

frontier

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AN ELABORATE HOAX

IT is difficult to think up a greater hoax than what was being played on the people of West Bengal by the leaders of the maxi and mini parties conferring in the air-conditioned comfort of the Rotunda in the Secretariat on measures to restore law and order in the State. After three hours of discussion, the leaders were able to agree on a one-sentence resolution expressing concern over the situation. In a fit of monumental humility the Centre-appointed saviour of West Bengal, Mr Siddhartha Sankar Ray, has described this as a small step forward and not a big leap; as if the parties would have agreed to attend Mr Ray's conference if they were not prepared to agree to this apolitical, naive, and non-committal consensus. Yet Mr Ray has caught at this straw to prolong the infructuous dialogue indefinitely; another bout has been promised later this month which will be attended by representatives of a larger number of parties so that the failure to arrive at a decision may be made up partially by an impressive list of participants, though the political influence of the majority of them will add up to little more than a zero.

Even when Mr Ray was sending out invitations to the leaders of the political parties for the conference, he was issuing instructions for army operations in the troubled districts of the State. Already the army is "assisting" the civil power in 12 of the 16 districts of this State. It is now nearly six months that the army has been inducted here. The plea for this drastic step originally was to ensure a free and fair election, but one pretext or another has been found to keep it deployed in the districts since then. All that the "popular" Democratic Coalition Ministry did was to dispense partially with the practice of the army cordoning off supposedly troubled areas to facilitate marathon searches and indiscriminate arrests by the police. Even this small mercy has now been withheld, and practically the whole State has been handed over to the army and the police. As proof of his democratic bona fides Mr Ray has pompously announced that he will follow the policy of the last Ministry. But none of the leftist partners of the coalition has thought it necessary to question him on this apparent reversal of policy. Nor has any of the parties asked itself why it should attend the farce at the Secretariat when Mr Ray is making his own decisions without waiting for

an agreed plan of action. Any self-respecting party would have revolted against this effrontery.

The sarctimonious analyses of the causes of the law and order situation in the State by leaders of different parties cannot hide the fact that all of them are contributing to it. There is hardly a political party in the State which has no blood on its hand. The few that have not are innocent not by choice; they have the will but not the strength. Even then they are not non-aligned; they are guilty by proxy. The student and youth wings of the Congress(R), which have recently received a certificate from the Prime Minister for their militancy and loyalty to the cause, are no believers in non-violence; and they make no secret of it. They have an arsenal comparable to that of any other party. They are the newest sacred cow whom the law-enforcing authorities can touch only at their peril. Volunteer groups of some other parties are also thriving under the patronage of the regime, though not on the same scale. This provides the CPI(M) with a convincing alibi, and the vicious circle is perpetuated. Any discussion that the leaders of these parties hold to improve the law and order situation in the State cannot but be a sham. The elaborate ritual fools none.

Code Of Conduct

At least one statement of Mr Jyoti Basu made at the Rotunda meeting last week made sense—that the administration should clarify the code of conduct it is following itself in the law and order situation. The CPM memorandum, of course, was full of the usual stuff about Congress-police-Naxal collusion and all that. That people should still talk about this collusion despite several hundred Naxalites killed by the police—and the scores of policemen killed by the Naxalites—is nonsensical.

The authorities will "enquire" into the latest incident in the Alipore

Special Jail in which six undertrial Naxalites were killed and another four are in a critical condition as a result of the government code of conduct in action. Two days earlier another prisoner was killed in the area while trying to "run away" from a police van. The findings of the enquiries are seldom published except the inevitable conclusion that the police force and equipment should be further strengthened. It was decided towards the end of last year that no enquiries—except the worthless, departmental ones—would be made into police firings for three months and it came to be accepted. The three months ended quite some time ago, but the no-enquiry decision remains unchallenged by political parties.

The authorities, it is evident, are interested in the liquidation of as many genuine Naxalite activists as possible. For the CPM, a parliamentary party with a mass base, different tactics of repression are being practised against the rank and file, in collusion with local hoodlums, often of the Congress variety. But the day is not far off when more ruthless measures will be resorted to. Mass arrests of the members of a mass party will not be considered enough.

The army is not idle. People in Birbhum are facing a new terror and violence. For example, on the night of July 8 an army jeep and some CRP vans entered Supur, about four miles from Bolpur. Several boys who have had no connection with any political party were dragged out of their houses and taken to the local police station. Their whereabouts are still unknown. On the same day at Suri the police, led by a unit of the army, combed out, as it claimed, many Naxalites. They were sent to the thana lock-up for "interrogation". Some of them were later released but the fate of the others is still unknown. Some decomposed bodies were found at different places on the bank of the Ajay. The body of a young man, sprawling half in the water and half on the sand, was seen near the railway bridge on that river. Rampurhat and adjacent

areas now frequently hear the sound of rifles and machine-guns. It is believed that many are dying.

Actually repression and violence have been there in the entire district, just as they had been two years ago at Debra, where brutality was let loose with almost carefree abandon, though little was reported in the press. The CRP units and the army have also started patrolling the rural areas of Bankura, Purulia and the coal-belt region lying between Birbhum and the northern part of Purulia. Wherever they go, the next day there appear some boys raising slogans for the Yuba Congress and hurling abuses against all leftist parties, including the CPI(ML). So far as Birbhum is concerned, it is very difficult to say who enjoys the combining and shooting more, the police or the Yuba Congress. Dancing on the mutilated body of the enemy is nothing new in history, particularly in the political history of today's West Bengal. But the question that has now surface is what does the Government aim at—restoration of "order" or restoration of its steadily diminishing influence? The newly emerging village guards contain many elements against whom the common people have many things to say. In almost all cases these village guards have been recruited from among people recommended by the local Congress(R) and the Yuba Congress.

In view of the near-fascist methods being followed in West Bengal, it is no wonder that some people suspect whatever this government does, including the patronage it is extending to Bangladesh and the Mukti Fouz. The gestures are unanimous, the motives and the moves machiavellian.

"Unexpected" Aid

Wanted an enterprising newspaper to probe into the allegation that the Americans are manning a radar system in northern India. The GOI, of course, has denied it. But, in view

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of the surprise it feigns at the disclosure that the U.S. Government has allocated \$5 million in military aid to India, the radar report is worth another thought. The aid—what a mystery—was not asked for. However, says a New Delhi message, some preliminary discussions have been in progress over an American suggestion for the sale of “limited quantities of electronic surveillance equipment” to India and there is an agreement over “certain training programmes”, but “by its very nature” it cannot be expected to be covered by the announced allocation. Does the very nature of the disclosure permit the assumption that, pending the training programme, the equipment will be—or is being—operated by non-Indians, so that the cost can be covered by the \$5 million aid?

The following paragraph, apparently a brief from the administration in New Delhi, is unbeatable: “Now that the (aid) proposal has become public the Nixon administration will presumably take New Delhi into confidence about the nature and contents of the budgetary provision.” The business reminds one of children waiting for Father Christmas or of respectable prostitutes waiting for customers.

Elections In Indonesia

The incantation that political power grows out of the barrel of a gun is going to prove its efficiency in Indonesia soon. As initial trends show, Sekbar Golkar—a party of occupational groups, soldiers and professionals—has secured 50 per cent of the votes. And if this is any measure of its popular backing, Golkar is sure to wade safely to victory and the Indonesians are very likely to land themselves into a democratic span of politics, Suharto style. Apart from Golkar only NU (Muslim Socialist Party) has shown up and that too only in Java and its outlying areas. With Parmusi, the Indonesian Muslim

Party, doing creditably in certain other areas, chances of a religious caucus jumping onto this bandwagon are bright enough.

Although to make the elections look unrigged, the President largely stayed away from his people and curtailed the army topsiders' right to poll, he could not be that imprudent while dealing with his political opposers. After going through the candidates' papers, he disqualified more than one-fourth of his challengers. No doubt he has occasionally indulged in self-criticism of sorts, but his presidential pride bleeds whenever any libel comes from a lesser mortal. To dispense with any such possibility, he has clamped rigid censorship on the critiques of his policy.

Nevertheless Golkar will win the confidence of the majority. For the elites and the army are its backers. And the foreigners who have been greedily eyeing this island nation's riches, want it to win. To the credit of Suharto, it is during his reign that these admirers have begun to invest in oil rigs, mine shafts and other corporations. Not only did he render his country safe for them by braking its slide into the red, he has also made it lucrative to the foreigners by tax concessions, tax remission and sundry other reliefs. Besides he has instituted ‘the Berkeley Mafia’, an outfit of the U.S. trained economists, to aid the neo-exploiters in their mass stripping of the country and its people.

For the third estate, Suharto has a different recipe. Whenever cajoling failed to pay off, he never hesitated to put the squeeze in the form of raised taxes, cut-off essential supplies and even lopping of limbs if need be. And stung by the terror the people have reacted with indifference to the elections. To any query regarding this ritual the reply of the Indonesian soldier has always been that they are “going to vote for Golkar because the headman has told us that we must”.

Despite its claim of fiscal stability, the Indonesian economy has wandered into a morass during the present regime. (Prices have stayed put at

a very high level, the national debt has doubled). And the peasantry are increasingly becoming aware of the futility of democratic means to end their suffering and are taking to armed confrontation with the regime. Reports of guerilla bands have already appeared. To stall such a haunting possibility, Suharto and his men are farming out more and more of their country to the neo-colonists with the hope of roping in as many of their co-brethren as possible. Maybe they will sail home safely this time, but an uneasy future faces them.

