

# Eve's Weekly

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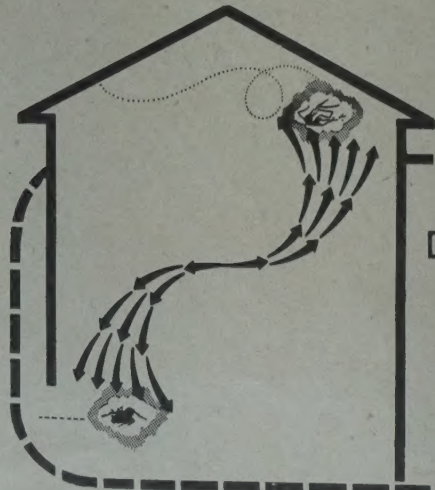


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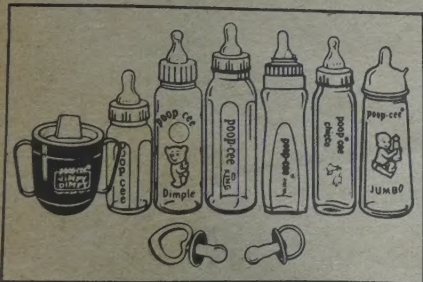
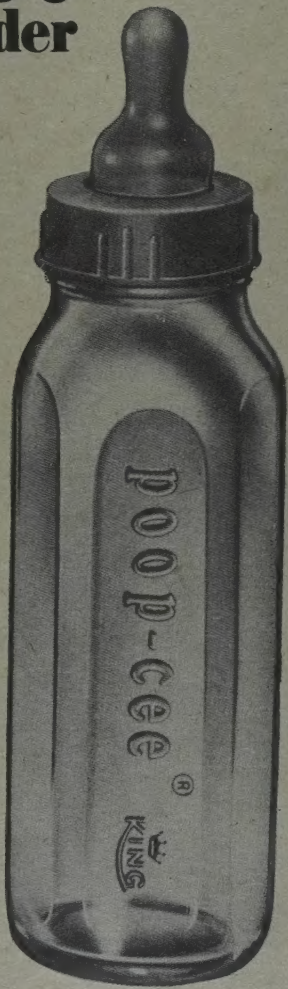




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INNOVATION/BLD/E/9

# ATTENTION PLEASE

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- (2) Also fresh, young, beautiful, talented female artists, preferably with dancing experience.

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**JENNIFER PAES**

Lively and intelligent, Jennifer has a brilliant academic record, securing a first class in her B.A. degree from St. Agnes College, Mangalore, where she was also outstanding in sports and dramatics. She also holds a diploma in Secretarial Course from Davar's College, Bombay. Tall and attractive, Jennifer misses the quiet and peace of Mangalore — "Bombay life is too hectic for me, but I suppose one gets used to it after some time". She loves meeting people and enjoys the company of today's smart teenagers. Motorbike riding, reading, sports, pop and folk music, ballet and classical dancing are some of her varied interests. She also likes modelling but is not opting for a modelling career.

Jennifer has definite views on marriage — "to successfully combine the roles of an executive and housewife." But before settling down, Jennifer would like to travel round the world to widen her knowledge.

Photograph: Pankaj Shah.

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**BUMP THEM OFF!**

I would call your article in the 16th July issue the "Conspiracy against Men", instead of Women. Probably as a true women's libber the writer wants only men to be compulsorily sterilized. Indeed, compulsion is the only solution to the problem, then why men only, why not women who are much more affected by the desserts of pregnancy?

Going a step further (and I am not being sarcastic), why not compulsory execution of the surplus population of men and women 55-60 years of age? If we can so blithely 'kill' the embryo which has not experienced its first breath in this Hell, what's wrong with sending all those useless old fogies above sixty to Heaven, by compulsion? It seems the writer has forgotten that human beings are not machines; they have that golden, pulsating heart — with feelings and emotions. Not that I am anti-Family Planning; on the other hand, I am all for it. But I believe compulsion constitutes killing of freedom — the most precious thing in the world. To solve the problem of over-population, the urge has to come from within. It is the duty of both Society and the Government to create a suitable atmosphere and impart necessary knowledge to all to achieve this goal for the betterment of the country.

**S. D. Natu, Nagpur**

But will the "urge" ever come from "within"? Compulsion usually follows disobedience, diffidence and callousness — and, in any case, sterilization for men is a safe and minor operation. You cannot begin to compare abortion with the killing of old men and women, no matter how cleverly you manipulate your arguments.



**CITIZEN.  
HELP THYSELF**

If there is one word to describe the present time in the history of the world, it is confusion, and confusion breeds fear.

We expect the government to educate our children, to era-



dicating untouchability, to set standards of socialistic goals, to support scientific research, to improve public health, to dispense public charity, to punish crime, to defend our nation, to help raise the living standards of the poor and the destitute. And we expect all this while still preserving individual liberty.

Government cannot, of itself, do any of these things. It draws its power from the people it serves and, paradoxically, the more power it has, the less satisfactorily it is likely to perform its functions. What can we do to help bring order out of confusion? There is only one solution — individual responsibility. No one can reasonably or honestly expect other people to do for him what he could and should do for himself. When we have done all we can do and our efforts reach their limit, it is still our responsibility to pray for God's protection to take over. God touches directly the human intellect which He has bestowed upon man for the purpose of communication.

One cannot stop a war; one can only pray that God grant more wisdom to those who must deal with such problems. There is a point beyond which your own control ends. At this point we need help. So let us remember — without God man cannot; without man God will not....

**Asha Rani Awasthi,  
Lucknow**

Yes, we've got to throw off diffidence and lethargy, and put our shoulders to the wheel. It's so easy to say "The Government must do this or that" — we must ask ourselves what we can do for our country....



**DOUBLE  
STANDARDS**

When an educated girl marries a man without as much education, it becomes a matter for surmise. Supercilious brows are raised, speculation runs rife, and they want to know the reason — why, or how come! They feel there must be some skeleton in the cupboard, some dirty linen tucked away, or some personal drawback, that has made the girl throw her cap over the windmill, as it were, and settle for a lesser man. But when an educated man, mar-

ries a not-so-educated girl, it is a different kettle of fish. That is quite in the order of things. Because, of course, a man being a man, it is quite de rigueur that he should be on an elevated plane.

And there you have another aspect of the double standards that prevail. It always has to be the husband, who is a pace ahead. You can't let a wife — since wives are, of course, but women — steal his thunder. I've even seen wives, more talented and capable, who hide their lights under a bushel, so as not to pull the rug from under the husband's feet! Real liberation on both sides, is not in asserting each other's superiority, but in accepting it, and in believing that in no way does it make a man less of a man, or a woman less of a woman.

**Hyma Bal, Tellicherry**

**Well said! But who will convince the males?**

**HOW NICE!**

On one of the crossroads here, there is a board which says: 'It is nice to be important. But it is more important to be nice'.

The board is big and prominent and I don't think anyone of the hundreds of people who go past it everyday can miss it. Those words are beautiful. But I wonder if they mean anything to people. Mostly I think they're just words painted on a board and put up like many more in the city.

How I wish we would all stop a moment to read such quotations and give them a thought and maybe even try to act accordingly. We'd be such better people. For, to my mind it is certainly nice to be important, but to be nice is even more important.

**Kamla Spolia, Chandigarh**

**So nice, and yet  
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No virtue — you know  
It's just . . .!**

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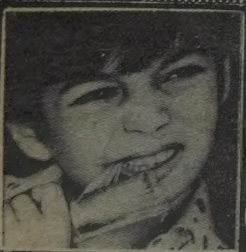
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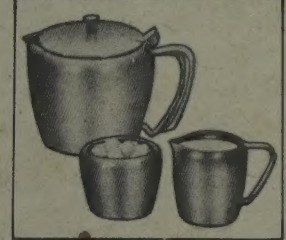
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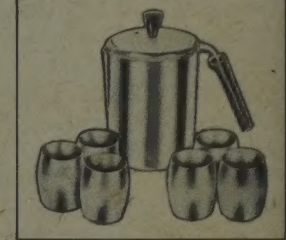
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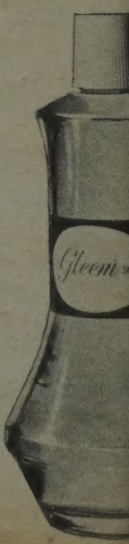
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SHAMPOO



Petite Elaben Ramesh Bhatt sits in a rather nondescript office and is shy of being photographed. She would rather her work speak for her. This work has won her wide acclaim, accolades and now international recognition in the form of the prestigious Ramon Magsaysay Award for 1977. This Award is given annually in memory of the late Philippines President who died in an air crash in 1957. The Foundation said that Mrs. Bhatt was being honoured for making a reality of the principles of truth, non-violence and self-help enunciated by Mahatma Gandhi, among the most depressed class of self-employed women.

Born on September 7, 1933, Elaben graduated in English literature from the M.T.B. College, Surat, and later studied law in Ahmedabad. While still in college she wanted to work for the poor but she did not know how to go about it. She then met Ramesh Bhatt (her husband) who gave her books on Gandhian literature. Reading them, she absorbed their teaching and this accentuated her desire to help the poorer sections of the community.

In 1955, Elaben joined the Textile Labour Association (TLA) for a year and resumed her services in 1968. Meanwhile, she worked with the Government



Ela Bhatt with her husband Prof. Ramesh Bhatt.

Labour Department. Since 1968 she has endeavoured "to change the approach and focus of the women's wing of the Textile Labour Association."

The TLA, known popularly as the Major Mahajan Sangh, was founded by Mahatma Gandhi in 1918. It is one of the biggest single unions in the world. The TLA, under the dynamic leadership of Mr. A. N. Buch, has made an attempt through the women's department to estimate the categories of the classes of unprotected and unorganised workers in the city of Ahmedabad and has arrived at a clearer understanding regarding the location, activities and other social and economic ventures of this section of the society. Elaben heads the women's section of the TLA. This is an organised unit working on fully developed plans and programmes for the development and welfare of working class women.

Although the number of members has been decreasing in the last ten years (it

is now 3,000 as against 10,000 a decade ago), Elaben is negotiating with the Ahmedabad Millowners' Association to replace women by women only. Requesting them to recruit women in non-traditional jobs also, she says that "there should be more opportunities for women in textile mills. I'm sure that our women can do every type of job in textile mills."

Some years back, Elaben went to Israel for training and "saw there how the joint action of labour and cooperatives could really solve the problems of women." On her return to India, the used-garments vendors being constantly exploited, bereft of any legal protection, approached her with their grievances and pleaded for help. Elaben organised these self-employed women workers into the Self-Employed Women's Association (SEWA) of which she is now the general secretary. The members include women vegetable and fruit vendors, milk-maids,

eve today



## Magsaysay Award Bestowed On ELA BHATT

junk-smiths, hand-cart pullers, handprinters, used-garment traders and headloaders in Ahmedabad, Bhavnagar and Junagadh.

The mere amalgamation of these exploited women workers into SEWA did not solve their problems. Fundamental among these was the shortage of capital and harassment by private money-lenders, coupled with their high rates of interest. The nationalised banks which SEWA approached were apprehensive about the repayment of loans. The solution was found in a SEWA bank which was finally formed in 1974. The SEWA bank is a well-thought out scheme to serve the weaker sections of the self-employed poor. It aims to be a multi-service organisation.

Among the other services innovated by Elaben in SEWA are literacy classes and productivity classes. Using demonstrative methods, these classes help women (especially milkmaids and vegetable vendors) to augment their income. She also introduced day-care centres for children and a complaints' section to investigate harassment by policemen and municipal officers.

In fact, SEWA has to constantly wage war with the hectoring policemen and the municipal encroachment department in order to lessen the hardships inflicted by them on the helpless women vendors. One may think that roadside hawkers and vendors are a necessary nuisance and hence ought to be helped to make a living. But the areas allotted to them are so remote and unprofitable that trade there hardly seems feasible. Elaben is aware of this situation and remonstrates with the authorities that "if they cannot earn an honest living, they will deviate to pickpocketing, bootlegging, etc."

Her own view is that rural development programmes must be planned in order to halt the exodus of villagers to urban areas. She believes that "women must have a choice to do what they like. A women's movement is a must, but it should come from the working class itself."

This conviction is exemplified by her active association with the Agricultural Women's Union. She firmly believes that "unless the capacity of the poorest worker increases, there cannot be any prosperity for the nation."

Currently working on a book furnishing guidelines for women and women's organisations, Elaben's other publications include "Gujarat Ni Nari" and "Profiles of self-employed women." A member of the State Censor Board of Cultural Programmes, the State Equal Remuneration Committee and the State Labour Advisory Council, Elaben is also the UNICEF consultant for the Bangladesh Women's Department. Holding an international diploma in Labour and Co-operatives (Israel), Elaben was also a study fellow at the Institute of Development Studies, Sussex University, in January, 1977. A mother of two children, Ami (19) and Mihir (17), she would like to get training in music and singing. She was "overwhelmed" on receiving the Ramon Magsaysay Award and said, "It is too much for me," and the modesty was not a pose but her real feeling.

Manju Thirani

The Indian housewife today cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of fighting for ideological causes. With the prices going up and up, she has to fight for something more basic — freedom from want for her husband and children.

Since about March last year, until which time they had been declining, prices everywhere have been continuously mounting. Today they are as high as, if not higher than, the peak they reached in the memorable inflationary month of September 1974. The wholesale price index has shot up by as much as 4.5 per cent during the last four months, which works out to an annual rate of 13.5 per cent as against an increase of 12 per cent in 1976-77. If it continues to rise at this rate for the rest of the year it will cause enormous hardships to the people and add dangerously to both industrial and social unrest.

The prices of all essential commodities except sugar have been rising steadily for the past 12 months, but the range of increase varies from state to state and from commodity to commodity. The sharpest rise has been in the price of edible oils and pulses which have risen by as much as 100 per cent in some states.

Among edible oils, groundnut oil seems to be the worst affected. The wholesale price has gone up to Rs. 180 for a 16 kg. tin from Rs. 115 per tin in April. Mustard oil, the main cooking medium in the eastern belt, is similarly selling at prices 75 to 100 per cent higher than those prevailing last year. On the pulses front, the worst hit are "tur dal" and "rajma" (kidney beans). The price of tur dal ruled in the vicinity of Rs. 525 per quintal as against Rs. 350 last year. Rajma registered a price increase of 300 per cent in Haryana where it is used as a staple food and 200 per cent in Delhi.

The prices of tea and vegetables have also shot up considerably. A one kg. packet of tea which was selling at between Rs. 14 and Rs. 15 during July last year is now being quoted at Rs. 25. As for vegetables, they are no longer within the reach of the common man. To name a few, onions are being sold at Rs. 1.50 per kg., potatoes at Rs. 1.75 a kg., tomatoes at Rs. 2.50 a kg. and ladies fingers at Rs. 2.50 a kg. Necessities or luxuries, the entire range of items has become costlier in the last few months.

The month-to-month movement in the wholesale index suggests that prices took a course independent of the Emergency. The curbing of inflation, which has been touted as one of the major gains of the Emergency, is not borne out by facts. Thus the wholesale index began its downward drift in November 1974 and this phase lasted till March 1975. Thereafter the index tended to move up and fluctuated in a narrow range till October 1975.

Then in the wake of the record kharif output the wholesale prices ruled easily from November 1975 till March 1976.

There was a large element of seasonality in the behaviour of the wholesale index, which took a dip in the post-harvest months and started rising as the arrivals tapered off. Apparently the Emergency had little to do with the trend in prices. In fact, during the Emergency and more particularly from April 1976, the prices showed an uptrend.

The spiralling prices are the most disturbing aspect of the economic scene today, because they affect the daily life of every

citizen. Judging by the perverse income shifts as a result of inflation, the increase in unemployment and the near-zero growth in the national product in 1976-77, the common man is perhaps in a worse position to cope with the rising prices today than he was three years ago.

Through the years the problem of price rise has been tackled unimaginatively by the Government. In 1974-75, the Government in the face of rampant inflation, enforced a series of measures to curb aggregate demand. These, undoubtedly, helped to hold the price line and even to bring down prices.

But pressure on prices began to build up again after a brief respite because the restoration of price stability was not made a starting point for the revival of the growth process in a meaningful and integrated manner.

If the Janata Government wants to deliver the goods, it will have to tackle the problem on a more enduring basis. To be effective, conventional fiscal and monetary measures will have to be combined with strict and imaginative management of available supplies, including foodgrains, and channelisation of available resources, including foreign exchange reserves, for increasing production under a well-conceived order of priorities, in which the needs of mass consumption are accorded the first priority.

Prices will start coming down only when the principle of running the economy is no longer just the containment of demand, which has been the case for some two and a half years now,

but the stimulation of production, especially of mass-consumption goods. That in turn calls for higher development outlays, a clear order of priorities, setting out which area of activity will be boosted so as to yield the maximum benefits for the whole economy, the slashing of non-development expenditure, greater savings and more effective ways of tapping them.

Since it will be unrealistic to expect any major increase in production in the immediate future, an efficient public distribution system alone can mitigate, in a reasonably satisfactory way, the impact and incidence of the cur-

At present the public distribution system covers hardly 50 million people living mainly in the metropolitan cities and big towns. The location of super bazars and sahakari bhandars in posh areas makes a mockery of the government's concern for the weaker sections of society. The immediate objection of the public distribution system should be the supply of the most elementary necessities of life at prices within the reach of the poorest.

It is not possible to win the war against inflation without major breakthrough in production, especially of mass consumption goods. This calls for large

investments in carefully selected areas and efficient management of resources. Unfortunately the production pattern in the country so far has been elite-consumption oriented instead of mass-consumption oriented. The proposed plan to distribute goods to the consumer at reasonable prices must necessarily tie in with the supply of inputs to producers at stable prices. This would involve the additional responsibility of containing the costs of all manner of items, from fertiliser to cotton to paper, and assumes general price stability in the economy. Further steps are needed to raise the production of all essential commodities without which there will be no price stability.

The Government has said time and again that it will not hesitate to take whatever steps are necessary to maintain prices. But assurances and declarations of good intentions are no substitutes for firm and purposeful action. There can be no price stability in the absence of stern discipline at all levels which the new Government has been unwilling to enforce so far. Only now is there some evidence of a change in its approach and the Union Commerce and Civil Supplies Minister, Mr. Dharia, has threatened to use MISA to deal with persons suspected of hoarding and profiteering. The alternative to MISA is to strengthen laws like the Essential Commodities Act and enforce them firmly, and it is here that the co-operation of the state governments is vital. The more basic remedy, however, is to increase supplies, for hoarding and profiteering are possible only when shortages develop or when supply and demand are perilously balanced. The state governments are in a better position than the Centre to assess the requirements of essential commodities and also provide a warning of an impending shortage of any particular commodity. They can help in bringing hoarders and profiteers to book, extend the public distribution system, step up farm pro-

# MY BUDGETING IS GOING

*The problem of spiralling prices, the most disturbing aspect of the economic scene today, affects every housewife and has to be tackled by the Government on an enduring basis.*

Indra Gidwani

rent inflationary pressures. The states need to strengthen and streamline their civil supplies departments to meet the expanding requirements of the public distribution system. Fair price shops have a restraining influence on the price level but it must be ensured that there are enough of them and that they are adequately stocked and run efficiently.

A widely dispersed network of 240,000 fair price shops and an organisation to service them already exists. Their number may have to be doubled or trebled if at least one such shop is to be provided in every village with a population of 300 or more. The states or the Centre may have to spend some money to provide additional storage or transport facilities. But they can recover the outlay many times over through the reduction of national stockpile and interest charges as well as the losses involved in the cross-movement of grain or deterioration of cereals at central storage points. The foodstocks in the government godowns have risen from 18 million tonnes to 22 million tonnes or more today.

Merely opening fair price shops in rural areas will not help improve the offtake from the public distribution system. A villager may still prefer to buy high-priced grain from the local bania on credit than from a ration shop next door for cash. Indeed, it will be pointless to open many more fair price shops unless measures are taken at the same time to reorganise rural credit or otherwise pump purchasing power into the hands of the rural poor.

duction and maintain industrial peace in order to ensure an uninterrupted flow of essential manufactured goods to the markets.

Changes in credit policy, a cut in the bank rate and rationalisation of the whole structure of excise duties and import levies are urgently needed to stimulate investment and increase the output of mass consumption goods. But whatever the Government does will have to be balanced against two other considerations that are no less important for gaining the end in view; the need to control the money supply and keep the scale of deficit financing in check.

## HAYWIRE:

No time should be lost in setting up the proposed high-level committee for keeping a close watch on the movement of prices. Indeed, the new body should be buttressed by a strong secretariat, possibly in the department of civil supplies, to keep a close tab on production, consumption and exports and monitor the relevant data with the aid of a computer if necessary and make timely proposals to avoid shortages.

Indeed the Government will have to re-orient its entire trade policy to strike the right balance between the nation's immediate and long-term needs. It has rightly restricted the export of fruits and vegetables and other perishable commodities to augment supplies in the home market and earmarked large sums of foreign exchange to import cotton for producing cloth, but the demand for these and other essential consumer goods is unlikely to increase substantially unless the credit system is also radically overhauled to meet the consumption needs of the rural poor.

In view of the strong inflationary pressures in the economy, broadly indicated by the wide gap between the growth in money supply and the potential rate of real output, there is need for the strictest possible fiscal and monetary discipline. This, however, should not affect the overall investment, the lack of which is at the root of many of the ills afflicting the economy.

What are the women's social service organisations doing to bring down the prices and ease the burden of the hard-pressed housewives? The Anti-Price Rise Front (Mahangai Pratikar Samukt Mahila Samiti), which is represented by 60 women's organisations, was very active in the early '70s. Housewives from such distant suburbs of Bombay as Andheri, Dombivili, Borivili, Salad, Goregaon, Thana and Malvan joined in the dharnas, morchas and gheraos to agitate against rising prices. Mrs Ahilya Rangnekar, Janata M.P. from

Bombay and Vice-President of the Front, said, "If prices don't come down soon, we will organise morchas and gheraos to bring pressure on the Government."

She felt the law would have to be changed as there were no provisions to deal with economic offenders such as hoarders and profiteers. Economic offences were not considered as criminal offences. She wanted immediate action to be taken against the hoarders.

"We have asked the Government to do away with middlemen. Onions are being purchased by the middlemen from the growers for 26 paise per kg. and

sold at an exorbitant price of Rs. 1.50 per kg.," she said.

She felt the shortage of edible oils was scandalous considering that a large quantity was left in the open in the docks and was spoilt. The machinery, according to her, was callous and inefficient.

This fiery M.P. also objected to the high incidence of excise duty which was also responsible for the prices shooting up. On behalf of the Anti-Price Rise Front, Mrs. Rangnekar has put up demands to the Government to stop the export of essential commodities, take over the wholesale trade in pulses, oils, onions, potatoes and bananas and increase the quota of sugar at ration shops.

