

EVE'S WEEKLY



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THE
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- 4. A reduction of weight by 45 kg.
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- 4. A smaller burner or stove can save 10% in fuel!**

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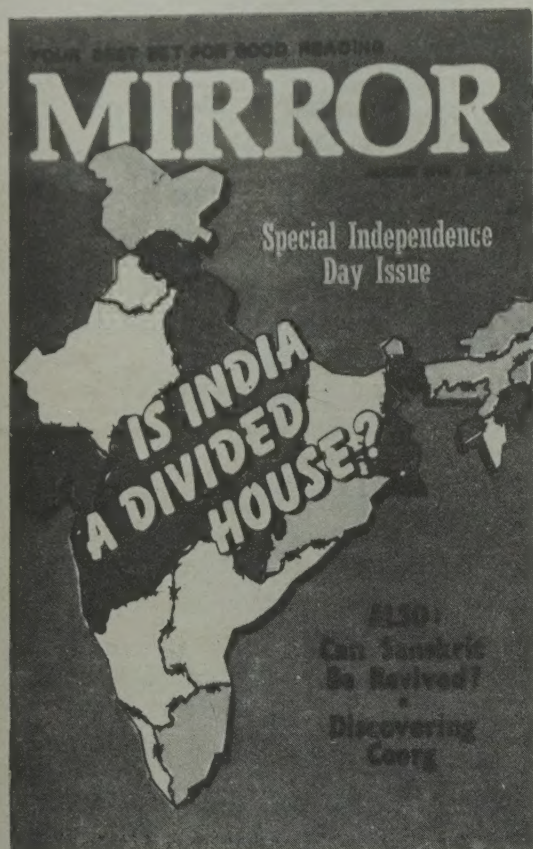
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Are We Living In A Divided House?



Special Independence Day Issue—August '80.

Is India fragmenting into a regionalistic nightmare? Though our frontiers are peaceful, our state borders are turning into battle-fields. Take the case of the latest problem in the North-East: it's not really an isolated case—it's a symptom of a much deeper national malaise. Is the 'Sons of the Soil' concept getting out of hand? The cover story discusses this vital issue in detail.

Other Highlights:

- **Ramzaan: 30 Days to Purity.** Ramzaan or 'Ramadhan' is an annual religious event of great significance for Muslims. Some historical anecdotes that give the month its unique importance.
- **Discovering Coorg:** This idyllic state has no architectural monuments to boast of—but its scenic splendours of majestic hills and lush green valleys have earned Coorg the name "Kashmir of the South".
- **Now And Then—comparing the two greats of Indian Billiards:** Wilson Jones and Michael Ferreira.
- **Can Sanskrit Be Revived?** The most highly evolved language of the world is in the doldrums today. Some well-known Sanskrit scholars discuss its future.
- **The Man Of A Thousand Faces:** Lon Chaney was the first film star to assume a new face for every new role he played. So much so that very few movie buffs even remember what he actually looked like. A tribute.

YOUR BEST BET FOR GOOD READING.

MIRROR

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THIS WEEK

THE TURKISH CONNECTION

The change in the role of the women of Turkey that had incipiently crept in at the dawn of the twentieth century received an added momentum in 1923 when the Turkish Republic was founded. The status of Turkish women today.
Page 10.



ASSAMESE WOMEN PROTEST

Women in Assam have come out in whole-hearted support of the movement there in spite of all the sacrifices it entails for themselves and their families. What keeps these women so involved in the struggle?
Page 38.

PROGRAMMED FOR INEQUALITY

"If your small son wants to play with a doll and your daughter with a miniature tank, let them!" So says Dr. Benjamin Spock, voicing the long-overdue plea for the right of children to freedom from sex-role stereotyping.
Page 15.

ARTIFICIAL BABY FOODS

Breast-feeding is best for the baby and should be substituted only if there is really no alternative. Manufacturers of baby foods have, however, been spreading propaganda for their products, with serious consequences, particularly in developing countries. A Consumer Awareness feature.
Page 48.

ALSO

Film Interview : Feroz Khan — **Page 21** Creative Photography, XV — **Page 23** Money-Spinners: Make handicrafts a hobby — **Page 24** Women in Focus: Sumitra Vakil and Hansa Rajda — **Page 27** A story for children — **Page 44** Arms or the Man: The Environmental Price — **Page 47.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

WEAPONS AGAINST MEN

I was startled by the recent news of a pregnant woman being stripped and paraded by policemen, amidst hundreds of spectators. The woman's only fault was that she had protested against alleged misbehaviour on the part of the policemen.

Are Indian women to be the victims of such male chauvinism for centuries to come? I feel humiliated and disgraced to call myself a national of a country where women are still subject to such barbaric treatment. What shocks one most is the contempt of law by the very people who have been entrusted with the duty of safeguarding the members of society. In recent times, a number of agitations have been launched by women, fighting for their rights. But, unfortunately, the majority of our women have no awareness of the rights granted by our Constitution. However, such injustice cannot be allowed to continue.

It is futile to hope that the Government will come to our help. The initiative should come from women, to stand up against such inhumanities. I feel that, as a first step, women should be compulsorily taught the arts of self-defence. They should also be allowed to carry harmless weapons, so that they can temporarily resist any attack. What else can we do, in a society inhabited by barbaric men?

INDRANI BHATTACHARYA,
Calcutta.

And from where are they going to whip them out, these 'harmless' weapons — from the depths of their handbags or the recesses of their blouses? We doubt if women would have the time or the opportunity to use these harmless weapons against one attacker, leave alone several. No, there is nothing much

we can do except agitate, protest and show our anger and solidarity on this issue. Then, maybe, the law will act as it is supposed to act.

2nd PRIZE

FIGHT BACK, WOMAN!

In two different incidents, two young housewives — one of them with her 15-day-old infant — immolated themselves in Delhi, recently.

Are we fast taking leave of our senses? Instead of abating, the disease seems to be spreading like wildfire, particularly in Delhi. There should be some avenues open, some sensible solution for women in hopeless situations for lack of which they take recourse to this horrible mode of suicide (if suicide, it is). Our kitchens are fast turning into cremation grounds. These domestic crimes are of the worst order, since in a majority of the cases, the criminals go scot-free. And, where is Education leading our young women if this is how they face a threatening, challenging situation? Let them stop thinking of themselves as helpless creatures, as weaklings, and fight back with all their might. Parents should stand by their daughters like a solid rock and lend full support instead of worrying all the time over social censure.

One shudders to think of the word "marriage", particularly where one's own daughters are concerned, in today's prevailing conditions. Hopefully, there will now be more stringent laws against dowry-takers. But, will laws alone help? For laws to be effective, a very strong climate has to be created first. And that is where you and I can do our bit.

KAMLESH VAID, New Delhi.

It would do the parents a bit of good to stop thinking of marriage as the "be all and end all" for their daughters

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("end all" assuming rather ominous overtones in this context!). And yes, young women must fight back. Unless they do, the law is going to be of very little help to them.

3rd PRIZE

TODAY'S POLICEMAN

These days, all we read in the newspapers is rape — and more rape. It seems that today, in the police force, we have only cruel, beastly and corrupt men, waiting to take advantage of helpless women. It is so shocking and shameful to know that the police, to whom people look for protection and help, are turning out to be human beasts. Something is terribly wrong somewhere and if such atrocities by the police are allowed to continue and, worse still, tolerated, then, where are we heading? These men, under police garb, are taking the law in their hands and there seems to be none to control them.

It would be interesting to know what recruitment policy is followed today. Our country needs men of good calibre, honest and sincere, educated and cultured — not just any men so as to wipe out unemployment. The end result of such a policy can only be panic, confusion and terror.

I. D'Souza, Bombay.

We do not know about the recruitment policy — but, yes, something is wrong somewhere. No longer can we conjure up the vision of the reliable policeman — solid, clean, polite, helpful, honest and virtuous. And today's young people laugh at the oldies when they talk about "the good, old days"!

THE DIFFERENCE

The episode which brought humanity to shame has re-

cently occurred in India. Only cannibals can indulge in such practices. It is a great shame that the guardians of law stripped a pregnant woman in broad daylight and raped her in Baghpat, at Meerat, causing the death of her premature baby. Such a gruesome crime cannot be imagined in a civilised country.

When an Indian woman was subjected to a virginity test at Heathrow airport, in London, there was a lot of hue and cry in India. Would you not agree that the incidents concerning atrocities on women in various towns and cities here, are much more gruesome than the virginity test?

B. N. BOS, Jamshedpur.

There was a hue and cry about the virginity test because we were indignant that an Indian woman should be subjected to humiliation by foreigners. Now, our women are being assaulted, humiliated and killed by our own people, and it is taking us time to rustle up anger and indignation. Why is this? Perhaps it is because our male-dominated society is conditioned by the traditional view that men are the owners and possessors of their women and can bash them about as they would a mere piece of furniture!

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY!

Readers, watch out for our issue of August 16. There is a discount offer coming your way from NALINI SAREES for lovely outfits and unique sarees. With a boutique in Delhi and now one in Bombay — buy all you want... at a discount!

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

POETRY BY DALIT WOMEN

It is no wonder that modern Dalit women writers (May 24, 31) have taken up poetry as their form of expression rather than any other form of literature, because they traditionally sing to express their thoughts at different occasions. A woman novelist, dramatist, story writer is yet to emerge from among Dalit women. Let me congratulate N. G. Bhavare for introducing Dalit women poets to us. Although most of the women poets from Maharashtra are covered, there may be some who may not have found place in the survey. And one cannot ignore the poetry of Anuradha Gurav who, I believe, takes pride in identifying herself as a Dalit writer. She is a powerful story writer, a poet and a story-teller.

V. W. MOON, Bombay.

MARRIAGE REVISITED

I must congratulate you and the unidentified writer for the very true-to-life, thought-provoking and outspoken article, "Marriage Revisited: A Woman's Viewpoint" (June 7). It is after a long time that I have seen in print thoughts that reflect those of so many young, intelligent and self-respecting women. Men have dominated the scene for centuries through calculatedly shrewd and sex-subjugating social norms. Women have always been taught that to serve her lord and master is the only purpose of her existence. I appreciate the remedy suggested by author. One "weapon" is in the hands of women. They can and must tutor their sons and mould their thinking — and so the thinking of future generations of males — to believe that a woman is a partner in life, a partner in everything. A mother must never let her son feel that he is a superior being. If she does—she would be sinning against all womankind and helping to enshrine and ensure their suffering.

PRARTHNA SARAN, New Delhi.

FATHER RAPES DAUGHTER

The article, "Domestic Rape" by Indira Jaising (June 7) was very touching. We have often noticed this sort of case in the papers. Thank you for publishing such a remarkable and thought-provoking feature.

A. NAZISH, Rudauli.

WANTED : TRANSLATIONS

With reference to the article about Binodini Devi, the Sahitya Akademi Award winning Manipuri writer, by Usha John (July 5) it is a pity that all of us throughout India do not have the benefit of her progressive ideas and creative talents. This can only happen if her work is translated into English. "Borosaheb Ongbi Sanatombi" sounds fascinating. It would be wonderful if you could serialise it when it is translated into English.

KRISHNAMALA RAO, Secunderabad.

COLOUR-CONSCIOUSNESS

Indira Vasudevan is right ("Black Is Beautiful", June 21) when she says Indians are probably the most colour-conscious people in the world. It is sickening to hear many a mother admonishing her daughter: "Don't drink tea, you will become dark, and then no one will marry you!" Or a man saying, "She is a nice girl, but she is dark!" I say, why that "but"?

BINA GUPTA, Jamnagar.

BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL

I can say with full confidence that Indira Vasudevan's "Black is Beautiful" (June 21) was one of the finest articles I've read in a long time. I was highly impressed by it. Congratulations to the author.

ARIEL PHILIP, Hyderabad.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF AUGUST 9, 1980.

AN EYE TO THE EAST

The Singapore woman is visible, generally affluent and outwardly modern. She enjoys relative equality on paper. However, she has a long way to go towards equality in reality.

ETHICS IN ADVERTISING

Consumers expect honesty in advertising, but it's not always that they get it. Where does the buck stop — with the manufacturer or the advertising agency? Ad-men talk.

THE BEACHCOMBERS

The season will soon be upon us. Plan ahead for your holiday on the beach.

HOT DAYS AHEAD

Why the world is warming up.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Cooking with beans.

Plus all our regular features.

Time was when the Nizam of Hyderabad, his courtiers as well as lesser nawabs and princelings, used to take pride in having spouses and concubines from Turkey (or Kashmir). But that was before the days of the radical reforms of Kemal Ataturk that offered women a different perspective of life. The change in the role of the women of Turkey that had incipiently crept in at the dawn of the twentieth century received an added momentum in 1923 when the Turkish Republic was founded.

Raising the rate of literacy among women was one of the

The successful emergence of Turkish women from seclusion was one of the greatest achievements of Kemal Ataturk's revolution. And the women made it truly meaningful. Presently, they are able to participate in every phase of national life

principal objects of the new Turkish Republic. To this end, Kemal Ataturk, the founder of modern Turkey, introduced the Latin alphabet and made primary education compulsory for all, irrespective of sex. And, of all the revolutionary innovations of Ataturk, the discarding of the veil, symbolising women's exclusion from the activities of men's spheres, had the most widespread modernising effect. Educated in increasing numbers (women's literacy percentage rose to over 40 in the early seventies), women have found employment in educational, commercial and industrial establishments receiving the same pay as men, and have become progressively involved in social, literary and political activities.

Turkey has been in the doldrums, economically and politically, for some time now, but its women are looking to the day when the dreams of Kemal Ataturk will be fulfilled. This was apparent to me from a talk with a dynamic Turkish lady, Mrs. Iffet Aslan, a publisher-journalist of Ankara. Recently she toured India at the invitation of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations, covering Bombay, Calcutta, Bangalore, Madras, etc.

It was beaming Iffet we met at the dinner hosted by the Mi-

WOMEN OF TURKEY: DISCARDING THE VEIL

Asha Dhar



Turkish men and women sunbathing and swimming together on a beach in Erdek.

RIGHT: Modern Turkish women model chic outfits, raphia hats and handbags.



nistry of External Affairs in her honour at a 5-star hotel in New Delhi, the same dynamic woman we used to know in Ankara in the mid-seventies. Since then her interests have widened to organising international children's meets to further international understanding. Mrs. Aslan told us that Turkey will tide over the present crisis and other problems to claim her legitimate place in West Asia and in Europe, and become a truly modern State.

She felt privileged to interview our Prime Minister. Her interview with Mrs. Gandhi ap-

peared subsequently in a number of papers in Turkey.

Speaking of Turkish women who have visited India, one remembers the talented piano soloist, Verda Erman, who was in India in 1967, also at the invitation of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations, and gave se-

veral recitals in New Delhi. She was again in India in 1972 and gave recitals in Bombay, New Delhi and Calcutta. Going further back, the late Khalide Edip Adivar, visited India to meet Mahatma Gandhi at Sabarmati Ashram and wrote about him in the Turkish press. A woman of keen



Miss Gokchen, who participated in military campaigns, takes off in an air-craft.

RIGHT: Old Turkish costumes are modelled by fashion designers to create new trendy outfits.

intelligence. Khalide Edip showed her mettle in the highest councils of war in Ankara, during and after the time of Kemal Ataturk.

Even before Ataturk's time, during the Ottoman days the inequities to which women were subjected to in Turkey had received the attention of thinkers. In 1858, Hayrullah Efendi, a man of vision, advocated the need for understanding women as "the life partners of men." Their education was necessary as much as that of men, he said. Thanks to his persistence, the education of women started with a primary school for girls in Istanbul in 1858. Nevertheless, until the early twentieth century, women's education remained limited to primary school level. But the demand for higher educational opportunities for women persisted. With the Revolution of 1908, the first high school was provided for women students. The first university for women was created as far back as 1914 in Istanbul. In 1922, women were accepted in the Istanbul medical school on an equal footing with men.

In the meantime other Turkish women, trained by foreign governesses and thus exposed to western culture, were endeavouring to activate all that was good in their Islamic traditions as well as trying to imbibe what they thought was the best in western culture and thought. These wo-



men had already contributed greatly to the success of the 1908 Revolution. They were already in the limelight. Fair minded men and Turkish intellectuals were already aware of the constructive role women played in western society. Liberal philosophers like Ziya Gokalp and Celal Nuri wrote that the subjugation of women was not an Islamic tradition but an alien imposition on Turkish society. They referred again and again to the ancient Turkish culture (even pre-Islamic), in which man-woman partnership existed in every field of life and in which the system of monogamy prevailed.

While the old Turkish culture, ancient texts and folklore were researched into to justify reforms in the status of women, two ardent feminists edited the "Women's World" magazine in 1913. One climbed into the air in an army plane to bombard the populace with feminist literature. The press began to discuss wo-

men's rights. Feminists appeared on the scene. Faride Tek, the fiery one amongst them, consolidated the intellectual consensus with reference to feminine rights. Nigar Hanım, an outstanding woman of letters and a stirring poetess, shook male complacency by her poems. Nezihe Muhittin, the first woman writer in the early twentieth century, defended feminine rights as a genuine need of the time. Halide Edip Adivar, the renowned novelist, advocated the Turkish Hearths as ideal centres for the promotion of cultural and social renaissance. Ziya Gokalp and Celal Nuri lent them male support.

The women of Turkey, who had shown their valour in the 1908 Independence movement,

the Grand National Assembly. In 1926 the new Civil Code was instituted on the model of the Swiss Civil Code. Under this code, all citizens of Turkey were to be under one law, polygamy was declared illegal; marriage became a civil contract (religious ceremony could be added if desired); the husband's right under Islamic law to "repudiate his wife" to secure divorce was taken away. Thus a major step was taken to ensure legal equality between men and women. In 1930, another law offered women the opportunity to be elected to municipal and provincial office. And on December 4, 1934, attained final success — the right to vote for and be elected to the national Parliament. In 1935, the first women deputies, 17 in number, were elected to Parliament in a free election. By 1933 there were 13 women judges. The legal, political and social subjugation of the women of Turkey thus came to an end.

The successful emergence of Turkish women from seclusion was one of the greatest achievements of Ataturk's Revolution. And the women made it truly meaningful. They took to law, archaeology, architecture, engineering, medicine, literature, language, teaching, fashion-designing, social work and so on. Presently, they are able to participate in every phase of national life. Many have become doctors, lawyers, executives and educationists and have entered the foreign service. Many have entered government service.

Not a few Turkish women are internationally known. Judge Melahot Ruacon was a woman member of the Supreme Court of Appeal for the first time in world history. Judge Firdevs Mentese, whom I knew very closely, was head of the First Department of the Supreme Council of State. Dr. Hamdi Devki Matlu attained renown as the creator of the "Sevki Method" in Histology.