General Insurance

When the general insurance business was not nationalised in 1968 and the Government instead proposed social control, the then Finance Minister's line of argument was that the funds at the disposal of the companies were not substantial, the annual accretion was modest, profits after tax around Rs 3 crores and the take-over would be a liability in the short run. What Mr Morarji Desai was driving at was that socialisation of general insurance companies would not immediately inflate the exchequer of the Government; so there was no question of canalising any big amount in desired directions to fulfil the Government's economic objectives. The impression given was that the imposition of social control by amending the Indian Insurance Act would vest in the Controller of Insurance so much authority that he would be able to discipline the industry. He could fire any defaulting director or chief executive and appoint additional directors under certain circumstances, but though much was made of the new authority, during the two years' tenure of social control it was not for once exercised. It was not on record that premium rates were revised to the benefit of policy-holders, and steps taken to curb monopoly trends and widen sectoral and geographical coverage. On the contrary, there was a distinct preference for invest-

ments which gave in return insurance business. A staggering number of dummy employees were on the pay rolls of general insurance companies at inflated salaries for securing business by foul means. The limitations of social control more than anything else compelled the Government to take over the management of general insurance business last May. But it does not seem to have any precise idea of what to do with it; it is yet to be finalised what will be the nature of management and organisational structure of the four corporations to be constituted under the nationalisation legislation.

Mr Chavan's homilies to the Custodians have set the targets high but not fixed a specific time-limit by which these are to be achieved. Spreading insurance coverage to new areas and sectors, accent on personalised service, continued improvement in profitability, underwriting new types of risks and directing investments to priority areas may remain good on paper. The performance of nationalised banks does not inspire much hope. Mr Chavan has said that there will now be a shift of business to "sectors where monetisation of the economy, expansion of small-scale industries and spread of new agricultural technology have brought about a significant change." Take for instance, the crop insurance which is a high-risk proposition in a country like India. Agriculture here is still very much exposed to the hazards of nature. Which is why the LIC has not shown any interest in crop insurance. General insurance companies are, however, unlikely to make any move in this direction unless they have with them actuarial data. But what could be immediately done is to offer protection to farmers for modernising cultivation.

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View from Delhi

The Doves Have It

FROM A POLITICAL
CORRESPONDENT

SOMETIMES sheer inaction for want of options or want of nerve could pass for restraint of the commendable variety. The latest cooing voice to join the chorus of praise for New Delhi's restraint on Bangladesh is that of the CPI. The party finds itself agreeing with the cussed CPI(M) that Bangladesh should be recognised immediately but there should be no military intervention by India. Whether the CPI's Moscow mentors endorse the demand for recognition is open to question but nobody certainly wants military intervention. Nobody is serious about recognition either.

In any case, the hawks in New Delhi who were talking of military intervention are on the run. All the myths about Pakistan's military and economic vulnerability have been shattered. Six months from now, India would have practically no military advantage over Pakistan and the talk of intervention would sound irrelevant. The government leadership which until the other day was talking of unilateral action and ruled out a political solution, now looks soulfully to Dr Henry Kissinger to produce dramatic results.

The South Block now has a new-fangled theory. It thinks the Nixon administration has no clear policy yet on Bangladesh and the leakage of arms to Pakistan is more due to the rift between the "hawks" and the "doves" there. The Pentagon is supposed to be backing the military junta in Islamabad and wants even CENTO and SEATO help to bolster it while the State Department and the CIA are supposed to be friendly to the Bangladesh struggle. Dr Kissinger is included among the "doves" and all talks with him in New Delhi took place on the assumption that he was a "dove" and could do something to

find a political solution. Mrs Indira Gandhi's emphasis was on the urgency of the problem and the need for an early solution (which could only be a political solution) and not about the impossibility of a political solution. The State Department (and the CIA, may its tribe increase!) are supposed to favour political settlement which means the military junta in Islamabad would have to go sooner or later.

But the South Block has also been busy inspiring a new theory which should please Ambassador Pegov—that it is all part of a diabolical US-Chinese game to carve out spheres of influence in this part of the world, leaving the poor Soviet Union out. Dr Kissinger's visit is sought to be fitted into this theory in the most unconvincing manner. The same people who expect Dr Kissinger to pull off a political solution are behind the theory that he is part of a master plan by Washington and Peking to please the military junta in Pakistan and harm India.

One fails to understand, in that case, why South Block went ga-ga over Dr Kissinger's visit. Protocol required that he should be received at the airport by a person of no higher rank than a Joint Secretary. Mrs Rukmini Menon was at the airport. But Foreign Secretary Kaul hosted a dinner for Dr Kissinger the same evening. Besides, a meeting with the Chief of the Army Staff, General Manekshaw had been fixed but following an uproar in the Congress Parliamentary Party, it was dropped. Later, when the issue was raised in the Lok Sabha, the External Affairs Ministry, after hurried consultations with the Defence Minister, announced that no talks between Dr Kissinger and the General had been planned but the General was attending a dinner

The article, *Guerillas of Latin America* will be resumed in the next issue.

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given by the Americans where Dr Kissinger would also be present! In Islamabad, Dr. Kissinger had a meeting with the Army Chief and that was what he expected to have earlier in New Delhi.

Dr Kissinger had barely left India when news came from Washington of the United States' resolve to keep up a flow of arms. As long as India too depends on United States aid in one form or the other, it has no option in the situation but to make a few shrill protests for public consumption at home.

The fond hope in official New Delhi is that the Mukti Fouz will be able to liberate East Bengal in six months and the refugees can go back. New Delhi tried to internationalise the refugee issue and has not succeeded so far. It is being said that only the socialist camp of Europe is with India on Bangladesh. If that were so there was no need for Comrade Mohan Kumaramangalam to go to Warsaw and Bucharest to explain India's position. The fact is international opinion is not on India's side. It is sheer sophistry to claim that the people of all the countries are on India's side but not the governments. New Delhi's credibility has been eroded not only outside but within the country. The stories of Mukti Fouz exploits, for instance. The fact that it has been deprived of its heavy equipment in some of the sectors is not forgotten.

The Soviets have given up attempts to find a political solution and are busy assuring Islamabad of their solidarity with Pakistan. New Delhi's hopes of a political settlement hinge on the fortuitous success of Dr Kissinger. Meantime, there can be other profitable diversions at home like deployment of the army in West Bengal districts to make it appear that there is a larger-than-life law and order problems within our borders. The fact that Mrs Gandhi has time for factional machinations in Rajasthan and Uttar Pradesh and is planning Rajasthan-style toppling operations in Maharashtra and Andhra Pradesh is proof that Bangla-

desh is not a serious problem with New Delhi at the moment. The mini-Syndicate of Sukhadia, V. P. Naik and Brahma-nanda Reddy, led by Mr Y. B. Chavan is being smashed by degrees while the campaign against another

aspirant for Prime Ministership, Mr Jagjivan Ram is just getting into stride. The nation has had a surfeit of Bangladesh and it was time it returned to the known political game, of snakes and ladders.

July 11, 1971

Letter From America

India And Pakistan

ROBI CHAKRAVORTI

WHEN the civil war in East Bengal broke out, we read battle reports in newspapers. They were sketchy and appeared sporadically, but gave the impression nonetheless that a civil war was going on. Newspaper reports on the civil war in East Pakistan were more extensive than those on the Che Guevarist uprising in Ceylon. Television networks carried short film slips of fighting in parts of East Bengal which were accessible from the Indian border.

Then, silence fell. Reports from inside East Bengal disappeared from the pages of newspapers. The silence was broken by reports of refugees. Pictures and reports mushroomed again. Photographers with a pipeline to the U.S. newspapers seemingly have had a busy time, shooting pictures from angles that would satisfy journalistic aesthetics of picture editors. A picture that simultaneously distressed and annoyed me was of a number of refugees sitting inside rows of sewage pipes. The frame and the angle of the picture was so perfect that it appeared like a posed shot. The picture adorned news pages of several newspapers and magazines of this country.

For over two weeks, we read and heard of refugees. Everything seemed to fit neatly into the age-old stereotype of India. In the U.S. estimate, India has always been a land of the poor and the starving, of strange-looking gods and stranger social practices. A friend of mine

looked at the pictures of refugees which I have collected in my file and told me bluntly that most of the people appearing in the pictures will look strange and repulsive to most Americans. Which, perhaps, they are in the eyes of people in other parts of the world or even of people in Calcutta who have a steady income and a home to go back to after work. Strange people in a strange country which has always known misery, involved in a strange conflict—this, I assume, was the reaction of most Americans to reports of refugees from East Bengal.

In the past few days, the news items on East Bengal have acquired a new twist. We have been reading about international repercussions of the civil war in East Bengal: the U.S. arms shipments to Pakistan, protest demonstrations, Senatorial criticisms of the arms shipments and the suspension of economic aid to Pakistan by members of the World Bank and the IMF.

When I waded through the old issues of newspapers flown in from Calcutta, the picture became more confused. War reporters had proliferated like bacteria, rumours buzzed like flies, emotion spread like contagion. Any intelligent person looking at the pictures of Mukti Fouz units knew that they were ill-equipped and no match for trained soldiers, equipped with modern weapons. There was little discussion of the relative strengths and weaknesses of rival mi-

linary positions. (The articles by Nirad Chaudhuri and General J. N. Chaudhuri were refreshing exceptions.) Reports from "somewhere in Bangla Desh" made a ludicrous imitation of secrecy and mystery where little was warranted.

Reading the Calcutta newspaper accounts of the civil war in Bangladesh alongside reports published in the mass media here was a strange but enlightening experience to me. Strange because facts and fiction seem to get blurred, enlightening because at the end of the blur, I could at last see vague outlines of the things to come.

It is obvious that the true and complete picture of what had happened in East Bengal since March 25 is not known. What we have are glimpses, guesswork, rumours, dreams and nightmares. The story could be collected piece by piece from reports of refugees, exiles and freedom fighters who, I assume, cross the border regularly. But this task requires patience and hard work, qualities that Calcutta newspapermen did not display in profusion during the crisis. Atrocities doubtless have been committed, and we've had reports from foreign newsmen as evidence of these atrocities. The correspondent of *Newsweek*, who wrote "The Terrible Blood Bath of Tikka Khan" and the U.S. Congressman Corneleus Gallagher, chairman of the Asian and Pacific Affairs Subcommittee of the House of Foreign Affairs Committee, were convinced of widespread barbarities and genocide in East Bengal.

