

# MAN KIND

FDR. EDR. DR. RAM MANOHAR LOHIA

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1. The Mohenjo-daro Shyamali

## SARASWATI CULTURE

On the front cover and back cover of this issue of *Mankind*, we have printed nine illustrations that are representatives of Saraswati/ Indus Civilization of India that stretched from c.2750 BC to 1250 BC. We have selected

1: The Mohenjo-daro Shyamali

2—5: Four seals

6—9: The four figures of the Daimabad hoard.

1. The Mohenjo-daro Shyamali is a 10.2 cms or 4 1/2 inch, magnificent miniature bronze statuette of, in all probability, a black tribal dancer. We have called it the Mohenjo-daro Shyamali after the site where it was found.

The Indian canon of beauty has undergone three transformations. The earliest ethos was of Shyamali, the black one. After that came Champavarni or Kanchanvarni, the yellow one. And finally, the erotic fantasies became centered upon Gauri, the fair one.

Shyamali is still with us, the beautiful black tribal damsel, richly ornamented with bangles, ear-rings, nose-rings, finger and toe-rings, necklaces and *mekhals* or waist-bands. They are still dancing all over the country, in the forests and little hamlets at the

(Contd. Inside Cover)



2. Unicorn



3. Bull



4. Siva



5. Three headed Animal



# MANKIND

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## ( Contd. From Cover )

edges of forests wherever slash and burn agriculturists have cleared a plot of ground, and where the tribals are drumming and singing, clapping their hands and stamping their feet with innocent abandon.

Champavarni is also there, in the North-East and along the Himalayan foothills possibly belonging to the tribe of Pandu, the progenitor of the Pandavas of *Mahabharata*. Pandu is supposed to have suffered from a mysterious disease. Leprosy, leucoderma, STD and such other maladies have been conjectured for Pandu, but the simple explanation is that he was just pale and yellow-tinted. He retired to the forests in the North-West, when he was denied his birth right by the Kurus, a well-known tribe of the Vedic period. Pandu lived quite long with both his wives Kunti and Madri. He died only after an orgasmic ecstasy that he experienced at the end of a sexual encounter with Madri. We cannot go into too many details of the mythological tales, but it was a sexually permissive period, for Kunti had a pre-marital child, three kids after marriage with Pandu, and she gave the opportunity to the younger consort to conceive twice before the fatal liaison of the latter with Pandu.

We do not know exactly when the erotic ethos turned in favour of fairness. Krishna was black and so was Draupadi, who became the wife of all the five Pandavas. But Parvati, Shiva's consort, was Gauri, which actually became one of the names of the Goddess. But another form of the primal Shakti was Kali, the dark one. At the same time, Vishnu and Kartikeya, the commander-in-chief of the gods, and many other equally old mythological figures were resplendently white.

We shall leave the subject of the erotic ethos of India for further consideration at some future occasion.

The little bronze casting of the Mohenjo-daro Shyamali further indicates the deep-rooted *cire purdue* (lost wax) metallurgical tradition in Indian art and technology.

6—9 ( *Back Cover* ) The four reproductions on the back cover demonstrate the mastery achieved by the Indian craftsmen in metal castings, as early as the middle of the second millennium BC. The elephant and the buffalo are 36.5 cm (14.6 inches) in height, whilst the rhinoceros is 28.5 cm (11.4 inches) in height. The two bullocks of the chariot are 16.7 cm (6.7 inches) in height, and the charioteer is 23 cm (9.2 inches) in height.

**These were the largest bronze statues in the entire world at that time.**

The only thing comparable to these Daimabad bronzes were the Chinese Ritual Vessels of bronze. However, the Chinese examples date from the Shang-Yin period and came a few centuries after the Daimabad Hoard.



# AN OPENING STATEMENT

## DATTA SAMANT

Datta Samant was murdered by some professional hired assassins.

Who could have financed the killing? It could have been a set of mill owners against whom Datta Samant had led a terrific strike in 81-82 (One and a half years, the longest strike possibly in world working class history), or a set of land speculators and builders, who might have been thwarted by one of Datta's many trade unions; or some criminal gang operating in Powai; or some unscrupulous political opponents who might have ganged up against Datta.

There are no clues available as yet.

The politics of assassination have been up for us for the last so many years.

*Mankind's* present Exe. Edr. and the journalist Arun Shourie had exchanged letters on this subject several years ago.

Deendayal Upadhyaya of the Jana Sangh had been murdered in a railway train in rather mysterious circumstances. Lalit Narayan Mishra of the Congress had been liquidated by a bomb explosion. Indira Gandhi and Rajiv Gandhi had been assassinated in 1984 and 1991. Shankar Guha Niyogi, a trade unionist like Datta was finished off by hired assassins fairly recently.

From the British Colonial days *agent provocateurs* from the police used to infiltrate the ranks of the nationalists. Very often they would begin to throw stones from the side of the demonstrators, inviting police firings and killings.

As I pointed out to Arun Shourie long ago, there are generally two sets of police killers, who are operating in India.

The first group generally follows the old British tactics of murder by riotous Nagarwala was killed in the hospital, and the Chief Investigating Officer met his end via a convenient road accident. Charu Majumdar was deprived of some vital drug and died of "natural causes" whilst in police custody.

The other group is more subtle, and has probably a background of American training, by the FBI or the CIA. They are more subtle and use poisonous drugs or they stage 'accidents'. For instance Nagarwala was killed in the hospital, and the Chief Investigating Officer met his end via a convenient road accident. Charu Majumdar was deprived of some vital drug and died of "natural causes" whilst in police custody.

When a society is in dire straits, when millions and crores are starving and shivering, uncared for, in tatters and roofless. When such millions are kept illiterate and without medicare, the cultural fibre is

bound to get coarsened. Thieves, especially ministers and bureaucrats, will steal with impunity! Crores will be amassed by Jayalalithas, Sasikalas, Sukhrans, Narasimha Raos and their intimates. Krishnamurthys and Gopalkrishnans, will amass wealth "beyond their means"! The robbers will hire assassins! The assassins will organise killings!

The police will stage "encounters", and "custodial deaths"!

The upper castes will gang rape *Sathins!* Ranvir Sena will torch lower castes hutments. There will be mass murders by Bandit Queens!

From whence did we come? Who are we? Where are we going?

Does anyone know?

Is anyone interested in finding out?

## RIKHABCHAND JAIN

*Mankind* records with regret the passing away of Rikhabchand Jain who was amongst the earliest subscribers of *Mankind*.

Rikhabchand was an obscure individual. We became friends in the last two years of his life. He was a decent human being, which is more than what we can say about many prominent elite comprador personalities.

There is nothing more to write!

Farewell, my friend!

(Contd. From Inside Cover)

Daimabad is located in the Ahmednagar district of Maharashtra, close to the Godavari river. Godavari is one of the seven great rivers of Indian antiquity, the other six being Sindhu, Saraswati, Ganga, Yamuna, Narmada and Kaveri.

2-5: The four seals provide superb examples of the lapidary art. The seals were made of steatite, a soft stone of blue to greyish tinge. Sometimes copper, ivory, agate, chert, faience and clay were also used. They ranged in size from 1.25 x1 cm to 5x5 cms, the average being 3x2 cms. They were used for making packaged material. The excavated specimens number about 2,000. (SR Rao, *The Decipherment of the Indus Script*, 1982, p.4.)

The script has finally been deciphered. Rao's decipherment has been accepted by Dr. David Derringer, Founder Director of the Alphabet Museum, Cambridge and Tel Aviv, and also by many other eminent scholars as listed by SG Talgeri, *The Aryan Invasion Theory*,

1993, pp.6 1-2, and by David Frawley, *The Myth of the Aryan Invasion of India*, 1994, pp 7-8.

The four seals selected by us show:

2. The unicorn- A fabulous antelope like animal.
3. The famous humped Indian Zebu bull.
4. The ithyphallic yogic figure of probably Siva.
5. A three-headed animal with heads of bull, unicorn and goat, conjectured by some authorities like C.Sivaramamurthy as representing the triad of past, present and future. But this is a mere fanciful reconstruction by a Brahminical mind.

The seals indicate a class society. These were the marks of ownership of particular goods owned by named traders and rulers. Among the names of persons mentioned in the Indus seals, the most significant are Atri, Kasyapa, Kasu, Sasa, Saka, Sara, Gara, Baka, Asva, Rksha, Trksha, Daksha, Vrsa and

Dvadasa. Atri, Kasyapa and Gara are names of *rishis* who were considered to be authors of some of the hymns of the *Rig Veda* (Rao, *ibid*, p.305)

The Saraswati script is the basis for the Aramaic, which was spoken by Jesus and is the script in which the Bible was originally written. It is Aramaic which underlay the later evolution of both Greek and Latin alphabets, which ultimately became the source for almost all the alphabets of the Western world. In India itself, the Saraswati script evolved into the Brahmi, which ultimately was transformed into the different scripts of South, Central and Southeast Asia including Tamil, Sinhalese, Tibetan, Burmese, Thai, and similar other scripts. (The only area of the world outside the Indian scriptological influence is the Chinese, and its derivative Korean and Japanese.)

Thus India provided both the numbers and the letters to the entire world.



# AN OPEN LETTER

TO ANNA HAZARE, G.R. KHAIRNAR,  
JULIO REBEIRO, T.N.SESHAN,  
AVINASH DHARMADHIKARI,  
SOLI SORABJEE, MEDHA PATKAR  
AND ALL OTHER WELL-  
INTENTIONED DO-GOODERS.

Dr. Vinayak Purohit

*Mankind* is generally supportive of all the public agitations in which you have been engaged in recent months, whether it be anti-corruption crusades, environmental concerns, or any other matter of national interest. No one can or should underestimate the importance of the public activities in which you are engaged. However, all your efforts to mobilise public opinion or *Jana Shakti* are likely to prove futile as you have missed the central point of the disposition of power between the people and the state and its various organs.

Nothing can be accomplished in any society, unless this central point is addressed squarely and with determination.

The distribution of power between the people, and the state and its various organs, is the basic constitutional arrangement that governs the conduct of a polity vis a vis its constituents. The constitution of a country determines not just the distribution of power between the various organs of the state, like the Legislature, the Executive and the Judiciary, but also that between all these organs put together and the people at large.

The Constitution gives juridical expression to the power relations that obtain between all members of a society, or a polity or a nation.

Nothing can be achieved by any public agitation if this central point is lost sight of.

The Indian Constitution has its own history. It came into being in a certain specific way. It has functioned over the last

fifty years in a particular manner. For half a century, it has determined how we Indians behave towards each other in the conduct of our day to day life. The citizens of India may not always be aware that their

## NOTHING CAN BE ACHIEVED WITHOUT IDEOLOGICAL FOCUS

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daily lives have been determined by the Indian Constitution of 1946-49, but it has been so. Their lives have been made happy, or horrible, or something in between, by the operations of the current Dominion Status Constitution of India which came into force partly on Nov. 26, 1949, and mainly and generally, on Jan. 26, 1950. People's awareness maybe lagging behind but the system operates inexorably, inevitably, and grinds down or uplifts every one of us without exception.

The present Dominion Status Constitution of India, as formulated by a so-called

Constituent Assembly of 1946-1949, has miserably failed to solve any of the major problems facing the people of the country. Official statistics admit that around 40% of the people of the country or something like 36 crores of our nationals live below the poverty line. The people of India lack both food security and job security. Nearly 40% of the people even after fifty years of so-called independence are illiterate. Education has not been provided to all nor has housing. Medical care exists, by and large, for only those who can afford it. The dimensions of unemployment are almost incalculable. The female ratio has plummeted to 927 and an army composed entirely of two million volunteers exists, who have made a career out of dealing in death. The army of landless labourers, eking out a semi-starved existence stalks our countryside and is forever expanding.

Of which facet of our collective national existence can we be proud or even be relatively satisfied after these last 50 years?

It is time to draw the conclusion. The present Dominion Status Constitution of India as fashioned by the C.A. of 1946-49 has totally failed to deliver the goods. We must change it. We must launch struggles to change it. All your multifarious agitations must converge upon the need to change it.

It is current cant to state that "the constitution has broken down". This is not so! The Constitution, by definition, never breaks down! If in U.P., after the electoral exercise of an Assembly Election in 1996, carried out at the cost of hundreds of crores of public and private money, there is no elected government *in situ*, it is not that the Constitution has broken down. In exercise of article 356, the Central Government, through its

appointee governor of the state, has carried on! When riots take place, they occur as promoted or prohibited by the constitution. If a child is born, it will become a citizen of India as per the provisions of the Constitution. If a person marries or dies or inherits or leaves a legacy it will all be within the four corners of the Constitution.

No! No! The constitution operates, even if there is an earthquake, or flood, or volcanic upheaval or pestilence or any other natural calamity! Everything is provided for. All eventualities are covered. We are all victims of the monster, at all times!



The current Constitution has merely failed to grant us the joy of living which was our human birthright!

This horror, the Indian constitution, has achieved, as it was designed, as was entirely intended, by the framers of the Constitution of 1946-49.

It may be that many of you, or even all of you are unaware of the basic historical facts relating to the genesis of our current Constitution. If so, please take note of the data that we are about to adduce, because the data is unambiguous and quite clear.

*Mankind* has always called the present Constitution a joke, a travesty and a farce. Copies of *Mankind* carrying such characterisation, have been sent to the Chief Justice and other judges of the Supreme Court of India!

## II

### THE PRESENT CONSTITUTION: THE POLITICAL CONTEXT

There are five aspects to the political context of the present Constitution.

1. The British imperialist army was in occupation in India when the Constituent Assembly met and deliberated.

This is a ridiculous situation. No Constituent Assembly worth its salt can meet and deliberate whilst an enemy army is still occupying the country!

The Constituent Assembly met in Dec, 1946.

"The last British troops to leave the Dominion of India - the 1st Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry sailed from Bombay on Feb 29, 1948" (*Keesing's Contemporary Archives*, vol. VI, 1946-48, p.9149, hereafter to be referred to as *KCA*.)

Furthermore, Indian troops fighting at British behest to restore Dutch imperialism in Indonesia, French imperialism in Indo-China, and carrying out other Imperial tasks in Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Singapore, Iraq, Aden, Egypt, etc. were not withdrawn till many months after August 1947. The Indian Army and Navy referred to in the above quotation of *KCA* was not yet an army under Indian Control, even in February, 1948!

No assembly meeting under imperial tutelage is entitled to call itself a Constituent Assembly. Nehru may talk about and fantasize about the French Revolutionary Constituent Assembly. But the fact remains that these self-laudatory comparisons were entirely lying fabrications. Jawahar was both self-deluded and a cunning prevaricator, who wanted to delude others. (*KCA*, Vol VI, 8351)

As a matter of fact, Jinnah, speaking as a legal luminary tried to bring Jawahar to his senses: "A man of the meanest intelligence can understand that Jawaharlal Nehru himself took the oath of allegiance to the King-Emperor and was sworn in as

a member of the Executive Council of the Governor General...., It has repeatedly been made clear, especially in the Viceroy's broadcast of Sept.2, that this Interim Government has been formed under the present Constitution, the Act of 1919, which is in operation.... It is a flight of imagination to call it a Cabinet, a National Government, or even a Coalition.... By giving it a name you do not make it a Cabinet in the constitutional or legal sense, nor can you vest it with the powers of a real cabinet by indulging in fiction, myth and imagination... it is obvious that the members of the Executive council have been selected communitywise. It can therefore only function in terms of the Government of India

Act of 1919, so far as day-to-day administration is concerned. Such limited powers and opportunities as there are in the day-to day administration can be utilised for the good of the people generally. We have gone there only for that purpose but here comes the wishful thinking of Pandit Nehru, who wants to shut his eyes in ostrich-like manner and thinks that the Act of 1919 does not exist. In the flight of his imagination he thinks this is a truly National Government responsible to the people and the electorate.... If he can only come down to earth and think calmly, he must understand that he is neither the Prime Minister, nor is it a Nehru government; he is only Member of External Affairs and Commonwealth Relations of the Viceroy's Executive Council" (*KCA*, Vol. VI, p.8303)

monwealth Relations of the Viceroy's Executive Council" (*KCA*, Vol. VI, p.8303)

It is a different matter that thereby Jinnah himself degraded the Muslim League members of the Viceroy's Executive Council. But Jinnah was never chary of stooging for British Imperialism. His whole existence was bound up with such stooging. The Independence of Pakistan was a gift of the Indian Freedom Fighters to the people of Pakistan and arose out of the compulsions of the British withdrawal from the subcontinent. The Muslim League had nothing to do with the struggle for freedom of Pakistan, and the Indian Freedom Fighters were glad to compel British withdrawal from the entire Indian sub-continent. That, however is an entirely different story and does not concern us here.

2. The so-called Indian independence was realised by an Act passed by the British House of Commons called the India Independence Act, 1947, which created the Dominion of India (V.P. Menon, *The Transfer of Power in India*, 1957, p.528, for the text of the Act)

This, again, is an entirely absurd situation. No people can realise their freedom by an Imperial Act. All the details were spelt

### DEFECTS OF CONSTITUTION

The defects of the present Constitution of India, as framed by a self-appointed Dominion Status Assembly of 1946-49, are obvious and may be briefly stated :

1. It has entrenched Executive Irresponsibility.
2. It has provided for extreme and overt Corruption, which has gone absolutely unpunished, and for Cost and Time Overruns for all State Undertakings.
3. It has provided for total absence of real Parliamentary Control over the *Naukarshahs*.
4. It has sanctified a system of built-in Legal Delays that has negatived the Rule of Law.
5. It has allowed for absence of Right of Information.
6. It has permitted supremacy of English (as extended from time to time).
7. It has sanctioned no Right to Work or Living or Social Security for "We, the people" (our Preamble too)
8. It has granted unlimited powers to the Congress Speakers, who have thwarted even discussion rights to MPs, on the grounds, mainly, of something being a State Subject, or being Subjudice or being Defamatory in Implications, and, generally, of being inconvenient to the Establishment.
9. It has usurped all State Rights and Revenues, making India, a super-centralised administrative entity.
10. It was called into being whilst India was still under the imperialist iron heel in 1945-6.
11. It has perpetuated a highly biased and elitist educational system.



out : how the Dominion Assemblies were to be constituted; what would be the powers of the Dominions of India and Pakistan; how the Constituent Assembly was to function, without any adult equal universal franchise; who would sit in which Assembly and why; all this was laid down precisely (KCA., Vol VI, pp. 7903-06, 8631, 8653, 8665-9, 8699, 8722, 8729, 8764, 8771, etc.)

Does anybody suggest that the House of Commons in London in a true liberationist spirit, which it had always kept hidden, formulated a precise set of provisions, whereby the people of India were to exercise their basic human liberties?!

What kind of a nonsensical notion is this?

How can any body of persons call themselves the Constituent Assembly? How can any set of people, generally brokers, commission agents, banians, *kala gumastas, dubashes*, title-holders by imperial grants, how can any such body ensure the liberties of the Indian people? It is a fantastic presumption!

3. Under Jawaharlal Nehru's rule, India remained a member of the British Commonwealth, and as a Republic accepted a Monarch as the Head of the Commonwealth and as a symbol of the Commonwealth's unity.

I am sure that this anomaly is known to you and therefore shall not waste my time in emphasising this point.

However, some of its implications should also be made known to you.

For instance, the Queen of England is the Head of the Anglican Church, who till today continues to appoint the Anglican Bishops in India.

How can this be tolerated by the non-Anglicans of the country?

Pro-imperialists may find this situation harmless. They may argue that the Queen is a multiple person and that when she is the head of the Commonwealth she is no longer head of the Anglican Church, or vice versa!

This is pure gibberish and legal-sounding *legerdemain*.

Such split personalities and schizophrenic individuals do not exist and cannot.

India is either a republic or it is not. It cannot be both.

In India either the State does not promote a religion or any set of values promoted by a religion, be it Indian, foreign, imperial or otherwise! India is not supposed to express its opinion or value-judgement on the question of the compatibility between secularism and the tenets of Anglican Protestantism!

We are not concerned with such silliness! We cannot accept membership of any Commonwealth that is headed by a religious personality! It may be that the Anglican church has modernised itself and is responsible for fostering of the scientific spirit in the United Kingdom. We simply do not care.

We just do not wish to be a part of any Commonwealth that is headed by the hated British monarch! That is all! The story of British rule over India is a hateful one, but we can't go into that enormous crime against humanity which British imperialism symbolises and represents. Let it always be remembered that Britain de-industrialised, pauperised and ruralised our country! That atleast 7 to 8 crores of Indians were genocidally killed off by

British-made famines of purchasing power, visited upon this country during the 18th, 19th and 20th centuries. (Wadia and Merchant, *Our Economic Problem*, 1959, pp 87-89). "The bones of the Indian weavers bleached the plains of Bengal and Bihar" as a student of Indian history noted.

How can India keep this British connection and call itself free? Either neo-colonialism continued, or colonialism truly ended in 1947. Either India breathed free, or the British connection continued, and we did not become truly free in 1947! That is the simple dichotomy. We can choose either one or the other! It cannot be a bit of both!

4. Furthermore, India remained a member of the Sterling Bloc. Not just a member! India, under Nehru, struck a terrific neo-colonialist blow to its infant economy by devaluing the currency drastically in 1949. Almost as soon as the country was "born", the rupee was devalued from Rs. 3.32 per dollar to Rs. 4.78 per dollar, in October 1949, faithfully following the devaluation of the British pound by the Bank of England, as though the Bank of England was our national bank!

5. Our enormous Sterling Balances, which had accumulated to 4.7 billion dollars, were liquidated, whilst keeping the British interest paramount.

This is a complicated story and it is a very long story. We cannot go into all the details here, otherwise this article will become a volume. You may follow it in the tables and sources given in *Mankind*, Vol 1, No.2, November 1995, at pp. 80-84. Please also see *KCA*, Vol. VI; *India in World Affairs*; August 1947-January 1950 and the following volume, February 1950-December 1953, published by the Indian Council of World Affairs; *The First Five Year Plan*; and *India* September 1952, *An Overseas Economic Survey*, brought out by the HMSO, Appendix III, which reproduces the shameful exchange of letters between CD Deshmukh, the then finance minister, and the Government of United Kingdom.

All in all, the political context of the Transfer of Power in 1947 proves that nothing was fundamentally changed in that year or thereabouts. A sham Constituent Assembly was contrived by British Imperialism, which determined its composition and contours. The Constituent Assembly met and functioned whilst the country was occupied by British Troops. India remained within the British Commonwealth and the Sterling Bloc.

In short, the CA of 1946-49 was a sham, a joke, a travesty, a farce and a betrayal!

### III

#### THE C.A. OF 1946-49 THE REAL NATURE

The Preamble to the Constitution of India flamboyantly proclaims

"We, the people of India, having solemnly resolved to constitute India into a Sovereign, Democratic Republic and to secure to all its citizens: Justice ... Liberty... Equality... Fraternity. etc"

However "the people of India" were never involved at any stage in the Constitution-making process!

Of its 389 members, 93(23.66%) were nominated by the Princes, and were not elected at all, either in 1945-46, when the remaining 296 were supposedly elected, or later. That is, the

#### THE C.A. OF 1946-49 : A FOREIGN GRANT, NOT AN INDIAN ACHIEVEMENT

How can any body of persons call themselves the Constituent Assembly? How can any set of people, generally brokers, commission agents, banians, *kala gumastas, dubashes*, title-holders by imperial grants, how can any such body ensure the liberties of the Indian people? It is a fantastic presumption!

Under Jawaharlal Nehru's rule, India remained a member of the British Commonwealth, and as a Republic accepted a Monarch as the Head of the Commonwealth and as a symbol of the Commonwealth's unity.



C.A. was partly a nominated body. (For the real nature of the liberties enjoyed by the people of the Native States, see, H.H. by Kanhaiyalal Gauba)

For your information, Princelings' India constituted about 40% of its territory and 24% of its population (W.W. Hunter, *History of British India*, 1886, pp. 44-5). Such an enormous area and population were never represented in the Constituent Assembly at all, and the current constitution has been imposed upon them without any consultation and participation.

Of the 296 seats allocated by British Imperialism to British-India, 74 seats (25%) were held by the Muslim League, and they never participated in the deliberations of the Constituent Assembly. We are not concerned with their reasons. The fact of their non-participation cannot be controverted.

The remaining 222 members of the CA of 1946-49 were indirectly elected by the Provincial Assemblies, whose own elections were vitiated by severe limitations.

Not a single member of the CA of 1946-49 was directly elected by anyone in India. Can such a bogus body claim to represent anyone or anything in India? Such a claim is simply ridiculous!

And recently the Establishment was trying to honour the one and a half dozen survivors of the C.A. of 46-49! Honour them for what? For enacting a tragic farce?

#### IV

### THE PROVINCIAL ASSEMBLIES : THEIR TRUE NATURE

My old professor at the Elphinston College, a government college affiliated to the Bombay University, who was a founder member of our *naukarshahi*, wrote a trite text book, titled *How India is Governed*. I was about to throw away this book but retained it out of nostalgia. N.S. Pardasani writes: "Conclusion - It has been calculated that nearly fourteen percent of the popula-

#### THE C.A. OF 1946-49: THE POLITICS

- (1) The British imperialist army was in occupation of India when the C.A. of 1946-49 met. This is ridiculous for a truly free C.A.
- (ii) Indian pseudo-independence was achieved by an act of foreign parliament. The House of Commons in London passed the India Independence Act in 1947 creating the two dominions of India and Pakistan.
- (iii) India remained the member of the British Commonwealth and accepted the queen of England who heads the Anglican Church as head of the Commonwealth.
- (iv) India remained a member of the Sterling Bloc.
- (v) India under Nehru devalued the rupee unnecessarily in 1949 and frittered away \$4.7 billion to suit British interests.

increasing the electorate from 7 million to 35 million, the electorate under the new 1935 Constitution was 14 percent. That was the electorate, but how many actually voted in 1945-46 even for the miserable Provincial Assemblies?

For this we have to go to *Kessing's Contemporary Archives*.

"Final figures of the votes cast in the Indian Provincial Elections of 1945-46 were as follows:

NAME	VOTES CAST
Congress Party	11,683,053
Muslim League	4,530,538
Communists	653, 489
Scheduled Castes Federation	509,217
Punjab Unionists	413,815
Hindu Mahasabha	285,567
Akali Sikhs (mainly Punjab)	178,509
Krishak Proja party (mainly Bengal)	132,581
Jamait-ul-Ulema (non League Muslims)	132,190
Nationalist Muslims (mainly U.P.)	125,434
Radical Democratic Party	118,661
Ahrars	67,461
Momins (Bihar)	29,168
Khaksars	21,100
<b>Total</b>	<b>18,880,783</b>

"Congress polled 80 percent of the general votes and the Muslim League 74 percent of the Moslem votes cast, over half of the Congress Moslem, vote being polled in the North-West Frontier Province." (India Office Information Dept.; in *KCA*, Vol. VI, p. 8562)

The first point to be noticed about the pattern of votes cast for the Provincial Assemblies, is that, of the 35 million eligible voters, as stated by Pardasani, only about 19 million actually voted, which is a little over fifty percent. That has been the voting pattern in all the Eleven Lok Sabha elections held so far. However, to me it appears to be a mere coincidence.

Actually, in the 1945-46 Provincial elections, there must have been a hell of a lot of bogus voting.

The 1937 Electoral Rolls had been utilised. No updating had taken place for the 1945-46 polls. It was war time. It was famine time, for 1943 was not only the year of the Bengal famine, but of large scale food scarcity in many parts of the country. Lakhs of voters must have not only died, but must have changed addresses, because a number of new industries and new demographic centres had arisen in the country. India, apart from USA, was one of the few major powers, which had actually made gains during the Second World War. The 1937 electoral rolls must have been in need of drastic revision. Therefore, it seems to me that the Congress and League electioneering machineries must have worked overtime to muster voter support for their party candidates.

I have a vivid youthful memory that in Bombay, S.K. Patil on behalf of the Congress and I.I. Chundrigar (later Prime Minister of Pakistan, whose son was my classmate in college) on behalf of the League, organised "ghost-voting" on a large scale. There were no indelible ink marks in those days, and many voted repeatedly, as permitted by the colonial administration and the two principal national parties.

In any case the 1937 electoral rolls had become completely redundant due to natural deaths, change of address, war-time exigencies, etc., and were replete with "ghosts". It was probably in fitness of things that the Congress and the League brought these 'ghosts' to life again, and made them vote!

tion i.e., about thirty-five million persons have secured the right to vote at elections to the Legislative Assembly under the 1935 Constitution. Of these about twenty-nine millions are males and six millions are females. The Provincial Electorate before the Introduction of the new Constitution (i.e., the 1919 Constitution) numbered only about seven million men and women, or nearly three percent of the population of British India" (N.S. Pardasani, *How India Is Governed*, 1946, p 1440)

Thus, according to my simple-minded professor, who was applauding the grand gesture made by British Imperialism in



We must also remember that 1945-46 Provincial Assembly polls were cast in separate, mainly communal, electoral constituencies. Muslims, Sikhs, Parsees, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians, Europeans, etc, cast their votes separately in distinct constituencies. Even women, who on the whole voted separately, had to vote in distinct sections as Sikh, Moham-medan, Anglo-Indian and Indian Christian women! (Pardasani, *Op. Cit.*, table on p 141.)

In all there were atleast 17 different types of segregated separate constituencies (*Ibid*)

How can such a vitiated base yield a mandate to fashion our Constitution? This is a mystery that only compradors can solve!

95 clauses of the 1935 colonial Constitution were carried forward in the current Dominion Status Constitution of 1946-49, which has already been amended about 95 times.

**Is it now proposed that a hundred amendments be made in order to eliminate the 95 colonial provisions, and to further amend the Constitution 700 times, in order to make the current Constitution fit the democratic aspirations of people of India?**

**Is it not time to confront the truth, that the current Constitution is simply not serviceable?**

The present Constitution suffers from fundamental defects, some of which have been listed in a box published with this article.

The present Constitution is super-heavily weighted in favour of the Executive. There has been no Transparency, and no Accountability and there has been rampant Corruption! Every public sector project has run into time over runs stretching over years if not decades; and cost over-runs have amounted to hundreds of crores of rupees over budgetary provisions.

Does it make sense to continue with such an absurd Constitution?

There is no Law and Order in the country because the Constitution provides for Executive Irresponsibility, all sorts of immunities from Prosecutions, Total Secrecy in Public Affairs, and Endless Legal Delays.

In how many cases, in the last 50 years, have Ministers and

Top Bureaucrats, having amassed wealth beyond their ostensible means, been punished? How much have the people recovered from the looters?

Members of Parliament have no powers, Committees of MPS or MLAs do not control the Departments of the government of India and the States. Congress Speakers generally have thwarted even discussions of matters of utmost and Urgent Public Concern, on grounds of the matter being a State Subject or being *sub judice* or being Defamatory to some private individual.

What is the harm, in a vibrant democracy, if an issue is debated several times in the Zilla Parishad, in the State Assembly AND the Lok Sabha?

What is the harm if a Member of Parliament takes the risk, and exposes a corruption case, while it is in the offing, and before the crime is committed? Why is his parliamentary immunity to be negated?

How can a crime occur without that crime taking place in one state or the other?

How can the police be allowed to make a matter *sub judice* in order to prevent relevant debate?

How can the public exchequer be made to pay for the defence of corrupt officials?

What about the rights of the people of India? Rights of the people of India against such criminals?

The Centre-State Relations are awry. After decrying article 356, the UF government has nullified the elections in UP!

How can such a thing be allowed to happen in the most populous State of the Indian Union?

Why should the Governor summon the assembly, or the President, the parliament?

Why should the speakers, pro-tem of the preceding houses and the speakers of the current houses, not summon the members to meet in session?

Why should not there be 90 or 100 states of the Indian Un-

### THE CA OF 1946-49 : THE LEGALITIES

Ninety - five clauses of the colonial Constitution of 1935, were carried bodily into the New Dominion Status Constitution of 1946-49, which itself has been amended about ninety-five times!

Is it now being proposed that we, first of all, pass a hundred amendments to get rid of the Colonial Provisions, and further that we pass seven hundred more amendments to make the constitution fit the requirements of our people?

It is absurd to suggest such a scenario.

The present constitution must be totally scrapped. It needs to be reworked from the roots upwards. A democratic nationalist philosophy must *de novo* inform the entire framework of the New Constitution. It must be recast on entirely fresh thinking by a free people electing for the first time a Constitution making body, that is based on Universal Equal Adult Franchise exercised by all citizens of India above the age of 18.

Madhu Dandvate has recently suggested that the present Constitution be accepted. This is sheer treachery, for the Socialist party had itself published an alternative Draft Constitution, way back in 1948! Indira Jaisingh suggests that Directive Principles be made enforceable, and that we should thereafter carry on.

This is simply foolish! No amount of piecemeal tinkering will suffice! The Directive Principles do not deal with the Right of Information, do not refer to Accountability and Ministerial and Bureaucratic Corruption, Legal Built-in Delays, which are the prime concerns of today! Centre State Relations are basically awry!

Many countries of the World have had several Constitutions in the last fifty years, both in the First World and in the Third World; apart from the fundamental changes that have taken place in the Second, or Stalinist, World.

There is no shame, or novelty, in concluding our experiment and experience with the 1946-49 Constitution, which is totally out of date and redundant.

As a free people let us boldly march forward and give to ourselves a New Constitution, which truly and really guarantees to all of us "Justice..... Liberty.... Equality..... Fraternity.....etc".

Why are we afraid? What are we afraid of? Are we all cowardly compradors and *naukarshahs*?

Why do we not trust the people of India?

That is what Democracy means! To trust the collective wisdom of the adult citizens of India, to fashion for themselves a socio-legal instrument that will serve the needs of the Indian people marching into the 21st century!



ion, each comprising of 5 or 6 districts, with a population of about 1 crore each, that are based on historical, cultural continuities? Not only Uttarkhand and Jharkhand, but also Bhojpur, Mithila, Bundelkhand, Baghelkhand, Dandkaranya, Vidarbha, Mewar, Mewat, Saurashtra, Karnataka, Telangana, Rayalseema, Konkan, Malnad, Congunad, why should scores of such small states not co-exist in a joyous federation of Free India?

We are a proud people. We are a great people. We have the longest historical record of civilised life in the entire world. Why are we suffering at the hands of an uncultured, brutish, upper-caste, and upper class, comprador, westernised English-speaking elite minority?

Let us take courage in our hands! Let us act decisively! Let us build a new and truly Free India.

Why must we always look to guidance from Western neo-colonialists? Who are these miserable multinationals to rule over us, and determine our destiny in every direction? Upto 1765, if not upto 1818/60, we were the most advanced nation in the world, technologically, scientifically, mathematically, linguistically, public health-wise and in every other way. We had the highest per capita income in the world, in real purchasing power terms, and the world's gold and silver were disappearing into the bowels of India's economy!

Let us stop this haemorrhaging in favour of the multinationals and the interests of Euro-America-Japan!

Let imports, including outflows on invisible account, be restricted to exports, including re-exports. Let the entire foreign debt burden of \$100 billion be wiped at out at one stroke by confiscating the foreign accounts held by every Indian national; be he a Congress ex-Minister or a Capitalist, or a Bureaucrat!

Let all those who want to leave India be banished from the country. We shall still be 90 crores, or 16% of the World's Population. We shall manage without them. Let the New Constitution of Free India protect and promote the interests of the deprived, the dispossessed, the downtrodden, the lowly, the low caste, the poor, the *Dalits* and the *Pidits* of this country.

Let us build a New India!

We shall overcome!

Let the Female Ratio climb to 1050!

Let the Army be conscripted!

Let every landless labourer be provided with Land or a Job.

Let English be banished for ever!

Let every family be protected by a total and comprehensive Health-care Plan!

Let the wage of every labouring man or woman in India be the highest in the World!

Let every Indian peasant enjoy an annual income, higher than that of a European farmer,

Let the loot of India cease!

Members of parliament have no powers. They can only join hands with the Bureaucrats in the loot of the people.

They can only cash their DAs and TAs like other paid officials.

That is why all the disgraceful scenes take place in Assembly and the Lok and Rajya Sabhas. Lacking power, M.Ps & MLAs

can only fight for their Privileges and Perks!

The people are not in control of our nation. There is no right of Recall, nor of Referendum. The Right to Information does not exist. There is no job security or food security. A small minority has made merry, whilst the Indian people are submerged in utter poverty and degradation.

The intellectual community of India must wake up and take cognisance of the dire straits in which the people find themselves.

There is no other way out, except through a New Constitution promulgated by a Constituent Assembly elected on the basis of an UNIVERSAL, EQUAL, ADULT FRANCHISE!

