

IP v. ICS: THE LONG DUEL?

Our esteemed but sadly absent Chairman, John Gallagher, has, over the relatively recent past, since the merger of Indian Civil Service Association (ICSA) and the Indian Police (UK) Association, (IP(UK)A), nagged and bullied his new committee colleagues from the IP, of whom I am one, by reiterating volubly at most of our committee meetings, that he thought it would be a good idea for someone to give a talk about the Indian Police. Having resisted his blandishments for several years I snapped at the meeting in October 2015, if only to shut him up, and agreed to produce something for the Summer 2017 meeting which then seemed a long way off. Now that it has arrived, you can judge for yourselves whether John's persistence has been justified, though unfortunately John himself cannot be here, so he will be unable to form his own judgment on the success or otherwise of his cunning plan.

In fact, John and I have several things in common apart from a parental connection to British India. Post India, both our fathers went into schoolmastering, John's at Mill Hill in North London, my father's old school, and mine at Giggleswick in what is now North Yorkshire, though when he started there in 1951 it was very content still to be in the West Riding. John was educated at Mill Hill under his father's disinterested eye, whereas I was sent to Mill Hill to get me away from under my father's delicate feet. And we have since then both ploughed our respective furrows at the Bar.

It was while at Mill Hill that my father chose a career in the IP in somewhat unpromising circumstances. His father had already been in India since 1919 working as a civil engineer for the Public Works Department. He had chosen Mill Hill at which to educate his sons since he was Plymouth Brethren and Mill Hill was one of the foremost of the not very many non-conformist public schools available. Thus empowered by the Protestant work ethic, he expected great intellectual achievements from his eldest son whose interests, however, were primarily sporting. The exhibition in classics that had been forecast by the staff of the Classical 6th, albeit only at Cambridge, failed to materialise, though a mere place was on offer. There followed an increasingly heated intercontinental exchange of telegrams, a process fast at the time, but almost incomprehensible in the modern age, during which my grandfather declined to fund his prodigal son's further education, to which said son replied that, in that case, he would get himself a job, to be told that it was entirely a matter for him but the one thing he should not do, under any circumstances, was join the Indian Police. He duly sat the exams, passed them and chose to serve in the Punjab. He began at the Police Training College for the Punjab at Phillaur in 1936.

The parental injunction against joining the police was no doubt part of the inbred hierarchical snobbery of British India. The ICS, as you don't need reminding, was the intellectual envy of the known world, the Ruling Caste, the Heaven Born. The police was an also ran, on a par with the Forestry Service. It was tantamount to trade. This sense of inferiority was something of which I became aware as a child when we met and stayed with an ICS family with whom my parents had remained in touch. They were good friends but we felt we knew our place. Similarly when I joined the IP Association's committee in the 1990s and the question of sharing a lunch with the ICS at the Royal Overseas League was first raised; there was a certain amount of coughing and wistful but heartfelt whispers about grandeur from the old hands.

The position is nicely dealt with in the third volume of Paul Scott's *Raj Quartet*, which I reread last year for the purposes of this talk, much to my renewed enjoyment. Teddie Bingham, the rather thick soldier who marries Susan Layton, only to depart the stage and this life at more or less the first available opportunity, muses of Ronald Merrick, his temporary room-mate, a former IP officer, who had been permitted to join the army (and thereby hangs a tale), thus:

"DSP meant superintendant, the top man in a district after the collector and the judge. He was glad Merrick wasn't ICS. The few ICS men he'd known had been remote clever fellows, too intellectual for his tastes. The police were different, easier to get on with. Some of them envied you if you were Army. Merrick was now satisfactorily placed and explained and in spite of his high police rank Teddie felt pleasantly superior to him in occupation as well as in type, background and - as

was clearer the longer he listened - in class. The police weren't always quite as particular as the other services." (The Towers of Silence Part II chapter IV) **End of quote**

Indeed the equivocal if not invisible status of the police is curiously endorsed by David Gilmour in his eponymous book, *The Ruling Caste*, when, commenting that "the high reputation of the ICS was never reflected in ... literature" and explaining that "this was no doubt partly because civil servants do not make exciting characters in fiction" he goes on to refer to the Raj Quartet and notes that the range of Scott's British characters: "(apart from some missionaries) are nearly all connected to the Army". What, one may ask, of Ronald Merrick, surely one of the great malevolent creations of English literature, the Iago of the twentieth century. He wasn't really a soldier, nor was he a boring ICS man. He was a IP officer and his most egregious offence was when he personally interrogated Hari Kumar and tried to pin the rape of Daphne Manners on to him. Very much police work. Despite being an English teacher who should have known better, my father's loyalty to the IP was such that he insisted and persisted, despite all the evidence to the contrary in both the books and the wonderful Granada TV dramatisation, that Merrick was a man more sinned against than sinning.

