

JULY 15 — 21, 1978

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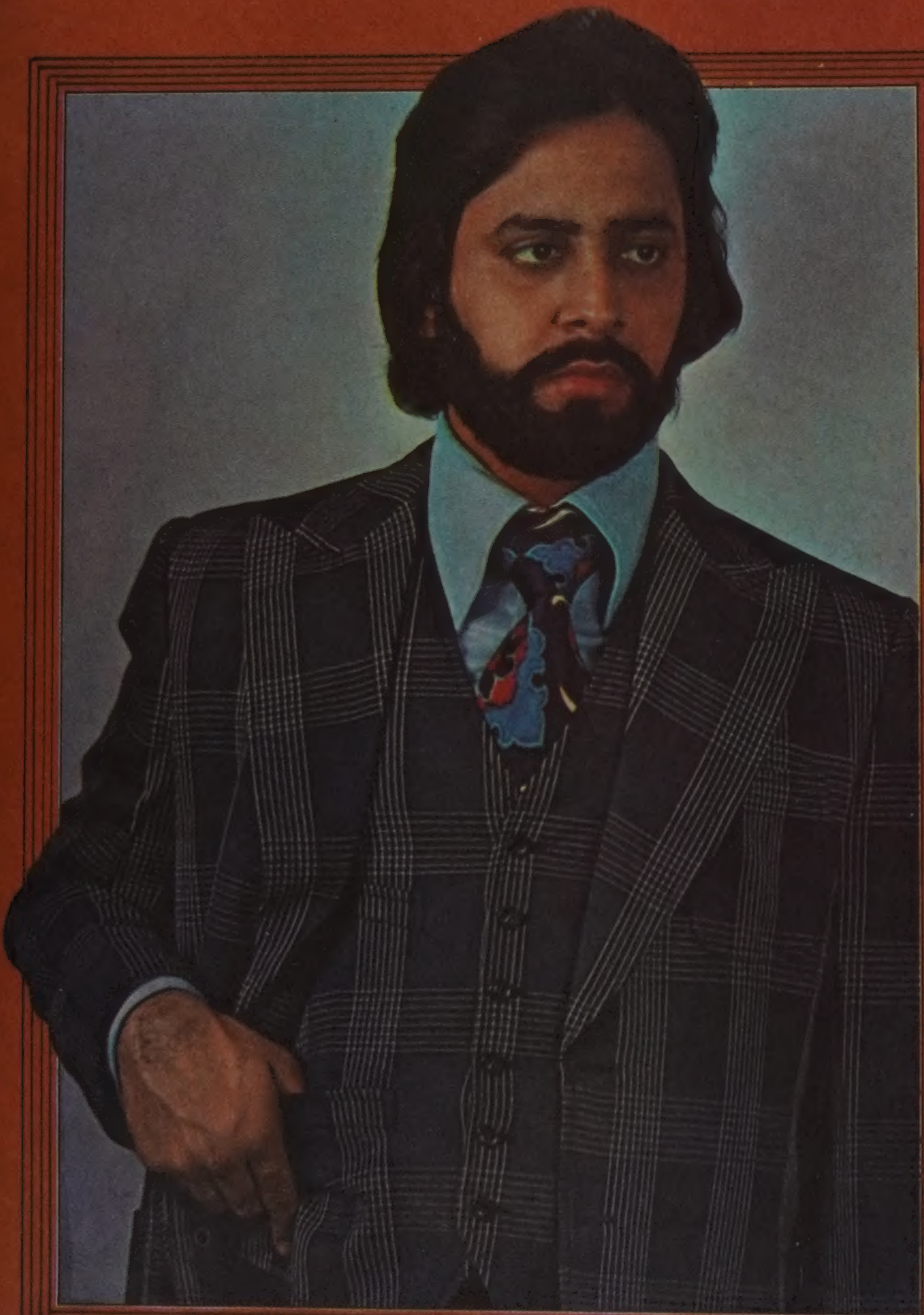
COMMITMENT



HE
ONSOONS
OMBAY
EARS
WET LOOK

COACHING
CLASSES:
A Necessary
Evil?

TWO FACETS OF Piramal



SUITINGS



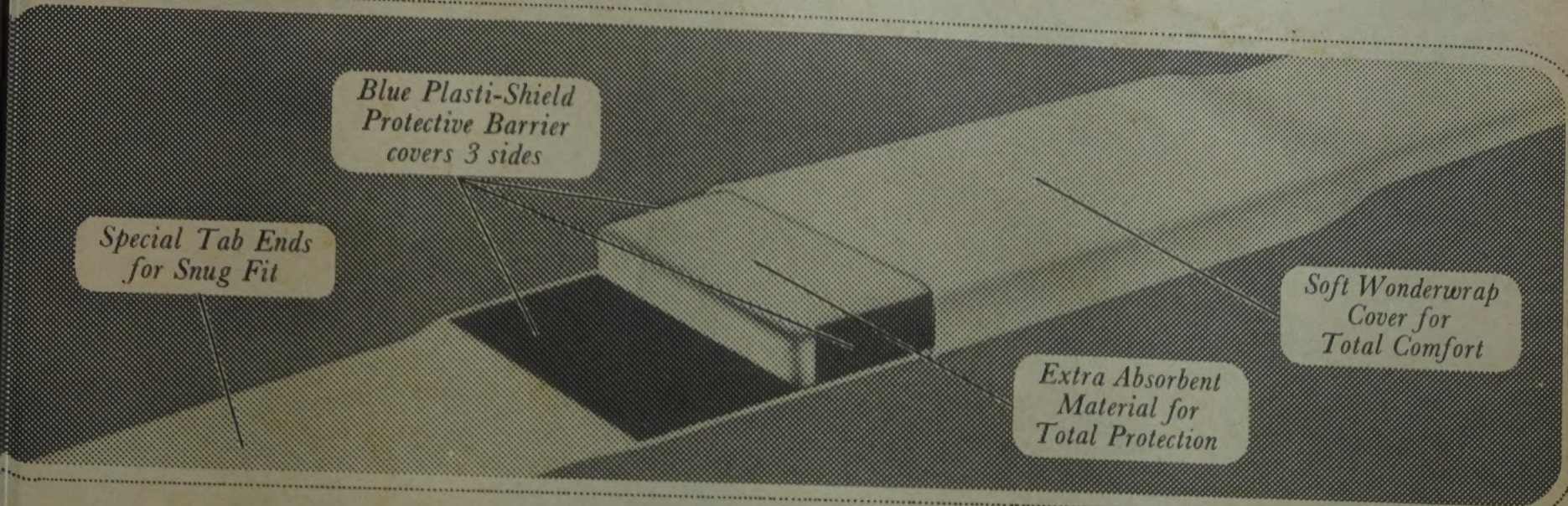
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SEEMA SETH

With a brilliant academic career to her credit, brown-eyed Seema is also a talented Manipuri dancer. She learnt Odissi at the Triveni Kala Sangam and sitar from Uma Shanker.

A Delhi resident, she had her early education at the Lawrence School, Sanawar, Simla. She then joined the Lady Shri Ram College and stood second in the 1st year examination of the Delhi University. She is now doing her 3rd year B.A. with Philosophy.

Fond of reading, horse-riding, Western and Indian music, she loves writing poetry and designing her own dresses.

"Can't think of marriage at the moment," she said with a smile. "I would like to study law after B.A. and carry on with my dance career."

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

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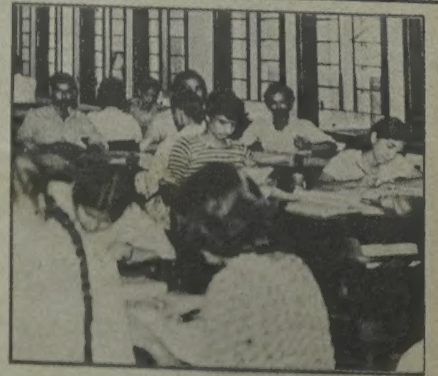
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COACHING CLASSES

Despite all criticism and adverse opinion, coaching classes continue to sprout up and flourish and are now practically a part of the whole educational system. Under the circumstances, it is high time authorities took firm measures to ensure quality and to curb malpractices in these institutions.

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THE MONSOONS:

Bombay Wears A Wet Look

One way of coping with the dreary rains is to laugh it off.

Page 33.

Another way is to make the best of it. A special beauty feature provides handy tips on how to look good in spite of the rains.

Page 35.

Rainwear need not be dowdy and drab. Have a look at the suggestions given in the special fashion feature.

Page 24.

THE MONSOONS:

The Grim Side

While the average Bombayite has become more or less innured to the chaos that descends on the city annually during the monsoon months, it is nonetheless irksome that a city that never fails to have continuous and heavy rainfall for nearly three months every year is paralysed at the slightest shower.

Page 36.

An unbelievably large number of Bombay's citizens live on the pavements of the city and they are among the worst hit by the rains. How do they manage to live through the monsoon months?

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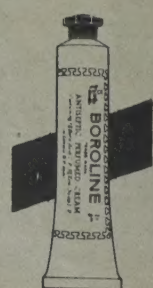


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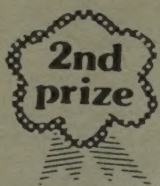
BIRTH OF A BABY

Thanks to the recent advances in science, a man whose wife has been unable to conceive for years can today advertise for any healthy woman to bear his child through artificial insemination. The man and woman never come to know each other because a doctor acts as the go-between, and in return for a specified sum the child is given away to its father immediately it is born.

What can motherhood mean in a case like this? Will not the basic concept of motherhood have to change? Will bearing a child merely mean enacting a biological function? On the other hand, a woman suffering the pangs of a childless marriage and fighting against adoption because the child's parentage is totally unknown, can now, through artificial insemination, 'have' a baby and the satisfaction of knowing it is fathered by her own, faithful husband. If in the West it can become an easily accepted norm, why not in India? Why be prejudiced unnecessarily and suffer?

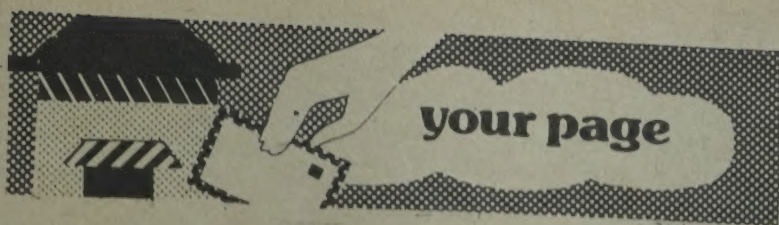
Anarkali, Bombay

We really do not see much wrong with it, if the wife has accepted the situation. Of course, we are not yet sure of the legal implications. But, we still say that in our country, adoption is the better answer. There are millions of children already born, waiting to be given love and food and shelter. Why, then, add to the population and that, too, by having an outsider 'deliver' your child?



CHILDREN'S HOUR

One of the best ways to captivate children — and also keep them out of mischief — is to tell them stories. I have yet to come across a child who does not love to listen to a good story. It is with deep nostalgia that I gratefully recollect the good old days when I listened to the stories told by my aunt and my grandmother. My aunt



was a born storyteller and it was she who had introduced me to the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. Being the youngest among her audience, I was privileged to rest my head on her lap while listening to her, and she would fondly tap my cheeks and tousle my hair. How we had roared with laughter when she related the exploits of Bhima! And how sad we had felt when we heard about the death of young Abhimanyu in an unfair contest!

But, alas, with the breaking up of the joint family system, the story-telling aunts and grandmas are fast becoming extinct. Even those few who are still living within such a family framework are so preoccupied with their own work and problems that they seldom have the time or the inclination or the patience to entertain the children. How I pity the present-day children who don't even know what they are missing!

C. Raghunathan, Madras

Yes, it was all very sweet and blissful. But, along with the epics, the aunts and the grandmas also filled the children's heads with all sorts of superstitions rubbish and thoroughly wrong notions. Today's mother is more alert and practical; besides, we wonder if you are right in assuming that mothers don't have time for 'story hour' any more. And then, again, a child who can entertain himself is more to be admired than pitied.



WHO'S THE FATHER?

Who are the fathers of illegitimate children? Their identities are often extremely difficult to ascertain.

Many unmarried mothers are deserted by the man involved. Some young mothers choose to shield him. In some cases, once the woman is pregnant the man consents to marriage. But studies have shown that, by and large, the man is immature — he is experimenting with sex. And he lacks affection for the girl involved, just as she lacks affection for him. It's interesting that the fathers who try to escape responsibility may not be entirely to blame. In a great many cases the so-called 'alleged father' is,

in effect, accused of trying to escape responsibility before he can so much as open his mouth. Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising that many men promptly deny paternity or take refuge in that classic and unprovable retort: "How do I know I am the father? She may have been out with half a dozen men for all I know".

In any case, social workers agree that the day of the "shot-gun" wedding is passing rapidly. Rather than force an unsuitable marriage on their daughter, more and more parents now prefer to let her have her baby, put it up for adoption, and help her find a healthy adjustment.

Miss H. D'Silva, Madras

Apparently, illegitimate children only have mothers. And since having an illegitimate baby is a social crime, the mother becomes the criminal. But she is a brave 'criminal' if she spurns the spineless, gutless worm who put the seed in her and goes ahead on her own, either having an abortion or giving birth to her baby.

NEAT AND CLEAN?

With reference to your recently published letter, regarding filth-covered crockery stores, written by Mrs. Prem Kishore, it is obvious that she has written after her first trip abroad and it is a clear case of "Culture Shock". Having been associated, with the Experiment in International Living and also being in the crockery field for a number of years and having travelled abroad, may I suggest that Mrs. Kishore have a closer look at some of the larger Departmental Stores abroad (I do not mean the sophisticated ones)? Everybody would love to be neat and clean; to classify Indians and Indian stores, with their own limitations, as unclean and inefficient is in rather poor taste. I would also like to point out to her that most of the larger Departmental Stores abroad, which are "clean" by her standards, are manned by Asians.

Anwar Jamal, Madras

Do not confuse Asians with Indians. Singaporeans are often labelled as some of the cleanest people in the world. Indians, unfortunately, are at the other end of the scale. It is possible you may have found some of the larger

foreign Departmental Stores "Not so clean" — but could you possibly have seen what we saw very recently? An average Indian at a bus-stop carrying his tiffin-box in a cloth-bag. Every few seconds he put the free end of the bag to his nose and blew out gobs of lush goo. Of course, the goo may not have touched his lunch, but even so... and you can multiply such instances by the million.

READER'S VOICE

CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

On reading the article on Correspondence Courses I was galvanized into action because this was something I had been wanting to do for the past 16 years (I got married in my final year B.A. and now am a mother of three daughters aged 15, 13 and 8). With great enthusiasm I phoned the University of Bombay and went there to get my form for the B.A. Course. It took me 2½ hours of standing in the queue to get a form, another day to get copies of my S.S.C. certificate, character certificate and passport size photographs attested by a gazetted officer. Another 3½ gruelling hours were spent in a queue to get my form signed and be issued a challan in order to pay my fees for which I presume I will spend another day at the Bank of Baroda.

There are moments when you feel like tearing up your form and saying "to hell with it." What amazes one is that students who were doing this course for the third year had to go through the same mill as the newcomers. (Mona Lalwani, Bombay)

POPULATION CONTROL

It is with great interest that I read through your issue focussing on population and women's role in controlling it (June 10). Being a demographer I have made a deep study into the population problem of India and I was drawn to two facts. One is that no family planning programme in the world has been able by itself to lower the birth rate. Secondly, that integrated programmes and especially non-medical ones play a significant role in lowering the birth rate and at the same time improving the "quality of life" for the family, particularly the woman.

These are programmes to prepare young couples for marriage and to inculcate in them the idea of responsibility in planning a family. We must go to the micro level of the family and realise that Government does not have babies, but couples do. (Marie Mignon Mascarenhas, Bangalore)

Over the decades, the month of June has always been associated with University results, the scramble for seats in schools and colleges and sad-faced young children wearily trudging back to school. In the changing picture of modern education however, June has now also come to be associated with queues for admission and hectic activity to seek entrance into a new forum for "supplementary education" — the Coaching Class.

Educationists frown upon the idea, administrators feel that they are evil and the Press criticises them continuously; in spite of all this, the coaching class continues to be firmly entrenched in the existing system of education, and students and parents alike make a beeline to its doorsteps at the beginning of the academic year. According to knowledgeable sources, the coaching class bug has spread to such an extent that as many as 70 percent of rank holders in University exams and entrants to professional colleges have been to some coaching class or the other.

The concept of "private coaching" in the Indian education system is perhaps as old as the system itself. In the early 1900's it was the prerogative of the English officials and the Indian princes to go in for education by private tuition, as they were averse to the idea of mixing with commoners in public schools. This tradition was passed from one generation to another, until private coaching became the monopoly of the elite and was often a matter of great prestige. In post-Independence India, when education was available more freely the system of "tuitions" dwindled considerably owing to a rise in the standard of education as a whole, a breakdown in the socio-economic disparities of the people and the sheer cost of the entire system.

However, it was not long before the displaced tutors reorganised themselves. They found that in the new wave of commercialism that swept education as a whole, private coaching of pupils in batches proved both economically profitable as well as beneficial to the students. With the onset of the competitive wave that hit Indian education in the 60's, the coaching class soon became an important stepping stone to academic success.

Why are coaching classes so popular with the student population? Many reasons have been put forth, but the one that is at the root of them all is that the student feels that the education imparted in the schools and colleges is inadequate. This may manifest itself in two or three ways. The student who wishes to do well in his exams and pass out with very good marks finds that the coaching class supple-

ments his knowledge and gives him the right sort of exam-oriented training which helps him to do well at the University exams. This is particularly important for the student who wishes to join a good college, enrol for a professional course like engineering or medicine, or further his prospects in a world which judges one's capacity by one's marks.

The second category of stud-

With the present skyrocketing prices of commercial premises, this item accounts for the largest chunk of the investment. With this everything is set for the launching of the coaching class.

Recruitment of the student starts with advertising campaigns mainly through leaflets distributed at all nearby colleges and residential areas. Selection of the name of a god or saint

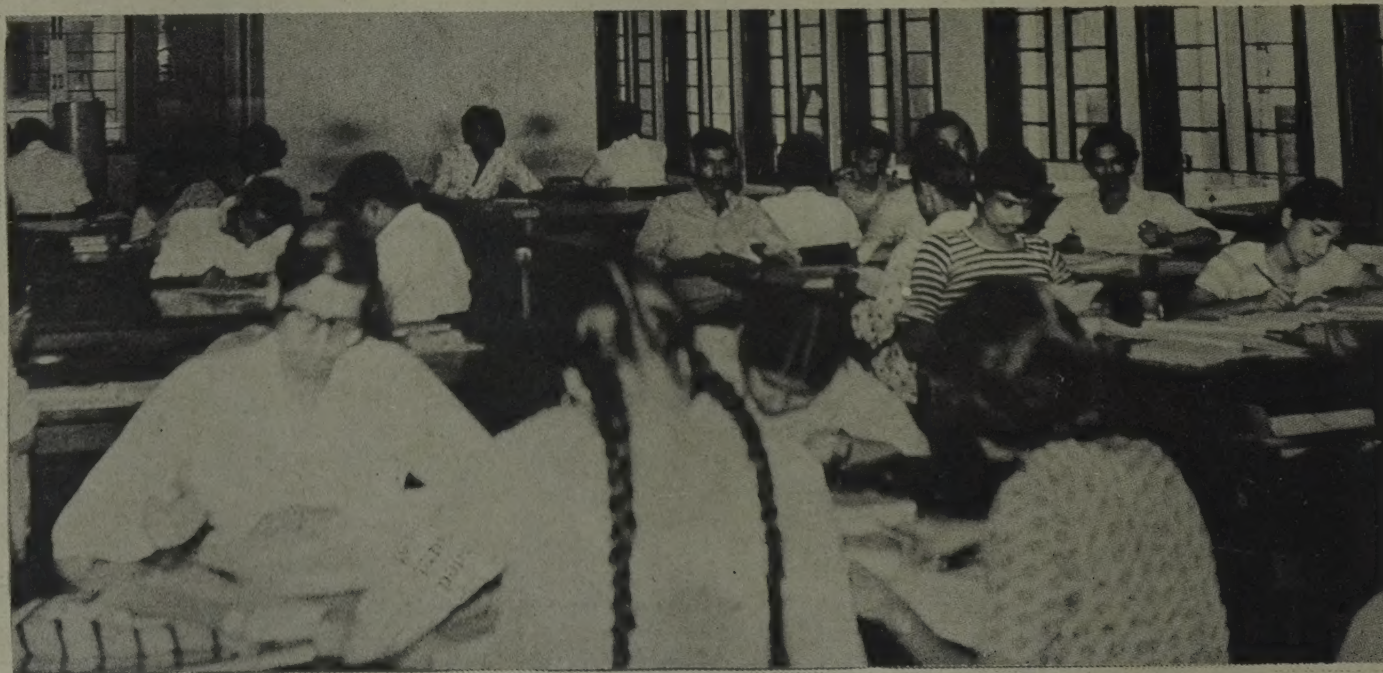
rank-holders among those who passed through its portals, and buy space in newspapers claiming to be "one of the leading academies in the field."

Ravi Kumar, a 16-year old, put it neatly when asked why he is joining a coaching class. "The school teaches you just the basics, whereas in a coaching class the emphasis is on scoring high in the exams. In a world where marks are most important, a

COACHING CLASSES: a necessary evil?

Manohar S. Kamath

Educationists frown upon them, administrators feel they are evil and the Press criticises them continuously. Yet it seems they are here to stay. Under the circumstances, it is high time steps were taken to regulate and ensure quality and to curb malpractices



ents who join the coaching class are those who want to just get through the exams without much effort. The spoon-feeding methods of the coaching classes help such a student to pass exams easily. Yet another type are those students who fail in a particular academic year and wish to appear for the exam again. The present system provides no training to these unfortunate students and they perforce turn to the coaching class for help.

The organisation of a coaching class follows a fixed pattern. The first step is the collection of a group of experienced teachers who can feel the pulse of the students they address and can talk to them accordingly. The next thing is to obtain premises; most coaching class managers prefer to set up at least three to four "class rooms" and an office.

Despite criticism and adverse opinion, the coaching class continues to be firmly entrenched in the existing system of education.

helps in creating a promising aura. Gradually, the news seeps through the student world and enrolment commences. The first few years are the most critical ones. Once the opinion gets around that there is some benefit to be had from the institute, the coaching class is well on its way to success. In later years the institution can afford to boast of

good coaching class becomes a must."

Regarding selection of coaching classes he said, "We come to know from our seniors and colleagues as to what is the speciality in a particular institution. The students join according to their needs."

Sanjay, a college student, feels, "One is left way behind in a large class in school or college, particularly if one is weak in a subject or two. The only alternative left then is the coaching class." It is relevant to note that the opinions and actions of friends play an important role in the enrolment of young students in coaching classes.

