FROM INDIA WITH HOPE

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Dedicated to Mrs Peter Howard

India Arise!
There's a great wide open highway awaiting you.
India Arise!
All the nations over the world are awaiting you.
Your ancient riches giving
The secret of modern living
They will learn from you.

Men of the South with hearts aflame,
Fear and hate will melt before you,
Every mother's son the same,
Brothers in the land that bore you.

Out of the North will come great healing,
Passion to work and learn and build,
Rising from each town and village,
Men with steel and vision filled.

Men of the South and men of the North,
Speak to the world your message now,
Wealth and strength and talent bring,
Till India rise again.

Men of the South and men of the North,
Speak to the world your message now,
Hope for every man on earth,
As Indians rise again.

Theme song of the musical revue *India Arise*, 1966

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1 INDIA ARISE

I HAVE FAITH IN INDIA.

More faith than some Indians, to judge from articles I have read in the Indian press during this past year.

Not because she is the only society of such size attempting to build a decent life for the ordinary man within a democratic framework.

Not because she manufactures practically everything she needs for everyday life and is sixth in world nuclear development.

Not because of her Green Revolution that in the foreseeable future will end famine and starvation—wheat production has doubled in recent years and looks like doing so again.

Not because 72 million children attend school and some 70 new universities have been built in the last 20 years.

No, my faith lies elsewhere.

Foreign correspondents might be forgiven for gloomy predictions sometimes about the country. There are enormous problems to surmount, unemployment, housing, regional fragmentation and the unprecedented flood of refugees. One must not minimise them. Nor can one forget that more than half the population still go to bed under-nourished.

But a diet of despair encourages cynicism and leads to apathy. Foreign correspondents and their Indian colleagues have not always been privileged to witness the reasons for hope that I have discovered in India.

The reasons lie in what Indians, challenged by Moral Re-Armament, are doing. It is about them that I write.

This is a one-sided book.

It is as one-sided as many of the articles, books and documentaries which claim to give an objective picture of India, but never get beyond her problems.

It is not, then, a "drain inspector's report", as Mahatma Gandhi described one such book in his day. Nor is it, on the other hand, a catalogue of Indian achievements. It is one-sided in a different way.

I write the stories of ordinary Indian men and women whom I have met and their experiments with truth in action. They are the people who have done more than anyone to feed my faith in India.

As I write I have before me a letter from one of them—a trade unionist in troubled eastern India. This is an extract from it: "I have already lost three of my colleagues who were murdered in broad daylight by extremists. They were life-long devoted associates of mine. I myself have already received four threatening letters. Should I sleep underground? I cannot. I must then arrange for the families of the departed innocents and carry forward for therein lies the secret of my life and not in despair. The police ask me to arm: I have refused point-blank. I am already armed with my years of sincerity and that will be the greatest shield. I read in *The Economic Times* full details of the settlement of the Standard Motors dispute[1]. Imagine my thrill and the gusto of a fresh dose of life! MRA has begun: it will march from strength to strength."

Mao Tse-tung thinks that "daring or not daring to deal with selfishness is to be or not to be revolutionary."

[1] See chapter 3

The Mahabharata states, "This is the high religion which wise men esteem: the life-giving breath of other creatures is as dear to them as the breath of one's own self. Men gifted with intelligence and purified souls should always treat others as they themselves wish to be treated."

Milovan Djilas says, "Thus far revolutions have been instrumental in changing the form of government and property. But no revolution has changed the nature of man or the character of a nation."

This is a book about unselfish men, men whose lives are given for others, who wrestle daily with their own natures and who, with all their limitations, are striving to be led by God to do something about changing the character of their land.

The Naga who says, "If I can have the courage to kill a man I can have the courage to love him."

The Harijan who had every right to blame others but has found a dignity and a destiny for his people—and taken his experience to the President of India.

The businessman who believed that corruption was necessary and that unions were not but is now so different that the trade union official in his own factory says, "It is hard to believe."

The politician who says, "Ours may not be the largest or the richest state in India but we can make it the most honest and best run."

The ordinary people who have enough to cope with at home but who have dared to export solutions to other lands and have discovered that the size of their faith in tackling the immense problems of their land has inspired men in other continents to do likewise.

It is a book about a revolution that has been compared with India's freedom struggle and, like that struggle, is

associated with the name of Gandhi.

Rajmohan Gandhi—a grandson of the Mahatma—wrote in *The Sunday Standard* in 1964, "The liberation struggle did for a considerable period unite India. Our unique way of conducting that struggle caught the hearts and minds of millions across the world. We can and we must now find another challenging aim. Why should not India fight and toil with everything she possesses to build a new social order all over the world where man no longer cheats, insults, exploits or hates his fellow man? Why should not India attempt fearlessly and ceaselessly to demonstrate a society without the contradictions of capitalism, Communism and of other societies that exist in today's world?"

The Naga, the Harijan, the businessman, the politician and the ordinary people have rallied to Gandhi in that fearless attempt he outlines. Also young Indian men and women have joined him, without a paisa of salary or the security of a position, in accepting that challenging aim. If they hold to their decisions, more than India will be affected and they will merit the description "fresh hope for the world" which the French philosopher Gabriel Marcel has given to the work men like them are doing.

Many in Europe sincerely want to help India today. There is a reservoir of affection for her and aid of all kinds is generously given and gratefully received. But aid which touches the motive strings as well as the purse strings of the giver and of the receiver may be more effective. Today Europe needs India's help too, needs the experience of the men and women in this book to find new, unselfish motives towards the rest of the world.

Archbishop Mathias of Madras, the much-loved Frenchman who died a few years ago, said in 1964, "India will be

used to restore God to Europe." May this book help in that task as well as giving more Indians faith in their country and fire to see it play an even fuller part in the remaking of the world.

2 EVERY MOTHER'S SON THE SAME

A WAS A STRAY DOG STRANGLER. He earned 50 paisa per dog tail from the Delhi Municipal Council. He was uneducated and lived in one small room with his wife and the three surviving of his seven children.

Zakir Husain was President of India—a scholar, a cultivator of roses, a collector of geological specimens, living in a palace with 340 rooms, presiding over the destiny of 500 million people.

They were near neighbours and one day they met.

A is a Harijan. In the Constitution of India he belongs to what is termed "a scheduled caste". On paper there is no discrimination against his people, the former "Untouchables", who number nearly 100 million. On the contrary, they are provided by law with free places in schools and colleges and with 70 seats in Parliament. But, as in many lands, laws are often ahead of people's thinking. In the caste system he and his people occupy the bottom rung, often fated by circumstance and history to be the "sweepers" of life, performing the most menial and lowly paid jobs. They are still forbidden to worship in some temples.

In past years A's people would not have been allowed to use water from a public well as their doing so would "contaminate" it. If a Harijan shadow had crossed a person of a higher caste, that person would have had to take a bath to wash off the stain.

A's home was in Delhi in India's largest Harijan colony.

Mahatma Gandhi lived and held prayer meetings there. The room Gandhi used is still kept in its original simplicity. A remembers a cricket game in which he struck a ball that hit the Mahatma in the chest. A stern Mahatma called him over and said, "You should play games that do not trouble other people."

Mahatma Gandhi was the champion of the "Untouchables". He gave them the name Harijan—"God's people". It was the title of the newspaper he founded to proclaim his ideas on man's right to dignity and freedom. In 1925 he wrote, "Anything that is prejudicial to the welfare of the nation is untouchable. But no human being can be so."

Today some 10,000 of the 18,000 people in that Delhi colony are Harijans.

On April 25, 1968, seven rugged-looking characters, A amongst them, entered the gates of Rashtrapati Bhavan, the imposing Presidential palace designed by Lutyens for the British Viceroy and standing only a mile or so from the Harijan colony. They were there by invitation.

Escorted by a uniformed ADC, resplendent in gold braid, they were ushered into the President's reception room where deep armchairs awaited them. They seemed quite at home in the grandest drawing room of India though they lived in mud shacks or "juggies" where 200 families share one tap and where, apart from three or four dim street lamps, there is no electricity.

"I understand a lot of things are going on in your area," said President Husain. "I would like to hear about them."

B was the first to speak. He was a student in high school, son of a municipal sweeper. He lives with his

parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters in two small, dark rooms which serve as bedroom, living room, dining room and kitchen. Since the meeting with the President B has married and had a son. They all live in that same house.

B introduced his colleagues. Some had waylaid people and taken away their purses, spending the money on drink, others had burned with a desire for revenge against people who had wronged them. One by one the seven men were asked by the President how they met Moral Re-Armament. Their words need no embellishment.

"On December 9 I was completely drunk and had knocked down a man and he lay helpless as I made my way forward," said C. "D, who had been changed by Moral Re-Armament, gripped me on the shoulder and said, 'Have you ever thought of doing something for other people, for the people of this colony and of India?' I was drunk and ignored him.

"In the middle of the night I asked myself, 'Can I really change and be a better man?' God's voice said, 'Yes, you can be a new man.' Next morning I went to D and on with him to the house of the man I had beaten up. I put my head on his feet and asked him to forgive me for what had happened the previous night. I also took a vow there and then never to touch liquor again. Since that day God has given me new life and I have begun to liberate my people from the things that bound them for centuries.

"Today I want to say to you, Rashtrapatiji, that I feel as responsible for India as you do."

The President wanted to hear from D.

"I was a tyrant at home. I used to beat my mother and my wife, and my children were frightened mice. B

told me about moral standards. I laughed at them. But when I looked at the faces of my wife and children I realised I had been a cruel man. I asked their forgiveness and decided never to do it again."

The President turned to a senior Harijan in the group, 60-year-old E. "What has made you work with these men?" he asked.

"Ever since I was a little child I have seen my people not being allowed by others to drink water from the well where everyone else drank. Our people wandered without clothes and we thought that we were the lowest of the low. I used to say to God, 'When will this tyranny end?', and He said to me, 'On the day that honesty and truth will be established in this nation.'

"Over the years I have looked into every organisation and society. I could not find truth and honesty. One day my friends asked me to come to a meeting of Moral Re-Armament. I asked them what it stood for. They told me about the four standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. I decided to change. And that day found the thing for which I had searched all my life."

It was A's turn to tell his story. He is a tall, fearsome looking man in his mid-thirties. When he tells you that his job used to be strangling stray dogs you can readily imagine it. He was feared by all who knew him and was living apart from his family outside the colony. "I used to live in the centre of Delhi gambling by day and beating up those who had won money off me by night, taking away the money and any more they had and spending it on liquor. The police chased me and I returned to my colony. I discovered that out of my seven children four had died because I had never cared for them. B and

others said that a man like me could change and play his part in changing our community and country.

"I wept as I thought of my cold heart and of my children who had died because of my utter selfishness. I decided to change my life. I told my story to Rajmohan Gandhi. He said, 'Is this a drama and are you an actor?' I said, 'No, this is the real story and the decision of my life.' He said, 'Will you wobble again?' I said, 'No'."

The President was moved. He turned to B and asked him to tell of his experiences.

B had achieved a certain fame in the colony and beyond for his singing. But he had sung about the wrong thing, he said. "If we can change, everyone in this nation can change," he said. "India will be a great nation not by new plans but by new men. We invite you, Mr President, to change and stand shoulder to shoulder with us in making India a great country. We are honoured today to meet a great man like you."

The President interrupted, "It is I who am fortunate in meeting men like you. One does not meet this sort of experience often in a lifetime. Just as evil catches on so does good and I have caught a lot of it from you this afternoon."

The encounter was almost at an end. There was silence for a moment. Then F said, "I just had one thought from God, Mr President. And that is to let you know that we are a few of the many in our area who have changed and found this experience. We invite you to come and meet us all and give us further encouragement and strength to carry on this path."

The President said, "You do not need my encouragement and support. But I will certainly come sometime to learn and get encouragement from you."

B said, "We are first aiming to change our community, then the city, then the nation."

The President said, "In changing your community you are changing the nation. One cannot climb the fourth step without climbing the first."

Then B said, "With your permission, may I ask one question?"

"Certainly," said the President.

"Do you listen to God every morning?"

The President replied, "Every day if possible I do."

"How far does God take you every day?"

"I don't know how to answer that," the President said after a pause.

B said, "I find He not only gives me thoughts about my own change and about my colony and country, but He stretches my heart and gives me thoughts for people in the farthest corners of the earth."

The ADC had said that the President could only spare ten minutes. It was nearly 45 minutes before the men were ushered out.

The story which they told the President had only begun five months before.

At that time the colony had the worst crime record in Delhi with stealing, knifing, drunken brawls, smuggled liquor. It was patrolled day and night. The local police inspector had been beaten up several times. But by the time of the visit to the President the police had been withdrawn, and drunkenness was reported to have dropped by half. Twenty of those who had started to change had even been invited to the local police station to tell their stories during national crime prevention week.

Today, four years later, the influence of these men is felt throughout the colony and way beyond. In February

1971 President V. V. Giri of India visited the colony—an opportunity which Zakir Husain was denied by his sudden death. President Giri came to present to the colony a citation as the tidiest and best kept in the whole of Delhi State.

The change in the colony dates from the visit in November 1967 of Rajmohan Gandhi and a team of young men and women from the cast of the MRA musical revue *India Arise*. They met with the young men of the colony in their community hall. B, the singer, was one of the first to respond. So was G, a messenger in a local school. They suggested another meeting the following week and so the story began.

Even by Harijan standards G's upbringing had been sad, with many of his family dying of starvation and disease. When he was nine or ten his friends had had to teach him how to laugh. Whenever he opened his mouth there came out a flow of abuse against all Hindus of other castes. Slowly he began to realise that his hatred of those he believed responsible for the exploitation of his people was as wrong as the treatment they had received.

He got up at one gathering in the colony and gave a long and bitter harangue about the way his people had been misused. Others spoke of their experience of change. It was suggested that they all sought guidance from God. When men sat quiet and listened to their inner voice, their conscience, someone explained, clear thoughts could come to them. They were quiet and then G was asked if he had anything to say. G was silent for a moment, then leant forward and said simply, "There are four men who seven years ago beat up my young brother. I hated them. I plotted to kill them and they me. My

thought is to apologise to them."

He let his friends know what he intended to do and sent messages asking the men to be at the colony teashop at a certain hour. They were waiting for him. "Brothers, forgive me," he said, "I have hated you and wanted to kill you. I am sorry. Can we work together as friends to change our colony and country?" To his surprise they accepted his apology and started to work with him. Bitterness began to go out of his life.

His thoughts turned to education. Very few children in the colony attended school, despite the fact that it was free. Parents preferred to have their children at home or working to earn a little more money for the family. G saw that if the Harijans were to get a better place in society learning was important. He decided to start his own school. After he returned home from work in the evening he gathered children on the open space in the centre of the colony and began teaching them what little he knew—he himself had left school at the eighth standard.

Money was collected for books and slates and friends were enlisted to help take classes. Perhaps they remembered Mahatma Gandhi's words, "Harijan children will one day teach the whole nation how to treat one another." Reading, writing and arithmetic were three subjects. But another lesson was also included in the syllabus—listening to the inner voice.

Within two weeks 300 children were coming. Hundreds of families in the colony began to feel the effect and still do.

One day the father of one little girl who was attending G's school came home drunk. In front of his children he beat up his wife and broke up everything in sight. The daughter was terrified and began to cry. When her father

was beginning to cool off she asked him why he didn't try listening to his inner voice. The father was shaken. He began to realise the effect of his drinking on the life of his family and friends. He decided to stop. He went to the liquor stall where he had been buying his supplies to tell of his decision. The owner was not sure whether to believe his customer. He watched him and saw the change in his family. He thought, "Well, if this man who has been coming here every day for twenty years can stop there must be something behind it. Maybe I should stop selling the liquor." He did so and then went to two other illicit liquor stalls in the colony and persuaded their owners to do the same. Anyone wanting drink now has a long way to go. And crime and gambling have been drastically reduced.

Sixteen Harijans went that summer to the MRA conference centre at Asia Plateau, Panchgani, Maharashtra. They were street sweepers, railway shunters, drivers, messengers and students. In Panchgani B, who works in the sewers of Delhi, wrote a play about their experiences of answering drink, gambling and violence. A group of Maharashtrian villagers, including Brahmins, whose caste had shunned Harijans for centuries, invited the group to come and help change their village. Their play was also performed in Poona and Bombay.

Three of the Harijans went with a Moral Re-Armament force to Ceylon. There was a dispute in Jaffna. Harijans had never been allowed to enter the temple there and were in the midst of demonstrations against this barrier. The three Indians met the priest and the leader of the Harijans, made friends with both and helped bring a new understanding between the two factions.

Back in the colony they decided to set up a centre. Today if you walk deep into the heart of the colony you will find a mud-walled hut with corrugated iron sheeting on top held down by stones with a plaque in front: MRA Office. There these men and women meet to plan for their colony. They listen together for guidance from God. Often the wives do not know how to write. So when the men have written their thoughts they help the women write down theirs.

Many families owe a decent life to the influence of this team. And it happens speedily.

One man, a drunkard with three children who had died, with a wife who had but one tatty saree, no proper pots and pans and a filthy house, decided to change. Three weeks later his friends could hardly recognise him. He was dressed neatly and was holding down one job for the first time in his life. Soon he was able to buy clothes for the children and for his wife and new pots and pans. The home was tidy. Everyone had enough to eat. Later he even started a post office savings account and liked to roll up his sleeve to show his friends the brand new Indian-made watch he had bought with money saved.

From time to time international visitors come to the colony. They are conducted with pride to the MRA Office. They are ushered into a candle-lit room. On the walls are pictures of those who have inspired the Harijans on their new course. There is Dirona Abe, the Papuan village leader who visited them and told them, "You are my brothers." There is Irene Laure, the French socialist, whom they met in Panchgani and from whom they learnt that hatred could be cured. And there is a photograph of Dr Rajendra Prasad, India's first President, with Frank Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-Armament.

For these Harijans share Frank Buchman's often quoted conviction that the ordinary man led by God can do the extraordinary thing.

They are beginning to relate what they are learning to the world. At one of their meetings a worker said, "Of course the unity we are finding with families and with castes is applicable to the Negro-white situation in America." They have taken their evidence to other colonies and communities. They worked with the 21-nation cast of the Moral Re-Armament musical revue *Anything to Declare?* which spent many weeks in Delhi in 1970-71. They went with them to an All-India Conference on Development. D was invited to speak. He earns Rs 187 (£10-00) a month on which he keeps 12 dependants, while at the same time paying Rs 60 a month in interest on money he had borrowed for a family wedding. He said, "We are poor. But we do not want the money of the rich people because we will only spend it on unnecessary things. It will not answer poverty and we will all become poor. We need ideas to live by. We want the rich to work with us, understand us and learn to cure the ills of humanity. We can build a new world together."

It is a hard life in the colony. The men have their ups and downs. Sometimes ridiculed, often drawn by their old ways, the group has grown steadily in their unity and commitment. They are sustained by that fundamental experience of change in their lives and by a vision of the new Indian society they would like to see. As one of them told a European visitor, "We have been given a dignity and a destiny."

3 MEN OF THE SOUTH WITH HEARTS AFLAME

"WHAT THE INDUSTRIES MINISTER, Mr S. Madhavan, and all the officials and experts could not do, 12 public-spirited boys and girls from city colleges and a professor of psychology did today. They resolved an eight-month-old deadlock that shut down the Standard Motors Company, employing some 1,700 workers. The Labour Minister, Mr N. V. Natarajan, and the representatives of the management and workers publicly acknowledged the key role played by these good samaritans."

This was how a front page story began in *The Times of India* on February 16, 1971. It was headlined "Student power—new style".

The Economic Times wrote, "This is perhaps the first time that a major industrial dispute in this country has been solved by student persuasion."

Standard Motors, part-owned by British Leyland, is one of three factories in India manufacturing private cars. Its closure had brought many of the 1,700 families involved close to starvation. Some had been forced by circumstances to sell their meagre belongings, even kitchen utensils. There was no unemployment benefit available.

The students and the psychology professor were as taken aback by the settlement as were the readers of the morning paper that Tuesday. T.R. Rangarajan, Professor of Psychology in the Government Arts College, says,

"We had no ready-made solutions to offer. All we did was to help the different parties, management, labour and the Government, find solutions for themselves. We did this on the basis of what is right rather than who is right."

Joseph Madiath, president of the students of Loyola College, was asked how he and his fellow students despite their conflicting points of view had been able to work together with the men involved in the dispute. He said, "Our feelings and opinions were strong. Our passion for a solution was stronger." All they had done, according to another student, was to end "the fantastic lack of communication".

The day by day story behind the dramatic announcement is, as *The Economic Times* wrote, "improbable but true".

JANUARY 28

The MRA international force with the musical *Anything to Declare?* arrives in Madras from Kuala Lumpur. They are greeted on the tarmac by the Mayor and in the customs hall by students including Joseph Madiath and Francis Matthew, the champion of the Loyola College debating team. Madiath predicts that MRA will catch fire among the students of Madras. Some of the cast are invited to stay on the campus at Loyola and Stella Maris colleges and the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT). The rest go to homes in the city. Kothari House is loaned as a centre of operations. The MRA force decides to concentrate on the university.

JANUARY 30

Madras university students demonstrate in front of the British Council in protest against the arms sale to South

Africa. "The demonstration lasted two and a half hours," said Madiath later. "We naturally missed our supper. Everyone came back to the place where I stay. Then I said, 'There is this MRA gang staying at Kothari House. Why don't we go over there?' Unlike me the rest were antagonistic towards MRA."

At Kothari House Rajmohan Gandhi and the visitors from 21 countries have been meeting with other student leaders since 4 pm. The demonstrating students arrive. So interesting do they find the experiences of men and women from different lands that they all stay for hours. Some are still talking about it at one o'clock in the morning. They are cynical, argumentative, idealistic and inclined to Marxian beliefs. The idea of changing human nature is new to them, rather unlikely, but nevertheless intriguing.

FEBRUARY 1

Performance of *Anything to Declare?* for Stella Maris College. A delighted mother phones the Principal: "What the dickens is happening in your college? My daughter is so different."

FEBRUARY 2

Performance for Loyola College. The Principal says, "These people are revolutionaries preaching a moral revolution all of us need." Joseph Madiath thanks the cast. "When I first heard of MRA I was sceptical," he says. "I thought these guys were a bit off their nuts. But I saw tonight a performance that put a challenge to me. It is up to us to live up to it." Another student says afterwards, "I believed some people could only be changed by violence. Tonight I have changed my mind."

Rajmohan Gandhi addresses the Madras Rotary Club. He says, "MRA principles could change a Communist in such a way that he could change a capitalist. Similarly, they could change a capitalist in such a way that he could change a Communist." Mr K. V. Srinivasan, Director of Standard Motors, approaches him after his speech. Gandhi greets him with the words, "I was thinking of Standard as I spoke." "I knew you were," said Srinivasan. "It is not just management and labour. It is also the politicians. But I know MRA could work among them as well." The next morning's *Indian Express* headlines Gandhi's speech, "Call for a new revolution".

FEBRUARY 4

Shashi Patel, a Bombay businessman, is in the city. He meets with the students at Kothari House and describes to them his efforts to solve a five-month-old bank dispute in Ireland. They cross-question him on the revolution that has come to his own motives and thinking through MRA. He encourages them to tackle the Standard Motors dispute. The students accept the challenge.

As a starting point they decide to call on the Industries Minister, Mr S. Madhavan, who has been handling the dispute at the ministerial level and who they learn is leaving town early next morning. Gandhi says to the students, some of whom want it to go on record that they are atheists, "Those who believe in God can pray, those who don't can keep their fingers crossed!"

The students chase from one election meeting to another all over town looking for the Minister. At 11 pm six students and the professor arrive at his residence. The secretary says the Minister is out. As the students, disappointed, start to go, the professor says to him, "Be it

on your head for turning away the students of Madras." The secretary chases after them: "The Minister will see you."

Joseph Madiath had been reluctant to come with the group.

"When we last met, sir," he tells the Minister, "I had a heated argument with you about university reform."

"I remember."

"I was angry and prejudiced. I am sorry. Now we have come on an entirely different issue. We would like Standard Motors opened."

"You would like Standard Motors opened," repeats the Minister in disbelief.

"Not me, sir, but the people of Madras," replies the student.

They sit down. The Minister says that he will explain briefly the Government position, which he goes on to do for 25 minutes. If the students could help management and labour find a solution, he says, then the Government would not stand in the way of reopening the factory. His parting message: "From the Prime Minister downwards everybody has tried and failed. But there is no harm in trying. I wish you success."

FEBRUARY 5

Director Srinivasan learns about the interest taken by the students: "I must go to them." He comes to Kothari House with his son. He has just half an hour before he must go on to a wedding. An hour and a half later, reminded of his engagement, he says, "Meeting these students is much more important."

Dilip Kumar, second-year chemistry student, describes the occasion: "Many of us were feeling rather foolish

when we set out on this preposterous adventure. The first glimmers of hope came when the Director condescended to talk with us at Kothari House over Cokes and Fantas. His main point was that the Chairman, Mr Gopalakrishna, and his family had built up the factory from its infancy and the management felt that the workers had not been as co-operative as they should have been. However, Mr Srinivasan was anxious that we should go ahead and assured us of co-operation on his part."

The Most Reverend Dr R. Arulappa, Archbishop of Madras and Mylapore, receives the MRA force. He hears about the students of Madras and the steps of restitution many are taking—to station master, hostel warden, principal or rival student leader. He hears about the conviction of some to answer the Standard Motors dispute and says he would like to meet them. A date is made for Sunday morning and the Archbishop postpones a conference to make it possible.

FEBRUARY 7

It is Sunday. The students and the professor meet the Archbishop at the Music Academy. One student says, "If we students can do anything to solve this dispute it would be greater than a degree in our hands." Another: "The problem is not just to solve the stoppage in one factory but to find work for 17 million unemployed." And a third: "I go to too many movies. I have decided not to go but to give the money for MRA. Here is Rs 20." The Archbishop calls them "the dynamic group". "Our country is in need of this spirit," he says. "A unit of this type could tackle Calcutta."

Mohan Velu, second-year economics student, is present: "At this meeting we decided to go and see the

workers from the factory. We collected Rs 120 from among ourselves to bring them to a performance of *Anything to Declare?* that night. Then we went to Vandalur, where the workers live. We met a number of them. At first they were quite antagonistic. Some even thought we were from the management. We had read in the newspapers about the closure and the sufferings of the 1,700 families but these were merely facts and figures until we actually met the people themselves."

