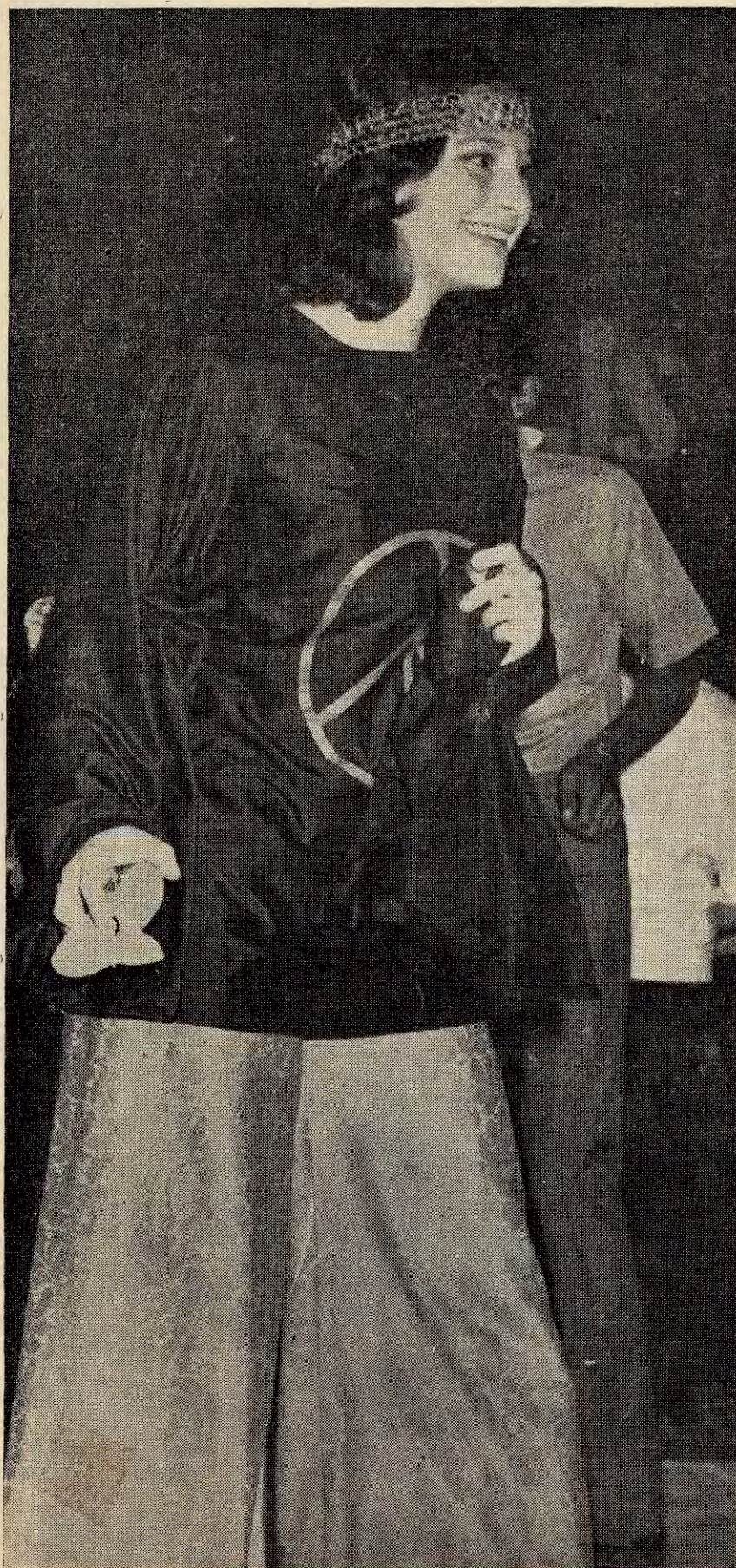


SPLASHDOWN BOMBAY



Like Philomeno Nelson Lazaro Noronha would say, "Like man you crazy cats really had us a ball." Of PNLN more later. The JS Splashdown in Bombay on December 23 needs more immediate telling though already it's with history. So much so the confusion over JS (Jana Sangh) and JS (yours, that thinks trendily young) is, if anything, greater now in Bombay with readers of the popular Press reading JS of recent Splashdown fame into political headlines.

