

oh!!!

wo-(man-ia)

[woo-m-uh-nia] noun, abstract most of the times, raw, unadulterated, ridiculously suave

edition 7 - september'2014



a peep into the world around us - bride trafficking - Forced labor in numbers
Caught in the web - What kind of a student were you? - Bollywood and women
Are they wrong? - Osho gyaan - Life on the other side of 25
More than just book-lessons - Remembering Yug

Foreword – Before anything else! ;)



We usually decide the topic for our issues a month in advance mostly based on the issues close to our heart and what we sincerely feel for. The first six issues were topics which were most talked about, opinionated in some cases, judgmental, sarcastic, feminist which went wee overboard at times. But we grew as a team, as an e-mag and as individuals. We owe it to Womania.

Our last issue was all about men, the other side of Womania. It was taken overwhelmingly well by our readers and we thank you all from the bottom of our hearts. It was a sweet treat for the team in spite of us treading into an alien territory.

The next set of Womania would be based on social issues, on a wider scale, a broader perspective, graver discussions, deeper thoughts and intriguing questions. Though we were never all that glossy and masala stuff, anyway!

From here it gets worse. So all you non-readers, time pass readers, for-fun or for-the-heck-of-it -readers: We will miss you :)

The next six issues are for the matured, the thinkers, workers, and revolutionaries. It may just work as cue for someone who

wants to change the world around her/him.

Demographically, we cannot change the world. We are no hardcore revolutionaries. We just write and express. But if by reading our articles a few of us can reach out, lend our hands to even one cause and make this world a better place, then we will consider Womania to be successful in its endeavors.

This month's topic, human trafficking was just an instant urge to cover this huge but ignored issue.... And we got a treat, with movies like Mardaani and Lakshmi by Nagesh Kukunoor, soaps like Kaash mai teri beti na hoti, hitting the big and small screens. It's like; this month there could have been no topic better than this. It has already got a huge opening ;)

So well, this issue onwards we are black and white. Like always we call a spade a spade, we will continue to do that and define our statement. Hope to get your support and criticism because both keep us going!!

Cheers!

To read more, keep scrolling the pages! Happy Reading!

editorial

DIBA
YAMINI



unfolding edition 7

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- Remembering Yug - 8-year-old kidnapped boy dead, 2 arrested

While reading about the severity of trafficking issues, we found that this one issue is not just prevalent in India, but all over the world. There are many things we do to prevent the injustice done to our own folks or avert the evils penetrating our society. There are candle lit marches, protests, fasting and revolts on social media etc. etc. But what do we do about the issues that concern the entire humanity?

This is one such issue that begins at a microscopic level and extends into multitudes affecting billions of people all over the world.

Let us put forth a few questions, just in case we are not on the same page about what we are talking.

Do you have maids or workers working at your place? Are they below 16 years of age?

If Yes, Have they completed their basic education?

Do their parents force them to work?

Are they working without the knowledge of their parents?

Do you know where they stay?

If you answer to any of the above questions in negation, then you are also supporting the evil of human trafficking.

When someone talks about Human Trafficking, we assume that this is just the prostitution business that women land up in and are oppressed. Trafficking doesn't only mean selling the girls for sexual exploitation, or commercial purposes. There is more to this, than what meets the eye.

Kids who beg on the streets, gangs of children or adults who are kidnapped for organ trading, women who are sold for commercial sexual exploitation, families who are forced in to bonded labor for a very low cost, men who are

exploited to work for hours together under extreme circumstances, without being provided the basic necessities, families who have to serve terms of employment for not being able to repay loans under very hostile conditions, all fall under human trafficking.

This industry is huge. It is a big business. Today there are machines, means to achieve anything, everything a man desires, yet there are still some aspects which involve humans too. And that makes "humans" saleable. Human trafficking is second only to drug trafficking when we talk about means of making illegal money.

We cannot even think of the kind of trades which go on, around us. How much are we supporting it? Are we a part of it, in a way that we aren't aware of? It's time to find some answers to the questions we never knew existed.

Human trafficking is the worst thing that could happen to anyone of us. This is that labyrinth, which has no escape.

This edition, we have tried to educate ourselves about this topic, and in the process would like to share it with all the readers, about how deep the rabbit hole goes. What can be done about it, is something we need to address once we have known what is actually happening.

So, read on...

A peep into the world around us...

We live in a world where so many things are happening every day. But we refuse to notice them or take cognizance.

Have you ever thought about the kid who comes to your car window every morning at the signal, asking for alms? Some days you let out a few coins that lie in your dashboard, and other times you just pretend to be involved in what the RJ is blabbering on the Radio.

The same case is with bike riders. Haven't you felt like kicking the filthy kids away when they cling to your fresh pair of trousers, begging for alms, pretending to clean your bike with a rag? How mad do you get when the signal makes you wait for more than a minute? Gets on your nerves, right?

How about those instances when certain girls stand on streets skimpily dressed? You mistake her as a spoilt girl attracting guys, questioning her modesty. You label her as prostitute. Perhaps she is one. Perhaps you are right. But she isn't one by choice, you know. Maybe she is trafficked into this business. Maybe someone is earning money out of the service she provides. May be she has an agent watching over her, tracking her every movement, making sure she is delivering her duties as expected.

Those annoying kids you encounter at the signal are perhaps not beggars, but kids trafficked into the business, kept in horrible situations, forced to beg, their body parts mutilated to attract sympathy from the passersby, so that they earn for their agents. Do you recollect how this concept functions in the much acclaimed movie Slumdog Millionaire?

We all live amongst so many humans who are sold, but we refuse to either accept it or act about it blindly and continue to move in with our so-called complicated lives. We have these evils around us but we refuse to acknowledge them, why?

Whenever a kid comes and asks for alms have we ever tried to ask about its whereabouts, instead of simply handing over some currency and feeling satisfied about a deed well done? Do you realize a deed, which you think is noble, must instead be treading a path of ruin and disaster for the kid? Temporary riddance of beggars, is that the solution? Commenting on prostitutes, without knowing their background, is it okay?

