

EVE'S WEEKLY



INTERVIEWS
 WITH
 THE WOMEN
 MEMBERS
 OF THE
 SEVENTH
 K SABHA

EXCERPTS
 FROM THE
 AUTOBIOGRAPHY
 OF THE
 SCREEN'S
 MOST
 DURABLE
 MEN,
 SOPHIA LOREN

CONTINUING
 THE
 SERIES
 ON
 KITCHEN
 GARDENING
 AND
 PHOTOGRAPHY

THE
 RHYTHM
 METHOD
 OF BIRTH
 CONTROL
 IS THE
 MOST
 NATURAL
 AND THE
 SAFEST,
 BUT HOW
 EFFECTIVE
 IS IT?

THE
 TOUGHEST
 OF
 SPORTS,
 FOOTBALL
 IS NO
 LONGER
 A MALE
 PRESERVE



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and you don't have to!**

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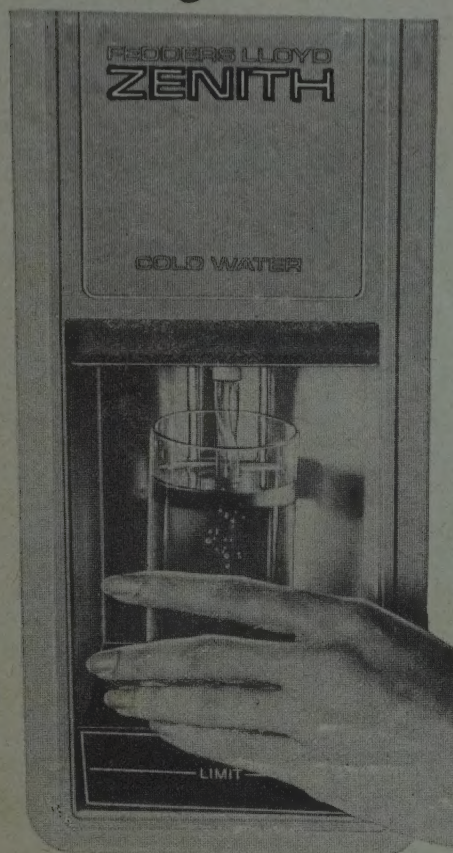
Here's hot news from world leaders in refrigeration

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And the doors are always open...

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For Gangotri, the nearest railway station is Rishikesh. Conducted tours available from Haridwar, Rishikesh and Delhi.

For Yamunotri, the nearest railway stations are Rishikesh and Dehra Dun. Motorable Road upto Hanumanchathi from where a 14 Kms. trek follows.

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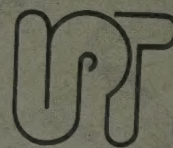
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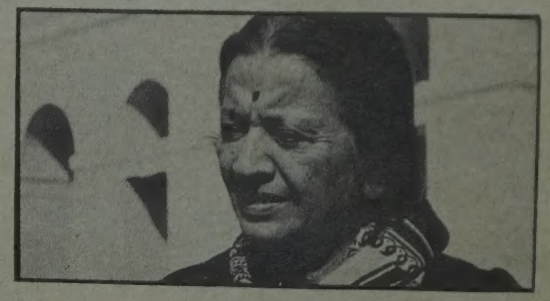
U.P. Tourism



THIS WEEK

OUR WOMEN M.P.s

There are 27 women in the seventh Lok Sabha. What are their plans and priorities for helping Indian women to achieve a better life? **Page 10**



SOPHIA LOREN

Excerpts from the autobiography of the screen's most durable siren — First instalment. **Page 15**

WOMEN FOOTBALLERS

Football seemed too hazardous a game for even the tough modern girl, but that also is no longer a male preserve. How our girls fared in the recent third Asian Cup Women's Football Tournament at Calicut **Page 45**



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T.V.

Widely known as the "idiot box," how does it affect our children? An analysis. **Page 39**

THE RHYTHM METHOD

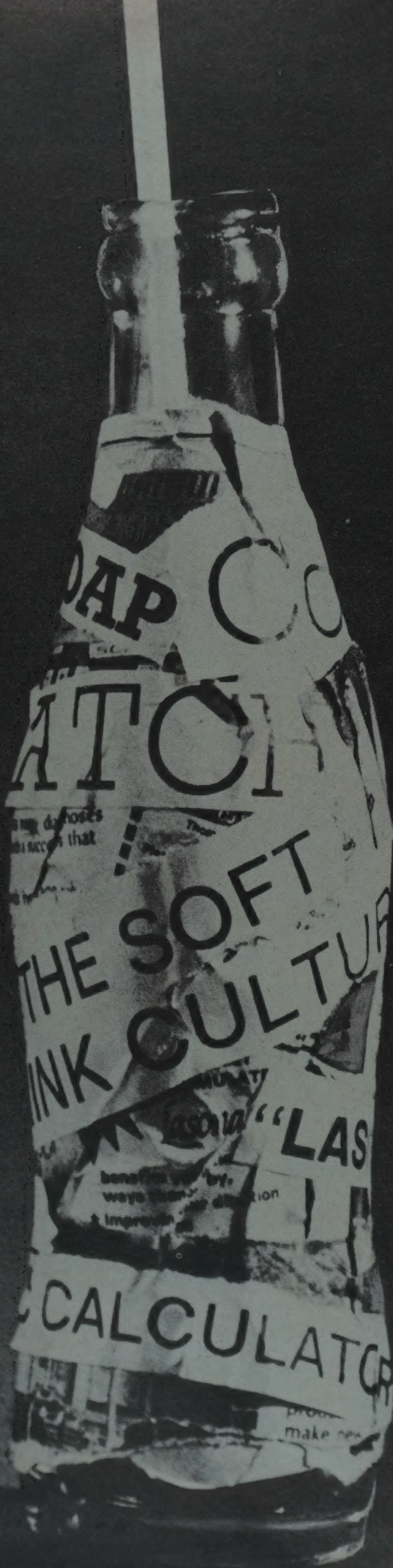
This natural method of birth control is acceptable universally. But how reliable is it and how practical? **Page 13**

ALSO

Step by step cookery: The baked Alaska pudding — **Page 21** Photography: hints to improve your hobby — **Page 23** Young Viewpoint: Eve teasing in Delhi — **Page 31** Book Nook: Reviews of recent writings — **Page 37** Kitchen gardening: how to sow and water your plants — **Page 43** What's New and Passing Through: Eva Bem, singer from Poland — **Page 50.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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HAVE YOU NOTICED THE CHANGE IN INDUSTRIAL TIMES?

In its new, trim, smartly designed form it is not only imminently presentable, but excitingly readable too. For example, Industrial Times now takes a great deal more interest in industries which immediately concern the consumer.

The magazine now interviews personalities of stature in fields of finance and management more frequently than ever before.

A regular tab on the stock market, a perceptive analysis of the happenings in finance and banking have enhanced its appeal.

Extensive and regular regional surveys will do proud to any data bank.

In expanding its coverage **INDUSTRIAL TIMES** has not lost its fact-orientation. Its sure-footed (if somewhat sedate, we concede) approach to problems economic and a deep outlook mark the magazine.

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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

SALE OF PARTS!

I was aghast on reading a bizarre advertisement, which appeared in one of the leading newspapers: 'A kidney for sale for Rs. 20,000'! Until now, there have been donations of human organs purely on personal and humanitarian grounds. Nobody had tried to cash in on it except in the case of blood donations, for which a fixed amount is paid to each donor. This goes to show how mean and commercialised people have become that in order to acquire wealth, some are even ready to put up, for sale parts of themselves, like their other movable and immovable possessions! What a far cry it is from a donation, which expresses the unstinted generosity and unselfish nature of the donor, whereas this deal reeks of commercialism and of all other low-down characteristics one can think of. Whatever the provocation, be it financial straits or dire necessity, the advertiser stands convicted on all counts. Now it is the kidney for sale, what next? If one were to pursue the argument to its logical conclusion, the ramifications are terrifying in the extreme. There are millions, who live below the poverty line. How long does it take for a person to offer his own children for sale, in case of necessity? It will be slave trade, pure and simple! There will always be unscrupulous sharks, who will scent good business and convert it into a commercial bonanza.

Let us take stock of the position and stem this rot which threatens to dehumanise and debase our nation, in our greed for wealth and position. This is a pointer which cannot be ignored.

**MISS E. DHAMAYANTHY
DEVASUNDARAM**
Madras

Yes, terrifying but not really shocking. After all, necessity

does often make fiends out of humans. It could be that one day a father or a brother is constrained to sell a kidney (or whatever) to marry off a daughter or a sister in this accursed, dowry-ridden land of ours. And yes, children, too have been sold to stave off utter poverty for the rest of the family. We may not condone these acts but we have to look them in the face and share the responsibility.

2nd PRIZE

SIBLING LOVE

The two-children family has become the accepted norm among most educated young people these days. And, usually, couples would like to have a son and a daughter. But I have often felt that if there are to be only two children, then it is nicer to have both of the same sex. Right from childhood onwards there would be a greater sharing of interests and activities, hobbies, outings, even clothes, books and rooms, between two boys or two girls than between a brother and sister. When the children reach school-going age they are of help and support to each other, and in the rough and tumble of life they are better able to re-inforce each other's self-confidence. And when the many crises of adult life occur, a man's best friend is often his brother — and oh, how wonderful for a woman to have a sister to turn to. If a girl's mother is dead or an invalid, from whom but a sister can she expect love and aid at times like childbirth or sickness?

It has been my experience and observation that the bond of affection is always stronger and more lasting between sisters and between brothers than between brothers and sisters. Of course, there are exceptions where bitter rivalry and enmity are involved, but those situations are the

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10
for the three best letters.

exceptions. Do readers agree with me?

PARVATHI MENON
Kerala

There may be something in what you say, but have you thought about the parents who "create" these children? The joy, and the fulfilment, of having children of both sexes cannot be discounted. And then, the very idea of a nuclear family means we will have to rely more and more on friends and social contacts to help us through life.

3rd PRIZE

AH, HOLIDAYS!

Contrary to what a prize-winning reader said recently, a holiday is a 'must' for various reasons: for attending to household work neglected during the week; for spending a day off with your husband/children/family; for visiting friends/relatives and calling on the sick. From her letter it appears that your reader is not a working woman. How would she like it if her husband were at work and her kids in school on Diwali, when she has, days in advance, prepared for this festival? Ask any psychiatrist and he will tell you that a holiday is a 'must' for all.

There is no point in comparing our lives with people abroad as their way of living and socio-economic structure is entirely different from ours. We have not achieved their standards as yet. And, unlike them, we do not have the five-day week—the practice is not prevalent in 99 per cent of the offices in India. Does your reader know that apart from a six-day week, employees are asked to work after office hours, whether they like it or not, sometimes without any 'overtime' and at other times with paltry or negligible monetary gain. And even if there is monetary gain, most employees, men and women, categorically state that they do not like to stay back as it

upsets their complete schedule. In a place like Bombay (and, likewise, in other metros and mini-metros) every minute counts when one has to catch a train or a bus and travel all the way to far-flung suburbs. Remember, a housewife has to go home and cook or take her children's lessons; even if there are no kids I am sure she has a hundred-and-one odd jobs to do in the house. Come on, don't you think a holiday is justified?

PARVIN VASAIGARA
Bombay

But, of course, it is! Whoever said it wasn't? We have our Sundays — and we have so many more, besides. But we are never satisfied. Like Oliver Twist we ask for more and so a holiday is declared at the drop of a hat or, more explicitly, at the occurrence of a death. Can't we keep on working when a V.I.P. or a leader dies? Must we take a holiday?

CRAZY REASONING

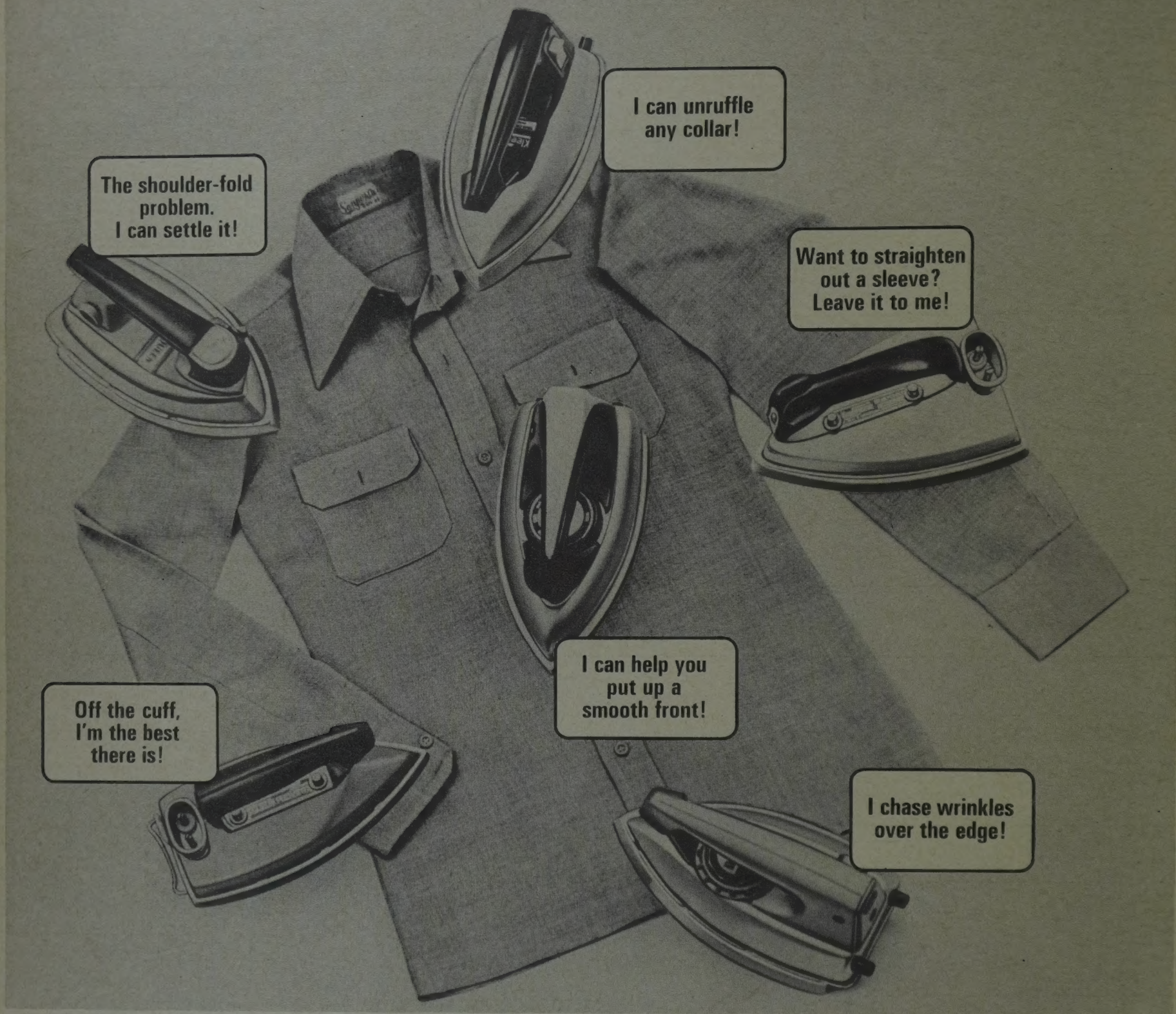
If the Haryana Government passes the Bill preventing women from inheriting landed property, then we are back to 'square one'. All the years for struggling for equality would have been wasted. Also, this law would be directly encouraging the demanding and giving of dowry.

The point that a woman should be educated and set up in life is baseless. The 'setting up' is usually in the form of cash which will be devoured by her in-laws. And an equal amount of money would have been spent on her brothers for education, etc. So why this discrimination? If this Bill is passed women, not only in Haryana, but all over India, should protest.

REMA RAVINDRAN
Ramgundam

But where are the protests? There have been a few, very few, but considering the importance of this issue, we would have expected much more by way of anger demand, protest.

SIX GREAT CREASE FIGHTERS!



The shoulder-fold problem. I can settle it!

I can unruffle any collar!

Want to straighten out a sleeve? Leave it to me!

Off the cuff, I'm the best there is!

I can help you put up a smooth front!

I chase wrinkles over the edge!

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Ralli Kleertone — It's the new team that makes the difference.

READERS' VOICE

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

IFS HEROES

I have read with interest the articles by Amita Malik and Kumkum Chadha on Foreign Service frills and tribulations in your issue of Jan. 12.

Amita Malik, not being "in" has just touched the fringe of the problem. She may like to know that in Punjab, especially among the Jats, an IPS rather than an IAS is favoured as a prospective son-in-law, because the IPS can help better in a family feud. That is how the human mind works.

Kumkum Chadha has interviewed the wives of senior IFS officers only, and their loyalty to the "service" cultivated over the years could not possibly let them speak frankly. Why doesn't she interview the wife of a third or even second Secretary? That will surely dispel her image of a lavish and luxurious living cadre.

IFS people, however disillusioned they might be, do not want others to know that theirs is no longer an enviable service. Their pride stands in the way. The condition of a young bachelor working abroad is really pitiable. He has to do all the washing, cooking and shopping himself because hired help is either not available or not within his means.

The president of the American Foreign Service Association has said that diplomacy has become now a very dangerous profession, and there is not much fun living overseas. Chances of promotion in the Foreign Service are also dwindling.

So, those boys in the IFS and service wives deserve a pat on their backs for serving the country in difficult stations abroad in such trying conditions and keeping alive the legend of the Foreign Service being a coveted and prized career.

A. LAYAS Delhi

TRUE CONFESSION

This has reference to the "True Confession" published in your issue of February 2, 1980. It made very interesting reading and the story is quite touching. I felt concerned for both the girls. I wish our parents would learn to communicate well with their children so that they acquire confidence and maturity and avoid the many pitfalls of life. Nothing better could be expected from an inexperienced teenage girl (Karuna) coming from a broken home. If only Savitri had been mature and understanding enough to explain to her friend that her illicit relationship with Kapil wouldn't pay her in the long run, instead of reacting in the conventional way, Karuna would have trusted her and so much misunderstanding and heartache would have been avoided. Stories like this prove the need for professional counselling for adolescents and also for parents to communicate better with their children.

GURMEET K. ARORA Ludhiana

PRIMA DONNAS

I was delighted to read the article "Tracing The Movements Of Prima Donnas," (February 2). It was refreshing and informative. I also thank you for giving us the beautiful pictures of all the leading figures in the world of dancing.

Since my early childhood I was very keen on learning Bharata Natyam. But unfortunately for me, I could not pursue it in spite of my passion for it. Hence the article and the pictures of my idols were like the Spring rain after a cold and frosty winter.

I wholly agree with what the author says in the concluding paragraph of the article, and I sincerely hope that from time to time you will devote some pages in your magazines for such articles.

SHARMILA BANERJIE Dehra Dun

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MARCH 29

THE PERSISTENCE OF DOWRY

Loud rhetoric denounces it, and legislation forbids it. Then why does it continue unabated in all strata of our society? An analysis of this social evil.

MIGRATING LABOUR:

They build the towering edifices of our cities and yet live in filthy shanties. A survey of the women who move from place to place in search of work.

FILM STAR:

Dipti Naval, who refused "sister" roles and became a star

THE BEAUTY OF BATIK:

The amazing batik artist from Baroda

TEACHING CHILDREN

An artist taps their creative potential

PLUS

All the other usual features

WOMEN M. P.s:

their plans and priorities

Women need to be more heavily represented in Parliament than they are at present. Interviews with some women M.P.s to find out what stand they intend taking on vital issues, particularly those concerning women

AVINASH

With only 27 women out of a total strength of 525, the recently constituted Lok Sabha has a negligible 5.15 per cent of women members in it. There is, however, a woman candidate returned by every major party, with the Congress (I) taking the lead with 19, followed by the Janata — 2, Lok Dal — 2, CPI (M) — 2, CPI — 1 and the Maharashtra Gomantak Party — 1.

Of these, the maximum number of women have been returned from Uttar Pradesh and the minimum from Goa, Daman and Diu, Rajasthan and Kerala respectively:

STATE	NUMBER OF WOMEN RETURNED
Uttar Pradesh	6
Bihar	5
Andhra Pradesh	3
Madhya Pradesh	3
Maharashtra	3
West Bengal	2
Punjab	2
Goa, Daman & Diu	1
Rajasthan	1
Kerala	1
10	27

From the first to the seventh Lok Sabha, that is since the year 1952, women have never found adequate representation in the House, at least numerically. The highest percentage women enjoyed was in the third Lok Sabha — 6.7 per cent, as against the sixth Lok Sabha — 3.4 per cent — the lowest so far.

The first Lok Sabha had 4.4 per cent as against 5.4 per cent, 5.9 per cent and 4.2 per cent in the second, fourth and fifth Lok Sabhas respectively.

The number of women elected has varied from 19 to 33 from the first to the seventh Lok Sabha. The first Lok Sabha had 19 women elected, the second had 27, the third 33, the fourth 28, the fifth 21, the sixth 19 and the seventh 27.

Time and again women have demanded more seats in Parliament, but their number has always remained negligible. Qualitatively, they have outshone quite often many of the male members. In fact, issues like problems of working women, exploitation of girls, the consumer movement, the cause of children, and social welfare have been taken up in Parliament effectively because of the women members.

The 27 new women members of this Lok Sabha have yet to open

their innings, but what are their aims, plan of action and priorities?

While the cause of women is "uppermost" in their minds, they feel that as M.P.s they have to work for all the people who had sent them as their representatives to the Lok Sabha and not to concentrate only on women's problems.

GITA MUKHERJEE,
from Panskura
constituency
of West Bengal,
belongs to the CPI

She said, "My first duty is to function as a people's representative. I have been elected from a rural constituency of West Bengal. Like people of other parts of India, my electors are extremely poor. They are burdened by high prices of essential commodities, low prices of agricultural products, landlessness and unemployment. I believe that unless structural changes are brought about in the economy and the state machinery, their lot will not improve. I would like to focus on that on the floor of the House. At the same time, I would also fight

for measures that can bring relief to them even under the existing structure. In this context, I would fight for immediate measures to curb the prices of essential commodities. In addition, I would like to see a fair distribution of those at all the levels, especially the village."

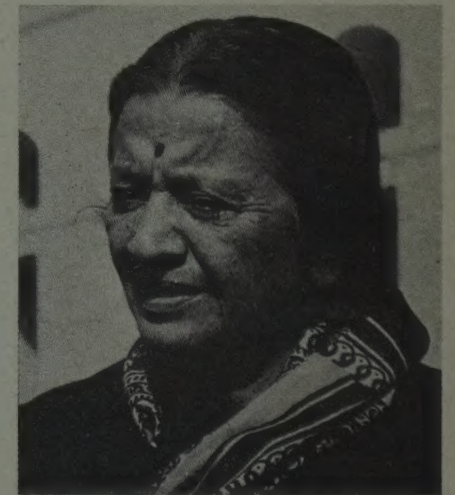
On the question of women, Mrs. Mukherjee said, "As a woman, I shall have a special duty to ventilate the problem of the unequal status of and opportunities for women in every field — economic, social, cultural and even political. I shall fight for the eradication of such evils as dowry, extension of facilities for employment, introduction of measures for fighting illiteracy, prompt and deterrent punishment of crimes against women and special measures to ensure advancement of women in social and political life.

"As an M.P. from West Bengal, I will also put forward my State's claim to a fair share of the country's resources. And as a citizen of

she pointed out. "Moreover, the issues sought to be raised are also subject to the Speaker's discretion."

