

# MW

FOR THE MAN IN FULL | [www.mansworldindia.com](http://www.mansworldindia.com)  
FEBRUARY 2015 | ₹150

## THE WORLD CUP ISSUE **ROHIT SHARMA** THE ETERNAL ENIGMA

AJINKYA RAHANE  
BHUVNESHWAR  
KUMAR

+

THE BEST WORLD CUP  
HOW TO SLEDGE

—

# 50

STYLE  
SUMMER  
ESSENTIALS

—

OFF TRACK  
CS SANTOSH  
AT THE DAKAR

CARNATIC RENEGADE  
TM KRISHNA

WHEELS  
LAMBORGHINI  
HURACAN

SUPERCARS  
WE'RE  
WAITING FOR

DATING  
SUNNY  
LEONE  
KAY KAY  
MENON



TATA MOTORS

# INTRODUCING THE ALL NEW ***BOLT***

IT'S POWERFUL. IT'S FUEL EFFICIENT. IT'S INDIA'S FIRST **MULTI-DRIVE** CAR.\*



SPORT

FOR A BURST OF POWER



ECO

FOR UNMATCHED MILEAGE



CITY

FOR THE PERFECT BALANCE



SMS 'BOLT' to 5616161 | Toll free: 1800 209 7979



Best-in-class<sup>#</sup> power of 90 PS  
and 140 Nm torque



First-in-class\* **CONNECTNEXT**  
touchscreen infotainment



Latest 9<sup>th</sup> gen ABS by Bosch™  
with EBD and CSC

T&C apply. Accessories shown in picture may not be a part of standard equipment. Colours may not match the actual colours due to printing limitation. Premium SMS rates may apply. \*For class defined as compact manual hatch as per SIAM. \*\*Class is defined as petrol engines with 1.2 L capacity and MPFI technology. \*\*Class as defined by compact manual hatch as per SIAM. Source - As specified in CarWale (<http://www.carwale.com/tata-cars/bolt/expert-reviews-16877/>)



FOB ULKA 512254



Class-leading\*\* cabin space with rugby shoulder seats

**GET. SET. BOLT.**

**BOLT**





ZEGNA.COM



Ermenegildo Zegna  
COUTURE



DELHI MUMBAI HYDERABAD



Sold exclusively in Louis Vuitton stores. New Delhi: DLF Emporio: 91-11-46690000, Mumbai: The Taj Mahal Hotel: 91-22-66644134, The Taj Lands End Hotel: 91-22-66717171, Bangalore: UB City: 91-80-42460000 [www.louisvuitton.com](http://www.louisvuitton.com)



Download the Louis Vuitton pass app to reveal exclusive content.



LOUIS VUITTON



FEBRUARY 2015

**Publisher & Editor**

**N RADHAKRISHNAN**

**Creative Director**

**KAPIL C. BATUS**

**Managing Editor**

**PABLO CHATERJI**

**Executive Publisher**

**MINAL SURVE**

**Senior Deputy Editor**

**RAJU BIST**

**Deputy Editor**

**DUSTIN SILGARDO**

**Assistant Editor**

**EKTA MOHTA**

**Staff Writer**

**ARNESH GHOSE**

**Assistant Art Director**

**HEMALI GANDHI**

**Junior Designer**

**TANVI SHAH**

**Digital Artist**

**JAYESH V. SALVI**

**Mansworldindia.com**

**NEHA LOONAWAT**

**RADHIKA RAJE**

**SALONI DHRUV**

**Contributing Editors**

**JERRY PINTO**

**MAITHILI RAO**

**MADHULIKA MATHUR**

**SOLEIL NATHWANI**

**MAGANDEEP SINGH**

**AAKAR PATEL**

**Accountant**

**PRADEEP ACHAREKAR**

**Office Manager**

**P RAJEEV**

**Office Assistant**

**VAIBHAV MORE**

**Group Director**

**ARPITO GOPE**

(9820691805/022-614 36332)

**General Manager**

**SANJAY SETH**

(+91 9818697279) DELHI

**Assistant General Manager**

**Advertising**

**SUSHANT ISHWARKAR**

(+91 9821982259), MUMBAI

**Advertising Manager**

**TULSI BAVISHI**

(+91 9833116584), MUMBAI

**Manager, Marketing Services**

**MANISHA MANCHANDA**

(+91 7506327150), MUMBAI

**Marketing Representative**

**SATHISH ANAND**

(+91 9841023010), CHENNAI

**General Manager, Circulation**

**NADIM SHAIKH**

(+91 9821895795)

**Deputy General Manager, Circulation**

**PRASAD HERUR**

(+91 98441 39043)

**Sr. Circulation Exc. (Mis & Opr)**

**SANTOSH P. GAJINKAR**

(+91 99695 71319)

**MW.Com (India) Pvt. Ltd**

**EDITORIAL & MARKETING OFFICE:** 401, 4th Floor, Todi Building, Mathuradas Mills Compound, Senapati Bapat Marg, Lower Parel, Mumbai 400 013., Tel:67487777

**DELHI:** 1104, Prakash Deep Building, 7 Tolstoy Marg New Delhi - 110001, Tel:011- 43503672, 23356071, 23356072

**KOLKATA:** 2, Nabapalli (Bidhanpalli), Kolkata-700 084, Mob:09831131395, **BANGALORE:** Santhome-33/01, 1st stage, 1st Cross, Indira Nagar, Bangalore-560 038

**Contact for editorial:** editor@mansworldindia.com **Circulation:** circulation@mansworldindia.com

Printed and Published by Nair Radhakrishnan on behalf of MW.Com India Private Limited. Printed at Spenta Multimedia, Peninsula Spenta, Mathuradas Mill Compound, N.M. Joshi Marg, Lower Parel, Mumbai 400 013. Published at MW.Com India Private Limited, 401, 4th Floor, Todi Building, Mathuradas Mill Compound, Senapati Bapat Marg, Lower Parel, Mumbai 400 013. Editor: Nair Radhakrishnan.

All rights reserved worldwide. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a postage pre-paid envelope.  
NEWS-STAND PRICE ₹ 150 INTERNATIONAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES US \$ 115 (1 year); US \$ 220 (2 years); US \$ 325 (3 years); US \$ 525 (5 years)

J.D.  
**JAQUET DROZ**  
SWISS WATCHMAKER SINCE 1738



**Grande Seconde Quantième, ref. J007030245**

Côtes de Genève dial and blue opaline flange.

Stainless steel case. Self-winding mechanical movement.

Power reserve of 68 hours.

---

WWW. JAQUET-DROZ.COM - Contact: (91) 11 4609 2943

Chennai - The Helvetica, Tel (044) 2846 4095/96 - Mumbai - Ethos SummitLuxury Watch Boutique. Tel (022) 66151308

New Delhi - Johnson Watch Co. Connaught Place, Tel (011)4151 3110 - Johnson Watch Co. South Extension, Tel (011) 2464 2299

# Contributors



## ADITYA IYER

Aditya Iyer has covered cricket, football, tennis and other sports for *The Indian Express* for the past six years. His top stories have been the 2014 football World Cup in Brazil and Sachin Tendulkar's penultimate Test at Eden Gardens. In this issue, Iyer writes about how fitness and training have become an inveterate part of cricket, a sport once played by men who drank beer during Test matches and smoked cigars between sessions ([page 118](#)).

## PAUL FORD

Paul Ford is the co-founder of the New Zealand cricket supporters' group, the Beige Brigade. He is a podcaster (the BYC) and commentator (The Alternative Commentary Collective) and his favourite shot is the front-foot across the line slap. His biggest cricketing achievement was captaining the notorious Scripps Howard Memorial XI indoor cricket side. For our World Cup special, Ford writes on the rise of the New Zealand cricket team and why they are the favourites this year ([page 94](#)).



## COLSTON JULIAN

After doing his basic training in cinematography, Colston Julian plunged into the world of photography about 13 years ago. Over the years, Julian's work has been featured in magazines such as *Harper's Bazaar*, *Forbes* and *The Caravan*. These days, he has been experimenting with underwater photography. For our World Cup special cover story, Julian shot Rohit Sharma ([page 104](#)).



## KARAN ANSHUMAN

Karan Anshuman is a film-maker and writer. He also started *upperstall.com*, a website on Indian cinema, and has been an established film critic for a while now. This year marks his directorial debut with the release of *Bangistaan* in April. Also a die-hard cricket enthusiast, he writes on sledging on cricket fields for our World Cup special ([page 112](#)). "They [the Indian team] must use their good Indian education of learning by rote, and rehearse opposition-specific, razor-sharp ripostes that will leave their rivals riled and rattled," Anshuman writes.

## PRIYA MIRCHANDANI

Freelance writer Priya Mirchandani keeps a keen eye on society and the changing dynamics of interpersonal relationships. For this issue, Mirchandani discusses the male obsession with the groin ([page 68](#)). "Torres and Ronaldo have turned crotch-grabbing into an international sports ritual, almost as integral as the coin flip," she writes. "Michael Jackson did his bit by showing us that idle hands are indeed a dancing devil's workshop."



## SUDHA TILAK

Sudha Tilak has been a journalist for two decades. A recipient of the Chevening scholarship, she has worked with *The Independent* in London. For this issue of *MW*, she profiles TM Krishna, the enfant terrible of modern Carnatic music ([page 124](#)). "It is not surprising he is described as arrogant by many in private. In concerts, he would often toss the format around, choosing to only sing the introductory pieces of a raga," she writes. "He has, sometimes, walked out before the concert ended and he dislikes being called a performer."



Porsche recommends **Mobil** 

[www.porsche.in](http://www.porsche.in)

## Less talk, more torque. The new Porsche Macan Turbo.

### Life, intensified.

Standard on-board equipment: performance. Proof positive: the 3.6-litre twin-turbo V6 engine in the new Macan Turbo. Powered by 400 hp it needs a mere 4.8 secs for the sprint from 0 to 100 km/h and reaches a top speed of 266 km/h.

Conclusion: Power and performance highly intensified.

Contact your nearest Porsche Centre for more information.

Powered by

**Porsche Finance**



**PORSCHE**

#### Porsche Centre Ahmedabad

Kataria Cars Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8511 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-ahmedabad.in](mailto:info@porsche-ahmedabad.in)

#### Porsche Centre Bengaluru

Friendly Automotives (India) Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8884 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-bengaluru.in](mailto:info@porsche-bengaluru.in)

#### Porsche Centre Chandigarh

Krishna Exclusive  
Telephone (+91) 8725 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-chandigarh.in](mailto:info@porsche-chandigarh.in)

#### Porsche Centre Gurgaon

Zenica Performance Cars Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8800 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-gurgaon.in](mailto:info@porsche-gurgaon.in)

#### Porsche Centre Kochi

EVM Premium Cars India Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8590 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-kochi.in](mailto:info@porsche-kochi.in)

#### Porsche Centre Kolkata

Mohan Motor Sales Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8584 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-kolkata.in](mailto:info@porsche-kolkata.in)

#### Porsche Centre Mumbai

Aadya Motor Company (India) Pvt. Ltd.  
Telephone (+91) 8452 000 911  
E-mail: [info@porsche-mumbai.in](mailto:info@porsche-mumbai.in)

# Letters



LETTER  
OF THE  
MONTH

## Men and bikes

Your fashion shoot blew my mind away. I am highly into bikes and that's why the photo feature (Motorcycle Diaries, MW January 2015) of stylish jackets and accessories caught my eye. I am part of a biker group and we take long expeditions. Who would have thought that there is a certain way of clothing to just get on your bike and ride away? Some of the looks look amazingly beautiful. It would have been nice if you could have also glamorized helmets a little bit more. That would ensure the safety that every biker needs. I have seen more helmets on your website which are very cool. Even jackets make more sense because during expeditions, you need pullovers and jackets to beat the breeze. Other than that shoot, I find your grooming guide quite helpful. I follow most of the tips.

ROHIT JAVA, Gurgaon

## Watch your steps



I simply love Priya Mirchandani's style and play of words. It's bold, witty and deliciously addictive. Wait, did I miss honesty? That should be taken for granted when it comes to her column. Her last piece (How To Train Your Dragon, MW January 2015) was no less. So one shouldn't roll

his/her eyes when she declares 'Privacy is so yesterday' and refers to internet as beast. Her snarky comment on Kim Kardashian's 'sumptuous and basted behind' cracked me up. The article was in-your-face and actually made me ponder over the futile 'privacy and terms' documents of numerous websites which we 'accept' blindly. Shouldn't we get done with it? Like it or not, it's our responsibility to be careful about what data we post. In this day and age when it's difficult to imagine a life without the internet, we as netizens should tread carefully while sharing our private information and not burn our fingers in the process.

SUDHA IYENGAR, Pune

## Rock-steady

For someone who's unfamiliar with rock climbing Badami Deluxe sounds like the name of a bus. Jokes apart, the name intrigued me and Shyam Menon's piece (Beyond Ganesha, MW January 2015) got me hooked with its pointers on routes, crags, prerequisites for the climb and grading scale (in terms of climbing difficulty). Now I know why Hampi is called the bouldering capital of India. That Ganesha was first ascended by a French national made me wistful. It just throws light on our ignorance. But it was good to know that in a time frame of two years 18-year old Tuhin Satarkar became the first Indian to complete an 8b+ route (Ganesha) in India and only Indian climber supported by Red Bull. But how come Ganesha was never on Satarkar's list, especially for a serious climber like him? Nonetheless it was interesting to read his story, technique and good to know that his parents are climbers. How often do you come across that? Today Satarkar is a professional climber and climbs for a living. Calling it exciting would be a gross understatement. Moving on, the grading system was pretty interesting. Ganesha's grade astounded me undoubtedly, especially the way Menon described its route. In the beginning of the article itself I realized Badami and Hampi are definitely not places for a novice like me.

LOKESH RASTOGI, New Delhi

## Running fever

As a first time marathoner, I could identify with your article (Getting Started, MW January 2015). I have been training for a year and it hasn't been a very smooth ride for me. It was easy to relate to Magandeep Singh as he



wrote about the whole process of rigorous training and finally completing the marathon. After a long period of no physical exercises at all, I found it difficult to warm up to the idea of running and exercising regularly. In the initial days, I would only be doing strength training, core exercises and easy exercises and then slowly it went on to become intense. Thanks to my trainer, he made it seem an easy ride. He constantly encouraged and motivated me. There were times when I wanted to give up, but he made me want to wake up every day and go for a run.

NAVIN SALUNKE, Bangalore



Got something interesting to say? MW is all ears. The best letter wins a Diesel watch. Email your feedback to [editor@mansworldindia.com](mailto:editor@mansworldindia.com)



# CANALI

1 9 3 4

## Boutiques

NEW DELHI DLF Emporio 011 4604 0713/31

GURGAON The Oberoi 0124 4861 765/68

MUMBAI Palladium 022 4009 8685/86

BANGALORE UB City 080 4173 8997/98

HYDERABAD Taj Krishna 040 6636 5112/13

KOLKATA Quest 033 4000 4643

CANALI.COM

# Managing Editor's Letter



## World cup fever — and an Indian at the world's most brutal rally

Yes, I know — there was a cricketer on the cover of our previous issue as well, but what can I say? The 11th edition of the ICC World Cup is upon us, and it promises to be an interesting one, at the very least; whether it will be an enthralling one remains to be seen. On his part, Rohit Sharma stands at the crossroads, not for the first time in his rollercoaster career. He's the owner of the highest ODI score, as well as the only man to hit two double hundreds in ODIs; limited overs cricket brings out the best in him, so by rights he should set the tournament ablaze (and score at least a triple hundred against the UAE, whom India meet during the group stages). If only it were that simple. Pundits and peers agree that he is the most naturally gifted batsman in the country — they also agree that he is an intensely frustrating batsman to watch. Such is his talent that whenever he comes to the crease, we should be saying "Ah, great, here's Rohit — all will be well." Instead, we end up saying "Uh oh, here's Rohit — anything could happen" rather more often than we would like. The World Cup could be a defining moment for Sharma, and deputy editor Dustin Silgado has a crack at decoding modern Indian cricket's long-standing enigma, in our cover story.

You'll also find in-depth pieces on two of Indian cricket's brightest and most self-effacing stars — Ajinkya Rahane and Bhuvneshwar Kumar. They don't have rock-star personalities, and you're unlikely to find their faces gazing at you from too many advertising billboards, but they've added

granite-like solidity to India's batting and bowling line-ups; Abhishek Purohit and Anand Vasu profile them. There's a whole lot more in our World Cup package, mind you. The current edition will be the 11th, but which one has been the best thus far? We asked some well-known cricket writers to tell us about their favourite World Cups. We also produced a crystal ball and asked several pundits to gaze deeply into it to predict this edition's winner. Hint: the words 'new' and 'zealand' featured prominently. Continuing with that theme, Paul Ford charts the meteoric rise in New Zealand's form and tells us why they're among the favourites to win.

The Dakar Rally is probably the toughest motorsport event in the world, and even though it no longer runs the Paris-Dakar route (having been transplanted to South America), it's still as gruelling and dangerous as ever. Competitors die almost every year, injuries are a given and if you're lucky enough not to experience either, it's eminently likely that you'll get hopelessly lost in the middle of a desert. Why, then, would CS Santosh want to take part in the legendary event? The first Indian to ever start (and finish) the Dakar, Santosh believed it was written in his destiny, and despite a bleeding nose, a broken toe and almost being swept to his death during a river crossing, he came back to India with a trophy — and received a hero's welcome. Rajshekhar Rao profiles CS in this issue, and I'm sure you'll enjoy the piece.

— Pablo Chaterji

## FROM THE MW VAULT FEBRUARY 2007



### HOW TO BUY A CLASSIC BRIT BIKE

Farrokhi Bengali once owned seven British classics — two Norton Dominators, two Triumph Tiger 100s, two BSAs and a 1960 Velocette Venom. If you're looking to get one yourself, allow his tips to mark the route

### SHOULD YOU BUY THE BLACKBERRY?

It's a cracker of a wireless handheld device and the pioneer. But, is it the best? By Madhulika Mathur

### FIRST PERSON

What it feels like to defuse a bomb

### THE FILM-MAKER'S DEN

A mini theatre crammed with DVDs is the centerpiece of film director Sanjay Gupta's north Mumbai home

### MAST CALENDAR

It's the world's largest-selling almanac and today, you can also consult it through SMS. Meet Jayraj Salgaonkar and his Kalniray

### GAME ON

Parmesh Shahani trains this month's column on the booming Indian game space

### MADRAS MALE

Mani Ratnam may have conquered Mumbai with Guru,

but Baradwaj Rangan speaks for a generation when he says that the director does his best work with Chennai stories

### TELEVISION'S NEW BOY WONDERS

The Badshahs of Bollywood are rocking the TV ratings now. With their easy manner, affability and everyday humour, Karan Johar and Shah Rukh Khan represent the new face of television. By Udit Jhunjhunwala

### WATCH OUT FOR JUSTIN PONMANY

With two big shows on the anvil, he could be the next big pick in art

Elegance is an attitude

*Simon Baker*

Simon Baker

LONGINES®



### Longines Boutiques

Delhi - Connaught Place, C-21, Tel: 011-43592848, 9999692830  
Gurgaon - Ambience Mall, N-H 8, Tel: 0124-4665606, 9871752740  
Mumbai - Linking Road, Khar (West), Tel: 26488371, 26488372  
Nariman Point, CR 2 Mall, Tel: 67439853, 9820787832  
Hyderabad - Jubilee Hills, Tel: 23558623  
Kolkata - Mani Square Mall, Tel: 40002951  
Chennai - Express Avenue Mall, Tel: 28464098  
Phoenix Market City, Tel: 30083483



Conquest Classic

104



104

## COVER STORY

### THE TALENTED MR. SHARMA

If you needed a symbol of the modern Indian cricketer, it would be the man called both Hitman and Nohit.

BY DUSTIN SILGARDO

### 92 Pundit punts

Eight of the world's top cricket writers make their predictions for the World Cup

### 94 Black caps rising

How New Zealand recovered from an all-time low in their cricket history to become one of the favourites to win the upcoming World Cup. BY PAUL FORD

### 96 The best World Cup

A hair-raising run-out, a packed stadium, an emotional celebration or even a cup of tea with the team you support. It is moments that make World Cup memories

### 100 The quiet one

From the badlands of Uttar Pradesh has emerged a bowler with a face so angelic he could be launching a thousand ships rather than booming outswingers. BY ANAND VASU

### 112 The sledging guide

What do you do when you can't win a World Cup with a bat or ball? You win it with your mouth, of course. Here's what India's plan should be. BY KARAN ANSHUMAN

### 114 The man who won't stop practising

Ajinkya Rahane does not do aggression or flamboyance. But, behind his unassuming appearance is a fire that has seen him go from being a benchwarmer to a fixture in the Indian team. BY ABHISHEK PUROHIT

### 118 Six packs or kegs

How did physical fitness gain such significance in a non-contact sport that stops play periodically for lunch, drinks, refreshments and tea? BY ADITYA IYER

# WORLD CUP SPECIAL

# ISSEY MIYAKE NUIT D'ISSEY

THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



## FEATURES

### 64 **The pointlessness of Tevar**

Even by the ridiculously low standards of films trying to tackle 'rural' realities, this one is a disaster. But, to a perceptive viewer, it does offer plenty to think about. BY MAITHILI RAO

### 120 **The deserter**

CS Santosh, the first ever Indian to take part in the legendary Dakar rally, is no runaway — but he's definitely a renegade. BY RAJSHEKHAR RAO

### 124 **The enfant terrible of Carnatic music**

Meet the man who has been rattling the genteel world of Chennai's Carnatic music with his performances and provocative writings. BY SUDHA G TILAK

### 134 **A World Cup comes to Mumbai**

A small, homegrown competition in Navi Mumbai is now on the verge of becoming one of the climbing world's most prestigious events — the IFCI Climbing World Cup. BY SHYAM G MENON

### 138 **Bovine intervention**

The indigenous Indian cow's numbers are rapidly declining, and the government has stepped in to right things. BY SHANTANU GUHA RAY

120



46



54



## FRONT OF THE BOOK

- 24 Megaphone
- 26 Number game
- 28 What it's like to date Sunny Leone
- 30 The Interview: Kay Kay Menon
- 34 The Goa Photo festival
- 36 Tech: Gadgets to look out for in 2015
- 42 Books
- 44 Bollywood posters
- 46 72 hours in Adelaide
- 50 Passion: Adil Jal Darukhanawala
- 52 Ten things you don't know about women: Nargis Fakhri
- 53 The Land Rover experience
- 54 The world's best supercars you cannot buy
- 56 Lamborghini on ice
- 60 Personal Questionnaire: Sameer Gadhia
- 62 Running: The importance of being patient
- 63 Remembering Qudsia Zaidi

## TALK

66 **Jerry Pinto** on people who sell dissatisfaction, 67 **Olivier Lafont** talks about the intimacy database, 68 **Priya Mirchandani** discusses scrotum scratching and 70 **Anita Nair** ponders upon the true nature of patriotism  
**Plus: Dr. Know**



*Tactile Technology*



POWERED BY  
SOLAR ENERGY

**TISSOT T-TOUCH EXPERT SOLAR.** TACTILE WATCH POWERED BY SOLAR ENERGY, OFFERING 20 FUNCTIONS INCLUDING WEATHER FORECAST, ALTIMETER AND COMPASS. **INNOVATORS BY TRADITION.**

[TISSOT.CH](http://TISSOT.CH)



**TISSOT**

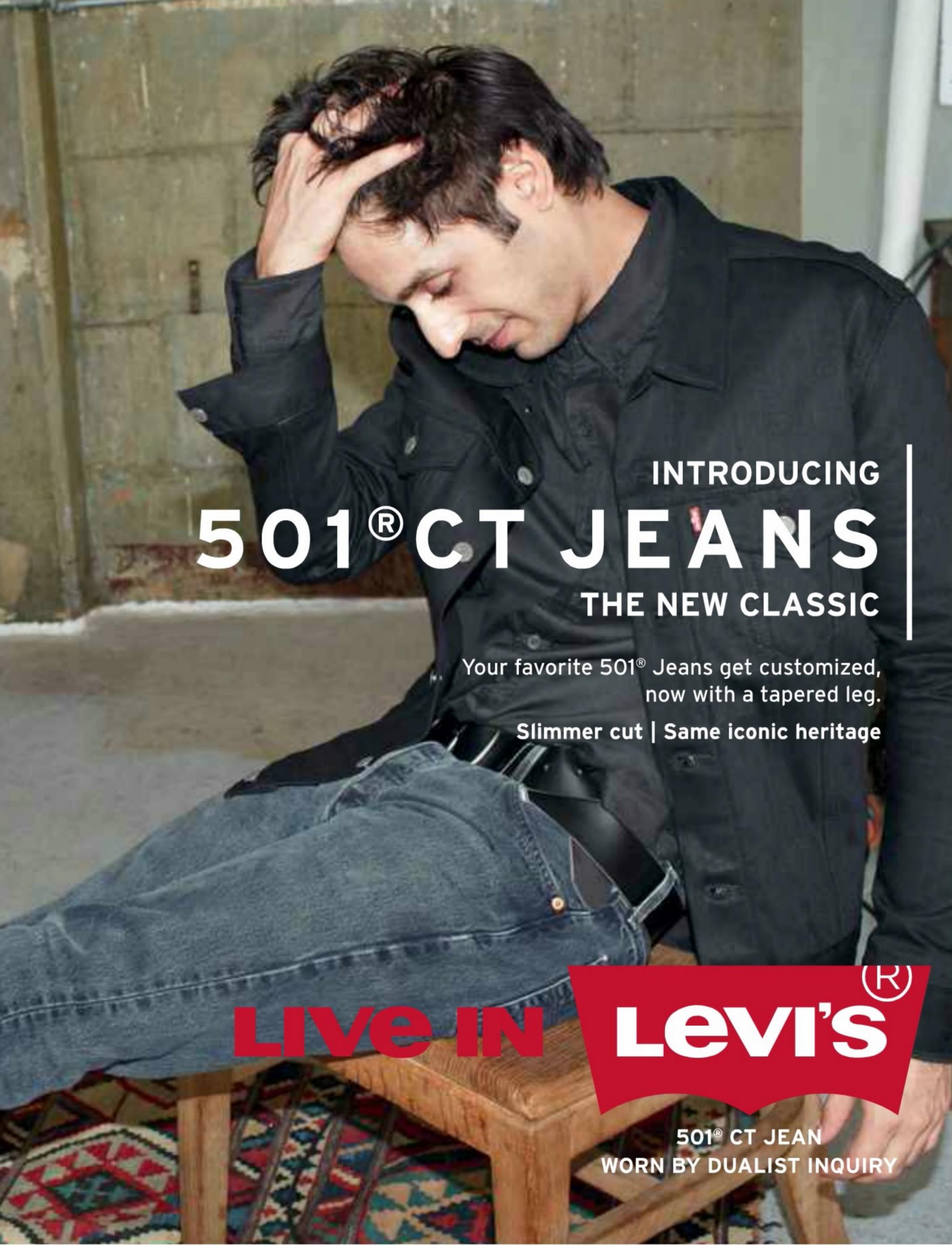
LEGENDARY SWISS WATCHES SINCE 1853

**"Tissot is not sold on the Internet in India. Purchase of Tissot watches through the internet are not covered under the Tissot warranty"**

**TISSOT BOUTIQUES:** Amritsar • Ahmedabad • Bangalore • Chennai • Cochin • Coimbatore • Delhi • Hyderabad • Kolkata • Mumbai • Pune • Trivandrum • Mangalore  
Also available at all leading retail outlets.



#LIVEINLEVIS  
LEVI.IN



INTRODUCING  
**501<sup>®</sup> CT JEANS**  
THE NEW CLASSIC

Your favorite 501<sup>®</sup> Jeans get customized,  
now with a tapered leg.

Slimmer cut | Same iconic heritage

**LIVE IN**

**Levi's<sup>®</sup>**

501<sup>®</sup> CT JEAN  
WORN BY DUALIST INQUIRY

71



## Style

- 71 Your guide to summer essentials
- 82 Sartorial man
- 86 Expert speak: Neeta Lulla
- 87 The aesthete: Stephen Blomme
- 88 Rules of style: Tiger Shroff, Gauri Khan
- 89 Grooming guide
- 90 Personal style: Neel Jani

## WATCHES

- 128 New launches
- 130 Tracking time
- 131 Jaipur watch company



### ON THE COVER

Rohit Sharma, photographed by Colston Julian D'Souza/Salt Management; Styled by Roli Gupta; Blue jacket by **Gucci** and white T-shirt by **Ermenegildo Zegna**; Location courtesy Novotel Mumbai, Juhu Beach



VICTORINOX



## LEXICON

Highly-durable construction. Maximum capacity. Superior convenience. Stylish companion bags that is backed by a lifetime warranty.

Available At: Delhi NCR | Mumbai | Ahmedabad | Pune | Chennai | Bengaluru | Kolkata  
Contact: Victorinox India - North & East 9582190820 | West 9323962503 | South 9739799199



MAKERS OF THE ORIGINAL SWISS ARMY KNIFE | VICTORINOX.COM

# the megaphone

THE WORLD IN QUOTES AND WORDS



## NOT WITHOUT MY HALF-GIRLFRIEND

“We cannot have a cast-in-iron rule that only wives are going to be allowed to meet the players. We will have no problem with the girlfriends as well.”

BCCI SECRETARY **SANJAY PATEL** CLARIFIES THE BCCI'S STANCE ON WAGS' VISITS TO AUSTRALIA. HE ALSO HELPFULLY ELABORATED THAT ONLY THE WIVES WILL BE ALLOWED TO SHARE ROOMS WITH THE PLAYERS AND NO ONE ELSE.

## [COLOUR THERAPY]

“When Jawaharlal Nehru constituted a flag committee, they put saffron on top of the design. The top deck of our flag is saffron. Saints dress in saffron. The sun's rays too are saffron. It is my favourite colour. In fact, saffron is the best colour.”

HARYANA'S EDUCATION MINISTER **RAM BILAS SHARMA**, WHEN HE'S ACCUSED OF TRYING TO SAFFRONISE EDUCATION.

## [MARS ATTACKS]

“In the Mahabharata, two kings were fighting on Mars when the helmet of one of them fell off. Now, if we google ‘Helmet on Mars’, you will get a full description with photographic evidence, published by NASA.”

**KIRAN NAIK** TEACHES VEDIC SCIENCES AND AVIATION AT INTERNATIONAL INDIAN UNIVERSITY, IN GUJARAT. HE WAS CONDUCTING A SEMINAR AT THE INDIAN SCIENCE CONGRESS, HELD IN MUMBAI, AT WHICH HE ALSO SAID, “THE COW CARRIES A BACTERIA IN ITS BODY. WHATEVER IT CONSUMES WILL TURN IT INTO 24-CARAT GOLD. THIS BACTERIA IS KNOWN TO NASA ALSO.”

## BITTER WEIGHT-LOSS PILL

**“CARRY A MIRROR EVERYWHERE YOU GO, ENSURING YOU REMIND YOURSELF OF HOW FAT YOU ARE, WHICH WILL AUTOMATICALLY MOTIVATE YOU TO EAT LESS.”**

MUMBAI MIRROR DISHES OUT SOME TOUGH LOVE TO THOSE WANTING TO LOSE WEIGHT.



## SAD KEJRU

“Kiranji, I used to follow you on twitter. Now, you have blocked me on twitter. Kindly unblock me.”

ARVIND KEJRIWAL GETS UNFRIENDED BY KIRAN BEDI ON TWITTER.

## ALL THE SINGLE LADIES

**“Women who remain single are prone to have psychological problems.”**

IN A FACEBOOK POST, FORMER SUPREME COURT JUDGE MARKANDEY KATJU STARTED OUT BY COMMENTING ON HOMOSEXUALITY. AND, THEN, BRANCHED OUT A LITTLE BIT.



Canvas **HUE**  
**COLOURS**  
**CAN COME**  
**ALIVE**



Experience lifelike images with vivid colours and sharp clarity, even in bright sunlight, on the crystal clear AMOLED HD screen of the Micromax Canvas Hue. Enjoy an uninterrupted experience with the long lasting 3000mAh battery and a 30-day\* standby time with the Super Power Saving mode.



AMOLED HD 12.7cm (5) Screen  
 with Corning® Gorilla® Glass 3



1.3GHz Quad  
 Core Processor



Android  
 KitKat 4.4.2<sup>^</sup>



3000mAh  
 Battery



1 Month\*  
 Standby Time  
 with SUPER  
 POWER SAVING  
 mode

[www.micromaxinfo.com](http://www.micromaxinfo.com)

Specifications and design are subject to change without prior notice. \*Talk and Standby time are affected by network preferences, type of SIM cards, connected accessories and individual usage patterns. The 'Android' name & Logo are property of Google Inc. Corning® & Gorilla® are registered trademarks of Corning Incorporated. <sup>^</sup>Certified by Google.

# numbergame



## Rs 89 lakh

The amount owed by MLAs Carlos Almeida, Avertano Furtado, Benjamin Silva and Glenn Ticlo to the Goa government. The four had travelled to the World Cup, in Brazil, on taxpayers' expense and were later asked to cough up the money after newspapers started reporting it.

(FIGURE TAKEN FROM MUMBAI MIRROR)

## 6 hours

The amount of time by which President Barack Obama's lifespan was shortened because of his three-day visit to Delhi. The capital has the world's highest concentration of PM 2.5, which translates into an estimated loss of two hours a day in life expectancy, according to David Spiegelhalter, a statistician at the University of Cambridge.

**4** The number of kids Hindu women should have, according to BJP MP Sakshi Maharaj, failing which Hindus will become extinct.

**5** The number of kids Hindu women should have, according to BJP leader Shyamal Goswami.

**10** The number of kids Hindu families should give birth to, according to the Shankaracharya of Badrikashram, Vasudevanand Saraswati.

## Rs 5

The denomination of silver coins being released by the government of India to commemorate Jamsetji Tata on his 175th birth anniversary. The coins are priced at Rs 4500 each.

## 587

Men who have been arrested under Section 377 in the last one year in India. Describing Section 377 as infringing on their privacy and rights, the LGBT community has approached the apex court, seeking annulment of its order.

(FIGURE TAKEN FROM DECCAN HERALD)

## Rs 51 crore

The amount that former UP minister Haji Yakub Qureshi announced as reward to the attackers who killed the editorial team of Charlie Hebdo.

## Rs 20,000

The amount that Senior IPS officer Amitabh Thakur announced as reward to the police team that arrests Qureshi

# 97,37,50,000

THE  
NUMBER  
OF  
HINDUS  
IN INDIA

(FIGURES TAKEN FROM SEVERAL SOURCES)

# What drives you has a lot to do with what you drive.



## The powerful **New Cross Polo** starting at ₹6.94 Lacs\*. For those who like it bold.

The New Cross Polo takes its predecessor's bold looks a notch higher, with stylish additions to its body and a powerful engine at its heart. Giving its rugged looks, black cladding and roof rails the extra edge are bold new headlamps and tail-lamps, a sporty new steering wheel and a sleek, all-black dashboard. And beneath it all, lies a commanding new engine. Powerful enough to catch up to your adventurous side.



Powerful New 1.5L TDI Engine  
(1.2L Petrol also available)



'Cross' Bumpers and  
New Dual-beam Headlamps



Distinctive Side Cladding and  
5-spoke Alloy Wheels



Silver Roof Rails



Sporty Steering with Bluetooth  
and Voice Command Control<sup>^</sup>



Dual Front Airbags



**Volkswagen. Das Auto.**

Call (toll-free 24x7): 1800 209 0909 / 1800 102 0909

POWERED BY  
**Volkswagen Finance**



**Das WeltAuto.**  
Pre-owned cars you can trust. Guaranteed.

24x7 Roadside Assistance\*\* | Service once a year/15,000 kms

\*Terms and conditions apply. Price for New Cross Polo Petrol Ex-showroom (Mumbai - excluding local levies). Features and accessories shown may not be part of standard equipment and are subject to change without prior notice. Actual colour and appearance may vary. Finance at the sole discretion of Volkswagen Finance Pvt. Ltd. \*\*Roadside Assistance only within covered limits. <sup>^</sup>Requires mobile handset with voice recognition capability. Obey traffic rules.

# What it's like to date Sunny Leone

When 100 men showed up for dinner with Sunny Leone. **By Sonali Shah**

**'ONE SPRAY** will bring girls your way,' promises the Facebook page of Adiction, Mankind Pharma's deodorant brand. Among the men who don't fall for such marketing gimmicks is Kolkata's 27-year-old Saumalya Bhattacharya. In October last year, even when his friends were buying over 15 cans of Adiction each, Bhattacharya wasn't paying attention. He bought the deodorant simply at the behest of the shopkeeper. Mankind Pharma had launched a contest in which every can gave you an entry into a lucky draw for a dinner date with porn-star-turned-Bollywood-actress Sunny Leone.

My long conversation with Bhattacharya tells me he's an affable person. Naive, one may call him — excited about going on his first flight — but smart enough to temporarily hide his Facebook profile, remove his girlfriend from his friends list, tweak the settings and get back on the website for personal promotion. His girlfriend doesn't know about his dinner date; neither do his parents. For them, he was visiting Mumbai on a "work trip".

For 22-year old Neeraj Shinde from Satara, who is currently an engineering student in Pune, the lying wasn't necessary. His girlfriend said she wouldn't mind accompanying him to Mumbai and meeting Leone herself. He is grateful because the only other winner from Pune wasn't

"permitted by his wife" to go on the date. Makes one wonder what the wife thought would happen if her husband shook hands with Leone in a setup with over 100 other people. Shinde's family, familiar with Leone's Bollywood career, didn't find anything alarming about his dinner invitation. It's only upon a bit of prodding that he reveals his family's ignorance of Leone's career in the porn industry. He brushes it off by saying that's a different thing altogether.

Both Bhattacharya and Shinde could scarcely believe their luck when they were chosen as winners. Spending some time alone with Leone seemed unbelievable to them. Later, however, they discovered that Mankind Pharma had flown down a total of 100 winners to Mumbai and hosted a large dinner party with song and dance performances. Leone had addressed the crowd and then proceeded to have group pictures taken with everyone. The participation of others at their date was hardly a concern for Bhattacharya and Shinde. "I would have been happy with just a glimpse of the actress," says Bhattacharya offhandedly.

What Bhattacharya truly desired was to click a selfie with her and make that his profile picture on Facebook. That would have been the ultimate triumph for him. He had posted pictures of his sponsored flight tickets as proof, but it was only after

he returned to Kolkata with some shots from the event that he was championed a hero in his social circle. Shinde too had modest ambitions. He would have liked just to shake hands with Leone. What was most important to him was to convince his friends on Facebook that he was going to meet the actress in person. He went to the extent of recording voice calls from Mankind Pharma and posting them as proof for his friends.

Had Shinde actually been able to have a conversation with Leone, he would have confessed his love for her, and let her know that he was a big fan of her "history pictures" from Canada. It took me a couple of "I'm sorry, what?" to understand what he was trying to say because he'd dropped his

## Sunny Leone's Figures

**No. 1**

Leone was the most searched personality on Google last year, followed by PM Narendra Modi. She also topped the list in 2013 and 2012.

**8,91,000**

Number of followers on Twitter

**1,45,54,328**

Likes for her official Facebook page



voice to a whisper. Unlike a couple of other winners, with whom my attempts to speak about the date were unsuccessful, Shinde was surprisingly forthcoming about his knowledge of Leone's former career. Only, and this is interesting to note, he never once mentioned the word 'porn', relying heavily on euphemism.