Mrs. Sushila Patil, chairman of the Bharatiya Mahila Federation and a former secretary and one of the founders of the Anti-Price Rise Front, said the Federation had severed connections with the Front, which according to her had become a political movement.

She said as soon as the Anti-Price Rise Movement had become an anti-Indira movement, the original purpose was lost and housewives started dropping out. Only those interested in politics remained. The split took place in March 1975 and now the Federation is agitating on its own against the rising prices.

Mrs. Patil and Mrs. Manju Gandhi, general secretary of the Federation, said they had met Mr. Dharia and told him they would help in the distribution of essential commodities in certain areas. "Prices would have been controlled if the Government had supplied them to us directly," they said.

The Federation sold 20,000 kgs. of onions in slum areas at 65 p. a kg. when the market price was Rs. 1.50 per kg. They got them through NAFED (National Agricultural Co-operative Marketing Federation of India).

The Federation organised a morcha against price rise last month. The consumer needed to be informed. She said although groundnut oil had shot up to Rs. 13 a kg. people who could not afford it were not buying cheaper oils like palm oil, sunflower oil, rape seed oil which were available in plenty for Rs. 7.50 a kg. They refused to even try them.

Mrs. Kohli felt the present crisis of spiralling prices should be tackled on a war footing. The consumers should resist the hoarders by not buying at fancy prices. "Consumer resistance is important. If there is opposition from the retailer, the prices are bound to come down," she said.

The Consumer Guidance Society has appealed to traders to stock cheaper varieties. Mrs. Kohli said Sahakari Bhandar (Bombay) used to keep only the expensive variety of tur dal priced at Rs. 5.20. "But now after our appeal they stock the Rs. 3.50 variety also," she said.

The Society wants to set up consumer groups in all parts of Bombay to help people to deal with the price rise. "Eight or ten people could get together and we are willing to guide them. We could educate them on how to resist the price rise and not be slaves to habit. Stop eating onions and the prices will come down," she said.

Since there was no decrease in prices, Mrs. Kohli said they were planning to get social organisations and individual consumers together soon and plan a line of action.

Mrs. Sashi Mishra is the Managing Director of Mahila Arthik Vikas Mahamandal, a Government of Maharashtra organisation, set up with the idea of promoting the economic welfare of the underprivileged women.

With the prices shooting up, the organisation felt it should contribute in reducing the burden of the housewives. From July, their sales centre at Azad Maidan has been stocking onions and potatoes which they procure from NAFED. They sell them very cheap. Their potatoes are priced at Rs. 1.30 while the market price is Rs. 1.75 per kg. They are also supplying potatoes and onions cheap to various Mahila Mandals for sale in their areas.

Within a month they are planning to sell pulses which they will get at reasonable prices from NAFED.

Meanwhile it is heartening to note that draft proposals for creating a massive public distribution system, increased production of wage goods and other agricultural commodities are being prepared by the Government in consultation with the Planning Commission. Mr. Mohan Dharia said the Government's production strategy was designed to bring down the prices of essential commodities within four months.

## HOUSEWIVES SPEAK OUT-

### BOMBAY

I. G.

In Bombay, the city of skyscrapers, the price curve is soaring every day. This metropolis has more than its share of the filthy rich, who can pay any price, so the middle class and the poor have to deprive themselves of many essentials.

In a chain-reaction, the increase in the prices of essential commodities has been reflected in other spheres also. Many city hotels have raised the prices of their food articles by 20 per cent on the plea that edible oils have become scarce and costlier and that "urad dal," the basic commodity for most snacks, was quoted at double the price prevalent last month.

A filip has been lent to the hoarding tendency in Bombay with the availability of cold storage facilities. A spokesman for trade said that over 60,000 bags of pulses and other commodities were stacked in eight cold storages in the city.

Young housewife Kumud Raghunarayan, who is working in a government office and is a vegetarian, says she has cut down from three dishes of vegetables to one. Salad too is out.

She uses only two kilos of groundnut oil in a month. Being a South Indian, coconut is a must for cooking. But since one coconut costs Rs. 1.50, "we are doing without it. We grind everything and, instead of using coconut, we put masala powder."

The high price of "tur dal" has also hit her hard. "Normally we make our sambar very thick; now we make it a little watery and add 'channa atta,' which is cheaper," she said.

Kumud and her husband earn about Rs. 2000 a month but they have dependants to support. They are sending them less money now, but life is still hard.

Rachana Nigam and her husband have a total income of Rs. 800 a month. This Maharashtrian family has practically stopped using oil.

She can rarely afford to eat non-vegetarian food. And now she can't even afford vegetables like cauliflower and peas. There are three of them spending Rs. 300 a month just on food.

She has stopped going to movies, restaurants, cooks only lunch and dinner and gets only one bottle of milk.

Mrs. Thakur, a Gujerati housewife who is reasonably well-off, said their normal diet is dal, two vegetables, curds and salad. "Now we cook only one vegetable; for salad we have pulses, and to reduce oil consumption, we've stopped eating fried things."

A working housewife, Kamala Suri, earns a four-figure salary. She says, "I have teenage children. I like to give them good food. So I have cut down on eating out, petrol expenses, clothes and entertainment."

She makes squashes and cakes at home. Since tinned food is very expensive, she feels women's organisations should make them cheaper.

Mrs. Advani is working as a stenographer. Since the prices shot up, she says, both she and her husband have had to work harder. "My husband has taken up an extra job and I have started stitching and cooking myself. With just Rs. 1100, it's impossible to manage," she explained.

She has switched over to palm oil, and buys cheaper vegetables and more pulses. They have cut down both quantity-wise and quality-wise. They haven't cut down on their little daughter's food and toys.

This modern girl said some housewives are using neem sticks instead of toothbrushes and "shikakai" instead of shampoo.

They have stopped going to clubs and restaurants.

Lakshmi is a part-time maid who scrubs, sweeps and washes clothes. She works in four homes and earns a little over Rs. 100. Her husband is a mill-owner and they have four children. Most of the time her husband is drunk.

Now she can't even afford to give her family onions with chappatis. Other vegetables were anyway out of her reach. Even "jowar" and "bajra," the poor man's cereals, have become expensive. So, it's a starvation diet for her growing children.

Except for the businessman, who still has plenty of black money to throw around, all the salaried people are feeling the pinch in Bombay.

## DELHI

### Saroj Vasishth

All things can be had at a price, so also in Delhi. And those who came to the conclusion that it is not enough to know the price of the consumer item, but that one must know the value of the same too, marched to No. 1, Safdarjung Road on July 28 only to find the P.M. not at home. The same one thousand voices raised anti-government slogans in protest against its failure to curb the price rise.

I talked to a large number of housewives from various walks of life. The two interviews presented here are representative of the anger, frustration and despair the women are feeling.

Asha Chandra, who is 39, has been running her household for 19 years in Delhi. Except for three years in London, she has

been a silent and observant spectator of the changing world in India.

Always calm, cool and serene, she is now simmering with anger.

She said, "Look, we are seven family members, and only one of us is an earning member. Although he is a senior person, Assistant Director at the National Physical Laboratory, his pay packet does not increase every month. Seventy per cent of my budget and 50 per cent of my time is invested in simply procuring the essential commodities. The question of buying new clothes or jewellery does

all the schemes will remain empty talk. "I do not care if they use MISA or put all the culprits in jail. I want to balance my budget."

Thirty-eight year old Prem Lata Joshi has been a Delhi housewife for 20 years and is an announcer with All India Radio. Thirteen years spent in Cambodia, Nairobi and Odessa have turned gentle, soft-spoken Prem into a sharp-witted and socially-conscious person. Right now she is very perturbed. Said Prem, "You know what, I am reminded of the post-independence days, when it was heard far too often: 'Oh, the days in



Milkhi Ram surrounded by irate customers.



Prem Joshi

not arise. What hurts me most is the behaviour of the shopkeepers. After the news about the export ban and price control was published, the shopkeepers became very rude. Since there has been no price decrease they advise the helpless customers to go and enquire from the Government. Look at the vast difference in the Mandi and the market prices. They must bring the price tags back and, more important, they must have a ruthless monitoring system. At least the basics should be available at reasonable prices. Look at Russia—their bread, for one thing, is so cheap. We must learn from them."

Asha Chandra was particularly angry about the disappearance of jeera, bread and the milk products from the market. She is convinced that unless the middleman is totally thrown out,



Asha Chandra

the British Raj were far better.' Right now I feel, even if there was everything wrong with the Emergency, let us have it back, if that is the only way this country can be controlled and curbed. Why not? Everything is in short supply, the rupee is only worth 26 paise—how does one maintain any standard of living? I pity those who have large families to feed. I feel forced control is the only way out."

I talked to Milkhi Ram, who has owned a vegetable and fruit shop in Delhi for the past 20 years. Sixty-year-old Milkhi Ram said, "The very talk of control has activated the hoarders. It is very unlikely that the situation will improve. Do not forget the middleman pays lakhs in advance to the landowners. The government should aid and assist the latter. But I feel the basic thing lacking in us is

honesty. But if a ban is put on exports, vegetables and fruits will become dirt cheap. Right now, since July 23, the prices are continuously rising. And we are the ones who are suffering the most. The customers come here and insist that the prices have fallen. I am prepared to show them my Mandi receipts. But they say—either you are lying or the Doordarshan is lying. Not wanting to lose my customers, I decrease the price by ten or twenty paise, thus incurring losses I can ill-afford. The one to be caught and punished is the wholesaler not the petty shopkeepers."

## CALCUTTA

### A. S.

Fish is a "must" item in their fare, and on account of the spiralling prices, the ladies of Calcutta have felt the pinch in this commodity the most. I interviewed five housewives comprising a cross-section of society—my part-time dish washing woman, a career woman, a middle class housewife, an elderly lady and a woman representing the higher strata of society.

"I don't know what my husband earns, and he does most of the buying," says Shanti, the dish-washing woman. Her earnings add up to Rs. 100 every month. She holds four part-time jobs, washing dishes, swabbing, and grinding masalas. She lives in a bustee, along with her aged mother-in-law, her three children, and her husband. They have a simple system. "The first two weeks of the month we eat well and as the money diminishes, we go back to our simple diet. Because of the children, I still buy sweets."

Shanti laments that hand-me-downs from the houses she works in have become fewer.

But Mrs. Gayatri Mazumdar is pessimistic about our Prime Minister's promises and the ban on the export of vegetables. She is certain that in spite of the extra supplies that ought to reach the vegetable market, on account of the ban the prices won't fall. "They might remain stationary though," she says hopefully. Working with the National Insurance Co., she has been hit most by the fish and vegetable prices. The price of prawns are exorbitant, at nearly Rs. 30 a kg.

"Fish we still eat daily, though I've cut down the quantity." She's found a marginal decrease in the prices of butter and packed tea. "Speaking frankly," she admits, "since there are just the two of us and since both of us are earning members, we still eat what we like, though I've cut down on expenses by making my jams, pickles and sauces at home."

Mrs. Minati De runs a household for six members—and to illustrate her point—she quotes the current prices of hilsa as being Rs. 22 a kg. in comparison to a mere Rs. 12 last year. "And to think that we found the price a bit on the steep side even then," she smiles. Her growing children love cakes and the like and the house usually had a gorgeous aroma of baking, but that's not so frequent now. She's cut down on fried food and the other items which require oil too. "Though I do think that there are plus points as well—we have all become more conscientious and economical. Wastage has decreased—and we make many more things."

The Rahas are an elderly, retired couple. Mrs. Raha's father also lives with them. She's found the increase in most items, but gives food top priority as "that's one thing we can't be stingy on. I've started supplementing fish and eggs with dals, soya beans, lentils and other items rich in proteins. But for my father, I have to make fish daily. At his age he can't digest lentils (he's over 85 years old). Can you imagine, hilsa, which we used to relish during the monsoon, we haven't had even once this year." Along with age comes medical problems and the Rahas naturally spend a lot on medicines and doctors. "After all this there is hardly anything left for clothes," she remarks. "I used to enjoy making lots of jams, sauces, cakes, and puddings whenever my grandchildren came down for their vacations, but I've even had to curtail that."

Further, she says: "I think the decrease in prices will only be a temporary thing. Even during the Emergency, the fall was a very short-lived one, in spite of what may have been proclaimed."

"Of course, it has affected us just as much," says Mrs. Pushpa Chawla vehemently. The family has its own business, and the Chawlas' two children are grown up and on their own. "I find that whatever is popular or in demand, its price invariably goes up. Look at cooking oils—Postman is a popular medium and the price now is higher than that of Dalda."

In this household, again, the daily menu is hardly affected since there are just the two of them. "Except in cheese, jams and preserves. We spend the same money in getting more fresh fruits," says Mrs. Chawla. She has always believed in making sweets, savouries, cakes, etc. at home—and does so now. "We've become very much more aware of the value of things and try to get the maximum usage out of clothes and even linen. Which I feel is very good for us—and this awareness was long overdue."

She too, like Mrs. Raha, has never known of the price of items to come down permanent-

ly once they've gone up, ever since she can recollect.

## BANGALORE

### Shakuntala Balu

Anita Baloo, a housewife with two young school-going children, feels that in all the 12 years that she has been running a house, balancing the family budget has never given her the headache it does now, since prices keep fluctuating so widely.

"I have always been for a fami-



Anita Baloo

ly budget with clear allocations of money for various items, since I like to plan and get the maximum out of the money my husband gives me. I am a fun-loving person, and am interested in seeing that my family has a full life. As such, planning is a must. But now, all my budgeting goes haywire. For example, this month, the dal prices have more than doubled, oil prices continue to go up every month. Bangalore, which used to have good, fresh vegetables, no longer has them, probably because they are sent out to other states, and for vegetables grown here there are no fixed rates."

Another problem is the prices of soaps and detergents," says Anita, who finds that maid servants refuse to wash clothes if not provided with expensive washing powders—they do not want to use bar soaps, which are time-consuming, nor do they settle for low-priced ordinary powders, without blue or soda or detergents!

Mrs. C. L. Venkatalakshmana, a traditional housewife with a family of four children, finds that a sum of Rs. 2,500 just about suffices for the household, which has a good number of guests. A very careful shopper, she explained how she follows the price line attentively, so that she can do justice to the spending money available.

Her greatest complaint is about the rise in the price of groundnut oil which is the staple cooking oil and sells at about Rs. 10 a kilo. In addition, the oil is not pure or good in quality. Often the available oil is black and thick and so unlike groundnut oil

that she does not feel like buying it, but there is no option, since other cooking media are costlier. Butter sells at Rs. 24 a kilo. Milk prices are also high.

The ration quota of sugar gets suddenly reduced, and people are forced to buy in the open market. After all, how is it possible to make do with two-three kilos of sugar, for a family as well as for visitors and guests, who have to be entertained at least with coffee/tea. Even jaggery sells at Rs. 2.30 per kilo. Every article—dhan'a, chillis, soaps, toothpaste—has seen a price increase.

These days she is forced to reduce the quantity of the articles



Vasantha Purushottam

she buys. "Wherever I was buying two or three kilos, I have to make do with one kilo (butter, dal, etc.) and try to stretch it to last as long as possible."

Mrs. K. R. Sharadamma feels that there should be a strong consumer movement and that women should unite more effectively to check the rise in prices. There should be a united effort to boycott goods which sell at high rates and thus force the prices to come down. "There have been cases abroad of women doing such things effectively. So why not in India? We should not be selfish, but follow correct codes and stand by our principles." If there are no buyers, the prices will come down, she feels.

Mrs. D. Swarnambal agreed with the idea of a housewives' resistance movement, but she felt the need to fight adulteration was even stronger. "We pay exorbitant prices, often stand in queues for long hours to get things—and when we come home, we feel so enraged to find infested flour, adulterated butter, bad oil, rice mixed with all kinds of stones and impurities. Is there no way out of this? When will we get clean, wholesome food-stuffs which present no hazards to health? It pains us to pay so much for commodities, and then to get cheated on top of that is the limit!"

Mrs. Girija Shankar had her grievances about spiralling prices. "The fluctuations in cost leaves you so unsure. I always have guests at home. Where is the question of economising on quality or quantity, or making do with a modest menu? Also, how can you ask children to al-

ways eat vegetables, because these are cheap, and prevent them from asking for their favourite dishes, because these are expensive?

"At home, we cannot deny them the minimum nourishing foods, so we are forced to buy these whatever the market price—that too at the nearest place—because we do not have the time to go shopping to bigger markets or wholesale areas... We hesitate to take the car out too, petrol prices being what they are. We do not want to be penny wise and pound foolish—driving distances to strike bargains in day-to-day shopping!

"So the sacrifice comes mainly in the area of entertainment and recreation. No pictures, no outings, no eating out! Similarly, in buying textiles. We have to think a lot before buying new sarees or outfits, for here we cannot refuse the children their priority needs of ever-changing school uniforms, shoes and stockings! Do you know that each pair of shoes costs more than Rs. 30, and they need many changes too!"

Mrs. Vasantha Purushottam: "Bills, bills and more bills. This worry seems to be our lot these days, while we had thought before that only men worried about bills. The costs are so outrageous each day, that we protest at every shop. What is the use? These days we shed more tears when buying onions, than while peeling them. Imagine paying Rs. 1.50 per kilo for onions, which were considered the poor man's staple vegetable. Gone are the days when people added onion instead of coconut gratings for economy. Both are equally costly today. My relatives in Delhi tell me it is cheaper to buy apples than potatoes!

"Surely the time has come to be practical and begin an intense implementation drive.

"First, the attitude that 'I can afford it, so I buy it' should go from all people. Also, women should try to cultivate more adjustable eating habits at home. The 'I love peas, so I buy them both in season and outside' attitude should go.

"Next comes the elimination of the middleman. There should be a means of direct contact between farmer and consumer, since it is the trader who comes in between and whose service charges are high.

"The unmistakable challenge lies in co-operation and sharing of costs. It is a home truth that things go cheaper by the dozen. Groups of members buying daily necessities in bulk and sharing them, may find it an economical way out.

"However, the main thing to remember is a sense of dedication, unity of purpose and integrity. Nothing can be achieved by individuals or their self-discipline, unless a completely united front is presented to offer resistance to profiteers and black marketeers"

# Silken Soft Woman by Binny



**BINNY**

Pure Silks

To match a woman's many lovely ways,  
Binny has more than one way with silk.

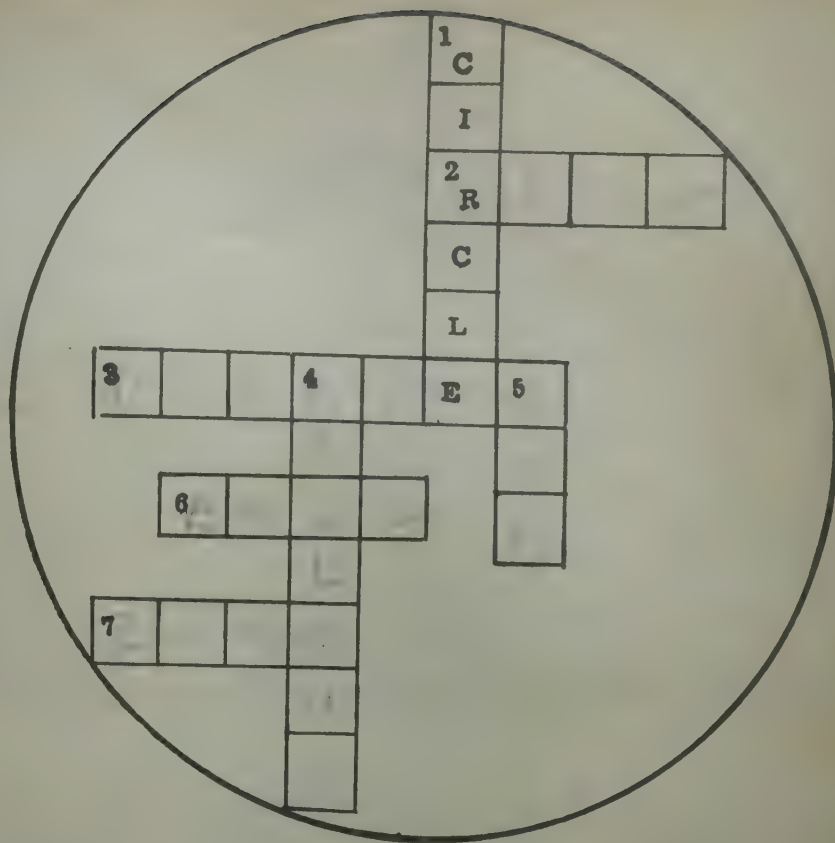
Printed and plain chiffons,  
georgettes, soft silk and Sonata  
shot silk sarees; wedding sarees;  
printed and plain silk fabrics.



Kamal Aurora

## CROSSWORD

Everything in the crossword is 'round'. For example 1 Down is a round CIRCLE. Can you find what else is round? Use the clues to help you.



### CLUES

5 Down: It goes up in the morning and goes down in the evening.

2 Across: Married people wear one.

3 Across: You play with them.

6 Across: You play cricket with it. Also hockey and table tennis.

4 Down: It is full of air and will burst if you pinch it.

7 Across: What teacher gives you when your sums are all wrong.

### THE

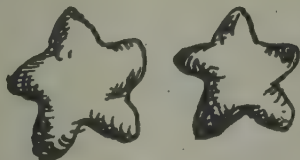
### ADVENTURES OF

# omphy-momphy tak tak

Omphy-Momphy collected the plasticine which is like soft rubber and made a big lump like a ball.

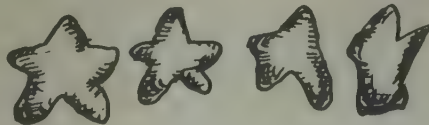


Then he made two smaller stars out of it.



When the teacher came again, she saw two stars. "Your stars are a little out of shape," she said.

"Yes," said Omphy-Momphy. "None of my stars look the same." Then he made two more stars. They all looked different.



When the teacher saw what Omphy-Momphy had made she said, "Have you seen the stars in the sky, Omphy-Momphy? They all look the same in the sky don't they?"

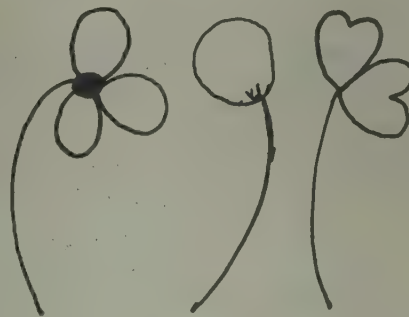
"Yes," said Omphy-Momphy. "Then why are all your stars so different from each other?" asked the teacher.

"I don't look like Mun-Mun," said Omphy-Momphy. "No one in our class looks like each other."

The teacher began to smile. "That is why all your stars look different?" she asked.