MRS. SHEILA KAUL,
has been elected
for the second time to the
Lok Sabha from
Lucknow

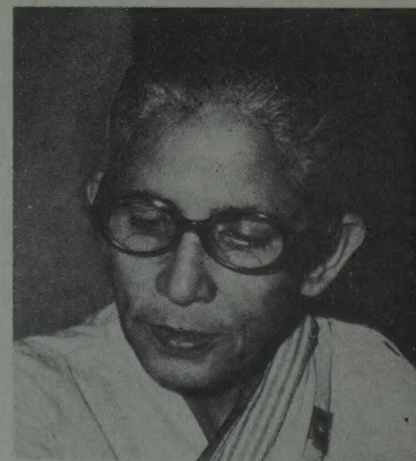
She is involved in a number of social and welfare ac-



tivities. A former teacher, Mrs. Kaul has been working for the cause of women and children.

"I am committed to improving the lot of women and children. If women are educated, it will help them shed their backwardness, look after the family more efficiently, and become economically independent. I want women to enjoy equal status with men in all spheres, including the economic, without losing the finer values of the Indian tradition that go to make the Indian home. . ."

Mrs. Kaul pointed out that her past performance has been aimed at helping women and children. She began by getting young, helpless women married. She also organised midday



India, I shall raise my voice in the defence of democracy in the country, and against communal and other disturbances."

Gita Mukherjee, however, regretted that the rules of Parliament do not give enough scope to the members. "Here almost everything is decided by ballot,"

meals for the children of two schools in Lucknow. "As a Parliamentarian, however, I have been actively participating in debates on foreign affairs, education for women and children and also social welfare," she said.

She asserts that she is not for the concept of the liberated woman of the West. "At the International Women's Conference in Berlin in 1975, I strongly opposed the plea that women should be paid wages for doing domestic work in their homes," she stated frankly.

**MRS. KRISHNA SAHI
Congress (I),
has been elected from
the Begusarai
constituency of Bihar**

She was more concerned with medical attention for women. "I would like to strengthen the pre-natal and post-natal services in Bihar. I will also stress the need to educate pregnant women about maternity problems, child care, etc. in the pre-



natal stage. Another thing which I would like to do is to start Home Science schools and colleges in Bihar to enable girls to become good housewives. I would also like to ensure adequate employment for educated women so that they do not have to be economically dependent on their husbands."

For children, Krishna Sahi would like to ensure equal enrolment in school for both boys and girls. In Bihar, in primary education, the enrolment of girls is only 30 per cent. "I want to ensure that the enrolment for girls in the pri-

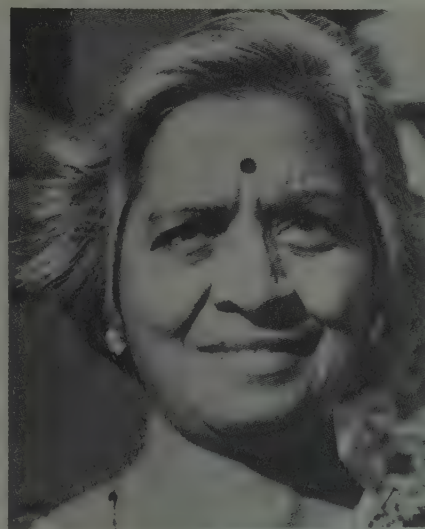
mary classes goes up to at least 50 per cent," she said with conviction.

Krishna Sahi is the daughter of a former Cabinet Minister and Congress leader of Bihar the late Mahesh Prasad Sinha. She was adopted by the former Chief Minister of Bihar, Dr. S. K. Sinha, and has been greatly influenced by him. She was married to an I.P.S. officer, B. P. N. Sahi, who died some years ago. Her only son, Rajiv, is also an I.P.S. officer.

Some of the other things which Krishna Sahi would like to do, are to try and raise the standard of women to fight against dowry and dowry deaths and ensure general improvement in the educational standards of women.

**MRS. PREMILA MADHU
DANDAVATE,
elected from Bombay
on the Janata ticket**

She asserts that she will work in Parliament to enhance the status of women. "My efforts will be to focus on the injustice done to women, children and various vulnerable and weaker sections of society. My endeavour will be to remove discrimination against women in the economic, social and political fields through legislation. I would like to draw the Government's attention to the need for providing vocational training facilities for women, reservation of seats for women in technical, educa-



tional and management studies, reservation of seats in the field of employment, amendment to the Prohibition of Dowry Act and maintenance and protection

for abandoned women and children."

Mrs. Dandavate would also try to protect consumers' rights. In legislative bodies there are various interest-lobbies — sugar lobbies, oil lobbies, kulak lobbies and so on. But there is hardly any effective lobby for consumers. "Consequently, the interests of consumers are neglected by Parliament," she said.

Slum dwellers will be another section to whom Mrs. Dandavate will give her attention. "The largest slum in Asia falls in my constituency. I intend to improve the living conditions of the slum dwellers."

**MOHSINA KIDWAI,
is the Congress (I)
M.P. from Meerut**

She believes that women can contribute a great deal towards the development of the country. "Our party



and government are committed to improve the lot of women in the country. We do not believe in promises but in performance. One of the important things which deserves attention is the exploitation of working women. This should be stopped. There should be equal opportunities and equal wages for women. Better educational facilities should be extended to women in villages. In this, all the political parties should work together, as government efforts alone will not be enough," said this M.P.

Mohsina Kidwai also wants special courts to be established

to deal with offences against women. "There can be no worse indignity against women than rape and molestation. In my opinion, special courts should be appointed to try these cases and those relating to other indignities on women. This will help in the expeditious dispensation of justice to the victims," she said with great feeling.

On the question of dowry, she said, "There is no doubt that the anti-dowry legislation introduced by the Government was a well-intentioned step to eradicate this evil custom. But in my opinion, legislation alone will not solve the problem. For this, a proper climate has to be created in society and the country as a whole. It can be done only when all women stand up and carry out an organised crusade against it."

So far so good — at least on the promises front. But how far they will be fulfilled remains to be seen.

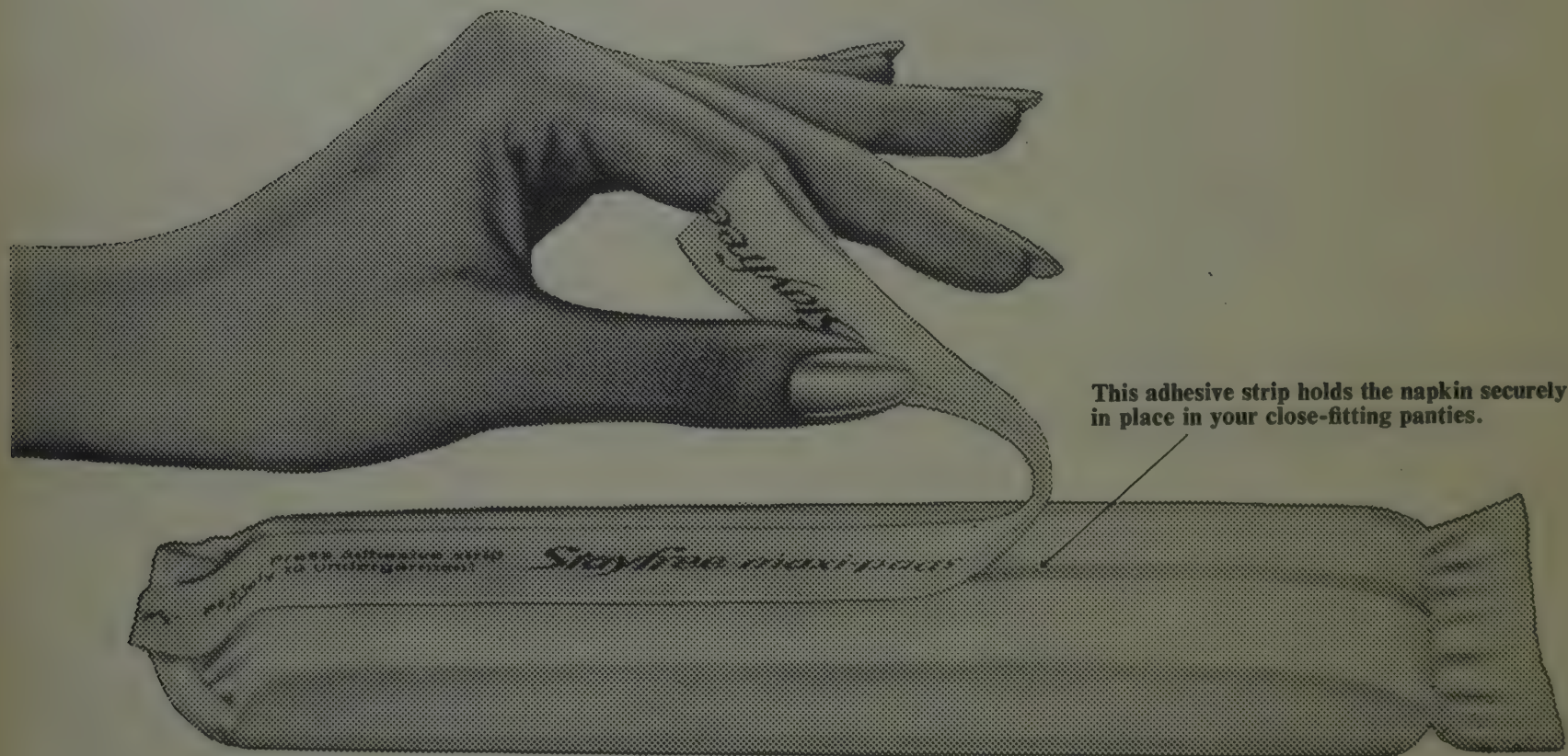
(To be continued)

**ANSWERS TO
EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ
NEW SERIES NO. 9.**

1. January 23, 1980.
2. Cleopatra.
3. Paul McCartney of "Wings" and "Beatles" fame.
4. "Twelfth Night" — spoken by Duke Orsino of Illyria.
5. Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln.
6. Beards!
7. Mr. Nilimkumar Khaire. from January 20 — January 23.
8. Degas.
9. Lima (Peru).
10. Mr. Aravindan.
11. Mrs. Premila and Prof Madhu Dandavate.
12. 1968.

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The fertility of the human female has been closely associated with menstruation from time immemorial, but the relationship between peak fecundity and the latter remained obscure for a long time.

The rhythm method or periodic abstinence from sexual intercourse as a means of birth control pertains to the woman's cyclic pattern of fertile and infertile days. This is also termed "calendar rhythm" or "temperature rhythm."

Ogind and Knaus have given the rhythm method a measure of scientific accuracy. This method involves a simple means of detecting or predicting ovulation several days in advance so that the couples can abstain from sexual intercourse during the unsafe period just before and after ovulation, considering that the human spermatozoa survive in the female reproductive tract for not more than 2-3 days.

Rhythmic abstinence offers a simple and safe method of contraception, but the prerequisite for such a method is the precise prediction of the ovulation period a few days in advance, and this has been difficult to accomplish so far. The search for simple, accurate and acceptable ways of predicting and identifying ovulation precisely has been futile so far.

Under the circumstances, rhythm cannot be recommended as a highly effective and easily practicable technique either for individual persons or for national programmes. However, with the precise understanding of fertile and infertile periods of the human menstrual cycle and apparent feel of the symptomatology of ovulation, rhythm does offer acceptable and meaningful protection against pregnancy. A few methods are in vogue for establishing the time of ovulation in the human female and they comprise:

- (i) the calendar method,
- (ii) the basal body-temperature (BBT) chart method, and
- (iii) the cervical mucus method.

The calendar method predicts ovulation, the probabilities being calculated on the basis of menstrual characteristics. The second method detects ovulation, whereas the third one involves the prediction of ovulation on the basis of physiological changes that occur in the cervical mucus during the menstrual cycle. These methods, if adopted in conjunction with one another, would enhance the efficacy and

credibility of this natural and safe method of birth control.

The calendar method, also termed the "Ogind-Knaus method," is the oldest for detecting the safe period. Basically, this method involves the identification of the time of ovulation from the menstrual data recorded during the previous 6-12 months. The range of the possible dates of ovulation, plus an additional 3 or 4 days before and after these dates, represent the interval during which intercourse should be avoided.

According to Knaus, ovulation invariably occurs on the 15th day

day after ovulation for the possible ovum viability (9-day fertile period) is generally considered an adequate margin of safety.

The greatest drawback of this method is that only about 10-15 per cent of women have the regular 28-day menstrual cycle. Therefore, timing an event of ovulation 14 days in advance of another event, which does not occur with complete regularity, is difficult even in theory and often impossible in practice.

Initial calculations pertaining to this menstrual cycle on the basis of which safe and vulnerable periods are to be determin-

temperature is recorded. For recording this brief and slight shift in the BBT, special thermometers, with wider scales, have been developed. Because it is the shift, rather than the temperature itself, which is vital, the temperature readings should be taken not only daily but at the same time and through the same route. Ideally, the temperature should be taken in the morning while the woman is still in bed and before she eats anything and takes any exercise.

It is held that the preovulatory and postovulatory levels of temperature tend to remain constant

THE RHYTHM METHOD: safe and simple, but is it reliable?

K. C. Kanwar

before the next menstruation. Considering that the spermatozoa do not survive longer than 2-3 days, and the ovum for only a day in the female reproductive tract, according to Knaus there are only 5 days during the monthly cycle when intercourse can lead to conception, i.e. 3 days before ovulation, the day of ovulation itself and one day following it.

For a woman with 28-day cycle, the fertile period of 5 days will always fall between the 11th and the 15th day of the cycle. Ogind, however, is of the view that though ovulation normally occurs on the 15th day before menstruation, it can take place as late as the 12th day or as early as the 16th day before the next menstrual flow begins. He did not give much thought to the survival of the ovum in the tract, as he believed that it was only for a few hours, but he included 3 days before ovulation for the survival of the spermatozoa.

For a woman with the 28-day cycle, according to Ogind, the fertile period is 8 days and falls between the 10th and 17th day of that cycle. The Ogind formula, with the addition of one extra

ed should be based preferably on 12 preceding cycles. Wide variability as a result of several factors in the menstrual cyclicity of women makes the ovulation count down difficult.

THE TEMPERATURE METHOD:

The rise in the basal body temperature (BBT) at the time of ovulation is physiologically well established. The basal body temperature refers to the temperature of the body at complete rest. It varies from person to person, and in the case of each woman it depends on the time of the day, the time of the year, the surrounding climatic temperature and on the phase of the menstrual cycle.

The rise in the BBT at the time of ovulation is rather small (0.5 to 1.8 F or 0.3 to 0.5 C) and is the result of the elevated progesterone level. Usually, it is abrupt and is often detectable by the person concerned. If fertilization does not occur, the corpus luteum gradually ceases to function and the levels of progesterone fall, and with this falls the BBT.

Success in avoiding pregnancy by using the BBT method depends upon how accurately the

in the case of a particular woman, cycle after cycle. The drawback of this method is that even if meticulously used, it cannot predict when ovulation will take place; it will only tell when it actually takes place.

Sexual intercourse needs to be avoided at least 3 days before ovulation, considering that the human spermatozoa are viable in the female reproductive tract for 2-3 days. Also, some other factors, such as illness, emotional tension or even insomnia cause minor thermal shifts which have to be disregarded. But how? Some couples do combine the BBT and calendar methods to determine the safe preovulatory days, using the calendar method, and the safe postovulatory days, using the BBT method.

Women experienced in using this method, discontinue temperature readings once the postovulatory phase is established and do not resume keeping the temperature record again until a week or so after the start of menstruation.

In the case of young girls, or women approaching the menopause, or those in the immediate post-partum or post-abortion periods, the incidence of anovulatory cycles, together with irregular menstrual patterns, make the BBT method somewhat unpracticable. The BBT method is reliable only when menstrual regularity is established.

THE CERVICAL MUCUS METHOD:

This method is the most recent of the rhythm methods which, though cumbersome, is claimed

Continued on page 54

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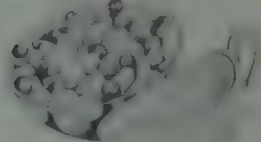


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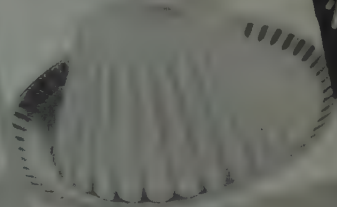
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PART ONE

In the Clinica Regina Margherita in Rome, there was a charity ward for unmarried women, and it was there that I was born in 1934, the year before Mussolini bombed Ethiopia. My name was entered in the hospital records as "Sofia Scicolone" by virtue of the fact that my father, whose name was Riccardo Scicolone, made an affidavit that affirmed that I was his issue. He had refused to marry my mother, or even to see her during the months she was pregnant, but strangely he did come to the hospital and give me his name.

My mother, though, had to keep her maiden name, Romilda Villani. She had brought terrible disgrace and humiliation to her family in the little seaport town of Pozzuoli, which is about twenty-five kilometres from Naples, but painful as it must have been for my grandmother, she nevertheless came to Rome to be with her daughter when I was born. Considering my father's brutish behaviour prior to my birth, my grandmother was surprised to meet (for the first time) Riccardo Scicolone at the hospital, and more surprised when he announced that he intended to give me his name and to live with my mother after her discharge from the hospital. But he was careful to point out that he had absolutely no intention of marrying her.

I was a skinny, pale, ugly little thing, but my mother tells me that despite my unattractiveness and her humiliating and precarious condition, it never crossed her mind to put me in the orphanage which was run by a nearby convent for the accommodation of babies from my mother's ward. She was and is a fiercely determined woman and she had determined that I was going to be a part of her life.

In the Italy of 1934, the prospects facing my mother were certainly not good. The strict Catholic tenets which governed life in Italy gave no comfort to those who sinned against the Church's precepts, and having an illegitimate baby was one of the severest sins. In the small town of Pozzuoli, where everybody knew everybody else, illegitimate childbearing was virtually unheard of and certainly would be subject to ostracism and contempt.

My father, who had little money, and no job, asked his mother whether he and his



From the poverty of war-torn Italy, to the luxuries of Hollywood — SOPHIA LOREN, one of the most beautiful women in the world, and one of its most talented actresses, tells her own rags-to-riches story in the first of our excerpts from her book

new family could stay at her house while he looked for work, but his mother turned him down. "I have no desire to have the ugly thing squalling in the house all the time, and the best thing you can do is to get rid of both the woman and her baby."

My father found a tiny room in a boardinghouse and that was where my mother and I went to live with him on leaving the hospital. Although he had studied to be an engineer, my father had never followed it up and remained without any trade or

profession, so finding work was not easy. He was probably too pretentious to take menial work and not qualified for the kind of jobs that he fancied were commensurate with the impression he had of himself.

As soon as my mother could, she too went out everyday to look for work, leaving me in the care of the woman who ran the boardinghouse. But Italy in the thirties had virtually no job opportunities for women. Mussolini had ordered them to stay at home and bear children which, of course, reinforced the traditional

attitude of Italian men as far back as the Romans. The little money my father had, quickly dwindled to nothing. The landlady was aware of my parents' plight and tried to convince my mother to get rid of me. "Why don't you let this ugly thing die?" she asked. "Just look what you're going through — and for what? You're not married, neither of you can find a job, your husband has no money — why are you clinging to this baby? It's ridiculous. I can't keep you on here if you can't pay rent. His mother won't have anything to do with you. Where will you go? What will you do? Your breasts are dry and the baby sucks on you without getting anything to eat — look at her. . . she's all skin and bones. Just let her die! No one will blame you. I'll take care of everything."

My mother's answer was to redouble her job-seeking efforts, but with no better results. Finally, one day, when I was alone with the landlady she took matters into her own hands. The reason my mother's breasts were dry was attributable to my father's mother. A few weeks after we had moved into the boardinghouse, my paternal grandmother came to visit us. She discovered that my mother was suffering from severe constipation and brought her a powerful laxative, which she insisted that my mother take. These pills relieved my mother's condition, but a few days after she took them, most of the milk in her breasts disappeared. As a consequence, I had grown even thinner and had become progressively weaker. I was badly in need of nutriment.

On the particular day I mentioned, when I was alone with the landlady, she decided to put some food in me; the food which she forced down my throat was a mixture of lentils and stewed tomatoes. I was about six weeks old. Of course I became violently ill and developed severe colitis. When my mother found out what the landlady had done she furiously railed at her, but the landlady replied that my demise would be the best thing that could happen for my mother's well-being. There was no money for a doctor nor for medicine. I cried constantly, and my intestines could retain nothing.

My mother tried to contact my father, but he had disappeared. In desperation, my mother took me to the clinic, but they

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said there was nothing they could do for a condition as severe as mine. There was no medicine to prescribe for it. They did say that a baby afflicted as I was must not have cow's milk, which would only make the colitis worse, but had to subsist entirely on natural milk from the mother. Survival, they said, was simply a matter of luck.

The grim facts that my mother had to face were that her breasts were now completely dry, Riccardo Scicolone had departed for good without leaving her so much as a lira, the landlady was demanding her rent, now considerably in arrears, and I was dying.

It was a situation made to order for her natural defiance of life's darker forces. Actually, my mother had been born much too soon. At a time when women were docile and obedient to the strictures of a male dominated society, she was a vehement iconoclast — fiery, eccentric, beautiful, uninhibited, stubborn. She still is. At nineteen she belonged behind the Paris barricades of the sixties, or on the streets of Chicago during the Democratic National Convention. That my mother's personality and attitudes developed as they did in the small, poverty-stricken narrow-minded town of Pozzuoli is nothing short of miraculous. My mother had no interest in school but a great affinity for the piano; despite the fact that it was a struggle to buy food and pay the rent, somehow my grandmother, that remarkable woman, contrived to get a piano, which she crammed into the small living room. It was a big piano which filled most of the room, big because the local philosophy was that if you got something unusual in a little town like Pozzuoli, it was better if it was big.

My mother quickly established her talent for playing the piano, and was given a scholarship for lessons at the conservatory in Naples. By the time she was sixteen, she was already so accomplished that the conservatory awarded her a professorship and authorized her to give lessons.

But more remarkable than my mother's ability at the keyboard was her resemblance to Greta Garbo, who at that time was one of Hollywood's great stars. People would stop my mother on the streets of Naples and ask for her autograph. Not only did my mother bear a striking resemblance to Garbo, but she also had a resolute dream that she would achieve a fame that would

equal Garbo's. As luck would have it, when my mother was seventeen, MGM announced a Greta Garbo look-alike contest that would be held throughout Italy, the winner to go on an all-expenses paid trip to Hollywood, a first-class steamship ticket included, and be given a screen test in MGM's Culver City studios.

From the moment she read about the contest, my mother never had a moment's doubt that she would win. She took a bus to Naples, paraded before the judges, and was ultimately crowned the winner over three hundred and fifty other entrants. My mother's temperament and eccentricity had already figuratively liberated her from the bonds of Pozzuoli, but now this prize was a true liberation. Her ecstasy was boundless. A girl born into the poverty of Pozzuoli has only her dreams, as I was to have a generation later, but the dreams almost always die aborning, and



In 1932, Sophia's mother entered the all-Italy Greta Garbo look-alike contest.

the dreamer eventually has to accept the dismal reality of the hard, confined existence of Pozzuoli.