The Turkish stage and screen can boast of countless women artistes. A few notables among them are, glamorous movie star Turkan Soray; musician Behiye Aksoy; stage star Yildiz Kenter; opera singers Leyla Gencer and Suna Korat, ballet dancers Meric Guventurk and Safiya Ayle.

It was always a joy to us to hear Nasrin Sipahi sing classical and stirring folk songs. Idil Biret, the violinist, is known beyond

found more freedom to attend schools, work as nurses, in offices and shops after the Balkan War (1912-13). A daring few wore hats and cut their hair. Mixed social gatherings awakened the Turk to the importance of women's contribution in everyday life. A very touching token of this recognition is found in Ankara where a peasant woman carrying a shell on her shoulders is carved on the Independence Memorial.

Yet, in 1923, when Turkey became a Republic, a sovereign nation, it remained very much a male nation, since only men were allowed to vote. Women did not have any legal, political or social rights. Though Kemal Ataturk took drastic steps to modernise Turkey, he was cautious in stepping into the women's domain. Only when he sensed that the need for feminine equality in social and political fields was gaining strength, did he introduce reform after reform in

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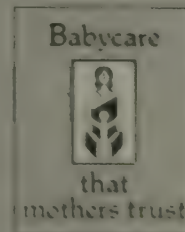
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WOMEN OF TURKEY

Turkey. Such women journalists as Jale Candan and Iffet Aslan write thought provoking articles, one of their specialities being Indian affairs. Jale Candan (wife of Prof. Dr. Turkayya Attaov, who was invited by Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, in August 1978, to deliver extension lectures on recent Turkish history) accompanied her husband to India and wrote a series of perceptive articles on India in "Millivet", an independent national daily. She and her husband were interviewed on Delhi Television by the late Mr. Joachim Alva who had visited Turkey several times. Mrs. Iffet Aslan, mentioned earlier, wrote a number of articles on India in Ankara and Istanbul papers after her recent visit.

Incidentally, Turkish women have known about Mrs. Gandhi for many years, since most of the works of her father, including "Letters From A Father To His Daughter", have been trans-

lated into Turkish. (Many Turkish women friends used to show me with pride the works of Rabindranath Tagore, Jawaharlal Nehru and Mahatma Gandhi, translated into Turkish, prominently placed in their private libraries). Presently Musherref Hekimoglu, Nilufer Yalchin, Jale Candan and others fill the daily and weekly columns in the Turkish press with incisive comments.

Sevgi Sabuncu wrote the famous novel "Yuromek". Turkish literature has been enriched by the works of many women novelists, essayists and poets. Halide Nushat Zorlutana is a prolific poet. Sensitive Turkish women artists like Fureye, Aliye and Fahrensia have exhibited in world art centres. Ceramists Hamiye Colakoglu and Jale Yilmabashar have carved a name for themselves.

One would have assumed that Turkish women who broke into the modern world with such a bang, would be very earnest in the political field. Their zest for politics has, however, not been sustained. The national

Parliament had only three Senators and five Deputies in the late seventies. Their total number is eleven now. A woman whom one may place as a potential politician told me with a shrug, "Women don't seem to be prepared for the rough and tumble of politics."

The emancipation of Turkish city women, unlike their sisters in the rural areas, is complete. In the towns, they dance to western tunes, don the latest fashions in clothes, designed by famous couturiers of Europe and America. Weekly and bi-weekly visits to beauty parlours for hair do's, manicure, pedicure, facelifts, massages, sauna and Turkish baths are routine for them. They drink and smoke as freely as males.

As against this urban elite, the countryside is only marginally touched by these new trends. The peasantry could be affected by the Islamic developments in Iran. The lot of village women has not changed much. They hang on to the old ways. The men are in no mood to give up their centuries old privileges. In

the male dominated rural life, a wife is still bought at a price after undergoing strict social discipline. Marriages are performed by priests in religious ceremonies. Child marriage is also prevalent and civil registration is delayed in such cases. Polygamy has not completely disappeared in the interior. Village women continue to wear their old costumes. Bundled up in a shapeless albeit colourful costume, a rural belle makes no effort at fashion. An occasional glimpse of her face gives an idea of her beauty, her youth and her pride in herself; otherwise her unchanged attire, like that of the Kashmiri belle, gives her the appearance of sexlessness compared with the seductive city woman.

Turkey, like any other oriental country, still vacillates between the modern and the old and outmoded. It is difficult to assess the overall effect of female resurgence beyond the city walls. Women's social progress still appears spotty, though, by and large, they are marching onwards, astir with new ideas and a modern outlook on life.

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in minutes**



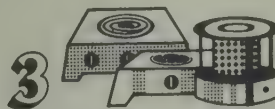
1 Rice, dhal and vegetables together!

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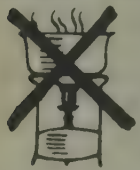
If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.



As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977: "Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."

Your children are under constant attack!

It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient



It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, but not spores.

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Beware of the Matka!

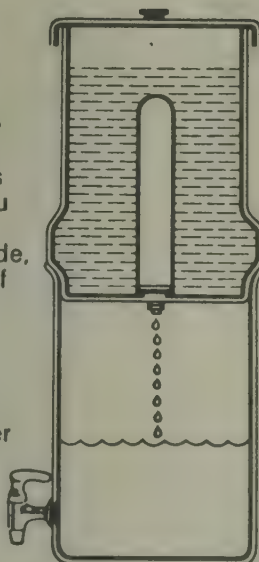
Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous.



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CHAITRA-BLS-150

From their earliest years girls are shaped and patterned for subordinate status. Dolls' nappies and tiny kitchen sinks give way before long to the real things. In school, girls are steered away from Maths and the sciences, engineering and architecture. RUTH INGLIS of the London "Daily Express" takes a wry look at the phenomenon that the sociologists call, "Sex-Role Conditioning."

"If your small son wants to play with a doll and your daughter with a miniature tank, let them!"

This sonorous battle cry came recently from one of the great gurus of the nursery — Dr. Benjamin Spock, that gentle, Connecticut Yankee. He was speaking for some rather revolutionary new thinking, much overdue in arriving (and slow in coming from him, too one must point out).

The fact is that as the 1979 State of the World's Women report published recently by the UN points out, "There is in existence a global myth which at once defines and limits the attributes and potentialities of both males and females and which in fact oppresses both." Most girls are still propelled in the direction of toys that will shape them for motherhood — dolls, nappies, tiny kitchen sinks, wash basins. Contrastingly, little brother will be made to feel that he may someday enter a threatening future for which he must be aggressively prepared. He will play with pistols, rifles, swords, toy soldiers, construction toys, elaborate Leggo and Meccano sets and miniature engines with cranes. His play tends to be associated with serious activities — building, fighting, making his imprint in the big outside world.

Liberationists contend that such sex-role stereotyping in early years has far-reaching results for the adults involved. Opponents of the Women's Movement, on the other hand, say this is an over-reaction. Just because a little boy likes a toy gun that goes "bang, bang" doesn't mean that he is going to become an international terrorist one day, they say. Nor will playing with dolls and their accoutrements ensure a girl-child's later passivity, retreat into housewifery and lack of career initiative.

Of course, boys and girls often

do break out of their childhood moulds. Early male nursery gun-runners can become dedicated pacifists later on, conservationists and wild-life protectors. And little girls who have been leaning over a toy basin in their pre-school years may grow up to be engineers and pilots.

However, statistics point to an opposite effect. Women do not, even in the West, where Liberationists have been more vocal and organized than in the Third World, tend to reach top positions. For every Simone Weil and Mrs. Gandhi, there are thousands, millions of subservient females hardly aware that they had any alternative to their second class citizenship.

Growing up in Mukden, Manchuria, the daughter of a US diplomat, I became acutely aware of how young girls counted for little except in their servile capacity. My best friend, the Chinese cook's daughter, aged 10, was only allowed to play for so many hours a day. The rest of the time she would be required to lumber around with her pudgy, four-year-old brother clasped to one frail hip, airing and feeding him. The treasured boy child could walk perfectly well, but he preferred being ferried around this way — and none of the large family network to which he belonged thought any differently. Wher-Shaiow's name, "Little Flower", was considerably more romantic than her

life — she was hardly more than a beast of burden.

To judge from Elena Belotti's fascinating study of little girls in Italian nursery schools in 1974, not much has changed since Wher-Shaiow's subservient youth over thirty years ago. Belotti writes that it is a common practice for girls to play mother to little boys their own age in the pre-school set-up. She recounts how teachers and parents alike assume that their small daughters will clean up after the rumbustious boys and act as little police-women to prevent rows and horseplay.

Girls are expected to be tidy, quiet, passive in their early school years and, when they select their school subjects, their parents will subtly guide them in the direction of the "service" professions — typing, so they may grow up to be secretaries, home economics in order to prepare them for household management, catering, for expertise in the kitchen.

Australian author Joyce Nicholson, in her book "What Society Does To Girls" (Virago, 1977) says that she picked up a useless university qualification, a pass arts degree, because her parents were so absorbed in her brother's university career that they did not bother to counsel her wisely. She writes:

"This sort of thing is continually happening to girls. During

their whole school career their parents and friends expect less of them. They do not expect them to plan for a great career. Education is something to make them a more socially acceptable person, and a career or job is something they pursue between leaving school and getting married."

There is a rich volume of research in the West to show that girls in education are subjected to what is sometimes referred to as "The Hidden Curriculum." Influenced by the image of themselves given to them almost subliminally in the home, girls shy away from subjects which are regarded as "masculine." In an article, "Who Wants Women Scientists?" A. Rossi reports that only seven per cent of American women graduates have taken courses in what have traditionally been thought to be the more "muscular" subjects — physics, maths and chemistry.

Girls are restricted intellectually in other ways too. They are deliberately channelled into curricula that will reinforce their girlishness. Though there is no proof at all that they are less able to grasp abstract principles than boys, they are steered away from maths and sciences, from engineering and architecture. In fact, they are led away from knowledge that might enlighten them concerning the technological devices which surround them. A woman thus grows into adulthood depending upon objects of whose inner working she has no real knowledge.

Girls in education see that female teachers have lowlier status than male teachers, that they rarely reach the status of school head. They see that women tea-

Continued on page 54

PROGRAMMED FOR INEQUALITY

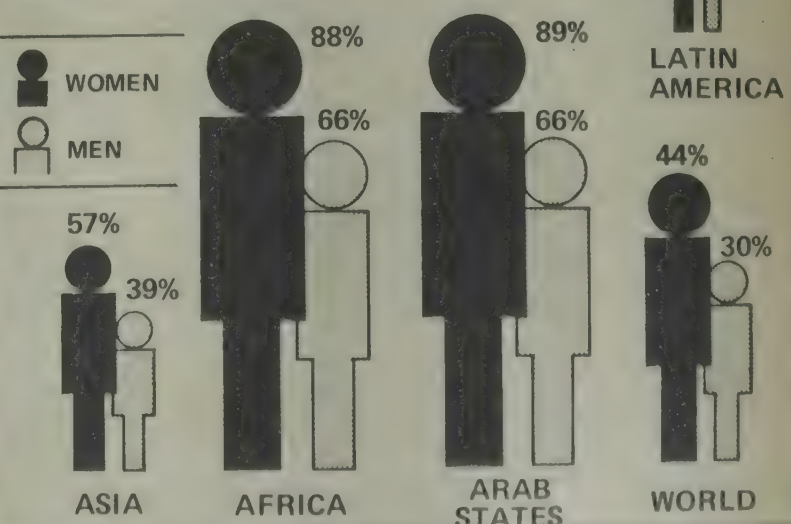
SCHOOL SUBJECTS

Many schools still have 'girls' subjects' and 'boys' subjects' In most countries:



ILLITERACY RATES

Nearly two people out of every three illiterate in the world today are women. Resistance by Third World women to other opportunities of raising their quality of life is very closely associated with illiteracy.



It was the month of April. The almond trees were in bloom and there was a hint of Spring in the cold wind. There were still patches of snow on the velvety soft grass that had sprouted on the mountain peaks, creating an illusion of white flowers. Soon, as the month came to an end these flowers would become one with the grass, making it a lush green. Then green almonds would start sprouting on the trees and scintillate like encrusted topaz. Gradually, the mist would lift from the face of the blue mountains, revealing the bridge spanning the lake underneath, and further down, the goat-path billowing dust, as the sheep trudged along it, bleating in unison.

But April had still to run its course. The mountain lay thick with mist, shorn of its glory and the goat-path lay silent, devoid of sheep's bleating. The lotuses which lay deep down under the slimy water would soon come to the surface, lending colour to the vast expanse of the lake, like points of light punctuating darkness. Then the almond flowers would also tear themselves off from their branches, plunge into the lake and joyously float upon its surface, like tiny boats, in welcome of the Spring.

I was standing there waiting for her, leaning against the railing of the bridge. The afternoon was rapidly declining into evening. The house-boats bound for the Wullur Lake had long since passed from under the stone archways of the bridge and now hung in the distance against the horizon, looking like frail paper boats. The roseate evening sky had slowly turned, first a sombre gray, then an opaque black, till the goat-path was sleepily lost behind the row of almond trees. And then in the stillness of the evening, the first star shone like a diamond on black velvet. The evening breeze became unbearably chill, making the nostrils numb with its icy touch.

Then the moon came out and I saw her coming along the goat-path.

She came in quick strides, almost breaking into a run and slowed down as she came near. 'Ha!' she said in a low voice and abruptly stopped in front of me.

She stood there panting. Her breathing would become sharp, then suddenly slow down and pick up again. She touched my shoulder with her fingers and dropped her head against it,

the tangled mass of her jungle-thick black hair making deep inroads into my heart.

"I've been waiting for you since afternoon," I said.

"And now it's night," she laughed. "A beautiful night."

She placed her small delicate hand on my shoulder. It had the sensation of an almond branch laden with blossoms, suddenly bending over me and falling asleep on my shoulder.

She was silent for a long time and I stood there watching her, wordlessly.

Then she laughed and said, "My abba came up to the turning of the goat-path with me. I

life. It's the full moon night. Come, we'll do some boating on the lake. Look, there's a boat over there."

She looked into my eyes. Her eyes were full of wonder, oozing with love and bright like the moon. "Go and enjoy yourselves on the lake," the moon seemed to be saying. "It's a festive day,

marking the advent of the almond blossoms. Today she has duped her abba her younger brothers and sisters just to be with you. The place is thick with white and cool almond flowers and the songs of Kashmir are ringing in its valley like milk surging through a mother's breasts. Have you seen the seven-stringed rope of pearls round her neck?

THE FULL MOON NIGHT

Krishan Chander

Translated from the Hindi
by Jai Ratan

told him I was afraid of walking alone. Tonight I'll sleep at my friend Rajji's house. No, not sleep. We'll keep awake all night and sing, welcoming the season's first almond blossoms. All my friends will gather at her house and celebrate. All afternoon I had been looking for an opportunity to get away from my house. I knew you would be waiting for me. But I had to clean the paddy. Then I found that my clothes that I had washed yesterday and laid out to dry were still damp. It took me time drying them over the fire. Then my mother kept me waiting. She had gone to collect firewood from the jungle and was a long time in coming. And unless she came how could I get corn cobs for you. And dry apricots. Look, I've brought them for you. And you're still looking so cross. Just look at me. I'm standing before you, large as



She has embellished herself in order to herald the Spring."

The moon was still peeping into her wondering eyes when a bulbul fluttered its wings among the branches and flew away. Lamps glimmered in the boats floating distantly on the lake and the song of singing rose from the villages on the other

side of the mountain peak — the shrill laughter of children mixing with the heavy voices of the men. Smoke slowly spiralled up from the roofs, denoting life and the smell of the evening's cooking — fish and rice and tangy kadam legume — filled the air. The full moon was emerging in all its glory. My annoyance dissolved. "Let's go to the lake," I said, taking her hand in mine.

Walking across the bridge and past the goat-path, we came to the end of the line of almond trees and took up the path skirting the lake. The frogs croaked and the beetles trilled, but we did not mind their cacophony; it was pleasing to the ears like music. In the dreamy atmosphere, the moon lay in the sky like a boat on the surface of the lake — serene, silent and pure like a virgin, patiently waiting for love's fulfilment.

BOTH OF THEM WERE EATING FROM THE SAME PLATE AND TALKING ANIMATEDLY. THEY WERE SO ABSORBED IN THEMSELVES THAT THEY HAD NO TIME TO LOOK AROUND AND SEE ME STANDING AT THE WINDOW

The boat lay tied to an apricot tree on the edge of the lake where the earth was soft and moist. The frogs were still keeping up their cacophony and the water was ceaselessly lapping against the shore with the gentle touch of a kiss.

Putting my arms around her waist and pressing her against myself I kissed her eyes and a hundred thousand lotuses seemed to blossom on the surface of the lake. And lo, as I bent down to kiss her lips the breeze broke into song and the sound of prayer rose from hundreds of temples, mosques and chapels and the flowers on earth and the stars in the sky started dancing.

I asked her to get into the boat and taking charge of the oars I rowed the boat into the middle of the lake and pulled in the oars. She opened her bundle and gave me some apricots.

The apricots were crisp and dry, tangy and sweet.

"They are last year's," she said, biting at one.

I watched her eating as I helped myself to more apricots.

"You were not here last spring," she said in a faint voice.

Yes, last Spring I was not here although the trees were laden

with apricots which scattered like pearls on shaking the branches. They were luscious and deliciously sour, girls ate them with salt and pepper till their tongues tingled and their noses started running. And yet they kept on eating them for their tang.

Last year I was not here, but she had lovingly collected those apricots and laid them out to dry on the roof of her house for me to taste them when I came here the following Spring.

She offered me more apricots from her bundle. They did not taste so nice as I bit into them, but as they dissolved in the saliva they tasted like honey. "They are soft and sweet," I said.

She cracked open an apricot stone between her teeth and gave me its kernel. "Eat," she said.

The kernel was like almonds.

"I've never eaten such delicious apricots," I said.

"They are from a tree in our courtyard," she said. "We've only one apricot tree, but it grows such big, such sweet apricots. Oh, I just can't tell you how big. When the apricots ripen my friends gather round the tree. Last Spring. . ."

After we had finished the apricots she took out a corn cob from her bundle. Golden grains, lustrous like pearls and crisp and crackling. And what a soft and delicate smell!

"The grains are sweet like candy," she said.

I dug my teeth into the cob.

"It's one of last year's cobs," she said. "I had kept them away from mother's prying eyes."

I bit into the cob at one point, leaving two rows intact for her. She took her turn at the cob, biting into it at another point and then put it against my lips. The warmth of her soft lips was still lingering on the cob.

"May I kiss you?" I asked.

"Hush! The boat will sink."

"So what?"

"Then let it sink," she said.

I am now seventy years old but that full moon night is still vivid in my memory as if it was only yesterday. It was the purest of love — mine for her and hers for me. It was like magic on that moonlit night. We were united in love and she never went back to her house; she had decided to elope with me.