## V

### CONCLUSION

Let us sum up :

1. The C.A. of 1946-49 was a Dominion Status Assembly, which was formed and met under British imperialist aegis.

2. It was partly non elective. At least twenty-five percent of the seats were filled by the nominees of princelings.

3. It was entirely indirectly elected by Provincial Assemblies, which themselves enjoyed limited franchise of fourteen percent, based on property, income tax, communal and racial restrictions.

4. Three-quarters of the CA was indirectly elected by Provincial Assemblies enjoying a fourteen percent franchise, that were divided into innumerable separate constituencies based on communal and racialist lines.

5. Some 19 million voters out of a total population of 400 million were supposed to have cast their votes on the basis of a ten year old electoral roll that was full of ghosts.

6. Excluding the 93 stooges of the princelings, and excluding the 74 Muslim League members who did

not participate, there were only 222 members of the CA of 1946-49, who were distributed as follows :

Congress - 206 (202 Gen, 3 Mus, 1 Sikh)

Independents - 8 (7 Hin, 1 Mus.)

Unionists - 3 (2 Hin, 1 Mus)

Akalis - 3 (Sikh)

CPI - 1 (Hin)

SCF - 1 (SC)

Akalis and Unionists + 6 Independents usually voted with the Congress.

7. Excluding the nominees of the princelings and the members of Muslim League who boycotted, the CA of 1946-49 consisted merely of 222 members, almost entirely made up as a Congress conclave.

How can such an Assembly of dalals and title-holders and other riff-raff arrogate to itself the right to formulate a Constitution of India?

How can such a Congress Conclave answer to the needs of the people of India? How long are the people of India going to tolerate this nonsense?

### THE C.A. OF 1946-49: THE ELECTORATE AND VOTES

The C.A. of 1946-49 consisted of 389 members of which 93 were nominated by the princelings (almost one quarter of the total).

Of the remaining 296, 74 or 25% were held by the Muslim League who did not join the C.A.

The remaining 222 members were all indirectly elected by the Provincial Assemblies.

The Provincial Assemblies were elected on the basis of a 14% franchise by more than a score of communal electorates. The C.A. of 1946-49 was a travesty, a joke, a betrayal, a farce and an absurdity.

The total number of actual votes cast for the Provincial Assemblies was about 1.9 crores in a nation of 40 crores.

The C.A. of 1946-49 was composed of *dalals*, brokers, commission agents, *dubashes*, banians, and title holders who were not entitled to frame any kind of constitution for the free people of India.

The Constitution of free India must be framed for the first time by a new C.A. elected on the basis of universal adult, equal and direct vote.



# GLOBALIZATION AND DEBT

Eric Toussaint and Denise Comanne

*Japan August 1995: Banks and credit unions are revealed to have problematic outstanding loan amounting to at least \$500 billion.*

This \$500 billion, owed by Japanese firms to other Japanese firms, is equal to over a quarter of the total foreign debt of the Third World and former Soviet bloc. This is the result of fifteen years of frenzied speculation by Japanese capitalists, who were portrayed until recently as good, virtuous fathers of their enterprises. The revelation of the truth should prompt us to two reflections.

First, all the speeches about the Japanese miracle were meant to convince the rest of the world that we shouldn't go on strike, should take fewer days off, should devote ourselves to the company's interests, and should strive for competitiveness at any price. The reality is different. Japanese capitalists were not as virtuous and farsighted as we were told. The share of speculative financial operations in the Japanese economy has grown considerably. In order to avoid a collapse of their banking system, Japanese authorities have intervened by reimbursing investors at the community's expense (just as US authorities did during the 1980's in order to save many US banks that were on the verge of bankruptcy, notably the famous "savings and loans"). Many of the problematic debts are thus being wiped out at taxpayers' expense.

Second, Third-World countries and to a lesser extent countries of the former Soviet bloc owe Japan about \$90 billion<sup>2</sup>. This is not much compared with the \$500 billion in problematic loans in the domestic Japanese market. Nor is this \$90 billion "problematic", since debtor countries make their payments in a disciplined way. Within the G-7 and Club of Paris, the Japanese Government is one of the most intransigent in imposing Structural Adjustment Plans on debtor countries, and one of the most resistant to the idea of partially cancelling Third-World debts. We can expect that Japan will finance the rescue plan

for its national financial system in part with the money that Third-World and former Soviet-bloc countries pay. From 1990 to 1992 Japan received \$15.3 billion from debtor countries. That is a high return on total credits of about \$90 billion.

Japanese authorities are filling the holes in the dikes of their very speculative financial system by imposing austerity plans on the Japanese people on the one hand, and with the repayments made by Third-World countries on the other.

The major international institutions are no better. Take for example the Bank for International Settlements (BIS), which brings together the central banks of the main capitalist countries. In the conclusions of its voluminous annual report, published in June 1995, the BIS urged Japan to press forward at all costs with deregulation (p.228). The Japanese authorities did not need to read the report put out by their friends in Basel: they had largely deregulated already in order to give free rein to speculation. The major crisis in early August 1995 shows the risks involved in this orientation. No sooner was the BIS report published than it was contradicted by the facts.

The following description, written in 1987, helps to clarify the situation.

*Japan was, on paper, the great victor in the competitive struggle.... In about two years, Japanese banks have become the majority of the world's ten biggest. Japan seemed to have installed a society that from the viewpoint of the dominant class was ideal, the famous "dual society" with a working class cut in two... A large share of the profits was reoriented towards speculation.... We know what happened next<sup>3</sup>.*

## PART 1: THE POOR GET POORER

Since the mid-1970s, the world economy has been in a long wave of slow growth (a depressive long wave within which there are short-term recessions). This long wave put an end to the almost

thirty years of rapid economic expansion that preceded it, the famous "thirty glorious years" (the expansive long wave). Since the beginning of the crisis in the 1970's there have been major transformations in the world which have progressively lowered the living standards of a majority of the planet's population. Massive unemployment has come to stay; income distribution has become much more unequal; and working class and poor people's income have fallen considerably.

## Massive unemployment

*In the industrialized capitalist countries.* In the countries making up the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), there are officially 35 million unemployed people: three times as many as in the early 1970s, out of a population that has experienced virtually zero growth<sup>4</sup>.

The ranks of the unemployed grew by 10 million between 1990 and 1994. In fact, the figure of 35 million falls short of the reality, because it leaves out several categories of jobless people. The real number of unemployed in the OECD undoubtedly oscillates between 60 and 70 million. The economic reorganisation now under way could destroy some 25 million more jobs in the U.S alone, i.e. one to two million a year for the next 15-20 years. As the director of a consulting firm said, "We know quite well why jobs are being lost, but we are incapable of seeing where new ones could be created"<sup>5</sup>.

*In the former East bloc,* unemployment has grown tempestuously since the early 1990s. World Bank officials estimate cynically that unemployment will have to reach 20 percent in these countries. During a seminar held in Turin in April 1992 on adjustment in Eastern Europe, one of the World Bank's two representatives said essentially: "Shouldn't we judge our success in the area of adjustment in Central and Eastern Europe by the rate of increase of unemployment, rather than by our ability to minimise it<sup>6</sup>."

*In Russian Federation* in late 1994 and early 1995, there were 1,688,000 officially registered unemployed people - but the reality is different. Jean-Marie Chauvier has calculated on the basis of various (press and trade-union) sources that unemployment affected nearly 12 million people during this period, i.e. 15.4 percent of the labour force. The expectations of the World Bank representatives are in danger of being met.

*In the Third World,* where statistics systematically under-estimate the extent of unemployment, we can say that at least a billion new jobs would be needed in order to guarantee everyone regular, paid



work. Implementation of structural adjustment plans has led to a large increase in unemployment, for several reasons. Public-sector employment has been massively cut back (e.g. the Zairian government under World Bank guidance laid off 300,000 civil servants in May - June 1995). Domestic recessions led to many bankruptcies (e.g., in Mexico between December 1994 and March 1995, 250,000 jobs were lost). The policy of "everything for export" in agriculture is eliminating subsistence crops and accelerating the rural exodus of large masses of unemployed people toward the cities.

### Skewed income distribution

Unequal income distribution has gotten much worse. Those who live off their wages, farm the land or are unemployed have seen their incomes fall significantly. By contrast, those who live off the return on their capital are receiving a growing share of the wealth that is produced. The measure of inequality in income distribution has doubled in thirty years on a world scale (between 1960 and 1990). The richest 20 percent of the world's inhabitants receive at least 150 times more than the poorest 20 percent. The great majority of the world's population - 3.5 billion people - share 5.6 percent of global income among them.

In the Third World, according to the World Bank, 1.3 billion people live on less than a dollar a day (80 cents to be exact), which puts them below the absolute poverty level. What would happen to this figure if the World Bank, instead of arbitrarily fixing the poverty level at 80 cents a day, raised this figure in order to reflect the real cost of life (i.e. the real cost of survival)? If it set the threshold at \$2 or \$3 a day, for example, it would certainly come closer to the truth; and people would realise that the majority of the Third World's population lives in a state of generalized insecurity and want.

But this is just what the World Bank is trying to hide.

In fact, with rising prices for basic goods and services in Third-World countries, \$2 or even \$3 is not enough to eat decently in decent housing - let alone have access to education, health care or culture. By setting the level of absolute poverty at 80 cents a day, the World Bank is deliberately under-estimating the real number of those in absolute poverty. Its motive is to argue that poverty is a marginal phenomenon in the Third World (whereas in reality the majority of the population in most Third World countries lives below the absolute poverty level). Treating poverty as a marginal phenomenon is meant to help deny the glaring failure of the structural adjustment policies imposed by the World Bank and IMF. This also allows them to deny the urgency of fundamental changes that would make possible a more egalitarian distribution of wealth, which is the essential precondition for real development.

In the Russian Federation, wage earners' real incomes were estimated in 1994 as 70 percent of their 1991 level. The ratio between the incomes of the 15 million "richest" Russians and the 15 million "poorest" went from 9.05 in 1993 to 16 one year later. According to official sources, 23 percent of the Russian population cannot afford the bare minimum of basic household goods, estimated to cost \$ 33 a month. This is hardly surprising, given that the official monthly minimum income is barely \$5 a month. People earning the minimum income thus have to work six months in order to earn a bare minimum of household goods for one month.

In the most industrialised capitalist countries, the declining incomes of the majority of the population are also undeniable. The US figures are striking. While all household incomes rose between 1950 and 1978, the situation changed drastically between 1978 and 1993. The great majority of Americans saw their incomes fall while the richest ones pocketed yet another increase:

### Changes in Real Income of U.S. Households

	1950-78	1978-93
Poorest 20%	+140%	-19%
Next 20%	+ 98%	- 8%
Next 20%	+105%	- 4%
Next 20%	+110%	+5%
Richest 20%	+99%	+18%

Under the Reagan administration, the average annual incomes of the richest one percent of families grew by almost 50 percent, while poverty grew. There are now 100 million people living under the poverty level in the industrialised countries. In the European Union as well as the US, almost 15 percent of the population lives below the poverty level. This situation varies with ethnic origin: in Germany for example, 24 percent of foreign-born residents are estimated to be poor, as compared with 11 percent of the population as a whole.

### PART 2:

#### HOW WEALTH FLOWS FROM SOUTH TO NORTH

Public opinion seems to be convinced that the North gives aid to the South. Emergency humanitarian aid operations, reported with great fanfare in the media, reinforce this impression.

Nonetheless as French President Francois Mitterand said in Naples during the July 1994 summit of the seven main industrialised countries, "Despite the considerable sums spent on bilateral and multilateral aid, the flow of capital from Africa toward the industrial countries is greater than the flow of capital from the industrial countries to the developing countries."

Mitterand spoke the simple truth. There is a massive transfer of wealth from the peoples of the South, even from the poorest among them, towards the rich elite in the industrialised countries and their "colleagues" in the South.

This transfer is no accident. It is the result of a coherent set of decisions, and part of a system of global relationships. The system has different names: neo-colonialism, imperialism, neo-liberalism, New World Order. But the reality that these various phrases describe is the same: a reprehensible exploitation of human beings and natural resources.

The transfer of wealth takes place through several different channels, all of which flow in the same direction.

#### 1. Debt repayment

Debt repayment has become a new, permanent mechanism for transferring wealth from the peoples of the South toward the dominant classes of the North and local elites of the South. The most recent statistics back up this assertion.

According to UN statistics, the total foreign debt of developing countries was \$567 billion in 1980; \$1086 billion in 1986; and \$1419 billion in 1992. The total debt thus went up 250 percent in twelve years. In the same period, interest payments amounted to \$771 billion, and principal repayments \$891 billion. Total payments from Third-World countries over these twelve years amounted to \$1662 billion: three times what they owed in 1980. After repaying what they owed three times over, at the cost of untold suffering, far from being less in debt, they owe far more than in 1980: 250 percent more. This is a glaring failure for the economic experts, weighed down though they are with degrees and credentials.

In order to repay debts at interest rates that grew through much of the 1980s, the Third World countries had to take out new loans. As someone once remarked, The Third World's "external debt" has in this way become an "eternal debt". Many people do not even know that the Third World has repaid almost a trillion dollars of principal (in addition to \$771 billion in interest re-



payments, the "rent" on the money). Not just ordinary citizens, but many journalists, teachers, and even people active in solidarity movements are often ignorant of this fact.

It is therefore clear that the Third World has paid back what it owed to begin with, something that has not been emphasised enough. The peoples have paid more than enough.

How in fact can the principal repayments (\$891 billion) be more than the original debt in 1980 (\$567 billion)? This is the transfer mechanism put in place by the North's bankers (including the IMF and World Bank, which themselves have often taken in more than they have paid out ".) They chose to finance interest and principal payments with new loans, which explains why the debt was 250 percent higher in 1992 than in 1980. Meanwhile, prices for the South's exports had fallen sharply relative to the prices of its imports. The North's loans to the South thus found their way immediately back to the north by way of trade deficits, with Southern elites taking out their "commission" along the way.

For Third World countries as a whole, the ratio between debt and Gross National Product was 37.5 percent in 1982, 51 percent in 1987, and 38 percent in 1992. The situation is worse for Sub-Saharan Africa, where the figures were 51 percent in 1982, 91 percent in 1987 and 100 percent in 1992. The ratio between Sub-Saharan Africa's foreign debt and total exports went from 192 percent in 1982 to 290 percent in 1992.

In this way debt service drains about \$160 billion each year from the Third World of which \$70 billion consists of principal repayments ".) This drain alone is two and a half times as great as the total development aid that the Third World receives ".) And this is only the beginning of the story.

## 2. Deteriorating terms of trade

The world market is characterised by the fact that most countries in the South are and remain exporters of raw materials and importers of industrial products. What people are less aware of is that they are also net importers of agricultural products meant to feed their peoples and their herds (much of which will eventually be exported to the North) ".)

According to the UN, the ratio between Third World export prices and Third-World import prices (the terms of trade) has fallen from 100 in 1980 to 48 in 1992. This means that if 100 units from the South could be traded for 100 units from the North in 1980, those same 100 units from the South could only be traded for 48 units of the North's manufactured goods in 1992. In other words, the South lost 52 percent of its real export income in twelve years.

The oil-exporting countries (OPEC) experienced an even worse deterioration of their terms of trade. The real price of crude oil in 1992 was only one third of its 1981 price.

In Sub-Saharan Africa, the deterioration in the terms of trade between 1986 and 1989 (in only four years) meant a loss of income of \$55.9 billion or the 15 severely indebted middle income countries (Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Ivory Coast, Mexico, Morocco, Nigeria, Peru, the Philippines, Uruguay, Venezuela and (ex-)Yugoslavia), their total losses due to the degradation of terms of trade amounted in 1981-89 to \$ 247.3 billion.

According to Augustin Papić, a former member of the North-South Commission, the invisible transfer from South to North due to the degradation of the terms of trade could amount to \$200 billion a year.

## 3. Control of world trade by Northern multinationals

The multinational corporations based in industrialised coun-

tries control the means of international transport, trade and distribution. These companies receive a large share of the income derived from selling goods, since Third-World countries have to pay exorbitant prices for freight, insurance, packaging and marketing for both their exports and their imports. The industrialised countries' shipping companies are well organised in cartels and impose very high prices for transport services. In 1979 these companies controlled 74 percent of the world's merchant marine, while so-called developing countries controlled only 9 percent (while the rest was controlled by the East bloc).

Many studies have shown that Third-World countries receive only 10-15 percent on average of the retail prices paid by Northern consumers.

## 4. Repatriation of profits

From 1980 to 1992, net repatriation of profits by multinational corporations amounted to \$122 billion. Evaluating net transfer of these profits is made difficult by practices of overbilling and under-billing inside these companies. There is a multitude of book-keeping tricks to accumulate as much profit as possible at one particular point of production or sale, according to various parameters. The rate of taxation is only one determining factor. The need to repatriate profits towards the mother company is another factor. A single multinational can use one technique at one time and place and another technique later and elsewhere, depending on what opportunities seem best.

One popular technique is for a multinational's parent company to sell goods or services to a Third-World subsidiary at prices well above world-market levels. Ernest Mandel noted in 1972 (years before the debt crisis broke out), "A portion of the mass value which the statistics of the imperialist countries show as profit produced by the big raw materials companies on the domestic market is thus in fact surplus value created.... by producers in the semi-colonies." He cited over-billing by 40 percent in the rubber industry and by 258 to 1100 percent in the electronics industry ".) Augustin Papić estimates that the pharmaceutical multinationals charge their Latin American subsidiaries internal prices that are between 33 percent and 314 percent above world-market levels.

In the last fifteen years, the development of "free-enterprise zones" in many Third-World countries, China and the former East bloc have considerably simplified the multinationals' strategy for repatriating profits.

## 5. Aid and technical assistance

The World's poorest countries receive only 46 percent of development aid and only 38 percent of technical assistance, according to the UN Development programme. Still worse, out of the \$12 billion spent each year on technical assistance, 90 percent goes to pay for foreign experts ".) We can estimate without exaggeration that these experts are paid between 10 and 40 times as much as a local expert. The flow of money back to the North clearly takes particularly subtle forms.

The brain drain from South to North means that Western "experts" represent a double loss for the South. The investment made in educating technicians and experts is lost to the Third World, along with the potential benefits of their work. The 11,236 immigrants to the US as part of the brain drain in 1970 in fact constituted a transfer of technology worth approximately \$3.7 billion in that one year. From 1961 to 1972, according to the UN Conference on Trade and Development, the industrialised countries gained \$51 billion in human capital as a result of immigration. During the same years, total development aid from the US, Canada and Britain amounted to \$46 billion: Canada in



## LIFTING THE THIRD WORLD OUT OF POVERTY: HOW MUCH WOULD IT COST?

We now have official documents available (from UNICEF, the UN Development Programme and even the World Bank) that give reasonably exact figures about what it would cost to satisfy basic human needs in the Third World and thus provide an enormous head start for sustainable development.

Over the next ten years :

Giving basic medical care to everyone, vaccinating all children, eliminating the serious forms and reducing the less serious forms of malnutrition, and cutting infant mortality in half would cost	\$ 5-7 billion a year
Guaranteeing universal access to safe drinking water would cost	\$ 10-15 billion a year
Cutting adult illiteracy in half, providing primary education for everyone, and reducing the rate of female illiteracy to the same level as male illiteracy would cost	\$ 5-6 billion a year
Providing family planning services to all those who want them, so as to stabilize the world's population by the year 2015, would cost	\$ 10-12 billion a year
In total, over the next ten years, all this would cost	\$ 30-40 billion a year
Meanwhile, debt payments amount to nearly	\$ 170 billion a year

We have just seen that peoples of the South lose additional billions each year to the elites of the North: billions that are not available for basic development needs

Would subtracting \$ 30-40 billion from debt payments in order to finance basic development in the Third World destabilize the banking system, the financial system and the economic system, and lead to an unprecedented worldwide crisis, as some people argue?

Consider : the October 1987 stock-market crash, which apparently did not cause so much as a ripple in the smooth waters of capitalism, brought about at a stroke a devaluation of assets amounting to

\$ 2000 billion

Consider : The 0.5 percent currency-transfer tax proposed by Nobel Prize winning economist James Tobin would raise

\$ 1500 billion a year

particular gained seven times as much in human capital as it had given in aid to education.

### 6. Patents and royalties

Another net transfer of resources from South to North comes from the fact that the South has to pay for access and use of technologies owned by companies in the North. Technological contracts are made inside as well as outside of multinational corporations. In this way subsidiaries in the South become indebted to their parent companies. The last GATT accords on "intellectual property rights" will aggravate this phenomenon still more<sup>20</sup>.

### 7. Capital flight

The IMF itself estimates that in 1988 alone, in the thirteen most indebted countries, capital flight amounted to \$180 billion over and above debt payments.

### 8. Losses from currency exchanges

Shifting exchange rates have direct repercussions in mon-

etary flows. Recently in Senegal and other countries of former French West Africa, the 50 percent devaluation of the CFA franc in January 1994 doubled the foreign debt overnight, since debtor countries have to pay in hard currency rather than in their own local currency. The devaluation was one of the measures imposed by the IMF and the World Bank as a condition for not cutting off credits. This same policy had already been tried out in Rwanda in 1990.<sup>21</sup>

## PART 3. THE GLOBALISATION OF CAPITAL

Major changes in the structure of the international economy have occurred in the context of the long wave of slow growth that began in 1974-75. These changes that have led many economists to talk about "globalisation".

Multinational corporations have strengthened their predominance in both production and markets. Today they control 70 percent of world trade and 75 percent of direct foreign investment. The 200 biggest multinationals have combined gross



revenues equal to a quarter of the world gross product. The largest multinationals have revenues higher than many countries' gross national products (see table).<sup>22</sup>

Globalisation should not be seen simply as an increase in the importance of multinational corporations. The political factor is also essential. "Without active political intervention by the Thatcher and Reagan governments, and subsequently by all the other governments that followed in their footsteps, the multinationals could never have broken the chains so thoroughly and quickly that had previously restricted their freedom to exploit economic, human and natural resources where and as they pleased."<sup>23</sup>

This political intervention has been carried out in the name of **four main objectives**: liberalization (free movement of capital, opening of national markets to international competition); privatisation (of public companies and services); deregulation (of labour relations and undermining of social safeguards); and competitiveness (which can supposedly be preserved or improved only if the first three goals are met or are being met). Since these pressures are at work in most areas and, for the first time, in almost all countries", the Group of Lisbon remarks, "the virtually universal triumph of the norm of competitive capitalism is not surprising."<sup>24</sup>

Official speeches try to conceal another battle that is still under way: employers are launching repeated offensives in order to cut net wages and benefits, and make work more "flexible" in order to intensify the usage of production equipment. Despite

cle of profits and sales. "The preconditions for profitability have been re-established, but at the same time growth remains slow and mass unemployment persists."<sup>25</sup>

### Petrodollars flowed South

Contrary to a persistently fashionable idea, the 1974-75 recession (which marked the beginning of massive unemployment) was not caused by oil price increases. As usual, a scapegoat was sought to explain the economic crisis that exploded in the heart of the developed capitalist economies. The oil producing countries united in OPEC, particularly the Arab countries, were available as an easy explanation that pulled attention away from structural causes.

What really happened? Oil-producing Third World Countries, which gained additional revenues because of higher oil prices, plowed most of these revenues back into the economies of the most developed capitalist countries. This mass of dollars put at the disposal of the Northern banking system was lent by banks to the South (and Soviet bloc) in order to finance purchases of Northern products. This money thus served to relaunch the Northern economy. **Part of the South (the OPEC countries) deposited money in Northern banks, which lent the money to another part of the South so that it would become an export market for the North.**<sup>26</sup>

This was the origin of the Third World's "unbearable burden" of debt. "For the countries whose governments and ruling classes jumped head first into the trap of foreign debt, there has been a heavy price to pay. As always, the oppressed classes are the first to suffer the consequences."<sup>27</sup>

At the beginning of the 1980s, loans to Third World and Eastern European countries dried up. Ever since, repayment of the debt has served as a new, permanent mechanism for transferring wealth from the economies of the South and East to Northern bankers. The loans that have been made since then have essentially been intended to keep the Third World paying. Third World countries have had to devote much of their export income as well as the new loans to paying the debt service. A mechanism of eternal debt has thus been put in place, which secures Northern capitalists a very high rent in return for their loans. **The Southern elites skim off their commission along the way.** The system is iniquitous but it works, at least for the moment.

### Globalisation for a minority

The term "globalisation" helps hide the fact that much of the planet is excluded from the process. Those who speak of an emerging "global village" are helping to justify the process of globalisation as it is now actually functioning.

The growth of foreign direct investment helps to marginalise Third World countries. Graph 1 shows clearly the drastic reduction in the Third World's share of investment flows. The decline is still more dramatic if we make distinctions among the countries that make up the Third World (about 140 out of 180 or so countries), because ten among them, mostly located in Southeast Asia (including China), have received the lion's share of investments made during the early 1990s.

Graphs 2 and 3, which do not use exactly the same criteria as Graph 1, clearly show the marginalisation of the world's least developed countries. The total of public and private investments and loans directed towards the world's hundred poorest countries between 1986 and 1991 amounted to 3 percent of the world total.<sup>28</sup>

Graph 3 shows that capital flows have increasingly taken place among the countries of the so-called triad: the US, European Union and Japan. Capital flows that once went from triad countries towards the Third World or ex-Soviet bloc now increasingly remain within the triad. The multinationals have accelerated

#### GROSS REVENUES/GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCTS, IN BILLIONS OF DOLLARS (1992)

<b>General Motors</b>	132.4
Indonesia	126.4
Denmark	123.5
<b>Exxon</b>	115.7
Norway	112.9
South Africa	103.6
<b>Ford</b>	100.1
Turkey	99.7
<b>Royal Dutch/Shell</b>	96.6
Poland	83.8
<b>Toyota</b>	81.3
Portugal	79.5
<b>IBM</b>	64.5
Venezuela	61.1
Malaysia	57.6
<b>Unilever</b>	43.7
Pakistan	41.9
<b>Nestle</b>	38.4
<b>Sony</b>	34.4
Egypt	33.5
Nigeria	29.6
<b>Five Largest Companies</b>	526.1
Middle East & Africa	454.5
South Asia	297.4
Sub-Saharan Africa	269.9

workers' resistance, this employers' offensive has borne results. Massive unemployment has been provoked and used by the dominant classes in order to push back social gains on all fronts. But contrary to official promises that sacrifices today would lead to jobs and prosperity tomorrow, there has been no virtuous cir-

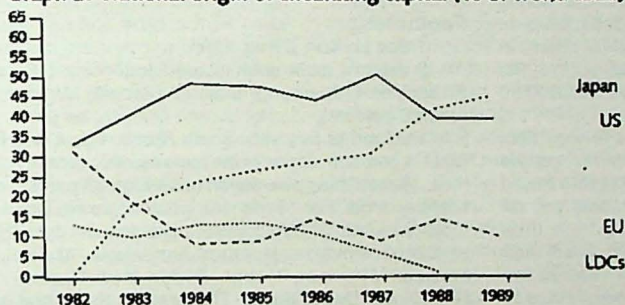


**Graph 1. Distribution of foreign direct investment**

	Industrialized countries	Developing countries	Total
1967	69.4	30.6	105.5
1973	73.9	26.1	208.1
1980	78.0	22.0	504.5
1989	80.8	19.2	1402.9

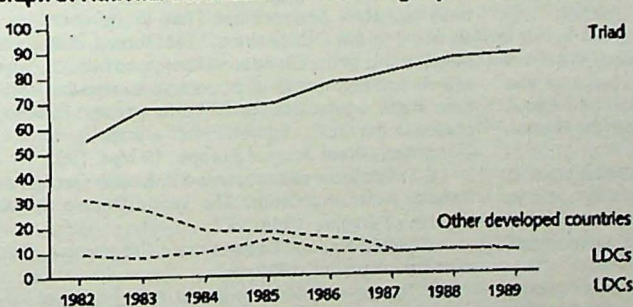
Source: US department of commerce

**Graph 2. National origin of circulating capital (% of world total)**



Source: IMF, Balance of Payment, Statistics Yearbook, Washington D.C., 1991

**Graph 3. National destination of circulating capital (% of world total)**



Source: IMF, Balance of Payment, Statistics Yearbook, Washington D.C., 1991

their investments from one triad country to another.

As for the share of different parts of the world in international trade, we can observe the same process at work of a steadily greater share for triad countries and marginalization of most of the Third World. The table gives an unequivocal picture of the general trend.<sup>24</sup>

### Exacerbated Third-World dependence

Within the Third World, only a few countries have managed

to emerge from poverty. This is the case particularly for South Korea and Taiwan<sup>25</sup>. Hong Kong and Singapore, two city states that are mainly financial centres, could also be added. These four countries accounted in 1990 for 61 percent of the Third World's manufactured exports<sup>26</sup>. As for other Third World countries that seemed to have begun their "take-off" - such as Mexico, hailed by the IMF and World Bank as an example - they were brutally pushed back, first by the debt crisis in the early 1980s, then by the volatility of the new investments that they "benefitted" from in the early 1990s.

Current trends must not be presented simplistically, of course: the triad has not abandoned the whole Third World. Several Third World countries have relatively solid industrial bases that will not vanish overnight. But the maneuvering room that the multinationals have gained in these countries through privatisations and other neo-liberal measures is unprecedented. Sectors that are economically strategic for these countries' development are being "offered" to the multinationals. The clock is in fact being turned back: Third world countries like Mexico, India, Algeria and Brazil, which had tried and to some extent succeeded in beginning an autonomous development process, are now returning to their former dependency and subordination.

Economic growth in countries such as Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand and the Philippines which are often described as new Asian "tigers", is in fact totally dependent on the multinationals in general and the Japanese pole of the triad in particular. These countries play essentially the role of cheap-labour suppliers. They are not headed toward the autonomous status enjoyed by South Korea. As for most of Africa, Central America and the Caribbean and much of South America and South Asia, their marginalization is obvious.

## PART 4. THE NEXT DEBT CRISIS

Debt grew rapidly on a global scale during the 1980s and the first half of the 1990s. The relative share of the Third-World (and ex-Soviet-bloc) debt in world debt has continued to decline. But what has not declined is the sacrifices imposed on these countries' peoples in order to ensure that the debt service is paid. The new phenomenon is that during these same years the



**RELATIVE SHARE OF WORLD MARKET FOR MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS (IN PERCENT)**

	Exports		Imports	
	1980	1990	1980	1990
Industrialised countries (24 countries) (Triad Countries)	62.9	72.4	67.9	72.1
Rest of world	37.1	27.6	32.1	27.9
(Poorest 102 countries)	7.9	1.4	9.0	4.9

peoples of the industrialised countries have also been subjected to austerity measures under the pretext of reducing their countries' public debt.

Consider a few statistics. **The Third World's and ex-Soviet bloc's debt reached about \$1900 billion in 1994 (for about 85 percent of the world population).** In 1993, the gross public debt of the twelve member states of the European Community amounted to more than \$4000 billion. In the United States during the 1980s, under the Reagan and Bush administrations, the public debt quintupled: it amounts today to about \$4900 billion. In 1994 the Third World spent \$203 billion on debt service; in 1993, member states of the European Community spent about \$350 billion on public debt service. <sup>21</sup>

Of course there are differences between the foreign debt problems of Third-World and ex-Soviet bloc countries, on the one hand, and the public debt problems of the most industrialised capitalist countries, on the other. But all governments are responding by demanding a panoply of sacrifices from their populations, sacrifices that are as unacceptable as they are ineffective. Debts continue to grow. While austerity measures imposed in the North do not have tragic consequences equal to those in the South and the East, the results are nonetheless destructive.

Popular movements around the world have to find common responses to this common threat. The road to be travelled is long, but there is no other way. The final declaration (reprinted in this Notebook) made by the March 1995 Brussels conference, "The planet's other voices", heads us in the right direction.

The dividing line today is clearly to be found where in fact it has always been: between exploiters and exploited. We must organise ourselves on a planetary scale on the basis of this clear identification in order to eradicate economic and social injustice, which is perpetuated by those rightly called "the Bretton Woods vultures".

Progressive forces must unite against these vultures, against the multinationals, against the G-7 governments and their tools, in a common fight for common demands. Around the issue of the Third World's and ex-Soviet bloc's debt in particular, we must call for:

1) Cancellation of the debt, as a first step towards building egalitarian relationships between different parts of the world. This would put an end to one of the mechanisms by which wealth is transferred to the "Northern" rich. Attaining this goal would require a better relationship of forces, which would also put in question the other, equally unjustifiable transfers of wealth.

2) Expropriation of assets held in the North by dictators and corrupt regimes, and return of these assets to the peoples of the South. These bank deposits, share portfolios and real estate are essentially the proceeds of theft. As the peoples of the South work to overthrow dictatorships, they need to be assured that they will be able to recoup this wealth in order to guarantee socially equitable, environmentally sustainable development.

3) Reimbursement by profiteers of their debts to the people, based on an audit of their responsibility for their countries' foreign debt, to be paid into a national development fund run by popular organisations. **Cancellation of the foreign debt does not mean that local elites' slate would be wiped clean.** Reimbursement would take place through expropriation of profiteers' assets abroad (point 2) as well as their local assets, up to the full amount owed.

These last two demands would make possible a redistribution of the dominant classes' wealth, which is indispensable for a social take-off and an environment protection policy worthy of the name.

On the issue of public debt in the North as well as in the South: we propose a drastic reduction in every country. (In order to avoid victimizing those with modest savings, holders of debt up to a certain ceiling would continue to be paid.) The resources freed up by this measure would be used to meet essential social needs: health, education, housing, a much shorter work-week and land redistribution.

(Source: *IMF/ World Bank/ WTO: The Free Market Fiasco* - Eric Toussaint & Peter Drucker, Editors)

**Footnotes :**

1 See *Le Soir*, 2 Aug. 1995.

2 Japan's main debtors are: Indonesia (18 percent), the Philippines (10 percent), India (7 percent), Mexico and China (each 6 percent),

Thailand (5 percent), South Korea, Egypt and Bangladesh (each 4 percent). Japan is the main creditor of many debtor countries: 26 countries owe Japan more than 33 percent of their total bilateral debts. For 16 of them, what they owe Japan constitutes more than half of their total bilateral foreign debt (Bangladesh, ex-Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Indonesia, Malawi, Malaysia, Mexico, Myanmar, Nepal, Papua-New Guinea, Paraguay, Philippines, South Korea, Thailand, Uruguay and Venezuela). Source: *World Credit Tables, Eurodad, 1994-95*, p.140.

3 Ernest Mandel, *Le Krach*, 11 Questions, 11 Reponses, Paris: *Dossier Rouge*, 1987, p.14.

4 The OECD consists of the most industrialized capitalist countries: the 15 members of the European Union plus Switzerland, Norway and Iceland, and the US, Canada, Japan, Australia and New Zealand. Two Third-World countries have been admitted to the OECD since 1994: Turkey, also a candidate for membership in the European Union, and Mexico, which together with its two northern neighbours has formed the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA). Turkey and Mexico are not included in the OECD figures in this article.

5 *Wall Street Journal Europe*, 19 Mar. 1993.

6 These facts are recounted in Susan George and Fabrizio Sabelli, *Faith and Credit: The World Bank's Secular Empire*, London: Penguin, 1994.

7 United Nations Development Programme, *Report on Human Development, 1992*, p.3.

8 The poverty level is set at a higher level for the North: people are considered to live below the poverty level there if they have an average income of less than \$5000 a year, i.e. about \$14 a day.

9 These statistics come from an unpublished text by Jean Marie Chauvier. See also his statistics on the situation in Russia today on p.102 below.

10 *US News and World Report*, 6 Feb. 1995.

11 UN Development Programme, *1994 Report*, pp.76, 27. The figures on world poverty are compiled by the World Bank.

12 *Le Monde*, 10-11 July 1994.

(Contd. on Page 60)



# GLOBAL INEQUALITIES AND THE INTERNET

Mike Ely

People who surf around on the Internet often get dazzled by the information and pictures that pop up with a flick of a keystroke. With the right equipment and connections, it is possible to browse through library records in a German university, or check out the photographs that a Japanese artist put in his computer gallery. People can find articles from newspapers around the world or check out literally thousands of wide-open discussion groups, or buy books, or "chat" with other Internet users, or just hop around like a tourist cruising some huge city, peeping in here and there. The Internet is not yet tightly and directly regulated - there are lots of Web sites and discussion groups where you can get information and news that is ordinarily suppressed by the system's corporate media.

After the U.S. government opened the Net for non-government use in the late 1980s the number of users started doubling every year. In May 1995 there were 93 countries hooked up to the internet. By August 1995 there were over 208.

