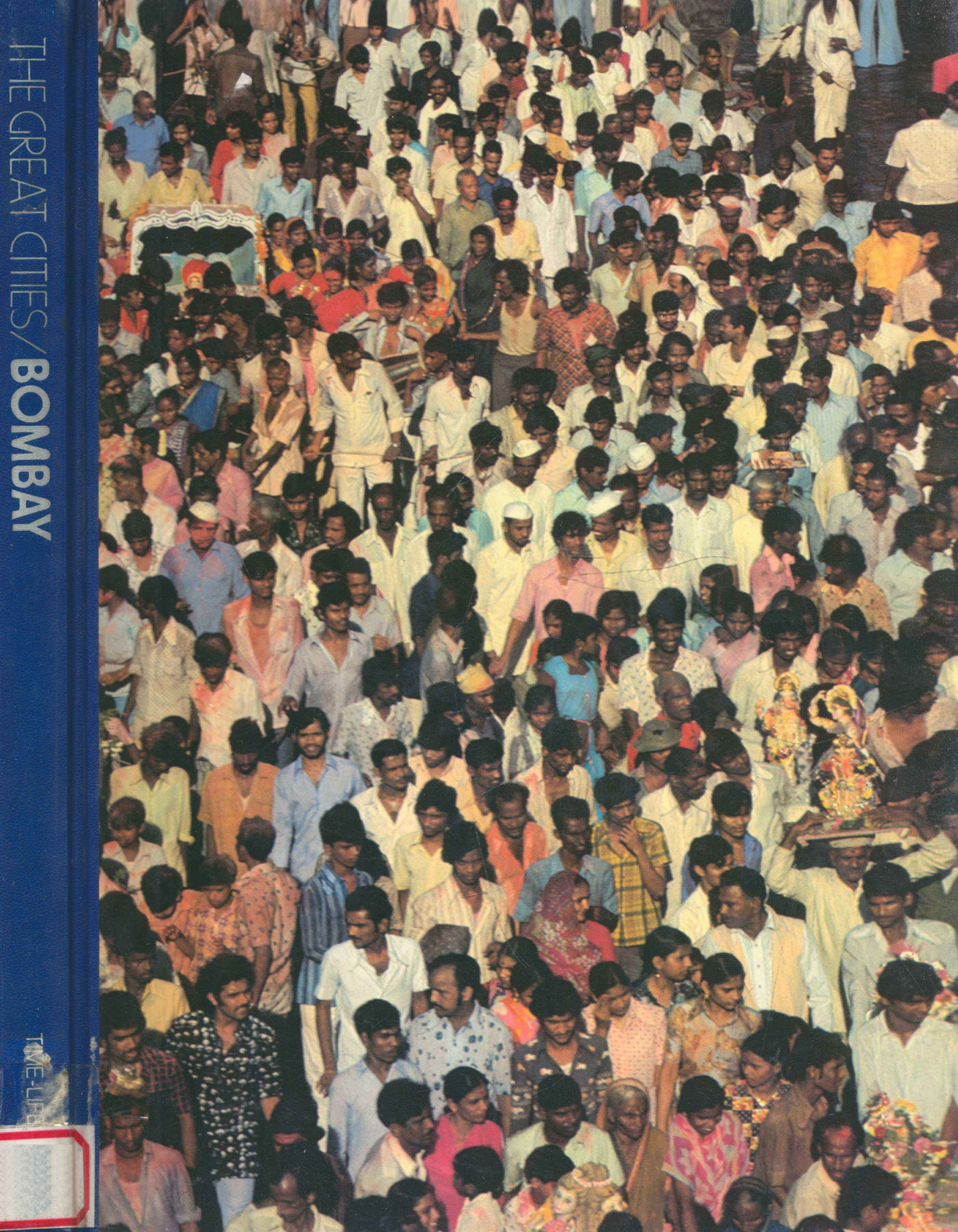
THE GREAT CITIES/BOMBAY
TIME-LIFE

BOMBAY

By Dom Moraes
and the Editors of Time-Life Books

Photographs by Bruno Barbey

THE GREAT CITIES · TIME-LIFE BOOKS · AMSTERDAM

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Cover: A throng celebrating the festival of the elephant-headed Hindu deity Ganesh crowds a street in central Bombay. In the densely populated city the number of participants in the annual procession runs into millions.

First end paper: At a street-corner stall, inexpensive posters of religious images—Hindu, Muslim and Christian alike—share a display with pin-ups of some of the stars of Bombay's flourishing film industry.

Last end paper: On the seashore near Malabar Hill, bone-white washing is draped on rocks to dry. The public laundry area is known as Dhobi Ghats or the "laundry steps". Bombay's *dhobis* (washermen) rely on cold water and sun-bleaching to achieve a spotless finish for the clothes they wash.