For five days we roamed about in the jungle, like carefree children, lost in each other. We walked by the side of the lake and when tired, we rested under the shade of the walnut trees. Then I bought a small house by the edge of the lake and we started living together.

After about a month I went to Srinagar, telling her that I would be back on the third day. I kept my word and hastened back on the third day. As I peeped in through the window, I saw to my utter surprise that a young man was sitting by her side with whom she was talking animatedly. Both of them were eating from the same plate, putting morsels of food in each other's mouth and laughing hilariously. They were so absorbed in themselves that they had no time to look around and see me standing at the window. I thought that he must be her last Spring's lover or the one of an earlier Spring. Maybe many more such Springs would come for her when love would go on the rampage and would dance naked like a woman of easy virtue. Today Autumn had arrived in my house — Autumn, which always follows Spring.

What had she got to do with me? I felt too distracted to have a word with her. I quickly retraced my steps. That was the end of the Spring for me. I never met my first love again.

Then I returned after forty-eight years and my sons were with me. My wife is dead. I miss her. But my sons' wives and their children who are with me provide me some solace in my old age. I had come out for a stroll with my family and we had strayed towards the lake

It was April and the afternoon was fast merging into evening. Leaning against the railing of the bridge I scanned the long row of almond trees at the other end of the bridge, their branches laden with flowers swaying in the breeze. I heard no familiar footsteps on the dusty goat-path. Then I saw a young girl, carrying a bundle swiftly running across the bridge.

My heart almost came to a stop as she was lost to sight. Far away, I heard the voice of a woman



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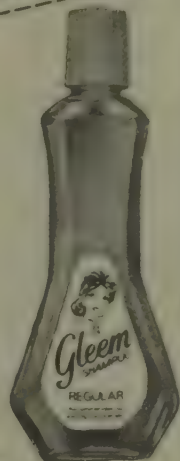
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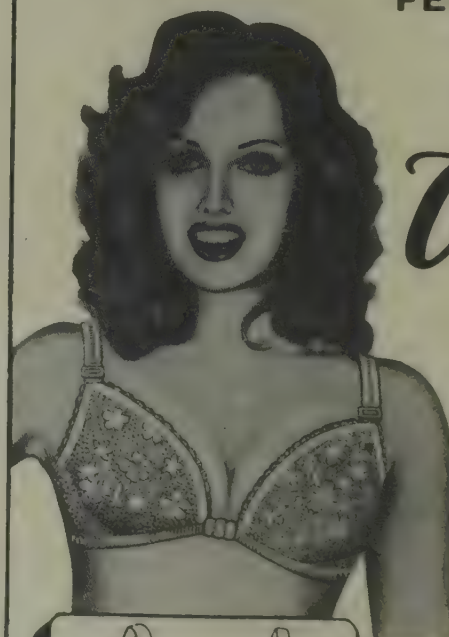
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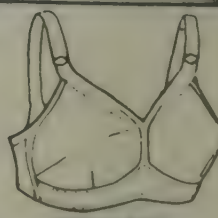
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THE FULL MOON NIGHT

from a village across the mountain, calling her husband to come down for his meal. Somewhere a door was banged shut and a crying child was suddenly hushed into silence. Birds flapped their wings noisily, raising raucous sounds among the thick foliage of the trees. Far off a boatman started singing on the lake and his tremulous voice rippling over the water, merged into the horizon.

I crossed the bridge, my sons, their wives and children following me in small groups. The lake starts where the row of almond trees ends. And there was an apricot tree, too. How big it had grown! And this boat, was it the same boat? And I could see that house right in front of me — the house of my first Spring, the love of my full moon night.

There was a light in the house and the noise of children. Someone started singing. In a thick voice and a feminine voice which sounded old, snubbed the man into silence. I said to myself it's now almost half a century since I last saw this house. There is no harm in going in and looking around. It was mine once. I had bought it with my own money. Legally speaking, it was still my property. Why not go in and have a look? And I nonchalantly walked into the house.

Lovely children. A young woman who was scooping out food on to a plate suddenly stopped on seeing me marching into the house. Two children who were quarrelling with each other gave me a surprised look and stopped quarrelling.

"Who are you?" an old woman, standing near a pillar who had apparently been trying to chasten the quarrelling children, asked.

"This house is mine," I replied.

She gave me a quizzical look, not knowing what to make of my answer. Then she glared at me "Your's or your father's?"

"Not my father's. Mine," I replied matter-of-factly. "I bought it about forty-eight years ago. Now I've come just to have a look at it. Plain curiosity, nothing more. I've not come to evict you, you can be sure. This house is now yours, in a manner of speaking. I came just to..." I turned to go back.

The old woman dug her fingers hard into the pillar and heavily drew in her breath. "So you're the one!" she said. "But how could I recognise you after so many years?" She was silent for a long time. She just stood there set against the pillar, watching me intently, while I stood in the doorway, looking up at her.

Then she smiled and said "Come, I'll introduce you to my

"It's the same story with me," I said. "My teeth too can't tackle a corn-cob."

Seeing me going in, my family had also followed me. Now they greeted the inmates of the house with noisy warmth the children taking the lead in helping them to shed their reserve

While others were busy talking among themselves, the old wo-

me. I had asked him to stay on so that he could meet you also. You were expected to return that afternoon. But you never came."

She suddenly turned grave. "I waited for you for six years," she said. "After you were gone, God gave me the gift of a son. Your son. But he died after one year. I waited for you for another four years. But you never came."

Two children ran holding corn-cobs.

"My grandson," she said.

"And the other one is my grand-daughter," I said.

We watched the children as they ran up to the end of the lake chasing each other.

She came closer to me. "You're here. I feel so good about it. I've come to terms with my life and taken all its ups and downs in my stride. Life has been kind to me. We're a happy family — a large one and not badly off. You've come to visit us. I don't see anything odd about it. I like it in fact."

"I had decided not to meet you as long as I lived. That's why I never came this way for so many years. But now that I've come I don't regret it at all."

We fell silent, for there was nothing more to say. The children had returned to us. She took my grand-daughter in her lap and I picked up her grandson. The moon was shining in her eyes. The moon seemed to be saying: People die but life goes on. The Spring comes to an end but love is supreme. It lasts for ever.

Climbing down from our laps the children ran down towards the apricot tree.

"The same tree?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "This is another."



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CHAITRA-BLB-186

people." She hurried down into the courtyard "Here, this is my eldest son and this one my next. This girl here, she's my eldest son's wife. And this is my grandson. Say salaam, son. And this is my husband. Hm! Don't wake him up. He's having fever since the day before. Let him sleep."

"How about having something?" she said after a pause.

My gaze travelled to the corn-cobs stuck against the wall. Their grains were golden, shining like pearls.

We both smiled.

"I've lost most of my teeth," she said. "Those that remain don't work so good."

man and I quietly slipped out of the house and slowly walked along the lake.

"I waited for you for six years," she said. "Why didn't you return that day?"

"I did come," I said. "But there was another young man with you in the house. There was no point in my hanging around. I quietly retreated."

She gave me a surprised look.

"Yes, you were both eating from the same plate"

She gave me another surprised look and then a smile spread over her face. "He was my brother," she said. "He had come to meet





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The first time I went up to his suite at the Oberoi Towers for this interview, Feroz had fallen down in his bathroom and broken his knee. The second time I went his wife Sundari told me he had left the hotel with a distributor friend only ten minutes earlier.

Then the third time proved lucky. We talked for over an hour when I caught him a few minutes before he vacated his room prior to his departure to Bangalore for the premiere of his "Qurbani". And here are his views on various aspects of film making :

On The Star System

The star system is more of a racket specially in our country when stars work in as many as 100 films and even directors work in not less than 12 films. If there is a big gap between two consecutive releases of mine, it is

ACTOR, DIRECTOR AND PRODUCER FEROZ KHAN AIRS HIS VIEWS ON A VARIETY OF TOPICS RELATED TO FILMS, FILM MAKING AND FILM PERSONALITIES

because my artistes are working in 100 films at a time and even if they want to give me priority, it is difficult for them to adjust. Today, even the dialogue writers have far too many films on hand and even if the artistes are ready to listen to the story and the dialogue, the dialogue writer may not have the time. This impedes the progress of a film. So I have decided to change this for my next film.

On Direction :

I think I have an edge behind the camera over acting. While as an actor you only portray a character, as a director you create several characters. The sense of creativity satisfies me more and I certainly feel that direction is my forte, though I love both acting and direction. Like Manoj, I prefer to work in my own films.

On His Brother Akbar Khan :

I saw a few reels of Akbar's film "Haadsa". He was my assistant in "Apradh" for over nine months. He left me to do what he wanted. After "Haadsa", Akbar will be established as a good

FEROZ KHAN:

"I PREFER
TO WORK IN MY
OWN FILMS"

Jyothi Venkatesh



film-maker and take it from me, he is going to become a heart-throb as an actor. He will be the next Rishi Kapoor of the industry.

On His Tiff With Amjad Khan :

I have not had any tiff at all with Amjad Khan. I do what I like, and like what I do irrespective of any opinion, but then within the frame-work of decency and humanity. If I had a tiff with Amjadbbhai, do you think he would have attended my premiere at Apsara and even announced a handsome donation for the Chief Minister's Relief Fund?

On His Image As A Brawler

Unfortunately the name Khan spells violence in people's minds. And the yellow press magnified a few unfortunate incidents which happened in my life as a result of which I have been branded for life as a drunken brawler.

On Biddu And Nazia Hassan

I recorded the song "Aap Jaisa koyi" with Nazia and Biddu and only then told Kalyanji and Anandji about it. They graciously accepted it since I've been with them right from my maiden venture as a producer. Biddu is a friend of mine from Bangalore. He was a street singer who migrated to London years back to strike gold there as a pop singer.

Nazia is just a school girl. She has not accepted even a single film in Bombay though she was approached by several film makers, because the family doesn't want her to work in films. Nor do I plan to cast Nazia as my heroine in my next film, nor am I having an affair with her.

As Producer

I do not rely on my stars. I attribute my success and failure to myself completely. The credit for my film being a hit or a flop lies with me. I take only those stars who fit the role. Just to prove my point I could have easily taken a star villain like Prem Chopra instead of grooming a nobody like Shakti Kapoor. Incidentally, he has signed twenty to thirty films today, just because his performance was appreciated in my "Qurbani".

As Stunt Actor

Today stunt is synonymous with action. I have always been quite proud of my image as a macho hero. Socials have receded into the back-ground. Today the only film I am associated with is "Do Waqt Ki Roti", which is being made by Sanjeev's brother. I respect him a lot and I feel it is a challenge to work with him. I hope I can stand up to him and match his histrionics.

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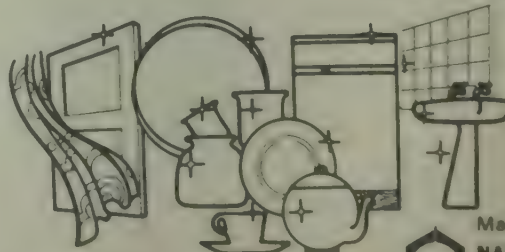


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CHAITRA-NOC-168-A



THE PATH OF MOTION

What should be the shutter speed? The faster the action the higher the shutter speed. However, the path of motion also governs this speed. When the subject is moving parallel to the camera you need a fast shutter speed whereas if the same subject is moving at the same speed but is approaching or going from the camera at an angle, then a slower shutter speed will do.

The little gypsy's horse is moving parallel to the camera so even a fast speed of $1/250$ second has not sufficed and shows a slight blurring of the image. On the other hand, the three figures hurrying to bazar are moving away from the camera so they have photographed pretty sharp in spite of the slower speed of $1/50$ th second.

Another factor worth noticing in this pair of pictures is that the horse was too near the camera whereas the vendors were further away. Proximity exaggerates blurring.



Homi Kharas

Young, enterprising and extremely talented Abha Jain of Bombay holds a diploma in Interior Decoration from the J.J. School of Art, Bombay. Although painting is her main interest (she held her exhibition in 1974), her accomplishments extend to other fields too. A couple of years ago she started making candles, greeting cards and calendars as a hobby. And today her hobby has turned into a lucrative, full-fledged business.

"The theme of my candles is Nature... and I give them special effect by way



MONEY SPINNERS!



of frosting," says Abha.

Her screen-printed cards and calendars in hand-made paper are much in demand. She revels in traditional themes and has a natural flair for colour and design, besides an inexhaustible fund of ideas. Abha's talents are not confined to these alone, for she designs and executes lamps using mainly wood and glass.



And for those in quest of individualised products, she makes gift items from hand-made paper, foil, papier mache and so on. We have featured here some of her creations — wall decoration with ceramic tiles, macrame wall-hanging and a lamp, greeting cards and a variety of candles.

Abha is a member of the World Education Fellowship and has illustrated children's books. She recently toured the U.S.A. "Just to see around. I had to rough it out, but I enjoyed every moment of it," she laughed.

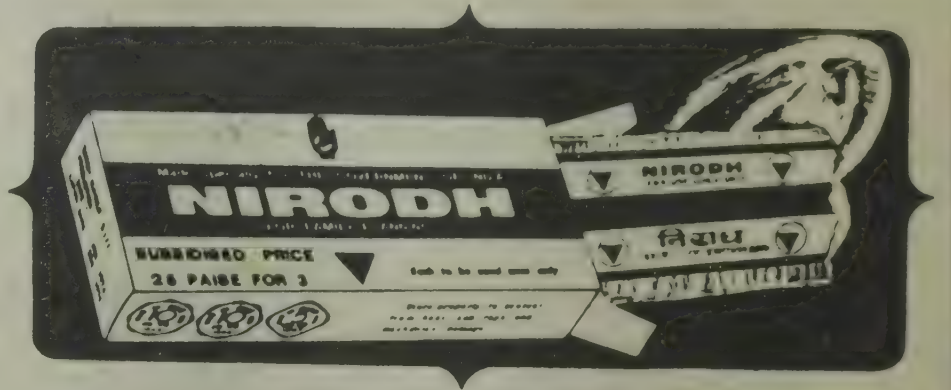
C. J.



Colour photographs : Taiyeb Bedehah



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WOMEN IN FOCUS

HANSA RAJDA

Akbar once asked Birbal why the amount that finally reached the royal coffers was much smaller than the revenues gathered. And Birbal, by way of an answer, is said to have had a block of ice pass through various hands till it was reduced to an insignificant lump by the



time it reached the last man in the line. The story best illustrates the plight of the craftsmen and artisans in our country, who earn a pittance, while the intermediaries manage to chalk up huge profits. And it is this unfair exploitation which is the main concern of Hansa Rajda and 'Satark' — an organisation devoted to the welfare of women belonging to the middle and lower middle-class.

"I first thought of starting such an organisation," says Hansa "when I saw how little the women who actually did the beautiful embroidery on saris, got paid in comparison to what the shops charged for their work. And I decided to enable these women to establish direct contact with the merchants so that the commissions and profits being pocketed by the middle-man would stop."

Satark is just two years old. It was started by Hansa in 1977 after she came out of jail where she had been interned for 19 months during the Emergency.

"I hope to gradually widen the scope of the organisation,"

Hansa said, "so that no woman coming to Satark for help goes back disappointed. We are already exploring the market for ready-made garments, seeing that the women are keen on sewing, and they are also being encouraged to take orders for regular supplies of snacks and meals."

Present at the interview is Mridula who is thankful to Satark for "the timely help rendered

COMMITMENT TO A CAUSE

by it to me and my family when I needed it most." Mridula's problem when she approached Satark was an ailing husband, too old at 82 to work, and a crippled son. Appreciating her need for reasonable financial security, Hansa managed somehow to secure Municipal permission for the handicapped boy to open a stall for cold drinks and snacks at Colaba. And Mridula and her sister-in-law were put in the way of securing orders for making 'bajra rotlas'.

Hansa is also actively connected with the Mahila Arthik Vikas Mahamandal and the Sevikavibhag of Seva-dal, a non-political organisation. MAVIM is a semi-government body, with branches in various states, including Manipur and Nagaland. Hansa is presently trying to interest the organisation in a design for a 9-yard sari, which when completed, should not cost more than Rs. 20.60 to the customer. The plan has already been sent to Nagpur, the weaving centre.

Besides these commitments, Hansa is involved with Sangam, a cultural organisation for youth, very active on the sports side.

"The young need an outlet for their energy," Hansa observed, "I often found students aimlessly whiling away their time at street corners, and this prompted me to try and persuade the government for a playing ground at Azad Maidan. There was initially some resistance, but we finally succeeded, and the response from the young has been tremendous. Our Sangam cricket team now goes for

matches to Gujarat. Sangam also provides free text books and stationery to poor students.

It is, however, Satark, which at the moment is chiefly occupying Hansa. "The organisation," she said, "is presently functioning at a very modest level, but in time we hope to be able to serve women in many of their needs."

Satark has recently initiated a move to ensure road safety for children. The Housewife Committee of the organisation has placed a plea before the Police Commissioner to permit school buses to ply both ways in one-way streets so that the youngsters and the mothers may not have to daily face the tension of

crossing busy thoroughfares. "And I hope," Hansa said, "this concession is made for the sake of the children."

Jyotsna Sheth

SUMITRA VAKIL



"Emotional involvement is the quintessence of welfare work," says Sumitra Vakil, who at the age of 64 has spent four decades of her life living up to these social ideals. She was eager to study medicine, but her ambitions were thwarted by her mother's death. She had to abandon her studies when only in the first year of college, in order to look after her ailing father.

She settled down in Bombay after her marriage to a lawyer and her activities in the field of social welfare started almost immediately. She began conducting classes in conversational English for ladies at the Bhagini Samaj an institute for women. After five years of teaching she took time off to have a baby. In 1949

she re-entered the field of social work and became one of the founder members of the "Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh" — the women's wing of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Their very first project was a Montessori School with both English and Gujarati medium.

However, the progressive minded Mrs. Vakil soon realised that tending to the needs of children though important, was not enough, for ultimately it is the mothers who need to be properly educated. So she and her loyal band of workers soon began catering to the needs of women as well. They started classes in cookery, handicrafts, light music, beauty and hair styling and sewing. Women of

any age or strata of society are thus given an opportunity not only to better themselves, but to utilise these skills for the purpose of earning as well.

An annual exhibition is also held on the premises and the ladies are given an opportunity to sell their home-made handicrafts, papads and pickles, allowing the institution a nominal fee of 10 paise per article.

The Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh also has a homeopathic dispensary run by Dr. Shirin Wadia where a full week's supply of pills are given for a fee of 25 paise. In order to oversee the running and efficiency of this institution, Mrs. Vakil who is one of the three joint secretaries not only attends here five afternoons a week, but actively participates in staging an occasional programme for the collection of funds.

Mrs. Vakil has not confined her activities to the social welfare sphere alone, but is also a staunch activist in the cultural field.

Now an executive member of the Indo-American Society she is mainly concerned with its library and entertainment activities being at one time the Vice-President.