So you can imagine my mother's elation when she rushed back from Naples to tell the good news to my grandmother and grandfather. My grandmother, however, didn't regard it as good news at all. I adored my grandmother, who was destined to be one of the most important persons in my young life, but she was a totally provincial person, devout, hardworking and suspicious. Very Neapolitan. "No," she said to my mother, "you cannot go. Look what just happened to Rudolph Valentino."

My mother was stunned. "He died," my mother said. "What's that got to do with my going to America?"

"He didn't just die," my grandmother said. "He was killed. Murdered."

"What? What do you mean? Who murdered him?"

"The Black Hand. And if you go to America, they will be after you."

"Why? Why in heaven's name would the Black Hand want to kill me? I'm just an unknown girl from Italy."

"The fans of Greta Garbo would hire the Black Hand — they would be jealous of you. Ask anyone what they did to poor Valentino. The Black Hand. Just ask anyone."

Valentino was a great hero in Italy, and after his recent untimely death, a rumour had swept the country that he had been murdered by the New York Mafia, which at that time was called the Black Hand.

MGM officials came to Pozzuoli to see my grandmother, but she stood her ground. She did not cite the menace of the Black Hand as her reason for refusing permission for her daughter to go to Hollywood; to their astonishment she told them that her daughter could not go because she didn't have a fur coat. No amount of assurance or persuasion would budge my grandmother, and since her permission was necessary, because my mother was only seventeen, the movie people eventually left and switched the award to the runner-up. To this day my mother doesn't really know if her mother believed the Black Hand stories or if she had simply invented them as a way to keep my mother from going to Hollywood.

It was a bitter and infuriating frustration for my mother. To have gotten so close to her dream and then been thwarted; it was not something that her volatile disposition could easily deal with. Thus, it was in the wake of these events that she had, without my grandmother's permission, gone to Rome to try to get into the movies, which were then being made in quantity at Cinecitta, the vast cinema complex that Mussolini intended as his answer to Hollywood.

I don't know how much ambition my mother really had. I think she was more piqued at being denied the Hollywood trip than she was ambitious for a career. At any rate, it was while she was in Rome in this frame of mind that she met Riccardo Scicolone, and as her pregnant belly grew, her dreams of ever becoming a concert pianist, which perhaps she could have done, or a movie star, receded.

Now on that day in Rome when she was alone with me, faced with the reality that the father of her child had abandoned her, that the child itself was near death, that she had no money, no food, no job, and was about to be evicted, she did the only sensible thing she could do to survive: she somehow managed to acquire a bus ticket to Pozzuoli. Her family would not be glad to see her, but she hoped they would not shut the door in her face. If her baby died, she needed her mother to comfort her in her grief.

SOPHIA'S MOTHER

The past destroys me because all my memories are ugly. Riccardo Scicolone picked me up on a Rome street. I had gone there to further my piano career — I was a marvel at the piano — when he came up to me on the street and told me he was a film producer and that I was so beautiful he couldn't resist talking to me. I thought he was sincere. I was just a country girl, fresh out of Pozzuoli, knowing nothing. I met him a few times and then he came to my rented room and got me into bed; two months later I was pregnant. He refused to marry me. It was a terrible disgrace, but my family did not throw me out. I gave birth to Sophia as easily as a cow in the field.

It was not easy for me to go back to live in Pozzuoli. No other girl in Pozzuoli was unmarried with a baby. Pozzuoli girls were virgins until they married. It was a strict rule of life. I knew the townspeople would think of me as indecent, unfit, a whore. But I stood up to all of them. I am a fighter and I fought for myself and my baby. And my family stood by me. That is what saved us, the way the Villanis embraced us.

From Chapter 2

In 1940, when I was six, war came to Pozzuoli. It seemed that overnight German soldiers were everywhere. They were our allies then, and friendly, and my earliest memories are of delightedly watching the young, handsome soldiers in their beautiful uniforms, playing war games in the back yards of the houses on our street. I don't think I had ever seen a blond, blue-eyed man before the German soldiers arrived. It was exciting to stand in front of our house and watch the troops march by, and it was especially exciting when long columns of tanks rumbled down the street. After the war began everything in Pozzuoli gradually

shut down and finally there was nothing at all for a child to do — no school or movies or library or radio or anything at all, so that all we had as a diversion was the war itself. The war became our plaything. Our flat was not far from the railroad station and since the tracks through Pozzuoli joined the important Naples-Rome line, German soldiers were always in our area, patrolling the railroad station on one side of us, and the harbour on the other.

It wasn't long, however, before the twin magnets of the munitions factory and the harbour began to draw the attention of the Allied planes. Bombing raids became more and more frequent, shattering Pozzuoli's tranquility and putting all of our lives in jeopardy. As the bombing intensified, food and water began to disappear; the food, because transportation was cut off, the water because the bombs destroyed the water mains. For safety, the people of the town had to crowd into the railroad tunnel every night after the last train left for Naples. In the morning, everyone had to get out of the tunnel by four-thirty, when the first train from Naples came roaring into the tunnel.

The tunnel became the focal point of our lives. Every night we dragged our mattresses and, in the winter our blankets, into its pitch-black interior—no light, not even a candle, was permitted. No one was allowed near the entrance, where there was some air, because of the possibility that fragments of a bomb, falling in that vicinity, could penetrate a certain distance into the interior of the tunnel. The central part of the tunnel, where we were all squeezed together, was very dark and humid, a hot, stinking atmosphere, putrid with the smell of unwashed bodies, overripe, half-rotten food, urine, faeces and garbage. Cockroaches were everywhere and enormous tunnel rats scurried around and over us to get to the food. Night after night after night, for unending months. But there was no revulsion, no reluctance to go there. We knew it was the only way to survive, and one's tolerance stretches far to accommodate survival.

Running for the shelter when the alarm sounded became an exciting event for me. I remember one night when I wandered out of the shelter to watch the awesome spectacle of a sky full of flares that the Allied planes were dropping to illuminate the area before they dropped their bombs. The landscape appeared painted by a silvery magic sheen,

and the sea reflected the trembling, intense glare of the floating flares. I thought that the sky had somehow lowered the glory of its stars very close to the earth. It was far more exciting and magical than the meager fireworks I had sometimes seen in the village of Pozzuoli for the Festa of the Madonna di Pompei. My poor mother, searching everywhere, dying with anxiety, shouting my name, finally found me standing in a very exposed area, my silvery face upturned to the blazing sky, clapping my hands with excitement.

A sound slap in the face brought me back to reality. My mother was crying tears of relief as she dragged me back to the shelter. There, in the darkness of the fetid tunnel, I too began to cry. Not because of my mother's slap, but because the magic spell of the night sky had been broken.

But even more stark in my memory is one devastating raid that caught us by surprise. The air raid alarm had failed to sound, and we were asleep in our beds when tons of bombs began exploding all around us, shaking the walls, shattering windows. My mother shouted to me to dress as fast as I could, but instead of putting on my clothes, I was so scared and befuddled that I got completely undressed, and when my mother came into the room to get me she found me standing stark naked, shivering with fear.

We ran for cover, but a shard of shrapnel caught me in the chin, and by the time we got to the air raid shelter my face was all bloody. The following morning, when we returned to our rooms, the streets were covered with blood and with badly injured people and with devastation. My sister had lost her shoes and

her feet got badly cut by broken glass. Many of the injured people called out to us for help, but there was nothing we could do. When we got back to our house, it was half ruined. That was a night of fear for child and adult alike. It seared my memory, and now when I think of it I feel the fright of my awakening that night as keenly as when it happened...

Of course, we no longer had meals together or ever sat down at the dinner table. We would immediately devour any food that found its way to us. When you are starving, knives, forks, napkins, and table manners disappear. When our weekly loaf of bread was brought in, my grandmother immediately cut it into equal pieces and handed them around, and they were ravenously consumed right there and then. But there is a confession I have to make about the bread, something I did which troubles my conscience to this day. Bread was very scarce and it was distributed by the town on the basis of coupons which were allotted to each family. It was my duty to take our coupons to the bakery each week and get our allotment. We were given the number of grammes allotted for eight people, and this always came out to a large loaf plus an extra little piece. On the way home, I always ate that little extra piece and I never told my family about it, although my grandmother used to weigh the bread and I think she suspected my pilferage...

I had one other secret source of food, but this was my mother's secret, not mine. Some mornings at dawn, when the wake-up cries resounded through the tunnel urging us to leave quickly because the first train was approaching, my mother would take me by the

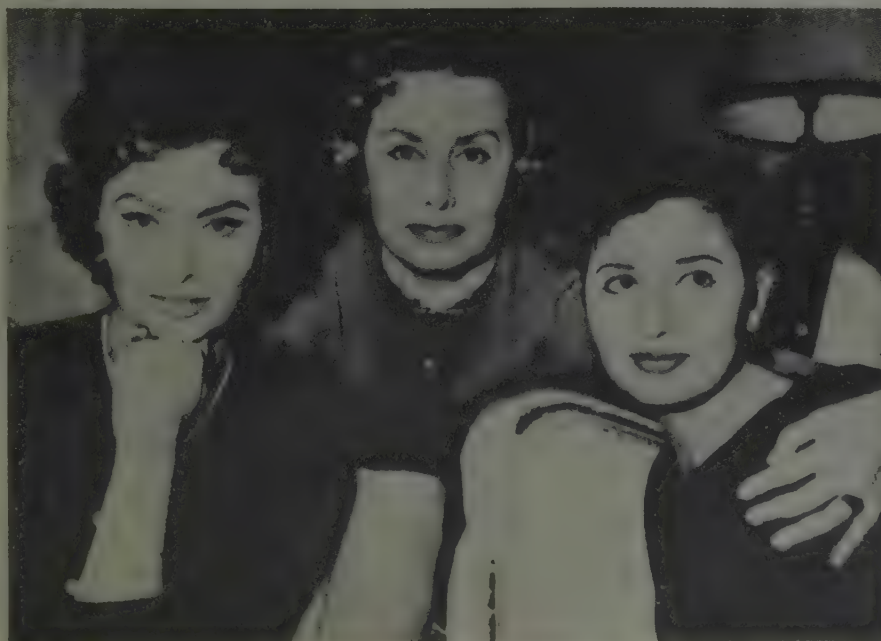
hand and, making sure she wasn't followed, hurry me along into the open country. We followed a path that led to a series of small caves, from one of which emanated smoke from a wood fire. In this cave there was a goatherd who was a friend of one of my uncles. He had an empathy for me as he would have had for one of his little goats that was undernourished. The goatherd would milk one of his goats, filling a big mug with frothy, warm milk which he would hand to me. I cannot possibly describe the exquisite taste of that fresh milk as I felt its warm little river run down my insides and settle in my empty stomach. That cup of milk lifted me physically and spiritually; on those mornings when my mother took me to the goatherd, it really didn't matter if there was no food for the rest of that day. I was uplifted. I was sustained. Food has always played an important part in my life, and as an adult I have eaten remarkable dishes prepared by some of the world's great chefs, but I prize two memories above all else: the memory of that warm goat's milk, and the *pasta a fagiole* that used to burble in my grandmother's kitchen.

My mother's sacrifices were boundless. Her most cherished possession, and she didn't have many, was a camel's-hair coat that seemed to heighten her Greta Garbo resemblance. She adored that coat. But that first freezing winter in the tunnel, when I had nothing to wear to keep warm, she unhesitatingly took a pair of scissors to her coat, recut it and sewed it into a dress for me. She did the same thing to one of her two dresses for my sister.

As the war worsened for the Germans, they began a wholesale conscription of able-bodied Italian men, both for the army and for their work force in Germany. My uncles, Guido and Mario, who were in their late twenties, had to go into hiding to escape the regular conscription sweeps of the Germans. They no longer stayed in our house, nor could they sleep in the tunnel, but they had to hide out in various secret places they knew in and around Pozzuoli. Of course, they could not work in the munitions factory any longer, for the Germans had grabbed all the young men who worked there and replaced them with old men and women. So we suffered the loss of their paychecks and to our many anxieties we had to add the fear that they would be captured and sent to Germany.

As a result of this confusion

Sophia, her mother, and sister Maria.



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and suffering and fear, with the fabric of our family torn apart, I felt a keen isolation, a kind of loneliness that caused me to be more withdrawn than ever. In my loneliness, I would climb a small fig tree in our front yard and hide myself in its thick foliage. I felt secure there, in the green world of its broad leaves. I often sat there for hours at a time.

A proclamation, signed by the mayor, appeared on all the bulletin boards of Pozzuoli and on the radio. All citizens of Pozzuoli were to evacuate the town within forty-eight hours. The bombing raids had become intolerable. The Germans were moving out. There were rumours that big American warships were on their way to shell the port as a prelude to an invasion attack. There were other rumours that the attack would be coming from the north, off the beaches at Anzio.

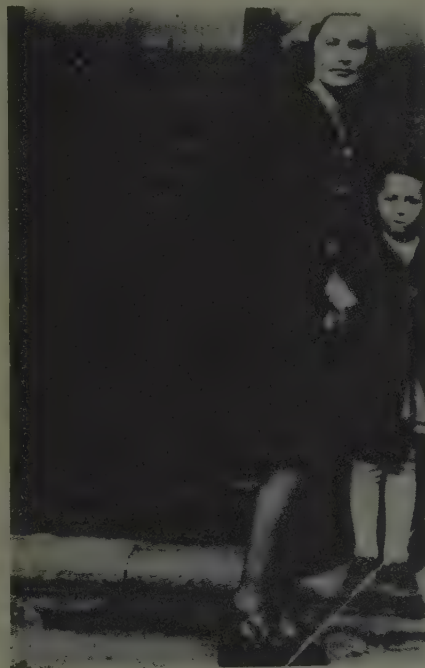
There was no organised evacuation. Everyone had to leave, but where we went and how we got there had to be our own concern. My grandparents' only relatives, outside of Pozzuoli, were a family named Mattia who lived in Naples. Signora Mattia was the cousin of my grandmother. Unfortunately, they had not seen each other for years, nor kept in touch; my grandmother warned us that her cousin had a rather selfish personality and that we were not to expect a warm welcome, or, in fact, any welcome at all.

Even though our house had been somewhat damaged, a few windows broken, some plaster cracked, it was still an important haven to me, the only home I had ever known. Now my grandmother was saying that we would take a few clothes and blankets and go to the big city of Naples, where I had never been, and ask to be taken in by people who didn't really want us.

On the way to the railroad station, I clung to my mother, who carried my sister. We struggled with our pitiful belongings. Our uncles came out of hiding and met us at the train. All eight of us crowded into a compartment that was already occupied by several nuns. Halfway to Naples, the train was stopped and boarded by German soldiers who began searching the cars, seizing those men who looked fit enough to work in German labour camps. Germany was experiencing a severe manpower shortage and they needed all the able-bodied men they could find.

It looked like my two uncles were finally trapped. There was no way to avoid the search parties who were working from both ends of the car towards the middle compartment, where we were. Aware of our agitation over the impending fate of my uncles, two of the nuns motioned to my uncles and each nun stuffed one of them under her big black skirt, just as the Nazis entered our compartment. My uncles stayed hidden under the nuns' skirts until we reached Naples and thereby escaped detection, but afterwards Guido said that he had passed out, probably out of fear.

As my grandmother had predicted, the Mattias' were certainly not hospitable, but they didn't turn us away. My mother, my sister, and I shared a tiny room which fortunately had a balcony. For the five months we stayed in Naples, that balcony was my only



In front of their war-damaged house just after the war.

contact with the outside world; my mother and grandmother feared that if we left the room the Mattias' might not let us back in, so my sister and I acted as room insurance. The Mattias' had tins of biscuits and a cache of other food which they had put aside for themselves, but which they never shared with us. We never got so much as a crumb of bread or a glass of water from them: as a matter of fact, they want to great pains to hide their food and water. I understood this. It was a desperate time when people were dying of starvation and dehydration and my grandmother's cousin had to insure the survival of her own family.

The survival of ours was something else again. My uncles went back into hiding, this time join-

ing some other men who were hidden in a storeroom that had been ingeniously covered over with a large cupboard full of china. So they were relatively safe, but we found that conditions in Naples were even worse than they had been in Pozzuoli. There was no water at all, not even spring water. All that people had to drink was whatever rainwater they could accumulate. Apart from a virtually inedible black bread that was severely rationed, there was absolutely no food, except on the black market. In the house, we could feel the hatred of the Mattias'. The nightly bombing raids were much more intensive and destructive than we had known in Pozzuoli. Naples was the most bombed city in Italy, and when the air raid sirens started wailing it really sounded as if the world were ending...

As the war worsened for the Nazis, they became uglier towards the Italians, whose sentiments were now staunchly with the Americans. Reprisal executions in public, vicious anti-Jewish propaganda, torture by pulling out fingernails, burying people alive, burning them in ovens, human soap factories, concentration camps—these were some of the things I heard my family talking about, and the victims were non-Jewish as well as Jewish Italians. But the things I heard were really too terrible for my young mind to accept.

Towards the end of their occupation of Naples, however when the Nazis knew they would soon have to give ground to the Americans, they began to kill the Neapolitans indiscriminately, and then, seeing it for myself, I really understood the appalling viciousness of war. Inanimate bombs dropping from the sky wounded people lying in the streets, the absence of food and water, were awful, but not the same as a human being dressed in a soldier's costume, committing an atrocity against another defenseless human being. Now that I actually observed these mounting atrocities from my balcony, I finally understood the full terribleness of war. I saw men grabbed on the streets below me, beaten, thrown into German army trucks and hauled away. People were shot in the streets without warning. My young eyes saw one appalling, gruesome spectacle after another.

And then came the worst bloodbath of all—what became known as the Four Days of Naples—when ragged little boys from the slums finally rebelled against the German oppression and took matters into their own hands.

What these little boys did I witnessed with my own eyes, but even so, I find it difficult to believe that what I remember actually happened. Armed with bottles filled with gasoline they had stolen from the Germans these boys ignited rags they had stuffed into the bottles to serve as wicks, and then darted from side streets and swarmed over the huge German tanks, stuffing the bottles into the gun slits in the tanks just as the gasoline exploded. These were ragamuffin little boys, mind you, ranging from five to ten years of age, whose courage was unbelievable. They attacked tanks and trucks and installations, and no German soldier on the street was immune from their swarming attacks. Their fire bombs were exploding everywhere, and some of them had grenades and ammunition which they had stolen from the Germans. I couldn't believe my eyes. Many of these boys were shot and killed by the Germans, their bloody little bodies dotting the streets, but nothing daunted their attacks.

I also saw them run at tanks with flaming straw held over their heads, and then somehow twist the straw into the tanks, often being killed in the process. Groups of these boys scurried around the rooftops dropping paving stones, sacks of rocks, and every manner of heavy object on troop carriers, trucks, and marchers passing below. It was a fanatical attack, waged with scissors, knives, nail-spiked boards, and virtually any potentially lethal object they could get their hands on.

For four days these incredible boys were a continual, deadly harassment. Day and night I watched them running, dodging, scurrying in and out of alleys and over walls and rooftops, ever attacking, achieving with their courage and brazen tactics what the Italian men, who were now in work camps or in hiding, had failed even to attempt.

Those boys from the slums of Naples were very much like the boys of Pozzuoli. The hard life of the slums had taken away their boyhood and required manhood of them at an early age. They ran with their flaming bottles in the face of guns firing at them, and even when wounded, persisted to their goal, if they possibly could. To my horror, I saw some of them blown up by exploding tanks when they couldn't get away in time. The most gruesome sight I saw was two German soldiers scrambling from their burning tank, themselves on fire, running after the

escaping boy who had attacked their tank, firing at him with their pistols. Flames were trailing from their hair and their burning uniforms but they were intent on pursuing the little boy and trying to kill him. The three of them disappeared into an alleyway but for some time I continued to hear their pistols firing.

After four days, incredible as it may seem, the boys of Naples had brought the German Army to its knees; to our amazement, the entire German military establishment withdrew from Naples. By the end of the fifth day, there wasn't a Nazi soldier left on the streets. But the fury of the Nazis was still to be reckoned with. They had taken all the food and water with them, and as they left they had blown up sewer mains and what remained of the water system. They then stationed snipers in the hills and mountains which surround Naples to the north. Directly above our house was Monte Santo. And directly below us was a food store which constantly had a long queue of people in front of it, patiently waiting to buy some black bread and what little other food was available. Almost all the people in line were women, children, and old persons. The Nazi snipers on Monte Santo would fire on these bread queues, wounding and killing people indiscriminately. That seemed to me the worst of their atrocities, the most mindless. When the snipers scored a hit, the wounded or dead would be taken away, but the people did not give up their places in the line.

Two days after the German retreat, the Allies came marching in. We knew they were on their way and there was great anticipatory excitement. On the morning when everyone poured out of the houses, and all the men came out of hiding to welcome the new soldiers, my mother allowed me to leave our room for the first time. What a surprise I had when the first troops I saw were a regiment of men in skirts. I had never heard of kilts or Scotsmen, and neither had the Naples ragamuffins, who darted among them, trying to look up their skirts.

It was a day of jubilation. The Americans came in jeeps and trucks and right away started to hand out candies and biscuits and other forgotten delicacies. A soldier threw me a piece of chocolate but I didn't know what it

was. I had never tasted any. I tried to catch some of the marvellous boxes and cans and packages that were flying through the air, but all I snared was a little can of concentrated coffee. I gave it to my grandmother but we couldn't figure out what to do with it. My grandmother knew from the smell that it was coffee, but it obviously wouldn't work in her espresso machine. Eventually she discovered the miracle of adding hot water.

Allied military requisitioned our building and we were forced to depart on a few hours' notice. The train tracks to Pozzuoli had been destroyed, and no other transportation existed (penniless, we couldn't have bought tickets anyway), so we were obliged to travel the twenty-five kilometers on foot, with our possessions on our backs. We left Naples very early in the morning, before dawn. I don't recall saying good-bye to Cousin Mattia. Maria was

fugees became even denser and we began to run into friends and neighbours. That day on the road stays in my memory like flashes of a well-cut film. (In fact, the refugee road that de Sica created in "Two Women" was very much like what happened that day going back to Pozzuoli. Much of "Two Women" corresponded to this childhood period of my life.) Friends we ran into told us rumours about what had happened to this person and that person, who had been killed, what houses had been wiped out, and so forth. As we trudged through the outskirts of the town, my apprehension grew because the desolation was terrible. We were climbing up and down huge mounds of rubble and twisted girders — the unrecognizable remains of stores and paved streets and houses.

Then, suddenly, there was our house, badly damaged but still standing. All the windows had been blown out, the roof sagged, the walls were cracked, but it was standing. That was the important thing. It was still on its feet. We would eventually patch up the broken furniture, tape newspapers over the windows, repair the broken plaster, and fix the roof and walls.

But first we had more urgent matters to attend to: our two old nemeses of no water and no food were as much of a problem as ever, and there was a new tribulation — lice. We were covered with them — in our hair, all over our bodies and thick in our clothing. The itching and scratching that they caused were far worse for us than our hunger and thirst. These were not the little black lice that we schoolchildren sometimes got, but a peculiar species — fat and white and tenacious, and no one could recall ever having seen anything like them before the war. They had swept through Naples like a virus, and everyone had them. Unlike ordinary lice, these horrible creatures were very active and crawled constantly around my scalp and body.

I don't know what would have happened to me if the United States Army had not come to our rescue with its miracle powder, DDT. The disappearance of the lice was a sign, for me that the war was really over. We had no food on the shelves and we still had much struggle and hard times ahead, but we had always had a hard life and it all felt familiar and good.

