

You Said It

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by

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PREFACE

THERE is still much to laugh at in this world despite the cold-war chaos, the bickering among the hysterical big powers and the nuclear plot that is afoot to annihilate life on earth, presumably to save the world! Even the news of these grave portents which threaten our very existence sounds distant and academic over the deafening din of voices that fill the world of the layman, complaining of pot-holes and postal delays, of soaring prices and strikes and of traffic jams and juvenile delinquents. A leaky tap in his bathroom is of much more concern to him than the failure of the Summit. He is much more bothered by a rise in the cost of toothpaste and tomatoes than any shortfall in the foreign aid programme!

Life indeed looks a grim affair in which any attempt at a joke to relieve the gravity would appear as out of place as a juke box in an operation theatre. Yet, curiously enough, the instinct to laugh has survived all the wars, tragedies and suffering that fill the history of our world.

This instinct has come to be regarded so precious that a man may admit that he has no ear for music or that his senses are impervious to the subtle beauty of literature but he will not admit of any deficiency in his sense of humour. Indeed he may feel sensitive about it and even lose his temper if pressed for proof!

It is my belief that an average adult devotes only a quarter of his waking hours to the serious business of life and the rest of the time he spends in merely laughing at others, others' jokes, pranks and foibles: or he himself is engaged in making others laugh with his own powers of narration, mimicry and imitation.

Humour rears its head like the grinning jack-in-the-box even where it is expected to behave itself and lay off; in the office, for example, where man wrestles with dull files, treacherous accounts, rules, regulations and irate superiors to earn his daily bread, jokes abound about bosses, nepotism and red-tape. But it is in the class-room, I think, where we suffer the solemn pangs of imbibing knowledge that we become conscious of the joys of the lighter side of life. It is here we are initiated into practising our sense of humour. I am sure we all remember the time of our life we had in our school and college which were, virtually for the bulk of us, homes of ingenious practical jokes and highly creative nicknames. The nostalgic reminiscence of our Alma Mater is more for the extra-curricular activities we were forbidden to indulge in than for the

knowledge and wisdom we were expected to acquire. These class-room jokes and frivolities mercifully minimised for the majority the strain of learning, and made the autocracy of certain teachers bearable

But alas, the adult world is fraught with greater strain and tension. The code of conduct and behaviour that regulates his life is different from that of a youngster and he cannot react like an adolescent to the irksome conditions of his world. The grown-up person simply cannot play practical jokes on his nagging wife, nor seek private relief like a juvenile by making puckish grimaces at his tax collector. He has to observe certain social etiquette as a sane adult of a respectable community which strictly will not permit putting tacks on the chair on which his wife sits, however bothersome she might be; it is equally shocking to behold a gentleman belonging to such a sober society cock a snook at his tyrannical boss. Man is a victim of circumstance in which all doors to escape from tension are shut to him. He mutely accepts his humdrum existence with a certain silent protest. But he is subconsciously in revolt against a system composed of never-ending road repairs, noise-loving neighbours, and overcrowded trains which he cannot alter and reconstruct nearer his heart's desire.

For such a victim the next best thing to do is to have a good-humoured approach to life. This is exactly the purpose of a cartoonist. He helps the common man to look at the funnier side of life. It is not unlike the help the musician renders to his music-loving public who might have the ear for music but, perhaps, no voice to sing. The cartoonist releases the laughter people contain but do not have the ability on their own to release. A cartoonist shows in his work any political event or social affair as a matter for laughter rather than for deadly concern.

Thus, that our children's schools are overcrowded is an unfortunate fact indeed. But a cartoon would depict the school-master standing outside the crowded class room with a sad look telling the common man, "Yes, I am the teacher, but I cannot get in — it is frightfully overcrowded." Thus, while providing a moment of laughter to the parents at a serious social problem, does in no way hinder the powers that be from setting this matter right.

Inevitably, cartooning is an art of disapproval and complaint. It approaches men and matters with a certain healthy irreverence and good-humoured ridicule but at no time with malice. A cartoon attempts to preserve the sense and perspective of the community through the simple means of laughter. Broadly speaking it is Nature's reminder to all to take things easy and that nothing is so important.

T. H. Morgan



The Minister is going via Rome, Paris, London, New York and Tokyo to Calcutta to attend a Conference there.



It must be somewhere here! According to our calculations the factory should go into production tomorrow!



The one on the top is rayon, the pink with flower print on the left is cotton voile and the green one on the first floor, with contrast border is hand-loom. . .



It is your portrait, Your Honour. We didn't know the painter was a modern artist!



