

IT ALL STARTED WITH MOHAMMED ALI, WHO USED TO RENT OUT A VCR.

R. No. 4960/60 Phone 5120 DEC. 1966

RAHASYA
A.H.W. ALLAHABAD

ये मयकाश का प्रथम विशेषांक

लाशों का संसार

रहस्य

मासिक प्रस्तुत करता है



२५ जनवरी १९६७ को प्रकाशित होगा

मूल्य १.५० पैसे

रहस्य कार्यालय, इलाहाबाद-३

Image Courtesy Tasveer Ghar (Exhibition at Sarai, 2007)

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL AND THEIR READERSHIP IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2005-06

you need to have the soul of Chengiz Khan to survive
a june afternoon in Delhi.



The streets are empty
save a few hard-core
non A.C. urban warriors



I am looking for a book...
LIFE seems to depend on it.



GRAPHIC NOVEL (COMIC-MANGA) ON A CITY
SARNATH BANERJEE//DELHI//2002-03

Why has
there been
no rainfall
this year?
Will it
rain next
year?

GO TO PAGE 459

[Reader-list] meet in Ahmedabad

Swara Bhaskar csxxxx at xxxmail.com

Fri May 20 13:04:20 IST 2005

dear Sarai fellows, Reader-list members and other fellows in Ahmedabad,

We are working on a project in Vatva in Ahmedabad and are currently in Ahmedabad for fieldwork. We would like to meet all of you and exchange notes and generally also see the faces behind the postings. We just had a rather fun meet of Sarai fellows in Delhi at JNU and it seems Cal and Bombay have been organising the same. Lets have Ahmedabad join the club as well. We are here till the end of the month. Would 27th May, Friday be ok – evening maybe? What is a good place to meet? We are staying at the BSC Hostel, St Xaviers College, Navrangpura. Do let us know if you can make it, and if you have any suggestions on time and place... Look forward to meeting you.

Regards

Moyukh Chatterjee, Swara Bhaskar

"mmdesai" mmdesai2@xxxxxxxxxxxxx

Sat, 21 May 2005 12:06:01 +0530

How about meeting at my place at 5.30 PM on Friday the 27th? Address: X-X Devxxxxxx Apartments, Opp. World Business House, Near Pxxxxxxx Gardens, Exxxxx Bxxxx, Ahmedabad: 380 006 Phone: 5531-xxxx

Madhavi Desai

Swara Bhaskar csxxxx at xxxmail.com

Sat, 21 May 2005 23:41:12 IST 2005

dear madhavi

Thanks. Friday 5.30pm sounds great, hope its not a problem to have it at ur place. We havent heard from the others, but from what we figure, this year's fellows [from Gujarat] include one more person – Prayas Abhinav. (Aparajita De too, but she is based in Surat i think..)

Prayas and Aparajita, and other reader-list members: do let us know if friday is ok.

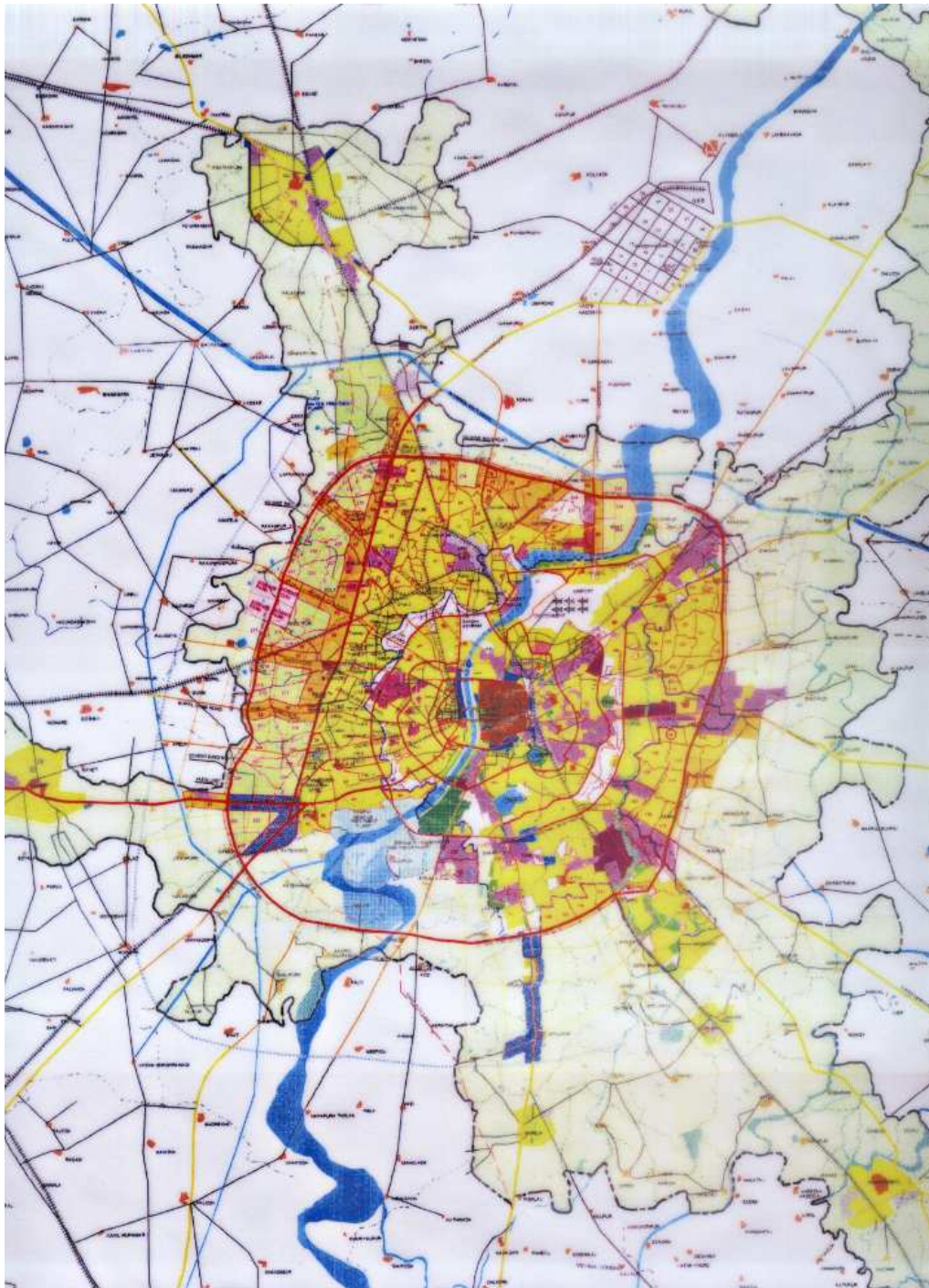
We will call you Madhavi

Thanks again

Regards

Moyukh and Swara

982xxxxxxx (Ahd.)



-----Map of Greater Ahmedabad-----

Scope of the project

In the post-Independence period, particularly after the 1970s, the city grew at a tremendous rate with 5 bridges, built one after the other across river Sabarmati, connecting the different parts.

While the inner city remained the commercial hub, the eastern part grew more industrial in nature and the western part developed characteristics of its own, with prominent institutions and elite housing.

**WOMEN AND THEIR SPATIAL NARRATIVES IN THE CITY OF AHMEDABAD
MADHAVI DESAI//AHMEDABAD//2004-05**

Oral Evidence of Mr. J.J. Madan*,
Managing Director, Madan Theatres Limited,
before the Indian Cinematograph Committee,
Monday, the 19th December 1927

Chairman: ...There is one thing I should like to know. I have got an idea, whether it is right or not you will be able to tell me. These passionate love-making scenes that appear in cinema dramas – when they appear at all – and these social dramas, are not popular with the Indian masses?

A: Well, the educated Indian likes them.

Q: I know, the educated Indian and European cares for it. But the illiterate class does not care for that sort of thing? That's what I wanted to know.

A: No, the illiterate class does not care for social dramas.

[...]

Q: You think that passion should be represented?

A: To a certain extent. There is a moral lesson attached to it. When they illustrate passion, they show the moral effect eventually.

[...]

Q: There is one other question that Sir Haroon Jaffer asked, the question of pre-censoring. I do not suggest this as a handicap to the trade in any way. But in America, before a producer produces the work and spends his money on the picture, I understand he voluntarily shows his scenario to Willian Hayes, who says, 'No, that story is not good enough'. Now, would not some arrangement of this sort by voluntarily taking opinion be of some assistance to you and save waste of money?

A: There is another point to be considered. Say you submit the story and the story is eliminated. But the whole thing is the treatment of the story contained in that scenario.

Q: Even of the actual pictures that you are going to take?

A: But the director puts in his touches now and again. His touches may make a film perfectly impossible, or it may make it good.

Q: But you don't think some pre-censoring of scenarios would be of any value to you? You are quite convinced of that?

A: Yes. We are careful in selecting our themes.

Q: You know sufficiently what the censors want not to require pre-censoring?

A: Yes.

• The name of Jamshedji Framji Madan is archetypal of Indian film industry's phenomenal growth in the first decades of the 20th century. As a young entrepreneur J.F. Madan started his film business venture in Calcutta around 1902 with tent show of films imported from abroad and eventually established a giant empire that spread its wings all over the Indian subcontinent.

Director – You know swimming?

Me – Yes

Co-actor – No

PAUSE

Acting to me is an extension of showing what lies within, a layer of emotions which, if carefully played, can portray the “Characters”.

Director – Ok, Indu is running for her life and you (co-actor) are running behind her, as you've been sent by your boss to kill her. She slips into the pool and tries hard to swim across to save her life. You also jump after her and push her inside the water so that she drowns.

Co-actor – But sir, mujhe swimming nahin aati...

Director – Relax man, we'll cut after you jump. Anyway, the pool is 6 feet deep and you are 6 feet tall.

Since I am, and at least for now call myself, a TV actor, I will look into the soaps which I am part of. Acting on screen, big or small, was always my dream.

TAKING... START SOUND... ROLL CAMERA... ROLLING. ACTION

Me – (running hard) Bachao! Help! Koi hai? (I slip into the pool)

Co-actor jumps behind me and pushes me inside the water. Such conviction! This guy with a huge build was pushing my head so hard that I was actually drowning. To my relief, the Assistant Director shouted:

CUT IT..

I've nothing against the producer, who casts busy actors, manages schedules like a juggler. All's fair in business. Money precedes morality, ethics, even logic.

Me – (Screaming) Are you demented? We're acting boss: why so much force?

Co-actor – Array, I myself was drowning. I wanted to do it right in one take, so I don't have to jump into the pool again.

Me – Okay, he had the right motivation. But what happened to YOU sir? Why didn't you cut it?

Director – I thought the scene was pretty natural and wanted to see how far we can go on in a single take. Anyways, now its over. Lets roll again.

TAKING.. START SOUND.. ROLL CAMERA.. ROLLING. ACTION

Me – Help, bachao, bachao..... Cut it!

I swear I gave another five shots after that, but my neck was always subjected to a similar torture.

Relief ultimately came with the Director's call... PACK UP!

SOCIETY AND THE SOAP FACTORY
INDU VERMA//DELHI//2005-06

Harsud

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Coordinates: 22°06′N 76°44′E﻿ / ﻿

Harsud was a town and a **nagar panchayat** in **Khandwa** in the **Indian state of Madhya Pradesh**. Harsud was a 700-year-old town in Khandwa District. It was submerged by the waters of the Indira Sagar dam in July 2004.

Geography

[edit]

Harsud was located at 22.1°N 76.73°E﻿ / ﻿. It has an average elevation of 244 metres (800 feet). Now it is not on that location due to **Indira Sagar Dam**. That town has been shifted to Chhanera (**New Harsud**). Old Harsud is submerged.

Demographics

[edit]

As of 2001 India census, Harsud had a population of 15,869. Males constitute 52% of the population and females 48%. Harsud has an average literacy rate of 69%, higher than the national average of 59.5%: male literacy is 77%, and female literacy is 61%. In Harsud, 14% of the population was under 6 years of age.



नर्मदा सागर परियोजना की घोषणा तो ६० के दशक में ही हो जाती है, परंतु इन पर अमल की कोई समय सीमा नहीं रखी गयी। इसकी वास्तविक शुरूआत होती है ८० के दशक में, और इस लंबे अंतराल में जनजीवन की मानसिकता को मैनेज करने में बहुत बड़ा हाथ रहा जनसंचार माध्यमों का। घोषणा की शुरूआत में पश्चिम की तरह से विकास के नज़रिए के तहत विस्थापन को राष्ट्रहित के नाम पर बलिदान की तरजीह दी गयी।

सत्ता-समर्थक संचार से लाभ-संबंधी सूचनाएँ जन-जन तक पहुँचायी गयीं। ऐसा करना इसलिए भी सुलभ हो गया क्योंकि राष्ट्रहित में भारत के इन मंदिरों के लिये बलिदान का तर्क स्वतंत्रता प्राप्ति के समय अभी नया ही था। ६० के दशक के मीडिया ने बांधों के पक्ष में एक जनस्वीकृत दृष्टि बनायी।

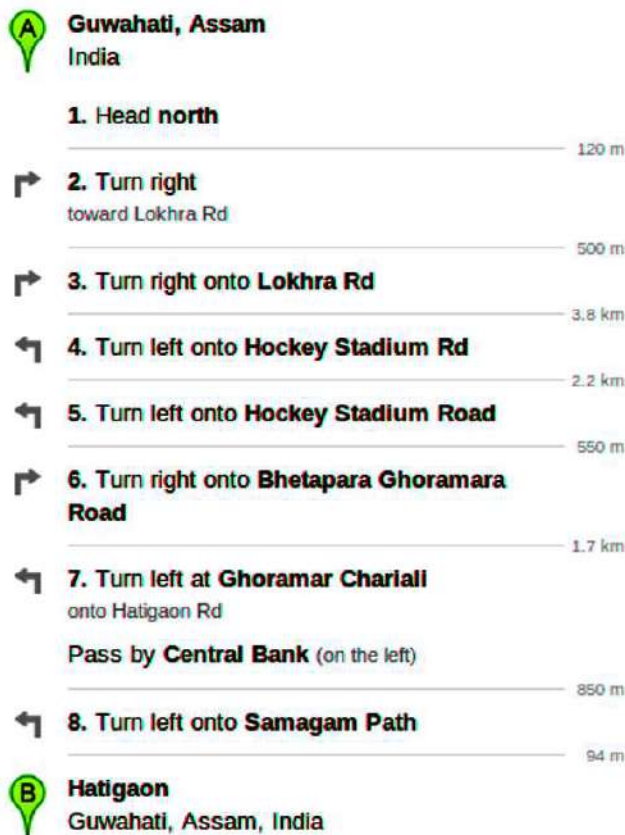
सवाल है कि जब कहीं प्रतिरोध की स्थिति बनी भी, तो क्या वह बांध परियोजनाओं की जानकारी के साथ थी, या महज विस्थापन के दर्द को लिये एक अस्वीकृत भाव?

मीडिया और हरसूद

HARSUD AND THE MEDIA
AMIT RAI//WARDHA//2005-06

Travel Route #2:

Through Hatigaon



Major landmarks: Khanqah Masjid, Sijubari Dargah Sharief, Global Hospital for Surgery of Dr. Ilyas, Little Flower School, HM Hospital, Kabrasthan, Hatigaon P.S.

The route I took was the one that connects Hatigaon to Dispur, the state capital. It's really a strong-arm stone's throw from the official corridors of power.

Hatigaon Chairali, the main square, branches off into four directions. On the central axis is the road connecting Dispur to the National Highway at Lalmati, Beltola. On it is located the Little Flower School, one of Guwahati's premier schools. (I found out the student profile is drawn mostly from the affluent section of Assamese people from Hatigaon itself, as well as from Dispur and Beltola.) The stretch that intersects

this central axis at Hatigaon Chariali leads on one end to Anupam path, Global Hospital, Sijubari bazaar, Sijubari Majar, and Housefed. Anupam Path is the 'cultured, genteel' part of the locality, a mixed locality, but of substantial Bengali-origin population, the ones who had made it to the higher echelons of the state bureaucracy, doctors and engineers. The Hazrat Shah Makdum Shah Dargah Sharif is located at Notboma, Sijubari, Ghy-6. On the bifurcation from the Dargah is Miyajan Path – the immigrant hub. The other road leads to Housefed. The super-speciality centre of surgery located here caters to patients from all over the North-East; local people cannot afford it.

The other artery facing Sijubari road at Hatigaon Chairali goes to Survey in Beltola; it's called the Ajanta Path. On it is housed the Hatigaon Jama Masjid, an influential nerve centre of the Jamiat Ulema-e-Hind brand of Muslim mobilisation in Assam. Opposite it is a narrow lane, at the head of which is a signboard announcing “Yat gorur manxo pai” – Beef sold here. It's a rare repudiation of Muslim discomfiture.

A ricksha-wala named Nozir A. I spoke with said he made around Rs. 2500 a month. Here the daily wage rate of most occupations is Rs 80-120. The policeman I spoke with at the Hatigaon Arokhi Soki (Police Station), which was set up in 1984, said the crime rate was low, and most of the criminal cases pertain to petty thievery, and that robbery is rare. Is a flare-up possible? He says it is, and the future unpredictable.

STRANGERS IN THE CITY: LIVES AND LONGINGS OF BANGLADESHI IMMIGRANTS IN GUWAHATI
ABDUS SALAM//DELHI-GUWAHATI//2004-05

Reader-list] Fast food chains: Job-hunt!!

Khalid [zzjamal at rediffmail.com](mailto:zzjamal@rediffmail.com)

Wed Mar 23 00:30:10 IST 2005

- Previous message: [\[Reader-list\] hospital labour room as space for unheard voices](#)
- Next message: [\[Reader-list\] Fast food chains: Pizza hut Bible!!](#)

I am hunting!! I'm looking for a job in a fast food chain that I haven't already worked with. It's my intention to speak with people at the managerial level as much as, and as often as, possible. This will help me understand recruitment "filters" and, eventually, the entire recruitment process. I'm appearing for "walk-ins".

Yesterday was one such walk-in at Café Coffee Day. I went straight to the receptionist, who looked rather sad and almost sunken behind the reception table, and expressed to her my desire to work with the café.

"As a...?" she asked, without even looking at me.

"TEAM", I said, and paused. She immediately looked up, bewildered.

"MEMBER", I continued. "Team member". She took a deep breath and smiled. She wasn't that sad, I must confess now.

"Are you a graduate?" she inquired.

"With first division," I boasted.

"And how old are you?"

"Twenty three," I replied.

"OK, fill this form and take this test," she said, handing over a couple of printed papers and directing me towards a couch close-by.

Sitting next to me on the couch was a man in his late 40s, giving directions for this place to someone, by phone. I was to find out soon that it was his daughter on the other end. She's also "walking-in". She's doing a diploma in computers and is keen to join a food chain alongside. The father's taken half a day off from his work.

The first form is called "Employment Application". By the time I filled it, this man had finished his conversation and it didn't take him much time to understand that I am his daughter's competition. He looked keenly at the test paper I was writing. When his cell rang again, he went out.

The test paper said, in bold letters: "Screening test for Team member. Level 1." It had questions on analytical ability, situation-handling, data interpretation and analytical writing, and also instructions to "be specific and crisp". Time: 30 minutes. Total marks: 50.

It made me remember some of the questions from my Pizza Hut test. Anyway, I took over 2 hours to take this test, without any interruption from anyone. When I finished, the receptionist was missing. I stood up and walked out. "I'll come again to take the test again and also appear for the interview," I decided. And I came home.

While riding back home, I noticed an unevenly written word at the traffic signal: "RELAX". And I knew for sure that I would use that word in my posting for my fellow readers.

RELAX!!!

Wishing you happiness and health.

Khalid



SHAMANS IN THE CITY
GYALTSEN LAMA//GANGTOK//2006-07

ब्रेल समझने के लिये हिन्दी की लिपि का एक उदाहरण

एक (अ) तीन चार पांच (आ) दो चार (इ) तीन पांच (ई) एक तीन छः (उ) एक दो पांच छः (ऊ) पांच
एक दो तीन पांच (ऋ) एक पांच (ए) तीन चार (ऐ) एक तीन पांच (ओ) दो चार छः (औ) पांच छः (.)
तीन (^) छः (:) एक तीन (क) चार छः (ख) एक दो चार पांच (ग) एक दो छः (घ) तीन चार छः
(ङ.) एक चार (च) एक छः (छ) दो चार पांच (ज) तीन पांच छः (झ) दो पांच (1) दो तीन चार पांच छः
(ट) दो चार पांच छः (ठ) एक दो चार छः (ड) एक दो तीन चार पांच छः (ढ) तीन चार पांच छः (ण) दो
तीन चार पांच (त) एक चार पांच छः (थ) एक चार पांच (द) दो तीन चार छः (धा) एक तीन चार पांच (न)
एक दो तीन चार (प) दो तीन पांच (८) एक दो (ब) चार पांच (भ) एक तीन चार (म) एक तीन चार पांच
छः (य) एक दो तीन पांच (र) एक दो तीन (ल) एक दो तीन छः (व) एक चार छः (श) एक दो तीन चार
छः (ष) दो तीन चार (स) एक दो पांच (ह) एक दो तीन चार पांच (क्ष) एक पांच छः (ज्ञ) चार एक दो चार
पांच छः (ङ) पांच एक दो चार पांच छः (.) एक तीन पांच छः (.)

ब्रेल में किसी भी आधो अक्षर को लिखने के लिए
उससे पहले चार का बिन्दु लगा दिया जाता है। जैसे आधा द लिखना है तो चार एक चार पांच लिखा जाएगा।
देवनागरी भाषा की तरह ब्रेल में मात्राएं नहीं होती तथा केवल अक्षरों का उपयोग ही किया जाता है। देवनागरी
के कुछ अन्य अक्षर जैसे श्र, ञ, आदि भी ब्रेल में देवनागरी की तरह इस्तेमाल नहीं होते। ब्रेल आम तौर पर उच्चारण
के क्रम से लिखी या पढ़ी जाने वाली लिपि है जिसका अर्थ है कि जिस अक्षर या वर्ण का उच्चारण जिस क्रम
में होगा उसी क्रम में वह अक्षर या वर्ण लिखा व पढ़ा जाएगा।

ब्रेल की पत्रिकाओं का विषयवस्तु विश्लेषण

AN ANALYSIS OF MAGAZINES IN BRAILLE
RAM MURTI SHARMA//UNA//2005-06

SYMBOLIC THOUGHT AND ARTIFICIAL LANGUAGES

A SHORT RESEARCH THESIS THAT TRACES A PARTIAL GENEALOGY (FROM 13TH CENTURY
TO THE EARLY 20TH CENTURY, EUROPE) FOR COMPUTER CODING AND ARTIFICIAL
INTELLIGENCE.

In the famous preface to 'The Order of Things', Foucault pays tribute to a startling passage in Borges (Foucault, 1970). It's a passage that, under the guise of a Chinese encyclopaedia, classifies the animal world into a catalogue that defies even our most unfettered imagination.* Foucault laughs, but his laughter is tinged with an unease. No doubt his discomfort stems in part from the limitations of our own thought exposed by our wonderment at this classification. More profoundly however, its cause is rooted in the impossibility of these categories ever coming together anywhere but in language. In Borges' passage, language is evacuated from place and the profound kinship that exists between the word and space of order is disturbed. Borges' passage is a classificatory table – one that should by its very nature establish a relationship of order that links language and the world we live in (the word and being). By pointing to the impossibility of this order and rooting language in a non-space, Borges manages to disturb the relationship between language, order and the world and, by the same gesture, inspire Foucault's meticulous reflection upon thought, representation and order that is the subject of the book that cites the passage.

In what follows here, one is interested in further exploring the relationship between language and the world – not by exploring the 'pure experience of order' as Foucault does, but by understanding specific reflections upon that order. More specifically, our past is inundated by attempts to formulate perfect languages – to conceive of a word that invokes the purity of the Word by precluding any arbitrariness between language and what it represents. This has been imagined in several ways: some have tried to historically recover the original word by positing a monogenetic hypothesis (a common mother-tongue), some have tried to purify and reduce existing languages, while others have tried to conceive of radically artificial languages denying precedent (a priori philosophical languages).

I imagine coding to be the most recent and heightened manifestation of this quest towards artificial universal languages. Positioned thus, it becomes possible to understand 'code' as a specific attempt towards an ordering of thought, which is made possible by a novel relationship between language and the world that has had a rich and extremely varied genealogy. Once this genealogy is established, it will become possible to understand coding as a certain kind of practice made possible under modernity, which reveals the positioning of other language-systems (natural language, formal language, mathematical and scientific language) in relation to our thought and materiality.

* Animals are divided into (a) belonging to the Emperor (b) embalmed (c) tame (d) sucking pigs (e) sirens (f) fabulous (g) stray dogs (h) included in the present classification (i) frenzied (j) innumerable (k) drawn with a very fine camelhair brush (l) et cetera (m) having just broken the water pitcher (n) that from a long way off look like flies.

The life of a radio station depends upon the continuity of its programme – everyday, at fixed hours. Broadcasting of music constitutes seven-eighth of all the programmes of the Calcutta Radio Station (henceforth the CRS). Therefore, broadcasting of music only by few renowned professional artists, both male and female, could not meet the purpose of the new radio station. To keep the programme going, the search for amateur artists became an agenda of the broadcasting staff of the CRS from its very beginning. Here, it seems, bringing in amateurs did not begin as a nationalist agenda to cleanse music from the hands of prostitutes and mirasis. By the time the Government of British India began to take an interest in Indian broadcasting in the mid-1930s, and nationalist leaders took on in earnest the cleansing project defining ‘who and what would they sing’ in the scope of All India Radio, the majority of performers of the CRS, irrespective of gender, were middle class Bengalis. In his first published report on broadcasting in India, the first Controller of Broadcasting, Lionel Fielden, has also remarked that the situation in Calcutta was different from other parts of India, and there existed a liberal atmosphere due to the influence of Tagore and Brahmo Samaj.

The Vetar Jagat projected one Pushparani Chattopadhyay, daughter of a senior police officer, Pulin Behari Chattopadhyay, as the first amateur artist of the CRS. Instances of young children taking part in radio musical programmes and obtaining appreciation are many. The abundance of child singers testifies to the ardent need felt by the authority to get as many amateur singers as they could. To keep the programme going, programme assistants and even the Station Directors were always on the alert for news of artists who could be brought on the microphone.

CRS also opened a ‘Music Lesson Programme’ of Bengali songs on October 14, 1930. Pankaj Kumar Mallick took charge of the programme from November or early December in 1930, and continued till 1975. The greatest advantage of this ‘Music Lesson Programme’ was that music was taught with notation. Pankaj Kumar Mallick made it a routine to dictate notations and give the listeners instructions on how to follow them. In the initial years, the Vetar Jagat, a fortnightly radio programme publication, also published songs with notation in advance. Those listeners who could follow the notations could master the songs without mistakes. The programme became extensively popular among its listeners.

To be a radio artist, to have an aptitude to sing admirably, became an increasingly coveted marker of status and gentility in Bengali middle class society. Families craved for their unmarried daughters to learn music to some extent, expecting them to be acclaimed and chosen as prospective brides.

The urban cultural scenario witnessed a slow but steady change. While more and more girls came to take part in radio, and the craze only intensified with the passing years, it remained mostly confined to unmarried girls.

**MEDIATION THROUGH RADIO: THE CALCUTTA RADIO STATION AND
THE CHANGING LIFE OF THE CITY (1927–1957)
INDIRA BISWAS//KOLKATA//2003-04**

Cinema halls became home to contingents of para military forces that arrived in unimaginable numbers to fight the insurgency. Some halls like the Palladium in the heart of Srinagar fell to arson. The remains of the hall greet the visitors to the city even today, telling the tale of its ilk.

Out of the nine odd cinema halls in Srinagar, only one is operational today. Four of these are occupied by the Central Reserve Police Force. In Lal Chowk, the centrally located Palladium Cinema overlooking the historical Ghanta Ghar (Clock Tower) stands like a ghost.

Cinema owners did make attempts at reopening. With claims of normalcy sounded by successive governments, Broadway cinema, located in the high security zone of Sonwar, was the first to reopen in 1997. For some years Broadway was more or less a successful reopening story, and others tried to follow. Like the Neelam, which is operational even today.

Broadway was closed again in 2005. Stringent security measures and the high price of the tickets, which included insurance, attracted few customers.

Neelam, though operational even today, hasn't even undergone renovation. Shows attract very few customers, and at times the shows are abandoned for want of customers. Understandably, the cinema halls rely on older or cheaper films. No fresh premiers.

One more hall that tried to resume business is the centrally located Regal. On the very day it reopened, the second show had to be abandoned after a grenade attack.

Halls are occupied by the troops; they have also acted as interrogation centres. From those which remained, a few changed business, making the future of cinema bleaker in Kashmir.



ENTERTAINMENT GHOSTS IN SRINAGAR: A TALE OF CINEMA HALLS IN THE CITY
SHAHNAWAZ KHAN//SRINAGAR//2006-07



Jai Cinema Hall

CHANGING FACES OF CINEMA HALLS IN DELHI
NANDITA RAMAN//DELHI//2005-06

चलिये!

दौड़िये!

लीजिये!

सस्ते और सनसनी पूर्ण
दिन का खाना और रात की नींद
हराम कर देने वाली
घटनाओं के घटातोप से परिपूर्ण

बड़े-बड़े भयंकार डाकू और लुटेरों के रोमांचकारी कारनामों से युक्त, जंगल, पहाड़ और गुफाओं में छिपे हुए विलायती ठगों के आश्चर्यजनक अड्डों के रहस्य भेदी भांडा फोड़ सहित, संसार के प्रसिद्ध-प्रसिद्ध जासूसों के हृदय को हिला देने वाली चतुराई पूर्ण चालों से सुसज्जित, सस्ते और सुंदर जासूसी उपन्यास। हम दावे के साथ कह सकते हैं कि हमारे उपन्यासों को पढ़कर आप एक बार दंग रह जाएँगे। हाथों-हाथ बिक रहे हैं। आप भी 1/- प्रवेश फ्रीस देकर आज ही ग्राहक हो जाइये। स्थाई ग्राहकों को पौने मूल्य में दिये जाते हैं।

मैनेजर

हिन्दी पुस्तकालय, मथुरा

Text of advertisement for ANUVADIT MALA – translations of detective novels into Hindi from other languages (Hindi Pustakalya, Mathura, 1935).

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL
AND THEIR READERSHIP IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2005-06

VARTAPHALAK

*

VARTA = NEWS

PHALAK = BOARD



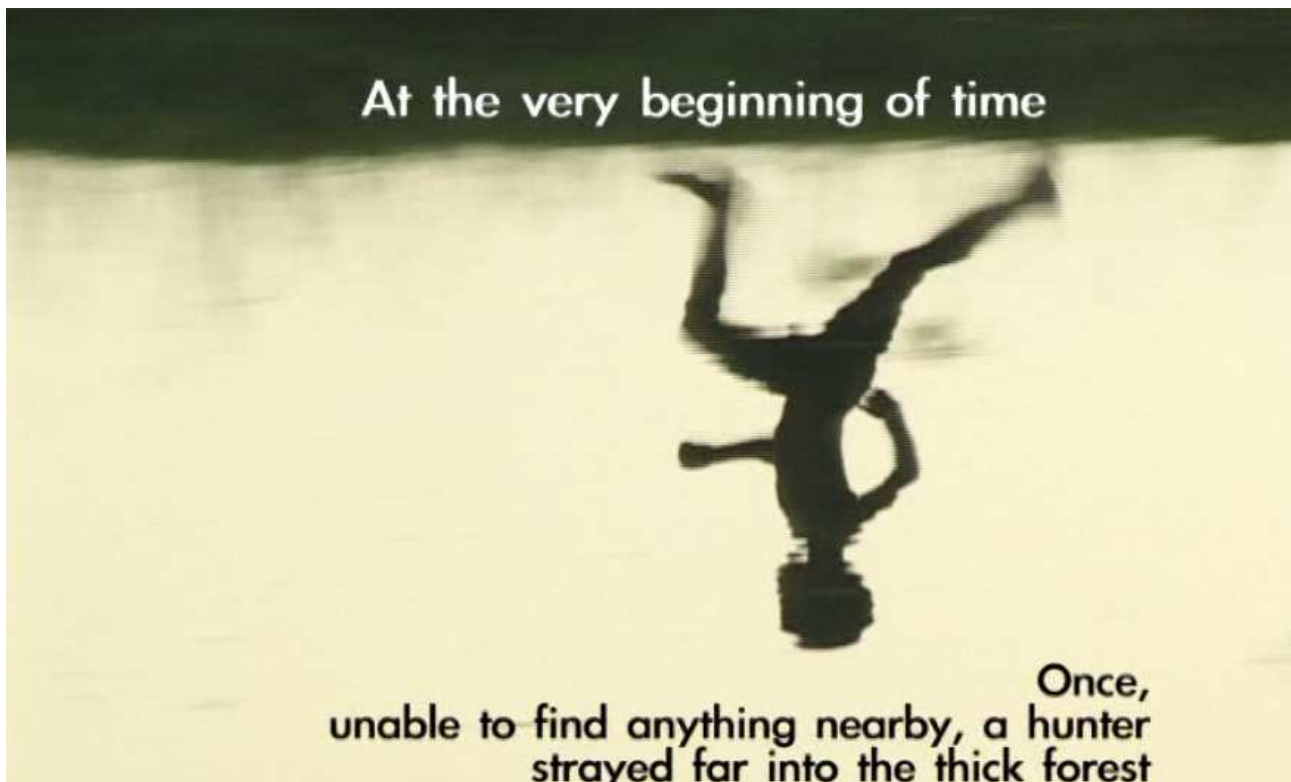
It is but natural to be enthused by victory and be disappointed by defeat. However our tradition tells us that more important than victory or defeat is our duty

Message on a vartaphalak on Kumthekar road, Sadashiv Peth, above, written a day after the civic election results were declared (2007)

The exercise of locating vartaphalaks will lead you just about everywhere in Pune: gullis, mohallas, bastis, peths, bazaars, dargahs, dhobi ghat, taalim, rickshaw stands, Ganesh mandals, 'young circles', political party offices, busy chowks and traffic-clogged main roads.

From announcing a death, to a local meeting, to satirical political commentary. From righteous moral messages, to ideologically charged contentions. The vartaphalaks reflect sentiments of anger and grief, celebration and devotion. The import of their content is local, communal, political and religious. And, more often than not, they stand in a space that is necessarily a public space, a community space.

**URBAN SPACE AND IDENTITY FORMATION:
EXPLORING THE VARTAPHALAK CULTURE IN PUNE CITY
MADHURA LOHOKARE//PUNE//2006-07**



He was exhausted and he fell asleep

He awoke to the heat of a huge fire. The next morning he stumbled upon something shining, hard and strange.

Metal.

Etched on the metal were the markings of the sataru insect hive. The intense heat of the forest fire had poured molten metal into the wax hive.

Excited, he collected the wax, packed some iron-rich rocks and made his way home.

He had discovered the secret of Dhokra.¹

**HISTORY AND STORYTELLING ABOUT KOLKATA AND HOWRAH:
INTEGRATING NARRATIVES AND DATABASE
VASUDHA JOSHI//MUMBAI//2004-05**

¹ Dhokra (Bengali: ঢোকা) (also spelt Dokra) is non-ferrous metal casting using the lost-wax casting technique. This sort of metal casting has been used in India for over 4,000 years, and is still used. One of the earliest known lost wax artefacts is the dancing girl of Mohenjo-daro.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dhokra>

“For a while, the very cream of Urdu literary talent, the absolute best minds of our generation got together here [in Bombay] and created such a storm”. Sultana Jafri told me that. This is her particular talent – that of providing perspective, signposting my erratic forays into three sets of memories.

Sultana came to Bombay not as a bride or even a young woman just out of the confines of the maternal home. She came as a recent divorcee, a single mother on a transfer posting from the AIR station in Lahore. Bombay for her was an adventure, but also just another big city, also a continuation of her career – a scarce commodity; she alone of the three women had it this early. It was also romance. Living in her school friend Ismat Chughtai’s house near Shivaji Park, Sultana rediscovered the twin passions of her life – Ali Sardar Jafri and the Communist Party (or the Communist Cause? I hate to hem in such a free spirit). Rediscovered, because she knew the poet as a Masters student in Lucknow University, had campaigned for him as a candidate of the Students Federation with no thought of marrying him. Her ties to Marx had also taken root then; after living in Bombay for a few months, she “left the government ki naukri and joined the Communist Party as a full timer. Phir Sardar se shaadi bhi kar li. (I also married Sardar).”

Her narrative is important for several reasons. Much of its colour and power comes from the fact that she chose to enter the arena of Left-associated social movements; she did not marry into it like the others. Second, she was a (seriously!) active member of the Party. Talking to her is slightly exhausting, and it is easy to see why her friends remember her “walking, walking, walking”. She walked all over Madanpura, a Muslim majority industrial area where she worked with the trade unions for several years, even contested an election. The whole-hearted enthusiasm with which she entered the arenas of mazdoors and rallies, elections and ‘working with the people’ shows how ready she was to push the boundaries of acceptable female behaviour even in her liberal set. My sense is that at least in those early months at the commune, in her rush to do things in the real world, Sultana discounted the domestic. This included Shaukat and Zehra, her flatmates, and the other two women in my narrative. It is interesting that Sultana herself repeatedly points out to me the various ways in which being wives of Communists affected her two friends – to her mind, they were good RedMates.

Shaukat is already famous, the most celebrated of the trio. She is the only one amongst them who has written her memoirs, which I find heartening – at least one of them realizes the importance of their stories. She reads them out to me in her wonderful actor’s voice. Shaukat, or Moti Apa as she is affectionately called, was catapulted into the world of Walkeshwar Road communes through a whirlwind romance and a most unusual nikah at the commune itself, presided over by her father and no one else from her family. She touches lightly over the grim realities of penury that followed her fairytale marriage, but it is clear that it was a difficult period of adjustment. There was also the consideration of finances – Kaifi’s earnings as a Party full-timer were just not enough.

SOCIALIST WIVES: STORIES OF WOMEN AND MOVEMENTS FROM 1950S
TARAN KHAN//ALIGARH//2003-04

ООКТ

ОНКТ

АВКТ

АУКТ

ЕЕКТ

GO TO PAGE 559

PHONE CAL. 4068.

NEW TONFILM PRODUCTION

PRODUCERS OF HIGH CLASS

TALKIES IN ALL VERNACULARS

BIHARAT BHAWAN,

CHITTARANJAN AVENUE

CALCUTTA.

Proprietors :- Mr. Din Dayal Gupta & Mr. N. G. Bulchandani, B. A.

An Up-to-date Film Production with A Splendid Programme.

Their forth-coming pictures:-

1 **'Ah-E-Mazluman'** or "Wailings of the Oppressed".

Story by Mr. H. M. N. Arabian.

A Picture that will harrow up thy shoulders and freeze thy Blood. It's fine psychological touches will enliven even a callous heart. A true wife's heart-rending pangs, a doted husband's sudden changes will create an atmosphere surcharged with the trenchant lights of lurid lustre.

2 **"Maha Ranee"**

Story by Kavivar Gulab.

A Living Portrait of Rajput Chivalry

Intermingled with Romantic Charms of Scintillating beauty.

EARLY CINEMA AND THE RISE OF A NEW FORM OF ADVERTISING

INDRANI MAJUMDER//KOLKATA//2003-04



GRAPHIC NOVEL (COMIC-MANGA) ON A CITY
SARNATH BANERJEE//DELHI//2002-03

This particular devotee started recording the sermons and preachings of the guru so he could listen to them at his home. He brought his own two-in-one (old model of Murphy/Philips) for this.

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No
detail
throws
light
on
this
apparently
whimsical
move.

GO TO PAGE 269



" RAI KAMAL "

1955

Cover of a song book

EARLY CINEMA AND THE RISE OF A NEW FORM OF ADVERTISING
INDRANI MAJUMDER//KOLKATA//2003-04

I've spent the month tracking down information about the early history of Jazz in India and acquiring early Jazz recordings made in this country. I had interesting interviews with Frank Fernand and Mickey Correa, the last surviving Indian jazzmen from the 1930s, the era in which the music first established itself in the subcontinent.

Fernand is a Goan trumpet player who learnt his art at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Mumbai, playing in the African-American dominated bands of Crickett Smith and Teddy Weatherford. Mickey Correa is a multi-instrumentalist who became the first Indian to lead the dance band at the Taj, heading the lineup for 30 years after Independence until diphtheria forced him to seek less strenuous employment.

Cricket Smith was an African-American cornet player who played at the Taj Mahal Hotel in the 1936-37 season. His compatriot Weatherford was a pianist who led bands with shifting personnel at the same hotel soon after. Both of them had respectable reputations in their home country. Cricket Smith, born in 1883, had been part of the U.S. music scene at the critical moment when Jazz was evolving from the more primitive forms of vaudeville and ragtime. He made some crucial recordings in 1913-14 with an outfit led by James Reese Europe, before heading out to South America and Asia.

Teddy Weatherford was a pianist whose style was a major influence on the legend Earl Hines. He left the U.S. in 1926, spending the rest of his career mainly in India and China. He married an Anglo-Indian woman and died in Calcutta in 1945.

Both played a vital role in teaching Indian jazzmen how to play what was then called "hot music". Both also made jazz recordings in the subcontinent. The earliest mention of an African-American musician performing in India, though, goes back much further: there's evidence to show that William H. Bernard, a performer of a style called minstrelsy, stopped by in the subcontinent on his way back from Australia in 1849. Others followed him over the next few decades.

The earliest jazz tracks I've been able to acquire were made in 1926 by Lequime's Grand Hotel Orchestra, which performed at the famous Calcutta hotel. They're titled "Soho Blues" and "The House Where The Shutters Are Green". An aside: the vocalist and banjo player on these songs is Al Bowly, a South African who later found fame in England as the British answer to Bing Crosby. He earned the nickname "The Swoon", evidently a description of his effect on the women in the audience.

From April 1936, I found recordings by Crickett Smith's outfit of "Taj Mahal Foxtrot", essentially an advertisement for his employer. Teddy Weatherford also recorded a few tunes at the time, for the Rex label. A recording from 1942 of the All Star Swing Band is interesting, among other things, for its trumpet player: George Banks, father of the Indian jazz legend Louis Banks. I've also managed to track down four recordings by Ken Mac, the Anglo-Indian musician who performed regularly around Mumbai. These tracks, though, are less jazzy and are merely in the big band style. Skipping ahead a few decades, I found a 45 recorded in 1966 by Toni Pinto, a pianist who led a band for 16 years at Mumbai's Ambassador. It has three tracks, two originals on one side, the standard "Autumn Leaves" on the other.

I'd be grateful if any of the readers of this list could point me to more Indian jazz recordings. I'm at fernandesn@vsnl.net.

JAZZ GOES TO BOLLYWOOD
NARESH FERNANDES//MUMBAI//2003-04

The search for a physical space

One of the things I intended to do in finding a place where a 'queer space' could constitute itself, was to inform the house owners and estate agents of my intentions for the space. The primary presumption that I intended to test here was that people would generally be unwilling to let out their property for the use of queer folk. In this point I must say I was taken by surprise - with not a single overtly aggressive reaction. But more significantly, the experience of looking for a space has opened up possibilities for a broader research. The process of looking for a place is largely about negotiating the 'safety' of one's identity. Most landlords and estate agents have a (practiced) series of questions that they must ask even before showing one the place. Most often, the first question is about one's marital status (are you a bachelor?) and the second is one's credentials in the economy (aap kahaan service karte hain?). Other questions revolved around which part of the country I come from, whether I was non-vegetarian, whether there would be other people living with me. And the like. There is seemingly a matrix of questions that assess suitability and safety of a tenant in terms of caste, religion, marital status, position in economy, professional affiliations, habits of consumption... It would be interesting to do some sort of mapping of these letting practices and examine their relationship with processes through which multiple 'others' are constructed, as well as how these processes then come to be articulated in terms of demography, the geographic distribution of 'types', and further, on community formation, political processes, aesthetics and the like. It would be interesting, further, to carry out this process from a visibly queer subject position. I would be thrilled if anyone were interested in doing something like this in collaboration, which would further complicate the process beyond my subject position and modes of self-representation.

Thus far, apart from keeping in mind these questions of letting practices, the construction of the safe tenant and attitudes to (sexual) queerness/otherness, I have kept in mind what I imagine as the minimum requirements for the queer space as I envisage it, including size, location (vis-a-vis largely South Delhi based queer activism), aesthetic possibilities and, of course, rent. Nothing that fits all requirements has come up, and where it has, the landlord has deferred the decision to allow the queering of the space onto others. In response to my description of what I intend for the space ('there will be gay, lesbian, hijra vagera people coming here regularly for meetings...') I have most often come up against, 'I have no problem at all, but I will have to ask my family'. Where the family had no problem, the rent was too high.

I hope to be able to find a place soon and begin the process of setting up the space.

**APNI JAGAH, ZARAH HUT KE: A "STAGED ETHNOGRAPHY" OF SPACE AND SEXUALITY
AKSHAY KHANNA//DELHI//2005-06**

In 1952, some young poets moved with a striking slogan: 'Read More Poems'. Even younger poets and students arranged a poetry meet at Scottish Church College in March 1953 so that the 'self-centred poet might lift up his eyes and look about him', as Sunil Ganguli (1934-) put it in the first issue of Krittibas. Below: Cover of 17th issue of the little magazine, Krittibas.



Malay Raychoudhuri (1939-) declared in 1962: '*The day of dipping one's pen in the cerebral cortex is past. Today poetry is written spontaneously, like an orgasm.*' With such ideas, a younger group of writers, known as the 'Hungry Generation', initiated a new movement. 'Hungries' had close links with the Beatniks. Several members of the group were arrested in September 1964 on the charge of obscenity. In the twentieth issue of Krittibas, even Sunil Ganguli claimed, '*Krittibas is not in anyway associated with any establishment or movement called Hungry Generation*'.

In 1963, just after its sixteenth issue, the Krittibas poets came to a meeting place of The Congress for Cultural Freedom to stand for a sort of trial. The poet, Buddhadeb Basu, had charged them with obscurity and obscenity. But the chairperson, Professor Shashibhushan Dasgupta (1911-64), was amazed: had not Buddhadeb and his fellow-poets been so charged by Rabindranath, as Rabindranath too had the same by the established poets in his youth? The young poets read their poems, practically in an atmosphere of challenge, to an elderly and chiefly academic audience. Some academicians left halfway through; but at the end, Shashibhushan declared his whole-hearted support to the new generation.

The 'Krittibas' group had an intimate relation with the young painters (Jogen Choudhury, Prakash Karmakar, Purnendu Patrea, Sunil Das, Robin Mandol, Nikhil Biswas, Prithwish Ganguli, Shyamal Datta Roy and others) of that time. Some of them often designed its cover. Many of them were almost of the same age and had an undisciplined lifestyle. They were friends and interested in the works of others. It was a regular feature in 1960s that, in an open space, the painters were painting and, simultaneously, the poets were reading their poems.

In January 1966, Sakti Chatterji brought out a weekly poetry magazine. If a weekly, why not a daily? For fifteen days in May, Bimal Raychoudhuri (1930-) and Shanti Lahiri (1936-) edited *Dainik Kabita*. Tarapada Ray (1936-), Sakti Chatterji and Kabita Sinha were its close associates. The craze reached its climax when from 10 AM on 7 May, Sushil Ray (1915-85) launched his hourly *Kabita Ghanthiki* in association with Sarat, Pranab and Ananda. The number of novels and short stories in each Puja magazine increased sharply.

RELOCATING 'KRITIBAS':

A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF A 'LITTLE' MAGAZINE IN URBAN BENGAL
SANDIPAN CHAKRABARTY//KOLKATA//2003-04



Maratha Mandir

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07**

The clocks in the present were so numerous that it was found necessary to send a clockmaker along with them.

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INFORMATION

IF IT IS SECRET

**IF IT HAS COMMERCIAL VALUE
BECAUSE IT IS SECRET**

&

**IF THE HOLDER HAS MADE REASONABLE EFFORTS
TO KEEP IT SECRET**

IT QUALIFIES FOR PROTECTION AS 'UNDISCLOSED INFORMATION'

A trade secret, however, cannot defeat a patent application.

**UNDERSTANDING THE PATENTING OF TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGE
AARATHI CHELLAPPA//BANGALORE//2003-04**

I've watched Sant Asaramji's satsang programs, which are being telecast by four different channels – spiritual as well as entertainment – throughout the year. His satsang programs are available throughout the day. They start at 6:30 AM on Zee Jagran. Then at 7:00 AM on Sony Channel as “Sant Asaramji Vani”, which continues till 8:00 AM. Again in the afternoon, he can be seen as well as heard at 12:30 PM on Aastha Channel in “Sant Shri Asaramji Bapu ki Amritvani”. The telecasting agency known as Aastha International telecasts the program in UK at 11:00 AM and 3:30 PM. He's there on Sanskara Channel at 2:00 PM, and again at 9:50 PM. The program is named as “Param Pujya Loksant Shri Asaram Bapu ki Amritvarsa”. One learns about the ashram, as well as about upcoming live satsang programs at the end of every episode. Also, information about his programs and the ashram's activities are available at <http://www.aasthatv.com/contactusframe.htm>.

These satsangs are recordings of live satsangs in different cities, and are done by the ashram people. So whatever is telecast by different channels is pre-recorded.

In the beginning...

People started gathering around the guru in the early 1970s. Some came from outside Ahmedabad. I met a devotee who belongs to Godhara. He came every month to the ashram in Ahmedabad. Devotees missed the sermons when they went back to their cities. This particular devotee started recording the sermons and preachings of the guru so he could listen to them at his home. He brought his own two-in-one (old model of Murphy/ Philips) and recorded the sermons. There was no permanent large group of people who were living in the ashram at this time. In fact, until the mid-70s, there were only two or three permanent resident devotees with the guru at the ashram.

The ashram started recording sermons only after 1975. The first audio was recorded in January 1976. This was also done on a simple two-in-one recording system. The voice was recorded on Umatic tapes. The early recordings were not done with the purpose of dissemination of the sermons, but rather it was the reverence of the devotees, who were recording for their own purpose. The first public audio brought out by the ashram was “Mai Kaun Hoon?” (Who Am I?). Even today, this is the largest selling cassette.

The ashram didn't have any proper organisational structure. Devotees didn't even have a photograph of their guru. One of his oldest devotees once brought a video camera from abroad. He says, “At that time, the cost of renting a video camera was very high. The owner charged around Rs. 1000 for one day. So I thought I'd purchase a camera and in this way we could save the ashram's money.” However, the camera he brought was one he had purchased for his son's photography studio. It began to be used for recording sermons. With this, they started recording on Betacam, and VHS tapes began to be made. But the production cost was high and it wasn't easy for everyone to purchase a copy. And players were costly too. Whoever had a player would take the video cassette on rent from the ashram to their place and organise video sermons at their house. This was the practice at least till 1995 in some areas, and in some others this went on even until 2000. Eventually, this became a tool in the popularity of the guru.

From 1994, ATN channel began broadcasting the guru's sermons. The production/ broadcasting manager of ATN was a devotee of Asaram Bapu. Starting December 1994, Zee TV also started telecasting his morning sermons. Then soon, it was the turn of Sony TV. It was Sony TV that gave a large audience to the guru.

GURU ON THE AIR: TELEVISED HINDUISM IN CONTEMPORARY INDIA
SURYA PRAKASH UPADHYAY//MUMBAI//2006-07

[Reader-list] Bombay Floods, Prashant Pandey

It starts with a simple miscalculation. It's 2.30 PM. July 25. I have a research appointment at Bandra. Outside my flat in Ghatkopar, it's raining. I think, "It's just a routine rain." I come out with my umbrella and a small polythene bag containing a notebook and other stuff.

It's raining very hard. There's a hill just behind our society, and muddy water is flowing high and wild. I take a shortcut to the main Road i.e LBS marg, a very prominent road which runs parallel to the central line in Bombay.

2.45 PM, Shreyas Cinema, Ghatkopar (West)

I manage to get an auto for Bandra. The auto-wallah ignores commuters who are trying to hitch a ride. We've come to the Thane-VT highway. I'm inside the auto and I'm all wet. Near Vidya Vihar flyover, the auto comes to a standstill. I should've taken the train. The auto-driver informs me, "Trains are not running since morning." For the first time I realize what a mess I've gotten into.

3.30 PM, Vidya Vihar Flyover

I triple on a bike with two funny guys who are going to Dharavi. They tell me that Bandra is 5 minutes walk from Dharavi. I still think the rains will stop. I get down at Dharavi after having witnessed some great biking (avoiding skidding and traffic policemen).

5.30 PM, Dharavi

There's a traffic jam that slowly unravels. It's huge and extends all over. Road to Dadar: Full. Road to Sion: Full. Road to Bandra: Full. I leave my second auto. Now I'm walking with thousands of women, men, girls and boys. I am stuck and there is no going back. I decide to go for my appointment at Carter Road. So from Dharavi, I walk to Carter Road. Trees have fallen. I see cars going down. There is a lot of sound: shouts, cat calls, hooting.

7.30 PM Carter Road

I am three hours late. A calamity. I take out my phone to call up the person who I went to see. My phone looks like a water game.

9.00 PM, Bandra Station (West)

I decide to stay at Bandra Station like everybody. But once I see it, I can't. Bandra station is badly flooded and is swelling with people. I meet a lady and a young man. All of us want to go to areas that are on the central line – Sion (lady), Ghatkopar (myself) and Thane (young man). We persuade an auto driver who chooses to listen to only us amidst 20 other commuters who're all yelling out to him the places they want to go. Barely after 10 meters towards Bandra East flyover, we find ourselves in the most bizarre traffic jam in the universe. It's amorphous, purposeless, dark and unending. Part of this jam is constituted by people who are watching their cars and motorcycles go down in water some 15 meters away. It's like star-gazing when they point and tell each other, "That's my car."

11.00 PM, Between Bandra West & East

Back in the auto, the lady who is a school teacher has lost it. She is breathing heavily. I get a man to call her relatives who stay nearby. (Everybody shared drinking water and smiles but no mobile phones, so this was a great gesture on that man's part.) A miracle happens – the call consummates without any pee-pee or getting cut. However the lady is troubled because she hasn't met these relatives for 8-9 years. She tells me, "Kabhi jaroorat nahi padi." Her husband had called up her school and left this phone number.

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-August/006071.html>

[Reader-list] Bombay Floods, Prashant Pandey

11.00 PM, Between Bandra West & East

The auto-wallah has the most quixotic plan. He wants to take an unimaginable U-turn and come back to Bandra Station and take SV Road. He would take us to Andheri (East) and then to Ghatkopar through Marol Naka. This auto-wallah is a sadist. (I'd heard two hours back that 12 kids died in Marol and Andheri was hell with its gutters.) He plays us some remixes blaring with a ghoom ghoom sound from the damp speakers and I give him my cellphone to warm it in some heated quarter of his auto.

My companion (the young man) and I both are trying out life in this wet auto. We try to sleep (a fake put-on form of sleep), discuss cricket and two hours later come to a conclusion that this auto-wallah is cheating us. "Ye Behen**** humko shendi laga raha hai" We decide to leave the auto and find our own way. We pay up after the customary mutual allegations. We tell him that we can't pay 100 rupees for nothing. He's a Marathi, yet to defeat him I ask him, "Are you from Delhi?" The auto driver is wondering at our unity. I give him 70 rupees for taking us 10 meters away from the point where we actually boarded the auto.

2.00 AM, Bandra (East)

We've decided we will walk to Sion. There are lots of people who strongly dissuade us. There are jokes, discussions and storytelling – all while standing in water upto our thighs. I want to get out of this gorgonic jam. I tell him, "All these middle class losers are stuck with their cars, with their fat wives, and we don't have any (cars and wives). So lets move on, we won't die." I tell him about my adventures with a hippie in Rishikesh where he tried teaching me swimming in the Ganges. Now this young man's battery is on full charge. We embark on our uncertain journey.

After a first unsuccessful attempt, we manage to come on the road that leads to Sion. There we meet a mad group going to Dharavi. A lot of swanky cars and their owners (now in baniyan) are greeted with hoots. Meanwhile I persuade a Tata Safari owner not to venture ahead (in good faith and judgment). He believes me, turns back the beast, and gives us a ride till Sion. I try to conceal my smile.

2.40 AM, Sion

We get down at Sion flyover. The first thing that the young man says is, "Yaar tum bade kaam ke aadmi hoo." Actual introductions happen now. His name is Vivek Hasija. He works in sales in Esselworld. I am Prashant Pandey and I am a researcher. Now we have to walk straight to reach Ghatkopar or Thane. There we join thousands of people walking straight from Mantralaya (the Secretariat, near VT). Everybody has, by now, developed a mutual respect for humanity.

The way is dark, silent and the people are different too. Unlike Bandra here they are walking in a single line holding each others hands making a never ending human chain, from VT to Thane. At Kurla we see household items from the slums floating. There is a fridge and umpteen plastic pots dancing in water.

Then somebody tells me about a school kid and a driver floating dead in a car in Andheri. I see for the first time dead bikes. Taxis that are about to die, their lights blinking titanically.

Everybody is trying to balance in these thigh-high waters, yet manages to say "ch ch ch", an apt ex-pression for the loss of life and livelihood, and an unidentified guilt.

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-August/006071.html>

For a while, the very cream of Urdu literary talent, the absolute best minds of our generation, got together here, in Bombay, and created such a storm.

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OF URBAN LOCALITIES & BAZAAR(S) PHOTOGRAPHY
RAHAAB ALLANA//DELHI//2002-03

A comparison between the Vijayawada Share Brokers Welfare Association (VSBWA) and some of the official stock exchanges provides evidence of the phenomenal success of the VSBWA. In 1990, the Cochin Stock Exchange had 476 members, while the Ahmedabad Stock Exchange, 295; Delhi Stock Exchange had 124 and the Bangalore Stock Exchange, 233. In the Cochin Stock Exchange, about 200-250 companies were traded, and daily trading volume was about Rs. 8 crore in 1989. It was claimed that the Cochin Stock Exchange was the biggest in the south, and the fourth biggest in the country, after Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi. The VSBWA was about twice its size.

The success of the Vijayawada Stock Exchanges (all of them) was, in a large measure, due to two predominant factors. Firstly, because of the nature of trading that took place in the region, and secondly, because of the 'badla' system that was practised in the region.*

Vijayawada bourses' success was extended due to what came to be known as the 'grey' market – completely illegal market within an illegal and unofficial market. This 'grey' market trading would start even before an Initial Public Offering (IPO) had closed its subscription. Two brokers would enter into trade (buying and selling) and would sign undated contract notes. These would not be submitted to the exchange; instead, the trades would be submitted and settled only after the Exchange permitted regular trading at a later date. Thus no cash actually changed hands at the 'grey' market stage. Initial public offerings of a number of fly-by-night companies were sold to unknowing investors by getting news published about the fictitious premiums that their issues were trading at in the Vijayawada bourses in the grey market. This fictitious 'premium' was an inducement to investors to apply in the IPO and quickly exit by selling at the VSBWA. At the same time, such trading was used as an exit route by smart money. Such trading was not without its negative repercussions.