Of course, in addition to providing a literary character of the highest stature with which the ICS cannot compete (the District Officer, Turton in *A Passage to India*, is but a feeble bigot), the IP also produced a writer of the highest quality too, one Eric Blair better known as George Orwell, not that he gave the IP in Burma much credit for anything. But if Eton can claim him as an alumnus (which it does), so can the IP. According to Wikipedia Orwell/Blair's father was in the Opium Department of the ICS but that doesn't count and is, anyway, something about which one probably nowadays keeps quiet.

And let us not forget, as most people have, if they ever knew, that in *The Long Duel*, released in 1967, to which I was taken at the first available opportunity by my proud father, the hero was a IP officer played by none other than Trevor Howard, whom my mother always maintained looked like my father. The love interest was provided by a youthful and simpering Charlotte Rampling, with whom comparisons with my mother would be invidious (as she would have said) but younger than Celia Johnson, whether in *Brief Encounter* or *Staying On*. The cast was made up with Harry Andrews as a crusty, old-style IP man, and Yule Brunner, no less, as the put upon tribal leader with equivocal form. There was a wholly ineffectual ICS man whom I didn't recognise. The cinema was more or less empty but you can find it on Amazon and it has provided the title for this talk.

Having got my father to the Police Training College at Phillaur and discussed some high culture, I propose to tell you something about the structure of the Indian Police, but first a word about sources. In the 1960's a history of the IP was written, with the active encouragement of the IP Association, by a former ICS man, Sir Percival Griffiths, entitled *To Guard My People*. In his preface he writes that: "*As a former member of the corps d'elite of India*" [there's that superiority complex again] he was painfully aware of the injustice done to the police and the book was attempt to "*give the service its proper due*". Paul Scott should have taken note. While perusal of the Amazon website suggests that you can still obtain a copy for a modest outlay, I'm not sure that I would recommend it. It makes pretty dry work of what is probably inevitably a pretty dry subject.

In the 1970's the IP Association produced some collected memoirs of various IP officers edited together under the title *On Honourable Terms* which was published by BACSA. Various others have produced their own books, including Leslie Robins, a policeman largely in the UP, which he called *Policing the Raj*. My father had a collection of these and other books which I inherited and the preparation of this talk has given me the incentive to read them, together with Griffiths' history, something I had always intended to do but never quite got round to; so thank you John.

In *The Men Who Ruled India*, Phillip Mason's own abridgment of his two volume history of the ICS *The Founders* and *The Guardians*, the author, himself of course another ICS man, wrote that, after the Mutiny:

"A new service was coming into existence, the Police. There was a new Act, the Police Act of 1861, which introduced a uniform system that was gradually to be extended to the whole of British India ... To each district there was to be a Superintendent of Police ... [who] had to be a man of parts. He had to recruit, train and discipline his men, build up their physical strength, their self-confidence and their integrity; he must also be a shrewd judge of his officers ... Half the crimes reported to the police in India are fabrication; they are meant to get someone else into trouble or to provide a defence for some anticipated counter-charge ... The Superintendent of Police has to reckon what the judge's or magistrate's reaction [to this] will be. He needs to some extent the judicial mind. He needs the detective's mind. He must be a trainer. His men must fear him without being frightened." End of quote

After introducing this paragon, Mason's book is thereafter decidedly light on references to the IP. This may be attributable to the *corps d'elite* syndrome, if I may call it that, or perhaps to the confusion which reigned as to its proper title, which Griffiths describes as "a remarkable vagueness about the designation of this great service". Sometimes it was known as the Indian Imperial Police, though this name was never officially promulgated. In 1907 epaulettes with IP were introduced but the term Indian Police Service began to be used at about the same time, no doubt in imitation of the ICS, and by 1912 another one, that of the Imperial Branch of the Police Service, was also in use. IPS was given renewed currency in the report of the Islington Commission and it took until 1932 for the word Service to be definitively dropped in deference to the wishes of the IP Association, when the simpler designation Indian Police was officially and finally adopted. I should say that the IP Association was a remarkably effective trade union on behalf of its members and continued, after Partition, as the IP(UK) Association, to labour heroically and effectively on behalf its members pension rights. It also founded a Benevolent Fund for its members and their families which I helped to run in its final years. So the IP was only unequivocally the IP for the last 15 years of its Imperial existence.