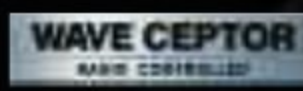
Post his date, life has changed favourably for Bhattacharya. Adiction's promise of bringing girls his way is holding true to a certain extent. "There are girls in my Facebook friends list who ignored me earlier. But, after seeing the pictures of my date, they have all started saying 'hi' to me on chat. I have purposely not replied to them. This is my time to act pricey," he laughs.

# G-SHOCK PREMIUM

Tougher & more beautiful  
— Metal Twisted G



**MT-G**  
MTG-S1000



•Auto Hand Home Position Correction •Hybrid Mount Construction •20-bar water resistance •Sapphire Crystal •Dual Time

CASIO EXCLUSIVE SHOWROOM: BANGALORE: Jayanagar 4th Block- 26651599, Phoenix Mall- 67266573; CHENNAI: Adyar- 044-24455245, Express Avenue- 044-28464295, Phoenix Mall- 044-30083359; COIMBATORE: Brookfields Mall- 0422-2255996; DELHI: South Extension- 41415151; KOLKATA: Forum Mall- 65090201; HYDERABAD: The Forum Sujana Mall- 30534455; MUMBAI: Phoenix Mall (Kurla)- 61801523, Inorbit Mall (Malad)- 28735168; NOIDA: The Great India Place- 4271417

Also available at: CHENNAI: Annasalai: Por & Sons- 044-42168418, City Centre: Watch World- 044-45410005; DELHI: Preet Vihar: Gangaram Gallery- Ph.:9810024035; COCHIN: GCDA- Swiss Time House- 0484-2371386; GHAZIABAD: Sri Krishna Watch Co.- Ph.:9711113645; GURGAON: World of Watches- Ph.:9811228799; HYDERABAD: Jubilee Hills- Kamal Watch Co.- Ph.:23558621; MUMBAI: Fort- Overseas Watch- 66331494; NAVI MUMBAI: Vashi- Just In Time- 64528510; PUNE: Camp MG Road- Just In Time- 65111421; VISAKHAPATNAM: CMR Mall Hills- Kamal Watch Co.- Ph.:6464622

Shoppers Stop: Bangalore- Airport; Delhi- Airport T3, Rajouri Garden

CASIO INDIA CO., PVT. LTD. Delhi: Ph. 66999200, Chandigarh - Ph. 6060500; Ahmedabad, Bangalore, Chennai, Hyderabad, Kolkata, Mumbai - Ph. 60605005.

E-mail: corporateenquiry@casiolndiacompany.com | Website: www.casio.co.in | Facebook: /CasioGShockIndia | Twitter: @CasioIndia

Also available at: [casioindiashop.com](http://casioindiashop.com)

**CASIO**®

# theinterview

## KAY KAY MENON

One of India's most respected actors on the difference between theatre and cinema, playing people rather than characters, his role in *Haider* and his upcoming film, *Rahasya*.

By Arnesh Ghose



### How do you select a film?

I've always maintained that art is subjective. And, subjective matters cannot be chosen objectively. Asking why you chose a particular film is like asking, why did you fall in love with that girl? Sometimes, when you read a script, you realise something is attracting you to the story and the character you are supposed to play. The film

chooses you rather than the other way around.

### Has this process changed over the years?

No, it has always been like this. Yes, I did some films for money. I can't say I didn't. I did do those films and had specific reasons for doing each of them. But, otherwise, this has been the process.

### You started off with theatre, but never went back to the stage after getting into the movie business. Why so?

For me, the final performance on stage is not of much consequence. What interests me in theatre is the process of rehearsals. That process requires you to dedicate unadulterated time for three hours a day for at least two

months. Only then will you realise the potential of that particular play. If I don't have that kind of time to invest, it will become labour. And, I don't believe in labouring in art.

### What are the main differences between acting on stage and on screen?

They are two different mediums. The only similarity is that they are both telling a story. In theatre, you need techniques and skills to reach out to the audience. In cinema, the audience is reaching out to you. An actor has to understand that and change the way he pitches his voice, the amount he gesticulates and so on. As a cinema actor doing theatre, if I murmur or have subtle gazes, I cannot expect the audience to see that. I have to find techniques to portray the same effects on stage. Then, there is the concept of willing suspension of disbelief. In theatre, I can mimic opening a door, and the door becomes a reality for the audience, while in cinema, a real door has to be shown.

What you do carry forward from theatre to film is the confidence of facing an audience. But, while working with a new medium, you have to unlearn some things and imbibe new concepts.

### Let's talk about *Rahasya*. How is it different from other whodunits?

*Rahasya* is a whodunit worth watching twice. No one watches murder mysteries for the second time because you know who the killer is. But, *Rahasya* has interesting characters who you would

For further details please contact Baccarose on 022-22817766 or E-mail [montblanc@baccarose.com](mailto:montblanc@baccarose.com)

**MONT  
BLANC**  
EMBLEM



**THE NEW  
FRAGRANCE FOR MEN**

want to revisit. The plot, then, becomes secondary. In that respect, it has a Hitchcockian feel to it.

**Which are your favourite crime thrillers?**

Most of Alfred Hitchcock's films. He was a pioneer in that genre, and I respect that.

**Do you think film-making is primarily a director's medium?**

Cinema is the most collaborative medium in any field of life. It has almost 90 per cent variables and only ten per cent constants. A small cloud cover can upset your schedule. Show me one other business in which a cloud cover can do that. But, again, this quality makes it interesting and adventurous. So, it can be everybody's medium and it can be nobody's medium.

**Do you remember your first time in front of the camera?**

The first time was for Saeed Mirza's *Naseem*. It was a cameo. I don't remember much apart from that I felt good about it. I wasn't nervous or anything because I had done theatre extensively before that. But, I was yet to learn how to mould myself for cinema. I had some difficult dialogues in the film. I had to say lines by Faiz Ahmed Faiz, and Kaifi Azmi was sitting right in front of me. It was a fantastic experience to be working with such stalwarts. I know, though, that I was too measured with my delivery and I was playing it safe because I didn't completely understand the medium then.

**Which of the characters that you have played till date are closest to the**

**person you are?**

All of them. I always have to draw the character from within me. I believe that human beings have a wide spectrum of emotions and possibilities and I have no qualms in saying that every character I play has an extension of me in it. That makes it believable on screen.

**And, which of them would you go back and do again?**

I don't look back. What is done is done. If you look back, you stumble and fall.

**Do you watch the films you act in?**

No, not really. I am a non-narcissistic person. I don't admire myself. I don't comb my hair or look in the mirror. Having said that, if something has to be studied, I will watch it clinically, but to watch myself is a cringeworthy experience. Anyway, you've seen the film during trials and stuff to gauge your performance, so watching it afterwards is a self-glorifying act that I do not indulge in.

**What are you reading these days?**

I am reading a book called *The Third Policeman* by Flann O'Brien [Brian O'Nolan's pseudonym]. It is quite an intriguing novel. The style of writing is like Marquez's. It deals with abstract realism.

**Is there a book you'd like to be in the movie version of?**

All the classics, man. But, the problem with classics is, the moment it becomes a classic, it reaches its end. Classics don't make good films. Take *Crime and Punishment* for example. How do you take five pages of Raskolnikov's delusion and show it on screen? You can't do it. I would love it if someone



Rahasya



Haider

could take a classic book and turn it into an equally classic movie.

**Is that why Haider attracted you? It was a classic play being turned into a classic movie.**

See, making a movie from a play is a different ball game from making one from a book. A play is for mass consumption, while a novel is for individual consumption. Your imagery while reading a novel will be different from mine. But, in the case of a play, the director decides the imagery for you. In *Haider*, the space used was similar to the one the original play was set in. In *Hamlet*, you had the rotten state of Denmark, and

**I am a non-narcissistic person. I don't admire myself. I don't comb my hair or look in the mirror. Having said that, if something has to be studied, I will watch it clinically, but to watch myself is a cringeworthy experience.**

in the film you had Kashmir, full of complexities and pathos. Vishal [Bhardwaj] got that bang on. Then, the trial and tribulations of the people of Kashmir were also similar to those portrayed in *Hamlet*. I thought it was a brilliant adaptation that allowed more possibilities than constraints, at least for me. I was not King Claudius. I was just Claudius. It was the classical Kallu to Kalia approach. I love to play complex people, and, even if the person is not complex, I add that dimension. I never play a role; I play people. Roles are finite and they end with the appearance and the designation of the character. If I am playing Suresh the cop and Mahesh the cop, I choose to play Suresh and Mahesh, and not the 'cop' archetype. That is how I believe everyone should approach characters.

**What would be the perfect birthday gift at this point in your life?**

The film-making process is the most exciting and interesting experience for me. I want more such experiences.

SAMSUNG

# Samsung GALAXY A

All the style you need.



A3

A5 4G  
DUAL SIM



METAL  
UNIBODY

†HD SUPER  
AMOLED

WIDE  
SELFIE



FREE DOUBLE DATA  
ON 4G\* & 3G\*

Available at

SAMSUNG | SmartCafé | SAMSUNG SmartPlaza

and all other leading mobile stores

\*Please visit [www.airtellite.com/offers](http://www.airtellite.com/offers) for more details and steps on how to activate the offer. Terms and Conditions Apply. The data plan offer is solely at the telecom operator's discretion. Samsung disclaims any and all claims in respect of the same. Under no circumstances shall Samsung and/or its affiliates and/or their directors, Officers, agents or employees be held responsible for any part of the data plan offer. Product also available without the above offer. Product images, features, specifications shown here are for representational purposes only. The actual product may vary.+qHD Super AMOLED Display on the Samsung Galaxy A3.

Cheil-112/15

## FESTIVAL

# Portraits of the world

Goa Photo turns the neighbourhoods of Panjim into exhibition spaces

**IN ITS OWN WORDS**, Goa Photo ([www.goaphoto.in](http://www.goaphoto.in)) is a public photography festival that takes the medium outside the gallery, the studio, the museum and the archive. The first edition, from 25th February to 7th March, will feature works by 18 photographers, printed in large formats and on light boxes, and put up on building facades and city streets. With a focus on portraiture, the festival also gets some street cred by including two professional workshops in association with Magnum Photos.



### ^ MAX PINCKERS

*The Fourth Wall* is Max Pinckers's strategy for taking the viewer into the heart of Mumbai.

### JOËL TETTAMANTI v

In *Kobo*, Tettamanti builds a portrait of the Basotho people, in South Africa.



### NINA RÖDER

In *Mutter's Schuhe*, Röder shows her mother's life from three distinct perspectives: her grandmother's, her mother's and her own. She highlights self-reflective moments to explore how subjectivity and perspective affect the retelling of memories.



### SEBASTIAN CORTÉS

In the *Sidhpur Series*, Cortés looks at the Bohras in Sidhpur, Gujarat. Cortés gained access to their domestic spaces, which are an amalgamation of Islamic, Hindu, Persian and colonial styles, and was able to capture an intimate portrait of the people.



### v MEERI KOUTANIEMI

Hereros are an ethnic tribe from Namibia who were colonised by the Germans. This series profiles the influences from Victorian attire and German uniforms that have made their way into their clothes today.



### ^ ANDRÉS FIGUEROA

More than a century ago, close to the Atacama Desert, several religious celebrations were born because of the fusion of indigenous cultures and Catholicism. *Desert Dancers* creates an archive of the same with this series.

INTRODUCING  
**caUnicorn 160**  
LOOKS GOOD. IS GOOD.

LOOKS GOOD



IS GOOD



\*Based on internal Honda riding mode considering various simulated actual riding conditions.  
\*\*Conditions apply. Accessories shown in the picture are not a part of the standard equipment.



Also available:  
Annual Maintenance Contract\*\*  
Road Side Assistance\*\*  
Engine Health Assurance\*\*



ALWAYS WEAR  
HELMET WHILE  
RIDING

Follow us on



62  
Kmpl\*



**Honda is HONDA**

Scan to explore

Honda Motorcycle and Scooter India Pvt. Ltd., Registered Office: Plot No. 1, Sector 3, IMT Manesar, Distt. Gurgaon - 122 050 (Haryana), India; Website: [www.honda2wheelersindia.com](http://www.honda2wheelersindia.com); Customer Care: [customercare@honda2wheelersindia.com](mailto:customercare@honda2wheelersindia.com).

# Big in 2015

It's that time of the year when we look at what gadget manufacturers have lined up for us this year. 2015 will not just be the year of bigger Android phones, curved screens, connected homes and smarter fitness watches — that much is for sure. By Madhulika Mathur



## Apple Watch

Apple finally announced the watch everyone was waiting for in late 2014, and it is expected to launch in Spring 2015, with prices starting at \$349 in the US. The Apple Watch comes in two sizes and three flavours — an entry-level Apple Watch, the Apple Watch Sport and a slightly pricier gold Apple Watch Edition. Powered by a custom S1 processor, it also has a flexible retina display that features Force Touch, a technology that senses the difference between a tap and a press. It's also got wireless charging, a built-in heart-rate monitor, a Taptic Engine to provide subtle force feedback, built-in speaker and Siri integration.



## Pono

In case you are unaware of Pono Music's roaring success on Kickstarter, raising \$6.2 million so far, it is Neil Young's campaign to bring the best possible listening experience of your favourite digital music. Pono is a music player that delivers audio quality at 1411–9216 kbps, compared to the usual 320 kbps from an mp3 file — even better than CD quality.



## Fitbit Surge

Fitbit has launched its latest flagship wearable, the Fitbit Surge, which could fit all your wearable needs. Packed with eight sensors, including 3-axis accelerometers, a gyroscope, a compass, an ambient light sensor, GPS and a heart-rate monitor, the Surge provides activity tracking, location, automatic sleep detection, music control, text and call notifications and continuous 24-hour heart-rate monitoring. And, it comes with a battery that lasts up to a week.

## Oculus Rift

2015 will be the year of Oculus. It's already been a while since it has been announced, but it will finally get a release this fall. With Oculus Rift Crescent Bay, the virtual reality headset, players will be able to step inside their favourite games and virtual worlds and seamlessly look around, just as you would in real life. The latest iteration includes a 1080p, high-resolution 7-inch display that uses stereoscopic 3D to mimic normal human vision.



INTRODUCING THE NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN



DAVIDOFF  
THE  
BRILLIANT  
GAME

TAKE YOUR GAME TO THE NEXT LEVEL



### Microsoft HoloLens

This may not get a commercial release this year, but HoloLens, Microsoft's holographic goggles, is the most ambitious product to come out of Microsoft in years. Unlike Oculus Rift, which completely immerses the wearer in another reality, HoloLens offers an augmented reality experience, in which digital images mingle with real objects around you. By teaming the HoloLens with the holographic programmes in Windows 10, Microsoft is trying to transform how we think about computing, productivity and communication.



### RoBo 3D's R2 Mini 3D Printer

RoBo 3D, a company funded on Kickstarter just two years ago, has launched a miniature 3D printer for those looking to print smaller objects in the comfort of their own homes. What makes it so attractive is its sub-USD 500 price. The R2 Mini features a resolution capability of 100 microns and a 4.5x4.5x4.5 inch build volume to print dolls, cars and many other replica toys.



### Polaroid Zip

The Polaroid Zip mobile printer pairs wirelessly to any smartphone or tablet and, using a dedicated mobile app available for both iOS and Android, will allow users to instantly print 2x3 inch colour photos from virtually any image on their Apple or Android device. Weighing just 186 gm and less than 1 inch thick, it's truly pocketable, and a fun accessory for the Instagram generation.

### Motorola Project Ara

We've all been there — you get that shiny new smartphone, and it runs great for a year or two, but then you notice it's just not the phone it used to be. Games lag, apps aren't supported, the battery doesn't hold a charge like it used to, maybe the screen is cracked, and you think: if only I could just replace this, or that component, everything would be better. Well, now the dream is a little closer to reality, thanks to Project Ara. While still in the early development phases, this project promises to allow users to swap out parts within a modular hardware ecosystem. So, you can upgrade your processor, battery, screen, all just by plonking modular components on to an "endoskeleton" base. It's still a long way from a working prototype, but the future is bright.





PUMA EYEWEAR PU15188 OR / PU15188 GN

FOREVERFASTER PUMA 

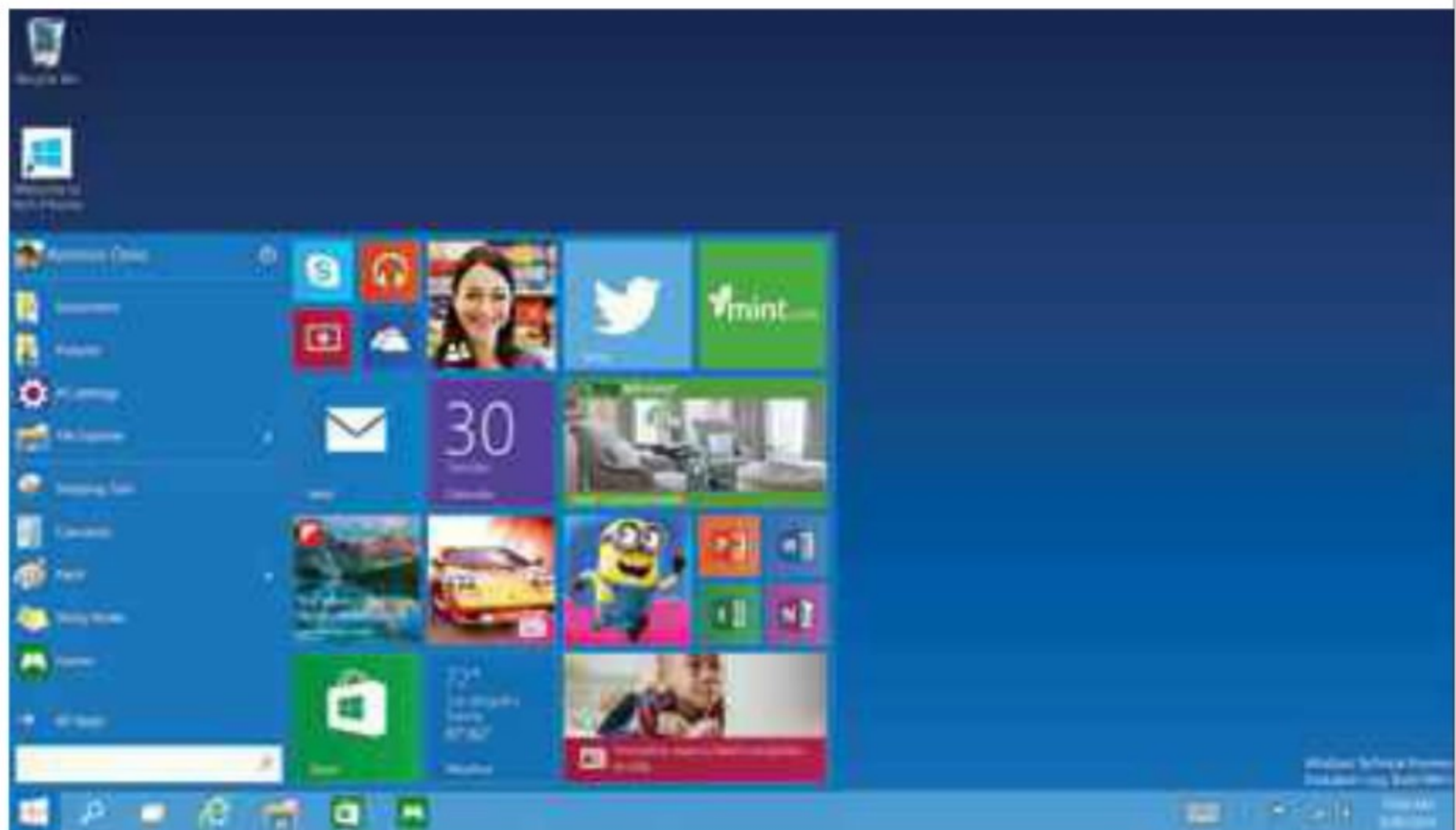


## Thync

It may look weird to you, but this is one product I am going to get my hands on. Since I gave up caffeine, I have needed something for a quick pick-me-up and to unwind, and Thync promises to be both. The Thync mood-changing wearable uses a variation of what is called transcranial direct current stimulation (tDCS), in which a constant low current is delivered to the head via electrodes, changing the activity of neurons in a specific area to make you feel either calm or energized, after just 15 minutes of use.

## Windows 10

This is the year we get the next Windows upgrade, Windows 10. It will run across a broad set of devices, and try to unify your user experience across the entire ecosystem of products that run versions of the OS, including desktops, laptops, tablets, phones, Xbox consoles, servers, connected home devices and everything in between. If you are a developer, and whether you're building a game or a line of business applications, there will be one way to write a universal app that targets the entire family, and one unified store will serve all devices. It'll be a free upgrade for Windows 7 and 8 users, who can get the operating system in the first year after Windows 10 hits the market.



## LG G Flex 2

LG's second-generation curved smartphone, the G Flex 2 features a greatly-improved 5.5-inch plastic-based OLED screen with a 23-degree arc, a faster Snapdragon 810 processor and self-healing coating that quickly patches up any scratches it suffers in around ten seconds. The phone runs Android 5.0 (Lollipop) and comes with a 13-megapixel camera with optical image stabilisation.

# Hospitality as legendary as our landscape.

Warm hospitality. Friendly service. Fine cuisine. It's easy to fall in love with Switzerland – before you even catch a glimpse of the Alps. For bookings and inquiries about daily nonstop flights from Mumbai and Delhi to Zurich call 1-800-209-7240/(022) 6713 7200, contact your travel agent or visit [swiss.com](http://swiss.com)



## THE LIVES OF DOCTORS

As chronicled by doctor-authors. By Jerry Pinto



"When I awakened, that April morning, in my attic bedroom, my head still cloudy from late hours of study, I felt constrained, reluctantly, to review my financial position. Thanks to the gratuity which I had received on my demobilization from the Navy three months before, the fees for my medical classes were paid up until the end of the year. The gold watch and chain I had inherited from my father, once again judiciously pawned, had provided me with the requisite instruments and secondhand textbooks. I had even managed to discharge in advance, my annual dues to the Students' Union. In an academic sense I was strictly solvent.

But, alas, the other side of the ledger was less satisfactory. In my anxiety to ensure that nothing should interrupt this resumption of my studies, I had given slight heed to the minor consideration of keeping body and soul together. For the past month I had been subsisting on an occasional tearoom snack, supplemented by bizarre bargains from the local market brought into my lodging of an evening in a

paper bag. I was, moreover, two weeks behind with my room rent, while my total assets—I counted the few coins again—were precisely three shillings and five pence. Viewed from the rosier aspect, it seemed scarcely an adequate sum on which to feed and clothe myself for the next eight months. Something must be done... and quickly.

Suddenly I burst out laughing, wildly, hilariously, rolling about on the lumpy flock mattress like a colt in a meadow. What did it matter? I was young, healthy, filled with that irrepressible spirit only in a ruddy tow-headed Scot whose veins were infused with a dash of Irish red blood corpuscles."

Gave the game away? That was A J Cronin, writing in *Adventures in Two Worlds*, his autobiography. There is not much wild and hilarious laughter in the books about doctors I have in my waiting room this time. Perhaps, this is because they don't have, oddly enough, both Sandeep Jauhar and Atul Gawande talk about their fathers, about their illnesses and about mortality. Both doctors of Indian origin write from America, the land of plenty, where there is plenty of debate about medicine, the practice thereof, medical insurance, Obamacare, what-have-you. I only wish for your sake, for my sake as readers, we could have had a doctor from Canada — you do remember the contrast between the Canadian healthcare system and the American healthcare

system as seen in Michael Moore's *Sicko*? — and a doctor from England, where the *Freakonomics* and *SuperFreakonomics* gents were asked to suggest ways to make the nation more cost-effective, and suggested that some items under the National Health should be paid for, because those who were simply taking what they could get because it was free were squeezing out those who really needed healthcare. Now, National Health is all that Britain has left, we have been told, as a religion and so there was no way Gordon Brown was going to touch it and so that was that. The PM did not get back to the blasphemers.

**Atul Gawande** first because his book **Being Mortal: Medicine and What Matters in the End** (Penguin India, Rs 359) arrived first. Like everything else he had written, this one reads beautifully. It begins with a portrait of his grandfather who dies at the ripe old age of 110, you read that right, when he falls off an ST bus somewhere in Maharashtra. How cool is that? A 110-year-old man wants to get on a bus and he is allowed to get on a bus. Would you let your hundred-and-anything-year-old anyone get on a bus? The problem with the very old is that they also lose agency. The problem with the very sick is that they also lose agency. Susan Sontag puts it well in that old classic, *Illness as Metaphor*: "Illness is the night side of life, a more onerous citizenship. Everyone

who is born holds dual citizenship, in the kingdom of the well and in the kingdom of the sick. Although we all prefer to use the good passport, sooner or later each of us is obliged, at least for a spell, to identify ourselves as citizens of that other place."

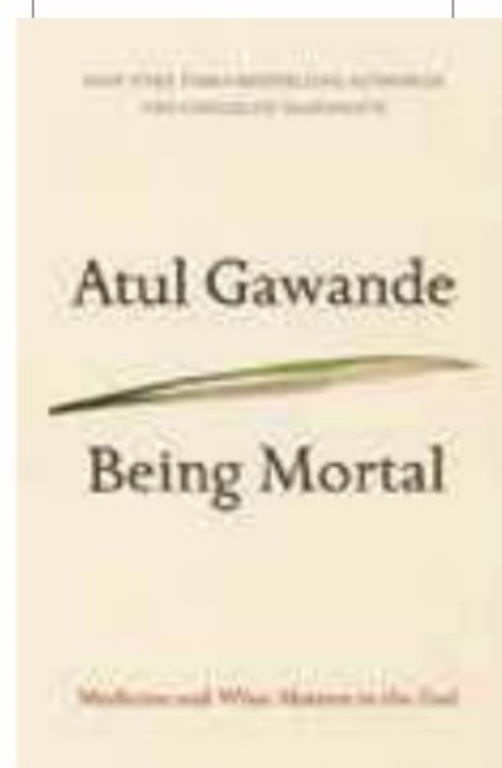
*Being Mortal* looks at what happens to the citizens of the other place. And, almost as I was reading this, my cousin S came over and told me of his mother's death from cancer. It had turned up in her stomach and it was preventing anything from getting past the stomach into her small

intestine. She ate and she threw up, she ate and threw up. When they took her to the oncologist, his compounder took a look at the old lady and said, "Take her home. Let her eat what she wants and vomit it all up. And, let her die." But, it is difficult to do that and the doctor said she had a slim chance so he would operate. Again, the compounder said, "Tell him to do a stomach bypass. She might have a few months then." The doctor didn't and to cut a long story short, S's mother died in a fog of pain.

**Sandeep Jauhar's** book **Doctored: The Disillusionment Of An American Physician** (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Rs 1299) takes a look at the other citizens of that other place: the attending doctors. It is a dismal book because disillusionment is a dismal business. And, it is here that the contrast



Atul Gawande



between Cronin and the doctors of today becomes most acute. There's Cronin, summoned to the bedside of a sick child in a croft whose fauces (what?) are covered with a greenish white membrane showing clearly that he has laryngeal diphtheria. He must act and so he swabs the child's throat down with iodine and slashes its neck open and cuts down, down, until he had pulled the membrane free and then he sews up the child and inserts a silver tracheotomy tube and saves the child's life. The mother's eyes show "a gratitude—moving and inarticulate—like the attitude of some dumb creature to a god".

No one would write like that today but my generation grew up on these images, of Frank G Slaughter's surgeons and Cronin's doctors (see also *Adventures of a Black Bag*) all the way up to a television series such as *House*. In *Intern*, Jauhar blew the lid on the training of a doctor. Now, he shows how difficult it is for a doctor to keep up with the plumbers and carpenters of his area and why he might appear on panels to recommend (or push) new medications or moonlight at other clinics. It is difficult to hold all these images together, to see doctors as mere mortals who know a bit more about your fauces than you do. Our civilisation now rests its faith on doctors when once we believed in priests. This is not a bad thing at all, especially since it is probably much easier to ask questions of a doctor. Answers? Well, those might not be as forthcoming. If time is money, the more patients you see, the better it



Sandeep Jauhar



is for you. As for the patient? Well, she can always sue for malpractice, can't she? Better keep up your malpractice insurance, young man.

And, here's a prediction. As more and more doctors are sued, as fewer and fewer doctors recommend that their children become doctors all across America simply because the money is falling behind the curve and the respect is going out of the courtroom window, one day, most of the doctors in America will come from this subcontinent.

## Fiction prescription

Five ailments you didn't know novels could cure

Ella Berthoud and Susan Elderkin are biblio-therapists — they can guide you to a novel that can cure what's ailing you. Their book, *The Novel Cure*, comes to India with inputs from Indrajit Hazra and has a remedy for everything — from a broken foot to a broken heart. We go through their book to tell you what books they recommend for some common ills.

### Depression

**Novel cure:** *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* by Milan Kundera

"Because Kundera divides people into two camps: those who understand that life is meaningless, and therefore skim its surface, living in and for the moment; and those who cannot bear the idea that existence should come and go without meaning, and insist on reading significance into everything."

### Being in the wrong career

**Novel cure:** *The Sisters Brothers* by Patrick Dewitt  
"It would spoil one of the many delightful sentences in this unputdownable novel to divulge the exact line of work the brothers Charlie and Eli Sisters are engaged in. But suffice to say, it is not an easy one to get out of alive."

### Broken heart

**Novel cure:** *As It Is in Heaven* by Niall Williams; also *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë  
"Those afflicted have no

choice, at least initially, but to sit down with a big box of tissues, another of chocolates, and a novel that will open up the tear ducts and allow you to cry yourself a river. It works for the father and son in Niall Williams's seriously hanky-drenching *As It Is in Heaven*, both still broken hearted and stunned by the deaths in a car crash of Philip's wife Anne and their ten-year-old daughter.

### Being in pain

**Novel cure:** *The Death of a Beekeeper* by Lars Gustafsson  
"Through the experience of Lars Westin, a divorced ex-school teacher who lives on the beautiful, remote peninsular of North Västmanland in Sweden with his dog and his bees, we explore the world of physical pain — its various pitches, frequencies and decibel counts — and what it is like to endure pain without drugs."

### Being broke

**Novel cure:** *The Great Gatsby* by F Scott Fitzgerald; also *Money* by Martin Amis; *Young Hearts Crying* by Richard Yates  
"Gatsby is one of literature's most powerful dreamers, and his passion and longing for Daisy is as gorgeous to behold as the little green light at the end of her dock. But the fact is, having more money than we need to cover the essentials in life causes more problems than it solves."

## Poster kid

If not for Hinesh Jethwani, Bollywood's hand-painted poster art would have been on its last legs.

By Saloni Dhruv



**EVEN IF** you are not a fan of old Bollywood movies, it is hard not to find the stories surrounding them charming. And, part of that charm is the hand-painted posters that were made to advertise films by a tightly-knit community of artists. These posters, which could be up to 50 feet tall, were once an integral part of Mumbai's landscape, and creating them was considered an art form. Now, Hinesh Jethwani, a former journalist and content writer, is attempting to preserve the art form through two websites: Indian Hippy, which sells custom-made hand-painted Bollywood posters; and Bollywood Movie Posters, which sells prints of vintage posters and other Bollywood memorabilia.

Jethwani, a 34-year-old Mumbai resident, also auctions original hand-painted posters and says the rare ones can fetch up to Rs 25,000. There are several movie enthusiasts

and collectors who see historical value in them. There are also those who buy the posters purely for the quality of the art. Several foreigners, who don't know anything about Bollywood and cannot even pronounce the name of the movie, buy its poster because they appreciate the skill involved in painting it, says Jethwani. His Bollywood Movie Posters website also sells more recent photographed posters and film stills, but it is the hand-painted posters that are most popular and command the highest price. A print of the poster made for Guru Dutt's *Chaudvin Ka Chand* (1960), for example, will cost you Rs 15,000. With his Indian Hippy project, Jethwani has brought together the few surviving movie poster artists and sells commissioned hand-made paintings by them. You can ask them to paint your faces into a popular movie poster. He also gets requests from restaurants, hotels and boutiques to have their walls

painted by Indian Hippy's artists.

After working as a journalist and then at a software company, Jethwani started a technology content writing firm, but was forced to shut it down when the financial slowdown began, in 2008. He had always been interested in the art of poster painting and used his newfound free time to look for exponents of it. Most of them had been out of work since the 1990s, and it was a hard task finding them. "On several occasions, I wondered if this was worth pursuing because I was just roaming around aimlessly, asking people for leads," says Jethwani. "I found them in unexpected places." One summer afternoon in 2008, he was in Mahim, as he was told there used to be prominent art studios there, and he chanced upon a small house. "The



door was slightly ajar, and I could see a huge painting of Sai Baba from outside. It must have been a seven-foot-tall painting, so I knew instinctively it was done by a poster artist. I went in, introduced myself and inquired about the artist. The gentleman who came out got his business card and gave it to me."

Jethwani, who is a massive Amitabh Bachchan fan and says he has watched *Sharaabi* over 50 times, had a dozen poster artists working for him by 2009. But, that number has now dwindled to four, and Jethwani does not expect there to be a new generation of poster artists.

"This is the curtain call for Bollywood poster art. After the last remaining poster artists pass away, there will be no one in the world who can paint an authentic Bollywood poster by hand." He says he knew this even before he began his projects and was looking simply to revive interest in the art form rather than save it. "I'm content that I have made people aware of the art of hand-painted Bollywood posters. Thirty years down the line, if somebody talks about poster art in India, they will definitely remember me because of my work and the research I've put in."





IN CASE OF EMERGENCY  
*break—*  
THE ICE



The magnificent Adelaide Oval where the India-Pakistan World Cup Cricket match will be played

## 72 Hours in Adelaide

If you are among the lucky few who will be travelling to Adelaide for India's opening match of the 2015 cricket World Cup this month, against Pakistan, here's a primer on enjoying this beautiful south Australian city.

By Vinod Advani



The Hilton Adelaide

**IN THE THEORY** of everything Australian, Adelaide dances to a different drum. The imitation game of other Aussie cities is not at play here. Sydney, Hobart, Brisbane and Melbourne sprung up from the lives of English convict settlements but Adelaide's DNA has been hardwired by free settlers. In 1836, Colonel William Light chose this site on the River Torrens, laying the foundation stone for Australia's first planned colony of free immigrants. Rich German immigrants, for example, were among the first to set up vineyards and wineries in the region in the early 19th century.

Many other historic firsts followed. Because of the growing German population, the first Lutheran Service was held here in 1838. A year later the country's first Chamber of Commerce was established in Adelaide. The first YMCA branch was set up here in 1851 and the first telephone line in Australia in 1886. The city was also the first to grant women the right to vote in 1895, the first to have female police officers and the first to provide driving license and the first to allow legalized abortions. Adelaide was the

first city to decriminalize homosexuality and the first to make rape in marriage a criminal offence. It's a city shaped by visionary thinkers who tempered and informed the Adelaidean character and attitude.

Adelaide is spread dramatically between the rolling Adelaide Hills and the Great Australian Bight. Its long and beautiful beaches lined with restaurants and bars are beautiful places to spend an entire day. The city is known for its numerous cultural festivals and its burgeoning restaurant scene rocks with inventive cuisines. The region around the city is known for producing some of the world's best wines. No wonder in 2014 Adelaide was on Lonely Planet's top 10 cities to visit. And now with the India vs Pakistan match of the cricket World Cup scheduled for February 15, the city will see an influx of thousands of South Asians. Here's some help in enjoying this great Australian city.

### THREE GREAT HOTELS

**1** A prime location on the River Torrens, next to the casino and with half of its 366 rooms facing the

historic Adelaide Oval, the luxurious InterContinental serves a massive breakfast. Its bar brims over nightly with corporate types and socialites coming in for pre-dinner drinks or post-show nightcaps.

**2** The Hilton overlooking the heritage Victoria Square has long been the favourite of Australia's rich and the mighty. China Town, Central Market and restaurant-lined Gouger Street are just minutes away.

**3** The Majestic Minima located at 146 Melbourne Street in North Adelaide, just two km from the city centre, offers an art gallery experience with each of its 46 rooms having one wall featuring an original painting by a different South Australian artist.

### THREE GREAT RESTAURANTS

**1** Why do I love Jasmin after eleven years of annually eating there? For its central location? For its clever wine pairings? For its samosas, Murgh Makhani, tadka daal? For its elegant basement surrounded by Tom Cleghorn million dollar paintings? Well,



www.mochi.co.in | follow us on  & 

# MOCHI

SHOES & ACCESSORIES

AWESOMENESS NOW IN STORES

makani



for all of these. (31 Hindmarsh Square).

**2** From Tokyo to the Magill Estate restaurant, Chef Nihonryori Ryugin brings his three star Michelin talents into play. It's the least you can expect from the house of Penfolds known for their outstanding award-winning wines. The eight course menu costs only \$ 435, but hey it's paired with the legendary 2008 Grange red wine. Australian nouvelle dining does not get any better than this. (78 Penfold Road).

**3** With a name like Concubine (132 Gouger Street), expect seduction. Entrees like Steamed Prawn and Chive Dumplings With Soy and Chilli Oil, Crispy Pork Belly with Chinese Pickled Vegetables, Steamed Deluxe Dim Sums with Flying Fish Roe, had us salivating for more. Mains? Mahjong Wok Crispy Chicken, Native Prawns in Sarawak Pepper, Pork Loin Chops Kingfish Fillet with Eggplant and Okra in a Malay Yellow Curry.

## THREE GREAT BARS

**1** Boasting the biggest rooftop bar in Adelaide, Gallery on Waymouth (30 Waymouth Street), perfect for balmy summer evenings,



(Clockwise from above) The Magill Estate restaurant; Apple Bar located in a former synagogue; The Gallery on Waymouth; Haigh's Chocolates, Australia's oldest family-owned chocolate maker; Adelaide Central Market, the largest covered produce market in the Southern Hemisphere; and Koalas at the Cleland Wildlife Park

buzzes till late at night.

**2** Cantina Sociale (108 Sturt Street), serves wine by boutique producers from the barrel accompanied by tapas, and a philosophy of offering a place where friends can gather to drink great quality wine, nibble a snack and solve the world's problems.

**3** Cork Wine Café, (61 Gouger Street), opposite the Central Market, specialises in organic, biodynamic and natural wines. All the wines on the regularly changing list are hand-selected and rare.

## THREE GREAT NIGHT CLUBS

**1** Apple Bar (5 Synagogue Place), a stylish haven located in a former heritage listed synagogue. Boasting three sleek bars and two dance floors, this lush late-night venue combines ultra-exclusive lounge with high-energy nightclub.

**2** Maybe Mae, Basement (15 Peel Street), has the tunes, green leather booths and oozes with a sexy '50s vibe. The bar list has fun, voluminous cocktails and Krug alongside cans of Adelaide's Southwark Bitter.

**3** Red Square Bar (111 Hindley Street) is where the beat goes on and on and escape from reality is electric and guaranteed.

