

# TRIBUNE

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## INDO — SRI LANKA

INDIRA GANDHI was in Ceylon for about 48 hours from April 27 to April 29. She was welcomed with all the ceremony and cordiality due to the Prime Minister of Sri Lanka's biggest neighbour. Furthermore Sri Lanka and India have had special ties extending over countless centuries—ethnic, cultural, religious and political. Mrs. Gandhi has a great deal on her hands in her country at this time, but she was able to squeeze in this visit to Sri Lanka primarily because she realises that it was essential for India to maintain the closest of friendly relations with all her neighbours—and Sri Lanka is of special importance, for apart from everything else, this island is strategically perched in the Indian Ocean at the southernmost tip of India.

INDIRA GANDHI has now matured into an adroit politician capable of making the most statesmanlike speeches, and there is no doubt that she said everything in a way to ensure that Sri Lanka could not take offence with her big neighbour: there was no touch of patronising big brotherliness of which many politicians of a lesser calibre from across the Palk Straits have been guilty of in their statements and speeches. She undertook to implement the Shastri-Sirimavo Agreement to the letter in the spirit it was made. As a gesture of good will she agreed to increase the quantum of repatriation by 10% of the stipulated annual quota of 35,000 (the Sri Lanka demand of the 10% increase being in geometric progression seems to have been dropped). All the other outstanding bi-lateral issues, re-opening the registers for Indian citizenship, Kachativu, the chronic adverse balance of trade against Ceylon, etc. etc. were put off for further discussions at appropriate officials' levels. There was near-unanimity on international and on Asian regional questions: Vietnam, Non-Aligned summit, Indian Ocean Free Zone and the like.

IF THERE were discussions about India's apprehensions about the growing influence of China in Sri Lanka, on the one hand, and about Sri Lanka's fears about the DMK in South India and its influence among Ceylon Tamils and Tamils of Indian origin in Sri Lanka on the other, it was private between the Prime Ministers and official statements and communique do not refer to them at all. Assurance must have been exchanged that neither side had any cause for fear. Indira has come and gone, and Sirimavo will go to India soon—probably after Chou-En-lai pays a visit to the island.

# Tribune

## Mainly About Dudley

THE LAST ISSUE of *Tribune* was, from a journalistic point of view, something of an anachronism. It had only a brief reference to the death of Dudley Senanayake. Owing to the almost continuous holidays from the 12th to the 17th and thereafter from the 20th to the 22nd, the last issue of the paper was prepared well in advance to cope with the holidays. And members of the editorial staff also took their holidays not expecting news of such a momentous nature to break on the Sinhala New Year Day. There was very little which we could do until April 23, but in the mean time there was further dislocation because essential workers were unavailable—many of them had joined the queues to view the body of Dudley Senanayake lying-in-state.

The daily newspapers provided readers with all that could possibly be said about Dudley Senanayake, and even daily papers which had regularly adopted carpingly critical postures against him, (to support partisan in-fighting inside the UNP), suddenly developed wholesome admiration for him. Even these pro-Right, pro-UNP critics, who had for years now carried or an insidious campaign against Dudley Senanayake, were compelled by the impact of the lakhs of people who waited patiently in queues, in rain and sunshine, to pay homage to his corpse, to realise

that the clarity which enveloped Dudley Senanayake was something much greater than what was envisaged by friend and foe alike.

The Editor in his *Rambling Notes* deals with some aspects of the death of Dudley Senanayake. Other writers in this and forthcoming issues deal with the same matter—a death which will undoubtedly result in profound and far-reaching changes in the political life of Sri Lanka.

We will endeavour to publish articles which will examine the life and history of Dudley Senanayake without being submerged in the emotional euphoria which had surfaced immediately after his death. Furthermore if we publish articles which are critical of Dudley Senanayake, it is not because of any lack of respect or admiration for what he was and what he has done, but because *Tribune* publishes every point of view which is of significance.

IN THIS ISSUE, we have published an article by Dudley Senanayake written in April 1942 for the weekly paper *Kesari*, just after the Japanese attack on Trincomalee and the failure of the Cripps Mission to New Delhi, and few months before the *Quit India* movement was launched by Mahatma Gandhi in August 1942. Many may not agree with

what he says in the article. Dudley Senanayake may have himself re-phrased what he stated after the burden of office had begun to weigh upon him. Some of those who are presently associated with *Tribune* were close, politically speaking, to Dudley Senanayake in the Donoughmore Constitution phase of contemporary politics, and even admired the energy he expended and understanding he showed in regard to land development and cultivation when he was the Minister of Agriculture in the first Soulbury Cabinet; but, with the passage of time and the intricacies of partisan party politics in this country, they

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had drifted away from the political firmament which Dudley Senanayake came to dominate. But whatever the differences and however great the gulf in the political arena, there was mutual respect and admiration.

Not many today know the life and times of Dudley Senanayake in the pre-Soulbury era, and this article will throw some light on his thinking in the first phase of his political life. Though he was deeply conservative in many matters and though he was a fundamentalist in most others, he nevertheless consistently preached the virtues of human freedom and in practice permitted individual freedom and civil liberties to flourish—much more than many other politicians who claimed to be champions of democracy and the saviours of human liberty. Whilst the poor and the not-so-privileged acclaimed Dudley Senanayake as the one who gave the masses free rice, the discerning intellectual was deeply conscious of the fact that Dudley Senanayake had endeavoured to permit democracy and individual freedom to flourish on a much wider and greater scale than during other times when politicians of different breed, in the UNP and outside it, had a decisive voice in the affairs of this country.

In the emotional upsurge which swirled through the nation immediately after his death, it was ironic that the ordinary man, woman and child praised Dudley for the things which history is not likely to accept as the true measure of his greatness, the *free rice* he gave. Apologists explain that his *free rice* must be coupled with his *grow more-food campaign* and that sooner or later increased productivity and production would have reduced the burden imposed on the Treasury by the free rice to nothing, to zero. But what these apologists fail to realise is that whilst the financial burden which arose from free rice could have been eliminated, the spiritual degradation which stemmed from free rice, together with free education and free medicine, has reduced this nation to become a people motivated by the same subjective logic which impels the able-bodied to remain satisfied with the proceeds of beggary which thrives on the philanthropic benevolence of the rich and the not-so-rich.

Many will not like to admit that Sri Lanka is a derelict nation, but this simple fact has to be faced. As we have mentioned earlier, in previous issues, the efforts being made by our contributor *Anatory Bukoba* to establish a new

farm (*Shamba*) reflected the difficulties which even those who are willing to work have to contend with in trying to grow more food. When such efforts finally produce something, productivity is low and production is circumscribed.

Basil Perera writes this week on *Pablo Picasso*, a giant in the world of art, who died this month. Indira Gandhi has been in Ceylon, from the 27th to the 29th and we think it appropriate to publish an article on the schemes being implemented by the Indian Government to rehabilitate repatriates who are returning to India from Ceylon and other countries.



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TRIBUNE, April 30, 1973

## RAMBLING NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

### Emotional Euphoria over Unexpected and Untimely death of Charismatic Leader—Dudley Senanayake

THE DEATH of Dudley Senanayake on April 13 came as a rude shock to nearly everybody in this country. He was only 62 and he had been addressing public meeting with all the robustness and vigour characteristic of him right through the month of March. When it was reported in the papers that he had entered a nursing home on April 3, it was thought that it was for a routine medical check-up. Slowly the news filtered through that he had suffered a heart attack, a mild one which would necessitate rest for a few weeks at the most before he was once again in the field.

Then, on April 10, he suffered a massive heart attack, and it is said that his heart had to be literally coaxed back into life through massage. There was now serious alarm and apprehension about his health, but on the evening of April 10 there were optimistic reports that he had turned the corner. But these hopes were illusory. A few hours after the Sinhala New Year was ushered in on the evening of April 13, Dudley Senanayake suffered his last attack and was pronounced dead.

On April 14, there were no newspapers (because of the New Year holidays), the nation heard the sad news on the morning routine news broadcast. There is a great deal of criticism that the death was not splashed as a special announcement soon after the SLBC started broadcasting at 6 am. There was also resentment that the national radio went on to play pop music after making the announcement, but this was corrected after this fact had been brought home to the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, in a rather biosterous manner when she went to "Woodlands" to pay her respects to the dead UNP leader.

To the credit of the Prime Minister, it must be said, that she took a number of steps which are only normally accorded to a leader who dies in office, in the saddle, so to say. Mr. Dudley Senanayake was, at the time of his death, an ordinary MP, though he had been sworn in as Prime Minister on four occasions between 1952 and 1965, and on the last occasion he had served the full-term of five years until May 1970. Prime Minister Sirimavo Bandaranaike took the initia-

tive to request the Speaker to permit the body to lie-in-state in the buildings of National State Assembly and thereafter to declare the day of the funeral as a public holiday. She also permitted the cremation at Independence square and she requested people to tone down the celebrations for the New Year as a mark of respect to the dead leader. All flags were flown at half mast.

