

# **FEMINISM**

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*noun.*

The theory of the political, economic, and social equality of the sexes

# MAKING OF AN INDIAN FEMINIST (the stereotypes)

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KAJAL



COTTON SAREE

JHOLA



LONG COMPLICATED WORDS



HATRED FOR MEN



# ME & FEMINISM

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Name: Amrita Purkayastha

Foodie, die-hard Saurav Ganguly fan, small-talk hater. Brand Manager by the day, lead-political-debater-on-Facebook by the night. Opinionated, fierce, chick-flick lover.

And a feminist.

From managing a team of men two decades older to me, to being married and having a mother-in-law, my views on feminism have been shaped by multiple sources—hardly following a stereotype.

# ME & WRITTING

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2006

- College Magazine Editor
- The magazine had a circulation of over 5000, readership of about 10, mostly my friends and my mom

2008

- Amidst Java script and coding bugs I reignited my writing passion
- One of the pioneers of Infosys Blogging community
- Over 100 followers(yes, it was a big deal then)

2011

- One of the founding members of **WritersMelon.com** - a platform for promoting writing talent
- Part of the core admin and editorial team

2012-16

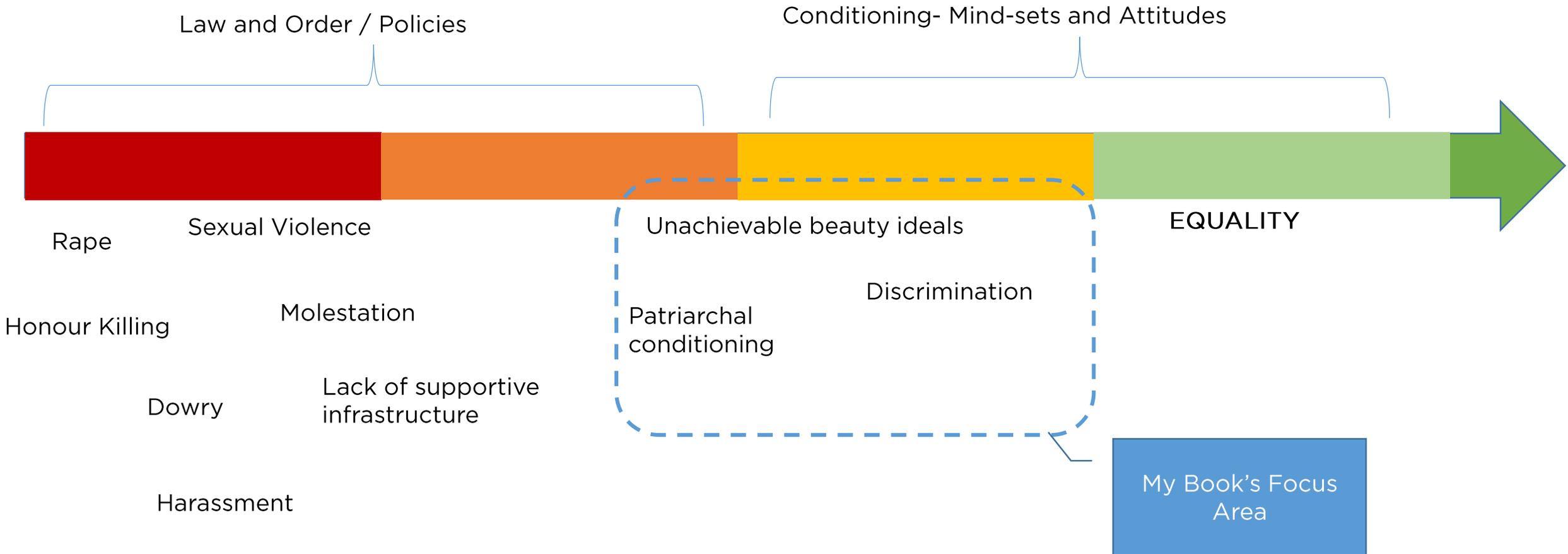
- As part of the WM admin team, I regularly meet authors, tour lit fests, observe the industry closely from a business as well as creative point of view
- Amp up my reading habit- diversifying across genres and authors particularly interested in women's rights movement

2017

- A published Author (hopefully)

# SPECTRUM OF ISSUES

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# MY BOOK – The Concept

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Devi or devils, sluts or prudes, cute or hot - women exist in extreme stereotypes which are often unintended and are usually an outcome of years of patriarchal conditioning. Inspired by stories from her life, her journey through corporate boys clubs, her marriage and a year spent in interviewing over a 100 women across geographies, Amrita takes a funny, sarcastic, politically incorrect and totally irreverent look at an assortment of gender biases.