It is one thing to speak of genocide in East Bengal, it is another thing to hang the Yahya regime on this charge. It appears at the time of writing that the press publicity on the army action in East Bengal combined with India's diplomatic offensive has paid some dividends. But one must be cautious in estimating these gains. We should not overestimate these gains and underestimate the position of strength that Yahya Khan still retains. He is in deep waters, but he is not sinking. He has a range of choices. In con-

trast, India's choice is limited.

Choices are related to goals. Islamabad's goal is simple—territorial survival of Pakistan. India's goal is fuzzy. Is it a return of all the refugees? Is it restoration of democracy in East Bengal? Is it, as Yahya Khan and his clique charge, the break-up of Pakistan?

Territorial Integrity

In terms of Islamabad's goal, the issue of the territorial survival of Pakistan, seems to have received sympathy and support from a wide range of countries. In fact, the need for the unity of Pakistan is a theme that Islamabad has harped on constantly in course of its propaganda campaign and this has turned out to be a good siren song. It is clear now that the majority of Powers want to see Pakistan remain united and may even condone and forget the atrocities Yahya's army has committed in East Bengal. If Yahya's methods of suppressing the revolt in East Bengal were criticized, this criticism was either balanced off or overwhelmed by the concern for Pakistan's territorial integrity. An independent Bangladesh won quickly by liberation fighters might have been accepted as a fait accompli, but, now that the Pakistani army has apparently re-established a stranglehold on East Bengal, it is doubtful whether the fighters for Bangladesh can gain through political pressure from abroad what they could not achieve through force of arms.

A political compromise on East Bengal is, therefore, on the cards. What the shape of this compromise would be remains to be seen. It is obvious what Yahya Khan wants—certainly not an independent Bangladesh, not even a semi-autonomous State of East Pakistan, opening its doors to West Bengal, but a State controlled by Islamabad behind a facade of phoney autonomy and civilian rule.

It is politically, economically and internationally possible for Yahya Khan to achieve this end. Politically, he may well find Bengali "collaborators" capable of running a govern-

ment with minimal law and order. Economically, Pakistan has just about enough reserves to tide over the financial crisis in the next few months as it refastens its grip on East Bengal. Programmed aid of nearly \$200 million is already in the pipeline and this will not be fully used up for several months. As for international pressure, Islamabad can manipulate its relaxation by restoring a semblance of law and order. International pressure, it should be remembered, has been tentative, and given reluctantly. The U.S. for instance, has stated officially that its policy is not to cut off economic and military aid to Pakistan. Besides, Islamabad is not without friends. There is a continuing possibility of large-scale assistance to West Pakistan from China, Saudi Arabia, Iran and Jordan. Western aid can be covertly pipelined through other countries.

A stepped-up war of liberation in East Bengal can, of course, set at naught Yahya's plans. But, an objective analysis of the situation indicates that guerilla warfare in East Bengal may take time to mature and that it cannot hope to make its presence felt without large-scale assistance from across the border. India can, in this respect, keep Islamabad off balance for a long time to come. But whether a guerilla movement inside East Bengal can topple Yahya's rule in the near future is at best an open question.

The picture, in terms of a military solution of the problem of East Bengal, does not seem encouraging. Newspapermen may write indignant articles, East Bengali exiles may talk emotionally about "my golden Bengal", intellectuals and writers may write poems and articles, speakers may talk themselves hoarse. But all these will be anguished cries in vain.

All the parties involved in the crisis of East Bengal seem to be frozen in a trap. India saddled with refugees, but helpless to do anything about their return except in cooperation with Islamabad which is improbable; West Pakistan shakily ruling over a sullen East Bengal; exiles in West

Bengal futilely dreaming about their return, and intellectuals in West Bengal weaving fancies of a pan-Bengali camaraderie. All would be living in a Kafkaesque world of fantasy and fear, prisoners of their impotence and ambivalence.

Invasion from India can, of course, be a solution to the problem. It is unlikely, however, that New Delhi will embark on such an adventure. The alternatives are guerilla warfare or international pressure, the limitations of which are numerous. Is there any other way for the solution of the problem of East Bengal, a problem which hurts both Islamabad and New Delhi?

Selig Harrison, the *Washington Post* correspondent, has suggested a fourth way out of the impasse in which India, Pakistan and East Bengal find themselves. His plan is likely to create controversy in India. It is unlikely to be considered in the present state of Indian indignation at the Pakistani army's atrocities in East Bengal. But, alternative methods for the solution of the East Bengal problem are no less controversial; and, in any case, they do not seem to be working as well as expected by their protagonists. In terms of efficacy, Harrison's suggestion is no better or worse than other methods suggested for the solution of the problem.

Confederation

Harrison suggested in a long article published in the *New Republic*, (June 19) entitled "Nehru's Plan For Peace" that the only way peace in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent can be achieved is through a confederation involving four entities, India, Pakistan, Kashmir and East Bengal.

"Twice during his sickly last months, when he knew the end was near," Harrison wrote, "the late Prime Minister Nehru toyed with an ambitious idea for a comprehensive detente in South Asia. It was too ambitious for its time, but the East Bengal tragedy has given it new meaning and validity as a long-term alternative to the present prospect of multiplying Indo-Pakistan conflicts."

The essence of the Nehru plan, Harrison said, was his conviction that the Kashmir and East Pakistan problems are inseparable parts of the same large problem. Both are historical accidents, resulting from the hurried partition of 1947, Nehru believed, and both symbolized in differing ways the artificiality of the Pakistani "Two Nations" concept with its emphasis on Hindu and Moslem religious identity as the sole basis for the political structuring of the subcontinent.

"Nehru never publicly revealed his views on the future of East Pakistan limiting his overt diplomatic initiatives to the search for a Kashmir peace as the first phase in what he hoped would become a broader process of accommodation," Harrison wrote. "In off the record comments, however, he maintained during a memorable interview that a confederal relationship between India and Kashmir might help to promote a similar pattern between West and East Pakistan, setting the stage for a gradual movement toward an overall confederation between India, Pakistan and their smaller neighbors."

"Confederation remains our ultimate goal," Nehru told Selig Harrison. "Look at Europe, at the Common Market. This is the urge everywhere. There are no two peoples anywhere nearer than those of India and Pakistan, though if we say it, they are alarmed and think we want to swallow them."

Sheikh Abdullah is reported to have raised the idea of confederation to President Ayub Khan during the short period before Nehru's death when he searched for a compromise solution of the Kashmir problem. Ayub dismissed the proposal as "a trick to split Pakistan" since Nehru "knew very well" that even exploratory negotiations on the idea would fan the fires of Bengali separatism. Ayub's remarks made seven years ago indicate that the tensions between the two wings of Pakistan were already bad in the eyes of West Pakistani leaders.

Indira Gandhi, too, reacted sharply to her father's proposal of a confederation

when Harrison raised it during a recent interview in New Delhi. "We have been suggesting new starts all along, but their whole attitude seems so far from ours and so hostile," she said.

There is little chance of acceptance of the long-range Nehru plan for a confederation of different units in the subcontinent as a guideline for future policy. In the midst of present hostilities Nehru's plan may seem somewhat visionary; but it is a vision which takes into account the broad sweeps of historical forces operating in South Asia.

As Nehru discussed his visionary plan with Harrison, he seemed confident that both Srinagar and Dacca would find "advantages in retaining links with a large unit," as long as their internal autonomy was unfettered. Harrison reports that Nehru talked at length about the problem of reconciling local and national identities amid the complex social diversities of South Asia, "a patchwork, you know, ruling out oversimplified solutions that ignore the realities. The more we can have central directing instruments, the better for our development, but where the urge for autonomy is obsessive we must eventually accommodate it." In the Indo-Pakistan confederation of Nehru's conception, it might be necessary in special cases to have "interlocking confederations functioning within each country as well as between them. We must never be too rigid."

The logic of events seems to have taken both countries to a fork in the road—break-up of Pakistan, with liberal assistance from India, or a relaxation of tensions under the umbrella of the Nehru vision. Both roads are hard-going. This is all that can be said at this point of history.

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A Decisive Year ?

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

LIBERALS used to think that the sub-continent of Pakistan, India and Ceylon was free from revolution, that Pakistan was governed by 'gentlemen' from Sandhurst, and that India and Ceylon were model 'Westminster style' democracies following the British rules of the parliamentary game. Whereas in Pakistan, military rule, basic democracy and the economic 'miracle' were held up as examples for others to admire if not emulate, in India and Ceylon Nehru and Bandaranaike brand socialism in a parliamentary framework was thought of as the answer to bloody revolution. But 1971—the centenary year of the Paris Commune—will prove to be a historic year for these countries where already one sees the beginnings of armed liberation struggles. Suddenly the bourgeois dream of political stability, parliamentary democracy, and welfare state socialism has been shattered by violent upheavals.