Can we afford to think beyond what is, and what could be? Do children really need to stand on roads and beg? Do you



know about NGOs whom you can contact when you see destitute on streets?

There are NGOs which provide better living conditions for these victims. They rescue the trafficked men, women and children and provide them a better life. We google about "hot Deepika Padukone pictures" on the internet, but do we care to find out details about and NGO which may be working for this cause?

Instead of feeling sorry for a woman on the road, who appears pregnant asking for alms, let's resolve to set her life straight by finding a solution. Sometimes it is all a farce to lure us into paying them money and making business for the miscreants by portraying a sorry state of a person.

All of us may not know the solution to these problems immediately, but have we sought? Isn't everything available on the internet? Don't we have helplines? So many us watch Satyameva Jayate, applaud Aamir Khan, shed a few tears and forget about it once the season is over. There are so many issues. Important ones, but what keeps us busy? Malls? Movies?

Why are we so ignorant about such basic things? Shouldn't human trafficking bother us?

If yes, we should do something.

And for those who answer NO, you can shift to Hawaii and enjoy your life on the beaches without any worries. You will find your peace there!

Bride Trafficking



We have known of trafficking of women into prostitution and other commercial sexual activities. But there is a lesser known kind of trafficking, called "Bride Trafficking" which has been prevalent since ages. This involves, forced sale, purchase and resale of girls and women in the name of marriage. The end purpose of this transaction is nothing but sexual exploitation of women, but it is cleverly done under the tag of "marriage".

The girls are sometimes, against their wishes, forced into marriage, or sometimes forced by their parents to get into matrimony and later sold off to seekers, and then raped and exploited ruthlessly. They are propriety of the family who has "bought" the bride and she is expected to adhere to any demands imposed.

Even though a traded-in bride is married to only one man in the family, the man's brothers or other male relatives consider her as a property which is to be shared amongst all the male members. The Eastern Post reports that 70% of trafficked brides are gang-raped repeatedly on a regular basis by their husbands and other male members of the family. Sexual promiscuity among boys and men goes unchecked and is almost celebrated in such social environments where using protection is not the norm. Hence, trafficked brides who are sexually abused by their husbands or other men are at a higher risk of contracting HIV, as are any children born to them.

According to Global Voices, approximately, 90% of the 200k humans trafficked in India, are victims of interstate trafficking and are sold within the country. The states like Haryana, Punjab, Rajasthan, where Female to Male ratio is very less, are the major destinations where the brides are trafficked. They have the worst sex ratios, and hence the girls from states like Bihar and UP are sold in these states.

In early times, as stated in history, buying and selling of bride was a well-documented historic practice in undivided India, but today, it is done discreetly and the girls have no source to voice their concerns and retaliate.

According to a 6 year long analysis conducted by Empower People, 23% of girls from West Bengal are trafficked. Bihar is next at 17% followed by Assam (13%), Andhra Pradesh (11%), Orissa (8%) and Kerala (6%)

Trafficked brides are known as Paro (outsider), Molki (one who has been bought) or Jugaad (adjustment). Majority of trafficked brides belong to scheduled castes, scheduled tribes or lower economic classes. Some of them are kidnapped, some tricked and some sold into flesh trade by their own parents or other trusted family members/ neighbors.

According to The Eastern Post 56% of trafficked brides have been sold twice, 21% have been sold thrice and 6% of them have been sold four or more times. However, according to Global Voices, the re-selling rate on an average is as high as 4 to 10 times for every trafficked bride and 83% of girls have been sold more than twice. Also, in 89% of the cases, the trafficked bride is the second, third, fourth etc. wife of her buyer. It is clear from these statistics that purchasing women in the name of marriage is not a traditional practice of lower-class communities (although they are starting to practice it.)

Trafficked brides are often child brides or very young women who are sold to older men. A majority of trafficked brides are between the ages of 13–23 years. A trafficked bride can be bought for as little as Rs. 1,200. They are confined to the four walls of the houses of the men who have bought them and have almost no social interaction with anyone else, even in their own homes. Neighbors often don't know who the bride is, where she has come from or if she even exists. The state of anonymity that these women live in is not only disturbing but a cause for great concern.

If we do not know how many women are there, how will we know how many women are missing?

Bride trafficking is not just a woman's rights issue but a human rights issue. Bride trafficking is not marriage as the families of the brides see it. It is a very horrible way of putting someone through slavery and sexual exploitation. This is not only a concern of a few sections of the society, but everyone needs to look at this issue with microscopic details, learn the root cause and take corrective actions.

Data and Statistic Courtesy:
<http://justiceforwomenindia.wordpress.com/tag/trafficking-statistics-in-india/>

Forced labor in numbers – International Statistics

Data and statistics courtesy – International Labour Organization

Three out of every 1,000 people worldwide are in forced labor today.

18.7 million (90 %) are exploited in the private economy, by individuals or enterprises. Of these, 4.5 million (22 per cent) are victims of forced sexual exploitation and 14.2 million (68 per cent) are victims of forced labor exploitation in economic activities, such as agriculture, construction, domestic work or manufacturing.

2.2 million (10%) are in state-imposed forms of forced labor, for example in prisons, or in work imposed by the state military or by rebel armed forces.

5.5 million (26 %) are below 18 years.

The number of victims per thousand inhabitants is highest in the central and south-eastern Europe and Africa regions at 4.2 and 4.0 per 1,000 inhabitants respectively. It is the lowest in the Developed Economies and European Union at 1.5 per 1,000 inhabitants.