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I

The Gateway of India

When I was a child in Bombay, I was continually aware that we were surrounded by water. A couple of hundred yards from my parents' flat was the Arabian Sea, whose tall waves shattered themselves on the sea wall when the monsoons thundered up behind them. I had an imaginary picture of the provenance of these waves, drawn from the name of the sea: I dreamt that they had swept to the west coast of India from some wild and sandy shore, where armed bedouins on camels watched them from the dunes. Inland, when my parents and I drove out of the city for our Sunday picnics, we encountered more water: muddy tidal creeks sticky with mangroves, and huge lakes rippled by crocodiles.

My childhood memories are full of the smell and feel of so much water. Its pervasive presence was scarcely remarkable, since what is now Bombay once consisted of an archipelago of seven swampy and malarial islands inhabited by aboriginal fishermen known as Kolis; where the bare-breasted Koli women waded into the surf to help unload returning fishing-boats, there now stands the most prosperous commercial city in the whole of India.

Bombay is a gritty, impossible, unforgettable place. It has child beggars, pavement sleepers and sprawling urban slums; noise, tangled traffic, skyscrapers, fashionable apartment blocks; the very poor, who have migrated from villages in the surrounding regions to seek better fortune; and the very rich—merchants, industrialists, film stars. It is also, in a very special sense, India's most cosmopolitan city. The Indian subcontinent is the home of peoples as diverse, ethnically and in terms of language and custom, as those of all the countries of Europe put together; and no city is more representative of this diversity than Bombay, to which people from almost all parts of the country have gravitated.

In 1665 the British took possession of Bombay, over which they exercised a hegemony that lasted till India's independence in 1947. By the time that the first small British community was established in Bombay, five of the original seven islands were already interconnected at low tide by shallow sandbanks, silted up over the years. The two small, southernmost ones—known to the British as Old Woman's Island and Colaba—were likewise joined by a sandbar, but divided from the others by a deep channel. By 1730 land reclamation, carried out under the supervision of the British, had permanently united the five islands into a single mass, and large earthworks had been thrown up to prevent major invasion by the sea of the low-lying interior. A hundred years later a causeway was built to link the

At dusk Bombayites in shirt-sleeves or colourful saris stroll beside the Gateway of India, which faces out across Bombay Harbour. Erected to commemorate the state visit in 1911 of King George V, Emperor of India, the arch stands on Apollo Bunder, the principal quay for passengers arriving in India when it was ruled by Britain.

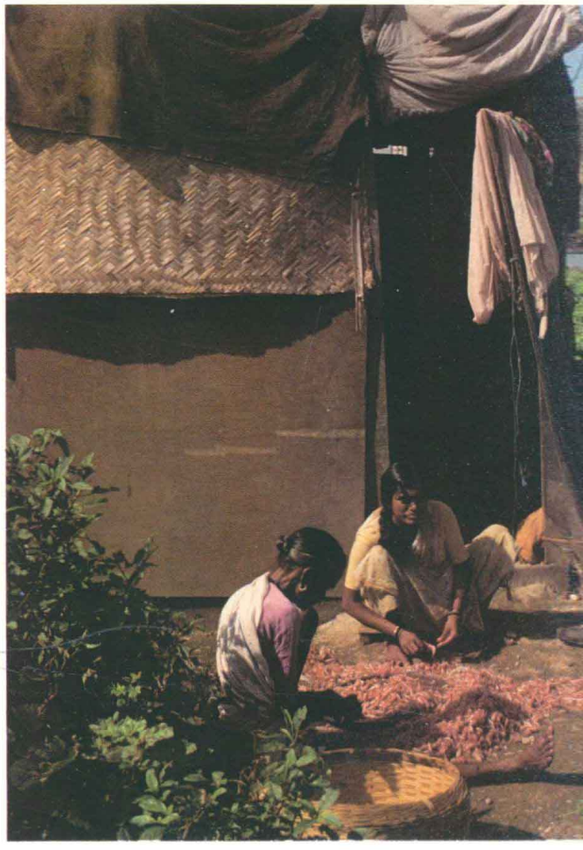
city to the two straggling islands lying to the south, and central Bombay was at last recognizably the same entity that it is today.

On a map, the site of the present-day city appears as a claw-like promontory, some 12 miles long, that hangs, pointing south, from the west coast of India. At its northern end it is linked by several road and rail bridges to a very much larger island, Salsette, that is itself similarly connected to the Indian mainland across the Ulhas River to the north, and Thana Creek to the east. (Most of Salsette now falls within the municipal limits of Greater Bombay, which covers about 240 square miles.) Eastwards from Bombay Island lies a great natural harbour—unrivalled anywhere else on the subcontinent—that provides 75 square miles of sheltered, deep water. Beyond that spreads the mainland of India.