Mrs. Vakil is also the honorary Secretary of the Indian Folk Arts Foundation and probably due to her deft handling of the secretaryship, their recent exhibition "Masks of India" proved to be such a great success. In recognition of all the good work she has done Mrs. Vakil was recently made a Special Executive Magistrate.

Norysca Wassoodew

PICK A PRINT



Prints on light weight cottons and polyesters make fashion news during these mid-monsoon months. Booming brightly on high quality fabrics, both easily washable and drip-dry and, above all, which need no ironing, these bold prints in beguiling shades will enliven your monsoon blues and will also get you noticed at a party — or even walking down the street. Though glamorous, they will not look out of place in any setting. These prints add spice and gaiety to dresses and sarees. The designs, original and eye-catching, will make you feel zestful during the dreary days of cloud and rain, and heighten your personality.



LEFT : Seated and relaxed in lovely sarees that catch the eye. Unusual combination of print and colour makes these sarees look outstanding and will get you noticed any time of the day.

BELOW : A swirly skirt and top in soft fabric has a close neck with three-quarter sleeves and is fully flared at the bottom. Frills and tie-ups for extra decoration. A very casual and individual looking one-piece kurta has a straight neck with buttoned shoulders. Match it with contrast coloured pyjamas.

BELOW RIGHT : Be bright and bold when you're with someone you love. This saree in deep maroon sparkles with bold floral prints at palli and pallav edge.

RIGHT : The season's newest find! A swirling midi in soft polyester has a gay print with striking colour combinations. Yellow flowers at the skirt edge and polka dotted frills enliven the skirt and neck edge.

Courtesy: Hindon River Mills, Delhi.





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THE LITTLE WOMAN

I once thought a lot of a friend

Who turned out to be in the end

The southernmost part,
(As I'd feared from the start),

Of a horse with a northerly trend.

There was a young lady who tried

A diet of apples, and died.

The unfortunate miss

Really perished of this:

Too much cider inside her inside.

There was a fat man from Lahore

The same shape behind as before.

They did not know where

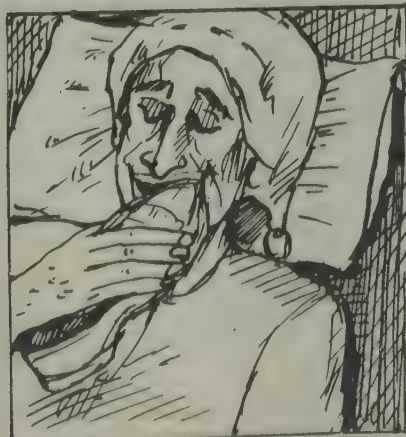
To offer a chair,
So he had to sit down on the floor.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"I'd like to see something cheap in straw hats."

"Certainly, sir. Try this one on and the mirror's on your left."

There was an old man of Peru



Who dreamt he was eating a shoe,

He awoke in the night
With a terrible fright,
And found it was perfectly true.

There was a young lady named Etta

Who fancied herself in a sweater.

Three reasons she had
Keeping warm was not bad,

But the other two reasons were better.

A critic refused, as reviewer,

To read the obscene and impure.

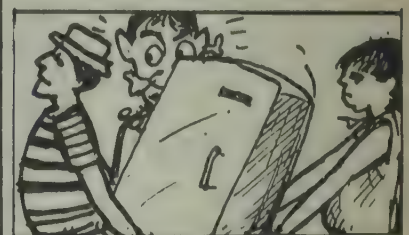
He soon left the scene,

For the books that were clean,

Just kept getting fewer and fewer.

A cannibal visited a neighbour to admire his new possession: a large refrigerator.

"What's its capacity?" he inquired.



"I don't really know," replied the neighbour, "but at least it holds the two men who brought it."

She is so industrious that when she has nothing to do she sits and knits her brows.

TIMES CHANGE: Today the successful executive has to be a man with an infinite capacity for taking planes.

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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Premila Lal

The coolness in the air, the pitter-patter of the raindrops and coming home after a heavy drenching, definitely whet the appetite and the desire to have something sizzling hot. That calls for steaming hot soups and casseroles. Economical, easy, and a rewarding dish that can be churned out with the simplest of ingredients put together and left to cook by themselves. Use your imagination when seasoning and garnishing, and a few spices added can enhance the flavour and make the flavour your very own.

We give you recipes for some of the most tasty soups and casseroles you have ever made and served. Go ahead and enjoy making them!

APRICOT CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 medium chicken
150 grams dried apricots
1 tbsp. soya sauce
2 tbsps. orange sauce
2 cloves garlic, crushed
1 tbsp. cornflour
2-inch piece ginger
1 capsicum
Salt and pepper
Ghee

Remove the meat from the chicken bones and cut into strips or cubes. Mix with crushed garlic and half of the cornflour. Season lightly with salt and pepper. Heat a tablespoon of ghee or oil and saute the chicken till barely tender in a heavy flame-proof casserole. Add the apricots and sliced ginger and capsicum. Simmer for ten minutes. Mix the remaining cornflour with orange sauce, two tablespoons of water and the soya sauce. Bring to boil in a separate pan. Stir till thick. Pour over chicken and serve with boiled noodles.



PEAS AND CHICKEN CASSEROLE

- 1 large chicken
- 16 button onions, peeled
- 1 small fresh lettuce, shredded
- ½ kg peas
- ¼ cup lean bacon, chopped
- 1 bay leaf, crumbled
- 1 small bunch parsley
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 4 cups consommé
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 2 tbsps. butter

Salt to taste

Wash and dry the chicken. Rub salt on the outside and prick the skin well. Joint the chicken. Heat the butter and fry the chicken pieces. Then place the pieces in an oven proof casserole and add all the ingredients except the peas and flour. Cook in a hot oven for half an hour. Then stir the peas. Mix the flour into a paste with a little of the gravy and add it to the casserole. Stir and return to the oven. Cook till the chicken is tender.

SHRIMP AND NOODLE CASSEROLE

- 1 cup shrimps, shelled, cleaned
- 200 grams noodles
- 1 small tin tomato puree
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 3 cloves garlic, crushed
- Chilli sauce to taste
- Slices of cheese
- Salt and pepper

Cook the noodles according to the instructions on the packet. Drain and keep aside. Heat two tablespoons of oil in a pan and saute the onion and garlic. Add tomato puree and seasoning and simmer for a few minutes. Pour over the noodles. Drain the water from the prawns and add to noodles. Mix well and pour into a buttered casserole. Top with cheese slices and bake in a moderate oven till the cheese melts. Serve hot.

MINESTRONE SOUP

- 2 carrots
- ¼ turnip
- 2 tomatoes
- 2 stalks celery
- 2 medium onions
- 125 grams cabbage, grated
- 2 tbsps. macaroni, cooked
- 2 tbsps. parsley, chopped
- 1 tbsp. bacon fat or butter
- 1 rasher streaky bacon
- 1½ litre boiling stock or water
- Cheese, grated

Cut the vegetables into very small pieces. Chop the bacon. Heat fat in the cooker body and saute the bacon. Add vegetables and saute for four minutes. Pour

in the stock. Add cabbage, macaroni and cheese. Adjust lid, bring to pressure and cook for seven minutes, reduce pressure and sprinkle in the parsley. Serve with cheese.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

- 1 kg spinach, washed and chopped
- 2 medium onions, chopped
- 3 cups stock
- 1 cup light cream
- 1 cup sour cream or cream curd
- 3 spring onions
- 2 tbsps. butter

Dash of nutmeg

Dash of paprika or chilli powder

Salt and pepper to taste

Lemon slices

Mince the spring onions with the greens. Saute the chopped onion in the butter over a high flame till tender but not brown. Add spinach, finely chopped and simmer stirring for a minute till just tender. Heat the stock in a saucepan and add the spinach mixture. Blend well with an egg beater or in an electric blender till smooth. Put in the minced onion, the cream and curd and season to taste. Heat well without bringing to boiling point and serve.

FRENCH ONION SOUP

- 4 large onions, thinly sliced

- 1½ tbsps. butter
- 1½ tbsps. flour
- 1 litre stock
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Slices of toast, halved
- 1 tbsp. brandy (optional)
- 1 cup cheese, grated
- Parsley, chopped

In the cooker body, saute the onions in butter till brown. Add quarter teaspoon sugar as it helps the onions to brown easily. Stir in the flour and cook for a minute. Pour in the stock, adjust lid, bring to pressure and cook for four minutes. Season as needed with Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and even a dash of chilli. Add brandy just before serving. Pour into individual bowls and arrange lightly buttered toast on top. Sprinkle generously with cheese, garnish with parsley and serve hot.

HAWAIIAN TOMATO CREAM SOUP

- 1 tin tomato juice
- ¼ cup pineapple juice
- 2 cups water
- 2 tbsps. capsicum, grated
- 1 onion, grated
- A pinch turmeric
- Dash of chilli powder
- ¼ tsp. cummin seed powder
- ¼ tsp. cardamom powder
- Dash of nutmeg
- 4 tbsps. heavy cream
- Salt to taste

Mix all the ingredients, except cream, in a large pan and bring to a boil over a high flame. Reduce heat and simmer, stirring occasionally, for about five minutes. Serve hot with a dollop of cream in each bowl of soup.

PORK CASSEROLE

- 750 grams pork undercut, cut thinly and pound
- 4 tbsps. flour
- Prepared mustard
- Salt and pepper
- 1 tsp. tomato juice

FOR THE STUFFING.

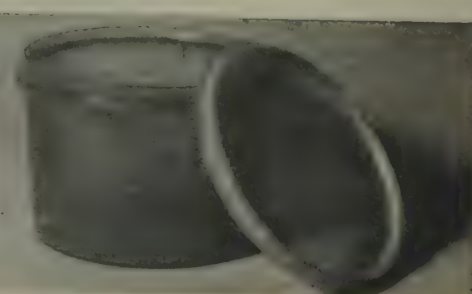
- 6 tbsps. soft breadcrumbs
- ½ tsp. mixed herbs
- Grated rind of 1 small orange
- 1 egg, beaten
- Salt and pepper to taste

Divide the pork into eight or ten even-shaped oblong pieces. Mince the leftover trimmings and add to the ingredients for the stuffing. Lightly spread pork with the prepared mustard. Mix the stuffing, spread on pork, roll and secure with fine string or tooth-picks. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in a little hot fat. Place the rolls in a casserole and add tomato juice. Cook slowly in covered casserole in centre of very moderate oven for about fifty to sixty minutes. Serve with rice and chopped capsicums.

ANNOUNCING MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive, in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:

- 1) A 9-cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) A Utility Dish and a 2-cup Carafe from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, Bombay, and 4) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.



RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Usha Goel, Bombay.

CORN CHEVDA

- 12 fresh corns
- 8-6 green chillis, chopped
- 1 piece ginger, chopped
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped

Salt to taste

A little oil

Gram flour sev for decoration

Grate the corn nicely. Heat the oil. Add mustard. When it begins to splutter. Add all the masala except lemon and sugar. Lastly add the grated corn with milk. Stir well till it becomes tender. Lastly add lemon juice and sugar. Garnish with coriander leaves and gram flour sev. Serve hot.



Mrs. Freny Bhomisha, Bombay.

MANGO JAM SAMOSA

FOR THE FILLING:

- 3 yellow bottle mangoes
- 500 grams sugar
- 3 tbsps. chirongi
- 1 tsp. cardamom and nutmeg
- Vanilla essence

FOR THE MAAN:

- 1 cup flour
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- 1 tsp. rose essence
- A pinch salt

Ghee for frying

FOR THE COVERING:

- 2 cups semolina
- 1 cup flour
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- 1 tsp. rose essence
- 1 tsp. salt

FOR THE FILLING:

Peel the mangoes. Cut and keep the pulp aside. Dissolve sugar in two glasses of water. Add the

pulp and stir well.

Cook till water evaporates and mango pulp thickens. Remove from fire and sprinkle cardamom and nutmeg. Add chirongi. Add essence and keep aside to cool.

FOR THE MAAN:

In a thali blend ghee and salt. Put in the rose essence and gently mix in the flour. Form into a dough. Divide the dough into two. Keep aside.

FOR THE COVERING:

In the same thali put semolina flour, salt, ghee and rose essence. Form into a pliable dough. Keep aside for fifteen minutes, covered with a damp cloth. Mix again and divide into two. Roll out one ball into a big chapati. Over this, put one maan ball and gently spread over this

chappati. Dust with flour and roll up from down. Cut into four pieces. Gently twist these pieces and keep aside. Repeat with the other dough ball.

Roll out each twisted ball into half inch thick puris. Halve the puris. Fold half into a triangle, fill with the mango jam. Seal the edges. Fry in deep ghee till golden brown.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian; according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, a Queen and a Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

September, 1980
PRESSURE-COOKED DISHES

October, 1980
CASSEROLE COOKING

November, 1980
MEALS IN MINUTES

All entries for September should reach us latest by August 5, October entries by September 5 and November entries by October 5, 1980.

WEEKLY WINNER

JYOTHI SETTY,
Bangalore.



Mrs. Setty wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9-cup Storefresh container from Trupty Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a Utility dish and 2-cup Carafe from Borosil Glass Works Limited, and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

CURD PURI

- 2 cups rice flour
- 1 cup sour curds
- 3 cups water
- 4 tsps. ghee
- 15 green chillis
- 25 grams coriander leaves
- 2 tsps. green gram dal
- 2 tsps. Bengal gram dal
- Salt to taste
- Ghee or oil

Sieve the flour. Soak the dals, for two hours, crush chillis, and chop the cori-

ander leaves. Boil curds and water. Add ghee and put in the soaked dals. Let it boil for three to five minutes. Mix in the rice flour, crushed green chillis, salt and coriander leaves. Remove from fire. Cool and knead to a puri dough. Divide the dough into small balls, roll out into small circles and fry in hot fat until light brown. Serve hot with coriander thokku.

CORIANDER THOKKU

- 250 grams coriander leaves
- 100 grams tamarind
- 25 grams red chillis
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 100 grams groundnut oil
- Salt to taste

Chop the coriander leaves. Soak tamarind in water and extract the pulp. Grind coriander leaves, tamarind pulp, chillis and salt into a fine paste. Heat oil, put mustard seeds. Put in the ground mixture carefully. Stir the mixture continuously on low flame for twenty to thirty minutes until dark brown. Remove from fire. Serve with curd puris.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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THE KISSAN RANGE

mixed fruit, pineapple, strawberry, raspberry, mango, apple, apricot, Goldenmist orange marmalade and guava jelly.

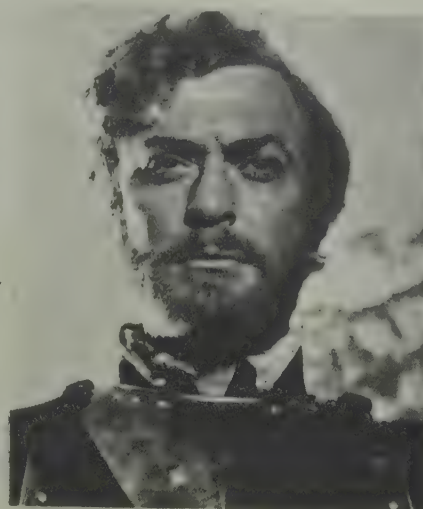
**A LITTLE
SWEETNESS GOES
A LONG WAY**



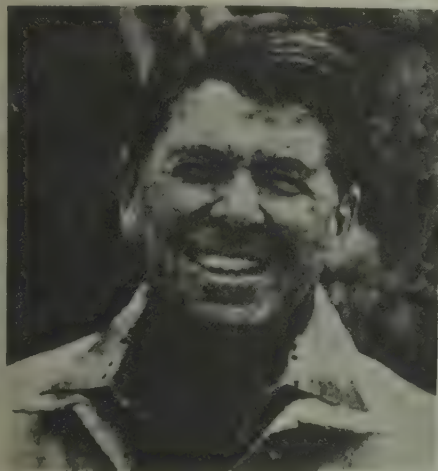
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

The pre-poll results in the United States clearly show that arch-conservative and one time actor, Republican party nominee **Ronald Reagan** has a definite edge over **Jimmy Carter**. But the august body of the Webster encyclopaedic dictionary jumped the election gun and made one of the biggest boo-boos in publishing history. When copies of the new dictionary appeared with Reagan listed as the 40th president of the United States, a red-faced **Alan Mirken**, president of the company, explained "We thought that Reagan was the logical choice and filled in

ed him photo copies of alleged rock inscriptions, palm leaf manuscripts and other evidence to back the Archbishop's pet theories about Christianity in India. Dr. Arulappa was so impressed that he financed Acharya Paul's "researches" from 1975 to 1980 to the tune of Rs. 15 lakhs. Escorted by the Archbishop, Acharya Paul made two trips to the Vatican and other Western countries and had the rare privilege of breaking bread with the Pope. He had a free run of the Archbishop's palace but preferred to work from the air-conditioned comforts of a couple



even sorry for what they did. **Bansi Lal Kakar**, the husband of the lady, said recently at a press conference that the home office had offered him £500 as ex-gratia payment, provided the couple gave a written undertaking that they will not institute or continue legal proceedings relating to the original incident. Mr. Kakar, who hopes to persuade his wife to return to England when the government has "truly apologised," was "shattered" at the smallness of the offer. He intends to carry on with the legal action against the government.



that line with his name." The original idea was that the new edition wouldn't go to press till after the election, but demand forced a change of deadline. And somewhere along the way, when editions of the new dictionary were printed, somebody forgot to cut out the name of "President" Reagan!

The story of how the Archbishop of Madras, Dr. Arulappa, was duped by a clever conman, by taking advantage of the fact that the Archbishop wanted to topple certain well-founded historical notions, sounds like the plot of a comedy film. The Archbishop has been trying to prove for a long time that certain renowned temples in South India were originally Christian shrines and that Tamil Nadu's ancient poet, Thiruvalluvar (who wrote the famous "Thirukural", which is a guide to ideal conduct) was a Christian and not a Hindu. One day in 1975, an imposing bearded figure called Acharya Paul, a scholar of philosophy, engaged in research on the history of Christianity in India, visited the Archbishop and show-

ed him photo copies of alleged rock inscriptions, palm leaf manuscripts and other evidence to back the Archbishop's pet theories about Christianity in India. He was also provided with a retreat in the Nilgiris.

Five long years later, the Archbishop finally began to get suspicious, especially with the more extravagant claims of the Acharya. The CID was alerted and Acharya Paul was nabbed in Sri-rangam. "Acharya Paul", who turned out to be a 59-year-old school drop-out called Ganesha Iyer, is now cooling his heels in police custody.