"Yes," said Omphy-Momphy.

Just then Mun-Mun came to where Omphy-Momphy was sitting. He had a lot of cut paper flowers. Some of them looked like this.



Omphy-Momphy showed Mun-Mun the stars he had made out of the plasticine. Mun-Mun showed Omphy-Momphy the flowers he had cut out from the coloured paper.

Omphy-Momphy said, "I like your flowers, but I like my stars better."

Mun-Mun said, "My flowers are better."

"My stars shine in the sky at night," said Omphy-Momphy.

"My flowers smell very nice. They have bees that come and sit on them too!" said Mun-Mun.

"My stars are better," said Omphy-Momphy loudly.

"My flowers are better," said Mun-Mun in a louder voice.

The teacher came to where Omphy-Momphy and Mun-Mun were getting ready to fight.

"What is going on?" she asked.

"My stars are better because they shine," said Omphy-Momphy.

"My flowers are better because they have bees on them," said Mun-Mun.

The teacher looked at the plasticine stars and the paper flowers. "Well," she said, "only real stars shine and only real flowers have bees on them. So, there is no need to fight."

Both Omphy-Momphy and Mun-Mun were surprised. It was true. Omphy-Momphy's stars were brown in colour. There were no bees on Mun-Mun's flowers. They were both silent. The teacher left them to do some thinking.

She saw that they were both sitting together and working hard. She was happy that the two boys were friends again.

At the end of the class, when she came to see their work, she was surprised and very pleased with them.

There was Omphy-Momphy with shiny coloured paper all around his stars. Mun-Mun had made it for him. And there was a plasticine bee on Mun-Mun's flower. Omphy-Momphy had made it for him.

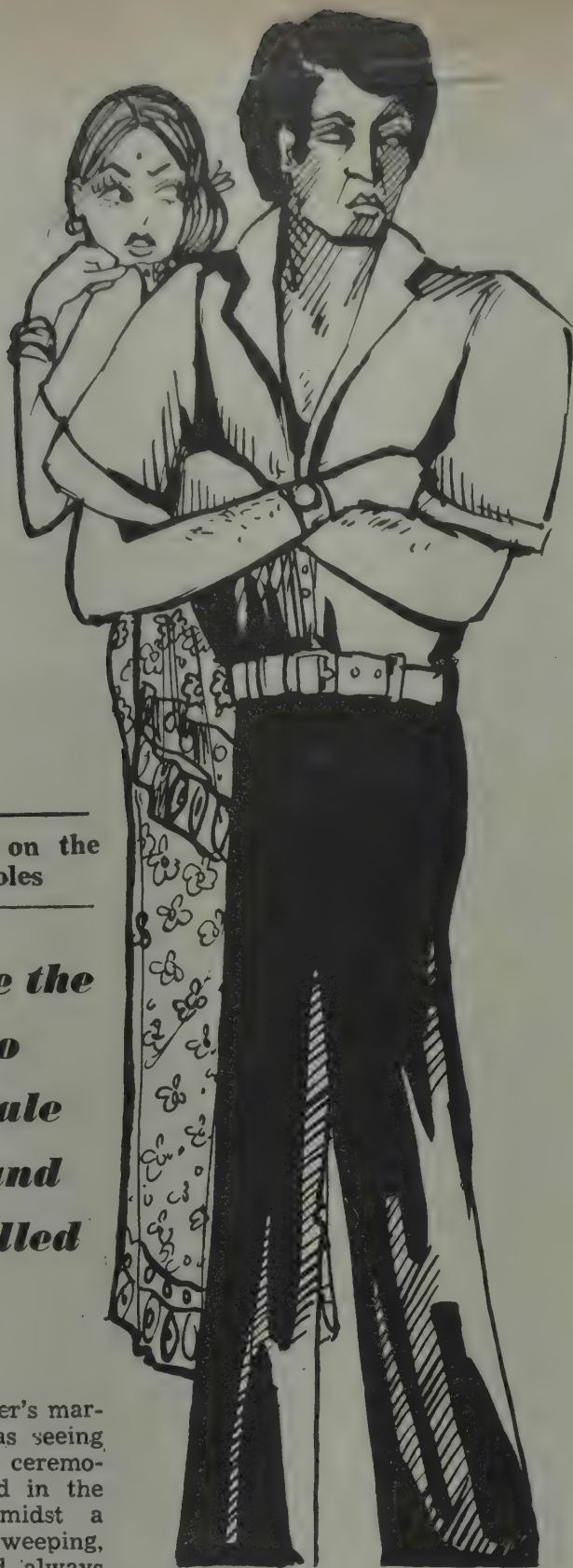
"Our stars and flowers are now real!" they said happily.



"A star," said Omphy-Momphy. The teacher said, "That is a very pretty star."

ross: Zero.  
Ball: 4 Down: Balloon; 7 Ac-  
3 Across: Marbles; 6 Across:  
5 Down: Sun; 2 Across: Ring;

ANSWERS



# the “TOUGH GUY” IMAGE— is it an oppressive facade?

Gouri Salvi

Second in our series on the stereotyping of sex roles

***Few men have the courage to reject the Male Stereotype and risk being called cissies***

It was his only daughter's marriage and the family was seeing her off. The last of the ceremonies was completed, and in the true Hindu tradition, amidst a lot of heart-rending weeping, the bride left. He had always been extremely attached to his daughter, and yet, at that touching moment when she clung to him as she was leaving, not a tear glistened in his eyes and his face was impassive. Not that he was a cold, hard-hearted person; it was just that he was a 'man' and as such believed that even the slightest display of emotions was a sign of 'softness' or 'femininity'. That he was therefore irritable for the rest of the evening and snapped at everyone around him, did not matter; that was acceptable in a man. But tears were shed by women, never by men—at least, that was what he had been brought up to believe.

The young collegian was walking his girl-friend home. A group of local goondas were walking across the road at a distance. One of them let out a low, appreciative whistle. The girl, quite unaware, continued walking. But her young escort felt that his 'strong man' image was

at stake and something had to be done. He crossed the road to the gang of men—all bigger than him—and picked up a fight. It ended with him getting thrashed by the hoodlums and nursing a black-eye. Never mind that he was in agony with his eyelids split open; at least his 'image' was intact, and he returned to the girl with a proud little smile on his lips.

True incidents. And similar ones are fairly commonplace, where men try to live up to the 'strong man' role that has been thrust on them through the ages. Their fear of appearing 'soft' in the eyes of those around them, the terror that they may fail to fulfil the traditional roles laid down for them by society, all lead to a compulsive striving to act brave, strong, all-knowing. And it very often becomes a facade to hide their more compassionate, human and tender feelings.

What exactly does the term 'soft' indicate? As it is generally used, it denotes a number of qualities. Among them are the qualities of warmth, tenderness, expressiveness and the ability of caring. At the other end of the spectrum is passivity, even indecisiveness. Most of us tend to categorise these qualities under two headings: one typifying 'softness' (sensitivity and gentleness, etc) and the other (passivity, indecisiveness), 'softness degenerated into 'weakness'. The interesting point is that all these qualities are acceptable, even valued, in women. Even indecisiveness is so glibly excused as a woman's prerogative. But let a man display these qualities and he is immediately labelled 'cissy' or 'soft'.

It does not need a psychoanalyst to tell us that 'softness' in a woman and 'strength' in a man are not biological characteristics. All of us know through experience, that conditioning of the male and female minds during their most impressionable years, is deep and lasting. It is the constant reproach hurled at the little boy: "Now, don't cry, you're not a girl" or "Come on, don't be shy, only girls are shy"; and the training given to little girls: "Don't be so rowdy. You're a girl so sit there quietly"—that leave lasting impressions—lessons that take a lot of conscious effort to 'unlearn'. Being thus thrown into a society that expects women to be soft and feminine and men to be strong and masculine, how do people react when they do come across a man who is sensitive, expressive and gentle; a man who has no qualms about being 'soft' and is prepared to be himself rather than act tough just to salvage his image?

Pat came the answer from a young Inter Arts student in a Bombay college: "I admire dynamic men. There should be that push in them. Namby-pamby

men" (which is how she saw the sensitive kind) "really get nowhere. They are too easily influenced and have no mind of their own." I thought she was getting the 'soft' man and 'weak' man slightly mixed up, so I made a distinction between the two and then asked her what she thought of the former. "I guess those are good qualities for anyone to have, yes, men must also be gentle and understanding at times. But you know, it's still a man's world and if he is to make something of his life, he must be tough. He cannot afford to be soft and weak." Which made it very clear to me, that to her, a soft man was necessarily a weak man, and in this 'man's world' there was no place for him!

From a married (working) woman, the reaction was: "There's nothing wrong with a man who is gentle, kind and understanding. I think there is a lot more to a sensitive man than there is to the typical 'strong man'. Do you know, I thought my husband was one of those strong men until one incident. Ours was an inter-caste, love marriage, and there was naturally some opposition. But ultimately, the families accepted it, and the date for the marriage was fixed. In celebration, we threw a party, and I'll never forget that day, for it was the first time that I saw R crying—out of sheer happiness! He was really weeping like a child, and didn't give a damn that there were so many people watching. (No, he wasn't drunk!) And I thought it was a beautiful thing that he was able to show what he felt in such an emotional way. I admired him all the more for it. Well, if that's being soft, I think I value it in him as something precious."

It is amusing how tears are the first thing everyone associates with women and 'soft' men. VS, an artist, distinguished between various kinds of crying. "There is nothing wrong with crying in itself. For instance, if a man cried at his father's funeral, I'd say it was only normal; it's just being a sensitive, human person. But if he cries every time his girl friend leaves him, I'd call him a weak man. A weak man (as opposed to a soft man), is someone who lacks confidence, a man without a fully developed personality, someone who suffers from perpetual insecurity and is looking for props all the while. On the other hand, a soft man is considerate, kind, responsive, polite in inter-relationships, and because he understands people so much better, intuitive. There's nothing wrong with a soft man. If for example, a man likes to help in the house, in looking after the children, in cooking, in trying to decorate the house, I'd say he was a very nice person, someone who is more aesthetically involved with the house than most. That doesn't make him weak in any way. Ideally speaking, I'd say that men and women are identical. You can't say that a woman has to be soft and a man has to be strong. There are both kinds in both sexes and they should be accepted for what they are."

But of course, it's so much easier said than done. Most people still continue to denigrate the soft men of the world. An interesting fact that surfaced while talking to various people on the subject, was that men, when in a group of other men, are generally softer than when there is a woman around. For instance, in a discussion, men among themselves, are more accommodating, more open to new ideas, more accepting of opinions that differ from their own. But if a woman happens to be present, they change their tune. Then each one is fixed in his views, aggressive in his tone and intolerant of other opinions. This is a microcosmic example, pointing out a very human tendency: that given an attractive goal, human beings are prepared to change and compromise. Stretched further, it could be said that men and women in their need to be accepted by society, try their best to conform to its rules. And 'rules' demand that men should be strong, aggressive and all-knowing. Therefore, in all his outward behaviour, the male (whether or not he is basically a dashing and dynamic man-in-action) has to make an effort of living up to that image. Possibly out of this, emerge so many of our distorted ideas of male supremacy, running the gamut

from wife-beating to intolerance towards the working wife.

That it must create conflict in a man, to constantly try to impress his 'strong man' image upon the world, when he is not really the 'strong man', seems obvious enough. It was put into words in one genuinely honest reply: "It has taken a long time for all those layers of images that represent traditional roles, to be removed. I may be a woman's lib sympathiser, yet when I am walking on the road with a woman, I am conscious that the lady should be on the inside lane. This indicates how difficult it is to cut away from

incident which probably surpasses any other in bringing out the conflict in the male. A couple (whose relationship was developing promisingly) were walking down the road, when a man came from the opposite side and deliberately brushed against the girl. The young man with the girl saw it happening, but chose to ignore it, hoping that the girl would do the same. But she was a strong-willed and assertive person, and in a moment of fury, she caught hold of the eve-teaser and slapped him. Followed one of those typical scenes, where a little crowd gathered and beat up the wretched

the antithesis of the traditional roles given to man and woman! He preferred to break up such a relationship rather than try to reconcile himself to the fact that there need not be anything wrong in the way he had behaved.

In an interesting chapter called 'Masculine and Feminine—some biological and cultural aspects' (from a book titled 'Psychoanalysis and Women'), Gregory Zilboorg gives a different point of view: "The battles of the males, however fierce, rarely result fatally, they often take the form of quasi mock battles in which some do, indeed get hurt, but it rarely happens that any get killed... it is the female, even when greatly surpassed in strength by the male, who asserts her supremacy... That is why I reject the expression 'male superiority' for those cases in which the male has acquired superior size and strength... And nothing is more false than the oft repeated statement inspired by the androcentric world view, that the so-called superior males devote that new gained strength to the work of protecting the female and the young. Those birds and mammals in which the process of differentiation has gone the farthest, such as peacocks, pheasants, turkeys and barnyard fowls among birds, and lions, buffaloes, stags and sheep among mammals, do practically nothing for their families. It is the mother and she alone that cares for the young, feeds them, defends them and if necessary, fights for them. It is she that has the real courage... courage to attack the enemies of the species. Many wild animals will flee from man, the only exception being the female with her young. She alone is dangerous. Even the male lion is really somewhat of a coward, but the hunter learns to beware of the lioness... how much does the bull or cock care for its mate or offspring? Approach the brood with hostile intent and it is the old hen that ruffles up her feathers so as to look formidable and dares to attack you..."

Gregory Zilboorg is of course talking here essentially of birds and mammals (exclusive of human beings). But can one stretch the similarity to human beings as well? If it is possible, then the myth of 'male superiority' would be further shattered. This is not to score a point in any equality-for-women argument. It is only to show that if man is not, in actuality 'superior' in all the superficial ways he's made out to be, then there is no need for his striving to appear 'strong' and his terror of being 'soft'. And the world would learn to accept him for what he is.

the stereotypes. Yes, I've found it bloody difficult to fit into the strong male image of society... and the apprehensions persist. However much you'd like to tell yourself otherwise, if it's a case of the taxi-driver being rude to your girl, or someone brushing against her, it is you who'll be expected to speak up or you'll feel that it is necessary for you to speak up. You may tell yourself that it is everybody for himself or herself, but you're bound to worry about your 'male' image..."

This brings to mind another

man (in which the girl's friend joined as well). But the significant thing was the turn which the relationship of the couple took after this incident. The boy left her at her house that day and never saw her again! He had dropped her—just like that. Coupled with the fact that she had proved to be a strong woman, independent and well able to take care of herself, he realised that he had failed to conform to society's expectation of a man; he had behaved in a 'soft' manner—all of which was



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She: "The man I marry must be as brave as a lion, but not forward; handsome as Apollo, but not conceited; wise as Solomon, but meek as a lamb; a man who is kind to every woman, but loves only me."

He: "How lucky we met!"

The doctor answered the phone. Turning to his wife, he said, "Quick, get me my bag. The man says he cannot live without me."

"Just a minute," said his wife, who had picked up the receiver, "that call is for our daughter, Ethel."

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Steak and Kidney," the father answered.

"Bill, you fool," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sydney."

Mr. Jones: "My dear, this book is a remarkable work. Nature is marvellous! Stupendous! When I read a book like this, it makes me think how lowly, how insignificant is man."

Mrs. Jones: "A woman doesn't have to wade through four hundred pages to discover that."



Two friends met in the street. One of them remarked on the dirty state of the other's hands.

"Why," he exclaimed, "your hands are covered with soot."

"That's because I was down at the station seeing my mother-in-law away," replied the friend.

"But how does that affect your hands?"

"I patted the engine."



Mrs. Newlywed had not come out very well in her first experience with the cook-book and gas range. She ran to the telephone and called her mother.

"Mother," she sobbed, "I can't understand it. The recipe clearly says, 'Bring to boil on brisk fire, stirring for two minutes. Then beat it for ten minutes'... and when I came back again it was burned to a crisp."

Wife: (On a boating excursion): "If the boat foundered, whom would you save first, the children or me?"

Husband: "Me."

Meek voice over the telephone:

"Doctor, this is Mr. Henpeck. My wife just dislocated her jaw. If you're out this way this week or the week after, you might drop in and see her."

"My wife is suffering untold agony."

"I am sorry. What is the matter with her?"

"She has an inflamed throat and cannot talk about it."

Mrs. Newlywed to her husband: "Darling, will you lend me Rs. 20, but only give me ten? Then you'll owe me ten, and I'll owe you ten, and we'll be straight."

The young daughter of a radio announcer called upon to say grace at a family dinner, bowed her head and said in loud clear tones: "This food comes to us through the courtesy of Almighty God."

Father: "Now I want to put a little scientific question to you, my son. When the kettle boils, what does the steam come out of the spout for?"

Son: "So that mother can open your letters before you get them."

"Ma," said an intelligent boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was as rich as they say he was."

"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your mind?" asked the astonished mother.

"Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich, he would have had a bed of his own."

Compiled by George Fegradoc

## THE STORY SO FAR

Meena, the only daughter of Mr. Subbaraman, learned professor of Sanskrit, wants to marry a boy who is of a different sub-caste—a Vaishnavite—and the professor is too orthodox to permit it. Only Swarnam, their cook of three decades, shares her sorrow and in the process invites the wrath of her father at what he feels is a cook's presumption in trying to interfere in the marital affairs of the family. Hurt and humiliated, but still loyal to his master he advises caution to Meena in both her words and deeds, which of course, falls on deaf ears. Meena is sure she can twist Swarnam round her little finger and entices him into aiding and abetting her scheme to frustrate her father.

## NOW READ ON. . .

Meena stood motionless for some time as if absorbed in her own thoughts. Then she spoke out: "Swarnam! Please go to the hall, take out the Sanskrit story book titled 'Gowri Charitram' from the topmost shelf of the almirah there and fetch it here. I can't reach it. . . You know to read the title, don't you?"

Swarnam looked at her for a moment with surprise and then left. When he gave her the book, Meena riffled the pages of the book and then asked, "Swarnam, you know the story, don't you?"

"Of course, I know it."

"Have you heard father narrating it with great eloquence to the students who come here for private tuition?"

"Yes, I have."

"He is very tremendous at it, isn't he?"

"Of course, very tremendous! He always concludes the story with the remark 'Hari and Hara are one and the same and those who do not agree with this are but bigots. . .'" Swarnam spoke these words with great enthusiasm, but at once bit his lips realising the blunder he had committed.

As he had suddenly realised, Meena was quick to pounce on what he had said. "Do you think, Swarnam, he is fit to narrate this story?" And the next moment Meena tore the book in two and threw the pieces to the ground.

Swarnam was unspeakably shocked. "What is this, Meena? What have you done? You have torn a good Sanskrit book! Why?

How do you hold that book responsible for your fate?"

Then a fearful thought flashed in his mind—that she had lost her reason. He shuddered at the thought and stared at her with wide open eyes.

Meena understood and laughed bitterly.

"No, Swarnam! I haven't gone mad. But if all of you force me to marry a man I don't like, then I will go mad. . ." The next moment she started crying.

"Meena, Meena, don't cry, Meena! I feel desperate when I see you crying. God is great. He will never make your life unhappy. . ." With these soothing words, Swarnam knelt down and gathered up the torn book.

"Swarnam! Are you fifty years old?" asked Meena suddenly.

Swarnam looked up at her and said, "I have completed fifty-five this July, Meena. Why do you ask?"

"Just like that. . . Why did you not marry, Swarnam?"

"I just didn't marry. I may say I didn't think about it."

"You are in this house for the past thirty-two years, isn't it?"

"Yes, my child."

"Did my father not take any steps for your marriage?"

"Of course, your father strongly advised me to marry. 'Both of you can stay with me?' he promised. He was very generous. As your parents didn't have a child even after many years of marriage, he went to the extent of promising to rear my own children and educate them. But I didn't pay heed. He said such sweet things to me because of his affection for me. But I am ungrateful. If I had any gratitude towards him, would I weep now just because he said a harsh word to me today? Doesn't he have a right to speak to me angrily?" He seemed now to be muttering to himself, rather than speaking to Meena.

"Don't talk to me about father's kindness. He has swallowed the cream of hundreds of books, but I think mother who has studied only up to the 5th standard is much better than he!"

"Education has no relevance to the issue, my child," Swarnam argued. "In any country—and at any time—a mother is a mother and a father is a father! I lost my mother when I was only three years old. Like your grandfather, my father too was a priest. But your grandfather gave your father a good education and made him a Sanskrit professor. My father too taught me Sanskrit himself, but took me away from school after I passed the seventh standard. There was no high school in our village. One would have to walk miles to reach a nearby village where there was a high school. But that was not the reason. . . My father wished that I too should pursue the traditional profession of priesthood.

I learnt Tamil and Sanskrit at home from my father. All of a sudden, I hated my profession and also my father who discontinued my studies. I made up my mind one fine morning, got my tuft removed and cropped my hair! My father chased me away from home saying that he won't take even a tumbler of water from my hand. He stipulated that

I could enter the house only after growing a tuft. But I didn't give in. I left the family once for all. I didn't see him afterwards. I was nineteen years old then. . ."

"How did you get the fancy of cutting your hair all of a sudden? Why did you suddenly hate your profession?"

Swarnam smiled mysteriously.

"You see, the mind is a monkey! . . . It was my bad time. . . 'Vinasa kalay vipareetha buddhi . . .' But I don't repent what I did. I am now quite happy as I am. If you were my own daughter, Meena, I would marry you to that Raghavan, the Iyengar boy! But my heart aches and I am afraid it will burst when I think how helpless I am to do anything for you, except saying a few soothing words. . ."

Meena's eyes were instantly full. "Let it be. . . Now to your story. . . You said you never saw your father afterwards. Is he alive now or. . ."

"He died two years after my

## HARI AND SHIVA ARE ONE AND THE SAME

Jyotirlata Girija



leaving him. I was not informed of his death as no one knew my whereabouts. Somebody else having done his last rites, while his son was alive. . ."

"What did you do after leaving the house? How did you live?"

"I had some money which I had earned through my priestly profession. I got a server's job in a hotel in this place. . . I learnt to cook only there. I underwent private tuition and passed the 8th standard within a year and then the matriculation after two years. . ."

"My goodness! You have been a cook in this house, despite being a matriculate!"

"Hush! . . . Don't talk loudly. . . Your mother may hear. Your father doesn't know that I am a matriculate. Had I told him, he would not have kept me as his cook. He would have got me a job worthy of my education and pushed me out by the neck. . ."

"You should have told father,

Swarnam. You have committed a blunder. But how did you come into my father's life?"

"Oh! That? That is also a small story. Your father one day came to the hotel where I was working. He was about twenty-eight then. I was twenty-four. I heard that your father was the only son of the priest, Sivarama Shastri, who was very rich, though just a priest. My proprietor told me that your father was in need of a cook and asked me if I was willing. I said yes. After two years of my joining him, your father got married. I thought he would send me away after that. But he didn't. He kept me permanently. I too liked this life. So I stayed."