## THREE PLACES TO VISIT

**1** The Art Gallery Of South Australia, established in 1881, is home to one of Australia's oldest art collections. It has



the largest collection of Rodin sculptures in the southern hemisphere, and the most significant collection of South East Asian ceramics in the world. ([www.artgallery.sa.gov.au](http://www.artgallery.sa.gov.au))

**2** Adelaide Central Market, the largest covered produce market in the Southern Hemisphere offers a great selection foods. Since 1869 it has attracted the city's top chefs who shop for fresh produce. Join one of the guided walks that bring out the flavour of the market. ([www.adelaidecentralmarket.com.au](http://www.adelaidecentralmarket.com.au))

**3** Cleland Wildlife Park, an award-winning environmental attraction in the Adelaide Hills where visitors can get close to most of Australia's native animals including kangaroos, wallabies, emus and koalas. You can also hold a koala or hand-feed a kangaroo. Loved by kids and adults alike. ([www.clelandwildlifepark.sa.gov.au](http://www.clelandwildlifepark.sa.gov.au))

## THREE THINGS TO BUY



**1** RM Williams Boots: Founded by legend Reginald Murray ("RM") Williams, bushman, camel-boy, horseman and businessman. His Longhorn brand of footwear and leather accessories for men is an international brand, strongly associated with Australia's outback heritage.

**2** Jurlique Cosmetics: Ethical and environmentally-friendly skincare and cosmetics products.

**3** Haigh's Chocolates: Australia's oldest family-owned chocolate maker making fine chocolates from cocoa bean since 1915. Milk Mango Fruit, Lime, Chilli Grenada Dark and Champagne Truffle are just a few that spoil the chocoholic for choice.





  
**STEPPER**  
EYEWEAR

EYEWEAR FASHION THAT FITS

Available At All Leading Stores Across India

SI-92424

## MEN & THEIR PASSION



Adil Jal Darukhanawala

## Scaled up

Automobile journalist Adil Jal Darukhanawala has a collection of over 6000 model cars, stored in two homes.

By Mitali Parekh

**"THE LADY** in my life says, 'Only one model allowed in the living room.' The others are all upstairs and packed away in storage," says Adil Jal Darukhanawala, as we stop by a 1:6 scale model of the first commercially available car, made by Karl Benz, in the 1880s. It sits on the showcase, right as you enter his Pune home. It's a model that will never go into display rotation, like the rest of his collection. Why? "Because it shows the transition from a horse-drawn carriage. It's the forerunner to everything in mechanical mobility," he says. He bought it in Singapore, in 2002 or 2003, for an amount that would have fetched him a 100 cc motorbike back then.

The bulk of Darukhanawala's scale model collection is

in storage in his old house. The rest of it is in his current home, stored in specially built showcases lining his study and a room adjoining the TV room. It's no coincidence that the latter room also houses the shrine where he prays, holding pictures of assorted gods and a Sufi saint who has been a guiding force in his life. "I'm in my zone in these two rooms," says Darukhanawala, who is one of the pioneers of automobile journalism in India. "It's where I sit to write at night, or research my stories."

Darukhanawala considers himself a bike lover first and a car lover later. Before he went to study mechanical engineering in the mid-1970s, he had a 500-700 piece Matchbox car collection, which he bequeathed to

his younger brothers. "Only because my mother said I was too old to play with toys," he says. When he came back three years later, the cars were broken and the collection scattered. It's a loss he has never gotten over.

"These are exact scaled-down models of the original car. A pack of four Lesney-built Matchbox models, made in 1938-39, recently sold at an auction for GBP 32,000. So, don't say I'm dabbling in toys," he says smoothly. Oft-repeated the line may be, but the irritation fuelling it is not dim. "My family finally understood the passion behind my collection when we were in the US in the late 1980s.

Darukhanawala has a collection of over 6000 scale models



The whole family decided to go shopping, and we went to K-Mart. In the atrium, there was a swap-meet of scale model collectors and enthusiasts, and I told my family to meet me there when they were done shopping. They came back, and I was still engrossed. Over there, they saw a person selling several models of the same car — some were priced at \$10 while others sold for \$90. They asked him about the price variation, and he explained that the most expensive one even had the same coloured upholstery and leather as the original, making it a near-perfect miniature replica of the real car. That's when my family understood how serious this was, and that there were other nuts like me."

When he finished his engineering course, Darukhanawala joined Telco (as Tata Motors was known then) as an apprentice. "My take-home salary was Rs 135 a month in the first year, Rs 180 in the second and Rs 300 in the third," he remembers clearly. Most of it was funnelled into collecting model cars. "I and my younger brother would write to as many people as we knew who lived abroad, put money in an envelope and send it to them to get us the cars. Then, we'd wait for five or six months for someone to come from abroad, mostly Europe, and carry them for us. It would cost us between Rs 10 and 25 for a top-notch Corgi or Matchbox then. In those days, car manufacturers, especially the Big Three US automakers, would release a scale model whenever they launched a new or a refreshed car. When I started travelling abroad, I would snap them up as soon as I saw them. This goes on to this day. But, heartbreak does happen when the credit card bill comes at the



end of the month."

In the 1990s, when the Indian economy opened up and cable television and the internet helped connect people better, enthusiasts were able to find each other, and an ecosystem evolved. Darukhanawala now has a collection of around 6000 models.

"I still know which ones I don't have," says Darukhanawala, who, by the way, relies on his phone to remember his wife's birthday. "I travel abroad at least twice a month, and end up buying 30-40 cars. I don't smoke or drink as I can't afford to splurge on these given the need to fuel my obsession. So, this is my only passion. The question now is, do I stop investing in model cars and real classics and instead buy a piece of land to build a collection house?"

As we speak, a consignment of scale models has arrived from Macau and Germany. He's paying Rs 5000 in customs duty for

them and deciding which go into storage and which into display. A seat is missing in one of the cars, and he's writing to the dealer to ask for a replacement, or to have the seat sent to him. Every summer, he and his two sons sit down to park new cars in his specially created dust-free showcases and to wrap up the old ones.

"It's an emotionally draining exercise, especially if I find that some part is broken." The old cars are cleaned using special brushes, cloth and an apparatus that looks like a mini car wash. It's a box fitted with tiny brushes — a 1:18 scale model rolls in from one end and rolls out clean from the other. They are then bubble wrapped. The 1:43 scale models go into their individual jewel cases. "The whole process takes three to four weeks, and the boys get bored after a few hours and leave to watch a match or do something else," he says. "We've only done this four to five times in ten years."

As a collector, he is more interested in diversity than quantity. "Some people buy two of the same model — one as an investment and one for themselves. I am more interested in, say, the same model but with differing body styles — the perfect example being the different body styles sported by the Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost."

The placement of models in his study follows a pattern. Some shelves are filled with automobiles made in India. There's a section for the winners of the Le Mans endurance race. "Nine are missing in this one," he says. Then there are rows of Formula One World Championship winners, and another case for classic cars.

Darukhanawala confesses, barely hiding his pride, that he may be responsible for nurturing the craze for automobilia collection. He egged on a friend, Avinash Aggarwal, into importing scale models, and now he runs Model Art.

**The cars in Darukhanawala's collection are cleaned using special brushes and an apparatus that looks like a mini car wash**

His magazine, *Car & Bike International*, which was published from 1998 to 2005, had a section on model cars. "We also gave model cars as inducement to subscribers to *Overdrive* magazine," he says. "So, they bit into the hobby."

A small community of enthusiasts is now connected over Facebook and WhatsApp. They'll pick a day to drive down to stores in Mumbai that stock scale models and offer advice to newbies on which cars to buy and how to temper their passion. "Fanatical collectors can go bankrupt if they aren't careful or disciplined," says Darukhanawala. "You should know your outer limit and love cars first. You can start by collecting three or four Hot Wheels cars a month. This is not just an urban phenomenon, mind you. There is an enthusiast in Jalgaon with 3000 cars; another in Ajmer has a sizeable collection too. We have our own universe." And, it does not contain toys.



### TEN THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

#### **NARGIS FAKHRI, ACTOR**

- Women like men who can make an emotional connect. I know it is tough, but at least you can try.
- Sometimes a woman only wants you to listen. Keep that advice to yourself. She will ask you if she needs it.
- Not every woman is looking for a man who has loads of money to offer. Stop showing off your fancy new car. It's not how much money you have, or looks, or power, it is presence.
- A sense of humour is the most precious thing you can possess. Cultivate it if you aren't naturally funny. It is as essential as cultivating a sense of style.
- We might say that we don't tell our girlfriends every single detail about our lives and relationships, but we sort of do.
- We pay closer attention to your hands than you think. If you have long or dirty nails, no amount of dressing well will redeem you.
- Every girl loves a man who's comfortable in his own skin. It makes us feel safe and protected and nothing feels sexier than that. But, arrogance? We can't stand it.
- Be old-fashioned from time to time — we love it. Pay on the first date, hold the door for us and walk us to the front door.
- Everyone wants to be noticed by their partner. New hairstyle? New clothes? Say something to acknowledge our effort.
- Most of the time you can't get us to shut up, but sometimes we need a little 'me' time. That doesn't mean there is something wrong.

INTERVIEWED BY  
DEEPAI NANDWANI

GETTY IMAGES



## Land ahoy!

The Land Rover Experience rolls into India, with a drive to the Pench National Park.

By Arjun Mukerjee

**DESPITE THE** early morning flight, the sight of seven beautiful Land Rovers welcoming us at Nagpur airport was enough to perk me up to no end. I could hardly wait to get on the road and speed off without further ado, towards the feline beasts of Pench National Park. Two Freelanders, three Evoques, a Discovery and a Range Rover Sport stood glistening in the crisp wintery morning light, emblazoned with large tiger pug marks and the Born Free Foundation logo.

This was, after all, a journey to celebrate Land Rover, The Born Free Foundation and the release of a book on tigers by automotive journalist and wildlife lover Bob Rupani. The Born Free Foundation is an international wildlife charity working throughout the world to stop individual wild animal suffering, and protect threatened species in the wild. The foundation empowers local conservationists by restructuring existing projects into a network of partners operating across a landscape, funding their specific needs

and developing better communication between them.

Their integrated approach to sustainability focusses on conservation of flora and fauna, and also on improving the lives of people who live in these protected areas. Land Rover has supported the foundation in many ways for years, and recently gifted the Satpuda Landscape Tiger Programme (SLTP) (of which Pench is a part) with a Freelander, whose all-terrain capability will enable conservation workers to reach areas which would otherwise be inaccessible, and ultimately protect the tigers throughout the Satpuda Landscape.

Serendipitously, I was allotted bragging rights, with the keys to the Range Rover Sport. The 2993cc behemoth devoured the miles between Nagpur and Pench, effortlessly gliding over the beautiful highways. Luxurious and fast, it responded instantly to the slightest touch on the accelerator, while maintaining a stately elegance. Closer to Pench, when the highways degenerated into crater-filled tarmac, worsened by the monsoons and trucks, it sped over the potholes with ease. Things got worse (or should I say better) when we were led off-road by the Land Rover crew, who had discovered a hard trail through forests to take us to our hotel; all the cars responded superbly to the hostile conditions. Unscathed

by the harsh terrain, we arrived at our hotel on the edge of Pench National Park – the charming Taj Baghvan Lodge, named after one of India's iconic symbols, the Bengal tiger. We checked into our bungalows with attached *machans*, alongside a picturesque *nullah* (dry riverbed), surrounded by the shaded canopies of forest trees. The hotel is a very friendly place, with a rustic and homely atmosphere, which made us all relax and feel like we were blending easily into the forest.

First on the agenda was the launch of the book "Tracking The Tiger", a beautifully mounted labour of love created by Land Rover and the inimitable Bob Rupani. The launch was appropriately conducted in the dry river bed of Baghvan, a favourite corridor for tigers. Naturally, many of us stole furtive glances around the river bed, almost hoping to see a tiger sauntering towards us in the sunlight. The old adage "careful what you wish for" came to mind as we sauntered off for a fine lunch, followed by an afternoon drive into the national park, which is home



to several endangered species. The tiger is dominant here, and there are around 25 of them in these prey-rich forests; other predators include leopard, wolf, hyena, jackal and jungle cat. There's also rich bird life, with over 300 species, including parakeets, hornbills, kingfisher, barbets, minivets, orioles, wagtails and a host of raptors: the crested serpent eagle, crested hawk eagle and white-eyed buzzard.

We drove into the park three times over the weekend, but sadly failed to see any tigers. We did, however see a leopard with a kill (generally a rarer sight than a tiger), jackals, nilgais, bison (again quite rare) and wild boar. We also drove to a few quaint villages, where we saw the work being done by the Born Free Foundation in conjunction with Land Rover. To top it all off, there was a campfire dinner on the last evening, where a wonderful time was had by all under the starry skies. The next morning, the Range Rover Sport sped me back across country roads and highways to Nagpur. On the cramped seat of the flight back, I found myself yearning for the comfort and luxury of the Taj Baghvan Lodge and, of course, the Range Rover Sport.



## Out of bounds

You can buy some of the world's best supercars in India — but here's a taste of the ones you can't.  
By Ritam Dasgupta

**YOU JUST HAVE** to know that sinking feeling. You're driving down an upmarket street in your ambient-lit luxury sedan, feeling mighty pleased with yourself. Life's purring by without a bother, and a little complacency is called for, without guilt. The mellow flow of thought is, however, interrupted by what can only be described as a 'howl'. You've just been passed, at about three times your own speed, by a young, fit dude in a raging yellow Lamborghini, and before you come to terms with it, its tail lights are a distant blur. You're left in the wake of its exhaust note, and the deafening silence of your own rearranged self-analysis. Life's not so bad, however. He's gotten himself a Lambo, and maybe even a Ferrari, but there are still some cars even he can't buy. Sadism, much, but a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, right?



### ↓ Koenigsegg Agera

What started as a 20-something year old's ambitious supercar project has now grown into one of the most feared supercar marques of all time. The Swedish supercar manufacturer has spent the better part of the last decade rattling the foundations of the best in the world, and the Agera is simply the icing on this utterly irresistible cake. Powered by a 5-litre twin-turbocharged V8 that produces anywhere between 927 to 1124 bhp (those are not typos, by the way), depending on which version you buy (or don't, in this case), the Agera is simply outrageous.

Designed to aerodynamic perfection, the Agera is built largely using carbon fibre and Kevlar, and this shows in the ferocity of its performance. How does 0 to 100 kph in well under three seconds and a top speed of well over 400 kph sound to you? It's not only fast in a straight line, mind you, but is also one of the best handling hypercars of all time. With looks that will make you tremble and an engine note that can shatter windowpanes, the Agera is so fearsome, you probably wouldn't buy one even if you could.

### ↑ Pagani Huayra

It's outlandish, it's super-exquisite and it's absolutely bonkers. The Pagani Huayra is as incredible as mid-engined supercars get, and then some. Italian to the core, Pagani's model history is only a decade and a half old (starting with the Zonda), but it found its roots in the development of some very important Lamborghinis, so we're talking serious business here. The Huayra ('God of the winds', in English) is powered by a 6-litre V12 motor (developed specially by Mercedes-AMG) that produces a staggering 720 bhp. That, incidentally, is a lot more than most cars with a Mercedes-AMG badge. The Huayra can accelerate from 0 to 100 kph in just 3.2 seconds, or quicker than you can read this sentence, to put things in perspective, and has a top speed of an equally impressive 372 kph. In other words, the Huayra could get you from anywhere to anywhere else in India in about eight minutes or so. Well, almost.

That's not all, though. The Huayra is built using only the most exotic materials, and the interior is an absolute blow to the senses. There's more carbon fibre in it than in your average Formula 1 car, by the way. Feeling awful yet, Mr Lamborghini?

## WHEELS



### 🔴Ferrari LaFerrari

Ferrari is on a hiatus in India, though it will be back by the time you read this. Still, it's highly unlikely that you will ever get your hands on a LaFerrari. Ferrari's most extreme hypercar of all time, the oddly-named LaFerrari is a limited-production model (499 units only, and rapidly depleting). Inspired by Ferrari's long-standing tryst with supercar manufacturing and its winning ways in the world of Formula 1 (let's leave Fernando Alonso out of this for the moment, though), the LaFerrari is simply phenomenal. And, then some. Ferrari's first hybrid, the LaFerrari is powered by a 6.3-litre V12 motor paired to an electric motor, which takes its total power output to a near-unbelievable 950 bhp. As a result of this, the LaFerrari can do the 0 to 100 kph dash in under three seconds, get to 200 kph in under seven seconds and eventually runs out of breath only after the 350 kph mark (or, when you ruin your trousers, whichever comes first). The LaFerrari has aerodynamics so complex, it makes aircraft seem rudimentary — not without reason is it the fastest road-legal Ferrari ever. Ferrari has also introduced a racetrack-only version, the inappropriately named FXX-K, but you have even less of a chance of owning one of those, since you first have to own a 'regular' LaFerrari to qualify as a worthy contender.

### 🔴McLaren 650S

British supercar manufacturer McLaren knows a thing or two about building high-performance machinery. The McLaren F1, for example, held the title of the 'fastest production car in the world' for nearly a decade, and subsequent models, such as the MP4-12C (on which the 650S is based) and the 375-units-only P1 were excellent showcases of the marque's motorsport and performance-car expertise. The 650S, unleashed upon the world in 2014, is an evolution of its very popular 12C supercar, and it has a lot going for it. Stunning (if somewhat extraterrestrial) bodywork, extreme engineering, an unbelievably potent powerplant and an overall appeal that stands well apart from the crowd — that's what the 650S is all about. It's powered by a 3.8-litre twin-turbo V8 that produces 641 bhp — good enough to propel it from standstill to 100 kph in exactly three seconds, eventually running out at a hair-raising 333 kph. Not bad, eh? Available as either a coupe or a roadster, the 650S is, in a typically McLaren way, pretty easy to live with, despite the surreal performance, and it's very well built, too. It's not as 'cool' as some other cars on this list, but since you can't buy one in India, that doesn't really matter, does it?



### 🔴Chevrolet Corvette

The legendary representative of American badass, the Corvette is perhaps one of the most sought after supercars of all time. First launched in 1953 — that's over six decades ago, to save you the math — the Corvette has long been the finest example of American muscle and motoring nirvana, all rolled into one. The Corvette nameplate is now in its seventh generation, and it's only gotten crazier — in a good way, that is. It's powered by what Chevrolet calls a 'Small Block V8' — in other words, a 6.2-litre motor that produces 455 bhp in standard guise and 650 bhp in the supercharged variant. It's always been a stunner, and there's no arguing with the throaty roar of a V8, but the newest Corvette is a lot more than just brutal. It has a surreal ability to go sideways, offers sharp handling, is built rather well and offers performance that will leave you short of breath (0 to 100 kph in under four seconds, just so you know). It's not as electronically advanced as its European counterparts, but it's also a whole lot cheaper. Indeed, in most markets, you could buy one for the price of a super-luxury sedan, while similarly equipped European supercars demand twice as much, if not more, of your dough. Too bad it hasn't made it to India, then. Chevy India, are you listening?



## Lambo on the rocks

Yes, you can drive Lamborghinis in the snow as well.  
By Shreenand Sadhale

**"OK WORLD,** you can stop when you like, because I'm ready to get off."

Growing up, all I ever wanted to do was drive a Lamborghini. While kids around me were aiming to be astronauts and engineers, my sole ambition was to catch the horizon in a screaming V12 from Sant'Agata. And, if you, like me, grew up in the 1980s, you will agree that the odds of my going to space and achieving my lofty ambition were about even. Then, a man named Manmohan Singh arrived, a policy called liberalisation was put in place and before we knew it, motoring

journalists like me were being called to drive Lamborghinis at launch. Who would've thunk it?

Anyway, the first time I drove a raging bull was courtesy a generous owner of a Gallardo SE. The drive lasted maybe five minutes at most, but the memory set in place for a lifetime. I remember welling up as I thumbed the kill switch on the V10. You would too, if your pursuit of happiness came through. Now, I've driven Lamborghinis after that, but the excitement hasn't died one bit, to the extent that on the days leading up to a Lambo drive, I start acting like I have a sugar rush. Thus, when Pablo, managing editor at *MW*, called to ask if I would like to drive some Lamborghinis on ice, I felt like declaring him the winner of the 'most rhetorical question of 2015'. "I can barely drive one properly on tarmac," I said instead, tossing my driving shoes in the trusty Samsonite. "Well, good," he replied. "Because, this is the winter academy, and they will teach you how to do just that."



Now, you might wonder why one needs to be taught how to drive on ice. After all, it's not very likely that Lamborghini owners have a one-car garage, in case they need to get somewhere in a hurry in a snowstorm. However, getting to experience these extremely powerful machines on ever-changing levels of grip introduces you to the nuances of car control in a, well, controlled environment. Besides, it's a shitload of fun, and, from a company that paints some of its cars lime green, this is exactly the kind of thing that's expected.

The venue was the Nagano Prefecture, in Japan. It was -7 degrees celsius, and the Lake Megamiko looked like it had been untouched since the Ice Age and Peter Muller was addressing the briefing room of eleven other journalists. "I am chief instructor here and every other place in the world," he said, in a tone that had us believe we were going out to defend Stalingrad. Muller's job was to make sure us motoring hacks (known for their heavy right foot and ham-fisted motor skills) returned all the cars in the same condition as they were given to us. Also, like he said,



this was an academy, and the idea was to get our car control up to the point at which we could start drifting them within an hour. "It's not very easy, but our instructors will try their best," he said, as he went around introducing us to them.

My instructor was Kei Cozzolino, a rather effusive Japanese-speaking Italian, who instructed in English. Cozzolino drives in Formula Nippon, and interacting with him, you could tell that his garage was probably the venue for the after-parties on the circuit. Lamborghini had carved out a track (in the shape of a reverse 'F') on the iced-up lake, but before we got a go at it and started making Huracan silhouettes in the snow walls, we were going to be taught how to go around corners on ice. A good idea, considering even getting in and out of the car was a little precarious on this surface.

At the risk of sounding redundant, the biggest difference between driving on ice and tarmac is the

level of grip. It's not that straightforward because with ice, there's the element of snow. And, snow, because it's dry, helps with grip. However, the snow isn't endless, and depending on how thick the layer is, you can have loads of grip around one corner and then none at all in the next. So, what happens when you enter a corner and you can't get the power down? You end up being a passenger, and no matter which way you turn that steering wheel, the car is going to maintain the trajectory that it set off on. This is Understeer 101, in other words.

The key to avoiding this is to use the throttle like a gun — tiptoeing with it, waiting for the rear tyres to bite and then taking a nice big stab at the loud pedal. This is exactly what the whole exercise around the skid pad and the U-turns around a cone were all about. Also, because the cars have so much power, the idea is to maintain a delicate balance between putting down just enough power so that you are still maintaining



forward motion, but with the front wheels pointing away from the corner. This is Oversteer 101, and when done well, it's the most spectacular sight involving an automobile.

Since the levels of grip were so unpredictable, we were driving without traction control in operation. Ordinarily, to do that in a Lamborghini, you need to have a firm belief in the concept of a higher power and some oversized family jewels. The idea here was to feel the car, something that the electronic nanny would never let you do to the fullest. This is why the ESC was switched off and stayed off, even though these cars were

on normal winter tyres.

Truth be told, this academy wasn't about going fast. It was about managing power and traction, using the two to do a ballerina act around corners and then smiling to yourself, knowing that you did it in a 700-bhp monster. In any case, you are on a surface that's constantly shuffling and shifting, so even when you are doing just about 100 kph in a straight line, it's just as bottom-clenching an experience as when you're banging on the rev-limiter in top gear. Also, braking is so unpredictable on ice that the ABS system keeps doing its best impression of a government employee — any sign of work and it leaves in a huff. And, if that's not enough of a challenge, you are never looking at where you are going. All of this comes together to make a really memorable day of driving.

Post lunch, armed with everything that I had learnt through the day, it was time for a few hot laps down the track. Unfortunately, by the time I had a go, a lot of cars had already done the lap a few times, exposing the ice and making it rather treacherous. Still, that wasn't enough to stop me from setting the lap record for the day. Kidding. But, I did take one big leap of faith, went down four ratios on that ultra-quick gearbox just before the apex of the penultimate corner, waited for the rear wheels to latch on to some fresh snow, got the car into a drift and held it there through the next corner to some thunderous applause. OK, I lied about the applause too, but the rest is all true. Cheekily, I turned to Cozzolino, who was smiling just as much as me. "Alright buddy, got what you came for?" he asked. "Yup," I said. "I'm ready to get off."



Europe's  
Best Airline



MONTREAL

TORONTO

BOSTON

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

WASHINGTON DC

LOS ANGELES

HOUSTON

SAO PAULO  
BUENOS AIRES

# ADD COLOUR TO YOUR WORLD

We fly to more countries than any other airline.

[TURKISHAIRLINES.COM](http://TURKISHAIRLINES.COM) | Mumbai-022 61997900/01 | New Delhi-0124 4193000

Voted Europe's Best Airline at the 2014 Skytrax Passengers Choice Awards



**WIDEN YOUR  
W O R L D**

**TURKISH  
AIRLINES**



## PERSONAL QUESTIONNAIRE

### Sameer Gadhia

LEAD VOCALIST OF  
YOUNG THE GIANT



#### What's keeping you busy these days?

Testing my will power in physical and mental endeavours, and writing music and fiction. Also, reading. I read a lot.

#### What do you consider your biggest achievement?

I hope my biggest achievements are yet to come. Not that I take things for granted, but I see everything as a stepping stone. Still, I constantly remind myself to be grateful. Up till this point, it would be performing at the MTV Video Music Awards [in 2011] and appearing on the TV show *Later... with Jools Holland* on BBC2, in the UK.

#### What is your favourite place on earth?

India. And, I'm not just saying that. Many of my formative years were spent in India, daydreaming, discovering new music, writing, drawing, reading, exploring. India is rich with flavour and memories: going to the market with my older cousin in Mumbai, the smell of

*puris* and my grandmother's cooking, peacocks in Ahmedabad.

#### What do you constantly desire?

Intangible success. Unquantifiable and indefinable — a continuous thirst to evolve and move onward. It's this madness that keeps me sane.

#### What are you searching for?

A good chocolate bar.

#### Which experience changed your life?

Just recently, my uncle [mother's middle brother] died at the young age of 57. Although we didn't see each other much, as I was stateside and he in Mumbai, we were very close. There was a connection between us; something greater bonded us together. His death has meant more to me than just the realisation of mortality, the fragility of our individual universes. The yolk has just cracked, soft and embryonic. Perhaps, in a few years, I will understand the shift it has caused in my life. Till then, I

can only feel things slowly coming undone and forming once more.

#### What irritates you most about people?

Even the most learned man can get caught up in his own theories. It irks me when even learned people fail to realise how little there is that we actually know. In our capitalist, technological (man-is-god complex) society, we believe our opinions hold so much weight. This is controversial, but your opinion is as pitiful and powerless as a speck of sand. While mountains move beneath you, the ocean crashes above, whether you want it to or not. Maybe this opinion is as weightless as all the others it addresses; it isn't for us to decide.

#### What one skill should every man possess?

The ability to sing. And, I think every man does possess it.

#### Who has inspired you?

My father, my mother and my grandfather — men and women who just had

### Young the Giant

Young the Giant's first three singles, 'My Body', 'Cough Syrup' and 'Apartment' reached the top five of the US Alternative Songs chart

Rolling Stone had reviewed their song 'It's About Time' as one that "marries Foo Fighters' fuzz, Justin Timberlake croon, EDM sputter and spiralling high-life guitars"

Young the Giant will perform at SulaFest 2015, this month

a grand idea to keep their families fed and warm, and who now look back on those days, having come so far. The immigrant's story is the story of the underdog in a world of orthodoxy.

#### If you could live someone else's life for a day, whose would it be?

It would be fun to inhabit the minds of the obvious: the rich and the famous, the talented and genius. But, wouldn't it be more interesting to live the life of a schizophrenic homeless man on the street; the man you walk past every day on your way to work? Imagine how much more meaning the small fortunes you take for granted in life would have.

#### What are your biggest fears?

Failing; letting people down. And, I hate sharks.

#### What makes you happy?

A home-cooked meal prepared by my parents. And, spending time with my girlfriend in the precious time I'm not on the road.

#### What is the one thing every man should know about women?

They are the beginning, the womb. Treat them with respect because they are kind of the creator, no matter what religion or lack thereof you prescribe to.

#### What are your favourite memories?

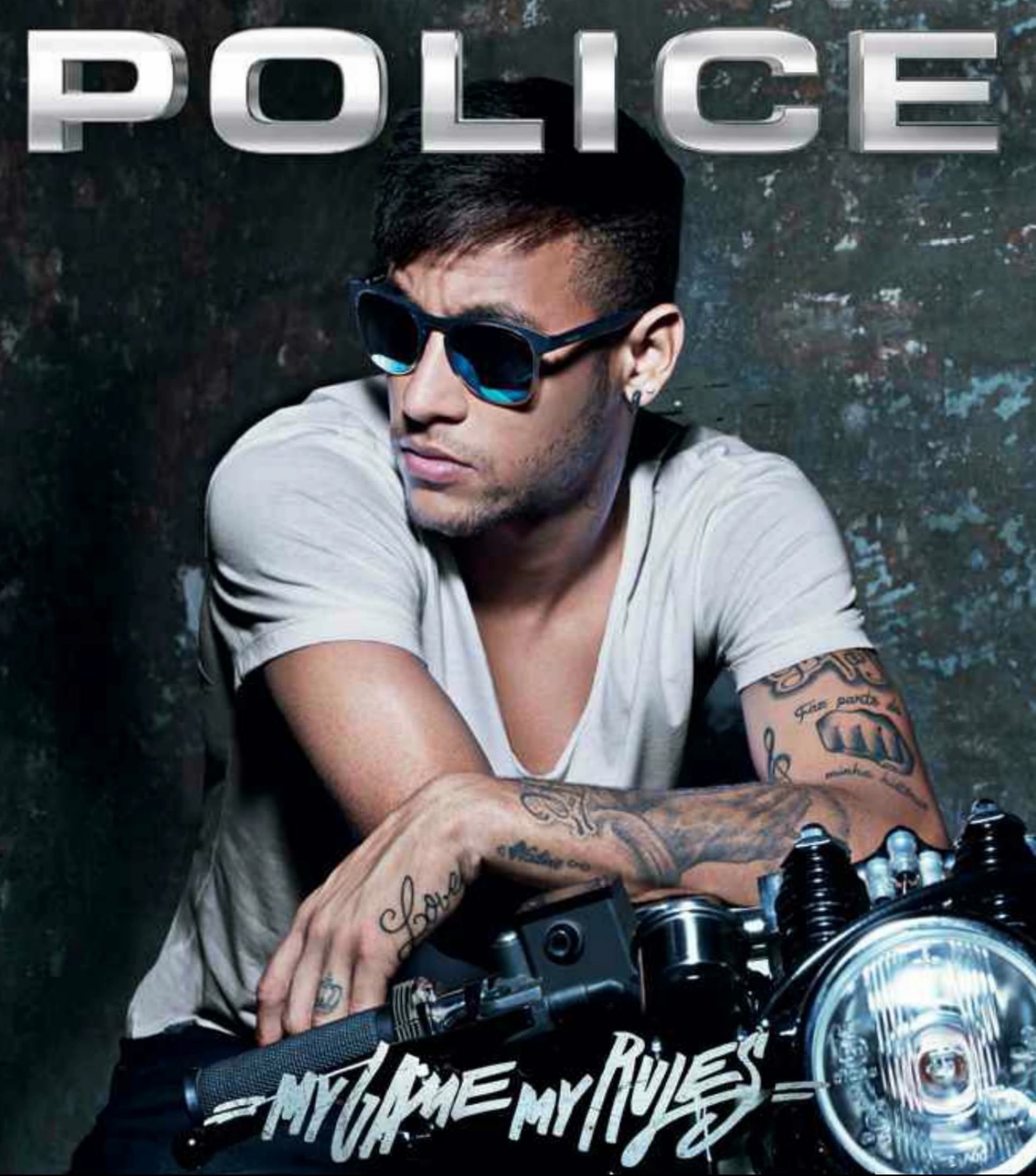
Young the Giant's first national tour across the US, our runs in Europe, Indonesia, Australia and the countless others that keep us trekking and able to fall asleep.

#### What resolution do you break often?

Although I promise, I always forget to call people back.

INTERVIEWED BY  
ARNESH GHOSE

# POLICE



NEYMAR JR

   POLICELIFESTYLE.COM

**NEW SUNGLASS COLLECTION**  
NOW AT A GREAT PRICE

# The Importance of Patience

In our continuing series on running, this time on being patient with your body, setting achievable goals, and taking it easy every other day.

By Magandeep Singh

**PATIENCE IS** the most important virtue that a running enthusiast should possess. It is a virtue in any sport, but more so in running. If you don't have enough of it, make sure you work hard on acquiring some. I had little of it myself when I started, but over time, have disciplined myself into a state in which I can muster enough to help me run well. Running is among the easiest of joys to acquire (well, cycling too, but you need a sense of balance). So, it is also a discipline in which you can push yourself more. The biggest races are not won purely on speed, stamina or strength, but by a combination of all three.

One of the worst things a runner has to endure is injury. But, worse still, are the three letters DNF (Did Not Finish) — started but didn't make it across the finish line. Nothing is more humbling than a DNF and, yet, it can be the best learning experience that every runner at some point should go through.

So, what is needed to go from the couch to crunching kilometres? The first would be determination. Make a plan, a target that you wish to achieve in the future. Don't make it too close or too distant. Something in the coming year is a good

time frame to aim for. Then, try and figure out a plan that gradually builds up to at least 80 per cent of the distance within 60 per cent of the time from now and the final cut-off day. That could be a race or just a day you have decided upon. Also, among runners, there is something called a ten per cent rule that is universally accepted. The idea is to increase your running distance by only about

ten per cent every week. Anything more and you are subjecting yourself to injury.

Also, before an important run, you should be training down and not training up, which is why the target of hitting 80 per cent a bit earlier is crucial. Also, on your big day you will always perform 25-30 per cent better than your routine average (call it the game-day boost). So, that will not only help you finish faster than expected, in many cases, it is the reason you managed to finish at all.

Don't lose heart if you think you cannot achieve your goal or if you fear falling short. As long as you are out there, you are doing a lot better than the others. The key is to remain resolved and keep some discipline. It is termed as the BtS (bed-to-shoe) ennui: the energy required to pull yourself out of bed and get your shoes on is tremendous. Once you have conquered that, the rest comes easy.

For any runner, knowing when and how much to rest during training is impor-

tant. The rule of thumb is that for every mile you run, you should rest for one day before you start intensive training again. Also, if you feel if you have hurt yourself, stop running and take the next day off. The other important rule is to always run longer distances at a slower pace than running short distances. While running, the pace should be such that you are able to talk with a fellow runner in complete sentences. If you are not able to do that, slow down.

Another factor that will influence your performance is how you equip yourself. There are gadgets you could strap on to every part of your body and more — smart socks, smart insoles, heart-rate monitor (HRM) vests, HRM watches, phone-based accelerometers, cadence and stride sensors — and they all communicate with each other through Bluetooth and eventually to you. So you can receive more information than you will ever need before, during and after every race.

Remember to know that while it is good to have the numbers to help you meet a certain goal, don't forget to listen to your body. Often people can end up pushing themselves beyond the limits of their physical capacities and that is a certified DNF waiting to happen. So, go out there and arm yourself with the best-looking gadgets you wish to splurge on, but remember that nothing is truer than what your body is telling you.

This is the last of sage-like introductions. Starting next issue, I will dive into reviews and reports on new launches and the best gadgets. In this day of information and gadgetry, looking a amateur is for the kids. And if you are going to take up a recreational activity for the sake of physical and mental fitness, it is only fair you look the part while doing it.





## Woman of letters

Celebrating the birth centenary of Qudsia Zaidi, one of the pioneers of modern Indian theatre

**AT THE MONTHLY** *mehfil* of The Urduwallahs at Prithvi Theatre, Mumbai, the crowd was a mix of the unwashed and the coiffed. Several familiar faces in the audience were giants in theatre and, at the same time, extras on television. Under streamers and pale lights, they had gathered to reminisce over Qudsia Zaidi, the woman who founded Hindustani Theatre in 1955.

Zaidi's story begins when the borders of India and Pakistan were still braided together. She was born in December 1914, in Delhi, went to college in Lahore and got married in Kanpur. Her passion for literature was fanned by Patras Bokhari, her brother-in-law and an eminent humorist of his time; her love for theatre by Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay, the doyenne behind institutions such as National School of Drama (NSD) and Sangeet Natak Akademi. Even from her photographs, you can tell Zaidi was a class act.



From extreme left: Qudsia Zaidi; Zaidi in Yugoslavia in the early 1950s; MS Sathya and Habib Tanvir; A group photo of the people behind Hindustani Theatre at Pragati Maidan, New Delhi

Soon, artists and intellectuals, idealists and wool gatherers were loitering in her drawing room in Delhi. By the time she started her theatre company, her corner included talents such as Habib Tanvir (the founder of Naya Theatre), Padma Shri MS Sathya and mime artist Irshad Panjatan. Her goal was to stage Sanskrit and world classics in a language everyone understood: Hindustani. From Brecht to Ibsen, Kalidasa to Shudraka, Zaidi's translations and adaptations widened the repertoire of Hindi-Urdu theatre at a time when few stage-worthy texts were available.

"At that time, Hindi dramas weren't so well-presented. Parsi theatre had a huge influence," says Javed Siddiqui, the dialogue writer for films as bipolar as *Shatranj Ke Khiladi* and *Dilwale Dulhania Le Jayenge*. Hindustani Theatre had the distinction of being India's first professional theatre.

"Every connected person was an employee," he says. The company's debut production was Kalidasa's *Shakuntala*, of which Jawaharlal Nehru was a huge fan, having seen the play at least 15 times. "Once, when he was accompanied by Marshal Tito [then president of Yugoslavia], he left during the interval. The theatre troupe became upset with him. Nehru had to call everyone for tea the next day to pacify them. That was the relationship they had," says theatre director Atul Tiwari.

Another accomplishment of the company was in taking Sanskrit classics such as *Amrapali*, *Mudrarakshas* (from Vishakhadatta's play) and *Mitti Ki Gaadi* (from Shudraka's *Mrichchhakatika*) to the working classes. "The general notion was that plays for mill workers should be about exploitation or riots. Hindustani Theatre showed that it's not necessary to do just protest theatre for them. They did 50-60 successful shows in Uttar

Pradesh, Madhya Pradesh, Bihar and Orissa, in the steel mills and for coal workers," says Shaili Sathya, Zaidi's granddaughter. In fact, the day Zaidi died of a heart attack at the age of 46, her company was performing for coal workers in Murkunda, close to Jamshedpur.

Zaidi's centenary festival has been initiated by a long line of friends and three generations of women in her family: her daughter Shama Zaidi, who has co-written many of Shyam Benegal's films and is married to MS Sathya; her granddaughter Shaili; and her great-granddaughter Poorna Swami. The festival will stage three plays: *Chacha Chhakkan Ke Kaarnama*, a humorous play with Tom Alter playing the lead role of a man who has an uncalled-for penchant for interfering in household affairs; *Aazar Ka Khwab* is adapted from GB Shaw's *Pygmalion* [also the source for *My Fair Lady*]; and *Mudrarakshas*, one of the few Sanskrit classics to have a political theme and not revolve around a love story or divine characters. The plays have already been staged at the NSD, in Delhi, and will be shown at the NCPA, in Mumbai, this month. "We plan to take this festival and exhibition to other cities such as Jaipur, Bhopal, Bangalore, Aligarh and Lucknow," says Sathya. "It all depends on how much support we can gather."