It's no wonder, in many ways, that people start to imagine that the Internet could "bring the world closer" and create a new "global community" where ordinary people can check each other out, and where hateful dictators and TV anchors can no longer censor the flow of information.

At the same time, the cyber reality is that this Internet has been created and developed under capitalism. Those who control this system have no intention of allowing new technologies to "empower" the masses of people in ways that seriously undermine the system. They intend to use this new communications system to rationalize, stabilize, and strengthen their worldwide networks for making profit. And those interests have shaped the Internet at every stage of its growth. And increasingly, as the importance of the Internet becomes obvious to the U.S. ruling class, extremely calculated political and military decisions are being made about how to even more tightly control the way computers circulate information.

## How the System has Distributed Computers

Though the Internet now has at least some subscribers in almost every country-it remains fundamentally a network radiating out of the U.S. -tying all kinds of scientific and technical elites more closely together and tying privileged strata in other countries more closely to the U.S.

Internet access requires a computer, a modern hookup to telephone lines and some kind of arrangement with the "host" computer that is connected to the computer itself. For the masses of the people in the world, those things are simply not available. The internet is one more arena labelled "not for you".

There are about 5 billion people on earth today. Only 150 million of them have access to computers - only 30 in every 1,000 or 3 percent. By comparison, 1.3 billion people on the planet live in absolute poverty- about 260 in every 1,000 without even a basic survival diet.

The way system has distributed computers makes access even more unequal: the computers are overwhelmingly concentrated in a handful of the wealthiest imperialist countries, especially the U.S.

The U.S. alone, with 5 percent of the World's people, has half of the world's computer capacity. Three-quarters of the World's phone lines are concentrated in the imperialist countries, where only 15 percent of the world's population lives.

For vast, vast stretches of this planet there are no computers. Those that show up are overwhelmingly concentrated in the hands of various military forces or the offices of imperialist corporations. A quarter of the world's countries have more than 100 people for every working phone. In fact, about half of the people in the world have never even used a telephone (Le Monde Diplomatique, May 1996)

In short, in oppressed Third World countries that contain the overwhelming majority of humanity, computers are beyond the reach of all but the most wealthy.

And even for the wealthy, there is often no regular electrical current or stable connections to the global telephone networks that tie the Internet together.

## The Intense Inequalities of Internet Access

The Internet itself reflects this same global lopsidedness of imperialism/capitalism.

Over 200 countries are now hooked up to the Internet. But The Internet Report, an investment analysis by Wall Street's Morgan Stanley, estimates that well over half of the host computers on the Internet are in the U.S.- and the 188 poorer countries put together have less than 5 percent of the Internet's host connections. (Hosts are the computers of institutions like universities, corporations or internet providers, that then make internet connections available to individual users.)

Though estimates vary, about 30 million people - about 6 in every, 1000 people-are said to have sent or received computerised letters called "e-mail". And far fewer, an estimated 10 million people in the world-about 2 in every 1000 people-used the Internet's "World Wide Web" in 1995. Boardwatch magazine has argued that such typical estimates are exaggerated, and calculates the real number of Internet users is currently closer to 7 million.

Whatever the precise number, those Internet users are distributed extremely unequally. Very few-almost none-are among the billions of people who live in the peasant villages of Third World shantytowns. According to a Georgia Tech survey, about 75 percent of the Internet's users live in the U.S. And two thirds of them are male.

Scientific American (May 1995) published an article entitled "Information Have-nots: A vicious circle isolates many Third World Scientists." The article documents how the intensifying poverty of many oppressed countries is making Third World universities and research institutes increasingly unable to subscribe to scholarly journals. Researchers in much of Africa and Asia are similarly unable to get modern computers and access to the internet. According to this article, "The explosive growth of networks and CD-ROM drives that promises to open up science publishing in the U.S. and Europe to a larger audience thus threatens to strangle the South's [The Third World] access".

Michael Kidron and Ronald Segal write in their State of the World Atlas: "CNN (the satellite-distributed news network), and the Internet (the transnational matrix of computer networks) together reach no more than two percent of the



world's population".

In short, the rapid increase in worldwide computer communications is not "democratizing" access to information. Instead of giving people more access to valuable information, it is widening the gap between the "info-rich" and the vast majority of people who are "info-poor". Only a tiny sliver of humanity is involved in the Internet. And though students and middle class people in the U.S. have been getting themselves on line, that sliver remains overwhelmingly concentrated in the scientific, corporate and military elites of the imperialist countries, especially the U.S.

The "global community" that the Internet binds together closely mirrors the oppressive inequalities and power-relations of the world capitalist market.

#### Internet Inequalities Within the U.S.

"The rich can afford big houses and -if they have taste-beautiful houses. The middle class is asked to downgrade their expectations and to live more of their lives in cyberspace. So the rich get the real world, the middle class get the cyber-world and the poor are being increasingly shunted off into one sort of enclave or another."

(Bob Stein, founder of Voyager, a company publishing interactive media for computers) Within the U.S. too, capitalism has developed the internet in ways that reflect and intensify the inequalities of class society.

About 40 million people in the U.S., 160 in every 1,000, have some contact with personal computers(PCs). Much of that is through various kinds of data entry in office jobs - it usually doesn't involve much of a "window into cyberspace".

In the U.S., only 100 out of every 1,000 use their computers for communication - receiving and sending e-mail. Only 80 out of 1,000 people in the U.S. have used the Internet. And only 30 in every 1,000 have used the Internet's World Wide Web.

Who gets access? Basically, those with money and those with connections to corporations and universities who encourage internet use.

The majority of internet users in the U.S. get their connections through corporate or university internet hosts-where there is often considerable control over what kinds of Internet sites people are allowed to explore. A recent survey by Dataquest showed that 60 percent of medium - to - large U.S. corporations surveyed had some kind of Internet hookup in all their departments. The Georgia Tech study suggests that even with university connections their access is limited; it reports that only a quarter of Internet users in U.S. universities are studying.

At the same time, there has been a rapid rise in the numbers of people in the U.S. buying personal accounts with private computer networks or the Internet. But here too, the barriers of class are intense. Working people can rarely afford computer setups with modems-or even the \$20 a -month for an Internet account. Many already have enough trouble just paying their monthly telephone bills.

A 1995 survey of the U.S. Department of Commerce showed how much computer usage in the U.S. is restricted to certain classes of people. Only 4 to 8 percent of people in poor families-making under \$ 10,000-have any access to a computer. In families with middle incomes-about \$ 34,000 a year-only about a quarter have an access to computers. In those families making over \$ 75,000, computer use jumps to 65 percent.

The vast majority of poor folks have no connections at all to computers of the Internet. And poor kids aren't being trained for it. Students in poor neighbourhoods often get decent textbooks and sometimes have to study in gyms or hallways because of crumbling class rooms. The system is obviously not financing these poor schools with the kind of expensive computers and computer training that have become "normal" in the wealthy sub-

urban schools!

That's why millions of people say, "The information superhighway don't stop in my neighbourhood".

As PCs have become an everyday part of the entry-level office work in the U.S.-millions of people feel themselves being cut off from even that. Meanwhile, the computers are eliminating many kinds of clerical jobs in business-and are used to "rationalise" all kinds of production and inventory to further reduce jobs and speed up work. Poor and working people are not only largely shut out of the "computer revolution"-but that "computer revolution" is also helping to shut them out of jobs and opportunities that were once open to them.

#### Control the Use and the Content

From the beginning of the Internet, capitalism has also maintained considerable control over what information is available on the cyberspace. The internet wasn't set up to encourage solidarity among oppressed people! Some people are working to do that on the Internet- and the system is working to place increased obstacles in their path, including censorship, spying and outright police attacks.

But from the start, the Internet was intended to serve imperialism. It started during the 1970s as a secret system for connecting U.S. military researchers.

As it has grown, it has remained heavily dominated by the U.S. and by the English language. If you want access to this world of information, you're forced to learn the language of the dominant imperialist power.

And the contents of the Internet have heavily reflected the reactionary values and needs of the system-from massive military traffic during the Gulf War, to the heavy focus on the "technolology for profit".

Just one example:The Internet Report casually describes pornography as a "major, early-stage driver" of Internet development. Thanks to capitalism, global computerised communications immediately became a new vehicle for the exploitation of women. Huge Internet resources are dedicated to circulating pornographic pictures. And the Internet has become a market place where men with money can browse "personal page" catalogues where hundreds and hundreds of Third World Women are offered for sale.

In a typical reactionary twist; this capitalist pornography then becomes the justification for carrying out government censorship of the Internet-which will inevitably be turned against anti-capitalist currents on the Net.

Elaborate plans have been worked up to more tightly control what will be available on the internet-to restrict the flow of "dangerous" information, to increase the security of banking transactions,to more easily reach every corporate and military outposts in the world. The system is being rapidly "privatized" - which means that all kinds of corporate "firewalls" will be used to screen information and access. New commercial "gates" are already being set up - where people will need to identify themselves and pay digital money to move from one part of the Internet to another.

As the Internet becomes more important in ordinary business dealings, reactionary governments are exploring new ways to remain open to imperialism's economic penetration, while maintaining tight control over the political activity of Internet users in their countries. For example China's counterrevolutionary government is pioneering an "internet" operating within China that will then be hooked up to the international Internet in tightly controlled ways. "There will be nothing illegal on the network so censorship will not be a problem", said Joyce Wong, vice president of China Internet Corp. (Mike Ely in Revolutionary Worker: Source - Red Star, Sept. 1996).



# TWENTY-FIVE TURNING POINTS IN WORLD HISTORY-I

Dr. Vinayak Purohit

1

The present enquiry was triggered by my reading of *Longman Illustrated Encyclopaedia of World History*, revised edn., 1985.

I am in the habit of reading encyclopaedias as novels, that is, as "light reading". I read them with a pencil, underlining passages that appear important to me. I make Marginal Notes and also Top of the Column Markings that enable me to quickly find the reference, when I turn the pages. Further, I cover all the blank pages at the beginning of the book, and at the end, with my own brief indices.

It was whilst engaged in this pleasant task of scribbling and mulling over the material read, and marking cross references, that I came across on page 85-7 of the handy single volume encyclopaedia, the puerile, prejudiced racialists and Euro-centric lists of Battles Decisive, in all history, by Henry Hallam (1777-1859) and Sir Edward Creasy (1812-78). The latter produced his foolhardy list in his *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* (1852)

Hallam's list had been even more ridiculous. Marathon, Arbela, Metaurus, Chalons and Leipzig (1813). The first four of Hallam overlap with Creasy's fifteen which we may now proceed to enumerate:

The second part of this article will appear in *Mankind*, Vol 2, No.7, April 1997; wherein the developments of the last 5000 years, will be collapsed into a summary of Twenty Five Turning Points in World History

## THE INDIAN OCEAN, THE CENTRE OF WORLD TRADE

The Indian Ocean was the Centre of World Trade, as acknowledged by Peter the Great, from times immemorial to c.1820. (Peter's acknowledgement dates from early 18th century, but Indian Ocean's dominance continued upto the beginning of the 19th.) Europe was very far away, and was frantic to cut out the Islamic intermediaries of Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Turkey and Russia. In fact, that is why the "Voyages of Discovery" were made, to enable the Westerners to find a way to the Orient and particularly India! The North-West Passage through Greenland and Canada; the North-East passage via Arctic and N. West Russia; round the Cape of Good Hope (during which a shipwreck led to the "discovery" of Brazil), the direct Westward passage that Columbus took to find "Indians" in America, and finally, the Eastward Land Route, which Marco Polo and his two uncles undertook in the 13th century! India was the goal of all the "Voyages of Discovery"! In fact, **India was so rich, that as Marx acknowledged, no one ever dreamt of selling anything to it. All that the Europeans wanted was to buy something from it—be it spices, diamonds, textiles, dyes and chemicals or metalworks!** That is why, all the gold and silver of the world, after circulating elsewhere, came to be swallowed by India

The Battle of Marathon, 490 BC  
The Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse,  
413 BC

The Battle of Arbela, 331 BC  
The Battle of the Metaurus, 207 BC  
The Victory of Arminius over the Roman Legions under Varus, AD 9  
The Battle of Chalons, AD 732  
The Battle of Tours, AD 732  
The Battle of Hastings, 1066  
Joan of Arc Victory over the English at Orleans, 1429  
The Defeat of Spanish Armada, 1588  
The Battle of Blenheim, 1704  
The Battle of Pultowa, 1709  
The Victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga, 1777  
The Battle of Valmy, 1792  
The Battle of Waterloo, 1815

Creasy's list is absurd for many reasons of which we may list the following as the most important.

A. Europe was marginal to world history till the successful capitalist Industrial Revolution completed first by the United Kingdom in 1760-1860, to be followed in quick succession by other European powers in the late-19th and early-20th centuries. Therefore, nothing that could have happened in Europe prior to these momentous developments of the mid-19th century could have been "decisive" for the world in any sense of the term.

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**B.** The territories and populations involved in Europe were the most insignificant prior to the Industrial Revolution, which raised the demographic rate in the West. Because of the absence of true nationalities in Europe, and their constantly shifting boundaries over the centuries, it is impossible to calculate the statistics of geography and demography for any one European country. All that we can say is that even today, and excluding Turkey and Russia which are predominantly Asiatic nations, the total European geographical area does not exceed 4% of the world area. The world total for area is 50/52 mln. sq. miles of which Europe excluding Russia and Turkey is almost 2 mln. sq. miles. Russia in Europe is another 2 mln. sq. miles. Since there are 47 mini-States and Sub-Nations in Europe (excl. Turkey, Russia), this means that a country in Europe is averagely hardly one-tenth of one percent of the world total. (0.085 to be exact.) As far as population is concerned, Europe has been traditionally so poor in resources, and climatologically so cold, windy and rainy, and was so densely forested, and possessed such poor soils, that till the completion of the English Industrial Revolution, no country in Europe ever exceeded a population count of a few millions.

As an example, we may notice that the population of England was less than 5 million at the time of its bourgeois revolution of 1640-60 (Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution*, Preface, 1929). Britain's population in 1751 was 7,250,000; in 1781 was 9,250,000 and in 1810 was 10,943,000 (Tara Chand, *History of the freedom Movement in India*, 1970, Vol 1, p.238 quoting J.H. Clapham, *An Economic History of Modern Britain*)

To take another example, the population of the United States in 1790, soon after its Independence struggle, was less than 4 millions. (*EB*, 1973, Vol 22, p.689)

It is impossible to give the populations of France, Germany and Italy, since they had no stable territories and frontiers till late in the 18th (France), or late in the 19th centuries (Italy and Germany).

**C.** The four decisive "battles" that enabled Europe to effect the "primitive accumulation", which in turn allowed it to make the transition from feudalism to capitalism, were:

(i) the genocidal massacre and entombment of Amerindians (16th

to 20th centuries);

- (ii) The depopulation of Africa and the capture of its people to carry on the trans-Atlantic slave trade, and the consequent killings of millions of blacks (16th to 19th centuries);
- (iii) the utilisation of Indian land revenues to purchase Indian goods, and the drain of wealth from India (1765 to 1947); and
- (iv) the criminal trade in narcotics forced upon the Far East by European imperialism, especially British imperialism (Opium Wars against China, 1839-42 and 1856-60.)

However, all these great "bunches of battles" took place outside Europe, rendering Creasy's list, in the main, absolutely foolish.

### 3

It is also theoretically wrong to attach too much importance to individual military geniuses and their exploits in single battles.

Supposing we eliminated the petty Europeans, and substituted them with really powerful Asiatic and other historical figures from the Third World. Even such a revised list made by us would be misleading.

For individuals are not important except as carriers of wide and vast historic forces.

Tolstoi (see last issue of *Mankind*) in *War and Peace*, has shown how insignificant and irrelevant Napolean was during the Russian campaign, **once he had taken the decision not to liberate the serfs**, as he had

done upto and including his victorious Polish campaign.

Balzac in his great *Comedie Humaine* and particularly in the Scenes of Military Life included therein, exposes the hollowness of military claims generally. As a matter of fact, according to Balzac, the so-called military heroes were in the feudo-bourgeois transitional phase of end-18th to early 19th century in France, merely murderers and villains of the worst possible sort.

John Dos Passos, whose masterpiece *U.S.A.*, has been reproduced in part, in this issue, showers utmost ridicule, satire and contempt upon the so-called great American war heroes.

Therefore, the liberal bourgeois theory of an individual shining out as a great genius, is fundamentally flawed. There are no such individuals, and there are no such individual decisive battles.

Particularly not in Europe, where the pettiest dregs of humanity had been cowering, expelled and far removed from the populous resource-rich fertile tracts of South and West Asia.

### 4

At the same time, we must understand that no social formation makes way for its successor without a forcible overthrow of one

## ENDS AND MEANS

It is not a question of violence or non-violence, or choosing of particular means to attain particular ends. In fact means cannot be chosen! Means are given!

Similarly, ends cannot be selected by nit-picking moralists and aesthetes. **Ends are predestined or rather predetermined!** The nature of the preceding Mode of Production has already determined the kind of MOP that the "mother society" will give birth to.

Nothing can be realised in the future which is not potential within the past and the present!

There are no miracles in history! No *deux ex machina* can fall from the sky! Human beings are puny things even when they act collectively, and therefore with strength. They cannot pull a rabbit out of nothing!

All this Gandhian rubbish about ethics and morality, and choice of means and ends, is just that! Pure rubbish!



by the other.

As Marx said "Force is the midwife of an old society, pregnant with the new". It is not a question of desirability, or ethics, or morality. As long as the old order persists, it will be and has to be supported by those in ideological agreement with the disposition of productive forces, and their ownership patterns.

A new society cannot be created out of somebody's brain, however heroic or villainous that individual may be.

A social formation is a vastly ramified, material-historical entity. It cannot die just like that, merely because somebody wishes it. Before dying, the passing social formation will experience convulsions. Hundreds and thousands of adherents of the old order will fight for its survival! Just as hundreds and thousands who aspire for the coming new order, will struggle to realize their ideological dreams.

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All that is given to them is the desire, the will, and the personal praxis, which enables them to accelerate or retard. Historical forces are, overall, inexorable. Man may decide to retain feudalism and resist capitalism, in which case he will be overwhelmed sooner or later. Or he can think and act, to subvert feudalism and promote capitalism, in which case he will win through, sooner rather than later.

But no society will disappear without the exercise of wilful force by some heroic individuals. In fact, such individuals will be retrospectively considered to have been heroic, since they endeavoured to realise a future that was then unborn.

Contrarywise, those who attempted to block the onward march of history, who attempted to prevent the unfolding of inherent potentialities, they will be dubbed villains, since they were eventually, inexorably, inevitably overwhelmed by the march of the productive forces towards their own greater and greater liberation.

No villain leaves the stage of history without being forced out of the arena, or killed within the arena.

All this Gandhian rubbish about ethics and morality, and

choice of means and ends, is just that! Pure rubbish!

No social formation is willing to commit suicide. It is nonsensical to expect it to do so. Therefore force must be used. The Russian Revolution made by Lenin and Trotsky, resulted in the deaths of hardly a few score! It may even be called "a Gandhian Revolution" when compared with the number of casualties resulting from the French Revolution of 1789 or the Chinese Revolution of 1949 or today's Guerrilla Struggles in a hundred nations! **The extent of violence depends entirely upon the degree of resistance offered by the Old Order.** The Tsarist regime of the pre-1917 era was so rotten, so universally hated, so ponderously and inefficiently barbaric, so cruel and inhuman even to ordinary citizens, that in 1917, February-March to October-November, it could enlist the support of very few Russians. (The months are doubled, because of Change of Calendar.) In fact,

those who wore Tsarist uniforms, civil or military, fled and turned coats in their hundreds of thousands to support the revolutionary cause. That is why, in spite of the willingness of Lenin and Trotsky to use force, there didn't arise many opportunities for them to exercise extreme measures in 1917!

The violence and the killings on a mass scale, came later during the Civil War of 1918 to 1921, when the pro-Tsarist Whites were able to regroup under Denikin, Kolchak, Wrangel, and others. At that stage, Leon Trotsky had to build his Red Army from scratch and fight on innumerable fronts, to save the Russian Revolution.

5

It's not a question of

individuals and their proclivities alone.

**No system of production, distribution and exchange can disappear in favour of another, without the earlier system having exhausted all its potentialities.**

It's not like killing an animal of any age, as it happens in a hunt!

The Russian Old Bolsheviks, Lenin and Trotsky's colleagues thought that they had killed capitalism in 1917, and actually over-enthusiastic youngsters like Bukharin, Kollontai, Preobrazensky, Smilga, and others advocated a Red Invasion of Poland and Central Europe. But Lenin and Trotsky put their foot down and refused to export the Russian Revolution. (As a matter of fact, the Pole Pilsudski was able to take advantage of the disarray in Bolshevik ranks, and launch a counter-offensive that carried him far into the heart of Russia. Lenin and Trotsky were hard put to contain Pilsudski and save the Brestlitovsk Treaty)

Despite the wishes and fantasies of Russian Old Bolsheviks, the capitalist system did survive, and in fact after 1975, as we have been at pains to point out in the columns of *Mankind*, it has had a Second Breath. Mainly because of the operation of the

### OLD BOLSHEVIKS

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following seven economic and socio-political developments:

1. The tremendous spurt in the Services Sector's contribution to the national GDP, which now engrosses two-thirds of that in all advanced countries.
2. The spectacular expansion of the Youth Market.
3. The explosive rise in Real Estate values and speculations.
4. The Electronic Information Revolution.
5. The reconquest of Russia and its Stalinist Empire in East Europe, from 1989-91.
6. The reconquest of semi-independent India, which had been allowed to exist "autonomously" from 1947 to 1991, but which was taken over under the four-pronged drive of "Liberalisation, Privatisation, Globalisation and Westernisation" from mid-1991.
7. The successful neo-colonial campaigns to plunge the Third World in an endless series of Limited Wars, which have cost in armaments and defence expenditures, in excess of \$ 500 billion, over the last 50 years. (See *World Bank's World Development Reports* from 1978 to 1996; and UNDP's *Human Development Reports* 1991 to 1996).

The toadies and sycophants of imperialism and neo-colonialism are singing hosannas to the miraculous capacity of the free market system to solve all the problems of the world. Actually the World is beset with problems after problems, crises upon crises, which the capitalist system is absolutely unable to solve. Crores are being massacred in wars, and endemic, poverty is killing many more crores. The environment is being degraded by capitalist greed, so rapidly that some alarmists are predicting the extinction of all life on this planet, in the next century or so!

Therefore, **whilst we admit that capitalism has managed to survive, and has even managed a Second Breath, it is in a historic sense, at a dead end!** Humanity must move forward and shatter the integument that capitalism has forced upon it.

However, no society or social formation, we repeat, can or will disappear before all the potentialities of that system have been completely exhausted.

In fact, in the matter of social history there can be no pre-emptive calls or moves, as in contract bridge or chess!

It is not a game that Social History plays!

All moves and calls of Social History, are with blood in the mouth! They are all deadly serious! If one assault fails, another is quickly mounted!

No society can, in the ultimate sense, survive its out-datedness! Once it has become out-moded, once productive forces have marched beyond the framework of property relations of a particular society, they cannot be once again be bottled up, like Alladin's genie, who came and went as Alladin desired!

## 6

We shall sum up the discussion so far.

Force is necessary for social change.

No society disappears before all its potentialities are exhausted. There is no single War or Decisive Battle, that can by itself change the fate of the world. It is always a Bunch of Battles, spread over decades and centuries, depending upon the nature and extent of the Class Forces engaged in Combat at each concrete point of time.

There are no individual geniuses who have altered the course of world history. There are merely collective geniuses, representing Class Forces!

Taking all the above factors together, we can come to the

conclusion that world history evolves in a series of revolutionary waves and breaks. No society will be overthrown before the time is ripe, i.e., until all the potentialities of that socio-economic system have been previously exhausted. Individual geniuses and specific climactic events of exercise of force will no doubt arise, and there will no doubt be different war heroes born from time to time. But it is the historic process as a whole that is important, and is inexorable. **The stages in the evolutionary cycle of social formations is marked by revolutionary crests that carry one society in transition over to the next.**

## 7

So far in human history, there have been **only five major durable, stable social formations.**

The bedrock has been provided by the HFFG societies (Hunting, Fishing and Food Gathering cultures). These primitive societies have a very low density of population per square mile. Generally a hunting band consists of 40 to 60 individuals, including women and children. (There are not many old men, because man cannot, or does not, live to ripe old age in such a dangerous environment as provided by HFFG formations). The bands move about nomadically over forests and scrub lands, that can hardly support one of two individuals on an average, over 10 or 20 square miles.

Generally in HFFG societies there are no permanent chiefs. Whenever needed, War Chiefs, or Peace Chiefs, or Rain Chiefs, or Matrons to preside over festivities, or Magic Chiefs, who ensure the safety of the clan against disease and pestilences, would be elected from time to time, as the occasion may demand.

Again, by and large, the HFFG Societies were subverted over long stretches of historic time. The collective Primitive Communist Order which was projected by the HFFG formations gave way to Elected Chiefs, Multiple Chiefs, Magic Chiefs or Shamans, Age Sets, and finally, Hereditary Chiefs only a small step removed from Feudal Lords, very very slowly.

And the total transitional span varied from Continent to Continent and Region to Region, depending upon the availability of Natural Resources and the precise tribal resource use pattern.

Therefore, we will concentrate upon the other four major, significant and durable social formations, namely those of, Pastoralism, Feudalism, Slavery and Capitalism.

We have deliberately omitted the social formation called Advanced Communism, since such a society is yet to come into being, and Battles for realisation of such societies are taking place right now in front of our eyes.

**In short, all the Great and Decisive Battles of history have hitherto taken place when Minorities of Property-owners have challenged the preceding social orders and have won through to establish a succession of Four Class Societies, Pastoralism, Feudalism, Slavery and Capitalism.**

## 8

We shall now make a small digression and refer to the List of Five Decisive Events of the 20th Century, that have been adduced by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1973 edition, volume 4, pp. 839-45.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* editors singled out five significant events of the 20th century, namely, the two World Wars, the Great Depression of 1933, and the two, Russian and Chinese, Revolutions of 1917 and 1949 respectively, and found that all five were unfavourable to Capitalism.

However, we have earlier written in *Mankind* Vol 1, No 2,



November 1996, that after 1975, Capitalism acquired a Second Breath. Thus Capitalism has managed to survive upto now. (March, 1997)

Furthermore, almost a quarter century has elapsed since the *EB* of 1973, and we are in a better position to consider the events of the first three-quarters of the 20th century. Putting these events in perspective, we can make a few observations.

The First World War of 1914-1919 was in many ways a pre-figuration of the Second World War of 1939-45. Actually the Second was a continuation of the First. More or less the same principal parties were involved : USA, UK, France, Russia, Germany, Italy and Japan. Italy and Japan had fought with the Allies in WW-I and changed sides in WW-II to join Germany. Austria-Hungary had disappeared from World History at the end of WW-I, and the remaining Central Power of WW-I, Turkey, had also been reduced to a nullity by 1919-22. The Ottoman empire (1453-1919) which had at one time extended over the entire North-African coast of the Mediterranean, and included the Balkans in Europe upto Vienna, and the entire

States long severe contractions occurred in the years 1837-43, 1873-78, 1882-85, 1892-96 and 1929-32 (*EB* 73, Vol 4, p. 474)

I do not think that we should single out one particular downturn or attach too much importance to it.

Thirdly, the Russian Revolution of 1917 should not be given too much importance. It lasted a mere 6 years from the end of 1917 to 1924. Stalin led the counter-revolution; reversed the gains of October 1917; destroyed an entire generation of Old Bolsheviks, instituted a horrible State capitalist bureaucratic system that ultimately facilitated the overturn in favour of private

capitalism by Gorbachev and Yeltsin in 1985-89; and which led to the horrors of the Concentration and Forced Labour camps (1929-56).

Just as Britain had lost out in the economic race already by the end of the 19th century, to Germany and USA, and yet had prolonged its own superior dominant role in world political affairs via the League of Nations (which USA had been forced to not join) till almost 1931; similarly Stalin's State Capitalist Russia, without any inherent economic strength, had tried to play a grand political role

after 1945, quite beyond Russian means. Ultimately her efforts were bound to , and did lead to a fiasco! Britain had fought a cold war with USA from the end of the 19th century to 1931, and Russia, emulating Britain, fought a Cold War with USA from 1945-85, with identical disastrous results!

Therefore, considering the immense population involved and also the continued nationalist posture, the Chinese Revolution of 1949 must be rated as a much greater event.

Thus the five Decisive Events listed by *E.B.* 73, boil down to just two :

1. The World War, with two episodes of 1914-19 and 1939-45.

2. The Chinese Revolution of 1949, which was essentially a national liberation struggle has lasted from 1911 to the present. This National Liberation Struggle had several distinct episodes as follows :

a) 1911-31, during which the Chinese fought against all the imperialist powers including Tsarist and Soviet Russia; United Kingdom, United States, France, Germany, Japan, Portugal and almost all the imperialist powers of Europe.

b) 1931-45, when the Chinese people found Japan to be the principal enemy.

c) 1945-49, when USA was the main enemy of the Chinese people.

### PHASES OF CHINESE NATIONAL STRUGGLE

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Middle-east and the Persian Gulf areas, had been dismembered. Many new small nations and sheikhdoms had arisen in its place. League of Nations' Mandates had been awarded to the successful Allies; France and Britain (Syria and Lebanon placed under French Imperialism, and the rest of the Middle East and Persian Gulf territories placed under British overlordship)

Hitler's grievances stemmed from the inequities of the Versailles Treaty (1919) that had concluded WW-I. Between 1919 and 1939 there had been other continuities of conflicts, aggressions and occupations as well. Hitler had occupied Austria in 1936 and the Sudetanland part of Czechoslovakia in 1938. Under the Stalin-Hitler pact Russia had swallowed up the three Baltic republics and half of Poland, and Hitler had seized the other half of Poland some months before the outbreak of the WW-II in September 1939.

From a long term historical perspective, I would be inclined to merge the two World Wars and consider them to be merely two distinct episodes in a gigantic international conflagration stretching over something like three decades within the first half of the 20th century.

Similarly, the Great Depression of 1933 was a cyclical event. Such periodic crises of Capitalism are endemic to the system. These periodic ups and downs had been occurring since the 19th century with great regularity. For instance, in the United



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

ASIA				
TIME FRAME	1 INDIA	2 CHINA	3 IRAN	4 REST OF ASIA
<b>Before 700 BC</b>	Sudas' <i>Dasrajna</i> c. 3000/2500 BC in <i>Rig Veda</i> . Atri, Kasyapa Vrsa, Dvadasa, Baka, etc. fd. Saraswati Civilization on the banks of Sapta Sindhu, c. 2500-1200 BC. Arjuna, Bhima, Krishna, Balarama, Bhishma, Drona, Karna, Duryodhana in <i>Mahabharata</i> , c. 1500 BC	Shang-Yin period : 1766-1122 BC  Wen Wang, Wu Wang, Ch'eng Wang, Ti Hsin, Chou Kung, Li Wang, Yu Wang.	Ur-Nansho (26th c. BC) E-Anna-tum (25th c. BC) Uru-ka-gina (24th c. BC) Lugalzaggesi (24th c. BC) Naransim(23rd c. BC) Gudea , Ur-Nammu, Shulgi (22nd c. BC)	Hattusilis I and Mursilis I (18th c. BC)  Pithanas and Anittas (14th c. BC) Suppiluliumas (14th c. BC) Sargon II (8th c. BC)
<b>7th century BC</b>		Huan Kung, Wen Kung, Mu Kung.	Cyrus I	
<b>6th century BC</b>			Cambuses-I&II Cyrus II, Darius I, Achaemenids	Croessus of Lydia
<b>5th century BC</b>	Bimbisara, Ajatshatru and Udayan Haryankas		Xerxes I, Aechaemenid Artaxerxes I and II Achaemenids	
<b>4th century BC</b>	Saisunaga, Kalasoka, Mahapadmananda, Dhanananda. Chandragupta I Maurya	Hsiao Kung Shang Yang	Artaxerxes III Achaemenid Darius III	Seleucus I
<b>3rd century BC</b>	Bindusara, Ashoka Dashratha and Samprati Mauryas.	Shih Huang Ti : Ch'in fdr. Liu Pang Han.	Euphradates	
<b>2nd century BC</b>	Pushyamitra and Agnimitra Sungas	Hsiao Wu-Ti. Empress Lu, Wen Ti	Mithradates II Parthian	
<b>1st century BC</b>	Maues and Rajuvula Sakas. Simuka, Krishna and Satkarni Satvahanas. Mahameghavana and Kharvela.	Han rule continues. Cheng Ti, Ai Ti, Ping Ti.	Orodes II Parthian	
<b>1st century AD</b>	Vima Kadphises, Kanishka, Huvishka and Vasudeva Kushanas. Nahapana Ksatartata.	Ming Ti, Chang Ti. Wang Mang Hsin, Pai Ch'ao	Vologeses I Parthian	Kambu fdr. Cambodia
<b>2nd century AD</b>	Gautamiputra Satkarni and Yajnasatkarni Satavahanas. Chastana, Rudradaman and Rudrasimha Sakas.		Mitrdates IV Parthian. Vologeses III Parthian.	



