congress parties guessing, till the very last moment whether she would order a general election to the Lok Sabha and, if she did, what the timing might be. Even Congress leaders, except for a selected few enjoying the trust of the very top, were not aware of how her mind was working. What about the Assembly elections where these are due? Nobody was wiser on this by her broadcast of January 18. Possibly, again, only the very same selected few know anything by way of an answer.

Mrs Gandhi, it appears, took her decision in the latter half of December to go in for a general election to the Lok Sabha in any event, it was from that time that rumours started floating in the capital about the possibility of an imminent general election. One or two journals did publish reports to this effect, even suggesting that a Lok Sabha election would be held in March.

Those who are charged with guiding the norms of the Press frowned upon publication of such news. As late as January 3, Mr Om Mehta, Union Minister of State for Home Affairs, issued a statement, describing the reports of the Lok Sabha election to be held in March as “purely speculative and without any basis”.

This is not to suggest that Mr Mehta is not conversant with the political aspects of the function of the Home Ministry in particular, and of the Government in general. He knows more of these aspects than his senior in the Ministry, Mr Brahmananda Reddy, possibly does. Some others, who are also supposed to know the mind of the people at the top, went about the country proclaiming that there should be no elections until the 20-point programme of the Prime Minister and the five-point programme of Mr Sanjay Gandhi had been carried out. All this, it seems in retrospect, was part of the game to keep the country guessing.

Mr. Y B Chavan, member of the Congress Working Committee and the party’s Parliamentary Board and Minister for External Affairs, is a very senior leader of the party. In 1969 some people in the Congress were toying with the idea of electing him leader of the Congress Parliamentary Party and then Prime Minister of the country. In his capacity as External Affairs Minister he was on a tour of Rumania when the Prime Minister announced the election to the Lok Sabha. His visit to Rumania was still not over, and he was to have gone on to Czechoslovakia for a three-day visit. He cancelled the tour and rushed back to Delhi as soon as the Prime Minister’s decision was known. Should one conclude that Mr Chavan had no inkling of Mrs Gandhi’s mind when he left Delhi for the “East European countries?”
On January 18, the Prime Minister called on the President twice — once in the morning and again in the evening after meetings of the Cabinet and the Congress Working Committee. It was at these meetings that most of her colleagues came to know of her decision. The verdict was clear, and she advised the President to do what she had told him. In her broadcast she said she had. This, of course, does not mean that she did not consult any of her senior colleagues on her proposal before it formally became a decision of the Cabinet and the party's leadership.

The timing of the Lok Sabha election, some say, is superb. It indeed is — from certain points of view. The Opposition parties are in disarray. I use this expression Opposition parties, not being sure whether the CPI would like itself to be described as one. Since the early Seventies its policy of "unity and struggle with the Congress" has led it to play second fiddle to the ruling party and of debilitating the entire Left movement. Have not several leaders of the CPI itself proclaimed that its policy of "unity and struggle" has strengthened the Congress?

If, nevertheless, the CPI wants itself to be regarded as an Opposition party, I would say all these parties, other than the CPI, are in disarray. The CPI has been a very vociferous party since the proclamation of Emergency in June 1975. It claims that its membership has vastly increased during this period. Despite the Prime Minister's frontal attack on it, its offer of cooperation with the Congress is still there. I do not see any reason why Mrs Gandhi should spurn it, at least in some States. If she does spurn it, the CPI will probably start thinking of joining hands with the other Left parties, including the CPI(M), whom it has been avoiding like poison since the early Seventies.

As for the other Opposition parties, many of their leaders and middle-rank workers were in detention; quite a few still are. The restrictions that came in the wake of the Emergency made it virtually impossible for these parties to function. From some of these parties, there has been a sizable exodus into the Congress.

To restore normal functioning of the parties after such serious disruption requires time. They have to gather their scattered forces, regroup them, and formulate election policies and campaign programmes. They have to explore possibilities of a united front or fronts or, at any rate, of an understanding on a sharing of constituencies. There is the stupendous problem of funds which has always dogged their footsteps — and elections have become a highly expensive business.

Already, the non-CPI Opposition parties have begun complaining of shortage of time. They have been taken unawares. Not so the ruling party whose election machinery is always kept in trim. It does not seem to suffer from any lack of funds. It is beyond me to say whether the Congress, that is to say, that section of its leadership that decides, took these difficulties of the Opposition parties into consideration. If it did, it must have concluded that these difficulties did not justify widening of the period between the date of announcement and that of going to the polls.

What is of disadvantage to the Opposition parties is, ipso facto, of advantage to the ruling party. That cannot be helped. The ruling party's policy cannot be expected to be one that enables its adversaries to go to the polls in conditions favourable for them. From this point of view, the announcement is indeed a tactical masterpiece.

The most striking political phenomenon during the past 20 months has been the rise of Mrs Sanjay Gandhi as a leader, second in importance perhaps, only to Mrs Gandhi. The Youth Congress itself has become a mighty force, a fact the Prime Minister herself acknowledged at the Gauhati Congress.

The Congress Central Election Committee will have to take note of the power of the Youth Congress in selecting its candidates for the election, and satisfy it. How many
of them will be from the Youth Congress and from which groups in it is an imponderable, but that there will be many of them may be taken for granted. Whether the induction of a large number of Youth Congress members as candidates and the consequent elimination of others who have spent their lives in the service of the party will brighten the electoral chances of the Congress, only the results will show.

There is a view that the Congress would have fared much better than it possibly will in March if the election had been held this time last year. The shock of the Emergency had by then largely worn off. Prices had started coming down. A bumper crop had been harvested. Essential articles had become readily available. The drive against smugglers, hoarders and profiteers had become vigorous. The effect of the withdrawal of bonus and compulsory deposits from employees’ emoluments and virtual prohibition of strikes and demonstrations on the one hand and of concession after concession to industrialists almost unhampered lock-outs and increasing business profits had not become apparent.

Material changes have taken place in the economic situation during the year. Prices have increased and are still increasing. Those of some essential articles such as edible oils, have increased very sharply, almost no industrial product has remained unaffected. Consumers have to pay considerabily more at every step.

That the situation had become pretty bad was evident at the recent Prime Ministers’ conference at which the Prime Minister herself expressed concern. Speculation is said to be responsible for the rise in prices. Since the days of the Bengal Famine of 1943 there has been no speculation without hoarding. Inflation has again raised its head. As always happens in such situations, the working class, the middle and poor peasantry and the middle class are the worst hit.

Buses, trams and public vehicles of every description still carry legends, such as “Benefit of Emergency: prices come down”, but people are not enthused any longer. They ridicule them. Discontent everywhere, except among the business community, the rich farmers and other affluent people, is there for anybody to see. On top of all this, unemployment is mounting day by day despite all the programmes announced and said to have been carried out to tackle the problem.

This turn in the situation makes
the position of the Congress rather less inviting than what it was a year ago, but the coming months and years may be worse. The crops may not be as plentiful as in the past two years. Inflationary pressures may, possibly will, intensify; industrialists in fact argue for doses of inflation from time to time. The prospects are, therefore, dimmer than these are today. Whatever the reason, no election was held last year, it has been decided that it should no longer be delayed.

Apart from the economic situation, the unity the Congress exhibited during the early months of the Emergency is a thing of the past. The happenings in Orissa and West Bengal, not to mention other States in recent months, bear ample evidence of that. In the coming months, the factional quarrels may intensify.

This election will be a sort of a referendum on the Emergency, Mrs Gandhi's 20 points, Mr Sanjay Gandhi's five points, and the drastic overhaul of the Constitution through the 42nd Amendment Act. Except for the second general election, every election so far was held in conditions in which external relations played a role sometimes very important, sometimes not so important. These external problems roused national sentiments from which invariably the Congress gained. Our frontiers are all quiet and have been so for a long time. The election issues are likely to be wholly domestic.

Whatever the discontent among the people, the election results will very largely depend upon how the Opposition parties are able to function and to what extent they are able to mobilize people. Lack of time is what will work against them most.

Incidentally, it is by itself a commentary on the political situation that the Opposition parties, except for the CPI, have begun publicly to wonder whether the election will be free and fair. What can have created doubts in them on this score? The most serious charge about rigging in favour of the Congress so far was made by nearly all non-CPI parties about the Assembly election in West Bengal in 1972. The CPI had an informal electoral understanding with the Congress in that election.

Two years thereafter, in February 1974, a CPI candidate was badly defeated by Mr Abdul Ghafoor, then Bihar's Chief Minister, in an Assembly by-election from Madhubani. Mr Jagannath Sarkar, Secretary, Bihar CPI, said in a statement:

"The Bihar Chief Minister can ill afford to flatter himself on his victory by a large margin because the margin was the creation of fraud, bribery, gangsterism and misuse of official machinery on a vast scale. One who stops at such ignoble and corrupt practices to keep himself in power can hardly claim any credibility as a crusader against corruption. How long would people put up with such rigged elections? Can the artificial majority created by such widespread corrupt practices and distortions of parliamentary democracy stem the tide of seething discontent among the people?"

What can JP do?

S. P. SAGAR was the first journalist to meet Mr. Jayapprakash Narayan after Mrs Gandhi announced elections would be held in March. JP stressed the need for a combined non-Left Opposition. But will the Janata Party be able to make any impact on the electorate, specially in Bihar?

Mrs Gandhi was still on the air, but teleprinter lines in Patna had started ticking. Telephones were buzzing with excited voices. What did Mr Jayapprakash Narayan have to say? I dialed his number twice. I was connected and on both occasions the topic was the same—the election in March.

Jagannathlal Road in Patna led to a dimly lit area tapering off into a narrow lane. The premises of the Mahila Chorka Sansthan, headquarters of Mr Narayan, lay wrapped in a weird silence. Not a soul to be seen downstairs. I found his secretary on the first floor. "Yes, I have conveyed your message to JP. He has no comment to offer for the moment," was the apologia. The Socialist Party leader, Mr. M. Joshi, was there trying to put through some long-distance calls. Maybe to Delhi. JP was in the next room. Mr. Joshi agreed with JP that they should hold their comments until more details were available.

True, said Mr Joshi, talks of far reaching significance are in progress in Delhi. "Mr Morarji Desai has just been released. Don't you think that the hitherto haphazard efforts to merge the four parties—the Congress (O), the Jan Sangh, the BLD, and the Socialist Party—into one monolithic Opposition front should now take on concrete shape?"

Minds you, this is going to be a crucial election. Time is short. The odds are countless. So many things have to be sorted out haste may spoil everything."

Next evening, about 22 hours later, Mr. Narayan walked to the chairs on the verandah. He had been on the dialysis machine for nearly 7 hours. His aide, Mr. Abraham, said this has to continue, thrice weekly, as long as his kidney does not improve its functioning. But otherwise he is well. He sat down in the chair.
It was indeed a big tip off. Before I had come down the stairs, his secretary came running. "Please do not report that he will dissociate himself from the election if the Opposition parties do not merge into one." I went upstairs to check with Mr. Narayan himself. He stood by what he had said and felt there was no need to conceal anything. Not even the parts where he had strongly appealed to the people not to vote for the Congress for its gross "undemocratic acts." As he admitted, he would not be able to do much electioneering for the only days he is free from the dialects are Saturday and Sunday. I wanted to clarify another point. He had said until the election, people's movements should remain suspended. He now interpreted this as meaning that the agitation that he had once spearheaded should remain suspended. Whether it refers to the planned agitation by the CPI? Maybe; the position will be clarified as the days pass.

Then started the exodus of the State Congress (C) leaders from Patna to Delhi. The State party chief, Mr. Satyendra Narayan Sinha, MP, had probably had a hunch and had left for Delhi in the evening, before the announcement. The HPCCC chief, Mr. Sitaram Kessi, caught the first afternoon flight for Delhi next day. Anyone who mattered in politics in the State had but one destination—Delhi. As the hours passed and things gradually unfolded, those initially unnerved by the announcement started girding up their loins. The reflex reaction that "this is political chicanery" gave way to cool pragmatism. The stock taking started.

In the last parliamentary election (1971), the results in Bihar were: Congress—39, Congress (O)—2, Jana Sangh—2, SSP 3, CPI—5, the Akhil Bharatiya Jharkhand—1 and Independent—1. For the first time, there was a record number of 421 candidates; of them, 299 lost their security deposits. The Congress contested 47 seats, the Congress (O)...

Two campaigns, two styles

How did Pandit Nehru campaign? And what is Mrs Gandhi's style like?

HAMDIL BEY, who has covered the campaigns of both father and daughter, answers.

NOBODY had expected the Congress to get the majority in the 1937 election. The architect of that massive victory, which led to the country's eventual freedom, was Jawaharlal Nehru.

Nehru was responsible for the election manifesto in which an agrarian programme was included. The manifesto did not undertake to accept office under the 1935 Government of India Act, and instead proposed the calling of a constituent assembly. The manifesto was a declaration of defiance towards feudal elements at home and the British claim to decide India's future. Nehru followed the manifesto by a whirlwind tour of the country.

The general election of 1937 was the first major exercise of the elective process in India. The election was to the provincial assemblies which had been conferred autonomy in provincial matters subject to supervision by the respective Governor. The franchise was limited to those who had property or were literate, to only 15% of the total population. Having promised provincial autonomy the British wanted to safeguard their position by various devices other than the restricted franchise. There were communal electorates. Hindus and Muslims voted separately, and no appeal to the entire populace could be made.

Landlords, Europeans and Chambers of Commerce had representations on the provincial assemblies, and the elected members, though in a majority, were not expected to dominate the Houses. The expectation was based on the premise that the landlords would be able to contest successfully a number of general seats. Nehru's agrarian programme saw to it that landlords could not win seats other than those reserved for them. The electioneering suggested a desire for freedom among the people, who now wanted to determine their own future.

Nehru travelled fast using a small bi-plane hired from the Bengal Flying Club and piloted by Mr. Arun Mukherjee. He also travelled by railway and road, to places he couldn't reach by the plane. These were numerous.

On any day he addressed ten to twenty meetings. The men who drove the cars in which he travelled were always asked to drive faster than they were driving. Those days on district roads a speed of 30 miles per hour was considered risky, but under Nehru's pressure drivers achieved 50 miles per hour or more.

The results justified the hectic electioneering. The Congress won 43% of the aggregate number of seats in eleven assemblies. In five assemblies the percentage of Congress seats was about or more than 50. Only in the six Muslim majority provinces it was lower, but that the separate electorates were responsible for.

Nehru as Prime Minister had not much electioneering to do because adult suffrage, introduced in 1952, and the attainment of independence contributed to Congress fortunes. The main job between 1952 and 1957 was inducing people to vote. The peak was reached in 1957 when the Congress won 371 seats in the Lok Sabha.

After 1957 there was a decline, and a year after Mrs. Indira Gandhi became Prime Minister both the Congress and the country seemed to be disintegrating. In 1962 the number of seats in the Lok Sabha won by the Congress had fallen by three compared to 1952 and by ten compared to 1957. In the State Assemblies the seats won by the Congress had fallen from 2,307 in 1952 to 1,685, and the popular vote had dropped by about 17% and the percentage of seats in the Centre from 73 to 55, and in all the States taken together from 62 to a bare 56.
was myself willing to talk terms with the Congress but meanwhile without my knowledge, five of my MLAs and one MP have rushed and joined the Congress camp."

He is planning to set up five candidates in Bihar, and one each in Orissa and West Bengal. "What if there is a combination or merger of the four major all India parties? I seem quite agreeable to some adjustment, if the offer comes. Doubtless, the Jharkhand Party (both Bagun and Horo factions) have some hold in the Jharkhand belt.

In the worst situation are the Jana Sangh and the Socialists who are both clearly in disarray. Mr. Jagannath Sarcar, "At least 30-40 of our men are still held under MISA. We insist that they be released forthwith, before there can be any talk of adjustment." 1971 the CPI went to the hustings with some adjustments, but the Congress State Congress chief now says the CPI betrayed them. The adjustment was for about 6 to 8 seats only but the CPI set up

The country had on all occasions responded to her call for votes for the Congress.

The call was never rhetorical. She is a hesitant and slow speaker though on occasions she can be aroused to hitting harder at her opponents when her father used to. That probably is due to her having been subjected to more personal criticism than Nehru ever was, and to many of the Opposition leaders feeling that the same distance does not separate them from her as from her father.

This disappearance of the awareness of a distance has had some unpleasant results. She has been attacked at election meetings at Bhubaneswar in 1967 she was hit by a missile. In a village meeting in 1971 on the borders of U.P. and Bihar shoes were thrown at her and the meeting was disrupted, within three hours the same day she addressed a massive meeting at a city less than 60 miles away. Whatever adverse effect the disturbed meeting might have caused temporarily was dissolved by the second meeting. During the last fortnight a general meeting she addresses twenty to thirty meetings a day — rarely sleeping more than two or three hours. Like her father she has to travel fast using aeroplanes, helicopters and cars as the occasion demand — often all of them on the same day for several days on end.

Nehru was an indefatigable campaigner and even at wayside stops, never loosed his energy.
many more candidates. Bihar is certainly one of the main strongholds of the CPI in the country, with 5 MPs and 33 MLA's (in the 1972 Assembly poll). But one MLA has left the party. He says he was 'disillusioned' although the party insists he has been expelled. The CPI has a clear edge over the other Opposition parties as it has managed to maintain some links with the people, despite the ban on public meetings. It continued to hold them, particularly in rural areas. It also organised a massive 'anti-fascist' rally at Patna during the Padma yatra drive and during their development conferences. The CPI has lost no time in welcoming the announcement, 'for it will give us an opportunity to intensify our contact with the masses', as Mr. Sarkar said. It is a question of: Despite their annual differences in public, will the Congress and the CPI, even at the state level, retain any underlying bond? The CPI is apparently willing. Its three conditions are: The Congress must give up a blanket anti-Communist stance in the absence of a confirmed emergency, CPI detention must be released.

The odds are clearly against the Right and the moderate parties. For one and a half years they have been in a state of hibernation. Only in the Congress-O camp did I hear that 'we are all prepared', though one has to take that with a grain of salt. This party has leaders of standing but lack cadre at the grass root level. Mr. S. N. Mishra, leader of the Opposition in the Lok Sabha, was in jail for long and was released only recently. Although the party has held the decision to go to the polls, its achievement may still be short of its hopes. Moreover, whether fighting alone or as member of a united front, or even as a new party, the Congress-O has the problem of convincing the vast illiterate masses of Bihar, 75 per cent of whom live below the poverty line and have heard on radio or otherwise — practically every village in Bihar has at least one radio set — all the good fortune that lies in store for them and all that has already been done.

I asked this question to a man in an Agartala village of Tripura district. Without fumbling he replied. 'Who else? We know only Indira Gandhi.' Another classic comment was by a boy, who said 'Yes I have heard of the election. But babu, anyone talking of Jayaprakash Narayan is cautioned to keep quiet. Only the other day they arrested four boys', he said.

It seems to be a queer coincidence. On 18 March in 1974, around noon, it seemed youth would lead the way on the Patna Cid Secretariat. Yipka sa and students and political workers formed an impenetrable phalanx, determined not to allow the then-governor of Bihar to add the joint session of the legislature to Patna's already moribund march of city barricades. Then for two days there was anarchy — shooting, looting, street attacks on newspapers, the mass of educational institutions were CRPF barracks. It was B-town which became the centre of the city's politics for 15 mo. until the proclamation of emergency on June 26, 1975.

Few now remember the agitation. Was it called off? Was it just staged? Or what? When Mr. N. P. Nayar said, 'If there is election, for that period there will be a fiasco of all people's movement.' I have always held that the centre was a battlefront. The battle in his son's was. During the Bihar agitation, it would seem, the people's demands for holding of the polls after dissolution of the Assembly were heard. AIR was broadcasting instead. Listeners wondered whether the agitation he had referred to? I can you suspend something without the operation for a long time.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS

1976

June 23 Emergency proclaimed.
Several prominent Opposition leaders, including J. P. Naray, arrested. Censorship imposed on the Press.

July 1: Mrs. Gandhi announces poll programme.

November 7: Supreme Court holds Mrs. Gandhi's election to L Sabha.

November 29: H. N. Bhargava resigns as U F. chief minister. President's rule imposed.

1976

January 8: Presidential order suspends 'Seven Freedoms', right to move the courts for enforcement of rights conferred under Article 19 of the Constitution.

January 31: Karunanidhi's DPM ministry in Tamil Nadu dissolved and President's rule imposed.

February 4: Lok Sabha votes its protest by a year to March 77.

March 7: Rs. 1,170 crore spent in 1976-77 for the implementation of the 20-point program.

March 13: The Gujarat Jan Front government is defeated, voted out in the Assembly. President's rule imposed.
very little opposition

GA TELLIS reports that will be Congress all the way in Western India and Opposition parties seem have accepted this.

HE race has begun, the race for being nominated a Congress candidate. For, at the moment of filing, two days after the announcement of Lok Sabha elections in March, it looks as if Congress will make a clean sweep the western Indian states of Gujarat and Maharashtra.

There is no such race evident the Opposition arena. The race their case is from door to door, seeking the release of their activists and members. It is a race against time, money and manpower.

Their style of working has been impeded this time by various limiting factors. To quote Mr S Y Chattrak, "Conditions must first be created for free and fair elections. They must lift the ban on public meetings, release party workers (there are 2,000 political prisoners in Maharashtra), give us unfettered right to hold public meetings and an equal share of the publicity media. We have demanded an all-party committee to supervise the elections because we must have the right to convert our minority into a majority."

Observers here feel that in many pockets, Congress candidates will get a walkover because the Opposition will not have enough candidates to field. The fear of future problems is very real here. Finance too is a major hurdle. But this, of course, has not hampered the Opposition from trying. One of the first things that Janata leader L K Advani and Atal Bihari Vajpayee did following the announcement of the elections was to fly down to Bombay, the centre of funds collectors for all and sundry. But they will have to knock on umpteen doors before some are opened to them, since many companies themselves are

April 28: The Supreme Court passes that MISA detentions cannot be challenged in court.

May 22: The Swaran Singh Committee, set up by the Congress president Boral, recommends that the Constitution be amended that Parliament's amendment be precluded from the purview of courts.

November 1: Mr. Gokhale introduces the 44th Constitutional Amendment Bill in Parliament.

November 3: Lok Sabha passes the Constitution Amendment Bill by a vote of 369 to 4.

November 11: Rajya Sabha passes the Constitution Amendment Bill by a vote of 191 to 0.

November 15: The Rajya Sabha votes to expel one of its members, Shubra Manimal Swamy.

November 16: Mrs. Nandini Satpathy, chief minister of Orissa, resigns. President's rule is imposed. The Assembly is suspended.

December 18: The President gives his assent to the Constitution Amendment Bill.

December 29: Binayak Acharya sworn in as chief minister of Orissa.

December 24: Madhav Singh Solanki, new chief minister of Gujarat, 1977

January 3: 36 changes in the Constitution contained in the 42nd Constitution Amendment Act come into force. These include amendments in the preamble, a provision to ensure that laws to prevent anti-national activities are not challenged in court, the fundamental duties of citizens, the clause making it obligatory for the President to accept the advice of the Council of Ministers and a provision to ensure that no amendment of the Constitution is challenged in any court on any ground. 13 other changes, mostly relating to court matters, will come into force from February 1 and the other changes, relating to the form of accounts of the Union and the states from April 1.


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facing a scarcity of funds following the credit squeeze. Vehicles, petrol, posters, etc., all need money.

Under these circumstances, the more interesting aspects of the forthcoming elections will be the side issues, that too only in the Congress arena. Like, for instance, the jettisoning of deadwood on a larger scale than hitherto. It is said here that those who have complete tenure or ten years in office may not get tickets. If this is so, many heavyweights in the Congress will be out, and it will be an exercise in stoic discipline for these gentlemen to discipline themselves.

The candidates in Maharashtra will be selected by an ad hoc committee to be appointed by AICC general secretary, V B Raje. This has been necessitated by the proposed merger of the MPCP and BCP. In the enlarged PCC it will be necessary to look for a new chief and, in lieu of this, an ad hoc committee will be selected to work out the organisational framework for election purposes.

In Gujarat, the President of the Gujarat PCC has said he will not stand. The name of Mr Motahar Mehta, an MP from Kutch, has been mentioned, but no final decision has been taken at the moment of writing. Mr Hitesh Desai, now a Minister in the Central Cabinet, will perhaps have an important say in the selection of candidates. At the moment it is not known whether Mr Morarji Desai will stand for elections or not, but if he does it is said he will win in his constituency. It is doubtful if he can carry the entire burden of the Opposition on his shoulders, or tilt the scales in favour of the Opposition in Gujarat.

Western India looks like Congress all the way, unless the situation changes radically: an unlikely prospect.

### The dilemma of the Left

**TARUN GANGULY looks at the scene in West Bengal and finds that while the Congress is most happily placed, the CPI(M) has yet to decide on contesting the elections. This article was written before the communist parties made up their minds.**

**PARTIES to the Right and the Left of the Congress have been caught unawares by the Prime Minister's announcement of elections in March. After a long hibernation, the non-Congress parties have started exploring among each other possible electoral alliances and fronts.**

In West Bengal, the major non-Congress parties are the CPI(M), the CPI and the Congress (O)—and all three are evenly divided among the election issue. The other parties, mostly political lightweights, are yet to get over the shock of an impending contest.

The Congress(O), the principal partner of the newly formed Janata Party, has to depend mainly on its own resources, since the Jana Sangha, the BLD and the Socialist Party have almost no clout in this State. The Congress (O) leader, Mr Pratul Chandra Sen, has stated that the Janata Party will contest all the 42 parliamentary seats in the State. But then, he is sceptical about the possibility of free and fair elections since "all by-elections in this State since 1972 have been conducted in an atmosphere of violence and rigging." He thinks his party has a good chance if the elections are "free and fair". Neither Mr Sengupta, nor his colleague Dr Pratap Chandra Chaudhuri, rules out the possibility of an electoral adjustment with the CPI(M), but some other C(O) leaders, such as Mr Asoke Krishna Datta, do not have much faith in having any understanding with the Left.

The CPI(M) is in a horn of a dilemma. The leaders know that they cannot have the cake and eat it too. It is practically impossible for the CPI(M) to lead the Left front and at the same time have an electoral adjustment with the Janata Party. Mr Basu has often spoken in public against any electoral alliance or adjustment with the Janata Party, but, then, a constituent of the proposed party, the Socialist Party, was the CPI(M)'s partner in all the previous elections. The CPI(M) however, has begun talks with the RSP, the Forward Bloc and the smaller Left parties, but SUC, which claims to be following a pure Marxist line, has been left outside the scope of these talks.

But then a major section in the CPI(M), presumably with the support of the CPI(M)'s West Bengal Secretary, Mr Promode Dasgupta, does not want to participate in the elections at all. They argue that this sudden relaxation may prove to be the prelude to an Indian version of the Chinese "Let hundred flowers blossom, let hundred thoughts contend" episode. The CPI(M) maintains that even now hundreds of its cadres cannot enter their own localities or, for that matter, open local committee offices. In such a situation the CPI(M) cannot do well in any election—then why take the risk?

But for the CPI(M), the choice will be a difficult one. In 1971, the party collected 20 of its 25 seats in Parliament from West Bengal. The conservatives in the party think that they cannot let go this chance to have their voice heard in Parliament. Moreover, they argue, how can you run a party which is definitely not a revolutionary one, without participating in the elections.

The CPI, whatever Leftists within the party may say, is now inching towards an election pact with the Congress here, in Kerala and elsewhere. Though a sizable number in the State party executive is against an electoral alliance with the Congress, the Bangalore meeting has clearly outlined the party guidelines—that is "no anti-Congress". This electoral parlance amounts to a marriage of convenience.

For the non-Congress parties the main problem is how to gear up cadres for the elections. The withdrawal of the Panchayat, the mass release of political prisoners and the mass release of political detenus have taken the wind out of their sails so far as election propaganda is concerned. There is a lurking fear in the minds of many Leftists that Mr Pratul Chandra Sen and Mr Promode Das Gupta that any time "the big broof might strike". And no doubt that curtails their style.

In the Congress, however, the status quo has not been disturbed despite the attacks mounted against the party and Government leadership in the recent past. The Pradesh Congress executive will finalise the nominations. And contrary to all speculations, the Congress candidates in the State would get full support of the party machinery almost everywhere. The Youth Congress president, Mr Baridbaran Das, has already pledged full support. The Congress party said that for the elections, "the YC will act as an arm of the Congress."

Next week: The impact of the Youth Congress
South: sorting out the mess

THREE days after the announcement of the Lok Sabha polls, every party in Tamil Nadu is uncertain of its plans. The Congress is in a position to attract collaborators, including maybe the Congress (O) and (despite the Janata Party). The DMK appears to be shunned by most parties, at least right now. There are strong reports of ADMK and the CPI will get together. This is not to rule out many interesting developments in the next ten days. Define positions may be taken by the end of the first week of February.

The Congress, which claims to have taken over much of the Congress (O) led by the late Mr. Kamaraj, since his death, has had time to strike root all over the state. But senior Congress leaders admit that the party is yet to get really strong in the State. In public, they may deny it vehemently, but Congress followers do recognise that there is a sort of vertical dichotomy between two groups of leaders in the Tamil Nadu Congress, though of late they have been coming together.

That the DMK is not ruling in Tamil Nadu and the Congress will get support from the Centre, as also the fact that local issues will not figure in the Lok Sabha polls as much as will national policies, seem to be giving confidence to the Congress people.

Another major factor that will have to be decided in the next few days is whether CPI will get isolated in the State. The Congress may not seek CPI help, but the CPI, on its own may decide to support the Congress. At one stage last year, the CPI tried to sell to the public the concept of a joint CPI-ADMK Congress Committee at all district-levels to help the administration. This did not find favour with the Congress or the ADMK. The MGR party has since been divided into two factions. A few able orator-legislators, who resigned recently from the MGR-led party are trying to get even with its erstwhile matinee-idol leader. The ADMK still draws crowds, thanks to MGR, and the breakaway faction has yet to find a footing in many places. The CPI is keen on an understanding with the ADMK, possibly to take advantage of the charisma of the MGR leadership. Some observers believe that MGR may set up candidates on his own for the primary ballot, and ask other parties to support them if they wish so. But MGR seems unlikely to confront the Congress as such.

Mr. Karunanidhi, the DMK leader and former Chief Minister, has said that he will not contest for the Lok Sabha. Two of his former Cabinet colleagues came away from Parliament to be in the State Assembly. Many of the DMK MPs were elected in the DMK storm that swept over the State five years ago. Whether the party will have the same luck now, particularly after the parading of corruption charges against its leadership, is doubted, though there are many who believe politics goes with corruption and there is nothing new about the corruption of the DMK leadership.

Right now, the chances are that there would be a three-cornered contest in several of the Lok Sabha constituencies. An estimate of the organisational strength of each of the parties will show that the DMK’s organisation will suffer for extraneous reasons and, again, the Congress organisation will get support for these reasons. There are some speculations—which seem wild today—that the Congress will get indirect support from the DMK which may even opt not to contest in some areas for this reason, that the MGR-led ADMK may do the same, that the Congress (O) will not be unwilling to go along with the Congress in an indirect way. The truth will take some time to appear.

T. S. SRINIVASAN
Malayalees and booze

It would be quite deceptive to leave Trivandrum with the impression that the only people awake are the bus drivers and the politicians. It is a sleepy capital populated by journalists and Government servants and the inevitable poor, and I have it on good authority that the sleep is only interrupted for occasional processions and rather more frequent drinking bouts. There is little industry, and I use the word in both its senses. The streets are quiet, apart from a faint bustle in the evenings which subsides into a murmur and dies almost as soon as the sun has taken all its light away from the horizon. Trivandrum is a respectable town; it goes to bed early.

The bus drivers, however, do their best to bring life to the city, although the way they drive it might seem as if they were doing their best to introduce some death. The driver I saw at close quarters was the gentleman who took me in a public bus from Trivandrum to Kottayam. He had a typical Kerala moustache; just as there is a Bengali moustache (two pencil-thin lines sloping down from the centre of the nose), there is a Kerala moustache—an untidy curve of hair, semi-circled at the ends, hanging across the lip. He looked competent and professional, and had the air of a man whom age could not worry nor custom stale, etc. He was certainly a very good driver, and I have excellent evidence to vouch for this—namely, I am still alive. Over those beautiful hilly roads, green and peaceful, he swung his bus like an adolescent with a stolen car, braking and turning on those curving roads within inches of suicide. What impressed me most, however, was the calm, almost bored expression on his face after he ended his journey; flirting with death was routine business for him.

Two things stand out on your first visit to Kerala: the coconut trees and the arrack shops. From the sky, the land is an extensive jungle of coconut trees punctuated by small patches of habitation. The greenery of the land has to be seen to be believed. — in the wet season monsoons come anywhere near it. Everything seems to be alive (except, occasionally, the human beings: all the volatile Malayalees have left for West Asia and Bombay, leaving inactive relatives behind).

Judging by the visual evidence, life in Kerala seems to revolve around one major activity: drinking. With so many coconut trees around, toddy and arrack might be considered an inevitable ingredient of the average Malayalee's upbringing. Certainly drinking is not condemned as a vice by Malayalees; liquor is cheap and doubtless contributes much to the general contentment of the race. Along the highways the most frequent sight is a rectangular blackboard proclaiming the existence of an arrack shop, and so frequent and uniform are they that one feels that some enterprising entrepreneur mass-produced them and sold them all over Kerala. A village consists of a few houses, a grocery store, a few tea shops and at least one arrack shop. There may or may not be a church or a temple. A few kilometers away, a road from Kottayam to Cochin is a fairly large hotel called 'Tippy Hotel': this must be considered the ultimate homage to the fine art of drinking.

You can't help but fall in love with them: large, firm breasts, the confidence of beautiful women in their walk. The women returning home in clusters after the day's labour in the fields are as alluring as any in the world. They are proud of their bodies, and hardly modest about showing them off. A piece of cloth ending above the knees, covers their luxurious lower portions, and a blouse, wet with sweat, clinging to their breasts, above. Once upon a time, elders tell us, the women were nude, navel up; elders also tell us, don't they, that our morals are degenerating? Still, there is plenty yet for the voyeur.

The twentieth century, quite perversely, has reduced the well-known power in Malayali society. True, the matrilineal system was prevalent only among the Nairs, but the influence crept into other castes too. Certainly the Malayalee woman was, and still is, more self-confident and assured than her counterpart anywhere else in the country. Her gait, her language are enough to prove this.

The Lord knows, with such attractive women around it is difficult to blame them, but the young (and small in number so young) Malayalee male seems determined to brag about his sexual conquests. Nothing unique in this weakness of course, but the men of coconut-land do seem to concentrate on this pleasant aspect of existence rather more than their brethren elsewhere in the country. If one were to believe them, the proportion of virgins to the female population would be the lowest in the country. No one does not have to believe young men determined to pretend they are stud bulls ready and able to display their powers anytime, anywhere.

Perhaps, a sociologist should study this phenomenon carefully: the distinction between the town and the village in Kerala is as small as one could hope for. Paddy fields begin in the heart of the town; the proximity of a bus station, a bustling town bazaar and a flooded paddy field full of young green shoots across the road is a startling visual to the foreign eye used to different perspectives. No is there anything which can be really described as a rural character. Malayalees are the same everywhere: garrulous, sharp, informed. The sales of reading materials are phenomenal, and every cigarette shop sells some magazine or the other. The average level of awareness is remarkable and the old joke about Malayalees (in many variations) has more than a jot of truth in it: one Malayalee equals a political party; two Malayalees equal a trade union; three Malayalees equal two trade unions; four Malayalees equal two cultural samajams; five Malayalees equal five Malayalees.

M. J. AKBAR
For kicks out of their evenings

THE Srivastavas, Subramaniam, Sens, Senapatis, Sathes and Sangleys have very dull evenings. Not just in metropolis cities but also, I am quite certain, in Barabanki, Bobill, Balisore, Burdwan, Bhowani and Batala.

And what do they have in prospect? There will, almost surely, be more and more picture houses to suck them into an addiction to the never-never world of crooners, big-busted vamps and tear-jerking romance, in a setting of chandeliersed palaces, opulent flats, restaurants with cabaret turns, or villages so pseudo as to make even city-folk squirm. Let me pause to pay tribute to the exceptional films, but they are few.

More radios will be and, if ever the price of a TV set comes down to Rs. 350 or so, more TV in the cities. Both of them now are passive media, encouraging the negative virtue of taking whatever is handed out, with very little positive participation.

In the twenties and thirties, there was a stir to have evening institutions of sorts. The motive force was politics and so gymnasias grew for physical culture; there were places where people gathered to read newspapers. Even the DMK in our time is supposed to have set up a long string of reading rooms throughout Tamil Nadu and Calcutta's election and youth politics move around the mohalla "clubs". Alas, they aren't the kind of "clubs" that have helped young people to anything constructive.

Frankly, I would give the metropolitan cities up. In them the neighbourhood feeling has gone forever. Life is getting more like survival in the jungle and transport a daily hassle. So my thoughts are for the small towns, the Kottayams, Allahabads and Mysores where the bicycle or walking are still the best way to get about.

There I would have evening institutes. For even the most disadvantaged people to get away from the drabness of their homes and have some vision of the more graceful things of life. For people to stop thinking of education as simply cramming for a stamped scrap of paper and regard it instead as a way to enjoy what they read, listen to or talk about.

Women who cook day in day out might warm to their chore if they got to know about food values, different cuisines and the showmanship of serving food. Those who stumble for expression could be taught the principles of public speaking and how to set one's thoughts down simply in writing. From being a background noise music may begin to take some shape in people's consciousness. People might, finding meaning in the many-splendoured heritage from Buddhism to Islam, Hinduism and others that is Indian culture. Complex and accessorised is until some gifted teacher integrates it to a meaningful pattern. I would give two cheers for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan which, in its various centres, done quite a lot to spur interest in Indian culture. Its early books, which looked so like the Pelicans, were excellent.

And why just the things of the mind? How to repair one's radio, how to get one's handkerchief patch of lawn to put on a brave show of flowers; how to forestall illness or nurse the sick in the family to health.

In a tiny country like Switzerland they do wonders with evening classes. Languages, mathematics and physics, anything for which there is a demand by a certain minimum number is taught. We can't go to that length. There simply wouldn't be the facilities or the money. Our very large Swiss cooperative Migro, with a chain of stores throughout the country, maintains the Migro evening schools, diverting a percentage of their revenues every year.

In our towns, too, some support would be needed. Room must be found, community halls or, maybe, schools and colleges which are used only during daytime. Some equipment—overhead projectors, cassette recorders, hi-fi sets. Some books and journals. Teachers would have to be paid an honorarium (there would be those, of course, who taught, not for money but out of a sense of civic commitment like a Swiss friend of mine who taught English). The expenses would be a minute investment when set against the social benefit of rousing the enthusiasm of the people and helping them to harness their energies to increasing their enjoyment of life.

If the community does provide the money and the places I can see, giving imagination and free reign, all sorts of pleasant things. People gathering—and many of them young—to learn doll-making and ceramics. Groups learning how to write Others listening to records and tapes of music, poems and plays and then discussing them. I can see a group discussing the plays of Mohan Rakesh and another the poems of Jibanananda Das. Some people gathering to learn Tamil or Gujarati—languages of other regions, that is. All of them using equipment which they could never hope to own.

I also see radio and TV fully backing up those evening institutions and broadcasting programmes targeted to the special groups. I see correspondence courses growing around them. I see, too, the end of those lack-adical evening and morning classes; endless classes held in ugly building with students sitting passively or slipping away. Eventually I see men and women getting a kick out of their evenings.

CHANCHAL SARKAR
Just old files, of no importance?

There are occasional reports of how some ancient documents have been thoughtlessly destroyed and we all lament such lack of historical awareness. But do we as a nation really care? NAJMUL HASAN takes a look at our archives and says we have never been serious about preserving history for posterity.

DR TARAPADA MUKHERJEE, a teacher at the London School of Oriental and African Studies who is now in India, recently said (SUNDAY, December 12, 1976) that valuable 15th century manuscripts were being used at Vrindavan to light fires. This hardly comes as a surprise. About a year ago, the Director of National Archives Mr S N Prasad, drew attention to the vandalism in the Agra-Mathura region where precious historical documents in private hands were being burnt or stuffed in sacks and dumped in the Yamuna.

It was also about a year ago that Dr C J Dewey of the University of Leicester, U K, discovered that valuable historical documents in private archives of the former princely state of Darbhanga in Bihar had been destroyed or sold as waste paper. He found this while working in the archives for a book on the agrarian history of Bihar.

The Darbhanga archives is considered to be the more important repository of records in Bihar, more important even than the State Archives in Patna. With records dating back to 1575, it might very well be the most valuable collection in private hands. There are masses of Persian documents from the late 18th century onwards and English records starting from 1860.

According to Dr Dewey's assessment, the records provide a mass of systematic data over an exceptionally lengthy period which makes it possible to reconstruct the agrarian history of a large part of North Bihar with astonishing exactness. If the Darbhanga records are all destroyed, a large part of the social history of Mithila will become irretrievable forever.

These examples, along with the now all too familiar story of the mass destruction of official records in Tamil Nadu and Madhya Pradesh, provide unimpeachable testimony to the almost criminal neglect in the management and preservation of historical documents. Mr Prasad has admitted that records are being destroyed without being properly appraised.

An eminent historian, bristling with anger, roared: 'If we cannot preserve records, a wiser thing would be to sell them abroad and earn foreign exchange to build factories.'

The historian's anger is well-founded. Take a look at the state of the Government records both at the Centre and the State. You will be convinced how apathetic officials are. Tied together with strings without any protective covers, they are kept in packing boxes, cupboards or simply dumped in damp basements, corridors, or on shelves in offices. They are rarely ever dusted or protected against insects, fungal attacks or fire.

Though the records of the Central Government are required to be surrendered to the National Archives after 25 years, very little has been given up. The records with the Ministries of Works and Housing, Labour and Employment, Irrigation and Power, Defence and Mines range from 1873, 1871, 1896, 1897 and 1899 to the present day.

Historians have long felt that Government officials treat records simply as old files and disregard their historical and research significance.

The Government's performance in preserving the documents has been far from exemplary. Except for setting up the toothless Historical Records Commission, which has diligently passed resolution after resolution, not much else has been done to ensure the protection management and preservation of records.

The Tara Chand Committee had proposed in 1960 some Central Archival Legislation and an Archival Council to advise and coordinate the management, administration, preservation, disposal and public use of records. The Government did not find this feasible because it required an amendment to the Constitution. And as it has happened many times before, the Committee's report was consigned to the record rooms.

But in 1972, it was ferreted out under pressure from historians and archivists, and its recommendations became the basis for a policy resolution for the preservation of Central Government records. The resolution considered the possibility of a common archival law applicable to the Union and those States.
that agreed to it. It was forwarded to the States for adoption, but the reaction has been poor.

Official records, according to archivists, were being destroyed because there are no statutory rules for setting them. The only existing statute is the Act of 1917 applicable to the High Courts and the Chief Revenue Authorities. A parliamentary committee of subordinate legislation is the 7th Lok Sabha noted that despite the Act of 1917, there was no uniformity in the procedure adopted by the various Ministries and their departments to sift the records. They were following executive instructions issued by the department of personnel and administrative reforms.

The Education Ministry's policy resolution at least has laid down the ground rules for weeding out Central Government records. According to these rules, no records more than 10 years old should be destroyed. It also recommends a two-stage appraisal since 90 per cent of all records are usually worthless. The first review is to be done five years after the records have passed out of use. Those that survive this sifting are to be appraised in their 25th year. The ones selected for preservation should be turned over to the National Archives.

Though the resolution has entrusted the task of sifting of records to trained personnel, no department except the External Affairs has an archivist. Both in the Centre and the States, the record rooms are in the charge of a minor functionary, sometimes even a pæa.

The National Archives, which is expected to house all Central Government records after they are 25 years old, has no room for them. Already, it is bursting at its seams, as it were, with the volume of records it has. There can be hardly any room for more until the proposed extension of the building comes through.

That might take care of the Centre's records but the future of the masses of documents in the States and in private archives remains uncertain.

A year of sell-out

A political commentator has called 1976 "a year of sell-out by Press barons." He has sought to substantiate his charge by naming a number of respected and widely circulated publications which went under the hammer last year. The most important among them were the daily New York Post, the London Sunday newspaper, The Observer and the US weekly, Nation. For decades each of these publications had preached the message of bourgeois liberalism. (The Observer was founded in 1791 and the Post in 1801.) Now these strongholds of liberalism have passed into what man's finger pole to be capitalist hands. The Post was bought by Mr. Ruper Murdoch, a Press tycoon of Anglo-Australian origin. The Observer by Atlantic Richfield, a US oil corporation; and the Nation by Mr. T. Morgan, a multi-millionaire believed to be close to the Rockefellers.

According to the commentator quoted above, one of the reasons why Mr Murdoch acquired the Post was that he had "long been waiting for a time when the cover of a respectable paper would exonerate him of all the guilt connected with the publication of 87 smutty tabloids on three continents." The commentator continues: "Atlantic Richfield clearly saw The Observer as a good opportunity for promoting US interests in West Europe." And Mr Morgan has lent the Nation allegedly "to condition the minds of American intellectuals".

The "year of sell-out" also found Press tycoons in France and West Germany more active than usual. In France, Mr Robert Hersant "built his newspaper and magazine empire as big as the vast Hachette publishing business," Mr Hersant bought Le Figaro and France-Soir, two major newspapers of Paris, as also independent-minded periodicals in the provinces, such as Nord-Normandie. Dozens of smaller newspapers and periodicals, an advertising agency and several printing houses were Mr Hersant's other acquisitions.

Meanwhile, in Italy, the decision to legalise private ownership of radio and television transmitters had caused an acrimonious struggle. Leading industrialists have joined in the struggle to add the media of broadcasting to the newspaper monopolies they already hold.

Vidyarthi Chatterjee
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Defying tradition to get married

ROMANTIC exceptions like “Irma La Douce” apart, the cold-cut reality is that of “Nana”: once a prostitute, always a prostitute.

Branded for life, rarely do—or can—they marry. Those forced into the oldest profession can afford to nourish some hope, however faint, of rehabilitation. But the traditional tawaifs (prostitutes), entangled as they are in the semi-feudal social web, have bleak future. However, some muster courage and defy the tradition. One such rare marriage took place at Ujjain recently.

A 19-year-old beautiful girl, belonging to a family of traditional tawaifs, walked into the central police station at Ujjain and complained that she was being forced into the flesh trade by her mother. “Save me, hujur. I don’t want to become a prostitute. I want to marry... and lead a normal life,” the girl pleaded between sobs.

Her nath utarai, the customary deflowering of prostitutes for which large sums are paid by wealthy patrons, was due to take place after a few days. And, after that, the road of no return... Hence the panic.

“I was perplexed,” the police inspector, Mr. M. S. Parmar, said later. “Well, I am aware of the social responsibility of the police and all that, but to find a husband for a tawaif...”

But, evidently, Shabbi, the girl, had brought along with her a simple solution to her giant of a problem. A man was prepared to own her—thirty-year-old Bhure Khan, a factory worker. It appeared that both knew each other quite well.

The police sent the girl for a quick medical check-up. The doctor certified that she was an adult. The marriage, which took Pinjarawadi, the red light area of the town, by surprise, was solemnized the same evening under the Muslim Personal Act.

Earlier, pressure was sought to be put on the police to release the girl, who could have proved the proverbial goose that laid golden eggs, and restore her to her mother. Offers of a fat bribe were also made indirectly.

After the marriage, the bride’s relatives and their sympathisers the pimp and dadas—approached Bhure Khan. “They even offered me seven thousand rupees for deserting Shabbi,” said Bhure Khan who has a large family to support out of his limited income.

When one meets Shabbi it is easy to understand why her mother and others, who thrive on the income of “fallen” girls, took so much trouble to get her back. She is beautiful and charming—one who could have dominated the flesh market for many years.

Meeting Shabbi, one wonders how this frail girl, looking almost like a child, mustered the courage to defy her family and the social tradition, of which she had been a part since childhood.

She is not educated, barely literate. She studied up to the fourth or fifth standard. “After that my mother made me stay at home and practise singing and dancing. I was in the profession for six to seven years.” Her daily routine was the same as that of any dancing girl in the area. Rijaz (practice) in the morning, playing cards or reading one of those romantic Hindi paperbacks—“my favourite novelist is Renu”—in the afternoon, frequent movies—“Hema Malini is superb” —and the late night sessions of dance, music and Urdu poetry. The only striking thing about Shabbi is that she likes Ghallib. “I know many of his verses by heart.” Perhaps that puts her in a class apart.

And this girl walked into the nearest police station when she came to know that, despite her protests, her mother had decided to put her into the trade and the customary nath utarai was to take place soon. “I took a quick decision. Now or never, I said to myself.”

Shabbi’s petition, recorded by the police, read: The petitioner Shabbi, daughter of Akhtar Bano (father’s name not known), resident of Pinjarawadi, is a dancing girl. She has been in the profession for the last several years under her mother’s guidance. But Akhtar Bano is not content with it, and she wants to put the petitioner into the flesh trade. “The petitioner has been threatened and also beaten up to achieve this end.”

Is Shabbi happy in the new life? “Of course. It was a dog’s life there,” sitting cross-legged on the only bed in her new home, she said with a smile. The couple lives in a one-room tenement in a densely-populated Muslim quarter of the town.

What about the neighbours? “Fortunately, we’ve got a very good neighbourhood. Nothing like social boycott or the sort of thing I would imagine in these circumstances,” said Bhure Khan.

And what about Bhure’s family. Didn’t they object to his marrying a dancing girl? “Initially they grumbled a bit, but then they reconciled themselves. You see, I am the head of the family and support it,” Bhure explained. Besides, since he has taken a separate tenement —there is only one room in the house occupied by his mother and five sisters—the chances of confrontation are reduced.

Bhure earns about Rs. 600 by working as a welder at a local factory. “But the family is large and now I plan to cut down on my cigarettes.”

Shabbi, however, has one worry: her ten-year-old sister, Reshma. What will happen to her?

N. K. SINGH
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"Congratulations to FICCI on their Golden Jubilee"
Pre-election lollipops

KEWAL VARMA analyses the possible impact of economic issues on the coming elections.

HURRAH! There will be elections. What is the economics of the elections? We have already had a foretaste of it. Twenty-four hours before the Prime Minister announced the coming elections, the Labour Minister disclosed a new bonus formula. How was it decided?

On January 17, a Cabinet meeting was due at 4:30 P.M. The bonus issue was not originally in the agenda. The Cabinet Secretary rang up the Labour Secretary and asked him to rush a paper on bonus for the Cabinet meeting. The Labour Secretary had a hurried meeting with the Labour Minister and produced a formula. In their haste and excitement, they completely forgot that so far they had been saying that in a new formula, bonus should be linked with production or productivity, as has been done in the case of steel industry. The new bonus formula is linked with profits.

Hold your breath! This is not the end, but just a beginning, or rebeginning of a populist phase in economic policies. After all, elections are the time when you should be at your best at how to win friends and influence people. What could be a more effective instrument for this than economic policies? There is nothing immoral about it. Democratic ethics permit such conduct. After all, an election budget is an accepted practice in all democratic countries.

What more? Suggestions are most welcome. Why not scrap the CDS and impounding of DA? Well, this is under serious (or active) consideration. One should not forget that the ruling party-controlled INTUC had demanded nationalisation of the remaining commercial banks. If you go by past experience, there is no holds barred in the pursuit of such policies. In the pre-election period last time, banks were nationalised, privatisation was barred, bonus was paid, emoluments of many sections of white-collar and blue-collar employees were increased and taxes on low-income group reduced. Those were the days of real windfalls. And, in those days economic lollipops did work to a great extent. Will they do so this time again?

The behaviour pattern of the electorate is determined by many issues—economic, political, social, national, sectional, etc. Let’s confine ourselves to the impact of economic issues on the voting behaviour. Take the issue of bonus. True, bonus was increased before the last election, but only to be withdrawn later. It has again been returned on the eve of this election. What is the guarantee that it will not be withdrawn after the elections? This is apart from the fact that the minimum bonus amount in a profit-making organisation will be just a negligibly small sum.

The ruling party had a big plus point to its credit on the question of prices. Alas! It has now been robbed of that point to a great extent. When the Emergency was imposed the official wholesale price index (base—1961-62=100) was 312.5 on June 21, 1975. After declining for nine months, the index has been constantly moving up in the last three months—December 25, 1975—315.8—the index was still going up. The only concrete thing done so far is that four days before the decision to hold the election was announced, the Government adopted a new series of price index which depressed the rate of increase in the price rise. Under the old series, the index in the last nine months moved by 11.2 per cent as against 18.1 per cent under the revised series. Will the consumer, whose shoe pins much more at the retail level, be impressed by petty statistical jugglery? In fairness to the Government, it must be said that the volatile nature of inflation was once controlled by it. It is to be seen which will weigh with the voter—past achievement or present failure. It is true that the Government is now taking some desperate steps to check the price rise, but it is, perhaps, already too late, as far as the elections are concerned.

Next to prices, unemployment is an issue which affects a large section of the population. By all accounts, there has been no qualitative deterioration in the unemployment situation, but there has been no improvement either. It has been deteriorating steadily.

Among the many other economic issues which are of vital sectional interest, the poor, the A, B, perhaps, the largest sections of the population is the prices of agricultural commodities which the farmers receive. Practically the entire burden of the negative rate of inflation till March last was borne by the farmer. A rough idea of the fall in the terms of trade of agriculture could be had from the following table which gives the average wholesale price index of important agricultural commodities during the peak of the post-harvest period in the last four years:

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In this period the index of finished industrial products has been moving up steadily. From 173 in April, 1973 to 223 in April, 1974, 241 in April, 1975, and 251 in December, 1976. In addition to comparative deterioration in the terms of trade, the cost of inputs for agriculturals has gone up steeply in this period. It is to be seen how much this is hurting the farmer and how much this point will be articulated during the election.

But it will be the naive to believe that the Government has nothing in its arsenal to put the positive economic side before the electorate. We have a record food production—over 120 million tonnes in 1975-76 though this year it will be less. Industrial production has increased, the supply position of all goods, barring edible oils, has improved. In spite of the price rise there is no general psychology of inflation. There are no strikes. There is absolute industrial discipline. Industrialists are most happy indeed, they have never had it so good. And then there are record food stocks and foreign exchange reserves. Perhaps, the most important thing is that in villages where there has been produced homestead land, there has been an increase in agricultural workers’ wages, there is subsidised credit freedom from moneylenders and some land. It is to be seen how much impact all this has made. It cannot be denied that economic problems will certainly come important election issues and the electorate will be trusted to give its balanced judgment on them.
OLIVIA HUSSEY, who was quite the centre of gravity at the Delhi Festival, attracted a lot of admiration from all around. And not only photographers, who clicked away at her sari-clad figure from every angle, and Presmen, who kept commenting that she has been wearing the sari for about four years now, having become a disciple of Swami Muktananda of Ganeshpuri. The Swami has caught on well with the West during his long world tour which ended just a few weeks ago: He had even made it to the Time 'People' column. So he was the real reason Olivia came down to Bombay after her Delhi stay. Not Chintu or even Shashi Kapoor, who was also affected by her gravitational pull!

TALKING OF Babus reminds me, Manoj Kumar has completed a film on the Sai Baba of Shirdi. It is to be released soon and after that both Manoj and his star, Dalvi (a Gujarati stage actor), who plays Baba in the film, expect to be superstars in their own right. At least this will keep Manoj in the film-making trade, the same Manoj who had once announced that he would not be able to make films of his own choice any more and so remained still, brooding. A brand-new type of film is about to be launched, and chances are that it is going to set a new trend.

THE YOUNG newcomer, Vijayendra, knows exactly how things go. The success of "Chitchor", in which he had a parallel role with the hero, Amol, has set the ball rolling for him. He was commenting on the trend of hitching up with a female star just for the publicity it can get a male hero, thereby increasing his attraction value at the box-office. He thinks it is the most unoriginal gimmick, having been used for too long a time. So now we know the real object behind all those "affairs" the stars keep having with one another! Just a gimmick to get into the gossip columns and the public eye!

TALKING of hitching, there is one hitch-up which has certainly not been directed at publicity—in fact, it is not even much known as yet. And that is Deb Mukherji's link-up with the second daughter of producer-director H. S. Rawail. Deb had shown some promise at the beginning of his acting career, but has now eased off into wanting to make his own films like elder brother Joy, and indeed like their father S. Mukherji. So till his new career gets off to a good start, their "thing" will continue to be clandestine.

THE NEW starlet discovered by the Navketan unit, Jyoti Bakshi, who was Dev Anand's second heroine in "Bullet", is turning out to be a good talent. She has a lot of grit—brought on, she says, by a very unhappy childhood, and she is determined to make a big name for herself. She has an attractive face, and now a figure to match—after that hectic slimming course she put in to shed her puppy fat. She lives with this boy-friend of hers and his folks are so good, she says, that they have never questioned why she stays there and not with her father. And now, after all the years of neglect by her parents when she needed them as a child, they are suddenly calling her over for lunch or dinner! When I used to cry into my pillow every night about having no one to see me at boarding-school, nobody ever cared about me. Now my father notices me, my mother sends out feelers to me. Why should I go to them?" One thought it only happens in films stories. But apparently it also happens in real life—and to people who have come into films and are acting!

THE FILMWALLAS are not going to like this—but I can't help remarking that a long stay in hospital seems to have done at least two people a lot of good. One is Sanjeev Kumar, who came out looking younger, shaved off his frizzy, thinning hair in an attempt to encourage better growth, and used the treatment which helped him melt off those pounds—which were fast making him look what Gulzar makes him on screen, a grandfather! His face looks the better for the reduced weight and the Nepali cap cocked at a jaunty angle, gives him a nice, overhaulred look. Number two is another good actor, Amjad Khan, who has come out of hospital looking younger and trimmer than before. He wasn't old but his bulk somehow put on years to his face. Now he sports a moustache, which makes him look better. He has started working and the producers who were once worried about him are sleeping well again!

VIJAYA IRANI
Everest defeated!

By 1975, Mt. Everest had been climbed many times but never via the South West Face. In the autumn of that year Christian Bonington, better known as just Chris, led an expedition that did succeed in doing this. The men to reach the top were DOUGAL HASTON and DOUG SCOTT. Chris has now written a book, Everest the Hard Way (published in India by Vikas Publishing House; price Rs. 100) which gives almost an hour-by-hour account of the expedition’s progress. Last week we published Haston’s and Scott’s memories of how they neared the summit. This week they reach the top. What was the feeling like?

ONE LEG IN NEPAL, THE OTHER IN TIBET

DS: As I delayed Dougal up the Hillary Step it gradually dawned upon me that we were going to reach the summit of Big E. I took another photograph of Dougal and wound on the film to find that it was finished. I didn’t think I had any more film in my rucksack, for I had left film and spare gloves with the bivy sheet and stove at the South Summit. I took off my oxygen mask and rucksack and put them on the ridge in front of me. I sat astride it, one leg in Nepal and the other in Tibet. I hoped Dougal’s steps would hold, for I could think of no other place to put his rope than between my teeth as I rummaged around in my sack. I found a cassette of colour film, that had somehow got left behind several days before. The cold was intense and the brittle film kept breaking off. The wind was strong and blew the snow Dougal was sending down the Nepalese side right back into the air and out over into Tibet. I fitted the film into the camera and followed him up. This was the place where Ed Hillary had chimneyped his way up the crevasse between the rock and the ice. Now with all the monsoon snow on the mountain it was well banked up, but with snow the consistency of sugar it looked decidedly difficult.

A wide whaleback ridge ran up the last 300 yards. It was just a matter of trail breaking. Sometimes the crust would hold for a few steps and then suddenly we would be stumbling around as it broke through to our knees. All the way along we were fully aware of the enormous monsoon cornices, overhanging the 10,000-foot East Face of Everest. We therefore kept well to the left.

It was whilst trail breaking on this last section that I noticed my mind seemed to be operating in two parts, one external to my head. In my head I referred to the external part somewhere over my left shoulder. I rationalized the situation with it, making reference to it about not going too far right in the area of the cornice, and it would urge me to keep well to the left. Whenever I stumbled through the crust it suggested that “I slow down and pick my way through more carefully.” In general it seemed to give me confidence and seemed such a natural phenomenon that I hardly gave it a second thought at the time. Dougal took over the trail breaking and headed up the final slope to the top—and a red flag flying there. The snow improved and he slackened his pace to let me come alongside. We then walked up side by side the last few paces to the top, arriving there together.

All the world lay before us. That summit was everything and more than what a summit should be. My usually reticent partner became expansive. His face broke out into a broad happy smile and we stood there hugging each other and thumping each other’s backs. The implications of reaching the highest mountain in the world surely had some bearings on help but look at it, we are through, I’m sure they did it once, but I can’t say that it was that strong. I can’t say either that I felt any relief that the struggle was over. In fact, in some ways it seemed a shame that it was, for we had been fully programmed and now we had to stop and go back to normal. But not cold, for the view was so staggering, the disappearing sun so full of colour that the setting held us in awe. I was absorbed by the brown hills of Tibet. They only looked like hills from our lofty summit. They were really high mountains, 24,000 feet high, but with hardly any snow to indicate their importance. I could see silver threads of rivers meandering down between them, flowing north and west to bigger rivers which might have included the Tsangpo. Towards the east Kangchenjunga caught the setting sun, although around to the south clouds boiled down in the Nepalese valleys and far down behind a vast front of black cloud was advancing towards us from the plains of India. It flickered lightning ominously. There was no rush though. It would be a long time coming over Everest—time to pick out the north side route—the Rongphu Glacier, the East Rongphu Glacier and Changtse in between. There was the North Col, and the place Odell was standing at when he last saw Mallory and Irvine climbing up towards him. Wonder if they made it? Their route was hidden by the convex slope—no sign of them, edge out a bit further—nothing. Not with all the monsoon snow, my external mind pointed out.

"TAKE A SNAP FOR MY MOTHER"

The only sign of anyone was the flag, it was some time before I got round to looking at it. It was an unwelcome intrusion and there had been more to do than look at manmade objects. Still, you couldn’t help but look at it, seeing how it was a tripod and pole nearly five feet high with a string of red ribbons attached to the top. Take a photograph. Ah yes! Dougal ought to get some of me. He hadn’t taken a single photograph on the whole trip. "Here, young bloke. Take a snap for my mother." I passed him my camera. “Better take another one, your glove’s in front of the lens. Now a black and white one.” He’s never been keen on photography, but he obliged.

DH: We were sampling a unique moment in our lives. Down and over into the brown plains of Tibet a purple shadow of Everest was projected for
what must have been something like 200 miles. On
these north and east sides there was a sense of
wildness and remoteness, almost untouched by
Miraculous events seemed to be taking place in the
region of the sun. One moment it seemed to dip
behind a cloud layer lying a little above the horizon.
Eventually the cloud dropped faster than the sun
and out it came again. Three
times in all. I began to feel like Saul on the road to
Tarsus. More materially, right in front of me was
an aluminium survey pole with a strip of red canvas
attached. The Japanese ladies in the spring hadn't
mentioned leaving or seeing anything. Puzzlement
for a moment. Then the only answer. There had
been a Chinese ascent of the North East Ridge

The food they ate

It is normal on major expeditions for one man
from the team to be in overall charge of food.
This job involves not just overlooking the food re-
quirements on the expedition itself, but planning
out the entire schedule according to the var-
iations in needs and restrictions, getting the foodstuffs
from the suppliers, having them packed and eventually
transported to a place from where the expedition's
own members and porters would be able to carry it.

Mike Thompson, who "did" the food on the British
Everest expedition of '75, comments that apart
from the fact that the food must cater to the tastes
of so many different individuals plus a lot of sherpas
whose food habits are quite distinct—it had to be
largely non-perishable, within the stipulated weight
restrictions (the most important factor), and bearing
in mind that cooking facilities would be primitive.

Thompson started off by making an outline of a
day's eating routine. First ascertain whether any
member of the team had any particular dislike:
Breakfast—Tea, porridge, brown sugar, milk, bisco-
ales, margarine, honey. Daytime—Chocolate, spange-
les, nuts and raisins, a brew of hot fruit juice (plus
something more substantial, like tomato soup and
digestive biscuits, if staying in camp). Evening—
Tea, Irish stew, mashed potatoes, peas, Christmas
pudding and cream, coffee, whisky, chocolate.

Then, according to the differences in camp size,
cooking arrangements and access to fresh and local
food, separate types of ration packs were made up
for use in the base camp, on the approach, at ad-

camp, and on the Face. Estimating the number
of man-days above Camp 2, between base camp
and Camp 2, and at base camp and below, Thomp-
son multiplied these figures by the weights of
food allowed per man-day at different altitudes, and
divided the result by the load weights at the differ-
ent altitudes. This had enabled him to get a good
idea of how much food had to be taken—480 boxes
totalling about 11 tons.

Thompson's shopping list (totalling 149 items)
had involved supplies from 58 separate agencies.
Once the purchases—some items were gifted to the
expedition—had been completed, they were packed
(keeping in view the different climatic conditions
they must go through: monsoon, humid, then
cold) and transported overland to Kathmandu. The
boxes, wrapped in tough bitumen sandwich paper,
were colour-coded: green tape for the base camp,
red for the Face, yellow for the period in between.
Then, there was no chance of more favoured stuff
being consumed by those in the lower camps. Apart
from, the food boxes some "Kitchen" boxes were
also made up—containing items such as cooking oil,
curry powder, baking powder and dried garlics

claimed, just after the Japanese ascent. Some
doubt, however, had been cast on the validity of this,
due to the summit pictures lacking the detail asso-
ciated with previous summit shots. It was good to
have the ultimate proof in front of us. Having to
play the doubt game in climbing is never a pleasant
experience.

Slowly creeping into the euphoria came one very
insistent thought as the sun finally won its race with the clouds and slid over the edge. The thought? Well, we were after all on the top of the world but it was still a long way back to Camp 6 and it was going to be dark very soon and then what would we do? We knew we could get back to the South Summit in the dark. On the other hand, it had been a very bright moon and it seemed reasonable to assume we could retrace our steps down the Face if this came out. If it didn’t, as a last resort we could bivouac. That, after all, was the reason for bringing the tent sac. I’d always reckoned a bivouac possible at such altitude, but that doesn’t mean to say I looked upon the project with a great degree of enthusiasm. We finally turned our backs to the summit and set off down.

Our tracks were already freezing up, making the going reasonable. An abseil got rid of the Hillary Step with the rope left in place. Moving together we were soon back at our little cave. Much cloud activity didn’t bode well for the appearance of a moon. The oxygen cylinders dribbled out their last drops of usefulness and became mere burdens. Standing vaguely waiting for some light to happen, it was good to take off the tanks and mask. Lighter feeling but iced and headed. Suddenly, as it rousted over, the choices were gradually cut down. We decided we had a look at the possibility of a descent in the dark, knowing the up-trail to be deep and maybe now frozen, but a tentative fifty-foot rope on the South side of the ridge into the long night wind with finger and toes going solid. Finally slammed all the alternative choices to a bivouac out of mind. Dropping back to the sheltered side I told Doug the news. There was nothing really to say. He started enlarging the hole.

**NIGHT IN A SNOW CAVE**

**DS:** Dougal melted snow on the stove once again whilst I continued digging into the hillside. After we had had a few sips of warm water, Doug joined me and we quickly enlarged the snow cave, digging away with our ice axes, pushing the loose snow out through the entrance. By nine o’clock it was big enough to lie down in. We pushed out more snow against the entrance and reduced it to a low-level row slit. We were now out of the wind, which was fortunate, as already our oxygen bottles were empty, or our sets had refused to function. The little stove, too, was soon used up. So there we lay on top of our quilts and the hillside, and all the time we had had more thought to the possibility of bivouacking, for we had no food and no sleeping bags. I was wearing only the clothes that I had climbed up in, a silk vest, a wool jumper, a nylon pile suit and my wind suit. I don’t think we were ever worried about surviving for we had read of other climbers who had spent the night out on Everest without much gear, although lower down. However, they had all subsequently had some fingers and toes cut off. What worried us was the quality of survival and we brought all the strength of our dulled listless minds to bear upon it. I shivered uncontrollably and took off my gloves, boots and socks to rub life back into my extremities for hours at a time. We were so wrapped up in our own personal miseries that we heard nothing of the hillside. Doug unzipped the front of his duvet suit and kindly allowed me to put my bare left foot under his right arm pit and my other at his crutch which seemed to help. Without oxygen there didn’t seem to be any internal heat, but I gathered, so I pulled up and rubbed my fingers and toes. This was no time for sleep. It needed the utmost vigilance to concentrate on survival, keeping my boots upright out of the snow, keeping the snow off my bare hands and feet, warming my socks against my stomach, keeping my head from brushing snow off the roof of the cave.

The temperature was probably 30° centigrade. It was so cold that at first when I left a sock on my rucksack the foot of the sock went as stiff as a board. Most of the night I dug away at the cave just to keep warm, hacking away at the back with the ice axe into the hard snow and pushing it out through the doorways. By the dawn it was to be big enough to sleep five people lying down.

Our minds started to wander with the stress and the lack of sleep and oxygen. Doug quite clearly spoke out to Dave Clarke. He had quite a long and involved conversation with him. I found myself talking to my feet. I personalised them to such an extent that they were two separate beings needing help. The left one was very slow to warm up and, after conversations with the right one, we decided I had better concentrate on warming it hard. And all the time my external mind was putting its spoke in as well.

**DH:** I was locked in suffering silence except for the occasional quiet conversation with Dave Clarke. Hallucination or dream? It seemed comforting and occasionally directed my mind away from the cold. That stopped and then it was a retreat so far into silence that I seemed to be going to sleep. Shaking awake, I decided to stay this time. I heard too many tales of people in survival situations falling asleep and not waking up. It seemed as if we’d both come to this conclusion and Doug’s incoherent speech served to keep both awake. There was no escaping the fact that every minute, every second, every breath, every pulse, feet in each other’s armpits, rubbing moving around the hole constantly, exercising arms. Just no way to catch a vestige of warmth. But during all this the hours were passing. I don’t think anything we did was very rational, just that night was very rational we planned. Suffering from lack of oxygen, cold, tiredness but with a terrible will to get through the night, all our survival instincts came right up front. These and our wills saw the night to a successful end.

First light came and we were able to start the process of preparing for downward movement. Checks showed an ability to stand up and move. Extremities had slight numbness, but no frostbite. Kidney pain was lacking us in an almost bent-in-two position. Boots were difficult to get on. I gave up my frozen inner boots and used duvet boots as a replacement. The sun came up, but with no hope of getting any warmth to our bodies. Movement was very slow, and the hillside was not very promising, so we said adieu to Tibet and starting off back down the Face. The warmth of movement was almost orgasmic in its intensity as the blood started recirculating. Aware of the possibilities of lack of oxygen, hallucinations, and their potentially dire effects we kept a wary eye on each other as we delayed down the first few pitches.

**DS:** We had not slept or eaten for nearly thirty hours, we had actually spent the night out in Chaos, and we had done it at 28,700 feet without oxygen. Eventually we made the fixed rope and at 9 a.m. fell into our sleeping bags at Camp 6. I put the stove on and looked around for something to eat and came across the radio. We had been so absorbed in surviving the night and the descent that at times it had all seemed so much like a dream, just the two of us and no one else in the world to share the cold swirling snow. The radio brought us back to reality, it crackled into life. Answering voices—Chris concerned, relieved, so I must have made it. On a good voice I thought, don’t want to sound slurred, although I felt it. “No, I don’t think we are frost bitten,” I said, for by then our fingers and toes were tingling.

The quality of survival had been good.
Fifteen days in Vietnam

In the second of a series of two articles, HARISH CHANDOLA describes the role of the army in the country's reconstruction. The author, who spent a fortnight in Vietnam recently, also describes how Saigon was captured in April 1975.

THE ARMY IN PEACE

NOW that the war is over, Vietnam's large and technologically advanced army is engaged in tasks of production which need skill and speed. I visited Mau Khe, in the northern coal-rich Quang Ninh province, where a whole army brigade, the 25th Engineering Brigade, is now engaged in building large tunnels and shafts into mountains to reach coal beds. Quang Ninh coal is famous and, during the war, the southern zone used to buy it from Japan, which in turn had bought it from the north.

It was a bitterly cold morning when we arrived in Mau Khe, after a long journey from Hanoi, with a ferry crossing in between where the force of wind was that of a gale. Our teeth chattered when we met Hoang Cong Quy, the Political Commissar, and Tran Quang Duc, the acting commander of the brigade. They had constructed long barack-like buildings for the brigade headquarters. We entered a small room where various drawings and charts were hung, but the wind kept bashing its head against it.

We were told that the slogan there was: “Fatherland needs coal like a child needs mother’s milk.” After the end of the war in April, the brigade arrived in Mau Khe on May 15, 1975. It had never done mining work before. It began by building houses for itself and studied the task given of building two main approach tunnels leading to coal beds.

Normally it would take two or three years to study the project and build accommodation for those who would work on it. But the brigade built its accommodation and simultaneously finished studying the project in two months only. It adopted the same tactics that it used in the war. Study the enemy forces, draw up plans and deploy your own forces in a manner as to win victory quickly. Initially, the soldiers lived in tents, and studied the task of mining. Normally, it takes eight months to a year to train workers in elementary mining skills. The soldiers learnt them while actually working.

The hill into which they were digging was 464 metres high. They were digging tunnels from two different sides of it, to meet somewhere midway. The mouth of one of the tunnels was about a kilometre from headquarters. The tunnel was six metres wide and 365 metres high. It was being built with stone masonry. 45 centimetres thick. Its entrance of off-white limestone, looked mysterious,
Outside the main tunnel of the Min Khe coal mines: The nation needs coal like a child needs mother's milk.

hinting of hidden and buried treasure. I asked the commander why reinforced cement concrete was not being used for building the tunnel and wondered if the masonry work would support the weight and pressure on the tunnel. The commander said reinforced cement concrete was expensive and they must learn to work economically and make full and effective use of the raw materials of the country. The limestone and a special yellow sand from a stream 10 kilometres away, which they were using for the construction of the tunnel, had been examined and tested in the laboratories of the State Commission for Science and Technology, and had been found safe. The masonry work would last at least a hundred years.

Inside, in the womb of the earth it was warm and comfortable. Lights from our helmets lit up puddles of water as we went along the rail track of the electric wagon train. Masonry work in the tunnel had been partially completed. Beyond the point where the masonry finished, the unit was drilling with enormous pneumatic drills, held in position by whole teams. They had reached a coal bed, but were going through it to continue the main tunnel to other coal beds inside the mountain. The actual task of taking out coal by digging laterally would start later, after the main access tunnels had been built.

The mining skill of the men had greatly improved during the year. They studied mining skills and worked at the same time. A year ago, when they started work, they could dig to a depth of only three to four metres a month. Now, they could extend the tunnel by 24 metres a month. If there were no earthslides or coalslides, which greatly hampered progress, they could even complete 30 metres a month.

The other tunnel entering the other side of the mountain, being built at a steep, sloping angle, had been completed to a depth of 200 metres. Work there was more difficult because the going out earth and rock could not be excavated with the help of electric rail wagons. A system of rollers and pulleys was being used for that purpose.

The soldiers worked 24 hours a day in three shifts of eight hours each. According to the State Plan the work on the main tunnels was to be completed in seven years—from June 1975 to June 1982. But the Ministry of Defence had asked the brigade to try to complete it in five years, and the brigade was confident that it would be able to do so.

VIETNAM’S army engineers have a long record of receiving honours from their leaders for their role in the war of resistance against the French. President Ho Chi Minh had in 1958 presented them with a flag, with the words: “Opening the Road to Victory.” The engineers considered it a great honour. The Political Commissar of the 25th Engineering Brigade, Hoang Cong Quy told me that they considered the flag not only as a great gift but also an order they must fulfill. And they did.

During the war the service was modernised and the skills of its men improved. Though it was a highly technical and scientifically advanced service, its members in their everyday behaviour were as simple as the farmers of their country. All of them wore the same kind of cotton uniforms and, but for their age, it was impossible to tell who was a soldier and who an officer. Only on ceremonial occasions did they wear ranks.

At midday the three of us who had come from Hanoi ate the lunch we had brought and 200 kgs of bread the brigade commander, the political commissar and other officers who were with us went to a different room to eat their lunch. Because theirs was a frugal meal of boiled rice, vegetables and a little bit of meat, they were shy of bringing it before a guest from a foreign land. They didn’t however bring out the special biscuits, known in the country as “soldiers’ cakes” made of powdered soybeans and various other dried, nutritious foods, which were their field-rations and one of their leading elements, lunched after taking Thien’s “Independence Palace” in Saigon on April 30, 1975. I found them very dry, but to have been served with them was an honour.

The brigade, now building tunnels to reach coal beds, had fought in both the resistance wars, against the French and the US. Many of its men had their sons in the army now, and some even had grandsons in it. The political commissar, who had fought as a soldier and whose son was now in the army, told me that during the war fathers and sons often met each other while taking part in the same battle and sometimes shared the same trench.

Now, all the engineering units of the army are engaged in economic projects, like building factories, roads, highways, bridges, the reunification railway from north to south, the large Da river power plant, state farms, exploitation of timber, etc. The salaries and benefits remain the same. They are participating in the task given to the entire people: to make the fatherland self-sufficient and build socialism.

Even while they were fighting, all the army units, including those on the battlefield, had to be self-sufficient in food, vegetables and meat for periods of three to six months in a year. Thus they had to produce eight kilograms of meat and 200 kgs of vegetables a year for each soldier. Since it was not possible to grow food on the battlefield, some men from the fighting units had periodically to go to the
rear area to open up new land for rice cultivation and freed animals to ensure their food supplies. Often those who fought during the day participated in front production for them. They would fill up large terraces with earth and plant rice seedlings on them in a single night.

They did that every now and then. If they were in a difficult and bitter terrain, they would plant mountain, they sent their men to clear the vegetation. Men of the brigade worked in teams in digging the tunnels, and each team had its own target. If five men of a team had been sent back for farming, the remaining 25 or so that it had to fulfill the target was fulfilled. It made another agriculture or construction work.

The 25 Brigade was raising 40 cows. But there was no place for them in the mountains where they were working, and therefore the cow, had to be kept at a place 30 kilometers away where fodder was available, and some men had to be sent to look after them. Now they had been brought to where the brigade was because it was possible to raise fodder for them.

The brigade was also raising fish in a lake nearby, which it had enlarged. It had placed in it 20,000 fish larvae. Thus the brigade was ensuring not merely that they would be self-sufficient in food for a few months a year but that they would also have a better variety of food.

THE ARMY IN WAR

On arrival in Hanoi I had asked my friends there about a friend, Mr. Le Cong Phung, and his father, a veteran of Dien Bien Phu. I was told that Mr. Le Cong Phung was now in London, but his father had become a martyr in the battles for the liberation of the south in 1975. The news jarred me and I had an inkling of the great price the people in the north had paid in supporting the struggle in the south. President Ho Chi Minh had said that in Vietnam every family had lost a dear one in the war.

But Western journalists who were in the south during the final phase of the liberation campaign in the first five months of 1975, had given the simplistic impression that the campaign was a walkover for the Vietnam People's Army (VPA). Historically, that's not true.

By January 1975, it had become clear that the US and the Thieu regime were not prepared to abide by the Paris Agreements of 1973 and wanted to continue the "Vietnamization war" aimed at conquering the whole of South Vietnam. In such circumstances the Standing Committee of the Military Commission of the Vietnam Workers' Party decided on January 9, 1975, and decided that it had no alternative but to carry on the revolutionary war and liberate the south.

Gen. Van Tien Dung, Chief of the General Staff of the Vietnam People's Army (VPA), was then appointed by the Political Bureau of the Vietnam Workers' Party as the Commander of the South Vietnam Central Highlands Front. A lot of thinking and planning went into the final battle of 1975. Great care was taken to ensure that, while Thieu's troops were defeated, the people did not suffer much. The emphasis was on paralysing the nerve centres of the Thieu army and administration. How this policy was followed is best illustrated by the battle for Saigon.

After the victory in the central highlands in mid-April 1975 the Political Bureau of the Vietnam Workers' Party instructed Gen. Van Tien Dung that Saigon should be taken before the monsoon set in May. The two biggest problems were the methods to be used and the targets to destroy. Almost four million people lived in the Saigon-Gia Dinh area. The question was how to liberate this thickly populated city without causing great loss of life and property? And then, how to bring life back to normal afterwards? There was also the question of saving the lives of as many as possible of Thieu's soldiers, because President Ho Chi Minh had said that they too were children of Vietnam. They had gone astray and should be pardoned as soon as they realised their mistakes.

The problem before the Vietnam People's Army (VPA) was to totally defeat the Thieu's big army, while at the same time saving the lives of its rank-and-file. The time of attack, methods of combat, selection of targets—the liquidation of which would cripple immediately the nerve centres of Thieu's administration, and the speed of action were therefore very important.

The VPA settled for five targets: in Saigon-Gia Dinh, the biggest and the most heavily defended city. These targets were the "Independence Palace", Thieu's General Headquarters, the Special Sector Command, the Police Headquarters and Tan Son Nhat airport. These were the most important military and administrative centres of the puppet regime.

If these vital positions were hit, the puppet army and administration would be deprived of leadership and their defence would fall to pieces. Moreover, this was the only way the VPA could avoid civilian casualties and hope to spare from ruin many economic and cultural establishments and public facilities.

Another problem cropped up: how to cope with the five enemy divisions deployed face-to-face with
the VPA units just outside Saigon? Their plan was to hold off the VPA forces and, this failing, to withdraw gradually into Saigon for a "last-ditch" battle in the city.

After a careful study of the general picture of the battle theatre the Operational Command came to the following decision: "To use separate forces moving in from different directions to engage the five enemy divisions separately, pin them down, and immobilize them on the spot, without letting them retreat into Saigon. Simultaneously the bulk of the VPA forces would move in with great speed taking the various enemy defence positions adjacent to the city in order to clear the way for strong motorized shock forces to dash through the main approaches into Saigon and there to occupy the chosen targets. These motorized shock forces would be assisted by special force units, armed security forces, homeguards, and the various political forces within the city—who would occupy the bridges and positions necessary for the advance of the regular forces. These support forces would take a direct part in the suppression of reactionary elements and in rousing the population. The artillery would concentrate its fire power on big military targets including Tan Son Nhut airport and the puppet General Headquarters. The Air Force would be called in, if necessary, to neutralize the last enemy resistance at the airport. Missile units and anti-aircraft batteries would be at the ready in case of attempted enemy air reprisals."

On April 25, Hoang Ngoc Dieu, Air Defence and Air Force Deputy-Commander reported that all enemy airfields in areas from Thanh Son (Phan Rang) northwards had been taken over and that the pilots and mechanics from the north had in a short time managed to man and maintain captured enemy A-37 planes. The VPA hit upon the idea of using enemy aircraft manned by its pilots to strike at Tan Son Nhut airport.

According to the blue-print already agreed upon, all attack prongs were to go into action simultaneously early on the morning of April 27 and to edge closer to Saigon. From April 28, simultaneous attacks were to be made on Saigon city itself.

On the night of April 26 and throughout April 27, Gen. Dung was engaged in closely following and directing the activity of the eastern columns while simultaneously urging the northern and northwestern columns to concentrate their fire power on the enemy gun emplacements. Meanwhile on the southwestern front, the striking force was chiefly concerned with moving tanks and 130-mm guns across the Vam Co river in order to cut off Route 4 from Saigon.

On the night of April 28, after analysing the general situation, the Operational Command of the VPA observed that the enemy had seriously panicked and their command was in disarray. Cao Van Vien, Chief of the General Staff of Thieu's army, had abandoned his post and fled, while the command of the puppet Third Corps Area headquartered in Bien Hoa had gradually disintegrated. Thus, in the first two days and nights of the campaign, all columns of the striking force succeeded in achieving their goals as planned. Consequently, the Operation Command gave the go-signal for the general offensive on all fronts on the morning of April 29 to press into Saigon.

At 5 a.m. on April 29 all the VPA columns simultaneously opened up. On April 30 VPA's First Army Corps occupied the puppet General Staff H.Q. and the compounds of the different commands. The Third Army Corps had taken Tan Son Nhut airport. The Fourth Army Corps seized the puppet Ministry of National Defence, Bach Dang quay and the radio station Unit 233 seized the Special Capital Sector and the Police General Directorate. The Second Army Corps occupied the "Independence Palace", and that completed the liberation of Saigon.
Crass stupidity, patent illogic

POST-partition Bengal: A refugee family—a middle-aged couple and their daughter—have been forced to exist in a squalid tenement. The daughter, who has a yen for dancing, despises her surroundings and her parents' meek submission to poverty. The lure of footlights, of the rhythm of the ghungroo and the tabla slowly turn into an obsession. But opportunities are hard to come by. Then something unexpected happens: A young Calcuttan sees her dancing, and love-at-first-sight, seeks out the parents and proposes marriage. The girl, stunned at first, is indignant. Marriage, and that to a petty clerk, is stupefying—a sniffing-out of all her artistic ambitions! But social and economic pressures prevail and they are married.

The film now traces first their incompatibility, then their growing estrangement, chiefly because of the wife's essentially bhetim nature and through the not-so-subtle machinations of a brash-crude friend of the husband. The young man uses the wife not so much as a sex object as a possible money-making device—which is exactly what she becomes in no time. Matters come to head when the friend, pushed by hunger and desperation, leaves their house and declares that he will not return until they have left him in the street.

The rest of the film is a record of the drama that such a situation invariably generates, and a denouement that has to be seen to be believed.

Dulal Guha's *Do Anjane* is, within limits, a good, unassuming film, despite its all-too-obvious weaknesses: the unreality of the milieu of the lower middle-class life in Calcutta, a questionable story line, lack of living inter-relationships of character (especially towards the end), and the simplistic attitude that the film takes towards the perennial problem of the need—or otherwise—for an identity of the self in married life.

However, director Guha does manage to tell the story with some verve. The first half of the film, up to where Amit is pushed out of the train, has been structured and hand-led with reasonable competence and if the feeling it draws on seems somewhat confused it is a confusion recognizably our own and of our times. It is certainly a measure of Guha's directorial success that even without some of the standard ingredients of a Hindi film, he manages to reach—and touch—some responsive chords in the audience.

The real trouble, however, lies elsewhere. Director Guha and screenwriter Nabendu Ghosh don't know much about the psychological complexities of human motivation, and where the upheavals in the relations between the sexes are likely to take the characters. So the film ends with a revision to what they profess to know best—melodrama and a tacked-on, utterly silly scene of happy reunion.

I have yet to see a final scene so wholly unrelated to what has gone before or one, for that matter, which hits the unsuspecting viewer so hard—with its crass stupidity and patent illogic: a tearful Rekha leaves Bagdogra airport reconciled to her husband and son, weary and lonesome—only to find them, plus Amit's adopted parents, waiting for her in her Calcutta home!

Amitabh in *Anand* showed both talent and personality and that rare thing in an Indian actor—the ability to underact. Since then he has allowed his self to atrophy. In *Do Anjane* he starts excitingly—understandably: it's a pleasure to see him in the drunken episodes, where his pont-out resentments against his wife and his friend surface with just the right shades of barely concealed hostility, sarcasm and self-pity. But as he goes on, the finer points get blurred in the latter half of the film. Amit has everything to be a fine actor except what斯坦的 Kaufmann calls 'a central insistent artistic intelligence' —or perhaps it's just a lack of continuing growth. What he needs is a director who can help him, and Dulal Guha is not the man—not in this film, at any rate.

*Do Anjane* is not a mature, adult film. It is far too seriously flawed, far too lightweight to be so. But it is that rare thing from Bombay—a commercial Hindi 'entertainment' which at the same time bears the mark of its maker's attempt to do something modestly decent within the established conventions, without being arty or off-beat.

GAUTAM KUNDU
All about cricket

The cricket season seems to have brought forth almost a plethora of books on the game, and quite the most ambitious project among these is CRICKET : THE INDIAN WAY (Rupa & Co., Rs 30, 128 pp.), edited by the veteran sports journalist, Mr. Kakali Bhattacharya (Arb.)

The book, whose compilation took over a decade, comprises 23 essays on various aspects of Indian cricket ranging from articles by former Test stars like Vijay Merchant (who writes on Indian cricket abroad), Vijay Hazare and others, to “specialist” items by Santosh Ganguly on the laws, Bansi Srinivasan on the Eden Gardens, and so on. By the way, Berry Sabhadihaktya on “India’s cricket set-up”.

The book is rather expensive for its size, and I cannot really call it an attractive production. Once this has been said, however, one must admit that the book is definitely useful. Dedicated to C K Nair, whose piece on the spirit of the game starts off the book, the issue succeeds in giving a fair idea of the vistas of Indian cricket.

Frank Worrell, The Career of a Great Cricketer (Rupa, Rs. 18, 146 pp.) by Emyl Eyston, describes the career of the Barbadian who was finally awarded the Order of Merit in 1963 and who died of a brain tumor in 1974. The book has been reviewed by Emyl Eyston, the great Test cricketer’s former captain, and by the man who wrote the Foreword—Lord "Learie" Constantine—having passed away.

Rakhal Bhattacharya has written rather a long preface for Indian readers, but it is Mr. Eyston's style and his rendering of Worrell's life and times is above the ordinary. Sir Frank's four Indian visits made him a popular figure in this country, and this probably prompted the publishers to bring out this edition. The book was written before the end of Worrell's Test career, and his last, triumphant tour of England in 1963 is dealt with very briefly.

Rupa have also brought out a paperback edition of Al's CRICKET DELIGHTFUL (Rs. 10, 272 pp.) and Vijay Hazare's CRICKET REPLAYED (Rs. 10, 157 pp.), which they had earlier published in hardcover volumes. Though Hazare's book won a national award, Mushtaq's is the more interesting. Another Rupa paperback is Vinoo Mankad's HOW TO PLAY CRICKET (Rs. 7, 94 pp.), a coaching manual for beginners which was first published in a serial form in a sports magazine.

From Kasturi and Sons of Madras comes the 30th edition of INDIAN CRICKET (Rs 12, 490 pp), our equivalent of Wisden. For the second year running, no mention is made about who the editor is, but the volume maintains the standard of its predecessors. Besides giving us the ups and downs of Indian cricket in the six years from 1971 to 1976, and is a well-researched, diligent study.

Many may not exactly care for Mr. Bharat Ram's style, with its over-pondered style, but few can deny the worth of the book. There is a 45-page statistical section appended to the text, but the book's real value lies in the descriptive reflections on Indian cricket which Mr. Bharat Ram has presented. One may not always agree with his conclusions, but overall the book is certainly a must for the serious-minded cricket-lover's collection.

Bell Books have also published GREAT MOMENTS IN INDIAN CRICKET (Rs 7, 90, 223 pp.) which is Partab Ramchandra's recapturing of the glory of India's top important Test wins, from Madras 1952 to Port of Spain in 1976. This is by no means an outstanding book, but it is a must for all cricket enthusiasts, particularly in these hard times for Indian cricket, may prove refreshing. Finally, there is another Bell book, S. N. Narotam's CRICKET QUIZ (Rs 6, 50, 164 pp.), a useful publication on the lines of his earlier Cricket Quiz.
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CONCEPT-MI-3114
THE lure of the silver screen has not diminished over the years, and among those aspiring to strike it big this year is pretty Jane Hargrave, who is different from all others with such hopes in that she was chosen "Penthouse" Pet of the Year in 1976. "I've always wanted to be famous," says Ms. Hargrave, who has already completed a role in Bob Guccione's Italian frivolity film, "I have a lot of confidence in myself," asserts the young lady. So when Bob said, "I want to make you into a big star — do you think you're capable of it?" her reply was: "Of course I am!" Guccione had no answer to that one, and now Ms. Hargrave is embarking on another Penthouse celluloid special — after having a "victory" holiday in Tobago and a spell at the New York Academy of Dramatic Art. Jane Hargrave had been trained as an advertising sales representative during a stint at Penthouse's New York office, but "I didn't fancy it," she pushes the normally-effusive pet of the Penthouse Club.

ed by India's selectors for the home series, is to get £28,139.52 (approximately Rs. 3,85,000) from the testimonial fund arranged by his English county team, Lancashire, last year. Engineer, who will be 30 later this month, played 46 Tests for India between 1961-62 and 1974-75, scoring 2,611 runs (average 31.08) — including two centuries and claiming 82 victims. After India's 1967 tour of England, 'Rooky' was signed on by Lancashire as an overseas registration, and for nine years he gave the county side splendid service. In 1977 he is to make way for a younger man, but Lancashire has shown its appreciation for their "guest" player's efforts. "Whatever they may say about the weather in Lancashire, the people are the most warm-hearted in the world," was Engineer's reaction to the good tidings. The Bombay-born Farooq Engineer now lives the year-round in England with his wife and two daughters. His benefit fund amount is believed to be a world record, and while a footballer's benefit is taxable in England, according to a fifty-year precedent, English Law regards a cricketer's benefit as a "free gift" from his employers and admirers and therefore, not subject to tax. Lucky Engineer!

AMONG the Canadian delegates to the Commonwealth writers' conference in New Delhi last month were Eli Mandel, poet, critic and anthropologist, and William New, critic and professor of literature. Whatever their reactions in the capital, when they came down to Calcutta they were dismayed to discover that not even in this city — where they found people's awareness of Continental and American literature was "fantastic" — did anybody seriously know much about Canadian writers. New, who has written about Indian authors like Mulk Raj Anand, R. K. Narayan, Raja Rao and G. V. Desani in his study of Commonwealth literature, blamed it all on the distribution system: "There is simply no way of sending Canadian books on a commercial basis. Even Penguin cannot get around because of some standing reasons." Mandel, older and more philosophical, puts things this way: "The reason why Canadian writing is so pale in presence is because of the economics. But that is also not the truth of it all, it's only the appearance."

William New
From China, with love

S. SEN writes a profile of PROF. TAN, the founding father of the Cheena Bhavan, Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan.

AN 'obituary' published in a Delhi newspaper on a still living Tan Yun Shan lately brought this grand architect of the Cheena-Bhavan, Visva-Bharati, Santiniketan back into the news again. An account was reportedly published in the same newspaper later on, but the move was too late for his sons and daughter to be spared sleepless nights rushing from Delhi to Calcutta to Patna to Bodhagaya where they found their beloved father quite at home and in normal health. I could, however, still notice the dark pallor of pain on the wrinkly-free face of Madam Tan when I visited her at Santiniketan soon after the 'obituary'.

Born in Changsha district, Hunan in 1901, 'Tanaseb' (that is how he is endearingly addressed by the inmates of Santiniketan) graduated when he was only eighteen. After receiving his post-graduate degree in Chinese and Western education he began a research work on Western culture and philosophy. With the help of fellow-writers he built up the New Literature Society. This, according to his own assessment, was a very crucial period in his life. He was given the charge of editing New Literature, a weekly from the publisher of Hunan Chong, a leading daily. Gradually he became active with the P'in Min Hsueh Hui and Han Wen Hua Hsueh Hui — the important political organisations recognised by Mao Tse-tung. For quite some time he was the guiding spirit behind the Provincial Students' Union.

The politically critical year of 1924 was very significant for Tan Yun Shan too. The two important political organisations were taking roots — the Kuomin Tung under the fostering care of Sun Yat Sen and the Kungcheng Tung under the firm directives of Mao Tse-tung. Two cultural streams were simultaneously gathering momentum. Both, however, aimed at disseminating Chinese ideas and methods in the neighbouring Asian countries. An advance study of Europe, its history, science was what not was also a substantial part of the programme. The former attracted Tanaseb most and he decided to carry on research in that area.

Looking back — in retrospect, in 1924, when Gurudev Tagore was visiting China an idea to set up a Sino-Indian cultural society started brewing up in his mind. Curiously enough, Tanaseb who belongs to a San Chiao Ho Yi: Confucianist, Taoist and Buddhist — family had just about the same time planned a visit to India, specially to Tagore's Santiniketan and Gandhiji's Savarmati Ashram. Equally curious is the fact that he was born in the same year Visva-Bharati University was founded. 'I do not claim this as any mysterious synchronisation or divine coincidence. Nevertheless, it might have been one of the causes for devoting my life and soul, my humble service to Gurudev through Gurudev to Visva-Bharati and through Visva-Bharati to India as a whole, due to my past karma,' the extremely soft-spoken Professor said.

In 1927, he first met Gurudev in Singapore. On an invitation from Gurudev he joined Visva-Bharati in 1928. His teaching life at Santiniketan began with five students including Prabhatkumar Mukhopadhyay, the noted biographer of Tagore and an authority in library science, Mr F. Benoa, Professor in the Department of French language, was also in the first batch. During leisure he used to write essays and poems. An essay on Visva-Bharati and Santiniketan, published in the largest circulated magazine Tung Feng Tea Chi, was his maiden contribution after joining Visva-Bharati. Canton's Yun Book Shop Company later published two of his longer poems — On the Indian Ocean and My First Arrival at Santiniketan. Three prominent dailies of Singapore — Le Pao, Kuo-min Jih-Pao and Shung Pao — published his articles on different topics. The impression thereby created was fantastic and Tanaseb was offered the editorship of Le Pao. But he politely declined being averse to getting bound to the desk. Subsequently, however, he edited Sha Mo Ti'en published by the Kuo Min Jih-Pao.

In 1931, he went back to China with Gurudev's "blessings and message". The motivating mission was to convey to his countrymen the ideals of Visva-Bharati. The Sino-Indian Cultural Society made a promising start in Nanking in 1933. In February, 1934 Prof. Tan returned to Santiniketan. The Indian branch of the society was sponsored by Visva-Bharati itself with Gurudev as its president, Rathiindranath, Gurudev's son, as general secretary and the late Professor Anil Kumar Chanda, Gurudev's Secretary as its joint secretary. After three years of hard labour and unremitting efforts Cheena Bhavan gained stature and was inaugurated ceremonially on 14th April, 1937, by Dr Brojindranath Seal. In a cable from Nanking, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek greeted the occasion with "esteem me joy." "We are eager to co-operate with you" the Chinese Generalissimo said "for promotion of oriental culture and civilisation in order to bring about peace and happiness to humanity and lead to a greater harmony of the world". In a reciprocal speech, Tanaseb said: "The Chinese Hall will not only be a centre of our work for cultural interchange, but also a concrete link of love between our two great countries. What an irony, this unique institution is practically non-existent, since 1967. Political conflicts constituted a major hurdle; but the will and dynamic efforts within the campus, to restore life to one of Gurudev's most beloved institutions have also been pitifully lacking. One finds the near-ociogenarian Tan, who has become a life-time legend in Sino-Indian cultural fraternity, drowned in studies at a secluded corner of the Bhavan with his drooping eyes still showing some lustre of youth. Currently, all his energy is being consumed by the World Buddhist Centre at Bodhgaya — briskly growing up — of which he is the Chairman."
The fight is over

The man who for fifty years and more was part of a revolution has been laid to rest! Yashpal was part of the unrest in the country, first political and then literary, and he carried on the struggle fearlessly and relentlessly till the end. The end came on December 26, last year, a day after Christmas.

Yashpal was one of the three great fiction writers of modern Hindi. He was one of the big three novelists and was truly hailed as the greatest after Premchand. His writing had a chauvinistic and revolutionary fervour that dates back to his younger days when he was an active member of the Bhagat Singh and Chandrasekhar Azad group of revolutionaries.

To Yashpal revolutionaries did not mean terrorists, trigger-happy anarchists, though he himself had a trigger when he set out to kill a Viceregal by blasting his special train. The Viceregal escaped the attempt on his life and later Yashpal was put behind bars for life. He was only released after the popular Congress ministry took office in 1936. Even then it was not easy to get the freedom fighters released as the Governor and the Viceregal were not too keen about the idea. But life had not been, had never been, easy for Yashpal.

Born in a respectable family of Punjabi Khatri he had lost his father when he was a child. That was the beginning of his struggles. His mother, a staunch Arya Samaj, brought him up and his other brothers. The reformist and progressive element of Arya Samaj teaching must have appealed to the young heart and, with its nationalist background, was sufficient to kindle the kind of revolutionary zest which marked his early life, as a revolutionary, and later as a vigorous writer.

Yashpal was also a Marxist and a humanist too. For some, people the two things may not be one and the same, but for him they were the two sides of the same coin. His approach to problems and their solution was also on the same lines. For him writing was not just another intellectual exercise. He was a missionary and whatever he wrote had the stamp of a man who was out to reveal the ugly and hit the sore spot of the society.

Yashpal was often attacked for his marxist views and for his support of simple Hindustani, as distinguished from the chaste Sanskritised Hindi which is regarded as the standard Hindi of today. It may be correct to accept Hindi with Sanskrit background as Sanskrit is the base for many other regional languages but Yashpal had his own point of view. He came from a Punjab-Urdu-and-Lucknow background and was in favour of Urduised Hindi. Yashpal's own Hindi was neither simple nor Sanskritised. His emphasis was always on impact. Except 'Divya' his books do not have the high flown chaste Hindi-Sanskrit base. 'Divya' is a peculiar novel, peculiar to the Buddhist age and Yashpal has tried to re-create the same literary atmosphere that must have pervaded that era.

While reading 'Divya' one is enchanted, not only by the 'beautyspots' in the book and the concept of the most beautiful woman of the state becoming the Universal Bride but also with the egalitarian sentiments of the writer himself. His 'Divya' is the object of everyone's admiration and lust. But in the process she emerges as a great fighter for freedom, a sort of women's liber. 'Divya' is neither history nor imagination but historical imagination as Yashpal himself said. In 'Divya' Yashpal upheld the cause of women's emancipation.

'Divya' is undoubtedly a great book and a lot of research had gone into it but Yashpal was not famous for this particular novel only. He was first a story writer excelling in social themes and the challenges that the society faced. He published more than half a dozen collections of popular stories, among them 'Pinjare ki Udai', 'Abhishepa, 'Gyandan', 'Tark Ka Toofan', 'Bhasmavrit Chingari'. His essays again were acclaimed at the social in decay. One of the foremost socialists of our times, Acharya Narendra Dev said about Yashpal's sharp satire: 'He tickled the slumbering society but when he falls in that attempt he does not hesitate in poking his sharp pen into the body of the society with instant effect.'

Among the earlier works, apart from 'Divya', which made him famous were 'Deshdrohi' and 'Dada Comrade' and their sort of companion book, 'Party Comrade'. They show his love for Marxism, Communist Party and the unorthodox approach to life. Yashpal's women in this book have not been traditional Indian women but outgoing, smart, modern women with new ideas. His 'Dada Comrade' is a case in point where the leading lady, Shail, breaks from tradition, defies her father and falls in love with one of the comrades and finally, bearing his child, leaves home with the Party Boss. It is to Yashpal's credit that his women characters do not alienate the traditional reader but evoke his sympathy and admiration.

Yashpal's two later works were 'Jhootha Sach' and 'Teri, Meri Uski Baat'. Both were outstanding successes as were his earlier books. The latter got him a Sahitya Akademi award, rather belated though.

The earlier book, 'Jhootha Sach,' is on the other hand a classic story of the pre-partition and partition days and a girl caught between the most pathetic upheaval of our times. Tara, Yashpal's heroine, is a sane person, intelligent and courageous but the insane people around her and the whirlwind of communal frenzy tosses her like a dry leaf. When she finally reaches her new homeland she is shattered, both in body and mind. 'Jhootha Sach' is a poignant tale of the country divided, homes shattered and values destroyed. To my mind this is the greatest novel of Yashpal.

In his later days, Yashpal led a comparatively comfortable life. Many cynics used to say that Yashpal was not the same as before, to which his reply, in his own, blunt manner was: 'Why should a writer starve himself to death? He was frank and did not mince words. His own Viplav Prakashan and Sathi Press were nothing big but at least he got a base to operate. Fortunately, for him, Yashpal was not a victim of the national practice of neglect during lifetime and honour after death. He was both rewarded and honoured during his lifetime and will long be remembered for his contribution to Hindi and world literature.

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YATINDRA BHATNAGAR
NEVER TOO OLD TO FIGHT: The Opposition has joined the election battle. Four parties, Congress (U), Janata Dal, Bhartiya Lok Dal and Socialist Party, have formed the Janata Front. Mr. Morarji Desai (above) has been elected the Chairman of the coalition. Its 21-member National Committee includes the former Congress leader, Mr. Chandra Shekhar.

CHANGE IN HIMACHAL: Dr. Y. S. Parmar, chief minister of Himachal Pradesh ever since the state was instituted ten years ago, has relinquished his office. Dr. Parmar may either become a state governor or an ambassador. Mr. Ram Lal, state minister for public works and Dr. Parmar's lieutenant, is likely to be selected as the next CM.