From Chapter 5

TO BE CONTINUED



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As soon as the Americans started to bring food into Naples, a black market began to flourish. Our family had no money, nor anything of value to sell, but those who could afford the black market began to eat quite well. The Neapolitans were very adroit at stocking the black market. As trains and trucks and ships began to arrive, laden with American foodstuffs, clothing and non-military supplies, it was not uncommon for entire railroad cars to disappear and for trucks not to reach their destination. In fact, on a couple of occasions, unloaded ships simply disappeared from the harbour, never to be found again. Not a trace.

We had to leave Naples as precipitously as we had arrived. The

too ill to walk, so my uncle Mario carried her on his shoulders all the way to Pozzuoli.

The road to Pozzuoli was choked with refugees, lugging their possessions on their backs, and in carts and wagons and all manner of wheeled contrivances. The road itself was in terrible condition, covered with bomb craters. People got in each other's way, carts broke down and blocked the road, some people tumbled into the craters, there was yelling and screaming and joyful reunions and fistfights and exhausted people sitting on the roadside, but withal, I felt elated because we were going home...

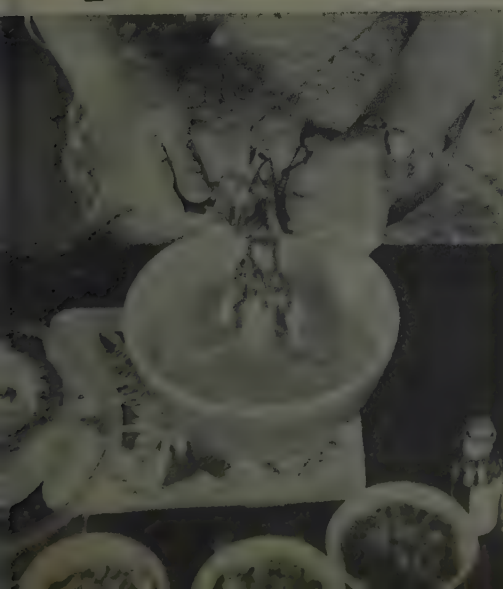
As we neared Pozzuoli in the late afternoon, the throngs of re-



1



2



STEP BY STEP COOKERY

BAKED ALASKA

A satisfying dessert varied with ice-cream, fresh fruits and cream.
Very easy to make if you follow MUMTAZ RAHIMTOOLA's stepwise cookery

½ kg circular sponge cake; 4 egg whites; 1 cup sugar; 1/6 tsp. vanilla essence; a few drops of cochineal; 2 cups ice cream; walnuts and cherries for decoration.

Preheat the oven to 500 deg.

1. Cut out the centre of the cake, leaving one inch border all around and at the base. Keep the base intact.

2. Make a meringue by beating the egg whites very stiff. Add sugar gradually, beating well after

each addition. Add vanilla essence and cochineal. Keep aside.

3. Fill the hollow centre of the cake with ice-cream, cut into one inch squares.

4. Quickly cover with the meringue mixture. Decorate with nuts and cherries and quickly brown in the oven for three to four minutes. Serve at once.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

3



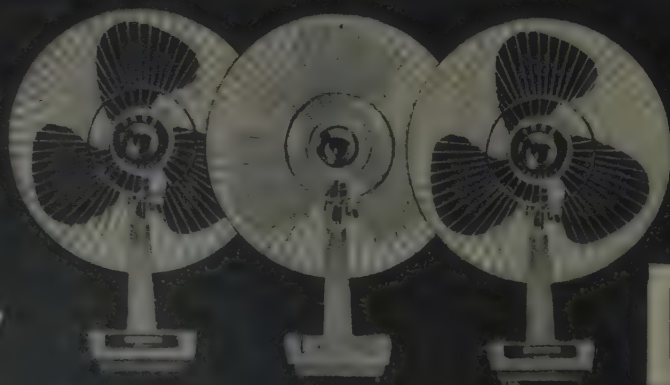
4





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You are used to seeing the world from your eye level. All objects appear normal to you from that level. But when you look down from a tower or high building the perspective changes. You get a bird's-eye-view. At the other end of the scale is the worm's-eye-view as if you were looking up from the bottom of a well.

Rambling among the docks or an industrial area you might chance upon a crane of gigantic proportions. Your first impulse is to photograph it as you see it. But wait, go closer and see how it overpowers you. Walk around it and watch the changing panorama in your viewfinder.

The first picture is what we call a record shot, not a picture. The second picture is dramatic; it's a picture with a punch. It could make a nice cover illustration for an engineering magazine or perhaps help create a powerful advertisement for that crane. So do not hesitate to try new angles. Point your camera upwards, downwards, sideways with impunity. Your pictures will come alive.

Homi Kharas

EXPLORING NEW ANGLE





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The sensational love affair of the decade, as it came to be known, as much for its openness and duration of two years, as for its utterly dismal end, has left one of our topmost female stars a hapless victim of its repercussions. Zeenat Aman certainly did not deserve such a vile, vicious experience, especially when by dint of sheer hard work and professionalism she had achieved a prestigious place in the world of films. The traumatic experience, making a mockery of all the values she has always upheld, should serve as an example for every woman who is inclined to lack caution.

Falling in love is common enough, falling in love with a married man too is not so uncommon. But for a girl as intelligent, sophisticated and worldly wise as Zeenat to fall in love with Sanjay Khan, known for his aggressive temper, was a case of emotion overcoming judgement.

Perhaps the only secret thing about their affair was the marriage, which took place in a desert-location of Sanjay's film "Abdullah" about a year after their involvement. The rest of it was open for the world to see. And the world didn't approve, but warnings just bounced off Zeenat. She even promised her mother, the only person she has been close to all her life, to prove to the world, especially the film world, that they were all wrong, that Sanjay was a god in disguise.

It was a two-year ordeal for a woman blinded by love to make her challenge come true. "I was at a very levelled out phase of my life when everything was going on better than ever before. My career, which always came first with me, was at the top, my sense of physical and mental well-being was complete, and my relationship with others was at a happy level. So I was ready and vulnerable to that feeling which enters a woman's life of wanting to settle down into a happy and stable marriage as a secure emotional anchor. But how wrong I was in the person I chose! I was wooed and charmed into a relationship into which I put my entire life. But I was only a means in a very professional ploy as it seems today!" was Zeenat's unhappy comment.

She refuses to talk about the past, especially the Sanjay Khan phase. When the storm of violence erupted — the brutal beating up — she was tearing through the corridors of the Taj Mahal Hotel from the private party he had been attending in a suite.

To her mother who fainted at the sight of the bleeding apparition which entered her flat that night, and to the



ZEENAT:

SHE LOVED TOO WELL BUT NOT WISELY

Vijaya Irani

doctors who spent a twelve-day vigil medicating her back to normalcy — with the face having taken the major brunt of the Khan's fury — she kept pleading not to take any action against the man. She was still defending him after the worst thing that could have ever happened to her!

She kept mum to the Press which was busy collecting all the gory details it could from the one readily available source, namely Sanjay, who recounted the entire affair from the day it had started to the secret marriage and the later divorce.

Months after the incident, Zeenat and her mother are still the victims of gossip, of a smear campaign against which there can be no defence, because denial or counter accusations often lead only to more mud being slung. She confines herself to only saying that she is very sorry that her mother had to bear a great deal of the malicious attack.

That such a sordid, squalid experience should have happened to two such civilised, normally wise women only shows how disastrous one error of judgement can prove to be.

IT was nearly noon and the sun was unbearably hot. The highway which cut through the lush green paddy fields, curved gracefully towards the east and vanished into the horizon. It was lined on both sides with stout banyan and tamarind trees, which bowed their boughs towards each other across the road to form cool, lovely arches.

There was little traffic and the few cars, buses and other vehicles on the road sped past at a high speed.

At irregular intervals paths and narrow muddy tracks, scarred by bicycle and bullock cart wheels, branched off from the main road leading to obscure little villages. Some of the paths had crudely painted sign posts showing the names of the villages to which they led.

One such lane led to the picturesque little village of Allikulam, situated very near the highway. Next to it was the bus stop, a bird-droppings stained cement bench under a large tamarind tree to identify it. Somebody had carved out the word "Bus Stop" in Tamil on the wide trunk. On this cement bench sat Muthuvel, smoking a beedi, waiting for the bus which was bringing his wife Saroja from her village near Madurai.

He didn't have the least idea which bus was bringing her. So many buses came from Madurai, he only knew that she'd be in one of them. He had received her letter only yesterday. The person who had written on her behalf had an impossibly illegible handwriting, and Allikulam's postmaster, who had read the letter to Muthuvel, had struggled for a long time to decipher it and had not been able to make out the bus timing. And so there Muthuvel was waiting for her right from 9.00 a.m.

He was tired. He had been waiting for more than two hours now. He cursed the buses, he cursed his wife, and he cursed the big red ants which constantly kept climbing up his bare feet. Suddenly a cloud of dust mushroomed at the end of the road, and Muthuvel hurriedly got up.

Yes, it was a bus. It screeched to a halt, and Muthuvel threw down his beedi and stamped on it urgently. His wife hated to see him smoking. "Allikulam, Puliur, Chevantiapuram. Anybody getting down here?" cried the conductor. Nobody got down and soon the bus was on its way. Muthuvel frowned fiercely at the retreating bus, and walked slowly back to the bench.

Then came a series of deep

throated grunts and the clear sharp voice of a boy, and soon a herd of buffaloes, their dark grey bodies half caked with mud, emerged from the Allikulam lane. Kuppan, the lanky, adolescent son of the miserly milk seller Adisivam, came behind them. He saw Muthuvel and grinned. "What, Muthuvel Annachi?" he shouted. "What are you doing here? Don't tell me that you've already lost your job under that old Ponnusami, and are on the way to the city, job-hunting," he shouted.

Muthuvel glared at him and said, "It's time somebody gave you a good spanking. Your tongue's going too loose, and you'd better watch out that my hand doesn't go loose, too. You'd be in deep trouble then, my boy. The sun is very hot today. I'm glad you're walking in it. Perhaps it might shrink your swelled head," Muthuvel retorted.

Kuppan laughed. He was not easily abashed. "Don't be afraid. I'm not going to be in the sun forever."

The sun was right above his head now, and perspiration was trickling down his face and body. He wiped it off with his dhoti and went to sit on the ground with his back resting on one of the protruding roots of the tamarind tree. His stomach growled with hunger and his throat felt dry. He stopped an old woman selling tender coconuts on her way to Puliur, and bought a coconut. He then lay back relaxed against the root and began to doze, only to be woken up by the big red ants. He cursed furiously, and sat up. What right did his wife have to come so late?

Should he go home and return later? No, he decided, he dared not, lest her bus came when he was away, and she found herself stranded with the baby and her bundles. And a lot of bundles she would have, he was sure. He would think about his new baby, he decided. His father wanted to call his newborn grand-daughter Valli, after his mother. Valli's a nice name, he thought.

A group of urchins came to the tree, and began to throw stones at the tamarind clusters which hung from the branches. Muthuvel shouted and ran back to the cement bench, holding his face in his hands. No sooner did one bunch of tamarind fall on the ground, the urchins were all on top of it, fighting and yelling for a share. How badly they were brought up! He would never let his daughter grow up this way. Never would she behave like a savage. His little Valli would be a jewel. He hoped

ardently she would be like his mother and not like his wife Saroja, who was not pretty at all. She was dark too, much darker than he was. His mother had been very pretty though. She. . . And he felt asleep again.

All his bachelor days Muthuvel had been a loafer, a drunkard, and had even spent a few days in jail. His mother had died long back, and his father had not known what to do with such a dissolute son. And when Saroja's parents approached him through a mutual acquaintance suggesting

A HIGHWAY STORY

Subhashini Ramaswami

her marriage to Muthuvel, he had gladly accepted although Saroja's family was poor, and she herself was rather plain, and limped badly. But when he had first seen her, Muthuvel's father had noticed the determined little chin, and a never-say-die look in her bright, dancing eyes. She was strong, firm, a fighter — just the right girl for his weak, wayward son.

And he was right. Although at first horrified to know what her husband was like, Saroja soon came to terms with life, and resolutely set to work on him. She first made her father-in-law get Muthuvel a job somewhere, and with great difficulty he got Muthuvel employed under the local potter Ponnusami. Her quiet, assured manner and behaviour had always won everybody's respect, and she had no difficulty at all in compelling Muthuvel to toe the line. He worked diligently, no longer went with his old cronies to the toddy shop and in the evenings he laboured over a piece



of stony land they owned, to make it into a vegetable garden.

In a year's time he realised that he actually enjoyed making pots out of clay at the potter's and growing the vegetables on his plot of land, which Saroja sold in the local market.

It was not red ants but a cool soft hand on his brow which woke Muthuvel the third time. He sat up with a jerk. Saroja? No, it was Selvi, Saro's friend and their close neighbour, who looked down at him, and said, "You're all right, aren't you? You were lying here looking so haggard and exhausted that I thought you'd fainted. Would you like me to get you something?"

"Well, do you have something to eat?" he asked her, "I'm so hungry."

She fumbled in the folds of her saree and produced a small packet. "Only groundnuts," she smiled. "I was taking it home for Kittu, but you can have it if you like. And, if you want you go

home and refresh yourself I'll wait here. Or would you like it if I go home and send Kittu over with some medu vada and coffee?"

"Oh, that'll be fine. I've waited here for so long, I don't mind waiting for some more time," he replied gratefully. "And Annachi," said Selvi, "have you arranged to welcome your daughter into the house with aarthi? No? How can you forget that? A baby girl, a Lakshmi, is coming into your house, and you've made no arrangements to welcome her! I'll

HE WAS TIRED. HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS NOW. HE CURSED THE BUSES, HIS WIFE, AND THE BIG RED ANTS WHICH CONSTANTLY KEPT CLIMBING UP HIS BARE FEET

wait there with aarthi myself, and I'll also call some other women. I'll hurry and put a nice kolam on the front of your house, and get things ready."

"Bless you!" exclaimed Muthuvel happily. Selvi was soon gone. Muthuvel suddenly felt exhilarated and proud at the thought of being a father. His own little girl! He had never desired to only have a son like many other villagers. He could never be like that Amruthalingam who had refused even to see his wife just because she had delivered a female baby. For ten whole days he had sulked with a long face and refused to come to see his child. That's inhuman, thought Muthuvel. What's wrong with little girls after all? They are so lovable.

Evening was fast approaching now and there was a lot of activity on the highway. Vehicles now ran at a much slower speed, for traffic had increased. Birds began to sing, and vendors who had gone for morning sales, were coming back from the market carrying empty or half-empty baskets.

The flower seller who sold jasmine was on her way to the market with freshly plucked, sweet smelling jasmine buds wrapped in wet cloth and securely placed in the basket. Filled with tenderness for his wife, Muthuvel bought 25 paise worth of the flowers for her. She'd appreciate it — such a nice welcome home.

A clutch of chicks and clucking hens suddenly appeared from nowhere and hurriedly crossed the highway. A rooster which brought up the rear decided to stop right

in the middle of the road and survey his domain. He flapped his wings, stretched out his neck, thrust out his chest in his male pride. Then he stood on his toes and began a loud cock-a-doodle-don. . . "Hev, watch out!" cried Muthuvel as an ancient Austin A40 braked noisily just short of running over the bird. The cock scurried across the road protesting raucously. Muthuvel laughed.

"Why! If it isn't our dear old pal Muthu!" exclaimed a familiar voice and Muthuvel turned round to see his curly haired, brown

huvel turned purple. It was only then that Singaram noticed the currency notes peeping out of Muthuvel's shirt pocket and the coins securely knotted at the end of his dothi. He couldn't allow this opportunity to pass. So he changed his tune.

"My dear chap, I agree with you, I mean, waiting for your wife and baby is really a duty you owe them. But then your house is barely a furlong away. Don't tell me your wife can't walk up that little distance by herself. And surely, when a young woman with a baby gets down from the bus, a lot of people will help her, won't they? She will have no difficulty at all. See one more bus has also gone, and your wife was not on it. How long do you think you should wait? You look so tired and famished already. Relax, my Muthu. What are friends for if they don't help in times of need? Come with us, and after a drink or so at Kanniappan's shop, we'll drop you home. And you can meet your wife and baby with a fresh, happy face."

Muthu was hot, tired and felt so lonesome, and his friend's argument was so plausible. And the old desire for a drink, for the company of his boon companions revived irresistibly. But he put up a final struggle against the overwhelming temptation.

"Er, suppose a policeman catches us?" he objected, "like last time. You remember that, don't you?"

This was as good as surrender and Singaram beamed. "Ha! Don't tell me you're worried about that! We can easily fix any cop. The boys will see to that. We have the money. Kumi-ran there in the car won a lot of money at the Guindy races yesterday, and you aren't broke either!" he said slyly, pointing to the notes in Muthuvel's shirt pocket.

Muthuvel's resistance collapsed. Just one drink wouldn't make any difference. After all he had waited for hours in the hot sun. Saro would understand he was sure.

An hour later, Muthuvel was drowning his guilty conscience with a third bottle of toddy and Kanniappan was happily bringing him the fourth. His thirst, denied so long seemed unquenchable.

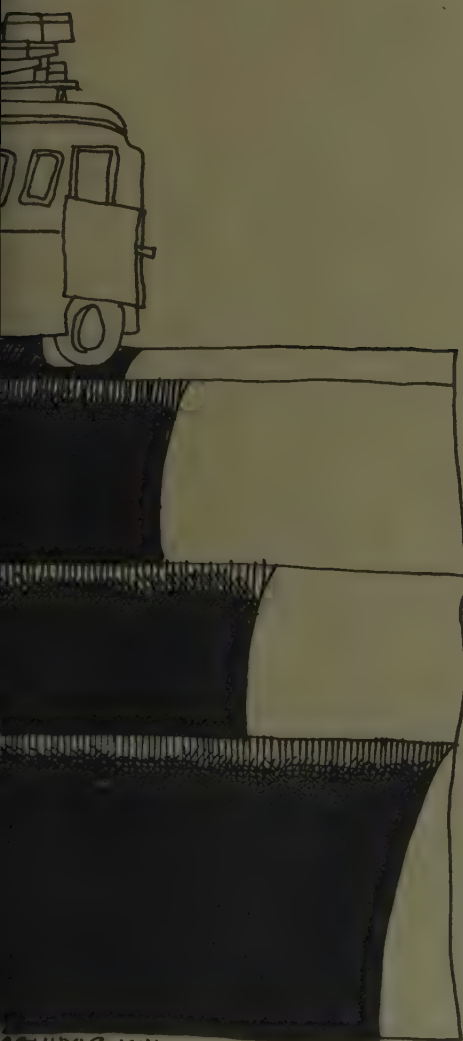
Meanwhile, a bus stopped at the Allikulam bus stop, and a young woman with a baby slowly limped down. The conductor grumbled and threw down her many bundles one by one. She looked around desperately for someone to help her with them.

faced, toddy shop boon companion of the past, Singaram. Peeping out of the Austin's front seat. Singaram's big nicotine stained teeth were displayed in a broad smile as he cheerfully jumped out of the car to put his hands on Muthu's shoulders. "It must be nearly two years since we last met, Muthu. Those were the days. Ah the adventures we had! Can you ever forget them? But now you have deserted us." Then turning to his friends inside the car, he winked and the whole lot of them laughed loudly.

Patting the Austin affectionately, he continued, "You know, at times gambling does pay. It bought me this car." Then he thumped the speechless Muthuvel on his back and asked, "Who are you waiting for? Come, get into the car and come with us to Kanniappan's shop. Let's celebrate this reunion of old friends."

Muthuvel, tempted but fearful, cleared his throat and stammered, "Brother you must excuse me. I've vowed never to touch drinks and cards again. Also, I'm waiting for my wife who's coming from Madurai with my new born baby daughter. So you see I can't come with you. You really must excuse me, Ah, there's another bus coming. I hope my wife and baby are in it."

But the bus didn't even stop. "God!" exclaimed Singaram when Muthuvel was through with his stammering and strutting. "Boys, have you ever seen such a henpecked guy? Just look at him, waiting there, with flowers in his hand as if waiting for a goddess to descend from heaven." His friends guffawed, while Mut-



AGHUYIR. KUL.

BELOW: Red, black and white combine together in various print combinations — geometrical, stylised and traditional to make these sarees lovable and pretty to wear for a special evening date.

RIGHT: Romantic twosome the Ambiqueen saree with polka dots and scroll makes a beautiful flowy evening gown, with billowy sleeves and tie-ups; the boy is in a smart suit made from



Ambiking suiting with black vest and checked shirt to match.

EXTREME RIGHT: Made for each other — a plain white Ambiqueen saree turned into a dainty, flared midi, fully lined, and long sleeves caught at wrist. The satin belt in red gives a touch of colour to the complete outfit; the boy matches the girl in a three-piece suit in white with a red bow at neck.



You'll love these at first sight and enjoy lasting satisfaction in having the styles of your dreams — long evening dresses and midis — going strong from 7 o'clock onwards, taking in all the bright, gay party moods up to or well past midnight. A sparkling collection of styles in exclusive top quality fabrics that will make the young dream makers look good, feel romantic for that special date coming up!

Outfits modelled at the Ambiscope Fashion Show organised by Eve's Weekly in association with Shri Ambica Mills.

The Mood Is...

ROMANTIC

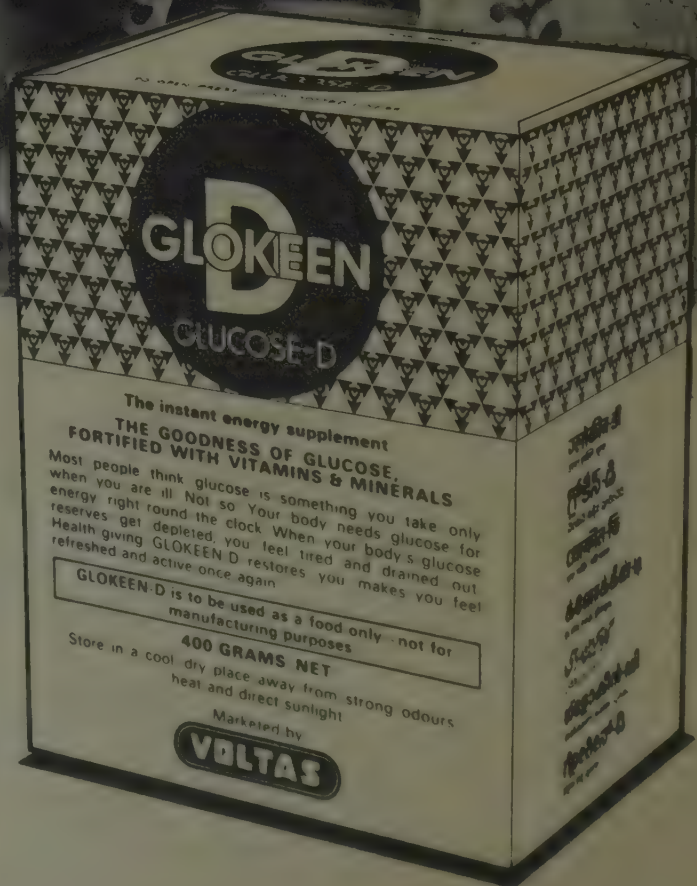
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A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

She is a young college girl, pretty, reasonably smart,

He is a young student, modelled on the image of his current favourite.

She comes from a lower middle class family.

He also hails from a similar strata of society.

