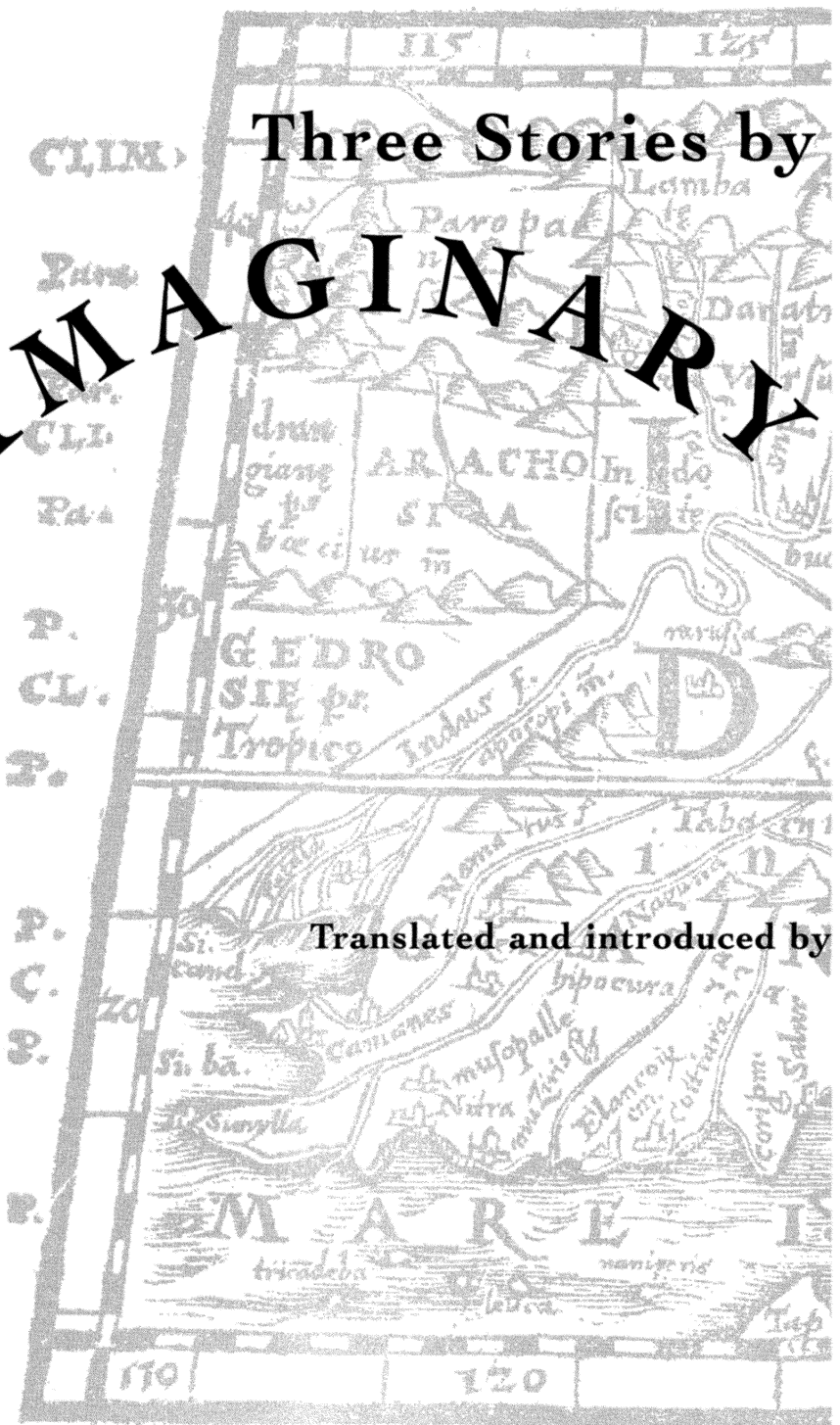


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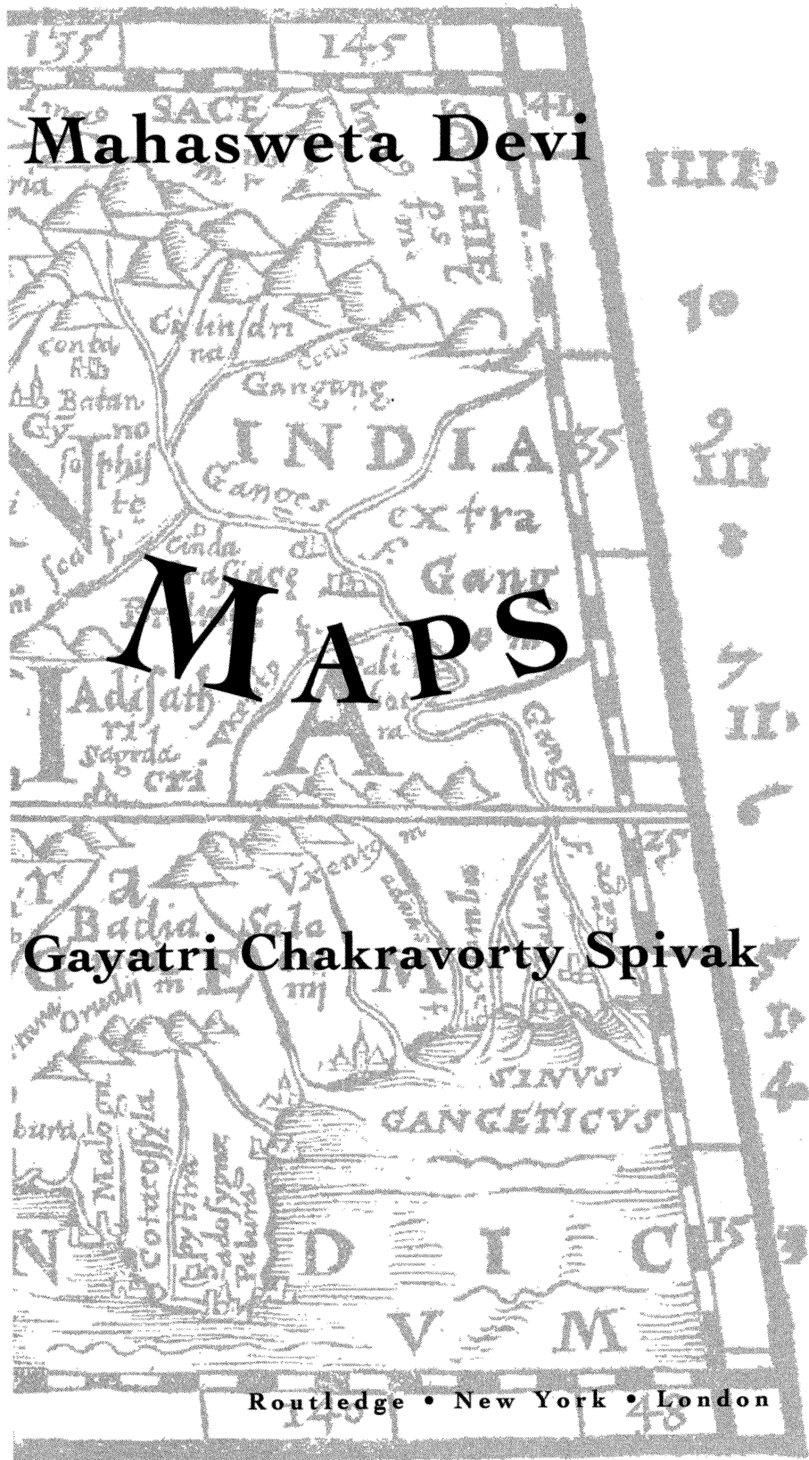
MAPS

Three Stories by

IMAGINARY



Translated and introduced by



Mahasweta Devi

MAPS

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak

The Author in Conversation

The following is a lightly edited version of a conversation, originally in English, taped in Calcutta in December, 1991. The questions are mine, the answers hers.

—GCS

History and fact first.