The recent attempt take over State power by the young Ceylonese revolutionaries has led to a qualitative change in the situation on the sub-continent. The Bandaranaike socialism of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party (SLFP) stands exposed, along with the revisionist Marxism as preached by the pro-Moscow Ceylon Communist Party and the renegade Trotskyist Lanka Sama Samaja Party (LSSP), both of which have Ministers in the Bandaranaike Cabinet. The politics of coalition has led to disaster if not suicide for these 'Left' parties. As Dr Colvin R. de Silva (of the LSSP, once a revolutionary, now the Minister of Plantations) said on an earlier occasion, "The (Bandaranaike) SLFP is the alternative party of the Ceylon capitalist class...held in reserve by the capitalists and their foreign imperialist masters

—against the eventuality of the UNP going down in defeat before the masses". Winning a significant victory in May 1970, the United Front of SLFP, CP and LSSP defeated Dudley Senanayake's United National Party. The "parliamentary path to socialism" was ushered in. It proved a great flop. The economic crisis grew, unemployment increased and prices rose rapidly. None of the election promises regarding nationalisation, and other socialist measures were even attempted. Instead Ministers travelled abroad, MPs ordered new cars and the capitalist class realised that business was as before. Less than a year after the elections, Mrs Bandaranaike's government, when faced with a revolt of the Young Marxist-Leninists of the Janata Vimukti Peramuna (JVP), has embarked on a policy of genocide against the youth, aided and abetted by the 'Left' in the government! India may be faced with a similar crisis and will soon be doing the same on a grand scale.

In Ceylon today the parliamentary farce cannot last much longer. MPs can't face their electorates. "Did we vote for you, so that you could with foreign help—massacre us" is the constant refrain of an embittered population. The two Left parties in the government find their membership disintegrating either by desertions to the JVP or by demoralisation with United Front politics. The working class has been temporarily crushed and silenced by the 'Left' leadership. If the Colombo workers, a traditionally militant group, had joined the rural rebels, the revolution would have been a swift affair. Mrs Bandaranaike has effectively paralysed the workers by her coalition strategy.

The lesson the Ceylonese have learned is that the non-aligned pos-

ture of India and Ceylon is nothing but a hoax. Yahya Khan and Indira had no hesitation about the need to aid their friend Mrs Bandaranaike. Indian troops guarded the Bandaranaike Airport (as it is called) and kept watch on Pakistan planes that continued to refuel in Ceylon on their way to Bangladesh! One of the JVP slogans was against 'Indian expansionism'. People were not quite sure what it meant. Now they know India will police the Indian Ocean and prevent any red rebellions from getting out of hand. The imperialists have no cause to worry. India will do her duty. The impact of her swift supply to Ceylon of troops, ships and helicopters has caused great resentment. Didn't the British use Gurkhas and Pathans in Ceylon?

A joke doing the rounds illustrates the point. One of the most famous Sinhalese heroes is King Duttugemunu, who as a child was asked by his mother why he slept in a crouched position facing the wall. He replied, "Because the Tamil invaders are still in the North of Ceylon". Today's version is "Why do you sleep on your stomach with head down?" to which the boy replies, "because the Indian helicopters are overhead"!

The Ceylonese have also realised that the army and police of a Buddhist country behave no differently from Yahya Khan's bloodthirsty troops and India's police torturers. One was always taught that Ceylon was "different", that this blessed Island was Dharmadvipa where true Buddhism was preserved, where ahimsa, maitri, and karma reigned and where the Triple Gem of the Buddha, Dharma and Sangha were honoured and respected. It can never happen here, was the answer given to those who advocated revolution. But not only have the youth rejected traditional values, choosing to launch their attack on April 5, the sacred full moon day, (as Mrs Bandaranaike herself lamented) but what has also been more startling was the blood lust, brutality and sadism of the "Triple Gem" that now rules Ceylon—the

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Army, Navy and Police. The atrocities are unbelievable—summary executions in cemeteries, public executions of men and women 'insurgents', tortures of the most barbaric kind, mass arrest of young people (in cities and villages), killings at police stations, and shootings of captured 'insurgents' whose bodies are dumped into rivers.

The repressive nature of the State machinery is now clear for all to see. Ceylon can never return to "normal" life after the nightmare of excesses and atrocities that have taken place all over the island, which foreign correspondents, the International Red Cross and local lawyers and doctors have documented.

The revolution of Ceylonese youth of April 1971 is a historic event in many ways. It marks the first occasion in any country where youth as a group have taken to armed revolt. (The leaders are under 30, their followers mainly under 20). Ceylon has free education (including university) in swabhasha and as a result the population is 85% literate. But the educated youth find that they have no place in society. Events have shown that there is a real generation gap. It is seen in the rejection by the educated youth of all the pious humbug of the present system with its bogus nonviolent heritage, religious claptrap, phoney Left parliamentary politics and the myth of democratic socialism to be achieved by collaborating with the national bourgeoisie.

It has also shown that new models of revolution are in the making. The JVP who look to Marx, Lenin, Mao and Che as their inspirers do not follow a special 'Moscow' or 'Peking' line. They evolved a "short swift revolution," theory which they felt was applicable to the Ceylonese situation. The lack of urban support was a setback. However, political polarisation will now take place. A new leadership of the working class will emerge and a mass upsurge will begin. But the threat of right-wing military dictatorship is ever present. The next few months are therefore crucial for the country.

What Goes On In Jails : A Case Study

BY A CORRESPONDENT

MIDNAPORE, Alipore, Berhampur, Birbhum, Cooch Behar, Siliguri, Kurseong, Dum Dum—and now Alipore again. The list is long, the casualties have been severe. But the Naxalites are said to look upon the Dum Dum incident of May 14 as something unusual, both for the number of people killed and the daring and organisation involved in the escape attempt.

The most stringent security measures were adopted by the jail authorities at Dum Dum. Almost everyday the cells were searched for any tools which might help in jail-breaking. The inmates were regularly searched, sometimes to the extent of being forced to undress; even their meagre belongings were plundered by the warders.

May 14 was an interview day. Some of the Naxalites who were due to meet their relatives might have had a feeling that probably this was their last meeting, or else, they might meet again as free men outside the four walls.

As usual, at 5-23 p.m. the three groups of Naxalite prisoners went outside the railing to collect their rations, coal and firewood for the next day (Naxalite prisoners had to supervise their own kitchen; a measure on the part of the jail authorities to isolate them from the ordinary prisoners, to prevent indoctrination of the latter). At about the same time, following the daily schedule, the 200 odd lunatic patients, who are under treatment in Dum Dum jail, were being shifted from the cells to their barracks outside the railing. Naturally, the gate had to be opened. Two of the prisoners suddenly jumped on the gate warder and snatched his whistle to prevent an early warning to the sentries. Two nearby warders met with the same fate. Almost simultaneously, another group of ten

boys lifted the 14-ft-high gate from its open-type hinges and carried it to the 16-ft-high outer wall and then rested the gate against the wall, to use it as a make-shift ladder. All this happened within a split second. Naxalite prisoners from nearby cells crossed the railing and started scaling the wall in batches. As the first batch of seven just jumped outside, the whistle of an onlooking warder blew out as the first alarm. This was followed by a chorus of whistles from the warders and then finally the jail alarm started howling. The warders posted along the jail wall started running wildly. The armed sentries from outside rushed to the spot and started firing indiscriminately. The crowd around the gate dispersed and the sentries lowered the gate to the ground. By that time, at least 50 had made good their escape.

The Massacre

The place instantly turned into a battlefield. On one side there were the sentries and warders armed with iron rods and long sticks, their ranks swelled by that section of the convicts who act as henchmen of the jail administration; on the other side were about 150 Naxalite prisoners, most of them mere schoolboys, completely unarmed. At first, the boys tried to put up some resistance by throwing chunks of coal from the nearby stock. But they had to give up against heavy odds. The jail bloodhounds made a festival of the situation at the instigation of the Jailor. They started swinging their rods and long sticks at the unarmed boys. It was not to disperse but to kill them. One by one of the youths fell, their blood drenching the soil. But the beating continued on their unconscious bodies. Some died instantaneously, while others groaned in death agony. Even under these circumstances, the boys shouted slogans like "CPI(ML) Zindabad," "Comrade Mao Tse-tung Lal Salam," etc.

The jail creatures then rushed into the cells and dragged many a prisoner out to start it all over again. Fortu-

nately, some of the cells were locked as soon as the chaos started—a judicious action on the part of the sympathetic section of the warders. They could not actively oppose the massacre for fear of meeting with the same fate as the prisoners. But they did their best. Some tricked their blood-thirsty colleagues by shoving the injured boys into a nearby drain and pronouncing them dead, thus preventing further beatings and eventual death.

While the boys outside were dying, their compatriots inside the cells shouted slogans condemning the cowardly action. Some knocked their heads against the walls, some tried in vain to force open the cell doors, while others waited in utter impotence. They were joined in their condemnation of those atrocities by thousands of ordinary prisoners, who were full of wrath against the inhumanity of it all.

Meanwhile, those who were talking to their relatives in the interview room, were dragged out and mercilessly beaten in front of their nearest ones. The relatives and friends were also manhandled and physically forced out of the jail gate, lest they add to the number of witnesses to this unheard of bloodbath.

As the hours rolled on, and the jail alarm went on howling, by now almost monotonously, the warders started ransacking all possible hiding places inside the jail and dragged out the fugitives from their temporary refuge and hell was let loose on them.

Around 8 p.m., the jail alarm was stopped. Only now it occurred to the butchers that some sort of first aid should be given to the half-dead. They dragged the unconscious bodies lying on the ground to the jail hospital and stacked them on the verandah. Bodies from all corners of the jail compound were brought in. The doctor in charge of the night shift fainted. The convict-compounders shuddered at the sight of the mutilated bodies. The attackers started beating those who were still groaning or murmuring in delirium. This was too

much for the compounders. They protested but were silenced when threatened with the same fate. Some of the dying men were groaning for water. The thugs offered to urinate on their gaping mouths.

Even these brutes at last tired and left the place. By then some of the injured were beyond all earthly cure. However, the ten doctors and thirty convict-compounders fought another battle, quite different from that of the killers. But they were utterly under-equipped to cope with so many, fast deteriorating, most unusual patients. The doctors made a frantic appeal to the jail authorities to arrange immediate removal of all the injured to outside hospitals, on an emergency footing. This was rejected. However, on the insistence of the doctors the jail authorities at least agreed to shift some of the patients, but not all. The doctors were asked to select about 30 of the most injured from among 150. Finally 37 cases were sent to outside hospitals, as late as 3 a.m.