She is reticent as far as boys are concerned, He too, has not had much experience with the opposite sex.

He wants to see girls, meet girls, know girls.

He sees her at the bus-stop.

He is standing with his usual gang.

She is alone.

He whistles at her.

She ignores him.

He slowly approaches her.

She looks away.

He greets her with a "Hi, Baby!"

She would love to slap him but dare not.

He is now literally breathing down her neck.

She is perspiring.

He tries to touch her.

The bus finally comes!

She runs to the safety of it.....

But this episode can well be continued in the bus too. These sort of occurrences happen just too often. "Eve-teasing" is the name given to it. The Indian male thrives on it — in fact, for many of them, it's their favourite pastime, the most enjoyable way of whiling away the long hours. They go to Hindi movies for further inspiration. The colleges are crammed with suchlike pests, also referred to as "Roadside Romeos" and "Eve Teasers."

There are very few girls, presumably one in a hundred, who have been spared from the attention/intentions of an eve-teaser. These types are either too ugly for words, physically deformed as it were, or else just simply lucky. Every girl can vocalise for hours on end about her unpleasant experiences. The quintessence is that males have made their existence hell.

"I'm so disgusted with my encounters with these romeos that I think I'm slowly getting put off by all guys," stated Vinita.

Anju added, "When I began college as a fresher I loved wearing smart clothes and generally looking hep and with-it. Now when I go to college I oil my hair, make two plaits and wear saris or salwar kameezes, thus trying my level best to look 'decent' and inconspicuous. Unfortunately my attempts weren't too successful. One day when I was getting off a bus a chap pulled my plaits!"

What do the girls do when the boys misbehave with them? For most it is an exercise in patience and tolerance. They try their very best to ignore the chap (or chaps) concerned and endeavour to walk away quickly from them. Doubtless, they curse under their breath. Very few are brave enough to curse loudly. Some bold girls have even been known to have slapped the offender. These girls of course, few in number no doubt, become college heroines overnight. Their guts

are admired by all. Many girls, for the sake of self-protection, even turn to judo.

A group of students conducted a study concerning the position of women in Indian society. They felt, "most girls are not even aware of the fact that we are an oppressed group... we do not even know how to counteract incidents with eve-teasers..."

The seeds of unrest had been sown. The proverbial straw was an incident in which

EVE-TEASING IN THE CAPITAL

a college student was physically harassed in a D.T.C. bus, and the conductor and other passengers failed to do anything to help.

This gave birth to an Indraprastha College Women's Committee, formed on an ad-hoc basis which would carry on the campaign against the social, economic and political oppression of women. A week long campaign was then launched within the campus.

The anti-eve-teasing rally was jointly organised by the Student's Union and the I.P. College Women's Committee. Letters were sent to all colleges and unions, asking them to participate in the rally. Boys were contacted on personal and individual levels. Leaflets were issued and men were requested to join the worthy cause. The response was good from all women's colleges of Delhi including Miranda House, Daulat Ram, L.S.R. and to some extent, Lady Irwin, I.I.T. and J.N.U. Two days before the rally, representatives from all the colleges got together to sort out the final details.

The date was fixed. On 23rd February last year the walk began at 10.30 a.m. from I.P. College, through Kashmere Gate and Darya Ganj upto the D.T.C. office at the Indraprastha Estate. A short walk for the indignant girls, a momentous leap for womankind! There were over five hundred girls who walked till the Commissioner's house and handed him the memoranda.

And now to the repercussions... the Women's Committee, formed during the rally, is consolidating itself, the main idea behind it being to raise consciousness among women basically in the universities. This rally has shown its results in the sense that girls are more confident and feel they can handle eve-teasers. Signs have been put up on buses, serving as a warning for eve-teasers, making it clear that eve-teasing is a legal offence. The Women's Committee also has a cell which

takes complaints from students, follows them up with the D.T.C. authorities and the police. There have even been certain cases where girls have actually led many an eve-teaser to the police station.

An exhibition was recently held in the Indraprastha College. It was called, "Om Swaha" and the girls protested against the give and take of dowries, rape and eve-teasing. All the girls' colleges in the University have formed another committee to fight these three evils. Posters, which read, "Women: Walk in Fear!", cautioning the girls to be alert and always on the defensive against eve-teasers, have been put up in colleges. On the 8th of March, this year, yet another rally was organised from Minto Road, once again demonstrating against eve-teasers.

The fact that boys did encourage the morcha, that nobody opposed this rally are all encouraging signs. Now that an eve-teaser is answerable to the law, no boy will admit that he had or still does misbehave with girls. They would like us to believe that this species is extinct. But that, unfortunately, is not true. Vicky, trying to rationalise the male viewpoint declared, "It is only natural that a boy will be attracted to a girl and vice versa. I'm sure if we guys stopped staring at females, stopped passing flattering comments... why, the girls will start suffering from horrible inferiority complexes. Who or what will feed their ego then?"

True, girls do like to be looked at appreciatively, they do find the opposite sex attractive too, but as Vibha articulated, "Do guys have to have physical contact with every girl they set their eyes on? What cheap thrills do they get by jostling females, bumping into them or touching them? What are they trying to prove...? Boys will receive a just retribution, the rightful punishment they deserve."

How I wish I could give a fairy tale type of an ending to this article by simply writing that as of 23rd February 1979 there have been no more cases of eve-teasing in the capital. But that would be far, far away from the truth. Sure, matters are improving but there is still a long way to go.

And now, finally, over to the dream of a halcyon day, of every girl...

He is walking down the street.

He is walking fast.

He is sweating heavily.

He is looking perplexed.

He keeps turning back.

He is being followed!

She is dressed in tight jeans and a kurta.

She is whistling loudly.

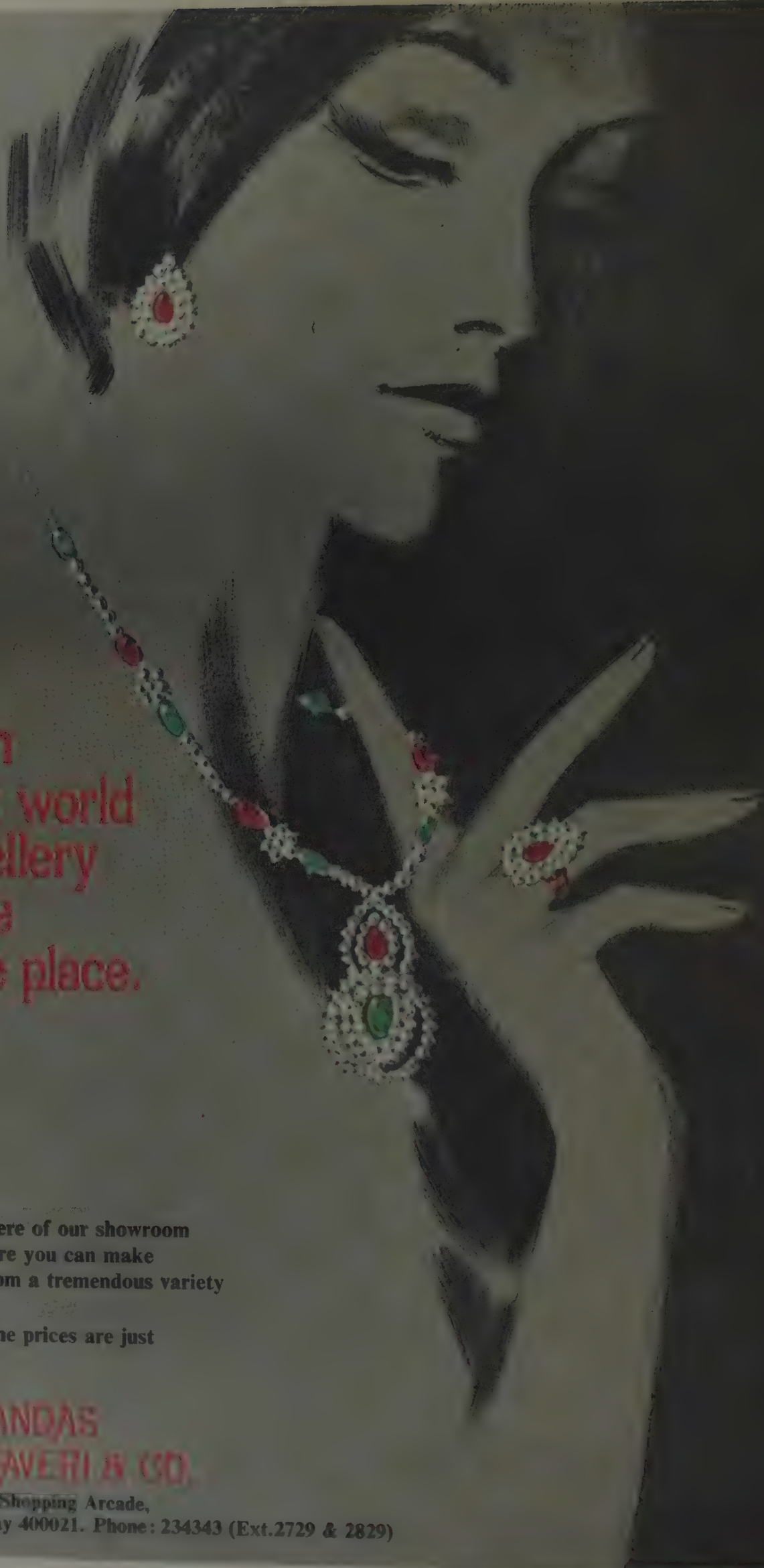
She starts humming a popular Hindi song.

He quickens his pace.

She is still following him.

She is approaching him.

He is thinking, "This is just too much. The moment I give her the slip I'm going to become a member of the anti-Adam-teasing movement!"

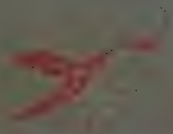


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PERSONAL CHOICE

BREADFRUIT WINNERS!



Breadfruit, known as *Vilayathiphanus*, is indigenous to Malaya and was introduced in India from there.

Although a fruit, it is mainly used as a vegetable in a range of delicious preparations to suit each meal of the day. Grown in the western parts of India, it bears fruit usually after the rainy season. Our hostess MRS. PADMA NAYAR gives the delectable results of her experimentation with this versatile fruit. A science graduate from the Kerala University, she did her B.Ed. at the Bombay University. Mrs. Nayar has won prizes in cookery contests and also gives demonstrations in cooking.

Photograph: Talvar Bakshi

BREADFRUIT MUTTER FRY

- ½ breadfruit
- 250 grams green peas
- 2 cups coconut, grated
- 1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
- 5 chillis
- 4 to 5 small onions
- 2 to 3 cloves garlic
- ½ cup oil
- Salt to taste
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 1½ cups water
- 1 cup onion, chopped
- ½ cup coconut, chopped
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds

Cut the breadfruit into small pieces. Add green peas, salt and turmeric powder. Keep aside. Roast coconut, coriander, chilli, small onions and garlic with one tablespoon of oil till it turns brown. Grind to a fine paste. Mix this paste with breadfruit and green peas mixture and cook in water till soft.

Put oil in a dekchi. Add mustard. When they stop spluttering add the chopped onion and coconut. Fry till brown. Add the cooked breadfruit and green peas mixture and fry on a low flame.

BREADFRUIT WITH PRAWNS

- ½ breadfruit
- 1½ cups prawns, shelled
- ½ cup tamarind juice
- 4 green chillis
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- ½ coconut
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- 2 pieces garlic
- 3 to 4 small onions

Cook prawns with turmeric powder and salt. Mix the diced breadfruit pieces with

ground masala and salt if necessary. Add this mixture to the cooked prawns and cook on a slow fire till the breadfruit becomes soft. Add more water if required. Add tamarind juice and allow to boil. Season with curry leaves. Serve hot.

SAMBAR WITH BREADFRUIT

- 1 cup tur dal
- 1 cup small onion
- 1 cup breadfruit pieces
- 1 cup drum stick pieces
- A small ball tamarind
- Coriander leaves, chopped

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- ½ cup tur dal, roasted
- 5 chillis
- ½ cup coriander, roasted
- Small piece asafoetida

Cook tur dal with four cups of water. When half cooked add onion, breadfruit and drum stick. Put salt and turmeric powder. Cook on a slow fire. When the vegetables are tender, add the ground masala. Allow to boil for ten minutes. Extract the tamarind pulp. Add this to the boiling sambar. Season with curry leaves and garnish with chopped coriander leaves.

BREADFRUIT DELIGHT

- 1 breadfruit
- 250 grams tomatoes
- 1 cup coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 tbsp. coriander powder
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- 5 green chillis
- 1 big piece ginger
- 6 to 8 garlic pieces
- 1 cup ghee
- 1 cup onion, cut lengthwise
- 2 tamal patha
- ½ tsp. black pepper
- ½ tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste

Cut the breadfruit into small pieces, two centimetres in thickness. Smear turmeric powder and salt. Keep aside. Grind coriander leaves, ginger, garlic into a fine paste. Heat oil in a dekchi. Add onion and tamal patha. Fry till golden colour. To this add coriander powder, chilli powder, green chillis. Fry these on a very slow flame. Add the ground paste and tomato to the above and fry till the oil floats on top. Add the breadfruit with salt, turmeric, garam masala and two cups of water. Cook on a slow fire till soft. Decorate with chopped coriander leaves and coconut pieces

BREAKFAST SPECIAL

- 1 breadfruit
- 3 cups water
- ½ cup oil
- Salt to taste
- A few curry leaves

Remove the skin from the breadfruit. Cut it lengthwise into eight equal parts. Remove the core. Cut each piece again into three pieces. Cook in water with salt. When the water evaporates add curry leaves and oil. Serve with chutney.

FOR THE CHUTNEY:

- 2 green chillis
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ½ coconut
- A small tamarind
- 1 small piece ginger
- 3 to 4 small onions
- Salt to taste

Grind coarsely all the above ingredients given for chutney together.

BREADFRUIT STEW

- 1 bread fruit
- 1 coconut
- 5 green chillis
- Curry leaves
- A small piece ginger
- Salt to taste

Skin the breadfruit and cut lengthwise. Remove core and cut into small pieces, one centimetre in thickness. Extract coconut milk

three times. Keep aside. Add the second and the third milk extract. Mix in ginger, green chillis and salt. Cook till the breadfruit is soft. When the water evaporates add the first milk extract and curry leaves. Remove from the fire when it reaches the boiling stage.

BREADFRUIT MASALA CURRY

- 1 breadfruit
- ½ coconut
- 1 tbsp. coriander powder
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- 2 pieces garlic
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 3 to 4 small onions
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- Salt to taste

Cut the breadfruit into small pieces, one centimetre in thickness. Smear with turmeric powder and salt. Keep aside.

Roast all the other ingredients with a little oil on a slow flame. When the coconut turns golden, remove from the fire and grind to a fine paste. Add this paste to the breadfruit. Extract milk from the coconut, thrice. Add the second and third extract to the breadfruit masala mixture and cook till soft. Remove from the flame after half the water has evaporated. When the breadfruit becomes soft, remove and add the first coconut milk extract and curry leaves. Season with onion

and decorate with fried potato chips. Serve hot with rice, chapati or bread.

BREADFRUIT HALWA

- ½ breadfruit, mashed
- 1 kg sugar
- 250 grams ghee
- 250 grams dessicated coconut
- 1 cup cashewnuts
- 1 spoon cardamom, powdered

Make a sugar syrup. Add the mashed breadfruit, dessicated coconut and ghee. Keep stirring on low flame. Cook till lumpy. Fry the cashewnuts in a little ghee. Spread the halwa in a greased tray. Sprinkle the powdered cardamom and cashewnuts. Garnish with silver paper.

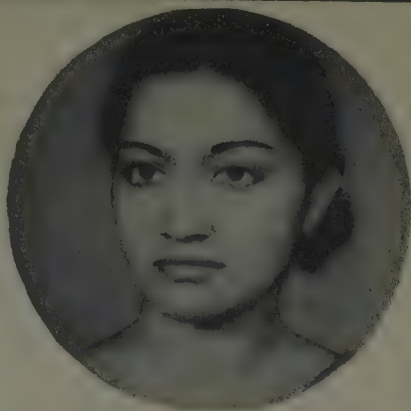
BREADFRUIT WADA

- 2 cups breadfruit, cooked and mashed
- 3 bread pieces, soaked in curd
- 1 cup sago soaked
- 1 tbsp. green chillis, chopped
- ½ tsp. ginger, chopped
- Curry leaves, chopped
- ½ cup coriander leaves
- Salt to taste

Mix all the above ingredients thoroughly. Form into round wada. Fry in oil till golden brown.

COOKERY QUEEN

TRIPAT SINGH,
Ahmednagar.



Mrs. Singh wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Saucette from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Corn Products, Bombay.

COLD SOUFFLE DELICATESSE

- 3 eggs

- ½ litre milk
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¾ cup cream
- 14 glucose biscuits
- 9 salted biscuits
- 4 slices tinned pineapple
- 1/3 cup pineapple syrup
- ½ cup walnuts, broken to bits
- 6 drops pineapple essence
- 1 envelope gelatine

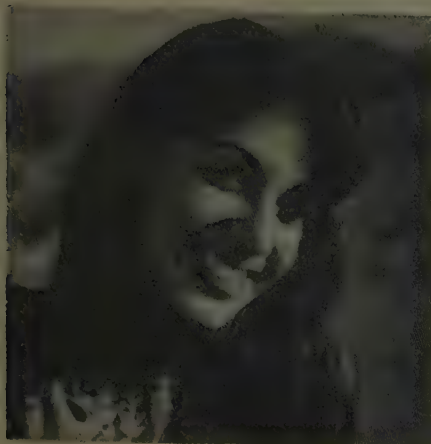
Separate the eggs. Beat yolks till frothy. Add half of the sugar little by little. Add milk and cook on a slow fire till the custard coats the back of a spoon. Cool. Add essence. Dissolve gelatine in warm water and gradually add to the custard,

stirring continuously. Set in the refrigerator.

Now beat the whites stiff. Beat in the remaining sugar. Add the lightly whipped cream. Fold this mixture into the set custard.

Crush the glucose and salted biscuits together in a plastic bag. Spread a layer of this crushed biscuits in a glass dish with a flat bottom. Sprinkle a little syrup. Arrange pieces of pineapple. Sprinkle a few nuts. Spread a layer of soufflé mixture over this. Repeat till all the biscuits and soufflé mixture is used. Top with soufflé layer and decorate with nuts. Chill till set. Serve cold as a dessert.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Shanaz Mehta, Secunderabad.

CHICKEN AND WALNUT SOUFFLE

- 200 grams chicken, minced
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- ½ cup chicken stock
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 3 eggs, separated
- 150 grams walnuts, chopped
- Salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste

Beat the egg yolks and cornflour with cold milk to a smooth paste. Boil the chicken stock and butter and stir in the cornflour mixture. Cook until the sauce thickens. Remove pan from heat. Add the chicken, walnuts, salt and spices. Cool.

Whip the egg whites stiffly. Fold in the chicken mixture. Bake in a round souffle dish for thirty minutes in hot oven until well risen and brown. Serve immediately.



Mrs. Stella Rodrigues, Bombay.

TWO TIER SOUFFLE

FOR THE SECOND TIER :

- 1 small ripe pineapple
- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 packets gelatine
- 100 grams sugar, ground coarsely
- ½ tsp. vanilla essence

- ½ litre milk
- FOR THE FIRST TIER :
- 3 eggs, separated
- 100 grams sugar
- 50 grams sweetened cocoa
- 1 packet gelatine
- ¼ litre milk
- 150 grams cream
- 2 tbsps. brandy
- ½ tsp. vanilla essence
- 3 tbsps. cold water
- 100 grams cherries
- 100 grams walnuts, finely chopped

FOR THE SECOND TIER :

Beat the yolks with sugar till creamy. Add to the milk. Cook

on low heat till thick. Cool. Dissolve gelatine in one cup cold water and add to the milk mixture. Add essence and allow to semi-set in the fridge. Cut the pineapple into cubes. Beat the whites with a little sugar till stiff. Add the pineapple and egg whites to the souffle and mix well. Allow to reset in the fridge.

THE FIRST TIER :

Whisk the yolks with sugar and cocoa. Add to the milk and keep on low heat till nice and frothy. Dissolve the gelatine in cold water and add to the cocoa mixture when cool. Beat the whites stiffly. Whip the cream. Add the whites and cream to the cocoa mixture. Then add the vanilla and brandy. When the second tier is well set, spread the first tier over the second. Cover with butter paper and allow to set in the fridge. Remove and garnish.



Mrs. S. Radhika, Palghat.

SPINACH SOUFFLE IN PUMPKIN SHELL

- 1 pumpkin, unripe
- FOR THE SOUFFLE MIXTURE :
- 2 cups bread pieces
- 1 cup water
- 1½ cup spinach, cooked and ground
- 2 eggs, separated
- A drop or two of green edible colour
- Salt to taste

Cut off a circular portion from top of pumpkin. Scoop out seeds so as to form a hollow shell. Steam till nearly tender. Drain and cool the shell.

Soak the bread pieces in water. Squeeze the water and break up the bread with a fork. Combine with seasoned spinach paste and the two egg yolks. Add colour. Now fold in the two stiffly beaten egg whites.

Grease the pumpkin shell with butter. Fill with the spinach mixture. Place in a pan with very little water to keep pumpkin from scorching. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty to twenty five minutes. Serve hot.

WEEKLY WINNER

INDIRA KESWANI,
Pune.



Indira wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulaul Lalah and Sons, Madras.

CREAMY EGG AND CHICKEN SOUFFLE

- 2 eggs, hard boiled
- 3 tsps. gelatine
- 3 tbsps. water
- 1 cup chicken, boiled and cubed
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1½ tbsps. cornflour
- 300 ml. milk
- 4 tbsps. mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. prepared mustard

Salt and pepper to taste

FOR THE GARNISH :

A little cabbage, shredded

A few salad leaves, chopped

A few pieces of ham

Dissolve gelatine in three tablespoon water. Leave aside. Mix egg yolks with the cornflour and a little of the milk in a pan to a smooth paste. Heat the rest of the milk. Pour the hot milk in the yolk mixture stirring all the time. Return pan to heat, bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Cook for a minute. Remove pan from heat and stir in mayonnaise and the prepared mustard and the gelatine. Keep aside.