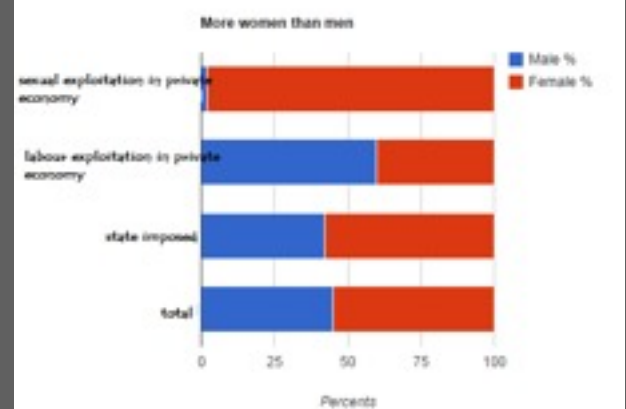
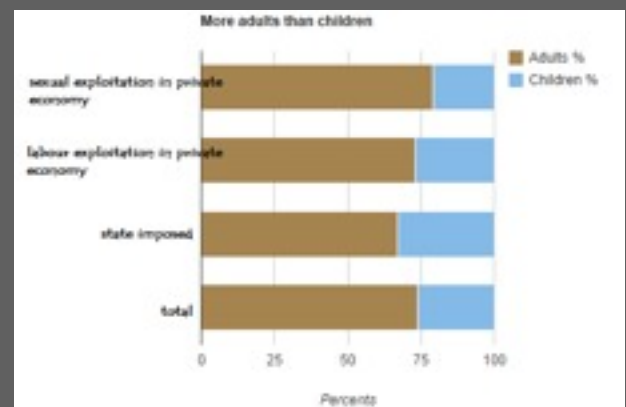
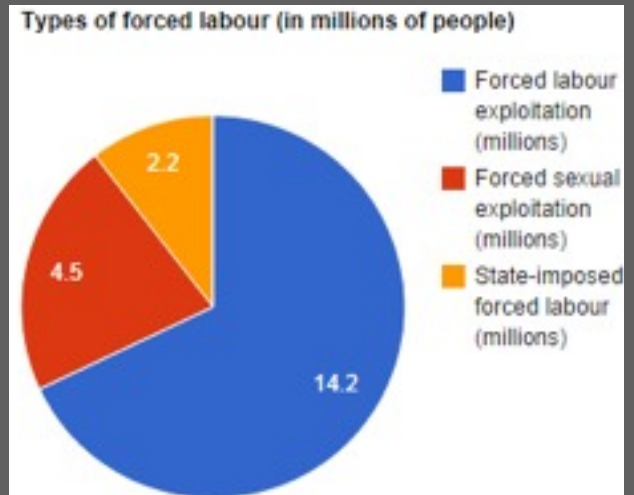
The relatively high prevalence in central and south-eastern Europe and Commonwealth of Independent States can be explained by the fact that the population is much lower than for example in Asia and at the same time reports of trafficking for labor and sexual exploitation and of state-imposed forced labor in the region are numerous.

The Developed Economies and European Union have 1.5 million (7 per cent) forced laborers.

Central and south-eastern European countries, and the Commonwealth of Independent States account for 1.6 million (7 per cent).

There are an estimated 600,000 (3 per cent) victims in the Middle East.

9.1 million Victims (44 %) who have moved either internally or internationally. The majority, 11.8 million (56 %), are subjected to forced labor in their place of origin or residence. Cross-border movement is heavily associated with forced sexual exploitation.



“The successful prosecution of individuals who bring such misery to so many remains inadequate – this needs to change. We must also ensure that the numbers of victims does not rise during the current economic crisis where people are increasingly vulnerable to these heinous practices.”

Caught in the web



I always feel, I am a spider. Caught in the web. Difficult to move. Stuck. Or maybe it's a good thing to be a spider. I wish I were one, So that I'd have multiple limbs to work when my hands and feet got tired. I am not supposed to stop working you know. I have to work, 12 hours in a day. And make at least 600 matchboxes. It is a tough job.

Sometimes, I wish I were Spiderman with super natural powers. I remember my daddy reading out the comic strips for me. Spiderman was powerful with weird capacities and sometimes I wish I had that too. How would it help me though? Will it give me food when I am really hungry, without having to wait for the bell to ring? Will I be able to go out and play in the ground that lies across the railway lines? Will I be able to ever see a train again?

Well, I don't want to. If you ask me, it is actually scary. The last time I remember travelling in a train, I could only hear the engine hooting and feel the train throwing us from one side to the other. I could see nothing. We all could see nothing. That was the day when we all landed here. Ever since, I have only seen these yellow lights over our heads and these match boxes and match sticks. I wish I could fire up this entire setup. But this sound keeps me going like a clock... Tick tick tock tock..

I wish I could speak. But I can't. They have cut my vocal chords. I wish I were a rat. Small. Tiny and squeaking crossly. I'd find my way into the rat hole and that hole perhaps would lead me to some place in the open. Where there'd be no stink. Just fresh air. And Greenery. And People... with pleasant voices.

People, whom I could hear and they could listen to me too. But how would I speak? Will I ever be able to speak? Or I would just listen to that old lady blabber while she knits jute bags sitting under the Peepal tree. Will I ever be able to see another human being, apart from these few whom I live with, day in day out. Secluded. Away from the crowd?

...I just wish for this and that.. And wish to go here and there.. And play with him and her. But I can't. I am bonded into this labor and I am not alone. We are 300 of us. Sometimes, I wonder, are my parents even looking for me? Do they think, what happened that night after I went missing? Do they assume that I am dead? Have they accepted that and stopped looking? Will they never come and free us? Do they ever hope to see me again? Or did they sell me themselves? Did they get money for letting me get kidnapped by these strange people? No! No... That can't be. It is too hard to believe. Harder than working here.

I am 13 and these thoughts keep visiting my mind. I cannot talk, nor can I communicate with other boys. I can only think and talk to myself. And imagine at times, how it would be to be free again. Because sitting here, that's all I can do. Nothing else.

But you can!

Help us please!

What kind of a student were you?

This teachers' day, let's be thankful to all the wonderful teachers who contributed in making us whoever we are today. Let's introspect and see what kind of a student we were/are?

