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Cover

DOG

Photograph : Mr. Mohan Hari

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EDITORIAL

If something is welcome for one's personal pleasure, comfort, luxury or even health, is it any justification that it should be captured or commandeered at any cost to others? If an all powerful monarch or the highest authority of the land takes it into his head to subject his underling to a most degrading act merely to satisfy his personal whim or idiosyncrasy, would the society at large not condemn it, in order to uphold the highest traditions of humanity?

It is evident that a person suffers an unbearable handicap when deprived of his eyes. So does an animal. The beginning of creation is light and one likes to keep it glowing. If the eyes are dim, the whole world is beclouded. If we value our own eyes for the various benedictions they proffer, we are not required to devalue the eyes of others, because they are not ours.

The Loris, which has fascinating eyes, is a protected mammal under Schedule I of the Wildlife (Protection) Act, 1972. But so many Acts remain on paper just to be infringed by the habitual law-breakers. The eyes of the Loris are deemed extremely beautiful and the flashy socialites have a craze to have their own eyes as glittering and attractive as those of the Loris. This poor, innocent animal is, therefore, illegally caught in the wild forests of South India and indiscriminately killed. The object is to remove their eyes and an ointment made therefrom. This ointment is used for beautifying human eyes, as some people are fuddled with the caprice that their eyes will be a beauty spot as those of Loris. Another reason why the Loris is made a victim of the egocentric is that a fallacy exists that the eating of the heart of this animal proves a great sex stimulant. It is so sad that the human ethos is being crushed under the weight of such maddening clumsiness.

The animal deprived of its eyes weeps copiously. Instead of destroying bright eyes by plucking them, it would be a humane act to try to restore the eyesight in man as well as animal, so that the veil of darkness can be rent, ushering in light to see the all-pervading bounty of God.

S. M. Masani

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FROM MY DESK . . .

The BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY International Annual General Meeting took place at Tunbridge Wells in England on 19th April, 1980. We were glad that one of our most active Executive Committee Members, Mr. Ramesh K. Jhaveri, could attend the Meeting and give a report on B.W.C. (India Branch) activities during the past year. We are proud to inform our readers that our new B.W.C. International Chairperson, Ms. Betty Midderigh was particularly happy with our magazine 'COMPASSIONATE FRIEND'.

On 13th July, 1980, we launched our BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY Advertising - Publicity Campaign with an advertisement entitled 'Pretty, Isn't It?' in India's leading newspaper 'The Times of India'. We extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. Frank Simoes who has very kindly given us designs free of charge. Mr. Simoes has also gone out of his way to collect donations and free space in various publications so as to ensure that the Campaign is successful. So far, the response has been most encouraging and we hope to achieve our objective of arousing public opinion against the needless sickening cruelties perpetrated on innocent creatures all for the sake of luxury items.

BEAUTY WITHOUT CRUELTY (India Branch) is also grateful to all those who have contributed so whole heartedly towards the making of our educational documentary film. The shooting is progressing well and we hope the film will be ready in another few months' time.

The 32nd International Whaling Commission Meeting has just been held in England. A proposal for a world-wide ban on whaling was placed on the agenda of the meeting. However it is distressing that mainly due to a strong opposition led by Japan, the death sentence has been passed on 15,000 of these highly intelligent mammals.

Diana Ratnagar
Chairperson

RELEASE THE PIGEON : AVERT DEATH

By Swami Sivananda

The Rajah of Tanjore was on his death-bed. Doctors had given up hope. The grief-stricken royal house-hold hung their long faces down and awaited the end of the life they loved. Sleepless nights and torrents of tears had left them weary and speechless; their blank looks sought the floor more than the monarch's face.

"Get thee gone, you beggar ; great doctors have failed ; and are you going to succeed?" shouted the gatekeepers of the royal household. The target was a mendicant. Little did they realise that he was the renowned saint Raghaviah.

Raghaviah was a contemporary of the great Muslim Mahatma who has since then been known by the name Nagore Andavan. They lived the life of Avadhootas. Their almost naked bodies clung "loosely" to an enlightened soul ready to fly away to its original Sweet Home any moment. Their bearded faces radiated a peace that eluded the palace. The light in their eyes put to shame the most ravishing beauty of human form. There was that something about them that compelled attention, reverence and love.