The workers' wives are in tears. "Why didn't you come nine months ago?" they ask. Touching their feet one student says, "We are all here to help you. Please don't cry. We were asleep. MRA has woken us up." The workers insist that the students meet the legal adviser of one of the unions involved in the dispute, Mr Ramaswami. They will not go to see *Anything to Declare?* without his permission. Mr Ramaswami gives it.

Many of Tamil Nadu's leading industrialists attend the performance of *Anything to Declare?* Mr Srinivasan is there as well as workers' leaders from his factory. And, sitting with them, the students. In the interval the girl students meet Mr Srinivasan who invites them to come later in the week to his home. The students and Professor Rangarajan decide that at the end of the show the audience should be included in their efforts.

Francis Matthew, the debating champion, is nominated as their spokesman: "My two main points were why we had taken an interest in the Standard Motors dispute and how we intended going about solving it. We felt it was vital for the country. The nation was losing, the management had already lost 70 lakhs[1] of rupees and 1,700 families were starving. We had a social responsibility.

[1] One lakh = Rs 100,000

What we wanted to do was to help those people who were involved in the dispute to find solutions for themselves."

Professor Rangarajan appeals to the audience for suggestions. "I thought the students of Madras were a dead loss. But after having worked with them I feel sorry for my misjudgement," he says. "After all these years of independence the time has come for us to stop blaming others and blame ourselves for the muddle we are in."

He is surrounded by members of the audience afterwards. One businessman who speaks to him and the students tells the city's leading industrialists meeting next day at lunch, "The Standard Motors dispute will end and the students will end it. If they do it will be the beginning of a new chapter in India."

FEBRUARY 8

Ninety-two-year-old C. Rajagopalachari, first Indian Governor-General, spends an hour with the cast of *Anything to Declare?* Some of the Madras students are introduced to him. "If I was your age I'd have joined you at once," he says. "You have taken on the most difficult task in the world. I for some years and you for a good many years to come will be concerned with making bad people good."

Mr Srinivasan telephones his father-in-law, 72-year-old Gopalakrishna, Chairman of the company. Would he meet the students? He offers five minutes. S. Sundareshan, third-year economics student, gives this account: "When we met him he said that he would explain briefly the management's viewpoint. The brief period was no less than 60 minutes! We realised that apart from the technicalities there was something deep in Mr Gopalakrishna's heart that had to be touched. Apparently people

had used language that had hurt him deeply.

"My friend, Mohan Velu, informed the Chairman that he had been impressed by a sentence in *Anything to Declare?*, 'I do not ask you to forget, but I do ask you to forgive.' This apparently went deep into Mr Gopalakrishna's heart for he immediately removed his spectacles and began to tell us of his childhood and how he had come up in life.

"He had been in the United States and seen all the workers in the Ford factory going to work in cars. His ambition was to enable every Indian worker to own a car. Standard Motors was an edifice he had built up and all his heart and soul was in it. He wanted to open the factory but personal obstacles came in the way."

The students also meet Mr Dharmalingam, president of the other union involved in the dispute, to discuss the issues with him. Dharmalingam is ready for a settlement.

FEBRUARY 9

Girl students from comfortable, affluent families go to Perungalathur to visit the workers' families. They too are met with suspicion: "We will trust you only if you solve this dispute. You don't really care." As a result the girls decide they can no longer postpone putting things right in their own lives.

The cast of *Anything to Declare?* leaves for the MRA Conference Centre at Asia Plateau, Panchgani. One of the most revolutionary student leaders gives them this message: "We still believe that the most important thing is change in the social structure. But until we have changed it we can see nothing but good coming from MRA and we will use its method."

FEBRUARY 10

The students have more meetings with management and labour.

Professor Rangarajan says, "When I saw how the students were working to heal this dispute and how their efforts were being rewarded I decided for the first time in my life to pray to God and to ask Him to really bring a solution."

FEBRUARY 11

The Minister of Labour calls representatives of management and labour for talks on February 12. The students realise fast work is needed. They meet the Labour Commissioner, G. Kamalaratnam, and discuss the whole problem. Dilip Kumar commented later, "The view seemed bleak. We came out of his office and did not know what to do so we all went and sat on the beach."

There are temptations to discouragement. Fellow students accuse them of acting only to get their photographs in the papers. Parents say they are neglecting their studies. An editor comments, "Anyway, nothing can be decided until the election is over." As they sit on the beach they seek what one of the students calls "the collective mind".

They all feel that the key lies with Ramaswami. They decide to go straight to his home. It is six o'clock. They do not return to their rooms until midnight. "We had heard several reports about the man," says Francis Matthew. "He was supposed to be a die-hard Communist. When we entered his room he was reclining in a chair, wearing a banyan and a dhoti. He looked very friendly and affable, contrary to our expectations!

"At the beginning he told the professor, 'Sir, I don't

believe in your philosophy. Mine is diametrically opposed to yours, but I find no reason why we can't work together. You believe that a lion and a lamb can exist in the same cage. I believe in class struggle. But I am happy you have taken an interest in this dispute and I hope that you will be able to offer some suggestions.'

"On this welcome note we started the discussion. He presented the professor with a long paper on which eight major demands were listed. The professor said, 'These demands are already old now. We have come as new negotiators. Therefore wouldn't you make some concessions on what you have already put on the list?' Mr Ramaswami was moved by the professor's approach and he consented."

FEBRUARY 12

Before the scheduled meeting of management, trade union and Government representatives at the Secretariat the students visit Labour Minister Natarajan in his home. He is delighted at the interest taken by the students. He notes down the discrepancies they have discovered between the positions of management and labour. He wishes them good luck and says, "Please come to the Secretariat and if necessary we will call you to help us."

"It was in a mood of gloom that all of us assembled at the Secretariat," remembers Sundareshan. "But as the talks progressed one by one the issues were settled. At 12 o'clock the session came to an end. At this juncture two points had not been decided upon. One was the question of retrenchment compensation and the other was the acceptance of the wage board recommendations.

"We were indeed surprised when after the morning session the Minister called us in. He told us we only had

till four o'clock and asked us to go and meet the management and labour men and see if a solution could be reached. We went to see Mr Srinivasan and Mr Ramaswami.

"When we went back to the negotiating room newspapermen had assembled and it seemed that a solution could be found. By eight o'clock the first draft was typed. There were 14 points and the Labour Commissioner started reading out the list. On 13 points all three parties agreed. But on the fourteenth point, the question of probation, there was a difference of opinion.

"The management said that all the workers would be taken back, but on probation for six months. Mr Ramaswami insisted that there should be no question of any probation. The talks broke down. It was largely due to the efforts of the professor that they agreed to reassemble again in two days."

FEBRUARY 13

The men students take the day off. "The strain had been too much for us," says second-year commerce student T. R. Natarajan. "So Saturday passed in quiet rest and sleep for all of us."

The girl students visit Mr Gopalakrishna. They tell him of the steps they have taken to put their own relationships in order. One student says that she has put right her differences with the Vice Principal by apologising to her. Mr Gopalakrishna says, "I can see the parallel. The only difference is that you are young and I am old." The girl replies, "Probably the best years of your life are yet to come, sir."

FEBRUARY 14

The professor comes to Loyola College at nine o'clock

in the morning. The students decide to visit the families of the workers and invite them for tea that evening at the professor's house. The workers are more hostile this time. They do not like the word "probation" in the settlement. The students visit Mr Sethuraman, the treasurer of the union. He is hospitable but clear that the condition of probation cannot be accepted under any circumstances. But 45 minutes later he appears to reconsider his position and the students feel they have made some impact on him. One of the workers says, "It is nearly nine months now. The child must be born. Either it will be born alive or dead."

FEBRUARY 15

The talks at the Secretariat resume. Professor Rangarajan describes them like this: "We went again to the meeting. The correspondent of a leading daily newspaper came to me and said, 'Professor, I am sorry but nothing is going to come out of it today.' I said, 'On the 12th the condition was the same. In the morning everyone was saying, "I am not going to give in." By the evening there was only one point of dispute. This one point might be settled today if we all keep our fingers crossed.'

"Mr Ramaswami asked for a firm assurance on the point of probation, and the management said that the men would not be victimised. This satisfied him.

"It was then suggested that the points of the agreement should be read out. The Labour Commissioner asked me to read them. I read the settlement, all agreed, and it was signed in front of all of us.

"The result was a sight to be seen. Everybody came and garlanded everybody else. They said, 'Please come and see that the spirit of the settlement is maintained throughout.'"

The agreement provides a new wage structure for which in return the workers guarantee 70% production efficiency. It provides each worker with an advance of Rs 200 that would be recovered after one year in instalments. It provides that all the workers will be taken back into service with a probationary period of six months during which no worker would be discharged except for proven misconduct. The Minister tells the press that the management has assured him it would not victimise any worker for past behaviour and he has assured the workers that the Government would be on their side if the management adopts a vindictive attitude. He also assures the workers that if at the end of one year the new structure is found to be unfavourable to them the Government will persuade the management to revert to the old one.

Hundreds of Standard workers who are anxiously waiting outside the Minister's chamber cheer and mob him as soon as they come to know that their ordeal is over.

It is 12 days since it was first suggested to this group of students that they might try to settle the dispute.

FEBRUARY 22

The factory reopens. The workers are all assembled. The students and MRA are thanked for the work they have done. The students tell everyone that the settlement has not come because of their work but because of the co-operation received and the work done by management, labour and the Government. A trade unionist comes up to them. He had earlier said, "I could club those students to death for their interference." Now he has tears in his eyes as he thanks them.

Francis Matthew says, "All of us are prepared to take the

same insults again to see the joy on the workers' faces." *Kumudam*, a Tamil weekly, read by over a million people, has the headline, "A great victory for the students". The students say, "We are not done yet. We want to keep a watchful eye on the Standard Motors factory and ensure that harmony prevails."

FEBRUARY 28

Seven students and the professor travel to Asia Plateau, Panchgani, to work out how their experiences and growing conviction can be brought to bear in other situations. *The Indian Express*, Bombay, writes of their desire "to bring about a national awareness of the great national problems and their solutions".

The Economic Times in a third article on the subject writes that the ding-dong struggle in the Standard Motors Company had threatened to become as long drawn out and as insoluble as even longer stoppages in other nations. But, it went on, the human touch had prevailed where governments and the strict letter of the law had so long proved abortive. The factory, so long silent and so long a grim reminder of the tragedy of unimaginative management-labour relations and of ineffective governments, had opened its doors after nine months. "If the human factor coupled with common sense could prevail in a case of this difficulty and magnitude should they not be equally successful in other cases?

"Could there not be an 'industrial truce' for say a decade with both sides meeting on the factory floor at frequent intervals for mutual discussions on the human basis with most matters settled by mutual adjustments and strikes and lockouts being outlawed throughout this period? A persistent campaign would be initiated to make

both management and labour perceive that industry is a national and not sectional matter and that industrial peace is vital to the community."

Financial footnote: The cost of the Standard Motors stoppage—management lost Rs 70 lakhs, workers nine months' wages, the Central Government Rs 50,000 a day in excise, the Tamil Nadu Government Rs 40,000 a day in sales tax, dealers their commissions. In addition ancillary industries were affected and some closed down, customers went without cars and an international bank which had loaned Rs 60 lakhs was about to write this off as a loss when the settlement was signed.

The cost of the visit of the MRA force to Madras—Rs 41,000. This money was all raised by sacrificial giving, mostly by people of the city, and the fund was started by a priest who gave his most prized possession, a wrist watch.

The cost to the Madras students out of their own pockets and collected from Madras citizens—Rs 220.

Joseph Madiath said afterwards, "There was not only a change in the Standard Motors factory. There was a change in us. I knew I had to change a lot before I could even think of changing others. We saw that students can do more than protest against arms sales to South Africa, talk about dialectical materialism and the implementation of Lenin's ideas. We saw that we can be a living force for the changing of India and the world."

Not all the students involved in this operation would say, with Madiath, that they have undergone "a change". The fact remains that as a result of their successful action students all over India have tackled concrete issues—from a taxi strike in Bombay to the shortage of public transport in New Delhi.

4 MEN WITH STEEL AND VISION FILLED

JYOTI BASU is the Communist boss of Bengal. He was told about Moral Re-Armament's work to give men new motives. "Have you any changed capitalists?" was his comment.

This word reached the ears of Robert Carmichael, from France, President of the European Jute Industry, who was visiting India.

After finding a new motive as an employer he had been instrumental with others in bringing a new spirit into negotiations between workers and management in the French textile industry. Issues that had been discussed for three years were solved in three hours. The result was a 15% wage increase for 600,000 workers and years of industrial peace.

Carmichael decided he ought to meet Basu.

So at seven o'clock one morning, unannounced, the French industrialist made his way to South Calcutta, handed in his visiting card and climbed with his lame leg the narrow staircase to Basu's home. It must have been a unique moment for the Calcutta Communist.

Carmichael told him of his work in French industry and also of his battle in Europe to ensure a fair price for the Indian and Pakistani jute growers. "When I put people before profit," he told the Bengal leader, "workers began to trust me."

Jyoti Basu listened with interest. Perhaps years of train-

ing helped him suppress any outward surprise at hearing a European employer speak in such terms. Perhaps he was wondering too if any Indian capitalist could be so changed or ready to pay a similar visit.

One man who could be so described, whose revolutionary experience in the past two years has amazed militant trade unionists from different continents, is Shashi Patel.

Managing Director of Polydor of India, Managing Director of the Film Center, Bombay, which processes 50 million feet of colour film a year, 90% of all colour film used in India, managing director of several other companies manufacturing cameras and photographic equipment—Patel has been described as typical of younger Indian management today. With his head office in Bombay and branches in Madras, Delhi and Calcutta and trained in business administration in the University of Michigan, he has had an eye firmly fixed on increasing his empire. In 1969 he went to Europe five times enlisting technical know-how and capital. He thought nothing of a weekend trip from there to the United States. Anything to further business—anything, that is, except a concern for the 750 men on his payroll. Those who tried to collect for charity in Bombay had strong words to say about Shashi Patel.

Then in December 1969 began a story which has already given hope to thousands of a new way in Indian business and would surely interest Jyoti Basu.

Anything to Declare? was in Bombay. The Patels were among those asked if they could help in accommodating the cast. They invited a young American girl to stay in their home. As she left she invited the Patels to visit Asia Plateau, Panchgani. Mildly interested and more keen on

a holiday in a pleasant hill station the Bombay couple accepted. "It was a chance to get away from a bad dream," says Patel. "Two hundred men were going on strike. The matter was before the courts. We had been losing money for four years. I was thinking of selling the company."

One evening the Patels watched a play called *The Forgotten Factor* written by British playwright Alan Thornhill. This industrial drama depicted a violent clash between an employer and his workers. It indicated with considerable force where management needs to be different. "Maybe the trouble is with me, not with the workers," Patel said to himself.

He listened to the meetings in the following days. He heard men from different countries appeal to India for help. "The thing that impressed me at Panchgani was what people from Canada, England, France and many nations felt India could do for the world. I as an Indian had never felt that."

The story of a militant trade unionist from Bengal was a turning point. This man, Satya Banerji, General Secretary of the Light Railways Staff Association of West Bengal and President of the Hindustan Drivers' Union of West Bengal, spoke at one session with the passion of one who lives in the midst of a revolutionary situation and burns to change it.

"All my life I have fought for the betterment of the working class and I always will, because I believe we cannot rest until every man has adequate work, food, shelter, and security for himself and for his family. It was when I was in the middle of this battle for the workers of Calcutta that I met an idea that altered my life and showed me a new and effective way of building a just society in India and the world.

"Originally trade unions were a defensive movement developed in response to capitalist excesses. Now that labour has made so many advances and has acquired such powers in society we ought to go on the offensive. The trade unions should be a spur to management and government to see that industry meets the needs of millions all over the world. A new teamwork would follow if we challenged management to join us in the higher fight—that of putting the welfare of mankind before pay or profit. We workers have been reared in the conception that the privileged section of society is greedy and selfish. Yet workers who call themselves militant but blackmail their other colleagues in the industry—and also blackmail the industry itself for wage gains for their particular group—are surely behaving just as selfishly and greedily."

Patel was used to fiery speeches from trade unionists. He had often been on the receiving end of them but this was different. "Banerji was forthright and very militant and yet quite honest. I'd always thought before that union leaders were only in it for their individual benefit. I began to feel differently."

The two had a meal together and got to know each other as men. Banerji told Patel about his family. At an early age he had left home to join the revolutionary movement. He had hated his father. He had not spoken to him for years. Then shortly before his father's death Banerji had apologised and the two were reunited.

Banerji also told Patel how he had once been able to keep the railways running by standing up to 500 men, led by militant Naxalite students, who had surrounded, abused and bullied him. "I did not mind the employers being gheraoed[1]. But for the first time I had the taste of

[1] Gherao—Hindi word meaning "to besiege"

being gheraoed myself." For six hours he had talked with the men. At the end the crowd sided with him, the extremists were routed and together they lifted the barricades from the railway tracks.

He told of his decision to apologise to his union colleagues for using one section of the membership against the other so as to keep the balance of power in his favour and for having made use of union funds for personal ends. "Not long ago," said Banerji, "I quarrelled with the general secretary of the other union in our railway. This threatened the company with a strike and they declared that if there was a strike they would close. A thought came very clearly to me: 'What is more important—your own ambition, your own self-righteousness or the interests of these 3,000 men?' I decided to stop using my friends to climb up the ladder. I got reconciled with the rival union secretary. Together we fought for what was right for the employees. There was a settlement and we signed a contract for three years which gave a new lease of life to this industry."

When listening to Banerji, Patel thought of C. M. A. Rodrigues, store-keeper and head of the National Union of Commercial Employees at his company, Polydor. For years he had tried to find some excuse to get rid of him because he was a union official. He thought of R. S. Thonsekar, the General Secretary of the same union which has workers in factories across Bombay. On a Sunday morning in 1966 Thonsekar had led a demonstration of 100 men outside Patel's home. They carried banners and chanted, "Shashi Patel desh drohi—Shashi Patel traitor to the country." Would Thonsekar and Rodrigues understand a new approach, he wondered?

Patel discovered that Banerji too had been affected by

The Forgotten Factor. "The reality and the drama and the passion in the hearts of the men on stage to put right what was wrong in the world impressed me," said the railway worker. "Above all I was moved by the rock bottom honesty and sincerity of the men I talked to that night after the show."

The frank talk with Banerji and with other men from different countries in the atmosphere of Asia Plateau gave Patel the courage to take the first steps. "I had always been full of complaints about everyone else, particularly the politicians," says Patel. "But I never saw that I could do anything about it. Being honest and straightforward had little appeal. I had never seen before what effect my way of life could have on the country."

Patel returned to Bombay committed to approaching everything in his factory afresh. He called together all the department heads. "So far the management of this company has been following a wrong policy in dealing with labour problems," he said. "From now on the philosophy of the management will be to work with labour in equal partnership."

Thonsekar heard that Patel wanted to see him. His reaction: "How can I negotiate with a man who does not care two hoots for his workers, who has not given them retirement benefits, who has sacked the old in the most unprincipled fashion? I wrote a letter to him after he became Managing Director of Polydor. I wished him well and offered my help. But he didn't even bother to reply." But, conceded the union leader, he was prepared to negotiate with anybody who would deliver the goods.

Thonsekar and Patel met the next day. "It has been a long journey from the demonstration to this," said Patel, offering his hand. "It has taken so long because I have

taken so long to realise that I must pay the workers a fair wage. I am now as concerned about the workers as you."

The union secretary could hardly believe his ears. "All I am asking," he said, "is if the company makes a profit that you should share it with the men."

"Definitely," said Patel.

"Then I will do all I can to help," replied Thonsekar. Patel turned to his Works Manager, M. L. Jain, who was present at the interview. "Nothing in this company is confidential for Mr Thonsekar. Give him any information he would like. Every corner of the factory is open for inspection and all the company's books".

Within five minutes the principal matters were agreed. Patel told the union boss to write his own contract and he would sign it. "Just make sure my lawyer agrees," he said. Patel commented later, "We used the human approach, not the balance sheet approach".

For eight days the balance sheets and correspondence of the previous five years were examined by the trade unionist. Nothing was concealed. Thonsekar and Jain met daily. A contract was drawn up that was to the satisfaction of workers, union and management. The lawyer could find no fault with it. It was signed in toto, is now policy, and is valid for two years.

Patel still had to put things right with the union official in the factory, Rodrigues, whom he had disliked for so long. The Patels invited Rodrigues and Jain and their families to accompany them for a weekend conference at Panchgani. One morning in front of a gathering of a hundred people Patel turned towards Rodrigues and said, "For years I did not like unions and I did not like you. I wanted to get rid of you and was waiting for you to make a mistake. But you were too efficient for me. I want to

ask your forgiveness. And I want to ask the forgiveness of Mrs Rodrigues," he said, turning to her.

Rodrigues was moved. "I know words will not come easily to me," he said after a pause. "But I want to say that Mr Patel is a big man."

The new way began to affect his home. Shashi Patel and his wife, Kunji, have two daughters and a son. "I didn't know what to do with my elder daughter who was 16," Patel admits. They felt she was careless and that no amount of correction appeared to make any difference. Her interests seemed to lie in films and parties and dressing up for them. "Money does not grow on trees. The sooner you learn that the better it will be," he told his daughter. "She must learn to appreciate what is given her and not take everything for granted," he told his wife when she was considering giving in.

The Patels thought of the part drink played in their own lives and began to wonder whether a greater discipline on their part would have more effect than further sermons on their daughter's behaviour. They decided to stop drinking, even socially. "When my daughter saw me give up drink," says Patel, "she decided to live differently. Her last letter said how much she appreciated being at boarding school—a privilege not every child enjoys. It was a new note from her."

Mrs Patel says, "My husband often told me not to buy rice and sugar on the black market. 'We must set new standards for the country,' he said. But he insisted on having imported whisky for himself, which is smuggled. Since he has stopped drinking and serving alcohol in our home we have lost some of our friends. But, as my husband says, for whose sake did these people come—for imported whisky or for our company?"

Step by step as Patel began to put things right he interested other colleagues in the business world. Some have gone with him to further conferences in Panchgani. He was attending one there in May 1970. A delegation of students and professors from Haryana was quizzing him about his change. As Patel told them that he still had certain things to clear up, he suddenly thought of the Rs 50,000 record-making press that he had imported illegally. He made a mental note that he would at some point have to be honest with the customs.

That point came quicker than he expected. Word arrived from Bombay that the customs had that very day impounded the machine.

"It was a godsend," says Mrs Patel. "If it had been left to me I might have postponed dealing with it for a long while," says her husband.

They didn't feel that way when they first heard the news. His first reaction was: "Bluff your way out, fabricate an excuse. After all, you have waited three years while the Government was making up its mind whether to give you a permit."

They had learnt at Panchgani to listen to their inner voice. They took time to do so. Complete honesty was the clear instruction. Patel went to the Collector of Customs, gave him every detail and told him why he was doing so. The customs investigated every aspect of Patel's business. The facts matched up to what they had been told. Indeed, officers came to performances of MRA plays and films in the city to find out what had changed Patel. Four months later they released the machine and levied only a lenient penalty.

Then a further crisis faced Patel.

Workers at Polydor had done so well out of the new

agreement that those in Patel's other companies felt hard done by. A strike was brewing. Patel called in Thonsekar. He asked him to negotiate on management's behalf: "Whatever you agree to I will go along with."

An examination of the books showed that several companies were unproductive. How could they afford to give the workers in those companies a rise? It was agreed that everyone should receive a monthly rise of Rs 90 to put them on a par with Polydor. Those in the more profitable companies agreed to accept less than they might have expected. Discussions are going on about further increments or a possible production bonus. At a meeting of the staff in the Film Center theatre one worker said, "We have all been in darkness but now a curtain has been lifted."

As he looks back over the last two years Shashi Patel regards his experiments with change as an investment which, if taken up by enough other businessmen, will pay handsome dividends in homes, factories and the country. "In business we do a lot of investing. Some provide air conditioners, some have fans, so that we can make our workers more comfortable and produce better results. But some of us do not see the investment we should make —in men."

Without one new bit of machinery, with no additional men, production in Polydor in 1970-71 increased 200%. In 1971-72 the company will make a profit for the first time in years, simply because of the new spirit in which everyone is approaching their work.

Rodrigues assesses the difference in Patel like this: "As far as I was concerned he was no better than the capitalists of Calcutta. But he has completely changed. It is hard to believe that a man like that could ever be different.

I get emotionally agitated when I think about it. He was like a dictator. Today he is a changed man. He has asked us to come to him to discuss with him many points, any problems. We have asked him to take us into his confidence so that any idea that we have had could be passed on to him for the betterment of the company."

Like Patel, Thonsekar sees the developments as an investment. Financially, the terms of the first settlement at Polydor were not ideal from a union point of view. "But the radical and deep change in the attitude of the management makes it a worthwhile investment. It is worth building on. It will create security for the workers and a freer atmosphere for them to work in. We want to give the management every chance to make a profit."

Recently the National Union of Commercial Employees sponsored and paid for a showing of the Hindi version of *The Forgotten Factor*—"Jo Bhool Gaye Hain". Management from all 104 firms where the union has branches were invited in addition to the union representatives. Introducing the play Thonsekar said, "The question facing every form of society in today's world—whether it is capitalist, socialist, Communist, democratic or autocratic—is how to make men unselfish enough to make society work. The faith that a change in society would produce change in men has proved to be false. Moral Re-Armament endeavours to change men so that they may change society."

After the performance Thonsekar came for dinner in the Patel home. "You remember the last time I was here," he said, thinking of the demonstration. "Yes, the last time you were not welcome," said Mrs Patel. "This time you are." The Patels have also been to the Thonsekars for dinner.

Shashi Patel has a new outlook on everything. Business was just a hobby to him before. Now he sees it as a chance to set standards in business ethics for the nation. "I used to feel I could not do business without certain bribes here and there. Today I feel it is possible."

Bombay was just the place where he did business before. Now he feels that all decisions concerning his business should be made in the interests of the city at large. "We must have a role in the country that is more than just profit-orientated. Businessmen can be a good link between government and workers." It was he who recently played a part in inspiring the students who helped settle the Standard Motors dispute in Madras.

Guests were invited to dinner before on the basis "what do we get out of it?" "Now," says Mrs Patel, "we think out how we can help people in their homes, with their children, in their industries."

The Patels give of their money sacrificially to advance the work of Moral Re-Armament in India. Shashi Patel has made available an office in Bombay and, during the visit of an MRA international force last year, he put a house at their disposal in Madras. They have contributed Rs 25,000 to the building of the conference centre at Asia Plateau. "I had been saving up for a long time to buy a diamond," says Mrs Patel. "Then we went to Panchgani. Our visit there meant so much that I gave what I had to the building programme for the new auditorium instead of buying a diamond." She adds, "A new husband is a far better gift than any diamond."