At the *mehfil*, Shama Zaidi, who is brief and unsmiling, ends up telling a rather lighter-veined story, "When we were staging *Chacha Chhakkan*, the set fell on her. The play went on to become a huge hit." As Tiwari winds up his talk, he says, "Zaidi could have named her company the Urdu Theatre or the Hindi Theatre, but she named it Hindustani Theatre, which encompassed both. I think we could all learn something from that."

EKTA MOHTA



# The Pointlessness of Tevar

Even by the ridiculously low standards of films trying to tackle 'rural' realities, this one is a disaster. But, to a perceptive viewer, it does offer plenty to think about. **By Maithili Rao**

**I**t used to be said that the 'real' India lived in her villages. That has now become a part of the Bharat versus India discourse and relegated to pre-liberalisation past. The new mantra is that you find real India in small towns — on the move, more consumerist than we realise (but the market does), aspirational, yet more rooted and not deracinated like those caught in the metropolitan rat race. Does this hitherto neglected segment, which consumes Hindi cinema much more indiscriminately than its big city counterparts, find itself portrayed more often in mainstream films than before? This is happening on television, in which soaps are set in places such as Mathura and Jhansi — where most of the consumers perhaps live. To give popular cinema its due, its antenna is quick to pick up trends — social and cultural — and cash in on it. It is a two-way street. If Bollywood is alert to what is happening in the Hindi heartland, it, in turn, influences not only how people try to dress and dance, but also fall in love and woo. It also shows the men how to strut and swagger.

Watching *Tevar* got me thinking about this. One, because that at least provides fodder for writing, since you switch off mentally from the film halfway through: violence and unbelievable one-man-against-a-horde heroics take over, and the interesting premise that promised at the beginning perishes under all that *herogiri*. It is yet another effort to showcase yet another film family scion, banking on the failsafe formula of a Telugu blockbuster remake. *Tevar* is insufferable post-interval, mainly because Arjun Kapoor's glowering sullenness and Sonakshi Sinha's vacant prettiness are set for eternity — well, that's how long the film feels to a benumbed viewer.

And, yet — a big yet — this routine potboiler sets off unintended sub-textual readings, not dreamt of by its makers. While the producer may not look beyond box-office numbers, surely the director, Amit Sharma, has some inkling of what bored critics might find in this fight between a Mathura *ka goonda* and Agra *ka launda* over a simpering, clueless Mathura *ki laundi's* fate. Sharma is supposed to be an ad whiz kid, who made that poignant film in which two old men divided by Partition meet after their net savvy grandkids google their way to the happy reunion. That explains why the director takes care in the first half to capture the feel and look of two adjoining towns — Mathura and Agra — with such telling detail. That and the kabaddi tournament are the hooks to engage our interest.

Kabaddi, now that it has its own league with star owners, is telecast on sports channels. It is thus quite cool to be a much valourised star player, whose kabaddi expertise spills over into fighting the goons who set upon him at every turn of Agra's narrow gullies. The credit for raising kabaddi to star status actually belongs to the 2003 Telugu film *Okkadu*, on which *Tevar* is based. In the original, Mahesh Babu as the hero, has an endearing innocence. He is the

son of an ACP and the place is Hyderabad. The hinterland he goes to for the finals of a tournament is Kurnool — Andhra Pradesh's badlands — where muscle and political power strut about in naked tyranny. There he meets the young girl coveted by Prakash Raj, who plays the local strongman.

*Tevar* scales down the city to Agra, where the Taj is just a taken-for-granted backdrop and all the action takes place on adjoining rooftops, and an athletic leap across a narrow lane is par for the course. Arjun Kapoor's Pinty (real name Ghanshyam, which we come to know much later) is the pampered son of a doting mum (Deepti Naval) and quietly authoritative dad (Raj Babbar), who doesn't throw rank but believes in gentle admonishment. What adds to the all-important look of the film is that the ACP lives in a traditional house cheek by jowl with others, not marooned in a grand bungalow set in acres of gardens. The two veterans bring much needed casual warmth to domestic scenes in the little screen time they are given.

Pinty's opponent is Gajendra Singh (Manoj Bajpayee), the lawless Bahubali who does the dirty work for his brother, who is no less than the home minister. I guess everything is possible in the murky politics of UP. Gajendra Singh travels with a posse of ugly, menacing thugs, and kills a small politico in broad daylight on a highway. What is so different about this Bahubali is the way he turns into a lovelorn Romeo the first time he catches sight of Radhika (Sonakshi Sinha) doing the 'Radhe Radhe' number on the Vrindavan ghat, as part of a huge celebration.

If you think Vrindavan/Mathura is a holy place where pious devotees congregate and many widows eke out their lives in temples, *Tevar* disabuses your ignorance. Brightly, professionally lit up ghats rival the huge sets of an item number, with an army of dancers amidst whom Sonakshi Sinha twirls and swirls in abandon. Like the earlier sexy Radha with her *jhumka* and *thumka* (Alia Bhatt in *Student of the Year*), this Radhika wants loud music and Bollywoodised costumes, even if she is apparently modestly covered. I wonder if the VHP wants to ban this avatar of Radha too?

Instead of abducting the object of his desire, as such men are wont to do, Gajendra Singh sends Radhika a marriage

**Tevar is insufferable post-interval, mainly because Arjun Kapoor's glowering sullenness and Sonakshi Sinha's vacant prettiness are set for eternity**



proposal — after killing her journalist brother for asking inconvenient questions. The obsessed man will not even lay a finger on her, and commands his cohorts to call her *bhabhi*. Manoj Bajpayee relishes this 'softer' side of Bahubali, and the curious paradox of gentleness, even as he hunts down the terrified girl as she is trying to escape Mathura and unleashes his army on her rescuer Pinty, lends the film its curiosity value. Is this a brave homage-cum-subversion of Vishal Bhardwaj's *Omkaara*, the valourised warrior? Bhardwaj's understanding of rustic small towns is a whole world apart from this masala mash-up.

Pinty too, for all his macho swagger, is protective of this stranger and behaves with unbelievable chivalry. Unfortunately, his whole demeanour and range of expression is so limited that this gentle side of the

young man given to routine violence — on the kabaddi field and tackling various annoying leering thugs — just doesn't come through. The attempt to redefine small town machismo with doses of chivalry against the prevailing stereotype of aggression — something that clings to North Indian men — is interesting, even if doesn't work. It worked in the Telugu film and that is perhaps the reason why *Okkadu* was remade not just in Tamil and Kannada — that is a given in the South — but even in Oriya and Bangla.

The problem with efforts such as *Tevar* is that the media has set the image of the violent, rape and gun happy goon for all time. Hindi films in the mainstream have conformed to this perception. The attempt to present the small town hero as a complex, angst-ridden human had some success, particularly in Prakash Jha films such as *Gangaajal* and *Apaharan*. Ajay Devgn essayed both the righteously angry yet deeply troubled cop (*Gangaajal*) as well as the outsider who gets sucked into the kidnapping mafia (*Apaharan*). The hopelessness of an educated, jobless young man in the Hindi heartland gave *Apaharan* its edge.

More cinematically inventive and complex is Tigmanshu Dhulia's *Sahib Biwi aur Gangster*, in which Randeep Hooda's jaunty young man is an opportunist exploiting the rivalries and power play between a feudal aristocrat and the more plebeian politicians. Ultimately, he is the victim of his own ambition, and powerless against the entrenched nexus between feudalism and the political establishment. After this exceptional brilliance, lit by sparkling wit, Dhulia failed when it came to small town's would-be gangsters in *Bullett Raja*. He had bitten off more than he could chew, let alone digest.

*Tevar* doesn't have any such aspirations. The first song declares loud and clear: 'Main Superman, Salman fan'. This is a flattering salutation to the *baap* of all small-town swagger — the *Dabangg* Khan. There is some humour — basic, even cringe-worthy — in the first *Dabangg*, and Chulbul Pandey remains the king of lowbrow mass entertainment. Others can pay obeisance and hope some of that success might rub off on self-proclaimed fans. But as Pinty tells a wannabe in *Tevar*, "Jo channe khaate hai wo badam ke paad nahi maarte." Look who's talking, and how foully. Does he know it applies to his own film?



# TALK

MEN & MATTER

## HOARDINGS BY HOARDERS

ISN'T THERE A LITTLE GROUP OF PEOPLE IN EVERY CITY WHO ARE CONSTANTLY SELLING COMPETITIVENESS AND DISSATISFACTION?

By JERRY PINTO



I GREW UP IN A VERY different world. There were hoardings but they advertised films and *banians* and things like that. There was a hoarding that

suggested that if I put on a pair of underwear, I could beat up bad men who would fly from my karate chop as the lovely lady I was rescuing would drape herself over my free shoulder. Billboards were for the middle class and below, hence *action aur emotion ki pehli milan* would *jald se jald* be in a theatre near you with Dharmendra and Zeenat Aman in and as. They did not advertise schools. Schools, it was assumed, did not need advertising. For they did not need to make overtures to you; you, if you were a parent, made overtures to them. Perhaps, it was also because education was believed to be the responsibility of the state. It was not supposed to be a business. In fact, if people wanted to be really rude about the state of education, they would say, "they have made education into a business." This, they said about schools that asked for donations, or capitation colleges, or tuition teachers. I know. I was a mathematics tutor for many years.

Today, it seems clear that education is a business. Businesses advertise. They are ranked and often these rankings will depend on how much advertising you put into the magazine that is ranking you. They have a product on offer which seems to be competitiveness. Your child will stand a better chance. He or she will make loads of money, preferably in some foreign currency. If this sounds attractive to you, then you must be prepared to pay the price. And it is a steep price that you pay for the

neurosis which being a parent breeds in you.

When I grew up, there were three levels of schooling. There were the Municipal schools which were the last resort for everyone. Then were the government-aided schools, including the convent schools. At the very top were the Indian Certificate of Secondary Education (ICSE) schools and, just a rung beneath, the Central Board Schools. Today, those ICSE schools must take second place to the international schools where you can pay a hundred thousand rupees a month to make sure your child is educated to international standards.

There are all kinds of choices - the IGCSE and the International Baccalaureate and the Cambridge Board and

every one of them costs a bomb and is predicated on the notion that your kid will go abroad to study further. Not as a post-graduate as you went, but as an under-graduate, which adds a good seventy to eighty lakhs to the cost of her or his education.

There's a payback for all that investment of course as the hoardings point out. Your child will study French or Spanish and horseback riding and salsa dancing and will speak English *puttur-puttur* and will belong to the new breed of cosmopolitan Indians. You see them all over the world, singing 'Saare Jahaan Se Achcha' when an Indian prime minister turns up for a visit. They do not seem to think that this might offend their host countries. One of the global Indian's new beliefs is that s/he has the right to be offended while s/he can and may offend anybody.

The other thing that one did not see was housing advertising. Now every other billboard promises me two, three, four bedroom flats. Most of these places have names that suggest that they do not belong in India. You can leave behind the clutter of the city, the dirt and the squalor, the noise and the pollution here, they suggest. You will have CEOs and professional people and heads of banks and cricketing legends and film stars to hobnob with in the lift. Some of them, to be fair, make it clear what they are about. Get closer to your roots, suggests one billboard with Jain iconography, making it clear that non-vegetarians will not be welcome. There's another that says the apartments start at 4.1 crores. (I love that .1 crore. I wonder whether that's the price or whether that's the marketing strategy?) Now I am in the middle of a traffic jam and I look up and my eyes graze this poster and I start thinking, 'Ooh, gotta get myself one of those flats!' Surely this is not how the world sells high-priced real estate?

Perhaps not, but it is the way the world sells dissatisfaction. You have to get out of where you are, it suggests, and you must get into where we are. You must want in. You must therefore send your child to the school we run and you must pay for him to learn horse-riding and the history of Europe so that he will be a proper little citizen of the future.

This is not the city I grew up in but then, which city ever is?

JERRY PINTO IS THE AUTHOR OF THE PRIZE-WINNING NOVEL *Em and the Big Hoom* (ALEPH), A NOVEL IN WHICH A MUMBAI-BASED FAMILY TRIES TO COPE WITH EM, WHO SUFFERS FROM BIPOLAR DISORDER THAT OFTEN MAKES HER TRY TO TAKE HER OWN LIFE.





## ALPHA MALE

## BEST MATE OR INTIMATE?

THE SHOCKING TRUTH OF THE INTIMACY DATABASE AND WHY SHARING IS A TWO-WAY STREET

By OLIVIER LAFONT



MY FRIEND PM, the Average Indian *Behenji*, called out of the blue to get some help on her love life, and I arranged to meet her at one of

our usual places. She got right to the matter: "I think my boyfriend's just not that into me." I suggested she look at the pertinent literature. She refined her argument: "I feel like he's closer to a million other people over me."

Ah. That problem. "That's the single most common problem in all relationships," I reassured her, "And, easily fixed. If you can deal with a negative outcome."

She put on a brave face, and we started.

We are analytical creatures. It's humanity's blessing — but it can also be a curse. Higher logic and reasoning has made us take analysis to a superlative level, allowing us to manipulate our genome and the basic elements of the universe. That skill overlaps into the social arena. What we may not realise, however, is the extent to which this is an automatic mechanism. We are constantly analysing the people we meet, whether they're close to us or complete strangers. We are also constantly monitoring and adjusting the hierarchy of how close people are to us into a kind of intimacy database.

This intimacy database isn't just a rating for others — it proactively determines our behaviour and reactions as well. We'll instinctively behave more warmly, more affectionately to someone in our top ten than someone we've just met. The interesting thing is that the intimacy database we think we have isn't always the one we actually have.

"Easy example," I posed. "How many of your school friends are actually as high in your intimacy database as you pretend they are?"

She hemmed a little, hawed a bit



more, and finally admitted, "None of them."

The true intimacy database, at every given moment, is fixed. We lie to ourselves a lot, however, to ease our hearts and avoid painful and unpleasant truths. Do we really want to face the possibility that our mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, dearest friends, closest confidants and most trusted allies — are not people we actually feel close to? That we may actually look upon them as emotional strangers, perhaps even enemies? Often, we don't want to face the truth because we're trained in moral self-judgment and don't look further to the root. A cursory look at the intimacy database makes us feel like we're the bad guys, the heartless ones, for not wanting to be close to them. The truth is, there is always a good — even if subjective — reason why that person is lower in our database. And once you know that reason consciously, you can feel justified in acknowledging that you don't want them so close to you.

**A CURSORY LOOK AT THE INTIMACY DATABASE MAKES US FEEL LIKE WE'RE THE BAD GUYS, THE HEARTLESS ONES, FOR NOT WANTING TO BE CLOSE TO THEM**

"Your boyfriend," I continued. "Is he kind of 'bros before hos'?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed.

"And you?" I could see her squirming. "You've never talked about your sex life with your boyfriend to another girl?"

"We-ell..." she stammered.

"And most of your real issues and problems, do you discuss them with him or go to someone else?"

"Uh..." she hesitated.

"And when you're with people do you team up with them against him, even as a joke?"

"Ya, just for fun!" she protested.

"You're half the problem. If you really want to be together, you have to break the social programming and give intimacy a real shot. Go to him with your important stuff. He'll sense it. If he's a bit slow then you bring it up in concrete terms. And if he's still reluctant then you need to consider moving on." I checked my watch. "Good enough for you? My 7 o'clock is here."

PM looked up to see VD (he of the unfortunate initials) as he tripped into our booth. "What're you in for?" he called out to PM.

"Intimacy matters," she said as she gathered her stuff. "You?"

"Same." He turned to me. "Dude, I think I picked up something from that call centre chick..."

PM made a hasty exit as VD and I settled in to discuss the state of his sexual health. Another typical Thursday evening.

OLIVIER LAFONT IS AN ACTOR AND SCRIPTWRITER.

PRIYAMBLE

# BLAME IT ON THE BACTERIA

RIGHT UP THERE WITH THE SPHINX AND THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE IS ANOTHER ENIGMA THAT HAS BAFFLED THE WORLD FOR CENTURIES. WE INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERY OF THE ETERNAL MALE ITCH.

By PRIYA MIRCHANDANI



**NOT ENOUGH** can be said about the not-so-subtle art of scrotum scratching. According to Italian folklore, a swift grasp of one's generative

organs, known to the Italians as their *attributi*, protects one against bad luck. A funeral procession, or the mention of a natural disaster or disease, results in a flurry of male hands reaching for their junk. A Latin 'touchwood' gesture of sorts (pun totally intended). The same hand that consecrates with the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost a few hundred times a day seems to lose no sanctity when it plunges southward mid-conversation for a jab at the money bag. Interestingly, it wasn't the Holy Papa who put his foot down and asked the Italian machos to keep their hands where we could see them. It was the public, and I'll wager my iPhone 6 Plus, that this public was primarily made up of Signoras and Signorinas. In 2008, groin-grabbing in public became an offence punishable by law and crotch criminals continue to be frowned upon, superstition or no superstition. Those who just cannot restrain themselves are, however, encouraged to become soccer players and find respite on the football pitch, the only hallowed ground where bollocks are as much in play as Brazucas.

Torres and Ronaldo have turned crotch-grabbing into an international sports ritual, almost as integral as the coin flip. Michael Jackson did his bit by showing us that idle hands are indeed a dancing devil's workshop. He made testicular torsion an immortal dance meme. What's with this compulsive urge to feel your privates in public? Is it some form of primal communication with your forefathers, the Neanderthals? Or, is fiddling with your equipment akin to

a baby reaching for its pacifier? Could it be that somewhere in the male subconscious mind, there lurks a fear that the junk is going to sneak out of the trunk when they are not looking? And, are the frequent spot checks just to make sure the Jonas Brothers are still hanging around?

We know how attached you are to those bros. But, they're big boys now. Give them a little space. Is it a logistical issue? The big beasts getting all tangled up in the clothing, necessitating frequent adjustment? Well, guess what the bra is all about, mate? Beneath the subliminal seduction cues lies some heavy-duty ergonomic support that promotes unhindered locomotion. Yep, here's an idea for all you hungry start-up vultures — the Jock Strap Upgrade. Hey, at least try it on before you torch it. The burning ritual is meaningless unless you've worn it for about a hundred years, you know.

Anyhoo, the thing is, I could swear that in some men, nut-grabbing is a sign of boredom. Some people doodle when they're bored, some play Candy Crush. Others just jiggle their Jabulanis to the strains of Tchaikovsky's Nutscratcher Suite. Skinny jeans, shorts, dhotis or even the sacred Zegna business suit doesn't seem to impede this contagion of ball tampering. "Where there's a Willy, there's a way," says my buddy Cyrus, a desi avatar of Desmond Morris and founder of the illustrious IPBL (the Indian Pocket Billiards League). Another interjection is pitched menacingly at me by an irate cricketer. "Playing ball is second nature to men. It's in their DNA. And, most ball games are contact sport, right?" Flawless argument.

A girlfriend wonders if some men just do it for the TRPs — to put on a show. If television advertising is indeed a slice of life, then the Indian male and fungus seem to have a karmic connection. Primetime across most channels is filled with an

unabated flood of cringe-worthy ads for anti-itch male hygiene products. No sanitary napkin ad in the history of advertising can match the horror inflicted on unsuspecting viewers in these grizzly ads. It's a wonder that our nation's favourite conspiracy theorist and newscaster hasn't started an immediate investigation on why the men of this great nation are falling prey to evil and extremely unconstitutional bacteria. Could this be a full and frontal plot by the recession-hit First World to rob us of our precious national jewels? There's a definite sting to this operation, don't you agree?

A male philosopher pal scratches his balls thoughtfully and says, "Everyone in the universe has a default resting state. Hands-on-genitalia is simply the quintessential resting state of a man." You mean like nose-in-ass is the resting state of a dog? It does appear to bring the canine immense comfort, triggering off some sort of deep cosmic connect. So, hand-to-ball is a natural de-stress position in a male human? Question: then, why would you do it in the middle of a client presentation? Or, on the road,

**"EVERYONE IN THE UNIVERSE HAS A DEFAULT RESTING STATE. HANDS-ON-GENITALIA IS SIMPLY THE QUINTESSENTIAL RESTING STATE OF A MAN."**



while flagging down a cab? Or, while buying apples at the supermarket? What exactly about a high-intensity cardio workout cues deep relaxation and makes you reach for your nether regions? Oh, it's the weather situation down there, is it? Talk about climate change. The inconvenient truth about heat, humidity, sweat and its impact on human body parts — I totally get that. I have a pair of Bobbsey twins of my own that squirm under the harsh glare of these very same elements. But, no way will you ever see me reaching for my chest and consoling them with a reassuring pat or tweak. Seriously, they cope quite well on their own, and so will yours if you give them a chance.

And, after all this, if you still absolutely must grope your groin like there's a poltergeist unleashed down under, at least do it for the right reasons. Like Hugh Jackman did. His #Feelingnuts viral challenge to build awareness for testicular cancer inspired celebrities such as Ricky Gervais, William Shatner, Stephen Fry, Jamie Oliver and Gary Lineker to make a public grab for their bits and bobs on video for the world to see. So, there you go guys. Feeling yourself can add length not just to your Masters & Johnson, but also to your lives. Don't just fiddle. Give your cadets regular reassuring pats to keep them motivated and engaged, their morale high and their fitness levels peaked. This is an official sanction, boys, to free Willy for a cause like no other. But, there's fine print — in the privacy of your bathrooms or bedrooms only. You wouldn't pick your nose in public, would you? Ditto. The Wolverine only clutched his cubs to nudge you out of your coma. To turn idle aimless gropes into specific search and destroy operations. Oops, sorry, poor choice of words. I meant to make sure all's well that hangs well.

PRIYA MIRCHANDANI IS AN INDEPENDENT WRITER AND EDITOR



SMS  
<SPENTA MW  
to 57333>

# SUBSCRIBE AND GET A VICTORINOX POCKET TOOLS & KNIFE FREE



YES! I wish to subscribe to **MW** for the term indicated below

Term	Issues	News-stand	You Pay	Discount	Assured Gift
1 year	12	1800	1350	25%	Victorinox Pocket Tools & Knife worth Rs. 1240/-
2 years	24	3600	2520	30%	Victorinox Pocket Tools & Knife and movie DVDs worth approximately Rs. 2400/-

FEBRUARY 2015

☐ I AM A **NEW SUBSCRIBER** ☐ I AM AN EXISTING SUBSCRIBER (Subscription no. \_\_\_\_\_) and I wish to extend my current subscription.

Name: Mr/Ms \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ Pin Code: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Company name: \_\_\_\_\_ Designation: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone (Off): \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (Res): \_\_\_\_\_ Mobile: \_\_\_\_\_

Vehicle owned (Please name brand) \_\_\_\_\_ Number of holidays taken annually: International \_\_\_\_\_ Domestic \_\_\_\_\_

Monthly household income (Please tick) ☐ < ₹ 50,000 ☐ ₹ 50,000 to ₹ 1,00,000 ☐ > ₹ 1,00,000

Please find enclosed Cheque/DD no. \_\_\_\_\_ dated: \_\_\_\_\_ drawn on: \_\_\_\_\_

In favour of MW.Com India Pvt. Ltd. (add ₹50/- for non-Mumbai cheques)

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

**Terms and Conditions:**  
Offer valid till stocks last. MW.Com India Pvt. Ltd. will not be responsible for any postal delays and no correspondence will be entertained. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for start of subscription. Please fill in the order form and mail with your payment to MW.COM(INDIA) PVT. LTD., 401, 4th Floor, Todi Building, Behind Ideal Industrial Estate, Mathuradas Mill Compound, Senapati Bapat Marg, Lower Parel, Mumbai-400013. You can also subscribe online at [www.mansworldindia.com](http://www.mansworldindia.com) or mail us at [circulation@mansworldindia.com](mailto:circulation@mansworldindia.com)

DOWNLOAD  
DIGITAL  
EDITION FROM  
MAGZTER.  
COM



THE FEMALE GAZE

# BORDER THOUGHTS

A TRIP TO THE WAGAH BORDER TO WATCH THE BEATING THE RETREAT CEREMONY THROWS UP QUESTIONS ABOUT THE NATURE OF PATRIOTISM

By ANITA NAIR



WE DECIDED to drive from Chandigarh to Amritsar. There is a train, but travelling by road would allow us to get a feel of the land. It would allow

us to stop wherever we wanted and do whatever we wanted.

Rajinder Singh, our thirty-something Sikh cab driver, had a flowing beard and a *kirpan* attached to his jeans. For the next three days, he would be our best friend, companion, bodyguard, political analyst, religious guru, historian in residence and death trap.

I realise this in the first 15 minutes after we pull out of the hotel. I am travelling with Maitreya, my son. He and I exchange glances. Maitreya is a speed fiend himself, but Rajinder Singh would have given Ayrton Senna a complex. When we reach the outskirts of Chandigarh, he pulls up by a sugarcane field. There is a tall triangular structure painted white, with an Om symbol on it. I wonder why we have stopped in the middle of nowhere. I think of my mother and the snippets from Malayalam newspapers she was constantly reading out to me. Most of the stories involved taxi drivers strangling passengers in the middle of nowhere. I am glad to have Maitreya with me. At 6'2", and with his angry young man demeanour, he looks like someone you don't mess with, even if the truth is that he is an utter pussycat.

"Look Ma," he says. Beside the road is a *gur* (jaggery) preparing unit. Many years ago, I had seen a film called *Saudagar*, which starred Amitabh Bachchan and Nutan and dealt with the process of making *gur*. I had always wondered what fresh *gur* would smell and taste like, but my father's story of having

seen a man stand atop a jaggery mound and pee on it had not exactly encouraged me to go looking for it.

There is nothing quite like freshly made *gur*. You can eat it crumbled and sprinkled on a bowl of curd. Or, you can place pieces of it on a hot *chapatti* slathered with butter, roll it into a delicious snack and eat it while taking intermittent bites of a green chilli. The combination is heavenly.

The *gur* making unit we stop at is quite rudimentary. The unadulterated *gur* is sold for Rs 50 per kilogram. I buy a kilo, and they give us a slice of just formed *gur* on a piece of paper. Maitreya and I take little nibbles and put it aside.

It is 235.8 kilometres from Chandigarh to Amritsar by road, and it takes a little over five hours to drive there, allowing for traffic and pit stops. From Amritsar to the Wagah border between India and Pakistan is another 30 kilometres. I have our road trip chalked out in my head. We will stop somewhere nice for lunch and then reach the border by about 4.30pm, in time to watch the Beating the Retreat ceremony. My mobile rings. It is my army contact from Wagah calling to say the gates will close by 3.30pm, so we need to be there by 3pm. It is already 12.30pm

and we are several kilometres away. What were we going to do?

I tell Rajinder what my army contact said. "I will get you there," Rajinder says. I begin to smile. I love speed, but I am usually cautious and don't encourage anyone to drive fast. But, here was a perfect reason to step on the gas. "Buckle up," I tell Maitreya, who grins at me.

There is no time to stop for lunch, so we eat the rest of the *gur*. Meanwhile, Rajinder has one finger on the horn through the trip. At ten minutes to 3pm, we reach the army outpost. Rajinder turns to me in triumph and says, "Where are your army people? I got you here. Now, they better do their job."

My army friend had organised passes for us. The army jeep arrives, and we are taken to the border and handed over to the Border Security

**THE DISPLAY OF POWER, AGGRESSION AND PATRIOTISM IS IMPRESSIVE, BUT IT SEEMS THEATRICAL AND ALMOST MECHANICAL**



Force. We haven't consumed anything but the small portion of *gur* and a small bottle of water since 9.30 am. But, the excitement of being at the border negates all thought of hunger, thirst or fatigue.

From where we sit, we can see across the border, where Pakistanis wait to watch the same ceremony from the other side. On both sides, loudspeakers lash the evening skies with patriotic songs. 'Desh Ki Dharti' from the Indian PA system, 'Dil Dil Pakistan' from across the border. There is much fanfare and patriotic fervour. Women and children run holding the Indian tricolour aloft. Gates on both sides open and shut. The display of power, aggression and patriotism is impressive, but, nevertheless, it seems theatrical and almost mechanical.

Once again, Maitreya and I exchange glances. I grew up in an army camp and went to a school that instilled nationalism in us. I have told Maitreya again and again that I will accept anything he does except turn traitor to our country. He asks me now, "Is this patriotism?" I have no words. Do we need to define ourselves by which land we inhabit and what religion we follow? Aren't we human first? Don't we owe our allegiance to fellow humans first and only then to all man-made institutions, be it country, religion or political beliefs?

"No Maitreya," I say. "This isn't patriotism. I hope this isn't. Patriotism isn't about violence or aggression. It isn't about I first and you after." "So, what is this?" he whispers. "What are we defending from whom? Why do we need borders?"

True, why do we need borders?

ANITA NAIR IS THE AUTHOR OF *THE BETTER MAN*, *LADIES COUPE*, *MISTRESS*, *LESSONS IN FORGETTING* AND *CUT LIKE WOUND*. FOLLOW HER ON TWITTER @ANITANAIRAUTHOR.

Your guide to  
summer essentials  
this season

# Style best of summer

COMPILED BY KAPIL BATUS AND SALONI DHRUV



## Burberry Prorsum

A summer wardrobe needs a healthy dose of colours and graphic prints. Take cue from Burberry's spring/summer 2015 collection and introduce colours like citrus, tangerine and lemon to your closet.



## Dior Homme sneakers

White is passé. Dior's leather and canvas sneakers in yellow adds a new dimension to your otherwise monochromatic look.



## adidas Originals X Pharrell Williams

The 'Happy' singer's collaboration with adidas Originals has resulted in this hot selling yellow track jacket with red polka dots.



## Hugo Boss

This nautical summer look can work even for the workplace when teamed with the right kinds of accessories. The light-weight trench coat is optional.



## Gucci hold-all

Gucci's red leather duffel is a great upgrade from backpacks.



## La Martina jacket

This checkered blazer will go well with a white shirt and chinos as part of Friday dressing or a weekend brunch.

## Tom Ford suede shoes

Ditch those blacks and browns. Instead, go pale. These grey suede shoes are ideal for every occasion.



## Duffel from Louis Vuitton

The only luggage you will need for a quick getaway is this classic duffel bag from Louis Vuitton..



## Ermenegildo Zegna

Zegna exudes the art of chic dressing by keeping the look pale with a textured blazer and a pair of trousers. The navy leather sling bag completes the look.



## Canvas shoes from Tommy Hilfiger

Canvas sneakers with prints is the next big thing, and Tommy Hilfiger is among earliest to catch the trend.



## Sunglasses from Dior Homme

Dior Homme gives your good ol' pair of aviators a new twist, with thicker rims and a blue tint.

# Stylebestofsummer



## Double denim by Tom Ford

Tom Ford does a formal take on a classic summer look with tailored denims and formal accessories.



## Grey striped suit from Corneliani

Simple and classic. Team it with an un-tucked white linen shirt for a casual vibe.



## Tote from Salvatore Ferragamo

White canvas and leather tote bag for a stylish traveler.

## Suede shoes from Johnston & Murphy

These Brogues in suede with blue trims is what you need to make your formals look a bit more playful.



## Printed shirt from GAS

A floral printed shirt for a beach holiday. Works well even for a regular weekend.





### Micro-checks suit from Canali

A check suit with a summery feel. Make sure you keep rest of the look simple for the suit to stand out.



### Polo shirt from Brooks Brothers

Nothing says summer is here more than a stylish coloured polo. The stripes on the collar gives it a distinctive feel.

### Leather bag from Hugo Boss

A tan office bag from Hugo Boss that can accommodate both, the laptop and the tablet, is all style and function..



### denims from Levi's

Levi's new custom tapered 501CT is the big denim launch this season. Pair these with a plain white T-shirt for a



### Leather loafers from TOD'S

You can't go wrong with this classic Gommino in blue, from the shoe maker who pioneered it all.



## Relaxed look from Gucci

Gucci takes the pajama look mainstream with a pair of loose printed pants, a tailored shirt and a jacket. Are you adventurous enough to try it?



## Accessories from Thomas Pink

Thomas Pink was into colour much before men started wearing colour. The tradition continues with this pocket square and cufflinks.



## Travel pouch from TUMI

A nifty travel pouch for toiletries is de rigueur for any style conscious man.



## Denim jacket from Diesel

Denim jackets never went out of fashion. Every man should own at least one.

## Slip-ons from Dune

Colourful woven checkered slip-ons to go with your favourite pair of jeans.





### Leather backpack from Emporio Armani

If you are still into backpacks, then why not get the most stylish one in the market, like this black and white one from Emporio Armani.



### Print shirts from Grasm

Shirts with prints are slowly making a comeback into men's wardrobe, and Grasm has an extensive huge range of them.



### Double-breasted suit from Louis Vuitton

Louis Vuitton shows you how to wear the double-breasted suit this summer. Don't miss the white shoes.

### Puma sneakers

Sneaker fans fit in two categories. This one is for those who love the high-tops.



### Funky shoes from Giorgio Armani

Giorgio Armani's two-toned leather and suede shoes with woven details is yet another indication of how adventurous men have become when it comes to footwear.



## Hawaiian shorts from Breakbounce

Yet another take on printed shorts for a beach holiday, this one by Breakbounce.



## Friday dressing from Allen Solly

Blue printed shirt, light jacket, tan trousers and tan boat shoes. All the elements that make for great Friday work-wear ensemble.



## Classic Polo Shirt from Lacoste

The all-white look of this classic polo shirt by Lacoste is enlivened by the stripes on the sleeves, and of course, the famous logo..

## Sneakers from Van's

You can never have too many sneakers in your closet. This one's from Van's.



## Tropical T-shirt from Jack & Jones

If Hawaiian shirt is not your style on the beach, this T-shirt should be an ideal substitute.



## Boat shoes in camouflage print from Clarks

A variation of the classic boat shoe, this one from the venerable British footwear maker.

## Funky socks from Mustang Socks

Coloured socks for men have been in fashion for while now. If you the conservative type and are still holding out, this is the best time to take the plunge.





### Summer look from Raymond

Office and boss permitting this look from Raymond could be a variation of the regular Friday dressing at the work place.



### Hat from Celio

If you are into coloured socks and loafers, why not go for a stylish hat, like this one from Celio.



### Polka-dot trainers from adidas Originals

Here's one way to add more colour to your gym look, trainers with polka-dot prints from the adidas Pharrell Williams collection.



### Beach shorts from Tommy Hilfiger

These retro looking beach shorts are a welcome relief from the knee length variant that has been in vogue for atleast a decade now.



### Sunglasses from Superdry

Yet another variation on the classic aviator.

# Stylebestofsummer



**Casual dressing from Stefano Ricci**

Stefano Ricci, the iconic Florentine luxury menswear brand known for its hand-made ties, silk pattern shirts, croc slip-ons amongst others, is in India now. They take luxury to a whole new level.



**Moccasins from Bata**

Nothing tells you loud and clear that coloured footwear trend has caught on in a big way among men, than when Bata starts making them.



**Washed grey trousers from Breakbounc**

Bored of jeans, but still want that washed out denim look? Try these pants from Breakbounc.



**Double denim from Calvin Klein**

Denim-on-denim looks great if the shades of denims are similar overall, as with this ensemble from Calvin Klein.



**Monkstraps from Heel & Buckle**

Marsala is Pantone's colour of the year for 2015. And when applied on a stylish double buckle monkstrap, as this one from Heel & Buckle, it is all style and class.

**Nautical T-shirt from Celio**

Sailor stripes take a whole new meaning in this off-beat T-shirt from Celio.



FABRICS & APPAREL

# GRASIM

EASY DRESSING FOR THE SELF MADE MAN

GRASIM now exclusively available only on amazon.in



For Trade/Distribution enquiries contact +91-9810325298 (North zone), +91-9728841155 (rest of India);  
For Store enquiries contact +91-9728841155 or Email us at [speaktograsim@adityabirla.com](mailto:speaktograsim@adityabirla.com)

[www.grasimfashion.com](http://www.grasimfashion.com)



@grasimfashion



+grasim



/grasimfashion



## THE ART OF THE SEMI-FORMAL

The rise and rise of the semi-formal, and its dumbed-down cousin, the smart casual. *By Magandeep Singh*

**THERE WAS** a time when men dressed for dinner, and then post-dinner would change into a rich velvet jacket (at times worn over the regular suit) for a smoke with the boys. The ladies meanwhile retired to the salon with hot beverages for company. Once the smoking and the boy banter was over, they changed again and re-joined the group. This tradition gave its name to the smoking jacket, a thick warm overcoat that both insulated against the cold and absorbed the tobacco smoke, thus keeping the gentlemen smelling not-entirely-repulsive as they rejoined their wives. Today people barely wear one jacket for a dinner.

Enter the semi-formal or the smart-casual and things were never

the same again. Not surprisingly, it was an American who came up with the nifty idea of button-down shirts, that very balanced fine line between cutaway formal and sloppy flannel-y casual. The idea germinated when John E. Brooks, the grandson of the brand's founder, happened to be at a polo match in London (circa 1896) and astutely observed that somehow the players managed to keep their collars stiff and upright even through the most daunting of chukkers. Upon closer observation he noticed that it wasn't held in place with collar bones or pins (as they can be dangerous during a rugged game) but instead simply buttoned down upon themselves. Nifty little trick, but it did the job perfectly.

John Brooks returned to his bespoke brand back home in the States and decided to apply the idea to shirts and thus was born a neo-classic, a button-down shirt and a Brooks Brothers legacy. Although the brand has many other firsts to their credit (oldest cloth merchants, first to introduce Madras Checks and Harris Tweed in the US) their most prized claim-to-fame to date remains the fact that all American presidents wear these very same button-downs in office. And when the American president does something it becomes a sort of a world trend. For e.g., when John F. Kennedy decided to not wear his hat in public it spelt the death knell for the Fedoras and the Bowlers and just like that, all hats went out of style.

The semi-formal is pretty much a creation that originated on the newer side of that pond called the Atlantic and then went 'viral' (or whatever term was a la mode back then). Why? Well, mostly because it's convenient and easy to adhere to. A versatile style statement that allows for variety and mixing, and is as much at home in a board room as in the local pub. So the next time you pair a button-down shirt with trousers, a dark jacket, rubber-soled wingtips, and maybe throw in a pocket kerchief for flair, you are doing the semi-formal.

The smart casual is a further dumbed-down version which does away with the jacket and leaves you looking like an oversized schoolboy. While one can always lament the passing of the era of smoking jackets and perfectly balanced bowlers, the thing about fashion is it has a way of reinventing itself by reinvigorating elements from yesteryears. Perhaps, even as you read this, another dressing code is being deconstructed, or being conveniently replaced with a new norm.



AT THE END, I WON'T REMEMBER THE NIGHTS  
I GOT PLENTY OF SLEEP.

**t-base**  
A GUY THING

Also Available at Exclusive Stores in **Bengaluru**: Esteem Mall, Hebbal | Yelahanka, New Town.  
**Pune**: Kumar Pacific Mall, Shankar Seth Road | Seasons Mall, Magarpatta City. **Siliguri**: Cosmos Mall. And All Leading Outlets In India.