1. On any given day, the chances you skipped at least one class were:

- a. Less than 10%
- b. 10-25%
- c. Over 25%

2. You would start studying:

- a. During the first week of a class
- b. A few days before the first test, if you're lucky
- c. Only when you realize you are going to fail

3. You took notes in school and college:

- a. Regularly
- b. When you felt like it, or when you were pretty sure you wouldn't remember something
- c. Hardly ever

4. Did you do extra assignments or projects?

- a. Always
- b. Depended on the assignment and the chance it could make a difference for your marks
- c. Only if it prevented you from failing

5. If you'd have to write a big paper:

- a. You'd spend weeks researching and rewriting it
- b. You would have your friend look it over before you turn it in, but you won't go overboard writing it
- c. You fire it off the morning it's due

6. Did you do the assigned reading for your classes?

- a. All of it
- b. Eventually you knew you would get to read the important stuff
- c. No, that's what lectures and borrowing notes were for

7. What grade is totally unacceptable to you?

- a. C
- b. D
- c. F

8. How many times were you sent to the "principal's office?"

- a. Only been but once or twice...maybe!
- b. Pretty Often
- c. I'm basically ALWAYS in some kind of trouble!

9. Were you the class clown?

- a. Not really I tried to focus on school work
- b. Sometimes but not all the time...I can be though.
- c. Every Day All The Time!!!!!!

10. Do you sit in the front or back of the classroom?

- a. Front row rocks
- b. I was more of a middle of the class person
- c. BACK row all the way!

A : 10 Marks

B : 5 Marks

C : 0 Marks

Score between 100-70:

You were/are a great student: You aren't afraid to crack the books when you need to, and you make your education a true priority. You are perhaps a PhD in something or you could be one if you set your mind to it. There's no limit to what you can learn! You have been one of the teachers' pets all your school and college life!

Score between 70-40:

You were/are an average student: You know how to get by school, but your heart isn't always in it. Motivation is a problem for you. You find interest in other things; more than academics, but also at the same time understand that a minimal academic exposure is essential. You believe in that and follow it. You weren't perhaps one of the favorites of the teachers.

Score less than 40:

School and College was not your cup of tea: You were a bad student. You weren't really that into school, no matter what you were studying. Marks and grades made no sense to you. You live in a world of your own; have extraordinary aims which do not fall within the academic limits. Perhaps you are better with movies or sports. Because class is the last place you'd ever want to be.

Bollywood and women



2014, so far has been impressive. At least in terms of the movies that are being made in India.

Cinema, in India, is majorly male-centric with females doing the role of an arm candy, merely adding glamour quotient to the movie. There are movies which objectify women in a very incorrect way, treating them as dolls or sexy figures doing item numbers, being ogled at and being teased by the macho male leads.

There is not much substance to the part that women play. Except for a few movies like Mother India, Bhumika, Arth- in the older times, Lajja, Astitva- in mid phase of Indian cinema, there haven't been many women centric movies.

But 2010 onwards, we did see a pleasant change in the way womenfolk were being portrayed on celluloid. With movies like English Vinglish, Dor, Gulab Gang, Kahaani, Saath Khoon Maaf, we have almost accepted movies without the male leads, very heartily. Following this trend, came movies like Queen, Revolver Rani, Mardaani, Mary Kom and the trend looks very promising.

What do we derive of this new wave of feminism and the need to put women on a pedestal and make movies about them? Are there social issues erupting all of a sudden? No, because we know they were there since time immemorial. Did we not have better actors in the 1900s? Not even that, the most amazing bulk of actors proved themselves in those years too. Then weren't there good filmmakers back then? No, that isn't the case either!

Then what has changed? What has made us feel open about the issues that surround the present day women? Why are we alright watching a movie which has no male lead? Why do we accept a movie which talks only about a woman's journey, without the quintessential masala? What has really caused this shift?

I believe the way we look at women in the society today is slowly changing. There is more acceptance. The story telling has taken a huge leap, and there are movies which effortlessly make money on a single female actor without tagging it with any big male film star.

While promoting Mary Kom, Priyanka said "Things will change for women in Hindi film industry the day when we go and watch a movie after seeing its trailer, without having any gender bias in our minds".

There are some sections, that would rather watch an action flick starring a male, than appreciate a movie which talked about a certain woman.

Where there is this new wave of freshness and acceptance, there are still movies being made which present women in the wrong light. Women are still expected to wear skimpy clothes, and dance to catchy tunes, while the male lead whistles and gawks at the girl. The audience follows the same trend, once they get out of the cinema halls. They emulate the male actors and feel that if their idols portray a character in a certain way, then following the same will make them a hero too. There is still a huge market for movies which demean women.

But slowly things are changing. From SRK promising to allow female actors credits to roll before his, to Aamir Khan appreciating the female-oriented movies, we are slowly seeing a transformation.

Media has a huge influence on the society. If the movie-makers and the entertainers take it as an obligation to condition the society in the right way, then we can hope for a better future.

We can't say it is not happening. It is. And these are the winds of change. The pleasant, soothing ones.

Shweta Basu Prasad's onscreen mother Sakshi Tanwar decides to comment on the case



My on-screen daughter...

Around 14 years ago I started shooting for a TV show. After the first few episodes the girl, who was playing my daughter in the show was replaced by a very sweet and talented nine-year-old, who took to the role like it was written for her. Our bond grew so strong that since then, for the past 13 years, she has wished me on Mother's Day every single year. Beyond a warm and sweet gesture it is a reflection of the values she has grown up with, I would ask her about her studies and work, and she would always reply with confidence and assurance that all is well.

How I wish it was...

Few days ago that adorable little child of mine on screen hit the headlines for all the wrong reasons. Since then I have been getting a lot of phone calls and messages asking me if I "read about my on-screen daughter". My reply: "Yes! I read about her because the reports are only writing about her. Had they written about her so called high profile "businessmen" clients involved, I would have read about them too". Honestly, I'm quite disappointed that the media reports have so selectively guarded their identity and names. I have no interest in knowing about those degenerate "businessmen", but I would have loved to see their names come to the fore so that their families – mothers, daughters, sisters and wives – and friends would get an insight into their recreational habits.

I'm appalled at the way the issue has been dealt with by the media. We, the people, are so eager to pass judgments and share opinions about her on social media, but none of us have walked the hard yards in her shoes...so, do we actually have a right to judge her yet?