WILL HE BE THE CHIEF AGAIN? Kerala will be the only state to hold elections along with the general elections. The ruling United Front, led by Achutha Menon (above) and comprising six parties including the CPI and the Congress Party, will fight the elections jointly. Achutha Menon's government has completed 78 months in office. Following the 42nd Constitution Amendment Act, the term of the state Assemblies has been extended to six years.

WHO SAID THAT? Though Pakistan goes to the polls only on March 5, Prime Minister Bhutto has already been declared elected unopposed from his home constituency of Larkana. However, the Jammat Islami Party, a constituent of the Opposition National Alliance, has alleged that its candidate for Larkana was abducted and prevented from filing his nomination. Pakistan's National Assembly has 200 members. Six other candidates from Bhutto's People's Party have been elected unopposed. Bhutto has denied the allegation.
Why do leaves fall?

Winter is almost over. The falling of the serene and yellow leaves of the trees will symbolize the end of winter. But close observations show that leaf-fall is not limited to this season only. All summer long in temperate zones and all the year round in the tropics, a steady, though inconspicuous, rain of leaves from trees can be observed. Continual shedding of tissues by the plants as their organs grow old, has a definite advantage denied to most of the animal kingdom. If man, for example, could shed his aging limbs and grow new ones to take their place like plants, then aged people need not worry about their trembling hands during this winter.

But how many of us have ever thought of this natural fact of leaf-shedding? Botanists, of course, have tried for nearly a century to explain this mysterious process by which plants shed their leaves. Development of a distinct layer of cells at the base of a leaf-stalk wherefrom the leaves break, though accepted as a proposed clue, was not found common in all plants. Alternate explanations for the mystery was the shortening of the day, as the leaves fall off more rapidly in winter. But the most interesting fact in unravelling the mystery is the observation made almost 100 years ago that when the blade is cut off or severely damaged, the leaf stalk falls off the plant very rapidly.

The two major parts of a leaf are its flat blade and the stalk. Whenever the blade of a leaf is cut off, the remaining leaf stalk soon separates and drops down. But strangely, it was found that if even only a tiny piece of the leaf blade is left on the stalk, the leaf would stay on the stem just as long as if it had a complete blade. This indicates that the substance in the leaf blade that prevents the leaf-fall must be active in very minute quantity.

Most likely it is a hormone produced by the leaves later on identified as 'auxin'. A clear and direct relation between auxin production by the leaves and leaf-fall has been worked out. The more auxin a leaf produces, the longer it takes to fall. The fast-growing leaves produce more auxin, the maximum production being when the young leaves are between 65 and 105 millimetres long. Interestingly, application of synthetic auxin from outside to debladed leaves in exactly the same amounts that would have been produced normally by the blade, showed the same effect in inhibiting the leaf-fall. Conclusion, therefore, is that auxin produced as the leaf falls into the leaf-stalk and checks leaf-fall. The same effect is observed in checking premature dropping of fruits from trees also.

But is it true that apart from the leaf blade, the phenomena of leaf-fall is totally independent of influence of the rest of the plant? A very interesting fact observed is that the patterns of deblading leaves do make some effect on the time of leaf-fall. If all the leaves (except those in the interior) are debladed, the fall is strikingly slowed down. The presence of some intact leaves in the plant thereupon accelerates the fall of the debladed leaves. It seems thus the leaf blades produce not only auxin which inhibits falling but also a substance which speeds up falling. Whether this substance is ethylene, naturally present in plant tissues.

The speeding up of leaf-fall is also dependent on another factor. The production of auxin by the apical bud-leaves above the debladed leaves accelerates the leaf-fall — a fact confirmed by experiments. Therefore, one may accept the theory that the fall of leaves is controlled by an auxin-auxin balance. Auxin both slows and speeds leaf-fall, so an interesting feature no doubt. So long as a leaf's own blade produces enough auxin to balance the effect of incoming auxin from the leaves above, the leaf will stay on the plant. But as soon as the auxin production by a leaf drops down, because of old age, the incoming auxin from the younger leaf being in excess, causes the leaf to fall rapidly. Isn't it, therefore, a great surprise that the same hormone (auxin) should act as both the stimulator and the inhibitor of leaf-fall? But though surprising enough as it may appear, the hypothesis of 'auxin-auxin balance' is proved experimentally to be true in case of small plants and trees. Experiments have not been performed, of course, on big trees. So one is not certain whether the leaf-fall in winter in all trees, large and small, is exactly due to the proposed hypothesis. But till some definite universal law is available, we can only marvel at the frugality of nature which has endowed plants with a single hormone (auxin) that can do so many things at a time.

by HARRY GOLOMBAK

I suppose the shortest tournament game ever played was that between Bobby Fischer and Panino in the last round of the international at Majorka in 1970. Fischer, who objected to playing on Friday evening and Saturday morning on religious grounds, was allowed by the tournament controller to turn up in the early evening of one Saturday to play his game. Panino made his first move 1. P-QB4; Panino, observing this, decided to resign since he objected strongly to the tournament committee's decision to allow Fischer to postpone his game.

Anchalee technically speaking this game was indeed played it does not really qualify for a played tournament game. The shortest game in which one can be rated is known as Fool's Mate (1. P-KB4, P-K3, 2. P-KK4, Q-R5 mates); but here too I doubt very much whether a game has ever been played in a tournament along these lines. Nor is it at all witty.

The shortest game that I find really amusing was that between Gheau and Lazard at Paris in 1824.— 1. P-Q4, K1-K3; 2. P-QB4, PXP; 3. K-Q2, K-Q4; 4. P-QB3, P-K4; 5. P-K4, K1xP, Q-R4 ch; White resigns. This is indeed a strangely succinct game and I never tire of it. It is sometimes said that this game was played in a tournament but in fact it was played in an off-hand game. The shortest tournament game was probably that between Combe and Hassenhuf at Folkestone 1830.— 1. P-Q4, QB4; 2. P-KR4, PXP; 3. K-Q2, K-K4; 4. KxP, Q-R4 ch; White resigns. This is perhaps a trick rather than a combination.

chess

by SAMIR KUMAR GHOSH

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IN HOTEL Sadanand near Crawford Market in Bombay, over the basin, potential criminals from committing murder. During the campaign, police officers will visit villages and explain to the people the implications and consequences of murders on the society as a whole. The villagers will also receive advice from village leaders and religious heads — The Navhind Times.

THE STUDENTS of a retired teacher here presented a purse of Rs. 3,600 to enable their Guru to rebuild his house, which was damaged in the November cyclonic storm — The Hindu (A. Gaur Sankar, Tuticorin)

A YEAR-LONG anti-murder campaign has been started in Belgaum to stop for travelling without tickets — Indic Express (A. K. Sinha, New Delhi)

BANGALORE MEDICAL researchers have been working for three days at stretch once in two weeks. If disturbed in sleep, he would become restless and demand a lot of food, like the mythical Kumbhakarna of the Ramayana, who slept for six months and ate voraciously when woken up — TI Statesman (Niluta Vacham, Calcutta)

THE STAFF of the Indian Council for Agricultural Research are trying to breed a new variety of rice that will yield more and require less water. — The Hindu (R. Raghavan, Chennai)

A 14-MEMBER hockey team from Rampur which had been invited to play a friendly match with the Aligarh Muslim University has landed in jail for travelling without tickets — Indic Express (A. K. Sinha, New Delhi)

KANPUR An octogenarian reader

"Demmit, old boy — that isn't cricket!"
A WOMAN HOTELIER of Padarandhapulli in Tirunelveli district has been sentenced to one week's simple imprisonment by the Kovilpatti Sub-Magistrate under the Untouchability Act. According to the prosecution, she did not allow two Harijans who had come to the hotel for coffee, to sit inside but asked them to remain outside—Pioneer (Ravin Shepherd, Lucknow).

AN OLD man walked into the surgery of the forest labourers' diagnostic camp at Mamla, 14 kms. from Chandrapur in Maharashtra. As he removed the cloth which covered his face, the doctor was stunned. There was a fist deep, blood red gash on his left cheek. It was a big hole through which all disintegrated insides of the man's mouth could be visible. Constant tobacco chewing and eating lime had formed into an ulcer. Negligence in the usage of “country” medicine did succeed in making it painless, but also had led to cancer. The diagnosis tells that the man will not live to see 1978—Nagar Times (Kneea Parameswaran, Nagpur).

WANTED suitable match for Graduate Sikh Arora girl, Nursery trained Peacress, J.B.T. (Divorced after one month of marriage, like virgin), 20 years, 153 cms., employable—Ad in The Hindustan Times (M. Rama Rao, Azzawai).

A "DOCTOR" who has allegedly terminated over 10,000 pregnancies has been taken into custody, as he turned out to be a 'quack'. In a raid conducted by the police, a doctor in CT Nagar (T. Nagar), the police seized 119 bottles containing featus ranging from 60 days to nine months old. They also exhumed the body of a baby buried at the premises—The Hindu (B. K. Laldas, Madras).

REQUIRED MILLIONAIRE (Officers—Factory—Estate Land Owners) above 41 (India abroad) for college educated, fair, slim, unobtrusive, charming, accomplished, Vedantic Brahmin Spinster, with baby. Sub-set acceptable—Ad in The Hindu (P. J. Ramamurthy, Madras).

THE POLICEMEN stopped a research scholar of Lucknow University and his friend who were passing by—They (policemen) threatened to take them into custody if their palms were not greased. The research scholar and his friend brought out whatever they had in their pockets which totalled Rs. 9 but it did not satisfy the policemen (two in number) who wanted more money. The scholar then sought the permission of the policemen and leaving his friend as 'hostage' with them went to borrow some money. He returned with Rs. 20, paid it to the policemen and both were then set free—The Times of India (Sunil Chatterjee, Dhanbad).

A POOR MAN in Bandra suffering from pneumonia had nowhere to lay his head even to die. So he crawled into the back seat of a car whose doors had been left open and breathed his last—The Times of India (K. Singh, Bombay).

I WONDER how many of your readers in the mainland are aware of the exact location of the Lakshadweep that forms part and parcel of the Indian Union. Sometimes back an inland letter of mine addressed to ‘Kavaratti’, the Headquarters of the Lakshadweep, was returned to me the very next day by some sorting office in the mainland with the superscription that it was insufficiently stamped, since stamps as per foreign mail rates had not been affixed. Why can lakshadweep this ignorance of the poor clerk in some sorting office. But how can we account for the absence of the very name Kavaratti or Lakshadweep in the All India Mini PIN Directory published by the P and T Department for public use?—Letter in The Hindu (R. S. Vetrivel, Coimbatore).

A PRIVATE NURSERY school in Calcutta refused to take a person as a teacher because that person is a left-hander. The school authorities fear that this example would encourage children to write with their left hands even though the person told them that this fear was baseless because the person is the only left-hander in a family of seven—The Statesman (Tooshar Kanungo, Puri).

INDIANS MAY be growing shorter. A survey of 60 population groups in India has revealed that three groups out of the every four have become shorter in the course of one or two generations—The Statesman (D. J. Patro, Bhubaneswar).

prize Rs. 30 for the entry given first

A drab word like person has quite a bit of history. The Latin word persona meant a mask, and can be used even in English to mean an assumed identity. In particular, persona was applied to the masks worn by actors in classical drama, partly to amplify their voices but also to suggest the types or characters they were meant to represent. The word thus came to mean a character in a play, as in the Latin phrase dramma persona. It was hence applied generally to a man’s character, role or identity, and then simply to a human being. In the seventeenth century, there was the special sense of a great or important man. Later this was totally reversed; in Victorian times, a ‘person’ was contrasted with ‘a lady’ or ‘a gentleman’. Funnily enough, persona is really a variant of the same word. In medieval Church Latin persona was used on the special sense of the rector of a parish. Various reasons have been suggested. Perhaps it is because, at first, the rector became a mere persona—a mask or figurehead. Or perhaps we have here an extension of persona as a legal term, meaning a man or a group of men with rights and duties recognized by law. The rector was the legal holder of property and authority belonging to God.

Funnily also is the way a person’s black coat has led black creatures to be named after him. Black birds, like the rook and the coromant, are called persons. So are black rabbits, Most disconcerting, so are black sheep.

WORDSPINNER
**ARIES** (March 22 — April 20) This week proceeds on a more or less even keel. But closely attend to your business. Health of womenfolk and elders will need some care. Defer marriage and changes. Some disappointment in love is threatened, also trouble through elderly females. Average success is expected. Unavoidable circumstances will force you to stop your previously arranged journey. Take care of finances. Good dates: 7, 10 and 11. Bad dates: 6, 8, 9 and 12. Lucky numbers: 3 and 1. Favourable direction: West.

**TAURUS** (April 21 — May 22) A happy, successful week is envisaged for you. Doubtful love affairs may take a turn. Concentrate on profession and expansion, and even make changes if desired. A measure of financial success is envisaged. But be not careless in business interviews and correspondence. Short journeys are also likely. A fine week of pleasure and happiness for your family. Good dates: 6, 7, 8, 9 and 12. Bad dates: 10 and 11. Lucky numbers: 2 and 7. Favourable directions: South and West.

**GEMINI** (May 21 — June 21) New friends and fresh intellectual and social activities will contribute to much happiness. Business improvements, and benefits from an unexpected source are envisaged. Your unsettled problems will be solved. Some will go in for new contracts and other kinds of written favours. A dull and ordinary period for lovers. In the home front things will be OK. Good dates: 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11. Bad dates: 6 and 12. Lucky numbers: 3 and 6. Favourable direction: South.

**CANCER** (June 22 — July 22) Disappointments and sorrows threaten you in your domestic affairs. Try to safeguard your health and also of members of your family. Defers requests, courtship, marriage and changes. A pleasant financial change may come. Otherwise this week spells hardships and loss to business people. Meeting with business magnates is bound to help you. Good dates: 8, 10 and 11. Bad dates: 6, 7, 9 and 12. Lucky numbers: 8 and 11. Favourable direction: North-east.

**LEO** (July 23 — August 22) Unexpected days are awaiting you. Success, uniquely happy friendships, beneficial changes and travel are foreseen. Week exceptionally favourable for love, marriage, intellectual pursuits, business and secret matters. Your unscrupulous friends, however, will try to keep you away from certain matters. Your domestic problems too are on the proper rails. Good dates: 6, 7, 10, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 8 and 9. Lucky numbers: 1 and 3. Favourable direction: South-west.

**VIRGO** (August 23 — September 22) A proverbial discretion is exercised in dealings with the opposite sex. A fair measure of happiness is promised. A new romantic relationship is expected. You will receive favours from elders, seniors and officials. Pending suits in the law courts will take a favourable turn. Financially, you are not to worry at all. A good week for sportsmen and gamblers. Good dates: 8, 10, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 6, 7 and 9. Lucky numbers: 8, 2 and 10. Favourable directions: East and North.

**LIBRA** (September 23 — October 22) Your conviction, precept and practice will infuse a new spirit of hope and confidence into others. Do not fritter away your substance on friends, extravagance and excessive conviviality. Do not be unmindful of business. A certain measure of success and much happiness awaits you. Avoid changes and travel and beware of dissipation. By the end of this week you are likely to land up in money troubles through over generosity to friends and children. Good dates: 6, 7 and 9. Bad dates: 10, 11 and 12. Lucky numbers: 6 and 3. Favourable direction: South.

**SCORPIO** (October 23 — November 21) Separation from a loved one or anxiety over your zodiacal planet Mars and some material benefits are shown. Better to defer courtship and marriage. Business people will acquire new stocks and gain profits. You will receive favours from elders and superiors. Your domestic problems are on the proper rails from the middle of the week. Financially you will be better off. Good dates: 7, 9, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 6, 7 and 10. Lucky numbers: 7, 3 and 4. Favourable direction: South-east.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 22 — December 21) Some of your hopes will be belied. You will feel disappointed, dull and deserted. Unlively diet and sleep will affect your health. Situation at home and outside will get complicated. You will be indisposed for a short time. Middle of the week onwards your position will improve in all directions. Business people are advised not to enter into new contracts. A good time for students and sportmen. Good dates: 9, 10, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 6, 7 and 8. Lucky numbers: 9, 2 and 6. Favourable direction: North.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 — January 20) Don't miss opportunities to travel and meet people. Scope is created to redress the strained terms with your relatives. Remember that it is wise to pursue a give and take policy. Forget the past. You may have to dispose of some of your belongings and go in for the purchase of new clothes, ornaments and modern vehicles, etc. Your wife or husband will get medical aid and expenses. You will have to travel south and south-west. Good dates: 6, 7, 8 and 12. Bad dates: 9, 10 and 11. Lucky numbers: 8, 2 and 5. Favourable direction: South-west.

**AQUARIUS** (January 21 — February 19) Some of your hopes will come true. Letters will bring good news from far away. Meet others and discuss your problems. A good time for love, matrimonial affairs. Health will improve. Your elders and seniors will help you to solve some of your knotty problems. You will also cross some hurdles. This of course will irritate your enemies. Those who were all along working against you will feel disappointed and also try to seek your close friendship. Good dates: 6, 7, 8 and 9. Bad dates: 10, 11 and 12. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 9. Favourable direction: West.

**PISCES** (February 20 — March 20) You will lack confidence and clarity in your mission. Past events will harm you. Your friends will have a lukewarm attitude towards you. Better to avoid outdoor company. You will be indisposed and may suffer some small injuries in your left leg. Joint scots and partnership will bring you success. You will be achieving written favours from superiors. Your visit is marked. Good dates: 8, 9, 10 and 11. Bad dates: 6 and 7. Lucky numbers: 3, 6 and 9. Favourable direction: North-west.

M.B. RAMAN
Q: I am 29 with grey hair which I'd like to colour. Unfortunately, I am allergic to dyes and it seems that result in rash and itching. Please suggest any other method.

A: You could easily resort to 'Henna'. Get hold of either black or brown henna, mix the juice of lemon and some water till it is a thick liquid. Apply it liberally on your entire head, not forgetting the hair near the roots and the outline of your face. Cover the hair with a soft cloth and let the henna dry for a couple of hours. Wash off with a shampoo for dry hair. Your grey hair will either look brown or black, according to the henna you've used. For hair which is slightly grey, the brown one is recommended as it gives a more natural appearance. But one point must be noted: in the later years, as your hair gets whiter, you will find that the henna tends to make your hair look reddish. The effect, of course, of henna on the hair is not the same as a hair rinse or dye.

Q: My problem is excessive underarm perspiration. Tests have shown that no glandular trouble is the cause of this. Could you suggest any effective anti-perspirant? Is there any home-made remedy?

A: Perspiration is a natural way for the body to get rid of impurities. It becomes a problem when the sweat is allowed to remain on the skin enough to decompose and create odours. In India, you have deodorants which prevent decomposition of the bacteria lying on the surface of the skin while perspiration seeps from the pores. An anti-perspirant is sometimes added in the deodorant (which then makes it an anti-perspirant deodorant) which discourages any sweat from oozing out of the body. To prevent perspira-

Get rid of your pimples and acne... NOW!

RAKTA DOSHANTAK
the unique internal remedy, removes the root cause of pimples and acne

Only Rakta Doshantak works internally in 3 ways to wipe out pimples and acne and gives a lovely glow to your face.

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Aphali Pharmaceuticals Limited
An Apte Group Enterprise
199, Chuchgate Reclm, Bombay 400 020

Q: I have a small face but good height. What exercises should I do to improve my face?

A: Indian features cannot be changed except through surgery, and your case cannot be helped even through that. There are so exercises to broaden your face, there are some for losing fat from the face. You could only experiment with your hair style to camouflage the size of your face.

Q: I am a hair stylist and want to give a natural touch to my clients. What do you suggest?

A: Your daughter is very young still for you to tamper with her skin. Give her a few years for any changes to be made. In fact, the best would be to let nature take its own course. She might even be in her mid-teens before she shows any "transformation". Any product, homemade or otherwise, that you might use now for this are all very drying and it might lead to premature dry skin which will result in untimely wrinkles. Anyway, what's wrong with a wheatish complexion? It's very vibrant.

Q: My teeth are in good condition but I would like them to look extra white and brilliant. What should I use in my eyes to have them sparkling and glamorous?

A: Healthy teeth are actually always slightly off-white. When you find mot-
tiled whiteness on teeth it shows a deficiency of calcium. You could rub some kitchen salt around your gums with a piece of lemon. Once a month brush your teeth with an abrasive. Using this everyday tends to wear away the enamel and render the teeth sensitive.

Put a drop of cold rose water in each eye before sleeping at night. This re-

Q: My husband is one year old with a wheatish complexion. My husband and I are fair, and I want to turn her skin into a lighter colour. Do you have any suggestions?

A: Your daughter is very young still for you to tamper with her skin. Give her a few years for any changes to be made. In fact, the best would be to let nature take its own course. She might even be in her mid-teens before she shows any "transformation". Any product, homemade or otherwise, that you might use now for this are all very drying and it might lead to premature dry skin which will result in untimely wrinkles. Anyway, what's wrong with a wheatish complexion? It's very vibrant.

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WATCH OUT! SOMEONE'S COMING!

Who are you? I don't understand what you mean, but I think they're asking who we are.

But, by Jupiter, I'm a Legionary pilot and my friend is a Legionary pilot!

If I'm not much mistaken, these are Romans coming to invade us. Let's get them!

Hey!

We don't have to pretend to be Romans. And we're not going to turn up.

Any volunteers? Here's your chance to come.

One hour later.

At last! The light. This one was never going to turn up.
Meanwhile

O Merica. Rhetoric the interpreter is here!

Show him in!

If this druid refuses my demands, I shall be very angry. Rhetoric I shall have the druid killed, and you along with him. Understand?

Y...yes!

Ask him if he's prepared to use his magic powers in our cause...

Are you prepared to use your magic powers in our cause?

Never!

Perhaps...

Tell him to say yes or no!

Yes or no?

Yes!

Excellent! When will he show us his magic?

In a week's time, at the full moon

Shew! That gives me a breathless wait!
It was after two in the morning and the Red Square in Moscow was deserted; even the time of visitors waiting to enter Lenin’s tomb had vanished for a few hours. Engineer Glushko and Academician Moshkin entered the Kremlin to meet Comrade Polynari. They spent quite some time to convince the messenger of the utmost importance of their visit. In a brief way they mentioned about the Prometheus tragedy. But hardly anything changed.

Halfway around the world, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, it was still early evening. Not quite dinner time, but late enough. All the offices in the East were closed, the labs shut, the college professors gone home. Prof. Weissman sat in his scruffy office watching the shadows grow longer, listening to the ring-ring of the unanswered phone in his ear.

Two specialists in the study of the study of the sun Prof. Weissman and Academician Moshkin were in their respective places in Philadelphia and Moscow holding their old briefcases. Something really has happened.

GET 14:21

It was almost seven-thirty in the evening in Washington. The government offices were empty as well as the streets, and all the workers were home with the air conditioning turned up full. Electricity consumption was at its usual evening high as all the stoves came on, and the television sets. They were all on this night, every TV, almost all turned to the continuous coverage of the disaster in England. Only one channel, in the middle of an important series game, did not join in the coverage for fear the baseball fans would burn down the station as they had once before when a technical failure had blacked out the last, scoring, inning of a drawn game. But only the real diehards were watching the game. There was more action in England.

In the White House the cabinet meeting still continued. Two and a half hours now and no sign of it ending. Bandin had talked briefly with the Soviet Premier but it had resolved nothing. Polynari was holding his cards very close and saying little. He and his advisors were still formulating policy, or rearranging the facts for presentation in the proper order, or looking for ways to make sure their American partners shared in the present Prometheus failure. Until they decided just how to go about it they were being a little hard to talk to.

The American cabinet was considering the same thing, only from the opposite direction.

"We can’t leave the Soviets with complete responsibility for this," Simon Dillwater insisted.

"Why not?" Dr. Schlochter asked. "This is a political matter now, not a technical one so the State Department has ultimate responsibility. They are our partners, yes, but this disaster is their responsibility and we must be sure that we are not hung with them for the crime. Statecraft, as the great Metternich said, is the art . . ."

"Balls to Metternich," General Bannerman said savagely biting the end of his cigar and spitting the piece onto the floor. "I’ll cut their throats, and I’ll drag out mine, and I’ll give you a quote everyday from Clausewitz that tops your guy. We are just going to forget the diplomacy and cold war bit this once and stay in the barrel with the Russkies. It’s our joint project. If we kick through the agreement now they take their marbles and go home. Prometheus is not going to get up there without their Lenin-5 boosters. Do you agree, Mr. President?"

General Bannerman was an old hand at this kind of armlessness, why he was Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff instead of still riding herd on a combat division. Schochter had had his mouth open ready to speak when he had passed the buck to Bandin, so now all Schochter could do was shut his trap and turn even redder. Bannerman liked the Secretary of State; he was so easy to needle. Wouldn’t have lasted a day in the Army.

"I have to agree," Bandin said, "No official releases from any department about this being a Soviet booster. This is a tragedy of the space age, it’s not the first sacrifice for the betterment of mankind, nothing but an unavoidable accident like being hit by a truck coming over the road. And we offer the British plenty of aid. And that includes plenty of money. They’re dead broke and they’ll appreciate it."

"Call from Mission Control in Houston, Mr President," Charley Dragnolli said.

"Put it on the speaker phone."

"You may go ahead, the President is on the line."

"This is Mission Control, Mr. President. There have been developments on Prometheus which I would like to report to you and Mr. Dillwater."

The voice rattled from the loudspeaker on the table, clearly audible to everyone in the room.

"He’s here with me, Fox. What is it?"

"It is the fission engine on Prometheus. The trouble has been localised. There has been shroud damage to the thrust ram, but the core four is operable. Possibility of restoring function is zero."

"What, what?" Bandin said. "Dillwater—what’s that gobbledegook? What the hell is he saying?"

"The shroud, that’s the metal covering over the nuclear engine that protects them during take off. It shifted, probably when the core body failed to separate, and damaged one of the engines. It is broken beyond repair and cannot be fixed."

"Are you telling me that Prometheus is stuck up there too, and in trouble — like that piece of junk that took out the British town?

"I don’t think the situation is that bad yet, sir. The four other engines appear to be undamaged. May
I talk to Flax?" Bandin nodded. 'Hello, Mission Control. What is being done about by-passing the damaged engine in order to use the other four?'

"The computer is working on a programme for that right now. We will inform you as soon as a solution has been found."

"Will it be possible? In the time remaining?"

"It is the only chance. One moment please."

There was a moment at the other end then Flax came back on the line. "We have a request from Prometheus. They wish to talk to you."

"I'll have this call transferred to another phone."

"Put it through here," Bandin said.

"I'll connect you, Mr. President."

"Bother! This is the only business on our agenda until that thing is up where it should be. Put them through, Flax."

"Yes, sir."

There were electronic sputterings and clicks while the patch was made from radio to telephone. This took a few moments, then Flax gave his okay. "Prometheus, you are through to Director Dillwater who is with the President at this moment. Over."

"Mr. Dillwater, Mr. President. Major Winter on Prometheus here."

"Go ahead, Patrick," Dillwater said.

"You know about our difficulties with the nuclear engines?"

"We do."

"Well we have been looking at the figures and we appear to have a problem. It seems that we are running out of time."

"What do you mean?"

"We have approximately twenty-eight hours left before this orbit decays and we contract the atmosphere. There have been no changes in that estimate. Taking into consideration the amount of time to get the nuclear engine operational we may have a time overrun. We just may not be able to get thrust in time to lift out of this orbit. Do you understand?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then I would like to respectfully ask what plans you have to take the crew off Prometheus before atmosphere impact?"

"Crew—why, none. We had not considered the possibility."

"Well I hope you are considering it now."

There was an edge to Patrick's voice that had not been there earlier.

"Of course, yes. But you know that your relief space-shuttle is not due to takeoff until a month from now. It takes at least six days to get it on the pad."

"I know that, but I am thinking of the Soviets. Do they have a shuttle operational that might make orbital rendezvous? Or maybe the Air Force? They have been doing shuttle work with the fast turn around time. Do they have one operational right now?"

"I do not know. But General Bannerman is present and I will ask him."

He glanced over at Bannerman and raised his eyebrows.

"Negative," Bannerman said, his face expressionless. "There will be a shuttle coming on line in a few days. It cannot be launched in the ten hours left."

"Did you hear that, Prometheus?"

"Yes. But we still want to know the situation with the Soviets. Please report soonest."

"We will do that, Prometheus. Just a moment, the President wants to speak to you."

"This is your President, Major Winter. I just wanted to say that our hearts are with you and your crew at all time. The utmost priority is being given to the safety and success of Prometheus, and of course your personal safety. Be assured that no task will be left undone and that both are in our efforts to assure your safety and success."

"Thank you, Mr President. Out."

"That kid is kind of snappy," Grodzinski said. "He oughta watch his mouth."

"They are under a certain amount of tension up here," Bannerman said.

"Still..."

"Shut up, Grodzinski," Bandin said. "We've a problem on our hands. We've got to think of those people up there. We've also got to think of the million tons or whatever of US hardware they are riding around in. Dillwater, if they can't be helped, what happens in ten hours?"

"Prometheus will impact the atmosphere." He took off his glasses and pinched the sore bridge of his nose while he spoke. "What happens after that, well we cannot be sure. Something the size of Prometheus has never been in this situation before. She might break up and burn, or she might hold together and impact the Earth's surface."

"Are you telling me there could be a second crash? Like the first one?"

I am very unhappy to tell you, Mr President, that it might be much worse than the first one. Not only does Prometheus weigh much more, but it still has its fuel for the fission engines. About five hundred pounds of radioactive uranium pellets. It is doubtful if these would explode on impact..."

"They wouldn't have to explode," Bannerman said. "They would burn, melt, be diffused as radioactive gas. Wouldn't that be a nice thing to land in our back yard?"

"Our back yard, anyone's back yard. Depending where it was in orbit it could strike most anywhere in a large section of the world."

"I don't understand that," the President said.

"It has to do with the rotation of the Earth, sir. Prometheus goes around the Earth once every eighty-eight minutes, in a roughly oval orbit. But while it's doing that the Earth is rotating, moving under the orbit. So with every circle of the Earth the satellite passes over different places on the surface below. At one point, unhappily, the orbit passed over Britain as we now know and regret."

Bandin had a sudden though. "Has anyone bothered to work out where the orbit will be at the end of the twenty-eight hours when that thing is supposed to come down?"

"Yes, sir. It has been done." Dillwater put a slip of paper on the table before him. "The orbit will be swinging down from the north Pacific at that time, cutting across the Gulf of Alaska at that time."

"That's good," Bandin said. "We're not going to worry about icebergs and some polar bears."

"No, sir. But this orbit, the twenty-eight orbit, continues south in a track along the entire west coast of this country. Going over in turn Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego."

In a stunned silence the enormity of what he had said slowly sank in.

Get 16: 41. "Baloney, salami or rat cheese, Mr. Flax, that's the lot. And you can have them on white or white." Flax glared at tray of unappetizing looking sandwiches.

"Why is it, Charley," he asked, "that the second mission starts the commissary runs out of everything edible and starts sending up this kind of dreck? I suppose the bread's too thin, too?"

"You got it right, Mr. Flax. But after all it's after seven at night, you can't expect..."

"I can't what? I can't expect decent food because it is after union hours or something? I got when I've been working twenty-four hours without a break and the best you can come up with is horse-cock sandwiches?"

"Not me, I just bring 'em. You want one? Can beggars be choosers." Flax grumbled, anger dissipated as fast as food had come and he shifted his weight in the chair to ease his numb legs. He ought to walk around. After he ate something. "Give me one of each. Thanks."

He threw away one slice of bread from each sandwich, and mashed the remainder together into a triple
decker. It was almost edible. He chewed slowly on a big mouthful and listened to the instructions from the fission engine team in his earphones.

"... that's the one, painted yellow, to the right of the mounting. You’re going to have to cut out a section of the pipe and crimpseal the lower end. Right . . . ."

All of the time he was talking, eating, he was aware of that voice and of the two men in the vacuum of space trying to repair the atomic engines. Working always against the clock. At the thought his eyes went up to the GET readout, 16:43. It flipped over to 44 as he watched. Time was running out. A light blinked and he threw a switch.

"Russian deck here, Flot. I’ve been on to KY and Baikonur and they swear they have nothing operational that could rendezvous with Prometheus before the deadline. They have a Soyuz coming on line in about two days but they have no way of cutting this time by more than a few hours. This matches the info in our records and, if you will pardon my saying so, the CIA intelligence. I got through to them without asking you, I know I should . . . ."

"No, not this time. You were right, thanks. Then we’re sure there’s no chance of getting a Soviet rocket to rendezvous in time?"

"Absolutely. Sorry, A real zero."

"Thanks anyway." He threw the switch.

No help coming from the Soviets. And the NASA shuttle could not be rushed on line for a week at least, at utmost speed. They were doing that in any case, rushing it as fast as they could. If Prometheus could get out of this orbit they still might need help. It was coming as fast as it could.

If only the Air Force had their shuttle on the line now. By hindsight he could have arranged it, as a backup measure. Spilt milk again; no point in kicking himself. It was all hush-hush and secret projects, but there was no way that secrets could be kept from other people in the same business. The shuttle payload, yes, that was hush-hush enough, though everyone was guessing what they needed a twenty-ton capacity for. The military never stopped playing their expensive games. Bannerman had said that a shuttle wasn’t on line now, and he was one who should know. But he hadn’t said just how long it would take to ready one. That was a thought. If it was only a day or two away it could be of help if Prometheus did get into a slightly better orbit. Ask Bannerman? No, no point in bothering the White House again; they were still in the cabinet meeting.

Should he call the Cape itself? As he thought this he groaned and reached for the black coffee, washing the last of the tasteless sandwich down with the cold coffee. A gourmet feast. No, he couldn't think of calling directly to a classified project. Maybe two years from now they would let him know what they were doing. Then what could he do? In through the side door. Who was working on this project that he knew well enough to phone, who might cut through some of the red tape? Among the military, no one, the engineers—of course! Ask the right question, get the right answer. Wolfgang Ernsting. They had worked together countless hours before Wolfgang had opted for bigger money and secret research. One of the original Peenemunde team that Von Braun had brought. He grabbed up the phone.

"I want to make a person-to-person call to Florida."

A sudden summer storm lashed rain against the windows of the tiny cubicle, rivulets of water cutting
Here’s bubbling health and extra energy for your family!

Waterbury’s Vitamin Tonic is a balanced formulation of 12 vital ingredients. With vitamins and minerals for growth and energy, iron to build healthy blood, stimulants for appetite. And it tastes good too.

Get Waterbury’s Vitamin Tonic for your family. Now.

Waterbury’s Vitamin Tonic
The complete tonic for the whole family.
'I am Jesus'

"Munsi is recognised as the finest Indian lay-out artist in the country," remarked Kim Christen, one of the best-known names in the world of advertising, some thirty years ago. ANNADA MUNSI, who was Art Director of the famous but now-defunct D. J. Keymer and Co., is now 72 and internationally renowned. He believes that he is the re-incarnation of Christ. AHIBHUSAN MALIK met him in Calcutta recently.

Q: Have you done any self-portrait? We wish to reproduce it in SUNDAY.
A: Sure, here it is.

Q: But this is Jesus Christ!
A: Yes, I am now shaven. If I remained unshaven people might recognise me. I wish to avoid them.

Q: But where are your apostles?
A: John H. Easterling, who in his earlier life was Saint John, responded to my call first. He says, "All you do is marvellous, all your ideas are original, you are one of the brightest stars in our heart, we are looking at you." He is now in America.

Q: And the others?
A: Allen M King was Saint Mark, P. Revey was Saint Paul, and Reverend Holbrook Bradley was Archangel Gabriel. He taped my music to be played in Washington. Saint Peter, Peter Broom of the now-defunct D. J. Keymer, advertising agent—where I worked as an art director—possessed the key of Heaven.

Q: Was it at D. J. Keymer that the noted film director Satyajit Ray worked under you as a commercial artist?
A: Yes, Satyajit Ray is the re-incarnation of Beethoven.

Q: But Beethoven was deaf.
A: In his present life Beethoven is born with hearing. You will find his musical scores in his films. My son Manto Munsi is the Incarnation of Mozart.

Q: Do you claim to be the father of Indian commercial art?
A: No. Upendra Khishore Roy Chowdhury was the father of Indian commercial art. I popularised it.

Q: Where were you trained?
A: In around 1926 I came from Jeesore to Calcutta and joined Art School under Percy Brown. After two years I left the school and joined the Army and Navy Stores to do their window-dressing and other display work. I then went to Bombay to work under the direction of Charles Moorehouse at the Times of India. After six years I came back to Calcutta to join D. J. Keymer.

Q: Mr. Kim Christen wrote in one of his articles that you were the finest lay-out man in India; which of your visualisations first made you famous?
A: It was an advertisement of the Railways, in which I put Lord Gouranga travelling in communion with God. Of course, there were no railways in Sree Gouranga’s time, but now we can hardly think of travelling without thinking of the Railways.

Q: Have you been to Mayapur, the birth-place of Lord Gouranga, recently?
A: No. But I am in touch with the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. They asked me why I put Om before Hare Krishna Hare Rama. My answer to it is that Om implies omnipresence, the quality of God Krishna, Rama, Christ and Jehovah, or any other name you call him. A child, of any colour, is born uttering Om. Let us all chant Om Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Hare Hare Hare Rama Hare Rama Hare Hare.

Q: But you are Christ reincarnated?
A: Yes, Krishna is Christo.

Q: You play the violin so wonderfully, do you sing too, Your Holiness?
A: Yes I sing—I have from my very boyhood. I used to sing national songs which the British Government did not like. I was associated with a revolutionary party. My colleagues went to jail, and I went to Bombay. I remember the first Swadeshi Mela held at Park Circus Maidan. Motilal Nehru was the president of the session and Netaji was very active having been the General Officer Commanding. There I sold mother-of-pearl products, my father’s handicrafts.

Q: How old are you now?
A: I was seventy-two on November 27 last.

Q: Have you ever studied any books on religion?
A: Of course. I never leave any of them. I read Vivekananda in my boyhood.

Q: Do you still work?
A: Yes, I sketch, I write, I play on the violin and piano every day. Would you like to hear me play the violin? I have joined an opera party to play the violin there.

Q: Some say that you are no longer active.
A: Those who say that are fools. Let them come and see what I can do. I am now preoccupied with the writing of my journal the first part of which is complete. It will be in series of books.

Q: Are you happy?
A: Why not? When the British came to India, there were two words—love and hatred—in their education, out of which the word ‘love’ took leave long ago. Hatred remains. But the reason of good education cannot end in hatred. Love has to come back. And if love comes back I will die without any complaints.
'A stitch in time does not always save nine!'

(Or why you shouldn't make a small saving and end up with a big loss on your car battery)

The end of the old proverb!

He thought he could wear it forever by 'stitching in time to save nine'. And look what he's left with!

The same holds true if you try a patchwork job on your old worn out car battery. The effort will be as worthless and uneconomical. Here's why...

Penny wise, pound foolish!

For instance, once your old car battery has run its full life, the cells will start failing, one by one. Now, you might feel that you're making a big saving by replacing the one defective cell — instead of paying a lump sum to buy a new battery.

But that's rather shortsighted.

Because once one cell fails, the others will also fail in rapid succession. And while you're busy replacing the other failing cells, the first replaced cell will have failed again. So you're back right where you started! Plus a lot of hard cash down the drain, which could have bought you a brand new, trouble-free battery.

A little knowledge is a losing proposition!

But putting in a new battery and forgetting about it can be just as uneconomical. Here are a few useful hints which can help you keep your new battery in perfect shape. And get you the longest service life.

All you need to do is:
- Thoroughly check your car's Electrical System
- Check and maintain the specified and correct Electrolyte Level with distilled water.
- Never top-up with Acid
- Keep battery clean and dry and Re-charge an idle battery regularly.

If you need technical help and advice on service—just drive over to an authorised Exide Dealer once a month. He'll help you to get the best value for your money and that too free of cost.

So if you don't want to end up with a big loss on your failing car battery—the first right move will be to buy a new one. And the second will be to look after it so that it looks after itself.

Issued in the interests of motorists by Chloride India, the makers of Exide supreme.

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A. S. Raman writes a note on Saratchandra, who is still an all-India phenomenon in the field of fiction.

Ranajit Roy analyses the impact of Mr. Jagjivan Ram's quitting the Congress and forming his new party.

Chuni Goswami gives his views on why Bengal is still the best in Indian soccer.

What has India to fear from the N-plant that Pakistan may get from France? P. R. Chari, Director, Institute for Defence Studies and Analyses, says, 'Nothing much'.

Arati Tagore reports on the Delhi Film Festival.

Mrinal Sen writes on the underground film-makers from Latin America, whose films he saw at festivals in Leipzig, Cannes and Berlin.

Santosh Bagchi writes about the experience that is Kumbha Mela, The Kumbha is much more than a mela, and what it precisely is one cannot totally know. Perhaps the devout Hindus who make it can feel that.
CHINESE PUZZLE

NIGEL WADE’S “China: The Real Story” (SUNDAY, January 9) was certainly very interesting and objective. But I was disappointed to find nothing that was new or unexpected, though the current situation inside China was more vividly presented. It was an article with more generalities and less conclusions. Did Mr Wade make us wiser? Questions like the real strengths and followings of the radicals and moderates, the fate of the “Gang of Four” and the possibility of a comeback by them to undo all the acts of the present leadership remained unanswered. Was the coverage complete?

ANAND ISOLA,
Jholong.

THANKS to Nigel Wade for giving us the true and complete story of the situation in China before and after the death of Chairman Mao. The power struggle—the conflict between the moderates and the radicals—and the arrest of the “Gang of Four” were well described. I would like to congratulate Mr Wade for his fearlessness in collecting and giving to the world the first news of the arrest of the radicals.

JANAKI BALLAV BAY
Outback.

I WAS very happy to read the article on China. Nigel Wade described well the power struggle before and after Mao’s death. He covered the “grief” aspect very clearly and included the minutest details. Thanks for publishing such a rare article.

K. V. RANGASWAMY,
Madras.

THANKS a lot for publishing the bold picturisation of what actually happened in China after the death of Mao Tse-tung. The writer’s overwhelming experience when the news of Mao’s death came over the air would touch anybody’s heart. That shows to what extent a political leader can capture the hearts of his countrymen. I hope similar good articles will come to us through your magazine.

ARUN KUMAR GHOSH,
Sahagunj.

THE treatise on China by Nigel Wade was really worth reading, and I must congratulate you for the wonderful piece. But the real story is really not complete. This was just the beginning of a long story I feel that the coming in of Chairman Hua in China will aggravate the unhappiness of the USSR. I hope your China-watchers will be alert and report further developments in your magazine.

KOSHY MATHEW,
Quilon.

GAVASKAR OPENS UP

“SUNIL GAVASKAR remembers” was as enjoyable as his masterly strokes. Nevertheless, I feel the publication of these memoirs till after the retirement of Bishen Singh Bedi would have been more desirable. But then for a person with an independent mind, like Gavaskar, publications of this nature while a Test series is on, and the author is playing under a captain about whom he has made some unpalatable yet truthful references, matters little. Gavaskar “remembers”, and readers “know” a lot about Indian cricket.

S. RAMCHANDRA BAO,
Vskhampatnam.

THANKS for publishing extracts from Sunil Gavaskar’s autobiography. Since “Sunny Days” is priced at Rs. 30 it is very difficult for people like me to own a copy. The publishers should bring out a lower-priced paperback edition for students, cricket players and middle-class people.

INDU BHUSHAN,
Puna.

SUNIL GAVASKAR’s anecdotes were not only interesting—they were very well written, too. Thanks a lot for having provided us with the opportunity to peep into “Sunny Days.”

SYED IMTIAZ ASHRAF,
Banash.

YOU did a very commendable job by reproducing excerpts from Sunil Gavaskar’s book. Gavaskar is greatly admired by cricket lovers in India and abroad for his fine batting and joyous nature, and his book is another feather in the cap of his achievements.

JASVINDER SINGH,
New Delhi.

POEMS, NOT FORTUNES

HATS OFF to you for publishing such an exciting and revealing article on China and getting us with the memories of Sunil Gavaskar. SUNDAY is undoubtedly getting on top day by day, but I have a suggestion. Can’t you arrange a page—say, the page bearing all the useless foretell stuff—for selected poems instead of injecting us with information that Leo lovers will come closer, that Capricorn children will get presents, and so on. I think this change will add some fresh air to your magazine.

DEBOPAM ACHARYA,
Moithari.

ATTENTION, S.P.C.A.

I READ the article “Never without fear” by Zahida Whittaker, in which the author relates the cruelty inflicted on turtles in the Tuticorin market. I should like to know what the author did about it, and whether the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is aware of what is going on.

Rev. P. H. SHREE,
Kharagpur.

THE photograph of a turtle being cut out is extremely pathetic. It just shows we are all only physiologically human—and not humane. Cannot the S.P.C.A. intervene in such matters, or do they need an invitation?

A. B. RAMANARAYANAN,
Bouraka.

ZAHIDA WHITTAKER has chosen the turtle to illustrate the but-
cher’s act. In India and in all other developing and underdeveloped countries, the sentiment of the majority seems to be in a developing or in an underdeveloped form. People here don’t seem to feel the pain which these poor creatures suffer. I think that government should be used to make the animals senseless before killing them for the meat. This process is used in many advanced countries and I hope that more humane method will soon be adopted in India.

NIRMALYA MUKHERJEE, Calcutta.

IN SAYING “The Central Government did right in imposing a ban on the export of meat to the West” Zahida Whitaker is correct. However, I cannot but wonder why even in Cochin seafoods, especially prawns, are not available and why the Government should continue to allow export of these items.

P. J. O. SERENDI, Cochin.

DEFENCE DELIGHT

CONGRATULATIONS to Olga Telis for her interview, "The wives wear saris with The Regiment’s colours," with Major General I. M. Volira. Really, it was very interesting. I think SUNDAY readers would be delighted with such types of interviews with defence personnel from time to time.

M. MAHANTA, Gauhati.

APROPOS OF G.K.

I WISH your ensuing General Knowledge quiz series all success and hope it is going to be as interesting as the other items in your magazine. I would like you to include a question in your G.K. quiz as I haven’t succeeded in getting the answer to it. Apparently it is a fact that in all the tea gardens of Assam the time is kept two hours ahead of local time. Once, on a flight from Tezpur to Jorhat, I asked a British tea executive why he kept his watch ahead by two hours but he failed to give a convincing reply, only saying this system was introduced during the early days of tea plantation to ensure workers did not report for duty late. However, such a procedure is not followed in the coffee and cashew plantations in the South.

O. P. SHIVASTAVA, Calcutta.

THE LADIES REPLY

I AM surprised at K.H. Shiroy’s opinion. Perhaps he does not know that SUNDAY is widely read by women, too. He should know moreover, that your magazine is not run for a particular cause or for a particular sex. Hence such comments do not serve any purpose beyond exposing one’s bias.

R. HEMALATHA, Bangalore.

by women, too. He should know moreover, that your magazine is not run for a particular cause or for a particular sex. Hence such comments do not serve any purpose beyond exposing one’s bias.

R. HEMALATHA, Bangalore.

FEARS UNFOUNDED

I READ Saimir Kumar Ghosh’s article "If Ice Cap Melts" (December 19, 1976) with interest but could not agree with his fear that most of the important cities of the world will be washed away with the molten ice of the two tips of the globe. There is no doubt that people’s consumption of fuel has been steadily increasing, causing more and more production of heat. But the temperature of space above the earth’s air cover is much below zero (about 200 degrees C) while the temperature of ice is exactly zero and that of the globe’s northern and southern tips is about 30 deg. C. The topmost layer of air above the earth has a temperature which is just a little more than that of space. But it is well below zero and the temperature gradually increases to the layers of air which are close to the earth’s surface. According to Newton’s law of radiation, the rate of radiation is directly proportional to the temperature difference. Thus the more heat is produced on earth, the more will be the radiation and the radiated heat will tend to flow towards the upper layers of air. This may cause a change in the earth’s atmospheric condition but there is no chance of even a single gram of ice melting in the northern and southern tips of our globe.

S. K. BAGCHI, Chittaranjan.
KUMBHA: WASHING OUR SINS

SANTOSH BAGCHI visits the Kumbha mela and returns convinced that India is still Hindusthan and that if the people are given something to worship and an Authority blessed by the sadhus, the status quo will continue for another 5,000 years. Which is, no doubt, very satisfying for an Indian.

HARI Ram is a peasant from Gorakhpur. Years of starchy and inadequate food and hard labour in sun and rain have left their marks on his frail body. His wife, known as Nandu ke ma, is prematurely old and ugly. They have borrowed some money from the village mahajan at a high rate of interest and come to Kumbha mela at Prayag. They spend a few bitterly cold nights in the open, eat some chhatoo or chapati that they have brought with them, and take as many dips as possible in the Sangam. Shivering in wet rags they go hand in hand to a priest, catch a cow’s tail, pay a rupee to the priest who mutters some mantra, and take the dust of the feet of the cow which looks positively embarrassed. Thus Hari Ram and his wife assure their passage to heaven across the Baitaranj. Meanwhile Hari Ram has shaved off his head and thrown the hair into the Sangam, thus skipping as many birth-deaths on his way to salvation as there were hairs on his head. Now they will visit Hanumanji’s temple, buy a few souvenirs in the mela and go back to their humdrum life in the village.

"Why do you do all this?"

Hari Ram raises his vacant eyes. To earn some merit (punam), of course. He does this because his parents, grandparents, and his forebears a few hundred generations upward had done it and millions of other people have been doing it for centuries. This is to be done. This is the custom.

STOUT, DARK and big-breasted Sita with kohl-tinged eyes and chips of pink polish sticking to her nails puts on a dirty brassiere after the ritual bath and a dash of lipstick. Rather unusual for a pilgrim.

"Why do you do all this?"

Sita lowers her eyes. "I am a bad woman, babaji. I don't want to be so in my next life."

THE RICH businessman who has come with his large family and servants in a foreign car is spending
thousands of rupees to feed the sadhus. He outbids other rich businessmen in hiring a boat and rows to the Sangam to take his bath in comfort. His servants fill large containers with screw lids with Sangam water to be carried to Calcutta. The rich businessman obviously believes in depositing a large amount of punya in his account so that he can draw on this reserve and go on committing sins without fear of punishment in the next life.

THE PROFESSOR of chemistry explains at great length the scientific basis of Hindu religious concepts. The water of the Ganga kills all kinds of bacteria and dissolves bones within a couple of days. The conjunction of the sun and the moon and certain other planets creates an auspicious time, which means the already pure waters of the Ganga and the Yamuna, the second most sacred river, become further purified by the prophylactic rays emitted at that time. So a dip in the Sangam at an auspicious time thoroughly cleanses the body and the mind. He does not explain, however, how water can destroy the worms in the mind.

THE SADHU quotes Brahmavaivarta Purana: "Heaps of sin accumulated by a sinner during millions of births are destroyed by mere contact with a wind charged with the vapour of the Ganga". As regards the great merit of the Sangam it is said that a bath here in Magha any year is a thousand times as benefi- cial as a bath anywhere in the Ganga in Aswini or Kartika, and ten million times as beneficial as a bath in any other sacred river any time in Chaitra or Baisakh and is even more beneficial than giving away millions of cows as aims. The boons of a bath in the Sangam in Magha during a Kumbha mela are so numerous that not even Brahma can hope to count them. So imagine the amount of punya one acquired if one had bathed in the Sangam this year, especially on Mouni Amavasya day, when there was a certain conjunction of planets the like of which had not occurred in the past 144 years. Little wonder that thousands of sadhus of numerous sects and millions of people from all over the country should gather at Prayag for a holy dip in the Sangam in January-February, 1977.

"Perhaps, if one strongly believes that one is puri- fied after taking the ritual bath, one may feel sort of pure. A question of auto-suggestion".

"No, no", says the ochre-robed American swami of ISKCON, "it is not a question of belief, it is a fact."

MIDNIGHT, Mouni Amavasya eve. Standing at the gate of the Press camp full of Indian and foreign reporters, photographers and TV men gathered to
"cover" the great festival, one finds a silent ceaseless procession of barefoot men and women carrying all their worldly belongings on their heads; suddenly a group of women softly singing a devotional song; a young man bent down under the weight of an old woman clinging to his back; babies in arms; a blind woman led by a boy; a lame man on crutches. The air is thick with dust. The shadowy figures look like ghosts haunted by reality. What inner urge is driving them onward to take a plunge in icy waters oblivious of hunger and cold? Rain comes, first in drops, then in torrents. They get soaked to their skin but do not stop or seek shelter. Hasn't Mouni Amavasya, the most auspicious time for bathing, arrived?

According to official sources, eleven million people bathed in the Sangam on January 19, the Mouni Amavasya day. One wonders how the heads were counted. But throughout the month and a half beginning from January 5, millions are indeed coming and going and at all times of the day and night the two sacred rivers meeting at Prayag are full of bathing people. It is a stupendous task for Authority to provide food and a sort of shelter to them, to look after their health and safety, prevent crimes, stampedes and accidents, maintain law and order, keep the 18 square-km area reasonably clean, ensure a steady supply of electricity and drinking water, recover thousands of "lost" persons and return them to their relatives and do so many other things. The honourable members of the Fourth Estate, habitually cynical and fault-finding, who do not believe in ritual bathing but graciously describe the whole thing as "breathtaking" and "fantastic", fail to find a single cause for complaint except the unpreventable dislocation of arrangements caused by heavy rain. The police and the volunteers are always helpful and courteous to the poor unlettered pilgrims and the lathis are invisible. The railway
tickets are marked with symbols like "lantern", "cycle", etc., and pilgrims having "lantern" tickets are asked through loudspeakers to take this train and those having "cycle" tickets are told to take that train. The roads in the mela area are named "white", "red" or "black" and the pilgrims are asked to take the "white" or "red" or "black" road which they can immediately do. On toilets are written Mardana ka pesakhana and Zenana ka pesakhana—the language the common people understand—instead of their elegant variations like the absurd Prasadan, or Purush Mutralaya and Stree Mutralaya, or just Purush and Mahila as found in other places.

The arrangements are very good. But what is surprising is that in the Press camp not a single article is found missing although expensive clothes, cameras and cash are left unattended for hours. A poor sweeper has to be coaxed to accept a rupee as tip for services rendered. Mr Dilip Kumar Bhattacharya, Commissioner of Allahabad Division, who is in overall charge of the mela arrangements gives out the clue. "Every day", he says, "this huge army of policemen and other officials and workers are thoroughly briefed about their duties." Obviously they are thoroughly indoctrinated with lofty slogans reminding them of the holiness of the occasion, and the need to maintain U.P.'s fair name by working not
FOR NECTAR

The coincidence of an astrological phenomenon with the legendary event determines whether a Kumbha should be ordinary, half or full (Purna) as it was this year. The legend goes that when the gods and demons churned the primeval ocean, a pitcher of nectar—Kumbha literally means a pitcher—came up and both sides tried to possess it by force. Then Dhanvantari, the physician of the gods (or Jayanta, son of Indra, according to another version) snatched the pitcher from the demons, and during his flight to paradise, which took 12 days, rested at four places (or the nectar spilled at these four places, according to another version)—Prayag, Hardwar, Nasik and Ujjaini. The Kumbha Mela is held at all these places, although the Purna Kumbha is held by turn only at Prayag and Hardwar.

Traditionally, the Kumbha Mela is held at Prayag in Magh (January-February) when the sun enters the sign of Capricorn and Jupiter appears in Aries, and the most auspicious hour for bathing during this period is Amavasya, the New Moon day, when the sun and the moon appear to be of the same degree. Every 144 years some other astrological phenomena occur at this time—as they occurred this year—which make Kumbha not only Purna but also make bathing infinitely more auspicious.

Makar Sankranti, which falls on January 14, is another auspicious day every year when devout Hindus all over the country bathe in sacred rivers, lakes and the seas. Sagar Mela in West Bengal is held on that day. Makar Sankranti is winter solstice when the sun appears to begin its northward journey, called Uttarayan in Sanskrit.

for money but with a spirit of service. These exhortations are, however, always supplemented by strict vigil. Mr Bhattacharya himself and other high officials constantly move about in the mela area, gently tapping the back of a policeman who has left his post and is sitting with folded hands before a sermonizing sadhu or intently gazing at a bathing beauty in a dangerous state of undress.

Even a non-believer or a non-Hindu observer of this unique and gigantic phenomenon called Kumbha mela will be deeply impressed by this unrehearsed expression of unity among the diverse and often conflicting sects and sub-sects in the Hindu religion, this massive demonstration of fervent religious faith among the masses, and the continuity of a tradition for thousands of years. But is it faith and tradition? Hasn't it become a habit and custom which in a static society always remains unchanged? Religious faith is supposed to make a man a better man, less cruel and more kind to fellow beings who are all children of God, more honest, less greedy, and less energetic in the pursuit of "gold and sex", as they say, than of the joys of the spirit whatever they are. Any claim that the Hindus who scrupulously perform their religious rites are a better lot than those who do not will be hardly tenable.

An ancient country builds up a lot of traditions that provide pride and self-confidence to the nation. But with the adoption of some universal modern ideas in the economic, social and scientific spheres which are essential for changing the tragic condition in which the majority of Indians are condemned to live, some Hindu traditions like the caste system and the cow worship should have petered out or at least come into sharp conflict with rational thoughts and modern values. But because of the peculiar nature of the Hindu tradition which is at once venerable and odious obscurantist and liberal, bathing and frequently emaciated, the opposition exists in the Hindu way of life in perfect peace. The Hindus never reject anything although they are great at borrowing traits.
This piling up of traits was once compared by Nehru to a palimpsest, an ancient manuscript written upon over and over again without the earlier layers being completely rubbed off. This explains the bewildering sights such as of a jeans-clad English-speaking Indian girl taking a holy dip in the Sangam, of black-marketeers, thieves, cut-throats and rapists feeding the sadhus and getting their blessings, of Commune leaders consulting astrologers and wearing amulets, of obscene dancing before the images of gods and goddesses, of renowned scientists believing in so-called miracles that can be performed by a street magician, and of bands playing Hindi film songs in a procession of sadhus. All the traits in Hindu culture, those introduced 5,000 years ago and those borrowed yesterday remain juxtaposed against each other presenting a pattern which seems unreal to everybody except a Hindu. In the Hindu society the thesis and the anti-thesis coexist peacefully, and the dialectical process has failed to create a synthesis out of them.

As long as it had power, Hinduism fought and defeated its rivals and banished or absorbed them. Buddhism, which substituted individual reason for the authority of the Vedas as a guide in religious matters, was vanquished and exiled from the country. But Christianity and Christianity posed a different kind of challenge, backed as they were by militant temporal powers. Hinduism withdrew into a shell and hibernated for centuries, losing the elan that had helped it in the past to chart new paths from truth to truth—from Vedic polytheism to Vedantic monoism, from Lokayata atheism to Bhakti theism. As long as Hinduism was a vital force, Hindu intellect flowered in all spheres of knowledge—in the sciences and the arts, in philosophy and literature. But since the Hindus lost their brain and brawn over a thousand years ago they have been jealously guarding their religion and culture as their only asset, looking at their past glories discovered by foreigners and talking of them, as the revivalist movements in the 19th century were doing, to get over a gnawing feeling of inferiority vis-à-vis a robust alien culture represented by the conquerors. The present-day official promotion of festivals like the Kumbha mela betrays an attitude which is incompatible with the ideals of a modern secular State which the Government is committed to create.

To understand the Kumbha mela one must take note of a few basic assumptions of Hinduism. The Hindus believe in the continuity of life in different forms and not only on this planet. The present space-time frame called life is one in a succession of lives. It is karma which determines the form and quality of the next life and so on. We are all cute little puppets of our past karma. This is the core of the Hindu belief system which justifies some of its worst traits.
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His Master's Voice
HINDUISM has arrogantly ignored some far-reaching developments in the history of mankind, like the elimination of distance in this planet and the extension of the frontiers of knowledge about new worlds charted by the quantum physicists, radio astronomers and depth psychologists. Fast communications have shrunk this world to the size of a peanut bringing into focus other civilizations, other cultures and other religions which have discovered other truths. But the Hindu, wrapped up in the cocoon of his own cocksureness, has no need for them. The vastly enlarged knowledge of the inner operations of the psyche gives a new interpretation of the religious urge in man, and an awareness of the immensity of the stellar universe has reduced the importance of man in his eyes, humbled him, led him through ceaseless doubts, questions and inquiries to new knowledge, stirred his moral conscience and inspired him to do good to fellow human beings rather than escape from society and seek his own salvation.

You may not believe in Freud when he says that sexuality (the term used in a special sense), centred in the incest wish, explains man's desire for union with God, but how can you doubt that the supernatural, or an outside being controlling man's destiny, was a creation of man's mind to cover his own helplessness, and to explain the phenomena which were beyond his comprehension? Isn't ritual bathing in the Sangam just a "pie in the sky" to compensate for the wretchedness of millions of people in this country? The sadhus, who still dominate the Hindu mind, may or may not have realized their identification with the Absolute Brahman, but, more than them, it is the scientists and humanists who have led the march towards tolerance and towards social and economic justice and a better life for the common man. A visit to Kumbha mela will, however, convince one that India is still Hindusthan, that Communism has no future in this country, and that if the people are given something to worship and an Authority blessed by the sadhus, the status quo will continue for another 5000 years or more.

Tailpiece: At Kumbha Nagar when the all-pervading dust was creating a serious health hazard, threatening to infect the exposed food and perhaps cause an epidemic, everybody wanted a little bit of rain to subdue the dust. The rain came, but in torrents, flooded the mela area and, what was worse, the muck-pits overflowed at many places horrifying even the most devout pilgrims. An American chela of a sadhu living in a camp said: "Oh God, we prayed for rain, but this is ridiculous."

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Super Babu

SARAT BABU was in Bombay recently. I mean Sarat-chandra Chatterjee, not Bose. Yes, he was here. The three-day cultural festival, organised by the Nikhil Bharat Banga Sahitya Sammelan (49th session) on the occasion of the great Bengali novelist's birth centenary at the Rang Bhavan, was so evocative that one felt his presence all over the place. Music, dance and drama were the effective media employed to make his genius come alive. The various literary seminars in which the eminent writers representing more than 12 languages participated had been a particularly sumptuous treat. The diarchial and academic wide range of Sarat Babu's literary values, attitudes and methods emphasizing the perennial relevance of his personal vision, enriched by his social commitment.

Sarat Babu's novels were introduced to me, as to many others not knowing Bengali through the seductive medium of the cinema. It was in the middle '30s. I was a student at one of the small-town colleges in the South, New Theatres' Hindi version of Devdas, then showing at a local tumbledown theatre, was the talk of the town. Everybody else appeared to have seen the movie, which I wanted because of the title; Devdas. I thought it was one of the most boring devotional in the familiar Das genre, i.e. Tulsi das, Sarvadas, Ramdas, Kabirdas, Purnendundaradas and so on. But at last, one evening, when I had nothing better to do, I decided to see Devdas out of curiosity. Just to know why so many people had been crazy about it. I saw it again and again, till I lost count of the number of times I had seen it. That drew me most to that movie, apart from Saigal's sublime singing, was the story itself: It was genuinely Bengali and, at the same time, profoundly universal in appeal. Soon I found myself reading whatever Sarat Babu had written and was available in Telugu translation. The novels to which I had no access through translations, fortunately, were to be soon within my reach in their film versions. By the way, his novels are in my cinema, may become a fiercely fanatical Sarat Babu fan. In my adolescence, I began to write adult-}

ory articles on him, blowing him up to the massive dimensions of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky and Dickens.

In retrospect, what I then wrote was, I find, equally valid today. Sarat Babu's work has not dated at all: It has all the ingredients of classicism at its finest. He is relevant today because of his prophetic vision. What he condemned through his work is in the process of being corrected and the progress achieved so far is impressive by any test. Though Sarat Babu had a social purpose, he never permitted it to condition his literature beyond limits. He was not a crusader nor a missionary, though his novels had an overpowering impact on his generation.

There is a story about Sarat Babu which is relevant here. A Bengali scholar goes to him and tells him that he doesn't care for Rabindranath's writing which the pundit condemns as superficial and sentimental. A heated argument ensues and the novelist is surprised that the scholar has failed to see the significance of Tagore's serious, intellectual and philosophical style. Con-

tinuing his attack on Tagore, the pundit says: "Rabi Babu writes for the elite, not for the masses. You are much greater than he. He will never be able to write like you." The novelist replies sharply: "Yes, you're right. I write for people like me!"

Sarat Babu's work represents the trio of angam of the three essential qualities which distinguish all great literature: perspicience, prescience and progressivism. His spontaneous artistry, his deep humanism, his fearless quest of truth, his radiant compassion for the weaker section of the society, such as women, peasants, workers and the minority communities, his sharp, vibrant phrasing, his genius for succinct brevity, his keen awareness of the contradictions inherent in an acquisitive system, his special brew of realism and romanticism, offered in an artistically impeccable form, and his bitter-sweet cynicism, it is these essentials which impart to Sarat Babu's work the sort of universality one associates with great literature.

Sarat Babu did not write much: just 36 books in 22 years, many of them being very brief. Each book is hardly a half-day's reading. He wrote his first novel in his 37th year and his last in his 59th year. He died in his 61st year (January 16, 1938). Thus his literary career had a late start and an early finale, hastened by his health, inner turbulence and illness. As is well known to everybody acquainted with the milestones in Sarat Babu's life and career, he never wanted to become a writer. He began his working life as a clerk in Rangoon and ended up as one of Bengal literature's Big Three, the other two being Bankimchandra Chatterjee and Rabindranath Tagore. He was possibly, the most popular of the trio. Towards the evening of his life, success came to Sarat Babu in a large measure and even politically, under the inspiration of Gandhi, he became quite active. He had no patience with the slow, cautious Gandhian moves. He opted for the direct methods of the Bengali revolutionary writers. He had an understandable rapport. His explosive novel, Father Dabi, which became the Bible of the Bengal youth, drawn into the mainstream of the revolutionary movement, was banned by the British.

A.S. Raman
Babuji's move

A Union Minister between 1946 and 1963, and again since January 1966, Mr. Jagjivan Ram (also known as ‘Babuji’) was one of Mrs. Gandhi’s most dependable aides when the Congress split in 1969. Why, then, has he now chosen to leave the party? And, what will be the impact of his departure on the elections? RANAJIT ROY, veteran political commentator, reports from Delhi.

REMEMBER the exciting days in July-August 1969 when the Congress was divided down the middle over the election of the President in succession to Dr. Zakir Husain who had died? Mrs Gandhi had sponsored the nomination of Mr Sanjiva Reddy as the party’s candidate but later the dictates of “conscience” made her go all out in support of Mr V. V. Gir! who had filed his nomination as an independent.

Despite the hostility of the “Bosses”, nicknamed the Syndicate, who controlled the party apparatus, Mrs Gandhi carried with her a majority of Congress legislators. At that critical juncture in the history of the Congress, two men played a key role on the Prime Minister’s side. They were Mr Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed and Mr. Jagjivan Ram, whose influence over the Muslim and backward communities, respectively, was very substantial.

Mr Ahmed is now the President of India and has no direct role in politics. Mr Ram has just taken the most crucial decision in his long political life, in breaking away from Mrs Gandhi and the ‘coterie’ that, he says, has been ‘concentrating power’ in its hands, in leaving the Congress and the Government and in forming the Congress for Democracy through which he proposes to reassert the values and policies the Congress was taught to uphold.

This fundamental change in his attitude towards the Congress symbolises in a very forceful way the changes that have taken place in the political and administrative life of the country and in internal Congress politics.

Mr. Jagjivan Ram has timed his action well. “Ours is the true Congress and we are the true Congressmen”, he says. This sounds very much like a repetition of what he and Mr Ahmed used to say in their epistolary assaults on Mr Nijalingappa, carried out mostly late at night or early in the morning during those hectic days in 1969.

The internal emergency proclaimed in June 1975 and “the most ominous trends” since then have made him take this fateful decision. He already has some well known Congressmen by his side. Among them are Mr H. N. Bahuguna and Mrs Nandini Satpathy, former Chief Ministers of U.P. and Orissa, and Mr K. R. Ganesh.

Were they confident that their action would evoke response in the country and in the Congress? They have timed their action well, because if they had taken any such step before the Emergency and Press censorship had been relaxed, they would have gone into political oblivion without a whisper being heard about them.

The Prime Minister’s announcement of the Lok Sabha election and the relaxations in the restrictive measures that followed have cleared the suffocating political atmosphere that prevailed in the previous months. The Congress and the CPI are no longer the only parties publicly active. Others have re-entered the field.

The Congress(O), the Socialist Party, the Jana Sangh, and the Bharatiya Lok Dal took Mr Jayaprakash Narayan’s counsel and formed the election platform of the Janata Party. The response to this new party’s opening election meetings in different parts of the country has made all anti-Congress parties believe that if they can avoid splitting of their votes the ruling party can be humbled at the hustings. Will it be an exercise in make-believe? Has the emergence of the Congress for Democracy shown that the
‘YOU WERE EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE’

This is not the first crisis that
Mrs Indira Gandhi has faced
in her long and dramatic politi-
cal career, and certainly this
will not be the last. The Prime
Minister has, with good reason,
earned an excellent reputation
as a cool leader who has been
able to win from every crisis.
Her composure under the sever-
est pressure has more than
once helped her to swing the
political balance in her favour.

The problems resulting from
Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s depart-
ure from the Congress
Party and government,
are hardly in the same
class as those which overtook
her in 1966 or in 1975. But the
firm manner in which she acted
after receiving Mr Ram’s letter
of resignation, was totally
in style. She struck back quite
effectively with a charge which
she knew that Mr Ram could
not refute: the fact that he, as
the seniormost Minister in Mrs.
Gandhi’s Cabinet, was as res-
ponsible as anyone else for all
that has happened. How could
he suddenly say that he was
against the Emergency, when he
had gone on record so often
defending it?

In an unprecedented move to
place her case before the people,
the Prime Minister, Mrs Indira
Gandhi, went to the extent of
quoting verbatim the details of
her last meeting with Mr Jag-
jivan Ram. As she told her
party MPs on Tuesday, Febru-
ary 1, Mr. Ram sent a message
to the Prime Minister asking
for an audience with her before
the Congress Parliamentary
Board met at 10 a.m. the follow-
ing day. Mrs Gandhi was un-
well and, knowing that Wednes-
day would be a full day, asked
him to come over.

Mr Jagjivan Ram came exact-
ly at 4:45 p.m. and, in the
words of Mrs Gandhi, took
“exactly five minutes from the
time he came out of the car
and went back to it.” He sat
down and told Mrs Gandhi, “If
you lift emergency, it will add
to your stature.”

Mrs Gandhi said, “This matter
was looked into by the Home
Ministry and many provisions of
emergency have already been
relaxed by it. The time has not
come for fully lifting the
emergency.”

Mrs Gandhi: ‘Shouldn’t he have spoken out earlier?’
Mr. Jagjivan Ram: "You should be able to deal with whatever situation that might arise with the normal powers."

Mrs Gandhi: "I will take this matter up with the Home Ministry."

Mrs Gandhi further told her party MPs that she had then "thought someone in the Opposition had spoken to him and he was letting me know of it." She was emphatic that Mr Ram did not give the impression that he felt strongly about it.

It is possible to infer now that Babuji was only indulging in a formality when he briefly spoke his mind to the Prime Minister. His mind was already made up. Further evidence of this comes from the statement of the ex-Congress veteran from West Bengal, Mr Bijoy Singh Nahar, who said that he had talked to Mr Ram some days before the latter made his announcement and they had agreed to coordinate their moves. Pointedly, Mr Nahar said that everything was moving to schedule and the 'Congress for Democracy' party would be a constituent of the Janata Party.

While the Congress Chief Ministers and MPs reacted with unexpected ferocity, dubbing Mr Ram's move as a 'decoration' and an 'act of bad faith'; sanguine Swaran Singh noted at the meeting of the MPs that obviously Mr Jagjivan Ram had been thinking about this for a long time.

For her part, Mrs Gandhi reacted with customary dignity and firmness. In her reply to the resignation letter, while Mrs Gandhi was categorical that Mr Ram's charges were "baseless"; she was gracious enough to address him informally as 'Babuji'. The feeling of 'I am hurt, but let's see' comes out in her reply.

"My dear Babuji,

I am astounded to receive your letter of today. As a member of the Cabinet, the Cabinet Committee on Political Affairs and the highest organs of the Congress, you were throughout active and directly associated with every decision whether at the Government or party level in the conduct of the national policies.

"Even yesterday you presided over the Economic Coordination Committee meeting and decisions here were unanimous. That you should want to resign at a time when elections have been announced, when most of the restrictions under the Emergency have been relaxed. Press censorship withdrawn and prisoners released, is something I fail to understand.

"When you met me yesterday, you gave no hint that you were planning to resign. You did raise the question of lifting the Emergency, saying that removing it would raise my stature. There was no indication of any strong feeling on your part. I informed you that the Home Ministry had gone into the question and had already relaxed many provisions but felt that the time had not yet come for fully lifting the Emergency.

"However, I also said that I would ask the Home Ministry to re-examine the question. In fact, I contacted the Home Ministry within an hour and asked them to have a fresh look into the matter. We could have had further discussions soon.

"That a man of your seniority should choose to make wholesale allegations at this time will be widely regretted. It is strange that you should have remained silent all these months but should make these baseless charges now. Even at the last All-India Congress Committee meeting at Gauhati you fully supported our policies and never expressed any reservations or doubt, whether directly or indirectly.

"The terms of your resignation are such that I have no alternative but to advise the President to accept it.

"May I thank you for your co-operation as a senior colleague?"

"Yours Sincerely,

"Sd/- Indira Gandhi"

"P.S. Immediately after sending me the letter you have met the Press and issued a statement asking Congressmen to resign. This throws its own light on your motives."
Congress is by no means a contented house. To what extent and in which States Congressmen will opt for the course Mr. Jagjivan Ram has opened for them, is still an unknown entity.

In 1969 the odds were against the Syndicate. As Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi could take measures for the downtrodden while the name 'Syndicate' became synonymous with big business, landowners and reactionaries of all kinds. There was bank nationalisation, for instance, which coincided with Mr. Morarji Desai's ouster from the Government in July 1969. Public opinion turned in favour of Mrs. Gandhi, and this changed the complexion of political loyalties of many Congressmen to give the Prime Minister a comfortable majority in the party.

Mr. Jagjivan Ram does not have this advantage which continues to be enjoyed by Mrs. Gandhi. His claimed advantage is that since 1971 and especially since June 1975, the Government has taken a series of measures which have benefited the business community and harmed the working class. He has alleged that the 20-point programme, despite what the people have been made to hear, has made little headway. The Emergency, it is said, has left a sour impression on many people. These allegations have forcefully been refuted by the Prime Minister. The Congress Party has renewed its loyalty to Mrs. Gandhi's leadership and described Mr. Ram's move as anti-Congress and anti-people.

It is for the votes of the downtrodden that every party will use all its resources. It remains to be seen if the influence of Mr. Ram and the Congress for Democracy will be felt all over north and eastern India.
Youth power: The new phenomenon

The Youth Congress, with 5,100,000 members, wields great power in the political scene today. JANARDAN THAKUR finds out how the Youth Congress became a phenomenon within a year.

At No. 10 Janpath, once the residence of a prime minister and now the headquarters of the All India Youth Congress, a long-haired leader waxed eloquent on the power of the organisation. "You just study the voter list and you will know the importance of the Youth Congress in the coming election." He need not have emphasised the point. For nearly an hour, Gyan Singh, President of the Youth Congress, had been calling the shots. A continuous stream of visitors kept coming and going. Since Mr Sanjay Gandhi was not all that easily accessible the next best thing was to have an audience with Mrs Soni.

The power of the Youth Congress today is palpably clear. The smart youth leader put it smarly, but rightly: "We emerged on the political scene at the Kamagatafa maru session and by the time for the Gauhati session we were in the driver's seat."

The President herself looks back at the year that has gone by with pride and claims that starting from scratch they have enlisted about 51 lakh members for the organisation.

She asserts that the youth of the country was never such a vital constructive force as it is today and envisages a "big role for them now in the coming elections."

"Many of the Youth Congress leaders are going to fight as candidates and others are going to work for the victory of the party. We have no quota for seats but we are trying through Mr Sanjay Gandhi to get a maximum number of seats for the Youth Congress."

Mrs Soni has implicit faith in the inspiring leadership of Mr Sanjay Gandhi as also in Sathyu Sai Baba, whose picture graces her office table. Her two guiding lights.

There are those in the Congress Party — of course, none of them would like to be named, for obvious reasons — who fear that the "student manner" in which the Youth Congress has gone about implementing the family planning programme was likely to affect the prospects of the party at the coming polls. The President and other Youth Congress leaders would not agree with this at all. On the contrary, they hold that the Youth Congress has, in fact, intervened in a large number of cases to ensure that there is no coercion in the sterilisation campaign. They consider it a part of the malicious propaganda against the Youth Congress.

No do they think that the slum clearance programmes in the city that have alienated the people. "What can be a bigger proof of how happy the people are," asks Mrs Soni, "than the fact that all our aspirants for tickets are trying hard to register voters in the new rehabilitation colonies in their respective constuencies? She admits that initially there was resentment against the Congress and the Prime Minister. But the Congress and the Prime Minister have said "Whenever you attempt anything big there is bound to be some resentment, some opposition. After all who would like to lose their homes even if they are just shgogis?" But the slum clearance had been followed by the colossal job of resettling the uprooted population. It was far from having any resentment the people were all for the Youth Congress. "You go and find out for yourself," said one Youth leader.

Mrs Ambika Soni is confident that in spite of all the propaganda, the people are keenly aware of what was what and they will never vote out progressive policies. "I can never understand how adult, sensible people can ever vote against the 20-point programme of the Prime Minister and the five-point programme of Mr Sanjay Gandhi. The people know that if they vote for these policies out they would be weakening and demoralising the youth of the country, who for the first time has taken the right course."

She says, and they are genuinely happy with what the Youth Congress is doing."

"I firmly believe that the students and youth of the country are basically honest and idealistic. They can be motivated to the highest form of social service long they were misled and exploited. What people called student movements, whether in Gujarat or in Bihar, were never really student movements. During the years 1972-73, the economic situation was bad and naturally the young people were easily motivated to listen to the Opposition parties. They were wrongly incited and excited for the narrow political interests and gains of the opposition parties."

But she is convinced that the youth of the country never "lost their souls" to the Opposition parties. "Once they get wise they rejected the Opposition parties. If they had really been with the Opposition parties, Mr Sanjay Gandhi could never have brought about the sort of revolution that he has done."

She adds that basic problems still remain to be tackled, specially the problem of unemployment. "You see we are trying hard to inculcate the concept of dignity of manual labour. There is so much of construction work going on in the country."

She goes on to enumerate all the good work that the Youth Congress has done in various fields. "We have been actively engaged in the fair redistribution of land, in the cooperative movement, in getting loans to the needy. The things in the name of the Youth Congress were not even members of the organisation."

It is quite possible, she says, that the Opposition leaders which were out to discredit the Youth Congress had intruded into it. "You can't help it when there is such a massive enrolment. Some opportunists could have come into it. You might even call them intruders. They have to be watched. We have often found that some elements who have done bad things in the name of the Youth Congress were not even members of the organisation."

The "big role" that the Youth Congress is out to play in the country's politics is resented not only by the Opposition leaders, but even more so by some of the leaders in the Congress, particularly those who fear they might be elbowed out to make room for the Youth Congress. But the resentments are expressed only privately and are never meant to be identified.
Who's afraid of Pindi's N-plant?

It is still not clear whether Pakistan will get its N-fuel reprocessing plant from France. But what if both countries manage to overcome U.S. pressure and Bhutto has his way? P. R. CHARI, Director, Institute for Defence Studies and Analyses, explains what we have to fear. This article was written before Canada terminated nuclear cooperation with Pakistan.

RIGHT through 1976 Pakistani-French-American relations were interlocked over the French agreement to sell a plutonium reprocessing plant to Pakistan. The agreement got linked with the question of U.S. arms supplies to Pakistan, of which an important component is the A-7 warplane. It would be useful to precisely analyse the role of a plutonium reprocessing plant towards creating a nuclear weapons capability.

Plutonium is a fissile element formed within a nuclear reactor during its operation which accumulates in the fuel rods. About 5 kgs of weapons-grade plutonium is sufficient to manufacture an atomic weapon of the Hiroshima bomb lethality. A plutonium reprocessing plant is required to separate the plutonium from the fuel rods, which is achieved by a simple chemical process. However, the technology involved is relatively sophisticated. Because plutonium is highly toxic the operation is heavily shielded, and has to be carried out by remote control. The plutonium, thus produced, can be used in second generation nuclear reactors, but also has military uses. It is consequent of the belief that the possession of a plutonium reprocessing plant significantly advances a country towards developing an atomic weapons capability.

The French-Pakistani deal was struck in February. Mr. Bhutto is on record saying that the intention was to use the plant for producing nuclear power and not for manufacturing a nuclear bomb. At present Pakistan has a small 5 MW research reactor at Nilore, constructed with American assistance, which started operating in 1965. She also has a 137 MW nuclear power reactor near Karachi, acronym KANUPP, built with Canadian assistance and operating since end of 1972. Both reactors are under safeguards. Her immediate plans are to set up a 500-600 MW nuclear power plant near Chashma Barrage in Mianwali district which is being negotiated with Canada. Her long-term plans envisage a complex of 24 nuclear power plants by the end of the century.

The agreement led to strong reservations being voiced by the United States and Canada. It was emphasized that Pakistan did not require a reprocessing plant. KANUPP, which is the only significant reactor in Pakistan, only produces about 30 kgs of plutonium a year. Fred Ikle, the head of the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency observed: "Pakistan could not want such a plant for economic reasons. . . . For an economic fuel cycle you need the "40 or more reactors." Pressure was mounted by Kissinger on both Franc and Pakistan to abrogate the agreement. Canada threatened to cut off further supplies of nuclear technology to Pakistan if she went through with the deal.

The French perceptions are basically linked with their commercial interests. With a substantial industrial capacity established to manufacture nuclear equipment, France would think of exports. Further, it was argued on this deal would affect France's image as a reliable supplier of nuclear technology and military equipment. President d'Estaing made it clear that the plant, when made available to Pakistan, would be placed under safeguards to be administered by the International Atomic Energy Agency so that plutonium may not be diverted for military purposes.

The other question speculated upon was the resumption of U.S. arms aid to Pakistan. When the U.S. arms embargo was lifted in early 1975, it was reported that Pakistan might seek combat planes, tanks, surface-to-air missiles and anti-tank missiles. In April this year French armaments arm of the Air Force team from Pakistan was evaluating combat planes, especially, the A-4, A-7 and F-5E aircraft.

In August it was reported that Kissinger was considering the sale of 100 A-7 Corsair light bombers to Pakistan if she agreed to give up her proposal to purchase the reprocessing plant from France. Dr. Kissinger visited Pakistan to persuade her to cancel the agreement — besides arms, economic aid was also promised in lieu. Pakistan was not persuaded, and M. Chirac, then French Prime Minister, rejected U.S. efforts to discuss the issue. He asserted that the question was bilateral and between Pakistan and France. Thereafter, the Ford administration notified Congress of its proposal to sell only some $35 million worth of torpedoes, tanks recovery vehicles, armoured personnel carriers and ammunition to Pakistan. Warplanes were significantly not mentioned.

Another flurry of activity took place in November. A special envoy of the French President visited Islamabad: Mr. Aziz Ahmed left for Paris on an unscheduled visit. Canada announced tough new conditions, including an insistence upon checking on the use made of reprocessed plutonium. If this was not agreeable to Pakistan all nuclear cooperation would be terminated. There was intense speculation that France was anxious to abrogate the agreement, but would like Pakistan to take the initiative. In the midst of these activities came the report that the Pentagon had recommended the sale of 110 A-7 aircraft to Pakistan at a cost of $700 million. It has been clarified that the A-7 deal is linked with Pakistan's reprocessing facility.

Certain aspects of these diplomatic manoeuvrings need highlighting. It would be erroneous to believe that the plutonium produced in KANUPP can be used to manufacture nuclear weapons. In a nuclear power-plant, plutonium is formed in all three isotopic forms, viz., Pu-239, Pu-240 and Pu-242. (An isotope is a separate form of an element with similar chemical, but different physical properties — notably weight of the atom). Plutonium having less than 80 to 90 per cent Pu-239 is unsuitable for weapons fabrication. But plutonium produced in power reactors is highly admixed with undesirable Pu-240 and Pu-242 which cannot be separated. Consequently, KANUPP plutonium is unfit for weapons use, and the reactor is also under safeguards.

What this means is that Pakistan has no source of plutonium at present for making a nuclear weapon.
Its future plans for more reactors are heavily dependent upon external technology. Suppliers can, therefore, impose strict safeguards to prevent diversion of nuclear material to non-peaceful purposes. The fear that Pakistan could develop a nuclear capability if she gets a reprocessing facility is, therefore, a highly exaggerated danger.

The other aspect of these developments is the linkage of arms supply with the reprocessing plant. The thesis seems to be that sale of conventional arms, which could lead to an arms race or regional instability, is a lesser evil than general proliferation. The sale of 110 A-7 aircraft must be seen in this light. It can carry armaments weighing 15,000 pounds, including air-to-air and air-to-ground missiles. Its maximum speed at sea level is 698 m.p.h. almost equaling the speed of sound. Its radius of action is about 1,140 miles with maximum internal fuel, and 1,435 miles with external fuel. Supply of these planes to Pakistan would expose large parts of India to the risk of bombing and it could also be used for ground support and interdiction operations. A particular danger arises from sneak bombing raids on coastal and offshore installations. Pakistan is also negotiating with U.K. for 100 Jaguar warplanes, which could be designed to pressure the United States into concluding the A-7 deal.

President Carter has committed his position to preventing nuclear proliferation, and using U.S. influence to dissuade its allies from transferring reprocessing facilities. He has also criticised the unrestricted sales of military weapons by the Republican administration. Only those arms sales should be made by the United States, he feels, which "promote peace in the region and carry out our committed foreign policy." In implementing such a mature policy, Carter would be assisted by the Symington amendment to the military aid bill which permits the United States to bar all economic or military assistance to nations which import or export nuclear reprocessing plants that could have military purposes. Such pressure could achieve the U.S. objectives of preventing general proliferation, without using conventional arms supply as the instrument of dissuasion.

When the arms embargo was lifted in February 1975, the New York Times observed editorially that it would be "a stimulus to the arms race in the subcontinent, (lead to) an exacerbation of Indian-Pakistani relations, a blow to American relations with India and (provide) new evidence of the 'tilt' towards Pakistan." It remains to be seen if Carter would avoid these consequences of an A-7 sale to Pakistan and adhere to his election promises.
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Rocky road to Geneva

President Jimmy Carter is not going to experiment with his own shuttle diplomacy to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. Instead, he has clearly indicated his preference for a round-table conference in Geneva. The frontline Arab states—notably Egypt and Syria—and Israel are also talking in terms of returning to the Geneva mechanism. The Soviets are pleased, for they are co-chairs of the Geneva Conference, along with the United States. However, the road to Geneva is still blocked by rocks and boulders.

Three years have passed since the Yom Kippur or Ramadan war of October 1973. Another three or even five years may elapse with an uneasy and brittle peace reigning in West Asia. But if the Arab-Israeli conflict is not resolved, war will break out again. The conflict is larger and far more powerful than men like Sadat and Assad who may have lost their appetite for another war. They as well as the leaders of Israel realise, however, that the next war will be much more expensive in terms of human lives and material and the war of 1973. And the political and social consequences could sweep away several of the regimes in West Asia.

The hard reality is that the three years of truce have made both Israel and the Arabs weaker, not stronger. The Israelis may have got from the USA over $3 billion worth of weapons, replenishing their war losses and even lending more teeth to their offensive arm. But they have lost their social cohesion; worse, they have realised the grim truth that in a war of attrition, the Arabs have the upper hand.

Large cracks have appeared not only in the Israeli political and social elite, but also in the ranks of Israeli's traditional patrons in the Western world. Lurking behind the military might of the Arabs (about which the Israelis are probably not very nervous) lies the oil power of the OPEC, which the men in Tel-Aviv must reckon with. They cannot be certain that even the Shah of Iran, who is the main supplier of Israel's petroleum needs, will incur the wrath of the Arab by keeping the flow open in the event of a war. "I am not Israel's godfather," the Shah declared as early as the beginning of 1975. Since then he has made it clear that he wants Israel to abandon all the Arab territory it seized in the 1967 war.

The Palestinians have indeed emerged as the most volatile element in Arab politics. War and periods of stalemate have tended to radicalise the Palestinians who now number 3 million. The various Arab nations have sought to use the Palestinians in the apparently endless inter-Arab feuds. The Palestinians have divided as well as unified Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Iraq. In 1976, Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and even Israel seemed to have developed a tacit consensus that the radical Palestinian elements must not be allowed to ascend the political ladder in Lebanon. The Americans went along with this helpful strategy, and the result was that the Syrian army invaded the Palestinian areas in Lebanon, and Syria and Egypt forged, once again, a common political-military front in order to "contain" the Palestinian problem.

They have probably succeeded to a significant extent in this shared business; hence their readiness now to repair to Geneva. The message Egypt and Syria have been signalling to the USA and Israel is this: We have established some control over the Palestinian question. The radicals are down; even Arafat is in a sober mood. If you go to Geneva now, we can probably offer some compromise formula both on the question of the territory the Palestinian state is to cover and of the Palestinian representation at the Geneva conference. But time is of supreme importance. Please make up your mind before it is too late.

This message is reflected in Sadat's proposal that the new Palestinian state be created with the west bank of Jordan and the Gaza strip, both in Israeli occupation. It is also reflected in Sadat's offer to negotiate directly with Israel as soon as Tel-Aviv accepts the minimum Arab demands. It is further indicated in the reciprocity of its political stance and the hope that once the Palestinians have got their national home, they would recognise Israel's legitimacy. Each of these points is a major concession to Israel and the USA.

But so divided is the Israeli body politic that no group has the courage to make comparable concessions to the Arabs. Except the communists, no political group in Israel wants to return to the Arabs all the territory taken in June 1967. There is hardly any political group, once again except the communists, who would oppose Israeli settlement in occupied territory, far less dismantle the numerous settlements already in existence. The "hawks" are not willing to see a new Palestinian state come into being, but want Jordan itself to absorb the Palestinians and thus turn itself into the Palestinian homeland. On the issue of Palestinian representation at Geneva, all the major Israeli parties are against allowing the PLO any representative status.

Prime Minister Rabin has called for elections in May with the hope that his party (the Labour Party) will emerge with sufficient strength to enable the next premier to take bold decision even if these are unpopular. There is no certainty, however, that the May poll will return a stable, strong government. Most probably, the "hawks" will emerge stronger than the "doves," and the next coalition will be Armstrong and an unstable and unpalatable government has been. If this is so, Tel-Aviv may be unable to respond to the gestures of the moderate Arab leaders. The result can only prolong the stalemate.

Nor can a long stalemate be gainful for the Carter Administration. It cannot afford to lose the friendship of the Arab "moderates" either. The Saudi decision to break up the unity of the OPEC on the price of petroleum by refusing to increase the price of its own oil by more than 5% was taken on an informal understanding that the US Government would move determinedly toward a peace settlement in West Asia. Which, in diplomatic reality, means that it will put pressure on Israel to concede the three basic Arab demands.

But can any American President force down the throat of Israel a peace plan that tears apart the fundamentals; Zionist ethos? It can and probably will produce the worst kind of recalcitrance in Israel, invoking the ancient and deeply rooted Zionist instinct of self-destruction. Since the war of 1973, many Israeli leaders have been warning their people that a day may come when they will have to live without American aid, even without American support. In the hustings, Zionist fanaticism could whip up a frenzy of religious passion among the Jewish population in Israel in which no government would dare accept the American plan.

Bhabani Sen Gupta
What do Carlos Alvarez, Julia Alvarez, Guzman, Glaubs Rocha and Torre Nilsen—all film makers from the explosive continent of Latin America—have in common? None of them can exhibit their films in their homeland. MRINAL SEN met them and saw their films at festivals in Leipzig, Cannes and Berlin held late last year. His report:

At Leipzig in GDR it is always a week-long film festival held in the last week of November when snow begins to fall and the people begin to prepare themselves to welcome Christmas. It is a festival of short films collected from all over the world and screened at the rate of not less than 25 films every day. The duration of the films ranges between 3 minutes or even less to 100 minutes or more, and none of the participants, as I gathered from my viewing list, is free from what a purist would condemn as mere political pamphleteering. I, for one, have found the festival enormously stimulating.

This, however, does not mean that I liked all the films which were screened at Leipzig last year. As we know, there are too many International film festivals held in a year; and it is also our experience that not too many good films are made in a year. In Leipzig too, out of more than 300 entries this time, while there were good films, there were also bad and indifferent films. And, as usual, not all of us agreed with the jury's decision; but, unlike in non-communist countries, the decision was received calmly, with no cat-calls and no boos. There were cheers and ovations at the concluding function; the speeches had all the characteristic hyperboles and rhetoric liberally strewn between the lines. Finally, around midnight, the curtain was drawn on a note of happiness. Not quite an exciting finish, to be frank!

But, to my surprise, the most exciting at the Leipzig festival of 1976 was meeting old friends and making new contacts. Who were the new contacts? Those who, until recently, were rotting in jails for having made, so their all-powerful administrators said, subversive films. Among them were Carlos Alvarez and his quiet wife, Julia, both of them filmmakers from Colombia, and their friend and colleague, Manuel, and also the Chilean, Guzman, who made a wonderful film called The First Year. Among the old friends were Ulrich Gregor and his wife, Erika, from West Berlin, Gordon Hitchens of New York's Film School for Social Studies and Argentin's Rudolfo Brouillon, now based in New York, who, as the biggest and the most untiring promoter of Latin American films, had plenty of "secrets" to circulate in the festival.

In spite of political persecution, Brouillon said, the Latin American filmmakers have been performing very well indeed. But making films, he added, and showing them, have become difficult and quite expensive. He had good news for me, he said. He told me he had selected half-a-dozen films for the festival in India including the famous Hollywood Trial. Quite naturally, I became enthusiastic, because he is the same man who, in our 5th International Film Festival, sent us an excellent Bolivian film The Blood of the Condor. And it is he through whom the National Film Archives in Poona purchased a highly stimulating film called The History Book.

Talking about Carlos Alvarez and his comrades, I am tempted to recall a day in 1972 when, in the last week of October, I acted as the chairman of the jury at a week-long festival at Nyon in Switzerland. A busy week was over and a midnight encounter with our Ambassador, Mr Arjan Singh, not quite happy though, had just ended. All the members of the jury, having done their job, had rushed back to their countries and I was the only one waiting for my flight back to India on the following day. Quite early in the morning, I was woken up in my hotel by a telephone call from the director of the festival, Moritz de Hadeln. He told me that he had just received an important letter from an unexpected quarter and that he needed an immediate session with me. Within quarter of an hour he reached my hotel and we sat on the mysterious letter. It was from a man called Carlos Alvarez, written from a Colombian jail and just smuggled out. It was a kind of circular, an appeal to all lovers of cinema all over the world, giving information about him and his wife and about six other colleagues of his, all in jail facing military trial. The world must know all about them, Alvarez appealed, and international opinion must be mobilised. "Save my friends and me and my wife," Alvarez concluded.

Later in the evening we met at Moritz's place—Henri Stork, Moritz, his wife and I. We drafted two telegrams—one on behalf of the jury, and another on behalf of the International Association of Short Filmmakers. Henri Stork, the noted Belgian director and close friend of Jorge Ivens with whom he jointly made that great film Boringa, contacted the executives of his Association scattered all over Europe and collected their consent. I also did the same, spoke to other six members of the jury on the telephone, and made sure that all of them whole-heartedly supported the text of our draft telegram. We then sent both the cables to different parts of the world—to the military Government of Colombia, to UNESCO, to various other agencies and in unambiguous terms said that such prosecution as this was nothing short of a fascist onslaught on the arts.

Incidentally, in 1973, when I chaired the jury at the Mannheim Film Week in West Germany, it was decided by all the members of the jury that a resolution be drafted and read out on the concluding day of the festival condemning the military junta of Chile for keeping Guzman behind prison bars. Interestingly, it was at this festival that we found Guzman's film The First Year to have rightly deserved the Special Jury Award.

They were all there at the Leipzig festival, talking animatedly, narrating gruesome experiences, listening to what others had to say about themselves, admiring their knowledge of cinema and keeping the flag flying. The Latin Americans were the most active at Leipzig, and all of us made notes, mental and written, of what they had told us about the film-scene in their countries. And it was from them that we heard about Glazer, kidnapped in broad daylight from a busy street in Buenos Aires and possibly killed subsequently.
As they said this, I remembered Glazer’s face at the Berlin Forum in 1975. He was distributing leaflets at the Forum’s permanent theatre called Arsenal, and I met him right there. How was that, after coming all the way from Argentina, he was only circulating papers which contained problems of the trade union movement in his country? Glazer confessed that trade unionism was his best love and not filmmaking. Sooner or later, he said, he would devote all his time to the trade union movement. I understood him, I admired him and I could see why he had made a full-length feature called The Traitor based on the true-life story of a trade union leader of his country.

IS it true, I asked the Latin American delegates, that Tore Nilsen had reacted sharply to several cuts in his latest film and had issued an angry statement in Madrid saying that he would not go back to Argentina?

They said, yes.

Later, at Cannes, where I attended the Meeting of the International Film and Youth as a member of the jury, I met another young director from Argentina. He told me that Tore Nilsen had gone back to his country and had so far encountered no problems with the authorities.

And it was the same Argentinian at Cannes who told me a terrible truth. Glauber Rocha who, until recently, carried on his head six warrants issued by the Brazilian Government, on several dangerous charges including that of subversion, had now returned to his country, unharmed. A statement favourable to the Government, made publicly by Rocha himself in a desperate bid to reconcile himself with the authorities, had done this miracle!

Knowing Glauber Rocha as we do, could it be a tactical move? Or a simple case of surrender born out of longer-term depression?

A short flashback again. While in Berkeley at the University of California in 1975, a friend of mine gave me a letter to read. It was Rocha’s letter to him, written from Paris. I read the letter and could clearly see that Rocha was in extremely bad shape, both financially and mentally. He needed a job, he wrote; he needed money to make a film; he needed someone who would understand him, and what he needed most was to communicate. Along with the letter Rocha sent a new script to his friend. I read that too and found it exceedingly well-conceived. I never thought that Glauber Rocha, the rebel, the one who wrote an excellent piece on the Aesthetics of Violence, would break so soon. Or, perhaps, what I had heard was a blatant lie!

At the end of the Leipzig festival I asked one of the Latin Americans, “How will you face the local situation when you return to your countries?”

“Not all of us will return”, he said. “Those who are considered ‘dangerous’ may have to take cover. If the situation becomes worse they will have to organise temporary shelters in safer countries.” Which means some of the filmmakers will be cut off from their own people. And a situation like this is disastrous for a communicator because a communicator living in isolation lives a wretched life. Is that what actually happened to Glauber Rocha? I asked myself.

IMMEDIATELY after the end of the Leipzig festival there was an international seminar in Berlin attended by a little over 50 participants. It was a three-day session and the subject was a much-discussed theme — Cinema as a Weapon Against Imperialism. True, there were lively speeches, all angry and defiant, made by the participants and made exclusively for them, but what I felt particularly unhappy about was the frequent reference to the ugly machinations of imperialism and the relative absence of discussions on problems of cinema. Harping on the conspiracy of the imperialists and their agents and sub-agents, unmasking them all and making people constantly aware of the danger of colonial culture infiltrating various levels of socio-economic structure — all this is quite understandable and, indeed, fair enough. But when the dialogue is strictly between responsible filmmakers, as at the Berlin seminar, the primary focus, quite in the fitness of things, should have been on the creative problems, on the crisis of communication. The seminar under discussion hardly touched on these issues.

This brought me close to a thought which had been making me itch ever since I had my private talk with the Latin Americans in Leipzig. The Latin Americans are, indeed, brave people who, because of intense political necessity, have been making films rather secretly, showing them secretly and discussing
them, of course, not openly. And what is true of Latin American countries is also partially true of several countries in Africa fighting relentlessly against colonial rule. These, we know, are the films which reflect reality in its ruthless detail; these are the films, didactic and dynamic, which impart knowledge to spectators, sharpen their political understanding, agitate them, ignite their passions and, in the process, help them grow into active partisans. A revolutionary task indeed! But, who are the spectators of such films? Who are they who brave danger and go underground to watch films clandestinely and then to discuss them in closely guarded shelters? Could they ever be a set of apolitical people or even a neutral lot waiting to be indoctrinated? Do such films ever reach the masses of the countries?

As far as my thinking can go, watching such films, under cover of darkness and discussing them almost conspiratorially is not an easy job. It is a political act; it involves risk, it calls for courage and, of course, a certain conviction. All these are the essential virtues of an accomplished partisan. A conclusion, therefore, becomes quite apparent: films made secretly and shown clandestinely can never reach beyond a certain boundary; the masses will always remain on the other side of this boundary.

Is there then any alternative left for the militants in the countries where democratic rights are being mercilessly curbed? Jorges Sanjinés is making films outside Bolivia, Guzman outside Chile and Solanas, so we hear, has left Argentina after the recent coup. There are a host of stories of others trying to pull in their resources in the more friendly atmosphere of alien countries. In the process, some have been found to have grown even stronger and tougher but others just go into oblivion. Among all these stories the most incredible and the saddest is Glauber Rocha's who, having been in virtual exile for a long period, is reported to have returned to Brazil but not to his people. In Europe and Africa we hear of similar cases of filmmakers leaving their own countries in search of freedom. The most widely discussed of them all is Costa-Gavras, quite active in the business of filmmaking, but not in Greece.

This is one side of the picture, terrible and glorious. On the other side, particularly in the Latin American countries, are the filmmakers who, even in the face of inhuman repression, are keeping in close touch with their politics and hoping against hope that some day somewhere the wind will shift. In the Soviet Union the wind shifted with the great revolution in 1917. So, if the Battleship Potemkin had been made immediately after the 1905 uprising and shown in Czarist Russia, the fate, in all probability, would have been the same as that of films being made in today's Latin America.

Or, to pose a pertinent question, could it ever be a reality — the making of a Strike or a Potemkin or, say, a Mother in the Czar's system? I wonder.

Without pretending to offer any positive line in this self-imposed debate the least we can say is that a communicator, in order to communicate to his people effectively, must have a favourable base. What is this base? A healthy people's movement? Political awareness on a national scale? A tolerant system? Or what? Whatever it is, a base to protect and inspire the communicator is an absolute necessity, in the absence of which creativity, sooner or later, exhausts itself.

In the Indian context, such a base once surfaced on the cultural scene, though not in the area of film. During the terrible days of famine in 1943, and in the following years, a group of dedicated men and women, all politically committed, decided they could not remain indifferent to the situation around them. They took upon themselves the responsibility to tell the truth, to forge unity against confusion and to analyse and expose the various forms of exploitation. Under the able guidance of the Communist Party, despite the alleged inconsistencies of its politics, they formed an organisation and called it the Indian People's Theatre Association. Soon they spread all over the country and infiltrated even into the remotest interiors. They sang, they danced, they staged plays and varieties of recitals and in doing so they spoke about the miseries and indignities the people suffered and also about those who caused the sufferings. They used popular forms also perfected the crudities and spoke the language of the common people. Those were the days when creativity reached great height and propaganda became aesthetic excitement. Most interestingly, all this was possible in spite of the system growing increasingly intolerant. It was possible because a favourable base was offered by the vast masses of the people and their conscious support.

The Cannes Festival

At Cannes, the most beautiful riviera in southern France, it was a 10-day festival starting from December 26 and ending on January 4. It was again a competitive festival, non-exclusive in character, with feature films featuring in it; and the jury was com-

THE BLOOD AND THE HOUR: The still above is from the Bolivian film The Blood of the Condor. This film, which was shown at the Bombay film festival last year, is perhaps one of the finest examples of what a political film should be. Right, a poster of 'The Hour of the Furnaces', another brilliant film.

Next month Mrinal Sen will write on the political cinema in India.
posed of five members; three French, one Rumanian and me — the only representative of the "Wretched of the Earth" who did not speak French. Unlike in exclusive festivals where participating films must not have been presented at any other festival before, here was a very happy collection drawn from different festivals held in various countries of the world during the last two years. Here were films about which the public and the members of the jury differed violently. And that was quite exciting.