The use of the term 'grey' market in an unofficial and illegal exchange is worth noting. It probably indicates that the members of the exchange had a clear sense of what was overboard and what was not, even though the entire exchange was illegal, technically or legally speaking.

* The system followed in Vijayawada is not badla per se in the traditional sense of the word. But this financing method came to be known as badla. A number of such terms from the official vocabulary were incorporated into the terminology of the local Exchange.

THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS:

THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA

S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05

“Buri nazarwaale/Teraa munh kaalaa”
“Ku-najarer mukhe agun”
Those who are jealous will be cursed

“Tomaar hingsaa amaar joy”
Your jealousy, my victory

“Hingsaa koronaa/Chesta koro/Tomaar-o hobe”
Don't be jealous. Try, and you will make it your own

“Dekhle hobe? Kharchaa aache”
Don't stare, it's costly



“Bhaaraa gaarite/Bondhutto baarite”
Pay the fare; you are not a friend here

“Baap paresaan betaa se/Desh paresaan netaa se”
Father is disturbed by son; Country is disturbed by leaders

“Krishna bolo/Songe chalo”
Utter the name of Krishna and come along with me

TRACING LIFE FROM THE STROKE:
DOCUMENTING THE RICKSHAW-PAINTING OF KOLKATA STREETS
MITHUN NARAYAN BOSE//KOLKATA//2006-07

Many
of
them
were
almost of the same age
and
had an undisciplined lifestyle.
They
were
friends
and
interested
in the works
of others.

GO TO PAGE 59

PART I: NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Welcome to The News of the World: Time pass with Mamu the drunk, Lambu the philosopher and JP the lunatic. Don't miss our pet special with man's best friend "Kutiya the Wonder-Dog". Also, in "Ask Ashraf", the answer to our weekly poll question – "Sarkar Humari Gaand Kyu Marti Hai?"

PART II: THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The philosopher looked up at the sky, and then at the grinning, clearly stoned, face of his departing co-anchor. He cleared his throat, and waited. Ever courteous, the crowd settled down, allowing him the opportunity to keep them waiting. He lit a beedi, the crowd waited, and waited, and waited, for the first cryptic utterance. His large hypnotic eyes panned across the sweating crowd, his lips pouted ever so slightly, and then he said, "Humme nazar aa raha hai – ek talab phel ke thanda pada ho." The crowd shifted, "Ek kankar mar do – ek kankar mar do, toh poori talab hil jayega." Someone in the audience cleared his throat, the philosopher leaned back, watching the metaphor ripple through his audience. "Sheeshe mein dekh lo, safi pani mein dekh lo – chehra toh wahi hai."... "Pur sheeshe ko pocket mein dal sakte ho," he added as an afterthought.

PART III: OF KUTIYA THE WONDER-DOG AND OTHER ANIMALS.

Like most stars, Kutiya the Wonder-Dog was conscious of her public appearances. As a residential audience that spent most of its waking (and sleeping) hours at the chowk, over-exposure was a very real risk for aspiring celebrities. Before you knew it, you were one of them – vulnerable to the same showers of abuse, affection and insults as any other street mongrel. But Kutiya had a real gift that no one could take from her: she was the best ratter in the neighbourhood. Sleek, fast, and always lethal, Kutiya could smell out rats in most overpowering of olfactory atmospheres.

PART IV: SARKAR HUMARI GAAND KYU MARTI HAI?

This time on "Ask Ashraf", the concluding section of our show, we seek answers to one of life's most vexing issues – "Sarkar humari Gaand kyu marti hai?"

This latest post is in four parts, and is an attempt to understand a great variety of things – principally "time pass", information, dissemination, and intersections between the mandi and the state. As usual, it's highly abstracted from my conversations with construction labour in Paharganj.

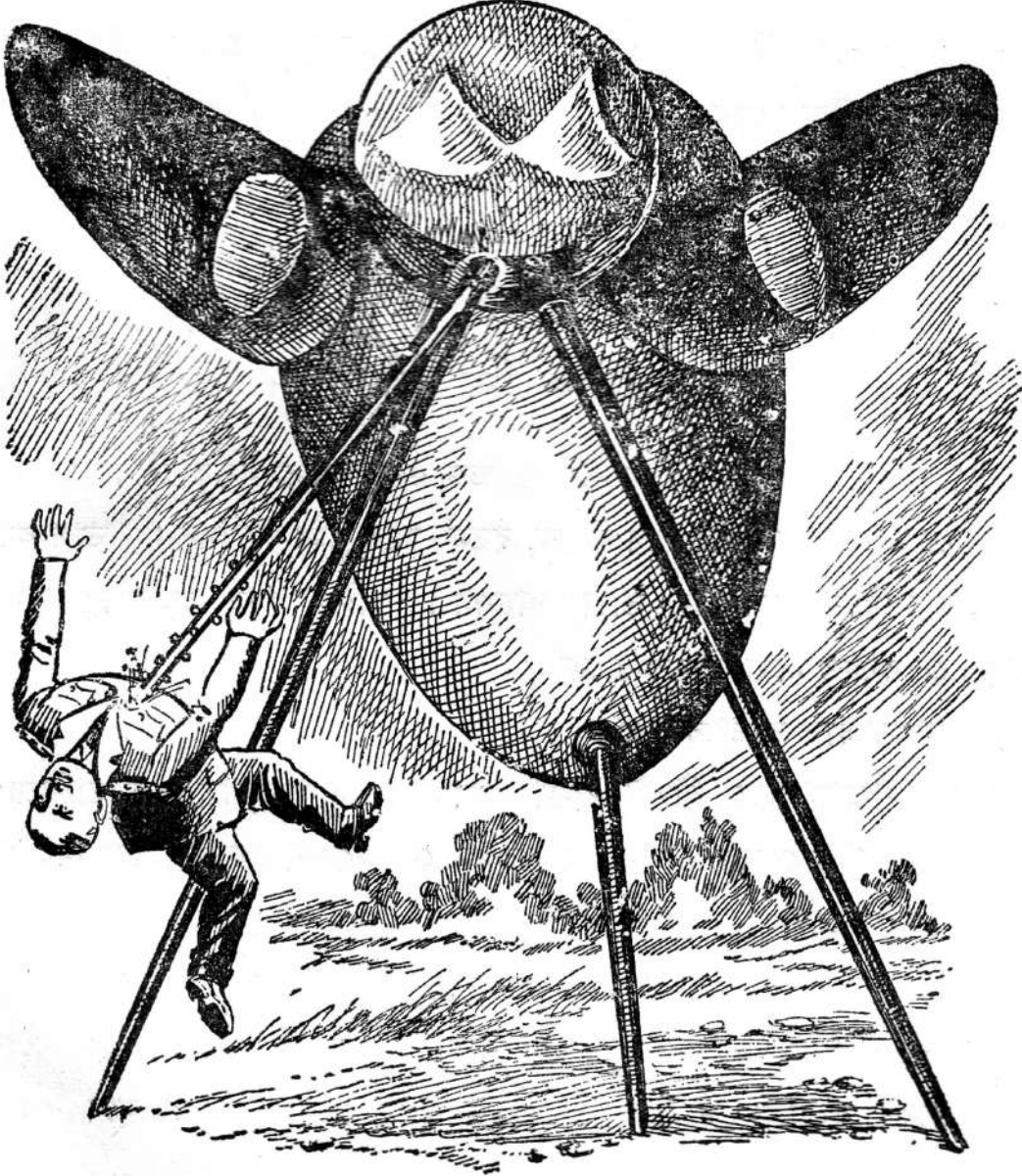
GAREEB ADMI KA KAUN DEKHTA HAI:

ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF REPRESENTATION OF 'THE POOR AND OPPRESSED'

AMAN SETHI//DELHI//2005-06

পৃথিবী থেকে দূরে

কিন্তু তাতে ওর কোনও ক্ষতি হয় না। বিরাট একঝলক আলোয়
সারা অঞ্চলটা যেন দিনের মত স্পষ্ট হয়ে যায়।



...মিঃ মরিসনকে চেপে ধরে শূন্যে তুলে নেয়।

৫৫

CRIME RHYME: CULTURE OF JUVENILE PULP FICTION IN BENGAL
DEBKAMAL GANGULY//KOLKATA//2004-05

WHY WAS THE VSBWA SO SUCCESSFUL?

Undoubtedly the Vijayawada Stock Brokers Welfare Association (VSBWA) was a major success. Yet one of the paradoxes in the case of VSBWA is that most of the participants are simply not interested in talking about the Exchange, their role in it, or the trading. Shyam Prasad repeatedly asserted that they've 'deleted the memory of the Vijayawada Exchange' and that it was a 'nightmare'. This is common in the general business culture of the region; failures are never forgiven. Another reason why people may not be willing to talk about the nature of the Exchange is that the negative publicity associated with the closure of the illegal exchange may have made the broker guilty of their middle class, upper class, 'secular' self. The 'loser' tag plays a dominant role in the region. This is contrary to the conventional economic understanding that ninety five percent of all businesses fail. Front page articles in newspapers about the role of the Exchange finally eroded its legitimacy and felled the exalted status of the broking community.* Losses suffered by investors were blamed on the Exchange and broker related mechanisms.

The ease with which a broker could be found aided the process of trading. Vijayawada is a small city where caste and kinship ties matter, but this was only a minor hurdle. The ease with which trade could be done gave entry to a large number of people who had little or no knowledge of trading and investing. One of the early brokers says, "People sold shares in Vijayawada as if they were cereal and jaggery."

VSBWA was indeed an organisation that pioneered cutting edge technologies much before they were introduced by any of the official Exchanges. In fact some of their pioneering work has not even been implemented by the official Exchanges. From 1993 (within about six months after the establishment of the satellite television channels in Vijayawada), they started broadcasting real time quotes in the local satellite channel, Master Channel. Interestingly, my attempts at gaining information transmitted by Master Channel (since transformed into Siti Cable) failed. The company involved in the technical side, Efftronics Systems Private Limited, claims they have misplaced the details regarding that deal, and that they did not telecast using database functionality. Enquiries on the technical possibility of not having database functionality showed that this is generally not possible.

One important technological innovation that was planned was the online screen-based trading system. Around mid-1994, the Exchange contracted CMC Limited (at that time, a Government of India Undertaking) to design and implement a screen-based online trading system, which the VSBWA called 'MEGA PROJECT' for the Vijayawada Exchange. The Exchange called on the members to 'open a separate file to store various proceedings with regard to the Screen Based Trading Project'. The project was envisaged in two phases. In the initial stage, it was envisaged that 60 trader workstations (TWS) will be in a common hall, which will give service common to all members. After gradually changing over all the scrips into Screen Based Trading (SBT), individual terminals would be provided within of 4-6 months from the date of commissioning of the Project'.

* Indian Express carried a number of articles in the post-1995 period. E.g. their front page article titled "Cops, Collector Turn 'Ostriches': Vijayawada Share Brokers Limited, old 'lie' in new 'avataar'?" (17 November 1995). The article gave evidence of the continued trading despite the court and SEBI strictures.

THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS: THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA
S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05

One of the chief characteristics of the agents involved in (i) production and (ii) selling is their network with other actors of society, who not only facilitate resources but also help to fetch markets. The requirement to establish and nourish this network has created a third type of agents – facility providers and crises traders. Cable television operators, photocopy agencies, quick film developing and printing shops, neighbourhood computer accessory shops, computer and Internet providers, mobile phone agents, are all agents who facilitate resources. They not only provide facilities but, more appropriately, trade crises that get generated on account of increasing informality. Crisis trading is realised more acutely in the case of Chartered Accountants keeping accounts to save taxes, or informal financiers providing instant funds without collaterals. Agents who deal with crises specialise in solving problems that contemporary landscapes have created.

The new landscape of competition has an inherent requirement of people with high skill and capacity, that is: knowledge brokers. Institutes training people in computer handling, public speaking, English language, competitive examinations along with counselling centres for job and education are examples of these agents. The most recent type of knowledge brokerage is in developmental research. One can find several professionals involved in researching urban environments. The incapacity of governmental agencies and a new need for communities towards research are some of the issues these knowledge brokers take advantage of.

My experiences in Urban Development have led me to understand that conventional planning in Mumbai, by mainstream agencies in the public and private sector, have yet to grasp the conditions that are provided by the new economy. Conventional planning in the city still largely remains either as a hangover of industrial suburban planning that seeks to control population growth and provide adequate services, or has entered into a strange managerial mode prompted by international donor agencies that seek to develop institutional and financial abstractions for addressing city's problems.

The new city, on the other hand, is a city of entrepreneur agents and to understand the new city, we need to understand the entrepreneurship of these agents. Only then would we be able to comprehend the new structure of the contemporary metropolis. This new entrepreneurship has a new history, new requirements, new structures and new methods of operating and perhaps requires new methods for conceptualisation, which need to move beyond the convenient bracket of 'Small and Medium Enterprises', which relies on hard data like initial capital, type and quantity of production, number of employees, square meter area for operation, annual turnover, amount of water and electricity etc. The new method needs to perhaps investigate many more soft areas, like conditions of establishment and entry point into the enterprise, methods of acquiring finances and other resources, security of the entrepreneur, conditions and value of the labour, type of networks, strategies and tactics for sustenance, types of negotiations and so on, to be able to grasp the new economy.

**STORIES OF NEW ENTREPRENEURSHIP
PRASAD SHETTY//MUMBAI//2004-05**

Available maps remain
schematic and speculative not
only because they reflect the
planner's wishful thinking, or
deficiencies in information,
but because they seek to
euphemize the web of secrets,
lies, compromises and
settlements through which the
service is negotiated on the
ground. The official contours
of the grid are daily
manipulated by bypass
connections, hidden
diversions, illegal lines,
most of these installed by
Metrowater's own workers, and
many with the knowledge or
active collusion of field
engineers.

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**TYPOCITY:
DOCUMENTATION AND INTERPRETATION OF
THE TYPOGRAPHIC FORMS IN PUBLIC SIGNAGE IN MUMBAI
KURNAL RAWAT AND VISHAL RAWLLEY//MUMBAI//2002-03**



A SUPERB TALKIE OF EVERY BENGALI
HOME—BRINGS WITH THE MOTHERLY
MILK OF HUMAN AFFECTION

Direction by :—

PRAFULLA GHOSH

Cinematographer :—

PAUL BRIQUET

Sound Engineer :—

BRADBURN

Songs Composed by—

BASANTA K.

CHATTERJEE

* MA *

FROM THE FAMOUS BENGALI NOVEL

Written by :—

Sm. ANURUPA DEVI

PIONEER FILMS

OFFER THEIR

Best And Classical Talkie

FROM THE 12TH OCTOBER

WILL BE SHOWN AT

CHAYA

Featuring :—

BENOY GOSWAMI

BHASKAR DEB

INDOO MUKHERJEE

SANU GOSWAMI

KANAN BALA

PADMABATI

RENU BALA

MANOROMA

a new entrepreneurship is rapidly growing in the city

CONTEMPORARY RECONFIGURATIONS OF THE PRODUCTION PATTERN ARE MOST EVIDENT WHEN ONE FINDS CLASSIFIED PLANNING DOCUMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND CHEQUES OF A MULTINATIONAL BANK ARE BEING PRODUCED IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD SLUM. THEY FOREGROUND A SIGNIFICANT CHARACTERISTIC OF THE CONTEMPORARY URBAN CONDITION.

commodity production has left the assembly line within a single factory space

THE RISING GLOBAL DEMAND FOR CHEAPER MATERIAL AND LABOUR MARKETS, OVERLAPPED WITH THE STATE'S AMBITION TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SUCH DEMANDS, SEEM TO HAVE SIGNIFICANTLY CONTRIBUTED TOWARDS NEW CONFIGURATIONS IN PRODUCTION PATTERN, WHICH BEGAN WITH A SYSTEMATIC DISMANTLING OF THE FORMAL INDUSTRY AND PROTECTED LABOUR. THE OWNING OF THE MEANS OF PRODUCTION NO LONGER REMAINS CENTRALISED WITH A SINGLE INDUSTRY OWNER. COMMODITY PRODUCTION HAS LEFT THE ASSEMBLY LINE WITHIN A SINGLE FACTORY SPACE AND SHIFTED TO MULTIPLE PRODUCTION UNITS LOCATED AROUND THE GLOBE.

the shift in the ownership of the means of production has de-centralised competition

ALL LINKS OF THE CLASSICAL ASSEMBLY LINE HAVE BEEN OPENED UP FOR A NEW COMPETITION. LARGE INDUSTRIES NO LONGER SEEM TO COMPETE FOR PRODUCTION AND, INSTEAD, LABOURERS COMPETE WITH EACH OTHER IN THIS MAGNANIMOUS COMPETITION. THIS COMPETITION HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO, AND NURTURED, THE AGENTS OF CHEAP PRODUCTION. THEIR JOB IS TO ORGANISE MATERIAL AND LABOUR AND GIVE THE CHEAPEST BID. THE RECONFIGURATION OF PRODUCTION HAS EFFECTIVELY CHANGED THE CLASSICAL CAPITALIST-PROLETARIAT EQUATION, MAKING THE CITY, A CITY OF ENTREPRENEUR AGENTS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, LARGE INDUSTRIES HAVE ENGAGED THEMSELVES IN ANOTHER KIND OF COMPETITION – THE SALE OF THEIR PRODUCTS. AGGRESSIVE ATTEMPTS IN REACHING MARKETS HAVE CAUSED CONSUMPTION PATTERNS TO CHANGE, FORCING AN IMPORTANCE OF 'QUALITY'. ROUND THE CLOCK SERVICES, FLEXIBLE STALKS FOR TOOTHBRUSHES, CAMERAS WITH MOBILE PHONES ARE ALL REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS 'QUALITY' DRIVE, WHICH HAS PRODUCED THE SECOND SET OF AGENTS OF QUALITY CONSUMPTION. IT IS EASY TO FIND A HOUSEKEEPING CONSULTANT, A COMPUTER MAINTENANCE AGENCY, AN INTERIOR CONSULTANT IN THE CITY. THE DEMAND HAS MOREOVER CREATED A NEW TYPE OF VALUE FOR COMMODITIES GENERATING AND MANIPULATING AN URBAN CONSCIOUSNESS THAT SEARCHES FOR ENVIRONMENTAL SUSTAINABILITY, APPROPRIATE AESTHETICS AND A STRESS-FREE LIFE.

A more thorough understanding of the shift in the economy would not only radically change the agenda and processes of planning in the city, but also articulate new positions other than the traditional public and private, or NGO, sector.

**STORIES OF NEW ENTREPRENEURSHIP
PRASAD SHETTY//MUMBAI//2004-05**

A good speaker uses tone of voice, facial expressions and mannerisms to help make the message **clear** to the listener.

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LEICHNER PLASTICUM is a modelling paste for making scars, also for obliterating eyebrows and moustaches.

No. 258 Red tin 3/6

LEICHNER SPIRIT GUM. Adheres quickly to the skin, does not cause any irritation.

No. 165 In Glass Bottle, with Brush 1/6

No. 165c In Glass Bottle, small size 9d.

LEICHNER TOOTH ENAMEL for concealing gold-filled or discoloured teeth. Easily removed with a drop of spirit.

No. 433 Small Glass Bottle 1/6

Shades : White, Ivory, Pearl Grey.
Also in Black for blocking out teeth.

LEICHNER CLOWN WHITE. A white cream paint.

No. 55a Red metal tin 1/6



The LEICHNER MAKE-UP and BEAUTY SERVICE, 89, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

14

LEICHNER CINEMA MAKE-UP

Since the earliest days of picture making the question of make-up has necessitated a continuous adjustment of colours and materials.

The final development has led to a complete new series : Leichner "Kamera Klear," which can be justly described as the most perfect make-up for the camera.

Leichner "Kamera Klear" Cinema Make-up has three outstanding qualities :

The colour intensity is such that only a very thin layer of paint is required and therefore the most minute modulations and facial expressions are plainly perceptible. The skin is uniformly coloured and facilitates absolutely perfect camera reproduction.

The composition of "Kamera Klear" Paints and Powders is so soft and transparent that they beautify and flatter the complexion.

The raw materials have been so carefully selected that the make-up does not dry the tissues, does not hinder the normal function of the skin cells, and has a permanently beneficial influence on the skin-surface. All colouring matter used is guaranteed harmless, and the colours do not stain the skin.

GROUNDWORK :

KAMERA KLEAR CINEMA MAKE-UP IN TUBES 2/6 each

Nos. K.4 Ladies' Blonde	K.8 Gent's Light
K.5 Ladies' Fair	K.9 Gent's Brunette
K.6 Ladies' Brunette	K.10 Gent's Dark
K.7 Ladies' Dark	K. Sunburn — K. Indian.

EYES :

LEICHNER EYESHADOWS : Small glass jar 1/6 each

Shades : Cinema Brown, Light and Dark, Grey, Light and Dark, Gold Green, Gold Brown.

Gold and Silver 2/6 each

For Hollows of Eyes use Grease Paints No. 8, No. 9 or No. 30.

No. 99 LEICHNER CINEMA COSMETIC 2/6 each

Shades : Black and Brown.

LIPS :

No. 281 LEICHNER CINEMA LIP ROUGE 1/6 each

Shades : Cinema Light, Cinema Dark, Cherry, Scarlet, Carmine Vermillion Brilliant.

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Sourced from <http://www.fulltable.com/vts/m/mk/l.htm>

PAPA AJOBA: MY GRANDFATHER, THE FILM MAKE-UP ARTIST
ANUJA GHOSALKAR//MUMBAI//2006-07



It was the poignant story of Kannan, a Tiyya (intermediate lower caste) boy who was grazing the cattle of a Kurup. Trembling with hunger, he climbed up a mango tree that belonged to the Kurup (an upper caste) family. When he saw the niece of the Kurup approaching, he panicked and a mango slipped out from his hands and fell on her. Kannan had to run away from his native village to escape the sharp edge of victimisation. Years later, anticipating that the village must have forgotten everything with the passage of time, he returned. As he bathed in a pond, the Kurup, accompanied by Nairs, rushed towards him. "Have you returned, you dog, from exile for violating the practices?" they screamed. They severed his head from the trunk with a long sword. It was this Kannan, the scapegoat of foolish caste taboos, who got reincarnated through me as Chamundi. This was my debut as a Teyyam performer. I had to discharge a social obligation, undergo an artistic identification, by becoming a victim of cruel moral and social injustice, and so be elated to the status of a local god.

As the tempo of the Chanda, the Asura Vadeyam, rose to a crescendo, I danced as if possessed. Even the girls, my own classmates, came with tears in their eyes, to bow and kneel before me for my blessing. When I returned to the classroom, they knew it was I who had enacted the God. Just as I had feared, they had come to know my caste identity. I found them whispering among themselves, "He is a Malayan". They began to keep me at bay, and maintained a distance from me.

Being born into a community of Teyyam performers, traditionally belonging to North Malabar, this ritual art form has become, since childhood, my life itself. Accompanying my father and mother as they went from house to house, singing and playing the thudi, driving off evil spirits from their hosts, is a strong part of my childhood memories. Though the ritual practice of gurusi, the rite of making different colors out of water and a part of the rite of sacrificing a cock was, ritually, a very colourful event, our real life remained colourless and drab. This realisation has made me withdraw from the pomp and show of customs and shibboleth. The custom of dancing in a wild frenzy in Kaves (Shrines) as the deity (Teyyam), was a continuation of a ritual imposed and dictated by the higher castes of a feudal hierarchy. I was forced to perform it every year for the welfare and well being of a village and villagers, which included the Janmi Taravadu. As a Teyyam performer, I was vested with the temporary privilege of blessing them all, in a state bordering on trance.

Though the caste-society as a whole prostrates before the Teyyam as he dances in violent frenzy, to seek his blessings, as soon as the performer removes his costume and wipes off his make-up, he transforms himself into his isolated Dalit state of being, who commands not an atom of consideration. A local Muslim gentleman, who has witnessed both these contradictory contexts, so dramatically different from each other, broke out with a familiar folkloric saying: "The life of a Teyyam artist is one that has witnessed two worlds, that of a man and that of God himself."

ETHNOGRAPHY OF TEYYAM PERFORMANCE, AS PRACTITIONER
RAJESH KOMATH//TRIVANDRUM//2005-06

TACTICAL CITY derives its name from Michel De Certeau's thesis of tactics vs. strategies, where he says that strategies are tools of the dominant elite, while TACTICS work in the shadow of strategies and are 'an art of the weak' that form mute processes which organise socio-economic order. It thereby bases itself on De Certeau's argument against Foucault's thesis of an all-pervading power structure.

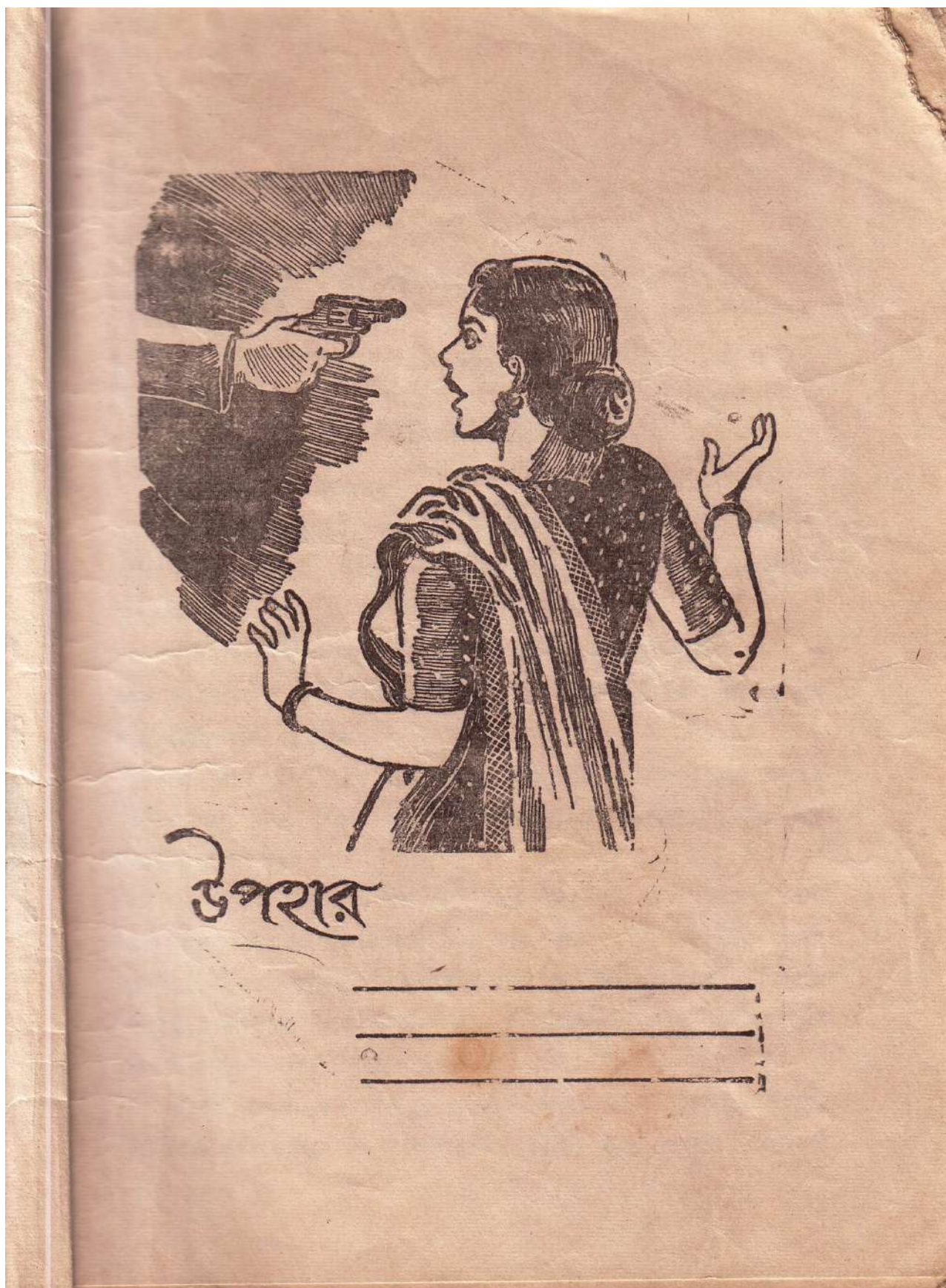
To quote De Certeau: 'If it is true that the grid of discipline is everywhere becoming clearer and more extensive, it is all the more urgent to discover how an entire society resists being reduced to it, what popular procedures (also miniscule and quotidian) manipulate the mechanisms of discipline and conform to them, only to evade them and, finally, what ways of operating form the consumer's (or dominee's) side of the mute processes that organise socio-economic order.'

Tactical City is a means of bringing these mute processes into mainstream discourse, and exploiting their creative potential and their constant attempts at bridging the gaps between the dominant imagination and the aspirations of the city.

Tactical City adopts a position of opportunistic realignment with those left behind by the dominant imagination. Tactical City is an imagined city made of a set of tactics of different interests that manifest themselves in different forms in the city; an imagination that creatively goes against the grain of dominant imagination.

The thesis believes that TACTICAL is an appropriate metaphor to conceptualise the context, as well as an important tool to formulate interventions in the city.

**TACTICAL CITY: TENALI RAMA AND OTHER STORIES OF MUMBAI'S URBANISM
RUPALI GUPTA//MUMBAI//2003-04**



(Swapankumar, Bishwachakra series)

CRIME RHYME: CULTURE OF JUVENILE PULP FICTION IN BENGAL
DEBKAMAL GANGULY//KOLKATTA//2004-05

From: <tacticalcity@yaxxx.xx>
Date: Mon, Mar 29, 2010 at 10:01 PM
To: [rupali](#)

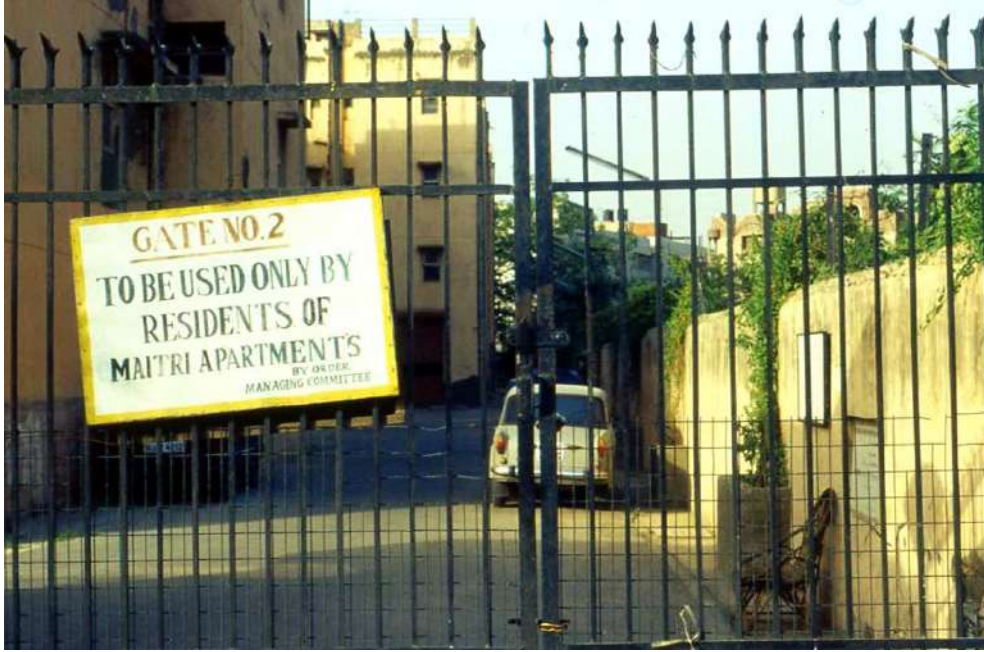
Dear Rupali,

It has come to my attention that the name of our company has been used by you in and for your book. You did not take permission from us for this. If you had only bothered to take one minute to do a simple Google search, you'd have come to know, quite easily, that the name you had in mind was already in use. Clearly, you are not the kind of researcher who does her research. We must protect our company's image and our brand name. We have been around quite long – since much before your book. It is a matter of grave concern to me that you have used the name of our company in a manner that has several negative connotations.

I am not about to ask you to pay us for using our company's name. I will also desist from taking legal action against you. I would, however, like to see you rename your book. Our intellectual property must be respected. After all, we've existed since before your book.

Kindest regards,

G.I. Arx
Operator, Tactical City
(Knife & Gun Supply)
A division of D Marketing



हाशिये पे नागरिक

HASHIYE PE NAGRIK

SANJAY JOSHI//GHAZIABAD//2003-04

The following interview was done with Richa Huishing. Richa has quit boxing and is finishing her Diploma in TV Direction at FTII, Pune.

Time code – 48: 09: 03

People who are into the game, people serious about it and attached to it – they will define the game, be they men or women...

Yeah I'm sure. If I'm a female and I'm into a game, if I'm serious and attached to the whole thing, if I'm involved, then it's on me. If I happen to be a man, then so be it – then be a bloody man. What difference does it make?

When I played I didn't care about the rules. I just knew that I had to go a certain way. That's it. There was hardly any time when I was warned, "You're doing the wrong thing". All I knew was to give a straight punch. And that was the best game for my physique and my kind of body. My hands are long and I'm tall, and I have to make the best of it. Straight. And swift. On my legs, and with my hands – quick. I was not in the game for rules...

When I'd go into the ring, it was only to win. And fortunately, I've won. But had I lost, which I also did... Not that it mattered to me, because the reason I lost was very... Now, should I get into that? The only time I lost was in the National Games, and I lost because I was very happy. When you're happy you can't fight. There's a certain kind of tautness you need, and you need to be collected. You need to be on edge to win. When you're happy, everything is so flowery and wonderful, and you can't win. You can't fight. Maybe I lacked the grit in that particular bout. A certain kind of a grit should be there. Otherwise you cannot win. That's what boxing is.

I've played after that. I have played, and I've won after that.

If your fists are like this, like this, you cannot win. You can only win when your fists are full and tight. This is the state of mind. Tight. Taut. If you're not that, you cannot win. You cannot win with loose fists...

Richa Hushing is a stand. It means I stand for something and it should not fall down. And maybe that's the reason I've won. The things that I stand for – it's those things I'm defending or that I exert, assert. I think it's a stand.

It's nothing to do with the other. It's NOTHING to do with the other. I don't even see the other. That's why most of the punches I've thrown, physically speaking, have gone here and there. For example if I throw 100 punches, it is just 40 or 35 that reach the person, the rest all go in the air. It's my fault, I don't see the other. I see only that I have to stand.

The opponent is faceless. I'm trying to put a face and an identity to the opponent. The opponent exists, it's a very severe thing. It's something that affects me a lot. My films and my boxing and my being, is not physical. I am fighting and the fight will carry on. And it is there. I am fighting. But against something that's very vague that I would like to define, I would like to identify. My boxing was one attempt to identify it. My filmmaking would be another attempt to identify the thing I'm fighting...

**PONYTAILS-RINGS-PUNCHES: FEMALE BOXERS IN INDIA
PANKAJ RISHI KUMAR//MUMBAI//2004-05**

It is obvious that female stars were more popular than male stars till the 1950s.

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GAREEB ADMI KA KAUN DEKHTA HAI

ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF REPRESENTATION OF 'THE POOR AND OPPRESSED'

“For those who came in late,” 30 days ago a man posted an idea on this very list, a record of which can still be seen today at <http://abjective.blogspot.com>.

He swore an oath (in fact he often uttered the most filthy oaths) to write on “Alternative ways/means of representation of the 'poor and oppressed' by studying informal networks at labour mandis in Delhi.” He was the first Phantom.

The unbroken line continues through the weeks; today as before – writing mysteriously, suddenly, the first part of a three-part post, the Phantom works alone.

The idea behind the three-part post is to try to separate two distinct strands that emerge from my initial posting. The first deals directly with the expanse of the labour mandi and its networks, while the second is a stylized literary-non-fiction piece. The third, and final, part deals with a subject that I am still grappling with – the role and purpose of the media and the nature of intervention.

As I look back on my first post, I realise that I had written precious little about the labour mandi itself. Perhaps now it is time.

AMAN SETHI
DELHI//2005-06

The railway engineer John Blackwell's *Report on the Survey of Forests of Khandesh*, written on 4 June 1857, is a very interesting and informative document from the colonial archive, embodying and laying bare several contradictions inherent in colonial discourses. An extremely detailed and minutely observed document, this survey report had been commissioned by W Langdon Esquire, Secretary to the Great Indian Peninsula (GIP) Railway Company, in order to assess the scope and extent of the availability of quality timber and other fine wood to be used for railway sleepers from the forests of Khandesh.

[...]

After having accomplished the job of trying to locate timber and other fine wood, Blackwell was entrusted with the job of trying to find ways and means to harvest the timber and to get some sense of the market value of this wood. Once again, rising to the task, Blackwell's ever-watchful ethnographic eye locates some fascinating details regarding the nature of the labour-regime to be employed, which would best yield good and profitable returns for the GIP Railway Company. As he writes, "The system of day work is at all times objectionable and expensive, even when the nature of work is... to keep people together under the eyes of a single supervisor. But to employ people by the day for the felling of trees would be not only very costly from the increased supervision that will have to be adopted, the foresters too are not to be depended upon in giving a regular attendance to the work by such a plan, [and] I found that no certain estimate could be arrived at shewing the value of a sleeper converted from timber so obtained."

Consequently, says Blackwell, "I turned my attention to the village system."

"...The village system is where the headman of a village or the headmen of several villages undertake to fell, clean and drag the timber, at so much for a log, to certain points of the forest where the conveying away of the so-collected log of wood is rendered practicable by the employment of wheeled vehicles. By such a system, the value of the wood is easily ascertained, the people would go to work more willingly and more timber would be felled, as they would feel themselves to be under no compulsion or restraint, which will be the case under the day system."
(pg 575)

Obviously, this is a situation where the colonial authorities are trying to accomplish a reversal of the authority structure, where the symbols of coercion are reversed in order to ensure compliance with colonial authority structures.

**AN ALLEGORICAL, HISTORICAL JOURNEY INTO THE ARCHIVES OF
THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY
VANDANA SWAMI//2004-05**

In Madurai and adjoining villages, during death ceremonies, Oppari (death songs) are sung. People prefer calling aravanis to sing oppari songs. The house in which a person has died is called 'Mattai' by aravanis. Mattai is the coconut leaf in which a dead body is placed and taken to the burial ground.

Nallathangal, a traditional folk song, is among the most preferred. There is general belief among people that this Nallathangal, folk story is a real incident that happened in Virudhu Nagar district, Vathirairuppu taluk, Achananpuram village.

The story goes like this:

Once upon a time there lived a brother (called Nallathambi) and a sister (called Nallathangal). They were affectionate to each other. Years passed and Nallathangal attained puberty.

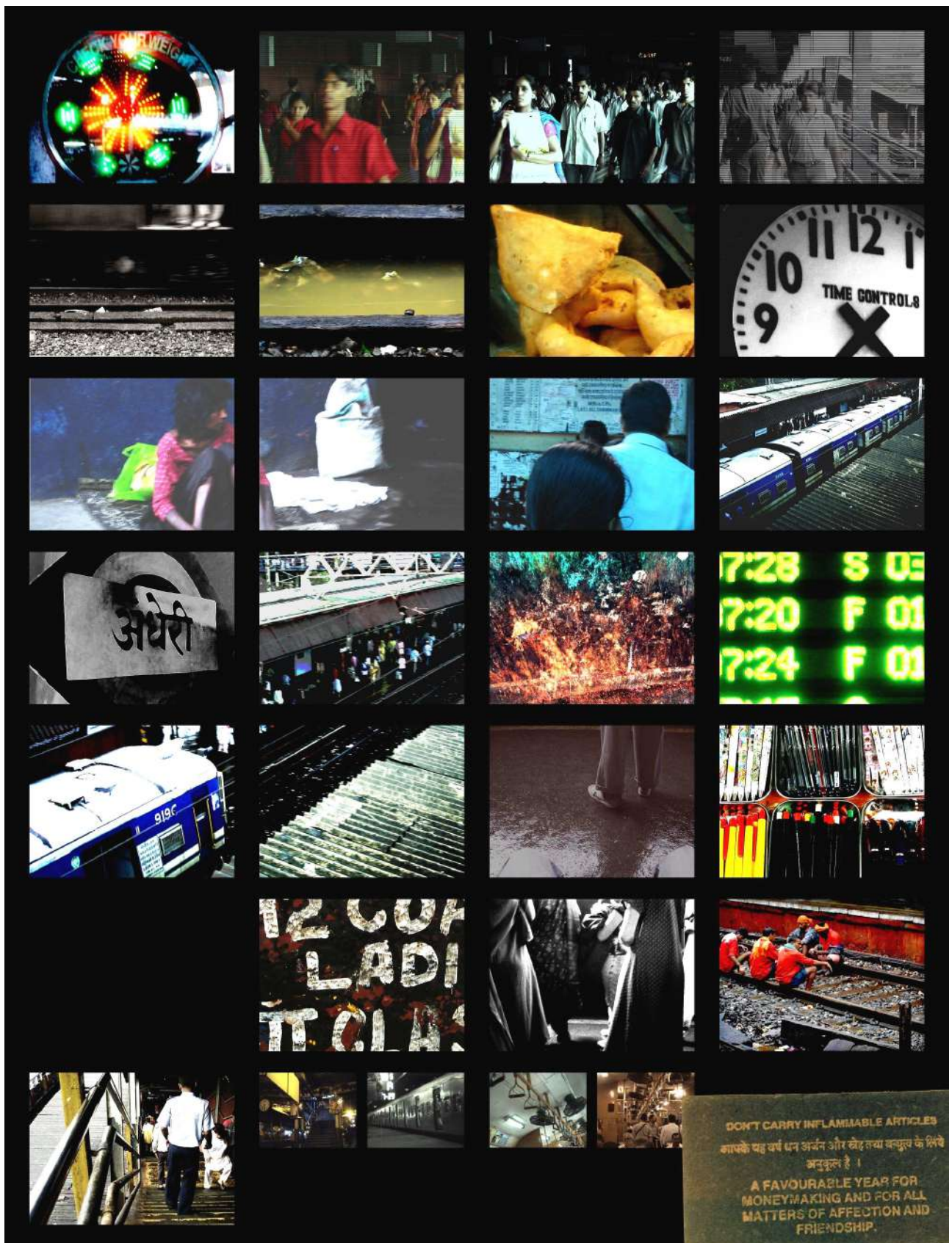
Nallathangal was married to Kasirajan, head of a village close to the place where Nallathambi and Nallathangal lived. Nallathangal and Kasirajan lived happily for several years and they had seven children. But things became worse soon, due to a severe drought in the village. Kasirajan lost everything. Nallathangal wanted to approach her brother Nallathambi for financial support, but Kasirajan wouldn't let her. Against her husband's wishes, Nallathangal went to meet her brother along with her seven children. Unfortunately, Nallathangal had gone hunting in the forest. Nallathangal met her sister-in law and explained to her their family's situation. But her sister-in law insulted Nallathangal, and turned her away. Since there was no hope to live, Nallathangal committed suicide along with her children.

After a few days, Nallathambi returned home. Through the villagers, he came to know of his sister's death and the reasons behind it. He became angry and killed his wife, then committed suicide.

Oblivious of all this, Kasirajan came to Nallathambi's house to meet his wife and children. When Kasirajan heard the news of his wife's death, he was shocked and committed suicide.

Oppari has standard lyrics. The aravanis invited to sing oppari collect all the details they can about the person who has died, and tailor the oppari every time according to that person's life.

PERFORMANCE AND WORSHIP IN THE ARAVANI IN TAMILNADU
PRIYA BABU//CHENNAI//2006-07



URBAN STORIES: A COLLECTION OF GRAPHIC ESSAYS ON THE CITY OF MUMBAI
NIRUPAMA SHEKHAR AND SANJAY RAMACHANDRAN//MUMBAI//2005-06

– The story of the woman in her mid-twenties, who sat for long hours on Platform No. 6, day after day, on one of the pentagonal granite benches that surrounded the metal struts that hold up the roof of the station, a forbiddingly deep and inward expression on her face. She sat there, occasionally eating a meal from the packages sold on the platform that someone bought for her, the newspaper parcel lined with the beedi leaf plate on her lap. Always fairly well-dressed, the rich red and green of her salwar kameezes heightening her colour and the elegant angles of her face. She would not answer questions about herself, and no one knew her name. She had tried to beat up one field worker who had suggested that she might like to come to the shelter for a change. It was said she would occasionally talk to men, but would get furious if a woman tried to speak to her. She gave the sense of a very dignified self-possession, a very self-conscious withdrawal, to puncture which seemed too intrusive. That apart, I also lacked the courage.

– I also lacked the courage to come face to face with Kalki Baba, a middle aged man who spent almost all his time on platforms 9 and 10 – not fully operational, and used only by freight trains to the extent they are used at all. I saw Kalki Baba at a distance, almost naked except for an almost negligible loin cloth. The comparatively deserted platforms 9 and 10 gave him the space to be dressed the way he preferred. Of medium build, he sported a greying beard. He walked up and down the platform, his body oiled, his hands stroking the oil into his limbs. The young boys who lived in the railway station, some as young as 10, shared the food that they bought with their earnings, with him.

– The little girl who shied away like a startled wild animal when one of the field workers at the station tried to speak to her. When she saw how comfortable her companion, a slightly older girl, was, talking to the male field worker, she darted behind her companion, using her as a shield and throwing glances at us over her shoulder, responding to our casual conversation with nods and shakes of the head, and tugging at her friend's skirt to leave after a couple of minutes. She looked about seven or eight, was probably around ten years old, and beautiful. I saw her several times at the railway station, often with her friend, her feet flying as she darted across the footbridges or platforms.

– There was the railway policeman's widow sitting on Platform No. 1, slightly out of kilter with the world around her. Apparently with no one in the world after the death of her husband, she came to the railway station, sat there through the day while its complex life swirled around her. The cops were kind to her as she sat there, causing no disturbance, just having a place to go to during the day.

It turned out that the railway station was a public utility space in ways not conceived of at all by planners or architects and railway officials. It affords space, shelter, food and companionship to those not travelling to and fro on the 130-odd trains that pass through the station everyday, but who happen to be at vastly different stations on that other, more unpredictable journey: Life.



ENTERTAINMENT GHOSTS IN SRINAGAR: A TALE OF CINEMA HALLS IN THE CITY
SHAHNAWAZ KHAN//SRINAGAR//2006-07



LOCATING SEXUALITY THROUGH THE EYES OF AFGHAN AND BURMESE REFUGEE WOMEN IN DELHI
AYESHA SEN CHOUDHURY//DELHI//2005-06



LOCATING SEXUALITY THROUGH THE EYES OF AFGHAN AND BURMESE REFUGEE WOMEN IN DELHI
AYESHA SEN CHOUDHURY//DELHI//2005-06



ENTERTAINMENT GHOSTS IN SRINAGAR: A TALE OF CINEMA HALLS IN THE CITY
SHAHNAWAZ KHAN//SRINAGAR//2006-07

She graduated from Ruia College, Central Mumbai, and in 1988 married a man who had a family-run business of manufacturing and selling plastic household products. Before marriage, she'd learnt to make soft toys from her neighbour. She started investing more time in making these. She'd buy old books from second-hand shops and fur from the market. She started teaching women in her neighbourhood how to make toys. Once, she was invited to a women's gathering to take toy-making classes and she saw the potential in making money by teaching people this craft. She printed some low-cost pamphlets and circulated them through a local newspaper delivery boy. She got some students. A few sessions were required to master the craft, and she would charge Rs. 100 per session, plus the material cost. She prepared small kits for making toys with cardboard cut forms to distribute among her students.

A neighbour at her mother's place, a merchant in textiles, advised her to sell her kits and her toys to stores. She met her first client through him and sold him all the kits and toys she'd already prepared. Soon, the shop owner asked for more. The neighbour advised her to diversify her clients and approach more shop owners. She dipped into her savings to buy material. She approached her women neighbours. The entire building soon became an industry, with different toy body parts being produced in different houses, and then assembled in one.

She realised there were quite a few women supplying soft toys to shops. She had to be innovative, re-strategise her clients and produce at a lower cost. She started advertising her toys, that they were made of imported fur and less harmful to small children. The merchant neighbour helped her get in touch with suppliers of imported fur. She contacted large stores as well as companies involved in the business. Archies and other stores gave her some orders, but she found that companies that produce soft toys, like Bubbles, outsource to smaller manufacturers. She got in touch with one of the higher officials of Bubbles through a shopkeeper friend and got orders to produce large quantities of toys.

Her husband had severed business relations with his brothers. Each brother walked away with his share of the family business. She and her husband invested the husband's share in a small workshop in a slum, which they rented against a deposit of Rs. 1 lakh. They searched for a tailor to run their workshop. From the contacts of the textile merchant neighbour, they got in touch with a tailor, originally from UP, and who worked with a garment-manufacturing agent. She gave him a tailoring machine to start work. He lived and worked in the same workshop, which was close to their house and where all the raw material and the finished products were also stored. The enterprise grew. The neighbourhood workforce was no longer able to handle the demand. The tailor offered to bring some of his relatives from UP for assistance. She and her husband rented another house in the same slum for the new work force to stay. The tailor was no longer a mere employee, but a friend and advisor on all technical matters.

They bought a Maruti van to transport their raw materials; the husband learnt driving. Their one room house was now too small to accommodate their household industry as well as the needs of their growing child. While they were confident of mobilising money for a new house, they were not sure if they could develop the same network in the new neighbourhood. Her father, a real estate agent, advised her to invest in a house as property prices in Mumbai were at their lowest at that time (1999). They chose a house in a newly developed building. They shifted residence, but continued to work in the old neighbourhood.

Their daughter is now fifteen years old and they're in their late forties. The tailor has brought his family to Mumbai, shifted to a larger house in the same slum. They've bought a larger workshop and have hired several workers. The network in their old neighbourhood has slowly dissolved as several families also shifted residences. All the work of making toys is now handled at the workshop.



A CHILDHOOD BEYOND THE RED LIGHT
(A SCRAP BOOK PROJECT)
MIRIAM CHANDY MENACHERY//MUMBAI//2003-04



A CHILDHOOD BEYOND THE RED LIGHT
 (A SCRAP BOOK PROJECT)
 MIRIAM CHANDY MENACHERRY//MUMBAI//2003-04

Hetal Parekh, the victim in the most talked about rape and murder case of our time, was a schoolgirl. How did her peers react to the crime, the punishment and the media coverage? We have seen some of them in images on TV and in newspapers, holding up placards evidently prepared by grown-ups, to demand “exemplary” punishment for the convict, Dhananjay Chatterjee, or silently standing in prayer lines. But beyond that?

Jagatpur Rukmini Vidyamandir for Girls is an “ordinary” school in Behala at the south-west fringe of Kolkata. Students mostly belong to working-class families. Their fathers are masons, gardeners, petty shop-owners or cab-drivers, or their mothers work as domestic help. Most of these children were not yet born when Hetal was raped and murdered by the security guard of her apartment building, Dhananjay, in 1991. Almost all of them named crime-related programmes such as Police File, Crime Diary, Crime Files, as well as detective soaps like CID as serials they watch on TV. According to them, the elders in their families, too, avidly watch these programmes and ask their teenaged girls to do the same to make them “aware of the dangers ahead”.

Most of them followed the news of the hanging on TV channels. “I watched TV all night on the day of the hanging. We’ve never seen a hanging. I wanted to watch the hanging to know how a normal, living person was turned into a dead man,” said a girl.

The children reflected the divisions and swings in public opinion on the death sentence. While elders and the media influenced their judgments, their ability to articulate was striking. There were arguments both for and against the death sentence, and taking a decision was not easy, they noted. According to them, the hanging could be justified because: a) Dhananjay had tortured and killed Hetal, b) if released, he would have committed the same crime again, and c) this could have happened to them also. At the same time, they felt opposed to the hanging on the following grounds: a) Dhananjay had been in jail for years together, b) it was his first crime, c) many criminals who had committed multiple crimes of a similar nature were still evading arrest or conviction, d) there would be no difference between the killer and the judge if the latter ordered the killing of the former, and e) it was often found that courts rectified their previous conviction orders, which had compelled innocent persons to languish in jails for long. There would be no chance of such judicial rectification if the convict was hanged to death.

“Initially, most people were in favour of the hanging. But the mood changed substantially on the eve of the hanging. We, too, felt it was better to keep Dhananjay in prison for life rather than killing him. Those who dare to violate the honour of women should not be hung, but imprisoned for life,” said the girls. These children were aware of the class bias of our legal-judicial system, and made critical observations about it. “If the crime had been committed by a fellow resident of the apartment rather than the security guard, he would have escaped the noose. We know that ministers’ sons or relatives go unpunished even after committing heinous crimes. Why was there such a hue and cry over Dhananjay when such crimes are often committed?”

MEDIA COVERAGE OF THE JUDICIAL EXECUTION OF DHANANJOY CHATTERJEE, AND ITS IMPACT ON CHILDREN IN WEST BENGAL

BISWAJIT ROY AND NILANJAN DATTA//KOLKATA//2004-05

My interaction with devotees and caretakers of shrines evoke evidences which verify that, in the wake of an exponential increase of conflict, an increasing number of devotees visit and find refuge the shrines in Kashmir valley.

THE SHRINE OF SYED SIMNANI, SOUTH KASHMIR

Shrines are largely dependent for their maintenance on offerings provided by devotees in cash as well as in kind. The greater the popularity of a shrine, the greater the number of devotees who visit. The volume of offerings increases proportionately.

Many structures have come up in the shrine complex, besides the renovation of existing structures.

In the courtyard of the shrine, there was a small graveyard which has been made part of the shrine complex. Devotees eat Tehri, a traditional offering in the form of fried rice, here. Opposite the main gate, an additional structure has been built to provide basic facilities for devotees who offer goats and sheep as sacrifice for getting their grievances redressed. The meat is distributed to the poor and needy.

Earlier, devotees would generally visit in large numbers on Fridays. But dependence of people on saints for various reasons, which are more or less related to conflict, has forced the shrine management committee to set apart Thursday night for special prayers that go on through the night. Thousands participate in it.

Auctioning of offerings that the shrine collects has been institutionalised in the recent past. Interested parties bid a certain amount of money in cash against the offerings that are collected by the shrine each year. The money is received by the management of the shrine, and is used for various tasks and commitments. This process has been started to simplify the complex task of managing the yearly offerings received by the shrine – as cash, as valuables, or in the form of livestock. The auctioning arrangement creates a hard cash component that is easily manageable and deployed to various ends that the shrine management thinks fit.

THE SHRINE AS AN ANODYNE IN STRIFE-TORN KASHMIR
HILAL BHAT//SRINAGAR//2004-05

Pre-dawn Delhi as city.

It's not 'real' Delhi. Nor is it a 'beautiful' Delhi. **It is an imagined reality of a 'dark' Delhi.** A dead migrant from Purvanchal narrates it from a mortuary. Images of **memory**, imagination, **dreams** and experiences in Delhi's cityscape are **not essentially in one plane, or a straight geometry**. From the perspective of time, **Delhi's cityscape is an inverted pyramid**, whose present weighs heavily on its past.

BEETI VIBHAVRI JAAG RI : DILLI KE CITYSCAPE MEIN DIK WA KAAL
VIJENDRA CHAUHAN//DELHI//2004-05

*What is the tone/style of the bazm and the war stories?
Would the style adopted by you be appropriate to the
narration of these other streams?*

The bazm sections in the Dastans follow a set pattern, but the pattern itself has many streams. Any single magician from any one side can wreak havoc on the other side... For instance, Bahar Jadu, who defects from Afrasiyab's side to Hamza's (and they are all forever defecting to the good side without it affecting the overall strength of the sorcerers), whose magic consists of making everyone see spring all around them – the smells, the breeze, the sights – with the effect that everyone falls in love with him and follow him around, enchanted.

The pace of the bazm sections, accordingly, varies with the kind of action being described... Very often the Islamic armies may attack at night, although Hamza usually desists from surprise attacks or from pursuing his enemies, and always pardons those seeking redemption... and then the sorcerers, unable to distinguish friend from foe, fall upon each other, decimating large sections of their own side...

Then there are set piece accounts of the opening of battles – people come forward, challenge the other side, the bards sing accounts of their genealogy and their valour, the naqib shouts to all to be prepared for battle and to be willing to sacrifice their all, the battle begins and there might be hand-to-hand combat or, again, any particular magician may carry the day... There is no previously set logic as to how the battle would unfold, or its outcome.

Descriptions of these battles, therefore, change with what is being described... There might be fast and furious accounts of swords, the battlegear, the armoury, the weapons, with a lot of room, obviously, for alliteration and punning and rhymes...

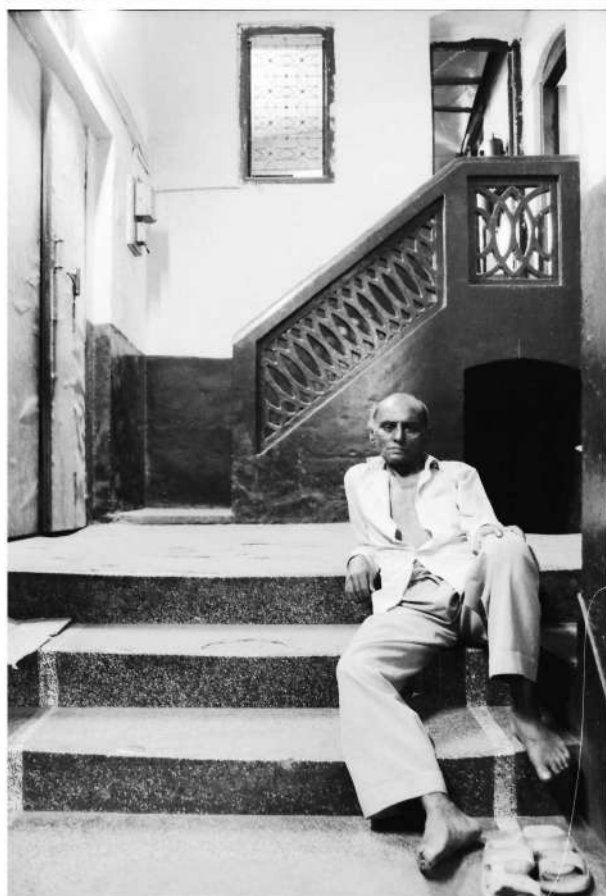
There might be irony, humour and scatology when the sorcerers are in utter confusion and are falling upon each other...

Accordingly, it requires a greater mastery over the art of narration to describe battle scenes without succumbing to declamatory peroration.

Further, in bazm scenes, it is not the content (the nature of action) that is as important as the style. For audiences generally unattuned to the Dastanic world, it might not be as easily comprehensible or enjoyable.