Shakira Baksh, the ex-Guyana beauty queen of Indian Muslim origin and wife of actor **Michael Caine** has saved her husband from becoming an alcoholic. According to Caine, he was drinking a bottle of vodka a day before meeting Shakira. "I think I found her just in time before I fell apart. Now it's lovely and no one bothers me any more," the actor confessed. Asked the secret of his successful seven-year-old marriage, Caine said that he and Shakira have something like three honeymoons a year. When the mood overtakes them, they suddenly push off to Paris. "We book into a hotel

and enjoy sex or something and go dancing till five o'clock in the morning, and generally roust about and have a fabulous time." Caine said smugly that he had the best of both worlds. He wasn't famous enough to be mobbed in the streets but, "I have enough celebrity to be handy for getting into places no one else can."

The victim of the infamous virginity test in Britain, who came to be known simply as **Mrs. Kakar**, is now well-known to Indians. Some time ago I had reported in these columns that she had returned in disgust to India and that true to the British sense of fairplay, Opposition members there were pressing for a financial settlement as a kind of apology. Now comes the news that the British are not

Betty Williams, who won the Nobel Peace prize in 1977 for promoting the cause of peace in Northern Ireland at the risk of her life, broke the peace herself recently, when she was told at London's Heathrow airport that she was too late to board a shuttle flight to Belfast. She banged her fists on the check-in desk and tried to push through the gates to the flight. Mrs. Williams, returning from a lecture tour of Canada and North America, had no sleep for 36 hours and was tired out, which is why she became agitated and upset, said her counsel, adding that Mrs. Williams regretted the incident. The lady herself told reporters, "We have spent our time in Northern Ireland trying to uphold the law and if I break it here I must pay the price," and gracefully shelled out 25 sterling as fine.

UNKNOWN

The Soviet Union is strongly atheistic and there is free medical aid for all. Yet, ordinary people as well as high-ranking partymen are queueing up outside the apartment of **Dzhuna Davitashvili**, a former waitress, who is said to have miraculous curative powers. Rumours insist that she transformed the ailing 73-year-old **Leonid Brezhnev** into a picture of health and stamina. Film stars, writers, politicians and even dissidents besiege her to sign up for her \$375-a-person cures. According to a well-known Soviet scientist, "An experiment of healing a tropic ulcer was carried out. Fifteen minutes after the bandages were removed, the 'sensitive' **Dzhuna Davitashvili** dried the ulcer completely." It now transpires that a special clinic is to be built for her.

"In Bihar, Ram is the 'avatar', whereas in Assam it is Krishna," commented a Bihari rickshawalla in Gauhati. Ram's wife Sita was mainly a housewife, he tried to elaborate, whereas the Gopis moved around freely with Krishna. In his own inimitable style he was comparing the status of women in the two states.

There is no doubt that in Assamese society, particularly in the villages, women are freer than their counterparts in Bihar, Uttar Pradesh and elsewhere in the country. This perhaps is one explanation for the way they have come out in such large numbers to participate in the Assam movement against foreign nationals. In their thousands they have picketed at the oil installations to prevent the flow of crude outside the state; they have marched in disciplined processions to court arrest.

The process of politicisation of

in the present movement. "It is unique and unprecedented," said this year's Jnanpith award winner Birendra Bhattacharya. "The men have been relegated to the background."

Socially women in the lower ladders of Assamese society enjoy a great deal of freedom, while there are more restrictions for women in high caste families. "There is more freedom in marriage for women of lower and middle castes," said Bhattacharya. "For instance, in my village the ritualistic marriage follows after a man and woman live together." In economic activity too the women participate equally though their roles are different from those of the men. Normally, the men plough the fields and the women reap the harvest.

RIGHT: Mass meeting at Judges Field, Gauhati.



Women offering satyagraha: class barriers disappear.

the women of Assam began with Mahatma Gandhi's national movement for independence. The women of Assam wove poems in textiles, he had remarked on seeing their handiwork and the presence of a loom in almost every home. "During the 1942 movement," recalled Nirmal Prabha Bordoloi, niece of the late Gopinath Bordoloi, Assam's esteemed leader of the independence era, "Mahatma Gandhi had praised the simplicity, strength, and free spirit of the women of Assam who, he said, could be an example for the rest of the country and help bring freedom to the country."

Though a large number of Assamese women participated in the Quit India struggle, it was nowhere near their involvement

Though the women are in the forefront of the present movement along with the students, paradoxically there is no woman on the executive of the All Assam Students Union (AASU) or of the All Assam Gana Sangram Parishad (AAGSP) which are spearheading the agitation. "Probably in matters of leadership the traditional pattern remains," mused Bhattacharya. "Otherwise there is no explanation for it." Of course, women have their own organisations which are directly participating in the movement. Student leaders also consult prominent women volunteers in all important decisions.

It is clear that the women have concluded that the very existence of Assam is threatened. So strong has been the resent

ASSAMESE WOMEN: a demonstration of strength

WOMEN ARE TRADITIONALLY REGARDED AS THE CONSERVATIVE COMPONENT OF ANY SOCIETY. SO WHEN A LARGE NUMBER OF THEM COME OUT OF THEIR HOMES TO TAKE PART IN A MASS MOVEMENT INVOLVING RISKS, IT HAS TO BE TAKEN NOTE OF. WHAT IS IT THAT HAS ROUSED THESE WOMEN AND TOUCHED THEM SO DEEPLY?

Neerja Chowdhury

ment generated in them — and in others — that when a Congress(I) leader forbade his wife and children to take part in a procession, they disregarded his advice. Women who traditionally form the conservative component of any society, are normally more involved in family and individual pursuits. When a large number of them come out of their homes to take part in a mass movement, involving risks, it has to be taken note of. Though their children will lose an academic year and though essential commodities have been scarce and at one time kerosene was selling at Rs. 10 a litre, their support to the movement has been sustained.

A tea broker's wife could be seen offering satyagraha alongside a peasant; class barriers have crumbled. What is it that

has roused these women? And touched them so deeply?

Nirmal Prabha Bordoloi, author of five anthologies of poems and 25 books, explained, "It is true that the women's involvement in the movement is more than that of men. This is not so much an urban oriented struggle as a rural oriented one. If sons and daughters are coming out to take part in it, how can mothers remain silent spectators?" Her songs have lent emotional substance to the movement. In the home of a friend I heard the rendering of one of her poems by singer Bhupen Hazarika which was translated for me.

"The storm itself will know my speed
The limit of my love is the sky
The limit of my wild love is the sky



— AASU estimates the figure to be around five million — threatening to reduce the Assamese into a minority in their own homeland, Ms. Bordoloi said, "We're not saying that these people should be driven out like beasts or that we shouldn't have humanitarian considerations. But we are fighting for our identity. It should be solved in a logical and constitutional way."

She continued, "I've said in my poems that this is our last struggle for survival."

At the heart of the movement lies the Assamese sentiment that their language, traditions, ethos, their very personality is endangered by the unceasing influx from countries bordering Assam.

Chaikatkuty, a picturesque cluster of thatched huts and lush green vegetation, is a small village in upper Assam on the outskirts of Duliajan. In the home

of 70-year-old Durga Dhar Gogoi played a one-and-a-half-year-old child happily gurgling to himself. His father Kumud Gogoi was one of the four who were shot dead on January 18 this year in the firing on peaceful picketers who sat outside the Oil India complex at Duliajan. His 22-year-old widow Giribala came out of the kitchen wiping her hands. During the course of the conversation she just stood in a corner of the room, listening. When I questioned her about her husband's death, she replied in a clear voice, "I'm very proud of my husband. He died for a cause, for the interest of the Assamese people."

Kumud's ageing mother, Phuleshwari, was not so self-contained. "I grieve for my son," she said. "But I also feel proud of him. If our demand for the deportation of foreigners is fulfill-

ed, I'll be satisfied." Gogoi's widow brought out a frame of four photographs of martyrs who had died during the language riots of 1960 and 1972, which used to hang in Kumud's room. "He used to do pranam in front of them every morning."

About eight km away from Chaikatkuty lies the village of Hudupara. I walked into hut after hut unannounced and found that women from almost every family had gone to Duliajan to picket. Forty-year-old Buddheshwari Chutia had been there twice, on both occasions on foot, having crossed the Buridehang river on the way. "I went to save my country," she replied when asked why she had made such a long and arduous trip.

Fourteen-year-old Jumurani Tairai came limping out of the adjoining hut when she heard there were visitors in the village. She had been injured in the firing. The wound became infected, so even three months after the episode she was limping around painfully. A student of class IX at the village high school, she said matter-of-factly, "In the interest of the nation everyone was going picketing. I also accompanied them. No one in the family tried to stop me."

Back in Duliajan, I met the members of the Mahila Samaj of the Oil town. The meeting was held in the "namghar" in the afternoon after the women had finished their household chores. Namghars are places of worship in Assam built after the religious reformer Shankar Deva, who introduced Vaishnavism about 600 years ago. We squatted on mats woven out of banana stems. "It is because we did not think of this problem earlier that the situation has deteriorated and our children are forced to do something about it," said an elderly lady quietly. "They are having to face unemployment now." She went on in her soft, cultured voice, "Till our last drop of blood we will fight. Or we'll die. After all we have to die one day. We know we are fighting for a just cause."

Commented another, "Assam will become a territory of foreigners. Then there will be no Assam left." All made references to preserving the identity of their State. What did identity mean to them? "Our language, culture and our land," was the succinct reply. "Tripura is a good



Demonstrating in Gauhati.

RIGHT: Assamese housewife : weaving for the family.

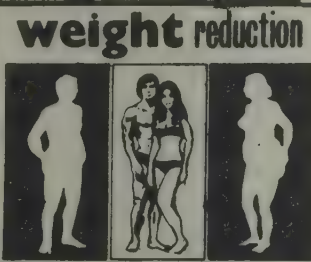
I'm not afraid of death
Nor do I look back
This will usher in an era
which will flood life as if
by a thousand monsoons
All distinctions will disappear
That being so
That flood will not distinguish
between big and small
I go ahead with tremendous
speed
Where? Why?
For a new creation
Generating a new life and a
new tradition. . ."

Speaking of the millions of people who have entered Assam illegally from Bangladesh, or erstwhile East Pakistan, and Nepal over the last three decades



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ASSAMESE WOMEN

“eve-opener for us,” remarked a young housewife. “They’ve lost their language and culture; today they have no power, no voice. The original Tripuri tribals who were a majority at the time of Independence are reduced to a small minority in their own home, outnumbered by refugees from Bangladesh during the last 30 years. “Without the participation of our womenfolk, the movement could not have been sustained the way it is,” conceded Bhriku Kumar Phukan, General Secretary of AASU.

What about their homes? Mrs. Chandra Das, whose five children are all active in the movement, said, “How can we just think of our homes at a time like this? If Assam does not live, what is the point of our homes?” She went on, “Assam’s boys have been killed. They are our boys. We have decided that we’ll not allow our boys to be killed. We’ll die first.”

Apart from the social freedom Assamese women enjoy, there is yet another factor responsible for their large scale involvement in the movement. The atrocities on Assamese women in North Kamrup by personnel of the armed forces in January this year sent shock waves through the State and particularly incensed the women.

The death of an Assamese student Dilip Huzoori in Nalbari sub-division in early January triggered off a series of incidents of loot, arson and death in which 40 Bengali speaking people were killed, according to official estimates, and thousands rendered homeless. This chain of events resulted in the Army being called in. In the early hours of January 11, yet another heinous crime was committed when many women in Khokrisaal, Kumarykatta, Goderia and neighbouring villages in the sub-division were raped and molested. I visited the area and spoke to the victims, married and unmarried women. About a dozen complaints were also registered with the police at the Mukalmua thana, but the number of women affected is much more. The army has denied these allegations. But where in India can women be found who would admit to being raped unless it happened to be true?

Kumarykatta is a little village in the Nalbari sub-division, nestling among pine and banana trees. We entered a house. A young woman was weaving in the courtyard. Quickly she rose to her feet, smoothing her white “mekh-

la chador”. Near her loom a toddler played on the hard ground. Twenty-year-old Maya Talukdar is one of those who became a victim of Army atrocities. “I’ll never be the same again,” she said, eyes downcast. At dawn on that fateful day, three armymen came to her home. Her husband had gone to the fields. Her brother-in-law, the only other male member of the family, came out of the hut. He was forcibly dragged away. All the men of the village were appar-

all right, but I don’t know what is going to happen in the future,” said Maya.

Women’s organisations in Assam have urged the Government to order a judicial enquiry into the incident. In a memorandum to Home Minister Zail Singh, a group of prominent women representing various organisations declared, “We hopefully expected that you would take immediate action by ordering an immediate enquiry into the matter through a Supreme Court Judge

BOOK REVIEWS

VEGETARIAN CHINESE COOK BOOK by Kaushi Bhatia; Published by India Book House. Price Rs. 10

Inspired by the success of her first book on Indian cookery, Kaushi Bhatia has now given us a book on vegetarian Chinese cooking which is sure to find a good market, as more and more people are beginning to appreciate and relish Chinese food. This is a book for vegetarians who often feel that the usual books on Chinese cuisine neglect them.

Useful for every person who does cooking, whether a beginner, experienced or expert, the easy step by step instructions with a few handy tips below the recipes will be welcomed widely.

The illustrations and the layout are well arranged. One point worth mentioning is that the author has included certain informative chapters, like the advantages of Chinese food, the equipment needed, styles of cutting vegetables, methods of cooking Chinese food etc.

The book concludes with a number of suggestive menus which will come in handy next time you want to serve your guests piquant Chinese food.

GOURMET COOKERY by Paul Truman; Published in India by Paul Truman. Price Rs. 60.00.

A cook book which is not just a collection of recipes but a selection of recipes from seven books put together into one. It contains lots of ideas, page after page, for simple vegetarian dishes and elaborate meat and fish, both with Western as well as Indian flavours.

The book is written in a simple style, but looks rather dreary without any pictures or illustrations, and there are several errors, some too serious to be ignored. In the recipe for Kadhi (spelt “Khadi”), there is no mention of eggs in the list of ingredients, but the mode of preparation starts with, “Beat egg yolk with water and strain”. Then there is no further reference to it. So one is left wondering what to do with the strained yolk.

Not to leave out the plus points, however, the chapter on cooking terms, both Western and Indian, is very informative, a feature generally absent in most cookery books.

R. B.



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Hamdaed

ently locked up in a room in one corner of the village. One of the soldiers came back and raped Maya. “I decided to commit suicide, but then I thought of my little daughter,” she said. Pointing to her one-year-old daughter Tuttu she said, “whenever she sees a lot of people now, she cries.”

In many a home in the village and the neighbourhood a similar tale of anguish was related. An eight-month pregnant Prabha Talukdar also had to undergo the humiliation of rape.

Fortunately AASU declared these women as much martyrs for the cause as those who have died, facilitating their acceptance back into their families. “Till now my husband and family are

or a High Court Judge.” But that was not to be. Their pleas fell on deaf ears. “When we found that the unfortunate incidents at Narayanpur in U.P. received not only the attention of the Government of India but even the personal attention of the Prime Minister herself, and the incidents of the atrocities in Kamrup did not even get mentioned by the FM, we felt neglected and discriminated against by the Central leaders.”

This neglect of Assam and the North East and indifference towards the genuine aspirations and problems of the people has gone on for the last three decades. Small wonder then that these people have now cried, “enough is enough.”

TRUE CONFESSION

Vijay seemed such a nice boy. He was the quiet introspective sort. When I arranged a marriage for my daughter with him, everybody said it was for the best. Only a man like him would put up with her defects. She was not ugly. In fact, she was so beautiful, with a childlike, simple face that many people stared at us when we passed in the streets. It was her behaviour that left something to be desired.

When she was born we had not been conscious of her abnormality. She had seemed a little slower in her motor movements than other children of her age, but that was about all. She learnt to speak late, at the age of three, and she pronounced her words with a lisping accent that we found quaint those days. I told my husband, we were lucky to have such a delightful child. He smiled. I wonder what he would have felt had he lived to see her grow and to hear the lisp, which no longer seemed quaint, even when she grew into an eighteen-year-old girl with a round-faced innocence and a well moulded body that would have been the envy of any woman.

I lost my husband exactly five years after her birth in a road accident which I remember to this day with infinite horror. I had Sonali on my lap while I sat on the pillion of his scooter. At the level crossing there was a hold up. There were lorries lined up to get across. We took our position behind them. Some more came and waited behind us. There were private cars too. After an interminable delay in the sweltering heat the gate opened. The first of the vehicles began to move through. The others honked impatiently behind us. The lorry in front of us had some difficulty starting up. The fellow behind us had meanwhile moved in closer in his eagerness to be off.

The next moment to our horror, the lorry in front began to slide backwards. We were on a slope and he had either neglected to put the brakes on or his brakes had failed. Whatever it was, we were hopelessly trapped. The lorry people who saw it happening shouted at the fellow to apply the brakes. But the man could not make out what the commotion was about. He apparently could not see us in his rear view mirror because we were a little to the left side. There was no way in which the chap behind us could go back. There was a bus standing bumper to bumper behind him. He yelled too. We were going to be sandwiched between two trucks. My husband, conscious of the danger, shouted at me to jump off with the child. It was easy for me because I was sitting side-saddle. It was infinitely more difficult for him to get off the scooter and escape. Horror struck, I watched from the side of the road as the truck slid backwards the rest of the way with a sickening crunch. There was just no hope for him.

I screamed and people collected to help. But he was beyond all aid. He died on the way to the hospital with his bloodied head

in my lap. His last words to me were: "Thank God, you and Sonali are..." He must have wanted to express gratitude for our safety. I wish now that we had all perished. I would have been saved.

For days after his death I couldn't sleep. The child was fretful. She would wake up crying. I blamed it on the accident and imagined she would be all right. She went to school but apparently could not grasp what was being taught. One day her teacher called me to visit the school. It was after school hours and so the staff room was empty. Sonali stood near us uncomprehending.

"Have you shown your girl to a doctor?" the teacher asked me.

"No, why?"

"She seems to be inattentive in class. Does

fond of music. All day she would switch on the radio or record player and dance. Little mincing steps. Then she would ask me prettily, "Oh Mummy, nice?" "Yes, darling," I would reply. "Very nice." She would squeal with delight like a child.

When she menstruated, she was perturbed. I tried my best but could not explain to her its significance. She just could not grasp what I was saying. I helped her in the best way I could. She began to grow beautiful. I moved away to another town where my job took me. Sonali was an epitome of perfection. When my friends visited, she would bring out the tea on a tray and put on records for our entertainment. She would smile and mumble a greeting and then go to her room. My friends were fascinated with her. "She is so beautiful," they enthused. I could only force a smile.

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT MY DAUGHTER MARRIED

not grasp what is being taught as a child of her age normally should."

"Her father died in a tragic accident. She saw him crushed to death," I explained.

"Oh, maybe that's the reason then. I'm very sorry for you," she said solicitously. "It must have been terrible. How did it..."

"I prefer not to talk about it," I said looking away.

"I understand," said the teacher kindly. "I'm glad you told me, because now I will show more patience with your girl. Give her more attention. I didn't realise she had such a shock."