Meanwhile, of the 50 odd prisoners who had managed to escape, the last batch of eight were captured by the warders from nearby quarters alerted by the jail alarm. By the time they were brought inside the jail compound two of them had died. The rest were dragged to the hospital verandah.

The Corpses

Of those who were admitted to outside hospitals many died the same night, while some died the following day. The total number of deaths that could be accounted for rose to 32, contradicting the official figure of 17. No one except the jail authorities knows what happened to the 15 unaccounted corpses. Perhaps the long abandoned No. 10 cell and the garbage dump behind the hospital building may provide an answer. The following morning, this dump was found filled up. One point of interest is that all the deaths occurred as a result of intensive beat-

ing and none of the bodies bore bullet injuries.

On the 15th morning hundreds of relatives and friends of the Naxalite prisoners gathered in front of the jail gate. At last a representative fraction of them were allowed inside the jail. But this could not solve the problem of identification of the dead and even of some of the still unconscious boys. Many of the bodies were heaps of flesh and broken bones. The jail authorities asked the Naxalite prisoners to identify their comrades. But it was a most difficult task even for those who had shared the same cell with the dead. Of course the jail authorities found a novel way of accounting for the undeclared deaths, by putting the number of fugitives at an unknown X. Thus they were able to deceive many a relative.

As to the question who took part in the large-scale organised crime, one must not blame all the warders. Rather, a majority of the warders were sympathetic to the Naxalite prisoners for a number of reasons: the Naxalites were friendly towards the common prisoners. During the jail break the Naxalites didn't inflict any physical injury on the warders (the press report that a large number of warders were severely injured has no basis at all). Most of those who actively participated in the massacre were non-Bengalis having no social bonds with the locality. There exists a sharp contradiction between the Bengali and non-Bengali warders, which is utilised by the jail authorities to their own advantage. Recently, as a matter of policy to curb the growing unemployment problem in this state, most of the new recruits are being taken from the local population. This deprives the non-Bengali warders of their long-enjoyed privilege to bring in their relatives from home villages.

Finally, the jail authorities utilised a section of criminal convicts in the massacre, which was against the law. Such a precedence may have far-reaching consequences. These convicts are generally used for spying on the "disloyal" warders.

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All this created severe dissent among the majority of warders and they were against the atrocities. Ordinary prisoners condemned the massacre, as the Naxalite prisoners treated them well.

The participants in the massacre were a fascist squad carefully nurtured to cope with such eventualities. In fact, this faction controls everything inside the jail world.

The Jail World

Inside the jail there exists an unofficial economic system. The persons who derive profit from this system are the jail authorities and that faction of the warders and convicts who act as their henchmen. They constitute the vested interests of the jail world.

The main sources of profit are—the general kitchen, hospital kitchen, ration godown, milk supply and above all commissions from the contractors. A considerable quantity of the rations and diets finds its way into the outside market. These are also sold to the jail inmates. There one can have 10 eggs for one rupee, one kilogram of first-grade mutton for 3 rupees, one kilogram of mustard oil for about the same price. The “jail bourgeoisie are, at least, considerate about the purchasing capacity of the jail inmates.

The other major resource of the jail economy is the illegal traffic of ganja and liquor. Also gambling. Some criminal convicts have investments in these ventures as high as Rs 20,000. When they complete their jail term, they can live rather comfortably. The vested interests remain happy with their share from these enterprises and keep silent.

The most reliable people are given the different profitable jobs. Sometimes disputes arise among the warders on the division of jobs. Generally, the “efficient” ones get the key positions.

The jail authorities allow all sorts of perverse activities on the part of professional criminals. Thus, homosexuality gains access. This is another source of income for the vested

interests and they lend all sorts of help to this end, even to the extent of procurement of orphans from outside.

Thus, conceding these privileges to a section of warders and prisoners, the jail authorities succeeded in raising a fascist squad, which will remain ever loyal to the administration and could be used for all sorts of organised torture on political prisoners.

Those who participated in the May 14 massacre, didn't behave in the heat of the moment. Rather, everything they did was calculated and were for the satisfaction of their perverse sadistic mental set-up.

The Wagon-Breakers

A.P.M.

WAGON-breaking, somebody said, is an accepted profession in India. In fact, looking at the wagonbreaker-police collusion, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion. The police may not, however, have it their own way for long, because that very group of people who can dictate to the police, i.e. the businessmen, are sitting up, noticing things and are not even half liking what they are seeing.

A colliery owners' organization has prepared a confidential file on wagon-breaking. It contains cases of pilferage of coal in transit. It is evident from the file that the coal industry is seriously concerned about the extent of wagon-breaking that goes on in the Bengal-Bihar coal-fields and the obvious reluctance of the police to bring the culprits to book. As soon as a case of wagon-breaking occurs, the colliery concerned sends the relevant details to the police station under whose jurisdiction it has occurred. The information supplied usually include such details as names, ages, physical descriptions, addresses and occupations used as covers by culprits. Such information can be supplied without much difficulty because wagon-breakers sel-

dom take the trouble of disguising themselves while wagon-breaking; they are invariably local residents and they are as much active in daytime as at night. Besides, most loaded rakes are nowadays escorted by watch and ward staff employed by collieries. So, at the time of wagon-breaking, wagon-breakers usually come in contact with these people. As a matter of fact, only when watch and ward staff refuse to accommodate wagon-breakers despite temptations and threats, do wagon-breakings happen. This will be evident from the following case.

On March 7 this year, at about 5 p.m. two persons approached the watch and ward personnel of a colliery who were on duty to guard the fallen coal near the East Cabin of the Ukhra station and offered Rs 50 to them saying they should go away and let them remove the coal. When these men refused, the two men threatened to kill them during the night. After giving this information to the OC, Government Railway Police, Andal, on the following day, the security officer of the colliery concerned wrote: “We have been informed that other persons who opened the doors of the wagons and removed the coal are living close to the place of occurrence. Our men would be able to identify them as and when brought before them.”

That the wagon-breakers are never brought to trial and such identifications are never allowed to take place speak of the real state of affairs in the coal-belt. While there is obviously collaboration between the wagon-breakers and the police, there are wagon-breakers even among the police themselves. The following extract is an illuminating one: “...in accordance with the usual arrangement, we had sent on 8-4-71 our watch and ward personnel along with the rake of 35 coal wagons (Box) loaded at our siding in order to see its safe travel to Andal. The rake however was detained at Pandaveswar. We had instructed our watch and ward personnel to be vigilant. One of your RPSF staff then approa-

ched our watch and ward personnel in order to make a dishonest deal, to which our watch and ward staff did not agree. At this there was an exchange of words and your RPSF men assaulted our Sri Masi Rajbhar, one of our accredited watch and ward personnel. The matter was immediately reported to the stationmaster on duty." Then, the letter, addressed to the Divisional Superintendent, Eastern Railway, Asansol on April 13, makes an interesting comment: "Serious and open pilferage of coal from loaded wagons is taking place at Ukhra in which many influential persons are involved."

Normally, goods in transit would be the responsibility of the Railway Protection Force, maintained at the colossal expense of Rs 12 crores a year. But businessmen have long ceased to expect performance of this normal chore; therefore, the collieries are employing watch and ward staff to be with the loaded wagons. Even then, the tracks and the yards and their surrounding areas are under the jurisdiction of the RPF. The gravity of the situation can be gauged from the fact that the police are not prepared to do this job as well. Since they cannot say openly that they are not interested in catching the wagon-breakers, they maintain the show. The Superintendent of Police, Government Railway Police, Howrah, issued the following notice in December last year: "Specific complaints may be lodged in the GRPS immediately after the occurrence to enable the GRP to take up investigation and to take suitable action against the pilferers. Effective action is not possible without the specific cases. O/C, Andal, has, however, been instructed to hold frequent raids in the areas. As the loaded wagons are guarded by the RPF men, the matter may also be brought to the notice of the RPF authority for taking suitable action."

No Action

The following case will adequately prove that despite fulfilling all these requirements, the police are not tak-

ing any action at all. On March 4 this year at about 7 a.m., certain wagons were drawn from the siding of a colliery and the rake was on its way to Andal from Pandaveswar. Just when the rake was nearing the East Cabin at Ukhra, it stopped. A gang of coal pilferers consisting of about 30 persons armed with deadly weapons was already there, obviously awaiting its arrival. Some of them opened the doors of the two box wagons and others got up on the box wagons and started throwing down the coal. The watch and ward men escorting the rake tried to prevent the wagon-breakers but stopped doing so when they were threatened. The gang removed about two truckloads of coal. It was later found that the rake was stopped by grease rubbed on the track. The letter in which this report was made to the O/C, GRP, Andal concluded: "One of the leaders of the gang is strongly built, dark complexion with heavy moustache. He is said to be... He is running a coal depot near the Allahabad Bank, Ukhra."

Another colliery in a letter to the DIG Police, Traffic & Railways, West Bengal, dated May 31, 1971 wrote as follows: "On 19-5-71 at about 10-50 a.m. when our Head Security Guard was going along the railway track toward Kajoram longing all the time that the Pilot would pass safely, to his surprise he found that (1) Mangla Muchi, (2) Sona Bauri, (3) Md. Jahur, (4) Samsul Haq, (5) Gorkha Majhi, (6) Digam Bauri, (7) Fuchia Hain and (8) Mela Nepali were standing on the top of the wagons and were throwing coal on either side of the tracks when the train was standing on the coal pilot section. The miscreants fled... on the sight of our Head Security Guard."