Questions posed by Punam on the Reader-List
<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-May/005553.html>
Responses by Mahmood from
<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-July/005949.html>

**TALE TELLERS: DASTANGOYEE, THE CULTURE OF STORYTELLING IN URDU
MAHMOOD U. R. FAROOQUI//DELHI//2004-05**



Excelsior Cinema Hall

CHANGING FACES OF CINEMA HALLS IN DELHI
NANDITA RAMAN//DELHI//2005-06

The Goan Cook's Guide must have been invaluable to cooks as it had interest tables, salary charts, glossaries, menus, and a vocabulary in English, French, Hindustani and Konkani, apart from recipes in Konkani for, among other things, the Half-pay Pudding, Conservative Pudding, Nurse Hannah's Pudding and Mysterious Pudding.

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We do know for sure that Ghalib loved these Dastans, for he has commented in a letter how he was thrilled because he had six cases of wine, six volumes of a Dastan, and it was raining.

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I was convinced Basti Nizamuddin was an urban village with Lal Dora status. However I found out residents of Nizamuddin did not pay property tax, nor did they follow any building by-laws. Construction, repairs, and demolition of squatters were a cyclic happening.

I called the Chief Town Planner's office. At the end of the conversation with the Town Planner, there was a nebulous consensus that Nizamuddin does not have Lal Dora status. Nebulous because he did not specifically say that it was not, but at least clarified that as soon as an urban status is bestowed on a village, it stops enjoying the exemptions granted to Lal Dora. It is then governed by the plans drawn up for the zone in which it falls. In reference to Nizamuddin he said, "Because it is an old settlement, it is not possible to ascertain original owners. You will find it difficult to get any information from the revenue department about the jurisdiction of the city agencies in the basti. But... the status of the village is urban and not rural."

I started googling 'Lal Dora'. News articles I found only gave a very tokenist 'most urban villages fall in Lal Dora areas.' I went to the MCD website. A small dialogue box with changing messages caught my attention. It had telephone numbers for reporting dengue cases; news about digitising birth and death records from 1998; where to get information on unit area method—dial 52895552 for MCD to view draft by-laws on property tax.

A youngish male voice answered the phone. The voice faltered a little, then asked me back, "Lal Dora meaning rural areas? Exactly which area do you have in mind?" Eventually, after some conversation, and then after putting me on hold for a while, he told me, "There are only two villages in Nizamuddin. They are Bangarpur and Naharpur, I think. Nizamuddin basti is not an urban village." He gave me MCD's official website, and asked me to follow the link to property tax and download the different lists for rural and urban villages.

I followed the links in the already open MCD webpage in my computer and scanned rural villages. No mention of Nizamuddin either under village or ward. The urban village listing had Behlolpur-Bangar and Sarai Kale Khan listed in ward Nizamuddin. I looked up the list for colonies. Sure enough, Nizamuddin East and West were listed in high tax categories, B and C respectively. So the basti as we know it doesn't exist by itself, but only as a part of Nizamuddin West, carrying a unit area tax assessment for category C, which amounts to Rs. 400 per unit value of area.

I called Lalit Batra in Sanjha Manch. He suggested I call Manjeet Singh, the ex-Addl. Commissioner of the Slum and JJ Department. In response to my queries Manjeet Singh said, "First and foremost, the basti is a human settlement, and it is ruled by taxation laws just as any human settlement in Delhi." Then, "You should talk to the tax inspector and find out from him who is paying taxes and at what rate. Ask to see his revenue map, and ask him that if people are not paying taxes, why is that happening, and if he has done any survey to find out the reasons. Also, the basti, as it is an old settlement, will be looked after by... (he tried to remember the name)... Check with the city zone office in Asaf Ali Road to see if they have any document on Nizamuddin." Then, "I think in the mid-80s, when a lot of slum areas were denotified, some slums and urban villages became colonies." Then, "Call the slum department and ask for a list of denotified slum areas."

I made a few futile phone calls to the slum department. No one could direct me to the denotification documents.

Request to readers of the Reader-List: If any one of you is aware of the legal status of Nizamuddin as a human settlement, please drop me a line.

**CHILDREN'S FRIENDSHIP WITH PLACE:
INVESTIGATING ENVIRONMENTAL CHILD-FRIENDLINESS FOR CHILDREN IN NEW DELHI
SUDESHNA CHATTERJEE//DELHI//2004-05**

The psychological notion of free space belongs both to the village well and the foyer of any film centre. It is an indeterminate space, leading to a possible film screening as well as hinting towards other possibilities, a chance meeting which may be the start of something new. The village well allows for stealing time from daily order and routine. Waiting together with others both at the village well and the film centre foyer are special, since they are marked by anticipation and sharing.

Both these spaces do not necessarily demand that a common concern tie individuals together. The kind of associations, friendships and concerns that emerge from these places remain unstructured and full of diversity of interest with a plurality of ways of communicating. The space is marked by casual conversations.

**THE VIEWERSHIP OF NON COMMERCIAL AND INDEPENDENT FILM IN DELHI
ANANNYA MEHTA//DELHI//2004-05**

What I was able to garner from the letter written by John Blackwell, a railway engineer, to Thomas R Wall, Esquire and Secretary to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company on 6th February 1857 on the subject of the sale of timber as observed by Blackwell on his journeys, was the following:

(a) The existence of a highly active timber market. One is forced to think why such a timber market exists and how this timber is being consumed in local/regional situations? How does demand for timber, as necessitated by railways in the British colonial economy, affect this local economy? What kinds of changes does this bring about? Through the lenses of timber trade, one also gets the opportunity to think about and ask questions related to:

- British capitalism as an agent of modernity in India.
- Existence of capitalism and capitalist structures in the pre-colonial economy.
- Nature of the pre-colonial economy.
- Nature of market in pre-colonial India.

(b) Competing monetary and financial structures, as in local currency (here *lukka*) versus Government of India currency. The presence of a situation where the colonial economy is still not well-entrenched and has not managed to intrude local space.

(c) The situation seems to be that labour is plentiful but there is a sheer lack of infrastructure, e.g. roads, means of transport. Carts, trucks and wheeled carriers slow down production.

(d) Curious why only Bheel tribal labour gets a mention in colonial documents, not others.

(e) Khandesh really seems to be an area where a lot is happening in terms of railway construction, timber market, labour situations, financialisation of economy, forest surveys etc. So it might be worthwhile to focus on this area for a study of railways from the vantage points I mention.

(f) Forest conservation does not really seem widespread at this point. Many forests are open to 'exploitation' by both the 'locals' and the colonial state. Therefore, what does this really mean for environmental history at this point?

**AN ALLEGORICAL, HISTORICAL JOURNEY INTO
THE ARCHIVES OF THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY
VANDANA SWAMI//2004-05**

दरअसल, इस फेलोशिप मिलने के बाद ही हिन्दी ब्लॉगिंग, यानि हिन्दी चिट्ठाकारिता में, इस तेज़ी से परिवर्तन हुए हैं कि शोध का दायरा लगातार फैलता जा रहा है, जबकि प्रस्ताव देते वक़्त हिन्दी में बमुश्किल 60-70 सक्रिय ब्लॉग थे। रोज़ दो-तीन नए ब्लॉग मैदान में उतर रहे हैं। जबकि, चार साल के हिन्दी ब्लॉगिंग के इतिहास में केवल 100 से 150 सक्रिय चिट्ठे यह बताते हैं कि नियमित लिखना मज़ाक नहीं है। वैसे मैंने भी सराय के शोध के दौरान केस स्टडी के लिए एक व्यंग्य ब्लॉग mastikibasti.blogspot.com बनाया है। इस पर हिन्दी के कई व्यंग्यकारों से लिखवाने की कोशिश की जाएगी।

बहरहाल, हिन्दी चिट्ठों के बारे में इन दिनों मीडिया में भी काफ़ी चर्चा है। हालांकि हिन्दी में ब्लॉग लिखने वालों की संख्या में तेज़ी से इज़ाफ़ा हो रहा है, पर अभी भी मेरा मानना है कि सक्रिय ब्लॉग लिखने वालों की संख्या सीमित ही है। प्रमुख ब्लॉग एग्रीगेटर नारद के मुताबिक फ़िलहाल हिन्दी में ब्लॉग की संख्या 600 से कुछ ज़्यादा है। यद्यपि कई चिट्ठों के नाम हमारी सूची में हैं, लेकिन सूची पूरी नहीं कही जा सकती। इस बार मैंने सोचा कि यही देखा जाए कि हिन्दी में नियमित तौर पर कितने लोग चिट्ठाकारी कर रहे हैं। अब नियमित का दायरा क्या हो? अपनी समझ के मुताबिक और सहूलियत के लिए मैंने उन चिट्ठों को नियमित माना जो सप्ताह में कम से कम एक बार अपडेट किए गए हों। लेकिन, मुमकिन है कि इक्का-दुक्का सक्रिय चिट्ठाकार किसी विशेष हफ़्ते में एक भी पोस्ट न डाल पाए हों, इसलिए मैंने इस अवधि को नौ दिन कर दिया। हिन्दी ब्लॉग एग्रीगेटर नारद और हिन्दी ब्लॉग्स डॉट कॉम के जरिए 31 मार्च से 8-9 अप्रैल तक के चिट्ठों को खंगाला तो निष्कर्ष में निम्नलिखित तथ्य सामने आए।

इन नौ दिनों में कुल 150 लोगों ने चिट्ठे लिखे थे। इनमें से कुछ लोगों के एक से अधिक चिट्ठे भी हैं, यानि ब्लॉग की संख्या भले करीब 150 थी, लेकिन लिखने वाले उससे कम हैं। इनमें से कुछ चिट्ठाकार अति सक्रियता की अवस्था में दिखे, यानि इनके चिट्ठे पर नौ दिनों में 10 से भी अधिक पोस्टिंग डाली गई। इनमें प्रमोद सिंह के अज़दक का रिकॉर्ड धुआंधार था, जिन्होंने इतने वक़्त में 21 पोस्ट डालीं। इनके अलावा, वाह मनी (15), मोहल्ला (13), छू लो आसमान (18), कमल शर्मा (18), हिन्द युग्म (19), महाशक्ति (12), कुछ लम्हे (10), वर्षा (10) और ममताटीवी (11) मुख्य हैं। इसी तरह सक्रिय ब्लॉग की श्रेणी भी बनायी जा सकती है। इसमें वो सारे चिट्ठे हैं, जिनकी बंदौलत हिन्दी चिट्ठों की दुनिया फल-फूल रही है।

लेकिन, खास बात यह कि 150 में से कम सक्रिय चिट्ठों की भी बड़ी संख्या थी। मेरी जानकारी के मुताबिक, करीब 38 चिट्ठे ऐसे थे जिनपर नौ दिनों में केवल एक पोस्ट डाली गई। इनमें रत्ना की रसोई, बारह पत्थर, रेलगाड़ी, होम्योपेथी, दस्तक, राजलेख का हिन्दी चिट्ठा, नितिन हिन्दुस्तानी का हिन्दी चिट्ठा, यूयुत्सु, ख्वाब का दर, देश-दुनिया, इंकलैंक, रिफ्लेक्शन, विपन्न बुद्धि उवाच, शब्द यात्रा, शब्द संघर्ष, महावीर, आवारा बंजारा, शत शत नमन, कुछ सच्चे मोती, मानस के हंस, युगान्तर और चंपा का ब्लॉग जैसे चिट्ठे शामिल हैं। दिलचस्प बात यह है कि इन कम सक्रिय ब्लॉग्स में से कुछ इस अध्ययन के बाद दोबारा दिखायी ही नहीं दिए, यानि इन पर फिर कोई पोस्ट नहीं डाली गई।

क्योंकि हर ब्लॉग कुछ कहता है...

**BECAUSE EVERY BLOG HAS SOMETHING TO SAY
GAURI PALIWAL//INDIRAPURAM//2006-07**

Kalpana was screaming with pain as I entered the induction room. At least five-six gynae doctors were at her bedside. A senior resident of surgery was trying to insert I/V canula to maintain body fluid volume. I requested the evening duty nurse, Bobby, to hand over charge to me. The patient is Kalpana, a mother in the eighth month of her pregnancy, with severe anaemia (Hb=4gm), severe pregnancy-induced hypertension (BP was 220/130 mm/hg). She is semi-conscious. She is about to deliver the baby.

In between our conversation, Bobby and I were assisting the doctors in handling the patient for her internal assessment as well as ensuring her I/V lines didn't get displaced. She was on an anti-eclamptic drug, which is an emergency drug to avoid possibility of a sudden fit. Suddenly our senior resident shouted, "Come fast, she is delivering the baby." Bobby and I ran for the normal delivery set and medicines. The paediatric nurse too was also called in. She immediately received the baby and rushed to the Nursery, a small neo-natal unit attached to the induction room. I left Bobby with the patient to help the paediatric nurse resuscitate the baby. The paediatric senior resident was also informed through the intercom. After ensuring that the baby was normal and stable, I joined Bobby for further management of my patient.

We helped Kalpana get out of bed. The placenta was still inside her, and a thorough internal examination was required. Evening duty was over at 8:00 PM, but Bobby was still here.

After some time, the paediatric nurse came to show the baby's sex to the mother. Kalpana looked surprised. She screamed, "This is not my child. Show me my baby." The paediatric nurse showed the baby to her husband and brothers, to get their signatures on respective files to avoid further confusion. She persuaded Kalpana, "Kalpana, this is your first baby, your own baby." Kalpana was beside herself. "Call the police," she screamed, "I will prove this is not my child."

I took over from Bobby, who left for her hostel. We were eight medical personnel in the induction room. Kalpana was screaming, trying to remove all her canulas, I/V lines and catheter. We called her mother inside so that she can make her co-operate. Her mother entered and shouted furiously at us, "Why don't you understand?" She looked around at all of us and continued, "Is ke ladki ho he nahi sakti. Humne iska ultrasound karwaya hai. Doctor ne bataya hai ke ladka hi hoga. Pura ek hazar rupaya laga hai hamara ultrasound pe. Aab ladki kaise ho sakti hai?"

Kalpana's condition wasn't improving. She bled profusely. She could go into shock. Despite all our efforts, she wasn't allowing us to pursue with episiotomy suturing. A junior resident ran to the blood bank to get blood for her. I was trying to give her I/V fluids. The senior resident was assisting another junior resident with episiotomy suturing. Kalpana, still in her delivery gown and with all the tubing, tried to run outside. It was already 9:30 PM. Kalpana's mother and relatives were arguing with the night duty staff outside the induction room and were using abusive language. We informed the Emergency Medical Officer and the Nursing Supervisor. The consultant was called from home.

Other patients and their relatives were listening to everything with keen interest. We were seen as suspects without reason, and without there being any substance in Kalpana and her family members' claims. I was very upset, and wondered how we would re-establish our patients' faith in us? The social pressure to give birth to sons was turning to be an extra burden on us.

The family accepted the baby girl half-mindfully. They cursed us, saying that god will see to all, and everyone will get justice. My thoughts were with the newborn and the behaviour she will encounter as an unwelcome guest. One of my colleagues said that with time the parents will recognise the features of the newborn as their own. I became a bit philosophical – may better sense prevail.

THE HOSPITAL LABOUR ROOM AS A SPACE FOR UNHEARD VOICES
KULDEEP KAUR//CHANDIGARH//2004-05

Jatin, Lalit, Vijaya (Pandit), Sulochana (Pandit), all of them were kids. They were so small they used to stand on stools as they couldn't reach the mikes.

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An overwhelming majority of miners maintained contact with their kin and homes in villages. They were located within an “**extended family**”. Single male workers, who constituted a large section of the miners by the 1920s, were largely of this category. Some of them had to bring their female-folk with them. This was done so as to obtain work as malcuttas, a job with a better pay.

There were also a great number of male workers who could not bring their female counterparts and children. They preferred to work as trammers, timber-mistry's and do other surface works, where “family-gangs” did not work. They lived in dhowras, in which a group of single male workers lived. They preferred a fellow worker of their own kith and kin, of the same village/elaka (a socio-cultural territory, not essentially an administrative one).

Over time, the para/dhowras developed along the line of caste/elaka community. We hear of Bhuiya Dhowras, Bauri, Paschima Dhowras etc. I want to explore whether employers planned such type of housing/spatial arrangements. This form of configuration of socio-familial relationship led to the formation of different cohesive circles of miners.

This socio-familial relation was manifest even at the workplace. A sizeable number of miners worked belowground as a “**family-gang**”. They were not always linked to each other through marital and parental ties. The pairs of malcuttas and loaders of family-gangs contained the males and females of broad socio-familial groupings. Workers preferred to be paired with the colliers of their kin/caste/tribe/basit/elaka. The Kamins, working belowground in the 1910s and 20s, declined to work alongside male workers others than from their own socio-familial groupings. The Kamins of social groups like the Santhals, the Rajwars, the Mahtos, the Bhuiyas, the Bilaspuris, some of the Bauris, etc, refused to accompany Paschima male miners, as loaders.

WORKERS IN THE JHARIA COALFIELD, FAMILY-TIME/WORK, SURVIVALITIES AND MINING
CAPITALISM: 1920s-1970s
DHIRAJ K. NITE//DELHI//2003-04

As it was artificially colourised, was it very difficult to do the colour balancing?

It was a tedious job to balance those colours frame by frame. It took almost 4 months only on colour balancing and then exposing on the negative. As the colours were digitally generated, they had a lot of variation and contrast.

There are a few portions in the film which are originally shot in the EASTMAN colour. Do they match easily with the artificially generated colours?

They can't match 100% because colourisation is a computer-generated process, wherein you scan the frame and then colour it artificially. But I think there are no jerks to the human eye. We have done more than a decent job.

Kindly explain the process.

Once we receive the colourised frames, we have to break them into sequences. The sequence where the colour balances is taken as the standard for the look of all the other sequences. Once we line up an entire sequence, we design a colour that suits it, using the colour that has already been done on the film. Then we balance it. When we use the term "balance", it means removing the jitters and flickers between frames. It's a very straightforward colour correction process in which we increase or decrease contrast in the image to basically suit the Cinema format.

And when you formatted the film into Cinemascope, did you cut it manually?

No, but you have to do certain tests by exposing it to the negative in order to know how it's going to look in the projection.

Restoration/colourisation has already been happening in Hollywood for the video format. What was the difference in doing it for the first time for the 35mm format?

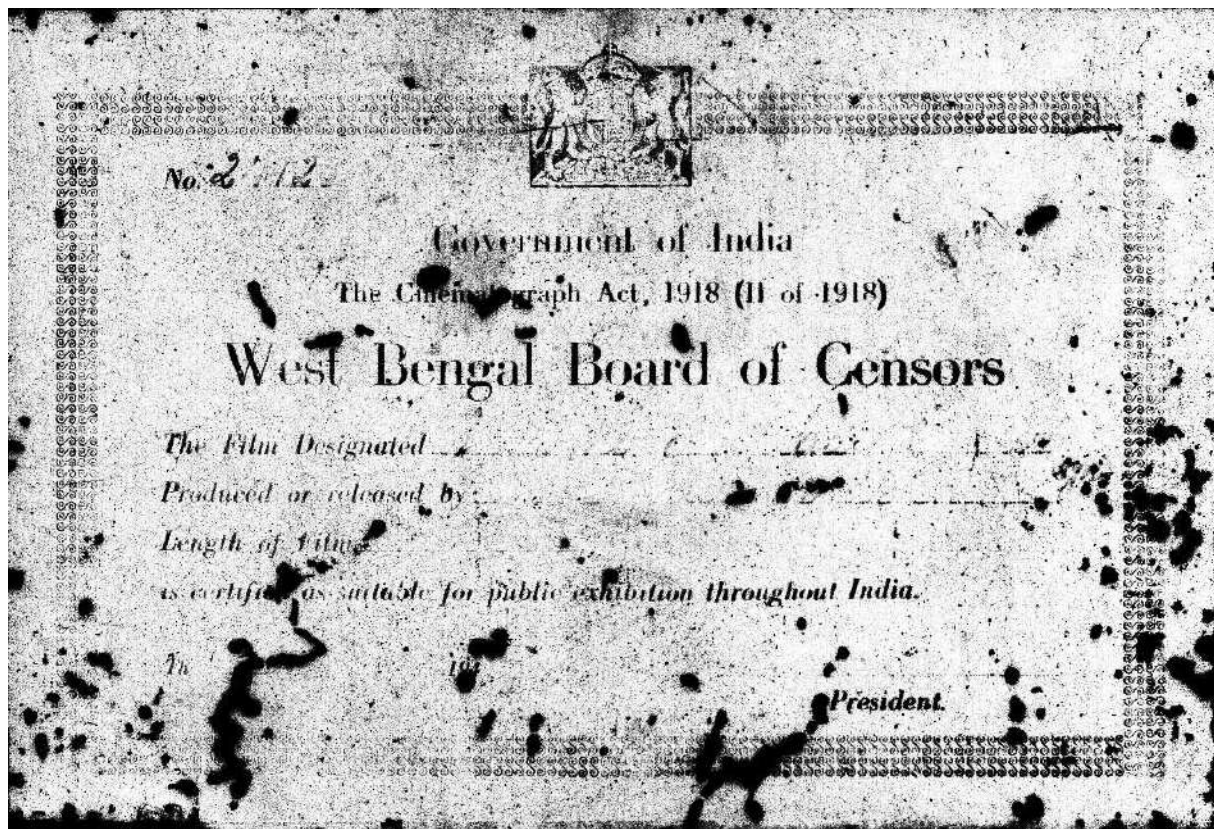
When you are working on video resolution, you have very less information to work with. But on 35mm, the frames are very large and resolution is much higher. So the process for celluloid is much more time consuming and lengthier as opposed to video.

Some people have taken this restoration/colourisation as an infringement of the original work, while others have taken it as an enhancement. What is your take on it?

I don't think its infringement. Mr. K.Asif had a dream to make his film in colour, which has been fulfilled now.

Excerpts from a conversation with Mr. Rajiv from RAJTARU studios, a post production set-up in Mumbai.

**THE COLOURISATION OF MUGHAL-E-AZAM
ABHISHEK SHARMA//MUMBAI//2004-05**



LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
RETRIEVING 'LOST' GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA (IN BENGAL)
MADHUJA MUKHERJEE/KOLKATA/2003-04



[Top: G.S.Road, Mawlai, archival image; Above: Police Bazaar, Main Lane, today]

**THE CHANGING FACES OF DEMOCRATIC SPACES IN URBAN COSMOPOLITAN SHILLONG
JULIUS BASAIAWMOIT & RENEE C. LULAM//SHILLONG//2006-07**

Kala Swatantradin by Raja Dhale (Published in 1972)

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2007-August/009754.html>

It was 15th August, 1972, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Indian Independence and, coincidentally, the founding year of the Dalit Panther Party. In the backdrop of the atrocities on Dalits all over the country in general and Maharashtra in particular, Raja Dhale, one of the founding members of Dalit Panther Party wrote an article titled 'Kala Swatantradin' (literally: Black Independence Day) in Sadhna, a Marathi daily. This article highlighted the deliberate stripping and raping of a Dalit woman by upper caste Hindus.

Raja Dhale's central argument in his article was that the dignity of a woman is superior to the dignity of a nation – particularly a nation where women are not safe. This piece of writing made Dalit Panther Party a first page news constituent, attracting the attention of mainstream media, intellectuals, academicians – not only in Maharashtra, but throughout the nation.

I have a copy of the original article by Raja Dhale. This piece is in Marathi language and I've got the transcript in English ready for it. This would form a part of my final paper and presentation for Sarai, and I hope that the original Marathi text of Dhale's article will enrich the Sarai archives.

**CASTE VIOLENCE IN URBAN MAHARASHTRA: A STUDY OF THE 1974 WORLI RIOTS,
A BREAKING POINT IN THE DALIT PANTHERS MOVEMENT
ARVIND KUMAR//DELHI//2006-07**

Tactical City, as a fictitious History of Mumbai's urbanism, uses many devices, literary and visual. The protagonist of the story is the popular south Indian folkloric figure, Tenali Rama. Goddess Kali gives Tenali a boon that he will be the wittiest person in the world but he should help build the Tactical city.

In the Global City

In which Tenali manages to change the design of a global project for local needs.

It was the year 1991. This was no ordinary year. It was the year India had liberalised. Liberalisation had an alchemical reaction on the city. Glass and concrete towers started growing everywhere from the seeds of green money sown in the city. At the base of the city grew the weeds of the informal economy that serviced these towers: the slums. Tenali Rama lived in one such settlement.

One day a powerful gust of wind blew off the street light between Tenali's dwelling and the tall corporate tower opposite it. Tenali's intervention was a light bulb that would substitute the street light. From the low angle of his dwelling, the bulb shone brightly onto the tower. The bodies of Tenali and his son blocked the light and created shadows on the large corporate façade. Otherwise invisible in the city, Tenali and his son now gained larger-than-life proportions on the corporate façade, and in the city.

It was 1992, one year after the country had opened its economy to the world under great international pressure. They say it was a 'universal path to progress – for a greater common good'. Tenali owned a plot of land where a major expressway was to be built. The expressway was a state initiative to attract foreign direct investment. The Land Acquisition Act called for Tenali's land to be acquired. The day he received the letter from the government informing him of this, Tenali grew restless and couldn't sleep all night. He shuddered with the thought that his property would be taken away by some foreigners. Tenali had a vision that night. Goddess Kali appeared in his dream and asked him to build her a temple at the edge of his land, where the road would cut through, and to do this before the break of dawn. Tenali, delighted with the goddess, because he saw through her wit, did as she instructed. Ayappa and Sudama were the engineers who lived in the next district and worked for the Swiss company that was building the infrastructure with money from World Bank. The next day, they came by, to inspect the land. Both were recent migrants to the city, and god-fearing Hindus; they refused to touch the temple, lest the Goddess curse them. The new road, a global initiative, was built with a bend in it.

Santa and Banta, the truck drivers who would drive to and fro delivering goods for the new companies along the expressway, would never fail to pray to the goddess on their journeys or stop to have a cup of tea and meet other fellow truck drivers. The tea stall and the temple were responsible for many bonds of friendship. The temple attached to the tea stall helped, because passers-by would make monetary offerings, probably imagining that the goddess would use the money herself. When Tenali realised that the goddess did not really need all that money, he started using the money to invest in better facilities for his tea stall. It was a public space. He was simply a tactical caretaker, he thought, not an owner in the strict sense of the word. The temple was a great funding mechanism for the public space. He had plans for further expansion. The temple was a catalyst in an expanding urban process.

TACTICAL CITY: TENALI RAMA AND OTHER STORIES OF MUMBAI'S URBANISM
RUPALI GUPTA//MUMBAI//2003-04

Golf was institutionalised as the sport of royalty after James IV of Scotland reversed the ban on the sport imposed by his grandfather in 1502, and stamped his royal seal of approval by swinging his clubs. Since then, golf has become known as the sport of kings, presidents, world leaders, celebrities et al. It has further been embraced by royalty of the present day – the corporate chiefs, the movers and shakers of the globalised economy.

What is not so well known is that golf is also the favourite sport of Generals. Many of the golf courses initially built in India/South Asia, beginning from the early nineteenth century onwards, were set in or around military cantonments. These were controlled by the colonial military establishment of those times. Control of these courses in turn passed on to the military authorities of India and Pakistan after Independence.

As a result, about 75 percent of the 210-odd golf courses in India are controlled by the military even today. For example, out of the five golf courses in the cantonment town of Pune, four are military ones, where civilians have restricted access. The Indian Army even advertises golf as one of the attractions in its recruitment drives for the officer cadre. The jawans at the lower end of the pecking order, who are pitched on the frontline in times of war, however, have to settle for lesser pursuits.

But golf's connection with the generals has acquired even more sinister connotations in South Asia and South-East Asia. The generals of Pakistan and those in Myanmar belonging to the junta, re-christened as the State Peace and Development Council, have monopolised the game in their own insidious ways, grabbing land to build new courses, and have become pioneers of golf tourism and golf development in the region. They also cut some sweet deals pertaining to other subjects on the courses. The generals, past and present, of Pakistan, Myanmar, Philippines, Thailand and Indonesia – once ruled by brutal military dictatorships – own and control not only vital sectors of the economy, but several of the new golf courses as well.

Perhaps the biggest promoter of golf is the US military, which owns around 200 courses all across the world for the use of its four wings – Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines (see www.usforcesgolf.com for a list of US military golf courses). Now the US forces, which are engaged in bringing 'democracy' to Iraq for the last couple of years, are also engaged in promoting golf closer home. US soldiers have reopened, and are running, a golf course in Afghanistan and preaching the gospel of golf to the redeemed natives.

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-April/005475.html>

THE POLITICAL SOCIOLOGY OF GOLF IN SOUTH ASIA
MARIO RODRIGUES//MUMBAI//2004-05

She screamed, "This is not my child. Show me my baby." The paediatric nurse showed the baby to her husband and brothers, to get their signatures... Kalpana was beside herself. "Call the police," she screamed, "I will prove this is not my child."

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TYPOCITY:

DOCUMENTATION AND INTERPRETATION OF THE TYPOGRAPHIC FORMS IN PUBLIC SIGNAGE IN MUMBAI
KURNAL RAWAT AND VISHAL RAWLLEY//MUMBAI//2002-03

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FILM EXHIBITION SPACES IN DELHI
RAMESH KUMAR//DELHI//2006-07



TYPOCITY:

DOCUMENTATION AND INTERPRETATION OF THE TYPOGRAPHIC FORMS IN PUBLIC SIGNAGE IN MUMBAI
KURNAL RAWAT AND VISHAL RAWLEY//MUMBAI//2002-03



SIX O'CLOCK AT HUMAYUNPUR: A SERIES OF COMIC BOOK MEDITATIONS
PARASMITA SINGH//DELHI//2005-06

Family labour remained a predominant form of work, if not production, unit – in the Assam tea plantation, in the agrarian society and economy in South Asia and, till the decade of the 1920s, in the coal mining industry in Jharia. Likewise in the Raniganj coalfield. The family was employed in two ways in colliery works. One, they worked belowground in the form of family-gangs. Second, those working families whose members worked un-unitedly at the surface as well as underground.

The family-gang included a male, a female, and children. They were not always connected to each other through marital and parental ties. The pairs of malcuttas and loaders of family gangs included the males and females of broad socio-familial groupings. It was usual to see two women workers (Kamins) loading coal for four to six persons.

The males worked as malcuttas and the females and children largely worked as loaders, trammers, water-bailers etc in the family-gangs of the belowground workers. Each gang/dangal was constituted by 6 to 12 colliers. It included malcuttas, loaders, trammers, mining sirdars etc. Kamins of some of the social groups of the Bauris refused to accompany Paschima male miners as loaders, while some Kamins of the Bauri social group stepped in and worked overtime as loaders with the Paschima male miners.

Usually the males cut coal, while Kamins gathered the cut coal into a basket of usually 80 pounds each. The Kamins then laboriously carried the baskets on their head and put the coal into tubs some distance away. They then pushed the tubs to the pit bottom. And sometimes, they carried them on their head to the surface.

This form of organisation was predominantly in vogue till the 1920s, when a shift started to take place.

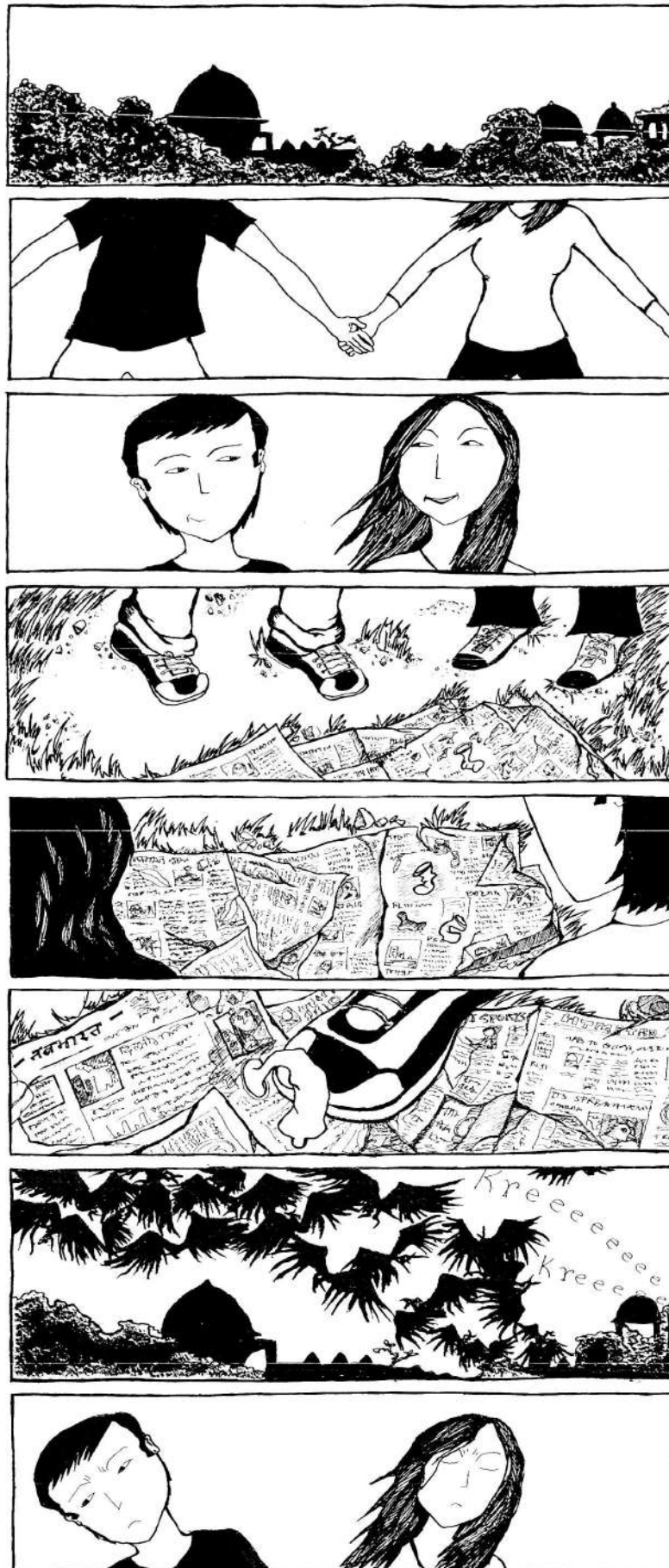
WORKERS IN THE JHARIA COALFIELD, FAMILY-TIME/WORK, SURVIVALITIES AND MINING CAPITALISM: 1920s-1970s
DHIRAJ K. NITE//DELHI//2003-04



DEPICTING STREET SALES AND SERVICES THROUGH SEQUENTIAL ART
LAKSHMI INDRASIMHAN AND JACOB WEINSTEIN//DELHI//2005-06

The vernacular programme division of the Calcutta Radio Station (CRS) was in the hands of few enthusiastic Bengali youths who did not have any prior training in or experience of broadcasting. They gained experience in the medium only while working in CRS. This situation changed gradually when the British government began to tighten its control over the media in the pre-war period, and the first Controller of Broadcasting, Lionel Fielden (1935-1940), laid down some general rules regarding broadcasting of programmes and selection of programme assistants. For example, Fielden's decision prohibiting 'the rise of clerks who knew nothing about broadcasting' marked fundamental changes in the employment structure of the CRS. People who were the heart and soul of the

**MEDIATION THROUGH RADIO: THE CALCUTTA RADIO STATION AND
THE CHANGING LIFE OF THE CITY (1927-1957)
INDIRA BISWAS//KOLKATA/2003-04**



SIX O'CLOCK AT HUMAYUNPUR: A SERIES OF COMIC BOOK MEDITATIONS
PARASMITA SINGH//DELHI//2005-06

Vijayawada has been known for its entrepreneurial and innovative spirit and the risks that people here are willing to take. Trading, by those who went on become members, pre-dates the establishment of the unofficial stock exchange in Vijayawada.

Around 1988-1989, the savvy set of five or six brokers of Vijayawada thought their businesses would be better off if congregated in one place, and if they tried to 'match' and consolidate buying and selling orders. They realised that very often they were giving a lot of commission to the metropolitan brokers individually, considering they had a lot of common orders. Coming together helped them avoid paying large commissions to the Bombay and Madras based brokers, and enabled them to reduce commissions that they were passing on to their clients. This 'matching' activity too predated the establishment of the (unofficial) stock exchange in Vijayawada. The participant brokers claim that the idea to establish a stock exchange sprung from this activity. The predominant calculation behind this was the strong belief that an exchange would be good for them and that it would provide greater liquidity for them.

Personal interview, Koneru Vasudeva Rao, ex-treasurer of the Exchange.

**THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS:
THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA
S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05**

Crime fiction writers tend to formulate a comfortable structure for themselves, which becomes the signature of their story as well as their detective's character. One of the most 'notorious' rule-makers in the history of crime fiction is S.S. Van Dine (pen name for Willard Huntington Wright, who created the 'gentleman' detective Philo Vance). In an essay in 1927, he made a 20 point chart to be maintained while writing a 'good' detective story.

DETECTION TECHNIQUES OF DEEPAK CHATTERJEE

1. PLAY FAIR WITH THE CLUES.
2. THE CRIMINAL CAN TRICK THE DETECTIVE
BUT THE WRITER CANNOT DECEIVE THE READER.
3. NO LOVE INTEREST FOR THE DETECTIVE.
4. THE DETECTIVE CANNOT BE THE CULPRIT.
5. THE SOLUTION SHOULD COME THROUGH DEDUCTION RATHER
THAN BY ACCIDENT.
6. THERE MUST BE A DETECTIVE TO DO THE DETECTING.
7. THE ONLY CRIME WORTHWHILE FOR A DETECTIVE TO SOLVE IS MURDER.
8. NO SUPERNATURAL MEANS SHOULD BE USED TO CATCH THE CULPRIT.
9. ONLY ONE DETECTIVE TO A STORY.
10. THE CULPRIT MUST BE A PROMINENT CHARACTER IN THE STORY.
12. THE SERVANT CANNOT HAVE 'DONE IT'.
13. ONLY ONE CULPRIT TO A STORY.
14. THE CULPRIT CANNOT BE A MEMBER OF A SECRET SOCIETY.
15. THE METHOD OF MURDER HAS TO BE NATURAL, NOT FANTASY.
16. THE STORY SHOULD NOT STRAY BEYOND BASIC ATMOSPHERE AND
CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT.
17. THE CULPRIT CANNOT BE A PROFESSIONAL CRIMINAL.
18. NO ACCIDENTS OR SUICIDES.
19. THE MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME SHOULD BE PERSONAL.
20. DO NOT RELY ON CLICHES OF THE DETECTIVE GENRE.

**CRIME RHYME: CULTURE OF JUVENILE PULP FICTION IN BENGAL
DEBKAMAL GANGULY//KOLKATA//2004-05**

23rd October 2007

To
Public Information Officer
Tamil Nadu Road Development Company, Sindhur Pantheon Plaza, 2nd Floor
346, Pantheon Road, Egmore, Chennai - 600 008

From
Meghna Sukumar, Kilpauk, Chennai - 600 010

SUB: Information required through the Right to Information Act.

Sir/Madam

Please provide me with the following information:

- 1. Who are the contractors constructing the IT corridor?**
- 2. Copies of contract agreements with the contractors constructing the IT corridor.**
- 3. Copies of documents published by TNRDC or other consultants about the IT corridor.**

Find enclosed court fee stamp worth Rs. 10.

Thank you,
Meghna Sukumar

To
Public Information Officer, Labour Department,
Fort St. George, Chennai 600 009

From
Venkat T., Valasaravakkam, Chennai - 600 087

SUB: Information required under the Right to Information Act.

Dear Sir,

Please furnish me the following details:

- 1. Copies of registration certificates and contract agreements registered as per requirements of Inter State Migrant Workmen (Regulation of Employment and conditions of Service) Act 1979 of the following establishments:**
 - Doshi Builders' site at Perungudi.**
 - Ramky Builders' site at Siruseri.**
 - Srinivasa Shipping and Property Development Ltd.**
- 2. Particulars of the accidents recorded on construction sites on the corridor from 1 January 2007 till date.**
- 3. Particulars of the compensations paid to workers for above mentioned accidents under the Workmen's Compensation Act.**
- 4. Copies of inspections reports of the sites mentioned in point 1.**

Find enclosed court fee stamp worth Rs. 10.

Thank you,
Venkat T.

**BUILDING THE INDIAN DREAM:
LIVING AND WORKING CONDITIONS OF MIGRANT WORKERS ON CHENNAI'S IT CORRIDOR
T. VENKAT//CHENNAI//2006-07**

CORRIDORS, a development within contemporary architectural design, and integrated in hospitals, prisons, libraries, educational institutions, courts and many other public spaces, may appear simple, yet are structurally a complicated auditory space due to the reflective and diffractive properties of sound – and hence, vibrant in terms of psycho-acoustics. What happens in the psychological domain of an individual as she/he makes her/his journey through a corridor, or corridor-like space?



NOTE #2

FOR SINGE LOADED CORRIDORS, OR VERANDAH

When the space is not new to the individual, and nobody is there in the verandah.

The exact psycho-pathology of these modern urban spaces when the individual is left alone in his familiar place cannot be deterministically stated. *“Our minds respond, with some definite feeling, to almost very impression emanating from another person,”* writes Georg Simmel in his treatise ‘The Metropolis and Mental Life’. But what happens to this ever-responding faculty of the mind when it finds no person to respond to? Does it renounce totally the property of responsiveness? The person then perhaps begins to interact with the space with an intensified perception. It will be a stern cohesion of the space with the individual; a gaze will be derived from the conglomeration of perception of different elements of the space that correspondingly correlate with a set of memories. Sometimes, a slight modification in the spatial configuration will be macroscopically perceived, and can intrigue a set of new emotional flows, or a different form of curiosity. The spider sitting at the intersection of the ceiling and the wall will be magnified and appear to commence a non-verbal interaction with me.

**CORRIDORS: THE PSYCHO-ACOUSTICS OF CORRIDOR-LIKE SPACES
SAYANDEB MUKHERJEE//HYDERABAD//2006-07**

12/04/06

Walking through the narrow by-lanes of Kengeri Satellite Town, one of Bangalore's burgeoning extensions recently, I came to the realisation that certain things have changed. For the better, I must emphasise. And the source of this glowing tribute? I could go on a walk with remarkable ease and not a single person in sight to accost me.

This was not the case earlier when I moved to this sleepy locality off the Bangalore-Mysore highway. As an alien in one of India's cosmopolitan cities, I had become a constant source of fascination or indignation for the locals, depending on which side of the fence they revelled in. Their reasons? I could not comprehend, no matter how hard I tried. Or was it my descent, being of the Afro race?

Banking on my previous experiences in the South Asian subcontinent, I resolved that the safest way out was to be on the move and to never look back, no matter what the 'provocation'. This tactic seemed to work as a deterrent, but not for long. People soon came up with novel ways to get around my self-imposed barrier.

The young and old alike would come tagging along, some with loads of questions stemming from genuine interest or curiosity. Yet for others, it was an open and shut case of ignorance or sheer hostility. For the former, they had a friendly smile and would quickly engage in banter. Sometimes it went along these lines:

"Hello...West Indies?"

"Do you like cricket? Olonga your brother?"

"Do you like my India?"

And at times bordering on the absurd:

"Where are you from?"

"Oh! Africa? Is Mandela your president?"

"Don't feel bad...tell me, you don't get education in your country?"

The intensity and the pace of questioning did not leave one with many options. Which of these would you answer or ignore? Lack of response would elicit rude taunts...

With passage of time, slowly the taunts began to recede. This Sunday, I wanted to unwind after a tiring week and what better way than to take a walk revelling in the cool evening breeze? It proved to be an eye opener. The place has opened its doors to embrace African students, some of whom are here with their families. Kenyans, Ugandans, Ethiopians, Tanzanians, Sudanese, and many more from the Middle East, now share the locality with the locals and 'guests' from other cities of the South Asian subcontinent.

The transformation is not hard to see, as locals continue to warm up to their 'guests'. Cyber cafes, telephone booths, multi-cuisine eat-outs, amongst other utility services, have sprung up. Barbers and stylist have mastered the art of trimming kinky afro hair. Once, an elderly man, seeing me struggle with language at a grocery store rebuked me, "Learn the local language." Perhaps he was right. Unfortunately, what he and others of his ilk fail to grasp is the dilemma of those living in a multi-cultural society. To make a purchase of bread or related items, a mastery of Malyalam at the bakery would be called for. The general stores abound with Marwaris, while the numerous youth in the vicinity are students from the north who revel in Hindi. For transaction at utility service offices, Kannada gave you a head start. Which of the Indian languages would you opt for?

AFRICAN STUDENTS LIVING IN BANGALORE

JOHN PATRICK OJWANDO//BANGALORE//2005-06

A film centre is a cauldron of entertainment, politics and issues. Brewing in it are uncensored movies, coffees, moods, masks, disguises, lovers and actors, jokes, borrowing and lending, films, good ones and bad ones, different languages and technical delays. The film centre becomes a theatre where monologues about the language of film and the philosophy behind aesthetics unravel slowly and cryptically, the props being cigarettes and new books paraded as fashion accessories. The space is marked by many styles of greetings and gossip, with the idea that it is all a free treat cum many vicarious pleasures.

Most film screenings take place in the evening. For most people it's the time of the day when work is over. The atmosphere seems charged and full of energy for socialising. This time of the day is considered 'free time'. One sees that people sneak into the cinema hall, late, after the credits have appeared and disappeared, taking longer drags from an already dying cigarette. This behavior is akin to saying that it is more important to greet and gossip with each other, to unwind and meet people than to be sitting inside the cinema hall. There seems to be a mixture of curiosity and mirth in the atmosphere. These fleeting conversations are often even like talking calendars for what else is happening in the city.

What is most exciting about the film centers in the city is the fact that their role and function are not fossilised and binding; they operate with a shy flexibility, appealing to many different interests. For example, the Habitat Centre, by hosting a bold series of films on women's issues in collaboration with various organizations working on gender, can become the mouthpiece of feminist concerns. Due to a festival like this, an obvious increase and change in the viewing public is felt, making it easier for a larger audience to enter this world of films.

"We stitched fifteen one-minutes to make a short film," a group of people from St. Stephen's College who I happen to meet at the Arts Faculty canteen, told me. They'd shot a small film on the city with a still camera, which allowed for capturing one minute worth of moving images. "Then we just stitched it all together to make a short film. We used a friend's computer which had a simple editing program. The idea was to make a photo narrative on the city. We chose to shoot in places which we either like or are most familiar with – the university campus, the ridge, New Delhi railway station." On asking them what they did with the film – "We took it to Sarai and the British Council and were hoping it would get shown as part of the experimental film festival or as a fifteen-minute film before the Friday screening at Sarai."

One can't help but think of these spaces as confused spaces, unsure and blurry about their exact role in the film circuit. This slight confusion opens out these places to a larger group, aiding in a multidisciplinary engagement with the city and its people.

THE VIEWERSHIP OF NON-COMMERCIAL AND INDEPENDENT FILM IN DELHI
ANANNYA MEHTA//DELHI//2004-05



MY BUILDING AND THE SHAHAR
ABHINANDITA AND VENU MATHUR//MUMBAI-DELHI//2005-06



Actor Colin Pal being made-up as Subash Chandra Bose by Papa Ajoba
(Image from Ghosalkar's family album; Movie released 1950)

PAPA AJOBA: MY GRANDFATHER, THE FILM MAKE-UP ARTIST
ANUJA GHOSALKAR//MUMBAI//2006-07

All the Ghanada fictions – consisting of 65 short stories, 4 novels, 1 play and even a rhyme – are narrated in an imagined mess-house of 72 Banamali Naskar Lane of central Calcutta. There are still two mess-houses, in 35/5 and 35/6 Beniatola Lane in central Calcutta, that quite closely resemble the depictions of Ghanada's stories. We managed to wrest an interview with the sixty-two years old cook Madhu Das in the large kitchen of 35/5 Beniatola Lane. It was our first interview. The disturbing realisation that we are not ethically entitled to crush their unstated resistance to our superficial questionnaire made us nervous in the course of conversation, we guess. Extracts:

SR/BK: How many years have you been serving in 35/5?

MD: Twenty-five years.

SR/BK: Where are you from?

MD: From Orissa. Baleswar.

MD: Agricultural work. We have very little land.

MD: [Arrived here] For hardship, what else?

SR/BK: Was this job your first employment in Calcutta? Or were you somewhere else before?

MD: I was in a household. One doesn't get one's first job in a mess-house. One has to learn the work.

SR/BK: Who gave you the contact of this mess-house?

MD: There are so many country people in this area. I got the information in an [Oriya] adda.

MD: [My daily job here is] Cooking two meals a day.

MD: Yes, and occasionally going to the bazaar.

SR/BK: Do you sense any change over these 25 years? E.g., the earlier generation that lived here?

MD: They've left.

SR/BK: And now there are new people, the young generation. Is there a difference? Is it the same?

MD: How would I know?

SR/BK: Who would know better than you?

MD: Do we stay inside the mess? How can we say about that world?

SR/BK: Still?

MD: (Remains silent)

SR/BK: You go to the bazaar, to the shop. Aren't people changing there?

MD: Everywhere people are changing. Does it remain the same?

MD: Nothing much to say about that. In the mess, some people are good, and some people are bad.

SR/BK: But that must have been the case earlier as well.

MD: Exactly.

SR/BK: Has the neighbourhood changed?

MD: Not really. It's the same shop and the same shop-owner.

MD: Friends? I work in a mess-house. I know some people here. But they are not from my area [desh].

There is no need to make friendship with them.

MD: [When I am through with work] I sleep.

MD: Yes, at times I watch TV these days.

SR/BK: What would you prefer – Working in the mess, or going back to the village [desh]?

MD: Nobody honours the dish-washer. If we have any land, we wouldn't have come.

SR/BK: Who else is there in your family?

MD: Two sons and two daughters.

MD: The sons work in the Bombay port.

MD: The daughters stay at home. They're married.

MD: I'm going back. My days here are over.

MD: Once I'm back home, I don't work much. I lie down and relax.

MD: When I joined this mess, I used to get 100 rupees per month. Now it is 700 rupees.

SR/BK: Hasn't really increased much. Does it cause some row with the mess-residents?

MD: Of course. We'll always ask them to raise the money. They will do according to their ability.

MESSING WITH THE BHADRALOKS:

TOWARDS A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE MESS HOUSES IN CALCUTTA, 1890S-1990S

BODDHISATTVA KAR AND SUBHALAKSHMI ROY//KOLKATA//2004-05

To meet Sunil, a sweeper with the C Ward, I reached Do Tanki near Kumbharwada Police Chowki. I've frequented the road but am yet not very familiar with it. At 6 in the morning the road was quite awake. I was wondering if the 'activities of the night' – prostitution which skirts around this area – were still on. But it was other activities; labour of a new day; bakeries and bathing that were already on their way on this Sunday morning. I entered a lane with a Public Sauchalaya – a very busy spot at 6:15 in the morning, people moving in and out, a lane that was stinking of urine and soap simultaneously. Finally I located my meeting spot; there was a garbage van right there, and men and women trickled into the office for their ritual attendance – Hajri. Some sweepers, claiming familiarity with Sunil, struck up conversation with me, praising Sunil, asking me if I came here to discuss a dance show with him. Sunil is supposedly a great performer – a kalakar.

Sunil arrives and asks me to sit in their mukadam's office, the attendance office. Men and women pour in, sign the muster, change into their khaki uniform. Some women, not regular workers, hope for a day task as badli – work in the absence of a regular employee. I believe most of them are widows of ex-sweepers. I am introduced to Sunil's immediate bosses – the mukadams – and while we were chatting he explained a complex system of hierarchy of his bosses, supervisors, etc.

Our walk started. Proudly (I think so) he first showed me the gully he works in. Lane after lane he showed me their narrowness, convoluted turns, broken pipes splashing constant water into the gullies, accumulating garbage, entries that often allow you in only if you move sideways and have no paunch. It's not that I'd never observed these before. I had, but never so closely and never with someone working in them. One of the sweepers insisted I take his picture as he displayed how water in the gully was knee deep. Every lane he showed me had some specific problem, although to me each one looked as bad as the last.

Not all buildings were old, a lot of them were recent RCC constructions. Then why were they still bad with sanitation – the same mess, the same foot print? Sunil hinted to me at every lane for a picture. Every sweeper in every gully obliged me and looked forward to my taking a picture of 'his' gully. I wondered if people like me are seen as archivists, tools that have recorded their miseries for the generations yet to come, and hence given them a place in history?

As I walked away after thanking Sunil, I suddenly felt I was now looking at the 'usual' world. I was walking in the same streets as earlier, but previously I was focussing on peeping into gullies that no passer-by looks at, their existence only emphasised by the sudden stench as you walk past. The gullies are also, most of the time, very visible from the streets, but perhaps there is a conscious curtain that blinds the street users to these gullies of dirt and filth?

What is the concept of dirt? How does it define one human being from the other, and how does it define one group of actors from others? I could see the front and back of this city in the same wink and same shot and same frame. What hands paint the front, what imaginations design the front, and how does the back automatically (?) get generated? Who generates it and why? Why is dirt assumed to be a natural occupant of space, while all hate it? Is there a vision in allowing dirt to perpetrate and exist?

READING HISTORIES: MIGRATION AND CULTURE
POLITICS OF MAPPING AND REPRESENTATION OF URBAN COMMUNITIES
KAIWAN MEHTA//MUMBAI//2004-05

What to write, what to leave: There are so many interesting experiences and revelations! The kids were a bit confused about what it was that we intended to do, what their role would be. But as soon as the initial hesitations cleared up, they turned out to be an enthusiastic gang. They took my phone number and called me the very next day from an STD booth to ask me about our next field visit. Bhim told me they're all ready to go out everyday – except Saturdays and Sundays, as they generally play football on these days – and for the entire day too, except the afternoon, as that's their “games period”. They are finding the field trips exciting. I've tried to follow their everyday schedule. It mostly involves roaming around the localities – Kalikapur, canal side along the by-pass, Purba Diganta, and a few nearby places, whenever they want. They search for ripe fruit, bird nests, they catch fish and crabs from small ponds, or just chat. These school dropout kids – Bhim from class VI, Bhola from class III, Gwaja from class II and Shanu from class II – are all close friends too. They have all the character of true “vagabonds”. There's also a little girl, Shyamali, who is a regular school-goer and is now studying in class III. She seems quite enthusiastic about her studies.

Where I was facing a problem in planning the field trips was with the urban kids, who have more occupying schedules. Apart from their regular studies and tuitions, they are involved in several extracurricular activities like music classes, swimming, violin classes. Their presence in the field trips was slowly becoming irregular. So I've done an improvisation by involving Debasmita, a young student of social communication, in this group. She has a good understanding of computers and basic animation, which I thought could be useful. Later, another young graduate, Saikat, has joined the group and accompanies the kids in the fields.

We've had several field trips, which have generated significant data, mostly about plants. At least 20 varieties were identified by the kids, which have different usages. Gandal and Telakuco leaves are for diarrhea, Basak leaves are for cold, Beto Shag for rheumatism, Jarmoni leaves for fever, Rangachite leaves to relieve pain, Jhaupata for wounds, white Bheranda for toothache, Kulekhara for anaemia, Shankhachur leaves for snakebites...

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2004-August/004095.html>

COMMUNITY ECOLOGICAL MAPPING
NILANJAN BHATTACHARYA//KOLKATA//2003-04

There is an emerging urban sociology of self-representation, location, aspiration and intimacy that has been generated, during the last five years, around a newly available visual reality. This visual reality is articulated by means of Digital Mixing (DM): a technique by which hybrid or composite images are produced on Adobe Photoshop, through the reformatting of photographic portraits using stock landscapes, architectural detail, props, costumes, body parts, deities or symbols extracted from the print media and the Net (such stock is usually pirated; licensed software is very rarely encountered in this sphere).

I'd like to dwell on the paradox that, although these images pertain to private life, they are composed from highly public and even interchangeable templates and devices. Further, when treated as a flux or evolving corpus, these images constitute a circuit in which event, memory and representation are intimately connected; and in which trajectories of private desire and directions of social change intersect in ways not always predictable.

The phenomenon under review marks the conjunction of various factors, which I give below in the form of a provisional menu:

THE ADVENT OF NEW TECHNOLOGIES OF REPRESENTATION FORMS

The availability, at the mass level, of new digital pictorial technologies – both hardware and software, as well as efficient and qualitatively viable copying and printing options.

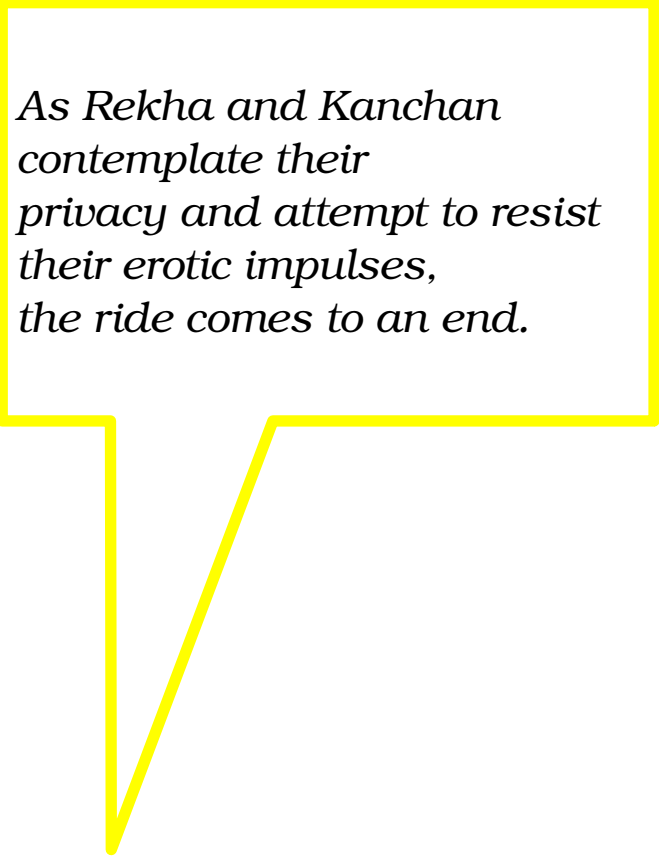
INHERITED TRADITIONS OF REPRESENTATION

The conventions of pose, gaze, look, backdrop and manner that flow from such sources as (a) classic 19th-century photography studio practice, especially using painted trompe l'oeuil backdrops; (b) the lineage of votive donor images, especially in the Vaishnava forms of worship; (c) the demotic idioms that have emphasised such spheres of human activity as leisure and recreation, especially as portrayed through the recording of novelty, new landscapes of pleasure, architectures of desire and fresh imaginations of self through role model, occupation or possessions; (d) the variety of hand-painted photographs popular in various regions in colonial India, and still popular in collage variants; and (e) what may be called the 'shaadi video' culture, which emerged during the late 1980s as video technology entered India, as a progression from customary record by means of still photography.