The tribal population of India is about one-sixth of the total population of the country. The tribes are divided into many groups. India belonged to these tribals long before the incursion of the Aryan-speaking peoples. The *Ramayana*, one of India's two ancient epics, seems to contain evidence of how they were oppressed, evicted from their homeland, and then forced to occupy the lower reaches of the mainstream culture. Bits of their old culture can still be glimpsed. In the nineteenth century, for example, mainstream Indian reformers had to struggle to pass a Widow Remarriage Act in caste-Hindu society, the society that is generally called "Indian." Among the Austric and Dravidian tribes of India, on the other hand—in the states of West Bengal and Bihar alone there are Oraons, Mundas, Santals, Lodhas, Kherias, Mahalis, Gonds, and more—widow remarriage has always been the custom. In tribal society, there is no dowry system, only bride-price. It is difficult to discern at this late date who borrowed from whom, especially since the tribals relied upon an oral tradition. Their word for Hindu is Diku—outsider. Remember, Draupadi in the *Mahabharata* is a black woman. She must have been a tribal. In the State of Himachal Pradesh we still find the sort of fraternal polyandry that Draupadi was supposed to have practiced in the *Mahabharata*. The polyandrous tribal women of Himachal Pradesh are said to belong to the Draupadi Gotra or clan. Among the South Indian tribals, Sita, the Queen of King Rama in the *Ramayana*, is not a human being. She is the wind in the grass, she is the flowing river, the fruit-yielding trees, the harvest to be gathered. She is Nature. Glimpses of their history remain in their songs and ballads. They were advanced in agriculture, though some groups were forest dwelling hunters: the Sobors.¹ The modern

tribal does not know the word “orphan,” because it is their communal obligation to bring up a child whose parents are dead. Individual pomp and splendor are also unknown.

And communal land holding, the absence of private property?

They had no sense of property. There was communal land holding because, just like the Native Americans, they also believed that land and forest and river belong to everyone. Their society has of course broken under mainstream onslaught. Today in the village of Kuda only seven families hold 21 acres of land. Now those 21 acres are getting irrigated and the crop will be equally divided among the entire community. They understood ecology and the environment in a way we cannot yet imagine. Happily, Native Americans are trying to resurrect that spirit and place it before the world. Like them the Sobors (the hunting tribes) will beg forgiveness if they are forced to fell a tree: You are our friend. I do this because my wife doesn't have any food, my son doesn't have any food, my daughter starves. Before they killed an animal, they used to pray to the animal: the bird, the fish, the deer.

The tribals and the mainstream have always been parallel. There has never been a meeting point. The mainstream simply doesn't understand the parallel. As long as the forests were there, the hunting tribes did not suffer so much, because the forests used to provide them with food, shelter, timber, hunting. But now that the forests are gone, the tribals are in dire distress. Some, like the Santals or the Oraons from the Deccan, have advanced because they took to agriculture long ago.

But the smaller tribes, like the Lodhas and Kherias you have seen, small hunting tribes all over India, suffer deeply. The government of India has pauperized them. They have to beg for everything they need. They do not understand mainstream machination, so although there are safeguarding laws against land-grabbing, tribal land is being sold illegally every day, and usurped by mainstream society all over India, especially in West Bengal. In North Bengal, extensive lands are being converted into tea gardens, fruit orchards. They can't keep their land; there is no education for them, no health facilities, no roads, no way of generating income. Nothing is done for them although so much money is allotted for them. They do not want money; they want facilities; they want to live the life of an honorable poor Indian, you might say. But they are denied everything. The tribals of India are

denied everything. All the big dam projects are made to fit the new rich Kulaks.² For that the tribals are evicted from their homeland, with no compensation. And yet a lot of their culture survives! Perhaps because no one is interested in them as persons.

Then there are the industrial projects, for example the one in Tatanagar or in Bhilai. The entire Singhbhum district is minerially rich. India makes progress, produces steel, the tribals give up their land and receive nothing. They are suffering spectators of the India that is traveling toward the twenty-first century. That is why they protest, that is why there is Jharkhand, there is Chhattisgarh [place-names associated with ongoing tribal liberation movements against political and industrial exploitation]. Although they fought bravely against the British, they have not been treated as part of India's freedom struggle. A tribal girl asked me modestly, "When we go to school, we read about Mahatma Gandhi. Did we have no heroes? Did we always suffer like this?" That is why I started writing about the tribal movements and the tribal heroes. Of course I am involved with them, but it had to be written. I repay them their honor. They want to feel proud that they are tribals.

The tribals, then, paid the price for decolonization? They have not been part of the decolonization of India?