THE PRIME MINISTER thus accorded the greatest of respect to the most powerful political opponent of her party, the United Front and her Government. But whilst the Prime Minister seems to have done her best to pay adequate respect to the dead leader, there were other forces within the Government which had sought to play down the funeral once the political impact of the death of Dudley Senanayake was realised. The final effort to reduce the magnitude of the human upsurge was to cut out the eulogies in the funeral orations which were said to be broadcast as a "live" show.

The feeble attempts made by certain sections of the Government and the Administration to play down the funeral of Dudley Senanayake were submerged in the mass upsurge of human beings from all parts of the island. The queue which formed to see the body, first at Woodlands and then at the Assembly buildings, were the longest anyone had known. There were no record of queues or crowds in the history of Sri Lanka in its ancient past, and it can therefore be said

that the queues were the longest and the crowds the biggest in the recorded history of Ceylon.

The number who had filed past the body and the number which had flocked to the city have been variously estimated: and many place the crowd on the last day as high as two million whilst the most grudging estimate a minimum of one million. These are staggering numbers for a small country with a population of about 12/13 million people. But it is not the number alone which was noteworthy. The crowds were disciplined, really self-disciplined. Except for three incidents—the booing and jeering of the Prime Minister at Woodlands and the National State Assembly building and the carcalls which greeted Premadasa—the whole funeral proceeding which was spread over a week, went off smoothly. Hundreds of thousands stood in the rain and sunshine for as much as eight to ten hours to catch a glimpse of the body as they filed past the coffin.

The police and the army conducted themselves with great decorum, but what was significant was the self-discipline which predominated. It was not the baton or the stern measures of the security services which maintained law and order. Though political opponents would like to assert that the crowds had been “brought to town” by UNP organisers, neutral observers who were in Colombo and also those who had moved about the country during this fateful week have assured *Tribune* that the over-

whelming bulk of humanity which had flocked to pay their respects to Dudley Senanayake were there because of a spontaneous emotional upsurge within them.

VARIOUS REASONS have been attributed to this mass upsurge of emotion unprecedented in the history of this nation: the love for a leader who had tried to do so much for the poor man culminating in weekly ration of free rice; the man who had given four poya holidays and had helped Buddhism to attain its “rightful” place in the country; the man who had tried to make this country self-sufficient in food; the democrat who played the game—but, in addition to all these positive factors, there was the negative factor of the deep-seated frustration which has gripped the entire nation owing to acts of commission and omission of the United Front Government which has landed the country into a veritable mess from which there does not seem to be a way out.

At the time of writing, the emotional euphoria generated by the death of Dudley Senanayake was still overshadowing the firmament of Sri Lanka. Dudley was one of the few leaders in Ceylon in this epoch, who was possessed of *charisma* of a high order. *Charisma* is an elusive quality in a human which takes a person from the humdrum and the ordinary and enthrones him in the seats of power, authority and glory. *Charisma* attracts friends and followers but it also repels and creates enemies, determined to humble

the person and sweep him into the dust of oblivion. Dudley Senanayake had many friends and he also had enemies by the score. But what is of significance is that Dudley Senanayake had the capacity of compelling the respect and admiration and sometimes the affection of his bitterest critics and foes.

It is yet too early to examine the political implications of his death but there is no doubt that whilst the UNP will have a void which will be difficult to fill immediately, the parties of the United Front now stand dumbfounded by the mass upsurge of emotion generated by Dudley Senanayake in death. Not one of the constituent parties of the UF had expected this turn-out, and their muted silence is testimony to their bewilderment. Could people, after three years of United Front “socialism”, develop such sentimental and emotional euphoria towards a “reactionary bourgeois leader of a Right-wing party” like the UNP? Could ordinary people want to pay homage to the dead leader of a dying and decadent ruling class hanging over from walawua feudalism? Such conduct and behaviour on the part of the “common masses” did not fit the copybook political dictionary which is the bible of the UF pundits?

For the reason that the Prime Minister was hoisted at the National State Assembly buildings, the PM and all members of the Government “boycotted” the funeral and the PM did not make the scheduled speech.

The boycott by the Government's leaders did not detract from the mass upsurge which marked the funeral of Dudley Senanayake. If the majority of the crowd were not Dudley supporters, as many pro-government supporters allege, then the turnout was a mighty political demonstration against the Government which cannot be ignored.

A DETAILED ANALYSIS of the reactions of the daily press will be made in a forthcoming issue of *Tribune*, but it would be appropriate to refer to the editorials of the three big dailies on the morning of the funeral, April 21. The *Daily News* took a cis-tant and patronising attitude. After retailing some commonplace clichés about death and greatness, it went on to say in the editorial entitled **NO FINER MOMENT**.

"...But after the ceremonies of sorrow and honour are over, what then? What will become of that togetherness, of that neutrality above political divisions, of that unity beyond communal differences? Perhaps a national occasion such as this teaches us only that we are a nation on some occasions. If, as all his admirers claim, Dudley Senanayake was a man for all seasons, even homage to his like reminds us sadly that we ourselves are a nation only seasonally; always in the winter of some personal tragedy. Not all the tears which are shed today nor all hymns and hosannas are of much use to him and to us unless we pluck from his own life, from the nettle of things said, done and half-

done, of achievements and failures, some flower, some meaning, something which can endure.

"History stands between man and oblivion. And history is no cold marble slab carved with fine, decorative lettering. It lives and moves. History is composed as much by what a leader has given to his people as what the generations make of what is given. In the end, all our greatest leaders have stood for a few essential things, although each one of them may have emphasised one at the expense of the other, although each left the struggle unfinished. Mr. Dudley Senanayake, by the light of his own political vision, stood for the unity of this country, for an open society and for economic emancipation, particularly through agricultural self-sufficiency. No monuments to him can possibly be finer or more enduring than our own renewed dedication to these ideals."

The *Daily Mirror*, which has always backed J. R. Jayewardene as against Dudley Senanayake, continued the high faulti' rhetoric it had indulged in, ever since the death of Dudley Senanayake, in the editorial on April 21 entitled **DISCARD TURNS HERO**. It made an apology for its sharply critical attitude against Dudley Senanayake in the past and in a fulsome outburst of high-flown bombast super-charged with emotion it tried to make amends for the past. For the record, more than anything, we quote the editorial in full:

"TONIGHT, as the last lingering flame on the funeral pyre of Dudley Shelton Senanayake turns to crackling embers, a week of official wailing comes to its moving and memorable end. And with it will end a saga of sorrow unprecedented in the annals of Sri Lanka's recent history. Men of far greater stature have died in the full bloom of national, even international greatness: more popular politicians have been felled at the peak of their power, in tragic and dramatic circumstances; patriots of purer distinction have passed away, but none has ever touched off such a stupendous surge of national sorrow as has the death of Mr. Dudley Senanayake.

"The *Daily Mirror* has been among his severest critics and while we do not retract one word of that criticism, we unreservedly admit that the gale of grief that sweeps across the land has achieved for him an immortality, which he himself may never have envisaged. All the more remarkable is this gale of grief when one recalls the hurricane of hate—from some of the self-same peoples who now grieve—but three years ago, which virtually drove him and his party to the fringes of oblivion. That, Dudley Senanayake emerged from those shadows where he languished for nearly two and a half years into this glow of greatness is perhaps one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time. What he did not achieve in life, he has achieved death.

"When the UF trounced the UNP in 1970, many poli-

tical observers wrote off Dudley Senanayake as a has-been of history. But this very same United Front, by its sins of commissions and omissions snatched him from the graveyard of obscurity, resurrected him, reminded the people of what they misse through their rejection of him at the polls and prodded them to hunger for him at the next polls. Even as they hungered for the ideals of democracy that he stood for and the contentment he generated, death struck him and struck the waiting millions, too, with remorse.

"That remorse created the unending queues of reverence that none but the blind watch with amazement. The discard of yesterday had rocketed into the hero of today. The tragedy is that yesterday, he heard the hisses. But, today, he will miss the hero's hosannas that are implicit in the silence of the thousands who reverentially file past his corpse and will, at twilight, salute him as his "mortal coil" turns into ashes and he achieves national immortality.

"With those millions who wish him eternal peace, we echo the age-old prayer 'may he attain nibbana..."

BUT, the most significant editorial was in the *Sun*. It must be remembered that it was the *Sun-Dawasa* group which had helped the SLFP and the United Front to come to power in May 1970 and had supported the Government with enthusiasm in the first months of its existence. Later the *Sun-Dawasa* group became critical of the ultra-left and

extremely radical trends within the Government, and had openly advocated the break up of the United Front—and for the SLFP to merge with willing sections of the UNP to form a new National Government. But the *Sun* had failed to achieve this objective and had even toned down the tempo of the campaign to eliminate the left from the Government. It is in this context that we must view the *Sun* editorial entitled **THE LAST POST.**"

The editorial opened thus: "The last post, the funeral note will be sounded today, two million or more people will witness all that is mortal of a great patriot and a national leader committed to the pyre. It was a long week of grief and sorrow, queuing up to get just one last glimpse of a leader we loved, a leader who left us just when we most needed his presence to lead and guide the destiny of our people and nation"

Note the key sentiment expressed: "*a leader who has left us when we most needed his presence to lead and guide the destiny of our people and nation*" There cannot be any mistake in the intent and import of the words in question. The implications are straight forward and no body can miss them.