The Patels had to go to Europe on business again recently. But on this occasion their time and energy was used to bring new life to the people they met. Patel is even credited in one country with being the catalyst that

brought together two sides and helped in the settlement of a national industrial dispute that had gone on for months. "The year before I wouldn't have bothered," he says.

Patel was asked recently what his ambition was. "I have been questioning my motives for wanting to make the story of my factory a success," he said. "Am I doing it as a showman? For profit? Or because it is right? I honestly believe it is for the third reason. As a businessman I feel I have been much too preoccupied with my business and have neglected the needs of my country. It was about time that I did something about India."

5 FEAR AND HATE WILL MELT BEFORE YOU

SIXTEEN YEARS AGO Niketu Iralu stood in a queue to see the MRA musical *The Vanishing Island* in Madras. But the crowds were so great that he could not get in. The man who turned him away gave him a piece of literature to read. The young Naga thought that this was a poor substitute for seeing a show he had heard so much about from professors at Madras Christian College where he was studying. But it was the start of a revolution in North East India which is turning, as one writer put it, "a sensitive area into a sensible area."

Niketu was the first Naga to study at Madras University. He comes from a fighting family. His mother's great uncle was the warrior chief who sealed the peace with the British in 1879. His grandfather was among the first Nagas to become Christian. His father was one of the first three to become doctors. Today his uncle is leader of the underground movement while his brother-in-law was chairman of the ruling party in the state until his recent death.

Passing through Calcutta on his way to Madras the young "tribal" was shaken to see so many people. He said to himself, "We have no chance, we are too few." He was convinced his people would be crushed. At college he was conspicuous. They thought at first he was Chinese. His fellow students delighted in telling him how misguided his people were. He was argumentative: "I

was determined that even if we didn't have a great part at least I would make sure we were difficult."

Then began his touch with Moral Re-Armament. He started to find a hope for his people. One day an Englishman said to him, "If you are loyal to God, God will use you to help your people achieve a distinctive destiny." This was an idea from which he could not escape. "It was not absolute moral standards that held me. It was the vision. That I could not betray." He had until then always thought his people irrelevant in a world of power.

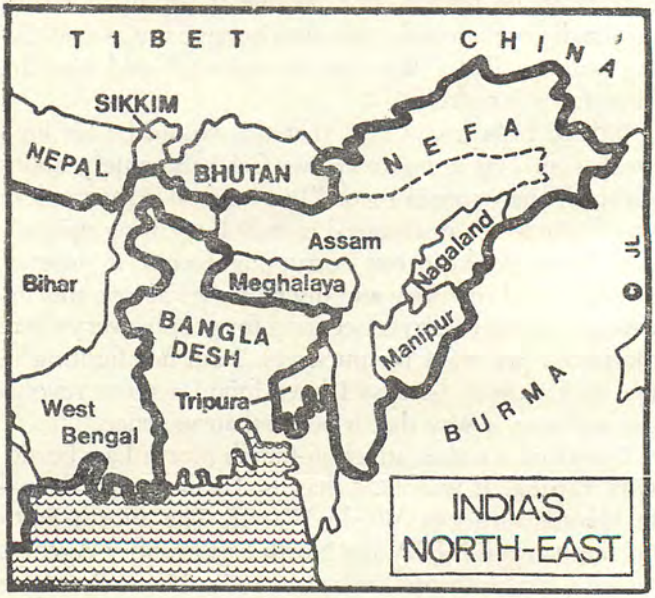
One other phrase he regards as a corner-stone of his commitment. It was said at a public meeting in Kerala in 1962. Rajmohan Gandhi had been asked why he was doing what he was doing. Not because it offered an easy way, he replied, nor because it promised results personally or nationally, not even because it was a satisfying way to live. "We are committed," said Gandhi, "because it is right."

Niketu Iralu knew then that this would be his life's work too. "As a minority we feel passionately about survival," he wrote in 1970. "But survival in the modern world cannot be guaranteed merely by putting up political fences to keep out corrupting forces. It depends on the moral maturity and discipline we accept and the part we decide to play in securing for people everywhere the justice we want for ourselves. I am not fighting in the jungle today because I have found a more revolutionary way, a way that is better than violence."

Nagaland stands sentinel on India's North East border with Burma. It was there that the Japanese were halted in bloody battles in World War II. The North East's northern area is NEFA, the North East Frontier Agency, which Chinese troops entered in 1962. Divisions of the

Indian Army are permanently stationed there. The whole of the North East—90,000 square miles—contains Himalayan mountains, the Brahmaputra valley, rich forests, oil and tea, the states and territories of Assam, Nagaland, Meghalaya, Manipur, NEFA and Tripura. It has a population of about 13 million.

The region is connected with the rest of India by a slender strip of land bordered by Bangla Desh, Bhutan and Nepal. In this corridor lies a narrow railway track, a thin road and a fragile pipeline. It contains Naxalbari, cradle of the Naxalite movement. It is highly vulnerable. Professor G. G. Swell, Deputy Speaker of the Lok Sabha and an MP for Assam, once said, "The best defence of India's north east frontier is to have the people with you."



The yellow and brown races of Asia meet in the North East, for this is the upper edge of a vast tropical jungle extending eastwards to South China and the shores of Vietnam, the home of more than 100 million Asians, a jungle that has come alive with insurgency and "liberation" wars. Part of the population of the North East are tribal people, living mostly in the hills. Many of them are Christians. The Assamese and Bengalis, both Hindu and Muslim, live in the plains. B. P. Chaliha, for 12 years Chief Minister of Assam, said once, "If the North East disintegrates it will be lost to India."

The people of the Hills and Plains have had their share of violence and there has been real danger of disintegration. But today they are finding a way that is a contrast to what is happening elsewhere in that jungle or in the neighbouring areas.

On April 2, 1970, 100,000 people gathered on the parade ground of Shillong for the inauguration of a new Hill state, Meghalaya (Abode of the Clouds). It was a joyous occasion. It was also an unusual one, particularly for politicians, as everyone seemed to be giving everyone else the credit.

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi, who had been flown in by helicopter, paid tribute to the spirit of the leaders of the new state and said that the creation of Meghalaya showed that "even the most intractable human problems could be solved amicably."

The Meghalaya Chief Minister, Captain Williamson Sangma, praised the wisdom and foresight of political leaders in Delhi and in Assam who had made it possible for the Assam Reorganisation Act to be passed in record time, and said, "We can set an example for the rest of the country of how to work together in spite of differences

of language, culture and creed."

Representing the Assam Government, M. M. Choudhury, now Chief Minister of Assam, expressed gratitude for the statesmanship of Mrs Gandhi and the co-operation of the leaders of the Hills and his confidence that the bonds of friendship between the people of Assam and other areas of the North East would be further strengthened.

B. K. Nehru, Governor of Assam, Meghalaya and Nagaland, had told the Assam Legislature a few weeks earlier, "Seldom have such far-reaching constitutional changes been brought about with so much goodwill and understanding."

It was all the more unusual because as *The Indian Express* pointed out, "The birth of the 'Abode of the Clouds' seems to have generated a climate of goodwill which few could have believed possible even a few months ago."

Thirty months earlier, in December 1967, *Weekend Review* had stated, "It is too late for a rapprochement—a hill/valley compromise is now no longer possible." And in 1968 *The Indian Express* had an editorial entitled "Will Assam be a second Vietnam?"

As significant as the creation of the state was the development of this new spirit between the peoples of the Hills and of the Plains. Some of that stemmed from the change in Stanley Nichols-Roy, who was sworn in that day as Minister of, among other portfolios, Agriculture, Industry, Transport and Tourism. The *Frontier Times* of Shillong wrote on inauguration day, "Thousands in the North East are grateful to the political figures who by applying the ideas of MRA overcame the bitter divisions that kept them apart."

Stanley Nichols-Roy was one of those figures. He

said on the eve of the inauguration, "I dedicate my life to try and bring an answer. In Assam and in our new state we will need courage and conviction to live to see righteousness prevail in the council of nations. If we are humble enough to acknowledge our mistakes before God and man and learn from them we could play a part in remaking the world."

At a celebration dinner in Shillong ministers and officials from New Delhi, Assamese, Khasis, Garos, and almost all the races of the North East were present. The Director of Publicity in the Government of Assam surveyed the scene. He turned to his neighbour who was Niketu Iralu, the Naga, and said, "Do you see the spirit tonight? The Assamese are happy because the Hill people are happy. The Hill people are keen to talk with the Assamese. A year ago this would have been unimaginable."

Stanley Nichols-Roy, 51, is a dynamic, tall, broad-shouldered man whom a Shillong paper once described as "a human steamroller". He is a Master of Science from the University of California at Berkeley. His wife is from America and they have four children. His father, the Reverend J. J. M. Nichols-Roy, a leader not only of the Khasis but of all the people of Assam, served in the Assam cabinet and in the Constituent Assembly which produced India's Constitution. In 1960 the son became General Secretary of the All Party Hill Leaders' Conference (APHLC), newly formed to fight for a separate state for the hill areas of Assam.

Stanley Nichols-Roy shuns publicity. He is grateful that the new state has been achieved without bloodshed but his preoccupation now is running it to satisfy the longings of its people. He feels that all that has happened has been more due to his colleagues than to himself.

But even his political opponents would concede that the transformation in this Khasi leader was a key factor.

He says, "I am very grateful to God, to our people, both in the Hills and in the Plains, who had the good sense to arrive at a consensus and agreement. I am told by those who run national affairs that the resolution of this question received more support from all political parties than any other issue since independence. For this we are very grateful to the whole nation and to the national leaders.

"It only indicates to us that politics can be played in a different way. When we see that demands are generally accompanied by burning of buses, breaking of heads, killings—all over the world and especially in this country—it is not easy to keep a group of people, traditionally warlike, to peaceful means. But the heritage of faith in our part of the country, plus something more in the last two years, has had a part to play in this settlement."

That "something more" began at a dinner in New Delhi in October 1967 where Professor Swell, Nichols-Roy and Martin Majaw, a colleague, were guests. Present were people from Switzerland, Germany, Eire, Britain, the United States and India, people trained in Moral Re-Armament. They told of situations in other lands which had been resolved, of bitter people who had been reconciled with their enemies.

The Khasi leader had come to the dinner discouraged. Extremists in his own party were attacking him as soft. Others outside the party were saying that he was destroying India's unity by demanding a separate state. All that he heard at dinner lifted his spirits. He wanted to know more.

His host, a Hindu, seeking after God's wisdom for the occasion, had had the thought that as it was shortly before

Christmas his European friends might sing carols for the visitors from the North East who were Christians. After they had sung Nichols-Roy said, "Our Hill people have choirs too." "Come to Panchgani and bring a choir," said his host. "Well, I might . . . ," said Nichols-Roy. And so it was that five days before the official opening of Asia Plateau, Panchgani, a telegram arrived from Nichols-Roy: "Arriving with party of 32."

At Asia Plateau Nichols-Roy met political figures from different countries including K. E. Beazley MP, Shadow Minister of Education from Australia; Patrick Wolrige Gordon MP, from Britain; and Irene Laure who had been a Member of Parliament for Marseilles and Secretary General of the Socialist Women of France. He also met and shared a room with Niketu Iralu.

Iralu and his friends did not help Nichols-Roy get the right political solution. They did help him get right with God. Iralu gave his conviction that minority groups like theirs were meant to give leadership. He spoke also of the places where he had needed to change. Nichols-Roy decided to straighten things out with his wife, with rivals in his own party and with people of the Plains. "I want now to care for all the people of the North East, for the people of India and for the peoples of the world in the way I have cared for my Khasi people," he said. He had been a sincere Christian but now, after meeting MRA, he decided to let Christ's claims enter every area of his life.

It was a different Nichols-Roy who returned to Shillong. His wife, Helen, said later, "I knew it was a new Stanley as he walked into our home. I was so happy after a talk with him that I felt like waving 'hello' to everybody in Shillong." And Chief Minister Chaliha

said, "You know, that man Nichols-Roy is different. He used to be hard. He used to be stubborn. I am so impressed with his change that I am now prepared to work unitedly with him."

Together Nichols-Roy and Chaliha invited all the legislators of Assam representing Plains and Hills to a showing of the MRA film *Freedom*. In his home, in schools, colleges, offices and political gatherings Nichols-Roy showed this and other films. Usually he was the projectionist.

One of the first men from the Plains captured by Nichols-Roy's new approach was Dr Chaitanya Hazarika, head of the Shillong tuberculosis hospital. To a friend Hazarika said, "I did not trust Nichols-Roy but I see that he is not the man I thought he was. I must put things right with him." To Nichols-Roy, Hazarika said, "We must get to know each other better. Please come to my home for a meal."

In 1968, Chaliha said, "Moral Re-Armament is a silver lining on our dark horizon." Over the next two years he and others from the North East invited a succession of MRA delegations or plays to tour Assam. In January 1969 it was the musical *India Arise*. Madame Laure, the French woman who had impressed Nichols-Roy at Asia Plateau with the story of how she had been able to help build unity with Germany after she had lost her hatred, accompanied them. She spoke in his constituency of Cherrapunji.

He spoke too. He said, "I have been working in political life for the last eight years. We have not given real care to our friends around us. But I have learnt that we can stand for political aims and still learn to love our neighbours in the Plains. I have also learnt by meeting MRA to make absolute honesty and purity the guide

stones of my life. I have asked forgiveness of friends whom I have wronged and am setting right my life. I am trying to show that we in the Hills of Assam can play a part in bringing righteousness to the nations."

In the Garo Hills a group of 40 young people who saw *India Arise* staged their own version of the musical to promote unity. In the Mizo Hills 25,000 people in villages and towns saw MRA films, for many they were the first films they had seen. An army officer said, "We are pointing our gun at someone who we claim is our countryman. You can do this for a time but at some stage you must say something to him. Our trouble is that we don't know what to say that will reach his heart. You have shown us a way." Lalmawia, respected Mizo leader and one-time President of the Eastern India Tribal Union, said, "But for MRA there would be bloodshed and violence in the Hills of Assam."

In 1970 Chief Minister Chaliha could say, "Moral Re-Armament has transformed the climate of Assam. This is a fact. I speak as an administrator." And Governor Nehru: "It has abated the hate in the Hills."

Over these months, too, many more from the North East went to Asia Plateau. One was Hoover Hynniewta who was the first to articulate the demand for a Hill state. He represented the Khasi people for five years in Parliament. He realised how in the course of his political activities he had stirred up bitterness against the Plains people of Assam. He put things right with the then Chief Minister, Mr Chaliha, a reconciliation which both surprised and delighted the Chief Minister.

The change in Nichols-Roy, Hazarika, and others on both sides of the North East dispute gave hope to many, including the policy makers in New Delhi. The Govern-

ment came forward with a proposal for the creation of Meghalaya, autonomous in all except four or five matters which were to be jointly managed by Assam and Meghalaya. The offer was less than what the Hill people had asked for and yet considerably more than what the Plains people had said they would reject. To the astonishment of political commentators both sides accepted it. "Having fully considered the public opinion in the Hill areas, the political realities in the country and the larger interests of the country as a whole," the APHLC said in a resolution, "we resolve to give the plan a fair trial."

So Meghalaya was born, child of the wisdom and generosity of leaders on both sides.

Among the official guests at the inauguration ceremony on April 2, 1970, were the cast of the musical *Anything to Declare?* They had been a month in Assam—also on the invitation of Chaliha, Nichols-Roy and others. They had given performances in the Public Library, Shillong, capital of Meghalaya and Assam, as well as in towns in the Plains.

One who saw the show was a young Mizo pop-singer, Joseph Zokunga, whose group "The Agents" were known throughout the clubs in the tea gardens and oil towns and whose broadcasts on All India Radio brought in fan mail from Burma and Pakistan.

The Mizo people number about 300,000. In March 1966 there had been an armed uprising in the Mizo Hills and until quite recently papers carried reports of skirmishes between the Mizo underground and the Indian Security Forces who control the area.

Joseph Zokunga has suffered from this situation. For nearly ten years he and his family lived in Bhutan, Tibet and Sikkim where his father worked as a radio technical

maintenance officer with the Indian Mission. Joseph speaks Nepali almost as fluently as he does his own Mizo dialect. In 1964 his father retired putting all his savings into setting up radio agencies and a cinema hall, the only one in that part of the Mizo Hills.

A year later came the uprising. The home, the shop and the cinema hall were totally destroyed. Suddenly without income, the family had to run away elsewhere. Joseph was 18. His father was imprisoned. "An intense bitterness and hate towards Indians gripped my heart," he says. "I made up my mind to do my worst when the time came. But for the time being I had to earn a living and get some education."

Joseph joined night school in Shillong, earning his way by cooking and washing dishes, doing odd jobs on construction sites and polishing the shoes of government officers in the early morning. But the earnings were too uncertain to support himself and his family. He turned to music. He had played the guitar since the age of ten and had a good natural singing voice. He formed a pop group. "The response was immediate, perhaps because our people shared our feelings and understood our blues."

It was his love of music that brought him to the theatre to see *Anything to Declare?* "I was fascinated by the songs but above all gripped by the answer to hate in a number of scenes. I did not believe my burning hate could change but I decided to try out what I'd heard." Within a month he was travelling 2,000 miles by train and bus with a delegation from the North East to Asia Plateau.

From there Joseph wrote a long letter to his father. His father replied, "I am grateful for your honesty. I have given you advice before. Now I cannot. God will show you what to do. You have chosen Him to be

your guide." Joseph apologised to his brothers and sisters for the way he had treated them.

For a year and a half Joseph had been smoking hashish: "I saw my friends doing it. I was frustrated and bitter. I will die soon anyway, I thought, so why not try it." He gave up drugs: "I found a much bigger purpose when I decided to give my life to God". He wrote to various people in Assam asking their forgiveness for his hatred.

An Indian army officer was at Asia Plateau. Joseph sought him out and told him the story of his life, of his desire for revenge and how he was now seeking a new solution. "Please forgive me for my hatred of men like you," he said. The officer was shaken and said to Joseph, "Thank you very much for what you said. The change in you is not the work of an ordinary man."

Joseph said later, "That moved me very much and I began to see that if I spoke honestly from my heart even my opponents could understand. Where I could not change them through the barrel of a gun I succeeded with a change of heart."

He began to know Indians as close friends and discovered that they had the same kind of feelings as he had. "I regard myself as an Indian now," he said. "I didn't before."

Another young man who saw *Anything to Declare?* in Shillong was Kolezo Chase, a Naga who comes from the same village as Niketu Iralu. For a number of years he was in the jungle with the underground.

A short time before, Kolezo's cousin had been shot dead by a Gurkha unit of the Indian Army. The cousin's brother suspected that the leader of a rival group in the underground army had tipped them off and wanted to avenge

his death but the village elders dissuaded him. One morning he put on his best costume, told his wife and children he was going to attend a great festival and walked out of the house. His body was discovered later lying by the grave of his brother. He had shot himself.

Kolezo Chase swore that day that he would uphold the honour of his two dead cousins. He started carrying a revolver in order to use the first chance that came his way to take revenge.

That was the moment when *Anything to Declare?* came to Shillong. For four nights after seeing the revue Kolezo could not sleep. Like Joseph, he had seen in it an answer to hate and heard from it the idea of listening to God. On the fifth day he decided to give up his passion for revenge. Speaking later from the stage after a further performance of the revue he said, "I had a definite plan to kill the people who I thought were responsible for the death of my beloved cousins. I realise that I have been too sensitive to how much others have hurt me and forgotten how much I hurt others. MRA has completely shattered my evil plan and given me a complete plan to heal the wounds I have inflicted on others." He went to the man he sought to kill, told him he wanted to break the deadly cycle of revenge, and the breach was healed.

Kolezo says today that the solution to modern man's problems is through the heart: "That is the weapon in my hand today." A political settlement would follow a settlement in men's hearts: "The weapons we have in MRA can disarm our enemies without risking the lives of the people we love."

For years the people in the North East felt neglected by the rest of India and thought of what Delhi should be doing for them. Today, men like Niketu Iralu and Kolezo

Chase from Nagaland, Joseph Zokunga from the Mizo Hills and Stanley Nichols-Roy from Meghalaya are thinking of what the North East can do for Delhi—and for the world.

Niketu Iralu says, "As a Naga who lives with the hopes and the hurts, the frustrations and the longings of the people of my area, I believe we have begun a journey and caught sight of a vision which, if we sacrifice for it, will lead to the solving of our problems in the North East. It can lead also to a fulfilment of the vision which Rajmohan Gandhi gave us when, speaking to the people of my village, home of many underground leaders, he said, 'I have come to ask your help in the fight to change this old country of India, as well as the world. I have seen what has happened to your village, to the graves of your ancestors, and can imagine how deeply hurt you must be. You have given me a hospitality I don't deserve. You have qualities of grace, generosity, courage and toughness which India needs. And you may be the people who will also take a revolutionary idea to Peking.'"

6 RISING FROM EACH TOWN AND VILLAGE

IN JANUARY 1902 a young American student wrote in his diary, "Today a visitor told us, 'Had I my life to spend over again it would be spent in India. There are magnificent opportunities there for the young man.' I would so much like to go to India."

The young student was Frank Buchman, who became the initiator of Moral Re-Armament.

Thirteen years later his wish was fulfilled when he made the first of nine visits to India—visits which were to have a formative influence on his life and work and mean that today people from every continent are learning from the Harijans, the students, the people of the North East and other Indians about Moral Re-Armament.

Frank Buchman spent three days in Madras in 1915 with an Indian lawyer who had just returned from South Africa. That lawyer was Mahatma Gandhi, who became 'the father of the Indian nation'. It was the beginning of a friendship that was cemented in India and in Britain and that lasted until the Mahatma's assassination in 1948. They used to stride together down the beach of Madras. "It was like a walk with Aristotle," Buchman liked to remember.

It was while in India that Buchman was asked to go to Cambridge and Oxford where he recruited and trained many of the men who today are responsible for Moral Re-Armament on different continents. An English bishop,

Pakenham Walsh, in what is now Kerala State, said to him, "You must go to Cambridge. My nephew is there. They need the experience you have found."

Buchman enjoyed the confidence of Congress leaders and of British officials. On one occasion he was lunching with the Viceroy after having attended an Indian National Congress session at Belgaum.

The Viceroy, Lord Reading, said, "I hope you did not meet the Ali brothers. They are terrible people. I have to put them in gaol." They were leaders of a movement to throw the British out of the country, if necessary by force.

"They are friends of mine," said Buchman.

After putting forward his own views Lord Reading paused and asked Buchman, "What would you do if you were in my place?"

"Since you have asked me," Buchman replied, "I would treat the Ali brothers as you have treated me. You have been good to me. You invited me here and sat me at your right hand. I would do just the same to them."

Lord Reading was not amused. But, on reflection, decided to accept the advice. The Ali brothers accepted his invitation and sat, one on his left side and one on his right. Later, with the Viceroy's blessing, they were sent as delegates to the St James's Palace Conference, a stage on the long road to India's independence.

Mahatma Gandhi's interest was caught by the change in two members of the British establishment in India.

One was the Most Reverend Foss Westcott, Metropolitan of the Church of India, Burma and Ceylon, friend of Rabindranath Tagore, familiar figure in Calcutta as, dressed in a cassock, he rode round the city on his bicycle.

Foss Westcott met Buchman in Oxford in 1934. He described the effect on his life in a letter to a friend: "Travelling by boat from India to Britain I had no vital talk with anyone. On the return trip 13 people sat down with me to listen to God and had given their lives to Him by the time we arrived." The Bishop used to say that he had been taught theology at college, vaccinated before going to India but that no one had ever thought of also helping him to change people. "I had kept my vows. But my temper got in the way. I learned at 70 what I should have learned at 17."

The Bishop believed that Indian and British statesmen, fully surrendered to God, would find the right path for the sub-continent together. He was reported in *The Statesman* in Calcutta in 1939 as saying, "MRA is the trumpet call to men of goodwill to enlist in God's army to revolutionise the world. To bring order out of chaos, to eliminate the spirit of greed, hatred and lust, to substitute constructive action by ourselves for destructive criticism of others, for this great purpose the help of all is needed."

Gandhi had known and respected Foss Westcott for many years. But he said what impressed him most was that in 1940 the Metropolitan admitted publicly in the press that many British attitudes towards India had been wrong.

Gandhi had not known Lionel Jardine of the Indian Civil Service whose family had served the British Government in India since 1806.

In 1931 strained relations between the ruling Hindu minority of Jammu and Kashmir State and the Muslim majority completely broke down. Jardine was borrowed from the North West Frontier Province to restore law and

order. "For the first time in my life," he wrote later, "I discovered that human wisdom was inadequate. Worn out I came to England looking for an answer to hate and bitterness, not least for my own life." He lacked any desire to return to India.

In Britain in 1934 he met Frank Buchman. Buchman's diagnosis: "God is not in your life. You are keeping Him out." His remedy: "Listen to God. Go back to India and live differently."

Back in the turbulent North West Frontier Province the change in Jardine was soon noticed, perhaps because he had written letters of apology to an Indian colleague and to two Indian lawyers to whom he had been rude. Before long as many as fifty people would meet in the Jardines' home in Peshawar—Hindus, Muslims, a Parsi, a British general and private soldiers—to plan for the welfare of the community and province.

One of them was Dr C. C. Ghosh, MLA, leader of the wing of the nationalist party which relied on violence to combat the British. The Governor of the province was startled when he received a letter from Dr Ghosh telling him that he had abandoned the policy of violence as it was incompatible with the standard of absolute love which he had recently adopted.

Hindu friends told Jardine that he ought to meet Mahatma Gandhi who was passing through the province. This was not very convenient officially for Jardine who was the Commissioner as the Government of India and Gandhi were not on very happy terms. But he accepted.

In a wooden hut in which Gandhi was accommodated in the town of Abbottabad they met, Jardine sitting on a chair, Gandhi squatting on the floor. The only decoration on the wall, Gandhi's watch hanging from a nail.

Gandhi heard what Jardine had to tell him of his new relations with the people—but did not accept it. It was impossible, he said, for a British officer to change. They were trained to be aloof, that was the way they would stay and Jardine was deceiving himself if he thought he had changed.

Jardine replied that he had not volunteered to come. But that since he had learned to listen to God his Indian friends had remarked on the change in him. Gandhi said that it had taken him years to develop this faculty and that he did not believe that in such a short time Jardine could be capable of hearing God. "Not only I," said Jardine, "but also my servants have found that, if we are willing to obey, God can speak to us."