That the entire police set-up may be in the game can be suspected from the following letter a mining association wrote to Mr Gulzarilal Nanda, the then Railway Minister, in April last year. "The Federation in its letter dated April 8, 1970", it wrote, "reported to the Superintendent of

Police, GRP, Howrah, that pilferage of coal lifted from the wagons at Damoda North and South Sidings is stored at Gopal Danga situated near Damoda North Assisted Siding where such coal is burnt and converted into soft coke and sold out and requested him to look into the matter and take necessary action. The SP by his memo dated 16-4-70 thanked and stated that 'the matter is receiving my best attention.' But surprisingly enough, the SP after more than a month stated in another memo dated 22-5-70, 'the matter may be referred to the Additional SP, Asansol, as the areas fall under his jurisdiction. No such incident was also reported to the GRPS.'

The association naturally was curious to know why the matter received in the first place, which lasted more than a month, the SP's best attention. It is more than probable that the SP, in his preliminary investigation, found so many skeletons in the police cupboard that in his second thoughts he regained wisdom and closed the case. Even an SP has his limits.

Indian Symphony : A Baffled Dream

H. CHAKRABORTY

HARMONISED composition in Indian airs was attempted as early as the mid-nineteenth century by Promodekumar Tagore, son of Sir Sourindramohan Tagore of Pathuriaghata. The joint ventures of Kshetramohan Goswami of Vishnupur and Raja Sir S. M. Tagore did not meet with much success. The brass-band of the native court of Mysore (so vehemently deplored by the late Anand Coomarswami in his *Essays In National Idealism*) did not succeed in inspiring the evolution of the requisite families of orchestral instruments of Indian music. The hand-party spirit, however, spread with the establishment of the Natio-

nal Theatre in Calcutta in 1872. After the establishment of the Minerva Theatre towards the close of the last century Calcutta's theatrical concert found its conductor in a wandering youth named Alauddin Khan of Tippera. But the young conductor-composer was too ambitious to remain stuck to the baton of the theatre and his musical quests sooner brought him to the door of the great Vazir of the native court of Rampur, a descendant of Mian Tansen in the daughter's line. His inclusion in the first troupe of Shankar as music director was, therefore, a foregone conclusion. He was succeeded by a young sarod student of his own, Timirvaran, who wielded the conductor's baton in the Euro-American tours of the Shankars in the thirties. This post was taken up by Vishnudas Shirali when the Shankars set out to make their first (and the last) musical movie in the late forties.

The rise of the talkies in Bengal towards 1931 had set up the now-defunct orchestra of the New Theatres which used to provide background music to the Bengali and Hindi films of the NT. The troupe included so many European instruments that it would be a contradiction in terms to call it an Indian orchestra. There was another semi-European orchestra troupe in the His Master's Voice which was more often hired by the movie companies lacking an orchestra of their own. For others there were the bands of the Firpo's, the Great Eastern's and the Grand's. The music provided by such bands was doubtless of the type of so-called European band music. Ustad Alla-uddin had in the meantime joined the Myhar Band.

Orchestration of Indian airs was attempted towards 1934 by a pair of theatrical directors, Madhu Bose and Timirvaran, in their joint dramatic ventures of *Ali Baba* and *Vidyutparna* under the banner of the Calcutta Art Players (C.A.P.). Use of Indian airs and instruments in the talkies was pioneered by another young music director, Mr R. C. Boral, son of the late Lalchand Boral of

Central Calcutta. But the so-called Anglo-Indian bands continued to be at the beck and call of such movie-makers of Calcutta as were unable to build up the nucleus of an Indian orchestra. Timirvaran's orchestra work was announced with much fanfare in *Rajnartaki* of the Bose couple, which I remember to have seen on repeated occasions. There were good melodies and tempos played in unison but, alas, no orchestra in the European sense of the term. The subsequent cinematic ventures of the Boses, the music of which Timirvaran was called upon to compose and conduct, did not cause one to revise this opinion. His orchestra pieces in *Lalita Gouri* and *Iman-Kalyan* were enjoyable *gat* played in unison—not real orchestration.

Liberation of Bangladesh

The symphony orchestra on the liberation of Bangladesh composed by Suresh Sangit Samsad at the Kalamandir in aid of the refugees from Bangladesh aroused afresh the good old controversy between harmony and melody. There was a spree of orchestral compositions in connexion with the Tagore centenary in 1961-62 by no less persons than Pt. Ravishankar (*Nirjharer swapnabhanga*), Vishnudas Shirali, Timirvaran (*Sishu-tirtha*), V. Valsara (*Devatar Gras*), Jnanprokash Ghosh (Tal-vadya-katcheri) etc. which were received with amazingly contradictory judgments. Some were easily taken in by the idea that the stumbling block to the evolution of the Indian orchestra had at long last been removed while others adamantly stuck to their previous conclusion that Indian orchestra would continue to remain an elusive mirage as long as the natural scale remained the basis of Indian orchestral music instead of the tempered diatonic scale as in the West.

It has been a sad experience for all that the historical rise and evolution of the different instrument-families and their classification according to their respective pitch and timbre quality has been totally ignored by our

orchestra composers and directors. This gradation and classification arose out of the polyphonic chorus in middle-age Europe and were arranged according to the basic differences in the human voice viz., male: bass, baritone and tenor; female: alto, contralto and soprano; and minor boys' voice. Look at the violin family—the main pitch stages are represented by the cello, the viola and the violin. Similarly, members of the woodwind family are also divided into three pitch stages; the same applies to the case of the brass-band such as the trumpet, the horn, the trombone and the tuba. Even the percussion-family is ranged into tenor, baritone or bass drums over and above the kettle drums, the triangles, the tambourines and the side-drums.

The usual size of a symphony orchestra is 106, divided into the first violins 18, second violins 16, violas 12, cellos 12, double basses 9, flutes 4, piccolo 1, oboes 4, English horn 1, French horn 1, clarinets 4, bass clarinet 1, bassoons 4, contra-bassoon 1, horns 5, trumpets 4, trombones 4, tuba 1, harp 1, timpani 1, drum 1, bass-drum 1, kettle-drum 1 and tambourine 1 plus piano and the organ and such other effect instruments as the bombardon, the thunder-machine etc. besides vocal choruses. An ordinary symphony orchestra is seldom less than 90.

The most important point in a full-fledged symphony is not so much the number or kind of instruments employed as the mode and manner of using them in bringing out the emotional effect and the dramatic content and the emotive impact of the subject matter in course of fully exploiting the harmonic potential of the given scale through the creation of the possible chords and counter-points. Needless to point out that all these instruments (and voices—where employed) do not play or sing the same sonata composition in unison as done in Indian instrumental music—it is a complex and variegated organisation resembling a

modern military organisation where the success of an operation is dependent on the faultless synchronisation even of the humblest hands: all the hands aim at the same outcome, each moving in his own different and individual direction. Establishing a musical order out of this seeming disorder and employing these divergent instrumental groups playing conflicting combinations and melodies at different pitches in producing a meaningful musical harmony is the task of the symphony composer as well as its conductor. It goes without saying that the outcome of this synchronised endeavour is neither simple modal melody nor plain song nor any equivalent of the Indian *Masidkhani* or the *Rezakhani gat*. Ustad Alauddin came to the profound conclusion that orchestra in the raga music was an impossible proposition and gave up the leadership of the Myhar Band in good time. Pt Ravishankar also followed suit.

Western orchestra in any form is farthest from what is denoted by the Indian terms *Oikatan* (unison) or *Vrindavan* (unison concert) or the so-called concert of the Anglo-Indian bands. These forms resemble one another in their common characteristic of unison playing,

The troupes presented (1) the *Vandemataram* composed and recorded in 1939, (2) Invocation to the presiding deity of music and (3) *Manbhanjan* based on the Radhakrishna mythology. After the interval came the *magnum opus*—the symphony on the liberation of Bangladesh. Of the fifty and odd hands requisitioned in the performance about eighteen are of European origin including xylophone (1), cello (2), double bass (1). The fourteen violins commissioned in the prime opus were not divided into 1st and 2nd ones and the leading role was not assigned to them. Instead, the plucking instruments were called upon to bear the brunt of the operation which runs counter to all accepted canons of orchestral arrangements. In any symphony composition it unquestionably is assigned to the bowing-instrument family.

Next comes the brass-band; even the woodwind is used very sparingly.

Tal-Vadya-Katchery

As a result, it was not bad sarod and sitar playing in unison concert almost always using the same key and scale. Two popular songs, namely, *Amar Sonar Bangla* and *Moder Garab Moder Asha* (Atulprosad) were sung by the vocal choir in unison. There was little change of scale and rhythm. There was a predominant bias for *raga* and *tala* which is scarcely compatible with the symphony sense.

It was good Indian concerto in the age-old unison tradition performed tolerably efficiently excepting the vocal troupe, some of which were unbearably out of tune. There was so little harmony and so less counterpoint, the percussions getting such an upper hand that at times it resembled the South Indian *Tal-Vadya-Katchery* rather than a symphony in its true sense. A symphony orchestra is anything but unison *gat* of Indian music.

After a hundred years of the publication of the harmonised notations of the late Krishnadhan Banerjee and those of the Tagores of Pathuriaghata it is lamentably perplexing that our orchestra composers have not made up their minds as to whether they will go the Western way whole hog or stick to the *alap* and *gat* tradition of Indian music; whether they will substitute the Indian natural scale by the tempered diatonic scale of the West; whether they will continue to be obsessed by the *raga-tala* bias inhibited by chord, counterpoint and harmony of Western music or cut an entirely new path for Indian orchestra. I could not realise the utility of singing the Tagore song without harmony and of playing the same tune as a plain-song melody. Evidently, our orchestral virtuosos have learnt little from the musical experiments of Tagore. God only knows when they will grow wiser.