They have not been a part. Yet they have paid the price. I am wary of the West. I do not know my Western readers. In America I found such lack of information about the Native Americans. Why should American readers want to know from me about Indian tribals, when they have present-day America? How was it built? Only in the names of places the Native American legacy survives. Otherwise entire tribes have been butchered. Their land has been taken away. There is movement, there are protest camps. But I say to my American readers, see what has been done to them, you will understand what has been done to the Indian tribals. Everywhere it is the same story. They reclaimed the forest, converted it into agricultural land, yet they were dispossessed.

And your involvement in the tribal movement?

The tribal movement now?

Yes.

But my involvement started long ago. In 1965, I started going

to Palamu. Of course my mental involvement was already there. I was interested in them, but did not know very much. Palamu is still an inaccessible district, the poorest in the state of Bihar, perhaps one of the poorest in India. In such backward, feudally oppressed districts, the bonded labor system survives. The bonded labor system was introduced by the British. They created a new class, which took away tribal land and converted the tribals into debt-bonded slaves. The present government of India had to introduce, in 1976, the Bonded Labor System Abolition Act. You will be surprised to know that, from Kashmir to the Indian Ocean, and from East to West, in every state, there are districts marked as bonded labor districts because there are more than forty thousand bonded laborers in each of them. The Palamu I have depicted in my stories—only a few have been translated—is a mirror of tribal India. I have covered all of the district on foot. I walked miles, stayed somewhere overnight, went from place to place. Thus the bonded labor system, in its naked savagery and its bloody exploitation of women, became clear to me. I started writing about Palamu. I also started getting bonded laborers organized. In 1979, the government of India had supposedly liberated a handful of bonded laborers in Seora village on top of a hill. And, on paper, had given them land. What land? Land on top of the hills, no water level, where nothing could grow. And the people who kept them as bonded slaves were low echelon government officials themselves. It was through their hands that the government gave money to rehabilitate these people. Naturally nothing reached the tribals. They were in desperation. They said: "We will not go back to bondage again." On a broken mud wall of Seora village I wrote with a piece of chalk: Palamu District Bonded Labor Liberation Organization. The next year, for the first time in the heart of Palamu, in its head town of Daltonganj, bonded laborers came in the thousands. I led a procession through the streets of Palamu; we went to the District Commissioner. The women led the procession, shouting slogans: "Bonded System Must End," "The Land Belongs to the Tiller, Not the Absentee Landlord," and many others. The state of Bihar is divided into agricultural and forest areas. About forest Bihar I have written fiction. About agricultural Bihar I have written reports. You know I do a lot of journalism. When I understood that feeling for the tribals and writing about them was not enough, I started living with them. Tried to solve the problem by seeing everything from his or

her point of view. That is how my book about Birsa Munda [*Aranyer Adhikar*—the right of/to the forest] came to be written. This book has been translated into almost all the Indian languages but not yet into English. The tribals think it has done justice to the tribals of India for the first time. The day Birsa was killed, Martyr's Day, is now observed by them with massive attendance, oaths and pledges, songs and dances. They understand the necessity of reviving and maintaining their culture.

Tell me about the principles animating your work with the Kheria Sobors of Purulia.

The British had isolated the small tribes. They were afraid to touch the majority tribes for fear of widespread havoc. They branded the small tribes as criminal tribes because they lived in the forest and did not take to cultivation. These tribes had no concept of money. They would come out of the forest, go to the village market, place honey, leaves, roots, flowers, and silently take away whatever they needed: rice, oil, spices. So they were thieves! With the felling of the forests, these tribes were exposed to the current savagery. They did not know where to go, they did not have any land. In the 1950s, the government of India “denotified” these tribes. The society immediately adjacent to where they now live—the police and the administration—still see them as thieves, robbers, criminals. And definitely use them in criminal activities. And on their backs grow rich. In West Bengal there are only two such denotified tribes, the Lodhas of Medinipur, and the Sobors. Kheria is also a Sobor or hunter tribe. That is how it was discovered that between 1979 and 1982, about forty Lodhas were lynched. In 1978, I formed the Lodha Organization which started protests. I investigated when a Lodha killing took place, and I wrote . . . My state government finally had to recognize that Lodhas were human beings after all. Purulia is the most neglected and the poorest district in West Bengal. The tribes and the non-tribal poor are equally neglected. There was a person there, Gopiballabh Singh Deo, you have seen him, he fought their cases, he fought for them when the police restricted them, and eventually Gopi and I joined hands there. Within ten years we have formed the Purulia Kheria Sobor Organization. I have gone to Delhi, fought and fought, and demanded schemes [projects] so that we could implement them, not through government agencies, not through their officers. The tribals can now plant forests, and

fantastic forestation has been done. In a drought prone district like Purulia, out of one lakh trees, . . . What is one lakh?

