



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

JOURNAL OF BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY INDIA

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GRIMLY
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Platt

Beauty Without Cruelty

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AN INTERNATIONAL EDUCATIONAL CHARITABLE TRUST FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS



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Beauty Without Cruelty

Is a way of life
which causes no creature
of land, sea or air,
terror, torture or death.

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BWC Office in Bombay

BWC is most grateful to each and every donor, especially those Life Members who so promptly responded to our appeal by donating Rs.100/- or more towards the money being collected to purchase office space in Bombay. Unfortunately we still require more and so would like to remind Members who have not yet contributed, to kindly extend their support as well. Every bit will help, especially now.

The verbal deal for the premises at Nana Chowk area fell through. We now have found a more suitable place in the Prathana Samaj area of Bombay. BWC will be the proud owners of the ground floor office before the end of March 1991.

BWC Bonfire

In keeping with the international trend to destroy animal products such as ivory, furs etc. which should not be put back into the market keeping alive the demand, BWC is thinking of organising a public bonfire - subject to receiving a good response.

Please therefore inform us if there are any items you would like to destroy, the quantity and approximate value if known. BWC will issue a certificate to the owners of the items who can themselves throw them into the bonfire. As it will be a unique function, excellent media coverage is expected.

The following are some of the items of animal origin which will be acceptable:

Ivory- show pieces, statues, jewellery, painted sheets, inlay work.

Leather- footwear, hand-bags, wallets, belts, straps, garments, suitcases, diary covers, furniture covers, office materials.

Reptile Skin- footwear, belts, purses, straps, office materials, hand-bags, garments.

Silk- Garments, sarees, painted show pieces on silk, carpets, embroidery thread.

Cosmetics & Toiletries- tooth paste, soaps, shampoos, creams, lotions, lipsticks, nailpolish, chap sticks, hair preparations, powders, make-up items, after shave lotions, deodorants.

Perfumes - attars, ottos, concentrates, scents, eau de toilette, eau de cologne.

Shells & conches - show pieces, lamp shades, jewellery, inlay work, flower pots, paper-weights.

Pearls - jewellery.

Animal Hair - hair brushes, shaving brushes, boot polish brushes, wall painting brushes, artist's brushes, carpet brushes.

Fur - garments, headgear, hand-bags, show pieces.

Lac - show pieces, jewellery, sealing wax.

Coral - jewellery, show pieces.

Bone - show pieces, jewellery, inlay work.

Horn - show pieces, jewellery.

Feathers - show pieces, fans, brushes, greeting cards, quilts.

Animal Trophies - mounted heads, stuffed animals.

EEC Fur Import Ban - A partial victory for BWC

At last, 3 years and 3 months after Beauty Without Cruelty made its presentation on the fur issue at Strasbourg, the final vote has been taken.

On Monday, September 10, at 5 pm some 150 of the 518 MEPs (30%), sat down to the Plenary Vote on the Banotti Fur Report. The vote had been scheduled for Friday 13th July but, although 73 Amendments were tabled, there was not a quorum and voting was put back to the September session. The results are as follows:

- 1 There will be a ban on the import, export, manufacture, sale and use of the leghold trap within the European Community.
- 2 There will be a ban on the import of certain furs where they originate in a country where the leghold trap is still in use.
- 3 Fur from the beaver, otter, coyote, wolf, lynx, bobcat, sable, raccoon, muskrat, fisher, badger, marten, and ermine will be banned as will fur from red squirrel if body-snared.
- 4 There is a recommendation for "...a labelling scheme to identify fur products derived from animals trapped in leghold traps and in other indiscriminate trapping methods in the wild."
- 5 The leghold trap is defined as "...a trap designed to restrain or capture an animal by means of clamps which close tightly upon one or more of the animal's limbs thereby preventing the limb or limbs from being withdrawn from the trap."

However the MEPs did not have the compassion, courage or concern to support any of the Amendments which would have strengthened the Banotti Report and therefore, the **Bad News** is :

- 1 The import ban does not start until 1st January 1996 if "...the Commission has determined before 1 January 1995, as a result of a review undertaken in cooperation with the competent authorities of the countries concerned, that sufficient progress is being made in developing humane methods of trapping in their territory."
- 2 Funds of £375,000 over 5 years will be taken from the Animal Welfare & Protection budget and used in 'humane' trap research.
- 3 A large number of fur-bearers receive no protection at all - even after January 1996. The fox, mink and grey squirrels are all in the Top Ten Trapped Animals' List but are afforded no protection because MEPs still do not believe that wild species can be detected from ranched species by Customs. This is despite the obvious fact that every furrier must be able to tell the difference to avoid being cheated! (Incidentally the sable is protected although it is both ranched and wild-caught, mainly in the Soviet Union - we wonder why?..)

Others which will continue to be trapped include the bear, wolverine, opossum, coypu, polecat and wildcat.

Courtesy : COMPASSION

**Animals who will
never receive
protection under the
new regulation**



FOX



BEAR



WOLVERINE



COYPU



MINK



OPOSSUM



WILDCAT



POLECAT



GREY SQUIRREL

**Animals who will
receive protection
under the new
regulation
from 1995/6**

MUSKRAT



**RED
SQUIRREL**



SABLE



FISHER



BADGER



ERMINE



BEAVER



WOLF



BOBCAT



MARTEN



RACCOON



OTTER



LYNX



COYOTE



Animal Rights Forges Ahead

Diana Ratnagar

Ever since I can remember, people working for animals had been earnestly wanting the subject of prevention of cruelty to animals shifted out of the Ministry of Agriculture. The demand was particularly strong during the III National Conference on Animal Welfare held in New Delhi in 1977. This was the time when The Rt. Hon'ble Muriel, Lady Dowding had visited India and met the then Prime Minister, Mr. Morarji Desai and Beauty Without Cruelty was able to persuade him to ban the export of monkeys.

The long cherished dream finally materialised in February this year when "animal welfare" was taken out of the Ministry of Agriculture and brought under the control of the Ministry of Environment & Forests. This move came about only because of Ms. Menaka Gandhi, our famous and ardent animal lover, and also a BWC activist, who to our delight was elected as a Member of the Lok Sabha and then made Minister of State in the Ministry of Environment and Forests. Ms. Gandhi immediately ushered in a new era of environmental and animal rights concepts which so far had remained confined to the realm of voluntary bodies. Every one knew that Ms. Gandhi was "just right" for the post, that our first greatly admired "green politician" would do wonders.

The Animal Welfare Board of India (AWBI) thus came under the Ministry of Environment and Forests. But, the Chairman of the Board was alas a meat expert! Yes, Prof. N.S. Ramaswamy had been appointed to this post in spite of being the Chairman of the Expert Committee for the Development of the Meat Industry. In fact,

the appointment which was made by the Government a year earlier, was the cause of great distress to genuine animal lovers and an unfruitful campaign to get him removed was going on in full swing. Thank God therefore that as soon as the AWBI came under the direct control of Ms. Menaka Gandhi, the meat expert thought it wise to resign.

The Ministry of Environment & Forests had been dealing with wildlife and that was as close as they had come to animals. A totally new concept of animal welfare with its animal rights assertive values began fast emerging, particularly with regard to zoos. The idea of running them with the aim of phasing them out is not totally evident, but some major beneficial changes in the near future can be visualised with the setting up of the Zoo Authority. Performing animals like bears which are made to do street shows are now something of the past. They are being rounded up and given protection starting with one called "Munna" which caused quite an uproar in the media for as long as the Supreme Court case lasted.