The second part of the editorial was even more explicit in what the paper wanted to pinpoint. Every sentence was a barbed dart directed at those who differed from the *Sun-Dawasa* logic and its numerous panacea for the ills of Sri Lanka.

THIS IS how the editorial summed up the greatness of

Dudley Senanayake in the confrontation with his enemies who it alleged had used every form of calumny to denigrate him. "Since that fateful night of April 13, when the news of his death shocked an unexpected nation, the tears of the old and the young, and swarms of people that rushed to his home, the long queues at "Woodlands" and the even longer queues to the National State Assembly where he made his final attendance to lie-in-state, the finale to thirty seven years of political life—all pointed to the depth of affection and veneration he was held in lire.

"This is not an occasion to bring into focus differences of political opinion, and opposition to his ideals. It was the leader of a fighting minority, a political opponent, who had this to say: 'He was a man of integrity and a great leader of his people. Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike treated him with the utmost respect. Even during the period when Mr. Bandaranaike was highly critical of the UNP, he did not criticise Mr. Dudley Senanayake.' The greatness of a man is often measured by the quantum of his adversaries and their strength. The late Mr. Dudley Senanayake, like any other great man, had his opponents, his quota of slanderers and those that did everything in their power, from imposed photographs to downright lies, to bar his success.

"But on the forum at the hustings, when lies, calumnies and false promises were flitting about him, Mr. Dudley Senanayake stood up like a

colossus on Truth. He would not pledge a lie, he would not give a false promise, even if it meant losing an election. As his own life-long colleague, Mr. J. R. Jayewardene said: 'His death at this particular hour when his policies and programmes were being vindicated, is a loss not only to us but to the entire nation'...."

To the *Sun-Dawasa* group, Dudley Senanayake now stood out as a Colossus of Truth—forgetful of what it had said during the heat and tension of the 1970 election campaign about the UNP and Dudley Senanayake.

THE EDITORIAL took offence at the remarks of some persons who had characterised the death of Dudley Senanayake as the end of an era. It was an LSSP leader who had stated that the death of Dudley marked the end of the Soulbury era. Most, if not all, of the barbed darts in the editorial were aimed at the Left within the United Front (and incidentally at the anti-Dudley dissidents within the UNP).

This is what the editorial stated: "Some of his adversaries have associated the death of Mr. Dudley Senanayake as synchronising with the transitional period of the political life of Sri Lanka. To one it was the old order changing, yielding place to new.

"Such double-edged observations sometimes do boom-erang.

"The spontaneous manifestation of feeling for Mr. Dudley Senanayake from the people of all races and creeds, from the four corners of Sri

Lanka, is the answer to observations of this nature."

And, the subsequent sentences had a prophetic ring about them. It indicated that powerful forces would come together to fashion a new alignment of political forces and create a new Coalition—something which Dudley had been unwilling to forge by uniting with certain sections of the SLFP. With Dudley dead, the objections of many within the SLFP for unity with the UNP would be less. In the most indirect way the *Sun* wishfully anticipates such a re-alignment,

"This spontaneous upsurge of a country-wide wave of emotion says the last word for the future of the country. It points to the fact that our future lies in the strict observance of the norms of democracy and man's inalienable right to choose.

"In the context of recent events in Sri Lanka, it has been said that the youth are swayed by alien ideas of revolution, and have become easy victims to politicians and the so-called third force. But the week long wave of sentiment that swept through the country, has proved to the hilt the heart of our youth is still unspoilt, is in its right place. It is a warning to those politicians who may be persuaded to think that our ideas of centuries can be destroyed overnight."

THE EDITORIAL took special pains to point that the Prime Minister had acted with great magnanimity towards a political opponent—in the spirit of ancient Sinhala kings—and that this gesture by Mrs.

Bandaranaike augured well for the future.

"There is yet another point. Perhaps in life we may tend to default in our obligations. But in death, the great leveller of all divisiveness, we rise above partisan politics and rise up to honour our great. This was shown by the magnanimity of the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, members of her Cabinet and party who rose to the occasion to honour a great son of Sri Lanka, a leader of the people, even though in life he belonged to the opposite camp. This is a traditional magnanimity of our people, civility we may proudly trace to the great days of Parakrama Bahu and before him to Dutugemunt who even in annihilating his adversary gave honour where honour was due."

The concluding paragraphs once again re-iterated that the temporary phase of the present coalition built on false hopes, unfulfillable promises and bogus utopias of socialist millennia, would soon pass away. The editorial also stressed that a new kind of world based on a different alignment of forces. To those who can read between the lines, it was a threat as well as a promise.

"The passing away of Mr. Dudley Senanayake indeed marks the end of an era. But it is the end of a brief era in which some of the people of this country, misled by false dawns of utopias and socialist millennia, had abandoned the true path of

(Continued on Page 12)



## The Role of Youth in India and Ceylon

By DUDLEY SENANAYAKE  
M. S. C.

One of the independent weekly papers, which linked the thirties with the forties of this century in Ceylon was the **Kesari, People's Weekly**. During the period of its existence, (of about seven or eight years), the **Kesari** had played an important role in the political life of this country.

In the issue of the paper April 18, 1942, there appeared on page 7 an article by **Dudley Senanayake**, then a Member of the State Council (the unicameral Chamber created by the Donoughmore Commission), entitled **THE ROLE OF YOUTH IN INDIA AND CEYLON**. It should be remembered that Dudley Senanayake was at that time freer to state what he felt on important issues than later when he was burdened with the responsibilities of office. Those who have known him over the years are aware that his views on questions of a fundamental nature did not alter with the passage of time—although under the stress and strain of office and party politics he had to be circumspect in what he said and wrote.

The youth of today enjoy the very doubtful privilege of living in an unprecedented era of the history of mankind, a period so degraded with carnage that even the more optimistic amongst us could not look upon the future without a feeling of despondency.

In this gruesome sacrifice of lives, it is Youth that is called upon to pay the greatest penalty, for undoubtedly the greatest percentage of the dead of all the nations will be from amongst their ranks, and this apart from the very dubious future that this struggle might well leave for them. Therefore it behoves the Youth of every country to use their every endeavour to wring from

these trials and tribulations a peace close to their hearts' desire, a peace more worthy of their valient sacrifices.

### THE FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM.

TODAY a conglomeration of nations of diverse views and objectives face the powerful forces of facism. Naturally more causes than one tend to impede the former in their struggle. A diversity of objectives far from bringing about that well needed harmonious collaboration may well tend to create the disruptive forces of suspicion and of the lack of co-operated endeavour. But by far the greater danger is the lack of an appreciation of the true nature of Fascism. It must be realised once and for all that Fascism is not merely a temporary aberration of a few for the moment depraved.

**THE NATURE OF FASCISM.**  
The causes of this phenomenon are far deeper and an understanding of these causes may well show that like phenomena can develop amongst any other nations placed in the same circumstances. To understand Fascism it is very necessary to go back to "Capitalist Democracy."

This unhappy phrase is a contradiction in terms and wherever these two factors try to live side by side the very nature of its unstable equilibrium produces sooner or later a conflict that can only be resolved by action of a revolutionary nature which can take one of two courses; either the forces of privilege using the so-called fascist Parties may triumph for the moment or the forces of true democracy may lead the way to a more equitable form of society.

The period prior to the advent of Hitler found Germany facing this conflict in an acute form and Fascism is the unfortunate child of this unhappy union. This catastrophe has so far been avoided in Britain by her privileged classes securing extortions through the media of sacrifices wrung at the expense of colonial possessions and subject races. Is it therefore strange that this war should find the Youth of India and Ceylon in a state of apathy and despair?

England must realise that to champion the cause of Freedom she must enter the arena with clean hands. Possibly it is a belated realiza-

tion of this that has resulted in the Cripps Mission to India. But, alas, those proposals, if accepted might well partition India in a manner not even envisaged in the wildest dreams of Pakistan, and might well inaugurate in India an era of conflict—paralleled only by the history of small independent states in Europe after the treaty of Versailles.

### ONE WORLD FRONT.

ISSUES may be uncertain, the future may be dim but one fact stands indubitably clear and that is that the progress of science has outstripped all narrow boundaries.

With the world of today evincing this progress and confronting the economic issue of today it would be futile to think of a separate India and a separate Ceylon. Let us for a while look back upon the dim, distant pages of history; as we do so and try to pierce the mists that hide the early history of mankind we can dimly discern an age in which the family was the social unit.

Each family dwelt apart, was self-sufficient, and looked upon other families, as hostile. There was a constant state of war between families. Then we find families displaced as units by tribes, or clans. Within the tribe fighting was discouraged, families no longer fought with one another. It was natural however—so they were taught—that tribes should be in a state of incessant enmity. This lasted in the highlands of Scotland until about a century and half ago. Among those who are called civilized the tribal stage was

succeeded by the national stage.

*Therefore could it not be thought uncivilized today to hold back the pressing urge for international collaboration for that of narrow nationalism?*

### NARROW NATIONALISM.

THIS pernicious form of political and economic nationalism, for I want to distinguish it from the desirable cultural form, is fostered by various reasons. Often the vested interests of a country call upon the masses to sacrifice their lives for the "fatherland," which to them means the maintaining of their privileges and the present inequitable status quo.