I don't know her reasons and problems, and I don't know any solutions either... All I know is that she is kept in a remand home and that she has apparently given a statement accepting it. At least she has been brave enough to accept it (as per the reports). I had been intending to write this piece since I got to know about it, but I wanted to first speak to her. Unable to do that, I did manage to talk to her real-life mother today. How many of us know that her mother has not been allowed to meet her in the remand home yet? How many of us know that the attending judge has told her mother that she is cheering up kids and other women in the remand home by talking about music and life. Her mother is feeling deprived, dejected and even defeated...and understandably so. She has a few very valid questions – "My daughter is not a criminal, why is her name being maligned like this? What if this irresponsible reporting along with her photographs by the media has a long-lasting scarring impact on her? What if tomorrow she finds it impossible to carry the bitter remains of her life and takes a drastic step, God forbid..."

Does anyone have an answer?

Her mother and many other women, including me, want to know the answers to some more questions. Why has the large section of media been so selective in highlighting the girl? Why the names and photographs of the businessmen not splashed all over, like the girl's? Why have those men been granted the right to privacy and not the girl? Is she a soft target just because she is an actor and a public figure? Why is our moral police quiet about this? In a country where even rapists and murderers are given the right to privacy, why has her right been violated? Why this irresponsible insensitive stand against her?

<http://www.bollywoodlife.com/news-gossip/while-rani-mukerji-stays-mum-shweta-basu-prasads-onscreen-mother-sakshi-tanwar-decides-to-comment-on-the-case/>

Are they wrong?

Let me tell you a story about a family. And a girl.

There is this girl I know. She hails from a small town in UP. She is a little weak mentally. She used to live with her mom, dad, her aunt (father's sister), and four siblings. Her father also has weak brain, which makes him dull and slow.

Her aunt was the eldest, hence was the head of their family. She used to beat this girl up, beat her siblings and mistreat this girl's parents – her brother and his wife too.

She used to force this little girl to do all the household chores, from washing, to cooking and cleaning. Just about everything you can imagine. But that is considered to be ok, because one is doing tasks for their own family. And it's ok, when the children of the house are made to work as domestic aides. No??

But this girl has a weird way of retaliation. Every time anyone reprimanded, or hit her, she would freeze. Freeze into a statue – rock solid, would stay like that without moving, immobile for hours. Either she would freeze or would wail hopelessly and gather all the villagers with her continuous crying. She was termed as "Pagal" by most of the people.

Her dad used to send her to a house in the village for domestic work as a helper, but because of her mental state, she turned out to have a severe people-phobia. Whenever anyone said anything, she would freeze in front of new people, not responding at all.

Though she gradually managed to learn and work there, but her weird ways made the housemates irritable. She even had a weird and scary habit of talking to imaginary people. She would steal food from the house she worked and caused much annoyance to the people there. Finally they sent her to a relative's house, in the city, after taking permission from her family.

The family, to which she came, in the city, was also petrified by her ways. Her ways were too alien for them. But the sons, in the family, almost adopted her. Having no younger sister, they pampered her like she was their own sister. She was always loaded with chocolates and goodies from them, their relatives and their friends. She continued her habit of stealthily grabbing a bite here and there, despite being given so much, but everything was allowed for her. Her mental condition and innocence, her naïve attitude towards things, made this family and the people sympathetic towards her.

If at all, there came a time when she needed to be scolded for something, it turned out to be a punishment for the family instead, because she would freeze for eternity.

They pampered her, and most importantly loved her. She was devoid of that. She did change a lot. She loves to doll up. She loves makeup and jewelry and she has loads of accessories, as someone or the other keeps showering her with these gifts. She loves to watch television, and apes her favorite actors and keeps humming songs from the movies. She lives a more carefree life.

The family attempted to give her education, and they got four tutors for her, but they all ran away. Yes, she would freeze or wail, whenever they scolded her, and in turn they would get horrified. She hates studies and it is very difficult to teach her. But she knows every detail of Balveer et al.



She doesn't know numbers or money, but she knows which channel comes on which number. She sneaks into the kitchen at wee hours and munches snack while watching television after everyone has gone to sleep. She goes to the terrace post-midnight and talks to her imaginary friend in an alien language. She scares the sh*t out of everyone.

But she is loveable, and if you love her, she loves you back immeasurably. That's the only language she knows and that's how she has changed all because of love.

A few years ago, unfortunately her mother was beaten by her aunt when she was in her second trimester, and she bled to death. After that her father got married again, and was thrown out of the house by the aunt and is now looking for job in Kolkata.

This girl doesn't understand what death means. She did not cry when she was told about her mother. She remained quiet and kept telling everyone "Meri maa ko bua ne maar dala..meri maa marr gai" At times, she dreams of her mother and then goes to the terrace and talks to her imaginary friend.

Maybe now, she is making tea and cooking in this family who brought her to stay with them. But then isn't it better than being beaten up? She wears good clothes, eats good food, sometimes she also goes out to restaurants with the family, she roams places with this family, travels, and attends all important functions.

Most importantly she is loved, she is pampered, she is protected and she is happy. One day she will marry a nice guy who will take care of her, and stay with her there only, under the constant watch of her guardians, as she can't be let out on her own.

PS – she will give you all her money and whatever she has if you ask her with love.

[osho gyaan] excerpts from discourse of Osho

Prostitution also exists in direct proportion to a society's civilization.

Did you ever reflect on how the institution of prostitution came into being in the first place? Can you find a prostitute in the hilly areas of the tribal peoples, in our far-flung settlements? Impossible. These people cannot even imagine there are women who sell their virtue, who undergo intercourse for remuneration. But this trafficking in sex has developed with the advance of man's civilization. This is an act of eating flowers. And we would be still more astonished were we to take fully into account all the other perversions of sex, were we to examine the full range of all its ugly manifestations.

What has happened to man? Who is responsible for this ugliness and debauchery? Those who have taught man to repress sex instead of understanding it are responsible. Because of this suppression, man's sex energy is leaking from the wrong pores. Man's whole society is sick and wretched, and if this cancerous society is to be changed, it is essential to accept that the energy of sex is divine, that the attraction for sex is essentially religious.

Why is the attraction of sex so powerful? For it surely is powerful. If we can grasp the basic levels of sex we can lift man out of sex. Only then can the world of rama emerge from the world of kama; only then can a world of compassion evolve out of this world of passion.