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

REST OF THE WORLD			
5 AMERICAS	6 AFRICA	7 EUROPE	
	Narmer of Egypt (Menes) (31st c. BC) Snefru (27th c. BC) Khufu and Khafre (26th c. BC) Mentuhotep II (21st c. BC) Amenemhet I and Queen Sobeknefru (19th c. BC) Amenhotep I, Queen Hatshepsut, Ichnaton, Tutankhamen (15th c. BC) Rameses II (14th c. BC) Shoshensk (10th c. BC)		<b>Before 700 BC</b>
			<b>7th century BC</b>
	Persian domination of Egypt		<b>6th century BC</b>
	" "		<b>5th century BC</b>
	Persian domination of Egypt. Ptolemy	Phillip II Alexander III	<b>4th century BC</b>
	Hannibal Arsinoe II		<b>3rd century BC</b>
			<b>2nd century BC</b>
	Cleopatra VII	Pompeii, Julius Caesar, Trajan, Hadrian, Augustus, Mark Antony.	<b>1st century BC</b>
		Agrippina the Younger	<b>1st century AD</b>
			<b>2nd century AD</b>



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

ASIA				
TIME FRAME	1 INDIA	2 CHINA	3 IRAN	4 REST OF ASIA
3rd century AD	Rudrasena I Saka. Vindhyasakti Vakataka.	Ts'aoTs'ao	Vologeses V Parthian. Ardheshir, Shapur and Bahram II Sassanian	Zenobia
4th century AD	Rudrasena II and III Saka. Samudragupta, Chandragupta II. Prabhavati Gupta. Vishnugopal Pallava Pravarasena Vakataka		Shapur II Sassanian	Constantine I
5th century AD	Kumargupta I, Skandgupta. Narsimhavarman Pallava. Harisena Vakataka		Yazdegird I, Bahram V, Peroz Sassanian	
6th century AD	Toramana and Mihirkula Huns. Isanavarman and Avantivarman Maukharis	Yang Chien : fdr. Sui Wen Ti Liang-Wu-Ti	Kavad, Khausrow Sassanian	Justinian I, Belisarius. King Sri Duaravatisvara, Queen Cammadevi
7th century AD	Caca, Dahira. Buddharaj Kalachuris. Narsimhavarman Pallava. Pulekesin II, Vikramaditya, Vinayaditya Chalukyas, Harshavardhan Pusyabhuti, Kadungon Pandyas. Sasanka.	Yang Ti. Li Shih Min : fdr Tang T'ai Tsung Li Yuan, Empress Wu. Wu Hou	Khausrow II Sassanian Ibn Marwan Abd al Malik Mu'awaya	Heraclius
8th century AD	Lalitaditya Karkota, Yasovarman. Dharamapala. Vatsaraja Gurjar-Pratiharas. Krishna I, Dhruva Rashtrakuta Vijayaditya Chalukya. Nedunjadaiyan Pandya.	An Lu-Shan. Hsuan-Tsung. Te Tsung		Abd ar-Rahman Sanjaya Indra Sailendra. Harun-al-Rashid.
9th century AD	Govinda III, Amoghavarsa Rashtrakutas. Nagabhatta II, Bhoja I, Mahendrapala Gurjar- Pratihara. Mahavarman Rajsimha II Pandya	Hsien Tsung Wu Tsung I Tsung		Jatiningrat. Fujiwara Mototsuna Suryavarman
10th century AD	Mahipala Gurjar-Pratihara. Vakpati II Paramara. Kallas-Lalliya, Bhima I, Jayapala Hindu-Sahis, Parantaka I, Rajaraja I Chola	Chao K'Uang-yin T'ai Tsung		Abd ar-Rahman III An-Nasir



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

REST OF THE WORLD			
5 AMERICAS	6 AFRICA	7 EUROPE	
			3rd century AD
		King Alcarí	4th century AD
		Attila the Hun, Odoace and, Theodoric the Goths, King Euric	5th century AD
			6th century AD
	Okba ibn Nafi Issa & Mesi Psantik I		7th century AD
	Idris the Elder	Charlemagne	8th century AD
		Alfred	9th century AD
			10th century AD



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

ASIA				
TIME FRAME	1 INDIA	2 CHINA	3 IRAN	4 REST OF ASIA
11th century AD	Bhoja Paramara. Rajendra, Rajadhiraja Chola. Someshwara I Chalukya. Vidhyadhar Chandela. Gangeyadeva and Karna Kalachuri. Muhammed Ghazni.	Tseng Tsung. Shen Tsung.	Chagri Beg, Togrul Beg. Alp Arslan Malik Shah Nizam-al-Mulk	Sanjar Seljuk. Suleiman ibn Kutalmish. Anawrahta and Kyanzitha. Alp Arslan
12th century AD	Vikramaditya VI Chalukya. Kumarapala Caulukya Govindchandra Gahadavala Prithviraj III Cahamana. Vijaysena and Ballalasesa	Ch'in Tsung, Kao Tsung	Hulagu, Abagha. Khazan and Abu Sayed II Khan	Mas'ud I and Kilij Arslan Seljuk Takash, Allaudin, and Jalaluddin Khwarezm Saladin. Taira Kiyomori, Minamoto Yoritomo
13th century AD	Singhana and Ramchandra Yadava. Maravarman Kulasekhar Pandya, Balalla Hoysala. Mohammed Ghorl, Bakhtiar Khilji. Iltutmish, Razia Sultan	Kublai Khan Ning Tsung		Batu and Barka Kipchak Ghengis, Ogodei, and Mangu Mongol. Parakarambahu, Kyazwa. Jayavarman VII Kambuja Ketanagara Singhaseri. Ala-al-din Kikobad I
14th century AD	Allaudin Khajji, Malik Kafur. Mohammed Tughluq. Bahman Shah, Ahmed I and Mohammed II Bahmani.	Chu Yuan-Chang : fdr Ming T'ai Tsu		Tukhtu, Uzbek. Jani Beg and Tukhtamin Kipchak, Timur Lang. Ramakhamheeng Sukhothai. Ramadhipati I, Naraseuan Ayuthya. Kairtarajasajaywardhan. Hayam Wuruk Majapahit. Gajamada, Wang Kon, Gen Yi. Ashikaga Takauji
15th century AD	Bhanudeva IV Ganga. Devraya II Sangama. Mubarak Shah Sayyad. Mohammed Khajji Malwa. Hussein Sharqi Kapilendra Gajpati	Ch'eng Tsu. Ying Tsung, Hsien Tsung. Cheng Ho. Yong Lo	Sultan Mohammed II	Parakarambahu VI Jayasimhavarman V Champa Ulugh Beg
16th century AD	Sikandar Lodhi. Prataprudra Gajapati. Krishnadeva Raya and Sadashiv Tuluva. Sanga Sisodiya. Bahadur Shah and Ahmed Shah. Sher Shah Suri. Akbar Moghul. Ibrahim I, and Ali I, Adil Shah. Ibrahim Qutub Shah.	Shih Tsung.	Tahmasp I Safavid	Bayiaanaunga Toungoo Odanobunaga Toyotomi Hideyoshi Suleiman
17th century AD	Jehangir, Shahjehan, Aurangzeb. Shivaji, Ali II Adil Shah Govind Singh	Shen Tsung, Nurhachi, Abahai. K'ang Hsi	Shah Abbas I, Sulayman Safavid	Tokugawa Ieyasu



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

REST OF THE WORLD			
5 AMERICAS	6 AFRICA	7 EUROPE	
		Canute II Waldemar I & II Boleslav I & II Abbad I, II, III El Cid	11th century AD
Manco Capac Hunac Ceel Mayapan.	Abdal-Murmin	Conrad III, Frederick I Lothair, Alfonso I Roger II, Abd al Mu'min Yusuf ibn Tashufin	12th century AD
	Sundiata	Frederick II Doge Enrico Dandolo	13th century AD
Viracoche. Acamapichtli, Huitzilihuitl, and Chimalpopoca	Mansa Musa of Mali	John I Casimir III Sforza	14th century AD
Pachacutec Inca Yupanqui and Tupac Inca Yupanqui. Montezuma I, Itzcoatl, and Ahuizotl.	Sonni Ali	Joan of Arc Casimir IV Ivan IV Hetman Yermak Borgia	15th century AD
Huayana Capac. Huascar Atahualpa. Montezuma II. Powhatan	Aruj. Idris Alooma of Bornu Monomotapa	Pizarro, Cortes. Edward III Charles V Francisco Almeida Albuquerque Raleigh, Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher	16th century AD
	Mulay Ismail	Peter I Cromwell, Ireton Henry Morgan	17th century AD



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

ASIA				
TIME FRAME	1 INDIA	2 CHINA	3 IRAN *	4 REST OF ASIA
18th century AD	Asaf Jha Nizam Balaji Vishwanath, Balaji Bajirao Peshwa. Madhavrao Sindhia. Raghujii Bhonsle. Ahmed Shah Durrani, Haider Ali, Tipu Sultan. Bahadur Shah, Sirajudaullah	Ch'ien Lung	Karim Khan Zand Nadir Shah Agha Mohammad Khan	Alaungpaya Rama I
19th century AD	Ranjit Singh. Rani Laxmi Bai. Mangal Pandey, Tatya Tope, Kunwar Singh Nana Sahib	Hung Hsiu-ch'uen Chang Lo-hsing Liu Ze Xu Empress Zi Xi	Nasr-ad-din Qajar	Meiji Samurái; Kido, Ito, Saigi, Okibo et al. Mindon Budowpaya
20th century AD	Bhagat Singh, Chandrashekhar Azad, Khudiram Bose, Jatin Das, Kalpana Dutt, Mahavir Singh, Madan Lal Dhingra, Subhash Chandra Bose, Shah Nawaz, Sehgal, Dhillon et al. Jayaprakash Narayan, Ram Manohar Lohia,	Mao Tse Tung, Chou En Lai. Liu Shao Chi. Lin Piao, Chu Teh et al.	Ayatollah Khomeini. Rafsanjani.	Ho Chih Minh, Le Duc Tho, Le Duan, Gen. Giap, et al. Danzan Khoelo, Suhe Baator. Yarugata Aritomo Aung San, Sukarno. Sam Manekshaw, Jagjit Singh Arora. Jacob, Nanda, Siddiqui, et al. Saddam Hussein, V. Prabhakaran

\*Babylon, Sumer, Assyria, Elam, Iraq, Media, Fars, etc. are all parts of Iran, which neo-colonial historiography has chosen to separate.

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In preparing Table I we had to consider many sources. The exercise became one of preparing a Conspectus of entire World History from about 3000 BC to 1997 AD, or some five thousand years. Therefore, many gaps remain, particularly in respect of the Amerindian and African Civilisations and Empires. The present table may be taken as a first draft, and in a later issue of *Mankind* we may publish a more complete picture.



# GREAT WAR HEROES OF THE WORLD ACROSS 5,000 YEARS

REST OF THE WORLD			
5 AMERICAS	6 AFRICA	7 EUROPE **	
Tupac Amaru Inca Toussant L'arverture	Dingiswayo Ahmad ibn Sa'id	Catherine II J. F. Duplex, Clive, Hastings. Robespierre, Marat, Mirabeau, Danton, Babuef Napoleon Pitt, the Elder & Younger	<b>18th century AD</b>
Hidalgo, Morelos, Iturbide, Santa Anna, Juarez, Diaz	Abdilkader Menelik III, Chaka Catshwayo II-Hadj Omar, Mzilikazi Mohammed Omar	Proudhon, Blanqui, Lasalle, Blanc Maria Theresa, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Canning, Bismarck, Frederick II,	<b>19th century AD</b>
Bolívar and San Martín Zapata Fidel Castro, Che Guevara Salvador Allende Daniel Ortega. Jacobo Arbenz. Cardenas Malcolm X	Abbas II Ben Bella, Bourguiba. Franz Fannon. Nasser, Gaddafi, Machel, Mugabe, Nyerere, Nkruma, Kenyatta, et al.	Libknecht & Luxemburg Lenin, Trotsky and other Old Bolsheviks. Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, Salazar. Matteotti. Tito, Imre Nagy. Vaclav Havel, Zelimir Khan.	<b>20th century AD</b>

**\*\* Genocide of Australian aborigines and Maoris in the 18th and 19th centuries carried out by Britain.**

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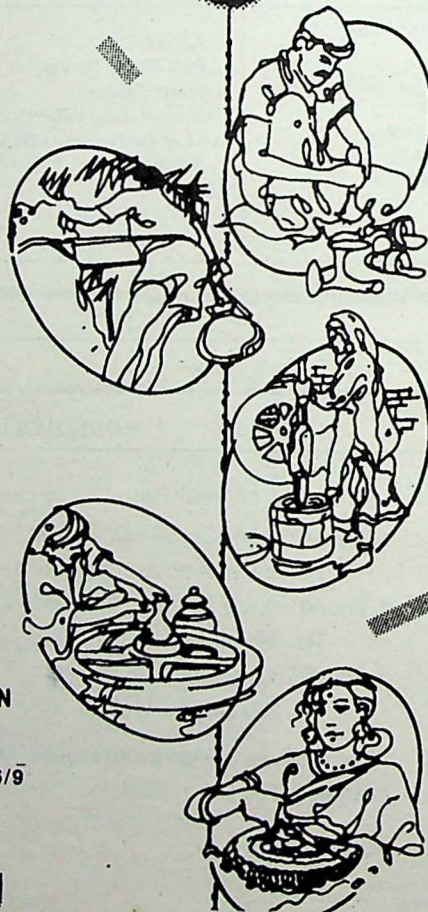
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# Masterpieces of World Literature : John Dos Passos : U.S.A - A Trilogy

## The 42nd Parallel, Nineteen Nineteen, The Big Money

Introductory Remarks by Dr. Vinayak Purohit

We continue our series, Masterpieces of World Literature, with excerpts from John Dos Passos' famous trilogy.

Before we plunge into the seven excerpts which we have selected, we shall place Dos Passos' work in its context.

### 1

#### WORLD LITERATURE

In our introductory remarks published in the last issue of *Mankind* (Jan. 1997, pp. 34-35) we had mentioned that world literature flowed along four mainstreams: Pastoralist, Feudal, Slave and Bourgeois. These four mainstreams corresponded to the four great Modes of Production which the world economy has known.

#### 1. Pastoralist Literature

This was mainly Indian. It comprises of the four *Vedas* (Rig, Yajur, Sama, Atharva) and the related *Brahmanas*, *Aranyakas* and *Upanishads*.

It spanned many millenia. The beginnings of the Rig Veda are dated to c. 6000 BC, though the core of the Rig Vedic compilation may be placed around 4500 to 1500 BC (see SG Talageri, *The Aryan Invasion Theory: A Re-appraisal*, 1993)

It was originally in the oral form and not written down, but was passed on from generation to generation by Brahmin priests flourishing in the Sapta Sindhu region of North-west India, by complicated mnemonic devices. It was in Vedic Sanskrit, which was an accented, inflected and conjunct-consonantal lan-

guage from which ultimately classical Sanskrit was derived. Classical Sanskrit merely dropped the accented system of Vedic Sanskrit, but retained the other two features of the older language, namely, inflections and conjunct consonants.

Vedic Sanskrit was the oldest Indo-Aryan language, whether its origins are placed correctly in c. 6000-4500 BC, or in c. 1500 BC as the racialist and imperialist historians of Europe have tended to do, rather belatedly from late 19th century onwards. Earlier generations of European scholars, Jacobi, and others, had been nearer the mark and had assigned dates c. 4000 BC to the *Vedas*.

There may have been pockets of pastoralist literatures originating in other parts of the world, outside India, especially of the Ural-Altai peoples whose three main branches were Mongol (including Finno-Ugrik and Tibeto-Burman) Turkic, and Manchu-Tungusic. However literatures in these languages are of no great significance or vitality.

Stray writings, sagas and such bardic poetry, may also have been produced by pastoralists in Europe, like the Finno-Ugrians, the Scytho-Huns, the Goths, the Vandals, the Brehon-Irish, the Icelandic Viking shepherds and others. However, this was of even less significance than the language-literatures of the Ural-Altai peoples. In due course, we shall reproduce some excerpts from the pastoralist mainstream, in the columns of *Mankind*. Or we may include such selections in the other series which is being simultaneously featured in *Mankind*, that of Master-

pieces of Indian Literature.

#### 2. Feudal Literature

This was mainly Asiatic, as feudalism was weak, petty, backward, feeble and atomised in Europe (see our contribution Revolutionary Nationalism, *Mankind*, Dec. 1996, pp. 19-33)

In Asia, the transition to feudalism was made roughly from the 7th century BC onwards, almost simultaneously in India and Persia/Iran and a little later in China and the rest of Southeast and East Asia.

There were some scattered and feeble efforts at production of feudal literature in Europe. After the Fall of the Roman Slave Empire, in 4/5th centuries AD, particularly in the Merovingian and Carolingian periods onwards. However, as we have repeatedly stated, the international feudal chain broke at its weakest link, and at the earliest in Europe, from the time of the Crusades and the Communes of the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries when bourgeois subversion of feudal forms had become the general rule in Europe. As such the purer feudal forms of literature had little time to come into being and flourish in Europe before becoming impregnated with mercantilist capitalist infusion.

We shall certainly try to include some excerpts from the great Asiatic feudal traditions in some future numbers of *Mankind*

#### 3. Slave Literature

We make clear that by Slave Literature we mean a literature produced not by slaves but rather by slave-owners. The general problem of distinctions between tribal-primitive, rural-folk, and urban popular literatures, music and drama, on the one hand, and classical, elitist ruling class literatures, music and drama on the other, will be discussed at some future date. Full-fledged slave society developed and flourished mainly in Europe. Slavery in China during the Shang-Yin period has been assumed by some Western pundits. And of course there were fairly substantial slave holdings throughout the medieval period in Asia and marginally in Africa too. But no great importance and significance can be attached to such transitory and fleeting socio-economic arrangements. As in the case of slavery in the American South, within the overarching bourgeois context, slavery in feudalised Asia, like the Mamelukes of the Delhi Sultanate (especially under Feroz Shah Tughlaq), and under the Fatimids of Egypt and the Ottomans of Turkey, all such pockets of slave systems in Asia were marginal to the mainstream Asiatic feudal organisation.

Greek literature of the old Hellenes (main settlements on the Ionian coast and around



the Black Sea), and Latin literature of probably the post-Etruscan period in Italy and the Western Mediterranean generally, may be placed in the slave stream. It may be roughly dated from the 5th century BC to the 3rd century AD.

Though much has been made of this classical slave inheritance by bourgeois Europeans, on a world scale, the slave literature of Europe does not amount to anything much. There were some plays (Sophocles to Terence); and some excellent satirical works by Aristophanes and Juvenal; some second-rate biographies by Petrarca and others, and a sizeable body of philosophical writing much acclaimed by modern white Europeans. But what is European philosophy when compared with the grand philosophical systems evolved in Asia by its great materialist and idealist thinkers.

We will need scores of pages just to name them.

After all what can be the reach of slave societies' ideologues. The giant leap of a flea!

What are Aristotle and Plato and such others, when compared to the Buddha? Or for that matter, to Brihaspati, Charvaka, Jaimini, Kapila, Kanada, Pingala, Charaka, Susruta, Patanjali, Panini, Nagarjuna, Kautilya, Vatsyayana, Vasistha, Vyasa, Valmiki, Bhaskara, Shankara or Abhinavagupta? Not to mention Confucius, Lao-Tzu, Ssu-Ma-Chien, Zoroaster, Mohammed, Al-Baruni, Ibn Khaldun, Abu Ibn Rushd (Averroes), Abu Ibn Sina (Avicenna) and scores and hundreds of geniuses belonging to the Asiatic tradition!

#### 4. Bourgeois Literature

Bourgeois literature is the real forte of Europe.

The inherent weakness of European feudalism led to its earliest collapse in Europe, as compared to other parts of the world. Thus European bourgeois forces were subverting and undermining European feudalism for the longest period of time, stretching from Crusades and Communes of the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries to the 20th.

As explained in our article on Revolutionary Nationalism, *Man-kind*, Dec.96, it was a question of assertion of European nationalism too. The whole of Portugal and Spain, parts of Southern France and Southern Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Malta, Crete, Rhodas, and Cyprus were under the occupation of Islamic Arab Berber army. At the same time, or a little later, the Turks had conquered the whole of the Balkans upto Vienna. Simultaneously the Mongols of the Golden Horde had conquered Russia and Eastern Europe upto Poland and Prussia. This three-pronged Arab-Berber, Turk and Mongol drive had to be beaten back, from the European point of view by a fundamentalists communal, religious mobilization of the Western European Christian forces.

First of all, the Schism with the Eastern Church which was technically superior to the Roman Papacy had to be formalised. This was achieved in 1054. Secondly religious fanaticism had to be whipped up and several religious orders had to be militarized like the Teutonic Knights, Knight Hospitallers and Knight Templars. Thirdly, Crusades had to be directed at Turkey, Egypt, Tunisia, etc. The story of the diversion of the Fourth Crusade (1202-04) to Constantinople under Venetian pressure is a post-facto reconstruction attempted by Western historians. There was no diversion. It was correctly and primarily aimed, from the Christian point of view, at Constantinople. Fourthly, the Roman Pope was to be made the spearhead of the drive to oust the Islamic forces from Europe and thus the Papal States had to be extended to cover the whole of central Italy. All these and related steps of religious and military mobilization, were carried out by the white Europeans during the fateful 11th, 12th and 13th centuries.

Above all, concessions had to be granted to towns, under various charters, to enable them to mobilise the financial resources needed for the expulsion of Islamic enemies from South, Southeast and East Europe. After all, European feudalism had failed to stem the Islamic

tide. It became necessary to explore other socio-political alternatives in order to participate more meaningfully and profitably in the Indian Ocean trade which was central to world economy at the time. Thus the Italian Communes, the Rhine-Danube urban centres, the ports of the Hanseatic League, etc., came into being, and these proto-bourgeois elements hollowed out the European feudal structure.

In this manner, modern European bourgeois literature came into being as inspired by Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-75), and others.

As noted earlier (*MK*, Jan'97, Introductory Remarks to Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*), as at present, the most important and significant streams of European literature are the Russian, the French, and the Spanish.

Of secondary and tertiary value are the literatures in German, Italian, Scandinavian languages, eastern European languages in Portuguese, Gaelic, Icelandic and in English.

American literature is a part of the English stream which peaked in the 19th century along with the climax of British imperialism. English literature has been in decline since then, and in the 20th century American literature has thrust forward, parallel to the onward march of American imperialism and neo-colonialism in the 20th century.

## 2

### AMERICAN LITERATURE

American Literature has virtually no history. It belongs to the present.

This may be a dubious advantage, as many Americans are fond of claiming. It has, therefore, few hangovers and hang-ups. At the same time, it has nothing to fall back on. The American language or dialect or idiom is in the process of distinguishing itself as a sub-genre of the English language and literature. In more ways than one, it has no prestige in the world of letters.

The main reason is that it is brazenly and brashly crude, violent and vulgar, in tune with the general American socio-cultural trends.

The American psyche has been moulded like the psyches of the peoples of the rest of the world, by its ruling classes.

The American ruling classes have been engaged in the following cruel and barbaric activities, since the time of early penal settlements of English criminals on the north American continent in the 17th century.

1. Genocide, massacre including reward-winning "scalping" of the natives, and pillage carried out in a horrific manner upto the 20th century. This savagery was sought to be hypocritically camouflaged and romanticised in the so-called "Westerns", both in literature and in films.
2. A special area of genteel hypocrisy was built up around the slave farms of the American South. Of the four American Presidents, enshrined in the Mount Rushmore Monument, two were themselves slave-owners, namely Washington and Jefferson. The slave-owners of the South gave themselves aristocratic airs, especially English airs, as the French and the Dutch actually joined the war on the side of the North in order to soundly defeat the South. Even today, the peculiar criminal-genteel ethos of the South, after several decades of apparent racial equality, is a living influence on American literature.
3. Overlapping with the above two has been the so-called "Manifest Destiny" programme of the American capitalists to rule and oppress the Latin Americans, which they have alone systematically by the Florida acquisition (1821), war with Mexico (1846-48) that resulted in the acquisition of California and the whole of the Pa-



cific coast, and finally war with Spain in 1898, which fetched Puerto Rico, Panama, Hawaii and Phillipines to the USA.

Actually, the American devastation of the world continued into the 20th century, the symbolic expression of which was the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in 1945. In spite of the humiliating defeats that USA suffered when India liberated Bangladesh in 1971, and Vietnam became unified in 1975, the world is today living under a regime of American terror. America can strike anywhere at anytime it pleases, and it has done so directly on numerous occasions in the Caribbean, and has once again demonstrated its barbaric might in the course of the so-called Gulf War of 1991.

Thus American literature is unashamedly crude, violent, vulgar, racist, bigoted, hypocritical, and jingoist.

This is the gist of its legacy to the world.

### 3

#### JOHN DOS PASSOS (1896-1970)

Dos Passos is "one of the major novelists of the post World War I 'lost generation', whose reputation as a social historian and as a radical critic of the quality of American life rests primarily on his trilogy *U.S.A.*... Extensive travel as a newspaper correspondent in the post-war years enlarged his sense of history, sharpened his social perceptions, and confirmed his radical sympathies. His writings began to develop a larger and tougher objective realism. The execution of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti in 1927 crystallized for Dos Passos an image of the United States as 'two nations' - one of the rich and privileged and the other of the poor and powerless. *U.S.A.* is the portrait of these two nations." (*Merriam Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature*, 1995, p.340)

### 4.

#### U.S.A - ATRILOGY

Dos Passos wrote the three parts of the trilogy as follows - *The*

*42nd Parallel*, in 1930, *Nineteen Nineteen* in 1932, and *The Big Money* in 1936.

The entire work was written under the impact of the Great Depression (1929-33). It was a radical response to the crisis into which American capitalism had plunged its people.

Dos Passos' style is cinematic and journalistic, a combination that is best exemplified by the cinematic genre, Documentary.

The author presents his picture of American society through the following literary devices.

- a) **Newsreel.** This is a reproduction of stray newspaper headlines as may be read by a bystander at a news vendor's kiosk. Sometimes a stray paragraph is included, but mostly there are just Headlines, which suggest a sort of mysterious content or follow-up of the news story.
- b) **Brief biographical notices, in lyrical prose,** of leading American personalities. We have chosen two such sketches, of Teddy Roosevelt and the JP Morgan dynasty of finance capitalists.
- c) **Entirely fictional characters,** like Joe Williams of our extract, whose life stories intertwine amongst themselves, and who, according to Dos Passos, are the representative characters of his times and his country.
- d) **Camera Eye-** This is a kind of zoomed word picture of a single event or incident, seen through the eyes of a particular individual. This is the weakest part of Dos Passos' presentation and is a bit obscure and avant-gardist. However, some readers may enjoy this. It's not an important element of the quadripartite view of American society by Dos Passos. The other three mentioned above are the more significant aspects of his style.

We have selected three Newsreels, two Camera Eye pieces, two Biographical Sketches and one episode from the Joe Williams fictional narration, which is a kind of mixed third person and first person "stream of consciousness" presentation.

## U.S.A - ATRILOGY

### JOHN DOS PASSOS

### U. S. A.

The young man walks fast by himself through the crowd that thins into the night streets; feet are tired from hours of walking; eyes greedy for warm curve of faces, answering flicker of eyes, the set of a head, the lift of a shoulder, the way hands spread and clench; blood tingles with wants; mind is a beehive of hopes buzzing and stinging; muscles ache for the knowledge of jobs, for the roadmender's pick and shovel work, the fisherman's knack with a hook when he hauls on the slithery net from the rail of the lurching twatler, the swing of the bridgeman's arm as he slings down the whitehot rivet, the engineer's slow grip wise on the throttle, the dirt farmer's use of his whole body when whoaing the mules. he yanks the plow from the furrow. The young man walks by himself, searching through the crowd with greedy eyes, greedy ears taut to hear, by himself, alone.

The streets are empty. People have packed into subways, climbed into streetcars and buses; in the stations they've scampered for subur-

ban trains; they've filtered into lodgings and tenements, gone up in elevators into apartmenthouses. In a showwindow two sallow windowdressers in their shirtsleeves are bringing out a dummy girl in a red evening dress, at a corner welders in masks lean into sheets of blue flame repairing a cartrack, a few drunk bums shamle along, a sad streetwalker fidgets under an arclight. From the river comes the deep rumbling whistle of a steamboat leaving dock. A tug hoots far away.

The young man walks by himself, fast but not fast enough, far but not far enough (faces slide out of sight, talk trails into tattered scraps, footsteps tap fainter in alleys); he must catch the last subway, the streetcar, the bus, run up the gangplanks of all the steamboats, register at all the hotels, work in the cities, answer the wantads, learn the trades, take up the jobs, live in all the boarding houses, sleep in all the beds. One bed is not enough, one job is not enough, one life is not enough. At



night, head swimming with wants, he walks by himself alone.

No job. no woman, no house, no city.

Only the ears busy to catch the speech are not alone. the ears are caught tight, linked tight by the tendrils of phrased words, the turn of a joke, the singsong fade of a story, the gruff fall of a sentence; linking tendrils of speech twine through the city blocks, spread over pavements, grow out along broad parked avenues, speed with the trucks leaving on their long night runs over roaring highways, whisper down sandy byroads past wornout farms, joining up cities and fillingstations, round houses, steamboats, planes groping along airways; words call out on mountain pastures, drift slow down rivers widening to the sea and the hushed beaches.

It was not in the long walks through jostling crowds at night that he was less alone, or in the training camp at Allentown, or in the day on the docks at Seattle, or in the empty reek of Washington City hot boyhood summer nights, or in the meal on the Market Street, or in the swim off the red rocks at San Diego, or in the bed full of fleas in New Orleans, or in the cold razorwind off the lake, or in the grey faces trembling in the grind of gears in the street under Michigan Avenue, or in the smokers of limited expresstrains, or walking across country, or riding up the dry mountain canyons, or the night without a sleepingbag among frozen beartracks in the Yellowstone, or canoeing Sundays on

the Quinnipiac,

but in his mother's words telling about longago, in his father's telling about when I was a boy, in the kidding stories of uncles, in the lies the kids told at school, the hired man's yarns, the tall tales the doughboys told after taps;

it was the speech that clung to the ears, the link that tingled in the blood; U.S.A..

U.S.A. is the slice of a continent. U.S.A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws bound in a calf, a radio network, a chain of moving picture theatres, a column of stock quotations rubbed out and written in by a Western Union boy on a blackboard, a publiclibrary full of old newspapers and dogeared historybooks with protests scrawled on the margins in pencil. U.S.A. is the world's greatest rivervalley fringed with mountains and hills. U.S.A. is a sort of bigmouthed officials with too many bankaccounts. U.S.A. is a lot of men buried in their uniforms in Arlington Cemetry. U.S.A. is the letters at the end of an address when you are away from home. But mostly U.S.A. is the speech of the people.

## Newsreel XXIV

it is difficult to realise the colossal scale upon which Europe will have to borrow in order to make good the destruction of war

BAGS TWENTYEIGHT HUNS SINGLEHANDED

PEACETALK BEGINNING TO HAVE ITS EFFECT  
ON SOUTHERN IRON MARKET

LOCAL BOY CAPTURES OFFICER

ONETHIRDWAR ALLOTMENTS FRAUDULENT

*There are smiles that make us happy*

*There are smiles that make us blue*

again let us examine into the matter of rates; let it be assumed that the United States is operating fleets aggregating 3000 freight and passenger vessels between U.S. and foreign ports.

GANG LEADER SLAIN IN STREET  
SOLDIERVOTE CARRIED ELECTION

*There are smiles that wipe away the teardrops*

*Like the sunbeams dry away the dew*

*There are smiles that have a tender meaning*

*That the eyes of love alone can see*

suppose now that into this delicate medium of economic law there is thrust the controlling factor of an owner of a third of the world's tonnage, who regards with equanimity both profit and loss, who does not count as a factor in the cost of operation the interest on capital investment, who builds vessels whether they may be profitably operated or not and who charges rates commensurate in no certain measure with the laws of supply and demand; how long would

it be before the ocean transport of the whole world had broken down completely?

CROWN PRINCE ON THE RUN

*But the smiles that fill my heart with sunshine*

*Are*

*the*

*smiles*

*you*

*give*

*to*

*me*

persistent talk of peace is an unsettling factor and the epidemic of influenza has deterred country buyers from visiting the larger centers.

THE CAMERA EYE (32)

a quatorze heures precisement the Boche diurnally shelled that bridge with their wellknown precision as to time and place a quatorze heures precisement Dick Norton with his monocle in his eye lined up his section at a little distance from the bridge to turn it over to the American Red Cross.

the Red Cross majors looked pudgy and white under their new uniforms in their shined Sam Browne belts in their shined tight leather puttees so this was overseas.

so this was the front well well.

Dick Norton adjusted his monocle and began to talk about how as gentlemen volunteers he had signed us up and as gentlemen volunteers he bade us farewell. Wham the first arrive the smell of almonds the sunday feeling of no traffic on the road not a poilu in sight Dick Norton adjusted his monocle the Red Cross majors felt the showering mud sniffed the lyddite swift whiff of latrines and of huddled troops

Wham Wham Wham like the Fourth of July the shell fragments



sing our ears ring

the bridge is standing and Dick Norton adjusting his monocle is standing talking at length about gentlemen volunteers and ambulance service and la belle France

The empty staffcar is standing

but where are the majors taking over command who were to make a speech in the name of the Red Cross? The slowest and pudgiest and whitest of the majors is still to be seen on his hands and knees with mud all over his puttees crawling into the abris and that's the last we saw of the Red Cross majors

and the last we heard of gentlemen  
or volunteers

## The Happy Warrior

The Roosevelts had lived for seven righteous generations on Manhattan Island; they owned a big brick house on Twentieth Street, an estate up at Dobbs Ferry, lots in the city, a pew in the Dutch Reformed Church, interests, stocks and bonds, they felt Manhattan was theirs, they felt America was theirs. Their son,

Theodore,

was a sickly youngster, suffered asthma, was very nearsighted; his hands and feet were so small it was hard for him to learn to box; his arms were very short;

his father was something of a humanitarian, gave Christmas dinners to newsboys, deplored conditions, slums, the East Side, Hell's Kitchen.

Young Theodore had ponies. was encouraged to walk in the woods, to go camping, was instructed in boxing and fencing (an American gentleman should know how to defend himself), taught Bible Class, did mission work (an American gentleman should do his best to uplift those not so fortunately situated);

righteousness was his by birth;

he had a passion for nature study, for reading about birds and wild animals, for going hunting; he got to be a good shot in spite of his glasses, a good walker in spite of his tiny feet and short legs, a fair horseman, an aggressive scrapper in spite of his short reach, a crack politician in spite of being the son of one of the owning Dutch families of New York.

In 1876 he went up to Cambridge to study at Harvard; a wealthy talkative erratic young man with sidewhiskers and definite ideas about everything under the sun;

at Harvard he drove around in a dogcart, collected stuffed birds, mounted specimens he'd shot on his trips in the Adirondacks: in spite of not drinking and being somewhat of a chriser, having odd ideas about reform and remedying abuses, he made Porcellian and the Dickey and the clubs that were his right as the son of one of the owning Dutch families of New York.

He told his friends he was going to devote his life to social service: *I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife.*

From the time he was eleven years old he wrote copiously, filled diaries, notebooks, loose leaves, with a big impulsive scrawl about everything he did and thought and said;

naturally he studied law.

He married young and went to Switzerland to climb the Matterhorn; his first wife's early death broke him all up. He went out to the badlands of western Dakota to become a rancher on the Little Missouri River;

when he came back to Manhattan he was Teddy, the straight

shooter from the West, the elkhunter, the man in the Stetson hat, who'd roped steers, fought a grizzly hand to hand, acted as Deputy Sheriff

(a Roosevelt has a duty to his country; the duty of a Roosevelt is to uplift those not so fortunately situated, those who have come more recently to our shores);

in the West, Deputy Sheriff Roosevelt felt the white man's burden, helped to arrest malefactors, badmen: service was bully.

All this time he'd been writing, filling the magazines with stories of his hunts and adventures, filling political meetings with his opinions, his denunciations, his pat phrases: Strenuous Life, Realizable Ideals, Just Government, *when men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom, and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and highminded.*

T. R. married a wealthy woman and righteously raised a family at Sagamore Hill.

He served a term in the New York Legislature, was appointed by Grover Cleveland to the unremunerative job of Commissioner for Civil Service Reform,

was Reform Police Commissioner of New York, pursued malefactors, stoutly maintained that white was white and black was black, wrote the Naval History of the War of 1812,

was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and when the *Maine* blew up resigned to lead the Rough Riders, Lieutenant-Colonel.

This was the Rubicon, the Fight, the Old Glory, the Just Cause.

The American public was not kept in ignorance of the Colonel's bravery when the bullets sang, how he charged without his men up San Juan Hill and had to go back to fetch them, how he shot a running Spaniard in the tail.

It was too bad that the regulars had gotten up San Juan Hill first from the other side. that there was no need to get up San Juan Hill at all. Santiago was surrendered. It was a successful campaign. T. R. charged up San Juan Hill into the governorship of the Empire State;

but after the fighting, volunteers warcorrespondents magazinewriters began to want to go home;

it wasn't bully huddling under pupents in the tropical rain or scorching in the morning sun of the seared Cuban hills with malaria mowing them down and dysentery and always yellowjack to be afraid of.

T. R. got up a roundrobin to the President and asked for the amateur warriors to be sent home and leave the dirtywork to the regulars

who were digging trenches and shovelling crap and fighting malaria and dysentery and yellowjack

to make Cuba cozy for the Sugar Trust  
and the National City Bank.

When he landed at home. one of his first interviews was with Lemuel Quigg, emissary of Boss Platt who had the votes of upstate New York sewed into the lining of his vest:

he saw Boss Platt too, but he forgot about that afterwards. Things were bully. He wrote a life of Oliver Cromwell whom people said he resembled. As Governor he doublecrossed the Platt machine (a righteous man may have a short memory); Boss Platt thought he'd shelved him by nominating him for the Vice-Presidency in 1900;

Czol gocz made him President.

T. R. drove like a fiend in a buckboard over the muddy roads



through the driving rain from Mount Marcy in the Adirondacks to catch the train to Buffalo where McKinley was dying.

As President

he moved Sagamore Hill, the healthy happy normal American home, to the White House, took foreign diplomats and fat army officers out walking in Rock Creek Park, where he led them a terrible dance through brambles, hopping across the creek on stepping stones, wading the fords, scrambling up the shaly banks, and shook the Big Stick at malefactors of great wealth.

Things were bully.

He engineered the Panama revolution under the shadow of which took place the famous hocuspocus of juggling the old and new canal companies by which forty million dollars vanished into the pockets of the international bankers,

but Old Glory floated over the Canal Zone and the canal was cut through.

He busted a few trusts, had Booker Washington to lunch at the White House, and urged the conservation of wild life.

He got the Nobel Peace Prize for patching up the Peace of Portsmouth that ended the Russo-Japanese War, and sent the Atlantic Fleet around the world for everybody to see that America was a firstclass power. He left the presidency to Taft after his second term leaving to that elephantine lawyer the congenial task of pouring judicial oil on the hurt feelings of the moneymasters

and went to Africa to hunt big game.

Biggame hunting was bully.

Every time a lion or an elephant went crashing down into the jungle underbrush, under the impact of a wellplaced mushroom bullet, the papers lit up with headlines; when he talked with the Kaiser on horseback the world was not ignorant of what he said, or when he lectured the Nationalists at Cairo telling them that this was a white man's world.

He went to Brazil where he traveled through the Matto Grosso in a dugout over waters infested with the tiny maneating fish, the piranha,

shot tapirs,  
jaguars,

specimens of the whitelipped peccary.

He ran the rapids of the River of Doubt

down to the Amazon frontiers where he arrived sick, an infected abscess in his leg, stretched out under an awning in a dugout with a tame trumpeterbird beside him.