To begin with the Wildlife (Protection) Act, 1972, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' Act, 1960, both needed to be enforced strictly. This in itself brought in considerable help to the animals. Nevertheless, the Acts are being amended. I'm pleased that most of the suggestions given by me as Hon. Consultant on Animal Welfare to the Ministry for amending particularly the PCA Act were readily accepted by the officials. I also hope that the AWBI will be made to work much more sincerely and efficiently although this persists to be a problem. The establishment of State Animal Welfare Boards should be materialising soon so that the work for animals expands all over India.

What has pleased me the most is the materialisation of an ABC Project - a massive programme for the control of the stray dog population in Delhi. It is being undertaken jointly by the SPCA and Municipality.

Daily about 50 male dogs are injected "Talsur", a once in a life time dose for rendering them infertile. "Rabycin" is also given to the animals for immunising them against rabies. Very soon, the need to pick up and destroy unwanted, stray dogs will be eliminated as they will not be born to be killed. Other cities like Calcutta also have plans to undertake a similiar programme on a big scale.

People have learnt to value the right of each and every animal, whether wild or domestic, to live out its life in dignity. Animal exploitation has not of course been completely wiped out, but people are beginning to care and realise the importance of the subject. Ms. Menaka Gandhi as Minister must have received more letters from the public than her predecessors all put together ever did. It is clear that illtreatment and cruelties inflicted upon animals would no longer be tolerated. Little wonder then that there was a public protest when a Cabinet rank Minister was installed in her Ministry, making her ineffective. Nevertheless, seeing her commitment to the cause most Ministry officials have been striving hard to achieve as much as possible.

When Ms. Maneka Gandhi resigned as Minister of State, it was seen as a blow to the cause. So much had no doubt been done, but much more was to be done. Guidelines for the humane use of animals in filming had been formulated and the ones for experimentation were being formed. Measures had been taken for putting an end to illegal slaughter and the inter-state movement of cattle which involves unimaginable cruelties. In spite of pressure the bans of the export of frogslegs and monkeys were not lifted. Designs for bullock carts benefitting the animals were being ascertained, confiscated wildlife items no longer put back into circulation were to be destroyed, the bird trade

already curtailed was hopefully to be brought to an end....These are but few of the aspects covered.

The new Prime Minister, Mr. Chandra Shekar, realising Ms. Maneka Gandhi's dedication has done well in reappointing her as Minister of State in the Ministry of Environment & Forests. And, having given her Independant Charge, it is but obvious that her achievements will be great. The task ahead is tremendous, but it no longer seems as hopeless or unending. I am confident that our Indian culture based on reverence for all life, "ahinsa" and vegetarianism will see us beautifully into the next century when animal rights issues are all bound to be considered favourably.

Ahinsa

Greeting Cards

BWC did not come out with new "Ahinsa" Greeting Cards this year. However, the previous years' designs are readily available for our supporters.

કરુણા મિત્ર

BWC regrets to inform Members that due to absolutely unavoidable circumstances the organisation's Gujarati magazine "Satvanukampa" and Hindi magazine "Karuna Mitra" are both being discontinued temporarily.

All BWC Members will therefore be receiving " Compassionate Friend" magazine in English.

The Girl who loved Elephants

Janet Hunt

The Circus Arrives

Costumed in a patchwork of brilliant colours, a tiny hat balanced on his orange hair, feet as big as kippers, the clown danced along the busy high street. He did cart-wheels, climbed lamp-posts and flapped around them like a flag. He held babies up high, tweaked grannies' cheeks, waved his arms like a windmill, scattering bright leaflets everywhere, frightening dogs and making small children's eyes grow big as balloons.

"There's going to be a circus!" The news rippled through the onlookers. It was a small town, a quiet town. Nothing much happened. This was something to talk about.

Meryl Brown, eleven years old, mouth full of fudge, stared as the clown took a flying leap and landed in front of her. He stared back from star-shaped eyes set in a face white as flour. He held out a leaflet, then was gone.

ALL THE FUN OF THE CIRCUS, it said, BREATH TAKING HIGH WIRE ACTS.....FREDERICO THE FIRE EATER...CLOWNS..... PERFORMING DOGS, HORSES, LIONS AND ELEPHANTS.....

Meryl saw only one word : elephants. She tore home and slammed the front door. The house quivered, then was silent.

"Mum, where are you?"

Her mother was making pastry. "Look!" Meryl held up the leaflet. Her mother glanced at it, narrowed her eyes, nodded and returned her attention to the dough.

"A clown was giving them to everybody. Everyone at school will be going. Can we go?"

"Hm. I doubt it, but we'll have to see. Your father won't be keen. I thought we'd brought you up to seek better things than *circuses* for entertainment."

"Oh, Mum!" Disappointment trapped the words in Meryl's throat. At that moment she could think of nothing she'd ever wanted more.

At school, everybody was talking about the circus. Meryl kept herself to herself all day. On the way home, she hurried past the circus posters which had appeared everywhere.

She went to her bedroom and picked out one of her countless wildlife books.

Elephants were her very special interest. She read everything she could about them. Huge and proud, yet not overbearing or clumsy. Among the biggest and strongest animals of all, yet among the tenderest and gentlest, too. She remembered the first time her father had taken her to a zoo. She hung over the railings trying to touch a young elephant stretching out its trunk towards her. Then, scared by a sudden noise, the elephant flapped its ears, edged backwards and padded away. She cried and cried. Her father scolded her, "Stop it at once -- a big girl like you crying like a baby?"

Later that night, hot under her jungle-patterned duvet, Meryl tossed and turned, dreaming of elephants trekking across arid savannas, orange dust swirling, babies hurrying to keep up. Then they were splashing about in water, spouting sparkling fountains from their trunks, trumpeting excitedly. She was with them. She splashed them. They splashed her back.

She awoke with a start. Rain had blown through the window, soaking the end of the bed, her feet and legs, the hem of her nightie.

At breakfast, she tried again. "Just about everyone's going, tonight, Dad. Please -- couldn't we go, too?"

"What's that?" her father said, his mind elsewhere. "Oh, you're not on about that circus again, are you? A waste of good money. Forget it, there's a good girl. We'll find some other treat for you."

It was Saturday. All morning she paced moodily about the house, kicking at things, nibbling biscuits.

After lunch, she could stand being indoors no longer. "I'm going out, Mum. See you later."

Aimlessly, she wandered the streets. Her mind was on one thing only - the circus, and how to get to it. She couldn't persuade her father to take her, she knew that. Scraping together the price of a ticket wouldn't be impossible, but he'd never agree to her spending all her pocket money on a circus. She sat on a bench, pondering. Then she came to a decision.

Meryl set off down the street passing tidy rows of brick houses, a church, a corner sweet-shop, without really seeing them. As town gave way to country, the houses began to spread out. She crossed a river where boys were bathing. A sprawl of fields stretched out before her, green as far as the eye could see. In the first field, like some strange, crouching monster, shimmering in the heat, lay the huge shape of the circus 'Big Top'. It was surrounded by a cluster of caravans, trailers, wagons, and smaller tents. This was the magnet to which, tonight, young and old would be drawn.

As she gazed, through the insect-hum of the summer afternoon a sound made her heart first dip, and then soar.

An elephant trumpeted.

Meryl behind the scenes

Meryl walked past the empty ticket-booth, into the field where the Big Top stood. Knowing she shouldn't be there, she tiptoed her way amongst caravans and wagons towards the huge tent. She heard occasional voices and laughter, but nobody stopped her, nobody shouted. There was a gap in the grey canvas wall. She slipped inside.