What was most striking about this small festival, the like of which I experienced only at Forum in West Berlin, was the "discussion" held immediately after each screening. Here, the "discussion" was conducted not to arrive at any conclusion, not to resolve differences, but to expand one's area of operation. It was indeed a vital section of the festival at Cannes and that precisely why the festival was rightly called The Meeting of the International Film and Youth.

While entering the Salle Cocteau to listen to such discussions I was in the beginning a little hesitant. But it took me hardly a minute to realise that the word "Youth" meant just youthfulness and nothing else at all. So, age being no factor, I could find quite a comfortable place in the sessions and could easily build a rapport with the young and the old. At times I felt uneasy, because a member of the jury, while in public, must not talk. For me, frankly enough, it was a difficult exercise in austerity!

But talk we did, as much as we could, at the end of the three screenings every day. Each one of us in the jury talked a great deal, argued on every film, agreed on certain points, differed on others. The tone of the battle we had was about an Italian film called Ragazzo Di Borgata which the public enjoyed hugely, laughing every two minutes, and which I found to have been made with the primary intention of diverting the spectators.

Ragazzo is an extremely well-made film operating magnificently on two levels — on reality and on fantasy. Unpredictably, the characters who, along with the situations, are highly palpable in their physical details, walk smoothly into fantasy and, with infinite smartness, return to reality. From the beginning to the end the journey continues unceasingly — from reality to fantasy and back. While doing so, the director, Paradisi, plays delightfully with his tools in an inimitable spirit of gay abandon. But, to be honest, he was a bit too smart for me. In an absurd bid to change society the young protagonist, the poor son of a poor father, claiming to be the typical representative of the proletariat, indulges in all kinds of fun. Just fun and a host of caustic comments which make you laugh, laugh to your heart's content. As you come out of the theatre you are, in fact, prone to be tolerant towards the system that breeds the rich and the poor and that sharpens the line between the two classes. You become indulgent and even kind, because here is a system which offers you a lot of fun and no hatred. You are happy, you bear no grudge against what you should consider abominable. The sole purpose of the film, as you scratch the surface and reach its bone, is to entertain you and to divert.

After the jury made their decision and Ragazzo disarmed, I applaudingly indulged in a dialogue with a disappointed journalist. Against my argument he referred to Chaplin.

"Didn't the great master use the same trick?" the journalist asked me. I jumped instantly into Chaplin's world, made somewhat of a speech on his philosophy, simple and profound, and re-called that wonderful line he said in reply to the objection raised by the purists for avoiding a last shot in The Great Dictator — that of the Jew barber and Hanna walking hand in hand, towards the glowing horizon. "Wouldn't that be truly Chaplinesque," they grumbled, "walking towards a promised land, as in his earlier films?"

Chaplin had quietly said, "There is no promised land for the persecuted!"

That was precisely why, when the Jew barber in his mistaken identity cry out from the high pedestal: 'Hanna, can you hear me? Wherever you are, look up! Look up, Hanna! The clouds are lifting..." Hanna in a big close-up looked up, looked deep into him from a distance, over the heads of the multitudes, and perhaps whispered, 'He is our only hope.'

Or, did she say it?

Whether Hanna said it or not, that was the end of the film, her eyes glistening, looking beyond.

TWO festivals, one at Leipzig and another at Cannes, at an interval of less than a month, offered me plenty of films, provided me lots of fellowship and food too, quite a lot of clarity and, indeed a headful of stimulants. On my way back, on January 5, I was thinking of a third festival which had started on January 3 at New Delhi. On January 8, I received a letter, the first and the only one to have come from the Festival Directorate, inviting me to the concluding function on January 16 when the President of India would give away the awards.
Much festivity, some discontent

Ella Kazan, the well-known American author and director, who was one of the big names at the Sixth International Film Festival of India held in New Delhi last month, went on record as saying it was one of the best organized festivals he had ever been to. ARATI TAGORE reviews some of the important films shown at the festival, while SUNDAY'S cinema correspondent reports from Bombay on the misgivings in the country's film capital about the Delhi meet.

The dust has now settled on the Delhi Film Festival, but in the minds of all those who attended the meet — where some 250 films from 54 countries were screened in the competition and information sections — remain the impressions created by that fortnight of film-watching.

In the opinion of the festival’s ten-member jury, headed by India’s own Satyajit Ray, the Japanese entry Mon and Ino was the best feature film, and its director Tadashi Imai thus received the Golden Peacock, the most coveted prize in the festival.

Mon and Ino, though set in a Japanese context, deals with a social problem which we in India also encounter. It is the story of a girl who is jilted by her lover when she becomes pregnant. The girl has a miscarriage, and later joins a strip-tease show. When the boy visits the girl’s parents to apologise for what had happened, her brother beats him up. The girl, too, is similarly treated. The reactions of the family and society are well portrayed, and director Imai has succeeded in raising the level of the film greatly by catching with delicate sympathy the agony and bitterness involved in this conflict between the individual and environment.

The award for the best actor went to Sweden’s Carl Gustaf Lindstedt for his powerful role in Bo Widerberg’s Man on the Roof, a first-rate murder thriller where sus-

The other Silver Peacock, for the best actress, went to Hungary’s Jana Pilchová for her performance in Reszo Szorený’s Reflections. The film is about the psychological problem of a girl who lost confidence in herself and had a mental breakdown after being taken in by a liar who went off with the child of their union. Eventually the girl enters hospital where a sensitive woman doctor is especially tender and affectionate — “She is no more a patient; she is my friend” — and cures her. But the girl is unable to regain custody of her child till she proves herself a responsible citizen.

Director Szorený, in slow rhythm, portrays the girl’s two worlds — the one that has rejected her, and the one she wants to cling to. Jana Pilchová’s acting is superb throughout, especially when she goes through her traumatic experience.

An important film was the Argentinian Piedra Libre, in which director Torre Nilsson draws the life of decadent aristocrats through the eyes of an orphaned, adolescent girl who has come to stay with her wealthy school-friend in a big ranch. A rich boy from a nearby ranch falls in love with her but the day before they are to marry the girl is raped by the ranch’s caretaker.

A scene from Torre Nilsson’s “Piedra Libre”
The main characters in this film acted very well.

Another significant entry from Latin America was Deadly Cruelty, which its young Brazilian director described in Delhi as being based on a real-life story which is common in the slums of Rio de Janeiro. An old man in a village, seeking some tenderness in his life, is severely rebuked by a devout Catholic woman who wishes to marry. Frustrated, he roams around aimlessly till—for the crime of watching a village lady taking her bath—he is lynched by a group of men. Now, the villagers are pared with the old man, and the horror of the event is unnoticed till a colourful procession comes to an abrupt halt near the scene. A blind village maid touches the profusely bleeding body of the old man, and sobbingly proclaims his death. The old man’s acting is splendid.

Alfred Hitchcock’s Family Plot took the viewers to the harshness of the underworld. The horror stems from undercurrents in a most banal situation but, however, is logically explicable in the end.

The Australian film Mad Dog, made by director Phillip Mark-Law, concerns a convicts故事 of a young man illegally prospecting for gold. Eventually he has to hide in the bush and when caught has to endure the horror of his “success” for six years in prison. There are many fine scenes in the hills and forests.

Another interesting and well-made film was Mats Arehn’s Maria, Maria, Maria, from Sweden. The story is about Maria, an unmarried hairdresser who lives with her ten-year-old son. The routine of their lives changes when Maria meets and ex-convict and falls in love, caring little about the man’s past. She seeks to reform him with her love and they try to make a happy home together. The camerawork in this film was marvellous.

The Golden Peacock for the best short film was won by India’s S Sukdeb for his After the Silence.

Disappointment in Bombay

The Delhi Festival witnessed the screening of a number of films—good, bad and indifferent—and attracted film personalities in stature of Michelangelo Antonioni, Akira Kurosawa, Elia Kazan, Krishna Shah and a number of others, together with artists from all over the world. They all expressed their satisfaction at attending the festival. But here in Bombay, after the festival there is a great feeling of disappointment among all categories of film people. And they have their reasons.

The main point of their discontent was the choice of Delhi as venue. Many felt the festival should have been in Bombay, the centre of all film activity. Some eminent filmmakers, like V Shantaram, had made this point even before the festival could start. Bombay, according to some film-makers and technicians, should always be the venue of such festivals. They feel that in Bombay there would be a better participation from the Indian film industry as most of the film people live and operate from Bombay. In Bombay there are better, bigger hotels, a number of big theatres and some six preview theatres. In this respect it is much better than Delhi.

According to many others, especially technicians, the festival in Bombay would also let delegates know how films are made in our studios here. Delhi does not have a single studio, whereas all the famous studios in India are situated in Bombay. This time during the festival the Italian film-maker Michelangelo Antonioni—who was in Bombay for a brief halt—went to one of our studios where a song-round-the-bush sequence was being picturised. He stayed there for just fifteen minutes. The whole unit held him in awe and he himself did not speak much. What reactions he took home with him are not known.

Compared to this, during the 5th film festival held in Bombay last year a number of delegates were taken round the studios. This showed them that in India there are other ways of making films besides Satyajit Ray’s, a young and enthusiastic assistant director said.

Another fact which has irked many filmland people is the invitations sent. Only five per cent of the invitations were reserved for Bombay filmland. And these went only to some of the top artists, directors and a few film makers. There was, it seems, a preference for glamour. All the top artists were camping in Delhi for fifteen days. Some of them kept shuttling between Bombay and the festival.

The festival was supposed to act like a training ground for our film makers and technicians—a place where they could learn better things. But where were they? All in Bombay, dreaming about the festival. One director said, “It is the director, the cameraman and the writer (to imitate?) who need to see films. Producers and actors should actually have been given second preference. But here for this festival they neglected us (technicians) and gave them (artists) preference.” A young Film Institute student said they (the students) were not even allowed to ask the Japanese film-maker Akira Kurosawa any questions, “Then how can they expect us to learn?” he asked. Besides all this, many believe these festivals have now become gatherings for the elite. Only those who can afford it and have the time can go to them, and see the films at exorbitant rates. It is a prestige issue for many now.
TALKING of non-stars having chicks orbiting around them, who comes to the matinee show of the English film "Return of the Pink Panther"? None other than Salim, one half of the hit-writer-duo. He was minus his partner Javed, but had a dame on each arm. One was Honey, his wife (ex-child star Honey Irani) and the other — more interesting — Helen. Naturally, the film was about the heist of a priceless diamond. So the next time you see a movie with shades of complicated looting, done slickly you'll know it is courtesy the "Pink Panther" even though it won't be acknowledged. But what's the bit about dating Helen? And Salim sat between the two ladies? Any explanations?

GULZAR had shifted to his new house, Boskiana. And there, over a huge ledge in the living-room are lined up massive blow-ups of Raakhee, in all the various ceremonies at her wedding. And what now? No, Raakhee says, nothing happens. She stays put in her Mukhtangan, while Gulzar goes about supervising the interior decoration of Boskiana, which she would normally have done. And Bosky is so much in love with the beautiful, big new house her papa has made for her that she refuses to go back to mummy. The three-year-old's argument is, why doesn't mummy come here? That way she makes better sense than her parents?

DEBBOO: Talking fantasy

The plane-load of filmfolks who returned from Delhi after the Festival was in a terrific gay mood. It was like a get-together and now, when such affairs have become a bit scarce, it was a welcome occasion for the lot of them. Everyone — from Raj Kapoor and his son, Neeu Singh, and the Dutts, to Sanjeev Kumar, the Yash Chopras, and Raakhee with baby Bosky — found themselves catching up with the revelry. Dabboo was talking fantasy which had its roots in reality somewhere. He was the main initiator behind all the fun and jokes. He got the idea that since Dilip Kumar had made the headlines in a daily as being appointed Ambassador to Kuwait (the "news" was denied by the actor the following day), Sunil Dutt could well be the Ambassador to the United States, following his closeness with the new President And Raj Kapoor could be sent to the Soviet Union because of his massive popularity there! Jokes aside, there seems good sense in this sort of arrangement for our veteran actors are surely the best cultural ambassadors we could have, as things are.

AND young Raju Roshan (as Rajesh Roshan is called) is giving his mamma, a headache, I hear. She was grumbling to someone the other day about the chicks who come to their house to visit him. His popularity rates high, especially with the gals, and I don't blame him — he is such a nice boy. But what beats me is how girls are bold enough to go to his house so often, knowing he is not living alone, but is very much part of a joint family. If his mother is angry about the incessant visits from his female friends (they claim to be his friends), then she has certainly good reason to be. The era of the Liberated Woman, indeed!

RAAKHEE: Home is Mukhtangan

MEANWHILE, there is one man in Hema's group who hates the very mention of Gulzar's name. He was heard denouncing the writer in such lengthy and foul terms, it could leave one pretty shocked! Especially since Gulzar has always been a most-liked person, doing no one any harm (except maybe himself, as he would readily agree) one wonders why this man has a bee in his bonnet about Gulzar. Unless he sees enough to get pinched, in the latest preference Hema is showing the writer-director!

VIJAYA IRANI
Why Bengal is still the best

Bengal's triumph in the National football championship and the performances of Calcutta teams in major tournaments show that Bengal is still supreme in Indian soccer, says CHUNI GOSWAMI. Teams from the Punjab, he points out, have not done well outside northern India and football, after all, has to be played in various conditions and before different types of crowds.

With the conclusion of the Santosh Trophy tournament at Patna last month, all the major competitions for 1976-77 are over, and we can now get a clear picture of the overall performances of teams from various parts of the country.

I am inclined to disagree with those who, unfortunately, believe that the standard of football in Bengal is on the decline and that the cue is now being taken up by teams from the Punjab. A certain north Indian newspaper criticised the Calcutta clubs for not doing well in the DCM and Durand Cup tournaments, and went as far as to say that Mohun Bagan and East Bengal were possibly afraid to meet other teams in India, being content with their performances in the local League and IFA Shield. This, I think, is a very harsh remark to make about these two giant clubs who have been dominating Indian soccer for the last four decades. In the last 16 years, the Durand has been won 12 times by either East Bengal or Mohun Bagan—and the less said about the manner of their elimination from the last Durand tourney, the better.

Even if we go by just this season's results, the performances of Bengal teams in major tournaments are clear evidence that Calcutta football is still supreme. I do not wish to belittle the achievements of Punjab in football—but their performances outside the Punjab and Delhi are unimpressive. As a matter of fact a Punjab team, whatever at the State or club level, has yet to win a major championship outside northern India; their showing in other parts of the country has been rather insignificant.

Despite winning the Santosh Trophy twice in recent years (again, both in 1972 and '74 was the tournament held in Jullundur), Punjab's debacle in the last two Nationals (incidentally, a Punjab team even with Inder Singh, Manjit, Gurdeo and Harjinder could not earn a single point at Patna, while in Kozhikode last time they could not even score a goal) shows their inability to perform well in all conditions and environments. And football, after all, has to be played in different conditions, with or without the support of a partisan crowd.

It was heartening to see Bengal win the Santosh Trophy for the second successive year. This latest success was particularly significant for two reasons: first, the IFA was bold enough to discard as many as five senior players for their alleged misconduct in Kerala a year ago, and the victorious Bengal side comprised mostly of youngsters. Secondly, the team (without Bhownik, Samares Chowdhury, Goutam Sarkar, Sudhir Karmakar and Ulaganathan who were in the winning side at Kozhikode) won all their six matches in the league-cum-knockout tournament, with their best showing being in a convincing 3-1 win over Punjab, sweet revenge for that ignominious defeat in Jullundur two years earlier.

Maharashtra finished a close second and though I saw them only in the final, which Bengal won by a slender margin, Maharashtra's performance deserves the fullest praise. It is gratifying that the development of soccer in the country is not confined to the eastern and northern parts—and with Goa also doing well and being a force to reckon with, it is obvious that football is being taken seriously by boys from western India. However, it was disappointing that Hyderabad and Karnataka, which had produced so many top-class players in the past, did not come up with any new stars. One hopes it will not be long before we see another lot of fine players emerging from the south.

Bengal's Santosh Trophy triumph should not, in my opinion, be considered an end in itself. As the champion State, the IFA should now really try to send their best players to represent India in international competitions. With the introduction of floodlit soccer in Calcutta, it would be feasible to play more matches per week, and the local League can be finished sooner. It is necessary that Mohun Bagan and East Bengal release their best players—and this, I believe, should be possible from this year onwards. Participation in international events is a must to raise the standard of Indian football, and the best possible side must play.

The "charge-sheeting" by East Bengal of four of their top players is disquieting news. East Bengal—without Karmakar, Goutam Sarkar, Tarun Bose and Asoke Banerjee—lost 0-2 in the quarter-final of a tournament in Bokaro, and the club management held that these players should be disciplined for not assisting the team, and eventually suspended them. Nobody is aware why exactly such stringent steps were taken against these players. Doubtless, it is necessary at times to take certain steps to maintain discipline. But if the East Bengal took this drastic measure just because the players did not appear in that unscheduled tourney in Bokaro, wasn't the club asking too much of the players? As it is the players are over-tired by playing in the local League, IFA Shield, Durand, Nationals and another unscheduled tournament in Darjeeling, apart from which they have to turn out for their respective office teams and play some pre-season exhibition matches for their club. Is it humanly possible to play so many matches in so many tournaments, practically without rest? I see no reason why clubs should participate in all and sundry tournaments. If this helps raise club funds, one should think about the poor footballers a bit and realise that they are as much human as other club officials.
‘Aurangzeb’ : Relevant

The staging of ‘Aurangzeb’ recently—a historical play written by Indira Pärthasarathi—was an important event in the history of theatre in Delhi. The play, translated by Surendra Gulati into Hindustani from the original in Tamil, was presented by Agreedoot, which emerged on the Delhi scene in 1969. Since then, it has put up 16 plays, nearly all of them comedies. ‘Aurangzeb’ was its first major attempt at a play very different from the realm of comedy.

‘Aurangzeb’ is a straight historical play aimed at not reproducing a page from history but conveying a truth, using history as a source material. A play of ideas and the playwright has rightly avoided the temptation of bringing crowd spectacles in it, as such dramatic visuals would have been a digression.

The play is conceived as a confrontation involving five persons: Shah Jahan, Dara, Aurangzeb, Jahangir and Roshanara. They are not mere historical figures; each embodies an idea and this intellectual abstraction lends the play its universality.

Shah Jahan lives in the past, Dara in the future and Aurangzeb partly in the present and partly in the future: Shah Jahan lives in the dreamland associated with his past; Dara dreams of building a secular Hindustan; Aurangzeb—a hard-boiled pragmatist—knows the present realities and is determined to build a monolithic state based on one country, one religion and one language.

The memory of his dead wife, Mumtaz, is the sole rationale for the existence of Shah Jahan. To perpetuate this memory he builds a white marble mausoleum—the Taj Mahal—on the side of Jamuna. His last wish is to have a similar mausoleum of black marble for himself on the other side of the Jamuna, The likely burden upon the people does not bother him. "I do not care about the people", replies Shah Jahan to Jahangir when she questions his wisdom, “My dream is my own. No one can interfere with it.”

Dara stands for liberalism and pluralism. Why cannot a man be a Christian, a Hindu and a Mussalman at the same time, asks Dara. He wants to pursue Akbar’s line in religion. But as pointed out by Jahangir, he does not know that when Akbar propagated his religious beliefs, he was the emperor while Dara is trying to become an Akbar even before having become a king. Being an idealist, he does not understand the role of state power. It is for a ‘moulvi’ to tell him that all politics is based on power. He rightly believes that “only the destruction of Aurangzeb can ensure the establishment of a secular state in Hindustan.” But he relies too heavily on his naive faith in people to achieve his political end.

In a political system where the people’s role in decision making is minimal, issues are settled by manipulative power games at the top and in order to succeed, one needs a sense of timing, the daring to take bold decisions and ruthlessness to implement them—qualities that Dara, the idealist, sadly lacks.

Aurangzeb is an orthodox Muslim. He recites the Holy Koran and does namaz five times a day. He believes in an austere life and hates luxuries. His opposition to the wasteful nature of his father’s regime and his insistence on austerity must be welcome to the common people who have to pay for the luxurious life of the rulers.

Aurangzeb too has his dream, a dream of building a monolithic state. But it is a political dream. He is convinced of his being a saviour and sincerely believes that “the duty of reforming this Hindustan that has sunk to the lowest of the low is mine and mine alone.”

Being convinced of his historical mission, he naturally makes no distinction between ends and means. “It is the end that matters,” observes Aurangzeb, “it is foolish to worry about the means.” This ruthlessly cynical core of his political philosophy enables him to attain power by liquidating his rivals but it cannot help him to sustain the illusion of being a saviour for long. In the last scene he is shown old, tired and broken. His dream of a monolithic state lies shattered.

The Dara-Aurangzeb confrontation is not just a clash between two individuals involved in a power game; it is a conflict between two sets of forces, two ideologies both mutually antagonistic.

The conflict between two sets of forces is represented in all its poignancy and with ruthless objectivity. At times Aurangzeb looks more convincing than Dara. The traditional picture of Aurangzeb is that of a black villain but the playwright portrays him sympathetic. It is this sympathetic treatment of Aurangzeb as a historical character which builds conflict and dramatic tension in the play.

The last scene showing Aurangzeb in a state of remorse represents the demise of an irrational ideology or rather the failure of any ruler to impose a particular ideology on masses—the message the playwright seems to be conveying. The pitiable figure of Aurangzeb conveys the bitter truth that life cannot be bound by rulers and all those who strut about as self-styled saviours of mankind ultimately meet a tragic end.

Raj Babbar brought out the passion and vitality of Aurangzeb’s character remarkably well, though at times he gives the impression that he is carried away by his own acting.

Pran Talwar played Dara, the idealist, well. Shah Jahan, played by Rajinder Kumar, seemed an inane figure in the conflict. Shyamal Mitra as Jahangir displayed great potentiality while Roshanara, played by Kumkum Lal, was a mere foil to Aurangzeb.

M. K. Raina deserves all praise for his direction of the play. But for his competent direction, the play perhaps would have ended as a recitation contest between different characters. The powerful dialogue is a distinctive feature of Indira Pärthasarathi’s play. The director succeeds in fusing the dialogues with the central theme of the play so as to evolve a harmonious structure. This is possible because he has in his hands a powerful and imaginative script.

After having seen many plays pandering either to the baser instincts of man or reflecting the pet fads of our rootless intelligentsia, it was a treat to come across a relevant play.

D. R. CHAUDHRY
Just poverty, no glamour

DAANSAAGAR, adapted from P. enchand's Kafun, has the barest minimum of a story to build upon. A woman in labour groans; her husband and her father-in-law wail, and even as they wait they fight over stolen potatoes; the woman dies; the two men use it as an occasion to raise money for the cremation and once the money is gathered, they drink it up at the village liquor corner.

Nikantha Sengupta, who directs it for Theatre Commune, does not seem to be interested in dramatic high points. He lets the woman groan, framed in the open door of the cottage in deep rear, and lets the two men talk and talk and fight each other for a larger share of the potatoes, stage front. The struggle for survival is a vicious one among others; the weaknesses providing the vulnerable points. The two men have no qualms in blackmailing a neighbour who had been friendly to the woman or sheltering a thief in the hope that he would give them a share of his booty. Both Nikantha Sengupta and Dwijen Banerjee, the crafty potter, play it relaxed, with the naturalness of a game played every day. The setting of a cottage at the corner of a fenced courtyard provides enough space for their machinations, and also the nooks and corners where they can hide themselves and hide their protégés.

When death enters, it is a hooded apparition, somehow more romantic and mysterious than the squabbled-for life that is lived here; when it strikes, it is a gentle extinction. There is grief at first, but it soon becomes staple for a new campaign. The mood is lightened a little when they confront the rich zamindar on his way home from his sacred morning bath, threatening to defile him by touch, and blackmailing him into a promise of money. As the men plan their strategy of grief, the operation of tears, the grimness returns.

The liquor shop sequence records the descent into drunkenness authentically, and lets the money slip out irretrievably, leaving the men trying to justify themselves. The justification grows into a myth at the end, a complex of dreams, hopes, and agonies. The cheats discover a humanity in their sense of guilt, a sense of guilt, inevitable working out of their fate.

Daansagar is a strange, disturbing production, a departure from the_output in the theatre, for he has the guts to show poverty as it really is, as a sickening selflessness, with nothing of the glamour of revolutionary anger or romantic nobility that it takes. A vein of black humour runs through the piece, as the men entertain themselves and feed themselves even as death breathes around. Director Sen Gupta himself seems to be unbearably cynical at the end, and imports an element of sunny optimism which is a slight let-down, but the earthy coldness of all that has gone before still holds and saves the play from a sentimental close.

SAMI KANDYOPADHYAY

Tawdry trash

The real problem nowadays.

"The real problem nowadays," American film critic Andrew Sarris once wrote, "is that everyone, including the leggy chorus girl in the New York cartoon, wants to be a director, with the result that aspiration too often exceeds inspiration." This has never been more so than in India — witness such filmmakers as Indore Sen and Pijush Bose in Bengali; Guzar and Yash Chopra in Bombay. And, of course, the Navketan whizkids — Dev and Vijay. Guzar is the 'intellectual'; Yash the 'emotional' and the Anand brothers, exponents of the hip look cinema. All four have one thing in common: however they hack of the first order — vicious, cynical hacks forever attuned to the sound of money, manipulating, exploiting the masses by giving them exactly what they want, packaged in the way they want them — now pseudoserial, now mauldin, now semi-slick.

But never the real stuff. Never art, never even something reasonably inventive and well-crafted Mausam was pure tripe masquerading as art, Kabhi Kabhi mushy sugar candy and Navketan's Jaaneman a flawless triumph of bad taste. All the while high-powered, expensive advertising insidiously snags the public into believing that they're getting good cinema for their money when they don't get anything resembling common sense. But alas, they still come.

The trade papers and the publicity lured one into imagining — will we never, never learn from experience? — that Bullet, Vijay Anand's most recent film, made for Navketan, might be camp and good fun, a kind of film that can be diverting in a dumb, enjoyable way. In point of fact it is as vacuous as his previous films and just as stupid. Moreover, it is opportunistic. In the film there is a lot of attitudising about drug addiction and adolescent rebellion. What it actually does is to offer a peep show, a tepid tour of discos and decadence which cuts back and forth between international swindling and tortured Oedipal anguish. No insights, no sensitivity — the scenes with a pot-smoking Jyoti Bakshi are merely an excuse for titillation and hard rock. That's opportunism.

Bullet is tawdry, predigested trash in the typical Navketan tradition, a film whose action may best be described as clichés commenting on clichés. Actors play such time-honoured roles as honest-but-fraught Inspector (Dev); wide-mouthed, whining girl-friend (Parveen Babi); Shaggy, he-manish con-man (Kabir Bedi); trampy, adulterous wife (Sonia Sahni); spoiled designer (Jyoti Bakshi). The only person in it who suggests, however occasionally it may be, something human is Miss Babi who manages to coax some intensity out of her role — it certainly isn't there in the silly dialogues and awkward action. There is one scene 1 particularly remember: Parveen and Dev have a lover's tiff and they shout at each other. Miss Babi comes off with near-professional aplomb: Dev merely looks pathetic.

Gautam Kundu
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Lucknow
Perhaps the first Asian to strike it big on the American fiction scene, 42-year-old Sri Lanka-born Rosemary Rogers earned over a million dollars in royalties from her four best-selling paperback novels last year. Ms. Rogers's books are all pure romantic fiction—with plenty of intrigue and bedroom activity thrown in—but they have together sold over ten million copies, and her last novel, "Wicked Loving Lies," even succeeded in hitting the top of the New York best-sellers list—surpassing Agatha Christie's posthumously published thriller, "Curtain." Educated in her native Ceylon, Ms. Rogers led a sheltered life as a girl and was content with reading a lot of English classics. What helped her develop a clear writing style, she says, was many years of studying Latin. After the breakdown of her first marriage, Rosemary moved to the U.K., where she met and married a U.S. Air Force man. But this marriage, too, eventually floundered, and Ms. Rogers found herself taking up a typist's job in California to support her four children. She re-wrote, by hand, her first novel 76 times, but "Sweet Savage Love" was an instant hit, and after her first three novels had all done pretty well, Rosemary had a 18,000-strong fan club. But Ms. Rogers, despite the enormous success of her writings, is now perhaps a bit skeptical about the possibility of a third—and for once, happy—marriage. Yet Rosemary's personal life, like her plots, may be described as "romantically mysterious."

Within just a few weeks of marrying a second time, there was good news for Aparna Sen (nee Dasgupta, now Mrs. Sharma)—she had been chosen to receive the West Bengal Government's best actress award for films released in 1976. Aparna, who received her award from the State Chief Minister at a function on the evening of Republic Day, was given this recognition for her performance in the film "Asamaya." The film itself was declared the third best of the year, behind "Jana Aryan" and "Mrigaya." Satyajit Ray took the best director's prize for "Jana Aryan," which brought Satya Banerjee the award for best supporting actor. The best actor's award was claimed by newcomer Mithun Chakravarty, for his role in Mrinal Sen's "Mrigaya," while Arati Bhattarcharjee took the best supporting actress award for her display in "Harmonium"—which also gained director Tapas Sinha the award for best musical direction. In all, there were 18 awards for feature and documentary films.
Manipur’s Roma

MISS Y. ROMA hit the headlines when she was awarded the Best Actress award for her role in the first ever Manipuri feature film. Ever since she has been the first choice of anybody making a film in Manipur. IBOYAIMA LAITTHANGBAM writes a profile of this new star.

It sounds very incredible that a first film should win the National Award. But it happened in the case of the first Manipuri film, “Matam gi Manipur” in 1973. There is nothing extraordinary in the film, it is about the travails and tribulations of a devoted wife whose husband has sought pleasure elsewhere. The film’s director is Bengal’s Dev Kumar Bose, son of the film maestro Devaki Bose. There were financial obstacles, technical problems and the language barrier between the director and the artists. Above all, the artists were facing the camera for the first time in their life. Yet what made the film win the Award? Everyone agreed that the reason was Miss Y. Rom at the beautiful and glamorous heroine of the film.

“I have never dreamed of acting in films. Actually circumstances forced me to watch this profession,” she told me. When it came to be known that she was to be given the leading role in the film, she became jittery and started avoiding the producer and his entourage. As she was never seen at the studio they came to her. “If I had time I just slipped away from home. Most of the time I had to creep under the bed.” But then she is a very friendly type and once she starts getting friendly it is difficult for her to refuse anybody anything.

As a six-year-old she had taken part in some plays, but she cannot remember all that. Her career in theatre actually began in the early sixties. When only a high school girl she joined the Student Artists’ Association whose proceeds were to various relief works. In 1968 she shot into fame when she was awarded the prize for the best supporting actress for a mother’s role in a social play “Kutthokpa.” In 1968 she received the best actress’ award for her role in “Judge Sahib Ki Imung.” Later on, she played the part of Lady Macduff in “Macbeth” and also appeared in Tagore’s “Bhanu Singher Padasab.” After a few more roles she started turning down offers. “In Manipur no one gets paid for acting. So far I have not earned a paisa. But I have to eke out a living. Since my father’s death all the burdens of the family have been heaped on me.” She is now a reporter in the Assembly Secretariat, Manipur, and earning around Rs. 700 per month. When asked if she would give up acting on pecuniary grounds she said, “I will give up if they don’t pay. Because we cannot keep acting on an empty stomach. However, the day they start paying I will resign from my job.” It is partly on pecuniary grounds and partly because of personal tastes that she is not participating in Manipur’s greatest theatre which is only a few yards from her home. And on two occasions she had to go there. A day before “Mewar Pataan” was to be staged the father of the heroine had died. The producer requested Miss Roma to help them out. With simply one day’s rehearsal she played the leading role. And people still have memory of the day. The second occasion was also an emergency case.

After her winning the award for her film role she was offered leading roles in all subsequent films. But she accepted only two films—“Madhabi” and “Lamja Persuram.” When asked why she had selected only two she replied, “As I am a working girl I have no time. Besides, I am very choosy by nature.” Then she drily commented, “I know I am ugly. I am not talented. Yet I do not know why the producers keep asking me.”

When asked if she was thinking of joining Hindi or Bengali films she shook her head vehemently and said, “Never. If I do I can kiss good-bye to my career. I am of Mongoloid stock and as such I will not get a foot in these. Just imagine me becoming Rajesh Khanna’s wife in a Hindi film.” Besides, there is the language barrier. That is why she turned down offers from some Bengal producers to act in their films.

I reminded her of the rape scenes in her films and wanted to know if she would reject such scenes in future. Her 37-24-37 frame shuddered and she said “Any role is a challenge to an artist. I am ready to accept any part within permissible limits. But they should try to present such things symbolically. If they insist on extreme and too explicit scenes then I would tear up my contract.”

Long before she made a dent in the limelight she had been a celebrity in the All India Radio, Imphal. This station had contracted her in 1967 and her first programme was a presentation of songs with enthralling dialogues. It was a smashing hit. Even now it is regularly broadcast due to heavy requests. She could not tell off-hand how many radio plays she had featured in. No wonder she is the highest paid radio artiste among her age group.

Before taking leave of her I put a last question: What have you got to say about the general tendency in Manipur to treat any actress as a high-class prostitute? “Damn it all,” she shouted, obviously enraged. “I just don’t understand why people like rumour so much. You know they fabricated derogatory and horrifying rumour about me to such an extent that I sometimes asked myself if I really had not done those things.”
MIRZA HAMIDULLAH BEG has been appointed the Chief Justice of India. Mr. Justice Beg was appointed to the Supreme Court in December 1971. Law Minister H. R. Gokhale said Mr. Justice H. R. Khanna had been superseded because the latter would have retired in July. Justice Khanna has resigned. Some circles have alleged that Justice Khanna's supersession is linked to his judgment in the Kesavananda Bharati case, which held that the Constitution had a basic structure which couldn't be altered, and his dissenting judgment in the Habeas Corpus case last year.

WALKING TO POWER: Jimmy Carter introduced a refreshing touch of informality when he and his family walked to the White House after his inauguration. The Carter administration has taken off to a brisk start in foreign policy matters. Vice-president Walter Mondale visited Western Europe and Japan to confer with USA's major allies. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance announced that Kissinger's Rhodesia plan is "dead."

THE REPUBLIC IS 27: The nation celebrated Republic Day on January 26. President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed took the salute at an impressive parade in Delhi. Half a million people watched the pageantry in the capital. Mr. Edward Gierek, first secretary of Poland's United Worker's Party, was among the distinguished foreign guests who watched the parade.

Above, a picture of the 'Beating the retreat' ceremony, which marks the end of the Republic Day celebrations.

25 YEARS AS QUEEN: Britain is celebrating Queen Elizabeth's 25 years on the throne this year. She succeeded her father King George VI on February 6, 1953. Here, Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip are seen relaxing with one of the family's pet dogs, Tinker, at Balmoral Castle, Scotland.
THE SHIP on this Liberian 5-cents stamp of 1908 began its career as a steam yacht built in 1885 at Erith, Kent, for Alfred de Rothschild. It was later bought by the Liberian Government and converted for use as a gunboat. The 5-cents stamp is one of a series of pictorials. Genuinely used on mail, the stamps are scarce, but Liberia made a habit, much resented by philatelists, of postmarking surplus stocks and selling them to dealers below face value. The neat corner postmark shows that this example was thus ‘cancelled to order’.

HAVING FORCED China during the 1840s to grant trading concessions, foreign merchants soon found the Chinese postal services inadequate. In 1865 the foreign-run Shanghai municipal council started its own service, with branches in other treaty ports. By the 1890s the Shanghai service was proving expensive, so 10 of the ports decided to run their own posts, using their own stamps. Those issued in Foochow showed a view of the port and a dragon-boat. These local stamps were withdrawn in 1897, when the Chinese Imperial Post Office was formed.

by C. W. HILL

by TERENCE REESE

SO MANY books appeared in a rush last autumn that I was not able to mention them all before Christmas.

The English edition of Goren on Play and Defense (Robert Hale, £5.50) is by far the best work to appear under this author’s name. Reviewing it in the American Popular Bridge, Alfred Sheinwohl wrote: ‘The chapters on Assumption and Concealment were excellent when Dormer wrote them for the (ACBL) Bulletin. They still are. Moreover, Dormer catches exactly Goren’s habit of introducing each chapter with a page or two of amiable discourse which, on examination, says absolutely nothing. American readers obviously like their little rests every now and again.

Logical Bridge Play, by H. W. Kelsey (Faber, £4.50), is another high-class book, 200 problems with corrective narrative. ‘The real secret of the expert’, he observes, ‘is to make logic seem like flair.’

Match Play, by Jimmy Tait (Faber, £9.50), has a mildly novel arrangement in that the reader is assumed to be playing in a match of 32 boards and the progress of the imaginary contest depends on how he tackles successive problems in play. I don’t think the reader will take much notice of this aspect, he will see the book as a set of problems, with some instructive observations on the bidding as well.

The problems, as Victor Mollo well puts it in the introduction, are instructive rather than specific, requiring forethought but little brilliance. There is a good point in this example.

Dealer, South

Love all
- K 19 3
9 8 7 6 2
A 4

Continuation of Position No. 2
This occurred in a game between Magrini-Diks, Guernsey, 1975. 1 b3 2 b2 1 3 g1 1 p 1 p; 3 p at Q b 2 p, p K 5 1, 2 P 3 P 1 1; 5 B 1 1 P; P P 6, 5 R 1 1.

White won by 1. B-B61, O x B; 2. O x B ch, K-R1; 3. B-K7 ch, resigns, since he is mate in two—a very pretty finish.

An opening repertoire
Life being short and openings many and long, it is necessary for the average player to confine his attention to mastering the way of opening a game of chess to certain specific lines of certain specific openings. It is obviously impossible for the amateur to have a broad repertoire and even masters tend to limit themselves to a few openings both as White and Black.

Batsford’s recently published two books with just this limiting factor in mind. One is the Batsford Guide to Chess Openings, by Leonard Barden (168 pages £1.95 limp) and the other An Opening Repertoire for the Attacking Club Player, by David Levy and Raymond Keene (157 pages £2.50 limp).

Barden and Harding tend to give more exposition and detail while Levy and Keene of the strategy involved in each opening and to that extent the first book is superior. However, though it is obvious that neither book can pretend to be exhaustive, both are competent works and a study of either will benefit considerably the average club player. I particularly like the introduction to the first book, which seems to me much more valuable and rewarding than the string of analyses usually copied from such works as the ‘Chess Informant’ or the ‘Openings Encyclopaedia’ which constitute the bulk of most books on the openings.

Never loth to quote a Tsi game. I give an entertaining and sharp struggle that Levy and Keene have used to illustrate the little-known Queen’s Pawn Counter Gambit, White to play, Black to move.


To all Chess enthusiasts: Sorry, but there is no competition. The announcement about it in Harry Golombok’s column went unadvertently. His problems are meant solely for your relaxed pleasure. Happy solving!—Editor.

chess

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 4

White to play—how should the game go?

South plays in 3NT and West leads ♦7. At trick 2 declarer leads ♦7 from dummy. East plays the 10. South the King, and West the 5. How should South play now?

Most players, no doubt, would cross to the Ace of hearts for the next diamond lead. East, who began with ♦A 10, will go up with the Ace and, if not unusually obtuse, switch to clubs, driving out the entry for the established diamonds. It must be better, therefore, to cross to ♦A at trick 3. Then dummy’s entry cannot be attacked and, assuming the diamonds go well, the contract will be safe unless clubs are 5-1.

I am all in favour of good presentation in bridge books, but this one is a bit thin on the ground, sometimes devoting three pages to a point that could be expressed in three lines.
Footnote to ‘Vaseline incident’

TONY GREIG, the England captain, has been able to score heavily in the current cricket series against India, only because he uses a high gloss boot polish.

This, however, has put him under a cloud, as according to Law 34, by-law 43, section 29 and subsection 92 of the Laws of Cricket, the use of super gloss boot polish is regarded as ‘unfair.’

It is now clear that Greig has been able to master our bowlers, particularly the spinners, only because of his use of the super gloss, the glare from which so affects the bowlers’ eyes, that they are unable to bowl with accuracy and penetration.

The use of the super gloss boot polish came to light when Mohinder Amarnath, while diving for a bat and pad catch from Greig, dug his fingernails into the English Captain’s boots. During the next drinks break, Mohinder noted the bright sheen from his finger nails and immediately informed the Indian captain and his north zone teammate, Bishen Bedi, who took upon the issue with the two umpires.

According to reports, the umpires had also noted that Greig was constantly wriggling his feet into position while facing the bowlers so that the sun would always shine on his highly-polished boots, thus giving full scope to the super gloss to emit a bright glare.

The umpires naturally drew Greig’s attention to the glare and were told that the super gloss was specially made for him by a London Public Relations firm, keeping in mind the Beau Brummel image of the English captain. It had been highly recommended for use in hot and dusty countries like India and Pakistan.

An obviously upset Bedi told cricket correspondents that the glare from Greig’s boots had so affected his eyes that he had to change his glasses and was now thinking of switching over to contact lenses.

Sources close to the Indian team stated that Chandra was unable to get many wickets particularly that of Greig, only because of the effects of the super gloss. “Blinded by the glare, Chandra is unable to control his flippers and googlies.” The same sources attributed India’s atrocious close-in fielding to the super gloss and its effects.

The manager of the English team, Mr Ken Barrington, was not his usual smiling self when he visited the press room in Madras. He said that Greig had been guided by his PR firm and a ‘make-up man while opting for the super gloss.

The cricket board authorities are as tight-lipped as ever though it is understood that samples of the super gloss had been sent to laboratories for chemical tests. The results of these tests, which are likely to be received before the series are over, will be buried in the board archives as had been the fate of earlier reports including those on the plan to unearth pace bowlers in the country.

Bedi alleged that most of the English batsmen who had played long innings during the current series had also used the super gloss. “It is part of their strategy to foil us” he added bitterly.

It is not known what action will be taken by the India board against Tony Greig as the laws of cricket do not prescribe any penalties on the use of super gloss boot polish.

Meanwhile, an official of the MCC stated that it had no comments to offer on the issue. “The boot will pinch where the polish is and we wash our feet of this affair” he commented.

The Board, of course, could confiscate all the tins of the super gloss and replace the same with local, no-shine guarantee stuff. Everyone agrees that it would be a pity if a tin of boot polish is allowed to vitiate the excellent spirit of the current series with India going down in defeat so grace-
THE ANDHRA PRADESH Public Service Commission issued instructions to 1,200 examiners who corrected the answer scripts of 55,000 candidates in the Class IV Services Examinations to ignore some of the answers provided in the model answer paper given to them. This followed the discovery of some howlers in the model answer paper distributed to the examiners by the Public Service Commission. The model answer paper was prepared by the Education Department. In this, Pondicherry was shown to be in Kerala state. Mr. Brezhnev was described as President of the USSR and the Youth Congress was stated to have been established in 1975.—The Hindu (H. Chandrasekhar, Duvangere).

"IT IS a high cost seminar on low cost housing," said Dr. Y. Nayar-damma, Director General, CSIR, describing the international seminar on low-cost housing at Hotel Taj Coromandel.—The Hindu (S. Dhandapani, Coimbatore).

A NOTICE displayed in one of the hotels situated in Balanagar, Hyderabad reads: "Please do not ask for extra adding things."—K. S. Prakash, Hyderabad.

TICKETLESS TRAVEL by rail during the Kumbha Mela has been practically nil. Pilgrims are coming to the Kumbha Mela to have a bath in the sacred Sangam for purifying their body, soul and mind and washing their sins, they do not like to be free trippers.—The Indian Nation (Mira Prasad, Gaya)

MR. B. G. DESHMUKH, Municipal Commissioner, admitted at a meeting of the (Bombay) corporation that a trainee nurse had erred giving detailed instead of milk to a patient in the K. E. M. Hospital.—The Times of India (William Edwin, Vishakapatnam).

REPRESENTATIVES OF sick seafood industrial units meeting in Cochin formed a "sea sick seafood exporters association" which would strive for immediate revival of all such units—Sunday Standard (S. Ramesh, Madras).

without comment

I FEEL the Indians are beginning to realise they are being used (by the Russians) — William Saxbe, ex-U.S. Ambassador to India.

SOMETIMES I wish I were only 15 or 16—Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto.

WE ARE still sluggish and have yet to get rid of the habit of finding fault with everything and everyone — B. M. Birla.

IT WOULD be unfair to allege inaccuracy of accounts or manipulation for non-payment of bonus—Naval H. Tata.

AN IN-DEPTH perusal of the last 30 years of the history of developing nations will make one thing absolutely clear: that is, White House or Whitehall models of democracy in their pure form cannot work in developing nations of Africa, Asia or Latin America—D. P. Chattopadhyay.

EVEN SINCE I left Haryana to become the Union Minister I seem to have been cured (of blood pressure). I get sound sleep—Bansi Lal.

I AM NOT the one who will go and force myself on anyone — Morarji Desai.

I HAVE BEEN personally trying to have the final say in my films—Satyajit Ray.

I SPENT my time preparing for the presidency and not for the nomination — Nelson Rockefeller, ex-Vice-President of the United States.

I HAVE no new dreams to set forth today, but rather urge a fresh faith in the old dream—Jimmy Carter in his inauguration speech.

OUR SCHOOL had a "junior debating society" in which boys and girls from the 1st to the 8th standards took part. The topics chosen were simple—"which is better—a city or a village?" That day the topic was "Which is better—a horse or a bicycle?" Speaking for the "horse," a chubby 4th standard student argued, "If two cycles dash, the cycles will break, but if two horses dash one small horse will come out."—C. Shankar, Otacumund.

IN OUR hostel's dining room we were discussing Sunita Gavaskar's book 'Sunny Days' when somebody remarked, "Gavaskar is surely going through his funny days now." Another friend quipped in, "If his batting performance does not improve in this series, then soon he will have to write a second book, 'Rainy days'" — Rana Dutta, Burnpur.

I WAS travelling with my friend by bus No. 6 in Calcutta. When the conductor of the bus approached me, I asked him, "How much for Padmaon (a cinema hall)?" The conductor replied, "thirty paisa." My friend immediately handed over forty paisa to the conductor and said "Kindly give me the Padma Vibhusan"—P. K. Chatterjee (Calcutta).
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction

HAVE you ever wondered what is so wonderful in a kiss?

The kiss has exerted a singular fascination almost since the beginning of time. Kissing goes back to the caveman when he found that salt helped him to cool off in summer. He discovered that by licking his neighbour's cheek he could get more salt. And enigmatically enough, the salt would be more "salty" if the neighbour was of the opposite sex.

It is curious that one-third of the world's population do not kiss. The Eskimos, Chinese, Malayese and most of the aboriginal tribes find kissing highly immoral. Even the Japanese did not kiss, till the American forces invaded Japan and taught them the innumerable delights of kissing.

Indubitably, kissing has its perils and pitfalls. Laws have been promulgated against kissing in public. In many countries of the world, kissing in public is regarded as a great offence and courting couples are fined.

The sober fact is that there is nothing eccentric or odd in punishments for lovemaking and kissing in public. History tells us that kissing has always defied all codes and canons, all bans and taboos. Under the Puritans vociferous lovers in New England were punished very heavily. In 1660, Jacob Minlne and Sarah Tuttle were charged with public courting in New Haven. According to the testimony of the court: "They stood down together, his arm being about her and her arm about his shoulders or about his neck; and he kissed her, and she kissed him, or they kissed one another, continuing in this posture about half an hour." When Sarah was asked whether John had inveigled her affection, she denied the charge and said that she hoped she had inveigled him. She was denounced and fined £5 when Jacob Minlne was set free.

The people in Geneva drew the juiciest kick from drastic measures against kissing. These were enforced some years ago during its annual Fete de Escalade. "It is forbidden," said the police manifesto, "to kiss a woman by surprise or force, in the streets, or to chase her into side alleys or to take her round the waist — reprehensible acts against which public opinion protests."

The longest term of imprisonment ever served by a lover was imposed on a Chinese. He was sentenced to 10 years in prison after embracing his sweetheart so rapturously that he was hauled off to court and sentenced to five years in jail. He pleaded apologetically that his lips had merely touched the girl's. The plea was ignored.

Flirting is highly dangerous in some parts of the world. No wonder lovers stop and think twice before making love. A decree issued in Egypt some years ago warned that flirting in the streets of Cairo — "by words or deeds" — will land a man in jail for a week. The decree, however, made interesting reading. It said, "Some ill-bred men have developed the habit of enjoying themselves by flirting with women in public. This is a symptom of moral disintegration." If a man jailed for flirting repeats the offence within a year he can be jailed for six months. The Spanish police still arrest couples found in a close embrace.

In Britain, however, a lenient view is usually taken of kissing, but now and again somebody raises an objection to kissing in public. In 1950, a London suburban club for young people put on an amateur play in which there was a kissing scene. One of the owners of the club promised to see it. He was shocked and complained. Those stage kisses led to the disbandment of the club.

Incredibly enough, kissing has played its exotic part in politics too. Kissing was introduced as a vote-catching device into English politics by Georgians, the young and beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, to help friend Charles James Fox to win the Covent Garden seat in 1784 elections. All the voters had to do was to put an "X" against the right name on the ballot paper and they would receive in exchange a kiss from the most beautiful duchess in England. This created a tremendous excitement at the time and was regarded as "unuchtterly bribery" by the opponents of Charles Fox. They brought Lady Salisbury in Covent Garden in opposition to the Duchess of Devonshire. Covent Garden was packed to capacity for no one lost the chance of voting. Since the Duchess of Devonshire was the most beautiful woman in England it is needless to say, the election was won.

Giving illuminating instructions in the gentle art of kissing for a nominal fee of 50 pence (about Rs 8) a Canadian expert says, "Kissing is not a collision of lips; it is a matter of technique. By my method you can convince your wife you are the greatest lover of all time." In this age of practical demonstration this sounds quite fair. And the price is not unreasonable. Or is it?

SUBHASH J. RELE

Illustrations/Ah Bhusan Malik
CRISPY MINCED MEAT TARTLETS

6 to 8 pieces fresh bread, 50 gms butter, 200 gms minced meat, two cloves of garlic, half-inch piece of ginger, one large onion, 4 to 6 green chillies, two teaspoons vinegar, one teaspoon sugar, 4 tomatoes, 100 gms peas, a bunch of dhania patta, one tablespoon ghee, salt to taste, and 6 to 8 small bun tins.

Butter bun tins fairly deep. Spread butter on the bread. Then carefully mould each slice into bun tin, pressing firmly so that the bread does not come out, and leave the four corners of bread protruding. Bake in a fairly hot oven for about fifteen minutes until the bread is lightly brown and crisp. Take out of the oven and teave to cool.

Meanwhile, chop the onion, garlic, ginger and dhaania patta. Cut the chillies into small pieces. Wash and drain minced meat, and let it boil in two cups of water till tender. Take a 'karsi' pour ghee. When the ghee becomes hot add the chopped onion, fry till it is transparent, add the garlic and ginger. Fry till the spices are golden brown. Add the chillies and peas, and stir well. Add the minced meat and stir continuously. Put sugar and vinegar to it. Add salt and half of the dhania patta. If necessary sprinkle some water once or twice. When the meat mixture is dry, take out of the pan.

Take the crispy bread cases. Pile two or three spoonful of meat mixture into it. Now decorate with tomato slices and chopped dhania patta. The tartlets will look like four-winged colourful butterflies.

CHICKEN WITH GREEN PEAS

One kg chicken cut into pieces, 1½ cups green peas, one tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons ghee, 100 gms onions, 4 to 6 green chillies, one teaspoon ground powder, 4 cloves of garlic, two-inch piece of ginger, half a coconut, ½ teaspoon pepper, two teaspoons sugar, a bunch of dhania patta, and salt to taste.

Chop the onion and dhaania patta. Cut the green chillies into fine pieces. Grind the ginger and garlic into a fine paste. Grate the coconut. Wash the meat and drain.

and salt. Stir well for another two to three minutes. Pour two cups of hot water and leave the chicken to be tender on a very low heat. When it is almost cooked, add the green peas, and leave it to simmer for another fifteen to twenty minutes. When the green peas are tender leave the liquid to dry up a little.

Hard-boil the eggs and shell. Frick the eggs with the help of a fork. Take a deep 'korai' mix the ginger powder, mustard seeds, slices of chillies, sugar, salt and pepper with the vinegar. Now put the vinegar mixture on a low heat and let it simmer for fifteen minutes. Put the boiled eggs in a bottle and pour the spiced vinegar water over it. Keep the bottle in the refrigerator for two to four days and the pickle will be ready by that time.

KAMALANNA

16 large oranges, ½ cup Basmati or Tulamani rice, one heaped cupful sugar, 100 gms raisins, 2 or 3 day leaves, one-inch-piece of cinnamon, 2 cardamoms, ½ teaspoon nutmeg powder, and one tablespoon cornflour.

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Take a big pot, put two tablespoons of ghee into it. When the ghee is hot add the onion and fry till golden brown. Take out of the pot. Now add the rest of the ghee. Put the pieces of chicken, and fry till they are of golden colour. Add the green chillies, garlic and ginger paste. Stir well for few minutes. Then add the cummin powder and grated coconut. Stir continuously to prevent ingredients sticking to pot. Add sugar pepper then add the lemon juice to it and take out of the heat. Sprinkle chopped dhaania patta over it. The chicken is ready to go to the dining table.

EGG PICKLE

12 eggs, 3 cups vinegar, 2 teaspoons ginger powder, 2 teaspoons salt, 6 green chillies sliced lengthwise, 3 teaspoons mustard seeds, 2 teaspoons sugar, and 2 teaspoons pepper.

Wash the rice several times. Boil the rice in hot water. Put the bay leaves into it. Boil till the rice is tender, then drain. Peel and squeeze the juice out of the oranges. Add one cupful of water to it. Place a bowl on low heat, add the orange juice and sugar to it. Wash the raisins and add to the orange juice. Let the sugar dissoave. Add the rice to it and allow it to simmer on a very low heat. Add the cinnamon and cardamoms. Let it simmer for ten to fifteen minutes more. Dissolve the cornflour into one cup of water and pour it into the orange and rice mixture. When the mixture thickens take it out of the heat and sprinkle the nutmeg powder. Serve cold.

Draupadi
Beginning February 13

ARIES
(March 21 — April 20) Be cautious in your dealings. Debts and suits will give you worry. You will fall in some of your money attempts. The success you achieve in trivial things will not, however, satisfy you. However, your meeting with V.I.P.s and elders will help you solve your problems. An unexpected journey is likely. Some will get transfer. Good dates: 15, 17 and 18. Bed dates: 13, 14, 16 and 19. Lucky numbers: 4, 1 and 2. Favourable direction: East.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 20) You will be engaged in a venture to complete last week's problems. Financially this week is not in your favour. You will be seeking new loans. The first part of the week is bound to make you tired and sleepless. However, one of your friends can be of great help to you. Don't attest things yourself. It will only delay matters. Someone in your family may fall sick and cause you to spend money. But then, don't feel frustrated. Good dates: 13, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 14, 15, 16 and 17. Lucky numbers: 1, 7 and 8. Favourable direction: South.

GEMINI
(May 21 — June 21) In the beginning of the week you will find some success. Debts will not worry you. Suit, if any, will turn to your favour. Your words will be respected. A good week for businessmen to acquire stocks and enter into new contracts. Also a good week for love and matrimonial matters. You will be drawn towards some of your old avocations. Someone in your family may fall sick and need your care. Good dates: 13, 14, 15, 17 and 19. Bad dates: 16 and 18. Lucky numbers: 2, 8 and 1. Favourable direction: West.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 22) Your meeting with important personages will give you a fresh lease of hope for success in your ventures. You will gain much through help of the other sex. No health problems. A good week for lovers and romantics. Financially you have no reason to feel helpless. Matrimonial negotiations are likely to get postponed. Some will gain in business, speculations and sports. Letters will bring you good news. Good dates: 13, 14, 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 15 and 17. Lucky numbers: 1, 9 and 10. Favourable direction: West.

LEO
(July 23 — August 22) Be ready to host to your near relatives and friends. Try to avoid controversies with brothers and sisters. Don't lose your temper, and don't let your tongue loose. Try to remain calm. Do not reopen closed and painful chapters. Some will get new properties by the weekend. Not a good week for business people. They are advised not to enter into new contracts or be tempted by the words of others. Good dates: 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 14, 15 and 17. Lucky numbers: 6, 2 and 7. Favourable direction: West.

VIRGO
(August 23 — September 22) Your own comrades will be letting you down. Your enemies are waiting to seize the good time to ruin you. Don't give loans or stand security to anyone. Be careful in your attempts. Keep away from races, betting and clubs. Not a good week for lovers and having matrimonial matters. Some may develop toothaches. Try to keep yourself steady and avoid bad reactions. Office-going people are advised to be more responsible in their work. Good dates: 15, 17 and 19. Bed dates: 13, 14, 18 and 18. Lucky numbers: 2, 7 and 9. Favourable direction: South-west.

LIBRA
(September 23 — October 22) Your past will not worry you. Letters will be discouraging. You will lose money and friendship through contracts, betting and speculations. Don't blindly rush for anything new. Not a good week for love and matrimonial matters. Relatives from your paternal side are likely to make you spend money unexpectedly. However, some will get relief. Good dates: 15, 16, 18 and 19. Bed dates: 13, 14 and 17. Lucky numbers: 5, 3 and 1. Favourable direction: North.

SCORPIO
(October 23 — November 21) You will renew your old contracts. Your kith and kin will be of great help to you. Elders will bless you. Old debts may cause you worry. Don't get money in races, gambling, and betting. Some may have to spend on vehicles, repairs and suits pending in the court. Letters from abroad will be truly encouraging. Good dates: 14, 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15 and 17. Lucky numbers: 1, 10 and 5. Favourable direction: West.

SAGITTARIUS
(November 22 — December 21) Money will not be a problem for your endeavours. Even if you are short of money, you will easily get help from others. Your spouse is likely to get stuck. Some may have to go on a journey unexpectedly. Some will get news of someone. Don't risk your money in races, gambling, and betting. Some may have to spend on vehicles, repairs and suits pending in the court. Letters from abroad will be truly encouraging. Good dates: 14, 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15 and 17. Lucky numbers: 3, 1 and 8. Favourable direction: North-west.

CAPRICORN
(December 22 — January 19) You have gained a status of glory. None, high or low, will stand in your way. Your enemies have turned a new page. Yet old debts may cause mental worry to some. No difficulties so far as partition matters are concerned. Some will get new clothes and costly presents. No health problems. Be in the midst of good people. Some will be likely to be a host to someone. No domestic problems. Good dates: 13, 14, 15, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 16 and 17. Lucky numbers: 4, 7 and 2. Favourable direction: South.

AQUARIUS
(January 20 — February 18) Whatever you attempt, you will face some initial difficulty. But the results will turn out good. Do not lose hopes or give up on your plans. Seniors in the office are likely to give you trouble. A week of expenses for businessmen, but no profits. You will not, however, have any financial problems. Some will repay their loans. No substantial gain in betting or clubs. A good week for love and matrimonial negotiations. Good dates: 14, 14, 15 and 17. Bed dates: 13, 16 and 19. Lucky numbers: 2, 7 and 10. Favourable direction: East.

PISCES

M.B. RAMAN
GOSCINNY and UDERZO

Left, Right! Left, Right!

Ooh grand old Alaric, he had ten thousand men....

Left! Right! Left! Right!

Hey! You there!

No breaking ranks! Keep in step! You're both on a charge! Left! Right! Left! Right!

Left! Right! Left! Right!

Let's follow those men! Something tells me we'll find our druid if we can get to their chief.

Hey! You there!

What's he saying?

He's saying, 'We must make ourselves conspicuous we don't want them noticing we're Gauls!'
Come 'ere, you two—follow me!

Get this camp swept out, and jump to it, or I'll have you for dumb insolence!

Look here, Asterix. We didn't come all this way to sweep their country for them!

We must ride our time, Obelix!

Where are they off to?

You two! Get on parade like everyone else!

Shooould... lances!

Any more funny business, you 'orrible men, and I'll have you inside!

I'm not really all that fond of garbage... do you think if I asked them nicely?

We must escape tonight and find the Druid.
The worst has happened in the sky. What's happening on earth is nothing better. A sudden explosion has sealed the fate of Prometheus. The nature of it is yet to be known. The astronauts are face to face with death. Mission Control can help them in no way. The high sky adventure has begun.

"There is a way," Bannerman said.
"A way to save this whole thing?" Bandin asked.
"I did not say that, Mr. President. I said there was a way to prevent Prometheus from failing and causing another disaster on Earth."
"What's that?"
"If it could be destroyed in space—"
"Are you saying what I'm thinking, Bannerman?"
"I am, sir. We have defence rockets in silos and on the alert at all times to prevent a sudden nuclear surprise attack. These rockets are designed to intercept other rockets aimed at the United States and to destroy them. This would be a good test of the ability of the system."

Simon Dillwater had to fight to keep the revulsion from his voice when he spoke. "Are you talking about deliberately destroying five human beings, General? Three of whom are American citizens."

"I am." Bannerman was calm, unmoved. "We take far greater losses in combat during a war and no one complains. By tomorrow morning ten times that number will be dead in auto accidents on our highways. It's not the number of lives that should be considered nor the citizenship of the persons involved. Our only thought must be preventing a larger disaster that could be caused by the rocket striking the Earth."

"Have you thought what would happen to the Prometheus programme if this were done?" Dillwater asked.

"That is not a consideration at this moment," Bannerman answered in his coldest drilled field voice. "If you'd done a better design job of building Prometheus we wouldn't be in this trouble right now."

"You cannot say that..."

"That's enough," Bandin shouted. "You people can fight later. Now we have a problem on our hands. General get me an up-to-date report on the defence rockets. You know, are they ready to go and so on—and when is the latest moment they would have to have the command to fire to knock this thing down before it hits the US."

"Yes, Mr. President. I'll have that in a few minutes."

"How would it be done, I mean what kind of warhead...?"

"Atomic. You'll excuse me if I use the phone."

There was silence in the room. Grodzinski fumbled with his pencil on the table before him, looking shrunken. Dillwater was silent and erect but he could not keep the horror he felt from his face. Only Schlochter seemed unmoved.

"We must plan for the worst," he said. "The complete loss of this mission in every way. If this occurs—what will the effect be on the Prometheus Project as a whole, Mr Dillwater?"

"The project... yes, of course. It will set us back a year at least, to replace the space station. You must realize that, after initiating construction of the generator, the vehicle with its atomic engines was to be used in high orbit as the last stage in the shuttle to ferry up the additional building materials. Without it we can't get the construction operating."

"A year. You don't mean a year?" Bandin said, his face gray.

"I am afraid that's the minimum, sir."

"Then that's the election," Bandin said. "There'll be some cornered yokel sitting in this chair and you will all be out of a job as well. If you don't want that you are going to have to think of something pretty quick."

"Unless they repair the atomic engine," Bannerman said. "That's the only chance we have now. They must stick with that until it's done."

"You bet your butt on that," Bandin said. "How are they doing, Dillwater? What's the status, the latest?"

"No change, Mr. President. The pilot and Dr. Bron are outside the vehicle making the repairs as instructed by Mission Control. Things are going as planned."

"How much longer?"

"I hesitate to say..."

"Force yourself."

"At a guess, and I really am guessing now, I would say that they could be finished inside another hour."

"Let's hope they are."

"We all pray that they are, Mr. President."

GET 23: 24

"He's breathing," Coretta said. "More than that— I'd hate to say."

She looked down at the unconscious form of Ely Bron. He had been strapped down to his couch and the extra sleeping bags tied to him for warmth. His face was waxed and pale and he did not move at all. The others grouped around him, Patrick floating free, the others clipped down, silent.

"Will he stay unconscious like that?" Patrick asked. Coretta nodded.

"Yes. He's had a severe shock, superficial freezing of his skin and eyelids, suspended respiration, oxygen deprivation—and the last is the one to worry about. Mission Control took the time from the tapes they made of our communication with them, also from Ely's biological scanners. It was almost four and a half minutes from the moment of the accident until the time I started mouth to mouth resuscitation."

"I went as fast as I could..."

"Patrick! No one's blaming you. Quite the opposite, I doubt if anyone else could have got him back that quickly. That's not what I mean. It is just the time he went without breathing. No breath, no oxygen. Most human organs can last a long time without oxygen."
"The brain can't," Gregor said.
"That's right. He may have irreparable brain damage. We won't know until he regains consciousness." Coretta hesitated before she spoke again.
"If he ever does."
"It is that bad?" Nadya asked.
"I'm afraid so."
"All right then," Patrick said, taking a deep breath. "He's your patient, Coretta, and I know you'll take the best care of him possible. Do you need any help?"

"No, I can handle it myself."
"Good. Nadya, get on to Mission Control and tell them what's happened. Tell them you and I will be going out again to finish the repairs. There can't be much left to do. Ask them for an estimated time on that, how much more we have to do. They know by now how fast we can work—or rather how slowly."

"Vas ponyal, Patrick. Nyet problam." She pushed herself towards the flight cabin and Patrick turned to follow her. Gregor took him by the arm.
"I would like to help", he said. Patrick looked at him closely.
"Are you sure that you're up to it?" he asked.
"Do you mean am I still chattering with fear? Yes I am. But now I can control it. Coretta helped."
"Pills?"
"Well... sort of. She is a fine doctor." He was smiling, and so was Coretta. Patrick blinked at them through a haze of fatigue.
"I hope you're right, Gregor. I'm really bushed. If you could get out there and help Nadya I could monitor from the flight cabin. It would really help—and make the difference between doing and not doing the job. I am so tired that I don't trust myself any more."

"I have rested and I am fit. And you can trust me."

"I always have." On impulse he reached out and took the big Russian's hand. "This has been no joyride until now so maybe it will have to get better. Whatever happens working with you, Nadya and the Colonel, it's been worthwhile. Hands across the sea, hey? A little cooperation in this mixed up world." He shook his head. "Sorry, I'm going on too much, just tired."

"No, I understand, too-rich. It has been the same for me as well."
"Right, then. Your pressure suit's in that locker there. Coretta, can you help him into it? Or should I?"

"No, it's all right," she looked at Ely. "There's nothing to be done for him at the moment. I'll help him."

"Okay. Suit up and join us, Gregor. I'm afraid we're going to have to lock you in again, Coretta. You'll be on your own."

"That's fine. I'm the only one who can take care of Ely in any case. Now fix those damn engines and..."
get us out of here." She smiled as she said it, softening her words.

"Will do."

He kicked off into the flight cabin and pulled himself down into his couch. "Million Control," he said into his microphone.

"Come in, Prometheus."

"Flax. You know what's happened to Ely. It doesn't look good."

"I know, Patrick."

"Lasten, even if we do manage to kick into the higher orbit, it's not going to help him. He has to get back to Earth, to a hospital. When's the soonest a shuttle can rendezvous?"

"100 weeks on the resupply."

"What about the Air Force?"

"I'm looking into that now. I'll let you know as soon as I have a report."

"Can you impress upon them how urgent it is?"

"I think they know, Patrick. I think everyone knows."

"But..." Patrick disconnected and looked over at Nadya on the next couch. She looked exhausted. "Can anyone possibly know?" he asked.

"I think they do. I'm sure everyone is doing everything possible. There's just so little they can do. We will just have to do it ourselves, won't we?"

"You're right you are," he smiled, crookedly and tiredly, but still smiled. "We'll do it ourselves. As consolation we have the fact that it certainly can't get any worse."

Searing light, incredibly bright, a quick stab of burning light outside where only the blackness of space had been a millisecond before. Light that was pain. Nadya screamed, over and over, pressing her hands to her tortured eyes, screaming without stopping at the endless agony.

In the crew compartment the light came from behind, through the half-closed hatch, like the beam of an intensely bright searchlight swept suddenly across the opening. Coretta was bent over, closing a fastening on Gregor's boot and she straightened up, blinking, shocked.

"What was that...?" she said and the screaming cut off her words.

They moved together towards the hatch, but he was clumsy in the massive pressure suit and she reached the opening first, pushed through. Darkness and light outside, the stars as always, and Nadya still screaming and clutching her eyes. Patrick was pulling himself blindly towards her couch, his eyes closed and streaming with tears, his face drawn with pain. His breath came in great gasps and Coretta said, "You should be screaming too. She pushed off towards them and as she did something white and obscene swam into view outside.

It was a disc of ghostly pale light below them, snarling and moving, slipping away behind them even as she watched. There was no way to judge its size or distance against the emptiness of space. But it was large. And streamers of fire arched overhead. She could make no sense of it all.

"Bohemiai..."

Gregor was beside her, breathing the words in a prayer, transixed just as she was.

"What is it... what is happening?" she asked.

"It's the atmosphere, stimulated air glow emission, the streams of light, like the northern lights. It could only be caused by, but it cannot be, an atomic explosion in space. We are moving away from it now."

"But how... I mean here... what?"

"What?" Patrick asked in words, roaring with pain and anger, holding the sobbing Nadya. "A bomb, that's what it was. A missile with an atomic warhead!

"Someone has just tried to blow us out of space!"

GET 23:27

Simon Dillwater clutched the sheaf of papers.
tightly and stared at the large photograph of the sun. Then he riffed the sheets of computations before looking up.

"I assume that you have checked all of your figures most thoroughly, Professor Weissman?" he said.

Weissman nodded. "A thing like this, you don't like to make mistakes. I ran them through the computer many times. Backwards and forwards, up and down, nothing no mistake."

"Might I ask if you have any idea why our people did not come up with this?"

"Why should they? It's a small field, a new one. There aren't that many solar astronomers in any case. And those interested in the interaction with the upper atmosphere, who really know their business, a handful. Not even a handful. In fact just two. Me and Moshel."

"Moshel?"

"I just call him that, to myself, we have never met. But we correspond all the time. Academician Moshkin."

"A Russian?"

"Of course."

"Yes, of course." Dillwater stood up, his tall lean form shadowing that of the little professor. "I must thank you for what you have done, for making the effort to contact us quickly. My thanks to your associates as well." He nodded, bowed slightly, in the direction of the McConnell tribe and the undersecretary.

I'll bring these facts to the attention of the President at once. He will want to know, Where can I contact you, Professor Weissman?"

"Philadelphia."

"Not at this time of night," Dr. Tribe said, firmly. "The professor will be staying at my house. I'll leave the address at the desk."

"Thank you, thank you very much."

"You're welcome."

"Yes, of course." Dillwater sat down heavily, trying to get the facts into perspective. What could this mean, an atomic explosion? The answer came quickly. His thoughts went to Mission Control and he answered it automatically."

"Yes, but that was on the other end, as he spoke, Dillwater felt his body grow numb. What he heard was impossible—yet he knew it had to be true."

"He made notes on his pad and, finally, spoke. "Thank you, Flax. I will tell them, yes, that's right."

"He hung up the phone and rose slowly to his feet. "Mr. President," he said, but his voice was ignored, unheard. He spoke again, slightly louder, but still no one gave heed. Anger gripped him, he shook uncontrolably and his face grew red."

"SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!" he shouted at the top of his lungs.

They shut. Shocked, by this cry of rage from a man who never raised his voice above a polite conversational level. The whole room was silent for a moment and Bandin was the first to recover. But, even as he opened his mouth to speak, Dillwater spoke first.

"Mission Control reports that the atomic explosion was directed at Prometheus. Some one tried to blow it up."

"Who—why—what?" The President spoke for them all.

"That is not known yet. Mission Control reports that apparently the missile, bomb, whatever it was, did not hit. But there were less than forty injuries. As soon as we have more details they will call back."

The phone at his elbow buzzed and he answered it, nodded. "Mr. Dragoni, will you please patch this call through to the speaker. It is a report from Prometheus."

"Mission Control calling Prometheus. Go ahead."

"This is Prometheus, Gregor Salnikov here, it is unbelievable, that this could have happened. . . . " His voice died away to a murmur.

"And please come in. Prometheus, the President and his cabinet are listening. What was it that happened?"

"An explosion. An atomic explosion in space. I have no way of estimating how close it was. Dr. Samuel and I were in the crew compartment, we were only aware of the blast. But the other two were facing out, they saw it. There is pain, they are blinded. . . . I must go, the doctor is calling me. " The voice switched off.

"Mission Control," Dillwater said. "How close was the explosion to Prometheus?"

"Unknown as yet. We have attempted to activate TV cameras at stations two and three and they do not respond. If they are burned out the blast was below and behind the spacecraft. Cabin radiation counters confirm this."

"What do you mean?"

to be continued

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Illustration/Madan Sincar
‘Time could go with religion’

His Holiness Syedna Dr. MUHAMMAD BURHANUDDIN SAHEB, 52nd head of the Dawoodi Bohra Muslims, does not believe in an insulated, narrow and sectarian religion. If there is faith and fear in God, the religious way is a must for an individual, and only the ignorant can despise and reject religious ways, the Mullahi Saheb asserts. His father, Dr. Taher Saifuddin, had ruled over the Dawat with a visionary approach, shedding a lustre on his office that was surpassed only by the 43rd Syedna Abedali Saifuddin, who had ruled a hundred years before him. The widely-travelled Dr. Muhammad Burhanuddin Saheb attended the Islamic Conference at London. T. S. SRINIVASAN interviewed the Bohra chief in Madras recently.

Q: Despite fear of the Almighty, religion seems to be on the wane, is religion essential in life?
A: It is true that people are moving away from religion thanks to today's general atmosphere. Human intelligence has advanced and reached the moon and people seem to think religion is useless. I believe religion is a life-and-death need for human beings, and highly essential, as it improves character and makes the human being fit for good life. Only religion can help man do well in life. After all, God is the giver of this intelligence too. Twenty years ago, Dr. Taher Saifuddin Saheb had said that science and progress do not exclude God.

Q: All religions speak of unification of the faithful, of essential unity among religions. Islam also preaches this. Why then the eruptions and the feeling that people are made to fight for a cause that injures them?
A: Islam preaches peace. Any conflict is harmful to the fibre of unity. The eruptions are because of some elements, which remain in the fold but go against the tenets of the religion. They have to be weeded out. It has been our policy to make such people understand things. If they are adamant we take action, not because they are our enemies, but in the interest of the community—like a decayed limb is amputated.

It is true there cannot be any unification of all religions, but it is also true that there can be a unification of the core message of all religions. Our followers have been enjoined to remain united with all communities in the country.

Q: Do even reformist movements eventually tend to become conformist? Is there a necessity for reform in existing religions? Are there too many sects at present?
A: It is often said that religion should change with the times. But my belief is that time could go with religion. It is no enemy of progress.

Q: In days of yore, religion had been the motivating force for education and knowledge, with a core intelligentia, nurturing knowledge and science. Is this happening today?
A: In our community, people are enjoined that they should have as much education as possible. Scientific and technological religion does not stop higher education. In fact, it gives the mental condition to the people to absorb good education. Religious education could go along with scientific higher education. Mere religious education was not enough—worldly education was absolutely needed. But religious and worldly education are not exclusive. They could go together with great advantage.

Q: Is religion against proper ordering of families in consonance with economics and the family planning movement?
A: I would prefer to be silent on this. This ordering of families is suggested in terms of economics well being. I feel life and death is in God's hands, though the human invariably believes he does this or that for the good of the community. Lakhs were wiped out in China in an earthquake that lasted only seconds.

Q: Will you want any progressive change in religious ways under your leadership? Your community permits women to worship in mosques.
A: Principles of religion are basic and cannot be changed. The meaning is not that people will have to go walking or by bullock carts where they need to go by plane. One could live a modern life with modern comforts, but has to eschew the evil alright. Which means the religion, that against evil, cannot be changed. We ask our women to pray in the mosques and not in seclusion in houses. We also ask them not to mingle with the menfolk in the mosques.

Q: Should there be proliferation of places of worship and mosques?
A: Unless there is absolute necessity, I do not permit construction of new mosques just because it can be financed. In London, I found places of worship were for sale, as they cannot be maintained.

Q: Are the younger generation going away from religion?
A: Where they falter, we are convincing and guiding them. But for some years, I find youngsters seem to feel they will be destroyed without religion. So they are coming nearer to religion, rationalist movements or no rationalist movement. An astronaut, who was in Bombay, told us that after having been on the Moon, his belief in God has been strengthened. Good religion and moral instruction only strengthened the loyalty of people to the nation.
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Atulya Ghosh remembers his dear friend, the late President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed. Hamdi Bey has followed Fakhruddin Saheb’s career as a politician from Assam to Delhi. He outlines the late President’s life as a statesman.

Rupa Gangadhar interviews Dr. Verghese Kurien, winner of the Ramon Magsaysay Award for community development in India.

M. Krishnan writes a note on temples in the South where people can get food and shelter at times when they need it most. P. L. Bhandari laments that the days of rollicking personality-based humour are gone.

The story of Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s quitting the Congress is dramatic, say our correspondents in different centres.

Cover Transparency / Tarapada Banerjee
CINEMA THEORY

Mrinal Sen's article "What is a good film?" (SUNDAY, January 18) made interesting reading. While agreeing with his views, I would like to suggest that Mr. Sen gives priority to the thematic content of his films, and then attend to the technical aspects. For example, in "Mrigayaa" the narrative was slow, uneven, and to an extent slipshod. Though at the end of the film the audience was exhorted to stand up in memory of those "martyrs who loved life and freedom", the desired impact was not obtained, and Mr. Sen's noble purpose was reduced to cheap gimmickry. If Mr. Sen wants to uphold the cause of the downtrodden, he should pay attention to the story and make an effort to bridge the communication gap between him and the masses. Hitherto his films have been appreciated only by the elite section of society.

K. S. Sundaram, Bangalore.

AFTER reading Mrinal Sen's article, one is confused as to whether the purpose of our filmmakers is to produce films that provoke controversies, or to produce films which do not set off an intellectual battle among the masses but are only to be seen so that piles may be added to the coffers.

Janaki Ballav Ray, Cuttack.

The article was good to the extent it dealt with the subject with sincerity; but it also appeared half-hearted as there was really no earnest attempt to make an in-depth study of the issue involved. Everything would have sounded more genuine and clear had Mr. Sen, in all fairness, tried to be explicit. Despite his defence of the film, "Mrigayaa" possesses some vulnerable points and is truly not Mrinal Sen at his best. However, Mr. Sen's films give the impression of an unshrinking intelligence and understanding brought to bear on the intricacies of human nature and on the political problems of the world. So I live with an excitement that the future lies ahead and that Mr. Sen will not belie our expectations about him, about his films.

Pradip Biswas, Calcutta.

Mrinal Sen's article was a lot of egotistical dribbling; your journal must be amply thanked for the help it has offered the filmmaker in performing the 'ritual' of self-unmasking. From the piece one can safely conclude that Mr. Sen, as if performing a 'ritual', listens to what the audience says only to ignore it thereafter.

P. Gupta, Burdwan.

The truth of the matter is that as long as films continue to be heavily sniped off by the censors, we will never be able to make anything worthwhile. If one cares to notice, it is countries which have no censorial restrictions that turn out the best films. Didn't some of the films adjudged to be the best shown at the Delhi festival have a good amount of sex and violence? These, being a part of life, cannot be ignored—because films portray the facts of life. The Government must be fair enough to give the producers plenty of rope. In India, we do have capable and artistic filmmakers whose films, if given the opportunity, can match the best. But as long as we maintain our prudish and puritan outlook, it will cost us a lot.

N. A. Petrie, Siliguri.

IN PRAISE OF DEV

The predictions made by Dev Anand and Manmohan Desai in "On the screen this year" were very convincing. I am very glad to know Dev's unbiased ideas about the censor code. I must praise him for making films on "new" subjects: I am sure his forthcoming "Desh Pardesh" will set a new trend. I would also like to thank Vijaya Irani for giving, in "Khaas Baat", a beautiful reflection of Dev-saab's character.

Ashok Kumar Gupta, Varanasi.

MORE ON THIRD WORLD

The diffusion of power" analysed by Bhavani Sen Gupta was reasonable. We live in a world of proliferation of force and can easily agree with the observation of the IISS Director, Christoph Bertram. Will you please give us more articles on the Third World?

Dulal Karmakar, Jaldhaka.

MORE SCANDAL

AFTER reading "The Test ticket scandal" regarding the distribution of Test match tickets by the CAB, I wish to recount my experience with one of the leading clubs of Calcutta—which makes me believe that the scandal in the distribution of tickets by clubs is equally big. As a life member of a leading club affiliated to the CAB, I expected I would get—as I had done in the past—a ticket as this club gets a large number of season tickets. However, this time, despite making an advance deposit of the ticket-price, I and some others of my family who had done likewise did not get any tickets: when we protested, the secretary informed us that as a "favour" he would include our names in the lottery. This turned out to be a total farce and we were offered just one Rs. 30 season ticket, which we refused to take.

Our sports-loving Chief Minister should look into the ticket-distribution system and the authorities should investigate how clubs used the tickets since officials of clubs were distributing tickets at their own discretion. If this is not done, malpractices in distribution will remain unchecked. It's certainly
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M. BHAGWANDASS, Calcutta.

A PROPOSAL

I APPRECIATED Subhransu Gupta’s article. I propose the postcard lottery system be re-started for the next Test match in Calcutta instead of having the coupon system; and also that the quota for lottery be increased from 5,000.

FRASANTA KUMAR DE, Bhubaneswar.

NOT ENOUGH

SITA RAM BEHANI S article “If it’s Gangasagar, once is enough” was quite interesting. The photographs were also appropriate. On the whole, one can say the piece was useful alike to visitors and non-visitors to the Gangasagar Mela. But I wish the article had carried some more information.

DEVIKA PANDHREE, Cuttack.

THE feature about Gangasagar Mela was short but all-embracing and more vivid for the illustrations. But the photo, in which an old man (presumably a brahmin) comfortably wrapped in a chaddar is reading out something and a devout woman, in wet clothes and perhaps shivering in the cold after the holy dip, is listening to or repeating the same, is not in keeping with the sanctity of the occasion. The photographer should have selected a different angle and avoided this scene.

AJIT KUMAR ROY, Alipurduar.

DEFINITELY NOT SMART

A S. RAMAN’s note “Bombay meri jaan” was really enthralling and engrossing. I appreciate his writing such a balanced and impartial article despite being an old and pacees Bombayite himself. But I disagree with him on one point—and that is about Bombay having a smart police force. Please, Mr. Raman, anything but that!

RAJU SINHA, Calcutta.

THE article was very interesting, but I would like to cite a few points not mentioned in the piece. Bombay has a very generous heart and money just pours in for causes even if no appeal is made for it. Bombay is a city of filmstars (Pali Hill is often compared to Beverly Hills, as half the film population lives there), a land of skyscrapers, fashion and sophistication as one moves along Malabar Hill, Cuffe Parade, Pali Hill and Worli Sea Face. It is a land of many stories.

MA BANAKA KAKO, Bombay.

NO SURPRISE

AJIT SEN’s piece “Player as pedast” was most interesting, but I was hardly surprised to read about the streak of commercialism prevalent. Has Mr. Sen forgotten that the forbears of the English cricket team that toured this country could have belonged to the East India (Trading) Company?

N. SUBRAMANIAM, Madras.

TIGER AS SELECTOR?

N S. PRASAD, (Somewhere in A.P.)

WHILE commenting on the Calcutta Test, Tiger Patuda rightly pointed out that poor Indian fielding was largely responsible for the fall at Eden Gardens. But about that “Guess who this is?” photograph—a few more pictures like that and one feel surely some one will surely come up with an article, “Cricket and Nudity”?

JAYFID KIDWAI, Bhopal.

SUPER PIX

HATS OFF to Patrick Eagar for his exclusive, eye-catching Eden Test photographs. I do not think any other photographer has taken such snaps?

K. N. VENKATESH, Bangalore.

PREJUDICED VIEW

THE word “prejudiced” obviously means “approaching something with a judgment already formed”—pre-judice (so the correct pronunciation is not so correct, after all!). It is generally used when the pre-conceived opinion is unfavourable. If it is favourable, we say “favourably prejudiced”, though this usage is very rare. Considering the derivation of the word, I feel the qualifying adverb “favourably” is redundant. What is the opinion of Wordspinner?

AJIT A. JATHAN, Bombay.

Wordspinner writes: Mr. Jathar is quite right about the original meaning of “prejudiced”. But as current usage restricts the word to unfavourable contexts, the opposite use seems to require an adverb like “favourably”. Such specialisation, I'm a good, or bad sense, is quite common in words with a basically neutral meaning like “prepossessing”, “foreboding” or “imminent”.

DOWN WITH HUMOUR

I SUGGEST you do away with your column “Humour in Real Life”. It always comes as a pleasant surprise to me when I cannot find some old jokes amongst the “real life” would your readers contribute—jokes that have been taken either from other magazines, joke books, or the lives of certain famous personalities. Last month there were no more than seven issues of SUNDAY in which all the humorous incidents were new to me. Please stop this farce: there is no need for you to provide people with an easy way of making money.

N. E, Calcutta.

VEGETARIAN REQUEST

I WOULD like to draw your attention to a few points: first, one always finds non-vegetarian items under Recipes. Can’t Draupadi provide some vegetarian recipes? Secondly, it is disappointing that your magazine hardly ever carries interesting colour photographs. And thirdly, sometimes there is nothing on films other than “Khaas Baat.”

VINOD P. PARMA, Calcutta.

MAKE IT SIHORT

INSTEAD of publishing a serial story, I feel it would be much better if you introduced short stories. This would surely be a scoring point for your immensely popular magazine.

P. S. SUBRAMANIAM, Bombay.
FAKHRUDDIN, MY BHAISAHEB

ATULYA GHOSH, the respected former leader of the Congress Party, remembers the late President.

For any nation, the death of its President is sad. But for those who have had the chance of being near him, the sorrow they feel at Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed's sudden death is deeper. What do I remember him as? Somebody imprisoned by the British? Assam's Advocate-General? M.P. from a border State? Minister of Assam, or at the Centre? President of the Republic? Even for a man like me, who has had many affectionate and intimate friends, somebody so loving and sincere as Fakhruddin comes but rarely.

Many people, envy getting the better of their other qualities, tried often enough to call Fakhruddin a communal person. How can I agree with them when I remember my visit to Assam during the language riots in 1960? He was then the Finance Minister of the State. I was sent to Assam by the Congress...
President, Mr. Sanjeeva Reddy, and Dr. B. C. Roy. Of course, I also had invitations from the Assam Pradesh Congress President and the State Chief Minister. I stayed there for two months and had enough opportunity to find out what the real Fakhruddin was like. How an individual could bear the burden of an entire State Government I saw then in him. Despite the passions generated by such a sensitive agitation, he knew where he had to stand—by the side of those who were suffering. Where was Fakhruddin at the time? Right beside the people whose houses had been burnt, gutted and who had no tin to replace the roof with; right beside the people who had been allotted a new place to stay at, but without any water connection; right beside the people who needed physicians and medicines; right beside the people who needed food. Do I have to say that I found him a remarkable person?

That was a long time ago. Times have changed, things have changed, many men have changed; often enough, Fakhruddin and I have had differences of opinion, maybe we have had serious dissensions, but did this make us enemies? I would not say so. Whenever I met him, he had a warm smile to greet me with, and a sincere handshake to make me feel easy; I knew there was nothing put on in either. Of the two main architects of the split down the Congress in 1969, one was Fakhruddin; of those who bore the brunt of the blame, I was one. But the animosity generated in debates at the Congress Working Committee meetings never invaded either my house or Fakhruddin’s.

Absolutely Western by training but an indubitable Indian in manners, Fakhruddin was fully free of communalism. Once, I remember, we met after 14 months: but I never felt I was seeing him after such a long time, I thought I was meeting a very close relation.

Memories, memories, memories. Fakhruddin, B. P. Chaliha, Dev Kant—all were M.P.s then. Fakhruddin came to Assam to find out ways and means to draw the hill people of the State nearer the mainstream of our national life. He stood for elections to the Assembly so that a newly-oriented State Cabinet would develop fresh relations with these tribes. He wanted Mr. Chaliha to be the Chief Minister, but the latter lost the elections. He did win later, but at that time the Congress had a tradition that any leader who had lost an election would not qualify to be a Minister for at least a year, let alone the Chief Minister. Fakhruddin rushed to me and persuaded me to go to Mr. G. B. Pant to ask him to make Mr. Chaliha Chief Minister. Mr. Pant gave me a patient hearing and agreed to the proposal. Dheubarhaj (U. N. Dhebar) was then the Congress President, and he demurred mildly. Mr. Pant was to go to Assam from Delhi via Lucknow. With his usual pleasant firmness, Pant ji made it clear to me and the ACC General Secretary, Mr. Shriman Narayan, that existing rules might have to be flexed in a State like Assam. Remarkably, it was Fakhruddin who was entrusted with the task of persuading Bimala Chaliha to be Chief Minister. Yet, if Fakhruddin had tried then to be Chief Minister himself, it would have been easy going for him. This was the real character of our President who was.
Fakhruddin had been suffering from a weak heart for quite some time, and he died in harness. This is a great consolation in this our greatest sorrow. When he first had a heart attack, eight or nine years ago, he should have retired, but how do you convince a patriot of this?

Towards the end of 1975, I invited Fakhruddin to formally inaugurate the Bidhan Shishu Udyan. I addressed him as the President, not as my usual ‘Bhai saheb.’ I wrote: ‘Please let us know when it will be convenient for you to visit us’. The reply was quite a surprise: ‘Dada, you fix a date according to your convenience. I will be there.’

Some time later, when he was in Calcutta for some reason, I met him at Raj Bhavan to talk about this. He had let me know from Delhi that he would be happy if I could meet him. Well, I did—and after a long time, too. I found him physically much weaker but the welcome was as warm as ever. He did admit that he was finding his chores as Head of State rather too tiring, but it is a rare man who can transcend his responsibilities.

I last met Fakhruddin on February 1, 1976, at the Bidhan Shishu Udyan. He was a sick man, but he had cancelled all his other programmes to visit the park twice during the same day. And he was very happy. Whatever he saw, he found ‘Ah, beautiful.’ Begum Abida was all the time with him. He would pause every other minute and tell the Begum, ‘Look, how wonderful.’ Once, suddenly he told me, ‘Dada, I envy you—you have a nice time with all this open space, and these flowers.’ I said, ‘Why, Bhai saheb, you have your Moghul Gardens.’ Fakhruddin gave a wan smile and said, ‘But that has boundaries.’

Fakhruddin did manage to get beyond the boundaries of Rashtrapati Bhavan, as a President in office.
Moghul without fads

Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed will long be remembered as a courteous but firm man who never hesitated when called to act according to his principles, says Hamdi Bey, who, as a newspaper correspondent, has followed Mr. Ahmed's career from Assam to Delhi.

David Low, the cartoonist, described Jawaharlal Nehru as the last Great Moghul. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, the fifth President of India, was not 'Great', but a Moghul alright. But he identified himself with Assam, one of the few parts of India the Moghuls could not conquer and rule over.

The fact mentioned above explains Fakhruddin's personality. He could count the Urdu poet Ghalib among his ancestors, but he always preferred to speak in Assamese unless his audience was such as would not understand the language. He loved the good things of life—good food and comfortable living—but was rigorously temperate. Yet his good manners extended to offering me and other friends beer at the Shillong Golf Club after he had done his round at the links. He never drank himself, but unlike some other notables, never frowned on others drinking. Not even a hint of contempt or ridicule.

These generalities do not help us to understand the man who on August 20, 1974 was elected the President of India having polled 80% of nearly a million votes. The Indian President is indirectly elected, and such massive support from those who had themselves overcome the rough and tumble of direct elections is evidence of the respect that Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed enjoyed.

Let us begin where his membership of the Congress began in 1931. Few people know that Maulana Bhasani, the Bangladesh leader who died a few months ago, introduced Mr. Ahmed to the Congress. Maulana Bhasani took his name from a chat in Goalpara District of Assam known as Bhasani Char. In pre-partition days, Maulana Bhasani was a peasant leader in Goalpara district. But he had a hold on the imagination of the 26-year-old Fakhruddin, just returned from Cambridge and the Inner Temple. And the property man became a follower of someone campaigning for abolition of private property in land.

It is difficult to imagine that Fakhruddin felt that ownership of property was morally wrong. What I know of him inclines me to believe that he enjoyed making money as a lawyer which he had become in 1928, and that it was just identification with a cause that made him join Maulana Bhasani and the Congress. The legend about his father Lt Col Z A Ahmed might have influenced him.

Mr. Ahmed's birthday—May 13—was observed last year as National Solidarity Day and an exhibition of photographs on his life was organised at Rashtrapati Bhavan.
The grandfather was a son-in-law in Assam having married in one of the families who were relics of Aurangzeb's attempt to conquer Assam, and who enjoyed considerable property around Gauhati. Some of these people had found employment with the American King. There is a settlement near Gauhati still known as Mirza, which means a Moghul settlement, and Dhubri boasts of a mosque built by Mir Jumla.

The name of the late President's father is so variously pronounced in Assam that I refrain from using it. I prefer Z. A. Ahmed, used in the International Who's Who. The father had become a surgeon, like the Hindu taboo on drinking, and was still strong and Muslims outnumbered Hindus in the medical profession. He had risen to be the Civil Surgeon in an Assam district.

But Indians in the services were considered to belong to a lower class than the European planters. At a dinner in honour of the visiting Governor Mr. Z. A. Ahmed and Mr. Anandaram Bora, a member of the ICS, were given positions below the salt. Both protested, absented themselves. Mr. Z. A. Ahmed was transferred from Assam to the North West Frontier Province. Mr. Bora was sent into the judiciary being the member of a more privileged service than the IMS.

Lt. Col. Ahmed, on his way to the Frontier, re-established contacts in Delhi and married in the family of the Nawab of Loharu, near Delhi. So Fakhruddin was born at Delhi on May 13, 1905, and was educated at Delhi's St. Stephen's before he went to Cambridge and the Inner Temple. He has been able to verify whether he met C. F. Andrews at St. Stephen's. When he came back to India he felt drawn to Delhi and joined the Punjab High Court as an advocate in 1928. I do not think he did well there and so went to Assam where he had property. This property may not have been of immediate use to him but in the 1960s it brought him through sale, about Rs. 17 lakhs.

In 1935 Mr. Ahmed was elected to the Assam Assembly. Three years later he became the State's Finance Minister, at 33 probably the youngest throughout India. But before his ability could be recognised he had to serve a term in jail and was humiliated by pre-Independence Muslim League volunteers who urinated on his Gandhi cap and put the soiled cap on his head. The Muslim League days did not last long and on September 10, 1938 a Congress Coalition Ministry Ahmed was formed in which Mr. Ahmed was numbered second. In a year's time World War II forced the Ministry out of office and Mr. Ahmed went to jail for a second time.

When he came out he was not bitter, and was magnanimous to those Muslim League adherents who had insulted him. He patronized the late Mr. Mooinul Haque Chowdhury, a prominent member of the Muslim Students Federation (a wing of the Muslim League) and helped him to rehabilitate himself as a Congressman after partition. That is an aspect of his character which is not often taken into account.

The critical period in Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed's career came early in the 50's when he insisted on one of his Cabinet colleagues being cleared of allegations of corruption. Since the then Chief Minister was reluctant to hold the enquiry, he resigned from the Government and reverted to the Bar. He was a success at the Bar, but that success did not satisfy him and he returned to politics in 1958, once again as the second man in the State Cabinet.

Two years later there were the language riots in Assam and the Chief Minister fell seriously ill. Mr. Ahmed had to shoulder the responsibilities throughout the prolonged illness of the late Mr. B. P. Chaliha (the Chief Minister). The language riots were anti-Bengali,
and Mr. Ahmed's Assamese identification was so total that many Bengalis felt that he was against them. At that time he reacted to Press criticism in a manner that was not quite the same as is expected of a statesman in a democratic society. He proposed that newspapers published outside Assam, the ones which were most critical of the Assam Government, should be subjected to scrutiny before their sale and circulation in Assam. The proposal was not carried out because by the middle of 1961 the language tensions had eased.

The years 1960, 1961 and 1962 were those in which Mr. Ahmed was at the peak of his popularity in Assam. He was returned to the Assam Assembly in 1962 with a massive vote; he was the architect of the Congress victory in Assam Assembly elections in 1962, but after that when linguistic enthusiasm had waned, he lost this post. The Chief Minister came to rely less on him and by the end of 1968, he was moved to the Centre as a member of the Rajya Sabha and the Union Cabinet.

One of the disconcerting developments was the illegal immigration of people from the Mymensingh district of East Bengal into Assam. The Goalpara, Kamrup and a part of Darrang districts received this massive influx. The 1961 census revealed that Assam's population had gone up by nearly 94%, and mainly due to illegal immigration. This reporter was the first newspaperman to recognize the size of the influx, and the phenomenon received much publicity.

The tone of the publicity was such as to blame Mr. Ahmed for the influx. He had nothing to do with it; the process had begun about the time he had been born and continued unabated because of the difference in the population density of East Bengal and Assam. He was irrationally blamed for the immigration, and he, who had withheld much criticism from outside Assam during the 1960 language riots, was terribly unhappy over criticism by fellow Assamese. It was during this period of unhappiness that he was moved to the Centre. But he had his unflinching supporters in Assam, notably the present Congress President, Mr. Dev Kanta Barooah, then a Minister in Assam.

Those were difficult years for him. A drive to expel illegal immigrants had been launched and, like all extreme measures, was not particularly judicious. The police were invested with extraordinary powers in dealing with immigrants, and the powers were often abused. When this reporter had come across instances of expulsion of people who had the legal right to be in Assam and India, Mr. Ahmed did not want the matter to be publicised. He would rather have the information sent to him so that he could deal with the Government level. He was disappointed that the cases were not left to his ministerial dispensations but were published in newspapers.

Yet he was a great democrat. He was tolerant of other people's habits and weaknesses, and had no fads. His objection to Mr. Morarji Desai concerned the

**The last day**

EARLY on Friday, February 11, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed expressed his desire to go for his usual Friday prayers at the mosque near Parliament House. In Delhi, he had never missed his Friday morning prayers at this mosque. But on that day, his personal physician, Dr. R. K. Caroli, advised him not to go out for the prayers and President Ahmed agreed, though very reluctantly.

A few minutes before six in the morning, Mr. Ahmed went to the bathroom and it was there that he collapsed. It was the same bathroom where Dr. Zakir Hussain, the third President of India, had collapsed and died on May 3, 1969.

It had been a quiet and restful night for the President on arrival from Kuala Lumpur the day before. He looked bright and cheerful. People who had seen him at Palam and later on television had not failed to remark that he looked "quite fit." He had smiled all the time. There was no visible trace of his sudden indisposition in Malaysia.

It was perhaps his great love for golf which had first brought it on. A Press correspondent, who covered the President's visit to Malaysia, said that during the trip, Mr. Ahmed had once gone out to play golf with the Malaysian Prime Minister. It was a hot and humid day and after the President had played for a while Dr. Caroli, who had accompanied him, suggested that he had perhaps played enough. But Mr. Ahmed had wanted to go on with it. He played for nearly 90 minutes. During lunch that day he looked a little tired and the doctor found his pulse rate somewhat on the higher side. But the President kept his meal including a full-scale reception in the evening.

Early next morning, however, there were chills lying in the chain of those President's party saying that the scheduled visit to Penang had been called off because of the President's indisposition. Mr. Ahmed himself was very keen on keeping his dates in the Philippines and Burma, but Dr. Caroli advised that the visits be postponed and they return to India. An official statement issued in Kuala Lumpur said all engagements for the day had been cancelled "on medical advice because of fatigue and indisposition." It was stated that "there is no cause whatsoever for anxiety but he (President Ahmed) has been counselled against further strain."

He, however, looked quite well that morning and later in the evening he had a 45-minute meeting with the Malaysian Prime Minister. Next morning, too, he looked cheerful on the plane. A correspondent travelling with him had gone up to him and asked how he was feeling and he had replied "I am all right. Dr. Caroli seems to be more upset than I am."

Some of his close personal staff at the Rashtrapati Bhavan recalled how Zakir Saheb had also died soon after a hectic tour of north-east India.
The election of 1974

Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed was elected President of India on August 20, 1974, and Mr. Basappa Danappa Jatti, Vice-President on August 27, the same year. At Mr. Ahmed's death, Mr. Jatti automatically succeeds him as President.

Before the Presidential election, the then President Mr. V. V. Giri, had sought the Supreme Court's opinion on whether it must be held before the outgoing President's term expired. This he did in view of the fact that the Gujarat State Assembly had been dissolved on March 15. A special seven-judge Constitutional Bench unanimously ruled on June 5, 1974 that the election must take place, notwithstanding any vacancies in the electoral college, including vacancies caused by the dissolution of a State Assembly.

Mr. Ahmed was adopted as the Congress candidate on July 1, whereupon he resigned his post as Union Minister of Food and Agriculture. A number of opposition parties, including the Jana Sangh, the Cong (O), the CPI (M), the Swatantra, the Socialist Party, the BKD and the RSP, nominated Mr. Tridib Chaudhury, a member of the Lok Sabha from West Bengal, to oppose him. The CPI and the Muslim League announced that they would abstain from voting.

Voting took place in New Delhi and the State capitals on April 17. Under the Constitution, each member of a State Assembly has "as many votes as there are multiples of 1000 in the quotient obtained by dividing the population of the State by the total number of elected members in the Assembly," and each elected member of either House of Parliament such numbers of votes "as may be obtained by dividing the total number of votes assigned to the members of the State Assemblies by the number of elected members to both Houses." Each member of Parliament had 721 votes, while the number of votes for an MLA varied from 208 in U.P. to 9 in Nagaland.

The results were announced on August 20, 1974 as follows: Mr. Ahmed—769,587; Mr. Chaudhury 189,196. Mr. Ahmed had a majority in every State except Kerala, where the abstention of the CPI and the Muslim League, which are allied with the Congress in the ruling coalition, gave Mr. Chaudhury an advantage. In Tamil Nadu, where the Congress held only 6 seats in the Assembly, Mr. Ahmed had a majority of 32,972 votes to 32,441, as the ruling DMK was for Mr. Ahmed. In Manipur, Meghalaya, and Nagaland the non-Congress ruling parties also supported him.

President Ahmed was sworn in by the then Chief Justice A. N. Ray on August 24.

latter's fads. He was fond of sports, played golf in the morning, and was frequently at the bridge table in the Shillong Club in the evenings. He re-established the golf course at Rashtrapati Bhavan, which had been in disuse since Lord Wavell's time.

He married Begum Abida (from Lucknow) in 1945, when she was only 22 and he 40. The matter was raised on the floor of the Lok Sabha in a smear campaign in 1974, just before his election as President. With his characteristic good humour he admitted that he had married a girl of 22 but that was 19 years previously. Begum Abida Ahmed is an amateur painter and a good badminton player. She went all over Assam entering local badminton competitions soon after marriage and became quite popular in the district towns of that State.

One of the persons Mr. Ahmed was very fond of was an Assamese newspaper man, Naresh Rajkhowa. On his election as President, Mr. Ahmed introduced Rajkhowa to an assembled Press conference as his son, and such was the popular misunderstanding about Mr. Ahmed that most reporters asked Rajkhowa if he was the son from the first wife. The ignorant reporters did not remember that he had been married only once.

The great year in Fakhruddin's career was not his election as President. The great year was 1969 when he insisted, with Mr. Jagjivan Ram, on the right to vote according to the dictates of his conscience for Mr. V. V. Giri in that year's Presidential election. That occasioned the split in the Congress and Mrs. Gandhi's emergence as the undisputed leader of the Party, instead of the nominee of the Syndicate.

Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed will be long remembered as a courteous but firm man who never hesitated when action was called for him, and who had a remarkable career without going out of his way to try for it.
THE SPORTS LOVER

In the country's tennis circles, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed had been "President" much before his election as the Head of State two and a half years ago, for he had a long tenure as the All-India Lawn Tennis Association chief. Mr. Ahmed resigned the AILTA presidency on being elevated to the nation's highest office—but he continued to take an active interest in the affairs of Indian tennis.

It has been said that the late President was so keen on sports that he timed his visits to various parts of the country to coincide with a major sporting event! Certainly, within a month of becoming the President of India, Mr. Ahmed visited Pune—where India was playing the Soviet Union in the Davis Cup inter-zone final. The President inaugurated the tie—and India went on to reach the final.

Similarly, when the Indian Open Tennis Championships were being played in Calcutta in November, 1975, Mr. Ahmed was there at the tournament's grand finale. A couple of years previously, when he was a Union Minister and president only of the AILTA, Mr. Ahmed had inaugurated the maiden Grand Prix competition to be played in this country, at New Delhi. When the 33rd World Table Tennis Championship— the first major international sporting event to be held in India—were staged at Calcutta's newly-built Netaji Stadium in February 1975, President Ahmed was there to inaugurate the meet.

Mr. Ahmed was probably the first President to witness a Test match at the country's oldest surviving Test venue: when the West Indies visited India two winters ago, President Ahmed was an interested spectator at the Eden Gardens during the Calcutta Test. For good measure, on one of those early January '75 evenings, he went from the Eden to the Calcutta South Club—thereby becoming the first President of India to visit the famous grass-courts at the "home" of Indian tennis.