Picking up all the pieces of the Sanskrit book, Swarnam put them in a tin box and closed the lid.

"Go and sleep, Meena! Your face is withered. . ."

"How good it will be if I sleep eternally!" Saying thus, Meena left the kitchen. "Oh, my God!"

*Meena loved her  
parents, but  
her father's obstinacy  
drives her to revolt,  
abetted by that  
reluctant conspirator,  
Swarnam, their cook*

murmured Swarnam and went to the backyard to fetch water. . .

"Meena they are all coming on Friday to 'see' you."

"Will they? Let them come, let them come. . ." Swarnam was a little puzzled hearing the heated reply Meena gave. He saw on her face obstinate determination. She had presumably reconciled herself and had come to a decision.

"Swarnam, shall I tell you something very confidential? Can I trust you or would you let me down?"

"No, Meena. I won't. . ."

"I want your help, too. I'm entirely dependent on you for it."

"Speak out, Meena. But one thing. I am eating your father's salt. Please don't implicate me in anything that would be a treacherous job. . ."

"Swarnam! Did you not boast yesterday that you had been my godfather ever since my childhood? You also said that you just could not bear my crying. Is that all just a lie? I agree that it is not fair on your part to betray your benefactors. But is it fair that you should betray a helpless

girl to whom you have been like a father all along?"

"Meena, Meena! What are you going to ask me to do now? Please don't entangle me in any dilemma! To whom I should be loyal is not the point at issue at all. As your father said, I should keep myself aloof from your marriage affair and be praying for your happiness and welfare. . ."

"Swarnam! You love me and love my father too. In that case why should you pray for my happiness alone? If you don't pray for my father's happiness also, will that not be a betrayal?"

"My child! You seem to be trying to knock me down in argument and win your way. . . But it is not clear to me why you are doing that."

"Ask me like that, Swarnam! Do you think that it is wrong on my part to wish to marry only the man I like? Do you think that father is right in not permitting my marriage with the man I like?"

"Meena, I never said your father was right. Nor have I said you are wrong. If I think you are wrong, would I have had the temerity to speak to your father on your behalf and incur his wrath?"

"Even if it is quite right on your part not to be disloyal to both of us, there is a thing called 'justice', isn't it, Swarnam? Should you not support the person on whose side justice is there?"

"Meena, your father thinks that justice is on his side and you think that it is on your side!"

"Let alone what we think, Swarnam. On whose side is justice, do you think, Swarnam?"

"Meena, you have outwitted me! Tell me what you want me to do. . . I will do it putting all the burden on God. . ."

"You must give this letter to him and get his reply."

Swarnam rolled his eyes and took it from her, folded further the already folded letter, made it very small and thrust it hastily in his snuff-box.

"I will do what you want, but I should know what you have written in the letter." Swarnam's tone was harsh and Meena was really taken aback a little.

"I have just informed him that 'they' are coming to 'see' me this Friday and that father has planned to get me married before the end of the month. I have also asked him to show me a way out. . ."

"Yes?"

"If you don't trust me, you may go through the letter. I had not put it in a cover so that you may go through it, if you want to."

"Why should I read it, my child? If you say so, it is all right. . . I shall hand this over to him when I go to the temple this evening."

When Swarnam reached Raghavan's room, Raghavan was pre-

paring to go out. His face brightened a little on seeing Swarnam.

"Come in, come in, Swarnam mama," Raghavan exclaimed and motioned Swarnam to a chair. Swarnam took the chair, took out the letter and handed it over to him. After going through it, Raghavan pushed it in his shirt pocket.

"She has asked me to get your reply."

"Yes? Okay. . . You are with her family since long. Don't you know anyone who is influential enough to convince Mr. Subbaraman?"

"My God! The same problem is worrying me, too. Meena is the only person capable of making him come round. But on this issue that man is dead set against her!"

"Is there no way out? Does not anything occur to you?"

"Only that God should change the heart of that man. Human beings cannot do that. He is also not to blame. A very traditionally orthodox man. He is the only highly educated man in his family. All his forefathers were priests attending to religious rites. You should have guessed his orthodoxy from the very fact that he has not still discarded his tuft despite changing times."

"Of course, of course. . ."

"Once upon a time, my father—he was also a priest with orthodox ideas—chased me away from home, because I removed the tuft and cropped my head. Though the number of such ridiculously orthodox people has dwindled significantly, there are still a few reminding us of the staunch orthodoxy of the superstitious Brahmins—just like the asafoetida cup smelling of asafoetida even after it is completely empty."

"If uneducated people exhibited such superstition, we can understand them, though they are wrong! But this man—this highly educated professor—how is it that he too is so ridiculously orthodox?"

"Who can dare to talk to him about it? His wife is such a meek woman. She is not to blame at all. She too is orthodox, but if that man condescends, she would not stand in your way. . ."

"Why don't you find a way out for us?"

"I can just pray for you both. I pray God that Anna's mind should change. I don't know any other way out."

"If it stops with 'seeing the girl' it is all right. . . But if that man fixes the date for marriage, what to do? We will have to do something which we normally would not."

"What is it you are saying?"

To be continued



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Nails take on a new look with these attractive sparklers — in brilliant, vibrant colours with gold/silver specks to make you glow. Introduced for the first time in the country, they are handy for those glamorous occasions when you want to sparkle through the shimmery evenings. Fun to apply, fun to show off, they are the latest craze.

But these shiny accessories will not cover all your nail problems as will regular care. It's tempting to disguise neglected nails with colours, but much more sensible for lasting loveliness, to get your hands and nails in good shape, before experimenting with these super nail shades. Use two coats of sparklers on bare nails or apply on already painted nails.

Rubini Sparklers — courtesy  
Dimple Cosmetics, Bombay

Photograph — Hansel B...

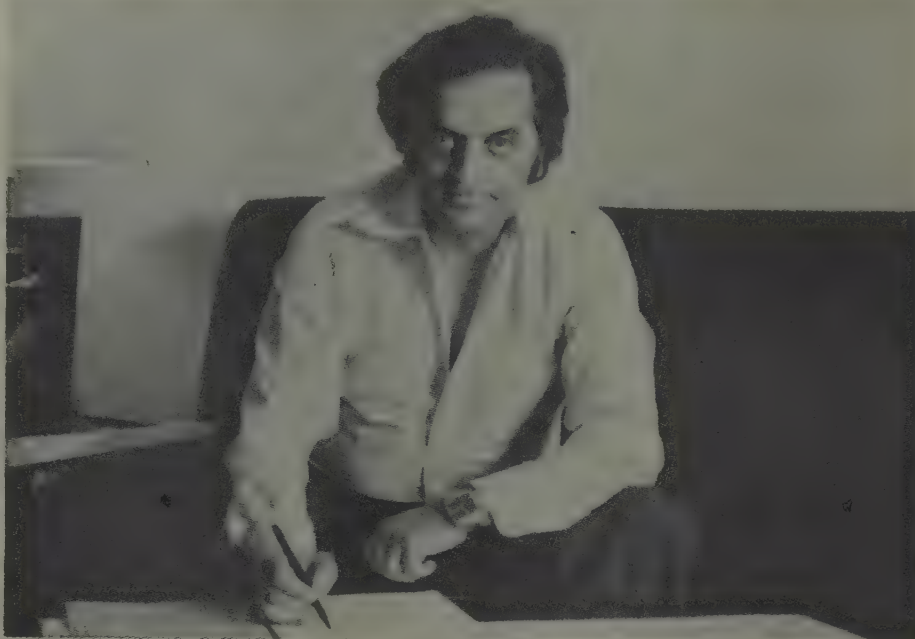
passing through

ITC's Hotel Mughal is a garden resort in the city of the Taj Mahal and for its architect, Ramesh Khosla, it is an "Indian dream come true." A partner of Arcop Associates, Montreal, he was the first Indian partner of any major architectural firm in Canada. Speaking of his initial major project in this country, Mr. Khosla said that he had an excellent rapport with the people he worked with here. "My clients were extremely receptive to my ideas. Of course, I had a few points clearly defined before I started the work in collaboration with an Indian company. Firstly, I didn't want a high-rise building next to the Taj Mahal. There are no elevators—you just walk up to your rooms. Next, I wanted to exploit the skill of the local craftsmen without using traditional motifs and, finally, I wanted to depend more on interior architecture rather than designing for this. Take the lobby, Diwan-e-am, for example, I consider it a very fine piece of architectural designing."

Mr. Khosla was in Calcutta recently as a consulting architect, advising ITC on one of their future projects—the building up of a staff and workers' housing colony at their Bhadrachalam Pa-

## RAMESH KHOSLA AN INDIAN ARCHITECT IN CANADA

Amita Sarwal



per Mills. This stop-over was enroute to Kathmandu in connection with the renovation of a hotel.

The globe-trotting architect started off as a student of the Delhi Polytechnic after which his first job was in Chandigarh. After completing a three-year term there, during which he designed some interesting projects like the Nangal Housing Project, he got a scholarship offered by the West German Government.

Ramesh's relationship with German architects developed into an enduring one while he was part of a design team planning a town for 10,000. Having done reasonably well, he was "accepted." After two years in West Germany, his professor induced

him to go to the States.

He was then taken on the Faculty and was in charge of running a research project and also appointed a studio instructor. The second big step in his life was in 1965. Work for Expo '76 was on in full swing and the Indian architect joined his present company. From then on there was no looking back. Within five years he had become a partner of Arcop. His greatest experience was "Place Bonaventura"—a massive mix-use project which caters to a variety of functions—subway, entertainment, shopping—everything except residence, but they do have hotels. Another prestigious assignment was when he was the partner in charge of doing the public facilities for the World Trade Centre.

Speaking of what's lacking in India he said, "Unfortunately modern architecture doesn't have a solid base here. We Indians haven't learnt from our past. We don't try to solve problems pertaining to our environment. Building activity here is divorced from understanding of our life-style and coming to grips with our cultural background. And it's a pity because there are tremendous possibilities."

Although he has been in Montreal for so many years, Ramesh is still very Indian. He would ultimately like to settle down in India, but at the moment he is too busy working all over the world and back home in Montreal, where his wife, also an architect, and two children live.

## heart to heart

### SUFFERING FROM A COMPLEX

I am a handsome young boy of 20 possessing an excellent physique. The problem is that I feel inferior when I meet my relatives or friends—specially of the opposite sex. I wonder what they think of me. My social life is very unhappy and my parents are also worried about me.

You must not be too self-centred and think of yourself all the time. If you behave naturally and forget what others will say or think, you can go a long way to get over your problem. Think and act as you feel best in any given circumstance. Besides, it is only when you mix, make the effort to talk, make mistakes and overcome them, that you can gain confidence. If you shy away from people it will only make matters worse. There are several young boys and girls who feel the same in the growing-up process—in some it is a bit overdone.

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## IS HE IMPOTENT?

You should join a youth club and mix freely with boys of your age, share some hobby together, like swimming, games, etc. If you get an opportunity converse with girls too. Be interested in others and their activities. Attend parties, picnics, and functions to overcome your shyness, and just act natural.

You should also read some good books available at all popular bookstalls on How to Win Friends

and Influence People, How to Win Confidence, How to Overcome One's Complexes and such subjects. Self-help is the best help and you should make all the attempts possible.

### TAKE NECESSARY STEPS

I have been married for a year. Mine was an arranged marriage. My in-laws are very good to me. I am earning more than my husband, but he is inconsiderate towards me. He often gets angry for no reason and rarely talks to me. We have had no sex relations till now. If I ask him the reason he says that he does not want children and he does not want

to use any family planning methods either.

I am very desperate and I am thinking of securing a divorce from him, but I have brothers and a sister who are to be married, and this may come in the way of their marriage. Kindly suggest a solution.

It is important you confide your problem in your parents or someone in the family whom you

trust and who can help you. Your husband's behaviour regarding sex is strange and surely not normal. It is probable that he is impotent and hence he is putting off sex relations.

You should take immediate steps and not allow him to ruin your life. Since there is no effort on his part to make the marriage work, there is no point in continuing it. You are a working woman and will be able to stand by any decisions that may be necessary. Regarding your brothers and sister it should not be difficult for them to get married as people will see the genuineness of your case. But you should not lead a miserable life by sacrificing yourself for the family. Ask your husband to change his ways or ask him to see a marriage counsellor along with you. In all probability, he may not agree to this suggestion. It appears that he is not co-operative and has a problem which he does not want to reveal. In that case you should proceed with a separation and other legal steps.

Talk it over with a senior and trusted member of your family and his too, if need be. After giving the matter serious thought pro and con, and taking their advice, find an early solution to your problem.

**India's First Lady is a typical middle class woman who has devoted her life to looking after her husband, her children and her home**

**Jyotsana Kapoor**

Mrs. Nagarathamma Reddy, the First Lady of India, is a pious and deeply religious lady, whose main concern is the welfare of her husband and her children. Married at the age of 12 in 1935, she has devoted her entire life to looking after the comforts and needs of her family.

"A simple and selfless woman, she has been the guiding force behind all of us," says her eldest daughter, Mrs. Nirmala Reddy, wife of an industrialist-cum-politician of Hyderabad.

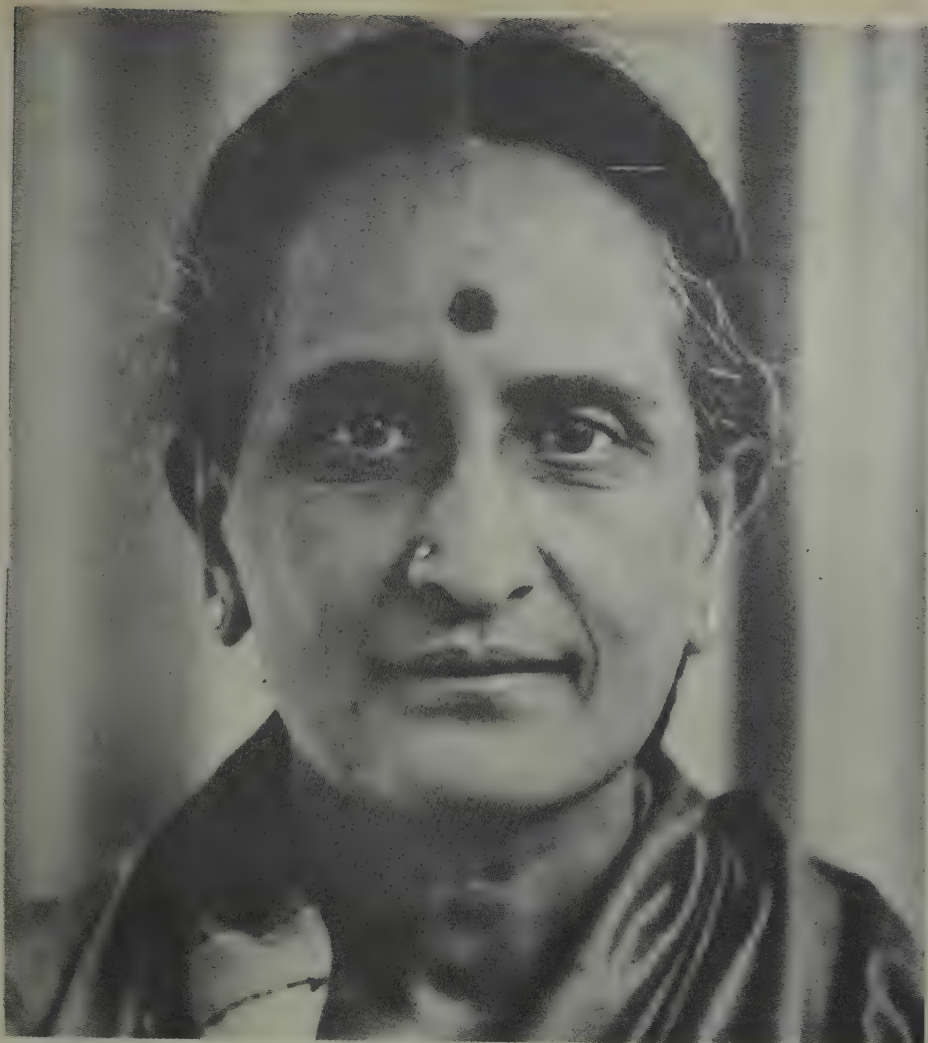
The exalted position, or living in the sprawling Rashtrapati Bhavan, has not given any airs to Mrs. Reddy. "I am still the same ordinary person. I still wear the same clothes and I still like to cook for my husband at least one dish everyday," she says. "I cannot leave everything to the servants as they cannot look after him as well as I can."

And this sentiment is echoed by her daughter who says, "My father does not feel satisfied unless my mother personally looks after his needs."

Mrs. Reddy does not like very ostentatious living and has not made many changes in the three-room suite they both occupy in Rashtrapati Bhavan.

The President and his wife both belong to the same district of Andhra Pradesh and are also closely related to each other by blood.

"I was only 12 years old when I got married and my first daughter was born when I was 15. My husband lost his father at the age of 20 and the responsibility of looking after his younger brothers and sisters fell on him. Where was the time for me to take part in politics or anything else? In any case, all the male members of my parents' family and his (husband's) family have been in politics. I was so busy looking after the family and providing a good home for him that I could not even think of doing anything independently myself. But I always wanted my husband to do something for the country and I was very proud when he announced his decision to participate in the Satyagraha movement started by Gandhiji. The whole family and the entire village people were in tears as he was going to jail, but I did not even shed a single tear. The only thing that I did was to run into the sanctum of the village temple—forgetting that it was forbidden to non-Brahmins—and brought some kumkum from there which I applied on his forehead. I have always had



## NAGARATHAMMA REDDY— First Lady of India

tremendous faith in God and I believe that whatever happens is God's will," said the First Lady.

Mrs. Reddy has always provided her husband with a tension free atmosphere at home, leaving him free to pursue his chosen path. "When my children were small, he was always in jail and it used to be a matter of great excitement for them when he came home. I saw to it that he was not troubled by any family problems and had no worries."

And her husband, The President of India (who dropped in

for few minutes when I was talking to the First Lady), says proudly, "She has always been a silent spectator of all the political upheavals going on around her, never wanting to come into the limelight, never questioning my decisions on anything."

Mrs. Reddy was forced to go out and take an active part in various activities when her husband became the first Chief Minister of the newly formed state of Andhra Pradesh, which was formed following the reorganisation of states in October 1956, but she did not enjoy it much.

She likes to stay at home and read books or talk to people who come to see her every day, she is ever willing to help poor people or her relations who keep coming to her with various problems. The servants of Rashtrapati Bhavan have also found in her a sympathetic listener who is always ready to guide and advise them.

A simple and straightforward lady, Mrs. Reddy is happy in all circumstances as long as she is with her husband. In 1969, Mr. Reddy resigned from the Speakership of the Lok Sabha to contest for President. After the debacle then, he gave up politics and devoted his time to agriculture, which has always remained his first love. Mrs. Reddy was satisfied and content looking after the farm and her home in their village in Anantpur district all these years.

"We were living the life of ordinary people, retired from the hectic life of politics. Then on January 18, 1977, the news came that general elections had been announced. Suddenly everything changed for us and we were plunged into active politics once again. It was a very happy moment for me when he was elected to the Lok Sabha in March 1977 as a Janata party candidate. He was the only non-Congress candidate to be elected from Andhra Pradesh. And it was the proudest moment of my life when he was unanimously chosen President by all the parties," said Mrs. Reddy, her eyes shining with pride. "I have always believed in the will of God. If my husband is now the President of India, it is by the grace of God and I am grateful to Him."

Frail in health, Mrs. Reddy does not have many big future plans. She cannot exert herself much as she is a heart patient. But she likes to accompany her husband on his official engagements. Being a very good cook herself, she likes to try out new dishes from women's magazines and she is very conscious of her husband's likes and dislikes. In her, the President of India, Mr. Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, has found a perfect mate and he could not have paid her a better compliment than his saying, "Whatever I am today is due to her selfless devotion and help."

The Reddys have four children (three daughters and one son) who are all married. Her daughter Nirmala says, "She was never a strict mother and wanted her daughters to get a good education. We have always depended on her for advice and even now, when we have grown up children of our own, we still like to take her advice. And now that all her children are grown up, she wants to look after her grand-children."

Mrs. Reddy is looking forward to the day when her son, who is a doctor in the United States, is due to come back home with his family.



# PAIN FOR CHILD

Vija

These delightful  
"fairytale realism," done  
and controlled -



*"Art is something you have  
a temptation to do" — a 9 - year - old.*

*"Art is working with your hands as  
well as your mind" — an 11 - year - old.*



Photographs: Farokh Reporter

# INGS REN

with their  
n — simple, colourful  
tant appeal



A perfect fusion of opposites is common to all art — from the cave paintings of Altamira or Lascaux to the most sophisticated art of this country.

Seen in this light, these pictures acquire a significance which their apparent childlike naivete tends so charmingly to camouflage. For, at the first look, one is seduced by the little paintings — and some of the best are hardly larger than a cigarette pack — that are so colourful and simple. Their "fairy-tale realism" is absolutely disarming.

But you look at them again, and you would become aware of uncanny feelings of delight and mystery and melancholy and silence, all at once. Each painting ushers you into a world of one single mood. The variations within are as rich and variegated as in a symphonic form.

Incidentally, all these paradoxical elements are found in the art created by the youngest of children. In a child's painting it does not matter if the rainbow is square, or the boat is ready to sail but is suspended in the

air not touching the sea! The other day I saw a painting by a six-year-old boy who didn't find it odd to paint three guns in a row just above a roof top.

The "separate" reality that Anand Naik erects through his paintings of animals and toy trains and landscapes is a peculiar synthesis of a child's world and that of an adult. Looking at his elephants, I remarked that none of them sported a pair of the usual tusks. And Naik said with a laugh, "... Maybe I just forget to put them there." I must say that however absurd, his animals do look living and real, but belonging to a world other than ours.

These paintings are as indescribable as a dream. You look at the animals in different moods, against weird landscapes, in fantastic postures, and you are ushered into "a" world of dream, whose reality the dreamer accepts without question, and whose fantasy he recognizes only upon awakening."

In a small painting, a parrot looks back with a strange sense of expectancy. It is perched on

a boat, which is a miniature in proportion to the bird. It is placed neatly on a flat deep blue surface which is so static that any association with the moving sea commonly experienced, is bound to shock the spectator.

Before I had had a look at his pictures, Naik had told me that "he has done those paintings for children... in a way. I paint them small because I must finish one in one sitting... the mood can change so quickly... the bigger area would take time..." And that really is true. Each painting is a tribute to an eternal moment — or an ever-present present.