As her eyes adjusted to the dim light, she could see the tiers of seats surrounding the ring of sand. High up, a net stretched right across; ladders climbed dizzily skywards to reach platforms in the roof. Meryl closed her eyes and tried to imagine the show in full swing, as it would be later that evening....The gasps and cheers from the crowd as trapeze artists swung and swooped....A fire-eater breathing out flames like a dragon... Capering clowns....High stepping horses....And, of course, the huge and magnificent elephants, her favourite animals. Yet she was going to miss it all. It just wasn't fair!

She made her way round to another gap in the canvas and peered out. The sunlight outside was bright, shining down on a group of wagons with bars along their sides. The smell was awful. She stepped through to see what the wagons contained - and gulped as she came almost face to face with a lion. It lay in the first wagon, paws outstretched. For a moment, its golden eyes looked at her through the iron bars but showed not even a flicker of interest. It yawned and looked away. Meryl edged past, and saw that there were other lions in the wagon - two, three, no four, altogether, crowded on the filthy straw. They were so close together it was hard to see. The smell was worse than ever.

Meryl was sickened. Lions shouldn't be like that. These weren't the proud, handsome animals she'd always read about. They looked bored, spiritless and pathetic. It was awful. She moved on, and round the next corner came to a clearing. She gasped.

A man stood in the centre, his back to her. In one hand he held a whip, and in a semi-circle

round him stood five elephants. Meryl quickly looked round for a hiding place. She had a feeling that if she was seen, there would be trouble. Behind the steps of a caravan, she hid to watch.

At a sharp command from the man, the elephants reared up on their hind legs and balanced, unsteadily. Then one suddenly lowered herself to all fours again and backed away a little. The man shouted. The elephant swayed, nervously, but did not move. Again the man shouted, and strode forward. He raised his whip. Meryl closed her eyes. She heard a crack, and then another. When she looked again, the frightened elephant had obeyed. Like the others, it was sitting on its haunches, front legs in the air. Meryl didn't wait to see anymore. Why would anybody want to hurt and bully gentle and intelligent animals like that, to make them do *stupid* things? It was cruel. She felt tears coming.

In a minute, she was smiling again. In another clearing, there was a baby elephant, standing quite alone. She saw a thick chain around its ankle, attached to a stake. As Meryl approached, the elephant's trunk snaked out towards her. It touched her cardigan, her arm and then her hand, gently pushed into it as though looking for a hidden *treat*.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I haven't got anything for you." She stroked its trunk, patted its head and touched its ears, frilled at the edges rather like crepe paper when you pull it. She was totally absorbed, and jumped when a voice said, "She's our new baby - Lulu. Do you like her?"

It was the clown she had seen in the street; he had given her the leaflet. He was wearing ordinary clothes, now, but still had his make-up on. He grinned at her.

"Easily arranged!" said the clown, "Stay right there." In a minute, he was back with a brown paper bag of apples. Meryl took one and held it out. The baby elephant's trunk came out towards her, took the fruit gently and popped it into its waiting mouth.

"Will she have to learn to dance, when she grows up?" Meryl asked.

"Yes," said the clown, "and stand on her head, and play cricket and do all sorts of things. They have to. That's what people pay to see."

"And if *she* doesn't want to, will they hit her until she does. Like I saw that man over there?"

The clown frowned. "What? Who? Where?" he asked, "Oh dear. You shouldn't really have been over there. Nobody's allowed to watch that."

"Well, I *was* there," said Meryl, "and I saw him. And his whip."

The clown suddenly looked very sad behind his make-up, "But you like to see elephants dance, don't you, Miss?"

Meryl thought about it. "No," she said slowly, "I mean, it's just silly. Elephants *don't* dance and stand on their heads. And we shouldn't make them. It's not clever to make animals do silly things."

Hesitantly, the clown leant forward and touched her shoulder. "I know just how you feel, you know," he said, "I feel the same. But it's not just the elephants. It's the lions, the horses, the dogs..... the lot. I'm sorry for all of them. It's no life for the animals, a circus life. Crammed in cages and wagons, on the road or off. People shouting..... People making them do silly things, like you say." He stopped.

Meryl looked at him curiously. "But you work for the circus," she said, "You must like it."

"I'm a clown, and I like being a clown," he said, "It's my job. But I don't like some of the things I know go on in the circus. I do my best to stop it. Now, isn't it about time you ran along, young lady. I'll do whatever I can for Lulu....."

"You won't let them whip her, will you - ever? Promise?"

"Not if I can help it. I promise."

Meryl hugged the clown and ran off home. She felt just a little better. But now her mind was made up about circuses.

"Meryl, where on earth have you been?" asked her mother, "your tea's ready - and you'd better eat it quickly. We've changed our minds. We'll take you to the circus, after all, if that's what you really want."

There was a silence, then Meryl blurted out, "It's super of you to offer, but I've changed my mind, too. I don't think I like circuses. I don't want to go, now."

Her parents exchanged glances. "And what brought all this about?"

Meryl was quiet, then, "I think it's better to see wild animals where they belong," she said, "and that isn't in circuses."

"I'm very glad. That's what we think, too," said her mother, "but people have to make their own minds up. Now, how about going to the ballet, next week? I don't suppose you'd say no to that!"

Courtesy : ANIMAL WORLD



COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, April - December 1990

White Horses take centre stage

Julie Cockcroft

You have to see it to believe it.

Pure white stallions in glittering tack wheeling and turning to music like perfectly synchronised ballet dancers.

There is only one place in the world where horses are trained to perform the awesome and graceful movements of the classical school. The Spanish Riding School of Vienna.

The Lipizzaner horses used exclusively by the school are the oldest purebred strain in Europe.

The school itself was founded by Emperor Charles VI in 1735 to retain and encourage the art of *haut école*, which had flourished in Vienna since 1572.

It is based in a part of the former Imperial Palace of the Hapsburgs, and performances take place in a baroque ballroom for horses, which is long and narrow with chandeliers and tiers of galleries whose seats are invariably packed.

The horses are actually bred several hundred miles away at the government-funded stud at Piber, in the alpine foothills near the Hungarian border.

Around eight stallions, at least one from each of the six historic bloodlines, and 80 brood mares are kept.

At about three and a half years old, the very best of the young stallions are selected for training in Vienna, and the best mares are chosen for the stud. Unwanted Lipizzaners are quickly snapped up by amateur riders.

Stallions past their prime are never sold. They are retired to a farm near Vienna, which is also used every summer by the school for the performing stallions' 'holiday break'.

The traditions of the school date back 400 years, and it is the only riding academy in the world still practising classical horsemanship. This originated in the need to train young nobles to use weapons on horseback, and to control a horse in battle.

Vocal commands are not allowed - instead the riders use seat, hands and legs to guide the horses through three basic types of riding.

The most spectacular parts of the stallions' repertoire include the *Piaffe*, a trot on the spot, and the *Pirouette*, a canter circling the inner hind leg.

Pesade and *Levade* are balances at varying angles on the hindlegs. *Courbette* is a series of hops forward performed in this position, and in the *Capriole* the horse leaps in the air, kicking out its hind legs.

All this, and 'dances' in which up to eight horses perform identical movements, takes place to the music of some of Vienna's greatest composers.