In his younger days, Mr. Ahmed had played both football and tennis regularly, and later, as far as the pressures of work permitted, he became an ardent golfer. Even on his last visit to Malaysia, he had turned out for a round of golf with the Malaysian Prime Minister in Kuala Lumpur.

Though President Ahmed followed the country's sporting fortunes with interest, concern and appreciation, tennis was probably his favourite. Few people knew of his personal interest in patching up the budding feud between maestro Krishnan and the Amritrajs when the brothers flew back from Manila without playing a Davis Cup match there. Even though the AILTA was no longer his concern, President Ahmed insisted that the Amritrajs see him about the matter, and though he listened to and appreciated their point of view, he was firm in telling them that they had behaved wrongly.

One of President Ahmed's close personal contacts in the sports world was national tennis coach Akhtar Ali, whom he got to tutor his younger son in the game. The Indian sports world will sincerely mourn the passing of one of its most ardent followers, and sports administrators could tend to become a bit slack, now that the ever-alert President Ahmed is no longer there noting their moves!
Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed 1905-1977

A grief-stricken Begum Abida Ahmed sits by the body of the late President: New Delhi, February 11, 1977

Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed and his wife with Tunku Yahya Petra ibn Al-Morhaem Sultan Ibrahim in Kuala
Before assuming the nation's highest office, the late Mr. Faizuddin Ali Ahmed had a long and distinguished career, serving as the Advocate-General of Assam before becoming a Minister in the Assam Cabinet, and then a Union Minister. The top left photograph shows Mr. Ahmed, then the Finance Minister of Assam, leaving his chamber to present the State Budget for 1965-66, on March 4, 1965. In the top right photograph, as the Union Food and Agriculture Minister in the early 'Seventies, Mr. Ahmed and the late Mr. D. P. Dhar discuss policy at a meeting with State Chief Minister in New Delhi. The photograph on left shows Mr. Ahmed, the Congress nominee for the Presidency, being greeted by President V. V. Giri in the capital on July 5, 1974. The photograph above shows a smiling Mr. Ahmed, soon after being elected the President of India, posing with Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi, who had gone to congratulate him, and his wife, Begum Afzula Ahmed.
President Ahmed delivers his inaugural address (top left photo) in New Delhi on August 24, 1974, with the outgoing President, Mr. V. V. Giri, at his side. On a State visit to Indonesia in May 1975, President Ahmed lays a wreath at the Kalibata heroes' cemetery in Djakarta (top middle picture), while the photo at left centre shows him with his younger son. The next photo shows President Ahmed at Rajghat on Gandhi Jayanti, while the left bottom picture shows President and Begum Ahmed with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kissinger at Rashtrapati Bhavan, also in 1975. The top right photo shows the President inspecting a Guard of Honour on his 71st birthday on May 13, 1976. The above photograph shows the new Australian High Commissioner to India, Mr. Peter John Curtis, presenting his credentials to President Ahmed at Rashtrapati Bhavan on March 22, 1976. The picture on right shows Mr. Ahmed presenting new Colours to the Indian Military Academy in Dehra Dun on December 15 last.
Living with gods

RECENTLY I have been reading several writers on South Indian temples as the storehouses of classical sculpture, some of these assessments written early in this century, some last month. All of them extol the priceless aesthetic value of these shrines, and some their religious importance - a few are critical of the neglect, ruin and hideous accretions that some temples have suffered. Iconographers write learnedly of the peculiar features of particular carvings, historians hold forth on dates and periods and events, epigraphists discuss the significance of certain inscriptions, and others write with almost uncontrollable enthusiasm and a spate of adjectives, if not with an informed apprehension or a sense of style, of the richness and beauty of these treasures in stone.

Not one so much as mentions the vital role of Southern temples in sustaining and developing Carnatic music (especially instrumental music, especially the nagaswaram) and dance, and even poetry - entire books can be written about what these other arts owe to our temples. Nor is there any hint of the social and cultural forum that even the smallest rural shrine provides, the scope for pageants and public rejoicings and even for gossip, or the hospitality it offers.

When I was young, I learnt that it was possible, satisfying and amazingly inexpensive to wander all over the South, reserving one's modest capital for cigarettes, trainfare and other such necessities, and finding one's food and also frequently temporary accommodation in some temples. More recently, on a visit to Sholinghur (in search of the langur that was once such a feature of this hilltop shrine but now locally extinct) I was unable to discover a satisfactory hotel in the vicinity at which I could eat, but remembering the past, found both food and shaded shelter in the temple precincts.

India's largest and most hygienic hotel is not in Delhi or Bombay but in Puri: the steam-cooked Mahaprasad of Puri Jagannatha's shrine sustains thousands, is varied as the prasad of no other temple is (it includes several vegetable side-dishes, and even sweets) and is deliciously cooked and inexpensive. The carpenter reader may raise the objection that Puri is not in the South but in Orissa. What nonsense! I have always thought of Orissa as a part of my native South and, in my more expansive moments, am inclined to include even a good part of South-eastern Bengal in my domain. The South is not a magnetic or geographic direction - it is a way of life, and values held dear in that way.

Almost all shrines where there is worship, even in the Tamilian South, offer some prasad, for which some of them are specially known, though none can compare with the 10-course meal that Puri Jagannatha's temple can offer. Here I may mention the ari-dozi for which Azhagarkoil is celebrated, the kekda-dozi of Kanchipuram, the thin, crisp, biscuit-like vadai of Hanuman temples, spiced sharp with pepper, and the puliopari of Vaishnavite temples - but these are things to be savoured, not written about.

Throughout Karnataka the outer halls of the local Hanuman shrines are the recognised resthouses of the foot-faithful. Not that Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh have no space to offer the foot-weary traveller - only, they make the homes of other gods. Some years ago, one scorching, dusty April afternoon in Kumbakonam, after an exhausting spell of photography and an excellent meal, I felt the need for a little peace and rest. The hotel in which I was staying, cramped, dirty and crowded, was far away, but there was a temple close by and I walked in.

I walked into the scene depicted in my candid photographs. Notice that the entranceway is to the left of the picture, and that is why it is comparatively brightly lit - the mandapam was progressively darker and cooler as one went to the right. I reached the farthest and darkest corner, and found a gangling adolescent there, recumbent on the stone floor. I asked him what he was doing there. Did he not know that this was a temple, the abode of the gods, a place where men worshipped, and not the resort of idle young fellows with nothing better to do than spend all day sprawled on the ground, dreaming day-dreams? Hurriedly he stood up, and muttering something, left at once. I spread the ample towel I use as a cloth on the floor, and pillowing my head on my gadget-bag, slept the sleep of the unjust. I awoke to the sound of bells and chants, and found that it was evening and that all my fellow sleepers had left. Refreshed entirely, I rose and stretched my limbs luxuriously, and a dark figure materialised from the peripheral gloom and greeted me - it was the temple's pujari who had just finished performing the puja, and in his hand was a platter from which he offered me a portion of prasad. That prasad was no ordinary prasad, but the kindness of the pujari and the soft-spoken courtesy of his words would have lent flavour and sweetness to mud. That evening I felt proud of my Indian heritage.

M. KRISHNAN
WHERE have the raconteurs gone — those spinners of yarns about the high and the mighty? Most of their tales were imaginary or grossly exaggerated, and some even put out by the principals themselves as publicity gimmicks, but they amused millions of all ages. Where have they all gone? It is years since I last heard a good story.

One of my favourites concerns the late Sardar Baldev Singh, independent India’s first Defence Minister. His introduction to the air age was a ninety-minute flight by Dakota from Amritsar to Delhi. The great man was travelling in style, accompanied by a retinue of cronies. Shortly after takeoff, he summoned the cabin attendant and ordered him: “Tell the driver up front to switch off those fans—it’s getting cold inside here.”

That was when I told my story about Sardar Baldev Singh and, thinking of it now, it wasn’t very appropriate; but I’d already downed several highballs. Gerry, who was way ahead, told some smutty ones about dizzy blondes and millionaire playboys. Then it was Miss McCullagh’s turn. “The best stories,” she said in her dulcet method voice, “they all come out of Hollywood, and the best stories from Hollywood are all about Sam Goldwyn.”

For the benefit of today’s beat generation, it is perhaps necessary to explain that Samuel Goldwyn was for many years Hollywood’s most fabulous producer and showman, a reputation he achieved partly by making a succession of outstanding motion pictures and partly by his misuse of the English language. Among his famous dicta are: “Gentlemen, kindly include me out”, and “In two words I tell you my opinion—impossible.”

Katie, once a reigning beauty who had considered acting as a career and had appeared in supporting roles on both stage and screen, told of a bridge game in which Goldwyn drew her as a partner against two experts. The men wanted to play for a dollar a point, but Katie wouldn’t budge beyond her usual ten cents, so the gallant Goldwyn volunteered “canny” her, which meant that he was playing for a dollar and ninety cents a point.

The game proceeded reasonably well until, with both sides vulnerable, a hand was dealt in which the man on Goldwyn’s right bid a no-trump. Goldwyn, in a voice that spoke volumes, said “I pass”. The third man also passed. Katie said “Two spades” and the first bidder responded with two no-trumps. “I pass”, Goldwyn bellowed. Katie went to three spades and the man on her left bid three no-trumps. “I pass” shouted Goldwyn at the top of his voice. Eventually Miss McCullagh’s bid of four spades was doubled and went down four tricks—eleven hundred points. Goldwyn had a fit. He jumped to his feet as the last card was played, pounced on the table and screamed at his partner: “Damnit, Katie, couldn’t you hear me keeping quiet?”

As we left the Dupont Theatre in the early hours, Katie McCullagh told one more Goldwyn story. His secretary had come to him with the complaint that the files had grown so cluttered that it was impossible to find anything. “Do me a favour, boss”, she begged, “let me destroy the letters that are ten years old or more”. The Movie Mogul pondered the suggestion. “Okay”, he said at last, “go ahead—but don’t forget to make copies”.

P. L. BHANDARI
Crying 'Wolf'! Not this Time

Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s resignation from the Government and the Congress has far-reaching effects. SUNDAY correspondents from many parts of the country piece together the story behind the dramatic decision.

A biography of Mr. Jagjivan Ram, written in the mid-Fifties, had an Epilogue that began: ‘Whenever the call of conscience came, he differed from all his dear colleagues, even from Mahamatji’. This trait, coupled with his quite well-known reservations about the way the nation and the Congress Party were being run since the Emergency, made many in the party always worry that he might be up to something. But when the resignation from the Government and the Party did come on February 2, most people were taken completely unawares. Maybe, they thought Babuji had cried ‘wolf’ too often.

It all started soon after the promulgation of Emergency in June 1975. Mr. Jagjivan Ram did not take it well and is reported to have told some of his close friends at his residence in Delhi some time in July, 1975, that it was the tradition of the Indian people that they accept whoever is chosen leader. The people had even accepted Duryodhan as their king but there was war (prithvi jung hui) Then came the arrest of Mr. Ram Dhan, Secretary of the CPP and a very close associate of Mr Ram. Mr Ram Dhan had defeated Mrs Kaul in the election for this post, and it was well known that he was Mr Ram’s candidate. Mr Ram was always sorry that he could not do anything about Mr Ram Dhan even though the latter had come to grief only because of him. Much later, when some of the political leaders were released from jail, Mr Ram wept as he shared his sorrow with a West Bengal leader. “Even Piloo Mody is now free, but not Ram Dhan.”

All through the Emergency, he somehow kept himself aloof from general party affairs, sources close to him say. It is true that it was he who moved the Emergency Bill in Parliament but this he was made to do against his wishes.

Things started moving just prior to the Gauhati session of the AICC. By that time Mrs. Nandini Satpathy and Mr. H. N. Bahuguna had come into the picture. Mr. Ram Dhan by then released, was now working as an assistant man between Mr. Jagjivan Ram and some Janata Party leaders through another Harijan leader, Mr Chand Ram of Haryana. Mrs Satpathy first met Br Bahuguna at Delhi when she was there to attend the CWC meeting before the Gauhati session. She was staying at Orissa Bhavan and he was staying at the U.P. State guest house nearby. On her way back she made a surprise halt (she was travelling in an Orissa Government plane) and had another round of talks.

K. R. Ganesh: Behind Babuji

Gauhati provided further opportunities for detailed discussions. By that time Mrs. Satpathy was under a cloud. Then Mr. Ram Dhan was approached through his contacts in West Bengal. Mostly, however, the contacts were being maintained by Mr. Ram’s son, Mr. Surendra Ram. Things took a final shape with the exit of Mrs. Satpathy from the Orissa Chief Ministership. During this time she had air-dashed to Delhi several times. All the while she kept in close touch with her

Chandrashekhar, Bahuguna and Mrs. Satpathy: They retain their smile even after leaving the party; will it last?
friends. Just before she left for Delhi, for the last time as Chief Minister on December 29, she told an old colleague that she was quitting the party.

The dissidents began sounding out sympathetic leaders in U.P., Bihar, Orissa, West Bengal, Assam, Maharashtra and Karnataka soon after the announcement of elections on January 18. The kingpin of this move was Mr Bahuguna.

It is not very well known that the pro-CPI lobby within the Congress provided the main impetus to this move. The only pro-CPI leaders who were not taken into confidence were Mr Chandrashekhar Yadav and Mr K D Malaviya. Mr Bahuguna’s relations with the CPI have always been excellent, and it will be remembered that the CPI reacted sharply when he lost the Chief Ministership of U.P. Similarly, the CPI was also very unhappy with Mrs Nandini Satpathy’s dismissal.

Mr Jagjivan Ram had established a line of communication with the CPI during the abortive move to set up a Constituent Assembly last year, and Mr Ram Dhan, Mr Chandrasekhar, Mr Chand Ram (all former Congressmen) and Mr Surendra Mohan, (general secretary of the Socialist Party) were the conduits through which Mr Ram sent feelers to the Janata Party. Mrs Satpathy, on her part, was in touch with Mr Biju Patnaik in Orissa.

Meanwhile, infighting in the Congress had taken a serious turn in almost all States over choice of candidates for the elections. The compromise was the same almost everywhere; the Prime Minister was asked to prepare the list. This was considered to mean that the Youth Congress people would have more and more clout. Some old leaders might get nomination but their followers would be bypassed in favour of Youth Congress faithfuls. And, even though the old guard would not be denied nomination, there would be no place for them in the Cabinet to be formed. The days of gerontocracy in the Indian body politic were going to be over.

Mr Patnaik, Mr Chandrasekhar, Mr Mohan Dhar, Mr Ram Dhan, Mr Krishan Kant and others thought this was the last time to woo senior Congress leaders. Messages travelled fast, men almost fast asleep, Mrs Satpathy, Mr Bahuguna, Mr Ganesh and some West Bengal and Maharashtra leaders pleaded with the Congress leaders that this time was propitious; with Press censorship and other Emergency measures relaxed, the Lok Sabha dissolved and the elections near, this was the time when Mrs Gandhi could be hurt most. Once she got a good majority after the elections, she would be invincible.

An agreement was reached and January 23 was fixed as D-Day. But it came and went by; many had developed cold feet.

The Opposition then went to Mr Ram, “Babuji, the others are no good. You alone are good enough for these vacculators. If you come out, we guarantee you a strong support,” they pleaded. “Who’ll support me? The Janata Party, the CPI?” Mr Patnaik, Mr Chandrasekhar and Mr Ram Dhan spoke on behalf of the Janata Party; Mrs Satpathy and Mr Ganesh checked one last time with the CPI and told Mr Ram that they would be for him. Mr Ram wanted some more time.

By now the air was thick with expectancy. The Janata Party leadership was meeting in New Delhi. Mr Biju Patnaik left his seat and sat beside Mr P C Sen to whisper into the aged leader’s ears, “Trafullada, something big is going to happen soon.” Mr Sen has not been in politics all these years for nothing; he betrayed no excitement, just smiled and said, “It docs seem to be something big the way you are whispering. What’s it?” After some more of such raillay, Mr Patnaik disclosed that Mr Ram would be leaving the Congress. The announcement would be made in a few days.

This was somewhat premature, however, for Mr Ram was still talking things over with old associates from many States. Among them was Mr Bejoy Singh Nahar of West Bengal, who received a call on January 29 to come to Delhi. Everybody had reached Delhi and it had in the meantime become clear that Mr Ram’s move was not going to be nominated in Bihar. Babuji announced he had made up his mind to leave. “Are you joining me?” he asked his associates. “Yes,” was the unanimous reply. He said he would leave the party before the meeting of the Congress Election Committee. The day he would do this, he would send a signal to all of them in the morning.

However, Mr Ram did not make up his mind till late at night on the day he met the Prime Minister and told her her that the Emergency should be lifted. According to one source, he decided to take the plunge only at two in the morning. One result of this was that Mr Chandrasekhar, who knew that Mr Ram’s resignation was due, was virtually forced to join the Janata Party. He would have preferred to join the Congress for Democracy which he realised Mr Ram would form. But during this delay, Mr Jayaprakash Narayan persuaded him to throw in his lot with the Janata Party.

Some people claim that Mr Ram and Mr Jayaprakash Narayan had
some "tacit understanding"; but there is no evidence to prove this conclusively. The only tangible clue available that there may have been an understanding between the two is the call given by JP in Delhi before the Emergency to Mr Ram and Mr Y B Chavan. JP said, "Now is the time that they (should) leave the Congress. What are they waiting for now?" Those who have kept track of these things rule out a meeting between Mr Ram and JP after the latter’s release, common from both sides, but followed by a meeting between them. After the polls were announced, our reporters met Mr Chandrashekhar who had had a long discussion with JP. Mr Chandrashekhar said: "There are many in the Congress who share my views." However, he did not name anyone. Mr Charan Singh, too, met JP recently for a long while, but the discussions were said to be mainly about prospective Janata Party candidates and not about Mr Ram. Nothing definite is known, however, about what they discussed. Mr Ram clearly showed his disappointment that Mr Y B Chavan and Mr. Kamalapathi Tripathi had not joined him in leaving the Congress, and he criticised them for it.

Anyway, Mr Ram’s decision did come as a surprise to many, including his usual well-informed adversaries. Some members of the Congress Central Election Committee came to know about it only when they arrived to attend the meeting at the Prime Minister’s residence. Other Central Ministers came to know of it after Mr Ram had announced it at a hurriedly-called Press conference.

The powers—be they had only a vague inkling that something was brewing. As a pre-emptive move, the AICC office summoned Press correspondents urgently at 9-30 p.m. on February 1 to give a statement by Mr V B Raje, general secretary of the party, that the Congress nominees would be selected by the Election Committee and not by the Prime Minister.

What matters to the village voter and why

The vast majority of India’s electorate is in the villages. What are the factors that determine their voting pattern? HAMDI BEY says ideology is not much of a factor and the importance of caste has been over-emphasized. This is the first of a series of articles we shall be publishing on various facets of electoral behaviour.

ELECTIONS are held to choose groups to whom the governance of the country or the State can be entrusted. The process starts at the base unit of Indian society, the village, but that grass-root political parties are hardly represented; the politics is that of factions.

Generally each Lok Sabha constituency covers the territory of five State Assembly constituencies. Each State Assembly constituency is roughly spread over 28 or 30 villages. So, for the coming elections, most rural Lok Sabha constituencies would comprise 140 to 150 villages.

Some villages are populated by one cultivating or landholding caste. There are other villages, probably more in number, where the landholders belong to two or three castes. In both types of villages there are what are known as service castes. These hold land on temporary or permanent tenure in lieu of several ritual and other obligations that they have by custom to render to the landholding group or groups. The ritual obligations are well-known; less publicised are obligations to plough, weed and harvest the owning group’s fields. There are, in addition to these service castes, a number of landless groups, all from ritual low ranked castes, who live by sharecropping or by rendering agricultural labour for which they are paid in cash or kind.

The structure of the village is important because it identifies the body politic. At the core of the village’s body politic consists of the landowning (not landlords) cultivating castes to whom the rest are related by ritual or economic ties. It is rare that throughout a Lok Sabha constituency the same caste owns the land in all the villages. There are usually two or three castes who own the land and achieve economic and political dominance.

General issues are unimportant to the village. Its life is lived on a purely local basis. There are many religious and animistic beliefs and practices which are relevant to life within the village. The self-sufficiency of the village has, however, been ruptured, and for a number of things the village is dependent upon credit, goods and services outside. All the things that the village needs are today not obtained on a cash and carry basis. A considerable proportion comes from welfare agencies controlled by the State Government, or in some cases by the Central Government. That is where political links become important.

We have quite often been told that caste is the staple of Indian politics. That was true over a decade ago. At the time, the caste system was sharper than it is now, and faction is important, though most factions have access to political links mostly through caste acquaintances. Conversely, the political parties also penetrate into a village through caste ties.

But the concept of caste solidarity is exaggerated. In a village two members of the landholding caste may contest for local pre-eminence. They usually do, and in the process divide themselves into two factions. Both of them need support from the other castes, and ultimately split all castes into factions. Generally the factions are two or three in the main landholding group, but if the group is numerically big and affluent there are more factions. The main group’s factional pattern is represented in most other groups in the village. Only small affluent groups are able to maintain a semblance of solidarity. The members of the poorer small groups, being dependent upon employment, loans and other patronage, become individual clients of the main factions without much will of their own.

Two populous administrative districts usually accommodate between themselves three Lok Sabha constituencies and fifteen State Assembly constituencies. The headquarters of our districts are the places where Government agencies, welfare or otherwise, are located. The faction leaders have to go to those headquarters towns, and it is in those towns that links with political parties are made, not forged or established, because the links are quite often temporary.
Political parties are represented in the district towns and during the freedom struggle, Congress Committees were established in all district towns. But there were caste uplift movements both before and during the freedom struggle. The upper and affluent groups had been engaged in movements earlier than the lower and poorer castes. Concurrently with the freedom struggle there were communal movements. All these were anchored in the district towns, and the political life of such towns is made up of all these elements.

Several of these elements are mere relics of past movements unless they have entered the modern political party. In most district towns even now, vestiges of these past movements can be detected, but overwhelming these are the forms of modern political parties, who distribute manifestos received from the State or national level, hold meetings, recruit men to run elections, and periodically send out agents to re-establish contacts with faction leaders in the villages.

As said earlier, the faction-party links are temporary. Politicians at the district level only periodically go to the villages, and unless it is their own village of residence, only during elections. The faction leader visits a political party office only to seek a favour, and switches over to another party if he does not succeed with the one which helped him earlier. There are no binding commitments on either side. The political machinery operating between the village and district levels is not an organic development.

The volunteer political worker has virtually disappeared. Only the communist parties and the Jana Sangh have cadres. The political worker has been replaced by the MLA on the one hand, and the faction leader on the other. During elections people are found to solicit votes, to man booths, and to function as polling agents. These are all temporary and, therefore, expensive. Even if only their meals away from home, transport and out of pocket expenses are met by the candidate, the number of such workers required is so large that elections have become cost-ly affairs.

Since a ruling party can distribute more favours than any opposition party can secure, village factions tend to gravitate round ruling party MLAs. The MLA in a Lok Sabha constituency occupies an important position, but can be apathetic if they are not sure of their own re-nomination by the party. Sitting MPs do enjoy prestige at district headquarters and so have indirect links with faction leaders, but new nominees cannot look forward to that advantage.

The Jana Sangh has a shopkeeper network. The village shopkeeper buys local produce from the village and sells goods from outside the village. He knows most people, and if he is also a moneylender—which he often is—he wields considerable influence. Frequently an election turns into a tussle between bureaucratic influence and the power of the local moneylender.

There are other influences at work, too—credit and producers' cooperatives, workers' unions in sugar mills, students' unions in colleges, lawyers, and small local newspapers. In areas where a sizable percentage of the population finds employment in the government service, ex-servicemen are also influential. Matts and religious institutions do affect the voting pattern. But all these largely operate through the factions without any direct link with the political parties.

Ideology is not much of a factor in rural voting. Sentiment works to a limited extent only. Cold calculation is the main thing which counts with a village faction leader. Elections, under the circumstances, would have been utterly chaotic had not two other tendencies been in operation. The interests of the landholding groups coincide over a stretch of the country, and so curb the individual avarice of the faction leaders. 90% of whom belong to the landholding groups. Most of the faction leaders want to be on the winning side, and would take their followings to the party which they think is going to win.

Events on the national level create that impression. In 1967 the impression got around that the Congress was disintegrating, and the party's performance was the poorest so far. In no subsequent elections did this impression get around, and the Congress performance was back to its previous level.

One of the reasons for the reversal of the trend of thinking and feeling was that the Congress did not disintegrate after the 1967 losses. Another was that the Opposition coalition governments formed at one time or another in eight States after 1967 were failures, and the participants quarrelled among themselves in regard to distribution of patronage. The village faction leader wanted to be more certain as to where power lay.

The leadership which can create the impression of a winning side is at the national level. The impression is relayed through State capitals to the district towns which disseminate it. There is one substantial difference between the present elections and those previous to it, including 1967, and that is the existence for the first time of an Opposition leadership at the national level.
Victory at last

India, three down in the series, won the fourth Test at Bangalore convincingly enough, by 140 runs. MANSUR ALI KHAN PATAUDI describes the victory through his day-by-day reports, pointing out that the win does not solve any of the problems of Indian cricket.

1st day:
Selectors vindicated

In this Test India made three changes and went into the match with only one seamer. She further packed her batting by including Sunil Amarnath and Yaduvindra Singh. Thus left Ghavri as the only serious exponent of the seam. India had to strengthen her batting and for her another seamer, who would probably bowl a half-dozen overs in the whole match is too much of a luxury. England decided to bring in Fletcher even though he hadn't been in the team in place of Woolmer. To many who have played on this ground, the wicket looked a little unfamiliar. Though there are traces of moisture, the surface seems brittle and there is a likelihood that it may break, though when, nobody is certain.

India won the toss and got to bat on the best track we have seen in this series. None of the English quicker bowlers was able to get any movement or lift, and though Greig and Underwood managed to turn the odd ball, they did it slowly and not often enough to have caused the Indian batsmen any worry. And yet in these near-perfect conditions the top half of the Indian batting collapsed again. At 100 for one, it looked as if better days had come at last, but it was not to be. To begin with, Gavaskar had played an unforgivable stroke. From the first shot that he had played he had seemed in a hurry to get home, without even settling down he had nearly played on as he tried a flourish off Willis. Next he mustered an on-drive. Presumably dissatisfied with his attempts to get out, he made sure of his exit as he aimed at it over mid-off and skied a catch to Underwood. The shot, as I have said, was unforgivable. The attitude is excusable, yet I suppose even the responsible are permitted moods now and then.

50 For Viswathnath, Greig immediately brought on Underwood, who effectively tied him down Vishwanath, who was woefully short of runs but cannot seem to break out of the rut, that the accurate England bowling has put him into. Today, though he drove, Underwood powerfully through the covers, he managed to confide the confident batsman that he has known him to be. Meanwhile, Greig deceived Amarnath and bowled him off the inside edge, as he went to cut a full-length delivery. That made it 124 for 3 and soon after Underwood had Viswathnath caught at first slip via the inner edge and pad Patel and Yaduvindra Singh, the young batsman from Maharashtra, played quietly against some accurate bowling and 'hard' fielding. Yaduvindra Singh was batting sensibly till he lost his patience and flashed at Willis, for Knott to dive to his right and take a catch which rightly belonged to first slip. And Patel was most surprised as Randell did the covers dived to hold on to a cut which was hit fair and square. From 100 for one, India had crashed to 170 for 5, but there was a fightback again through Kirmani and Ghavri. Both played within their limitations, and though Kirmani was more aggressive, both exposed the limitations of this English attack, to be still together at the end.

For the first time India had batted a whole day in her first innings, and for once a selectors' choice had been vindicated. Amarnath had played a brave innings, which had shown that the English bowling could be hit.

The English fielding was impressive and her bowlers toiled hard on this unresponsive wicket, but England had bowled at a fraction under 3.5 overs an hour, which is far too low an over-rate. This would not have been tolerated elsewhere, and one wonders why Indian umpires are reluctant to advise Greig of this.

2nd day:
Spinners on top

KIRMANI and Ghavri started the second day at 205 for 6, and their respective scores at 31 and 9. Today India owed a lot to these two, as neither the spin nor the pace, when the second new ball was taken, daunted them. Kirmani, batting with full responsibility, duly reached his 50 to the kind of applause which is reserved for much larger scores. When Ghavri was
finding it increasingly more difficult to swing the ball, Willis has clearly emerged as England’s prime opening bowler.

Amis and Brearley opened England’s first innings to Ghavri and Yajurvidra Singh, the latter thereby joining the rather long list of names who have done makeshift duty for India with the new ball. Yajurvidra was given one over, and Ghavri not many more, as Bedi pressed his spinners into the attack. He and Chandra worried both batsmen, and Brearley was the first to go, edging a leg-break to Viswanath at first slip. Fletcher, never comfortable, hung on till Prasanna replaced Bedi, and was then caught off bat and pad. Randall went the same way, and Chandrasekhar—on for the last over before tea—accounted for Tolchard with a googly. England had slumped to 65 for 4 and Chandrasekhar made that 67 for 6, even before most of us had resumed our seats after the interval. All this while Amis had been playing better than one has seen him through this series. He had a little luck, which is necessary on a wicket which had started to turn appreciably. When Knott also began showing signs of aggression, the Indian spinners began to lose their hold. The fielding became a little ragged, and the field-placing allowed both batsmen to take their singles at will. It looked as if England was going to get away with it again. In this spell, Bedi was reluctant to put himself on. His shoulder injury, which first caused him trouble in 1971, and to which he has been unable to throw, had been aggravated and he was obviously in pain. Instead he used Ghavri as a spinner, but well as Ghavri bowled. Knott and Amis put on 70 runs before Bedi was forced to bring himself on and beat Knott’s defensive stroke with a well-pitched leg-break. It was left to Old and Amis to hang on till close, which they did without undue worry, though both at times were beaten by the turn.

All the Indian spinners had bowled well. They had used the increasing response in this wicket with effect to go through the major part of the English batting. On the other hand, Amis is still there—batting with concentration—and the remaining batsmen have already shown that they are capable of contributing. India must look to getting a substantial lead; even though England will have to bat last, the prospect of playing Underwood in her second knock cannot be pleasing for India.

Amis batted dourly on the second day caught by Knott off Willis, the partnership was worth 66 runs. Though he had scored only 16 of these, Ghavri’s real contribution had been by supporting Kirmani and showing that even a Number 8 batsman could make his presence felt. Ghavri is a much better bat than he is given credit for. At his departure even Kirmani seemed to lose heart, and when he played on to Willis, the rest of the Indian tail folded up quietly. Even so India had notched up a total of 253, not by any means large, but enough for once to put some kind of pressure on England’s batting.

For England Willis had bowled the best, and his six wickets were well deserved. His height, which must be close to his captain’s, and his windmill-like action have often made sighting and picking the length of the ball difficult for Indian batsmen, and many have been deceived by his pace. With Lever

3rd day : India smell victory

England continued her innings facing a deficit of 115 and with 4 wickets in hand. She was all out for 195 a little after lunch, thereby giving India a lead of 58 runs, a favourable position which India saw for the first time in this series.

Amis left early, having no answer to a vicious googly from Chandrasekhar, he was caught at forward short-leg. He had been a determined innings and he had played with full responsibility. With his dismissal India was looking for a quick end, but was again frustrated as Lever and the others put on over 50 runs between them. Unlike the Australians or West Indians, England preferred to defend instead of trying to hit their way out of trouble. Though Bedi tried out all combinations with his spinners, and at some time must have even flirted with the idea of taking the new ball, India had to wait till after lunch before Chandrasekhar broke through Willis’s defence with another googly. Bedi was again reluctant to bowl, and the variation in the Indian attack was limited, even though Ghavri was again called on to bowl his spinners. Chandrasekhar, making up for his lack of wickets in the earlier matches, bowled as devastatingly as only he can to finish up with six wickets, and his spin twin Prasanna had three.

The most satisfying sight for India was Yajurvidra Singh play
ing a very active and decisive role at forward short-leg. With five catches he has beaten the record for one innings between India and England, and has a more than even chance of breaking the world record for the number of catches taken in a Test Match. Presently this is seven and held by Greg Chappell.

Thankfully for India, Gavaskar’s errant mood had disappeared, and he played with purpose and concentration against all who bowled to him. In this vein he is of world class, and claimed his superiority by removing Underwood from the attack. By then England had already tasted success, when Gaekwad was bowled by Old, playing a forcing shot off the back foot to a delivery which just was not short enough. Gavaskar, in a productive partnership with Amarnath (the former doing most of the producing) reached his fifty and then was caught at first slip of a ball which Underwood really turned. Amarnath patted a Willis bouncer to Tolchard at square-leg, and Patel was caught by Knott off Underwood playing a tame forward defensive shot. Yajurvidra Singh and night-watchman Prasanna saw the day through to 105 for 4 wickets—that is, a lead of 163 runs.

Though Underwood was the bogey man, it was Willis who had again impressed, especially in his first spell of four overs, when he had bowled really fast to get some pace and bounce off this slow wicket. England’s fielding, with Randall showing glimpses of greatness, had touched new heights. But it is still India in control, with some batting yet to come, and time being of no consequence. On a wicket which is starting to break up, and on which the Indian spinners are already beating the ball by turn and bounce. England’s work will be cut out in the second innings.

If Indian batsmen can add another 70 or 80 runs, leaving England a total of around 240, India could have her first success of the series. This is always presuming that Indian fielders have got out of the habit of spilling catches.

4th day: It should be easy now

For once it was India all the way today, and by close she has a stranglehold which will be virtually impossible to loosen. Starting at 105 for 4, Yajurvidra Singh and Prasanna added 19 runs before Prasanna was caught in the gully off Willis. This brought in Viswanath, who had taken an injection to dull the pain in his left hand. India were still by no means safe and a great deal depended on Viswanath’s ability to get going, especially against Underwood who was bowling a good line and turning the ball. The first ball was met in the middle of the bat and so was every other delivery till late in the innings when once or twice Viswanath fished at Willis and missed. It was a remarkable innings, the timing was sweet and the concentration intense. Though Underwood was a difficult proposition, Viswanath made it look so easy that he even put to shade Gavaskar’s fine effort yesterday. If only these two had come off a few weeks earlier, this series would have had a different complexion. No matter who Greig brought on, or how defensively he placed his field, Viswanath found the gaps and with support from the other Indian batsmen, he took India to a total of 259.

During the tea interval Bedi declared, leaving England to chase 317, and giving himself seven hours to bowl them out. For the next hour and a half it was fun and games for India as four English wickets fell for 8 runs. Sweet revenge for what England had done to her at Leeds 25 years ago. There were plenty of spots on this wicket for the Indian spinners to exploit, yet it was Gavaskar who got the first and vital wicket of Amiss, as the batsman was unable to keep down a shortish delivery and Yajurvidra Singh took an impressive catch diving to his left. Both Gavaskar and Bavaskar greeted Fletcher and Brearley with a number of bouncers. In retaliation perhaps to Lennie letting one fly at Old earlier, Gavaskar even hit Brearley on the chest, and one wondered that if Gavaskar could do this to the England opener, what would Lillee manage. The intentions were aggressive enough, but in practice all that happened was the waste of a new ball and an opportunity for Gavaskar to collect another scalp.

While Gavaskar was warned for deliberately stepping on to the wicket in his follow-through Chandra started operating from the BEML end and Fletcher nicked a googly into Yajurvidra Singh’s hand in the first over. With this Yajurvidra equalled Greg Chappell’s record, and if later he hadn’t moved too early he may have been in a position to catch Tolchard. As it is he will have to wait till tomorrow before he has another opportunity to be in the record books all on his own. As a debut this has been impressive enough, and at last India have found someone who with a little more experience will become invaluable in this, the most vital of positions. The experience will, of course, depend on his ability to get enough runs to secure him a place. In both innings, though while he was there he looked comfortable enough he was out to rash shots, showing a certain immaturity of temperament. This he will have to improve if he wants to stay on the international scene.
chard survived a couple of very confident appeals, to stay there till the end of the day with the total at 34 for 4, and India well on the path for victory. All things being equal, and with the wicket taking more and more turn, India should wrap up this match, sometime the other side of lunch tomorrow. And about time, too.

5th day:
Knott untied

INDIA at last redeemed a little of her lost prestige as this time England was convincingly beaten. Most of her batsmen had no answer to the way Indian spinners exploited the turn in the wicket, and either succumbed weakly or were dismissed trying to hit their way out of trouble. Except, of course, for Knott, who showed in his own inimitable fashion that runs could be plundered on this wicket.

Knott’s style may be unorthodox, but his eye is sure, and he is able to swing against the break, making it very difficult even for an astute captain to place a restrictive field. Knott swept and cut his way to be not out for 81, and if he had more support, India could well have been in trouble. One can quite believe that Greig, while watching Knott making hay, must have ruefully considered his thwarted attempt to hit Bedi out of the ground.

Earlier, Tichard had left, playing back to Chandrasekhar, and then gradually the pressure wore down the rest of the English batsmen, and though the innings lasted till after lunch, there was no way in which England batsmen could have forestalled the inevitable.

And so India had won by 140 runs, and there was naturally much jubilation in the Indian camp. Well deserved, of course, but one should not lose sight of the fact that no basic problem has been solved. Gavaskar still does not have a partner, the middle-order is full of uncertainties, and India must look around for possible replacements for the spinners in the seeable future. One has been playing for his country for 16 years, and the others well over ten. Their shoulders are tired, and though in parts they bowled well in this match, they do not have the venom of past years. Even players like Lever, unrecognized as a batsman, have kept them at bay and this on wickets which have responded to spin.

Indian batting has for a number of years relied basically on two players. When they have failed India has usually lost. This time both contributed enough to give India a lead of 316 — more than sufficient, as it turned out, especially with Yajurvindra Singh’s contribution at short-leg. But again, there were a number of split chances, though this time English batsmen were not able to fully capitalise on these losses, thereby emphasizing again that this is not the best batting side England has sent to these shores.

Nevertheless, one must not detract from India’s win. Bedi and his men did well to win this Test, and let there be no misunderstanding that Greig did not want a clean sweep in this series. India must try and decrease the lead further in Bombay.

Photographs by Tarapada Banerjee

Greig stumped Kirmani bowled Bedi

Kirmani dives to stop a cut by Knott
Suddenly Calcutta is in the news. That itself is not news. The city has been in the news for decades now. Everybody talks of the doomed city, the dead city or more charitably, the dying city. Yet, today Calcutta is in the news for a different reason. Even on the mat, it lashes out at prophets of doom with electrifying and stupefying effect. It has shown the world that the city is neither dead nor dying. It will live when many cities of the world, some of them very proud today, have either been humbled or have lost their glamour.

Because, Calcutta does not believe in glamour. It is not a city built on that doubtful foundation of affluence. Its strength lies in the solid ground, the granite stone and rock hard cement. In real terms, minus the rhetoric, Calcutta’s strength is in its people. We hear deriding remarks about people. We hear that there are too many of them. While we admit it, we also assert that they are people of a different kind.

Why do I say so? Because, but for the people of Calcutta the prophets of doom would have been proved correct and we, the workers in the Calcutta Metropolitan Development Authority, wrong. If the city has survived the worst, it can certainly live when things are better.

Better? Yes and definitely. For the first time, in the last 25 years, we are having a firm grip on the problems of the city and even if we do not crow about them, there are unmistakable signs of improvement and betterment.

Do I say this because water supply is more? Yes, it is 60% more and going to be 100% more in the next year.

Is sewerage and drainage better? Scientifically measured, it is certainly better.

In the next two years, there would be less waterlogging, though mark my word, we are not promising complete freedom from waterlogging. Is traffic and transportation better? 20 widened roads, three bridges and a subway bear testimony to better traffic circulation.

And last but not the least, the slums are better. In most of them, there is drinking water, electricity and sanitary latrines.

Is that all? We are not going to repeat the mistake of the past and stop investments. We will continue to invest on water supply, sewerage and drainage, traffic and transportation, and slum improvement. I am not here as the devil’s advocate of deficits. We shall also start building new townships, where the economically weaker sections of the people will have a better working place, a better house and far more economic and social support than the working class or the slum dwellers have been given in the past.

In the news—Calcutta

I cannot truthfully say that we have overcome. Yet the first signs of victory are noticeable.

Where else but in Calcutta will you find a starving young man spending his last rupee to purchase a book of poems which he reads, for effect, at the burning ghat? If you think I am exaggerating, I will point out that my statement is a gross understatement. How else can you explain that in this city there are over 5000 theatrical groups? Not that the people here are wealthy and have money and leisure to spare or culture is a luxury to them, but people here have a way of savouring the delights of life even while struggling for livelihood. The city does not like affluence.

That explains why we exist, practically without murmur, side by side with such inconveniences as shortage of water, accumulation of garbage, obstruction of pavements and so on. It is this aspect that attracts tourists with crooked camera lenses. They see the filth, they see the poverty, they see the inconveniences but have no time for the artisans who are producing beautiful works of art in the slums of Kumartoli and Kalighat, artists who are rehearsing a theatrical play after back-breaking office duties or as I said before, the poet at the burning ghat.

Am I saying that there are no problems in Calcutta? I do not want to go down in history as the biggest liar this side of the Suez!

Am I saying that there are no criminals in this city and that people are all lovable? That will be the exaggeration of the year. The city has people of all kinds. Yet, Calcutta is the least criminal city in the world. Why is it so?

As it is, Calcuttans are often accused of being attached to their city sentimentally and emotionally to the point of fault. I do not consider this a fault at all. People should love their city intensely as Calcuttans do.

While expressing optimism, I have only one remark to make. There are certain things which cannot be completed overnight, because there are physical difficulties like land acquisition, materials, engineering problems and money. Without being argumentative, can I ask one question?

If it takes nearly a year to build a house, how long should it take to build a township?

Whatever may happen, Calcutta will remain. Because Calcuttans love it. You may ask, who is a Calcuttan? Well, I count you as one because by showing interest in Calcutta, you have become one of us.

It does not matter what language you speak or where you come from. To me and to the nine million, you are one of us even if the population goes up to nine million and one.

Calcutta 1977
Bhutto rides a wave

Pakistan goes to the polls on March 7. SYED YUSUF RAZA reports from Islamabad that things are going very much Mr. Bhutto's way. His timing has been uncannily correct and campaigning shrewd.

Mr Zulfikar Ali Bhutto appears to be playing his cards with dexterity. He has decided to hold the country's second general election at a time when his ruling Pakistan People's Party is riding the crest of a wave. According to an official announcement, the elections are being held in March. Polling for the 200 seats in the National Assembly (Parliament) will be on March 7. Elections to the 460 seats of the four provincial Assemblies of Punjab, Sind, Baluchistan, and the North-West Frontier Province are scheduled for March 10.

Let's first consider the causes of the PPP's unprecedented popularity. Mr Bhutto, who is also the PPP chairman, has done everything to boost the image of his party before going to the polls. For instance, he launched a nationwide membership drive which brought many former Rightists scurrying to seek asylum and succour under the PPP umbrella. In fact, scores of political leaders of different sections of the population, tribal chiefs, religious divines, leaders of social, cultural, trade, labour and industrial groups, decided to join the PPP along with thousands of their followers.

Indeed, apart from Mr Bhutto's personal charisma the most important reason for this mad rush to join the PPP is that it is the party that is in power now. And the tradition with most of the professional political leaders in this part of the world is to worship the rising—or risen—sun.

The PPP Government chalked out a series of "week" to woo the electorate. It began with labour week followed by farmers' week, students' week, women's week, industries' week and so on. Mr Bhutto also ordered celebration of 1976-77 as social welfare year, and 1976 was named as the year of "Quaid-i-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah's centenary." In order to win the support of the rural electorate, he ordered agrarian reforms for the first time.

Moreover, Mr Bhutto has successfully taken Pakistan out of the political abyss that followed in the wake of the 1971 war. Political stability has returned to the country and various secessionist elements have been crushed.

The Opposition United Front is not happy with the timing of the elections. For they have failed to win public sympathy and support for their demand for the lifting of the Emergency, fuller autonomy for provinces, formation of a "national government" at the centre, separation of the judiciary, and allegations of dictatorship by the PPP. IRONICALLY, Pir Pagaro, the Muslim League President and UDP chairman, is being charged by his own followers with having "backed a wrong horse." The Pagaro Muslim League has, in fact, crumbled, its branch in Baluchistan has been dissolved and its members have joined the ruling PPP. Desertions were also reported from other provinces.

Political observers say that with the exception of the ruling PPP, none of the political groups, despite all their claims and pretensions, is sufficiently prepared or has the organisation to fight or win a general election. However, the "lone ranger" of Pakistani politics, Air Marshal [Retd.] Aghar Khan, of the Tehrik-i-Istiqlal is making desperate efforts to boost the sagging morale of his battered followers. He has declared his readiness to fight the elections unconditionally and singlehanded, come what may. But whatever Aghar Khan might say, there is no denying the fact that his Tehrik is short of cadres and funds. In such circumstances, he will be fighting a losing battle.

Before the election date was announced officially, an anti-political lobby was conducting a forceful whispering campaign against holding the elections. Supporters of this move argued that Mr Bhutto would be forced to give an opportunity to the Opposition for electioneering if the elections were held on schedule. This they added, would provide a wonderful chance to the disgruntled PPP to criticise the Bhutto Government for its failure to fight inflation, rising prices, unemployment, and corruption. Political pundits forecast that Opposition election meetings would draw big audiences, irrespective of what the alternatives that they had to offer were or the stature of their politicians. They cited the famous antipathy theory and drew attention to the campaign for the by-election to the Lahore Constituency No. 6, where the former Punjab Governor, Mr Ghulam Mustafa Khan after being expelled from the PPP, managed to create quite a stir in the city "imagining hundreds of No. 6 all over the country."

The no-election lobby said...
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U.P. Tourism
Lucknow
But pro-Bhutto elements contemptuously dismissed such talk. They pointed out that Mr Khar was a purely local phenomenon, appealing to a certain section of Lahore’s urban middle class. “There is no reason why Mr Bhutto should not hold elections, for he has everything going in favour of him,” a prominent leader remarked.

The situation in the countryside is different. There the peasants, who form the bulk of the country’s voting population, have gained many benefits under the PPP rule. They are not bothered about civil liberties or freedom of the Press. The city elite, who do feel concerned over these issues, are electorally insignificant. According to a trade union leader, even in cities, the labour force, despite its many reservations about the PPP’s handling of their problems, would still vote for the ruling party, for there is the lack of a credible Left alternative.

The Pay Commission Report, if it comes before the elections, is sure to win over other voters. Since prices are under some control now, any postponement of the elections would have meant facing the risk of possible deterioration in the economic situation, a prominent economist points out. Indeed, the general elections are expected to set the pattern not only for a new type of democratic policy but also for fresh economic policies.

The biggest challenge facing the winning party will be the management of crisis-ridden economy. Three adverse elements have kept the Pakistani economy in perpetual crisis: political instability resulting in frequent policy changes; bureaucratic mismanagement and corruption; and natural calamities. Overdependence on aid from developed countries mortgaged the national economy, accentuated the deepening economic crisis and exposed the country to external intervention, putting national freedom in jeopardy at times.

The philosophy of “mixed economy” and “Islamic socialism” was put into practice during the Bhutto regime. Although the Bhutto Government managed to arrest the rot to some extent, it also created new problems. The bane of the economic system has been the grip of the ever-powerful bureaucracy on the country’s administrative machinery. The bureaucrats are past masters in misguiding, disgracing and even displacing political leaders. Corruption has become the order of the day. Repeated purges of government servants during the past 20 years have failed to cure the tragic malady.

During the four-year rule of the PPP, the mixed economy concept has taken practical shape. About 30 basic industries and other big and medium-size industries have been nationalised. But in the absence of the necessary trained personnel all nationalised enterprises have been manned by members of the ruling bureaucracy. As a result, the poison of corruption, mismanagement and skyrocketing administrative costs, despite all the rosy progress reports, is affliction many of the enterprises.

Although the Bhutto Government has provided much-needed political stability and a democratic dispensation, it has been unable to check the misdeeds of bureaucrats. All the political parties are now busy preparing their election manifestos. They will emphasise on their determination to have a clean and un-corrupt administration, political stability, sound economic policies and the fight against natural calamities such as rains, floods or drought.

But the PPP, it is predicted, will beat its opponents in regard to manifestos even before the elections are fought.
Its malady is its size

The contribution of Calcutta University to learning in India cannot be easily assessed. Even today, despite all sorts of problems, it stands out in its eminence. But then, the problems are adding up fast. If unchecked now, says SAMIR KUMAR GANGULY, it may be a little late tomorrow. In support of his arguments the author has put forward a sharp analysis of the university's present situation.

The last amendment of the Calcutta University Act, 1956, devesting the University Syndicate of its power to recommend three names for its vice-chancellorship and bestowing it on a committee of five including two nominees (one each of the Chancellor and the University Grants Commission), appeared to some as the interment of the shadowy idea of university autonomy.

To many more, it was a natural corollary to a state of drift and confusion arising out of unequal division of power and financial responsibility between the University, the Government and the U.G.C. to which larger Indian universities are prone.

From the Saddler Commission onwards to the Ghani Committee, all have approved of the autonomous working of a university as a self-generating centre for the advancement of higher studies. Unexceptionally, all have been averse to reducing a nucleus of higher learning to a department in the Government, whether State or Union. Even earlier Lord Curzon had lamented the lack of a corporate, autonomous and independent existence of Indian Universities. He had said "How different is India! Here the University has no corporate existence in the same (i.e., as in Oxford or Cambridge) sense of the term."

Unfortunately, the aim of autonomy as borne out by experience in Indian universities has been less easily realisable as a working proposition. Take Calcutta University as an example where even a cursory glance at its budgets over the last two years looked like an essay only in deficits. In 1974-75, the receipts were Rs. 2.28 crores and the deficit was Rs. 2.21 crores. In 1975-76, the receipts were Rs. 3.15 crores, while the deficit was Rs. 1.33 crores; in 1976-77, the anticipated receipts stand at Rs. 3.60 crores, whereas the deficit may be brought down to about Rs. 42 lakhs. No doubt these unbudgeted gaps like others in local bodies have been met from time to time by the State Government. Yet the amazing piece of fact remaining that out of a total sum of Rs. 1.32 crores, advanced by the University Grants Commission during the last Five Year Plan Rs. 22 lakhs were returned unspent. Four posts of additional professors and 50 posts of lecturers in 41 post graduate departments remain unfilled till today. The Ghani Committee while commenting on the unwieldy structure and the inefficient administration of the University, has, however, recommended the payment of at least Rs. 10 crores to keep it going.

To go back to Lord Curzon, "It is not even a collection of buildings, it is scarcely even a site. It is a body that controls courses of study and sets examination papers to the pupils of affiliated colleges. They are not part of it. If they are part of it, they are part of it in the same city." In effect, the University today is more burdened with the affairs of affiliated undergraduate colleges than with dispensing learning on a higher level in its own post graduate departments. The very scramble over the position of the Inspector of Colleges which received publicity in all newspapers a few months ago only corroborates this. This is normal where the University Syndicate has as many as 217 affiliated colleges with no fewer than 2,00,000 students under its control and supervision. Nepotism and irregularity under such circumstances can never be ruled out. And, no wonder, allegations of maladministration multiply. It will not be honest to say that such a situation was entirely unforeseen. The Kothari Commission much earlier than the Ghani Committee in course of a discussion on the desirability of reducing the size of some existing universities, particularly in metropolitan cities, had observed. They may illustrate the point by referring to one of the oldest Universities in India, the University of Calcutta, which has rendered pioneering and valuable services in the past to the development of higher education in the country, especially in the field of post graduate studies and research. At the present time, however, one witnesses in the University a rapidly increasing and almost unmanageable undergraduate population. According to this Commission half a dozen colleges in Calcutta accounted for about 50,000 undergraduate students. Many of these did not have even a modicum of essential facilities—adequate teaching staff, accommodation, libraries, laboratories. Sometimes more than one college functioned in the same building and with the same equipment, but in different shifts and practically under one management, though with separate governing bodies. The Commission held that teaching and learning were often carried on in a factory-like environment where teachers and students had hardly any personal contacts whatsoever. On the academic bodies of the universities were some people who were not competent enough to play a constructive role in the working of the University.

What the Commission had stopped short of saying is that in such a scheme of things where there is temptation for dispensation of favours on all levels, vested interests are bound to vitiate the academic atmosphere. There can be group interests at every stage jockeying for more and more power in selection of teachers, examiners and executive officers. Needless to say, such appointments, being divorced from considerations of qualification and merit, are likely to promote inefficiency and group loyalties at the expense of academic standards. Several weeks ago, a committee appointed by the Syndicate and led by the then pro-Vice Chancellor, Mr. P. K. Bose, observed that large numbers of appointments in the post graduate faculties like Science, Medicine, etc., were arbitrary and ad hoc and the incumbents did not have the requisite qualifications. The departments of Law and Commerce are no exceptions and although in the case of the Law faculty, the Central Bar Council in New Delhi had laid down certain supplementary conditions for appointment they have been frequently flouted. It was in this context that the then Vice Chancellor was an ex-officio Chairman of almost all the selection committees and the Pro-Vice Chancellor an ex-officio member of many of them. The P. K. Bose Committee, however, wanted these ad hoc appointments to be conditioned and regularised.
In fact, many of them have since been confirmed by
the Syndicate.

No wonder, the Kothari Commission and the
Ganguly Committee had called for the reduction of the
existing size of the University. They were conscious
that an inbuilt majority in the Syndicate had the
potentiality to determine the future of so many
thousands of students both at the undergraduate
and the post-graduate levels. They may not, how-
ever, have been aware of the possibility that multi-
plying numbers would eventually prove a potential
source of exploitation in a few manipulating hands
and thus did not spell out clearly at which stage and
level the bifurcation of jurisdiction, if any, should at
all take place.

If, therefore, one were to suggest today that the
Calcutta University should be maintained only as a
post-graduate University and relieved of its massive
undergraduate burden of nearly 217 affiliated col-
leges, one would have to face many questions. The
first will spring from the vanity of those who represent
undergraduate interests in the Senate, Academic
Council and last but not the least, the Syndicate
as to how their presence in these bodies have jeopar-
dised academic interests. The answer is simple. On
the strength of their own argument that human
nature being what it is the area of operation of group
loyalties should be limited and concentration of
power avoided. To their second argument that the
examination fees of undergraduate and graduate
examinations provide the bulk of the University
resources it may be pointed out that such resources
may be better utilised by an economically self-
supporting and independent board of undergraduate
education to be formed exclusively for the purpose
of developing undergraduate studies. The present
disenchantment with college education may have
stemmed from intermittent postponement of exami-
nations, late publication of results and also largely
from the poor performance of students in some
recent Part I examinations.

Assignment of responsibility for undergraduate
affiliated colleges to another entity may not by itself
lead to the desired improvement of the corporate life
and efficiency of the University. The Syndicate, if
left with powers to make appointments to all depart-
ments and also regulate their administration, may
turn out to be the vortex of power politics like in
the past. The present system of appointment to
Government and Government-sponsored colleges of
processing the prospective candidates through the
West Bengal Public Service Commission has shown
more desirable results than in private colleges where
selections are made by private managements with the
help of a so-called expert panel sent by the University
Syndicate. The P. K. Bose Committee's report as in-
dicated earlier had inferred the present ad hoc and
arbitrary appointments in post-graduate departments
as originating in factionalism in selection commit-
tees set up by the present Syndicate. To eradicate
this evil of undeserved selections it is necessary to have
a permanent committee styled as the University
Service Commission, composed of independent acad-
emicians and specialists to be nominated in equal
numbers by the Syndicate, the Chancellor and the
U.G.C.

Since the financial involvements of the State
Government and the University Grants Commission
in a programme of development of post-graduate
studies are expected to be heavy in future years, their association with such an appoint-
ing body requires to be stabilised. Nowhere in the
world has improvement of research been possible
without subsidy from extraneous agencies which
are within their right to supervise appointments
and expenditure made from their funds for
such a laudatory purpose. The formation of such a
work by the University Service Commission will help
in the restoration of the power and financial
responsibility in the campus and conform to the
existing realities.
THAT Dharmendra doesn't forget his old friends and benefactors is a fact well-known today. But an unknown fact is about this Sardarji running a small teashop opposite one of the Dadar studios. When Dharam was new in Bombay and quite down, he used to frequent this Sardarji's teashop, and one day he had borrowed ten rupees from the man, in an urgent need. Dharam had never forgotten the man's favour and even today, whenever he is shooting in that studio, he drops in at the place and sits and has tea among the cabbies and other working-class people. At Dharam's home-poojas and havans, the Sardarji is a familiar figure—an honoured guest even to this day. This is known only to his family—so it isn't all a put-on act of humility that Dharam has... as some folk are likely to bet.

SOME of the things our female stars do when they are down-in-the-dumps: Sharmila, for instance, confessed she beats out her blues in the open air, by driving away from the familiar scene—a good long drive and new surroundings help her regain her keel fast. Zaherra is another one like this—she goes for a strenuous session of swimming when she wants to forget her sorrows, after brooding about it sufficiently and losing her cool; the swimming helps get her back to normal, cool, smiling self. Rakhee, who has seen and been through quite a lot of emotional turmoil, tries to suppress her gloom by lying around the house for days, not going out; then the tears come, and with them, thoughts eloquent enough to be those of a philosopher, which she writes in her diary, and thus feeling lighter, she decides she has had enough of gloom. She collects a big gang of friends and goes for a movie and dinner out; Zeenat begins to eat when she is upset, preferably chocolates. And when she realises the weight she is putting on goes into her starvation binges. By then she has moved on to pleasant things!

PRODUCER-director Amarjeet, who is known for his off-beat ideas in ad layouts and campaigns, had an unusual idea the other day. He decided to throw a party to celebrate Roopmala Devi. And it was a huge success. All his old-time friends were there, along with his new ones, digging into the barbecue he had organised. Being a good cook himself, Amarjeet supervised the barbecue, but Sham Kaswani (Sunil B.C.'s brother) was one up on him—

he actually brought in the raw materials and the masalas and stood king-chef-like over the charcoal sizzlers, with Amit Khanna, Dev Anand's right-hand man and Manager of Nav Keten, also joining in the cookout. Party revellers included Sadhana with hubby R.K. Nayar, Raj Khosla, Waheeda Rehman and hubby Kamaljeet, Zaheeda (who is Amarjeet's sister-in-law), and newcomer Rita Kaul, who everyone insisted—looks different every time she is seen. The young Kashmiri aspirant to stardom has a nice way about her. Hope she makes it. Notable absences were the Dutts, who were in Washington. They were represented by son Sanjay, who has grown into a tall, attractive young man... he was to bring the music and girl-friend Tina. The music came all right, but Tina was nowhere in sight. Lover's tiff, one presumed!

A SPATE of films featuring Sadhana have appeared on TV of late. Crowned by "Mere Mehboob", which was her finest, Sadhana has maintained her figure, despite having this self-confessed weakness for food, and still carries a star-like attraction, though she is not doing too many films nowadays. She frequents a beauty-saloon regularly, like any other starlet, gets attended to by one particular girl who is their best and, career or no, steps out looking like competition for some gals I know of today. And she goes around in the old style, driving a huge, flashy, red ship of a limousine. And heads turn to say, Hey look, Sadhana!

WHAT's this they are saying about Asha Bhosale? That she has decided to stop singing for Rahul Dev Burman. This can mean two things. A professional rift or a happy ending to a well-known personal relationship. No, I'd rather not say the actual word!

VIJAYA IRANI
Too stupid to be cinema

If the Hollywood movie moguls had the fabled Midas touch, our Bombay filmwallahs — goons mostly, to be sure — possess what might be called the Dross touch. Give them any topic under the sun and in a trice they will have turned it into something that is approximately crude, vulgar and cheap. I am not so much berating their lack of taste as their utter disdain for the possibility, at least, of some intelligence and sensitivity among the film-going public. Since nothing is worth respecting more than currency notes, it follows, therefore, that nothing is also above exploitation, from God to pot to legends. And so it is in the order of things that when a tired phony of yesteryears, H S Rawail decided — amidst a fanfare of publicity — to emit his film version of Laila Majnu, he should come up with an endless, trashy farago of over two and a half hours.

Just how bad is Laila Majnu? It is difficult to say without the risk of running short of invectives. Director Rawail has no clear-cut ideas except perhaps to give a Laila Majnu for the glamour-struck and voyeurs. For the satisfaction of the former we get a pair of lovers so obviously Bombayish that their very presence gives the lie to the fake feudal shiekdoms and Arabian locality. For the delectation of the latter we get fondly lingering shots of Laila in bed in the sheerest of negliges, followed by an apparently unclothed Laila bathing, coyly draped by her own treases, a la Lady Godiva.

As might be expected from Rawail he unleashas a great deal of mayhem — some of it effective (the doubles and the stuntmen perform well enough) but much of it distracting — and a minimum respect for the legend. He de-emphasizes the youth-versus-old-age theme, the brash, aspiring newcomer pitted against entrenched powers and focuses chiefly on the star-crossed-lovers bit: youngsters who fall madly in love, are ready to rebel against the sanctions of parents and society, and are frustrated again and again.

What is infuriating about the film is the way it treats this young love: no sensitivity, no dignity, no discovery of the self. The sublime nature of their love is emphasized time and again but there is not one shot in the entire film that reveals, even for a moment, any awareness of the mystery of this unique togetherness, the secret strength of a love that is divine simply because it is authentic and self-sustaining and consequently, for the lovers at least, life-renewing. The terrible beauty of their love which finds fulfilment when most severely tested is completely lost in a clutter of doleful close-ups, lofty but banal dialogue ("can one avoid one's destiny?") and — what is utterly sickening — ear piercing songs (cacophony, I think, would be a better word) that rob the scenes of whatever meagre emotions they may have otherwise evoked.

In its quest for “entertainment”, Bombay-style, the film cannot be bothered with such niceties as acting. Rishi Kapoor's Majnu is so listless and constrained that one soon begins to sympathize with Laila's parents when they insist that she marry the more personable Danny. Newcomer Ranjeeta Kaur as Laila is green-faced and neurotic. Rawail's camera is too busy with insanities to discover any soul in her; she looks passionless and lobotomized and we're supposed to find her tragic. But even if they were much better actors than they are now, they could not make us believe their intense gestures and expressions, their more soulful utterances. There is a marked difference between the acting, the faces and the legend. Instead of an aching tragedy, a bitter-sweet pasan to a death-defying love, what we have in Laila Majnu is melodrama and a coarse travesty of all that we truly cherish in human love. The film is too hollow to be touching, too stupid to be cinema.

Gautam Kundu
Cancer stole the show

Ragini, actress and dancer, affectionately called 'Rakkee' by everyone in the South, died of cancer recently. She was only 38. T. S. SRINIVASAN joins her husband and two lovely daughters in their grief and recalls the short but eventful life of the sparkling danscuse.

Born on March 23, 1938 at Trivandrum, Ragini was the third of the famous Travancore sisters. The other two were Lalitha and Padmini. All of them have acted in Tamil, Hindi and Malayalam films, and later quit the film-world on their own. Ragini married Mr. A. N. Thamby in 1964. Lalitha settled down to family life with her lawyer-husband and Padmini with her doctor husband in New Jersey, United States.

Ragini had two loves: Lord Guruvaroorappan and dancing. That her two sisters, Lalitha and Padmini, were two veteran dancers of India certainly helped. By observing and listening to them, she picked up both Bharata Natyam and Kathakali and also, vocal Carnatic music. Her footwork was very quick and she was blessed with a fine voice. However, she never went through a regular course in music or dancing. Her intense interest in dancing seems to date from her teens. Ragini started by imitating her sisters and mastered the arts all by herself.

She made her film debut in 1948 in "Kalpana", produced by the celebrated Uday Shankar. The entire film was based on dance. Her round cheeks, and expressive eyes and lively bearing suited the comedy parts in which she later went on to excel, most notably in the roles she played opposite Thangavelu, a popular comedian. She spent most of her career in Madras, working in Malayalam films, scoring many successes in the fifties and the early sixties in period films. For the later part of her short career she was an unrivalled actress in Kerala. Her noteworthy Hindi film, where she starred with Shammi Kapoor, was "Mujrim".

After appearing in over a hundred films she retired in 1969 (confining her appearances afterwards to dance ballets organised by her) with a fairly large personal fortune, most of it later to be spent on treatment for cancer.

She always brought a whiff of freshness and innocence in any company in spite of her deteriorating health. She undertook extensive tours abroad with her ballet troupe staging 'Ramayana' and was discussing future plans for fresh ballets till a week before her death.

As the end was approaching fast, she told her sister Lalitha who was at her bedside, "I do not want anyone in our family to get cancer. Let me suffer for the rest of them. I do not wish cancer even to my worst enemy". Even when she breathed her last reclining in the chair on which she was sitting, she had a smile on her face.

Of times past

Two events happened in the city of Madras immediately after her death which rekindled memories of the cheerful danscuse. First, the Madras police recovered certain stolen articles belonging to Ragini. Among them was a wrist watch presented to her on her wedding day. The police requested the members of the bereaved family to identify them. Though the news of the recovery did not make any difference to them, her brother-in-law had to identify them.

The second one was the release of her last film "Alinganam" in Malayalam. It was released in the city on the day the news of Ragini's death broke. She has given a stunning performance in the film where she plays a role of a woman in acute agony.
LADY secretaries do, of course, have an advantage over male ones in ferreting out secrets: and for that reason make good spies. The latest addition to the growing list of women who have gained prominence for their espionage activities is 36-year-old Heidrun Hofer, who has succeeded in upsetting almost the entire West German intelligence network by disclosing its most deep-rooted secrets to the Soviet KGB. Miss Hofer, who was arrested near the Austrian border late last year while driving down to meet her East German boy-friend and "contact", was employed in the intelligence corps' Paris and N.A.T.O. liaison offices, and had apparently divulged to the Russians the real identities of over a hundred Western spies "working" behind the Iron Curtain.

A day after she was taken into custody, Miss Hofer attempted suicide by leaping from a seventh-storey window of the West German detective department headquarters building in Munich, but despite suffering severe internal injuries, she survived — and is now in hospital under strict guard. The surprising thing about Heidrun Hofer's espionage activities was that the West Germans had received warnings about her. A Soviet defector had previously given information of her KGB involvement, while the Americans, who had known of Miss Hofer's activities since September, expressed surprise that she had been retained in her N.A.T.O. contact post. Mayfair, Miss Hofer had special qualifications which made intelligence bosses overlook her espionage activities.

REIGNING Wimbledon and World Championship Tennis (WCT) champion Bjorn Borg signed a $3.5-million-dollar contract earlier this month to play for Cleveland Nets in the American inter-city league. World Team Tennis, from this summer — and immediately found himself in the middle of a legal battle. Lamar Hunt, the Texan multi-millionaire who owns WCT, has brought a suit of $7.7-million-dollars against Borg for alleged breach of contract. The 20-year-old Monte Carlo-based Swedish tennis star, who had announced that he had done "everything" in Europe and wanted to guide Cleveland to the team tennis title, apparently did not appreciate the legal implications of his move. By signing for Cleveland, Borg had booked himself up for the summer, and Hunt's WCT obviously had other plans for that period — now that they are no longer obliged to restrict their programme to the first five months of the year. The flaxen-haired Borg has said that he had not signed a binding agreement with WCT, but Hunt claims the player's agent made a verbal contract. At any rate, the Borg-Hunt tussle has to be resolved before the WCT play-offs are due in early May.

A FEW months ago the French film actress, Brigitte Bardot, made the headlines by launching — with worldwide publicity — her animal and wild-life protection Foundation. All that, however, is in the past. Not only did the association itself break up in the latter half of 1976, Ms. Bardot has filed suits against her former partners while one of them, French polar explorer Paul-Emile Victor, has brought a counter-suit for slander. In the middle of the whole row is Philippe Cottereau, who was secretary-general of the B.B. Foundation, and who Ms. Bardot claims has appropriated sums paid as "rent", the cost of office supplies, staff salaries and all sculptures of animals for publicity purposes; besides this Mr. Cottereau is also being sued for "damage" done to the B.B. Foundation. Mr. Cottereau, who indignantly denies all allegations, has said: "There is no doubt Brigitte loves animals, but the trouble is she is not prepared to lift a finger personally to help them. When an American TV company offered the BBF half a million dollars if Brigitte flew to the U.S. to be photographed in a wild-life park, she turned down the offer saying she didn't like flying". The BB operation lasted only four months and Ms. Bardot had this to say about the whole thing: "I considered some of the accounts Mr. Cottereau prepared were doubtful and so I dissolved the Foundation." But her lawyer, Gilles Dreyfus, has made, perhaps, the most enlightening statement: "Miss Bardot cannot obviously be expected to spend 24 hours a day working for the Foundation. As a beautiful woman, she is not prepared to enter the Holy Order of Animals."
A RECENT official survey puts Calcutta's beggar population at 46,000, each with a daily average income of Rs. 11 to Rs. 5. Three-fourths of them are men of good health. Fifty-eight per cent of these beggars were agricultural once.

—The Times of India (G. Sathiyarayanan, Madras).

A WOMAN doctor in the hills seeks separation on grounds of incompatibility with her husband, a hawk, who financed her higher education and made it possible for her to take the noble profession.—The Times of India (T. Bhattacharya, Dehra Dun).

THREE HARIJANS were fined Rs. 100 each by the eldersmen of the village Muthanal in North Arcot district for the “offence” of riding their bicycles. The victims were the employees of Neyveli Lignite Corporation, a recent study by the Harijan cell of the Tamil Nadu Congress Committee had revealed. The cell's president, Mr. K. Elaiaperumal, said that a Harijan postgraduate student was beaten up and ill-treated in Thanjavur district recently for “occupying” a seat next to another student belonging to a forward community in a roadside restaurant.—Free Press Journal (N.T. Prasanna, Bombay).

SHIRIRAM GUNAJI Pande, an unsuccessful independent candidate from Digras, who allegedly financed his poll campaign to the state assembly election in 1967 and 1972 with counterfeit 100 rupee notes, worth Rs. 8 lakhs, has been arrested.—The Times of India (E.N.K. Krishnan, Bombay).

A PROMINENT TV critic informed the Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Mr. V. C. Shukla, that a South Indian producer wanted to cast him as a hero in his film.—The Times of India (Pushpa Jain, Delhi).

A NEIGHBOUR was speaking to his son before the latter left for college in the morning. The first few pieces of advice were the usual stuff: Do not bunk college too often, study in the morning, do not stay up late etc. The last one was a gem, however. The father, looking as sheepish as his son, said, “And should you start smoking, please choose my brand. Then, when you come home I can ask you for supply when my packet is finished.”—Mrs. P. S. Sharadhna, Madras.

WHEN I taught my niece of five arithmetic at home, I always encouraged her to do whatever she could, instead of sitting idle. On the day of the school examination, she was home half an hour after the test began. "Why so early?" I asked. "Well, I did not stay idle. Some questions I could not do anything. I came home.—Ashutosh Bhattacharjee, Dibrugarh.

OUR UNIVERSITY examination was fast approaching. However, our college professor was very much behind schedule and had a lot of matter to cover in Air Transport, a subject which at least two questions were certain to be in the examination paper. But since covering these lessons seemed too stupendous a task for this professor, he started rushing through the matter and many in the class found it difficult to follow his lectures. When a student requested him to slow down the pace, the professor replied: "The subject we are now handling is Air Transport. Naturally, I must rush against my time limited and fly fast." —R Parthasarathy, Bellary.

WHEN DADDY started his scooter the other evening, my visiting cousin ran out and said they wanted a ride, too. Daddy made the six-year-old girl stand in front, I sat on the pillion seat and placed my four-year-old cousin on my lap. The little thing wouldn't sit still. When I chided her and asked her the reason for this, she burst into tears, saying, "I want to sit on the scooter." I said, "But aren't you already sitting on it, my sweet?" Whereupon the replied, "All of you are on the scooter. But I am your lap." —Mangala Mhatre, Gauhati.
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction.

The play has been witnessed by 4 million people, who've, in the process, consumed 1,000,000 ice-creams and 500,000 glasses of squash. The play has been translated into 22 languages and been performed in 41 countries. The cast has been altered on several occasions and in fact a few of the original performers are dead. To date, there have been 116,400 risings and fall of the curtain.

It's a traditional attraction in London and ranks almost next on the tourist list to the Tower of London.

On her death Agatha Christie left two men in her closet, one that kills her female sleuth Jane Marple, the enquiring village lady and another her autobiography. Few doubt that both will be phenomenal bestsellers, equalling perhaps the record set by her book 'Curtain,' which was the swan song of her other legendary creation, Hercule Poirot, the Belgian detective who had won fans for nearly 30 years.

Even before the official release of 'Curtain,' 200,000 copies of the book were under order or in print. The novel ranked on the TIME best-seller list for a full year.

Interestingly enough, though not surprisingly, her latest release 'The Christmas Tree' still ranks first on both the TIME and the OBSERVER best-seller lists.

Many of her novels were filmed, but 'Murder on the Orient Express' was a shocker, in every respect. Even now it is running to packed houses. The movie has now become the most successful British film ever made.

By all means the saga of Dame Agatha Christie's literary career was legendary. Thus, coupled with the fact that she was amongst the few who died at the pinnacle of her career, will make her name immortal in the annals of crime fiction.

At the time of the release of 'Curtain' there was considerable speculation that she would be faced with demands for the resurrection of Poirot, much like those faced by the author of Sherlock Holmes when he killed the detective. It was unfortunate that Dame Agatha died within a year of the release of the book in January, 1976.
THE COUNTDOWN BEGINS: Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi inaugurated the Congress Party's election campaign by addressing a large rally at the Ramlila Grounds in New Delhi on February 5. Referring to the resignation of some people from her party, Mrs. Gandhi said: "The point is whether they have resorted to this course to promote their narrow, partisan ends, or for the general good of the people."

AND SO DOES THE CHALLENGE: Mr. Jagjivan Ram (seen acknowledging the cheers of the audience) and Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan were among those who addressed another huge gathering at the same venue the next day, February 6, on behalf of some of the major parties opposing the Congress at next month's Lok Sabha polls. Mrs. Gandhi should understand that the Prime Minister can also be changed, said Mr. Ram, and it did not become her to try to stick to the P.M.'s office.

TOO BAD IF YOUR NAME'S NOT ON THE LIST... it's too late to get it in now. Saturday, February 5, was the last date for enrolment in the voters' list for the Parliamentary elections. Applications for inclusion in the roll of voters had to be accompanied by necessary stamps—and hence this crowd at the Collectorate Office in Calcutta. There were similar scenes the country over.

SORRY, NU SHOW: Earlier this month, the Film Finance Corporation of India took over the management of the well-known Metro-cinema houses in Calcutta and Bombay. As a result of the administrative lacuna involved, film shows had to be suspended till the new management got itself organised, as this notice indicates.

All shows will remain suspended until further notice. Refund for tickets purchased in advance will be arranged in due course.
Beginning February 20

**ARIES**
(March 21 — April 20) Your domestic problems find a new way out. Your financial position will improve. Your profession will be flourishing. Don't indulge in flattery. Keep yourself very active and you will be able to get more money through your efforts. Your dark days will show signs of change. You will gain more friends and also succeed in silence. However, this week is not good for love and matrimonial matters. Good dates: 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26. Bad dates: 20 and 21. Lucky numbers: 4, 6 and 7. Favourable direction: South-west.

**TAURUS**
(April 21 — May 20) You will be financially stuck up rather often. However, you will get your brother and sister at the last moment. Cut short your expenses since your demands are many. Be intelligent and avoid unnecessary expenses. Time is not ripe for speculation, bets or gamble. Depend more on partnership moves. Some will get promotions and some transfer. You will receive good news from relatives. A short journey is also predicted. Good dates: 20, 21, 25 and 26. Bad dates: 22, 23 and 24. Lucky numbers: 3, 7 and 6. Favourable direction: North.

**GEMINI**
(May 21 — June 21) You are very close to solving your problems. Depend on your personal efforts. Don't be slack. Be swift and positive. Your brothers and sisters will make you seek loans. Money matters will get solved in your favour. You will, however, spend the weekend with lot of pleasure. Good dates: 20, 21, 22, 23 and 25. Bad dates: 24 and 25. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 4. Favourable direction: South-east.

**CANCER**
(June 22 — July 22) You will be disowned by others. Friends will let you down. A serious tussle with someone some group or forces is also likely to take place. Avoid controversy. Be cautious in your commentaries. Don't take decisions in a haphazard manner. Be careful about the suits in the court. Don't give surety to others. Avoid travel. Not a good week for agreements or new ventures. Good dates: 20, 21, 23 and 26. Bad dates: 21, 22, 24 and 25. Lucky number: None. Favourable directions: North and West.

**LEO**
(July 23 — August 22) Your words will carry weight. Don't be hesitant. Success awaits you ultimately in all your ventures. Letters will bring you good news. Some will earn in speculation, betting and gambling. Generally, a good week for businessmen and profession seekers. Meet seniors and elders and chalk out new plans. However, someone will suddenly fall sick in your family or someone may leave for elsewhere. Good dates: 20, 21, 22, 24 and 25. Bad dates: 23 and 26. Lucky numbers: 2, 7 and 9. Favourable direction: West.

**VIRGO**
(August 23 — September 22) The first three days are favourable to you. You may reap the harvest by your serious efforts. On other days you will meet with disappointments, failures and get tired. Don't postpone replies to letters. Take care of the agreements you have entered into. Your home front will be quiet and peaceful. Don't keep yourself close to your friends and comrades. Avoid betting. Good dates: 20, 21 and 22. Bad dates: 23, 24, 25 and 26. Lucky numbers: 3, 5 and 6. Favourable direction: North-west.

**LIBRA**
(September 23 — October 22) You will have to swim against the current for your success. You will be financially unsound and will be in some problem meeting the expenses of your family. You will have to strive hard to get loans. Keep a watch on your health. Don't lose your mental balance and avoid using hard words. Businessmen are in good position to enter into contracts. Some will get transfer and promotion. Good dates: 20, 23, 25 and 26. Bad dates: 21 and 24. Lucky numbers: 10, 3 and 1. Favourable direction: South-west.

**SCORPIO**

**SAGITTARIUS**
(November 22 — December 21) Moneywise you are very unlucky. Your schemes are not likely to be fulfilled. It is only with hard work and initiative that you will be able to get rid of your physical and mental strains. Be intelligent and maintain silence at home and outside. Wait for the good days. Keep away from races and clubs. Good dates: 23 and 26. Bad dates: 20, 21, 22, 24 and 25. Lucky number: None. Favourable direction: East.

**CAPRICORN**
(December 22 — January 20) Look after the health of your children. Ladies will get new clothes and presents. However much you may try things are likely to get delayed. Don't feel dejected. You will be a host to distant relatives. Some will get transfer against their dreams. A good week for businessmen to acquire new stocks and enter into new agreements. Letters will bring good news. Avoid travel. Good dates: 22, 23 and 25. Bad dates: 20, 21, 24 and 25. Lucky numbers: 2, 8 and 6. Favourable direction: North.

**AQUARIUS**
(January 21 — February 19) You have too many iron in the fire. You need more financial resources. You will be earning a bitter experience in seeking help and loan. Many problems will be there for your involving money. No use going to races or clubs. No worry about suits in the court. Some will go on pilgrimage and excursions. A good week for love and matrimonial matters. Avoid troubles with members of your family and friends. Good dates: 20, 21, 25 and 26. Good dates: 22, 23 and 24. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 7. Favourable direction: South.

**PISCES**
(February 20 — March 20) The beginning of the week is full of opportunities for you. Meet V.I.P.s, and keep a close watch on the pending suits. Don't lend money or stand surety. Your home front will not be happy. Depend on joint efforts. Be active in matrimonial and love affairs. Businessmen are advised to look after the wealth and not worry about signs of loss. Don't consider speculation, betting and gambling. A distant relative will contact you by letter with promises of help. Good dates: 20, 21, 23 and 25. Bad dates: 22, 24 and 26. Lucky numbers: 8, 1 and 7. Favourable direction: South-west.

M. B. RAMAN
Well, it isn't Rhetoric the interpreter! And when you off to at this time of night?

Well, it was like this. You see...
In there!

How about him?

We'll gag him and take him all right, he may know something useful.

I'm on to a good thing.

Gaulish shit if I can capture them I may save my bacon.

Are we off then?

We're off!

Act a soul!

Look out! Town and into the forest!

Alack, it's a trap of me.

We're all here as you new are out of the way.

This is the end.

Do you know where the Gaulish sword is?

Carry on, ask away!

He doesn't feel well. Say you, who is that?

Aaaa-Tishoo!

Thank you.
SKYFALL
Harry Harrison

The explosion has blinded some of the astronauts. The others are perplexed. Decision on the Prometheus is still pending on earth. It is very much a political question now. While everybody is worried about the forces behind the sabotage the trapped astronauts undergo tremendous changes in relationships. All getting nearer to one another, that is.

"There was only slight elevation of background radiation count in the cabin at the moment of explosion.

This could only have occurred if the base of the ship was pointed at the explosion. The bulk of the engine, the biological shield and the hydrogen tank would have stopped the radiation."

"Thank God for that. But what about the pilots' eyes. Is there blindness...?"

"We cannot tell yet. Reports will follow. Out." There was a buzz of comment after the call. And confusion. The facts were there—but what did they mean?

"Who would lob a bomb at Prometheus?" Band-in asked, as confused as all the rest. Except for Dillwater. He was staring at the speckled photograph of the sun. When he spoke it was so softly that they had to strain to hear.

"I know who did it. And I know why." He glanced up from the photograph. "Mr. President, is this room very shielded?"

"Of course.

"Then I must tell you that it was undoubtedly a Soviet missile that was fired at Prometheus."

"Can you verify that?" Bannerman asked, icy cold.

"No, General, you will have to do that. I can only tell you my reasons. Prometheus is now entering its sixteenth orbit. In approximately eighty minutes it will be over Stalingrad. A few minutes ago, at the time of the explosion, it was passing over the wasteland of Siberia. There are Soviet atomic sites there. This was the last opportunity to take out Prometheus before it completed its final orbit and fell on Moscow."

"What are you saying, Dillwater?" The President was livid. "There are six hours yet before that thing is due to fall. And on the US, not on Russia."

"No, Mr. President. I have just received new information that alters this. Information that I am sure the Soviet authorities have as well." He held up the photo of the sun. "There is a very good chance that this is the last orbit and that they will crash and burn in about an hour."

"But—what changed?"

"The sun, Mr. President. If there should be a solar flare now, a sunspot, the sudden burst of radiation will strike the upper atmosphere and cause it to explode. Prometheus is just brushing the fringes of the atmosphere as it is. If this were to rise it would cause the satellite to impact the atmosphere and crash."

"That picture of the sun has something to do with it?" Bannerman asked.

"It does, General. It was taken a little over two weeks ago. You see this series of black spots? These are solar flares about to be carried around to the back of the sun by its rotation. They will be reappearing on the other limb of the sun at any time now. They are the beginning of a solar storm. If they progress as normal they will have developed into giant flares while out of sight on the far side of the sun. When rotation brings them to this side of the sun again their immense radiation will be flowing out. Eight and a half minutes later it will impact the top of the atmosphere..."

"And Prometheus will run into a solid wall of air," Bannerman said.

"That is correct. The Soviets must have learned this and made an attempt to destroy the ship before it could impact in Russia."

"The dirty bastards!"

"You were discussing doing the same thing yourself, General, if I remember correctly." Dillwater did not need to speak sharply for the impact of his words to strike home. Bannerman's neck reddened but he did not speak.

"You're sure the Russians knew about this?" the President asked.

"Almost certain, sir. Why else would they have fired the missile?"

"Charley, get the Hot Line working. I want to talk to Polyanin. His story had better be good."

GET 24:39

"I can't tell them this. You can't expect me to tell them this!"

Flax shook his head so emphatically that his heavy cheeks flapped. He was almost shouting into the phone and he realized that the men at the other consoles were turning to look at him. That didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more; tragedy was closing in from all sides. He could not cope with it all. Simon Dillwater was still speaking when Flax hung up the phone. This was no way to treat your boss, but nothing did matter very much any more. He turned slowly, blinking through fatigue-sore eyes.

"Mike," he called to the man at the nearest console and waved him over.

"What's up, Flax? Not more trouble?"

"You'll hear about it. Look, take these keys, they unlock the big desk in my office. Bottom drawer. There's a bottle of slivovitz there. Get it and bring it to me."

"Shit-ov-what?"

"Plum brandy. It's the only bottle there. Get cracking."

"Flax, you know the rules, about drinking, you wouldn't want to..."

"I would. Screw the rules. My people are dying up there."

He was surprised, shocked, to find tears in his eyes. They ran slowly down his cheeks and he did not mind. He was mourning the dead. This last thing about the solar flares was almost too much to handle. How could he tell them? Nothing had gone right with this mission from the beginning and it wasn't over yet.

He sighed tremulously, not even realizing he had
made the sound, a tired fat man at the end of his tether. He mopped away sweat and tears with his supper handlest storms are staring at nothing until the slivovitz arrived. It was transparent and moved like oil in the bottle and appeared harmless. So was nitroglycerine and it looked the same way. He uncorked the bottle and inhaled deeply of the rich odor of decay. It smelt even worse than tequila, which he already adored. There was a half-empty container of coffee at his elbow and, scarcely aware he was doing it, he poured the cold remains onto the floor, then filled it halfway with the slivovitz.

Marvellous! It cut a track down his throat and exploded like a bomb in his stomach, sending waves of warmth out to his extremities. Marvellous, and while the effect still lasted he threw the microphone switch.

"Come in, Prometheus, Mission Control here." He had to repeat the call twice before there was a response.

"Hello, Flax."

It was Patrick, his voice thick and slurred. "Yes, Flax here, is that you, Patrick?"

"Yes, Coretta's given me a shot, for the pain. Can't talk too well. Pas a A-OK. I told her to give Nadja a bigger one and she did and Nadja is sleeping. No change with Ely. On eyes are bandaged. The doctor does not know if the blindness is temporary or permanent." There was no alteration in his voice as he said this. "Did you find out yet who threw that thing at us?"

"Negative. You'll have the news as soon as I hear.

"I hope so. Gregor is suited up and ready to go out. I'll relay from the engine team. Coretta will handle his umbilicals from inside the hatch.

"That is contraindicated."

"What the hell do you mean, Flax? If that engine isn't fixed there goes everything."

"Look, Patrick, it looks like there isn't enough time to get the engine firing before atmosphere contact."

"According to my clock we have about eighteen hours yet before we are due to hit."

"The clock's been changed..."

"What?"

"Listen to me. I've been talking to a Professor Weizman who is a solar physicist, a high atmosphere specialist. Solar storms can last very long that will raise the top of the atmosphere, change everything."

"When are they due?"

"Almost any time now."

"This is straight, Flax? No chance of error?"

"No chance of error on the sun's rotation. The storms were just small ones when he observed them about two weeks ago. If they follow the normal solar activity pattern they should be full-blown by now."

"Give me the odds, Flax. The sun is no goddamn oven that goes on and off with a timer. What are the odds of a major eruption?"

Flax hesitated, but in the end he had to speak. "Eighty to ninety percent that there will be a major solar flare. And stared at nothing until Well that's nice." There was more than a little bitterness in Patrick's voice now. "I'm going to tell the others. Out."

Flax switched off the radio connection and looked through to the communication desk. "Get Professor Weizman back. Ask him who the people in Europe are who are doing continuous solar studies. I want names and phone numbers. Then contact them. I want a continuous report here on these solar flares, levels of radiation. Hook them through to astronomers who can record the data. Do it now!"

"I have an incoming call for you."

"No calls."

"This is one you asked for. A Mr. Wolfgang Ernsting."

"Yes, right, put him on."

Flax sipped at the slivovitz but it didn't seem to help any more; he threw the container into his wastebasket. "Hello. Wolfgang, is that you? Flax here."

"I've heard about your trouble. Terrible..."

"That's the least of it." He pressed his fingers hard into his forehead. "I'm sorry to bother you. It's too late now for what I wanted to know."

"I'll be glad to help, in any way."

"I know, thanks. But I don't think we will be able to kick Prometheus into a higher orbit now. So it doesn't matter. I was going to ask you how long it will be before your Air Force shuttle can be readied for launching. I know you have a week countdown and I was wondering how far into it you were. Originally I hoped we could maybe get a few more days in a better orbit and there might have been a chance of a rescue launch. Get those people off of there."

"Yes, well as you say, there is no chance now. If it is any consolation remember the old German expression. "Rufen Sie mich zu Hause in Dreizeh Minuten an." Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Walter."

Flax slowly broke the connection and wondered just what was going on. That was really some old German folk saying. "Phone me at home in thirty minutes." He looked at the clock and scratched a note on his pad. Why couldn't Wolfgang talk now? Someone listening, security? It could be anything. The only way he could find out would be by making the call, but why should he bother? But maybe it was important. Some hush-hush business with the Air Force shuttle. Not that it made any difference now. Still, he hated to leave ends untied. The thoughts whirled around and around in Flax's head, whirling like snowflakes around the hard black central core of realization that Prometheus was doomed. He crumpled the note and aimed it towards the wastebasket.

Then smoothed it out and clipped it up before him where he could see it. At least he owed Wolfgang the courtesy of returning the call. The Communications Console light blinked and he made the connection.

"Mr. Dillwater for you, Flax."

"Right. Flax here."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Flax. President Bandin has a personal message for the astronauts..."

"They're shut down."

"It is a matter of some urgency."

"It always is. Hold on and I'll see if I can raise them."
The makeshift oxygen tent was made of plastic bags that Gregor had patiently glued together at the edges. It billowed out like a crumpled balloon, holding its shape from its own internal oxygen pressure, slightly more than the ambient air pressure of the compartment. Eliy's face was sallow, his respiration so laboured it was scarcely noticeable. Coretta had to look at the big readouts next to his head to reassure herself that he was still alive. Heartbeat steady but weak, the same for his breathing. He was alive—but barely. She adjusted the pressurized glucose drip in his arm vein and realized that there was little else she could do. What use was it all in the short time remaining? Whenever she remembered they had but short hours, perhaps just minutes, to live the same jolt of fear passed through her. She did not fancy to die and it was becoming harder and harder to keep her at a front.

"How is he?" Gregor asked, coming close.

"The same, no change."

Perhaps he's the lucky one. He will never know when it happens.

"Oh, God, it's just too terrible to believe," she clutched to him, buried her face in his chest—but could not cry. You can weep at others' death, not at your own to come." "This is Mission Control, come in, Prometheus." The words were repeated over and over—but it was not answered. Only the other couch Nadya stirred in her sleep.

"Why doesn't Patrick answer it?" Coretta asked.

"We should look, find out." But Patrick had fallen asleep. The total exhaustion of the past days, the strain of the drug to kill the pain, all had taken their toll. Topped by the news that all their efforts were in vain, that there was no time left, it all had just been too much for him. There was simply no reason to stay awake now, he could die just as easily asleep as simply lying down.

"Come in, Prometheus, come in, please. The President is on the line." The call sounded over and over from the wall speakers.

"Shouldn't we awaken him?" Gregor asked, looking down at the sleeping Commander. Coretta was next to him. Their hands were clasped together, both to keep from floating apart and for the pleasure of the human warmth. She shook her head.

"I'm not sure. Patrick needs the rest—and what could they possibly tell us of interest after the last good news that the trip was about over?" She said the words lightly, or at least tried to, but within the was unbelievably afraid.

"But it is your President who wishes to talk to you." She smiled at his worried look.

"You respect the mere idea of authority too much, Gregor darling. Bandin is a political hack, always was, always will be. When he was still a congressmen he was on the committee for school bussing—and his district was split half white half black. That was when they first started calling him Rubber Bandin. He could stretch to reach anything, any side, and never lost a vote. One accomplished anything. Anyone that adroit to be have elected President."

"Coretta, please, you should not talk about your leader in that manner..." for a revolutionary, you make a damn good bourgeois."

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"Coretta, please, you should not talk about your leader in that manner..." for a revolutionary, you make a damn good bourgeois."

"You should not talk like that," he said, worried, looking over his shoulder. Coretta saw the gesture and was nearly laughing, uncontrollably, over and over, tears rolling down her face. She was still laughing when she spoke.

"You should have seen your face! Looking about to see if you could be overheard—in a rocket in space about to blow up. I'm sorry, I'm not really laughing at you. But at us, all of us. With all our little na-

ionalisms and fears. At least we few, here, can forget about them in the little time we have left." She pulled herself close and kissed him warmly. "I'm glad I met you, really I am. It doesn't make all this worthwhile—but it sure makes it feel better." "And I, you..."

"The call, take the call..." Patrick said, thickly, twisting against the restraining strap. His hands went to his bandaged eyes, he had forgotten what had happened, wondered why it was dark. Then unwelcome memory returned and he let the air out of his lungs and dropped his hand to the com switch.

"Prometheus here, come in Mission Control."

"The President would like to talk to you all. Are you ready for this call?"

"Put him through," Patrick said, uncaring. After a few moments Bandin spoke.

"This is the President of the United States speaking..."

"He can even make a phone call sound like the Gettybysburg Address," Coretta said, turning her back in a gesture of defiance.

..."it was with a heavy heart that I address what might be a final message to you brave astronauts, citizens of two countries, united in the bond of brotherhood in this great mission that seems to be terminated so disastrously. It is my sad duty to tell you the details of the tragic explosion that so recently occurred near your vehicle."

"They found it!"

"Be quiet!"

"I have talked with Premier Poljrarnyi at length and he wishes to extend a heartfelt regret that such a terrible accident could have occurred. For that is what it was. A single man, deranged, in the Soviet Defence Command, launched the missile..."

"One of ours, no," Gregor said, shocked.

"He has been apprehended, but the deed was done. It was a break-down understandable since the world is filled with fear at this time. After the unbelievable catastrophe in Britain the rest of the world beneath the track of Prometheus has lived with the terrible knowledge that their turn might be next. We should understand this officer, though of course we cannot condone the dastardly act he has taken. I join Premier Poljrarnyi in his plea for understanding, his depth of sorrow at your plight, his unhappiness at what appears to be a disastrous end to this beginning of a new era. I hope that others will carry on the gallant battle you brave few have begun. Goodbye.

In the silence that followed the end of the President's message Nadya could be heard calling out from the crew compartment. "Where are you? Don't get free of this couch."

"I'll help you," Coretta said, pushing towards the hatch.

"Is that you, Coretta. That voice, it woke me up. I heard what he said. Please, take me to the others."

They emerged together. Nadya with her hand protectively before her blind eyes.

"Did you hear it, Gregor?" she asked. "Do you believe it?"

"What are you asking, Nadya?"

"You know perfectly well. This story of the mad office with his finger on the button. Is it true?"

Gregor took a deep breath—then shook his head despairingly. "No, it cannot be true. This sort of thing does not happen in our country. This is what do you call it? A cover-up. That missile was ordered to be launched. If there was panic it was closer to the top. Now they attempt to hide the truth. I am ashamed of my people, I apologize." "Forget it," Patrick said. "It's not going to make any difference in the long run—or the short run—in any case."

"He's right," Coretta said. "It'll all come out the same way. And I'll bet we have a couple of generals who're jealous of your boys and wish they could
throw some of their bombs around too..."

"That's enough, Coretta," Patrick said, sharply.

"I'm a military officer. I won't hear that kind of talk."

"I'm sorry, Patrick. Nerves I guess." True or not, she knew he shouldn't have spoken that way. At least they could have peace in their last moments. "You're right. It just won't make any difference, will it?"

"I'm afraid not. What is the time?"

"The GET says 24:59."

"We should be into the sunspot time now. Does it look any different, Coretta?"

"I'm no astronomer..."

"I don't matter. Could I have a drink, that stuff you gave me makes me thirsty."

Flax glanced at the GET, 24:59, and no rise in solar radiation yet. The piece of paper caught his eye and he noted the time. Wolfgang would be home by now. So that was the official excuse, the old madman and the button routine. Would anyone in the world believe it? Probably not. But it would save face, very important to big nations and small. Maybe they were still thinking of keeping Prometheus going. Why not? The energy need was still there, growing larger every day. Another launch, another attempt. What could Wolfgang possibly want? Flax put the call through. The phone rang and rang, but there was no answer. The hell with it. Flax crumpled the scrap of paper for the final time and threw it away.

"Of course, I'm sorry. I would also like a six pack of beer, no two six packs."

"Sure, you understand. For customers it's one thing, but anyone can walk in off the street..."

Flax drunk the glass of beer and tossed up his change, the bills and the silver, and hurried to the phone booth before he could change his mind. The feeble light came on when he closed the door; the booth smelled of stale tobacco and rank sweat. The operator answered almost at once.

"I would like to make a person to person call to Houston, Texas. Houston, that's right..."

"This is Flax calling. Do you read me, Patrick? Please come in."

Flax was tired, so tired it didn't feel like fatigue any more but a wholly different state. A new kind of terminal disease maybe. Did people who were dying feel like this? Dying would be easy now, far easier than what he was doing, what he had been doing this day. A series of disasters, one after another. And now. He stared at the scribbled note before him and it did not register. Logically, yes, but emotionally it had no impact.

"Prometheus here."

"Have just received a report from the medics, from the bio monitors..."

"Yes, I forgot about them. I was going to call, but you know already, don't you?"

"This just says bio monitor cessation. Dr Bron. It could be a communications failure."

"It is. Ely is no longer communicating with the world. He's dead."

"I'm sorry, Patrick, we all are.

"Why bother. All of us are dead anyway. Ely was just in a little more of a rush."

A runner shoved a note under Flax's nose. DILLWATER WANTS TALK FROM, it read. "Sorry, Patrick. This thing isn't easy for an of us. Look, I've been informed that Dillwater wants to talk to you..."

"Tell him to take a running jump. There's nothing to talk about now."

"Patrick, Major Winter, the director of NASA is coming through."

There was a long pause. Flax had the feeling that Patrick knew what he could do with the director of NASA. If he had, he wouldn't have blamed him. Instead Patrick answered calmly; his voice held any emotion at all it was simply that of resignation.

"Prometheus to Mission Control, ready to accept your message."

---

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The complete tonic for the whole family.
'Farmers must take the authority in their own hands'

The farmers of Gujarat, particularly those of Kaira district, have a firm friend in Padmabhusan Dr VERGHESE KURIEN, winner of the Ramon Magsaysay Award for community development. Chairman of the National Dairy Development Board and the Indian Dairy Corporation, Dr Kurien is also the Managing Director of the Gujarat Co-Operative Milk Marketing Federation Ltd. In this interview with RUPA GANGADHAR, Dr Kurien pleads for an understanding of the farmers' problems, and reviews the progress and problems of the ambitious 'Operation Flood', evolved at a cost of Rs 100 crores.

Q: What has been the progress under "Operation Flood"?
A: Milk supplies in Bombay, Calcutta, New Delhi and Madras have eased considerably and there is plenty of milk available. Under "Operation Flood", we have created ten milk supply-cum-distribution systems, based on the pattern of Anand here, and eight more are almost ready. Thanks to this system, Bombay now gets eight lakh litres of milk daily from rural Maharashtra. Also, the import of milk powder worth nearly Rs 15 crores per year has now been stopped.

Q: And yet there are problems?
A: You see, "Operation Flood"—to me, personally—was the organisation of two million farmers under 20 "Anandas". That meant putting the farmers at the top in their own development programmes, making them oversee their own procuring, processing and marketing facilities, and utilising the services of professionals instead of relying on government bureaucracy. The "Anand" type of milk co-operatives, where the farmers held all responsibilities, do not exist in many places and thus their concept is not understood properly. In implementing "Operation Flood", I was prepared for opposition from private trade, but I was surprised to encounter the hostility of the bureaucracy. No, it was not from the Ministers or the higher officials, but the lower minions who feared that their own powers would be clipped.

Q: What is the solution to this problem?
A: This may sound a bit revolutionary but farmers have to take the authority in their own hands if the co-operative movement is to be a success. Unless farmers are in total command, the terms of trade will never be in their favour.

Q: And yet the milk co-operatives in Gujarat, particularly at Anand, have been spectacular successes?

A: You see, the leadership here came from giants like Sardar Patel and the co-operative organisation was of a high order. Fortunately, the successive state governments—irrespective of their political leanings—were impressed at the functioning at Anand and let it develop without any interference. Actually, they wanted more "Anandas". In Gujarat, there had never been the post of a Milk Commissioner or a separate Ministry for milk.

Q: Aren't Gujarat co-operatives dominated by big farmers? And there is also the feeling that "Amul" has become some kind of a monopoly.

A: Nearly eighty per cent of our five-lakh farmers are either small or marginal, and many of them have no land at all. It is they who make the decisions and not the small number of big farmers. These are mentioned in the UN-FAO reports, and but for the support and hard work of the small farmers, the co-operatives would have collapsed. As for "Amul" being a monopoly, I can only remind you that it gave away its much-acclaimed trade name, free of charge, to the Sagar dairy which is headed by a former "Amul" man. We have helped in establishing 19 "Anands" in ten States, trained their personnel and broken the stranglehold of the foreign multinationals.

Q: Have the milk co-operatives helped in eliminating the middlemen in Gujarat?
A: Not entirely, and this issue is related to the earlier question on prices. You see, if the farmers are not paid adequately, they cannot forgo the middlemen and the middlemen will continue to flourish. For instance, we can easily meet Ahmedabad's daily demand of four lakh litres, as against our present supplies of 1½ lakh litres, but the corporation officials are all the time haggling over the prices issue. In the meantime, private trade fleurishes and people continue to get poor quality milk.

Q: How far has "Operation Flood" realised the concept of a national milk grid and a national milk herd?

A: A farmer at Jalgaon in Maharashtra is now already linked with a farmer in Punjab, and Delhi is getting milk supplies from Anand. The western grid is thus linked with the northern grid but the eastern and southern ones are not yet in the picture. It is now technically possible to send milk from Anand to Calcutta. Very soon, the dairies at Patna, Meerut and Varanasi in the northern grid will be linked with Calcutta in the eastern region. As for the national milk herd, the Government of India has sanctioned us a large, costly and up-to-date computer which will maintain records of about 2.1 million head of cattle. We have already started collection of data on these.
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Nirode Mazumdar, the eminent painter, remembers his conversations with some European masters and critics on the serious subject of tradition and modernity. He then gives his own idea of the two vis-a-vis the field of art. Sandip Sarkar writes on six notable Indian artists and their work. Ahi Bhusan Malik explains the difference between the classical and the romantic styles.

Ranajit Roy analyses the reason why Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit has decided to campaign for the Congress for Democracy and the Janata Party.

Jayanta Sarkar analyses the role of industries in national elections.

Sumanta Banerjee writes a note on the discreet charm of the philanderers of the bygone days with whom much wit, much life and learning are gone too. P. L. Bhandari writes on the special wealth of nations not to be measured in terms of dollar, rouble or rupees.

Prithviraj Roy writes a special report on the latest methods to avoid air crashes.

Sunil Gavaskar is not really tired of proving himself and says in his interview with SUNDAY: "Whether I score or not, you can be sure of one thing—I'm trying all the time."
THE SOUTH FACE

IT IS unfortunate that A.S. Raman, in his article "The Madrassi who never was" (SUNDAY, January 23), could aspire to be impartial only at the cost of degrading his own community, the Andhras. Instead of giving a balanced view, he only succeeded in burying the pride and eminence of Andhras under a burst of venomous criticism. The report, far from being informative, just reflected the author's poor opinion of himself and his community. His article was full of generalisations which were quite baseless, his assessment based on absurd assertions like "I know what I am talking about, because I am myself an Andhra". One expected more from a seasoned journalist like Mr. Raman.

P. SANAT KUMAR, New Delhi.

ASHAMED OF BEING AN ANDHRA

A S an Andhra, I felt ashamed of myself while reading Mr. Raman's article. He is absolutely right in saying that the Andhras do not assert their identity, compared to their South Indian counterparts. If two Tamilians meet they converse in their mother tongue; but when two Andhras meet they talk either in English or in Hindi — definitely not in Telugu. An Andhra does not resent being called a "Madrassi". He is happy to be recognised as a South Indian.

V. SRIHARSHA, Hyderabad.

JUST NAMES AND PLACES

IT was amazing to find how little we know of ourselves, but A.S. Raman's report, after starting very promisingly, degenerated into a catalogue of names and places. The other articles on South India were informative but appeared to be an extension of Mr. Raman's essay. With so many articles on the topic, I had to just cursorily glance through the pages since there was no time to read every one of them.