As they parted Mahadev Desai, Gandhi's secretary, said, "Don't worry. You've struck one of his contrary days." Jardine thought no more of this encounter but continued to work along new lines.

When he was transferred to another post a farewell party was given for him. The Chief Minister spoke. "We have had two Lionel Jardines here," he said. "One before change. The other after. Of the former we will not speak. Of the latter we cannot have too much." Dr C. C. Ghosh commented later, "Mr Jardine's change of heart was perceptibly noticeable. From being an absolute autocrat he became an actual servant of the people."

In April 1940 Mahatma Gandhi had an English friend, Roger Hicks, staying with him. Gandhi spoke of the disorders and troubles all over the country. "Except in the North West Frontier," interrupted Hicks. Gandhi thought a moment and said, "That's true."

Hicks suggested that this might possibly be due to the

change in Jardine, Ghosh and others. He told Gandhi what he had seen there. Of how astonished Indian leaders were when the Commissioner went to visit them in their homes—with crowds gathering thinking he had come to arrest them. Of how blood feuds were being settled; of a High Court judge who, on a visit to Jardine, drew up a list of ten people he hated enough to kill and then went home to make peace with them.

Gandhi was polite but seemed unconvinced. "Very interesting," was his sole comment.

But a little later when Roger Hicks was staying with him again Gandhi said, "You remember the stories you told me about the Commissioner in the Frontier Province? Well, I have had the Chief Minister, Dr Khan Sahib, investigate them—and they are all true." They talked of the influence of Jardine, of Foss Westcott and of others, Indian and British, whose lives were different. Then Gandhi said, "Politics has become like a great game of chess. Both sides know the value of the pieces and the moves to make. But when men's motives and aims are changed, like these have been, the chessboard is upset and we can begin again. Tell the Viceroy from me that given this spirit and remembering all his wartime difficulties we could agree in half-an-hour."

Gandhi only lived to see a few months of his country's independence. But many of his fellow freedom fighters, who had been years in gaol, who had seen the change in Jardine and others, were the first to come to the MRA international conferences in Caux, Switzerland, after World War II. Among them were members of parliament and trade union leaders.

One such man was Raghunath Nimbkar, a founder member of the All-India Communist Party and one of

those imprisoned for his part in the Meerut Conspiracy, the attempt to blow up a British officer with a bomb. He went to Caux in 1946 with the backing of the Mahatma and Pandit Nehru who asked for a report.

Nimbkar, who was Labour Welfare Adviser to the Government during the war and Secretary of the Textile and Municipal Workers in Bombay, spoke from the platform at the conference. "A few years ago," he said, "I hated one and all, except the workers of the world. I hated the British imperialists bitterly. I wanted a classless society but would annihilate the capitalists to get it. I wanted the dictatorship of the proletariat.

"I have been very moved here to meet Britishers who admit their mistakes and have changed. Whatever the British governing class may have done to my country in the last 150 years I want to shake hands and say that when England and India work together it will be a great force for remaking the world."

Nimbkar, on behalf of the Indian delegation, invited a Moral Re-Armament force to India: "There is no other way to raise the standard of living in India but through the industrial teamwork which you have shown us here."

When he got back to India communal bitterness was increasing. Nimbkar said, "This communal situation plays into the hands of the enemies of India's freedom. MRA stands for a third way in such disputes."

Early in 1947 he was made chairman of a committee of inquiry into labour wages and conditions. In April 1948 he completed a report which was unanimously signed by workers' and employers' representatives although it recommended considerable sacrifice for the employers. Trade union leader B. K. Mukerjee, commenting on this

unanimity, said, "The force of Nimbkar's conviction changed everyone around him."

Until his death later that year Nimbkar, the Communist pioneer, worked to get Marxists and management to Caux as both, he felt, needed the power of the greater idea that had captured his life.

One result of these visits to Caux was the formation in 1952 of a national committee of 18 leaders to invite Dr Buchman to bring a Moral Re-Armament international force to India. "We are convinced," they wrote, "that the true hope for bringing lasting change in social and economic conditions and for bringing peace to the world lies in multiplying such practical results as we believe to have been achieved by MRA—the giving of a new incentive to industry, the change of heart of capitalist and Communist alike, the replacing of mistrust, bitterness and hate between individuals and groups with understanding and co-operation."

Some Indian papers called it the strongest national committee who ever jointly signed one document. Originally there were 24 names which included the Commander-in-Chief and the Finance Minister. But Prime Minister Nehru asked for six to be removed. "It would be unwise," he said. "It would be thought to be a government-sponsored invitation and many do not like the government."

Dr Buchman assembled a team of over 200 people from every continent. It included veteran leaders of European Communist parties who said they had found an ideology superior to the class war and capitalists from North America who had found an unselfish motive. It included the casts of four plays with ten tons of equipment. It also included some South Africans and South Koreans. This

worried the Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon, which was the starting point of a tour that included India and Pakistan. But Prime Minister Nehru got his Foreign Ministry to cable Colombo: "Admit immediately without question anyone Dr Buchman wishes."

Mr Nehru also personally saw to it that Jaipur House was made available as a centre for the MRA force in New Delhi. And it was in Jaipur House that Western nations paid tribute to Buchman's work. At a ceremony attended by the diplomatic corps, Dr Buchman was decorated by the German Minister with his Government's Grand Cross of the Order of Merit for his service to the post-war reconstruction of the country. It was a moving moment as the French Ambassador asked to speak, saluted his German colleague and underlined the new friendship that had been established between the two countries which had led to his country bestowing on Buchman the Legion of Honour.

For six months Dr Buchman and his team journeyed across India. In a New Year message to the nation, featured in the press, he said, "Before a God-led unity every last problem will be solved. Hands will be filled with work, stomachs with food and empty hearts with an ideology that really satisfies. That is what MRA is out for. It gives faith to the faithless but also helps men of faith to live so compellingly that cities and nations change. A nation which makes 'what's right' regnant in personal, industrial, political and national life will pioneer the next historic step of progress and destiny for all mankind."

To this day you meet people who have never forgotten that visit—people for whom it meant new life, new relationships in industry, new unity in the family, new

attitudes to servants, new love of country and, for some, a decision they have never gone back on to make the moral rearmament of the world the priority of their lives.

To many whom Buchman brought with him to India it also meant a commitment to use the rest of their lives for the world. To Peter Howard, the British journalist and author, the journey to India, according to his daughter Anne Wolrige Gordon, meant re-thinking every old idea he had ever held: "It was to affect his life and his writing for good. It made him increasingly aware of the need to answer the vast problems of continents." The expansion in his thinking led him to begin writing for the theatre. He had never attempted it before. He wrote his first play in 1953 and in the next twelve years fourteen more.

Buchman was invited to address both Houses of the Indian Parliament. Eleven Indian papers devoted special supplements to Moral Re-Armament. The one published by *The Hindu* was ten pages and was sent out in thousands of copies all over the world. President Rajendra Prasad received Dr Buchman and all 200 visitors in Rashtrapati Bhavan. The Speaker of the Lok Sabha, G. V. Mavalankar, said, "MRA is the old, the ancient way of the East. It has given our philosophy a new orientation and has given it wings."

The link with the Gandhi family was continued. Devadas, the Mahatma's son, was the editor of *The Hindustan Times*, which was one of the papers that produced a special supplement. He said, "If MRA fails the world fails. But it will not fail because it is of God." Manilal, another son, editor of *Indian Opinion*, the paper his father founded in South Africa, sent a contribution to the

special supplement in *The Hindusthan Standard*. He called MRA "a new dimension of racial unity".

In the succeeding years many Indians came, by special charter or individually, to the Caux conferences. MRA films were shown to thousands in India. Many plays toured the country: a Japanese production, *The Tiger*, a German coalminers' play, *Hope*, international musicals like *The Vanishing Island* and *Space is So Startling*. Sending off a young Australian cast to help with this work the Foreign Minister (now Governor General Sir Paul Hasluck) said, "I would not expect you to send a shipload of wheat to India. That is the Government's job. What you can do and we cannot always do is to add the human touch, the meeting of hearts and minds."

One young Indian who spent a number of years with Moral Re-Armament on different continents was the son of Devadas and grandson of the Mahatma, Rajmohan Gandhi. With his return the work of Moral Re-Armament in India entered a new phase.

Rajmohan Gandhi, graduate of St Stephen's College, Delhi, was sent by his editor father to Britain for training in journalism on *The Scotsman*. His father asked Dr Buchman to find a family who lived Moral Re-Armament with whom his son could stay. The care given by this Edinburgh family, their commitment of time, money and skill, made a profound impression on the young Indian. He decided that he too would try to live by the ideas they lived.

In his own words he describes it like this: "I first decided to change when I was 21. For me change meant contrasting my life with the absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. It meant returning money to the Delhi Transport Undertaking for travelling on its

buses without tickets. It meant apologising to a friend for jealousy because he was successful and popular. It meant writing to my old school principal to seek forgiveness for cheating in an examination. It meant becoming completely honest with my parents about how I had spent my time and the money they gave me.

"It meant a decrease in my interest in myself and an increase in my concern for others. Every morning it means for me a time of quiet during which my conscience, or the inner voice, or God's voice, can clarify my motives and help me see where I need to change and show me how I can change others."

To young Gandhi these steps were imperative if he wanted to have the authority to battle for the vision he had of "a clean, strong and united India". So were the experiences he had gained in bringing MRA to bear in troubled areas of North and South America, Europe and Asia, and the training he had been given by Frank Buchman and Peter Howard. All was a preparation for that day in August 1958 when his father died and he returned to take up his work for India.

With his ability and name many places were open to him. His other grandfather too, C. Rajagopalachari, was a revered figure in the land. Well-meaning friends put pressure on Gandhi: he could be an editor, he could be an MP, he was needed.

Rajmohan drew on his grandfather's experience. "When Mahatma Gandhi came back from South Africa to this country as a lawyer," he told the press, "his family urged him to continue his legal practice. Instead he put aside his private plans in order to free the country. Now there is a bigger job than freeing one country. The job is to save the whole world from dictatorship, corruption

and war. I am going to put MRA in first place."

"The fact that my grandfather was a great man," he says, "does not make me a good man." He is impatient with those who use the Gandhi name to promote un-Gandhian causes. He said recently, "A Soviet writer has said that Gandhi owed some inspiration to Lenin. This is about as accurate as stating that Lenin drew his inspiration from the Buddha, Mohammed and St Paul." On Gandhi Centenary Day he commented, "In our foolish and selfishly motivated idolatry we are making Gandhi coins and Gandhi currency notes. These will merely add colour to our corrupt monetary dealings. He used to say, 'Make God your Guru'. If we did that instead of each one insisting on his being accepted as guru or his factional leader being accepted as guru we would yet see a transformed India."

On his return to India Rajmohan Gandhi conferred with fellow revolutionaries, men who had taken up the same task as a result of Buchman's visit in 1953. Men like Rajendra Dass Mathur from Delhi, who was founder and first president of the United Nations Students' Association of India; Madras businessman V. C. Viswanathan, who had been president of the 26,000 students of Madras University; and R. M. Lala, who was running a successful Indian publishing house in London. He talked too with Niketu Iralu of the Naga people. They thought back to the Mahatma's freedom struggle.

On March 7, 1930, Mahatma Gandhi with a team of 72 passive resistance volunteers had set out on a 200-mile march from Ahmedabad to the sea to make salt, a necessity of life "given by God but taxed by the British". For 24 days the world awaited the outcome of their challenge to British law on Dandi beach. Subhas Chandra

Bose compared it to "Napoleon's march to Paris after his return from Elba". In far off France salt shakers were even fashioned in the shape of the Mahatma ("Pass me the Gandhi," people would say). The march united the nation, interested the world and served notice on the British to quit. Mahatma Gandhi's biographer, Louis Fischer, says it was the turning point in the struggle for independence.

Why not, thought Rajmohan and his colleagues, "a march on wheels" across the nation? They had Rs 12 in their pockets. But they were confident that where God guided He would provide.

So on October 2, 1963, 28-year-old Rajmohan Gandhi set out from Cape Comorin, India's southern tip where the ashes of the Mahatma had been scattered to the waves, with 70 men and women on a 4,500-mile journey to India's capital.

This "march", too, caught the attention of the world's press. The Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* had the headline: "A Gandhi marches again—the Mahatma's grandson has a modern mission." The New York *World Telegram and Sun* wrote, "Last week a second Gandhi burst upon the Indian scene, polarising public demand for a strong and united nation."

A hundred thousand people lined the streets of Trivandrum to send off the cavalcade across the sub-continent. In Coimbatore they were met by a crowd of 160,000. Marching through 30 cities and towns, riding between each one, the band of volunteers from India and ten other nations took seven weeks to reach Delhi—across the backwater paddies of Kerala, the hot arid plains of Orissa, and, where roads were flooded, taking to the railway. Everywhere villages turned out to greet the

marchers. People flocked into halls, fields and any open space to hear proclaimed a new road for India. Sometimes there would be two or three meetings going on at the same time and men like Conrad Hunte, who was then Vice Captain of the West Indies Cricket team, and others from different countries would have to rush from meeting to meeting to speak.

Assemblies of 5,000, 10,000, 20,000 were normal in every city they touched. They were housed and fed by people along the route who also filled their vehicles with petrol. Factory workers made collections, women contributed bangles, students their fountain pens, hundreds their rupees. Meetings were held in more than 50 colleges. The masses responded eagerly to the thought of a national clean-up. "The masses of India are my team," said Gandhi. He saw his limitations of money and personnel as the opportunity for the inclusion and growth of other people. He had no resources to draw on, simply clarity on the India that had to be built.

His words were often blunt. In Benares he spoke at the university: "For God's sake stop this incessant reference to our culture and instead of that produce in Benares a thousand men and women today who live straight. People come to Benares and take a dip in the Ganges river. I want India to take a dip, not in the Ganges, but in some solution that will clean up India. I want India to be bathed in honesty and purity. Let us end this hypocrisy, humbug and sham and understand true morality."

The enthusiasm generated by the march was translated into action. College and school students in Delhi took practical steps to clean up their own lives first. They returned stolen books to libraries, articles to shops and were honest with teachers and professors about cheating

in exams. They wrote a play dramatising their new determination. In Bombay over 200 students organised a rally against corruption and division on Chowpatty Sands. 75,000 attended and heard 43 of the students speak of their decision to become responsible. Gandhi told the crowd, "We are determined to raise up a force of people, intelligent young men and women who will live straight, who will not be corrupted by money or power, who can lead this nation. This can be done sooner than people think." With speed the ideas spread to Poona, Hyderabad, Bangalore. With costly yet simple acts of restitution, with plays, meetings and rallies, the students proclaimed their decision to shoulder this new Indian revolution.

In Madras, citizens read one morning in their daily papers that 52 students had marched in a body to the offices of the Southern Railway to refund money they owed for "ticketless travel". In an accompanying letter which went to the General Manager and to the Director of State Transport, they wrote, "Unless we put an end to these small mistakes we cannot put an end to unemployment, poverty and corruption in our nation." 133 students from 28 colleges and schools produced a play, *Down with Cynicism!* They organised a rally of 20,000 on Triplicane Beach and carried huge banners proclaiming "War on corruption", "Kick out materialism", "Banish immorality".

Students all over India contributed to a handbook sold in thousands, *Wanted: a national clean-up*. Headlines in the press reflected what was happening: "Reformation in a flood" (*Sunday Standard*), "We will abolish bribery—students pledge" (*Swadesamitran*), "Youth declares war on corruption" (*Indian Express*), "Politicians must change

or step aside" (*Hindusthan Standard*). The President of India, Dr S. Radhakrishnan, received some of the students. "Do you want a revolutionary country?" he asked. "Then it must be a true revolution. The only way to regenerate India is to change people. That is Moral Re-Armament." The Chief Justice, who also met them, added, "I have not before met youth like you who think seriously about the nation's problems and are doing something about them."

It was in Patna as the "march on wheels" passed through that a student leader said, "It is not fair that you arouse our hopes and then disappear. We need further training. You must have a student camp." On the spot Gandhi announced a camp for that summer.

In the following years more than 4,000 young people were trained at 10 camps in different parts of India. And Gandhi himself spoke at more than 500 colleges and educational institutions. The invitation to one camp at Panchgani in Maharashtra in May 1964 read: "The purpose of this camp is to raise a new leadership for India. The aim is to produce an army of young men and women who are dedicated fighters for a new world. College and school students will be trained in patriotism and the art and skills of revolutionising the character of individuals and nations." That invitation to Panchgani was to have large consequences for Gandhi's work. For on the initiative of citizens of the municipality the idea was launched to make Panchgani a centre of Moral Re-Armament for the world.

Reviewing these developments Pandit Nehru told Peter Howard that Rajmohan Gandhi had achieved a contact with the youth of India which Indian leaders and cabinet ministers had lost over the previous five years.

But it was not just the youth who saw the significance of what Gandhi and his colleagues were out for, the creation not of another political party but a national revolutionary movement for men of all parties and of no party. Businessmen, trade unionists, professional men—some of whom had first been challenged by Dr Buchman—rallied to his standard. K. M. Cherian, distinguished Kerala editor, said, "I fought with your grandfather for freedom. Count on me in the struggle to save that freedom." A national weekly, *Himmat*, was started. Money was raised to buy whole pages in newspapers to take the ideas to the country.

Sibnath Banerji, the veteran labour leader who walked in Lenin's funeral procession in 1924, said, "Moral Re-Armament is not something that comes from West to East or East to West but it goes from man to man. This work of changing man—which I did not believe possible yesterday—is more important to me today than any other work."

C. Rajagopalachari had watched these events with growing interest. He wrote in *Swarajya* in December 1967: "Now amidst a world of murderous armaments vying with one another there is a movement which depends on and aims at arming men with spiritual strength through purity of mind and honesty in all action. This movement is christened Moral Re-Armament. It has fallen to the charge of Gandhiji's grandson, Rajmohan Gandhi, who happens also to be my grandson. He has completely dedicated himself to the task and seeks to wake up India, the 500-million giant who sleeps—to wake him up to hard work and honesty.

"May this work be blessed by the God of all nations. If he succeeds, India will triumph in spite of all the odds

against her, the involutions and complications of our economy, our difficult external politics and the corruptions in our national life. They will all dissolve like mist before the sun."

7 PASSION TO WORK AND LEARN AND BUILD

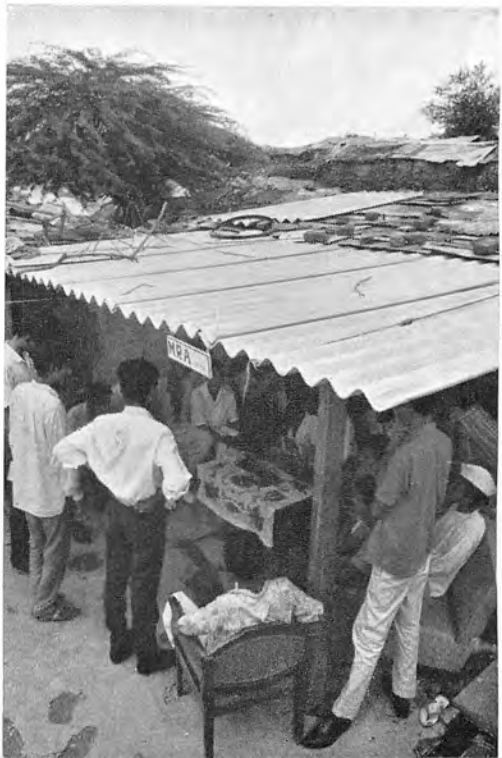
A FRAMED CARTOON hangs in the engineers' office at Asia Plateau, Panchgani. It is a favourite of the workers on the site. Two men are each building a wall. One wall is uneven, unsafe and unfinished. The other is tall, straight and well-advanced. The first mason is unshaven and untidy, the second is alert and neat. A visitor is asking them what they are doing. The caption is in Marathi. The first man replies, "I am building a wall." The second says, "I am thinking of my people's future and working for that."

At a recent gathering of the workers on the site their spokesman said, "These buildings are the most important in the world. The sooner we make them, the sooner the world will change."

This cartoon and these words capture something of the standards and of the spirit which are going into the construction of the new Moral Re-Armament training centre.

167 miles from Bombay and 55 miles as the crow flies from the Indian Ocean, Asia Plateau lies 4,300 feet up in the tableland of Maharashtra. From these hills descended the Indian warrior Shivaji for strikes against the Moghuls and the British. To these hills in latter days went the British to enjoy the cool climate and fresh breezes. When Mahatma Gandhi stayed in Panchgani 30 years ago he predicted that some day a new message would go

Maharashtra
Farmer brothers achieve five year plans in three
"Ending their tug-of-war"
Page 103



Delhi
The MRA Office in the largest Harijan colony
"Given a dignity and a destiny" *Page* 15

Madras 1964. Youth address a rally of 20,000 people on Triplicane Beach.
"Declaring war on corruption" *Page* 76

Rome 1967. His Holiness the Pope receives *India Arise*
"May your efforts bear much fruit" *Page* 121

out from this town to the world.

In 1965 the hillside now known as Asia Plateau had little to recommend it to those who wished to establish a centre except a glorious view down to the Krishna Valley with the Western Ghats behind and the demand for such a centre from the people of the area. There was no building, no road, no electricity, no water. The land had lain uncultivated for more than 50 years. A few goats grazed on the hillside.

Today, visitors, and they come hundreds a week—by chance as well as by design—climb the valley, turn the brow of the hill and catch sight of the impressive buildings rising from terraced gardens, paved pathways and roads framed in tall trees. Those arriving at night see the stretch of buildings with lights playing on the curtains at the windows and the star-filled sky above. "A beacon of hope", *The Sunday Standard* called it.

There is an Urdu proverb, "Where men strive God comes to their aid." Those who have built Asia Plateau had nothing to go on, no bank balance, but faith in the guidance God had given them that this was the right place. Little did some of the young men and women who attended the first MRA training camp in Panchgani township in 1964 think that only eight years later they would be in charge of the different activities in a world conference centre. But that is what has happened.

After that first camp 11 Panchgani dignitaries approached Rajmohan Gandhi. Much like the Patna student leader they said, "You can't just go away after 15 days." And Gandhi replied, "You give us the land, we'll give you a centre." They took Gandhi to the site which is now Asia Plateau.

In 1967 the first work camp on the new site was set up.

There was just one building—a garden shed—reserved for VIPs where three were allowed to sleep on the floor once a cobra had been removed! Water had to be brought in by bucket. Now, there is accommodation for 250 people—with hot and cold running water. Then, a sheet strung between two bamboo poles served as a screen for filmshows. This year, they will take place in one of the most modern auditoriums in the country. Then, there was but one tree on the hillside. Now, 6,000 of them have been planted and some of them rise 40 feet high. There will be a 16-foot border of many coloured bougainvillea stretching from the main gate to the main buildings. Inside will be lawns, trees and shrubs.

First to work on the new site were teams of students from all over India who began the "bunding", the levelling of the land in terraces. One said, "It is the first time in my life I have felt the value of hard work, the dignity of labour and the value of earning my keep." Soon engineers from India and other parts of the world were enlisted to supervise what is now a Rs 50-lakh project. Years before Naxalites thought of giving up their education for a revolutionary purpose, even forfeiting the chance of degrees and sometimes doing work which they previously considered beneath their dignity, young Indian men and women had decided to do just that: Ragothaman from Loyola College, Madras, who is in charge of the staff, Anil Kumar from Delhi University who was offered a Rs 900 job elsewhere, Cedric Daniels from St Peter's School, Panchgani, who is grappling with the problems of maintenance, and Farida Rawalpindiwalla who came from Poona to look after the accounts.

A journalist from a Poona daily wrote in January 1968, "I could see work going on at a feverish pitch. For all

of them it is not just a day's work. There is a sense of participation in an immense historic act ushering in a silent revolution that is gripping their thoughts all the time."

For four years the building programme has given continuous employment to 150 people. Many have worked on all three main buildings. A precedent has been set of providing work through the monsoons when it is traditional to suspend building for three months.

The craftsmen trained at Asia Plateau are in great demand. Men who have worked on the site receive certificates. These are a passport to good wages in the district. Rajaram, who began work as a mason and is now a trained plasterer, comes up to work from his village in the valley 1,500 feet below. He says, "I want to do perfect work. The more difficult it is the bigger the challenge and the more I like it."

No bulldozers, compressors, drills or modern machinery, except, if you could call it that, an antiquated cement mixer which the gypsies lug laboriously up the hill—are used. This is a deliberate policy to provide more work for people in the area. It is the sweat of donkeyman and mali, of mason and engineer that is building the centre. Hundreds of tons of earth—132,000 cubic feet for the auditorium alone—have been shifted, largely by hand, carried on the head by women and transported by teams of donkeys. All building rubble has been used to reclaim land or to stop soil erosion. The standard of maintenance is very high. The Executive Engineer for Building in Maharashtra was passing the gates one day. He stopped. It was the fact that after three years the buildings looked like new that brought him inside.

Sacrificial giving is, and will continue to be, the hall-

mark of Asia Plateau. Raghunath Prasad is one of the pioneer aeronautical engineers of India. Recently when he retired as Director of Air Safety for the nation he got many attractive offers of employment. But he and his wife Santosh preferred to give their services to the creation of this centre.

Gordon Brown, Australian architect, has designed the buildings as his contribution. His work could be valued at Rs 2 lakhs. He has come six times to India at his own expense. S. M. Bilaney and Company, senior construction consultants from Bombay, offered to be the consulting engineers on the same basis. Then a construction firm in north India loaned two of their best engineers, R. L. Shahi and Mahesh Bhatnagar, to be Chief Engineer and Assistant. Bhatnagar, recently married, gives a sixth of his salary to the centre and wants to stay on to supervise the maintenance in the years to come.

Supporting the Indian engineers are professional men from other countries—engineers and architects from London, Birmingham and Glasgow, an electronics expert who left his job with the Canadian Pacific Railways, a civil engineer who was Chairman of the Public Services Association in Wellington, New Zealand, a carpenter from Melbourne who was on the national executive of his trade union and whose wife, an expert seamstress, is preparing curtains. Oldest is Edmund Rutter, 61-year-old man of many skills from the north of England. Foreman in a factory, he put aside his pension and privileges after 30 years to work 18 hours a day training Indian mechanics in standards of workmanship.