With the passage of time, coaching classes have fallen into two general categories: those that cater to the bright students and

train them to do better at University and Entrance exams and those that attend to the needs of those at the bottom of the class in school or college. Their roles differ from each other in contemporary education, a fact realised by students and parents alike. Those training "scholars" usually pick up only the cream of students every year on the basis of marks secured at previous exams. These students are then grilled in an "interview" prior to selection. In some cases getting admission to these high-aiming coaching classes proves even more difficult than getting enrolled in the city's best colleges!

The concept of "individual attention" which was stressed upon in the 60's no more prevails in modern times. The classrooms are packed to capacity with 50 or more students at a time. In a busy institute, classes run right through the day — starting as early as 6.30 a.m. to as late as 9.30 p.m., thus providing the student a wide range of time to suit his convenience.

The supply of cyclostyled material in the form of notes and questions for homework is an important part of the programme of every coaching class.

A new innovation of the 70's has been the arranging of "vacation batches". Students who have missed the April exams or those appearing in a subsequent year are taught the entire portion for

"In a world where marks are all-important, a good coaching class becomes a must."

the year during the summer vacation in May and June. This course is very popular with bright students who plan to get a grasp of things as early as possible so that they can master the subject within the remaining period of the year.

How do the owners of the coaching classes envisage their role in education? The principal-cum-proprietor of one of the highly reputed classes in Bombay city said, "We do not believe that our classes can replace the college or formal education. What we do is select a few promising stones and polish them into bright diamonds. In the world today, the course of a student's life can be changed by just five additional marks. We strive to see that the student earns those few additional marks that will guarantee him a glorious career. We succeed to a very large extent; this can be gauged from the high number of rank holders and entrants to pro-

fessional courses who pass through our institution."

Regarding the teaching, he says, "We are in a position to create a favourable atmosphere for study unlike in the college where a lecture is a humdrum, routine affair. We select the best teachers, pay them well and see to it that a high standard is maintained throughout the course. At the same time we

"The colleges in the present era are inadequate to meet the needs of the student completely."

insist on discipline and regular attendance in the class unlike in private tuition where the teacher is the slave of the student."

Yet another principal-owner of a very large coaching class had this to say, "Our coaching classes look after the student who is backward and the one who fails. Such students find themselves out of place both in the school and among friends. We build up their self-confidence through good teaching and put them back on their feet. The student who comes to the coaching class has the will to learn. We have only to channelise this enthusiasm to help him in his academic career."

The owners of course, underscore the important aspect of financial success that the institution achieves. Fees for coaching classes are far in excess of school and college fees, averaging Rs. 15-20 per month and Rs. 200 per term for each subject, respectively. The gross earnings of a medium-sized coaching class would thus run to about a lakh of rupees per annum at the least. As one of the owners said, "Yes, there is a lot of money provided one works hard enough and maintains a good name in the field." No wonder that within a few years of establishing a coaching class the successful ones are in a position to proliferate by opening new branches, besides diversifying to other branches of teaching and practical training.

Parents play a large role in encouraging their wards to join coaching classes. Mrs. Shendga, a resident of Dadar in Central Bombay, has sent three children at different times to coaching classes. "The colleges in the present era are inadequate to meet the needs of the student completely. With the tremendous competition in the academic world, every mark becomes vital for the student. Proper training through coaching classes thus becomes essential to produce scholars," she says.

Regarding the main advantages of coaching classes she adds, "The professors selected are better paid and are thus more interested in teaching their students. For science students (as all her three children were), continuous practice at solving problems round the year and carrying out practicals right up to the day of the examination are essential. The time-table of colleges is not geared to suit this requirement of the students." Today, two of her three children are well settled in life and the third is well on his way to becoming an engineer.

The parents of another coaching class student felt that the entire atmosphere of education is vitiated by the all-pervading influence of the coaching classes. "Most of my son's friends go to some coaching class or another — naturally, he also feels he should go to one so that he may not 'miss' anything," said the rather irritated father. "Somehow, the schools do not seem to be in a position to inspire the students," he laments.

But in a large number of cases, the parents themselves force the student to attend a "class" while he is in school — and add to his burden.

An eminent professor of Physics, who has had a large hand in training hundreds of students and helping them be at the top in the academic field, was able to clarify many aspects of coaching class education. "In our institute, we select good students and polish up their abilities to give of their best at the examination," he said. "I was a college teacher for many years. The good student does well everywhere, but the additional coaching helps in bringing out the best in him or her. The students in coaching classes find that the simplified versions we present help in understanding the subject better; to add to this, we complement

It is high time the authorities took some firm measures to regulate the activities of these institutions.

sound basics by solving hundreds of problems and applications of the main principles.

"All that the student needs is a little practice of writing out the answers, a slightly better understanding of the subject and the tremendous psychological boost that the coaching class provides — and lo! We have a rank holder in the University or the I. I. T. exams," he went on.

Regarding the role of the coa-

ching class teacher he said, "Teaching eight batches a week the same subject converts the entire affair into some sort of a cinema show. I am the projectionist who switches on the reels. To me it may be a bit boring, but to the audience which participates, the benefits are tremendous. Of course, as far as we are concerned, there are also financial benefits; for example, a coaching class pays much more than any college ever can, but this gap is now narrowing down with the implementation of the UGC scales of emoluments for teachers."

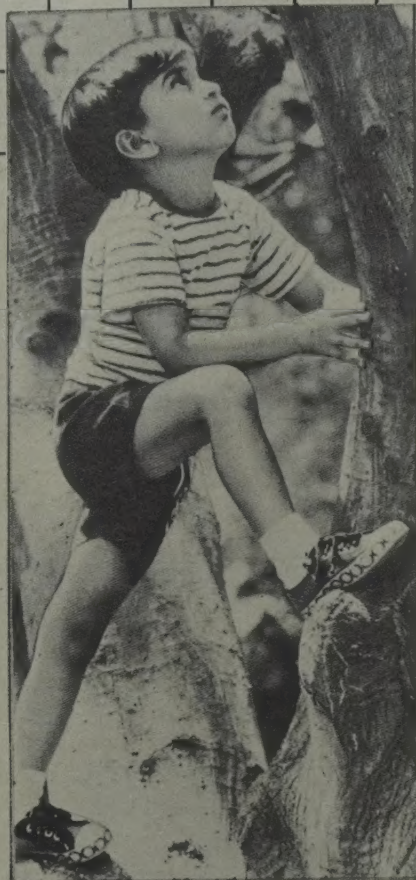
Another teacher added, "The coaching class helps in providing a variety of teachers for the same subject. The teachers in such institutes are always on trial — unsatisfactory progress may mean gradual phasing out and dismissal. The reputation of the class (and the money raked in) also depends on his performance. All this works as an incentive for him to work harder and get the best results."

Of course, there is the darker side of the picture which the press highlights periodically. The malpractices which are common occurrences in some of the "classes" include supply of question papers on the eve of the examinations, acting as intermediaries for money transactions between student and examiner, and the manipulation of results to favour certain candidates. These practices are prevalent among the seedier coaching classes which are often patronised by students of questionable reputation and character and are often the centres of other vices too. The worst danger for the student of coaching classes is that "bunking" of college lectures becomes a habit because he feels that he can afford to ignore them. The professor of Physics strongly challenges this contention, saying that the good student prefers to take the best from both sources to help him in his career.

All said and done, the inescapable conclusion is that no matter what the opposition to coaching classes from administrators and politicians, the common man accepts them as part of the education system. This is true particularly in the larger cities where education is just one more item to be bought and where stiff competition sends students scampering for any source of help.

Such being the situation, it is high time the authorities took some firm measures to regulate the activities of these institutions and curb the malpractices therein. This could be done by some form of official recognition and periodical inspection of the working methods of coaching classes. This would be a more practical solution than banning coaching organisations which some zealous persons advocate.

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 Calcutta; New Del



A few months back, during the Azamgarh Parliamentary by-elections, the name of Mrs. Mohsina Kidwai hit the headlines and people were left guessing about her selection by Mrs. Indira Gandhi as the (Congress I) candidate against the popular, seasoned Congress and Janata nominees. Only a year ago, the Janata had swept the polls in the General elections. But Mrs. Indira Gandhi's selection proved correct, and Mrs. Kidwai was victorious with a thumping majority.

Mrs. Kidwai belongs to the late Mr. Rafi Ahmad Kidwai's family and was born in Banda in Uttar Pradesh. Her father was in Government service and so her early education was spread all over U. P. but finally she was educated in Aligarh. Though she belonged to an orthodox Muslim family of U.P. her father was a very progressive person and he brought her up in a free atmosphere, so much that he never forced his daughters to observe purdah and left it to their choice.



She was married at a young age to her cousin and then her real grooming took place under the influence of her father-in-law, Mr. Jamil Ur Rehman Kidwai, who was a social worker and a politician, too.

After her marriage she lived at Bara banki, a small town in U.P. There she was very much moved to see the backwardness of women who were neither educated nor knew any craft to improve their lot. Mrs. Kidwai started a school for adult education in 1960, which admitted women above the age of 18 years.

Uttar Pradesh is famous for its chikan work, but there is a lot of exploitation of the women who do this work. So in 1958, Mrs. Kidwai organised a cooperative for chikan workers who are mostly women living in purdah. This was the first cooperative of its kind and the first step in freeing these talented women from exploitation by middle men.

Mrs. Kidwai feels that as long as our women are not educated, they will never be independent and hence she started two schools for girls. She also started a home for destitute children and there are more than 100 children in the home now.

At her adult education centre, women are given not only basic education but also training in various vocations such as nursing, tailoring, embroidery, etc. and up till now 150 women have been trained and are economically independent.

eve today



MOHSINA KIDWAI

giant killer of azamgarh

*With her political
prestige and her record of
service to the poor,
she scored an impressive
victory over her two
formidable rivals*

She was first elected to the U.P. Legislative Council in 1960 and in 1973 she was Minister of State for Food and Civil Supplies. After that she became the Minister for Harijans and Social Welfare with Cabinet rank. Later she held the portfolio of Minister for Small Scale Industries. As Minister for Social Welfare, she organised cooperative and welfare bodies for Harijans and other backward classes. As Minister for Small Scale Industries she encouraged young entrepreneurs to start small scale industries and even today when she is no longer a Minister, they come to her for help and advice.

As the President of the U.P.C.C. and with her recent election to Parliament, she has a lot of opportunity to know the grievances of the people. She says that the propaganda of the Janata party was mainly about the Emergency, but during the last one year of Janata rule at the Centre and in Uttar Pradesh, people have realised the importance of law and order.

Mrs. Kidwai points out how if the law and order situation is bad, the worst sufferers are women. If there is a communal riot, it is women who suffer the most. If there are social evils like drinking, gambling, it is the women folk who have to suffer, the burden of poverty is mostly on the women.

But she feels that it is also in the hands of women to help build a clean society free of evils like dowry, communal fanaticism, etc. She says that mothers

are responsible for forming the character of their children and it is up to our women folk to teach our children from childhood to be honest, to believe in national integration and communal harmony.

Our next generation has to carry this great country forward on the road of progress and prosperity, and hence there is a great responsibility on our women. She said that in the recent election most of those who voted for her were women. She feels that even illiterate women of the villages took great pride in voting for a woman candidate who would understand their problems better.

Mrs. Kidwai has three daughters — the eldest is in college and the youngest in school. In spite of her busy public life, she finds time to look after them and she takes great pains to teach them the correct values of life.

Meeting and talking to her, one gets the feeling that behind the smiling exterior and softly spoken words there is a strong will, a dedicated personality with an iron determination to work for the good of the country in general and of women in particular.

Her name "Mohsina" means one who helps others. The dedicated manner in which she has been working for women, the downtrodden and the under-privileged she is true to her name.

Najma Heptulla

TABLE TALK

Did you know that the French name dishes or special ways of preparing food after a wider variety of people than just those who invented or liked them? A case in point concerns one way of serving old potatoes: **Pommes Macaire**, which is named after someone who probably never even existed at all, Robert Macaire. He was a noted criminal, trickster and assassin who pops up in a Dick Turpinish sort of way in French story telling from the twelfth century onwards.

Perhaps it was felt that the dish was just the sort of rough-and-ready yet filling dish a busy brigand would esteem! The potatoes are simply baked in their skins, their pulp is then removed and well seasoned with salt, pepper and butter and finely mashed. It is then served, not back in the skins, but in hefty mounds on a hot plate.

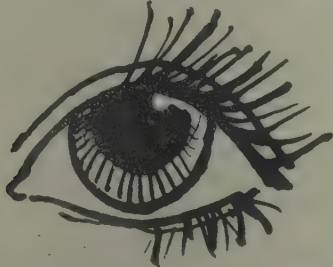
A tastier version of "French mash" is **Pommes Byron**, named after the poet, for which hollows are made in the top of each mound and filled with grated cheese (Cheshire is ideal), then covered with cream which should just — but only just — melt. An ideal dish for a cold weather supper — and with a very mixed ancestry!

David Gunston

children's page

Kamal Aurora

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES?



Which is longer, the distance covered by the seven dots or the distance from dot 7 to the last dot.

• • • • • • •
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

•
8

FOLK TALES

Once upon a time there was a poor peasant called Ivan. Ivan was a good and kind man, but his wife was ill-tempered and a shrew. Whenever she was angry with Ivan, she used to lock him out of the house and refuse to give him his food.

Poor Ivan! He would sadly walk back to the forest where he went every day to cut wood.

One day, he was cutting wood when he heard a voice cry out, "Please don't cut this tree!" Ivan had swung his axe, but stopped half way when he heard the voice and let his axe bite the ground.

"Thank you so much," said the voice and a snake uncoiled itself from the tree he had been about to cut.

Ivan was so shocked, he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. "Are you a speaking snake?" asked Ivan in a whisper. "I am a magic snake," said the

reptile as it disappeared into the bushes. "Come back here tomorrow. You will find a bag here. Wish for whatever you want and say, 'Two out of the bag.'" With that the snake vanished.

A RUSSIAN FOLK TALE

OUT OF THE BAG



On his return home, Ivan told his wife about the snake and the bag. She was so angry at hearing this strange story that she turned Ivan out of the house. "This will teach you not to make up tall tales," she screamed and banged the door shut.

Ivan returned to the forest and went to sleep on an empty stomach. Next morning when he woke up he went straight to the place where he had saved the life of the snake. There, lying on the ground, was a brown bag. Ivan picked it up with a sigh of relief.

During the night he too had been wondering whether his wife had not been right in calling him a liar and whether he had dreamed up the whole story.

Ivan was very hungry. He wished for some tasty food and called out, "Two out of the bag," like the snake had told him. In a second, two little men leapt out of the bag and began to lay out a wonderful feast before him. Ivan ate and ate. When he had finished he looked at the two little men. How should he put them back? He tried saying, "Two into the bag" and as suddenly as they had jumped out, the two men jumped into the bag.

Ivan picked up the bag and went home to show it to his wife. They would never have to wor-

ry about food any more. Ivan was very happy. As he reached home, he called out to his wife.

"What do you want?" she asked shrilly. "If you return home without food you will get nothing to eat. Go back to the forest."

"I have a magic bag with me," said Ivan. "The story I told you yesterday was true."

"What?" cried his wife. "You've come back with the same story?" And so angry was she that she began to hit Ivan with her hands.

"Stop her!" wished Ivan. In a trice the two little men jumped out of the bag and began to hit Ivan's wife with sticks.

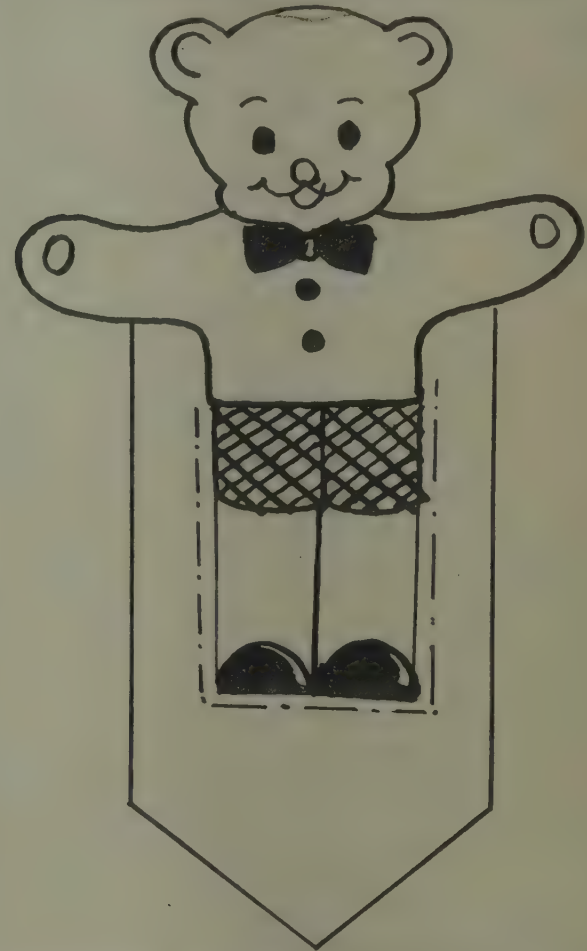
"Stop it, stop it!" cried Ivan's wife. "I believe you and I will never get angry with you again."

"Two into the bag," said Ivan and the two little men went into the bag.

From then on Ivan's wife became a happy and loving wife and Ivan, his magic bag and his wife lived happily ever after.

A BOOK MARK TO MAKE

Here is a cute little book mark to make. Trace the diagram onto cardboard. Cut it along the edges. Paint the little bear in whatever colour you like. The remaining white card can be left white or painted red. Next, slit the dotted lines, so that the bear can be slipped over the page.



They are both equal.

CAN YOU TRUST YOUR EYES?

ANSWERS:

Why be a wife?

A campaign to persuade women that marriage is not the only career open to them

C. P. Rajendran

The "Why be a Wife" campaign is a radical movement launched on Women's Day, 1978, by about two dozen British women.

The history of this campaign is quite simple. It was launched initially by a group of about 12 women who began meeting about four years ago to push for women's legal rights and financial independence. The demand for independence was first made at a conference held at Oxford in March 1974. They discussed and presented a paper on it to the National Conference of Women in June 1974.

After that, it was a question of trying to organise a campaign to get the demand accepted.

In this campaign they question the assumption of women's dependence which is implicit in the institution of marriage. This is expressed in all the legal restrictions which affect women. It also underlines the assumptions on how women must behave in relation to men.

They do not want to attack women who are married, nor do they want people to think that they are advocating any particular way of life. What they do want to say is that there are alternatives, that you don't have to be "a wife." They want to aim the campaign particularly at young girls in schools who very often leave school without any other concept of their future except as a wife.

"The schools we go to, the magazines we read, the television and radio, our own families — all tell us that marriage is our future. So many girls, when they leave school, are not really prepared for anything else. Even if we do realise that marrying 'Mr. Right' is not our passport to everlasting happiness, how many of us can afford not to get married?" the campaigners argue.

Most women are low paid and cannot afford a decent home on their own. And it is a vicious circle. Women earn less because it is expected that they are or will be married and maintained by their husbands, their responsibility being restricted to keep the home and look after the children. And low wages force women to trade in their financial independence for what looks like economic security.

If making it on one's own is hard enough, bringing up children on one's own is even harder. On top of the money problems, there are still all the social pressures against unmarried mothers.

If everyone else is marrying, what sort of life is it for you on your own? For many women, marriage holds out the promise of love, sexual fulfilment and companionship for the rest of their lives. This is still their hope despite the rising divorce rate. A lonely middle and old age is not a happy prospect.

In short, whatever angle one looks at it from, there does not seem to be any alternative. But is this really true? They believe that there are alternatives to marriage, and also that there are alternative ways of being married.

Firstly, marriage should not mean that a woman loses her right to be treated as an independent person. It is monstrous that the Inland Revenue and Social Security should discriminate against married women and

treat them as their husbands' dependants.

Secondly, decent nurseries and facilities for children of all ages are essential if one parent and the children are not to be trapped and isolated in the home.

Thirdly, they must start overcoming the fear that if they do not get married they will be left to live a lonely life. In fact, for many women marriage means isolation. Often they are stuck in the home all day and vulnerable to depression and mental distress.

On top of that, many women who get married cut themselves off from their friends and then find themselves even more alone if the marriage breaks up or the husband dies.

There are alternatives to marriage. Groups of friends can set up home together — either as single people, or couples, or a combination of both. Responsibility for child care, housework, cooking etc. can be spread among the group, reducing the burden on any one person.

Of course, this is difficult now because architects build houses and flats for the "average" two-parent family with 2.5 children. This not only makes it hard for groups of people to find places to live together, but it also means that the needs of single people and those with elderly relatives are ignored.

They realise that those who do decide not to get married may face many practical difficulties plus the prejudices of society. But they do believe that it is essential for women to start questioning whether marriage is their only future, and for women who are married to question the kind of marriage they are in.

They feel that despite the equal pay and anti-sex discrimination Acts, women's position has not improved very much. They believe this is largely because these

Acts have not tackled the root of the problem, which lies in women's position in marriage.

Change is needed at two levels: governmental and social.

At the governmental level, they are campaigning for married women to be given a fair deal now. They demand:

1. The end of all government discrimination against married women in tax and social security laws. The law must no longer treat married women as their husbands' dependants.

2. The right to go out to work with decent wages for all married women. This means providing proper training for married women and an end to the view that unemployment is worse for men than for women.

3. The provision of adequate child care facilities for the under-fives and for the care of children after school, and holiday facilities for school-age children.

4. Adequate support for women who are taking care of the old and the sick. In particular, an invalid care allowance should be paid to married women.

Socially, they hope that the campaign will bring about a radical change in public attitudes towards the role of marriage in society. This means each individual rethinking what marriage means for her or him. In particular, they hope that girls and young women will look at the alternatives to marrying and that married women will look at how they can make their own marriage more fair to themselves.

It also means changes in the models presented of both women and men by schoolbooks, comics, magazines, advertising, television, etc. Women's position in marriage is a crucial issue that affects all women's lives and it deserves responsible treatment by the media.





The little hamlet of 36 households is just 60 kilometres from the bustling industrial city of Coimbatore, across the border from Kerala. Smaller hill towns and villages are closer, but drive 20 kilometres into the interior of the Western Ghats from the village of Kukkali through elephant-infested forest country to Ana Vai, (Elephant Mouth) and it is a world apart. It is a world of the Kurumbas, people yet in their primitive innocence, who know no larger entity like the state or the country. Their world consists of Ana Vai.

Presiding over this small community of Kurumbas is Muddan, a wise old man of 76. He is referred to as Mooppan or the headman. For over 40 years now, with an iron hand and great tact, Muddan Mooppan has guided the destiny of the Kurumbas of Ana Vai. More interesting, he is also the husband of eleven tribal women. Surprised? But then, as I said, it is a world apart. Till recently nobody in the hamlet had seen a jeep or a city.