A. K. BHATNAGAR, Raebeli.

KARNATAKA FORGOTTEN

IN his special report on South Indians, Mr. Raman omitted to deal with Karnataka. Starting with Tamil Nadu, he has written of all South Indians except the Karnataka people. Karnataka is the land of gold mines and the world-famous sandalwood. At present Karnataka has a better all-round position than all the other South Indian States. Tourists consider it as the Kashmir of the South India. Mr. Raman has neglected the representations of about 25 million South Indians.
NOT NILSSON

In introducing my subject “Political Cinema” (February 13), I see you have bracketed Torre Nilsson with others of a highly explosive variety. Such an “alliance”, I am sorry to say, is un-thinkable. To my knowledge, Torre Nilsson has never in his career had any unpleasant encounter with the authorities. That was precisely why I was pleasantly surprised when I heard about his angry statement issued in Madrid.

MRINAL SEN, Calcutta.

KERALA NOSTALGIA

READING K. P. S. Menon’s article, “My Kerala”, made me feel very nostalgic about my native State. I remember Kerala for its evergreen palm fringes, golden-sand beaches, the paddy fields on the western coast. Kerala, to me, means the sea, coconut trees, dark-skinned, busy and scantily-dressed women roving about an impish charm, fair-skinned Nair women with their gold-bordered white saris and oily hair, the men — with piled-up curly hair and enormous moustaches — wearing white shirts with sleeves folded up, white dhotis, and handkerchiefs tied around their necks. I relate Kerala to backwaters, rivulets, and temples; to hot, spicy fish dishes, aromatic tea, hearty sweet toddy. All these and much else of Kerala came floating back to me!

NIKHIL BAGHAVAN, Coimbatore.

LEAVE JESUS ALONE

I was utterly shocked to learn from T. M. Narayanan’s article “Jesus: Crucified again” that a film has been made which tries to tarnish the good image of the Messiah by showing that he used to indulge in homosexual and other adulterous acts with his disciples. This is really outrageous and I am glad that the Christian community of Bombay has raised its voice and protested to many countries about the shooting and release of this blasphemous film. We Muslims have a great reverance not just for Jesus Christ but all the prophets of God and for that reason do not support or attempt the making of any film on the lives of prophets or saints. None, we feel, is worthy enough to personify messengers of God.

AKHTER KAMAL SIDDIQUI, Calcutta.

ANOTHER TABOO

MY personal thanks to Hamid Bey for his intelligence in pointing out the need for “Essential taboos”. There are some more things which should be tabooed: One is the carrying of babies-in-arms to cinema and theatre halls. At times they upset not only their parents but also others sitting in the hall.

SRIDHAR PARIDA, Dhenkanal.

CHARMED

I READ with great relish M. Krishnan’s fine essay, “Taming of the sea”. It is elegantly and absolutely flawlessly written. Whenever I come across a beautiful literary piece, I feel like communicating with the author. This way I have made several penfriends. Please convey my desire to Mr. Krishnan.

V. SESHAGIRI RAO, Cuddapah.

ABOUT KISSINGER

AMERICA-BAITING has become a favourite pastime in the Third World countries, and you seem to delight in it, too. We read the article on Kissinger — “The rise and fall of King Henry” — and what we find is that you have (quite craftily, of course) tried to lay it thick on America and Americans, holding them responsible for all the ills. Instead of condemning the Russian-backed Cuban invasion of Angola, you try to justify it as a War of Liberation. Your statement “Israel is a nation living on foundations of fear” was certainly not in good taste. Ask Idi Amin to tell you something about the Israelis’ courage.

S. SUBRAMANIAM, Burapur.

IN THE AIR

THE rejoinder of P. Subramanyam (Sr. FRO, Indian Airlines, Calcutta) to Alok Roychoudhury’s article “The IA plane which almost crashed” (Sunday, December 12, 1976) indicates that the Imphal incident of November 14 was not really serious. But was it not a fact that the IAF’s thrust last month moving properly was reported by the back-up crew much before the aircraft took off from Calcutta on that day for Gauhati and Imphal? Thanks to concessions given to IA, the airline’s pilots have to fly an aircraft that has been certified by its engineers to undertake a flight. If the Minimum Equipment List (HEL) was still in existence in the old form, no pilot would have made the flight before certification of the troubles and actual testing of the equipment to the fullest satisfaction of all concerned. Because of the revised regulation, the aircraft could take off without the snag being removed — carrying over 100 passengers — though Calcutta, as a major base, should have had the facilities for rectifying the trouble. Anyway, had Mr. Subramanyam been a passenger on the flight, how would we have reacted if he had been kept completely in the dark by the crew even while undergoing such a dreadful experience?

A. SEN. Bombay.

FRUSTRATION BETRAYED

A S. A. Ishwarraayya points out in his letter (January 23), Vilayat Khan’s views (in your Music issue) display the maestro’s egotistic bent. And in fact, it is through the verbatim version of Khan Sahib — to which Mr. Ishwarraayya has objected — that the true soul behind the words has been displayed. Not just that, one can also sense the Khan Sahib’s frustration behind those words.

B. SHARMA, Simla.
NIRODE MAZUMDAR, one of present-day India’s foremost painters, talks about tradition and modernity and says the two concepts are not mutually exclusive. An artist has to recognize his own stand and discover the possibilities of his own extension himself.

It was in the Primitive Section of the Italian Renaissance at the National Gallery in London that I saw Mr. E. M. Forster. He recognized me very well although we had not met for more than eight years. We sat on a bench and talked about modern art and its tendencies. I said the word “modern” was meaningless, and ‘tradition’ a matter of by-gone days. Mr. Forster remarked, “You were not so talkative when we met before in Calcutta.” Then our conversation drifted to the London weather—which was splendid in that sunny month of June.

Later, I had coffee with Mr. John Berger, somewhere near Piccadilly Circus. I talked to him of my meeting with Mr. Forster. Mr. Berger joked, “Isn’t he a bit of an ‘uncle’?” I replied, “It seems that as soon as you hold the pen you become ‘uncle-like’; and more so when you write on art. Of course in your case it is different because you are a painter too.... although the results of this situation are not always happy. For instance, Jean Cassou, the Chief Curator of the Paris Modern Art Museum, maintains that Andre Lothe, as a painter and teacher, is killing our young talents; but on the other hand he is a powerful art critic with a clear judgment of values. I think that visual and verbal expressions oftentimes get mixed up.”

“Yes,” he admitted, “it is difficult to render in language what we visually experience, and we have to depend on the common word and the common feeling. Suppose, I were to ask you what you understand by ‘human mystery’?” The question had reference to his own comments about me: “he has a poignant sense of the human mystery.” Perhaps he was expecting from me an answer in line with his political convictions, but as I was at that time engulfed in research on universal tradition. I replied, “What the human mystery is to me? We are here, having a cup of coffee together, at the same table, but we are miles away from each other...”

In the same way the world of art, and artists, are split although they speak of the same subject. In the same way tradition and modernity...

This reminds me of a cartoon published in a French magazine: in a palatial building, hanging in its gilded frame, is a painting of a great, well decorated and trimmed general. The guide explains to the visitor: The general has got a wooden leg to replace the one he lost at the battle of Waterloo. The other leg is missing. It was lost during the “demenagement” (removal).

The wooden leg is like the tradition as now understood and the missing leg—a hole in the painting—like modernity; one lame, the other lost in vagueness. So, the confusion is complete.

It is surprising that a stalwart art historian like Andre Malraux could speak of “l’oeil devenu regard” (the eye that has become a look) to compare Romanesque and Gothic art. Such a statement may be valid as regards technique, but as far as the artistic standpoint is concerned, it denies the greatness, beauty and depth of Romanesque art and its dramatic expression.

On the other hand, Hask stated unambiguously
that the greater the ignorance of modern times, the deeper grows the darkness of the Middle Ages.

When I considered my own work and some critics' comments, I found myself in a similarly puzzling situation. Thus in 1963, a reviewer otherwise giving me kind compliments, remarked, "We need not bother about Mazumdar's aesthetic theories based on mantra, mantra and mantra." Another comment of 1977, "Mazumdar is an iconoclast not merely in destroying old gods but in creating new ones."

I find an answer to all these riddles when I remember one of my visits to Constantin Brancusi in his Paris studio. I was there with an American friend with whom I shared enthusiasm and ecstasy at the sight of Brancusi's works, and at the man also. We both wondered how, coming from so remote lands and being the products, one of a highly sophisticated country, the other entirely fashioned by a traditional civilization, could find an aesthetic point of contact. So we pressed Brancusi for an answer to the question. Smiling at us with his glittering eyes and with a loud laugh, the Old Master led us to his "Bird in Space." He pressed a button, and the bird slowly began to revolve on its axis. This was his answer, and this form of his, condensing simultaneously stillness and movement, a synthesis of stability and change, reminded me of Baudelaire's word on art: "Modernity is the transitory, the fugitive, the world of contingencies, that is, half of art, the other half being the Eternal and Immutable."

It is a pity that this is not always understood. Most of us have just a one-way track of thinking. Jean-Paul Sartre is right when he says that there are people who, like the waiter at the coffee-house, cannot take two orders at a time.

Thus, considering all that is said and written on art—sometimes an accumulation of chaotic and confused comments—there is no wonder that the younger talents find it difficult to trace their path. It is only when the artist has recognized his own stand, realized the value of the past, present and future, when he has ascertained his raison d'être and discovered all his possibilities of extension, that he can as a whole reject all the flowery and equivocal phrases and find his courage in only one, in the Bible: "The hand of the artist finds its praise in its own work."

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**What is a classic in art?**

Not everything old and worthwhile is classic in art; for example, artists in ancient Greece produced a lot of art that is truly classic while there is almost nothing in Indian art that can be called such. AHI BHUSAN MALIK explains the critical dicta behind this anomaly.

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The common belief is that anything old and worthwhile in art is classic. Ancient Greece produced a lot of great sculpture and architecture, usually in combination as can be seen in the temples of Parthenon and elsewhere. These are known to us as classic works and the period to which they belong—Classical Age. The Greek sculptors as also the painters were past masters in executing figures. Whenever the Greek artist started painting or sculpting a figure he thought of making it perfectly proportioned and balanced. The two aspects, proportion and balance, combine inextricably in the psychology of the artist to produce a synthetic whole—form.

Two faces of Venus: At left is the 'classic' one, by Botticelli (detail from 'Mars and Venus') and at right the 'romantic,' by Correggio (detail from 'Mercury instructing Cupid before Venus')
According to the Greek philosopher, a perfectly balanced and proportioned man is he who is not too loaded with virtues. In a perfect man there should always be a certain amount of vice to counterbalance the excess of his goodness. There, however, a Christian differs. Christianity teaches one to be absolutely viceless or faultless, which we all know is impossible. Even the most perfect man possesses some known or unknown vices or faults. The Greek maintained this balance in his art and was opposed to any kind of extravagance because extravagance, he believed, marred the correctness of any form. Dying Warrior, Venus, Discobolus, Aphrodite etc. are remarkable examples of balance and proportion, or, as we say, form.

A modern critic, nevertheless, condemns a Greek sculpture because too much of perfection in proportion and balance in white marble leaves it rigid and cold. We do not come across Greek paintings too often, but the few paintings we have come to know about convince us of the splendour of colour in Greek art, the wear and tear may have thinned many of these works of their colourfulness. And many of the sculptures in various museums that pass for Greek originals are actually copies in marble by Roman artists in the 2nd and 3rd centuries of the 1st century B.C. may not be what we see of it today. When the Christians became mighty classicism in art fell into bad times and Byzantine extravaganzas started dominating in Europe. Classicism was finally resurrected during the great Renaissance movement led by Giotto.

According to the modern dictionary of art, the popular view of ancient classical art is out of focus. The word 'classical' has been adopted as a convenient label for a kind of art in which form and line and well proportioned feeling are the chief characteristics. Romantic is the term which stands against classic. The chief exponents of Romantic art were Delacroix, Gericault, Corot and Millet. Their art is distinguished by three things—colour, poetry and decorative quality. They upheld the tradition of Michelangelo, Titian, Veronese and Rubens who did not stick to classicism so strictly as Leonardo da Vinci or Raphael. The Romantics sort of revived the use of colour in a big way. They considered this the most valuable legacy of art. Though Ingres the faithful disciple of the classicists and a contempt of Delacroix thought that the latter was a rebel Delacroix was, in fact, full of respect for tradition. He just put the methods of the old masters into modern painting to make it a half-way house between classical art and realistic art. Courbet revolted against Romanticism and brought in Realism, Realism, again, was unsalted by Impressionism followed by Cubism, Abstract art, Tachism etc. etc. When technically reviewing a romantic painting we see that the outlines of the figures are soft, the colours used are rich and tend to melt into one another and the picture stirs our emotions, whereas a classical art with its form controlled within firm lines appeals primarily to the intellect. We can simplify the definition thus—the classical art relies mainly on form and romantic art mainly on feeling.

The aesthetic idea behind Indian art is different. Art in India practically begins with the Buddhist works, because the earlier civilizations disappeared leaving little or no traces. But we know of the grammar the Indian artists depended heavily upon. It was very complicated and taught us how to convert everything we see into a sculpture or picture. We, however, are not permitted to exaggerate or simplify or embellish the shapes according to our own sweet will. We are always to follow the principles laid down in Vishnudharmottar. The earlier painters or sculptors who had to oblige religious leaders or kings as in the Christian era in Europe had been rather forced to follow dictates. They were not as free as the modern artist to work to please himself. No such movement like the Renaissance took place in India which could have re-established the human form in its perfect balance and proportion. Therefore, I believe, that in the glory that was India there was nothing classic as such.

Six artists and their images

SANDIP SARKAR chooses six contemporary artists—all young and waiting to be canonised—and analyses the rich variety and diversity of their imagery.

There are certain inherent contradictions in contemporary Indian art. It had the traumatic experience of growing up in a colonial atmosphere: hence its peculiar behaviour—the intense love-hate relationship with the West and its art.

The 'Bengal School' may be a convenient label, but a close look will reveal that Abanindranath Tagore, Namdlock Bose, Gaganendranath Tagore and Kalidinathan Mazumdar were, for instance, as diverse as Nirode Mazumder and M. F. Husain, Surya-prakash and Sunil Das. 'Westernization', which colonials had initiated, and 'modernization', which was set in motion after independence, meant a drastic change in our patterns of culture, and the whole process created confusion and tension.

Since independence, many artists have succeeded in putting the stamp of their individuality on their work. This has made for diversity. The bulk of them are figurative painters, but in the fifties and sixties there were quite a few who dabbled in abstract art. All this seemed to be a distant, and somewhat distorted, shadow of our past. The West. Only artists of the calibre of Ramkumar and Gaitonde succeeded. Again there were artists in that period who successfully painted semi-abstract pictures, who tried to have the best of both worlds.

The two artistic fashions that caught on after this were figurative—'tantra' and 'fantasy'. The first is a medley of ritualistic symbols of sexual mythology, the second a form of religious imagery. Rather quaint that! Only the pioneer of 'tantric art', Nirode Mazumder (and probably one or two others), has been successful. That is because, as an artist he is sincere to the extent of being a visionary, while the rest try to disguise themselves as Indians.

Now come the six Indian painters who I propose to discuss at some length. I must concede that the selection has been arbitrary. But they are all young and await canonisation. The rich variety and diversity of the imagery of the six reflect the confusion and tension of Indian society.
THE imagery of Laxma Goud has affinities with 'tantra art', but the ideas behind his imagery are even more primitive than 'tantra' and his peculiar symbolism is nearer to the strange fertility rites of ancient village communities. On the surface Goud's imagery is very near to that of Rabin Mondal—although Goud is essentially a graphic artist while Mondal is a painter. Mondal wants to comment about the alienation of modern man in cultic pictorial language, while Goud wants to communicate his irrational experiences to the uninhibited structures of our brains.

Goud uses, broadly speaking, two sets of imagery. There is an abundance of primitive people and the cosmology seems archaic. There are strange trees with male and female genitals stuck on them. There are two zinc etchings which you cannot forget in a hurry. In one, a woman's body with an exposed vagina is likened to the flowering earth. Two trees rise, like columns, to uphold the heavens as it were. In between heaven and earth there is a three-headed man-woman animal. The other etching has a goat looking up at a tree full of fruit, from which bodies of a naked man and a nude pregnant woman stick out. Beside the tree is a sexual figure with eight hands.

There is a different kind of imagery which Goud uses in many engravings. In these he envisions desolate cities with towers, gates and stairs leading up to them. The entire population of any of these cities, it seems, has been deported or butchered by some tyrant, or annihilated by starvation and pestilence.

If Goud's imagery has prehistoric overtones, Faramit Singh's paintings take us even beyond—to the realms of geology. He uses the same imagery—one or more ovoid or semi-ovoid weightless stones which often have shadows. These stones are studied like still life. In his early paintings he had a lonely cottage out in the woods and two boulders, one on the ground and the other flying off. Then these stones were placed on hills to convey a feeling of constant earth movement and landslide. Mother Earth, it seems, is whimsical and not very dependable.

ARPITA SINGH's paintings, on the surface at least, are not complex and her arrangement of stylised objects gives the whole canvas a dreamy atmosphere. Her images do not have the grotesque and compelling power of those of Bikash Bhattacharya, or the anxiety and archetypal nuances of those of Ganesh Pyne, or the organic and symbolic quality of those of Jogen Chaudhury, but she is like a very imaginative child who daydreams. There are empty benches, mysterious stairs and trains, lonely horses, swings, un-
identified men and women, flowering trees quivering in delight, carpets compared to the dark inner sanctuary of a temple and uncanny cats. Her folksy imagery is painted on flat planes and each little object is endowed with an all round relationship while encaged in taut outlines. Her subdued hues brighten up any moment.

These three artists have one thing at least in common—their images, fantastic though they are, are very personal. They always cross the border of naturalism. A social scientist would trace these images to the cultural changes in a tradition-bound society going modern—the pressure of roles thrust upon people by situations paved the way for the crisis of identity in individuals. These images represent the upset and threatened subconsciously being rationalized or sublimated by a process of creative metamorphosis.

The images of the other three artists I have chosen are also personal, but they are not exactly subjective. They try to appeal to reason rather than to the emotions, but the nature of their experience and the creative process force their emotions to get involved.

The youngest of the three, Vivan Sundaram, in a series of twelve paintings called ‘The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie,’ studies the colonial atmosphere of the whole set-up. His images are of things rather than people—the inside of a five-star hotel room, beautifully upholstered leather chairs, concealed lighting, bathroom fittings, rugs, curtains and tablecloth—and his intense imagination breathes life into the imagery. He comes near photographic realism and to colourful illustrated magazine ads. With his aggressive and masterly technique and bright colouring he peels off the layers of this insulated world. The perched outside world advances and with just a pebble breaks the window pane. The beautiful bathtub is full of crimson blood. In a single canvas there appears a homeless man who dreams of a hut—the hut is unreal and so it is tilted, under the beautiful sky where the wind ruffles the flowers, leaves and grass. Sunderam slants his anger to suit his pictorial language and the fury of his imagery breathes violence. Even if his accent is alien, his smartness generally impresses most people.

A. Ramchandran is avowedly a figurative artist who paints large mural-like canvases. He broods about evil, loss of faith in God and the consequent breakdown of the moral order. His approach is somewhat similar to that of the late Nikhil Biswas—although Biswas could only afford to draw rather than paint—and also of Bijon Choudhury who is more of a painter while Ramchandran is a muralist. They are bracketed together because they are deliberate, socially conscious artists. Art does not become artless if it has moral and ethical messages as the works of Goya, Van Gogh, Picasso and the modern Mexican artists clearly show.

Ramchandran’s large canvases are essentially drawing-based and his approach is similar to that of paintings on Kerala temple walls. His imagery is always lacerated and there are headless human figures, who seem not to recede into the canvas or stay on its surface but always to burst out. His emphasis is not on the texture or tension of colours but on figure drawing and composition. Even so, his work is impressive, disturbing and brutal.

What he portrays is misery, suffering and mass hysteria and this he does with passion and compas-
tion. On both counts he comes near Nikhil Biswas. There is, however, one vital difference; Biswas' people have definite faces, while Ramchandran emphasises the body without the face for he wants to give suffering and pain even without the head, his figures look complete. There is another fascinating similarity; both Biswas and Ramchandran have chosen, time and again, Christ as an embodiment of suffering and even death. Instead, they unveil the grotesque features of human suffering and also the subversive pleasure people derive from inflicting pain on each other and on themselves.

At last we arrive at the door of Prakash Karmakar, a painter who moves his nimble and quick brush like a conductor's baton. The métier of his earlier canvases, the balance of his asymmetrical construction and the later polyphonic harmonisation of his melodic colours are almost unparalleled among his peers. Yet Karmakar's work is not just technique but a subtle blending of bold drawing, rich colours and a variety of images. The confused pages of crowded streets, the ballet-like movement of urban life has always inspired him to create images of shoe-shine boys with a parrot-perched on the hand, Christ being taken down from the cross, the drummer of a band party being crushed by the weight of his drum, a beggar woman with yellow birds roosting on her body. Later, isolation and loneliness give way to jarring images which portray crude human passions as in 'Sonagehi Lane', and mad horses and vultures begin to prey on men and women. Then disintegration sets in and human limbs start to fly all over the canvas. In the process they become weightless silhouette and convey anguish and pain.

In his recent canvases myth gains ground and the image of the cracked flame of a candle being engulfed by darkness appears repeatedly. Karmakar seems to be outraged by the agony that modern society inflicts on individuals and his lamentation becomes poetry. One of major preoccupations of his imagery has been women. They are tortured, mutilated, broken and yet, at the very last, they emanate a fire of sensuality, this is real and therefore not pornographic, as some would have us believe.

In India today artistic style varies from person to person and so does visual imagery and this is inevitable. Yet there is a similarity of preoccupation in the approach to themes. It does not matter whether subjective or objective imagery is used, for finally this merges with the search for form.

**The illustrated body**

Deep in the interiors of India, Africa and Australia there are many tribal groups which even today are clad, or rather half clad, in leaves, beads and paintings. Far from reflecting indigeneity and distanced from their cheer and radiance in colour. The women and men of these clans beautify their bodies, by painting colourful pictures, by themselves, by scenes from mythological stories or abstract designs. Painting has always been used, besides jewellery and other accessories, as a form of decoration for the human body, especially the female. The Red Indian derived his name because he painted his face. Painting has also had religious and superstitious values. Some tribes painted the pictures of the gods and goddesses they worshipped. This, they believed, brought them the blessings of these deities. Living in thick jungles frequented by wild beasts, they also often painted pictures of beasts or bodies, as a protection, for they believed this would keep these animals away. Pictures of snakes, tigers, wolves and ghosts on their body are popular even today with such tribals.

Some aboriginal Australian tribes paint their face, hands, legs and other parts of the body as a substitute for clothes. Some African tribes lay great store by painting the faces of the bride and groom before the marriage. Tattoo, though not painting, is also supposed to have spiritual values.

Modern painting on the human body obviously does not have any religious or spiritual significance. Artists indulge in it with a view to experimenting in a new medium and discovering newer avenues. This is what Gujarat's Abid Suri, artist, filmmaker and writer, has to say.

"What inspired you to embark on such a venture, Abid?" I asked him, since he had just done some body-painting.

"Nothing in particular. I just decided to do it for the sake of art. Actually, live model painting is already outmoded in the West, but very few have tried it here. The Western world is more open to new ideas and artists experiment readily there. We Indians are averse to new ideas, particularly if they go against the range of our conventions."

"Were you able to obtain the services of a model easily?"

"Not quite easily. As I said, very few are willing to try out new ideas. But fortunately my model happens to be one of those who will try. Still, unlike her Western counterpart, she was quite ashamed in the beginning and it took her a great deal of courage to lose her bashfulness and finally strip.""

"How did your model react to this experience?"

"She has always been a person who wants to participate in innovations, undeterred, if she is convinced. There are a few who'd take up such a venture. But they do not want to be the pioneers. They would rather follow the herd than lead it. This lady tried it and found it thrilling."

"What sort of a future do you visualise for this type of art, Abid?"

"I don't really know. I just tried it for fun. It was nothing serious."

Abid does a lot of things for fun but his fun-filled hours of enacting paint on walls, floors, walls, fans, anything, including canvases, have brought him reward and recognition.

**Saroj Natarajan**
Wealth of nations

WHAT is poverty — and what is wealth? The more affluent countries, whenever they meet periodically to determine international exchange rates and the doles they must dish out to others less prosperous than themselves, refer to their own grouping as the "rich" nations and the recipients of their bounty as the "developing ones which latter expression is but a euphemism for "poor". Whenever I hear these terms, my blood begins to boil.

I have lived a long life and a full one, and although I have little to show in the shape of worldly goods I would be insulted if you describe me as poor. I regard myself as a rich man — rich in the experience I have acquired, rich in my family and the few friends who have stayed with me, rich in my heritage. Some people scoff at the latter word; I treat their sneers with contempt.

Although the British did some silly things during their long rule in India, and these days are not being particularly nice to our people settled in their country or merely passing through, only the churlish will deny that they have some admirable qualities. These were spelled out for me during a visit to London some years ago between transfers from a post in the Americas to another in Africa.

We had selected a small hotel near the Marble Arch, a stone's throw away from the better shops and theatres and art galleries. It wasn't Claridge's or the Dorchester, but we weren't paying Dorchester prices either and were just as happy. When my wife and I came down for breakfast on the first day, we were conducted to a table for four in a corner of the dining room. The place was deserted — we were late — but from the other side an American couple came charging in our direction. You could tell he was American from the chequered, tieless shirt under his business suit and the camera slung over his shoulder; and she was the profusion of the accessories that went with her Saks Fifth Avenue pantsuit.

"You folks from India?" the man asked us, eyeing my wife's sari. "Mind if we sit down?" They introduced themselves as Mr and Mrs Meredith and told us they had a son in India serving with the Peace Corps "near Calcutta". He had been a Vice-President of one of the large automobile companies in Detroit, and now they had retired and come to settle in England.


Mr Meredith smiled. "Yes, people do think we're a little crazy. But Chappie saw us the other day and we told him all about it. The interview's right here — all over the back page, and pictures too". He gave me one of several copies of the Daily Express he was carrying, and then the two of them bade us a friendly good-day.

I folded the paper and placed it beside my cup. Yes, we know about your taxes, your inflation and your strikes, Mr Meredith had told the reporter. Do you think we don't have those things in the U.S.A.? Perhaps, not to the extent that you are burdened with them, it's true, but in spite of your troubles we still think that you are the richest country in the world. You stare at us in disbelief, thinking of your 40P cigarettes, your 73P petrol and your steaks at 38P for a pound.

When we speak of riches (said Mr Meredith) we are thinking of things that are far more important than pounds sterling — things that matter, such as beauty, culture and civility: these are your riches, and no country has them in greater abundance. You are rich in history; and in your respect for the law and in the wisdom with which you judicial system is administered. You need not be afraid to step out of your houses at night, because the chances of your being mugged, murdered or raped are very slim. And in your own country you have a variety of scenery — beaches, rivers, forests and cathedrals, all so compactly arranged that you need not travel far to enjoy them.

It was your music that first attracted us (Mr Meredith continued), or perhaps it was your courtesy that first drew us to you. You are always friendly, polite and willing to help a stranger and you have invited us into your homes, shown us your gardens, and answered our questions. You know how to derive enjoyment from simple, inexpensive pastimes such as walking, chatting, gardening, listening to music and reading. Your sense of humour is surely one of your greatest assets. And you are also rich in your vocabulary and in your beautiful language.

I put the paper aside with a sigh. I still have a copy of that issue, and think of Mr Meredith often. The way he spoke about England is the way some foreigners speak about India. But how do we describe ourselves?

Mostly, specially when they're travelling abroad, Indians seem always to be apologizing. When they accept others' hospitality, they bemoan their own disability, their shortage of foreign exchange, and repeat over and over again the phrase: "We are a poor country".

We are not a poor country. All the qualities described by the American couple who migrated to England we possess — and more: such as our unique diversity, the fortitude and tolerance of our people, and respect for old age, a virtue that has disappeared from the western world. In the things that really matter, we are rich beyond anyone's wildest dreams.

P. L. BHANDARI
The discreet charm of the philanderer

ONE of the casualties of the overwhelming tide of modern-living is the elegant art of flirtation. Philanderers and their torches seem to be in too much of a hurry to care for such preliminaries, and believe in coming down straight to the 'brass tacks'.

Yet, at one time flirtation as an institution was an essential part of the living mode. Years of cultivation fashioned a distinct style. The male used to elevate the female to pedestal level, and the female used to egg the male on by keeping him till. Exchanges of refined repartees and a sporting kind of repartee were the basic ingredients of the art. The nobility sent their sons to learn it from celebrated courtesans in Lucknow, Delhi, Benares and other cities of India.

Like the ghazal or the duel, flirtation as an art was also a child of the feudal court, and took various forms in different parts of the world. A class which possessed time and money ad lib and in huge measure could afford to relax and invent witticisms by twisting their imagination into a thousand tangles. Such sophistry was the spice of flirtation.

In India, the atmosphere of the mahfil nourished the art. Carpets covered with white sheets were spread on the floor. Dumpy bolsters were propped up against the walls to support the ladies in the court of their patrons. Delicately scented pean leaves were offered to them along with stems of hookahs and garlands of flowers twined around them. In such an atmosphere, from their lips, Ghalib's verses would flow spontaneously:

Ishq se tabiat ne zist ka mazah paya
Dard ki dawa pai dard-e be dawa paya.

(In love I found life's joy and the balm for pain, and also the pain for which there is no cure!)

Such raptures had no effect on the legal or economic standing of the women. Both the courtiers and their patrons knew that the women received compliments only. For, although flirtation was above laws, it had laws to which all its followers were strictly subject. One of the laws was that flirtation could only be attention without intention. It fell short of coquetry and just overstepped the limits of mutual admiration to self-esteem. As one can well understand, the rules of the game in those days in their sophistication and elegance, were far removed from today's tawdry and direct approaches. Subtle suggestions teased one's imagination; much of the game belonged to the realm of the equivocal and the impermanent.

In Bengal, this peculiar art of oscillation between different sets of meanings was carried to an interesting height. Vaishnavite literature flourished in the court of Krishnagar. The songs on the loves of Radha and Krishna had inculcated the art of flirtation with a rich vocabulary, as charming in its ambivalence as the Urdu ghazals. In the latter, the highly developed play on words by the clever use of Arabic, Persian and Indian elements of the poetical language, could create a variety of meanings. The same philharmonic songs also could lend themselves to two sets of interpretations — the sensual and the spiritual. This proved to be highly effective in the hands of the urban nouveau riche of 18th-19th century Calcutta — the dandies and the courtesans. While in Vaishnavite religious assemblies or akharas as they used to be called, serenades celebrating the physical charms of womanhood could masquerade as songs of Krishna's divine love for Radha in Calcutta's bazaars and rich households, the parvenu flirted with the demi-monde in the language of the khraji, half-akhras, kabi-gon and new forms of songs that had flourished in the city in the wake of the Krishnagar culture. All such songs were ostensibly composed to celebrate the mystical love of Radha and Krishna, but could be equally used to pay compliments to the beauty of the beloved.

While the menfolk cavorted in the bordello, the women in the zenana or in their inner apartments indulged in a different mode of flirtation, equally ambivalent in its nature. Some in Bengali households took to the guru, relations with whom were delightfully animated. Religious discourses, especially on Radha and Krishna, could evoke a variety of meanings and tickle the fancy of the sheltered girl behind the accepted facade of religion.

But a much more delicate and tender style of flirtation had been in vogue in Bengal households. This is between the boudi (the elder brother's wife) and the deor (the young brother-in-law). Tagore's Nasinder (made into a memorable film by Satyajit Ray — Charulata) is perhaps the classic portrayal of the innuendos, suggestions, and double entendres that can make such a relationship an agonizing experience. Or take for instance the exchange of witty retorts in Chhokher Bali between the vivacious Binodini and the bohemian Bihari who pleads with her to 'spoil' him with her tender attentions instead of lavishing them on his friend Mahendra who is already pampered by his wife, mother and friends. Binodini replies: 'To be capable of being spoiled is a talent I do not possess, Bihari Babu.' "Even if I lack the talent, your skill will make up for it," says Bihari, and adds "Why not try" Binodini smiles and says: "It does not mean if one is already prepared for it. One must be caught unawares."

On a similar footing is the flirtation between Bengali husbands and their sisters-in-law. Frolics and jests are quite common, as humorously expressed in that famous nursery rhyme of Tagore's where the new bridegroom warming up in his intimacy with the sister-in-law suddenly struck on her head with his knuckles in a frenzy of Rabindra dancing. As the girl's father began weeping for her, the bridegroom said with a smile, "It's a joke! Flirting is indeed meant to be a joke. But then, light-hearted flirting between a husband and his sister-in-law may assume distressing dimensions if either of the two or both begin to take it too seriously, as evident in another of Tagore's novels — Dui Bon.

The secret of an enduring flirtation is the determination on the part of both the participants not to take the relationship too seriously, — an art of tight rope-walking in which the flakes of the past were adept. Among the dandies and courtesans of the 18th century, those who passed the test were able to do it because of their resistance to temptations of emotional involvement. They confined their attentions to an exercise of their intellect, a delight in listening to compliments, and an interchange of witty repartees. All these helped to embalm a relationship which otherwise would have been stark sex.

SUMANTA BANERJEE

15
The aunt who came in from the cold

The Congress for Democracy sprung another unpleasant surprise for Mrs. Gandhi’s party when Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit announced her decision to campaign for the Opposition. RANAJIT ROY reports from Delhi on the impact of Mrs. Pandit’s move.

Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, who has been living a secluded life in her Dehra Dun retreat since 1969, has declared her intention to campaign for candidates of the Congress for Democracy and the Janata Party against Congress candidates. Last people should think that personal relations had anything to do with it, she will avoid visiting the constituency from where her niece, Mrs. Gandhi, is seeking election.

She, like her brother, Jawaharlal Nehru, spent all her active life in politics but was never a political heavy-weight. It was known for a long time that she had had sharp differences with Mrs. Gandhi on many aspects of her administration. Occasionally, these differences were aired publicly.

She retired from political life in 1968 when she resigned her primary membership of the Congress. She has no intention to join any party now. She has been anguished by the authoritarian trends during the period of Emergency, and has now decided to come out openly and strongly against these trends.

Her decision to take part in the election campaign was announced at a Press conference on February 14. Among many other things, she said;

"In the 1971 elections the Congress secured a huge majority but the promises of an egalitarian society made to the people did not open the gates to the promised land. In fact, contrary trends became immediately evident, resulting in the final declaration of Internal Emergency and the jailing of thousands of people overnight.

"While announcing her reasons for issuing the proclamation of the Emergency, the Prime Minister reaffirmed her faith in Democracy and the values which had guided Mahatma Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru. To me, the two things were not compatible and it seemed that the seeds of authoritarian rule were being sown.

"Democratic institutions, which we had built up through the years of independence, were smothered and destroyed one after another. The rule of law was undermined and the independence of the judiciary ended. Press censorship was imposed. All this was done in the name of saving Democracy and to counteract the threat to internal security.

"It was shocking to me to see all dissent muzzled and those who disagreed with the government put into prison. I remembered how disturbed Jawaharlal Nehru used to be time and again by objectionable writings in the Press, but he was firm in the belief that freedom of the Press was basic to democracy and expressed himself clearly on the subject.

"It is good to hear the voices now being raised and I am glad that Mr. Jagjivan Ram has left the comfort and safety of his high office to appeal to Congressmen and to the people to stand for democracy. I endorse this appeal wholeheartedly.'

Mrs Pandit, who is 76, faced the national and International Press at a conference which lasted 45 minutes. In tackling questions, some of which might have been embarrassing, she showed she had not lost her agility of mind in the least.

Mrs Pandit carries the charisma of the Nehru family as does Mrs Gandhi. In a recent speech the Prime Minister recounted the sacrifices the family had made in the cause of the country. Mrs Pandit has now countered this by saying that the country has amply rewarded the members of the family.

This brief exchange, through the Press, would indicate why the anti-Congress parties set great store by Mrs Pandit in this election. It is, in essence, one from the Nehru family against another.

If Mr Jagjivan Ram's action sent a shock wave through the Congress Mrs Pandit's decision would heighten its impact. In U.P. in particular, the effect may well be damaging for the Congress. It will unquestionably raise the moral of the anti-Congress parties not only there, but all over the country.
If she is able to fulfil her desire to campaign widely, she will draw crowds wherever she goes—north, south, east, west. Suspicion about the real intentions of the Government has been roused particularly by the happenings during Internal Emergency. People will talk about her decision and, wherever she goes will say: "Let us hear what the aunt has to say about the activities of the government of her niece."

This distinctly is a gain for the anti-Congress parties, especially the Congress for Democracy and the Janata Party for whose candidates she will work and, correspondingly, a loss for Mrs Gandhi and the Congress. How far she will ultimately be able to sway votes against the Congress is difficult to predict.

Gracious politician

HAMDI BEY traces the political career of the 76-yr-old Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit.

MRS. Vijayalakshmi Pandit is the latest among veterans to join the present battle of the hustings. She was born 11 years after her brother Jawaharlal, and since the brother died 13 years ago, she is two years older than the brother was at the time of his death.

Vijayalakshmi Nehru was born in 1900 and has had a remarkably successful political career. The opportunities might have come easily to her because of being born the daughter of Motilal and sister of Jawaharlal, but her worse critics cannot deny the fact that she made the best of her opportunities.

When she went to jail in 1932-33, she was not looking forward to a career but only rendering what she thought was her duty. But soon after being freed from jail she was elected to the Allahabad Municipal Board, a modest beginning for a career which at its climax made her the first woman and first Asian to be elected President of the U.N. General Assembly in 1953.

Let us follow her career chronologically. She came of a rich family, and the girl Nan, as she used to be called at home, had a succession of European governesses. Then she went to Switzerland for schooling, and returned to Allahabad in the hectic days of 1920s. The Nehru household, as one of the most illustrious among the Westernized families in the country, was deeply involved in the struggle for freedom.

The Nehru home was the centre of that struggle, and to it freedom had a wider meaning than mere replacement of the British bureaucracy by an English-educated Indian elite. But the pragmatic realities of a country in which the English-educated elite was a tiny minority imposed limitations.

The young Vijayalakshmi was made aware of these limitations, and in 1921 married Ranjit Sitaram Pandit from Kathiawar, and settled down to bearing and rearing a family of three. But politics could not be given up, and in 1936, when the provincial council was introduced, Mrs. Pandit was elected to the U.P. Assembly, and in 1937 became the Minister for Local Self-Government and Public Health. Till then there had been no Indian woman who had held Cabinet rank, but the Cabinet system had just started.

The Congress Ministry resigned in 1939 on the issue of India being made a party to World War II without being consulted. She went to jail in 1940, and then again in 1942-43. At the close of her third jail term she suffered bereavement, her husband dying in 1944.

To distract herself and to propagate the cause of Indian freedom she went to the U.S.A. on a lecture tour. She returned to India in January 1946, and became a Minister in the U.P. Government for a second time.

But provincial politics was too narrow for her, and she moved out. On the one hand she sought election to the Constituent Assembly and on the other she went to the U.N. as the leader of the Indian delegation. Her engagement at the U.N. was protracted; she was the leader in 1947, 1948, 1952, 1953 and 1964. During these years she was also ambassador to Russia (1947-49) and to the U.S.A. (1949-52).

In the first general election in 1951 she was elected to the Lok Sabha and the following year she was elected President of the U.N. General Assembly. With her polished manner, she pleased the world extremely well, and featured in most magazines and newspapers.

Between 1957 and 1961 she was High Commissioner in Britain, and in 1962-63 Governor of Mahrashtra. On her brother's death in 1964 she offered herself as a candidate for the Lok Sabha Phulpur seat Jawaharlal had graced for 17 years. She was re-elected in 1967 but the following year she resigned the seat for "personal reasons".

This reporter can recall a Press conference a few months before the 1942 movement, at which she was expressing her apprehensions of the movement, getting out of control. The details of the Press conference would be unfair to her after such a lapse of time, but the President of the Bihar Journalists Association, a man for whom I had great respect and whom even now that he is dead I revere, ordered me out of the Press conference, saying that I could not cross-examine her. Those were the days when Press conferences had just begun, the staple of journalism were statements and interviews, both questions and answers, written out by the person supposed to have been interviewed. Only authorized versions of proceedings otherwise public were allowed by non-official agencies.

The Press has travelled a long way since then, but I cannot but remember with gratitude that on the following evening at a dinner Mrs. Pandit insisted that I sit next to her.
The business of elections

The last thing that industry likes is instability. Big Business has never had it so good as in the 19 months of the Emergency. Yet, says JAYANTA SARKAR, the business community shares the country's uncertainty about the election results and is hesitant to take sides.

ONE thing that the business community in any democracy tries its best to avoid is election time is backing the wrong horse. Not only does such a decision mean losing money but, what is worse, it always means the risk of inviting an unpleasant backlash from the winners. In almost all the elections in post-Independence India, the pre-election matrix has been such that spotting the winners has by and large not proved very difficult. But this time the situation is a little more complicated.

That is not the only concern for industry today. Elections in our country are steadily becoming more and more "capital intensive." No learned student of public life has yet proved that success in the battle of the ballot is a function of the amount spent on campaigning. But, wrongly or correctly, the general impression is that "investment" of a minimum amount is a necessary, though not a sufficient, condition for being successful. On the other hand, the supply of such funds as are available for tapping is, if anything, inelastic. And the donors too are increasingly becoming more conscious of the "cost-benefit" ratio.

In the great squeeze called election fund raising, the ruling party everywhere has an edge over the opposition. Being in power gives it access to the vital control switches that regulate the tempo and direction of economic activity and, on the micro-level, the fate of individual business units. Since 100 per cent business honesty has always been a rare phenomenon and since practically every businessman has one or more skeletons in the cupboard, is it not too difficult to impress on him the advantages of having a workable understanding with the ruling party?

Since the early Gandhian days of freedom struggle in India, a money nexus had come to exist between the Congress Party and the Indian business community. The tradition has continued through all these years though the equation has tended to change over this period. Not long ago, the whole thing used to be treated with a certain amount of delicacy which the old-timers now feel is slowly being eroded. If it were a question of only making a one-time donation during the election time, it would have been different. But industry circles say that the bills keep on coming almost all the time.

One of the accepted ground rules observed by industry anywhere at the election time is to play safe. The Indian business community has, accordingly, been distributing its largesse among all the contenders parties, their shares depending on their strength and their prospects. Even if this strategy did not always help it win as many friends as it would have liked, it did at least prove useful in keeping the number of enemies. It did ensure a climate where individual members of the community could always get along without much difficulty through ad hoc arrangements to suit particular occasions as and when they arose.

There is no reason to believe that the business community would like to make any departure from this time-tested strategy this time either. Almost all the big houses are known to be backing the Congress; and only some of the medium and small units and those who had felt the crunch of the government's drive against smuggling and other economic offences might be contemplating some support to the opposition parties in a bid to settle some past scores.

But, frankly speaking, big business, and others as well, have some reservations about the opposition. The last thing that industry will like is instability. The experience of multi-party rule in some of the states during the late 1960s has not been very flattering. And industry circles will not certainly like a repetition of those sad happenings, least of all at the federal level. They might still give most of the opposition parties the benefit of the doubt that they could forge some sort of working arrangement if by a quirk of fate they are called upon to form a government at the Centre. But some of them, even then, have major reservations about at least one party—the Communist Party of India (Marxist). Perhaps sensing this feeling, spokesmen of the Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy have now put it on record that their understanding with the CPI (M) extends only up to an adjustment on seats and does not include any provision for sharing of power.

For industry, the 19 months of the Emergency have been full of experiences, most of which have been pleasing. At the national level, the government's policy showed a welcome shift towards realism. The populist slogans of the early 1970s startedgreying at the edges and it came to be realised that, in the given conditions, it was only through higher production, and not through left-of-centrism alone, could the lot of the poor or the strength of the economy be improved. On the labour front, the Emergency brought about an atmosphere to back up efforts to raise output.

For the time being, however, the business community is content with keeping a low profile. Even in the last election, members and close associates of some of the leading business houses had contested the battle of the ballot as independent candidates or as nominees of non-Congress parties. But this time hardly anyone of them is on the scene. Only one or two businessmen with Congress tickets have joined the fray. The mood in the stock markets reflects the sentiment. There is hardly any buying or selling of shares and operators are holding on to their position. They are unlikely to open up till the usual pre-budget speculation spree takes over around April, assuming that the budget will be presented by end-April or early May.
Opposition: beginning to oppose

The Congress campaign had yet to develop momentum till mid-February when our correspondents field their reports from all over the country.

ANDHRA PRADESH: Mainly old faces
(Total seats: 42)

The Congress has put up candidates for all 42 seats. The Janata Party (11 seats), the CPI(M) and the Congress for Democracy combine the Opposition. Two Union ministers, K. Brahmananda Reddy and K. Raghuramiah, one deputy minister, G. Venkatasamy, and the deputy chairman of the Rajya Sabha, Gauré Murahari are among the Congress nominees. Raghuramiah is contesting from his home constituency, Guntur, and Brahmananda Reddy from adjoining Narasaraopet. Murahari, elected to the Rajya Sabha from Uttar Pradesh, is pitted against CPI, Janata Party and CPI(M) candidates in Vijayawada, a communist stronghold. Apart from a dozen candidates, the Congress list features mainly old faces. Congress leaders say this was necessary if the party wanted to win.

Though electioneering is presently on a low-key, the trends indicate that the 1971 'Indira wave' will not repeat itself. N. Sanjeeva Reddy, G. L. T. Viswanathan, Lalitha and Konda Lakshman Babuji are considered the heavyweights among Opposition candidates. Janata Party candidate Ch gangaraya Naidu is considered a sure victor from Chittoor, where the sitting Congress MP has bowed out on health grounds. Among the new faces being fielded by the Congress are former chief minister V. Narasimha Rao and former minister, Vijayabhaskar.

I. GOWRINATH, HYDERABAD

ASSAM: Much will depend on Barooah
(Total seats: 14)

A LOOK at the lists of nominees announced by different parties in Assam for the ensuing Lok Sabha polls affirms that this time the main battle will be fought between the Congress and the Janata Party, in spite of the CPI joining the fray in three constituencies and the RCP in one. But it does not convince one that the ruling party, which is contesting all the 14 seats, will lose most of them, as predicted by its adversaries.

The Janata Party has fixed its candidates for 11 seats, and is supporting the CPI(M) in one (Silchar), and the Plains Tribal Council of Assam in another (Kokrajhar). Two days before the final date of submitting nomination papers, the Opposition was still on the look-out for a candidate for the 'ST' reserved seat in the hills, so that the Congress nominee did not go unopposed.

Unlike the ruling party's nominees, none of the Janata Party candidates is a sitting member except for M. Nurul Huda of the CPI(M), who wrested the Silchar seat from the Congress during a by-election in 1974. Eight of the Congress nominees were members of the now dissolved Lok Sabha, while the remaining six include Mr. D. K. Barooah (AIUCC President), Mr. B. C. Bhagawati (INTUC President), Mr. Locket Kumar Doley (AIFC President) and Begum Rashida Haq Choudhury (wife of the late Mr. Moineul Huq Choudhury), who will require no introduction in their respective constituencies.

Among them, it seems, only Mrs. Huq Choudhury, who is a new entrant in active politics and has been cast against a formidable rival, will have a difficult battle. Although the Janata Party hopes to have launched a political crusade against the ruling party, none of its top leaders in Assam has been pitted against Mr. Barooah, Mr. Bhagawati, or Mr. Doley. The Janata Party's State President, Mr. Golap Borbora, is contesting in his home constituency, Dibrugarh, where the Congress nominee, Mr. Haren Bhumi, has not figured in any election before. Mr. Biswa Goswami, secretary of the party, has been embroiled in settling his old scores with the Congress nominee in Barpeta, Mr. Ismail Hussain Khan, who defeated him in the same constituency during a by-election in 1975. Against Mr. Barooah in Nowgong,
for instance, the Janata Party has set up an erstwhile S.P. member, who is little known in State politics.

The most exciting battles are likely to be witnessed in the constituencies of Gauhati, Barpeta, Sylhet and Dhubri, and in Gauhati, all the three contenders are ex-members of the Loksabha returned from the same constituency at one time or another.

The triangular contest in Dhubri and the duel in Barpeta and Sylhet will settle a nagging question. That is, whether the Muslims in Assam are still behind the Congress en masse, though the two leaders, Mr. F. A. Ahmed and Mr. Momul Huq Choudhury, whom they have followed, have departed from the scene. In other words, has the minority community, most of whom live in villages, full confidence in the present State and Central Governments? And, it may be noted in this connection that in quite a few Assembly constituencies in the Assam plains, it is the Muslim votes which will clinch the issue in any general election.

Assam is likely to favour the Congress, especially on three grounds. First, a major chunk of the electorate (numbering about 72 lakhs) lives in rural areas, where the Government has implemented several radical schemes, including grants and land to the landless, house-rates to the homeless, linking every family with one co-operative society or the other, and providing assistance to the rural artisans. Second, for whatever reasons that might be, the rural people are not very familiar with the Opposition leaders. Third, few among the rural people are able to get excited by issues like democracy and dictatorship or even Emergency, which the Janata Party will use as baits to hook the votes.

GUJARAT: Youth Congress disgruntled (Total seats: 26)

The list of 26 Congress candidates from the state has left a section of party workers dissatisfied. They have already started organising secret meetings to decide their future line of action. There is every possibility of some of them joining Jagjivan Ram's party while those who had defected from the Janata Front might now join the Janata Party. The most disgruntled group is the Youth Congress, which had demanded six seats and had to be satisfied with three.

The Congress is also finding it difficult to gain the support of Muslims. The convenor of the minority cell of the Gujarat Pradesh Congress Committee, Mrs. Ayeshia Begum Sheikh, an ex-minister, has revolted and is accusing party leaders of not giving due consideration to the minority community in the selection of candidates.

The Congress list features many of the old guard and two princes. Mr. Fateh Ahmed Gaekwad is contesting from Baroda, his home constituency, while Yuvraj Rajendrasinhji will contest from Sabarkantha. Rajendrasinhji, who used to stay abroad most of the time, seems to be a weak candidate. The five sitting Congress members who will contest again include Mr. Manubhai Shah (Surendranagar), Mr. Natvarlal Patel (Mehsana), Mr. Deolal Singh Jadeja (Jamnagar) and Mr. Dharmesh Desai (an industrialist standing from Kaira), all considered strong candidates.

With the resignation of Mr. Jagjivan Ram from the Congress, Harijans in Gujarat are having second thoughts about the Congress. Because of group rivalries, Harijans, Scheduled Tribes and other backward class leaders have been neglected by the Congress.

RAMAN BHAVSAR, AHMEDABAD

PRADEEP DASGUPTA, GAUHATI

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HARYANA: Odds even in seven (Total seats: 10)

IN 1971, when the state had nine seats, seven had gone to the Congress, one to Jana Sangh, and one to the Vishal Haryana Party. One seat has been added this time. The Congress has announced its candidates for six seats. Although the Janata Party leadership has not announced the names of its candidates but from their statements the names are quite clear. The odds would be even in at least seven seats in Haryana. Congress circles claim that they will win all the ten seats but evidently this is an exaggerated claim. Even Bhawani, from where Defence Minister Bansi Lal is contesting, may prove tough for the Congress. His cousin, Mrs. Chandravati, will oppose Bansi Lal.

KERALA: EMS hopes to be third time lucky (Total seats: 20 — Lok Sabha, 140 — Assembly)

WHILE, at the time of writing, the Marxist-led Opposition alliance had yet to announce its candidates, the Congress-controlled ruling front had declared its intentions to contest all the 20 seats for the Lok Sabha on the following basis: Congress 11, CPI 4, RSP 1, Muslim League 2, and Kerala Congress 2. For the State Assembly’s 140 seats, the latest reports said that the Congress would contest 55 seats, CPI 28, Kerala Congress 25, Muslim League 16, RSP 11, and PSP 5. The Congress is expected to leave some seats for the new political parties which are the political wings of the influential Nair and Ezhava communities—the National Democratic Party and the Socialist Republican Party respectively—if they agree to stand as independents.

Though it was earlier expected that the ruling front would have an easy walk-over this time, various developments have weakened the Congress-led front. There have been defections from the front. The Muslim League, which was split over a year ago, has lost considerable influence in its stronghold as the rebel Muslim League’s have proved to be more powerful. The rebel league is already in the Marxist-led camp of Opposition parties. The Kerala Congress split on the eve of elections on the question of the choice of the party’s new chairman and nominee for membership after the death of Mr. K. M. George, founder—chairman of the party. The dissident faction led by Mr. R. Balakrishna Pillai has walked into the Marxist parlour. The PSP also had a division on the issue of seat allocation, and a section led by Mr. A. Gopala Pillai is planning to contest some seats independently this time, as the Marxist-led Opposition alliance initially did not care to accommodate the rebels. The National Democratic Party (NDP) and the Socialist Republican Party (SRP) have, of late, given up hopes of adjustments with the ruling front as these parties were keen on maintaining the individuality of the party in the elections, and rejected the idea of contesting as ‘independents.’ The entry of these parties in the election fray may prove harmful for the ruling front and the Congress in particular. The ruling front has not evolved any successful strategy to offset this factor.

The Congress for Democracy has not made any impact in Kerala, probably because Congressmen in key positions are reluctant to cross the floor; ever, the new party may get some adherents after the Congress candidates list is finalised.

The Janata Party, with which the Marxists seek alliance, is likely to emerge as a third force in state politics, though its constituents have influence only in select pockets. Though the Opposition alliance was the first to hold public meetings and to announce its decision to contest elections, the ruling front was the first to finalise its seat allocations. The first to file nominations were all “independent” candidates. The existence of splinter parties and groups constitutes a major reason for political instability in Kerala. The voters have only contempt for these small parties and “independent” candidates.

The Youth Congress has suffered a setback following Jagjivan Ram’s move. However, the Youth Congress is bound to provide a strong force of field workers for the Congress and the ruling front, and the rift in the Congress between the KPCC Chief of the Home Minister has been ironed out for the time being. All the Ministers of the coalition, except Mr. T. V. Thomas (CPI) who is seriously ill, are contesting the elections. Chief Minister Achutha Menon is contesting from a different constituency.

HIMACHAL PRADeSH: Three will be keenly fought (Total seats: 4)

The Congress has allotted tickets to three sitting members and the Simla seat to the sitting MLA, Mr. Zalim Singh, as the sitting member had died. Mr. Bir Bahadur Singh, the Union Deputy Tourism Minister is contesting from Mandi. The Janata Party will be contesting all the four seats but it has yet to announce the candidates.

The Opposition in Himachal is up against many odds. It does not have the resources—men and material—to travel long distances to inaccessible areas: something the Congress can do easily. The weather too will play a vital role as this is the most unconvivial period of the year. Many areas may be snow bound. The cold weather could make campaigning impossible. Political observers in Simla believe that the three seats of Hamirpur, Kangra and Simla will be keenly fought. The main point is that the opposition in this hill state has not let the Congress go unchallenged. If nothing, then the participation of people in the elections will at least add to their political education.

GOBIND THUKRAL, CHANDIGARH
Reportedly under pressure from his party, in spite of poor health, Mr. Jagjivan Ram is contesting for the Congress (O) from the state. His party may not allow him to contest, say reliable sources. There was a report that New Delhi had promised the chief ministership to Mr. Menon (or CPI’s nominee) for the second round in order to placate the CPI.

MADHYA PRADESH: Congress confident
(Total seats: 40)

The week following Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s resignation has brought about a qualitative change in the political scene in Madhya Pradesh. The newly-formed Janata Party has lost a chance in getting down to business. The party is displaying a rare sense of unity and organisation. Yet, there is serious doubt here where the Opposition call “Save Democracy” will click in a backward state like Madhya Pradesh where the percentage of literacy is lower than the national average.

The biggest handicap facing the Janata Party is the delay in the release of political detenues, which the party has alleged, is “deliberate.” At the time of filing the return in the second week of February, some 2,000 people, including many top leaders, continue to be in detention. Madhya Pradesh, as the Indian Express editorially noted, is the biggest offender in this respect.

But then, even otherwise this comparatively calm and quiet state is a traditional Congress stronghold. In the dissolved Lok Sabha the Congress had 21 seats. The Janata Party in the state had 11 and 2 MPs respectively. The three other MPs included the former rulers of Rewa and two of his nominees, all anti-Congress then. This time, the Congress will contest 38 of the 40 seats from the state, leaving the Gwalior and Rewa seats for the former rulers of Gwalior and Rewa respectively, with whom it has entered into an electoral alliance. This alliance, a post-emergency development, has made the Congress confident of winning the elections. Both these former ruling families, which are quite influential in the Madhya Bharat and Vindhya regions, had worked against the Congress in the last election, badly mauling it in their areas.

The Congress alliance with feudal forces has irked the CPI, a lightweight in state politics, which has decided to go it alone and contest four seats. The CPI’s move is expected to work to the advantage of the Janata Party candidates. The Congress is also beset with problems of sabotage from within. There were as many as 300 aspirants for the 40 seats and the state election committee had forwarded a panel of 175 names to Mrs. Gandhi, who was authorised to nominate the candidates. Initially it was felt that with Mrs. Gandhi in supreme command there was little to fear. But the resignation of Mr. Jagjivan Ram has weakened her hold. Those denied party tickets are now not likely to sit quietly. At least some may openly work against official nominees while others may sabotage from within. Mr. Ram’s resignation has also affected the ambition of the Young Congress leader, who had planned for as many as 15 seats at one time and hoped to get at least five—despite their being a non-entity in state politics. But they’ve been given only two seats.

N. K. SINGH, INDORE

Maharashtra: For the first time, some opposition
(Total seats: 48)

The excitement quotient is yet to find its way into the 1977 election mix. At the moment it is just an explosion of words and a babel of tongues let loose after 19 months of enforced retreat. Mr. T. Swaminathan, the chief election commissioner, was in Bombay on the first lap of his 25-day inspection tour of the various states to see that everything is going well with the Rs. 15-crore sixth general election. He gave Maharashtra a clean chit.

Two days before the last day for filing nominations, the Central Election Committee of the ruling Congress in a surprise move replaced a candidate
from Dhubia following several representations made against him. This gave the jitters to several other candidates as there were many representations against other candidates too. Mr. R. C. Anklekar has been nominated as the Congress candidate for the prestige constituency of South Bombay.

This seat had several claimants from both the Congress and Opposition. Mr. S. K. Patil, once the boss of Bombay was an “agonised” aspirant, but he was bypassed in favour of a “jail bird.” Mr. Hattangdi Rajda. In this respect, the Janata Party followed the Congress-of-old by giving priority to candidates who were jailed under the emergency. In Bombay, all but one candidate of theirs was either a member of the party or fled the country in the style of Subramaniam Swamy and Ram Jethmalani during the emergency. The final list of Congress candidates is singularly lacking in young blood, as was expected in the early stages of election manoeuvres. The Youth Congress had confidently rushed in with their demands but had to be satisfied with one seat in Aurangabad. Their President Udhav Thackeray was given a lollipop in the shape of a promised Rajya Sabha seat later. The list which should have been finalised in less than two hours took more than two weeks and even on the day before the last day for filing nominations, two seats were yet to be announced.

This is indicative of the pulls and pressures exerted by all and sundry who got a brand new lease of life after Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s resignation. According to a local evening, Mr. Rajni Patel, ex-BPCC president, rushed to Delhi with his own list on February 5 even though the BPCC list had been unanimously finalised and presented to the CEC. According to his evening sources close to Mr. Patel said that if his nominees were not selected there was a likelihood of a number of Congressmen in the city resigning from the party. Even the resignation of Mr. Patel cannot be ruled out. Since this report has never been denied even though it was carried on two successive days by other dailies, one can imagine the horse-trading that must have been rampant in Delhi. This was responsible for the immediate delay and suspension in the release of the final list of candidates for Maharashtrat’s 48 seats. Mr. Patel succeeded in getting one of his friends, Mr. Hoshing, who was never on the original list, selected.

The Congress is now gearing itself in the state for a tough fight for the first time in more than a decade. Hitherto it had always been a swift race to the wire. In the 1977 election, the Congress won all but 2 of the 45 seats and polled 63.18% of the votes. In 1987 it won 37 seats and polled 59% of the votes, even as the Congress was battered in the rest of the country. In 1985 it got 41 seats and polled 52.89% of the votes. In 1977 too it would have been the same success story, had there not been two significant developments: Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s resignation and the coming together of the Opposition parties. However, it must be said that while these two factors may play a historic role on an all-India level, the effect in Maharashtra will be relatively subdued. But even this subdued role is significant for the Maharashtra Congress because it has always been a bastion of Congress strength and stability.

The Congress list of candidates has a number of old faces which might have never seen the light of day but for the fact of Mr. Vishwanathrao Chavan’s decision following Mr. Ram’s resignation. Mr. Y. B. Chavan’s leadership in Maharashtra is undisputed, but even so before the events of February 2, overtook the ruling party, neither the Chief Minister Shankarrao Chavan would have had the final say in the selection of candidates. So now, the old faces, which are patented by Mr. Y. B. Chavan’s men, are in. They number more than 20. The new faces are mostly handpicked men of the chief minister. This has been interpreted here as signs of a struggle for leadership of the state between Mr. Y. B. Chavan and the chief minister. The chief minister does not have much support in the present state set-up either in the Assembly, or at the organisational level. Following the resignation of Mr. Ram, his position is secure and if all his men win, the power balance will certainly change in his favour should there be an Assembly election in the near future.

Other centres of dissent also plucked up courage after February 2. Amongst these were former heavyweights in the state cabinet who feel they can now demand their pound of flesh. Though they lost the first round during the selection of candidates (only one of their men, V. P. Naik was chosen), they have, in all likelihood, been promised a better future by Delhi. The Congress, being a power-based party and not cadre-based, the power groups will have to be met if they are to be kept within the fold today. Any exodus at this time would adversely affect the image of the Congress and add strength to the Opposition. The Opposition consists of the Janata Party in an alliance with the CPI(M), two factions of the RFI, the Peasants’ and Workers’ Party (PWP) and the Forward Bloc. The Janata Party has left 2 seats for the CPI, 1 for the PWP, 1 for the RPI Kamble group, 5 for the RPI Kobragad group and 4 for the Forhad Bloc. Their hopes are high. As the chairman of the state Janata Party, S. M. Joshi said, “In the previous elections there were on average four or five people contesting against a Congress candidate, this time we hope there will be only 2-5 candidates”. Even if this hope is fulfilled it is difficult to see how the Opposition can win the 15 seats it hopes to.

The Communist Party of India is the only party that is going it alone, for not even the Congress is prepared to have an alliance with it. While the Janata Party and its allies will contest all 48 seats under a collective umbrella, the CPI will contest seven. Roza Deshpande a sitting member, and daughter of CPI chairman S. A. Dange, will fight from her old constituency in Mumbai. The other seat the CPI seems confident of bagging is Nagpur, one of its strongholds. It feels its chances have been enhanced by the new Soviet-aided project there. Last week, work on Rs. 7.5 crore project of Parry’s ball bearing unit with Soviet technical collaboration was started and it is expected to provide jobs to 600 men by the time it is ready in 1978.

With their collective strength, the Opposition can well fancy itself like the biblical dimmocks, now followed who killed the giant Goliath. This adds punch to the coming fight and it will be interesting to watch the manoeuvres on both sides now that the fight is not as one sided and hopeless as it used to be in Maharashtra earlier.

OLGA TELLS, BOMBAY

23
ORISSA: Will the Opposition reach the villages? (Total seats: 21)

A GREAT majority of Orissa's twelve and odd million voters living in the villages are yet to know that in a few weeks they have to go to the polls to choose their representatives to the Lok Sabha. The remote rural areas are still free from any political noise.

The 21 seats Orissa has in the Lok Sabha include five reserved for scheduled tribes and three for scheduled castes. While the Congress will contest in all the constituencies, the Janata Party has limited its ambitions to eighteen, leaving two seats to its ally, the Congress for Democracy, and one to the CPI(M). (These figures are liable to change). The State CPI which will go it alone in the polls, will contest both the Congress and Janata candidates in five constituencies. Other parties, like the Socialist Unity Centre and the Jharkhand Party, will also field a few candidates on their own, forcing triangular or quadrangular contests in a number of seats, which the Janata Party has sought to avoid.

The Congress list has 13 members of the fifth Lok Sabha, including the Minister of State for Defence, Mr. J. B. Patnaik; three MLAs, including a State Minister, a Rajya Sabha member who is also Union Deputy Minister, and one to the CPI(M). Four ex-princes and two freshers, including the State Youth Congress President, are also in the list. The candidates of the Janata and Congress for Democracy combine include three sitting MPs—Mr. Sankar Giriraj, from Mr. V. V. Giriraj and Mr. Devendra Satpathy, husband of Mrs. Chandramohan Singh—six State legislators, including Mr. Biju Patnaik, and several former Ministers and MLAs.

Circumstances, especially in the urban areas, seem to be favourable for the Janata combine. Mr. Biju Patnaik is still the darling of the common man in the urban belt. But his sway over the tribals and the poor harijans, who constitute about 40 per cent of the electorate, is yet to be assessed.

True, there is a strong anti-Congress feeling among the articulate urban people. But this sentiment will take time to snowball into the distant villages. Time is too short for the Opposition to build up its case and whether or not the villages will receive their message before the poll day.

From this view point, the Congress is in an advantageous position. The village operators, like saukhars, moneylenders and the landed gentry are by and large with the Congress. Although they have been affected by some measures like the Land Ceiling Act, they seem to have reconciled themselves to the inevitability of such steps; whatever the political hue of the Government. They will think many times before shifting their loyalty to the Opposition. After all, a known devil is better than the unknown, they argue. Moreover, in Orissa the Janata combine consists of people belonging to the Congress for Democracy, whose bonafides are not above suspicion and whose political credibility is yet to be established.

On the other hand, there is hardly any indication that the village have-nots, who bother least about Emergency, dictatorship and democracy, have become anti-Congress overnight. With them the image of Mrs. Indira Gandhi is still brighter than that of any of the candidates.

The outcome of the elections largely depends on the popular mood prevailing at a particular point of time, and that mood usually fluctuates till the poll eve.

SUNIT GHOSH, BHUBANESWAR

PUNJAB: 11 seats could go either way (Total seats: 13)

NEARLY a dozen sitting legislators on both sides have joined the fray. The Akali Dal has brought in its top battery. Its President, Mr. Mohan Singh, will contest against Union Shipping and Transport Minister, Mr. Gurdial Singh Dhillion. The leader of the opposition in Punjab Assembly and the former Akali Chief Minister, Mr. Prakash Singh Badal, will contest from Faridkot. The Congress has not yet decided about Faridkot but will probably leave the seat for the CPI.

In at least 11 constituencies, the fight is expected to be very close and the results could be anybody's guess. Out of 13 seats in 1971, the Congress had won ten, CPI two and Akali Dal one. But today, highly placed Congress leaders privately admit the possibility of defeat in the six seats in the Malwa belt.

There is complete understanding between the Akali Dal and the Janata Party. They are well matched in terms of candidates and resources. The Harijans—traditionally block voters for the Congress—could vote differently this time and if Mr. Ram chose to address a few meetings in Punjab, the Opposition would certainly gain. However, it is also true that there is a basic hesitation among the Harijans to vote for the Akalis and the Janas.

The Congress Party is a divided house in Punjab but it does not lack resources. Some moves are afoot to bring about unity among the three warring factions led by Chief Minister Zail Singh, FPC President Mohinder Singh Gill and former Union Minister Swaran Singh.

G.T. CHANDIGARH

RAJASTHAN: Congress gains from Babuji's exit (Total seats: 25)

THIS will be the first general election in the state in which the ex-princes will be playing virtually no role. The Janata Party has decided not to issue party tickets to any of the Babuji's kin. Babuji himself has nominated only Brijraj Singh, ex-maharaja of Kotapara. The Janata Party has nominated popular figures to face known and strong Congress candidates. The ruling party will be contesting all 25 seats. The Janata Party has yet to nominate 6 candidates. Though the main rivalry is between the Congress and the Janata Party many candidates have filed nomination papers as independents. The CPI will contest three seats.

The announcement of the names of all the 25 Congress candidates has met with a mixed reaction in party circles here. From the voters' point of view there are only three new faces in the list. Of the 15 Congress MPs of the dissolved Lok Sabha, 11 have been given tickets again. Most of them have completed two terms. Amrit Nahata, Congress MP in the dissolved Lok Sabha, has joined the Janata Party. Two Rajasthan ministers, three ex-ministers and three sitting Congress MLAs have been given party tickets. Dr. K. L. Shirimali's candiature from Udaipur has come as a surprise to the party circles. They point out that though Dr. Shirimali's image as an eminent educationist is unquestionable, he has been out of active Congress politics for more than 12 years. Dr. Shirimali is presently vice-chancellor of Benaras Hindu University.

Though the Janata Party has not yet declared its full list of candidates, the present indications are that the ruling party will capture more than half the number of seats. Jagjivan Ram's exit from the Con-
left the party. Mr. Sarkar is now contesting his old seat Joynagar (SC) with CPI(M)’s support. Mr. Hansda will contest the official Congress candidate, Mr. Amiya Kisku in Jhargram (ST). Mr. Tarun Kanti Ghosh, huffed, and then gave enough indications that he would be setting up candidates in his own political backyard—Dum Dum and Barasat, the two seats which have been given to the CPI. But after his return fromRangpur, he has mumbled into silence for the CPI. His political aides however have selected two of his old faithfuls, Mr. Shyamal Chatterjee and Mr. Rajyamath Ghosh as candidates for Barasat and Dum Dum.

Mr Prafulla Kanti Ghosh and Mr Lakshmikant Bose have not reacted in public. But the grapevine says that candidates are being set up in Asansol, Raiganj, Krishnagar, Malda, Danapur, Harbour, Jadavpur etc. Malda is specially significant because Union Minister Fronab Mukherjee is contesting from there.

Another interesting development in the Congress this time, is that—as was witnessed in 1987—it is almost a free for all. Various factions are sparing no efforts and professing no secrecy in trying to put other groups into trouble. In the Jadavpur constituency where the youth leader, Mr Priya Das Munshi, is the sitting MP. The seat, otherwise considered safe for Mr Das Munshi, is not so safe this year, as Mr Panikey Chatterjee, known as a lieutenant of Mr Barkat Ghan, has entered the fray as an independent. The list could be detailed and extended, but we will refrain from that. It is now evident that at least 18 powerful independents with sizable political support are running against Congress candidates in as many constituencies. The FCC president, Mr. Arun Moitra, has so far outjumped the imperatives, but he has taken no action.

The CPI, which bargained for 8 seats from the Congress, now faces trouble in its own rank and file. The Biswanath Mukherjee group, which is considered a militant group in CPI’s vocabulary, is not happy about the alliance with the Congress. It is certain that the Mukherjee group will work only for Mr Narayan Choube (Kharagpur) and Mr Durga Banerjee (Birbhum). Mr Hiren Mukherjee, who is contesting from his old constituency (Calcutta North-East), and Mr Ishwraj Gupta from a new one—Jadavpur—will definitely find the party cadres hostile.

In the Janata-CPI(M) camp, the socialists are not happy over their exclusion from Dum Dum and Raiganj seats. Similarly, the Congress(S) does not like the way it was omitted from the contesting list by the Forward Bloc, which in turn is sore over the campaign against its candidate, Mr. Nirmal Bose in Jalpaiguri. The Jana Sangh is licking its wound after the unceremonious way its candidate was ditched in Calcutta North-East to accommodate the CFD leader, Mr. Bejoy Singh Nahar. These friction will no doubt have their influence in the poll outcome. In the CPI(M) there isn’t much internal dissent over allotment of seats but the party is seriously handicapped in Burdwan and 24-Parganas where many of its cadres still cannot work. In the Janata-CPI(M) camp, the CPI(M) and its allies in the RSP and Forward Bloc have got the lion’s share of 27 seats. The Janata Party may have difficulties in campaigning since its main leaders, Mr Prafulla Sen, Dr P. C. Chunder, Mr Samir Ghosh and Mr Sushil Dhara themselves are candidates. CPI(M) has not nominated its major leaders like Mr Jyoti Basu or Mr Promode Dasgupta, keeping them free for campaigning. Political observers feel that the CPI(M) may not be able to repeat its 1971 performance of winning 20 seats from West Bengal, but it will no doubt reap a rich harvest.

PRASENJIT GANGULY, JAIPUR

WEST BENGAL: Free for all
(Total seats : 42)

The decks are clear for the Lok Sabha polls in West Bengal. The two main fronts—the Congress-CPI combine, and the Janata-CPI(M) and Congress for Democracy—are inching towards the confrontation scheduled on March 18. But it is not yet certain that the outcome of the elections in many of the 42 constituencies will be decided by the independents, mainly set up by disgruntled elements in the Congress. Chief Minister S.S. Ray knows of it, and he is trying to dislodge the hotheads from fighting each other. The two broad political alliances, and the so-called polarisation of forces are more apparent than real.

The Congress is contesting 34 seats. Nominations have been given to 11 of the 13 sitting MPs, and the remaining 23 seats have been allotted among various Congress factions and groups. In the melee, none of the candidates put forward by Mr. Tarun Kanti Ghosh, an important member of the Ray cabinet, Mr. Prafulla Kanti Ghosh, Tarunbabu’s cousin and a maverick in State politics, and Mr. Lakshmikant Bose, prominent labour leader and a prop for the Chief Minister, have got nominations. At the same time the D.F. Chattopadhyaya-Priya Das Munshi group, and the various assorted elements, popularly known as Barkat Ghan group, have been handsomely represented in the nomination list.

Immediately the Congress nomination list was known, two sitting MPs, Mr. Sakli Sarkar and Mr. Subodh Hansda, who did not get the nominations,....
Must aircraft crash?

An air crash is always terrible because of the large number of casualties involved. PRITHWIRAJ ROY analyses the methods of training now used in India to avoid crashes. Is it finally the human factor that is important?

MODERN warfare depends a great deal on science and technology. A nation’s victory has much to do with the degree of sophistication of its weapons. Yet human skill remains central to martial success—whether it is a submarine missile, jet aircraft or a tank, the human behind the machine is the more important factor. And it is also he who can jet his country down, the failures being due to numerous causes, not the least of which are psychological.

Consider the case of the individual who goes up in the air to engage himself in what is known as the ‘dog fight’. He is the hero of the skies, showered with applause when he returns to the base after a successful sortie. But few can imagine the tremendous mental strain which he undergoes during a flight, the psychological implications of which constitute the built-in hazards of military aviation that lead to fatal accidents. A pilot too is human and prone to err.

Mr. W. N. Deshmukh and Mr. M. S. Prakash Rao, both Principal Scientific Officers of the Directorate of Flight Safety, Air Headquarters, New Delhi, have been doing work on the possible psychological origins of pilot-error accidents. Mr. Deshmukh told this writer that the majority, however, are not made from cases of wartime casualties but from peace-time flying mishaps, i.e., those that have occurred during the continuous preparation throughout the year that a country’s Air Force undergoes in the shape of training, practice and fighting. In fact, the investigation findings are that in actual answer of the pilots taking place in actual battle is not feasible. But the peacetime accidents are fair indications of the type of the accidents which may occur during war.

There is a basic distinction between civil and military aviation. The former signifies travel, the aim being transportation of freight and passengers with maximum safety over pre-scheduled routes. In the latter, the aircraft is primarily a weapon with attendant implications. The objective is to accomplish the assigned mission with minimum loss of men and material. Even transport flying during a war is more risky than civil flights in that it involves, in face of the enemy opposition in hostile environment, flying of loads to remote air strips to supply the forward lines and executing paratroops over inhospitable terrain.

Let us now visualize a fighter pilot waiting for the signal to take off. There he is, the sole actor in the drama, in a single-seated supersonic high performance aircraft which is capable, first, of attaining hourly speeds between 350 km to 2200 km and, second, of operating from sea level up to an altitude of 20 km. He is wearing a cumbersome pressure suit and an oxygen mask. The cockpit is small, fitted with a vast array of displays and equipment. Next, since the weight factor is crucial, only the essentials must be loaded and so air-conditioning is minimal. It follows that the cockpit can turn hot or cold depending on the height at which the jet is flying. There is little premontion because of the accepted risk of bullet holes through the cockpit. The fighter-bomber has only one engine and its failure during flight, owing to manoeuvres when the airframe is subjected to harsher use than a civil aircraft, can be disastrous. Against this backdrop, let us list the responsibilities of the pilot: flying, navigation, radio communication, operating the weapons system, looking around, aerial photography, dealing with the enemy on ground or air and tackling in-flight emergencies. No sweet proposition, this.

Accidents

Accidents arising out of mistakes made by a pilot cannot, therefore, be ruled out. The causes can be classified into three types: (1) human error of the individual pilot, (2) inherent psychological limitations of human beings and (3) influence of circumstantial factors. The inadequacies are those of skill, motivation, attitude towards flying, discipline and capacity to withstand stress. The skill of a pilot, in turn, depends on his aptitude, training and experience. On the aptitude score alone, however, a pilot is rarely below standard because a rigorous screening process ensures that only those having the basic potentials are selected. Then comes training, a strategic stage in the formative period of a pilot’s aviation abilities and the relevant psychology.

The training to be effective, must be evenly spaced out and imparted in graded steps so that a pupil can develop his skill with ease and confidence, continuity in flying practice is necessary for consolidation of the techniques learnt. And it is vital that there should be excellent teacher-student relationship. An instructor must ensure that his student gets rid of wrong action patterns at the very earliest and ‘overlearns’—to the point of automation—the correct patterns which will stand him good stead during emergency situations. ‘Regression’ to previous faulty methods in moments of trial has caused many an accident.

About experience. Learning to fly is akin to learning any psychometric skill and is subject to all laws of such learning. As the learning process progresses, so also experience and accident liability decreases proportionately. Studies have shown that accident rate falls with rising total flying experience. However, in many cases, accidents have been more directly related to experience on a particular type of aircraft—the probability of a mishap being dependent on the degree of speed and accuracy with which a pilot adapts himself to the peculiarities of ‘A’ plane to which he has been transferred from ‘A’ plane that he has been flying so far. Hence, specific flying experience is a more relevant clause than general flying experience. Another important aspect is the rightness of experience. A pilot need to be continuously in touch with the aircraft. Where it has not been, refresher or re-qualification courses are given to refresh memories with the cockpit layout and the systems and to revive the unused sensory-motor linkages that form the basis of flying skill. An investigative study (by Zeller, 1967) finds that accident rate declines with ‘current’ flying
flying discipline and observance of the latter signifies good airmanship. Accidents have resulted from the breach of these two facets, such as slipshod checks, haphazard flight plans, negligence in cockpit drills or, more importantly, unauthorised low and stunt flying (more hazardous because of air turbulence, bird hazards, small arms fire or blurred view of things due to high-speed flying close to the ground) and ignoring the aircraft beyond its specified limits, the limits of his own ability and the limits of the briefing given to him.

These breaches occur due to wrong attitudes to safety and discipline. Some of the attitudes are of general nature, some of them specific and developed under a given set of circumstances. A pilot's casualness may be a personality trait. Or he may be negligent before or during a mission, because, say, he has flown a large number of hours on a particular type of aircraft—thereby gaining sufficient experience—and so feels he can afford to be complacent. There can be several fundamental psychological factors which lead to the formation of such faulty attitudes. They are, first, a failure to appreciate the possible consequences of one's own errors or want of intelligent understanding of a situation's probabilities, second, a tendency to impress others by a show of confidence and grandiosity and getting involved in dangerous situations in the process, and third, a misplaced belief that a demonstration of heroism is imperative as proof of combat potential. This indicates, on the part of the pilot, incompetence to judge what constitutes danger. In the aviation world, adventurism is laudable only within the framework of the assigned task.

Among other typical weaknesses are reluctance to go through the meticulous details of routine safety drill (perhaps because of too much faith in one's knowledge) and a temptation to take a short-cut to execute a task even if the path is dangerous or improper or vague instructions by the authorities may also influence the attitude of a fighter pilot.

Motivation, however, is a more primary component of the pilot's psyche. This is the major thrust behind choosing the military profession. Ideally, a sense of self-fulfilment should be the main driving force. But the more common factors happen to be the lure of a well-paid career, scope of adventure mastery over a sophisticated art and social approbation. Hence, conditions of demotivation later may be harmful. Those emerge when a pilot develops an aversion to a particular type of flying or there is a setback in career. Also, frustrations arise out of conflict between personal preferences and the given piece of work and lead to mental disturbances of which the pilot himself be even aware. This in its turn brings in loss of zest for flying and reduced receptivity to instructions, affecting airmanship and eventually leading to accidents. Then an element of self-destructive behaviour has also been detected as having caused air crashes (P.V.Seigel and R.Y. Yanowitch, New Techniques of Accident Investigation—paper presented at the 22nd International Congress of Aviation and Space Medicine, Berlin, Oct 7 to Oct 11, 1974). Its origin is traced to psycho-sociological antecedents like broken homes, disrupted married life or financial bankruptcy. A pilot thus affected is, in critical moments, likely to be possessed by a kind of death wish. On the other hand, overmotivation, i.e., overambition to distinguish oneself, too, has proved to be unsafe. It generates disorganized behaviour and tense conditions culminating in rigidity in action and perception. Experienced pilots have made mistakes on check flights observed by their superiors.

'Leave emotions behind before entering cockpit' is the unwritten code of conduct for pilots. Emotion (fear, anger, worry and despondency) is a stirred-up state of organism and a definite flying hazard. It clouds reasoning, hampers rational decisions and affects

Attitudes

Attitudes play an important part in shaping a pilot's psychology. Every Air Force prescribes its do's and don'ts, either as mandatory orders or as advisory instructions, to be followed by the pilot at his discretion. Compliance with orders constitutes

experience and lack of it is more pronounced in cases of pilots with lower total experience.

An instructor with trainee pilot

Thumbs up!
skill. A military pilot, therefore, must possess mental stability, evenness of mood and the capacity to remain calm under stress. An upset emotion creates panic and confusion during trouble and the pilot makes fatal errors.

Other limitations

Apart from individual factors, a pilot's mistakes result from limitations that every flesh is heir to. These are human susceptibilities to errors of perception, decision-making, attention, memory and habit interference.

The word 'perception' when used in relation to skilled performance, means receiving a certain sensation, its interpretation or translation into action. But perception itself is governed by the limitations of human sense organs, illusions and other errors.

The sense organs, in this case, is the eyes. Eyes take time to adapt themselves from near vision to distant vision and the longer it is, the worse. A pilot's vision should be perfect. Illusions are found to occur mostly during landing, and sometimes in flight, especially at night. Examples of runway naps that the pilot is accustomed to may appear farther away than it actually is, and the pilot may take a steep approach and touch down earlier than the intended point. The greatest danger at night, as also flying in clouds, is spatial disorientation—a kind of misleading bodily feeling of direction or movement. Instance: a fighter aircraft, flying without visual cues outside the cockpit, can assume an unusual altitude without the pilot knowing it unless he is following the instruments closely. If this happens at a height of 10,000 feet, the pilot has 20 seconds for recovery before the jet hits the ground.

There are also many situations when a pilot, who is not in sufficient visual contact with the outside world, experiences illusory feelings: leading to disorientation. The only way to safeguard against these illusions is to trust the instruments and learn to ignore bodily feelings completely.

Accidents also take place following wrong decisions taken in emergency. A decision flows from the pilot's appraisal; of the situation followed by a subjective estimate of the probable outcome of the alternatives open to him. A faulty analysis leads to incorrect action. The moment in taking decision is also vital since a right but delayed decision is as disastrous as a wrong decision. Closely connected with it is another causative factor—attention, a deviation from which can spell danger. It may be inattention: lack of attention to the job on hand: meaning undue concentration on one particular aspect; or fascination, which signifies a state of narrowed attention associated with excessive concentration on some task, resulting in loss of voluntary control over responses. These lapses may be due to mental preoccupation with irrelevant matters: the pilot may be caught pondering over some past or anticipated future. Sudden distraction to an impingement of extraneous objects, strong emotions or a physical strain can serve as other reasons. For avoiding such pitfalls, what is needed is training for purposeful and systematic attention, the pilot must know what to notice when and with what priority in different situations.

Habit formation, born out of repeated performance of action patterns, is a further obstacle. While an instructor can be consulted by an aircraft over a period becomes an asset leading to performances guided almost by intuition, it may also become too rigid a pattern of behaviour to allow quick and revolutionary changes in responses in moments of stress. Habits formed in flying a particular type of aircraft may interfere with work when the pilot is transferred to another type—an unconscious return to old habits during crisis has led to accidents. Aircraft vary in many ways, like the fuel tank selector position differs from one type to another, and so vigilance against habit interference during conversion, training and long after transition is indispensable.

Memory

Lastly, the question of memory. A pilot should remember several things to be done at the moment and in right sequence. An average human memory is unreliable, the pilot may forget many essential things at crucial moment(s). The failures have been attributed to careless bent of mind, not going through checks because of excessive reliance on memory, faulty learnings or insufficient exercise of well-learnt matter. Most obvious things are liable to be forgotten at the hour of danger—an experienced pilot forgot to jettison the canopy of his jet fighter before ejecting from it in flight. Also, disturbances in familiar routine courses have led to memory failures. And there is the 'repetitive hypnosis': some things are perpetuated so often during a short span of time that one tends to 'remember vividly' having done them although actually he may have missed them in the action sequence.

The role of circumstantial factors in military aviation accidents is not very apparent but actually significant. This can be examined under two heads—flying fatigue and human engineering deficiencies. Investigations have revealed that air fatigue is a feeling of tiredness owing to continuous physical or mental activity (these two act in combination in military flying), involves a condition of diminished capacity for doing a particular work and that rest and relaxation can remove the temporary weariness and incapacity. Flying fatigue, a potent cause of accidents during World War II when the pilots were required to fly day in day out, is, however, of two types: transient, which results from continuous flying for several hours in a single mission or successive missions, and chronic: a more deep-seated phenomenon occurring due to prolonged flying under hazardous operational conditions. The Cambridge Cockpit Studies (D. R. Davis—Pilot Error H. M. Stationery Office, London, 1948) mentions symptoms of transient fatigue which appear early during a sortie and become pronounced gradually. These are increased ruggedness in timing of action, enhanced awareness of bodily discomforts, misjudgment of physical dimensions, narrowing of attention and loss of patience. What is most dangerous is that the pilot may not himself realize the symptoms.

The human engineering deficiencies (H. E. D.) are important inasmuch as they predispose the pilot to error. Much emphasis is nowadays placed on human engineering of cockpit, because wrong operations of a switch in the control room can be potentially as disastrous as in the aircraft. There are many instruments and dials inside a cockpit which are far from satisfactory. The altimeter is a badly designed dial— misreadings have been responsible for several mishaps. An altitude indication of 3,000 feet was in one case misread as 13,000 feet, and several pilots flying indicators in some aircraft are placed obscurely. Some dials look similar and can be mistaken one for the other. Switches controlling different functions may be juxtaposed and in a hurry the pilot operates the wrong one.

The aim of human engineering of cockpit is to reduce chances of pilot error. Therefore, H. E. specialists should be consulted with the aircraft manufacturer in matters of layout. In the West, efforts have lately been made to provide information to the pilot by the head-up display (H. U. D.) system in which the required information for steering the aircraft is projected in an integrated form on to the windscreen by a special method.
Bengal’s triple defiance

Muslim Politics in Bengal 1937-1947—By Sheila Sen: Impex India, Rs. 65.

ALMOST a day 70 years ago, the Muslim League was formed in Bengal. The protagonists of the move were also Bengalis, Nawab Salimullah of Dacca and Syed Nawab Ali Choudhury of Mymensingh. Both were staunch supporters of Lord Curzon’s proposal for partition of Bengal, and at the inaugural meeting of the League, held at Dacca, a resolution was passed declaring that the partition was sure to prove beneficial to the Mohammedan community which constituted the majority of the province and that all methods of agitation should be strongly condemned and discouraged.

The resolution marked a signal triumph of Curzon’s policy to drive a permanent wedge between the Hindus and the Muslims of Bengal to bolster the nationalist movement whose centre the province had become. The scheme of partition finally affected Bombay and Bengal presidencies, the two home provinces of militant nationalism: Certain Marathi-speaking areas were transferred to the Central Provinces to disperse the Marathas in two separate administrative areas. The aim in Bengal was more sinister; it was to divide the Bengali race not merely zonally but also on the basis of religion.

Nawab Salimullah of Dacca, members of whose family were to play an important role in Bengal politics till the birth of Pakistan, was a late convert to Curzon’s scheme. In the beginning, he was as vehement a critic of partition as any Hindu landlord; he had characterised the scheme as a “hateful” one. The Hindu-Muslim unity at all levels in the first phase of the anti-partition struggle was unique in some respects. M. N. Roy has said that despite all another rivalry Hindu and Muslim zamindars had joined hands, because partition would have annulled the permanent settlement.

Curzon undertook a tour of eastern Bengal to convince the Muslim leaders of the benefits that would accrue to their community from partition. A separate administration under a Lieutenant-Governor and a separate legislature were tempting baits. To Nawab Salimullah he offered something more. The Nawab was sold on the scheme only when Curzon offered him a loan of £100,000 from the public exchequer. How and why the partition was annulled is a different story, maybe a useless story, now, for under the Independence Act of 1947, Bengal has been divided almost on the same lines as those of the partition of Bengal in 1905. The last laugh was Curzon’s for decades later.

The two communities steadily drifted apart in these four decades. The estrangement was rapid in the decade just preceding independence; the reasons for the estrangement are the theme of Sheila Sen’s book. The decade begins with the first general election under the Government of India Act which underscored that the Muslim peasants of Bengal had not till then confidently identified their interest with that of the Muslim zamindars who dominated the Muslim League. The Krishak Praja Party’s slogan of dal bhat caught on more than the League’s slogan of Muslim unity. The KPP polled 31.51 per cent of the Muslim vote while the League got 27.10 per cent. Neither the Muslim League nor the KPP was in a position to form the Ministry. Ms Sen records that the refusal of the Congress to extend its active or tacit support compelled the leader of the KPP to join hands with the Muslim League which paved the way for the latter’s ascendancy in Bengal. Congress-KPP negotiations broke down because the KPP refused to give precedence to political prisoners’ release over legislation beneficial to peasants. Another reason is said to be Fazlul Huq’s insistence on inclusion of Nalini Ranjan Sarker in the Cabinet. The Congress would not touch Sarker, once a leading Congressman, with a bargepole. Ironically, Sarker became a Minister in the B. C. Roy Cabinet after independence and was for some time, acting Chief Minister of West Bengal. The Congress policy ultimately forced Hug to the conclusion that to save his chief ministership it was necessary to join the Muslim League and to propitiate the League it was necessary to arouse communal, i.e., anti-Hindu passions.

Fazlul Huq’s relations with the League had always been uneasy. He was a reluctant League, maybe because the League was dominated by urban Muslim leaders of Hindu-majority states of India. Huq was neither. He had a rural base which he made his position on the leadership level even in the League in united Bengal difficult. In the first general election in East Pakistan, it was he who would lead the alliance that trounced the Muslim League.

It was not Fazlul Huq, however, who was the Muslim protagonist of the last great attempt of Bengalis to prevent vissus of the province. The credit goes to Suhrwardy, the last Chief Minister of undivided Bengal, who was supported to the hilt by Abul Hashim, then secretary of the Muslim League in Bengal. Both were from districts which now form part of West Bengal. That might have helped them to realize the uselessness of partition as a solvent of the minority problem and made them pit themselves against the urban Muslim leaders of Eastern Bengal who were, as in 1905, all for partition. The Congress protagonists of the infructuous move were Sarat Chandra Bose and Kirit Shankar Roy. Central leaders of both parties frowned upon the move, and New Delhi’s whip frustrated their bid for a united sovereign Bengal. The move was a daring act of defiance, and the parleys were naturally conducted in secrecy. When it failed, even the protagonists, except for Bose, wanted it to be totally forgotten so that they might rehabilitate themselves in the new politics of the sub-continent. Little is, therefore, known of Bengal’s triple defiance of the Raj, the Congress and the Muslim League in the twilight period preceding independence. Ms. Sen’s research into this glorious failure has enriched her book.

H. S. Suhrwardy
SPORTS

Lighting up the game

Floodlight football made its debut in Calcutta, the "home" of Indian soccer, earlier this month. Despite initial drawbacks and criticism, says CHUNI GOSWAMI, this is a welcome move which will certainly serve to improve the standard of the game in the city.

A NEW ERA in Calcutta sports history began with the introduction of floodlit football on the Mohun Bagan ground, and February 10 will forever remain a red-letter day in the annals of Bengal sport — for on that day the inaugural match under floodlights, between Mohun Bagan and the Pakhtakor team from Tashkent in the U.S.S.R., was played. The floodlighting facility is a gift from the Indian Chamber of Commerce, and their initiative in rendering such valuable assistance to the cause of sport is indeed laudable. The Chambers had hitherto been serving society in a set pattern and this new role in launching a project for the benefit of football is certainly a departure from their age-old activities. Calcutta is the nursery of Indian football and since the game enjoys a special place in the hearts of Calcuttans, the Chamber's move has been highly appreciated by the city's soccer lovers.

Incidentally, floodlit football in Calcutta has not come too early. Way back in 1956, we had the opportunity of playing under floodlights in Singapore and other places, although soccer under lights has come to India only recently. Kerala hosted the National Football Championship under floodlights at Ernakulam in 1973 and in Kozhikode in 1975, while Bombay has been staging Rover Cup matches in the evenings for a few years now. Nevertheless, it is a matter of pride that Calcutta, too, now has this facility.

The well-known firm of Philips India Limited was entrusted with the responsibility of implementing this project and it is understood that the entire scheme has been executed with indigenous materials and components. I gather that three hundred and sixty 1,000-watt Quartz Halogen lamps filled with specially-designed narrow beam floodlighting luminaries are mounted on the four 32-metre-high main towers. Each tower, carrying ninety luminaries, contributes towards achieving more than 380 lux of illumination on the playing area — thus conforming to international standards of outdoor sports lighting.

Without going deep into the technical details, I feel that the floodlighting on the Mohun Bagan ground is quite adequate and there should not be any difficulty for the players to adjust to the conditions. Initially, there will always be some slight controversy over the sufficiency or insufficiency of the lighting. It has been found that to start with people are always sceptical about any new thing — and the
lighting arrangements on the Mohun Bagan ground is no exception. I believe that what is necessary in accepting this new facility for playing soccer is a changed mental approach. Needless to say, floodlight arrangements cannot be compared with sunlight. But then, why play under lights at all? Is it to create a "fairyland" atmosphere, or just for the sake of decoration? Of course, it is neither of these two reasons: Football under floodlights has some distinct advantages.

Ours is a tropical country and normally football matches are played in the summer when the temperature is around 40 degrees Centigrade. This, surely, is not the ideal climate for playing soccer. Thus it is only natural that football players will exhaust themselves too soon and, in the process, retain their strength and stamina for an extended period becomes difficult. On the other hand, soccer under floodlights is conducive to good and fast football as the atmosphere is cooler in the evening and the players have greater energy and stamina. This clear improvement in the "energy position" being a direct result of floodlit football, the facility automatically serves to improve the standard of soccer.

It is worth mentioning here that in the recently-concluded series of exhibition matches against the very fit team from the Soviet Union, the performances of the local players were excellent insofar as stamina and energy were concerned. Never for a moment did the local players give an impression of being tired in the entire 90 minutes of play. This was unthinkable in the past — and I am sure that the improvement was due to the fact that the football was played under cooler conditions.

If football is played after working hours, in the evenings, it will again be a great advantage to those soccer-lovers who cannot get away from their offices before the scheduled closing-time. The football spectators can thus be in a position to attend office for the full quota of hours and then go at their leisure to witness the matches. This is important for a developing country like ours, where we can hardly afford to lose any man-hours. Incidentally, it is because of its time-consuming nature that the game of cricket, despite all its charms, has not been accepted by most of the countries of the world.

In addition to these advantages the IFA will now have more time to complete the Calcutta League, with more matches being possible per week — thanks to the floodlighting. Of course, despite all these advantages, there could initially be some drawbacks in having matches in the evenings — especially from the security point of view. There should be complete and adequate seating arrangements in the galleries, the exit routes should be well-illuminated, and there should also be proper transport facilities available to provide conveyance to the home-bound spectators immediately the matches are over in late evening. These are all things which will initially appear to be handicaps — but they can all surely be overcome soon. This new facility of floodlighting must be welcomed as a move in the right direction.
CINEMA

'Why do you make films?'

A CROSS-SECTION of Indian film-makers, representative of every existing order of film-making (from the commercial extremists to the ultra-individualistic) were asked just one, imperative question: "Why do you make films?"

The idea behind this surprise "attack" was to catch each one of these men off-guard, alone, away from the razzle-dazzle of the show world: An attempt to elicit from our more successful directors their spontaneous reaction to this chosen vocation, to evaluate their cinema-faculty.

The answers display varying degrees of evasion and defensiveness, not unmixed with honesty. A certain note of caution is discernible: In the inevitable gap between the charging of the question and the arrival of the reply, some tried to take stock of the situation. A few reacted as if to an affront.

This random survey is also an excellent study in comparison—especially when we compare the tentative remarks of today's film-makers with a veteran like Debaki Bose who had said:

"Isn't dreaming the same as film-making?"

or to what that great humanist among film-makers, Akira Kurosawa, recently said:

"People all over the world seem intent on creating unhappiness for themselves. Man has the right to be happier than he is—that's the message I have been trying to convey through my works."

Basu Bhattacharya : The century of cinema

number of people to talk to. That is precisely why I have rushed into film-making. Film, as I see it today, is a continuously growing medium and I am here in films, making every effort to keep pace with its growth."

Pramode Chakravarty : "To make a living... To make a decent living. On second thoughts, he said: "To give my staff a decent living, on equal status."

Rajinder Singh Bedi : "I would like to write novels and plays—but they do not bring adequate return. Failing that I make films, which reach more people—even the uneducated who do not read my works. Film is thus another form of expression."

Ramanand Sagar : "Kala ke saat me" ("In the service of Art.")

Sakti Samanta : "It started as a hobby: Now it is my business."

Shukdev : "Firstly to earn my living; secondly, there is nothing else I can do."

Shyam Benegal asked back : "Why do you live?"

Vijay Anand chuckled : "Just for the heck of it!"

Yash Chopra : "Because I do not want to do anything else."

RINKI BHATTACHARYA

Gulzar : Fuller expression

B. R. Chopra : "A very vague question. Why does one go into anything—a very long story for me."

B. R. Ishaq : "That is asking me why I live!"

Basu Bhattacharya : "I am a man of this century and cinema is the medium of the century."

Basu Chatterjee : "Because I feel like making them."

Girish Vaidya : "Because I love making them."

Shyam Benegal : Reason for living

Gulzar : "To express myself fully, which I cannot do in poetry or literature."

Hrishikesh Mukherji : "Why? Well, because it is both my hobby and my profession."

Mimul Sen : "All my life I have been a talkie—taking part in private sessions, talking my mind and, in the process, continuously growing and living dangerously young even at my age. Film, I discovered, is a wider area where I get a larger
HER friends insist that Anju has become a lot quieter and sober, and they put it down to her hubby Imtiaz's influence. The other day, on the road opposite Mehboob studio (where they live), a red MG sports car stood parked with its bonnet open and the tail figure of Imtiaz bent over like an ostrich, pecking at the engine with a couple of mechanics. I pulled over, next to his massive back (over which his T-shirt had climbed back), and asked where his Begum was. He turned and gave one of his lazy looks and drawled, "Oh, she's upstairs, sleeping W-e-l-l, that was Mahendra alright—it was nearing noon, which is about the time she would get up in her matts, too. She hasn't changed much in that sphere, no matter how early her hubby gets up!

THERE is one relationship which is purely platonic and which has remained so over the years. And that is between Sanjeev Kumar and his co-star of long ago, Zaheeda. When they were working together in 'Anokhi Raat', Sanjeev used to be real shy and withdraw into his shell, maybe awed by the overbearing personality of Zaheeda. The man had only to discover that Zaheeda's mom is about the most fantastic cook in Bombay, and the ice was broken. From then on it's steadily been like this whenever he was passing by Marine Drive, he would make a meal halt at the Husain's and fill Zaheeda's mom's heart with pleasure, polishing off her dekhis. Recently, however, because of his heart-attack and its related restrictions, Sanjeev had been avoiding the place. Then, one Sunday, when he called up Zaheeda and complimented she hadn't invited him for a meal for a long while, she said she didn't know he could eat normally. He gave his order for paya and kabab and mini-potatoes, and Zaheeda spent her Sunday helping her mamma in the kitchen for the king's feast. The king came for dinner alright, and also brought his little nephew, whom he dotes on. Pitli Zaheeda could not keep him company in eating—she had just had her tonsils out!

Sanjeev Kumar: Tucking in again

AT THE all the ballyhoo about "Imaan Dharam", the film hasn't taken off at all! Even a film like "Adalat" and Dev Anand's "Bullet" were preferred to the general confusion that is "Imaan Dharam". Shows that even multi-cast films and what's more, Salim-Javed's films, can be cast out if the stars can win one-upmanship over the masses. And no amount of ad-publicity will change the fact

Zaheeda: Helping in the kitchen

The best part of the week I got to meet Mumtaz during what appears to be her last visit to Bombay before she goes in to have her baby, at the end of April. And was she looking gorgeous! With blood-streams, brightening her thick hair, and apple-red tints on her marble-white face, she looked like some blue-blood Persian Motherhood suits her very well. There is this super-fab duplex-apartment she has bought facing the sea, on the eighteenth floor. The decor is very classy and each little objet d'art I picked up to admire turned out to be Indian. There is nothing imported in her house, even the fridge and utensils are desi, Mumtaz-Mayur are sure lucky to have picked up marble and rose-wood and bronze pieces which are so rare you begin to wonder which part of the world they must come from. Mumtaz has become very domesticated indeed, taking phone-call messages for one of her six-in-laws, cooking her special dish for Mayur who was coming home for lunch, and supervising the flower-arrangement on the dining-table and bar. And learning all she can about babies and diet for pregnant women. She looked fetching in an attractive kaftan which she says is her favourite dress these days. She was living on juices and salt-free, boiled food, as her doctors had advised. The baby, she said, will have its birth in London, and her aunt and sister Mallika were accompanying her back for the two-month wait. Talking of ailments, she said, everything unusual happens to her—first she had had a tubal pregnancy, which had to be terminated and now, whenever anything was ok, she went through a severe bout of food-poisoning and of all the things, chicken-pox! This latter she acquired in Mombasa—there is even a mark on her flawless face. She said old friends like O P Rajan and Yash Chopra had visited her once, and her contact with the film-world is becoming less and less. She doesn't visit anyone for she thinks they are busy working while she is bekaar "Why thrust my bekaar on them, and I'd be foolish to expect them to make time out for me." She has never been more content in her life, she said, squashing rumours about a possible comeback.

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IT is very seldom that a member-country of the European Economic Community (better known as the Common Market) denies entry to the citizen of another—so when this does happen both the reason and the decision itself can be taken to be of much importance. Earlier this month, the controversial Danish film-maker, Jens Jørgen Thorson, flew in from Copenhagen to London but at Heathrow airport he was informed of a governmental ban on his entry to the U.K. because he carried with him the script of the film he plans to make on the sex life of Jesus Christ. His exclusion was described in an official statement as being “conducive to the public good.” The stocky, bearded Dane was questioned for over five hours by immigration officers at the airport regarding his “intentions.” Before boarding a plane for Copenhagen, Mr. Thorson remarked that he had been deported because he had given him the script of a second film on Jesus’s private life, “Jesus Returns.” Meanwhile, a Buckingham Palace spokesman, commenting on the Britons’ reaction to Mr. Thorson’s proposal to make his film in England, said: “Her Majesty finds this proposal quite as obnoxious as most of her subjects do.”

ALL is not lost for those in this world who believe in occasionally indulging in high spirits. Even Vice-Presidents, Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries of major countries sometimes go in for lively evenings and all the camaraderie stuff. Soon after Jimmy Carter had assumed office as President of the United States of America, his deputy, Walter Mondale, was on a “public relations” trip to various capitals. The high spot of the Vice-President’s tour was in London, where some thirty-odd people gathered for an evening together at British Prime Minister James Callaghan’s residence Mr. Callaghan, quite overjoyed at having received an invitation to visit the U.S. soon, set the tone of the evening by getting up and singing “Jerusalem.” Mr. Mondale, entering the spirit of the occasion, thereupon obliged by singing a song he had picked up during his student days in the city, nearly thirty years ago: “I belong to Glasgow.” The finishing touch, however, was left to British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Crosland, who topped the others’ performances by singing, in Welsh, “The Land of My Fathers.”