Many gifts in kind come to the centre. One firm has given all the paint for the buildings under construction and for the repainting of the earlier ones at considerable

reduction. A third of the foam seating requirements for the auditorium has been given by another company whose chairman added his own personal donation of Rs 3,000. 20% is taken off every sack of cement—15,000 sacks. Frederik Philips, Chairman of Philips Electrical Industries, has presented the centre with two to three lakhs worth of electrical equipment including a six-channel translating system.

Every spade turned, every brick laid represents not only the sweat and skill of those working on the site but behind it the participation of more than 32,000 people from all over India and the world. In Panchgani town a shopkeeper, a headmistress and a reporter are among those who contribute. A hundred children walk eight miles from their village to bring a gift of rice. Harijans in Calcutta collect Rs 71. An Indian businessman sends a bank warrant from Liberia. A Poona widow, Mrs Indumati Kirtane, gives part of her capital. She says, "This is the most worthwhile investment I can make."

An Australian cabinet minister sends a personal cheque, the niece of Le Corbusier sends the proceeds from the sale of one of his paintings, and a Danish businessman from the sale of his boat. A German businessman leaves a legacy, a Swiss lady contributes her Christmas money. An Oxford don sends his rise in pay and ex-officers of the Indian Army and Civil Service in Britain their five and ten pounds. British farmers promise £2,500.

All ages have a part in financing this advance of Moral Re-Armament in India and there are many imaginative ideas for raising money. A Welsh girl, Vanessa Clark, sells her pony for £70 and then writes to her favourite authors—Agatha Christie, Morris West, Elizabeth Goudge and Daphne du Maurier—telling them of her

decision and asking them to give too. They do so. Seven school children in New Zealand organise a fair. It raises $100. They all send letters with the money. Russell writes, "Do you have any stories about how your cause has reformed dishonest citizens? I would be very pleased to hear any you have. I am ten years old with only one brother. He can be very annoying, but he is always a help. We have had disagreements but they have been settled."

A medical clinic is open each day for the workers with a trained nurse and doctor. Treatment for adults is 25 paise, for children 10 paise. Milk powder, a gift from Switzerland, is distributed to them. From many countries have come clothes as the workers and their families do not find the cool Panchgani climate easy. Children of the workers help with the vegetables and are given lunch in return.

Jayashree Sonalkar, daughter of a businessman from Poona, noticed that the children of the workers had nothing to do while their parents worked. She was one of the first to come to live at the centre, having attended the first Panchgani camp. She decided to set up a school, which children from five months to thirteen years, from eight surrounding villages, were soon attending, squatting on the ground before a large blackboard. They learned to count, recite the alphabet, sing and play games. Classes were conducted in Kannada, Marathi and Hindi. They learned from Jayashree and her friends the importance of listening daily to the inner voice—and they concluded that God was not in favour of fighting!

Asia Plateau now extends over 28 acres. Dozens of different owners, some of them absentee, had to be contacted when the idea first came to buy land for the centre.

But the biggest problem was water. Water diviners were called in and possible sources pin-pointed. Work began on wells. There are now three in operation. One of them is 70 feet deep, 16 feet in diameter and took 30 men and women a hundred days to build. Water from the wells makes possible the farm which was started at the same time. It supplies the cattle and the poultry and irrigates terraces of Gajraj grass, as well as the rice which has now been harvested four times. Gajraj, a nutritious hybrid grass developed in India, had not been used in the area before, but flourishes and is providing feed for the cattle.

Friends advised that fencing was one of the greatest needs to prevent streams of buffaloes and goats crossing and destroying what was planted. Concrete posts, designed and built at the centre, ring the fields.

A Jersey herd is the pride of the area. From the original stock of seven cows and one bull given by Australians, fifteen healthy calves have been successfully reared. Eight bulls have so far been sold. The Maharashtra State Agricultural Department, which takes a close interest in the farm, has purchased four to assist in their programme of grading Indian dairy cattle. The head cowman, Gadke, used to be water carrier. He learned to look after the pedigree cows which local people said would never survive.

A poultry unit has been set up to inspire local farmers. This is to show how high protein food can be provided for their families while they supplement their income at the same time.

In 1968/69 the farm produced 4,000 litres of milk and 90,000 eggs. The following year the figure was 17,000 litres and 108,000 eggs. Milk production per cow is 400% better than anywhere else for miles and, a local person

comments, "It is milk without water added". The milk and eggs are sold to schools in the area as well as supplying the conferences.

John Porteous, a New Zealand farmer who left his farm in the care of someone else in order to help at Asia Plateau, says, "Agriculture must ensure that every man, woman and child on earth is adequately nourished in body, mind and spirit. It is towards this giant task that we at Asia Plateau have dedicated our lives. India can be fed. Her supple hands, soiled with the dignity of labour, will provide an abundance of food and wealth for mankind."

The gardens are an attraction for miles around—and a practical help for the centre. The whole property will be surrounded by tall, straight silver oaks—there is already a nursery of 3,000 seedlings.

Forty thousand stones of red rock were quarried out of what is now the orchard. Each piece, worth one rupee, with hours of work has been skilfully shaped and used in the retaining walls. Excavation has unearthed sufficient quantities of black stone to build the maintenance workshops.

Twenty-one varieties of fruit tree, some a gift from Chandigarh, have been planted. Five are already bearing fruit. Growing in the grounds you can see oranges, lemons, grapefruit, pomelo, jackfruit, guavas, chiku, loquat, pomegranates, sweet limes, papayas, passion fruit and bananas. Avocados have come from Ceylon, tree tomatoes from New Zealand, roses and apple trees from France.

Several kilos of strawberry jam are produced daily during the season. Hundreds of kilos of tomatoes have gone to feed delegates to the centre as well as tons of pota-

toes. Also cauliflower, onions, beans, peas and spinach.

Devraj is a mali, or gardener. He does not need to work as he has a property of his own. But he does so and in addition gives Rs 3 a month from his wages. One worker at the centre, watching what was done, decided to plant vegetables and flowering trees in his own garden. Now his wife always keeps a vase of flowers in his room!

The most recent phase of construction, just completed, includes a fully equipped auditorium with translating system wired into each seat; a small cinema; dining rooms and lounges; a cafeteria; Asian and international kitchens; workshops; and storage space, plus a water tank to hold 100,000 gallons collected on the roof during the rains.

Sushobha Barve, in charge of the new kitchens, was also one of those who attended the first training camps. She supervised the layout of kitchens which will be equipped to provide 450 meals at any given moment.

Canadians have pledged £25,000 for a dining room in honour of Mrs Matthew Manson, from Montreal, who died in Poona while working with Moral Re-Armament. A Norwegian lady has sent money for a drinking fountain. Gifts in kind range from reindeer horn salt cellars from Lappland, Ceylonese tablemats, a Japanese dinner set and a bronze set of cutlery from Thailand to 23 volumes of Walter Scott and an airmail subscription to *The Times*.

The total cost of the new auditorium is Rs 22,50,000 (£125,000). Divided by the number of seats, 450, this works out at Rs 5,000 (£280) each. A hundred people in India and many from overseas decided to be responsible for one or more "seats". Panchgani citizens pledged one, so did a student at an Institute of Technology. An Indian friend has given one in honour of Dr David Watson, who served

in the Indian Army Medical Corps. Many are taking "seats" in this way to honour family or friends of India.

The first seat promised was from South Africa. A world bank expert working in Pakistan gave two seats, as did Gordon Brown, the architect. Four seats are promised from the United States of America, twenty from Glasgow. Teachers in Denmark, children in Stockholm, a leader of the Indian community in Birmingham, a Canadian jeweller, an engineer in Kiruna—the list is diverse.

Anasuya and Vijaymala Paithankar are sisters from the village of Diganchi in Maharashtra. Vijaymala relates how she raises money from village folk who come to Asia Plateau and see what is being done there.

"When I first heard about how much money was to be raised for a seat I thought it beyond human power. My father earns Rs 200 a month to support seven of us and the amount for a seat represents two years of my father's salary. But as I thought about it I had the conviction that my state would make a shining contribution to the building of this centre which is located here. And so I took on with my sister to raise the money for the seat. Among those who have contributed to it is the local sweeper, a mechanic, a driver and many among the village folk who come and see what is being done at Panchgani."

One Bombay high school girl, Rupa Chinai, took 42 of her classmates on a week's visit to Panchgani. There she decided to find, with their help, ten people who would each give one seat to the theatre. She booked her first within 24 hours of that decision.

The Germans have given a seat in memory of Prince Richard of Hesse who died three years ago. For more than 40 years Prince Richard was a personal friend of Dr Frank Buchman.

Some months back one of India's leading industrialists, S. L. Kirloskar, landed his four-seater plane on the plateau above the centre. Local school children, to whom this was a novelty, came to greet the plane. Local cattle, uninvited, wandered across the landing-strip.

Mr Kirloskar inspected the building site and the gardens. He and his wife had been on their honeymoon in Panchgani 30 years before. He said, "I have known this place when nothing grew for many years, but you have wrestled with the soil and made it fertile. It shows what can be done when men decide to do it." He announced that he would present to Asia Plateau a 160-kilowatt generator.

Centre-piece of the newest building at Asia Plateau is the circular dining room built to the memory of Daw Nyein Tha of Burma—one of the pioneers of Moral Re-Armament in Asia. Daw Nyein Tha, affectionately known to thousands as Ma Mi, of whom Mahatma Gandhi once said "I fell in love with her", who broadcast with her Prime Minister to Burma on its first national day, died of cancer at Asia Plateau in March 1969. She is buried in a cemetery just above the town.

A few days before her death she called in her friends. She spoke of Frank Buchman's visit in 1915 to Mahatma Gandhi in India and Baron Shibusawa in Japan and how the children and grandchildren of these founders of their nations had worked with him. How Sun Yat Sen of China had said of Buchman, "He was the only man who told me the truth about myself," and how she felt Asia's hope now was "to give God's ideology to one another and together to give it to China."

She spoke of Dr Catherine Woo and Dr Thio Chan Bee, noted educators from Hong Kong and Singapore,

of Surya and Nelun Sena, distinguished musicians from Ceylon, who had been pioneers with her alongside Dr Buchman—all had recently been at Asia Plateau. Of Takasumi and Hideko Mitsui from Japan, whose commitment since the pre-war years had helped set Japan on the course that won friendship with her former enemies. Of the men and women who were needed today and would in the same way stand shoulder to shoulder accepting God's commission for remaking men and nations for life.

Summoning all her strength she said, and repeated several times, "This is where God has sent me. This is the beginning of the next phase in God's continuing strategy for Asia. Panchgani is its heartbeat."

Inspired by what he had seen at Asia Plateau, British playwright Alan Thornhill said, "Out of the stone and rock are springing flowers and fruit, food and buildings. Out of the stone and rock of human nature are springing miracles of hope and solutions."

8 HOPE FOR EVERY MAN ON EARTH

SEVEN THOUSAND slogan-shouting students were moving through the streets of New Delhi. Suddenly their leaders came face to face with a British officer on a motor cycle backed by four lorry loads of police. The officer ordered them to halt. "We are just expressing our desire for freedom," answered a student. "I am not interested in all your nonsense. I will give you ten minutes in which to disperse. After that I will not answer for the consequences." The organisers conferred. They decided to continue. The police opened fire and students lay dead on the streets.

The student who had answered the policeman was Rajendra Dass Mathur. He had thrown himself into the freedom struggle through love of his people. Now this was replaced by the desire for revenge.

Today Mathur burns even more strongly against injustice but his hatred is gone. "I love my country more than ever," he says, "and long to see every Indian find justice and equality and the best possible way of life. But I know that can only happen if I see the needs of the world as a whole and if I love other nations as much as mine."

It is appropriate that he should be the Director of Asia Plateau, Panchgani. For men and women from all over the country and from every continent are turning to Asia Plateau for an answer to the hatreds that are making

nonsense of the freedom that men like Mathur fought to attain.

Mathur and his wife and two children, Sunil and Nikhil, live just inside the gates of Asia Plateau. He says, "This is the next step in the independence struggle, to lay solid foundations so that freedom is preserved in India and multiplied abroad. What is going to be the future of Asia when the dust of blame of the West or of somebody else for all that has been wrong here has finally settled down? Are the tears really going to be wiped from every eye? Will all the people of Asia walk as free and purposeful men and women? These are questions in many hearts. The answer to them is a bold 'yes', and the process has already begun. In the midst of the rumbling of guns and the racial divisions in many Asian nations and of the mounting violence in India a new voice of sanity is rising from Panchgani."

On January 20, 1968, 3,500 gaily dressed men, women and children assembled at the entrance to Asia Plateau. Some had walked ten miles from villages in the valley below. They joined 400 delegates from every continent. At 11 am Roland Wilson, a pioneer of Moral Re-Armament from Britain, was invited to open the main gates, the national anthem was sung and the crowd surged through.

Messages were received on this occasion from the President and Vice President of Cyprus, the Prime Ministers of Cambodia, Thailand and New Zealand, the Foreign Ministers of Australia and France, the Deputy Prime Minister of Ceylon, 15 Norwegian MPs, the Secretary-General of the Arab League, Abdul Khalek Hassouna, Princess Beatrix and Prince Claus of the Netherlands, and many others from around the world.

"There is one task," said Roland Wilson at the opening ceremony, "which is big enough to make partnership between East and West, class and class, race and race, colour and colour, generation and generation, normal and natural. This is the task of jointly putting the world on a new course."

This is the task which in the succeeding years has brought delegates from all parts of India and the world to Asia Plateau—to 16 different conferences with themes like "Better than violence", "Turning enemies into friends", "Continents in partnership", "For people who care", "When nations are in trouble what can students do?" and "Gateway to a new age".

French and English speaking representatives with Canadian Indians have flown from Canada, trade unionists and businessmen from Europe, Tamil and Sinhala from Ceylon. Black, white and brown have come from different parts of Africa, Negro and white from the United States of America and the Caribbean. Also ambassadors from Delhi and delegations sent by the Dalai Lama. Thirty-six nations have been represented.

Men like Paul Lapun, a Member of the Papua New Guinea House of Assembly representing South Bougainville, have come together with Australians to plan for the Territory's independence. "Australia and Papua New Guinea badly need MRA before they come to the stage where they shed one another's blood," he said, delivering an invitation to an international MRA force to visit his country.

It was at Asia Plateau that Lapun revealed how a bitter copper mining dispute in Bougainville had been solved. In August 1969 the multi-million pound New Guinea mining project being developed by the Australian Con-

zinc Rio Tinto (CRA) ran into angry opposition from the native people of Bougainville. Tear gas and batons were used in clashes between the people and the Administration over the compulsory purchase of land. Through guidance from God, he said, he was able to make a direct approach to the company and to the Australian Government and satisfy his own people in a way that produced agreement.

"God put the copper in the ground and He must have the right plan to get it out," was Lapun's philosophy. It took him to the Prime Minister of Australia and to the Chairman of CRA instead of to the High Court to seek an injunction. It led him to show MRA films at crucial moments in the negotiations. *Mining Magazine* of November 1969 wrote, "Improbable as it may seem, the crisis was resolved in substantial part by the showing of a film produced by the Moral Re-Armament organisation." And *The Australian* commented editorially, "The inference is bound to be drawn that CRA and MRA were capable of finding out and providing what the landowners wanted where the Administration either could not or would not."

Leaders of different racial communities have come and found a basis of unity. One delegation from Malaysia included Malay and Chinese leaders, among them Auditor General Mohamed Zain bin Ahmad, Tan Sri Syed Ja' afar Albar, MP, former Secretary-General of the United Malay National Organisation, and Kam Woon Wah, Secretary General of the Malay Chinese Association.

A further delegation of six, representing the Chinese, Malay and Indian communities, came to Asia Plateau later. It included Bernard Lu, Political Secretary to the National President of the Malay Chinese Association,

and Tuan Syed Nasir bin Syed Ismail, Executive Member of the United Malay National Organisation.

Indians, too, from all over the sub-continent regard Asia Plateau as their home: the student from Tamil Nadu and the Khasi politician, the scientist from Haryana and the editor from Kerala, the labour leader from Bengal and the sweeper from Delhi. Over a hundred have come there from the North East—Khasis, Mizos, Garos, Nagas, Manipuris, Cacharis and Assamese. One Mizo lady said, "I thought of myself as a Mizo. After coming to Panchgani I have learnt to call myself an Indian." A Garo said, "I was seeking a doctor who could give us the best medicine for bitterness and hatred. I have found this doctor in Panchgani." The Mayor of Delhi, Hans Raj Gupta, opened one conference. He said, "MRA is out to make us real men—not men who tread on each others' toes, pull each others' legs, make wry faces at each other. It is out to make life worth living for us all."

Sakal, the leading Marathi language paper in the State of Maharashtra, carried this story on August 22, 1971: "This happened in a school in Panchgani. One day a student went to the headmaster and returned some books he had stolen from a travelling library and apologised for what he had done. At first the principal was angry but then he forgave the boy.

"This boy had attended a conference at Asia Plateau Moral Re-Armament Centre. He had met students from other parts of India. He thought, if all the other students in India are just like me, what kind of future would our country have? He realised too that when you begin with yourself you are able to help others put right what is wrong in their lives. This made him return the stolen books to the library.

"Next day the headmaster, speaking to his pupils at Assembly, said how proud he was of this student. After the Assembly 30 other students returned to the headmaster books which they had stolen.

"This happened because of just one boy who decided to live the standards of Moral Re-Armament in his own life."

A delegation of 15 students and professors from Haryana Agricultural University in Hissar, heart of the Green Revolution, attended one conference. They were sent by the Vice Chancellor, A. L. Fletcher, who postponed examinations to make it possible. Later he sent a further delegation. He wants his students to be in demand for outstanding character, dedication and service as well as for academic qualifications. On arrival the university delegations soon realised that if they wanted to change India they would have to start with themselves. They began to work together. A student said he had threatened to stab a lecturer for reporting his misconduct. He decided to apologise. A member of the staff said, "I have decided to stop shouting and losing my temper. I am weak myself but very much intolerant towards the weaknesses of others."

They put things right at college and at home. Dr F. C. Malhotra, Professor of Veterinary Pathology, said, "I was worried about my 11-year-old son. He was spoilt so I was harsh with him. After coming to Panchgani I have written him telling him about the wrongs I have done and asking if we could make a new start." One student decided to return all the pens he had stolen from his friends. Another said, "I have been responsible for wasting the energy of my friends through boycotting exams and defying lecturers—often because I had not prepared enough for the exams myself. We in Haryana

can now be as responsible for the revolution of MRA as for the Green Revolution."

The son of a landowner told the conference how he had extorted money from peasant farmers on interest-free loans given by his father. "I shall return all the money taken from the poor farmers," he said. He also described how he had lost Rs 400 given him to buy winter clothes through gambling. He decided to stop and tell his father the truth.

The students and professors prepared a report of their experiences at Asia Plateau and afterwards. It was sent to the local schools and factories, signed by Padmashree Charanjit Singh, Captain of India's 1964 gold medal winning Olympic hockey team, who led the first delegation to Asia Plateau. It stated, "After a visit to Panchgani crooked became straight, the spirit of fellow feeling and care for others starts running in hearts and one thinks, drinks and breathes good. What years of efforts and advice failed to do, the MRA conference achieved in a matter of days."

The General Manager of the DCM textile mills in Hissar read the report. As a result a combined management-labour delegation went to Asia Plateau. They spoke there of the need to answer violence in their factory where a few months before there had been clashes, the police had opened fire and a worker had been killed.

"Class hatred between labour and management must end if the country is going to progress and prosper," said R. K. Goel, assistant spinning master, who headed the delegation. Badri Prashad, a fitter, spoke after a few days of the answer he had found to bitterness. "I used to work with iron and steel," he said. "My heart was like iron. I hated a colleague of mine very much. He and I worked

in the same place. He was promoted and I was not. This was not his fault. I had resentment against him but now I have apologised and we are friends again." Nathi Lal, the joint secretary of the local INTUC[1] union, who had planned to resign because of his disagreement with the general secretary, started working with him again. He said, "I have written letters here I thought I would never write. We will work hard to answer the violence which is growing in our area."

Now professors and students from the university and management and labour from the factory are planning together to change their community.

There have been many descriptions of the conferences at Asia Plateau and their effect. A European diplomat said, "I have seen there reconciliations that I had not seen in all my years at the United Nations." A Malaysian member of parliament called Asia Plateau "a factory producing the modern men and women the world needs". The President of the Panchgani Municipal Council wrote, "Its impact on residents morally is tremendous. It has imbibed the spirit of self-help and self-reliance for improvement of one's own lot and this spirit alone will help the development of Panchgani and surrounding villages."

The Sunday Standard, India's largest circulation paper, wrote, "The Moral Re-Armament training centre is destined to change the hearts and minds of the people. From here will come out trained men and women, their ambitious task to remodel a nation. It will help mould the youth of India for the task of leading India, Asia and the world; give industrial labour the necessary training 'to fight not only for a fair day's wage but also for a fair

[1] Indian National Trade Union Congress

day's work'; help traders and industrialists to put people before profit; train teachers to revolutionise the educational pattern; give the peasants sufficient training to place the nation before themselves; properly direct politicians on the fundamentals of teamwork; and instil in every man and woman the need to care for the family, the neighbours, the community and the world.

"The centre in a sense will try to do what Asoka did shortly after the famed Kalinga War—when he sent out his emissaries to the distant ends of the earth to rehumanise men."

An Indonesian youth leader came to Asia Plateau. He met men like those described in this chapter. "Asia Plateau may lie in India," he said, "but it belongs to the world."

9 BROTHERS IN THE LAND THAT BORE YOU

IT WAS THE END OF DECEMBER 1967. It was the year when the world was shaken by the famine in Bihar; Liu Shao-chi was still standing up to Mao Tse-tung; the Americans were nearing their peak involvement in Vietnam; and Wilson ruled in Britain and de Gaulle reigned in France. The editors of *Himmat* were sitting late into the night in Bombay trying to decide who should be selected as their paper's "Man of the Year".

All the eminent figures they could think of seemed somehow unsuitable. When Chief Editor Rajmohan Gandhi suggested one name, the Editor, R. M. Lala, turned it down. When R. M. Lala suggested a name, Gandhi gave reasons why the personality was not worthy. "It was all very friendly," Lala recalled later, "but not very decisive."

They retired for the night and next morning Gandhi flew to Madras and Lala was driving towards Panchgani. "During the car journey," Lala says, "I had the compelling thought, 'Pick an average Indian farmer who has increased his yield as your Man of the Year because India's food problem, like Vietnam, is a world problem and only average Indian farmers who increase their yield can solve it.'"

In Panchgani Lala thought more about the idea. Out of India's 100 million farmers he had to find a suitable one within 24 hours in order to hit his paper's deadline.

A government agricultural officer offered to drive him into the Kudal Valley behind Panchgani. He drove Lala to the outskirts of Ambeghar village. There, on the roadside, as the jeep slowed down, stood a tall figure in a white turban, kurta, dhoti and chappals.

The farmer was in his sixties and proudly explained in Hindi how he had increased his rice yield three times over in the previous five years. "I knew I had found my man," says Lala.

In between explanations the farmer uttered English expressions which intrigued Lala. "This man seems to know English," said Lala to the agricultural officer. He replied, "Sir, he is a matriculate." The farmer swung round angrily: "Not matric! Not matric! Cambridge, Cambridge." It turned out that this son of the soil was at a public school at Panchgani 45 years earlier and was even coached in cricket by an Englishman who was a Cambridge Blue.

A month later Maruthi Rao Yadav, the farmer, came to the opening of Asia Plateau. What he saw and heard thrilled him and he returned a couple of days later to invite 150 international delegates at the conference to address a rally of 2,000 in his village, famed for its fragrant rice and the fighting spirit of its people.

Maruthi had two lively brothers, Narayan Rao who was 70 and Keshav, 60, a former inspector of excise. All three were farmers. But they had not seen eye to eye. For the past 15 years there had been a "tug of war" between Maruthi and Narayan Rao as to who was the bigger man.

When the guests arrived in the village Maruthi stayed in the background and let his brothers do the honours. It was the beginning of change. For as he began to think

about the brothers he had the thought: "Be humble, your spiritual growth may lie not in being first but in wanting others to be first."

A return visit to Asia Plateau was the next step for Maruthi. For ten days a stream of peasants had been flocking to the centre, inspecting its facilities, meeting the delegates. On this day Maruthi, and his brothers, with a group of about 20 from different villages in the Kudal Valley, were sitting in big cane chairs in the front row of a meeting there.

"There are two voices in all of us, a good and a bad," said the chairman. "Let us take time now to listen to the good and throw out the bad. Then we will express the thoughts we have had. We will have no speeches."

After the time of quiet those present were asked what thoughts they would like to contribute. Maruthi rose to his feet. In front of Narayan Rao he read out what he had written down: "Ask your elder brother for his forgiveness for the years of bitterness and division."

"When will you do it?" prompted the chairman, and added, "Now is the best time, or you will postpone it."

"Well, I'll do it here and now," he said, and did.

Then Narayan Rao got up: "I am ready to forgive." After the meeting he turned to Maruthi, "What is this drama you created before other people?"

"It isn't a drama," said the younger brother. "I meant it."

At another meeting a few days later it was Narayan Rao's turn to speak first. He thundered forth, "Disunity is destroying our country. MRA has the answer to it. After meeting MRA my brother and I got united. Is that what the country needs? We must open our eyes, ears

and hearts and accept this idea. If we don't we are traitors to this nation."

Maruthi said, "When I met MRA I was a man with electrical connections but my fuse wires were not in order. Then I met a mechanic in MRA. He fixed my fuses and the globe lit up. I want to give the remaining years of my life to get others to listen to the voice that changed me and to go anywhere I am needed with this message."

Brother Keshav responded too. In October that same year on Gandhi Jayanti he came with his brothers to Asia Plateau and there apologised to them for the way he had been. One brother plays the harmonium, the other the tabla, and the third sings. Together for the first time in a long while they sang Mahatma Gandhi's favourite song about God, "Raghupati Raghava Raja Ram".

In the months that followed the brothers tried to spread this spirit among the people and to apply it further in their own lives. Narayan Rao and Maruthi Rao have always been leaders among their people. During the British days Narayan Rao was honorary magistrate and President of the Zilla Parishad, the elected district council. It was at his initiative that a road was built linking Panchgani with Satara, 30 miles away, opening up markets there to the villagers of the valley. Narayan Rao, being old, was used to working two and a half hours a day to produce only what he needed. He had never fully cultivated his land. Soon he was using it all, working six to seven hours a day. Production went up several times. He thought, "India, too, must grow more than she needs for herself."