Now the development arm of the government has reached the hamlet. But for Muddan little has changed. He is still respected and continues to guide the 36 households under him. Be it a leaking roof or a wild elephant, it is to the Mooppan that people turn for advice and action. For the latter problem the Chief has a special solution. He claims that by reciting some mantras he can turn the wildest of elephants

away from its victim.

I was interested in knowing the story of his eleven wives. Thanks to the simple marriage customs of the Kurumbas, it was not difficult for Muddan to marry so many times. If he was interested in any girl (usually aged 12 or 13) all he had to do was to approach the parents of the girl and pay a bride price of Rs. 100-250 in cash or kind). His friends and relatives would then go and collect the girl for him. Since he was the chief of a hamlet, Muddan was never refused. There are also other Kurumba settlements in the nearby hills and it is from these that Muddan has acquired most of his wives. It was usually at some tribal function ("Shivaratri" is one), when all the Kurumbas get together, that his roving eyes would spot a pretty little thing. In a matter of hours or days the girl would be in Ana Vai as Muddan's lawful wife.

In this way the Chief has acquired eleven wives; he can remember the names of only nine of his wives — Kurumbi, Vellachi, Shivani, Kali, Devi, Velli, Mari and two named Gummi. Now Muddan has got only Mari and Kurumbi living with him.

But what happened to the others? Here again, the divorce laws of the Kurumbas help. If the girl does not want to live with her man she can go away to her parents, only the bride price has to be returned to her husband. If the husband does not want her, then the bride

MUDDAN: the man with eleven wives

The loss of one wife from among 11 was no great catastrophe for the 76-year-old headman, but the loss of face was a grievous blow

S. Sundarshan

price is not returned. Muddan has sent back most of his wives because, as he says, "I have become old now. Two are more than enough for me." There is tribal virility for you. But the children are left behind with Muddan and most of the women have married again.

The maximum number of wives he has had at a time is eight. Muddan says, "They were all living under the same roof. I looked after all of them well, fed them, clothed them. There was never a fight and we all lived happily together. There was no jealousy or bickering among my women." Kurumbi is his oldest wife and is well past 55. She is still with him and performs the traditional tasks of a wife like cooking, cleaning, etc. She also exercised some control over the younger wives. She seems to be not at all unhappy; rather, she seems somewhat proud of her husband's exploits.

Mari is a comely girl of 15 or 16 and is the only person in the hamlet who has rejected the one-piece tribal dress for a sari and blouse. While Kurumbi looks after the kitchen, Mari adorns Muddan's bedroom. The rest of the time, like any other young girl, she plays about with the children of the hamlet.

Polygamy is nothing new in the family. Muddan's father, Kakkhi, also had three wives. One of them died, the other two between them begot fourteen children. The Chief remembers

his childhood days, when his three "mothers" used to live in the same House with his father. Muddan regards all his step-sisters as his own and does not distinguish them from his own sisters.

Surprisingly this husband of eleven wives has only six children. How come, I wondered. With a twinkle in his eye Muddan says, "It was bad enough feeding all the women. If each of them had six children I would have become a beggar, not the Mooppan of the village." Ana Vai is hardly Nirodh country, but Muddan would not discuss his techniques of family planning.

But alas, now Muddan is a bitter man. What has never happened since his first marriage at the age of 25 happened recently. One of his wives, Gummi (his ninth) ran away with a young boy called Kadan. Not only Muddan but the entire hamlet is sore about the incident. Kadan is reputed to be a thief and the tribals disparagingly call him Karadi (cunning fox).

It is not that Muddan misses the girl. He is upset about the loss of face which he has suffered not only among the Kurumbas of Ana Vai but also among all the Kurumbas in all the hills.

As we had gone there as representatives of the administration he was very keen that justice should be done. Justice to him meant that Gummi and Kadan must be brought back to the hamlet; after Kadan had ceremoniously paid Muddan the original bride price which he had parted with, Gummi could go with him. The Mooppan has been trekking to the district authorities and demanding justice.

We promised Muddan many things like schools and water to his people. But what was uppermost in his mind was Gummi. To him, efficient administration meant bringing Kadan and Gummi before him on their knees. Otherwise his would be a sad death.

The public spirit and enterprise of a few women have opened an escape route from poverty and despair to the indigent women of Nagpur



A dedicated band of prominent ladies of Nagpur conceived the idea of starting a women's bank in the International Women's Year. The guiding principle of the bank was to raise the capital by collecting small contributions of Rs. 25 from a large number of people. The 1526 shareholders of the bank constituted its strong and stable base. No one at that time could have possibly imagined that a bank with such small beginnings would one day become one of the foremost banks in the region.

On January 15, 1977, Mrs. Pratibhatai Patil, then Education Minister of Maharashtra, inaugurated the bank. Since then it has grown in many directions with the support and cooperation of all sections of society. The bank's ten directors represent a wide spectrum of the women of Nagpur. During a short span of the first six months, the number of shareholders increased from 1526 to 1807. The account holders' strength has also increased to 318 to date. The share capital of the bank at present is Rs. 1,91,375 and a sum of Rs. ten lakhs has been disbursed as loans so far.

The International Women's Year, 1975, was a landmark in the annals of woman's march to self-fulfilment and economic self-reliance. The celebrations arranged to mark the occasion soon snowballed into manifold activities and projects of enduring importance. The Nagpur Mahila Nagari Sahakari Bank Limited saw the fulfilment of women's urge to enter the field of banking, traditionally a male preserve.

A MAHILA BANK: for women in need

D. K. Dixit



A cumulative time deposits scheme called, "Boond Boond Se Sagar Bhare", was inaugurated by Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra, last November. She is seen here (fourth from left) with the bankers of the Mahila Bank of Nagpur.

TOP: Sunanda Sonarikar, vice-chairman of the bank.

Says Mrs. Sunanda Sonarikar, Vice-Chairman of the bank, "The bank also provides consumption loans to women for completing their own education or the education of their children. Loans are also given to enable them to purchase their annual requirements of grain when prices are low, thus obviating the need to pay higher prices in the off season. Advances for purchase of durable consumer goods are also arranged. Festival loans help them to spread evenly over the year the large expenditure on festivals and other ceremonies and celebrations."

Though priority is accorded to women and the bank is run exclusively by women except for the manager and the peon, men are not barred from becoming clients. Men too can open ac-

During the Emergency, small borrowers were given debt relief and consequently moneylenders, at least in Nagpur, have since practically stopped advancing loans. Though the old debts have been wiped off by the Debt Relief Act enacted last year, the legislation could not do away with the need for loans. Thus the Act created a vacuum which had to be filled up by institutional credit. The main justification for the Mahila Bank is the need for liberal and judicious assistance to economically weaker women to save them from falling into the clutches of usurious moneylenders.

The Mahila Bank of Nagpur, registered under the name and title of "Nagpur Mahila Nagari Sahakari Bank Ltd." is the first of its kind in the Vidarbha region of Maharashtra. Explaining the background of this laudable venture, Mrs. Sunanda Barlingay, the bank's executive director, told me, "True, there are several banks, nationalised, cooperative and others, already in the field. They are providing services to both men and women without any discrimination. It was therefore natural for many to question the need for starting a bank exclusively for women. But in view of their inadequate job opportunities, women have to turn to self-employment. And the Mahila Bank will help them achieve this goal."



RIGHT: The raison-d'être of the Mahila Bank is the need for liberal and judicious assistance to economically weaker women, to save them from falling into the clutches of usurious moneylenders.

A MAHILA BANK:

For Women in Need

counts and get advances from the bank.

Stressing the cosmopolitan character of the bank, Mrs. Ashadevi Maheshwari, a director, observed, "The name of the bank itself indicates that it transcends all barriers of caste, creed, religion or community. Women from all walks of life and all strata of society professing different faiths contributed to the common pool to make this institution a financially viable proposition. The promoters of the bank may subscribe to different political ideologies, but when they come to the bank, the interest of the organisation is their only concern."

The working hours of the bank are from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. and it is located on the West High Court Road, Dharampeth, a burgeoning shopping centre of the city. Easy loans at 13 p.c. interest are given to the poorer clients who apply for loans of up to Rs. 500 as against 17 p.c. in other banks. Also, in conformity with the present social attitudes, share qualifications for directorship have been completely removed. Even a member with one share can become a director.

Mrs. Rajni Roy, Chairman of the bank, and an RPI (K) candidate from the Kamptee constituency in the recently held State elections, summed up the bank's objectives when she said, "Our bank promotes the habit of saving and the spirit of self-reliance, utilizes the hard-earned savings of women towards development programmes, acquaints women fully with banking business, lends supports to the needy who are vulnerable to

exploitation by Shylocks, and of course, gives all round support to women entrepreneurs."

Motivation for self-employment for women is indeed the most creative aspect of the bank and it strives to encourage women to utilise their latent talents.

Recently new schemes have The Nagpur Mahila Bank en-

been added in order to keep pace with the rapidly changing trends of modern banking. A cumulative time deposits scheme called "Boond Boond Se Sagar Bhare" was inaugurated last November by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Maharashtra.

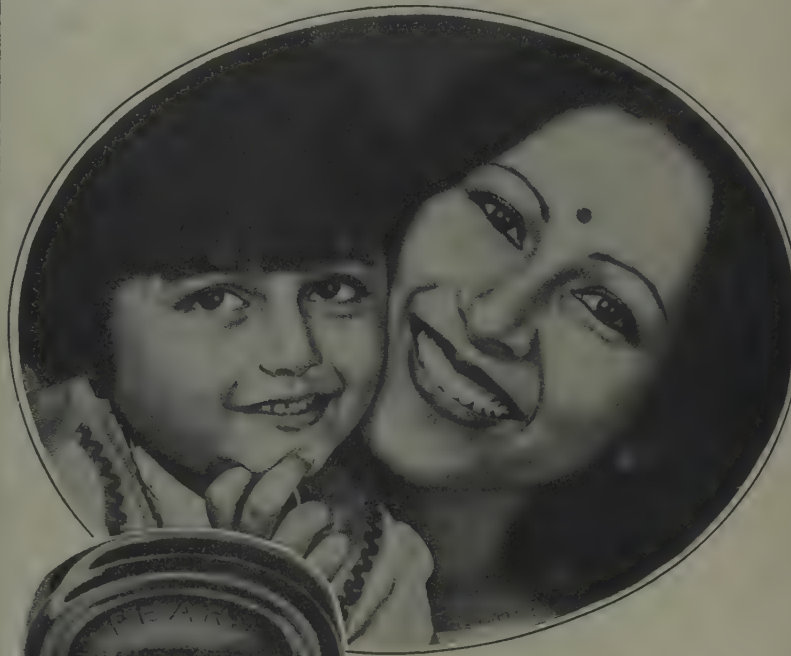
courages women to launch small scale industries. Apart from loans, it proposes to organise special courses for the development of entrepreneurship among women. Training in management techniques will be given to women entrepreneurs. A consultancy service to solve their day-to-day problems will also be undertaken in due course. The bank will thus function not merely as a financial institution but also as a social institution working for the betterment of women.

Financial assistance by way of loans to women has been liberalised to enable them to adopt improved living standards by creating "Mahila Kutirodyog" (Women's Cottage Industries) to make them economically self-sufficient. Fifty women have so far taken advantage of the bank's assistance.

"One of the highlights of the loan assistance is that the average loan is about Rs. 1400 only while the limit for a single person is Rs. 5000. Thus there is no concentration of money in a particular class," said Mrs. Barlingay. "We have made much headway, but there is still much more to do. Hurdles and handicaps notwithstanding, we have achieved our dream. And there is no reason why we should not revamp and revolutionise the entire concept of banking by setting an example."

She can speak with confidence as the bank has already managed to break even and this courageous, forward-looking spirit of social service bodes well for the women of India, so long denied their fair share of economic progress and avenues for setting to work their constructive talents.

Some complexions just never grow up!



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ISHRATH QADRI:

SUCCESSFUL EXECUTIVE

"I often ask myself, is there really a profession which can be called a male dominated one? But the question is really irrelevant in this age where we have successful women hitting the headlines everyday.

"Success, I believe, does not depend on sex. It all depends on one's attitude and devotion.

"I was virtually groomed into being a business executive by my late father who was the founder of the company. Although in Andhra Pradesh, outdoor advertis-

ing was male dominated when I entered the profession, in later years a few women did step into it. By the beginning of the '70s we could hardly call advertising a male dominated profession. In 1974, I, along with my brother, decided to diversify the activity of our company from advertising to manufacturing of injection moulded plastic components.

"In India this is truly a field dominated by males. Take for instance a typical working day of mine wherein, except my secre-

tary, I do not communicate with any female. The decision makers on the clients' side are all males, my factory workers are males, the middle management executives are also males."

Does Ishrath have any problems to face in her profession by virtue of being a woman? "Honestly, no," she says. Being at the top of her company, she faces no such problems and gets along excellently with her male colleagues. There are no attitudinal problems among them. There are some problems common to working women, more so in a country where a little too much is demanded of a woman on the home front.

"I have to be a number of per-

sonalities in one—a good wife, an affectionate mother, an obedient daughter-in-law, an efficient house keeper. At times these are really tiring, but then I seem to be managing all these responsibilities and I also run my industry.

"Merely being a housewife, receiving a tired husband and singing a lullaby to my child, I could not call my life complete. Today, meeting the various demands gives me tremendous satisfaction and the joy of living.

"I sincerely wish that more and more young women utilise their talent to take up rewarding careers like mine."

Bilkiz Alladin

SALIM-JAVED: HEROINES TO BLAME

N. Bharathi

Films today glorify the hero, while the best actresses are confined to unimportant roles.



HEMA MALINI



What is a talented actress like Raakhee doing in a film like "Trishul"? A famous heroine of the '50s who carried several big projects on her shoulders, recently discussed Raakhee with me. "I thought that she was the only actress out of the present lot who could ask for and get female oriented subjects. I was disappointed to find her in an insignificant role in 'Trishul'."

Maybe one cannot really blame Raakhee. A film star has to keep working, and however talented, she can act in films based on the heroine only if such films are being made continuously. Raakhee is an actress who has shown that she can carry a film on her shoulders like she did in "Tapasya". Yet she willingly acts in films that reserve the best of

scenes for the heroes.

Jaya was another actress who could do justice to a story revolving around the heroine. But she could manage only a Romesh Sharma for her "Doosri Sita" and a newcomer from Bengal for her "Guddi". When she did act in a big film like "Zanjeer" or "Sholay" she was a decoration piece while the hero, (or heroes) exhibited all the histrionics possible.

In recent times, films like "Zanjeer" and "Deewaar" have been responsible for establishing the era of he-man stories. With the resounding success of these subjects, film makers all over Bombay have been thinking along the lines of glorifying the hero in every way possible, relegating the heroine totally to the background.

Writers Salim-Javed recently made an attempt to analyse the

AMITABH BACHCHAN



situation and find out the factors responsible for the dominating film hero. Hindi cinema has had its fair share of top heroines calling the shots and bagging the best of subjects (e.g. Nargis, Meena Kumari). Today, Zeenat Aman, for instance, is considered a saleable heroine. But is there any distributor who'll back a film written solely with her in view, while the hero is shunted into an insignificant role? The answer is obviously in the negative. Writers Salim-Javed put the blame squarely on the shoulders of the actresses themselves.

"Yes, once Zeenat Aman did ask us to write a subject for her. But the urge to be totally dedicated to their profession is not there in our actresses."

The present lot of heroines, according to Salim-Javed, are only interested in the glamour, money and fame that stardom can bring, and in any case, most heroines act in films only temporarily, till the right man comes along to lead them into his house far away

from the studios. To the men it's a longer race. "When we narrate a subject to a good hero he is fully interested in the story and in his role. But when we talk to a heroine, all that she is interested in is the hero. A heroine is keen to get the best of heroes to star with her. How can you blame us for writing subjects only for the men?"

Besides a flippant attitude towards their roles, most female stars today are not really equipped to carry off a good subject solely on their names. "Raakhee, for instance is a good actress," agreed Salim-Javed. "But she is limited to being good only in high pitched drama. Can we write a story for Raakhee where she can sing, dance, do comedy and be good in all these departments besides drama?"

Salim-Javed who wrote "Zanjeer" and "Deewaar" (Amitabh Bachchan's two biggest hits) have a soft corner (totally justified) for Amitabh Bachchan, for whom

Continued on page 11

Rita Dar, one of the three daughters of Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit and niece of the late Jawaharlal Nehru, has led as chequered a life as the rest of the illustrious Nehru family.

Wife of a former ambassador, Rita is now Director of Public Relations for the Oberoi chain of hotels.

Globetrotter Rita's early child-

RITA DAR

NEHRU'S NIECE, GLOBAL P. R. O.

and easy going and the women are brought up in a very strict atmosphere. More gentle and ladylike in their ways, Malaysian women are gradually trying to come out of their shell."

But the country where the Dars had their final posting and which had the most impact on Rita was Sweden.

"Life in Sweden is permissive



hood was spent with ease in an atmosphere riddled with patriotic songs like other children's would be with nursery rhymes. "From childhood our house was resounding with slogans and meetings as both Mamujee (Nehru) and Mummy were such active freedom fighters. But that did not make either me or my two sisters precocious in anyway. It was a way of life with us and we grew up like normal children."

After majoring in History from Geneva, Rita married the up and coming Avtar Dar of the Foreign Service. Their postings abroad took them to West Asia — Jordan and Lebanon — Malaysia and Sweden. Life in West Asia was friendly and relaxed for the Dars. Rita spent a lot of her time observing the cultures of these countries and studying the women in particular.

"Lebanese women in the beginning were not interested in the happenings around them, but concentrated on their homes and looks. But recently, I have observed a marked awareness in them to life around and they seem to be taking more part in the upliftment of womanhood. They have realised the importance of education for vocational jobs. Of course, as far as elegance and beauty are concerned, they outshine their European counterparts."

Rita feels that the wars in West Asia have been largely instrumental in awakening the women to the realities of life.

Malaysian women in comparison lead a more sedate life. "Maybe it is the hot weather or their social and cultural set up, but the people are more relaxed

and it takes a little while getting use to it — especially if you have young children. As a people, the Swedes are a highly organised race, but one notices a marked lack of the warmth of the East. This is probably due to the fact that they are so very busy they just don't have the time. There even the PM's wife has no domestic help! Ultra modern Sweden looks after its people and provides them with education, medicines and, because of lack of family attachment, the State even takes care of the old and the sick. Unlike in India, the aged Swede does not have a family to turn to."

With a below par birth rate, Sweden is grossly underpopulated, which tempts the Swede, who loves children, to adopt from India, Bangladesh, Pakistan, Ceylon, and other eastern countries.

Totally at ease in her present job, the elegant and talented Mrs. Dar continues to meet people from all over the world and represents India graciously.

Promoting the Oberoi Hotel empire on a global basis is Rita's portfolio. Highlighting unusual and interesting points for foreign tourists and at the same time attending to requests and liaising with the local and foreign press requires a lot of travel and painstaking behind-the-scene work to enable each promotional campaign to move with clockwork precision.

Rita is now busy doing a full-scale promotional drive for Oberoi's latest addition to its chain of luxury hotels, the Oberoi Bogmalo Beach Hotel in Goa.

M. C.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE CENTENARY

Tapati Mookerji

The Corinthian pillars of the Bethune College echoed with the sonorous sound of a hundred conch-shells. A hundred lamps bloomed to light the marble face of John Elliot Drinkwater Bethune, founder of the women's college which started a new chapter in the history of women's higher education not only in Bengal but in the whole of India, as the centenary celebrations began.

Dr. Dipti Tripathi, the present Principal, a dynamic administrator and a very feminine per-

When John Elliot Drinkwater Bethune established a college for women in Calcutta a hundred years ago, he opened a new chapter in the history of women's higher education in India

son, was visibly moved, as were the faculty, most of them Ph.Ds, and the vast crowd when the 100 ex-pupils passed by in procession, the oldest of whom was Mrs. Sailaja Chakravarty, (circa 1912).

Looking at the thousand-odd young arts and science students of today, Dr. Dipti Tripathi recalled the genesis of it all, when the college started with just one student. But what a student that was! She was Kadambini Basu (later Ganguli), the undaunted pioneer who blazed a path, along with another determined young woman, Chandramukhi Basu, to become in 1882 the first ever woman graduate not only of India but the whole of the British Commonwealth!

Kadambini Ganguli, actively encouraged by her reformer husband, later had to fight her way into the Medical College and again became the first woman MBBS in India. To make a unique trio, she was also the first Indian woman to speak from the Congress platform in 1890, an event which Annie Besant hailed as "a symbol that India's freedom would uplift India's womanhood."

Tradition however, holds hands with progress in the history of this institution. Dr. Tripathi reminded me of the year 1928 when after the Simon Commission, the unified stand of the student body led to the resignation of the then English Principal.

Dr. Tripathi recalled those pioneering students of the college whose names have gone into the annals of India's struggle for independence, such as Sarala Devi Chowdhurani, writer and political leader, and the time-honoured revolutionaries, Pritilata Waddeder, Kalpana Dutta (later Joshi) and Bina Das.

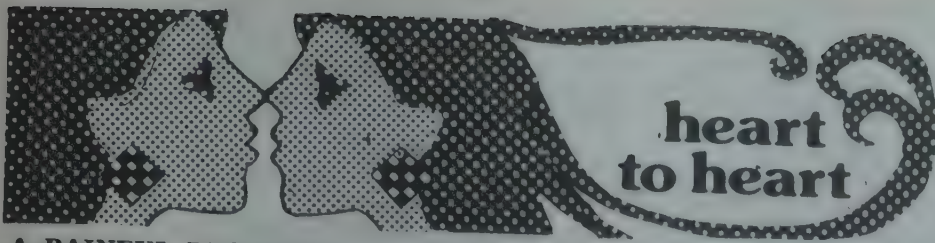
The roll-call of women eminent in other fields, such as literature, the arts, the performing arts, science and medicine, is formidable. The pioneers of Bethune College include such honoured names as Sarala Ray, founder of the Gokhale Memorial Girls' School and College, Lady Abala Bose, Hemlalata Sarkar (grandmother of the writer of this article) who founded the Maharani Girls' School in Darjeeling for not only Indian, but Sikkimese, Bhutanese, Tibetan and Nepalese girls and Kamini Roy, a pioneer poetess of Bengal.

Dr. Tripathi says, "Later comes a roll-call of more names — Dr. Ashima Chatterji, the first woman to preside over the Indian Science Congress, screen and stage actresses such as Shova Sen, wife of Utpal Dutt, and Debjani Khan, a nun like the present president of Sarda Math, and Manjushree Chaki, who is conducting a successful school of Oriental dancing in the U.S.A. The roll of social workers include people like Dr. Sarala Ghosh, Asoka Gupta and others."

Dr. Tripathi herself had a brilliant scholastic record, and was a top-notch Oriental dancer in her student days. She is a look-ahead type who rejects complacency.