- 1) Screw Biology, culture and history - no excuses. Equality is a no-brainer
- 2) Women drivers stereotype - the inane jokes we let go
- 3) Why is marriage such a big deal - the regressive rituals and more
- 4) Screw Biology, History and Culture
- 5) Why are Honey Singh songs so damn catchy and yet we need to stop listening to them
- 6) Why do I have to make the morning first chai - cooking know-how preinstalled in women's bodies ?
- 7) Why are there so few public bathrooms for women
- 8) The regressive fairytales - Cinderella and sleeping beauty
- 9) Why be nice when you can be fierce and feisty
- 10) Resting bitch face? Hell yes!
- 11) The unachievable body ideals and why we still fall for it
- 12) What's the fuss in splitting the bill?

*And more... I hope to interview over a 100 women over the next 6 months and make the book a rich source of relatable anecdotes and real-life examples - cutting across geographies, class and age.*

# Cost Details

	STEPS	WHAT	WHY	HOW MUCH
Stage 1	Research and Co-writing	Over a 100 women across 6 Indian cities and London	This book is not a solitary creative process but rather a co-writing attempt making it rich with anecdotes and nuances cutting across geographies	80,000
	Training	Non-fiction writing course	Because writing is a tough job and while a sense of humor is hereditary, language skills are not	5,000
Stage 2	Publishing (3 options routes)	Pitch first to the big 4 - Penguin, Harper Collins, Westland, Rupa Then move to the tier 2 - Srishti, Fingerprints and Latestarts etc	They publish a minimum of 5k copies and promise a substantial reach  They publish at least 2.5 k copies	50,000
		Self Publishing	Print 1000 copies (50/60 rs per pc)	
	Promotions	Innovative promotions	Because this book needs to be read by people who are not my Mom	

# APENDIX (Some of my previous writing)

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## Macch Bhaat and Being a Bengali

I am a “Probashi ” Bengali, I have always been one . In lay-man terms it means I have been living outside of Kolkata for a little too long. My family moved to Gujarat when I was 5 and the Modi-land has been my home ever since.

My Bengali pronunciations were probably the worst hit by this westward immigration of my family . I would often inject the unforgivably crass word “*yaar*” in my Bengali conversations, at which point Baba would stop the conversation midway and stare remorsefully at the life-size picture of RobindroNath in our living room. My reaction to such situations was often just exchanging a quick glance with my sister tacitly saying "here he goes again!"

So yeah, I have never been a true-blue chest-thumping *andolon*-mongering *adda-baaz* Bengali . In fact I often found most Bengalis quite *Neyka* - a word we cannot translate accurately for any non-bengali. Most Bengalis take themselves way too seriously and if I were to give them a pointed feedback in a corporate-esque way it would be that they urgently need some bias-for-action. Like seriously yo!

But amidst our many vices and many many *Nekamo* we find redemption in something magnificent - our food. There is actually no better thing in the World than *Macch Bhaat*.

Even in the darkest hour as a Bengali - when I found *Garba* more fun than *Durga Puja*, I couldn't choose *Dhokla* over *Dhokar-Dalna*. For all the Punjabi Swag, for all the entrepreneurial spirit of Gujaratis, for all the discipline of the Tamilians - we Bengalis have our food and we win! Every time my mom made those delicious *Maccher Jhol*, I would remember the pluses of being born in a Bengali household and completely forget the misplaced idealism of my Kakus and the unbearable shrillness of my Mashis.

My mom tells me usually the kids graduate slowly from the *peti* pieces with less *kaatas* to the more complicated pieces, but not me. It still remains one of my more valued life skills- eating fish with minimum wastage. Fish, I have learned, is an epitome of a lot of things in Bengali culture and is part of most good things in the life of a Bengali. So when I decided to get married to my Gujarati boyfriend in Gujarat, I was still quite sure what is the single most important thing for me to have in the wedding- Shorshe Macch (mustard fish) in the Menu.

For all the times I disappointed my Baba and RobindroNath, I made it up by eating vegetarian *Jhinge-Posto* without complaining. And I think I will someday find forgiveness for all my crassness, kaalchaar-less Gujju-Bong hybrid ways in being the 100% chest-thumping Macch connoisseur that I am. And that I think is what being a proud Bengali means to me :)

# APENDIX (Some of my previous writing)

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## Stupid Flocks!

Why do we wait for the claps to begin, why do we crave for the obscene noise?

Why are we so deaf to our own heart, why do we ignore the silent inside voice?

In the process of being Someone, in the journey through the crowds

We lose what we already have, things that don't need applause

We miss those lazy afternoons, those rainy days and those hang outs

Those carefree chicken-dance and those times we were truly nuts

Why do we live this fast life, what is there at the end of it all

Why don't we just fly free, why are we always afraid of the fall?