A hundred thousand.

Out of a hundred thousand trees, eighty thousand have survived. Eighty thousand trees have survived. And they are fairly well grown; mostly fruit trees, timber and leaf-giving trees, trees for silkworm. They have dug wells. They are building on their tradition of silk-weaving and trying to find markets without middlemen. The most incredible thing is their handicrafts. The Kheria tribal never did handicraft work before. But now with date palm leaves and wild grass they are earning money with the handicrafts they are producing. Their women are opening small savings accounts. We have started schools which they have started to attend. I should not say that we have done this. Gopi and I could have done nothing if they had not come forward. You have seen with your own eyes how responsible and good they are. You saw those two Kheria boys who went to take training in Ranchi. Now they are operating lift-irrigation in the fields and water is rising where it had never been before.

And in the literacy movement, the teachers are tribals or the so-called scheduled castes—the untouchables.

Yes.

The women who are being trained in primary health care are tribals. The moment they were given some recognition as human beings they took their own improvement and development in their own hands.

That's what our aim was. It is their work. They are responsible, sensitive people. They are civilized people. Only they have never been approached, they have never been given any responsibility by the rulers. You will be surprised to see how these tribals have gone and made extensive surveys of villages. Handmade surveys of sixty villages—population, school-going population, nearest school, need for a literacy center. Their traditional midwives are taking midwifery training. Now we have schools running for adults and children. Through the schools we can generate awareness. After they finish literacy and numeracy, we will give them books written in easy language by me to let them know their rights under the Indian Constitution. Let them know their rights, and let them

stand up and fight for them. Their involvement is an amazing experience. All over India I have said to people, if you want to rehabilitate a denotified tribe, just giving some money to a broker is not enough. You have to go there, you have to love and trust them. Once you give trust, they give you back trust, Gayatri. This time you were not there. On the second and third of November, seven thousand Kheria Sobors came for their annual gathering. Before the conference began, they asked the local liquor shop owner to close his shop. "Come and join our festival," they said. "What if my shop gets looted," said he. The Kherias looked him in the eye and said, "What if we looted just now, and set fire to it? Can you do anything?" So seven thousand tribals in the winter night, men and women, did not drink a drop. The police could not charge intoxication and unruly behavior. Liquor is a great problem because the government encourages round-the-clock hours at illegally distilled liquor shops. And now? The women walk maybe fifteen kilometers a day with children tied to their backs to take midwifery training and health work training, and now infant mortality has gone down. Their service has been recognized.

And their interest in a sustained income all year round for the possibility of a sustained literacy program? Their own interest in changing their life pattern?

They have always wanted to change their life pattern. But they were never given any help. They now choose their own trees. And they tell us themselves, because the trees take time, in between them we will grow vegetables. We are digging water tanks, and we culture fish there. On the Arjun tree they cultivate silkworms. Formerly all the poor tribes and the scheduled castes migrated to other areas after harvest. Now they are not migrant workers anymore. We will do it with the Oraons as well, because they were the first big field peasants. Twenty-three Oraon tribal villages are making bricks. We are going to establish a brick-makers' cooperative. And the Kherias who had never made bricks before are making better bricks than the traditional brick makers.

You are also useful to the tribals because of the journalistic exposure that you immediately give to every act of exploitation and discrimination that they have to suffer. Their case gets known in Calcutta [the state capital], in Delhi [the capital of the country], as soon as something happens.

Gayatri, I've been doing this for many years. I write these days for *Frontier* [Calcutta-based], and even for *Economic and Political Weekly* [national circulation], and I have been doing a regular column contribution to Bengali dailies since 1982. Wherever there is exploitation, I report it immediately. I write directly to the pertinent ministerial department. I send a copy to the area, they make a mass-signature effort and go to the local authority. Each minister has one or two hundred of my letters. I think a creative writer should have a social conscience. I have a duty toward society. Yet I don't really know why I do these things. This sense of duty is an obsession, and I must remain accountable to myself. I ask myself this question a thousand times: have I done what I could have done? My house is full of them, they write to me, they come and stay with me, I go and stay with them. And this journalistic exposure is very necessary. The government officials admit that they are afraid of me. What will I write next?