The teacher did her best over the years but it was no use. Sonali showed little improvement. In fact, she had to repeat the same class twice. This went on for a few years till she began to tower over the children in her class. It began to be embarrassing when people asked me in which class she was studying and I had to say III Standard when she ought to have been in Class VI at least. By the time she reached Class IV, I knew it was hopeless. I made a hundred excuses for her deficiency. I said the shock of her father's violent death had been too much for her. I invented a nameless fever which had come in the wake of his death and wrecked her frail body for days. She still had the lisp in her speech and a round-faced, cherubic innocence which might have been appealing in a younger child.

In despair I kept her at home. She was helpful around the house. She could lay the table, do dishes, shell peas a hundred things that women do. Her only shortcoming was her inability to string words together into sentences of more than a few words. And she continued to lisp. She could recognise letters of the alphabet in the newspapers and magazines but could not read. She was

I really don't know how the talk came up. I think they asked me how old she was. "Twenty," I said.

"Haven't you thought about her marriage?" Nirmala, who worked with me, asked me.

"Marriage?" I asked, suddenly embarrassed. "No."

"She is such a delightful girl and so lovely. Any young man would be willing to marry her."

"No," I said. "I don't want to get her married."

"What sort of mother are you?" another friend, Shanti, cried. "Have you no thought for her future? Tomorrow, if anything happened to you, have you considered what her fate will be?"

After they had gone, I sat and thought about it. Sonali came up to me and touched my arm, affectionately. Then she sat down at my feet in her adorable way. I stroked her head. If some young man was willing to accept her as she was, I thought, it would indeed solve all my problems. But who?

Thank God for arranged marriages, I thought. One could not make out much at a single glance. And after the event, one could do nothing. Marriages in India were made to last. They are permanent unions, which disharmony or marital conflict wouldn't normally disrupt. Whatever your differences or grievances, you put up with them patiently and made the marriage last. Maybe this would save my child. A man who accepted her as his wife wouldn't have the heart to throw her out.

The next day I went to a bureau which arranged marriages. The man behind the counter looked at me.

"Do you want to get married?" he asked.

"No, I . . . want to find a bridegroom for my daughter," I said.

"How old is she?"

"Twenty."

"Why haven't you brought her along?" he asked. "We like to see the clients before we register them."

"Oh, I have a photograph," I said.

He looked at the studio portrait recently taken.

"She's beautiful," he said.

"Yes. That is what people say."

"It's surprising you are finding it difficult to find a bridegroom for her," he said. "I mean, only people who cannot find a spouse for some reason come to the bureau. We charge fees you see and . . ."

"Oh, I am willing to pay your fees." He looked at me in surprise.

"I have a problem," I confided. "My daughter hasn't had much of education. You see, my husband died in a tragic road accident when she was a child and I couldn't put her through school and college. You see had to work . . . and . . ." I could not go on.

I TRIED MY BEST TO EXPLAIN TO HER THE MEANING OF MARRIAGE, BUT FAILED MISERABLY. SHE COULD NOT GRASP IT AT ALL. INSTEAD OF BACKING OUT RIGHT THEN, I DRIFTED INTO AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION FOR SELFISH REASONS

He looked at me sympathetically "I understand," he said. "Just fill up this form."

I filled the form with a shaky hand, giving all the details of birth and language and religion, education and family background. When it was completed, I handed it to him.

"You haven't signed," he said.

I took the paper back and wrote my name at the bottom. There was a sentence at the

end that scared me. It said: I vouch for the fact that the information provided in the above questionnaire is true and that I have not lied or fabricated facts for my own convenience. But I consoled myself that I had not done any wrong. I had given all the facts correctly. Except for the column which asked: If not educated, give reason for discontinuing education. I had written: Death of her father. I did not see any harm in it.

A few days later I received a neat card from them asking me to come immediately as there was an interested party. I was to bring the girl with me.

As we dressed, Sonali asked, "Mother, where are we going?" On the way I tried my best to explain to her the meaning of marriage, but failed miserably. She could not grasp it at all. I told her then just to behave well, smile and be a good girl and everything would be all right.

Vijay, for that was the boy's name, was waiting at the bureau when we arrived. He stared at Sonali transfixed. I smiled to myself. I had known, the prospective groom, whoever he was, would like my child on sight. The man behind the desk performed the introductions and the three of us went to a restaurant for coffee, where Sonali ordered what I had told her to much in advance. She poured the tea and was properly demure and tight-lipped, which trait was taken for modesty by Vijay. I did most of the talking. Vijay was a matriculate but he had a good business—a scooter repair shop. He had an old mother, who couldn't see very well and three younger brothers who were still studying. He needed somebody to run the house, so he was in search of a wife. He didn't mind much about an education. After all, how many men in India had educated wives? Not very many. And even if they did, what was the good of it? He liked my daughter. If she liked him, maybe we could finalise the marriage, he said.

I should have backed out right then, but drifted into an impossible situation for selfish reasons. I ought to have known Sonali would be incapable of running a busy household. Just because she was able to run our quite competently, I should not have presumed . . . So many ifs.

"Give me your phone number," I said to Vijay. "I'll ring you a confirmation if it's OK." He looked at Sonali and she smiled back at him with beautiful innocence.

"I don't think there's need for a telephonic confirmation," he said quickly. "I think I can read your daughter's mind."

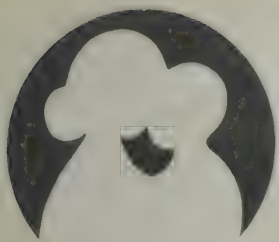
"Sonali," I said rising in haste, "let's go."

She looked at me appealingly. "Oh Mummy," she said. "A little longer. Lovely music." He looked at her in sudden understanding, imagining she was staying on account of his company.

The marriage didn't work of course. I should never have rushed into it. He brought her back less than three days later, one dark rainy night, when I had just returned from work.



Continued on page 51



Once upon a time there lived in a forest, a little brown sparrow all by herself. She was a poor, plain, brown little bird and very sad. For she had a broken wing and was very lonely.

Everyday she hopped about in the forest, ate her solitary meals and went to sleep in the night. And whenever she saw another bird she hid herself behind a bush or tree because she was ashamed of her broken wing. But hardly anyone came, for it was a dark and dreary part of the forest in which she had her home.

One day she was hopping along by herself when she heard footsteps. Hastily she hid behind a bush, her heart beating fast. But it was only an old man with a very kind face and he had seen her for he said, "Little bird, won't you come out and talk to me? I won't hurt you."

So out she came and hopped up to him.

Then she saw that it was the Wise Old Man of the forest who had a kind word for anybody who needed it. And nestling in his hand she told him, "O Wise Old Man of the forest, I'm so sad and lonely, I wish I could die!"

He gently stroked her head and said, "Listen to me little one, I understand your sorrow, but you must wait. Sometimes in this world sorrow comes for no reason at all and one must bear it. But soon happiness will come, but you have to reach out for it. Be careful and don't miss it!"

The little sparrow was greatly comforted by these words and determined to wait for the day when her loneliness would come to an end.

The days passed slowly in her dark dwelling place and soon she lost heart. Hope in her breast grew faint and she ate very little and scarcely moved from her nest. Then one morning she heard a sound that startled her. Hopping from her nest she made her way towards it and gasped in surprise! It was a silver fox who lay on the ground wounded and faint. Blood stained his sleek shining fur and he was pale with pain and hunger. His eyes opened for a moment and saw her. "Help me," he said faintly and closed them again.

The little sparrow's soft heart was touched, for he looked lost and forsaken. And oh, so beautiful and broken! As if he had fallen from Heaven! Then she set to busily and began hunting around for a rag or something to stop the bleeding.

She had to make do with some dry straw and covered

your master?" asked the little sparrow.

"Because he kept me in a cage for many many years."

At this she was horrified. She had never heard of a bird being caged before. Why, that was a greater sorrow than hers! "Oh you poor thing!" she exclaimed.

her to look for some food and she fed her fox.

The next day she was listening to the great, glorious fox as he told her of his adventures when up came the nightingale. He looked a little better after a night's sleep. Again he helped her to look for food and she felt less tired. So she spent more time with the fox and quite ignored the poor nightingale when he tried to talk to her. It was only when they were looking for food that she had time for him. And in the night when the fox was asleep, the nightingale sang for her in his sweet melodious voice and listening to him she felt soothed. But

LITTLE BIRD, YOU MUST WAIT

Daksha Hathi

the wound. Then she was very busy getting together a small meal. She was so tiny and had to work very hard gathering berries and other little scraps for the fox. When she got it all together he ate it hungrily, thanked her and went to sleep.

When the sparrow went to bed that night she was quietly happy. And in the morning when she woke, her first thought was for the fox. Quickly she went to him and tended to him. Then as the early morning sun rose, it pierced through the gloom of the wood and lit up the silver fur of the fox and it gleamed brightly. It quite dazzled the eyes of the plain little sparrow. The fox opened his eyes and smiled lazily upon his poor little helper.

In a couple of days he was very much better and he talked a lot to the sparrow. He told her wonderful tales about the land he came from and she listened to him fascinated. All day she worked terribly hard getting his meals for he ate very well. By night time she grew terribly tired but she didn't mind at all. She loved doing things for him and she loved the brilliant smile he gave her. It warmed her lonely little heart.

Then one day there was a newcomer in that part of the wood. When the little sparrow was out searching for food for the fox she hopped around a large tree and saw someone just sneaking behind a bush like she used to do previously! Now no longer shy, she went up to the bush and peered into it. There sat a nightingale who looked very sick and pale.

"Why are you hiding here?" she asked him. The nightingale looked at her out of tired, dark-ringed eyes and replied, "because I am alone in the world, for I have run away from my master."

"Why have you run away from



At this the nightingale squared his shoulders, for he was a proud little bird and did not like to pour his sorrows on a poor little sparrow with a broken wing. He said to her, "Oh, I expect I shall be all right soon; it's only that being caged up so long I have lost all my old friends, my family and now I'm alone in the world."

Just then the sparrow remembered her fox and said she must hurry away with food. The nightingale, tired as he was, helped

she did not know that the young nightingale had come to love her dearly, because she was so small and brave and helpful. But alas the sparrow had eyes only for the silver fox — the glittering handsome silver fox with his fascinating stories and his gleaming grey eyes. All her time she gave to him, she slaved for him and lived for him.

Many a time the nightingale beseeched her to go for a walk with him, but she refused for fear that the fox might need her.

He was almost well now and wanted her near him to listen to him and admire him. He wanted and demanded all her time and she gave it to him willingly and adoringly for he had come when she had been lonely. Oh, how she adored him! And that is why when the nightingale asked her again and again to give him some time she got irritated and snapped at him. Then he would be hurt and leave her alone. But seeing her tiring herself out he longed to tell her to take care of herself. And sometimes he did too, but she hushed him and would not listen.

Then one day suddenly they had a quarrel. Both of them were very tired and before they knew it they were arguing. And the poor nightingale was so heart-sick that he couldn't bear the hurt any more. And in the night he flew away.

The little sparrow missed him a little; but she was too busy with her almost recovered fox. Now he got up and stretched himself, slender and graceful in the sunlight and walked around a little. But when it came to looking for food, he left it to the little sparrow. And happily she went although she got very tired now that she was alone again.

One morning she woke early for she had to go farther away to find some nuts, and when she returned the sun was high in the sky. Hopping round a tree she suddenly stopped. The fox was gone! Her heart gave a great knock and she looked all round. Suddenly in the distance she saw them — two figures. One was her fox and the other was a female fox, dainty and silvery and so very beautiful that it gave her a queer pain to watch them. Soon they ambled away without a backward look.

The little sparrow hid herself in her nest again trying to fight her bitter sorrow. Again and again she flew to the tree though she knew in her heart that he was gone forever. And then the loneliness began again. And worse than before. Now she began to think of the nightingale. In her pain she understood his love and wished that she had not hurt him. Oh, how she wished with all her heart that she had been kinder to the dear, thoughtful fellow who used to worry and fret over her.

The memory of the silver fox faded like an afternoon dream. It was only the nightingale who now remained in her heart. She thought of the true love he had shown her and wept bitterly. In the night when the wind whis-

pered through the trees she remembered his tender voice singing to her. And suddenly she thought of his dark eyes stricken with pain at her rudeness. How she repented! Oh if only she had listened to him and been as kind to him as he had been to her!

She wondered where he was now. Perhaps he was lonely and lost somewhere and hungry, too. For he never ate unless she ate first. All these memories ate at her small heart and she grew as pale and unhappy as before. So short had been sunshine of her joy. And because she had known the taste of happiness, this sorrow was even harder to bear. Oh, how she missed her nightingale! She mourned by day and she mourned by night and wasted away. Then one day the words of the Wise Old Man came back to her. "Little bird, you must wait," he had told her and "one day happiness will come." But then again when she thought of her faithful friend and how she had hurt him her heart was wrung with a bitter pain. Oh, it was cruel!

One day she was hopping in the forest listlessly searching for food. Suddenly a ray of sunlight pierced through the trees and touched her head. Then it danced ahead, shining on some leaves. It looked so pretty that without thinking she followed it. Besides, she had buried herself for so long in the gloomy darkness of the forest that she had quite forgotten how warm and comforting the sunlight was. So on she hopped after the lively ray and it led her right out of the forest.

As she stepped out of the darkness the warm sunshine wrapped her like a cloak. And then she heard a voice, gentle and melodious, singing out from a bush a little distance away. Her heart began to beat fast and she stopped, hardly daring to hope! But it was he, her dear, dear friend and he came flying swiftly towards her! Oh how very beautiful the world was. And how nice the joy was after so much sorrow. And then the little sparrow understood what the wise old man had been trying to teach her. That if only we bear our sorrows patiently, then happiness will surely come. The sun will shine again if only we step out into the world and look for it.

The happy pair hopped away to a better wood and found a pretty place to build a home. Here they lived happily ever after and grew fat and prosperous.



Introducing Rasna Food Flavours A few drops change a simple dish to a special one

New Rasna Food Flavours are here! Just one drop of Rasna per serving changes an ordinary dish into an exciting one...giving it all the aroma of top-quality condiments!

New Rasna Food Flavours enhance the aroma and appetite appeal of a large variety of dishes and drinks: from pulaos and curries to

kheer and pudding... from tea and coffee to sherbets and lassi. And so economical! Each pack contains 200 concentrated drops—enough for 200 servings. So you can give a special touch to every meal, every day!

Choose from a versatile range: elaichi, kesar-elaichi, clove, cinnamon, masala mix.

For greater aroma and extra appetite appeal be sure to add Rasna Food Flavours only after your food is cooked.



The easy-to-digest rice cereal that adds variety to your baby's feed



When your baby is 4 months introduce solids in his diet. And the ideal first solid for him is Nestum baby cereal, rice.

Easy to digest

Made from rice, the cereal that's the easiest to digest.

Versatile

Start by serving Nestum with milk. As baby grows, introduce variety in his diet by serving Nestum with stewed fruits, cooked and mashed vegetables, and dals.

Nestum® baby cereal rice

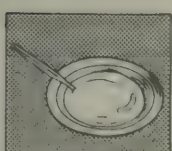
Easy to prepare:



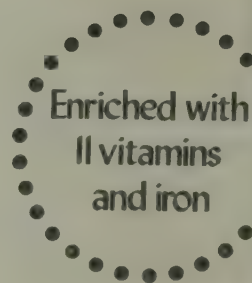
Pour warm,
pre-boiled milk



Add Nestum
& mix



Ready to serve



"I cannot defend Egypt," President Nasser once said, "with schools and hospitals and factories. And what use will they be if they are destroyed?" He went on to negotiate an arms deal with the Soviet Union.

The "weapons of development" dilemma is one that every developing country faces. And this year's State of the World Environment Report from the UN Environment Programme points out the costs of the "weapons" choice. The global arms race, it says, not only soaks up scarce resources — at the rate of \$1 million a minute — but also constitutes "the single greatest threat to man and his environment."

Only one half of one per cent of one year's global military expenditure would be enough to buy all the farm equipment needed to make food deficit countries self-sufficient by 1990. The amount spent on one modern tank, i.e. one million dollars, would provide 1000 class rooms for 30,000 children. The cost of a single jet fighter would set up 40,000 rural pharmacies. And 13 cities with a population of over a million inhabitants could get electricity with the amount needed to buy a single destroyer.

Such statistical onslaughts have, however, made no impact on the global military effort. The countries possessing the most sophisticated weapons are busy adding to their arsenals in the name of deterrence; they believe that the possession of overwhelming military strength by both sides deters its actual use.

The militarily weaker countries are also relying on arms for an ever-increasing number of purposes — from the defence of their territorial frontiers to the waging of soccer wars. And in fact, the 200 or so military conflicts since the end of World War II have occurred almost entirely in the developing countries. These include the conflicts which involved direct and indirect participation of the major industrialised powers. The weapons used in the conflicts were European, but the theatres of operation were in the Third World.

And each successive generation of these weapons represents a graver risk to human ecology. Modern warfare techniques measure the effectiveness of conventional weapons in terms of the degree of ecological disruption they can cause as against the old "enemy-killing" potential. Thus during World War II, according to the data supplied by the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute, the United States expended 1,100 kg. of munition for each enemy soldier killed;

ARMS OR THE MAN

THE VALUABLE MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE EARTH CAN BE USED FOR THE SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY OF THE DEVELOPED WORLD OR FOR THE CIVILIAN NEEDS OF THE DEVELOPING COUNTRIES. MANKIND HAS TO DECIDE WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT

Swadesh Rana

during the Korean war the amount increased to 5,600 kg. and during the second Indo-China war to 17,800 kg. In terms of the spread of munitions over the land area there was also a considerable escalation. The United States expended only 26 kg. per hectare during World War II as opposed to 120 kg. per hectare during the Korean war and 190 per hectare during the second Indo-China War.

In nuclear weaponry the destructive power of the bombs has been increased several fold since Nagasaki and Hiroshima and their radiation impact will be felt within one minute of the explosion. But distinction between nuclear and conventional weaponry is likely to be completely eroded. This is already happening with the development of "mini-nukes" and the insertible nuclear components (INCs) which can instantly change the conventional into a nuclear weapon.

The Third World is having an increasing share of all this activity. With more and more countries showing a greater willingness to sell arms, and a still greater number wanting to buy them, the arms trade is booming. Between 1963 and 1975, the Third World's share in global arms transfers went from 50 per cent to 75 per cent while its share in non-arms trade remained either stagnant or suffered a downward plunge.

European critics refer to this phenomenon as becoming stark naked in order to get armed to the teeth. But the fact is that even with a 75 per cent share in global

military transfers, the Third World countries still account for less than 30 per cent of global military expenditure, including the arms for oil deals in the Gulf areas.