With a group of friends, I went to Khajuraho to see the world-famous temple there. The outermost wall, the periphery of the temple, is decorated with scenes of the sexual act, with the varied poses of intercourse. There are sculptures of many different poses, all in sexual postures. My friends asked why those sculptures were there, decorating a temple.

I explained to them that the architects who had built that temple were highly intelligent people. They knew that passion and sex exist on the circumference of life, and believed that those who were still caught up in sex had no right to enter the temple.

We entered. Inside, there was no idol to God. My friends were surprised, seeing no idol anywhere. I explained to them that on the outer wall of life itself lust and passion exist, whereas the temple of God is inside. Those who are still enchanted by passion, by sex, cannot reach the temple of God inside; they simply roam about the outer wall.

The builders of this temple were very sensible people. This was a meditation center -- sexuality on the surface, all around; peace and quiet at the core, at the center. They used to tell aspirants to meditate on sex first, to reflect fully on the copulation depicted on the outer wall, and when they had thoroughly understood sex and were certain their minds were free of it, they might go inside. Only then could they face God inside.

But the way of the world is just the opposite.

The people who have covered and concealed the body have unwittingly created so great an attraction for it that, although it has overtaken our minds, we still haven't felt the full impact.

Children should remain nude and should play in the nude for a long time, so no seed of madness remains to plague them the rest of their lives.

But the disease is already there, and it is on the increase. The existence of the disease can be observed in the bulk of obscene literature now being published. People read it, hiding it between the covers of the Gita and the bible. We shout that obscene books should be banned, but we never pause to think where the men who read them are coming from; we protest the displaying of nude pictures but never stop to ask why they are exhibited in the first place.

Sex is natural, but sexuality is the product of anti-sex teachings. If these teachings are followed, if the advice given in these unscientific sermons is taken, the soul of man will be totally filled with sexuality. It has almost happened. But, thank God, such teachers are not very successful. And because of their failure, man has been able to salvage some of his conscience, some of his discrimination. If man understands sex properly, he can rise above it. He should rise above it; it is necessary that he rise above it.

All our efforts to date have borne wrong results because we have not befriended sex but have declared war on it; we have used suppression and lack of understanding as ways of dealing with sex problems. The deeper a man's understanding, the higher he can rise above sex; the less his understanding, the greater his attempts to suppress sex will be. And the results of repression are never fruitful, never pleasing, never healthy.

Sex is man's most vibrant energy, but it should not be an end unto itself: sex should lead man to his soul. The goal is from lust to light.

To reach celibacy sex must be understood. To know sex is to be free of it, to transcend it; but even after a lifetime of sexual experience, a man is not able to detect that intercourse gives him a fleeting experience of samadhi, a peek into superconsciousness. That is the great pull of sex; that is the great allure of sex: it is the magnetic attraction of the Supreme. You have to know and to meditate upon this momentary glimpse; you have to focus on it with awareness. On everyone its pull is so tremendously strong.

There are other, easier ways to attain to the very same experience -- meditation, yoga and prayer are other alternatives -- but only the channel of sex has such a powerful influence on man.

Reflections:

Life on the other side of 25

Contributed by Krishna Ganatra

At 27, frankly, I feel contented being single and happy. Yes, struggle for career is on and at this age it is difficult to face the society as well as family and put your foot down and say "My career is my priority and not finding a guy".

Not that I am not interested, but the question is "Where is that man I want to spend my life with?"

I had randomly shared this status on Facebook once, "The problem is that every girl looks for a man but there are only guys available. A serious dearth".

Many of you would agree. We frankly are not looking for a perfect, loving, caring, understanding, ideal marriage material guy, are we? We know what is shown in TV soaps is just a myth. So what is it that we independent, career oriented girls are looking for in a life partner?

Independent, indeed! Not bound by the rules of the society but having his own point of view. Someone who respects his parents, but isn't a mamma's boy.

Most important is this word "Respect". Respect for a woman, her identity and struggles. Respect her for her independence and her decisions.

What is a woman, if we think? "Woman is more than beauty and grace. She is a mother-the backbone of her family. She is an epitome of happiness and love. She is selfless and confident."

I have been working for a women-centric brand on social media for almost 3 months now and my perception of Indian women has changed drastically. The brand talks about the confident women of today and while we do share many tips related to how to be self-confident, the response from the followers is unbelievable.

These are the women who talk about smile as their elegance. They talk about loving and taking care of themselves. Their will power is what makes them strong and independent irrespective of being single or married or committed. They have a voice of their own and they share it with us freely and openly.

What surprised us the most is the response that we got for the contest regarding "your most confident moment?" I was deeply touched by the stories they shared. One, on how a woman can manage between personal and professional life, both in different countries, and that too when she was carrying a baby. Another, about a woman saving her pocket money secretly since childhood for learning music, as her parents considered it as a taboo.



There was another one where a girl was stuck out of home late mid-night along with her sister. They saw a car occupied by men approaching and felt something fishy and thus using her presence of mind, the girl dialed a number and acted as if she was talking to her father who is apparently Commissioner of police. She started complaining about not sending the car on time to pick them up at that particular place. This shooed away the guys.

Isn't it wonderful to hear these things? Living in Mumbai I see and interact with many women struggling yet living a happy life. The floor at which I stay has four flats of which 3 are occupied by us- women, including me. My neighbor is a widow since less than a year and has no family or children. Another lady sharing the floor is a yoga instructor following a strict routine. They both manage their life happily being single and strong.

Frankly, women in India have come out and are breaking all barriers not to prove themselves but to create an identity of their own. No matter what life throws upon them, they face it boldly. And do you see tears often? No! I feel they have reduced tremendously.

People say super heroes. Indeed I have heard, met and interacted with many. Have you?

With such an attitude towards life and independence, most women do not consider "singledom" as a taboo anymore. They are taking their time to make important decisions like marriage, which I think is fair.

So while there is still a trend that guys have commitment phobia, I feel majority of girls my age have started having that too. Parents are right at times by saying that the more delay we do we will have to compromise. But aren't we compromising always?

In the process, aren't we really becoming the guy we would like to get married to?