And the tribals know this. You are also interested in undoing the divisions among the tribes, so that they think of themselves as a united community in India.

I'm very happy that you have referred to this. With the passage of time, sharp divisions have arisen among the tribes. When it comes to Lodha killing or the killing of denotified tribes for example, other tribes have participated. In 1986, I formed the *Adim Jati Aikya Parishad* [Tribal Unity Forum] in desperation. Now the Santal will not kill a Lodha anymore. The government is angry at this, at the uniting of the tribes. I have to hammer and hammer upon this. All the time, all the time. I want you to go to Bernard Bagwar [a Christian tribal]. You know Bernard Bagwar.

Yes, I've met him.

Bernard Bagwar is the General Secretary of this Tribal Unity Forum. If anything happens to tribals anywhere, our people will go there, they will write to me, and I will harp upon this—tribal unity, tribal unity. You see, the integrated man of the large Santal tribe may think, "I am in good clothes, I have a government office job, I am educated, I am very different from the village Santal, who is plowing land. As for the other tribes, these Lodhas, these Kherias, these Mahalis, they are inferior to us." I must hammer upon that pride, break that pride. I tell such a man, "To the gov-

ernment all of you are tribals. All of you belong to that contemptible category of the 'scheduled tribe.' Disunity among the tribals is something the system wants. The system is just exploiting you, creating this disunity, so that you remain divided." Wherever there is a movement now, they join hands, they are no longer disunited. You will still find disunity where there is no movement. The movement should start everywhere. It's such a pity that Shankar Guha Niyogi was killed in such a brutal manner.³ How much that one person achieved! I have seen his work. Wherever there is someone fighting for the tribal cause, I am fortunate enough to be linked with it, directly or indirectly. Bernard is carrying on a glorious fight.

Will it be right then to say that you are not trying to keep their separate ethnicities alive . . .

No, no, no.

. . . but a general tribal identity as Indian.

General tribal as Indian, not only that. They are Indians who belong to the rest of India. Mainstream India had better recognize that. Pay them the honor that they deserve. Pay them the respect that they deserve. There are no dowry deaths among the tribals. And when they are called criminal tribes, I say, there is crime all over the state of Bihar. All over India. All over the world. Do these tribes commit all these crimes? They are your easy victims, they are your prey, you hunt them. The system hunts them. And wants to brand them. The system which hunts them and uses them as a target is the criminal.

From this demand for the recognition of the tribal as a citizen of independent India with an advanced cultural heritage, we can turn to the three stories in this book. The relationship among the stories as you perceive them, the place of the central character in the first two. And then, what is it that you are trying to achieve in "Pterodactyl"?

Is what I have said enough?

Enough I think for this introduction. You'll look at it when I edit it. And now we go to the stories.

Let us first take up "Shikar" ["The Hunt"]. I know that area like the palm of my hand. I have seen the person I have called