The success of these endearing little pictures lies in their being flawlessly naive yet being consciously controlled, unlike in the children's art, where "accident" plays the fundamental part. A child discovers, Naik re-discovers. There is an element of surprise in both. But while in the former, the effect is one of merry violence, in the latter, the effect is one of calm and silent surprise at encountering something "new," something that has suddenly lost its commonplaceness.

beauty

The modern woman is keenly aware of the importance of being well groomed. It is therefore no wonder that she feels unfeminine when she finds an unsightly growth of hair on her upper lip or chin, down the sides of her face or neck, hands or legs. Hypertrichosis, commonly called superfluous hair, is a problem which if allowed to remain unsolved causes embarrassment, misery, and even inferiority complex. Though there is no known way to prevent growth of unwanted hair, remedial electrolysis helps to get rid of it.

A fine growth of downy hair is perfectly normal. It becomes a problem when superfluous hair coarsens and thickens to such an extent that it looks unattractive. Superfluous hair is most likely to develop during puberty, at childbirth or at menopause—any time when there is a change in the glandular balance.

But the most common cause of this problem is what can be termed as "meddling." The trouble often starts when a girl sees a few hair on the upper lip or the side of her face and starts plucking or waxing or threading it. Removing the hair by any mechanical means in this manner is called meddling. This is harmful because it disturbs the roots of the hair which in turn accelerates the regrowth. With constant meddling the hair follicles become twisted and the hair stronger and coarser.

In remedial electrolysis the roots of hair are destroyed by electric current. In the most commonly used method, that is, short wave diathermy, a very fine metallic needle is slid into the hair tube or follicle down to the root and a current is passed through for a fraction of a second to burn its root. Superfluous hair on any part of the body except underarms can be removed by this method.

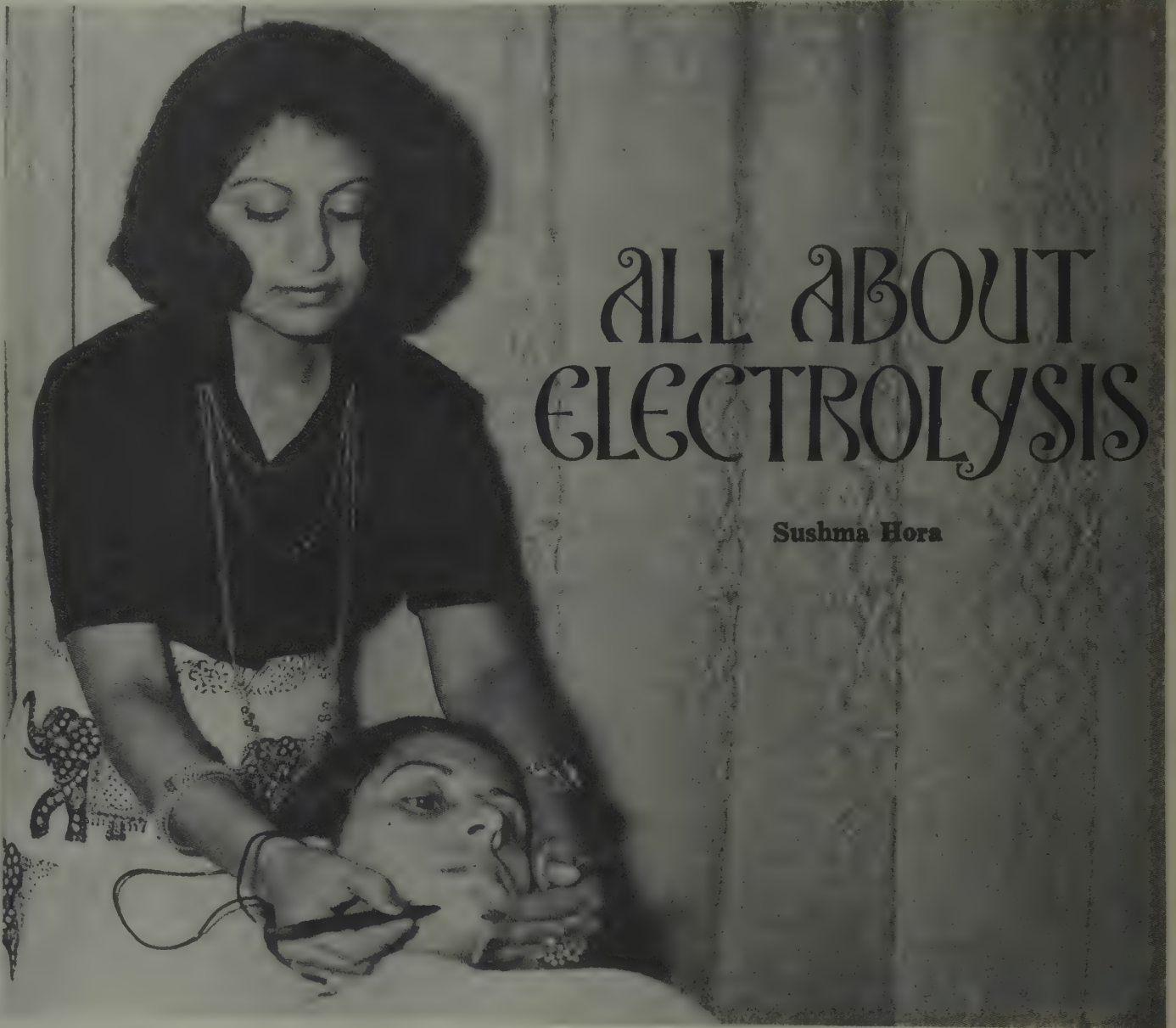
In addition to short wave diathermy there is another method in electrolysis, in which galvanic current is used, giving the same end result. This method works on the chemical action against the thermal action used in the diathermy process. The galvanic current

basis, till the regrowth is eradicated. The time taken to remove hair completely will vary depending on the extent, density and character of the growth. It also depends largely on what sort of method one has been using and for how long.

Other factors affecting the time required for the complete removal are tendency to regrowth in individual cases,

because of nervousness. After a few sittings she is able to relax completely.

It is a common belief that remedial electrolysis is a very expensive process. The cost of per sitting is much higher when compared to waxing or threading, but then it is a permanent method. Even in the case of one who has been waxing and threading her face for



## ALL ABOUT ELECTROLYSIS

Sushma Hora

**Good results will be obtained if the electrologist is well qualified and experienced**

method is not very popular as any one area like a complete upper lip cannot be treated and cleansed in one sitting. It takes longer than the diathermy method as only well spread hair can be tackled at a time.

Though electrolysis destroys the hair from the root, it does not mean that it remedies the problem of unwanted hair in a single sitting. It is a process of gradual lessening of hair on an increasingly permanent

meddling with the hair between the treatment, equipment used and the operating technique. Good results will be obtained only if the operator is well qualified and experienced.

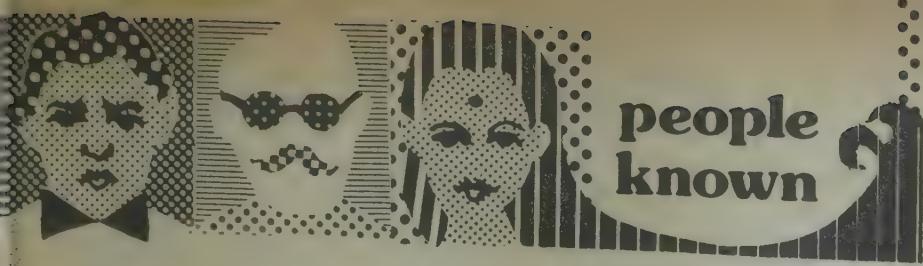
A bad case may require weekly treatment for a few months, at the end of which the worst growth would have been cleared. The remaining follicles will be treated at fortnightly or monthly intervals gradually reducing the length of sittings till the entire removal is completed.

Is the treatment painful? Well, it does pain, but so does any other mechanical method of removing hair. Some find it more painful than others. The usual sensation is like tiny pin pricks but quite bearable. Usually in the first session the person feels the pain more

Sushma Hora, a diploma holder in beauty therapy and electrolysis, from Arnould Taylor College, London, treating hair on chin.

a long time, electrolysis is cheaper in the long run. She would no doubt have to spend a fairly large amount of money but this is because the electrologist has to first undo all the damage caused by using unscientific methods of hair removal.

After the treatment the skin may become red or slightly lumpy if it is over-sensitive. In extreme cases there may even be a slight rash. However, all these symptoms are temporary. There are no after effects of any sort—in fact electrolysis is approved by the medical profession as a treatment for removing superfluous hair.



## people known

What Lata can do, sister can do as well, if not better. So singer **Asha Bhonsle** recently embarked on a month-long tour of the United States and Canada. She did not go alone — music-director R. D. Burman accompanied her. The double attraction certainly drew the music lovers abroad in their thousands. At the first performance in New York, a crowd of 3,000 made up of Indians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshi's and West Indians flocked the amphitheatre at Madison Square Gardens



and listened eagerly to each number and applauded lustily. While Lata's programme had comprised soft melodies and accentuated the classical film music, Asha and R. D. Burman went western with a vengeance and liberally sprinkled their repertoire with jazz and rock numbers. The fans rapped it all up — knowing they were getting the best of the Asha-R. D. combination.

His name could be castor oil instead of **Castro** for all we cared. **Mrs. Mary Hemingway**, widow of novelist Ernest Hemingway, is in Cuba to help in the production of a film about her husband. And that naturally brings her in frequent association with the Cuban Prime Minister **Dr. Castro**. If a photograph published in any of these meetings gave any indication, Mrs. Hemingway is not exactly awed by the rebel of yesteryear. For, the camera has caught Mrs. Hemingway making a rather grimy face. Of course, it could be a spontaneous reaction to something the photographer did while clicking his camera, but Mrs. Hemingway's eyes are on **Dr. Castro**. And looks like she can speak quite clearly, sometimes!

**Mr. Melville De Mellow** has been justly honoured once again for his efforts at creating a universal and off-beat

programmes for radio listeners over the years and T. V. watchers in more recent times. The veteran director of radio programmes has been appointed Professor Emeritus in **Akashwani** and **Doordarshan** for a period of three years with Delhi as his headquarters. He has no appointed duties, but will be available to guide all who need guidance. So, those unusual, off-beat, in-depth programmes may continue to feature over the air — for the next three years at least.

Some people take to sports for fun. The way things are turning out, one may wonder whether ex-president **Gerald Ford** took to golf to work out some subconscious urge to hurt. On July 26, Ford who was playing a two-day invitation Golf tournament in Vail,



Colorado, with **Bob Hope**, **Jackie Gleason** and professional golfer **Hale Irwin**, slammed at his ball with force enough to send it flying out of bounds. The ball nicked 26-year-old **Jessie Edeen**, who was watching the play, on her wrist and raised an ugly welt. Ford was very contrite, apologized profusely and presented the offending ball to Mrs. Edeen.

This was Ford's second mistake; the first was more deadly. Exactly a month ago, on June 25, Ford's first hole shot in the **Vince Lombardi** golf classic had hit **Gene Bartelt** in the head, requiring six stitches. If Ford is planning to play another match around the third week of the coming month, spectators would be wiser to watch him from inside indestructible tanks!

After a brief three-month hibernation, **Mrs. Indira Gandhi** is in the news again. And, very naturally, has captured the limelight by her appearance. When Mrs. Gandhi decided to visit **Acharya Vinoba Bhave** at his **Paunar Ashram**, newsmen and politicians alike sat up and began thinking. No details were revealed of the three-day visit, and newsmen and politicians alike are now busy wondering. Mrs. Gandhi insisted her talks were mainly religious and spiritual in nature, because the sage had taken **Karma Mukti** which pre-



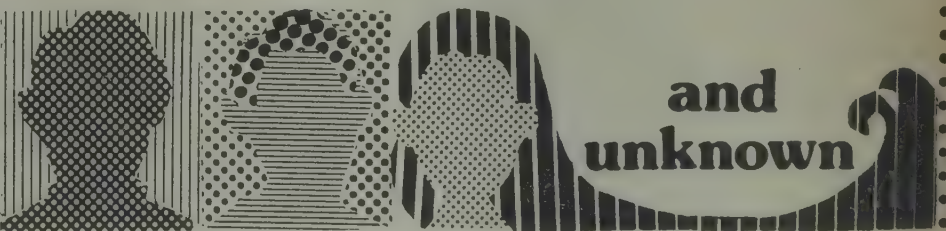
cluded him from discussing worldly matters with anyone including ex-Prime ministers. Just when her anxious opponents sighed with relief, Mrs. Gandhi announced that religion includes all subjects — implying it included politics too! **Indira** watchers, friends and foes alike, have been jolted into the awareness of the fact that Mrs. Gandhi plans to remain very much in the news. And also plans a visit to her old hunting ground — **Rae Baraeli**. Looks like

another confrontation is brewing.

**Mr. Jyotirmoy Basu** is a man of habit and he takes his habits seriously; so seriously that he sticks to a habit after acquiring it, even against his will. The veteran of many a Parliamentary battle against Mrs. Indira Gandhi, Mr. Basu sent the Lok Sabha into paroxysms of laughter by constantly referring to Mr. **Morarji Desai** as "she."

Not that he was prepared to admit his slip. When members informed him about his unusual mode of address for Mr. Desai, Mr. Basu insisted he had never made the mistake, and referred to Mr. Desai as Mr. Prime Minister two or three times. Maybe, now that he has been awakened to the fact, Mr. Basu will shake himself of the habit.

**Mr. David Evans** is one up on **Kerry Packer**. What this wealthy London businessman is doing will probably pack up Packer's circus for ever. Mr. Evans has offered to buy out the contracts of five England test stars who have contracted with Packer; he has also offered to sponsor every England player by paying 1000 pounds for every test match. The total amount Evans plans to put in to save cricket from becoming Packer's private game amounts to almost half a million pounds. But obviously Evans feels that it is money well spent. After all what Packer proposed to do is not quite cricket — how can an Englishman sit idle and watch his national game being ruined by somebody seeking a quick buck?



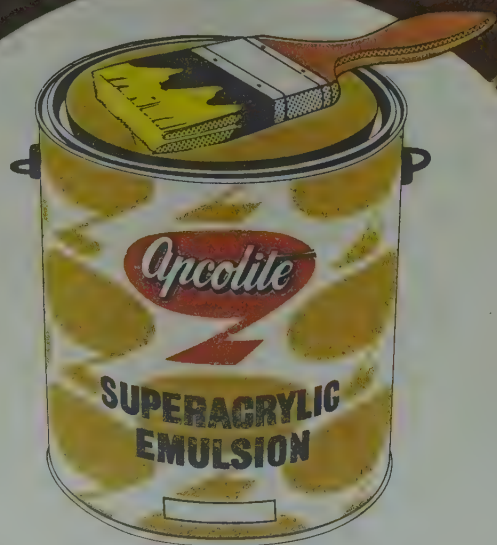
## and unknown

If his mother has her way, he will ever be in the news. Or at least, his namesake will be in the news always. When he was a few days old, last year, she named him **Sanjay** after what seemed to her the brightest star on the Indian political horizon. Now a year later, on his first birthday, he has been rechristened **Sanjiva**, after the new President. Who knows what will be the name of **Sanjay** alias **Sanjiva** when the President retires! He'll probably end up with the longest list of first names — long enough to compile a names-for-babies suggestion book!

Compiled by **Sathya Saran**

the sunflower turns  
to look at the sun  
giving glare for glare  
while I foolishly stare  
at the golden fly  
that's come in between  
to divert the eye  
while the sun and flower  
continue their game  
without a name

# Nature our teacher



The mood of yellow  
bright or mellow from  
Apcolite Superacrylic Emulsion



**asian paints**

# "I RELY ONLY ON MYSELF"— RAAKHEE

N. Bharathi

There is a lot of activity in Raakhee's house. Having returned to her 'maike' (her mother's house), Raakhee is settling down to making the place as habitable as possible. She lives in a sober white bungalow—the ground floor of which has been let out to tenants. There are carpenters and sundry workmen running around the back of the house. Raakhee has plans of adding more rooms to her bungalow by building them in the space behind and linking the two with a staircase. Additional built-in space will give daughter Bosky more space to run around. She's growing up and needs a large place, Raakhee pointed out.

Raakhee has always been more interested than other film stars in doing everything herself. She is a strong woman (mentally) with tremendous confidence in her capabilities. One remembers the time her house was raided by the income tax department. For weeks together one found Raakhee going personally to the authorities to retrieve her jewellery and other possessions. As she often points out, "I don't have ten brains behind me doing my work. My brain is within me and I rely only on myself..."

There was also the time when an outspoken Raakhee told the press about a film producer who hadn't paid the workers their dues. A defamation suit was immediately filed against her. Once again an agitated but determined Raakhee made personal appearances in court and faced the proceedings. On the actual day of the hearing, Raakhee stood for more than three hours waiting for the complainant to turn up. As luck would have it he didn't come that day and the magistrate who'd been watching her dropped the case. Raakhee used to be moody and preoccupied those days. But the minute it was over, she was back to her normal self. Frank-

ly, I know that temperamental stars can be pretty irritating. But I'd rather find a moody woman who does things herself than meet a smiling but inefficient actress.

As Raakhee often points out she does have her famous moods. "But without moods a person would be like a piece of furniture." I know of journalists who complain about her unapproachable, cold attitude towards the press. But once again, I'd rather meet a person like her who gives appointments rarely and keeps to them than a film star who gives appointments often but never keeps them punctually. When Raakhee gives you an appointment she will always be ready and waiting on time. I've never known her to let down anybody—neither the press nor her producers.

Coming to her moods again, it is nice to note that it never comes in the way of her work. Raakhee may turn up at the studio looking grumpy or sulky and avoid conversation with her co-artistes. But at least she turns up and finishes her work instead of playing truant like other actresses do.

It is Raakhee's attitude towards her responsibilities that has matured her so much. She has just turned thirty but she has packed into it more experience than many others her age. In her family, Raakhee has always been more of a son than a daughter. She has bought a farm on the outskirts of Bombay, and she's meticulous about its upkeep. Raakhee visits her farm regularly and keeps herself informed about the business side of it. Like back home in Bombay she's personally interested in her tax problems and sits with her chartered accountant to be in the know ...

Now that Raakhee is a mother she exhibits the same sense of responsibility by escorting her daughter to school

everyday and fetching her back, by personally looking after her diet, her clothes, her play time and her outings.

The keen sense of responsibility that Raakhee has towards everything in life includes, of course, her acting commitments. When she first joined films she treated it as another money-making pastime and signed films indiscriminately. Her post-Gulzar phase in films is entirely because she wants to act—films no longer are just a means of making money to her. One therefore finds Raakhee being extra careful in choosing her assignments. "The hero has never mattered to me. If I could work with an unknown face in '27 Down' then why not with others?" is her general attitude. "I am only interested in a good role like the one I did in 'Tapasya'."

After listening to and approving the story, Raakhee tackles other hassles like dates, which she handles herself. She dislikes working in more than one shift a day and sticks to a normal schedule of reporting at 9 a.m. and leaving the studio at 6 p.m.

On the sets, Raakhee doesn't throw tantrums. She is con-

sidered to be one of the best emotional actresses in town. She is hard working and puts in her best when the role is worth it. Like, for the scenes in "Doosara Aadmi", where Raakhee is supposed to be slightly tipsy and face a showdown with the man who has been in love with her for several years, people in the unit marvelled at her efforts to bring authenticity to her character. Apparently, Raakhee used to sip champagne and then give her shots.

With Raakhee's emotional roles and her tremendous talent in that direction it is little wonder that people continuously compare her with Meena Kumari. But she too has her limitations. Some co-stars feel that Raakhee is a terrific actress but she lacks versatility—her drawbacks being her inability to tackle a role that requires good dancing or one that requires a comic touch.

Photograph  
Dhirendra Kishen





## true confession

I didn't know how to refuse when my sister Shanta came and left her daughter with us. God knows she had reason enough to do it. Her husband had in recent years been having queer bouts of depression and three days back he had just disappeared from the house without telling anybody where he was going. I was the only brother Shanta had in India. She had a mother-in-law of course, but she had never had amiable relations with her at any time because the old lady had been against Shanta's marriage from the start. Hers had been an impetuous love marriage and one of the main objections on both sides had been the fact that Shanta and Murad belonged to different religions. They had had to elope and I had helped them secretly because our own parents hadn't been inclined to the alliance in the least. In fact, they were so busy fixing up a suitable match for Shanta with someone from our own community that they didn't even know the bird had flown. When I told them she was not in her room, they were livid with rage and refused to have anything to do with their errant daughter.

I don't know if they guessed my role in the elopement, but they moved away soon after to their ancestral house in the village. The reason they gave was that the city didn't suit them, but I felt they were doing it to get away from both Shanta and me. If they were in Bombay it would be odd to avoid encounters with one's daughter without provoking gossip. This way they were safe.

I was already married at that time to a girl chosen by them. But there was some friction between my mother and Usha, which I could detect from my wife's red rimmed eyes and my mother's sullen silences. So this was probably another reason why they went away.

When Shanta's marriage struck a rock, it was natural for her to turn to me for assistance. I was the only one who had stood by her in those early days, had kept her stealthy meetings with Murad a secret from our parents, had given her money to set up a home when they decided to get married. I had always thought they were well suited to each other and would be perfectly happy. So it came as shock to me when Shanta stood on the threshold of my flat in Andheri one rainy night in August with her daughter Amina in tow.

It must have been around eleven in the night or maybe it was closer to twelve. It was pouring like mad and the pair were drenched in spite of their umbrella. There was moisture on her face — maybe tears, maybe rain water. I stared at her. She came in, kept the umbrella in a corner and burst into tears.

"Shanta," I cried alarmed. "Has something happened to Murad?" The only eventuality I could think of was illness or death. But if he was dead she would hardly have come herself. Someone from her neighbourhood would have come and informed me. Maybe he was seriously ill.

"Do you need money, Shanta?" I asked. She kept on crying. I was desperate.

"How can I help you if you don't tell me what's wrong?" I cried.

"He's disappeared," she said.

"Maybe the rains held him up somewhere," I consoled.

"He went away three days back!" she said woodenly.

"You didn't fight, did you?" I asked.

My wife handed her a towel and she began to mechanically wipe her daughter's hair. Even in a moment of crisis a mother's natural instinct is to protect her child. As she took off the girl's wet clothes and changed her into my own daughter's dry ones, she told me what had happened.

"He's been having these fits of depression lately," she said. "For some time I thought that they were due to pressure of work. I mean there was nothing seriously amiss with our marriage to make him behave like that. We never had violent quarrels. I pandered to

**Truth is of course  
supremely important, but  
sometimes it has  
to be tempered with  
caution**

# I HID THE TRUTH ABOUT MY SISTER



his every whim and was a most submissive wife. What could have gone wrong?"

"Think back," I said.

"I have thought a great deal," she replied "and have come to the conclusion that some harm has come to him."

"What's given you that conviction?"

"I have found in my house talismans and charms which point to the bogey of black magic."