One day Maruthi was invited to go with an MRA force to Ceylon. He and his brothers went from village to village to raise money for the trip. Handing them

Rs 10 the owner of a mill for crushing peanuts said, "I stopped drinking because of your change." In Ceylon Maruthi met Mrs Bandaranaike and told her his story. The government there put a jeep and driver at his disposal to visit various parts of the country. He also went to Nagpur in the middle of India. He spoke from the stage after performances of the play *India Arise* and described his change. People would say afterwards, "That farmer speaking—that's what struck me."

In May 1969 when a Marathi-language paper attacked Moral Re-Armament Narayan Rao was hurt by it. He caught a bus from his valley up the hill to Panchgani and walked a mile to meet Rajmohan Gandhi. "I have come specially to tell you not to be affected by the men who are attacking you today. They are the same men who attacked your grandfather. They attack you because you are following his path and trying to take the nation there. Don't swerve from that high road. Our people will be behind you."

On January 31, 1970, almost two years to the day from that reconciliation at Asia Plateau, the older brother, Narayan Rao, died. For days Maruthi grieved, the two brothers had become so close. Today a picture of him and Narayan Rao is the one picture hanging on the wall of his home.

Narayan Rao gave himself to all who met him and he had for each a message of hope. He had a deep love for his country. These lines by him were found among his papers written in his own hand in Marathi in the book in which he wrote down his thoughts:

Quick, rise, O men of India,
Your road is difficult.
The Father of the Nation told you to rule by
religion and morality.
The wind of wealth is blowing,
You have forgotten Mahatma's lessons.

You have built building upon building,
Forgotten the poor and pawned your wisdom.
You have created division and forgotten the hymn
of unity
And made India a weak nation.

Night of death has fallen upon your eyes.
The enemy is standing on the border
And you are sleeping like a devil.

Make the country one from Kanya Kumari to
Himalaya.
We will bring unity between Hindus and Muslims
And pay our respects to Mahatmaji.

This is my message to Rajmohan:
Your road is difficult.

The two surviving brothers are carrying forward what has been begun. Maruthi has strong convictions about Indian agriculture. "We will uplift India through her soil," he once said. "Then we can have factories and other things added. But the key is the earth. We cannot compete with America in our factories but we can in our soil."

His farm has improved enormously, growing two crops in one year. It is kept neater, he enters his crops for local competition and the village is self-sufficient.

He proudly told a recent visitor from England, "What I hoped to achieve in five years I have achieved in three through the unity we have found as brothers and the spirit in the family."

Maruthi Yadav has a brother-in-law, Maruthi Gole, who is Sarpanch, headman of the village panchayat committee, in the neighbouring village of Mahu. After seeing what had happened to Maruthi Yadav he wanted to go to Asia Plateau. But his sister, Maruthi's wife, said, "That place is like a temple. You can't go there if you have habits like drinking." Maruthi Gole was brought up with a shock. It was when his young daughter had died of heart failure just before her marriage that he had started to drink to drown his sorrow.

In March 1967 the police had raided Mahu and uncovered large quantities of liquor, which at that time was prohibited in the state. The villagers counter-attacked. One constable escaped the onslaught and phoned Poona for reinforcements. Truck loads of police arrived, helmeted, with fixed bayonets, 200 in all. The village was surrounded and scores arrested. Out of some 25 who were prosecuted ten suffered rigorous punishment for six months and paid a heavy fine. So drink was a big issue for Maruthi Gole.

He attended an MRA meeting in Ambeghar village. "I was convinced of the urgency to change India," he says. "I saw that liquor was the root of the misery of thousands including myself. In that first week of February I resolved to stop drinking and haven't touched it since. To talk of changing nations and society is meaningless unless it means that an individual changes himself first."

Ask any farmer in the village even to this day about Maruthi Gole's change and they will exclaim or nod,

"It is true". One villager commented, "Maruthi was always a great man but you saved him from a devil." As Sarpanch, he enlisted all the farmers in the village to take a stand against paying black market prices for manure. Together they also built a water tower that was urgently needed. They began to work together on building roads and it is reported that drinking has gone down 70%. In the village temple some 50 people listened intently recently when Maruthi spoke there. He said, "Every political party has talked about progress and reform. But the nation has gone to the dogs because no political party has sought to change individuals who make up society. MRA is doing this. If India wants to stop the spreading rot it must take this idea seriously."

It was in his village that the premiere showing of a documentary film *Galloping Horse*, which features these stories from the villages of Maharashtra, was held. The film traces the developments in Ambeghar village back to the morning at Asia Plateau when the two brothers ended their "tug of war".

For another man that same morning at Asia Plateau was a turning point which was to have an effect on a third village. We will call him H. He is the leader of another village in Maharashtra. In his mid-forties, he is a strongly built peasant who farms 12 acres of land.

As he sat quietly with the others an uncomfortable thought came into his mind but he had no intention of saying anything about it. In November 1967 there had been a severe earthquake in Maharashtra. Lives had been lost, property destroyed, the stricken villages declared a disaster area. Supplies had been rushed in, particularly building materials like corrugated sheets to provide temporary living structures for those who had abandoned

their homes and feared for renewed tremors. H, like the other headmen of the area, had been put in charge of the relief distribution. And the truth was that some of the materials instead of going to the unfortunate sufferers had been sold by him and the money pocketed.

The courage of Maruthi Yadav in putting things right with his brother struck H deeply. He decided to break his silence. "I have three decisions to make," he said, and proceeded to tell those present including farmers from his own village about the misuse of the earthquake relief. "I am going to stop this. I am going to stop drinking. And I am going to put things right with my father's foster mother." When H's father died the foster mother had expected him to look after her but he had not done so. In fact they had not spoken to each other for three years and she had decided to take the matter to law. H went straight from Panchgani to see her and apologise and the matter was settled out of court.

For three years little was heard from H. Then one day in February 1971 he walked into Asia Plateau unannounced. He saw friends whom he had met at the opening of the centre and who had been present at the historic morning session. "Do you remember the three decisions?" he said. "Well, I have kept them all. I have not done anything on the black market. I have not touched a drop and I go myself to take the old lady food when I am in the area."

10 WEALTH AND STRENGTH AND TALENT BRING

We don't have much knowledge or much wealth
to bring to you,
We offer you the biggest job that any man can do.
For every class and every race and every point of view
The chance to give our hearts and hands to shape
this world anew.

THESE WORDS from the theme song of *Anything to Declare?* sum up the convictions of the 21-nation cast of this musical revue which spent eight months in India in 1970–71. The cast were mostly Europeans and mostly young. They included princess and pastrycook, coalminer and supermarket manager, former "hippie" and "square", those who had manned barricades and those who were more at home on beaches. There were black and white, German and French, Catholic and Protestant from Ireland. They were, as one Indian paper said, "the outward expression of a new Europe in the making."

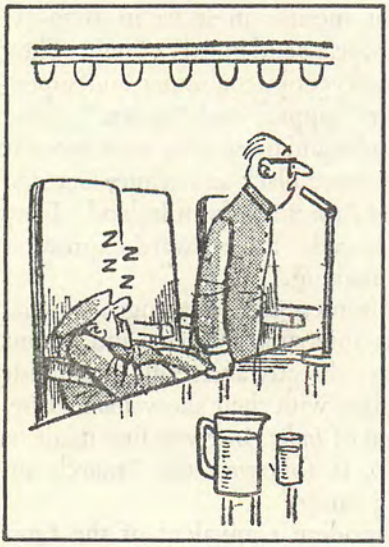
Many of them had left home, emptied savings accounts, sold precious possessions, interrupted careers and set out on the road without salary directly as a result of the visit to Europe of young Indians with their show *India Arise.*

The call for a campaign of *India Arise* was first made in Bombay in April 1966. It followed the "march on wheels" and the training camps.

Many saw it as the modern equivalent of the Quit

India movement which was directed against the British. Only this time the enemy was not a foreign nation but the selfishness they believed was threatening their own. It enlisted patriotically-minded and talented young Indians who decided to create a musical of that title as a swift way to influence and change thousands. Within six months of its creation *India Arise* travelled 8,380 miles through India and was performed for 87,200 people in 44 cities and towns.

The cast was drawn from backgrounds of wealth and poverty, Brahmin and Harijan, Hindu and Muslim, Sikh, Parsi and Christian. "*India Arise* is our aim and life commitment," they said in a manifesto. "We want to build a decent future for the millions of our country and the billions of Asia. We need food for our people, houses of



"and the subject he has chosen for tonight is . . . INDIA ARISE!"

SUDHIR DAR
The Hindustan Times

B. K. Nehru, Governor of Assam, Meghalaya and Nagaland, swears in Stanley Nichols-Roy as a minister in the Meghalaya Government. "Politics can be played differently." *Page* 50

Niketu Iralu, from Nagaland, talks with South Indian students. "A more revolutionary way than violence" *Page* 46

Left: Dr Catherine Woo, MBE, from Hong Kong. "God's ideology for China" *Page* 91
Right: Dr Thio Chan Bee and Syed Ja'afar Albar from Malaysia. *Pages* 91 *and* 96

Asia Plateau, Panchgani. "Out of the stone and rock are springing flowers and fruit, food and buildings. Out of the stone and rock of human nature are springing miracles of hope and solutions."

brick and concrete but also homes inside where there is love and honesty. We will learn the secret of teamwork. After centuries of set ways, habits and attitudes we are experiencing changes of a fundamental kind. If God can bring about a change in our lives He can do it very swiftly for the 500 million of India."

Sardar Hukam Singh, the then Speaker of the Lok Sabha, told journalists after a performance, "These youth have determination, purpose and a goal. If all the youth of our country could be the same, India's future would be assured."

A Czech dramatic group visiting India saw the show. Their leader said, "Since coming to India we have seen so much that has given us pain. Now we can go back full of hope having seen this force in action."

Foreign diplomats urged the cast to come to their countries. It was while the cast was in Calcutta that word reached them of an invitation to Europe. It was extended by London's Westminster Theatre, which is dedicated to the men of Moral Re-Armament who lost their lives fighting in World War II. It was followed by invitations from other countries in Europe and West Asia.

Dr Zakir Husain, then Vice President of India, received the cast at his residence on the eve of their departure. "I am so glad *India Arise* is going on this important journey abroad," he said. "I know the work you are doing putting right what is wrong in the world. You will go and you will bring something back." He added, "Getting independence was a difficult job, but what you have taken on is equally difficult."

Over the next six months they were to give their show in 31 cities and reach millions. Their aim was not popular response or the creation of a new Indian

image. They wanted to live and work to put every man, woman and child they met in touch with the God who had changed their lives. *Haagsche Courant*, largest paper in the Hague, Holland, was to write, "This force of 70 wants to live in such a way that God will use them to make the values of honesty, unselfishness and love real for all the people they meet. Their aim is not to make India popular but to help other countries in solving their problems."

They were young and inexperienced as they set off for the West. Today these men and women are responsible for the Moral Re-Armament of their country.

They included Kalpana Sharma, whose father is a textile engineer in Bombay. She has since taken part in MRA actions in South East Asia and Australia and says, "I am as old as free India. Hold me responsible for the future of my country."

There was Pankaj Shah, the show's producer, from Bombay University, who has since gone with an Indo-Ceylonese production of *The Forgotten Factor* to Ethiopia.

There was Vijayalakshmi Subrahmanyan, classical dancer from South India who is now using her talent to produce dances that can make the truths of MRA intelligible to millions whatever their language.

There was Cedric Daniels from Maharashtra, the stage manager, who was later to train at the Westminster Theatre and is now running the new auditorium at Asia Plateau.

There was Anasuya Paithankar, who comes from a village and is now, at 21, writing stories to express these truths for children—stories which have been published in Marathi, Kannada, English and Russian. She says, "Seven out of my twelve brothers and sisters died. My

heart was closed and full of hate towards other people. One night when I remembered my brothers I wanted to cry. Then a thought came to me, 'There are so many children in the world like your brothers and sisters, why don't you do something for them?' What could I do? Then I had another thought, 'Why don't you write stories?' I had a choice. Either I could cry or I could listen to the voice that asked me to write stories. I decided to listen. One after the other thoughts began to come. That was the first story I wrote."

There was Vijitha Yapa, from Ceylon, one of a number from other Asian countries who accompanied the party. He says, "Ceylonese are grateful to India for Buddhism and for the inspiration she gave us during the independence struggle. The world wants another great initiative from this land. Moral Re-Armament is demonstrating that this can be done."

For many the decision to participate in this venture meant courageously cutting across the domination and disapproval and, in some cases, fierce opposition of some relatives. For young men, and even more for young women, to give their lives for a battle of this kind without family approval was a break with popular tradition. It was, however, in line with the lives of those Indians throughout history whose achievements are now prized most highly. In every case the faithfulness of the young men and women has convinced their families, many of whom now have joined them.

Their serious intent was measured in a small way by a comment that appeared in *The Sunday Standard*, Bombay, on their return: "It is the practice for all Indians going abroad to bring home some banned luxury articles like a tape recorder. For a change the *India Arise* troupe

surprised the customs on their return, as none of them brought along such gadgets."

With "P" forms obtained and all that is entailed in preparing a musical for a 32,000-mile tour wrapped up, and with people from all over Europe raising money for the operation, the cast set off. In West Asia they were seen on television screens in Lebanon, Cyprus, Egypt and Syria. In Lebanon they were guests of the Ministry of Education. In Cyprus they were guests of the President, Archbishop Makarios, and were received by the Vice President, Dr Kutchuk. The Minister of Education said, "This will have a permanent effect in Cyprus."

In Holland, France, Belgium and Switzerland, the cast travelled widely, being received by cabinet ministers, civic dignitaries, men from both sides of industry, and they stayed in people's homes. They set aside time in Caux, the Moral Re-Armament conference centre in Switzerland, to let Henry Cass, resident producer at the Westminster Theatre, heighten their production. *Vaterland*, a daily in central Switzerland, wrote, "*India Arise* had elements which entertained and elements which stirred one deeply. In gay sketches, gracious folk dances, rousing songs and feelingful melodies of the Indian homeland and in impressive living pictures, *India Arise* showed today's India and the faith of young Indians in a future of peace, freedom and brotherhood."

India Arise visited England, Scotland and Wales. Their arrival in Britain was seen by millions on Independent Television News. They were received in the House of Commons by Sir Alec Douglas-Home and in Dunvegan Castle, Skye, by Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, who had taken part in Rajmohan Gandhi's "march on wheels" in 1963. They met with militant trade union-

ists from the ports and other industries, some of whom have since accepted invitations to work with them in India.

They also met many of the Indians who live in Britain. Some they met were disillusioned with India, some were disillusioned with Britain. *India Arise* helped many not only to regain pride in their own country but also to find a satisfying role in their adopted land.

For Sushil Anand, a Bristol restaurant owner, this meeting was the beginning of a story of dramatic change.

The income tax official in Bristol was confident. "There is no need to call the Inspector of Taxes. I am in charge. We have dealt with almost every problem. I am sure we can solve yours."

"And if I tell you I have been fiddling income tax for seven years. . .?" asked Sushil Anand.

The official called for the Inspector without delay.

This was three weeks before the amnesty introduced by the Government for tax dodgers.

"Of course, you know you will have to pay a penalty," warned the Inspector.

"If I didn't, I would not have come," replied the Indian businessman. "I know the consequences. I may even have to sell a house. But I am prepared to."

That was the first episode of the story that was to involve Anand in selling a strip club and gambling casino that he owned in Newport, South Wales, and was to reach into the President of India's office in New Delhi.

Forty-year-old Sushil Anand is a man of many trades—a skilled motor mechanic, a trained theatrical producer and a successful restauranteur.

"I am by birth Pakistani, by rights Indian, by naturalisation British," he says. "I have divided loyalties but

through Moral Re-Armament I feel I could be a person to help unite East and West."

This was not his attitude when *India Arise* arrived in Bristol and his firm was engaged to do the catering. His love of India and his head for business combined to produce a good meal for the cast each day and a good deal for Mr Anand on the side. This catering commission also brought him into close touch with Indian men and women who believed that everyone they met, including those who served their meals, could be radically different in their lives.

He saw *India Arise* several times: "I was moved. I felt these people were doing something for India that I should have done ages ago. I should have gone back. I let India down."

Bitterness against the Indian Government about a scholarship that was so meagre that he had to work as a kitchen porter, labourer, truck-loader, even grave digger while studying had helped him decide, like many other Indians, to stay in Britain. His bitterness began to be dwarfed by the vision of what ordinary young Indians were out to do for their country.

He talked with the cast about their ideas for a fundamental change in the character of Indians. They told him about absolute moral standards, honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. "If I believed in that it would prove very expensive. Gaming can't be considered honest, to strip is not pure," thought Sushil Anand. So he kept quiet.

He heard how Moral Re-Armament was financed—and made his first contribution, £100, towards a film van for use in India. He bought books.

At the end of the week he came to Peter Howard's

play *The Ladder*. It caused him to think about his business and the life he was leading. "I found my life was without objective, without principles, without giving a thought to the people I saw losing their wage packets at the gaming table. I felt somehow I should not be leading this life but be doing something more normal."

The local men and women who had invited *India Arise* to the city talked to him. They had not yet raised all the money needed to cover the cost of the visit. Could he reduce the bill for the food, they asked. They spoke of their faith that God provided where He guided. "At that moment some voice said to me, 'Can you keep their faith?'," Anand recalls. He did not reduce the price but decided to pay the full bill of £345 himself and also other bills totalling £70 which had to be met.

His passion for theatre—he was trained as a producer at the Bristol Old Vic—took him to the Westminster Theatre. When *India Arise* was playing there he commuted daily to cook for the cast in the theatre's kitchens.

Already people around were beginning to notice the difference in him. Why had he stopped drinking and smoking, they were asking at the casino. He was honest with his wife about many things he had kept from her. It was not easy for either of them but the children, too, noticed a difference. "I knew that by changing I would be losing money, pride and face," he says.

This was how the Tax Inspector came into the picture: "I kept my accounts in such a way that only I knew what was wrong." It was what led to parting with the gambling club. On his thirty-sixth birthday at 3 am he signed a contract to sell the casino and, as soon as he completed the legal formalities that morning, he travelled to attend an MRA conference in Caux, Switzerland.

And it was how the then President of India, Dr Zakir Husain, heard about his decision. Some years before when Dr Husain was Vice Chancellor of Aligarh University, Sushil Anand was his personal guest, invited to help with the drama club. He gave his services but he overcharged the university on his expenses. So Anand wrote to the President enclosing a postal order for £3 and the President replied saying that he had forwarded the money to the university.

Sushil Anand today stands alongside the men of *India Arise*. He went to India for three months to advise on the kitchens for the new centre at Asia Plateau. He met Britain's Under Secretary of State responsible for immigration and race and told him of his new attitudes to life. He is working with Conrad Hunte to cure the causes of racial unrest in Britain. Anand says, "I felt when the President of India replied saying that he was glad *India Arise* had transformed my life it was like the reincarnation we Hindus hope for. Although I was living as a man I was not really a man. *India Arise* has given me a reason to live. It has united my family and made a man out of me, the man God intended me to be. It has helped me to think for my own country and made me responsible for Britain."

India Arise was described by the *Sheffield Star* as "brilliantly arranged, presented at superb pace, unlimited in vivacity and colour." The president of the Uganda students in Britain thought it was the finest critique of human society he had ever seen. Eighteen performances were given at the Westminster Theatre. From each performance there, as elsewhere, at the request of the Indian Government, £50 was sent back to India for the work of Moral Re-Armament.

One night the Pakistani Cricket Eleven was in the audience, their presence acknowledged by the cast. At the end they led a standing ovation. It is interesting that it was to this very theatre years before that Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the "Quaid-i-azam", had come to see *The Forgotten Factor*. It was on that occasion that he invited Dr Frank Buchman to bring Moral Re-Armament to Pakistan with the words, "You have the answer to the hates of the world. Honest apology, that is the golden key."

In Rome the cast were received by His Holiness Pope Paul VI in the Throne Room of the Vatican. He said to them, in words which were reproduced on the front page of *L'Osservatore Romano*, "It is heartening to learn that you have spread this message up and down India. We congratulate you on this undertaking and We express the confident hope that your efforts will bear much fruit."

Their efforts bore some immediate fruit in Europe.

Across the continent young Europeans had been fired by the faith and commitment of the Indians. A Danish *au pair* girl was so thrilled that she emptied her purse at the end of a performance for the cast's expenses—and had to borrow money to get home. A French actor said, "When I saw the cast stretch out their hands I felt that one finger was pointing at me." A Dutch teacher said, "When I talked with the Indians I realised that MRA was more than personal change. It was something for nations. I stopped weighing up the pros and cons and decided to go all the way as they had done."

With others they decided in their turn to create a musical revue which would help Europe find an aim outside its own borders. They gave it the title *Anything to Declare?* in English and, in French, *Il est permis de se pencher au dehors* (You may lean out of the window).

They were invited to take it to many countries and spent the next two years travelling Britain and the continent. The show was in different languages but so that no one would miss its content everything was translated onto a screen above the stage in English, French, Spanish and Russian. The cast were in Northern Ireland in riot-torn Londonderry when an invitation to India arrived from Rajmohan Gandhi.

The fact that Europeans from different countries and different backgrounds were so solidly united in the cause of a new world, he said, could help Indians find unity. A visit from *Anything to Declare?* would help Asians and Europeans to learn to work together without prejudice and without barriers: "With the growing propagation of violence as a method to bring about changes, the effectiveness of the force of *Anything to Declare?* in helping labour and management move together will come as a welcome answer. Through the show and through the individual contacts the men and women of *Anything to Declare?* will have with Indians, many here will learn the secret of unselfishness and teamwork."

So, a few months later, after a farewell reception in India House, London, given by the High Commissioner, Apa Pant, the European cast left on a tour of India. Indians, who a few years before had helped many of the Europeans to a commitment of their lives, were their hosts. The Vice President of India, G. S. Pathak, received the cast of *Anything to Declare?* in his residence. "We are grateful to you for coming," he said. "We are grateful," they replied, "for Indians who came to Europe with *India Arise*. They challenged us to end our self-preoccupation and think for the needs of the world."

Anything to Declare? was given for a month in the

capital, New Delhi. Fifty Members of Parliament attended, also men of industry and the trade unions. The General Secretary and six of the executive of the Indian Metal Workers' Federation came one night. An ambassador said, "As my country's delegate to the United Nations I have been accustomed to look at the world's problems through a wide lens. As I looked at *Anything to Declare?* I saw that it dealt with every major problem we were preoccupied with at the UN—racial, industrial, political, youth and family."

The cast appeared four times on Delhi television. *Thought*, a Delhi weekly, said that they were "currently creating shock waves in the capital." *Pratap*, an Urdu daily, wrote, "The message of *Anything to Declare?* is that we must remove bitterness from our hearts, end our narrow-sightedness and stop worshipping human beings."

The financial director of one company was at a performance. The next morning the phone rang in his office. Calcutta was on the line. "The men are going on strike," reported his representative. "They say they have not been paid the production bonus they were promised." The director was about to agree to the tough line proposed by his man on the spot. Then he thought of the play the night before, of an industrial scene which *Shankar's Weekly* said "in a very subtle way deals with an explosive labour problem". He remembered the question asked on stage, "You mean I should put people before profit?"

"Why did the men not hit their target?" he asked Calcutta.

"Because the buying department failed to provide materials," came the reply.

"Then we cannot punish the men for our failure," said the director. "Grant the bonus."

Later he said, "MRA saved the situation. A visit to the theatre cost my company Rs 25,000. But if we had not taken this action it would have cost a hell of a lot more."

The cast spoke to Indians of every age from the "Frontier Gandhi", Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, and C. Rajagopalachari, to hundreds of school children. One 12-year-old wrote after seeing the play, "We still have bitter memories of the 1965 Indo-Pak war. Many of us lost our brothers or fathers or uncles or a close friend who died fighting for our country. With this unpleasant memory many of us have built up a wall of hostility towards the Pakistanis and even towards Muslims who are Indians. Unless we stand united we shall all fail in our duty to fulfil the dreams of the men who achieved freedom for us."

The cast were asked to take classes. In one school the pupils were asked to submit essays on their experiences with Moral Re-Armament. One wrote, "Up to now our ideas of developing our motherland were theoretical. Now they are real and personal." Another said, "In my home there would be much less noise. I could even refrain from shouting my servant's head off if only for a moment I stopped to think that he is like me." And a third: "There are the Gujaratis, the Bengalis, the Punjabis, the South Indians and many more. I am a Punjabi and if I treated the Bengali or Gujarati as one of my own I can already see the new India."

In one state the MRA force sat down with members of the cabinet to help resolve a difficult issue. In Chandigarh the Governors of Punjab and Haryana sat side by side at a performance. Also in Chandigarh 26 college girls wrote in a letter to the press, "A group of us spend time every morning listening to our inner voice. We write

down our thoughts how we can bring change in our college, our city and our country."

Performances were given at the Agricultural University of Haryana and the Papal Seminary in Poona, at the Indian Institutes of Technology in Delhi, Bombay and Madras, to people in the hills and the plains of Assam. In Madras the cast met the students who went on to solve the Standard Motors dispute. *The Indian Express* called *Anything to Declare?* "a smooth, brilliantly lit, professionally put together musical revue that in two hours succeeds in its aim of making the public re-evaluate its morals."

After a month in Bombay the Near and Far East News Agency sent out a story in which it said, "The effect could be measured in a wave of honesty sweeping through some colleges and schools, a new spirit among students and staff and in homes remade. Stirring scenes from Europe's past and true stories from its present inspired Indian audiences as they have done European ones."

From India the cast left to go on to Malaysia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Papua New Guinea, Australia and New Zealand. They said at the end of the visit, "Many Indians said that we Europeans took them by surprise. But India took us by surprise. There has been born in us not only a love for India but a faith in her as well."

There is a song familiar to millions of Indians entitled "Saray jahaan say achcha" (Of all the world, the best land). It contains the words: "Mazhab nahi sikhaata, aapas me bair rakhna" (Religion does not teach you to hate each other). It is written by the Urdu poet Iqbal. The cast of *Anything to Declare?* sang it at every performance throughout India. A news agency commented, "To hear fifty Europeans sing 'Saray jahaan say achcha'

is unusual. To hear them sing it well and as if they meant it is overwhelming."

The Archbishop of Agra, the Most Reverend Dominic Athaide, who invited the cast to his city, said, "The people of India are not just hungry for the needs of the body. They need something deeper than material aid. Moral Re-Armament is of utmost importance. I am so glad it is taking root in India."

The Indian Worker, official journal of the INTUC, wrote, "In his invitation to the cast Rajmohan Gandhi said their visit would 'help Indians who are deeply divided amongst themselves to find a healing of their internal bitterness'. There is evidence that this is beginning to happen."