Mary Oraon. The tribals have this animal hunting festival in Bihar. It used to be the Festival of Justice. After the hunt, the elders would bring offenders to justice. They would not go to the police. In Santali language it was the Law-bir. Law is the Law, and *bir* is forest. And every twelfth year it is Jani Parab, the women's hunting festival in Bihar. Every event narrated within that story is true. What Mary did that day has been done in that area again and again. Among the tribals, insulting or raping a woman is the greatest crime. Rape is unknown to them. Women have a place of honor in tribal society. When I went to Lapra I would see this light-skinned girl in a yellow sari worn in the village way, on the back of a big old buffalo, sitting in the most relaxed manner, chewing sugar-cane. Maybe chewing popcorn. I see her in Tohri market, bargaining for fruit and other produce, chewing *pan* [spiced betel leaf], smoking *bidis* [tobacco-leaf cigarettes], arguing and always getting the upper hand. Such a personality. Then I learned what she had done on Jani Parab day in order to marry the Muslim boy. I learned this through songs. Every event that the tribals come to know they transfer to song, they do not write. They have retained the memories of their fights, of natural calamities, in this way. Some collections are being made. Sitting around the fire on a winter night, under the open sky, I came to know her story. And that man was just like a Lakra, a wolf, that had been killed. The real point is, Gayatri, that it was Jani Parab, the women's hunting festival day. She resurrected the real meaning of the annual hunting festival day by dealing out justice for a crime committed against the entire tribal society. One of the causes of the great Santal Revolt of 1855–56 was the raping of tribal women. People say that in the story I have gone too much for bloodshed, but I think as far as the tribals or the oppressed are concerned, violence is justified. When the system fails in—justice, violence is justified. The system resorts to violence when people rise to redress some grievance, to protest. India is supposed to be a nonviolent country. But in this nonviolent country, how many firings, how many killings by bigots take place every year? When the system fails an individual has a right to take to violence or any other means to get justice. The individual cannot go on suffering in silence. Tehsildar represents the mainstream. He is a contractor, the entire administration is behind him, because this illegal deforestation, which continues all over India, is done with great skill, and always the tribals are condemned. Once a tribal told me, "I need five rupees a day to buy

rice.⁴ Ask me to fell a tree, I'll do it unwillingly, but I'll do it. Ask me to chop off a head, I'll do it, because I need five rupees at the end of the day." So that the hands that fell the tree are not the hands responsible for the deforestation all over India. Big money is involved in the furniture that you see in Delhi, or Hyderabad, or Calcutta. The local political worthies, local police, local administration are bribed. The railways cooperate by carrying this illegally felled timber. Illegal sawmills come up everywhere. There are bosses in the cities felling the sandalwood in Karnataka. All over the world governments protecting the environment is nonsense. Thus through Mary Oraon I have narrated events that are true of India today. I consider myself an Indian writer, not a Bengali writer. I am proud of this.

Now we come to "Douloti." I told you about my travels all over Palamu district. "Douloti" is situated in Palamu. The fight of the Naxalites in Palamu, as in the entire states of Bihar and Andhra, for minimum wages for forest workers, plantation workers, agricultural workers, is of course the only solution to the bonded labor problem.⁵ What I have written about in "Douloti" is how a woman, how women especially, were exploited.

I wrote about the central problem in "Douloti" in the *Business Standard* and am still fighting with the government of India. They have apparently abolished the bonded labor system. But the bonded labor system is no longer confined to the agricultural sector. Contractor's laborers, brought in from out-of-state to work as casual labor for any industrial project, are also bonded labor. This is for example extremely common in the Himalayan district of Uttar Kashi. Women after or before marriage are taken away when husband or father has borrowed money from the money-lending upper caste. They are taken straight to brothels in the big cities to work out that sum. And the sum is never repaid because the account is calculated on compound interest. I wrote three stories on bonded laborers. "Douloti" is the first story. In "Palamu" the formation of organized bonded labor is again seen through the experiences of a woman. In the third, "Gohumni" [forthcoming in translation], the woman retaliates. She punishes the moneylender who comes to take her away. Incidentally, Gohumni means female cobra. I saw Crook Nagesia with my own eyes in the month of June, just before the rainy season. Palamu has very little rainfall. Under the burning sun the landlord loads the bullock cart with paddy and tells the man to pull the cart to the local market.

He could not do it. He fell under it. He was crushed. He became twisted and crooked for the rest of his life. I asked the landlord why he did it. In order to approach the landlords of Palamu you have to say you are a superior government officer taking notes, and that's what I was. The landlord offered me a glass of milk with sugar-cane crystals. He was trying to please me. "You are an upper-caste person," he said. "These bullocks are costly. If I send a bullock, it will suffer in the heat and it might collapse. But these bonded laborers don't count for much. A man can be wasted, a bullock cannot." This was his argument, the perennial argument, after all, for sweating "cheap labor" rather than using costly machines. Out of this argument, and seeing a skeletal girl in the local hospital who could only pronounce the name of her village and nothing else, I made the story. I have named the village Seora. But there are such villages everywhere in Palamu. Now they cannot do this anymore wherever there is a movement against bonded labor. But the sale of girls for rape still goes on. "Douloti" is still true, and true for the rest of India.