If I hadn't been so upset on her behalf by Murad's disappearance, I might have laughed outright.

"Do you really believe all that hocus pocus?" I asked.

"Yes, I do. It is a very real thing," she said. "Somebody is out to destroy our marriage."

"Who?" I asked, "would wish you ill?"

"His mother," she replied. "She hates me. Now she has drawn her son back to her by some eerie means."

I didn't believe her. I have never had any belief in the supernatural with its attendant paraphernalia of ghosts and witchcrafts and wicked spells. And which mother, I reasoned, would want to harm her own son?

She told me she had come to leave Amina with me. She wanted to go out in search of her husband. I didn't know what to do. First, I was not at all sure the child would stay amiably with us. She was three years old and had no familiarity with us at all, having stayed almost all the time in her mother's company. Yet I didn't want to refuse Shanta this request. I knew her whole life was at stake. Not that I had any belief in black magic, but I felt some psychological trauma had made him stray from home. He had always struck me as a quiet and introspective chap and such people are more prone to brood and develop all kinds of quirks.

"Are you going to inform the police?" I asked her.

"No," she said. "Because I have a good idea where he has gone."

"Where?" I asked.

"He has gone back to his parents," she said. I could sense he was undergoing some sort of conflict. He had these bouts of depression and there seemed no real reason for them. I found him once intently staring at a photograph. When I went to see what it was he tore it to shreds. I questioned him about it, but he refused to tell me. He lapsed into this impenetrable silence which had become a normal part of his behaviour."

"If he doesn't want to stay with you, anymore?" I asked. "What's the use of going after him? Do you really think you can make him come back to you?"

Her eyes became livid with rage then and she was afraid for her.

"You don't understand how much Murad's safety means to me, do you?" she cried. "You don't really care."

"Shanta, please don't misunderstand me. It's not that I don't want to help. It's just that I want to point out the sheer futility of it."

"You men are all the same," she cried. "You don't understand the distress of women."

"Shanta. . ."

"He is not aware of what he's doing, you understand? He's in a mental mist. They've done this to him. He's like an automaton going back to his people drawn by some eerie power which has neutralised his will."

Looking at her eyes I realised she was in a state of mental stress herself, deluding herself that Murad had gone away against his will, blaming the machinations of witchcrafts. If these delusions continued, she would go round the bend and end her days in a lunatic asylum. To prevent that I had to help her, keep her calm, lull her fears, try and keep her with me.

I touched her arm. "I believe you Shanta," I said, "but I think you ought not to go out in search of him on your own. You have your laughter to think of. How will she stay without you? She's never known us intimately at all. She will cry herself to exhaustion in a few hours and you will be worrying about her even while you're busy tracking down Murad."

She stared at me. Perhaps my reasonable approach got through to her.

"I will go out in search of him," I said, "while you stay here with Usha. Amina will be more at ease too, and so will you."

I thought I would go next day, but she almost pushed me out of the house with my raincoat and umbrella with a fierceness that left no doubt in my mind about her mental condition.

I went straight to Shanta's house because I had no intention of starting my search by night in pouring rain. I had taken the key from her purse when she was inside with

Usha, getting out of her wet clothes. I had taken it with a double purpose. I felt a search of her living quarters would give me some clue to Murad's disappearance.

I heard a peculiar sound the moment I set foot in the flat. A wail, half animal, half human. It was a muffled sound but in the stillness of night it got to me at once in spite of the drumming noise of the rain. I switched on the light quickly and looked around. As I waited, it came again, this time accompanied by a faint thud. It appeared to come from a packing box in the bedroom. I was not a timid man by nature but now my hair stood on end. I went to the box and lifted the cloth that was draped over it. The box was locked. I fetched a pair of tongs from the kitchen and set to work on the lock. The hammering sounded incredibly loud and I sweated in the empty house.

At last it gave way and I undid the latch and flung the lid open. I almost screamed at what I saw inside. It was Murad. The gag which had apparently been tied round his mouth to silence him had worked loose and come to his chin. He couldn't rise on account of weakness. He gave a grunt and slumped forward. I lifted him out with difficulty and forced water into his mouth. Then I laid him out on the ground and sprinkled water on his face.

It was a long time before he opened his eyes. All through the night I sat vigil. When he opened his eyes, I fed him biscuits from a tin on the kitchen shelf. It was only when the day dawned that he was in a condition to speak. But for the chinks in the box he might have been a corpse. The realisation gave me a jolt. If I hadn't come to the house that night no one would have found him. That was another shock.

"What happened?" I asked, as he sipped tea from a saucer. It was milkless tea, but the best I had been able to do in the circumstances.

"Your sister is mad," he said. "By God, I've had a narrow escape. Thank Allah you found me."

"Who put you in the box?"

"Shanta," he said.

"No!" I cried.

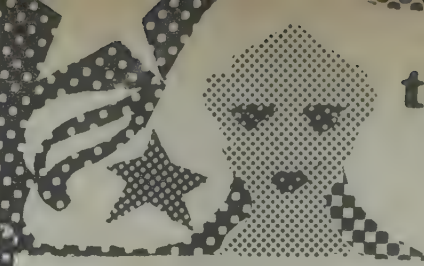
"Yes," he replied. "I had taken leave for a few days to go and see my father who is dangerously ill. She caught me reading a letter one day and was suspicious though I tore it up at once. Since I was on leave, the people in the office didn't even suspect anything was wrong. I've been in this damn crate for two and a half days."

He was getting breathless.

"Don't strain yourself," I said. "Everything will be all right. You're safe now."

Then I thought of the wild look in her eyes, the signs of mental breakdown, the haste with which she had propelled me out into the downpour at one o'clock in the morning and knew there was only one solution.

Today Shanta is in a mental asylum and Murad is free. I don't know if he has married again, but he should because he deserves happiness. He left Amina with me before he went away because he felt his own parents would ill treat her because of her mother. Murad is a fine man. He promised not to reveal to anyone the fact that Shanta had almost killed him. I have stood by this resolve. In fact, it was my idea in the first place and he gracefully agreed. You see, I'm afraid the stigma that attaches itself to Shanta by this homicidal act will leave its tarnish on us all — on me, on Usha, on my own children and Amina too, who has grown more like a child of our own now. I have kept the truth from my parents, too. They are very old and I feel they mightn't be able to take it.



this week  
for you

K. H. Shroff

3rd September to 9th September



**ARIES:** (March 21 — April 19)  
No snap decisions on 3rd and 4th on matters of personal interest. Success through calm and consistent efforts. Influential friends help. Favourable days: 5-7.



**TAURUS:** (April 20—May 21)  
Relief due to alleviation of problems in matters of health and working conditions. Purchase or sale of estate, automobiles, etc. entail complications. Favourable days: 7-8.



**GEMINI:** (May 22 — June 21)  
Residence renovation brightens your outlook on life. Intellectual pursuits make you prominent. Short and long journeys prove encouraged. Favourable days 5-6.



**CANCER:** (June 22—July 22)  
Good luck smiles. Money gain in speculative ventures. Your dues received promptly. You meet lovable partner if single. Lavish expenditure. Favourable days: 7-8.



**LEO:** (July 23 — AUG. 23)  
Optimism prevails despite heavy load of responsibility. New social contacts bring financial aid. Avoid clandestine affairs. Favourable days: 5-6.



**VIRGO:** (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22)  
Your working schedule is disturbed. Favourable time for review of past experiences and rearranging working hours for quick disposal. Journeys are delayed. Favourable days: 7-8.



**LIBRA:** (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22)  
You will realize your ambitions. Excellent time for artists and people connected with aviation. Rapport in affairs of the heart. Favourable days: 5-6.



**SCORPIO:** (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22)  
Mixed period. Benevolent rays of Jupiter turn to favour you. The worst is over. With discretion you make plans to go ahead. Favourable days: 6-7.



**SAGITTARIUS:** (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)  
Success in competitive tests. Surroundings prove pleasant and helpful in many ways. Favourable days: All days.



**CAPRICORN:** (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)  
Re-assess your professional relationships. Powerful friends give encouragement. Happy response to your suggestions and requests are probable. Favourable days: 8-9.



**AQUARIUS:** (Jan. 20—Feb. 19)  
Saturn restricts activities. Put off legal matters. Social occasions, amusements and devotion to hobbies prove soothing and fruitful. Favourable days: 5-6.



**PISCES:** (Feb. 20 — March 20)  
Emotional and sympathetic attitudes bring new attachments. Happy news from abroad. Favourable days: 7-8.



# ZIESTY CARROTS

## MASALA CARROTS

- 450 grams carrots
- 2 large onions
- 1 tsp. ghee
- ½ fresh grated coconut
- 4 cloves
- 4 peppercorns
- 1 tsp. coriander seeds
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder

Slit the radishes into four pieces each, lengthwise. Chop one onion and fry it in ghee, till it is golden brown. Add to this, the grated coconut, cloves, pepper and coriander seeds, and fry them all together. Grind all fried ingredients to a smooth paste, with a little water. Add to this paste the salt, chilli powder, garam masala, turmeric and finely chopped onion. Mix well. Use three-quarters of this mixture to stuff the radishes,

*Premila Lal*

Carrots don't make your hair curl, but do help protect your health. This refreshing root vegetable comes in a variety of shapes, size and colour. Rich in vitamin C, it is eaten raw or boiled in salads, black ones used for pickles and other variety added to meat and vegetables to impart its own peculiar flavour and colour. For various preparations, remove tops of carrots, scrub well or pare thinly. Leave whole, dice, cut in rounds, strips or shred. Whether you bake, fry or boil carrots (gajjar) with sauces or in stew, it adds zest to any dish.

then place them in a saucepan. Add the remaining masala, mixed with a little water. Let it boil till the carrots are cooked, and the gravy is thick. Serve with chap pattis or bread.

## CARROTS TORTE

- ½ cup dry bread crumbs
- 12 egg yolks
- ¾ cup sugar
- ½ cup grated carrots
- ¾ cup ground almonds
- ½ cup grated apple
- 1 tbsp. cognac
- 12 egg whites

Preheat the oven to 375 degree F. Grease a 10 inch spring form and dust with the bread crumbs. Beat the egg yolks; add the sugar, beating until light and fluffy. Stir in the carrots, almonds, apple and cognac.

Beat the egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold into the carrot mixture. Turn into the pan. Bake for 45 minutes, or until a cake tester comes out clean. Cool before removing from pan. Cover with whipped cream.

**CARROT MURABBA**  
 50 grams carrots  
 50 grams sugar  
 cloves  
 stick cinnamon  
 green cardamoms  
 cup water  
 A pinch of citric acid

Red carrots are best for this recipe, though any other carrots may be used. Scrape the skin and wash the carrots. Slice into thick one-inch slices and boil in the water till they soften. Remove from water and keep aside to drain. In the same water, dissolve the sugar, add citric acid, cloves, cinnamon and cardamom and a quarter cup of water if necessary. Cook till the syrup is of one-thread consistency. Add the carrots to the syrup and boil once more till syrup reaches the one-thread consistency again. Remove and keep aside, overnight. If the syrup becomes a little watery boil once more to regain the right consistency. Bottle in an airtight jar if it is to be preserved. If it is to be served immediately, the citric acid may be omitted.

**CARROT BARFI**

1 kg. carrots  
 2½ pints milk  
 600 grams sugar  
 1 cup dried fruit (chironji, raisins or chopped pistachios)  
 A pinch of cardamom powder  
 60 grams blanched, chopped almonds  
 A few shreds warq, for garnishing

Wash and slit the carrots lengthwise then mince them in a mincer. Take eight ounce milk and boil the minced carrots in it. When tender, remove from fire and keep to cool. Make a paste of saffron with a little milk. Place a pan on the fire, pour in the milk and add stirring frequently. When the milk in the pan is dried, add sugar, and keep stirring until the mixture thickens. Then remove the pan from the fire. Put in the dry fruits and mix well. Then spread out the mixture on a large dish. Garnish with silver warq. When cool, cut into square pieces and serve. Will remain for a week or more.

**HOT VEGETABLE PICKLE**

2 kg. turnips sliced into ½ inch cubes  
 2 kg. cauliflower, cut into 2 inch pieces  
 2 kg. carrots, quarter lengthwise  
 500 grams shelled peas  
 250 grams garlic, paste  
 125 grams green ginger paste  
 125 grams onions, ground  
 1 tsp. mustard seeds, powdered.  
 2 tbsps. chilli powder  
 1 tsp. garam masala  
 1 tsp. turmeric powder  
 1 pint mustard oil  
 1 pint vinegar  
 1 kg. jaggery  
 Salt to taste

Boil water in a large pan and cook all the vegetables for 5 minutes. Drain well and spread on a clean towel. Wipe off excess moisture.

Heat the oil in a pan and fry the onion, garlic and ginger paste well. Add the mustard powder, and fry some more. Now add the remaining spices mixed together in a cup and added along with salt to taste. Simmer until the oil floats to the top. Cool and add vegetables. Shake vessel to mix well. Put in a large jar and keep in the sun for 2-3 days shaking the jar well every day. Heat vinegar and jaggery and boil. When cool, add to vegetables. Place jar in sun for another 2 days then bottle in air tight jars. It will be ready for use in three days.

**CARROT RING**

12 tender carrots  
 1 tbsp. butter  
 Salt and pepper  
 1 tbsp. chopped parsley or coriander  
 2 egg yolks

Steam or cook whole carrots cool and peel them. Put in a blender or through a mincer or mash with a potato masher. Beat in the butter, seasoning and parsley. Beat in the egg yolks and place in a greased ring mould. Heat over hot water in a 350 deg. F. oven till set for 20-30 minutes. Invert the mould, fill the centre with cooked peas.



The freshness of eggs may be determined by placing them in a large bowl of cold water. The ones that float are not usable.

**GAJJAR KA HALWA**

1 kg. carrots, peeled and grated  
 4 cups milk  
 6 pods cardamoms, powdered  
 8-10 tbsps. ghee  
 ½ kg. sugar  
 1 tbsp. fried raisins  
 1 tbsp. fried, sliced almonds  
 1 cup cream or ½ cup khoya  
 Silver warq

Put the milk carrots and cardamoms to cook in a heavy pan. Bring to boil and simmer till the liquid is absorbed. Add ghee and fry the mixture till reddish brown, adding the sugar gradually. Fry till dry and put in the remaining ingredients. Garnish with warq and serve hot.

**BAKED CARROTS WITH SHRIMP**

2 cups peeled shredded carrots  
 1 cup cooked shrimps  
 3 tbsps. butter  
 ½ cup chopped onion  
 ¾ tsp. salt  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 ½ cup stock

Melt 3 tablespoons of butter and saute the onion. Add carrots and shrimp. Place ingredients in a baking dish and sprinkle with salt and sugar. Pour over with stock. Cover dish and bake in a preheated 350 deg. F. till carrots are tender.

**eat low cholesterol MUSTARD FISH**

**FISH (FRESH WATER FISH e.g. HILSA) ... 1 Kg.**  
**CURD (OPTIONAL) ... 50 gms.**  
**WATER ... 3 tea cups**  
**P3 MUSTARD FISH**

**HOW TO COOK**  
 DISSOLVE THE RECIPE POWDER IN 1 CUP OF COLD WATER AND SET ASIDE TO MATURE FOR 30 MINS. CUT AND WASH THE FISH IN COLD WATER. MIX CURD (IF USED) WITH THE FISH PIECES AND ARRANGE THE PIECES SIDE BY SIDE IN A FLAT-BOTTOMED PAN. ADD 2 CUPS OF WATER AND COOK OVER A LOW HEAT FOR 10 MINS. OR TILL THE FISHED ARE TENDER. REMOVE PAN FROM BURNER AND ADD THE DISSOLVED RECIPE-POWDER. MIX WELL, ALLOW THE DISH TO COOL.

**GARNISHING**  
 FLAVOUR OF RAW MUSTARD OIL IS A MUST FOR THIS BENGALI DELICACY. SO, GARNISH WITH 1 OR 2 TBSP RAW MUSTARD OIL, CHOPPED CORIANDER LEAVES AND GREEN CHILLIES. SERVE WHEN COLD.

**PLEASE REMEMBER**  
 DO NOT FRY, DO NOT ADD OIL, SALT, ONION, OR ANY KIND OF MASALAS WHILST COOKING.  
 DO NOT USE VINEGAR, TOMATOE ETC. IN PLACE OF CURD.

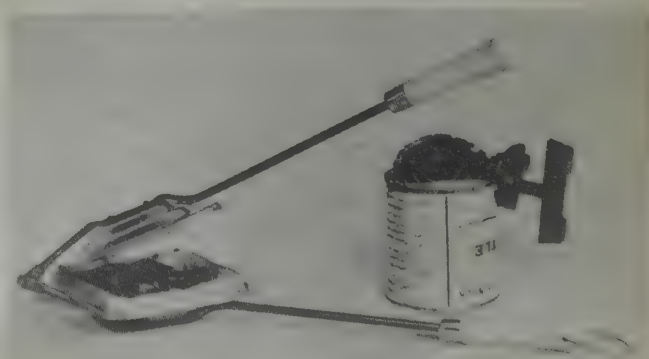
MUSTARD FISH (50 gms)	Rs. 2.85
FISH MASALA (50 gms)	2.85
MUTTON CURRY (50 gms)	3.25
MUTTON DO PIAZA (50 gms)	3.25

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**ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS!  
 SPECIAL PRIZES  
 FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND  
 COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH**

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a 2½ litre Casserole (Sept.); a Skillet (Oct.); a Saucepot (Nov.); a 315 mm Tava (Dec.) and a Saucepot (Jan. 1978.). All the above mentioned items are from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, BOMBAY, famous for their Sapp-hire non-stick, scratch resistant kitchen ware. So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipe accompanied with photograph to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay.



Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, a Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

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# Recipes from our readers



Miss Jill Fernandes, Indore

## POTATO ROLLS

1 dozen boiled potatoes  
2 tbsps. corn flour  
Oil for frying

## COCONUT CHUTNEY :

1 fresh coconut  
Salt to taste  
2 green chillis  
1 bunch coriander leaves  
1 round nut  
1 lemon juice  
1 sesame seeds

Cut the coconut into tiny pieces. Add a handful of it to coriander leaves, together with green chillis, round nuts, sesame seeds and salt to taste. Grind to a smooth paste. You may use a mixer to make the chutney. Now mash the boiled potatoes till smooth. Add a little salt and corn flour and mix well. Take small portion of mixture, make small balls, flatten in rounds with roller on board. If they stick to the board, you may use plastic paper underneath. When you get the size of ordinary roti, spread chutney evenly over it. Now roll up the potato-roti. After rolling it up properly, cut it into four or five pieces. Fry them in deep oil. Serve with coconut chutney.



Miss Aruna Lakshmy, Bombay

## EMBALAY UPPERI (ARVI LEAVES BHAJI)

1 bunch arvi (colocasia) leaves  
1 green bananas  
1 ladies fingers

3 brinjals  
8 red chillis  
Lime size ball tamarind  
3 tbsps. oil  
A pinch of turmeric powder  
Salt to taste

Cut the bananas into small pieces taking care to remove the upper layer of the skin before cutting. Cut the brinjals and ladies' fingers into one inch pieces. Clean the arvi leaves with a wet cloth, cut them into two or three pieces. Roll and knot them. Clean the vegetables and knotted arvi leaves; add enough water to just immerse all the vegetables together with the arvi leaves. Cook them on a low fire with turmeric powder. Put the ball of tamarind in a cup of warm water and mix. Once the vegetables have boiled with the arvi leaves, add salt to taste. After the vegetables are cooked (10 minutes) strain the tamarind water into the boiling vegetables. In the meantime, fry the red chillis till brown. Remove and powder. When the water in the vegetable has almost evaporated sprinkle the powder and pour fresh oil and mix.



Maya K. Mudbhatkal, Madras

## THONDLI OR GHERKIN "SONG"

1/2 kg. gherkins or thondlis  
1/4 kg. potatoes  
2 medium-sized onions  
Salt to taste  
2-3 tbsps. coconut oil

## MASALA :

2 tbsps. fried channa dal  
1 tsp. fried coriander  
1/2 tsp. fried cumminseed  
A small bit of fried asafoetida  
1 medium-sized onion  
1/2 coconut, grated  
12 fried red chillis  
1 or 2 pods of garlic

1 small sized ball of tamarind  
Cut the thondlis and potatoes into long strips. If yam (sooran) is preferred, even that can be cut into long strips. Deep fry these strips and keep aside.

Cut the two onions finely and fry in oil till brown. Mix in the masala. Add water and salt to form a thick gravy. After it simmers, add the fried strips and keep on fire till well blended.



Khakashan Khan, Hyderabad

## TOMATO CURD CHUTNEY

1/2 kg. ripe tomatoes  
1 onion, sliced  
3-4 green chillis  
1 bunch coriander leaves  
1 large cup sour curds  
1 tsp. ginger and garlic paste  
1/2 tsp. each chilli, turmeric, coriander powders  
Salt to taste  
2 tbsps. oil  
A pinch of mustard seeds  
A few dry chillis

Heat oil in a heavy pan, add seasoning and when the colour changes, add sliced onion, cook till transparent, next add chopped tomatoes and cook till the water almost dries up, then add ginger and garlic paste and powdered spices, salt, chopped green chillis, coriander leaves and cook on a low heat. Keep stirring till the oil separates. Remove from heat and stir in well beaten curds. Mix thoroughly.



S. Krishnamurthi, Madras

## SURAT BADA

1 cup besan  
Salt to taste  
1 cup sour buttermilk  
2 green chillis  
1/2 cup grated coconut  
1 tsp. mustard  
1 tsp. cumminseed  
1/2 tsp. curry powder  
1/2 cup oil

Mix the salt and buttermilk with the besan and make a paste. Mix enough water to make a thin batter. Place in a dekchi and boil till cooked. Remove from fire. Grease a thali and spread the batter, thinly. Let it cool till set and then cut into strips. Mix the grated coconut and minced coriander and spread over the strips. Roll up each strip and place vertically on a thali. Heat oil and fry the mustard, curry powder and cumminseeds, pour over the strips.



Miss Sandhya Rani of Trivandrum wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe.

## DATE DUMPLINGS

12 dates  
1/2 coconut  
1/2 cup jaggery syrup  
2 tbsps. rice flour  
2 cloves  
2" piece cinnamon

## FOR COVERING :

2 cups rice flour  
1 cup water  
1/2 tsp. salt

## FOR FILLING :

1/2 cup coconut scrapings  
2 tbsps. sugar  
2 cardamoms, crushed  
12 roasted cashew nuts

To make the covering roast the rice flour and keep it aside. Bring one cup of water to a boil. Add flour and salt. Cook on a slow fire, stirring continuously till a smooth dough is formed. Remove from the fire, cool and knead well. Divide into 12 portions.