If policing in India was a body, then the IP was its head. Each province had its Provincial Police force which formed the torso. The Presidency Towns had their own police forces which formed three of the limbs; the fourth was formed by the Princely states, to which IP officers were often seconded to assist in training and running their police forces. The ranks of Deputy Superintendent and below were recruited locally by the Provincial Police Forces and employed by them. Above them were the Indian Police, originally recruited solely in England but later by mixed recruitment in England and India, who filled the senior ranks of the police in the provinces but were centrally employed. Their numbers were very small. On 1.1.40 the sanctioned number of IP officers was 616, 422 Europeans and 194 Indians. So it was significantly smaller than the ICS. The war had done little to reduce its size since it was an Essential Service and its officers were seldom released to join up, though many wanted to. Ronald Merrick, as we know, was an exception but his was a special case since he had become a bit of a liability and he is, in any event, fictional. My father had a friend in the IP in the Punjab who was released to the RAF because he was a qualified pilot. Tragically, he died in a training accident before seeing action but I was to share a room in chambers with his nephew for many years during which time we established the link and I was able to provide him with a photograph of the uncle he had never met which my father had unearthed.

Within the head each of the 10 provinces had its higher policing command provided by the IP. At the top was the Inspector General, the IG. The only policeman in India senior to him and his peers in the other provinces was the Director of the Intelligence Bureau in Delhi, the senior police officer in India. Beneath the IG were a number of Deputies, DIGs, the number depending on the province and its size. Since my father was in the Punjab, I shall describe it. The Punjab had an area of 99,000 square miles and a population during the 1920's and 1930's of about 24 million. Its provincial Police force consisted of about 21,000 officers and men. The IP contingent was about 70 to 80. Beneath the IG were four DIGs. Three of these were responsible for the three Ranges into which the Punjab's 29 Districts were divided. The other was in charge of the provincial CID and the Railway Police. Each district had a Superintendent of Police, an SP, the hero of the quotation from Philip Mason, though in some provinces he was known as the District Superintendent of Police (DSP) as in Teddie Bingham's remarks from the Raj Quartet quoted earlier. He had about 700 policemen under him. He was assisted by an Assistant Superintendent of Police,

an ASP or asp, the rank at which IP officers started after their training. According to one of the memoirs I have perused there was a comment in a Bulletin in the IP Association's journal in 1941 that, as a result of a perceived promotion block for ASPs, there was no truth in the rumour that Cleopatra has died from the bite of one. [As my son would say: "Tough crowd".]

Some provinces like the United Provinces were bigger. It had 6 DIGs, 45 districts, 100 to 110 IP, 50,000 provincial policemen and a population of 40 to 50 million; some smaller but I needn't labour the point.

Beneath the IP were the Provincial Police forces. Our heroic SP (Superintendent of Police) headed a district police force consisting of about 700 men organised around police stations under Inspectors or Sub-Inspectors depending on size. Within a district there could be upwards of 30 of these. At each station there would be about 20 policemen, sergeants, and constables. These were recruited as a deliberate policy on the basis of mixed class, caste and race so there would be no favouritism or lack of readiness to deal with ethnic disturbances.