Quite suddenly and dramatically a garden of sorts set about with multi-storeyed residential blocks off Marine Drive became a fun park (where a jazzy JS stall was the biggest draw) and a ballroom of vast dimensions. Under a mushrooming blue and white shamiana the JS team set up a battery of psychedelic lights, a movie screen, JS mobiles (not to be confused with our 1926 Model T), tinsel stars, blow-ups, Ratan pop posters from your favourite mag and a Christmas tree contrived from a banyan that intruded into the proceedings.

"Like the wily old banyan," quoth the Kabir Bedi, our rushing-to-fame compere, "the JS is spreading fast." Kabir had sportingly stepped in at short notice to keep the ball moving, and despite the fact that he had brought his glamorous wife Protima along, had

several of the chicks a-go-go. For star watchers let it be told that Kabir, now acting in two films simultaneously besides doing all his other trendy and creative things, has shaved off his fuzz and looks the handsomer for it. "I hate being type-cast," he explained. "Got bored with the Tughlaq image" (see blow-up, JS, Aug. 8, 1970).

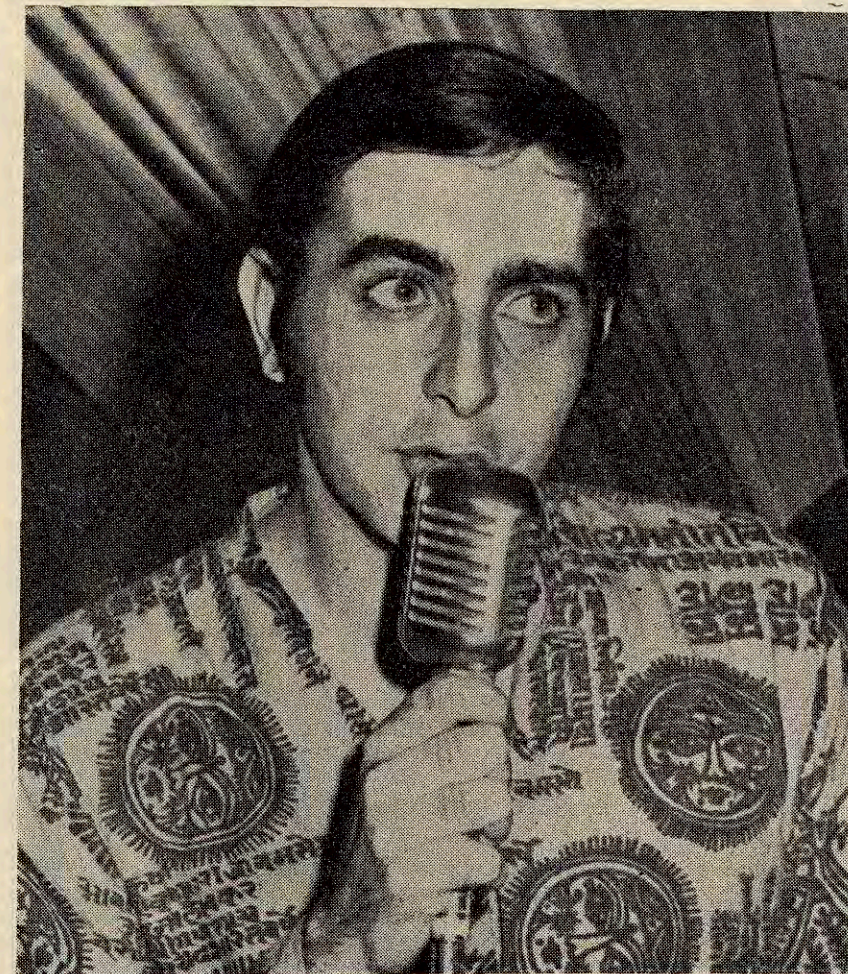
It had been early decided that tables and chairs were out at a JS happening, though some did get in to seat squares. An enthusiastic contractor supplied durees, mattresses and plump bolsters instead and they were grouped about for convenient freaking out. For a few minutes, as the first splashers arrived, hesitation. Chairs or gadis? The gadis won out easily and the pictures on these pages give some small idea of how they were used! Like there were coloured images chasing across the cloth ceiling, and coloured strokes blinking on one of the two stages where the Combustibles in a vast nudge of sound had turned on two go-go chicks. And continuously, old, way-out-vintage, and some trendy commercial flicks provided by Coca-Cola and TWA played on the screen.