More than just book-lessons

I remember that day, the first time when I went to school. Do I really?

No, I do not remember that day. But I do remember that I was a choosy child. I did not like many people, especially strangers. But even though you were one, initially, I gave into your warmth. That wobbly, oblivious feeling of being loved still fills my heart with wonder. What did you do to me? I was barely six.

You held my hand (you must have), and made me sit on a bench closest to your desk. I know I was a difficult child. You allowed me to miss my mom after she left me in a classroom full of girls who were missing their moms. You stood there, as a replacement. Taking care of each one of us, like a shepherd took care of his herd.

I do remember the drawing lessons. How I always colored outside the lines and you allowed me to. You said it was ok. You said the picture I made was perfect nevertheless. Even if it looked the ugliest, you encouraged that it was fine that I wasn't good at drawing. I could be better at other things. You taught me anyway, how to color within the outlines. You encouraged me to get on the stage and talk.

Like the food on the plate made more sense than the crumbs outside the periphery, you fed us all that was necessary. I do not remember the first day, but I do remember the last day of class 1. When you told my mom "Your daughter is a bright girl. Encourage her to talk more". I haven't stopped talking ever since, Ma'am. My mom felt proud. Proud of me, and you are responsible for making her believe that I was worthy of it.

I remember my journey through the primary, secondary and high school—The lessons in Math, English, Science, Social Science and Languages. Community living class was more fun, because that's when we learnt the little basics of life which still lead us correctly. The moral science classes, the role plays, the profound lessons through small stories, you made it all very simple.

The assembly stage, facing hundreds of girls and speaking on the mic, confidently, with élan, you made it all easy. You pushed me to score better in subjects you thought I was good at. My report card not just said "Grade A", it also said what you thought of me. That space, where you would give your remarks was the most important feedback I could ever get. Be it "Can do better", or "she is a lovely girl" or "Work harder, you can do it", all made a huge difference. You taught us how to eat, sit, drink, talk, pronounce, write, rhyme, announce, play, run, pray, sing, knit, stitch, study, and become better human beings.

So many years after passing out, when I look back and see how the journey went, I feel contented. It was because of you teachers that I could learn things I never thought were necessary, but they actually were. Today I know.

I understand why kindness is important, why sharing is important. Why reading out aloud in class is important. Why taking turns is important. Why sitting on the last bench is important, why sitting on the first is equally important too. Why punishments are important, why charity is important, why cleanliness is important and why being proud of being a girl is important.

Life has been giving us incidences in turns, and guesses what; we are taking it really well. All of us. We are not surprised, because we were prepared, molded to face this. Marks alone are not criteria to a better life that is something we realize today. When mark sheets, no longer hold importance, when silly equations on the blackboard don't seem competitive, when life and attitude appear more imperative, we think of you and feel thankful. You changed our attitudes, built it, and made us strong in more ways than one. Nothing can express our gratitude in words, dear teachers. But two small golden words, that you always said create magic. Thank You! For everything!

Happy Teachers' day!

Sneak Peak

We do not want to spell out what our next topic is going to be.

But here are some facts you may wanna read. Just in case!

- Only 1 out of 9 children going to school is able to get to college. India has the lowest enrollment ratio of students who go in for higher education. It is just 11 percent in India, whereas in US it is 83%
- The investment to increase the enrollment levels to 15 percent, Eleventh Plan had estimated that India would need Rs 2,26,410 crore. Yet it has set aside only Rs 77,933 crore—just a fourth of the total needed.
- A recent NASSCoM–McKinsey study revealed that only one out of Ten Indian students with degrees in humanities and one out of four engineering graduates are employable. The largest pool of employable youth India and the likes are all a farce.
- A study by the National Assessment and Accreditation Council showed that 90 per cent of the colleges and 70 per cent of the universities that the council were below the standard quality level.
- Shortage of teachers was endemic with even the IITs reporting a 20 to 30 per cent shortfall in faculty.
- On an average most Indian universities revise their curricula only once in five to 10
- In 50 years, only 44 private institutions were granted deemed university status by the University Grants Commission. In the last 5 years, it has granted that status to 49 more, leading to charges of immodesty.
- Studies show that the number of students committing suicide because of the pressure to perform well in secondary board exams and competitive exams is rising alarmingly.
- The quality of school education hasn't improved. A recent study found that in rural north India on an average day, there is no teaching activity in about half of the primary schools
- The US currently accounts for over a third of the entire world's output of articles in science and engineering. India, in contrast, accounts for less than 3 per cent of research papers published and in terms of citations barely 1 per cent.
- Almost half of the country's population is below 25 years. Almost 10 per cent of them or 12 crore are between the ages of 18 and 23. If they are equipped with both knowledge and skills, they could drive India's entrepreneurial and Competitive spirit and make it into global power.

Remembering Yug - 8-year-old kidnapped boy dead, 2 arrested

*The song is ended, but the melody lingers on...
That night on a busy chatting spree, an
innocent face sprung on my WhatsApp
notifications.*

*"Eight year old, Yug chandak missing from
Chhapru Nagar. Please help find the child."*

*It was like, amongst many leaves, on the tree
one leaf decided to hide itself behind a twig.*

*Wet due to monsoon showers, young, green,
bright and fresh.*

*Its fragrance complimented the petrichor
A pleasant appearance, soothing, little leaf,
casually hiding behind that twig...*

*That very twig, the kidnapers approached and
caught hold*

*Plucked it hard, separated it, thinking the leaf
behind it was gold..*

*No it wasn't. But it could fetch those things
they wanted - money and revenge.*

A few people and an angry purpose to avenge

*Two of them on a moped caught hold of the
breath of the little one*

And made him sleep...

Calming, undisturbed, deep.... very deep..

*And love evaporated from the surface of the
earth that day*

*There remained no hope, no faith no trust
Because believe me, if you must...*

*There exist scoundrels who kill
Who kill because their egos hurt?
They want to reinforce their worth
They forget the power of good will
And go on a bender and kill
Yes they kill!*

Kill who?

You, me, or little Yug?

For gold or money

No..

They kill humanity.

It sounds so funny...

But they do!!