The power politician through a fear, born of an inferiority complex, of his individual and insular power being submerged in the larger sea of international collaboration fans the fires of national hatred and racial prejudice. **Sometimes, these disruptive forces combine and hence true collaboration between India and Ceylon with these forces at large will not be possible.**

INDIA AND CEYLON. IF the course of this war has taught any lesson it is the one of the precarious existence of independent small nations. The total war of today requires resources and materials far beyond the command of such nations.

**Moreover it has taught us of India and Ceylon the inter-dependence of our two countries particularly for the purpose of defence.**

Many are the ties that bind us, strategic, cultural, geographic and economic—

and therefore it behoves every one of us, particularly the Youth, to create those conditions in the two countries which will bring into fruition a harmonious relationship essential for our co-prosperity and well-being.

### YOUTH TO THE FORE.

IT is necessary to stress these issues of today particularly to the Youth for it is they who will form the vanguard of this movement and it is to them that the future belongs. We have definitely reached the end of an epoch and such a vast upheaval may naturally find the older amongst us too conservative and unchanging in their habits and ideas to meet the exigencies of the moment. It is none other than the crusading spirit of Youth that will be willing to bear the martyrdom and temporary trials such a course may well entail but I venture to hope that the Youth of India and Ceylon will not be found wanting at this important juncture in the history of mankind.

For News Behind  
the News

Read

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Regularly.

# DUDLEY SENANAYAKE

— an appraisal —

By SPARTACUS

WHEN OLD Mr. D. S. Senanayake died in 1952, there were three great political figures who were to dominate the political scene in subsequent years. They were Mr. Dudley Senanayake, Sir John Kotelawela and Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike.

It was Mr. Dudley Senanayake who, after a hectic "Premier Stakes", became Prime Minister, after the elder Senanayake's demise. But his first two terms as Prime Minister before and after a General Election, ended after less than two years. Sir John Kotelawela who succeeded him was defeated at the histings in 1956 and has been in political retirement ever since. Mr. Bandaranaike who became Prime Minister in 1956 was assassinated in 1959. Of the three political personalities mentioned above, Mr. Dudley Senanayake alone made a come-back in a big way to the political scene in 1957 which he has dominated, whether in or out of office, for the last 16 years.

Mr. Dudley Senanayake's first term as Premier was, as mentioned above, short-lived. This was followed by about three years in temporary political retirement. Just prior to his re-entry to the political scene, there was much speculation whether Mr. Senanayake, who had been a critic of UNP rule under Sir John and played a

strictly neutral role in the decisive general election of 1956, would throw in his lot with Mr. Bandaranaike, form a new party or re-join the UNP and become its leader once again.

IN THE END Mr. Senanayake decided on the last course. He re-joined the UNP, became its leader (Sir John making way with a few uncomplimentary comments in his own characteristic style) and gave a new life and a new strength to the party founded by his father.

With him at the helm, the UNP was able to make a swift recovery from the staggering blow it had received at the 1956 general election. Mr. J. R. Jayewardene had done a lot of spade-work during Dudley's retirement to re-build the party organisationally and make it into a fighting unit. But he lacked mass appeal. It was only Dudley who could take the party line to the masses, win back their support and make the UNP a force to be reckoned with once again.

This he did with a skill and ability he had not shown earlier in his political career with the result that the UNP was able to stage a come-back in the general election of March 1960 enabling Dudley to become Prime Minister for the third time.

Again, lacking the parliamentary majority necessary

to sustain his government, his regime was short lived. During the years from 1960 to 1965 Dudley found himself in an unaccustomed role - that of the Leader of the Opposition.

HERE AGAIN, it must be said that he acquitted himself creditably, adding lustre to an office that had earlier been held by such eminent men as Mr. Bandaranaike and Dr. N. M. Perera. But one cannot help conjecturing that Dudley himself did not relish this new role. That is probably why he left this job to his lieutenant, J. R. Jayewardene, without taking it on himself, after the UNP's debacle in 1970.

In 1965 began the most important period of Mr. Senanayake's life when he became Prime Minister once again and was able to serve the country for a full five years in this office. At last he had come into his own. Here was the chance to give effect to all the ideas he had nurtured as a young politician in his early years and had reached full maturity as the Leader of the Opposition from 1960-65. How did he measure up to it? It is on this record of his — and not on the paeans of praise by a servile press immediately after his death that Mr. Senanayake will be judged by posterity.

DUDLEY AND DEMOCRACY. Mr. Dudley Senanayake, after his death as during his lifetime, has been hailed as a perfect democrat, a great defender of democracy in Sri Lanka. To the extent that he ruled within the democratic frame-

work, this of course, is true, He can even be complimented on exposing unnamed dictators within the UNP itself who sought to throw democracy overboard and usher in naked dictatorship as the only way to solve the country's problems.

But what about the other side of the coin? When democracy faced its greatest threat in Sri Lanka in 1962 and 1971 (on both occasions in which Mrs. Bandaranaike was Prime Minister), Mr. Senanayake's behaviour, to say the least, left very much to be desired.

Dudley functioned within the democratic frame work. True. But what efforts did he make to extend and broaden democracy in the Island? Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike took a number of steps in this direction,—reform of the election laws, extension of trade union right etc. etc., for which he will long be remembered. Dudley has few, if any, claims to his credit on this account.

**MORE.** Even within the democratic framework, did Dudley observe those unwritten rules and conventions that are a *sine qua non* of democracy? Did he, for example, remove the state of emergency when the need for it had gone or did he keep it going for partisan, party purposes? Did he extend the right to his political opponents of the use of the state radio during election time, as Mr. Dahanayake did in March 1960? Or did he scrap that eminently democratic procedure because it was to his party's advan-

tage? Did he follow correct procedures and conventions in making certain appointments to the Senate or the Boards of state corporations? Did he extend trade union rights or seek to curtail them? Did he extend the "freedom of the press", for which he allegedly fought, to the newspapers of his political opponents, the *Aththa* and *Janadina*? Did he seek in any way to prevent the victimisation of political opponents by his Cabinet colleagues or merely turn a blind eye to such unpleasant happenings? It is on the answer to these questions that Dudley's character as a democrat will be judged by history.

**NATIONAL UNITY.** Or take again the testimonial given to Dudley during, his life time and after his death, as the apostle of national unity. Here again, to the extent that he was not a rabid communalist or chauvinist, this characterisation is correct.

But did he not seek to utilise Mr. Bandaranaike's genuine attempt to patch up differences between the two communities through his pact with Mr. Chelvanayakam to stage his come-back to politics in 1957 and in an indirect way contribute to the communal bloodbath of 1958? Did he not through his secret agreement with the self-same Mr. Chelvanayakam in 1965 create feelings of apprehension in both communities, leave aside the question of violating a fundamental concept of democracy through secret, back-stage negotiations?

Did he not seek to depict, for party advantage, a basic measure of educational reform in an anti-religious light and that way arouse the religious feelings of the Chalias? Did he not give secret undertakings to the Catholic Church that he will set this aright if he came back to power and then renege on this promise thereafter, as exposed by Cardinal Cooray himself after the Negombo and Wennappuwa by-elections?

**AGRICULTURE.** Another issue for which Mr. Senanayake has been showered with many post-mortem encomiums is that of agriculture. He is said to have been one of the leading architects of our agriculture, the man who ushered in the "green revolution" which has brought the country more or less to the verge of self-sufficiency.

True again, within limits. But again what about the reverse side of the medal? Since 1931 right up till 1952 agriculture had been under the personal stewardship of the Senanayake father and son. Millions upon millions were voted for the development of agriculture. But what did it produce? The rice crisis of 1953 which led to Dudley's first exit from power.

When he became Prime Minister in 1960, though complaining of the tragic economic and financial plight of the country, the first thing he did was to bring down the price of rice? Was this the act of a true statesman or one who put party before nation?

THERE IS no doubt that Mr. Senanayake did a lot for the development of agriculture during his last term of office as Prime Minister during 1965-70. But let it also not be forgotten that the rice crisis that descended here in 1966 was of his own creation. And the UNP's pledge to vest the ownership of all paddy land in the cultivators remained unfulfilled.

**What of the free measure of rice that Mr. Senanayake in his last speeches hailed as the greatest service he had performed for the people during his life? No disrespect to the dead. But this also must be said: It does Mr. Dudley Senanayake little credit to claim as his greatest gift to the people a step which he had to take with the simultaneous imposition of a state of emergency.**

(Continued From Page 7)

**From the Editor's Desk....** democracy. The white flags that lined streets and roads of towns and villages, that even fluttered from our cars and buses, the hundreds of thousands of people who flocked to have one glimpse of him, indeed mark not only the end of an era, but they also mark the beginning of one, a new era of democracy and freedom in this country for which Mr. Dudley Senanayake stood up all his life even to his dying moments. Today as all that is mortal of a revered leader goes up to the heavens in a glorious flame as we commit his remains to the pyre, may then the high ideals for which he fought too as gloriously shine upon Sri Lanka in that new era of democracy and freedom for ever more."