Courtesy : EXPRESS WEEKEND

Dancing Horses - Degenerate Entertainment

Khusro G. Jalnawala

In the beginning, the Earth was blessed with bounties of Mother Nature - forests, rivers, oceans, deserts and living creatures of countless species. Only that many living creatures were allowed to populate the Earth as Nature's balance could sustain in harmony. Man is the weakest creation of Nature. It takes Man years to even walk and many more years before self reliance is attained. To counter-balance this crippling weakness, Nature bestowed upon man the most exceptional intelligence. This single factor has allowed Man to over indulge in selfish pursuits and made him a Demon so powerful as to challenge Mother Earth. Man is now the

master of this earth, for better or for worse.

Over a millenium Man has indulged in many forms of degenerate entertainment, some involving extreme cruelty to animals and birds. History is replete with anecdotes of large gatherings of men and women in amphitheatres watching with delight lions and tigers, leopards let loose inside to attack and maul each other to a gory end. There are also anecdotes of street crowds watching cock fights or quails pecking each other into a bloody mass while the spectators yell with glee and gamble on the winner. Can we call this entertainment? At the expense of the pain, agony and death of a fine animal or bird? Only those who are mentally sick will indulge in such ghastly practices.

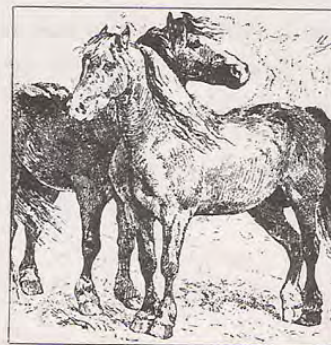
On 1st January '89, to bring in the New Year, Doordarshan telecast an episode captioned "Dancing Horses of Lahore". The announcer called these animals "the pride of Pakistan". It showed a fine grey horse called Mahmood dressed in brocade cloth and fine bridle, execute some steps which were to be construed as a dance. There was the maestro with a long whip in his hand holding Mahmood's bridle. There was another assistant standing (partially hidden from the camera) holding a cord which passed between Mahmood's legs and was attached to the animal's nose-band from below. When the assistant tugged the cord, Mahmood's head was pulled down. Music with a big drum beat was played while Mahmood was made to go into a half sitting position and execute steps in time with the drumming. His head kept going up and down due to the assistant tugging at the cord from behind. As the music tempo increased, Mahmood's steps were made to move faster, keeping him in the crouch position all the time.

A horse weighs approximately 400 kgs. Anyone can see that for such a heavy animal to do what Mahmood was doing, would be

subjecting the horse to extreme physical agony. How then can we call it entertainment? Can inflicting pain on others give joy to the beholder? Only a sick mind can find pleasure in this. The training schedules of Mahmood must have been unspeakably barbarous too.

Another instance of cruelty to horses, was witnessed in horse trials in equestrain sports organised in this country. This was in the form of an "Endurance Ride" in which a horse and rider were required to ride 80 km. over varied terrain in the fastest possible time. Though some guide lines for conduct were laid down it did not prevent the death of many fine horses from extreme exhaustion and many more were maimed for life. For whose joy was this organised? For the benefit of the horses? The dead and crippled horses cannot speak. Ironically, such acts amount to crime against animals and are punishable under the country's laws yet the events are organised by a Government agency. So, who is to protect the rights of these poor creatures?

If Government agencies can not do anything positive to prevent cruelty to animals and birds, at least they can deny official patronage to such activities. Let all of us who feel deeply for all Nature's defenceless creatures come together and bring to public notice such atrocities in order to stop them. Let us watch over what remains of our animal and bird life, so that they may thrive longer in peace. All living creatures are born free and should be allowed to die as Mother Nature had devised, since the dawn of creation.



Khurshid Chaudhuri

Spokesperson, B.W.C. (India Br.)



Beauty Without Cruelty (BWC) an international charity working for animals' rights, objecting to the gross exploitation of animals in bullock cart racing to be organised in Pune by the Maharashtra Tourism Development Corporation (MTDC) as part of their Ganesh Festival programme on August 29 & 30, 1990, took the matter to Court and asked for a stay order.

The purpose of filing the case was to stop the racing and this has been achieved with fifty percent success. Beauty Without Cruelty have won, not lost, in spite of the Court not having granted a stay. Today, the first day of the proposed two-day event, the bullock cart races have been cancelled by the MTDC.

BWC feels that it is most significant that today, on the day the two-day event was to commence, the uphill mud track for the bullock cart races is being prepared by a roller and that the stadium for the spectators is still under construction. The competitors have arrived and have been told that the races are not permitted to be held today.

BWC thinks that the two-day event has been brought down to only a single day because the organisers may have been scared that photographic and other factual evidence would go against them on the first day and the Court would then be immediately moved to grant a permanent stay on bullock cart racing in the State of Maharashtra.

A High Court Order prohibits bullock cart racing in Andhra Pradesh. Under the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' Act, 1960, and Rules made there under, it is an offence to "override" and "overdrive" any animal. This was informed in writing to the MTDC by BWC last year, soon after the race event in Pune. However, BWC was told by the organisers that "we forgot about it being illegal". They also went on to give verbal assurance that "next year the races would not be held, but this year we want to hold them as arrangements have been made and entries received".

BWC has not been the only one to object to bullock cart racing. Yesterday, the Akhil Bharat Krishi Go-Seva Sangh filed a Writ in the Bombay High Court. The stay was not granted, nevertheless, both this organisation and BWC will continue to fight legally till such time as a permanent stay on the holding of bullock cart racing is obtained.

Cow-fighting

Samir Sinha

The Purulia district of West Bengal has, traditionally, been the home of some important and major tribes.

On the day of Kali Puja, the women-folk busy themselves in painting and decorating the outer walls of their homes, while the men prepare for *Goru-Khuta* - a macho festival calling for considerable skill, endurance and bravado. This sport reminds one of the bull-fights of Spain but for one important difference. The Spanish matadors have to encounter a free-charging bull, while the cows *goru* in this case are tethered to a firmly driven post *khuta* with a stout rope: long enough, however, for the animal to deliver a fatal blow. This difference stems from obvious economic considerations. Poor as these people are, they can hardly afford to kill or lose the animal on which their very livelihood depends.

The preparations begin early in the day. The cows are bathed and worshipped. Decorative designs are then painted on the entire body of the animals and sometimes flowers or bells are tied to their horns. This is followed by the ritualistic intoxication of both the fighters and the animals - possibly to heighten the state of frenzy for the ensuing spectacle. After all, this is not a sport for the weak-hearted! Meanwhile, *sal* posts are driven into the ground, every fifty metres or so, along the main village thoroughfare. To each of these posts will be tied a single cow.

The show begins around the mid-afternoon. Villagers trickle in and gather around the drummers as they start their first beat. Though there are a few veterans, most of the participants are young bachelors, some still in their teens. For them, a successful show of bravado will fetch instant recognition and for a few luckier ones, marriage proposals.

The atmosphere is charged with excitement. Suddenly, the first dash is made.....Armed with a piece of dried hide - which acts both as a shield and baiter - the fighters move with remarkable agility. The animal is maddened by the yelling crowd.

The battle of attrition goes on. As the animals, handicapped by the rope, turn into a raging mass, the fighters too, become increasingly daring. Casualties are not uncommon and though, most get off lightly, there have been cases of lacerated stomachs and gouged eyes.

Thus the procession moves on from one animal to another, from one post to the other. The fighters now behave as one possessed. The sight of blood also seems to have an intoxicating effect on the spectators, who goad the fighters to even more frenzied action.....

At last night descends to intervene in the proceedings. The grounds wear a deserted look after the fighters and the fought have left. A strange silence grips the countryside, and occasional sounds of drunken laughter shatter the silence. Only the posts remain, elfin-like, under a star-studded sky, as mute witnesses to man's ritualistic savagery and the battles lost and won.