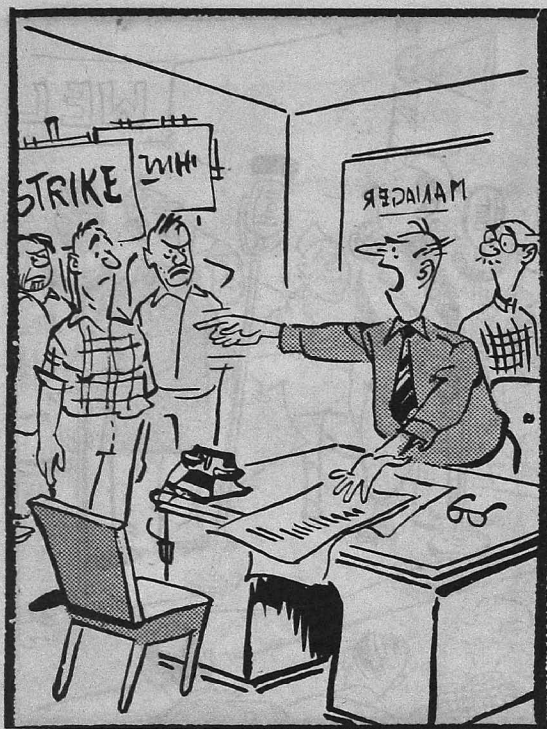
I did not create this one. I just found it on the road.



That's more appropriate at the moment.
Isn't it?



I have simplified the engagements, Your Honour—after addressing the National Livestock Welfare Association, please use this mike—this is the Book Binders' Recreation Club; and later the Rural Cultural Group—that mike.



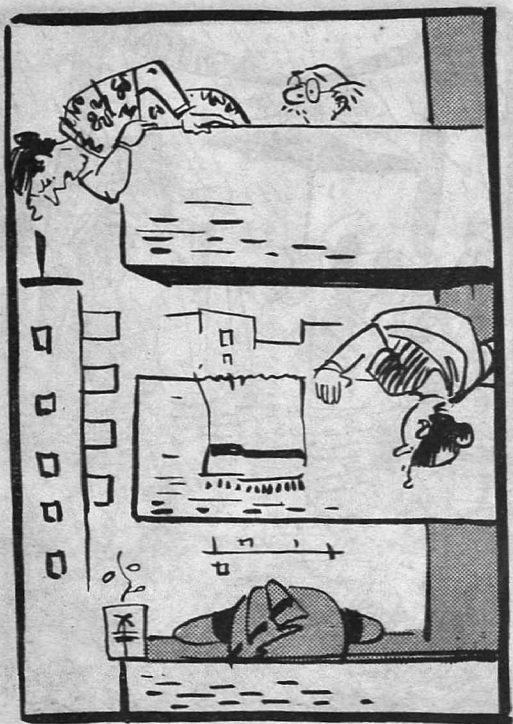
O.K. you can go on strike on one condition—you must withdraw your demands at once!



Yes, I did buy some vegetables—but didn't have the heart to cook them after paying such a fabulous price.



You were all shouting "Come on Golden Moonshine, come on!" Well Golden Moonshine has come.



Look at that woman's curiosity!



What did I tell you—he would attend the function whatever the weather!



All gone!—the first line of his speech
“Waste no time; go now and build your
nation . . .” did it.



Still no sign of any reporters or photographers!



A dead cockroach in your food? Poor thing must have eaten it.



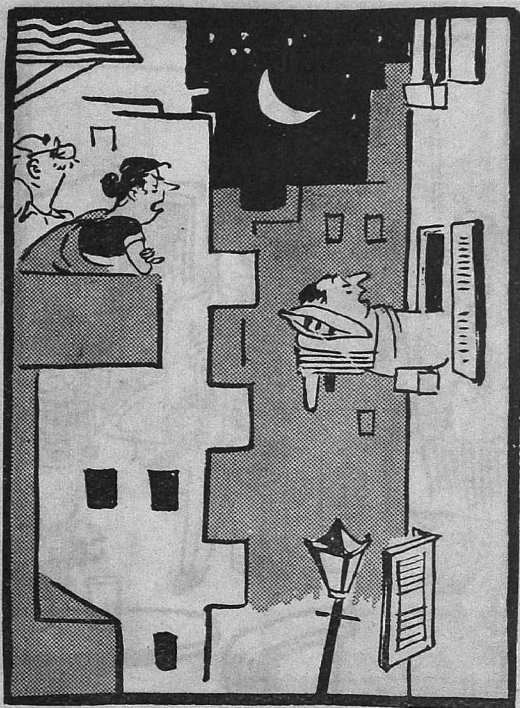
Ladies and gentlemen, a change in the programme—instead of the cultural item, you will have music by the famous playback singer.



Father, there must be something terribly wrong with our education system—I have failed again!



We had a most pleasant meeting and had friendly discussions on many things in general.....



Modern flats—I shouldn't be surprised if that chap has his legs through the opposite window!



Do you mind if we bring this in? There's absolutely no parking space in the street!



We must meet one day and have a long chat.