In the country, each station also relied on a force of village chowkidars (the title adopted by BACSA's excellent magazine) who played an important policing role, though they were not policemen. Indeed, Leslie Robins in *Policing the Raj* waxes lyrical (and I quote):

"The chowkidar was a village servant whose chief duty was the watch and ward of the village in his charge. Theoretically he was appointed by the District Magistrate, but in fact he was appointed, rewarded, punished, equipped, supervised and finally discharged by the Superintendent of Police. He lived in his village and usually carried out his work as a cultivator. He was issued with a uniform and had many duties for which he was paid the princely sum of 3 rupees a month. He attended the local police station twice a month as a routine duty when he reported births and deaths, which often had been written up for him, on a special board he carried for this purpose, by a literate villager. He also reported the arrivals and departures of suspicious characters and on the movements of listed criminals. If a crime occurred in his area he had to make an immediate report to the Police Station for which a special journey was made, being paid an allowance of 8 annas. As this could involve a cross country journey on foot of upto 40 miles you could say he earned his money. Although the post was not officially hereditary one tried to make it so, because it was a post of honour, influence and tradition." **End of quote**

Much of the SP's role involved touring his district and checking-up on his police stations and his policemen as well as his chowkidars. He would himself be checked-up on by his DIG. In *On Honourable Terms* a tale is told of an SP observing a Station House-officer cycling at full speed up his drive and being told that the DIG had arrived unexpectedly and that his immediate presence was required with the words: "Come sharp sir! He is on heat." [It's the way I tell 'em!]

There were two routes to the head of this policing body; recruitment in England or in India. In England the candidate took an exam and was interviewed. He was usually from a public school (though Ronald Merrick was a grammar school boy) but had seldom been to university. He was young, between the ages of 19 and 21. In India there were two recruitment routes, the first was also by exam but a degree was required and the age limit was higher, the second was for policemen who had risen to the rank of Deputy Superintendent in a Provincial Police force. According to *On Honourable Terms* and I quote:

"They could win promotion to the rank of Superintendent of Police and beyond, and by virtue of that promotion became members of the Indian Police. In this they were more fortunate than the members of the Provincial Civil Services who, however high they rose, were never accepted into the ranks of the ICS. This induced ribald lesser breeds to refer to the ICS as the Heaven-born on the analogy that a member of an inferior caste can never become a Brahmin." **End of quote**

I know not whether there are other explanations for the derivation of the expression.

Though recruited centrally, once recruited, a new IP officer was assigned to a province, for which he could express a preference but had to take what was on offer. He then took a passage to India, often a transformative experience in its own right, and arrived at his province's police training college where I left my father some time ago. These colleges were for the entire provincial force. At Phillaur, the Upper School was for the training of probationary Sub-Inspectors and the Lower School for constables to become Head Constables. Probationary ASPs formed only a small class but they were taught Indian criminal law and the Punjab Police Rules. They had to learn Urdu and Punjabi. They were there for a year with a break in the hot weather to go to a hill station.

My father returned to Phillaur in 1995 as the guest of the Commandant. My parents were in India to celebrate their golden wedding the precursor of which had taken place in New Delhi on December 1945. They had met on Bedford railway station the previous year while my father was on key leave. My mother, who as it happened, worked in the India Office, had left her season ticket behind that morning, had gone back for it and had missed her usual train. In her agitation she tried to get into an empty carriage which was in a siding. A Trevor Howard look alike, who happened to be on Bedford railway station that morning (history does not relate why) advised her that it would not take her very far. They got talking. My father had to return to India within a week but they got engaged subsequently through the post, my mother meanwhile having to break a prior engagement. Her newfound devotion and the coincidence of her job, encouraged her to look up my father's India Office file which revealed that, at interview, he had told the panel that they were running late, he had a cricket match to play and they had better get on with it. He was apparently awarded full marks. At Phillaur almost 60 years later they were treated as VIPs, being put up in the guest house and entertained lavishly, including a round of golf on the college's own course. I know all this because they returned with a video recording the whole stay which I have sat through. Also on the video was my father reminiscing to the then present students about what it had been like in his day. To their credit, they managed to look remarkably animated.

The Indian Police Training Colleges were, incidentally, the model for the Hendon Metropolitan Police College founded in 1934, the first commandant and deputy commandant of which were both former IP officers, the former, Gordon Halland, having been in charge at Phillaur in the 1920s. As will become apparent in due course, this is not the only occasion when policing in the UK has followed the lead of the Indian Police. It may also be of some interest that the first **professional** policeman to be appointed Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police was Sir John Nott-Bower in 1953 who had begun his policing career with the IP in 1911.