Solzhenitsyn : Spotted in the street

LAST year the Nobel Prize-winning novelist Alexander Solzhenitsyn left his native U.S.S.R and went into exile in the United States, thereby attracting worldwide attention. But after that, silence — and for a long time there was really no news of the Soviet author. Until recently, when a woman reporter on The Barre-Montpelier Times Argus, Elizabeth Slater, became the first to gain an interview with Solzhenitsyn since he settled in the U.S.A. It was more or less by chance that Ms. Slater achieved this distinction: On a snowy day in the Vermont capital of Montpelier, she saw a bearded man in winter clothes whose face looked much too familiar — and indeed turned out to be the exiled novelist. Solzhenitsyn, who is now in his late fifties, lives under strict surveillance on a huge and isolated estate near the town of Cavendish, also in Vermont, and was in the State capital to negotiate about a publishing business that would distribute writing on Russian history, culture and religion. Solzhenitsyn could not get out of giving Ms. Slater an interview, albeit a rather well-guarded one — but it was a scoop all right. Anybody venturing near the Soviet author’s country residence is quickly spotted out by the closed-circuit television and curtly told that there is nobody he can talk to!
OUR NEW HEAD OF STATE: Mr. Banappa Dasappa Jatti, Vice-President under the late President Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, was sworn in as the Acting President by Chief Justice M. H. Beg. The Constitution stated that a new President has to be elected within six months. The 84-year-old Acting President hails from Bijapur District and was Chief Minister of Mysore and later Governor of Orissa before being elected Vice-President in August 1974.

DID HIS SECRETARY TIRE HIM OUT OF POWER? Sir Harold Wilson's former press secretary, Mr Joe Haines, has said that the ex-Prime Minister's secretary, blonde Marcia Williams now Lady Falkender, was a "substantial part of the burden" that persuaded Sir Harold to retire. Both Sir Harold and Lady Falkender have denied the allegations, including one that Lady Falkender drew up Sir Harold's honour list.

FOURTH GENERATION IN THE FRAY: Mr Sanjay Gandhi, Youth Congress leader and son of the Prime Minister, has been nominated as the Congress candidate from Amethi in Uttar Pradesh. Mr Gandhi's constituency is adjacent to the Prime Minister's constituency, Rae Bareli. He will be opposed by the Janata Party candidate, Mr Ravindra Pratap Singh. The Amethi seat was held by Vidya Char Bajpai, who had expressed his desire four months ago that Mr Gandhi should fight from Amethi. In the '71 elections, Mr Bajpai won the seat by a big margin, but in '77 his margin of victory was only 6,000 votes. On both occasions, his opponent was from the Jana Sangh. Mr Ravindra Pratap Singh is also from the Jana Sangh.

CLIFF-HANGING DRAW: India managed to salvage some sorely-needed prestige when England barely managed to draw the Bombay Test. The final scores: India 338 and 192; The MCC 317 and 152 for 7. England won the series 3-1. India played eight Test matches over the winter, won two against New Zealand and one against the MCC, lost three against Tony Greig's men and drew two, one against each. Picture shows Swinder Amarnath putting a ball from Underwood.
Foggy affair

FOG, once considered a simple nuisance, has now become an important hazard in daily life, particularly in the wintertime. Its effects, often disrupting the schedules of airliners, have become so important that fog is considered one of the pressing problems of the day which demands increasing attention. Fog, in combination with air pollution, can produce so much toxicity in the atmosphere that many could be affected with cough, diarrhoea, nausea and other respiratory disorders.

Fog is simply a cloud on the ground, composed of tiny droplets of water or in some cases in extremely cold countries, of ice crystals forming ice-fogs. The droplets of fog are almost spherical, varying in diameter from 20 microns to four and forty microns (micron is one-millionth of a metre). The concentration of fog lies between 30 and 450 droplets per cubic centimetre of air.

Fog is formed when moist air is cooled: the air then being unable to hold as much moisture in the form of water vapour as it can when it is warmer. The vapour then begins to condense into liquid on tiny particles of dust, known as the nuclei, present in the air. These nuclei may be soil or smoke particles, cosmic dust or a grain of salt which dissolves in the droplets. As the humidity of the air increases, the droplets enlarge more and more in size thereby thickening a light fog into a dense one. Under given suitable conditions of temperature and humidity, the density of fog depends on the availability of condensation nuclei and therefore, industrial areas are very much vulnerable to formation of fogs.

The meteorological point of view suggests the classification of fogs according to the processes of their formation. The most common type of fog is seen over land and is known as “radiation fog”. It is formed due to cooling of the earth’s surface at night. This presupposes that this type of fog should reach its maximum around dawn when the air temperature is at its lowest. But the situation so far is that this type of fog becomes thickest shortly after sunrise. The reason is, of course, that the sun’s early rays, not strong enough to evaporate the droplets, generates turbulence in the air which intensifies and thickens fog layer.

The second type of fog is the “advection fog”, which arises from the movement of humid air over a cold surface. Most sea-fogs are of this type and in fact, the foggiest places in the world are due to this type of fog. The third type of fog, known as the “upslope fog”, is found when warm, moist air, forced up an air over a mountain, comes into contact with cold air and cools itself. Apart from these, shallow fogs may sometime form due to evaporation of water on an unreasonable cold night or due to warm raindrops falling through cool air. The common fogging in of airfields during the rainy season is due to the latter.

Now comes the question of fog dispersal. Warm sunshine and a brisk wind are the most effective fog dispersal agents. But, unfortunately, fog being a good reflector of sunshine, only twenty to thirty per cent of the incident sunshine can penetrate through dense fogs. Alternately, the idea of dissipating fog by artificial means, is now in use. One direct method is to blow the fog away by creating an artificial wind. This method, though often used to disperse ice-fogs, is applicable only on a small scale and in limited situations. The most effective way of getting rid of fogs is the injection of a suitable catalyst by or some agent that will cause the droplets to coalesce and fall quickly to the ground. The agents commonly used are dry ice or liquid propane. This method, though effective only for super-cooled fogs, is very suitable for dispersal in temperate zones.

The question of fog dispersal has become a matter of grave concern to many — governments, industry, military and others. Researches have confirmed that air pollution by various means is one of the main cause of fog formation. Industries and industrial plants are mainly responsible for the air pollution. Principal offenders are steel and paper mills, chemical plants and power-generating stations.

A well-planned set-up of power plants in rural areas may benefit farming by using the fogs they produce from their cooling towers. Russian meteorologists have very successfully used such artificial fogs to protect their vineyards from frost. Application of meteorological knowledge and development of devices for fog prevention and dispersals may deal with the growing menace of fog and smog. Success will depend on how far effective control over air and water pollution can be achieved. Thus an anti-pollution drive is a prerequisite for the success of anti-fog devices.

by TERENCE REESE

IN THE Christmas Competition contests we were asked to imagine that we were playing (a) with a good partner, (b) with the "club menace," who knows the basic conventions of bidding but makes all the standard errors. His play of the cards is moderate, but not hopeless.

Problem 1 At love all the bidding goes

South West North East

South holds:

Q 7 3 4 ♠ K Q ♦ A K 10 6 5 3

With a good partner it is reasonable to bid 3NT, partly because you may make it and partly because this may deter the opposition from going to Four Spades, which you cannot be sure of defeating. If you are doubled you may have to go Clubs. Marking: 5 for 3NT, 3 for Four Clubs (which you hope partner will read as competitive). 2 for No Bid.

With a bad partner it would be most unwise to bid either 3NT or Four Clubs, because, as sure as eggs is eggs, North would bid Four Hearts and sustain a penalty. Marking: 5 for No Bid.

Problem 2 At game all the bidding goes

South West North East

South holds:

K J 4 ♠ A J 2 ♦ A Q 8 6 4

South has good support for spades, but a simple raise is enough with a partner who can value his hand correctly and will advance on a moderate holding such as Five spades to the Queen and one if the red Kings. Marking: 5 for Two Spades, 2 for Three Spades.

This is one of the occasions where one has to overbid slightly with a bad partner. The point is that while the South hand would itself jump to Three Spades (at least) by the same token, he will undervalue the North hand, failing to advance over Two Spades when he should. It is therefore advisable to give him an extra couple. Marking: 5 for Three Spades, 2 for Two Spades.

Problem 3 With East-West vulnerable, the bidding goes

South West North East

South holds:

A J 7 6 4 2 ♥ 8 6 4 ♦ K 7 5

Assuming that North has a minor 2-suiter, you are entitled to contest with Four Diamonds. Partner does not go to Five Diamonds over Four Hearts, he will have his reasons. Marking: 5 for Five Diamonds, 2 for Three Spades (which does not help partner) or No Bid.

With a bad partner it would be most ill-advised to enter with Four Diamonds because he would go to Five Diamonds every time. Marking: 5 for No Bid, 2 for Three Spades, which is more likely to lead to an unnecessary sacrifice.

SAMIR KUMAR GHOSH
quizz
1. Bruce Lee called his style of Kung Fu by a special name. What is it?
2. Idiomatically, if you travelled on Shank's pony how would you travel?
3. In American cinema, what was Leonard Slez better known as?
4. What letter of the alphabet is used most often in English?
5. In law, what is joy-riding?
6. With which famous artist do we associate the style known as 'Cubism'?
7. Where is the Cold Wall?
8. Who was the art director for the famous dream sequence in Hitchcock's 'Spellbound'?
9. Who are the denizens of 'Lantern Land'?
10. Who was known as 'Fuehrer's Fireman'?
11. For what purpose would one use the Keeler polygraph?
12. 'The Italian Navigator has landed in the New World.' To which event does this statement refer?
13. Which was the first fictional piece by Conan Doyle in which Sherlock Holmes appeared?
14. In which year was the custom of 'Satì' banned?
15. In real life what was the name of 'The Man in the Iron Mask'?
16. Which cricketer was nicknamed 'The Claw'?
17. What would one do with a donkey's breakfast?

ANSWERS

by C.W. HILL

1. POSTAGE-DUE stamps were introduced in Britain in 1914 Until then the charges on unpaid or underpaid mail had simply been endorsed on the envelope. The new stamps, designed by George W. Eve, a London artist who specialised in bookplates and diplomas, were classified by the Post Office as mere labels and they were used unproblematically by philatelists as they were with people to whose mail they were addressed. Although there were several changes in the watermark of the paper used for them, the design of the postage-due stamps remained unchanged until the introduction of a new series with the decimal currency of 1971. Since then the earlier issues have soared in value and the 1914-23 series of 8 stamps now costs over £250 mint condition.

2. THE CAMEROONS was one of the German African colonies divided between Britain and France after the First World War. The French zone was then under the League of Nations and in 1922 the United Nations trust territory. The stamps were issued by the French administration and are among the most attractive of the classic French colonies. The last definitive series was in 1935 and included the finest portrait on this franck.

by HARRY GOLOMBEK
Position No 5

Continuation of Position No. 3
The game continued: 18 Bxh5! Nxb5 19 Re6! Nxe6 20 Bg5
White wins.

White to play—how should the game go?
This week Sun and Mercury are in Aquarius, Ketu alone in Aries, Jupiter and Moon in Taurus, Saturn in Cancer, Rahu and Uranus in Libra, Neptune in Scorpio and the exalted Mars alone in Capricorn. The Moon will be moving through Gemini and Cancer from Taurus.

**ARIES**
(March 21 — April 20)
This week has financial success and much happiness in store for you. Some sharp annoyance, however, is foreseen in business matters. In all matters refrain from hurried action. Some will enter into new contracts and also travel. You need not worry about your debts and pending suits. A dull and ordinary week for lovers. A sudden change of place or departmental transfer is likely in the case of professionals. 

**LIBRA**
(September 23 — October 23)
A week of mixed reactions. Be ready to face all unexpected developments in your profession. Financially you will have some timely ideas about how to get adequate money to meet the expenses. A good week for correspondence. Dealing, if any, with the Government will result in much gain. Any problem in love and property dealing will end in your favour.

**TAURUS**
(April 21 — May 22)
This week will be notable for an unexpected event that will actually benefit you. Financial expansion is also expected, which may, however, be accompanied by some worry concerning an elder or property. You will, of course, regain confidence and push ahead. Your home front will be very lively and pleasant. Your words will carry weight. In your official circuit you will have come across some misunderstandings. 

**SCORPIO**
(October 23 — November 21)
This week will be somewhat difficult and trying. Guard against quarrels and small accidents. Keep impetuousity, keep a watch on business and correspondence. Domestic strain. Some success will be there. Be ready to meet unexpected domestic expenditure. A short journey seems to be the answer to your problems. Depend more on partnership moves. Be intelligent and avoid unnecessary expenses. Dealing with the Government will meet a success. 

**GEMINI**
(May 21 — June 20)
Favourable and unfavourable influences will be there in your expansion scheme. But you will get much help from third persons and young people. You may have to go through a lot of anxiety, difficulty and disappointments. Tactfully deal with those in authority. Do not neglect your business for the sake of pleasures. Defer courtship and marriage and also refrain from illicit adventures.

**SAGITTARIUS**
(November 22 — December 21)
This week will be notable for an unexpected event that will actually benefit you. Financial expansion is also expected, which may, however, be accompanied by some worry concerning an elder or property. You will, of course, regain confidence and push ahead. Your home front will be very lively and pleasant. Your words will carry weight. In your official circuit you will have come across some misunderstandings. 

**CANCER**
(June 22 — July 21)
You will enjoy more than average good fortune and happiness this week. Your gains will accrue to you in ways, domestic and social activities are well evidenced. Meeting with business magnates will help you to chart out your plans successfully. A good period for matrimonial affairs.

**CAPRICORN**
(December 22 — January 19)
New interests will contribute to happiness. Financial affairs will improve unexpectedly, but conserve some of your resources. Try to avoid quarrels with spouse or lover. Your perseverance, indomitable will power and enterprise will bear results. Push up all with your business affairs and seek necessary favours from the right quarters. Make changes, if desired.

**LEO**
(July 23 — August 22)
Take full advantage of opportunities for advancement, prefer travel and changes, if desired. But avoid speculation. Meet good people and pay heed to their counsel. Pilgrimage is also likely in the case of some people. New expenses will crop up. Medical expenditure for the family likely at the weekend.

**AQUARIUS**
(January 20 — February 18)
A busy, active, successful week bringing much happiness. Employers and those in authority will render valuable aid and extra hard work will be well rewarded. Many opportunities are there for financial expansion. Happiness will come your way but guard against foolish expenditure. You will gain more goodwill of your friends.

**VIRGO**
(August 23 — September 22)
Don’t worry about your personal problems. Mare favours will come to your door and enable you to solve a part of your problems. Your occupational prospects are bright. You are likely to get transfer or promotion in the near future. Your enemies will disappear. A good week for lovers and beginning of conversation regarding matrimonial matters. Avoid last minute rush in court matters.

**PISCES**
(February 19 — March 20)
Stellar portents indicate a very mixed grill, financial success may be followed by untoward reverses. Exercise the utmost care in all things, deal tactfully with elders. Keep yourself very active. You will be able to get more money by your efforts. Do not hesitate in trying new ideas of others in speculative business.

M.B. RAMAN
It was a rare engagement ceremony. The bride was one-day-old and the bride-groom one-year-old Chetan, both Gujaratis. Their girl's name was yet to be decided by her parents. After the engagement ceremony the boy's parents hosted a party for relatives and friends. —The Napper Times (Rajendra Kesarwani, Nagpur)

Political workers have begun "reserving" wall space in Tiruchirapalli (Tamil Nadu) for posterising. The people in the city woke up to find the walls demarcated with chalks and charcoal by workers of different parties—National Herald (T. Pahalchirajan, New Delhi)

A 14-Year-old boy, Ramzanali Muna, was saved from a lioness by a herd of buffaloes in the Gir forest near Mandra according to information reaching Junagadh. The boy from the Kandup village in Gir forest had taken his buffaloes to the forest. A lioness, which has given birth to cubs recently, attacked the boy. The buffaloes immediately retaliated and the lioness ran away into the deep forest. The boy, who was injured, is convalescing in the Mandra hospital.—Indian Express (Chandra Shanthakumar, Madras)

SIGN AT the lift in the Indian Express office at Madras—"May you go up in life more in 1977."—Kalvi (K. Kannan, Bangalore).

A survey conducted last year on behalf of the Delhi School of Social Work revealed that some of the beggars rounded up in the capital had college education or vocational training.—Sunday Standard (S. Aranganathan, Tuticorin)

Sri Kesavan of Poola Parambil aged 85 years and his wife Velumbi of Kochuveli near Seethathodu (Kerala) breathed their last simultaneously. The former was staying with their son at Puthusserymalai while the latter was staying with another of their one sons. The wife (Velumbi) died on 23rd January, 1971 (before dawn). A messenger proceeded to Puthusserymalai to inform the husband and others of the occurrence. On the way he met an acquaintance who was carrying the news of the demise of Sri Kesavan, the husband.—Kerala Kaumudi (N. G. Pillai, Trivandrum)

As many as 244 of 1428 employees in the Conservancy Department of the Pune Municipal Corporation get their daily job done through "others". 214 employees had their relatives working for them while the rest 30 hired some others.—Sunday Standard (B. I. R. K. Leelavathy, Secunderabad)

Gauhati: A self-styled 'Director' of a commercial firm of Bombay who tried to cheat unemployed persons, was arrested from a hotel here. The arrested person, Sri S. K. Sathe, is stated to have advertised in a local daily for different categories of jobs in the firm, directing the applicants to meet him in the hotel. Accordingly a large number of job-seekers—boys and girls—gathered in the hotel and they were asked by Sri Sathe to pay Rs. 5 each as fee for the application form. The police was informed and Sri Sathe arrested.—The Assam Tribune (S. Mukherjee, Gauhati)

WANTED: Part-time Della Street for Perrymason work between 6 to 8 p.m. Salary negotiable.—Box Ad in The Mail (K. V. Rajamany, Madras)

without comment

The day I became the Prime Minister I regarded myself as the foremost Sevika of the people and that is what I am—Indira Gandhi.

Mrs. Gandhi cannot be anybody's stooge—Morarji Desai.

Since only innocent people are in jail, I want to know why I have not been arrested—Subramaniam Swamy.

The Congress party has never been strong on ideology, and its voce face on the CPI is, to say the least, amusing.—S. Nihal Singh in The Statesman.

The massive rallies in the capital and elsewhere are an expression of the dumb resentment building up among the people during the emergency: that they are looking to people like Morarji Desai cannot be helped.—Frontier.

Borgoah's expanding irrelevance is one of Emergency's gift to Indira Gandhi—Nikhil Chakravarty in the Mainstream.

We consider the CPI left party—Fromode Dasgupta.

It's like being naked in the middle of a blizzard with no one to even offer you a warm you warm Hubert Humphrey on the U.S. vice-presidency.

The university bus was crowded and to be in time for the morning class, everybody scrambled and jostled trying to balance myself, with one hand on the bar and the other clutching some books and a handbag. When the bus began to move, a stranger behind me, I landed on a boy's lap. I got up hurriedly and mumbled, turned around and shook my head, but the boy looked bewildered and stammered, "Thank you, thank you.—S. Chaudhuri, Gauhati.

This happened when we were learning to ride a bicycle. There were two of us and we would take the hired mach to the top of a hill with a gentle slope and little traffic. One day after several successful runs down the road, the inevitable mishap followed. My friend forgot the location of the brakes and could do nothing about it, banging head-on into the policeman's 'chakkar'. While I took shelter behind a nearby workshop, I winced, as I saw my friend being mercilessly beaten by the policeman. When I met him later, I reasoned with him—"You could have escaped!"—Mr. Sathe was a traffic policeman—"How could I?" I was told by friends he was my father."—K. Krishnaswami, Nilgiris.

We were then touring the hills of U.P. At Kathgodam, we entered a tiny shop to have some refreshments. When it was time to pay up, I thought I'd have some fun. So went up to the proprietor and told him in very chaste Bengali that we had enjoyed his hospitality and were very grateful but would like permission to leave. He didn't seem to understand, but I used all the gestures I could think of to get the message across. When I started to move away, he suddenly understood. His face study in panic, he hurried me to and entreated us to take the name of the Almighty, to pay him. After this had continued for some time, my friend quietly broke in, in Hindi, to say that we would pay him. His relief was immense, and grinning from ear to ear, he asked my friend—"Tell me, babu, how do you know a man like me?"—I've no fluent English?"—Avijit Mukherjee, Calcutta.

Price Rs. 30 for the entry given first and Rs. 10 for the other items.
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction

ON a November day in 1828, at the house of his brother, the outskirts of Vienna, Franz Schubert lay dying of typhus. Only the year before he had been one of the torchbearers when they buried Beethoven. At a tavern on the way home from the grave, it was Schubert who, with glass uplifted, had proposed the toast: "To the one who will be next." Now it was his turn, and this hapless, clumsy young man would give no more songs to the world.

According to many, since that world began, no one had come into it with such a gift of melody. He was an inexhaustible fountain of music and it poured from him at such speed that it was nothing for him to compose a quartet and set it down on paper in the time it takes a practiced copyist to transcribe it. And he could be careless about it, too. Schubert's Serenade is an ever-abiding piece of music but the composer himself could not bear to hear it when they sang it under her window. A piano was trundled across the garden in the twilight and the singers arrived, but Schubert forgot to come. With his curried hair ruffled, the large eyes bright with creative fervour, he was possibly at work on another masterpiece.

Although he was only 31 when he died, he produced more than a thousand works, leaving behind him a Vienna littered with poorly prized relics. Something like ten rupees was optimistically fixed upon as the probable market value of a huge bundle of MSS which must have included some of the great works of his last year.

Nearly forty years later, young Arthur Sullivan, coming over from England with his friend Grove, poked about hopefully in one forgotten cupboard and found the last remnants of music. It was early evening when they came upon this treasure trove and by the time they finished copying it, the sun was almost up. Because they were in a ferment of excitement, they could express their feelings only by playing leapfrog until it was time for the coffee houses to open.

Ironically, it was Schubert's own prodigious output which had helped to keep him poor. He would compose half a dozen songs in a single day and naively try to get a good price for them from a publisher who had not yet had the time to print the two dozen Schubert had sold him the month before.

And the last thing Schubert wrote? It was a letter to his friend Schober with whom he had shared lodgings until he moved out because he could not pay his half of the rent.

Dear Schober,

I am ill. I have eaten or drunk nothing for eleven days and am as tired and shaky that I can only go from the bed to the chair, and back. Rinna is attending me. If I taste anything I immediately bring it up. In my distressing condition, be so kind as to help me to some reading. Of Cooper, I have read The Last of the Mohicans, The Spy, The Pilot and The Pioneers. If you have anything else of his, I entreat you to leave it with Frau von Bogner at the coffee house. My brother, who is conscientiousness itself, will bring it to me in the most conscientious way. Or anything else.

Your friend,

Schubert

If you find that letter endearing it may be because it is sometimes, in the power of a casual message, thus come upon after many years, to abolish time and space. When you hear Schubert yearning on his deathbed for the sound of a twig snapping under a moccasined foot in a forest along the Mohawk, somehow the years between 1828 and the present are expunged from the calendar. Quite suddenly, we are close enough to Schubert's garden to see the fall of a sparrow, close enough to his bedside to hear the beating of a gentle heart.
GREEN BANANA SKIN CURRY

6 green bananas; 2 tablespoon grated coconut; 3 onions; 1 teaspoon ground cummin; 1 teaspoon turmeric; 1 chopped green chilli; 1 dessertspoon ghee; ½ teaspoon mustard seeds; 2 or 3 curry leaves and salt to taste.

Wash the unripe bananas and with a sharp knife peel off the top green skin. Chop two cups of the skin, cover with water and boil with a little salt and turmeric.

Drain. Then, adding two cups of hot water to it, let it boil. Add all the ingredients except the mustard seeds, curry leaves and ghee. Mix well. Put the lid on the pan and let it simmer for ten minutes, or until the water is absorbed.

Place the ghee in a frying pan and when the ghee is hot add the mustard seeds and curry leaves. As soon as the mustard seeds start to pop put in the banana skin and cooked spices. Fry four to five minutes, stirring constantly. Turn out and serve hot with chapatti.

RICE KOFTAS

One cup Basmati rice; 2½ cups milk; 50 gms butter; 1 teaspoon chilli powder; oil or fat for frying; 2 eggs; 4 cloves of garlic; 1 tablespoon chopped parsley; 2 onions minced; 4 tablespoons tomato sauce; 1 cup breadcrumbs; 1 cup grated cheese; teaspoon ground cummin; 1 teaspoon ground turmeric; salt to taste.

Adding one cupful of water to milk, cook the rice in milk till milk has evaporated. When the rice should be tender, let the milk dry up and be absorbed. Then remove from heat. Mix with butter, salt, chilli powder, cummin and turmeric. Chop parsley finely and together with onion, garlic, cheese and tomato, add to the rice mixture. Mix thoroughly. Shape into balls. Beat eggs. Roll the rice koftas into beaten egg and then in bread crumbs and deep fry till golden brown in boiling fat. Remove from heat and drain. Serve hot with tea or coffee.

PO T A T O P I E

500 gms potatoes; 250 ml stock; 500 gms minced meat; 2 large tomatoes; 50 gms butter; 500 gms mushroom; 1 onion; 1 egg; salt and pepper to taste; one-inch piece of gager; 2 to 3 green chillies; 2 cloves of garlic; a bunch of dhanial patta.

Peel the slice potatoes. Cook in boiling salted water. Drain and mash, boil the minced meat till it is tender, drain. Chop tomatoes, onions, mushrooms and garlic. Cut the ginger very finely. Cut the chillis into small pieces. Chop the dha niapatta. Now add the stock to the cooked meat with tomatoes. Add salt and pepper. In a frying pan melt the butter. Fry the onions till golden brown, add the chopped mushrooms, garlic, ginger and chillies. Fry a little more and add it to the meat. Sprinkle chopped dhanialpatra. Put all the ingredients into an ovenproof bowl. Put a little salt to the mashed potatoes. Now put the potato in a piping bag with star nozzle. Pipe the potatoes on the meat mixture. Beat the egg and brush over the heapsed potatoes. Bake in a hot oven for about half an hour or until it is lightly browned.

BHOONA GOSTH

500 gms mutton cut into cubes; 1 tablespoon ghee; 1 tablespoon vinegar; 4 cloves of garlic; salt to taste; 2 onions; 1 tablespoon desiccated coconut; 6 green Haldi powder (Turmeric); ½ teaspoon dhanial powder (coriander); ½ teaspoon jeera powder (cummin); 2 pieces ginger; 1 teaspoon sugar.

Chop onions finely and slice garlic. Cut the chilli lengthwise, make the ginger to a paste. Heat ghee in a 'karai'. Fry onion to a golden brown, add garlic and chillies and cook gently for a minute and stir in the Haldi, dhanial and jeera powder. Mix well. Add the sugar, meat and vinegar. Stir well. Add water and bring to boil, then lower the heat and simmer, stirring occasionally to prevent ingredients sticking to pan. When the meat is tender, if you find the water has not dried up yet let it dry up. Stir often. Add the coconut and stir briskly. Cook until moisture is removed and there is no gravy. So if it becomes too dry and any of the contents tend to stick to pan add a little water. It should be served with pooris or chapatti.

DRAUPADI
I MAY WRITE A NOVEL ABOUT WHY I DIDN'T BECOME A JAZZ GREAT...

...OR, I MAY NOT.

"I WANTED TO PLAY AN INSTRUMENT AS A BOY, BUT MY FATHER WAS SO POOR HE GAVE ME A STICK PAINTED BLACK AND TOLD ME IT WAS A CLARINET."

"TRUST ME." "WHEN I PRACTICED, THE NEIGHBORS COMPLAINED ABOUT THE NOISE, BUT EVENTUALLY I GOT A PRETTY GOOD TONE OUT OF IT."

"WHEN I WENT TO AUDITION FOR THE SCHOOL BAND THEY LAUGHED AND SAID, AS FAR AS THEY KNEW, NO MUSICAL PARTS HAD EVER BEEN WRITTEN FOR A STICK."

"BUT I SOLVED THE PROBLEM—BECAUSE IN MY CLASS WAS A RICH KID.

"WHEN HE WANTED TO PLAY STICKBALL HIS RICH PARENTS DIDN'T HAVE A STICK BECAUSE THEY NEVER HAD USE FOR ONE..."

"INSTEAD, SO HE COULD PLAY STICKBALL, THEY BOUGHT HIM A CLARINET—AND WE MADE A TRADE:"

"AFTER SCHOOL, HE WENT TO MUSIC CLASS WITH MY STICK..."

"...AND I PLAYED BALL WITH HIS CLARINET."
YOU DO SPEAK GAULISH!

NO! NO! IT’S ALL A MISTAKE! I DON’T SPEAK GAULISH! NOT A WORD OF GAULISH! I DON’T HAVE ANY GIFT FOR LANGUAGES!

AND I WON’T SAY A WORD EITHER! SO THERE!

CARRY ON, DECLIX!

LOOBY GOODY!

(VERY FAST) THE DRUID IS BEING KEPT PRISONER BY OUR CHIEF-METRIC. HE HAS TO SPEAK IF HE CAN WORK MAGIC AT THE TIME OF THE NEW MOON, OR HE’LL BE EXECUTED!

I’LL GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS, BUT LET ME GO! I’M IN DANGER OF BEING EXECUTED TOO!

TALKATIVE, ISN’T HE WHEN HE FEELS LIKE IT!

LET’S GET BACK TO THE TOWN!

I ORDER YOU TO LET ME GO!

WELL LET YOU GO WHEN WE FIND OUR DRUID, AND NOT BEFORE!

PATROLS EVERYWHERE! I’VE DISCOVERED THAT WE’VE GONE!

OVER HERE! THIS WAY! I’VE CAUGHT TWO GAULISH SPIES!

QUICK, OBERIX! COME ON!

THERE! OVER THERE! GET THEM!

I WONDER WHAT THAT SAYS?

THIS IS NO TIME TO WORRY ABOUT FOREIGN ROAD SIGNS!
We're up against a stone wall! They'll be sorry for this!

We've got them!!! Caught like rats in a trap!

Come on, boys!

I think that's the lot...

There's a little one left over there.

Wait a minute! Put him down! He can take us to his chief!

We surrender!

Right!

Meanwhile, in Metrice's house...

I can't wait to see you work your magic... what a pity you don't understand me!

He'd blow his top if he knew I speak Gothic fluently... with a slight Gaulish accent, I admit.

Chief! Chief! I've captured two savage Gauls!

It's a lie, chief! I'm the one who risked my life in unmasking these two spies.
SKYFALL
Harry Harrison

It is at last known that the missile that hit Prometheus was Russian. President Bandin in his talk with the astronauts tells them that the whole thing was a mistake, and that President Polyarni was very sorry for that. But the patriotic Russian astronauts are deeply hurt by the news. They do not even believe that it was all by mistake.

Flax jabbed his finger at the Communications Console and the connection was made.

"Simon Dillwater here."

"Prometheus. What do you want, Mr. Dillwater?"

"Major Winter, have you heard of an emergency engine programme entitled HOOPSNAKE?"

"No. The person you would have to ask about that is our engine expert, Dr. Fly Cron. I would let you talk to him only he is being very discourteous. He's just died."

"What? Did you... I'm very sorry, I had not heard. This is terrible."

"Everything is terrible, Mr. Dillwater. Now what is the HOOPSNAKE you were talking about?"

Flax wondered as well, he had never heard of it either.

"It is an emergency programme. I classified it myself because at the time I thought it both a dangerous and foolish suggestion. But, in the light of changing circumstances... and under the orders of the President..."

"You're hesitating, Mr. Dillwater, which is not like you. It was hard to make out from the even tone of his voice if Patrick was being serious or sarcastic. Either was possible now.

"I am sorry, Major Winter. Believe me I am. I do not relish this duty. But I must tell you that a programme exists, HOOPSNAKE, that details how the atomic engine of Prometheus may be detonated. That is how the fuel and the engine may be used to cause an atomic explosion."

"That's interesting as hell, Dillwater, but why are you telling me now?"

"You are making me spell it out. Major Winter, and I do not blame you. Simply said, if and when Prometheus crashes it will cause widespread destruction and death. You can appreciate what this will mean."

Patrick interrupted. "I do, Mr. Dillwater, and I'm sorry I spoke the way I did. Understandable but not justifiable. When this thing hits us dice in any case. If Prometheus could be exploded in space it would not crash and many lives would be saved. Is that what you were going to say, Mr. Dillwater?"

"Thank you, Major Winter. You put me to shame for I know I could never do what you are doing. But that, in essence, is what I was going to say."

PHONE CALL FOR YOU the note read.

"Tell them to hold," Flax said.

"Person-to-person," the messenger said. "Can only hold a couple of minutes."

"For Christ's sake, not now. Who is it?"

"A Wolfgang Ernsting."

"Get the number. I'll call him back." Patrick was talking again. He had missed part of what they had said.

...not my decision. I'll explain to the rest of the crew and we will contact you. I don't know what they will say but, since it is a consideration, I suggest you put the programme on the teleprinter to us so we will have a copy here."

"I don't know, is that possible?"

"Mission Control," Flax said. "There is a classified military telex in the White House which hooks into our printer here. Begin sending soonest and I'll have it relayed to the printer in Prometheus."

"Yes, I'll take care of that."

"Prometheus out."

Flax threw the switch and collapsed back into his chair. Just too much. Then he stirred and called Communications Console. "See that a copy of that HOOPSNAKE thing reaches me as soon as it's printed. I want to know just what they have in mind."

"Yes, sir. Do you want me to place that call now?"

"What call?"

"Wolfgang Ernsting."

"No, hold that. Get me through to that French observatory, the solar one that's been looking at the sun spots."

There must have been holding a line open because the call went through in seconds. The conversation was less satisfactory. The astronomer had little English and Flax, tired as he was, could hardly think of a word of French. But the meaning, or lack of meaning soon became clear. Yes, there was solar activity as predicted. No, not yet was it as strong as predicted, but that could change at any moment. Any guess when? Anytime. Great. Thank you and goodbye. Flax groaned as he broke the connection. No contact yet from Prometheus. They must still be talking about HOOPSNAKE — what a wonderful conversation that must be! Or perhaps, like him, they were too stunned for any of this to have much effect any more.

There was something else, too. Take a leak. That would wait, but barely. Something else. Right, Wolfgang. What the hell had he called him about in the first place? It was only hours ago that he had placed the call yet it seemed like years. Prometheus was still silent. Call him and get it over with.

"Put that Ernsting call through," Flax said.

Fatigue and the pressure of events pressed Flax deep into the chair, his mouth hanging slightly open, his skin gray and damp. No one noticed — they were all in approximately the same condition. The connection was made and his phone buzzed; he switched it to his mike and headphone.

"Hello, Wolfgang. I tried you earlier but... what?"

The words whispered quickly into his ear were like some new form of energy because, as he listened his body grew tense, drew taut, sat up and leaned forward. His hand pressed flat against his ear so that he would not miss a word. The fatigue was gone and replaced by a savagely burning anger.

"Yes," he said. "Yes. You are absolutely sure? I know. I'll try not to love you if I can. I know what it means. I'll do my best. Yes, You were right to have told me. Whatever comes of this, whatever happens you remember that. It is something to remember for the rest of your life, Mein lieber Freund. Goodbye."
"Prometheus calling Mission Control. Can you patch us through to Mr. Dillwater...."

"No," Flax shouted, then louder, jumping to his feet. "NO!" I am connecting you to the President of the United States, Dillwater as well, and the entire cabinet who are meeting at this time. Before they hear what you have to say I want them to hear what I have to say.

At every console heads were turned, the strained faces staring in awe at Flax's massive form as he stood, quaking with anger, shouting into the radio.

GET 25: 57.

"Gregor, I need your help in here." Patrick called out.

"One moment, I will be there."

Nadya was on the far couch, the one that had been Colonel Kuznecov's, possibly asleep; with her eyes bandaged it was not easy to tell. Gregor was helping Coretta to put Ely's body into a sleeping bag. She went about it so calmly that he was ashamed of his emotions as he felt the cold skin, the limp arms. He had never touched a corpse before and it was doubly horrible here in space. It was too soon for rigor mortis to have set in, he had always thought it happened almost instantly after death, but the corpse was still difficult to handle, to force into the tight confines of the bag.

"This is not working," Coretta said. "Pull it off. Hold him while I fix the bag." She rolled it back on itself, then, like putting on a stocking, rolled it neatly down over the body.

"What should we do with....?" Gregor asked.

"Nothing, I imagine," Coretta said, slowly. "No burial, no service either I guess. Let's just strap him to the bunk."

"Here on this one," Nadya said, sitting up. "Someone guide me, if you please."

Greor was glad to leave the compartment, to answer Patrick's call.

"Turn on the teleprinter, will you," Patrick said, his blind eyes looking into darkness, pointing where he knew the machine was. "Just throw the switch to on, then the other switch to transmit. Type 'ready to receive' and turn the switch back to receive."

"Easy enough," Gregor did this and, as soon as he had switched to receive the machine began to chatter. The first thing it typed was HOOPESNAKE OPERATION DESCRIPTION. "What is this?" Gregor asked.

"Get the others in here. I want to tell them too."

In a calm, unemotional voice, Patrick explained what Dillwater had told him; what the programme was that was coming out line by line from the teleprinter. Gregor accepted the news stoically, with Slavic resignation. Coretta was not quite sure what it meant.

"Engine self-destruction programme?"

Patrick nodded. "It would be simpler to say make the-engine-a-bomb programme. They want us to rig the thing to blow ourselves up to prevent greater loss of lives on Earth."

"That's nice," Coretta said, not hiding the bitterness in her voice. "They get us up here, strand us up here, shoot a bomb at us, then expect us, out of gratitude, to commit atomic suicide. Why don't they just shoot off another bomb? Maybe the American aim will be better than the Soviet."

"They must have their reasons," Patrik said. "Probably because there could be no guarantee of the complete destruction needed to eliminate us and our atomic fuel. What do you think, Gregor?"

"I? Nothing. If we die a few minutes earlier or later we are just as dead. You are the Commander, the decision is yours."

"No, we all have to vote on this. Nadya?"
"Follow the instructions, blow us all up, get it over with." There was more pain than resignation in her voice; Patrick knew how she felt, shared the same emotions. The ache in his eyes was only dulled by the drugs, the pain of their failure was even stronger. "You can do it?" he asked.

"Me? Does it matter what I think? You are going to be real Gung Ho and logical about it in the end and put the safety of the world ahead of a few minutes more of our sorry lives. So go it, do it and don't bother me." Her voice was rising, she was beginning to shout, and she realized suddenly that she was losing control. The trained physician, cool and abstract, was more of an animal than the face of this other woman. She spoke a shuddering breath and tried to imitate their control. "Sorry to blow my cool."

"You have every reason," Patrick told her. "I guess I do, but so do the rest of you, with even more reason, and I don't see you enjoying any self-pity. I'll try to be logical. If we are going to die in any case in minutes, hours, whatever the latest estimate is."

"The solar output hasn't varied, the beginning of the storm is not the size anticipated." With our luck it's going to get bigger, sooner, and if it doesn't we still have only some six hours left, so the hell with it. Rig the bomb and have someone press the button.

"Do you really believe what you're saying?" Patrick asked.

"Hell yes, but why the cross-examination?"

"Simply because neither Nadya nor I can help. The physical preparations will have to be done by you and Gregor."

"That is logical," Gregor said.

Coretta was shocked at first, then she smiled wryly.

"Well, well, it comes to that. The good Doctor Coretta..."

"Samuel, saver of lives, ends her days building an atomic bomb. Why not, Commander. They'll be singing songs about me in the ghettos before you know it."

"Then we are in agreement," said Gregor. "It will done be.

"Agreed," Nadya said.

"I'll tell them," Patrick switched on the radio.

"Prometheus calling Mission Control. Can you patch us through to Mr. Dillwater..."

"NO!" Flax's answering shout was so loud that the walls seemed to echo. "We are talking with you, we are connecting you to the President of the United States, to Dillwater as well, and the entire cabinet who are meeting at this time." Flax, what is it?" Patrick asked, but the crackle of static was his only answer.

"He sounded angry," Coretta said. "What can it possibly be?"

"Mr. President, Mission Control insists on speaking to you as well as the entire cabinet."

"What is it?"

"I'm not sure, sir. He sounded very disturbed. He informed me that the Prometheus crew had reached a decision on HOOPSNAKE but he wanted to speak first, a request that is."

"What the devil is the matter with the man? He can't order me around like that..."

"Bandin was getting angry and Dillwater made some attempt to soothe him."

"I don't think it's like that, sir. The man is tired, we all are. I am sure it's a matter of some import."

"Put him on, get it over with," Dillwater nodded and spoke into his phone. Flax's voice blamed from the loudspeaker.

"This is Mission Control. I have Prometheus on this open circuit, am I through to the White House?" Dillwater spoke quickly, before the angry President could.

"Yes, you are, we are all listening."

"Good. You as well, Prometheus?"

"Roger."

"Then I want you all to listen to General Bannerman's answer to a question I have for him. General, is it true that you informed us some hours ago that the reusable shuttle for USAF Research Satellite would not be ready to fly for some time?"

"That is correct."

"No, it is not correct. It is a lie. The truth is that the shuttle is now on the pad at the Cape, on the line and ready to take off as soon as it is fueled, isn't that true?"

"It is not," Bannerman's face was expressionless, conveying nothing. In contrast to Dillwater and the other cabinet members, who were stunned, shocked by the question. Flax continued to speak.

"You are lying. The two pilots, Cooke and Decosta, are in the ready room there right now, at the Cape. Why don't I pick up the phone and call them?"

"Break the connection. We can't do that."

"But, Mr. President, we must know, they must know in Prometheus. It is an unforgivable crime if it is true..."

"Break off, that's an order," Bandin snarled. Dillwater hesitated, staring at the President, his eyes widening with sudden knowledge. "I'll call you back in a few minutes," he said into the phone.

"You can't..."

"Flax's voice was cut off and Dillwater spoke to the President.

"You knew, didn't you? All the time those crewmen have been fighting to save that ship, have died been blinded, all that time you knew that they could have been taken off by the shuttle. And you agreed to have them commit suicide with HOOPSNAKE. You did this knowing that the shuttle..."

"Shut up and sit down, Dillwater. You don't talk to the President of the United States that way."

"Oh yes, I can when the President has done as repugnant an act as you have..."

"Dillwater, you're out of your depth and getting into deep trouble," Bannerman said. He stood and faced Dillwater, eye to eye. "We'll hear no more of this."

"We will hear all about it, General," Dillwater said firmly, not wavering an inch. "This is, I hope, still a free country. You cannot have me shot for speaking. You tell me that with me or I am walking out of here and straight to the press and air every bit of your squallid lying to the world."

"You are talking treason, Dillwater," Bannerman's hand snapped at his belt where his pearl handled automatic pistol usually hung.

"Am I? Then you shall have to arrest me and kill me because I shall go on speaking it until this filthy mess is exposed. And you will have to shoot everyone in Mission Control as well since they heard everything we heard."

"He's right, Mr. President," Dr. Schlochter said calmly. "The cat appears to be out of the bag and it will not get back inside. We must take some concerted action here, very quickly, before rumours spread from Mission Control. If the shuttle is on the line it should be manned and a rescue mission should be launched it may still not be too late."

"Negative!" Bannerman snapped, whirling on his new adversary. "The shuttle is loaded, its payload is classified and cannot be touched. If word of it leaks out there will be a lot bigger trouble than Prometheus to answer for."

"What is the payload?" Schlochter asked.

"You've seen the memo, The CIA package."

Schlochter went white, slumped back in his chair.
"Yes," he said. "That cannot come out, something must be done."

"I want an outside line." Dillwater said into his telephone. "Operator, I want to place a conference call to the Washington news desks of the television network. That is correct, CBS, NBC and ABC. Please call me back when the call goes through." He hung up and faced Bannerman, still speaking softly. "You gave about one minute to tell me what this PEEKABOO business is.

"You're through, Dillwater," Bandin shouted. "Out on your ass."

"I have resigned, Mr. President, from this position in NASA and from any other in your administration. As soon as this present affair is concluded.

"You are jeopardizing this entire nation, goddamn it, and I could have you shot. PEEKABOO is a very sophisticated twenty-ton package that this country will be mighty glad it has in the case of any emergency.

"Exactly what does it do?" Dillwater asked.

"In time of emergency, for defence only, this bird carries just about the biggest laser ever made, completely computer controlled to defend itself, take out any missile homing in on it."

"And why should missiles be homing in on it?" Dillwater said.

"Because PEEKABOO will be hung in orbit without on Moscow. That laser is powered by a nuclear generator and is probably the closest thing to a death ray that we will ever have. When it is fired it punches straight down through the atmosphere and burns whatever target it is aimed at. Very precisely. It has a map of Moscow and it is very accurate. It can take out the Kremlin without touching a cobblestone in Red Square right next to it, zap the Army barracks without touching the GUM department store adjoining it."

"I see," Dillwater said, very quietly. "Well I don't," Grodzinski broke in.

Dillwater answered him: "It is a secret violation of our agreement with the Soviets not to militarize space. A weapon that will be placed in synchronous orbit covering Moscow. Once again we have agreed publicly we evade in secret. The CIA keep their stock of poisons despite orders to destroy them. The NK keeps lists of radicals and says they have been shredded. And General Bannerman and his military associates build a bomb that threatens the peace of the world."

"He turned his head. "And you knew about it all the time, did you not, Mr President?"

"Of course I did because I put the safety of my nation first. If you liberals had your way there would be a red flag over this building right now."

"Mr. President, gentlemen, the present contents of the shuttle do not matter," Schlechter said, using his skills as an international peacemaker closer to hormone for a change. "The payload can be removed, stored away, forgotten. The shuttle must be prepared for another rescue attempt. Nothing else is possible. Too many people now know of its state of readiness. You have no choice, sir, but to issue orders to that effect."

"You don't have to, Mr President," Bannerman said, wheeling about to face Bandin. "This thing can be kept quiet, the leaks can be plugged. PEEKABOO cannot be jeopardized. The project has gone too far. Once it is in orbit we're safe, the Soviets won't dare to try anything."

Bandin was wringing his hands, looking for an easy way out of this dilemma that did not exist. "Mission Control and Prometheus are on the line," Dillwater said, his hand over the mouthpiece. "And I have the networks waiting on another line. What should I tell them?"

Bandin hammered his fist on the table in a mixture of frustration and rage. "Tell the TV people to hold for a new break. Tell the Cape to get the goddamned bomb out of the bird and under wraps at once."

He dropped back, exhausted. Rubber Bandin had snapped through one last time.
‘I’m trying all the time’

Records and milestones are something which SUNIL GA- VASKAR by now has got used to. But December 1976 saw him pass two new landmarks. On December 15 his book “Sunny Days” was released by Bishen Singh Bedi, the Indian cricket captain. Two days later he gave himself something new to write about by scoring more than 1000 Test runs in a single calendar year. RAGHU KRISHNAN and PRASHANT-TA MISRA talk to our Sunny master.

A: To me, fast bowling is just ability, physical strength and stamina. I would select the ten fastest bowlers and put them through a coaching camp where they could learn the intricacies of fast bowling from Ramakant Desai, Shute Banerjee and Dattu Phadkar. I would also employ a physical training expert to develop their shoulder and back muscles so that they could withstand the strain of fast bowling.

What is really needed is the preparation of hard and true wickets where the ball can come on to the bat. This will also improve our batting and you’ll get stroke-players like Chappell and Richards.

Q: Many cricketers have claimed that playing in English conditions has helped improve their game. What do you think?
A: Yes, definitely. Especially for promising youngsters. Two to three years in England would help Dilip Vengsarkar tremendously. He has great potential. He will learn to cope with the swinging ball and to face a professional attack. It will also improve his temperament. But though England is the place for technique, hard Australian wickets are made for brilliant stroke-players. They will be up against the fastest bowlers in the world.

Instead of sending schoolboys’ teams, we should send an under-22 team to England and Australia. Our young players are not prepared to rough it out. The Pakistanis are prepared to join English county staffs even on meagre stipends of £ 200-300. But we don’t want to go through the grind.

Q: Hampshire approached you in 1971. Why did you refuse to play for them?
A: I can’t stand the cold climate. Besides, I had just accepted a job offer from the Associated Cement Company, even before the ‘English Tour’. On our subsequent 1974 tour, they contacted me again. But I had just got married and was in the process of settling down. The most important reason, however, was the weather.

Q: Do you have any clearly defined ambition in cricket? Are there any other records that you would like to break, now that you have become the first Indian to score 1,000 runs in Test cricket in a calendar year?
A: I was asked the same question when I was first selected for the 1971 tour of West Indies. My answer at that time was that I wanted to play for India... successfully. I did not want to be just a pedestrian in that team. The answer remains the same even today. Records just happen. One doesn’t try for them.

Q: Which batsman has had the greatest impact on you? Did you ever model yourself on any player as a schoolboy?
A: Rohan Kanhai. But, as a schoolboy, I learnt quite a bit by watching Conrad Hunte open the West Indies batting.

Q: How many hours of practice did you put in as a schoolboy?
A: I used to practice for about 2½ hours in the morning and 4 hours in the evening. During the lunch-break, I’d play T. T. That kept me occupied.

Q: Who has been the best Test captain you’ve played under?
A: Well, I’ve played only under three—Pataudi, Wadekar and Bedi. I played under Pataudi only for two Tests—and that’s too short a time to make a judgment. Ajit was a quiet leader—getting things done in his own quiet way. Bedi is more of an extrovert—hugging and patting the players whenever they do well. Both are great guys to play under.

Q: What would you like your son to be? A cricketer? If yes, a bowler, batsman or a wicket-keeper?
A: I would leave that to him, so long as he takes up some sport—and by that I don’t mean hunting. But if he becomes a cricketer, I would like him to be an all-rounder and an excellent fielder. I’ve improved my fielding to the extent that I’m now considered a safe field. The compliments I really treasure are the ones for my fielding.

Q: Do you ever get tired of cricket?
A: It isn’t the cricket so much as the travelling from one centre to the other. It’s not even funny, the way one’s cricketing energy is sapped by long journeys. For instance, the one-day final will be played in Calcutta in April ’77. The South Zone will have to travel all the way from Madras to Calcutta by train—25 hours going and coming, 50 hours of travel.

Q: Don’t you ever get tired of proving yourself all the time?
A: I learnt to take it in my stride. Whether I succeed or not, you can be sure of one thing—I’m trying all the time.
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Intoxication has always been an integral part of the Holi spirit. Mani Madhukar takes a look at the 'desi' ways of getting high.

Santosh Bagchi writes a note on Holi. Chanchal Sarkar writes of the time when he needed and got a friend to help him get acquainted with a new place.

ELECTIONS: SUNDAY's correspondents from many areas discuss the impact of the women's vote. Kewal Varma studies the question, Is there an anti-Indira wave this time? Janardan Thakur finds out exactly how important UP and Bihar are in the matter of elections. Barun Sengupta reports on the faction-ridden scene in West Bengal. Subhannsu Gupta interviews West Bengal's Chief Minister, Mr. Siddhartha Sankar Ray.

Pataudi reports on the Fifth and final Test.
SUNDAY'S "APPEAL" regarding Indian cricket—published in our issue dated January 30—was answered by many of our readers from all over the country. Many letters were frankly unappreciative of the issue involved. Here we publish some of these letters, followed by the best entries for the "contest."

Very, very Indian

YOUR "Appeal" was in bad taste and certainly not in line with the mature comments of Mansur Ali Khan Pataudi. It was characteristically Indian. When our teams win they are "world-beaters." And when they lose they are just bad and the rival team is not as good. Yes, I do agree that the Indian team should be sent to h—l. But so should critics like you. Without your appreciation I doubt if the Indian team can be good or bad.

SALIM MOHAMMAD
New Delhi

On the road to h—l

IT seems that you, dear "Idiot", have also been bitten by the devilish bug called pessimism which has put the silly idea of sending the Indian cricket team to "h—l" into your foolish little head. To hell with you and your ideas! You should remember that we still retain some faith in Bedi & Co. Besides, the English have also tasted defeat before Bangalore. So it proves that you pessimists should definitely be despatched to h—l instead of Indian cricketers. Adieu!

SUKINDER SINGH TEJ
Ludhiana.

Calm down

COLT, my friend. You too seem to have caught the plague. So now, in your delirious condition, you want to send our poor chaps to 'h—l'. Mighty well that speaks of your sporting spirit, assuming you have one. Haven't you heard of things like, luck always goes ups and downs. The next time we win, struck by the jubilation plague, you will want to send our cricketers to (the seventh?) heaven. At that rate, we wouldn't have any XI at all some day. So calm down: Luck is going to turn our way soon.

T. BHUVANESHWARAN
Bombay.

Beyond the limit

I FULLY agree with Pataudi, who wrote "Hurling abuses or hard er 'objects' at the cricketers serves no purpose.... A cricketer is a product of the system." Frankly, I didn't like things like "An Appeal" and "Lowlights". After all there are limits to criticism. And then why praise them so much when they are at their best? Now they find things so difficult to tackle. How much have we done to solve the basic problems? Lastly, I feel the Indian team needs someone of Greig's calibre—someone who can open up his trousers in the middle of the field, and that sort of things. By the way, thanks a lot for the photograph by Adrian Morel in your issue of January 16.

SUBROTO MUKHERJEE
Gauhati.

Shocking!

IT was really shocking to see an item like "An Appeal" in the sports pages of an up-and-coming weekly like SUNDAY—and that, too, from The Editor himself. Of course, after India's victory at Bangalore your eyes must be wide open. Winning and losing is all part of the game. And if this is the way you criticise Indian cricket you have no right to praise the victory at Bangalore. My humble request is that, in the national interest, please don't publish such suicidal items hereafter.

VENUGOPAL
Dhanbad.

Passport to....

Eleven men knocked at the heavenly gate, Their faces scarred and old, They stood before the Man of Fate For admission to the fold. "What have you done," the Man asked, "To gain admission here?" "We have been in the Indian cricket XI, sir," they said, "For many and many a year." The pearly gates swung open wide, The Man touched the bell: "Come in all and choose your harp" he said, "You have had your share of Hell" He said.

SHASHIKALA VISWANATH
Calcutta.

The way to do it

IT'S simple. Cricketers should play on top of Mount Everest with a rubber ball, a Yeti and a panda acting as umpires. In the case of a disputed decision, the bowler must challenge the batsman...
to a Kung-Fu duel, the winner giving the decision. Anyone holding a cat must be chased into the Sahara and those hurt by the ball be presented lollipops and sent to "vet" in the Gir Forest in an Airbus. Those scoring more than five of these cards get a clip to the summit for twenty years. And, lastly, the chairman of the selection committee has to be Captain Haddock.

AMITABHA GUHA ROY, Calcutta.

This entry wins the second prize of Rs. 5.

Send them to h—l

TRANSFER of the team to Boot "Hill" may entail administrative difficulties; so a mental health "hospital" would have to be found. A solution in the "hovel" would eradicate excess fat from the waist and head of the members of the Indian cricket team. Another alternative would be to send the team to the "hull" of a ship with the hope they would develop a few bowling muscles to hurl balls at a velocity ranging from 5 to 8 Kmph. The Board, therefore, owes it to the public to build a bowling hall for all and sundry.

P. ZACHARIASS JACOB, New Delhi.

Judicial precedent

THE court of cricket lovers sentences the accused, collectively and individually, to h—l, on charges of brutal homicide of the deceased Entertainment Cricketum. After hearing the 550 million witnesses (give or take a few million), the court decides the following mode of punishment:

i) Catch-droppers: Bombs rigged to explode in contact with some ground to be lobbed at the accused. God help them if they drop this catch.

ii) Gutless batsmen: Should be made to play against the national women's team. Will surely die of shame.

iii) The Rest: T.V. replay of their "game" to be compulsorily shown to them. Will succumb to boredom.

No appeals allowed—By the order of the court.

RAKESH MATHUR, Bombay.

"I saw in vision..."

AS IF in response to your "Appeal", I had rather a strange dream lately. The Devils challenged the Angels to a game of cricket in the Garden of Eden. "That's silly," said the Angels, "you know all the good players are up here." "Yes," answered the Devils, "but where are all the selectors?"

R. V. RAMAKRISHNAN, Calcutta.

How to play cricket

APPENDED below are my suggestions for the improvement of Indian cricket:

The Board should instruct the batsmen to shed their fears and play their strokes and treat Tests as Ranji ties: the team should be selected the Australian way—same team to play two Tests—then batsmen will play their natural game with the fear of being dropped for the next Test out of their minds; reduce the match-fee to Rs. 1,000 (as in Pakistan, according to Wadekar) and implement the following plans: Bonus Rs. 500 for 50 and Rs. 1,000 for 100 runs, Rs. 50 for every wicket taken, and Rs. 50 for every catch. Penalties Rs. 50 for every catch dropped (Rs. 100 in the case of the wicket-keeper since he has gloves) and Rs. 100 for scoring less than 10 (applicable only to recognised batsmen up to No. 7).

V. H. MAHALINGAM, Madura.

Attractive Everest

AS a regular reader of your magazine, I was happy to go through the first part of "Everest defeated" (SUNDAY, January 30), which I found very attractive. I hope more features of this type will come out in your journal. Thanks for publishing such a commendable article.

PROFULLA KUMAR PATRA, Koraput.

Indian English

A PROPOS of the article "English after the English", has A. S. Raman analysed all the factors? Has he ever undertaken a comparative study of any Indian language—say, his mother tongue Telugu? Does the syntax and idiom of the mother tongue not play a significant role? For instance, the way a question is put in English and the way it is put in many Indian languages is different. Hence, though I know it is grammatically wrong, I cannot help saying, "It sounds presumptuous, no?" But then Mr. Raman may attribute this to my "Oriental resistance." Of course, I refrain from asking whether it is really necessary that my English should be "intelligible" and "acceptable" to the English and to Mr. Raman.

K. S. JAYA RAO, Hyderabad.

Colossal waste

CHANCHAL SARKAR's excellent article, "United, they prosper", has correctly brought out the ever-growing, infructuous expenditure on staff and establishment of the U.N. This colossal waste of money and talent would have been reduced, if not avoided, had they worked with the spirit of Christian missionaries. The U.N. has, in many ways, become merely a symbol of failures and false hopes. It has not acted so far in a manner that can justify its present expensive existence as a world body.

ANTHONY PARAKAL, Bombay.

Fine study

HARI CHANDOLA's special report, "Fifteen Days in Vietnam," was excellent and provided a fine study of Vietnam. I wonder if any other Indian magazine has carried such a fine and informative article on that country.

R. VASUDEVAN, Kalpakam.

Anti-dowry move

NEWS items such as "Why should a woman die?" may do some good in opening the eyes of at least a few dowry-seekers. But many such stories—which are quite common—could very well be compiled and released periodically in a volume to schools and colleges. This would touch the hearts of the people who matter most. Expenditure on this worthy cause may be sponsored by some of our right-thinking industrialists and business houses. May I request your journal to take up this cause?

Miss ASHIMA KARAMCHANDANI, Bombay.

 Blow 'em up

SINCE SUNDAY is becoming more and more bright week by week, with so many popular features, why don't you start giving us blow-ups—in colour, of course. Besides this, a pen-pals column and a careers' column would help make SUNDAY more fantastic.

S. K. SAJKIA, Titabar.
THE HOLI SPIRIT

It is not without reason that Holi is associated with fun, merrymaking, bonhomie and drunkenness. Every region of the country has its special way of celebrating Holi, though the common feature everywhere is a free flow of intoxicating drinks. MANI MADHUKAR, award-winning Hindi writer, writes a detailed story of these 'high' sessions in several areas of rural India and captures the Holi 'spirit'.

LONELINESS Life is like a long tunnel enveloped by the darkness of loneliness. It is one condition which is universal. People have tried to find many answers to the problem. Festivals are one, with the joy and brotherhood they evoke. Liquor has been a better answer. Festivals do not come along every day, but a bottle can be arranged every day, the soothing charm of ganja can bring its measure of peace each day.

The most joyous of festivals are those that combine the pleasures of communal gaiety with the delights of intoxication. Holi is one such festival. It might not then be a bad idea to take a look at the exquisitely varied forms of intoxication which have kept Indians such beautiful company since long before the British brought their whisky and gin and brandy.

The sandy slopes of Jaisalmer, the gypsy jewelings of the Banjara, of Telengana, the pretty fisherwomen of Goa and the Garo and Khasi peoples of the North-east. I have spent a good bit of my time in all these and many more places. Everywhere people have the same medicines to kill their boredom, their frustrations, their loneliness and sadness. Their

Mukul De
fear one is the festival, the other is intoxication. The festival is a seasonal eruption of joy; a little artificial, true, in the sense that a day has been imposed upon the people when they shall all pretend to be happy, but nonetheless effective and cathartic for that. It hardly matters whether the festival is called Holi, or Pongal or Nongkirt.

From the window of the house where I live in Calcutta I can see the clusters of blood-red flowers of the ashok tree. The other day, when I walked from Bikaner to Jodhpur, my eyes involuntarily travelled towards the branches of this tree, and the associations took me to a spring which I had spent with the bhils of Banswara. Every evening a group used to gather for a drink. One day, old Gunia, Bihl said, “What does a man really need except two morsels to eat and a roof to cover his head? But is this the whole of life?” This idiot of a heart, this also needs some nourishment. Women every woman tastes the same. But liquor! Kamdev Baba has left us with such a wonderful thing that every gulp has a different joy.” And Gunia finished his earthen bowl of liquor in one gulp, and blurted out: “This liquor is good, sometimes she takes you to the skies and sometimes she throws you on the ground, the bitch!”

For the Bhil, spring means feel liquor, lahari chaata, and gram roti. They believe that on the night of Holi, Kamdev Baba drinks this feel liquor till he is drunk. The Bhils make this liquor from mangoes and hemp at home. I remember that night in December at Indi Hotel when Ritwick Chatak drank a whole bottle of feel and said with a huge laugh, “God, if you truly are there somewhere, make me a Bhil in my next life.”

“To drive away loneliness, some people drink their own some people drink other’s blood. I drink sendhua to drive away my loneliness.” The famous Urdu poet, Makdoom Muhuddin, used to have a strange shadow on his face when he sat with laborers living in the bustees of Hyderabad and consumed tumblers of sendhua toddy. In Telengana, men and women sit together in the evenings and drink this sendhua toddy. In Muhammad’s words, “They know how to work hard and then celebrate!”

In one Assamese folk song there is the mention of the five arrows of Kamdev—liquor bhang, ganja, opium and tobacco. According to one Puranic tradition, these five arrows are known as sanmohan, amul, shaasan, tapam, and stambh. In spring, these arrows of Kamdev are understoodly expected to lead to greater pleasure.

Ganganagar is one of those places which have become famous, justifiably, for drinking. The local drink, called jabari, is also well-known all throughout the country as kezar kasturi, and it is the life of this region. Whenever it is on the edge of the canal or the palace of the chaudhari or the hut of the cobbler, kezar kasturi takes the pride of place. Once I provoked a truck driver about this drink, and he answered me sharply: “You drink this and you will realise how good it is! If a man stops drinking this he will die, thanks to all the problems of life. Those who don’t drink this are in any case as good as dead!”

I was travelling from Ganganagar to Nohar, and the truck driver had agreed to give me a lift. He kept me in stitches. day after day. I remember one which, though not particularly amusing, was significant. “I love talking,” he said, “you must have realised that. But me, I tell you a story. One day...

* A beggar at Shantiniketan during Holi (far left)
* Rajasthani woman enjoying her ganja (left)

After the bhang, eating bhaara chappaties is a must.
all the clocks of this world stopped. Simultaneously, all activity stopped. One big leader had to go somewhere to give a speech, but nobody came to take him there. Judges were just going to adjourn for the day when the clocks stopped, and they got stuck onto their seats. Those condemned to be hung did not reach the gallows. A revolution could not throw his bomb. All work stopped but children continued to be born, those on their deathbeds died, and all those fortunate enough to have a bottle of kesar kasutari continued drinking without a pause, nothing else meant anything to them. So, brother, the meaning of this is that those who drink are beyond time!"

THAT may or may not be, but it is true that drinking is associated with time. In various parts of the country, different seasons are marked out for drinking. In Andhra Pradesh, makar sankranti is celebrated for three days, and the third day is called kummu. Farmers clean the dens of animals and decorate them with flowers. In the evenings there are cock or ram fights. And in the late evenings the men and women sit together and drink a special liquor made of rice called annamuli. The gypsies also join in this celebration and after getting high they lie flat on the ground and keep turning on their side. The belief is that the number of times you turn signifies the number of turns your fate will take.

The Santhals of Bihar call holi a baaparab, and on this day they dance and drink a country liquor called hingadiya. The liquor is made by the adAVIS of the Oraon and Munda tribes is particularly famous. They also make a liquor called handiya which is extremely strong, and not everyone can drink it. In Kashmir, a liquor called kathawari is made from kesar and rose, with as much care as they would devote to the making of their herbal medicines. And they drink this from their pointed caps; kathawari tastes a little sweet and there is the smell of honey about it.

In the Sirmour-Mahas region of Himachal Pradesh, kiyangi liquor is prepared. This serves as medicine, in winter. Some of the hill tribes are called gaddis and there is mention of kiyangi in the story of the love between Raja Sancharand and a gaddi girl. Kiyangi is made from the roots of herbs which grow on the mountainsides.

In Arunachal Pradesh, the Modpa, Abar, Sidpo and Uphla tribes in the hills make sodradi and they mature jars full of this for years in caves on the hills. This drink is considered extremely auspicious during certain festivals. In Goa, a particular drink is made from cashew which takes about ten years to be ready for consumption. It is called handal and is stored underground while a fire is burnt just above where it is stored. It is said that Winston Churchill and our own Kundanlal Saigal were very fond of this drink. I have seen a former Maharaja of Jaipur and his foreign guest thirst for this drink.

In Manipur Holi is known as madh shang and the dancing and drinking that symbolizes this festival are beautiful and fascinating. If young boys and girls agree to marry and their decision is accepted by the community, then jars of paanuthobi liquor flow. Paanuthobi is the name of the wife of a deity called Khamba, and is considered the goddess of life and death.

In the islands of Andaman and Nicobar there is a country liquor made from fish. A non-resident cat can get this one down only through a combination of solid fortitude and a bull's liver. One of my friends, a writer from Punjab, took a gulp and complained of liver trouble for six months after that.

THERE were no laws regulating the sale of liquor before the East India Company came onto the scene. From 1770 the Company began handing out licences for the manufacture of spirits, and in 1905 a separate department was created to look after revenues. In 1912, a committee chaired by Gopalkrishna Gokhale asked for total prohibition all over the country. The 1920's were a bad time for the liquor industry all over the world. The Republican Party in the USA fulfilled a campaign promise and banned the sale of liquor in 33 states. Taking courage from this bold move, Iceland and Finland passed similar strict measures. In our country, Gandhi made prohibition one of the important points of his movement. In 1931, the Congress Party offered satyagraha in an effort to pressurise the British government into banning drinking.

The local elected governments eventually did enforce prohibition in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies on 1 October, 1937. But the industry had already become a significant part of the economy, and there were rumbles of protest from industrialists and shopkeepers involved in the trade. Gandhi had to publicly admonish them. Meanwhile the USA had not had a particularly good experience with prohibition: there was large-scale unemployment, farmers could not find a market for barley, leading to tremendous disaffection and poverty, and crime poured with bootleggers selling spirits. When World War II broke out, the local governments resigued, and the British again allowed free sale of spirits all over British India. When Congress governments again won power in Bombay and Madras, prohibition was reimposed in April 1947. However, the history of our efforts to ban drinking is long and complicated, not to mention fairly unsuccessful.

But it will be hard to deny that intoxication has been an important part of our tradition. The late Yaashpal used to say that without somaras the Vedas could simply not have been written down. The oldest tribes have always had their special kinds of liquor. The mahua has become deservedly famous. The Warli and Kerun peoples of Maharashtra sway to the beat of their tambourine dance after a good bit of brahali in their system. Bhakali, made from sugarcane and the skin of oranges, is an excellent brew and became very popular among the assembled luminaries at the last International Film Festival held in Bombay, so much so that by the time the festival was nearing an end, the drink had disappeared from
Preparing bhang, offering it to Shiva and then tasting bliss.

The second arrow in Kamdev's sheath is bhang. The poet Umardan has said in a couplet that when a good man dies a chariot of angels escorts him to heaven, but the man who serves the God Bhang travels to heaven every day. In Rajasthan, bhang is a common means of pleasure. In Jodhpur and Bikaner, bhang addicts crowd the city, nor is Shekhawati far behind. In the villages, near the wells there are inevitably a few places where people gather in the evenings to partake of bhang. Some of them boil new leaves of bhang, while others crush them on the

For those not for the five arrows, Holl is still colourful.
and get the milk and almonds ready. Everyone participates in making the bhang. Those who come last bathe and begin singing bhajans to the Lord Bholanath. Shankar Bhagwan is considered the patron of bhang, which is why there is some arrangement for bhang wherever there is a Shiv temple. Bhang addicts consider themselves as good as disciples of Lord Shiva.

In the Nathdwara khejra of Udaipur, laddus with bhang in them are made. In Kathmandu there is a tremendous scramble every evening for samosas with bhang in them. On Shivratri, in almost every village and town bhang is drunk. Often in a village, a headman’s house becomes the point where everyone gathers to drink. The former Nawab of Tonk once told me an interesting story. Once a bhang addict, or bhanger, called Jiwo turned up in Tonk. He used to stay in the dharmshala, make his own bhang and drink it every evening. But he did not really like drinking it alone, and there was no one else in the area used to taking bhang. One day he persuaded some people to take a little. They liked it so much that the next day they came for more, and their numbers increased. After this had continued for some time, one day Jiwo suddenly announced that he was tired of crushing bhang for everyone, and if they wanted it they could very well make it themselves after which he turned over and went to sleep. The habit had taken hold; after that they made the bhang and Jiwo became their ‘kalifa’ or leader.

To make it more potent, bhang is ground to a very fine dust and strands of copper are mixed with it. Normally it is dissolved in milk or sherbet, but it is also taken straight. After eating or drinking bhang one tends to feel very hungry. One also gets a sweets tooth. The priests at Shiv temples are known to eat many kilograms of sweets after a good evening of bhang. In Saurashtria, the water in which bhang leaves are boiled is touched with black pepper and cardamom. In some parts of Bihar and Orissa people tie a bag of dry bhang to their waist and chew on it all day. When Kerala’s Moplah Muslims inaugurate their ‘kolbail’ dance they distribute balls of bhang wrapped in silver foil. In parts of Meghalaya, priests tie a goat to a tree, and for 15 days sprinkle liquor around the animal. The goat is given bhang for these 15 days, and before the sacrifice it is made to dance for hours to a special tune.

BENARAS: Manikarnika Ghat. I was sitting with Alan Ginsberg, the best poet, smoking ganja. He said: “There is such peace here!”

I looked around, a tripe startled. Fires. Ram naam satya hai. Dead souls searching for salvation. Fear, the smell of death. Sadhus, Yogis, Untouchables. Scavengers, Ginsberg took a long pull at his chillum and cried: “Om shanti shanti... Hari Om taisati!”

Perhaps Ginsberg was in another world. Perhaps every ganja addict leaves this world with the first puff.

I had seen a hippie, who was addicted to ganja, wander around the bazaar shouting “Hare Krishna, hare Krishna, bum bum Bhole, I want peace... ganja peena bahut accha... I’m changing my complexion to mix myself with you all!”

On the banks of the Ganges at Prayag you will find many groups of people sitting smoking ganja. At the centre of each group are two earthen pots. The man who takes the first puff from the chillum says after exhaling the smoke, “Dhire bol (Talk softly). The chillum passes from hand to hand. The man who takes the last puff says, “Ho gane sona (All is gold). Periodically everyone spits in the other earthen pot.

Recently, I overheard part of a conversation bet-
ween two men high on ganja at Satya Narayan Park in Bara Bazar, Calcutta. "Scoundrel! Today I admit that you are my father!" said one.

"But that is precisely what I have been saying," replied the other, "that you are my father!"

"Then it is agreed that you are my father," the first one said.

"Can there be any doubt about that?" the second replied. "You are my father!" I did not wait to find out how this particular conversation ended.

In the language of ganja addicts, the word Havan has a special association. When a fresh entrant to their fold takes a deep first puff, strong enough to burn his insides, everyone cheers like this: "Wah Havan! Wah Mahabali!"

In Rajasthan, opium is called 'amral,' and in the days when the princes ruled the area, 'amral' was extremely important. As a sign of friendship and good faith, a prince used to send 'amral' to another. Warrors went to the battlefield after a bowl of amral. If anyone was offered 'amral' and did not accept it, it was considered a sign of hostility. In the royal families, from Vasant Panchami to Holi, every evening 'amral' used to be taken in a group, and admission to this group was a sign of adulthood. From opium, kasumba used to be prepared, and this was drunk at just about every festival. The wedding night particularly is called the night of kasumba. When a king or a thakur had to condemn a friend or a relative to death, poisoned kasumba used to be given to the convicted person.

There are the usual number of stories of opium addicts in North Indian lore, and they are considered figures of fun, but with a difference—they could both take it, and dish it out too. Opium addicts are in fact famous for their presence of mind and their sharp tongue. In a folk song, an addict sings: "To tell you the truth, I am a man worth two paise. But give me a dose of opium and I shall play the tabla on the head of the king.'

Another story tells of a man who said to an addict, "You belong to the modern generation, you should wear a watch on your hand." The addict replied, "Yes, I thought the same once, and went to a shop to purchase a watch. I liked one of the models, and asked the price. Two hundred is the very minimum, the shopkeeper told me. That's all right, I told the shopkeeper. But then that chap informed me that the watch would run according to its own inclinations, sometimes it would show three o'clock, sometimes four, and whatever the watch told me I would have to accept. I am damned if I am going to pay two hundred rupees for something that will not listen to me!" The watch I buy will have to listen to me. If I say it is eight o'clock, the watch will have to say the same! Mark my words—if a man allows his watch and his wife to have their own way, that will be the end of the world for him.'

There are three things famous in Bhopal: purdah, gardah and zardah. The purdah has been a major boon to the innumerable poets of that city. The gardah (dust) is apparent, whether on the streets or on the political horizon. And people who have fallen in love with the zardah that is eaten in the pan of Bhopal know that there are few pleasures which are greater.

The sad fact remains however that drinking is a vain attempt at forgetting the loneliness of being yourself. The illusion of escape is created and ended in a state of intoxication. While the euphoria lasts, there is bliss, but like all good things in life, this deliverance is ephemeral.
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Holi when it was just fun

O. P. BHAGAT looks back 35 years and describes Holi as it was observed by boys in a small town then.

My elder brother Narayan often brought home strange things. Perhaps the most curious of these was the one he showed me just before a Holi day.

It was a small red-and-green mask. He wore it like a flower in a button-hole of his shirt. From behind it came a thin rubber tube, the other end of which he held in his hand. As I stared at the strange thing, Narayan tightened his grip on the tube. At once, from a tiny hole in the mask’s grinning mouth, a jet of water sprang forth.

I stepped back, my face wet and eyes blinking. Then I asked, “What is it?”

“It is a Holi surprise,” Narayan replied. “I shall squirt coloured water with it.”

He then explained the method. At the loose end of the tube was a rubber bulb. It could be removed, filled with water and fixed again. You could hold the bulb in your fist and press it without anybody seeing it.

Though Narayan had bought the thing for himself, it was I who used it on the festival day. And I had a lot of fun indeed.

That was about 35 years ago. Strangely, I have not come across a squirt ing mask, or anything like it, again.

Another peculiar toy I bought as a small boy at Holi was a water pistol. To load it you had to press its trigger and dip the muzzle in water. As you released the trigger, the piston sucked in some water. When you “fired” it, the water leapt forth in a thin stream. I haven’t seen again such a pistol either.

The other gadgets used then at Holi were the same as now, all except water-filled balloons. Balloons we had in plenty, but no water-taps in the homes to fill them. For water supply we had old-fashioned pumps.

There were syringes of all sizes. The smallest one was just a little bigger than the one meant for injections. With a large one you could splash three or four persons at a time. One of the boys had a gigantic syringe. It was about a metre long. When filled with water, it became so heavy and tight that he could not press its handle.

With a syringe of any size a boy could be a terror to the passers-by. People wearing neat clothes asked the boys not to squirt water at them. Some said it meekly or lovingly, others gruffly. Now and then a request was conceded, but nobody cared for threats or warnings.

When splashed red or green, most stern-looking people smiled or muttered something and went their way. But some would explode with rage. They shouted and swore at the boys. But this only added to the boys’ delight.

In the midst of squiring and splashing a few persons always had safe passage. These were the men, women or children carrying food. Nobody threw water at them. If some naughty boy tried, he was snubbed both by the victim and other passers-by. Even his companions did not go to his defence.

Not every child had a syringe. Many of them splashed red or green or yellow water (quite a few made do with blue or black ink) from cans and bottles and tumblers. Some children had tubular tin vessels with many holes in the lid, and they sprinkled water like a gardener. And some had gulab-danas—small, shaped flasks of brass, with long necks and a few holes at the end.

Quite a few children had fun even without throwing water. Some of them printed designs on others’ shirts with small blocks of wood.

If a wooden block was not handy, one was made out of a potato or carrot. With a knife the boys carved a design or the word Fool on a large piece of the vegetable. Mostly “Fool” was preferred. It exposed the victim to much ridicule.

Some boys liked to paint others’ faces. They first spread a deep colour on their palms. Then, looking as if they meant no harm, they went near a victim and shocked him by throwing up their hands. Some boys surprised their victims by coming from behind.

With his face painted red or green or blue, the victim looked more laughable than a clown. If the colour was black, he looked as once funny and frightening. Some of the victims protested or broke into tears. Others took it sportingly. One or two even offered to sit astride an ass and ride through the streets, with scores of children shouting and clapping their hands behind them.

Of course most children had Holi fun in the streets. Others threw water from a high window or roof. They splashed the others without getting a splash themselves. But the real fun was in surprising a passer-by.

As the victim got a squirt of red water, he ran for shelter. But in doing so he became the target of a yellow squirt from another syringe, and a green squirt from yet another syringe. Meanwhile, some children surrounded him and sprinkled and splashed him with all sorts of colours.

Now and then a big boy splashed a whole bucket of water on an unwary person and dyed him

15
Holi and unholy

WHEN the trains passing through Bihar show blotches of red on their bodies you can be sure that holi is not far behind. Perhaps because the religious content in holi, among the major Hindu festivals, is miniscule there is no scriptural authority to raise its admonishing finger when the revelries cross the limits of decency. The vulgarity and violence inherent in the Homo Sapiens dominate the holi merry-making, and what is fun for the aggressive few becomes torment for the defenseless many on that fateful day. For a few years after independence when the floodgates of the pent-up emotions of the nation were opened only the brunt of their flow could decide to travel by train through some parts of the country during the holi week or fortnight. I myself had a nightmarish experience during such a journey. Through the window of the running train we found hundreds of people lining up combat-ready on both sides of the tracks, the spirit morning being shattered into smithereens by the blood curdling war cry holi hai! -i-i-i, and before we could put up the shutters we were hit by a volley of missiles—stones, mud lumps and all kinds of filth. Glass panes were smashed, blood was splattered everywhere on our bodies and clothes, trunks and bedrolls and on food which some of us were eating. But more was to come. At the next station the train was detained for an hour or so and each compartment was invaded by a crowd of merry-makers who saw to it that not a single passenger escaped without a good amount of filth on his or her person. Long after the incident we found a young man trying to comfort his newly married wife who was sobbing and blowing her nose over the damage caused to her beautiful sari and her looks. Some fun.

Holi is a north-Indian, non-Sanskrit word of indeterminate origin, meaning, according to some scholars, a sheep or a goat. In the 17th century there is reference to a one-legged goat which in fact is an Asura who tries to obstruct the Sun's Utratrajan (journey to the north) that marks the beginning of longer and warmer days. So on the holi eve that Asura is burnt with shouts of joy. The word holi is catching on in Bengal where the festival is traditionally called Dol Yatra, Dol or dojola means oscillation. The Sun who is also Vishnu, the god who nurtures the creation, oscillates between one solstice and another. Jhulan which also means swinging is another festival that is celebrated in June-July when the Sun reverses its course and swings southwards. Over the years Dol Yatra became synonymous with spring festival and Madanotsava (festival of the god of love) accounts of which are found in some Sanskrit dramas.

In the days of yore when the Indian society was permissive at least at the upper levels the holi must have been a great occasion for men and women to enjoy themselves without any religious constraint to cramp their style. From dawn to dusk we imagine them setting the table and drank, sang and danced together, sprinkled perfumed coloured water on each other, the women shrieking in mock fear and pretending to run away only to be caught by the chasing men and smeared all over the face by scented abir, the beautiful courtians versed in all the arts, making the queens and the wives of the nobility green with envy; the evening comes, the air is charged with a heady wine; on a sudden over the trees the fullgun full moon, a huge golden orb, leaps into the sky. A sweet melancholy that chases all ephemeral joys like a shadow slowly descends upon the mind. Over the years, again, the holi became a sort of fertility cult among the rural people engaged in agriculture, it became an occasion for orgies among the royalty and the nobility, the existence of which will be found in Rajput and Mughal paintings.

In Bengal Sri Chaitanya revived the religious spirit of Dol Yatra drawing on the Krishna-Radha Loves from legendary sources. He made it a popular festival in which people from all classes and castes took part and sang kirtans on Vrindavan fields and danced with two hands raised towards heaven until fatigue and the evil spirit produced a trance like condition among many. In other parts of the country, mostly in the north and the west, the holi, devoid of any religious spirit degenerated into an occasion for drinking bhang sherbat, singing ribald songs, and throwing dirty things and words at each other. Women keep indoors on the holi day. It is the exclusion of women from the celebration which is largely responsible for the lack of grace, beauty and any aesthetic quality which a spring festival should normally possess. In midday company a man tries to haul the brute in him on the leash.

Why is it that the Hindus who claim to be more religious than others should allow such ribaldry and rowdism in their festivals which are mostly religious? It is not a modern trait as some elderly people wrongly believe. The Hindu入库 and the sacred and the profane have always existed side by side—the erotic temple sculptures, the devadasis, the tantric cults and what have you, whatever their interpretations. After the immersion of a deity like the great goddess Durga, it is customary to throw mud at each other and drink bhang. In our childhood days we have seen ladies of good families becoming intoxicated with bhang on the vagon train. It was also customary for the entry to go to places where they could listen to obscene songs. Jogesh Chandra Vidyamardhi, the eminent scholar, says Kalika Furan sanctioned such behaviour during religious festivals. It was believed that if the eyes, ears and the body could be defiled on an auspicious day, Yama, god of death, would not touch that man for a year. Devout brahmans in Maharashtra used to pollute their bodies by touching low caste people and then take a purifying ritual bath. The belief, Jogesh babu says, is as old as the Vedas which promote obscene verses and songs at least after a year-long festival. The soma rasa of the Vedic times is the bhang of today which is extensively taken during Vritya Dussehra in Bengal and holi in north India.

SANTOSH BAGCHI
The friendly touch

ONLY if I lived in Madras would I be a coffee addict. I don't care for it all that much but coffee in Madras— that's different. Some years ago when chatting with a driver—a Tamil Brahmin as he escorted me through various chores in Madras, I asked about the main heads of his family budget. Coffee loomed large in it and understandably. Milk is expensive and more so in the quantity and thickness that Madras coffee demands and since it's a food for the entire family—and guest—to be taken several times in the day, coffee comes expensive.

The roasting of coffee beans is part of the aroma of Madras. But there are other smells too. The stench from the slums, for instance, and the sea-air whiff which floats into most parts of the city but, for me, specially in the long verandah of the colonnaded Secretariat building in Fort St. George That looks out onto the deep blue sea.

It's a city I think I know, having been many times but I don't really. As time passes, I wonder how many cities in India that I visit do I know. Calcutta, Bhopal, Varanasi, Nagpur, Poona, Gauhati—all different and distinctively. But I have dug a rut—seem to be of addresses and telephone numbers, some restaurants and offices tried and tested. Within minutes of checking into a familiar hotel I embark on an oft-repeated act.

And so I feel I must make a new effort each time, to know our cities somewhat as their citizens know who love them. Calcutta, for instance, has to be felt through the emotions of my friend Gaur Kishore Ghosh, Bombay through another journalist friend, Chandrakant Tamhane of the Maharashtra Times. Giving those cities three days now and again in between meetings and parties is to insult their character and personality.

But I was in Madras. What I've liked about it through the years is the lack of frills and trappings of importance of our other three metropolises, even though the Madras of 1977 is vastly different from that of 1956 when first I saw it. But dull, self absorbed and rather cold has been my noting. There's greater efficiency in Madras than in almost any Indian city but also an easier acceptance of authority. That acceptance is good in a way because it means more discipline; it could also will into acquiescence.

Frankly I don't know Madras. An occasional experience like being taken into a family lunch upset all carefully slotted preconceptions. It's a good city for work and, looking back, I find that one tends to be involved more than averagely with Brahmins because they continue to be very important in areas outside the Government. Perhaps that is a handicap in getting close to Madras, because the Tamil Brahmin is in some ways a special person. Different from the rest, isolated and individualist, surviving by his skill and efficiency, he is exceptional. I always feel a little cut off from the non-Brahmins who swirl around but yet are not part of the circuit that I customarily touch.

It is strange to be talking of Brahmin and non-Brahmin, Tamil and non-Tamil, North and South, but they are fundamental factors which don't walk away and get lost by being ignored. I remember meeting E.V. Ramaswami Naicker in my first ever visit over twenty years ago. It was in a modest house somewhere in the city. With his prophet-like appearance and magnetism he was, to me, an attractive and knowable figure. Kamraj too, living in his simple house in the Park, exuded a forthright wisdom and that gave him claus. Such people, and what I have read of the non-Brahmin movement, have made me aware that it is a very real layer of Madras. A layer that one must always try to understand. A sharp confirmation of this came to me again when reporting, years ago, the DMK approach to sub-nationalism.

Tamil and non-Tamil? That is real, too, and the bitterness of the Andhra is not fully spent though Andhra Pradesh now exists and even though many Telugu interests have moved away from Madras. I have sensed the feeling in some of my Andhra friends in Madras, recognized it, but not been able to judge its full strength or justification.

Being from Bengal I have a curious sense of affinity with both the North and the South, Kerala seeming scarcely alien at all; Karnataka a very likeable and warm land; Andhra exceptionally knowable. Shorn of the excesses of Hindi or Marathi chauvinism the North, too, seems to me easily accessible. But this is because in my generation we were fortunate to acquire an all-India view mainly through English? I don't know. Many Bengalis might not mix into the environment of the North or the South. I have seen Bengali families in Allahabad who after generations there, especially the womenfolk, are totally, and sadly, untouched by any influence of Uttar Pradesh. They stand out like sore thumbs. Similarly the archetypal Northerner does look out of place in Madras and moves around like an expatriate. Or is it just my imagination? I would be glad to know.

What I have said could sound impudent or ignorant. If so it is the result of not knowing enough. I would like to give much more time in our cities, to get beyond the barrier of impressions raised by years of routine visits. Only then would those cities become living places with a savour. Census studies, maps, histories—all these are important, but only as preliminaries. The best way to know a city is surely to experience it with friends who know it and love it deeply. Only then can one slowly squeeze in behind the facade.

BANCHAL SARKAR
Has the Emergency swallowed the Indira wave?

What are the issues of the present elections? KEWAL VARMA reports on the campaign styles of the ruling party and the Opposition and finds that both sides are appealing to the middle class and its values. Will this segment of society decide the results? Is there an anti-Indira wave in the country?

"DELHI is not India," was the cryptic retort of a senior leader of the Congress Party when his attention was drawn to the political atmosphere in the capital. A rough idea of the relative strengths of the Congress and the Opposition was clear to political observers after the two camps had held their meetings on two consecutive days. The enthusiasm in the Opposition camp is the same, if not more, as that in 1971 in the Congress. Like the latter that year, the Opposition this time has launched the offensive and like the Opposition in 1971, the Congress is now on the defensive. This is the political scenario in Delhi. And Delhi is a politically uncommitted city. In 1967, the Jana Sangh won six out of the seven Parliamentary seats but in 1971, the Congress won all the seven seats.

Delhi is in a way representative of urban political opinion in the country, but the question is whether this Opposition 'wave' will sweep the countryside too, or will remain essentially a urban phenomenon. In the past all the big political movements had started from cities. The 'Indira wave' was also first felt in the cities. Whether this, what may be called the 'anti-Indira wave', will spread throughout the country or not depends on two factors. First, the intrinsic strength of the Opposition slogan, and second, the resources in men and material at its disposal to spread its message.

The focal point of the Indira wave was garibi hatao. The appeal touched the heart of everybody. The slogan acquired credibility because of what Mrs. Gandhi had been doing since the split in the Congress in 1969. Bank nationalisation, abolition of privy purses and measures like these had prepared the ground for a receptive intake of the 'garibi hatao' slogan by the people. The prominence given to the 'Young Turks' within the Congress and the alliance with the CPI added to the credibility of the slogan. In the distri-
However, all the barricades may not blunt the thrusts of the Opposition, particularly, when it emphasizes the experience of the Emergency and blames the ruling party for doing permanent damage to democratic institutions. The list of omissions and commissions of the ruling party on this score is just too long for it to explain away. It must be conceded that the Opposition can edge one over the edge of its appeal. There is no doubt that the politi-
cal strata of the population, which have been influenced by the liberalism of Gandhiji and the radicalism of Nehru, and have in democratic institutions, feel strongly about the question of democracy. Broadly speaking, this strata includes the middle classes and blue-collar employees. These sections can make very loud noises, clearly out of proportion to their numerical strength. It should also not be forgotten that in the last ten years or so there has been a phenomenal growth of the middle classes. It is not a rare thing to find a matriculate, if not a graduate, in a rural HARIJAN pocket. It is these people who may carry the urban disease to rural areas. However, the question will essentially be decided by whether poor people, particularly the rural poor, have any genuine interest in the democratic system. The hypothesis that democracy has taken deep roots in India will be tested in the election. However, if the Opposition succeeds in convincing the simple rural folk that something grossly unjust has been done to them, it might succeed in winning over even those for whom democracy may be an abstract issue. Also, stories of excesses of the Emergency will help the Opposition to relate the question of democracy with the day-to-day life of the people.

The question of hereditability is also related to the question of democracy. It does offend democratic sensibilities, but in a system of feudal values, this is an accepted principle—the son inherits his father’s property and also his social status. There have been no revolutions when sons or daughters have tried to legitimize their succession to their parents in politics, business and administration. Perhaps, the difference is that it has now been made to appear as if someone was being imposed. However, again one has to wait for the election results to know how deeply the country has absorbed democratic values. So far, we were discussing the similarities in the situations of 1971 and 1977, though the relative positions of the ruling party and the Opposition have changed. Let us now discuss the similarities in the situation in 1971. The Opposition had no positive slogan to offer. It was only finding fault with the ruling party and challenging its credentials. On the other hand, the ruling party has a definite slogan that is relevant for the country. In fact, it asserts that it will bring democracy with stability, but the way the issues are being projected, it may very well appear to the electorate that the Congress is more for stability and less for democracy.

Be that as it may, even this position of the ruling party may carry weight with certain sections of society, mostly those who have a stake in the present system. How big is that section? A judgment on this can be made only after the election results. It should not be difficult for the ruling party to bring hime to the electorate the disparate character of the Opposition. “Restore democracy.” Very good. What then? When it comes face to face with economic problems, it should be obvious even to a politically blind person that the Opposition cannot cling together. It will take much less time, indeed, for the economic forces in which the Janata Party will eventually come into a single sangam. Wistful thinking! Once the anti-Indira fever subsides, if it does, the Opposition will come to the fore. After all, spilt milk is more
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The ruling party has, however, to overcome a serious handicap before it establishes its own credentials on the question of stability. The game of destabilisation in Congress-run States was going on till two months ago. Stability at the Centre and instability in the States cannot go together. The ruling party owes it to the electorate to give a satisfactory explanation. And it had better be a convincing one, not like the glib statement that the Opposition is a cart driven by four donkeys. The high and mighty attitude acquired during the Emergency is still persisting with the ruling party. Its spokesmen quite often give the impression that they are waving a big stick. This could prove highly counter-productive.

One very obvious question is: What difference has Mr. Jagjivan Ram’s leaving the Congress made? It has certainly made a big psychological impression in both camps. His action made the anti-Indira wave higher. In actual terms also, it will make a difference, as neither Mr. Jagjivan Ram nor Mr. H. N. Bahuguna is a political lightweight. Their crossing the floor will add to the strength of the Opposition, but there is another side to the picture. There is some incompatibility between the Congress for Democracy (CFD) and the Janata Party. The CFD has a homogenous image—Mr. Ram, Mr. Bahuguna and Mrs. Satpathy supplement each other. But what about the CFD and the Janata Party? Mr. Ram has a particular appeal to Harijans and backward castes. Mr. Bahuguna has an appeal for backward castes and Muslims. But in U.P., the Janata Party is dominated by the Jat leader, Mr. Chatan Singh and the Jana Sangh. Both represent forces which Harijans and Muslims do not trust. In Bihar also, the J.P. agitation was spearheaded mainly by the upper castes, the backward classes and Muslims by and large stayed away from it. In Orissa also, where Mr. Biju Patnaik’s support is strong among landed people and the former princes, Mrs. Satpathy appeals to the rural poor. Now it is to be seen whether in this din and noise raised over the question of democracy, the incompatibilities of the CFD and the Janata Party will be overcome or not. Much will depend on the way the Congress campaign is conducted.

So far, strangely enough, the Congress does not seem to be making any concerted effort to play upon the differences between the CFD and the Janata Party. Perhaps, it has a guilty conscience. To be successful, the Congress may have to go back to its ‘garibi hatao’ posture, but it knows that its credibility is lowest on this issue. After playing upon the people’s sentiments, the Congress just forgot its commitment. As an afterthought, following the declaration of the Emergency, it made a feeble attempt to resurrect its image in the form of the 20-point programme, but soon this was overshadowed by family planning and tree planting. Now it has become insensitive to it. This is evident from the manner in which Congress tickets have been given. The weightage of the upper castes and the landed interests has increased in U.P. and Bihar. It has even accepted some erstwhile princes. Insensitivity on this score has reached the extent that in an official release of the AICC, a Congress candidate’s name in Punjab was prefixed by a British title ‘Sardar Bahadur’. With the image that it is projecting, the Congress cannot rally the Harijans and the village poor to its side. Will these people then go over to the Opposition? They, too, seems to have nothing concrete to offer them. Remarkably, in a poor country, poverty is not a primary issue in an election!

In fact, the issues which have been projected so far make it a battle essentially of the middle classes. The question is whether the silent majority will be actively drawn into this battle, and whether it will then force the issues of its concern.
Why are Bihar and U.P so important?

Which way will U.P. and Bihar vote? Is all well in Mrs. Gandhi power base? JANARDAN THAKUR asked this question of a Muslim rickshawallah in Lucknow and was told, "How do I know? What do the poor know about such things?"

The question No. 1 today is: Which way will Bihar and Uttar Pradesh go? A great deal hangs by that question. The shape of things to come. Not merely because these two States put together account for a little over one-fourth of the seats in Parliament. That is important, but even more important is the fact that Bihar and U.P. are the fulcrum of Mrs. Indira Gandhi's power. If her party slips in these two States, she may not have very much to hold on to.

The snap-poll gambit, it was perhaps calculated, would take the splintered Opposition so unawares and the time for them to muster their resources would be so short that the Congress would just sweep the polls. But obviously things did not go that way. In spite of all their handicaps, the Opposition parties rallied together with amazing swiftness and suddenly, almost from nowhere, there was a new wind blowing. The longer it took the Opposition leaders to be let off from jail, the better for them. They were more the heroes for it. Perhaps if they had been out of jail six months earlier they would have lost much of the halo they now seem to have.

While this applies by and large to Opposition leaders in most States, there is an added factor in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar. It is in these two States, more than anywhere else that the Ram-Bahuguna blitzkrug has had its greatest impact.

One immediate result was the complete metamorphosis of the Congress lists for Bihar and Uttar Pradesh. Until late on February 3, Bihar Bhawan in Delhi bristled with long-haired youths who strutted around, confident of getting a big share of the tickets. By the evening of February 5, it was difficult to find anyone there less than half-a-century old. Frantic messages had gone out to so-called stalwarts of the Bihar and U.P. Congress. Former Chief Ministers and Ministers, former Rajas and Ranas, tottering old Congressmen who could barely walk—all the old guards—they could think of were summoned post haste to Delhi and told that they would have to fight the battle. The earlier lists, prepared so dutifully by the Chief Ministers and the Pradesh Congress chiefs of the two States, were thrown to the winds. "Seat getting" became the key words in the selection of candidates.

WHEN THEY WERE COLLEAGUES: K. D. Malaviya and H. N. Bahuguna (third and fourth from left) seen with the late D. P. Dhar and the late Mohan Kumaramangalam at a CWC meeting. Mr. Bahuguna is contesting fromLucknow and Mr. Malaviya from Dumaruganj.
THE "RAM'MAN EFFECT"

The stalwarts of the Assemblies who had suddenly received battle command were not necessarily happy about it. Indeed, some were positively panicky. One former Chief Minister of Bihar, Mr Kedar Pandey, went about telling all and sundry that he was not so mad as to fight "such a parliamentary election." He made no bones about the fact that the wind was against the party.

What frightened Congressmen from these two States most was the stance that the Muslims and the Harijans might take in the elections. These two sections of the electorate had for long provided a solid unswerving base for the Congress. Would this base slip now? This was the foremost question that be-devilled the Congress everywhere, but more so in Bihar and Uttar Pradesh. Not even the worst detractors of Mr. Jagjivan Ram could deny that his resignation from the Congress would away a sizable chunk of the Harijans away from the party. Moreover, they knew that his break-away from the Congress would give a new rallying point to the Muslims who were far from happy with the Congress for a variety of reasons, most important of which was the aggressive manner in which the family planning programme had been sought to be "imposed" on them during the last 19 months. Not a day passed before the Imam of Jama Masjid had shown where his sympathies lay. This, it was felt, was bound to have its impact on Muslims far and wide.

In Uttar Pradesh, Mr. H. N. Bahuguna had assiduously befriended the Muslims during his Chief Ministership. Even in 1971, when he was General Secretary of the Congress, he had been the architect of his party's electoral alliance with the Muslim Majlis in Uttar Pradesh.

One had a taste of his popularity with the Muslims during his first election meeting in Lucknow on February 15. Muslims formed a good part of the enthusiastic crowd that packed Aminabad Park and you could see how well they responded to his speech, interspersed richly with Urdu.

But one knows from experience that wild enthusiasm at election meetings may not be a very sure way of gauging the electorate's mind. Indeed, the common people who make up the bulk of the electorate have learnt to hide their real intentions under such layers of ambiguity that it is quite a job reading their mind. Take, for instance, this conversation I had with a rickshaw-puller in Lucknow—a bearded Muslim.

"It seems that the election campaign is yet to begin here," I remarked, after I had talked to him about a dozen other things, including his village home and the number of children he had—which he told me with a I-don't-give-a-damn smirk, was five, 'not including me and my wife.'

To my remark on the campaign, he answered, "They will start shouting soon enough." "But what is the wind like this time?" I asked, very casually.
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Charan Singh, vice-chairman of the Janata Party, is standing from Baghapur in Meerut district.

"How do I know? What do the poor know about such things?"

"But you too have a vote, don't you? Whom will you vote for?"

"I have not made up my mind. Maybe I'll not vote. But others say no more Congress this time."

That evening I heard the Chief Minister, Mr. N. D. Tewari, asserting that the Congress would get not less than 80 of the 85 seats in Uttar Pradesh. What did a poor rickshaw-puller know after all? What did all the wild enthusiasm at Opposition meetings mean? What did it mean if people in the cities and towns were angry with the ruling party? "As long as the villages are with us, the vast rural multitudes, it does not make a difference," asserted a Congress leader at the Chief Minister's house.

In the Rae Bareli villages next morning one had expected to see vast crowds turning out to hear their leader. But the rivers had become trickles. One looked into deadpan faces. This was not what one was used to on such occasions. But how extensive was this mood? How lasting? One hopes to find an answer in the coming days.

Abdul Ghaffar and Kedar Pandey are two of the three ex-chief ministers of Bihar contesting the elections on the Congress ticket. The other is D. P. Rai.
Who is fighting whom in West B

The Congress in West Bengal is a house divided. Despite last-minute efforts, even by the Prime Minister, to stave off dissension, nothing much has been achieved. Why did the schisms occur and how are they going to affect the party's election prospects? BARUN SENGUPTA, renowned political analyst, answers these and other questions.

NEVER before has the Congress entered an election fray in this State with so divided a house. Not merely are there a large number of rebel Congress candidates in the field, the leadership of the State party too is vertically split. Each fighting the other each trying to humiliate his opponent. And for all these squabbles both groups are spending lakhs of rupees. Money, it seems, is no problem to either of the groups.

However, this development is not so surprising. Since their big victory in the 1972 Assembly elections and the sudden disappearance of all the Opposition parties from the political scene, Congressmen have started fighting among themselves. First it was the students and youths only and quite soon the real bosses came forward. In every front there were at least two sets of mass organisations — one official and the other rebel. There were two students' wings, there were two Youth Congresses and there were as many as three trade union fronts. Never did the State leaders sincerely try to put an end to this situation. Rather all of them tried to take as much advantage.

Tarunkanti Ghosh: Does not want the understanding?

In such a situation the party continued for more than five years. Two State Congress leaders were together for more than six months. Every Congressman was suspecting one another of trying to harm his opponent, and every one of them of trying to make the most of the situation. And then suddenly the Congress leaders announced the Lok Sabha movement.
ing to defeat the official Congress candidate.

Take, for instance, Maldah. Pranab Kumar Mukherjee, the Union State Minister is the Congress candidate there. This constituency has a large number of Muslim votes, almost half the total electorate. A State Congress Minister and a Congress M.P. had frantically even to the last date to set up a Muslim League candidate. They offered the State Muslim League leaders rupees five lakhs for the deal.

Or take Raiganj, another No Bengal constituency and another Muslim-dominated area. The young brother of the State Minister, Jailal Abidin is the Congress candidate there. Four district Congress M.L.A.s, backed by two top Big Congress leaders are trying their best to defeat Mr. Abidin’s brother.

Same is the situation in Salkutat. A Minister of the State giving all help to an independent candidate there to take as many votes as possible away from Mr. Prasanta Das Munshi. The Minister knows the independent candidate cannot win but he is sure that this strategy will help the Janata Party candidate too to a great extent.

The condition in the eight constituencies which have gone to the CPI is no better. Because of the seat adjustment in worse. In almost all these constituencies the local Congress leaders are bitterly opposed to the idea of giving away the seats to the CPI. Still, State Congress leadership had done. And now they are facing the music. Either the CPI candidates are being contested by independent Congressmen or the Congress workers are supporting the Janata candidates there.

Barasat is a classic example. A seat has gone to the CPI and Dr. Ran Sen is their candidate. Congressmen in the North 24-Parganas have set up candidate there and he is none other than the confidential assistant of the powerful district leader and Minister, Tarun Kanti Ghosh. Before he filled the nomination paper, Mr. Ghosh’s confidential assistant, of course, resigned from his semi-government post.

Similar things are happening in Dum and in the North-East Calcutta area. In Dum one group of Congressmen are supporting an independent Congress candidate set up with blessings of the District Congress leadership against the CPI candidate Mr. Indrajit Gupta. Others are working for the Janata Party candidate in the North-East Calcutta area. A number of Congress workers and leaders are all for the Janata candidate, Dr. Pratap Chunder Chunder, as against the CPI nominee, Mr. Hiren Mukherjee.

But for the present state of affairs, the Congress and the CPI could have secured the majority of the 42 seats. The Congress seats this time from West Beng
The strength of the weaker half

The forgotten half suddenly gains tremendous importance during elections. The common feeling is that women are not as politically aware as men. Is this true? OLGA TELLIS from Bombay, G. S. KARTHA from Trivandrum and T. S. SRINIVASAN from Madras attempt to gauge the mind of women in their regions.

MAHARASHTRA: "I vote for Indira and the cow"

It hurts to admit that women do not, by and large, use any positive yardstick or logic when they vote. They merely follow their menfolk like Mary's little lamb. In Maharashtra, 75 per cent of the women are illiterate and as it is among the illiterate men, the slum dwellers or those in the bastis in rural areas, they form the bulk vote. They vote as their leader does, though their leader is only their husband. They are insensitive to their surroundings or the issues at stake.