Raghaviah and Nagore Andavan were one at heart. Many were the miracles they played together. In all cases, they aimed at Viswa-Kalyan. They healed the sick, brought prosperity to the faithful, conferred spiritual felicity on the devout.

Raghaviah gazed at the care-worn face of the gatekeepers: "May not a beggar succeed where the doctors failed? Tell me what the matter is with the king. Let me see if I can help. I am not here to beg, but to bless."

The elderly mother of the Rajah heard this calm stout-hearted declaration of the monk. The maternal heart clung to the ray of hope that this apparently insignificant person threw into her heart. She ran to greet the beggar ; the gatekeepers looked away in perfect disdain thinking the drowning man clutches at the floating straw.

"May I see the Rajah, mother? Perhaps God might show us some way out."

Struggling between the hope generated by the Sadhu's confidence, and the hopelessness betrayed by his appearance, the mother took him to the Rajah's room.

Raghaviah gazed at the Rajah in silence. He smiled. In spite of themselves, all those around him smiled; they felt their burden lighten.

"I cannot suggest any medicine myself," said Raghaviah; the ladies burst into tears. "But, I can tell you where to find relief."

Between sobs, the mother pleaded: "Please!"

"Go at once to Nagore Andavan. You will find him underneath a tree in the mango grove. Represent your case to him. He will give you the necessary medicine."

A phaeton sped along the road to Nagore. The royal mother's heart was a mile in advance!

The most venerable, usually haughty, mother of the Hindu Monarch, lay prostrate at the feet of a half-naked, ash-besmeared body of the Muslim Fakir Nagore Andavan.

"Save my son, Prabhu!" cried the mother, catching hold of the feet of the Fakir.

The Fakir turned his head away. "H'm! You do all sorts of foolish things and then come to me when you are in danger! All right Will you do just as I tell you to do?"

"Yes, Prabhu! Anything."

"Go straight to the Palace. Near the ceiling above the king's head you will find a newly plastered circle on the roof. Cut it open. A pigeon is struggling for its life in the wall. Release it forthwith. Your son will be all right. It is on account of this heartless action of his that he is suffering: exactly the same pain that afflicts the pigeon the king has to endure! If the pigeon breathes its last, the king, too, will die at the same moment. Rush. He will survive: but you must take a vow this very moment, NEVER TO CAUSE THE LEAST INJURY TO ANY LIVING BEING. Remember all life is sacred. An ant has as much justification and right to lead its own life as the highest Brahma has. Man has no business to interfere with the life-course of any being. Go!"

The mother rushed to the palace armed with the saint's blessings. She made a beeline to the Rajah's chamber. Masons were summoned: the plaster was removed in an instant. A pitiable sight. Struggling between life and death, lay a pigeon, its half-closed eyes reflecting the voiceless agony it was enduring within the lethal chamber. The mother nursed it back to recovery. The Rajah sat up in his bed. Every grain of rice that the pigeon ate, every drop of water that was put in its mouth, revived the Rajah.

The Rajah admitted: "There was a hole in the wall over my bed. Pigeons used to live in it. They soiled my bed. I felt they were a nuisance. I ordered that the hole be blocked."

The mother was impatient: "You have been saved, son, by the miraculous grace of the Nagore Fakir. Go to him. Bow to him. Take a vow in his presence that you will never cause the least hurt to any living being. Lose no time."

The Hindu monarch's crown swept the dust of the Muslim Fakir's feet. It was he who originated the name "Nagore Andavan" by which the saint has since been known.

Courtesy : Animal Citizen

THE TRAP

By Nadia Radowitz

The boy looked down at the trapped fox. He felt pleased; he had been right to set the trap here, where the fox's lair had been discovered. It lay some distance from the farm, across fields, on the other side of the brook.

For days the animal had been fighting to free his paw but the steel, cold and pitiless, would not yield. Now his strength was almost spent.

"Pity the poor creature", a voice said close to the boy's ear. Astonished, the boy looked up. He saw a man in his working clothes who might have been a farmer, a labourer or a shepherd. He seemed a very ordinary man except for his eyes. Never before had the boy seen eyes of such gentle power and as they gazed into his own, he felt as if a searchlight probed the depths of his being.