**lifestyle**  
YOUR STYLE. YOUR STORE

**SHOPPERS STOP**  
START SOMETHING NEW

**gLOBUS**

**JABONG** COM  
**amazon.in**

**snapdeal**  
**flipkart**

For trade enquiries: Goa +919823147787 | Guwahati +919854015609 | Indore +919893041199 | Jaipur +919351155503 | Kerala & TN +919894580999 | Kolkata +919433090417 | Mumbai +919821316058  
Punjab +919815300072 | Pune +919373311950 | UP +91 9313324461 | Please write to us at [info@tbase.in](mailto:info@tbase.in) or call: +919341923299 | Distributor / franchisee enquiries solicited. [www.tbase.in](http://www.tbase.in)



A classic pair of white tennis shoes



Khaki coloured Bermuda shorts

Pale coloured T-shirt to team up with a pair of distressed denims



Bold striped T-shirt in bright yellow and navy blue



## FRENCH MENSWEAR LABEL **CELIO** GOES SAILOR CHIC, WITH A NAUTICAL COLLECTION

Clear skies and sunny days means light, casual dressing, and this is just the time for your summer wardrobe to take on some nautical overtones. The traditional nautical palette of navy, white and red is both classic and easy to wear, and Celio gives its own spin to this trend for its spring/summer 2015 collection. When it comes to T-shirts, the brand offers variations of stripes in the form of big bold ones in loud colours, with ombré effects and on light-coloured summer shirts. Apart from that, classic polos get a printed makeover in bright colours, which they can be teamed with a pair of khaki or beige shorts and white tennis shoes.

As a part of their limited edition international collection, Disney's beloved rodent Mickey Mouse makes an appearance on Celio's T-shirts, sweatshirts and pullovers. The collection also features Bermuda shorts, suede bomber jacket and accessories like printed shoes and hats. This just goes to show that you're never too old or too nerdy to wear a Disney cartoon character!



Light blue stripes with red buttons on a white shirt



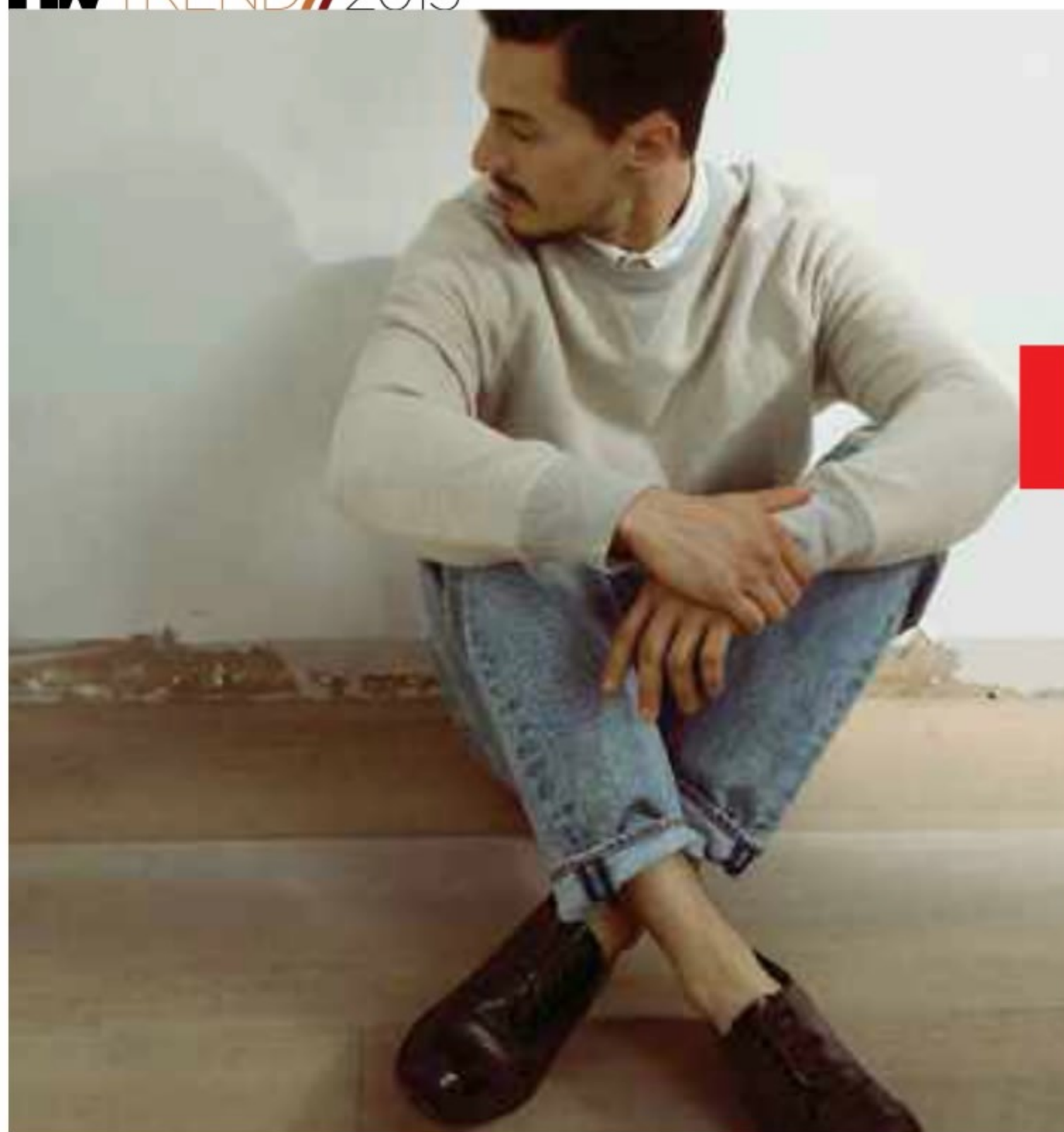
A large duffel bag for a quick holiday getaway



A Mickey Mouse T-shirt from the international limited-edition collection



Mickey Mouse print sweatshirt from Celio's limited-edition collection



## THE ORIGINAL BLUE JEAN, LEVI'S 501 GETS CUSTOMISED & TAPERED

The legendary Levi's 501, the world's first-ever blue jean with its distinctive straight leg, relaxed fit and signature button fly, has been customized by obsessive fans for decades, most commonly tailoring the legs for a closer fit. Patched, repaired, shredded or tapered, each pair of these jeans has always reflected the personality of the wearer.

Now with the new 501 CT (Customized & Tapered), which is part of its Spring 2015 collection, Levi's has done the customizing work itself for the fans. With a little more room at the waist so that it sits slightly lower for a more relaxed fit, and legs that have been tapered from the knee to the ankle, these jeans are a modern take on the classic 501.

It is available in a range of authentic denim washes, inspired by San Francisco and California - the home of Levi's and the Original 501. With names like Precita (inspired by a vintage garment, with a blend of stone and enzyme washing, with added tinting and grinding), Old Favorite (the ultimate worn-in look, with bleach sprays and knee rips), Cali Cool (a medium authentic wash with some hand-sanding and enzyme washing) and Rolling Fog (stone washed and bleached, inspired by the city's storied fog and plays of light) this line is a celebration of Levi's past, present and future.

With varying levels of fade and distress, and the ability to be worn high or low on the hips, each pair of 501 CT Jeans can be personalized and styled in a number of ways. The perfect T-shirt, classic crew or button-up are ideal pairing pieces.

For decades, the 501 jean has been a blank canvas for people to express themselves, from Marilyn Monroe to Rihanna, Marlon Brando to Kurt Cobain. For fans, customizing the 501 has become a form of authentic self-expression; it's the ultimate do-anything, say-anything piece of clothing. Of course the much-loved Original 501 will continue to be available in extensive range of sizes, colors and finishes.



Downsized



Upsized



True to Size

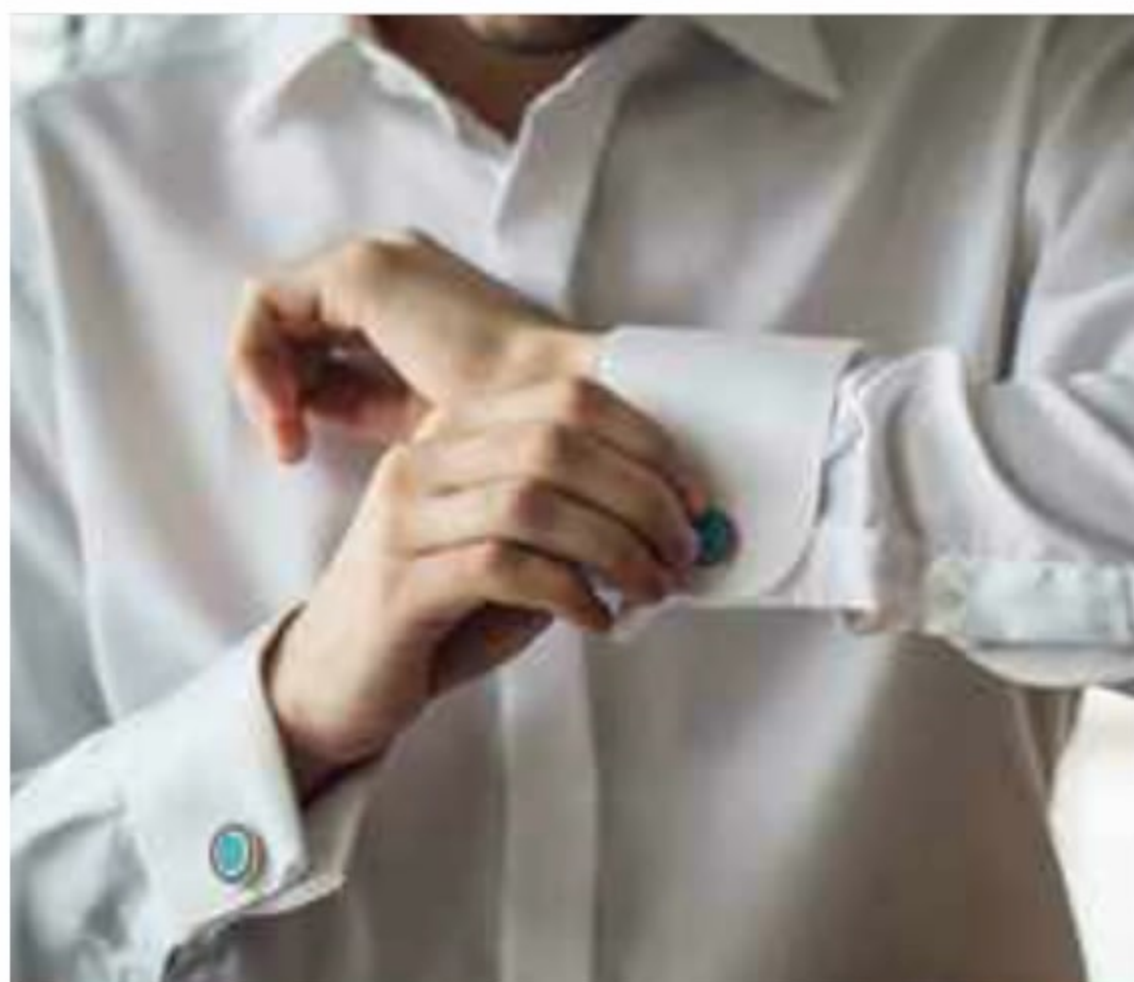
# EXPERT SPEAK

NEETA LULLA, DESIGNER AND THE DEAN OF WHISTLING WOODS — NEETA LULLA SCHOOL OF FASHION, ON THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRENCH CUFFS, NORMAL CUFFS, WAYS TO DRESS UP A BLACK SUIT AND HOW TO WEAR CONTRAST COLLARED SHIRTS



▶ **When does one wear French cuffs as compared to normal cuffs?**  
French cuffs are considered as formal wear, they are worn to make a suit look dressier. The purpose of wearing such a shirt is to look polished. The cufflinks add an additional layer of formality to the French cuffs. They add colour and a personal sense of style to the whole look. The interesting part of wearing French cuffs is that it provides an extra weight on the arms, which represents power and status in the business world.

▶ **What are the rules when it comes to wearing a contrast collared shirt?**  
The contrast collar shirt was originally a part of the 80s corporate fashion era when it was considered to be part of formal wear. However these days it has more of an informal and relaxed image. Contrast collared shirts provide a sophisticated edge to your attire if paired right. It can be teamed up with either a formal pair of trousers during working hours, or can be worn with semi-formal pants with a casual blazer, minus the tie. It also



works well with jeans and a sweater, for a more contemporary look.

▶ **When wearing a formal suit, is it okay to wear a shirt with a placket and a pocket?**

When wearing a formal suit, it is advisable to opt for a shirt without a pocket. Most formal suits have a variety of inner pockets and two main outer pockets which provide enough space for storing your essentials. This eliminates the need for a pocket on the shirt. Also, a shirt pocket would only add unwanted and extra bulk around the chest area.

▶ **I love wearing black suits. But more often than not, I give the im-**

**pression of going to a funeral. How do I add colour to the look while keeping it formal?**

A tint of colour always adds an interesting touch to the entire look. Lessen the 'serious quotient' with an unexpected colour combination that will draw attention away from the sober suit. The obvious choice here would be to wear a coloured shirt or a printed tie. You could also try a contrast inner collar, bright pocket square, colourful patterned socks or a flash of silver via your tie bar. Also, pay attention to the kind of footwear you choose to wear. Instead of a pair of black shoes opt for a shade of brown.

*(Interview by Saloni Dhruv. If you have any wardrobe related queries, mail us at editor@mansworldindia.com)*

## STEPHEN BLOMME

Director of style, Celio



### Which fashion trend has caught your attention recently?

That would be the Normcore trend. It's all about going back to the norm, to casual attitudes in the way we dress ourselves and our wardrobe. It's a trend that is less fancy and less fierce compared to what was happening in the past seasons. The idea is to think unbranded, be more anonymous and be humble. Perhaps this trend is also an echo of a downturn in the world's economic situation. For Celio it's interesting because we create a style that fits an individual's needs, is trendy, but not completely radical.

### And which trend would you never fall prey to?

I have no prejudice against any trend. I believe we must keep our minds open. You see, I am like a kid in a French pastry shop in front of all those cakes — I want to taste everything.

### Who is your favourite international designer?

AMI by Alexandre Mattiussi. It's a man's wardrobe with French influences and designs that are not intended for glossy paper photographs but real people. It's easy, chic and creative.



### Are you familiar with Indian designers?

One of my favorite Indian designers is Manish Arora because of how he plays with colour and Indian cultural motifs. It's very cosmopolitan and at the same time it allows for a lot of mix and match.

### What are the accessories that you like collecting?

I'm totally addicted to shoes and there are more than 70 pairs of shoes at home. I'm trying to control it because of an increasing space crunch. Like a jacket, a pair of shoes is a real signature of your personal style.

### What do you want to add to your closet right now?

The last sneakers collection from Adidas in collaboration with Raf Simons. The style is like that of Stan Smith in pastel pink, which I think is one of the most important colours for summer 2015.



### Three words that describe your personal sense of style?

Eclecticism, colour and inspired. I'm a real sponge but I like to reinterpret the trends and the moods of the moment. Of course it's my job, but it's also my way of life.

### Which is your favourite shopping destination, and why?

Stockholm is an interesting city in terms of style, design and culture. It's a quiet city with a healthy state of mind. The city's style quotient is so different compared to Paris, London, Milan or New York. It's cleverly minimalistic but also so creative. In my opinion, ACNE is the most remarkable example of Swedish style.

### What was your last buy for your wardrobe?

A jacket from Commune de Paris with crazy embroidery on the back by Macon & Lesquoy. While the front looks 'normal', the back is this great work of art.

### What are your style influences?

All of it comes from my grandfather who was so careful about his appearance even though he had a day job. He would always have a nice jacket on, with a white shirt and a cap. I was impressed.

### What would you wear for an evening about town?

It's often a twist between casual and dressy with a colour accent added to it or a beautiful fabric. I like to wear a print tie or bowtie for evening parties or dinners as they are the right occasions to be creative. Tuxedos, on the other hand, should be set aside for important events.

### What has been your biggest splurge to date?

The Iphone6. I really like the spirit and the design of this brand. And nowadays we are linked to our phones in a crazy way so I prefer to invest in a nice one.

### A fragrance that you swear by?

For the last few months, I have been using a Homesteader's cologne



water from D.S. & Durga. It's a retro scent with monterey cypress, California bay laurel, sagebrush, coyote bush with cold fog and kelp.

### How many tattoos do you have, and what's the next one you have planned?

I have a variety of tattoos that cover my right arm up to my neck and I plan to extend some of them. The next tattoo will be one of me imprisoned in a bush of roses and thistle.

# HOW TO MAKE A STYLE STATEMENT

INTERVIEWED BY DEEPALI NANDWANI



## Tiger Shroff, Actor

➤ I like a functional and casual sort of a look. I like clothes that work well for casual occasions and sporty days. Basics, like a good pair of jeans and shirts, are very important. I give a lot of attention to white shirts.

➤ Layer yourself – a T-shirt paired with a jacket, a scarf and some accessories can make all the difference.

➤ Be conservative with patterns. Balance it out by ensuring the rest of the look is sober. Avoid mixing different patterns and prints.

➤ Mix classic elements with an unexpected twist, for instance, wear a suit with trainers.

➤ Every man should own one made-to-measure suit.

➤ A smart man looks for details and the right accessories. A pocket square is a fantastic way to add a unique touch to your look.

➤ Accessories should be accessories. If you have to think too much about what you should wear, it is not worth an effort.

➤ I like an old English gentleman kind of a look – complete with suspenders and a beret. I see no reason why men can't recreate classic looks once in a while, especially, if you are out for the evening and what to make an impression.

➤ Your body is your biggest style statement. Everything looks good on you if you have a great body. I played football in school, I have learnt martial arts as a child and four years ago, I hit the gym to chisel my physique. Fitness should be a combination of muscular strength, body composition, flexibility, muscular and cardio vascular endurance.

➤ My father, Jackie Shroff, has always been an inspiration. He was among the best dressed men in Bollywood and carried off bandhani shirts with a flair very few men managed. But largely, he stuck to a semi-formal style. I, on the other hand, prefer to keep it casual.



## [ How to look good ] The Woman's Take

### Gauri Khan, Interior Designer

➤ The best style rule to follow is to always stay comfortable.

➤ Most people will judge you by what you wear. So if you care about what people are saying, ensure you dress well.

➤ My relationship with fashion is very simple – it has to attract me and if I like something I don't think twice before picking it up.

➤ Every occasion has a dress code – whether you are eating out in a deli or at a black tie event. Meet those standards.

➤ A suit doesn't always need a tie or a shirt. Wear a T-shirt, a roll-neck jumper, or a v-neck cotton knit jumper with your suit.

➤ Ensure that your shirts and T-shirts fit well and aren't too tight. Fitted is good, snug is ok, but tight is terrible.

➤ White shirt and jeans – that's the look I like on men, though Shah Rukh (Khan) likes to wear a lot of black.

➤ Dressing in one colour will make you look taller and slimmer. But that doesn't mean dress in all white. Black or blue are the classic colours if you want go for the one-colour look.

➤ Your watch says more about you than your clothes, so keep it classic.

➤ Flip-flops are strictly reserved for the beach and the pool only.

➤ Develop other interests besides your work, like art, architecture, design or even reading. It will add a lot to your personality and style.

INTERVIEWED BY  
DEEPALI NANDWANI

# GROOMING GUIDE

THIS MONTH, KNOW HOW TO FIGHT AGEING, THE IMPORTANCE OF SUNSCREEN LOTIONS AND WEARING SUNGLASSES



▶ **Does one really need to wear sunscreen as a part of the daily routine?**



Yes, one needs to wear sunscreen under Indian conditions, at least between 10am to 4pm, as a daily skin care routine. The harmful effects of UVA, UVB and UVC radiations are responsible for 80 percent of skin ageing due to sun damage in the form of spots, wrinkles, pigmentation, tan, uneven complexion and even skin cancer. A broad spectrum sunscreen with both physical and chemical blockers, which is also waterproof, is ideal for prevention of sun damage and thereby delaying the appearance of visible signs of aging.

— Dr Geeta Oberoi, dermatologist and founder of Skin & You clinic

▶ **At what age do wrinkles start**

**showing up on the face and neck? How do I anticipate and prevent them?**

The age when wrinkles begin to show up largely depends on an individual's lifestyle choices and heredity. Those who smoke, or expose themselves to environmental pollutants on a regular basis, are more likely to exhibit premature ageing than someone who does not smoke and applies sunscreen. Ageing is a natural process in which skin changes are seen as a result of loss of collagen and elastin, which in turn leads to thinning of skin, pigmentary changes, easy bruising, dry and itchy skin. Natural ageing or intrinsic ageing begins as early as in the 20s when production of collagen and elastin tend to go down. Frown lines, drooping eyebrows, under eye bags, dark circles, smile lines, double chin, lax neck skin etc are the first signs. Ageing is a natural process that cannot be stopped. But you can reduce its pace. Get yourself a good sunscreen with SPF 50+ and

UVA and UVB filters, with both physical and chemical blockers. Avoid direct sunlight between 10am to 4 pm. Avoid smoking. Use protective clothing like hats and sunglasses. Add antioxidants and beta-carotene to your diet, which act as internal sun-protectants. And of course, control the level of stress in your life. Anti-wrinkle injections, dermal fillers, derma rollers, mesolift, mesoglow and radio frequency tightening are some of the modern methods used to bring back years on your face.

— Dr Geeta Oberoi

▶ **I have heard that wearing sunglasses regularly is good for the eyes. Is this true? How important it is to take care of the eyes while in the sun?**



Eyes are extremely light sensitive and can be easily damaged by overexposure to radiations in the visible and non visible spectra. Bright sunlight can merely be a distracting annoyance, but extended exposure can cause soreness, headaches, or even permanent damage to the lens, retina, and cornea. Short term effects of sun exposure include a temporary reduction in vision, known as welder's flash or snow blindness. But the long term effects consist of cataracts and loss of night vision. In both these cases, the damage is caused by ultraviolet (UV) light, which burn the surface of the cornea. For adequate eye protection, medical experts recommend glasses that can filter UVA, UVB and UVC rays from sunlight. Sunglasses reduce the glare of the sunlight and protect the retina and the cornea from the ultraviolet rays. Eyes experience less squinting and pain when you are wearing sunglasses. It also helps in the prevention of headaches that cause due to straining the eyes. Sunglasses also block dry wind and dust of the atmosphere which prevents damage to the eyes and reduces the issue of dry-eyes.

— Peyush Bansal, CEO & founder of Lenskart.com

(All interviews by Saloni Dhruv. If you have any grooming related queries, mail us at editor@mansworldindia.com)

## IN MY CLOSET

Neel Jani, Porsche's Indo-Swiss endurance racing driver, shares his personal style, his love for denims and why he does not wear sunglasses



➤ I have always enjoyed the casual sporty look — round neck or polo T-shirts, denims or shorts and sneakers. For me, clothes are about comfort and I don't like stuffy or tight clothing when I am not in my racing gear.

➤ For the last three years, I have been trying to put together what I call the 'elegant sporty' look. So, I mix and match with simple button-ups that fit well, denims and pop-colour sneakers or suede boat shoes.

➤ I don't enjoy ties much and for evenings, I generally just put on a blazer. If a tie is compulsory, I'll pick a slim black one. That's the Italian in me talking. I love getting my blazer tailored in India because I love the lapels they make here more than what most European designers do.

➤ I love colours and I try to stay away from monochromes and greys. I try out different colour combinations, but it's not that I get them right every time. I like pop and neon shades for my T-shirts and shoes.

➤ Because I am lean, I always choose well-fitted T-shirts or shirts, otherwise I look sloppy. I am finicky about denims. I am particular about the structure and the cut, and it's difficult to find the right fit sometimes. I wear slim fits and generally only high-end brands do good slim fits.

➤ I have lost count of how many shoes I have. I have shoes in my house, my cellar, my parents' house and in their cellar too. I have over 20 pairs of sneakers alone. I love them.

➤ Being from Switzerland, I have grown up with watch giants around me. I enjoy watches as accessories, but I am not too clingy about them. I might wear a watch for a fancy event or a shoot, but generally, you have a cell phone to tell the time.

➤ I don't wear shades because while driving it is important to get your vision quickly accustomed to whatever is in front of you. Therefore, I have always believed in not getting used to any external obstruction. The only time I wear shades, but as protective gear, is when I am skiing.

➤ I don't think clothes make a man, but they are a part of the package that gives the idea of who the man is.

INTERVIEWED BY ARNESH GHOSE



# WORLD CUP SPECIAL

**104** The Talented Mr. Sharma **92** Pundit punts **94** Black caps rising  
**96** The best World Cup **100** The quiet one **112** The sledging guide  
**114** The man who won't stop practising **118** Six packs or kegs

Eight of the world's top cricket writers make their predictions for the World Cup



### Osman Samiuddin

Writer at The National, contributing editor of The Cricket Monthly and author of The Unquiet Ones: A History of Pakistan Cricket

**Pick: New Zealand**

➤ I want New Zealand to win it and think they have a very good chance of doing so. They've got an excellent pace attack, with lots of depth, they've got Brendon McCullum as captain, Ross Taylor in outstanding form and Kane Williamson, one of the finest young batsman in the game currently. And, they're at home and field like demons. What could possibly go wrong?



### Dileep Premachandran

Editor of Wisden India

**Pick: South Africa**

➤ They've shown in Test cricket in recent years that mental strength is no longer an issue. They have the world's best bowler, Dale Steyn, and the world's best cricketer, AB de Villiers. The conditions will suit them as well.



### Boria Majumdar

Co-author of Playing it My Way, Sachin Tendulkar's autobiography

**Pick: New Zealand**

➤ At home, the Kiwis are always dangerous. It was Inzamam-ul-Haq's brilliance that ended their hopes in the semi-final in 1992. A team full of quality allrounders, New Zealand has the potential to surprise many and win their maiden title. They are one team that is expected to make the most of home advantage.



### Clayton Murzello

Group sports editor of Mid Day

**Pick: South Africa**

➤ I place South Africa and New Zealand as joint favourites, but if I had to pick one at gun point, it would be South Africa. They have the right balance in bowling and batting and they are always a terrific fielding side. However, they also need to have a spinner firing. I'm not reading too much into their tendency to choke.





## Sharda Ugra

Senior editor at ESPNcricinfo

**Pick: New Zealand**

➤ They have always been World Cup contenders, making it to six semi-finals, and have, in fact, won more World Cup matches than every other team except Australia. What they need now is a title to go with these impressive stats. Playing at home will be an advantage, and they have players well-suited to the ODI format.



## Sidin Vadukut

Managing editor of Livemint.com

**Pick: Australia**

➤ As a proud Malayali, I obviously want the United Arab Emirates to win the cricket World Cup. But, as a shrewd Malayali, my money is on the Australians. Those fellows are hard enough to beat overseas, but at home I think they will run away with it, with the crowd and conditions in their favour. I expect the south Asians to get thrashed down under, as is the norm.



## Rob Steen

Author of Floodlights and Touchlines: A History of Spectator Sport and regular contributor to ESPNcricinfo

**Pick: New Zealand**

➤ New Zealand will win. They are the most-improved team around, with an excellent pace attack spearheaded by Trent Boult and Tim Southee, an aggressive batting line-up led by Brendon McCullum, Kane Williamson and Ross Taylor, and plenty of all-round support. Plus, they have enough home advantage to surprise the big guns.



## Siddhartha Vaidyanathan

Contributing editor of The Cricket Monthly and cricket blogger

**Pick: South Africa**

➤ AB de Villiers and Hashim Amla have been in red-hot form, and youngsters such as Quinton de Kock have had a good start to their careers. Their pace bowling attack will benefit from the use of two new balls from either end. They will field better than most teams on Australia's big grounds. And, their allrounders will lend the team valuable balance.

GETTY IMAGES



# BLACK CAPS RISING

How New Zealand recovered from an all-time low in their cricket history to become one of the favourites to win the upcoming World Cup

BY PAUL FORD



New Zealand's World Cup squad has several superstars

*"A dark horse which had never been thought of, and which the careless St. James had never even observed in the list, rushed past the grandstand in sweeping triumph."*

Benjamin Disraeli,  
*The Young Duke*

**T**

he hot tips have been coming thick and fast: *l'enfant terrible* Kevin Pietersen reckons New Zealand will win the 2015 edition of the Cricket World Cup down under. A plethora of players, including horse-lover Ricky Ponting, Fanta-lover Dale Steyn, gel-lover Shane Warne and sunglasses-lover Sachin Tendulkar have tipped them as the surprise package for the tournament. Even Kiwi legends Stephen Fleming and Martin Crowe see New Zealand making the final in their sensible crystal balls. In fact, so many have predicted that the Black Caps are a dark horse for the World Cup, the steed's spine is in danger of being overloaded. What have they all been drinking, and from where does this tide of optimism stem? It all begins, as so many tales do, with an absolute maelstrom of disaster and distaste. And, it starts at the top. Mike Hesson collected the poisoned chalice that is the national coaching job in July 2012, taking over from John Wright after New Zealand Cricket's director of cricket at the time, John Buchanan, got his broom out and started sweeping. "[Hesson] will bring a freshness and new energy to the side, and we know he is more than capable of developing and growing

the team as we work towards the ICC Cricket World Cup 2015,” Buchanan waffled at the time. Gnashing of teeth began as Hesson was bagged for not having played first-class cricket – how could this bloke have beaten out nigh on 40 applicants? Only hard-out cricket followers knew who Hesson was: he’d coached Argentina, Kenya, New Zealand A, and the local Otago side for yonks.

Hesson defended his corner calmly, despite looking a bit like a possum in the headlights at times, and began the meticulous planning that he saw as critical for success at his all-consuming dream job.

Only a handful of months later, Hesson made a seemingly audacious call in recommending that Ross Taylor – the man he inherited as captain – be removed from his role as skipper in some or all formats, depending on who you believe and what was said and heard.

The machinations were an absolute dog’s breakfast, as claims and counter-claims about what happened in a Sri Lankan hotel room emerged piecemeal through a murky media haze of axes being ground and patches being protected.

The squabbling and kerfuffle was seemingly endless and abysmally handled, but the upshot was the thing – and Brendon McCullum took the reins in all three formats of international cricket in December 2012. Critics laid into Hesson for picking his mate as skipper. But, the coach defended his decision calmly and knuckled down to do his best.

It was a bottom of the barrel time for the game in New Zealand: accusations, name-calling, defamation actions and vested interests. Somewhere among the warring factions, most of us missed that the revolution had begun.

**T**he revolution began with a whimper: an eight-wicket hiding from South Africa in a Twenty20 international on the way to a 2-1 series loss.

Then came the catastrophic innings-plus-a-lot obliterations in the two Test matches, including the ignominy of being all out for 45 in 19.2 overs of the first session at Cape Town.

As the NZ Herald reported: In the wake of the calamitous 45 all out, McCullum retired to his room, grabbed a beer from the fridge



Brendon McCullum and Mike Hesson - the duo that turned New Zealand cricket around

**“We looked at each other and sort of went, well, we’ve got that out of the way, let’s strip everything away and start again,” McCullum said after New Zealand were thrashed by South Africa in early 2013.**

and was soon joined by coach Mike Hesson, assistant coach Bob Carter and manager Mike Sandle. “We looked at each other and sort of went, well, we’ve got that out of the way, let’s strip everything away and start again,” McCullum said. “It might sound presumptuous, but we decided that it wasn’t important how I wanted the team to look, or the way the coach wanted the team to look, it was how New Zealanders wanted us to play...”

The Hesson/McCullum makeover of the Black Caps has been a humble one. Both talk a lot about “team-first”; they talk about the team ethos and the way the team has responded in a situation.

Yes, there are superstars in the team – Kane Williamson, Ross Taylor, Daniel Vettori and Corey Anderson are some of them, and McCullum is the supernova – yet there are no pedestals. The egos will be there – it is a

cricket team after all – but they are in check.

This prohibition on prima donnas has cleared the path for contributions from lesser-known names that have been hugely significant: the grunting and effort balls from left-armer Neil Wagner against India, the guile and gumption of rags to riches spinner Mark Craig, the intransigent batting of BJ Watling at the Basin Reserve, the sticky fingers of Trent Boult, the bullwhip-crack timing of Luke Ronchi.

**T**hanks to the long shadow of relentless success cast by the world champion All Black rugby team, the New Zealand public has an ingrained expectation of winning: we hate losing, and we hate rich losers more.

As cricketers have ratcheted up their earnings to join the highest earners among the Kiwi sporting ranks, the risk increases that they will be perceived as unpatriotic cricketing vampires who don’t care about playing for New Zealand as much as the previous generations. It’s impossible for that accusation to hold any water in relation to this group of players.

There has also been an obvious focus on making sure the right people are in the squad and around the team. As New Zealanders who are a bit rough around the edges like to say, the GCs (good chaps) only rule has been put in place with a clinical efficiency. That’s meant a calm adieu to risky propositions such as Jesse Ryder.

The result is a team that is in it to win for the team and for New Zealand. Let’s hope this black-capped steed rushes past the MCG grandstand at the World Cup final in late March, sweeping to triumph and living up to its dark horse sobriquet.

PAUL FORD IS THE CO-FOUNDER OF THE OFF-KILTER AND BADLY DRESSED KIWI CRICKET SUPPORTERS OUTFIT AND OUTFITTERS, THE BEIGE BRIGADE (BEIGEBRIGADE.CO.NZ).

#### New Zealand: Combined Test, ODI & T20 results

Year	Matches	Won	Lost	Tied	Draw	Not lost (%)
2012	42	12	24	2	2	38.10
2013	38	12	17	0	6	47.37
2014	35	20	11	1	2	65.71
2015	7	5	1	0	0	71.43

The 1992 World Cup was the first major cricket tournament to feature coloured clothing



# THE BEST WORLD CUP

**A hair-raising run-out, a packed stadium, an emotional celebration or even a cup of tea with the team you support. It is moments that make World Cup memories.**

## 1992 The cup that spawned modern cricket

BY PABLO CHATERJI

“Ei, bugger, he’s allowed to do that or what?” I yelled. My 14-year old eyes, unable to believe what they had just witnessed, bulged; my arms were still above my head, in the ‘Howzat!’ position adopted by most young boys whenever they see a wicket fall. My brain had registered that Inzamam-ul-Haq had just been run out by Jonty Rhodes, but what it could not fully acknowledge was the manner in which Rhodes had effected the dismissal. I remember the sequence of events clearly, as if I were still sitting in the television room of my boarding school up in Ooty, with a bunch of equally flabbergasted friends. Brian McMillan sends one down towards leg stump. Inzamam tries to flick the ball all the way to Multan. He misses and is hit on the pads. The ball squirts away to backward point. McMillan turns for an optimistic appeal. Inzy, astonishingly, believes there’s a run in it and takes off, thereby establishing standard operating procedure for the rest of his career. Imran Khan, the non-striker, thinks Inzy is bloody insane and sends him back. Inzy stops, turns like an oil tanker and scrambles for his crease. He sees Rhodes soaring through the air, ball in hand, his body parallel to the ground. All three stumps are blasted out, and Steve Bucknor’s finger goes up. Inzy trudges back to the pavilion, unable to quite comprehend what has just happened; incidentally, his jersey has ‘Mushtaq’ printed across the back, ratcheting the WTF level up to 11.



Floodlights debuted in 1992



Jonty Rhodes takes off



The crazy rain rule robbed South Africa

That piece of athleticism, the kind that I had hitherto associated only with football goalkeepers and rhesus macaques, was so wickedly audacious that it bordered on chicanery - just ask Inzamam whether he felt he had been the victim of some kind of subterfuge. Rhodes's heist was, for an impressionable cricket fan like me, the highlight of the 1992 World Cup (Javed Miandad yanking Kiran More's chain came a close second). It was also the inspiration for innumerable copycat acts on the part of my friends and I, almost all of which ended with mouthfuls of dirt, vividly bruised ribs and scraped knuckles.

One supernatural run-out does not a best-world-cup-ever make, however; many more ingredients went into the pot that was the Benson & Hedges World Cup, and together they resulted in a richly satisfying tournament that, as far as I'm concerned, has never been bettered by any other World Cup (at least not the ones I've witnessed - I didn't exist in 1975, was two years old in 1979 and rather more concerned with mischief-making than cricket in 1983 and 1987). What exactly were these ingredients, then?

## Innovations - lot of them

Outlandish as it must have seemed, the concept of having the teams play in coloured clothing, with each player's name on the back of his jersey, was a novel one. Kerry Packer and his World Series had thought of it earlier, of course, but 1992 was the first time that a global audience was exposed to an all-colour World Cup. For me, the tournament became that much more exciting to watch, and being able to individually identify each player was great (except when someone like Inzamam wore Mushtaq's jersey).

The use of two white balls, one at each end, was also a first (the sightscreens were thus black in colour). This meant that there was plenty of swing to be had, leading to keen contests between bowlers and batsmen, with most matches seeing relatively moderate scores (there were exceptions, of course, with Sri Lanka memorably chasing down 312 against Zimbabwe, at the time the highest chase ever).

Batsmen didn't need to feel discriminated against, though. The 15-over rule was also put in place for the first time, allowing only two fielders outside the circle for the initial 15 overs. This gave birth to the role of the pinch-hitter. That Mark Greatbatch (a man who had once batted for two days to save a Test match) was the first to adapt to the role was deliciously ironic. New Zealand threw in another innovation of its own, opening the attack with the offspin of Dipak Patel, in order to combat batsmen trying to smash the ball over the infield in the first 15 overs; it worked, too.

Then there were the floodlights, another first for a World Cup - matches took on an entirely new visual dimension at night, and the different weather conditions also affected the state of play. Importantly, the nine teams all played each other in the tournament, with very close results, thus creating several possible scenarios for the semi-finals. This gave meaning to every single match and reduced the role of luck, an inveterate part of World Cups such as the 1996 and 2011 ones, in which a team could top their group in the first round and then lose a quarter-final to a team that had got through just by beating minnows (South Africa in both 1996 and 2011).

On the flip side, a new rule was devised for matches curtailed by rain, involving the calculation of factors such as the telecast schedule of *Neighbours*, the high-tide mark in Bournemouth and the amount of salt in a packet of potato chips; or, at least, these could have been paramount considerations, for all the sense the rule made to the average spectator. Ironically, this set the field for Messrs Duckworth and Lewis to come up with a more scientific calculation, later on.

Today, all of this reads like a statement

of the obvious, but back then, these were significant changes; they set the tone for what modern limited-overs cricket has evolved into; even as a non-expert, I could tell that cricket would never be the same.

## Moments of magic

For me, to see a brand new cricketing nation emerge onto the world stage was amazing, and that South Africa 'wuz robbed' in its semi-final against England only made the event more poignant. Every team seemed to have an established legend in its ranks, or a player or two who would go on to become one. Imran Khan, Kapil Dev, Malcolm Marshall and Ian Botham, all in decline but still capable of bursts of genius; Allan Border, Graham Gooch and Javed Miandad, cussed as ever; Wasim Akram at the peak of his powers, winning the World Cup in the space of two balls; Mushtaq Ahmed, the best leggie on the scene; Sachin Tendulkar, Brian Lara, Sanath Jayasuriya and Inzamam-ul-Haq showing that the world would soon be theirs; Chris Cairns and Andy Flower gearing up to become stars in their own right; Allan Donald, all zinc cream and blistering pace; Javagal Srinath, all vegetarian food and blistering pace - these were just a few of the individuals who stood out.

This was also the first World Cup to be held in the southern hemisphere, and it was memorable for the cheeky irreverence that the Aussies are so well known for. The commentary was witty, with tongue firmly in cheek, and the fans held up banners that were downright hilarious. The television coverage was the best I had seen, and in general there was a cheery lightness to the proceedings

that made me want to wake up early to watch every match. Sport is nothing if it doesn't grab you by the gut and refuse to let go; already a cricket buff at the time, the 1992 edition made me fall heavily in love with the game. I've never felt that way about the editions that have succeeded it.