Sometimes where there is a woman candidate they may vote for the woman. As Lalitha says, "I vote for the cow and Indira Gandhi." Their voting is mixed up with emotion and sentiments. I was once in Nagpur and Havich in Gujarat. It is an Adivasi tract and a reserved constituency. Mrs. Godavari Parulekar of the Red Flag had worked in this area for over 35 years amongst the Adivasis and we had thought that she would help to sway the women's votes. A day before the voting Mr. Morarji Desai, the then Congress leader, descended on the area like a whirlwind and distributed a large number of sari's among the women. And then, somehow, the area voted Congress. Now I don't know for sure whether the sari's had made the difference. All I know is that the candidate who had worked for them and the lady who had helped them so much did not get their votes. Perhaps a few women did vote for the Red Flag but that was not enough to carry the party through.

One may perhaps think that a woman should be even more sensitive about voting than a man. As the one who has to do the cooking, shopping and feeding she is the worst affected by the ups and downs of the economic situation. Men being what they are, if they are unemployed, if they are in debt, in need of money, are thrown out of their jobs, harassed at work, etc., they tend to take it out on their women at home. She is the whipping boy in all low and low middle class homes. This is one factor that could provide the Opposition with the chance of swaying her vote in its favour, but somehow it never turns out this way in reality.

Is the appeal irresistible?
Mrs. Ahilya Ranadekar, 50, the Marxist candidate from Bombay North Central is a veteran trade union leader and corporator. She is also the sister of the Marxist leader, Mr. B. T. Ranade. She thinks differently According to her, "Middle class women ask a lot of questions. They are worried about the price of dal, onions, potatoes and their husband's jobs. This time women were even more affected because of large-scale transfers of teachers, doctors, engineers and others in government jobs. Nobody could utter a word of protest against these indiscriminate transfers and these women will show it in their voting," Ahilya says.

Another new factor in this election that could sway women voters is the presence of the famous Marathi woman novelist Durgabai Bhagwat. Mrs. Bhagwat, 68, was jailed under MISA, was one of the last to be released and was rearrested briefly last month. She is a byword in every literate Maharashtrian home and has crossed swords with Mr. Y.B. Chavan who she says, "is like my younger brother." A powerful woman, with tremendous courage and vigour even at her age, Mrs. Bhagwat told her Pune audience recently, "I would prefer to be a rat or a rodent rather than a human being under Emergency conditions with all sorts of restrictions". At the height of the Emergency last year she penned over a literary conference where Mr. Y.B. Chavan was the Chief Guest and she made the audience stand in prayer for the ailing Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan. About Mr. Chavan she told her audience in Pune recently that "though Mr. Chavan is very loyal to the Prime Minister and speaks of it in his speeches he is not a happy man". Mrs. Bhagwat is personally a great friend of Mr. Chavan, whose admiration for men and women of literature and learning is well known. Now she is campaigning for the Janata Party and she is one person who can influence the women votes even in rural Maharashtra.

The veteran trade union leader Mr. Raja Kulkar who is standing as Congress candidate from the North Bombay East constituency says, "Old women go by their husband, zcpadpatti women by the male member in the family and women in general vote for Mrs. Indira Gandhi, which means the Congress gets the votes." He is right. The mercurial rise of the Shiv Sena is one instance where women's votes were cast in favour of Shiv Sena because their sons and husbands and fathers voted Shiv Sena at that time. They felt that the Sena would give their unemployed male members jobs and so they voted for them. They were definitely influenced by what their unemployed sons told them.

Among the more educated and the working women the voting pattern is a little different. They do weigh the merits and demerits of the candidates as the so-called thinking male does Sheshlata who is a graduate housewife for instance says, "Voting for candidates is having to choose between tweedledum and tweedledum. They are all the same. The situation is so bad that I don't mind whom I vote for. Naturally, I would like to vote for the person that can bring some economic justice to the people." Sheshlata, however, is in a minority because among the voters the working women and one who can think independently are very few. Even so, in Maharashtra, for instance, where the Congress always gets landslide majorities every vote in favour of the Opposition helps and to the extent that if the Opposition fails to get women's votes it's very much their shortcoming. It means that they have not done enough work in the various constituencies to merit the women's votes. As in making love, women always take longer than men to be aroused, so also in voting they require convincing and talking to, patience and understanding to show them how things affect them and how they can be part of a process that could change their life patterns.

And lastly, looks of a candidate can also play an
important part in swaying women's votes. But unfortunately none of our candidates, at least in Maharashtra, have those dashing looks of a Greek god that could bring him the young women's votes. They are a few who have pleasing personalities but their photography in papers do not do them justice and the television is still not a medium for candidates in India.

KERALA: Film stars come first

A little over half of Kerala's 11,412,612 voters will be women. To be precise, the total number of women voters is 5,764,323. A distinguished woman social worker noted the other day that though women are in a majority in 12 out of the 20 Lok Sabha constituencies in the State, very few women have come forward as candidates. She also recalled that there were only two women legislators in the existing Assembly when the elections were held in 1971 -- Mrs. Gouri Thomas, former Minister and Mrs. Pennamala Jacob, an Independent -- though "many more could have become MLAs in the State, where women are highly advanced in all other spheres".

Her complaint is partly true. When political parties field their candidates and launch election campaigns, women play a very insignificant role, except as voters on the day of the polling, though many women are used by men as demonstrators at rallies. Rumours say that women -- mostly of the working class -- who participate in demonstrations are paid in cash or in kind.

Strangely enough, politics is perhaps the only field where Kerala's women are reluctant to step in, though in the field of education they are in the forefront. This part of the country was the first to produce, decades ago, the first Woman Surgeon-General and the first Woman High Court Judge in the country. Women can be found in every walk of life, but politics. Some working class women have joined the Leftist parties. Of late, thanks to the influence of the youth organisations, some young women have begun to take an active interest in politics, but even that is likely to be a passing phase.

While some educated women blame "aggressive and selfish" men for not giving them their "due share" in the political arena, the fact is that Kerala's women are more interested in earning their livelihood and not in dabbling in party politics. Said a highly-educated career woman, who is well-placed: "Personally I don't like the prospects of indulging in controversies, or in going to jail. I would rather prefer a peaceful life". Many educated women fear that politics might land them in a confrontation with the police. One of them admitted that she didn't want to be insulted by the police. "The men, of course, can stand it". She said that working class women were different, they had been trained to be militant.

Traditionally, Kerala's women are shy and reserved when compared to their counterparts elsewhere in the country. Keralaese Christians are relatively advanced. The Nairs and the Brahmins still believe that a woman's correct place is in the kitchen. Thus, it is not surprising that these days, when politics is the only thing that men talk about in eating places, no woman can ever be found discussing politics with her friends, even though women are supposed to be talkative. There is very little political consciousness among women in service organisations. Some women employees of a government office said that they were in the union simply because the men had compelled them.

Women's colleges in Kerala were completely free from "campus politics" even in the worst days of
student indiscipline. The favourites of girl students in any local women’s college are always film stars. Films and fashion are the obsessions of the majority of girl students. A retired woman professor commented, “It is difficult to drag girl students into discussing party politics.” And truly, very few are actively interested. The Youth Congress, Kerala Students’ Union, (the Congress student organisation) and the student bodies of other political parties have been, of late, trying to draw more and more girls into their fold, with little success.

TAMILNADU: Parties woo backward communities women

The late Mr. Kamara had once remarked to me that women, by and large, were emotional and tend to hero-worship and that the factor had its impact on all elections.

Many politicians seem to be banking on this in counting their prospects in the present Lok Sabha elections. They concede that it is difficult to generalise about urban women voters, as the older women feel all elections are useless, the middle-age women go by film stars and clamorous feelings, the younger women are swayed to an extent by economics and the poorer women are generally too confused to present any united front. On the other hand, large numbers of rural women voters are by and large ignorant of politics and function under hard feelings very often. These are the women voters, the major parties in the Tamil Nadu election fray are wooing. They know that the women voters outnumber the men in most of the seven reserved constituencies, equal them in many of the general constituencies, and are only about two or three per cent less than them in the other constituencies.

Between them the parties, namely the Congress, the Janata, the AIADMK, the DMK, the CPI and the CPI(M), have nominated only three women in all. Against about 85 nominations filed by them, for the 39 Lok Sabha seats in Tamil Nadu and the lone seat in Pondicherry. Two of them are Mrs. Javalkahmi
of Sivakasi and Mrs. Parvati Krishnan of Coimbatore, both members of the dissolved Lok Sabha, the former belonging to the Congress and the latter to the CPI. Mrs. Jothi Venkatachallam, contesting on a Janata ticket at Raspuram, has been a member of the dissolved Tamil Nadu Assembly. She was formerly a Minister in the State. There was talk of the AIADMK of Mr. M. G. Ramachandran nominating a woman for Central Madras, but a Muslim male is now the candidate. A story widely current for quite some time was that Mrs. Sathyavani Muthu, a DMK Minister, who was removed from the party and who had since formed her own party, was likely to contest the same reserved seat as Mrs. Jothi Venkatachallam in the Trichy district. But this has not happened. Mrs. Sathyavani is supporting the Congress-AIADMK-CPI group now.

Observers are now discussing if Mrs. Jayalakshmi has, during her last tenure, antagonised any group in her constituency and whether she will be able to keep her entire constituency intact as before. She polled 2.35 lakhs votes in 1971 against 1.486 lakhs of the Swatantra Party. In the case of Mr. Parvati Krishnan, who won the Coimbatore seat after the death of Mr. Baladanyutham (also CPI), in an air-crash, her majority was a thin one, under 2,000 in a poll of nearly four lakhs. Both these candidates will have to face the uncertainty of women votes in unorganised or urban communities, often swayed by Labour leaders through unions. Mrs. Jothi Venkatachallam has a quiet stature of her own that can endure her to any audience. Soft-spoken, she has, however, expressed herself clearly on issues. Her personal and political life has always stood her well in elections hitherto. The Congress candidates in Sivakasi and Coimbatore have been noted workers.

Partywise, political observers count that less than 30 per cent of the women voters are likely to be swayed by sheer economic factors. In the case of the urban voters, the compulsory deposit scheme for organised labour as also the bonus issues will have a say. Where organised workers have been able to force a bonus out of their employers, they are likely to be against the administration. Because of the price rise in goods other than foodgrains, workers seem to have felt that the compulsory deposit has worked against them. Even traders have been feeling that if the money had not been impounded, the demand for items like textiles would have increased in the economy. It has been explained to artisans and unorganised labour that the urban ceiling measures have restricted employment opportunities for them. During the floods in November and December, in Madras, despite the gearing up of the administration, the DMK Party had claimed good work in some areas. Women in these areas deny charges of corruption of the DMK Ministers pointing out to the good work in many slum areas.

In the rural areas, Mr. M. G. Ramachandran, the matinee idol and Mr. Sivaji Ganeshan, the other film star, have a big appeal, thanks to the huge number of films they have acted in either as the good Samaritan or the grave good villain. Over and above, there is a feeling even among the ordinary masses that Mr. Gandhi, as the Prime Minister, has been torment- ed by the Opposition. Women, as a matter of fact, most rural folk, do not understand anything about the emergency and its impact on the people, or, the Constitution amendment. The fact that most of the DMK candidates have been in jail, till a few days before they filed their nominations, will have some value in semi-urban areas. A factor that will favour the DMK and the Janata Party is that the cadres for these two parties can take the voters to the booth and get them voting. Thus the inertia among the voting population can be countered. The lack of clear education among the masses will, however, play a part in the final choice of the candidates.
NEW girls like Jyoti Bakshi and Rita Kaul, who have given out that Dev Anand was their discoverer, have upset the actor. He thought their statements were suggesting that it wasn’t they who were bothered about a film career, but it was he who badgered them into entering films. And like a favour, they were toeing the line! Or some such thing. Naturally, the man—who hasn’t a moment to spare anyway, and whatever time he gets, he is immersed in his scripts and own films—gets needless. He has not made any discovery, he asserts, except in Tina Munim. And she’s the only one. If Jyoti got cast in “Bullet” or Rita in “Accident” with him, it is not due to any fault of his. They make it sound like “discovering” starlets has become a continuous occupation with him!

IT’S good to have a Mamma like Neetu’s. Not only does she have a wonderful flair for managing her bell’s career, but her motherly approach works like a miracle. About the time that the new girl Naseem, who get a break in Yash Chopra’s “Kabhi Kabhi,” had trouble with her folks (who didn’t want her to pursue her film career), Neetu’s mother got wind of the whole thing. And the role that Naseem was offered, in Yash’s next, directed by Ramesh Talwar, easily slid into Neetu’s lap. Naseem’s aunt gave the poor director such a brushing-off for daring to offer her niece a role, that the poor chap was hurt to the point of tears. Mamma Singh stepped in with her motherly advice and consoled the guy—why did he want to get hurt and brushed off by some newcomer’s aunt, when he could have Neetu without even asking? Neetu is the hero of that film, so things couldn’t have worked out better for Neetu. I like Mrs. Singh, at least she is not like the agents and secretaries we hear of, pulling off wires and muscling in and out of producers’ orbits to get their client’s work done!

If there’s one person glad about this gradual change in Rekha, it is producer Shiv Kumar. Rekha has gone, for this most of seriousness, of taking very little or not at all, of keeping her distance and dignity. Though to folks who have known her a long time, this sounds a bit comical, for all the real giddy-headed goose Rekha really is. The flip-side of the coin is that she has also broken a habit of bunking off from sets in her Volks trailer-bus, to do nothing in particular! So work on Shiva’s “Ahimsa” has restarted, courtesy New Rekha (as talkies are called) but he is scared to take a deep breath till the film is complete!

AND you could have knocked me down the other day. Of all the folks in the world, I never thought Simple could take off so much weight. Being big-made, she gave one the impression that the feat of melting away the extra kilos—especially around her face—would be next to impossible. But she has gone and done it! And looks good for it, too. At the party held to introduce her to the Press, she admitted, in her frank way, that she hated it when the majority of Press-folks kept telling her how much like Simple she looks. She says: “Hello. I am her sister after all, naturally I’ll look a bit like her . . . . but is that all one can say of me and to me?” She hasn’t seen a frame of her first film, “Anurodh,” at any of the trials. And doesn’t know what she looks like on screen—the dubbing shots hardly gave one a good idea! But Shakti Samanta has taken a liking to her and finds her talented, so

Weight-shedding? It’s Simple.

she is also in his next film—and anyone he has genuinely taken up has had a way of staying with the audience. For this, as also for her own sake, one hopes Simple comes out a winner.

VIJAYA IRANI
Test of weariness at Wankhede

Reported on the drawn final Test in Bombay, MANSUR ALI KHAN PATAUDI says India looked the better side in the last two matches of the series she lost. Examining the state of the Test XI, he feels it would be better if Australia was asked to visit India next season.

1st day : India take off from Bangalore

INDIA made no changes for this match, preferring to retain their winning combination, while England were forced to replace an injured Old by Selvey.

Bedi has had more than his fair share of luck with the toss, though India had to wait for Bangalore before making use of this advantage. In Calcutta, India had let slip the opportunity and in Madras he was distinctly lucky not to have had first strike on a wicket which had plenty of pace and bounce, especially on the first morning.

Today Greig called wrongly and India got first use of the most comfortable batting strip seen in the series, and for once Indian batsmen — or at least enough of them — lived up to their reputations to expose the limitations of the England attack.

India lost Gaekwad, caught at mid-wicket off a slower ball from Lever, but this was after the Indian openers had put on 52 runs, and then England had to wait for another 76 runs before two further wickets fell quickly. Amarnath gained played aggressively and produced some useful shots in his 0 before he fell much in the same way as he had done in the first innings at Bangalore, trying to slice a good-length delivery down to third man. His batting gets into top gear very quickly, but he is as likely to be dismissed in the early overs as he is when he has settled down. Indiscretion often gets the better of him even when he is in command, and a large score very much in the offing is not realised.

Would be to better effect. Viswanath failed again, not getting over another slower delivery from Lever to be caught. A bad stroke can make even the best bat look like a novice, and though it looked as if he had regained his confidence with a second-innings knock in the last Test, it seems that one will have to wait a little longer before one has the pleasure of seeing him again in full form.

Patel and Gavaskar thus came together with the total at 122 for 3, and remained till the dying minutes of the day. When these two had taken the score to 261, one was witness to the most enterprising batting from the Indian side in the series. For the first time, English bowlers found no hope at either end, as both batsmen presented a straight bat to the good ball, and punished severely anything off target. Greig changed his bowlers as well as his line of attack, but England had really nothing to offer that could prevent the flow of runs. It made no difference which stump the bowlers attacked, the score kept mounting, and the Bombay public was foolish enough to think they had seen the second Gavaskar hundred in the space of a few months.

Though Patel was more forceful and cavalier, Gavaskar did not lag far behind, and his timing was just as sweet. What is more, he was still there, while Patel fell a victim to Knott's agility and his own indiscretion in the last over of the day. This made India 261 for 4, and she is continuing the good work she began at Bangalore. Though none of the English bowlers, especially Greig, had been impressive, Underwood was already making the odd ball turn, which must have pleased Bedi. Yet the wicket is a long way from breaking up: India must consolidate substantially, and for the greater part of tomorrow.

2nd day : Greig likes to be happy

ENGLAND today staged a fight-back, to limit India to a total of 338, an addition of 77 runs from her remaining six wickets. Disappointing for India, but a duly credible performance from England, whose bowlers, especially Underwood, were more accurate and consequently more effective. Gavaskar, Prasanna and Kirmani all fell to Underwood and Greig bowled...
and a cover drive, and then got after Bedi, by on-driving and square-cutting him for two boundaries. This was Brearley at his best, overshadowing his more experienced partner, who was content to keep the ball out of his wicket. These two went into tea, with the score at 50 of which Brearley’s contribution was 30 good runs.

After the break, instead of Prasanna and Bedi taking charge, Chandrasekhar was brought on. Again, not on line, he allowed the batsmen to score easily and the brake was applied only when Prasanna was introduced into the attack. Brearley spent 32 minutes stuck on 48, till he cut Bedi pin first slip for 4. Both Prasanna and Bedi bowled well, and extracted some turn from this wicket, the former forcing Amis to use his pads as a second line of defence and the latter beating him outside the off-stump. But both were denied a wicket and at the end Brearley was clearly in charge of the situation, with 68, Amis still there with 26 and England had scored 90 for no loss. At times the cricket was slow but Greg’s objective was to top India’s total, if he can. He will also be more than happy with a draw.

3rd day: Prasanna was great

Engiland began the day 239 runs behind, but with all wickets in hand, on a wicket which was turning a little, but not enough to cause damage to any except the indiscreet. It looked like it was going to be a long, hard day for India. Prasanna, shared the bowling with Bedi, and after four overs Chandrasekhar was brought in. This was going to be the pattern of the day as Bedi put all his trust in the spinners Amis and Brearley played carefully. In fact, Amis so much that he really became strokeless. Yet he is a difficult batsman to dislodge, since he is quite content to stay there without attempting to score, relying mainly on pushing the ball here and there this being the old theory that if you are there for long enough you are bound to have some runs to your name. One of his rare attacking strokes was a pull off Chandrasekhar which ricocheted off Vairavendra Singh’s head at forward short-leg for four runs, with little ill effect on the fielder. He had just reached a patient 50 when Bedi found the edge of his bat for Viswanath to take a good catch at first slip.

There was a change in the batting order as Randall came in at 8. He had hit three boundaries in the Test, but was nervous and finely started, and was surrounded by five fielders. He edged the first ball seemingly straight into Viswanath’s hands, but the ball hit ground and was given the benefit of the doubt by the umpire. Discontent and displeasure was shown by most of the Indian fielders, who felt that the catch had been taken cleanly. The umpiring has not been consistent throughout this series and a number of decisions have seemed dubious. Rarely do Indian umpires deliberate a decision is given so quickly, that notwithstanding the speed at which a brain works, it seems impossible that all angles have been considered in such a short time. Nor does it help when players and the crowd put pressure on the umpires. In the West Indies umpires have been manhandled and in India too, but so far in football and hockey only one hopes that the day when umpires will need police escorts will never come, but tends to lift the standard is improved, cricket is going to suffer. Anyway, Randall survived and so did Brearley a few balls later as Gavaskar at square-leg could not hold onto a sharp chance. Both Prasanna and Bedi were bowling well the former exceptionally so, and would again have had Brearley caught — but for some unaccountable reason Bedi had dispensed with a backward short-leg.

At lunch, England were 170 for 1 and well within striking distance of India’s total. But as often happens, a break is a great wicket-taker and soon after lunch Randall pushed a shortish ball from Prasanna very tamely into short mid-wicket’s hands, and then the off-spinner had Brearley neatly stumped Brearley 91, nine short of what would have been his first Test hundred, was a good, solid knock interspersed with strong drives and cuts. He had played all the Indian spinners with as much comfort as any of his other colleagues have shown. Four years ago he had come to India as a journalist, today he had shown the power of his bat.

From 170 for 1, England had slumped to 180 for 2, when Greg joined Fletcher. This was the crux of the innings and that England struggled once again to get away with it, was due mainly to some unimpressive bowling by Chandrasekhar and Bedi, though it must be remembered that both these bowlers were hampered by injuries, one by a pulled hamstring, and the other by a sore heel and a painful shoulder.

India was lucky to get Fletcher as he top-edged an intended pull off Chandrasekhar, but the next wicket was to fall some eight days later. As the Indian spinners toiled over, one was surprised at how reluctant to take the new ball. There haven’t been many glaring...
mistakes in his captaincy, but this had to be one. Over a hundred overs had been bowled, and the ball leather had softened, making the ball come off the wicket without pace or bounce. Also, a change of attack, however brief, can do nothing especially if there is a bit of a stalemate. By this stage, Greig was looking ominous, and Knott dangerous, and the partnership was worth 67 runs before Knott played across a straight delivery from Chandra and was bowled. At the other end Prasanna showed true genius by outwitting Tolchard, who had caused problems to the spinners by moving wide down the wicket as the ball was bowled and often just playing it with his pads. This time, as he stepped out, Prasanna bowled a quicker one down the leg side, which left Tolchard stranded half-way down the wicket. The same thing had happened in Calcutta, but Kirman had muffed the chance; this time he made no mistake.

England lost no more wickets today and, mainly through Greig, are slowly approaching the 300-run mark. Throughout England's innings, Prasanna had bowled superbly, but was unfortunately not well supported by the other spinners.

4th day: Will it be 3-2?

No English tailender proved good enough to give sufficient support to Greig, and England were bowled out for 217, that is, 21 runs short of the 328s Greig was bowled by Prasanna for a well-completed 78, which included a huge six into the higher part of the Gaddafi stadium. Greig had his long reach and smothered the spin effectively and in fact should have been batting higher in the order. The other wickets fell for an addition of 32 runs. Over 150 overs had been bowled with this ball—which must be some kind of record. Bedi and Prasanna had taken four wickets each, but a quick glance at their analysis will show that Prasanna had produced such an exceptional performance, and these 32 overs will surely convince all of his physical fitness and ability to bowl for long stretches.

India began her last innings in this test much against the clock and with only a marginal lead. Greig again placed his trust in Underwood and himself, giving his openers only five overs, and both these two extracted form from this fourth-day wicket, but the batsmen seemed comfortable enough. Gavaskar found he had enough time to give himself room and cut and pulled Underwood. Geerkwad also hung around and even drove Underwood through the covers. Yet he has managed to become more and more skilful as his career has progressed. On the off and on the off he limits himself to square-cutting or steering the ball down to third man. His quota also seems to be in the twenties. He was stumped off Underwood, following through with an off-drive without getting anywhere near the pitch of the ball.

As the fifty came up in 20 overs Greig called back Lever, and gave him a very defensive field. Gavaskar was lucky when he gloved a hook, but Knott stumbled and could not reach the catch. Underwood had begun to bowl flatter and quicker after Gavaskar had hit him for a near-six over mid-on. He got his reward as Gavaskar tried another high hit and Willis held the catch over his right shoulder. At 72 Patel, who had come in instead of Viswanath, was given out caught off Underwood—another decision which did not please the batman, while the crowd showed its disapproval by hooting the umpires.

Viswanath was also bowled on his way to the wicket, probably by the same people who have cheered him earlier. Completely out of form, he mis timed a pull of rank long hop from Greig straight into mid-wicket's hands. A Vihan with more confidence would have hit that ball anywhere between mid-on and square-leg. India were now 92 for 4 as Vijayendra walked in. A critical moment for her, as well as for the new batsman, who, though he has looked reasonably comfortable has yet to make an impact with his batting. He was beaten three times in succession by Underwood as he pushed forward, but then settled down to play some attractive shots. Meanwhile, Amar Nath had stepped up the scoring mainly by sweeping Underwood, and Greig decided to slow the game down further by putting Willis on. Looking for runs, Prasendra Singh was pointlessly run out, as Amarnath refused his call for a quick single.

At close it was India at 140 for 5, with Amarnath on 35 and Kirmani on 1. With a lead of 181, Bedi should be looking for a declaration sometime around 10-40 a.m., tomorrow, with an addition of another 35 to 40 runs. English batsmen will find it difficult to score the 200 runs required, a wicket which is turning. India may just snatch a victory, but then everything will have to go their way.
5th day : Dreary and disappointing

WHAT could have been an interesting finish to four days of absorbing cricket petered out into a tame draw, though there were moments when Indian supporters may have had hopes of a miraculous victory. Not that India actually helped themselves, handicapped as she was by injury to two of her spinners. Bedi with his injured shoulder was unable to bowl with much penetration and Chandrasekhar with hamstring troubling him could not find his rhythm. Even so India could have risked an earlier declaration hoping to exploit the Englishmen's weakness on a turning wicket. As it was the number of overs added in the last half-hour of the Indian innings was not in proportion to the minutes spent and India ran out of time at the end. However, it must be admitted that neither Greig nor Lever would have played those wild shots which got them out had England felt in any danger of losing this match.

In the morning there was a frantic chase for runs, which completely off Amarnath's bat as he went after Underwood and Lever. This was another good knock, in conditions which are well suited to him. Fond as he is of playing his shots, no matter what the situation, Amarnath raced to 63 before being run out, but the other five Indian batsmen could only manage 23 runs between them before Lever for the second time in this match shattered Chandrasekhar's stumps.

England were asked to score 214 runs in 189 minutes and the 20 mandatory overs. Considering Greig's promises of playing entertaining cricket, this seemed an ideal opportunity. But it has become evident that the England captain prefers to keep a sharp eye on the record and 2-1 reads better than a possible 3-2. As such England showed no interest in the chase and with Fletcher at last showing his ability to play spin England saw the day through. Ghavri in his role as a spinner got more out of this wicket than any of the other spinners to claim 5 wickets, and although England lost 7 wickets, there was never really a chance of losing the match Greig received the De Mello Trophy, which he and his team richly deserved.

And so we come to the end of another series with little to nothing learnt, just more re-emphasis on what we all know. Indian batting remains brittle except in very ideal batting conditions, and even if Surinder Amarnath has added some authority at No 3, with some good knocks, one still gets the impression that he is very vulnerable no matter to what stage his innings may have progressed. The sad fact still remains that unless Gavaskar and Viswanath score well India will always find it difficult to reach the 200 mark. No quick bowlers have been found—inc fact, none looked for, but I suppose it is unfair to expect, that with India relying on three spinners a second opening bowler is really superfluous, unless he is good enough to contribute with the bat. Neither Hutton nor Chandler nor Amarnath were able to do this, leaving India no choice but to give the new ball to Gavaskar. This coupled with the fact that Chandrasekhar rarely found his length or direction, meant hard work for Bedi and Prasanna. Both did their job well but at the end it was obvious that Bedi was tiring under the strain. Prasanna bowled magnificently throughout, with little luck in retrospect he was probably underbowled undue favour being given to Chandrasekhar, but Chandler is India's match winner, and Bedi must have kept hoping that he would strike form more often.

With Yajurvindra Singh coming in for the Bangalore Test, Indian fielding started to look purposeful, but it never reached the heights that it had achieved when England toured India a year ago. And anyway, Yajurvindra Singh has by no means secured his position in the side. The captain, of course, gets the blame or the praise as the case may be. But this cannot be blamed entirely for losing the first three Test matches, since it was Indian batting which failed again and again. But there did seem to be a lack of purpose, and objectives did not seem clearly defined until India reached Bangalore. Initially English batsmen, whatever their individual quirks, batted to the самые lud placings, and there was no perceptible change in the time of attack.

During the earlier part of the series, there was a lot of talk about the Players' Association, which Indian Test cricketers were seriously thinking of forming. The Cricket Board was under some pressure, so was the captain. This is conjecture, but one got the impression that Bedi's total attention may have been divided between this and the actual cricket that was being played on the field. Of course, as soon as India lost the series, the Board found itself in a position to deny any further demands made by the players. The Association died a natural death, and everybody started concentrating on the game. Which is as it should be, especially since per Test the Indian cricketer is probably the highest paid individual in the world, and this includes professionals, which players representing this country are definitely not. In Bangalore and in Bombay, India looked the better side, which in Indian conditions is probably.

This is what made the series a little disappointing and one would be very surprised if Greig still does not have to convince himself that he is in a minority in those classes. But he deserves full congratulations for doing so. Now what of the future and India going to Australia? Frankly, one shudders at the thought of Australia bowling may not at the moment be as strong as it has been recently, but on those wickets the prospects of retaliating to Lillee and Thompson with Indian spin gives one nightmares. One should seriously contemplate changing the order and asking Australia to come here. Might be better for cricket, and it certainly will be a financial bonanza.

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Bappaditya Roy hereby declares that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

March 1 1977

Published
Almost a decade ago Jean Paul Sartre had confessed in an interview with 'Playboy' magazine that he enjoyed being surrounded by good-looking women. 'Ugliness in women is offensive to me,' he had declared. Recently the philosopher told a French weekly in an interview that the subject he has thought about most over the years is not existentialism, but women.

Sartre: The concern was women.

"Even when I am thinking of subjects that have no direct connection with women, I am thinking of them," he said. In the same interview he lavishly returned his compliments to his long-time partner and lover, Simone de Beauvoir. In fact, he admitted that it was Beauvoir who had first radically changed his poor opinion about women. One may think that Sartre's praise for his companion is just natural, because Beauvoir had almost deserted Sartre in her three-volume autobiography years ago. Besides, for the past two years Beauvoir has set aside her own work to take down Sartre's words for a sequel to his autobiography—"Words". The book, one hears, is going to be inordinately long—"in the usual Sartre tradition. The great thinker's eyesight is much too poor to work on it all by himself. The inter-dependence of these two basically intellectual beings seems to have taken an emotional turn.

Super director Ingmar Bergman, after his self-banishment from Sweden, has settled down in Munich. Those who know how strictly he is spiritually to the Swedish soil had expected him to carry Sweden in his head like James Joyce carried Dublin about in his mind while he moved about in the Continent. But Bergman has sort of turned a new leaf in film making by taking up a political theme—based on the development of Nazi drama in Germany. Sartre's play "Death of a Model" was so successful when it was put on before the crowds to meet the Führer and also shout "Heil Hitler". His film, "The Serpent's Egg," tells the story of an American Jew. The director is working out sections of the film from his memory. The script was written and finalized in Sweden itself, a little before the tax evasion hassle which threw Bergman into a whirlpool of nausea. Bergman contends that the film was a "strange foreshadowing" of my life. Those who first saw her as the heroine of the box-office hit 'Raatgali', had at once announced that an actress of tremendous potential had arrived and lived up to their expectation because she wasn't at all a flash in the pan, and she had everything required of a true heroine—good looks, acting talents, poise, dignity and good behaviour. She made many more fans with her superb acting in the role of a dumb girl in 'Shyamali'. But then she got married and quit films. Kaveri settled down to a happy married life. But in 1969 she narrowly escaped death when the car she was travelling in skidded off a road in Darjeeling. Her husband and young daughter were killed. Kaveri recovered after a long duel with death. In 1971 she made a return to films in Satyajit Ray's "Aranyer Din Ratri". It was a memorable role. Soon she was flooded with offers, but she took only a few. And whatever roles she accepted, she excelled in. She finally stopped accepting roles when doctors detected a cancerous growth in her body. Beautiful, charming and full of hopes, Kaveri Bose died in cancer at the cruelly early age of 39.

Bergman: From God to politics.

Future......Two months after I finished it (the script) I was arrested (for tax evasion). Looking back, I think I knew instinctively that the film would have to be made in Germany and nowhere else. Subconsciously, it was my script of departure.

K. Amarendra: From Bar to

In 47 years, Mrs. K. Amarendra has travelled 300 odd miles from Guntur to Hyderabad. Which is not as innocuous a statement as it sounds. Hailing from a family of agriculturists, Mrs. Amarendra made news recently when she was appointed a Judge in the Andhra Pradesh High Court, the first woman to be so honoured. She is also the first woman in the country to have been appointed a Judge direct from the bar. An M.A. in politics and history, Mrs. Amarendra then took a degree in law. She moved to Hyderabad and set up practice. In 1975 she was appointed the government pleader in the High Court. Her career will be watched with keen interest.
Beginning March 6

THIS week Sun and Mercury are in Aquarius. The monster planet Venus alone is in Pisces without being aspected by any other planet. Ketu is in Aries, Jupiter in Taurus, Saturn alone in Cancer and aspecting the exalted Mars. Rahu and Uranus are in Libra, Neptune is in Scorpio and Mars alone is in Capricorn. Moon will be moving through Virgo, Libra and Scorpio from Leo.

ARIES (March 21 - April 20) Your problems are not likely to be solved. They will drag on. A period of trial for businessmen and politicians. Try to keep your word and be a little more careful with your superiors. Your love affairs and matrimonial negotiations will remain stagnant. You will have to travel in the south and south-west directions out of sheer necessity. Good dates: 8, 9 and 10. Bad dates: 6, 7, 11 and 12. Lucky numbers: 2 and 4. Favourable direction: South.

TAU RUS (April 21 - May 21) In spite of problems you will have your desires fulfilled. Be prepared to meet a challenge due to sudden illness, court expenses and a sudden journey are also likely. There are indications of good happenings in the family. Your change of place or department is confirmed. Correspondence will keep you in good humour. Good dates: 6, 7, 8 and 11. Bad dates: 9, 10 and 12. Lucky numbers: 5, 3 and 1. Favourable directions: East and North.


CANCER (June 21 - July 22) You will meet with reverses this week. Not a favourable week for professional engagements. Don’t depend on or take others’ advice. Your journey is unavoidably postponed or cancelled. Medical expenses will take place in your family. This is not a good week for love affairs. Good dates: 8, 9 and 12. Bad dates: 6, 7, 10 and 11. Lucky numbers: 3 and 1. Favourable direction: West.

LEO (July 23 - August 22) You will simply indulge in vain tasks. A week loaded with lucky turns. Your meeting with other people will show you ways of prosperity. Some will shift residences. You will be experiencing some sort of health trouble. You will face a sudden need for travelling. Good dates: 6, 7, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 8, 9 and 10. Lucky numbers: 1 and 10. Favourable directions: North and East.

VIRGO (August 23 - September 22) You will be attracted by new ventures. Your domestic problems are nearing solution. Try to maintain your status with wisdom. You will be able to solve some of your pending financial problems. A journey is possible in the north and north-west directions. Letters will bring you good news. Good dates: 6, 7, 8, 9 and 12. Bad dates: 10 and 11. Lucky numbers: 6 and 9. Favourable direction: North and North-west.

LIBRA (September 23 - October 22) A good period for matrimonial and love affairs. Correspondence will bring in good news regarding fixation of agreements, etc. Happy events will take place in the family. You will earn praise from your friends and relatives. Your words will carry weight. All your hopes will succeed. A period for new acquaintances and transfer. Good dates: 6, 8, 10, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 7 and 9. Lucky numbers: 7 and 9. Favourable direction: East.

SCORPIO (October 23 - November 21) You have to accomplish important business deals this week. Try to keep away from debts and litigations. You will acquire new acquaintances and thereby enhance your financial and business activities. Matrimonial affairs are very good. A short journey is pressed. Good dates: 6, 7, 8, 10 and 12. Bad dates: 9 and 11. Lucky numbers: 8 and 8. Favourable direction: North.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 - December 21) Your undertakings are good. Your friends’ circle will be helpful to you. Give some attention to meeting people and exploit your acquaintances for the better. A good time for new contracts and correspondence. Suits and debts, if any, will not worry you. Holidays are bound to be helpful to you for recreations and entertainments. Good dates: 6, 8, 10, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 5 and 7. Lucky numbers: 3 and 9. Favourable directions: South and West.

CAPRICORN (December 22 - January 19) Domestic affairs of children and in some cases speculation will bring much happiness to you. Business affairs will pose many problems and will require constant watch. You will have to be content with meeting more business magnates. You will be held in high esteem by others. Good dates: 6, 8, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 7, 9 and 10. Lucky numbers: 3 and 9. Favourable directions: West and South.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 18) Your home front will be very pleasant. Some of your incomplete ventures are likely to materialise this week. With greater energy. Some may have to go on a short journey. Businessmen will acquire new stocks and gains. Bad week for lovers and artists. Good dates: 6, 7, 9, 11 and 12. Bad dates: 8 and 10. Lucky numbers: 8 and 10. Favourable direction: South-east.

PISCES (February 19 - March 20) This week is indicative of minor successess. A critical time for businessmen. They have to be cautious in entering contracts. So far as your home front is concerned you need not worry. It will take a normal course. But you may have to spend some money for the treatment of your sick children. Good dates: 8, 9, 10 and 12. Bad dates: 6, 7 and 11. Lucky numbers: 6 and 8. Favourable direction: South-west.

M. R. RAMAN
MR. K. SREE RAMULU, Minister of State for Sericulture said while going through the official files recently he came across a report of a sericulture farm at a place in North Karnataka involving the expenditure of Rs. 6.25 lakha. The Minister during a tour of that area thought it fit to make a spot study of the progress of that major sericulture farm. But with all his efforts he could not trace even a single mulberry plant in the whole area—Indian Express (P. Mohamed Farooqi, Mysore)

KANPUR: CONSTABLE RAJENDRA was arrested and sent to jail by the Kotwali police on the charge of stealing Rs. 100 from the trunk of another constable. While the accused was breaking the lock he was seen by a few of his colleagues. They reported the matter to the thana officials but before any action could be taken the accused removed Rs. 100.—The Pioneer (Ravin Shepherd, Lucknow)

HYDERABAD: A SOPHISTICATED design has come to light by some gangsters at Tarnaka area. A couple travelling by a scooter halted at a petrol bunk at Tarnaka to refill the tank and after filling went inside the pavilion counter to pay the bill. However the keys of the scooter were left hanging on. A stranger took away the scooter. Very late in the day the scooter was found left at the same place at the petrol bunk with the tank refilled, and a letter of apology for the inconvenience caused, along with balcony tickets for a latest film released at Secunderabad. Overwhelmed with joy and pardoning the ‘adventurist’, the couple enjoyed the show and when they returned home they were shocked to find their house burgled—The Decan Chronicle (Adil Rabbani, Secunderabad)

THERE WAS just one spectator who paid to watch the matches in the National Hockey Championship at the National Stadium on February 10.—The Times of India (Uday Kakodkar, Goa)

THE FLOAT (heppam) festival at Thirukkal Kovalam, Swamy Temple, Courtallam, was celebrated in a different way this year. As there was no water in the “Thirukkulam” the deity, mounted on a decorated chariot, was taken in procession round the tank eleven times—Indian Express (P & M Mani Maran, Madurai)

MADRAS: BEWARE of jostling and offers of profuse apologies. This is the advice of the PTC crew to passengers to outwit pickpockets. Questioned at random, drivers and conductors said the ‘tribe’ had swelled with the addition of women. Every purse lifter was known to them in their respective routes but they could not risk exposing them—The Hindu (S. Prabhakaran, Madras)

RECENTLY WE spotted the following slogan on a truck—“All Bengal work more talk less”—Joy & Sanjukta, Calcutta.

THE Calcutta Station of All India Radio broadcasts a programme in Bengali which it calls ‘Amader agragati’ (‘our march ahead’). One of these mornings I was listening to it and was startled to hear the announcer say when it was over; ‘Amader agragati ekhaney seah’ (‘our march ahead stops here’).—Sulisita Chatterjee, Calcutta.

I HAD gone to the university to obtain a copy of the syllabus. After wading through the inevitable red tape, I reached the relevant counter and asked the man there for the syllabus of B.Sc. Part I. With a dead pan face, the man countered, “Arts or Science?”—V. N. Bandekar, Rannenburg, Karnataka.

MY COLLEAGUE, who wanted to leave office early and drafted his application in a hurry, ended like this: “Thanking you, Yours immediately . . .”—C. P. Rangarajan, Madras.

TWO PEOPLE were arguing about a seat in a bus. One of the two was so fat that he was virtually occupying two seats. The other fellow was very thin but still he couldn’t fit in. Exasperated, he exclaimed, “They should charge by volume in this bus”. The fat man replied solemnly, “If they did, you wouldn’t be able to pay or afford to stop for you.”—H. K. Goswami, Gauhati.

THE GOVERNMENT apologizes to the masses for compulsory sterilisation—Bansi Lal.

I CONTINUE to treat (Mrs Gandhi) as my daughter—J. P. Narayan.

TO BE a son of the Prime Minister is no offence. Mr Sanjay Gandhi has his own personality—V. B. Raju, Congress General Secretary.

OUR PRIME MINISTER believes that fundamental rights do not exist for economic offenders—Satpal Kapoor.

SHE (MRS GANDHI) must be a terr-
stranger, as we were telling you, than fiction

ALL ancient civilisations lay convincing claims to have been the pioneer in the practice of organised and what was then 'scientific' medicine. There seems almost no way to reach any final decision on the matter. Now, there are claims from Iraq that the medical profession originated in Mesopotamia, which is merely the old name for that country.

This claim follows discovery of cuneiform tablets at the Library of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh. These tablets are from the fertile valley between the Tigris and the Euphrates and on them are inscribed a whole lot of medical texts.

These texts first describe the symptom, then give a list of pharmaceutical material and end with instructions for the preparation and application of the remedy. This is not the first time, though, that evidence of medical practice in ancient Iraq has been found. Hammurabi's Code unearthed in Babylon, showed how both surgery and the medical profession were regulated by strict laws.

From these and other sources, it is now possible to form some clear idea of how medicine was practised in ancient Iraq. It was actually of two sorts—one based on magical acts and the other on pure scientific prescriptions. The magician-priest-physician is not covered by Hammurabi's Code because of his holiness but if he decides to go in for surgery, he has to submit to codification. The priest-doctor is much respected because must people subscribe to the view that disease is a punishment inflicted by the gods upon human beings for their sins. The belief is that when a man sins, his god, abandon him, leaving the way open for bad demons to penetrate his body. When such a thing happens, the gods must be appeased to, for they are the absolute masters of all human destinies. The priest-physician, who is called Aahpa, sees disease from this standpoint. His remedy is therefore simple: Flaccate the god so that he takes charge of the sick man's body once again and thus drives out the demons. He tries to find out what the moral transgression of his patient was. He asks in set phrases, "What is your sin? Have you ever incited son against father, father against son, friend against friend? Have you committed aggression against your neighbour? Have you stolen, or caused others to steal? Is your mouth true but your heart false?" According to the answers received to these and a host of other questions, magic rites are performed.

But a practising physician has to spend years at school, learning the basic sciences and many, many years with a senior professional whom he accepts as master. There is no recourse to magic in their work. Instead, botany and mineralogy are studied assiduously to understand their pharmacological content. Most of their drugs come from plants like the palm, mustard, thyme, figs and peas. They also make use of processed products like wine and vegetable oils.

Exchange of doctors between countries is common but there is no brain drain. Doctors from Mesopotamia are sent to the Hittite kings of Turkey and the Pharaohs of Egypt. The Persians invoke the help of the Assyrians to estabish a school of medicine and a hospital called 'Jindisabur'.

Annual shows on latest medical techniques are held in Babylon and Nineveh. These exhibitions are supervised by royal physicians and surgeons and prizes are awarded for outstanding exhibits.

Illustrations/Ahi Bhuwan Malik
Q: I have thick curly hair which gets out of control. What is the best way to handle it so that it looks chic?

A: You haven't mentioned the length of your hair. However, curly hair is best kept short as it is easier to handle, and also as there are various short styles for curly hair. In fact, curly hair kept short needs very little looking after, as it takes on sets very easily. Visit a good hairstylist and have your hair cut in a short shape. Then lower legs. An alternative is to use extra-large rollers for setting. A more permanent solution is to have your hair straightened. But this will not help the new hair growth, and constant straightening can damage hair.

Q: As I am on my feet quite a lot, by the end of the day, they get very tired and sometimes get swollen. How can I relieve them?

A: Try soaking your feet in hot salt water for two minutes, then switch to cold water for two minutes. Repeat this four times. Finish with cold water, then pat your feet dry and splash with cologne, rest for a while keeping feet at a raised position on pillows. You'll feel refreshed enough to go out again.

Q: I am beginning to develop an ugly pouch. How can I get rid of it?

A: I suggest the following exercises, as the paunch can't be got rid of without surgery:

1. Start by lying on your back, arms folded under head. Raise legs straight up at ninety degrees to the body. Hold them very slowly, keeping them straight, till heels just touch floor. Repeat at least five times, without pause for rest between lifts.

2. Lie on non-slippery surface, legs bent, feet together. Head is elevated above the head. Inhale and exhale as you sit up, swinging arms forward as you do. Do not move feet and keep back. Lie back slowly. Repeat five to ten times.

3. This exercise is pretty tough to begin with, but deal both for thighs and the abdomen. Begin by sitting with legs straight, feet together, toes pointed. Keeping your back straight, lean forward to grasp one ankle with both hands. Then keeping arm grip on that ankle, lie back. Other leg must remain as at start, straight, with heel on floor. Still grasping ankle, reverse steps to return to first position. Do three times, repeat with other leg.

Q: My skin suffers from dryness, especially in the winter. I get dry patches on my face and arms. Could you be extremely careful while choosing eye make-up, as eyes are very sensitive, and one cannot afford to take chances with them. Cleanse your eyes thoroughly with an eye cleansing lotion after removing make-up.

Q: What can I do to make my eyes, which are too close together, look wider set?

A: If your brows are too close, first broaden them to make the space between them wider. Then apply white make-up between your nose and the inner-eye corners, lining it about one quarter-inch above and upper lids. Begin shadow at that point and extend it about one half-inch beyond the outer corner of the eyes. A simple technique would be to fan eyeshadows upon browbones from outer corners only.

Q: I have a prominent nose and, as I grow older, I am developing a double chin. What can I do?

A: Use makeup a shade darker than your facial makeup on neck, chin, and throat. Massaging is sometimes helpful for a double chin. With cream work your chin up under your chin up along the side of your face to temples. Do this a few times every day. Sleeping without a pillow or with a firm, thin pillow is best to discourage a double chin.
bridge
by TERENCE REESE

WE LIKE to think that bridge is a game of infinite variety, but in truth it is not easy to find technical tricks that have a new look about them. That is why I liked this little story by Bob Ewen in the American Bridge World.

Dealer, South

Game all

Q 6

K Q J 3

7 3 2

K 10 5

J 10 7

A 9 6

9 8 4

Q 83

A 5

7 6 2

A Q J 10

A 7 4

K 9 8 4 3 2

W E

K 5 5

2

The bidding goes:

South

West

North

East

1NT

No

No

2

No

No

No

No

No

West leads the Jack of spades, the Queen is covered by the King and South holds off. East returns K 4 (his original fourth best) and West unblocks the 10. Clearly South cannot afford to lose the lead, so he must take his nine tricks quickly. Hoping to make four clubs and four diamonds, he begins with Ace and Queen of clubs.

As South has denied four cards of either major and has turned up with a doubleton spade (otherwise he would have held off for another round), West can place him with eight cards in the minors, probably 4-4 knowing that the finesse against A J will be marked, he drops this card on the second round.

Ah, thinks the declarer, now I can overtake the Queen of clubs with the King and gain three entries to dummy; these will be necessary if East holds.

So declarer overtakes Q 3 with K 4, but now, although there is no problem about making four tricks in diamonds, he can make only three tricks in clubs and is the only player in the room to go down in 3NT. The story reminded me of a clever trick described in Lenz on Bridge some fifty years ago. At notrumps a suit is divided as follows.

K x x x x

A J x

There is no side entry to the table, but declarer can afford to duck the second round. He leads the Ace and follows with the Jack. When West is induced to covering plays the 10, greed gets the better of South: he goes up with the King and the rest of the suit is lost.

chess

by HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 6

Continuation of Position No. 4

A position from a game played in Moscow, 1952 between Sopkov and Moiseev:

7 k; 7 p; 2 K 3 p 1; 2 B 5; 1; b 6; 1 P 4 K 1; 7 K

Black had been carefully steering this into a drawn Bishops of opposite colour ending, but now came: 1. K1-K7, and the threat of 2. B - Q 4 mate means that Black no longer has time to get his K1 into safety. He had hoped for 1. K1-K7, B - Q 4 ch, but the text move shuts out this possibility. So he resigns.

The art of sacrifice

This was a title that the great Rudolf Spielmann gave to a selection of his games and indeed he if anyone was an artist in this respect. It should be observed that the sacrifice that bears this quality very rarely comes within this category. It is the rarer and not the bludgeon that leaves us with the impression that its wielder is an artist.

In the earlier and German version of his book, "Die Neuen Ideen im Schachspiel", Rale lists the fewable nature of brilliances that are obvious and conventional. And indeed the conventional type of sacrifice, for example the Greek gift with its mechanism, B x R P ch, K1-K5 ch etc., leaves us cold. In contrast the following brilliant game from the Haida Olympiad last year has a fascinating original twist to a fairly normal kind of Knight sacrifice.


Sicilian Defence


15. R - K3, threatening 16. R - R 3 and 17. R - Q 5. Now Black's best move is 15. R - K1 so as to be able to play his K1 to KB1 and set up a defence to White's threats.

16. P - Q x K 3, R - Q 5, R - Q 1; 18. P x P, threatening to win by P - 0 6, hence Black's reply.

18. P x K 1; 17. K1 - Q 5, Q - Q 1; 18. P x P, threatening to win by P - 0 6, hence Black's reply.

... P - Q 6, 19. Q - B 3, B - B 1; 20. K1 - B 6 ch, K1 x K; or 20 ... P x K1, 21. P x P ch, K - K 10 ch; 22. QR - K1, K x P 23; 23. P - R 5, and White's attack cannot be parried.


For if 24 ... P - R 3; 25. R - K 8 ch, K - R 2.

43
These two Gaulish spies will be executed! Rhetor, ask the druid if he's still willing to show us his magic!

"My dear friends! What rashness... putting your head into the lion's jaws!

TOO BAD FOR THE LION!"

"Oh, do say you'll show him your magic, Druid! I'll give you with gold!

IT LOOKS LIKE IT, DOESN'T IT?"

He... he still says yes...

Excellent!

O Gothic chief, your interpreter is deceiving you!!!

I never had any intention of showing you my magic!

"He speaks Gothic! He speaks Gothic!"

You will be executed tomorrow along with the others, with every refinement of torture!

TO THE DUNGEONS! ALL OF THEM!

Soon afterwards.

"Booohoo! You beastly, horrid Gauls! I'm going to be played, impaled, hung, drawn and quartered, all because of you! And with my delicate constitution! Why, even damp weather and toasted cheese make me feel ill."
BOOOGHHOO.

NO POINT IN OUR DISGUISES NOW.

WELL, TALK WHEN THE INTERPRETER'S GONE TO SLEEP.

HE'S GONE TO SLEEP. WE CAN TALK.

WE HAVE TO ESCAPE AT ONCE. AND GET BACK TO CALUH.

YES BUT BEFORE LEAVING THE COUNTRY WE MUST DISCOURAGE THE GOTH'S FROM INVADING US. AND MAKE THEM THOUGHT DISCOURAGED!

HOWEVER ARE YOU GOING TO MANAGE THAT?

WE'LL SPREAD A BIT OF DISORDER AND CONFUSION!

AND THIS COWARDLY GREEDY TWO FACED INTERPRETER WILL COME IN USEFUL. HE'S ABSOLUTELY IDEAL FOR OUR PURPOSES!

NOW THEN THIS IS MY PLAN.

HA HA HA!

HO! HO!

HAA HA!

HA!

That's funny! The prisoners are laughing...

They wouldn't be feeling so cheerful if they knew the tortures that are in store for them!

HA HA HA!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Hee! Hee! Hee!

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Ha! Ha! Ha!

It really is a very happy prison!
SKYFALL

Harry Harrison

Gregor helps Coretta to put Ely’s body into a sleeping bag. He had never touched a corpse before and it was doubly horrible there in space.

Meanwhile, Dillwater says into his telephone, “Operator, I want to place a conference call to the Washington news desks of the television network.” Soon he tells President Bandin that he has resigned from his position in NASA and “from any other in your administration. As soon as this present affair is concluded.”

“...In just about four hours’ time. Your track will bring you across to U.S. then and an East Coast launch will be favourable for your orbit. Match-up will be forty minutes later. I’ll give you a more exact ETA as soon as our programme people have been through to their.”

“And the only reason this announcement was not made earlier was because they were not sure that the Space Shuttle could be readied in time.”

“That’s what the official announcement said, Patrick.”

“That’s just pure crap, Flax, and you know it.”

“I do. And I agree. The Space Shuttle has a turn-around time of about a week. I’m sure they can have hours here and there, but they know exactly how long it takes almost to the minute. If they knew this thing was coming on line now why weren’t we informed?”

“I don’t know the whole story — and we may never know.”

“Let’s try. Ask around, Flax, you have the connections. I would like a few answers, if and when we get back.”

“So would I.”

“Out.”

Patrick broke the connection with an angry slap at the switch.

“What is all that about?” Coretta asked.

“I don’t know, and I’m afraid to guess,” Patrick said, his hands touching the bandages over his eyes, lightly. He hated the blindness, the handicap it put upon him now. “Something very strange is happening or Flax wouldn’t have patched us through to the White House that way. He was forcing someone’s hand over something. But we can worry about that some other time. We have more pressing problems.”

He touched the bandages again. “Doctor, don’t you think we can loosen these, maybe take them off for a quick look? You don’t know until you try.”

“We know, Patrick,” Coretta said, working to keep her voice calm and professional. “Whatever the final result is, that shock you and Nadya had to your eyes will render you sightless for a day at least. You gain nothing by removing the bandages — and may even cause more damage. I’m sorry I can’t be more specific. But that is the straight of it.”

“It could be permanent then?” Nadya asked, quietly.

“Perhaps, though I doubt it strongly. There is a very good chance that the blindness is only a temporary thing.” She spoke flatly and emphatically because she was lying; she had no idea of the extent of the damage. But morale building was more important than truth at this moment.

“All right,” Patrick said. “We’ll put that aside for the moment. Gregor, did the entire HOOPESNAKE programme come through on the printer?”

“It did. I have cut it into sheets and put them into a binder as you directed,” Gregor said.

“Get it, will you?”

“Why?” Coretta asked, surprised. “If a rescue ship is on the way we surely can forget about blowing Prometheus up.”

“The basic situation has not changed,” Nadya said. She lay, strapped in her couch next to Patrick on his. Just as blind, just as calm.

“That’s the truth of it,” Patrick agreed. “There are still too many buggers in the equation. Our order may hold out the hours needed for rescue. Or end any minute now. The observatory is sending a running report on solar activity. Minor flares, no excess radiation. But the sun is still rotating and we’ve no idea of what’s coming next. One big flare and that’s the end.”

“It’s terrible!” Coretta cried out.

“It is only the truth,” Gregor said, going to her

GET 26: 19

“We are sorry to interrupt this programme, ladies and gentlemen, but dramatic new developments have just been reported about the fate of Prometheus.”

The reporter clutched the single sheet of paper, fresh from the teletype, and looked briefly into the eye of the TV camera. He knew he was breaking into every one of the network programmes across the country being picked up by radio and sent overseas by short wave. He looked appropriately serious as he spoke.

“It appears that a rescue attempt is now being launched from the Kennedy Space Flight Centre. This is the home of the Space Shuttle, the workday rocket that ferries men and experiments up to Spacelab. No announcement was made earlier, President Bandin reports, because of the possibility that the Shuttle would not be ready in time. But now, with scant hours left in the life of the brave astronauts trapped in that decaying orbit round the Earth, a rescue mission is being launched. There may still be time to reach them before the end. We will bring you up-to-the-minute...”
and holding her. The two pilots could not see them, and even if they could — it would not matter. There were only a few vital things that mattered any more.

"Gregor's right," Patrick nodded into his private darkness. "We have to proceed as though the Shuttle will never arrive. If it does get here in time, well then and well and good. But if it doesn't then, all our reasons for going ahead with HOOPSNAKE STILL HOLD it will take some time, so I suggest you start at once."

"How long?" Coretta asked.

"Considering the fact that neither of you has had EVA experience it could be three or four hours."

"What do we have to do? I still have no real idea of the whole thing."

"The programme is explained here in great detail."

Gregor said, holding up the sheet of printout.

"For you maybe, baby, but that stuff is worse than Greek to me."

"I better take the time to explain," Patrick said.

"You should grasp the principles before you proceed. Are you acquainted with the operating principle of the nuclear engine?"

"Just the theory," Coretta said. "Hydrogen is used as a nuclear moderator as well as fuel. Those quartz tubes, some of them were broken, are what they call the light bulb. The uranium isotope in granular form is mixed with neon gas in the tubes, that's where the reaction takes place. This heats the tubes up how hot?"

"Three thousand degrees."

"A little on the warm side. Outside the light bulb is a hydrogen atmosphere which gets hotter, meaning it gets bigger, meaning it gets pressurized in the chamber and goes spouting out the hole in the back and we get pushed along and that is that. Right?"

"Perfectly right, nice and simple. The whole process is much more complex and detailed but that doesn't matter, is damn right now. Since you and Gregor have to do it bigger it up and turn it into a bomb."

"How do we do that?"

"In four stages. First you will have to space walk and take an access to the pressure chamber. This will mean cutting into one of the cones. It will be hard, but it can be done. One of you will have to use the Astronaut Maneuvering Unit, the AMU in order to reach the one."

Then, Gregor, what comes next? My memory is shot."

It wasn't memory, it was pain. The drugs were wearing off and his eyes ached so much it was difficult to think. Gregor had read the programme to him once, he remembered it clearly. Patrick just had difficulty in talking. He would need another shot soon, but had to put it off as long as possible. He was too groggy afterwards. Gregor flipped the page and touched a line with one long finger.

"Entrance must be made and the quartz tubing broken away to enlarge the chamber. Although very resistant to heat the material of the light bulbs is most flammable. When this has been done a four-meter section of U-235 storage tubing is removed and rolled upon itself until its diameter is approximately forty centimeters in diameter."

"You lost me with that one, Gregor."

"Plastic tubing?" Patrick asked. "It is the container for the uranium fuel. You can't store the stuff in a tank or it goes critical and goes bang. So it's in this plastic tubing that's wrapped around the base of the ship. A section of the tubing, with the fuel, has to be cut off and rolled up into a compact mass."

"Just a minute," Coretta said. "If I recall my atomic medicine crash course that can be dangerous. Won't it blow up?"

"Not yet. There will be greater activity, but it won't go critical."

"Whoever is doing the rolling is going to be mighty sick."

"Whoever is doing that is going to be dead," Patrick said grimly. "A lethal dose in minutes. But it won't really matter."

"I guess it won't," Coretta said, trying to match his calm. "It will take hours for even that kind of dose to kill someone. But the whole ship will blow up well before that."

"That is correct," Gregor said, turning to the last page. "When the fuel is ready the flow of hydrogen must be turned on from the controls here. Then the mass of fuel is thrown forcefully into the pressure chamber. That is all."

"All?" She was puzzled. "What happens next?"

"The hydrogen in the chamber acts as a moderator slowing down the radiation that has been escaping up to this point. The mass of U-235 goes critical."

"And goes bang. An atomic explosion. I get the picture. So when do we get started?"

"Now," Patrick said. "Someone please tell me the GET time!"
the airlock into the cooled and sterilized atmosphere of the Room. The clamps were being thrown that sealed the entire structure tight against the body of the orbiter. Colonel Kober was supervising the operation. Kober was a short, nasty type who was always in uniform, always fresh-preserved and spotlessly clean. Vaught knew that he had a good mind, had an engineering degree as well as his military rank, yet he still disliked him immensely. The feeling was mutual. They worked together because they had to, but that didn’t mean they had to enjoy it.

“You preparing to remove your payload, Colonel?” Vaught asked.

“We are, Mr. Vaught.”

“How long before you get it out and we can seal the doors?”

“We will do it as fast as possible, it that is what you were asking.”

“I wasn’t. I was sort of interested in a figure. Minutes, hours, days, you know the sort of thing.”

Kober flashed the big civilian a cold look of loathing brushing back his toothbrush moustache with his knuckle as he spoke. “An estimate, of course. Taking into mind past performance. Disconnect the utility bridges, attach supplementary power, unbolt unship, move to the pallets, close up—it will be a good two-hour job.”

“Sit down for two hours to wait I’m starting fuelling now.” Vaught turned away but Kober’s harsh words stopped him in his tracks.

“You cannot do that and I absolutely forbid you to. Civilian control on this project is lax enough as it is, but I will not permit criminally dangerous procedures that might endanger this project or my personnel. Do you understand, Vaught?”

“Do you understand, Colonel, that my first name is Miles as far as you are concerned. I want to hear you use it. As to your forbidding me to do anything, why, you got as much chance as a bound dog winning an elephant farting contest. The fuelling starts now.”

“You cannot It is forbidden I’ll contact.”

His voice shut off sharply as Vaught closed the airlock door. My oh my, the man did not go easy. It really was a pleasure to get the toe of the boot into him. Vaught pulled the CB radio from the holster on his belt and thumbed it on.

“Station two. Are the feed lines connected yet?”

“Last one going on, now, Gordon.”

“God. Make sure your men on top are watching the bleed valves and start pumping. I want that fuel in there just as fast as you can get it.”

“Right.”

Vaught put away the radio, then leaned on the hot metal of the railings and looked at the bird. The square hulk of the Payload Changer Room was locked against it covering most of it, with just the nose cones of the three big boosters rising above it. The orbiter was well hidden. The tiered form of the servicing tower stood beside it now, a scene of organized bustle. Underground fuel lines would bring the liquid oxygen and hydrogen, liquid only when kept at hundreds of degrees below zero. Fueling must have begun because a white plume of vaporized gas puffed out of a relief valve high above. Begun. Now it would be at least three hours before the tanks were filled. Three hours until the tanks had to be filled because that was the time of the only window they could use. The few minutes when the Space Shuttle had to be launched to hurl itself into space on an accurate course, to rise up and arrive at the same moment in space and time as Prometheus which would be hurtling up from behind. One chance at a meet, and only one. Well, he would do his part, get the bird fueled and counted down and ready to fly when they needed it. If the military payload was removed in time. Observation satellite they said, big hush deal with MP3s. With sidearms around all the time. Something more than a usual observation satellite. The rumors said. He didn’t know or care. All he wanted was it out of the way in time.
Fueling was going well so he had time to go in and bug Kober and make sure the thing was plucked out and taken away. He liked riding Kober, even though it was no easy to do. He had been in the Army himself when he was young, been a corporal before getting out. Anyone above the rank of Sergeant Major was instantly suspect. Chicken-shit chicken colonels were the best bait of all. He smiled and turned back towards the door.

The solar observatory was on Capri, the island in the Bay of Naples, Italy. Monte Solaro rose up behind it where the terraced slopes, silver with olive trees, ran down to the village of the lighthouse which terminated in the high limestone cliffs above the blue sea. The quarters of the way down was the solid-walled building that housed the Solar Observatory of the University of Freiburg. It was not the best site for an observatory of this kind, the sea haze meant that seeing could not begin until late in the morning and ended well before sunset in the afternoon. But Capri is every German's idea of heaven, so heart had laid head for just once and the observatory had been built here. The short day left more time for wine and peaches.

A tour of duty on Capri was not considered by the astronomers, or their wives, to be much of a sacrifice.

A mirror on top of the building rotated and tilted automatically following the sun, its image running down a chimney-like tube to the telescope room below. Here the magnified image passed through a specially designed filter that screened out all except the waveband of the hydrogen. That filtered and enlarged, the sun was captured on film by a Leica camera. Every two minutes during the day it took a picture, then advanced the film automatically to be ready for the next shot. When the camera was not operating the image could be projected onto a white screen. A burning, angry disc a yard in diameter, pocked with solar activity, rimmed with tendrils of flame.

Dr. Bruzik was studying the image now, puffed complacently on a well-stained Meerschaum pipe. Astronomy was a very placed occupation, demanding more patience than energy, and he had practised this science for a number of years. His wife, Jutta, came into the room.

"It is that man in Texas again, on the phone. He is very angry because the Najels operator cut us off after almost fifteen minutes."

"If one were always to be angry at the Italian telephone system, one would die of apoplexy before reaching puberty. Was there any message?"

"Just always. What is the state of the sun?"

"You can reassure him that there was no change while we were out of contact. Activity normal... Got in Hummel!"

Bruzik giggled, forgetting that he held the stem of the pipe between his teeth, a very favourite pipe indeed. It fell and broke on the tile floor—and he was not aware of it at all.

Because, hypnotized, he was watching a solar flare growing on the sun's disc. A tongue of fire that leapt up higher and higher, arched out into space. He was watching millions of tons of burning gas being ejected from the sun's surface, the explosive power of a gigantic solar storm.

What he knew also existed, what was not visible here in the magnific activity beneath the sun's surface, the incredibly powerful magnetic fields that twisted and churned. And sent out radiation. Radiation that, when it struck the atmosphere of Earth minutes later, caused the Northern Lights, radio reception, jam telegraph cable.

And so excite the upper atmosphere that it would rise up and strike Prometheus from its orbit. Change the relatively empty space at this altitude with its few sweeping thin atmosphere that would be like a rock wall to the satellite travelling at five miles a second.

"Keep the telephone connection," Bruzik called out. "I want to speak with them in a few moments. Try and make that cretin of an operator understand that the line must be kept open at all costs.

"It looks as though a period of intense solar activity is beginning. Just as Professor Weissman said it would."

"Just do as I tell you, step by step, slowly and carefully, and nothing will go wrong," Patrick said.

"Are you ready, Gregor?"

"Da."

"Coretta?"

"Da as well, Patrick."

The hatch was open and they were facing it; Patrick could see it clearly in his mind's eye. The only way he could see it. Coretta had taken off the thin bandage and secured the pads on his eyes with a tape. Had done this for Nadya as well. So they could be fit to work, too. Getting into their pressure suits had been a fumbling, time consuming job, with Coretta and Gregor doing all the work for the four of them. The two pilots in their ungainly space armor had to be guided, carried really, to their couches. Moving them in this manner was the easiest and most logical thing to do; Patrick had hated it, the total dependency, but had said nothing.

Now the atmosphere was gone, the hatch open, and each of them was sealed away from the others in a thin capsule of life. And they would stay this way until the end. Until help came—or didn't come.

"The AMU is to remain just outside the hatch. Do you see it?" Patrick asked.

"Still there," Coretta said.

"All right. Gregor, cut through the hatch, taking it very easy. If you just float through easy Coretta will handle your umbilicals."

"I don't think they will reach as far as the AMU," Gregor said.

"We know they won't. They're designed for maneuver inside the cabin. But you'll be able to get at least a meter outside which is enough leeway for you to strap into the AMU! Pull it as close to the hull as you can—but don't take off its safety hold-down yet. There's a wide lap strap to hold you into position. Take both ends at once, pull up on them, and you'll see the umbilical."

"Roger."

"Then exit through the hatch Coretta, try and give me a running commentary so I'll know how it's going."

"Sure. Going out now. A tight squeeze, but going through neatly. I'm paying out the umbilicals..." Gregor was sweating heavily, panting with exertion. By now he was used to the lack of gravity and the way his arm muscles seemed to have life and motions of their own. This moving around would not have been too bad if he had not been restricted by the suit. Every action had to be a forceful one and, if he dared relax his arms, they would flop out from his body. The simple act of getting into the bulky, chair-like form of the AMU, the Astronaut Maneuvering Unit, proved almost impossible. Either he was moving or the AMU was, usually in opposite directions.

"Take a rest," Coretta ordered. "You're panting like a bulldog in heat. Let things quiet a bit or you are going to overload your cooling unit."

"She is right," Patrick said.

"Must... finish this... a moment more..."

Angry at himself for being so clumsy, George seized both ends of the straps and pulled them tight, damping the movement of the AMU. They were spinning together now—but at least it was together. He closed his eyes against the vertigo and hauled on the straps until the ends came together—and he clipped shut the belt.

"Great job," Coretta said, smiling at his victorious thumbs-up signal, using the umbilicals to damp his motion. "In the AMU and ready for the next step," she said.

"Be very careful about sequence now," Patrick said. "Coretta, have you the safety line rigged? With one end attached inside?"

"Done as directed," she answered, giving the nylon line one last tug to make sure it was secure.

To be continued
Interview

'Mrs Gandhi will remain for a long time yet'

Subhrangshu Gupta meets Siddhartha Shankar Ray to find out how good the Congress Party's chances were in the forthcoming elections, and whether factionalism would have a disastrous effect on Congress fortunes.

Q: What is your reaction to the sudden announcement of the elections? Do you think the gap between the date of announcement and the exact poll date is enough for proper electioneering?
A: In a democracy every political party should be ready for a poll at any time. I think sufficient time has been given after the Prime Minister's announcement dissolving the Lok Sabha for holding the elections.

Q: Could you ensure a free and fair voting in West Bengal?
A: Certain specific instructions have been given to all district administrators to ensure a free and fair poll.

Q: Could you say with certainty that the Emergency will be lifted soon after the elections?
A: Whether the Emergency will be lifted or not is a matter to be decided by the Prime Minister after assessing the situation prevailing in the country. Our Prime Minister has an excellent sense of timing which had been repeatedly proved in the past, and I am sure she will take the right decision at right time. I have no doubt that she will have only the interest of the country in view in making her decision.

Q: Do you think Mr. Jagjivan Ram has behaved the Congress by his sudden resignation? How has the Party been affected by his leaving?
A: In a democracy, people are entitled to take their own stands. The Congress is a very big organisation and so the coming or going of one individual does not matter.

Q: Will the Congress go in for a coalition at the Centre if it does not get a majority?
A: At the Centre, people will certainly see to it that there is a one-party Government, namely, of the Congress for the sake of India's integrity, unity and continued prosperity.

Q: Do you think that different States in the country will go to the polls after the Lok Sabha elections?
A: Elections in the States are not due before March.

Q: What is your attitude towards the CPI and other political parties?
A: With the CPI we have already entered into an adjustment in West Bengal and a few other States. The Congress and the CPI will support and co-operate with each other and, wherever possible, have a joint election campaign. The Opposition Front is being dominated by the CPI(M) and in our considered opinion the people of West Bengal will not support such a Front, having regard to the past record of the CPI(M). So far as we are concerned, we are only thinking of the stability both in the Centre and in the States and the continued prosperous growth of the country. Without the Congress in power at the Centre, there will be chaos and confusion. The people of India cannot possibly imagine having a United Front Government in the Centre, after having seen how the UP or the SVD Governments behaved in the States in the past.

Q: How many seats do you expect the Congress will get in the Centre, and in West Bengal?
A: We shall get a handsome majority. But I cannot specify the likely number of seats we shall win, for I am not an astrologer. The people of India will, no doubt, give an absolute majority in the Centre and in the only State election that is being held in Kerala, we expect that the present coalition led by the Congress will stay in power.

Q: In recent times you have been a very controversial figure, placed on trial by two disputing factions of the Congress. Do you think the rivalry within the Congress is over? Or is there any chance of its being renewed?
A: When a challenge comes, the Congress acts unitedly and in the election we shall work as a team and speak with one voice. No further comments.

Q: Would you like to make any comment on the role of the Youth Congress in your State?
A: Members of the YC in West Bengal are actively working for the Congress and the CPI candidates in the poll.

Q: Whom do you foresee as the Congress leader after Mrs. Gandhi?
A: Mrs. Gandhi will remain for a long time yet, and therefore the question does not arise.

Q: Would you like to make any comment on Sanjay Gandhi?
A: I have already said that too much has been made of this. Personally, I feel that no Governor or Chief Minister or other Ministers should go to the airport to receive him—and in West Bengal you have seen what happened. If any Chief Minister or Minister goes to the airport to receive him, it is purely a personal matter. It was being said that Sanjay Gandhi did not want elections. But there are elections. People said Sanjay Gandhi wanted a constituent assembly. But there was no such thing. People said Sanjay Gandhi wanted Mr. Siddhartha Shankar Ray to be ousted. But Mr. Ray is still the Chief Minister.

Q: Do you think that Mr. Gandhi has any political future in the country?
A: That depends on Sanjay Gandhi himself, and on the people of India.
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So come to Mussoorie. You'll always find it a gay, colourful and friendly resort.
M J. Akbar writes on the high drama that has gripped the entire country at the moment—the elections. Since Independence there has never been such a marvellous scope for the Opposition to topple the Congress Government at the Centre. He was recently on a tour of areas in UP and Bihar and gives his impression of how things are going to shape up. Inder Malhotra describes the elections he has seen in the past and points out the differences between those and the present one.

S C Anantharaman explains the actual importance of the Southern votes. Though a lot of importance is generally attached to the UP-Bihar sector, the number of seats in the four Southern States are almost the same as in UP and Bihar combined. Hamdi Bey speculates on the chances of the country’s having a two-party system. He traces the factors which have made this possible. Kewal Varma tries to guess who could be our next Prime Minister.

Who was Marx’s legitimate son? Rathin Chakraborty discusses the new discoveries about this fact.

Subhransu Gupta interviews Mr. Jyoti Basu, the CPI(M) leader, on the elections.

Dattu Phadkar writes about some recent developments that are definitely going to hamper the prestige of cricket, lovely cricket.

Editor M J Akbar
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Congress will win the race but, at the same time, we should be aware that this single-party domination is no good to the country. At least in the Assembly girls, the Congress should spare some seats to the Opposition. Yet it appears that our Opposition leaders have yet to realise their mistake of unconstructive criticism.

M. S. PRAJAPATI
Sullarpet

Slight error

In the column "Eighteen months", one important happening has been incorrectly reported (printer's devil?). It is mentioned therein that Morarji Desai and L. K. Advani were released on January 16. As a matter of fact, they were released on the afternoon of January 18.

RAJA SHAH
Calcutta

Indira technique

HAMDI BEY'S account of the different poll campaigning styles of father and daughter was interesting. Before the 1971 elections, there was much enthusiasm in the small Bihar town of Arrah over a visit by Indira Gandhi. She arrived two hours late, and when she appeared on the dais, before a large gathering, she first had a glass of water before preparing to speak. At that moment somebody shouted, "Indira hatao". Immediately afterwards, Mrs. Gandhi started her speech. "It is now up to you: Indira hatao or Garibi hatao," she said, and walked away. Everybody at the meeting was stunned by this very short speech, which had a tremendous effect!

MOHD. NASIR H. ABRAHIM
Calcutta

Not true

AFTER reading the article "Malayalee and booze" by M. J. Akbar I became convinced he has erroneously generalised things happening in a certain part of the State as common to the whole State. He says that all the volatile Malayalees have left the State, leaving the indolent and inactive ones behind. But he has probably not realised why—it was because they weren't very successful then. And the ones remaining, far from being indolent, are the successful ones. When Mr. Akbar talks about drinking he paints a misleading picture. Arrack is available in plenty and people do drink, but drinking is considered a vice and drunkards are disapproved of. Nor is drinking as widespread as he wants us to believe. And the picture Mr. Akbar gives of Malayalee women is quite wrong. Though Kerala women are richly gifted by nature, they are of a docile and shy type. It is also incorrect to portray Malayalee men as a sex-starved, bragging lot, dazzled by the beauty of their womenfolk. The Malayalee way of life is different from that of the rest of the country and that is why those who have left the State long to return to their native land.

N. R. KRISHNA KUMAR
Trichur

A suggestion

It might have been the properly juicy stuff for light weekend reading, but the article utterly failed to do justice either to the problem-ridden State of Kerala or to the versatility of its people. Mr. Akbar makes no mention of many distinct features which are obvious even to the casual visitor—the spotless white of Malayalee dress, the high standard of cleanliness despite abject poverty, the endless chatter of streams of school-going children. The author chose to ignore the high rate of literacy among Malayalees, which is unparalleled in India. Kerala has several firms to her credit—like the first lady Judge in India—but these were not mentioned. Derby of the numerous arrack shops was to the author's credit, but one fails to understand why
there was no mention of the tea shops where every morning newspapers are read aloud and national and international events are freely debated. I suggest Mr. Akbar makes another trip, ignores the tea shops, keeps his eyes open, and visits India to a session of sensible writing.

F. M. RAJAGOPAL
Calcutta.

Bengali protest

THE article was well-written and one gets a fair idea about Trivandrum, but in comparing the Malayalee moustache to the Bengali moustache, the author wrote of “two pencil-thin lines sloping down from the centre of the nose.” May I point out that this is not the only moustache-style prevalent among Bengalis?

FAIYADA BOY,
Calcutta.

Author’s say

ORDINARILY I regard the printer’s devil as an unavoidable evil, but a slight mistake in my article, “Defying tradition to get married,” may create a wrong impression. Shabbi’s favourite novelist is René, and not Renu as printed. René is one of those popular Hindi paperback authors who turn out a book every month. And the only Renu in Hindi literature is the great writer Chandreshwar Nath “Renu.” Incidentally, the heroine of René’s “Teerji Kasam,” Heera Bai, could not defy tradition to live with the man she loved.

N. K. SINGH,
Indore.

Munsi mystery

THANKS for the interview of Munsi by Ahi Bhushan Malik. But it could not satisfy the curiosity that had been produced in the readers’ minds. Why does Mr. Munsi believe himself to be a re-incarnation of Christ and not of Krishna? What feeling or event made him realize this fact? At what age did he come to know of this? I agree Mr. Munsi is an extraordinary man in his field, but apparently he is a victim of some incalculable delusion to confuse oneself with spiritual powers in such a way.

A. K. SAKENA,
Varanasi.

Not present

THERE is a factual error in your profile—“From China, with love of Prof. Tan Yum Shan.” Dr. Brajendranath Seal did not inaugurate the opening of Cheena Bhavan. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, who was to have inaugurated it, could not come because of a sudden illness. However, he sent a message through his daughter.

JAGANNATH CHATTERJEE,
Scantalketan.

The State of H.P.

RECENT issues of SUNDAY have carried wrong references to Hunsal P. Prashad in saying that the State was instituted ten years ago and that Dr. Y. S. Parmar has been its Chief Minister ever since. In fact, the State was born on April 15, 1948 and saw many constitutional changes before becoming India’s 18th full-fledged State on January 25, 1971. Dr. Parmar first became Chief Minister of H. P. in 1962. From November 1956 to June 1963 there was a Territorial Council with Thakur Kesh Singh as its Chairman but when the popular Ministry was restored in July 1965, Dr. Parmar again became the C.M. and remained in the post until his resignation was accepted in January 1977. An important event in the life of Himachal has been the increase in area and population consequent upon the merger of the hill areas of the Punjab in November, 1966. Furthermore H. P. has evolved a three-dimensional forestry plan, and not—as G. T. had said—a four-point one.

VIDUSHI SATYAN,
Simla.

Official version

THE article “Troubled waters” (SUNDAY, January 23) was not based on facts. The Pushkarini is very much there as part of the Tirumala Temple, and as before pilgrims have a dip in it before proceeding to the temple. The tank water is at present filtered and cleaned, and hence fit for bathing in. The statement that this holy tank is now closed to bathers is not true—since thousands of pilgrims are taking a bath there every day. Please publish this so that you report a correct picture of what is actually happening at Tirumala.

P. S. RAJAGOPALRAJU, I.A.S.
Executive Officer.
T. T. Devasthanam,
Tirupati.

Learn from Vietnam

HARISH CHANDOLA’s articles on Vietnam were a tribute to the humble and even more modest government of Vietnam. One expected the Vietnam Government to boast of its triumph—but they chose to accept victory the hard way, by remaining silent. To remove the strain on our economy, it would be a very good idea if our Army, like that of Vietnam, were to become self-sufficient and end its technological dependence on civilian projects in a big way.

GOPAL KARMAKAR,
Bombay.
This election is going to be different from all the previous ones; this time it is more of a referendum on Mrs Gandhi’s actions in the last 19 months. The leaders of the Opposition are all convinced they are going to win this their (possibly) last battle and thus make it their best. M. J. AKBAR, after a tour of the crucial states of U.P. and Bihar, explains why.

When Delhi’s politicians begin brushing up on their arithmetic, it means only one thing—that the age of factional politics, which disappeared under Mrs. Gandhi’s dominant leadership, has returned. And if indications be any judge, what politicians will soon be doing in Delhi is not simple arithmetic but calculus.

During these last days of February, the leaders of the Opposition are convinced that the Congress Party is going to lose. A substantial swing in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar would be enough to leave the Congress Party in a minority at the Centre although as leader of the largest single party, Mrs. Gandhi would still be given the first option to form the next government. But this is precisely when the fun and games would begin. “Would all the newly elected members of the Congress remain in the party which had given them a ticket?” Opposition leaders ask.

However, first things first. On what basis does the Opposition think that it can carry Uttar Pradesh?

The popular sentiment which precedes and trails the important and not so important Opposition leaders is quite impressive, particularly in contrast to the lukewarm, if not totally apathetic response which Congress leaders evoke. It will require, for example, extraordinary persuasive powers on the part of Mrs. Sheila Kaul to make any kind of dent in Mr. H. N. Bahuguna’s massive support in the Lucknow City constituency. You don’t have to look very hard for proof. There is no need to go to a meeting which Mr. Bahuguna may be addressing (and the few we went to had audiences which cheered given the slightest opportunity—they even laughed at a fairly weak joke). Talk to just about anyone. A paan and cigarette shop near Mrs. Kaul’s house flew the Congress flag and I asked the young man who sold me the cigarettes what Mrs. Kaul’s chances were. He looked at me with a quizzical smile and said, “Not a chance. If she does not
lose her deposit she will be lucky." Then why had he put up the Congress flag? "Arrey, forget that I was asked to and Mrs Kaul's house is in our mahalla, so I thought. But she can't win. You can ask anyone in Lucknow."

With two important, possibly vital, weeks of campaigning to go, the situation seems almost too good to be true for the Opposition. An election is fought on many levels - issues, emotion, charisma, caste, religion, sentiment. And in Uttar Pradesh, the Opposition seems to have won the initial battle on almost all these fronts.

In the first place, everyone seems to appreciate that this election is different from any other held so far. This time it will be more a referendum on Mrs Gandhi's performance during the last 19 months than anything else. A villager in Cursatganj put the matter neatly. "This time it is Janata versus the Government." He smiled as he said this: "He was punning on 'Janata' and in his mind there was no difference between the Congress and the Government."

Mr H N Bahuguna told me the same thing:

"This is not a normal election. This is a revolt for a new type of order based on the traditions of the Indian National Congress. This is a revolt of the conscience of the Congress. (And thereby hangs a tale, which we shall come to soon.)"

Sensing victory, the Opposition is showing a maturity and sophistication in its campaigning which would have been impossible to believe two months ago. It is as if the experience of the Emergency has chastened them, made them wiser and, now, happier men. There is an absolute determination not to spoil things by infighting, the personal ego of Mr Raj Narain may come into play when he sits with his cronies at the end of a hard day's work in his spartan room in Lucknow's MLA hostel, but on the campaign trail even a man like him is behaving with extraordinary discipline.

D P Sena

Raj Narain: At the service of democracy.
Gandhi: Indeed, all the Opposition leaders have gone out of their way to stress that they have nothing against Mrs Gandhi the individual, they are fighting against Mrs Gandhi the Prime Minister. J.P. makes repeated distinctions between the Mrs Gandhi who is like a daughter to him, and the Mrs Gandhi who is like a dictator to him. In Mr Bahuguna’s room in Lucknow there’s a huge and beautiful blow-up of him standing beside Mrs Gandhi which has not been taken down, and which will not be taken down, he says. But this hardly changes his opinions of Mrs Gandhi as leader of the Government. “Mrs Gandhi has reduced the government to Indira Gandhi’s service,” he tells me. “How does she say that she consulted her colleagues about the Emergency?” 

The conversation with Mr. Bahuguna was often interrupted by telephone calls, and one of them obviously related to organisational problems in a particular area. The person at the other end possible wanted permission to sign something. Mr. Bahuguna replied: “Duaa ke kalam se aapne dho ka kaagaz pe dastkhat kar do (With the pen of your mind sign on the paper of your heart).” This kind of rhetoric goes down beautifully with the crowds. The Opposition leaders realise that their terms in prison, or their periods in wilderness, give them a headlong start when it comes to appealing to people’s emotions, and they do not aim to lose in this race. They are the shining warriors whose past sins have been washed clean in the purifying atmosphere of various jails. A student leader from Allahabad University had an audience at Bachrauni in Rae Bareli, spilled blood with lines like, “I have seen mothers sit with thalis of food waiting for their sons to return home, and they have waited in vain.” Solid Hindi film rhetoric, but what applause! It is this kind of thing which manages to wean tears from the eyes of hardboiled villagers.

Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit

There are two issues which have provoked a great deal of hostility against the government: one is family planning, and the other is MISA. The refrain is, “Bachon ko bhool ke geya.” On the issue of family planning, every Congress candidate is on the defensive. As Mr. Nalini Singh, who is looking after the Congress campaign in Uttar Pradesh, puts it: “The only argument which the Opposition has is the one about family planning. And we have written specifically in the manifesto that there will be no coercion, no law or compulsion about it. Even among the Opposition. Mr. Charan Singh’s BLD has always been a vociferous opponent of family planning: only the Jana Sangh has been against it, and you know why—they think that if family planning is enforced, the Muslims will soon outnumber the Hindus. So many of the measures which were taken to enforce family planning have been revoked. It is true that when someone went to renew his arms...
licensure he had to provide a case for sterilisation. Teachers etc. were put under pressure. Whether the whole business was a mistake or not, it had an adverse effect. It would have been better if we had moved cautiously. How would the issue influence Congress fortune? In Uttar Pradesh, I asked Mr. Singh, who is an old man with twinkling eyes, a superb turn of phrase and an excellent sense of humour: “You know, in this country nobody remains angry for more than a minute. Do you think we would have been able to survive if the people were genuinely angry about such a vital issue as family planning? People forget—that, let me tell you, is also the misfortune of this country.”

How does he expect the Congress to win?

“You see we are a well-knit organisation; the other side is a Mahadewi ki baraat, a coalition of disparate elements. We will be able to mobilise and use our resources—print handbills, posters etc. We
are the establishment. In this country, three gods are worshiped: Brahma—whose face you never see; Vishnu, the Preserver; if you search hard enough you will find a few of his temples scattered about the country. But Shiva, the Destroyer—every mahalla has an image of the lingam, and worships it. This country worships the man with the stick.

Mr. Singh’s salty jokes aside, he seriously believes that the Congress will get about 60 seats in Uttar Pradesh. “The election,” he points out, “is really fought in the last two weeks.” He has a point: support for the Opposition seems to be at a peak, and obviously it will be hard to maintain this momentum till March 16. The Congress hopes to change the situation dramatically in the last ten days or so.

However, this may not be very easy. After all, people like Mr. Bahuguna, Mr. Chaman Singh, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, and Mr. Morarji Desai are old hands at the game themselves, and they will do their best to ensure that the popular support that is visible is translated into votes on March 16 and 18 and 20. If they lose this opportunity, it will be the end of the road for them, and they know this only too well.

In Uttar Pradesh, Mr. Charan Singh is expected to deliver the seats in the west. He has a virtually impregnable base among the jats, yadavs (shirs), and kurmis. Mr. Atal Behari Vajpayee should be able to deliver the Jana Sangh vote, and bring in contributions from the strong banias community. Mr. Chandrakeshwar has support among the thakurs; Mr. C. B. Gupta still has some say with the banias, and the small but influential number of socials created by Dr. Lohia are committed against Mrs. Gandhi. Further, as many Harijans as in the villages told us, they have been taught to treat Babuji as their leader, why should they suddenly believe that he is fighting against their interests? And Mr. Bahuguna is expected to bring in the Brahmin and Muslim vote; he is quite popular among Muslims, and with family planning being an explosive issue with the community, it could be a formidable combination.

“Is baar, Jana Sangh kahan hai? ab toh Babuji bhog laga.” It was a statement by a Muslim in a village, whom we asked whether the Jana Sangh’s participation in the Janata Party would persuade him to vote for the Congress. While it would be quite wrong to say that the Muslims have already committed themselves to voting for the Opposition, it is equally certain that the Muslim vote in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar will not go, as it did in 1971, completely to the Congress. In western UP, Muslims voted with Mr. Charan Singh in 1974, and there is no reason to suspect that they will shift their vote from him in 1977. Moreover, if Imam Bokhari of Delhi’s Jama Masjid, who has asked Muslims in stringent terms to support the Opposition, has any influence, it is in western UP. What happened during the family planning drive was that the officials, unable to persuade any of the caste Hindus to get themselves sterilized, concentrated on the poorer and weaker sections of the community. Which means—Muslims and Harijans. We met many poor people who described how they had been forcefully sterilized. The crucial thing is that it requires only one such example for a whole village to boil with anger. And as I said before, this election is becoming a referendum: it will not be in support of anyone, or an manifesto, it will—at least in north India—be a vote against what has happened. Congress fortunes will depend largely on its ability to convince the people that they will never have to face such problems again. When we pointed out that a Congress defeat may lead to instability, some people replied that it does not matter whether you put nine maunds of wood on the corpse or eleven maunds.

If, as seems likely, the Congress is defeated in Uttar Pradesh and Bihar by a substantial number of seats, it will be clearly unable to

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### Lok Sabha seats after the 1971-elections

| Andhra Pradesh | 41 |
| Assam | 37 |
| Bihar | 36 |
| Gujarat | 24 |
| Haryana | 9 |
| Himachal Pradesh | 4 |
| Jammu & Kashmir | 27 |
| Karnataka | 19 |
| Kerala | 19 |
| Madhya Pradesh | 37 |
| maharastra | 47 |
| Manipur | 2 |
| Megalaya | 2 |
| Nagaland | 1 |
| Orissa | 20 |
| Punjab | 13 |
| Rajasthan | 23 |
| Sikkim | 1 |
| Tamil Nadu | 39 |
| Tripura | 2 |
| Uttarakhand | 83 |
| West Bengal | 40 |
| Delhi | 7 |
| Goa, Daman & Diu | 2 |
| Andaman & Nicobar Islands | 2 |
| Arunachal Pradesh | 1 |
| Chandigarh | 1 |
| Dadra & Nagar Haveli | 1 |
| Lakshadweep | 1 |
| Mizoram | 1 |
| Pondicherry | 1 |
| Anglo-Indians | 2 |

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gain the majority of the seats in the next Parliament. What is likely to happen then?

There are many theories wandering around from mouth to mouth. One says that if the Congress needs about 30 MPs to form a stable government, Mr. Charan Singh and Mr. Bhargava may walk across. Mr. Charan Singh is said to have given 30 of his followers tickets on the Janata symbol. Assuming that 30 of them win, he could be in a position to play a crucial role. But he will be facing two major disadvantages if he contemplates switching sides from what he's proposed to form a Janata-led government may face against the Congress and the other faction formations in the leadership of the party. The Congress for Democracy leaders are being very careful about not attacking the CPI in their speeches. They could, given a favourable situation, mobilize enough votes within both the Janata Party and the official Congress to form a government with CPI support. Indeed, Jagjivan Ram and Mr. Bahuguna are known as Left-of-Centre men, and they have a chance to make a Left-of-Centre government.

The one person who could make an important impact on the shape of the next government would be Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan (though, of course, he would have to be convinced that the Congress does get a simple majority in Parliament). He will be almost certain, make every effort to keep the Janata Party alive, and if he believes so passionately in the two-party theory it is impossible to foresee what role he would precisely play.

Thus, leads to some interesting conclusions. Since the principal fight of the leaders of Congress for Democracy is against the party but against Mrs. Gandhi, it is quite likely that they will return to the parent party along with supporters in the Congress (O), if Mrs. Gandhi is removed from the leadership of the party. The Congress for Democracy leaders are being very careful about not attacking the CPI in their speeches. They could, given a favourable situation, mobilize enough votes within both the Janata Party and the official Congress to form a government with CPI support. Indeed, Jagjivan Ram and Mr. Bahuguna are known as Left-of-Centre men, and they have a chance to make a Left-of-Centre government in Delhi which the CPI could influence. And this is where the calculus comes in: Who precisely among the winning candidates would join hands with whom?

Is it possible that the Congress Party will disintegrate? After all, the Muslim League which won independence for Pakistan and became the natural party of government in Pakistan is nowhere to be found either in Pakistan or Bangladesh. Will the Congress become a similar party? "No," said Mr. Bahuguna, "You forget that the Muslim League was never a party like the Congress, and has never had the tradition of mass participation which the Congress has had. The Congress will not collapse those who have equated the Congress with a few people will collapse." And then he goes on to add something very significant.

Mr. Charan Singh says: "We will take over the Congress. After all, what is the Janata Party, except three-fourths old Congressmen?"

He adds: "You forget what the British said in 1942. They said that they had buried the Congress for 60 years. But each time the Congress grew out of its ashes it shall grow again.

This is the picture at the moment of writing but as Mr. Triloki Singh said, a good deal can happen in the last two weeks of campaigning. One thing, however, is clear: Just as the Indian press (we should keep AIR and television out of this category) closed its eyes to the crowds Mrs Gandhi was drawing in 1971, it is now closing its eyes to the crowds which Mr. Jagjivan Ram and Mr. Morarji Desai are drawing.
Election enigma

INDER MALHOTRA says that understanding New Maths is easier than predicting the result of the coming elections.

There can be no two opinions about it. The current election is unlike any of the previous five ones. The events of the last 10 months have brought about a qualitative change in the prevailing political climate. At this late stage it is pointless to hark back to the formation of the Janata Party or to Babu Jagjivan Ram’s bombshell or to their wide and varied ramifications. It’s enough to say that never before have the Opposition ranks been so buoyant and optimistic as today. Indeed, the situation is so new that an Americanism has had to be imported into the Indian political vocabulary to describe it. “It’s a new ball game baby,” is the strident cry in New Delhi’s corridors of power these days.

With all this, however, it is pertinent to point out that the present is not the first general election in which a possible loss of the Congress Party’s majority in the Lok Sabha is being confidently forecast. The far-too-frequent references to the “Indira Wave” after the 1971 poll was over should not obscure what was said before it. One has only to look up the clippings and the records of that time to realise how gloomy the forecasts were. One learned political pundit had gone so far as to say that the 1971 election could usher in political instability so deadly as to lead to an untimely demise of Indian democracy. Another had said that the Congress (R)—the alphabet stood for “ruling” in the book of some and for “requisitionists” in that of others—would be lucky if it could hold on to the 221 seats it had in the House after the great Congress split.

It is possible, indeed probable, that prognostication on the eve of the 1971 poll was influenced unduly by the sharp setback to the ruling party in the election of 1967 which has hailed, at the time, as a “revolution by the ballot-box” (This, incidentally, must have been the only revolution in history to have been devoured by its children.) It will be wise therefore not to allow the outcome of the 1971 poll alone to guide the calculations about the poll that is about to take place. The country’s cumulative electoral experience during the three decades of freedom and a quarter of a century of electioneering will be a better indicator of the shape of things to come. In some ways it is not necessary to go over all the five elections; a joint look at the 1967 and 1971 elections—the worst and the best from the Congress Party’s point of view so far—will suffice.

The consolidation of the Opposition vote is, of course, crucial. Otherwise the Opposition parties would not have made such strenuous efforts to unite or at least to enter into alliances and adjustments such as the newly-formed Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy have done. But the point needs to be made that a mere avoidance of mutual contests among Opposition groups is no guarantee of a sure Congress defeat. Helped with a sharp swing away from the
Congress the opposition unity may wrest power from the ruling party. By itself, the essay in the unification of the parties and groups hostile to Indira Gandhi and her Government cannot

Unfortunately, the simplistic notion is nurtured by the naivete beliefs emanating from the undeniable fact that in no parliamentary election has the Congress, whether the undivided one under Jawaharlal Nehru or the present one, both of the 1969 split in Indira's image, has got a clear majority of the total vote polled. Its share of vote has ranged from 40 per cent at its lowest in 1967 to just over 47 per cent at its highest during the second general election in 1957. In the other three elections the party has managed to do extremely well with a vote ranging from just over 31 per cent, to just under 45 per cent.

Those who jumped to the conclusion that if only there was a single candidate opposing the Congress in each constituency would have got the majority of votes, are victims of a cardinal fallacy. They also overlook stark facts of political life.

They fail to perceive for instance that the vote polled by non-Congress candidates are not necessarily against Congress votes. For not all of them are polled for candidates of coherent political parties with a semblance of all-India following committed to opposing the Congress. Indeed none of the parties with a proper claim to be an opposition party has obtained in as many as five polls more than 10 per cent vote. The four parties that have formed the Janata Party together have got no more than 25 per cent of the vote. It is not merely that what are described as Independents and Others have almost always got more votes than every organised political party. No less remarkable is the fact that several regional parties sometimes got a respectable number of votes in an election against the Congress usually disappear by the time the next election comes along. Ironically the Congress rather than any opposition party is the beneficiary of their vanishing trick.

A telling instance in point is the Telengana Praja Samiti which won ten seats in Andhra in the 1971 poll securing about 10 per cent of the vote polled in the 1971 poll. Within a year of the election, all ten TPS members had become members of the Congress Party. Most of them are now Congress candidates while the TPS has disappeared into the thin air. The fate of the Samyukta Maharashtrata Samiti two decades earlier was similar though not identical.

The undivided Communist Party of India won around 9 per cent of the votes in the 1957 general election. Between them the CPI and the CPI(M) have managed to increase this percentage to just 10 per cent during the two decades, with the Marxists and the pro-Moscow comrades sharing the vote almost equally. But since the CPI(M) concentrated largely in West Bengal and Kerala, has joined hands with the Janata and the Congress for Democracy, while the CPI has a dual policy of alliance with the Congress in some states and of opposition to it in several others what the fate of the Communist vote will be in the future configuration of political forces becomes something of a riddle.

Against this background it should be clear that forecasting the voter's behaviour would have been a hazardous business even if most parliamentary constituencies had only two—or at most three—candidates. As it happens, a great many 'Independent' and 'Others' have jumped into the fray, giving a maximum average of ten candidates per seat in some seats and a minimum of three and a half. Furthermore, once again fusion in the Indian politics, on the opposite side has been accompanied by faction. Some elements of the Janata Party's constituents have reacted adversely to the unification of the Four and voted, in Lenin's classic phrase, with their feet by.
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walking out of their parties. If Jagivan Ram’s and Bahuguna’s denunciation of authoritarianism in the Congress has a point, as it surely does, Balraj Madhok’s condemnation of similar trends within the Janata leadership cannot be dismissed as the cry of the opportunist.

Altogether therefore, the voting pattern during the 1977 and 1971 general election continues to have relevance to the future, unless of course there has been a radical and massive swing in the voters past commitments.

One of the important lessons to be learnt from the past is that avoidance of triangular contests does not necessarily mean a sure victory for the Opposition. On the contrary, in four of the five general elections so far, the Congress has done rather better in straight contests than in multi-cornered contests. Only about the 1971 poll the reverse is true.

It is all the more important to emphasise therefore that even in 1971 there was a wide variation in the voting pattern in multi-cornered contests even in states like U.P., Bihar and Madhya Pradesh where the party won by an overall minority vote. The average vote of the Congress in U.P., for instance, was 48 per cent. But at least 16 of the 71 seats it won were obtained by an overwhelming majority of 60 per cent and above and nearly the same number of seats were won by a clear majority. The pattern was the same in Bihar and Madhya Pradesh where the statewide average of the Congress vote was considerably lower.

Secondly, the seats won by a minority vote by either the Congress or an Opposition party also fall in different categories. The example of one Mainpuri constituency in U.P. where eight candidates took part in the 1971 poll. It was won by the Congress candidate with 49 per cent vote. The two candidates whose parties now belong to the Janata camp together got 36 per cent vote, while the remaining vote was almost equally shared by the four independents whose political orientation remains unknown.

As against this, there is the different kind of minority victory, illustrated by the Amroha constituency, made famous in the 1969 by-election by Acharya Kripalani’s victory over the late Hafiz Mohammed Ibrahim. In 1971, this seat was won by the Congress-backed CPI candidate with 39 per cent vote, while the present constituents of the Janata Party got 41 per cent vote, with the rest of the vote shared by five independent candidates. Does this mean that should there be a straight contest at Amroha in this poll, the Janata will necessarily win the seat? The honest answer is that no one can say for sure. Much will depend on what the 27 per cent voters who opted for nondescript independents in the past will do. To assume that they were all anti-Congress voters will be wrong.

The point can be underscored by the examples of some U.P. parliamentary constituencies where a realignment of political forces did, in fact, take place between the 1967 and 1971 general elections.

Bella, where Chandra Shekhar is now the formidable Janata candidate is as good an instance as any. In 1967, in a multi-cornered contest, the Congress won with a mere 26 per cent of the vote, while the SSP and the Jana Sangh together bagged 32 per cent of the votes. The contest was still a multi-cornered one in 1971. But the Congress nominee won the
Campaign capers

EVER since elections were invented, they have been providing society with repeated comedies of human nature. Politicians turn into caricatures, voters turn king-mak- ers and astrologers do roaring business once electioneering starts.

Election campaigns have not changed much since Pickwick visited Eatanswill town during a contest between the Blues and the Buffs. Election agents were then equally aggressive, rival newspapers ran columns, every pitch and every voter had his day. The Buff agent's trick of 'locking up three and thirty votes in the count' is still refreshingly new and followed. "The effect is, you see," Pickwick was told by Buff opponents, "to prevent us getting at them; and even if we could, it'd be of no use, for they keep them very drunk on purpose."

This campaign trick was not radically different from that of an independent candidate of Ludhiana who allowed himself to be kid- napped during the 1962 elections while he was leading some sympathetic votes. Something went wrong with his stratagem and he was found hiding at his brother's house in a remote village.

If the Blues of Eatanswill gave away green parasols to five and forty women at a tea party ("secured all their husbands and half their brothers too"), the Swatantra party in Bombay distributed 40,000 kites with slogans to children on Makar Sankranti in 1967.

Politicians, it would seem, will do anything for a vote. Those who cannot be tricked will be flooded with promises. Khushchev joked fun at them when he said politicians promise to build a bridge where there is no river.

Promises come in all shapes and sizes. A Gujarat independent candidate was quite modest during his campaign some years ago. His main pledge was a through coach between Howrah and Mehanda, and he even went on hunger strike at Dhrangadhra railway station to show his earnestness.

Politicians know a vast number of people are credulous. As De Gaulle pointed out, since a politician never believes what he says, he is surprised when others believe him. The rule for voters in an election season is set down by Bernard Baruch: Vote for the man who promises the least; he will be the least disappointing.

Apart from wild promises, there are no number of campaign techniques which are creeping through the voters. Surrender Saini, who is gifted with a good voice, held five or six kirtans every day during her campaign in Delhi some years ago. In Bombay's Borivali, Swa- tantra party meetings invariably started with a bhang. An Agra candidate, who selected the bicycle as his symbol, visited almost every house in his constituency on a bike incidentally keeping his election expenses to a record minimum — five paise to fill air in the tubes.

A little-known Delhi candidate showed only his discharge certifi- cate from a mental hospital to recommend himself. After all, how many politicians can show a government certificate of sound mind?

Voters are not as innocent as politicians expect them to be. They can be equally self-seeking as the vote-seeker. A typical Gilbert character confided in HMS Pinafore operas:

I always voted at my party's call
And never thought of thinking for myself at all!

I thought so little, they rewarded me
By making me the ruler of the Queen's nave!

One way out when you can't find a candidate to vote for, is to pick on the worst of the lot. "I never vote for anybody, but always vote against," said an angry old voter to a party worker who approached him for his vote. This method has something to recommend itself and is definitely better than not voting — as many do on such occasions.

One candidate who deserves to be voted against is the defector. These Ayarang and Gayaram are not vulnerable during election time. It isn't as if these thick-skinned species are an exclusively Indian breed. During Franklin Roosevelt's third campaign for presidency, one of the Republicans challenged a Roosevelt supporter who was a rec- ent defector. "What are you, a Re- publican or a Democrat? I want an honest answer." The defector replied nonchalance: "I'll give you an honest answer. I am a politi- cian."