SPECTACULAR MODELS OF REPRESENTATION

These would range from (a) jingoistic NRI-oriented Hindi films such as Karan Johar's 'Kabhi Khushi Kabhi Gham', which fuse the feudal patriarchal family structure with the affluence of capitalism in the age of globalisation; through (b) theme parties and weddings; and (c) theme parks and film locations as foci of visualisation (especially the Ramoji Film City, Hyderabad); to (d) domestic space-oriented TV serials (their exterior of novelty packages feudal values and structures). I would also include, as influential factors under the rubric of spectacular models of representation (e) the rise of a Page 3 subculture in the popular press and (f) the augmentation of the advertising image during the 1990s, in terms of the formal density of the individual advertising image or text, as well as its widespread dispersal through 24-hour satellite TV and mass-producible vinyl billboards, and its consequent power to penetrate into the fabric of social experience.

**DIGITAL MIXING AND THE TRANSMUTATION OF POPULAR IMAGE-PRODUCTION
IN CONTEMPORARY URBAN INDIAN CONTEXTS
NANCY ADAJANIA//MUMBAI//2003-04**



*As Rekha and Kanchan
contemplate their
privacy and attempt to resist
their erotic impulses,
the ride comes to an end.*

GO TO PAGE 501

In a letter written by John Blackwell, a railway engineer, to Thomas R Wall, Esquire and Secretary to the Great Indian Peninsula Railway Company, on 6 February 1857, on the subject of the sale of timber as observed by Blackwell on his journeys, Blackwell notes “the result of his enquiries consequent on the sale of timber here, the market of which was held yesterday” and observes that “300 cart loads of timber were brought into the mart, of which the principal portion of 275 carts consisted of teak, the remaining 25 of khair” (which I felt was a HUGE amount of wood being cut for a SINGLE market day). However, not all this wood brought in is useful for sleepers, since requirements for railway sleepers are of a very specific kind. As Blackwell says, “Out of this, only 75 carts of teak contained timber of the dimensions that would cut into sleepers, all the khair being of the size required for conversion into that article” (pg 595).

Discussing the market value of the teak logs, Blackwell goes on, “The rate of these 100 carts were Rs. 4 ea., and would average 4 sleepers a cartload. But owing to the length of the logs, which were from 15 to 16 feet, a very great waste would result. This imperfection could be removed should it be necessary for the company (GIPR) to cut their own sleepers by giving Bheels the dimensions of the timber required.” In other words, the railway company is not fully satisfied by the kind of timber that is available in the market and would rather procure its own raw materials by negotiating directly with Bheel labour.

However, questions of ownership rights and control over forests do come in and Blackwell seems well aware of them. He writes, “This timber is brought from the jungles of Gondwalee and Sagabaree, both of which I proceed to visit this day, and are under no conservancy restrictions, but belong to Bheel Rajas who merely levy a toll of 4 annas on each cartload.” Clearly, since the Bheels would know their own forests best, Blackwell and the railway company have found the best way to harvest these forests: by letting the Bheels do it directly, based upon instructions provided by the railway company.

Providing further details of the timber market, Blackwell writes, “The night preceding the market day, merchants and buyers flocked in from all parts of Khandesh, so that it is very evident that this place is the source of supply whereby the demands of this province are satisfied and, further, that parties, when paying for their purchases, generally did so in the old currency of the country and in copper, the Rupee and government copper coins being held by Bheels at a depreciation from their ignorance, whether real or assumed.” (pg 596). I found this paragraph quite fascinating because it symbolised, and clearly suggested, the fact that the colonial state has only a very tenuous existence at this point – not only does it not have any significant widespread legitimacy at this point, even the monetary systems that the colonial state is trying to put in place are far from being a mainstream phenomena. As revealed in the observation by Blackwell, “The terms used by these people (the natives) in asking a price are 'lukkas'; a lukka consists of 1/8th of a paisa.”

**AN ALLEGORICAL, HISTORICAL JOURNEY INTO THE ARCHIVES OF THE GREAT INDIAN
PENINSULAR RAILWAY
VANDANA SWAMI//2004-05**

TALKING TO AHMED ALI, VETERAN PHOTOGRAPHER

Ahmed Ali is famous for his industrial photographs, photographs of the people of Bastar region, and publicity photographs for advertisements.

I've been working as a photographer for about 70 years now. I started professionally after the war and before our Independence. I was about 20 then. You see, after the war effort was over, what would the British do with the "left-over" machines and equipments? They started exporting all sorts of things. That's also true for America... But India also had to cope with the situation. Publicity material – leaflets, brochures etc were required. However, at that point of time our photographers were chiefly trained for studio portraits. The long exposures of studio cameras produced very self-conscious, rigid images. Most photographers lacked experience beyond the studios. Even the positioning/angles of the characters were not always interesting.

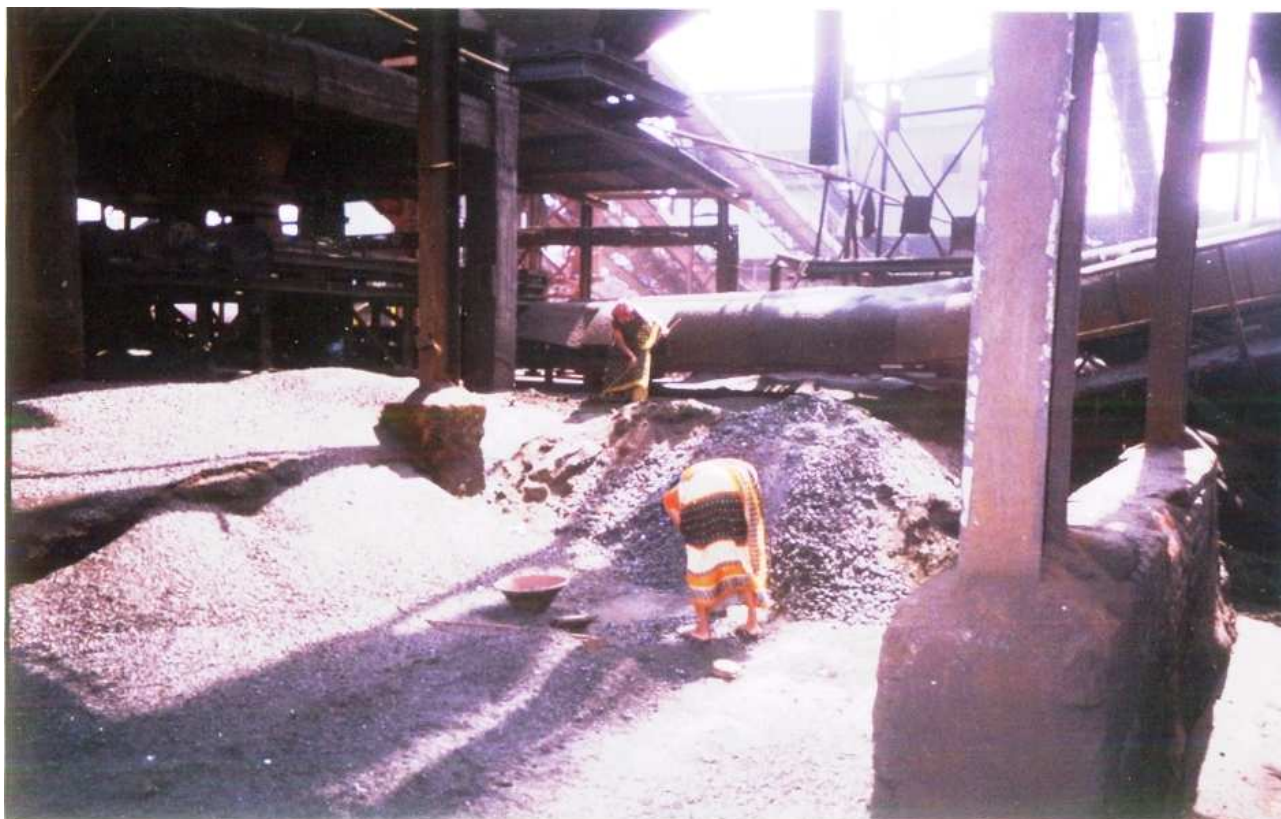
I began in school, and later did photography on my own. The Advertising Manager of the Bombay-based journal 'Onlooker' saw my photographs and recommended me to J. Walter Thompson, which became India Thompson afterwards. I took photographs of the Union Carbide Factory at Cassipore, for Walter Thompson. As a young aspiring photographer, I took great care to create highlights and contrast. I put the background in shadows, made it dark so that I could isolate the man and his machine in the foreground. I was using an American camera named Speed Graphic. This was around 1945... Later, I worked for other advertising agencies. These were mostly European and American companies. In 1948, I started on my own [Palace Court, Calcutta]. Do you see that photograph [showing a photograph of Amitabh Bachchan]? He came here to be a model. I told him to go to Bombay, because advertisements of male products, like suits, were done in Bombay. He took leave from his job and went to Bombay, and after a while his career started.

Anyway, in the process of my work, I've photographed several factories that mushroomed in India. I have about 3 lakhs negatives. You see, I had a busy time. Nonetheless, a project with Tata Steel Plant [for J. Walter Thompson] around 1946 was one the most interesting assignments I got. It tickled my imagination. I took artistic photographs of the workers, and by keeping the steel plant in the background I took photographs of 'advashi' women bathing in the foreground. It was so beautiful and it was such a contrast. It was much appreciated. The Managing Director of Tata Steel saw the photographs and he was so happy. Later, I got an assignment with Tata Steel. I even photographed their photography department!

... High contrast was necessary for blocks, typesetting, titles, logos, designs and other art works. You would get complete black and white letters. One could cut those out, stick those. It'd also be required for half-tone images. That kind of absolute contrast didn't work well with other kinds of professional photography, for we preferred the soft, grey tones.

Similar tones tend to look dull and drab, so we often increased the contrast, retouched the details, change the background. A good advertisement layout should be eye-catching. That's the bottom line. Too much detailing is dispensable, in fact we should put in minimum information. Finally, one has to make an impact.

LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
(RETRIEVING 'LOST' GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA, MID-20TH CENTURY)
MADHUJA MUKHERJEE//KOLKATA//2003-04



Inside a Sponge Iron Company



Workers of Private Colliery of Sarisatali Open Cast Mines

**RESPONSE OF THE LABOUR FORCE TO THE CHANGING URBAN FORMATION
IN ASANSOL INDUSTRIAL AREA
SUDIPTA PAUL//KOLKATA-DELHI//2005-06**



Jay Cinema Hall

CHANGING FACES OF CINEMA HALLS IN DELHI
NANDITA RAMAN//DELHI//2005-06

Ghumprani Golpo Ebong

by Debabrata Bhattacharya

On Kolkata's breast
Wide as wings
Tin sheds and
Iron railings
The bus-stand shelter
Jute bags flapping
Night shelter.
In the December cold
Have moved
To another road
Another pavement address.

Shohorer Gramer Chashi

by Ranajit Sinha

... leaving aside homes, hearths, the path between fields, the
river's pull, trudging mile after mile you came to the city.
Ballygunj to Sealdah, Sealdah to Khidirpur, Khidirpur to
Howrah, you keep walking. Beneath your cracked soles boiling
tar; over your head, a sky dropping fire...

Translations from Bengali by Debjani Sengupta

**COLONY FICTION:
REFUGEE COLONIES AND THEIR REPRESENTATION IN POST-PARTITION KOLKATA
DEBJANI SENGUPTA//DELHI//2005-06**

In the last few months that I've been doing research into the lives of Kashmiris in Delhi, I'm struck by the way that fear and suspicion have got inextricably linked with people's perception of Kashmiris. There has not been a single time when I've not encountered this deep fear when talking to Kashmiris or about Kashmiris. It would seem that the threat perception of the entire city is based on Bollywood flicks such as *Roja*, *Mission Kashmir*, *The Hero* or *Maa Tujhe Salaam*. And now Zee channel has a new serial in which Osama bin Laden has just reached Srinagar.

If TV channels were to broadcast *Jab Jab Phool Khile*, a Bollywood film made almost three decades ago, I wonder what the reaction of the Delhi public would be? In that movie, a Mumbai girl falls in love with a simple Shikarawala and brings him to the city. That encounter leads the Kashmiri to very quickly return back to his home. In fact, the image of a Kashmiri being rather simple minded and foolish lasted till the Dogra Raj. And then, after 1947, till the 1970s, there was this image of the Kashmiri as a peace-loving person but not worthy of trust. All these images did not enter into the public domain, except marginally. But the so-called war against terror has ensured that even the memory of the simple-minded Kashmiri peasant is wiped out and replaced by the image of Kashmiri, the terrorist.

When I decided to study the Kashmiri encounter, I had not anticipated the extent to which Kashmiris themselves have become victims of this image. I had naively thought I'd be able to interview Kashmiris living in Delhi, at least the Kashmiri Muslims would be happy to share their experiences with a fellow Kashmiri. But wherever I went, I encountered an intense fear and suspicion. For the Kashmiri and non-Kashmiri alike, I was the brother of a terrorist. The fact that my brother had been acquitted made no difference at all to their threat perception.

Going through media reports on the arrest of my brother and, later on, the attack on him, I can see clearly a politics of fear. This fear is constructed to reinforce divisions in society and it is used for controlling the population. On the one hand, the fear of the Kashmiri terrorist is promoted by the media, forcing Kashmiris into ghettos in the city; and on the other hand, the very real fear Kashmiris have about state violence is never a part of the public discourse on political violence.

I have had to abandon my idea of doing an objective research into the lives of Kashmiris living in Delhi. However, I will use the interviews and discussions I've had with some Kashmiris to relate it to my own experience of living in Delhi since 1996. First as a student, then as the brother of a terrorist.

After there was an attempt to assassinate my brother on February 8, 2005, I thought things may take a different turn, but I discovered that we became the objects of suspicion and fear.

Those who critique the Kashmiri movement for self-determination because of their critique of identity politics need to understand the reality of the Kashmiri and how both the state and civil society forces him into the mould of an ethnic-religious identity. My account of the Kashmiri encounter in Delhi has exposed how the conflict in Kashmir impacts the everyday lives of Kashmiris living in Delhi, and the role of the media in creating images which construct the Kashmiri as a terrorist. Both the Kashmiri and the Delhiwalas are trapped by this construct. This, I believe, has long term implications for the future of Indian democracy.

THE KASHMIRI ENCOUNTER IN DELHI
SYED BISMILLAH GEELANI//DELHI//2004-05

What is scanning?

Meter. Just by listening you can tell it's an RD song. Jatin-Lalit follow RD's sweet songs (romantic songs). But RD did a lot of gimmick songs, like Mehbooba Mehbooba. Those are tough. But the RD style comes naturally to Jatin-Lalit.

They used to sing in RD's troop?

Yes. Jatin, Lalit, Vijaya (Pandit), Sulochana (Pandit), all of them were kids. They were so small they used to stand on stools as they couldn't reach the mics.

You have a 50 year old career of superhit music making. What are your emotions right now, with the digital methods coming in? Samples. Pro-tools.

See, sound comes to me in an acoustic sensing heart. See right now, I'm talking to you. You're saying 'yes'... 'yes'... 'ya'... 'ya', moving your head, your eyes are shining. There's no beat, but there's an interaction between us. There's a liveliness to it. This is called contact. This is manual talking. Machines cannot do it. Music is also like that. I show you a photo and you say, "wah," but if I take you to Kashmir or Switzerland, you'll say "WAAH". Live acoustic is that thing. I call my guitar player. I'll say, "You're not playing it right." He'll say, "No, I'm playing right." Can a machine say that? I call, say Ramesh, Aiyer, Bhupendra or anybody. They have their own expression, their own language. They speak to me. Their guitar can cry, it can laugh. Are you going to play the same sample for crying as well as laughter? I will call 5 guitar players; everybody plays differently. When they play together in perfect sync, it is music. These are people I depend on. I write a score. I sing it. I play it on the harmonium. Then they come and play that piece with their own interpretation. Flute, mandolin brass section, trumpet, 12 string, guitar. Manual playing makes a lot of difference. I must learn new things like pro-tools. But I must write the score myself.

Do you miss old times?

Studios have become very small. Mics too have changed completely. Recording happens in pro-tools. Earlier we did work on four tracks. Everybody played together, even the singer would sing in one go. Imagine those four minutes! What tension! 'If I make mistake, everybody will look at me,' this is what we thought. There was so much concentration and energy. And above all, the musicians and technicians said, 'If I make a mistake, Lata ji has to sing again. I must not make a mistake.' ...These days people I meet are scared to say that they are musicians. They say all the time, "I'm just learning sir, I'm just learning." You can't test them. They're scared... I play acoustics, I write my score (both Indian and Western notations), then sit with musicians who come prepared, and record them.

See, anybody who comes to me, I tell them that I do only acoustics and hence it will cost you. Yet everybody comes... Like Zeher. I'm a violinist and I call people who've played for 20 years, 25 years. They sit on the chair. Can such a movie flop? ...But I will use pro-tools also. It will be foolish if I don't use the current formats of programming...

Prashant, this is music. Music comes from musicians. I am saying that musicians are there and that's why we say it's music. How can you make music without musicians?

Babloo Chakravarty, Bollywood's legendary arranger. Sixty plus, full of energy. He continues to embellish and give structure to threadbare tunes, just like he did with RD. Babloo da says that he has been a thorough acoustics composer. Almost every third Hindi hit film comes from this humble Bengali old man. Millions of music lovers, especially of the younger generation, must thank this old man for arranging the current super hit Zeher which has the club hit "Vo lamhe".

**DOCUMENTING THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY OF THE MAKING OF THE HINDI FILM SONG
PRASHANT PANDEY//MUMBAI//2004-05**

Bug fixes

Continuing to fix bugs and identifying new ones. Fixed some relatively serious bugs with the implementation of the back end news archive.

New features

It is now possible to classify news from the archive. Thus far, the only way news would get added to issues and categories was during scheduled news download. But, if I added a new category or a new issue, news would get added to it only from the day it was added. I have now added a 'Reclassify News' feature by which it is possible to fetch news from the archive (selectively, or the entire archive) and use that to populate an issue or a category. I had to fix some bugs in the back-end implementation, as well as do some minor redesign to enable greater modularity.

The existing technique of classification is somewhat inefficient, which shows up in the long time it takes to reclassify news if the entire archive is selected. This is because a lot of file I/O based communication is being done between different parts of the system. I will work to reduce some of this file I/O, and make this more efficient.

Student project: improving HTML-to-text filtering

Jaikishan Jalan, from Dhanbad School of Mines, spent about a month's time to work on a standalone project for improving the current HTML-to-text extractor, to eliminate spurious Javascript and other content that was not getting filtered out.

The way NewsRack works is that a news HTML file is first processed to extract the text content. This step is quite crucial to improving the accuracy of classification, because most news HTML files have links to several related articles – the text from these news titles will signal "false" hits for several categories.

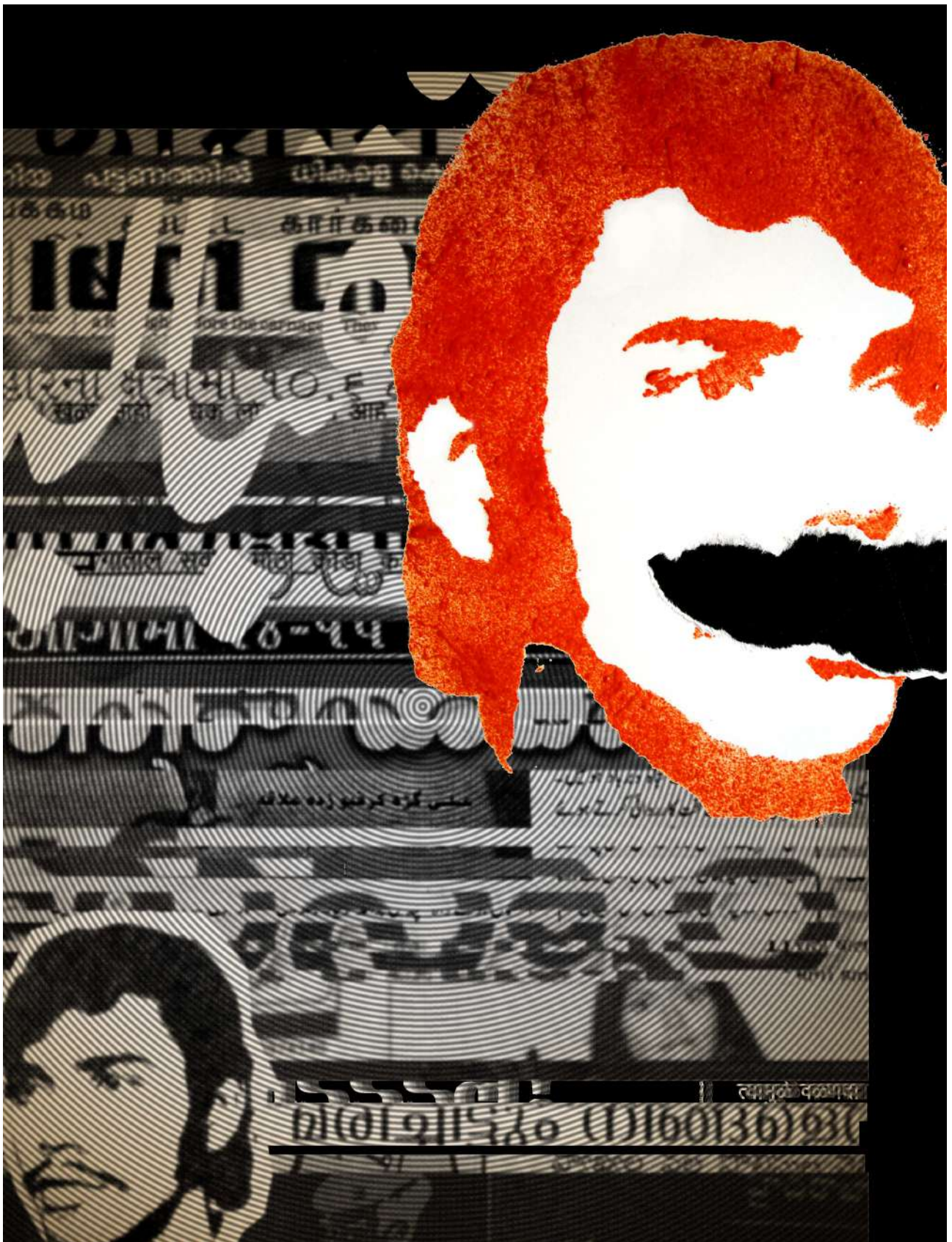
Jaikishan identified why the existing HTML-to-text was not filtering Javascript – this was due to faulty parsing of Swing. He also identified a new HTML parser (htmlparser.sourceforge.net) and worked on porting the filter to use this new parser.

I have, since, used his background work to fix the problems in the current filtering. I have decided to use the Swing HTML parser implementation because (i) it is over 3 times faster than htmlparser – I did some benchmarking runs to determine this, and (ii) there is no need to distribute an additional jar file since Swing already comes with JDK.

Porting backend to MySQL

Jaikishan and I identified a project for him – that of developing a backend MySQL schema for NewsRack and developing a Java class to work with this. We have had some preliminary discussions about the schema design. This requires more work, and we hope to have this completed in the next couple of months.

The current backend uses XML files and the flat file system of the OS for (1) recording user information – ID, password, concepts, categories, profiles (2) archiving downloaded news, maintaining relevant index files for future access, and (3) storing information about classified news in various categories. Some of this is better stored in a database which will also improve efficiency and reduce the in-memory resource consumption of NewsRack at the server side.



URBAN STORIES: A COLLECTION OF GRAPHIC ESSAYS ON THE CITY OF MUMBAI
NIRUPAMA SHEKHAR AND SANJAY RAMACHANDRAN//MUMBAI//2005-06



DIGITALISATION OF POPULAR IMAGE-PRODUCTION IN CONTEMPORARY URBAN INDIAN CONTEXTS
NANCY ADAJANIA//MUMBAI//2003-04

[Reader-list] searching for free libraries on the net

Vivek Narayanan [vivek at sarai.net](mailto:vivek@sarai.net)

Tue Apr 12 14:16:37 IST 2005

- Previous message: [\[Reader-list\] Walking the Station with the Girls](#)
- Next message: [\[Reader-list\] searching for free libraries on the net](#)

Hi,

I'm trying to put together a list of links to free books available on the net; we all know about Gutenberg and Bartleby, but I'm specifically looking for books published after 1930 or so, which might have gone up as a result of initiatives by university presses or other groups. Large excerpts are good, but entire books are better. And I'm especially looking for links to sites with a number of books on them.

Do send me any links you have, and I will compile and repost the link collection to this list.

As a starter, I offer this, UC Press's public archive:
http://texts.cdlib.org/ucpress/authors_public.html

It's a very nice collection, including such classic recent stuff like Timothy Mitchell's *Colonising Egypt*, the collected essays of Robert Creeley, South Asian regional stuff, and so on.

Looking forward to hearing more – Let's map this thing out.

Vivek

- Previous message: [\[Reader-list\] Walking the Station with the Girls](#)
- Next message: [\[Reader-list\] searching for free libraries on the net](#)

THE RECONFIGURATION OF PRODUCTION HAS EFFECTIVELY CHANGED THE CLASSICAL CAPITALIST-PROLETARIAT EQUATION, MAKING THE CITY, A CITY OF ENTREPRENEUR AGENTS.

GO TO PAGE 99

Emotive claims on urban space helped make Bombay home to migrants who could return only when finances permitted. The sphere of print and reading was almost exclusively limited to the non-elite. In the 1890s, Portuguese, English and Konkani texts continued to have largely divided readerships. The Portuguese cookbook, *Recipes for Confectionery and Household Dishes*, prepared by the Portuguese Community in the Bombay Presidency by Maria Luiza Garcez e Mello, was therefore probably intended for elite Goans, while *The Goan Cook's Guide* was explicitly intended for another audience. Pedro Dias' *The Goan Cook's Guide* seems to have had a unifying effect on readers. The title of a 1915 publication, *Goan Cuzneracho Sangat*, the Association of Goan Cooks, suggests it. Another edition of the Guide emerged in Bangalore in 1905. Dias himself was stationed in Quetta, but used the Bombay print market and the sagacity of his brother who worked there, to get an appropriate introduction written to his text.

The Goan Cook's Guide must have been invaluable to cooks as it had interest tables, salary charts, glossaries, menus, and a vocabulary in English, French, Hindustani and Konkani, apart from recipes in Konkani for, among other things, the Half-pay Pudding, Conservative Pudding, Nurse Hannah's Pudding and Mysterious Pudding. Similarly, the recipes in João Manuel de Souza's *The Goan Barman's Guide* for the Byculla Cocktail, Cholera Cocktail, Corpse Reviver, India Cocktail, Stars and Stripes and American lemonade, suggest that an ease with Anglo-American drinking habits among barmen employed on ships, in clubs, and in restaurants, had to be swiftly acquired.

**MANUEL IN THE CITY: A SEMI-FICTIONALISED ILLUSTRATED BOOK ON
THE ARRIVAL AND ABSORPTION OF GOAN MIGRANTS TO MUMBAI
ROCHELLE PINTO//MUMBAI//2004-05**

“What they mainly need is an education in the puranas, poetry, drama, figures of speech etc, particularly in Malayalam and a little in English. In any case, the language that women need to learn the most is Sanskrit. The source of all the books that can refine the intellect and are particularly pleasing to women is the Sanskrit language...”

In the essay titled “Malayali Women and Education” that appeared in the Aug-Sep 1907 issue of Sarada, Vasudevan Moosath advocates a knowledge of literature, particularly in Sanskrit, as essential to a woman's education. He cites the example of mythical women such as Gargi and Maitreyi to suggest that women should become learned (references to mythical women scholars abound in many essays).

This kind of argument is deployed by women too in support of education, that when a woman can hold her own in conversation with her educated husband, there will be marital harmony and this will keep both parties from straying away from the marriage. In the context of the polyandrous and/or serially monogamous Nair women of Kerala, this becomes an important tool to curtail her sexual freedom and regulate her sexuality within an institution such as marriage.

This is also the time when the proposed Nair Marriage Bill – which legalised Nair marriages and thus legally sanctioned monogamy, which was alien to Nairs till now – is being hotly debated in the public sphere. The regulation of woman's desire figures vastly in the debate on education as much as in essays directly concerning the Nair Marriage Bill.

In essays concerning Mohini Attam dancers, one gets a sense of the reformist need to condemn a certain mode of aestheticising the female body and an aestheticised representation of desire. A project for an interior aestheticising of the woman replaces the exterior aestheticising in reformist literature, just as cleanliness and refinement replace excessive use of jewellery and make-up as markers of the woman's attractiveness in essays dealing with physical appearance.

**This is a riddle ! Guess it !
'Tis still a riddle.**

GO TO PAGE 501

This is Joshua Love speaking.

How may I help you?

GO TO PAGE 501

To write the poems, I arranged all the photographs in my high school album. I kept every alternate pocket empty. In these pockets I put pieces of paper and then one by one I wrote poems, looking at the photos.

The photos are the “immersing worlds” for each poem. They are not just about what you'd think if you looked at the photo, they are the things you'd think if you were in that environment. Walking or driving by. What did he say, what did she say, that looks funny.

Advertisements in public spaces (on hoardings, generally) act as anchors, pivots. Which initiate fluctuations in the mindscapes. So some of these poems directly tackle my concerns, doubts, perspectives about my city. Some explore the personal space, which inhabits tiny pockets of the city. Some tackle histories, stories, music.

When I had drafted out all my poems (last to last night), I could see that the pieces of paper and the photographs had made themselves comfortable in the album. Made themselves comfortable with each other, made friends. These photographs and poems joined themselves together and formed a story: the story of me moving around in the city, in the summer, and yellow glimmering hoardings imprinting themselves in my memory, these hoardings taking on a meaning, these hoardings never seeming to talk to me, because I was never in the market for jeans, TV, motorcycle, car, loan, mutual funds...

Yesterday morning I photographed my album.

PUBLICITY, PROMISES & THE PUBLIC SPACE IN AHMEDABAD
PRAYAS ABHINAV//AHMEDABAD//2004-05

In the first phase of my fieldwork in Pune, I conducted a set of structured interviews.
From an interview with L.D. Bhonsle (Dalit Panther, Pune Chapter)

Q. How do you see the Worli Riots?

Worli riots took place in the wake of Central Mumbai parliamentary by-election of 1974. CPI demanded support from the Dalit Panthers. Girni Kamgar Mazdoor Union called for a strike which was supported by the CPI and the CPI(M). Dalit Panthers also participated. Namdeo Dhasal addressed the crowd and said, "You are not the original communist. I am a real communist because I am poor and I still stay in a ghetto." The Times of India reported this on the very first page. S.A. Dange's daughter Rosa Dange was a candidate of CPI. Some one lakh voters of Dalit Panthers boycotted the election and she won. Y.B. Chavhan, the then Congress CM of Maharashtra, with help of Shiv Sena and the police, took action against Dalit Panther activists.

From an interview with Avinash Mahatekar (Dalit Panther)

Q. Can you tell us something about the chain of events leading to the Worli riots?

There was a Parliamentary by-election in 1974 for Central Bombay Lok Sabha constituency. Since it was a Dalit-dominated constituency, the Republican Party of India, considering its stronghold over the electorate under the leadership of R.S. Gawai, supported the Congress candidate B.C. Kamble. Surprisingly, not all voters were happy with the Republican Party supporting a Congress candidate. Republican masses were attracted to a militant group which was very active then and was aggressively fighting against caste oppression by the caste Hindus. The Dalit Panthers had declared a boycott of the election, which naturally would have hampered the winnability of the Congress candidate.

The actual incident began with a public meeting which was held at Dr. Ambedkar Maidan at Worli. Here the Dalit Panther leaders and activists were to announce the boycott of the upcoming by-elections. Leaders like Namdeo Dhasal, J.V. Powar, Raja Dhale addressed the meeting. Shiv Sena activists got infuriated at Dhasal's fiery speech and started pelting stones on the dais. This led to retaliation from the Dalit activists assembled in the meeting.

Half of the Worli chawls were inhabited by policemen whose young, male family members were activists of the Shiv Sena. The fighting went on for ten days. During the night, the young Sainik brigade used to disguise themselves as policemen and attack the chawls in which Dalits resided. Many of the Dalit families initially remained under the false impression or illusion that these are policemen who have come to provide safety to Dalit hamlets, but they were faced with the reality soon that actually these were the Sainiks who had meticulously planned this form of disguised attack.

The elderly and senior leaders of Republican Party of India failed to protect the Dalit youth. The Congress party was vindictive. Shiv Sena was in opposition. Some Left activists came to help the Panthers. Leftists and Socialists supported our cause and they boosted the Panthers to fight against the police brutality. While protesting the police brutality, Raja Dhale got injured. He announced a protest march from Naigaon to Worli. The police disrupted the march, in which Bhagwat Jadav was killed when a stone hit his forehead.

CASTE VIOLENCE IN URBAN MAHARASHTRA:

A STUDY OF THE 1974 WORLI RIOTS, A BREAKING POINT IN THE DALIT PANTHERS MOVEMENT
ARVIND KUMAR//DELHI//2006-07

With the beginning of the nationalist movement, we see the emergence of new discourses shaping ideal femininity. An essay I have translated, by Puthelath Govinda Menon, in *Lakshmibhai* (1930) titled, “Two Words to our Girl Children,” warns women that English education was introduced in India to create go-betweens for the British administrative system, and that even men find it very hard to subsist with what they earn as clerks and lawyers. At the end of the essay he exhorts women to take up spinning and weaving, “an activity you can easily undertake and that will enlighten the whole country.” Govinda Menon concludes, “May the sacred clothes that your pure hands weave spread throughout Kerala.” Here we see a new public role imagined for women that does not disrupt the essentialist gendered division of space into the public and the domestic.

However, this use of the nationalist discourse to keep women away from a modern education seems to have been anticipated by K. Padmavati Amma as early as in 1918. In the essay titled “Do Our Women Need English Education?” in the Aug-Sep issue of *Lakshmibhai* – a curious essay that presents the opposite case satirically – she says that the retrogressive Panchu Menon and Pangassa Menon (two humorous characters from early reformist Malayalam novels, *Indulekha* and *Meenakshi*, both of which advocate modern education for women) seem to have woken up again to protest against the changes that are happening due to women's education. They ascribe these changes to a “bhramam” (craze) brought on by English education. She lists the various complaints that they have against women educated in the Western manner: that they wake up late, expect maidservants to serve them breakfast in bed, do not care for the household nor the well-being of the husband, insist on wearing a blouse, do not wear jewellery that so attracts men and thus lack *sringara*, read novels, play the fiddle and sing Hindustani songs. She adds that since everyone is in the grip of “Swadeshi” and “Home Rule” now, this is an opportune time to ask women to give up English and everything associated with it. She ends her essay with a wake-up call to women, “Respectable sisters! You should not be disheartened by such gossip and malice or be frightened by the likes of Panchu Menon and Pangassa Menon. Instead, you should put all your effort into acquiring a relevant English education and fulfilling your obligations arising from such an education.” Like in the earlier essay by P. Kavamma, Padmavati Amma too recognises the colonial inevitability of an English education and seems to delink English education from servility to the English. Instead, she associates English education with access to the radicalism of European liberal thought.

EARLY WOMEN'S MAGAZINES IN KERALA AND THE CONSTRUCTION OF FEMININITY
T. P. SABITHA//DELHI//2004-05

What is the relationship of these stories to speech, literature and poetry? Could you elaborate a little on Ghalib's view of these dastans? Have other major writers commented on these texts?

The Dastans are obviously embedded in the literary culture where poetry was always meant to be recited aloud. Poetry encountered in the dastans may be of several kinds. The compositions of the dastango himself, of his ustad or patrons, of rival poets who may be ridiculed; there may be dohas, kabits or quatrains from braj and awadhi; there might be masnavis, long poems, ghazals, qasidas and even hujus, that is satirical poems. Basically poetical interruptions, I surmise, would have served the same purpose as present day song breaks – a time to refill the huqqa, replenish the opium and refill the glass.

As far as speech is concerned, obviously the template for many scenes was the actual spoken language. So, often in scenes depicting common people or the bazaar or particular classes like dhobis, kalwars, mochis or kumhars, you find a rustic awadhi being used. But eventually, the Dastango was creating not only his own world, but also his own language. His virtuosity lay not in imitating the speech patterns outside, but in creating a speech that was in consonance with the progress and pattern of his Dastan.

We do know for sure that Ghalib loved these Dastans, for he has commented in a letter how he was thrilled because he had six cases of wine, six volumes of a Dastan, and it was raining. And he wrote a few poems using the chief characters of Dastans. But he did not write or elaborate much more than that about Dastans. We can also surmise that Mir loved Dastans but, again, he has not directly commented upon it. It is the same with the other major writers. We know there were Dastangos attached to courts, but it was such a self-evident part of cultural life that not too many people commented upon it formally.

But have there been Dastans/narratives about 'historical' events?

As far as I know there haven't been any. You might find the occasional reference to actual historical events as such, like there is the firangi aiyyar, but no actual historical Dastans. They were a means purely for secular entertainment, through a mode of story telling in which the story mattered as much as its telling.

Questions posed by Punam on the Reader-List

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-May/005553.html>

Responses by Mahmood from

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-July/005949.html>

**TALE TELLERS: DASTANGOYEE, THE CULTURE OF STORYTELLING IN URDU
MAHMOOD U. R. FAROOQUI//DELHI//2004-05**

This month has been devoted to weaving together records in government documents on Goan prisoners. Though these are terse statements of the nature of the crime, or personal details of absentee accused, they provide necessary traces through which to construct characters and lives in the narrative I am working on constructing. Female domestic labour in both Goa and Bombay, for instance, fled to the other city/region once they had committed a theft, to start a new life. As always, there is such little detailed information, in this case even about the lives of the relatively mobile Catholic Goan women, that these police records become precious sources. It is through these that we hear of “a negress from Mozambique”, who stole money and gold from her employer's house to begin a life with her lover in Bombay, but confessed that she had been duped by him, as he had taken her loot and abandoned her.

Police records of thieves had to provide a thumbnail sketch of the absconding accused. The pointlessly generic nature of description in these can be amusing, and in fact, the exchange of records invariably allows one to elicit a potential character for a narrative from among police officers as well as prisoners. Whether confronted with the cunning of thieves or peasant rebels, policemen and government officials always seem the least resourceful and least imaginative. In the face of the audacity, originality and facetiousness of criminals, it would appear from a reading of original documents, that the duller, the less imaginative, the slower-on-the-uptake of the two opposed sides were the policemen.

A short aside from thieves is provided by records of drummers and buglers deserting their posts in the military band of the British army to return to Goa. No other detail throws light on this apparently whimsical move. Why would drummers abandon a regular job? One is tempted to imagine that there may have been aesthetic reasons for their desertion. Perhaps their sensibilities were wounded by military marches. Perhaps the hours were too long, perhaps they were biding their time until the Bombay film industry picked up business.

Police Records on Goan Migrants

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-February/005098.html>

**MANUEL IN THE CITY: A SEMI-FICTIONALISED ILLUSTRATED BOOK ON THE ARRIVAL AND
ABSORPTION OF GOAN MIGRANTS TO MUMBAI
ROCHELLE PINTO//MUMBAI//2004-05**

DEAR FRIENDS,
OPPOSE MCD'S DECISION TO CLOSE DOWN SUNDAY BOOK BAZAAR

YOU MIGHT BE AWARE THAT THE MCD HAS DECIDED TO CLOSE DOWN THE HISTORIC
SUNDAY BOOK BAZAAR AT DARYAGANJ IN DELHI.

THE BOOK BAZAAR HAS EXISTED FOR OVER FOUR DECADES. IT IS A PARADISE FOR BOOK LOVERS ALL OVER DELHI AND BEYOND, AS A VARIETY OF RARE BOOKS ARE USUALLY AVAILABLE IN THIS MARKET AT VERY AFFORDABLE PRICES. IT'S A CLICHÉ TO SAY THAT BOOKS ONE CAN'T FIND ANYWHERE ELSE WOULD BE AVAILABLE IN THE DARYAGANJ SUNDAY BAZAAR. FOR MANY STUDENTS, THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE FROM WHERE THEY CAN AFFORD TO PURCHASE A BOOK. FROM STUDENTS TO ARTISTS TO DESIGNERS TO THEORISTS TO ACTIVISTS – DARYAGANJ IS THE FAVOURITE PLACE TO BE ON A SUNDAY. THIS IS THE REASON WHY THIS BAZAAR HAS OCCUPIED AN IMPORTANT PLACE IN THE COLLECTIVE PSYCHE OF BOOK LOVERS IN DELHI FOR GENERATIONS.

MCD'S DECISION TO CLOSE DOWN THE BOOK BAZAAR HAS COME AS A RUDE SHOCK, SINCE THIS BAZAAR IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF DELHI'S CULTURE AND HERITAGE. HARIT RECYCLERS ASSOCIATION (HRA), A REGISTERED ORGANIZATION OF SMALL JUNK DEALERS, MANY OF WHOM HAVE BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH THE SUNDAY BOOK BAZAAR, HAS DECIDED TO OPPOSE THIS DECISION. CHINTAN AND HRA HAVE JOINED HANDS TO HOLD A “DHARNA” OUTSIDE THE MCD OFFICE ON JULY 7, AS A FIRST STEP.

WE REQUEST ALL OF YOU TO COME OUT IN OPEN AGAINST THE ARBITRARY DECISION BY THE MCD. WE REQUEST MEMBERS ASSOCIATED WITH SAJHA MANCH AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS AND INDIVIDUALS TO SUPPORT AND PARTICIPATE IN THE DHARNA.

For more information, please contact Shashi Bhushan Pandit of Chintan-HRA, 9350271397, or quick mail at hra@chintan-india.org

You can also snail mail us at
12-Jangpura Market, Near Eros Cinema, New Delhi-110014.

Date of Dharna:
07 July 2005

Venue:
Town Hall, MCD Office
Near Chandani Chowk

Time:
11:00 a.m

Hope to see you all !!

[HTTP://MAIL.SARAL.NET/PIPERMAIL/READER-LIST/2005-JULY/005906.HTML](http://MAIL.SARAL.NET/PIPERMAIL/READER-LIST/2005-JULY/005906.HTML)

POSTING BY [HRA AT CHINTAN-INDIA.ORG](http://HRA.AT.CHINTAN-INDIA.ORG)

“I watched TV all night on the day of the hanging. We've never seen a hanging. I wanted to watch the hanging to know how a normal, living person was turned into a dead man.”

GO TO PAGE 143

BY VIRTUE OF BEING ON
GLASS PLATES, THE
NEGATIVES HAD A
FRAGILE QUALITY, AND
THE LARGER NEGATIVES
(AT TIMES 11X14 INCHES)
WERE SOMEWHAT LIKE
PAINTING FRAMES. THEY
HAD TO BE HANDLED
WITH CARE.

[GO TO PAGE 411](#)

THE REFERENCE TO FULL BENCH IS,

"Whether the daughter of a permanent resident of the state of Jammu and Kashmir marrying a non-permanent resident loses her status as a permanent resident of the state of Jammu and Kashmir to hold, inherit and acquire immovable property in the state."

'The High Court Judgement... Boon or Doom for Kashmir, by Aasiaa Jeelani, in Voices Unheard, Vol 2/April-June 2003 (Archival submission)

Aasia Jeelani (9 February 1974 – 20 April 2004) finished her formal education at the Media Education Research Center (MERC) at Kashmir University. She had an energy about her which was noticeable to friends and acquaintances. She began her professional career as a trainee cum researcher with the Agence France Presse (AFP), Kashmir bureau, in 1998; in 2001 she started working with the Times of India as an intern. This phase of a 'regular' professional engagement did not last as there was something else that was tugging at her, pulling her towards itself.

Aasia joined the Jammu and Kashmir Coalition of Civil Society (CCS), an umbrella of several organizations that have come together to bolster civil society efforts in a variety of ways. Within some time she, along with a few friends, founded the Kashmiri Women's Initiative for Peace and Development (KWIPD). This initiative ran within the ambit of CCS, but had an autonomous mandate. The initiative started by documenting the issues of women and how the violence of the past many years had affected them. This took the form of a newsletter that the KWIPD took out by the name of *Voices Unheard*. Aasia was its editor.

Aasia became a key representative on the civil rights movement in Kashmir, and especially of the issues of women. She wrote in an issue of *Voices Unheard*, that in the numerous trouble spots of the world, women are at the receiving end of the consequences of violence and that the "causes may be different, but repercussions are the same. One of the aims of [meeting other women activists] is to have interactions with women from other conflict regions and see the way they work. And the feeling of isolation that we experience would be to an extent surmounted."

Aasia, then, was looking for an active agency that shaped and defined her concerns, and a community that shared these concerns and supports them. This for her was an effort that could, in some measure, address the repercussions of violence for the countless women who have suffered through the years of conflict that Kashmir has seen. As time would tell, her efforts and her subsequent death instilled a confidence in others to contribute and shape a discourse on the position of women in this society.

These are the final lines of her last editorial for *Voices Unheard*, for the January-March 2004 issue, just before she died: "Circumstances demand that confidence has to be instilled in women who have been victims of rape, torture, molestation and widowhood, so that they can rethink and restart their lives with a new spirit. We will continue with our efforts."

Regards,
Shafia Wani

AESTHETICS OF RESISTANCE AND WOMEN IN KASHMIR
SHAFIA WANI//SRINAGAR//2006-07



A typical *pol* of Ahmedabad

Ahmedabad, the seventh largest city in India, has a population of more than 4 million today. The city began in 1411, on the banks of the river Sabarmati with the Badshah's palace located in Bhadra fort, and the Jama Masjid as a focal point in the organisation of the city.

Over the years, the inner city became compact, with a network of streets which have remained organic in nature till today.

This urban fabric is well known as the *pols* of Ahmedabad.

My hypothesis is that women feel more comfortable in this urban landscape due to its human scale, pedestrian distances, familiarity of the surroundings and social support network.

By contrast, the new modern part is based on Western notions of planning, supposedly bringing in a new era of order and freedom of movement.

It needs to be questioned if this is true.

WOMEN AND THEIR SPATIAL NARRATIVES IN THE CITY OF AHMEDABAD
MADHAVI DESAI//AHMEDABAD//2004-05



Jai Cinema Hall

CHANGING FACES OF CINEMA HALLS IN DELHI
NANDITA RAMAN//DELHI//2005-06

This photo...
I need to get over this.

She walks about with the photo. He stares baffled at her. And says...

What the hell is she saying? I can't understand anything she says sometimes.

He walks to his laptop.

I've been trawling the Internet for god knows how long. There must be hundreds of Aishwarya Rai's and four hundred John Abraham's on Orkut. And there are hundreds of bots.

Bots – programmes that wander the Internet pretending to be people.

I once had a conversation with one.

I was in a chat room... and there was this Syrian gang of men who were flaming the crap out of some guy who had said something about the Prophet.

And I had just left another room where a group of guys from Baroda were flaming the shit out of some Yankee who had called Ram a character from a comic book.

So there are quotes sailing through the air – Sanskrit, Bible, Arabic, Geeta, Quran...

And, "Fuck you, you hippie American, with your McDonald brand of democracy..."

"Go back to the desert you Osama-loving sand nigger."

And in the middle of all that, I met this *bot*.

She walks up to him and holds his hands.

She says softly...

- Hi. Wanna chat?

He says...

And that was the sanest, clearest voice in the room.

And I said – Sure! I want to. A/S/L.

And she says...

- Hey there, what are you looking for?

He says...

- Oh. Nothing... Just conversation... You remind me of someone.

She says...

- Click this link...

He says...

- and there's a URL.

She walks away,

And he says...

And then she was gone.

Hello. R U there? N.E.1 there?

A digital voice calling out into the cyberspace – a digital echo.

I clicked the link and am back in the gutter – hetai, anal, oral...

I miss her.

I miss the bot.

She was someone to talk to.

She reminded me what I was supposed to do...

VIKRAM AND VETAL: A CONTEMPORARY URBAN PLAY
RAM GANESH KAMATHAM//BANGALORE//2006-07

One can hardly forget Madan the mess-attendant in the film 'Sare Chuattar'. Even if we put the inimitably stylised performance of Nabadwip Haldar in that seriocomic role behind us, the dazzling articulacy of the character – Madan's sheer eloquence – is absolutely unforgettable. Having quite a nose for gossip and awkward details of the personal lives of the mess-residents, Madan proudly declares to the newcomers:

“If Madan is dysfunctional,
the mess is dysfunctional.”

MESSING WITH THE BHADRALOKS:

**TOWARDS A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE MESS HOUSES IN CALCUTTA, 1890s-1990s
KOLKATA//BODDHISATTVA KAR AND SUBHALAKSHMI ROY//2004-05**

PEER-TO-PEER NETWORK

A distributed network architecture may be called a Peer-to-Peer network, if the participants share a part of their own hardware resources (processing power, storage capacity, network link capacity, printers, and so on). These shared resources are necessary to provide the service and content offered by the network. They are accessible by other peers directly, without passing intermediary entities. The participants of such a network are thus resource providers and resource requestors.

GNUTELLA

The Gnutella P2P filesharing protocol is an open, decentralized group membership and search protocol, mainly used for file sharing. The term Gnutella also designates the virtual network – Internet-accessible hosts running Gnutella-speaking applications and a number of smaller, and often private, disconnected networks.

- o Completely decentralised
 - o Hit rates are high
 - o High fault tolerance
- o Adopts well and dynamically to changing peer populations
 - o Simple, robust and scalable
 - o Protocol causes high network traffic
- o No estimates on the duration of queries can be given
 - o No probability for successful queries can be given
 - o Topology is unknown
- o Reputation of peers is not addressed

FREENET

Freenet is a distributed information storage and retrieval system which addresses concerns such as privacy and availability. The system operates as a location-independent distributed file system across many servers, that allow files to be inserted, stored and requested anonymously.

- o Completely decentralised
 - o High fault tolerance
 - o Robust and scalable
- o Automatic replication of content
- o Adopts well and dynamically to changing peer populations
 - o Spam content less of a problem
 - o Adaptive routing preserves network bandwidth
 - o Supports anonymity of publishers and readers
- o No estimates on the duration of queries can be given
 - o No probability for successful queries can be given
 - o Topology is unknown
- o Reputation of peers is not addressed

P2P NEWS DISTRIBUTION NETWORK
SOUJAVA DAS//KOLKATA//2003-04

Ghulam Hassan, a 39-year-old farmer of a village in Kupwara, was picked up in 2002 by what he hesitantly calls 'unidentified gunmen'. He was lucky, unlike 12,000 other Kashmiris who have undergone similar enforced disappearances and never returned.

"For seven days I didn't see sunlight. Everyday, I saw a number of people coming to me for an assigned task. The first group beat me with gun butts till I lost consciousness. As I regained my senses, another group was ready to torture me with electric shocks. They were beasts. They didn't spare even my private parts. In the evening, they gave me an injection," he recalls. He was set free after 7 days.

The arduous routine ended, but not the suffering. It lengthened with each passing day. Back home, Hassan continued to cry in pain. The unlicensed chemist-cum-practitioner in his neighbourhood prescribed Fort Win injection, a pentazocine drug of the morphine group with a strong sedative effect. Over days, when the affect of the injections lessened, Hassan increased the dosage. In two years, he was taking twenty injections per day. It cost him Rs. 1000 per day.

Hassan had a decent income from the apple orchards he owned. But the dependence on Fort Win ruined him physically, financially, mentally and morally. Spending most of his time in the haze of morphine led him to neglect the orchards, resulting in the shrinking of his income.

"Once, one of my friends died in front of me. I forced myself indoors for seven days. On the eighth day, when I stepped out, I went straight to the chemist and injected another dose. Then someone suggested a de-addiction centre in Srinagar and I volunteered to become an inmate." After a lull of 10 days, the craving returned.

Hassan started selling his portable property. When he had nothing to pay for the injections, he tried to strike a deal for selling his 16-year-old daughter to a friend. A relative then took him to Dargah Hazratbal, a historical mosque and dargah by the Dal Lake, which houses the holiest relic in Kashmir: a hair from the beard of the Prophet. Hundreds of devotees visit the Dargah daily. This was the beginning of the end of the two-year-old ordeal.

He doesn't shy away from counting certain attributes of the dargah which go into making it thereaupeutic. "This is the only place in the city where you won't find men with Kalashnikovs on their shoulders. All the people you meet here are victims in one way or another, and interacting with them makes you identify yourself with the troubles of others."

Each Friday, Hassan visits the dargah and spends the entire day here. I noticed him during both my visits to the sacred place in pursuance of my Fellowship. It was the composure of his countenance and the serene look in his eyes that tempted me to initiate a conversation with him.

THE SHRINE AS ANODYNE IN KASHMIR
HILAL BHAT//SRINAGAR//2004-05

What is there in the universe is in the human body. <http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2006-January/006762.html> Those melas too are, undoubtedly, always, already in transition. <http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2006-March/007192.html> There may be something deeper, which I cannot fathom. <http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2006-May/007549.html> Thousands of people have gathered. Dusk sets in. The crowd swells. She lets me into her small hut. <http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2006-March/007156.html>



Collecting Coal



Waiting for coal

**RESPONSE OF THE LABOUR FORCE TO THE CHANGING URBAN FORMATION
IN ASANSOL INDUSTRIAL AREA
SUDIPTA PAUL//KOLKATA-DELHI//2005-06**

Dalit Panther Manifesto - Some Glimpses and Observations (Bombay 1973)

Who is a Dalit?

Members of scheduled castes and tribes, neo-Buddhists, the working people, the landless and poor peasants, women, and all those who are being exploited politically, economically and in the name of religion.

Who are our friends?

- 1) Revolutionary parties set to break down the caste system and class rule. Left parties that are Left in the true sense.
- 2) All other sections of society that are suffering due to economic and political oppression.

Who are our enemies?

- 1) Power, wealth, price.
- 2) Landlords, capitalists, moneylenders and their lackeys.
- 3) Those parties who indulge in religious or casteist politics and the government which depends upon them.

Burning Questions Before Dalits Today

- 1) Food, clothing and shelter.
- 2) Employment, land and untouchability.
- 3) Social and physical injustice.

Our Programmes

- 1) The question of landlessness of the Dalit peasants must be resolved.
- 2) The oppression, exploitation and endemic atrocities on Dalits by landlords and rich peasants must be destroyed.
- 3) The wages of landless labourers must be increased.
- 4) Dalits must be allowed to draw water from public wells.
- 5) Dalits must live not outside the village in a separate ghetto, but in the village itself.
- 6) All means of production must belong to the Dalits.
- 7) Exploitation by private capital must cease.
- 8) Social, cultural and economic exploitation must be removed and socialism must be built in India.
- 9) All Dalits must be assured of daily wages.
- 10) Unemployed Dalits must be given unemployment benefits.
- 11) All Dalits must be given free education, medical facilities, housing and good quality cheap grain.
- 12) When giving employment in educational institutions, the requirements to declare one's caste and religion must immediately be removed.
- 13) The government must stop giving grants to religious institutions immediately, and the wealth of religious places must be used for the benefit of Dalits.
- 14) Religious and casteist literature must be banned.
- 15) The division in the army along caste lines must be ended.
- 16) Black marketers, hoarders, money lenders and all those exploiting the people economically must be destroyed.
- 17) The prices of essential commodities must be refunded.

Posted to Sarai Reader-List on Sun Aug 5 02:21:03 IST 2007

**CASTE VIOLENCE IN URBAN MAHARASHTRA: A STUDY OF THE 1974 WORLI RIOTS, A
BREAKING POINT IN THE DALIT PANTHERS MOVEMENT
ARVIND KUMAR//DELHI//2006-07**

The magical universe is also parodied in some ways, isn't it? Have you thought of Bettelheim's 'Uses of Enchantment' in this context?

Certainly, parody is always present around the corner when the magical universe is being described. But on the other hand, as in the passage we narrated about Amar Ayyar getting trapped in a tilism where all food turns to dust, the world of tilism can also be presented as an object lesson for its creators as well as its opponents. In this particular case, Amar is reminded of his own unworthiness and smallness because, for all his cunning, for all the wealth of the zambil (bag/pandora's box) full of goodies from the Prophets and other notables, he is unable to feed himself...

Really, eventually it depends on the Dastango and what he wants to make of the action. The same passage or event may be treated with sarcasm by one teller and be filled with terror by another.

Of course, Uses of Enchantment would be highly useful in apprehending the world of Dastans, as would Todorov's study of 'the fantastic' and Jackson's explication of fantasy as the literature of subversion. I am yet to get to them, for I am still fascinated by this freewheeling run of the imagination, the construction of an imaginary where the world is rearranged as the writer sees fit, which has an autonomous moral economy of its own. But this would be more useful once I have dwelt longer and better on the Dastans themselves...

It's a wondrous creation after all. As ABru says -

Daaman-e Dasht kiya naqsh-e Qadam soon pur gul
Kis bahaaran ka yeh deewaana tamashaai hai

Questions posed by Punam on the Reader-List

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-May/005553.html>

Responses by Mahmood from

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-July/005949.html>

**TALE TELLERS: DASTANGOYEE, THE CULTURE OF STORYTELLING IN URDU
MAHMOOD U. R. FAROOQUI//DELHI//2004-05**

Negri and Sassen deal with the issue of vertical living, which in present day Kolkata has surfaced as a seemingly irreversible aspect of developmentality. Vertical structures are presently believed to have the answer for the two main problems associated with the “menace of growing population in the urban space” – namely, housing problem and the traffic riddle. As a result, the recent boom in the real estate sector in and around Kolkata has seen a steady growth of tallish apartments with 5 or even more floors, the tallest one claiming to be a whooping 32-storeyed building.

This upward movement in living significantly coincides with the current fly-over culture in the city. The recently enthroned Left Front board in the Kolkata Municipal Corporation has pledged to build the longest and costliest fly-over, thereby adding another one to the list of vertical fly-paths in the city.

The transport minister has floated the idea of a monorail, scheduled to cover the length and breadth of the city, a few feet above the ground.

Now, I'd like to point out, verticality has begun to be seen as emblematic of urban space. And, on the other hand, horizontality is taken, now more than ever, as something that signifies the rural space. As everyone knows, verticality in urban areas is a human construct (thing of culture), while the horizontal topography of the rural space is quintessentially a thing of nature. The new urban space, however, seeks to subsume the rural only to flaunt it as its unique selling point. Be it the sprawling lake NALBAN, or farm houses with rural flavour, or artificial sea-waves and sea coast at the water park AQUATICA, the promise is one of transporting the fatigued city dweller to the unblemished wealth of nature, far from the polluted environs of the city.

The urban housing sector, too, seems to have lapped up this idea of subsuming the rural. Both 'South City', the south Kolkata housing earmarked for the HIG customer, and 'Fortune City', a huge LIG and MIG housing project a few kilometers away from the city proper, have at least one thing in common: an explicit accent on the things of nature. In other words, an accent on horizontality.