Courtesy : MISCELLANY
(THE STATESMAN)

Cock fighting in Bastar

Chakresh Jain

The Bastar Adivasis, a vibrant, colourful people, live in their own hermetic world, isolated. The weekly *haats* (open-air ba-



zaars) provide recreation in their humdrum existence.

I visit the various *haats* in Narayanpur and Dantewada in Bastar.

Earlier in the afternoon, I had watched scores of tastefully decked, swarthy complexioned Adivasi men and boys, their bodies glistening in the noonday sun, hurrying towards the market place, with their roosters tucked under their arms.

By noon the audience for the cock-fights had swelled up to some 300.

The Adivasis formed a wide circle under the grove of trees, in the vicinity of the market place, where the cock-fights were to take place. On one side squatted the skilled spurmen who tied *katis* (razor-sharp knives, slightly curved about 8cm long) to the right leg of the cocks.

They spat on the string and wound it round and round over the *kati* on the right leg, until the blade was firmly fixed at the right height and angle. The spurmen earn Rs. 2 each for their labour. Traditionally they are rewarded with the right leg of the losing rooster.

To prevent the fights from being 'uneven' or 'unfair', the fowls are compared for weight, stature and 'payload'.

The owners of the birds picked them up and stood facing each other in the centre of the circle. Surrounded by the excited crowd of spectators. Those wanting to bet on the outcome assessed the prospects of the contenders. To get the cocks in a pugnacious mood, the owners made them peck at each other or even rubbed them together. Once sufficiently aroused, they were placed on the ground for the fight. The birds usually attack each other at once.

A frenzied fight followed. A flurry of flying feathers, a few flashes from the deadly spurs, raucous battle cries, a cloud of dust from the arena, and the tribal gamblers egging on their favourites with 'tu-tu-tu'. Adivasis were betting between Rs.2 and Rs.5.

They found vantage points to watch the proceedings.

It was all over in a minute when one of the birds lay writhing in its death throes. The stronger rooster had succeeded in thrusting the *kati* in the stomach of the other. At first the sight of blood on the ground and the death of a rooster made me want to run away. But I persisted since I was curious to

know what made the tribal people so excited over this form of entertainment.

In each case, the owner of the winner got the defeated bird. It is seldom that the winning rooster comes through the battle unscathed. But the survivor's wounds often heal and he lives to fight another day.

In two of the fights that followed the blades used were so deadly that both birds died, barely a minute after the commencement of the fight.

One of the Adivasis told me that if a rooster runs away from a fight, his owner concedes the bird's defeat and hands over the defeated cock to the owner of the winning cock.

What began as a duel in the sun, went on till nearly 3 p.m. Sitting near me, among the spectators, was a tea-stall owner, Pyarelal Gupta. He has been running his stall at Dantewada bus stop for years. He appeared crest fallen. He had lost over Rs. 200 in backing the wrong rooster all through the afternoon. His wife was none too happy, she had come to fetch him.

On my left was Jhitru, a Bison-horn Muria lad, wearing a smile of victory, he was carefully nursing his wounded rooster cradled in his arms.

"How much did you win?" I asked him

"It is the end of the month. Not much betting today. But I made Rs. 50 in the matches. Now I have to heal the bird's wounds."

"How many cocks were there today?" I ask one of the participants.

"There seemed to be over 200.....by now the number must have halved. Usually the matches are a fight to the finish. One or both have to die," he tells me.

Sensing that I was eager to know more about the sport, Jhitru warms up. He tells me that cock-fights are most popular among the Muria tribe. Some roosters are specially reared and trained to fight. However, it seemed to me that the emphasis is more on the gambling aspect of the sport than its excitement of blood and battle.

Cock-fighting has a long history in India, if one is to go by the evidence of medieval coinage, sculpture, painting and folk literature. Since life for many of the warriors and royalty in the medieval ages consisted of bloody battles and cruelty, both on the battlefield and in the punishing of offenders, the gory sport found its own niche in social life of the times.

The *Manasollasa* (a Sanskrit encyclopedic work) written by Someshwara in the 12th century, provides graphic details of royal duties and enjoyments, cock-fighting is enumerated as one of the 20 sports contributing to the joys of royalty.

The book gives details about the physical features and quality of fighting roosters; the different styles of combat; their classification; the method of training and tending them; specific details of how the arena should be chosen; its measurements - marking with lines, squares and circles; selection of combatant roosters; the fights and points for deciding the winner; attaching small sharp knives to the birds' leg, and so on.

The *Manasollasa* also describes how the victorious owner mounted on the owner of the vanquished cock, how the vanquished one is pilloried and ridiculed. The winning rooster was taken in a procession, and the defeated party had to sing praises of the winning cock.

Today, except in Indonesia, and in some places in India, cock-fighting has become a rare sport. It now remains in its pristine form mainly in backward and in tribal regions.

Courtesy: INDIAN EXPRESS

Fighting Cocks

Jagannatha Prasad

Folk sport events like ox race, cock fighting, *Kambla* and so on, once regarded as sources of entertainment, may soon be only things of the past. Once sport events viewed with enthusiasm, they have been reduced to mere gambling bouts in which large sums of money are at stake. These rural events are gradually vanishing.

Cock fighting is a rage in Kolar District, especially in Srinivasapura Taluk. If the event is to be held on a large scale, the organisers seek "permission" of the powers that be, for cock fighting is not permitted legally. If it is on a small scale, the organisers do not bother about permission.

Like wrestlers, would-be fighting cocks are taught the nuances of the sport. After careful scrutiny, the selected birds are separated and reared in a methodical manner. These fighter birds are kept on a strict diet, being fed with items like meat, paddy, ragi, groundnut, jaggery and so on. These cocks are vigorously trained daily under the watchful eye of the trainer, an individual immensely skilled in this event.

The cock fighting season begins with the coming of *Sankranthi* festival. A festive atmosphere pervades the village. The event needs no publicity and people throng the place in good numbers from far-off places. The owners of the birds and bidders reach the place well in advance to acclimatise to local conditions. They always bring first-aid articles to use on the birds in case of emergency.

The bout is held on a plot of level land. After careful scrutiny of the cocks and their "history," bidders engage in deep discussion. Permutations and combinations are discussed threadbare. After the backstage drama is over, people around the arena are on their toes in excitement. Wayside stalls suddenly emerge from nowhere to provide snacks and boiling coffee and tea.

Before the fight, the rival birds armed with daggers in their right leg, are "introduced" to each other as a formality. There is venom in their eyes. When the fight begins, both fight valiantly to the chorus of cheers and cat-calls. The referee decides the winner.

The prize money agreed upon beforehand is given to the victorious owner along with the defeated cock.

Despite all precautions, cock fights have witnessed sporadic incidents of violence.

Courtesy : SUNDAY
HERALD

Birds of a feather fight together

Reeta Dutta Gupta

The amazing thing about traditions is their capacity to survive, however feebly, through changing times. Every Sunday morning, behind a graveyard on Chamelian Road, (Delhi) an ancient sport, popular from the days of Akbar, draws hundreds of people. The sport is partridge fighting. Its 40th championship was held this month.

As the players arrive bearing their cages, the ringing, musical call of *Keteetar, keteetaar* breaks the silence of the tombstones. The spectators gather around and peel their eyes as the birds are released and the contest begins. The fights pick up momentum gradually. The birds peck at each other, lunge, dodge and duck.