Changing political situation and opportunistic alliances with disparate elements land several politicians in embarrassing situations. A Mus- lim League candidate, during the 1959 "Liberation struggle" in Kerala declared: "When a man degenerates, he becomes an animal and when an animal degenerates, it becomes a communist." Seven years later, his party was aligned with the communists. Election and his opponents publicised the quote through posters all over his constituency.

Personal attacks during campaign often invite biting retorts from the victims. The retort usually echoes longer than the original attack. Nixon was in such a predicament following his re- marks against John F. Kennedy's campaign. With his usual good humour, Kennedy replied: "Mr. Nixon in the last seven days has called me an eco- nomic murderer, an ignominious Pied Piper and all the rest. I've just confined myself to calling him a Republican."

But he says that is getting low." If instead of personal attacks and criticism, a candidate has to face stones from the voters, what could he do? A Bangalore candidate in 1967 showed a novel way of turning the table against the tormentors. When a stone hit him on the stage, he picked it up and auctioned it at the same meeting. His sympathisers vigorously bid for it and it fetched Rs 70.

Even the most self-assured politi- cian in this country would not consider his campaign complete until he has visited an astrologer or a fortune-teller of this choice. A cartoon character some years ago suggested for many such politicians: he said after consulting an astro- loger: "My stars are good. Now let us hope those of my opponents are by no means better."

Despite every precaution, bad luck often ruins many party workers' efforts. Some years ago a team of campaigners halted in a UP hill constituency after hectic canvass- ing. Unfortunately that night leopards attacked several goats in the village. It so happened that the party had lion as the symbol. The villagers thought the attack on goats was an inauspicious signal and turned out the party workers early next morning.

But politicians are not easily discouraged. If they were chicken- hearted, they wouldn't be in the profession in the first instance. Courage and tenacity are the minimum equipment of a politi- cian. If he has these two, he needs just the right hat. But it seems to Carl Sandburg: One for throwing into the ring, another for talking through, and a third for pulling rabbits out if elected.
Tul Mohan Ram (left): Will he carry the vote with people, and Pratap Singh Kairon (right)—The Last occasion won by a resounding 64 per cent.

Similarly, the story of Sanjay Gandhi’s constituency of Amethi is equally instructive. In the 1967 poll, the Congress won this seat by only 36 per cent of the vote while the Janata Singh got a slender plurality of just 34 per cent. In 1971, the Congress romped home with 62 per cent of the vote. The joint share of the Janata Sangh the Congress(O) and the BKD was less than 32 per cent.

Both in UP and Bihar are on the other hand, examples of constiuency where the Congress vote is so much lower than the joint vote of the Janata Party’s constituents that a straight contest will almost certainly lead to the Janata victory. At the same time, there is the Araria constituency in Bihar where the Congress candidate won a thumping majority in both 1967 and 1971 though on each occasion there were six candidates in the field. His name Tul Mohan Ram in the redoubtable heir of the Pondicherry licence affair has now changed sides. The thing to watch therefore is whether Tul Mohan Ram will carry the 62 per cent voters of his constituency with him or whether they will remain loyal to the Congress.

There is no point multiplying these instances. Suffice it to say that the political arithmetic of this country’s electoral process is complex and confusing as the New Math taught in schools these days. Yet who would dare touch the New Math homework of the school going kids. Think nothing of holding forth on the arithmetic of the poll and usually to draw misleading conclusions.

Some realignment of forces will surely take place during the voting that is just round the corner. But it is subject to so many variables and unpredictable that it would be foolhardy to rush into any conclusion about the likely course of events.

But here again, even at the risk of going out on a limb, one might add that while burning issues of the day, such as the Emergency and all that it has meant, are bound to matter, votes are often influenced by relatively trivial factors, not excluding such traditional influences as caste, community and the like on the one hand and irrational emotional responses to some local, regional or linguistic issue on the other.

Having canvassed all the elections in the country so far, I can fill a moderate-sized book by instances of utterly bewildering ecstasies adopted by the Indian voter in different parts. I was a witness to bizarre voting between a delegation from Western UP and a respected Central Minister from U.P. The visit made no attempt to visit the Congress.

The venerable minister pleaded that there was no reason for them to turn against the party that has done so much for the poor especially in the countryside.

Ah, said the leader of the delegation, ‘that is what you think. You have spoilt the Chamars so much that they are refusing to skin the dead animals. The only way we can teach you and them a lesson is to vote for the Socialists.’

During the 1970 State Assembly election in Kerala, which was a forerunner for the parliamentary poll a few months later, Asoka Mehta tried to reassure the people of Cochin against the tawdiness of the Indira Government in setting up the second shipyard there. The leader T P Ramakrishnan claimed that Kerala’s prawns were being denied to the people of the State and exported away to America and Europe. The audience regarded him at both as if they were bonkers.

In 1957, when Pratap Singh Kairon was under pressure, he went to the villages of his constituency with a simple message. With folded hands, he told each congregation of sturdy Sikh peasants: ‘Brothers, 110 years after Ranjit Singh, another Jat is ruling Punjab. Do you want him out?’

Last anyone should think that Kairon was the only culprit shamelessly exploiting the caste sentiment, let it be said right away that the appeal of caste is as wide spread as its misuse is denied.

When Kairon was going round the villages of Satluj, another Pratap Singh (surname Daula) was doing the rounds in Haryana. He was a Communist candidate and his argument against his Congress rival, Ghamandial Bansal, was also terse: ‘How dare the Congress set up a Bania in the proud heartland of Jats?’
How will the neglected one-fourth vote?

It is not commonly realised that the four southern states—Andhra Pradesh, Karnataka, Kerala and Tamil Nadu—and the Union territory of Pondicherry have a combined strength of 130 seats in the 542-strong new Lok Sabha. This is only marginally less than the strength of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar which together have 139 seats. Therefore, in terms of members elected to the House of the People, the four southern states together have the same importance as the two northern states both for the Congress and the Janata Party and their allies.

But Uttar Pradesh votes have always attracted more public attention because this has been the home of the three Prime Ministers of Independent India. In the coming elections, it also acquires special importance because it is the home state of both Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan and Mr. Jagjivan Ram—two leading personalities spearheading the Opposition to the ruling party. How the home state treats these leaders is not only a matter of natural curiosity but is politically significant.

This natural curiosity at a national level may not be there in respect of the south because, since the death of Mr. Kamara, there are no national leaders from this region of the standing of Mr. G. Gopalkrishna or Mr. Jagjivan Ram, politically still active at the Centre.

But how the south votes is still significant in the changed and still changing political situation in the country because it accounts for one-fourth of the membership of the Lok Sabha. If the south votes solidly for the Congress and it gets another one-fourth of the seats from the rest of the country it can still form a Government at the Centre.

The role of the south in the coming election has to be viewed from this angle. Mr. Jagjivan Ram has not boasted when he said that his resignation had resulted in the “revaluation” of Congress leaders, whether they be Ministers at the Centre, Chief Ministers or FICP Presidents. Should the Janata Party’s performance in the coming elections prove to be better in the south than in the north, then Congress leaders from the south will be emboldened to have their say and tilt the balance of power at the Centre.

What are the chances of this happening? One can only argue on the basis of the poll results of the five Lok Sabha elections held so far. The overall picture is that it has never been a cake walk for the Congress in the south in any of the five elections. If the party did well in one state or two, they did not do as well in the others.

In the 1951-52 elections (when Madras was a Part A state and Hyderabad, Mysore and Travancore-Cochin were Part B states and Coorg a Part C state), the Congress got 66 of the 124 seats. In addition, there were 39 independents who were returned in that poll, some of whom may have been supported by Congress. But in the seats it contested, the Congress got only 36.4% of the total votes polled in Madras, 40 per cent in Hyderabad, 42.4 per cent in Mysore, 35.1 per cent in Travancore-Cochin and 59.6 per cent in Coorg.

The geographical composition of the area had changed by the time of the 1957 poll in which the Congress got 97 seats out of 128. In Andhra (32 out of 43) and Mysore (23 out of 26) it got the maximum seats. Kerala returned six Congress candidates out of 18 and Madras returned 31 out of 41. The percentage of votes obtained by Congress was over 50.
per cent in Andhra and Mysore; about 46 per cent in Madras and 35 per cent in Kerala. The restiveness against the ruling party was already evident in Kerala. In the 1962 Lok Sabha poll, the Congress won almost the same number of seats—54. The distribution was as follows: Andhra 27, Kerala 27, Madras 30 and Mysore 21. As before, Andhra, Mysore and Madras provided solid support to the Congress.

The situation underwent a big change in 1967. The tide changed against the Congress. The total number of seats it obtained from the south came down sharply to 27, which was less than 50 per cent of 54 seats won by the Congress in 1962. Andhra and Madras again went clearly against the Congress. In Kerala, the Congress got just one seat out of 18, despite the fact that Mrs. Gandhi as Prime Minister attracted one of the largest crowds at election meetings in the state.

In Madras, the Congress share was only three out of 39. The DMK had emerged as a force to reckon with and bagged 25 seats. In Mysore, a tradition supporter of the Congress, the party was able to get only 18 out of 27. Andhra remained a Congress stronghold, giving it 35 out of 41 seats.

The Congress was able to salvage some of its loss in the 1971 Lok Sabha election. Between the 1967 and 1971 elections, the party had split and Mrs. Gandhi had emerged as the undisputed leader. The major impact was in Karanataka, where the Congress won only 27 seats. In Andhra, its traditional base, the Congress was able to get only 28 of the 41 seats, against 35 in the 1967 elections. But in Andhra a point to note is that the Telengana Praja Samiti (TPS)—consisting mostly of Congressmen—had obtained 10 seats on its own, the first time in its history because of the Telengana agitation. In other words, the votes did not go to Opposition parties, but to dissidents within the party because of the Telengana problem. So if one added the 10 seats obtained by TPS, it could be stated that the Congress was not let down by Andhra Pradesh.

In Tamil Nadu and Kerala, however, the Congress was not able to gain much. It won six seats in Kerala, as against three in 1967. In other words, anti-Congress feelings had taken firm roots in two of the four states. To some extent this anti-Congress vote is also an expression of anti-Centre sentiment.

What are the chances of Congress regaining its lost support in the four southern states? Several factors will influence the southerner's vote, as elsewhere in the country. Since the spread of education is better in the southern states than in some of the northern states, ideological issues like democracy vs. authoritarianism are likely to evoke sympathy. People are bound to recall how the Government of Mr. E. M. S. Namboodiripad and lately of Mr. M. Karunanidhi were eased out.

For them, the Centre has remained a distant entity and since the Centrole Government is associated with the Congress, it is easy for the Opposition to whip up feelings against the ruling party. Though Karnataka and Andhra Pradesh had stood by the Congress even in the last election, the ruling party has not done much to reduce this distance, perhaps imaginary.

Take, for example, the 1977 Congress election manifesto. The opening sentence reads as follows: "Through every crucial state of the history of India in the twentieth century and in each momentous crisis which the nation has faced, the Indian National Congress has been a guiding light and inspiring leadership through such illustrious figures as Mahatma Gandhi, Jawaharlal Nehru, Vallabhbhai Patel, Abul Kalam Azad, Rajendra Prasad and Subhas Chandra Bose."
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for the Congress (O)—the m.in constituent of the Janata Party there—can still be a force to reckon with. In Karnataka, the 100 per cent success the Congress achieved in 1971 will be difficult to repeat. In Kerala, the joining of Opposition forces led by CPI(M) is bound to affect the fortunes of the Congress.

The emergence of the Congress for Democracy—though the party is not fielding many candidates in the south—can also gain some votes for the Janata. The CFD is bound to exploit the sentiments of the weaker sections of the population who account for a sizable segment of the population in all the four states. Mrs Gandhi stated in an interview recently that the Opposition had the halo of imprisonment around them. This can be a serious vote-catching point in an electorate which had already shown symptoms of alienation with the Centre.

Despite these handicaps, Mrs Gandhi’s personal image may still count in catching votes for the Congress from among the under-privileged population. An incident this correspondent witnessed in a model village about 40 miles off Bangalore after the declaration of emergency is worth narrating, though one cannot make any generalisations out of it. A dozen correspondents from Delhi were taken to meet members of the Mahila Mandal. There were about 50 t.o 40 women in the room and one correspondent asked whether any of them had heard of the 20-point programme. None had. Another woman was asked whether she had heard of Mrs Gandhi. She had not. The puzzled state official put the question again in Kannada. “Don’t you know the person who was responsible for getting you land?” Pat came the reply from the woman—”sri BDO” (BDO is for block development officer).

There must be many more people like this woman who may not know who Mrs Gandhi is but would vote on the basis of their local officials or leaders. Say to them neither the call of stability or authoritarian rule mean much. Their vote will have more effect on the election results than that of the intelligentsia.

Therefore, writing three weeks before the actual polling, it is difficult to predict the results. But whether the Congress gets a majority of the seats from the south or is reduced to a minority, either way it will affect the national scene. If Congress men are able to pull through the party and show a better performance than in the north, then they will insist on their say in party and Government affairs. On the other hand, if the Opposition gets the majority the Centre will not be allowed to take the south for granted.

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Are we getting nearer the two-party system?

In previous elections to the Lok Sabha, the second biggest party has never obtained more than 11% of the popular vote. Are matters going to change this time and shall we have something resembling the two-party system? HAMDI BEY traces the factors which have led to this development.

The urban middle class will desire that our political life is organized on the basis of two nearly equal political parties. Swings of opinion within the middle class can be deceptive in regard to which of the parties will have the chance of governing the country. The alternative is always available.

In our five general elections for the Lok Sabha, the second biggest party has never obtained more than 11% of the popular vote against Congress tally fluctuating between 40% and 47%. The second important fact is that in 1952 and 1957 the FSP—a party of the left—was the most important among Opposition groups. But since 1962 the Swatantra, the Jana Sangh and the Congress (O) — all parties of the Right or near-Right — have respectively in each of the three elections secured the second most popular vote and won the second most seats just now that is subject to distortion, but the fact remains that unless a party can obtain at least 30% of the popular vote it cannot be a serious challenge to the Congress. We did not have that situation ever.

Let us return to the position of the urban middle class. There are four rural voters for every urban voter, and even if all the four do not cast their votes they are still the deciding factor, because many urban voters also do not exercise their franchise. Also, all urban voters do not belong to the middle class.

The two-party system which will confer on the urban middle class a decisive function in Indian politics is the best suited to a civil rights democracy, which the founding fathers of the 1950 Republican Constitution intended India to be. Put those well-meaning eminent men were walking on a tightrope.

The Opposition which could be a credible alternative to the ruling party (the Congress) was not there. The civil rights democracy could not accommodate within itself two massive demands in Britain and the U.S.A. the civil rights democracy and the two-party system. We have survived through a rapid expansion of the middle class and the working class being able to bargain for its rights through trade unions.

Here in India, there was a large agricultural population which was not amenable to organization in trade unions. That population's needs were an economic democracy, and not a civil rights democracy. The same population was already organized in a ritual hierarchy whose need was that the character of Hindu society must be maintained, which meant, after centuries of Muslim and British domination, a re-assertion of the Hindu-ness of India.

Both needs, which in due course became demands, were popular in the sense that they represented large sections of the frachisal population. About 80% of the population was Hindu (excluding tribals), and about 40% lived below the poverty line. The overlap was confusing. The majority of those enumerated as Hindus live below the poverty line and the majority of those below the poverty line are Hindus. The latter have been over the years exposed to two diverse forces—the economic and the ritual. Since they are not organized in anything resembling a trade union, the economic impulse is weak; there are no class objectives whereas the ritual impinges on a feeling of solidarity, of belonging to Hindu society. The economic impulses are purely individual, the ritual allegiance social. The poor in India believe that man does not live by bread alone, the rich believe that man lives by bread alone but use profit as a synonym for bread, and are not ashamed of claiming it as the sole motive force and incentive.

Secularism in India was conceived as only tolerance of religious minorities, Muslims and Christians, both being historic entities. The Muslims were only 6% of the population of residual India, the Christians, even less. But the large population of the jatav was ignored, secularism as tolerance could not ameliorate their condition. Secularism as destructive of the ritual hierarchy would have meant something and it would have served the needs of about 25% of the population instead of only 9%.

In the circumstances the parties with economic programmes have been weak, their affirming ritual solidarity have been stronger. The election in which parties with economic programmes were strongest was 1957 when the FSP was the second party and the CPI the third. Between them, securing 26% of the popular vote since then there has been a swing to the Right, to parties of economic and religious conservatism. In 1952 the Swatantra and the Jana Sangh were the third and second largest parties, securing between them 12% of the popular vote. In 1967 they interchanged positions and their combined vote increased to 18 1/2. In 1971 the Congress (O) and the Jana Sangh between them polled about 18 1/4 of the popular vote.

If we allow another 8% for the remnants of the Swatantra and about 5% for the Socialists, the Janata Party should get about 30% of the popular vote. There is no way yet to calculate, on the basis of past performances, to how much the BLD would contribute to the Janata pool, or how much the Congress for Democracy would obtain for itself. But it seems that the Congress for Democracy and its opponents can each expect 40% of the popular vote. That makes them 80% viable, and ensures for the first time an election to the sitting of the urban middle class and raises the possibility of there being two nearly equal political parties—a party which the urban middle class can utilise to make Indian politics more sensible than it is now.
If the two parties are close to each other in popular vote, the House would be nearly equally divided between them. But these assumptions are based on the expectation that votes would not be split, that small parties and individuals whose popular vote has ranged between 3% and 41% of the total would be squeezed out by the two main contenders.

The two-party system depends a great deal on both parties putting their trust in the electoral process and agreeing to be partners in a deliberative process. Whereas Mrs Gandhi has declared that she would abide by the people's verdict, Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan has not said that if the Janata Party loses the election he would not resume his agitation.

We hear often about the right to dissent. The right can only be exercised if people differ. The Indian experience is that people dislike and hate each other but do not agree to differ in a manner which would respect each other's point of view. The society is conformist, and the differences, if any, are personal rather than principle-based.

In the past, most election manifestos have been similar. Even this time the difference between the Congress and Janata contentions is narrow. The Janata Party thinks that the right to property is not a fundamental right, strange talk indeed from a group containing Mr. Piloo Mody of the Swatantra and Mr. Charan Singh of the ELD.

On the other hand, the Congress seems to have noticed that the Left parties have been replaced by the Right parties as the main groups in Opposition. So its own programme is less of a Leftist programme than it has been in the past. The election is being fought in the Rightist camp between two sets of individuals. The conflict is between those who want a stable and strong Centre and those who oppose even temporary suspension of civil rights. The campaigns are the two sides of the same Rightist coin.

This could have been induced by the fact that after three consecutive good harvests, the rich farmers, who control the bulk of the votes, are in a dominating position. Their votes are being solicited by both sides.

Such a development is conducive to the growth of the two-party system. But what happens to parties with economic programmes like the CPI(M)? Will they lose their identity except locally in West Bengal and Kerala? And what happens to the Janata Bang? Does it mellow down because of the commitment to work with other parties or become dominant in the Janata Party?

These are questions which cannot be answered at the present because few seem to have been bothered about them. The electoral process should exercise its own determining power. The urban middle class is not homogeneous; its upper and lower sections have been at conflict for nearly 150 years on issues relating to the struggle between modernity and tradition. The division between the two sections is not based on income, rather on education.

The urban middle class has its kinship and caste links with the rural population. The lower middle class links are stronger. The bureaucracy is not homogeneous either, at its lower levels, the levels which are effective in the countryside, it is closer to the lower middle class and the richer peasantry than to the modernist upper middle class of the cities.

All these facts will have a bearing on the election but one thing is certain. The influence of Marxist thought on Indian politics, which had been increasing since the days of C.R. Dixit, and reached its maximum development during Nehru's prime ministership, is over.
M. J. AKBAR analyses the voting pattern of Muslims. Has the community been politicalised and integrated to the extent that it can afford to withdraw its protection vote for the ruling party? And, even if it can, will it?

INDIAN Muslims do not need an expository caption when they see a picture of Mr. Jaglivan Ram with the Imam of Delhi’s Jama Masjid: the message is clear enough, even if subtle, for a community which has always tended to believe in blood and thunder. That evidence is clear on one point: pulpiti oratory has had a substantial role to play in Muslim politics. But if the matter were as simple as that, there would be no need to write any more— all that would be required was to sit back and wait for the vote of Indian-style, Hindu-Muslim prejudices. But the truth is that the vote of 1952, the first election in which the Muslim vote was taken seriously by the Indian polity, has not yet been resolved. Like all other segments of the national electorate, the Muslim vote is more complex than meets the eye. Even if it is difficult to write about, little is known about it. But those who believe that the Muslim vote has swung on the theory of the known devil being better than the unknown one, have a point. Shattered by the trauma of partition, unsure, insecure, and eagerly for a respectable saviour, they found one in Mr. Jashwanth Chaural Nehru. It simply did not matter that six years before 1952 he had been The Enemy; Pandit Nehru was the only leader in whom they could place their hope. The promise of Muslim Azadi instilled in the electorate of confidence, and in 1952 the Congress obtained 57.12 per cent of the votes polled by Muslim candidates in the elections (this seems to me a better guide, given the substantially communal nature of the vote, than any other). Seventeen of the 18 Muslim MPs in 1952 belonged to the Congress, and one to the Socialists.

The Nehru factor still plays its part. Pandit Nehru built up a fund of goodwill within the community which has not been dissipated by his daughter: Mrs. Gandhi’s faith in secularism (an inaccurate word, made serviceable by consistent incorrect usage) is considered by the community to be as much above reproach as her father’s. Nehru increased his party’s Muslim vote in 1957 (68.62 per cent of the votes for Muslim candidates went to the Congress), and although this percentage declined in 1962. Nehru’s own respect among Muslims had hardly diminished. Indeed, his “pro-Muslim” postures earned him the malice of the Jana Sanghis and their then comrades-in-arms, the RSS.

Are we then to assume that Mrs Gandhi will win in what is quite justifiably known as the national Nehru constituency—that is, the Muslim vote? Once again, not quite so simple! First thing to do, obviously, is to analyze the way in which the Muslim vote was divided during the Lok Sabha elections which Mrs Gandhi has fought.

If the Muslim vote is communal it is for some very good reasons. First, the emotional schizophrenia of the Indian Muslim has never really disappeared—an homme de paille who may look like a Muslim but are not entirely interested in the Australia-Pakistan cricket series than in the simulaneous India-England series may provide revealing results. This dual loyalty, sharpened by occasional bursts of communal trouble, particularly in the Sixties, produces its own squint-eyed view of Indian politics. Indeed, it no longer becomes relevant whether Indian Muslims have genuine grievances on sensitive issues like jobs, or the status of Urdu; as long as the Indian Muslim continues to believe in his heart that he is at the receiving end of the Hindu stick the problem of integrating this community into the national mainstream is not solved. Nor is it bit of obvious local Muslim prejudices will not disappear until there is more education, more education will not come unless there is economic improvement, and this means more jobs for the community. The only way such a circle can be broken is by the provision of what may be called “artificial jobs”—jobs provided not on the basis of merit, but on the basis of demand, and this is probably asking too much in a country afflicted with unemployment. And, after all, the Hindu vote is more important than the Muslim vote.

Moreover, the community has not exactly been overcrowded with intelligent leaders who may provide it with an independent course, with independent solutions which are not pseudo-Islamabad. However, more than two decades is a long time; gradually the Muslims began to accept the fact that the more Indians, and the Indians they would have to remain—truth to tell, they realised that Pakistan did not exactly want them any more. And, interestingly, the first signs of Muslim confidence were available in the 1967 general elections.

The Muslim support for the Congress was, to put it bluntly, a protection vote. But Nehru’s death, the resurrection of the RSS, the sudden death of an Akhand Bharat, the riots of the Sixties, and, worst of all, the communal policy adopted by the Government of India during the 1985 war with Pakistan, shook the Muslims. Suddenly the known devil was becoming a stranger. Pandit Nehru’s election to the Prime Minister’s post, reviving for many the fragrance of the red rose, must have brought some relief to the community, but it did not prove to be enough. After all, the coterie that had surrounded Laldin Bahadur Shastri was still in power. The Muslims searched for new friends, and found them among the Leftist parties. Where the Left did not matter, as in Delhi or Uttar Pradesh, the Muslims had to come to a deal with the Janata. In 1967, Congress Muslim candidates obtained only 40.44 per cent of their brethren’s votes. Of the 29 Muslim MPs elected, only eight belonged to the Congress, a sharp decline from 1962. In 1967, 19 constituencies had a Muslim majority (two in Andhra Pradesh; two in Assam; one in Bihar: three in Jammu and Kashmir; two in Kerala; one in Maha-
rashtara; three in Karnataka; one in Uttar Pradesh; three in West Bengal and one in the Union Territories). The Congress lost 11 of these seats and won from four. In Uttar Pradesh, with a 15 per cent Muslim electorate, but widely dispersed and said to have the ability to swing about 60 constituencies, the Congress won only 47 seats.

A more important thing happened in 1967. Parties like the Muslim Majlis (under Dr.Ferid) and the Muslim League have been losing influence. It was a display of confidence; Muslims would not be afraid of being Muslims, and they would ensure that the existence of a Muslim League or a Muslim Majlis did not automatically spell the end. They were not, however, the fear among Muslims in all walks of public and professional life, a fear fanned by the Muslims—haters who did not hesitate to spread rumours about Dr Zakir Husain’s intentions during the 1964 war. In one respect, therefore, this was a healthy sign, the first and important stage in the greening of the Indian Muslim. But obviously the community had to develop politically after that; stagnation would have been the worst
h to end the protection vote?

An Id congregation in Calcutta: Are the priests and the Opposition politicians on the same side this time?

fate imaginable, as it would inevitably have led to a determined, anti-national power centre within the country.

Mrs Gandhi might have got a better response from the Muslims in 1967, but she was not the issue then, and she handed the defeat to a party which had lost its credibility among the community.

December 1970 and the whole of 1971 will surely go down as a watershed in the history of Indian Muslims. By 1971, Mrs Gandhi had achieved two things vis-a-vis the Muslims. First, many of the leaders who aroused hostility among the Muslims were no longer around her, and the three major leaders, with her (Mr Jagatram Ram, Mr Y B Chavan and Mr Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed) were perfectly acceptable to the community. Second, there were remarkably few riots between 1969 and 1971. The third and perhaps most vital point needs to be amplified.

Andhra Pradesh and Kerala apart (which have a numerically weak but politically significant Muslim population), the bulk of Indian Muslims live in Uttar Pradesh, Bihar and West Bengal. These Muslims, particularly the 'Biharlis,' in which category those from Uttar Pradesh must be included, drew a great deal of sustenance from East Pakistan. Proximity was the key. The Muslim could simply walk across the hilly, uninhabited border into East Pakistan, as too many trouble-makers within the community often did. The liberation of Bangladesh ended all that; now there was really no option to stay in India, come hell or high water.

The analysts who predicted before the 1971 general elections that the Muslims, antagonised by the creation of Bangladesh, would vote against Mrs Gandhi, had simply no idea of the forces which control the Muslim vote. In other contexts, in another age, Mrs Gandhi had done what her father had done in 1962: closed a door, and offered peace and respect in India. It was an offer which was gratefully accepted. The results of the 1971 elections are proof of that. Of the 27 Muslim MPs elected in 1971, only nine were from the opposition, including one from the CPI: an exact reversal of the 1967 results.

How then will things go in 1977?

If the politicisation and integration of the Muslims, which may be said to have begun in 1967 and consolidated in 1971, has continued, then the Muslims should vote independently of their mullahs' views to a much larger degree than before. Certainly the great number of Muslims in the industrial regions of West Bengal are much less susceptible to the blighting of the priests. The United Front governments, and the CPI(M)-led trade union movements have seen to that. A good portion of the Muslim vote in industrial West Bengal went to the CPI(M) in 1971—and this had nothing to do with Bangladesh. In urban West Bengal, too, something similar has happened; although certainly the peasantry is more conservative than the proletarian. Mrs Gandhi could suffer on this account. The new awareness has logically led to a demand for economic improvement, which the Government has not been able to provide.

But what will have a much more harmful impact on Mrs Gandhi is the latent communisation of the Muslims. Indian Muslims, more than others anywhere else in the world, need to stress their identity, and one of the ways they do it is by exaggerated reverence to their religious texts. Family planning is one of the most sensitive subjects in Muslim homes, and the impression has spread, justifiably or otherwise, that the government has been harsh in its efforts to control the population. The fact is there, one cannot ignore it, the Muslims of this country believe that injustice has been done to them in this respect. This could have an explosive impact.

For a community beginning to search at last for the meanings of trade union struggle, Constitutional democracy, and, paradoxically, desperately clinging on to the values which belong to older generations, Mrs Gandhi may not be the answer after 1977. On the other hand, such is the goodwill that Mrs Gandhi and Pandit Nehru retain within the community, that sufficient persuasion by her might yet help her get a fair number of these crucial votes.
Who is going to be our next Prime Minister?

For the first time, nobody knows for certain who is going to be the next Prime Minister. The Opposition has said it has a lot of talented leaders to choose from; none in the Congress has openly said so but will Mrs Gandhi be acceptable if the party has a thin majority or has to depend, to form a government, on the support of MPs from outside the party? KEWAL VARMA tries his hand at the game of political forecasting.

Political forecasting is a hazardous affair. Induction of astrologers in the business has not made things any easier. It remains, perhaps, more slippery than weather forecasting, and you know how risky that is. Nevertheless, political forecasting is so exciting, particularly before an election, that it is difficult to resist the temptation even at the cost of losing one's credibility. We have to make two predictions—what will happen in the elections and what will happen after the elections. We, of course, proceed on the assumption that the democratic process will be totally unhindered.

There are two possible scenarios. First, the Congress gets a majority, though a thin one, and second, the Congress falls short of a majority of 25, 30 or 40 seats. How have such estimates been made? On pure political hunch. It is as simple as that.

If the Congress gets a majority, even though a thin one, the initiative should normally remain with Mrs. Gandhi, but there could be pitfalls. In all probability, the Congress losses will be heavy in U.P. and Bihar. With this, the power equation in the Congress could shift from the 'home states' of Mrs. Gandhi to those states which will still have solid Congress bloc. The two probable states in this regard are Maharashtra and Andhra. Will such a situation tempt Mr. Y.B. Chavan who has been waiting in the wings for so long?

Congress "subedar" will certainly emerge stronger. Mr. Jagjivan Ram's resignation sent to the Prime Minister just when the Central Election Committee members were assembling for its first meeting, threw the Central bosses into utter confusion. This cleared the way for the state leaders, mostly Chief

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THE CONGRESS HAS ONLY ONE LEADER, WHEREAS THE OPPOSITION HAS SEVERAL CAPABLE OF TAKING OVER COUNTRY
Ministers, to have their way in the matter of distribution of Congress tickets. The distribution of tickets is a crucial move. If the late Lai Bahadur Shastri and later Mrs. Gandhi could become Prime Ministers, the main reason was that the late Jawaharlal Nehru had left the job of processing applications from Congressmen for tickets for the 1962 elections to them. Thus, the new Congress MPs will now owe their first allegiance to the state bosses. Does it mean that he will be back to the days when Chief Ministers used to "select" the Prime Minister?

Thus, even if the Congress gets a majority, the political scene would be in a flux. It will be most so, if the Congress does not get a majority. What could be the possibilities in such a situation? We will build three models.

Model No I The Rightist flanks of the Janata Party and the Congress may combine. Mr. Morarji Desai would be the obvious leader of the combination, but such a combination will not be able to muster sufficient strength, both because of political reality and the inflexible personality of Mr. Desai. Its total strength, even if the worst comes to the worst, may not be more than 65 or 70. The bulk of this bloc will be from the Jana Sangh. Interestingly, in seat allocation in the Janata Party, the Jana Sangh and the Congress (O) has moved in a co-ordinated manner.

Model No 2 The Centrists and Rightists in the Congress, the Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy would combine. It can be a viable combination in numerical terms, but the Jana Sangh remains anathema with most of the Centrists notwithstanding their present alliance. Most of the Centrists feel in their heart of hearts that joining hands with the Jana Sangh is like a bindaas hug. That is why Mr. Chelan Singh, former Congressmen in the Janata Party and the CFD, with the tacit understanding of Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan, have been trying to keep the Jana Sangh as much down as possible. In the political ethos of this country, only a Left of Centre combination is a viable proposition in the long run.

Model No 3 The Centrists and Leftists in the Congress, the Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy combine and get the tacit support of groups like the CPI. In numerical terms, perhaps, it may not be bigger than the Centrist-Rightist combination, but all the same it will be politically, more stable.

Who could lead the probable alliances which are likely to emerge after the elections? The two obvious forerunners are Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. Jagjivan Ram. Both are eminently suited to head either a Centrist-Rightist combination or a Centrist-Leftist combination. Let’s discuss the chances of both.

Mrs. Gandhi will certainly have the largest single bloc behind her. In addition, she will have the Trojan horses in the Janata Party as well as the CPI, but as for Trojan horses, Mr. Jagjivan Ram may, perhaps, be useful. Mrs. Gandhi will have the Congress, the Janata Party and the CPI, in addition to the backing of the CDF which may not have more than 50 or 55 MPs. The battle of the leadership will be fought essentially by Trojan horses. I am not, identifying them as there is no intention to embarrass them on the eve of the election, but perceptive readers can guess who they are. Moreover, as it is now tricking down, Mr. Naidu has some commitments to Mr. Ram. Without these, he would not have taken such a big risk in his age of 70.

It is perhaps, because of this commitment that Mr. Ram is getting closer and closer to the Janata Party. But, if he gets too close there is a danger that he may burn his boats with the Centrists and the Leftists in the CDF and the CPI. Let’s see whether Mr. Ram will be able to do the tightrope walking successfully or not.

Mrs. Gandhi will certainly have a big advantage. She will have the largest single bloc and as Prime Minister, she will have much greater opportunity on the fateful day of March 24. In the race, the emergence of certain dark horses cannot be ruled out. There could be state bosses with some small chunk of solid support. If they cannot become forerunners, the may settle down for less humble positions as a senior deputy prime minister or an ordinary deputy prime minister.

It is certain that after the elections, sooner than later, many a Janata mask will fall and the real images show up. There will be a big churning up in the politics of the country after the elections. Whether this will result in some polarisation of forces on political lines or the post-election political scene will be polluted by unprincipled Aaya Rams and Gaya Rams, is to be seen. In this game, Mr. Bansilal Lal’s expertise which he acquired in Haryana would come very handy. But he will have more than his match in Mr. H. M. The leaders will have to use the basic sanity of the country.
The story of Marx’s illegitimate son

Dialectical materialism and four daughters is not all of the legacy left behind by Karl Marx. He also fathered a son off the housemaid, Helene Demuth. Not many people are aware of what became of Marx’s progeny. Rathin Chakraborty gently lifts the lid off the sensational story of Frederick Demuth.

Even while Marx was alive there were rumors that he had fathered an illegitimate child. Since he was deeply in love with his wife, and detested any kind of scandal, and was terrified by the thought that his enemies would derive comfort from the knowledge of the child’s existence, he did everything he could to conceal his lapse from Victorian morality. He succeeded so well that over a hundred years after the child’s birth there are very few people who know the name of his only surviving son and there are fewer still who know what happened to him.

Henry Frederick Demuth was born on June 23, 1851 at 28 Dean Street, London, to Helene Demuth, the twenty-eight-year-old maidservant who entered Marx’s employ six years before. She was a young woman of considerable beauty, with delicate features, who knew how to dress well and was not lacking in admirers. At one time she had been with the Baroness Caroline von Westphalen and at a time of great need she had been sent to help Marx and his growing family. “Dear faithful Lenchen is the best I can send you,” the Baroness wrote, “and it was more than the truth.”

Helene Demuth, the daughter of Westphalian peasants, became the mainstay of Marx’s family, cheerfully supporting the slightest of her savings when they were in dire poverty, looking after the children running errands, parleying with the butcher and the baker and refusing to be downdraft even at the worst of times. Demuth means ‘humility,’ but she was not always humble. Karl Liebknecht, who frequently visited the small, dark three-room apartment on Dean Street, described how she sometimes berated Marx. “She would go into the lion’s den,” Liebknecht wrote, “and if he growled, she would give him such a piece of her mind that the lion became as meek as a lamb.”

When the bastard son was born, Marx’s family consisted of his wife, Jenny, and four children. One child had died the previous year, and a daughter, born earlier in the spring was sickly and would die soon. Even if he had wanted to, he was in no position to support the new son by the maidservant. Jenny knew about the birth and was shattered by it. The only possible solution was to give the child out for adoption or to send it to a foundling hospital. Helene Demuth was equal to the extreme act of self-sacrifice.

We know very little about the early years of Frederick Demuth. On February 18, 1888, we find that he was admitted into the Associated Society of Engineers as a skilled fitter and turner in the King’s Cross, London Branch. He was evidently a highly skilled workman who had gone through a long period of apprenticeship, for he was admitted into what was known as ‘Section I,’ reserved only for the most qualified workmen. Two years later, his mother died and, in her will drawn up a few hours before her death in the presence of Frederick Engels, Eleanor Marx, and Edward Aveling, she made her son the sole legatee of an estate which amounted to £95. Frederick Demuth is described in her will as an ‘Engineer’.

During this period, and for many years afterwards, Frederick Demuth was living in a small workman’s cottage at 25 Granston Avenue, Hackney, then and now a working-class district in London. He was a small, neat, somewhat self-effacing man with bright blue eyes and a heavy moustache, very quick in his movements, and it was remembered of him that he always carried a gladstone bag on his way to work and was unusually well dressed for a workman. He was deeply interested in politics, though he never showed the slightest interest in communism. Hackney was one of the first London boroughs to elect socialists to the Municipal Council, and Frederick Demuth...
Engels died of cancer of the throat in the summer of 1894. A week or so before his death Samuel Moore, the translator of Capital, came to visit him and asked him whether he knew who Frederick Demuth's father was. On the slate Engels wrote that Marx was the father of Samuel Moore thereupon journeyed to the small town in Kent where Eleanor Marx was staying, and told her what had been written on the slate. A terrible scene ensued, with Eleanor demanding that Engels retract the statement, acknowledge that he was himself the father and exonerate Marx from blame. Samuel Moore returned to Engels' bedside and described his meeting with Eleanor. Once more the chalk moved on the slate: "Freddy is Marx's son," Engels wrote.

On August 4, 1895, the day before Engels' death, Eleanor left the village in Kent and journeyed to London, determined at all costs to learn the truth about Frederick Demuth and the father she had idolized. Then once more, for the third time, Engels wrote on the slate that Frederick was the son of Marx. Eleanor was so shattered that she went on the neck of Louise Freyberger the last of Engels' many mistresses, a woman whom Eleanor had always detested.

Eleanor, the youngest of Marx's daughters, was a spirited woman and she did exactly what might be expected of her. She sought out her half-brother and established a close, affectionate relationship with him, visiting him in Hackney and sometimes inviting him to the small house she had rented in Sydenham. For many years she had been the mistress of Edward Aveling, the brilliant and diabolical son of a consgresional minister. Aveling was brutally ugly, an inveterate seducer of actresses, a first-rate scientist and a fourth-rate poet. Eleanor loved him passionately.

Helene Demuth, the mistress, and Marx's eldest daughter, Jenny

and it amused him to leave her whenever he pleased for any actress who had taken his fancy.

The eight letters that follow are all that remains of the correspondence between Eleanor and Frederick Demuth. No letter written by Frederick Demuth survives, yet curiously the character of Eleanor's half-brother shines through the one-sided correspondence. He is the loving companion who can be relied upon in all emergencies, "the good and faithful Freddy" who had inherited his mother's virtues. Eleanor laments his absence and his departure, and he offers it freely. He even lends Aveling money, knowing that he will never see it again.

The letters were written during the last troubled months of Eleanor's life. A month after the last letter was written she was dead by her own hand. Frederick Demuth survived her by thirty years, dying at last in Hackney which he seems never to have left during the whole course of his life, on January 28, 1929. Marx's only surviving son is now the coming of the Russian Revolution when he died, Stalin was in power in Russia.

**LETTERS OF ELEANOR TO FREDERICK**

(1)

The Den, 30 August, 1897

My dear Freddy,

Naturally not a line this morning. I have despatched your letter immediately. How can I thank you for all your kindness and friendship? I am really grateful to you from the bottom of my heart. I have written to Edward once more this morning. No doubt, it is a
weak thing to do, but one cannot wipe out fourteen years of one's life as though they had never been. I believe that anyone who had the least sense of honour — not to speak of goodness and gratitude — would answer this letter. Will he do it? I fear he will not.

Meanwhile, I see that M. is playing today in the G. Theatre. If Edward is in London, he will certainly go there in my opinion. But you cannot go there, and I feel myself incapable of going there.

I enclose letter from C., in which he says — but I enclose the letter to spare myself the torment of writing. Please send it back to me. I am writing now to C. to let him know that I am coming, but in the meantime it is possible he will see England — in the really improbable event that Edward may appear.

Tomorrow evening the committee of the S-Society will be sitting. I cannot go, and if he is not there I cannot give any reason for his failure. I just must saddle you with all these troubles, but can you go? They start at 8 o'clock and go on till 10 o'clock, so that you could get away by 9.30. You could find out — you could ask — whether he was there. In any case you would then know: If he is there, then you could speak to him about it — he just could not run away in front of other people — and wait for him until the meeting is over. Then you must assume he would come here, if you notice that he is simply lying, go with him as far as London Bridge. Then accompanying him and say (you can tell what I am saying in this letter) you have told me you wanted to come, but you could only come late because of your work, and I have already told you I will have a bed ready for you. Then he must either tell you he is not coming and you can then take the opportunity of having a word with him — or he will come. I don't know whether it is very likely, but in any case I hope you will go to — and find out whether he is there.

Ever your, Tussy.


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My dear Freddy,

This morning, I received a note by hand: "I have come back. Shall be home early tomorrow morning" (that means today). Then a telegram: "Coming home one-thirty definitely."

I was working in my room — because even in all this spiritual misery one has to work — and Edward seemed highly offended because I did not immediately leap into his arms. He offered no word of excuse, and no explanation. I, therefore, said — after I had waited to see if he would begin — that we must talk about business affairs, and that I would never forget the treatment I had been subject to. He said nothing in reply. Among other things I said you come if at all possible — and if you can come tomorrow or any other evening this week I hope you will. It is only right that he should confront you in my presence and confront me in yours. If you can come, then come tomorrow, and if not, let me know when you can come.

Dear Freddy, how can I ever thank you? I am very, very grateful to you. When I see you, I will tell you what C. said.

Always, dear Freddy,
Your Tussy.

My dear Freddy,

Come if it is at all possible this evening. It is shameful to put this burden on you, but I am so lonely, and I am faced with a fearful situation — extreme ruin — everything to the last farthing — or utter disgrace before the whole world. It is terrible. Worse than ever imagined. And I need someone to advise me. I know I must make the final decision, and I have undertaken this responsibility — but a little advice and sympathy would be of immeasurable worth to me.

So dear, dear Freddy come. I am broken.
Your Tussy.

My dear Freddy,

It was a great grief to us that we did not see you, and doubly sorrowful to learn that you were ill. Yes, sometimes I have the same feeling as you, Freddy, that nothing will ever come right for us. I mean you and me. Naturally poor Jenny (Longuet) has her share of trouble and grief, and Laura (Lafargue) has lost her children, but sometimes I think it was all for the best. I would not have wished for Jenny that she should go through the life I have had to go through. I don't think you and I have been particularly bad — and yet, dear Freddy, it really seems as though we are being punished.

When can you come? Not this Sunday, but the next, — or during the week. I want so much to see you.

Edward is better, but very, very weak.
Your Tussy.

My dearest Freddy,

I was so glad to learn that you are at least somewhat better. I would very like you, if you are well enough, to come from Saturday to Monday, or at least on Sunday evening. I know it is brutally selfish of me, but, dear Freddy, you are the only friend whom I can be completely frank, and so I am always pleased to see you.

I have to deal with such heavy troubles, and all this without any help for Edward cannot look after
himself, bills, and I don't know how to deal with them and with the operation and other things. I am a beast to complain to you about all this — but dear Freddy, you know what it is all about, and I am telling you that I would tell to no one else. I wish I could tell it to dear old Mummy — but I have not got her and there is only you. So forgive my egoism, and be so good as to come when you can.

Your Tussy.

Edward has gone to London today. He wants to see a doctor, and there are matters. He did not want me to go with him. There is sheer cruelty — and there are things which he would not tell me. Dear Freddy, you have your young one. I have nothing — and I see nothing worth living for.

Syndenham, 5 February, 1898.

My dear Freddy,

I am very sorry you are not coming tomorrow. It is only fair to say that Edward wanted you to come with no thought of asking you for any money. He wants to see you because he believes he might not see you again after the operation.

Dear Freddy, I know what friendship you feel for me, and how sincerely anxious you are about me. But I doubt you think you fully understand — I myself am only just beginning to understand. More and more I realize that wrong behaviour is simply a moral sickness, and the morally healthy people like yourself are not qualified to judge the condition of the morally sick, just as the physically healthy can scarcely realize the condition of the physically sick.

There are people who lack a certain moral sense, just as many are deaf or shot-sighted or in other ways afflicted. And I begin to realize that one is as little justified in blaming them as the one sorts of disorder as the other. We must strive to cure them, and if no cure is possible, we must do our best. I have learned to understand this through long suffering — suffering whose details I could not tell even to you — but I have learned it, and so I am endeavouring to bear all these trials as well as I can.

Dear, dear Freddy, don't think I have forgotten what Edward owes you (I mean in money, for what concerns a cherished friendship passes all reckoning), and you will naturally receive your share — about that you have my word. I think Edward will go into hospital the first half of the week. I hope you can go in as soon as possible, for I dread the waiting. I will let you know the definite date, and with all my heart I hope you will soon be well.

Your Tussy.

Syndenham, 7 February, 1898.

My dear, dear Freddy,

I must confess that I am tormented by the thought that I did not express myself quite clearly. But you have not understood me at all. And I am too deeply immersed in trouble to explain myself. Edward goes to hospital tomorrow, and the operation will follow on Wednesday. There is a French saying — to understand is to forgive. Much suffering has taught me to understand — and so I do not need to forgive. I can only love.

Dear Freddy, I shall be living as near to the hospital as possible, 135 Grower Street, and will let you know how things go.

Your old Tussy.

The Den, 10 February, 1898

My dear, dear Freddy,

I brought Edward home on Thursday because the doctors thought he would have better prospect of recovery here than in the hospital (and what an awful hospital is it), and they would like him to convalesce in Margate. So all will go well with the one, and the little that remains to me will be used up. You will understand. Everything must be paid for. And now I must go to him. Dear Freddy, don't blame me. I do not think you will — you are so good and so faithful.

Your Tussy.
Is cricket cricket any longer?

DATTU PHADKAR explains how such recent developments like Vaseline bands and wrong appeals are ruin- ing the reputation of cricket, lovely cricket. Very often the umpires are blamed for wrong decisions, but is it all their fault?

I FEEL very happy and proud to state that our Indian cricketers have always been superb sportsmen on the field. They never took undue advantage of the opponents even when it was within the rules of the game. They never used bad language on the field. The first time I played for India was in 1945, against the Australian Services in Calcutta. As I walked into bat Cee Pepper, who was near the wicket, said “Here comes the rabbit. Let’s roast him.” I became so nervous then that I got out after scoring only one run. Later on I was to learn that was their way of putting psychological pressure on a new batsman.

On my first foreign tour in 1947-48 in Australia during the first few matches my opponents’ language affected me to such an extent that it became impossible for me to concentrate on the game. I told my problem to Bill O’Reilly. He gave a big laugh and then told me that to overcome this problem I needed to retaliate in the same way. And though it was against my nature I was forced to use rather strong language on the field. Believe me, it worked! To live with the sharks one has to become a bigger shark.

It is a pity that a gentleman’s game like cricket should be spoilt by these ugly trimmings. But unfortunately with the passage of time, and in this age of cut-throat competition, it is gradually becoming apparent that cricket, lovely cricket is going to be smothered by cunning tactics and ingenious tricks. Recently in the Madras Test Tony Greig’s pace bowlers taught us a new trick which is to put a Vaseline base strip of gauze over the eyebrows to stop perspiration from going into the eyes. I feel this was the greatest joke the visitors had played on our boys. Those who say that Lever did not do it deliberately should try sticking a Vaseline-based strip of gauze on their forehead and run at a fair pace.

Probably, Mr. Lever does not know that the easiest way to wipe sweat off his forehead is to use a handkerchief. If Mr. Lever sweats more than ordinary human beings then he should try tying a band of a good quality absorbent cloth round his head as the Red Indians do. No, Lever-Boy your trick was exposed.

This brings to my mind the 1972-73 series when Tony Lewis’ boys showed us a new technique they had perfected to put psychological pressure on the poor umpire into giving a decision in their favour. If a ball came off the pad of a batsman into the hands of a short leg fielder, the fielders, knowing full well that it had not touched the bat, would jump and rush to congratulate the fielder concerned for taking a catch. After all, this show of joy they used to appeal to the umpire for a catch. One can well imagine the poor umpire’s plight.

Is it any wonder that the poor umpires are the victims of this change in the attitude of the players towards the game? Not only in India but all over the world umpires have been criticised for disputable decisions, especially for hot
and pad catches since we have got the type of bowlers who depend on close-in fielders to give them wickets our umpires unfortunately have to give more decisions of bat and pad catches than the umpires of other countries.

In recent years our umpires have come under heavy fire. Does this mean that the standard of umpiring is going down in India? I personally do not think so. To my mind what is making the task of umpires so difficult is the front foot no-ball rule. At present umpires have to keep on looking at a spot where the bowler's front foot lands to decide whether it is a no-ball or not. But by the time the bowler's front foot lands the ball has already travelled half way down the pitch and before the umpire can properly focus his eyes on the batsman, the batsman is already making a stroke. This makes it difficult for an umpire to judge whether the ball is on bat and pad or simply off pad.

We from the East Zone always feel that our cricketers do not get a fair chance in representative cricket. I have always maintained that we have in this zone plenty of good talents who, if given proper opportunities and guidance, will come out with flying colours. But unfortunately, the guidance our cricketers get is sometimes destructive and harmful. At times our young and budding cricketers are not even allowed to play good cricket by people who are supposed to guide them. To give you an instance. One such person involved in sports politics for the last thirty or forty years gave instructions to a club to give two points to their opponents in a league match recently. The cricketers concerned who were doing so well up to that match, were so puzzled that they did not know what to do. One of them who was a spirited player, however, came off the field. Unfortunately for the players the man who was leading the side that day was under the influence of the official concerned and ultimately the two solid points were handed over to the opponents on a platter. This shattered the confidence of the players of that club to such an extent that they lost the next match to a club which was fighting relegation. Such persons who to gain something for themselves destroy not only the spirit of the game but also the spirit and initiative of the cricketers. They should not be allowed to have anything to do with cricket or that matter any sport.

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Multilayered muck

PAAPI

O P. RALHAN's Paapi, a big-name, big-star gallimaufry, is not only replete with overlay and opulence but also atrociously set through, as bad a film as anyone is ever likely to see.

To begin at the beginning, the exiguous plot: Raj Kumar is the son of a daily-wage labourer and suffers a trauma in his early childhood: his elder sister is first raped and then murdered and his younger sister is lost in the ensuing melee. He himself is adopted by a policeman and grows up to be a crack policeman himself. Because Sunil Dutt plays Kumar he has (a) Reena Roy as his girl friend, a night club where Padma Khanna — made up, for some inconceivable reason, as a look-alike of Helen — avails herself of every opportunity to bore the patrons with her special brand of cabaret, a medley of twisted limbs and gyrating torso. Then there is also Sanjeev Kumar playing a doctor of medicine but who could just as well be playing the Good Samaritan, he is so full of the milk of human kindness. Good Doctor Sanjeev and Smart Jane Zeenat's paths cross after a diamond robbery, the kind of robbery the publicity boys at the studios love to describe as 'daring' but which, translated in adult terms, means 'we've-seen-it-before'. They fall in love to the tune of evocative Western pop (I am sure I have heard this music before, in a film by Robert Enrico was it?) but are soon confronted with problems.

First, the 'boss' disapproves of their dalliance and then, to make matters worse, Sunil recognizes Zeenat as the 'heist' girl and is determined to bring her to justice. The rest of this paean deals with brother-sister confrontation, followed by an appropriately dewy denouement and a shoot-out with the 'boss' and the 'second boss', Nadira. These latter scenes are ruminous in the sense that most of the bad guys seem afflicted with telepathy — I have a feeling they are not even a single one of them has ever been to jail. The whole thing is a Farah Khan production, not a Sanjay Khan production, and it is all so earnestly earnest that it doesn't work. There is no charm, no wit, no smugness, no sauciness, no sexual appeal, no power of seduction, no raunchiness, no, as the audience are constantly reminded, there is nothing that will satisfy the male sexual appetite. Just as in many of the films in which they have starred, Sanjeev and Zeenat are an attractive couple but the acting is so poor, the dialogue so weak, the script so stupid, the production so ponderous, the direction so dull and so prosaic that one can hardly watch the film without a sense of nausea.

Paapi is multilayered muck with something in it for everybody — everybody who is singularly blessed with an absence of grey cells, that is. For the gossip column fiends and star-struck housewives whose hearts bleed for the poor Sanjeev ('O how long is he going to remain single?') there is a poignantly reassuring scene where the Bachelor Boy makes a promise to his aged mother that he would soon get married and then proceeds to give a detailed description of the would-be bride. It's that thoroughly desirable woman called Zinnie Baby, of course. For the jackasses among the audience there is humour, too. Sample dialogue: (referring to his girl, the silly buffoon, actor-director Suresh Oberoi's wife and in-law) Tere baap ka maal hai? Howls of appreciative laughter in the theatre — the moronic laughter of a congregation of fools.

For the Talian Bajoo, section of the viewing public, there is Alka in bikini and hot pants, a top-heavy Padma Khanna and Miss Aman in a fetching one-piece swim suit. But except for a brief sequence of a bare-back, hip-swaying Zeenat — the camera now angled upward, now downward and missing nothing — which has some grit to it, the eroticism is strictly

Sanjeev: 'Talent wasted.'

of the onanistic schoolboy variety. And finally, for the pleasure of the audience hung up on ek samaj there is the usual dash of the slam-bang. Here, as in most Hindi films, killing is dissociated from pain; indeed it is from life itself and no time is wasted on grief. One reason could be that the extras — overworked, underpaid second stringers all — are unable to express grief any more than they can tenderness. It has been frequently pointed out that the audience at an action picture reacts to the violence as a 'spectacle'. In Paapi there is hardly any 'spectacle', it is all mayhem.

O P. Ralhan's direction is, like his toothless grin in the film, utterly stupid, and therefore, beyond criticism. The performances are uniformly leaden, the worst offender being Sanjeev Kumar. He has absolutely nothing to do and his attitude is that he couldn't have cared less as long as he was being paid. It's more than a little pathetic to see Sanjeev, at this stage of his career, turn himself into material exploitable material — he should have left that to the likes of Sunil Dutt and Sashi Kapoor, who aren't actors so that one can hardly criticise them for execrable acting.

GAUTAM KUNDU
ZEENAT is taking unusually long to get over her bout of depression. Her go-ahead spirit gets the better of her and soon she forgets about whatever was bothering her. Only privately, of course, she can never let her personal hassle come in between her work-schedules – they catch up on her when she is through with shooting. I wonder if the prediction about the R.K. legend will come true in Zeenat’s case, too. It is an old and confirmed fact that every new R.K. — I mean Raj Kapoor — film heroine invariably gets married before the shooting of his film can be completed. Last example, Dimple, before that, Vyjayantimala and Nargis. It has been Raj Kapoor’s woe, that all his lead-ladies have settled for marriage after working with him. And I was talking about Zeenat — let’s see, the film has four-five months to go before it is released. The R.K. legend and Zeenat’s melancholia might have a link after all!

TUNA MUNIM was telling me how awkward she felt when she was asked to be Chief Guest with Dev Anand at a Giants International Group Dinner. Imagine a young thing like her being called upon to talk at a function! She was nervous the whole evening, naturally, and all she could do was smile that nice smile of hers, while Dev did all the talking in his inimitable cool way. She felt it was wrong of folks to ask her to speak at public functions when she has still to get the feel of her own career. “I am still so immature, I keep talking a lot of nonsense. So imagine me addressing a meeting of Giants!”

AMJAD just completed a real-life feat the other day. He defiently left his walking-stick (which he needed as support after the terrible accident), at home. And this barely a month after he started shooting. Anyway, during this imposed holiday he has caught up on his favourite sport: reading. Talks like a philosopher, thinks like a poet: that’s what makes him a good actor.

DIRECTOR Raj Khosla had just returned from an extensive outdoor shooting spell of his ambitious Main Tulsie Tere Angan ki in Udaipur and Jaipur. The golden jubilee director has picked vintage wine for a cast, considering that it is his own film he is direct-

GOSSIP circles reported a major ruffle, when recently Dharmendra went off to Algeria (or some such place) without mentioning anything about his destination. Rumour flew around that he went off without telling anyone, yes, Hema too, and that she was putting in frantic calls to find out his whereabouts. Quite unlike Dharmendra. And naturally this upset Hema so much that it showed through. Is this, if it is true, the beginning of the end? But in all probability, it won’t. For Dharmendra’s self-professed theory is that a Jat (which he is by birth) never worries or tries to right a wrong till things start getting too much out of hand. But are they now?

VIJAYA IRANI
People

The lone prisoner at the well-known Spandau Jail in Berlin, 82-year-old Rudolf Hess, tried to take his own life recently by slashing his wrist. However, timely medical attention averted death. Which, in any case, was not the worst thing that could have happened to the Nazi prisoner, who is confined to his cell for thirty years. Hess was convicted, along with some other Nazis, in 1947. The other prisoners have all been released, but Hess has not received a reprieve, because it was he who had tried to create terms between Hitler and Churchill for a joint front against Russia. The Soviet Union, one of the four custodians of Spandau Jail, have repeatedly vetoed moves to free Hess. So long Hess, now a frail old man with none of his youthful Nazi sparkles left, had taken this confinement stoically. But loneliness takes: and even the stoic Hess now finds no reason for living. After hearing of Hess’s suicide attempt, his son, Wolfgang Rendiger Hess, visited the old man—but it seems unlikely that even all this could move the Soviet authorities to reconsider once again the case of this man, who cannot have long to live in any case.

She makes fewer films these days, admits Waheeda Rehman, because she feels she can have very little to do in the fast, violence-oriented Hindi movies of today. The plots, generally absurd, continually revolve round the hero—there is very little scope for good emotional acting by heroines like Waheeda. People who have not forgotten the Waheeda of “Guide”, “Palki”, “Darpan” or “Trisandhya” will agree with this. Incidentally, the last-named film, sponsored by the FFCI, was screened only in a festival since, as Waheeda pointed out, “it had no commercial prospect.” The actress was in Calcutta last month in connection with her second Bengali film, “Dwip”, the first having been Satyajit Ray’s “Abhijaan” about a decade and a half ago. There she acted the role of a dehati girl who spoke in a mixed dialect, but tried new acting to be a middle-class Bengali. She will have plenty of scope for Waheeda-type acting, but the language could be a small problem.

The others who have Waheeda’s “Guide” image in their minds, were surprised to find her a bit bulkier. Of course, many of them did not know that Waheeda is now the sweet little boy who resembles his mother very much. With a handsome, caring husband like Kamaljeet looking after her and the child to attend to, Waheeda doesn’t care much about her figure. Besides, she has much more to offer to films than mere good looks.

There is going to be no more soccer, it seems, for George Best in the current English season. The controversial Irish star, who returned to League football with second division side Fulham after being self-exiled in the U.S.A. (where he appeared for Los Angeles Aztecs in the North American Soccer League), broke his shoulder when his car collided with a lamp-post outside a well-known London departmental store in the small hours of the morning one day late last month. This, of course, was not the first time George Best has been in trouble off the soccer field, or even the first time he has had a car accident. The fiery Irishman, who became a Manchester United star and is now with the Irish team, has continued to make occasional international appearances for Northern Ireland over the years, but it seemed he had turned over a new leaf when he returned to English soccer late last year. Fulham were paying him £500 per match, but even the team manager was surprised by Best’s amazing commitment to his new team. His latest girl-friend, a blonde model named Angela Macdonald-James, was not impressed, however: she left him, saying he was devoting too little time to her. Best, actually, had been busy touring the nightclubs on his own. Following his failure to “get past” one more lamp-post, a British daily published a cartoon in which the manager of another soccer club was saying: “I’m thinking of signing eleven lamp-posts!” George Best will never get past them. Certainly, that is one thing which has often stopped the brilliant Irish winger.
MY MOTHER YES, BUT AID NO: US President Jimmy Carter, whose decision to send mother Lillian to the funeral of the late Mr Ahmed was well-received, surprised India when his administration announced that it will not offer any economic aid to India. The United States suspended aid to India after the 1971 war. For the past four years, the US used to include a provisional request ranging from $65 million to $75 million, but no programme was ever worked out.

K. BRAHMANANDA REDDY, Union Home Minister, pronounced a motion through a specially convened session of the Rajya Sabha to extend President's Rule in Tamil Nadu and Nagaland for another year. On Tamil Nadu, the minister said the extension was necessary for the good of the State and the people. On Nagaland, the minister sought an extension because he feared a renewal of insurgency. A China gang of 100 was sitting on the border. The Rajya Sabha has been adjourned.

HAPPY TIMES ARE COMING: Sri Lanka's Prime Minister, Sirimavo Bandaranaike, has announced that elections will be held in Sri Lanka within the next six months. Earlier in February, Mrs Bandaranaike had prorogued Parliament till May 9, just three days before her seven-year-old regime was to end.

THE PLANE OF CONTENTION: France has told the US that if New York State authorities refused permission for the Concorde to land, it could "be forced to take unspecified measures." The French Government said it would take the refusal as a U.S. Government decision. The entire Concorde project has proved to be a huge white elephant for both Britain and France.
Beginning March 13

This week Sun is in Pisces, Venus and Kethu in Aries, Jupiter alone in Taurus, Saturn in Cancer, Rahu and Uranus in Libra, Neptune in Scorpio and Mars and Mercury in Aquarius. Moon will be moving through Capricorn and Aquarius from Sagittarius.

**ARIES**  (March 21 — April 20) Your domestic problems need personal attention. Don’t hesitate to face them. Much consultation, discussion, persuasion and tact is needed to solve the problems. No use depending on your own legs stubbornly. Some may have to patch up trivial misunderstandings with the life partner or lover. Financially you are weak. Suits, if any, would cause worry. Generally this week will be tormenting. Good dates: 15, 16 and 18. Bad dates: 13, 14, 17 and 19. Lucky numbers: 4 and 9. Favourable direction: South.

**TAURUS**  (April 21 — May 22) This week is not ripe for you to launch any schemes. Avoid speculations, gambling, sports, betting and new contracts. Your old problems will continue to pester you. Keep a watch on your close associates if you are a businessman. Wait for the good days. Be patient and tolerant. Good dates: 16, 17 and 18. Bad dates: 13, 14, 15 and 19. Lucky numbers: 1 and 3. Favourable direction: North-west.

**GEMINI**  (May 23 — June 21) Be swift and active. You will face many thrills this week. You will find relief by solving old issues. Businessmen will make new contracts. Professionals are advised to take charge of new responsibilities. Financially you are safe and sound. Love affairs will keep you merry. Some betting and sporting activities indicated. Good dates: 13, 14, 15 and 18. Bad dates: 16, 17 and 19. Lucky numbers: 7 and 5. Favourable direction: West.

**CANCER**  (June 22 — July 22) Neither debts nor pending suits will cause you any worry. Your words will carry weight. However, you will be able to find a good solution of your much aching problem. An auspicious arrangement in your family is predicted. Letters will bring you good news from far away places. All is well. Go ahead with your original plans. Good dates: 13, 14, 16 and 19. Bad dates: 15, 17 and 18. Lucky numbers: 3 and 9. Favourable direction: North-east.

**LEO**  (July 23 — August 22) Don’t worry about personal problems. Be optimistic. Many favours will come to your doors and you will be able to solve a good part of your old problems. Your occupational prospects are bright. Meet elders and seniors. A good week for love and matrimonial affairs. Good dates: 14, 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15 and 17. Lucky numbers: 10 and 1. Favourable direction: Nil.

**VIRGO**  (August 23 — September 22) Don’t poke your nose in others’ affairs. That is the safest course to avoid major trouble this week. A short journey is indicated. Business people are advised to be alert and vigilant. Any hasty decision will result in loss. Be ready to meet unexpected domestic expenditures. Correspondence will bring you news that will cause worry. Good dates: 14, 16 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15, 17 and 18. Lucky numbers: None. Favourable direction: East.

**LIBRA**  (September 23 — October 22) A week of mixed reactions. Be ready to face any sudden development. A good week for correspondence. Financially you will get adequate money to meet urgent needs. Dealings, if any, with the Government will result in much gain. Any problem in love, marriage and partition will be solved. Good dates: 14, 15, 16 and 17. Bad dates: 13, 18 and 19. Lucky numbers: 3 and 5. Favourable direction: South-west.

**SCORPION**  (October 23 — November 21) A good week for ladies and artistic workers. Try to regain your old good friends and elders. Gain the confidence and trust of others. Be ready to meet expenses to keep up your dignity. Don’t leave anything unfinished. Businessmen are likely to get new opportunities to expand their business. However, you will be a guest in the end of this week and enjoy it all. Good dates: 13, 14, 15, 17 and 19. Bad dates: 16 and 18. Lucky numbers: 1, 3 and 5. Favourable direction: North-west.

**SAGITTARIUS**  (November 22 — December 22) You will face hardships to keep your words. In spite of your efforts you will not be able to accomplish your tasks fully. Financially you will be in wants. Family problems need your attention. Your friends are prone to be discourteous. Don’t depend much on others. Debts and suits will cause you worry. Good dates: 14, 17, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15 and 16. Lucky numbers: 4 and 8. Favourable direction: Nil.

**CAPRICORN**  (December 23 — January 20) Evil forces are working against you. Your hopes are likely to be belied. You will have no rest or lonely sleep. There is likely to be trouble in your family. Don’t blame or pick up quarrels with members of your family. Lovers will meet with disappointments. Avoid gambling, betting and new ventures. Good dates: 14, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 15, 16 and 17. Lucky number: None. Favourable direction: North-west.

**AQUARIUS**  (January 21 — February 19) Your good relatives and pet friends are not behaving well. Don’t be disappointed. However, you will be able to find a solution to your problems. An expenditure related to some auspicious happening in your family is likely. You will be forced by circumstances to travel to foreign countries or faraway places. The later part of the week will produce better results. Good dates: 13, 16, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 13, 14 and 17. Lucky number: 4. Favourable direction: East.

**PISCES**  (February 20 — March 20) A week of mixed results is indicated. Your professional career will brighten up. Meet elders and officials. A good week for love and matrimonial affairs. Ladies will get new clothes, presents and gifts. Some will get sudden promotions and also transfers to distant places. Contractors will get new assignments and other written favours. Good dates: 13, 14, 15, 18 and 19. Bad dates: 16 and 17. Lucky numbers: 10 and 3. Favourable direction: West.

M.B. RAMAN
PRAWN PUFS

500 gms flour, 500 gms ghee, 50 gms ghee, 50 gms prawns; 1 teaspoon ground coriander, 1 teaspoon ground turmeric, 1/2 teaspoon ground cumin, Salt to taste.

Shell, devein and wash the prawns. Remove the heads and tails. Mince it into a paste. Chop onions. Heat 2 tablespoons of ghee in a karai and fry the sliced onions till they are golden brown. Mix the coriander, turmeric and cumin with a little water into a paste and add to the fried onion. Stir well. Add salt and prawns. Add a little water and cook gently for five minutes or till the water dries up. Remove from heat.

Use 200 gms of ghee with the flour and add a little water to make a dough. Roll out very thin, cut into rounds or squares, fill the middle generously with curried prawns and fold over. Close the edges carefully with water and work in your fingers. Put the remaining ghee into a large frying pan, bring to the boil. Slide in the prawns and fry till they are light brown in colour. Remove from heat and drain. Serve with chutney or your favourite tea party dip.

OMELETTE CURRY

6 eggs, 2 onions finely sliced; 4 green chillies cut into small pieces; 250 gms of minced meat, 2 cloves of garlic; 1/2 teaspoon turmeric powder; 1/2 teaspoon garlic and ginger paste. Stir well. Cook for five minutes. Stir briskly, again if too dry. Add a little water. Add the meat and cook for three to four minutes. Add salt. Remove from heat.

SPINACH WITH CURD

500 gms spinach, 1 cup curd, 1 small onion chopped, 2 cloves of garlic, 1 hard boiled egg (optional), 1/2 teaspoon turmeric powder, 1/2 teaspoon cumin powder, 1/2 teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 piece ginger, sliced finely. 2 table spoons oil or ghee. Salt to taste.

Wash, clean and chop the spinach. Cut the egg into slices. Heat half tablespoon of ghee in a karai. Put the spinach. Stir well for five minutes. Put a lid on the karai. When the spinach is cooked, add the ghee. Stir well. Add the garlic, turmeric, cumin, chilli powder and sugar. Stir well. Add the ginger. Stir again. Heat the curd to a smooth consistency, pour in the spinach mixture. Stir constantly leaving it on a very low heat. Then take out of the pan. Garnish with slices of eggs.

APPLE JELLY

1 kg apples (unpeeled), 500 ml water, 500 gms sugar.

Simmer the fruit to a pulp. There is no need to add water. Simmer till the fruit is soft. Add sugar. Remove to cool overnight. Measure the juice and add. If there is low 500 gms of sugar to each 500 ml of juice. Stir in the sugar and boil rapidly until set.

DOLPOA OR GHEEPOA

500 gms rice powder, 750 gms jaggery, 1 ghee.

Mix the rice powder with jaggery very well. Do not add water. Leave the mixture for one hour to two hours. Take out a deep karai. Heat the ghee. When golden brown, take out and drain. Fry the mixture at a time.

DRAUPADI
TRAINER P. CORNER has been certified fit by the Veterinary Officer.—The Statesman (N. K. Nayak, Calcutta).

ADVERTISER INVESTIT proposal from respectable, well-established handsome grooms of 30 to 45 age for parentless, sportive, healthy, religious, good singer, docile, accommodative, amiable, home loving, linguist, smart, simple, moderately educated, beautiful fair girls with pleasing impressive personality, from highly respectable Bengali Brahma Samaj family. Both well-versed in household work. Height 163 cms. of the first and height 158 cms. of the second. Latter a renowned player. Caste no bar.—Ad in The Statesman (Panka K. Sen, Calcutta).

KANPUR: A son-in-law visiting his ‘asural’ had to bear the consequences of something for which his father-in-law was responsible. As he was talking inside the house a slight ensuing between his father-in-law and a neighbour in Bilhaur police circle, he came out to see what was happening and no sooner did he set his feet out he was grabbed by the neighbours and thrashed mercilessly. The father-in-law meanwhile quietly escaped. The son-in-law sustained multiple injuries inflicted with a ‘khurpi’. He was rushed to hospital in a serious condition.—Pioneer (Ravin Shepherd, Lucknow).

BHAGWAN DAS (48), a ‘bidi’ seller, was returning home with his day’s earnings amounting to six rupees when he was waylaid near Girsi village in Gajner police circle last evening. The robbers demanded the money from him. Bhagwan resisted incuring the wrath of the hoodlums. They brandished daggers and repeatedly stabbed him. The assailants then dragged him to an ‘arhar’ field and left him in a pool of blood. Excessive loss of blood led to his death.—Pioneer (Ravin Shepherd, Lucknow).

BOMBAY: An Arab with a slight head injury went to a doctor for treatment. This ‘specialist’ charged him for Rs. 300 and put cheap Boric Powder (used on caromboards) on the injury. The patient later got suspicious and got the powder analysed in a laboratory. He found he had been fooled. The hospital authorities were later requested to send him to a better doctor.—Current (S. Bhaskaran, Madras).

A NOISY table-fan has come in the way of prosecution evidence and resulted in the acquittal of the accused. According to the prosecution, accused Raj Mani Misra, a clerk in the office of the Loco Foreman, Northern Railway, Allahabad, had demanded Rs. 500 from a contractor who had undertaken work but did not complete it. In the meantime, the contractor had been employed to work from September 1, 1968, to December 31, 1968. Some of the work the contractor did was exclusive of the agreement. His bill amounted to Rs. 7,200 the payment of which was being delayed. It was alleged that the Loco Foreman, B. S. Dixit, had demanded Rs. 300 to have the payment expedited. The contractor informed the CBI and a trap was laid. The raiding party and some witnesses sat in a room adjoining the one where the money was to change hands. The prosecution evidence, however, showed that they could not overhear the conversation between the contractor and the clerk when the bribe was given and taken because a defective table-fan in their room made excessive noise. The judge held that the prosecution had failed to establish its case and declared the accused not guilty.—National Herald (A. K. Ahuja, Lucknow).

ONE HUNDRED posts of police constables, reserved for scheduled castes in the district Nizamabad, Andhra Pradesh, are lying vacant for want of candidates who are physically fit, Mr. D. V. Narasimha Murthy, Superintendent of Police said. The authorities, however, had set up a camp to promote the physical growth of the selected candidates, he said.—Indian Express (V. Ranga Rao, Vishakhapatnam).

ATTENTION: PRODUCERS AND DIRECTORS: A classic Indian Film story, very original, fascinating, sensuous, emotional, thrilling, written and completed by a lady is for sale. Interested parties for further details soon write to Box No 563, Screen, Narina point, Bombay-21.—Ad in Screen (K. Ashok Kumar, Maharani, Vishakhapatnam).

A TELEPHONE operator in a private sector shipping company is reportedly drawing a monthly salary of Rs. 4,000.—The Nagpur Times (Rajendra S. Keswani, Nagpur).

"SHE IS a gem and belongs to the old generations of Sita, Savithri, and Nalayani. An astrologer told her father that she is going to be a Queen and hooked her in to the marriage with his crooked son. She consulted me after 11 years' hell life got the benefit and writes, 'Everything happened as you told.' For the accurate predictions S. Krishnaswamy, Astrologer-Palmist, 28, Sundin mabal Nagar, Tambaram Sanatorium, Madras-600047. 5 questions—Rs. 10."—Ad in Sunday Standard (Vinoth Sankaranarayan, Madras).

WHILE VISITING the Prince of Wales Museum in Bombay, our attention was drawn to a boar saying "Only four persons at a time. Please stand in Q". A requested, many people were indeed standing in the queue. We joined them expecting to see something very interesting. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that the popular 'exhibit' was nothing but the water cooler!—K. Ramkrishnan, Patiala Belgium.

SPOTTED A sign on the Tirupati-Tirumala Ghat road "Overspeeding means death or prosecution."—G. Saran Vishakhapatnam.

WHILE DRIVING on the G Road towards the north, I was going at a fairly good speed when I came across the following sign near Dankuni Hooghly district: "Welcome Uttarpura General Hospital 2 km. this way." My speed came down immediately.—S. I. Banerjee, Calcutta.

IN SMALL towns people are used to extremely personalized service at the barber's. Obviously, the owner of a saloon in Berhampur thought that you had come to stop such abuses written on top of the mirror was "Please don't raise your hands up after shaving."—J. J. Behera, Berhampur.
PETTY is an interesting word—for reasons other than the ous. The original meaning, Id English, was "cunning," or n "deceitful." From this it e to mean clever or ingen-even in a good way. And 0 it descended to a term of ue approval, like "fine or s. You could talk about "ty sport" or "a pretty wit." mately you could use it to n "somewhat" or "consider-," even where no approval indicated: "a pretty big ering." And, of course, you d use it ironically: "a pretty s."

ut the tone of approval re ned, and even increased in ther line of development. m mental endowments, ty came to refer to phy l charm, though perhaps the r, vaguer meanings prevent referring to the highest er of beauty.

similar development occurs words like fair and handsome, those are separate stories; perhaps I might tell another.

ORDSPINNER

J. K. Galbraith: Herschel McLandress

IMPRISONED for political offences under Louis XV. Francois Marie Amont changed his name to Voltaire in order to make a fresh start as a writer. The Rev. C. L. Dodgson used the pseudonym Lewis Carroll because he thought it beneath the dignity of a clergyman and mathematician to write a book like 'Alice in Wonderland' (though he thought nothing of undressing little girls like the original of Alice and taking their photographs for his very private perusal and collection). Mary Ann Evans (George Eliot) and Lucile-Aurore Dupin (George Sand) used men's names because they felt women authors were discriminated against in the 19th century. These days, pseudonymity is again in vogue in the literary field in the West, but the reasons are hardly as compelling as they once were.

One explanation for all the artifice is that this is the age of the put-on, or the game of fool-the-squares. Could be, however, that the pseudonymists are fooling themselves. Some years ago, a novel called 'The Exhibitionist' was advertised as having been written by Henry D. Sutton. It was soon revealed that the title referred to more than just the strip-prone heroine. It could describe the author also. Sutton was actually David R. Slavitt whose first novel 'Rochelle' was much praised on both sides of the Atlantic. Pseudonym ous writers are basically exhibitionists, the incident seemed to say; they are just dying to be found out.

They usually get their wish. The co-author of the salacious little novel 'Candy' was billed as Maxwell Kenton until he was unmasked as Terry Southern. Mark Epernay was supposed to have written the pseudoscientific 'McLandress Dimension', a book measuring the ego capacity of prominent people. But he turned out to be he that chronic spoof, John Kenneth Galbraith, who thereafter carried pseudonymity to its logical extreme by reviewing the pseudonymous 'Report from Iron Mountain' under the pseudonym Herschel McLandress. One of the mysteries of the 1962 Vatican Council was a man named Xavier Rynne who reported much of the proceedings for The New Yorker; it later developed that a Catholic theologian, then residing in Rome, had written so knowingly. One author who has escaped detection for long is Raymond D. Senter, a disserter (get it?) from Pentagon politics who wrote for some very well-respected American liberal magazines.

Whatever pseudonyms may do for the individual ego, editors and publishers insist that there are practical reasons to use them. For several years, a chain of American newspapers used the byline Cholly Knickerbocker to cover several writers. The single name, editors found, gave the column an identity it would not have had if the names had kept switching. Then, too, when a publication runs more than one piece by the same person in a same issue, it often insists on a pseudonym.
variety

quiz

1. With which famous literary masterpiece would you associate the ship 'The Patna'?

2. Who took the pseudonym 'Colonel Berger'?

3. Who was known as the Divine Painter?

4. What is a call-boy?

5. Where would you find Sam Browne?

6. Where would you find a courtesy light?

7. Who is given a golden handshake?

8. What is measured on the Beaufort Scale?

9. What is the nickname for a Frenchman?

bridge

BY TERENCE REESE

Players are often reluctant to lead a short suit when they hold a likely trump trick, such as Q x x or K x I don't see much point in that reasoning, because sometimes one makes both the ruff and the trump trick. Failure to lead a singleton had an odd effect on this hand, played between USA and Italy some years ago.

Dealer, West E-W vulnerable

North
Q 7
K 9 4 3
K 9 7 5

South
J 9 5 3 2
A K 10 9 8 7 6
Q 7 2 1
K J 10 4 2
A K 10 6

West chose to lead the 10 of clubs. South ruffed in hand, cashed the Ace of diamonds and followed with a trump to the King. At this point it looked as though the contract would be defeated, for South has two natural alternatives, and they both fail! He may play for the Jack of spades to fall in three rounds, permitting two heart discards, or he may play East for J x x of spades, finessing the 10. Even then, East must hold both heart honours, for otherwise West will come in to draw the master trump.

There is another possibility, however. From the declarer's point of view, the clubs may break 4-4, enabling him to discard one heart on ♦ A, one on the long club. Combining the chance with the possibility of dropping ♦ 3 in three rounds, he continued with Ace of clubs and a club ruff, spade to the Queen, club ruff.

Now he knew that West held five clubs. He played Ace, King and 10 of spades, ruffing in dummy, then ruffed the fifth club with his last trump. The heart winners and the Queen of diamonds fell in a heap on the last two tricks.

At the other table East (as one would expect) opened with a Light One Heart in third hand. When North-South reached the same contract of Five Diamonds West led a heart and the declarer was one down before he had a chance to say Jack Robinson.

chess

BY HARRY GOLOMBEK

Position No. 7

A position from a game played by correspondence in Hungary, 1975 between 38-year old and 12-year-old. Black to play...

White to play—how should the game go?

Continuation of Position No. 5

A position from a game played by correspondence in Hungary, 1975 between 38-year old and 12-year-old. Black to play...

White to play—how should the game go?

The Sicilian Defence

Last week I gave a brilliant game won by Michael Stean against the Sicilian Defence. Now I want to consider an excellent work by the young English international master on the subject of the Sicilian Defence: Stean: Najdorf, by Michael Stean (Batsford, 128 pages, £2-50 paperback).

For those accustomed to the English descriptive notation I should observe that the notation employed here is the algebraic, with the pieces being indicated in figure, that is to say, they are represented by the figures you see in a chess diagram, with the exception of the pawns which need no mention in the algebraic anyway. The method of notation is very readily picked up and need give no cause for alarm.

Stean writes in a bright clear style and deals most competently with the analyses. This is his first book and on its evidence one would like to see more come from his pen. He is perhaps fortunate in his choice of a subject here as the Najdorf variation (1 e 4 c 5 2 N f 3 3 d 4 c 4 K b 5 K b 5 a 6) is probably the most interesting of all Sicilian lines, containing as it does, amongst others, the poisoned pawn variation and the Gotesberg variation. I quote a game from the book, played in the Monaco Tournament, 1967, that shows the pawn is not always so deadly in its venom—for Black at any rate.

White: Fischer, Black: Geller


Better is Lilienthal's move 20. B—Q 1, and also strong is Fischer's own suggestion 20. Q×Q; B×Q; 21. B×P; 22. B×P; 23. B×P; 24. Q×Q (which is also much in Black's favour)

Inside Woody Allen

The Allen Family genealogy is a stunning chronicle...

...embracing the entire development of mankind... and even before.

"The Allen family goes back as far as evolution. In fact, the first man was actually an Allen."

"Hey, "Four-Eyes," you're supposed to be up here!"

"I'd rather try it on the ground."

"He was evolving ahead of the others... and it caused many quarrels with his family."

On Sundays my son, the caveman, doesn't come to the tree anymore.

"It also meant he had to break up with his girl."

What's wrong, darling? You're still a monkey— but I've evolved.

You never say nice things to me anymore!

All you ever want to talk about is bananas.

I like to swing— but not from trees!

Joe Mathematical"
MAKE HIM UP

RIGHT!

COME ON LAYYBONES!
GET UP! GET UP!

OOOOOHHH!
SO IT WASN'T ALL
A NIGHTMARE!

CONDEMNED TO DEATH!
JUST WHEN I WAS GOING TO
GET MARRIED AND HAVE
LOTS OF LITTLE BARBARIANS

LISTEN! WE'RE SORRY
WE GOT YOU INTO
THIS SPOT

WHAT GOOD IS THAT?
IT WON'T KILL ME
FROM THE CROUP!
VENGEANCE OF
METRIC!

AH, BUT IT WILL! I'M GOING
TO MAKE YOU A PRESENT OF
SOME OF MY MAGIC. YOU'LL
BE THE STRONGEST OF ALL
THE GOTHICS. NO ONE WILL BE
ABLE TO STAND UP TO YOU!

IS HE
JOKING?

NOT AT
ALL!

QUICK! QUICK! LET'S
HAVE A LOOK AT
THIS MAGIC!

I NEED
CERTAIN
INGREDIENTS

CALL THE GUARD,
OBIK!

RIGHT

YOOHOO!
ANYONE THERE?

Go and ask Metric's
permission for us to have a last
bowl of Gaulish soup... here's the list of ingredients
we need.
TRICK IS LISTENING TO THE PROGRAMME FOR THE DAY'S FESTIVITIES SUGGESTED BY HIS ENTERTAINMENT MANAGER.

Now suppose we start by having them torn apart by wild horses...

Hrm... not very original, but the audience likes it. It always gets a laugh...

And then we could chop them up into little bits.

Not too little. We want everyone to be able to see.

Metrice, the prisoners' dying wish is to sake and drink some Gaulish soup!

Granted! We want them to be on top form tomorrow!

I think it's all here.

A pinch of salt please...

CRAAAASH!

Sorry. I forgot to say thank you...

WILL YOU LEAVE THE DOOR ALONE!
In their final effort to stave off a complete disaster the Prometheus astronauts rack their brains to work out plans for a safe return. Gregor holds out a sheet of printout to Coretta saying, “The programme is explained here in great detail.” Coretta readily answers, “For you, maybe, baby, but that stuff is worse than Greek to me.” Yet through all these humour and nonsense they keep the operation going. The operation must be continued seriously, because it is a life and death question.

“Good. Clip the other end to Gregor’s belt—not to the chair. After this is done plug the short leads of the AMU umbilicals into the receiver on Gregor’s suit.”

“In place.”

“All right, Gregor, you can turn the selector valve from the U position to the AM.”

Gregor took the lever clumsily in his gloved fingers and pushed, hard. It did not move.

“It won’t go,” he said.

“It happens.” Patrick’s voice was calm, emotionless. “Traces of water in the oxygen, there can be ice. Try working it back and forth, a little at a time.”

“There . . . it is moving a bit . . . a bit more . . . done!”

“Very good. Coretta, first close the valve on his umbilicals, there at the bulkhead, then disconnect them.”

It was done quickly, the disconnected umbilicals floating inside the cabin; Gregor, in space outside totally dependent upon the life systems of the AMU.

“You can read me, Gregor?” Patrick asked.

“Very clearly.”

“You are on the AMU radio connection now which is channeled through the intercom circuits. On the outside of the hull is an aerial to pick up your signal. You may get far enough around the ship for it to thin the signal or even lose it. Keep thinking about this so we don’t get out of touch. You’re on your own now, but you will keep the safety line connected. That way Coretta can pull you back in at any time. You can start working your way back down the hull now. Moving safety clips as you go.”

“Shouldn’t I use the gas jets . . .”

“No, too many safety points. I won’t use the gas jets just yet.”

“Negative—They are tricky to use and take a lot of practice. Forget about them now. Just think of the AMU as a big pack on your back and drag it along with you.”

“Vas ponyal, here I go.”

“Do you have all the tools you need,” Nadya said, speaking for the first time.

What a fool I am, Patrick thought. I can’t see what is going on out there, can’t keep track of everything. “Thank you, Nadya,” he said. “I should have remembered. The cutting torch is still back by the engines, along with most of the tools. But for this you will need the hydraulic jack as well. Coretta, will get it and clamp it to the AMU where Gregor can reach it.”

It was not easy going. Coretta leaned far out the hatch to watch Gregor’s progress; they could all hear the rasp of his breath in their ears. The AMU was like the old man of the sea on his back. Instead of giving him freedom, moving him about, it got in the way of all his motions. Of course, it had no weight in free fall—but but still had mass. It took effort to get it moving, and once in motion the same amount of effort to stop it. Whenever he moved the offcenter mass had a tendency to start him spinning. All he could do then was reel in the short line that clamped him to the hull, hold himself tight against it until the motion had been damped. Then attach to a new anchor and crawl slowly on.

“At the engine,” he finally gasped a breathless cry of victory.

“Fift,” Patrick said, and the others called out agreement. “Anchor yourself well and listen to Coretta. She has the programme that tells the best way to get into engine cavity. Are you tired?”

“Yes. . . a little.”

“Then take a breather first. Drink some water.”

“Prometheus, this is Mission Control. Come in.”

“We’re here, Flax.”

“Patrick, I’m going to patch you through in a moment to Major Cooke in Florida. He is Commander of the Shuttle that is coming up after you. Captain Decosta is his Pilot.”

“Cookey and Des, this is going to be old home week. We all trained together.”

“A—OK, make things easier. That’s what Cooke wants to talk to you about. There is one other thing. The solar activity is hotting up. The report has just come in.”

Patrick felt the tension grip him, the sharp cold realization that there might be no rescue at all. A hope of safety offered—then whirled away. There was no hint of this in his voice.

“When will it hit us? What will the effect be?”

“The first jump in particle count is here now. Very slight, but it’s sure to grow.”

“You can give me any figures? Any times, Flax?”

“The astronomy boys say it’s difficult to predict with any accuracy. This is only after events that correlations can be made.”

“If we’re to know it first up here. All right, Flax, give me any time estimates at all if you get them. You can patch through to the Cape now whenever you’re ready.”

The line was already open, the connection was made at once.

“Major Cooke, here, come in Prometheus.”

“I thought you would never call, Cookey.”

“No, Pat. Dee is here with me. Just adding weight sitting around the ready room, waiting for the bird to be counted down.”

“Been waiting there long, Cookey?”

Cooke looked up at Decosta who was sitting across the table from him, listening in. Decosta, a dark, small man who always wore an expression of gloom, looked even sadder now as he heard the question. He put his fine fingers to his temple, his hand shaped like a gun and pulled the invisible trigger. Cooke, a solid, meaty blond, looking more like a lineman than a pilot, nodded his head in silent agreement.

“I am. Just long enough,” he said. “We’re going out to the shuttle in a few minutes, run through the countdown early then hold while the fuelling is finished. We want to hit that window.”

46
"So do we up here Believe you me."

"Roger. I want to settle the transfersal details now before linkup. Are we going to have any problems?"

Patrick's laugh was very cold. "That is all that you're going to have. Two of us can't see so we'll have to be towed. And we'll need walk-around bottles of air."

No problem. When we rendezvous Dee will get them to you. The configuration on Orbiter now has the airlock opening into the Cargo Bay. So we'll have to crack the doors to the bay so he can get out that way. They'll have to be open in any case, since two of your people are going to have to ride back there. We are set up to carry only four in shirtsleeve environment.

"I know. What do you plan to do?"

"Right now they're fixing two acceleration couches on pallets to go into the bay. The walk-arounds hold enough oxygen for two hours. We'll be on the ground before they run out."

There was a continued silence after that. Not only with the gently hissing static Then Patrick spoke again.

"Cockey, tell them to put in four couches. Just in case your cargo bay is as big as a barn, so there's plenty of room."

"Positive—but we do have the room for two."

"Do as I ask, Major. We may be in a hurry when we arrive. It could very well be a matter of getting the hell out of there fast without worrying about cycling time through the airlock."

"I read you, Prometheus."

"Great. Now just get cracking and get your ass up here in that brick rocketship."

"Will do. We'll get four couches in. Dee and I are sitting up now. Next time we talk to you will be from the bird." He broke the connection.

"They know, don't they?" Decosta asked.

"He knows something."

"But how much? Does he know we been sittin' here in ready since before his launch? Because we had so many aborted holds on the schedule flight that we had to hold again until after they took off."

"Drop it, Dee, will you? Cooke turned to look out of the sealed window at the pad. The bulk of the Space Shuttle stood out clearly, white plumes leaking from the relief valves. The winged form of the Orbiter itself appeared small clamped to the three torpedo-like rockets of the main fuel tank and the twin boosters. "We're doing a classified job and we got into it with our eyes open. They asked for volunteers for this one and we opened our mouths. They even gave us a chance to get out after we knew what the mission was. A lot of people maybe don't agree with us, but I think getting that package into orbit over Moscow will help peace in this world."

"We agreed to that. We didn't agree to sit on our duffs and play pinocchio instead of going up to help those people on Prometheus."

"We're going, aren't we?"

"A little late, that's all. Maybe too late. They'll burn before we get there."

"You shut up before I spread your Mex nose all over your face."

"Not before I cut out your gringo heart and make tacos de corazón."

The racial insults meant nothing; they were too good friends for that. They were just words used to cover up their real emotions, their real knowledge that they had permitted themselves to sit by without doing anything all this time until it was possibly too late to help.

GET 28 54

As soon as the President had left the Cabinet room, the Secretary of State leaned over to speak to Dilwater.

"Come on, Simon. I'll buy you a cup of coffee," he said.

"I've had a good deal already, Dr Schlochter, thank you."

"Well a drink then, I don't think I have seen you have anything other than coffee all the time we have been in here."
"I rarely drink spirits, but, yes, a small sherry perhaps."

They walked past the table laden with sandwiches and coffee to the small portable bar which had been rolled in a few hours earlier. Bandin had felt in need of a few more large bourbons and had, he thought, covered this up by encouraging the other to drink as well. Schlochter poured out a Rio Pepe with a steady hand, then a vodka on the rocks with a twist of lemon peel for himself. He handed the sherry to Dillwater and raised his own glass.

"To a successful rescue mission," he said.
"Yes, I will drink to that. But to very little else."
"The President is a very occupied man, Simon, with more problems than you can perhaps understand."
"Ever the peacemaker, Dr Schlochter, are you not? But I am afraid there is little you can accomplish this time. I tendered my resignation to go into effect the instant those people are back on the ground. Or dead. Both the President and General Bannerman knew that the shuttle was available for a rescue mission — yet they did nothing until their hand was forced."
He looked pointedly at Schlochter. "Did you know about it as well?"
"No, I did not, I am relieved to say. If I had I might have been as divided in mind as and as concerned as the President was."
"You will make me cry in a moment, Dr Schlochter."
"I appreciate the reasons for your irony, Simon, and I won't argue with them. But you should remember that the President has the larger job of being leader of this great nation, of guiding its destiny in war and peace. As long as there was even a slim chance that the engines could be started to lift Prone from the ground, he did not dare jeopardize our national security by cancelling the PEEKABOO operation. The fate of a few sacrificed for the greater need of the many. The clef stick that many statesmen are forced into."

Dillwater looked into his empty sherry glass, then put it back onto the bar. The only signs of fatigue he had, after all these hours, were the tight lines around his eyes. He drew himself up and spoke quietly and quickly so only Schlochter could hear him.

"I come from a class and background in America, Dr Schlochter, that has almost vanished. I was taught early not to use profanity and low language and I have followed that course through life because I found it the most agreeable way. However, there are exceptions. What you say about President Bandin is the pure quill well-refined and first grade absolute bullshit. The man is a political opportunist who will sacrifice anything, anyone, to guarantee his re-election. Morally he makes Mr Nixon look like a choir boy."

Schlochter nodded seriously, listening to the words as though they were some highly refined argument. "Yet you took a position in his administration? Knowing what you did about — shall we say — his moral drawbacks?"
"I did. He needed me as a member of what is called the Liberal East Coast Establishment to get him some votes. I felt that NASA was important enough on its own to justify my aid."
"Then what has changed?" Schlochter drove home the point of his arguments with slow shakes of his forefinger. "The President is the same person you always knew he was. And NASA and the

"The Shuttle is go," Flax said, his words sounding in the ears of all four aboard Prometheus. "One minute into the burn."

Patrick had down the Shuttle more than once so he knew what was happening, knew the sensations of the men piloting her. In the first burn, the big kick by the solid fuel boosters. Three minutes of their firing along with the Orbiter engines as well. Then, one hundred and sixty miles down-range. . . . "Burns out, separation."

The two big tubes, empty now, arching away, falling back towards the Atlantic Ocean. Then the snap of their parachutes and the slow drop down
towards the retrieval ships waiting below. But the Orbiter was still climbing, still sucking the last drops of fuel from the external tank, still not in orbit. And trouble now and the Orbiter would have to fall back to Earth. They wouldn't make it. What was happening?

"I can't hear you, Orbiter, right, okay now, Roger. External tank jettison." Engines still firing as the tank fell away to burn in the thin atmosphere. Still climbing, still aiming for orbit. On the way.

"That's right?" Coretta shouted "Something burning, outside the port?"

But even as she spoke the shuddering began, hammering, crashing, vibrating.

"Atmosphere impact?" Patrick cried out "Atmosphere...."

The television programme director sat looking at his monitor screens and muttered to himself unhappily. What a choice, what a miserable choice. The Vance Cortwright picture was going out now, as well as his doomladen voice. That was on monitor two. On one he had a picture of Mission Control, everyone busy as hell at the consoles as they had been for last god-only-knows how many hours. Without voice, Flax had cut them out again. Forget them, the voiceless echo of that picture was again right now. On the studio with a science-fiction author-space expert, ready to go again with explanations and little models and everything. The director had gotten a lot of mileage out of him, and there could not be right now with things maybe breaking Four was blank now, ready to roll any of the special films they had made. They had just used the Space Shuttle takeoff animation, but with the Shuttle Orbiter up there now that was finished. The director cut in on Cortwright's voice while he thought.

"... dramatic events of the past hours drawing now to a conclusion. A conclusion still clouded with doubt. The Orbiter rushes up to space, hurrying after Prometheus, rushing to catch up. Their engines are shut down now as the final calculations are made, calculating, that cannot be off by as much as one-thousandth of one per cent. For, at this moment, the two spacecraft are in different orbits, at different heights, moving at different speeds. When Orbiter fires her engines again they should lift her up for the final and dramatic meeting that is still to be written over the heads of the gallant crew of Prometheus. We have worked hard, and some have died, to reach this moment in time and space. How unanswerably cruel it would be if victory, life, would be torn away from them in that last minute, for they are reaching the end of their painful journey at last. Approaching their last orbit."

"Start rolling the Prometheus burning film," the director said into his mike. As soon as the animated drawing of the ship came on he switched it to with Cortwright's voice over.

"... unforgettable at this altitude, as thin and rarefied as the inside of a light bulb. But at the tremendous speed of five miles a second, eighteen thousand miles and hour, that trace of air will be like a solid wall to Prometheus. The model's nose began to glow and send off sparks. 'Heat it up, burn it, eventually to...'

Cortwright stopped talking, his eyes widened, and he pressed the miniature earphone harder against his head. When he spoke again he was excited, fatigue vanished.

"It happened, my God it happened at this very instant. Prometheus reported atmosphere impact and then their signal faded. We know that the heated, ionized atmosphere prevents communication, that is all that it is. Or the worst may be upon them at this fated moment we have all been dreading may be here. This may be the end. And if it is, we can only say that though these people may die, these brave astronauts, they have not died in vain. Because their efforts have kept this giant in the sky up there until now, until this moment when it is burning out the empty wastes of the Pacific Ocean. If it falls now no one below will be hurt, the tragedy of Cottam New Town will not be repeated.""Great, really great," the director chuckled to himself and rubbed his hands together. They hit while we had the burning animation on. What really great timing"

"I don't know," Flax said "Honest to God I just do not know anything yet."

"I understand, Mr Flax, and I do appreciate your position," Dillwater could hear the exhaustion, the pain, in the man's voice and knew he could ask no more. "This line will be open and I will be standing by, we will all be standing by, waiting for whatever news you may have. We are all praying it will be good."

Dillwater slowly hung up the receiver and looked at the circle of watching faces. "Nothing additional is known," he said.

"They have to know!" President Bandin shouted. "Eight billion dollars worth of equipment and they don't have a clue? Call they just look up, point a telescope."

"They are doing everything technically possible. We will know what happens in a matter of minutes."

Aerman walked over to stare at the big plotting board, at the red circle that was Prometheus's location on last contact.

"They had better find out something pretty soon. If that thing burns now, it will just knock a hole in the ocean. But if it stays in orbit just a few minutes more it's going to come down right on top of Los Angeles."

"They could not speak. There were no words, to convey their feeling, as they realized this unthinkable — yet possible— greater tragedy."

"Nothing," Cooke said. "Nothing yet! He looked out at space, at the stars, unseeingly."

"They burn, not when we're this close," Jendrey said. He opened his belt and kicked up, floating away from his chair "I'm getting into the pressure suit."

"We don't know for certain, or not if you are going to get a chance to use it."

"Don't you think I know that?" His voice was burred, angry. He opened the locker in the rear and hauled the suit out "It's like knocking on wood. You do it even if you aren't superstitious. I am putting this thing on and I am going to use it, heat?"

"You...""Cooke tried to be funny," to smile as he spoke, though he had never felt more depressed in his entire life. He pressed the microphone switch, "Orbiter to Mission Control. Have you heard..."

"Nothing," Flax said. "Sorry Cooke, nothing at all yet. The programme is still running and you're due for a burn in about twenty minutes."

"Roger, Mission Control Out."

Flax was beyond all fatigue, beyond all caring. That it should end like this, now, so suddenly with salvation just beyond their grasp. He looked at the G&T less than an hour from hook-up. Something on the wavelength."

The voice from communication jerked them all about like puppets on a string, to stare at the wall speaker that hissed and roared with interference, to stare at heat if that was a voice behind the electronic water-fall. There were words, barely comprehensible words in Control. Come, this is Prometheus."

to be continued

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Interview:

‘Is there unity in the Congress?’

The CPI(M), after about four years in political limbo, is back in action again. In the last Lok Sabha elections, it won 20 of the 25 seats in West Bengal and this time it has come to an electoral alliance with the Janata Party and the Congress for Democracy. Jyoti Basu, former Deputy Chief Minister of West Bengal and a member of the CPI(M) politburo, tells Subhransu Gupta why they took the decision, but fears that the polls will be rigged.

Q: What exactly does the CPI(M) want from this election?
A: Our party wants nothing but an end to the present dictatorship. The CPI(M) wants the situation prior to June 25, 1975, to be restored and the people of the country to be allowed to enjoy their democratic rights, the rights to move around freely, to hold meetings and to have a free press. Despite its strong feelings against a section of the bourgeois press, the CPI(M) disapproves of the present government’s treatment of the press. Advertisements to a section of the press have been stopped. Journalists were put under detention on false charges and so on.

Q: There is a feeling that the Janata Party and other Left fronts cannot form a stable government at the Centre. What’s your view?
A: This is not true. We want a stable government at the Centre and also want that the State Governments are given adequate power. The Congress and Mrs. Gandhi have already breached the unity and integrity of the country by amending the Constitution and the very concept of a federal form of government is totally absent now.

Q: Suppose, the Opposition, after coming to power at the Centre, follows the same methods as the Congress has done, what will the CPI(M) do then?
A: Cur support to the JP is meant to bring to an end the present authoritarian rule in the country. If the JP acts in the same way as the Congress is doing, we will again go to the people and speak against the JP.

Q: The CPI(M) has registered its voice against the Congress; what about the CPI which has supported the Emergency and amendment of the Constitution?
A: The CPI(M) no longer considers the CPI as a Left party. It has become the party of the Congress and is actually more dangerous to the country than the Congress is.

Q: Mrs. Gandhi and Mr. S. S. Ray criticise the Janata Party as being just a mixture of heterogeneous elements without any unity among themselves. Any comments?
A: Is there unity in the Congress? We have in many respects differences of opinion but all share the desire to bring to an end to this dictatorship while unity of Left, democratic and progressive forces with clearly defined objectives of fighting against landlordism, monopoly capitalism and foreign imperialism alone can successfully defeat this trend to one-party dictatorship and authoritarian rule and can provide a real effective alternative to the Congress regime.

Q: You have been saying that even now, quite a large number of workers, both of the CPI(M) and of other parties, are under detention and CPI(M) activists are unable to return to many of their old bases. Mr. S. S. Ray claims that the only people not yet released are ‘goondas and other anti-socials’ against whom there are specific charges. What do you have to say on this?
A: If Mr. Ray so desires, he can arrest all of us on any charge he wants to. I don’t know the definition of ‘goondas and anti-socials’. If the party in power wants, anybody and everybody can be called a goonda and an anti-social. We have written to the Chief Election Commissioner as well as to Mr. Ray alleging threat and intimidation by Congressmen and have also demanded immediate release of all detainees which would ensure a better atmosphere for a free and fair poll. But so far the response has been poor.

Q: Mr. Ray has said that the CPI(M) dominates the Janata-Left front in West Bengal. What is your opinion?
A: Siddhartha Babu has been making many irrelevant utterances and the CPI(M) does not want any certificate from him.

Q: What is your assessment of your prospects at the ensuing poll?
A: I am confident that if there is a minimum of freedom and fairness in the poll, the Congress shall get a crushing defeat almost everywhere. But, I am sure, there will be rigging. The Congress goondas, with the help of the police, will encircle the polling booths and obstruct the voters, they will snatch ballot papers and cast votes in favour of the Congress, they will change ballot boxes and intimidate the polling officers and so on.

Q: What are the ideological factors which have prompted the CPI(M) to fight against the Congress and to form an electoral alliance with the JP?
A: These have been stated clearly in our Election Manifesto. In a nutshell, they are: Withdrawal of the Emergency, release of all political prisoners, repeal of the 22nd Amendment and other repressive laws like MISA, takeover of foreign capital and bon on multi-nationals and investment of private foreign capital, moratorium on foreign debt payment, nationalisation of monopoly houses, take-over of foreign trade, restoration of democratic and trade union rights, abolition of landlordism, bringing down prices, foreign policy of consistent anti-imperialism and close co-operation with socialist countries and so on.

Q: Will you join the government at the Centre if the Opposition wins a majority?
A: No. We shall support the Janata Party from outside but will not join the government.
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