Back in the States he fought his last fight when he came out for the Republican nomination in 1912 a Progressive, champion of the Square Deal, crusader for the Plain People; the Bull Moose bolted out from under the Taft steamroller and formed the Progressive Party for righteousness' sake at the Chicago Colosseum while the delegates who were going to restore democratic government rocked with tears in their eyes as they sang

*Onward Christian so old gers*

*Marching as to war*

Perhaps the River of Doubt had been too much for a man of his age; perhaps things weren't so bully any more; T. R. lost his voice during the triangular campaign. In Duluth a maniac shot him in the chest, his life was saved only by the thick bundle of manuscript of the speech he was going to deliver. T. R. delivered the speech with the bullet still in him, heard the scared applause, felt the plain people praying for his recovery, but the spell was broken somehow.

The Democrats swept in. The World War drowned out the righteous voice of the Happy Warrior in the roar of exploding lyddite.

Wilson wouldn't let T. R. lead a division, this was no amateur's war (perhaps the regulars remembered the roundrobin at Santiago). All he could do was write magazine articles against the Huns, send his sons; Quentin was killed.

It wasn't the bully amateur's world any more. Nobody knew that on Armistice Day, Theodore Roosevelt, happy amateur warrior with the grinning teeth, the shaking forefinger, naturalist, explorer, magazinewriter, Sundayschool teacher, cowpuncher, moralist, politician, righteous orator with a short memory, fond of denouncing liars (the Ananias Club) and having pillowfights with his children, was taken to the Roosevelt Hospital gravely ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Things weren't bully any more;

T. R. had grit;

he bore the pain, the obscurity, the sense of being forgotten as he had borne the grilling portages when he was exploring the River of Doubt, the heat, the fetid jungle mud, the infected abscess in his leg, and died quietly in his sleep at Sagamore Hill on January 6, 1919 and left on the shoulders of his sons the white man's burden.

## The Camera Eye (33)

eleven thousand registered harlots said the Red Cross Publicity Man infest the streets of Marseilles

the Ford stalled three times in the Rue de Rivoli in Fontainebleau we had our cafe au lait in bed the Forest was achingly red yellow novemberbrown under the tiny lavender rain beyond the road climbed through dove-colored hills the air smelt of apples Nevers (Dumas nom de dieu) Athos Pathos and d'Artagnan had ordered a bisque at the inn we wound down slowly into red Macon that smelt of winelees and the vintage fais ce que voudras saute" Bourignon in the Rhone valley the first strawcolored sunlight streaked the white road with shadows of skeletal poplars at every stop we drank wine strong as beefsteaks rich as the palace of Francois Premier bouquet of the last sleetlashed roses we didn't cross the river to Lyon where Jean-Jacques suffered from greensickness as a youngster the landscapes of Provence were all out of the Gallic Wars the towns were dictionaries of Latin roots Orange Tarascon Arles where Van Gogh cut off his ear the convoy became less of a conducted tour we stopped to play craps in the estaminets-boys we're going south to drink the red wine the popes loved best to eat fat meals in oliveoil and garlic bound south cepes provencale the north wind was shrilling over the plains of the Camargue hustling us into Marseilles where the eleven thousand were dandling themselves in the fogged mirrors of the promenoir at the Apollo

oysters and vin de Cassis petite fille tellement brune tete de lune qui amait les veentair sports in the end they were all slot machines undressed as Phocean figurines posted with their legs apart around the scummy edges of the oldest port

the Riviera was a letdown, but there was a candycolorred church with a pointed steeple on every hill beyond San Remo Porto Maurizio blue seltzerbottles standing in the cinzanocolored sunlight beside a glass of VERMOUTH TORINO Savona was set for the Merchant of Venice painted by Veronese Ponte Decimo in Ponte Decimo ambulances were parked in a moonlit square of bleak stone working people's houses hoarfrost covered everything in the little bar the



Successful Story Writer taught us to drink cognac and maraschino half and half

havanuzzerone

it turned out he was not writing what he felt he wanted to be writing What can you tell them at home about the war? it turned out he was not wanting what he wrote he wanted to be feeling cognac and maraschino was no longer young (It made us damn sore we greedy for what we felt we wanted tell'em all they lied see new towns go to Genoa) havanuzzerone? it turned out that he wished he was a naked brown shepherd boy sitting on a hillside playing a flute in the sunlight

going to Genoa was easy enough the streetcar went there Genoa the new town we'd never seen full of marble doges and breakneck stairs marble lions in the moonlight Genoa was the ancient dual city burning? all the marble palaces and the square stone houses and the campaniles topping hills had one marble wall on fire

bonfire under the moon

the bars were full of Britishers overdressed civilians strolling under porticoes outside the harbor under the Genoa moon the sea was on fire the member of His Majesty's Intelligence Service said it was a Yankee tanker had struck a mine? been torpedoed? Why don't they scuttle her?

Genoa eyes flared with the light of the burning tanker Genoa what are you looking for? the flare in the blood under the moon down the midnight streets in boys' and girls' faces Genoa eyes the question in their eyes

through the crumbling stone courts under the Genoa moon up and down the breakneck stairs eyes on fire under the moon round the next corner full in your face the flare of the bonfire on the sea

eleven thousand registered harlots said the Red Cross Publicity Man infest the streets of Marseilles

## Joe Williams

It was a lousy trip. Joe was worried all the time about Del and about not making good and the deckcrew was a bunch of soreheads. The engines kept breaking down. The *Higginbotham* was built like a cheesebox and so slow there were days when they didn't make more'n thirty, or forty miles against moderate headwinds. The only good times he had was taking boxing lessons from the second engineer, a fellow named Glen Hardwick. He was a little wiry guy, who was a pretty good amateur boxer, though he must have been forty years old. By the time they got to Bordeaux Joe was able to give him a good workout. He was heavier and had a better reach and Glen said he'd a straight natural right that would take him far as a lightweight.

In Bordeaux the first port official that came on board tried to kiss Cap'n Perry on both cheeks. President Wilson had just declared war on Germany. All over the town nothing was too good for Les Americains. Evenings when they were off Joe and Glen Hardwick cruised around together. The Bordeaux girls were damn pretty. They met up with a couple one afternoon in the public garden that weren't hookers at all. They were nicely dressed and looked like they came of good families, what the hell it was wartime. At first Joe thought he ought to lay off that stuff now that he was married, but hell, hadn't Del held out on him. What did she think he was, a plaster saint? They ended by going to a little hotel the girls knew and eating supper and drinking beaucoup wine and champagne and having a big party. Joe had never had such a good time with a girl in his life. His girl's name was Marceline and when they woke up in the morning the help at the hotel brought them in coffee and rolls and they ate breakfast. both of 'em sitting up in bed and Joe's French began to pick up and he

learned how to say C'est la guerre and On les aura and Je m'en fiche and Marceline said she'd always be his sweetie when he was in Bordeaux and called him petit lapin.

They stayed in Bordeaux only the four days it took 'em to wait their turn to go up to the dock and unload, but they drank wine and cognac all the time and the food was swell and nobody could do enough for them on account of America having come into the war and it was a great old four days.

On the trip home the *Higginbotham* sprung leaks so bad the old man stopped worrying about submarines altogether. It was nip and tuck if they'd make Halifax. The ship was light and rolled like a log so that even with fiddles on they couldn't keep dishes on the messtable. One dirty night of driving fog somewhere south of Cape Race, Joe with his chin in his peajacket was taking a turn on the deck amidship when he was suddenly thrown flat. They never knew what hit 'em, a mine or a torpedo. It was only that the boats were in darn good order and the sea was smooth that they got off at all. As it was, the four boats got separated. The *Higginbotham* faded into the fog and they never saw her sink, though the last they could make out her maindeck was awash.

They were cold and wet. In Joe's boat nobody said much. The men at the oars had to work hard to keep her bow into the little chop that came up. Each sea a little bigger than the others drenched them with spray. They had on wool sweaters and lifepreservers but the cold seeped through. At last the fog grayed a little and it was day. Joe's boat and the captain's boat managed to keep together until late that afternoon they were picked up by a big fishing schooner, a Banker bound for Boston.

When they were picked up, old Cap'n Perry was in a bad way. The master of the fishing schooner did everything he could for him, but he was unconscious when they reached Boston four days later and died on the way to the hospital. The doctors said it was pneumonia.

Next morning Joe and the mate went to the office of the agent of Perkins and Ellerman, the owners, to see about getting themselves and the crew paid off. There was some kind of damn monkeydoodle business about the vessel's having changed owners in midAtlantic, a man named Rosenberg had bought her on a speculation and now he couldn't be found and the Chase National Bank was claiming ownership and the underwriters were raising Cain. The agent said he was sure they'd be paid all right, because Rosenberg had posted bond, but it would be some time.

"And what the hell do they expect us to do all that time, eat grass?" The clerk said he was sorry, but they'd have to take it up direct with Mr. Rosenberg.

Joe and the first mate stood side by side on the curb outside the office and cursed for a while, then the mate went over to South Boston to break the news to the Chief who lived there.

It was a warm June afternoon. Joe started to go around the shipping offices to see what he could do in the way of a berth. He got tired of that and went and sat on a bench on the Common, staring at the sparrows and the gobs loafing around and the shoppirls coming home from work, their little heels clattering on the asphalt paths.

Joe hung around Boston broke for a couple of weeks. The Salvation Army took care of the survivors, serving 'em beans and watery soup and a lot of hymns offkey that didn't appeal to Joe the way he felt just then. He was crazy to get enough jack to go to Norfolk to see Del. He wrote her every day, but the letters he got back to General Delivery seemed kinder cool. She was worried about the rent and wanted some spring clothes and was afraid they wouldn't like it at the office if they found out about her being married.



Joe sat on the benches on the Common and roamed round a among the flowerbeds in the Public Garden, and called regularly at the agent's office to ask about a berth, but finally he got sick of hanging around and went down and signed on as quartermaster, on a United Fruit boat, the *Callao*. He thought it'd be short run and by the time he got back in a couple of weeks he'd be able to get his money.

On the home trip they had to wait several days anchored outside in the roads at Roseau in Dominica, for the limes they were going to load to be crated. Everybody was sore at the port authorities, a lot of damn British niggers, on account of the quarantine and the limes not being ready and how slow the lighters were coming off from the shore. The last night in port Joe and Larry, one of the other quartermasters, got kidding some young coons in a bumboat that had been selling fruits and liquor to the crew under the stern; first thing they knew they'd offered'em a dollar each to take'em ashore and land'em down the beach so's the officers wouldn't see them. The town smelt of niggers. There were no lights in the streets. A little coalblack youngster ran up and asked did they want some mountain chicken. "I guess that means wild women, sure," said Joe. "All bets are off tonight." The little dinge took'em into a bar kept by a stout mulatto woman and said something to her in the island lingo they couldn't understand, and she said they'd have to wait a few minutes and they sat down and had a couple of drinks of corn and oil. "I guess she must be the madam," said Larry. "If they ain't pretty good lookers they can go to hell for all I care. I'm not much on the dark meat." From out back came a sound of sizzling and a smell of something frying. "Dodgast it, I could eat something," said Joe. "Say boy tell her we want something to eat." "By and by you eat mountain chicken." "What the hell?" They finished their drinks just as the woman came back with a big platter of something fried up. "What's that" asked Joe. "That's mountain chicken, mister; that's how we call froglegs down here, but they ain't like the frogs you all has in the States. I been in the States and I know. We wouldn't eat them there. These here is clean frogs just like chicken. You'll find it real good if you eat it." They roared. "Jesus, the drinks are on us," said Larry, wiping the tears out of his eyes.

Then they thought they'd go pick up some girls. They saw a couple leaving the house where the music was and followed'em down the dark street. They started to talk to'em and the girls showed their teeth and wriggled in their clothes and giggled. But three or four nigger men came up sore as hell and began talking in the local lingo. "Jeez, Larry, we'd better watch our step," said Joe through his teeth. "Those bozos got razors." They were in the middle of a yelling bunch of big black men when they heard an American voice behind them. "Don't say another word, boys, I'll handle this." A small man in khaki riding breeches and a Panama hat was pushing his way through the crowd talking in the island lingo all the time. He was a little man with a gray triangular face tufted with a goatee. "My name's Henderson, DeBuque Henderson of Bridgeport, Connecticut." He shook hands with both of them.

"Well, what's the trouble, boys? It's all right now, everybody knows me here. You have to be careful on this island, boys, they're touchy, these people, very touchy.... You boys better come long with me and have a drink...." He took them each by the arm and walked them hurriedly up the street. "Well, I was young once... I'm still young... sure, had to see the island... damn right too, the most interesting island in the whole Caribbean. only lonely... never see a white face."

When they got to his house he walked them through a big white-washed room onto a terrace that smelt of vanilla flowers. They could see the town underneath with its few lights, the dark hills, the white hull of the *Callao* with the lighters around her lit up by the working lights. At intervals the rattle of winches came up to them and a crazy jigtime from somewhere.

The old feller poured them each a glass of rum; then another. He had a parrot on a perch that kept screeching. The landbreeze had come up full of heavy flowersmells off the mountains and blew the old feller's stringy white hair in his eyes. He pointed at the *Callao* all lit up with its ring of lighters. "United Fruit... United Thieves Company... it's a monopoly... if you won't take their prices they let your limes rot on the wharf: it's a monopoly. You boys are working for a bunch of thieves, but I know it ain't your fault. Here's lookin' at you."

Before they knew it Larry and Joe were singing. The old man was talking about cottonspinning machinery and canecrushers and pouring out drinks from a rumbottle. They were pretty goddam drunk. They didn't know how they got abroad. Joe remembered the dark fo'c'stle and the sound of snoring from the bunks spinning around, then sleep hitting him like a sandbag and the sweet, sick taste of rum in his mouth.

A couple of days later Joe came down with fever and horrible pains in his joints. He was out of his head when they put him ashore at St. Thomas's. It was dengue and he was sick for two months before he had the strength even to write Del to tell her where he was. The hospital orderly told him he'd been out of his head five days and they'd given him up for a goner. The doctors had been sore as hell about it because this was post hospital; after all he was white man and unconscious and they couldn't very well feed him to the sharks.

It was July before Joe was well enough to walk round the steep little coraldust streets of the town. He had to leave the hospital and would have been in a bad way if one of the cooks at the marine barracks hadn't looked out for him and found him a flop in an unused section of the building. It was hot and there was never a cloud in the sky and he got pretty sick of looking at the niggers and the bare hills and the blue shutin harbor. He spent a lot of time sitting out on the old coalwharf in the shade of a piece of corrugated iron roof looking through the planking at the clear deep bluegreen water, watching shoals of snappers feeding around the piles. He got to thinking about Del and that French girl in Bordeaux and the war and how the United Fruit was a bunch of thieves and then the thoughts would go round and round in his head like the little silver and blue yellow fish round the swaying weeds on the piles and he'd find he'd dropped off to sleep.

When a northbound fruitsteamer came into the harbor he got hold of one of the officers on the wharf and told him his sad story. They gave him passage up to New York. First thing he did was try to get hold of Janey; maybe if she thought he ought to, he'd give up this dog's life and take a steady job ashore. He called up the J. Ward Moorehouse advertising office where she worked, but the girl at the other end of the line told him she was the boss's secretary and was out West on business.

He went over and got a flop at Mrs. Olsen's in Redhook. Everybody over there was talking about the draft and how they rounded you up for a slacker if they picked you up on the street without a registration card. And sure enough, just as Joe was stepping out of the subway at Wall Street one morning, a cop came up to him and asked him for his card. Joe said he was a merchant seaman and had just got back from a trip and hadn't had time to register yet and that he was exempt, but the cop said he'd have to tell that to the judge. They were quite a bunch being marched down Broadway; smart guys in the crowd of clerks and counterjumpers along the sidewalks yelled "Slackers" at them and the girls hissed and booed.

In the Custom House they were herded into some of the basement rooms. It was a hot August day. Joe elbowed his way through the sweating, grumbling crowd towards the window. Most of them were foreigners, there were longshoremen and waterfront loafers; a lot of the group were talking big, but Joe remembered the navy and kept his



mouth shut and listened. He was in there all day. The cops wouldn't let anybody telephone and there was only one toilet and they had to go to that under guard. Joe felt pretty weak on his pins, he hadn't gotten over the effect of the dengue yet. He was about ready to pass out when he saw a face he knew. Damned if it wasn't Glen Hardwick.

Glen had been picked up by a Britisher and taken into Halifax. He'd signed as second on the *Chemang*, taking out mules to Bordeaux and a general cargo to Genoa, going to be armed with a threeinch gun and navy gunners. Joe ought to come along. "Jesus, do you think I could get aboard her?" Joe asked. "Sure, they're crazy for navigation officers: they'd take you on even without a ticket." Bordeaux sounded pretty good, remember the girlfriends there? They doped out that when Glen got out he'd phone Mrs. Olsen to bring over Joe's license that was in a cigarbox at the head of his bed. When they finally were taken up to the deck to be questioned, the guy let Glen go rightaway and said Joe could go as soon as they got his license over, but that they must register at once even if they were exempt from the draft. "After all, you boys ought to remember that there's a war on," said the inspector at the desk. "Well, we sure ought to know," said Joe.

Mrs. Olsen came over all in a flurry with Joe's papers and Joe hustled over to the office in East New York and they took him on as bosun. skipper was Ben Tarbell who'd been first on the *Higginbotham*. Joe wanted to go down to Norfolk to see Del, hell this was no time to stay ashore. What he did was to send her fifty bucks he borrowed from Glen. He didn't have time to worry about it anyway because they sailed the next day with sealed orders as to where to meet the convoy.

It wasn't so bad steaming in convoy. The navy officers on the destroyer and the *Salern* that was in command gave the orders, but the merchant captains kidded back and forth with wigwag signals. It was some sight to see the Atlantic Ocean full of longstrings of freighters all blotched up with grey and white watermarkings like barberpoles by the camouflage artists. There were old tubs in that convoy that a man wouldn't have trusted himself in to cross to Saten Island in peacetime and one of the new Shipping Board boats leaked so bad, jerrybuilt out of new wood - somebody musta been making money - that she had to be abandoned.

Joe and Glen smoked their pipes together in Glen's cabin and chewed the fat a good deal. They decided that everything ashore was bunk and the only place for them was blue water. Joe got damn fed up with bawling out the bunch of scum he had for a crew. Once they got in the zone, all ships started steering a zigzag course and everybody began to get white around the gills. Joe never cussed so much in his life. There was a false alarm of submarines every few hours and sea planes dropping depthbombs and excited guncrews firing at old barrels. bunches of seaweed, dazzle in water. Steaming into the Gironde at night with the searchlights crisscrossing and the blinker signals and the patrolboats scooting around, they sure felt good.

It was a relief to get the dirty trampling mules off the ship and their stench out of everything and to get rid of the yelling and cussing of the hostlers. Glen and Joe got ashore only for a few hours and couldn't find Marceline and Loulou. The Garonne was beginning to look like the Delaware with all the new American built steel and concrete piers. Going out they had to anchor several hours to repair a leaky steampipe and saw a patrolboat go by towing five ships' boats crowded to the gunnels, so they guessed the fritzes must be pretty busy outside.

No convoy this time. They slipped out in the middle of a foggy night. When one of the deckhands came up out of the fo'c'stle with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth, the mate knocked him flat and said he'd have him arrested when he got back home for a damn German spy. They coasted Spain, as far as Finisterre. The skipper had just

changed the course to southerly when they saw a sure enough periscope astern. The skipper grabbed the wheel himself and yelled down the tube to the engine-room to give him everything they'd got, that wasn't much, to be sure, and the guncrew started blazing away.

The periscope disappeared, but a couple of hours later they overhauled a tubby kind of ketch, must be a Spanish fishingboat, that was heading for the shore, for Vigo probably, scudding along wind and wing in the half a gale that was blowing up west northwest. They'd no sooner crossed the wake of the ketch than there was a thud that shook the ship and a column of water shot up that drenched them all on the bridge. Everything worked like clockwork. Number 1 was the only compartment flooded. As luck would have it, the crew was all out of the fo'c'stle standing on deck amidships in their life preservers. The *Chemang* settled a little by the bow that was all. The gunners were certain it was a mine dropped by the old black ketch that had crossed their bow and let them have a couple of shots, but the ship was rolling so in the heavy sea that the shots went wild. Anyway, the ketch went out of sight behind the islands that blocks the mouth of the roadstead of Vigo. The *Chemang* crawled on in under one bell.

By the time they got into the channel opposite the town of Vigo the water was gaining on the pumps in Number 2, and there was four feet of water in the engineroom. They had to beach her on the banks of hard sand to the right of the town.

So they were ashore again with their bundles standing around outside the consul's office, waiting for him to find them somewhere to flop. The consul was a Spaniard and didn't speak as much English as he might have, but he treated them fine. The Liberal Party of Vigo invited officers and crew to go to a bullfight there was going to be that afternoon. More monkeydoodle business, the skipper got a cable to turn the ship over to the agents of Gomez and Ca, of Bilbao who had bought her as she stood and were changing her registry.

When they got to the bullring half the crowd cheered them and yelled, "Viva los Aliados," and the rest hissed and shouted. "Viva Maura." They thought there was going to be a fight right there, but the bull came out and everybody quieted down. The bullfight was darn bloody, but the boys with the spangles were some steppers and the people sitting around made them drink wine all the time out of little black skins and passed around bottles of cognac so that the crew got pretty cockeyed and Joe spent most of his time keeping the boys in order. Then the officers were tendered a banquet by the local pro-allied society and a lot of bozos with mostachios made fiery speeches that nobody could understand and the Americans cheered and sang, *The Yanks are coming and Keep the Home Fires Burning and We're Bound for the Hamburg Show*. The chief, an old fellow named McGillicuddy, did some cardtricks, and the evening was a big success. Joe and Glen bunked together at the hotel. The maid there was awful pretty, but wouldn't let 'em get away with any foolishness.

"Well, Joe," said Glen, before they went to sleep, "it's a great war."

"Well, I guess that's strike three," said Joe.

"That was no strike, that was a ball," said Glen.

They waited two weeks in Vigo while the officials quarreled about their status and they got pretty fedup with it. Then they were all loaded on a train to take them to Gibraltar where they were to be taken on board a Shipping Board boat. They were three days on the train with nothing to sleep on but hard benches. Spain was just one set of great dusty mountains after another. They changed cars in Madrid and in Seville and a guy turned up each time from the consulate to take care of them. When they got to Seville they found it was Algeciras they were going to instead of Gib.

When they got to Algeciras they found that nobody had ever heard of them. They came out in the consulate while the consul telegraphed



all over the place and finally chartered two trucks and sent them over to Cadiz. Spain was some country, all rocks and wine and busty blackeyed women and olivetrees. When they got to Cadiz the consular agent was there to meet them with a telegram in his hand. The tanker *Gold Shell* was waiting in Algeciras to take them on board there, so it was back again cooped up on the trucks, bouncing on the hard benches with their faces powdered with dust and their mouths full of it and not a cent in anybody's jeans left to buy a drink with. When they got on board the *Gold Shell* around three in the morning a bright moonlight night, some of the boys were so tired they fell down and went to sleep right on the deck with their heads on their seabags.

The *Gold Shell* landed 'em in Perth Amboy in late October. Joe drew his back pay and took the first train connections he could get for Norfolk. He was fedup with bawling out that bunch of pimps in the fo'c'stle. Damn it, he was through with the sea; he was going to settle down and have a little married life.

He felt swell coming over on the ferry from Cape Charles,, passing the Ripraps, out of the bay full of whitecaps into the smooth brown water of Hampton Roads crowded with shipping; four great battlewagons at anchor, subchasers speeding in and out and a white revenue cutter, camouflaged freighters and colliers, a bunch of red munitions barges anchored off by themselves. It was a sparkling fall day. He felt good; he had three hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. He had a good suit on and he felt sunburned and he'd just had a good meal. God damn it, he wanted a little love now. Maybe they'd have a kid.

Things sure were different in Norfolk. Everybody in new uniforms, twominute speakers at the corner of Main and Granby, Liberty Loan posters, hands playing. He hardly knew the town walking up from the ferry. He'd written Del that he was coming, but he was worried about seeing her, hadn't had any letters lately. He still had a latchkey to the apartment, but he knocked before opening the door. There was nobody there.

He'd, always pictured her running to the door to meet him. Still it was only four o'clock, she must be at her work. Must have another girl with her, don't keep the house so tidy. . . . Underwear hung to dry on a line, bits of clothing on all the chairs, a box of candy with half-eaten pieces in it on the table. . . . Jeez, they must have had a party last night. There was a half a cake, glasses that had had liquor in them, a plate full of cigarette butts and even a cigar butt. Oh, well, she'd probably had some friends in. He went to the bathroom and shaved and cleaned up a little.

Sure Del was always popular, she probably had a lot of friends in all the time, playing cards and that. In the bathroom there was a pot of rouge and lipsticks, and facepowder spilt over the faucets. It made Joe feel funny shaving among all these women's things.

He heard her voice laughing on the stairs and a man's voice; the key clicked in the lock. Joe closed his suitcase and stood up. Del had bobbed her hair. She flew up to him and threw her arms around his neck. "Why, I declare it's my hubby." Joe could taste rouge on her lips. "My, you look thin, Joe. Poor Boy, you musta been awful sick. . . . If I'd had any money at all I'd have jumped on a boat and come on down. . . . This is Wilmer Tayloe. . . . I mean Lieutenant Tayloe, he just got his commission yesterday."

Joe hesitated a moment and then held out his hand. The other fellow had red hair clipped close and a freckled face. He was all dressed up in a whipcord uniform, shiny Sam Browne belt and puttees. He had a silver bar on each shoulder and spurs on his feet.

"He's just going overseas tomorrow. He was coming by to take me out to dinner. Oh, Joe, I've got so much to tell you, honey."

Joe and Lieutenant Tayloe stood around eyeing each other un-

comfortably while Del bustled around tidying the place up, talking to Joe all the time. "It's terrible I never get any chance to do anything and neither does Hilda. . . . You remember Hilda Thompson, Joe? Well, she's been livin' with me to help make up the rent, but we're both of us doin' war work down at the Red Cross canteen every evening and then I sell Liberty bonds..... Don't you hate the Huns, Joe! Oh, I just hate them, and so does Hilda..... She's thinking of changing her name on account of its being German. I promised to call her Gloria but I always forget. You know, Wilmer, Joe's been torpedoed twice."

"Well, I suppose the first six times is the hardest", stammered Lieutenant Tayloe.

Joe grunted.

Del disappeared into the bathroom and closed the door. "You boys make yourselves comfortable. I'll be dressed in a minute."

Neither of them said anything. Lieutenant Tayloe's shoes creaked as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. At last he pulled a flask out of his hip pocket. "Have a drink," he said. "Ma outfit's goin' overseas any time after midnight." "I guess I'd better" said Joe, without smiling. When Della came out of the bathroom all dressed up she certainly looked snappy. She was much prettier than last time Joe had seen her. He was all the time wondering if he ought to go up and hit that damn shavetail until at last he left, Del telling him to come by, and get her at the Red Cross canteen.

When he'd left she came and sat on Joe's knee and asked him about everything and whether he'd got his second mate's ticket yet and whether he'd missed her and how she wished he could make a little more money because she hated to have another girl in with her this way but it was the only way she could pay the rent. She drank a little of the whiskey that the lieutenant had forgotten on the table and ruffled his hair and loved him up. Joe asked her if Hilda was coming in soon and she said no she had a date and she was going to meet her at the canteen. But Joe went and bolted the door anyway and for the first time they were really happy hugged in each other's arms on the bed.

Joe didn't know what to do with himself around Norfolk. Del was at the office allday and at the Red Cross canteen all the evening. He'd usually be in bed when she came home. Usually there'd be some damn army officer or other bringing her home, and he'd hear them talking and kidding outside the door and lie there in bed imagining that the guy was kissing her or loving her up. He'd be about ready to hit her when she'd come in and bawl her out and they'd quarrel and yell at each other and she'd always end by saying that he didn't understand her and she thought he was unpatriotic to be interfering with her war work and sometimes they'd make up and he'd feel crazy in love with her and she'd make herself little and cute in his arms and give him little tiny kisses that made him almost cry they made him feel so happy. She was getting better looking every day and she sure was a snappy dresser.

Sunday mornings she'd be too tired to get up and he'd cook breakfast for her and they'd sit up in bed together and eat breakfast like he had with Marceline that time in Bordeaux. Then she'd tell him she was crazy about him and what a smart guy he was and how she wanted him to get a good shore job and make a lot of money so that she wouldn't have to work any more and how Captain Barnes whose folks were worth a million had wanted her to get a divorce from Joe and marry him and Mr. Canfield in the Dupont office who made a cool fifty thousand a year had wanted to give her a pearl necklace but she hadn't taken it because she didn't think it was right. Talk like that made Joe feel pretty rotten. Sometimes he'd start to talk about what they'd do if they had some kids, but Del'd always make a funny face and tell him not to talk like that.



Joe went around looking for work and almost landed the job of foreman in one of the repairshops over at the shipyard in Newport News, but at the last minute another berry horned in ahead of him and got it.

A couple of times he went out on parties with Del and Hilda Thompson, and some army officers and a midshipman off a destroyer, but they ail high-hatted him, and Del let any boy who wanted to kiss her, and would disappear into a phone booth with anything she could pick up so long as it had a uniform on and he had a hell of a time. He found a poolroom where some boys he knew hung out and where he could get corn liquor and started drinking up a good deal. It made Del awful sore to come home and find him drunk but he didn't care any more.

Then one night when Joe had been to a fight with some guys and had gotten an edge on afterward, he met Del and another damn shavetail walking on the street. It was pretty dark and there weren't many people around and they stopped in every dark doorway and the shavetail was kissing and hugging her. When he got them under a streetlight so's he made sure it was Del, he went up to them and asked them what the hell they meant. Del must have had some drinks because she started tittering in a shrill little voice that drove him crazy and he hauled off and let the shavetail have a perfect left right on the button. The spurs tinkled and the shavetail went to sleep right flat on the little grass patch under the streetlight. It began to hit Joe kinder funny, but Del was sore as the devil and said she'd have him arrested for insult to the uniform and assault and battery and that he was nothing but a yellow snivelling slacker and what was he doing hanging around home when all the boys were at the front fighting the Huns. Joe sobered up and pulled the guy up to his feet and told them both they could go straight to hell. He walked off before the shavetail, who musta been pretty tight, had time to do anything but splutter, and went straight home and packed his suitcase and pulled out.

Will Stirp was in town, so Joe went over to his house and — got him up out of bed and said he'd busted up housekeeping and would Will lend him twentyfive bucks to go up to New York with. Will said it was a damn good thing and that love 'em and leave 'em was the only thing for guys like them. They talked till about day about one thing and another. Then Joe went to sleep and slept till late afternoon. He got up in time to catch the Washington boat. He didn't take a room but roamed around on deck all night. He got to cracking with one of the officers and went and sat in the pilothouse that smelt comfortably of old last year's pipes. Listening to the sludge of water from the bow and watching the wabby white finger of the searchlight pick up buoys and lighthouses, he began to pull himself together. He said he was going up to New York to see his sister and try for a second mate's ticket with the Shipping Board. His stories about being torpedoed went big because none of them on the *Dominion City* had even been across the pond.

It felt like old times standing in the bow in the sharp November morning, sniffing the old brackish smell of the Potomac water, passing redbrick Alexandria and Anacostia and the Arsenal and the Navy Yard, seeing the monument stick up pink through the mist in the early light. The wharves looked about the same, the yachts and powerboats anchored opposite, the Baltimore boat just coming in, the ramshackle excursion steamers, the oystershells underfoot on the wharf, the nigger roostabouts standing around. Then he was hopping the Georgetown car and too soon he was walking up the redbrick street. While he rang the bell, he was wondering why he'd come home.

Mommer looked older, but she was in pretty good shape and all taken up with her boarders and how the girls were both engaged. They said that Janey was doing so well in her work, but that living in New

York had changed her. Joe said he was goin' down to New York to try to get his second mate's ticket and that he sure would look her up. When they asked him about the war and the submarines and all that, he didn't know what to tell 'em so he kinder kidded them along. He was glad when it was time to go over to Washington to get his train, though they were darn nice to him and seemed to think that he was making a big success getting to be a second mate so young. He didn't tell 'em about being married.

Going down on the train to New York, Joe sat in the smoker looking out of the window at farms and stations and billboards and the grimy streets of factory towns through Jersey under a driving rain, and everything he saw seemed to remind him of Del and places outside of Norfolk and good times he'd had when he was a kid. When he got to the Penn Station in New York, first thing he did was check his bag, then he walked down Eighth Avenue all shiny with rain to the corner of the street where Janey lived. He guessed he'd better phone her first and called from a cigarstore. Her voice sounded kinder stiff; she said she was busy and couldn't see him till tomorrow. He came out of the phone booth and walked down the street not knowing where to go. He had a package under his arm with a couple of Spanish shawls he'd bought for her and Del on the last trip. He felt so blue he wanted to drop the shawls and everything down a drain, but he thought better of it and went back to the checkroom at the station and left them in his suitcase. Then he went and smoked a pipe for a while in the waitingroom.

God damn it to hell he needed a drink. He went over to Broadway and walked down to Union Square, stopping in every place he could find that looked like a saloon, but they wouldn't serve him anywhere. Union Square was all lit up and full of navy recruiting posters. A big wooden model of a battleship filled up one side of it. There was a crowd standing around and a young girl dressed like a sailor was making a speech about patriotism. The cold rain came on again and the crowd scattered. Joe went down a street and into a ginmill called The Old Firm. He must have looked like somebody the barkeep knew because he said hello and poured him out a shot of rye.

Joe got to talking with two guys from Chicago who were drinking whisky with beer chasers. They said this wartalk was a lot of bushwa propaganda and that if working stiffs stopped working in munitions factories making shells to knock other working stiffs' blocks off with, there wouldn't be no goddam war. Joe said they were goddam right but look at the big money you made. The guys from Chicago said they'd been working in a munitions factory themselves but they were through, goddam it, and that if the working stiffs made a few easy dollars it meant that the war profiteers were making easy millions. They said the Russians had the right idea, make a revolution and shoot the goddam profiteers and that 'ud happen in this country if they didn't watch out and a damn good thing too. The barkeep leaned across the bar and said they'd oughtn't to talk thataway, folks 'ud take 'em for German spies.

"Why, you're a German yourself, George," said one of the guys.

The barkeep flushed and said, "Names don't mean nothin' .. I'm a patriotic American. I was talking just for your good. If you want to land in the hoosgow it's not my funeral." But he set them up to drinks on the house and it seemed to Joe that he agreed with 'em.

They drank another round and Joe said it was all true but what the hell could you do about it? The guys said what you could do about it was join the I.W.W. and carry a red card and be a classconscious worker. Joe said that stuff was only for foreigners, but if somebody started a white man's party to fight the profiteers and the goddam bankers he'd be with them. The guys from Chicago began to get sore and said the wobbles were just as much white men as he was and that



political parties were the bunk and that all Southerners were scabs. Joe backed off and was looking at the guys to see which one of 'em he'd hit first when the barkeep stepped around from the end of the bar and came between them. He was fat, but he had shoulders and a meanlooking pair of blue eyes.

"Look here, you bums," he said, "you listen to me, sure I'm a Cherman but am I for de Kaiser? No, he's a schwein hunt, I am sokialist unt I live toity years in Union City unt own my home unt pay taxes unt I'm a good American, but dot don't mean dot I will foight for Banker Morgan, not vonce. I know American vorkman in de sokialist party toity years unt all dey do is foight among each oder. Every sonofabitch denk him better den de next sotiofabitch. You loafers getoutahere closin' time . . . I'm goin'to close up an'go home."

One of the guys from Chicago started to laugh, "Well, I guess the drinks are on us, Oscar . . . it'll be different after the revolution."

Joe still wanted to fight, but he paid for a round with his last greenback and the barkeep, who was still red in the face from his speech, lifted a glass of beer to his mouth. He blew the foam off it and said, "If I talk like dot I lose my job."

They shook hands all around and Joe went out into the gusty northeast rain. He felt lit but he didn't feel good. He went up to Union Square again. The recruiting speeches were over. The model battleship was dark. A couple of ragged-looking youngsters were huddled in the lee of the recruiting tent. Joe felt lousy. He went down into the subway and waited for the Brooklyn train.

At Mrs. Olsen's everything was dark. Joe rang and in a little while she came down in a padded pink dressing-gown and opened the door. She was sore at being waked up and bawled him out for drinking, but she gave him a flop and next morning lent him fifteen bucks to tide him over till he got work on a Shipping Board boat. Mrs. Olsen looked tired and a lot older, she said she had pains in her back and couldn't get through her work any more.