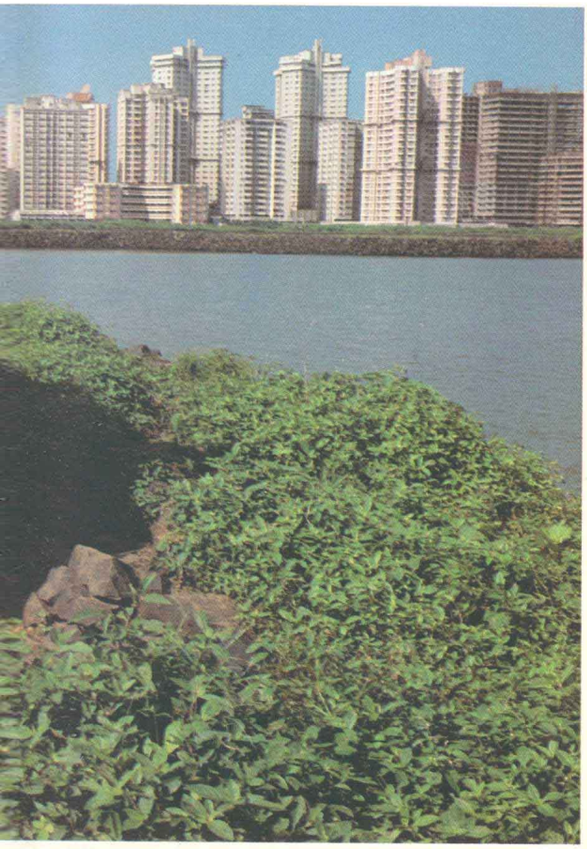
The twin talons or claws of the promontory consist of two peninsulas that enclose between them the sweeping curve of Back Bay. Malabar Hill, on the western peninsula, is one of Bombay's most exclusive residential areas. Here and on the adjacent Cumballa Hill were situated the ornate and enormous homes built by wealthy industrialists in the 19th Century and the early years of the 20th; since the 1950s most of these mansions have been bulldozed into the red earth to provide space for skyscraper apartment blocks that rent at exorbitant prices. Reaching around the curve of the bay is a boulevard, Marine Drive, whose lights, brightly gleaming after the brief dusk has fallen, are known locally as the Queen's Necklace. They are seen at their best from the Hanging Gardens: a public park, famous for its topiary hedges, that was laid out in 1881 on Malabar Hill. Glittering against the bosom of the sea, the great electric necklace looped over three miles of the bay is one of Bombay's more memorable sights.

Across the bay from Malabar is the longer peninsula of Colaba; it came into being as a result of the joining of the two southernmost islands and subsequent land reclamation—an ambitious government project, begun in the early 1960s and known as the Back Bay Reclamation. On Colaba the British built what they called cantonments (pronounced "cantoonments"): white colonial houses for the officers, brick barracks for the troops, and shade trees lining the avenues. Here also is St. John's Church, consecrated in 1858 and popularly known as the Afghan Church because it is dedicated to British soldiers who were killed in the Afghan campaigns of 1838 to 1842. The area still contains an Indian military base, though today it is overshadowed by the immense apartment and office blocks that have been erected on part of the Back Bay Reclamation.

Due north of Colaba lies the commercial heart of the city, the Fort area. Named after the British fortifications that stood here from the late 17th Century until the 1860s, this district is cluttered with traffic, people, shops and restaurants, modern offices and banks. Some of its older buildings, of the late 19th and early 20th Centuries, combine elements of Victorian Gothic design with those of a characteristic "Indo-Saracenic" style that



Two women sort fresh prawns at the edge of the Back Bay Reclamation, where a stretch of water near the city's southern tip is gradually being reclaimed for new construction. On the further shore, on land already reclaimed from the sea, rise tower blocks of luxury apartments.



derived from Arabic influences. Three adjoining *maidans*, or stretches of parkland—the Oval, the Cross Maidan and the Azad Maidan—provide a belt of greenery running from south to north through the centre of the city. Another monument of the Victorian era stands at the centre of the Fort: Flora Fountain, an ornate structure in dull stone decorated at its four corners with mythological figures and topped by a representation of Flora, the Roman goddess of flowers. Erected in honour of a British Governor of the city, Sir Bartle Frere, it was placed in position in 1869 at the conjunction of five broad thoroughfares.

Once, the vicinity of Flora Fountain was also adorned with marble statues of British monarchs, Bombay governors and civil servants. But after British colonial rule ended in 1947, India became an independent federal republic, with Delhi as its capital and Bombay the capital of one of the states that made up the federation; and, in an uprush of nationalist feeling following these developments, many hideous civic statues of British notables were removed from the Fort area. For a while their plinths were empty, providing beds of a kind for some of the city's homeless population: ever-present unfortunates who are obliged to sleep in Bombay's streets. Alas, the reason for the removal of the statues was not aesthetic: the government of the state replaced the original sculptures with statues of Indian folk heroes and politicians—if anything even less beautiful, to my eye, than their colonial predecessors.