Wasim Akram at his peak

# 1987 When cricket found a new home

BY AYAZ MEMON

Having reported on eight World Cup tournaments (two more than Sachin Tendulkar played in), to pick the most memorable is not easy. Witnessing India's victory in 1983 rates as among my most cherished experiences in sports writing. Nobody gave Kapil Dev's team a hope in hell. The result was totally unexpected and redefined cricket.

The win in 2011 under MS Dhoni was equally memorable, but for different reasons. India were favourites this time and also playing at home. Countering these advantages was the huge burden of expectations on the team. It had been 28 years since India had last won the World Cup, and their fans would not settle for anything less than a second title. There was a strong emotional pitch to India's campaign as well for this was to be the great Sachin Tendulkar's sixth and last attempt to be part of a World Cup winning team. How India achieved victory makes for one of the greatest chapters in the country's sports history.

But, while these two triumphs are obviously watershed moments in Indian cricket history, purely from an experiential point of view, the 1987 Reliance Cup was unique. This was the first time, after three tournaments, that the World Cup had moved out of England, that too to the Indian subcontinent, where it was jointly hosted by India and Pakistan.

I got to cover the tournament in both countries, crossing over

from Pakistan, where I was based for the major part of the tournament, to India for the second semi-final and the final.

My most vivid memories of the 1987 tournament are of the two semi-finals, played on successive days and involving Pakistan, first, then India. Both resulted in unhappy results for the host countries. In the first, at Lahore, Pakistan were beaten by Australia.

Till then, Imran Khan and his side had looked unbeatable. This was a close match, but the result was unexpected and sent the entire country into grief.

The second semi-final was to be played at the Wankhede Stadium, in Mumbai, between India and England. The charter flight that was supposed to take the Pakistan team from Lahore to Mumbai, and then Kolkata for the final, was now empty. I managed to grab a seat and found myself at the Wankhede the next day, confident India would win. The team had looked in splendid form right through the tournament.

But, like in Pakistan a day earlier, there was a stunning upset. England, having done their homework well, stymied the spin threat from India through the sweep shot. Graham Gooch played this to perfection, scoring a century and leading his side to 254, a score that might seem easy picking these days, but was daunting then.

India's response fell short of expectations. In his last international innings, the great Sunil Gavaskar fell for 4. Instead of recognising danger, the batsmen to follow adopted a cavalier approach that soon turned to panic as wickets kept tumbling. The last five wickets fell for 15 runs. India had been ejected from the tournament, causing nationwide gloom.

Instead of the two subcontinent giants taking the field at the Eden Gardens for the final, it was now Australia and England. There was some trepidation that disappointed Kolkatans might spurn the match. But, on the day, almost 90,000 turned up, much to the astonishment of the international media covering the match. This was the most significant sign that India was now the El Dorado of cricket.

The final was remarkable for the resilience and ambition of the Australians. Allan Border had under him a young side. He had become captain a few years earlier, when Aussie cricket was in deep crisis. This victory was to be a defining moment and laid the foundation for the great Aussie side that was to dominate world cricket for almost two decades after.

Where India and Pakistan were concerned, the disappointment of losing in the semi-finals was overcome to a great extent by the mere fact that they had successfully collaborated to host a World Cup. Cricket had succeeded where politics had struggled, to engage the two countries in a joint endeavour.

Sunil Gavaskar's dismissal silenced the large Mumbai crowd in the semi-final





Fans celebrate India's win in the final

## 2011 A tournament made by fans

BY ABHISHEK PUROHIT

I was five in 1987, when the World Cup was held in India for the first time. The only memory, a hazy one, I have is of India going down in the semi-final and the sweep shots played by Graham Gooch and Mike Gatting. I had just entered my teens when 1996 came along. The defeat of Pakistan in the quarter-final was greeted with much screaming, and the capitulation to Sri Lanka in the semi-final with many tears.

I was no longer just a fan by the time the 2011 World Cup happened.

I was six months into my job with ESPNcricinfo, a fresh journalist watching the tournament with a mix of objectivity and fandom. Soon

after India and England played out their heart-stopping tie in Bangalore, a chance to witness a World Cup game live took me to the Chinnaswamy Stadium. It turned out to be the night Kevin O'Brien stunned England and the rest of the cricketing world. The fervour of the Irish fans that night in Bangalore was memorably infectious.

Fans make or break a tournament, and that this edition of the World Cup would be a hit was evident on the evening of the opening ceremony, in Dhaka, itself. There were said to be as many people outside the Bangabandhu Stadium as inside it. No other place on earth is more passionate about the game than the subcontinent, and starting with that Dhaka evening, fans in Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and India showed that passion again. It is a continuing tragedy that fellow lovers of the game in Pakistan had to miss out.

Some of them managed to make their way across the Punjab border to Mohali for the second semi-final, which had a full-blown political and diplomatic attendance, with the prime ministers of India and Pakistan watching. The province with so much shared history between the two nations was an apt location for the match.

When Virender Sehwag and Sachin Tendulkar fell early in the final, I had almost given up hope. But, MS Dhoni hadn't. I was based in Bangalore then. After Dhoni hit the winning six and the revelling crowds descended onto Marine Drive next to Wankhede Stadium, I dearly wished I could somehow have been part of that unforgettable celebration in my home city. I returned home that night to find my usually composed room-mate, also a long-time friend, sobbing uncontrollably, overcome by what had happened. How can that not remain one of the moments of one's life?

## 2003 India show they have bouncebackability

BY SHARDA UGRA

Could 2003 be a favourite World Cup? How on earth could it be for an Indian? India got hammered in an embarrassing final. Yet, it is. Because in 2003 India offered their fans a "bouncebackability" that made following them utter fun.

Their itinerary was not restricted to the big South African cities. They travelled to wine country in Paarl, Pietermaritzburg, with its memory of Mahatma Gandhi, lived in Pretoria when playing in Centurion, and travelled to Zimbabwe while some teams

refused to do so in protest against President Robert Mugabe's politics. After an early, crushing defeat to Australia, one Indian said, "To get two points, we'll go to the dark side of the moon." The star batsmen may have been dazzling, but in the 2003 World Cup, India's seam bowlers were the surprise package, quick, stinging, harrying opposition (bar one of course) and backed by fielding we'd never seen before. This was a World Cup at which India were out of their "comfort zone", but went about busting some myths. About what was possible and what could be made to happen. Many days after the final ended in tears, it was discovered that after India's

bowlers had been pounded by Australia, Anil Kumble (not in the playing XI) told the gloomy batsmen that 360 could be chased — one boundary per over and 160 runs in the remaining 250 balls. The daring of it. That was them.

On the eve of the tournament, travelling Indian journalists were surprised to be invited by the team management to their Cape Town hotel for high tea. With one rider: no cameras, no mics, no recorders, no pens, no paper, and certainly no stories out of any chats. Turn up, ask whatever you want to whomever you want. It was made mandatory for every single player and support staff member to spend an hour putting up with the beastie boys (and girls), and they did. This was a World Cup before Indian cricket's age of entitlement set in. It was a pre-IPL, pre-cricket bully, pre-big three World Cup. And, the team reached the final playing like hard-charging cavaliers.



The famous huddle of 2003

# THE QUIET ONE

From the badlands of Uttar Pradesh has emerged a bowler with a face so angelic he could be launching a thousand ships rather than booming outswingers

BY ANAND VASU

PHOTOGRAPH BY  
TARUN GARG

On the surface, there is nothing Hellenic about Bhuvneshwar Kumar, the 25-year-old swing bowler from Meerut who has become one of the Indian team's most reliable members. There is, however, a classic, timeless beauty to the manner in which Bhuvneshwar approaches hurling a ball across 22 yards. Crouching at the top of his mark, Bhuvneshwar, slight of build and not overly tall or short, gathers himself with precise strides that grow steadily longer as he builds pace to arrive at the return crease with a lithely arched back.

This is all controlled, all choreographed, and has been perfected over years of hard toil. But, the position of his wrist as the ball is released? That is God given. Better bowlers have spent an entire lifetime trying to replicate this, only to fail miserably. It is in that wrist, at once supple and strong, that Bhuvneshwar's craft lies. A quick snap this way, and a ball that is gun-barrel straight tails away at the last moment, kissing the outside edge of the broadest blade presented. A whip the other way, and instead of leaving the batsman, the ball traces a sharp curve inward, hooping in past the bat to crash into pad and send out a chorus of appeals.

To understand Bhuvneshwar's art, it is worth tracing his career back to where it all began, for no man can escape his history and geography. Uttar Pradesh might now seem like an assembly line for cricketers, but that wasn't always the case. Today, the sports hostel system of the northern hinterland has thrown up the likes of Mohammad Kaif, RP Singh, Praveen Kumar, Suresh Raina, Sudeep Tyagi and, most recently, Bhuvi, as he is known to his friends. But, it was not long ago that the state was barely known for its cricket.

Meerut, where Bhuvneshwar is from, is close enough to Delhi to be affected by its politics, but just far enough away to beat to its own rhythm. For the longest time, there was little Meerut was known for beyond its unusually high lawlessness, gun culture and violent cricket. There was, of course, revdi, that sticky sesame seed and sugary winter sweet. There was the most well-known cricket goods manufacturing company, SG, whose cricket balls now travel the world, bringing renown to Meerut. There was Vishal Bhardwaj, India's most edgy modern filmmaker, whose adaptations of Shakespeare stay so true to his Uttar Pradesh roots it's scarcely believable. But, more than any of this, there was Meerut ki kainchi, immortalised by the great Saadat Hasan Manto, in his book about a Bollywood starlet he would not refer to by name. The scissors



of Meerut are so fabled, the industry has protected the term, so its name is not ruined by lesser imitations from outside the region. It's easy to think of Bhuvi as cricket's version of Meerut ki kainchi, a piece of raw metal from Uttar Pradesh that was smelted, shaped and sharpened into becoming a bowler who would trouble batsmen in fields as far flung as Nottingham and Port of Spain.

When a young Bhuvi told his parents he wanted to play cricket, there was barely enough money at home to pay for a pair of bowling spikes. But, by the time he rose through the age-group ranks, his canny swing bowling and doughty batting winning admirers, he caught the eye of Ashish Winston Zaidi, then coach of the Uttar Pradesh Ranji Trophy side. Zaidi, a swing bowler of some standing in domestic cricket himself, realised that he had a real talent on his hands.

Never the quickest, Bhuvneshwar hits about 135kph when his rhythm is just right. Even this pace, coupled with consistent swing, was enough to do the trick in the Ranji Trophy, especially when there was a bit of spice in the wicket. Steady performances there, backed up by streaks in which he harvested wickets by the bagful, ensured that he was handed his India cap at the age of 22. Replacing Praveen Kumar (who was cut from almost exactly the same cloth as Bhuvi, but was as temperamental as a rodeo bull with a spike in its hoof), he provided stability and variation to the Indian attack.

**I**n limited-overs cricket, with two white balls being used, swing was a major tool, and if anyone could get the ball to bend in the air, it was Bhuvneshwar. At home and away, MS Dhoni would use him as a bowler who stacked up the overs at the top, allowing the captain the option of saving his quicker bowlers for the unenviable task of bowling at the death. Bhuvneshwar's knack of winking out wickets at the top – he now has close to 100 sticks in all forms of international cricket – meant that it was not long before he was pressed into service in Test cricket. While he played a defensive role at home, it was on the pitiful tour of England in 2014, where India lost 3-1, that he really came into his own. While others around him struggled to keep going after an unlikely win at Lord's, he was at the peak of

Bhuvneshwar Kumar has one of the best wrist positions in the game



his skills. With 19 wickets in the series, he was comfortably the best of the Indian bowlers on offer. And, while others were nervous, fidgety and plain twitchy at the crease, Bhuvi was a picture of calm in the lower order. His 247 runs were bettered only by two top-order batsmen.

A soft-spoken man with droopy lashes, soulful eyes and a face so symmetrical that model coordinators chased him as much as cricket coaches, Bhuvneshwar shyly opened up about his methods to the Board of Control for Cricket in India's website. "If you think like a batsman, you have an upper-hand over the man you're bowling to. All the runs that I have scored here have played a huge role in the way I have bowled. Having batted there for long hours, I know where the batsman will find it difficult to play the ball," he explained. "I can anticipate what is going on in the batsman's mind and plan the next ball accordingly. The runs also give you confidence, which gets transformed into courage of conviction when you come on to bowl." He was particularly pleased with how he bowled at Lord's, where he took 6 for 82 in the first innings, becoming the third bowler from UP, after RP Singh (in 2007) and Praveen Kumar (in 2011), to get his name up on the honours board.

While it was Praveen who had provided the background to Bhuvneshwar when he embarked on the tour of England, it was how he was handled by his captain that gave him the confidence to dismiss the best in the world. "MS has always been a bowler's captain. Even in my debut match, he told

me, 'Set your own fields and make your own plans. If I feel the need to change anything, I will tell you.' Since then, it has worked that way, and he is very open to suggestions if I want something different from what he does," said Bhuvneshwar. "You have to

bowl a tight line and length, and, at times, MS also stands up [to the wickets] to me. That's for when the batsman is trying to get forward to cut the swing. If the keeper is standing up, in the fear of getting stumped, the batsman will not try to walk down the wicket to negate the swing. We have figured out when to use that ploy and against which batsmen."

Like all international cricketers, Bhuvneshwar has found that injuries strike just when the going seems

to be good. Persistent ankle problems have meant that he has had to return to the drawing board of first-class cricket more than once, slowly working his way back into the international scene. During his most recent spell out of the side, he watched India crash and burn in Australia, and was pressed into service in the final Test of the series, in Sydney. The first look at him was frightening. He was down on pace, there was no swing on offer and batsmen waded into him with barely disguised glee. But, as he got overs under his belt, it became clear just why India was so keen to get him back in the mix. With the World Cup at hand, and none of the express quicks showing any signs of consistency, Bhuvi will have a serious role to play.

In the past year, Bhuvneshwar has won an A Grade Contract, the highest possible, from the BCCI, was crowned its player of the year and also took home the People's Choice Award at the International Cricket Council's annual function. Life's good at the moment, and it will only get better when he returns to full fitness and is back to bending the ball through the air in that familiar fashion. India need Bhuvi, and he knows this only too well. ☺

ANAND VASU IS MANAGING EDITOR OF WISDEN INDIA



GUCCI

BURBERRY

ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA

JIMMY CHOO

BOTTEGA VENETA

CHANEL

BALLY

CANALI

EMPORIO ARMANI

HUGO BOSS

Luxuriously yours



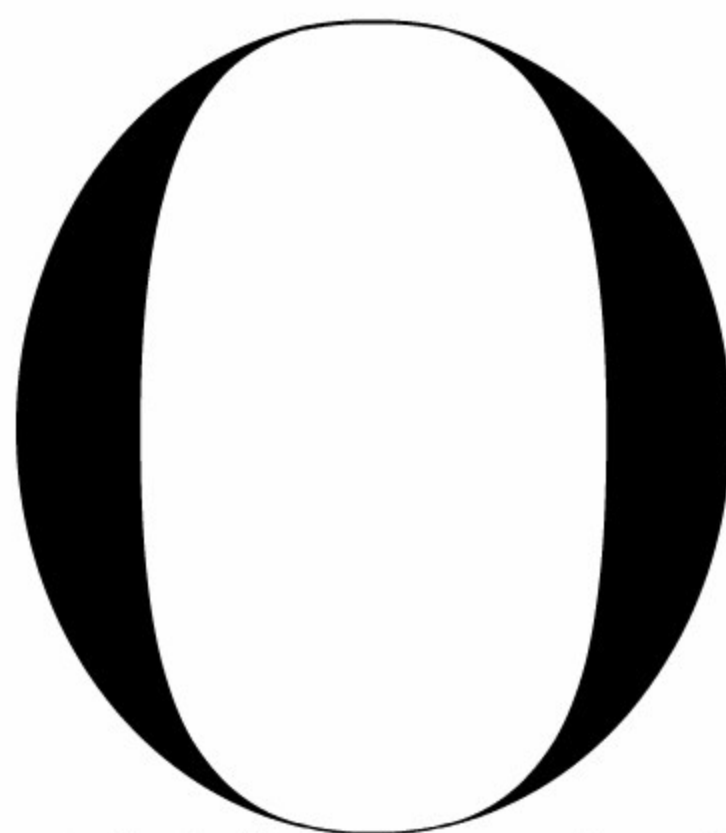
PALLADIUM

# THE TALENTED MR. SHARMA

**It is an unforgiving time to be an Indian cricketer, when hope melts into cynicism in minutes. When some laud your abilities, while others condemn you for not using them. Awe and envy cohabit. If you needed a symbol of the modern Indian cricketer, it would be the man called both Hitman and Nohit.**

BY DUSTIN SILGARDO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
COLSTON JULIAN/SALT  
MANAGEMENT



n a Facebook page called Nohit Sharma, there is a cartoon of Robin trying to tell Batman that Rohit Sharma is talented. Batman cuts Robin off with an almighty slap. It is a sentiment shared by a sizeable section of Indian cricket viewers. For them, the much-talked-about natural ability Rohit displayed when he burst onto the scene as a teenager has been gestating so long that it has gone from being a cause of optimism to a subject of ridicule. “Where is this much-vaunted talent of his hiding?” they ask. Has he not been able to find it in seven years of international cricket?

Ironically, if Rohit saw the Batman-slaps-Robin cartoon his detractors used to mock him, he’d probably want to be Batman. He is as tired as anyone of the gifted-cricketer image that drew itself from the elegant strokes he played in the 2007-08 Commonwealth Bank Series in Australia, when he was 20. Rather than treating it as a compliment, he seems affronted by the suggestion that his abilities are a product of fortune rather than fortitude. “People have misread that I am a talented cricketer,” he says. “In fact, I never even started off as a batsman. In school, I was a bowler who batted in the lower order.” It was only when he was in the tenth standard that Rohit began to work as much on his batting as his offspin bowling. Dinesh Lad, then coach of the Swami Vivekanand School team that Rohit played for, asked Rohit to open the innings, and he responded with a century. A couple of years later, Rohit dislocated his middle finger in a practice match against a touring Sri Lankan side. “I was unable to bowl, as I could not grip the ball. I was worried because I was always considered a bowler who could bat. I had to remodel myself as a top-order batsman, and that took a lot of hard work,” he says.

One can understand why someone who faced such setbacks in their youth would resent the notion that he has been blessed by nature, because that assumption is inevitably accompanied

STYLED BY ROLI GUPTA; HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY KRITIKA GILL;  
LOCATION COURTESY: NOVOTEL MUMBAI JUHU BEACH

Double-breasted  
jacket and white polo  
T-shirt both from  
ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA



by the suggestion that he owes nature something in return. That it is his duty to make of his talent not what he chooses to, but what the most demanding Indian cricket fan expects. "I don't have to prove anything to anyone. I only want to prove things to myself." Rohit's defiance belies his frustration with this perceived debt.

It weighed heavily on him, particularly when initial promise did not turn into immediate success. By the beginning of 2011, Rohit had received praise for his timing and elegance from several former Indian players; some even went as far as to call him the next Tendulkar. But, in 61 one-day internationals, he averaged less than 30, a record that caused him to miss India's 2011 World Cup campaign. Cricketer Abhishek Nayar, who has been one of Rohit's closest friends since they played together in Mumbai's Under-19 side, says there were too many people telling Rohit how talented he was and how he wasn't doing it justice. "It put him off a bit. If you're told something over and over again, there comes a saturation point. You say, forget it, I'm just going to be me."

After missing the World Cup, he came back leaner, stronger and more determined. But, the undulations in results continued. The day we sat down to discuss putting Rohit on the cover of MW's World Cup issue, we were nervous because he had been out of the side due to injury. The day we interviewed him, he had just made the highest-ever score in an ODI, a scarcely believable 264. A month or so later, he had played a few loose shots in the Test series in Australia, and his denigrators were back on Facebook, Twitter and Reddit, lamenting the unfulfillment of a promise he never made. Rohit is not an Indian cricketing hero. His is a layered character, both adored and despised, lauded and mocked, powerful and vulnerable. That is what makes him interesting.

**R**ohit Sharma does not have critics. He has haters. There is a distinction between the two. Critics make rational denunciations of people's work that are usually detached. Haters flock to the internet to insult and vent their anger at people, as if they have been personally wronged.

On a Reddit thread discussing why Rohit divides opinion in India so drastically, the general grouse of his haters seems to be that they feel he has been unduly favoured. Rohit was not being dropped, according to some, because senior players in the Indian team harboured some personal affection for him. That he was dropped, several times at that, is conveniently ignored. Favouritism is a topic that incites fury in Indian fans, not just because they see it as compromising the



Rohit Sharma celebrated his double-century against Australia in 2013 with rare emotion

**"In India, some people are genuine cricket fans and admire your work, but some people are just jealous. They don't want to see you succeed. They don't want you to be where you are right now."**

team they support, but also because it evokes a sense of injustice that is an all-too-familiar feeling in a poor nation. To Rohit's haters, he is the man who has been given too many chances in a country that offers most people none.

India's relationship with cricket is constantly evolving. After the 1983 World Cup, the sport became a source of great joy for Indians, and cricketers a symbol of hope: that simple, middle-class Indians

could become internationally renowned sportsmen. Now, India is no longer the romantic underdog in the cricket world. A string of fixing controversies has made its fans cynical, its board is the richest by far, and its cricketers, thanks to the IPL and brand endorsements, earn money and fame at a young age. The sense of struggle attached to Indian cricketers who made it in the 1990s has dissipated. It is natural, then, that modern cricketers, while still a source of inspiration, are also the subject of envy. When they fail, they are not just ordinary men making a mistake. They are arrogant brats carrying lightly the dreams of millions, while they dream only of their next BMW.

"In India, some people are genuine cricket fans and admire your work, but some people are just jealous," Rohit says. "They don't want to see you succeed. They don't want you to be where you are right now." When we meet at the Novotel hotel in Mumbai, which overlooks the popular Juhu beach, I ask Rohit, then fresh off his world-record 264, what he thinks would happen if he stepped out and took a stroll on the beach. He begins to laugh. "I should try it, actually. People will come up and have a chat because this is a cricket-crazy country. But, there will still be a couple of people who will have to criticise me." It is startling that a man should have to worry about being bad-mouthed the day after achieving something no one else in his field has. But, sure enough, a quick search on Reddit and Facebook reveals condemnations that Rohit's achievement is just evidence that he is a flat-track bully, who performs only against weak opposition in favourable conditions.

As the attitude of the Indian cricket fan towards the Indian cricketer changes, expectation slowly giving way to demand, jeering swelling into mockery, so must the Indian cricketer's attitude towards the fan. Rohit's answers when asked about his haters are marked by an air of resignation. "People are going to say what they want to say, regardless of whether you score 0 or 100. If you get 100, people will say you should have got 150. Now, I got 264, people are saying you should get 300. That's what the expectations

Green jacket by ERMENEGILDO  
ZEGNA; striped jersey cardigan by  
GUCCI; brown chinos by  
TOMMY HILFIGER



of people in India are. It used to bother me. But, now, I don't let it affect me."

Tired, perhaps, of the fickleness of Indian cricket watchers, Rohit and several other modern Indian cricketers seem to have adopted an almost dismissive attitude towards them. In the past, when crowds became unacceptably violent, Indian cricketers would be seen walking around the stadium trying to pacifying them. As recently as the 2003 World Cup, Sachin Tendulkar delivered a statesman-like request for the public to be patient with the team, after some unruly elements had vandalised team members' property following a loss to Australia.

When Rohit was heckled by some Indians during a net session on the 2011-12 tour of Australia, he used a slightly different tone from the polite one Tendulkar did. A Youtube video of the incident shows Rohit asking his hecklers "Who are you? Who do you think you are?" before calling them drunk and threatening to hit them with a bat, throwing in some choice expletives as he did so. "I had got a bit fried because I was not even playing our next match and was just trying to practise," he explains. "People don't seem to understand that we are trying our best and not messing up on purpose. It's a game we are playing. Sometimes you win and sometimes you lose. Some people don't get that." For a brief second, he seems mildly passionate about this dissonance between fans and players, but soon drifts back into indifferent acceptance. "It's fine. There's nothing you can do about it. People will talk and they are entitled to talk. You have to learn how to handle these things. It's best to just ignore everything."

In general, Indian cricketers have become far more stand-offish when dealing with the public. Virat Kohli gave some fans a taste of his trademark cuss words at an IPL match, after they said something incendiary to him as he walked towards his dressing-room. Bowler Praveen Kumar, in the same incident Rohit was involved in, threatened to find a new place to bury one of the stumps. Even MS Dhoni could not hide a hint of derision when he reminded fans before the 2011 World Cup that when they attacked cricketers' homes, the cricketers were not in them, their families were.

Whether the perceived arrogance and



Grey suit by HUGO BOSS at The Collective; yellow T-shirt by TOMMY HILGIFER

**"People say cricketers should not party and all. But, what is wrong with it? Why shouldn't you have fun if you are giving 100 per cent on the field? It's all right even if you party till late at night, just as long as you make it in time for practice the next morning."**

sense of entitlement that modern Indian cricketers seem to have is the cause or result of the Indian cricket fan's newfound ruthlessness is a chicken-or-egg question. Sociologist Shiv Viswanathan says cricketers today chase short-term success and are hence not bothered about building a long-term relationship with fans. "People like Tendulkar, Rahul Dravid and VVS Laxman had to go through the struggle and built a fan following over years. Hence, they are so revered," he says. "You can't build a loyal fan following quickly. Fans acquired fast will end

up being fickle ones. I don't think the modern bunch of cricketers have the vintage quality that cricketers of the previous generation did. Look at how much they talk. Do you remember Laxman ever saying anything at all?"

But, to blame cricketers for speaking their mind is to impose on them exactly the kind of presumptuous expectation Rohit's generation is rebelling against. They resent the notion that a cricketer should be a meek public servant.

One also must consider that the barrier between cricketers and fans has been broken in the digital age. In the 1980s, cricketers who fans turned into villains, such as Ravi Shastri, were only exposed to jeers when they played matches or appeared at public events. Today, fans, emboldened by the anonymity the virtual world allows, can aim their assaults directly at cricketers. The increasing lack of privacy that is a feature of this age means cricketers are no longer protected by the distance they used to maintain from fans. Everything about them – their girlfriends, their habits, their purchases – is public information.

Rohit Sharma owns an apartment in Bandra, Mumbai's most-expensive suburb, and several cars, including a BMW, that he likes driving in the tony neighbourhood of Cuffe Parade and to his friend's house in Lonavala. He has 1.7 million followers on Twitter and regularly posts selfies of himself in the many caps, pairs of sunglasses and other accessories he owns. When he has time off, he takes vacations with his friends to locations such as New York, Los Angeles and Las Vegas. He knows what flights go from India to the Maldives, what hairstyle suits him and understands what a fashion photographer means when he says "soft look".

There are thousands of fans who find all this alluring, as the many replies of "Looking cool, bro" and "I want to meet you" he receives on Twitter testify to. However, it is also easy to paint from this the picture of a pampered millionaire living a luxurious lifestyle, without doing as well at his job as his haters believe he should, still living off the so-called talent he showed as a teenager.

Rohit's image was not helped by a

newspaper story in which his coach, Lad, said a young Rohit looked at a fancy car and said he would one day buy it. "My dream was always to play for India," Rohit insists when asked about that story. "Buying an expensive car or a hot property in Mumbai was never a thought. All that comes only as a result of focussing on cricket. But, there's nothing wrong with having nice things if they do come. Why shouldn't you enjoy your life? You put a lot of hard work in and you deserve to get what you get."

Rohit says he does not go clubbing anymore, but used to enjoy it when he first started playing for India. "People say cricketers shouldn't party and all. But what's wrong with it? Why shouldn't you have fun if you are giving 100 per cent on the field? It's all right even if you party till late at night, just as long as you make it in time for practice the next morning."

The theory would work, except the nature of sport, and cricket in particular, does not exhibit the effort you have put in. It only displays the results. Score plenty of runs for India – like Kohli, for example – and all will be forgiven. But, have a few failures, and every aspect of your lifestyle is under a red-tinged microscope. Somehow, critics will find a way to link your wealth to you having a bad attitude on the field. The slightest sign of aggression, such as Rohit confronting Mitchell Johnson, the Australia fast bowler, during India's tour down under, is construed as arrogance.

To Rohit's friends, the spoilt-brat portrait his haters sketch would appear ludicrous. To them, he is a simple boy from a middle-class family from Borivali, a suburb of Mumbai, who needs only his friends and family around him to have a good time. "People mistake him for being arrogant because he does not talk a lot," says Nayar. "But, if you get to know him, he is actually a very warm person who always makes time for the people he cares about."

With his friends, Rohit spends a lot of time playing video games, watching football – he is a Real Madrid fan – discussing football fantasy leagues, watching movies and just hanging out and talking. Tanmay Mishra, the Kenya batsman, met Rohit when he toured there with an India A side in 2007. The two became close friends when Mishra moved to Mumbai in 2011. "Rohit has a great sense of humour," Mishra says. "He's always coming

up with great one-liners."

Mishra says he has watched Rohit mature from someone who splurged on things to someone who thinks about investing his money. "Recently, I was telling Rohit about a particular car he should buy. He said, 'No, maybe five or six years ago I would have bought it. Now, I have to think about my future,'" Mishra says. On cue, Rohit tweets about the stock markets going crazy. "When he was young, Rohit liked to go out and party. He's not the same person now. He'd rather sit at home and have a good meal with his friends. He's matured that way."

When Rohit travels to Borivali to meet his family, he makes it a point to meet his old school friends and play cricket with them in his backyard. "I go to Borivali every other day when I am in Mumbai," he says. "I discuss childhood stories with my old friends. I really cherish the moments I have with them. Back in Borivali, I am treated like any other kid from the neighbourhood. People see me on television, but they are also used to seeing me playing tennis-ball cricket in the garden."

Rohit has eight or nine uncles that he meets every time he goes to his parents' house, his manager, Ritika Sajdeh, who has known Rohit since 2008, informs me. "He has almost 50 people in his immediate family. When he is with them, he switches off from the world. He does not even check his phone," she says. When the constant buzz of opinions and criticism gets too much for him, he finds solace in the place he grew up. "He goes there and cuts himself off from the newspapers, television and social media. In Borivali, he has friends that knew him before he was famous."

When asked how Rohit deals with his haters, Rohit's friends give examples of his positivity and cool-headedness that could easily form a verse of Taylor Swift's 'Shake it Off'. "His mood doesn't change depending on his performances," Mishra says. "In fact, he is my go-to person when I am down. He always reassures me that it is just a phase and finds a way to cheer me up." Nayar says Rohit will never consider going off social media, because the criticism he receives there motivates him.

When Rohit's friends talk about the low phases in his career, they do so with empathy, with the understanding of the personal trials the man has been through that the public

lacks. Perhaps, this is where the discord between fans and modern cricketers lies. The fans expect not men but gods on the cricket field. Sport is their new source of mythological stories. Rohit's story is not an epic. It is a human story.

**“P**aisa bahut aa gaya tha na.” Dinesh Lad, the man who groomed Rohit, has a simple explanation for why his student lost his way for a few years after a bright beginning in international cricket: he got rich and got distracted. Rohit admits it was hard for a boy from a middle-class family to deal with the glamorous life of an India cricketer. “When you come from a simple background and are suddenly travelling around the world, staying at fancy hotels and eating at expensive restaurants, you feel a bit special. As a kid, I never dreamed of experiencing these things, so when I did, I felt a bit proud and got a bit excited.”

What sobered him down was missing out on the 2011 World Cup squad. “That was really disappointing. It was a World Cup in India, and I felt prepared and ready for it.” Those close to him talk about the World Cup snub as some sort of titanic wind that spun Rohit's head the right way around. “He did a 180 in terms of maturity and mental strength,” says Sajdeh. “He realised that letting things get you down and getting pissed off about small things was not the way to go. If he wanted something, he was going to have to work hard.”

A dejected Rohit called Lad when he heard he would not be playing the World Cup. “I told him just one thing,” says Lad. “Cricket has made Rohit Sharma who he is. You have to focus on cricket. He got quite emotional and told me he was going to make a comeback.”

In the months leading up to the World Cup, Rohit's ever-reliable haters had found something new to find fault with: his weight. The few extra kilos Rohit had been carrying onto the field were just what they needed to complete their picture of a privileged young man who couldn't even bother to look like an athlete, never mind perform like one. “Rohit wanted to prove to people he was better than what they were portraying him as,” says Nayar, who acted as Rohit's trainer on a



Rohit returned fitter and more agile after the 2011 World Cup

**“When you come from a simple background and are suddenly travelling around the world, staying at fancy hotels and eating at expensive restaurants, you feel a bit special.”**

radical weight-loss programme.

While India went about winning the World Cup without him, Rohit was running up and down the stairs of his building and going for long runs during hours of the morning he had never seen before. “We used to do two or three sessions a day, which was really hard, considering he was not used to that kind of exertion,” says Nayar. “To be honest, he never liked working on his fitness when he was younger. It took a change in focus: from getting runs to working hard on training. Once he made that change, everyone who knew him felt there was something different about him. The discipline he was maintaining was making him tougher physically and mentally.”

When Rohit appeared in the 2011 IPL, visibly slimmer and more energetic, he began receiving text messages and calls complimenting his new look. Soon, he was back in the Indian one-day team and enjoying one of his best phases. He averaged 94 in the 11 ODIs he played in 2011 post the World Cup. “There was a lot of positive feedback on my fitness, my batting and my attitude when I began playing after the World Cup, and it felt good,” Rohit says. “I had wanted to make a statement when I came back and I wanted people to see a different side of me.”

This was clearly back when Rohit still gave credence to the public's opinion of him. Now, he says he tries to stay away from reading anything about himself. He has realised that when you get into the habit of reading good things about yourself, you are curious about what people are saying when you are failing too. “It's better to avoid both praise and criticism. When you succeed, you feel like your hard work is paying off and that makes you more happy than reading an article that says so and so about you. I would rather just revel in having done something to help my team win than watch or read the news.”

What followed his 2011 comeback may have been what caused Rohit to give up on trying to please the world, because his story was not to be a simple tale of a young boy going astray, then getting his head straight and becoming the man everyone thought he could. In 2012, Rohit had an awful year. He averaged 13 in ODIs, following up a poor tour of Australia with a run of scores that read like a telephone number (5,0,0,4,4) in Sri Lanka. His impressive performance in the IPL did not translate into success at the World Twenty20, in which India crashed out before the semi-finals.

This was the period in which frustration with Rohit reached its peak. There was no longer the excuse of youth; no longer the hope that a slight change in mindset would conjure a dramatic turnaround in his fortunes. That was already supposed to have happened. Now, all that was left was a disquieting bewilderment as to why someone who looked a world-class batsman one day would look a walking wicket the next.

The seeds of discontent with Rohit had already been planted in the minds of his



Rohit copped some criticism for being overweight in the 2010-11 season; his haters are constantly finding new things to chastise him for (below)



haters. Now, the roots grew firm. At the same time, Rohit's disillusionment with his critics, whom he now saw as placing unrealistic expectations of perfection on him, also became complete. The two parties entered into an unspoken pact with each other. No matter what Rohit did from now on, his haters would simply wait for the failure they were sure would come. No matter what his haters said, Rohit would be his own man.

**O**n an ESPNcricinfo show analysing teams' chances at the World Cup, Graeme Smith, the former South Africa captain, had this to say about Rohit Sharma: "Looking at him from the outside, you just want to grab him, give him a shake and say 'let's go'. He's such a natural timer and has so much ability, you just wonder when it's all going to kick in." That sums up what a lot of people think of Rohit. In the past two years, every time he has threatened to cement his place as part of the spine of India's new batting line-up, a new question has arisen.

In late 2013, he went through a purple patch, hitting two centuries in an ODI series

against Australia — one a double — before making consecutive hundreds in his first two Tests, against the West Indies. But, on the following tours of South Africa, New Zealand and England, he struggled.

Now, the general classification of Rohit as a 'wasted talent' could no longer be justified. He was getting big scores, just not all the time. His disparagers had to become more nuanced in their vilification. They pulled out the dramatic difference in his home and away averages (66 versus 30 in ODIs); when his one-day average edged towards a respectable 40, they pointed out that his strike-rate was just above 80 — it is just 73 in away games — slightly slow for the Twenty20 age; when he began to look composed and in control during limited-over games, they joked that Test cricket gave him the jitters.

There is some truth in all of the above observations, but none provides the definitive reason to call Rohit a failed experiment. None is an unambiguous explanation to optimists and neutrals why, despite Rohit having played some remarkable innings, they still cannot say for certain that he will be the modern batting great they hoped he would be. Rahul Dravid says there are

flaws in Rohit's technique that cause him to struggle with the away-going ball overseas, adding legitimacy to the lion-at-home-lamb-away theory. But, to be fair to Rohit, the low scores he was berated for on India's travels in 2014 came in series that almost all of India's top-order batsmen struggled in. The 138 he scored in the recent tri-series against Australia proved he can still get big scores away from home.

Those who slam him for his strike-rate need to consider that Rohit seems to have been given a clear role as an anchor in the top order. He has been told to take his time early in his innings, and that sometimes results in him getting set and going on to amass massive scores. But, this will also occasionally lead to scores such as 18 off 42 balls (against South Africa in 2014).

The preceding paragraphs may seem like a defence of Rohit's record, but they are simply an insight into why analysing his career can be so frustrating. Trends don't continue, phases end abruptly and clear weaknesses one day turn into vivid strengths the next. You decide his mindset is the problem. He is rash and plays loose strokes. The next day, he calmly holds together an innings while wickets fall around him. You decide he has a problem outside his off stump, and he comes out and scores a half-century in swinging conditions. He does all this and then goes and finds a new problem, almost as if he would miss his haters if he didn't give them just enough opportunities to whip out their laptops.

The end result of all this is that Indian fans will go into the 2015 World Cup excited that they have a potential matchwinner at the top of the batting order, but with an uncomfortable uncertainty if that potential, that infamous talent, will surface when they need it to.

Somewhere, Rohit Sharma will know all this, but he will try not to think about it. He will go to the World Cup knowing he has a massive opportunity to do what he had hoped to do in 2011. When it is done, whether he succeeds or fails, he will probably come back from Australia, play a video game with his friends, visit his parents in Borivali and play tennis-ball cricket in his backyard, as the noise swells around him. ☹

# THE SLEDGING GUIDE

**What do you do when you can't win a World Cup with bat or ball? You win it with your mouth, of course. Here's what India's plan should be. BY KARAN ANSHUMAN**



**A**s India's World Cup campaign begins, the only people quivering at their bowling attack are their fans. Even the team's most fervent supporters will be taking the optimism, of defending the cup, stemming from Gru from Despicable Me India coach Duncan Fletcher with a pinch of salt (and a large glass of Bloody Mary). India needs to rethink their strategy on how the bowlers can get wickets. What can the likes of Umesh Yadav, Mohammad Shami, and Ishant Sharma do to make their efforts count? Or rather, what can they be good at? What can they practise day and night to turn their weaknesses into strengths? Not any kind of bowling, of course; not line or length or pace or variation. These will always stay our weaknesses. Instead, they must learn to sledge. They must use their good Indian education of learning by rote and rehearse opposition-specific, razor-sharp ripostes that will leave their rivals riled and rattled to a point where – if all goes to plan – they won't be able to negotiate the gentle, wide of off-stump deliveries that are served with a side of bacon. The jibes must be precision missiles, designed to strike where it hurts most. And, so, here is the plan-of-action, country-by-country → → → →



India recently got some English lessons from David Warner

### vs Australia

The Indian team has spent two months in another hemisphere without a single win. At least, it gave them time to study the opposition's techniques. Sledging techniques, that is. Imagine the Indians' surprise when David Warner affronted the entire team with mere gestures and words and the very next day went on to publish an anti-sledging book for children. India's feeble attempts to counter were met with utter dismissal, with Warner asking Rohit Sharma to "speak in English". This could well be the precise the strategy they need to adopt: master the Queen's English and confound the Aussies with eloquence, all in a thick British accent. Instead of saying, "You're ugly David", go with "My dear Mr Warner, we're empathetic of your consternation for your repugnant countenance. Care for a spot of tea?"