She realises the need to weld the two poles together — tradition and progress, and her last words were both admonitory and explanatory, building a link between the pioneering past and the forcefully progressive future "I always recall the Founder's words," she said, "though he died a century and a quarter ago. Mr. Bethune had said, 'The character of a nation depends so intimately on the character of its women. . . in every relation of life, the power of female influence shall always be exerted in the direction which points to justice, to virtue and to honour. The banner we plant today. . . shall never go backward until its supremacy is felt and thankfully acknowledged in every part of the land.'"

The words may be old-fashioned, but the spirit is mint-new, shining in defiance of parochialism and male chauvinism.



A PAINFUL DECISION

I was married when I was in school, and, as I did not like my wife, I lived away from her after two girls were born to us. I am 31 now. I have two daughters — one is with me and the other with her mother at my native place. Now I am thinking of divorcing my wife. Is this advisable?

This is a rather difficult and unhappy situation as there are children involved. You will have to provide for your daughters' future and see that they are well settled in life. If you will take the responsibility, or your family will look after them well, then perhaps you could consider the possibility of divorce. It appears that you have deserted your wife for several years and there is no room for reconciliation.

But you should have considered this matter in the very early stages of marriage, then there would have been no liability,

CONFIDE YOUR PERSONAL PROBLEMS TO DR. MABEL FONSECA C/O EVE'S WEEKLY. DR. FONSECA IS A LEADING MARRIAGE COUNSELLOR AND WILL ANSWER YOUR QUERIES EVERY FORTNIGHT

UNFAIR TO WIFE

and your wife too could have had a chance to resettle in life. Now it will mean a lot of emotional insecurity, specially for the children, and a rather unfair deal to the wife who has to suffer just because you did not take a liking to her.

You need to give all this serious thought and talk it over with some senior members of your family. If you are determined, consult a lawyer.

BEST TO CONSULT PARENTS

I am a 16-year-old girl and deeply in love with a widower who is 40. He too loves me. We want to get married as I am two months pregnant. He has a daughter of 14 years who is my best friend. I am scared to disclose anything to my parents.

You are very young and in this predicament it is best to consult your parents — after all they will come to know sometime and in this time of stress they will help you. It is important for this man to meet your parents and discuss the important issues involved — the preg-

NO NEED TO PANIC

My girl friend with whom I had an affair in the past is, in trouble. She says that she is deeply in love with another boy. But now she has come to know from the boy that he is suffering from a dangerous disease and will die shortly. She wants to elope with him or commit suicide. She has come to me for guidance. What should I tell her?

You should persuade this girl to take courage to face the inevitable. Tell her to give her friend the best and closest of friendship during this difficult time, then she will not regret whatever the future has in store for her.

There is no point in running away with him as he will not be able to give her emotional or other security which she may need. On the contrary, it will add more responsibility in his already poor condition.

Explain to her that she has got to accept certain facts if she really loves him. At a later stage she can build her future the way she wants, or in a manner dedicated to him. There is no need to think of suicide. Tell her that she must be an asset to her friend and do all she can for him.

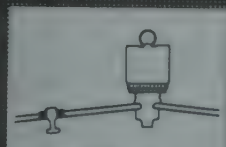
8 reasons why...



Outside-fitting lid provides maximum cooking space — with or without separators; for greater fuel economy.



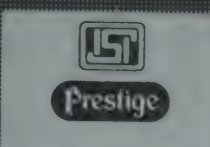
Double locking lid ensures cooker cannot be opened while there is pressure. Safe and easy to use.



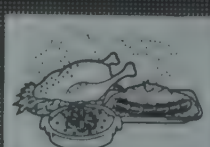
Unique weight-valve maintains optimum pressure. Safety-valve ensures total safety in 3 ways.



Extra thick base for greater strength, longer life and even heat distribution.



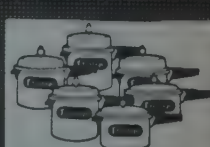
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FOCUS ON FEMININITY

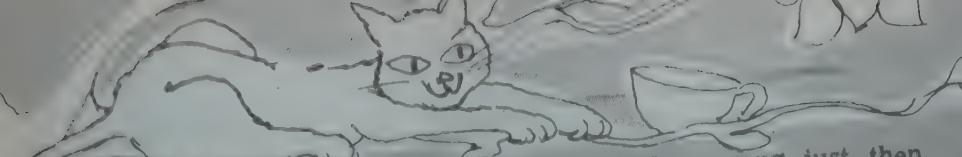
Explode the hair fashion scene with these exciting styles by Habib, a much sought-after stylist of the Silhouette Beauty Salon, Oberoi-Intercontinental Hotel, Delhi. We have featured here a few styles — short as well as "long" — with soft-curves, crisp curls, and the layered look.

The basis of any style is, of course, an expert cut. "I give a cut that falls into shape naturally," says Habib. His hairstyles are easy to manage, easy to care for and require no setting... you just brush them into shape.

This expert stylist received his training at the London Institute and Morris School of Hairdressing. He has worked with Vidal Sassoon in London.







I had shut up my own house, and was staying with Professor Malhotra one summer while his wife was away on a visit to her mother. Whenever the Professor went in extensively for chemical experiments, Mrs. Malhotra always went to stay with her mother. She used to say that she never knew from one minute to another when Malhotra would blow himself up; and to sit in her room waiting for an explosion, and wondering whether there would be enough of her husband's remains left to satisfy the Life Insurance Corporation that he was really dead, was more than a woman's nerves could stand.

There was nobody in the house except the Professor and I and Mrs. Malhotra's big Alsatian, Tiger. We used to go to the nearby hotel for our dinner. Professor Malhotra was in his laboratory nearly all day, and as my room was in another part of the house I was not much disturbed by the minor explosion I heard now and then.

One evening the Professor came into my room while I was smoking a peaceful cigar, carrying a teaspoonful of a sort of thick white paste in a cup. He set it down on the table, and then, dropping into a chair, informed me that he had just succeeded in perfecting a great invention.

"I have known you to do that at least thirty-two times," I said. "What sort of invention is it this time?"

"I have invented," said Malhotra, "the most powerful new explosive. You see that teacup? It holds just about an ounce of my explosive, but if that was to explode this minute, there would not be a piece of this house left large enough to submit it to chemical analysis."

"And you calmly bring the diabolical thing into my room and put it on my table?" I asked. "Professor, I must bid you good-bye immediately. I am going out. I'll see a movie, do anything, but I will not stay here."

"That is all nonsense," said the Professor. "My explosive is absolutely safe. You can set fire to it, or you can pound it with a hammer, but it will not explode. The only thing you have to be careful about is not to bring it into contact with any animal fat. Drop the smallest particle of butter, ghee, cheese, anything of that sort, into that cup and you will see a most tremendous explosion."

I did not make any reply, but just took the cup and its contents and carried it out to the extreme end of the back-yard and set it down under a bush, saying my prayers meanwhile. Then I came back to the house and told Malhotra that if he did not manage to get rid of it the first thing next morning, I would not only leave him, but would also have him arrested as a dangerous lunatic.

The telephone rang just then. Malhotra went into the other room to take the phone call. It was from his wife and that meant that he would be hanging on to the phone for at least half an hour.

When he returned, I urged him to bury his explosive so that it would be perfectly safe. He could dig it up (I suggested helpfully), after Mrs. Malhotra had returned and I was out of the house. So we took a tin can and a spade into the backyard. But when we came to the bush we were dismayed to find that the cup was empty and as clean as if it had been washed in hot water.

Malhotra could not understand it, but he expressed dark suspicions that some rival scientist had got wind of his invention and had

A NIGHT WITH PROFESSOR MALHOTRA

K. Sujana Babu

stolen the explosive in order to analyse it and then, copying it, claim it was his own invention.

Of course, I did not buy this theory, because if anyone had stolen the explosive he would have taken the cup as well. Even the most woolly headed scientist would have sense enough to do that. There had to be some other explanation.

"Has your explosive any taste?" I asked.

"It tastes very much like ice-cream."

"You mean that it is soft and sweet?" said I.

"Exactly," he replied. "I think you would rather like the taste of it, and it would not do you any harm to eat it either, that is, if you did not eat any fatty substance at the same time."

"Then I can tell you what has become of it," I said. "That idiot dog of yours has eaten it up. I will run over to my house for my gun and we will shoot him at once, before he eats some butter and explodes and takes us, and also the entire neighbourhood perhaps, with him to kingdom come."

"You will not do anything of the kind," said Malhotra. "My wife thinks almost as much of that dog as she does of me, and

would be most annoyed. I would as soon commit murder as kill him."

There was nothing more to be said, and the Professor and I turned back towards the house. There on the front step was sitting the infamous dog licking his chops and wagging his tail with the air of one who has earned a good dinner by hard and honest labour.

I really was in a dither. The dog could explode any moment if he were to get hold of a bit of butter or a greasy bone before he digested the explosive. And we too would go with him.

"If you will not kill him," said I, "at least chain him so that he won't gobble up some fatty thing."

"You may chain him up if you can," said the Professor, "but he does not like me, and is most unlikely to permit me to attach a chain to his collar."

"No, thank you," I said. "You won't catch me meddling with a dog with an explosive inside it. I prefer one with hydrophobia. Let us get into the house and lock the brute out and hope that he explodes some distance away."

It was easy enough to propose to get into the house and lock the dog out, but the dog did not see it in that light. There he sat on the step and we did not dare go near him, for Professor Malhotra kept remembering that he had seen the beast licking a greasy plate some time in the afternoon, and even while we were talking about him, he began to lick his paws, to which it was very likely that something of a fatty nature had adhered. So we decided to wait till the dog should get good and ready to come off the front step, and permit us to enter the house.

We waited for at least an hour. The dog had made himself comfortable on the doormat and paid not the slightest attention to our tentative efforts to make him see reason. At about eight o'clock, however, the idea seemed to strike him that perhaps he had not been quite as sociable as he ought to have been and that possibly he might have hurt our feelings. So all of a sudden he got up, and came running over to us to apologise. We did not stop to listen to him, but seized the opportunity to make a run for the house, telling the dog, "Get out, you brute," in a tone that would have convinced any sensible beast that we did not wish for his company.

But he was a forgiving animal and, affecting to regard our manner towards him as a mere joke, he trotted after us and squeezed by us into the house. I did not care to kick him, for I was not by any means sure that the Professor's new explosive could not be exploded by concussion; and as for the Professor himself, he

knew that the dog would pay no more attention to his orders than would Mrs. Malhotra herself. We managed to get upstairs and into my room a yard or two ahead of the dog, but no sooner had we shut the door and bolted it than he sat down, began to scratch the panel and whined for us to let him in.

"How long will he stay there?" I asked feverishly.

"Probably all night," replied my friend gloomily. "That is, if the explosion does not take place in the meantime."

"We have got to get him downstairs — and outside the house," I insisted. "He is your dog and you ought to be able to do that much at least. Try one of those biscuits that are there on the table. Walk in front of him and show him the biscuit, and the chances are that he will follow you downstairs and out of the house. If that plan does not work we must just let ourselves down out of the window by tying the bedsheets together, and run as far away from him as we can. It would be bad enough to be blown up by anarchists, but to be blown up by a fool of a dog would be simply disgraceful."

Professor Malhotra said he would try the biscuit ploy, but he was not very optimistic about its success. It was not. No sooner had he opened the door with a biscuit in his hand than the dog snatched it away from him and then, being full of gratitude for what he supposed was an act of kindness, he jumped on the Professor, knocked him over and sprang over his body into the room.

Professor Malhotra picked himself up, remarking that he hoped there was nothing of a greasy nature in that biscuit, but he rather thought that it felt as if it had some butter in it. Then he came over to the corner of the room where I was crouching behind the sofa and, joining me, said he was most sincerely sorry for the annoyance he had inadvertently caused me. Annoyance! Words failed me.

"We must get out of the house at once," I said. "If that brute explodes here we would not have the ghost of a chance, but an explosion in the open air may not be as certainly fatal as it will be in the house. Come along, Professor, perhaps we can manage to set the dog on a stray cat and slink away from him while his mind is occupied."

So we went downstairs again and out of the house. The dog kept close to us, running around us in circles and trying now and then to jump up and put his paws on our shoulders. Nothing I could say could hurt his feelings and depress his spirit.

We trudged about a mile away from the house, but we did not meet a single cat, or anything else that might have distract

the dog's attention. At last we gave up all hope and sat down by the side of the road to rest and wait for an inglorious end.

By this time it was getting pretty late and I was getting tired and reckless. I told the Professor that I was going to get my gun and shoot the dog, no matter what Mrs. Malhotra might say. Professor Malhotra made no objection. He was sensible enough to accept that facing an indignant Mrs. Malhotra was a lesser evil than being demolished by a canine explosion.

We walked rapidly back towards Malhotra's house, which we had to pass in order to reach my own house. The dog trotted along with us, keeping close to my legs and, in his inane friendly way, tried to rub his nose against my hand. It did seem a little cowardly to kill an animal that was so full of affection and confidence in me, but it was not the time to lavish sentiment on an explosive dog. Besides, other people's lives were at stake as well as mine and the Professor's; for, if the dog should explode in our neighbourhood, all the nearby houses too would be wrecked, and their inmates would perish in the holocaust.

But when I got to my house, a new difficulty arose. I had left the key of my house in my room at Professor Malhotra's. So we walked back to his house and, opening the gate, entered the courtyard.

We had not yet shut the gate, when a big black cat streaked past us and bolted down the road and the dog shot out in hot chase. Deliverance at last, we exulted, and made haste to shut the gate and get into the house. Thanks to that cat there was a chance that our lives would be spared.

The dog was safely outside the yard, and the compound wall was too high for it to jump over. At the worst he could only explode at least 30 yards away from the house and, proud as the Professor

*A night of terror
it was, with the dog
likely to explode
any minute—until a
cat streaked past,
and the dog reacted
in the accepted
canine manner*

was of his new explosive, he admitted that an explosion at that distance would not be absolutely certain to blow up the house. My own hope was that the dog would chase the cat for a mile or two, and then blow up at a safe distance from any house or person. It was what he owed to us after his idiotic conduct that night, but of course I could not feel any real confidence that he would do his duty.

I sat down in my room to smoke another cigar and calm my nerves a little, and Professor Malhotra sat down with me and made no end of apologies for his dog's dim witted conduct. I let him talk on for a while, and was on the point of telling him that I was not in the least alarmed and did not believe his new explosive would explode at all, when there took place the most tremendous explosion that I had ever heard. And I have heard a few in my time having been fond of not only setting off fireworks but also of making them in my young days. This explosion was like half a dozen thunderbolts rolled into one. It broke every pane of glass in the house, and made the building rock as if an earthquake had shaken it.

The Professor's face was beaming with pride.

"Some explosion!" he commented with a smugness, which he was decent enough to appreciate was thoroughly misplaced. Sobering quickly, he said, "I do hope no house has been blown up, nor any passers by killed."

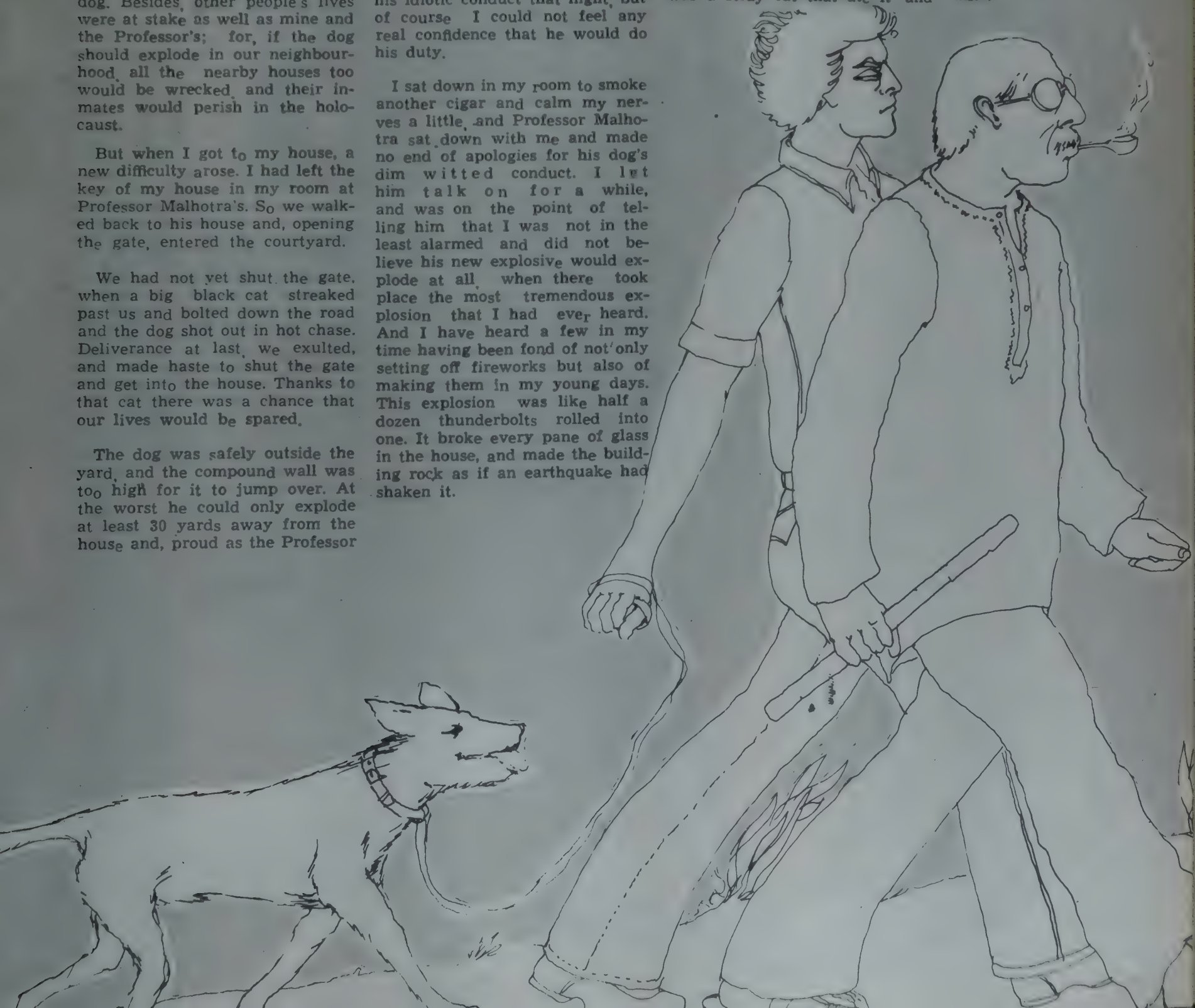
"We will go out and see what damage has been done," I said. "If you will listen to me, Professor Malhotra, you will not say a word to anyone about your explosive. There would not be enough dog left to be identified as yours, and if you keep quiet, no one will suspect that you have had anything to do with the explosion." We opened the front gate to go out, and nearly fell over the dog, who was sitting there waiting to be let in, and looking as innocent as if no explosion had ever taken place.

"I see it all now," said Professor Malhotra. "That poor dog never touched the explosive. It was a stray cat that ate it and

has paid the penalty, and we have been suspecting the dog wrongly all this time."

That was just what had happened. The dog was as innocent a child. He was no more liable to explode than an iceberg, and Professor Malhotra and I had been living for the last eight hours in mortal terror of him. I did not know whether to apologise to the animal or kick him in disgust. I did know, however, that I felt like kicking myself.

That explosion made a great deal of talk in the town. Luckily it did not do any harm, for, when the cat exploded, she was at least a mile away from the nearest house and she merely made a hole in the ground about as large and as deep as a large tank. The police made an investigation and decided that the explosion was the work of Naxalites and that all probability they themselves had fallen victims to their dynamite.





THE WET LOOK!

Dinoo Vacha

It's rather tough trying to feel cheerful when you step out in the rains. But we have for you some super ideas in raincoats in super bright colours to cheer your blues away!

So select your pattern, cut it to size or take it to your nearest tailoring shop to fuse or stitch the seams.

LEFT TO RIGHT

Shiny wet look raincoat in sizzling sunny yellow has a detachable hood and lots of roomy pockets.

A super two tone cape in plastic-pink and mauve is piped in white. This mod cape has a cap and rain shoes to match.

A smart number in beige has brown trimmings. It ties on with a belt. Team it with a gingham checked umbrella or a matching scarf.

Drawstring waist makes the easiest of raincoats. A pretty floral pattern, straight cut sleeves and a flat Peter Pan collar help you to step out in style.



human interest story

Monika was a little over eight years old when she came home from school one day with red, watering eyes. She was a frisky little girl usually, but that day she dropped her satchel of books listlessly and lay down in bed.

Her parents were not at home when she got back from school, because they were both doctors with innumerable patients on their hands, demanding long hours of attendance at their clinic. They always got home late and tired at night. Even then there was no guarantee that one or the other of them wouldn't be summoned by a frantic call in the middle of the night.

Monika was used to their busy routine and their being doctors infused her with a rare sort of courage. She felt so secure even in sickness, knowing they would always be there to set things right. When she heard the door bell, she lay down quietly, not wishing to alarm them with talk of illness before they had washed and eaten. But her father came into the room and switched on the light.

"Why, Monika, aren't you well, darling?" he asked.

"I have a cold," she replied, "but how did you know?"

"Ah," he said. "I know you. We came in and the hall was silent. You always switch on the radio in the evenings, but today the radio wasn't playing. Your school bag was lying on the floor."

Her mother came in then, went forward and touched her forehead. It was burning hot. The two examined Monika, discussed in some unfamiliar medical terms between them, and then gave her some tablets to swallow. They felt so secure in their power of healing that a little fever did not bother them unduly. They had sailed so blissfully through the childhood illnesses that beset almost every home, that this fever of Monika's seemed a petty thing to them.

But it wasn't. A few days later, Monika developed a squint in her right eye. Her father noticed it first. He wasn't sure, however, that it wasn't a trick of the light. He passed a doll in front of Monika's eyes and asked her to follow it with her eyes. What he saw confirmed his worst fears. There was something wrong with the co-ordination. His wife Daya came in just then, wondering what he was doing. He took her aside and told her that the illness which beset Monika was more serious than they had imagined. There was a squint developing in the right eye and also papilloedema (a choking of the eye-disc). He suggested they call for the opinion of another doctor.

Daya was alarmed now. It was something he had never suggested in his life, even when she had been in the throes of labour just before Monika's birth — a time of tension for both of them. He had seen her safely through the arduous moments himself, a fact that had knit an uncommonly strong bond between husband and wife, of shared perils, and a surer faith.

"Vikram, what's wrong?" she asked now.

"Daya," he assured her softly, "both of us are too personally involved with the child to see things objectively. It is wise to seek an outside opinion sometimes."

"You never suggested anything like this before," she protested.