The Fort is flanked to the north by a belt of thriving markets or bazaars that sell everything from essential foodstuffs to luxuries like perfumes, jewellery and antique furniture. Beyond the bazaars, Bombay Island is one great urban sprawl of densely crowded tenements; slum areas that the government of the state has been promising, ever since Independence, to pull down and replace with proper housing; factories and cotton mills puffing smoke from pipe-stemmed chimneys; railway lines and monotonous streets running north and south.

Bombay is a linear city; its suburbs trail northwards across Mahim Creek, the tidal inlet that marks the boundary between Bombay Island and Salsette, and continue to unfold for another 30 miles. From these dormitory communities more than a million people flock south to the city centre every working day. They are served by two parallel railway systems ending at Churchgate Station, near the Oval in the Fort area, and at Victoria Terminus, invariably referred to by the local population as "V.T." A Victorian Gothic edifice which stylistically rivals the architectural fantasy of London's St. Pancras Station, Victoria Terminus lies to the east of the Azad Maidan and is said to have been erected over what was once the chief shrine of Mumba (or Mumbai) Devi, the mother goddess worshipped by the Kolis.

In the great harbour east of the Fort many ships lie at anchor in water that is blue most of the year but churned to muddy yellow during the monsoon

season, from June to September. As a rule, the ships stand off in deep water, well away from the shore, waiting their turn to moor at one or other of the docks that line the east coast of Bombay Island. Bombay is by far the largest and busiest port of India, handling twice the tonnage of her two closest competitors, Calcutta and Cochin. Two-thirds of the country's shipping companies have their headquarters here. Here too, at Mazagaon Dock, is India's leading shipbuilding and ship-repair yard.

A series of *bunders*, or piers, protrudes into the harbour, the oldest of these being Apollo Bunder. (It does not derive its name from the Greek god but—according to one explanation—from a local fish, the *palla*, that used to be landed here in great numbers.) In the heyday of the British Raj, passengers from Europe would disembark at Apollo Bunder and, though only harbour launches make use of it today (deep-water piers to the north and south now receive the ocean-going traffic), that era is recalled by a triumphal arch erected here to commemorate the arrival of King George V and Queen Mary on a state visit in 1911. Constructed of yellow basalt and completed in 1924, the massive arch is known as the Gateway of India. Perched at the end of the *bunder*, it serves no practical purpose but is regarded as a symbol of Bombay itself.

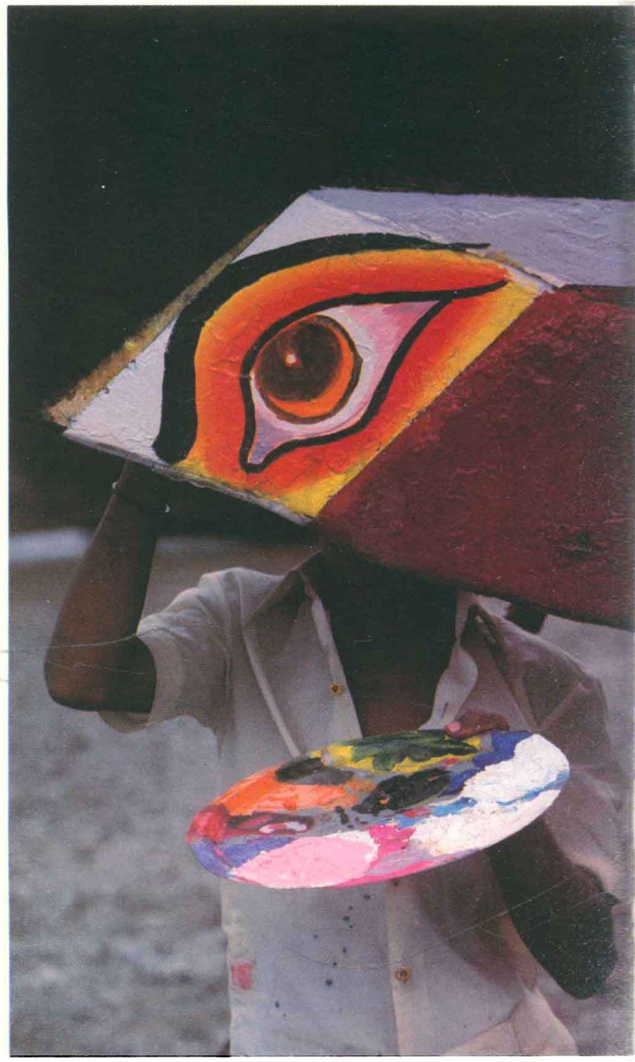
On the Colaba sea front facing the Gateway stands the Taj Mahal Hotel, opened in 1903. It was financed by Jamsetjee Tata, a member of the family that to this day rules one of India's biggest industrial empires. The "Taj" was the first building recognized by sea voyagers as they approached the city, and in all the Far East its fame is coeval with that of two other historic hostelries: the Peninsula in Hong Kong and Raffles in Singapore. The British disembarking from the newly moored liners would immediately take refuge in its bar, under its electric ceiling fans; if they were to take up posts in India, potential servants would approach them there to offer their services—while, on the road outside, beggars moaned as softly as the fans did.