### vs Bangladesh

One of the few teams India will always bully, no matter the state of the game. Suresh Raina's average against Bangladesh in ODIs is 101. If you really want to mess with Bangladeshi heads, get Umesh Yadav to wave off their jibber-jabber and tell them to "speak in English".

### vs England

England remains the only team with the distinguished reputation of being sledged by an umpire. Phil Tufnell once asked how many balls he had left in the over, and Peter McConnell — Australian, obviously — shot back, "Count them yourself, you Pommie ba\*\*\*rd." So, picking on the Poms should be

no problem. Attack their team composition: "Hey England, can't find a captain from your own country? Hang on, with players of Indian, Pakistani, Irish and Zimbabwean descent, are you playing in the World Cup or are you the World Cup?" Or, try cuisine: "Hey England, when we said chicken tikka masala gives you the runs, we didn't mean in cricket."

### vs Pakistan

History has shown that in the case of Pakistan, it is they who must sledge first. That seems to get Indian players to respond instinctively, giving it back straight from the heart. No rehearsals necessary. Javed Miandad mock(hopp)ing Kiran More in 1992; Aamir Sohail showing Venky Prasad where he'd hit a boundary in 1996; Wasim Akram



Javed Miandad never needed words to sledge

smiling and shaking Tendulkar's hand in 2003 after the latter had hit what he called the best ODI innings of his career (still can't figure out that conspiracy). Always the same result: India has never lost to Pakistan in the World Cup.

### vs South Africa

Easy. The entire Indian team should perform an a cappella song, but instead of singing they should make up a tune with only gagging sounds. MS Dhoni can beatbox from behind the stumps before physios rush out thinking Ishant — who's been clutching his neck, croaking, and staggering around — has turned into a zombie. That should take care of the chokers.

### vs Sri Lanka

Unfortunately, Kumar Sangakkara's IQ alone is more than that of all the players at



Kumar Sangakkara's IQ is higher than that of all the players at the World Cup combined

the World Cup combined, so India will have to be wary. There is hardly an insult that won't meet a suave repartee accompanied by a Mozart soundtrack. Plus, the easy targets — the fatties — have all vanished from the Lankan squad. Instead, perhaps we can strike a bargain: take Jacqueline Fernandes back and maybe they can go easy on us.

### vs West Indies

Viv Richards is often credited for the best comeback ever. After Greg Thomas said to him, "It's red, round and weighs about five ounces, in case you were wondering," Richards hit the next delivery for a six into a river and responded with, "Greg, you know what it looks like. Now, go find it." But, the glory days are behind West Indies now. Even cricket boards are sledging them. The BCCI sledged the entire team by making an impromptu decision to fly them across the world and humiliate them by serving them up as cannon fodder for a "farewell series". You hold parties with cakes and balloons for farewells. You don't throw 11 grown men into a hostile arena with the crowd baying for blood. Cakewalk.



When you get an entire team to fly across the world to sign a shirt, you can spare them the verbals



# THE MAN WHO WON'T STOP PRACTISING

**Ajinkya** Rahane does not do aggression, swagger, angry celebrations or flamboyance. But, behind his meek, unassuming appearance is a fire and determination that has seen him go from being a benchwarmer to a fixture in the Indian team.

BY ABHISHEK PUROHIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MAKARAND BAOJAR

W

hen he was not even ten, Ajinkya Rahane was hit on the helmet by a fast bowler probably thrice his age in a local match in south Mumbai. He sat on the ground crying for a while, before refusing to go off the field, taking his stance again and hitting the same bowler for five successive fours. In Durban in 2013, Rahane ducked into another bouncer. But, he wasn't crying this time. Four deliveries later, another short ball arrived. And,

Rahane pulled Dale Steyn for four. He remained unbeaten on 51. In the second innings, he was the last man out, for 96 in a total of 223. Two months later, he made his maiden Test century, in Wellington. In July, he scored a hundred at Lord's, emulating his idol, Rahul Dravid. In December, he made his highest Test score, 147, in Melbourne. From spending 18 of 19 Tests on the bench, and failing on debut, Rahane had become the first choice for the No. 5 slot.

Success was not restricted to Tests. Originally thought to be too old-fashioned a player for the limited-overs formats, Rahane changed perceptions with consistent performances in the Indian Premier League. In 2014, given a chance to open the innings in one-day internationals, in place of the injured Rohit Sharma, Rahane scored two centuries, one in England and one at home against Sri Lanka, securing his position in the ODI side.

Former England captain Michael Vaughan has called him "the best technical player" in the Indian team. Former Australia captain Greg Chappell was impressed enough to say that "across a range of conditions, against a range of oppositions" Rahane was likely to be consistent.

"Anyone who plays with him knows he is a tough kid," says Dravid. "He has got a steel about him." That steel was developed early, when Rahane used to commute to south Mumbai's maidans from Dombivli, which lies about 50 km north. When he was a kid, Rahane was told to wait till the 7.30am train had come to a halt. As the train slowed, the older boys would jump in and grab seats. Rahane would board after the melee had settled and sit in the lap of one of his older team-mates. As he got older and played for representative teams, he started travelling alone, kitbag in tow, leaving at dawn to report for early starts.

Rahane does not do aggression, swagger or angry celebrations. He is not flamboyant. He talks haltingly at press conferences. He does not stare at you from billboards. He wears an almost apologetic expression. You can sense he is wary of the limelight. Shy. Reserved. Meek. These words progressively attached themselves to him. And, gradually, there was a perception that Rahane was not cut out for international cricket. Some felt he did not have the game for the highest level. Some felt he was just too nice to withstand the pressures an international player has to endure.

When asked about being termed too "decent" for international cricket, Rahane showed rare emotion, pointing a finger firmly to his chest as he spoke. "I am not shy on and off the field. Instead of decent, it is far better to call me humble. That is my upbringing. I have come from a lower middle-class family and I value each and every thing. It was an effort at the start to even get a bat. Arvind Kadam sir [whose club he played for] helped me get cricketing gear. Many times, I used to soak the whites I had worn for morning practice and wear them again for evening practice.

"My appearance may be humble on a cricket field, but from inside, I am aggressive. I do not show it on my face. I try to keep my emotions inside. I feel that because of staying cool, I am able to retain my stability while batting. I can handle obstacles and pressure better because of that calmness."

Amol Muzumdar, the former Mumbai captain, knows a thing or two about perception. "Lots of myths float around in Indian cricketing circles," Muzumdar says. "And, one of them is that you have to be in somebody's face to be recognised. That is not true. Ultimately, what is important is to score runs. That is how I think Ajinkya also looks at it. You can't fill a team with 11 Virat Kohlis.

"Eyes absolutely wide open, ears wide open,

mouth shut. You will learn." That was the way a junior cricketer was supposed to behave in the Mumbai dressing room, Muzumdar says. And, when Rahane came in, Muzumdar knew that the calm, quiet boy who spoke only when needed was absorbing everything. "That is rare. And, in today's world, extremely rare."

Rahane had been watching Muzumdar and Wasim Jaffer, another Mumbai captain, go about their routines in the Mumbai nets since his Under-14 days. "I used to see what kind of attitude and determination is needed to play Ranji cricket, and how they handled success and failure," Rahane says. "I managed to determine what attitude suits my personality."

Shahil Kukreja, a former Mumbai opening batsman, felt Rahane looked "out of sorts" the first time he saw him in a one-day match. "The day you saw Rohit [Sharma], you said, this guy is made for India. But, when you saw Ajju, you did not say that. He evolved, in a way that will help in the long run."

Even with 4624 first-class runs at an average of 69, with 17 hundreds, Rahane's India call-up was yet to arrive at the end of 2010. And, he was not getting enough chances

at his IPL side, Mumbai Indians, either. Rahane wanted to play regularly in the IPL, but there were few takers. Mumbai coach Pravin Amre remembers the time he mentioned Rahane's name to one franchise. "They bluntly told me, 'He is not a T20 player.'"

In September 2010, Rahane played for the Board President's XI against the Australians in Chandigarh. Shane Watson watched him make an unbeaten 113 off 111 against an attack that included Mitchell Johnson and Ben Hilfenhaus. An impressed

Watson called his IPL franchise, Rajasthan Royals, to recommend Rahane. Dravid, who joined Royals before the 2011 season, was also interested in the "curious" young batsman who had come up to him in Mumbai around 2007 to ask questions about batting.

When Rahane arrived at Royals in 2011, Dravid felt he was a little hesitant, but had the game to succeed. Soon, Royals entrusted

**"I am not shy on and off the field. Instead of decent, it is better to call me humble. I have come from a lower middle-class family and value each and every thing. It was an effort at the start to even get a bat."**

Rahane with opening the innings. “We could see he was starting to believe in himself,” Dravid says. “When you are young, you need that reinforcement. It comes when you get a little more stability in the team. Sometimes, in a bigger franchise, you are constantly under pressure for your spot.”

Going into IPL 2012, Rahane had a T20 average of 16.66 and a strike-rate of 110. He made 560 runs that season at an average of 40 and a strike-rate of 129.33, including an unbeaten hundred and a 98. And, he did it lofting boundaries over extra cover and straight down the ground. Although he had made his ODI and T20 international debuts after IPL 2011, it was the runs in IPL 2012 that brought him into the limelight. Zubin Bharucha, Royals’ director of cricket, now sees a future Royals captain in Rahane. “He has a long way to go strategically and tactically, but he is someone who people want to play for.”

It was around 2am one night in Kolkata when someone knocked on Bharucha’s hotel-room door. It was Rahane, who wanted to discuss his batting. Bharucha says that Rahane is “paranoid” about practice. At times, Bharucha had to tell him to stay in the hotel, since all the net bowlers were tired. Rahane was so engrossed in practising with Amre last year that Amre had to have Rahane’s birthday cake delivered to the nets. He practised till two days before his wedding. After returning from England in 2014, he cut short a leisure trip to resume practice. Ajit Agarkar jokes that Rahane should take a bowling machine wherever he goes. Dravid calls Rahane one of the most hard-working guys he has known. If Rahul Dravid has to tell you to “relax and chill”, you probably need to.

**R**ahane made his Test debut against Australia in Delhi, in March 2013, after 16 straight games on the bench. He got his chance only because Virender Sehwag was dropped, Shikhar Dhawan was injured and Gautam Gambhir was ill. It was close to the worst debut a batsman could have. He lasted 18 balls before gloving Nathan Lyon to backward short-leg. The second innings was worse. He staggered out to Glenn Maxwell off the fifth ball he faced and holed out in desperation.

Amre knew this was much more than a lost opportunity. Rahane’s confidence had taken a hit. “That Australia Test was a cross on his name,” Amre says. “He was shattered. Legends criticised him on air. I knew that was a turning point in his life. If he was gone, he was gone. He could have scored a thousand [Ranji] runs a season, twice, but that stamp would have been there - that he did not capitalise when he had the opportunity. That is how cruel this game is.”

Undaunted, Rahane worked with Amre, tweaked his backlift, and in late 2013, said



Rahane has adapted his game to succeed in limited-overs cricket

something that showed he had moved on from the Delhi debacle. “My time will come, and I don’t want sympathies,” he said. “I’m still young, and age is on my side. My Test debut might have come late, but I know I’m in the race. I will fight it out. I will keep working hard.”

Working hard came early to Rahane. He earned his black belt in karate by the time he was around 12, and that rigour reflects in his approach to fitness. He is one of the country’s finest fielders. His father believes that boys can lose direction between the ages of 20 and 25, but that despite experiencing fame and money, Rahane’s values have kept him grounded.

“Very rarely do you see a cricketer who is very clear that money, fame, and style are secondary,” says Atul Srivastava, Rahane’s manager for more than seven years. Srivastava is yet to meet another cricketer who, even in his fourth year as an international, says he does not want to rush into endorsements.

“If you run after something, it runs further away from you,” Rahane says. “I have always believed that if you let something be, it will come to you slowly.”

Wasim Jaffer says Rahane seems to belong

to another era. “He reminds me of old-timers like Rahul [Dravid] and [VVS] Laxman. In this generation, someone like Pujara or Ajinkya, they are open to learning and sincere hard work. They are not the party kind of people. There are so many distractions now in cricket, but they know their limitations.”

Sulakshan Kulkarni, the former Mumbai coach, says Rahane is not someone to sulk when dropped. “A person can get a bit relaxed about fielding when he is sitting out. But, he would ask me for specific fielding sessions [in the Mumbai nets].

It shows how sincere the man is.”

After his forgettable Test debut, Rahane was back on the bench for the home Tests against West Indies, in November 2013. Rohit Sharma began with 177 on debut at Eden Gardens and followed it with 111 not out in Tendulkar’s final Test. After the match, when Tendulkar was sitting in the dressing room, Rahane walked in to say one final goodbye. As he turned to leave, Tendulkar

stopped him and told him that it was now up to Rahane. “I said to him that he might feel hard done by what had happened in his career so far, but he should continue to be the way he is, for I was sure Ajinkya would get another chance,” Tendulkar writes in his autobiography *Playing It My Way*. If Rahane continued to serve cricket the way he had always done, wrote Tendulkar, the game would take care of him in the future.

**“Very rarely do you see a cricketer who is very clear that money, fame and style are secondary,” says Atul Srivastava, Rahane’s manager. Even in his fourth year as an international, Rahane does not want to do endorsements.**

# YOUR FAVOURITE MAGAZINE IS NOW YOUR FAVOURITE WEBSITE



**www.autocarindia.com** has been voted the Best Automotive Website of the year, receiving overwhelming support from car and bike lovers across the country.

With the website of India's leading automotive brand having sharply increased its total and unique visitors year on year by 81% and 103% respectively, it's no wonder been liked on all counts, starting from content, design, navigation and recommendation intention.

eggfirst.com



**AUTOCAR**  
INDIA  
www.autocarindia.com



The England cricket team worked more on their bodies than their game during the 2013-14 Ashes

The 1992 World Cup was the first major cricket tournament to feature coloured clothing

# SIX PACKS OR KEGS

How did physical fitness gain such significance, becoming almost a cardinal rule, in a non-contact sport that stops play periodically for lunch, drinks, refreshments and tea? BY ADITYA IYER

“

I

n my playing days, the ice was kept for the beers.” Michael Holding is not an advocate of cricket’s modern fitness routines. Back in his day, ‘warm-downs’ at the end of a tiring game consisted of sharing a pack of fags and a few cold ones with team-mates, usually in the opposition’s dressing room. It was a time when the term six-pack meant nursing a hangover the next morning. A time when the term ice-bath indicated just one thing; a tall glass of whiskey had been allowed to sit a little too long in the slanting rays of the evening sun.

Few, however, realise that the man sincerely defending the charming old ways of his sport played an irrevocable role in the physical radicalisation of the game. It was Holding, of all people, who inadvertently helped install the current-day training regime that he so despises; one that all cricketers, both wannabes and professional, adhere to like a well organised religion. On a particularly scorching dawn in Australia back in 1982, Holding — still known as Whispering Death at this point and not Bottled Thunder, as he would be called for his baritone commenary voice — found himself scowling at the foothills of a hillock in Adelaide. Besides Holding, and wearing similar facial expressions of surprise and anguish, stood Andy Roberts, Joel Garner and Colin Croft. These four, members of the most hallowed pace battery in cricket’s history, felt a simultaneous pang

Beer, cigarettes and a rock-and-roll lifestyle didn’t stop Shane Warne from taking 708 Test wickets



of nerves — a feeling they had almost never experienced on a cricket field — as a little white fellow commanded them to run up the hill. And down. And up again, for an hour.

The little white man's name was Dennis Waight, and in this particular setting, he was an aberration in every possible way. Waight was Caucasian, the West Indies pacers were of course black. Waight was diminutive, the pacers were tall, like oaks. And, Waight was a physical trainer, a designation unheard of in cricketing circles in those days. So unique was his presence in the West Indies dressing room that captain Clive Lloyd, still terribly unsure of what a trainer's role was at this point, had asked Waight if he could "make these blokes fire by making them angry".

"The team needed six quick wickets on the fourth day of that Adelaide Test and Lloyd, the captain, asked me to fire them up," Waight, cricket's first physiotherapist who stayed with the West Indies side for 23 years, said in an interview recently. "For an hour before the start of play, I made the players run up and down the hill. They weren't happy; Croft, Holding, Roberts and Garner were hopping mad and they went out and bowled like fire. Soon after, we won rather easily"

Waight had achieved a lot more than his short-term goal of stirring up his flock of fast bowlers. He had commissioned cricket's first officially organised training session beyond the jurisdiction of a cricket field. Four pairs of giant feet had just taken baby steps towards a fitness overhaul of the game. Those feet carried the programme far, so much so that age-group cricketers today work on their Body Mass Index, core-strength and endurance as much as they would on their on-drives and wrong 'uns. So much so that when England found themselves 4-0 down in the Ashes and staring at a whitewash before the Sydney Test in 2013, the think-tank's solution was to put their players through the grind of an extra fitness session on the eve of the game.

Watching Alastair Cook's side collectively chisel their abs and pecs instead of fine-tuning their techniques, Simon Briggs, The Telegraph's cricket correspondent, observed the following in utter disbelief. "The thinking seems to go that if we could just lose another 0.5lb of



Australia captain Warwick Armstrong smoked cigars during games



Physio Dennis Waight (far right) had the hard task of convincing the 1970s and 80s West Indies team that they had to exercise

fat, we'll be lighter on our feet when it comes to facing Mitchell Johnson." Had Warwick Armstrong, the first truly great Australian Test captain, been alive to witness his rivals participating in the act of sit-ups and crunches a day before a Test match, he would have helped himself to a full-belly laugh, giggling all 140 kilograms of his mass with it.

If you haven't heard of Armstrong, then this remarkable story will tell you a little more about him. Not long after he alighted from his ship on the docks of Southampton in England, Armstrong noticed that a boy had been following him close on his heels. When he turned around to oblige the young autograph-seeker, the boy said: "Please, sir, you are the only bit of decent shade in this place."

Armstrong, known as Big Ship, played 50 Test matches for Australia in the early part of the 20th century, all while chewing on cigars during lunch and knocking back ales at tea. Yet, his fitness (or lack of it) didn't stop him from batting days on end to strike six Test centuries, score nearly 3000 runs at an average of 40 or even claim 87 wickets while bowling legspin.

Talking of legspinners, the greatest of them all, Shane Warne, was known as much for his rock-and-roll lifestyle off the field as his brilliance on it. Yet, it wasn't the beer, cigarettes or easy women (all of which he loved in equal measure) that stopped him from adding to his tally of 708 Test wickets. The regimental methods of the modern-day game did. "If I could just turn up the night before and play, then I'd probably still be playing," he famously quipped. "But, there's too much other rubbish they carry on with these days — jump tests, fitness things."

So, the question begging to be asked is how did physical fitness gain such significance,

becoming almost a cardinal rule, in a non-contact sport that stops play periodically for lunch, drinks, refreshments and tea? And, are the days of the portly cricketer truly over?

It's hard to say, but the answer, perhaps, lies in the most likely conspiracy theory, which suggests those born without as much talent as a lucky few can always find an able substitute in hard work. That theory explains why the physically supreme specimen Rafael Nadal, armed with 19-inch arms and granite

slabs for legs, eventually wore down the extremely gifted Roger Federer, whose physique told us that he treats the gymnasium like he would a day at the mother-in-law's.

But, more poignantly, the theory tells us why the days of the portly cricket champion are well and truly over. Every time Virat Kohli reiterates the fact that his perfectly formed biceps and a taut abdomen helped him pivot the ball away for the winning runs that led his country to yet another victory, it dawns upon you that never

again will a captain built like the pot-bellied Arjuna Ranatunga hoist a trophy over his shoulders again.

Gone are the days when the big-boned Inzamam-ul-Haq is forced to go on a diet and quickly reverts to binging on halal-meat again, for starving himself brought him just 19 runs from six matches during the 2003 World Cup in South Africa. And, vanished from our collective memory are the days when the rotund David Boon allegedly knocked back 52 cans of beer on a single flight from Sydney to London -- the official Australian cricket drinking record.

That mark will never be broken ever again. Why? Because these days, ice is used to fill up a bath-tub in a dressing room, not a thermos basket full of cold ones.

**"If I could just turn up the night before and play, then I'd probably still be playing," Shane Warne once quipped. "But, there's too much other rubbish they carry on with these days — jump tests, fitness things."**



# THE DE

# SERIFER

**CS SANTOSH, THE FIRST EVER INDIAN TO TAKE PART IN THE LEGENDARY DAKAR RALLY, IS NO RUNAWAY — BUT HE'S DEFINITELY A RENEGADE. BY RAJSHEKHAR RAO**



## OFF TRACK

**“I believe you have plans, but then there’s destiny at the end of it.”**

CS Santosh. Motorcyclist. Rally-raid competitor. Closet philosopher.

**Yes,** CS Santosh has plans. He’s travelled for over 30 hours to finally alight at the Kempegowda International Airport, Bengaluru. On his mind is the thought of his own bed at home, a welcome change from the tents in the Atacama Desert. He’s also thinking of his family and friends who will, no doubt, be relieved to see him once again, greeting him with hugs, smiles and congratulatory slaps on the back, with an accompanying friendly bark from Rocko, his pet dog, adding cheer to his homecoming. At the same time, like any passenger exiting an airport, he’s thinking of the more mundane aspects of travel — whether he’ll get a cab easily and will all his luggage fit in it? This is his usual routine — leave the airport alone, hail a cab alone, head home alone. This time, though, things are different. →

**HE** wheels his luggage trolley out of the arrivals gate and spots a banner hanging on a railing. It has a picture of him astride a KTM 450 Rally motorcycle, with the words 'CS Santosh Dakar Champ' on it. He smiles and waves out to the people he recognises. Then, he's met with a loud cheer from what he had assumed was the regular airport crowd. It takes a while to sink in that the people gathered there have showed up for him — all of them. Not just family and friends, but fellow competitors from the past, people from the motorsport community, camera crews and journalists and motorsport fans. He's overwhelmed. He pauses for a second, leaning against the trolley and looking down at his feet. He scratches his eyebrow with the back of his thumb, shakes his head in disbelief and starts to walk towards the exit. The next thing he knows, he's in the air, hoisted onto the shoulders of KP Arvind, a fellow motocross rider and dear friend, and that almighty roar continues. He's their returning hero because on the 4th of January, CS Santosh became the first Indian to ever start the terrifying Dakar Rally. On the 17th of January, he became the first Indian to finish the Dakar Rally. And, no matter what happens in the days to come, no matter what life throws his way, no one can take this away from him. He has, in some sense, fulfilled his destiny. But, it sure as hell hasn't been easy.

"It was like a tap had been turned on. There was blood everywhere," Santosh tells me. It happened on the third day of the Dakar Rally, a massively gruelling rally raid that now runs over 9000 kilometres in South America, heading from Argentina through to Chile and Bolivia. It's 14 days of intense and punishing riding, the route moving from the stony Andes to the disorienting dunes of the Atacama Desert and the stark white stretches of the Salar de Uyuni (the Bolivian salt flats). It's the sort of rally that breaks the hardest motorcycle rider — and unfailingly claims lives every single time it runs. Men and women often get lost during the event — some succumb to dehydration, others fall victim to fatigue that leaves them unable to carry on and nearly everyone crashes. In Santosh's case, that crash, on the third day, with just 15 km



**IT'S THE SORT OF RALLY THAT BREAKS THE HARDEST MOTORCYCLE RIDER — AND UNFAILINGLY CLAIMS LIVES EVERY SINGLE TIME IT RUNS**

left for the day's stage to end, was a big one. Bent handlebars, twisted navigation system and a knock on the nose that felt like Mike Tyson had decked him good and proper. The bleeding just wouldn't stop.

For Santosh, it was one of the defining moments of his Dakar debut. The decision was either to try and fix his bleeding nose himself, or to let blood pour down his face, getting soaked up in his helmet liner, and to somehow just make it to the end of the stage. There'd be help at the medical tent at the bivouac. At that moment, all that he had to do was ride hard. It would set the trend for the rest of his rally. The first time, it was a bleeding nose and 15 km to go. The next time, it was a broken toe and 300 km to go. Then it was very nearly swept being away, motorcycle headed to one watery grave and Santosh to another, when a river crossing went almost completely wrong. And, the theme of the Dakar slowly became clearer with each passing instance — the underlying cruelty and fickleness of nature. What also came to light was the fibre that comprises CS Santosh, making him the sort of chap who simply never gives up and constantly

displays a resilience of human spirit that is tremendously rare. He's one part adamantium, one part special ingredient X, and while it might not be polite to pass comment on the size of his *cojones*, if I had to hazard a guess I'd say bowling balls might develop an inferiority complex.

Dakar 2015 wasn't the first time Santosh's mettle had been tested. Every single day, since he decided to live life full throttle, a new challenge had cropped up. From the first time he watched a supercross race in Bengaluru (and decided that was exactly what he'd like to do for the rest of his life) to the struggle in getting into the TVS Racing Factory Team to catching a flight to Australia, unaware of what lay on the other side. He'd gone simply because a rider he'd once met had said, "If you're ever in Australia, let me know and I'll teach you a thing or two about motocross." But, there comes a time in everyone's life when they reach a tipping point, the time when they need to decide whether all the pain is worth it, whether they can justify to themselves their reasons for getting back in the saddle, broken bones, bruised egos, highs and lows



**THE DECISION WAS EITHER TO TRY AND FIX HIS BLEEDING NOSE HIMSELF, OR TO LET BLOOD POUR DOWN HIS FACE, GETTING SOAKED UP IN HIS HELMET LINER, AND TO SOMEHOW JUST MAKE IT TO THE END OF THE STAGE**



blooded male side to him. There's a picture doing the rounds on Twitter of Santosh, evidently feeling like roadkill at the end of a stage, checking out a pretty girl who'd called out to him. "You have to see it to believe it," he tells me. "Along the liaison stages, for hundreds of kilometres, you see so many beautiful people. And, the women in Argentina are very, very beautiful. I had to give some of them a second look," he says with a wicked grin. Oh, yes, he's also single and not displeased that we're about to broadcast that fact. "It's all good in the hood," he chuckles.

What's next for him? Another year at the World Cross Country Rally Championship, another crack at the Dakar, improving upon his 36th place and achieving a top-10 finish, he hopes. He isn't the sort to rest on his laurels — in fact, he doesn't even hang onto his trophies, giving them away to friends or to anyone he believes will appreciate them. Yes, even the Dakar bedouin. He says it's going to someone very special — but he won't say who. Santosh's philosophical side surfaces when we speak of the future. He's said to me before that he believes off-road riding is an apt metaphor for life itself because you need to make your own way through, create your own path and figure things out for yourself. And, in this business, in which he risks absolutely everything for his passion, "I need to believe in some sort of higher power, need something to put my faith into, need to believe that someone up there is looking out for me because that's the only way to keep going." Even with all the uncertainty. And, it's this that he looks forward to, he says. The challenge of the unknown — exactly like the challenge of dreaded events such as the Dakar and exactly like the challenge of life itself. ☺

included. For Santosh, this turning point came when he made the transition to the World Cross Country Rally Championship in 2013. In the first round of the championship, in Abu Dhabi, he crashed in the desert, the fuel tank on his KTM exploded and the motorcycle caught fire — as did Santosh. Third-degree burns meant he had to sit out the rest of the season, but the thought of quitting never occurred to him. There was just the thought of getting better, getting back on the motorcycle and getting to the Dakar.

Maybe it was the challenge of getting to the Dakar that was nearly as great as the challenge of completing the event itself. Santosh had to deal with motorcycle manufacturers who wouldn't back him, even if they stood to benefit immensely from it. He met sponsors who simply could not wrap their heads around the concept of the Dakar — "Ride around in the desert? What for?" And, he had to contend with the fact that his parents, once they had grasped the magnitude of the Dakar, were more than a little shocked. "You really don't have to do it," his father had told him. But, he did

indeed have to do it. Sponsorship from Red Bull materialised, along with a factory-supported ride with Heinz Kinigadner was his. The journey thereon has already been entered in Indian motorsport's book of history with some sand from the Atacama and salt from the Salar alongside it.

**WHEN** he's not riding cross-country on his motorcycle, or training people to do the seemingly impossible astride a motorcycle at his Big Rock Motopark, in Kolar, Santosh is your regular Bengaluru boy. 'CS', in true South Indian style, stands for Chunchunguppe Shivashankar, which is the name on his passport and thus the name that appeared on the official Dakar entry list. "My dad wasn't thinking when he named me," Santosh quips. His parents, once they understood that their son was dead serious about being a professional motorcycle racer, supported him. His sister, a tennis player, "worries about me, but not to the point that it gets annoying". Santosh, in turn, helps out with the family's essential oil business. That's not to say that there isn't a typical red-

# The Enfant Terrible of Carnatic Music

Meet the man who has been rattling the genteel world of Chennai's Carnatic music with his performances and provocative writings. **By Sudha G Tilak**

In the rarefied world of Carnatic music in Chennai, Thodur Madabusi Krishna is even rarer. At 38, he is among the youngest singers to have made a mark in the last decade. Krishna is equally well-known for his attempts to shake up the established social and cultural traditions around Carnatic music through his columns, books and even his effort last December to organise a music festival in a Dalit fishing village in Chennai to coincide with the city's famed music season. "The idea was to create human connections that can make us all better, less fragmented people. Through this festival, we hope to create conversations among people of different sections of the society whose lives rarely intersect. This is only a beginning," says Krishna.

Born into a family of a well-off upper-class businessman, Krishna's talent was first spotted and nurtured when he was still a kid by the well-known vocalist and composer B Sitarama Sarma. His first public performance was at the age of 12, but he went on to finish his degree in economics at Chennai's Vivekananda College before returning to music full time. On numerous occasions, he has spoken about his love for economics, and it is a subject he still keeps in touch with. A keen writer, Krishna's engagement with his audience is not restricted to concerts. His regular columns in *The Hindu* are not just on music but even prickly issues, including swearing in today's language, secularism, Modi's win at the elections and Sri Lankan cricket.

As any regular of the Chennai season would have noticed, Krishna is usually everywhere. When he isn't performing, he can be seen cycling to concert halls to enjoy the music of his contemporaries. He is active on social media, and this year, he is even in a film that has been playing across theatres in Chennai. Stretching over 90 minutes, *One* (referring to the oneness of music) has Krishna singing his pieces against the backdrop of the woods, lakes and mist of the Nilgiris, set to the accompaniment of a tremulous tanpura and the warble of woodland birds. He makes a pretty picture, his rich timbre adding to the magical atmosphere in which music blends with nature's elegant display.

On the film, Krishna had told a newspaper interviewer, "I do think this is the first time that such a project has been done with any kind of music. The magic is that nothing is artificial in what you hear. The sound is as it was in the woods and hills at early hours and through the day, [and I was] physically, emotionally and intellectually responding to what was around [me]. To add to that, you hear every



MURALI RAJU

**In his book, Krishna cast his erudite and critical eye on every aspect of Carnatic music — from the *kutcheri* system of concert programming to caste, gender, religion, language and technology**

leaf, the wind, the water all being a part of the music itself.” While *One* is not a box-office record breaker, given its niche audience, it remains special and worthy of classical music archives for offering Carnatic music in an atmosphere outside the confines of concert halls that are burdened with elitism and caste purity.

**But**, despite this film and his love for cinema, Krishna has not yet joined fellow Carnatic musicians in playback singing for the movies. He has had offers but has desisted. “I am completely open to the idea, but the song has to be me,” he says. Coming from Krishna, the term ‘the song has to be me’ is loaded with meaning. He is well-known for his contrarian views on how Carnatic music is used in South Indian films, and has been outright critical in the past. As he explained in his provocative 2013 book, *A Southern Music: The Karnatik Story*, “Another phenomenon that started in the 1980s deserves mention. This is the popular series of lectures and programmes to cull out ragas used in films and then connect them to Karnatik compositions. What is important to remember is that the moment the raga is taken out of the Karnatik music context, it is not a Karnatik raga any longer. Many would argue against this viewpoint. They would say that their window to Karnatik music was, in fact, film music. My problem is not with a person who listens to film music and is exposed to Karnatik music elements, thus leading him to explore the art form. My problem is with Karnatik musicians themselves speaking about elements in film music as being similar to Karnatik music itself. This correlation is dangerous. In making these literal comparisons, Karnatik musicians are blurring the ideas of Karnatik music and disfiguring the thoughts of new entrants.”

Described by Nobel laureate Amartya Sen as “one the best books I have ever read”, *A Southern Music* ruffled feathers far beyond the Chennai film music fraternity. An effort at understanding his own art and the philosophy behind it, the book is in the form of 27 essays in which Krishna casts his erudite and critical eye on every aspect of Carnatic music — from the *kutcheri* system of concert programming to caste, gender, religion, language and technology. Most importantly and controversially, he questioned the inherent elitism and the continuing male Brahmin dominance in Carnatic music. “Some maintain this is a figment of my imagination. The truth is that the world of Carnatic music is not a welcoming one. Being inclusive is not holding something tightly in our palms and telling the rest that they can come in anytime. I will definitely persist in sticking my head out for the simple reason that I love this music so much,” he says in his typically blunt style.

It is not surprising he is described as arrogant by many in private. While in concert, he would often toss the format around, choosing to



**While *One* is not a box-office record breaker, it remains worthy of classical music archives for offering Carnatic music outside the confines of concert halls that are burdened with elitism and caste purity**

sing introductory pieces of a raga, and not the entire musical composition. There are times when, he says, he felt that the initial raga *alapana* at the moment of his performance was complete as a musical piece, and that he did not feel the urge to sing the whole song. He has on occasions walked out of the hall much before the stipulated three-hour concert time, leaving the audience bewildered. Then, there have been times when he has become teary-eyed mid-concert in an emotional fit. In fact, he has claimed in interviews that he dislikes being called a performer. He sees himself as “a vehicle of sorts for creating art” in the artistic space of a concert hall or a drawing room.

It is entirely in keeping with his spontaneous nature that, in 2011, less than two years after the Sri Lankan civil war destroyed the LTTE, he decided to go to the battle-scarred Jaffna region to perform and engage with students and groups. As was his decision last month to organise the Urur-Olcott Kuppam Margazhi Vizha, the alternate music festival with fellow musicians Unnikrishnan and Veena Jayanthi, at the fishermen’s village, in Besant Nagar

Beach. “I think access to Carnatic music must be given to all to learn, perform and listen to it,” he says.

The concert itself made for an intriguing sight for a visitor. Krishna and a local NGO first helped clean the village. By the fishing nets and rowboats was a salt-sprayed stone wall that announced the concert in graffiti. Krishna plonked on the sands with his accompanists and performed. From balloon-tugging parents and candyfloss sellers to evening walkers and a knot of foreigners, people gathered to listen to one of India’s ace classical maestros. A little dune away, you could spot the slow arrival of the village women in their bright nylon saris and flower-decked heads. “The December music and dance season in Chennai is the biggest in the world, and I could not think of a better venue for a parallel narrative to begin,” he says.

While the success of his sociocultural endeavour remains to be seen, it cannot be argued that Krishna is taking a bold step. He says he has won some friends among his contemporaries who agree about making music more inclusive. His only response to his detractors is to continue doing what he believes in. “Discrimination does exist. We have to question it,” he says. He is also working on festivals to make music more accessible to students and children with disabilities, and is currently collaborating with interested groups to revive and archive South India’s musical traditions. “I used to be myopic in my view about the arts about a decade ago. But, now I watch a lot of dance, theatre and painting. I just watch everything that is around me,” he says. If a work of art moves him, he says, it stays with him forever. ☺

# TRACKING TIME

OFFICINE PANERAI ★ NEW LAUNCHES ★ A. LANGE & SÖHNE

## HUBLLOT'S WORLD CUP WATCH



As it has done with football and basketball, Hublot has embarked on a long term association with cricket. At a function in Delhi, in November 2014, attended by David Richardson, Chief Executive of the ICC, Ricardo Guadalupe, CEO of Hublot announced the brand's appointment as the Official Timekeeper in the ICC Cricket World Cup 2015 to be held this month. The same day also saw the announcement of Australian captain Michael Clarke as a Hublot brand ambassador.

To mark its entry into the world of cricket, the Swiss brand has also launched a specially made Classic Fusion Chrono Aerofusion Cricket watch. Equipped with a HUB1155 self-winding chronograph movement open-worked to reveal its mechanics, the watch features distinctive signs on its dial linked to cricket: triple appliqué in reference to the stumps at 12 o'clock, and cricket bat shaped hands on both counters. The case-back bears the symbol of ICC Cricket World Cup 2015, and the strap is in red calfskin leather strap stitched onto black rubber, with triple saddle stitching in the style of the cricket ball.



TRACKING TIME

WATCH  
TALK

# ELEGANT

## OMEGA DE VILLE TRÉSOR

**The Watch:** 40 mm case in 18K Omega Sedna gold, yellow gold or white gold. Powered by manual winding Omega Master Co-Axial caliber 8511 with a power reserve of 60 hours.

**Stand Out Factor:** The understated elegance of its classical look.



## HERMES DRESSAGE L'HEURE MASQUÉE

**The Watch:** Limited edition of 500 pieces in a 40.5 x 38.4 mm case in rose gold and powered by a mechanical self-winding movement with a power reserve of 45 hours. Dual time.

**Stand Out Factor:** The hour hand remains hidden beneath the constantly moving minute hand, and surfaces only at the press of the crown-integrated pushbutton. So does the dual-time window display.



## TAG HEUER AQUARACER 300M CALIBRE 5 AUTOMATIC WATCH 40.5 MM

**The Watch:** Comes in a 40.5 mm polished and fine-brushed steel case and is powered by the automatic TAG Heuer Calibre 5 with a power reserve of 38 hours. Unidirectional bezel with engraved numbers. Comes in a variety of dial colours: black, silver, anthracite or navy blue.

**Stand Out Factor:** The remodeled exterior with a bold silhouette that gives it a younger, more casual, elegant and sporty look.



## CARL F. BUCHERER ADAMAVI

**The Watch:** Comes in a 39 mm 18K rose gold case and is powered by an automatic caliber with a power reserve of 42 hours.

**Stand Out Factor:** Classic appearance, timeless simplicity and mechanical reliability.

## CHOPARD L.U.C 1963 LIMITED EDITION IN PLATINUM

**The Watch:** Limited edition of 50 pieces in a 44 mm platinum case with a mechanically hand-wound movement with a power reserve of 60 hours.