And what is more important — and has received scant attention — is the fact that more than 70 per cent of the Third World has experienced acute national security crises. A random survey carried out at the Institute of Defence Studies and Analyses show that of the 40 less developed countries 20 are engaged in adversary relationships across their frontiers and 38 have faced internally hostile situations like secession, insurgency or coups. Many nations in Africa are governed by leaders suffering from an acute sense of personal insecurity. And almost all of them went through an experience of national nakedness when the colonial armies departed, particularly in those countries which did not have a national militia.

But the Third World's expenditure is often prompted by Western activity, too. The industrialised and heavily-armed countries add to the national security concerns of the developing countries and force them to stretch their military efforts. A most recent example is the situation created in South Asia by the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and the increasing US military presence in the Indian Ocean. Pakistan cannot seriously contemplate relaxing its military preparedness as long as the situation on its Afghan frontier remains hostile. And any increase in Pakistan's military ex-

penditure is bound to induce a heightened threat perception in India and severe pressure on the Government to beef up its arsenal.

Quite apart from the financial strain that such super-power activity causes, it also hinders the development of our resources. A sizeable percentage of the global total of many strategic materials is produced in the Indian Ocean region. To mention a few of these, 90 per cent of the rubber, 70 per cent of the tin, 28 per cent of the manganese, and 32 per cent of the chromium. India possesses the world's largest known reserves of thorium and the sea bed also contains valuable and largely unexploited nodules of manganese, nickel, copper, cobalt and aluminium. In objecting to the increased military activities in the Indian Ocean, the littoral and hinterland countries are not merely emphasizing the need to stop the arms race but also seeking unimpeded access to resources vital to their survival.

The choice before them is clear. Either they become helpless spectators of a mindless naval rivalry in the Indian Ocean or they pool their efforts to make the fullest use of the vital resources in the region. The strategic minerals in the Indian Ocean could be used either for the sophisticated weaponry of the developed world or for civilian needs of the developing countries. Mankind has to decide which is the more important arms, or the man?

DEPTH news India

BOOK REVIEW

PUSHPA BHARATHI — Flower Arrangements of India by Dhanalakshmi Fordyce, The Perennial Press, Hong Kong, 80 pp., price Rs. 57.

This publication is a handy guide to the art of flower arrangement — Indian style. The author, a Sri Lankan by birth, who lives in Bangalore, is of the opinion that flower arranging as an art spread from India to the Far East, and that it disappeared from its birthplace during the 13th and 14th centuries with the foreign invasions.

"... So this book of ideas was born to revive this art, using new creative ideas that were once essentially Indian," she says.

Mrs. Fordyce shows how Indian a floral composition can be made to look by using common household items like the lowly chulha, iron kadhai, winnowing basket, earthenware deeya, mortar and pestle, ordinary metal springs and also paintings, human and animal figures, quartz stones and so on, to depict various moods.

Superb colour pictures, rich get-up and fine printing enhance the beauty of this attractive book.

C. J.

CONSUMER AWARENESS

This is a true story of two babies told to me by a child specialist.

The first baby, born in a nursing home to a wealthy mother, was bottlefed for the first three days as is the peculiar custom in some nursing homes. When finally put to the breast, he showed little interest and was put back on the bottle. In a few days the baby developed an infection which he could not shake off. This was probably not due to the bottle, which were always sterilised. He did not pull out of it in spite of the best medical care and within three weeks he died.

The second baby was born in a municipal hospital to a poor mother and was breastfed from birth. When the mother developed an infection after a few days, the breastfed baby continued to thrive.

The first baby, the paediatrician explained, received no antibodies from his mother's milk which could have protected him against infection. The second baby, on the other hand, though he drank milk from an infected mother, was possibly protected by the antibodies developed in her milk against that very infection. This fact has now been confirmed by recent studies about the importance of breast milk for a human baby.

Yet manufacturers of baby food and baby feeders spend substantial sums of money on advertising to make mothers believe just the contrary.

SMOOTH ADVERTISING

Here are three common advertisements. In the first, an attractive young mother, eyes tenderly downcast, is peacefully feeding her baby. It could even be a poster for a campaign to promote breastfeeding! But the copy below it explains that breast feeding a baby every four hours may not be convenient.

Not convenient? For the mother or for the manufacturer of feeding bottles who has inserted the advertisement? Since when has convenience been the criterion in rearing a child? Is child birth convenient?

The second advertisement, again of baby feeders, tries to assuage any feelings of guilt a mother may have about not breast feeding her child. It shows

a chubby baby contentedly lying in a crib clutching a bottle, while in the foreground the fashionable mother makes up for a party.

"You don't wish to breast-feed?" asks the advertisement. Then it goes on to reassure the mother that the particular feeding bottle gives all the satisfaction the mother's breast can.

A third advertisement inserted by a multinational company addresses the medical profession using graphs and statistics to establish that their baby food is superior to mother's milk, a claim disputed by the officially adopted position of the baby food industry that "breast is better than the bottle" and that "there is no argument on this issue." Paediatricians know that the statement in the advertisement is just not true, but it may influence doctors who are less informed on the subject.

Aggressive promotion of artificial foods of which we have given only a few examples above, is gradually leading to a turning away from breast feeding to bottle feeding because it is the "modern" or "convenient" or the "best" thing to do. Many poor mothers, hypnotised by the beautiful and healthy babies pictured in the mass media as products of artificial feeding and following the example of their more affluent sisters, are also turning to bottle feeding.

IS BOTTLE FEEDING SAFE?

The trouble with bottle feeding is that baby foods are very costly and the bottles and nipples require thorough cleansing, boiling and sterilising for each feed. The water used for mixing feeds requires to be boiled and the food requires to be mixed in the correct proportion. Even when all these precautions are taken it is still a poor second when compared with breast milk. For instance, the incidence of infections and allergic disorders among babies fed on artificial milk is much higher than among breast fed babies even if the bottles are properly sterilised and feeds prepared in the correct proportions of milk powder and water.

Human milk is uniquely suited to the needs of the human child, has the right balance of nutrients and contains valuable antibodies which give the baby vital protection from infections during

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

the vulnerable early months of life. No artificial milk possesses these protective antibodies.

Even in the dirtiest of surroundings where the danger of infection is acute, breast milk constitutes a perfectly safe food for a baby. It is always pure, always ready at the right temperature, and costs nothing. It has been estimated that if infant formulas are used exclusively instead of breast milk in India it

very poor in the Philippines, in Malaysia and other developing countries. Such poor mothers were visited by company nurses in their homes, given free gifts of baby food and advised to supplement the baby's feed because the baby seemed underweight. The worried mother would be inclined to take this advice, thereby seriously impairing and reducing the supply of breast milk.

PROPAGATING A BAD HABIT

Krishna Basrur

would cost about four times what is spent on the country's annual health budget.

A factor that further increases the risks of bottle feeding for low income groups is the ignorance of the mother who tends to dilute the milk because a tin of baby food is so costly that it must be made to last as long as possible. Poor mothers in Ghana were found using five times as much water as they should, causing serious malnutrition in the baby.

POISON FOR POOR BABIES

Volume VII of the P. A. C. Bulletin of the Protein Calory Advisory Group of the United Nations Systems mentions that roughly 5000 Venezuelan babies die each year from gastroenteritis. All are bottle fed. A Government nurse in Peru said that poverty, inadequate medical care and insanitary conditions make bottle feeding poison for babies among the poor of the developing countries.

Baby food manufacturers disclaim responsibility for these conditions by claiming that their advertisements are intended for the upper income groups who can afford baby food and are aware of the importance of hygiene. But their actions contradict their claim.

The P.A.C. Bulletin quoted above mentions that baby food advertising devices like posters, displays and wrist labels, were found in hospitals meant for the

In India, baby food and baby feeder manufacturers advertise through the mass media including radio and films which are accessible to all classes. They use company nurses for hospital visiting, arrange special programmes on the radio in which cash prizes are given to couples answering simple questions, and in fact do all they can to ensure promotion of their products.

Recently, a doctor reported that he had been asked to participate in a baby show in a rural area arranged by a multinational baby food company. He refused.

Leah Margulies, programme director of the Infant Formula Campaign quotes the following extract from American Home Products' selling instructions to its salesmen for 1975:

"Selected doctors: 40-50 doctors per territory including 5 or 6 VIPs. These doctors should all be selected on the basis of their known influence on the selection of formula by mothers and by hospitals or clinic maternity services.

"Sampling: Maternity services should be given primary allocation of free samples geared to producing potential sales."

EXPLOITING CONSUMER FEARS

Ms. Margulies quotes another revealing example of marketing techniques. "Fear, the Potential Appeal Neglected by Marketing".

a 1970 article in the "Journal of Marketing" explains how the intelligent use of fear can have a favourable effect in changing attitudes and behaviour. The article mentions health fears as being a particularly successful area to exploit. "When breast milk fails..." is a potent message. It plants doubts in the mother's mind... can she take the chance that she won't have enough?

BREAST FEEDING FIGURES PLUNGING

The following figures presented at the 17th National Conference of the Indian Academy of Paediatrics in Bangalore from February 28 to March 2, 1980 indicate the growing incidence of bottle feeding.

Singapore the percentage of breast fed babies at the age of three months plummeted from 80 per cent in 1951 to 5 per cent in 1966.

Between 1960 and 1966 the percentage of mothers nursing their babies in Mexico went down by 40 per cent.

PUBLIC INTEREST GROUPS ACT

Many public interest groups like War on Want, the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, Infant Formula Action, Third World Institute and The International Organisation of Consumer Unions have bitterly criticised the indiscriminate promotion of baby foods among poor mothers in the third world, singling it out as a frequent cause of

ing promotion among the medical profession and distribution of free samples to doctors. The industry claimed that such a restriction would prevent a qualified physician from exercising his judgement as to how a sample might most beneficially be used.

The International Council of Infant Food Industries is an organisation of multinationals. Indian baby food and baby feeder manufacturers are still advertising regularly through films, T.V., Radio and the press ignoring the recommendations of the WHO/UNICEF meeting.

The public interest groups who were dissatisfied with the results of the meeting have formed an International Baby Foods Action

ed on the Working Group by Dr. R. K. Anand, a paediatrician, has made certain recommendations. C.G.S.I. wants stoppage of all advertising and production of baby food, formation of a working group to promote breast feeding in all possible ways, and adequate facilities for working mothers to enable them to breast feed their children for at least the first three months.

To ensure successful breast-feeding the WHO/UNICEF meeting recommended that the baby should be put to the breast within 30 minutes of birth. Although many doctors in India do not do so, many have started recommending the first feed within four hours after delivery unlike the earlier practice of waiting 12 hours. Initially, the first feed used to be with water or glucose water. But now the baby is put directly to the breast.

Another strong recommendation of the Geneva meeting was that the practice of segregating new borns from their mothers in hospitals and nursing homes should be ended and the baby should be kept in the same room as the mother and fed on demand to stimulate the supply of breast milk.

Where it is not possible for the mother to breast feed, human milk from human milk banks or other sources should be used. In Singapore a Breast Feeding Mothers Group supplies breast milk to hospitals for babies urgently in need of it.

To avoid infection and interference with continued breast feeding, infants during weaning should not be fed by bottle but by cup and spoon or other traditional vessel. Mothers should be made aware of the dangers of nutritionally inadequate or unhygienic bottle feeding.

Education of women on these points and active encouragement and assistance to breast feed will undo much of the harm done by indiscriminate promotion of bottle feeding and baby foods, but the surest way to ensure that no more harm is done is to stop such promotion altogether. Baby food and feeding bottles should be available as medicines or thermometers are available, to be used by those who need them, when they need them. But all attempts to convert mothers from breast feeding to bottle feeding must be ended in the interests of the child.



In a Bombay municipal hospital catering mostly to low income groups, 26.5 per cent of babies were bottle fed from birth.

A Nagpur study established that lactation failure in the poor socio-economic group was 18 per cent while in a middle class group it was as high as 60 per cent.

In a paper from Kanpur, it was reported that 53.8 per cent of babies were bottle fed in urban areas and 3.07 per cent in rural areas.

In India, fortunately the rural areas are still relatively untouched by publicity for bottle feeding, but this happy state may not be permitted to exist for long.

In other developing countries the incidence of breast feeding is going down alarmingly. In

infant malnutrition, disease and mortality.

In consequence, a meeting was called last year under the joint auspices of WHO and UNICEF at which representatives of the International Council of Infant Food Industries, public interest groups opposing promotion of bottle feeding and representatives of national governments met to thrash out an agreement on the issue.

Representatives of the infant food industry agreed that there should be no sales promotion including promotional advertising to the public of products used as milk substitutes. The companies agreed not to use women's magazines, radio, and other mass media to promote their products.

There was, however, no agreement on several points includ-

Coalition to continue the struggle till all promotion is stopped. They feel that the manufacturers have left themselves plenty of room to continue their promotional activities through the medical profession and other avenues in violation of the spirit of the agreement arrived at in Geneva. That they are right is proved by the medical literature cited earlier claiming that a particular baby food is superior to mother's milk, and by promotional activities now being started in rural areas.

A national code of conduct for the industry in India is therefore essential and it is fortunate that the Government has set up a Working Group to draw up such a code after consulting all interests.

The Consumer Guidance Society of India which is represent-

Almond's loving touch—
so good for baby's skin...

Combii Almond baby oil



Now, COMBII packs the natural goodness of sweet almonds into a pure, hygienic, non-greasy oil, enriched with natural proteins and vitamins...to nourish and protect your baby's delicate skin...and keep it soft, smooth and glowing.

Healthy and soothing for even the most sensitive skins...Combii Almond Baby Oil emulsifies dirt and other deposits, tones and prevents skin-drying, declogs skin pores, and minimises friction in sensitive regions.

Use Combii Almond Baby Oil as a body massage before bathing, as an additive to bath water, and on the scalp to promote healthy hair.

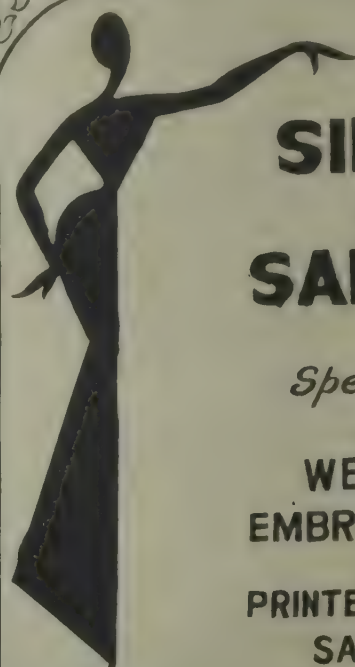
And what's good for baby is good for you too! Ask your mother—she'll tell you.



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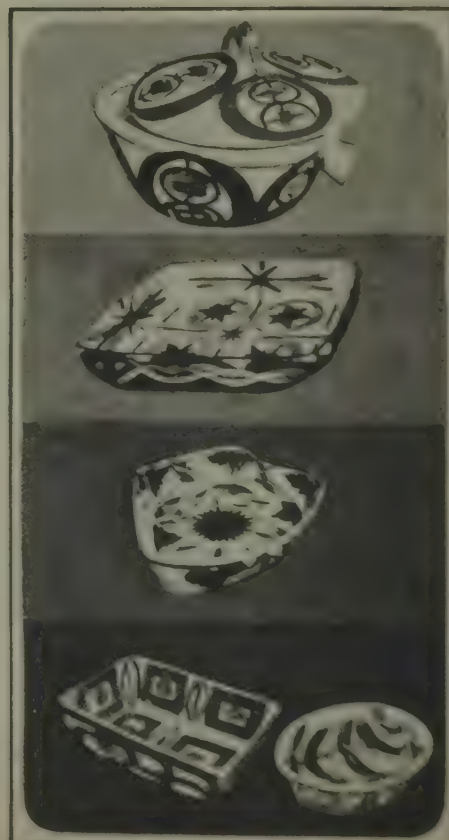
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maa

Continued from page 43

"Vijay," I said, "come in." She stood beside him smiling, not understanding what was happening.

"I'm returning your daughter to you," he said tersely.

"Mummy," said Sonali, giving me a hug.

"She's such a sweet, guileless girl," I said.

"She's an imbecile!" he cried. "And you tricked me into the marriage."

"I didn't!" I shouted. "I didn't. You were the one who was keen."

"Don't think I haven't checked the records of the bureau," he said. "I saw the false statements you had made. Father's death indeed! Why, she wasn't able to continue her education was because she was bloody incapable of it!"

"Don't stand there and use bad language," I cried. "If you don't want her, I will take her back. At least I will give her love and understanding."

Vijay left at once. He would not even step inside the house. I burst into tears as soon as the door had closed behind him. My child fluttered around me perturbed.

"Mummy, don't cry. I have come back. See? I am back."

But I just hugged her and cried.

It was two months later that I noticed she wasn't eating too well. She just pushed away her food. I took her to a doctor and discovered to my horror that she was pregnant. The skunk had used her and then thrown her back at me. I rang him up in the shop, after taking his telephone number from the bureau.

"She's pregnant, Vijay," I cried. "You've got to take her back."

"How do I know it is my child?" asked the heartless man. "You go out to work all day and leave her unattended in the house . . . anybody can come in and . . ."

"How dare you blaspheme my innocent child! You are a base, deceitful worm," I cried.

"You're the one who's been deceitful. I can take you to a court of law if I like for writing lies in the form at the bureau!"

I was silenced. He put down the phone.

I went home. I thought a great deal about the pregnancy. Maybe it would be prudent to get the foetus aborted. Then I thought, maybe the birth would make a woman of my child bring out her maternal instinct. Make her grow up. Or maybe something in my Christian conscience rebelled at taking an innocent life.

I went through with it, giving my daughter the best support I could. But it didn't turn out the way I had expected. The son she bore wrought no change at all in her psychology. She remained what she was, the eternal child. Now, I am worked off my feet tending two infants — my daughter and her son.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

RAJ KAPOOR OR U. N. O.?



With entire filmdom jumping into the Rajesh-Dimple divorce lafda, they may turn the affair into a national event, I thought, and request the President to arbitrate, that is, if the issue does not get admitted into the U.N.O. as more crucial than Palestine, or to the Hague International Court. But right now they have found Papaji Rajji (that haunting name, Raj, has been turned into Papaji and Rajji, I think I am the only one left who calls him Raj. (Everyone awaited Raj's arrival from London.

I was about to cab down to collect my presents (on festive days, we close our wars to allow a traffic of presents) before "Chitpit" Kapoor hogs all the loot, when I heard Rajeshji is installed in the R.K. cottage. There were rumours of a champagne party and patch up, etc. When I asked Rajesh, he looked up at the tall trees in the film city, borrowed inspiration from the clouds, and said, "The matter will be settled in 24 hours either this way or that, negotiations are on." Rajesh is sounding a bore, like his star-crazy lawyer, Shyam Keswani, and Shyam is sounding like a Leela Mishra or Nirupa Roy, throwing un-lawyerlike dialogues such as "Mein to chahati, sorry, chahata hoon, donoki banjay, phule, phale (I hope the two unite, flourish, etc.