He held her close and consoled her, calming her exclamations with murmured endearments, lest the child suspect her serious condition.

The doctor friend whom they consulted diagnosed the disease as TB meningitis. When they came home, Daya burst into tears. She had felt so strong and confident in affliction before, sure in their power to overcome it. Now it was gone, leaving only a terrible fear.

"We'll take her to Delhi," said Vikram, "for a neuro-surgical examination. It is better for all of us."

They were living then in a small town, a few hundred miles away from Delhi, which didn't have a hospital with the latest equipment and medical expertise.

The specialists in Delhi put another fear in their minds. Tests showed, they said, that Monika was either suffering from TB meningitis or a brain tumour. Only further tests and painful investigations would reveal the truth.

Vikram and Daya found hundreds like them in the hospital and they were knit by a bond of suffering, all praying and hoping for the lives of their children. As Vikram sat in interminable vigils, he felt enveloped by a great sense of helplessness, overwhelmed by the enormity of a power so much greater than all of them. Was it God? he wondered. But why had He picked out just them from the millions of others and singled them out for suffering?

Monika was scheduled to undergo an investigation where a dye would be injected into her carotid artery to check blood circulation in the brain. Vikram watched while the doctors probed to find the blood vessel and the child screamed with pain. When they did find it, the blow was intensified. Monika was suffering from dilation of the internal chambers of the brain ventricles. The only remedy for this ailment was a "shunt," a draining of the CSF fluid.

When she was wheeled back to her hospital room, she asked calmly, "Is it over, Daddy? Can we go back now?"

Daya touched her forehead and looked away, afraid she would see the tears in her eyes. But children are shrewd, knowing with the sixth sense what they cannot see

THE RELEASE

As related to MAYAH BALSE by V. P. TANEJA



or hear. "In a few days, darling," replied Vikram in a choking voice. "You'll be all right shortly, then we'll go home."

The evening before her brain operation was scheduled, a nurse wheeled in a trolley with a razor, soap, and warm water on it. Monika sat up in alarm.

The nurse smiled at her. "I won't hurt you," she said gently. "I only want to wash your hair."

The child waited bravely while the nurse wet her curls and soaped them. But when she drew out the razor, tears trembled in Monika's eyes and rolled down her thin cheeks. Her head of thick black curls was her best feature tumbling down over her cheeks and forehead when she laughed with abandon. It was so long now since she had done that.

"Oh, Mummy," she cried, when the nurse shaved off the first few strands. "Please, Mummy, tell her not to shave my hair. I don't mind being sick, but please let me keep my hair."

Daya drew near and comforted her while the nurse did her job, briskly, efficiently, keeping up a running commentary to keep the child's mind away from what was happening.

"You'll soon be well, Monika," she said with a forced smile, her hands moving fast over the child's head. "Then in a few weeks your hair will grow again and it will be blacker and curlier, won't it? And you will be the envy of all your friends. Tell me then, what ribbon to buy, blue or red?"

"Red," said Monika. "I like red ribbons."

After she had gone, Monika said to Daya, "Mummy, they're going to do an operation, aren't they?"

"Yes, darling," Daya replied, with tear-filled eyes.

"I don't mind the pain, Mummy," Monika said bravely. "What I hate is to see Daddy and you cry."

Daya hugged her close and said with an infinite stoicism which cost her a superhuman effort, "We won't cry darling, if it makes you unhappy."

Vikram and Daya sat beside her, trying to calm her by a forced composure they didn't feel, but when the time came for Monika to be wheeled into the operation theatre, the tears could not be restrained.

But Monika smiled bravely and said, "I'll come back soon, but promise you'll get me a red ribbon when my hair grows again."

The operation lasted for five gruelling hours during which Vikram and Daya paced up and down the hospital corridors sick with anxiety. It was complicated and involved a shunt connecting the lateral ventricle with the right side of the heart. Monika regained consciousness after forty-eight hours. She was in great pain, but her recovery was like balm to Vikram's and Daya's tortured nerves.

She regained her health quickly and seemed to be suffering no serious after-effects. She had to commence a regular intake of drugs which she took cheerfully without undue fuss.

"When I am perfectly all right, you won't make me take them, will you?" she asked her parents. Her main resolve then was to get well quickly and go back to school.

The day came when she was discharged from hospital in May 1974. It was a warm and emotional send-off that the hospital staff gave her. She was a friendly girl and during convalescence, had talked to young

and old, becoming a familiar part of the hospital.

Monika fulfilled her dream of going back to school, Vikram and Daya didn't tell her, because she was so alive and cheerful. The operation had revealed a congenital narrowing of the duct which impeded the flow of the CSF fluid and caused raised intracerebral pressures. The drugs were to be continued for some time. Monika was not yet completely in the clear.

The child, contrary to their expectations, accepted the drug ritual without grumbling. Her ordeal in the hospital had infused her with a forebearing, rare in one so young. At school she made up quickly for the months she had missed. She took part in debates and dramas with a great deal of excitement. Her humanity towards the downtrodden in society, the vagrants and beggars, was particularly obvious as she gave alms and donated clothes and food.

What had seemed a minor illness at first, became a nightmare of pain and suffering for Monika and her parents

"Mummy, we are so lucky to have a roof over our heads. They don't," she would say.

But two months later the monster struck again. She developed a seemingly minor upper respiratory catarrh. To her routine of anti-tubercular drugs which were being administered empirically, a small dose of sulphur was added. But Monika developed a relentless fever which led to the eruption of rashes, which turned into vesicles and bulbous formations, involving all mucus membranes. Swallowing and defaecation caused immense agony. She could not open her eyes, but she fought the disease with courage. It lasted three weeks during which her hair grew back to almost normal length, but she carried the ravages of the diseases in scars over her face, limbs and body.

The scars, however did nothing to dissipate her enthusiasm. She remembered the promise of the red ribbon and went back to school with all the enthusiasm of a bubbling nine-year-old.

Her lease of happiness lasted for roughly two years during which time she bloomed and progressed in her studies. In August 1976, she was again struck by a pain which was diagnosed as a block of the shunt tube. Daya knew the worst had come. This signified another brain operation. Vikram was away on duty, out of station. Knowing this was an emergency, Daya rushed Monika to Delhi.

An operation was fixed immediately. When Vikram arrived on receipt of the frantic message, Monika was in a coma. He was not sure he would see her alive again.

She was operated and the tube inside her brain was changed. The operation was seemingly successful, but a high fever developed in its wake which touched 106 degrees and would not come down in spite of their herculean efforts. The fever raged for weeks, during which time Monika was

subjected to various tests to ascertain its cause.

Days and nights were one long blur of misery. Vigils by the bedside of Monika made both Daya and Vikram tense and overwrought. When Monika opened her eyes in the middle of the night, she would see them sitting there watchful and alert.

"Why don't you sleep?" she would ask. "You have given me medicine and I'm going to be all right."

Six weeks later, one doctor suggested that since nothing else could be found amiss with the child, the only cause of the fever could be an infected shunt tube. Perhaps another operation to replace it would set things right. The child was wheeled in for another painful ordeal. She went in uncomplaining. She had been subjected to so much physical torture that one more didn't upset her, if it meant she would grow well at the end of the agony.

The operation was successful. Daya and Vikram shed tears of relief as Monika came out of her forty-eight hour coma. The fever which had raged for so many weeks was gone. Monika was conscious, but in great pain and she retched often. But the worst was over. When she slept, Vikram and Daya slept too, secure in the thought that their tremendous trials were over. Three weeks passed and Monika recovered quickly. It suffused them with confidence and courage.

When they came home, it felt a bit strange after the bustle of the hospital corridors and the strain of sickness.

Daya said, "I hope this is the last time we see the inside of a hospital."

Vikram looked at her. It was strange to hear a doctor speak like that. Monika was full of life, not sharing their misgivings. She revelled in the birds twittering on their window sill, in the smell of the flowers, in the story books that had lain untouched all these months.

But it was a short-lived happiness. Sickness had taken its toll of the child's frail physique. In May 1977, soon after the school closed for the summer vacation, Monika was struck again, this time with mumps.

"Don't worry," Vikram consoled Daya. "So many children get mumps and come out of it unscathed."

But Daya was afraid. She knew instinctively that all would not be plain sailing. The agony of those post-operative months was still alive in her consciousness. She felt powerless in the face of the force of destruction so much superior to them.

Two days after the disease struck, the downward trend began. It was diagnosed as mumps encephalitis, the rarest of complications. Monika slid swiftly into a coma. Doctors jabbed her veins, injecting her with one drug after another. They even did a tracheostomy to ease her breathing. Vikram could not stand it. He put out his hand and stopped the doctors who had made a guinea pig of his beloved daughter.

"Enough," he said. "Let her die in peace."

Daya, who was standing by, did not protest. The tears were flowing unrestrained down her cheeks.

They were in a Calcutta hospital this time, sick of their misadventures in Delhi.

On June 8, 1977, Monika's heart stopped beating.

Daya clung to Vikram and wept.

"We tortured her," said Vikram softly. "At least she won't suffer now. Monika through her life and death has shown us that what matters is not how long one lives, but how."



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The Pastry Party

Premila Lal

Planning a children's party is exciting, but rather difficult. Children's tastes change and what was popular yesterday is out of fashion today. So try and give a careful thought to the selection of dishes which the children will love having. Nowadays, children prefer simple, light snacks to large creamy cakes and heavy sandwiches. These could easily be substituted with small tea-cakes, eclairs, scones, or a light fruit flan which are easy and quick to prepare.

Next time you face a party problem, select a few of these nifty pastry ideas. You will find the children yelping with glee with every pastry they pick up.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

50 grams flour
50 grams butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar
100 cc boiling water
2 small eggs

FOR THE CREAM FILLING :

200 cc heavy cream
5 tbsps. sugar
1 tbsps. cocoa
1 tbsp. water

CHOCOLATE FROSTING :

2 tbsps. cocoa
1 tbsp. sugar
1 tbsp. water
1 tbsp. butter
1 cup confectioner's sugar

Bring water, butter and sugar to boil. Add flour, at one time and stir well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Preheat the oven. Cover the bak-

ing sheet with a greased proof paper. Press eclair paste into eight strips with plain tube ($\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter) on baking sheet leaving space between each eclair. Bake for about 15 minutes in the hot oven. Reduce the oven temperature and further bake for 15 minutes. Remove from the oven. Cut slit on either side of eclair.

FOR THE CREAM FILLING :

Combine water, sugar and cocoa. Cook till the cocoa and sugar dissolves. Cool in a bowl. Whip the cream, and add to the cocoa mixture, beat well. Fill each eclair with this cream filling. For the frosting mix cocoa and sugar in a saucepan. Add water, and butter. Cook till butter melts. Mix in confectioner's sugar gradually, stirring constantly. Top the eclairs with this frosting.

FRUITY CREAM BUNS

50 grams flour
50 grams butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar
100 cc boiling water
2 small eggs

FOR THE CREAM FILLING :

200 cc sweetened cream or prepared custard
1 cup mixed dry fruits

Make the pastry dough as for the Chocolate Eclairs. Put the mixture into an icing bag and pipe the mixture in rounds onto a greased proof baking tin. Bake in a moderate oven with the tin well covered. On no account the lid should be lifted in the oven, as the buns will collapse. Remove when well baked. Slit the buns and fill in with sweetened cream or custard mixed with dry fruits. Dredge with icing sugar.

FRUIT FLAN

FOR THE PASTRY :

150 grams flour
110 grams butter, chilled
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
4-6 tbsps. cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ egg yolk
1 tsp. water
Flour
8" diameter flan tin

Measure the ingredient. Sift flour and salt. Cut in the chilled butter with a knife or a pastry blender till it resembles the size of a small pea. Sprinkle water, 1 tablespoon at a time, tossing quickly with a fork. Repeat until particles stick together, when pressed gently. Form into a ball. Flatten the pastry between 2 floured cloths. Roll the pastry till less than $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick. Even out. Cut in the $1\frac{1}{2}$ " circle to the size of the flat pan. Line pan from underneath and flute the rim. Prick bottom with fork and brush. Chill. If you are not too confident of your pastry shell, grease the round of foil with butter. Place the grease side to bottom of shell. Put a cupful of beans on the foil. (this is to avoid shrinkage) Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes. Remove foil, and beans. Brush edges with egg yolks. Put back in the oven

and bake for 2 minutes. Reduce temperature and cook for about 15 minutes till done.

THE STRAWBERRY FILLING:

- 500 grams strawberries
- 60 gram sugar
- 2 tbsps. cornstarch
- 100 cc water
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice
- 70 cc heavy cream
- 1 tsp. grated rind of lemon
- 40 gram sugar
- 1 apple, sliced and stewed

Wash and pluck stems from the berries. Reserve four good size strawberries for decoration. Slice and crush and keep one cup aside. Arrange and spread the remaining in the cooled pie shell. Mix the cornstarch and sugar. Stir in 1 cup water and the remaining strawberries and cook till clear. Stir well. Add lemon juice and grated rind. Pour over the berries in the pie shell and chill. Whip the cream with sugar and put in the centre of the pie if desired. Decorate with whole strawberries and stewed apple slices.

SPECIAL AMERICAN COOKIES

- 60 grams pecans (chopped very fine)
- 60 grams sugar
- 60 grams sifted flour
- 120 grams confectioner's sugar
- ½ tsp. baking soda
- 125 grams sweet butter
- 1 egg
- 1 egg yolk
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 1 tsp. vanilla essence
- 125 grams thick jam, (apricot or strawberry)

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F.

Grease 2 large cookie pans lightly. Mix together the chopped pecans and sugar. Combine flour, confectioner's sugar and baking soda and sift into a large bowl. Put butter into the flour mixture and using a silver fork, mix well. Beat together in a bowl the yolk of one egg, vanilla and lemon rind. Add to the flour mixture. (It should be crumbly). Gather the complete mixture to form into a large ball and knead well. In another bowl, break a whole egg and beat well. Place the dough in the centre of a lightly floured pastry cloth, roll out to about 3/16 inch thickness.

With a lightly floured 3-inch scalloped-edged cookie cutter stamp out 16 rounds. All the scraps should be gathered up and pressed together and rolled out again. Place 8 of the rounds on one of the greased sheet. With a 1-inch cutter make holes in the centre of the other 8 and keep the small rounds aside till needed. Now dip the 8 circles, one side only, first into the beaten egg and then into the nuts and sugar. Then place them on the second buttered cookie sheet nut side up. Paint the plain ones, (including the tiny rounds kept aside), with a thin coating of the remaining egg yolk. Tuck the small ones between the big ones wherever you

can, then place both pans in the preheated oven and bake until lightly brown and firm to the touch or for 15 minutes. The ones with sugar and nuts will cook slightly faster than the others.

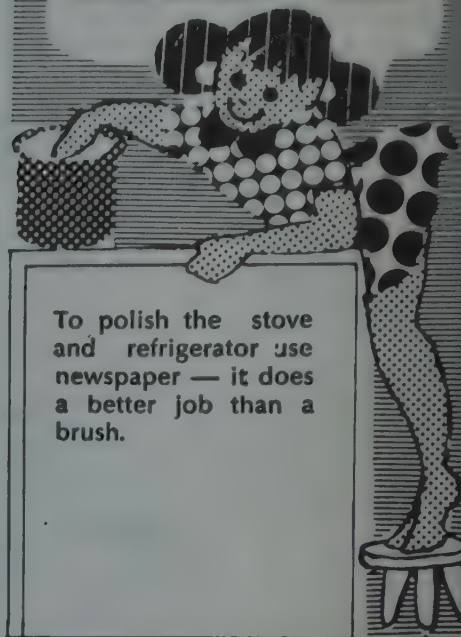
Remove pans from oven and immediately loosen the cookies. Keep to cool. When cooled, spread a coating of thick jam on the plain ones, about a heaped teaspoon for each cookie. Top each cookie with a nut-topped cookie circle.

FRUITY SCONES

- 500 grams plain flour
- ½ pint milk
- 1 tsp. cream of tartar
- ½ tsp. bicarbonate of soda
- 60 grams fat
- 60 grams mixed dry fruit, chopped
- ½ tsp. salt
- Egg to glaze.

Sieve the dry ingredients and rub in the fat. Add the fruit and mix

cuckoo lal



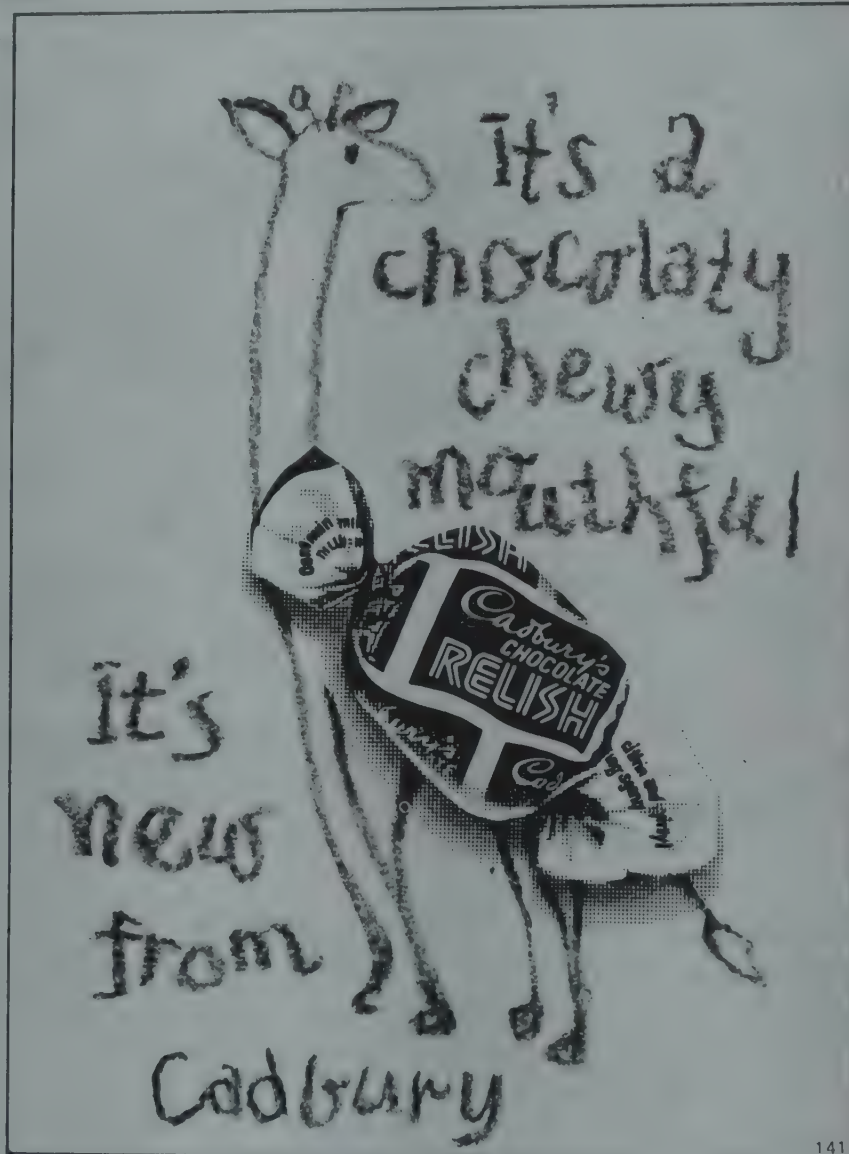
To polish the stove and refrigerator use newspaper — it does a better job than a brush.

with the milk to a light spongy dough. Knead lightly on a floured board. Roll out ½" thick and cut into shapes. Place on a greased baking tray and bake in a hot oven for about 10 minutes until the scones have risen well and are a golden brown colour.

SPICED PASTRIES

- 500 grams flour
- ½ pint sour milk
- 120 grams butter
- 120 grams currants
- A pinch of salt.
- 500 grams brown sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2 tbsps. baking powder
- Cinnamon and nutmeg for seasoning

Cream together the butter and sugar. Beat in the eggs, one at a time. Next add the sour milk. Sift flour with baking powder and fold in gradually. Add a pinch of powdered cinnamon, nutmeg and salt. Beat well. Add the currants and mix well. Bake in small pastry tins for about 20 minutes.



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MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

1. A 210 mm non-stick Fry Pan (July) and a 230 mm Taper Fry Pan (Aug) from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay,
2. A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIK-FIELD,
3. A SUPERCOOK Gas Tandoor with two skewers from M/S GLOBE SUPER PARTS and,
4. A book, "Eve's Guide To Fashion, Beauty, Cookery and Childcare" by AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.



So, send in your best vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Apollo Street, Bombay 400 023.

recipes from our readers



Miss Baljit Kaur, Orissa.

BREAD DAHI-VADAS

- 4-5 slices of left over bread
- 2 cups curd
- 2-3 green chillis
- A small piece of ginger
- A sprig of curry leaves
- A small bunch coriander leaves
- ½ tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 tsp. Bengal gram dal
- 1 tsp. black gram dal
- Salt to taste
- Oil to fry

Chop green chillis, ginger, curry leaves. Heat a little oil in a frying pan. Put in the mustard seeds. When the mustard seeds crackle add the bengal gram dal and black gram dal. When golden brown in colour, add the chopped green chillis, ginger and curry leaves. Stir for a minute and add to the curd with salt to taste. Mix well and keep aside.

Soak the bread slices in water, squeeze immediately. Knead well and add salt to taste. Form into small flattish vadas. Deep fry till golden brown. Drain. Put into the curd mixture just half an hour before serving. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves.



Miss Renu Pandit, Delhi.

KAMAL KAKRI KHEEMA

- kg kamal kakri
- kg peas, shelled
- kg tomatoes

- 2 large onions
- 6 cloves garlic
- 6 cardamoms
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 4 cloves
- 2 tbsps. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. pepper
- Salt to taste
- ½ kg ghee

Grind together cloves, coriander, pepper and cardamoms and keep aside. Grind the onion and garlic to a smooth paste. Cut the kamal kakri into small round wafers of 1/8 inch thickness and fry till golden brown. Grind them coarsely.

Heat some ghee in a pan and fry the onion, garlic paste. When brown, add the tomatoes, chillis and salt and continue stirring till the whole mixture is well browned. Add shelled peas and half a glass of water.

Cook till the peas are tender. Then add the ground kamal kakri and with another glass of water cook over low heat till a thick gravy is formed. Serve hot, garnished with fresh coriander.



Mrs. Leela Srinivasan,
Madhya Pradesh.