I think it was in the Taj's Rendezvous restaurant that, at the age of 15, I dined out as man to man with my father for the first time. As I recall, the Rendezvous in those days—the early 1950s—had a large placard outside it reading "No dogs or South Africans admitted"—a gesture of retaliation provoked by South Africa's then recent apartheid legislation that discriminated against that country's Indian population. When, in the course of our lunch, we discussed plans for my education, my father said: "By the way, I've never asked you what you want to do after Oxford. We ought to work it out, you know."

I told him I wanted to try to write—both poetry and prose. "Well, at least you are definite," he said. "But where do you want to do all this?"

I replied without hesitation: "Not in this city."

"I've lived a lot of my life here," my father said. "It's not all that bad. Bombay will survive, because it is tough; in twenty years it will become



In Versova, one of the fishing villages in the city's northern suburbs, a fisherman repaints the eyes on his boat's prow. According to local tradition, the boats are holy and, if given eyes, can sight shoals of fish. Fishing was the chief livelihood of the settlement of Bombay when England acquired it in the 17th Century.

a kind of small New York City. You'll probably see it happen, even if I don't. Bombay will be the city that dominates the country."

I replied that I didn't necessarily want to live in India at all. He shrugged his shoulders and said: "It's your life." Then, to my amazement, he quoted a verse of Kipling:

"I am the land of their fathers,
In me the virtue stays;
I will bring back my children
After certain days."

I did not have much to say in reply, so I was silent; but the verse remained in my head, along with my memory of the atmosphere of the Rendezvous: hermetically sealed against dogs and South Africans—and against any native Indian who did not earn at least as much in a month as most Bombayites earned in a year.

Part of what my father prophesied for Bombay has come true. By now it does resemble a not-so-small New York City. Its population has reached an estimated eight million. Like New Yorkers, the citizens of Bombay have some indefinable but perceptible quality that makes them easily identifiable to their own countrymen. Had I not left Bombay a few short steps beyond my childhood, I would probably be a totally different person from the one I have become. This capacity for imprinting its identity upon its inhabitants is, to me, the hallmark of a great city.

Remnants of Bombay's early history can still be seen in and around the city, perhaps most remarkably in the continuing presence of the Kolis: the short, dark-skinned people who were the earliest known inhabitants of the seven islands. Colaba, today the name given to the part of Bombay that lies south of the Fort, is derived from "Koli"—as is the word "coolie" in the sense of a labourer hired for a pittance.

There are several Koli fishing communities on the west coast of Salsette. The little village at Madh, for instance, cannot have changed much over the centuries, though the fishermen's big wooden boats, once propelled by oars, are now also fitted with engines, and their hulls may be filled with ice to preserve the catch—so that they can travel faster and further than they were able to do before.

In the early morning the village huts, many still built of mud and pebble, empty themselves. Naked children prance over a beach adorned with shells of curious shapes and colours, and with the bubble-like excavations of tiny crabs. The tide seeps in and with it come the boats, floating in from a still-indistinct horizon. The Koli women awaiting the landings wear their traditional, uniquely arranged saris: hitched up to the knees and twisted between the thighs. Unlike their ancestors, however, they now also wear blouses; and some of them can afford to adorn their splendid bodies with gold ornaments. Their valuable necklaces, bracelets and anklets seem

out of place, considering the simplicity of their costume and the strenuous manual work that they do: lifting the fully laden baskets from the reeking boats. But then, as Bombay's population swells and with it the demand for fish, the Koli communities on Salsette have been growing increasingly prosperous as a result of their traditional activities.

There were other inhabitants of the island archipelago in the early days: the lighter-skinned Bhandaris, whose name is derived from the Sanskrit for "distiller". Both they and the Kolis were hard drinkers of liquor, brewed either from palm sap or rice. The Bhandaris' main occupation—other than distillation of these liquors—seems to have been the cultivation of rice (for which the swampy conditions were admirably suitable) as well as raising other types of vegetables.

At Kanheri on Salsette Island sacred stone carvings provide valuable evidence about later visitors to the area. There is a wooded hill, at the end of a long valley, whose flanks are riddled with caves; and in the two largest of these are representations of the Buddha that were shaped from the native rock somewhere between the 3rd and 9th Centuries A.D. When I was young, I used to cross the dusty valley on foot or by bullock-cart, having descended from one of the crowded trains that ran from the city. On reaching the hill, I would look down at the forested ravines on the other side of the valley and be deeply moved, knowing that so many centuries before me the men who carved the figures—shaven monks in their yellow robes—had gazed over the same scene when they paused from chopping and hacking at the stone. In the smaller caves this same troglodyte Buddhist community had cut rough couches out of the rock; and on these they slept, perhaps cushioned against too many bruises by

In the late 18th Century, when this engraving was first published, some low-lying areas of Bombay's site were still inundated at each high tide. The view embraces what is today, after extensive reclamation from the sea, the continuous shore of Back Bay. The tower of St. Thomas' Church, now a cathedral, dominates the town on the left; the lighthouse at Colaba is on the extreme right; and the mainland of India lies in the background.

grass mats. They also constructed an elaborate drainage system, the flues and vents of which carried down the hill the excess water of the monsoons and, I suppose, the sewage.