**Stand Out Factor:** The translucent porcelain-style white dial which occupies almost the entire diameter of the watch.



# ON THE SHELF



## TISSOT T-TOUCH EXPERT SOLAR

**The Watch:** First touch-screen watch powered by solar energy. Functions include perpetual calendar with indication of day and week number, two alarms, two time zones, weather forecast with relative pressure, altimeter with difference meter, chronograph lap and split with logbook, compass, timer, azimuth, regatta function and backlight.

**Stand Out Factor:** The plethora of functions that have been packed into this watch.



## CASIO EDIFICE SMARTPHONE LINK EQB-500

**The Watch:** Solar powered, with a 52.0×48.1×14.1 mm steel case, and can be operated with a Casio app on a smart phone. Functions include dual time, stop watch and 33 months of uninterrupted operation on full charge.

**Stand Out Factor:** The watch is linked to the Casio app in the owner's smartphone, and automatically adjusts to the local time with one push of a button. Users can also set the time corresponding to about 300 cities worldwide just by selecting from maps and city lists included in the app.



## CALVIN KLEIN ALLIANCE

**The Watch:** Chronograph with date at 4 o'clock, in a polished and brushed stainless steel case with silver and black dial.

**Stand Out Factor:** The elegance of its linear construction.

## TIMEX E-CLASS CHRONOGRAPH SPORTS COLLECTION

**The Watch:** The 'Sport' collection features a 46 mm solid stainless steel case that houses a 12 hour chronograph, precise up to 1/20th of a second, with a tachymeter and a battery power indicator.

**Stand Out Factor:** The high precision chronograph.





TRACKING TIME

WATCH  
TALK

## A. LANGE & SÖHNE CELEBRATES 20TH BIRTHDAY OF ITS BRAND ICON LANGE 1

On the occasion of the 20th birthday of its brand icon, the Lange 1, A. Lange & Söhne is introducing a special 20-watch edition of the Lange 1 Tourbillon with the epithet "Handwerkskunst". The black enamelled main dial sets the perfect stage for the mirror-polished hour markers as well as the matching hands in rhodiumed gold. The black solid-silver subsidiary dial for the seconds is slightly recessed into the main dial. The contour of the aperture for the tourbillon has meticulously polished chamfers. The numerals of the Lange outsize date are grey on a black background.

The lavish decorations of the calibre L961.3 manufacture movement deserve the attribute "Handwerkskunst" in every respect. The solarised three-quarter plate made of untreated German silver has generous cutouts that reveal the identically decorated twin mainspring barrel. The tourbillon bridge, crown-wheel and intermediate-wheel cocks are elaborately engraved with a technique that sculpts the motifs out of the material. Seven screwed gold chatons as well as two diamond endstone bearings for the tourbillon constitute the finishing touches.

In 2008, more than 200 years after the tourbillon was invented, A. Lange & Söhne's product developers succeeded for the first time in reliably immobilising the balance wheel inside the rotating tourbillon cage. Finally, timepieces with tourbillons could be stopped and set with one-second accuracy. The patented stop-seconds mechanism is also integrated in the new watch. A stately platinum case with a diameter of 38.5 millimetres protects the artisan-crafted masterpiece.



Lange 1 Tourbillon  
Handwerkskunst

## IWC SCHAFFHAUSEN OPENS FIRST BOUTIQUE IN THE UK



The new boutique  
on London's New  
Bond Street

IWC Schaffhausen has opened its first UK boutique on London's New Bond Street in Mayfair, home to some of the world's most luxurious brands. The two-storey outlet covers a total area of 90 sq m. The new design concept allows for complete adaptability to the local architectural context. The product presentation and furniture is consistent with other IWC Schaffhausen boutiques globally. In keeping with its Art Deco

exterior, the new Bond Street boutique features Art Deco elements throughout, making it entirely unique in comparison to other IWC boutiques worldwide. IWC's signature monochrome colours are augmented by piano-finished Macassar wood, polished stainless steel, Carrara marble and luxurious carpets. The new boutique offers the most exceptional collection of IWC timepieces available in the UK, including a special edition Big Pilot's Watch Perpetual Calendar in stainless steel, manufactured exclusively for the boutique. The Portofino Midsize, IWC's newly launched diamond-set collection, will also be available. The new boutique features an all-new lighting concept by French lighting designers Ponctuelle.

## OFFICINE PANERAI REOPENS ITS HISTORIC FLORENCE BOUTIQUE

Officine Panerai is reopening and enlarging its historic boutique in Florence, the city in which the brand was founded, having commissioned the architect designer Patricia Urquiola to carry out the project. Situated in the centre of Florence, in the Piazza San Giovanni, facing the city's impressive Duomo, Officine Panerai's historic boutique is expanding from an area of 58 to 285 sq m and from one to four large display windows. The Florence boutique is actually unique, compared to all the other boutiques designed by Urquiola, while at the same time remaining consistent with the concept developed for the new or renewed Panerai shops in Paris, Hong Kong, New York and Miami. The Florence boutique has several typical and unique elements: walnut wood is a recurrent factor and it is used everywhere, from the coffered ceilings to the watch display cases and the tables. For this boutique, Urquiola decided to use another element that is typical of Italian tradition: the marble chosen for the floor is "striato olimpico". As a recurrent element in all the Panerai boutiques, Urquiola has chosen brass, a metal which recalls the world of the sea and ships.

The renewed Florence  
boutique has several  
unique elements



# 'WE DO NOT PRODUCE WATCHES IN BULK'

JAIPUR WATCH COMPANY HAS CAUGHT THE EYE OF CONNOISSEURS AND HISTORY BUFFS WITH ITS WATCHES EMBEDDED WITH ANCIENT COINS



Niche player Jaipur Watch Company specialises in making bespoke watches with ancient coins. It was started only in 2013 but this year plans to produce about 1500 watches this year, 300 out of which will be from the newly launched Imperial Wrist Watch Collection, 500 for the King's Wrist Wear Collection, and the remaining from the two more collections that it intends to launch this year. With its main designing team in Hong Kong that works in coordination with a designing support team from Jaipur, the company's marketing is outsourced, along with its production line which is in a joint venture with one of the



finest watch making factories around. The coins are selected and sorted personally by Gaurav Mehta, Founder Jaipur Watch Company, who recently spoke to Raju Bist.

## Can we trace the Jaipur Watch Company story? When was it formed? What does it specialise in?

Jaipur Watch Company started in 2013. My passion for horology and numismatics combined together gave birth to Jaipur Watch Company and its premier collection - Coin Watches. The coin watches are embedded with ancient coins in the dial that make these watches unique and add a touch of royalty to it. We create bespoke watches by handpicking the coins. Every coin undergoes a range of



tests for authenticity and quality. The coins that we use come from personal collections and numismatists all over the world. Our first collection is the Imperial watch collection that embeds the King George VI coin in its dial.

## How many models are there in the Imperial Wrist Wear Collection? What is the total number of watch units that you will be producing?

The Imperial Wrist Watch collection consists of watches that house the 70 year old King George the VI coin in its dial. Its name comes from the fact that King George VI was the last ruling British king, the first head of the commonwealth of India. All the watches in the collection house the King George

coin, we use both the sides to create the watches and there are six different variations in it. We do not produce watches in bulk, they are bespoke and created in a limited number according to the demand and the orders that we receive.

## What is the specialty of the Imperial Wrist Watch Collection?

Its speciality is the 70 year old coin, housed in a stainless steel case of an automatic watch with a sapphire crystal glass and a sapphire stone winder. The aim was to create watches that are as durable as they are regal and sophisticated, therefore all are watches are waterproof.

## Which concept has been most in

## demand - ancient coins, monograms, emblems, flags, insignia or motifs?

The concept of ancient coins has been the most demanded and loved by our customers. We believe it is because of the idea of carrying a souvenir from the history of Indian coinage on their wrists in the form of a watch allows them to relive a little bit of history, making the watch an heirloom worthy of being passed down across generations.

## How does it work - do you suggest concepts to potential buyers or do they come to you with their own ideas?

Most of our buyers do not have too many ideas when they approach us, once we start working with them suggesting designs and customization, it gives them a better idea of what they are looking for.

## What is the percentage of foreign buyers versus Indian ones?

We get requests from all over the world including a huge number of requests from Dubai and UK. The percentage of buyers from India is a lot more than that of foreign buyer as our marketing strategies are targeted at the Indian market, as of the moment. Since the coins that we use mark the journey of the Indian currency through time, Indian buyers find it very fascinating.

## On a personal note please tell us something about your fascination for numismatics.

Since childhood, the idea of collecting coins interested me, I was fascinated by the stories and the history every coin came with. Slowly I started building this little fascination into a collection by collecting and safekeeping every ancient coin I could get my hands on. I started collecting the myriad forms of the Indian currency coins along with a lot of other currencies. It built into a huge collection, which had varieties from different currencies but not a common theme. Under the guidance of a renowned numismatist, I started to develop a theme to the coins I collected and began to sort them upon their related history.

## What do you collect more - coins, banknotes or medals?

Apart from coins I also have a collection of medals, I happen to have medals from the World War II and some rare medals from princely states across the country.

# Nota Bene

This month in fashion and style



## ▲ Corneliani

Luxury Italian men's wear brand Corneliani offers a wide range of urbane gifting options for men this Valentine's Day. Sprinkled with a touch of flamboyance and ample of chic Italian style, Corneliani brings its unique gifting options for men created from high-quality materials and great attention to detail. Be it stylish ties, tie bars or cufflinks for the ultra fashionable man or the neat and sharp belts and shoes for the man with refined taste or leather bags and accessories to enhance his looks, Corneliani proves to be the perfect gift for expressing love this season.



## ▲ Harley-Davidson

Harley-Davidson India has opened two new independent dealerships - Diamond City Harley-Davidson in Surat (seen here) and Tusker Harley-Davidson in Bengaluru. With this, there are now 17 authorized Harley-Davidson dealerships across India. The launch of these dealerships stands testimony to the strategic expansion plans underway by Harley-Davidson as it completes five years in India. The newest dealerships will offer the entire Harley-Davidson India line-up of 13 motorcycle models, starting from Rs. 4.3 lakh (ex-showroom, Delhi). Harley owners will also be able to choose from a wide range of Harley-Davidson parts and accessories to customize their bikes as well as motor clothes merchandise.



## ▲ Wrangler

This season, Wrangler, the original outdoor denim brand offers a chance to get Ride Ready with Wrangler's latest True Wanderer Bike Pack with exclusive features and Wrangler's Silver Shield Denims. The True Wanderer Bike Packs come with 3D Mesh Cushions at the back which provides good ventilation and better airflow that enhances comfort for the biker. The fabric used is a coated water resistant one that ensures toughness and durability. The easily adjustable shoulder strap makes it adjustable to any back length and also has a mobile pouch on the strap which makes it easily accessible.

## ◀ Grasim

A part of the Aditya Birla Group, Grasim welcomes the pantone colour of the year, Marsala, with its latest range of jackets and fabrics. Marsala is a naturally robust and earthy colour, with a unique kind of sophistication and masculinity which makes it effortlessly befitting for men. This collection comprising of seamlessly soft and smooth fabric, is a must-have for all fashion-forward men. These basic yet unbeatable pieces from Grasim's Marsala-inspired collection are a perfect fit for social gatherings. Highlighting the richness of Marsala, they exude an impeccably earthy look. They are perfect for an evening out or a trip to the club to make a definitive style statement this season.



## ▲ Police

Icon, the new fragrance from Police, is ideal for men with a strong personality, who seek an energetic perfume that is characterized by an eccentric and an ever-unpredictable style. Along with the ingredients of the perfume, its container too stands out. The unique and singular design of the semi-transparent glass bottle has thousands of facets that create an extraordinary array of reflections.



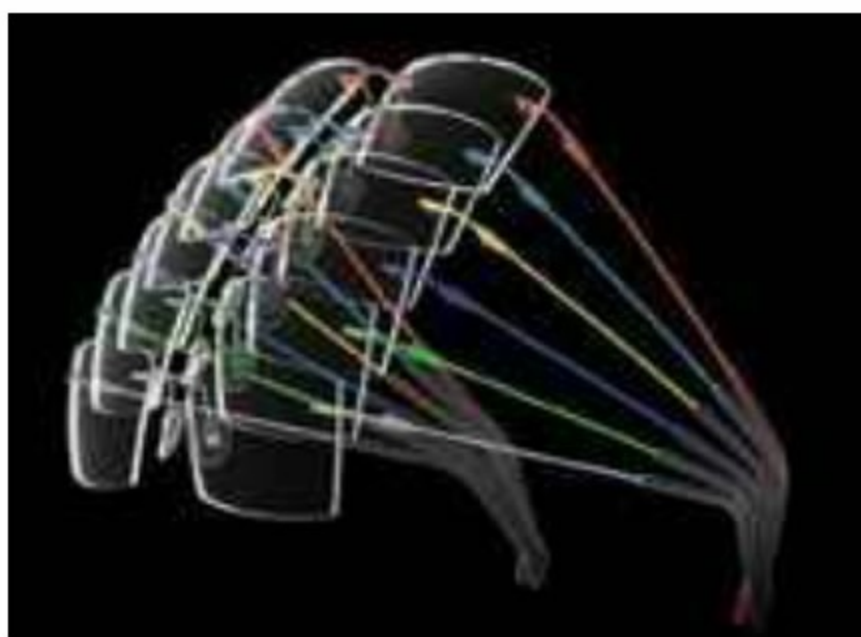


## ▲ Footin

Footin India recently launched its 39th store in the country at the GIP Mall, Noida. The international brand is now present in 24 cities. Chairman of Bata Shoe Organization, Thomas G. Bata and Group Managing Director South Asia, Rajeev Gopalakrishnan along with Bollywood celebrity Ileana D'Cruz inaugurated the store. The new store trades from nearly 1,200 square feet, and offers customers an enriching shopping experience. Customers can choose from an extensive range of the brand's stylish and trendy collection across footwear and accessories for men and women offering casual comfort.

## ► Stepper

Colour is a big feature for Stepper Eye-wear this year. The brand is encouraging all to step away from the traditional, more classic tones of burgundy, black and white while introducing some bright, solid colouring into its rimless collection. Stepper generally favours more discrete colouring in order not to appear too flamboyant and over the top. But it is making an exception this time around by championing bright hues and inspiring all to embrace colour.



## ◀ Platinum

A naturally white metal, platinum never fades or tarnishes with time, just like true love that lasts for an eternity. The perfect choice for a lifetime of everyday wear, at its heart, platinum is immutable and indestructible, making it the perfect gift of love for Valentine's Day. The elegant, classy and unique platinum designs are the perfect choice for gifting across special occasions. Choose from contemporary jewellery with the chain and pendants, earrings, necklaces, bracelets and bangles for women and elegant and substantive chains, bracelets and rings for men. Encapsulating the beautiful concept of 'Endless Love' in its designs with the utmost serenity, the Platinum Love bands range is reflective of the eternal promise of love.

## ▼ Metro

Metro Shoes has launched its 2015 Colour Bomb Collection for men and women which will be available at all outlets across the country. On offer are loafers, oxford brogues, casual bucks and suede formals. Metro Shoes' new collection offers loafers with stitch detailing that truly are the unparalleled and in bright colours like red, purple and orange. The overtly comfy and extra stylish bucks come in tan, brown, blue and red.



## ▼ Victorinox

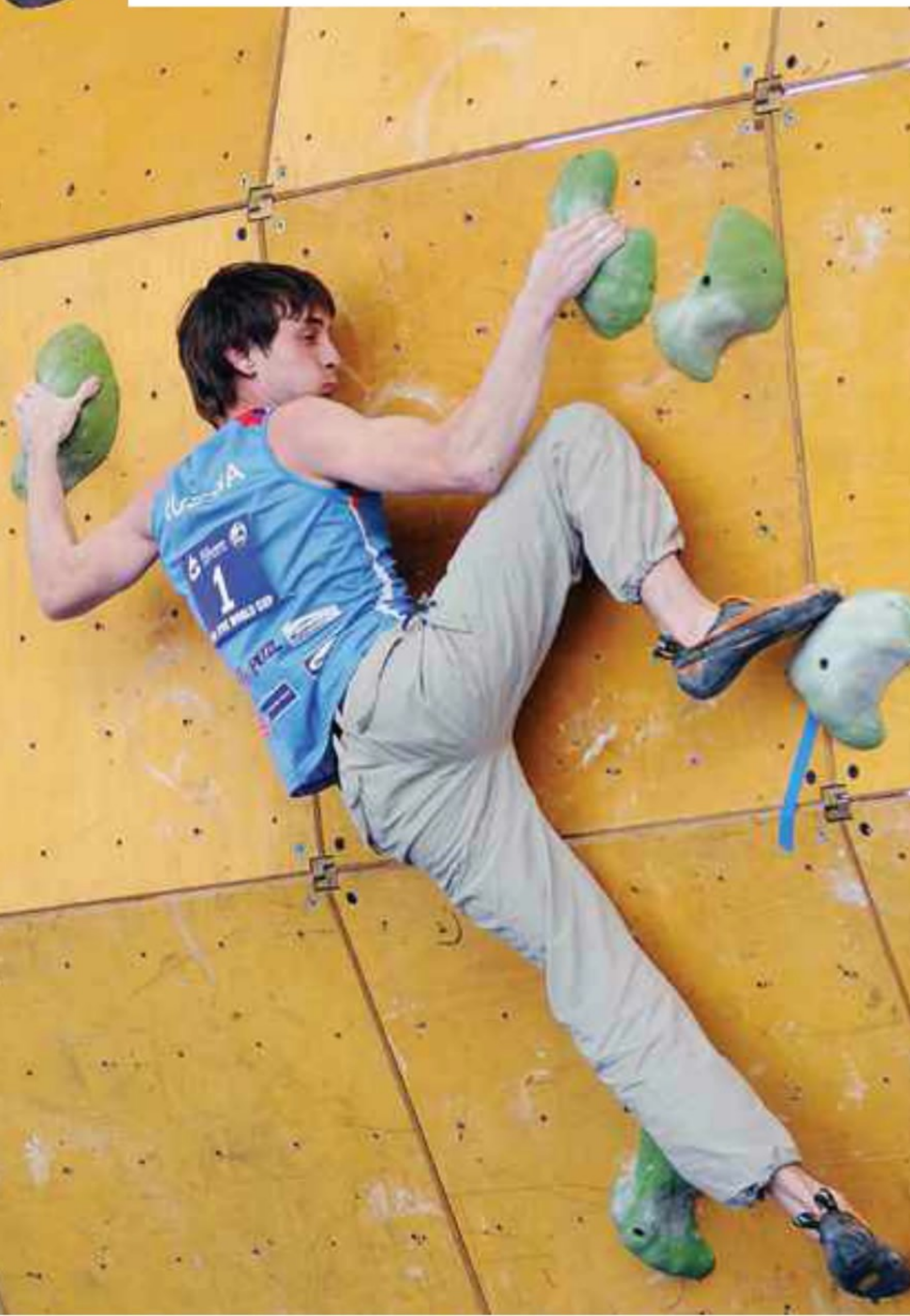
With ample room and sturdy construction, the Victorinox Sport Pilot backpack is ready for anything. Padded rear compartment with soft, anti-scratch lining holds up to a 16 inch (41 cm) laptop. A 10 inch (25 cm) padded portable electronic device pocket with soft, anti-scratch lining is ideal for a tablet or e-reader. Interior organization includes zippered mesh peripherals pocket and file divider. Front organizational panel includes full-length zippered pocket, two electronics storage pockets, mesh pocket, pen loop and key fob. Exterior organization includes easy-access top zippered pocket and zippered multi-purpose mesh side pockets. The backpack comes with padded, adjustable shoulder straps.



# A WORLD CUP COMES TO MUMBAI

A small, homegrown competition in Navi Mumbai is now on the verge of becoming one of the climbing world's most prestigious events — the IFCI Climbing World Cup.

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHYAM G MENON



## "BONG, WHAT'S HAPPENING?"

the policeman asked, exasperated.

It was late January 2012, well past midnight, and while the music at the small venue hosting a hundred or so climbing aficionados had long died, in keeping with prevailing law, somebody staying nearby had complained about the clapping and cheering. The big Bengali appealed to his Marathi friends, "Please, *BAAT KAR NA YAAR*." Belapur has known its climbing crazies for years, and even the crazies knew that climbing at 1am was crazy, but it was the men's final. "Ten minutes more, that's all," Bong said.

Erstwhile rock climber, still trekker-mountaineer-cyclist and, most important, technician at large, Abhijit Burman aka Bong is the soul of a climbing competition that has taken place in Navi Mumbai for the last ten years. In late 2003, in his tiny apartment choked by climbing gear, Burman, who works at the Bhabha Atomic Research Centre (BARC), shared his idea of an annual open climbing competition. I still remember that day. We had come back from a whole morning at the crags; a physically fit, shabby-looking bunch with chalk powder on their clothes and hands. In the room, packed with crash pads and plastic drums bearing climbing equipment, we sat on the floor, while Bong handed out cups of tea and settled for his weekend *PRAVACHAN* on the cot.

*PRAVACHAN* — that's what we called it; the world according to Bong, the world according to the climbing community. The session that day had a theme. In those days, there was no big event in Indian climbing comparable to overseas climbing festivals. Bong wanted to start one in Belapur. Fellow club members put up some of the prize money

and in January 2003, the first edition of Girivihar's (Mumbai's oldest mountaineering club) climbing competition got off to an enthusiastic start. The event hosted a mix of competition in Belapur and, if I recall right, a 'rock trip' for those interested, to well known climbing locales in India such as Hampi and Badami. This format — compete in Belapur and then climb for fun at some great climbing spot — became the annual pattern.

Within a few years of the competition's commencement in 2003, it attracted young climbers from Mumbai, Pune, Bengaluru, Davanagere, Bikaner, Delhi, Kolkata, Darjeeling and northeastern India. What really mattered was how it coincided with a time when Mumbai saw a group of young climbers, led by Vaibhav Mehta, come to the fore. They were the city's first lot of addicted climbers, whose GPS coordinate on any given day was typically some tough route on a rock. Pioneering new routes left, right and centre, they etched their legacy in the form of engaging route names, my favourite being the very evocative Finger Crisis. Critically, they represented both the local equivalent of young, brash climbers portrayed in overseas magazines and the advent of technical information such as climbing grades to the field. Given to full time-climbing, they soon became the Belapur competition's route setters and manpower. The whole effort was a home-grown enterprise and, as one senior club member put it, organising it was an "annual fire-fight".

**ONCE CALLED INDIA'S BIGGEST** open climbing competition (now there are more), the Belapur event is actually a tiny affair, for climbing itself is small in India. But, it is big for those involved. They bring to the table enthusiasm to match. Unable to afford artificial climbing walls, Bong engaged carpenters to make temporary ones. Over time, the walls — the Girivihar competition focusses on bouldering — improved. Bong's brother Indrajit, an architect, helped design posters and also contributed to building the walls. Official T-shirts were printed. My kitchen even has an official coffee mug, courtesy a climber whose family owned a ceramics business. Rules for judging followed international norms.

On average, 50-60 participants turned up for the competition; in 2011 the number touched 116. They competed in men's,



The completed wall on the eve of the 2014 competition



The winners of the 2015 masters round of the competition

## **THERE WAS ALSO A SMALL COMPONENT OF COMPETING ON NATURAL ROCK AT CRAGS ON NEARBY HILLS PROGRESSIVELY LOST TO THAT CLASSIC MUMBAI SITUATION — SLUM ENCROACHMENT**

women's, boys and girls categories. There was also a small component of competing on natural rock at crags on nearby hills progressively lost to that classic Mumbai situation — slum encroachment. Incidentally, when the competition began, the larger component was climbing on natural rock, but a combination of factors encouraged the drift towards artificially built walls. First, the approach and access to Belapur's climbing crags was always through the scars of urbanism's expanding fringes — slums, real-estate lobbies, religious clans seeking real estate for places of worship and so on and so forth. Second, long climbing routes, secure enough for regular climbing and competition, were hard to come by in Belapur — even today there are not many. Mumbai couldn't get its act together to put up a world-class



The Belapur event is a tiny affair, for climbing itself is small in India

climbing wall. On the other hand, artificial walls for bouldering aren't as capital intensive to build. That's what Bong, Indrajit and Girivihar's climbers set out to do.

Normally, in India, we hesitate to present to the world our unglamorous life and home-built solutions. This changed when foreign climbers passing through Mumbai started seeking out the local climbing community and joining in. Any apologetic tone about the crags and the approaches to them slowly faded. In retrospect, one could say that this discovery of climbing as a leveller of disparities contributed to the confidence Girivihar showed in dreaming up a competition on home-built bouldering walls. As they did at the crags, foreign climbers dropped by for the competition as well. Among them was a former world champion (Alex Chabot of France), members of the Iranian national climbing team and in 2012, current and former national team members of Singapore and Indonesia. Additionally, there were several others who participated for the fun of it from Europe and the US.

Some years ago, climbing's apex body worldwide, UIAA, had a special initiative

for youth. The late Roger Payne, at that time a senior UIAA functionary, was in Mumbai for a Himalayan Club lecture. With him, there was no standing on ceremony or bureaucracy. Girivihar members met him to apprise him of the competition, and Payne gave the club members a patient hearing. Within weeks of his return to Europe, the Belapur competition was shortlisted for likely inclusion in UIAA's calendar of events. However, Indian administrators, overseeing national competitions for selecting the best, objected to a local climbing competition acquiring such a profile and interacting directly with international bodies. They put their foot down.

That year, although the competition ran as planned, there was a pall of gloom over it because the international recognition denied had been despite proven enterprise at Belapur. To its credit, the competition was back the next year and the year after that, each time hosting young, happy climbers from around the country and some from overseas.

In 2012, Vaibhav Mehta said that Burman wished to organise an invitational Asia Cup for the competition's tenth anniversary.

Recognition from Indian authorities, if it came, would be seen to be helpful. This posed two advantages — it would help to secure sponsors, and recognition by the Indian Mountaineering Foundation (IMF) would fetch overseas participants travel concessions and such from their respective climbing bodies.

The invitational Asia Cup didn't happen. Instead, plans for a World Cup gathered pace. In January 2015, Girivihar's monthly circular said, "We are aspiring to host the 2016 IFSC Bouldering World Cup." IFSC is the International Federation of Sport Climbing, and as things stand now, the event will be held in Navi Mumbai. Alongside, the club has disclosed plans for an Indian national bouldering team that will participate in the 2016 World Cup. This plan includes a comprehensive training programme for the team. Meanwhile, the annual bouldering competition, which used to be held every January in Belapur has been rested for 2015, as the organisers have shifted their attention to the planned World Cup. ☹

(SHYAM G MENON, IS AN INDEPENDENT JOURNALIST BASED IN MUMBAI.)

# G-SHOCK

PRESENTS

*Rolling Stone*

# Metal Awards 2015

IN ASSOCIATION WITH

zippo

MARCH 22, 2015 • 7:30PM ONWARDS • blueFROG

GUITAR PARTNER

Gibson®

VENUE PARTNER





# BOVINE INTERVENTION

The indigenous Indian cow's numbers are rapidly declining, and the government has stepped in to right things. By Shantanu Guha Ray

AT dawn, as Vrindavan wakes to a million temple bells, hundreds of workers enter cowsheds that have been mushrooming on the outskirts of the holy town. There are an estimated 45 cow shelters — nearly double the number from 2012, when there were about 21 — where these men, who wear all-white clothes and call themselves gau sevaks (or cow carers) feed and clean cattle and collect milk, dung and urine for a variety of uses.

Nearby, in offices fitted with air coolers, there are other such workers, who attend meetings with bovine experts in their attempt to revive the domestic Indian breed, one that is distinctly different from the European variety and which has been in a state of

decline for decades now.

Once, this was simple social work — breeding an animal loved by the town's most revered deity, Krishna. Many visitors to Vrindavan even considered it an essential part of their pilgrimage. Now, the motives are changing, slowly yet steadily. The workers claim they are charged up, encouraged by a new programme announced by the Narendra Modi-led NDA government that has allotted — in the union budget — a whopping Rs 500 crore to raise “strictly desi” cows.

This is music to the ears of those who own the cow shelters. The indigenous cow (claimed the ruling NDA in its election manifesto) could soon cease to exist, triggering a catastrophic effect on hundreds of thousands, with India — the world's largest producer of

milk — having to import milk instead.

“It will help us if we breed more Indian cows,” says Aloknath, owner of one of the cow homes. “This is India's time to usher in the second milk revolution,” he insists. A science graduate, he claims to have studied the ways and means through which Dr Verghese Kurien, India's milk knight, pushed milk production in India to global heights. “If he could do it, why can't I?”

In India, no one had focussed on the reasons why the yield of indigenous cows was so low. The problem began when the government started indiscriminately crossbreeding Indian cows with imported breeds, way back in the 1960s. This set off a systemic destruction of the indigenous Indian cow, which included breeds developed

over a millennium. The exotic crossbreeds — though capable of very high milk yields — didn't really adapt to Indian conditions, either. Stuck in the middle was the poor Indian farmer, who wasn't equipped to bear the high costs of rearing these crossbreeds. Over the decades, their business has become increasingly unviable, and many are sending their cattle to slaughterhouses.

As per the country's 19th livestock census, the population of exotic or crossbred milch cattle increased from 14.4 million to 19.42 million between 2007 and 2012, an increase of 34.78 per cent. The population of indigenous cattle, on the other hand, decreased by 8.94 per cent. in the same period. According to government records, five or six out of the recognised 37 Indian cattle breeds are in trouble. The Krishna Valley and Hallikar breed in Karnataka, the Vechur breed in Kerala, the Pulikulam breed in Tamil Nadu, the Gir breed in Gujarat, the Ongole breed in Andhra Pradesh and the Nimari breed in Madhya Pradesh are rapidly declining, but does that warrant a Rs 500 crore dole? No one in India has a definitive answer.

Regardless of the political overtones of the issue, there is no doubt that a need for research on the properties of milk from indigenous breeds exists. Milk, after all, is a huge driving force for India's agro-economy, even bigger than wheat, paddy and sugar. Currently, the business has over 120,000 cooperatives — run by an estimated 1.3 crore people — that distribute milk across India, after procuring it from small and landless farmers.

**I**N Gujarat's Anand, India's milk town, the National Dairy Development Board (NDDB) is already pushing to increase India's milk production, to meet growing demand for milk and milk-based products, and also to solve the country's nutritional challenges. NDDB chairman T Nanda Kumar has said the push for increased production was triggered by demand for dairy products, which was increasing much more than the demand for plain milk. The NDA project, appropriately titled "Rashtriya Gokul Mission (RGM)", will be a booster to NDDB's plans.

Expectedly, those in favour of the project are

already talking big. "If we now start switching to purely locally bred cows over the cross-bred variety, we would be able to increase our milk output," says Anand Kumar, another cow-centre owner. Kumar, who has 65 cows, hopes to add many more to his centre. Besides milk, his workers use cowdung for organic manure, biogas to produce electricity and cow urine for Ayurvedic medicines. He claims to have studied the scheme in detail, saying that it encourages owners to maintain their cows after they have passed their milk producing stage - to be utilised for meat. "This is a win-win situation for all," says Kumar, with a subtle hint at how both Hindus and Muslims



The Indian farmer is not equipped to bear the high costs of rearing exotic crossbreeds. His business has been suffering.

could jointly benefit from the programme.

There appear to be sound scientific reasons for ensuring that indigenous breeds of cows are bred in large numbers. Among these is the presence of the A2 variety of beta casein protein, found in abundance in the milk of indigenous cows. Milk from European breeds has the A1 variant of beta casein protein, and this has been linked to diseases such as Type-1 diabetes, coronary diseases, allergies, autism, schizophrenia and even infant death syndrome. For the last few years, countries such as the USA and New Zealand have pushed up their demand for A2 milk, citing scientific reasons for the change in consumption. But India, the world's largest producer of milk, has done virtually nothing

to capitalise on this need, since it had very little scientific information on the benefits of desi cow milk.

On paper, the plan does look attractive. Soon, each cow will have a unique identity (UID) number, and all records will be stored in a national database. Farmers who maintain the best cow centres as "Gopal Sanghs" could qualify for a "Gopal Ratna" award. The winners could even be encouraged to start a public-private partnership. In reality, though, the Herculean task of tagging every single one of India's millions of cows is something that nobody seems to have fully considered. Nevertheless, the government appears full of confidence, as it would need to be — farmers form big vote banks.

Predictably, the NDA project has triggered off a myriad of reactions. The Congress, now in the opposition in Parliament, is seething because it was the UPA2 that had begun the cow-breeding programme; the party argues that the BJP has hijacked it, with its multi-crore dole.

The Communist Party of India (Marxist) says the move is pro-Hindu and anti-Muslim. West Bengal and Kerala officially permit cow slaughter, for their sizeable Muslim populations.

"The NDA programme has some serious, pro-Hindu ramifications," says the CPM's politburo member Sitaram Yechury.

The NDA government simply maintains that Indian cattle rearers are getting a raw deal even as demand for milk from indigenous cattle is rising phenomenally across the developed world, but critics are still not satisfied - they see the move emotively charged to push Hindu iconography, religion and culture. "Political parties have always neglected the domestic breed. Even the Congress, which started the programme, failed to make a big show of it. The sudden love for Indian cows in the BJP is because the party knows the animal is one of the most crucial backbones of rural India," says Dalit activist Kancha Ilaiah. He knows he is in isolation. Everyone wants India to retain its tag as the world's largest producer of milk, and nobody really cares if the government has an ulterior motive behind its big cow campaign. If the indigenous cow ends up being protected, perhaps ulterior motives really don't matter.



# DR KNOW

## SEX DATES AND GREAT-GRANNY PANTIES



THIS MONTH: JUDGING UNDERWEAR, BEING KISS READY, LABELS AND SLEEPING IN THE BUFF

**We made a date for sex and she turned up wearing what Bridget Jones would have called great-granny panties. Is she trying to tell me something?**

You made a date for sex? Are you trying to tell yourself something?

And, then she turned up with the wrong underwear? What were you wearing? Were you wearing your boxers? Does she like boxers and think they're hot? Were you wearing your briefs? Does she think briefs are kind of comical? What does she think about your underwear? While you are on the semiotics of her underclothes, what does she otherwise wear? Was she into Victoria's Secret when you were in the honeymoon phase of your association and is she now into *buzurgon ki chaddi* because she has lost all interest in keeping you turned on? Did you tell her this turned you on? Did you tell her the ancestral undergarments were counterproductive? You don't talk much, do you?

**She's a bit weird. We met and clicked and we courted and took our time over it and then when we were about to have sex, she said, just a minute, can I brush my teeth? I said sure and she took out the makings of a dental hygiene kit and she brushed her teeth and I watched and wondered whether I should brush my teeth and ran my tongue over my teeth and tested my breath surreptitiously on my palm and found it was okay. Then we had sex but I can't help wondering whether I failed some test of masculine appropriateness because I didn't have my own little box with a smiley on it brushing its teeth.**

Well, you said that you did have sex so you don't seem to have failed



**CHANCES ARE HE'S A MALE CHAUVINIST WHO WANTS WOMEN TO BEHAVE IN A CERTAIN WAY AND GETS UPSET IF THEY DON'T CONFORM WITH HIS IDEAS**

so badly at that. Perhaps she is just a little paranoid about her breath and dental hygiene in general and perhaps you are just a little too casual about how your mouth smells. This breath-in-the-palm test? It's not infallible by the way. You're unlikely to have a very good idea of how you smell because your mouth and nose are interconnected and so your nose has gotten used to your mouth and your breath. Otherwise, no one

would have bad breath, right?

But perhaps, the next time, you could carry a breath mint? Or you could ask her whether she expects you to do the tooth thing too? It generally works with women, this asking thing.

**I generally sleep in the buff. I'm beginning a new relationship. Should I tell her about this?**

It depends on how close to the beginning you are. Take this simple test:

1. Her favourite colour is:

- Teal
- Puce
- Cinnamon with a hint of honey

2. Her favourite show is:

- *Sex and the City*
- *House*
- She'll binge watch anything as long as there are nice bodies in it.

3. Her mother's name is:

- I didn't think to ask
- I don't want to know

• You shittin' me, right?

The answer to 3 is c. If you don't know much about her, it's not a good time to start telling her how you need to let your goolies get the air when you begin to snore. But in one of those strange surveys that the British seem to specialise in, when a thousand people were asked, it turned out that people who sleep in the buff are happier. Happier than who? Than people who sleep in jammies, presumably. How happy are people who sleep in their jammies? In Britain? Don't things freeze and fall off? But there ya go. So maybe you should wait until things have come to the bedroom stage and then post-coitally you could tell her all about this habit of yours and see if it makes a jot of difference to her.

**I think I'm assertive. My guy thinks I'm aggressive. Who's right?**

There are chances that you are both right and you are both wrong. Chances are you are an aggressive person. Chances are you're just assertive. Chances are, he's a gentle person who's slightly perturbed by the way you are. Chances are he's a male chauvinist who wants women to behave in a certain way and gets upset if they don't conform with what he thinks should be. No way for me to tell from this distance and with this much information. But really what does all that matter? Either way, you have to ask yourself a fundamental question: are you happy with the person you are? If you are, there's no point trying to change to make him happy. You'll never get it right. Instead, focus on finding someone who likes you and doesn't need to put a label on what you are, thus challenging you to put another label on it.

# CORUM



## ADMIRAL'S CUP<sup>AC-ONE</sup>

ADMIRAL'S CUP REINVENTED,  
BREAKING THE WAVES FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS



**CORUM**  
LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS · SUISSE

www.corum.ch

New Delhi: Johnson Watch Company, Connaught Place, Tel: 011-41513110/21; South. Ext., Tel: 011-241646766/88; DLF Emporio, Tel: 46098205/06; Kapoor Watch Co.,  
Tel: 011-41245678, 24693712 • Mumbai: Time Avenue, Tel: 022-26515757; Timekeepers, The Watch Boutique, Tel: 022-22640000; Swiss Paradise Luxury Timepieces, Tel: 022-28980507/08;  
Watches of Switzerland, Tel: 022-26402511/12 • Bangalore: Rodeo Drive, Tel: 080-41248471, Zimson Swiss Watch Boutique, Tel: 080-40982100 • Chennai: Horology-Swiss  
Watch Boutique, Tel: 044-28464095/96 • Ahmedabad: Luxury Time, Tel: 079-26469797/98 • Pune: CT Pundole, Tel: 020-26343685 • Hyderabad: KWC Luxurio, Jubilee Hills,  
Tel: 040-65795916 • Chandigarh: Talwar Watch Co. Elante Mall, Industrial Area, Phase-I, Tel: 91-172-4028500-01

OYSTER PERPETUAL SUBMARINER DATE



ROLEX



BENGALURU, ETHOS SUMMIT ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 080 2211 3976 CHENNAI, THE HELVETICA ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 072 9991 1158 KOLKATA, EXCLUSIVE LINES ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 033 2282 5245 & 033 2287 0921 MUMBAI, MARCKS & CO. ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 022 2267 6412 MUMBAI, SWISS PARADISE ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 022 2833 9991 MUMBAI, TIME WATCH MAKERS ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 022 2412 1411 MUMBAI, TIME AVENUE ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 022 2651 5757 NEW DELHI, KAPOOR WATCH CO. ROLEX BOUTIQUE - 011 4699 0000 ROLEX WATCH CO.PVT LTD MUMBAI - 022 6625 3600 WWW.ROLEX.COM