

Love in the times of Corporate Cholera

Dear Friends,

We are a Nation of hypocrites. Pygmies on the constant denial mode. We flood the country with our “India Shining” billboards. We claim credit for turning the country into one big BPO, where young men and (ahem!) women in brand new clothes bend time as they answer calls of irate customers from around the world in a carefully tutored accent that has nothing to do with this great land .Yet, when these very girls, shall we say, poster girls of shining India decide to “unwind” in a bar, we let loose our goons. When they wear jeans we dub them reactionaries aping the west, direct fallout of missionary indoctrination.

We, who have not risen above our mentality of shop keepers. We who think that India is but the “cow belt” and no more. We who do not bat our eyelids before seeking to impose on the Nation our convoluted morals and our jingoistic thoughts. We who seek to divide the Nation between “us” and “them”. We who burst in outrage calling for “hot pursuit”, but do not have the temerity to brave the summer’s sun to caste our mandate. We, who shimmer in disgust when they “flog” women in public.

Confront us with topics like “sexual harassment”. “What’s that” will be the first response. Surely, these are alien terms in Ram’s own country? Persist with the statistics and they shrug and seek to attack the gravity of the crime by terming such cases as “stray incidents”. However, if you are able to work them on to an argument, the cat jumps out of the designer saffron tote. “They are always a result of the woman’s fault. The provocative dresses. The mindless aping of western ways. The erosion of moral values. The breakdown of the joint family system. The abandonment of the ideals of Sita and Savitri. The arguments they rake up are as rickety as these louh- purushes.

Buddy, Sita never had to do the mid night shift as a medical transcriptionist. Neither did she, hailing from a small town, seek PG accommodation in an alien metropolis, just to fight the menace of poverty, shoulder to shoulder with brothers and father. Sadly, it is this male dominated chauvinistic order with its anachronistic thoughts that constitute the greater part of what we call the “Corporate India”. When we broached the subject, most feigned ignorance. Some were outright critical. Some even abusive, sermonizing about us, having lost our vision.

We trudged on. And here’s what’s happening in our offices. Casting couches have gone mainline. Cupid is working overtime. Read on.

Happy reading,

Suvobrata Ganguly

Editor