The island of Elephanta lies in Bombay Harbour, an hour's journey by motor launch from Apollo Bunder. There a later community—in this case, Hindu—constructed a huge complex of temples and statues, thought by some authorities to date from the 6th Century A.D. Everything was carved out of the living rock within the labyrinth of caves that navel one of the island's two hills. Once, the stone gods and goddesses here were garlanded and painted with turmeric by their chanting worshippers. Today, unadorned and battered by the centuries, they are quite casually acknowledged by tourists. The Hindus who originally worshipped here were devotees of the god Shiva and the most famous of the island's sculptures is the so-called *Maheshamurti*: a three-headed bust of Shiva, 18 feet high, that depicts him in three of his divine aspects. The great elephant carved in black stone that gave the island its name was removed in 1864, some years after its head had fallen off, to preserve it from further dilapidation; it now stands—reassembled in one piece—in Victoria Gardens, a park in the centre of Bombay Island.

Elephanta—or Gharapuri (Fortress City), as the island is locally known—owes the creation of its temple complex to a revival of orthodox Hinduism in western India that followed a decline of its offshoot, Buddhism, from the 6th Century A.D. On the adjacent mainland area of Maharashtra ("Great Kingdom" in Sanskrit) a succession of Hindu dynasties arose. Some of these were established by indigenous Marathi-speakers, but others were set up by Kannada-speaking rulers who made incursions from further

south. By 1300 one of these rulers, known as King Bhimadeva or Bimba, had settled his capital at Mahim, one of the original seven islands and the name of a Bombay suburb today.

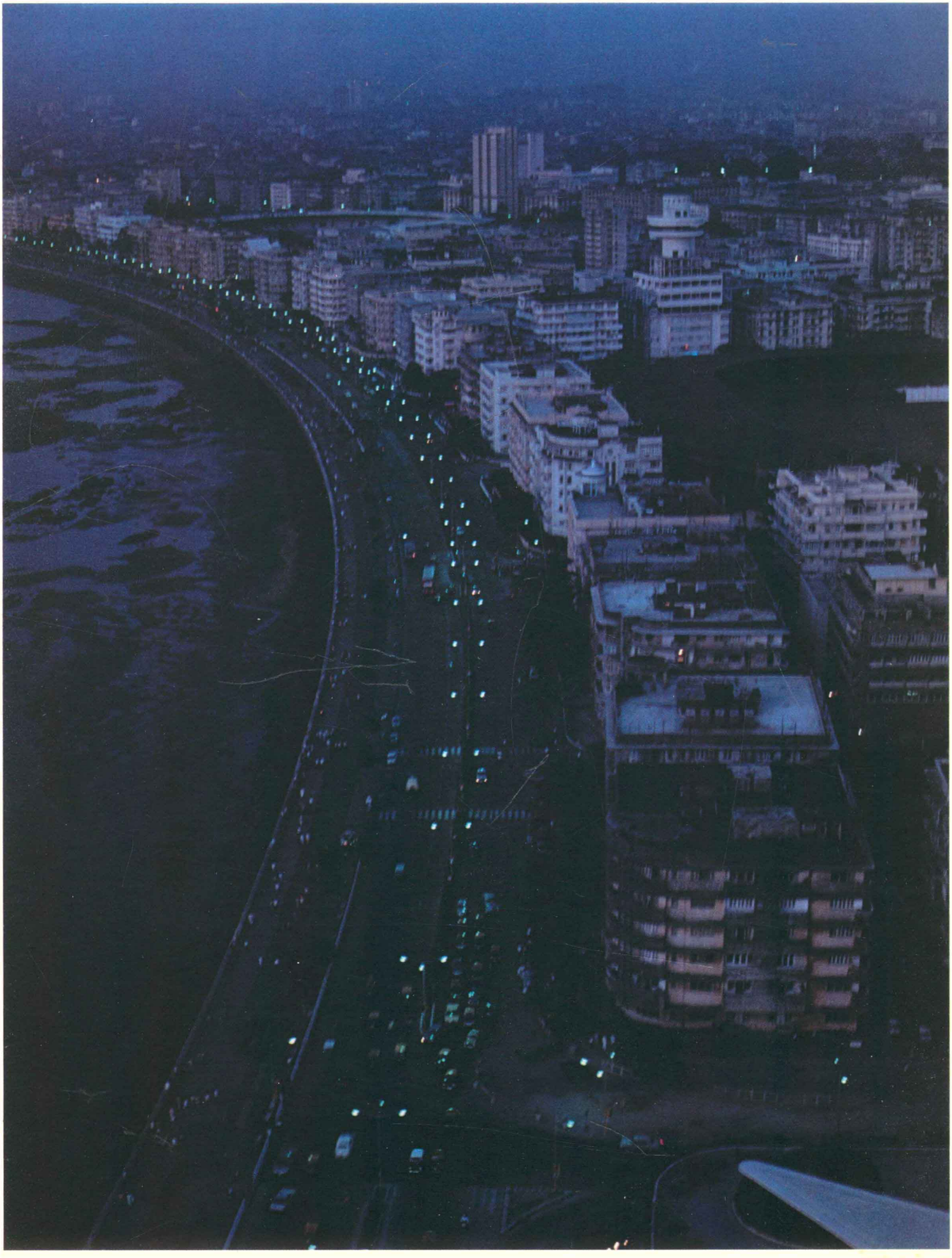
In the 14th Century, Muslim invaders from the north demolished Bimba's capital. Writing in the 1320s, two Italian friars, Jordanus and Odoric, missionaries who for three years lived in Thana at the head of the creek of that name, noted that: "The Saracens hold the whole country, having lately usurped the dominion. They have destroyed an infinite number of idol temples." The friars also recorded that the mainland was full of "black lions" (possibly panthers) and rhinoceroses: clearly this was still wild country, made even more savage by pitched battles between Hindus and the conquering Muslims.