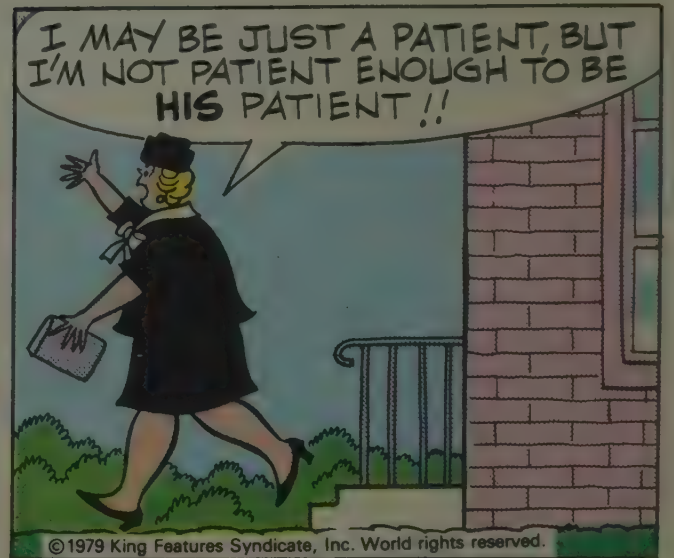
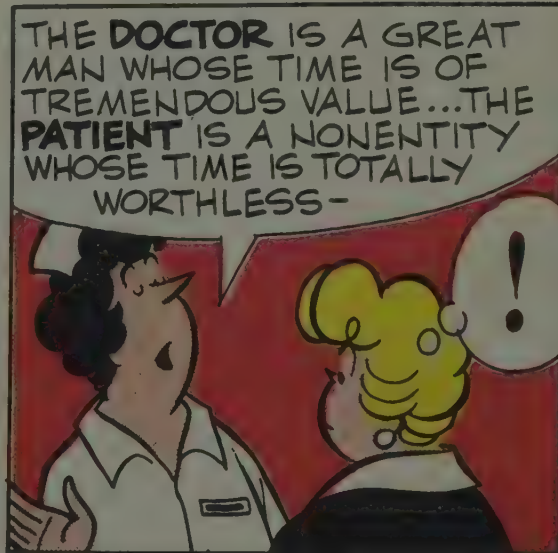
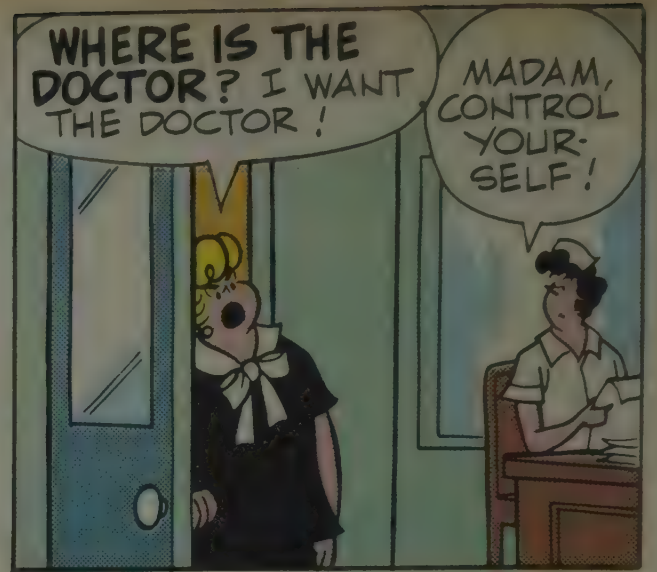
Shell the hardboiled eggs and chop them roughly. Stir them into the above prepared sauce. Stir the chicken cubes into the sauce, season with salt and pepper and leave aside to cool. Whisk egg whites to silky peaks then fold lightly into the sauce. Pour into greased ring mould and leave in the refrigerator to set. Unmould and serve garnished with cabbage, salad leaves and ham pieces.

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 of 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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What is being written by or about women?
On this page every month we bring you a review of some of the books published recently.

FIX by Eunice deSouza; Newground; Price Rs. 12.

The first thing that strikes one about Eunice deSouza's poems are their starkness and their lucidity, a rare literary combination. In "Fix", her first collection of poems, they are negative almost to the extent of being brutal. She spares no one, not even herself as her camera-eye moves over the spectrum of human behaviour — observing, reflecting, introspecting. And some of her observations are so obvious that one wonders why they haven't been caricatured before.

In the first part of the book, the poems are about the Goan Catholic community. There is D'Souza Prabhu, exposed for passing as a "Catholic Brahmin," there is Francis X. D'Souza, the proud pillar of the church who has produced seven children in seven years, counterpointed against his wife, a silent pillar of salt; there is the Archbishop of Varca, with a holier-than-thou attitude towards equality, an attitude that does nothing for resolving real conditions of inequality. The contrasting attitudes of the Christian and Hindu cultures is simply, yet poignantly, conveyed in "Conversation Piece" in which the poet's Portuguese-bred aunt picks up a clay Shivalingam and asks, "Is this an ashtray?" The salesman replies, "No... this is our god."

The later poems are more personal — sensitive yet brutal in their capacity for self-exposure. She talks of poets who write poetry but do not live it, she reminisces over her "Grandfather's Death" "fantasises for her "Father, Dead Young", reaches out to "A Child not Clever", and in her last two autobiographical poems plunges relentlessly into self-analysis. In only one poem, "Forgive Me, Mother", does the brutality appear overdone, giving an impression of exhibitionism.

The poems have been written over seven years. During this time they have matured, with much of the rawness being chiselled into shape without losing tension or hardness. Through her poetry, Eunice deSouza emerges

as a woman with a brittle, even acidic exterior, an exterior which works as a defence for a softer being she dare not reveal too much of, or too often, for fear of being hurt and hurt yet again.

INSIDE THE HAVELI by Rama Mehta; Arnold Heine-mann; Price Rs. 40.

These days it is almost fashionable to challenge tradition, in the name of progress, as an outdated life style. Yet, few stop to understand that tradition and culture foster values that were valid for the place and period during which they were practised. It is the dogmatization of rituals that makes them self-defeating.

Rama Mehta has a respect for both — times past, as well as times present. This helps her interweave the two in a story that places social institutions of the past into a non-disturbing perspective. Her book, "Inside the Haveli", tells of the lives of women who continue to live behind purdha in Udaipur even today, of the interaction between old and new ideas when an educated girl marries into an austere and aristocratic family, and shows how tradition eventually enmeshes her into its grip even as she attempts to change it.

Geeta, who has lived in Bombay freely mingling with both the sexes in her family circle, marries Ajay Singh, who, though educated and modern in outlook, belongs to a family where the women are expected to observe purdah. At first Geeta makes futile attempts to break out of the oppression of her confined environment, living on the hope of her husband getting a teaching post in Delhi. When the appointment does materialize, he turns it down and she is forced to the realisation that he could never live away from his ancestral home.

Once she has accepted the inevitability of her situation,

she begins to channelise her energies into giving reading and writing classes for the children of the haveli's numerous servants. Her classes become popular and people from neighbouring havelis, including the younger daughters of the ancestral families join. She earns the respect of her elder in-laws but also creates resentment among those who see the intrusion as being corrosive to their kind of existence in the long run. At the same time she herself gets influenced by the haveli's values and is a changed person even as she sows the seeds for future change.

While the changes in Geeta's personality are interesting to observe, the writer betrays an oversimplistic world view by trying to portray all her characters in a sympathetic light. She tries to show that the rich are not always a privileged class since they enjoy no freedom and look longingly to the laughing, colourful people of the bazaars. Nor are the poor, in her book, exploited, since their masters and mistresses are kind-hearted and pay for their children's marriages and even settle their debts. It is a world where members of the household freely intermingle with servants, so much that their lives are intertwined; yet there are apparently no conflicts despite the complexities of the relationships.

The writer seems to deliberately avoid touchy areas. We never come face to face with the rebel Lakshmi after she leaves the haveli when she is insulted by her husband. We never meet anyone from Geeta's parental family who could view the haveli's lifestyle as an outsider. We see very little of the interaction between the men and women's sections of the haveli and even less of the intriguing relationships between the men and women. Even the end is on a note of unresolved conflict as an eligible marriage proposal is received for Geeta's thir-

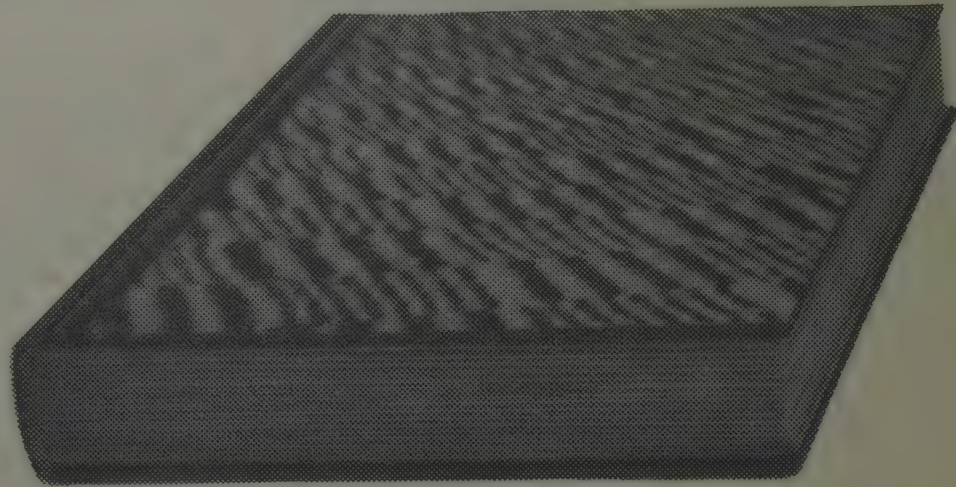
teen-year-old daughter, a proposal considered a compliment to the family but one Geeta objects to on the ground that her daughter is much too young for an engagement.

Rama Mehta is a thorough researcher and a painstaking writer. However, her desire to play safe and present the conflict-free appearance of an oppressive life style can hardly be taken as a face of reality. Changes in life style come, not superimposed by a kind benefactor but through rebels like Lakshmi who refuse to be belittled in the name of convention or fear of social repercussions. But rebellion doesn't even put in an appearance in the 200-odd pages of the book, though it's the one quality one hopes to find in a haveli of the 1970's.

MAGIC CARPET TALES published by Air India; Price not known.

"Magic Carpet Tales" is a collection of children's stories from different parts of the world published by Air India's Public Relations department to commemorate the International Year of the Child. Considering the vast resources available to the airline and the potential for cultural exchange in such a project, the book is but a poor example of what can happen when bureaucrats turn to publishing. Peoples of the world, from countries as diverse as Indonesia, Germany, Iran, U.K. U.S.A., Hong Kong, Kenya and Singapore emerge as stereotypes who could be transplanted anywhere with no effort or impact. The only bit of imagination is found in the illustrations by R. K. Laxman.

Meher Pestonji



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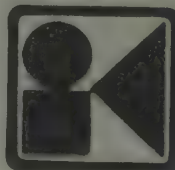
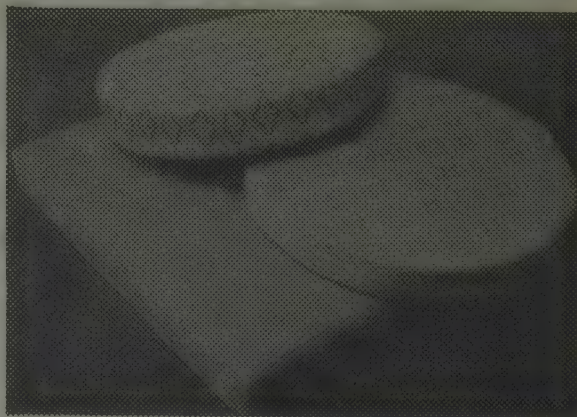
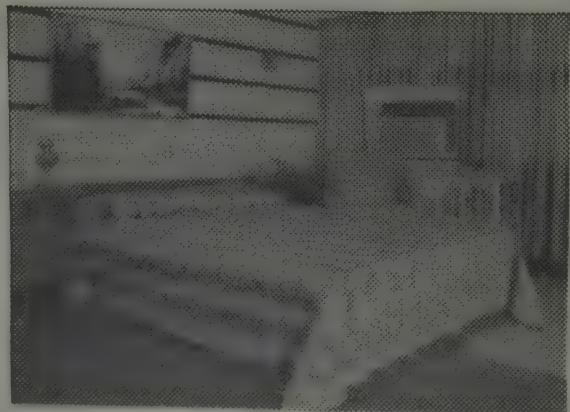
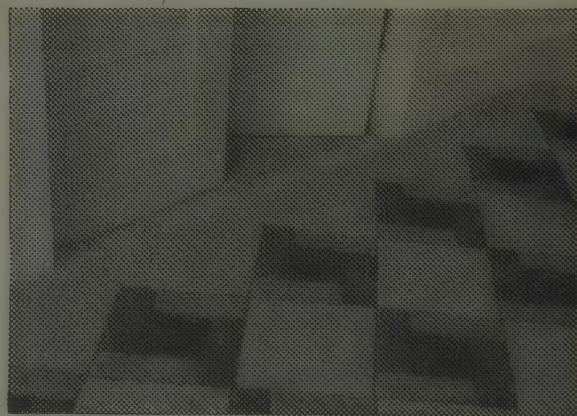
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TV: friend or foe?

Nargis Abraham

"Anjali?"

No answer.

"Anjali!"

No answer.

"AN - JAA - LEE!"

No answer —except a babble of voices from the TV set.

There she sits. Four years old. Glued to her seat. In full view of her almost-hysterical mother; but in full view, also, of the "idiot box", with eyes only for the moving images. It is seven o'clock. Time for dinner. But time, also, for the TV programme to start.

The advent of television in our country has not been without apprehension, based on the experience of the West. The advent of a TV set into my house was with protests on my part and conviction of a bargain deal on my husband's.

One can immediately understand the change in living conditions that came about in the West with the invention of the T.V. Come seven o'clock, and children are ranged in front of the set. They even count the seconds to the time. Unfortunately, it is also their dinner time, followed by bed time. And so ensues a tussle every evening.

Even if you suggest an outing, the first question of the children is, will we be back in time for TV? If you ask them to sleep in the afternoon, the bargain made is, then we should be allowed to watch "full TV." (i.e. the whole evening programme). If this is the case with black and white programmes not particularly geared to children, what will happen when there are interesting programmes in colour to watch?

And living up to the ideal of community TV sets, the TV movies draws the community into the drawing room, which includes mostly the inhabitants of the neighbouring basti. Now, in true altruistic "sharing with the havenots" tradition, they are most welcome. But what if, as is the case for us middle-class folks, the flat is small, and any sound

reverberates through the whole house?

The movie, in true Indian movie style, goes on till 9.30 or 10 p.m. Till then, suspend all other activity, clench your teeth and bear it. Or, go out and leave the others the hospitality of your home. Or — sell the TV set.

It has already been affirmed through studies that the social

Where the West has to contend with violence and sex on TV, we have instead, mediocrity, boredom and irrelevancy of the programmes. It is unfair though to chastise the quality of the programmes — we have only just begun. As such, the Delhi, Bombay, Madras and Calcutta programmes have earned themselves praise. Bombay's "Magic Lamp" for children has won international acclaim.

to its teaching in their school so that they may be better able to follow the TV programmes.

Another great advantage that TV offers to parents is that of a substitute babysitter. American mothers were quick to make use of this; they can dump even the year-old baby in front of the set and go about the housework, fairly sure that the child will sit transfixed to the spot. Indian mothers will find this true of our children also.

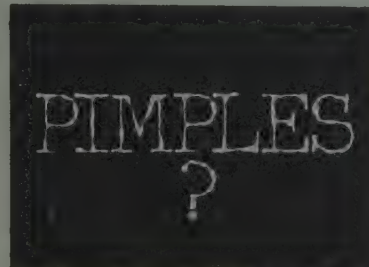
A good ruse to get the children indoors from the garden or the street is to tell them that the TV programme is about to start. This also works if they are disturbing you, or even other people. Similarly, the privilege of TV watching could be used as a bribe to get homework or other chores accomplished. As a mother of two and friend of other mothers, I can assure you that it works.

Even when you have to go out on an odd evening and have to leave the children behind (with somebody to watch over them, of course), there is no fear of a crying session or a tantrum to be taken along, if they are busy watching TV.

The agricultural programmes, which are generally decried by the urban viewers as irrelevant, at least give us a glimpse of what a village looks like. Authenticity in this has by and large, been maintained so far by the TV producers. So children will be a little better informed as to what happens in the rural areas than their urbanised parents.

TV viewing offers a certain amount of freedom of movement to children that is not possible in the cinema house. If they happen to get bored at some point they can go away, and return at any time they choose. This mobility helps them to absorb only those programmes which really interest them unlike the movies, even a children's film, where they have perforce to watch all the ad shots, trailers, and slides.

The point, then, is that TV could be both a friend and a foe to the mother. Indiscriminate viewing by children could lead to neglected homework, lack of adequate play-exercise, upset routines. But, if viewing is controlled by parents, then the right kind of programmes could widen the children's knowledge, and keep them occupied at certain times when the mother has chores to attend to. The ball, as always, is back in the mother's court.



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life patterns in cities with TV stations has changed significantly. People with TV sets stay more often at home during weekend evenings than before.

We are going through the stage which the USA and other Western countries went through during the early '50s. TV invaded the home, and the art of interpersonal communication received a death knell. Even meals were eaten watching TV. Though families in the USA claim that they carefully screen what the children watch, studies show that the average viewing time per day for children is 3.6 hours. If you take off the time at school and (presumably) an early bed time, how much time does that leave for the family? Or even for extra curricular activities?

There is, therefore, a brighter side. The many programmes on classical and semi-classical dance and music will unconsciously instil in children's minds an affinity towards our cultural heritage. My little girl, for instance, tries to pick up a few dance steps just by watching the performers on TV!

Or, take the question of fluency in the regional language. Since the programmes are in the language of the area, urban children with a tendency to converse only in their mother tongue or sometimes only in English, could very well benefit from listening to a programme which is also visually before them. Or conversely, the local language programmes could be an incentive for the children to pay more attention

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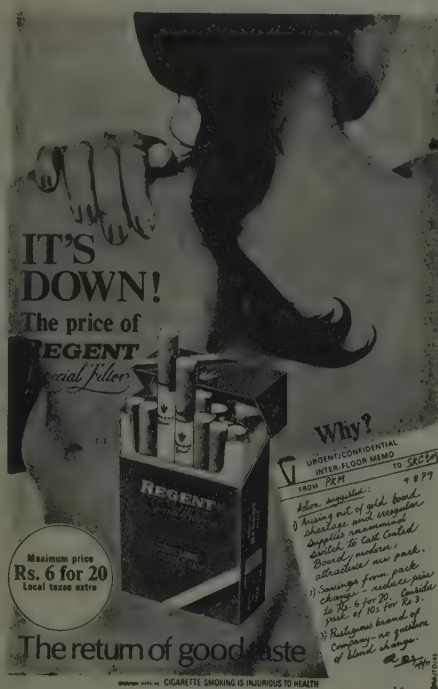
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

The nation paid homage to Sarojini Naidu on her 101st birthday this year. Which is a pompous way to record the anniversary of India's nightingale who was known for her irreverent sense of humour. She was the darling of Nehru, Gandhiji, Tagore and Rajaji, and she had fun at their expense. For instance, she not only called Gandhiji "Mickey mouse" but also coined the memorable epigram while referring to Gandhi's habit of staying in Harijan bustis while he was surrounded by Congress workers in disguise to keep him from being harmed: "If only Bapu knew how much it costs the nation to keep him poor!"

Another time, when Pandit Nehru was surrounded as usual by a bevy of female fans at a party, Sarojini shouted from the other end of the room: "Jawahar, remove your cap and disillusion the girls!" Once, Rajaji showed her around the Raj Bhavan in Calcutta where he was staying. He took her on a conducted tour and when they reached the bedroom, pointed to the four-poster bed and said in tones of self-pity: "What can a frail old man like me who is also a widower, do with it?" Sarojini promptly retorted: "Come, come. I've helped you out of a great many difficulties, but you'll have to cope with your present problem yourself."

"It's coming down," purred the first ad, showing the back of a woman, in the process of having her dress unzipped. Next day, the ad 'Oooh la laed,' the zip coming down further. The third ad showed the coy curve of the woman's breast, the dress down to her waist, with "Mama mia! It's almost down!" If readers had been mildly titillated, they were in for a sense of disappointment on the fourth day. "It's down! The price of Regent Special Filter," hollered the ad. What added insult to injury in this cigarette ad prepared by R. K. Swamy of Calcutta was the sketch of a lecherous looking man unzipping the girl, who was totally nude in the last ad.

The campaign thankfully brought a spate of angry letters from many women in the columns of the "Times of India" and the "Indian Express", with ample support from sympathetic men who demanded an end to the



"sexploitation" of a woman's body.

But the final blow came from Zachary, the high priest of marketing and advertising in his weekly column in the "Economic Times" where he not only condemned the Regent ad campaign as irrelevant marketing strategy but also called the ads more a strip-tease than a teaser.

First, the water baby started as an almost-girlfriend of Chintu Kapoor. Then Papa Raj Kapoor tried in vain to interest ace swimmer Nafisa Ali in a film career. But his failure was Shyam Benegal's gain, who cast her in "Junoon". This time, the Miss India winner of Eve's Weekly was predictably linked with actors, notably up and coming star Mazar Khan. But film producers were more worried about finding out



whether Nafisa was interested in the filmi duniya at all. What added fuel to the fire was Bombay's gossip circuit, which insisted that Nafisa had married the son of the Bohra religious chief, and taken to purdah.

Fans of the fun loving Nafisa refused to believe this, and they were proved right. Despite parental opposition, Nafisa upped and married India's polo ace, Major R.S. "Pickles" Sodhi, a clean shaven Sikh, 14 years her senior. Nafisa, the product of a Muslim father and an Anglo-Indian mother, went through a civil marriage and then participated in a lavish Sikh ceremony to become Mrs. Sodhi.

Diehard cricket lovers objected to Packer turning cricketers professional, making them wear pale pink suits instead of the usual lily white attire and organising cricket at night with flood lights. But ace cricketer Tony Greig has gone one step further. Standing in the altogether, he has been busy displaying the cricket gear of St. Peter. Wearing nothing else but batting gloves, pads, thigh protectors, supporters and cricket bat, Greig endorses: "When I face the pacemen... it's good to know St. Peter is protecting me." Poor Sunil Gavaskar must be chewing his nails in frustration. He has never managed to go beyond advertising razor blades. To Mark Spitz, Olympic swimming champ from the States, must go the credit of star-

ing this macho fashion. After all, it was he who converted ordinary jocks into every man's virile fantasy by posing in them...and in them alone.



UNKNOWN

Ismail has beaten the ruthlessly professional Rajneeshites at their own game. At the ashram in Pune, the devotees of Rajneesh manufacture everything from hair pins to orange hued clothes at fancy prices. But Ismail has an "open air" boutique in Pune. Every morning at 10, he hangs out rows and rows of kaftans, pantaloons and skirts in vivid colours of orange, majenta, rose and yellow from a banyan tree. His clients are obviously the foreigners who throng the ashram. And how does he account for his brisk sales? By obviously undercutting the rates at the ashram boutique!

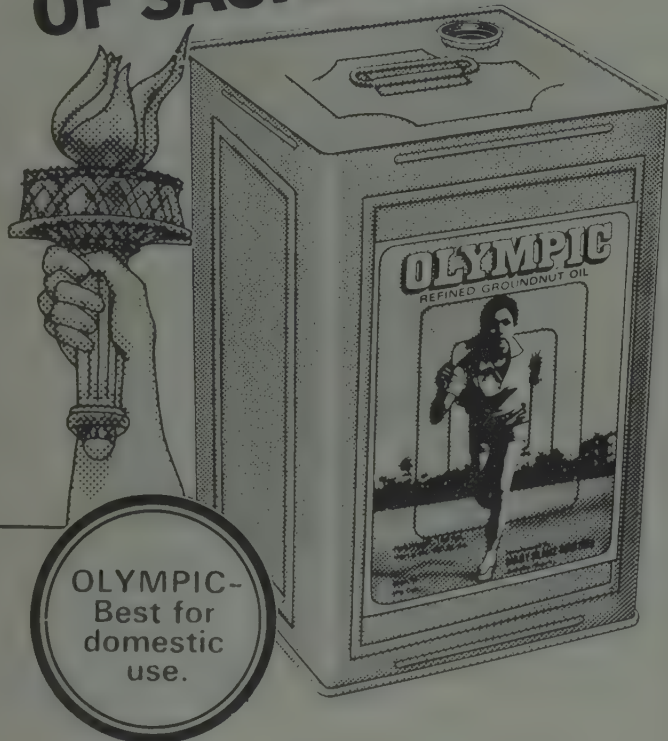
Lakshmi Narayan

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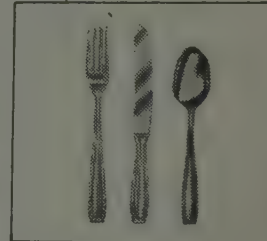
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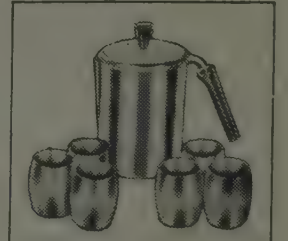
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GALA
of London



We have discussed so far pot filling as well as preparation of plots for kitchen gardening. The next step is sowing the seeds. Before putting up a kitchen garden one should decide what vegetables are to be grown, and should procure seeds well in advance. It is always advisable to obtain fresh viable seeds of a known variety from a reliable seed dealer.