SHAMBA

## On Watering Plants: A Question of Survival

MARCH 17 — MARCH 24

BY ANATORY BUKOBA

March 17,

Everything got a good watering this morning, and the plantains rather more than their want. This was because I bought a bucket yesterday. A light one, but not strongly built. The heavier ones carry a good deal of extra weight taken into the reckoning, when many journeys have to be made from the river. It is a steep climb, too. Up to now I have used an *attili* for carrying water, and now my small bucket carries at a time, I find nearly, twice as much. A big *kalla-gedi* carries a good deal of water, but a slip, and you will have probably smashed your *kalla-gedi*.

The three vines have been planted. I did it myself, and I first dug three holes in the rock hard earth, and used water to soften the earth up. The holes were made rather deeper than the polythene bags which contained the vines. At the bottom of each hole I put dried cowdung, stuff which I had collected yesterday on the road that leads here. On top of the dung I put ashes, ashes from a heap of vegetation that I burnt a few days ago. Then I inserted the polythene bag, and used my knife to rip open the polythene from top to bottom of each bag, on opposite sides

of it. I crumpled up the paper as much as I dared without letting the earth round each vine disintegrate. Then I gradually filled up the hole, wetting the earth as I did so. I left a shallow circular trough on the top of each hole to contain water when I water the vines, and I sprinkled ashes on the top of this too, finally. I watered one lot; no, not quite, because I covered the ash with dried grass, and put a small cadjan-lean-to on top of each vine. Two of these the wind kept blowing down.

This evening there was another watering crisis. Some friends came to my help, all but, at the last moment, and all but the murunga were watered. Albeit, not watered very well. Tomorrow morning there certainly will not be time to water much, so I was thankful for small mercies.

March 18,

It is the day of the week when one ought to have a rest. I did what watering I could this morning before keeping an appointment. That meant, in effect, that all but the murunga got some water, if only a half of what they would have done if I had had time. This evening again it was a case of rush, because of the proverbial letting down by those who

should have had a better sense of duty, a better sense of time, and of keeping their word. Fortunately somebody came to my rescue and some watering was done. It was just a case of standing by the house while I made trips to the river. This house cannot be locked up, and anybody can walk in. It is not remote enough for no one to be around, and people do pass by the house, and come, too, from a direction which is more or less straight out of the jungle, so that I would never know if I was not here.

Today, too, I learned the importance of making a decision, however harsh or hard it may seem, and it seemed to work out to the satisfaction of all concerned directly, including myself so far, although it would appear a setback for me. What I think is that such decisions should be made without malice, and that they should roughly take in the good of all affected.

The vines look all right. It is the pepper, mango, la-wulu and jak that look worst, quite dead in fact, although I still water them faithfully and hope that the rain when it comes, will make a difference. There may be some hope for the jak, although how it lost its top I cannot imagine.

The buffaloes still charge about, and they lately have taken to a habit of going through my kitchen on their way back from the river, fortunately with no dire consequences to the fireplace, for I have two. There is no

food a-cooking at that time, the time when they come.

March 19,

This morning I noticed that seven of the mango trees have sprouted tiny little leaves, so that the watering I have been able to do has not been in vain. Moreover the jak plant has sprouted a tiny leaf, too, near its base, so that I know now that all is well with it. Everything got a good watering this morning, more than their want. This evening however, it was the same tale of woe that it has been most evenings, but at the last moment, before it became too dark to see what I was doing, the proverbial friend-in-need came to my rescue. This time it was someone who was new in the sense that he had not offered his services before, all the old hands having something else to do. I put ash round the papaw trees as I had done some time ago with the mango and the pantain. It clouded over a little this evening, but I do not think that means much. There seems to have been a shortage of bread again today, and I was not lucky. I turned up just as the man with the bread had left. Tomorrow there will be no bread, he is reported to have said. A frustrating day it became in the end and I am wondering what to do. I would not like to abandon my murunga trees, and the plantains and the papaw to mention nothing else. The question is how to hold on with no companions, the second and the last one having proved himself utterly unreliable and a real headache.

March 20,

Unlike what usually happens to me, the day started badly and ended well. Some watering was done. Then I was utterly alone, no food in the house, and I did not want to embark on cooking because I was by no means certain that by the end of the day I would have enough water to wash up and water the vines as well—the vines being recently planted being my special baby just now. It looked as if it was going to be very bleak for me. I even considered leading a normal life and going about my business as if nothing could happen to the house and what is inside it in my absence. It looked better than starving, and allowing the plants to starve of water, too.

Then a friend, or God, came by. I do not mean that the friend was God; far from it. I mean that God thought of me and sent the friend. He did not come strictly on my business, but I stopped him. He had really come to fill his water containers from the river. Now this is where God's providence stands out. He said that there was no bread at all in the village that day, so it was obvious to me that I had missed nothing by my inability to get out. In fact I would have been foxed in a way because I would not have known what to do, and I might have spent a lot of money on things that would not really have satisfied my appetite. His wife had been thinking of me, however, and they had both decided to send me some string-hoppers which they intended to make,

stumped as they were over bread. Then the same person who had stood by me for a short time early in the morning decided to cook my dinner, and the upshot of it all was that everything, received a good watering this evening.

The vines and the papaw even more than their want, as I had been intending to do for a long time but had never had time for. I was able to get out to collect my mail and what I saw on my return cured me of any thought or squeemishness about leaving this place unattended. There was a wanduroo monkey, almost on the front lawn! If there had not been someone in the house, he might even have been in.

Another murunga tree has sprouted a leaf, and this makes eight. I put some ash round the jak plant, and I hope it does no harm. Clearing has been held up the last few days, and there was thunder and lightning this evening, but I am not worried. I hear that I may have some murunga by August, or did he say, October, but this seems hard to believe. If it is true, I shall be laughing, not merely delighted because this is my favourite vegetable.

March 21,

It seemed to me that it rained within ten minutes of my putting down the manioc and the rain, about an hour later, has only just stopped. It happened this way. I was able to do watering what I wanted to do this morning. Then I piled into a heap what

I had slashed some days ago, and what a tangle of thorns it was.

As all my sores have healed, I was anxious not to start a new lot going with new thorn pricks but I did get some. This afternoon it rained a light drizzle which may have lasted more than half an hour. It was enough to wet everything but the soil. This rain knocked away my sense of time, and although everybody told me not to water, I insisted on doing so, and I must have started early. When I had finished there seemed a lot of the evening left.

Then I bethought me of the manioc, three sticks of it, which had been lying in the house for some days. This was cut up into thirty pieces, it looked to me like three inches long, and each was put into a hole at a nearly horizontal angle and covered up, with one end of each piece of manioc lying visible above the earth. Water was put into each hole as I dug it, and after the hole was covered up, it was watered again, all this to give the manioc an early start.

Then I demarcated the area by drawing a mamoty around it, as if I was ploughing a furrow and on the side where it nearly bordered the path, I made the mark I had made more conspicuous to buffaloes and men alike by putting a row of little stones along the line.

Then it got dark. Then it rained. It was no ordinary rain. It wet my bed, flowed through a part of the house, but did no more damage.

There was thunder and lightning. What a fine start for the manioc. What a refresher for all else I have planted, for all of it that is not yet dead, in truth, very little has died—the *kekiri*, the *panni-kumbuthu*, and probably the mango, and, I nearly forgot, the mustard. But, I noticed today that the *panni-kumbuthu* in the nursery is at last showing signs of life and I do believe that some tiny shoots have appeared.

March 22,

The chief mark today was more rain, like yesterday, but without the thunder and lightning. In the morning it as dry but it was obvious I had to do no watering, although I gave the vines some.

Some time ago I had started to dig a potato bed. The ground was so hard, and the soil like clay that I gave up. It is now a better bed. For days it had lain a disfigurement something started and given up, so obvious to the eye. I finished it off this morning, raised the bed, put a small depression or gutter right round, and drew two shallow lines down the bed. I shook out some lettuce seed into a piece of paper and tapped out this seed, as finely as my unsteady hand would allow, into the two lines. Then I covered the lines up lightly with soil and scattered the dried grass I had cut so long ago, over it all. That done, I splashed water gently over the lot.

Finally, I marked out the whole bed with stones, and I also finished marking with stones the whole of the manioc plot. I found enough stones to form a continuous

stone line round both the lettuce and the manioc, that will give the reader an idea of the nature of the ground on which I am working. It is not exactly stony ground although it can be very hard, but there is a lot of stone around, and that, as I know, is a good thing because it helps to keep the soil moist, as any one will find who lifts up a stone in their garden and looks at the earth under the stone.

It was time now, for breakfast, and I had to give my attention next to making a new track for my friend's buffaloes on their way to the water. The inspiration for that comes by not tearing into the job, but by sitting quietly on an entirely different "errand." These I saw before me, as if by a revelation, the obvious track. There was going to be clearing to do, but much less than I had hitherto anticipated because this one was shorter.

Now, I have a beautiful new track for the buffaloes. I was able to save some *dihul* trees on the way, and some other saplings, too, but the track is very clear, and there are no obstructions. I was almost in a lather of sweat when I had finished, my shirt soaking wet.