"This fox has been stealing our chickens", he said defiantly.

"He has only been obeying an instinct which is part of his present nature", countered the man. "The winter is hard and long".

The fox lay still. Pain dulled by exhaustion, the whimpering sounds that broke from its tortured throat were accusation, uncomprehending misery and a plea for mercy.

“Why did you leave him in the trap for so long?”

“Well, I didn’t come this way for some days and neither did my father; we are very busy at the farm”.

“Don’t you know how much the animal must have been suffering?”

The quiet rebuke made the boy feel uncomfortable. “Oh, animals don’t feel pain the way human beings do”, he answered, trying to avoid the searching look of those eyes.

“Are you sure? Who told you so?” The eyes were holding the boy’s against his will. He felt quite unable to look away.

“My father says so and and others too”, his voice trailed feebly. He could no longer think and his senses grew dim. There was a sudden numbness in his brain, a great rushing sound in his ears, darkness before his eyes.

When landscape and snow, sky and air came back to his senses, he was a bundle of pain caught in a trap, steel teeth biting deeply into one of his paws. Icy cold seeped through his blood, his veins, the very marrow of his bones. His throat was parched, tortured by thirst. His consciousness had narrowed to one burning focal point of agony and helpless despair from which there seemed no escape. He pulled at the trapped paw. Searing pain shot through him in jagged flames. He saw the blood on the snow, the endless plain stretching away in front of him, the little brook trickling not far from where he lay, unable to reach it. The fear of death, known to every living creature, twisted his heart in hideous terror. In a last, frantic effort he pulled again at his paw. There was a crunching sound of splintering bone, a tearing of tissues and nerves. Blinding light exploded in his brain, followed by darkness and oblivion.

The boy opened his eyes. He stood as before, looking down at the trap. The fox was dead, his long agony ended. There was no sign of the man and no footprints in the snow except those made by the boy himself.

As in a dream he knelt down and released the little corpse. His head bent low, with hot tears streaming down his face, he touched with gentle hands the red-brown fur.

“Forgive me”, he whispered. “Please forgive me. I didn’t know” and the flame of compassion, lit on that never to be forgotten morning, burned on in his heart, all the days of his life.

BETRAYAL !

By Aquarius

The Swamy family got a rude shock when Colonel, their exquisite Alsatian, didn't turn up for breakfast. Colonel had been let out at six that morning as he usually was for his morning calls. Frantic complaints to the police and appeals in newspapers brought no results. A whole month went by and the Swamy family despaired of ever seeing their beloved Colonel again.

While visiting an Exhibition a couple of months later, Mrs. Swamy spotted a beautiful vanity case. Noticing some sign of resemblance, she examined it more closely. All of a sudden a feeling of nausea came over her. The faint streaks on the vanity case were identical to the ones Colonel bore on his side. Controlling herself, she walked straight back to her car and wept bitterly.

This incident is just a drop in the ocean when the new dog skin industry, which has started flourishing in Madras is taken into consideration. This industry is the brain-child of a research officer attached to the Corporation of Madras. The Corporation authorities, in a bid to bring down the 'stray' dog population in the city, announced that the owners of caught dogs would have to claim them within 24 hours. The claims of dog-owners who did not hold licences were not to be entertained.

The Corporation then decided to make their system of work more efficient where instead of being poisoned, the dogs would be electrocuted. The dog is made to stand in a metallic cage and a high-power electric current is passed through it. The dog stiffens. Minutes later, the rigid body of the dog is removed and another dog takes the place of the dead one. 80 to 120 dogs are electrocuted in this fashion every day.

This sudden increase in dog killing made the Corporation utilise the skin as well as the carcass of the dog. Once the dog is killed, trained flayers separate the skin from the flesh. Then the skins are sent to the tanners to get them ready to manufacture finished goods. The carcass is steamed in spiral containers until the fat is separated and comes to the top. This fat is used in the manufacture of soaps and shampoos. The cooked bone and meat is dried in the sun for two days and is then hand-pounded to serve as poultry feed. The bonemeal is used in cattle feed.