One should know the names given to the various types of the same vegetables. For example, bottle gourd may be round or thin and long. Brinjals come in many varieties. "Pusa kranti" is a profuse yielder with oval shaped 10 to 15 cm. long fruit. "Surti gota" yields round fruit, "black beauty" is long and slender, and "Surti ravaias" has bunchy small fruit.

Nowadays hybrid seeds are very popular with growers. These are produced by crossing two compatible parent varieties. Plants grown from these hybrid seeds are high yielders. However, seeds produced by the plant grown from such hybrid seeds tend to break up when subsequently grown in later generations. Hence one should not use seeds produced by a hybrid seed plant. Instead, fresh hybrid seeds should be bought each time.

If you get defective seeds which may not germinate at all or give poor germination, you may miss the season or waste a number of days in planting again. After sowing, one normally waits for 10-12 days for seedlings to come up. If the seedlings do not come up by that time, because of defective seeds, you have to start all over again and may either miss the season or a number of days in planting again.

Hence it is always advisable to carry out a seed germination test well in advance.

SEED GERMINATION TEST

Take a petri dish with a cover. Spread a thin layer of absorbent cotton. Over this place a filter paper or blotting paper. Moisten the paper and put a known number of seeds, say ten or twenty, well spread out. Cover this with the filter paper or blotting paper, put the date on the paper. Put a few drops of water so that the paper and the cotton get well soaked with water. Cover

the dish with the lid. Keep the paper and the cotton moist by adding a few drops of water two or three times a day. Within a week's time you will see the seeds sprouting. Note the number of seeds germinated and calculate the percentage of germination. Normally one expects 80

particular vegetable. Seeds are sown in the furrows 5 to 7 cms apart, and the furrows are covered. After germination, if the plants are too close to each other, thinning is necessary, i.e. uprooting some seedlings so as to allow an optimum distance of 5 to 15 cms between two plants.

fine nozzle rose can. While watering, seeds should not get washed off or come together on one side. Put sufficient water to wet the soil, and in case of ground plots, see that the soil gets wet at least up to a depth of 10 to 15 cm. During watering, if the seeds get exposed, sprinkle some soil to cover them. Keep the pot or the plot just moist by watering two to three times a day till the seeds germinate, and in case of transplanted seedlings till the seedlings get established. Subsequently reduce the frequency of watering; once or twice a day will be sufficient depending upon the season and the climate. In ground plots, watering may be required once in three to six days depending on the crop and the weather. During the earlier stages of growth, protect the seedlings from wind, sun and heavy rain if possible.

RAISING SEEDLINGS FOR TRANSPLANTING

Some vegetables like brinjal, chilli, tomato, etc. need transplanting, i.e. when the seedlings have grown for four to five weeks or have sprouted four to six leaves, they should be transplanted in a pot or in plots at recommended distances. For transplanting the seedlings, dig them out with the help of a trowel without damaging the roots. Put one or two seedlings per hill. First make a hole in the soil (with a dibbler or a wooden peg) deep and wide enough to take the root system of the seedling. Put the seedling in the soil with the roots going in straight and about 1 to 2 cms of the stem going into the soil. Fill up the hole with soil and press gently all around the seedling so that the roots are set firmly.

Baskets or shallow earthen pans for raising seedlings: Shallow earthen pans are filled the same way as pots. Filling the basket or the pot is done with fine sieved soil mixture and levelled. Seeds are sprinkled on the levelled soil and then covered, taking the usual precautions. Watering is done with care as explained earlier. Normally seeds will start germinating in four to ten days depending on the seed and the weather. Seedlings will be ready for transplanting within four to six weeks.

B. M. Desai

SOWING THE SEEDS



to 90 per cent germination. It is not advisable to use seeds which show less than 50 per cent germination.

Before seeds are sown, it is always better to treat the seeds with some seed dresser like Agrason G. N. Powder. Take a pinch of the powder, put it in the seed packet, shake well so that the seeds get a thin coating of the powder. This will protect the seeds and seedlings from disease infections.

DIBBLING

Two to three seeds are put in the soil at definite recommended distances called hills. Seeds are kept 1-2 cms apart in a hill and at a depth, double their thickness. The seeds are then covered with soil and pressed a little.

ROW SOWING

Sowing in a continuous line is recommended for vegetables like okra, beans, chawly, etc. Furrows 2 to 5 cms deep are made through the plot length. The distance between two furrows is kept as recommended for a par-

This thinning operation is normally done 10 to 15 days after germination. While thinning, care should be taken not to disturb other seedlings.

BROADCASTING

Sprinkling seeds over the soil is called broadcasting. Seeds of leafy vegetables and root crops like radish and carrots are sown this way. The plot has to be nicely levelled for seed broadcasting. Sprinkle seeds from one side of the plot to the other. Some vegetable seeds are very tiny. In such a case mix them with a handful of sieved fine soil to facilitate easy handling and sprinkling.

For sowing in pots, one could adopt one of the methods shown above. In a moderate 20-25 cms size pot, one can do two to three hill sowings in a triangular fashion. Do not sow seeds too close to the sides of the pot. When plants come up, keep two or three per pot.

WATERING

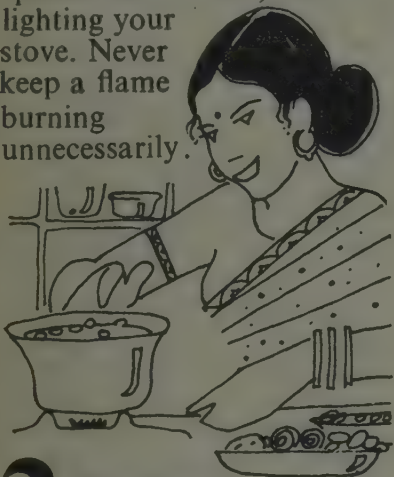
Watering should be done lightly and slowly, preferably with a

You too can save up to 40% cooking fuel by following these simple tips!

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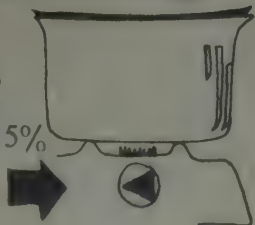
1 First, get organised ...

Cooking is so much more economical if you've got all things chopped and ready, spices within reach, before lighting your stove. Never keep a flame burning unnecessarily.



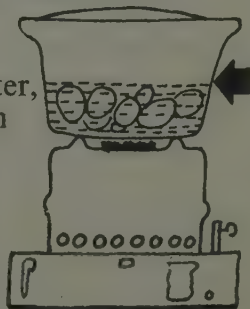
2 Reduce the flame once boiling starts, and place a lid on the vessel always.

Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep it boiling, so promptly turn down your flame—this saves you 35% fuel! And, place a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside—food cooks faster, and consumes 15% less fuel.



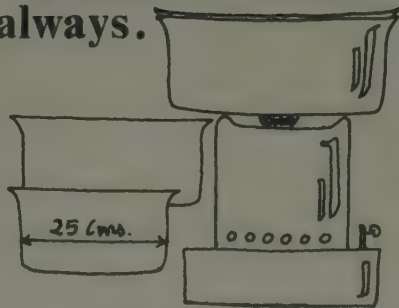
3 Keep water quantity to the minimum.

Surplus water, especially in rice and vegetables, consumes extra fuel. So reduce water to the minimum—food is tastier and more nutritious too! Experiments also show that soaking dal overnight before cooking saves 35% cooking fuel.



4 Use wide, shallow vessels always.

A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking as it covers the flame completely—narrow vessels waste fuel (especially if flames lick the sides). Since a vessel first absorbs heat before its contents get cooked, avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.



5 Avoid re-heating food frequently.

Plan mealtimes when the family can eat together. This way you avoid re-heating food which wastes both fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.



6 Big savings with the pressure cooker!

A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking. But did you know? You can turn down the flame or even switch off the stove, while food will continue to cook inside with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel! Another great advantage: you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables all at the same time—think of the fuel saved!

7 Make more use of the smaller burner.

The big burner takes less time to cook food, but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the small burner saves fuel every time.

8 A clean burner helps too.

Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing? Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.



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WOMEN

SCORE IN FOOTBALL



The Asian Cup

Text and Pix by
M. P. Suresh

Women play football!

About five or six years ago quite a number of people might have found this piece of information hard to digest. But now it is a reality — as real as daylight. Football, as a male monopoly, is now a thing of the past. There is virtually no game in the world which women cannot play, not even football.

When India took to women's football in the seventies many eyebrows were raised. Even now many male chauvinists hold the view that women's football in India is a passing phase, but those who saw our women players in action at the recently concluded Asian Women's Football Tournament at Calicut would say that they are even a cut above their male counterparts in skill, stamina, technique and artistry. Thanks to J. Kittu, the Chief NIS Football Coach who trained a team of such a high calibre, within three weeks.

It was in the year 1968 that the idea of forming the Asian Ladies' Football Confederation to promote women's soccer in Asian countries was mooted. Following this came the first inaugural general meeting of the Asian Ladies'

Football Confederation, but it was only in 1974 on the initiative of Mr. Charles Pereira of Singapore that women's soccer in Asia actually got off the ground. Meanwhile, the second annual General Meeting of the Asian Ladies' Football Confederation held in November 1974 at Hong Kong with representatives from Australia, Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, Taiwan and Hong Kong,

agreed to bring New Zealand also within its fold and decided to hold the first Asian Cup Tournament for women at Hong Kong.

In August 1975, the first Asian Cup Tournament for women was hosted by Hong Kong. Teams from Australia, Malaysia, New Zealand, Singapore, Thailand and Hong Kong, the host country, competed and New Zealand emerged the winners with Thailand as runners-up.

The Second Asian cup tournament, held in August 1977 was hosted by Taiwan with teams from Hong Kong, Japan, Indonesia, Singapore, Thailand and Taiwan participating. Taiwan were the winners, and Thailand the runners-up. Taiwan went on to

organise the first women's World Team Invitation Football Tournament the next year with teams from Australia, Austria, Britain, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Hawaii, Thailand, Sweden, Switzerland, USA and host country Taiwan. In the finals, Finland and France shared the honours, and Taiwan secured the third position. Later in 1978, it was unanimously approved by the Executive Council of the Asian Ladies Football Confederation that the Asian and the Oceania Grouping from Australia, Canada, Fiji, Hawaii, Papua, New Guinea and Tahiti were to be amalgamated into one body and named Asian-Oceania Ladies' Football Confederation.

The third Asian Cup Women's Football Tournament at Calicut produced some interesting soccer. Four teams from abroad and two from India (Blues and Greens), the host country took part in the competition. Taiwan, the winners of the last championship was the most enterprising team of the tournament in that in the six matches played they scored 17 goals for and none against with the final to spare. The India Blues were also not far behind. They scored eight goals with one against. While Taiwan entered the finals without losing a single match, the India Blues had two matches drawn, one against Taiwan and the other against Malaysia. At the end of the six-team league, the semi-final berths were shared by Taiwan (Mulan Taipei), India Blues, Western Australia and Hong Kong. While India brushed aside Hong Kong for 3-1, Taiwan defeated Western Australia 5-0 in the semi-finals.

Taiwan, who were undoubtedly superior in every department of the game, overwhelmed a fighting India Blues 2-0 in the finals. Though India had earlier held Taiwan to a goal-less draw in the league fixture, the finals showed the skill and technique of the Taiwan team which held at bay the determined challenge of the India Blues. India's star goalkeeper Roma Das too proved her mettle. Otherwise the margin would have been wider. Judy De Silva, the captain, and the stopper of the India Blues stood like a wall against the penetrating Taiwan forwards. With her well-built physique and stamina she was able to thwart many attempts of her opponents. Shanti Mullick, Shukla



Judy De Silva



RIGHT: The opening ceremony of the III Asian Cup Women's Football Tournament at Calicut.

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WOMEN SCORE IN FOOTBALL

Dutta and Uma Kittu were the other forwards who tried their best to reduce the margin. These three forwards, who were instrumental for India's earlier wins were often baulked by the Taiwan defenders at the penalty area. Though defeated, the Indian girls displayed nimbleness of foot and dash. The principal goal-getter for India Blues in the Tournament was Shukla Dutta (3) and for Taiwan, Chou Tai Ying (5).

The tournament saw a few beautiful long range goals, one a 25-yard drive by India Blues' Shukla Dutta and another by left-back Sushama Das, a hefty shot from 40 yards. Both the goals were scored against Hong Kong in the semi-finals. The other 30 yards long range beauty came

RIGHT: India's ace footballer, Uma, with her father, Mr. J. Kittu, former Olympian and present chief NIS football coach in Bangalore.

Norma Abdul Aziz, Normala Rashid and Hazinah Abu Hanifah showed glimpses of skill and talent. Centre-half Yeung Wai Juen and striker Young Fung Ling played a good game for Hong Kong.

India, making the debut as host country in the tournament, performed extremely well. Though the team had coaching only for three weeks, its understanding, skill and technique were worth watching. The Indian team mostly comprised university and school girls.

Olympian J. Kittu, the chief NIS Football coach at Bangalore

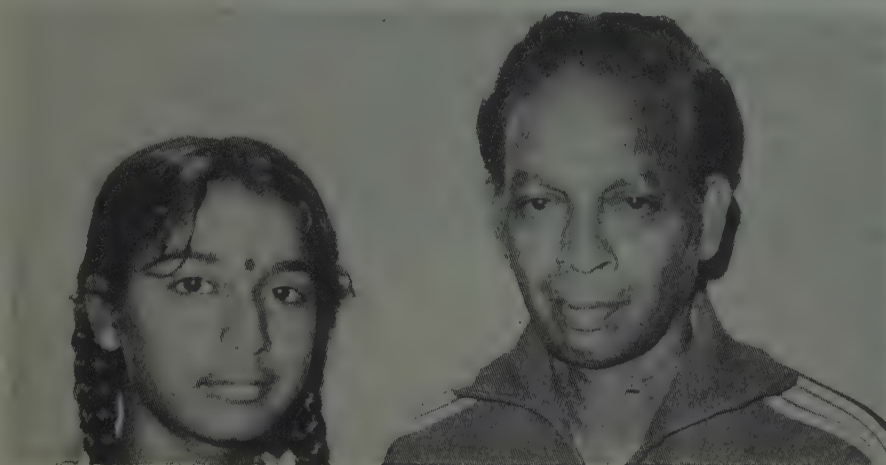
local clubs, the Department of Sports coming under the Ministry of Education takes the initiative in raising the standard of sports in the country. They offer certain incentives, one being that students who bring prestige to the country in sports and games will be given admission to the University without taking the entrance examination."

We have no such concession and so students concentrate only on their studies. The Taiwan teams which competed here had seven such students.

The ten-day football gala was

well organised. The infant Kerala Women's Football Association did a great job in making the tournament the success it was. The convener of the Tournament Committee, Miss K. P. Sarada, a retired teacher, also deserves kudos for her sustained efforts in staging the event successfully. Mrs. Ramani Menon, the chairman of the Souvenir Committee, brought out an attractive souvenir although it was too costly for the average sports lover to buy one.

Women's football has come of age today and the standard in India has improved a lot. We should have many more such tournaments in the future with foreign teams participating and efforts should also be made to send our teams abroad in order to gain international experience. Universities and colleges should include in their sports calendar women's football as a major event. India will attain international glory in women's football if we take the initiative at the grass roots level immediately. The time is not far off when our women footballers can secure top honours in the international field in the near future.



The Taiwan women's football team, the winners, seen at the tournament held in Calicut.

from Taiwan's right-half back, Ho Su Ching, against Indian Greens in the league encounter. The Indian Greens, though a second string team, have some promising players. Vanilal Chowi is the most exciting player in the Greens.

The four players in the Taiwan team who won the admiration of the capacity crowd were left-half back Chou Tai Ying, right back, Chao Feng-Ming, centre-forward Chung Haiu-Li and right-half-back Ho Su-Ching. They dazzled the crowd with speed, footwork and guile. The only hat-trick of the tournament came from the boots of centre-forward Judy Pettit of W. Australia against the India Greens. For the Malaysians,

and the coach of the Indian team, is happy with the image the Indian woman team has acquired within its short period of existence. He is optimistic that the Indian women will maintain their high standard in the coming years provided careerist officials do not infect this area of the game also.

No doubt experience and well-planned coaching contributed to the success of the Taiwan team. The particular team which took part in the tournament had toured and played a number of matches in East Asia, North Europe and Honolulu. Talking about their team's performance, manager Fang Hsiang-Chiu said: "Apart from the encouragement given by

SENSATIONS OF THE TOURNAMENT

There was one player in the Indian team who was the cynosure of all eyes — right-extreme **Uma**, the 14-year-old baby of the team, and daughter of one time soccer player and now coach of the Indian team, Mr. Kittu. Uma was mainly responsible for most of the goals scored by her side and she has always displayed excellent soccer skill. Her accurate defence splitting passes are a sheer beauty. No other player in the Indian team won so much applause as Uma did.

At the age of ten, she represented Karnataka State for the Nationals at Sultanpur (1976). Thereafter she has remained a regular player of the team. She was selected best player at the South Zone Championship in Madras, and at the Inter-zonal at Manipur, she was largely responsible for the South's victory. She hit nine goals. Again in the 1979 Federation Cup Tournament at Coimbatore, Uma walked away with the best player award.

She is now studying in the seventh standard at Cather-

dral High School, Bangalore. Her ambition is to play for the World Cup Women's Football if ever such a championship is organised. She is definitely the most exciting and pleasing woman footballer of the country.

JUDY DE SILVA: The Captain

The star performer for Indian defence who time and again stopped the forwards of the opposing team was Judy De Silva, the 23-year-old Indian Captain and right-stopper from West Bengal. She foiled most of the attempts of the rival forwards and simultaneously fed her forwards intelligently. Judy, who started playing football at the age of 19, had led her State four times, the East Zone at the Inter-Zonal and the Indian team three times. She was the captain of the Indian team against the visiting Swedish and British teams. She also toured Singapore. Robust and fair, Judy also excels in cricket, hockey and basketball and represented her State in these games as well, though she now concentrates on football.

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"HEGMAN"

1. Which Italian interviewer and journalist published "Interview with History"?
2. Name the modern Indian dancer who has danced with Pink Floyd and has several new dances to his credit.
3. On what river does Quebec stand?
4. Filmotsav 80 at Bangalore was inaugurated by a notable personality of the Indian Cinema. Who?
5. Who or what is a Mancunian?
6. After the Cultural Revolution, an eminent opponent of Mao was disgraced and has now been rehabilitated by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist party. Who?
7. In which country was the 1976 Winter Olympics held?
8. Edmund Halley of Halley's comet fame helped publish a notable science epic by another scientist. Name the scientist and the book.
9. Where was the National Hockey Championship held recently?
10. Name the only painter who had his work displayed in the Grand Gallery of the Louvre while he was alive. (he's been dead seven years now).
11. A symphonic poem by Richard Strauss was used in part for the thematic music in "2001: A Space Odyssey". Name it.
12. "Shadow of the Moon" is a book by M. M. Kaye. What other best seller has Miss Kaye written, based on India?

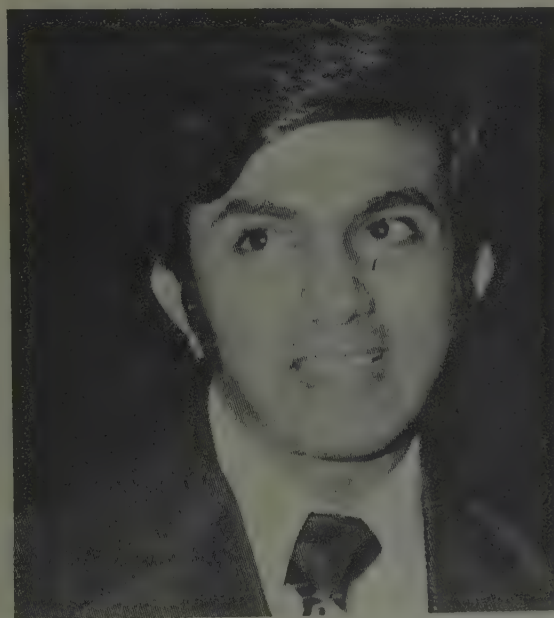
This is the tenth Quiz contest with a prize of Rs. 200 for the reader who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided between them. The deadline for the answers is April 11, 1980. Every entry must be accompanied by a cutting of this column.

GOA: where stars cause no ripple

I found it! I ripped through India and at last found a place that prefers palms, sea, feni and chicken vindaloo (no fish, it is all sent off to Bombay) to film stars. I am talking of Goa, Advertised as the tourists' delight, a nook for romance and peace, I thought the place would be dripping with tourists wearing wooden beads followed by beggars, and film stars tanning in the sun, watched by star crazy locals. Recently so many units had been rushing to Goa. Fort Aguada of the Taj chain of hotels is the most picturesque little town in Goa. An ideal place for affairs on the rocks, holy or unholy, the hotel has the most tight lipped staff I have ever come across. The right kind for the privacy of a holiday resort.

Phir bhi, the quiet manicurist spilled out that Raj Kapoor with son Dabboo had been in the hotel for a couple of days for peace and relaxation immediately after Chintu's wedding. Chef Almeida told me about the jumbo prawns that R. K. Nayyar relished. So I put Do Aur Do and made it char. Raj and Dabboo must have flown to Goa to get the final say from Bunty alias Kumar Gaurav before they broke off the engagement.

"Amitabh Bachchan was shocked to find that people in the little taverns refused to look up from the mountain of hot boiled rice and shakuti at him when he entered," said Captain Shirvadkar to me. Yatin and Samir, teenage sons of Shashikala Kakodkar, ex-chief Minister of Goa, talked of cricket and shikar. Yatin said he had met Amjad and Asrani, who he thought were rather nice. Then he talked of the tiger bite (like I would talk of a mosquito bite) he had had a few years ago.



Shashikala, though chirpy, did not discuss widowed sister-in-law Leena. But every commoner I met raved about the late Sidharth and referred to Leena as avdasa (bad omen).

"She can't help it if her husband had a short life," I pointed out.

"No," said a local, "but for ten days in the hospital she dressed up somberly, covered her head in case he died and the photographers rushed in. For 13 days we Hindus do not eat meat. When Leena and her family left for Bombay and their room was cleaned what was found was tandoori chicken bones and ice-cream cups. They said it was for the poodle."

"Anyway, she is almost married to Kishore Kumar," I told them.