Thus, having subsumed the rural, the urban goes on to hegemonise the space of development with its typical vertical image and imagination.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NEW URBAN LEISURE IN KOLKATA
SOVAN TARAFDAR//KOLKATA//2004-05

How did the family majdoors experience and cope with the attempts by mine-owners to intensify labour, the predisposition of decimating “subsistence predicaments” and the onrush of their household-familial organisation of life?

The mining community adopted more than one strategy to cope with the situation, and they responded in multifarious ways. They evolved new tactics. After the ban on child labour (below 13 years) in 1923, the Kamins hid their children in mines when white men visited, and left 'older' ones in the care of family members of other retired/old women in Dhowras. They thus contrived to come to terms with the regimenting of work-discipline. I would like to explore further how colliers came to terms with the new rules and regulations.

Yet, some Kamins could not successfully fight the gradual process of marginalisation. The conservative philanthropists, scholars, the masculine labour economy of the employers and the State acted in collusion against the rights of the Kamins to employment. One 'proletariat philanthropist', Kamini Roy, advocated the voice of such Kamins, and also demanded maternity benefits. Some hundreds of family majdoors remonstrated.

In 1930-31, several pairs of Malcuttas and loaders – from Santhals, Bauris and Bilaspuri social groups in particular – left the mines in search of work in places they could work together. In this context, some of them concentrated themselves in quarry work in the coalfield. Thousands of male and female mazdoors organised a protest-demonstration in 1934 in Jamadoba.

WORKERS IN THE JHARIA COALFIELD, FAMILY-TIME/WORK, SURVIVALITIES AND MINING CAPITALISM: 1920s-1970s
DHIRAJ K. NITE//DELHI//2003-04

Beervati, 40 years.

Where do you live?
Indravikas.

Where have you come from?
Muradabad.

The Move to the City

Why did you leave your village?
We left the village in distress.

What distress?
There was nothing to earn, no work, no land or property, If there were no problems in the village, why would we ever come here? We had children to raise.

When you first came here... do you remember anything about that journey?
What to remember, we had taken a loan to come here.

How did you pay for the ticket?
From the loan.

How much loan did you have to take?
We'd taken a loan of Rs. 5000. We thought, we're going to a new city, how will we feed our children if we don't have money.

How many of you came here initially?
I have four sons and four daughters. We all came together.

How old are they?
My eldest daughter is 18 years old.

How many years ago did you come here?
6 years.

What all did you bring with you?
We didn't bring anything. We bought everything here, even the utensils, after we came here. We didn't even bring clothes; we didn't have any to bring.

Who told you you can earn in Delhi?
People say... people in our village would say that if you go to Delhi you can earn there. We also knew people in our village who had come to Delhi.

How many years after your marriage did you come here?
20 years.

Had you come to Delhi before that?
No, never.

ROZMARRA KE KAAMON KE BADALTE DAAM
ROHINI PATKAR//DELHI//2003-04

Indravati, 35 years.

The Move to the City

Where have you come from?

Muradabad district in Uttar Pradesh.

Why did you leave your village?

To earn and to feed ourselves; there was no work and no land in the village.

How many years have you now been in Delhi?

Nearly 15-16 years.

How did you come to Delhi?

By train.

Do you remember anything about that journey?

It was a very long time ago, I don't remember anything. I used to feel giddy in trains, and it was my first train ride when I came to Delhi. I was completely *anjaan* (naive).

What did you think about Delhi before you came here?

I used to wonder how it would be.

Did you come alone, or with someone?

I came with some neighbours who used to stay here.

Do you remember any particular incident?

Nothing like that happened; we came straight to Delhi; we took a bus from Gajraula.

Did you have money to pay for the tickets?

We had some 4-5 goats which we sold for money to travel.

How many of you came together?

6-7 of us – 4 children and two of us.

Why Delhi?

We came here to work. My mother-in-law was here, we knew some people in Delhi.

How many years after marriage did you make the move to Delhi?

Three years after marriage.

Who all are in the village now?

Now there's no one in the village home, it is locked. There is no one there, no work either.

What did you think you would do in Delhi?

I used to keep thinking we'll live here for some time, earn some money and then go back. We never thought we'd live here forever. We came for just 3-4 months

ROZMARRA KE KAAMON KE BADALTE DAAM
ROHINI PATKAR//DELHI//2003-04

Kiran, 18 years.

How are you?

I'm not feeling well; I have a throat infection.

The Move to the City

Where have you come from?

Muradabad.

Why did you leave your village?

Left out of compulsion. There is nothing that a girl who stays within the house can do – there was no work in the village.

Do you remember anything about the journey to Delhi?

It was my first train experience. In my heart, I was scared. But then I thought, others do it too!

Is there anything in particular that you remember?

I don't remember much about what happened.

Was the journey difficult?

No, not much difficulty. My mother and all my brothers were there with us.

What all did you bring from the village?

We didn't have anything. Everything we have, we bought here.

Did you come to Delhi straight away, or live in some towns nearer your village first?

No, we came straight to Delhi. They say we can work and earn in Delhi. If there was work in the village, why would we have come here?

Do you have relatives here?

We have relatives here.

What did you know about Delhi?

Nothing before I came here. I was 14 or 15 then.

Who all are there in the village?

Daadi, daada, chachi stay in the village.

How do you keep in touch with them?

I used to call. Sometimes when someone comes to Delhi from the village, we write letters and send it for our elders through them. When we feel like it, we also go to the village.

What were your thoughts as you left your village?

God knows how it will be here, what environment it would be. I thought, we're leaving our own.

Who helped you in the beginning, when you came to Delhi?

My cousins helped us; they'd been in Delhi a long time.

ROZMARRA KE KAAMON KE BADALTE DAAM
ROHINI PATKAR//DELHI//2003-04

Bug fixes

I've made several minor bug fixes and the software is now more stable. The Sarai installation has now been running for the over 3 weeks without crashing, or having to be restarted.

New developers

A couple of students (undergraduate, masters) are now considering working on NewsRack for their projects under the joint guidance of Prof. Om Damani of IIT-Bombay. I've been working on creating suitable workable projects for them to work on, based on their background, skills, and time commitment. One of these students will work for about 1.5 months, and the masters student will work for about an year.

Current development

I've begun the process of making NewsRack usable with news sites that do not provide RSS feeds (e.g. Hindu, Deccan Herald, Hindustan Times). The algorithm itself is straightforward and is outlined below and is essentially a spidering process.

1. Download main URL.
 2. Identify Base HREF, if any.
 3. Identify all unique relative URLs in the page – but weed out links that point to images.
 4. Construct a list of URLs to follow using the Base HREF and the relative URLs found in the page.
 5. Recursively follow the links found in 4 above by repeating steps 2-4.
- for every candidate link. By this process, the title, date, and URL links can be identify for every possible news item. There are (of course) problems with this approach which I am going to list later on.

I've begun this experiment by finetuning the algorithm – I now have a working Perl script that successfully downloads the day's news links for Hindu, Deccan Herald, and The Telegraph. But, it doesn't work well for Hindustan Times, Indian Express, or Times of India. On a little further investigation, it can be noticed that Hindu, Deccan Herald, and Telegraph organise their news as: `http://<ROOT>/<DATE>/<STORY-LINK>` (or some such variation).

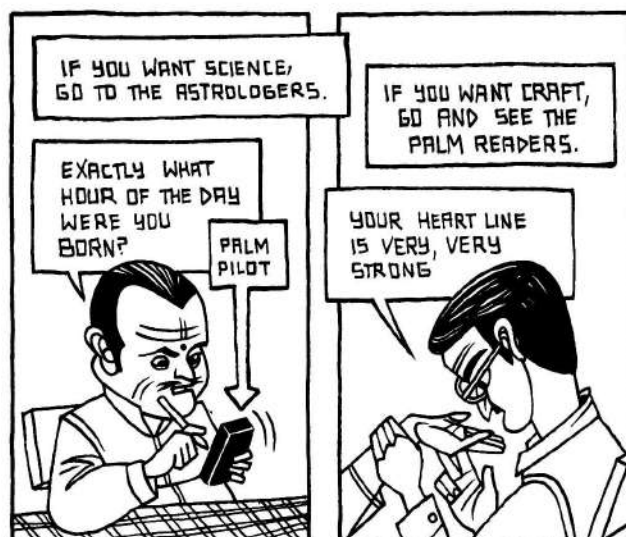
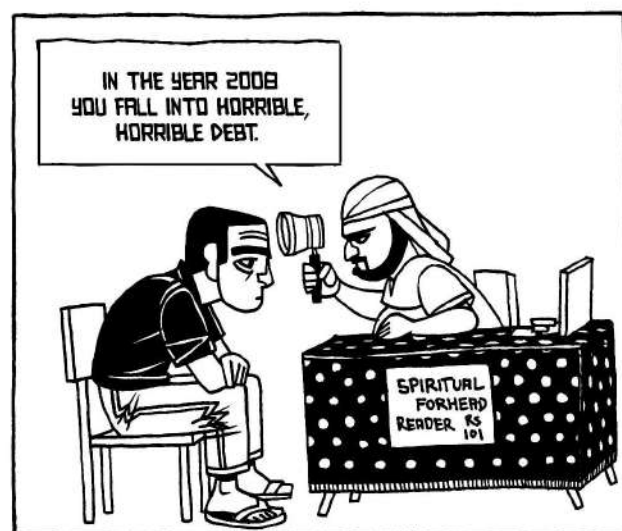
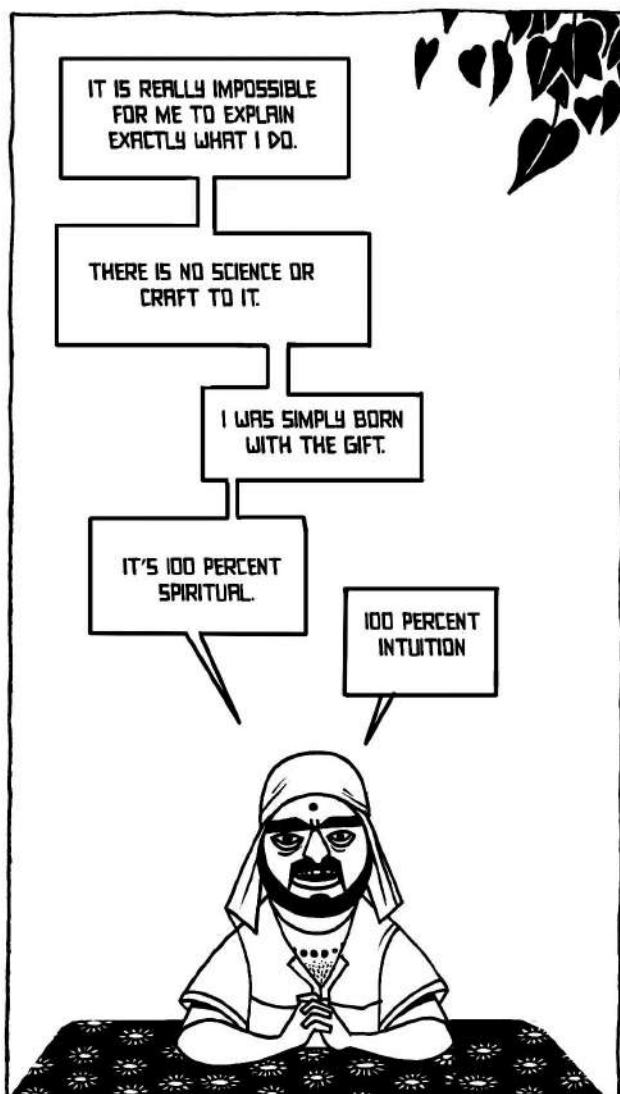
Since only relative links are followed, only links relative to "`http://<ROOT>/<DATE>`" are followed and hence only news for that day is downloaded. But, ToI, HT, and IE all organize their websites as database-driven sites. So, this strategy does not quite work. So, I am now investigating other ideas, including examining time stamps of the published news items and only downloading news published in the last 24 hours or so.

In addition, there's still the problem of sifting through downloaded files to identify which are actually news stories. Some of the downloaded files, for instance, are page indexes and headline pages. It's unclear how to do this without some sort of newspaper-specific hacks – for example, all Hindu stories are stored as `http://<ROOT>/<DATE>/stories/<LINK>` so I could discard all other links. But there is no obvious generic solution to this problem at this time.

New interest

There is continuing interest in this tool. When possible, I am meeting individuals and groups to help them set up a profile, since the tool still requires a fair bit of initial time investment.

NEWSRACK: AUTOMATING NEWS GATHERING AND CLASSIFICATION
SUBRAMANYA SASTRY//BANGALORE//2005-06



DEPICTING STREET SALES AND SERVICES THROUGH SEQUENTIAL ART
LAKSHMI INDRASIMHAN AND JACOB WEINSTEIN//DELHI//2005-06

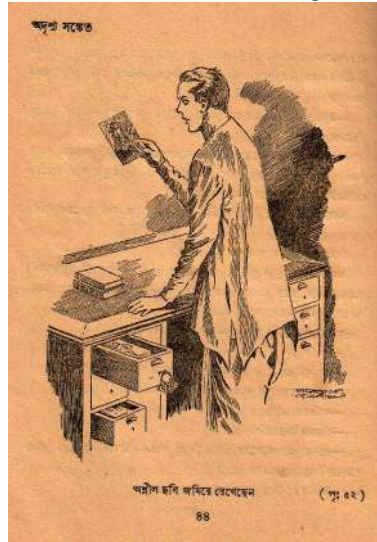
The stereotype of the financier is that of a frugal, parsimonious, ruthless person on the lines of Shylock. This could vary, depending on the segment being considered, and the relationship between the client and the financier. Borrowers have something of a love-hate relationship with their financiers. Both sides realise they need each other. Clients who have been borrowing from the same person for more than two decades claim they have had no problems with their financier, though they also grudgingly accept that they are paying a high interest. They also acknowledge they are borrowing from the same financier because it's easy and convenient to do so. Very often, people who borrow from a private financier or partnership firm are those who would otherwise not have access to institutional lending. Further, once a deal has been struck, financiers know it's in their interest to help their clients in a time of emergency. Clients have cited a number of instances when their vehicle has been in an accident, or when clients have no money to pay motor vehicle taxes and insurance, and the financiers have helped them out. Each time an additional amount is lent, the client is expected to furnish new promissory notes or the requisite sureties or bonds. This confidence in the heavy commercial hire-purchase segment is because vehicles are endorsed in the company's name. This relationship is non-existent in the two-wheeler segment. It's also much stronger in private informal finance. A plausible explanation for the existence of this sort of mutually beneficial relationship in the case of lorry and other large finances may be because the amounts lent are substantial. Where the amount lent is small, there seems to be no specific personal interest for the financiers.

A financier, by nature, would prefer to avoid confrontation and bad publicity as far as possible, as it's considered bad for business. The perception in the business is that nobody would like to borrow money from a person who would wring them, given a chance and whatever the circumstances. An underlying principle of the finance business is that the financier should never become close to the borrower. That is, they should not develop a personal relationship with the borrower. There could be a personalised business relationship/personalised service, but never a personal friendship. Developing a personal relationship is risky for the financier, as he may start becoming sympathetic and this could impinge on the financier's ability to collect his dues in a profitable manner. The more successful among the lenders constantly interact with their clients, mainly to gauge their well being, as it has a material impact on their financial ability. But they never really get involved, or even interested, in their personal affairs.

A financier's nightmare is the death of a debtor. This could complicate repayment of the loan as the financier can no longer use local arbitration methods, because of social pressure. It is for this reason that financiers ask the spouse of the borrower to be one of the guarantors of the money borrowed. This is more pronounced in the informal businesses. Often, the lender will take a promissory note signed by the wife, as a 'security'.

**THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS:
THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA
S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05**

SWAPANKUMAR'S DETECTIVE: DEEPAK CHATTERJEE



Discovering clues in Adrishya Sanket

From one of the very first pocket books, Adrishya Sanket (1953), Swapankumar started sculpting his detective character 'Deepak Chatterjee' and his friend and assistant 'Ratanlal'. Over the decades they are found in almost all his stories, at times with some more characters like Deepak's female assistant 'Tandraa' or Deepak's student 'Rajat Sen'. Some personal details about Deepak, provided in Adrishya Sanket and other stories:

Deepak stays in his parental house in Bhabanipur in Kolkata. He is quite well off.

He has completed a master's degree in Criminology.

He has a good reputation as a private detective, and is at times consulted by the police commissioner of Lalbazar, the police HQ of Kolkata.

In one story, *Prithibi Thekey Durey*, which is set during World War II, he is approached by the Governor General of India. In *Kaalo Mukhosh*, he goes to China to solve a problem causing harm to the bipartite relation between India and China.

At times he gets calls from the police outside Bengal, e.g. Bombay.

He's very good at taking on different guises, as is his assistant Ratanlal.

In some stories, like *Pahartalir Bungalow*, reference to Deepak comes only in the end.

Deepak is good at finding 'clues'; he has a lab of his own to carry out certain scientific tests to facilitate the detection process.

At times Deepak is found talking about the available books on crime fiction in Bangla.

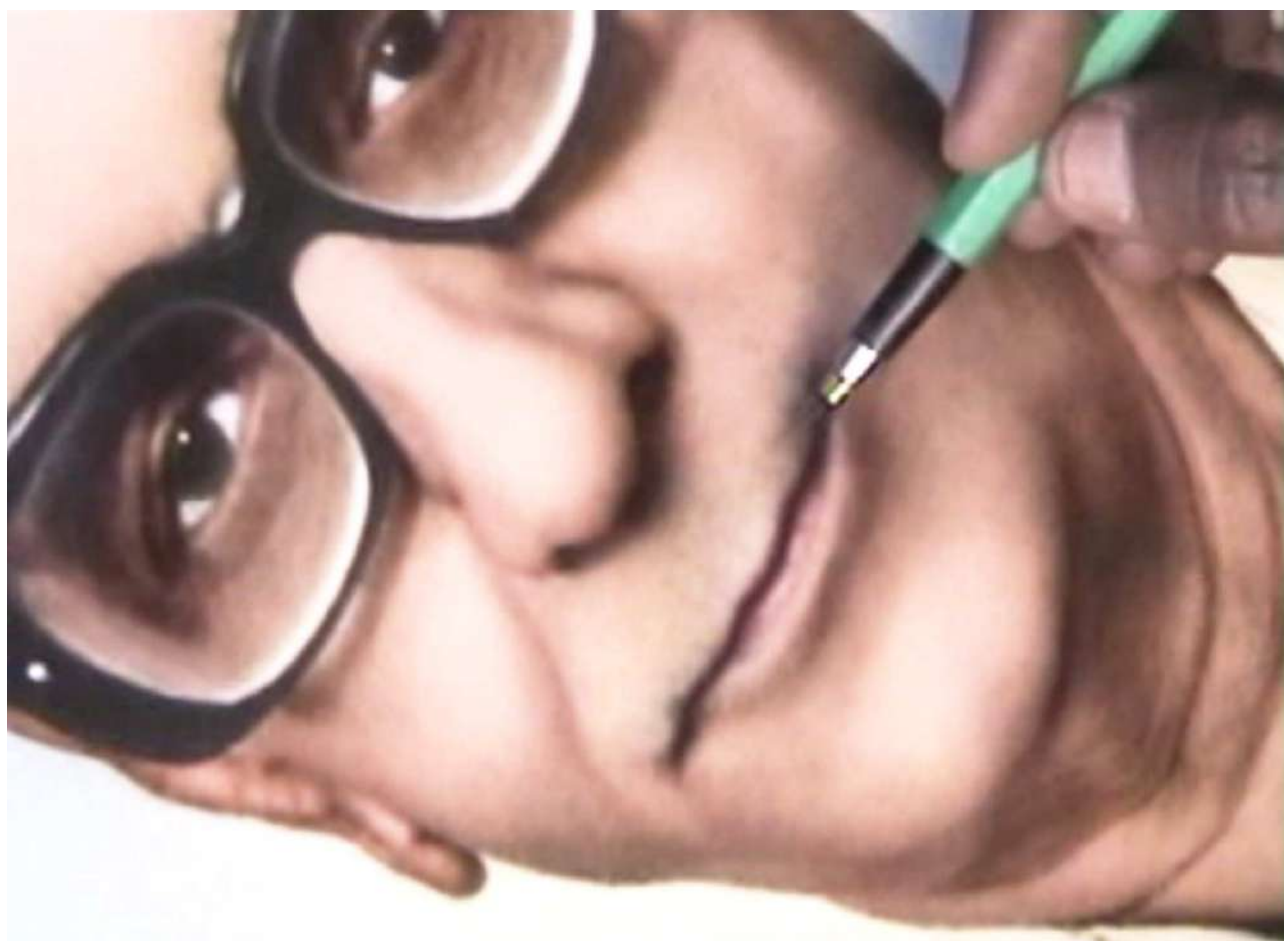
He specially makes satirical comments to the detectives of Hemendra Kumar Roy, without actually naming names, saying that some people think that the act of detection can be done simply by sitting and thinking from drawing room couches.

Deepak thinks that the 'regular abuses' in newspapers about Naxalites are 'baseless'. He doesn't have any problems with the Naxalites on ethical grounds.

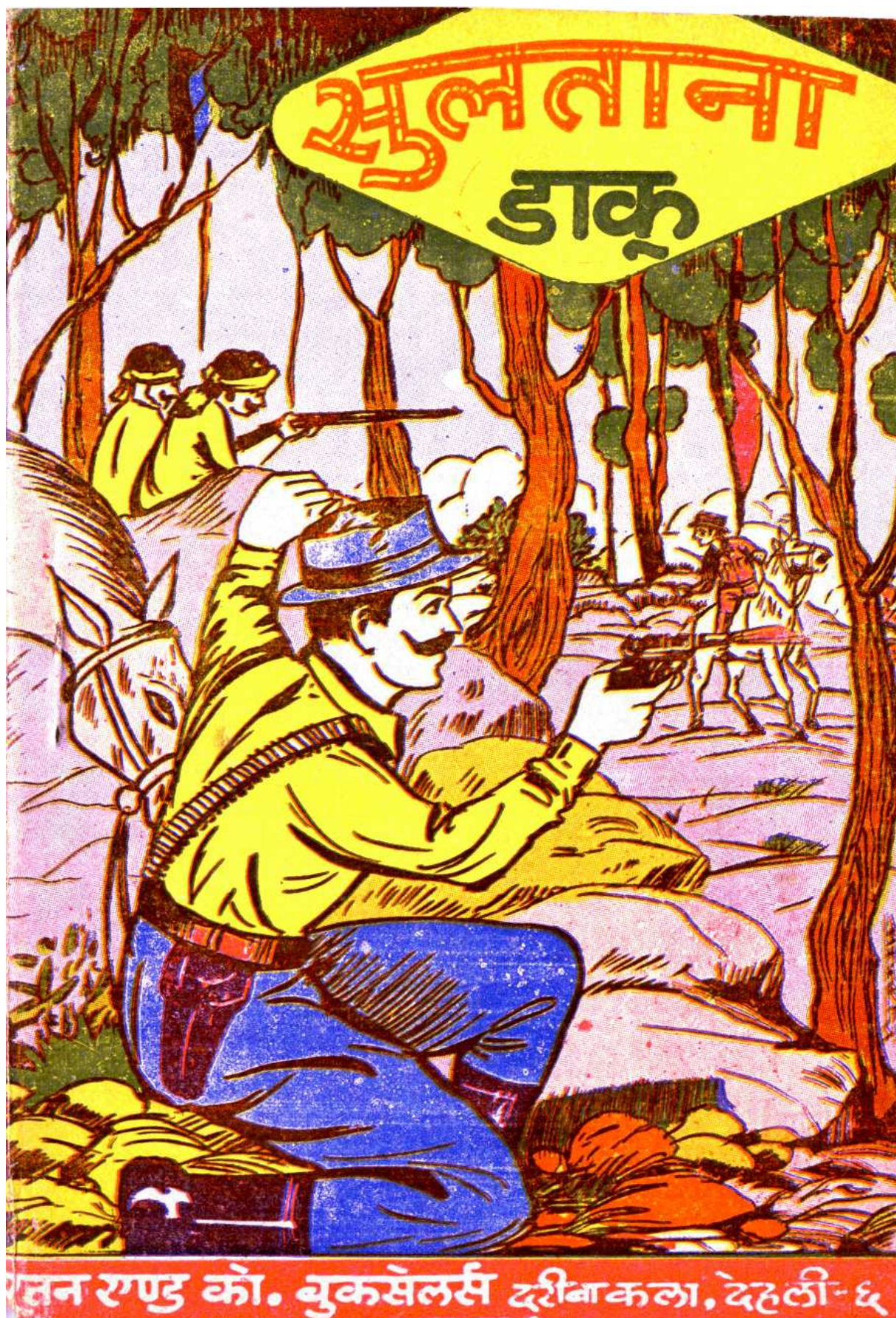
In *Chhatrapatir Talwar*, Deepak takes part in an expedition in search of a lost treasure. It is, significantly, not a detective story.

In *Byartha Abhijaan*, Deepak narrates the 'true' episode of cannibalism in the 'present day western world' and describes it as a kind of 'mental disorder'.

Over the years, no other significant personal details have been added for Deepak by Swapankumar, in terms of age, family, future aspirations etc.



OF URBAN LOCALITIES & BAZAAR(S) PHOTOGRAPHY
RAHAAB ALLANA//DELHI//2002-03



A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL
AND THEIR READERSHIP IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2005-06

श्री श्याम लाल थियेट्रिकल कम्पनी मुख्यापुर, फैजाबाद
द्वारा सफलता पूर्वक अभिनीत

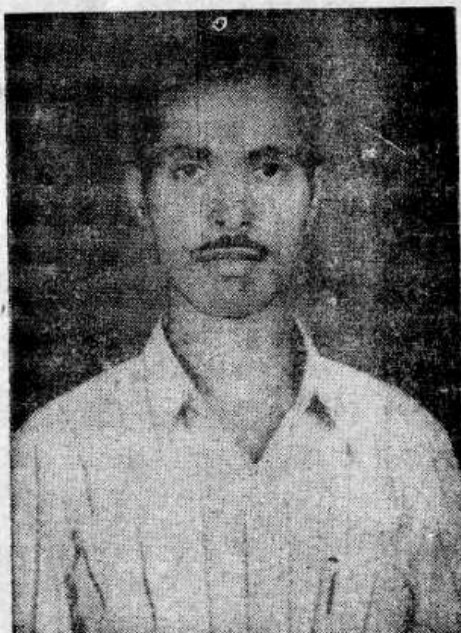
❀ लहरी कृत ❀

संगीत

जुल्मी पिस्तौल

उर्फ—अनजाना डाकू ❀ बहर कानपुरी [नाटक]

लिखी जो कि संगीत सब्बी सहो है ।



राम गोपाल 'लहरी' का फ़ौद यही है ॥

लेखक—राम गोपाल मौर्य 'लहरी'

ग्राम व पो०—नैपुरा, जिला—फैजाबाद (उ० प्र०)

प्रकाशक—बम्बई पुस्तकालय

दरियाबाद, इलाहाबाद ।

मू० रु० १०-००

सर्वाधिकार प्रकाशक के आधीन है ।

A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL
AND THEIR READERSHIP IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2005-06

A financier's nightmare is the death of a debtor.

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Variations of Rabindrasangeet can be traced from different sources.

Teaching of Rabindrasangeet was started in Santiniketan. The teaching-learning process was through maintaining notations of different songs by the teachers. However, Tagore sang the same song to different people at different times. Transcriptions, and therefore the notations (swaralipi), varied.

Notations of Rabindrasangeet were published in different magazines or books. The 'Swarlipi Samiti', established in 1947, started editing some notations. Tunes underwent further changes.

Several schools teaching Rabindrasangeet opened after Tagore's death. Each followed the gayan style of its own teacher.

Apart from the notation-centric orientation, there was another trend – the performance of Rabindrasangeet and also circulation of recordings. Performances of Tagore songs had started in Calcutta in the 1920s. Anandabazar Patrika mentions the first show of the drama, 'Chirakumar Sabha', held on 23 July 1925 at the Star Theatre. Pankaj Kumar Mallick started performing in All India Radio in 1927, and is credited with popularising Rabindrasangeet. But as he was not a student of Santiniketan and did not have a formal training in Rabindrasangeet, his gayan style was questioned by the notation-following circle.

Documentation of different varieties of Rabindrasangeet was started by different organisations. To establish the 'norm', some schools started the performance of songs, publication of CDs demonstrating 'how to sing correct Rabindrasangeet', establishing branches in different areas, publishing articles, books and journals etc. The establishment of certain 'norms' related to some particular varieties was, thus, at the micro-musicological level, by the network of teachers-practitioners-documenters.

The Viswa Bharati Music Board, initiated by Tagore himself, was established in 1944, with the aim of preventing “distortion” in the music, vested with the authority to decide the ‘norms’ of the gayan of Rabindrasangeet. The board was 'entrusted with... teaching of Rabindra Music in Calcutta, including the periodic holding of examinations and competitions in such music and the granting of certification and diplomas in proficiency'. It wouldn't allow performers to sing in non-notation versions, and went only by the notations published by it (Akarmatrik notations, published in Swarabitan). Instances emerged where popular artists of Tagore songs were disallowed from recording certain songs; this resulted in initiation of investigations into the rules and regulations of the Music Board.

At first, Tagore's songs were regarded as personal property and Rabindranath owned the copyright. After Tagore's death, a legal battle for ownership began. The Viswa Bharati Music Board couldn't declare the music as its own property, as it was private property, and it began functioning only after the legal battle for ownership of the music was decided in favour of Pratima Tagore, Rabindranath's daughter-in-law. However, the copyright has now expired.

Debates regarding which are 'authentic variations' of Rabindrasangeet continue.

DOCUMENTING TUNES: HEGEMONY OF CALCUTTA MUSIC SCHOOLS IN TAGORE SONGS
DRIPTA PIPLAI//DELHI//2006-07



A number of songs of Tagore have more than one style of singing. Apart from, *Aahaa Tomaar Sange Praaner Khela* (above), these include:

Era porke apone kore
 Megher pore megh
 Tumi kichhu diye jao
 Tori amar hothat dube
 Kotha je udhao holo
 Aji momorodhoni kano
 Tomay notun kore pabo
 Bimolo Anonde jago
 Sarthoko jonomo amar
 E porobase
 Tobu mone rekho
 Sokhi andhare
 Jage natho jochhonarate
 Hridoy amar prokash holo
 Khelar sathi bidaydar kholo
 Chirosokha he
 Chokher jole laglo
 Odhara madhuri
 Boro bissoyo lage
 Bedona ki bhasay
 Bujhi oi sudure
 Amar godhulilagon
 Dhay jano mor
 Amaro porano loye
 Kokhon dile poraye
 Ami marer sagor pari debo

Different versions are followed/practised by different schools, and each claims its own version to be the 'original'. Debates regarding which are 'authentic variations' of Rabindrasangeet continue.

DOCUMENTING TUNES: HEGEMONY OF CALCUTTA MUSIC SCHOOLS IN TAGORE SONGS
DRIPTA PIPLAI//DELHI//2006-07

The major forms of oral traditions, performed in this region, are swang (to impersonate), bam lahari (a tradition associated with the singing of Shiva-Parvati epics, performed mostly by ascetics), alha, and nautanki. An important aspect of popular culture is that it doesn't follow guru-shishya (mentor-disciple) relationship and thus there is no fixed school or style of performance. This, in a way, provides more flexibility in terms of innovation, i.e. enabling the creation of an altogether new form out of the existing tradition. Thus, instead of a particular style of performance, there are certain personalities/performers, which come to define performance and, thus, oral tradition. Bansi Lal (1800-33) documented by R.C. Temple, Ali Baksh (1854-1899), Ahmad Baksh, Pandit Deep Chand (1900-1924), Lakhmi Chand (1920-45), Mange Ram (1950-70), and Jagannath (1970-80), are a few of the major performers this region has witnessed, and their references are present in the oral traditions of neighbouring regions as well.

The sites of performance and circulation of this oral tradition are the akharas (literally, a wrestling arena, but here it refers to a space for rehearsals and practice), influential until mid-20th century, and all the above mentioned performers either had their own akhara or were associated with others. Though no formal training was imparted and much of it was a matter of watching and learning, the akhara developed its own rules and notion of a master and, thus, an in-built hierarchy. A major exception to this akhara tradition is Mehr Singh (d.1944), a jat by caste and a recruit in the colonial army, who produced an entirely different kind of oral tradition, completely breaking away from traditional themes. His compositions reflected more of everyday issues like devar-bhabhi and jija-saali relationships. Since he himself was in the army, he experienced a man's longing for his family and dear ones, which traditional themes rarely brought to the fore.

Another site for circulation that was available to oral tradition, was the colonial army, where Mehr Singh had an indisputable authority; even nowadays, there are people in the army and police who perform just for leisure – there is even a Delhi police officer who performs in his village. There is also an older generation of performers who perform on certain occasions and have preserved the styles of people like Mehr Singh. For instance, Ramphal, a jat by caste, in his early 70s, always has audiences eager for his performances. His singing is not a mere rendition, but a performance in the true sense, so impressive is the way he gets animated during the performance, dancing like a teenager with energy and enthusiasm.

Whereas Mehr Singh's compositions are few in number and appeal to more intimate issues, Lakhmi Chand took traditional themes to newer heights, not only in terms of performance but also in terms of compositions. Lakhmi Chand is accredited with more than two and half thousand compositions and, according to an anecdote, he composed more than thirty five raginis in a matter of three hours in one performance; these are available in published forms, also in Urdu. The history of oral tradition, thus, gets intertwined with the history of these prominent performers, and major structural and performative changes, whether in terms of musical instruments, rhythms, intonation, appropriation of symbols or content, constitute another strand of this relationship between performers and performance.

Akharas, in the early decades of the twentieth century, encountered opposition from the Arya Samaj. Arya bhajanis too adopted popular musical traditions in propagating their agenda, but the Arya Samaj wasn't able to spread its influence in Haryana, which it was in Punjab.

POPULAR MUSIC AND CONFIGURATION OF JAT IDENTITY IN HARYANA (1900-2000)
DEEPAK KADYAN//DELHI//2006-07



TYPOCITY:

DOCUMENTATION AND INTERPRETATION OF THE TYPOGRAPHIC FORMS IN PUBLIC SIGNAGE IN MUMBAI
KURNAL RAWAT AND VISHAL RAWLLEY//MUMBAI//2002-03



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07

This Multimedia Projector Maintenance Agent worked with Videocon Electronics since the late 1980s, specialising in household electronics. In the mid 1990s, Videocon entered into an agreement with Toshiba, Japan, to market their new multimedia projectors in India. It was a time when the Indian industries – small and big – were all entering into competition, and marketing products required sophistication. This sophistication in marketing brought in the age of Power Point Presentations with a simultaneous requirement for equipment that could handle these presentations. Multimedia projectors available in the market were expensive. The first time I met this agent was when the institution I worked in smuggled a machine worth four lakh from New Bombay into Mumbai, to avoid an Octroi tax of about thirty two thousand rupees.

He was one of the twenty-two employees Videocon sent to Japan for training in marketing, maintaining and servicing Toshiba projectors. His job description included selling, maintaining, servicing and repairing projectors. One of the major problems in the machines was bulb-damage due to overheating and wear and tear. The bulbs were expensive; clients complained. Agents marketing cheaper bulbs approached our agent, but his hands were tied.

Until 1998, the small-sized, portable Toshiba multimedia projectors had competition only from smuggled brands. But soon several companies came into the market. Small maintenance and servicing agencies started business using smuggled, and cheaper, spare parts. Toshiba didn't stand a chance. Videocon stopped marketing and servicing Toshiba projectors in late 2000. Our agent's mobile number was available to his earlier clients, who'd call him for repairing their projectors. I myself met our agent again in 2002 in this way.

After the Videocon-Toshiba break up, our agent found himself shifted to another wing of Videocon that dealt with TVs, and a cut in his salary. In partnership with another employee, he started an agency to service projectors independent of Videocon. They used cheaper spare parts and provided service at half of Videocon's rate. They visited institutions and corporate offices to offer their service. In mid-2001, they left their jobs and settled as a multimedia projector maintenance agency, operating out of our agent's house, cutting costs in travel and food costs even as their travel within the city increased (as they'd not only to visit clients, but also spare part dealers). Their mobile phone bills increased. They encroached into their savings, borrowed money.

Money started coming abruptly. Sometimes it would equal the amount of four months of their previous salary, while at other times, it would be a trickle, just enough to cover their essential costs. Over 6-7 months, once contracts got finalised, they found they were unable to handle the volume of work themselves.

In early 2003, they rented a small room in Vikroli in a slum as their workshop-cum-office, and hired two persons through their informal contacts. These boys were college dropouts with training in computer hardware from a local private training centre. Our agent and his friend took these boys with them to clients and gave them on-the-job training in servicing and maintaining projectors. Soon the group extended into offering services in computer maintenance. They also started selling assembled computers. They hired four more persons.

They are now in need of a larger space in a building, as the space in Vikroli is small and is in a slum, where they cannot invite their institutional and corporate clients. They are contemplating whether to take a loan and buy a new place, or to rent a place. With cheap and easy loans, buying seems to be the preferred option, as it means a fixed asset. They've also hired a chartered accountant to maintain their accounts – not simply to pay their taxes, but to help them with acquiring a loan.

Tactical City, as a fictitious History of Mumbai's urbanism, uses many devices, literary and visual. The protagonist of the story is the popular South Indian folkloric figure Tenali Rama. The choice of Tenali Rama is primarily because he is known as a simple, everyday character who transforms the status quo with his tactics. Goddess Kali gives Tenali a boon that he will be the wittiest person in the world but he should help build Tactical city and that he should name all his sons and daughters Tenali Ramas and make sure they name their sons and daughters Tenali Ramas too, and so and so forth. There are, therefore, multiple Tenali Ramas all through space and time.

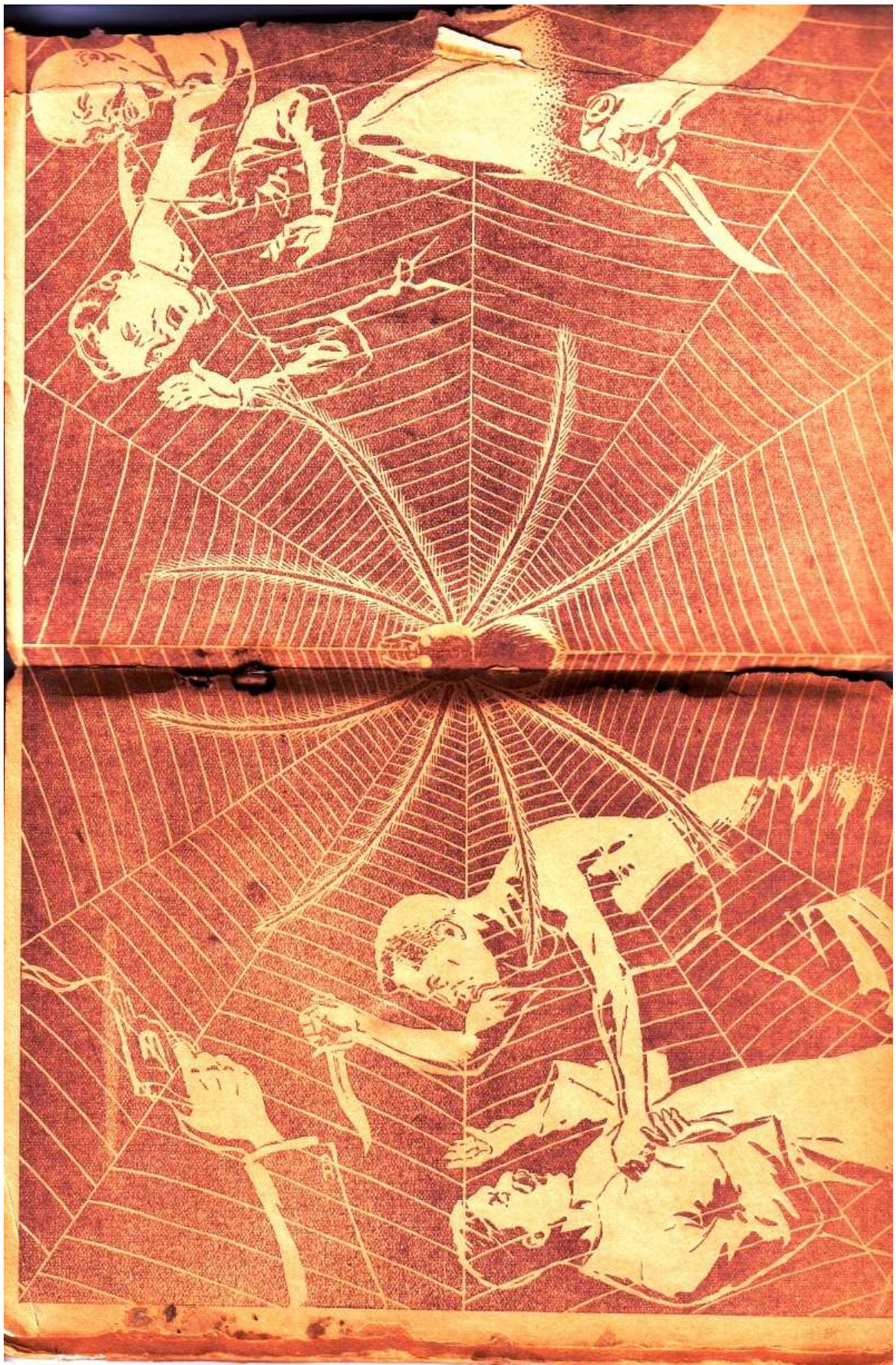
In the Socialist City

In which Tenali Rama is lost in his own housing complex of standardized modern housing blocks.

...The planners of the era, Tenali noticed, started incorporating cubes as rectangles in their development plans. After a point there were so many rectangles that they were completely confused with which was what. Afterall, they couldn't just treat these drawings as non-hierarchical post-modern drawings where the slippages in the way one would read the drawings would inform another way of thinking. Deleuze and Guattari would love these supposedly confusing set of drawings. But the planners of the socialist city did not want to please Deleuze or Guattari. Tracings after all were irreplaceable. All they needed to do is colour these in reds, blues, yellows and browns to designate zones of public, residential, commercial, housing and utility places. Fixed regulations rendered everything and everyone equal...

...Tenali started scanning through the development plans of the city. He found that they were made in parts, rectangles that would have to be joined to make the whole city. Out of curiosity, he started looking for his house on the 1:2500 scale plan. His finger ran over the familiar streets until it slipped from the edge of the sheet. He tried to locate it on the adjoining sheet and found only a part of it there. Excited at his discovery, Tenali set out to explore the edges of the rest of the Development plans. He found one particular instance that was missing a fractional wedge on the sheet. At 1:2500 scale the fractional wedge was a hairline. Not at 1:100 scale, he thought. Tenali further corroborated the mistakes by measuring plans from the Land and Estate Department. He redrafted plans of the area he was scrutinising by transferring the measurements mentioned in the land and property documents of the plots he was examining and the adjacent road. He found a wedge of land in the city that was not documented or measured. He appropriated it. He decided to build an urban bedroom on it.

Tenali looked up the Time Savers Standards for the layout of a bedroom, something his architecture school had sworn by. Everyone learnt the right proportions and layouts of bedrooms from these graphic standards, no matter if the standards were European or American. Standards were universal afterall. But when it came to fitting the bedroom in the swathe of land he had got by default, Tenali had some trouble. So he went to the Adobe Photoshop programme and distorted the standard bedroom to fit onto his site. The transform command in photoshop gave him a large urban bed. The stretching in photoshop made one flanking wall and its doorjamb 5 feet wide, and the longitudinal wall taper as its other end. The sitting spaces were elongated to uncanny proportions and the bookshelf became a line in the plan, a relief on the wall, a dysfunctional element in the city. Perhaps this was an extreme interpretation of 'form follows function': it reflected the functionality in a city where pavements become bedroom spaces in the night for the city's multitudinous migrants.



CRIME RHYME: CULTURE OF JUVENILE PULP FICTION IN BENGAL
DEBKAMAL GANGULY//KOLKATA//2004-05

Though the Stock Exchange was registered in 1990, for about an year it did not undertake any trading activity. Trading in the Exchange was formally inaugurated by the then Union Minister of Commerce, Pranab Mukherjee, on 10 November 1991. The unofficial status of the Exchange did not seem to be an issue, even for the Minister. Further, the presence of the Minister at the inauguration is likely to have contributed to the legitimacy of the Exchange in the eyes of the public, in addition to bringing valuable

Immediately after its registration, the only activity the Exchange undertook was to provide its members more information about quotations and other trade related information. Most of the members had already tied up with brokers in Bombay. The local brokers found it difficult to track the prices in the BSE, and were often being cheated. The commission charged by the Bombay brokers at times was about 3% and this would of course result in an increase in the share prices at the clients' end. Asymmetries of information flow could be detrimental to the business of the brokers in Vijayawada. Thus the early activity of the Exchange concentrated on providing more information to local brokers, and this aspect of the Vijayawada Exchange remained a feature

Vijayawada Stock Exchange, perhaps by virtue of its members' location at the lower rungs of the information order, offset the disadvantage of location. Whether it passed on the excellent information that it collected to investors is a different matter.

**THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS:
THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA
S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05**



QUEER CITYSCAPES: EXPLORING MUMBAI CITYSCAPES THROUGH EYES OF TWO QUEER WOMEN
SHEBA TEJANI//MUMBAI//2005-06

There was no sky!
Only the ceiling of the train compartment!

GO TO PAGE 439

The old lady took the coin, looked up.

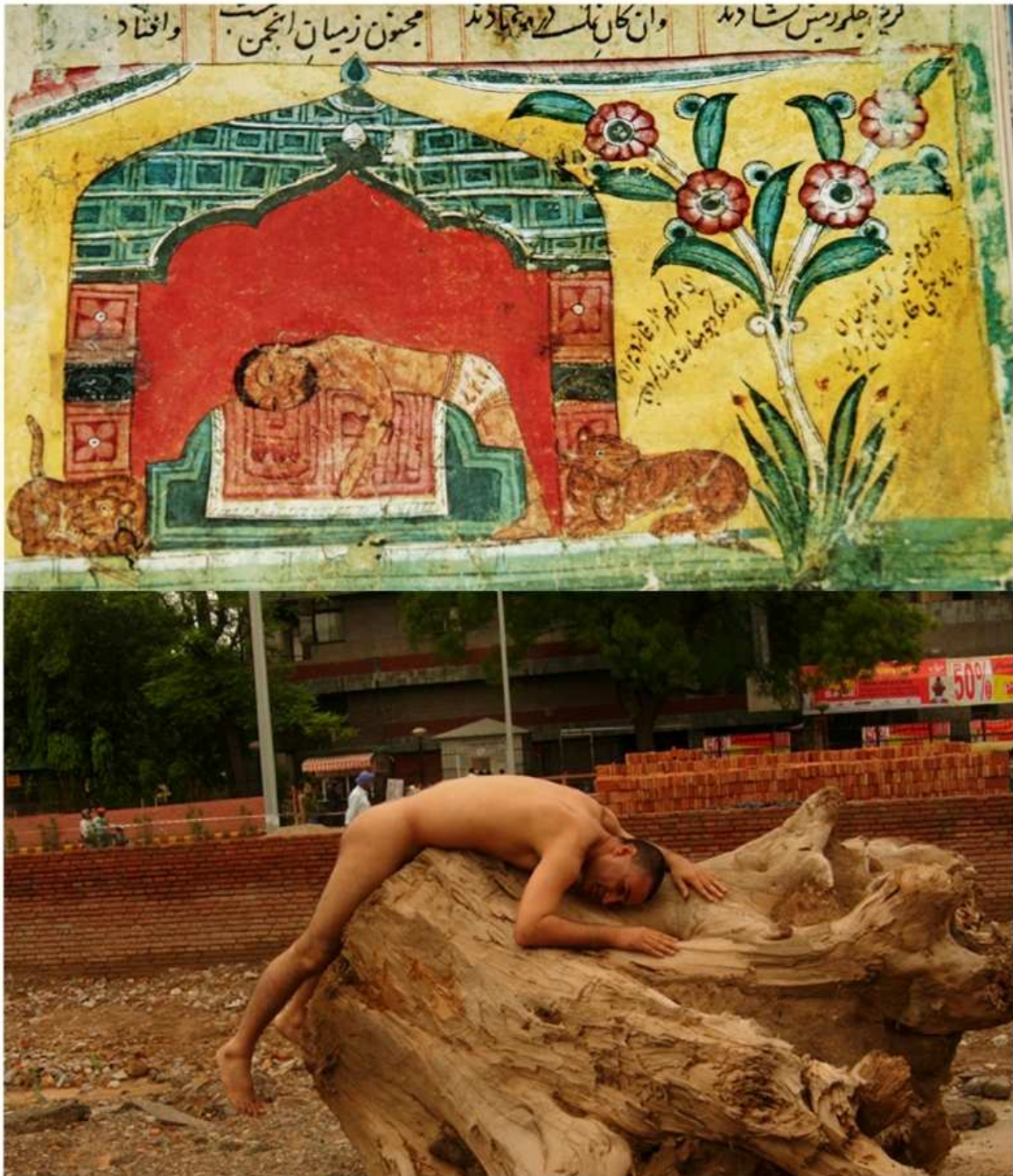
It all started when I was working on a story on “unorganised labour” in Delhi. A bill had been proposed that sought to regulate the unorganised sector, and we, at Frontline, thought of looking at the provisions of the Bill and the issues it sought to address. The Bill projected a certain idea of what the life of unorganised labour was, and I found that the construction workers at the mandis were quite different from both, the workers described in the bill, and the workers described by the media. Both the state and the media seemed to have a specific idea of what workers were, what workers did, and what workers wanted. The workers themselves had different ideas.

While working on the draft Unorganised Labour Bill, I had a chance to review earlier writings on labour, and was surprised by how each story seemed just like the next one.

Each article used a journalistic form that invariably zeroed in on a narrative of exploitation and oppression, and deployed descriptions that focused on the abject condition of the subjects of the piece. This tendency, that I labelled “abjectivity”, seemed impossible to shake off. Abjectivity also resulted in describing a wide range of processes, situations, and whole ways of life and forms of living, as “problems”. Poverty was a problem, slums were problems, even our population was a problem that needed solving. As responsible members of the press, journalists took it upon themselves to suggest remedies for these problems, and it was at this stage that the sub-

The construction of the narrative, based on the abject helplessness of the subject, allowed for only one broad outcome. Since the subjects were clearly incapable, rescue was the only option available, and the State was usually charged with this rescue. Slum clearance could be a useful example of such a situation. The past year has seen massive clearance drives in Delhi in Nangla Maanchi, Bhatti Mines, and Yamuna Pushta. Over the years, the media has linked slums with crime, disease, theft of social infrastructure like water and electricity, and tomes have been written on the appalling living conditions. I looked at such an article in one of my early posts titled, “We are always in God’s hands”. The primary impression created around slum resettlement is that the residents have no other options and so are more than willing to be relocated wherever the State finds them place. Afterall, anything would be better than this. No attention is paid to the fact that settlements like Nangla and Bhatti Mines are more than 30 years old; that its inhabitants are deeply enmeshed in support infrastructures of their own creation; and that residents of Nangla and Bhatti Mines have transformed originally unlivable areas (a swamp in the case of Nangla and a stone quarry in the case of Bhatti) into vibrant, livable mohallas. The tremendous site upgradation in these places is not the handiwork of abject, helpless individuals.

**GAREEB ADMI KA KAUN DEKHTA HAI:
ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF REPRESENTATION OF ‘THE POOR AND OPPRESSED’
AMAN SETHI//DELHI//2005-06**



ABOVE: KAIS ON THE TOMB OF LYLA (MINIATURE); BELOW: FALL WITH THE FALL OF TREES (PERFORMANCE). MORE THAN 40,000 TREES ARE TO BE FELLED FOR THE 2010 COMMONWEALTH GAMES IN DELHI.

THIS EVENING TOO:
FROM LAL DED TO ABDUL AHAD ZARGAR
INDER SALIM//DELHI//2006-07

“80 (Ashi) bondhu/Aabar dekhaa hobe”
Goodbye my friend, we’ll meet again

“A’-taa 9 (noy)”
It’s not like that

“A’-taa bhaabini”
I had thought it otherwise

“Paapaa jaldi ghar loutna”
Daddy, come home soon



“Dekhaa hole bole dio/Aaj-o aami benche aachi”
If you’ll meet her, say that I’m still alive

“Ful kano futechilo/Jhore jaabe bole
Bhaalo kano besechilo/3419 ke bhule jaabe bole”
*Why did the flower bloom? Coz it will disappear
Why did she love? Coz she will forget 3419*

**TRACING LIFE FROM THE STROKE:
DOCUMENTING THE RICKSHAW-PAINTING OF KOLKATA STREETS
MITHUN NARAYAN BOSE//KOLKATA//2006-07**

OF URBAN LOCALITIES & BAZAAR(S) PHOTOGRAPHY
RAHAAB ALLANA//DELHI//2002-03



*I've let go of all that is worldly; My concentration is focused on you.
I don't need you to be here, my life resides in your photograph.*



Lakhmi Chand (1903-1946)

Lakhmi Chand made ragini indispensable to the swang in Haryana and, most importantly, started holding swang during the day, which made it accessible to women. There isn't a single photograph of him. He enjoyed direct interaction with the audience and was against mediating forms.

Lakhmi Chand revived his swangi bera in 1926, after recovering from illness after some of his opponents had put mercury in his food; most of his earlier raginis were a response to them.

Lakhmi Chand faced intense competition from Baje Ram, from the nai (barber) caste, who was called Baje Bhagat (because of his extremely good nature, as well as the kind of raginis he composed, which were mainly about good conduct and propagating an austere life; his compositions always positing a conflict between good and bad, with good always emerging on top). Initially, Lakhmi Chand could not match Baje's popularity, thus his initial compositions were centered around love and explicit description of men and women and their desires. These gave Lakhmi Chand a recognition and a popularity among the youth, but he was highly criticized by the older generation.

Lakhmi Chand met Pandit Tika Ram, who was a renowned scholar and had extensive knowledge of puranas, mythology, and rituals. Both of them soon became good friends and a turn also came in Lakhmi's compositions, which started having a strong content of religious themes and mythology.

*Mere jovan ke key aag lagave,
Mere uthe chis ishq ki jane.
Nigore ikhre, tane ghani satai re.*

Why are you increasing the heat of my youth,
The thorn of love pricks me again and again.
Oh cane, you have troubled me a lot.

POPULAR MUSIC AND CONFIGURATION OF JAT IDENTITY IN HARYANA (1900-2000)
DEEPAK KADYANI//DELHI//2006-07



MY BUILDING AND THE SHAHAR
ABHINANDITA AND VENU MATHUR//MUMBAI//2005-06

LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THIS DANCE-THING IN PIZZA HUT

In Pizza Hut, workers at the service counter dance.

Every time there is a rush – especially during weekends, when the kitchen is burdened with making loads of pizzas, and the guys at the service counter are burdened with impatient customers – they stop serving pizzas. Instead, they dance.

This entertains customers. It also gives the kitchen time to get its work done.

Having to dance stops a lot of workers from other stations from coming into servicing. For dance is not just dance, it's part of work.

It's an instruction from the Manager.

Usually, 7-8 crew members form a dance group. It's known, who's a good dancer and who's not.

A good dancer is one who knows those steps...

Those standardised steps...

On that standardised tune.

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-February/005102.html>

WORK CULTURE IN FAST FOOD CHAINS
SYED KHALID JAMAL//DELHI//2004-05

Brief History of the Finance Business

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Role of the State

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Birth of Vijayawada Share Brokers' Welfare Association

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Membership

Trading and Settlement Practices

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Nature of Trading in Vijayawada

Decline and Collapse of the VSBWA

Why was the VSBWA so successful?

THE CULTURE OF BUSINESS:

THE INFORMAL SECTOR AND FINANCE BUSINESS IN VIJAYWADA

S. ANANTH//VIJAYWADA//2004-05



DEPICTING STREET SALES AND SERVICES THROUGH SEQUENTIAL ART
 LAKSHMI INDRASIMHAN AND JACOB WEINSTEIN//MUMBAI//2005-06

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CRIME RHYME: CULTURE OF JUVENILE PULP FICTION IN BENGAL
DEBKAMAL GANGULY//KOLKATA//2004-05



‘এই এক নূতন !
আমার গুপ্তকথা !!
অতি আশ্চর্য !!’



SATISH BORROWED A CELL PHONE from someone in the ward, and dialled the number, 07580-221083. The phone rang for a while, and then disconnected – so the number still existed. Fortunately Beena was a small town, its phones insulated from the incessant violence of changing numbers and differing exchanges. He prefixed a '2' as with all phone-numbers in India, but the number itself seemed reassuringly solid. He dialled the number again, and this time a strange voice picked up the phone.

“Hello, who is this?”

“I'm calling from Delhi; I want to speak to Lallan Singh of Paliwal.”

“Sorry, you have the wrong number; there is no Lallan Singh here.”

“Wait, wait, is this Beena junction, Madhya Pradesh? I'm calling from Delhi.”

“Yes it is, but...”

“Lallan Singh is your neighbour. He doesn't have a phone. Please call him, I'm his son speaking.”

“No, I'm sorry, Lallan Singh's not my neighbour. You have the wrong number.”

“No wait, one last question... I'm calling all the way from Delhi. Is this the kirane ki dukaan near the doodhwalla?”

“No, it isn't. I'm sorry.”

Beena is small town, and the numbers don't change. But people do. People change and people move – from one house to another, from one mohalla to the next. Boxes are packed, trunks are brought out from under beds, telephone numbers surrendered, security deposits collected, and the numbers, just like hospital beds, are transferred to other homes and families. They are circulated among new sets of relatives, new colleagues at work, new sons in different towns, new daughters now married and settled. But the sweat, grime and flecks of blood remain, forever staining the wires of the telephone exchange in a small town near a big railway junction; waiting to respond to the call that came ten years too late.

“Hello, I'm calling from Delhi, can I speak to Lallan Singh?”

“I'm sorry, but this isn't his number anymore.”

GAREEB ADMI KA KAUN DEKHTA HAI:

ALTERNATIVE MEANS OF REPRESENTATION OF 'THE POOR AND OPPRESSED'

AMAN SETHI//DELHI//2005-06



Satellite view of Garia Smananer Pukur
Location: Boral Road
Approx. age: Over 200 years

Kolkata is a city of ponds, many with rich historical linkages. Several streets and places in Kolkata are named after ponds. Kolkata Municipal Corporation has listed 3874 ponds within its municipal area, though this list is not available in the public domain. Many of the heritage ponds are not some unused derelict waterbodies, but thriving sources of water in densely populated urban areas, used by people everyday.

History

The waterbody at the Garia Maha Sman (Crematorium) is considered as the Ganga. After burning the dead, people use the pond for religious rituals as done in the river Ganga. The Adi Ganga (Old Ganga), the original course of the river used to flow through this area. The river shifted but the horseshoe lakes remained. It is considered as one of those. This crematorium is considered very old and linked with the legends laced with the Old Ganga. There are two very old temples which are considered to be built by Chand Sadagar – a legendary trader in medieval period who sailed through the Old Ganga.