Perhaps the sponsors themselves do not believe in the referential aspect of Indian music which was amply exemplified by the fact that

not content with the tonal descriptions of the happenings in Bangladesh the sponsors projected picture-slides on the back screen, as if otherwise the audience would not be able to follow the musical sequence of events which is little compliment to the minimum sensibility of the audience.

To sum up—it was a commendable experiment, although not quite a success, towards bringing about an orchestra of Indian airs by means of Indian musical instruments. But before engaging in such pursuits one would be better advised to develop the bowing, blowing and brass instruments of India according to the gradations of the human voice. The composer would have derived better effect in depicting the rebellious mood of the language movement by means of the bass tuba and the contra-bassoon and the sad tone after the tornado by means of the base clarinet and trumpet. It was, however, an advance from the success attained in *Rajnartaki*. It was good unison concert in which some European instruments were admitted but not a truly Indian symphony orchestra which still awaits the rise of the Indian instrument-families graded according to the pitch stages of the human voice.

All things said and done one thing remains to be noted to the credit of the composer: after Tagore, Shankar and the IPTA Timirvaran is the lone musical composer who has promptly reacted to his contemporaneous reality. That is a great thing vis-a-vis the superstition-ridden traditions of Indian music from where contemporary reality has remained banished till today; therefore, hats off to him.

The role of a conductor in a symphony orchestra is something more than a prompter's. A good conductor not only directs the hands but also infuses life into the printed notes. In this respect the youngest (Mr Indranil Bhattacharyya, I presume) gave a good account of himself as a budding conductor. He really bids fair to be a good one in the future if only he takes this profession seriously. Still, the appointment of three conductors

simultaneously was wholly pointless. Even for Mahler's *Symphony for a thousand* only one conductor has been thought enough. The composer in his long *toga* with the baton in hand impressed me very little (why not do as the Romans while in Rome? Of course I did not go to see a Toscanini in Mr Timirvaran.

An Ordinary Bond

MRIGANKA SEKHAR RAY

THE secret agent with a licence to kill is again on the go and in *Love And How To Make It* he is of the Nordic variety, a kind of Danish James Bond minus the man-about-town look. In fact he is quite an ordinary looking fellow who could easily be passed off as an innocent commercial traveller. But appearances are deceptive and beneath the meek exterior is hidden a man of steel who can match up to Bond both in physical prowess and amorous exploits. He is pitted against a maniac who by kidnapping a major representative of an International Peace Conference poses a serious threat to the world. The accent is on the funnier side of things with some well-assimilated fragments of the crazy comedies of the slapstick era. There is also a good bit of lampooning of the usual gadget-laden spy films, but often the satire loses its edge and the spoof becomes a part of the genre.

Vincente Minelli's charm as a director of romantic musicals comes back in flashes in *On A Clear Day You Can See Forever* and both players, Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand perform with a delicate but well-maintained balance of gusto and poise. Streisand is Daisy, a fag-crazy girl who comes to Montand for curing her excessive smoking. In course of the psychoanalysis during the hypnotic spells, it transpires that she is a case of reincarnation who can recall her past lives and foresee the future ones. The story

is told with a perfect mixture of fun and seriousness with swift shifts between the past and the present whereas the future is never revealed in visuals. The songs, though few, are well sung and the simple poetry of Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics, the visual grandeur of Cecil Beaton's decor coupled with Minelli's masterly handling of the sequences recreate the halcyon days of the American musical.

Bangladesh on Celluloid

Since the nightmarish events of March 25, when the army was let loose on the people of Bangladesh, some people somewhere were trying to capture the things on celluloid. The first to reach us were some TV sequences on the initial Yahya-Mujibur talks which were just a sort of impersonal record. Then some brave cameraman managed to smuggle out a 16 mm coverage on the Awami League movement and some scenes of the subsequent carnage. Then our Films Division came to the fore and sought to prepare a chronological reportage of the Bangladesh situation. They have done excellent work and almost all the Bangladesh newsreels are brilliant examples of cinema-verite news-photography. Obviously, the combat scenes and the operations are not there, but there is the throbbing sense of the emotional upheaval and of course, the inevitable genuine human touch, not the faked, staged type of thing that generally vitiates government-sponsored news-coverage. The Films Division has now concentrated on the refugee problem and is trying to issue weekly news-magazines devoted to the refugees. The reporting is quite objective and there are no attempts either to gloss over the difficulties or to blow the government horn. The Films Division has at last come to the moment of truth; let's hope it faces up to it.

While the Films Division itself has been doing sincere and commendable work in its focus on Bangladesh, a recent film *And There Flows Padma Mother* (made by Ritwik Ghatak and

released by the Films Division) puts a stigma on its remarkable achievements in this sphere. This film is made without the minimum understanding of the problem and the spontaneous feelings are lost in a welter of sentimental slush. A compendium of unrelated, badly-photographed and pointless shots with Bombay film-starts lurking in between, with Biswajit as the freedom-fighter and Nargis as the archetypal mother, this film is a curious hodge-podge of infantile socio-political philosophy dished out with corny symbolisms and outdated techniques with the screen becoming blood-red in the end in an orgy of garish monochrome.

Clippings

Ambassador Among Tupamaros

A newspaperman (on behalf of Prensa Latina) arrives at the unconquerable bastion where the Tupamaros have been holding Geoffrey Jackson, British Ambassador to Uruguay, since January 8 and obtains the first interview since his capture.

...The author of this interview says:

When the bag is removed from my head and replaced with a hood, I can breathe better, and for the first time I notice a man lying on his stomach. He is rather hefty and on the tall side, wearing blue shorts and a pink shirt. Barefooted, he is sleeping on a rustic bunk, the bottom one of the two in this unique cell of the Tupamaros. It is cell 10, with a picture of Jose Gervasio Artigas on one side.

...On the other side of the wall is another prisoner, Dr Guido Berro Oribe, Uruguay's Attorney General. He is in cell nine. He is not news, since he has done a lot of talking to the People's Tribunal of the Tupamaros.

The three Tupamaros—wearing hoods—who brought me to cell 10 make themselves comfortable. One sits at the foot of the bed with a tape recorder; another sits on the floor with a notebook, ready to take notes; and the third sits behind me and pulls over a small bench. He is next to the one with the tape recorder, who says, "You can turn around, Ambassador."

The man does so and sits on the bed in front of me. It is difficult to recognize him behind the beard and red moustache which have grown in these three months. doesn't seem to be worried, though perhaps a bit surprised and with something in his eyes that reveals a desire for communication with this new arrival, the first newspaperman to visit him in the hidden people's jail where the Tupamaros are holding him. This chance to talk to someone who has come from the world outside, to hold a conversation which will be different from the one he has maintained with his guards during these endless days, is very important to him.

L.M.: Mr Ambassador, are you willing to grant an interview to the international press?

G.J.: I have no objection.

L.M.: Let's talk about your life, about your prison conditions and how the time passes here.

G.J.: You mean my way of living?

L.M.: Exactly.

G.J.: Well, since the kidnapping I have been suspended in time and space. I don't have the slightest idea of what time or day it is. I wake up, eat, read and go to sleep again, and this has developed into a kind of routine for me. For example, I don't know when I'm having breakfast or lunch.

L.M.: How's the food they give you?

G.J.: Well, it seems quite nourishing, and I eat it with pleasure.

L.M.: What kind of food is it?

G.J.: Food with a high protein content.

L.M.: Meat?

G.J.: There was a time when I ate a lot of meat. I notice now that

I'm eating more carbohydrates. The reason is probably that I've lost weight and they're trying to make me regain it.

L.M.: Have you received any medical attention to check on your state of health?

G.J.: Yes, they've given me medical care. I've been visited by a doctor two or three times for a general checkup.

L.M.: Do you get any physical exercise?

G.J.: I have changed a bit, but, I follow a Canadian method: you bend your body and end up by running in place. This is equivalent to running a great distance and replaces normal daily movement.

L.M.: Are you hot here?

G.J.: Sometimes, yes, but there are several electric fans in the room—you can hear the noise they make—which make it unbearable.

L.M.: You told me you were reading. What are you reading? Have you asked for any book in particular? Have they gotten it for you?

G.J.: Yes, they've helped a lot with my reading. I like things that can be read over and over. I've read all of *Quixote* and Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, and they've gotten me the complete works—in English of a writer I can reread with great satisfaction: Oscar Wilde. And many other books. Right now I'm reading *100 Years of Loneliness*, an excellent novel.

L.M.: Aren't you reading any essays on Latin America? I understand you are an expert in Latin-American affairs.

G.J.: Oh, that depends on what you mean by an expert. Yes, it is a subject I've always been interested in. I read a lot on Latin America. . .

L.M.: What is your opinion on these general problems of Latin America, about which we spoke, in Uruguay in particular?

G.J.: Uruguay will be a privileged country in Latin America. It is one of the few countries in the world which has enough room for all and the possibility to feed all its people.

L.M.: Why hasn't this potential been realized? What are the factors that block its development?

G.J.: Excuse me: this talk is very interesting, but answering your question would mean taking political positions not allowed me as British Ambassador in Uruguay. I am officially accredited to the government of this country, in representation of my own, and I prefer to remain in the framework of my position. I believe you will understand. . .

L.M.: I would like you to tell us about the kidnapping what it was like from your point of view.

G.J.: Well, it. . . I don't mean to say that the Tupamaros are a blind force—quite the contrary—but, when I was kidnapped, it was like being hit by the blind force of nature, like a flash of lightning, for example. In just a few seconds, my life was completely changed. It was very curious that I took everything very calmly. I immediately thought of several things, what my wife's reaction would be, what my situation would be, and said to myself, well, now I have to take a philosophical attitude towards all this. I must say it wasn't agreeable, for there was a great deal of confusion, but, well, that's all over now, thank God.

L.M.: How did the kidnapping take place?