"Is he a rich minister's son?" asked the native.

Talking of avdasa and luck, they say Dimple brought about Rajesh's fall and now Neetu, apart from bringing down the fan mail (after marriage any star shows a drop) is considered unlucky by Rajendra's daughter Dimple and sister-in-law Reena. The engagement of Dimple Rajendra, held the same day as Chintu-Neetu's, broke up and when she entered Chintu's house as a bride, Reema's engagement broke up.

Not that I believe in this, but Chintu is the limit. He has cut short his honeymoon to come back and moan over Reema's broken engagement.

PASSING THROUGH

The excitement of the second Jazz Yatra is over and jazz fans will have to find something else to do with their evenings, and the papers will have to find something else to talk about. That this specialised form of Western music has such an enthusiastic following in Bombay, came as something of a surprise to Polish singer Eva Bem who participated in the Jazz Yatra and who is considered to be one of the finest singers in Poland today. In India for the very first time, Eva said she was pleased with the response of the audience. "They were a very good audience, they seemed to be really concentrating on the music."

In Poland, Eva sings with a group, doing rather more commercial kind of singing, though her real interest, she says, is in jazz.

Born in Warsaw in 1951, Eva comes from a musical family. Her father was a pianist and owns a shop that sells musical instruments. One of her two brothers is also a musician — he plays the drums and also composes music.

EVA BEM

JAZZING IT UP



"My first performance was in 1969, to a big student club in Warsaw. I sang with a gospel group on that occasion, and it wasn't till 1975 that I started singing solo," Eva recalls. She plays the piano "a little," but doesn't compose or write music. She has performed in many European countries and at Jazz festivals, though she has never been to America, the home of jazz.

Was it more difficult for a woman to "make it big" in the jazz world?

"Undoubtedly," she replied, "particularly if you are an instrumentalist. And of course it is

particularly difficult for a woman with a family because it involves moving around so much."

Eva however, seems to be a thoroughgoing professional, and though she is married and has a one-and-a-half year old daughter, she has continued with her career. Her husband is a guitarist and when they are both away from home, her mother or a girl friend of Eva's look after her daughter. "It is a difficult career, but I have dedicated myself to it, so this is the way it has to be."

Was there such a thing as a jazz revival?

"In the Western world, jazz has always been popular — maybe here in India the existence of a band like Braz Gonsalves', which is really good, indicates a revival of interest in making jazz music among young people."

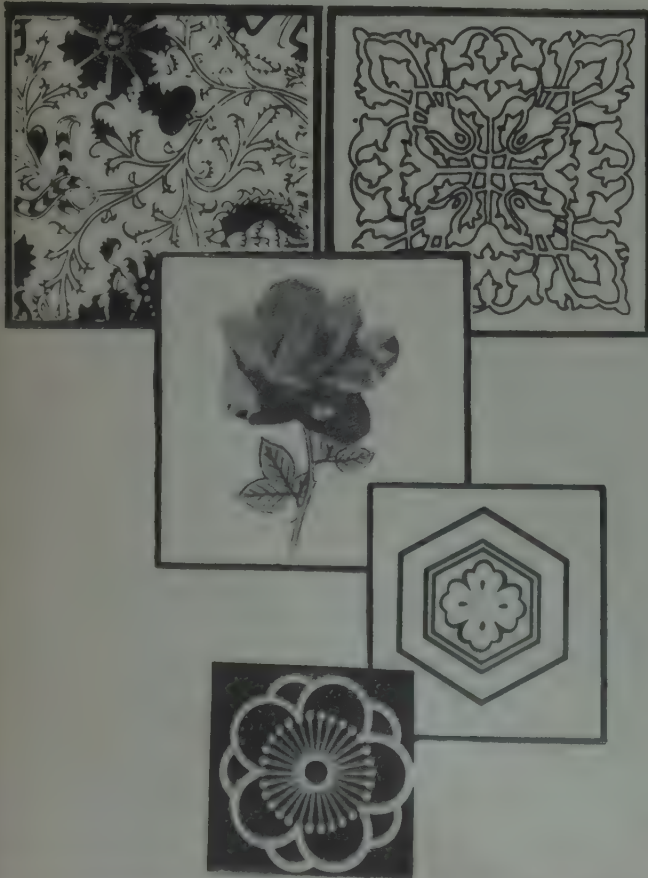
What did she think of these East-West "happenings" in Jazz — Indian classical music being incorporated into traditional jazz music?

Eva said she wasn't into that herself. "Jazz is essentially black American music. Singers from different countries tackle it differently. But there is the culture side of it, too. You can adapt instruments, but the question is, is the real feeling there?"

S. G.

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.



LEFT: Very new on the market are these waterproof, heatproof and washable Quick-Stick-Prints. Basically for decorating tiles, they could be used on other surfaces too — wood, glass, walls, etc. (Rs. 15 to Rs. 30 excluding taxes, for a packet of 12; in two sizes). Akbarally's V.N. Road, and other leading stores.

RIGHT: Displayed here is an attractive set of stainless steel kitchen knives by Everedge Enterprises, Bombay. They are specially treated to retain their sharpness for a long time even after constant use (Rs. 35 for a set of four). Akbarally's, V.N. Road, and other leading stores.



Introduced for the first time is the Rubina Roll-on Lip Gloss by Dimple Cosmetics, Bombay. It comes in several fruity flavours and 12 attractive shades (Rs. 12 each). At leading stores.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

Every social service organisation owes its effectiveness to a back bench worker who makes the smooth running of the organisation possible. Mrs. Padmini Sivasubramaniam is one of those people whose very life is social service.

Hailing from a traditionally well-to-do Brahmin family of Thanjavur, Padmini was full of progressive ideas even as a teenager. She did not believe in caste or creed or in any of the man-made artificial distinctions. She married out of her community in 1955 against heavy opposition and chose a person in whom she found the fruition of all her ideals and cherished ambitions. Actively aided by him she soon blossomed forth into an active and admirably efficient social worker.

In the 1950's she started a 'Women's Club' at Bhavanisagar in Coimbatore district. While it served the cause of women in general, the club was particularly helpful to the Harijans and backward people of the surrounding villages.

With the transfer of her husband to Madras, Padmini's activities also shifted. In 1967 she

**PADMINI
SIVASUBRAMANIAM:**

ACTIVE SOCIAL SERVICE WORKER

started a Ladies Club at Shenoy-nagar, Madras, with the object of serving the middle-class, lower-middle class and backward women of the area. She continues to be the Founder-President of this club whose real and constructive activities and achievements are only too well known.

In 1970, she started a Tamil magazine called 'Panbu' and was its editor and publisher. This magazine was to focus attention on the welfare of women and children, but it unfortunately discontinued when Padmini accompanied her husband to Zambia.

In Zambia she joined the Afri-

can social workers to instruct the local people in nutrition, hygiene etc. Her husband died suddenly while they were still in Africa and though she was asked to stay on and work with the



local African people, she decided to come back and work in India.

The untimely loss of her husband did not make her negative-minded and she has chosen to continue to serve the community. Since her return she has started 'The West Madras Welfare Association for Women' which helps women who are living in slums. She has founded the 'Shenoy Nagar Adult Education Council', and has started branches of the 'Ladies Club' at many villages and slums. She also writes on women and their social problems and takes an active part in women's programmes

over AIR.

In her own Shenoy-nagar Madar Sangam, she has collaborative project activities with the Madras Jaycees, running a day care centre for the children of the adopted slums, an adult literacy centre, a creche for the working women's children and provision of visual education to slum dwellers. She has started many Balwadis in different areas. She has done effective liaison work in obtaining old age pensions for a large number of deserving men and women of the area, and in admitting a number of orphans to the orphanages.

"I believe in social work, in the sincere spirit of contributing my little humble drop to a great ocean. I do this in a spirit of silent social service to satisfy my own conscience. I do not like glamour and publicity for I believe that such glamour and publicity will only take the social worker away from the common people, particularly the down-trodden. I want to identify myself with the cause of the poor, lower middle class and backward women who also reciprocate my identification in full measure. For me, it is an irrevocable vow to dedicate myself to serving the weaker sections of our society — particularly women and children," says Mrs. Sivasubramaniam.

Shanthi Gopalan

Sir Max Beerthom once wrote to a would-be dramatist. His letter said: "Dear Sir: I have seen your play. Oh, my dear sir. Yours sincerely."

"Willie," said little Susan, "I'm tired of playing the same old games. Let's play a new one."

"Okay," said Willie. "Let's play pregnancy."

"What's that?"

"Oh it's an easy game. I stand in front of the mirror and shave. You bend over the basin and vomit."

An old lady who could not see eye to eye with the taxi-driver on the question of fare finally remarked: "Don't you try to tell me anything, my good man, I haven't been riding in taxis for five years for nothing."

"No," replied the driver. "But I'll bet you've had a mighty good time trying."

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Guide: "This castle has stood for 600 years. Not a stone has been touched, nothing altered, nothing replaced."

Visitor: "Um, they must have the same landlord as we do."



"My poor fellow, where did you learn to use such terrible language?" a Bishop asked a coaster.

"You can't learn it, Your Reverence, it's a blooming gift."

Scotchmen laugh at jokes about themselves in the papers. Six of them laughed at some Scotch jokes over a fellow passenger's shoulder this morning.

"Do you know the only place where Scotsmen are seen giving their fiancées rings?"

"In Aberdeen."

"No. In telephone booths."

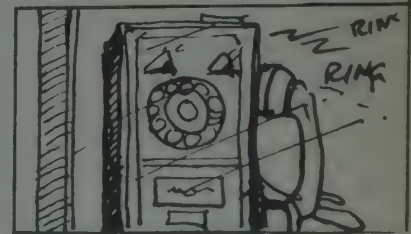
"How much whisky can a Scotsman drink?"

"Any given quantity."

The world's best salesman stood on a high bridge contemplating suicide because business was terrible. Along

came a policeman and tried to talk him out of it. They talked for fifteen minutes. Then they both jumped.

An Irish judge charged a jury: "A man who'd set fire to



a barn and burn up a stable full of horses and mules, ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."

American traveller (to hall porter of an Irish country hotel): "How many mails a day are there in this hotel?"

Hall Porter: "Three, sir Breakfast, lunch and dinner."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

BOMBAY

The President, National Association for the Blind, and the Members of the Finance Raising and Flag Day Committees held an award presentation ceremony for the winners of the All India Flag Day 1979 collections at the Cricket Club of India. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, presided and Saira Banu gave away the prizes.

"Kabari", the oldest house of fashion prints in Calcutta, is holding an exhibition at the Aakar Art Gallery, Bhulabhai Desai Road, on March 29 and 30, 1980. On display will be trend-setting designs in the latest colour-schemes on silk, chiffon and organdie sarees.

The Fund Raising Committee of the Industrial Home for Blind Women presented a programme, "Beautiful and Glamorous World of 1980," a Fashion Exotica by

Nargis and Sylla Spencer at Hotel Oberoi Towers. Colourful audio visual films, and Jungoo Seervai and his Rock Revolution were the other highlights of the evening. The show was sponsored by leading textile mills.

Umang Chaudhri and Purnima Chaudhri of "Punuprints", Jammu, recently held an exhibition of interesting block-printed items at the Aakar Art Gallery. On view were sarees, salwar-kameez sets, kaftans, table linen and bedspreads, all beautifully printed in lovely designs and unusual colour combinations.

The husband-wife team has revived the traditional Samba designs, typical of Jammu, which were extinct. They have held "Punuprints" exhibitions in the U.K. too.

The Time and Talents Club along with Jazz India are organising a rock show on March

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

26. The group called "The Police" comprising Stewart Copeland, Sting, and Andy Summers is currently one of the most popular groups in the West. The group is on a world tour, a film of which is being made for the B.B.C. The concert will most likely be at the Homi Bhabha Auditorium. The number of performances will depend on the group's itinerary. Tickets will be available at Victory Stall.

DELHI

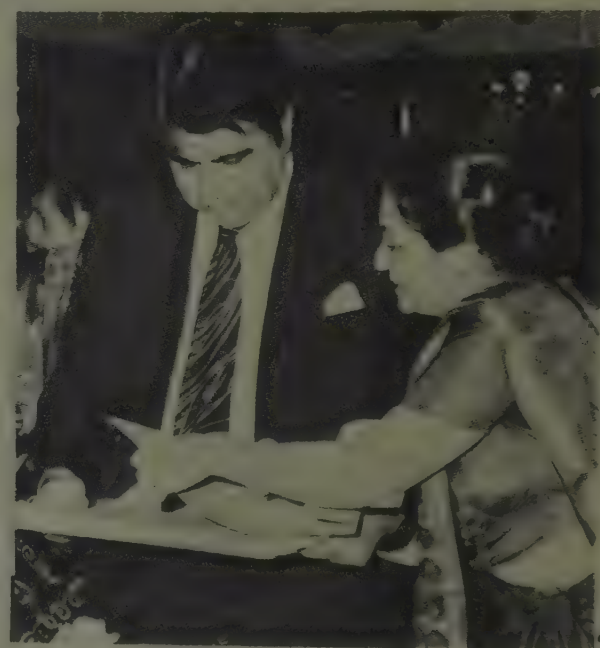
Hotel Maurya Sheraton hosted a spectacular evening for 63 members, of the Washington Press Clubs and the National Press Clubs who were in Delhi

recently. Folk dances and artisans from many provinces demonstrated their skill and displayed the handicrafts of their region.

The Shakti Movement and the role it has played in the musical life of the country will be highlighted in a week long festival of music and dance. The programme is being organised by the "Raag-Rang" a cultural organisation, in collaboration with Sahitya Natak Akademi and Sahitya Kala Parishad. Artistes from all parts of the country will be participating in the week long festival.



1



2



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1. Mrs. Ali Yavar Jung gave away the prizes to the winners of the inter-school competition of the State Junior Red Cross in Bombay. Also seen are (from left) Dr. J. N. Vazifdar, Dr. N. C. Puri, Mr. A. N. Mulla, and Mrs. Kalyaniwalla.

2. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, inaugurated the Padmini Car Raffle at the second benefit show of the Industrial Home for Blind Women held at Hotel Oberoi Towers in Bombay.

3. At the celebrations of the first anniversary of the Islamic Revolution of Iran held in Bombay are seen (from left) Vice-admiral V. E. C. Barboza, Mrs. F. Yusuf, Mrs. I. Naghibi, Mrs. S. Al-Kassar, Mrs. S. Arsad, and Mr. I. Naghibi, Consul-General, Islamic Republic of Iran.

4. Mr. J. K. Somani, Chairman, and Mrs. Manoramadevi Somani, Director, of Eve's Weekly Ltd. called on Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi recently in Delhi.

CALCUTTA

The "Gramin Bharat" exhibition was inaugurated by the Governor, Mr. T. N. Singh. Various cottage industries of India put up stalls and an attempt was made to familiarise the urban population with the numerous tools and implements used in agriculture. Dr. Sushil Mukherjee, Ex-Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University presided over the function.

The All Bengal Women's Union held the opening ceremony of their new building at Elliot Road, which was inaugurated by Mr. Jyoti Basu, the Chief Minister of West Bengal. Mr. Basu congratulated Mrs. Sinha, President of the Union, for the excellent work done by them to rehabilitate economically and morally deprived women. Mrs. Nirupama Chatterjee, Minister for Social Welfare, was the chief guest.

The St. John's Ambulance Association, West Bengal, presented a blood donation education film at the Raj Bhavan recently. Mr. T. N. Singh, the Governor of West Bengal, inaugurated the programme and Mr. Rusi B. Gimi, Chairman of the Association, presided over the function.

MADRAS

The Craft Council of India held an exhibition and sale of handicrafts and handlooms of the North Eastern States, Tripura, Mizoram, Nagaland, Assam, Arunachal Pradesh, Meghalaya and Manipur, at the Lalit Kala Academy. The craftsmen themselves were present and demonstrated their art. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. P. Patwari, Governor of Tamil Nadu.

The Cultural Academy, a finishing school, held its annual exhibition of their students' work, at their premises. The exhibition was declared open by Mr. Mish-

ra of Bajaj Electricals. Mrs. R. Chandy, Principal of the Academy while welcoming the gathering, briefly explained the general working of the Academy.

At the exhibition, a separate counter demonstrated the training imparted to the girls. The theme of this year's exhibition was 'Spectrum', and one saw a riot of colours in all the exhibits, whether they were handwork, embroidery, or the cakes which the students had made.

BANGALORE

Dr. Parvati Gopal gave a Bharata Natyam recital at the Raj Bhavan recently. Parvati, who has been dancing from the age of seven, continues to learn dancing under the Pandanallur gurus, Kittappa Pillai and Gopalkrishnan. She is currently working as Medical Officer in the Bangalore City Corporation.

The Indian Council for cultural relations arranged a cultural

programme presented by Keshava Nritya Shala, Bangalore, in honour of the overseas delegates to the "UNESCO Seminar on Science Museums."

LUCKNOW

A colourful array of traditional Indian outfits were displayed and modelled at the fashion show jointly sponsored by Hotel Clarks Avadh, Lucknow, and Ritu's Boutique. The show which was well-received was expertly compered by Mrs. Pushpa Hans, the ghazal singer from Delhi.

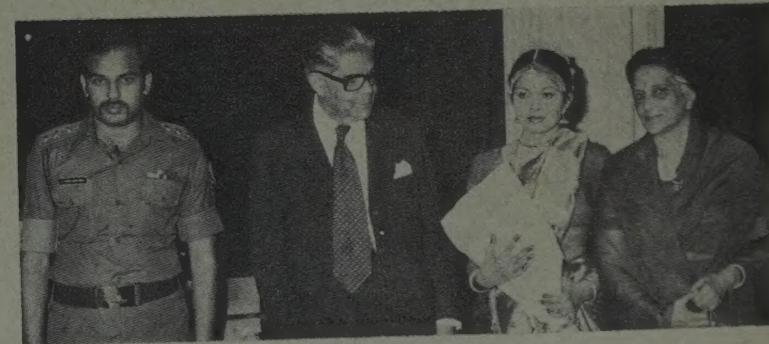
H.A.L. School, Lucknow, organised a fete on their lawns, which drew large crowds. In a series of extra-curricular activities, the school also organised a flower arrangement competition, in which the students participated. Miss Shipston, former Principal, IT College, was the chief guest.



5. At a dinner hosted by Hotel Maurya Sheraton for visiting Press Clubs from USA are seen (from left) Jyothi Baswan, Public Relations Manager, Mrs. Dennis, Miss Barbara Waltman, Mr. Dennis, and Inga Rundvold, of Washington Press Club.

6. At Dr. Parvati Gopal's dance recital at Raj Bhavan in Bangalore, are seen (from left) Capt. Gopalkrishna, Mr. Govind Narain, Governor, the artiste, and Mrs. Chandra Narain.

7. Mr. M. A. Duteuil, (ext. left) Deputy M. D., Bata India Limited, and others seen at the "North Star Quiz Contest 1980" organised by Bata India Ltd. in Calcutta recently.

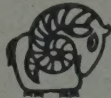


IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

If major changes had occurred in important areas of your life during 1966-67, you can expect similar conditions to apply in the year or two ahead. You are entering a new chapter of life and experience. You have to forget ambitions and situations that have outlived their usefulness. Some of your present links will come to an end, but you must make sure that others take their place. Don't isolate yourself and miss out on social activity, and find yourself lonesome as the year progresses. Rather a nose-to-the-grindstone year — but necessary — and efforts you make to improve your position will eventually pay off. Over the next month or two, life will be romantic, lucky and enjoyable!

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)



Stars will add excitement to life, whether married or single. A sparkling social scene, new friends and business contacts. Your personality will attract people in influential positions. Cash trends are lively.

TAURUS

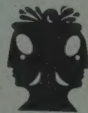
(Apr 21 — May 21)



Good influences affect the lighter side of life; your popularity will be high, romance is in the air, if unattached. Your hopes in more practical areas are also favoured; an opportunity phase with people kindly disposed. A good time for official business.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



During the months ahead you can improve your prospects. Several planets are in helpful aspect to your sign and, this week, favour communication. Get into fresh scenes, experiment and explore a bit.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



A good week for immediate gains rather than long-term planning. If you fancy a shopping spree, you'll get some good buys at your price. Friendships are highlighted and useful business tips will be passed to you.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)



Go after what you want, have confidence in yourself and your ideas. Your extrovert nature will be especially beneficial in contacts you make between now and early May. Tie up a business matter begun during 1979.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



You've been pushing yourself hard lately, rather dancing to the tune others call and involved yourself in some time-consuming activities. If these turn out to be unprofitable, don't worry too much. Other opportunities are on the way.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



The first half of the week good for romance and other personal links. Later, misunderstandings could arise, or muddled arrangements. Don't leave anything to chance and check times and meeting places. Don't take on too many tasks for others.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



If you feel you are not quite on the same wavelength as others you are probably right, but minor difficulties are temporary. You'll find people more co-operative early April. There will be improvement in your love life and cash.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



A progressive, yet somewhat restless, sort of week. If you are eager for some changes, to push on with a special ambition, wait a little, for next month will bring one or two challenges that might mean some adjustments in your ideas.

CAPRICORN

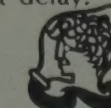
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



Changes and decisions will have a positive outcome. Manoeuvre things deftly to make the most of opportunities. Home life will take precedence for a few weeks, but shortly, a romantic phase will begin. If you have a matter to sort out with a relative, don't delay.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



The advantage is with others at present, so take a back seat when you can, although minor challenges will tend to push you into the centre of things quite often. Some irritating conditions will prevail, but efforts you are making will bring reward later.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)



Long-term plans are favoured and, although some difficulties will remain for a time, soon you see your way ahead more clearly. The past year has been trying, probably you changed course, as well as some of your notions! Better times are on the way.

Continued from page 13

to be convenient, efficient and simple, and is based on cyclic changes in the consistency and other characteristics of the cervical mucus.

It is well known that the cervical mucus discharge between the 10th and 15th days of the normal 28-day cycle, increases in volume, but decreases in viscosity, and the secretion is at its peak on the day of ovulation.

For the success of this method, it is necessary that a woman must be aware of the "dryness" and "wetness" of the external part of the vagina during different phases and must also differentiate between the feelings of stickiness and of lubrication. To confirm this condition, she may wipe her vagina before urination and examine the physical properties of the mucus. This method can be of significant help only in combination with either the calendar method or with the temperature method or with both, and has a limited practicability, if used alone.

Despite the growing popularity of the other types of contraception, viz oral contraceptives, IUDs, the rhythm method alone or in combination with other techniques is still practised in the USA, the UK, Italy, France, West Germany and Australia. This method, though not as yet tried seriously in the developing countries, has been rated "disappointing" in its performance and utility.

The reasons which make many sceptical about the efficacy of the rhythm method in the developing countries are only two:

(1) The rhythm method involves the keeping of records carefully for months and years, and this is not practicable in the case of illiterate masses, and

(2) Abstinence from sexual intercourse recommended for periods up to ten days is not likely to be adhered to strictly.

But the spread of basic education in India during the past two decades, I believe, has been remarkable. Compulsory adult education brings with it socio-political and socio-economic awakening, both of which are the prerequisites for accomplishing all family-planning programmes successfully in the developing countries. Our performance may have been dismal previously, but during the past decade or so, we have achieved noticeable progress in the field of family planning. The rhythm method certainly deserves a serious trial by the family planners.

(Dr. K. C. Kanwar, M.Sc. Ph.D., works in the Department of Biophysics of the Punjab University, Chandigarh)

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