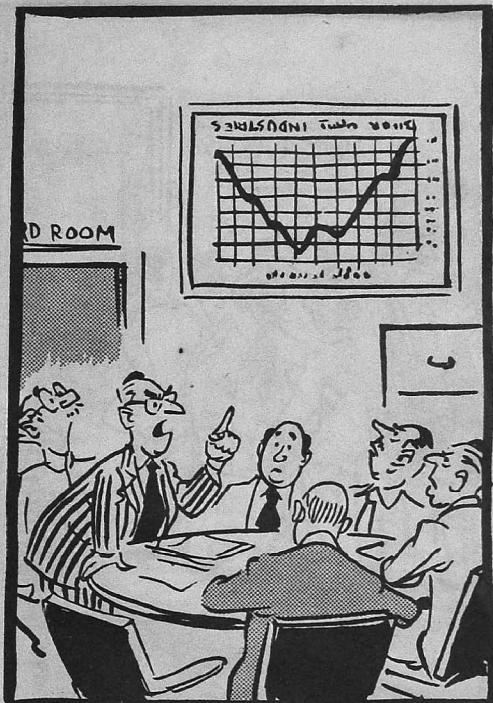
At this point we discovered a misappropriation of funds—and we finished the job with what was left.



Sure, there's going to be plenty of opportunity for saving — the way prices go up, soon you won't be able to do anything with your income except save it!



Yes, this project should have been completed many years ago — but we haven't begun it yet, because the authorities keep very strict control over the expenditure !



Gentlemen, we have declared a bonus based on this graph.—I have just discovered it's hanging upside down!



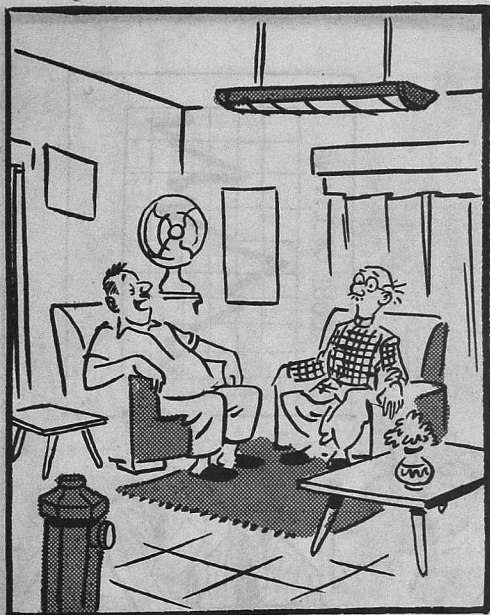
You have come with strong special recommendations?—then go stand in the queue at that door.



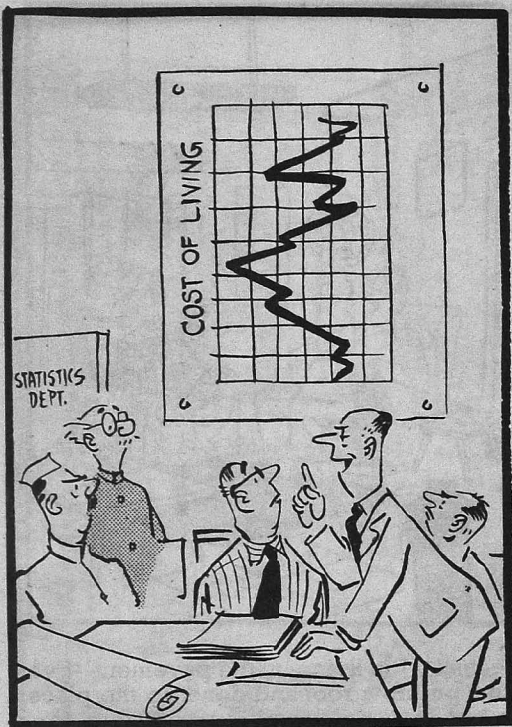
Yes, I told the union leader, Sir, that you wouldn't yield to threats.



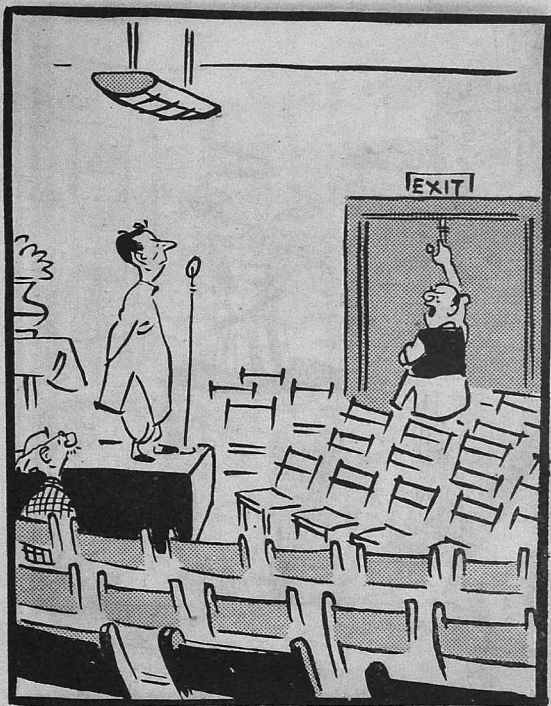
In spite of all our efforts there's still a large stock of unsold cloth with us!



Actually I'm living on the pavement—I've just put up a roof and done up the place a bit!