Well, so far, so good. But so bad too – for man's most faithful companion – the dog.

And the worst part of it is that the whole industry, which is based primarily on one single raw material—dogs—is developing rapidly. The Corporation of Madras has set an unwelcome precedent in that the corporations of other cities are likely to follow suit. At the rate dogs are presently being killed, very soon no dogs will be left for killing ... and for supplying their skins to the neo-fashion industry for the making of fancy-cushions, wallets, handbags, jackets, footwear, vanity cases and goodness knows what else.

Once such an industry gets going, it will be hard to stop ... giving rise to an altogether new cottage industry, viz. the raising-dogs-for-dogskin-industry; where dogs will be mated, born, bred, fattened – the works – only to be electrocuted mercilessly for their flesh, bones and pelts to be used as cattle and poultry feed, and to satiate the appetites of our fashion hungry ladies and gentlemen, who will keep clean with soaps and shampoos prepared from dog fat and the status conscious young madame who will walk into the party swinging a dog-pelt handbag.

Yes, the dog is a faithful creature. He serves his master well as long as he lives. And is this how man should show his gratitude once the poor dog is dead?

NEWSPICK

Animal Talk, July–August, 1980

Heartbroken

A heartbroken Zsa Zsa Gabor is setting up a special cancer research fund for pets following the death of her beloved pet dog Genghis Khan.

The animal, a constant companion of the actress for nine years, died in her arms after a nine-month battle against cancer. Miss Gabor spent \$ 25,000 in a desperate battle to save its life, allowing the dog to undergo extensive chemotherapy treatment from specialists at the University of California in Los Angeles.

"R A G S"

By Edmond Vance Cooke

We called him "Rags". He was just a
cur

But twice, on the Western Line.

That little old bunch of faithful fur
Had offered his life for mine.

And all that he got was bones and
bread,
Or the leavings of soldier-grub,

But he'd give his heart for a pat on the
head,
Or a friendly tickle and rub.

And Rags got home with the regiment,
And then, in the breaking away —

Well, whether they stole him, or whether
he went,
I am not prepared to say.

But we mustered out, some to beer and
gruel,
And some to sherry and shad.

And I went back to the Sawbones
School,
Where I still was an undergrad.

One day they took us budding M.D.s
To one of those institutes

Where they demonstrate every new
disease
By means of bisected brutes.

They had one animal tacked and tied
And slit like a full-dressed fish,

With his vitals pumping away inside
As pleasant as one might wish.

I stopped to look like the rest, of course,
And the beast's eyes levelled mine

His short tail thumped with a feeble
force,
And he uttered a tender whine.

It was Rags, yes, Rags! who was
martyred there
Who was quartered and crucified,

And he whined that whine which is
doggish prayer,
And he licked my hand — and died.

And I was no better in part nor whole
Than the gang I was found among.

And his innocent blood was on the soul
Which is blessed with his dying tongue.

Well! I've seen men go to courageous
death
In the air, on sea, on land!

But only a dog would spend his breath
In a kiss for his murderer's hand.

And if there's no Heaven for love like
that,
For such four-legged fealty — well!

If I have any choice, I tell you flat,
I'll take my chance in hell.

Courtesy : N.A.V.S.

“ UGH ! YOU STINK ! ”

By Pratima Sinha

Fashion mags are full of these — “The Scent of ‘80”, “The In-Thing to Stimulate You”, and that things like Ambergris, Civet and Musk “Bring Out the Animal in You”. That’s right; they are slowly bringing out the unawakened beast in human beings. All those lines on top are mere advertiser’s trash, but new animals are coming on the face of our Earth — the human beast — cruel, ruthless and out to get his way to fulfil his desires; to stink himself up with borrowed stuff that was and never will be rightly his.

To begin with, the largest mammal that appeared on the face of the Earth — the whale. Ambergris is obtainable from Sperm Whales. It is in fact a fatty substance coughed up by these animals. It has a highly fixative quality, ‘indispensable’ to all perfumes. But, as the product of this natural process was not enough, the greedy guys wanted more ambergris, and faster too; and the case of the Golden Egg resulted — the idiot killed the goose to get all the eggs at one go; the goose died. But for the ruthless killers there was more whale to slaughter which meant more ambergris and still more dollars and yens. The killing of whales is done in the most inhuman way with torpedo charged harpoons fired into the bodies of the whales, simply tearing the insides up. And then the agony of slow death which it finally brings. Just for more ambergris nice smell?