Remember the classic sequence of the Villain behind the Harpo Max moustaches abandoning his bound-and-gagged doll on a railway

line? Chuff chuff comes the old hardware. The lady wriggles like crazy and her eyes say all that her poor zipped mouth cannot. Chuff, chuff, chuff... the dancers stop... wriggle wriggle something awful does the heroine... eek say a unison of her mod sisters and lo, the juggernaut comes to a shuddering halt, scoops the distressed damsel on to its fenders, and off it chugs into a black-and-white sunset while the Villain dances on his hat... Dance continues.

Three bands and a thousand turned-on teenagers provided the JS sound and THING. The Combustibles led off with a wild beat that didn't slacken for the two hours they held the spotlight. For a while, when the two Santa G-Gos who did a quick strip from traditional red robes, caps and bearded masks to skimpy silver and gold, made their appearance, the gadis were abandoned for a crowded, shoving, closer look. Kabir reminded that they would be there all night and so there was plenty of time to take in an eyeful. Order restored.

With a quick switch of the coloured spotlights, the Riot Squad on the second (until then dark stage) took over in a burst of groovy sound. Farida Vakil, the only female lead guitarist in India (any other claimants?) is sometimes mistaken for a man (her



confession) but I can't think why when she looks so obviously different. "I suppose it's because Jungoo Gazder (see blow-up, JS, Nov. 7, 1970) has long hair too" she said. While Farida, Jungoo and the rest of the Squad kept the music going almost continuously for another two hours, hush hush judges were scouting around to discover the trendiest and wackiest dressed, anyone who might have come as a pop song, and the two mostest, Miss and Mr. JS.

The proceedings were entranced by the arrival of Zeenat Aman, the reigning Miss Asia, our chief guest and judge who looked more fab than all those pictures you've seen of her, in a white maxi, pale eye shadow and some subtle, exotic perfume. She's now in films, and is another rapidly ascending star to watch. Like she's a real cool and lovely chick, quoth the PNLN. Zeenat decided our man Yeshe, in a newspaper print shirt, purple bell-bots, silver belt and Yumfy hairstyle was the trendiest male but we had to rule him out as more or less belonging to JS. Mahendra Patel in sideburns, George Harrison moustache, frilly shirt, bells, and flared trousers was the unanimous choice. Ellen Taylor sporting red jumbo pants, a black poncho with appliqued peace symbol, and a gold head-band was judged the trendiest girl with vast difficulty, as almost every chick on the floor was in a trendy something from maxi dresses, hip saris and lungis to leather minis.

The wacky costume idea didn't jell but the prize almost went to 53-year-old Miss Maki Munshi who spent a good half hour flapping around the dance floor in a head-to-heel butterfly costume. She insisted she was a pop song—what else—"Butterfly," and so the pop song



ELLEN TERRY (any relation?) left, won the prize for the trendiest dressed girl. Young and fast-rising movie star SHAROD KUMAR (above) was declared Mr. JS: KABIR BEDI doing the honours. ZEENAT AMAN (above right) congratulates MAHENDRA PATEL on being the trendiest dressed man.

The second most thendily dressed girl, REKHA KOTE with Miss Asia (above left). Fifty-three-year-old MAKI MUNSHI (above) won the come-as-a-pop-song prize as 'Butterfly'. ABI GUPTA (right) is seen with her Miss JS trophy. Top of page one KABIR BEDI our compere and ZEENAT AMAN, Miss Asia.

OVER ►

costume prize she got. Anyone heard "Butterfly?"