In the 16th Century the Muslims yielded, in their turn, to the superior force of Portuguese colonists. By 1498 the Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama had discovered the sea route to India via the Cape of Good Hope. By a treaty signed in 1534 the Portuguese acquired the trading station of Bassein (just north of Salsette) and its dependencies, including Salsette itself and the seven islands. The archipelago was named *Bom Bahia*, or "Good Bay", to which may be traced the derivation of the city's present name. But there are two other theories on that score. Some linguistic scholars hold that "Bombay" is a distortion of "Bimba", the name of the early King; while others—in the explanation most widely supported today—believe the city's name to be a corruption of "Mumbai", the tutelary goddess worshipped by the Kolis.

Early in the 17th Century the British arrived in India to trade and immediately came into conflict with the Portuguese. Fifty years later the British acquired Bombay not by force but as a gift. The islands were included as part of the dowry of the Portuguese princess, the Infanta Catharine of Braganza, when she married King Charles II of England in 1661. This present was strenuously opposed by the Viceroy of the Portuguese colony of Goa, 250 miles south of Bombay; he was a man of common sense who could see a bright commercial future for the harbour. When the British arrived to take official possession of the islands, their troops were detained for no less than two and a half years in the malarial swamps of Angedive Island, just south of Goa, while their commander, Sir Abraham Shipman, repeatedly tried to parley with the intransigent Viceroy. When at last Bombay was handed over peacefully in February, 1665, the original British force—some 400 strong—had been all but wiped out by disease: only 120 remained. Shipman, appointed to be Bombay's first British Governor, had died the year before.

Under the British—when they finally established themselves—Bombay was eventually to fulfil the potential foreseen for the city and its harbour by the Portuguese Viceroy. It was a slow process. During the 18th Century,

Lit up in the evening, Marine Drive—Bombay's main promenade, overlooking Back Bay—lives up to its popular local nickname: the Queen's Necklace, a reference to the chain of lights along the sea front. Behind the ocean-front apartment blocks are a hockey stadium (top) and Brabourne Stadium (right), one of the grounds where international cricket is played.



the city gradually developed as a trading station; but then, from about 1830 onwards, a much more rapid industrial and commercial expansion took place. The growing prosperity, together with the religious tolerance shown by the British, attracted to the city immigrants from all over the Indian subcontinent and beyond.

The neighbouring Marathas provided a labour force. Shrewd businessmen from the province of Gujarat, north of Bombay, came to make their fortunes. Parsis—a Zoroastrian community that had fled from Persia in the 8th Century because of Muslim persecution—moved down to Bombay from Gujarat, where they had first settled. The surnames that some Parsis now bear have little relation to their original ones; instead they reflect the trades in which they became engaged in Bombay: names like Engineer or Contractor or Commissariat.

Muslims, too, came from Persia as well as from the Konkan (the coastal belt stretching southward from Bombay), from Goa and elsewhere. Then there were the Jains—mostly from Rajasthan and Gujarat—who are members of a small but influential sect that split off from Hinduism in early times; and colonies of Jews, Armenians, Sikhs and Chinese. In 1947 a large influx was added to this mixed community: Hindu refugees from the province of Sind in Pakistan, who had been displaced after the departure of the British by the partition of the subcontinent into the separate nations of India and Pakistan.