Inexplicable expressions seize the countenance of the viewers and betting soars into thousands. "Mera beta! Mera yaar! Go on, go!" The partridge-fighters urge the birds to give a tough battle. It is hard to believe that so much passion can be generated by the victory or defeat of a bird, no more than 13 inches in size!

Animal fights involving predators, elephants and rhinos, which had long been a favoured pastime of Avadh in the late 18th century,

disappeared with the disintegration of the court. But cock, quail, bulbul, partridge, *lavwa* and *guldarn* fights continued to be popular not only among *Nawabs*, but also some Englishmen and the commoners as well. Enormous sums of money also crossed hands in this sport. It is said General Claude Martin made a fortune pitting his cocks against Nawab Sadat Ali Khan of Avadh.

Not only has partridge fighting survived in the Capital, but Delhi has become the centre of this out-dated sport. And here hangs a tale. Before Independence, partridge-fights were held in *Dina ka talab* near the Ramila Maidan. The communal riots of 1947 put an end to that. It was only after Independence, that traditional community games were resumed.

For eight years partridge fights and similar community games were held near Tis Hazari in the official residence of Kanwar Mehendra Singh Bedi, the city Magistrate of Delhi between 1947-50. At the Championship every August, in which a 2ft cup is awarded to the owner of the bird that wins, only those birds can qualify for the championship which have at least 20 to 25 victories to their credit.

The trainers or *gurus* put in a great deal of effort preparing the birds for the fights. The training period spans 40 days and includes a total of 200 hours. At dawn the birds are made to run over four kms behind their *gurus* in whose name the fights are held.

The training of the birds start when the chicks are one year old and one year out of a partridge's average lifespan of five years is spent either winning or losing contests. During this period, the fighter birds are fed 12 nuts in the morning and 25 gms of flour balls mixed with *pista* and *desi ghee* at night. These ground-feeding birds which roost on *babul* or similar trees are also let off for a couple of

hours daily to feed on termites and beetle larvae.

The cocks are famous for their pugnacity and have unfeathered stout legs with pointed spurs. Partridges are swift runners and depend on their legs to escape danger. The females lay a clutch of four to eight eggs. Trapping, however, has considerably reduced their numbers in some parts of the country.

The best fighter partridges once came from Hyderabad. Today, they come mostly from Lucknow. An average partridge fight lasts four to seven minutes. The game ends only when one of the birds flees. Although it is rare that a bird dies in a fight, they do get wounded and their owners are quick to treat them with herbal medicines.

Hamid Nabi Siddique, 61, who has been associated with the sport for the last 42 years of his life, recalled the most memorable contest he witnessed. The fight lasted 45 minutes with both the birds clawing and pecking each other, but neither accepting defeat. "In the end", says Hamid, "both were declared *Bahadurs*."

Hamid believes partridge fighting is likely to survive for many more centuries. "This is the power of some traditions", he says. "No one will be able to wipe it out in total."

Courtesy : THE TIMES
OF INDIA

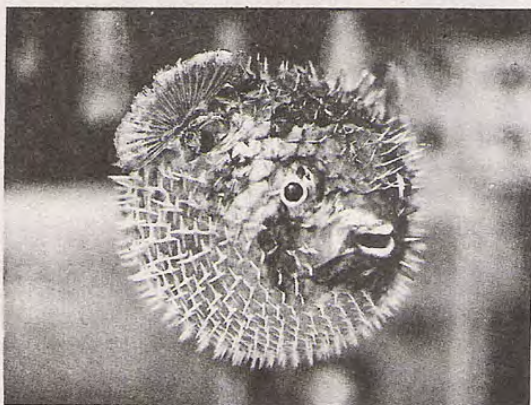


Tempted To Buy Marine Souvenirs ? Please Don't

Remember : Coral Reef Animals Belong In The Sea, Not On Your Shelf

Tourists and traders beware! To bring any CITES-listed marine animals through Customs you must have a licence from the country of export. If not the goods may be seized and you may be fined.

"Surely just one souvenir doesn't matter?" is what you say. WRONG! Insignificant though the purchase of a small piece of coral, a shell or a dried starfish might seem, it all adds up.



So, by resisting the temptation to buy reef souvenirs, and persuading your friends to do the same you will be helping coral reefs to live.

A healthy coral reef teeming with fish is a spectacular sight. A unique part of our natural world, alive with a bewildering array of colourful animals. Remote and beautiful though they may seem, reefs all over the world are being damaged by man's activities.

Edible species are taken to supply seafood markets, and exotic ones sold live for the aquarium trade. On top of this millions of reef animals are killed just to fill souvenir shops with trinkets.

The true cost:

The curio trade is big business! Thousands of different kinds of reef animals are involved. Inevitably there are problems.

- * Reef corals are collected, even though they take many years to grow and provide a home for all other reef life.
- * Rare shells are avidly sought after, bringing serious risks of taking too many.
- * Even once-common shells are now much harder to find in popular collecting areas.
- * The reef habitat is often disturbed and damaged in the hunt for "curios" as corals are broken and overturned.
- * Indiscriminate collection of reef animals is a recipe for disaster because it can upset the intricate web of life that makes up the reef "ecosystem."

Courtesy:
MARINE CONSERVATION SOCIETY,
U.K.

Guilty?

Never before have shops in India been so full of shells. They are also sold on the roadsides, be they single pieces or glued scallops, clams, barnacles, cowries, staghorns, or a host of other shells together crafted into curios. Unthinking people are buying them, using them, encouraging the trade. Are you one of them?

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, April - December 1990

Live Shells

When you see shells please don't forget that each one represents a life forfeited for something as trivial as an ornament, decorative piece, soap-dish, mirror-frame, pen-stand, necklace, bangle, ring, clock-frame, flower-vase, planter, pot-hanger, serving-bowl, ash-tray, agarbatti-stand, lamp-shade or something equally fancy and totally unnecessary.

Shells are the outer covering of some marine animals. Most of the shells plundered are mollusc shells and occur at great oceanic depths upto 10,000 metres.

Shell merchants the world over collect a variety of shells by engaging professional divers who bring out the treasure from the sea. Living shells are in demand as they are considered the best quality. They are placed in boiling water for some time in order to kill the animal and remove its body remains. The shell is thereafter washed with soap and water to make it clean and shiny.



Molluscs produce shells to protect their soft bodies. They have basically a tripartite anatomical plan. The three regions of the body are the head-foot, the visceral mass and the mantle. The mantle secretes the shell. The shell is made up of three layers of substances secreted by the animal. The inner layer is made up of calcium carbonate, the middle layer of calcite and the outer layer of protein.

Choona

Choona can be made out of sea-shells which are once baked. This baked *Choona* is called *Ithil*. Again this *Ithil* is soaked in water which ultimately turns into white powder or pasted *Choona*. This is used in *PAAN* as well as to white-wash the walls. *Choona* can also be of lime origin.



Chris Baines

What does the Big **E** stand for? **E**nvironment? Or **E**cology? Or perhaps it's Big **E** for **E**arth, the dear old planet we're making such a mess of.

Well, between you and me, the Big **E** actually stands for **E**verything.

Everywhere, **E**veryday, **E**verybody is damaging the planet. Some of the damage is obvious. You can't really miss it. Litter in the streets, smoke from power-station chimneys, sewage on the beaches - there are plenty of individual examples. The real worry, though, is the way absolutely everything we do in our daily lives is causing environmental problems somewhere. **E**ven the most innocent of activities still has hidden environmental costs.