ORANGE PEEL GRAVY

- 6 full orange peels
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 1 lemon sized ball of tamarind

FOR THE GRAVY :

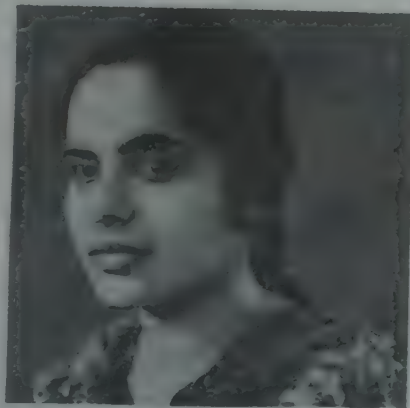
- 160 grams onions
- 2 tbsps. coconut, grated
- 8/10 cloves garlic paste
- 1 tbsp. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- Salt to taste
- 2 medium size tomatoes
- Garam masala to taste
- 200 grams curd
- 100 grams ghee

FOR THE STUFFING :

Wash and peel tindas. Remove top and scoop out the pulp. Deep fry the tindas on a medium fire till light brown. Mash khoya and cottage cheese together. Fry in two teaspoon ghee. Add the spices and the rest of the ingredients. Allow the stuffing to cool and then stuff each tinda with this filling. Keep aside.

FOR THE GRAVY :

Heat the remaining ghee and brown the onions and garlic paste. Add curd, tomatoes, coriander powder. Keep stirring for about six minutes till the masala is ready and the oil separates. Add grated coconut, chilli powder, salt and turmeric and keep stirring for another five minutes. Add about one-and-a-half cups water and allow the gravy to boil till it thickens. Slip in the tindas and simmer for two minutes. Remove from the fire and sprinkle with garam masala and chopped coriander leaves. Serve hot with chappatis.



Sharanjit Brar, 99 APO, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a 9-cup Sterefresh container from Trupti Industries, Bombay, a gift from Weikfield and a book by Aroona Reejsinghani.

STUFFED TINDAS

- 600 grams tindas
- FOR STUFFING :
- 150 grams cottage cheese
- 150 grams khoya
- 1 tsp. cummin seed
- 25 grams raisins
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 green chillis
- A bunch of coriander leaves
- A small piece of ginger
- 25 grams cashewnuts
- Oil for frying

- 2 tbsps. coriander seeds
- 2 red chillis or ½ tbsp. of red chilli powder
- 1 tsp. fenugreek seeds
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 small stick cinnamon
- A pinch of asafoetida
- Salt to taste

FOR SEASONING :

- ½ tsp. mustard seeds
- 1 red chilli
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- 4 curry leaves
- 2 tbsps. oil

Clean and wash the orange peels. Cut them into very tiny pieces. Extract the tamarind juice. Heat a kerahi and add one tablespoon of oil. Fry the coriander seeds, red chillis, cummin seeds, fenugreek seeds, pepper, cinnamon, asafoetida on low flame. Grind to a fine powder. In the same kerahi heat the rest of the oil, season with mustard seeds, red chilli and turmeric. Add the cut pieces of orange peels, tomatoes, salt and fry a little. Add salt and half tea cup of water to cook. Pour the tamarind juice and pound masala. Simmer for 15 to 20 minutes. This gravy tastes good with poories, chappatis dosa or idlis.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

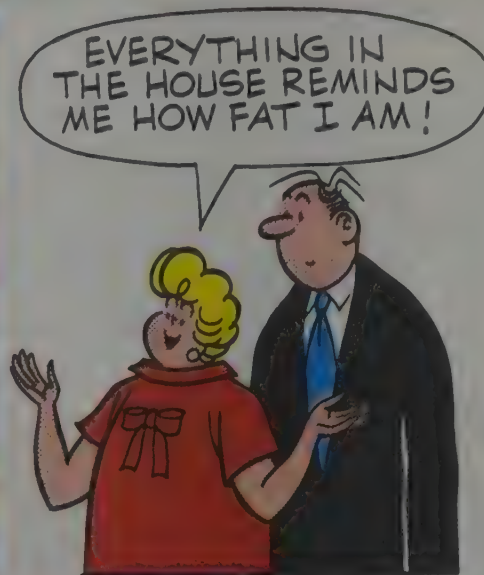
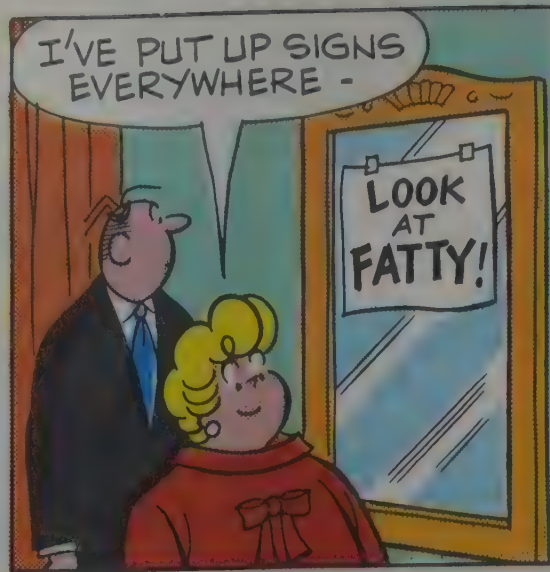
In response to requests, from now on, each recipe sent in to us is to be accompanied by this coupon only, with no photograph.

The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send us a passport size photograph of herself, to be published along with her recipe.

Please note that even a selected entry will be DISQUALIFIED if the requested photograph does not reach us by the date mentioned.

All cookery contestants are hereby informed that originality is a basic criterion in our contest. Recipes that are picked up from various cookery books and other published material will be disqualified.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.



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Joan Rivers says she was an ugly baby. "When my parents left me on a doorstep they were arrested. Not for abandonment — for littering."

When the fat woman got on the bus, she called out, "Isn't anybody going to offer me a seat?"

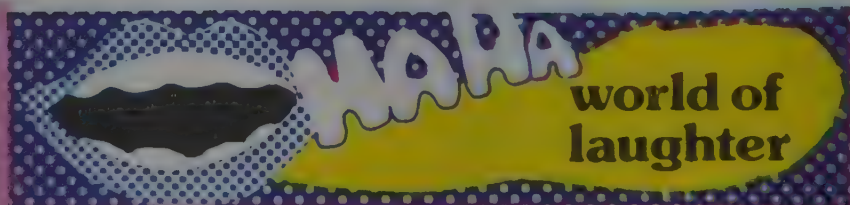
One little fellow got up and said, "I'm willing to make a contribution — anybody else?"

I had a terrible fight with my wife. I said, "You know, you're going to drive me to my grave."

In two minutes she had the car in front of the house.

W. C. Fields, well known for his light eating and heavy drinking, used to say: "You know, I never like to eat on an empty stomach."

Two women were talking. One said to the other, "I told you about Mildred — she got mixed up with what's-her-name and she and what-do-you-call-him wound up at you-know-what and you should see what happened to



you-know-who — I told you the story before, didn't I?"

"Yes — but this is the first time I heard all the details."

The sexy movie star was complaining to her cameraman.

"How come you never photograph my best side lately?"

"How can I? You're always sitting on it."



There's an old legend that the statue of Christopher Columbus on New York's Columbus Circle comes to life every year on his birthday. One day, the story goes, a reporter asked Chris, "If you could really come alive after all these years of being a statue, what is the first thing you'd want to do?"

"Kill about twelve million pigeons," answered Columbus.

Talking about pigeons, have you heard the one about the lady pigeon who went downtown and made a little deposit on a hat?

Happiness is when a man is accused of rape at the age of seventy.

"This dress is a little too long for me — do you have anything shorter?"

"Try the belt department."

"I get plenty of exercise," says Jackie Gleason. "Immediately after waking I always say sternly to myself, 'Ready now. Up. Down. Up. Down.' And after three strenuous minutes I tell myself, 'Okay boy. Now we'll try the other eyelid.'"

Two boys were arguing about the strength of their respective fathers.

"You know the Pacific Ocean?" said one. "Well, my father built the hole for it."

His pal paused a moment and then said, "Have you ever heard of the Dead Sea? Well, my father killed it."

There was a young lady called Browse

With a figure as big as a house,

The shape of her hips Had launched hundreds of ships

And her calves they had turned into cows.

Compiled by George Fegradoc

If you are the sort of person who dislikes the rain intensely, then don't read on. But if you love the feeling of rain pouring down your back, and if you love splashing through muddy puddles, and if you love walking bare-headed in the rain on Marine Drive, then continue

Last week there was this intrepid flautist blowing away at his glittering instrument smack in the middle of the pavement of Marine Drive. He explained to amused onlookers that he was trying to get the same exuberance and exultation into his flute's notes that Ray Stevens evokes in his full-throated rendition of "Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head." Everyone fell instantly in love with the young man.

The monsoons in Bombay are the harbingers of romance. There is something lyrical, something emotional, something surcharged about the way the rain pours down. Sharing an umbrella brings people closer, and there is warmth and happiness in the know-

CATS AND DOGS!

Chaitanya Kalbag

the insides, their umbrellas dropping like broken dandelions, stamping out mud from their trouser-cuffs, wringing out soppy saris, all of them making collective music. There is a pleasant sort of madness in the air; everyone is flipping head over heels for the allure of the rain. Nothing can match the exhilaration of racing through the rain, your arms akimbo, your face stinging with the raindrops that assail it.

And let's face it, many of us secretly dislike having to go in for lengthy baths in the summer, when the stickiness is too pervasive to escape. And so it's great fun when you can forget about your morning shower and forget to take your umbrella on the way to work or college and to combine the pleasures of getting wet with your clothes on with the necessity of hygiene. If you travel by suburban train, then it's even easier — you just have to stand in the doorway facing the front of the train and let the wind do the rest.

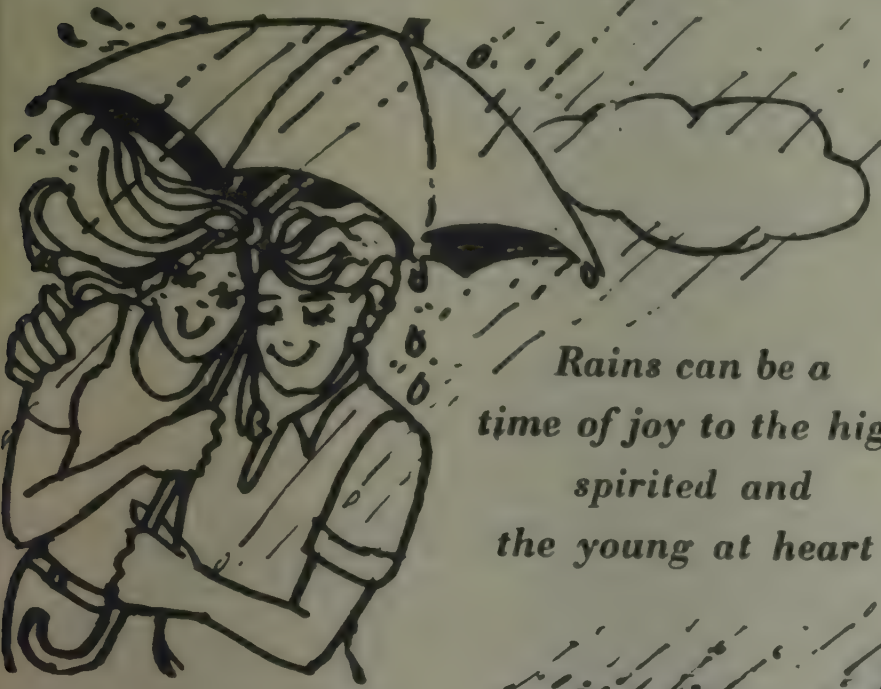
This year the folding umbrella has taken Bombay by storm. Everybody but everybody wants to be seen carrying these dwarfish contraptions. You don't stop to think that a folding umbrella costs as much as two and a half times an ordinary one. You buy your folding umbrella and march out of the shop, twirling your purchase like a commander with his swagger stick.

And just wait and watch the fun when a sudden squall of rain overtakes pedestrians. People unbutton the straps of their folding umbrellas, frantically yank the collapsible umbrella rod out to its fullest, unfold the cloth, and madly open the thing out. And then the umbrellas go flip. All down the street you can hear a collectively audible "flip." And immediately after that a collectively audible and exasperated four-letter word.

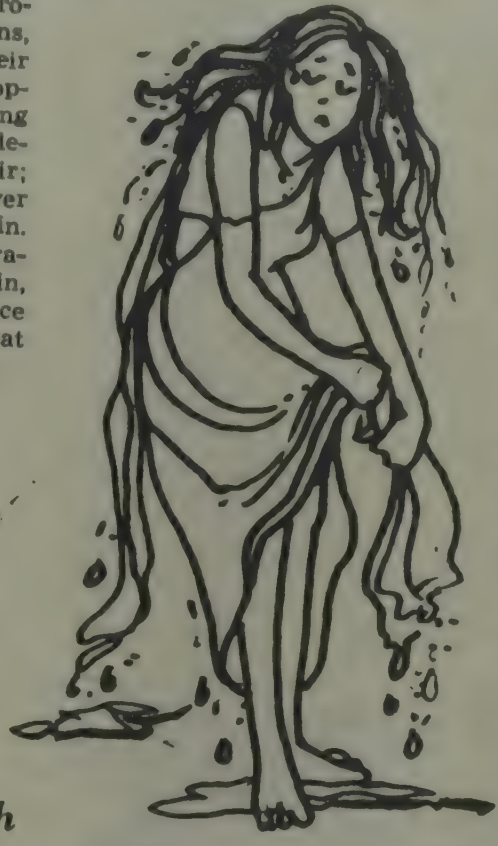
There are those people who want to sniffle and sneeze throughout the monsoons, and contemptuously refuse to take along protection. "The rain's meant to be enjoyed," they say, and get soaked for four months running (walking?). And for areas that haven't got their drainage systems properly planned out, the Army is seriously thinking of stepping in with rescue boats. Every man there feels like Robinson Crusoe, marooned in his desert apartment and swimming to office. And imagine how absolutely fantastic it would be to fall feet first into an open manhole. Instant swimming lessons, they call them.

But the thing that people remember the rains the most for is the freshness that it brings with it. Everything and everybody flowers. Sitting at home on wet Sundays, husbands become considerate creatures, volunteering to do unheard of chores. Children become docile and manageable, obediently donning raincoats and caps and gumboots and coming home with wet noses. The younger crowd becomes more constructive, playing Spelofun and What's The Good Word and emerging with impressive vocabularies. There is a greenness in the earth, and a fresh smell to the mud you slosh through.

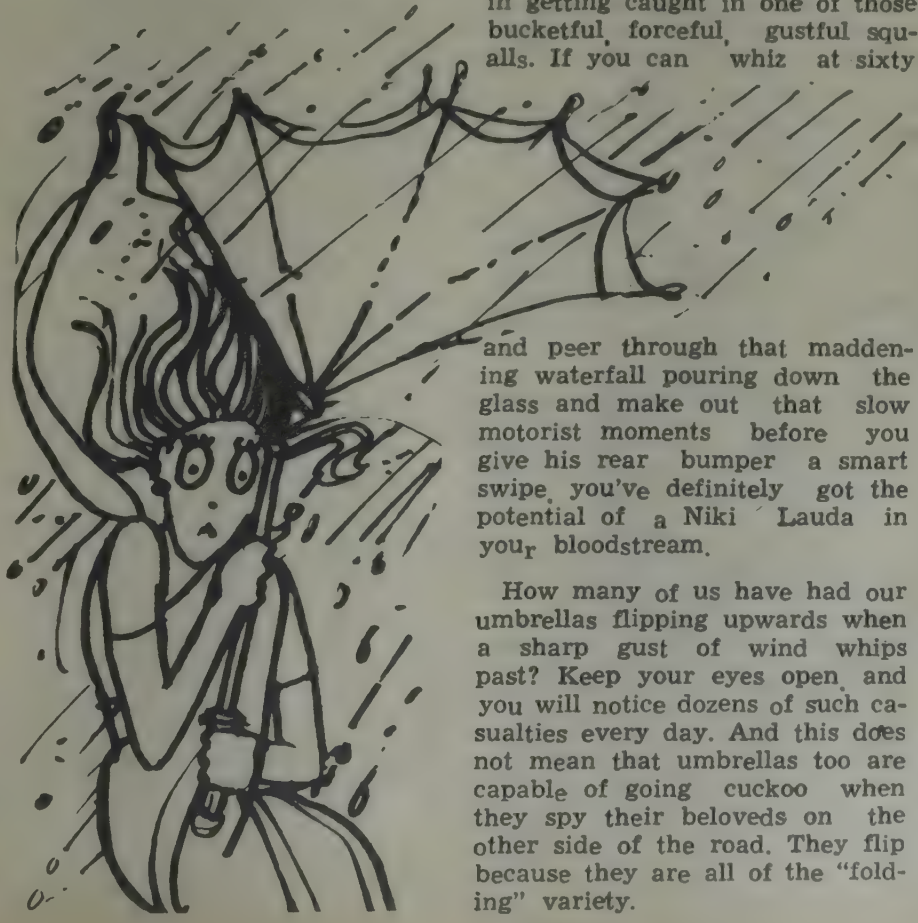
There is something unreal and joyful in the long ribboned roads that are dotted with glittering puddles. If you live by the sea, there is drama in the way the breakers come crashing down with increased force. And if you are truly inspired, you could go in a huge group to places like Karla and Lonavla and Matheeran and Bhandardara and really enjoy the rain in those lush surroundings. Who's worried about whether Tulsi or Vaitarna or Powai or Tansa is overflowing? All that one needs is for one's raincoat cap to fill to the brim with the joys of the monsoon.



Rains can be a time of joy to the high spirited and the young at heart



Adventurers abound during the monsoons. There is excitement in driving out in your car without windscreen wipers and in getting caught in one of those bucketful, forceful, gustful squalls. If you can whiz at sixty



and peer through that maddening waterfall pouring down the glass and make out that slow motorist moments before you give his rear bumper a smart swipe, you've definitely got the potential of a Niki Lauda in your bloodstream.

How many of us have had our umbrellas flipping upwards when a sharp gust of wind whips past? Keep your eyes open and you will notice dozens of such casualties every day. And this does not mean that umbrellas too are capable of going cuckoo when they spy their beloveds on the other side of the road. They flip because they are all of the "folding" variety.

ledge that your left shoulder and her right shoulder are soaked. What could be more romantic than to get caught out in the rain and to seek shelter in a musty doorway with your arm around her shoulder? Such huddled companionship cannot be thought of in the sticky days of high summer when you might end up exchanging your perspiration and her perfume.

Who wouldn't like to turn a modern Raleigh and spread his denim jacket on a puddle for his lady love to step on? Love is trying to open your umbrellas together. And love means never having to say sorry for having tipped her beautiful red silk umbrella with your masculine steel rib.

All over the place, if one closes one's eyes and lets one's imagination roam, one can picture these happy, euphoric bunches of people, all arriving drenched to the skin, their raincoats wetter on

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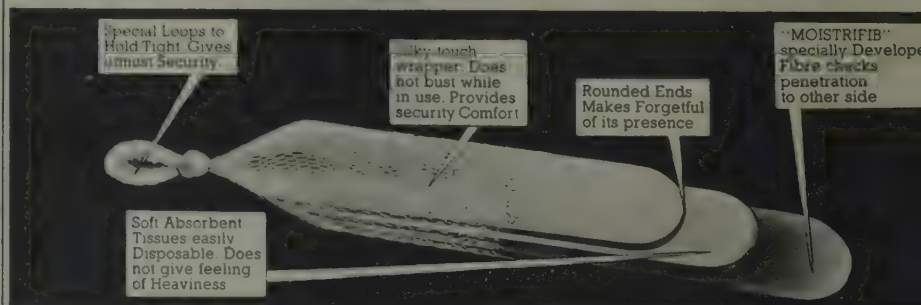
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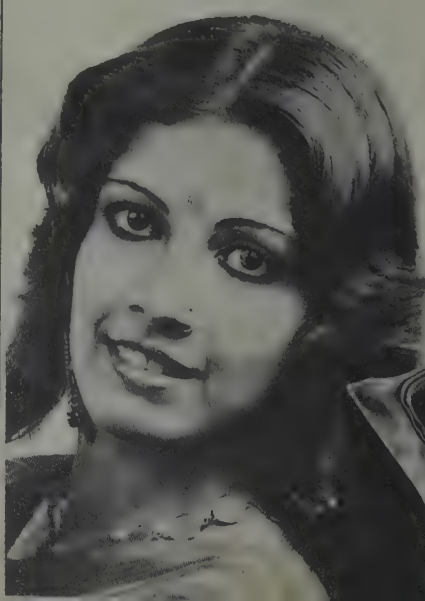
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During the stifling heat of summer, the monsoon, with its welcome showers, is most eagerly awaited, but when the first pleasant showers turn into long months of steady downpour it dampens the brightest spirit.

How to look trim, what to wear, and what to do throughout these wet months pose problems for both the working girl and the housewife.

Actually you can turn the dreaded monsoon season into a time when you can do much to beautify your body. Hair tends to flop, no matter how often you set it, because of the moisture in the air. If you have naturally curly hair, then no amount of straightening during the monsoon will help. The same goes for straight hair, which will not hold its curl. Your best bet is to leave the hair in its natural condition, but cut it in a suitable style to highlight its natural quality.

If it is curly, then go in for a short cut which will frame the face and at the same time require minimum of setting. If it is poker straight, then either wear it up or straight down, but don't try any fancy hairdos which involve a lot of roller setting, because you will be wasting your time. Hair sprays won't help either, as the hair will become sticky after a set. Just ensure that the hair is totally dry, whether straight or curly, long or short.

If you are a working girl then your face will pose a problem next. Arriving at work after being caught in a bad downpour, wet and eyeliner running, you will be thoroughly depressed. Avoid wearing an eyeliner if it is not waterproof. A dash of eyeshadow and a light eyepencil outlining the eyes will be enough to add sparkle to the eyes. A moisturiser can be used sparingly with a light blusher and a soft-toned lipstick.

What to wear will also keep you worried every morning. Pick fabrics which are drip dry, crease proof and light weight. You don't have to bring out your worst clothes and look like a drag because of the rains. If sarees are your ensemble, then nylons and synthetics should head the list as they will require minimum care. Store

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE MONSOON?



those crisp cottons for the summer days. But don't make the mistake of wearing a thick cotton petticoat underneath, because after a downpour your saree may dry off, but your petticoat will still be clammy and uncomfortable. Try and make your petticoat out of a synthetic fabric, too.

If you wear dresses then the same holds good. Synthetic fabrics head the list. Simple, practical styles should be followed — nothing frilly or fussy. If you can avoid wearing trousers or maxis then please do avoid them because nothing is more irritating than clingy wet hems which swish around the ankles.

Suitable rainwear should be next on your list, whether you are a working woman or a housewife who has to make several outdoor trips. Getting wet in the rains continuously is the last thing one wants as monsoon colds and flu can be an irritating interruption.

You don't have to lose that trim look during the monsoon; and rain water can be a useful beauty aid

Meher Mistry

Raincoats are made of plastic, rubber or laminated cloth. Depending on your budget and how long you want them to last, you can go in for the appropriate type. Normally, the rubber or laminated cloth ones last longer. If none of the raincoats in the market catch your fancy, then you can buy plastic by the metre and design your own raincoat. It will not only be more practical but will have an individual touch to it as well.