The Riot Squad were followed by the Busy Bees in psychedelic trousers, leather jackets and thumping out a gay, zingy sound all their own. Their vocalist, Ronald Miranda, who has a preference for "Englebert and Creedence Clearwater Revival kind of stuff" is wild enough to turn the Sphinx on. While he and his boys had every-one stomping and gyrating, the snoop judges were again doing their thing, this time selecting Miss and Mr. JS: points for looks, figure, dress, personality and that certain extra spark. Miss Abhi Gupta, a vivacious, sleekly-groomed 16, won the Miss JS trophy and gifts from Coca-Cola and Eagle Flasks. Sharad Kumar, a young movie actor of whom we will certainly hear a great deal later on, was a sure fire Mr. JS. A JS trophy, Coke and Eagle presentations to him also.

We had promised a happening and the unexpected happened so dramatically that most present thought it part of the show—how way-out can we get? Some irresponsible square in one of the surrounding flats, irritated either by the sound or the fact that the shamiana ruined his view, threw lighted crackers on to the cloth



A chick from Calcutta (above) wears a JS candlewick lungi. The Governor of Maharashtra (left) and some attractive birds (right) at the JS stall. A soulful go-go girl (below) turned on by The COMBUSTIBLES.



Voodoo sprays, Eagle Flasks Liberty shirts, masses of Reward soap, gift coupons from Vama boutique, free Coke aplenty and Coke presentations. Our friends of Candlewick fame, Asian Sales Corp., Calcutta, had a chick tucked out alternately in eye-stopping candlewick lungis, dresses and pants. Their jazzy JS cushions, bedspreads, bags and housecoats helped brighten up the JS stall.

Prime attractions at the JS stall, apart from its colourful decor and blinking lights, were an HMV sponsored top-of-the-pops competition, a Voodoo Queen contest, trendy new JS trinkets, and Yeshe's irresistible Yumfys. The Governor of Maharashtra, who opened the four-day Vanity Fair, selected the Voodoo Queen but insisted on wifely advice. The day before the Splashdown, a vivid young pop group going by the intriguing name 'Apple Rock Conspiracy' almost had the visitors frugging to their virile beat. Farida Vakil wowed the crowd with a solo performance.

Much hard work in the JS cause was done by the ladies, young and older (let them never be considered old) of the Maharashtra State Women's Council who put on the Fair. Like man they were real fab chicks, as PNLN would have said. A ball was had by all.

HMV—JS TOP POP CONTEST

(sponsored by the Gramophone Co. of India)

Visitors to the JS stall were required to list, in their order of preference, the latest Hindi and Continental 45 r.p.m. releases. The official solution, for those interested.

Hindi

1. Ae Bhai Zara Dekh Ke Chalo—Manna Dey.
2. Sharafat Chhod Di Main Ne—Lata Mangeshkar.
3. Yeh Sham Mastani—Kishore Kumar.
4. Koi Jab Tumhara Hriday Tor De—Mukesh.
5. Yeh Duniya Yeh Mehfil—Mohd. Rafi.
6. Hari Om Tat Sat—Usha Iyer.

Continental

1. Yellow River—Christie.
2. But You Love Me, Daddy—Jim Reeves.
3. Winter World Of Love—Engelbert Humperdinck.
4. Don't Fight It—(Pickett, Cropper)—Tom Jones.
5. Evil Ways—Santana.
6. Little Green Bag—George Baker Selection.



VOODOO—JS QUEEN COMPETITION

(sponsored by Spreadaroma Pvt. Ltd., Calcutta)

Whoever resisted a pretty girl? Ten pretty faces displayed at the JS stall stopped every visitor. The photographs were numbered and those wishing to win presentation sets of Voodoo spray products had to place the girls in order of personal preference. Very difficult, even for the anonymous official judge.

Attractive presentation sets of Voodoo spray products were awarded. There were no all correct solutions.

roof. It obligingly burst into flames. Happily no panic, and fortunately there was present a young man with trained derring-do.

Joseph Walter Baptista, 19, a Dufferin Cadet, made a dash for the only fire extinguisher, wrestled it free from the X'mas banyan tree and setting it off with obvious know-how shinned up a ladder and sprayed shamiana and all below with great efficiency. "We have practice sessions every week," he explained. "Simulated situations like 'Fire at Sea,' 'Abandon Ship,' 'Away all Boats.' Fire drill is a must." Up the Dufferin, and thanks JWB.

Prizes galore, as promised, were dished out. Lavender Dew presentation sets, plastic go-go stools, Air-India calendars for 1971,