Plant a tree. What could be more positive than that? Well, the peat you put around its roots will have been dug out of a precious wetland wildlife habitat somewhere, and delivered to you in a plastic bag. Your spade will have a steel blade, hardened by polluting industrial processes which use electricity. That power will have been generated by burning coal or oil, so adding to the greenhouse effect and contributing to the acid rain that is helping to kill someone else's trees across the North Sea in Scandinavia. Even the wellies you wear will be synthetic rubber,

made from non-renewable oil and destined to kick around in the environment for generations after you've given them the boot.

None of us is innocent any longer. From the moment we slip into our first disposable nappy, we're polluters, and the more sophisticated we become, the more difficult it is to spot all the environmental costs of the way we live.

Depressed? You should be. But it's not hopeless - just very, very urgent. The time for planting a few trees and recycling the old bottle is over. Now we have to make real changes, every one of us, every day, in every thing we do.

Below you'll find practical ideas for helping the Earth get better. If we start now, today, then the Big **E** can stand for **E**asy, **E**conomical, **E**xciting, even **E**xtrremely **E**njoyable. Certainly it will be **E** for **E**ffective. If we put it off for a while we might survive on **E** for **E**xamples, and the fortunate few might enjoy **E** for **E**scape - but not for long. Very soon indeed the Big **E** will stand for one thing and one thing only: **E**xtinction - and **E**xtinction is for **E**ver - it's the **E**nd.

It's difficult to believe we are the most intelligent animals on Earth when you realise how badly we abuse our fellow creatures. In the wild we destroy their habitats, from tropical rainforests to farm ponds. Where the habitat survives, we all too often make it uninhabitable through pollution, and if the wildlife is spectacular or rare enough, we seem determined to hunt it to extinction. So many of the world's most precious creatures will be no more than pictures in books or exhibits in zoos by the time our grandchildren inherit the Earth. And it's so short-sighted. We have such a lot to gain from a greater understanding of the animals we are wiping out, and we have no idea how many more life-saving drugs there are waiting in the rainforest to be discovered and made use of. What happens to wildlife also tells us so much about the quality of our own environment - a sea that kills its seals is hardly safe for us to swim in.

COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

From Beauty Without Cruelty, Printed in India, April - December 1990

The situation is just as grim when it comes to the animals we all agree are useful to us. On the farm we condemn our chickens to hell on earth, packing them together in wire cages and pumping them with drugs to keep them laying. Our dairy cows are parted from their calves almost as soon as they have given birth, and salmon born to leap up waterfalls and travel miles across the ocean are instead kept captive in underwater cages until they are big enough to kill. Were we to witness the slaughter of farm animals in the average British abattoir, most of us would turn vegetarian over night, but the pain and suffering there is no worse than the torture that thousands of dumb animals suffer on our behalf in the scientific testing of cosmetics, pesticides and other commercial chemicals.

Again, there is a great deal we can do as individuals to make a difference. Of course we must resist the fur coats and the ivory ornaments and press for stronger laws to stop their trade. We can avoid tropical hardwoods too. And if we get a grip on pollution, we may yet save the whales from death by poisoning, though they may still die by Japanese, Icelandic or Norwegian harpoons - strictly for scientific purposes, you understand!

Simply opting for a no-meat diet doesn't solve the problem. (But it will certainly help.) With an estimated 40 per cent of the fresh fruit and vegetables in our shops still containing pesticide residues, it's pretty obvious that the wildlife out there on the farms and market gardens has a struggle to survive. Again, organic growers hold the key.

If you really want to help the animals we share this planet with, start on your doorstep. Ban pesticides from your back garden, create a happy habitat for local wildlife and start putting pressure on the powers that be to encourage wildlife preservation.

If it was easier for all of us to have closer contact with nature, we would be more likely to recognise the horror of the way we're treating the Earth.

Things to make them do in the town hall, municipality

- * Set up more recycling centres (and tell them where you'd like them - in schools, shops, garages, stations).
- * Expand recycling - not just for bottles, but for paper, cans, timber, clothes.
- * Ban heavy lorries in towns.
- * Build cycleways as part of new road construction (or even better instead of it).
- * Employ more official watchdogs - including dog-wardens to deal with the mess and litter caused by pets - and increase the number of environmental health officers.
- * Introduce substantial dog-licence fees to discourage irresponsible pet ownership, and use the income to finance dog-wardening, (animal birth control and anti-rabies programmes for dogs).
- * Increase the number of government inspectors for abattoirs (and poultries and zoos).
- * Ban the use of animals for testing non-medical chemical products.
- * Use water-based paints for property repairs.
- * Adopt a policy of buying organically grown food.
- * Ban the dumping of toxic waste.
- * Support recycling enterprises.
- * Setup a free phone open line for the public to use to report pollution incidents.
- * Prosecute those who break pollution laws.

Things you can do today

- * Buy the biggest packet of cornflakes, soap powder, etc. that you can afford. That means less packaging in the long run and fewer journeys to the shops.
- * Choose packaging that is re-usable, recyclable and biodegradable - in other words, avoid plastics for the time being.
- * Buy environmentally friendly household cleaners (avoid bleaches and phosphate-based detergents).
- * Seek out and buy organically grown food.
- * Re-use plastic carrier-bags, plastic bottles, etc.
- * Return bottles, waste-paper and aluminium cans for recycling.
- * Always write on both sides of the paper you're using.
- * Work with a desk lamp instead of lighting the whole room.
- * Switch off heating (and cooling), lighting in rooms you're not using and close doors to conserve energy.
- * Stop smoking (or don't start); it pollutes other people's personal environments.
- * Join a campaigning organisation.
- * Report animal cruelty to animal welfare organisations.
- * Help local wildlife by planting trees, putting up nestboxes, digging a pond or feeding the birds.

Things you can do before the end of the year

- * Change to organic gardening. Grow your own organic vegetables (you'll also help reduce transport pollution that way).
- * Buy local produce - you'll cut down on transport energy.
- * Eat as much unprocessed food as possible.
- * Start a compost heap for the kitchen and garden waste - half your dustbin's contents are compostable.
- * Set up a collection point for waste paper.
- * Encourage wildlife in your garden - put up nestboxes, dig a pond, ban the use of pesticides, reduce mowing to two cuts a year on part of the lawn, build a hibernation heap with dead logs and autumn leaves.
- * Trap the free heat of the sun with a glass porch or conservatory.
- * Get rid of all your waste chemicals - safely.
- * Use the washing machine only when you've a full load.
- * Switch to showers instead of baths.
- * Use a pressure cooker and an electric kettle with automatic cut-off.
- * Fit low-energy bulbs. Cut down on electricity bills (you'll be reducing acid rain as a result).
- * Stop ironing socks. Wear crinkly knickers with pride.
- * Report cases of local pollution.

A challenge for Government and industry

- * Switch to recycled paper for photocopies, stationary, etc.
- * Stop using throwaway plastic cups, knives and forks etc. in the canteen.
- * Use less processed food in canteens.
- * Switch to environmentally friendly cleaning materials.
- * Use returnable, refillable and re-usable containers.
- * Use less packaging
- * Recycle the widest range of materials possible and make facilities much more widely available.
- * Introduce a suggestions system for pollution control (many companies have saved lots of money by recycling materials they used to dump).
- * Arrange a regular waste-paper and glass collection.
- * Dispose off true waste safely.

Courtesy : BBC WILDLIFE


COMPASSIONATE FRIEND

Eating our way out of the greenhouse effect

The "greenhouse effect" could be avoided if we all adopted a mainly vegetarian diet, according to T.R. Vidyasagar of the Max Planck Institute for Biophysical Chemistry in Gottingen, West Germany.