Another important ingredient is Musk — the famous Kastouri for which the East was always renowned. This is obtainable from the abdominal glands of the Musk Deer. In India alone, about 70,000 musk deer are killed every year to obtain $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 ton of musk by trapping, poaching and poisoning. For the insensate people who are more often a detested lot, there is nothing like quick profits. By the way, musk is worth four times its weight in gold. “All that glitters is not gold”, indeed it is not, so it seems true enough for musk.

Then we have the case of the African Civet Cat, which is really not a cat. This creature also secretes a liquid which is a valuable ingredient in perfume-making. These ‘cats’ are kept in small cages with hardly any room for free movement. When it is time for the extraction of the secretion the animal’s head is put inside a tight cage and its body is whipped up. This makes the animal frenzied and excited; it is then that it discharges the ‘precious’ substance. This discharge is scraped away by a horned spatula. The gland is then lubricated with blubber or wax to prevent inflammation which may lead to the agonizing death of the animal in two days time.

So next time you wear a fragrance, remember its origin, who suffered and exactly how much, to make YOU smell more delectable.

MONKEYING WITH THE MONKEY BAN

By Suneel Dabholkar

The United States Government is now mounting pressure to get the ban on the export of monkeys lifted. Due to the change in the government at the Centre, the U. S. Government hopes to influence the present government headed by Mrs. Indira Gandhi to review the ban in the name of science.

Although it is believed that no formal request has been made, it is indeed thought significant that one Mr. Dennis O. Johnsen, a veterinarian who has been known to have conducted several gruesome experiments on rhesus monkeys, gibbons and birds, has been sent as Science Attache to the U. S. Embassy in New Delhi. The U. S. Government probably thinks he would be able to influence a change in the policy.

Monkeys have been subjected to inhuman torture in the United States, the Soviet Union and Great Britain. At the Brooks Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas, 11 pound monkeys are zapped with electric shocks and laser death rays. The strength of each electric shock is 50 milliamps at 1,200 volts. If a man was shocked by 50 milliamps, he'd feel he was being punched in the chest by a heavy-weight boxer. It would throw him on the floor. These shocks have led monkeys to self-destructive behaviour such as biting hunks of meat out of their own arms and pulling out their own hair. Monkeys are also used in lethal radiation experiments where they are subjected to neutron bombardment up to 10,000 rads! Besides, they are used in chemical and bacteriological warfare experiments.

With the induction of Dr. Johnsen in the staff of the U. S. Embassy in New Delhi, efforts are being made afresh by offering a bait in the form of a higher price and promising to furnish end-user certificates specifying that the monkeys are not being used for military purposes - which would, in all probability, be dubious. Even the U. S. drug industry is trying to convince the Indian Government that the ban has caused a shortage of the polio vaccine, large quantities of which are required in India. The World Health Organisation has categorically stated that no monkeys need be used in the production or testing of inactivated polio vaccine.

Dr. Johnsen admitted that he had conducted experiments on animals related to studies on cardio-vascular and neurological diseases and polio vaccines, but refused to reveal the nature of the controversial experiments conducted on gibbons at the shady S.E.A.T.O. Laboratory in Bangkok where he headed a research team which sacrificed four juvenile female gibbons in a dog heartworm experiment. Dr. Johnsen had been to Bangladesh in 1976 to conduct a survey on primates, but the survey could not be done.

He denied that his posting to the U. S. Embassy has any thing to do with the monkey ban, but admitted that his government was keen on the lifting of the ban not only by India, but also by Bangladesh, Burma and Nepal. He maintained that his new assignment was to advise the Embassy on science policy matters.

Dr. Johnsen, it may be noted here, is the Executive Secretary of the Primate Research Advisory Committee and Animal Resources Advisory Committee. In addition, he serves as the Secretary of the Animals Resources Branch of the National Institutes of Health, United States Government, and in this position his duty is to ensure that American Laboratories get enough animals to kill, including monkeys. The above positions obviously prove that his designation as Science Attache is just a cover for his actual activities.