I admit someone has put it up wrongly.
But I must say it does much more clearly
indicate the present trend.



Please continue your speech, Sir. I have removed all the slogan-shouting trouble-makers.



Couldn't you have waited till my duty was over?



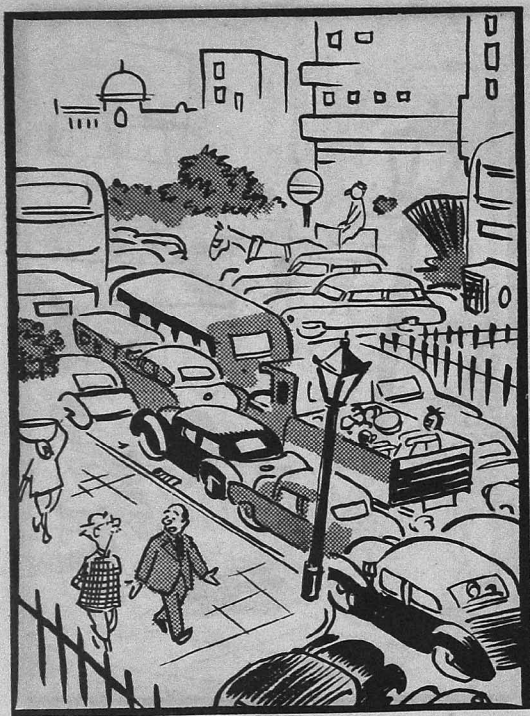
That shows the extent to which railway property is being pinched.



Oh, you are all utterly ungrateful—
clear out of the house at once!



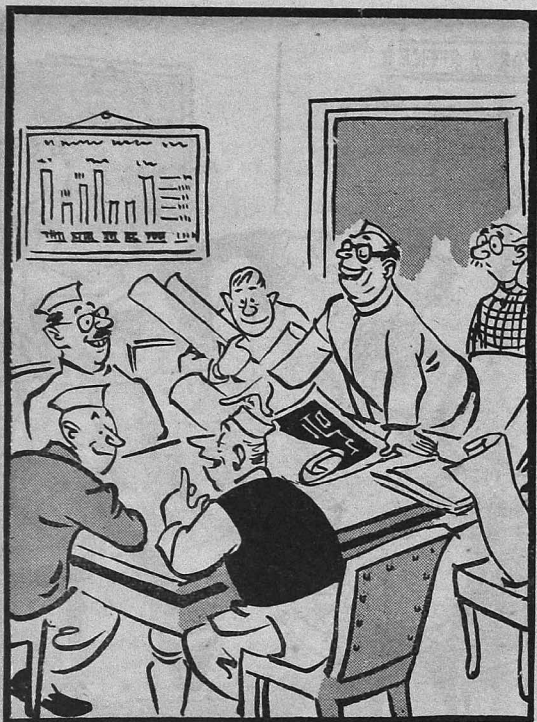
What do you mean "Let's go home?"
—This is our home.



Of course, I have a car. But, I don't have a road to drive it on!



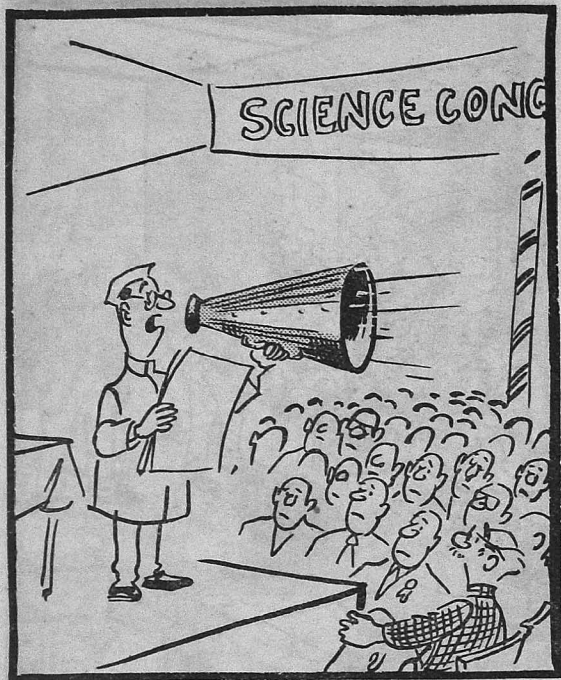
Am I to take it from your remark that you are more interested in food than in co-operative farming?