Who are these "others" who always figure in our quest for self?

Who the hell, really, are they themselves?

Why can't we just love the ride, the bumps the turns and the traffic lights

Why are we so rushed to reach somewhere that we miss the most beautiful sights?

Wait up and listen, there are sounds better than your alarm clock's

# APENDIX (Some of my previous writing)

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## 10 + 2 facts/trivia about me which one must know before the start of 2010....

I am aware nobody asked for it. I am, in fact, holistically aware that nobody *wants* to read this. But since I am not too bothered about the readership of this page, for the simple reason that probably it is non-existent anyways, I would just go ahead and write it. So here goes...

1)I am an extra-ordinarily good driver. Some deny it; some say they haven't heard a more blasphemous claim. Those some have long been murdered and hence predictably silenced.

2)I secretly wish I was born a guy, yet I am a self-confessed feminist. There is nothing I hate more than male-chauvinism. Much much more than bad breath and low IQ.

3)I am a nail-paint hater. I don't see the point in those damn things. And it has nothing to do with the fact that I have abnormally small nails. Or maybe it does. Dammit !

4)I love those people who tell me that I am "just-right" and I don't need to hit the gym as yet. I love them. I can give them my spare kidney if they so wish. Seriously.

5)I started reading Mills and Boons when I was in the 8th grade. My idea about the opposite gender is since screwed.

6)I hate pets. Dogs, cats, rats, birds anything. I just hate them. Never saw what exactly is "oh-so-cute" in those beings. And why do they have to have tails and be so sensitive about it.

7)I could never understand the communist philosophies. My dad was closely associated with CPM during his college days. One of my uncles burnt the chemistry lab of his college in a CPM led insurgency. I could never really empathize with their cause and their ways. Probably because of the generation I was born in and the state I was brought-up in.

8)I am a die-hard Govinda fan. Not a lot of people know/believe it.

9)A lot of people would agree that it is difficult to keep me silent. But discussions with the topic of "which earrings go with this dress" manage to make a recluse out of me. I avoid any eye-contact in such trying times and mostly try and slip out through the nearest door/window.

10)My dream job is to be a host in one of those food-travel kinds of shows where one gets to travel all around the world and taste the yummiest of dishes and look into the camera and say "mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm".

11)The two things I dread the most – hair-fall and having nothing to talk about.

12)I want to travel to Bangladesh before I die. Yes I said it. Not Egypt not Paris. It is Bangladesh. For entirely personal reasons.

Thank you for reading through. Have a great night tonight! HAPPY NEW YEAR Everyone!

# APENDIX (Some of my previous writing)

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## Love , Roses and THE Dialogues

Valentine's Day is round the corner and I was thinking of writing about love, those monumentally over-priced roses, those mushy and ever so clichéd "kya tum mere se pyaar karti ho"s and all. And I do plan to get to that. But before that I need to give Ram Sena a standing (whistling) ovation for coming up with an immensely innovative and noble agenda of getting people married who are seen together on THE day. After fittingly protecting the age old Indian culture , of beating and insulting women-which was lately witnessing a downfall,these people seem to be clear with their mission. No talli girls. No phoren pubs. No cozy cooing couples on street. These things are dangerous or what! What about Indian Culture, for Rams sake! And obviously this is the most challenging problem in front of India. We may totally suck at national security, economy may be down and refusing to come out of the slump, we may have witnessed the worst corporate frauds of our times and all those faltu little little things wrong with our country. After all aise bade bade desho mein aisi choti choti batein hoti rehti hai ! WTH!

Anyways, as sad as it may sound, I am not likely to get married this Saturday. I have a particular aversion to getting married with disgusting jhabba-wearing men around. I strongly believe I will keep a dress code for my marriage, in whichever century it might happen!

Ya so back to Love, Roses and the Dialogues. I have often wondered what the fool-proof way of proposing is. I mean I have seen the most romantic and the most well planned of "i-love-u-please-love-me"s go totally kaput. And I have heard of the most repulsive things which become a hit! Now obviously you can't possibly start going around with a spiked-hair, yellow-pant-wearing idiot just because he takes of the electricity of half the city "just-for-you"! And you wouldn't ever, even if you die of boredom, "reject" John Abraham (or Katrina)... Would you? The roses, the cards, the dialogues can only get you so far. Better start planning well in advance. You can start with throwing those yellow pants away. Being a gentleman through out the year might help you. Saint Valentine couldn't have done more , you need to stop being a moron to enjoy his day.

So heres wishing you all a veryy Happy Valentines day in advance. Have fun . And if u aint too sure skip those roses ;)