Anything to Declare? and *India Arise* have become symbols for many of a partnership of continents in remaking the world.

11 SPEAK TO THE WORLD YOUR MESSAGE NOW

THE CUSTOMS OFFICIAL was furious with him. So was the Deputy Collector. It was not that Ashwin Patel had cheated that seemed to worry them most but that he had owned up to doing so. "We don't know how to deal with you," one of them admitted.

Ashwin Patel is a Kenya Indian. He came to Bombay to study and got his BSc in chemistry. While in India he was also enlisted with a lively group of other Bombay university students in Rajmohan Gandhi's revolution. He was at that point secretary of his student hostel. "I was making great speeches against corruption," he says, "but I realised that if I wanted to see a corrupt-free nation I had to deal with my own life."

Ashwin thought of his own smuggling activities. He reckoned up what he had brought into the country in addition to bribes he had paid: Rs 1,100 in notes, Rs 500 in gold, suiting material to sell to students at five times the price he had paid for it, cloves which could make anything up to one thousand per cent profit. He sent the list to the Chief Collector, Customs, Bombay, and added that he was prepared to pay the penalty. Hence the reaction of the customs' officials.

Eventually Ashwin was penalised Rs 500 and given time to find the money. Four months later he received a letter saying that this had been reduced to Rs 250 because he had been honest. His father, who had been watching

Ashwin to see if the change in him was lasting, offered to pay the sum. It then took Ashwin five hours going round the various offices to find someone who was prepared to accept the fine.

Today Ashwin Patel has to deal with the Bombay Customs every week. He is in charge of the export of *Himmat* weekly and Himmat publications and MRA books produced in India. Each day finds him clearing papers and shipping parcels to countries as far removed as Papua New Guinea and Liberia, Finland and South Africa.

Himmat, the Urdu word for courage, is the name of the weekly founded by Rajmohan Gandhi to take the thinking of Moral Re-Armament to India and the world. Asia's Voice, it is called on the mast-head. It is now in its eighth year of publication and goes to 68 countries.

As well as being a young paper it also has a young staff. Ashwin Patel is 23. This aspect is what interested 26-year-old Vijay N. Seth, the cartoonist who joined the paper four years ago but who has been contributing to it since he was at the Sir Jamshedjee Jejeebhoy School of Fine Arts. "The average age of the staff was in the mid-20s and here was an opportunity to work side by side with them," says Vijay N. Seth, who draws under the pen name Vins—derived from his initials.

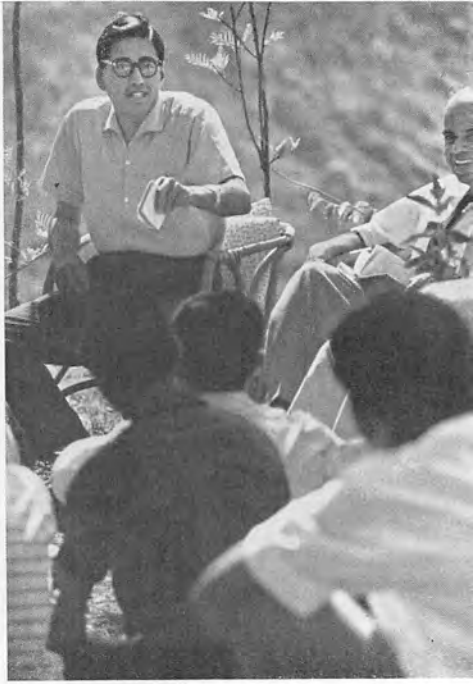
Vins, whose home town is Meerut, is from the Dilvali Khatris community who had originally come from somewhere between South Russia and Afghanistan 300 years ago. On leaving college he had been offered two better paid jobs but went to *Himmat* and has stayed because, as he says, "It stood for honesty and true facts without bias. National issues were focussed from a world point of view. I had to choose whether to fight for what is right or go after luxury and an easy-going life for myself." Three of

Bengal trade unionist Satya Banerji "I was gheraoed" *Page* 35

Bombay businessman Shashi Patel and his wife Kunji "Write your own contract," he told the union boss *Page* 34

A. S. Ravindra (Bangalore), Anil Kumar (Delhi), Suresh Chandra (Fiji), Hyder Ali (Bangalore), Cedric Daniels (Panchgani), S. Ragothaman (Madras), Ashwin Patel (Kenya) at Asia Plateau, Panchgani. "Years ahead of the Naxalites" *Page* 82

Rajmohan Gandhi
and V. C. Viswanathan
Pages 71 *and* 73



Rajendra Dass Mathur
and his family *Page* 93

Russi and Freny Lala *Page* 129

his cartoons have been printed in *Atlas*, the New York monthly which reflects the press of the world. Another is reproduced in the catalogue of Montreal's 7th National Exhibition of Cartoons, 1970. He is also in charge of the *Himmat* covers from design to delivery.

Another young staff writer is Neerja Chowdhury, who studied architecture at Delhi University and was one of the cast of *India Arise* which toured Europe. She writes a feature each week entitled "This India".

Himmat, like Asia Plateau, was founded as a result of the 1963 "march on wheels" across the nation. At the end of the march the organisers had in their hands 7,000 slips of paper of all shapes and sizes. They were the names of people who had asked to be kept in touch. At first Rajmohan Gandhi toyed with the idea of sending them a monthly newsletter. But the cost and difficulties would have been enormous. Why not start a newspaper, was the thought that he and his colleagues had as they considered the next step.

One of them was R. M. Lala, who had resigned that August as London Manager of the Asia Publishing House in order to set up in publishing on his own. He had been the only Asian member of the Publishers' Association in London. For 150 years the British had sold books in India. Lala, for the first time, had successfully sold Indian books in Britain. He had gained the experience, and the offers of capital, to do now for publishers all over India what he had so far done for one. The idea of starting a newspaper was certainly not in his mind.

Lala had met MRA in 1952 when he had attended the last meeting that Dr Buchman held in Bombay. It gave him a purpose in life and made his idealistic concepts practical. In 1963 participation in the "march on wheels"

had changed his sense of priorities. "In Jamshedpur I saw the faces of our people—wide-eyed with trust and wonderment, expecting us to do something the political leaders had failed to do for the land. I said to myself, 'I can't turn back to do my own little business when these people expect so much.'"

He had set himself a deadline of December 15 to return, after four months working with Gandhi, to his own affairs. But when the day arrived he knew that what he had intended to do was irrelevant to the real needs of India. With the backing of his wife and family he decided to launch himself fully with Gandhi into his programme. The idea of a paper was still only a vague thought. But Lala was a free agent and ready for this development that soon followed.

On November 6, 1964, 13 months after the start of the "march on wheels", *Himmat* rolled from the presses in Bombay. Its first issue gave its charter: "Every week it will comment on important national and world affairs. Truth will be its aim and fear and tyranny its foes. *Himmat* will not stop at explaining the world. It will try to change it. Today our land is in turmoil, menaced by internal and external enemies. But not just India. All nations seek firmer roads to walk on. Affluence does not satisfy capitalist countries. Communism does not unite Communists. Freedom does not meet the need of African and Asian lands. *Himmat* believes that there is a revolution which can bring about a new order for all men, races and nations everywhere. It believes that this new age will be carved out by courageous and humble men and women who are honest about their natures but are unconquerable because God is their master. Mankind's wounds will be healed—and its opportunities used—in this spirit,

not in the arrogance of men who scorn morality and set themselves up as gods in the eyes of others."

The new paper found young men and women like Vijay Seth, Ashwin Patel and Neerja Chowdhury who wanted to work with it, recruited responsible correspondents around the country and built up a network of people reporting from the different capitals around the globe. Over the past seven years contributors have been drawn from all tendencies of Indian life, among them C. Rajagopalachari, Jayaprakash Narayan, J. B. Kripalani, N. G. Goray, K. M. Munshi, B. K. Nehru and George Fernandes. Non-Indian contributors who have specially written for the paper include the Dalai Lama, former Prime Minister Kishi of Japan, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, Lord Collison, former Chairman of the British Trade Union Congress, Ahmed Emin Yalman, the eminent Turkish journalist, former President Chaudet of Switzerland, Jean Rey, then President of the European Common Market, and Dr William Nkomo, a founder and first President of the African National Congress Youth League of South Africa.

Himmat is also a training ground for young men and women, particularly from the Commonwealth, in writing, distribution and administration.

At the time of the Czech crisis when all Indian dailies were closed by a strike, *Himmat* published daily news bulletins which were bought in thousands.

A hundred and fifty firms, 98% of them Indian, have advertised in *Himmat*; advertising in 1969/70 was 20% up on the previous year and in 1970/71 it was 10% up on that. One advertising man said, "We look at *Himmat* as a policy-making paper in the country."

Seven hundred and eighty university and school libra-

ries in India subscribe. Schools in Maharashtra, Bihar and Bengal study it. One school which used to take 65 copies has now doubled its order and uses the paper in social studies, moral science and English language classes. A poll of a thousand Indian readers showed that each copy is read by 10.1 people. In America, too, 40 university libraries subscribe and a leading international agency recently sent 6,200 copies to its mailing list because it felt that *Himmat* was representative of the best thought on the Asian scene.

Himmat has also launched into book publishing and was awarded a certificate of excellence by the Maharashtra Government for its edition of Paul Campbell's *The Art of Remaking Men*.

Himmat is a fighting weekly. From the start it has set out to transform and not just to inform.

On one occasion it may have played a part in restoring relationships between India and Ceylon that had been soured by an incident in November 1968.

A Ceylonese journalist, B. S. de Silva, was harassed by Indian officials in Madras and New Delhi. He was going to attend an IBM function in Srinagar. The authorities seemed to have thought that he was a politician with pro-Chinese affiliations who was going to Kashmir for political reasons.

Giving the facts in its November 8 issue *Himmat* pointed out that the visa for de Silva had been granted and that no check had subsequently been made with the Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon or with the office of the Ceylon High Commissioner in Madras where he landed. There had been gruelling questions in Madras and he was said to have arrived in New Delhi in a state of nervous collapse and followed by plain-clothes men. It was only

after three days that the Ministry of External Affairs discovered that there had been "a misunderstanding" and informed de Silva that he could proceed to Kashmir. By then the Ceylonese journalist had decided to return to Ceylon.

Himmat, in an editorial headed "Repairing Indo-Ceylon rift", wrote: "How is it that the Indian security authorities mishandled the news editor of the *Ceylon Daily News?* According to reliable sources the reason given by the authorities is 'mistaken identity'. The 'mistake' of the security people has cost India dearly in goodwill. So far no official apology has been given to Mr de Silva, I gather. The least our authorities could do is to offer fulsome apologies to him."

On November 14 the *Ceylon Daily News*, with the largest circulation in the country, reproduced the *Himmat* story on its front page under the headline, "Apology due to Ceylonese journalist says Indian weekly."

Two days later the same paper carried the banner headline, "Gundevia apologises to Daily News".

On November 22 *Himmat* wrote in an editorial, "It is the man with a large heart who apologises. If one happens to be a senior diplomat it takes some courage too. The Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon, Y. D. Gundevia, has shown both these qualities." The editorial said that Gundevia had waited for an explanation from New Delhi for three weeks. When it was not forthcoming he had invited de Silva to meet him on November 15 and told him that he was sorry for the inconvenience caused him in India.

The editorial concluded, "Why does the Ministry of External Affairs, so involved in making friends in far off lands, forget that such seemingly small incidents involving our neighbours can undermine the very friendship

we all desire? One can only hope that the people of Ceylon will accept the High Commissioner's apology as a token of the feelings of the people of India and treat the incident as closed."

On another occasion the same year, the paper may have played a part in saving a man's life.

It had been reported that al Bazzaz, the Iraqi leader, had been arrested and his property confiscated, and been accused of being "a pillar of American and Israeli intelligence". *Himmat* ran an editorial on December 27 headed, "A patriot penalised": "The editor of *Himmat* on a tour of Europe last September met al Bazzaz. Few men he encountered felt as deeply for the Arab cause or for the plight of Palestinian refugees as he did. He was a fighter for the Arab cause, eager to uplift the sufferings of his people. The Iraq Government will find it hard to convince the world that this action against al Bazzaz is justified. President al Bakr will be well advised to look personally into the case and act in fairness to a statesman who has brought lustre to his land."

On January 10 when news came that al Bazzaz was being put on trial and there was widespread fear for his safety, the paper wrote again: "By the removal of men like al Bazzaz what remains of any sound democratic leadership will be eliminated. A former revolutionary Iraqi regime held a trial for an earlier Prime Minister, Dr Fadhil Jamali. When sentenced to death by General Kassem, both President Nasser and Mr Nehru are believed to have intervened on Jamali's behalf—successfully. It would be fitting if Mr Nehru's daughter takes similar action on behalf of Dr al Bazzaz."

One of *Himmat*'s readers, George Fernandes, a Member of Parliament, was stirred by these editorials. He decided

to write to the President of Iraq. What he said in effect was, "I do not know the man but I do trust this newspaper. If Bazzaz is what they say, it will do your regime no credit."

For eight or nine months Fernandes heard nothing. Then, when he was about to go on a tour abroad, the Iraq Charge d'Affaires called on him to see about his arrangements as a state guest in Iraq. The diplomat told him, "You may not know but your letter to the President may have saved the life of Bazzaz." Fernandes asked how that was so. "After your letter had gone to the President our office got a cable asking who on earth George Fernandes was. We cabled back to say that he was well known for demonstrations against the CIA and for his anti-American tendencies."

The Iraq Government had second thoughts about their action. They were prepared for American reaction but had no wish to antagonise the non-aligned world. They were enlightened enough to check on the character of the accused man and sensitive enough to listen to the words of a man who shared their dislike of Western interference and so brought credit to themselves which might have been squandered.

Himmat has spoken up for the real interests of Pakistan as well as India. In an editorial, "War would be a tragedy" it wrote on June 4, 1971, "We need to think for the survival and well-being of everyone on the subcontinent." It ended with the words of the English 17th century poet, John Donne:

> No man is an island, entire of itself:
> Every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.

Any man's death diminishes me, because I am
involved in mankind
And therefore never send to know for whom
the bell tolls: it tolls for thee.

After the war Neerja Chowdhury wrote, "During the recent weeks, India has in many ways rediscovered herself. We have discovered that we have a tremendous heritage of ideas on which our nation is founded, a rich reservoir of qualities that we ourselves were not aware existed, buried as they often are under the trivial and the petty.

"We have discovered that we can organise ourselves effectively, deal with the corrupt and the hoarders efficiently, sink points of view and differences between the Opposition and the Government; fight bravely; face our losses with fortitude; stand up to the pressure of world powers without giving in; and we have found that the 550 million can be disciplined and united. But above all, it has been the very spirit of India that has been recharged. Out of it has emerged a humanity and compassion towards one another, for another people struggling for freedom and nationhood, and even for the enemy.

"There was no crowing over our victory. When the Pakistani soldiers laid down arms in Bangla Desh, the formal surrender ceremony in Dacca was a dignified and solemn occasion.

"The future will require these qualities from our people in abundance. Mahatma Gandhi's work was based on simple acts of deep care and compassion. He started his political and economic reform by cleaning latrines, by living with those who were considered lowly

and shunned. As a result he aroused the conscience of the nation against untouchability.

"Mrs Indira Gandhi is today helping our nation see beyond the immediate hurts and losses or the heady arrogance that comes from victory. She has extended a hand of friendship and permanent peace to the people of Pakistan."

Each week Rajmohan Gandhi writes an article. It has been quoted on every continent in papers as different as *The Times*, *Time* magazine, *The West African Pilot*, *The South Pacific Post*, and *The Mainichi Daily News*. His views on leadership so impressed one European head of government that he had them copied and circulated to his cabinet with a note that they should all read them before their next session. His views on the Commonwealth were widely commented on at the last Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting in Singapore. One Commonwealth Governor General said of *Himmat* recently, "I cannot say I read it from cover to cover but I do read it each week." An Asian ambassador to India comments, "I read it fully and send reports to my government. It gives us new ideas. It takes the problems and judges them according to principle." A US senator calls it "a loud and clear voice of reason and justice."

"Reliable, readable and realistic" is the advertising slogan of *Himmat*. It is also often unexpected and provocative, bringing a fresh angle to many subjects, for instance, South Africa. Rajmohan Gandhi made a suggestion in *Himmat* in February 1970 about the proposed South African cricket tour of England. It was reproduced in *L'Equipe*, France's national sporting daily, which commented, "Nobody has ever before approached this sad problem from such a high perspective. His sugges-

tions could appear to be those of a visionary who is preaching in the wilderness but the prophet has said 'where there is no vision the people perish'."

Gandhi wrote, "Instead of being criticised, obstructed, or accused, the cricketers should be invited by those in Britain of all races who oppose apartheid to their homes. Not to be given a lecture on the wrongness of their government's attitude—of which some of them may already be convinced—but to be received in hospitable fashion.

"The demonstrators should consider taking with them to the grounds placards that say, 'Welcome to Britain, home of a multi-racial society'. In addition, proper and courteous invitations might be given to the cricketers by the West Indians, Pakistanis and Indians in Britain for occasions in their homes. Also, of course, by the whites.

"Is it not conceivable that if the cricketers saw harmony and a cordial spirit among the different races at such occasions they would come to feel that apartheid was unnecessary?

"Before long we may find South African cricketers saying, 'It is not really so dangerous to lunch or dine with a brown or a black man, or to invite him over to your home or to visit him in his.' And perhaps no one could better induce fresh thinking on this subject in South Africa than a star sportsman. Where the politician is not fully trusted or instantly loved the outstanding sportsman has not only the eyes but also the trusting ear of the public."

Rajmohan Gandhi speaks in a forthright manner on the issues directly affecting his own country, including her relationship with Pakistan. On the anniversary of

Mahatma Gandhi's birthday in 1967 he wrote, "My conviction is that the finest and, in the practical sense, most intelligent way of honouring Gandhi would be for Indians to make up their minds that they will settle and end Indo-Pakistan differences. Pakistanis and Indians mixing as friends and partners at official and individual levels—Gandhi would welcome such a birthday gift when he reaches a hundred. After all he was shot to death while working for it.

"I have a hunch that men set on this objective will discover that the obstacles in their path are more easily crossed than they had thought. Many of us treat Indo-Pakistan differences as a constant with which we shall live for decades.

"Real factors have been responsible for today's climate of bitterness. But nine-tenths of the wall that divides us is composed of fear and distrust. This section of the wall is not solid, although it appears menacing and impenetrable. People can walk through it, in either direction.

"The economic case for friendship is of course unanswerable. Prices would fall, rents would go down, rail and road transport would be cheaper; and there would be gains across an incredibly wide range if both nations slashed their defence budgets. The enmity is simply not worth the price.

"Our effectiveness internationally will be suddenly multiplied after settlement with Pakistan.

"It took Hindus, Muslims, the British and many others hundreds of years to create among the varied people of this subcontinent the unity that existed in the years before freedom and partition. It has taken a much shorter span to damage it. The destruction is far from complete, and reconstruction could be speedier still."

Gandhi has a vision of what he wants to see happen in his own country. In March 1970 he wrote an article entitled "New Calcutta" which reads in full: "Honey is better than poison and bridges are better than walls.

"And dreams are better than nightmares. I have a dream about Calcutta.

"The dream is that a new city will arise somewhere in West Bengal, perhaps not very far from today's Calcutta, and will eventually replace the existing city. It will be a metropolis harbouring over five million people, housing, schooling, transporting and nursing its citizens. And it will bustle with industry and enterprise.

"Most of the world's cities have grown up over the centuries. Some have been planted grown. Familiar names to us among the latter are Brazil's capital Brasilia, Australia's Canberra, Pakistan's Islamabad and the pride of Punjab, Chandigarh. These have been conceived and raised in a short span. They have been built for specific purposes and to planned designs.

"The new Calcutta needed will be similar and yet different. It will be built, so to speak, on a clean slate. It will clearly have a theme and a pattern, but it will need to be considerably bigger than Brasilia or Canberra or Islamabad or Chandigarh. Also it will, unlike the others, be much more than an administrative city. Calcutta will have no body or soul without its industry, and New Calcutta will be a mighty industrial base.

"And while the other cities were planted, Calcutta will require to be transplanted. What one can see with the mind's eye is the erection of a huge, noble city and the transfer to it, in stages, of the population of today's Calcutta. One also sees thereafter a great fire removing the empty slums of today's Calcutta, making available

large spaces for parks, universities, cultural and research centres and stadiums.

"The world's wise and clever men have given a great deal of thought to the cities. Some have written with concern about what they call the concrete jungles inside which modern man struggles for his existence. Most have been alarmed by the pollution of air and water by industrial and automobile gases and wastes. They have learnt the sciences of city and community living. They doubtless itch for the chance to create fresh cities free from blemishes that harass and choke those who live in the old ones. They may wish to pool their skills in a stirring endeavour to build New Calcutta, a city of health, artistry, unity and human care for every last citizen.

"Fortunately New Calcutta will cost a lot of money. I say this because there is a fabulous supply of money in the world, and in the hands of many people who are waiting for something really interesting which could use it. New Calcutta will gloriously fill the need.

"My estimate is that New Calcutta will cost 50 billion dollars. This is very near the figure for America's annual expenditure on defence. It is, to be truthful, three times the sum mentioned for India's fourth Five Year Plan.

"Yet it is perfectly possible for a team of convinced, honest and courageous Indians to go round this country and the world and get this sum pledged for New Calcutta. The whole of America is interested in urban renewal, and Americans are quite likely to have their imagination arrested by a concept such as this. The Kremlin is taking a new look at its foreign aid programme. It will be eager for visible, impressive and lasting results. Is New Calcutta the kind of venture in which the Russians and the Americans demonstrate together the concern of the world's

strong and affluent powers for nations less fortunately placed?

"In fact, the creation of New Calcutta could be an unprecedented and imminently necessary opportunity for all nations to do something jointly. Who knows, even countries like South Africa and China might surprise some people and wish to have a part in such a daring experiment.

"New Calcutta will reveal the oft hidden but nonetheless real genius of Bengal and her sons and daughters. It could be Bengal's gift to the world, as well as the world's gift to Bengal.

"It will have, among other things, homes, shops, factories, schools, colleges, hospitals and offices. Its streets will be wide, its parks beautiful and spacious. Its network of transport, overground and underground, will be matchlessly planned and will suit the citizen's needs.

"Its taps will flow with wholesome water for all its people. An efficient and reliable system of sanitation will draw its wastes and convert them.

"New Calcutta will have access to one of the world's finest ports—this will have to be built in Bengal before the city. Its airports and rail and bus stations will be admired the world over.

"The industrial plants of New Calcutta will have air, light, space, and safety. In them men functioning in teamwork and using modern machinery will produce what people need and want. Its products will go to distant corners of the world. Its housing will be such as will strengthen, deepen and enrich family life. Its citizens will care for their families—and for their neighbours.

"Do I hear noises? Are there difficulties and obstacles? Is the dream coming to an end?

"Yes, there are obstacles. Financial ones. Physical ones. How simple will it be to locate a site and to clear the area? Is the space there? Are the building materials available? If they are, can they reach the site? Are there engineers, technicians and craftsmen around?

"Is it really possible to transplant a city with five million lives? If I have a little house in today's Calcutta, which will be my house in New Calcutta? Who will decide who gets what in the new city? Who will decide who pays how much?

"There are political objections. Will Jyoti Basu even consider such a scheme? Will Indira Gandhi? Will the industrialists? Will Brezhnev? Will Nixon?

"One wakes up and acknowledges all these as only some of countless hindrances. And yet the dream refuses to vanish entirely.

"New Calcutta, the glory of Bengal and the pride of all Asia. A thing of beauty, of grace, purity and humanity. A joy for the world and for ever. Why not?"

Gandhi's conviction for his country and for what it can do for the world rests on the firm belief that it will only come about through changing people. It is the secret that lies behind the remarkable developments at Asia Plateau, the stories of the people of so many different backgrounds described in this book and of the question whether what has been started will now develop and multiply in time on a grand enough scale. This is what he has to say on the subject in the January 30, 1970, issue of *Himmat*: "The Congress Member of Parliament was excited, as many men intoxicated by political horse-racing are. He asked me, 'What do you feel about the political situation in the country?' Since he was obviously bursting with the desire to treat me to his views, I answered

his question by saying, 'Yes, please tell me.' He did, for the next 20 minutes.

"I guess I still often over-talk, but I have learnt over the years the value of letting the other man speak and indeed of listening to him with the fullest interest. This is not mainly in order to save energy or 'to think one's own thoughts'. I have discovered that to listen wholeheartedly is a must if I want to win a man's confidence, which I have to if I want to befriend him, which I have to if I want to help him towards reaching his destiny.

"Many of us automatically assume that the traits of our friends and those around us cannot be altered. We are wrong. Men can change, including politicians, and life-changing is an art we can all learn and continue to learn.

"An American called Frank Buchman, who died in 1961 at the age of 83, was one of the great life-changers of his era. He told those who inquired of his 3-step formula:

"Step number one is to take people one by one. Many of us, like the Member of Parliament mentioned above, are in search of an audience. Often those with marvellous ideas are prone to describe them at length before gatherings without establishing a long-term link with any individuals in them. Buchman compared this manner of working to the effort of an eye specialist who seeks to cure eye disease by pouring medicine from a fourth-floor window on to a crowd of patients standing below.

"A true surgeon of human personalities would obviously tackle people one by one. He would listen, get interested in what interests his man and capture his trust.

"Step number two is to tell your man what a rascal you have been. Men of undoubted character who reveal no signs of past or present weakness are admired but avoided. Men conveying, subtly or otherwise, a picture

of their virtues are not even admired.

"But the fellow who is honest about where he was wrong and about where he is still tempted to be self-seeking will find that people flock around him. Not the fellow who talks too good or looks too wise but the one who quits bluffing draws interest.

"It is strange that more of us have not learnt the practical value of being ready to let the other fellow know what we were and are like. Success in both politics and business should be easier with this attitude. Many bothered by simple if embarrassing sins labour under the impression that they belong to a small minority of the afflicted. When they find you saying that you too had similar problems they find a relief which can be the beginning of a cure.

"Desist from exhibitionistic public confession. People are not likely to take you into serious confidence if you indulge in it. But do not be too proud to relate something from your experience which may help your man. It is wrong, of course, to name or involve others, even if they had a part.