If a saree wearer, then a maxi raincoat should be your choice — with sensible rubber sandals or shoes. Gumboots will not be very practical as they will hamper your movement in a saree. If the raincoat does not have a hood, then a plastic scarf or a separate cap is essential. But in spite of this head gear it is wiser to have an umbrella handy as Indian rains can be quite merciless. A sturdy umbrella is a useful buy. If collapsible, make sure it unfolds quickly at the right time! A small tip — if it should rain while in transit, then just tuck your saree in at the waist leaving the ankles free under the raincoat.

A dress wearer has a slight advantage as she can go in

for a shorter raincoat and protect her legs and feet with galoshes or gumboots. Transparent plastic coverings for the feet are also available, which can be worn over ordinary leather footwear so that you don't have to carry an extra pair of shoes to work. Once again, an umbrella is an added asset. Store away your stiletto heels, platform heels and other fancy shoes.

Mildew or fungus will be an irritating result if you return wet clothes and shoes into the cupboard. See that everything is completely dry before storing it.

After the monsoon is over make sure you store away your rainwear as carefully as you can. Raincoats should be dried thoroughly, dusted with talcum powder in between folds and stored with no heavy pressure on them. Gumboots and galoshes should also be stored in a similar way.

Feet take a lot of punishment during the monsoon. Rubber footwear, constant wetting and muddy waters can play havoc with the skin of the feet. Nail polish chips, so keep nails unvarnished and toenails clipped short. Soak feet in warm water after returning from work, dust them with powder, and make sure that they are absolutely dry.

Clothes often take a long time to dry, but if you are in a hurry and need dry underwear or hankies, then use a hairdryer, and things will be dry in a jiffy!

Things needn't look so bleak during the monsoon, for this season can also be turned into a time for catching up on your beauty treatment programme. Rainwater is considered ideal for hair and skin. Considering the acute water shortage in some houses and the muddy quality of the water from the taps, a bucket of rain water collected overnight will help in the care of your hair and skin. Skin troubled with acne can be washed regularly with rainwater, which has a soothing effect. Also, if it is possible, shampoo hair once a week with rain water. Summer heat normally causes prickly heat which no amount of powdering will stop. The water of the first shower is considered ideal in giving relief.

There will be many evenings when you will be forced to stay at home because of a downpour. Catch up on reading or chores which have been pending for a long time. Or try out new recipes for the family and, before you know it, the rains will have left you and it is back to the second summer of the year!



RAIN— another great leveller

Every change of season is heralded by specific changes in the atmosphere, bringing about with them a change in people's lifestyles. Of these varying seasons the monsoons create an overall situation of chaos and disorder. In Bombay it is the south-west monsoon wind which showers its rage upon all, bringing every Bombay wallah down to the water-level.

Disorganised train services pose a danger of utter collapse of the working life of the city. Irrate commuters resort to violence and disorder. Swirling floods in low lying areas force people into their pigeon-hole rooms. An aircraft, unable to land, hovers over the city and surveys this scene — the city under siege by yet another monsoon!

The average daily rainfall in Bombay is approximately 10-12 inches. On rare occasions it may shoot up to 24". The city has special drainage for rain water, as opposed to the sewage water system, designed to take 1" of rain water per hour. No pumps push this water through the drains. It travels by gravity, thus necessitating the drainage system to slope downwards. These facts were revealed by Mr. M. L. Patel, City Engineer of the Bombay Municipal Corporation.

Yet another feature for the B. M. C. to reckon with is the proximity of the sea. While nature lashes its fury on land, the ocean is in spate with high tide. The discharge of rain water depends upon sea conditions. Every twenty-four hours the tide rises and falls twice. At its peak the tide is 88' while the outlet of the water drain is as low as 72 feet.

Thus it is not the lack of a network of drains, for the B. M. C. has 52 outlets into the sea. The problem is that these outlets are

*Like death, rain,
too, brings the rich
and poor to the
same level — of damp
misery.*

Kumkum Dvivedi

choked for five hours twice a day during high tide. For two and a half hours before the high tide, the water begins to rise, choking the outlets, and it takes an equal length of time to recede and allow the flood water to empty.

Explaining the water drainage system in relation to Bombay's low lying areas, Mr. Navatre, Dy.

City Engineer, stated, "Under no circumstances can flooding be avoided in Bombay" because the cost would be prohibitive.

One ameliorative measure would be to redesign the water drainage system to take 2" of rainwater per hour. At the outlets into the sea, pumps can be installed. This would entail a minimum investment of Rs. 10 crores. Any citizen who has lived in Bombay long enough knows that super heavy downpours occur not more than 10 to 15 times during the monsoon from the first week of June to September end; such a large investment of the tax-payer's money on installation of water pumps is therefore not practical.

"We cannot stop flooding, but

we are making every effort to speed up the draining of the water," said Mr. G. A. Redkar of the Bombay Municipal Corporation. An amount of R. 3,64,000 has been deposited by the Corporation with the Central and Western Railways for carrying out desilting of the culverts passing through their premises so as to avoid flooding in railway tracks. The Corporation has also awarded contracts to the aggregate value of Rs. 11,28,000 for carrying out desilting of the main nallas/S.W. drains within the Greater Bombay limits. The work of cleaning water entrances, repair of worn out trenches, clearing debris, etc., is being executed by each ward office of the B. M. C.

Surveying the scene of the monsoon havoc, I realised that nature has made this season the greatest leveller of disparities in the human condition. Young and old alike wade through knee deep water. While the youngsters mirthfully paddle through in raincoats and gumboots, their elders grimace at the first plunge but end up enjoying the wet experience as they roll up their trousers and sling their shoes over their shoulders. The shelterless poor raise their heads to plead to the merciless heavens. The well clad rich look up at the ineffectiveness of their umbrellas and raincoats — umbrellas that splatter colour in the dull atmosphere, but offer no protection against the strong gale which drives the rain water almost horizontally.

Railway stations become the homes of the pavement dwellers. "Our stations have become a graveyard," said a Central Railway spokesman recounting the number of times they have cleared a dead body from the benches. A man foreseeing his end in the



torrential downpour lays himself to rest on the dry bench on a railway platform.

As many as 853 local trains are run daily by the Central Railway. This fact was revealed by Mr. P. S. M. Nair, a P. R. O. of the Central Railway. These trains carry 20.31 lakh commuters daily. The load on the tracks is increased by the transportation of industrial goods to factories located off the railway tracks, cross-movements of "kutchra" trains, trains carrying food grains, perishable goods, milk, etc. Another handicap is the existence of level crossings.

The stupendous task of running this essential public utility service is thrown into disarray by the monsoon. Tracks are flooded with garbage thrown from slums that have sprung up on either side of the rail tracks. The plinth of these colonies being raised, the draining of rain water is seriously affected, resulting in accumulating of water in car sheds. Efficiency of maintenance work suffers and in turn this affects the efficiency of the train services during the four months of the rainy season. When the rainfall level is higher than 2", the compressors situated under the trains get wet and cause stoppages. Cables sink due to flooding, resulting in defects in signals. Although the railways have many emergency measures, the task before them is Herculean and the rules laid down on paper too many.

"My work often gets delayed, but it never comes to an end despite the breakdowns of the transport system," said A. S., a business man. "Some of my workers come from as far as Bhaynder, while

my steno comes from Mahim, and she comes late every day. So I feel that more than weather conditions, it is the humah will that really matters and affects the working of a business."

A business man from outside Bombay, however, regretted the expenditure of having come to Bombay during the monsoon. This confirms that only a Bombaywalla is tough enough to brave the onslaught of the monsoon.

"The monsoon cuts short all activity. One can make an effort to get a cab and reach the office, but all field work is called off," says Rahul, an ad-film director.

The heavy labour of location shooting in the hot summer months perhaps justifies this wet spell of rest, I suggest. As if to negate my statement and defy the tyranny of weather conditions over man, Rahul goes off for his daily run in the slushy Oval.

I approached the smooth-shaven, impeccably dressed young man seated in his shining Premier Padmini. "Are you safe from the rain?" I asked.

The young man guffawed and threw up his hands, declaring his defeat by the weather gods. "The question of not getting wet does not arise, though you may be sitting in your car. I take an umbrella to shelter my head as I leave the car, but the damage is done in those few moments."

Death be not proud...the rain too is a great leveller, it too makes people equal.



THRITY MARKER:

Never A Dull Moment

There is never a dull moment in Thrity Marker's life. If she is not taking a cycling holiday, she is on a tour abroad by bus. She may be organising a garments fair or off on a Himalayan trek. Thrity, a housewife and the mother of a seven-year-old son, shuns the routine and the mundane and is forever on an "adventure trip."

A brilliant student, Thrity earned a scholarship in history when she graduated from St. Xaviers in Bombay. Daughter of a well-known writer, she travelled abroad with her father in her childhood. "These travels kindled the spirit of adventure within me and nothing and nobody has been able to change me since."



Married to an engineer who lives in Delhi, Thrity took a job with a leading boutique and was in charge of their sales department. She also helped to organise three garments fairs at the Ashoka & Akbar for national and international buyers. Even though she found this challenging and exciting, she chucked it all up and decided on a holiday abroad.

"My son was five and was in good hands, but my mother-in-law was aghast. My husband too was not very encouraging, but he gave in when he saw how determined I was." She took the Grey Hound Bus Line and toured the whole of U.S.A. As hotel accommodation was costly, she stayed at the bus terminals which were "fairly comfortable and reasonably priced."

She travelled mostly during the night: "It was cheaper." Thrity says she had heard a lot of stories about gangsters harassing and molesting unchaperoned women, but nobody bothered her. "The only thing that did bother me was the fact that the Americans were not very friendly and I found them pretty in-

hospitable. We Indians offer so much hospitality and friendly cheer to strangers and guests that I found their attitude very disconcerting," she says. It was a different story in Europe where people welcomed her and were extremely friendly. On one of her earlier trips to Japan, Thrity learnt the art of Ikebana — flower arrangement. She also learnt the Japanese tea ceremony which she thinks is "exotic and beautiful."

Another field in which Thrity excels is cooking. She tries out new recipes and dishes and has a huge collection which are in great demand by her friends. She has also made a thorough study of Palmistry and Astrology, and is an expert at Numerology. Her one great ambition is to be a writer and she has already written quite a few articles on her adventure trips. A staunch follower of Mr. Morarji Desai's policies, she has joined the Yuva Janata and is carrying on a crusade for them. Thrity seems to excel in many fields. She is very keen on Western music and is a brilliant piano player.

When we left her, Thrity Marker was ready to join a group of young girls and boys on a Himalayan trek. She will be perhaps the only married woman in the group. The trek route will be Kishtwar, Margan Pass, Synthen Pass and then back to Kishtwar. Organised by the Youth Hostel Association of India, the trek will last about four weeks.

"Trekking in the Himalayas will provide an opportunity to meet mountain people as well as trekkers from all over the country. Even though it will be strenuous, it will also be relaxing as it will be away from the din and noise of the cities." Thrity is looking forward to the camp fires every night where participants learn about the history, traditions, culture and music of the places where they would camp.

"And your son?"

"Oh, he is waiting to grow up so that he can join me in all this."

For Thrity Marker to stay still is to stagnate. She has to be on the move, she has to be in the midst of adventure.

Pushpa Hans

PAVEMENT DWELLERS: a sub-human existence



The average Bombayite longs for the welcome relief the monsoon brings with its cooling showers. But not everybody in Bombay is fortunate enough to have a roof over his head which is sturdy and does not leak. For thousands of Bombayites the rains bring not relief but more misery in their already miserable existence. Their lives, already beset with a million problems of keeping alive are turned into a desperate tussle with nature — a hide-and-peek game where there is only one winner — Mother Nature! The rules are one-sided.

Along the major highways in Bombay and on either side of several roads, the sights that greet a visitor are the hundreds and thousands of pavement dwellers who exist in totally sub-human conditions not through choice but by compulsion. Any pavement left open for the pedestrian is hurriedly occupied by a homeless denizen of the city before others can — for an empty pavement is a rare sight to behold!

One family attracts others who are also on the look out for living space and before long the pavement crawls with men, women and children — the result of the massive influx of people who flock to the throbbing metropolis of Bombay in the hope of earning a livelihood.

How do these pavement dwell-

The squalor in which they are condemned to live is a denial of human dignity and a disgrace to a society claiming to be civilised. The monsoons bring further hardships

Meher Castelino

ers put down their first roots? What is life like for them? What makes them live under such sub-human conditions?

A comparatively new slum along Frere Road, where nearly 50 makeshift huts have sprung up to house over 500 people, is home for Banoo, a Muslim woman, her four children and husband who works at the Sassoon Docks. Having to live on a pavement does not seem to worry them too much. "We came from Kerala a year ago and looked for a place to stay," she said. "As finding a house or even a single room was totally impossible we set up house on this pavement. We cannot afford to pay sums like Rs. 5,000 as deposit for a single room."



That was Banoo's explanation, and when even the well-to-do among us face similar conditions because of inadequate accommodation in India's premier city, can we blame her?

Banoo is skinny and carried her youngest one-year-old on her left hip. The remaining three, aged six, four and three years, hung around her tugging at her saree. They have matted hair, running noses and dirty faces and will probably never be able to go to school as her man earns only around Rs. 200 per month.

"We lived in Kerala in a small village with my husband's family, but the house was not ours." Although literally on the road, Banoo prefers the hard pavement

for a home rather than staying with her in-laws.

Their "home" consists right now of poles propped up against the wall covered with cloth and bits of plastic to shelter them from the beating rain and the burning sun. The hazards of living on a pavement are not restricted to natural calamities alone. "Not only are we at the mercy of the weather and bad neighbours, but at night there is the danger of being run over by drunken truck drivers and motorists who drive like maniacs," she said.

As she talks, food is cooking in a small vessel under the plastic sheet. "At times my husband's income is not enough to feed the six of us, so we have to borrow from the other families."

When I met Venkat and his wife with their two children, they were crouching under the flyover in Marine Drive cooking a meal over a smoky fire. In between the cooking they explained that they were from the South and had come to Bombay to work on construction sites.

"We both work wherever a building is being built. I get Rs. 3 to 4 per day and my wife gets Rs. 2 to 3," he said. "Some friends of ours who were already here got us this work. Back home the fields were not yielding an

thing, so we thought we'd try our luck in Bombay. They all say you can always earn a livelihood in a big city."

When asked why he had chosen Bombay out of all the other cities in India he said, "It is the best and the richest. Here even beggars earn a lot of money. Right now because of the rains work on construction sites is a bit slow, so we don't have work. We normally stay at the site, but right now any shelter is good enough. The rains are the worst time for us in Bombay. We have to move from pavement to pavement and look for staircases or jutting roofs. In summer life is not so bad."

That was Venkat's life on a pavement — any pavement as long as he can cook a meal and curl up with his family for the night.

Kalyani, who hails from Trichi, also lives with her husband and family on a pavement. On the day I met her, she was neatly dressed in a saree, her hair freshly oiled and combed, with a flower adorning it. Her husband pulls a handcart.

"His earnings are erratic," she said. "One month we earn enough and the next we are badly off. The last time he bought me a saree was last year, but somehow we manage."

Both Banoo's and Kalyani's neighbours are all from the South and the women can hardly speak Hindi. Some of them were mak-



ing a desperate attempt to clean their huts and vessels in the rainwater or at the hydrants, while others were taking care of their children.

Most of them are aware of the happenings in the outside world but none of them voted during the recent elections.

There have been times when municipal vans used to come periodically and carry away their belongings. "We used to be forewarned, so we used to run away and hide and then return after a couple of days when the coast was clear. Recently, there haven't been many such visits. The way the authorities harass us one would think we enjoy living here — out in the open under such trying circumstances. As it is, we have to fight to survive and on top of that we have this constant dread of losing what few belongings we have," they lamented.

"Whenever they took us away and our belongings they used to promise us that they were providing us with better dwellings, but all they do is take us outside the city and leave us in some deserted area where there is no food or water. We came to Bombay to earn a living, but it is very very difficult even to survive."

Most of the women and children take to begging during the day while the menfolk go to work. Surprisingly enough, all the women spoke well of their men. "Our husbands have no bad habits; they neither drink nor gamble, nor even smoke. How can we afford it anyway? Cinema? We see them only in the posters. I cannot remember when I saw a film last."

But a pavement dweller is not to be underestimated as a responsible human being. A few among them have accepted family planning as a necessity. "My husband has got himself operated," said Banoo. "No more children for us. We realise it is futile to have too many and not be able to feed them."

Most of these unfortunates were a little resentful at first when first approached by the writer. "Why do you ask us all these questions? So many have come and gone, asking the same questions, but nothing is ever done to help us."

Is there an answer? What future does Bombay offer to her thousands of pavement dwellers? Will it be a constant battle against the weather, drunken drivers, rats, hunger and disease, or will things change? These are questions that only Bombay's city fathers can answer, but they have to do so fast — before it is too late and Bombay, India's premier city, becomes one vast, festering slum. Will the sun ever really shine after the monsoon for these thousands of Bombayites who have a right to human dignity? Not in the foreseeable future at least.



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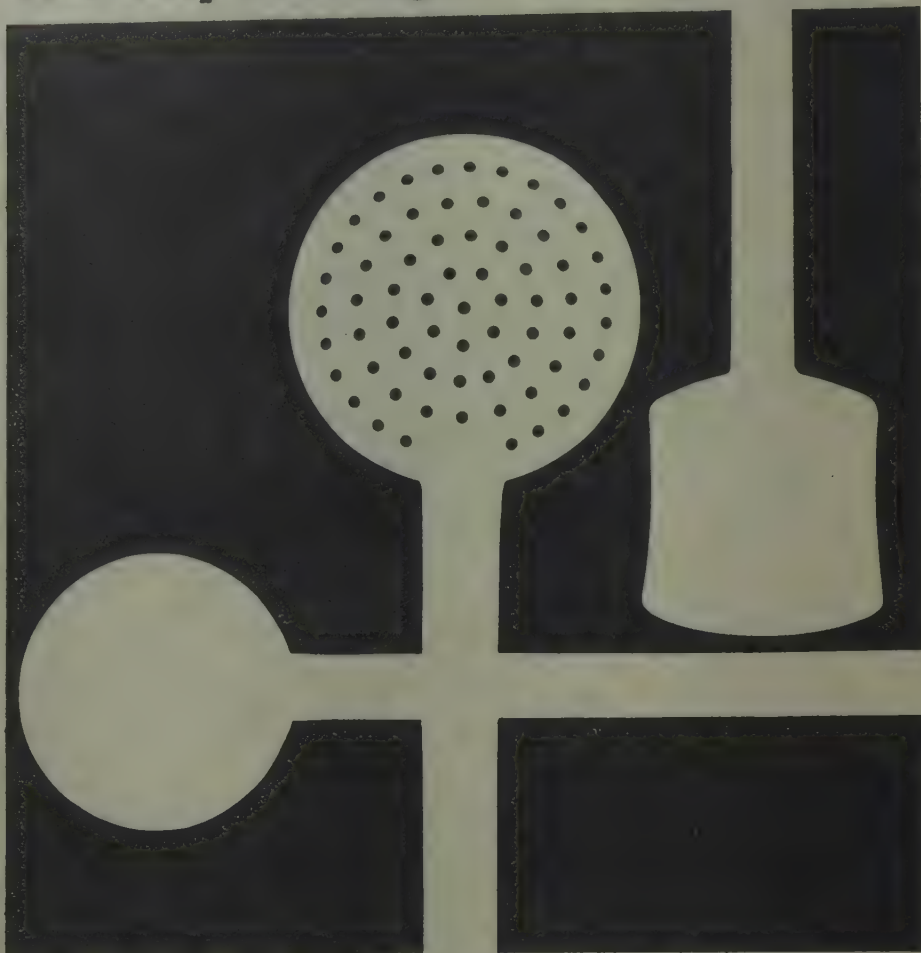
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Nurse Angela Fernandes finds Anacin strong enough to give quick relief from the aches and pains of colds and flu.

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madam im adam

I came home that evening, absolutely bushed. When Phyllis greeted me, I said, "Gimme a drink, darling, and make it strong enough to grow hair on a billiard ball."

When she brought it I finished half of it in a gulp. Then she handed me a telegram with the dignity of a bishop presenting an award to a parishioner. The wire said "SPENDING THREE DAYS WITH YOU STARTING SIXTEENTH. LOVE. KIM."

I know only one Kim on earth and she's a pretty maid, around 22, who pounds a typewriter in Pune for a living. She has a hearty disposition and more curves than a bowlful of onion rings.

I showed the telegram to my wife and said, "It'll be great to see her again. Get the spare room outa mothballs and stock up on seafood."

"Will do," said Phyllis. "Knowing you, you'll probably take three days off and spend them making unashamed love to Kim."

"Lover," I said, "that's a great idea. Please remember that YOU suggested it."

"Idiot," she said, "I was only kidding."

"I know," I said, "but it was a suggestion like that which made my namesake bite into the apple and look at the hell it caused."

We were two days from the sixteenth and they seemed to crawl like a crippled tortoise going up a hill. I hammered at my brains trying to think up a reason which would convince the boss I needed three days off. But no ideas sprouted. But as the duchess said to the deacon, I knew it would come.

The next day at the office I found my mind wandering. All over Kim. I kept on looking repeatedly at my watch and wished the darn thing didn't have a date on it. My secretary, Jean, said, "Is something bothering you?"

"Honey," I said, "I'm in the grip of a feverish anxiety."

"Take an aspirin or something," she said brightly.

That evening at home I was as restless as the inside of an ant-hill.

It got to Phyllis. She said, "For God's sake, Confucius, stop pacing the floor like a zoo lion in the mating season."

"Sorry, babe," I said. I finished my drink and poured another.

"What's the matter, Pop?" said Elsa Joan. "You look as expectant as a mother-to-be."

As you can see, in this family, I don't have the monopoly on wisecracks.

There was only one way to cure this. That was to drink like a sailor who had only one day to live. So I went at it and ended up asleep in an armchair. But having an understanding family, I found myself in my own bed when I woke the next morning. And if a doctor had the head I'd got, he'd have lanced it.

That night at home I drank more soda than whisky. With Kim coming around the next day I wanted to be as fit as a Stradivari. The next day dawned bright and clear. I decided to take the day off and phone the office telling them that I had a stomach that kept me on the run.

There were enough flowers in the house to smother a colony of bees.

At around eleven the doorbell rang. I put a smile on my face that touched both ears and opened the door. A pal of mine stood there with a suitcase in his hand. "Come on in, fella," I said, "and dent a chair." He came in and sat down.

"How come you're not working?" I said.

He gaped at me. "Didn't you get my telegram?" he asked. I did a double-take. Then the gears meshed and the nickel dropped. This pal of mine is named Tim. Yeah, Tim. The damn telegraphist musta had banana-oil on his fingers.