From Phillaur my father went to a District as an ASP. I cannot remember which one it was but, at various times, he was at Dera Ghazi Khan, Gurdaspore, Gurgaon, Jhelum and Shekapore, as well as working with the CID in Lahore. As an ASP, or a fully fledged SP, relations with your local ICS officer were critical to the satisfactory running of a district. Usually such relations appear to have been good, though Leslie Robins tells of problems he had on one occasion with his District Magistrate, a man who had joined the ICS after the First World War in a special entry for ex-officers. He had, curiously, previously been rejected by the IP; an unusual if not unique situation which perhaps, according to Robins, explained his apparent animosity. Relations deteriorated to such a degree that a directive emanated from on high that they should never work in the same district again. Robins concludes:

"... it was a very dangerous situation when the District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police didn't get on for any reason. The Indian population soon realised this and they fished in troubled waters to their own advantage. The District Magistrate and the Superintendent of Police just had to get on well together. Apart from the incident just mentioned, I was fortunate in being posted with some first class ICS officers. No sensible District Magistrate interfered with the details of Police work." **End of quote**

The relationship might be described as that between the heaven born and the earth bound. Certainly my father had no problems during his 11 years. Indeed he was best man at the wedding of one ICS colleague with whom he shared a District.

So what did policing in India involve? There was, of the course, traffic policing, which in Calcutta and Howrah in 1936 attempted to deal with (and I quote from *On Honourable Terms*):

" ... the ubiquitous herds of cows, a light railway that ran unfenced through some streets, grossly overladen bullock carts, rickshaws, hooting private cars, cyclists and 'tikka gharries'. The latter were like diminutive Wells Fargo coaches drawn by two small ponies. A Metropolitan Police expert had been called in to suggest ways of dealing with ... [the] problem[s] and decreed that the cattle would have to go, to which he received the reply 'Alas, they have absolute priority'. " **End of quote**

I have mentioned the Railway Police which had an important role in tackling crime on and from the railways and at railway workshops.

In addition, there was dacoity. My father often talked of dacoits. He had once had to follow one into a sugar cane plantation but survived to tell the tale. The Thuggee and Dakoity Department had been founded as long ago as 1835. Whereas thuggee had been largely stamped out by Sleeman (assuming it wasn't simply "colonial imaginings"), dakoity was alive and well in the 20th century and there was still the occasional case of suttee. The "trafficking" of young women was also a persistent problem. There was murder, burglary and theft. There was fraud. These were the common criminal problems, sometimes but by no means always the work of the criminal tribes. The process of criminal prosecution was not made easier by the rule under the Indian Evidence Act 1872 that a confession by the accused made to a police officer was **not** admissible in court. This was no doubt designed to discourage the routine beating of confessions out of suspects, in the Ronald Merrick style, but it strikes an English lawyer as a considerable impediment to a successful prosecution. The effect of this ban was to some extent mitigated by the exception that an admission could be relied on if it led to the discovery of relevant facts. So, if a police officer found a blood stained dagger hidden somewhere he could give evidence that the accused had told him where it was **but** not that he had used the dagger to murder his wife. Not altogether surprisingly, with one hand thus strapped behind the prosecutor's back, conviction rates were often pretty low.

There was also public order. The increasing activism of Congress meant that much time and energy was devoted to attempting to deal with civil disobedience which could easily spill over into riots. In 1922 a police station was set on fire at Chauri Chaura in the UP and 22 policemen burnt to death. This led Ghandi to suspend that particular campaign but others followed. The police then had to develop a new role, that of "rounding up the usual suspects". There were also communal disturbances in which the wise policy of recruiting a mixed force proved itself. In Bengal and the Punjab there was terrorism to deal with too.

Policing did, however, have its lighter side. If the District Magistrate was not a Christian, an SP could conduct a civil Christian marriage and Robins at one point found himself refereeing a world title wrestling match between an American and a Punjabi despite not knowing the rules at all. His guaranteed impartiality, according to him, was more important than his knowledge. The Punjabi won. I'm not sure whether Robins' impartiality would have withstood forensic scrutiny on this occasion.

I mentioned earlier how policing in India was in many ways ahead of that in England. Griffiths espouses the view that the Thuggee and Dakoity Department was the forerunner of the Special Branch, the CID and the Intelligence Service and points out that such departments operated in India before they were introduced at home. But perhaps the most outstanding example of this was the development of the use of fingerprinting evidence. While various methods of identification were being investigated throughout the world during the latter part of the 19th century, it was in India in the 1890s that a reliable system of fingerprinting was devised. Sir Edward Henry, an ICS man who became Inspector General of Police in Lower Bengal in 1891, evolved a system, with the assistance of two Indian sub-inspectors who both subsequently received promotion and honoraria of 5,000 Rupees from a grateful Government of India, which resulted in 1899 in an amendment to the Indian Evidence Act which made fingerprinting evidence admissible in court. This system was introduced in England in 1901.

