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We really goofed up on this one and we are the first to admit it. When Mahendar Sandhu strode into our office, all of us, collectively gasped and a silent look was exchanged that translated said "Clint Eastwood". We decided to give him a great build-up, promote him as the next Macho Superstar, adopt him as our man etc. All this, before seeing him on the screen. The response to the article was fantastic, letters poured in begging for more . . . until a film of his was released. Letters continued to pour in - but all of them damned us for backing a punk. We didn't (and still don't) think he's a punk. It might've been a case of over-kill. . . but he had something to him, and still does. The audiences are beginning to accept that now.

"SWINGER" SANDHU HAS HIT THE TOWN



Lock up your wives and daughters! Mahendar Sandhu is here. This Institute guy has got what it takes — in brawn and brains. Watch him move — sinuous, panther-like . . . cool. Hear him speak — deliberate, low; his voice reaching out to you like a forgotten caress. See him in action — controlled, sensuous, over-poweringly masculine. What makes him different? His mane of wild hair framing his granite-hewn face? His uncompromising six-foot height? His intense eyes and the cruel twist of his lips?

I watched him walk into a party. He made a slow, measured progress to the bar. The atmosphere had suddenly altered. The women had left their sentences half-finished. And the men had forgotten to tip the ash from their cigarettes. All eyes were rivetted on one man — as he spun around to face

the room — his muscles rippling under the body — clinging shirt. He took in the scene — all those painted eyes and over-blown figures and dragged slowly at his cigarette. You could literally touch the tension his presence had created. Those who knew him weren't surprised. Those who didn't, were impatient to know his identity.

That's the kind of effect he has on people in general, on women in particular. In person, he is magnetic; on the screen, he is dynamite! The kind of masculinity he exudes bounces right off the screen, straight to that wide-eyed girl in the tenth row. He plays a philosopher in 'Sweekar'. He'll be the first virile philosopher we know. The girls will look beyond his horn-rimmed spectacles, into those 'tonight' eyes and find his philosophy there. He stars as a gigolo in another film, 'Aaj Ki Radha' with Waheeda playing an unsatiated wife and Rehana Sultan, the other woman. He's the prize the two women fight for. And who wins him? Win or lose, Rehana has him all to herself in 'Ek Ladki Badnaam si' in which Mahendar plays Ryan O'Neal's 'Love Story' role. It doesn't stop here. He moves ahead with Rekha in another untitled production.

As a hero he projects intense sensitivity. As a man, raw sensuality. His eyes can sear through a woman ruthlessly. Or glide over smoothly . . . appreciatively. Either way, he succeeds in making her feel all-woman — his woman. He doesn't brag about his conquests. He doesn't need to. His girls do it for him!

He likes his women earthy. His whiskey raw. His cars fast. His clothes rugged. His pastimes sporty.

So, what kind of a man is Mahendar Sandhu? Whatever kind he is — one thing is for sure — he is the different man — made for every woman. ■