Green plants play a crucial role in the global carbon economy because they can use solar energy to convert carbon dioxide into other carbon compounds, which serve as building blocks and a source of energy both for plants and animals. Trees are particularly effective, locking up large quantities of carbon in their wood. Carbon dioxide is released, however, when forests are cut down and burnt with a risk of atmospheric heating.

Vidyasagar calculates that a world-wide halt to the consumption of the products of grain-fed livestock, combined with a general adoption of a healthy vegetarian diet, would have important consequences.

With an average per capita consumption of 200 kg. of grain per year, only about 60 per cent of the land now under cultivation would be needed to feed the present world population. With advancing technology, this 60 per cent should be sufficient to provide for the needs of the projected world population into the next century

Not only would this prevent further deforestation, it would allow something like 40 per cent of the present agricultural land to be reforested. As the trees grew there would be a large-scale absorbing of atmospheric carbon dioxide.

Courtesy : THE GUARDIAN

Animals and the Green Movement

David E. Cooper

My worry is that the cause of animal rights is not benefiting, as one would hope and expect, from the current enthusiasm for green issues. Our maltreatment of animals is not, certain areas excepted, given the prominence within the green movement that it should.

Today's "greenery" is not a mere fashion, and its concerns will be abiding. What will pass, however, is the fuss - and with it the moral fervour which is presently so evident. There may even be a reaction by sections of a public sick of the 'hard sell' by manufacturers of everything from diapers to beer who have jumped on the bandwagon. The iron is still hot and it would be tragic if the animal rights movement failed to grasp it and secure a permanent and prominent place on the political, moral agenda.

The Green Party, Greenpeace, and other organisations do, of course, subscribe to admirable policies towards treatment of animals. But the ones they emphasise - protection of rare species, say - are not the most crucial ones. Factory farming and experimentation keep a low profile. An average month's crusading television will have five programmes on endangered wildlife for every one on the evils of the laboratory or farm.

Doubtless there are pragmatic reasons for not focusing on the central issues of animal rights. Greens, even now, must be careful not to encourage the 'crank' image, and too conspicuous a concern for chickens and rats might, so it is feared, do just that. Then there is the fear that a public happy to dip into its pocket for the sake of whales and other creatures it neither eats nor wears, will resent being called to the self-sacrifice of avoiding Colnel Sander's or MacDonald's.

But there are deeper reasons for animal rights remaining on the sideline. I spoke of the 'expectation' that the animal movement would benefit from green enthusiasms; but perhaps there should have been no such expectation. There may even be a tension between the two. The battery farm, after all, is not an environmental problem, except for those within range of the squawking and the stench. True, many animals are resident in the environment and therefore belong, like forests and lakes, within the compass of environmental concern. But to regard animals primarily as parts of the environment is to reduce them, and not to see them in terms of their possessing rights which impose obligations on us. In fact, animals are no more bits of the environment than residents of a village are. Both, rather, have an environment, in which they pursue their lives.

My expectation is further disappointed if one looks at the two main wings of contemporary green ideology, which might be called the 'Western' and 'Eastern' wings. The former is anthropocentric, and argues that the essential reason for caring for the environment is that, otherwise, men will harm or even annihilate their future. Concern for animals is then at best indirect. If factory farms are to go, this is because they breed the salmonella which causes people stomach-aches. The 'Eastern' wing is not anthropocentric, and speaks of a unity or symbiosis between Man and Nature, and of the 'respect' accordingly owed to Nature by Man. Such talk may indeed issue in calls for protection of the wild and its inhabitants, but is silent over the rights of creatures who have been removed from Nature and purpose-bred for the battery or the laboratory. Neither wing, then, is able to focus, both directly and generally, on the rights of animals.

If my diagnosis is right, movement is needed

at both theoretical and practical levels. We need, first, to articulate an ethical principle able to embrace and integrate concerns both for animal welfare and the health of the environment. This is not easy. A utilitarian principle of minimising the suffering of sentient creatures has nothing to say, directly, about the treatment of non-sentient Nature. A 'stewardship of the earth' principle, on the other hand, cannot per se furnish arguments against vivisection or Draize tests. My own guess is that the unifying principle will be one of human dignity. Maltreatment of animals and environment is akin to vandalism and hooliganism; and what is wrong with these is not only the damage wrought, but how they demean and degrade those who engage in them. Animals, perhaps forests and lakes too, may have their own dignity. What is certain is that human beings forfeit theirs when they squash animals up into self-basting joints, or cut them up out of curiosity; and when they tear down the forests of their fathers to grow hamburgers, or fill up the lakes with the debris of their voracity.

At the practical level, the plea must be for green organisations to exploit the enormous influence they have won by concentrating more attention and noise on the worst abuses of animals. Perhaps there is the risk of losing the support of people unwilling to transplant their concern for elephants to matters closer to, indeed inside, the home. But, equally, it is possible that this underestimates the readiness of people, especially the young, to respond. Revolutions in consciousness can be achieved by men and women of dedication, as the recent history of green politics testifies. The plea is that this particular revolution embrace the cause of all animals before the momentum is lost.

Courtesy : OUTRAGE

The parable of the frozen Chicken



Of the more than 400 million chickens that are fattened up each year, in overcrowded windowless sheds, 25 million die of stress before they are ready for slaughter.



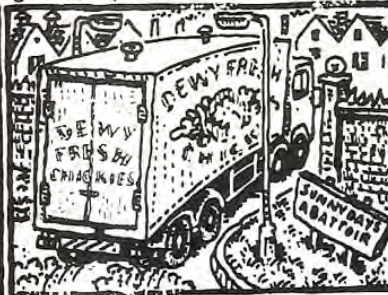
The chickens are fed on processed food, including recycled chicken waste. Their corn is grown intensively, using pesticides and fertilisers which pollute the countryside. The processing uses energy and causes further pollution, and the feed is transported in non-biodegradable plastic sacks.



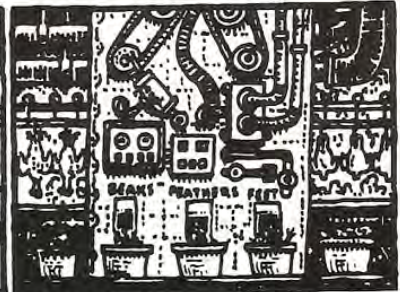
Intensive chicken-farming creates pollution problems directly, because of the huge amounts of manure produced. The ammonia given off adds to air pollution, and inadequate disposal methods lead to water pollution.



To combat the disease caused by over-crowding and intensive rearing, the chickens are drugged with antibiotics. To make them grow fast, they may be drugged further.



Transport to the abattoir is in tightly packed lorries using, of course, fossil fuels, adding to air pollution and causing physical damage to tens of millions of live birds in the bargain.



Slaughter is highly mechanical and energy-demanding in terms of production-line plucking, scalding tanks, etc.



To lower the apparent price per pound, carcasses are injected with water. This adds to the transport costs of carrying the chickens around the country - wasting energy and increasing the number of lorries on the road.



Packaging is generally in plastic film and in polystyrene trays - both non-biodegradable. The expanded polystyrene may well be produced using CFCs, so contributing to the hole in the ozone layer.



Refrigeration, at the packing station, in the refrigerated lorries and in the supermarkets, uses a great deal of electricity - more non-renewable oil or coal, and more acid rain. Each of the refrigerators is using CFCs - more damage to the ozone layer.