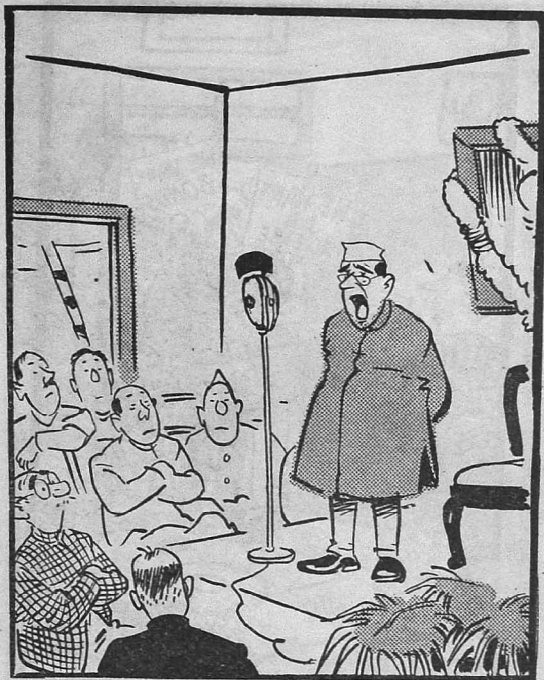
Sounds reasonable to me—he says we can implement the scheme at a total loss of Rs. 20 lakhs only.



There is no basis to the rumour I was sacked.
I resigned.



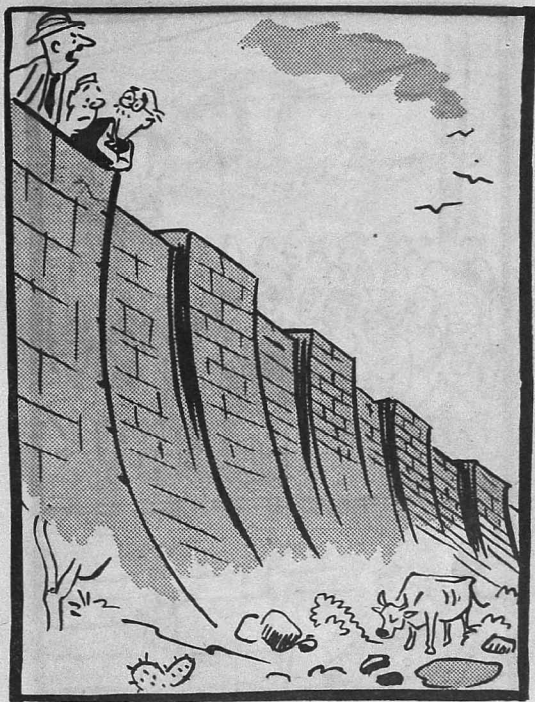
I am proud of the fact we have made tremendous progress in science and technology.



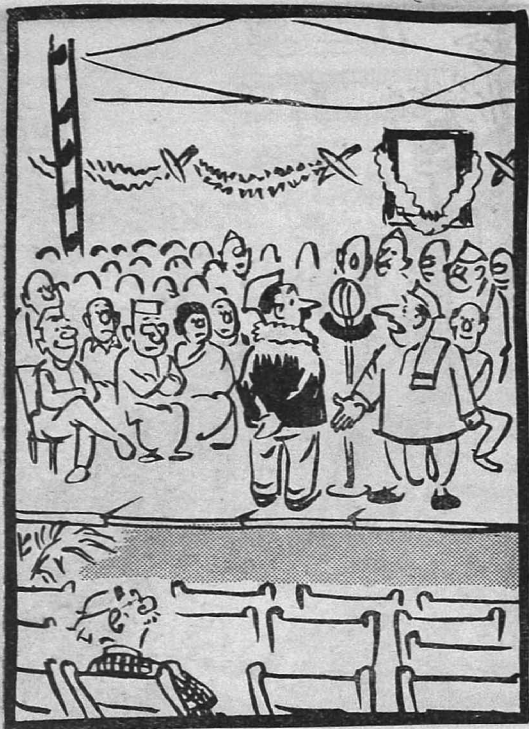
Our food position is satisfactory and so is our sugar position. We hope to rectify both very soon.



We are from the office. He asked us to get the sanction of his superior !



There is a fundamental mistake in this dam
—there's no river around here?



Please turn this way and make your address, Sir. Those are the organisers.



No, no . . . not a walk-out my dear chap—the Assembly is over for the day . . .



No, Sir, it isn't the Japanese or Chinese or Russian method of cultivation—I tried just plain cultivation and it worked!



Sorry, Your Honour, we couldn't organise the Exhibition in time for the inauguration!



The film has come back from the censors !
Looks as if we'll have to show quite a lot
of documentaries and news reviews
before the main picture.



It's nearly closing time, when will the cultural show start?



We shouldn't have shouted "run, run" so loudly!



I get it—supposing we have the money they will give it to us as loan!



Yes, I am the teacher, but I can't get in
—it's terribly overcrowded!



Stop searching for the leak! It is not "leak in the water pipes". It is "leak in the funds allotted for water pipes . . ."



Do you think we should raid his hut?
—he says Prohibition has brought
prosperity and happiness to his home!



He says he has no luggage—he says, what with the exchange restrictions he couldn't afford any.



Correct it at once, I say—I don't want your opinion displayed here.



We demolished it only up to the neck. We are fixing on the head of one of our own national leaders there.



I told you the resolution ought to have read "... steps should be taken to improve the building" and not "steps should be taken away to improve the building ..."



... eradication of desires, self-abnegation and relentless pursuit of spiritual values alone will lead to the salvation of the soul!



You should not have emphasised the economy aspect so strongly.



Young man, is that my tray by any chance?