Next morning Joe put up some shelves in the pantry for her and carried out a lot of litter before he went over to the Shipping Board recruiting office to put his name down for the officers' school. The little kike behind the desk had never been to sea and asked him a lot of damfool questions and told him to come around next week to find out what action would be taken on his application. Joe got sore and told him to f-k himself and walked out.

He took Janey out to supper and to a show, but she talked just like everybody else did and bawled him out for cussing and he didn't have a very good time. She liked the shawls, though, and he was glad she was making out so well in New York. He never did get around to talking to her about Della.

## Newsreel XXXIV

*How are you goin' to keep 'em away from Broadway  
Jazzin' around  
Paintin' the town.*

boulevards during the afternoon presented an unwanted aspect. The cafe terraces in most cases were deserted and had been cleared of their tables and chairs. At some of the cafe's customers were admitted one by one and served by faithful waiters, who, however had discarded their aprons.

YEOMANETTE SHRIEKS FOR FORMER SUITOR AS  
SHE SEEKS DEATH IN DRIVE APARTMENT

After taking her home he didn't know what the hell to do with himself. He wanted a drink but taking Janey out and everything had cleaned up the fifteen bucks he'd borrowed from Mrs. Olsen. He walked west to a saloon he knew on Tenth Avenue but the place was closed: wartime prohibition. Then he walked back towards Union Square, maybe that feller Tex he'd seen when he was walking across the square with Janey would still be sitting there and he could chew the rag awhile with him. He sat down on a bench opposite the cardboard battleship and began sizing it up: not such a bad job. Hell, I wisht I'd never seen the inside of a real battleship, he was thinking, when Tex slipped into the seat beside him and put his hand on his knee. The minute he touched him Joe knew he'd never liked the guy, eyes too close together: "What you lookin' so blue about, Joe? Tell me, you're gettin' your ticket."

Joe nodded and leaned over and spit carefully between his feet.

"What do you think of that for a model battleship, pretty nifty, ain't it? Jeez, us guys is lucky not to be overseas fightin' the fritzes in the trenches."

"Oh, I'd just as soon," growled Joe. "I wouldn't give a damn."

"Say, Joe, I got a job lined up. Guess I oughtn't to blab around about it, but you're regular. I know you won't say nothin'. I been on the bum for two weeks, something wrong with my stomach. Man, I'm sick, I'm tellin' you. I can't do no heavy work no more. A punk I know works in a whitefront been slippin' me my grub, see. Well, I was sittin' on a bench right here on the square, a feller kinda well-dressed sits down an' starts to chum up. Looked to me like one of these here sissies lookin' for rough trade, see, thought I'd roll him for some jack, what the hell, what can you do if you're sick an' can't work?"

Joe sat leaning back with his legs stuck out, his hands in his pockets staring hard at the outline of the battleship against the buildings. Tex was talking fast, poking his face into Joe's: "turns out the sonofabitch was a dick. S-t I was scared pissless. A secret service agent. Burns is his big boss . . . but what he's lookin' for's reds, slackers, German spies, guys that can't keep their traps shut... an' he turns around and hands me out a job, twentyfive smackers a week if little Willy makes good. All I go to do's bum around and listen to guys talk, see? If I hears anything that ain't a hundred per cent I slips the word to the boss and he investigates. Twentyfive a week and servin' my country besides, and if I gets in any kind of jam, Burns, gets me out. . . . What do you think of that for the gravy, Joe?"

"Stick around . . . look here, you've always treated me white . . . you belong, I know that Joe . . . I'll put you next to this guy if you want. He's a good scout, educated feller an' all that and he knows where you can get plenty liquor an' women if you want 'em."

"Hell, I'm going to sea and get out of all this s-t," said Joe, turning his back and walking towards the subway station.

DESIRES OF HEDJAZ PARIS CRITICS

in order not prematurely to show their colors a pretense is made of disbanding a few formations; in reality, however, these troops are transferred lock stock and barrel to Kolchak

I.W.W. IN PLOT TO KILL WILSON

FIND TENTH THOUSAND BAGS OF DECAYED ONIONS

FALLON STAIRS KILLS WEALTHY CITIZEN

The mistiness of the weather hid the gunboat from sight soon after it left the dock, but the President continued to wave his hat and smile as the boat headed towards the *George Washington*.



# The House of Morgan

I commit my soul into the hands of my saviour, wrote John Pierpont in his will, in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it in his most precious blood. He will present it faultless before my heavenly father, and I entreat my children to maintain and defend at all and at any cost of personal sacrifice the blessed doctrine of complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ once offered and through that alone

and into the hands of the House of Morgan represented by his son, he committed.

when he died in Rome in 1913.

the control of the Morgan interests in New York, Paris and London. four national banks, three trust companies. three life insurance companies, ten railroad systems, three street railway companies, an express company, the International Mercantile Marine.

power.

on the cantilever principle, through interlocking directorates.

over eighteen other railroads. U.S. Steel. General Electric, American Tel. and Tel.. five major industries;

the interwoven cables of the Morgan-Stillman-Baker, combination held credit up like a suspension bridge, thirteen per cent of the banking resources of the world.

The first Morgan to make a pool was Joseph Morgan, a hotelkeeper in Hartford, Connecticut, who organized stagecoach lines and bought up Aetna Life Insurance stock in a time of panic caused by, one of the big New York fires in the 1830's.

his son Junius followed in his footsteps, first in the drygoods business and then as partner to George Peabody, a Massachusetts banker who built up an enormous underwriting and mercantile business in London and became a friend of Queen Victoria;

Junius married the daughter of John Pierpont, a Boston preacher, poet, eccentric, and abolitionist; and their eldest son,

John Pierpont Morgan

arrived in New York to make his fortune

after being trained in England, going to school at Vevey, proving himself a crack mathematician at the University of Gottingen.

a lanky morose young man of twenty,

just in time for the panic of '57.

(war and panics on the stock exchange, bankruptcies, war loans, good growing weather for the House of Morgan.)

When the guns started booming at Fort Sumter, young Morgan turned some money over reselling condemned muskets to the US Army and began to make himself felt in the Gold Room in downtown New York; there was more in trading in gold than in trading in muskets so much for the civil war.

During the Franco-Prussian War Junius Morgan floated a huge bond issue for the French Government at Tours.

At the same time young Morgan was fighting Jay Cooke and the German-Jew, bankers in Frankfurt over the funding of the American war debt (he never did like the Germans or the Jews)

The panic of '73 ruined Jay Cooke and made J. Pierpont Morgan boss croupier of Wall Street; he united with the Philadelphia Drexels and built the Drexel Building where for thirty years he sat in his glassed-in office. redfaced and insolent, writing at his desk. smoking great black cigars, or, if important issues were involved, playing solitaire in his inner office: he was famous for his few words, Yes or No, and for his way of suddenly blowing up in a visitor's face and for that special gesture of the arms that meant, *What do I get out of it?*

In '77 Junius Morgan retired; J. Pierpont got himself made a mem-

ber of the board of directors of the New York Central Railroad and launched the first *Corsair*. He liked yachting, and to have prettvy actresses call him Commodore.

He founded the Lying-in Hospital on Stuyvesant Square. and was fond of going into Saints Georges' church and singing a hymn all alone in the afternoon quiet.

In the panic of '93.

at no inconsiderable profit to himself

Morgan saved the U.S. Treasury: gold was draining out. the country was ruined, the farmers were howling for a silver standard. Grover Cleveland and his cabinet were walking, up and down in the Blue Room at the White House without being able to come to a decision. in Congress they were making speeches while the gold reserves melted in the Subtreasuries; poor people were starving, Coxey's army was marching to Washington; for a long time Grover Cleveland couldn't bring himself to call in the representative of the Wall Street moneymasters: Morgan sat in his suite at the Arlington smoking cigars and quietly playing solitaire until at last the President sent for him.

he had a plan all ready for stopping the gold hemorrhage.

After that what Morgan said went; when Carnegie sold out he built the Steel Trust.

J. Pierpont Morgan was a bullnecked irascible man with small black magpie's eyes and a growth on his nose; he let his partners work themselves to death over the detailed routine of banking, and sat in his back office smoking cigars; when there was something to be decided he said Yes or No or just turned his back and went back to his solitaire.

Every Christmas his librarian read him Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* from the original manuscript.

He was fond of canarybirds and pekinese dogs and liked to take pretty actresses yachting. Each *Corsair* was a finer vessel than the last.

When he dined with King Edward he sat at His Majesty's right; he ate with the Kaiser tete-a-tete; he liked talking to cardinals or the Pope, and never missed a conference of Episcopal bishops;

Rome was his favorite city.

He liked choice cookery and old wines and pretty women and yachting, and going over his collections now and then picking up a jeweled snuffbox and staring at it with his magpie's eyes.

He made a collection of the autographs of the rulers of France. owned glass cases full of Babylonian tablets, seals, signets, statuettes, busts.

Gallo-Roman bronzes,

Merovingian jewels, miniatures, watches, tapastries, porcelains, cuneiform inscriptions, paintings by all the old Masters. Dutch, Italian, Flemish, Spanish.

manuscripts of the Gospels and the Apocalypse.

a collection of the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

and the letters of Pliny the Younger.

His collectors bought anything that expensive or rare or had the glint of empire on it, and he had it brought to him and stared hard at it with his magpie's eyes. Then it was put in a glass case.

The last year of his life he went up the Nile on a dahabeeyah and spent a long time staring at the great columns of the Temple of Karnak

The panic of 1907 and the death of Harriman, his great opponent in railroad financing, in 1909. had left him the undisputed ruler of Wall Street, most powerful private citizen in the world.

an old man tired of the purple, suffering from gout. he had



deigned to go to Washington to answer the questions of the Pujó Committee during the Money Trust Investigation: Yes. I did what seemed to me to be for the best interests of the country.

So admirably, was his empire built that his death in 1913 hardly caused a ripple in the exchanges of the world: the purple descended to his son J.P. Morgan

who had been trained at Groton and Harvard and by association with the British ruling class

to be a more constitutional monarch: *J.P. Morgan suggests..*

By 1917 the Allies had borrowed one billion, nine hundred million dollars through the House of Morgan; we went overseas for democracy and the flag.

and by the end of the Peace Conference the phrase *J.P. Morgan suggests had compulsion over a power of seventy-four billion dollars.*

J.P. Morgan is a silent man, not given to public utterances, but during the great steel strike he wrote Gary : *Heartfelt congratulations on your stand for the open shop, with which I am, as you know, absolutely in accord. I believe American principles of liberty are deeply involved and must win if we stand firm.*

(Wars and panics on the stock exchange.  
machine gunfire and arson,  
bankruptcies, warloans,  
starvation, lice, cholera and typhus :  
good growing weather for the House of Morgan.)

## Newsreel XXXV

the Grand prix de la Victoire, run yesterday for fiftysecond time was an event that will long remain in the memories of those present for never in the history of the classic race has Longchamps presented, such a glorious scene

*Keep the home fires burning  
Till the boys come home*

LEVIATHAN UNABLE TO PUT TO SEA

BOLSHEVIKS ABOLISH POSTAGE STAMPS

ARTIST TAKES GAS IN NEW HAVEN

FIND BLOOD ON ONE DOLLAR BILL

While our hearts are yearning

POTASH CAUSE OF BREAK IN PARLEY

MAJOR DIES OF POISONING

TOOK ROACH SALTS BY MISTAKE

riot and robbery developed into the most awful pogrom ever heard of. Within two or three days the Lemberg Ghetto was turned into heaps of smoking debris. Eyewitnesses estimate that the Polish soldiers killed more than a thousand Jewish men and women and children

### MANKIND

Fdr. Edr. Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia

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# ON SCHEMES OF RESEARCH AT INDIAN UNIVERSITIES

Dr. Rammanohar Lohia

Among the main attraction of a university is the belief that it is the repository of wisdom and power and also of a purposeful curiosity which leads to more wisdom and power. A young mind is inflamed by the presence of this curiosity just as much as that of athletics, of young and healthy bodies. The people profit from this romance of mind and body, from use of new territories of knowledge as from improvement of general health. Indian universities must make a forced-pace effort in either direction, as they have to start almost from scratch.

My intention at the moment is to confine myself to the romance of the mind. An almost sure recipe to awaken this romance is the presence of really learned teachers at the university, persons who know what there is to know of their subject and who can light up its main contours with special wit and wisdom. There will have to be greater reading of books and periodicals than is at present found among teachers. There will have to be much greater contemplation of the read material and of life. All of it, however, stays unsalted without the presence of notable research, of schemes and devotees of research, whose reputation is at least national, but preferably worldwide. The greater possible romance attaches to research, to systematic curiosity of the mind as wrests from darkness its regions of beauty, power or wisdom.

Nothing hits the eye so much and is of such immediate consequence as research in the natural sciences. Such research in mathematics, chemistry, physics, geology and the like seems unmistakably to reveal mystery. I am not competent to talk about these schemes of research and their scientists except to say that, without them, a university of modern

times must appear romanceless. The lesser romance of the social sciences is my immediate concern. In a sense, this lesser romance is of greater consequence, for its echoes reach the depth of mass consciousness and it provides partially the base on which the natural sciences are erected.

Research into social subjects should be mainly classified into that of the existing and the past, the modern and the ancient. The modern, in its turn, should be classified mainly into descriptive-analytical and theoretical-analytical. While the boundary lines between various subjects such as history, geography, literature, economics and mythology need not and should not be erased, there is need to coordinate all of them for purposes of research into a joint command with the three arms of the modern-descriptive, the modern-theoretical and the ancient.

Arts research at Indian universities has hitherto been largely modern-descriptive. Even there, it has confined itself to narrow sectors and transient phases. That is not to say that research, for instance, in the price indices or workers' conditions of a district or railway finances in the third or fourth decade of the century is unnecessary. Such research must go on. There is need, however, to take bigger sectors and broader phases, if the university wishes to become a true centre of the romance of the mind.

I may be permitted to illustrate. While land utilisation in India is one such subject, it may lead on the one hand to fifteen similar enquiries of narrower but more intensive scope, and on the other to four or five of broader extent such as land utilisation in Asia or Europe. The subject may also be split up into various aspects of law, ownership, productive apparatus

pricing and the like, each with its own doctorate. Similar treatment may be given, for instance, to the place of woman in various literatures of India and outside or such emergent phenomena as non-violence or world-unity.

A vast and wonderful subject is opened up by emergent phenomena or such as are on the way out after having matured. Freedom of the coloured people has thrown up numerous such subjects. The agencies of this freedom like the Kuomintang, Wafd and the Congress have shown common features as also dissimilarities and such studies would not only yield the joy that belongs to all revelations of mysteries but could also gift wisdom.

While the Indian caste system may never fully open its mysteries to the researcher, its extension into the existing professions of trade and industry provides a profitable field of enquiry. Such professions as boatmen, fishermen, water carriers and domestic servants belong, for instance, to a single broad caste and their present customs, rituals, ways of life and thought, in addition to their economic status and occupations, would yield rich material and some insights.

The descriptive-analytical must prepare the way for the theoretical-analytical, of which there is almost complete dearth at the Indian universities. Without research into the theoretical-analytical, enquiries of a descriptive kind must inevitably lose their value and become insipid dissertations for doctors of second grade status and income. Particularly, must the enquiry into the theoretical-analytical become intense in non-European lands, as the conceptual tools of world-wide use are European in origin and validity. These tools must be subjected to a thorough enquiry. Their pretence at world-wide validity must be laid bare and the way must be prepared for better conceptual tools through fundamental analysis. It may not be fair to expect the candidate for doctorate, who is generally young and neither encyclopaedic nor a genius, to fashion these tools. It would be more than fair to expect him to inspect these tools in their minute details and to list their value alongside of their inadequacies. Such research may well create the atmosphere, both within and outside the university, for the creation of tools of thought of universal validity.

Man's present thought is littered with such concepts of partial validity. They are,



to list only some of them : 1. Progress 2. Plenty 3. Capitalism 4. Feudalism 5. Socialism or Communism. Each of these concepts is in continual use, both academic and conversational. Europe has so dominated the world's current thought that it does not occur to university men in the non-European world to submit these concepts to close examination. Like the team of blinkered oxen in an oil press, they go on and on researching into sectional conditions with Europe's tools and without a thought that these tools are inadequate and require to be refashioned.

Such abstractions as capitalism, communism or even socialism are indeed categories of thought that identify certain economic and social arrangements. They are at the same time and, even more so, unique historical phenomena incapable of reproduction without an identical setting. Communism is not merely abolition of private property. Has it been accomplished within the setting of mass production as in Czechoslovakia or agrarian stagnation as in Vietnam? Has it been accomplished within the setting of a low density of population as in Russia or a medium one as in China, not to talk of the setting of high density as in India? These two factors of population density and technological character are of such deciding importance that communism must indeed become wholly different creeds in accordance with the degree in which they are present. There is need therefore to examine these prevalent concepts of capitalism or communism. It may well be that their war of seeming extermination will be found on close inspection to be the rivalry of two wings of a common civilization. History and economics will then be understood not in Europe's terms of capitalism or communism but in the more universal terms of regional civilization of varying periods.

Likewise, the concepts of plenty and progress require a most systematic and scientific examination. The superstition has been allowed to grow as though science has been causing a continual increase of progress and plenty or, at least, its benefactions are just around the corner. If steam or electricity or combustion oil has been unable to achieve forecasts made about it, humanity is not deterred from believing in similar forecasts about atomic energy. There is certainly less food per head of the population in India and most areas of the coloured world than there was two thousand or some hundred years ago. But there is progress in the living standards of the upper middle classes of India and elsewhere and it is these who write books. Seekers of truth amongst university men need therefore to examine these concepts with great industry and insight. Adam Smith had the genius to equate international trade with geographical division of labour, a primarily British equation, but one that ruled the mind of the world for a hundred years and more. J.M. Keynes had again the genius to add the concept of full employment to this equation, another British equation, but one that is currently ruling the mind of the English speaking world. University men in India should at least strive to acquire the talent to examine all these concepts from inside as well as outside and attempt to discover the universal concept of comparatively equal productivity in all the world.

Alongside of the descriptive-analytical and the theoretical-analytical, there is need for a warm and intensive study of the ancient. All the world is at any moment the result of what it was in the past. India is par excellence, the result of the past. No country in the world lives in the abstractions, memories and legends of the past as does India. Men are moved to tears and joy and rioting over these affairs of the past easier than over current affairs. And yet there is no genuine study.

There was a Southern Highway in pre-history and, whether Ram walked over it in actuality or in legend, study must be made of it as of its successor in ancient Indian history. Likewise, the east-west highway of Krishna requires investigation. History, geography, literature and mythology must all pool their researches to make these subjects yield their mystery. Likewise, the story of Ganga, Narmada or Kaveri in their past as in their current present will yield rich material. There has been a Sita of Valmiki as of Tulsidas, not to talk of folk songs, and it would be rewarding to trace her career over the ages.

Some of these myths, symbols and abstractions continue into daily use and are causing much trouble and waste due to lack of knowledge. The Indian alphabets are an example. They are all variations of the Nagri alphabet. The Oriya alphabet, which appear at first sight so extraordinarily dissimilar to the Nagri, is in fact an extension of the same principle, which has made the Bengali alphabet somewhat different from the Nagri. The straight lines tend to be replaced by increasingly curved and rounded lines. I would not be surprised if the history of the Tamil alphabet, whose sounds are the same as in the Nagri, although of lesser number, disclosed similar features. India's languages need similarly to be studied in their detail as their broad and graphic sweep. The whole field of the ancient is littered with thousands of doctorates.

A university that undertakes an integrated programme of research in the descriptive-analytical, the theoretical-analytical and the ancient will have done well by the people of India. It will certainly have given a glamorous romance to itself. The mind of India will seek out such a university for its fulfillment. I need not add that the vehicle of such research can never be English. It must necessarily be Hindi, or any of the other languages of India. I had at one time thought that post-graduate work in Indian universities must necessarily be carried out through the medium of Hindi. I must make a partial revision of this view. That sure touch in the handling of language, without which research in ancient subjects has absolutely no meaning and very little also in the descriptive or theoretical subjects, can alone be possible through the mother tongue. I hope the day will come when Hindustani shall be like a mother-tongue to all children of India. But, until that day comes all languages of India should be accepted as medium for post-graduate research. Otherwise, the voluminous and insipid size of present doctorates, largely enforced because of a medium with which the researchist is not at home, will continue.

(Source: *Interval During Politics*, 1965)

Our regular column Wah, Kya Kahen! and Chalo Duniya Dekhe will be resumed in April 1997 issue.



THE GREATEST MODERN INDIAN NOVEL  
SERIALISED PUBLICATION  
**'CHHAMANA ATHA  
GUNTHA'**  
Fakirmohan Senapati

CHAPTER V

THE FAMILY OF MANGARAJ

Ramachandra Mangaraj had a big family to support. Besides himself and his wife, his three sons and their three wives, there were some 20 or 22 servants and maid-servants; altogether it was a household of about 30 heads.

If we give an account of each one of these people, we will have to write a lot. Gentle reader, you know our way. We write nothing that is false, nothing exaggerated, nothing irrelevant. Moreover, the proverb says, - Do not write unpleasant truth; so many things which are true have to be left unsaid.

In the house of Mangaraj, women predominated. No male voice reached one's ears, except maybe that of Ram the servant. The master was always busy with his own affairs. The three sons were in the prime of youth. They whiled away their time in playing chess, in catching birds and in brawling and disputing. Smoking hemp took some of their time. The hemp-vendor in the Govindpur market once told a customer in a fit of temper, "Who cares if you do not purchase my hemp? The whole of my stock will be insufficient to meet the demand of the Babus of the Mangaraj family."

The father hardly ever met his sons. Once an elderly man asked Mangaraj, "Why do you keep your sons at arm's length?" Mangaraj replied with a Sanskrit verse, the purport of which is that a child should be tenderly nurtured till its fifth year, disciplined for the next ten years, and treated as a friend on reaching the age of sixteen. Of course Mangaraj had an interpretation of his own for this verse. He

would say, "Children drool up to their fifth age. They are to be kept at a distance for the next ten years. And when are sixteen, they and their friends should be dealt with strictly." It was rumoured that there was ill-feeling between the father and the sons, because the latter had been wasting his money in revelry.

His wife kept herself aloof from the others; she confined herself to her room and did not talk to anyone. She cared only for hungry and thirsty beggars. One does not talk about the young ladies of a house; it is not proper. What will people say if we expose their affairs to the public gaze? But this we can say. The women of this house left their beds late in the morning. Bathing and toilet took most of their time. Then they would take their meals and sleep till late in the afternoon. Towards evening, they got up and took some rice. Then they sat together, heard the village gossip, set the maidservants one against the other, aired their differences, laughed and passed their time in merrymaking till it was midnight. Rukuni, Marua, Chemi, Nakaphodi, Teri, Bimali, Suki, Pata and Kausuli were the names of some maid-servants; there were many others whose names are not known to us. Some of them were child-widows, some were young widows and some were married. They had taken shelter under the roof of Mangaraj as diverse birds take their abode in a tree. A lot of quarrels spring up when many maid-servants with nothing much to do get together. The house of Mangaraj was no exception to this rule. Naturally, the house was noisy like a fish market till late in the night.

THE STORY SO FAR

Ramachandra Mangaraj was a Zamindar who carried on an extensive business in the lending of paddy and money. He lived in the countryside. When Mangaraj found out that his cousin Shyam had partaken onion-spiced cabbage curry in the company of bad people he made him expiate his sin. Mangaraj took up the 15 acres of Shyam's patrimony at a measly five rupees an acre. Mangaraj had already grabbed all the land in the radius of eight miles excepting Shyam's. Mangaraj had been looking for an opportunity and now he had Shyam in his clutches too. Mangaraj was the son of a poor man. It's said that he couldn't perform his father's funeral rites as he had no money. Like every great man his life was full of ups and downs. His Zamindari estate went by the name of *Fatepur Sarsandha*. It consisted of 560 acres of rent-free land and 327 acres of half-rent land. For the latter part an amount of Rs.5000 was paid as annual revenue. His house consisted of five blocks three of which were used by his sons, one for himself, his wife and small daughter, Malati, the fifth was used as a *Kutchery* or office.

As long as the vegetables from Mangaraj's garden were not sold out, no one else had the right to sell his produce as the market was within the jurisdiction of his zamindari. Mangaraj had many a time been heard saying that he lent out money and paddy simply because he couldn't bear the distress of people. At first Mangaraj used to till two acres of land belonging to the headman of the village on a crop sharing basis. Now he had 81 acres of his own and from another 6071 acres he realised a share of the produce. Almost all his land was rent-free except a few acres for which he paid half rent. He had 15 pairs of bullocks and 12 ploughmen of low caste who were his wholetime employees. Early one morning the head ploughman, Govind Puhana came and reported to his master that as there were not enough seedlings and a 1/2 acres of land could not be planted. Another ploughman Padia followed Mangaraj and Puhana as they headed towards Shyam's piece of land in the village. Mangaraj said in a minatory tone to Shyam that the paddy must not be planted so thickly and asked Puhana to thin out the seedlings. At this Shyam fell at the master's feet and cried bitterly. Mangaraj flew into a rage and abused Shyam. Mangaraj moved towards his own unplanted fields casually with his two servants trailing behind, carrying two loads of fresh seedling from Shyam's field on their shoulders.



## CHAPTER VI CHAMPA THE MAID SERVANT

No one knew the relationship between Champa, alias Harakala, and the Mangaraj family, which consisted of so many people. All were ignorant of her parentage, her caste and her place in society. None could guess from her conduct and behaviour whether she was the mistress or the maidservant of the house. But this much we can say; Champa's influence in the house was unlimited—greater even than that of the wife of Mangaraj. The ploughmen, the labourers and the record-keepers, who were all outsiders, obeyed her implicitly.

Champa had her other name, but, to tell the truth, no one had ever heard her being called Harakala. We are quite unable to say whence the word is derived, or whether the name signifies anything. But one day, someone whispered into her ears that people were calling her 'Harakala'. She flew into a rage and complained to Mangaraj with tears in her eyes. Enquiries were made. Mangaraj warned everyone individually not to call Champa by the name of Harakala. That day, from one end of the village to the other, and in two or three neighbouring villages, people went around telling one another, "Beware, don't call Champa as Harakala". For months together, people of all ages, whenever they met their friends and acquaintances, would look around, smile and enjoy the fun of repeating this warning. In the course of time, the warning sentence was abridged; first the last two words were dropped; then one by one all the words of the sentence except the first one, that is, "Beware". Finally things came to such a pass that children would clap their hands and shout "Beware!", whenever they saw Champa.

Children are always naughty. We need not mind what they say. It is no use bothering about such irrelevant things. But as Champa had an intimate connection with the Mangaraj family, the reader will hear her name very often. So we consider it our duty to detail all her features and attributes. Story writers are bound to follow the usual practice of giving a full description of their heroes and heroines. We cannot depart from this time-honoured custom. To suit the taste of the English-knowing readers of the present day, we should give an English type of description. Indian poets praise the elephantine gait of a woman as a feature of her beauty. But Englishmen would not relish this. They would say that a woman galloping like a horse looks beautiful. English civilisation is flooding our country like the Mahanadi river in the early rains; very soon our English-learning Babus will most likely propose to engage competent tutors to train their wives to 'gallop'. We may say that Champa had a swan-like gait when she walked through the narrow lanes of the village, swinging her arms and waving the apron of her fine sari. We guess Champa's age was near about 30. But people had heard her say many a time that the "21st day ceremony" after her birth coincided with the day on which Mangaraj married. By this reckoning her age would be much less. A description of the appearance of so young a lady requires great caution, wide experience and sound judgement. Happily, Kalidas has already given us a model on which to base a description of the appearance of our heroine. Champa had a complexion which was neither fair nor black, but tawny. Two of her protruding teeth looked like twin peaks of a hill. Her lips were red from much chewing of betel leaves and looked like the ripe Bima fruit. Kalidas, in his description of his heroine, had brought out other points of beauty too in the parts of the body covered with cloth. But as we have not seen those covered parts, we are not inclined to give a description of those parts. Such being the case, we are not prepared to proceed on the lines of Kalidas. The

proverb goes that you should not believe even the words of your Guru, if you do not see with your own eyes. But we cannot forego a description of those parts which are visible:

With eye-brows on the forehead painted black,  
With lips tinged red with betel juice;  
Her body anointed with oil and turmeric,  
She trotted fast in the village lane;  
With a sixteen-cubit Sari worn on her body,  
And with plaited hair knotted high on head,  
With bangles on her hands, toe-rings on her feet,  
She made a tinkling sound as she walked.

This is our description of Champa in a peculiar metre; her attributes will be narrated in chapters to come.

## CHAPTER VI THE VILLAGE DEITY

To Thee, O Goddess, who hath her abode  
under the tree in the form of stone,  
We bow down, we bow down, we bow down:  
Thou, who rideth earthen horses and elephants  
and giveth children to barren women,  
And driveth away cholera, we bow down to Thee.

A big banyan tree flanked the right edge of the pathway leading to the village tank named Asuradighi. The main trunk of the tree was indistinguishable among the hanging roots and intertwined branches which covered half an acre of land. The branches and leaves of the tree were so dense that the sun's rays failed to reach the ground. It was an ancient tree. Elderly people used to say that the tree dedicated to the village Goddess had been there for time immemorial. They said the tree had neither grown nor decayed ever since they were children. A terrible storm had once uprooted all the *sajina* and plantain trees in the village; but not a leaf fell from this tree, so great was the power of the Goddess!

The Goddess had her seat in the middle of four thick roots which had run into the ground. She was called 'Budhi Mangala' and had two and a half acres of land endowed as her property. The seat of the Goddess covered half an acre and the priest enjoyed the produce of the remaining two acres. He had great influence in the village, specially among the women. The Goddess talked to the priest about everything in his dreams. Every villager offered the first fruits of his garden to the Goddess.

The image of the Goddess was installed in the middle of a brick-built dais. It was a very big image, not less than a hundred pounds in weight and covered all over with vermilion-paste. Scattered at some distance to the right were hundreds of clay horses and elephants, some intact and some broken.

Clay horses or elephants were offered to the Goddess so that children would recover from their illness; even elderly people had been known to get well.

The deity was not worshipped daily. Most days she remained covered with dirt and dry leaves. Only on the occasion of a marriage, or a remarriage, or when a child was ill, was the deity worshipped. If cholera broke out in the village, there was much pomp and ceremony.

The deity had no monthly income like the clerks. The approach of some calamity would create a commotion at the seat of the Goddess, just as people crowd round the doors of pleaders and doctors when in trouble. The expenses for the worship were met by subscription raised from the villagers. The Goddess was a guardian deity. The village owed its safety to her grace. Some times cholera broke out in the village, but the death-



toll would not exceed fifty or a hundred if she was properly worshipped!

You, sophisticated reader, will laugh at this. From your scientific point of view, you will prescribe medicine for disease. You will certainly question the utility of worshipping the deity for a cure of an ailment.

We cannot, of course, give a list of the sterile women who gave birth to children through the grace of the deity. But we can affirm on solemn oath that those women of village who bore children were without issue at the time of their marriages.

There was one woman, about 30 years of age, who used to bathe in the tank, then carry a jar-full of water in her arms, put down the jar in front of the Goddess, sweep the frontage, offer a palm-full of water at the foot of the sacred tree, bow down with her head touching the ground and mutter some prayer. Every evening she would offer a burning wick to the Goddess. People had watched her doing this for six months. No one knew the secret of her mind, for she was bashful, covered her face with a veil, avoided company and scarcely ever talked to anyone.

The cow-herds of the village usually played under the banyan tree around noon, leaving their cattle to graze in the fields. In the midst of their play, with their goading sticks in their hands, they suddenly stopped in curious surprise one day when they noticed some offerings to the deity lying scattered all around the image. There had been no ceremonial worship of the Goddess the previous day. The worship of the Goddess was always a spectacular event in the village. For this a subscription was generally raised, drums were beaten and people came to see the performance. The worship was performed in the evening and propitiatory offerings were also made. There had been no drum-beating and worship the previous evening. How could all these things have come to be there?

One of the boys called out in a loud voice, "Look here. What is this?" All of them ran to the spot. There was a big hole behind the seat of the Goddess, about 3 cubits from the dais and big enough for a man to go in.

The news spread far and wide. People flocked to the scene. Mangaraj too heard about it and ran to the spot. After much discussion, the consensus of opinion was that the Goddess had been pleased to visit some of her devotees at dead of night, and the hole was made by her tiger.

Mangaraj said the tiger seemed still to be there in the hole. This made most of the people run away. Mangaraj was the last to leave the place, except for Rama, the weaver, who received a meaningful glance from Mangaraj.

The next day, no one could see the hole. This became a common topic of conversation in the village. Soon it came to be established beyond doubt that the Goddess had visited the spot in person. Bhima-ma, the barber woman said, "I cannot say how old I am. My age may be some 3 or 4 scores. Suffice it to say that I have been in attendance at the marriages of all the old men that you see in the village. To me they are all kids. This is the fourth time that I got a sight of the Goddess in person. Last night, I had come out of my house at midnight. I smelt incense in the village lane and heard the tinkle of anklets. Looking around, I saw the Goddess out on her huge tiger. It was about 7 or 8 cubits long. Its head was big and black like that of a big buffalo. The tiger stared at me. I shut my door in terror." Some four or five old men bore testimony to the fact of their having heard the sound of foot-steps of the tiger on the village road at dead of night. Rama the weaver assured them of having seen the foot-marks of the tiger in the morning. No one could doubt that the Goddess had been there in person.

## CHAPTER VIII SHEIKH DILDAR MIAN

Sheikh Karamat Ali belonged originally to the Arrah District, but later on he had settled in the Midnapur District. The Sheikh was called by the popular name of Ali Mian, and we shall also call him by that name in our narration. Ali Mian, was at first a dealer in horses. It was his business to purchase horses at the Harihar Chhatar fair at Sonepur in Bihar, and to sell them in Orissa and Bengal.

Ali Mian once sold a horse to the chief European officer in the district of Midnapur. That horse turned out to be a good one and the officer was highly pleased. Condescendingly he enquired how Ali Mian fared in his trade. On being told that the Sheikh was not making much profit in his business, the Saheb enquired whether Ali Mian knew how to read or write; perhaps he could be given a government job. Ali Mian said he knew how to sign his name in Persian; he proceeded to get pen and paper and wrote out his name in the Saheb's presence.

In those days, Persian was the favoured language and it was also the court language. Through the patronage of the European officer, Ali Mian got an appointment as a Police Daroga. During his tenure of service, he worked fairly well; he had, at times, to face many difficulties but he acquired a sizeable property in the 30 years of his service. Besides his residential house, garden and furniture, he acquired four Zamindari estates.

Those were the days when the Zamindari estates of Orissa were being put to auction at Calcutta. Ali Mian had gone to Calcutta to escort some persons accused in a murder case. There he purchased the estate of *Fatehpur Sarsandha* in an auction sale.

Do you doubt the veracity of our statement? A Thana Daroga was as good as a Police Inspector in those days. So you may take it for granted that our statement is absolutely true.

People know the words in which a Brahmin named Govinda Panda once blessed a Deputy Magistrate who had decreed a case in his favour. "Deputy Babu, may you become a Police Daroga", he had said. These words have a significance of their own; a hint is enough for the wise.

Moti Sil was a well known rich man of Calcutta. He had started by selling bottles. An envious liquor-vendor once said, "Moti Sil has become a millionaire by selling only empty bottles while I am so poor even though I sell bottles full of stuff". We are afraid the story of Ali Mian may lead some of our B.A.s and M.A.s to deplore their lot like the liquor-vendor and say, "Alas! Ali Mian who could barely sign his name in Persian managed to become a Zamindar, whereas we, who can write long essays, cannot even earn a living". Fate must have its own way. One's education and one's efforts are of no avail against the decree of fate.

This Ali Mian had an only son, Sheikh Dildar Mian alias Chhote Mian. The father spared no pains to educate his son for a career. He engaged a tutor (Akhunji) for a long time to teach his son Persian. By the time Chhote Mian was fifteen, he had learnt all the letters of the Persian alphabet.

By the time Chhote Mian had completed his 22nd year, he fell to thinking: 'What will people say if I sit cross-legged before my teacher and swing to and fro while I read my books like a school boy?' Moreover, he could not tolerate that his friends should unnecessarily be kept waiting for his company. He also hated his teacher's occasional warnings. 'A man becomes a beast if he takes to intoxicants'. It was too much for Chhote Mian to bear.