G.J.: We were nearing my office, which is located in a section of Montevideo where I felt this kind of thing would be impossible, because I had never been able to pass through those streets without being blocked at least half a dozen times by the normal traffic. But they did it. My car was hit by a truck. My driver asked, "What now?" A group of young men jumped out of the truck carrying "ferros." They entered the car and removed my driver, replacing him with a Tupamaro. The street was empty, I don't know if the Tupamaros had used other cars to block the access routes, but we left the place at a terrific speed, making a great deal of noise with a torn fender.

L.M.: If you knew that the Tupamaros had carried out a series of

kidnappings, had you ever considered the possibility that you might be kidnapped?

G.J.: Yes, of course; I think all diplomats are concerned with this: it is a very concrete possibility.

L.M.: Did you discuss this with other diplomats?

G.J.: We talked about it a great deal: I think all of them considered the possibility of being kidnapped by the Tupamaros, although none had been kidnapped yet. But it was clear that one of us would be the first. Each thought he could be the first. And, well, what can you do, I turned out to be the first.

L.M.: What is your opinion of the motives of your kidnapers?

G.J.: It's hard for me to answer your question. I haven't received any information since I was kidnapped. I don't know what has happened, what the National Liberation Movement has asked for in exchange for me and what the reactions of the Uruguayan Government and my government have been. That is why anything I say would just be guesswork.

L.M.: Perhaps my question wasn't clear enough. The Tupamaros probably had other motives for kidnapping you, other than just what they will ask for in exchange for you and the reaction of the two governments. What do you think these motives are, and what is your opinion of them?

G.J.: I always felt it was some kind of an exchange. A hostage is a hostage. But I am not aware of what is being discussed in the negotiations.

L.M.: What do you expect your government will do?

G.J.: Everything possible to help get me out of this situation.

L.M.: And the Uruguayan Government? Remember that, in other cases, President Pacheco Areco has refused to negotiate with the Tupamaros.

G.J.: Yes; but, as I told you, I have no idea of what the reaction of the Uruguayan Government has been.

L.M.: But you consider these negotiations desirable?

G.J.: Well, of course, I don't expect to have to spend the rest of my

life here.

L.M.: Perhaps another way out would be if the police found this hiding place.

G.J.: Really? I don't know if that would be a way out.

L.M.: What kind of a relationship do you have with your guards?

G.J.: We try to maintain a system of live-and-let-live which at least transforms what could be a hell into a purgatory. We understand each other rather well.

L.M.: How do you understand each other?

G.J.: As I said, it is a very acceptable relationship, and, in my opinion, a very normal one. They are a part of the same situation, but with certain degrees of difference, and we have to work out a kind of *modus vivendi*. If not, life would be impossible, and it would be impossible to share a joke or listen to music together.

L.M.: That happens?

G.J.: Yes, of course.

L.M.: British humour, proof against everything.

G.J.: Yes, British humor, but Uruguayan, too.

L.M.: Can you recall any specific example of this?

G.J.: Oh, yes, I remember the first time they served a good cup of tea, and I started to sing. We have a song in England, "A Nice Cup of Tea in the Morning."

L.M.: Sing it, Ambassador.

G.J.: Oh, I don't know if...

L.M.: Sing it.

G.J.: I like a nice cup of tea in the morning;

I like a nice cup of tea with my tea;

And when I go to bed

There's a lot to be said

For a nice cup....

My voice really isn't very good, but I recall that when I sang it that day I did so with great satisfaction: it was a good cup of tea. It was the first time I laughed and the ice was broken...

L.M.: From what you tell me, this is not the classical relationship between a prisoner and his guards.

G.J.: The thing is, I'm dealing

with intelligent people who understand my situation and do everything possible to make it easy for me. Given the material limitations here, I think they do everything possible to make life bearable for me...

L.M.: Perhaps the fact that you're being held, that you've been kidnapped, may have made you change your opinion about a number of things, made a reappraisal of a number of things.

G.J.: This is certainly a new experience for me. And, in my opinion, this business of kidnapping won't last, either. I think it's just another fad, like the miniskirt or the maxiskirt.

L.M.: Mister Ambassador, aren't you expressing political opinions now? For the Tupamaros, kidnapping is a method of revolutionary struggle, yet you compare it to a miniskirt. Let's play fair. If you want to express political opinions with respect to the kidnapers, that's fine with me, but then I must ask you to answer my other questions on that subject.

G.J.: It really wasn't my intention.

L.M.: What I was trying to tell you is that, at the beginning, this kidnapping must have been something absurd to you, something, as you said, out of the blue. Later, however, according to your statements, you were treated very kindly by your kidnapers—a sign that they don't have anything against you. In turn, you have proved to be a rational person with an analytical mind, which makes it logical to suppose that you're trying to find the reason for your kidnapping somewhere else. Have you come to any conclusions?

G.J.: Well, there could be a number of reasons. The problem is, just how much of my analysis is subjective? For example, the Tupamaros don't impress me as being sadistic, as deliberately wanting to hurt me; but, at the same time, neither do I get the impression that they're too sentimental...It could be that they view me with a strictly clinical eye. I have the feeling that I'm sort of a guinea pig for the Tupamaros: the

first ambassador they've had a chance to study. It's quite difficult for me to arrive at definite conclusions at this point, but I've been able to come to a number of conclusions on the type and mentality of a young Tupamaro, something I'd not been able to do before.

L.M.: What are these conclusions?

G.J.: For example, they're hard workers, dedicated and dynamic. They're completely dedicated, but I, who belong to another generation, who've had a different kind of education, would like to see them more openminded, deliberately willing to search for proofs to oppose to their beliefs. Perhaps their attitude is due to youth, and maybe, in five or ten years, they may turn their thoughts in that direction.

L.M.: I beg your pardon, I didn't quite understand the last part of your statement.

G.J.: I mean that a Tupamaro is a Tupamaro. He's entirely dedicated to his views. And I ask myself if that isn't part of the typical enthusiasm of youth. And I think that, let's say, a 20-year-old Tupamaro isn't interested in reading anything that might go against his beliefs.

L.M.: What makes you say that?

G.J.: No, I'm not saying this as a fact. I'm just wondering, trying to guess....

L.M.: Wouldn't you say that it's a case of an organization which has arrived at a definite political line and a methodology that follows what could be taken as an objective analysis of the situation in the country—which presupposes a confrontation of opinions—and that the organization's revolutionary action is based on that analysis?...

G.J.: I look upon it as something that is, to say the least, very honest, very ethical, this matter of going through with it to the very end, in keeping with their sincere convictions. Oh, and another thing that should be pointed out: their intentions. That is very important, because if they did what they are doing just for the sake of profit or personal

ambition, that would be ignoble...

L.M.: Looking at it from their point of view, then, would you justify your kidnapping considering the contribution the Tupamaros want to make to their cause by kidnapping you?

G.J.: From the very beginning, I've been of the opinion that they made a tactical error by kidnapping me. I can't see what they can gain by it—and I've given this plenty of thought—that they couldn't gain some other way. Yet, for all I know, I may be wrong, since I'm too personally involved in the matter.

L.M.: You could try a preliminary analysis: your being a prominent figure no doubt creates a serious problem for the Uruguayan Government, and your kidnapping has had international repercussions: a representative of Great Britain is being held by the Tupamaros. From the Tupamaros' tactical point of view, this has some importance.

G.J.: As I said before, it is something without precedent in Uruguay. We'll see how it all ends up. I think that I'm caught in the middle of the intransigence of two sides. That accounts for my being here.

L.M.: It'd be better if we didn't speak about one of those sides—President Pacheco Areco's intransigence—since you've told me that opinions of this sort would only compromise you. As to the intransigence of the Tupamaros, wouldn't it be understandable on the basis of what you, yourself, said about dedication to a cause and the selection of a methodology that resulted in your kidnapping?

G.J.: Yes, that's true. They're revolutionaries, completely dedicated to their cause, and my kidnapping, in their opinion, could be of value to them. But I ask myself if my kidnapping rather than being really useful to them, isn't detrimental to the image of the movement.

L.M.: The Government of Uruguay was responsible for your safety, wasn't it?

G.J.: Yes, it was, and still is.

L.M.: And, in this case, has it been able to provide you with such

safety?

G.J.: Evidently not.

L.M.: Why not?

G.J.: Because of the existence of a movement which has proved that it was capable of kidnapping me, of busting a rotten egg right in the Government's face. And they've done it.

L.M.: Wouldn't that be another proof of the Tupamaros' strategy to show that there are two powers in Uruguay and that, therefore, since there are the regime's jails, there are also what they call the people's jails, like the one you're in now?

G.J.: Evidently. I agree with you about its being a demonstration of power.

L.M.: Mister Ambassador, thank you for your kindness in granting me this interview. Would you like to say something else?

G.J.: I would like to avail myself of this opportunity to send a warm, friendly message to the personnel in my office and my home and, naturally, to my family and to my Home Office in London, which must be trying to help me out of this situation. (From *Granma*, Havana. Abridged.)

Letter

Naxal Land

I would like to say that the ideas expressed by Mr Roy (June 19, 1971) prove his political identity. However, as a resident of one such zone I may be allowed to call these so-called liberated zones as nothing but a paradise for hooligans. Murder, bomb throwing, intimidation of local people for money and other crimes are done freely and the police pay no need to these thuggeries. All these are being perpetrated in the name of revolution or agricultural revolution (though there is no agricultural activity within ten miles of the locality). People who speak highly of these activities in our locality represent the political party of the ruling class and their other faithful agents.

ARUN KR. SEN
Cossipore, Calcutta

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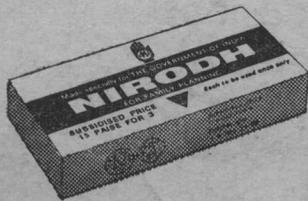
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