In the next village you catch a bus and
get back!



Did you hear that? He said 'ouch' first in Hindi and then in English!



Uncle, what's nepotism?



It's for you!



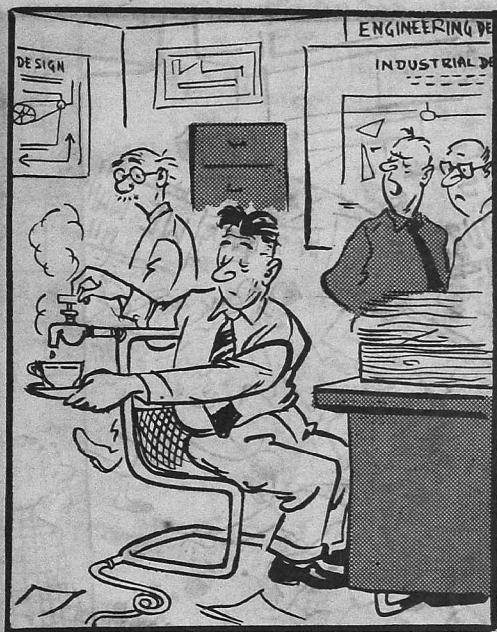
Please let the foreign dignitary come to the front . . .



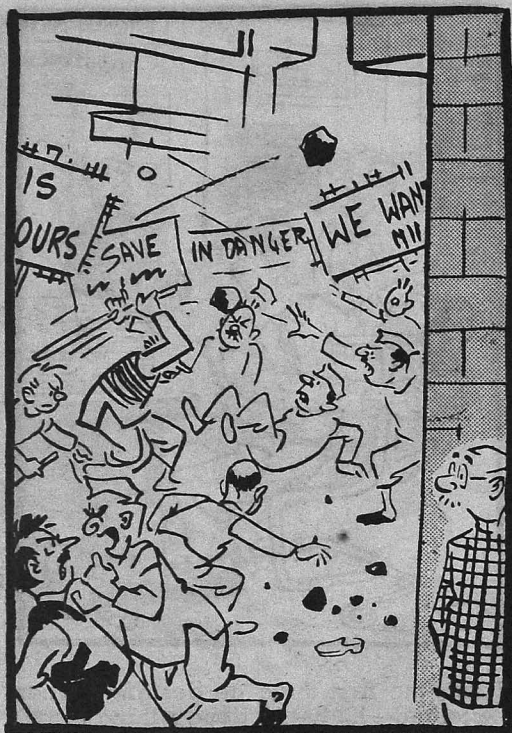
Don't know why they are making such a fuss about foreign exchange when local exchange seems to be equally scarce?



Has this taxi anything to do with population control?



That's the first thing he designed when he joined—he hasn't done a thing since!



Settle through friendly discussions? Don't be silly; we started with friendly discussions.



Now, where did I stop my speech last year . . . ?



Why am I going abroad? To study the conditions in our country, of course!



This village must be pretty advanced—they have folk dances here for entertainment just as we have in the city!



No need to do that, Sir. You can unfurl it from right here!



There must be some mistake. I am not fasting. I am starving!



Just because I am a minister it does not mean you shouldn't heed my warning . . . !



... the situation is quite bright though,
off the record, it is pretty serious ... !



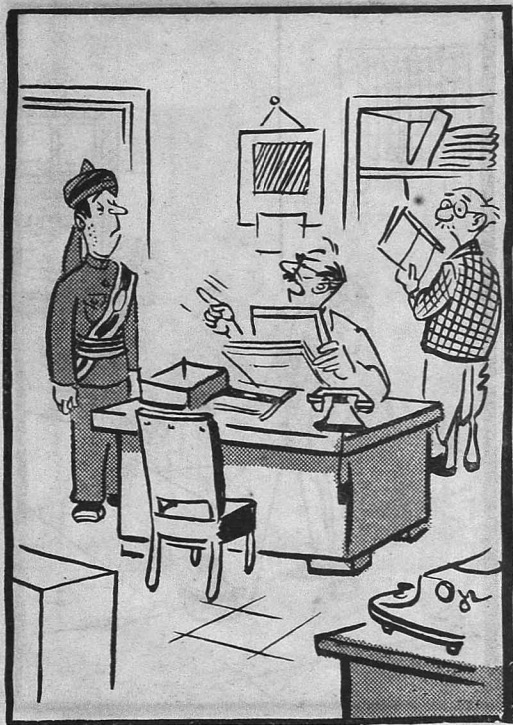
I just asked the candidate to draw a chair and sit down!



The idol of the millions can't make a speech—
so we had to arrange for a play-back!



Yes, I work in the meteorological department—how did you know?



Just because you are a graduate it doesn't mean you can write your remarks on these files!



Yes, yes I follow, Sir, I will economise further in my department.