One afternoon, the teacher was lying on his back after taking his meal, his bushy grey beard covering his neck and chest like



a bundle of jute fibre spread out by a fisherman for making a rope. Somehow a glowing cinder landed on his beard and set it burning with a crackling sound. The teacher woke up suddenly and, crying 'Toba-Toba' (Alas, Alas), stroked his beard desperately. The violent shaking of the beard caused the glowing cinder to disintegrate and sparks of fire scattered all over his clothes while he ran about the room exclaiming "Woe on me, Woe on me" and trying to put out the fire.

The great sage, Valmiki, famous author of the Ramayana, has given no graphic description of what Hanuman looked like in the conflagration of Lanka. So we do not think it reasonable to mention anything by way of analogy. The scriptures say that wise men settle for half when the whole is in danger of being lost. Following this maxim, the teacher shut himself up in the room that night with half of his beard saved: The next morning he was not to be seen in the district of Midnapur.

When this news reached the ears of Ali Mian, he said, "My son has already gained enough knowledge. I know only how to sign my name and I have earned so much wealth. But my Dilu has learned much more. The other day, he was put to test in my presence. He was able to write his own name and also many other words like 'Calcutta', 'Midnapur', 'elephant', 'horse' and 'garden'. If the Bara Saheb (Superintendent of Police) comes to know this, he will at once offer him the post of Daroga. But I have kept all this a secret. I won't allow Dilu to take up a job. He is a mere boy. He cannot stand so much strain."

He called his son and gave him a lot of advice about managing his own affairs properly. He warned him to be particularly careful about the management of his Orissa estates, and said, Look here, the Kayasthas (scribes) of Orissa are very dishonest. They cannot deceive me because I am very good at accounts. I will give you an instance of their fraud. People all over the world count one, two, three, four in that order. But do you know the Kayastha's method of counting? They say, one one makes one, two ones make two, and two twos make four. You see, there is no mention of the three in the middle. Why? It means a clear theft of three rupees."

We had to write all these things at such length to give the reader an idea of the Zamindar's family. But all these are events long past. Sheikh Karamat Ali had been dead five years and Chhote Mian alias Sheikh Dildar was himself the proprietor when, in the early hours of one night, we find Zamindar Sheikh Dildar Mian sitting in his Kutcheri hall. It was a spacious brick-built structure. The floor was covered with a big carpet which seemed to be very old. It was oil-stained and had holes at several places; the borders were frayed. In the middle of the carpet, adjoining the wall, was a velvet bed-spread. A big velvet pillow was placed against the wall. Flanking it were two smaller pillows of the same material but round in shape.

It was on this bed that Sheikh Dildar Mian was sitting. His dress consisted of a loose pyjama of embroidered silk, a *chapkan* of satin and a silk cap on the head. Stuck in his ears were otto-soaked swabs. A silver otto-stand and a rose-water sprayer stood before him. Close by was a *hookah* with a long pipe and a tobacco-holder of the size of a small earthen pot, with a cover from which four silver chains were dangling. Like a sick man prostrating himself before the lord Siva for a favour, the smoking pipe lay at the feet of the Mian, not gracing his lips for the moment.

In corners of the hall, and at odd places, lay worn-out broomsticks, a spouted water-pot, three or four opium-smoking *hookahs*, the ashes of burnt tobacco, opium and hemp, flakes of onion, goat dung and many other things useful and useless. Spittle of

betel-leaf juice covered most of the floor and walls. One could see that the hall was rarely dusted; otherwise how could there be such heaps of dirt in the corners?

The ceiling of the hall was in a dilapidated condition. In the corners, spiders waited in their webs for flies and gnats as pleaders wait for clients, reclining on their pillows, with their law books arranged in glass almirahs. Sparrows kept up a merry chatter in the inter-spaces of the beams. Occasionally, a piece of straw or a twig or a feather came floating down; but in the assemblage below there was silence today.

The Mian Saheb sat speechless, his cheeks cupped in his hands. Even Napoleon could not have sat in such a pensive mood after his defeat in the battle of Waterloo. In front of the Mian Saheb sat seven of his comrades, either dozing or in a very thoughtful mood.

The music master, Bakaulla Khan, sat with his beard resting on his legs bent at the knees joined together. His instrument, the *tanpura*, lay forsaken like a divorced woman. In one corner of the hall, two *tablas* lay keeled over on the floor like earthen pots thrown away in the field.

Fatua the waiter kept rolling something on the palm of his hand with his right thumb, stopping now and then to add drops of water with his middle finger.

Munshi Zaher Baksh, holding a piece of paper with the debt account written on it, stood there like an accused before a magistrate. The Mian Saheb, his eyes still closed, heaved a deep sigh and moaned, "What then is the way out?"

"May it please my master : I have been moving about the whole day, but no money could be obtained anywhere", the Munshi replied. "Rama Das, the money-lender, says he has already lent twenty thousand rupees against registered deeds and another four thousand against notes of hand. He refuses to lend any more. Four thousand rupees are due to the grocers in the bazar; they refuse to supply anything more on credit."

"You are a fool, a good-for-nothing fellow", the Mian replied angrily. "Rama Sirkar was our manager for 20 years from my father's time. I dismissed him and gave you the appointment because I took you to be a friend and a competent man; but you fail me in my urgent need."

Munshi Zaher Baksh protested. "How is it master, that you call me incompetent ? Rama Sirkar could not procure any loan while I have secured a debt of 25 thousand rupees for you in five years."

To which the Mian replied impatiently, "Let us not talk about that. The point now is how to keep up my prestige. I don't mind the loss of my property, but prestige once gone is gone forever."

The Mian's dozing comrades suddenly woke to life on hearing this and supported him loudly with one voice. "Quite so, quite so, you are perfectly right".

"Go and meet the expenses of today's entertainment", the Mian directed the Munshi, "howsoever you like. Mortgage any property, movable or immovable. Look. Hurry up. The night is advancing. I don't require much money. One hundred rupees for the remuneration of the dancing girl and another hundred for the entertainment of her companions and my friends will be enough."

"That is quite sufficient", the Mian's associates chimed in. "What need of more money?"

"This dancing girl, Khatum Unnisha, who is here today", said the Mian's cory, Hanu Mian, "is an expert in singing and dancing. They say she is the best of the dancing girls from Kashmere. She has reached the peak in the art of vocal music and dancing. What does she care for this part of the country?"



She is here on tour only for a few days. She refuses invitations even from the Nawab of Murshidabad, The Nawab of Lucknow and the Chiefs of other States. You have now become famous far and wide. That is why she has come here of her own accord to give a performance."

All the friends present took up this theme in a chorus. "Who is there in this place who does not know you? Once anyone has tasted the delicacy of your viands, he will never forget it in his life."

At this juncture, Faju the waiter came in and reported with a Salaam, "Sir, a money-lender has come from your Orissa estate for an interview."

As the new-comer was ushered in, he placed five silver rupees before the Mian as a present and bowed three times, touching the ground with his hand. Then he bowed once to every other member of the gathering, not excepting even the waiter.

The Mian nodded appreciatively at the manners of the newcomer. "The man is very polite and courteous", he said, and everyone else echoed the remark like singers chanting the burden of a song in a chorus party.

The Mian turned to the man and asked, "What is your name?"

"Ramachandra Mangaraj" came the reply.

"What? Ramachandra Mamlabaj (tout)?", joked the Mian.

"No, Sir, it is Mangaraj".

"All right, Ramachandra Mangaraj", the Mian condescended.

"I have brought only a very few things", Mangaraj submitted, "to offer as a present to your honour as a mark of my respect. Have I your permission to lay these before you?"

"Very well, bring them here," said the Mian.

The list of presents written on a palm-leaf read as follows:

- 1) Eleven maunds of fine rice packed in five straw-bundles;
- 2) Seven maunds of pulses in two straw-bundles;
- 3) Fifty pounds of ghee in one earthen jar;
- 4) Five bunches of green plantain;
- 5) Two bunches of ripe plantain and
- 6) 32 pounds of potatoes.

Here ends the list.

"The rice is very fine", the Mian remarked, "and suitable for the preparation of *palau*. The ghee is also very nice".

Encouraged, Mangaraj said, "Sir, you are the lord of our estate. We have been under your protection for the last fifteen generations. These are but trifling things. If you permit, I shall continue the supply of fine rice, ghee and dal."

The joy of the music master knew no bounds at this turn of events. His left hand moved at once to tune his *tanpura*. The *tablas* also joined in. The Mian ordered dinner to be prepared quickly. The Christians tell of the dead being called back to life at the sound of the archangel's trumpet on the day of resurrection. In a somewhat similar manner, the Mian's Majlis which had been deady silent came suddenly alive at the jingling sound of Mangaraj's purse.

The Mian put the smoking pipe to his lips and smoked. The cloud of smoke covered the beard on his face like a fog enveloping a dark hill. The smoke inside the *hookah* was distributed through the pipe to the lips of all the others, like the waters of the Mahanadi distributed by canals to different Parganas by the British Sarkar.

A bleating goat was brought for the dinner and its price settled in the Majlis at two rupees and a half. This seemed to surprise Mangaraj. "What", he exclaimed, "is this poor animal worth two rupees and a half, my lord?"

"What would it cost in your village?" The Mian asked.

After thoroughly inspecting the goat, back and front and flanks, like a doctor examining his patient, Mangaraj said, "It should cost not more than 4 or 6 annas. If you please, I can send 40 or 50 such for your dinner. I must say, Sir, you have not appointed the right person to manage your estate. This is why so much money has squandered. A goat for two rupees and a half, my lord!"

This gave rise to a great tumult of joy. The Board of Directors of the East India Company in England were not so overwhelmed with joy at news of Lord Clive's victory in the battle of Plassey, for they had not yet been able to shake off their fear of the Emperor on his throne at Delhi.

All of them were in raptures, their faces beaming with smiles. Only Mangaraj sat there with folded hands and a grave appearance. The fowler watches in silent delight when the birds peck at the corn spread in his net to catch them. We who know the mind of Mangaraj can well imagine that he was telling himself, "Well, my dear bird, approach the bait now".

A servant came running to give the welcome news of the coming of the dancing girl. Everyone had forgotten about her remuneration, but the music master, who was a man of experience, remind them that a fee of Rs.100 had to be paid to her. This reminder became the cause of fresh worries and an excited discussion ensued, the like of which is not probably experienced when the British Parliament discusses the budget for the Indian Empire.

No decision could be arrived at and there was no time to temporise. Finding the moment opportune, Mangaraj spoke with folded hands, "Sir, why do you worry so much when your humble servant is here?"

Words of thanks and praise were again showered upon Mangaraj. "Mangaraj : You will get a befitting reward for your services", the Mian said, "besides interest at the rate of four annas per rupee for the money advanced".

"Sir, I do not practice usury", Mangaraj replied.

"What? You don't charge interest?", exclaimed the music master. "The man is very upright. Charging interest is one of the 25 things forbidden in the Quran".

A historian says that Clive Saheb obtained the Subedari of Bengal from the Emperor of Delhi in less time than it takes to bargain for the sale or purchase of a donkey. Then why need it have taken Mangaraj longer to acquire the right to collect rent and other rights in the estate of *Fatehpur Sarsandha*?

## CHAPTER IX VILLAGE AFFAIRS

*Fatehpur Sarsandha* was a very big Taluka. The annual revenue payable to Government was five thousand two hundred and eight rupees and six annas. The actual collection was more than two and a half times as much.

The estate consisted of five villages, of which Govindpur was the biggest. About five hundred families of various castes lived there.

At the solitary shop on the estate, one could get two or three piece worth of dal, tobacco, salt, oil and even ghee. For three generations, the shopkeeper had stocked ten medicinal roots from which many a decoction was prepared as Ayurvedic medicine. The shopkeeper met the demands of physicians for 5 or 6 miles around for the supply of medicinal herbs.

The L-shaped village extended upto the northern and western banks of the Asuradighi tank. In between two rows of houses was a lane on both sides of which, in front of each house,



were refuse pits and open spaces in which cows and bullocks were tethered in the morning. Here and there were stray bullock carts. From the lane pathways led to each house.

The village was divided into three blocks, namely, the aristocrats' block, the weavers' block and the brahmins' block. The Aristocrats' block derived its reputation from the residence of Ramachandra Mangaraj, the most influential man there. His Kutchery hummed with activity till mid-night. The shop too was in this block. So it was noisy till late hours after sunset. But the other blocks were all calm and quiet in the night.

The Brahmins' block of 70 families was called Shasan. About 150 coconut trees lined both sides of the Shasan lane. At one end was a large platform where the deity Baladev was worshipped. At a distance of 10 to 15 cubits from the platform were a number of young coconut trees around a neat and clean space where the Brahmins used to meet. There they would take their snuff and hemp and gossip about their clients, their earnings and much else.

Sometimes there was a hubbub of noise from which one could easily infer that the Brahmins were engaged in dividing among themselves the offerings of rice and money obtained from their clients. People would hear the uproar and say they were quarrelling like dogs for a handful of rice. But we do not relish such remarks. After all the Brahmins, even though quite illiterate, lazy and ignorant of religious rites, are still at the head of all caste Hindus. It is hardly proper to compare them to dogs. Besides, the comparison is not apt; Brahmins quarrel for their share of the washed rice offered to the spirits of the dead, whereas dogs quarrel over the leavings of boiled rice after meals. Moreover, dogs bite one another whereas Brahmins fight at most with their hands or sticks; they are never known to bite or scratch one another.

The total endowment of arable land for the Shasan was 500 acres. A Marhatta Subedar made a gift of the land by a deed of gift executed on a copper plate, to such Brahmins as would live on the produce of the land and bless the donor three times a day at prayer times. The three phases of the day's prayer time are suggestive of the past, the future and the present. The dead past is known only to the dead. No one knows the future. But we know the present. We can see how their evening is spent in bringing the cattle home from pasture and tethering them, and giving watered rice to the ploughmen for supper. Who has the time for prayer and for blessing the donor of the land ?

One day, in the course of a conversation, Bhagaban Misra, one of the Brahmins spoke out, "Where is the land in our possession to demand of us the daily prayer for blessing the donor?"

This was not altogether wrong, for in the last ten years, 400 acres out of the total endowment of 500 acres had been sold off. The remaining few acres were there, because Mangaraj had these in his charge. He was particularly mindful of the welfare of the Brahmins and the cows. He carefully kept the stray cattle in his cattle-fold. He generally rewarded the men who brought such unclaimed cattle to him. Besides bullocks, the number of his cows exceeded 300. He had taken charge of so many cattle because he thought that the sacred mother-like cows would otherwise suffer much hardship. Every year, when their number became unmanageable he was forced to dispose half of them to Mohomedan cattle-dealers.

Similarly, he had purchased the land belonging to the Brahmins and kept it in his charge more as a care-taker than as

an actual owner. For one thing, the Brahmins were not all good farmers, and for another, thieves would steal away the paddy from the land of the Brahmins. If some land was sold to Mangaraj, the thieves were afraid of committing any more thefts. Of course, some people said that Mangaraj purchased the land at a very cheap rate.

This land fetched him much more than what he obtained, as interest by lending money.

Shibu Pandit had his dwelling in the middle of the Shasan. The Pandit used to recall that his grandfather could quote from memory all the seven parts of Sanskrit grammar. He had no rival in the study of *Naisadha* and its supplementary text. He could recite like a parrot the declension and derivation of all Sanskrit words, simple and compound. His palm-leaf treatises were preserved in a wooden stand, which Shibu Pandit now daily worshipped.

He was himself a first-class scholar and could recite from memory many chapters of the Sanskrit dictionary known as *Amarkosh*. A very distant relation of the Pandit had been to Navadwip to study logic. In short, the tradition of learning in the Shasan was kept alive by the family. In the outer courtyard of his house, the boys of the Shasan received tuition in the complete course for the performance of rituals. Some students received higher education also.

The Weavers' block of the village, towards the west, was inhabited by 150 weaver families. The lane in this block was neat and clean. There were no compost pits or heaps of cow dung. You would perhaps have imagined that Section 5 of the Municipal Act was in force there or that the Municipal cart removed all the garbage. We would warn you, gentle reader, not to jump to any hasty conclusion without hearing what we have to say. A thorough enquiry and collection of authentic information is necessary before we put down anything in writing. We undertake so much labour simply to dispel your wrong impressions; otherwise we would not have taken this trouble. Moreover, it is not our way to write anything at random. We do not accept anything not supported by irrefutable evidence or inconsistent with logic.

Here is the logical argument. "Why does a mountain emit smoke?" Because there is fire inside it. If there is a flood in the Mahanadi, it shows there has been heavy rain in the upper reaches of the river. Such is the invariable relation between the cause and its effect. In other words, there is no effect without a cause. Thus, we can prove by irrefutable argument that there is an invariable relation between the cow and its dung. The absence of heaps of cow-dung in the Weavers' block proves that there are no cows there. It is said in the Bible that one servant cannot serve two masters. The weavers spend all their time in weaving cloth; they get no time to pull the plough. If they do not plough, why should they keep bullocks? If there are no bullocks, how can there be any dung? The absence of cow-dung heaps in the Weavers' block is due to want of dung. And as there are no dung-heaps, the village lane in this part is neat and clean.

Weaving requires operations both inside and outside the house. The weaving proper is done in the house, but the preliminary processes of warping and combing the yarn are done outside the house. Again, cloth cannot be made without the joint labour of both men and the women folk. Starching the yarn and winding it on bobbins is generally done by the women folk. Therefore, the weavers have no time to look after the cattle.

(To be continued)



# ADDA AT NUKKAD

## Letter form Gul Bardhan & Reply

Ranga-Sri Little Ballet Troupe  
Institute of Theatre Arts,  
Plot No. 1414, Shanti Marg,  
Shamla Hills, Bhopal 462003

26/12/96

My Dear Vinayak Bhai & Sharayu,

Both of you were here for Shilanyash on 16th Dec. 95 and now you will be happy to know that our Amphitheatre dimension 60' x 56' is almost near completion. In the basement two rehearsal studios, store, rest rooms are completed and since more than a month we are rehearsing there. We have shifted our theatre baggage from Patrakar Bhawan.

Our cottage in the campus is completed and we have shifted on 3rd December '96. Small open air stage for amateur artistes is also completed. All these construction work is financed by Ranga-Sri so far Rs. 50 lakhs.

We need more money for completion of the 1st phase of our construction. We have applied for Building Grant from Central Government-Dept. of Culture. We are awaiting the sanction. Perhaps in the history of cultural movement in India, we are the first cultural group who has spent their own money -partly collected from the sale of Dehradun land, donations for building fund from friends and our own savings of 45 years labour and dedication -to build Amphitheatre, rehearsal studios, store, cottage, library, audio-video listening-screening rooms, yoga class and gymnasium.

Kindly give due publicity of our work and struggle. Also get few donors.

Prabhatda conveys his greetings to you both.

With kind regards,

Yours

Gul Bardhan

Dear Gul and Prabhat,

We are happy that Shanti Nilayam is now realised and that you have shifted to it.

I am publishing your letter in ADDA AT NUKKAD in *Mankind* and I'm requesting readers to send donations directly to you.

With warm personal regards.

Yours Sincerely,  
Vinayak & Sharayu.

Readers of *Mankind* should note that the late Shanti Bardhan was one of the most brilliant choreographers of the modern Indian dance ballet. He had presented *Discovery of India*, *Ramayan*, and *Panchatantra* in classical, folk and puppet styles in the late 40s and 50s.

Gul Bardhan & Prabhat Ganguly, old friends of the last five decades, have carried on Shanti Bardhan's tradition. They have established a Performing Arts Centre, Shanti Nilayam, in Bhopal (Plot no-1414, Shanti marg, Shamla Hills, Bhopal 462003). It will have a museum and amphitheatre, rehearsal rooms and other facilities attached to it.

As the readers know, *Mankind* stands for the promotion of all that is healthy, vital and significant in our national culture. Gul and Prabhat's *Shanti Nilayam* meets all these criteria and *Mankind* emphatically recommends the endeavour to its readers. Please contact them directly or through *Mankind*, for all offers of assistance in any form.

Dr. Vinayak Purohit &  
Dr. Sharayu Mhatre

## Letter to Editors of Encyclopaedia of Police in India

Shri. S.K. Ghosh, Chief Editor,  
Encyclo. of Police in India,  
Law Research Inst.  
52/2 Balligunge Circular Rd.,  
Calcutta 700019.

Dear Sirs,

It is shamefully careless on your part, to give tables in your work, which do not even add up.

The table in volume I of your work which gives the Actual of Police Strength in the country does not add up. The total for all the States should be 3,061,476 and not 1,075,476 as given in your table. Similarly, the All India total for Armed Police at 231,579 is wrong. The correct figure should be 2,217,579. Also the total, for the whole country, for both Civil and Armed taken together, should not be 1,125,627. It should be 3,111,627.

I am assuming that it is not an attempt

at deliberate disinformation. However, we social scientists are certainly misled by your table as printed. The total strength, for the entire country, for both Civil and Armed Police taken together is not over one million but is three times as much. It is over three million.

Please correct yourselves in future editions and acknowledge receipt of this letter.

Yours Sincerely  
Exe. Edr.

## WHY DID WORKERS BURN THE RED FLAG?

*Stalinism has been an unmitigated curse for the world working class movement. Because of its horrific deeds, there has been a violent revulsion by the common people all over the world, who have been deliberately led to believe by neo-colonialists and compradors that the evils of Stalinism were the evils of Socialism and Communism.*

*We have received a communication from John Molyneux which clarifies the situation and points out that we must not throw away the baby with the dirty bathwater. It is not merely the incident in Budapest, Hungary that is being dealt with by Molyneux. Hungary personifies symbolically the overall political conditions in which the world working class finds itself.*

Exe. Edr.

This year's fiftieth anniversary of the 1956 Hungarian Uprising brought a welter of television programmes and newspaper articles which recalled some of the inspiring images.

One of the most powerful was the scene where the workers pulled down the statue of the Russian dictator Stalin.

He had destroyed and perverted the socialist ideals of the 1917 Russian Revolution, executed its original leaders and was the oppressor and mass murderer of millions of Russian and East European workers and peasants.

Every genuine socialist cheered and will still cheer the sight of his fallen visage and his vacant boots.

But the Hungarian workers also removed hammers and sickles, tore up pictures of Lenin and burned red flags.

For socialists this can seem a problem. The red flag is primarily not a symbol of Stalinism, but of the whole international workers' movement.

The hammer and sickle originally signified the unity of workers and peasants.

And Lenin, the passionate advocate of workers' democracy and the right of nations to self determination, would have been horrified at the crimes committed in his name.



These attacks provided both the Western media and the Stalinists with handy images to support their claims that the Hungarian Revolution was basically right wing in nature.

In reality the Stalinist regimes in Russia and Eastern Europe had appropriated all the languages and symbols of socialism and Marxism and used them as a cover for their exploitation and oppression of working people.

When the people rebelled they naturally attacked the symbols of the regime they hated. The confusion about symbols should not mislead us about the fundamental character of the Hungarian Revolution.

This was a workers' revolution heading in a socialist direction towards the establishment of full workers' power and democracy.

#### Revolution against socialism?

This is shown by the class composition of its fighters, by the forms of struggle and organisation it adopted, by the demands it threw up and ultimately by the reaction of the Western powers.

The revolution began when a protest by students and intellectuals was supported by thousands of workers. It continued when that protest was fired on by the political police, the AVH, and the demonstrators rushed back to their factories to bring thousands of their workmates onto the streets and build barricades.

The street fighters got their arms from the rank and file of the Hungarian army, i.e., workers in uniform.

The uprising in the streets were backed by the classic method of workers' struggle - the general strike - which continued for more than two weeks after the insurrection itself was suppressed.

The revolution organised itself through a national network of workers' councils composed of delegates freely elected in workplaces by the Central Workers' Council of greater Budapest.

**The revolutionary councils drew up many demands, some of which reflected lack of political clarity, but none of these demands were anti-socialist.**

There was insistence on the removal of Russian troops, on the establishment of workers' council in every factory, on workers' control of production and on the socialist ownership of industry.

Western governments confirmed the working class character of the revolution by their absolute refusal to lift a finger to help it.

Instead they occupied themselves with plotting military intervention to defend their trade and oil interests in the Suez crisis.

Precisely because workers' revolution

is a mass affair, no revolution begins with the masses as fully conscious revolutionary socialists. The 1905 revolution in Russia began with workers marching to petition the Tsar carrying religious icons.

**Revolution begins with spontaneous anger and revolt. At first worker's deeds run far ahead of their consciousness and then in the process of revolution they learn from experience and their consciousness starts to catch up.**

This is exactly what happened in Hungary.

At first they sought only reform of the existing Stalinist system and supported the leadership of the reformist communist Imre Nagy.

But the logic of the revolution carried them beyond this in deeds and in ideas.

Hungary 1956 was a classic example of workers' revolution and illustrated many features we will doubtless see repeated in workers' revolutions to come.

John Molyneux

*C.S. Kalra on*  
**THE GREAT PETROL PRICE DEBATE**

The trouble with this our India, that is *Bharat*, is that trivial and small issues are converted into big and "national" ones and those deserving fundamental re-examination are sidelined. And, in the series of current such non-issues is: whether or not the fuel price (meaning thereby petrol price) be escalated further? More so because as recently as in August last year there has been a hefty price increase for petrol and some increase in the diesel price after the massive initial hike of 30% was reduced by half following considerable pressure and sloganeering that any price increase of diesel is anti-poor.

The nation must know that an alternative, available and feasible technology, i.e., coal oil has been completely and deliberately neglected all of these years since the "oil crisis" began in 1973. During World War II, when the international sea routes were closed, India produced and ran its vehicles on coal oil which is perfect (yes, perfect) substitute of petrol. At that time the technology was not feasible because of prohibitive costs - almost \$ 20 per barrel - when the international price of crude oil was less than \$2 per barrel. Now, with the international prices having crossed \$22.5 a barrel, it is time India re-examined the technical and economic feasibility of producing and using coal oil. India has one of the largest coal reserves in the world, though not of the best kind.

The proximate provocation for this great(?) debate is the mounting oil pool deficit which is expected to cross Rs 18,400 crores in the current financial year 1996-97. In view of the half-truths that any

increase in the price of diesel, as opposed to petrol, has a snowballing effect on the prices of all commodities, the debate has acquired urgency.

#### Gulf War and BOP

The gulf war of 1990 and subsequent years have seen India perching precariously in that its Balance of Payments position has continued to worsen on this count alone. It is estimated that the import bill will be a whopping \$9.6 billion for 1996-97 and that too if the prices remain 'stable' at \$22.5 per barrel. A complex sort of arrangement was worked out in 1976 to accumulate surplus funds in the oil pool account. But, financial profligacy and violent price fluctuations have sent our calculations topsy-turvy.

Certain facts stand out as brought out very succinctly by Murad Ali Baig in *The Times Of India* :

"During 1994-95, India consumed 28.3 million metric tonnes of diesel or 43.3% of all petro goods which stood at a total of 65.3 million tonnes.

Annual increase in diesel consumption from 1990-91 has been 8.5% against 4.7% for all petro products.

Light distillates (petrol) grew by only 4.8% and heavy ends by 1.2%.

As petrol consumption accounts for only 14% of the total, any price increase of petrol will do no good when it comes to reducing the oil pool deficit. And there lies the rub. Even a huge (say 50%) across-the-board increase in the price of diesel (which at present is priced roughly at 40% of the petrol price) will contribute only to 1.25% of the total value of the farm output and that is no inflation at all. The real problem can only be on the railway front. The Indian railways in the last two decades has taken to dieselisation in a big way where electrification of tracks has not been done and any increase in the diesel price will contribute substantially to the cost of rail transport. But, then, even this will be marginal when seen in the context of the total pricing of the commodities. The major impact will be on commodities generally and traditionally transported by the railways like foodgrains, sugar, cement, steel, paper, etc. And on this front some kind of differential pricing can be considered. It is perfectly possible and feasible to segregate railways as a consumer group for a (favourable) price discrimination. And there is no real danger of railways reselling its diesel supplies unlike the mohalla ration-shop wallah.

Above all, let us remember that (surprisingly) India is net exporter of light distillates like petrol though it depends heavily on import of diesel and kerosene. This is because of the gaps in our refining capacity and production of indigenous crude oil.



### Low Cost diesel has its own problems

The present artificial pricing of diesel; has created a situation which results in gross and massive misuse of diesel simply because of the huge price differential between petrol and diesel which, in most countries of the world, is no more than 10% or so. The artificial price differential of diesel and petrol has resulted in misuse of diesel at various points. For example:

Because of very low profit margins of about 2-3%, there is strong temptation for the petrol outlets to mix diesel with petrol (both leaded and unleaded) which damages the engines/catalytic converters. Though the 'popular' mixing agent is naphtha (which is a major racket). Such mixing ruins engines and adds to the problem of pollution.

It encourages people to "convert" their cars to diesel engines defeating the very purpose of keeping the prices of diesel artificially low. Because the kind of price subsidy given on diesel was never meant to be extended to private small vehicles.

After the recent price hikes of power in States like Haryana to compensate for loss of revenue on account of ill-conceived prohibition, etc, it has become "economical" to produce one's own power through in-house diesel-operated generators. Almost cent-percent "small" industrial units in Delhi and Haryana have their own die-

sel operated generators creating immense noise and atmospheric pollution.

Price increase in an overall climate of inflation or stagflation does not depend very vitally on the cost of "inputs" like diesel which, for majority of consumer durables and other goods, works out to be less than 5%. There is no evidence that the "benefits" of subsidised diesel are reaching the consumers. Why should private transporters benefit from public exchequer by raising the bogey of price rise of diesel being anti-poor and a regressive kind of taxation? Lastly, it must be borne in mind that 50% of the cars are run on company (expense) account or government account and therefore lead to cost-push inflation indirectly. It is time we became realistic as a nation and not be led by the private transport industry by the nose.

(Source : University Today, 1.1.97)

### Letter from Adarsh Grameen Pustakalay & Reply

6.1.97

Manager, Adarsh Grameen Pustakalay  
Azamgarh, P.O. Sagadiha (Gaya)  
Pin Code 824 217, Bihar.

Dear Sir,

Our Library is registered with the Bihar government and its registration number is

476. It is developing slowly as a result of being situated in a rural area. But many social activists and rural readers benefit from our collection.

Therefore, we request you to send your issues regularly so that our readers are able to follow their contents.

Yours truly  
Vishnudev Singh.

(Translated from Hindi)

31.1.97

Dear Vishnudev Singh,

Issues of *Mankind* will be sent to you, as long as such free copies do not become too many. When that happens, we will write to you.

*Mankind* is produced by a very small team and without any commercial gains in mind. It is being run at a considerable personal loss by myself and Sharayu.

With warm regards to you and your library readers.

Exe.Edr

(Contd. from Page 16)

## GLOBALIZATION AND DEBT

13 The descriptions below are based on many recent studies, including in particular the excellent analysis by Martin Khor, "South-North resource flows and their implications for sustainable development", Third World Resurgence no. 46, June 1994.

14 UN Development Programme, 1994 Report, p. 68.

15 See Jacques Bournay's article in this Notebook.

16 UNDP, *op. cit.*, p.67

17 See A. Durning and H. Brough's interesting study in Lester Brown ed. *L'etat de la Planete*, Paris: Ed. Economica, 1992. "In 1981, the FAO estimated that 75 percent of the Third World's imports of maize, oats, rye and sorghum are intended for animal feed." (p.111) Third-World countries import grain to feed animals that are subsequently exported to industrialised countries, while malnutrition and famine spread.

18 Ernest Mandel, *Late Capitalism*, London:Verso, 1978, p. 349

19 UNDP, *op. cit.*, p. 81

20 See the articles in this anthology

by Anke Hintjens and Vandana Shiva

21 See Michel Chossudovsky's comments on Rwanda on pp. 95-96.

22 UN Research Institute for Social Development, States of Disarray, Geneva, 1995, cited in Susan George, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, July 1995.

23 Francois Chesnais, *Alternatives Economiques* no. 23, 1995

24 Groupe de Lisbonne, *Limites a la Competitivite, Labor/La Decouverte*, 1995, pp. 77-78

25 Maxime Durand, "Face a la mondialisation capitaliste", *La Gauche* no. 14, 12 July 1995.

26 See in particular Ernest Mandel, "La hausse du prix du petrole n'a pas provoque la 20e crise de surproduction depuis la formation du marche mondial du capitalisme industriel", in *La Crise 74-78*, Paris : Flammarion, 1978

27 Francois Chesnais, *La Mondialisation du Capital*, Paris: Ed. Syros, 1994, p. 187

28 Groupe de Lisbonne, *op. cit.*, p. 68

29 This table is adapted from one in Ugur Muldur, *Les Formes et les*

*Indicateurs de la Globalisation*, Brussels : Commission of European Communities, 1993, cited in Groupe de Lisbonne, *op. cit.*, p. 135.

30 These two countries have joined the exclusive club of developed countries by means that in any event have nothing to do with IMF/World Bank prescriptions. For a comprehensive overview of the South Korean road and the impossibility of reproducing it, see Michel Husson and Thomas Coutrot, *les Destins du Tiers Monde*, Paris:Nathan, 1993, pp. 125-30. 31 World Bank statistic cited in *Alternatives Economiques* no. 23.

32 See the articles by James Petras, Henry Veltmeyer and Michel Husson in this Notebook.

33 Jesus Albarracin, *Inprecor para America Latina*, June-July 1995; Michel Chossudovsky, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, July 1995.



# ARCHANA GUHA CASE

Subhas Ganguly

The usually half-empty court room was jam-packed with expectant, silent onlookers whose impatience to hear the judgement could hardly be contained. Unlike the gorgeous court-rooms in the glossy colourful Hindi films, where lawyers on both sides of a criminal case pace up and down and enact their dramatics, this court room, like most others in the state, was small, dingy, leaving hardly any elbow-room for both lawyers and laity and a generally musty gloomy look. Hardly a setting for a historical trial, the judgement of which was now awaited. Creaking lawyers' chairs were full. Lay viewers were mostly on their legs waiting now for one hour. Out in the courtyards, milling crowds, far outnumbering the fortunate early comers inside, were being prevented by policemen from approaching any nearer than the small staircase leading to the court room. There were some angry exchanges with the policemen on that account. Policemen were extremely civil. They expressed their helplessness under judicial order. An angry woman court employee rushed out from inside, trying, in a loud voice, to silence the crowd and threatening a particularly stubborn shrieking woman protestor. Policemen gently pushed the crowd further. Lastly, Latika Guha herself came out and requested the crowd for silence because din outside was preventing the honourable magistrate from reading out the judgement. It worked. The crowd, though unhappy, fell silent.

The date 5th June, 1996. Time 12.30 noon. The trial magistrate Surjendu Biswas of 7th Metropolitan Magistrate's court (popularly known as Bankshall court), Calcutta began to read his judgement in the now famous (particularly in West Bengal and thanks to Amnesty International and Rehabilitation Centre for torture victims abroad) 'Archana Guha Case' against Ranjit alias Runu Guha Neogy and Santosh Dey, a police officer and a constable respectively of Calcutta

Police. There were three others accused earlier, two of whom (Arun Banerjee and Aditya Karmakar) were said to have died during 19-year long judicial process and the defence i.e. police denied the existence of the third (Kamal Das) from the beginning. The policemen were all accused of brutal custodial violence in Lalbazar lock-up (the police head quarters of Calcutta police) on Archana Guha and two other women prisoners Latika Guha (sister-in-law of Archana) and much younger Gourie Chatterjee, who though not a relative but still was a part of their family back in 1974 during Congress regime both at the centre (under Indira Gandhi) and at the state (under Siddhartha Sankar Ray). The torture led to complete paralysis of lower limbs of Archana, from which she later recovered through prolonged treatment for years in Denmark under the aegis of Danish Medical Group of Amnesty International at University Hospital of Copenhagen which was followed up by Rehabilitation Centre for Torture Victims (RCT) - a rare opportunity, she being the only Indian prisoner so far to have received such treatment, thanks to the relentless efforts of her younger brother Saumen, who was also her counsel in the last one year of the trial. Unlike most cases under Cr Pr Code the prosecution side here was not the state but a private party viz. the Complainant Archana Guha.

The 59-page judgement was not read fully due to limitations of time. Still the reading continued for above one hour. And then the news came out - victory at last! There was wild jubilation outside. A thin bald-headed old gentleman rushed out from inside and began to weep and shout - "victory to Archana Guha, victory to Saumen and Latika Guha !" The crowd rushed to him and hugged one another. A young activist Tapash, who had been running around for the case for the last two years and used to call himself self-

deprecatingly the Muhuri of Saumen broke down with tears on the shoulder of an older sympathizer. Bijaya, another young person, herself a law student who had also been carrying out innumerable errands in connection with the case was more controlled in her expression. Soon, along with the crowd inside came out the members of the Guha family-Saumen, his wife Latika and his sister the complainant Archana.