"Step number three is to let your man know that there is an answer. Willingness to speak of your sin is of no value if you are still committing the same sin. If you can say that you hated but God rolled your hate away, that you used to steal but stopped (and, preferably, that you returned the money), that you were hospitable to dirty thoughts and day-dreams but you now kick them out instantly, then you will arouse a hope in your man that he will gain victory over what licks him.

"When your man tells you about himself what he has told few people before and asks if he can be liberated, you have come close to changing him. Your task then is to

help him hate his sin, to forsake it and, if possible and with God's help, to restore for it.

"Wrong passions thrown out have swiftly to be replaced with the right ones; vacuum in the human soul is rapidly filled by inferior urges.

"Help your man to find God's plan for his life, which is invariably bigger, more exciting and more satisfying than his ambitions for himself or the desires for him of his wife or parents. It is true today as it was thousands of years ago, that when a man gives over to God something that means a lot to him he gets a hundredfold return.

"A person came to the Moral Re-Armament centre in Panchgani the other day and commented on the teamwork she saw—in the kitchen, in the serving in the dining-room, in the meetings, and in the songs and plays. The secret behind the teamwork is the practice of 'guidance'. God is the boss, and men and women working in Panchgani try to get His guidance on what they should do, and how they should do it.

" 'India's businessmen are individually very intelligent. But 20 or 30 of them will never stick together for one cause for long. They will fight over who should be number one.' A prominent industrialist said this. But supposing they were all to agree that God would be number one and that all of them would obey the boss!

"Such an arrangement can be had in home, office, factory, school, college, parliament and cabinet. It has the best merits of democracy and the solitary virtue of dictatorship.

"When those we are trying to win do not immediately respond, or reply with a rebuff, it is best to remind ourselves that our task is to please God, not man. Patience is a quality, and perhaps God delays a favourable response

in those around us because we lack it and are greedy for instant results.

"Will India yet startle the world with the rise of natural, human life-changers who are used by God to heal hates, yes, and to wipe out poverty?"

12 ALL THE NATIONS OVER THE WORLD ARE AWAITING YOU

GROUPS FROM INDIA have in recent months played a distinctive part behind the scenes in European affairs.

Strewn with picturesque lakes and villages, set in the mountains of northern Italy, to the south of Switzerland and Austria, at the heart of Europe, lies South Tyrol. It is a paradise for tourists but has sometimes been an inferno for those who live there. For years political conflicts there have been setting people against people, even nation against nation.

Then suddenly in 1969 there were different headlines. A settlement was reached which the Italian Prime Minister called a contribution to the uniting of Europe, for it created a new relationship between Austria and Italy.

In 1918 when World War I ended, Italy was on the winning side. The area of South Tyrol, then part of Austria, was handed over to her. 200,000 people of German language, history and culture were joined without consultation to a nation of 50 million Italians. And the seeds of the South Tyrol problem, as it became known, were sown.

Over the next 50 years more and more Italians came into the area. The confrontation became more and more rigid. Even names were changed, South Tyrol becoming Alto Adige. The best legal and political minds of different nations worked for years to find a satisfying solution. The matter was taken to the United Nations. Violence was

frequent with bomb blasts, burnings and intimidation.

Then a new factor entered the situation.

Leaders from both communities attended conferences at the Moral Re-Armament centre in Caux, Switzerland. There they met the world. They heard from Indians who described how they were tackling immense problems in their country. They began to realise that there were many people even more in need of help than they. Rajmohan Gandhi suggested that they set a deadline for the settlement of the South Tyrol problem. He said, "If Europe wants to do something for East Europe, Asia and Africa it would be a great gift if some of the divisions of Western Europe could be healed. If the people, say from the Tyrol area, could come and give to the Asian people the news of their solution that would be a great way of continuing Europe's help to Asia."

German and Italian speaking delegates took the platform together. Dr Karl Mitterdorfer, MP, representing South Tyrol in Rome, said, "I leave with the conviction that we must bring a solution speedily. A solution to our small problem could possibly give an example for the solution of larger problems in the world." The Governor of South Tyrol, Dr Silvius Magnago, said, "The next time we meet we shall not glare at each other but meet in friendship because of our experience here." Dr Armando Bertorelle, now Vice President of the Trentino-South Tyrol Parliament, said, "I welcome what Governor Magnago has said and the spirit in which he has spoken."

More representatives came to the conference. Rajmohan Gandhi with others was invited to accompany them to Rome. Mitterdorfer said, "We were able to talk there with the Deputy Secretary General of the Christian Democrats. He admitted there had been mistakes on

the Italian side and said that he wanted to work for a speedy solution." Guido Bernardi, MP, representing Rome, said, "Through coming to Caux we Italians realised we had to respect the uniquely German character of the majority in South Tyrol."

For several years proposals by the government had been discussed. In November 1969 a point of decision was reached. An atmosphere had been created in which most leaders of South Tyrol were ready to accept them. Within weeks the agreement was approved by the governments of Italy and Austria whose Foreign Ministers issued a joint communique saying that a new era of constructive teamwork was beginning.

Il Giorno wrote later, "Our province is linked with MRA through the help which it has given political men of both ethnic groups at the meetings in Caux. From these meetings has come the new spirit which made possible an effective solution to the problems of Alto Adige."

Mitterdorfer, Bertorelle and their colleagues felt that the first steps had been taken for a political solution. Next they had to consolidate the new relationship between the communities. The following summer at Caux they invited the Indian delegation there to come to South Tyrol and to the neighbouring province of Trentino to help continue what they had a share in starting.

They accepted and soon were speaking at meetings in Bozen (Bolzano), the capital of South Tyrol, and in Trento whose Faculty of Sociology has become a centre of student violence in Italy.

Trento was placarded with the news that Rajmohan Gandhi and his team would speak on the theme "Better than violence". When the Indians arrived at the hall they

found 400 in a room designed to hold 300 with 300 more outside unable to get in. It took ten minutes to get through the crowd. Those outside threatened to break in if the meeting was not transferred to a larger hall. Those inside refused to move as they would lose their seats. Finally the organisers found a church nearby and Gandhi agreed to go there for an overflow meeting after speaking in the hall.

The audience, who were in a heckling mood, were 90% students. The first minutes were lively but, after a while, they were leaning forward to catch every word from the Indians. Then came the questions. "Is Moral Re-Armament a better way than Mao's?" asked one. "Mao's is a mighty effort but it has not worked," replied Gandhi. "It cannot work because hate is one of the ingredients. It started with hate and the killing of the rich. It preached hate against America. Then inside China itself there came hate between the students and the army, between the workers and the students. Now they hate the Russians and the Russians hate the Chinese. I submit to you that your own Francis of Assisi was a greater revolutionary. He had the only idea that will really work—if we will live it."

The final question was, "Will you tell us from where you consider you get your power and inspiration?" The two word reply, "From God", brought a round of applause from the students. One man said, "I do not want to ask a question but to make a statement. You talked of division in India. There are divisions amongst us Christians. I live in the same block of flats as a priest whom I hate. When I go home tonight, after what I have heard here, I am going to ask his forgiveness and become his friend."

It was the same experience in Rome where the Indians spoke to an audience of MP's and men from industry, students and professors, diplomats and housewives, Asians, Africans and Europeans. The audience heard of the political settlement in North East India, of villages ending feuds, of Harijans finding a destiny, of a factory reopened in Calcutta to give 3,500 men back their jobs after the solving of a dispute that had kept it closed for two years. Of capitalists so changing that Marxists were rethinking their whole concept of class-war.

For two months Gandhi and his team visited dozens of cities in 11 European countries. The composition of the party itself drew together the strings of "God's continuing strategy" in India and illustrated, too, the effect of the different MRA plays that had toured the country.

There was R. D. Mathur who met MRA in Delhi in 1952; Niketu Iralu from Nagaland who met it at the time of *The Vanishing Island* in Madras; A. S. Ravindra who learnt about MRA as a student leader in Bangalore; Shashi Patel, the Bombay industrialist. There was another Bombay businessman and his wife, the Chinais, whose children work with MRA and who say that every family in India ought to give one of its members to this revolution. They came from hills and plains, north and south, and from Indian communities overseas. There was a former Union minister of state, the vice president of a political party, a tribal school teacher, a Muslim lawyer, a Malaysian student. They had no great positions. Some had met Moral Re-Armament within the year.

The Indians were constantly surrounded by people. Europeans disillusioned with affluence seemed to be looking to other, materially poorer, parts of the world for

something adequate for the human heart. The evidence and commitment of the Indians was undeniable. Theirs was not a request for aid, much as they appreciated what had been poured out in money, materials and men. Europe would be impoverished before India was enriched, they felt, unless there was a more fundamental approach. "If you want to help Asia and Africa you cannot do it without absolute moral standards and without God's guidance," said Gandhi, speaking to people from all over Scandinavia meeting in Copenhagen.

This was not a plea for long periods of meditation and contemplation in a remote place, he said. It was a plea for engagement and involvement in the affairs of men and in the world: "The most satisfying involvement, the most costly involvement, the deepest involvement is when you decide that you are going to do what God wants you to do. Will Denmark, will Scandinavia involve herself in the world in this way?"

The Indians met the President of the Federal Republic of Germany. The Minister of Development Aid told them, "The one thing we must not allow is the link between East and West to be broken. That would be tragic." A French MP said, "You talk of answers instead of problems. This may be the new way we are meant to do things."

They met black and white from Africa and from the Americas. They met Pakistanis. They told Indians and Pakistanis that in the cities where they lived they could build a friendship between the two countries so that "as two brothers working together they can serve the whole of humanity".

In Oxford they were invited to speak at Balliol College. The hall was packed. Unknown to them the college

authorities, expecting trouble, had unlocked an exit behind the platform so that speakers could escape unharmed. The precautions proved unnecessary. The audience, which included advocates of violence from Asia, Africa and South America, listened for 90 minutes in complete silence and then asked questions for a further 30.

One revolutionary said afterwards that he had found that night a new way that could be more effective than the guerrilla tactics used in his continent. "We have dealt in force, a thing the authorities have more of than we. Here is another power of which we could have as much as anyone," he said.

In Holland the Mayor of Wassenaar, W. J. Geertsema, said, "Your work should be an example for men and women all over the world, not only in developing countries but also in the so-called developed countries." *Het Vaderland* in a 1,600-word article wrote that the Indians had "solved threatening disputes in a peaceful way and now they await the day that they can sit with Russians and Chinese at one table." A Dutch bishop said, "Of the three sister virtues—faith, hope and charity—hope has become the Cinderella. You have given me hope today."

The Indian delegation also spoke to all of Ireland through BBC TV, Ulster TV and Radio Eireann. In Belfast the Minister of Community Relations, on behalf of the Northern Ireland Government, and the Lord Mayor gave receptions. *The Sunday News*, Belfast, wrote that the visitors believed that "if the Irish solve the problem here without further bloodshed it would encourage Muslims and Hindus to settle their differences in India."

"We chased Mr Gandhi in our radio van from Arus An Uachtarain (President De Valera's residence) to the Papal

Nunciature and finally recorded this interview with him under a tree in Phoenix Park." This was the introduction to a Radio Eireann broadcast from Dublin.

As well as meeting the President they met the Prime Minister, Jack Lynch. He told them, "Hatred and bitterness lead you nowhere." Hearing the stories of reconciliation in North East India he said, "I wish the same thing could happen here." Some weeks later he told the United Nations, "Let us all recognise that governments, like individuals, make mistakes. Virtue lies in refusing to become prisoners of our mistakes."

Gerald O'Neill, former Chairman of the Catholic area Falls Labour Party, came specially from Belfast for a reception given by Dublin citizens. He said, "These Asians come at a time when the situation in Ireland is being used all over the world to show that Christians in the name of God are fighting each other. It is encouraging when they say, 'Solve your own problems and bring the answer to our country.' One feels very humble when one hears about conditions in India compared with Northern Ireland." Referring to recent incidents of reconciliation in his own country O'Neill added, "We need to make these apologies the fashion now."

In Cork the party was received by the Lord Mayor and in Armagh by the Roman Catholic Primate, Cardinal William Conway.

In Derry as elsewhere they stayed in the homes of citizens. L. R. Sailo, a teacher from the Mizo Hills, lived in the home of Paddy Doherty, who was Vice Chairman of the Bogside Citizens' Defence Committee behind the barricades which sealed off the area in 1969. Later the whole delegation crowded into his home to meet others from the community.

Phyllis Devenney, whose husband died some months after being beaten up by the police and whose death was the subject of heated debate in the Northern Ireland parliament, said as the Indian party left the home, "Violence solves nothing. Forgiveness is the only way." A lifetime veteran of the Republican struggle who spent 12 years in detention without trial said of Mr Gandhi, "I have met a lot of dedicated men in my life. But this is the first time I have met one who is dedicated to the whole world."

Others from the Indian party stayed with extremists on the Protestant side.

The Chairman of the Derry Development Commission, Brian Morton, received the Indians in the Guildhall. *The Derry Journal* reported their visit with the headline, "Derry can provide answer to bitterness", and *The Londonderry Sentinel* with, "Are world problems too tough for God?"

When the Indians arrived in Belfast all the banks in the Republic of Ireland had been closed for five months. The employers called it a strike, the workers a lockout, the newspapers a dispute. 6,800 were out of a job and out of a salary for the whole period. *The Irish Times* had written the week before in an editorial: "If something is not done promptly, it is now clear that the situation could go on for a very long time . . . . So, if all normal channels are exhausted, what are we left with? Only a *deus* (or *episcopus?*) *ex machina*. It will be pointless for a country with a wrecked economy to extract satisfaction from vilifying one side or the other. If the banks are to open again, they must do so soon. Let us pray."

It so happened that three bank union men were at the first reception in Belfast. They tackled the Indians after-

wards, particularly those from industry. "We want to apply these ideas in our dispute," they said. They made a date to talk again the next day. It was clear from the talks with these men, and later with management in the Republic, that though many wrongs needed to be put right both sides were concerned about the innocent people who were suffering from the deadlock. Yet no one wished to admit this publicly. They admitted it to the Indians who had no axe to grind.

The Belfast men asked the Indians to get in touch with their union colleagues when they got to Dublin. The Indians did so and one official came to a reception for them. They talked together for a long time. The union representative said, "It is such a mess, only the Lord knows." The Indians agreed, and suggested they listen to Him. They took time to do so. The trade unionist had the thought, "You have had many convictions you have not expressed to the officials. Take the first chance."

In Cork, too, they met union representatives. Then some of the Indians felt they should leave the party and go straight to Dublin to meet the management. One was Shashi Patel, the Bombay businessman. His knowledge of management's thinking plus his own change of attitude to unions had made a profound impression on the bank officials. Patel was introduced to one of the bank directors. He told him firmly what he felt the world expected of Ireland. He also described his meetings with the union men. If you hold out, said Patel, you could win temporarily. But peace would be short-lived. The men would be seeking vengeance. Why not make a generous move now?

The banker told him how strongly he felt the failure of bank management after World War II to keep open the

jobs which had been promised for returning servicemen. He wanted to do something to make amends. But what Patel was suggesting was not the established practice. They discussed the issue of giving back-wages. The bank director feared that it would establish a precedent for the country. But as they talked he began to evolve in his mind a possible formula.

When the offer was placed before the men some officers wanted to accept, some were against. There was considerable discussion but finally the deadlock was broken.

A month after the Indians' first meeting in Belfast the banks were again working normally. Many people on all sides had helped bring about the solution. But J. O. Wilson, the Vice President of the Irish Bank Officers' Association, says, "When . . . . . began to speak at our decisive union meeting I knew whom . . . . . had been in touch with. After those words we did not look back and were on the road to the settlement."

As the Indian delegation returned home to their families and to their work one young man from Bangalore stayed on to help further in Europe. In Sweden he wrote these lines:

Lord, I am weak and powerless, You can give me strength,
I am impure and full of dirt, You can cleanse me,
I am useless, You can use me.

When I would be soft, make me firm,
When I would be hard, make me kind,
When I would hate, make me love,
When I would resent, make me rejoice,
When I would rest and retire, make me fight,

When I would rush about and act, make me pause and listen,
When I would doubt, give me faith,
When I would despair, give me hope,
When I would be proud, make me humble,
When I would be hesitant, make me certain,
When I would be sure of myself, make me turn to You.

I permanently appointed you as My servant and I have made the terms clear:
Do not complain of injustice, I did not promise you any justice;
Do not grumble about indifference, you shall not have any attention, save My meticulous care for your deepest and pettiest need;
Do not say you are not loved, I did not guarantee that to you, except My abundant love;
Do not seek any pleasure, except in doing My will.

You have no rights for justice, love or pleasure;
You have only the duty to give them to others.
Do not turn to men, but come to Me,
I shall give you not what you want, but all you need;
I shall give you more than you dare to ask Me for;
I shall satisfy you just exactly and perfectly.

13 THE SECRET OF MODERN LIVING

IT WOULD BE PRESUMPTUOUS for an Englishman to write about what needs to happen in somebody else's country. So much needs to happen in his own, particularly in the realm of understanding what goes on in the hearts and minds of other people. It would be all the more presumptuous when one faces the truth that we as a people could have done so much more through the years to help India and other nations equip themselves to face present pressures.

I hope that any Indians who feel that the book errs in that way will forget about the author and focus on these Indian men and women who are pioneering a way for all people. For that is why the book is written. To tell the world not what should happen but what has already happened. I had hoped an Indian would write this book. But those to whom it was suggested encouraged me to go ahead with it—so that they could keep at the job it describes.

There is such a thing, I believe, as the character assassination of nations. Sometimes deliberately plotted, sometimes brought about by the jaundiced judgements of cynical minds, sometimes triggered by the unthinking gossip of goodwilled accessories. It can even appear humble for a nation to live down to what is apparently expected of it. Indians, like the British, are not immune from this temptation. I hope that this book may help us both to resist every pressure—either through past history

or through present difficulty—to withdraw into ourselves personally and nationally.

We accept as commonplace that problems in one country are soon reproduced in another. A new form of industrial action in Britain, for example, is soon, with a certain allowance for time and distance, tried out in New Zealand. Hijacking is a frightening example. Trends in dress, styles of protest, spring across oceans with astonishing rapidity—and not entirely by accident. Helped along by plentiful exposure on TV, they spread like some Asian 'flu.

Why not the same with answers? The fashion of faith in one land might be catching in another. The alternative to violence in one area might be a considerable encouragement in another. And that is precisely what has begun to happen as some of these stories from India have been told in different parts of the world. The fact that India is not yet changed does not undercut the validity of the experiment being made.

Kenneth Clark, the British art historian, believes that civilisation can be destroyed as effectively by cynicism and disillusionment as by bombs. Perhaps a massive dose of hope from a country one facilely associates with problems might work like a massive Asian cure.

This book could have been written about other countries. India does not have a monopoly of men and women who are prepared to measure their actions by absolute moral standards and accept a commission from God for the remaking of the world. In South Africa, in Northern Ireland, in British industry, in the French universities, in the Middle East, in the United States docks, in country after country and situation after situation where headlines sometimes indicate the contrary,

there are men and women like those in this book quietly building the new society.

But India—the world's "largest open society" as W. F. K. Thompson describes it—is for many reasons a more important test case than others. Muhammad Heykal, the distinguished Egyptian editor, believes that it is in India rather than in the Middle East or Japan that the confrontation between the triumvirate of power—the Soviet Union, the USA and China—is going to be resolved. "Developments in Europe are going to be comparatively unimportant," he wrote in *The Times* in April 1971, "compared with what happens in the Indian context." India, according to *The Economist* of London, is now the unrivalled power in the area stretching from Iran to Indo-China.

The 1971 elections in India, where a qualified electorate of around 270 million people went to the polls, made, as James Cameron wrote, "every other free election on record look like a parish pump affair."

India is conceivably the one nation that could offer China a different way of doing things. The big question is whether India can solve its vast problems without resorting to dictatorship of right or left, and without succumbing to a heartless materialism. Young "hippies" from the West are not popular in India. But in many cases the motive that brings them there is a sincere hope that they will find in this ancient land the peace and purpose that has eluded them in their own countries.

She might offer Russia a different way too. In August 1971 a twenty-year Indo-Soviet treaty of friendship, peace and cooperation was signed. The treaty, and Russia's stand in the Indo-Pakistan war, brought the two countries closer than ever before.

Rajmohan Gandhi wrote on 24 December 1971, "The Russian people, and the other peoples of the Soviet Union, have much to give our region. But help will not be in one direction. We too have things, and ideas, which could be of benefit to the Soviet population.

"Over 250 million people live in the Soviet Union. They are a specially gifted as well as a substantial part of humanity. Of their traits and customs, hopes and longings, history and tradition the average Indian does not know enough. The names of Gorky, Tolstoy, Chekov, Khrushchev, Yuri Gagarin and Kosygin are admired by our people. But there is room for more knowledge, more contacts, more friendship. For the sake of political ideologies Indians have in the past taken pro-Soviet or anti-Soviet views. What is now required is a normal and natural friendship between the peoples of the two nations.

"India acknowledges and thankfully accepts Russian goodwill. India returns it too and looks forward to a healthy relationship that will be of some service to the entire world. If India needs to learn from the efficiency and technical and organising skills of the Soviet Union, the people of that outstanding country may gain from India an understanding of God which could take them to their richest destiny."

Thirty years ago Mahatma Gandhi in his picturesque language said of one Western nation, "You glory in speed, thinking not of the goal. You think your souls are saved because you can invent radio. Of what elevation to man is a method of broadcasting when you have only drivel to send out?"

TV is already established in Delhi and comes shortly to Bombay. And the goal to which India should aspire is

exercising the mind of India's leaders.

Does modernity consist merely in using modern amenities, and in following certain fashions, and in apeing the more affluent nations? Or should one look for a more profound meaning? These are questions which were asked by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi in June 1971. Speaking in New Delhi she said, "Progress to me means the blooming and deepening of the human personality of the individual and also of the nation. Obviously the evils of poverty and of a stratified society are obstacles and must be removed. However at every step we must ensure that this process of attaining a higher material standard of living is not impinging on man's personality, or giving him a feeling of alienation from his society, his environment. But that on the other hand it is helping him to be a participant in the development and is enriching his spirit."

The Prime Minister continued, "Human beings are quick to find somebody or something to blame. See the world's present predicament! People find fault with science and technology. The problem is not in the nature of technology, but in the nature of man himself and the value system which he has made for himself.

"In contemporary life, in most countries, the accent is on competition not co-operation. This necessarily leads to aggressive and suspicious attitudes within the nation as well as in the international sphere. A man's love for his family does not diminish because he cares deeply for his country, nor does the man become less of a patriot because, while cherishing his country and its culture, he feels concerned for the welfare of humanity as a whole. Man can utilise the vast resources of the earth without despoiling or denuding it.

"The question before us here in India is: how can we make the best use of knowledge and resources? How can we create an atmosphere of co-operation and harmony? Can we do this unless we consciously attempt to modify the value systems which encourage selfishness or acquisitiveness, and replace them with others which would seek to advance the interests of the individual along with those of his fellow men rather than at their cost? We must base our social institutions along principles which will enhance the dignity, security and potential of human life. The criterion for all planning should be not only maximum production, but optimum human development."

A much respected political figure from another party, Dr Pratap Chandra Chunder, President of the West Bengal Congress (O), feels that such development will depend on moral standards. Speaking to students in May 1971 he said that many were worried about the Naxalites and the murders being committed daily. But the country faced a greater threat: "A far more dangerous process is going on in our part of the country, and is gradually spreading throughout other parts of India. It is the deterioration in the entire moral outlook. It is a sort of cancer which is spreading out. It is true that bad things like cheating in exams have always been done, but formerly when bad things were done they were done with a sense of shame. Today the whole attitude has changed and they are done with a sense of pride. That is a dangerous thing, and if it is allowed to go on our whole structure will collapse."

To Dr Chunder, Moral Re-Armament offers the way both to restore that moral basis and to provide a constructive channel for the idealism of Naxalite youth. In

fact after meeting some of the people described in this book and inspecting how the work is done at Asia Plateau he said, "If this type of planning had been undertaken at an all-India level the face of the country would have been changed by this time."

Rajmohan Gandhi and his colleagues feel that the time has come to take the planning for Moral Re-Armament as seriously as the planning for the economic development of the country.

One of the phrases that Dr Frank Buchman used to quote frequently was, "As I am, so is my nation". The men and women in this book dare to take that thought seriously for a nation as big as India. It would be easy for them to say that the problems are too immense to be tackled by individuals, just as people in more developed societies say that theirs are too complex. It would be easy to use the excuse that there have always been problems and always will be, so anything they can do won't affect the price of ghee. But they are showing that in an age of currency crises and intricate economics, in an age when defence budgets are meaningless to the ordinary man and disaster tolls too monstrous to take in—the individual not only counts but is decisive.

In an impersonal, computerised world the person is still all-important.

The Madras students, passionate to answer an injustice in another continent, had ignored one in their own city. They became involved, ended a nine-month factory closure and produced a *Times of India* headline, "Student power works a miracle". Now they have something practical to offer that other continent.

The Delhi Harijans took a historic chip off their shoulders and transformed the atmosphere in their colony.

B says, "I thought of starting a revolution for the Harijans. Now I have given up my hatred and will work not just for one caste but for the whole world."

Meghalaya Minister Nichols-Roy and Bombay businessman Shashi Patel are among many who strive to bring these ideas to India. But they are as passionate to bring them to the USA where they were both educated. They, like many others described in this book, are anxious to be of service to other countries.

They are grateful, too, for any help they can get to answer the problems of India. But they are well aware that India does not lack for technically qualified men of its own nor does it run short of technical experts from abroad ready to offer their advice when asked—or not asked. They seek men who have the answer to the basic problems of human nature, to greed, bitterness, dishonesty.

They would agree with Oliver Goldsmith who wrote 200 years ago, "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey, where wealth accumulates and men decay." Or with David Morse, former Director General of the International Labour Office, who made the same point more recently: "Economic and technological advance is essential in the development of mankind, but they are half the coin. The other half is man himself. We have got to learn how to change man's attitudes otherwise man will destroy himself."

When foreigners think of India they often think of massive problems that only a government can solve. Yet India, as these stories illustrate, may show the world that the only permanent answer is when a man sets out to build a new world around him. Here is a revolution that also offers a part in that new world while rebuilding the

old. It gives to all the chance to be not victims of events but shapers of the future.

This is not a book about an Indian movement. It is an attempt to capture human experience worked out in India but valid for the world. It is not written in the hope that readers will say "what a great work they are doing there", even though the late President of India, Dr Rajendra Prasad, called these developments "the most important thing happening in India today."

Rather, it is written that the reader should decide to help in the creation of this new hope in their country and every country.

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