Slit and stone dates. Fill with coconut mixture and fried cashew nuts (one nut in each date). Cover the dates with the prepared dough. Take one cup thick and 3 cups thin coconut milk. Bring to boil the thin coconut milk. Drop the date dumplings in it, 3 at a time. Wait for the gravy to start boiling again and do the same for the rest. When fully cooked, add jaggery syrup, cloves and cinnamon. Add the rice flour mixed with little water. Boil well and remove from fire. Add thick coconut milk.

Strike a  
beautiful note...



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# MONEY BAGS

Nargis Chawla

*Here is something for a rainy day. When you have nothing to do, bring out your sewing kit and get to work!*



All you need :

Odd bits of material and lots of imagination. Denim would be ideal. Cut out the shape as shown. Patch work your favourite design and edge it with piping.

A printed pouch needs draw-strings on either side and a lace edging.

Any odd bits of knitting cotton will make a crochet bag. Make a chain 5" long and 1 tr. in each ch. Knit work measures 6½". Fold 6" and ½" for the flap. Edge in a contrast colour and make a long strap. Carry your pouch around your neck or sling it over your shoulder.

Have fun!

Photograph :  
Anokh Reporter

Food is the chief source of essential nutrients and calories which the body needs for its well being. Properly balanced food ensures health and proper growth during infancy and childhood and is indispensable for a healthy adulthood. A good nourishing diet is very important for pregnant and nursing women.

#### What is Malnutrition :

Malnutrition means bad nutrition, whether it is under-nutrition or over-nutrition. Malnutrition results in a disturbed pathological state in which the systems of the body suffer. In our country, malnutrition signifies under-nutrition.

Specific deficiencies like lack of vitamins A,B,C, or D and mineral deficiency like lack of iron, or some important nutritional problems are encountered singly or in combination with protein-caloric malnutrition in India. At a conservative estimate, there are some 100 million under-nourished children in the world, most of them in the developing countries. While some of them die from malnutrition, a vastly greater proportion suffer from physical and possibly mental retardation and are highly susceptible to other diseases because of their lowered ability to defend their health. It must be pointed out, however, that since the estimate is based on point prevalence studies, the true prevalence of both severe and moderate malnutrition may be much higher.

Two-thirds of the world's children live in the developing countries and well nigh 80 per cent of them suffer from varying degrees of malnutrition in the early years. According to one survey the incidence of severe malnutrition of the protein-caloric type in the world is one to two per cent and this is higher in Asia — 1.4 to 2.9 per cent. Severe protein-caloric malnutrition, if untreated, leads to death. Children receiving treatment in institutions show a mortality of 25 to 40 per cent. Those that survive suffer from impaired physical growth and mental retardation.

The mortality of children aged one to four years in the U.S.A. and most of the developed countries is in the range of 1 per 1000 while that in the underdeveloped countries varies between 30-50 per 100 and almost two thirds of the deaths recorded are due to malnutrition.

#### Effects of Malnutrition :

I would like to omit over-eating and the resulting obesity from this article as this subject deserves a completely separate consideration. Malnutrition in this article only implies under-nutrition.

Almost all the organs of the body suffer from lack of proper food. The commonest variety of malnutrition is protein-caloric deficiency which leads to conditions like Marasmus and Kwashiorkor. Diseases like pellegra, beri-beri, scurvy, xerophthamia, goitre, etc.



Dr. Padam Singhvi,  
M.S., F.R.C.S.(Eng.),

Adviser : Dr. B. D. Patel

this invariably results in retarded physical and mental growth. The clinical characteristics vary widely according to the age and the condition of the child and the intensity of the causal factors.

Kwashiorkor is an acute disease from which the child either dies quickly or just as quickly recovers with suitable medical treatment. This disease affects older children more than infants. Nutritional Marasmus, on the other hand, affects infants more and may continue for several months before terminating fatally. In addition to these severe forms, intermediate and moderate clinical forms affect

of available work to the able-bodied members, etc. are contributing factors. Family feeding habits, lack of dietetic knowledge, ignorance about child rearing are other factors widespread amongst the economically backward sections of society.

A high incidence of infections and infestations in vulnerable children contributes significantly towards the occurrence of the deficiency state. Infections and parasitic infestations in malnourished children are responsible for increased morbidity, mortality, growth retardation, loss of appetite, malabsorption and altered food habits.

Other contributory factors include unavailability of medical care and essential drugs and the lack of the proper quality of food during the convalescence period.

In our country the average per capita available protein is approximately 50 gms. per day against 70 gms. required to prevent deficiency state. The low income group receives an even lesser share for their daily needs.

According to the recommended statistics each person should get ten ounces of milk and two ounces of fish everyday, but the reported per capita consumption of milk is in the range of ten grams per day. This appalling gap is even more evident in the poor and the tribals. The planning of dietetic menu is unknown to them. Meat or milk protein are rare commodities for them. Prolonged breast-feeding without proper and adequate supplementation further aggravates the protein deficiency. It has been estimated that in developing countries a child remains ill for almost 50 per cent of his first two years.

#### Clinical Pattern:

Swelling of legs, skin pigmentation, falling of hair, mental

# MALNUTRITION

*Malnutrition leads to retarded physical and mental growth and makes one susceptible to other diseases*

result from various vitamin deficiencies. The defence system of the body cannot function well and can be compared to an army without proper and effective ammunition. Therefore, such people fall prey to many diseases which cannot easily affect an ordinary healthy man. The growth of both the body and the mind is retarded considerably, as the building blocks of health are in short supply.

As a result of severe protein and calorie deficiency, Kwashiorkor and nutritional Marasmus result. These are exacerbated by other nutritional imbalances. These conditions are precipitated by infection. As said earlier

the majority of children suffering from malnutrition. For every one case of Kwashiorkor there are two cases of Marasmus, three-fifths of vitamin deficiency and five of anaemia.

#### Contributory Factors:

Malnutrition has emerged in the forefront as the most challenging problem with inadequacy of available food as the aetiological agent. Interaction between the environment, the scarcity of nutrients and the human host has resulted in various forms of malnutrition. In a family unit, the size of a family, its earnings, religious beliefs, superstitions, opportunities

Kwashiorkor in a child



People in villages search for food and eat all kinds of roots and plants which may harm them. Here they are seen washing roots before eating.







Dr. Maria Montessori

"Show me the path and I will follow you..." That is how Dr. Maria Montessori, on discovering the "unknown child," followed him for 45 long, untiring years of observation, study and practical assistance, continuing to develop this wonderful method, which was finally named by others, not by her, after her. This method of kindergarten education aims at helping children to develop as fully as possible. August 31, the birthday of Mme. Montessori, is celebrated the world over by Montessorians. We present here, to mark the occasion, a brief account of the Montessori method, the Montessori movement and their importance.

A child is born with a tremendous capacity to "absorb" impressions, good and bad alike, from his immediate surroundings. A sad commentary is that parents, in particular, and adults, in general, either ignore or belittle this basic fact.

According to Mme Montessori a child has a very high, intrinsic potential for development, governed by the laws of nature. A very convincing demonstration of this is the way he acquires the power to speak on his own.

Dr. Montessori also discovered that children have a spontaneous urge to learn. But these spontaneous efforts to realise their human potentialities wane rapidly when an adult tries to "control" the child and to "teach" him what he (the adult) wants him (the child) to learn, without any respect for the inner urges of the child. Dr. Montessori lamented, "Children are treated like slaves in a world ruled by adults. Society does not even admit that children have any rights. They are the forgotten citizens."

Dr. Montessori revolutionised education by freeing the child from the shackles of the over-rigid discipline of formalised education. Instead, she offered to the young child what she called a "House of Children" (and not a "school") where, in an environment specially prepared to help him live his life of self development, the child is given the freedom and means to "work" as he chooses.

# THE MONTESSORI METHOD: The child is AN individual

they may be in groups of two or three or four, and also singly, to cater for the needs of a child who prefers isolation sometimes. The Montessori equipment is well-displayed, within reach of both eyes and hands and they are in proper succession so as to attract the attention of the children.

A child of two and a half years who can express himself and has a fairly good control over his toilet can be admitted to a House of Children. Activities related to practical life, such as sweeping, scrubbing, polishing, buttoning, un-buttoning,

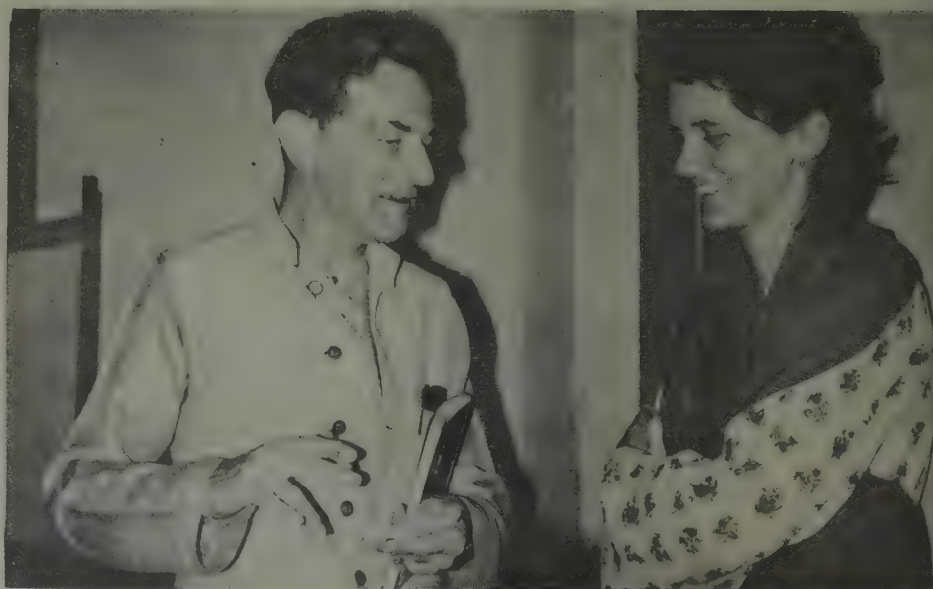


*The birth anniversary  
of Mme. Montessori  
on August 31 prompts  
a tribute  
to her invaluable  
contribution  
to kindergarten  
education*

**Dilip Patel and  
N. V. Shridaran**

The specially prepared environment offered in a House of Children is designed with a view to helping the child to live expansively, in constructive freedom. The adult, called "director" (and not "teacher") here, remains a dynamic link between the children and the environment.

This environment consists mainly of a big hall (preferably with an equally well-prepared compound or garden) equipped with Montessori apparatus. The whole floor-space is used for



Mr. A. M. Joosten, Director, IMTC, talking to an Australian student.

those forms of work which require a raised surface (chowki) as well as those requiring a working mat. These two are so placed and inter-mixed, that children can observe others working on both levels, choose their own place for a particular activity and change it according to the needs of their work. The arrangements are not in rows or circles, which give the impression of a class-room. Rather,

etc. are among the first things a child is encouraged to do. This gives the child tremendous satisfaction and a sense of independence. It also helps him co-ordinate his own movements.

After that he is ready for more explorative activities and is presented, in proper sequence, with the sensorial apparatus. Starting with cylinder blocks, he goes on to apparatus like touch-tablets, "pink-tower," colour-

plets, constructive triangles, solid geometrical shapes and so on. While working with these, the child develops all his senses and a firm foundation is laid for later intellectual exploration. These exercises also help consciousness and understanding of his (and our) real environment. We were amazed to see, in a local House of Children, a blind-folded child announce, "It is a pyramid ... It is an ellipsoid..." etc. just by feeling with his hands the solid geometrical figures given to him.

Ever observing and absorbing, the child then starts discovering various shapes in his day-to-day life. Mr. S. R. Swamy, First As-

give the child experience of and insight into the intricacies of geometry. At six years, says Mr. Swamy, one child discovered through arrangement of these triangles that the square of the diagonal of a square is twice the area of the square itself.

Gradually, since story-telling, rhymes and conversations are part of his life, the child gets attracted towards particular language apparatus. Sand-paper letters, both in English and the vernaculars, are pasted on cards. The child first traces these letters with his fingers (at around three and a half years.) He is then introduced to the sound represented by the letter. The

writing progress of a child in a Montessori environment is slow. He says, in any developmental activity the achievement made from within and not the time spent in making it is the important factor. Nature has fixed the time for each stage of development, not our ambitious or artificial time-tables.

The child also prepares himself for arithmetic apparatus, such as number-rods, spindle boxes, beads (handling quantities), decimal cards etc., through which he develops the concept of the four basic arithmetical operations. At about six, when he has to go on to the primary school, a Montessori child also

fancy. Both Mr. Joosten and Mr. Swamy emphasise in no uncertain terms that parents should understand that they are not the absolute creators of the child but partners in a creative act and only custodians of the child. Acceptance of this new role would automatically make parents realise that the child is an individual in his own right.

The other extreme, which is more hazardous, is the case of the busy parents, who cannot devote any time to their children. These children are at the mercy of untrained hired people who provide an environment within the range of their limitations and shortcomings.

Many "modern" parents expose their children to "absolute freedom," maybe with a view to letting them develop on their own, says Mr. Swamy, but more often than not, these children get spoilt and, later, if and when they realise their missed chances, those very children regret and blame their parents for their easy-going attitudes.

There can and should be no doubt of the necessity for continuous positive contact between parents and children, but to make the contact positive and helpful there is need for proper understanding of the processes of development and the role of the child as its active agent. We should concentrate on how best an adult can apply this in helping the child develop.

It is because of this, Mr. Swamy says, that parents, too, require an orientation course to understand the need for, and be able to provide, the proper environment for their children.

To commemorate the 60th birthday of Dr. Montessori's personal representative in India, Mr. Joosten, who has contributed so much to the propagation of the Montessori method in India for three decades now, a scheme has been launched to promote the "Further Propagation of the Montessori Movement in India." A committee has been formed under Mr. Swamy's chairmanship, and orientation courses for parents are being evolved. Mr. Swamy was happy to announce to us. The first of these orientation courses is planned to be held in October 1977 in Calcutta. The duration of this course will be three months.

A continued application of the Montessori method to the education of children also in the age group of six to 12 years, is then urgently needed. This has already been carried out in Italy, Holland, the U.S.A. and many other Western countries. There are even secondary (high) schools which apply the Montessori principles to their teaching. Mr. Joosten, who received Montessori education up to the age of twelve, says that he was given his pocket money at six, but



ABOVE: Children learning arithmetic using special Montessori equipment.



The class in Bangalore this year has about 200 students, among whom 20 are foreigners and 34 nuns.

Assistant to the Director of IMTC (Indian Montessori Training Courses), recollected an even more amazing incident.

A child of three once came and told him, "Swamiji, your face is like a pentagon." Mr. Swamy himself did not know this, but when he looked into the mirror, well, he did find that the shape of his face was made of five distinct lines.

Constructive triangles further

idea here is to make the child conscious of the fact that the spoken language consists of variously combined sounds and that each sand-paper letter shows a specific sound.

By means of further language activities, the child suddenly explodes into writing. Normally, this happens at about four and a half years. Mr. A. M. Joosten, Director, IMTC, refuted categorically the impression of many that the

knows the multiplication tables up to ten, though not in the stereotyped, parroting way.

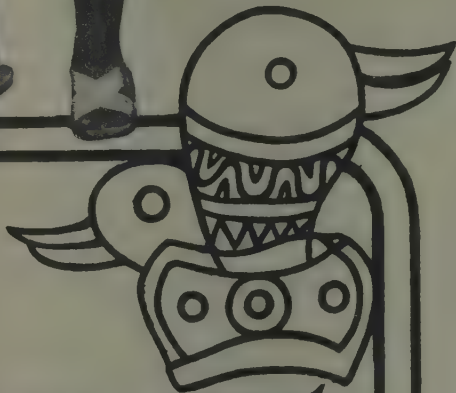
The difference between the Montessori method and many other systems of education is obvious. Here the child is not treated as an empty vessel to be filled by the teachers.

The Montessori apparatus and the method have their basis in a scientific approach. If asked to divide nine by three, a nursery school child will, parrot-like, say immediately, three. On the other hand, says Mr. Swamy, the Montessori child will reply, "Three groups of three."

Talking about parents, Mr. Swamy said, they genuinely love their children but often possess very little knowledge of genuine child psychology.

Thus, parents sometimes unknowingly prevent and deprive the development of their children.

A further weakness is that most parents want their children to become like themselves, thereby killing their individuality and personality right from in-



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## THE MONTESSORI METHOD

with obligations. He had to buy pencils, notebooks, toothpaste, etc. out of this money. Thus a sense of responsibility was developed in him. Dr. Montessori defined the aim of education as "a help to life."

Indians have attended international training courses given by Maria Montessori in Europe since 1913. In 1939, Dr. Montessori herself came to India and gave training courses for nearly five years. Meanwhile, she called Mr. Joosten to assist her, and after her return to Europe in 1949, he has been at the helm of the IMTC. Mr. Swamy, too, after taking training under Dr. Montessori herself, and running a House of Children in Bangalore for some time, joined the IMTC to serve and propagate the Montessori movement. The institution is mobile, held in different cities every year, and it trains adults in the Montessori method. The Institution functions under the auspices of the Association Montessori International (AMI) and the diplomas conferred to successful students are internationally recognised. The medium of instruction is English. The lower age limit to join is 18 years; there is no upper age limit. Comprehensive fees are Rs. 350 for the full course of nine-and-a-half months.

This year, the course is being held in Bangalore; the next course will also be held here. Various bodies like old students associations, educational societies etc., invite the institution to their cities. Interested readers can write to the Directors, IMTC, P. O. 2 Edward Road, Bangalore-560052, for further information. The institution does not guarantee any accommodation to outstation students, but helps in the best possible manner.

This time, in Bangalore, they had a heavy rush for admissions and many had to be disappointed. There are about 20 foreign students. They have come from Australia, Bangla Desh, Canada, Malaysia, Sri Lanka and the U.S.A. India is the first place to offer this course in South-East Asia. Students coming from the western world have been attracted by the good reputation the IMTC has built-up.

Though the minimum education for eligibility is matriculation, students with much higher qualifications have joined the courses. Rekha Chandrashekar is an engineer and was helping her husband in his firm before she took up this course. Higher education does not necessarily help in the mastery of the course but being a mother does, she says. She distinctly remembers that she was put into a House of Children in her childhood and since, in her locality, there is no proper House of Children, she wants to undergo the course and provide her son

with the proper environment at home at least. Is she not depriving somebody of a seat who could have actually worked in a House of Children? She does not think so. "Who knows, I also may open a House of Children someday," she says.

Amarjeet Grewal, post-graduate student of Psychology (Child Psychology) is so impressed by this course that she intends to go to Italy to take up the advanced course. On her return, she plans to open an institution. She advises every parent to attend Mr. Joosten's lectures on Child Psychology.

retirement, he wants to open a House of Children.

Mr. Swamy is sorry to observe that Montessori teachers are not yet offered adequate salaries. Because of lack of awareness among parents, and the poor salaries offered, Montessori institutions are still comparatively few. Therefore, continues Mr. Swamy, only very dedicated and self-sacrificing people come forward. The state governments and capable bodies should take active interest and the Montessori movement should be extended to villages. In Gholeng (MP) and Chota Nagpur, Houses



Devi

If you are planning a trip abroad, and want to shop at all the world's duty-free shops, carry sixteen suitcases, plus a bagful of booze and still pass through our customs with minor damages like a few hundred rupees fine, take a crash course on "customs speech" from Shatrughan Sinha. Of course, you have to be a film personality, a star to be exact. But a star of Shatrughan Sinha's calibre. Never make a slip and make Rajesh Khanna your Guru.

## SHATRU'S CANDY-FLOSS TO CUSTOMS

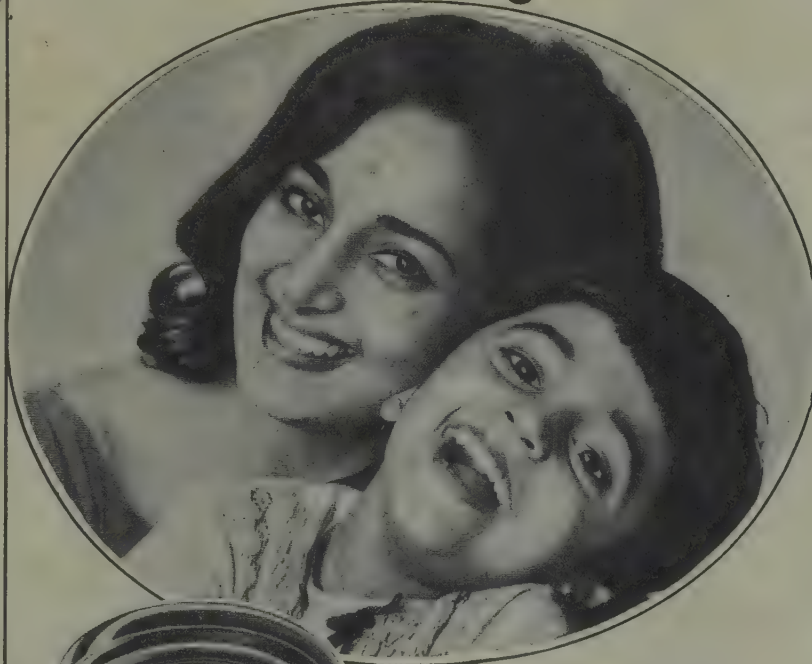
Rajesh, according to Shatru, did not know the Open Sesame at the customs, so when he returned from London a few months ago, he just gave a disgusted look at the hawk-eyed customs man and said, "Hurry up." He did. But not before he put a four figure fine tag on the extra luggage.

According to Shatru, he on the other hand was very polite to them, called them Bhai-saheb, said he had all the time in the world for them and that they could do anything to his sixteen suitcases and bagful of Royal Salutes etc. They were so touched by this Simple Shatru that they put a normal tag of Rs. 800 and relieved him.

The story told by Shatru to us reads like one of Aesop's fables. The moral: "Lower your spine and carry extra luggage with ease."

And now, I suppose, Shashi Kapoor will read this and say we press-folks are jealous of the stars etc. and of course we are, since I could not seduce the custom boys enough to pass the one, sole camera that I had brought, even after having taken the trouble to expose Michael Caine's daughter's cleavage in order to prove it was "used." But then, who isn't jealous? And Shatru is even jealous of that harmless Candy. All that Candy did was to make eyes at Sippy, throw her heart away to Vidya Charan Shukla, wink at the Film Institute head, and get a backdoor entry into the Institute. And I think the girl has more imagination, at least she seduced folks to earn stardom for herself rather than empty her charm to get sixteen suitcases and a bagful of booze across the customs.