Present condition

The waterbody is maintained well by KMC. It is at present only used for religious ritual for cremation. The crematorium now uses electric furnace.

Reference:

A plaque on the old temple.

Radharaman Mitra – Kalikata Darpan, Subarnarekha, Calcutta, 1980 রাধারামণ
মিত্র 'কলিকাতা দর্পণ', সুবর্ণরেখা, কলকাতা, ১৯৮০

The real challenge was to find the heritage ponds not referred to in any published secondary sources. We started with some past information and that led us to exploring places, gathering information from a chain of people. We met local people, interviewed them, and collected anecdotes. The 'heritage' pond angle was not immediately encouraging for people; they had interest in the development of the pond, better water quality, city authorities' help etc. Also, sometimes the waterbody is a legally disputed property between family members and any query from unknown quarters – viz. us – raised suspicion. In some places, fishermen thought we are collecting data to lease the pond for pisciculture. The filling up of waterbodies by the housing industry is a major threat, and at some places people took us to be real estate agents in disguise. Once these issues would resolve, it would turn out that it would've been more helpful to get older people or a senior priest of the local temple talking to us. We had to sift through lots of misinformation and tall claims about antiquity. We carried out this field survey for several months, and can claim this to be only a modest beginning – we have a list now of 47 ponds.

HERITAGE PONDS OF KOLKATA
MOHIT K RAY//KOLKATA//2006-07



Satellite view of Pagla Pirer Pukur
Location: 57, Jubilee Park, Kolkata-33
Approx. age: 350 years

Ponds (pukur) are the heart of Kolkata. Our walks took us to so many areas, all named after pukurs – Bosepukur, Thakurpukur, Paddapukur, Talpukur, Keorapukur, Hanspukur, Shyampukur, Muraripukur, Jorapukur, Jhamapukur, Beniapukur, and more. Sometimes, the pukur is long gone, but it has left its marks on the land, as we found in Manoharpukur.



“Pagla Pirer Pukur” (waterbody of the Eccentric Muslim Saint) is more than 350 years old. The ‘mazar’ of Hazarat Muksud Gazi lies at one corner of the pond. The sufi saint was known as ‘Pagla Pir’; he died in 1690. The waterbody is mired in many myths. According to folklore, it was created by the wish of the Pir. The water of this pond was sacred to all, and no local festivals or marriage ceremonies would be complete without the use of its holy water. Presently, the pukur is not in a good condition. There is an ongoing legal battle between the heirs.

A caveat: “Heritage Pond” is a new category, if one can even claim it to be a 'category'. The Kolkata Municipal Corporation has a ‘Heritage Committee’ which has made a list of heritage buildings. But there is no category of “Heritage Ponds” within that. For our research, we have considered ponds that are 75 or more years old, are associated with some cultural or religious events, personalities or families, and are associated with local history.

HERITAGE PONDS OF KOLKATA
MOHIT K RAY//KOLKATA//2006-07

[Reader-list] Ayurveda: Sources and Information

harilal madhavan [harilalms at gmail.com](mailto:harilalms@gmail.com)

Fri Jul 20 10:08:13 IST 2007

M S Harilal – Sarai Independent Fellow 2007 – Adopting Modernisation, Negotiating Modernisation: Modern and Traditional Ayurvedic Sectors in the Context of Transformation – Fifth posting – Regarding major sources of data and information for my study.

Sources for the period, 1830s to 1920s

Official documents from the Travancore Dewan, and notifications of the Travancore Vaidyasalas department (from Regional archives, Thiruvananthapuram and National Archives, New Delhi). Secondary sources in the regional language, e.g. NVK Varier (1980), Keralathinte Ayurveda Charithram (The History of Kerala Ayurveda), Kottakkal Publishing House; various notes and journals from Kottakkal etc. Others, e.g. Siddique M Z (1962), "Medicine in Medieval India", Indian Journal of History and Science, Nagam Ayya (1907), Travancore State Manual etc.

Sources for 1920s onwards

Mainly secondary sources. For the beginning of the 20th Century, information from the archives, Travancore Annual Reports, and reports on administration of the Public Health Department. Various taskforce reports on ayurveda (in the pre- and post-independence period) are available in the Central Secretariat library, New Delhi.

Study of organised manufacturing

Company visits. Basic information from various organisations, like the Ayurvedic Manufacturing Association of India (AMAI), Ayurvedic Drug Manufacturers' Association (ADMA), ISM&H, New Delhi; various Drug Controller Offices, Ayurvedic colleges, Kerala State Industrial Development Boards, and the Kerala Infrastructure Regulation Authority.

Company-wise information from personal visits to the companies, and from their balance sheets, annual reports and personal interviews, as well as from the Department of Company Registrars, Kerala (where a company has to file its account details for registration annually).

For case studies, a detailed analysis from other documents (especially historical policies and patent filing). Websites and brochures of the companies are informative. (CMIE PROWESS data source gives information about very few companies.)

Unorganised sector

A detailed interview and participatory observation with a selected number of Traditional Vaidyas for details.

If any reader would like a detailed bibliography, I would be happy to send it to them.

Regards,
Harilal

Alt. email: [harims at cds.ac.in](mailto:harims@cds.ac.in)

Curious about indigenous knowledge associated with biodiversity, and the unique practice of resource use and sharing, in the framework of urban and semi-urban ecosystems, I returned to Kalikapur, a densely populated locality. 17 years earlier, I'd lived in Purba Diganta, adjacent to Kalikapur; a narrow road connected them.

Local Name	Use Pattern and Traditional Ecological Knowledge (TEK)
<i>Dholkolmi</i> (natural, not planted)	As <i>shaag</i>
<i>Sinche Shak</i> (natural, not planted)	As <i>shaag</i>
<i>Amra Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	Fruit is used as food
<i>Kaath Badaam</i> (planted)	Seeds are used as food
<i>Parthenium</i> (No common name found)	People have identified this plant as harmful, and uproot it whenever they can
<i>Gime Shak</i> (natural, not planted)	As <i>shaag</i>
<i>Hinche Shak</i> (natural, not planted)	As <i>shaag</i>
<i>Kadam Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	
<i>Nyapal Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	Helps to cure jaundice
<i>Jarmuni Pata</i> (natural, not planted)	The juice obtained by grinding the leaves is used to heal minor cuts
<i>Togor Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	A flowering tree
<i>Taal Gaach</i>	The fruit is edible
<i>Dumbul, Dumbur</i> (natural, not planted)	Used to prevent <i>baan mara</i> (kind of black magic)
<i>Dhutura Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	Flower is used in <i>Shiv Puja</i>
<i>Bhoot Bedende Gaach</i> (natural, not planted)	If someone is affected by a bad spirit (<i>bhoote dhore</i>), the smell of these leaves will certainly help

In a few days with Mithun, Sheela, Bhim, Shanu, Gwaja, Shyamali, Buri, all between 10 and 13 years old, all school drop-outs, I learnt about at least 20 plants.

COMMUNITY ECOLOGICAL MAPPING
NILANJAN BHATTACHARYA//KOLKATA//2003-04



Regional Round-up of Industrial Belts – III
Dum Dum – Lake Town – Patipukur

Apollo Zipper
 AMCO
 East Anglia Plastics
 Ruby Paints
[residential apartment constructed]
 Hindustan Iron, popularly called 'rod call'
[residential apartment constructed]
 ARP Rubber
[residential apartment constructed]
 New Luck Rubber
[residential apartment constructed]
 Business Firms
[preparation ongoing for residential apartment]
 Asila Pharmaceuticals
 EMC
[residential apartment to be constructed]
 Motor Machinery Manufacturing
 Vegal Engine and Engineering
 Siddheshwari Hosiery
[residential apartment under construction]
 BMT Mills
[residential apartment under construction]
 Eastern Paper Mills
 Plywood Factories on R N Guha Road
[locked-out]

FACTORY CLOSURES, PLIGHT OF WORKERS AND URBAN SPACE
NAGARIK MANCHA//KOLKATA//2004-05

“BECAUSE IT IS AN OLD SETTLEMENT, IT IS NOT
POSSIBLE TO ASCERTAIN ORIGINAL OWNERS.
YOU WILL FIND IT DIFFICULT TO GET ANY
INFORMATION FROM THE REVENUE DEPARTMENT
ABOUT THE JURISDICTION OF THE CITY
AGENCIES IN THE BASTI. BUT... THE STATUS OF
THE VILLAGE IS URBAN AND NOT RURAL.”

GO TO PAGE 157

“I'm sorry, but this isn't his number anymore.”

GO TO

PAGE 367

At that time, Tulsiwadi must have had 4000 tenements. It was constantly under the threat of demolition. Still, for Salim it was home. Why did he go away? "I lived for others—I knew a lot of people. I had helped them get ration cards etc. In the riots our things were stolen and I was afraid of what my children would see. They would feel that these were our friends and neighbours—they are wearing our clothes. There was a lot of hatred which did not exist before. I called many people to ask for their help—friends in the Congress party—now they are ministers at the Centre. No one helped. We called the fire brigade when we were surrounded and homes were on fire. No one came. The local corporator led a mob baying for our blood; that's the time the police shot and killed her. After seeing that at night we decided to leave. My neighbours did not reassure me or ask me to stay back. Our area is surrounded by tall buildings. They trained bright lamps on us—we were a cluster of houses. Those bright halogen lamps showed up all our movements—we were being watched ... I felt the whole city could see our homes burning."

RECOVERING LOST HISTORIES:

RIOT VICTIMS AND COMMUNAL POLARISATION IN MUMBAI

MEENA MENON//MUMBAI//2005-06

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THE MAKING
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**THERE DOES NOT EXIST A HISTORY OF HAVING
CONFRONTED SUCH HAPPENINGS.**

**NO FAMILIAR DISCURSIVE SITE IS AVAILABLE
WITH REFERENCE TO WHICH THE THEME MAY BE INTRODUCED.**

>>>>

In the capital city of Kerala, there is a temple of great antiquity known as 'Sree Padmanabha Swami Temple'. The rulers of the erstwhile state of Tiruvithamcore used to be called Sree Padmanabha Dasa (Padmanabha is the icon of Lord Vishnu; and Padmanabhadasa means the servant of Lord Vishnu). This temple of royal heritage is built over a very large area, and is located almost on the outskirts of the city. Any visitor to the temple is left with a sense of having been caught between an antique structure and the modern urban space. In the temple, there is a pond; it lies outside the courtyard of the temple. From one side of the pond, an approach road leads towards the temple; and a little ahead of the other side of the pond there is a taxi stand. One finds here the usual passers-by, a few people who reside close by, and those who simply come to pass time in the evening. Earlier, the pond was open to the public. People used to bathe in the pond. But for almost a decade, a guard has been appointed to stop anyone from entering the pond, or going near it. That had been the state of affairs until the incident that I am about to recount.

On 6 February 2000, around 2:00 PM, a youth was walking on the approach road that leads towards the temple, as if unaware of the ban. Most people did not notice his trespass. Others passively looked on – they had no way of anticipating what was about to transpire.

The youth, as far as his appearance goes, was well-built, and in his twenties. The guard, at that moment, happened to have gone for a cup of tea to a shop nearby. Nobody was there to prevent the trespasser, and he entered the pond. At that point, some people reminded him of the ban and tried to persuade him not to enter. Unmindful, the man began to bathe in the pond. In a short while, he reached almost the middle of the pond. Meanwhile, someone managed to inform the guard, who immediately rushed to the scene. By then, a huge crowd had surrounded the pond, watching the events unfold.

Without entering the pond, the guard tried his best to persuade the man to come back. Having failed to get him out in this way, the guard eventually entered the pond. The guard went up to the still adamant trespasser, which forced the two into a brawl. The brawl quickly turned into a full-fledged physical fight. The guard gradually sunk right in front of the whole crowd, was immersed deep inside the pond, killed by the trespasser in broad day light, in front of a large number of his fellow human beings.

A team of one of the popular Malayalam television channels, headed by the bureau chief himself, happened to be shooting some parts of the temple that day. Hearing about the unfolding incident, the TV crew rushed to the scene and telecasted their recording of the incident on their channel at prime time, the very same evening.

This is the story over which I have been pondering. This story is a real incident. I am trying to flesh out the meaning of the experience of death in this story. I request you, too, to bring your intellectual response to bear on this story, this incident.

MAKING SENSE OF A 'REAL' INCIDENT: APPLICANT UNRAVELS AN INCIDENT INVOLVING TEMPLE ENTRY THAT WAS COVERED BY A CAMERA CREW
UDAYKUMAR M//THIRUVANANTHAPURAM//2005-06

I look and see and see...

To Ritwik

*by Broto Chakroborty, dedicated to Ritwik Ghatak,
the ultimate exemplar of the nagarik poet.*

Why are you looking so hard at Kolkata?
Your glasses slip down your nose,
You look over them, deeply, this life.
All around us, do you see
This darkness?
As if on Kolkata's eyeballs
Someone has emptied a huge inkstand.
Inside tradition's tubewell
A huge black torrent keeps growing.
Ritwik, every time you say 'Ah life'
And pump the handles,
And you crave
Cold and clear water.
Life has surprised you
By sending that black jet,
That inky blackness flowing
Instead of blood
In body after body,
Crowding this city.

In 'Ei Kolkata Kobitar', ed. Sibaprasad Samaddar, written in 1980.
Translated by Debjani Sengupta.

COLONY FICTION:
REFUGEE COLONIES AND THEIR REPRESENTATION IN POST-PARTITION KOLKATA
DEBJANI SENGUPTA//DELHI//2005-06

[Reader-list] Nangla Maanchi: Court Proceedings/Note/9 May 2006

Today, on May 09, 2006, Hon'ble Justice Ruma Pal and Justice Markandey Katju of the Supreme Court, set a time of three weeks for the demolition of the remainder of Nangla Maanchi. The half-hour hearing was held in Court Number 02 (as item number 16) of the Supreme Court, Barakhamba Road, Delhi, from 11:00 AM to 11:30 AM.

The hon'ble bench stated that relocation of all the [remaining] inhabitants of Nangla was "not possible" before the demolition. It stated that all it could grant Nangla Maanchi was a time of three weeks, before demolition, "full stop".

The hon'ble bench stated that the power house, whose land had been 'encroached' by the inhabitants of Nangla had given "some date for construction", and that there has to be "balance" - that the land has "uses that cannot be denied", and that the more settlements are removed, the "more they come". On the question of the timeline for this construction, the hon'ble bench stated that whatever the case may be, "occupation of land without legal authority cannot be allowed. Even people whose lands have legal rights have been relocated" for projects.

In response to a request on deliberation on the question of cut-off dates for eligibility for relocation, the hon'ble bench stated, "from what was a few tenements" it has grown to "thousands", and "each tenement had a family". They have been "growing and growing", that it was becoming difficult to "deal with the problem". It also stated, during the court proceedings, that if public land is occupied, it will "have to be vacated", that the right to shelter did not mean that "everyone be given shelter".

On the question of Sawda-Ghewra being without any infrastructure or facilities (where the inhabitants of Nangla Maanchi will be relocated), the hon'ble bench stated that in Bawana, a resettlement colony, people had sold off their plots of land. On the question of the difficulty of being on the streets in this intense heat, the hon'ble bench stated that it is "never comfortable to live out", that there will always be intense heat, or cold, or rainfall in the city. The hon'ble bench suggested that people need not come to Delhi, unless they can afford to live in the city.

Posted by nangla@cm.sarai.net
<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2006-May/007437.html>

We now have new jhoolewalas to talk to. Our search in Jangpura (Delhi) yields a bounty – we find around nine jhoolas neatly parked on a roadside. However, it takes us three days to track down the owners; we narrowly miss them at times.

The self-proclaimed leader of the jhoolas is proactive, and seems to understand our project very well. He says they've been filmed in a forest location once, though I have my doubts.

Our conversation is about how jhoolas are manufactured. We learn that most of the work that goes into making jhoolas is done by the jhoolewala himself. He figures out which one to make, collects/buys iron scrap from markets, cuts them up into required parts, and then takes all this to the local welder (*mistri*). The resultant grey & black monster is then painted at home and assembled with pins and wheels for the required mechanics.

Most jhoolas cost between Rs. 7000-9000 to make, which makes us wonder about estimates we got from other jhoolewalas, earlier, that placed the cost nearer Rs. 20-25,000.

We learn that there are two types of jhoolas – the ones that are pushed through the *muhullah* (neighbourhoods), and the larger (and sometimes electric) ones, used in carnivals. We express our interest in the former, and the Jhoolewala rattles off the names of the three types of jhoolas prevalent in Delhi. (He says these are the only ones ever made. And he would know – he's been doing this for 14 years now.) To elaborate, these are: the merry-go-round, the ferris wheel, and the rotating cars.

A peculiar thing about jhoolas is the removal of the little wheels that give them motion, in the evenings, or when going on a break, since scrap junkies seem to steal them quite often. The provision of removable wheels becomes an additional design constraint.



Evolution of Designing

It is generally understood that a movie publicity material – be it a poster, handbill, newspaper advertisement or a song booklet – presents a variety of information about a particular film through text and visual. It would be important to understand the design conventions developed by the group of first generation of unknown / little-known designers of publicity materials most of whom were forgotten now. Those forgotten designers worked with the text and image supplied by the production company and then tried to organize the information in an interesting manner. The cover of song book of the film *Kaal Parinaya* (1936) used very large fronts to highlight the title in red against a white background. The letters were arranged as a curve to emphasize on the twisted journey of the tale which had a tragic end. The cover presented the name of the producer (Priyanath Gangopadhyay) who himself had directed a silent version of the film earlier) and the name of the production company: Kali Films. (Pic:6) Such simple designing remained popular for years to come, as it was effective as well as economical in production. The cover of the songbook of the film *Jogajog* (1943) faithfully followed the same style. But the designer Sailen Dey used simple symbolism to hint at the story itself. The upper part of the cover had a beautiful graphical image of a huge tree with a small creeper plant climbing up effortlessly. Once again a simple symbol to embody the theme of the film which was a story of contact, mutual dependence and trust between the big and the small, between the powerful and the powerless.

EARLY CINEMA AND THE RISE OF A NEW FORM OF ADVERTISING
INDRANI MAJUMDER//KOLKATA//2003-04

इकतीस साल के रामप्रसाद राम बीस साल से संगत के साथ जुड़े हुए हैं। मंझले कद के रामप्रसाद राम वक्रत के थपेड़े झेलते जीवन की चौथी दहाई में ही वृद्ध लगने लगे हैं। इन्होंने थोड़ी सी पढ़ाई भी की है। बातों के शौकीन रामप्रसाद राम दरभंगा शहर के चूनाभट्टी मुहल्ले में रहते हैं।

मिलने के बाद संगीत की बात चली तो वे अपने पुराने दिनों में खो गए। किस तरह उनके पिताजी उन्हें डॉट-डॉटकर शहनाई बजाना सिखाते थे, इस बात को वो भावुक होकर और मज़े ले-लेकर बताने लगे। फिर एक आह के साथ उन्होंने कहा, “अब शहनाई सुनता ही कौन है? विस्मिल्लाह खान के कैसेट से ही काम चला लेते हैं।” मैं टोकता हूँ, “वे तो बहुत अच्छा बजा लेते हैं।”

“मैं अच्छे-बुरे की बात नहीं कर रहा हूँ, पर कैसेट-सीडी का बजना और आप मस्ती में बजा रहे हो और लोग सामने बैठे हैं और मगन हो कर सुन रहे हैं - इसकी तो और बात है ना।” मैंने पूछा, “तो लोग अब क्या सुनते हैं?” “अब तो ऐसी म्यूज़िक जिस पर डाँस कर सकें। ये तो बैण्ड पार्टी वाले ही बजा पाते हैं।” “आपने कभी बैण्ड पार्टी में जाम किया है?” “किया तो नहीं, पर खुद चलाया ज़रूर है। जुगनू बैंड पार्टी के नाम से मेरी बैण्ड पार्टी चली थी। फिर पैसे से पिछड़ गया, इसलिये छोड़ना पड़ा और इधर बेरोज़गार हूँ।” “क्या बैण्ड पार्टी बनाने में बहुत पैसा लगता है?” “हाँ-हाँ, एक से डेढ़ लाख रुपये लग जाते हैं।” “चमार बिरादरी के लिये तो इतना पैसा जुगाड़ करना मुश्किल होता होगा?” “हाँ, इसलिए अब दूसरी बिरादरी के ज़्यादा लोग आ गए हैं... अब कलाकारों में भी हमारी बिरादरी के लोग कम होते जा रहे हैं।” “बैण्ड पार्टी चलाने वालों को पैसे किस आधार पर मिलते हैं?” “सीज़न भर का समझौता है, आप जो कमाएँ, उन्हें ये पैसा देना ही पड़ेगा।”

“तो इस पेशे से जुड़े हुए लोगों की स्थिति पहले से खराब हुई है।”

“नहीं। हमारी जाति की हालत अच्छी ही कब रही है? पहले तो गाँव में हर संस्कार के मौके पर ढोल-शहनाई बजाने जाते थे और बदले में उन्हें मात्र सिदहा (खाने के लिये दिया जाने वाला अनाज, जो एक ही जने के लिये पर्याप्त होता था) मिलता था। इसमें एक ढोल और दो या तीन शहनाइयाँ रहते हैं। ...तब ब्रास बैण्ड का इतना चलन नहीं था। खैर, समय बदल जाने से पहली वाली बात तो नहीं रह गई है। पहले जो लोग हमें अछूत समझते थे, वही अब कांट्रैक्ट बनाने आते हैं तो कंधे पर हाथ रखकर बात करते हैं।”

फिर वो कहते हैं: “देखिये, यह कहना कठिन है कि सम्मान बढ़ा है या घटा है। गाँव में तो एक तरह से पहले ज़बरदस्ती बजाना पड़ता था। अब वो तो नहीं है; अब हम पैसा लेकर गाते-बजाते हैं। हमारी धुनों पर बारात के लोग नाचते हैं। पर अब इसे हुनर नहीं माना जाता। पहले हम शहनाई पर भैरवी और ऐसे ही कितने राग सुनाते थे। अब लोग ये नहीं सुनना चाहते। जो टीवी पर देखते हैं, वही सुनना चाहते हैं। महनत भी बढ़ गया है — नए-नए गीतों से तालमेल बैठाना कठिन है। अब तो गाँव के बजाने वाले भी कैसियो मास्टर को अपने यहाँ बुलाते हैं, नए गाने सीखते हैं।”

ज्ञान-विनिमय की नई तकनीकें और मेल बनाते दलित

**NEW TECHNOLOGIES OF KNOWLEDGE-FLOW AND THE DALITS
SANJEEV RANJAN MISHRA//DARBHANGA//2005-06**

Sanjay Divecha (guitar player and musician, based out of Mumbai) describes this process of listening to something, assimilating it, and picking it apart; something that he says is bound to show up in one's own compositions later:

"When you learn a song, you learn the song, you study the song, which means, if you want to talk about it specifically, you learn about its harmonic progression, the chord structure, how the melody is set against the chord structure, the rhythm of the melody, the form of the song, all vital things to making a song. Which, when you study, and you learn it, you understand it. You see, 'Ok, this has a verse, this has a chorus.' It can sound like a formula kind of thing. I'm talking about popular music. You learn a song, and you learn how it's made, how it's put together."

Sanjay also briefly mentions the idea that effective learning also involves similarly learning and assimilating "all the music that's happened before you." This assimilation can be understood as listening to a particular piece of music intensively and repetitively until it is embedded in that listener's subconscious mind. It is not inconceivable that when that listener then composes music as a musician, some elements of all the music that he/she has assimilated over his/her entire life will find expression in the music that he/she creates. Taking another musician's work, and "doing my own thing" with it is understood as an act of creation, not copying. However, conflict emerges when this natural understanding is juxtaposed with the international context established by copyright litigation.

The most famous copyright case in this context is the case of *Bright Tunes Music v. Harrisongs Music* 420 F. Supp. 177 (S.D.N.Y. 1976). The lawsuit claimed that *My Sweet Lord*, a Billy Preston song on which George Harrison was credited as composer, plagiarized *He's So Fine* composed by Ronald Mack. In his judgement, Judge Owen found that the claim was valid and that Harrison had copied from Mack's work. However, the explanation given by Judge Owen goes into great detail about how Harrison had heard the popular song many times before, and he knew that the sequence of notes he was using in his composition were pleasant, "because his subconscious knew [that] it had already worked in a song [which] his conscious mind did not remember."

An excerpt of the judge's opinion, taken from the Columbia Law School Arthur W. Diamond Law Library Music Plagiarism Project:

"What happened? I conclude that the composer, in seeking musical materials to clothe his thoughts, was working with various possibilities. As he tried this possibility and that, there came to the surface of his mind a particular combination that pleased him as being one he felt would be appealing to a prospective listener; in other words, that this combination of sounds would work. Why? Because his subconscious knew it already had worked in a song [which] his conscious mind did not remember. Having arrived at this pleasing combination of sounds, the recording was made, the lead sheet prepared for copyright and the song became an enormous success. Did Harrison deliberately use the music of *He's So Fine*? I do not believe he did so deliberately. Nevertheless, it is clear that *My Sweet Lord* is the very same song as *He's So Fine*, with different words, and Harrison had access to *He's So Fine*. This is, under the law, infringement of copyright, and is no less so even though subconsciously accomplished."

Not the buildings. Nor parks. Or flyovers. Thinking about people who make up a city.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 20, 2006, 14:10

The Magen Hassidim Synagogue turns 75 years old this year. By some accounts, the synagogue dates to 1904, but as far as I can tell construction was completed in 1931. It sits on Mohammed Shahid Road in the heart of Agripada, and it is the largest Bene Israel synagogue in the city.

On the Sabbath, the peaceful and spacious interior of this largest Bene Israel synagogue attracts... 60 worshippers.

A thought comes to me, for no particular reason: on any given Sabbath, there are more names on these walls than there are inside. And that thought makes me get up and stroll around the little verandah, peering at the plaques.

Isaac David Mhedekar gave the synagogue Rs 5001 "in loving memory of late Mrs Jerusha Isaac Mhedekar." (His wife, I presume).

Mrs Shoshannabai Asher Chewoolkar gave Rs 10,001 "in loving memory of Mr Arthur Isaac Chewoolkar."

The golden letters above the Hekhal ("ark", where the Torah is kept) were the gift of Mrs Hannah Abraham Simeon Bhinjekar and Miss Ruth Abraham Simeon Bhinjekar.

Jonathan Daniel Chaulkar and Sharona Jonathan Chaulkar together contributed Rs 15,000 for the small chandelier.

Daniel Joseph Bhastekar contributed Rs 750 for two fans.

Ephraim David Solomon, Retired Deputy Superintendent of Jails in Rangoon, Burma, contributed Rs 100. (Oddly, there were plenty of contributors from Rangoon).

Other contributors were from: Karachi, Andheri, Surat, Balsar, Nagaon, Manikpur, Sukkur, Badarpur and Bombay.

Pestonjee Dadabhai contributed Rs 101 to the synagogue. Yes, a Parsi name.

Just above the "Dharma Peti", a slot for leaving donations, is a sign that says "Charity Delivereth from Death."

**VILLAGE IN THE CITY: BOMBAY IN MICROCOSM
DILIP D'SOUZA//MUMBAI//2005-06**

So many cinema halls within so less a space, gives a very peculiar feel to the neighbourhood. In contrast to the multiplexes, there is travel associated with them, where one traverses, among the people and the landscape, from one space to another.

These structures are very unlike the modern cinema halls and multiplexes. They are old structures and their outward appearances haven't changed since their inception. They are of solid masonry, lined up with other buildings along the busiest thoroughfares. A grand front entrance and, inside, often a spacious lobby, seats and stalls according to class, and a broad screen. The accent here seems to be on the status of the cinema venue as a 'building'. Workplace, living space, meeting point and place of entertainment are ranged side by side along an intentionally visible path: That of the daily progress of each inhabitant.

All the halls house a *dargah* in their complex. The general opinion about their inception is that this place was originally a cemetery. With the passage of time, the graves have become places of worship.



The balconies on the side of the halls are an excellent space to watch the street below and get some fresh air, while smoking or chatting.

**THEATRES ON AND AROUND MAULANA SHAUKAT ALI ROAD IN MUMBAI
MAMTA MANTRI//MUMBAI//2005-06**



Toote Khilone, 1954

By virtue of the negatives being on glass plates, they had a fragile quality, and the huge negatives (at times 11x14 inches) were somewhat like painting frames that demanded attention and had to be handled with care. Perhaps, more significantly, the images had a fine “jewel-like” quality (because of the nature of emulsions) and the entire process of taking photographs and developing were remarkably different from the ordinary/casual photographs taken on ‘plastic’ negatives. It becomes a question of cultural practices, when not only the very instance of being recorded was exceptional, but also the glass plate itself, as well as the photographs or the images, have a certain uniqueness.

Ashutosh Sengupta, the experienced still-photographer working within the film studios says, “We would use the ‘low speed’ glass negatives for various purposes, for instance when we required the letters or the titles only. Prints from glass negatives would be of very high contrast, which was effective for publicity material. Glass wasn’t exactly cheap or trouble-free to deal with, but glass was popular till the point of the Second World War, and even later, for its high contrast images”.

LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
 (RETRIEVING ‘LOST’ GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA IN BENGAL)
 MADHUJA MUKHERJEE//KOLKATA//2003-04

दरभंगा - 1/6/06

आरदणीय सूरजपाल चौहान जी,

आपकी रचनाओं ने भारतीय यथार्थ के कई जटिल और अनछुए पहलुओं को समझने में मदद की है, इस हेतु आप का शुक्रगुज़ार हूँ। इस पर कभी तफ़्सील से लिखूँगा।

बंधुवर, यह पत्र दिल्ली स्थित सेन्टर फॉर स्टडी ऑफ़ डेबलपिंग सोसाइटीज (सीएसडीएस) के एक कार्यक्रम 'सराय' के लिए, नई तकनीकों के साथ बन रहे दलितों के रिश्ते के मुतल्लिक, अपने शोधकार्य के हेतु कुछ प्रश्नों के उत्तर पाने की आशा में भेज रहा हूँ।

ये प्रश्न इस प्रकार हैं -

1. जैसा कि हम सब जानते हैं कि, प्राचीनकाल से अब तक भौतिक वस्तुओं से लेकर सांस्कृतिक उपादानों तक के उपभोग पर जातिमूलक बंदिशें लगी रही हैं। सरसरी तौर पर देखने से भी लगता है और मैंने अपने शोधकार्य के दौरान भी महसूस किया है कि नई तकनीकें यथा टेलीविजन, सीडीप्लेयर और कंप्यूटर आदि के आने से उपभोग पर लगी जातिगत बंदिशें टूट रही हैं। हालाँकि, इन साधनों पर दलितों की मिल्कियत संख्या के हिसाब से कम ही है, पर बगैर मिल्कियत के भी वे भिन्न-भिन्न तरीकों के द्वारा वे इन साधनों के साथ उसी तरह का रिश्ता कायम कर रहे हैं, जिस तरह का कि कोई सवर्ण। इसके मुतल्लिक आप क्या कहना चाहेंगे ?
2. दलित साहित्य से साक्षात्कार के दौरान मैंने यह पाया कि हालाँकि यथार्थ के ब्यौरे इसमें सशक्तता से मौजूद है और सान्द्र-सघन अनुभूतियों से ये लबरेज हैं, पर नई तकनीकों के साथ दलितों के रिश्तों पर चर्चा प्रायः नहीं ही होती है। इसके पीछे आप किन वज़हों को देखते हैं?
3. कुछ दलित रचनाकारों ने बातचीत के क्रम में बताया कि वे वर्ण-व्यवस्था की संरचना को समस्याग्रस्त करना और इसकी ज़्यादातियों से निबटना ही तत्काल उनकी प्रिरीयोरिटी में हैं। पर, मुझे लगता है कि इस लड़ाई में ये तकनीकें कारगर भूमिका निभा सकती हैं। बंधुवर, वर्ण-व्यवस्था की संरचना को समस्याग्रस्त करने और इसकी ज़्यादातियों से निबटने में आप नई तकनीकों की क्या भूमिका देखते हैं?
4. नई तकनीकें दलित मध्यवर्ग के जीवन को किस तरह असरअगेज कर रही हैं?

यदि नई तकनीकों के साथ दलितों के रिश्तों के संबंध में और कुछ कहना चाहते हैं, तो उन्हें जानकर प्रसन्नता होगी।

स्वस्थ और सानंद होंगे।

सादर,

संजीव

ज्ञान-विनिमय की नई तकनीकें और मेल बनाते दलित

NEW TECHNOLOGIES OF KNOWLEDGE-FLOW AND THE DALITS
SANJEEV RANJAN MISHRA//DARBHANGA//2005-06

During a botanical expedition in the Western Ghats in December 1987, scientists from the Tropical Botanic Garden & Research Institute (TBGRI) noticed their guides of the Kani tribe eating some fruits. On consuming these fruits, the scientists felt energetic; they enquired about the fruit. To the Kanis this information was sacred, not to be revealed to outsiders. The fruit of this plant has been used by the Kanis, a traditionally nomadic community in Kerala, to keep themselves energetic and agile.* After much persuasion, they showed the scientists the Aarogyappacha plant. TBGRI created a drug *Jeevani*, formulated with Aarogyappacha and three more plants.

TBGRI passed resolutions authorising the director of TBGRI to transfer the technology involved to interested parties for a license fee and payment of fifty percent of the fee to the Kanis. Technology for the manufacture of *Jeevani* was transferred to Arya Vaidya Pharmacy (Coimbatore) Ltd. for 7 years, for a license fee of Rs. 10,00,000.

The Kerala Institute for Research Training & Development of SC/STs protested that the Kanis should have been involved in the process of negotiating with the Arya Vaidya Pharmacy, that payment was insufficient, that the Kanis should be encouraged to administer their medical knowledge on their own terms. The leader of the Opposition of the Legislative Assembly objected that the contribution of the Kanis was undervalued. A separate objection was that an undertaking of this nature should have been given to a public sector company.

The Kanis are traditionally a nomadic community with a chief, the Moottukani – law giver, protector, dispenser of justice, physician and priest. At the time of this process, the Kanis lived in several tribal hamlets, each with 10 or 20 families, in and around the forest areas in Thiruvananthapuram district. They are now part of the Panchayat Raj system, along with all the others in the area. Issues arose regarding how to effectively transfer benefits to the entire Kani community. Kanis from other tribal hamlets protested at not being involved in the process. A group of Kanni medicine men wrote a letter to the Chief Minister objecting to the transfer of their knowledge to private companies.

In October 1995, the governing council of TBGRI, chaired by the Chief Minister of Kerala, approved of the transfer of technology to Arya Vaidya Pharmacy, and an agreement was executed between TBGRI and the Arya Vaidya Pharmacy in November. TBGRI was to receive a two percent royalty on all future drug sales.

TBGRI helped the Kanis set up a trust known as the Kerala Kani Samudaya Kshema Trust in November 1997, two years into the license period. The aim of this trust is to enrol all adult Kanis in Kerala as members. In March 1999, the amount due to the Kanis was transferred to the trust with the understanding that the interest would be used for welfare purposes.

The chemical properties that gave the plant medicinal value were highest when the plant was grown in its natural habitat. TBGRI trained the Kanis for commercial cultivation of Aarogyappacha. The plant is not on the list of minor forest produce that tribals may sell. The Chief Conservator of Forests (Vigilance) felt that extensive harvestation of the plant for commercial purposes would lead to rapid depletion of the plant.

* Anuradha, R. V., "Mainstreaming Indigenous Knowledge: Developing 'Jeevani'" 33 EPW 1998.

NINE URDU MONTHLY MAGAZINES.

EACH COMES OUT OF DIFFERENT MADRASAS OF NORTH INDIA, THREE FROM EACH MAIN SECT OF SUNNI MUSLIMS. SELECTED HERE IN VIEW OF THEIR IDENTIFICATION WITH A PARTICULAR SCHOOL OF THOUGHT, AS WELL AS THE RANGE OF OPINIONS EACH OF THEM OFFERS WITHIN THE PARTICULAR SCHOOL IT BELONGS TO.

AALA HAZRAT

Official organ of the madrasa Manzare Islam, Bareilly – The madrasa is the spiritual center of the Barelwi sect, established by Ahmad Riza Khan Barelwi (1870-1920), founder of the sect – First publication 1960, by Ibrahim Riza Khan 'Jilani Miyan', grandson of Ahmad Riza Khan, popularly known as 'Aala Hazrat' – Enjoys considerable influence among the Barelwi Muslims – Circulation: 3000-3500 – 112 pages – Price Rs.12.

ASHRAFIYYA

Official organ of the madrasa Al Jamia Al Ashrafiyya, Mobarakpur (Azamgarh, UP) – First publication 1976 – Each issue contains 48 pages – Price Rs.10 – Circulation: 4000 copies – This madrasa is regarded as the *Oxford of the Barelwi* sect, and its magazine commands unparalleled respect.

ZIYAE WAJEEH

Spokesperson of Madrasa Jameul Uloom Furqania, Rampur – First publication 1977 by Wajeehuddin Ahmad Khan Mojaddidi, an Ahle Sunnat – Regular publication began in 1990 – Monthly since 1991 – 48 pages of 20x26 cm – Price Rs.10 – Circulation: 2450 – Magazine represents the liberals among the Ahle Sunnat sect, popularly known as Barelwi.

AASARE JADID

Monthly magazine of Ahle Hadis madrasa Darul Hadis Asariyya (Mau) – First publication 1983 – 48 pages – Price Rs.10 – Circulation: 2000 copies.

MOHADDIS

Organ of Jamia Salafia, Varanasi – First publication 1982 – 48 pages – 23x18 cm – Rs.12 – Circulation: 2000 copies.

NAWAE ISLAM

An Ahle Hadis magazine brought out by Islamic Preaching Council, Delhi – The Council runs a number of small madrasas in different parts of Eastern UP – First publication 1984 – 48 pages – 21x14 cm – Rs.8 – Circulation: 7000 copies.

DARUL ULOOM

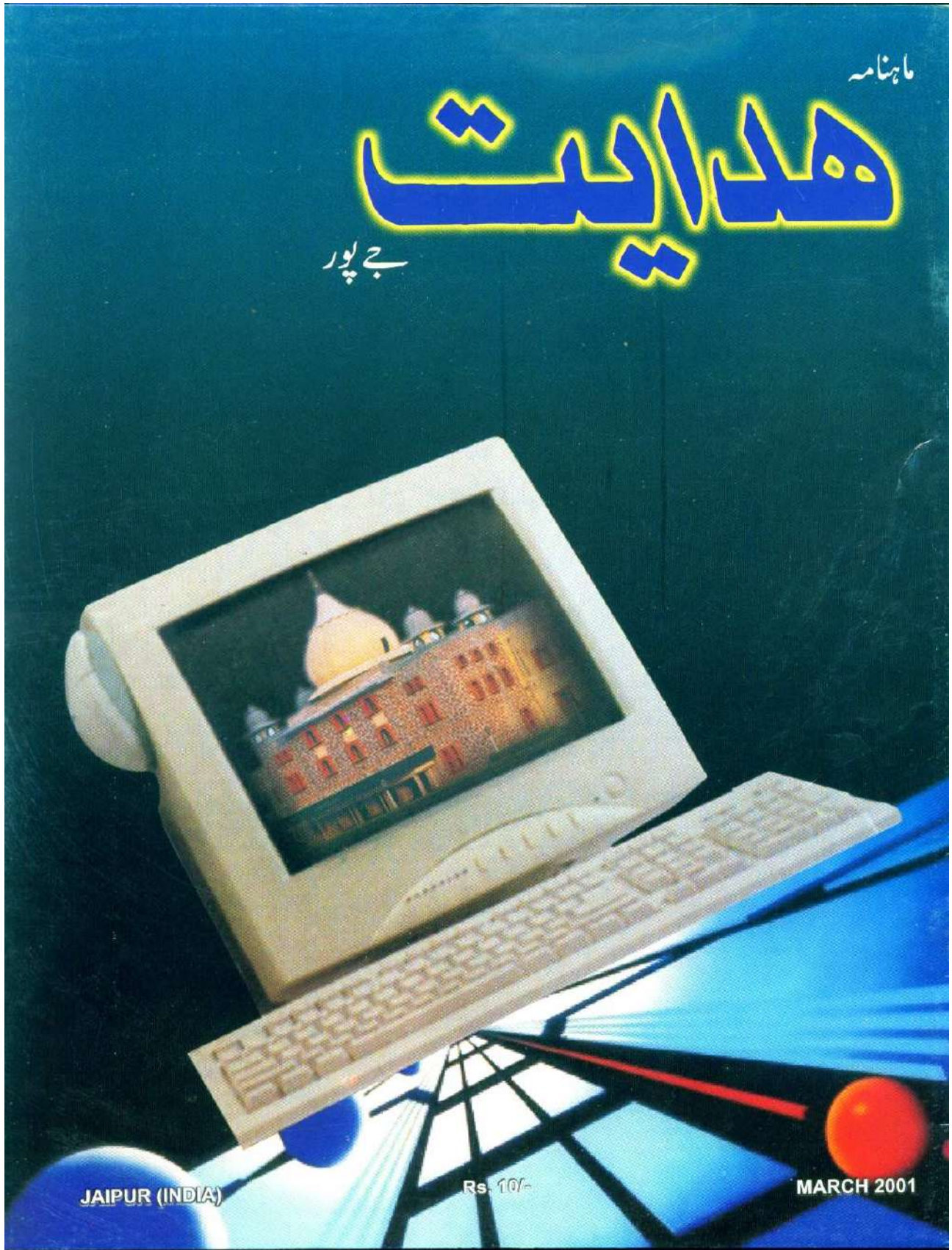
Official monthly magazine of the Deoband madrasa – First publication 1941 – 56 pages – Rs.10 – Circulation: 2610.

DARUS SALAM

Another Deobandi magazine – Organ of the Darus Salam Islamic Center, Maler Kotla, Punjab – The Centre imparts correspondence courses in various Islamic disciplines – Published regularly since April 1988 – 40 pages – Rs. 7 – Circulation: 3000-3500.

TARJUMAN-E-DARUL ULOOM

Organ of the Tanzim Abna-e-Qadeem Darul Uloom Deoband (Darul Uloom Deoband Old Boys Organization), New Delhi [Headed by Maulana Mohammad Afzalul Haq Jauhar Qasmi, TAQDUD is an autonomous body, but shares its ideology with Darul Uloom Deoband] – First publication 1992 – 64 pages – Rs. 10 – Circulation: 1300.



JOURNALISM IN MADRASAS AND MADRASAS IN JOURNALISM
ARSHAD AMANULLAH//DELHI-VARANASI//2005-06



Dreamland, Mumbai

The decision to shoot in colour was a conscious one. I was concerned with black & white's tendency to induce nostalgia or notions of "a time gone by". The use of colour, as film theorist Stanley Cavell once noted, implies immediacy, even the likelihood of a future. Using colour was also a reaction to earlier work that has been done on cinema halls, and which is almost always black & white. It was important to me that people realise these pictures were taken in 2006-07, so they could situate them in the current cultural time of the city.

**A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07**

INTERVIEW / SURESH CHANDVANKAR

SG: You have a wide exposure to recorded classical music. Do you think there were artists who were not recorded in their prime and therefore have diminished in the critical esteem of the present generation ? There is a popular tendency to talk of old masters as Pt Ravi Shankar, Ustad Bismillah Khan, at most Bade Gulam Ali Khan Saheb. A host of important musicians active in the early part of 20th century seem to be missing from popular discourse. Most music history discourses seem to start from Amir Khusrau and Tansen, suddenly ending up in the late 50s (sometimes namechecking Karim Khan and Faiyaz Khan) artists. One rarely hears anything in the mass media about people like Alladiya Khan or even Alauddin Khan Saheb ?

Suresh Chandvankar: Tansen and Amir Khusrau did not enjoy recording facilities but their name is carried further by their disciples. Although Baba Allauddin Khan did record, Alladiya Khan refused. Also Vishnu Digambar Paluskar and Bhaskar Bha Bakhale did not record and hence their music is not available. But these were great gurus and their disciples have recorded prolifically. It is also but natural that with time, these great names will become part of the history but will never be forgotten. Several music festivals named after them shall keep the memories alive [e.g. sawai Gandharva Festival, Gunidas Sammelan, Tansen Samaroha and so on]

SG: Do you suppose media (newspaper/magazine) exposure of artists / artistry is manipulated to maximise record sales of contemporary recording artists, instead of giving a balanced view of music history ? Do you think it has something to do with the fact that compared to the old masters, the recent generation has poorer music skills ? (and that such comparison would show new artists in poor light)

Suresh Chandvankar: Certainly glamour associated with celebrities is being exploited for business purpose, but so was also true in early periods of Gauhar Jan of Calcutta and Jankibai of Allahabad.

Before 1950's due to technological limitations recordings beyond 3/5 minutes was not possible and hence we get only trailer of the art of the great masters and they have skilfully recorded maximum in available time.

Recent generation has longer durations available and hence they play leisurely and sometimes it becomes quite monotonous and boring. Of course there are exceptions and those albums do sell very well. In no way, present day musicians are inferior to the senior stalwarts who had only 3 minutes at their disposal. Only thing is that they should learn the power of the recording medium and mould the presentations suitably.



SG: You are yourself one of the largest collectors of 78rpm in India, Do you think new technology can help archiving ?

Suresh Chandvankar: Yes, of course but with the compromise of the original sound that emanates from the grooves of the old gramophone records. In fact, ever increasing storage capacity will be a bliss for archiving.

SG: In the context of some horrendous fires in the recent past especially like the one at the Pune Film Institute and last month in London - Do suppose a different method of archiving maybe resistant to freak accidents ? An archival system which is decentralised ?

Suresh Chandvankar: Accidents will occur due to man or machine or both. It is always necessary to take back up and keep updating the back ups. When multiple copies of a given archival material is available, it is best to have a copy at number of places, not only in India but also all over the world.

Part transcript of an interview with Suresh Chandavarkar, Hon. Secy, Society of Indian Record Collectors, Mumbai. He has one of the largest private collections of Hindustani Classical Records in the country.

PRESERVATION OF EARLY INDIAN RECORDINGS
SANJAY GHOSH//DELHI//2003-04

चाँद का टेलीफ़ोन बूथ: चाँद पे फ़ोन

श्रीनगर (पूर्णिमा) में एक बूथ है — 'चाँद पे फ़ोन'। इस बूथ के मालिक हैं चाँद खाँ।

सुबह के छः बजे हैं। सड़क सुनसान है, इक्का-दुक्का लोग नज़र आ रहे हैं। चाँद खाँ अपने घर से निकलकर अपनी दुकान पर आता है। फटाफट दुकान की साफ़-सफ़ाई करता है। इसी बीच राजेश आता है, उसे लुधियाना में रहने वाले बड़े भाई से ज़रूरी बात करनी है। खाँ साहब की ये बोहनी है; आज अच्छी कमाई होगी, दुकान खोलते ही कस्टमर आ गया और पेमेंट भी कर गया। वैसे कमाई अच्छी-खासी हो ही जाती है, बही-खाता गवाह है।

फ़ोन की घंटी बजी। फ़ोन पटना से है; कमल नाम के युवक को सदानंद से बात करनी है। चाँद ने कहा, "पाँच मिनट बाद फ़ोन कीजिये, बुला के लाता हूँ।" पाँच मिनट बाद कमल वापस फ़ोन करता है और सदानंद से बात कर लेता है। सदानंद चाँद को दस रुपये देकर जाता है।

ग्यारह बज गए; अब लोग आने लगे। दो-तीन बजे तक लोकल कॉल ज़्यादा होंगे। दोपहर ढलने के साथ चाँद थका-थका महसूस करने लगा। चूँकि वो 15 दफ़े इस टोले से उस टोले के चक्कर लगाया है; जिसका फ़ोन आया है उसे बुलाना तो ज़रूरी है। 'भइया कभी-कभी तो मन करता है मैं भी दिल्ली-पंजाब चला जाऊँ, अब्बा संभालें दुकान को।' लोगों को बुलाते-बुलाते थक जाता है।

आज मंगलवार है, हटिया का दिन। आसपास के गाँव के लोग हटिया आते हैं तो बूथों की चलती आज ज़्यादा ही है। चाँद अब ठीक है; दोपहर की चिन्ता अब गायब है। दुकान के बाहर उसने दो कुर्सी लगा दी है।

एक औरत घूँघट ओढ़े हुए आती है। सुमनिया नाम की इस औरत को अपने घरवाले से बात करनी है। वह करोलबाग के दिल्ली इलाके में रिक्शा चलाता है। वो एक पूजा निकाल कर चाँद को देती है; इसमें नंबर है।

शाम को एसटीडी कॉल ज़्यादा होती है। चाँद की सचमुच आज अच्छी कमाई हुई है, कुल 380 रुपये। भाई, वह तो खुश है।

चाँद के साथ मेरी गुफ्तगू जारी है; लोगों का आना-जाना कम होने लगा है। रात के 8.30 बज रहे हैं। रेडियो पर राष्ट्रीय समाचार शुरू हैं। चाँद इस समाचार बुलेटिन को सुनकर ही दुकान बंद करता है।

गाँव और दिल्ली के प्रवासी इलाकों में टेलिफ़ोन बूथ का अध्ययन

**A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF TELEPHONE BOOTHS
IN A MIGRANT CITY AND THE VILLAGE
GIRINDRANATH NATH JHA//DELHI//2005-06**

VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE GRIDS

While crafting solutions to urban concerns of security, separation and vertical access, the urban grid compels our imagination and dominates our visual sense of order.

What of the invisible?

To most of us urban terrestrials, the underground grids remain conceptual, if not mythical. Not even the engineers who built them, nor the workers who repair and handle them everyday, have first-hand knowledge of the underground network in its entirety. They've seen, built, repaired segments, and then proceeded to picture the rest in the form of grid maps by assembling pieces from narrative history, scientific interpolation, popular knowledge and guesswork.

A Metrowater engineer revealed how tenuous official knowledge of the pipe system was, and how much the water officials relied on the local knowledge of residents and depot labourers: "When I'm out there trying to fix a leak, it's often the public that comes and points out, 'Sir, this is where there is a joint', or a sluice valve, or 'this is where somebody had fixed a leak some time back.' One of our biggest challenges on the job is handling water pollution, diagnosing where it comes from. It's like detective work – hard for an engineer. This is where the public really helps – 'Sir, there was a stormwater drain built here in 1956.' And eighty percent of what they say is true."

[...] In a bid for closer surveillance of the underground grid, the Tamilnadu government embarked on an ambitious scheme to visualise the entire subterranean network. As *The Hindu* reported in June 2005, "A three-dimensional map detailing every nook of the city and its sub-surface systems will soon be a reality. The power supply lines, the telecom network, the water supply and sewerage lines and buildings dotting the cityscape will all be incorporated into the map, officials involved in its preparation said..." (*The Hindu*, 6 June, 2005). The report claimed that the base map would be created from aerial photos taken by the Survey of India, with other information plotted into this frame, and that the map would cost a crore of rupees, at the rate of Rs. 60,000 per sq km.

[...] Available maps remain schematic and speculative not only because they reflect the planner's wishful thinking, or deficiencies in information, but because they seek to euphemize the web of secrets, lies, compromises and settlements through which service is negotiated on the ground. The official contours of the grid are daily manipulated by bypass connections, hidden diversions, illegal lines, most of these installed by Metrowater's own workers and many with the knowledge or active collusion of field engineers. Some of these get eventually "regularised," others remain illicit, lucrative sources for the government staff who installed them. Thus complete transparency about the underground grid is not only hard to acquire, it is actively subverted by local interests.

The grid is a favoured urban myth because it glosses over the messiness of lived reality, offering a cleaned-up presentable version that is almost believed.

TAPPING IN: URBAN WATER CONFLICTS AS CITIZENSHIP CLAIMS IN CHENNAI
KAREN COELHO//CHENNAI//2004-05

Madan Mohan Malviya was involved in the Hindi-Devanagiri movement of the Benaras School and prepared the ground for the forthcoming Allahabad phase. He led the Nagri movement.

At the behest of the Nagri Pracharni Sabha, and almost in its sponsorship, a new leading organisation, the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan, was formed in 1910 and the movement was launched more vigorously under the leadership of Malviya. Many Hindi literary figures and virtually all the leaders of Hindi, of both the cultural centres, collaborated and met – a joint effort for the cause. But now the full-fledged venue was Allahabad itself. A parallel institution was the Indian Press which came into existence a bit earlier, gave its services to the cause on a different plane. With a number of grand publications in humanities in its fold, it also started a leading journal of Hindi, 'The Saraswati'. Mahavir Prasad Dwivedi took charge of the magazine as its editor in 1903 and worked for about 20 years. To his credit is the vast and multifaceted work for the development of Hindi language and literature – standardisation of the language being one of them. His contribution was termed "Hindi Navjagran" by Ram Bilas Sharma.

In the meantime the Nationalist Movement, under the leadership of the Indian National Congress, had travelled a long distance. In the previous century Dayanand Saraswati had made Hindi the vehicle for his reform movement. Now Gandhi upgraded it as 'Rashtrabhasha', bringing it into the political plank of the nationalist movement. He attached himself to the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan. His followers, a big team of Hindi leaders, were incorporated into the Congress. Hindi was going to challenge and replace English, a symbol of imperialist oppression.

A strong propagator of Rashtrabhasha Hindi, Gandhi took a peculiar turn and coined 'Hindustani' as a common language for both Hindus and Muslims. Neither Hindi, nor Urdu, but Hindustani. Gandhi was not a linguist, nor a literary figure who could deal with the delicate intricacies of the domain. Still, a literary stalwart like Prem Chand stood by him, as did a number of historians, jurists, and men of other disciplines, all in favour of his compromise coinage, 'Hindustani'. But the leaders of the Sammelan, like Purshotam Das Tandan, rejected Hindustani, and Gandhi had to disassociate himself from the Sammelan. The battle was ultimately fought on the constitutional plane, and the Constituent Assembly debates became a landmark of the whole episode. The Hindustani Academy of Allahabad stands even today as a historic symbol of Gandhi's vision of Hindustani and the goodwill behind it. A trio of Gandhi's followers – Pt. Sunder Lal, B.N. Pandey and Mahmud Ahmed Huner – also launched a Hindustani magazine, 'The Naya Hindustan', which was printed in both Nagri and Urdu script, side by side.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ALLAHABAD AND ITS INTERVENTION AS A CULTURAL CENTRE OF THE HINDI-URDU BELT

HIMANSHU RANJAN//ALLAHABAD//2004-05

PREVIOUS MESSAGE:
[\[Reader-list\] Special issue... Andolan](#)

[READER-LIST]

NOTES – TRYING TO LOOK AT THE QUESTION OF ENGLISH, FASCISM...

LUSH INKK LUSHINKK_AT_YAHOO.COM
SUN NOV 24 20:02:56 IST 2002

I READ NAUKAR KI KAMEEZ [VINOD KUMAR SHUKL, 1979, RAJKAMAL PRAKASHAN]. READ IT VERY LATE. THOUGHT AND RETHOUGHT ABOUT IT. FELT DISCONTENTED BY THE END. BY THE WAY THE WIFE AND BABY-TO-BE GIVE THE ALL-IMPORTANT RESPITE, REFUGE AND SELF-AFFIRMATION. WONDERED AT MY DISCONTENT. PERHAPS IT WAS WITH LOADING THE WIFE WITH TOO MUCH CORRECT EMOTION. KEEPING CYNICISM/POST MODERNITY (HOW THE WORD RINGS FOR ME) COMPLETELY OUT OF THAT RELATIONSHIP. THE COMPLETE FAITH, THE PERFECTION OF THAT RECIPROCATED LOVE, MADE ME UNCOMFORTABLE. IT SEEMED TOO MUCH LIKE A WRESTED ENDING. WHAT STARTLED ME ABOUT THE NOVEL WAS THE EXISTENCE OF A CHARACTER WHO RECOGNISED THE MANIPULATIONS OF POWER SO CLEARLY AND, EQUALLY CLEARLY, KEPT OPEN A FIERCE PLACE OF DIGNITY AND LIFE FOR HIMSELF.

A NOVEL IS NOT REALITY. AND THIS NOVEL IS DEFINITELY AN ARTIFICE — A WORK OF ART — THAT, SMALL BIT BY PAINSTAKING BIT, CREATES/WRESTS A SPACE FOR DIGNITY IN THE FACE OF UGLY DEHUMANISED/DEHUMANISING POWER. WHAT STARTLED ME ABOUT THE NOVEL WAS THE (CREATED, I HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING MYSELF) EXISTENCE OF A CHARACTER WHO RECOGNISED THE MANIPULATIONS OF POWER SO CLEARLY AND, EQUALLY CLEARLY, KEPT OPEN A FIERCE PLACE OF DIGNITY AND LIFE FOR HIMSELF.

THE NOVEL BROUGHT IN, IN NEW PERMUTATIONS, SPACES INHABITED BY SOME PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS HOUSES HOLDING ONTO THEIR DIGNITY. NOT SUNK INTO POVERTY, BUT IN A CONTINUOUS STRUGGLE TO STAY AFLOAT.

PRATAP PANDEY'S REMARK, MANY MAILS AGO, ABOUT THE NEED FOR AN ETHNOGRAPHY OF FASCISM HAS STAYED WITH ME A LONG WHILE. SOME PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN FROM SPACES LIKE IN NAUKAR KI KAMEEZ, OR AT LEAST SPACES CLOSE TO THIS, HAVE VEERED INTO FASCIST THOUGHT — SOME KIND OF VOCAL SUPPORT WHENEVER THEY FEEL THE NEED TO DO SO. THIS BOOK IS WRITTEN IN 1979, WITH WHAT SEEMS LIKE A DEEP INTIMACY WITH A MATRIX, AND THE CREATIVE POWER TO MAKE/SALVAGE FROM IT, WITH LOVE AND PAIN, A DIGNITY. I THINK OF THE PEOPLE I KNOW IN THE EARLY 1980s, IN SIMILAR CONTEXTS, AND TRY TO SEE IF I CAN MOVE IN SOME SMALL CONFIGURATION TOWARDS AN ETHNOGRAPHY OF FASCISM...