After my after-luncheon nap, it started to rain, starting gently at first, then a really heavy shower that lasted nearly an hour, the rain causing minor floods. The tiny jak plant is entirely under water. I did a round of inspection. Two of the plantains, an *alukehel* and an *ambul* are showing new leaves. One *murunga*

cutting or sapling does not seem to be attached by any roots to the soil yet, but all the others are, and yet another tree has sprouted a tiny leaf. I was strongly tempted to dig a new vegetable bed but the light was bad, and I decided against it. A drizzle which started then elated up my choice, or should I say, my conscience, and it is still drizzling as I am writing this.

March 23

It seems to me that all the *murunga* trees have taken root for the last two are now showing a tiny leaf. They all look a fine sight now in the evening glow, the *murunga*, plantain and papaw, then there are two small beds, lettuce and tomato. The last one I did today and prepared it in the same way as the lettuce. Beyond them is the *cadjan* house and on the other side of the house is the manioc patch, in front of the house are some isolated saplings of trees, the jak which looks alive, although there is not much of it showing, the *lawulu* plant which is probably dead, the mango of which I still have hopes, and one or two other things I have planted, including some flowers. It may not seem much done in one and a half months but as I have written before this is a life even though one needs a living to support life besides, it has not been the planting season not that I intend to be dominated by any planting season for I intend and hope to plant things all the year round, and with the

river so near I should be able to do so.

It rained again not enough to give the ground a thorough wetting on its own but with the rain of the two previous days, enough to keep things going.

March 24

It is hardly likely that everyday should be a rosy day. Today was one of my worst, one of my lonliest. The fact that there is a shortage of bread, none to be had in the *kaddays* does not help either. I made a new vegetable bed and put down carrots this time. I would rather have put down something that did not have to be cooked. There was some cucumber for instance but I had memories of trying to eat plain cucumber—it is rather tasteless without butter—and so chose carrots. This time the bed was slightly wider and I put down three rows of it instead of the two I had done with lettuce and tomato.

No rain today. Just a few drops. I was lucky to be able to water the three vegetable beds but I could not do anything else. I disposed myself for a supperless night and an equally hungry morning. Then two friends turned up as two others had done the night before. They need not have come by any means. That meant I could go out. At least I might have some buns in a *kadday*. Friends confirmed there was no bread to be had anywhere. Then two-and-a-half loaves fell into my lap! Talk of God's Providence!



OPEN LETTER

# SEX IS BETTER IN THE GUTTER

By CANAX

The Hon. Minister of Education,  
Ministry of Education,  
Malay Street,  
Colombo 2.

Dear Dr. Badi,

That was a bold decision to keep sex out of school and so, whether you like it or not, I say three cheers to you. (If you like it, and want more, just ask. There's more cheers where those came from though I gave only three because of my firm belief that the best things in life come in threes. Like faith, hope and charity, for instance. You could probably think up some other triples of your own, but I'll let you get down to those at your leisure).

God knows, and if He doesn't thank heaven you know, that sex is all over the place as it is, including school bathrooms, so there's no justification for inviting it with your blessings into classrooms as well. From there you never can tell where sex will get to next. One can only speculate and my own favourite is that it'll start going places, the school Staff Room being next and even as far away as the UN after that. There's no stopping some things, and sex is one of them.

Have no fear, Doctor, that your decision might cancel-

vably result in the early extinction—in evolutionary terms, that is—of the great races that inhabit this fair island of ours. I have it on good authority that instinct alone will guide our young, as it did our forefathers, to do—and keep doing—what comes naturally, despite sex being officially debarred from classrooms. After all, those who came before us (and went, the way of all flesh) were never taught about the birds and the bees in school, but that didn't prevent them from getting us into the international limelight, production wise, even if what they produced wasn't exactly the stuff that would warm the cockles of an economist's heart.

I CAN tell you now that had I been in your unenviable position I would never been as bold as you. I can also tell you why because I know the secret is safe with you. Your boldness is born of experience, that's why, since you've been a teacher of boys (and girls?) for the better part of your life, if not all of it. I do remember you did a short yet fruitful spell at the UN on our behalf, but even there I suppose you taught the boys (and girls?) a thing or two, and one can only hope the lesson was well learned. By them, I mean.

It seems so long ago, but I do recall having myself been a schoolboy once, and I can still recollect the indescribable thrill it was to come face to face (or whatever it was, I forget now) with the Facts of Life. Don't worry, Doctor, I won't embarrass you for I don't propose to be as candidly frank as Bertrand Russell was about sex (and himself) in his autobiography. Some things, as one reviewer of the book put it with understandable delicacy, are better left unsaid. Nevertheless, my first and delightful confrontation with this thing called sex was certainly not in school, least of all in class as a 'subject' like physics or chemistry.

Forgive me for saying what you doubtless already know, but the classroom is not the best place to learn everything there is to learn in life. The teacher-pupil relationship is simply not suited for sex. And while I'm about it I don't mind telling you how I learned about sex, so you'll know if it's different from the way you learned about it. I was, like all schoolboys, just plain curious, only I was far more curious about sex than I was about the angle opposite the hypotenuse being equal to the sum of the angles of the other two sides, Q.E.D. As I recall it, this infuriated my geometry teacher no end, and all I can say now in my defence is that at least sex has its uses, and I realised it even at that early age.

LEST YOU get the wrong idea, Doctor, I assure you I wasn't alone in showing

such a marked preference for sex over anything else. I had a whole heap of classmates who displayed a similar partiality, though you have only my word for it. Each one of us did a bit of detective work on his own up to a point, so when we got together, which was often, we sort of pooled all the classified info we had gathered. It was a collective endeavour, this, for we never felt quite equal to the task. There always seemed to be more to it than met our eye, so the tricky yet exciting jig-saw puzzle that was sex seemed to remain tantalisingly incomplete. Needless to say, we thought a lot and, I guess, learned a lot too. At times, Doctor, we thought and we thought, and some of the chaps could think more wild thoughts than all the others put together, yet there was never the faintest suggestion of a teacher-pupil relationship. We were all equals, knowing little and suspecting a lot more, trying bravely if surreptitiously to break through the sex Barrier.

I REMEMBER the time when one of the gang managed, quite by accident, to lay hands on what looked like an advanced textbook on the subject which his father was obviously studying in bed, for he said he found it on his father's bedside table. The title of the book, *Kama Sutra*, left us cold, but its contents didn't. I remember thinking at the time that human beings never seemed to stop learning. Some subjects, at least.

Again, Doctor, you can imagine my disappointment when I had my first and

eager recourse to the dictionary moments after I had set ears on my first four-letter word, only to discover that the publishers had not even heard of it yet. I did for a fleeting moment consider the prospect of seeking enlightenment from my father, but restrained myself not knowing how to get to the point. I couldn't ask him right out, just like that, for then I ran the risk of getting skinned, in lieu of getting an explanation, for not heeding his advice against joining what he called bad company. I even toyed with the idea of first setting the stage by asking the meanings of a whole host of words I couldn't care less about, then slip in my precious four-letter find with as much casualness as I could muster, but rejected the whole idea finally as being dangerously amateurish. You'll be happy to learn, of course, that my classmates were only too willing and able to put me out of my misery of ignorance. That, my dear Doctor, was the beginning of my wonderful voyage of discovery.

In the light of this, I venture to think that the vast majority of schoolboys are solidly behind you on this matter. After all, Doc, boys were, are, and always will be boys and they know a good thing when they see it, or hear it. The general feeling appears to be that sex would lose its appeal for them—the boys, and they claim to speak for the girls too—the moment it was trooped into class and, sandwiched between, say, botany and zoo.

ONE SCHOOLBOY hit the proverbial nail on its oft-hit head when he cried, "Our Minister is right, for they'll only ruin a beautiful thing. Sex, in fact, is beyond words." What I think he was trying to say, Doctor, is that the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Another schoolboy, while supporting your stand in principle, seemed to think sex in school could prove useful if handled right. Such a project would cost a lot of money, including scarce foreign exchange, for the best visual aids for the purpose were now produced in Sweden, though the French were for many years as internationally famous in that field as the Swiss are for keeping track of time. And money. Should the Education Ministry become the sole importer of such material, he felt it would substantially reduce a schoolboy's COL Index (Cost of Learning) for these visual aids now fetch frightfully high prices, if one can get them. He has a point there, Doctor, so I leave it up to you. What price learning, eh?

All things considered, I think that last suggestion is best left alone, at least until your Ministry can sort out the mess it made out of other textbooks distribution. One mess at a time, I always say.

That apart, the point is that you've really put sex in its place—which is the gutter, I suppose. And it's doing quite nicely down there, thank you.

Yours truly,  
Canax

ONE ASPECT OF

# PABLO PICASSO

BY BASIL PERERA

"When I was a child, my mother said to me: 'If you become a soldier, you'll be a general. If you become a monk, you'll end up as the Pope.' Instead, I became a painter and wound up as Picasso."

So said the greatest artist of our times, one of the greatest artists of all times, the man who has been described as "the most famous, notorious, misunderstood, imitated, controversial, praised, versatile, vilified artist." In the entire history of art, perhaps no man has offered so many ideas or seemed to find so many ways of looking at the world. He perfected surrealism, neo-classicism and expressionism, invented cubism, re-discovered Negro art and revolutionised pottery and engraving. In a sense, Picasso in his own person, embodied the history of modern art.