When I asked I. S. Johar as to how he has not jumped on the scene with an offer to Dimple, may be to play Maneka's role in a Sanjay Gandhi quickie, said he, "I wear orange robes, eat vegetarian food. At last in life I have decided to be on the right side and I think Rajesh is the right side."

Not for long, the next moment Johar said, "Give my message to him, he has a nice opportunity after seven years to change the woman, why does he not do it?"

Much as Dimple may flatter herself imagining that I hate her, or Rajesh, I love him, right now my main concern is Chuniya. Poor guy, he is virtually under house arrest. The female Kapadias who guard the phone give hoarse answers like "He is out." Before he is turned into a deaf and dumb, I must make the "Koshish" to get him out. Since I have turned his bodyguard Subhash Indori into a writer, I think I better take police help and get him out for a glass of brandy with ginger. He needs it badly.

Whist "walk out women" are in vogue on the screen ("Ek Bar Phir", "Thodisi Bewafaii"), off-screen door mats like Poonam and Pushpa have done well for themselves. Pushpa just had a miscarriage, but manages a Ranject to fuss over her publicly and say, "I wish I had married her ten years ago."

P.S. Johar as usual has changed his mind. He wants to cast Dimple and Rajesh in "Anarkali".

BOMBAY

Ruchi Art Gallery, the brain-child of a young entrepreneur, was inaugurated recently at Rampart Row with an exquisite display of books.

The Gallery, at its first exhibition displayed a wide range of books on every conceivable subject. A number of foreign publishers sent in recent titles, some for the first time. The book exhibition was arranged by India Book House in collaboration with Thackers.

A novel feature of this venture was the publication of a Newsletter, "The Gallery", which gives fascinating details on forthcoming events as well as interesting accounts of objects on display. This is the first time in India that a Newsletter is being published to educate and inform the consumer.

An entertainment programme was organised by the Dr. Sitara-devi-Guru Sukhdev Maharaj Nritya Kala Vidya Peeth (Banaras Gharana) to celebrate the 18th anniversary of the late Pandit Archarya Sukhdev Maharaj. The function was held at Tejpal Auditorium. Among the artistes who participated in the programme were Bharti and Aarti Shah, Tara Devi, Sunita Rao, Silpy Bannerjee, Ahmed Hussain, Mohammed H. Jaipurwale, Jayantimala and Priyamala and Rafi Ahmed. There was also Katha Natyam by Kathak Queen Sitara Devi.

The Government, with its intention to help students, made arrangements to supply paper at concessional rates to printers with the view of enabling the public to procure exercise books at Government controlled rates.

This scheme failed to create the required impact because of unfair practices. This was stated by the Mayor, Mr. Baburao

Shete, while addressing the Lions Club of Tardeo recently. He narrated the numerous hardships of poor school students, many of whom were studying in Municipal Schools, and complimented the Club and its President, Lion Naval R. Mistry for making available nearly 35,000 books and thus releasing to some extent the strain on the poor man's pocket.

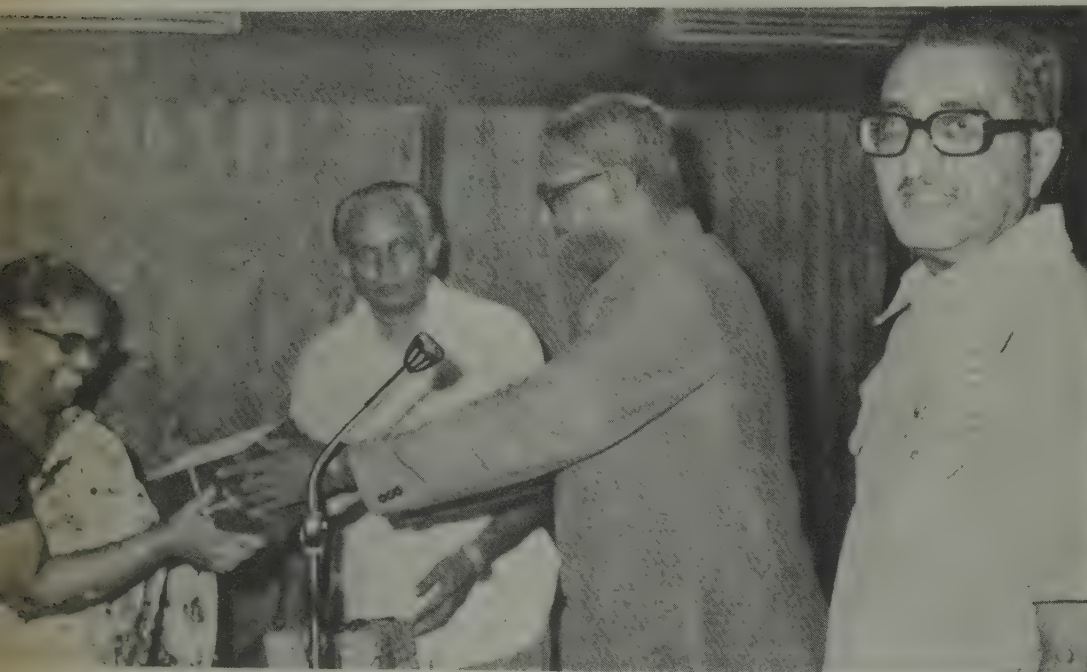
He applauded the spirit of Lionism in which the club has adopted the Marathi Upper Primary Municipal School at Tulsiwadi and helped the Bombay Municipal Corporation in its endeavour to ameliorate the lot of the slum dwellers.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

DELHI

"Four Sisters Collection" is a new boutique started by four sisters at Vasant Vihar. The sisters, Kalpana, Ranjana, Vandana and Poonam have discovered the need for good quality and reasonably priced high fashion garments. They have a highly specialised tailoring department. Recently they held a fashion show of their exclusive collection which was a great success.

Eminent women of the capital organised a discussion on "Atrocities on Women", under the aegis of the Delhi Study Group. The speakers were Mrs. Promila



1



2



3

1. The Mayor of Bombay, Mr. Baburao Shete (3rd from left) addressed a meeting held by the Lions Club of Tardeo recently. Also seen are (from left) Miss G. Kale, Principal, Marathi Upper Primary Municipal School, Lion Hasmukhbhai Parekh, and Lion President Naval Mistry.

2. An entertainment programme was held by the Dr. Sitaradevi-Guru Sukhdev Maharaj Nritya Kala Vidya Peeth at Tejpal Auditorium in Bombay. Seen (from left) are Guru K. Kalyansundaram, Mrs. Kalyansundaram, Dr. Sitara Devi and Gopi Krishna.

3. Sweetie Grewal who was selected Miss Simla 1980, at a programme held at Devico's in Simla is seen with the proprietor Mr. Dharam Singh, Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Mehta, Namrata Sodhi, 1st runner-up, and other judges.

Dandvate, Mrs. Aziza Imam, both Members of Parliament, Shyamala Pappu, eminent lawyer, Mrs. Bani Das Gupta of the National Federation of Women and many others. Mrs. Das Gupta said that the women labourers were the victims of landlords who with the connivance of the police committed atrocities against them. Promila Dandvate expressed amazement as to how men who had burnt their first wife managed to get a second one so easily. There was no value for the life of a woman. They decided to suggest to the Home Ministry to set up a statutory commission to investigate crimes against women.

CALCUTTA

Amjad Ali Khan proved himself to be as masterly as ever on the sarod in an evening recital arranged by Pradyut Sarkar at the Kala Mandir. He was supported on the tabla competently by Pandit Kishen Maharaj.

MADRAS

Shobana Chandrasekaran's Bharat Natyam Arangetram was held recently at Rani Seethai Hall. A disciple of Mrs. Vanaja Narayanan, 13-year-old Shobana is a student of Rosary Matriculation School.

CALICUT

The new office-bearers of the Calicut Inner Wheel Club (East) were inducted at a pleasant function here. Dr. V. R. Meenakshi, retired Professor of South Carolina University, U.S.A., and sister of Justice V. R. Krishna Iyer was the chief guest. She was introduced to the members and guests by Mrs. Radha Nair. Kanthi Marshall welcomed the guests.

Dr. Meenakshi referred to the role of women in America and their endeavour to get freedom

from all bondage. She suggested to members of the club to take more interest in the welfare of down-trodden women.

Mrs. Krishna Mohandas was installed as the new president. Other office bearers include Mrs. Ayisha Ummer, Vice-president, Mrs. Remani Menon, Secretary, Mrs. Indu Mohan Kumar, Treasurer, Mrs. Malathi Sukumaran, Rema Nair, Nirmala Eradi, Vasantha Somanath, and Sulochana Bhasker, Directors.

HYDERABAD

A record crowd gathered here to hear Yesudas, the famous playback singer at the Keyes High School at a programme presented by the Sri Krishna Samajam and the Sri Ahobila Math Seva Samithi. The programme was held to raise funds for community complex services i.e. the running of schools, libraries and health centres. Mr. S. K. Nathan,

Chief General Manager of the State Bank of India was the chief guest, and Mr. P. Jagan Mohan, General Manager of A.P.S.R.T.C. presided.

Mrs. Sarojini Pulla Reddy, Minister of Information and Municipal Administration, recently released two books of Mrs. Bano Tahera Sayeed, at a function organised by the Fine Arts International. Mrs. Sayeed is a well known poetess and writer in Urdu, Persian and Telugu, and has won awards from the A. P. Sahitya Akademi and the Urdu Akademis of Bihar and West Bengal. The two books released were "Plus and Minus," the Urdu translation of 14 poems by an American poet Albert Tallman, and "Beneath the Bough", a collection of Mrs. Sayeed's original poems in English.

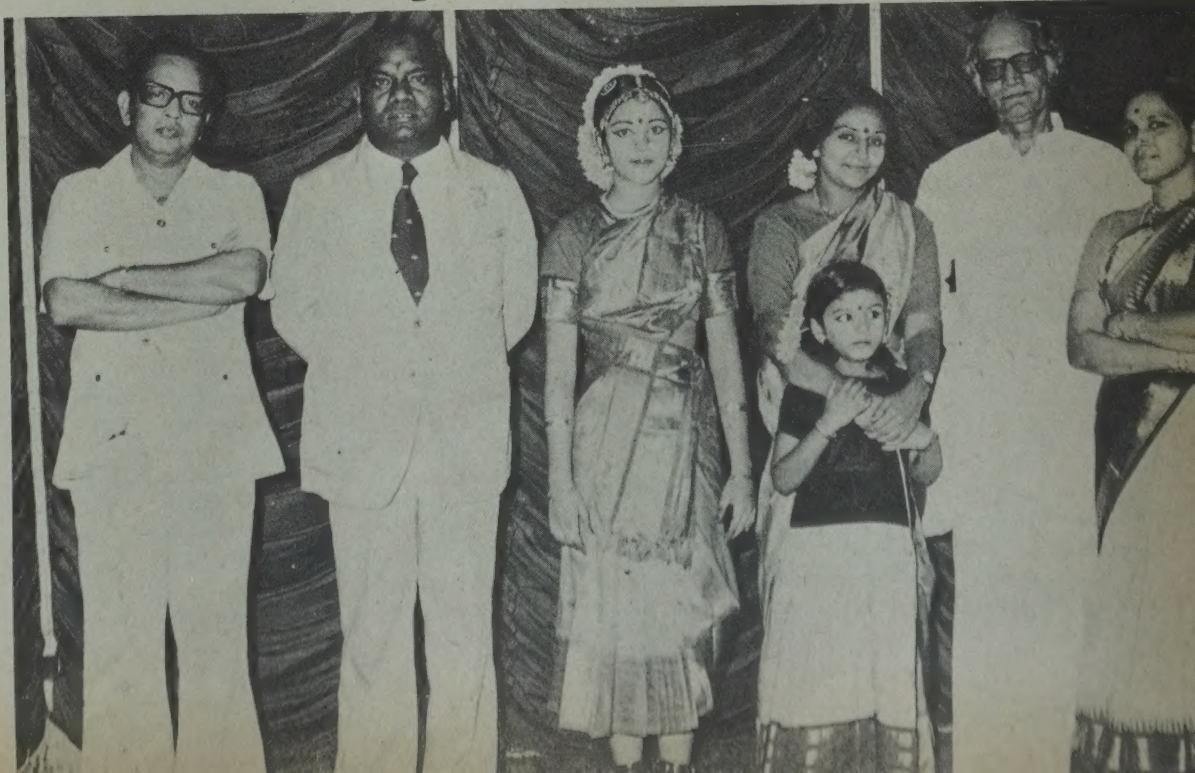


4. At a function held by Fine Arts International in Hyderabad to release Mrs. Bano Tahera Sayeed's books, are seen (from left) the writer, Mr. Jeelani Pairak, Mr. Khairuddin Siddique, Pres., Fine Arts, and Mrs. Sarojini Pulla Reddy, Minister of State for Information and Municipal Administration.

5. Lady Ranu Mookerjee inaugurating the Odissi Nritya Kendra dance festival. Mrs. Ila Goswami looks on.

6. Vandana, Poonam, and Kalpana are seen at the opening of their boutique, "Four Sisters' Collection," in Delhi.

7. At the Bharat Natyam arangetram of Shobana Chandrasekaran in Madras are seen (from left) Mr. G. Chandrashekar of Madras Port Trust, Mr. V. Selvaraj, Chairman, Madras Port Trust, the artiste, Mrs. Vani Chandrashekar, Mr. Y. G. Duraiswamy, and Mrs. Vanaja Narayanan.

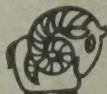


IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

Behind-the-scenes activities will be more than usually important, will tend to work in your favour. Goodwill built up in the recent past will pay off. Anxiety about the affairs and fortunes of a dear friend — or close business associate — will lessen. Plenty of romantic opportunities throughout the year. You will be attracted to vital, perhaps rather aggressive people and meet them in a sporting atmosphere. Money trends remain high, with your commercial instinct and your flair for impressing people of influence.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



You may be rather aggressive for a few weeks and offend people. Let any grievances ride, for people will be unsympathetic. Keep your balance and avoid impulsive words and actions, in all spheres of activity.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)



You can earn extra cash doing something you enjoy, also improve prospects. Build on the goodwill recently earned. The social side of life will be rewarding, but keep up to date with routine tasks, for you enter a busy phase soon.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



Venus moves out of your sign this week, where it has influenced love and fun recently, but other planets favour close relationships. A lively week, good for business and for domestic affairs.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



A busy, uncertain phase with Mercury in your sign, but a lucky one too, for money and for close relationships. Communication in all areas of activity will be profitable. Events this week will be pleasing.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)



The Sun in your sign is a helpful factor. Other planets will soon transit Leo and you have an amusing time ahead, also opportunity. Contacting new people, journeys and meetings will have a rewarding outcome.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



Jupiter in your sign until late October aids both personal hopes and your practical ambitions. Other stars are well placed too, and you can be confident if there is any rivalry in your affairs at present.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



Mars in your sign will give you vitality and enthusiasm, so go ahead with the changes you wish to make. You can improve prospects by initiative, presenting yourself well and new links.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



Get a new scheme moving only when the right conditions present themselves. Later in August vigorous stars will aid your endeavours. You may be taking a journey or receiving a visitor from afar.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



Venus moving out of opposition to your sign ends adverse transits which have been affecting you. Nothing holds you back now, so forget minor disappointments of the recent past. A good week for health.

CAPRICORN

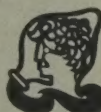
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



As this week ends, you will be able to get things running smoothly again. Delayed news come to hand, and all types of communication prove beneficial. Put extra effort into your love life, into relationships, generally.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Do your best to fit in with the ideas, of those close to you, encourage and support them. The decisions of others, affect your plans and prospects in a helpful way. Socially, plenty of activity and good travel indications.

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Take care of your spending and you find life enjoyable from now on. Doubts and indecisions are over and you move into a successful phase. Long-term plans are favoured, and there may be a good offer jobwise.

PROGRAMMED FOR INEQUALITY

Continued from page 15

teach the service-related subjects such as catering, crafts, home and welfare. They leave school and see that mother, whether she has worked all day or not, is the one to rustle up the dinner and serve it. Thus images of female servility rush at the young girl all day, at work and at play.

When a teenage girl turns on the television set or opens up a glossy magazine, she will have this "serve image" reinforced. Commercials will show a housewife waxing lyrical about a soap powder that is "whiter than white," that efficaciously cleans out the grass and mud stains from the football shorts of her small scallywag son (little girls don't get dirty — or shouldn't — is the inference). Mothers will be seen scuttling around the kitchen stove, improving steaming casseroles with bouillon cubes. Dad and son have been out fishing — or otherwise engaged in stimulating, outdoor activities — and smile at her indulgently.

Magazines today, in spite of the Women's Movement, tend to present the alluring "Be-a-Man-Trap" image. Hand lotion ads show a man's big brown paw awesomely encircling a woman's wee little Dresden China wrist and tapering fingers ("A woman's touch is cool, soft, and loving," one recent slogan proclaimed). The "loving" hand that transfixes the male at the outset, trapping her prey into marriage (the ultimate prize, ultimate goal), will be a bit rough and scaly five years hence from all that scrubbing with "whiter than white" soap powder. No matter. First catch your man is the recurrent magazine message.

With such a battery of negative stimuli rushing at women through the media and from their families as well, it is little wonder that they end up by doubting their own capacities. This diffidence has catastrophic consequences for the useful extending of human capability. Women bury their own potential rather than step out of the "feminine" line.

They are distressingly under-represented in the top better paid professions as a result. Mackie and Pattullo, in "Women At Work" (Tavistock Publications, 1977) report that at last count in 1974 in Britain, for example, there were 793 men and 24 women in top Civil Service positions; in the Diplomatic Service, 1,101 men and 43 women; in medicine, there were 86,000 male consultants and 19,000 women.

If women wish to be caretakers and homemakers, this is wonderful — let them. But let's not shove a miniature stove at little girls from the moment they start to function as individuals to ensure that this is all they will ever want to do to the exclusion of all else.

From the nursery onwards we can remind our small daughters that Madame Curie was a woman. Women, too, must be privy to the secrets of the universe and frequent strollers along the corridors of power. No province should be out of bounds to us.



Nivea's **SKIN GLOW**



the look
he'll love

NIVEA—the all weather skin cream—
moisturizes, tones and nourishes
your complexion
to give it
that irresistible 'Skin Glow'.

NIVEA

The all weather skin cream.

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GOLD AND GLOWING TIPS AND TOES



A host of Frosted New Shades are making their entry into your special world:

- No. 1 A blazing beauty
- No. 2 Has autumn gold
- No. 3 With a velvet haze
- No. 4 Like a slash o' red
- No. 5 With a satin sheen

Wear them at twilight. They'll warm the frostiest heart. Or wear them with the moon looking on. The effect is quite shattering.

TIPS AND TOES

NAIL LUSTRE



New Shades with special golden shimmer

Also available:
Lanolin enriched
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On view at all leading stores

Make-up for nails.