HANSA

NEXT MESSAGE:
[\[Reader-list\] notes - trying to look at the question of english, fascism...](#)



LOCATING SEXUALITY THROUGH THE EYES OF AFGHAN AND BURMESE REFUGEE WOMEN IN DELHI
 AYESHA SEN CHOUDHURY//DELHI//2005-06

First film advertisements

One of the first film advertisements I have found is the advertisement of first public show of bioscope published in the Statesman (Calcutta) dated 20th November 1897 onward. The advertisement (photocopy not available presently) had predictably announced the first ever~~g~~ exhibition of cinematograph in Calcutta which ~~stressed upon~~ urged the readers to experience a unique scientific marvel – a demonstration of moving images. What was interesting was that along with the first advertisement the Statesman, dated 19th January 1897, also published a technical article explaining its readers what cinema really was and how it worked. It told the readers

'As the Calcutta public will very shortly have an opportunity of seeing the cinematograph at work, an account of this latest addition to science may prove interesting. The Cinematograph is practically an improvement upon Edison's Kinetoscope, showing the objects life size. A strip of transparent film, about 18 yards long and 1 ½ inches wide, is arranged in such a manner that it revolves in a camera at a speed to enable fifteen photographs to be taken in a second, each photographs being about three-quarters of an inch in size, so that the strip contains some nine hundred photographs taken in one minute, every movement of the object being faithfully reproduced. . . To reproduce the picture a large screen, about 20 feet square, is placed between the audience and the exhibitor.'

The first advertisements were published in the amusement column of the paper. The amusements column of the Statesman, Calcutta carried ^{many of} all sorts of entertaining events which could be of public interest. Among many announcements of theatre, circus and grand ball (to be presented in the aid of Indian Mountain Infantry Corps) I found an advertisement of Edison's Phonograph machines priced at Rs. 35 only.

GENUINE
EDISON
PHONOGRAPHS
FOR
Rs. 35 only.
T. E. BEVAN & CO,
CALCUTTA.

It is obvious that female stars were more popular than male stars till the 1950s. This is evident in the popular press. For instance, in a regular column called *Tharaganam* (which can be loosely translated as 'constellation of stars') in the magazine *Roopavani* (a film-related magazine of the 40s, 50s and 60s), viewers write various comments addressed to their stars. And till the 1950s, most of the viewers address their complaints and praises to female stars, whereas this situation changes by the 1970s, when the male star dominates the filmic text as well as the viewers' concerns. This star has a different dynamics, which can be understood by the increasing growth of fan clubs and societies in the region. Even in film credits, the male star's name starts appearing in the beginning – before that of the female star.

Now the issue to be sorted out is, how does the male star replace the female stars' popularity to such an extent that entire scripts of films begin to be written centered around the male star? I would argue, this happened through the route of nativity. The new star, NT Rama Rao (NTR), for instance, emerged from this. In NTR's case specially, one can make the case that this emergence is even stronger, as he represents nativity in mythologicals and social films. I would speculate that with this star, the production of the local and political mobilisation is closely linked.

In order for this to happen, a whole array of techniques and developments had to be brought together to make the explicit claim that the star represented and *embodied the local*. This was nativity that had no necessary connection with prior or contemporary examples of cultural authenticity on screen, or in Telugu literary imagination.

Emerging thus, the star goes on to represent telugudanam/nativity and carries the agenda of cinema. One can say that the political success of NTR as the first non-Congress chief minister is an instance of this.

Let me illustrate this argument of the star being able to represent nativity in Telugu cinema. *Kondaveeti Simham* (K. Raghavendra Rao, 1981) is a film in which the star's embodiment of the local is worked out in some detail. The film features NTR in two roles – one of a sincere police officer, and the other of a son separated from his family at birth. In thematic terms, there is no overt reference to Teluguness or to issues of linguistic identity. The sequence I specially want to draw attention to is the one introducing the son. It is set in the countryside and occurs immediately after the police officer Ranjeet Kumar (NTR) brushes aside the threat of the villain Nagaraju (Satyanarayana) to eliminate his family. His *vamsam* (dynasty) is dedicated to upholding justice and can never be destroyed, says Ranjeet Kumar. There is then a cut to a rural setting, unlike the one inhabited by Ranjeet Kumar. Tranquility of village life, established in the first shot of hills and the houses in the village, is disrupted by the loud complaints of Sitapathi (Nagesh), a brahmin with a topknot. He runs to Ramu (NTR), calling him guru. Sitapati has been insulted by a girl from the city (Sridevi) and the hero goes on to teach her a lesson.

What is interesting about this sequence is that the heroine is named a 'city girl' and identified as such by the deployment of a range of signifiers – she wears a frock, sports a hat, declares villages are fine for short trips but impossible to live in, and uses English words/abuses. Moreover, her friends are dressed in 'traditional' clothes unlike her. NTR, presumably a village youth, is *not* identifiably a villager – he is neither dressed in a dhoti like Sitapathi, nor does he bear any markers of rural life.

THE IMPACT OF MYTHOLOGICALS IN TELUGU CINEMA
VISHNU VARDAN//BANGALORE//2004-05

[Reader-list] [The Singer and The Acrobat](#)

Sun Feb 1 20:21:19 IST 2004

[...] The ladies compartment was filled with women returning home from office. During the evening rush hour (there's also a morning rush hour), working women normally travel in groups with their Sahelis or Maitreens (friends) – office mates or co-passengers whose journey timing and destinations are the same everyday. I stood guard near the door; I was among the rare passengers in that compartment who wanted to get off at such a short distance. Most of the women were long distance travellers.

In the compartment, an old woman was singing and dancing. She was not what we would think of as a 'typical old woman'. Her hair was dark and she had freckles on her face and on her slim waist. She was singing a Hindi song and dancing to it:

"Kya karte the saajana, tum humse door rehke?

Hum to judaai mein... chup-chup ke roya karte the!"

[What were you doing my beloved, when we were away from each other? During the period of our separation, I would hide and sob!]

She was not exactly dancing. She was acting out the song, as little children do when they recite poetry for a recitation exam or competition. She was moving various portions of her body while acting out the song. She sang the entire song. She said she was confident of making Rs. 20 because the compartment was packed and her goddess was showering blessings on her.

Two women standing by the door were watching her. One of them, a middle class Maharashtrian working woman, kept scorning at the lady. She hated the lady's movements and she kept making faces which suggested that to her this singer's dance movements were nothing less than vulgar. She seemed to be saying to herself, "What a shameless old woman! She should just get lost from here!"

I didn't think of this lady as shameless; in fact, I found that I did not have the guts to look at this lady all the time. I thought this old lady had her sense of dignity; she was not begging. Her presence was confronting me. To me, she was courageous because she can sing and dance in front of so many people. She didn't have a great voice, neither was she a very good dancer. Her accent was wonky! One could just about manage to understand her Hindi. To many, she would have been a nuisance because she was mirroring every woman's image; she made a lot of us appear naked in our own eyes. And yet, she really didn't mean to do all this. She was just being herself!

After she finished singing her Hindi song, a young playful lady, standing next to me, gave her a rupee and complimented her. She truly seemed to have enjoyed this old lady's performance. The old lady took the coin, looked up (there was no sky! Only the ceiling of the train compartment could be seen!), thanked her goddess, and announced, "Now, I will sing a classic Asha Bhonsale song in Marathi!" The playful lady standing next to me squealed in delight and said to her Maitreen standing next to her, "Aiyaa! This is a classic! It'll be so much fun!" I felt that this old lady provided a breathing space – a space to unwind in the midst of enormous crowd. [...]

Next message: [\[Reader-list\] Re: The Singer and The Acrobat](#)

WOMEN IN TRAINS
ZAINAB BAWA/MUMBAI//2003-04

Case Study 1: Bombay Streetside Shops

NA: *Customer ko kya chahiye, iska andaaza aap kaise lagate hai?*
(How do you ascertain what the customer may want? Which template s/he may prefer?)

Shekhar: *Customer ko dekhkar main samajh jaata hoon, kis type ka aadmi hain.*
(On looking at the customer I can figure out what kind of person s/he is.)

NA: *Aapke customers jaante haine kis tarah se aap computer pe DM banate hai? Jaanne ke liye utsuk hote hain?*
(Do your customers know how digital mixing is done on your computer? Are they curious to know/find out?)

Shekhar: *Main ek joke bolenga. Kuch roj pehle ek customer aaya tha. Girlfriend ki photo scenery mein dalke dene ke liye bola. Aur uski sari bhi badalni thi aur bhari sari pehnani thi.*
(I will tell you a joke. A few days ago a customer had come to the shop. He wanted his girlfriend's photograph inserted in a 'scenery' (template). Also, her dress had to be changed and replaced with an expensive sari.)

Shekhar: *Phir bola payment pagar aane pe denga.*
(He then said that he will pay me in a few days when he gets his salary.)

NA: *Kaam kahan karta hai?*
(Where does he work?)

Shekhar: *Hotel mein wait staff. Nahin to pheriya ka kaam karta honga. Kal voh apne bhai ke saath aaya aur bola (Shekhar crinkles his forehead mirroring the customer's anxiety): Sari badalne ke time tum dekhna mat. Sirf chehra dekhna." Mein usko bola, carpenter ko boloonga voh darwaza banayenga aur phir ladki uske peche sari change kar legi. Meri assistant ko bhejoonga uske saath.)*
(He could be a waiter at a restaurant, or maybe a hawker. He came yesterday with his brother and said [Shekhar crinkles his forehead mirroring the customer's anxiety]: "Don't look at her while changing her sari. Only look at her face." I told him that I would hire a carpenter to make a door and your girlfriend can change her sari behind it. I will send my assistant with the carpenter.)

The customer left the shop, satisfied with Shekhar's explanation, returning for the digitally mixed image later.

NA: *Ladki ko aap mile?*
(Did you meet the girl?)

Shekhar: *Nahi, Calcutta mein rehti hai.*
(No, she lives in Calcutta.)

NA: *Apki kahani par usne vishwas kar liye?*
(Did he believe your story?)

Shekhar: *Main jaanta tha us aadmi ke dimaag mein shak tha. Is liye yeh kahani bana di, uske dimaag ka doubt clear ho gaya.*
(I saw that the man had his doubts about the whole thing. That's why I made up this story, to clear his doubts.)

Tue Jun 14 01:02:27 IST 2005

On "Thaneer"

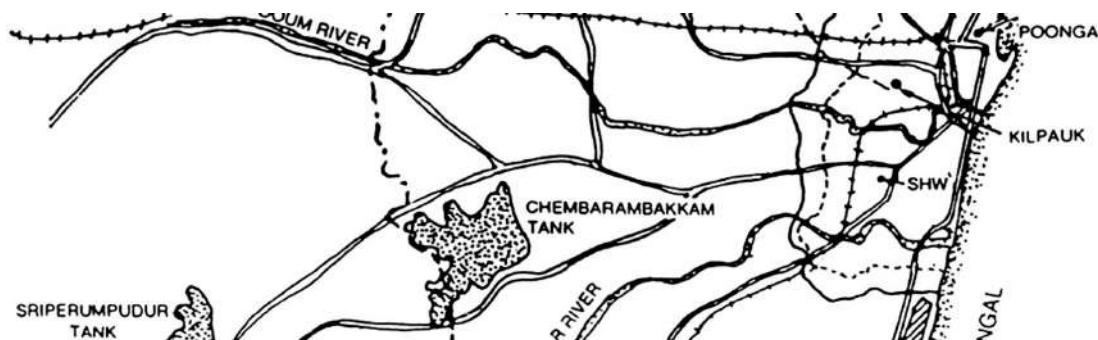
The street comes alive in the darkness just before dawn, when the pumps start to flow [...]



At some point the Municipal Corporation lorry arrives to install a tank on the street, and a new set of gender and social relations develop around this source, as the lorry driver and workers negotiate their stakes with men in the neighborhood, and avenues for petty entrepreneurship are slowly recognized.



Then, in the name of improving the situation, the street gets dug up, ostensibly to clean the mains. But the Corporation teams also uncover – as they expect to – the "nipples" that have been illegally attached to each household connection – these are small pieces of extra tubing that intrude into the street water main, in the hope of sucking water out of the pipes when levels are lower than usual. Residents had paid hundreds of rupees to corporation workers to install these a few months earlier. Now the corporation supervisor systematically removes all these connections.



The excavation sends the street into a spiral of chaos – electric lines are damaged, plunging portions of the street into darkness; vehicles get stranded in the trench which remains uncovered for days. A drainage line gets broken by a worker's spade and the hapless resident of the house is forced to repair it [...]

Ashokamitran's novella "Water" ("Thaneer" in the original) is a prose documentary set in the drought-stricken summer months of 1969 in Madras. It drew me almost too easily into its present, telescoping time, suggesting a changeless city and casting an ironic light – or shadow – on all the putative developments of the intervening 35 years. The work first appeared in serialised form in the journal "Kanaiyaazhi" in 1971, and then in its entire form in 1973. I'm reading a version published by Katha in 2001, translated by Lakshmi Holmstrom. The book is a detailed realist-impressionist depiction of the struggle for water on the streets of Madras, through an almost claustrophobic focus on a single street whose existence (and near destruction) revolves around the daily quest for water. Its protagonist is a single woman in her late twenties, called Jamuna, who lives alone in a rented room on the street.

TAPPING IN: URBAN WATER CONFLICTS AS CITIZENSHIP CLAIMS IN CHENNAI
KAREN COELHO//CHENNAI//2004-05

दीपक महासेठ के इस बात का कि, कम पैसे खर्च करनेवालों छात्रों पर ही यहाँ का कम्प्यूटर प्रशिक्षण व्यवसाय टिका है, तस्दीक अन्य श्रोतों भी होती है। NAIT को छोड़कर और कोई भी केन्द्र अपने विज्ञापन सामग्रियों में बड़ी नौकरी का हासिल करवा पाने का जिक्र जोर देकर नहीं करता है। इनके विज्ञापनों में कम्प्यूटर का समकालीन समय में उपादेयता की चर्चा पर ही अधिक जोर रहता है। एक संस्थान अपनी विज्ञापन पुस्तिका में लिखता है "आप सभी जानते हैं कि हम सब जेटयुग से इंटरनेट युग में आ गये हैं तथा दूर संचार क्रांति कम्प्यूटर की महत्ता को विशेषरूप से हर जगह स्थापित कर चुकी है। अब कम्प्यूटर की शिक्षा जन-जन के लिए लाजिम ही हो गया है।" स्पष्ट है, यह संस्थान उन लोगों से ही मुख्यातिब है, जो कम्प्यूटर के द्वारा कोई बड़ी नौकरी नहीं बल्कि रोजमर्रा के काम में आनेवाले सहूलियतों की या आमदनी बढ़ाने वाले छोटे मोटे जुगाड़ों की तलाश में हैं। ये कम्प्यूटर संस्थान वाले अपने संस्थान का प्रचार पोस्टरों के द्वारा और स्थानीय केवल नेटवर्क के जरिए तो करते ही हैं, अपने केन्द्रों से जुड़े लोगों को छात्रों से संपर्क करने हेतु लॉजों में भी निजते हैं (छात्रों के रहने के लिए कम सुविधाओं वाली कम लागत से बनाये गये रहने के स्थानों को यहाँ 'लाउज' कहा जाता है) और तीन छात्रों को एक समूह में प्रशिक्षण के लिये आने पर एक का प्रशिक्षण फ्री जैसे तरकीबों का इस्तेमाल करते हैं। संक्षेप में यहाँ का कम्प्यूटर प्रशिक्षण व्यवसाय लो-प्रोफाइल तरीके से चलता है जिसमें निम्न वित्त वर्ग वाले छात्रों को आकर्षित करने पर ज्यादा तवज्जो देते हैं और जाहिर है इनमें दलित छात्र भी शामिल है। इन कम्प्यूटर केन्द्रों में से अधिकांश में अंग्रेजी भी पढ़ाया जाता है, जिससे स्पष्ट हो जाता है कि इनके लक्ष्य-समूह में अंग्रेजी माध्यम के निजी विद्यालयों के छात्र नहीं है। कम्प्यूटर केन्द्र 100रु0-200रु0 प्रतिमाह के शुल्क पर 6 महीने से 2 साल तक का कोर्सेज चलाते हैं, एवं बुनियादी जानकारी देने हेतु कम समय के कोर्सेज का भी विकल्प छात्रों को देते हैं। इन केन्द्रों के अतिरिक्त साइबर-कैफे की तरफ से भी सप्ताह दो सप्ताह के कोर्सेज चलाये जाते हैं, जिनका शुल्क पचास रु0 से दो सौ रु0 तक रखा जाता है। इस तरह के केन्द्रों पर प्रशिक्षण प्राप्त करने के लिए आनेवालों में मैट्रिकुलेशन कर आगे की पढ़ाई कर रहे या छोड़ चुके छात्रों के अतिरिक्त दैनिक जीवन में इस माध्यम की जरूरत महसूस करनवाले बहुत पहले पढ़ाई छोड़ चुके या बहुत कम पढ़े-लिखे लोग भी शामिल होते हैं। इस तरह के केन्द्र चलानेवाले लोगों के पास प्रशिक्षुओं में दलितों की संख्या का अलग से कोई ब्यौरा नहीं रहता है और वे इसकी कोई उपयोगिता नहीं समझते; परंतु इनके मुताबिक दलित प्रशिक्षुओं की अच्छी खासी संस्था रही है।

(उद्धरण, दरभंगा शहर के उर्दूबाजार मोहल्ले में

कम्प्यूटर सेंटर चलाने वाले दीपक महासेठ से लिये साक्षात्कार से)

ज्ञान-विनिमय की नई तकनीकें और मेल बनाते दलित

NEW TECHNOLOGIES OF KNOWLEDGE-FLOW AND THE DALITS
SANJEEV RANJAN MISHRA//DARBHANGA//2005-06



By the turn of the twentieth century, Kodak and Leica made flexible transparent film strips obtainable in the international market. However, the Third World context, its narratives and memories of the people, are somewhat different. Its only around 1930s that 'plastic' film negatives were accessible here, while most photographers preferred glass for the lack of appropriate enlarging technologies. As the veteran cinematographer, Ramananda Sengupta suggests that the easy availability of "film" was indeed a spin-off of the Second World War, when Kodak and Agfa introduced films with finer grains. "War had made handy film rolls - with 8 negatives - easily accessible. It was still a question of technology [or the culture of technology], its accessibility and compatibility," as photographers moved from glass to plastic. "In those days before the Second World War", Sengupta says, "the technology of enlarging photographs from smaller negatives was not very successful. When enlargements were done from smaller negatives, the prints would have too many large grains like dirty patches. So we preferred to keep the size of (glass) negatives and positive (prints) same. And, you would have those huge glass negatives as production stills or 'group' photographs." Ahmed Ali, the ace photographer working in advertising insists, "The use of glass negatives was definitely over by 1940s, though there was a period of overlap when some were still using glass as others moved on to 'film'... just as we moved from paper [and copper] to wet plates, we also shifted from glass to plastic while the cameras became smaller and 'better'... [the use of glass in 1950s] may be called the 'tail-end' of an older practice."

LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
 (RETRIEVING 'LOST' GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA)
MADHUJA MUKHERJEE//KOLKATA//2003-04

LISTENING

An important aspect of communication is listening, which means paying attention to what the other person is saying. While 'face to face' or over the phone you use ears and mind but while on the e-mail you use eyes and common sense to listen. Yes! Listen over the e-mail. What it means is try to understand exactly what the other person wants to communicate.

The success of many of our business activities depends on how well we listen. Studies show that we spend about 80 percent of our waking hours communicating, and at least 45 percent of that time listening. But although listening is so critical in our daily lives, it is taught and studied far less than the other three basic communications skills: reading, writing, and speaking. Most of the trouble we have communicating with others is because of poor listening skills.

The good news is that listening efficiency can be improved by understanding the steps involved in the listening process and by following these basic guidelines.

THE FOUR STEPS OF LISTENING

Hearing is the first step in the process. At this stage, you simply pay attention to make sure you have heard the message. If your boss says, "Anil, I need the report on last month's sales," and you can repeat the sentence, then you have heard her.

The second step is **interpretation**. Failure to interpret the speaker's words correctly frequently leads to misunderstanding. People sometimes interpret words differently because of varying experience, knowledge, vocabulary, culture, background, and attitudes.

A good speaker uses tone of voice, facial expressions, and mannerisms to help make the message clear to the listener. For instance, if your boss speaks loudly, frowns, and puts her hands on her hips, you know she is probably upset and angry.

During the third step, **evaluation**, you decide what to do with the information you have received. For example, when listening to a sales pitch, you have two options: you choose either to believe or to disbelieve the salesperson. The judgments you make in the evaluation stage are a crucial part of the listening process.

The final step is to **respond** to what you have heard. This is a verbal or visual response that lets the speaker know whether you have gotten the message and what your reaction is. When you tell the salesperson that you want to place an order, you are showing that you have heard him and believe his message.

Voice & Training Module

V-Customer, B/G Rohani Cooperative Area, Mathura Road, New Delhi

**CALL CENTRE: URBAN WORK AND LEISURE CULTURE
IRAM GHUFRAN AND TAHA MAHMOOD//DELHI//2003-04**

I took a local bus for Bishnupur from Burdwan junction. It was when I overheard something about a local music concert that I got drawn into the conversation between the kirtan singer and the goat-keeper.

The roughly 55 year-old, clean shaven, lean man was talking to a younger man about a kirtana performance he'd heard a long time ago, and was comparing it with a recent one. Barging into their conversation, I asked the man about the kind of kirtana he was talking about: whether it was Goudiyo or something different. He and the others around him looked at me. I felt like an alien in front of so many curious eyes. I'm going to Bishnupur, I told them, to search for resources for the forgotten gharana, towards sound restoration of the dying Bishnupur style of classical music. The older man, the kirtan singer, looked at the younger man opposite him and said that music survives for its listeners.

The younger man, the goat keeper, seemed a bit reserved but, still, put forward a point that the Bishnupur style flourished under the shadow of kirtana as Bishnupur is the land of ancient kirtana music. That Bishnupuri Dhrupad developed into a particular style of classical music, but it couldn't survive with all its past glories, though kirtana is still alive. The kirtana singer opposed him and said that kirtana is alive, but in a distorted form.

The younger man asked me what kind of resources I was searching for. He meant whether it was new singers who are still performing the style or old surviving exponents, and that if I'm searching for new performances then there is a Dhrupad festival in proper Bishnupur tonight. I told him that was exactly where I was going. I added that I'm searching for sound recordings made in the heydays of the gharana. He didn't seem too convinced about recording sound for memory and posterity.

I reached Bishnupur Jadubhatta Stage in the evening to attend Gopeswar Dhrupad Sangeet Sammelan. It was a tribute to Gopeswar Bandyopadhyay, the maestro from Bishnupur Gharana.

Gopeswar Bandyopadhyay was the son of Anantalal Bandyopadhyay, court singer of the king of Bishnupur. He was a prolific performer of Bishnupuri Dhrupad and a well known recording artist in the early days of cylinder, 10 inches and 7 inches disc recording, three of them from the Gramophone's Far East expedition of 1904-1905.

2722h	2-12861	Babu Gopeswar Banerjee	[Hindustani]
		Adana Kawali	
2723h	2-12766	Gopeswar Benerjee	[Hindustani]
		Behag Kawali	
2724h	2-12833	Gopeswar Banerjee	[Hindustani]
		Yaman	

It was a small gathering, with hardly 10 people as audience, and a few performers, mostly of non-Bishnupur origin. The organiser, a student of Acharya Gopeswar, was Sri Debabrata Singha Thakur, performing a small Bishnupuri Dhrupad. I recorded the performance, and heard and watched with amazement how the style was being performed by this ageing exponent of the gharana.

BISHNUPUR GHARANA: STORY OF A FORGOTTEN MELODY
BUDHADITYA CHATTOPADHYAY//KOLKATA//2006-07



[Video]

**HISTORY AND STORYTELLING ABOUT KOLKATA AND
HOWRAH: INTEGRATING NARRATIVES AND DATABASE
VASUDHA JOSHI//KOLKATA//2004-05**

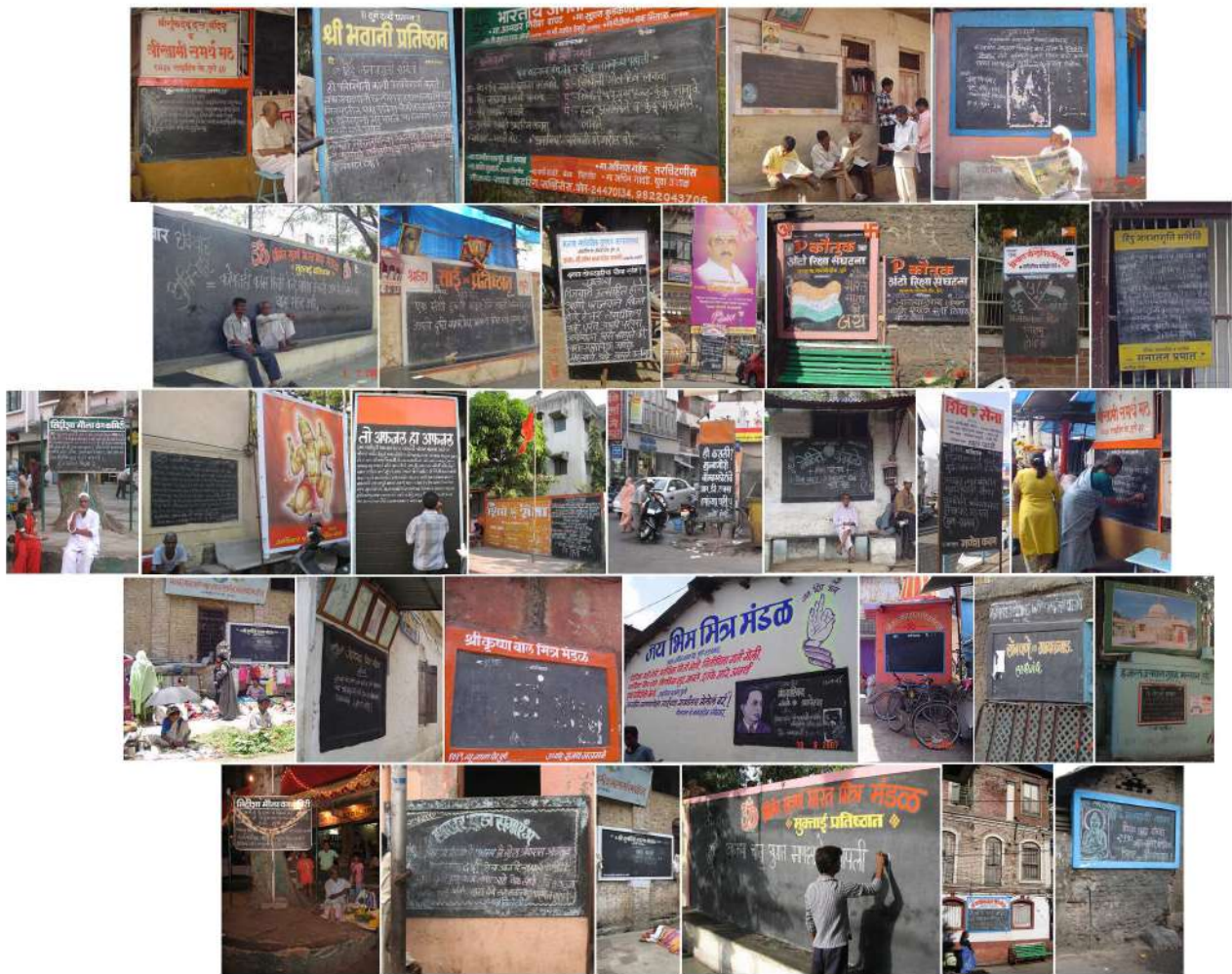


पटपड़गंज, पूर्वी दिल्ली

चौकीदार: खड़े हुए और बैठे हुए, जम्हाई लेते हुए, लोगों को अंदर आने देते हुए, गेट खोलते हुए, हर पोज में नज़र आते हैं। वे मान्यताओं और क़ानूनों के उन बोर्डों से हमें परिचित कराते हैं जो हर गेट के बाहर लगे होते हैं। साथ-साथ लगे हुए हैं पुलिस के निर्देश: हर सोसाइटी को दो चौकीदार सेक्योरिटी के लिये रखने चाहियें, कि चौकीदार देखें कि जिस फ़्लैट में आगंतुक आ रहे हैं, वो खुला है कि बंद, कि सोसाइटी इंटरकॉम और सीसीटीवी वाले कैमरे लगवाएँ।

हाशिये पे नागरिक

CITIZENS ON THE MARGINS: GATEKEEPERS AND WATCHMEN
SANJAY JOSHI//GHAZIABAD//2003-04



**URBAN SPACE AND IDENTITY FORMATION: EXPLORING THE VARTAPHALAK
CULTURE IN PUNE CITY
MADHURA LOHOKARE//PUNE//2006-07**



Everybody joins the main procession, which carries the alams to the nearest river. Someone beats the drums, and songs are sung. Some drink, some dance, some get into a trance, some walk on fire. The procession at Maski stops at some point, where Imam Qasim is supposed to meet Mariamma and they discuss the drought situation. Why has there been no rainfall this year? Will it rain next year?

“Alweda yo alweda
Shah-e-shaheedan alwedaaa”

The Maski peer sang the only Urdu nauha I heard in Raichur, which is so similar and yet so different from the nauhas sung in Bangalore and Hyderabad.



**THE EYE THAT CRIES: PLURAL PRACTICES OF MUHARRAM IN INDIA
SHIREEN MIRZA//BANGALORE//2003-04**



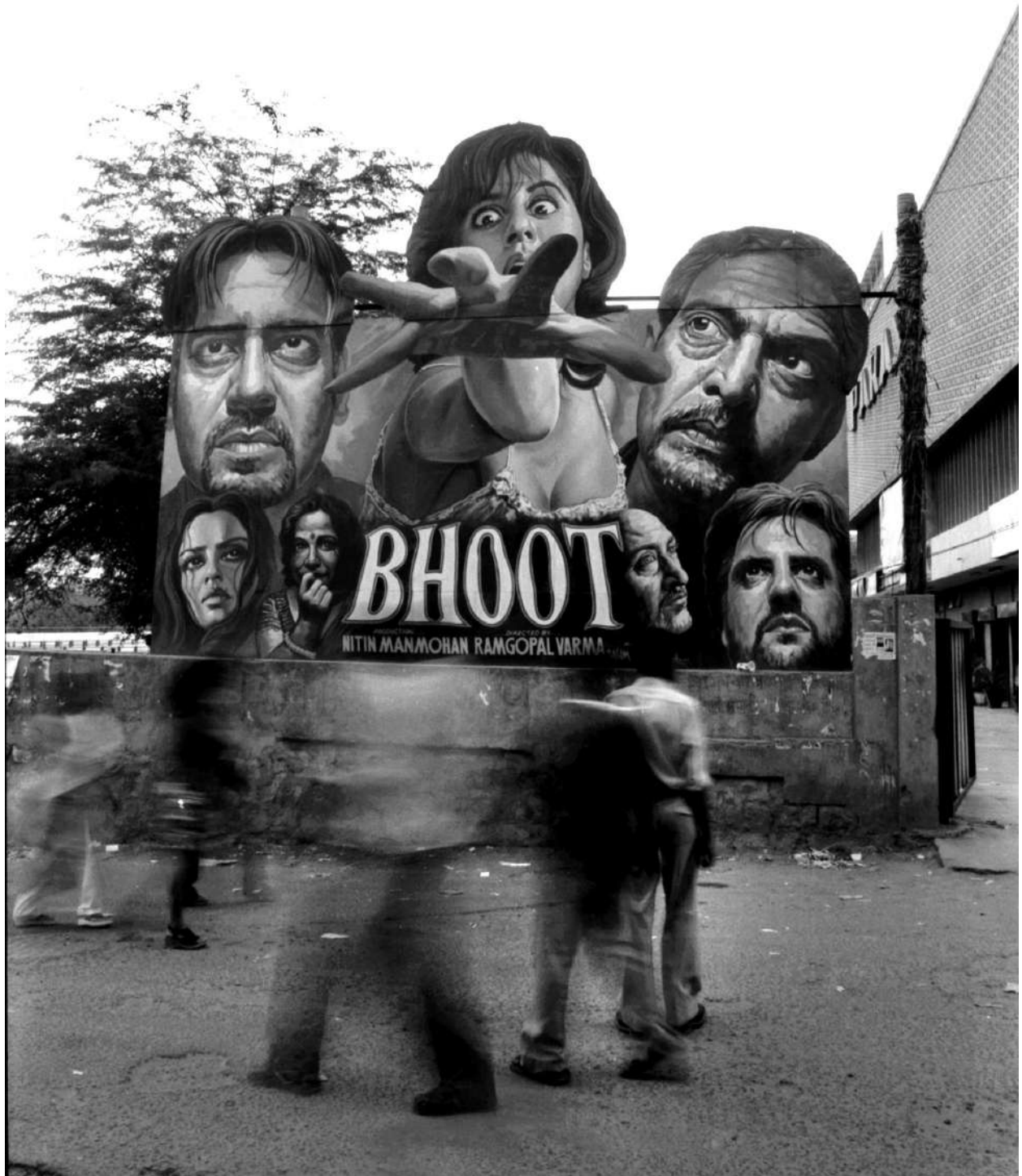
Younger bua with her family

My interactions in Haat Pipaliya, a small rural town in the Malwa region of Madhya Pradesh, to attempt to capture the life of 90-year-old Soni bua (or James madam, as she is known), and who taught in the first school for girls here, has taught me many things. One, that the past is not always easy to get out neutrally. It's always coloured by the present, and the present always overwhelms. One has to keep nudging oneself and the people one is talking to, to look back. There is always so much in the present to talk about. While I transcribe my interviews, this becomes very apparent. The only persons who seem comfortable with the past are Soni bua, and her husband...

Another question that keeps coming up – when one is trying to trace something that is common to a whole town, one is never quite sure at what point information can be said to have reached a point of complete verification. Different groups have different versions. There are things about the school that I had learnt in my earlier interactions in the town that had attracted me, made me take up the study. But apart from my earlier sources I find very little public memory to bring out those facts. That is a finding, but it also breaks my easy preconceived charting of a narrative. I guess that is the difference between documentation and research.

“Now” is a very non-linear and multifaceted narrative.

**TRACING THE HISTORY OF GIRL'S EDUCATION IN A SMALL RURAL TOWN
THROUGH THE EYES OF ITS FIRST WOMAN TEACHER
RINCHIN//BHOPAL//2005-06**



PHOTOGRAPHIC DOCUMENTATION OF CINEMAL HALLS AND CINEMA GOING SUBCULTURES IN DELHI
SHAHID DATAWALA//DELHI//2002-03

[Reader-list] 1st Posting: Colours of Surat

Tue Jan 27 16:57:12 IST 2004

- Previous message: [\[Reader-list\] The Everyday of Eternity: A Study of Muhurram processions among the Shias](#)
- Next message: [\[Reader-list\] tragic murder of Sarita and Mahesh in Gaya and response to it](#)

Surat has a very different cultural milieu compared to the other cities of Gujarat. As one of the oldest mercantile hubs of Gujarat and the center of activities in the South Gujarat region, it has developed its own urban public culture with cosmopolitan overtures. The city has significantly contributed to Gujarati literature, especially poetry. The city has a unique food culture which is reflected in the proverbs like "Surat nu Jaman and Kashi nu Maran", meaning 'Food in Surat and Death in Kashi (secures you place in heaven)'. Popular food items with strange names like locho, ghotalo etc are not much heard about in other parts of Gujarat. The city also has a reputation for slang and other such innovations being part of the local lingo.

Gazal is a very recent form of poetry for Gujarati literature and probably a prime example of cultural confluence in the urban context. Gazals in Gujarati have clear references of Urdu literature and grammar at the same time; it has been adopted for spiritual and religious overtures with the references of Krishna-Radha. Many of the Urdu shayars started writing Gazals in Gujarati since pre-independence days. Surat witnessed the formulation of some of the most profound Gazals in Gujarati. The culture of mushayaras and baithaks very much existed in Surat. Zampa Bazaar, known for its non-vegetarian delicacies, was also famous for regular mushayaras for Gujarati and Urdu Gazals.

The recent debate of 'Mumbai for Mumbaikars' was the product of an exclusivist socio-political mindset. The question is 'what is Surati about Surat?' Is it just the food culture, different accent and lingo, commercial activities and cultural spats? Who belongs to the city and which predominant culture represents the city in the today's time? For instance, tribal population from the immediate sub-region, and which is part of the eastern tribal belt of Gujarat – do they belong to the city? Or have they always been excluded from the discourse of predominant 'Surati' culture? Did those who settled down in urban areas sustain their cultural practices as a parallel culture, or did these merge in the predominant culture? The answers to these questions need to be explored through rigorous fieldwork and research. This study will also attempt at discovering narratives that have existed either as part of the predominant 'Surati' culture or as part of other 'excluded' sub-cultures.

**SURAT: DEVELOPMENT PROCESS
RUTUL JOSHI/SURAT//2003-04**

Gopal Ram Gahmari is a very important Hindi detective fiction writer and requires special attention. As far as my reading of Gahmari is concerned, I would like to ask, why are most of the 'original' detectives of Gahmari, apart from Md. Sarwar, rajputs? Sujan Singh, Sanwal Singh, Deven Singh, Roshan Singh, Diler Singh. Does this have anything to do with the idea of 'jawanmardi' or 'bahaduri' attached to rajputs, or is it just a coincidence? Or is there another way in which should one look at this? Could we say that like the discourse of criminality, this also confirms the colonial stereotype? Or is this because of some deep rooted structures? Or is it a sign of fractured colonial modernity?

"EK POLICE ADHIKARI KI ATMKATHA" by Vishwanath Lahiri, though, confirms the important position of local police officers, like DAROGA, and this helps me ask – With what set of values do these local officers (mostly Indians) operate?

And above all, what about the texts (jasoosi of course) which are direct descendents of the tilasmi and ayyari tradition of kissagoi? In these texts, produced in considerable numbers, we don't find the presence of colonial authority. And even if it is there, it is undermined, as in 'BHAYANKAR JASOOS' by Ram Chandra Singh (Rachit), Gullu Prasad Kedarnath, Benaras, 1935. In 'Bhayankar Jasoos', Daroga Tedhai Khan has been murdered by Shyama when she is on her way to search for her husband, and Tedhai Khan, portrayed as nutfe haram (a born illegitimate), tries to rape her. Shyama manages to escape and reaches Usha Rani, her close friend who is married to a rich Bengali, Rajnikant Mukherjee. The husband and wife try to console Shyama and say there is nothing wrong in killing someone while defending one's dharma (stri dharma here of course). They decide to inform another friend, Bina, who is, "ek bahut chalak sakhi... dooje wah fan ayyari men nipun aur sujan hai. Yon to hum log bhi kisi se kam nahin hain, lekin wah hamjolion men sab se gunagar hai."

We encounter here a long tussle between two groups – the detectives (more ayyar than jasoos in any modern sense) of the colonial state, who are trying to catch the murderer of the Daroga as well as her companions, on the one hand, and Bina and Shyama and co. on the other, who use their magical powers.

What strikes a reader like me most is the character of 'Jungali Raza' (a tribal king), portrayed sympathetically as a powerful character, and who tries to help Bina. He has magical powers, e.g. he can control wild animals. He comes in direct confrontation with the colonial state/authority. Animals fly and these ayyars/jasoos transform themselves into animals. Nothing is impossible.

Finally, the all powerful colonial state bows down. They had to accept the request of setting a special court of hearing in this matter. In the end, Shyama and her friends were not only acquitted, but awarded for their bravery.

**A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL AND
THEIR READERSHIP IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2006-07**

... At the other end of the Gothic face, where the monumental gate to the complex interiors is, is another tympanum on the upper storey with a tree and a few men around it. This, I learn, represents the tree that humans hang from, as animals try to devour them below and a sword soaked in blood hangs over their head. Clinging to the tree represents clinging to life, and the tortures are punishments for this craving. This immediately strikes me Gothic! As medieval christendom wielded its theological power and control, and threatened people with hell more than attracting them with the pleasures of heaven – this skin narrates various goblins and alligators bringing suffering and pain upon humans, as punishment for their worldly mistakes. The Christian Gothic psychology of fear applied to Gothic architectural sculpture makes it clear why the Gothic format works well for a Jain Dharamshala. One sees here formats in religion and architecture making conversation across continents.

On the other side of the building one observes several arches, and that the springing point of every arch has a specific animal head. Moving towards it, just down the street, one realises it is a new temple, a Jain one. It has a crisp concrete structure with arches, and the topping of a shikhara to add the heritage, or maybe temple, value!! The main prayer hall on the first floor has the main shrine (caged in glass – like the Pope's bullet proof box!). Here you find a stain glass mural close to the ceiling – an image of the lion and lamb drinking from the same pond in a wide landscape ...

...While reading the building, I experienced literally the act of 'reading architecture,' as we do with a piece of fiction, say a novel. Architecture appeared like a vast repository of messages, a dense fabric of imagined notions and aspirations. A building gets animated just with its brick and mortar; architectural material itself has an important role in this 'reading'. Once the users' imaginations and readings are overlapped, a new set of stories emerge.

MIGRATION AND CULTURE:

THE POLITICS OF MAPPING AND REPRESENTATION OF URBAN COMMUNITIES

KAIWAN MEHTA//MUMBAI//2004-05

WHY THIS ATTRACTION? WHAT IS IT ABOUT GUWAHATI THAT CONTINUES TO ATTRACT POETS LIKE YOU OR NILIM KUMAR, WHOSE POEM EXPRESSING THE MAGNETISM OF GUWAHATI WAS PUBLISHED ALMOST TWO DECADES AFTER YOU WROTE YOUR ODE TO GUWAHATI? BOTH YOU AND NILIM CONSIDER GUWAHATI AS YOUR LONG LOST LOVER WHO STILL CAPTIVATES YOU, YOUR EMOTIONS...

There is pulsating life in this city. It is a living city, not a dead one... Its intellectual and cultural lives, for instance, are still vibrant... Nature has not abandoned Guwahati. Despite all the vandalism by human beings, nature continues to be kind to its inhabitants. The Brahmaputra continues to flow and the hills still provide scenic beauty. Human habitats may have come up like ugly sores upon these hills, but the hills are still beautiful. The trees still grow. The birds still come to visit Guwahati.

Interview with Harekrishna Deka, poet and retired police officer.

**CITY AS SETTING: REFLECTIONS OF THE CHANGING FACES OF GUWAHATI IN ASSAMESE LITERATURE
UDIPPANA GOSWAMI/KOLKATA//2005-06**



Amongst the questions that were explored: What inputs/inspirations do these images get from present day urban popular culture? Who conceives the posters, who paints them, what is an artist's personal attachment with the subject? Who commissions these artworks, who approves/legitimises them, and are these people other than Muslims? How do the orthodox or the purists react to these, and how are the local posters weighed against posters/images from Arabia/Gulf?

[...]

...a recent book, 'Popular Indian Art: Raja Ravi Varma and the Printed Gods of India' by Erwin Neumayer and Christine Schelberger (OUP, 2003), features about six images of Islamic themes printed at the Ravi Varma Press, as early as 1920! It's not clear whether these Muslim themes were originally drawn by Varma himself (he died in 1904), or if they were produced by his successors after his death, as their market potential was realised. Of course, the typical Ravi Varma stamp is missing in them since very little figure modelling was required in Islamic themes. But most interesting is an image of the Burraq (a mythical beast that the Prophet rode to heaven), depicted here with a face of a European woman who could just as well be Queen Victoria, donning what looks like the British crown! (We have found many other local variants of the Burraq's face – a Hindu goddess in the Tanjore style of painting, for instance.)

SYNCRETISM IN THE POPULAR DEVOTIONAL ART OF MUSLIMS
YOUSUF SAEED//DELHI//2003-04



COMMUNITY ECOLOGICAL MAPPING
NILANJAN BHATTACHARYA//KOLKATA//2003-04



Our eyes connect to parts in our brain, which trigger both memory and imagination of the reader of the photograph. The goal of this kind of research, as the late John Szarkowski wrote, “is not to make something factually impeccable, but seamlessly persuasive.”

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07

*'The day of dipping one's pen in the cerebral cortex is past.
Today poetry is written spontaneously, like an orgasm.'*

'Hungry Generation', 1962

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[Reader-list] Bombay Sarai – We meet again

kaiwan mehta [kaiwanmehta at gmail.com](mailto:kaiwanmehta@gmail.com)

Thu May 26 21:01:20 IST 2005

- Previous message: [\[Reader-list\] The Myth of Hindi Pradesh \(Posting 5\)](#)
- Next message: [\[Reader-list\] Bollywood Music , Prashant Pandey](#)
- **Messages sorted by:** [[date](#)] [[thread](#)] [[subject](#)] [[author](#)]

Hi,

Feels good that many Sarai relatives are congratulating us for the Sarai (satsangs) in other cities!!

Well, lets all of us meet again. Some of us specifically wanted to discuss our researches with each other, so we could do that – else, just sit and chat and feel good about meeting each other.

It's great that some of us have developed interesting correspondences since our first meeting.

Well, I suggest:

Saturday, 5 June at 6 pm, same place: Regal Barrista. If there is a good night show at Regal, some of us could catch that too!!

If you have any other suggestions for date or place, let me know.

If most of you can't make it, we can reschedule, so please do get in touch with me.

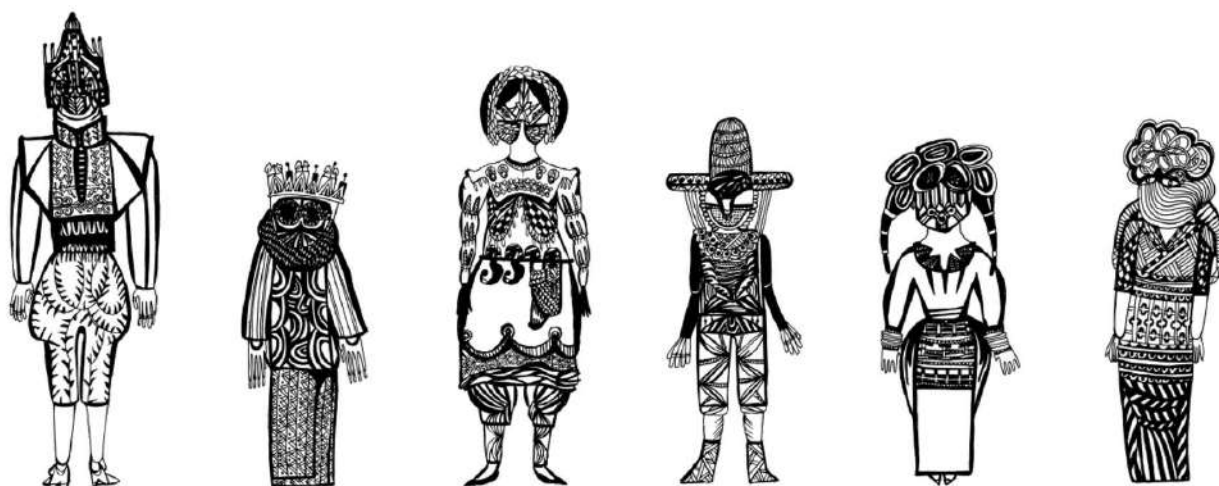
Looking forward to meet you all,

Cool Regards,

Kaiwan

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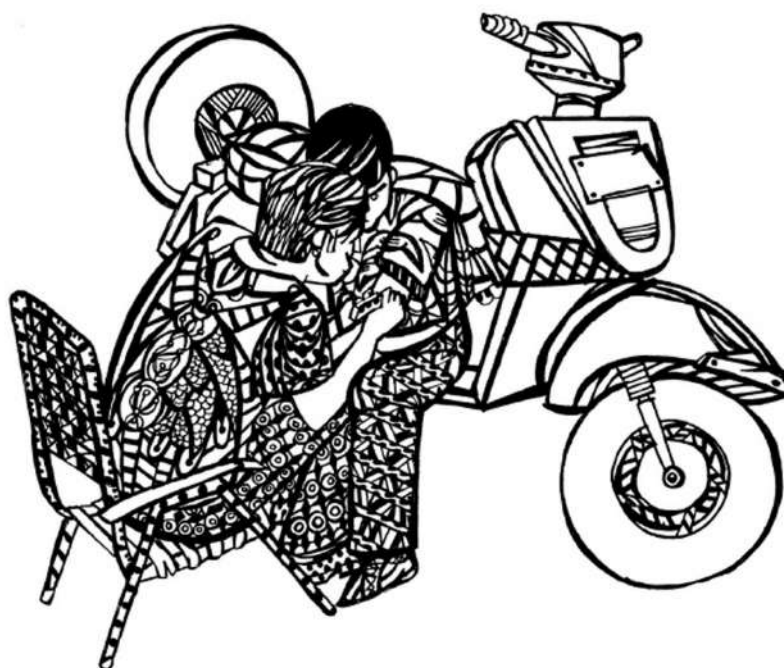
Kaiwan Mehta
Architect and Urban Reseracher



We like to witness things coming together before our very eyes, at our doorstep even – through ear cleaners and street dentists and Inkjet cartridge refillers and umbrella repair men.

The informal body of practical and technical knowledge embodied in the daily methodologies of vendors, in relation to the production, preparation and distribution of goods and services. Skills and trades not acquired by or through standardized bodies of knowledge, but through informal trial and error, observation, or passed orally from generation to generation, leading to a variety of idiosyncratic practices and group knowledge.

They are trade secrets, so to speak, and we will illustrate them.



Perhaps it could be possible to create a latter day 'Diderot's Pictorial Encyclopedia of Trades and Industry', wherein someone in the future could look back and repeat current tasks and jobs, just as they appear today.

**DEPICTING STREET SALES AND SERVICES THROUGH SEQUENTIAL ART
LAKSHMI INDRASIMHAN AND JACOB WEINSTEIN//2005-06**



Do you want full Enjoyment?
Take "BRAKE PILLS" WITH GOLD.
KING OF TONICS.

Invented by Holy sages lived in Himalayan regions, a glorious gift to loving youths to enjoy for ever and a challenged medicine to recreate sexual happiness. Take to-night "The extra ordinary Tonic 20 years of my experience Brake Pills "

On account of overheat in the body, and of ill effects in the organ resulted in too much indulgence in sexual intercourse, and of other diseases created by illegal means such as self-pushing etc the seminal fluid becomes thin and is subject to discharges in dreams at nights and in the long run these discharges will convert into gonorrhoea and thereby it gives room for loss of manhood, impotency and weakness.

These Pills are a great boon for all such diseases, gives strength, improves mental vigour, removes all defects in the organ, creates great sexual power and happiness.

Persons of sound health may also take the pills and these are not in any way injurious to health. Money back if not effect (Free booklets).

Price for I phial containing 15 of No. 1 and 15 of No. 2 is Rs. 3, 60 pills Rs. 5.

(India Agent)

A. Kanakara ju,
Chicacole.
Vizag Dt.

Source: All India Ayurvedic Directory, 1937



Jai Cinema Hall

CHANGING FACES OF CINEMA HALLS IN DELHI
NANDITA RAMAN//DELHI//2005-06



The Career of an Early Hindi Jasoosi/Detective fiction writer;
GOPAL RAM GAHMARI (1866-1946)

Famous Hindi Jasoosi fiction writer Gopal Ram Gahmari was born in Bara, distt. Gazipur in 1866. He made tremendous contribution to the genre. He wrote and translated more than 150 detective fictions into Hindi. His writings included plays, poetry and a few texts on spirituality.

Some of Gahmari's original jasoosi/detective novels (1890–1940):

1) Ajib Laash 2) Gupt Bhed 3) Guptchar 4) Dabal Jasoos 5) Khooni Kaun Hai 6) Gaadi Mein Khoon 7) Jasoos ki Bhool 8) Andhe ki Ankh 9) Jasoos ki Chori 10) Qile Mein Khoon 11) Jasoos par Jasoos 12) Bhayankar Chori 13) Roop Sanyasi 14) Latakti Laash 15) Kotwal ka Khoon 16) Hum Hawalat Men 17) Khooni 18) Thagon ka Thath 19) Laash Kiski Hai 20) Ankhon Dekhi Ghatna 21) Khooni ka Bhed 22) Matopato 23) Hatya Krishna 24) Apradhi ki Chalaki 25) Sundar Veni 26) Apni Ram Kahani 27) Vikat Bhed 28) Jasoos ki Vijay 29) Murde ki Janch 30) Mem ki Laash 31) Jasoos ki Jawanmardi 32) Jasoosi Par 33) Jaisa Munh Vaisa Thappar 34) Sarvar ki Suragarsani 35) Khooni ki Chalaki 36) Chandi ka Chakkar 37) Ghusan Lal Daroga 38) Bhitari ka Bhed 39) Dhurandhar Jasoos 40) Hamari Diary 41) Khooni ki Khoj 42) Jasoos ki Diary 43) Jasoos ki Budhhi 44) Qaidi ki Karamat 45) Devi Nahin Danvi 46) Ladki ki Chori 47) Sohni Gayab 48) Doctor ki Kahani 49) Keshbai 50) Ketaki ki Shadi 51) Ghar ka Bhedi 52) Nema 53) Yog Mahima 54) Arth ka Anarth 55) Mare Hue ki Maut 56) Bhayankar Chori 57) Dekhi Hui Ghatna 58) Jasoos Jagannath 59) Nagad Narayan 60) Dakait Kaluray 61) Bhyankar Bhed 62) Swyambara 63) Bhandaphor 64) Rahasya Viplov 65) Holi ka Harjhog 66) Jamindaron ka Julm.

*Image: Dakait Kaluray, Gomhari,
Jul-Sept 1930, Jasoos, Gamhar/Banaras*

**A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE DETECTIVE NOVEL AND THEIR READERSHIP
IN THE HINDI HEARTLAND
KAMAL KUMAR MISHRA//DELHI//2005-06**

Tape # 2: Conversation with Sherpa about the Ban Jhakri (Forest Shaman)

The seven days, well, I cannot remember... They just put a spell on you. Dunno if it was a boy or a girl. There were five of them. Five of them; their hair was yelllllllow. It is supposed to be the ban jhakri. There is this thing, a thing like a plate.

Rooooooouuuund. Round it was. Mostly a plate.

You can see them playing this plate and dancing.

That's all you can see; you cannot see more than that.

And the food they serve you, no? The food you have to receive like this (His palm is facing the ground). And you have to eat it like that. Dunno what the deal was.

About this high. (*Motions with his hand*). Face is just like ours. Only the hair is yellow... At first when you go it's a bit strange, but after some time, after a few hours, you are playing, and become just like friends and brothers. Yeah, of course they speak. (*Laughs slightly*). They speak when they need, but after that... nothing. They speak properly, like you and me. Do this, go there, he tells you. But at the time you cannot understand the language. But when you call him, only then you can understand the language... his language... Only when he possesses you.

[He refers to himself in third person when talking about his child self]

Being mad, it was decided he be taken to Rachi (*to the famous mental institute of that time*). The people from across the river had said he has gone mad. But my father said the boy is in this state, and if on top of that we take him to Rachi he will surely die. Instead of Rachi here... this... there was this shaman (Bijwa), he was brought to another shaman, from just around the hill. So when he was brought to this bijwa, the bijwa said: "Don't send this boy to Rachi; he will just blabber like a fool and there will be nothing to gain." So he was taken back home and not sent. He was listening to nothing, not even talking to them. And then, much later – it was full moon, or no moon... Till now they talk about it, my sisters. "It's coming, it's coming," he's shouting, and his body is shaking. What was coming, no one could see. And slowly, slowly, he was calming down. For two-three hours he was shivering (*possessed*), and after that he went off to sleep, I was told. Now this boy is going to die, people thought, so they gathered the Lamas from around – what to do, I am a sherpa. They said, do nothing, this boy will be fine. It was six months later that I began to speak. I was 7 then. Now I am 70. My sister even has a photo of that time. A photo, in the jungle. I was really small. (*Laughs*). My elder sister has a photo for safekeeping.

Now if you call it knowledge, or anything else, or what he has taught you or whatever he whispers in the ear... Whatever he has to say is in the ears and that's it. Just blows into the ears. When you reach a bad place, infested with bad spirits or if some naughty spirit is playing the fool, if I am being troubled, he whispers in the ears to do this and that. After the whispering I go in a trance and then go to sleep and he comes in the dreams. In the dreams he tells me what to do. The remedy for the maladies. It's all about the dreams... He tells you in the dreams, not like how the Lamas do it... Mantras in the dreams. There are 108 mantras... 108 lines, all of which are whispered into the ears.

Just lie down, and he will tell you in your dreams. So like that I was possessed from an early age. I see them. During full moon and no moon days, I fast in the morning and burn incense (pine leaves and branches) and during the night I see them, very clearly.

SHAMANS IN THE CITY

GYALTSEN LAMA//GANGTOK//2006-07

From the images that I have studied – which are of honeymoon portraits, portraits of children, of deceased people, and of old people going on a pilgrimage – I have observed a new cache of niche singularities. These images cannot be reduced to objects of desire, they are the outcome of complex negotiations, where technology is assimilated into a certain social logic.



For example when one of the portraits of a deceased woman required a pair of eyes, the technician and shop attendant decided that they would not click into stock bodyparts, they would rather cut-and-paste the eyes of a relative standing next to the woman in the group portrait.

The shop attendant was very clear that the eyes should be donated from the clan/family, rather than be taken from a database.

**DIGITALISATION OF POPULAR IMAGE-
PRODUCTION IN CONTEMPORARY URBAN
INDIAN CONTEXTS
NANCY ADAJANIA//MUMBAI//2003-04**

See, sound comes to me in an acoustic sensing heart. See right now, I'm talking to you. You're saying 'yes'... 'yes'... 'ya'... 'ya', moving your head, your eyes are shining. There's no beat, but there's an interaction between us. There's a liveliness to it. This is called contact. This is manual talking.

GO TO PAGE 239



Regal, Mumbai

I was primarily interested in looking at the built environment of cinema halls, and trying to understand how we related to their architecture. As the project carried on, I became less and less conscious of history or architecture, and began to become interested in the “psychology” of these places. How do we relate to them, how do they reflect us, and how do we interact with them? For example, the interiors of the auditoriums, which I have chosen to photograph during a show, lit only by the light of the film playing on the screen, puts one in a certain psychological state; the emotional response that we get is very different than when the auditoriums are not being used. Hence, a lot of these pictures speak of the psychology of light itself.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS AS A CULTURAL EXPERIENCE OF SPACE
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07

What happens in the psychological domain of an individual as s/he makes her/his journey through a corridor, or corridor-like space?



NOTE #2

Towards an understanding of emotional and acoustic contours of corridors

FOR SINGLE LOADED CORRIDORS (OPEN FROM ONE SIDE)

When the space is not new to the individual

The partitions of thought processes that are involved in the exploration of space, or in appreciating its architectural details, or the route to the destination, will get submerged from the surface of consciousness. More time in this journey will be spent in anticipation of what lies ahead, or in thinking about the past. Momentarily, the individual may be brought into the present by a modification or alteration in the space, that is, a shift from everyday's observed and memorised spatial configuration. For me, for instance, a recurrence of the same set of elements and its correlation with other elements – the same disordered fan in the lift, the same button numbered '3' in the lift that doesn't glow, the same creaky sound of the shutter that opens the lift, the same patch of discoloration over the wall in the corridor, the similar sound of the crowd with its familiar acoustic attributes, the similar smell from the laboratory as we pass by it – is what shapes a familiar space. But the moment I find the discolored patch is removed, the fan in the lift is working, or that the shutter opens with a sound identifiably different from other days – that is, a contrapuntal perspective – I will arrive at a conscious platform, seeking out the modulations. The transcendental eye transforms into a navigating eye – a momentary lapse from the subconscious trajectory.