He has been the subject of many books. Books have been written on the different periods of his artistic life, even on his individual works such as his more famous painting like *Guernica* and *War and Peace*.

Pablo Picasso was wealthier than any other artist who has ever lived. His fortune ran into many millions. But money never held much value for him. He gave a good part of it away to causes and campaigns sponsored by the French Communist Party of which he was a member and to help refugees all over

the world from his home country, Spain.

**Communist.** Soon after he joined the French Communist Party in 1944, he gave the reasons that led him to take this step. He said: "My joining the Communist Party is a logical step in my life, my work, and gives them their meaning. Through design and colour, I have tried to penetrate deeper into a knowledge of the world and of men so that this knowledge might free us. In my own way I have always said what I considered most true, most just and best and, therefore, beautiful. But during the oppression and the insurrection (Picasso here refers to the Nazi occupation and liberation of France—B.P.) I felt that that was not enough, that I had to fight not only with my painting but with my whole being. Previously, out of a sort of 'innocence' I had not understood this.

"I have become a Communist because our party strives more than any other to know and to build the world, to make men clearer thinkers, more free and more happy. I have become a Communist because the Communists are the bravest in France, in the Soviet Union, as they are in my own country Spain. I have never felt more free, more complete than since I joined. While I wait for the time when Spain can

take me back again, the French Communist Party is a fatherland for me... I am again among my brothers." (New Masses, October 1944)

To those cynics who taunted Picasso that he had joined the French CP because of some 'whim', he replied: "What do you think an artist is? A fool who has only eyes if he is a painter, ears if he is a musician, or a lyre in his heart if he is a poet, or even only muscles if he is a boxer? On the contrary, an artist is also a politically conscious being, constantly watching the dramatic and stirring events of the world, grasping and reflecting their significance.

"How is it possible not to be interested in other men, and what egotistical indolence can drive one to detach oneself from life which other men help to make so full? No, the object of painting is not merely to help adorn houses and apartments. Painting is also a weapon of war to be used in offence and defence against the enemy." "GUERNICA". Perhaps no weapon forged by Picasso has been as powerful as *Guernica* his soul-searing illustration of what the Nazi fascists did to Spain. Painted in 1937 at the request of the legally-elected Spanish Republican Government against which Franco started his rebellion, it was hailed as a masterpiece throughout the world because it expressed the agony and torment of the conscience of the world when the civilian population of *Guernica*, an ancient capital in the Basque country in Northern Spain, was bombed

by nazi pilots sent by Hitler in German planes to help Franco impose fascism in Spain. Guernica became a symbol of the savagery of fascism, Picasso's protest embodying the protest of all mankind against fascist crimes.

Once, during the nazi occupation of France, a nazi officer visited Picasso in his studio and pointing to the famous painting asked him: "Did you do this?" "No," retorted Picasso, "You did."

In 1969, a spokesman of the Franco regime called on Picasso and asked for *Guernica* to be exhibited in a new art museum in Madrid. Franco obviously hoped to capitalise on Picasso's fame and prestige to rehabilitate his own rotten regime. But the great painter foiled his insidious plan by instructing his lawyer to inform the New York Museum of Modern Art where the mural hangs that he wished it to remain there as long as Franco remained in power in Spain.

*Lenin Prize Winner*

Picasso was one of the participants in the Congress of Intellectuals for Peace which met in Warsaw in Poland in 1948 and launched the world peace movement. The following year, for the World Peace Congress in Paris, Picasso drew his famous dove of peace which became the symbol of that movement. It has 'flown' all over the world and become known to millions in every land.

Later Picasso was awarded the International Lenin Prize

"for the strengthening of peace among nations."

"*STALIN*". Shortly after the death of Stalin, Picasso figured in an amusing incident. He did a portrait of the Soviet leader at the request of his friend, the French Communist poet and novelist Louis Aragon, for his paper *Les Lettres Francaises*. But the Soviet authorities took offence, and the French CP too denounced it as lacking in "photographic realism." Picasso took it philosophically saying: "I suppose it is the party's right to condemn me. But it's certainly the result of a misunderstanding. If my drawing shocked or displeased anybody, that's something else again. It's an aesthetic matter, which can't be judged from a political point of view."

Eventually, Maurice Thorez and other party leaders apologised to Picasso and only found fault with Aragon for publishing it.

*Innovator*. Picasso was primarily an innovator. He never painted the same way he did a few years earlier. His genius lay in his technical ability to develop new methods of expression and use them powerfully.

To those who failed to understand him, he would reply: "Everybody tries to understand art. Why doesn't one try to understand the singing of a bird? Why do we love the night flowers and all the beauty around, us without having the desire to analyse their mysteries? The moment it comes to a piece of art, people insist they have to understand it. Why?"

"If people could only comprehend that an artist must create because he has to create, because he is possessed by his art. The artist is only a very tiny part of the universe and should not receive more attention than anything else on earth that gives us beauty, joy and replenishment."

His attitude towards work was reflected in the advice he gave his friend, the bull-fighter Luis Miguel, when he contemplated a return to the ring at 46. Said Picasso: "Luis Miguel, you can be killed by a bull, but what more could you ask for? What more could I ask for than to drop dead while painting? When a man knows how to do something and fails to do it, he is no longer a man."

Picasso lived to the ripe old age of 91. But he was a man till the end.

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# REHABILITATION OF REPATRIATES

BY BAL GOVIND VERMA

Deputy Minister, Labour and Rehabilitation

IN THE 19th century during the British rule in India a large number of Indian labourers went abroad in search of employment.

They went to South Africa, Fiji, Trinidad, Jamaica, Guiana, Mauritius, Ceylon, Burma and Malaya, often under humiliating conditions. Indians also went to Burma, Ceylon, East and South Africa for trade and industry. But Indians, who spread out to other countries and had settled down there had to come back for different reasons.

The Government of India had therefore to give assistance to them in their efforts to resettle themselves in India. Repatriates who returned to India have mainly come from Burma, Ceylon, Mozambique and Uganda.

In 1963, the **Burmese Government** nationalized all import and export trade and internal distribution system. The work licences of Indian labourers were not renewed and the services of Indian employees were terminated. All these measures had led to a situation in which the Indians found it difficult to undertake any work or engage themselves in any activity in Burma.

THE NUMBER of persons of Indian origin is estimated to be about 5 lakhs. According to an earlier assessment 2.30 lakh persons were expected to return to India.

So far 1.97 lakh persons have actually returned. The Burma repatriates have returned mainly to Tamilnadu, Andhra Pradesh, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar and West Bengal.

Transit camps have been set up in Tamilnadu, Orissa and West Bengal to provide temporary shelter and relief facilities to these repatriates. About 40 per cent of the repatriates from Burma are petty traders and businessmen, 20 per cent are labourers, 12 per cent agriculturists and the rest are employees, skilled workers and artisans. The rehabilitation facilities given to them include loan to trade and business up to Rs. 5,000 per family and loans for construction of house and business premises.

Various measures have been taken to settle the agriculturist families under land colonisation schemes in States like Mysore, Madhya Pradesh, Tamilnadu, Bihar, and Uttar Pradesh. Book grants and stipend are given to their children. Facilities for starting industries and trade are also given to Burma repatriates. So far the Government has sanctioned Rs. 10.63 crores as loan assistance and Rs. 2.23 crores as relief expenditure for Burma repatriates.

Out of the 65,506 families of Burma repatriates which have arrived in India so far, about 1,400 families are in

relief camps. Most of the other families have received rehabilitation assistance in some form or the other.

UNDER THE INDO-CEYLON AGREEMENT of 1964, we have agreed to accept the repatriation of 525,000 persons of Indian origin in Ceylon together with the natural increase over a 15 year period. About 90 per cent of the repatriates are plantation workers. Therefore, plantations specially for the purpose of resettling plantation workers are being developed.

These consist of a tea plantation in Nilgiri, a coffee plantation in Andhra Pradesh and 5 rubber plantations in Tamilnadu, Mysore, Kerala and Andaman and Nicobar islands. Ten more such schemes are under consideration. So far, 19,056 families of Ceylon repatriates comprising 79,025 persons have arrived in India. There is a transit camp at Mandapam in Tamilnadu which can provide accommodation for about 700 families.

**Ceylon** repatriates also get business loans, loans for house construction and business premises. The Tamilnadu and Andhra Pradesh Government have been authorized to resettle repatriates in agriculture under land colonisation schemes incurring expenditure up to Rs. 4,659 per family provided the value of the assets brought by the family does not exceed a certain limit.

Repatriate families who return to cultivate their own land are also given financial assistance for land development and cultivation costs,

the amount of assistance ranging from Rs. 3,103 to Rs. 4,359 depending upon the size of the land holding.

So far, about 5,000 families of Ceylon repatriates have received rehabilitation assistance in one form or the other. An amount of Rs. 4.39 crores has been released as loans and Rs. 57 lakhs have been spent in the form of grants-in-aid by the Governments of Tamilnadu, Mysore, Kerala, Andhra Pradesh and Gujarat for re-settlement of Ceylon repatriates.