These millions of settlers who flooded into Bombay in succeeding centuries helped to make it not only the most cosmopolitan city in India, but also the wealthiest. Bombay yields about a third of India's income-tax revenue, and some two-fifths of all the country's revenue from air- and sea-borne trade. It has the country's busiest stock exchange and the largest concentration of industries. About a third of the city's employed population is engaged in manufacturing and a quarter in trade and commerce. Nowadays the manufactured goods—such as textiles, plastic products, and electrical and electronic equipment—that are produced in Bombay's factories are shipped not only to other parts of India but also to the booming oil states of the Arabian peninsula, to Iran and Iraq, to Europe and the United States.

To meet the rising traffic in foreign trade, the city's port facilities have been continually expanded and improved. The result is a string of wharves on Bombay's harbour front, from Sassoon Dock south of the Taj Mahal Hotel to Timber Bunder in the north. In 1944, during the Second World War, a large part of this dock area was shattered by a cataclysmic explosion when an ammunition ship blew up. Had the ammunition dumps on the docks been ignited, half the city would probably have been blown to pieces. Great comets of flame rushed over the Bombay sky and quenched themselves in the sea. They happened to rush over me and my *ayah* (nanny), who was taking me for a walk on Marine Drive at the time. I told the

Policemen do their early morning exercises in front of the old Taj Mahal Hotel, now linked to a modern wing that stands, unseen, to the right. Overlooking the harbour, the Taj became a world-wide attraction when it opened in 1903 because of its grandeur: it had a granite staircase, 400 bedrooms and electric ceiling fans.

Flora Fountain, in front of the ornate Public Works Secretariat, marks a junction of five streets that is to Bombay what Piccadilly Circus is to London. Topped by a figure of the goddess Flora, the fountain was built in 1869 and paid for by a wealthy Bombay merchant to honour a former Governor, Sir Bartle Frere.

ayah that we had better get back home, but she had different ideas. She drew out her rosary (she belonged to Bombay's Catholic community), knelt and started to tell her beads, under the impression that this was the end of the world. Quite soon we were rescued by my mother, who arrived in our car, swept us into it and took us home. Then she went to the harbour to see if she could help, for she was a doctor. Indeed, large numbers of people rushed in the same direction and the fire was eventually squelched into cold ash.

Now, on any clear night, walking along the pavement that connects the Gateway of India to the Radio Club (a fashionable social club) about 200 yards southwards, one can see the gleaming decklights of the dozens of ships that are always waiting their turn to berth. A network of railways owned by the Port Trust Authority links all the docks to the city's two main railway stations, providing access to the vast hinterland.

The movement of materials from Bombay on such a large scale within and outside the country requires the presence of financing, broking, insuring and shipping facilities. And it was to perform these services that, over the generations, a complex of banks, broking agencies, insurance companies, and shipping and trucking firms grew up in the city. In the Fort area, where most of these businesses are located, there are streets called Bank Street and Dalal (Broker) Street; and one of the main roads is named after the Old Customs House, a relic of colonial times. There is, of course, a new Customs House, not very far from the old one. It stands facing the sea at Ballard Pier, nowadays a main point of disembarkation for ship passengers.

The commodity that the customs officers of British days most concerned themselves with was cotton—grown in the black soil of Gujarat and Maharashtra and exported to England to feed the textile mills of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Today cotton bales are also shipped *into* the port from countries such as Egypt and the Sudan; the number of textile mills in Bombay has grown to such an extent that the indigenous production of cotton is not enough to satisfy their demand. Thus, cotton retains its traditional importance to the city; and the feverish activity that goes on at the Cotton Exchange, situated a couple of miles north of Victoria Terminus, is the standing (some would say shouting) evidence.

The city's commercial significance was recognized early on by the British, and so when it was decided to establish a Reserve Bank of India they chose Bombay for its site. The R.B.I., as it is commonly called, is the central bank of the country and is used by the government to regulate the rate at which banknotes are printed, and thus to control the money supply. Both inwardly and outwardly, it is modelled on the Bank of England in London. Its grey stone building, completed in 1935, has the solid, sombre appearance of its London counterpart. It stands at the junction of Mint Road and Horniman Circle, like a sentinel keeping a watchful eye on the

Burgeoning Harbour City

Located on the largest deep-water harbour on India's west coast, Bombay is the country's biggest and busiest port. The claw-shaped promontory on which the modern city stands has been built up by land reclamation over the centuries from a string of seven small, low-lying, coastal islands.

The city centre, with its markets, public buildings, rail terminals and cotton mills, is concentrated in the area of the original islands (main map, above). But with Bombay's huge growth in population—from 2.5 million in 1947 to more than eight million—the city has expanded haphazardly northwards through Salsette Island, prompting civic plans to divert development to a new "Twin City" eastwards across the harbour (inset map, far right).