**CORRIDORS: THE PSYCHO-ACOUSTICS OF CORRIDOR-LIKE SPACES
SAYANDEB MUKHERJEE//HYDERABAD//2006-07**



Dipen Bandopadhyaya's 'Ashawamedher Ghora' (The Horse of Ashwamedha*), begins with a couple walking in the city. This couple, Kanchan and Rekha, are legally married but haven't been able to acquire social sanction from the wife's family due to economic problems of the husband and their caste difference. Until Kanchan climbs the economic ladder, the couple is condemned to meet in secrecy like lovers that they were earlier. Since the 'private' is simply unavailable in concrete terms, they resort to the streets as usual, walking mostly, stopping to chat at small restaurants and sometimes taking rides on buses, and when they can afford it, taxis. On one such regular stroll, they decide to ride a horse-drawn carriage in Central Calcutta, from Esplanade to Khiderpore. In the middle of the the journey, the driver pulls down the side curtain, and, for the first time, the couple finds itself in a really private space. As Rekha and Kanchan contemplate their privacy and attempt to resist their erotic impulses, the ride comes to an end. When they get down, the driver demands much more than the decided fare. He sneers: "You had fun and now don't want to pay the hotel charge."

The story alternates between objective narration and first person narration of Kanchan, often fusing the two smoothly to complicate the source of enunciation. Kanchan's hatred is directed at the city itself, which is represented as a hostile, claustrophobic and virulent entity. Once during a walk, the narrator describes, through Kanchan's voice: "Some unknown fear started following me. I remembered the registrar's chamber – small, congested; remembered the restaurant cabin – small, congested; remembered the stairs of the bus- small, congested, remembered the bedroom – small, congested. I was almost breathless."

Just after the curtains are put down in the carriage, detaching them from the world, the narrator describes: "The two sat absolutely quiet. Neither could look at the other. What a strange situation! We were searching for a desolate place where we could sit intimately. The city of Calcutta does not have such private space. We searched for the time when we could be extremely close. We can't have time in our life. We were searching for a sphere where we could be sovereign rulers. Our time does not allow us such a sphere. Still today, still what... Still in this way... The closed carriage moves, it's raining outside. Today is our first marriage anniversary. My wife Rekha – with God as witness – my lawful wife".

Such anxieties regarding the city spill over to Kanchan's perception of people in general, which again invokes the imagined city. "Kanchan was irritated because the smile in the bloodshot eyes of the horse carriage driver seemed unreasonable and obscene. But his recollected images of horse carriages from foreign novels and Madhusudan Datta's History of Calcutta was of an entirely different shape."

Ashawamedher Ghora (The Horse of Ashwamedha) by Dipen Bandopadhyaya in Samaresh Majumdar (ed.) Eksho Bochorer Sera Golpo (Best Stories in a Hundred Years), Kolkata: Mitra and Ghosh

**ROMANCING THE POST-COLONIAL CITY:
PROBLEMATIC OF THE DESIRE TO 'SETTLE DOWN' IN URBAN BENGAL
SUBHAJIT CHATTERJEE//KOLKATA//2002-03**

THE AIR IS DRY AND COOL. White fluorescent lights make it difficult to gauge the time of the day. The hall is buzzing with activity. Agents are on air. Sitting on cushioned, straight-backed, molded plastic, swivel chairs. Staring at multiple web pages on their computer screens. Speaking in British, Australian, South Asian Neutral, American accented English.

Some are smiling as they speak, possibly keeping in mind “the smile in the voice” mentioned in the training manual. Others are talking in grave mechanical tones. Each cubicle is pitching for a different product. Some are waxing eloquent about a debit card, while some are cajoling faulty credit card holders with dire consequences. The walls on the side are adorned with clocks ticking away along the time zones of various countries. Posters, product fliers and pop-up promotional materials are pasted up on the walls. Motivational statements and reminders like “Never Give Up” and “Be Brief” are stuck on at each cubicle.

Each campaign is aligned across a specific time zone. As one corner of earth twirls to face the sun, the other is already hooked through a complex maze of optic fiber cables, ready to work for another day, all through the night.

Joshua slides into his seat, gasping for air. Switches on the computer, puts his mobile in the drawer, keys in the password, puts the headphone on and aligns the mic carefully at an angle from his mouth. He looks impatiently at his watch as the modem on his computer connects to the main server. It is two minutes and fifty-nine seconds past six.

“You are late mister,” Joshua looks up. It is his team leader, Anup. Joshua passes a meek smile. “We have to talk later on this,” Anup snarls. Giving an intimidating stare, he turns around to barge on a call at a desk beside his. Suddenly Joshua hears the mechanical ring of the phone in his ears. The screen of his computer shows an incoming call alert. Joshua takes his first call of the shift.

[Call begins]

Joshua: Welcome to the Banking Corporation. This is Joshua Love speaking. How may I help you?

Caller: Yaaa, can you please tell me about the minimum average quarterly balance on a current account in your bank?

Joshua: May I know who's on the line?

Caller: Yes, this is Mark Thompson.

Joshua: Would it be the minimum average quarterly balance of a current account, right Mark?

Mark: That's correct.

Joshua: It's ten thousand dollars for every three months.

Mark: Thanks!

Joshua: Thank you for calling The Banking Corporation. Is there anything else I may help you with?

Mark: No thanks.

[Call ends]

Joshua goes through the same script over three hundred times in the next eight hours.

'Never Give Up' is usually seen in outbound call centers for agents making a sales pitch for credit cards, services etc, and 'Be Brief' refers to monitoring of calls by Team Leaders, Quality Control Analysts etc.

In the last three years, Joshua has changed four call centers.

**CALL CENTRE: URBAN WORK AND LEISURE CULTURE
IRAM GHUFRAN AND TAHA MAHMOOD//DELHI//2003-04**



Not the buildings. Nor parks. Or flyovers. Thinking about people who make up a city.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 2006, 15:25

The thing that strikes me is the mention of 60 kg. 60 kg, carried to Dadar. 60 kg, carried to Dadar on a bicycle. 60 kg, carried to Dadar on a bicycle twice a day, for some 20 years.

I noticed Ramdas's strong and sinewy wrists when he first started coming to our home [in Bandra], especially when he would easily lift big bundles of papers hung from his spring balance to show me how much they weighed. We called him "paperwala"—so much that I am ashamed to admit that's what I thought his name was—because he would take away our old newspapers once a month. It wasn't until recently, when I sat him down for a chat about his life, that I really comprehended the physical magnitude of his work, that I really understood what gave him those sinewy wrists. And now Ramdas has retired. "I'm happy," he says, "but I've become lazy." He laughs.

Starting in 1969, Ramdas was a rice smuggler like a lot of others were at the time. He would travel beyond the city limits, to Vasai, and bring back bags of rice: five or six trips a day, 10 kg of rice each time. Rice sold legitimately in Bombay attracted taxes. A man who was willing to bring it in on the quiet from outside could both undercut the city retailers and make a small profit.

VILLAGE IN THE CITY: BOMBAY IN MICROCOSM
DILIP D'SOUZA//MUMBAI//2005-06

I transferred the audio materials to a Digital Audio Workstation with a Creative Audigy Platinum professional sound card. This sound card is easy to use and enough to handle a limited dynamic range of shellacs. I recorded the tracks on NUENDO, and used Adobe Audition 2 for cleaning the surface noise, mostly clicks, pops and hiss if it's on tape. Here is a trick: Take out the noise with a medium sized FFT and put it in reverse against the original track. This eats up the original noise content of the disc surface to a decent level. After this I use an optimum level of equalisation in NUENDO. But the processed sounds are renamed and kept separate from the transferred originals as metadata in a pool.

There are different schools of restoration. The European one is to keep the original recording untouched, using the best possible sound reproducer or resource for playing back for digitisation. This retains original noise content as information. The American school of restoration uses all the noise cleaning gadgets to intrude into the original, retouching and reconstructing the original to formulate listening pleasures for posterity. To play safe, I incorporated both schools in my work: Kept the original noise as long as it doesn't disturb, but used equalisation and noise reduction to a very optimum level. This is because I couldn't get hold of the best reproducer machine, as it's not available in the region. Otherwise I would stick to the European school of audio restoration.

I did transfers using a DUAL and a PHILIPS 533 turntable. The main concern at the time of playback was the speed and the signal chain. For speed control, I kept the turntable on rotation without load for one day, and with load for one day, checking the speed every alternate hour. I tried to avoid transmission loss at the signal chain with better pairs of cables. I used balanced I/O connectors at the line levels.

Each disc surface was cleaned before playback. For that I used a solution of Labtone Detergent in de-ionised H₂O. I bought one polyester velvet to use as a cleaning cloth – the pile is soft but gets into the grooves effectively without scratching. Labtone is a balanced detergent, rinses off totally (in de-ionized water), so there is no residue to worry about. The discrete droplets of water left on the surface can be quickly dried with 100% cotton wipes. Shellacs are to be exposed to moisture as minimally as possible, if at all.

Restored thus, the early sound recordings of the exponents from Bishnupur Gharana can be a resource for any further research work on the gharana system itself, or a basis for any future works.

BISHNUPUR GHARANA: STORY OF A FORGOTTEN MELODY
BUDDHADITYA CHATTOPADHYAY//KOLKATA//2005-06

Now, if I'm correct to argue the personal as the theoretical (and not only historical) precondition of the private, let me include here the other indispensable algorithm of the binary: public, and expand this to a full formulation.

i) PERSONAL IS PHENOMENOLOGICAL, PRIVATE/PUBLIC ARE POLITICAL:

We are aware of the criteria for public and private. Private/public are stable categories, defined by legal-juridical indexes, and people go to court for redressal if they feel violated. But genuine personal matters, like that of love or/and friendship cannot be legislated. There is a unique uncertainty and indeterminacy associated with the decision or the destiny of a person in these cases (nobody knows whether A loves B, even B does not) – which makes it a phenomenological notion and not a political one.

ii) PRIVATE IS OPPOSED TO THE PUBLIC, PERSONAL IS NOT:

Personal, unlike the private, is not necessarily opposed to the public. I might choose somebody to be my lover – it's my personal choice – and I might want to declare my choice to the public. This makes love a personal relationship, and not a private one. Consider more examples: When 'personal attacks' are made in politics, they may not intrude into somebody's sacred domain of privacy, but are essentially directed against a person, and in this sense they are personal attacks. I have a personal opinion and who stops me from uttering it to the TV interviewer? But consider sex. Sex is private in the sense that I cannot choose to have sex in public, or consider it private property, which is famous for its exclusion of the public.

iii) PERSON/PERSONAL ARE NOT SPHERES LIKE THE PRIVATE AND THE PUBLIC:

The interesting point is, while public/private spheres are categories that are tied to certain phenomena, 'personal' is a category that is peculiarly tied to the 'person'; there is no 'sphere' which is, or ought to be, explanatively employed here. Sphere, etymologically, is referred to as an area of activity, and public/private arenas do refer to a collection of actions, whereas the personal refers to the agency of these actions. We may be fathers in our private sphere and officers in the public office, but a person is not simply a father or an officer. We might perform our public or private actions, but a person cannot be reduced to these actions. He is both a father and an officer and more. A member of a dangerous mafia may be a caring father at home. In the agency of his person, he combines these irreconcilable roles or differentiates them, and the way he does it, constitutes the personal agency of the person.

iv) PERSONAL IS BOTH PRIVATE AND PUBLIC AND/OR BEYOND:

Let us remember that in Indian law, the personal is defined as anything referring to a person – they may be private matters or public affairs. In this sense, personal is both public and private. A person at times is a private person, and s/he also assumes public roles. But as s/he belongs to both, it can be argued that s/he belongs exclusively to neither. Or again, belongs to both by virtue of crossing both these floors time and again. And as such, the personal becomes a third register. It is impossible to reduce it to private/public functions, because it is able to grasp and escape both limits at the same time.



Me: What do you know about family business, this cloth shop?

Maa: I knew your father's family from before marriage. They were a rich bunch. Cloth trade was at its boom and Papa's family made most of it. Most of Papa's family was loyal to the British; they were awarded titles like Rai Bahadur etc.

Me: I've heard stories about grandfather's horses and bungalow!

Maa: At that point he was very successful. But he was only 14 when his father died. They'd lost a lot of money in business due to your great-grandfather's death.

Me: This means my great-grandfather was also very rich!

Maa: They came to the city from Unnao [a village of Kanpur]. With the money they had, they started trading cloth. Very few people were involved in the cloth trade then. With time they established a good name in the market. First your grandfather, and then Papa too had to start over after his father's death. He changed the trend, started dealing with private mills. Mills here had already collapsed by then, so he had to change. This is around 1980, just after our marriage.

Me: Papa switched to private mills?

Maa: Earlier buyers came to us, to Cawnpore – because of the mills [manufacturing sectors are assumed to be cheaper]. When the mills collapsed, they turned to big cities and private mills. More and more people started trading with private mills. Papa, and others like him, had to go to buyers to sell their product. When they started going out, their lifestyle too changed. This city started losing its flavor, and comparison with bigger cities started: “Bahar ye hai.” “Bahar who hai.” Suddenly this city started looking small.

Me: Did he do it to expand his business?

Maa: Once the mills collapsed people from outside came to us and said, “Now sell this cloth”, and it was the obvious and practical thing to do. But this meant we now had to go door to door and sell our products. Buyers stopped coming to the city. When buyers came to us, they brought cash, now we were going to their door to sell, so we had to offer them discounts and schemes and, worse, we had to give them credit. The credit system only worsened working conditions.

CAWNPORE: CLOSURE OF TEXTILE MILLS IN THE CITY OF KANPUR
MAITREY BAJPAI//KANPUR//2005-06



*What is it
that
connects us to other people?*



**QUEER CITYSCAPES:
EXPLORING MUMBAI CITYSCAPES THROUGH EYES OF TWO QUEER WOMEN
SHEBA TEJANI//MUMBAI//2005-06**

Anyway,
that June afternoon
I was looking for
a book.

"DOUBLE HELIX"
- JAMES WATSON

Tried everywhere
Galgolia, Bookworm,
even Jain Book
Agency.

NO LUCK,

ALWAYS THE SAME,
LOOKING FOR THE
IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND



That was when I came upon a second hand
book place, somewhere on the outer circle
of Connaught Place



GRAPHIC NOVEL (COMIC-MANGA) ON A CITY
SARNATH BANERJEE//DELHI//2002-03

The images here depict a past that is imagined. The mental journeys symbolised by two lakes, in one a sprouting lotus beside a meditating boy, and the other which lies across from a man pondering the tip of an arrow, reflect different encounters, as do the strings of a bow, one tied and the other untied. This difference reinforces the existence of these images as symbols. The symbolic establishes the relationship between the images, and generates a sense of style.

The titles of the books aid in orienting the nature of time that the reader will be, or has been, introduced into. It is as if images are incomplete in themselves. The paintings are chosen according to the text they can be printed onto.



The picture of 'Amulya Vachan', a tract by Jaydayal Goyandaka, shows a picture of Ram standing with a strung bow. This highlights *amulya*, which means without an equal in value – a metaphor for time, in which Ram is dressed for action, a quiver of arrows prominent on his back. In another picture, Ram is seated on a throne with the string of his bow loose. The tract is entitled 'Vastavik Tyag', or 'The Real Renunciation'. Reality, through the unstrung bow, becomes a metaphor for time. In 'Grihastha Mein Kaise Rahen' (How to Live in a Household) the bow can again be seen as a symbol: The picture is a very uncharacteristic family picture of Shiva, with a strung bow in the hands of Shiva's son, Kartikeya, who is seated beside his mother. Another picture shows jewellery as a metaphor: 'Manushya Jivan ka Uddeshya' (The Purpose of Human Life) shows Vishnu, his body covered in jewels, exuding light. Jewellery is ostensibly central since it seems to almost violate the perspective principle which is so often seen as the hallmark of traditional Indian art (though not of Gita Press). Jewellery is thus the metaphor of static time, and the viewer or the reader moves towards it, located in another metaphor of static time.

Each painting is printed a number of times from within the larger collection that the Gita Press possesses, some of which can be seen at the Lila Chitra Museum at the Gorakhpur headquarters.

THE VISUAL ART OF THE GITA PRESS, GORAKHPUR
ABHIK SAMANTA//KOLKATA//2006-07

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF KRITTIBAS is amazing. Initially, the magazine was published through financial contribution by the editors, who decided not to publish any advertisements, except for books. For the first three issues, they received, as payment from Signet Press, 2 reams of paper. From the fourth and fifth (joint) issue, they received cash only as advertisement charge from Signet Press, and the magazine became a four forma one, instead of 2.5 forma. Considering the enhanced financial liability, the advertisement policy was revised. Sunil Ganguli took over both editing and financial responsibilities. He put into the magazine a major part of his earnings from private tuitions. Several times, the press had to be changed because of non-payment of dues. One press offered that Sunil write a novel for their magazine 'Jalsa' to meet the dues of Rs.700. Sunil agreed, and this became his first novel. From 1953, *Krittibas* started publishing books of poems too. Poets paid for publishing themselves.

Krittibas began to get advertisements from Signet Press, Viswabharati and Keshranjan Oil. Still, there were hardly 3-4 full-page advertisements in each issue, and some went without any advertisement. By the 1960s, though the advertisement rate of a full page was the same as the printing cost of one forma for 500 copies, *Krittibas*, as a matter of principle, didn't charge literary little magazines and books of young poets when carrying their advertisements. Initially 500-530 copies of each issue were printed, which subsequently rose to 700, and then to 2500 copies.



Until the 7th issue (1956), *Krittibas* worked through an annual subscription of Rs 2. From the 8th issue, the magazines were sold from Signet Bookshop, Patiram Bookstall (College Street), a stall near Sealdah station, in Shyambazar crossing and Srigopal Granthamandir of Rashbehari Avenue.

After the 7th issue, Sunil and some of his non-writer friends (Bhaskar Dutta, Ashutosh Ghosh and Utpal Roychoudhuri) decided to donate Rs. 250 each to form a company to publish *Krittibas*. Two issues were published simultaneously (1957) as the 8th issue. But the company then fizzled away.

The 9th issue carried a notice: '*Krittibas* considers it a duty to pay honorarium for poems. It has not enough means – still it will offer, in each issue, Rs.15 as honorarium to at least one poet for his poems. Sankha Ghosh is the recipient for the current issue.' This did not continue as announced. In fact even Sankha was not paid in cash but advised to collect books worth Rs.15 from Signet Bookshop.

From 1966 (23rd issue), *Krittibas* announced an annual prize of Rs.100 as '*Krittibas Puraskar*' for the best young (under 25) poet and continued it till 1969. Sagarmoy Ghosh (the editor of 'Desh') was the first donor for the award. From the 26-37th issue, Sunil bore all expenses. But from the 29th issue, Samarendra Sengupta, the acting editor, took over all financial responsibility.

From 1998, after a long gap, '*Krittibas Puraskar*' was reintroduced and the prize money raised to Rs. 10,000. Some writers and non-writers jointly formed a trust to ensure the continuation of the prize every year. In 1999 (3rd phase), *Krittibas* was brought out again under the editorship of Sunil Ganguli. A reputed publisher, 'Pratibhas,' took charge of publishing from the fifth issue (October 2002). In August 2003, *Krittibas* celebrated its 50th year. Its chief patrons now are the Government of West Bengal and Sahitya Academy.

**RELOCATING 'KRITTIBAS':
A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE HISTORY OF A 'LITTLE' MAGAZINE IN URBAN BENGAL
SANDIPAN CHAKRABARTY//KOLKATA//2003-04**

Not so long ago, banks provided a predictable ambience of rigid procedures pursued by men and women dressed conservatively and working according to a set of rules. The day's business was receipts, deposits & withdrawals, with a few loan seekers quietly pursuing their case with an apologetic air, pushing a sheaf of papers towards sympathetic bank employees. Not so, if you'd have visited my bank last week. And my bank is not a case in isolation. The banking sector is constantly climbing up the commercial ladder to grab more, and more, opportunities for accumulating profits to fatten their bottom line. All these have become legitimate banking activities and are called selling Third Party Products (TPP) – mutual funds, insurance, railway/air tickets, income tax payments etc.

There is one more sphere which brings hordes of citizens to the bank. Last week my bank sponsored the Initial Public Offering (IPO) of stocks of Speed Airways and National Bijlee Corporation. The IPO rigmarole lasted five days. Daily, we were mobbed by hundreds of stock aspirants. To broaden the sphere of banking activities, my bank, like every other one, played sponsor to IPOs time and again. Earlier, corporate units offered stocks as IPO by pricing each stock with a fixed amount, say Rs. 10 or 20, and putting a premium on it, of say 100 or 115 percent. At the end of the expiry date, the company would allot the stocks in a random fashion, as almost every IPO would get hugely over-subscribed. However, the IPO scenario has drastically changed due to lightening activity on 'Commercial Street'. These days, the company offering the IPO does it within the confines of a price band. For example, Speed Airways offered IPO in the price band of Rs. 925-1125. My bank, as the sponsor of this IPO, went on a sales blitzkrieg, putting up advertisements on the local TV channel and in newspapers, banners on crossroads, and posters on walls. It offered to loan half the investment the stock aspirant had decided to make. If the stock aspirant had approached the bank for the first time, then he had to pay an amount of Rs. 620, and if it was his repeat dealing then he had to pay Rs. 270. He was also obliged to pay 16% on the money he had borrowed. Most stock seekers aim to quote the upper limit in the price band. So they need money to be easily accessible, and which can be repaid in case of non-allotment of stocks.

The hidden costs did the trick. My bank was aiming to lend one crore rupees for the two above-mentioned IPOs. We ended up distributing four crores in five days. The bank had successfully made a sharp dent in the conservative mannerisms of an orthodox small town like Udaipur. The publicity onslaught had converted the cautious mewari into someone who can make bold strikes in easy money zones. The average citizen did not read the fine print, nor realise that his/her individual contribution made a substantial profit for the bank when calculated collectively across the country.

The loan application was a mammoth document, comprising 32 pages and requiring 34 signatures of the loan seeker. Considering the huge numebr of people approaching the bank in a span of a few days, it was next to impossible for the loan seeker to read the form, or for the bank employee to explain the conditions. My bank hired seven management students from the local management college who were given a model copy for taking the 34 signatures on the form at appropriate places. Later, these guys, who worked from early morning to midnight, would fill the forms according to the number of shares applied for. In return, they were graciously awarded certificates of dedicated work by the branch head.

CHANGING BANKING PRACTICES IN UDAIPUR: TOILING FOR TALLY
FARAAZ MEHMOOD//UDAPIUR//2004-05



Field Camera Stand

Field cameras, as the name suggests, were used extensively for fieldwork (and also in film studios). Looking like a wooden box, the camera back took the focusing screen or film holders. As was the case with studio plate camera, film holders could be inserted either vertically or horizontally in a field camera. The baseboard carried extending runners to provide double, or even triple, focusing extensions. The lens panel moved along these runners, and was connected to the camera back by a set of bellows. The lens of the field camera was usually interchangeable and mounted on lens panels, which would clip into the front standard. The focal length varied according to the camera format.

The main areas of application of field cameras were landscapes, architectural, industrial and medical work. The swiftness with which photographers operated with glass negatives in such situations was simply extraordinary. In India, some adventurous photographers travelled all over the country and to the frontiers to take photographs, while images of the ‘scenic beauties’ of places like Shimla, Lucknow or Kolkata were often sold as collectors’ items at a particularly high price. Contrary to the everydayness of field cameras, the meaning of being photographed by the grand studio cameras was rather different.

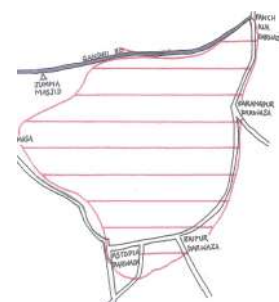
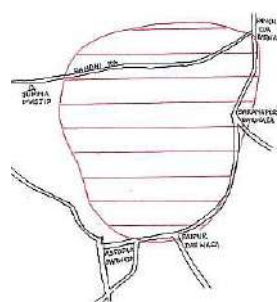
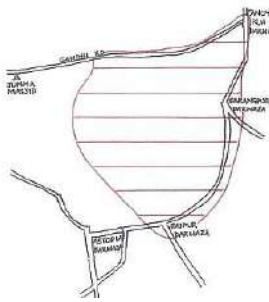
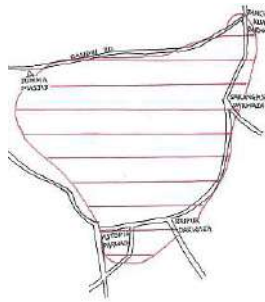
LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
 (RETRIEVING ‘LOST’ GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA, MID-20TH CENTURY)
MADHUJA MUKHERJEE//KOLKATA//2003-04



Jay Engineering (commonly called Usha Factory), manufacturer of electrical consumer durables since the 1950s, was closed down, made defunct, and the land was handed over to the real estate consortium of five major real estate “magnates” in 2003, for Kolkata's 'South City' Projects. The workers of Jay were forced into retirement with little or no compensation and sent into limbo. Except for Shambhu Prasad Singh, who refused to accept the meagre handouts and took his case to court. Against all odds, and withstanding the sustained pressure of the builders, he continued to live in his original quarters, surrounded and dwarfed on all sides by the construction in progress.

Shambhu passed away in 2011, in a road accident.

**THE CHANGING INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE OF KOLKATA:
JAY ENGINEERING WORKS
RANU GHOSH//KOLKATA//2006-07**



Images of Self and the Other in the Kot (the Walled City)

The constructed centrality of the self in relation to others is also an articulation of power – a more powerful self – whereby one's own legitimate vision of classification and order is produced and imposed. The centrality of the self infuses it with the authoritative power to allocate space and position to others. It emerges, or is made to emerge, as a focal point of all power, in particular the power to name or designate the other. In other words, the self is sanctioned with the power to recognise or not to recognise others.

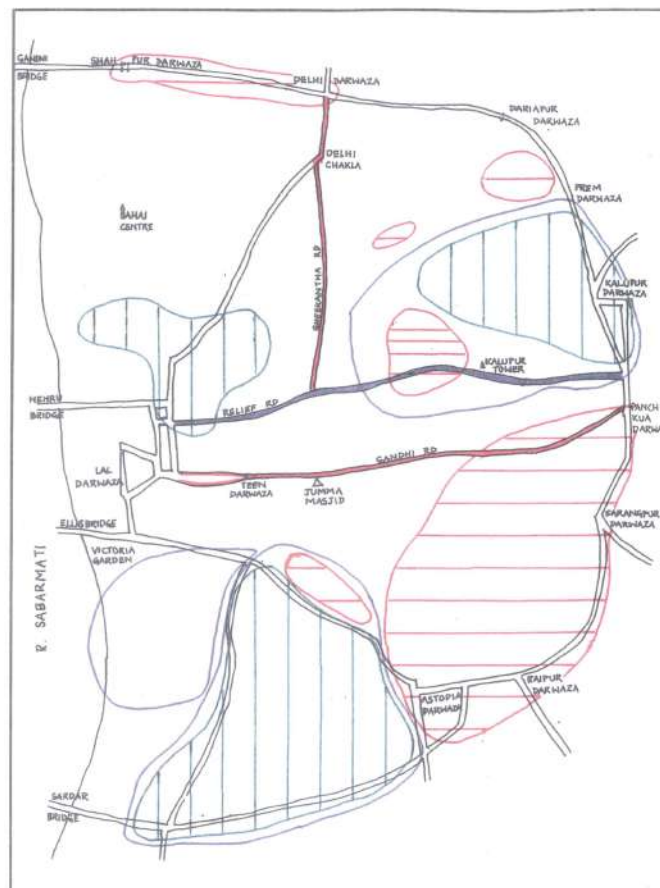
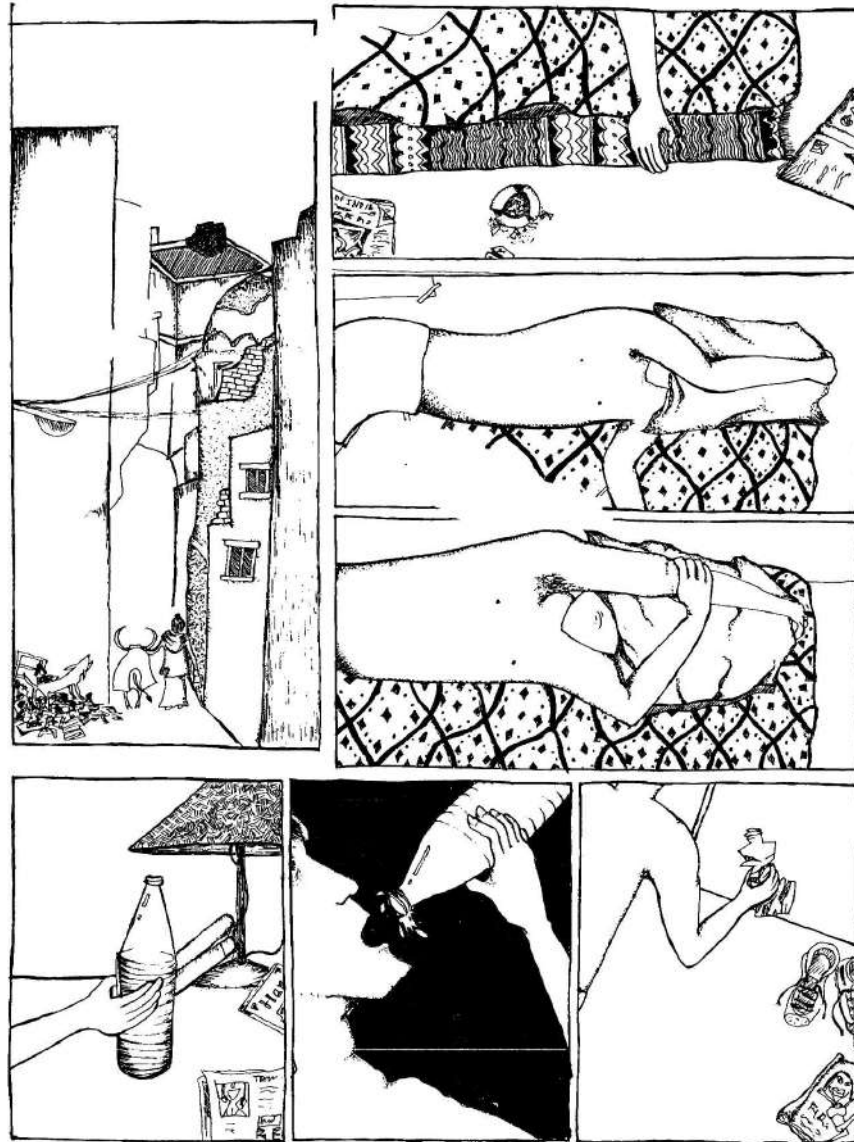


Figure 5 (of 14): Worldview of Nareshkaka, a Hindu Brahmin, who lives in the center of the single largest Hindu area within the *kot* (area with horizontal lines, bottom right of map). He locates himself with his back turned towards Raipur and Sangarpur Darwaza, directly facing the Gandhi Bridge. In comparison, the other areas are smaller and scattered, indicating an exaggerated area of self.

**IMAGINED GEOGRAPHIES: GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE OF SELF AND
OTHERS IN EVERYDAY LIFE, THE CASE OF AHMEDABAD**
APARAJITA DE//SURAT//2003-04

Six O'Clock at Humayunpur



The project began in January as a series of comic book stories on the migrants to the city, and the stories they tell, set in a building in Humayunpur. But in the course of these six months, as the project developed, I was surprised to see the form as well as content take an altogether different 'shape'. The building that was to be central to the piece disappeared after the first piece. And the 'stories' too refused to be 'stories' and split out of the building and into other spaces of the city – streets, parks – and some are indeed homeless. And they are not necessarily stories – sometimes a mere thought or a moment. I began with an intention to make stories, but in the course of the six months they evolved into creatures that were 'not-story', and yet not sketches as they were complete in themselves. Hence, 'meditations'.

Language too began as a part of my engagement with the migrant's identity. What of language? What languages do I represent in the pieces? How do I find space for the many languages of the mind and, for instance, languages that you use to buy vegetables in the market? How was I going to negotiate this constant traffic?

Leading to another question: how do you engage with sounds? Sounds you hear, and those you can't: explosions and implosions.

**A SERIES OF COMIC BOOK MEDITATIONS
PARASMITA SINGH//DELHI//2005-06**

One of the side events of the Gujarat riots (2002) was the sight of burning tyres and assorted garbage that crowned the tomb of Ustad Faiyaz Khan, the legendary maestro from Baroda. Quite a compliment for the man who recorded 'Mann Mohan Brij ko Rasiya', 'Mathura Na Jao More Kanhaiya' and 'Hari Mero Naam'. Perhaps among all the great Hindustani vocalists recorded in early twentieth century, Faiyaz Khan Saheb's repertoire was most conspicuously steeped in Krishna Bhakti. Brajbhasha being his mother tongue, he brought out nuances from the cheez like none among his contemporaries. Run through his ten 78s and you'll find five different musical forms.

Digitising early recordings [from 78s] opened many windows and a lot of my misplaced notions were corrected. I got to know of the facility with which Baba Alauddin Khan wielded a violin and the love he could pour into a vaishnavite kirtan; that Ustad Abdul Karim Khan recorded a beautiful Carnatic composition by Thyagraj.

Aurally, the old country seemed to possess a very composite culture. The exchange between Islamic strains (from as far as Persia) and the traditional 'Druv-pad' (Drupad) led to the development of taan and, subsequently, 'Khayal' gayaki. Today it may seem as if Drupad is some special minor strain in Indian music, but faced with old recordings one realises that, just a hundred years ago, most classical musicians were bilingual – they had learning in both Drupad and Khayal gayaki. The best practitioners would in fact take on a Khayal composition from a Drupad base.

These days we notice a hardening of religious demarcation on the musical content. A number of cheez are being neglected for their religious flavour. The old recordings show such a proliferation of religious text that it seems Islam may have been embraced as a revolt against the low status afforded to musicians by the pre-medieval Hindu society.

Wading through early Hindustani recordings, some patterns become clear. Some ragas have simply disappeared from concert itinerary. Musical forms and terminology have been mutating. A rare raag called Khat turns out to be a corruption of 'Shat' – six in Sanskrit; the raag itself is a combination of six ragas. Listening to Ustad Abdul Karim Khan, the founder of the Kirana gharana, it's hard to find similarities with the gayaki of Pt. Bhimsen Joshi of the same gharana.

PRESERVATION OF EARLY INDIAN RECORDINGS
SANJAY GHOSH//DELHI//2003-04

Clocks and the Farmaan

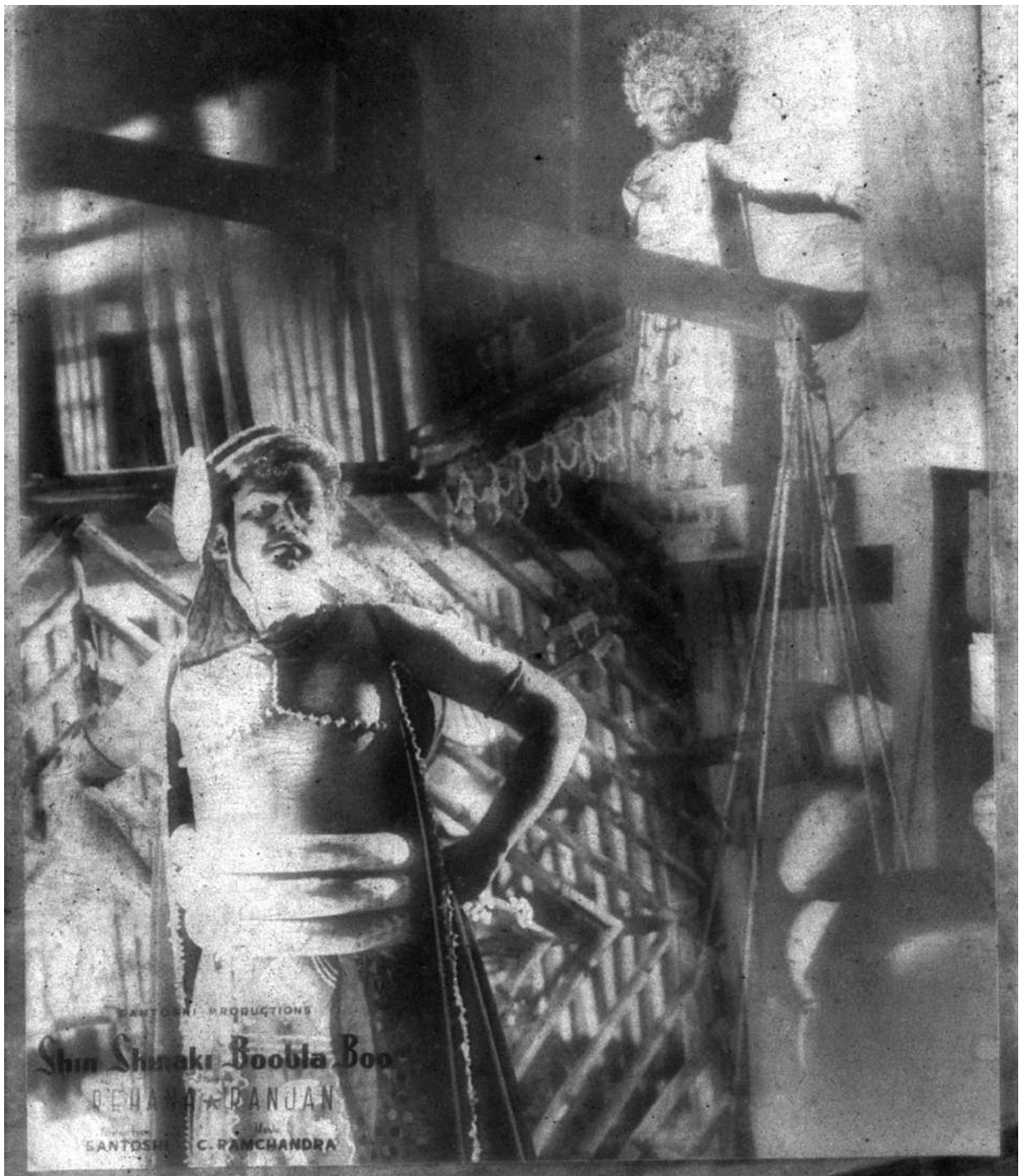
In 1710, the English Company requested Prince 'Azimush-shan', son of emperor Bahdur Shah and nominal governor of Bengal, to procure from his father a farmaan for trade. They mentioned they had a present they desired to forward to the imperial court. The prince was an old friend of the English. He had granted them three villages, Su.ta.nutti, Calcutta and Govindpuri, for their own use. He asked them what they wanted in the farmaan, and how magnificent a present they would send in exchange.

After an year of negotiations, in the beginning of 1712, the present was packed in a flotilla of boats, ready to go up the river, when news came that the emperor had died in Lahore. His son, Jahandar became emperor, but was toppled from the throne in 1713 by Farrukhsiyar, also Azimush-shan's son. The English had sent Farrukhsiyar toys and presents when he was a little boy, so they had high hopes of getting a farmaan.

In March 1713, letters were sent to the principal court officials informing them that the English merchants had a present for his Majesty ready in Bengal — cloth, silks and brocades, firearms, spirits and perfumes, glassware, clocks and other toys, a stock of wine and other liquors.

The clocks in the present were so numerous that it was found necessary to send a clockmaker along with them to the court for their care, and to repair any damage that might happen on the way.

**HISTORY AND STORYTELLING ABOUT KOLKATA AND HOWRAH:
INTEGRATING NARRATIVES AND DATABASE
VASUDHA JOSHI//MUMBAI//2004-05**



To look into publicity material of films – styles of image making, use of text, overall layout of brochure covers – within the glass negatives of the early 20th century is like approaching a wheels-within-wheels history which is polysemic. Several points of departure come up that include the question of use of glass in as late as the 1950s, and the ‘high contrast’ images of publicity material, but also a lot else. Seen above, for instance, is a scan of a glass negative from the publicity material for *Shin Shinaki Boobla Boo* (Dir.: Santoshi; Producer: Sontoshi Productions; 1952). This hindi movie, based on orientalist fantasy, was also released in Bengal. The film was banned by the censors for its ‘low moral tone’. Our attempt to chart the collective practices of Bengali cinema led us to a common ground, where cultural artefacts and events flow without much restraint, and merge into one another.

LOOKING AT THE GLASSES DARKLY: IMAGE, TEXT AND PUBLICITY MATERIAL
RETRIEVING ‘LOST’ GLASS NEGATIVES OF THE STUDIO ERA IN BENGAL
MADHUJA MUKHERJEE//KOLKATA//2003-04

PATENT NO. 5484889

For plant protein MAP 30, that may be obtained from *Momordica charantia* or produced by recombinant means useful for treating tumors and HIV infections. This patent has a single claim, the purified protein MAP 30 having anti-HIV properties in vitro in p24 expressions or reverse transcriptase assays. The said protein is either obtained from the plant or by recombinant DNA methods. The specification does not appear to claim a new process for obtaining the protein. Prior art available on *Momordica charantia* shows that the plant's anti tumour properties are known. In fact, as the detailed description of the specification says, the antitumor activities of the momorcharin family of proteins have been confirmed by independent testing; this type of activity is well known in the art.

UNDERSTANDING THE PATENTING OF TRADITIONAL KNOWLEDGE
AARATHI CHELLAPPA//BANGALORE//2003-04

Bathla's Cooperative Group Housing Society Ltd.
43, INDRAPRASTHA EXTENSION (PATPARGANJ)
DELHI 110 022

सूचना

जैसा कि सभी बाथला अपार्टमेन्ट निवासी जानते हैं कि आजकल सोसायटी में फ़ायर फ़ाइटिंग की मरम्मत का काम चल रहा है तथा कीमती फ़ायर फ़ाइटिंग उपकरण लगाए जा रहे हैं। ऐसा देखने में आया है कि कुछ शरारती बच्चे इन उपकरणों को जानबूझकर नुकसान पहुँचा रहे हैं। कुछ बच्चों को ऐसा करता हुआ पकड़ा भी गया है। तथा उनके माता पिता को भी बच्चों पर अंकुश रखने के लिए कहा गया है।

इस प्रकार की शिकायतें भी मिली हैं कि कुछ बच्चे सोसायटी में खड़ी कारों को जानबूझकर नुकसान पहुँचा रहे हैं। सभी बाथला निवासियों से निवेदन है कि वे सूचित रहें तथा इस प्रकार के शरारती तत्वों पर कड़ी निगाह रखें।

याद रहे कि यदि कोई भी सोसायटी की अथवा निजी सम्पत्ति को नुकसान पहुँचाता हुआ पकड़ा जाएगा तो उसे तुरन्त पुलिस के हवाले कर दिया जाएगा। तथा पूरे नुकसान की भरपाई के अलावा उचित दण्ड भी दिया जाएगा।

दिनांक – 14/01/2004

अध्यक्ष

हाशिये पे नागरिक

**HASHIYE PE NAGRIK
SANJAY JOSHI//GHAZIABAD//2003-04**

The opponent is faceless.

GO TO PAGE 115

बेटे की हत्या के आरोप में पकड़ने आई पुलिस ने पिता को इतना पीटा कि पिता की मौत हो गई। कातिल पुलिस।

बाइट – अनवर (चश्मदीद) / बाइट – अमरेन्द्र शर्मा

पुलिस अपनी तानाशाही के बलबूते विजयपाल से ज़बरदस्ती कुबूल करवाना चाहती है कि उसने अपने भतीजे का खून किया है। बेरहम पुलिस।

बाइट – विजयपाल (पीड़ित) / बाइट – प्रवीण (विजयपाल का भतीजा)

पुलिस ने हफ़्ता देने से इंकार करने पर राजकुमार को इतना पीटा कि अब वह न तो बोल सकता है और न कुछ समझ सकता है। गुंडा टैक्स।

बाइट – जेटूलाल (राजकुमार के पिता) / बाइट – प्रेम सिंह धनिया (सीओ)

पुलिस में रिपोर्ट करा दी तो मनजीत कौर को सरेआम नंगा करके बाज़ार में घुमाया गया। आबरू की नीलामी।

बाइट – मनजीत कौर (बदला नाम, पीड़ित) / बाइट – पीड़ित की बेटी

ये शातिर मजबूर लोगों से 25 हजार नगद लेकर एक दिन में ही 1 लाख रुपये देने का वायदा करके नकली नोट थमा देते थे। वन टू का फ़ोर।

बाइट – डा. जी. के. गोस्वामी (एसएसपी) / बाइट – इस्तेखार अहमद (आरोपी)

शातिर दिमाग़ वाला शकीर राह चलते लोगों की चेन चुराकर ज़मीन ख़रीदता था। झपटमार गिरफ़्तार।

बाइट – शकील (आरोपी)

न्यूज़ चैनलों का सत्यकथाकरण

THE 'SATYAKATHAKARAN' OF NEWS CHANNELS

PIYUSH PANDEY//DELHI//2005-06

In the face of the audacity,
originality and facetiousness of
criminals, it would appear from a
reading of original documents,
that the duller, the less
imaginative, the slower-on-the-
uptake of the two opposed sides
were the policemen.

[Reader-list] Bombay Floods, Prashant Pandey

Sometime after 2.40 PM, Kurla

A funny middle-aged man starts shouting – Snakes! Snakes! A lady replies, “Arree itne gande paani me to saap kya aap bhi marr jainga.” (In this dirty water both you and snake will perish.) Then there are these young executives who are trying to capture whatever you call it... the moment... by their camera phones. As soon as they click a snap, they wrap their phones in a three-layered polythene self-made pack, a feat I could not achieve because of which my Reliance India Mobile, the dream of Dhirubhai, died in a watery grave.

And here I imagine we're on a science fiction set. Thousands of people walking in 3 feet of water, heavy rain in full moon. People in Bombay are obsessed with two things: Reaching office, reaching home.

Vivek Hasija is a very good travel partner. If I lose him he calls my name. His bag is heavy and now he has kept my stuff in it. I too take his bag for a long stretch. He hasn't eaten since morning, and he is wearing leather shoes.

5 AM, Ghatkopar-Andheri Turn

We have walked non-stop for almost 3 hours. It's time to say bye as we have hit the Ghatkopar turn. I'm very sorry as I made him walk too much. He looks haggard and terribly home-sick. He wants to sleep on the flyover like these women but I remind him about his mom who kept calling him every hour. I am sure he wont rest there and will move on. We had great time on this journey and we shout to each other our e-mail addresses as it is raining so hard that we can't write anything on anything.

I take a left turn and join the gujju crowd of Ghatkopar and Godrej employees. I'm feeling like a zombie. My feet and thighs are sore. I swear I will never wear any cloth, any jeans, any underwear. My black Wrangler weighs tonnes now. It's dragging my legs down. The only saving grace is my Ram Chappal's single-Rubber frame (no religious connotation), bought after I saw Kaiwan Mehta wearing it in yogic comfort.

6.30 AM, Damodar Park (My Society)

I'm back after almost 16 hours of aimless, just fun-walking. There's no electricity, and I have to take the stairs upto the 12th floor – the very top of the building.

6.45 AM, XII Floor (My Flat)

All the windows are shut yet there is water. On the ceiling, on the walls, on the floor. I throw my clothes and smell them for the first time. I wash.

There is a Maggi noodles packet (my principal fantasy during the journey). I have my tea and noodles and settle down on a clean, not-wet bed.

Folks, after that I have lead a pretty routine life.

<http://mail.sarai.net/pipermail/reader-list/2005-August/006071.html>

Odyssey Communications v. Lokvidya Sanghatan

From the Judgment and order dated 13.4.1988 of the Bombay High Court in W.P.

No. 479 of 1988. K.K. Venugopal, A.N. Haksar, S. Vazifdar, Raian Karanjawala,

Mrs. Manik Karanjawala and Hardeep S. Anand for the Appellant.

Sourced here from

<http://www.indiankanoon.org/doc/1241147/>

The serial '*Honi-Anhoni*' was being telecast by Doordarshan, which was run by the Union of India, on every Thursday between 9 PM and 9.30 PM. The 12th episode of the said serial was to be telecast on 14 April 1988, and the 13th episode was to be telecast on 21 April 1988. By virtue of the interim order passed on 13 April 1988, episode No. 12 could not be telecast on 14 April. Aggrieved by the interim order passed by the High Court, the appellant, Odyssey Communication Pvt. Ltd., which was the producer of '*Honi-Anhoni*', filed the Special Leave Petition before this Court, under Article 136 of the Constitution of India, out of which this appeal arises. The said petition came up before this Court for consideration on 21 April 1988.

After hearing the learned counsel for the appellant this Court... permitted Doordarshan to telecast the serial... The 12th episode of the serial was telecast on 21 April 1988.

The appeal was heard on 28 April 1988, and this Court reserved judgment on the appeal. At the end of the hearing of the appeal, on 28 April 1988, the Court expressed that it would set aside the order passed by the High Court against which the appeal had been filed and would give reasons in the course of its judgment.

Since the order of stay passed by the Court was allowed to remain in force the 13th episode, which was the last episode of the serial, was telecast on the 28 April 1988.

The grounds mentioned in the writ petition in support of the prayer made in it were that in each and every episode telecast in the serial, an obscure and mysterious atmosphere was being created, and that it created fear in the minds of the common viewers, especially children, as the serial had the effect of confirming blind faiths, superstitious beliefs in stories of ghosts, rebirth, precognition etc., and of spreading an unscientific way of thinking. It was further contended that it was the duty of the State not to encourage blind beliefs amongst the public by telecasting such episodes...

The appellant has stated before us that the said serial, and in particular episodes 12 and 13, did not emphasise superstitious beliefs... It is stated that at the end of both the episodes a doctor and a professor gave a scientific explanation for the unusual occurrences portrayed therein and considered by people as supernatural phenomena.

*

This ruling [1988] is significant inasmuch as, for the first time, the Court... expressly acknowledged broadcasting freedom as a part of the freedom of speech.

**FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND EXPRESSION, AND THE LIMITS OF THE LAW OF CONTEMPT
PRAMOD NAIR//BANGALORE//2003-04**

मुलाहज़ा फ़रमाइये, हिन्दी सिनेमाई गीतों में लोकोक्तियाँ-मुहावरे (अंश)

जितना ताज्जुब सिनेमाई गीतों में लोकोक्तियों के कमतर प्रयोग होने पर हुआ, ठीक उतना ही मुहावरों के आधिक्य को लेकर हुआ। हिन्दी में 'मुहावरा' एक पारिभाषिक शब्द बन चुका है। सो "ऐसा वाक्यांश जो सामान्य अर्थ का बोध न कराकर किसी विलक्षण अर्थ की प्रतीति कराए 'मुहावरा' कहलाता है"। आधुनिक हिन्दुस्तान में साहित्य से ज़्यादा फ़िल्मी गीतकारों ने इसका इस्तेमाल किया है। उर्दू का योगदान भी ज़बर्दस्त रहा। लोकोक्ति का शाब्दिक अर्थ है 'लोक की उक्ति', यानि लोक प्रचलित विशिष्ट उक्तियाँ। अनुभव का सागर जब कुछ शब्दों की गागर में समा जाता है, तो उसे लोकोक्ति कहते हैं।

गीतों में लोकोक्तियाँ (उदाहरण)

राम-गुण गाओगे तो सब ही सुख पाओगे – सुभद्रा हरण (1932)
प्रीत है नागन काल निशानी / इसका डसा ना माँगे पानी – बैरिस्टर वाइफ़ (1935)
चार दिन की चाँदनी, फिर अंधेरी रात है – दिल्लगी (1949)
जब मियाँ-बीवी राज़ी तो क्या करेगा काज़ी – तमाशा (1952)
आ अरे बूढ़ा है घोड़ा, लाल है लगाम – सरगम (1950)
अंधे ने भी सपना देखा क्या है ज़माना... वाह भई वाह – पतिता (1953)
अपने से बड़ों का कहना सुनना, छोटा मुँह और बड़ी बात, जीवन हमने कब भोगा था, जिसकी सज़ा यह देते हैं – एक के बाद एक (1960)
छछूंदर के सर पर न भाए चमेली, कहाँ राजा भोज, कहाँ गंगू तेली – दूल्हे राजा (1998)

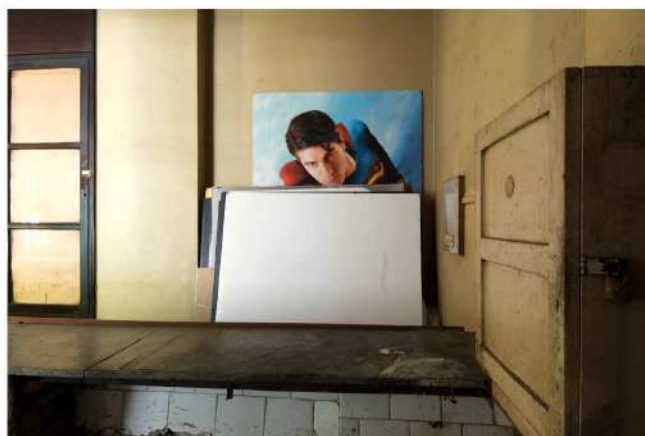
गीतों में मुहावरे (उदाहरण)

जग में है प्रीत की रीत कठिन, लोहे के चने चबाना है – कृष्ण-सुदामा (1933)
राई का पर्वत बनाऊँगा मैं, बालू में नाव चलाऊँगा मैं – काला पहाड़ (1933)
छीन ली खून-पसीने की कमाई तू ने, ख़ूब पानी से उतारी है मलाई तू ने – देवदासी (1935)
अंगिया मस्की जाए बालम – पृथ्वीराज (1946)
कलेजा मेरा धड़के, हो आँख मेरी फड़के – जिगर (1949)
कभी आर कभी पार कभी तीरे नज़र... मन-ही-मन में लड्डू फूटे,
नैनो में फुलझड़ियाँ छूटे (1954)
फूंक-फूंक कर चूल्हा एक दिन हमारी भी दाल गलेगी – बन्दी (1957)
मंज़दार में कश्ती डूब गई, कुछ ऐसा नसीब फूट गया – बुज़दिल (1964)
हरदम आँखें चार करें, हरदम सौ इकरार करें – मैं सुहागन हूँ (1964)
हाय-हाय-हाय कहाँ टांग फंसाई / मैं तो सूली पर चढ़ गया ... हाय, हाय / मीठी छूरी से हुआ
हलाल... छोरा गंगा किनारे वाला – डॉन (1978)
चुपके से मुझे पुकारे, तेरे बज गए ग्यारह प्यारे – यश (1996)
दो धारी तलवार है, बंदा ये बिंदास है – अक्स (2001)

**THE LANGUAGE JOURNEYS OF HINDI CINEMA
BRAJESH KUMAR JHA//DELHI//2005-06**

As the tempo of the Chanda, the Asura Vadeyam, rose to a crescendo, I danced as if possessed.

GO TO PAGE 105



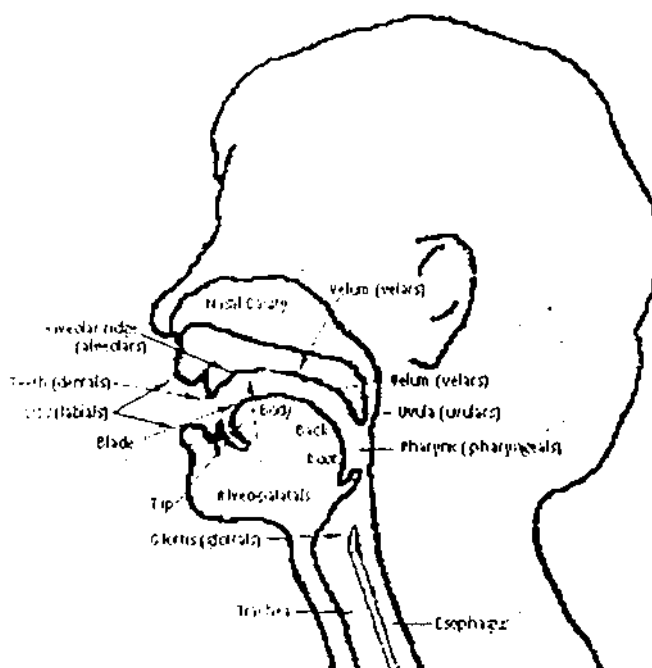
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF BOMBAY'S CINEMA HALLS
ZUBIN PASTAKIA//MUMBAI//2006-07

IT'S LIKE DETECTIVE WORK:
HARD FOR AN ENGINEER

GO TO PAGE 427

Mouth Exercises

Practice these sounds, feel the complete muscular movement for each sound. Pronounce them more than you would in ordinary speech.



OOKT OHKT AWKT AYKT EEKT
OOGD OHGD AWGD AHGD EEGD
OOPT OHPT AWPT AHPT EEPT
OOBD OHBD AWBD AHBD EEBD

Vcustomer B/G Rohani Cooperative Area, Mathura Road, New Delhi, India 110044

CALL CENTRE: URBAN WORK AND LEISURE CULTURE
IRAM GHUFRAN AND TAHA MAHMOOD//DELHI//2003-04



PHOTOGRAPHIC DOCUMENTATION OF CINEMAL HALLS AND CINEMA GOING SUBCULTURES IN DELHI
SHAHID DATAWALA//DELHI//2002-03

Do you know his whereabouts now?
He lives with a bird on a hill.

*From a poem by Nilim Kumar
Translated by Uddipana Goswami*

GO TO PAGE 471



**PHOTOGRAPHIC DOCUMENTATION OF CINEMAL HALLS AND
CINEMA GOING SUBCULTURES IN DELHI
SHAHID DATAWALA//DELHI//2002-03**

‘Read More Poems’

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He awoke to the heat of a huge fire.

GO TO PAGE 39

P.T.O.

Presented by Shveta Sarda

Research assistance: Ivan Iyer

Archive assistance: Chandan Sharma

Proofreading: Kavya Murthy

Production support: Bhagwati Prasad

Additional support: Shamsheer Ali, Suraj Rai

This book is an appreciation of the listening, walking, reading, interviewing, collecting, questioning, mapping, recording, drawing, image-making and writing done by the hundreds of Independent Fellows associated with Sarai over the last decade. The works by the Fellows have been publicly archived through postings in the Sarai Reader-list (<http://mail.sarai.net/mailman/listinfo/reader-list>) and in the Sarai archive (in-house at Sarai-CSDS). P.T.O. is an edited, highlighted and re-sequenced version of these works, to bring alive the various dimensions and modalities of thinking and making. It is not an exhaustive summary of the diverse work done by the Fellows.

We would like to record our appreciation of Moslem Quraishy for creating and maintaining the collection of archival submissions by Sarai Independent Fellows in the Sarai Archive, and of all those who passed through Sarai over the years, for their insight and conversation.

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