That is why I have ended the story like that. Douloti's bleeding, rotting carcass covers the entire Indian peninsula. In Hyderabad, there is a special area where buyers from the Middle East buy women in the name of marriage. Parents flock there because they are so poor, they cannot give their daughters food and clothing. The basic reason is poverty. *Times of India* did a very good series of stories on this. As long as eighty percent of the Indian population lives below poverty lines, this cannot stop. Decolonization has not reached the poor. That is why these things happen. Women are just merchandise, commodities. In the border districts of West Bengal there are women from Bangladesh being sold in the name of marriage in the bridegroom's house. For the flesh trade all you have to invest is two saris, a bit of food, some trinkets, and a bit of money for the parents. Poverty, poverty, poverty. What we need is mass-based public opinion formation, pressure on the government, vigilance. But what can we expect of the system, when the burning of a Rajput woman becomes a great national issue? When a woman is raped the entire judiciary system is against the woman. The general consensus is: only women of loose character get raped, for India parades that India holds women in great honor. Even women of the left parties in Calcutta have brought that argument in cases of rape.

"Pterodactyl" is an abstract of my entire tribal experience.

Through the Nagesia experience I have explained other tribal experiences as well. I have not kept to the customs of one tribe alone. In the matter of the respect for the dead, for example, I have mixed together the habits of many tribes. If read carefully, "Pterodactyl" will communicate the agony of the tribals, of marginalized people all over the world.

Wherever you see heaped boulders in Ranchi district, it is an ancestral burial ground. Once in the remote district of Singhbhum I was walking through forests and rivers. I told the tribals that if I walked twice for twenty miles in the summer heat, I would die. They comforted me by saying, "Don't worry, we will carry big stones from far away to place upon your grave." I said, "What consolation will this be to me when I'm dead?" "Didi [elder sister]," they said, "we have plenty of stones right here. But these stones, though large, will not give you great honor. If we carry stones from far away, *that* will mean honor." But I didn't die there. Actually I don't want to die now. I want twenty working years.

So "Pterodactyl" wants to show what has been done to the entire tribal world of India. We did not know it, it was like a continent. We did not try to know it. It is the same everywhere. I think of the two American continents. We did not try to know them. We did not try to find out what potential has survived in them through all these centuries. What has survived in them? Have you ever seen them, very carefully going very respectfully in file? If a thousand Indian tribals, men, women, and children, sit, how quiet they are? How quietly they listen to people? Mainstream people cannot believe it. They shove and nudge, they hum and sing, they whisper. It is not in us. In their blood there is so much patience, it is like nature. Patience of the hills, of the rivers, the tribal contains everything. Each tribe is like a continent. But we never tried to know them. Never tried to respect them. This is true of every tribal. And we destroyed them. I found the Nagesia tribals making their leaf huts on the hills. In some forgotten time the Nagesias had been invaded by outsiders. Then they built their huts on the tops of hills so they could watch from which direction the enemy came. But they cannot stop the invaders anymore. As far as the tribal is concerned, the road, the big road, is the enemy. It will take away whatever crop he grows, whatever vegetable he grows, and in times of famine and natural disorders like rain failure or flood they will come in lorries and trucks and take away their children to be sold in other places as bonded labor. Shall I

ever forget that in Palamu, eight boys aged six to ten were scared out of a carpet making factory where the factory owner had branded their backs in case they escaped? The parents and state and national police had gone there. Those boys were rescued. But what about the thousands of tribal children and scheduled caste children who are working in Tamil Nadu, in match and fireworks and metal factories, in Kashmir in carpet workshops, all over India in various kinds of enterprises? In the capitalist market there is great demand for children, especially tribal children. You pay them little; you can starve them; you can kill them; no one will come for them. The pterodactyl is prehistoric. Modern man, the journalist, does not know anything about it. There is no point of communication with the pterodactyl. The pterodactyl cannot say what message it has brought. The journalist, the representative of the mainstream people, has no point of contact with the tribals. Their roads have run parallel. He does not know what the tribal wants, what the tribal holds most dear to the heart. The tribals want to stay in the place which they know as their own. They want the respect that they hold for their dead ancestors. Whatever has come in the name of development has spelled disaster for the tribes. And they do not know how to dishonor others.

Our double task is to resist "development" actively and to learn to love.