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One of the most interesting students is a Major in the Army. He says the rigid routines of service personnel and frequent transfers permit very little contact with children. The situation is further aggravated because of the necessity to attend parties and go to clubs. To help such parents get accepted by their children, he wants to propagate and establish Montessori institutions in remote places where military personnel are stationed. Retired Major Joseph and his wife are the oldest students in the course this year. Major Joseph was a teacher and later headmaster in various Sainik schools. Now, after

of Children have been opened for the Adivasis. The governments of Assam and Nagaland and some other eastern states regularly sponsor students to the IMTC every year.

It is regrettable that such a noble movement has not yet got its due share of attention. The eminent scientist and Nobel Prize holder, C. V. Raman, seeing children engrossed in Montessori equipment in the House of Children to which Mr. Swamy was attached in the forties, exclaimed, "Young man, this is nothing less than a laboratory." It is a laboratory that needs wider recognition.

**people and events**



Seen at the reception hosted by the Italian Ambassador in Bombay in honour of the Commander, officers and cadets of the Italian naval ship San Giorgio, are, from left, Comm. Officer Ferruccio Benucci, Mrs. Emina, wife of the Consul General of Italy, Mrs. Young, wife of the British Dty. High Commissioner, H. E. Carlo Calenda, the host, Mrs. Gandhi, wife of the Flag Officer, Commanding-in-chief Western Naval Command and Mr. Emina, Consul General of Italy.

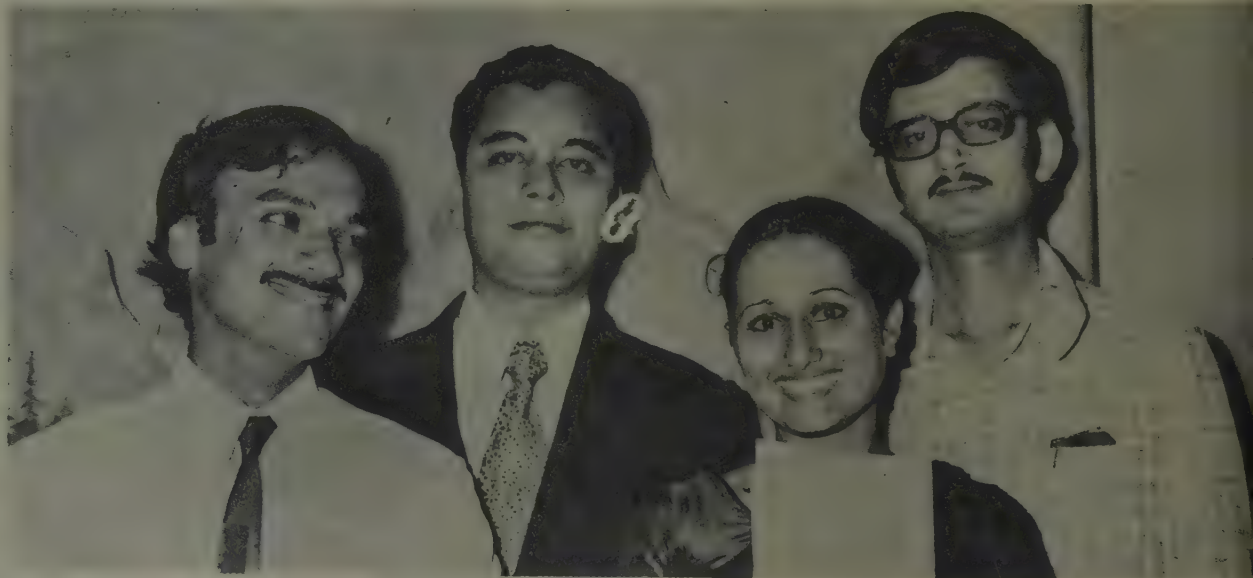


Mr. Ramineni Somaiah, National Chairman, Project Concern, India Jaycees, addresses Andheri Jaycees. Others in the pic. are from left Mr. Dikshit, Mr. M. M. Shah, vice pres., Rev. Father D'Cunha of Dominic Savio Boys' Home and Mrs. Vimala Somaiah, pres., Andheri Jaycees.

RIGHT: Mr. N. H. Dastur, dty. mg. dir. (comml.), Air India, inaugurates the Juno Ixion beauty parlour at the Centaur Hotel. Seen with him are (from left) Mrs. Dastur, Mrs. M. Jalan and Mrs. Zarine Edekar, the proprietors.



Mrs. Vimala Lonavat, well-known astrologer from London, addressing members of the Lions Club of Calcutta. Seen with her from left are pres. K. P. Ganeriwal, secy. O. P. Killa and Mrs. Ganeriwal.



Winners of the Rajika Kirpalani Young Journalist Award, at the award-giving function in Bombay: from left front row, Anil Grover and Vaijoo Mahindroo; back row: Rajguru Deshmukh and Manohar Kamath.

Seen at the cookery competition held in Madras by the Tamil Nadu Agro Industries, are, from left: Mrs. Rachel Chandy, principal, Cultural Academy, Mr. V. Sankaran, chairman & mg. dir., Agro, Mr. Ponraj, mktg. & sales mgr., Mrs. Desikan, editor, Mangaiyar Malar, Mrs. S. Kuruvilla, correspondent, Eve's Weekly, Mr. Gopalkrishnan, Agro and Mr. Arvind Saraswatha, executive chef, Hotel Taj Coromandel.



Mr. Anil Bajaj (ext. left), sales mgr., Hotel Mughal, Agra, seen with international models, Ylva Benoit and Susy Dyson (2nd and 4th from left), Mr. V. Picuvick, hairdresser (ext. right) and Mr. Channi Patil, G.M. Hotel Mughal.

## bombay

This year's first prize in the Rajika Kirpalani Young Journalist Award has been shared by two journalists — Mr. Anil Grover of Calcutta and Chaitanya Chhabra of Bombay, each winning Rs. 750/- in cash. Three special prizes of Rs. 100/- each have been awarded to Vaijoo Chhindroo, Rajguru Deshmukh and Manohar Kamath of Bombay.

The Awards were presented at a special function on August 17, Rajika Kirpalani's birthday, at which the judges, Mrs. Gulshan Singh, Mrs. Vimla Patil and Dr. Acharya, commended the entrants.

These awards have been instituted by the Rajika Education Trust formed from Rajika's own earnings through journalism and teaching over the years. The trustees are Mr. Lal Kirpalani (deceased), Mrs. Sita Kirpalani, Mr. Ramesh Kirpalani and Mrs. Vimla Patil.

The Daphne Hellman Trio of America will be presented by the Concerts Committee of the Arts & Talents Club at the Bhupai Desai Auditorium on Friday, September 9. This will be their first celebrity concert of the season.

Daphne Hellman plays the trumpet with Alan de Mause and Lewis Paer at the guitar and double bass.

These virtuoso musicians create a personal appeal with the unexpectedly wide variety of music they play which ranges from Bach and Scarlatti to the modern jazz. The Hellman Trio is widely known to music lovers and has earned distinction in many cities of England and America.

Han Su Yin, famous novelist whose novel is *A Many Splendoured Thing*, *The Mountain Is Young* and commentator on contemporary China (China in the year 2011), gave two provocative and lively lectures in Bombay. Her subjects were, China and India — which she traced the historical relationship of the two countries, analysed the break-up of the relationship; and *The Place of the Writer in Society* — in which she analysed the events of the great Proletarian Cultural Revolution in China and how it affected Chinese writers. The first talk was organised by the Illustrated Weekly of India and the second by the Women Graduates' Union. Both talks were widely attended and evoked tremendous interest in the audience.

Shahana and Naseem Fakhri will hold an exhibition of babies'

clothes, saris, midis and tops, exclusively designed and tailored by them for "practical everyday wear" at "inexpensive rates." The exhibition will be held from September 9-11, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., at Sea Glimpse, 4th Floor, Walton Road, opposite the Port Trust Garden, behind Electric House.

## delhi

The Union Education and Culture Minister, Dr. Pratap Chunder, said that the Government did not wish to control and direct creative artistes, but it was prepared to encourage artistic activities with aid. He was speaking at a function held by the All India Critics Association, to give awards to stage and film artistes. This is the first time the Association has held the award giving function in Delhi.

The Communications Minister Mr. Brijlal Verma also attended the function where artistes from Calcutta and Delhi performed a colourful cultural programme.

The Association gave a special citation to Mrs. Nargis Dutt in recognition of her contribution to the film industry and for her promotion of humanitarian causes. Mrs. Surekha Sikri of Delhi, received the best actress award (theatre) for her role in "Adhe Adhure" (Hindi). Mr. Sachin Shanker of Bombay received the best choreographer award in Creative Dance for the ballet "Waiting". Dilip Kumar of Calcutta received the best folk theatre actor award for "Biraj Bau" in Jatra.

## madras

Natyakala Ratna Kumari Manjula gave a dance performance at the University Centenary Auditorium in aid of the Development Fund of the Adarsh Vidyalaya run by the Punjab Association. A record crowd watched her scintillating performance. Her repertoire included the fascinating dance of Kerala, Mohini Attam, the peacock dance, the Bhangra and the Kurathi.

The Tamil Nadu Agro Industries, in an effort to popularise their new maize and macaroni products, held a cookery competition in the Cultural Academy at Mylapore. The response was overwhelming, and the panel of judges, consisting of Mrs. Rachel Chandy, principal of the Cultural Academy, Mrs. Desikan, Editor, Mangaiyar Malar, Mrs. Susie J. Kuruvilla, Correspondent, Eve's Weekly and Mr. Arvind Saraswatha, Executive Chef of the Hotel Taj Coromandel, had a difficult time selecting the prize winners. Mr. V. Sankaran, Chairman and Managing Director of TAI, was present.

## kerala

New members were inducted to the Calicut Rotary Inner Wheel Club at the Beach Hotel in the presence of members and special invitees. Mrs. E. C. Vasanthakumari, principal, Srinarayana College, Chelannur, was the chief guest.

Outgoing president Mrs. Prema Rajaram inducted the new president, Mrs. Anandam Sreenivasan, who thanked the members for the honour. The chief guest distributed presents to Dr. Sumathiamma, Dr. Lakshmiamma and Dr. Seetha Henry for participating actively in the free medical relief camp run by the club.

Dr. Elizabeth Iype distributed free books on behalf of the club to nearly 100 pupils of the Puthiyangadi B.E.M. upper primary school.

In an opinion poll conducted in Trichur during the recent Agricultural University Youth Festival, it was found that while 82 per cent of the female students were firm believers in God, only 68 per cent of the boys believed in God. 74 per cent of the girls visited their places of worship regularly as against 55 per cent of the boys. 55 per cent of the boys and 70 per cent of the girls favour their marriage being fixed by their parents. 40 per cent of the girls and 66 per cent of the boys are in favour of inter-caste marriage. Among boys, 67 per cent are against the dowry system as against 56 per cent of the girl students. While 78 per cent of the boys think that sex education in colleges will do them good, only 55 per cent of the girls are in favour of it.

The District Assembly of the Rotary Club was held in Quilon at the Fathima Matha National College Auditorium. 600 delegates from 43 clubs all over Kerala and Tamil Nadu attended the Assembly. P. Lakshmanan Pillai presided. Last year's Governor Rani Karunakaran, performed the installation ceremony of the new Governor, T. Manikavasagam of Madurai. The Assembly was held under the auspices of the Quilon Rotary Club.

At a blood donation camp organised jointly by the Stallions International Cochin Chapter, the National Service Scheme, Maharaja's College Unit, and the Blood Bank of the Indian Medical Association, Cochin Branch. 24 students donated blood, of which 16 were girls. This is stated to be the third Blood Donation Camp in recent times in which girls had outnumbered boys in donating blood.

## world of eve



SHIELA DIDI

Mrs. Shiela Didi is well known for her active participation in the fight for ensuring equal

rights for women, against the exploitation of labourers and industrial workers and for the upliftment of the weaker sections of our society.

A practising advocate in the Punjab and Haryana High Court, Chandigarh, Mrs. Didi, 48, unsuccessfully contested the recent Lok Sabha polls for the single seat from Chandigarh constituency.

She became a student leader in London, where she was studying for her Bar-at-Law. After her return to India in 1956, she became active in trade union activities.

Mrs. Didi is the Secretary of the Punjab Istri Sabha. During the IWY, under her leadership, nine literacy centres and employment cells for women were opened.

She is associated with the Indo-Soviet Friendship Association, and is determined to continue fighting for the implementation of various laws passed for raising the status of women and for preventing the exploitation of labour.



ALBERTA ESPIE

The eight quilted pieces exhibited at Alberta Espie's exhibition in Delhi,

were made in the last three years and inspired by the Indian environment. In the piece titled "Alberta's Web" about 38 American and Indian women worked with her. This piece is technically called the "Friendship Quilt". All around, as the border on this impeccably executed work, reads an inscription in soft purple which has reference to the involvement of her three children, husband, nanny and bearer, in its making.

She does not sell her pieces but proposes entering competitions when she goes back to the USA. Once back home, Alberta will take on some job and do her quilted work as a hobby.

The pieces shown in Delhi have a spectacular sweep of form, flow and colour. They show a discipline and a technique which is cautious, careful and meticulous. They end up being almost like three-dimensional sculpture.

hi ya honey!

"Petits pieds de couchons" anyone? Or will it be "Chateau Francaise"?

There was a time when, if one had a quarrel with his bitter half, or didn't like her cooking, all one had to do was walk out in a huff, and head for the nearest eating house. There were then places to choose from and prices to suit all pockets. Those were the good old days. Today the frequency of quarrels has increased, the house cooking is nothing like mother used to dish out, and alas! restaurants are out to swindle you.

The number of eating houses has increased over the years. In fact, one can find one in almost every street, but the prices too have galloped. "Meet me anywhere, but we eat here," says one leading restaurant in the suburbs, talking about their tasty tandoori chicken. With some medical experts in Holland coming out with "eating chicken tends to make men effeminate," I keep wondering if one can be man enough to order fowl, without turning chicken at the last moment. A famous restaurant in the fort area proudly advertises its biryani as the best in the world, while its smaller neighbour, not to be outdone, boldly displays, "Best biryani in this street."

Last Saturday, after a heated argument over the way she spends my hard earned money, I walked out in anger—it was just an excuse to avoid her burnt offerings—and headed for a new restaurant in Colaba, only to find that a couple of dozen other irate husbands were standing in a queue outside to get in. One cannot find an accep-

By an Alves called Johnnie!

table house today. The decor is mostly loud, the service bearable, the music tolerable, the food almost edible. but the bill always shocking.

Has it ever occurred to you that the six varieties of chicken preparations and ten differently named mutton dishes all have two common gravies and that most of the time the owner is making a monkey out of you with high falutin names? In the posh hotels, three-star upwards (the posher the hotel, the more stars you see), the dishes are mostly in a foreign lang-

## HIGH FALUTIN NAMES— AND PRICES!

uage, and I don't mean English. If you so much as inquire from the waiter what the name stands for, he looks at you as if you were yesterday's bread. After that he serves you as if he were doing you a favour, remembering well that a patron who does not know what "Petit gulash de pomme" means will not know the elementary rules regarding tipping.

A first class hotel which I frequent (it shows how often I quarrel at home) sells only French chips and Italian bread, although the look and taste are unmistakably Indian.

Prices of vegetables have crashed, so said the newspapers recently, after the total ban on exports of vegetables. Considering that less than 1 per cent of

vegetables are exported, this news is a lot of cabbage.

I believe that most sellers of sizzlers are chisellers. I recently went to one in a posh locality. No, this time I had taken her with me. It was her birthday and I had been reminded at least a week ahead. So I thought of having something appropriate for this sizzling marriage. I ordered a Kobe steak. Not that I know the difference between a Kobe and a Bombay steak. But it was their speciality. Honey, I got a huge metal dish of sizzling stuff. I had to wait for minutes till it cooled off. A little piece of steak was covered by a mound of different vegetables. It took me another five minutes to find the steak hidden under. It looked as if it was ashamed of its size.

When Pierre (original name Pedro) brought me the bill, he wore a smile that stretched from ear to ear. The steak cost me Rs. 15 each, so the two steaks plus sales tax would, I thought, amount to about Rs. 35, but the bill added up to Rs. 55. I looked at Pierre. He was still smiling. When I started adding up the total, the smile left Pierre and he took the bill, profusely apologising for adding by mistake the date 20.7.77 to the bill. On a previous occasion another waiter Luigi (original name Louis), had added the sales tax twice. They all take us to be tomatoes.

For a tip I gave Pierre a stare guaranteed to cause ulcers.

Until next time then.

**Eve's Weekly**

ISSUE OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1977

next  
week

**THE INDIAN WOMAN  
AND SEXUAL  
HYPOCRISY —**

second class citizens even in bed?

**HUMAN INTEREST  
STORY —**

A new series on the real life experiences of people who have lived with terrible handicaps.

**ABORTION LAWS**

have been liberalized in India, but how many people have correct information about it?

**CONSUMER CREDIT:**

for a better standard of living

I'm glad  
I started him on  
**FAREX**<sup>®</sup>

My doctor said  
3 months on milk  
alone is not enough.  
He needs Farex."

**Why do doctors recommend Farex?**  
Two reasons: It is perfectly balanced to  
supply your baby's need for a first solid  
food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

**Why is Farex perfectly balanced for  
your baby's needs?**

Doctors take your baby's nutritional needs and  
show how Farex fits into them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of  
his brain and body: Farex provides the  
right blend of easy-to-digest protein. Your  
baby needs energy: Farex provides  
carbohydrate to give your baby a reserve  
supply of energy.

Do you know that, when you brought your  
baby into this world, you gave him an  
important gift? Yes, you gave him a  
month supply of iron for his blood. That's  
wonderful! But it also means, doesn't it,  
that by the time your baby is 3 months old,  
he will have exhausted his iron supply.  
It's urgent to replenish it. And only Farex  
contains enough iron to fully supply your  
baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Another thing: only Farex has enough  
calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D<sub>2</sub> to  
help your baby grow sturdy bones and  
strong teeth.

**Why 3 months on?**

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs  
to develop his chewing habit.  
Otherwise, you may find him swallowing  
solid food you give him later. That  
could cause him tummy-ache—and also  
affect his growth.

If you give him Farex now, he will be better  
able to move to "grown up" food later  
and to chew and digest it properly.



**Wouldn't mashed potatoes be O.K.?**

Before you give your baby *any* solid food,  
stop a moment to consider your baby's  
digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender.  
That's why your baby needs a specially  
prepared infant solid food—something he  
can digest easily.

Besides, traditional foods are not always  
scientifically balanced to give your baby his  
most important needs: enough iron, calcium,  
phosphorus, vitamin D<sub>2</sub>. Specially iron.

These then are some of the reasons why  
doctors say that, 3 months on, Farex is a  
must for your baby.

**When should I start  
him on "grown up" foods?**

When he takes his first toddling step.  
That's when he begins to accept  
"grown up" food. You can now give him fruit,  
vegetables, dal, eggs. But don't stop Farex.  
Your baby still needs its special goodness.  
So, till your baby is 3 years old, mix Farex,  
with a little imagination and a lot of love,

into all your recipes for baby. Soon you'll  
wonder why some mothers complain  
that their babies don't eat well. Tell them  
your secret: Farex.



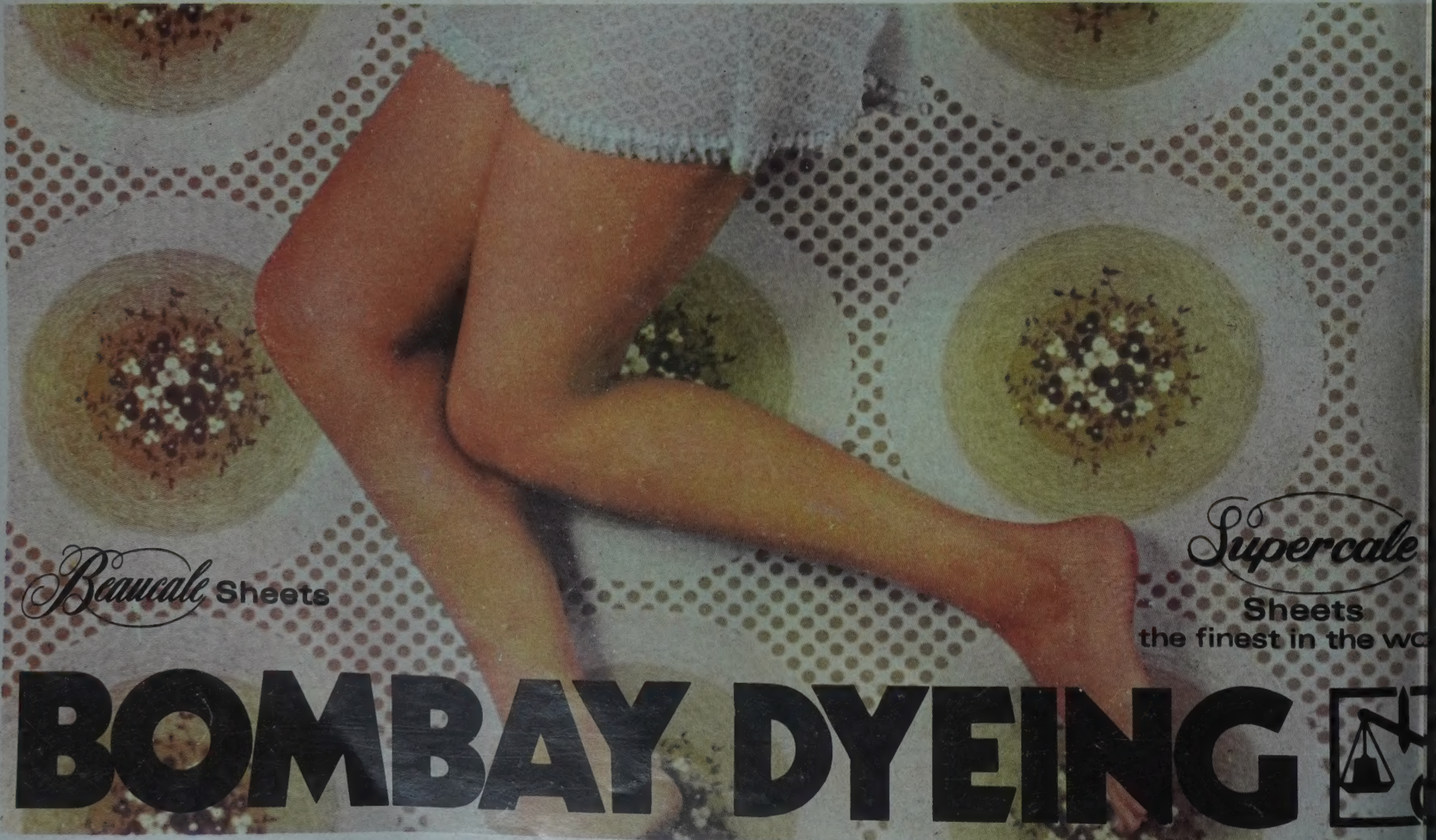
**Baby's first solid food for rapid all-round growth.**





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