In December, 1961, we liberated Goa, Daman, Diu and wiped out the last traces of colonialism from our soil. As an act of retaliation, the Portuguese authorities interned the Indian nationals living in the Portuguese colony of Mozambique. As a result of the protest lodged by the Government of India, the Portuguese authorities set free the interned Indian nationals but ordered them to quit the territory. They did not release their assets. About 600 Indian families comprising 2,300 persons returned from Mozambique and settled in Gujarat State.

Rehabilitation assistance was given to these repatriates by grant of loans at concessional rate of interest to enable them to start small trade, business enterprises or small scale industries. Financial grants up to Rs. 1,200 per annum were given to widows, orphans and infirm persons. All the Mozambique repatriates have been resettled.

The total amount of compensation claimed by the repatriates for the assets fro-

zen by the Portuguese authorities comes to Rs. 5.3 crores. In view of the dim prospects of securing early settlement from the Portuguese Government, our Government decided to pay full compensation to those repatriates, whose claim did not exceed Rs. 5,000 and an ex-gratia grant of Rs. 5,000 each to the other claimants whose claims exceeded Rs. 5,000 to be adjusted against the compensation to which they might become eligible later. Under this scheme, 600 families were paid a total sum of Rs. 26.37 lakhs.

THE UNFORTUNATE circumstances under which persons of Asian origin have been expelled from Uganda under a cruel decree of the Government of that country are too well known to be recounted. As soon as repatriates from Uganda started arriving in India, adequate relief arrangements were set up by our Government. The repatriates arriving by air and sea were received at Bombay and immediate relief assistance consisting of wharfage and port trust charges, transport, transit accommodation, rail-cum-bus fare, food allowance, journey allowance and cash allowances were given to those who were in need of such assistance.

So far, about 4,700 Indian passport holders have arrived. The majority of the repatriates are from Gujarat, Maharashtra, Punjab, Delhi and Goa. All have been sent to their respective States. Rehabilitation schemes for these repatriates are now being worked out.

OF THE MIGRANTS from former East Pakistan who had come to India since 1964, about 45,000 families have been rehabilitated in agriculture, small trade and industry, while about 32,300 families are being taken care of in relief camps pending rehabilitation.

Apart from the above migrants, about 56,000 refugees from Tibet region of China had crossed into India in 1959. In the course of the last 13 years, we have been able to resettle about 31,000 of these refugees while another about 4,000 refugees are estimated to have settled themselves of their own.

A large number of these refugees have been resettled in agriculture in the settlements established at Bylakuppe, Mundgod and Cauvery Valley in Mysore, at Bhandara in Maharashtra, at Manipal in Madhya Pradesh, at Chandragiri and Mahendragarh in Orissa, at Tezu and Changlang in Arunachal Pradesh and at Paro, Thimpu, Jumanyang and Khasakha in Bhutan. About 1,800 Tibetan refugees are being resettled in Ladakh 600 in Sikkim and about 300 in Kalktang in Arunachal Pradesh. More than 1,000 Tibetan refugees have also resettled in handicraft centres set up in Dharmsala, Dalhousie, Kulu, Simla and Darjeeling.

About 900 Tibetan Lamas have been rehabilitated in separate settlements set up for them in Mundgod and Bylakuppe in Mysore State. An Old People's Home has also been established at Mundgod for the accommodation

## THE STUPID CROCODILE

THERE lived a crocodile in a muddy river whose great friend was the crab who also lived under a rock near the river. One day the crocodile felt very hungry. He called to his friend, the crab and asked him to go and bring a jackal to drink at the river so that the crocodile could kill it and then eat it.

The crab replied that the jackal which lived in the nearby forest knew very well that the crocodile lived in the river and so would never venture near it for a drink.

The crocodile thought for a while—wondering how the jackal could be induced to come. Gazing at the bank he saw the ground covered with blossoms which had fallen from a tree. He immediately had a brainwave.

He said to the crab: "Cover me with the blossoms and I shall pretend to be dead. The jackal will then no longer be afraid to drink from the river, and once he is here I shall catch him."

The crab, too, thought this was an excellent idea. He covered the crocodile completely with the blossoms. When this was done he went to the jackal and told him that his friend the crocodile was dead. "Now you may drink as much as you like from the river" he said, "My friend can no longer harm you."

The jackal was very happy to hear this—for, to avoid

the crocodile, he had to go a long way in search of water. He set out immediately for a drink to the river. The crab showed him the flower covered crocodile. "I have covered him with flowers because he was my friend" he said.

The jackal came close to the crocodile. Suddenly he felt suspicious. "You know, crab," he said, "in my country when a crocodile is dead its tail moves—backwards and forwards."

Hearing this the crocodile moved his tail rapidly. The jackal, understanding the trick which was being played on him, ran away and the crocodile had to do without his meal.

### In India.....

*Continued From Page 21*

of about 600 old and infirm Tibetan refugees.

There are many achievements that independent India can be proud of and not the least of them is our work in the field of rehabilitation.

We are no doubt a country with limited resources, but humanitarian considerations have not on that account been ignored, whether it was a matter of resettling our own people sent back from foreign countries or foreigners seeking refuge in our country.

### FRESH WATER FROM THE SEA

THE LARGEST freeze desalination plant in the world is to be built near Ipswich in Suffolk, reports one of the BBC's industrial programmes. This process for getting fresh water from the sea is particularly suitable for temperate climates, for the water is already cold before the freezing is started by passing liquified butane gas through it. First the sea water warms up the butane which bubbles off as gas. In turn the sea water is cooled down into a mush of ice crystals. When the salt and other impurities are rinsed off, the ice crystals are melted to provide fresh water. It sounds simple, and has been successful in smaller pilot plants, but many engineering difficulties arise in building a large-scale plant. The firm of Simon Carves started work on the process almost ten years ago and have been increasing the size of their experimental plants stage by stage until they are now able to proceed with the 4,500,000 litre-a-day plant near Ipswich, for which the British Government is providing £2,000,000 backing. To date, the largest freeze desalination plant elsewhere provides only 63,500 litres per day. Simon Carves hope soon to have designs on offer for a 22,000,000 litre-a-day plant, and are already receiving enquiries from overseas. Japan, Holland and Scandinavia look like possible early markets.

# IS IT TRUE?

## Sherlock Holmes.

this attempt to export "non-traditional" goods, material essential for cattle and poultry feed locally has been sent out?

That this has dealt a severe blow to the livestock and poultry industries in this country? That the ban on the exports of coconut products had become inevitable with the forward sales of coconut oil at a time when there was a shortfall in local production of nuts? That the export of non-traditional poonac and wheat bran has completely devastated the cattle and poultry industries? That cattle feed and poultry food cost so much more that producers, on the margin, are closing down their farms? That it is not merely the increased cost of the food but the difficulty in getting regular supplies—that has wrought havoc?

### \* Dudley vs May Day

### \* Coconut Muddle \* Farmer's Suicide

IS IT NOT TRUE that the massive turn-out for the funeral of Dudley Senanayake has made the UF bigwigs to sit up? That apart from the emotional sympathies generated by the funeral, the capacity of the UNP to mobilise money and volunteers to handle such a situation has been most impressive? That down the grape vine come stories that the UF would organise a demonstration to counter the Dudley funeral on May 1? That the Government has already planned a mighty show for May 1, but after the Dudley funeral show, efforts are afoot to make the May 1 show a demonstration to make people to think about?

the Land Reform Act and it was suggested that the 50 acres to be left with the old owners should be demarcated immediately so that they could at least cultivate this acreage with some degree of enthusiasm? That, in all this, many tend to forget that the coconut muddle first arose with the unseasonal and irresponsible export of fantastically large quantities of coconut oil on a forward basis? That in addition there was also a large export of poonac described as some variety of cattle feed?

\* \* \*  
IS IT NOT A FACT that the Ministry of Plantation Affairs has taken the bull by the horns and announced that the country has lost in foreign exchange about Rs. 38 million by the ban on the export of coconut products? That the shortfall in production, officially attributed to the drought, was alleged to be the reason for the ban? That in another context it was admitted that production had also fallen because of

IS IT NOT TRUE that originally this column had stated that about 5000 tons of poonac had been exported? That later investigations showed that the amount was nearer 20,000 tons? That more information has now become available and the mystery seems to be increasing? That in 1972, according to official statistics, 429,551 cwts were variously exported as some cattle feed etc. etc.? That this converted works out to over 20,000 tons? That in addition a little over 5000 tons of wheat bran has been exported by the State Flour Milling Corporation? That in

\* \* \*  
IS IT NOT TRUE that the suicide of a farmer from Mallakam in Jaffna because his land had been unfairly taken over has created a major stir in the North? That the land taken over was not excess under the Land Reform Act? That this was land the farmer had reclaimed from a rocky outcrop? That he borrowed money to improve the land for agriculture? That under some scheme to grant land to landless of the depressed classes in Jaffna this farmer was penalised? That the action had been induced by politicians of a particular flavour? That the suicide should focus attention on the indiscriminate abuse of power indulged in certain politicians and bureaucrats?