A family- deprived of a loved one

*Only because two horrible lads decided to
have fun!!*

Barely eight years old

*Dreams and chances waiting to unfold
DIED. Was KILLED.*

Why? Because he was smart and clever!!

And that was his mistake??

That put his life at stake??

Is innocence, smartness a crime?

If yes, then, people, its time!!

Time for us to hang our heads in shame

*Because innocence was killed in a revenge-
game..*

And Yug leaves behind a question for us

How many more will die like this

How many chances are we gonna miss?

When will love prevail?

*And not leave behind a blood-
spattered trail??*

*Of sad stories of mothers losing their
boys*

*Fathers' hearts weeping, brothers
muzzling their cries*

Evils erupt and magnify to no ends

Yug, tell God, he better not pretend!!

HE BETTER NOT PRETEND!

Pretend as if everything's alright

Ask him to see what's going on..

It's almost a fight..

Fight of evil vs the good

The vanishing, diminishing, brotherhood..

It's over, relax, sweetheart...

It's over; you've done your part!

*Hold down your guards, little one, no one will
dare hurt you again*

*Because you are beyond all discomforts and
pain*

We all live in agony with it...

And how?

Time will tell!

Rest in peace, dear!

You are away from the dirty ruse

Watch over your family

They should get through the blues..

We all feel the angst, the sorrow, the pain

*I wish you'd smile upon us, someday, all over
again.*

RIP Yug Chandak.



COVER SPEAKS

Humanity is dead!

An 8 year old was killed for the sake of vengeance, another 8 yr old was sold for money, yet another 8 yr old was bought and raped. Humans are no items for sale.

This time we realized that there is dearth of real humans, why cry for feminism when basic humanity is dead. So from now on Womania is

black..... instead of putting black dots on whats app we changed out logo to black.... We protest. We will be black, till we see a ray of hope, love and optimism.

Our cover talks about bondage, pain, sale of humans round the world and a small initiative to make people aware of this business. If one man is bonded. We all are!

Lyrical Mess, and the fun we have when we are not working.. or trying to work!

Y: Bina dekhe... Immediately.. Chikni chameli ke lyrics likho ...starting se, Chorus tak

P: Aisa kyun par.

Y: Main dekhna chahti sirf main hi galat gaati ya sab gaate

Y: Ab bina cheating kiye likho..pehle do lines. But bina google kiye imaandari se

P: Peechu main nai rahna badi zeherili ankh maare

Y: rofl.. thank god main akeli galat nai gaati.

N: pichhu hi hain

N: sab yehi gaate

D: Picchu me Nai rehna.... Badi zehrili dank maare.... Kamsain kamariya saali.... Ek

thumke pe lath maare.... Note hazaro k khulle chutte karaane aai....Husn ki fili se bidi chillam jalane aai

D: Wo Kya hai bichhu se bach rehna?

Y: Bichhu mere naina... Badi zehrili aankh maarre.. Kamsin kamariya saali ek thumke se lakh maare

D: Lakh matlab lakhwa

Y: Nai... it means... Laakho ko maare

Y: Khatam kar dala lyrics ko

D: Btw . I sang picchu me reh rehna

Y: Now i wud never be able to sing it as bichhu... It will always be

picchu

D: Yes

D: In our memory

About our writers

Krishna Ganatra:

Krishna is into Digital Media Marketing professionally. She stays in Mumbai and loves the city life, interacting with people and weaving stories. She is an avid reader and photographer. She loves to travel, and believes that life is journey; and while travelling, you make beautiful memories out of it. She loves writing, expressing in creative ways.

She blogs at <http://theroutelesstravelled.wordpress.com>. She is a Libran and true feminist at heart!

Choli ke "pichhu" kya hai?

Seriousness of the issue made us too philosophical, so on lighter occasions we discussed anything and everything.

When we have competition with leading magazines!

Y: Can u imagine.. Femina is doing same issues as us... Aug issue was on men.. Before that u remember that huma wala pic.. Body. Image

D: Whadd?

Y: See what Randeep Hooda had to say, in Femina:

"What kind of women are you attracted to?"

I know what I don't like. I don't like skinny and drunk women.

Maybe I am old fashioned, but

I don't get women with boyish

bodies, and fashion magazines are full of them. I also don't quite appreciate this attitude of women n trying to prove themselves equal to men. Women are born superior and will always be superior.

D: Wow

Y: Also, read adultery, there is section where he mentions about men vs women. Same content as ours..prev issue

D: and our Aug issue came before Adultery, right?

Y: That's right.. Inspiration or what :P

D: LOL

Announcement

When are not busy writing and putting together all articles, we indulge in more serious fun! Really! We are not kidding. The whole process of coming up with an edition means having coffee wherever we are and yapping philosophy over whatsapp and bbm. Finally our hearts push us to write and we end up with these editions. We are in love with whatever we do!

We would love for more people to join us and share this madness.

People who are serious about work, who are extremely talented and like to work on schedules and deadlines. Those who promise things and keep it, and those who

have won awards in art and literature and most "not welcome". The fun lovers, mad hatters.. You are most free to join us, and see how crazier can people get.

Oh! Womania is about living one day at a time, and then summarizing all that we have lived and learnt. It's about making our very own zone wonderful. Slowly we hope it spreads wider and wider, making this world a beautiful place to live in.

If you are interested to be a part of our team, please write to us at ohwomani@gmail.com

Come, join and help us spread the love and light!

PS: We have read the comments and taken up a few pointers too. How much we follow and stay in our senses, is all up to the rotation and revolution of the earth! We are unapologetic, but we sincerely respect feedbacks and we couldn't have been more thankful! :)

So keep 'em coming.

Credits:

Design (cover & magazine):Diba

Content: Diba, Yamini,

Krishna,

Editing: Yamini

Proofreading: Yamini

Facts and Quotes: Wikipedia

Grammar Teacher:

MAC pages and MS word.

Until Next time:

Note: All the typos in the posts are intentional. If you haven't found any, Congratulations!

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Follow us on our new FB page : <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Oh-Womania/469023103129211>

More light, more power to everyone!
Help spread the love with Diba and Yamini :)