Meanwhile, the accused policemen Runu and Santosh, now convicted, remained inside, heavily guarded by their fellow policemen. None of the crowd was being allowed inside any more. Ultimately Runu and Santosh obtained bail for one month so that they might go into appeal against the judgement in the higher court. They thus escaped immediate detention. After about one and a half hour more, surrounded by a few rows of thick policemen openly displaying their obeisance to the convicted, Runu, trying to wear a brave smile was whisked away in a police car. No member of the public or journalists waiting to have his *Darshan* was allowed to approach him. Left Front Government or the state is yet to explain since when they have decided to offer protection at the cost of state exchequer to private citizens (Runu is now a retired police personnel) convicted of serious crimes.

Next day the incident made banner headlines in almost all newspapers with appropriate photographs of Guha family and Runu. Saumen Guha became overnight one of the most sought after persons for the press for the next few days. Letters expressing satisfaction at the conviction of Runu Guha continued to pour forth in newspaper columns for weeks, showing the most widespread public awareness and sympathy the case enjoyed. Due to the perhaps quite sensational nature of the way the case started 19 years ago on 20th August'77 when crippled Archana Guha was carried on a stretcher to lodge her complaint before the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Calcutta; the press took immediate interest and the news accompanied with photograph of emaciated Archana in a lying position and her brother standing by her splashed across the newspaper. As the case dragged on interest somewhat trailed off. But even then at certain turning points press continued to take intermittent interest. Besides many other individuals and organizations also spread the message of the case from time to time.



Abroad due to the interest taken by Amnesty International from the very beginning and as the first case of cure of torture victim through Amnesty in Denmark the name of Archana Guha became an internationally known one, which in its turn also influenced the local press.

The immediate and new found interest of press in Saumen Guha was for his new role as a prosecution counsel, whose argument for six long days led to this judicial victory.

### Allegations, Argument and Judgement

By now widely known to newspaper readers in West Bengal, the allegations in outline are as follows :

On 18th July 1974 (i.e. 22 years ago) there was a midnight knock (at about 1.30 hours) at the door of a small rented house at 7, Jawpur Road, a poor and lower middleclass area in North-eastern suburb called Dum Dum, of Calcutta. When the doors were opened, the room was ransacked without presence of any independent witness and the police obtained signatures of the owner on blank paper and the three women named above were arrested. Of them, Archana was a headmistress in a junior school, Latika, a college lecturer and Gourie, a shop employee. They were detained illegally for more than 24 hours before being taken to court and even then and at all subsequent court dates throughout their detention period they were never physically produced before the magistrate but would simply be confined to court lock-up. Thus the magistrate could never see physical state of the prisoners. They were then confined to police custody for 27 days and during that time were subjected to most cruel, inhuman and degrading torture, humiliation and insult at Lalbazar. This was done by the accused policemen at the behest and with full participation of Runu Guha Neogy, the accused No. 1 in this case. This patently illegal physical and mental violence on the unarmed women prisoners with the clear purpose of breaking their spirit was inflicted in the name of 'interrogation' on their alleged Naxalite links and on the whereabouts of the then CPI(ML) activist Saumen Guha, the younger brother of Archana and husband of Latika Guha. Many of the important details of this torture and particularly its aftermath did not properly come out in the evidence (the main officially available document on this heinous act) of Archana and Latika, because as both of them alleged to this correspondent questions put to them for recording their evidence by the professional lawyers on their own side did not allow them enough scope to elaborate sufficiently on the matter. Still what came out was chilling enough. Some examples : merciless beating, slapping, kicking, pressing lighted cigarette/cigar ends to different parts of the body (Runu used to take special interest in doing it himself, though others also did it under his instructions), lashing on the head repeatedly by specially leather-bound end of a thick rope giving out a sound of cracking dry coconut shell, uprooting bunches of hair, thrashing the head against the wall while holding on to a bunch of hair using the latter as a kind of rope handle to pull the head away from the wall, to thrash it again, trampling the naked foot on the floor under heavy police boot, etc. etc.

A particularly specialised form of torture, liked by the uniformed torturer world over for its serious long term effect without leaving any long term detectable external injury to which Archana was subjected is called '*Kachua Dholai*' here and '*Falanga*' abroad. Here the victim's body is doubled up with her two hands and folded, feet bound together by a thick rope. Then she is hung upside down between two chairs with the help of a pole passing through the fold of her legs and resting on two handles of two

chairs on both sides of the body. It is an extremely painful position. In fact it was tried on Gourie once and she immediately fainted. Moreover with legs bared upto almost thigh and *anchal* of the saree removed and wound around the waist, it was a cruel affront to the dignity of woman in the presence of males. Then the prisoner (here Archana) is clubbed on the sole for long periods. The victim feels being hit inside his skull. Treating with lighted cigarettes and kicking by Runu would continue at the same time. Archana was subjected to this form of torture repeatedly sometimes with the gap of only a few hours.

At no stage of this torture was any medical treatment offered though every police lock up customarily has a medical unit for treating the prisoners. Within one or two days, gasping, bleeding Archana, unable to walk, would be dragged from torture chamber (a special room attached to the office of special cell under Runu, where these tortures were committed) and thrown into the lock-up every day often at night. This savagery over body and mind would be accompanied by foul abuse and filthy derogatory address as well as obscene gestures.

At one stage they were threatened of being raped by letting loose on them the 'Hindustani Sepoys' standing outside. On another occasion, they were threatened of being cut into pieces and thrown into the Ganga, while three other women would be , so they threatened, produced in their name and none would know.

In this atmosphere of unceasing terror, torture and humiliation they spent 27 days. It is completely another matter that even then their spirit could not be broken. The three women gave emotional support to one another. Particularly, Latika less severely tortured stood like a rock by the side of the other two, ignoring her own injuries.

During these days they were taken to several courts and a number of false cases were filed against them, on the basis of a seizure list which was shown to be fabricated by the prosecution counsel Saumen Guha during his argument. Actually the three women were forced to sign on a blank form, which was then filled up by a list of materials which were supposed to have been recovered from their residence at the time of arrest. The court accepted the contention of the prosecution counsel. This same illegally manufactured document was used detaining them under MISA later on after withdrawal of the false cases.

While in jail after the 27 day journey through living nightmare, physical condition of Archana deteriorated sharply and ultimately she had to be transferred to outside hospital first for a short period and then again in a very critical condition for about a year. She was under heavy police guard throughout. Doctors, nurses and ayas did their best, skillfully avoiding or sometimes defying various stupid and cruel injunctions on food etc. as Archana reminisced gratefully to this correspondent. She was completely bedridden and dependent on the loving care of others. Once in the middle of the night her mother at their Jawpur road residence was informed of her daughter's grave condition. The old lady rushed to her elder daughter's house in a distraught condition, who calmed her and went to the hospital herself. But police would not allow her to see Archana because only their mother had the permission to meet her. Ultimately she was allowed a peep and saw that Archana was alive and was laid on ice. Fearful of further deterioration Archana was released on parole. Ultimately lower part of her body became paralysed and she lost the capacity of movement.

The accused were tried for the offences committed under sections 166(public servant disobeying law, with intent to cause



injury to any person), 348 (wrongful confinement to extort confession), 324 (voluntarily causing hurt by dangerous weapons or means), 330 (voluntarily causing hurt to extort confession), 509 (word, gesture or act intended to insult the modesty of a woman) of Indian Penal Code. Of these the section 330 provided for the maximum punishment of 7 years.

In the judgement crimes under all the sections were proved to have been committed. But in case of one crime viz. illegal confinement beyond 24 hours without producing them in court, which comes under the preview of sections 166 and 348 the culprit was declared to be the Investigation Officer (IO), who was not made an accused in this case, thanks to earlier professional prosecution counsels. On all other counts the accused in the present case was pronounced guilty without any mitigating factor to lessen the gravity of crime. "...the offence caused by them should be severely dealt with, as such type of offence should not occur in future."

Text of the judgement makes interesting reading. Using prosecution counsel Saumen Guha's argument and citations from judgements of High courts and Supreme court, the judgement demolishes one after another each of the defence arguments except in one, as already mentioned, where though guilt was proved, the guilty turned out to be one who was not included among the accused in the original complaint prepared by earlier prosecution counsels. Here are a few examples in brief:

In establishing the allegation of torture corroboration of statement of first prosecution witness (PW 1) Archana Guha by that of (PW 2) Latika Guha has been given special importance. Defence counsel's argument that supposed discrepancies in the two statements are indicative of unreliability of their evidence has been rejected primarily on the strength of prosecution's several citations from Supreme court judgement which says in essence that under the horrible conditions of torture some errors of observation and consequent discrepancies are only normal.

Another defence argument questioning the reliability of PW 2's evidence because she was an "interested party" ran against another Supreme court order cited by prosecution. The order says among other things, "...Ordinarily a close relative would be the last person to screen the real culprit and falsely implicate an innocent person".

Against the defence argument that if the story of torture was true then the tortured ladies could 22 years ago, complain either to the magistrate or jail authorities during their period of detention, Magistrate Surjendu Biswas accepted and cited the prosecution witness 1 and 2 that they were never presented physically before the court and a magistrate in a busy court "... may overlook about production of the accused" and that they complained to the jail authorities but were not given any heed. As to why they did not complain to the authorities at Lalbazar, basing himself on the evidence of PW 1 and PW 2 the honourable Magistrate commented that prisoners who "are under the mercy of police" could not know about the availability of doctors and they complained to officials in vain and had no opportunity to reach higher officials. Obviously all these points were argued at length by the prosecution counsel and were found acceptable by the honourable magistrate in the light of recorded evidence.

The defence counsel argued that non-examination by prosecution of Gourie Chatterjee, an eye-witness of alleged torture was due to her unwillingness to "depose falsely". The prosecution countered that in case the defence could examine her and judgement accepted the logic. Based on evidence of PW 1 & PW 2 as pointed out by the prosecution, the magistrate

includes the comments "... it cannot be accepted that a married woman will depose against five police personnel and accordingly I think there is sufficient reason of not tendering Gourie as witness in this case". Also the judgement refers to Supreme court decision that "prosecution is not bound to produce all the witnesses". It is his choice as to whom or whether he will examine or not.

Two defence witnesses (both police personnel) described the allegation of torture as "false". The prosecution counsel Saumen Guha did not cross-examine them. This implied, argued the defence counsel, that prosecution counsel accepted the same. The judgement quotes the citation from Supreme Court that "failure to cross-examine will not always amount to an acceptance of the witness's testimony". Then follows, "Moreover Ld counsel for the prosecution argued that DW 1 and DW 2 are accomplices as they participated in the commission of the same crime by taking signatures of PW 1, & PW 2 and Gourie forcibly while they were in police custody". And defence argument was rejected.

Five doctors, who attended Archana Guha while she had been at hospitals during detention were examined as PW3 to 7. Basing itself on the eye-witness account (PW 1 & PW 2) combined with doctors' opinion as experts the judgement concluded that paralysis of Archana Guha was due to torture by the accused, though no doctor directly said so. In rejecting defence argument the judgement quotes this interesting citation from Supreme court by prosecution, "Ordinarily the value of medical evidence is only corroborative. It proves that the injuries could have been caused in the manner alleged and nothing more. The use which the defence can make of the medical evidence is to prove that the injuries could not have been possibly caused in the manner alleged and thereby discredit the eye witness. Unless, however the medical evidence in its turn goes so far that it completely rules out all possibilities whatsoever of injuries taking place in the manner alleged by the eye witnesses, the testimony of eyewitnesses cannot be thrown out on the ground of alleged inconsistency between it and the medical evidence". The judgement described a cluster of (five in number) citations by defence as "not applicable in the instant case".

It may be of interest to note that in connection with charge of modesty the prosecution's citation from Supreme Court, which the judgement quotes, is in connection with recently concluded Rupan Bajaj vs KPS Gill case where Gill the DG of Punjab Police has been convicted in the court of CJM, Chandigarh. The citation is 'The ultimate test for ascertaining whether modesty has been outraged in the action of the offender such as could be perceived as one which is capable of shocking the sense of decency of a woman'.

It is a landmark judgement, though not so harsh, in the history of trial court in West Bengal against custodial violence, sending an appropriate message to future perpetrators of the crime. It is bound to have a very wholesome effect on future judicial redress against this most cowardly of all forms of violence.

There was nothing unique about torture. The incident revealed through evidence was not an exception but the rule in the days of 70's when prisoners both men and women met with fate which was much worse than Archana's. Many were maimed for life or even went insane and never recovered. A white hot state terror enveloped the whole of West Bengal and a few more states when the cold blooded murder of unarmed prisoners in the name of "encounter" and jail killings were the order of the day. The deserved wide publicity the case received, most of the time, failed to underscore this point sufficiently and so a wrong unhistorical perspective gained ground particularly among those



who were either too young or were not in West Bengal during 70's.

From this not so unique character of the case stems its first uniqueness. This is the only case where some from among the unformed blood-thirsty "draculas" let loose by the then Congress bosses Indira Gandhi and Siddhartha Sankar Ray in 70's have met with their judicial nemesis, though, admittedly the process is not yet complete, because disposal of the appeal by the convicted policemen against the judgement is pending before the city sessions court. In two other known incidents of similar nature, where, like the Guha families here, victims and the families of the victims concerned dared seek judicial redress, the cases got lost rather mysteriously before the proper completion of the judiciary process. In one case the complainant was Benoy Chakraborty, elder brother of two victims of so called "death in encounter". The murdered persons were Ranjit Chakraborty and Samir Chakraborty. The accused were the then DC (North) of Calcutta police and two other policemen. In the second case the victim Barid Baran Sarkar alias Kanu who allegedly were attempted to be shot dead himself was the complainant. Accused in this case was the selfsame Runu Guha Neogy. It so happens in both the cases the counsel on behalf of the complainant was Arun Prakash Chatterjee, the chief counsel for the first 18 years of the case after which he was replaced by Saumen Guha. Recently in an interview, published in an vernacular magazine (*Janamat*, 16/6/96) he shifted the responsibility on to the loop-holes of law, of which the accused took advantage. The explanation would have been acceptable if judicial avenues were explored to the furthest possible extent. On 8th June'96 in a gathering to celebrate the victory in Archana Guha case at Mahabodhi Society hall, Calcutta, the two complainants told their tales of woe and frustration in connection with their respective cases with deep agony and anger.

The second unique feature of the case is that this is for the first time in the memorable history of trial courts in West Bengal that an ordinary citizen without any professional training in law has been allowed by the court (order dated 6th July '95) to plead on behalf of another person, here Archana Guha. Saumen Guha, the non-professional counsel argued for about one and a half hour before the magistrate Sri Nanda Dulal Guin of 5th Court of Metropolitan Magistrate for getting the necessary permission. In the order giving the permission the Magistrate presented the following reasons of the petitioner for seeking the permission "... the petitioner and his family had initially engaged several learned advocates but the petitioner and his family have got enormous frustrating experience. Also the petitioner cannot any further sustain the enormous expenses, time and energy necessary for having their case conducted through any professional lawyer ..."

The permission was not unconditional, as the following quotation from the order indicates "... the petitioner is permitted to conduct this case ... on condition that if he proves unworthy the permission will be withdrawn". So the counsellor Saumen Guha was under constant vigilance of court on his capability and conduct as counsel. The fact that Saumen Guha's 6-day long argument led to the victory shows that how justified the honourable magistrate was in taking up this extra burden of vigilance and creating this new precedent in judicial history of West Bengal. This precedent opens a completely new vista for civil rights activists and any other citizen who would want to be free from abject dependence on a professional lawyer even when the latter becomes undependable.

Thirdly, the non-professional counsel Saumen Guha

happens to be the younger (by 8 years) brother of the complainant. Thus it is in the most beautiful tradition of brother squaring the account, on behalf of his sister, with her molestor.

Fourthly, the counsel Saumen Guha himself was a victim of torture as much as his elder sister was at the hands of the same Runu Guha Neogy. He was also savagely tortured by police in Bankura, where he was arrested within a very short time of arrest of the the three women associated with the case.

It was a kind of poetic justice that accuser and accused changed places. Victim of yester year stood before the tribune to seek justice raising his finger against his tormentor but not on behalf of himself but on behalf of his sister, another victim. During his 6-day long argument, this brother, without any professional training in law against renowned veterans, without the benefit of any institutional training in law in his maiden argument against the seasoned professionals on the side of the accused, exposed in the most calm, civilized manner and incisive language, without indulging in any of the hyperbole, the cowardly attack "shaming the darkness of night" on his sister and won justice for her. It was a moving human drama of a law court in this state. Those who were fortunate enough to be present during the arguments saw judicial history being made.

### Delayed Justice

From the day (20th August, 1977) the complaint by Archana Guha was lodged at the court of CMM to the day (5th June, 1996) when the judgement was delivered by the 7th MM of the same court it was a stretch of 19 long years, as already mentioned. Why the justice had to wait so long? Because Runu Guha Neogy and his accomplices were not ready to face the trial. The conviction shows that their fear was well-founded. Besides, this exchange of roles between the accuser and the accused must have been shocking with a strong element of unpleasant surprise for them. After all, it is on the rarest of rare occasions that what they think of their absolute power over the body of their prisoners, or even over latter's life and death (never mind the laws of the land) is questioned before a court of law. It must have been particularly galling for a person like Runu, who earned quite a name for his cowardly notoriety in the 70's and won the president's medal as a reward and used to enjoy more power than what his official post enjoined, to be put in the dock. It was likely to have been maddening for him to contemplate that while his other contemporaries spread over different police stations of West Bengal in 70's went scot free in spite of committing the same deeds why should be caught in the mesh? Why indeed? Simply because of the Guha family, who dared to knock at the door of justice and had the necessary grit, courage and determination as well as competence to pull through 19 odd years, braving all obstacles on the way.

How did they manage to defer the ultimate day of judicial reckoning? From the very beginning they went into appeal to one court after another to get the proceedings at the trial court stalled, which meant in effect that the complainant and the first witness Archana Guha could not complete her evidence till after 18 years, due to repeated interruption. This was done on one pretext after another. On any particular pretext, when they failed in one court they moved to the next higher court and so on till the highest court i.e. the Supreme Court was reached. When the move was defeated there too then another pretext was found and the same process was repeated and so it went. Many a time when appeal on any pretext moved in the name of the accused was dismissed, the same move was made in the name of one



accused and the same process repeated. Thus before the trial could start without any further interruptions the case moved through Sessions Court twice, through High Court (Calcutta) eight times and through Supreme Court five times. What were the pretexts used? There were five in all :

1. The allegations of torture etc. in the petition of complainant were such that they were inherently improbable, unprovable and thus no prima facie basis exists for holding the trial and if held would be tantamount to harassing honest public officials for doing their duty.

2. The senior advocate Arun Prakash Chatterjee (chief prosecution counsel till middle of '95, when he was replaced by Saumen Guha) was not entitled to act as prosecution counsel against public officials (i.e. Runu and Co.) because he was the then standing counsel for the state government.

3. Proceedings were sought to be influenced against the defence extra-judicially through demonstrations against Runu Neogy at the court gate and through submitting petition to CMM to speed up trial, by a number of organisations like APDR, Nari Nirjatan Protirodh Mancha etc. So the trial needed to be transferred to a newer court.

4. The whole trial proceedings should be dropped because of extra-ordinary delay of over 10 years.

5. Trial should be dropped under section 245(3) of Cr PC (an amendment introduced by the state government in '88, as if to put into Runu's hand a new legal weapon) according to which the judge can do that if evidence is not complete within years of committal.

The first pretext, the only pretext having any kind of relation with the allegations as such, was used only once and dismissed within the first three years by a judgement of High Court delivered on 13.3.80 by division bench comprising Justice Borooah and Justice Moitra. However section 331 (voluntarily causing grievous hurt to extort confession), a part of the initially framed charge was set aside. So, the case for the time being was no longer Session triable. The judgement ordered speedy trial.

The second pretext was first advanced and rejected within first 2 years of filing the complaint and then again repeated in the name of different accused and in different courts for about seven years between '81 and '87 till it was finally dismissed in Supreme Court. It is of interest to note that in '84 Runu surreptitiously managed to get an ex-parte stay order from Supreme Court on the false plea that Sri Chatterjee was a counsel for the state govt.

When after a gap of 7 years, evidence of Archana Guha was to be taken on 17th July '87, third pretext was used to get the case transferred from 5th court of MM where the trial had been taking place to 7th court of MM where ultimately trial was held in '95-'96. This killed one more year pushing the case over to its 11th year paving the way for next two pretexts mentioned above.

Evidence was to be taken on 22nd March '88 again. The appeal on the basis of fourth pretext was made at the trial court. In a memorable judgement delivered on 29th March '88 the then trial magistrate D.S. Roy showed through a neat table that while Runu and his accomplices were responsible for delay for 9 years 1 month, the delay of only 1 year 1 month could be ascribed to Archana. It may be added here that Archana's absence was mainly due to the fact that from '81 onwards she had to remain in Denmark because of treatment and marriage to a Danish citizen.

Runu immediately moved to high court and the darkest episode in the whole history of the case took place. In addition to the above fourth ground there was a mixture of 1st and 3rd ground. And in a judgement delivered on 15th July Justice Ajit

Sengupta of Calcutta High Court quashed the proceedings. Thus 11 years of toil stood aborted. But Guha family did not relent. Appeal was made against the judgement. In a judgement delivered on 5th March '90 a division bench of High Court comprising MN Roy and SK Guin, the judgement of justice Sengupta was set aside and a speedy trial ordered.

Before evidence at the 7th court of MM could be taken on 11th June they made their next move to drop the trial using the fourth pretext in one court after another in the name of different accused, ultimately reaching the Supreme Court. Meanwhile appeal against the order of MN Roy and SK Guin was also made in the Supreme Court. In a landmark judgement delivered on 3rd February '94 Supreme Court rejected all such appeal and finally cleared the path for uninterrupted trial. Its order clearly stated that trial would not stop through any further judicial intervention.

Beginning from '81 four years after lodging the complaint the following four dates at trial court, spread over 14 years will give at a glance, the gaps between consecutive dates on which incomplete evidence of Archana Guha could be taken. Pretext numbers (as given above) which explain the corresponding gap are also given. The first four years were taken for completing the initial legal processes like deciding on prima facie basis of trial etc.

Dates of evidence	Gap No.	Length of gap	Pretext No.
5th Nov, 1981	I	5 yrs. 8 mths	2
17th July 1987	II	9 mths	3
22nd March 1988	III	2 yrs. 3 mths	4
11th June 1999	IV	3 yrs. 10 mths	5
18th April 1994			

From 18th April onward there could be no gap due to any obstructive move by Runu as already explained. On each of the other dates above, Archana would come all the way from Denmark at huge expense of her Danish husband and evidence would be taken hardly for a few minutes, when objection on one ground or the other would come from defence counsel and evidence would be suspended. Besides she also had to come on many other court dates in between (once every year on an average) when no evidence could be taken at all. Archana would wait for months and then go back to Denmark till the time came for another fruitless journey to Calcutta. Apart from the expenses it was serious strain on her family life back in Denmark where her husband is a man of very humble profession.

#### Counsels-Professional and non-professional

Arun Prakash Chatterjee was the senior most professional counsel till Saumen Guha took the charge. As a counsel he received the kind of help from his client Saumen Guha, that is not usually available. It is actually Saumen who collected all the necessary documents and papers for him. Again it is through Saumen that he got the benefit of consultation with a respected senior doctor, who really looked after the medical side of the case, which was very important here and provided necessary books. From '87 onwards it was Saumen who prepared the draft of all petitions.

Besides Sri Chatterjee, there were two other lawyers, Amiya Chakravorty and Subhasis Roy. When trial finally began, it was Amiya Chakravorty who examined the witnesses of the



prosecution. During that period, often there would be some verbal duel between Subhasis Roy and the trial magistrate leading to the cancellation of taking evidence for the day. There was a difference of opinion between Subhasis Roy and Amiya Chakravorty, Sri Chatterjee would be often absent. Some important piece of evidence and document could not be got recorded by doctor witnesses, due to his absence though there was specific talk between him and Saumen on this matter. On 26th April, 95 there was a meeting between all the three professional counsels on the one hand and Saumen Guha and Archana Guha on the other. This correspondent happened to be present there from the beginning. Sujato Bhadra, Secretary APDR, came towards the end. The meeting was taking place at Sri Chatterjee's Chamber at Watreloo street in the evening. Sri Chatterjee proposed that during trial opinion of Senior counsel must prevail. At this, Saumen Guha suggested that for that Sri Chatterjee must not absent himself. Sri Chatterjee disagreed and said that senior most counsel need not be present. Saumen contended that according to Advocates Act, Sri Chatterjee should act according to client's instruction. Sri Chatterjee got infuriated and without answering the question of legal right of the client made personal attack on Saumen. In the end he declared his intention not to act as counsel of the case anymore and asked Saumen to leave the room. Archana Guha also left the room with Saumen. Amiya Chakravorty also refused to act as counsel from then on. Sri Subhasis Roy continued as prosecution for few months. Intermittent trouble between him and the magistrate continued. Ultimately Saumen appealed for and got the permission to act as non-professional counsel, with the written consent of Archana Guha. This in short is the background of Saumen Guha becoming the prosecution counsel, about which there prevails some public confusion.

Of the three professional lawyers, Amiya Chakravorty never took a paisa from Guha family. Subhasis Roy who came into the scene much later, was always paid his daily fees. Arun Prakash Chatterjee did not take anything as fees but as prosecution Counsel in Supreme Court he was paid to and fro air fare between Calcutta and Delhi, hotel bills for staying in Delhi and also pocket expenses depending on the duration of his stay from 2000.-upwards. On these also there seem to be some public confusion.

Lastly, there remains a question which will intrigue any dispassionate observer. Why Runu's strategy to stall the evidence under the pretext of objection to participation of Arun Prakash Chatterjee as prosecution counsel was allowed to succeed for seven long years? For, while the matter was being decided in the higher courts, evidence could very well be taken at trial court through some competent junior. After all that was how it was done finally as has been shown above. Saumen Guha suggested as much to Arun Prakash Chatterjee back in '81 and then repeatedly afterwards. If it was done then, the case would be over by '87 at the latest when Sri Chatterjee ultimately got the objection rejected at the Supreme court. He could then conduct the argument. Runu would then not have the opportunity to delay the case under the pretext number 4 and 5. Thus the case was allowed to be prolonged at least for nine more years over a non-issue. For participation Arun Prakash had got nothing to do with the allegation of torture as such. And no democratic principle was involved here. Runu's objection was on purely technical ground.

The full social and human significance of this historic battle and victory within the parameters of prevailing judicial system cannot be appreciated unless this simple fact is taken note of

that this was a, what is called, 'public interest case' fought privately by a family of lower middle class origin having no special access to power or wealth. So, public at large owe profound gratitude to this family. Saumen Guha's purely accidental role as a prosecution counsel in last one year, i.e. at the most decisive stage of the trial should not lead anyone to think wrongly that this role was confined to this year alone. Sheer common sense suggests that it would be a miracle if it were so. It was a complicated case fought against a powerful opponent having unlimited access to power, (both official and unofficial) and money and they used their resources to the hilt. Nobody, particularly a person without any professional training could just appear like that from nowhere and win the battle by a fluke. It required steady devoted thorough work with love for years; and it was possible because it was he who conceived of the case in the first place even while he was in jail. Actually his dream was wider. He dreamt of gathering a number of tortured victims and causing a tribunal of sorts to be formed against criminals in uniform. Accordingly after release he ran to many victims and their relatives without much response. Understandably, none was interested to look back. So the Guha family decided to launch on their own onto this totally uncharted path. It was then a family of four, of which three (Archana, Latika and Saumen) were torture victims, two (mother and Archana) were immobilised by paralysis. While Archana had her lower part of the body paralysed by police torture, her (and Saumen's) mother had a dilated heart and right side paralysed after a stroke. Latika a college teacher was the only earning member of the family. The paralysed mother and sister were to be attended to. To save money Saumen improvised many a props and devices to help sister. In fact, nursing of their crippled dear ones by the couple became a kind of legend in their locality. The grateful sister Archana said so to this correspondent.

The case could be filed in the name of any one or all three of them as all of them were victims of torture by Runu, and particularly Saumen, who was as savagely treated as Archana, still now go through various discomforts as a result of torture. They contacted Arun Prakash Chatterjee, who readily agreed. Saumen managed to get an old-fashioned recording device with spool and recorded Archana's experience in custody, transcribed it, made a list of salient points and handed it over to Arun Prakash for preparing the petition of the complaint. It was filed and made immediate news and wide public sympathy as already mentioned. Thus the famous 'Archana Guha Case' was born. It was another matter altogether that petition complaint contained a few serious errors of detail from which the defence tried to extract maximum mileage when trial was finally held 18 years later. At the beginning Guhas had so much blind faith in Arun Prakash that they did not care to scrutinise it. Then began the ordeal, the nitty gritty of the case which went on from court to court. Apart from running to the courts there were witnesses to be contacted, various medical records from various hospitals had to be compiled and so on and so forth, and finally money had to be arranged. Added to that was Saumen's continuous effort to acquaint himself with all the legal aspects of the case. Within a very short time Saumen clearly perceived that eternal vigilance on every aspect of the case was absolutely necessary if the case was to be conducted. There were examples before him, in the cases by Binoy Chakravorty and Barid Sarkar what lack of appropriate vigilance might lead to. And legal knowledge was necessary for keeping a watch. Many mysterious things were happening around the case, details of which cannot be given at the moment, Suffice is to say that but for Saumen's ever-watchful eye sometimes assisted by



friendly individuals, the case, like the other two cases, already mentioned might be just one more example of effort that failed and was forgotten. All these went on behind the public gaze. Public sympathy for the case must have been a great moral booster, but that does not lessen the sheer physical and psychological pressure for such a long period; and the couple Saumen and Latika had to bear the whole brunt. Till '80 Archana was physically crippled and mentally distressed. From thence onwards - she had been to Denmark, first for treatment and then for marriage. So except to stand in witness box and arranging some amount of money, she was not in a position to lend any kind of help. She was a heroine when Runu could not break her morale through savagery in custody. But as far as the case is concerned she was as helpless as any other layman. In '85 their mother's death came as a great shock to Saumen who for a long time went almost out of his mind. The old lady who developed heart disease and paralysis through unrelieved tension when her son, daughter and daughter-in-law were in detention and she had run around between jail and hospital was a great source of strength to Saumen. Thus the family of Saumen and Latika came almost to the precipice of physical, psychological and financial disaster. Still they continued and the case became almost a life time obsession for them and thus only this precedent setting judicial victory of public interest could be won.

Of course, they gratefully acknowledged the help they received in small and big ways during this long journey from individuals known and unknown. There were employees in hospitals where Archana was treated who helped Saumen to trace the necessary medical records, which played such an important role in this case. There were again employees in the court who helped trace many mysteriously 'missing' papers of the case. There were others again who helped them trace out some important doctor witnesses 20 years after Archana was treated. There is that journalist friend but for whom Saumen would have remained untreated during a very serious illness of liver. The journalist himself had to face contempt of court proceeding for arranging publicity in new newspaper against Runu Guha Neogy. Then there is that young lawyer whose firm supporter and advice went a long way in making the decision by Saumen of taking the mantle of prosecution counsel at a very critical moment when the case seemed to get stuck. There is that venerated doctor, who practically built up the argument of the case from medical angle and supplied the necessary books which was so crucial in demolishing the defence argument that paralysis of Archana Guha could not be ascribed to torture and so on. Common to all these people is their reluctance to advertise their own role. It is for Guha family to decide when and how they will make their acknowledgement public. Then there was some financial help

too.

### The Left Government and its Opposition.

As is well known, after the internal emergency of '75-'77 the Left Front Government came to power with unambiguous promise to bring to book the perpetrators of all custodial violence, committed on an unprecedented scale during the previous Congress regime. And in the first flush of victories it appeared that it might keep the promise. So at the insistence of Amnesty International it did provide to and fro air fare for two when crippled Archana Guha and her brother Saumen Guha were sent to RCT, Copenhagen for former's treatment. The huge correspondence between Saumen, Amnesty and State Govt. kept with Saumen shows how it was brought about. But interestingly enough not a single uniformed offender of that period was ever touched. In case of Runu Guha Neogy the State government surpassed all records of shamelessness. It not only ignored the vociferous demands of the citizens, voiced through demonstrations, deputations, booklets (APDR, Nari Nirjatan Birodh Manch and some other women's organisations took particular initiative) for suspension of Runu Guha Neogy till disposal of criminal case against him but went on giving one promotion after another till Runu was raised to the rank of Deputy Commissioner a few months before his retirement. Considering the spate of custodial deaths during present regime this stance is not surprising of course. The opposition Congress who have been crying hoarse about custodial deaths during the current regime are silent about the same when they lorded over West Bengal and so they behaved as if there is nothing called "Archana Guha Case". Both Govt. and its opposition greeted the judgement with absolute silence.

Surprisingly enough, the present police commissioner, Calcutta, Sri Tushar Talukdar has openly welcomed the judgement and went to the extent of criticising the previous administrative approach of backing the corrupt official to newsmen. A rejoinder from Runu threw back the charge of current custodial deaths at the door of commissioner. Funnily enough, in his rejoinder Runu boasted that with his "culture and education" he cannot use the language, used by the present police commissioner against his predecessor!

### Postscript

Archana Guha case has demonstrated both the difficulties and possibilities of present judicial system in extraordinarily bold relief. It has also revealed for all who care to see the low depth to which self-appointed spokesmen for civil liberties may sometimes fall.

(Frontier: Calcutta)

This is a double number of *Mankind* Vol. II, Feb-Mar 1997. The next issue of *Mankind* will therefore, be dated April 1997.

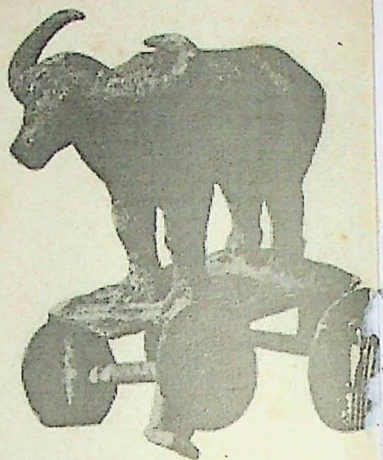
We have cancelled our trip to Kerala, which was planned for Nov-Dec 1996. That had to be cancelled for various reasons.

We shall be in Delhi from Feb 24 to March 1, 1997 and from March 2 to March 4, in Baroda on our way back. This trip is a business trip to promote *Mankind*. This is just for the information of our subscribers.





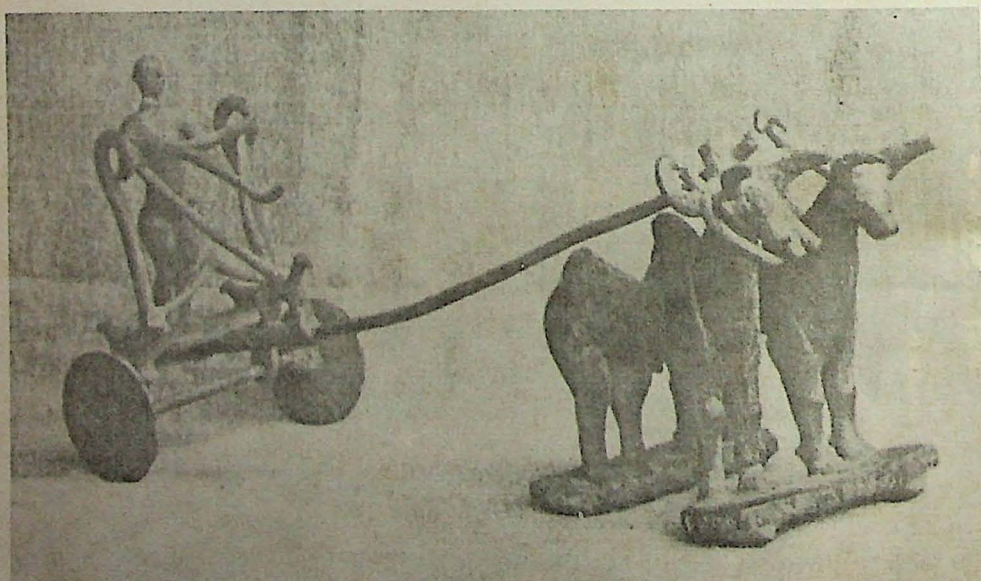
6. Elephant



7. Buffalo



8. Rhinoceros



9. The Chariot