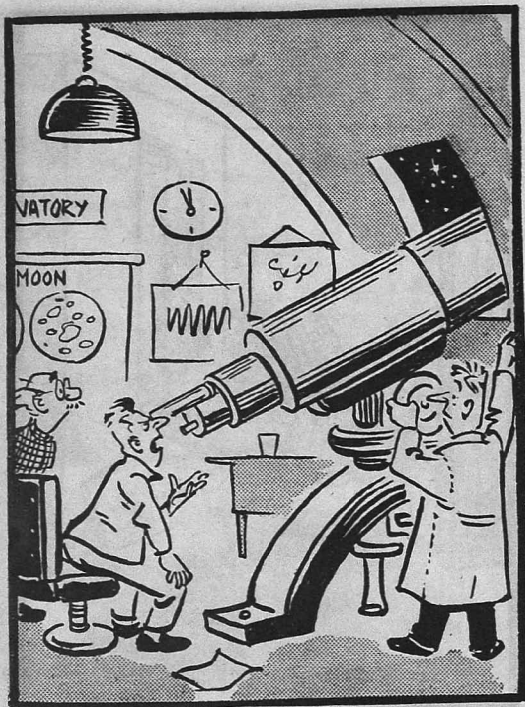
Sorry, boys the demonstration is off—Can't think of anything.



Is it not a pity we have absolutely no funds to build this beautiful building ?



Now where is it? Ah, yes, look from this window you get a nice view of the blue sky.



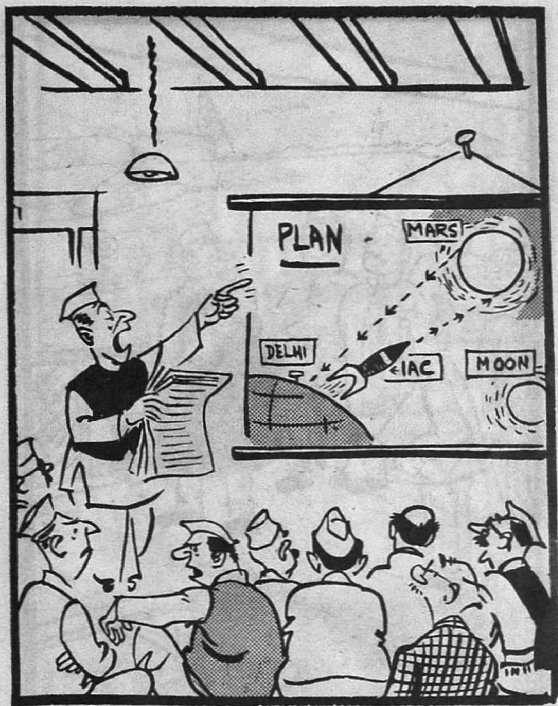
There must be some sort of civic life up there—look at all those pits and pot-holes . . .



I belong to the extreme left wing in the reactionary right group among the moderates in the party. What about you?



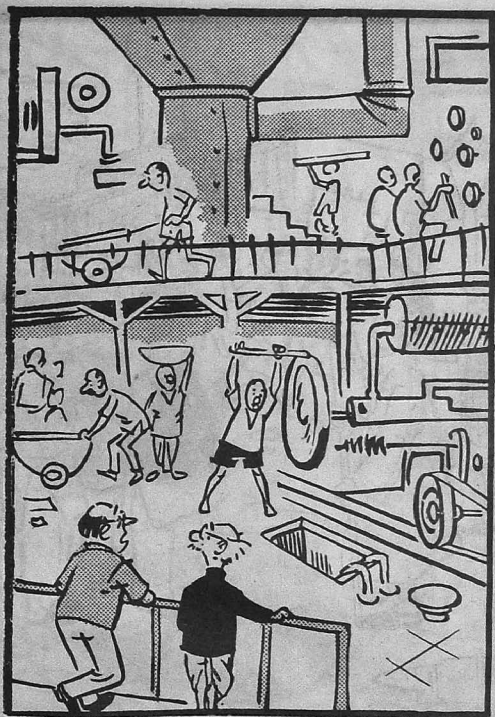
Say, I did not have time to check — what progress have we made since 1947?



We should have asked him to stick to long-term plans and not very long-term plans!



...and if there are any allegations against me when I am away, deny them immediately ...



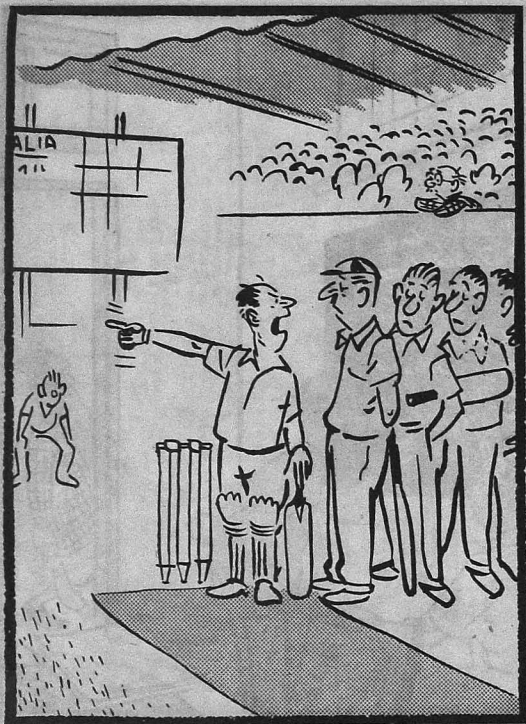
Actually this factory produces nothing.
It is just a device to employ labour.