Although the ban still exists, the number of monkeys in India continues to drop, thus pointing to a large-scale clandestine trade. Before the ban was imposed, India exported about 20,000 monkeys each year. But reports reveal that many thousands more were smuggled out.

The International Primate Protection League (I.P.P.L.), a U. S. based organisation is leading the campaign against the lifting of the ban, together with Beauty Without Cruelty (B.W.C.) and other animal protection and welfare organisations. I.P.P.L. allege that migratory birds were used at the Laboratory in Bangkok in germ warfare experiments. The main objective was to check whether they could be used to transmit deadly diseases such as anthrax and botulism. Other unimaginable experiments include one in which baby primates were put into tunnels of terror where noisy, light-flashing robots attacked them. They were blinded, fed milk drawn from cows suffering from leukamia and placed in dark isolation for years. In another vile test, monkeys died as they were slammed in the guts with a canon impactor in simulated car crashes. Eye burning, pesticide poisoning, dipping them in boiling water, crippling them by dropping weights on to their spines, infecting them with syphilis and leukamia and other such horrors have been perpetrated on Indian monkeys in U. S. Laboratories like the Armed Forces Radiobiology Research Institute, the Edgewood Arsenal & Aberdeen Proving Grounds, and the Brooks Air Force Base.

Most of the above experiments have been conducted totally contrary to the 1955 agreement with India according to the I.P.P.L. and B.W.C. To add to the miseries of the poor monkeys, powerful lobbies with vested interests are working both in the U. S. and in India to sabotage the ban, they allege.

Every year the United States needs 50,000 monkeys which are mainly found in India, Bangladesh, Nepal, Burma, Indonesia and Afghanistan. And to achieve their goal of getting their monkeys, the United States has started monkeying with the monkey ban.

We have introduced this new Page with the idea of encouraging our Readers to write us their views.

FROM YOU TO US, COMPASSIONATELY P. O. BOX 18, POONA 411001.

The Article "**Sparrows Around the House**" by P. Govindsinh ("COMPASSIONATE FRIEND", April 1980) made interesting reading. May I also inform you that House Sparrows (*Passer Domesticus* - 5½" including tail) have been building a nest in my ceiling fan for the past six years and made this their permanent dwelling, a territory which I have no right to destroy. During these years I have done a lot of research in their behaving patterns, love-making, tending the young ones, their language, secret signs to teach the young ones to fly (not flapping wings), and the like. I even saw their eggs, each one the size of a big white marble.

It's wonderful to observe them performing their tasks and tending their young ones. Their nest is unique. They collect all sorts of straw, broom sticks and plants that are soft with leaves. The softest cotton completes its lovely nest. When the first batch of young ones fly off, they start cleaning it and prepare for the next after resting for about a week. The rubbish, weighing a few grams, includes some beautiful, coloured feathers of some birds. In sharp contrast, crows nests consist of sticks and wires which weigh almost a whole kilogram.

The chirps of the newborn are very faint, gradually increasing as they develop. The chirps are fullest when they are ready to fly off. They make beautiful companions and I'm never lonely. When born, their nutritious food is soft and consists of all sorts of insects which are first chewed by the parents. During the latter stages, they eat solid food like cooked rice, and sometimes rice with dal. With this sort of diet, the babies grow almost double the size of their parents making it more difficult to recognize them. But they can be differentiated with their chirping and the yellow marks on the sides of their beaks.

All these years I have seen generation upon generation being born and fly off - it used to make me sad. Then one day the female died; the male went into deep mourning with pitiable cries - until he found a new wife. But it wasn't easy to convince her that this was his nest for years and was now for her to share. In the end she joined his world. I even witnessed the male killing one of its young ones when it refused to fly, biting off its neck. I gently picked it up, held the warm creature in my hands, and nursed it with antiseptic cream. But it died a slow death, a very painful death indeed, in my hands. I buried it in my courtyard. Yes, I thought, sensuality is only for humans. Nature cannot afford such a luxury. Who says they don't possess human tactics?

Ms. Kanaka Rao