There were other duties which might fall to an IP officer apart from the policing duties to which I have referred and the odd marriage or wrestling match. In my father's case, as the ASP at Headquarters in Dera Ghazi Khan, which was the only District in the Punjab the entirety of which was situated to the west of the Indus, he had the additional responsibility of commanding the Baluch Levy, a small field force of some 200 men, quite separate from the police, designated to patrol the area between Tribal Territory and the plain and to deter incursions. It was centred around two forts, Vehoa and Lakhani. My father greatly enjoyed his time with them and we had photos around our home of him with his men who looked a pretty ruffianly lot.

When I was first volunteered by my father, in what I think can only be described as the Russian method of volunteering, which, in its time produced, as I understand it, the great Vladimir Kuts, to join the IP Association committee in the early 1990s, our then Chairman was Stephen Robinson, KPM, IPM. KPM stands for King's Police Medal and was an award for gallantry or distinguished service instituted in 1909 for members of police forces throughout the empire. Inscribed on it are the words "To Guard My People" which Griffiths took as the title of his history. In 1932 a lesser award, also for gallantry or distinguished service, was created for the IP alone, called the Indian Police Medal (IPM).

Stephen Robinson had been in the Punjab, having joined somewhat before my father. He had been at Marlborough and joined the IP. In 1938 he had been ASP in Dera Ghazi Khan and Commandant of the Baluch Levy. The citation of his KPM reads:

"Early on the morning of 27th September 1938 while on tour at Vehoa, the northern most town in the Dera Ghazi Khan district, Mr. Robinson was awakened by shots fired by a "Lashkar" of Mahsud dacoits who had entered the Hindu quarter. Mr. Robinson at once turned out the Baluch levy detachment in Vehoa, 22 strong, and attacked the dacoits who numbered 80 or 100 men. He wounded several raiders with his own revolver and led his men with such skill and gallantry that in spite of their superiority in numbers the raiders beat a hasty retreat to the hills west of the town. After making certain that the town was clear of dacoits Mr. Robinson with his small party took up pursuit. On entering the pass leading into the hills he divided his force, sending the main portion along the hilltops on the right while he took charge of the left. His party quickly gained contact with the dacoits rearguard who had taken shelter behind a rear barricade of stones. Shots were exchanged and Mr. Robinson and his party managed to advance by short rushes to within 200 yards of the raiders. Realizing that it was essential to dislodge this rearguard in order to engage the main body Mr. Robinson decided to rush the barricade. He arranged covering fire by a small portion of his force while he and four men charged the barricade. Unfortunately the dacoits' rearguard was stronger than estimated and the covering fire proved inadequate. Mr. Robinson and two of his men were so badly wounded that immediate pursuit had to be abandoned". **End of quote**

Stephen survived, though not unscathed. He died in 2002. It was a privilege to have known him.

This story gives a flavour of what police work on or near the North West Frontier could be like. It sounds akin to the sort of policing in which Trevor Howard was indulging in the *The Long Duel*. My father's stint in command of the Baluch Levy was, thankfully, altogether more tranquil. During his time in the IP, he played a lot of cricket and a lot of hockey (he wasn't greatly given to slaughtering wildlife), thus fulfilling his father's fears. After Partition he wisely opted to go to Oxford instead. He always thought he was a better schoolmaster for his experiences as a policeman in India. Certainly his pupils over 30 years heard a lot about them. On one occasion in the School magazine, there was a Private Eye style satire in which it was said that there had been rumours that the Punjab Police were planning to switch to a fleet of Renault 4's (our much vaunted family car at the time). My father was uncertain that they had really grasped the distinction between the IP and the Provincial Police.

So there, as they say, we have it. The IP was, probably inevitably, something of a bridesmaid service at least in comparison with the illustrious ICS, but they nonetheless operated pretty effectively together for the greater glory of the Raj. To answer the question posed in my title, perhaps more of a long armlock than a long duel.