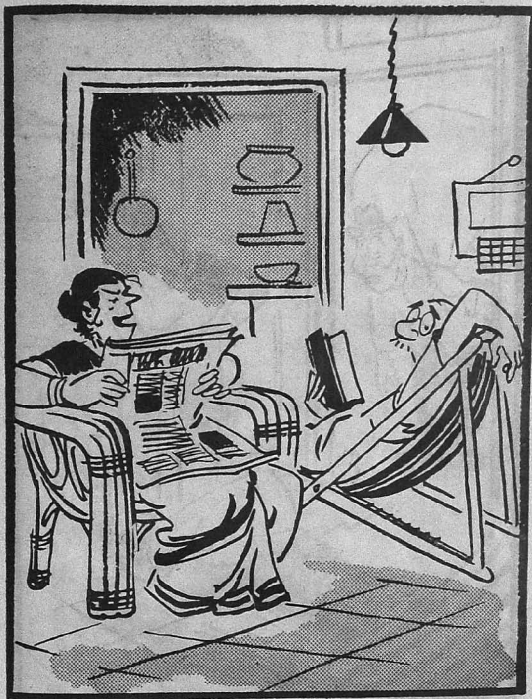
Look, we do not get a chance to agitate —the Assembly Hall, the Secretariat, the Municipal building are taken up by other demonstrators all the time!



I am thoroughly ashamed of you—actually you ought to be writing this yourself!



Please go and wait your turn in the pavilion—what will the tourists think if you queue up like this ?



I must say this Minister is a genius! He says this scarcity is artificial—and he has made it seem so natural!



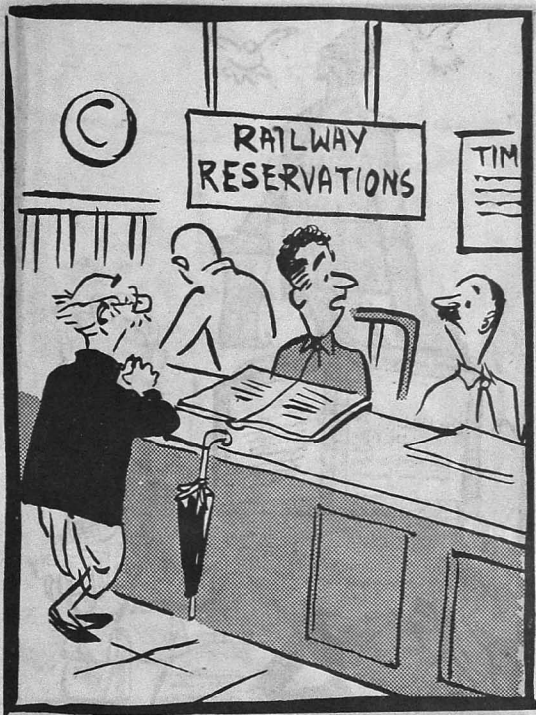
He's been reading the papers a bit too much. Get up, silly—he's selling silk!



Please stop shouting those nasty slogans against the party. Remember you have rejoined the party now.



Actually I have no business to carry this
—I am still unemployed, you see!



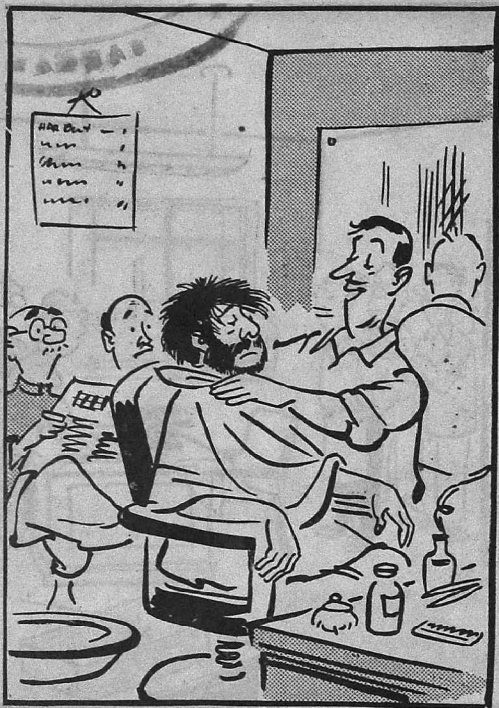
He says he tried the back door, but it's pretty crowded; that's why he's come here. What do I do?



You are Gangaram Vinayak? There's a letter for you—Shri Gangaram Vinayak, care of Sir William Jack, CIE, OBE, Bombay.



The workers appreciate your unexpected declaration of bonus, Sir. But they wish to go on a couple of days' strike before receiving it!



A hair cut and a shave?—What's the matter—given up painting?