G'bye now!

Adam

SALIM — JAVED : HEROINES TO BLAME

Continued from page 17

they find it a pleasure to write stories. "Amitabh is a complete hero. Sanjeev is a good actor without a star personality. Amitabh is a terrific actor with a star personality."

To a large extent, Salim-Javed blame the heroines for accepting and establishing the era of the he-man films. "Take a movie like 'Shaan' with four heroes in it. What role do you think the women could possibly have in it? Why have they accepted it?" demand Salim-Javed.

Most heroines treat film acting as a stop gap before marriage. What really matters is the set-up—the hero, the glamour, the top bracket. Otherwise Zeenat Aman shouldn't have accepted "Don" where she was like a female extra. Besides, the attitude of the women towards their profession is lackadaisical and unprofessional. "Rekha is a good actress," claim Salim-Javed. "But she is so whimsical and unprofessional that no producer would want to risk a big film with her. Amitabh Bachchan does several shifts everyday. But is he ever late for any shooting? At 5 or 7 a.m. you find the man dubbing for his films after having worked late the night before."

Leaving aside the heroines, another big problem Salim-Javed ponder on is the subject. This is the era of revolt. No longer is a man accepted as a weak drunken "Devdas". It is easy to find subjects for action films with the hero revolting against some injustice prevalent in society today — like "Deewaar", like "Zanjeer".

"For the men, the ideal today is the man who revolts against injustice. Women are in a transitional period. Once upon a time we had the sacrificing, submissive woman. Make a film like that and women would refuse to identify with it today. So what do you do? A totally liberated woman is not yet fully accepted by the majority of women."

After a long and lengthy discussion on the subject, Salim-Javed concluded that Indian women are not fully liberated and this transition period was a difficult one wherein to pinpoint an ideal woman. Women today (the vast majority) still consider the man superior. They have been conditioned to think this way. "As long as a woman feels the thrill of having a son more than a daughter you can't change the present state of affairs," conclude Salim-Javed.

When will women revolt?

One-fifth of the world's blind live in India. And the sight of about 7,00,000 to 8,00,000 can be restored or improved by eye donation.

Unfortunately, in our country, there are deep rooted superstitions and taboos, and our people consider it a great sin to disfigure the human body after death. The time has come for such prejudices to be overcome to help the country's blind people.

NOT THE ENTIRE EYE:

It is a misconception that the entire eye is utilised in eye transplants. Only the cornea — transparent membrane in front of the eye ball — is most commonly used in restoring sight. It serves the same function as the crystal of a watch. Normally, it is circular in shape and a little more than $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. It covers the iris which imparts various colours to the eyes, for example, it can be black, brown or blue. Besides the cornea, the white layer — the sclera — is also utilised in some cases. Rarely, the jelly like substance called the vitreous is also transplanted into the eye.

INDICATIONS:

When the normally transparent cornea gets opacities then it obstructs the light and prevents it from entering the eye, causing blindness. These corneal scarrings may be because of congenital deformities like conical cornea, or it may be due to injuries, inflammation and ulceration.

Trachoma is one of the most common causes of corneal scarring in our country. In this chronic infective disease, corneal opacities develop very quickly. Small-pox was a frequent cause of corneal scarring, and there are a large number of people blinded by small-pox, but fortunately, now this disease is almost extinct from our country, and future generations will be safe from this cause of blindness. Flying foreign particles while working on machines, welding or otherwise can cause injury to the cornea with a resultant scar. Chemical and other kinds of injuries can also lead to this problem.

Besides the congenital deformation of the cornea, if the scar is of a recent origin and is not extensive, cortisone drops can be tried with care to clear the opacity. The best method to avoid corneal opacity and scarring is to use precautionary measures like safety glasses while working on machines in factories, welding, etc. Diseases like trachoma should be promptly treated.

If the scar is in the centre of the cornea covering the pupil (the central hole in the iris through which light passes) then even a small scar will produce marked blindness. A peripheral



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

In our country, eyes are damaged mainly during childhood because there is still so much poverty, malnutrition, lack of proper hygiene, ignorance and carelessness.

THE EYE BANK:

The eye bank is an approved institution formed to collect human eyes and to distribute them to various hospitals where corneas are required for transplantation. Various parts of the eye such as the cornea, vitreous, sclera, etc. are stored here. The

son is sleeping. The eyes should be removed within two hours of the death of the person. These are then put in a special ice container, and are taken to the eye bank.

Persons of any age, sex, colour or creed can donate eyes. Even those who wear glasses, or have had cataract operations or even corneal transplantation can donate their eyes. Religion and race are no bars to eye donation and all religions have approved of this procedure. Blood grouping is not necessary for the use of the eyes.

HOW TO DONATE EYES:

Any person (in writing or orally) can express his desire to donate eyes in the presence of two or more witnesses. After the death of the donor, the next of kin should call the eye bank as soon as possible so that the eyeballs can be removed before they become useless.

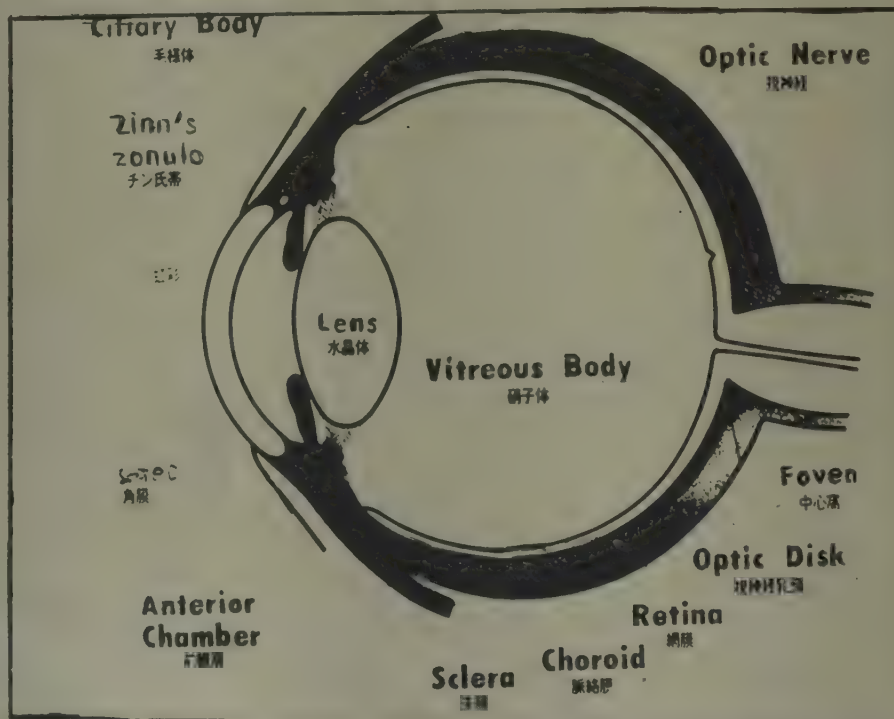
There are about 17 eye banks in the State of Maharashtra, out of which ten are in Bombay and suburbs. About 600 to 700 eyeballs are made available each year at the central eye bank in Bombay. Outside the city limits, people are still not willing to donate their eyes, and the collection in the districts of Maharashtra does not exceed 30 to 50 eyeballs a year.

EYE DONATION ■ ■

a gift of sight

By donating one's eyes posthumously, one can restore the eyesight of another human being and yet lose nothing

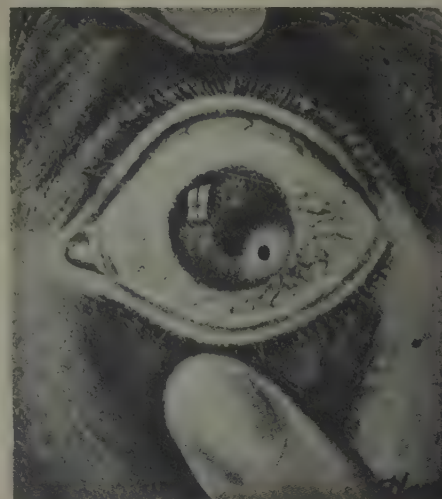
eye bank works round the clock, and within minutes of receiving a call from the relatives of the donor immediately after his death, a doctor on emergency duty rushes in a special van to take the eyeballs of the donor. The eyes are removed under sterile conditions. The eyeballs are completely removed, and in their place, balls of gauze are put in, and eyelids closed over it. This prevents any disfigurement, and the cadaver look as if the per-



ABOVE: Anatomy of eye (cross section) showing various parts.

RIGHT: Foreign body on cornea causing opacity.

scar will not produce such an effect. Extensive scarring of the cornea can result in blindness. It is only when the blindness is caused by corneal diseases and the rest of the eye is normal, that these people can be helped by corneal transplantation. One out of twenty-five blind people can be helped by corneal grafting.



HOW IT IS DONE:

The opaque or cloudy window in the recipient is cut with a sharp circular instrument called the corneal triphine. Similarly, with the same instrument, the clear cornea is cut from the donor's eye. This healthy cornea is then stitched in the recipient's eye. This operation is called Kerato-plasty. The success rate is about 80 per cent if done properly, and in the majority of cases, normal sight is restored.

Corneal grafting is only helpful to those whose blindness is caused by corneal opacity and the rest of the eye is normal. Corneal opacities existing since birth or early infancy due to small-pox often do not benefit by keratoplasty. Nor does it help the very aged with glaucoma or some other diseases of the eye.

Besides full thickness corneal grafting, at times partial thickness grafting is done when the opacity is only in the outer part of the corneal thickness. In this operation, only the damaged layer of the cornea is replaced.

After the grafting operation, the operated eye looks exactly the same as the normal one and the operation is not dangerous, and the grafted eye does not run any greater risk of disease than the normal one. This operation is not painful and it can be done under both local and general anaesthesia.

After the operation the person will not necessarily require cor-



Devi

Three years ago Sultan Ahmed, not only gave Anju Mahendroo a sort of consolation role in "Ganga Ki Saugand" but used to console her saying, "Come walk with me. Rajesh Khanna is my neighbour, you come with me, we will go to his house." (What for I never knew.)

Last fortnight Sultan Ahmed walked into Rajesh Khanna's house with a cheque book instead. After four hours' solo with Rajesh minus his cutlery, Sultan came out.

TINA ZOOMS TO ZEENAT'S PRICE

"What about Amitabh?" I asked.

"I have him signed for the next film, "Inshallah," said Sultan.

All this has given way to the silliest rumour (spun by Begum No. 1 Shammi, I suppose) that Amitabh refused Sultan's film because Sultan ditched Shammi, ficked friend Suresh's wife. So wife Jaya decided to support the "neglected wife" cause (she is qualified to be the president of the organisation) and requested Amitabh to boycott Sultan, the unfaithful husband.

Never heard anything more silly. At that rate, Amitabh will have to step out of all films in order to punish himself for neglecting Jaya and favouring Rekha, more so since the Amitabh-Rekha tie-up bloomed under Sultan's khas supervision in the Jaipur locale during the shooting of "Ganga Ki Saugand".

The "Satyam" wave has given way to "Des Pardes". Dev Anand stood waving handkerchieves and shaking hands in the flood light at the Satyam theatre entrance. Next to him stood Tina Munim, tuberoso fresh. The girl looked so happy I thought she would burst into tears. Raj Kapoor with wife paid a return visit to Dev's premiere (Dev and Tina had attended "Satyam Shivam") and Rajesh Khanna came with Sultan Ahmed. Though Amjad, Mehmood, Dr. Lagoo are the selling trio of "Des Pardes", it is Tina who overnight has crossed to five lakhs per film almost Zeenat's market rate.

rective lenses. It depends on the eyesight of the person concerned whether he needs corrective lenses or not. The patient has to be in bed for two to three days, and in the hospital for about two to three weeks. He can take a bath after four weeks, read after four to six weeks, and resume his work after eight to ten weeks, depending upon the nature of his work.

The donor graft should be as fresh as possible. The eyeball should be stored at 4 degrees centigrade, and it should be used within 48 hours of the removal of the eyeball from the dead body. The graft should be of a size smaller than 7 millimetres in diameter, as in bigger grafts the chances of homo graft reactions are possible. The success of this operation depends on (1) good donor material, (2) satisfactory surgical technique, (3) healthy recipient eye, (4) prevention of infection and vascularization.

VITREOUS TRANSPLANT:

The bulk of the eye is filled by a jelly like material called vitreous. In some people, the photo sensitive inner layer of the eye — the retina — may peel off like wallpaper, and it is then called detachment of the retina. In such people there may be loss of vitre-

a donor eye. In some cases of tumour of the eye, wide excision of sclera is required. In such cases, scleral transplant is helpful.

THE CAMPAIGN:

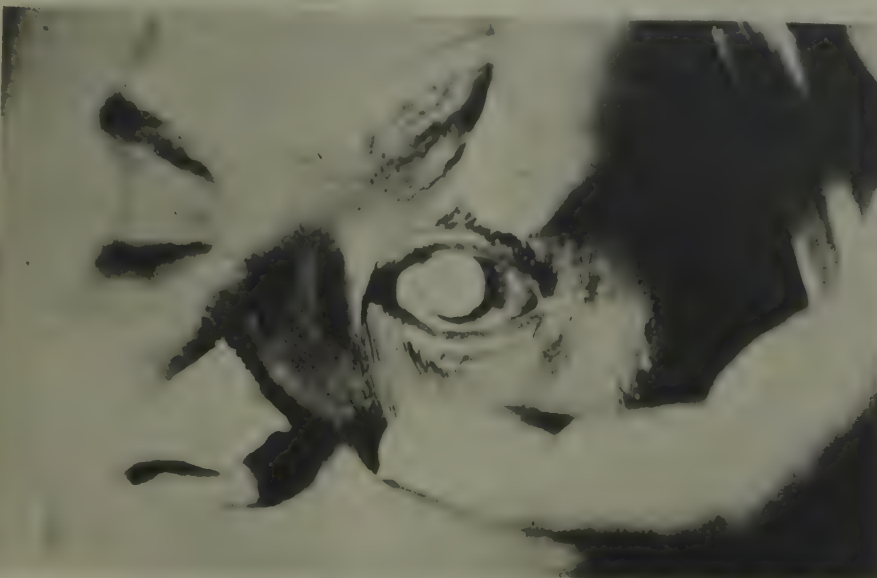
Eyes are invaluable assets of a nation, and people should be made aware of the value of this wonderful organ to the country. One can give sight to the blind after one's death and give that person a fresh lease of active life. The wonderful thing about eye donation is that the recipient can redonate your donation.

Mass media like the press, ra-

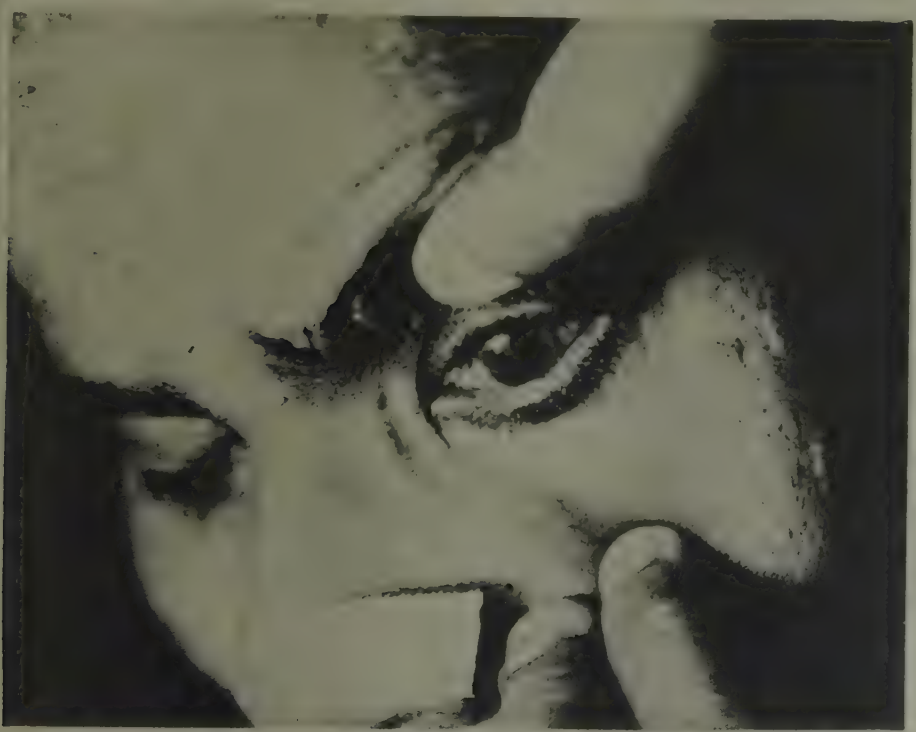
TRAINING OF PERSONNEL:

Training of doctors for speedy collection of the eyeballs is essential for successful implementation of the programme. The doctors and the para-medical staff should be trained properly and should be alerted about the necessity of quick action to remove eyeballs within the stipulated time of two to three hours. Training of the other staff in storage and distribution of the eyeballs should also be given for quick supply of the eyeballs.

Proper statistical records form an integral part of the service. Training of doctors to per-



ABOVE: Opaque cornea resulting in blindness.



LEFT: Sight is restored after transplantation of cornea.

form the keratoplasty is the most vital part of the entire programme. Such grafting operations should be done in camps to encourage people to donate, and to convince them about the results. Such camps should be held both in towns and in the rural areas. A proper follow-up of the operated cases is also necessary.

You can live another life through someone else's eyes, and you can bring happiness and light into the lives of many blind people. The necessity of the day is to overcome the superstitions, get away from misbeliefs and make up your mind to go to the nearest eye bank and fill in the declaration form for donating eyes. Win applause in your lifetime, and help somebody after death.

**BE A SIGHT RESTORER!
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!!
LET THE BLIND SEE THROUGH YOUR EYES!!!**

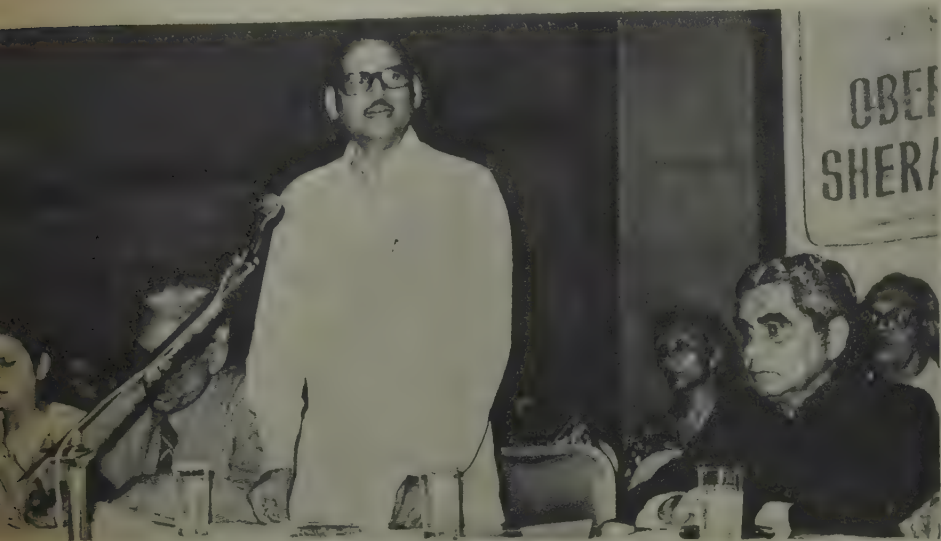
ous. They can often be helped by implanting (or injecting) healthy vitreous, together with a sealing operation. This may prevent blindness, and often restore sight to such patients.

In cases of haemorrhage caused by injury or disease, the vitreous gets cloudy and muddy, resulting in blindness. This cloudy vitreous can be withdrawn and clean healthy vitreous can be transplanted, restoring the vision to some.

In certain cases of accidents where the white sclera is damaged, it can be transplanted from

dio, television, etc. should be utilized fully to spread this message to every corner of the world and efforts should be made to convince people about the merit of eye donation. Film shows, documentaries, seminars, public lectures, etc. are other ways of propagating the idea. This message should be taken to schools and to zilla parishads and villages. Charity organizations and other social service bodies can also help in this campaign. Incentives like merit certificates, trophies, service charges, etc. will help in getting the cooperation of the people.

people and events



The Maharashtra United Nations Association (MUNA) and the UNESCO Association of Maharashtra held a reception in Bombay to celebrate U. N. Charter Day 1978, at which Mr. R. V. Tripathi, Maharashtra's Minister of State for Protocol, Information and Publicity (standing) presided. Seen with him are, from left, Miss Anuradha Sharma, regional sec., UNESCO Assn., Mr. S. B. Saxena, sec-gen., MUNA, and Mr. M. A. Vairale, vice-pres., MUNA.

RIGHT: Winners of the "Queen of Sparks" contests held in Goa to celebrate the 15th anniversary of "The Tuna Sparks", a music group of Goa. At ext. right is Miss Amelita Rebeiro (the winner in Aldona), who was selected "Queen of Queens of Sparks '78," with Miss Lizanne Sequiera (Saligao), (2nd from right) as runner-up.



ABOVE: Mrs. Nargis Dutt inaugurated the first Grand Discount Sale at Phulkari, the Punjab Govt. Emporium and Trade Centre in Bombay. She is seen here with the manager, Mr. Sushil Kumar Sikka (ext. left).

RIGHT: Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka, inaugurates an exhibition of hand embroidered items by Mrs. Nirmala Krishnaswamy, (left) at the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore.



LEFT: Seen at a function at the Holy Mary School, Hyderabad, are the Chief Guest Mr. I. J. Naidu, Chief Secretary, Govt. of Andhra Pradesh, and Mrs. Rathna Devi Naidu, with the staff of the school. Sister Dionia is seen reading out the school's report.

RIGHT: Winners of the 10th Weston Queen '78 contest held by Weston Electronics in Simla. Weston Queen '78, Neeta Jaitley, is in the centre, with 1st runner-up Seerat Narindra at right and 2nd runner-up Kitty Malhan at left.



RIGHT: Mrs. Chitnis (2nd from left), wife of Air Marshal H.R. Chitnis, AOC-in-C Training Command, presided over a recent meeting of the Air Warfare Wives Welfare Association at Hyderabad, recently. The president of the Association, Mrs. Pratibha Sinha, is seated 3rd from left.



bombay

"The message of the UN should be taken to every district of Maharashtra," said Mr. R. V. Tripathi, Maharashtra's Minister of State for Protocol, Information and Publicity, presiding over a function arranged by the Maharashtra United Nations Association (MUNA) and the UNESCO Association of Maharashtra, to celebrate UN Charter Day 1978. Miss Anuradha Sharma, regional secretary, UNESCO Association, spoke of the value of the exchange of news and ideas in bringing the developed and the under-developed countries closer and in creating a more humane and just society.

Mr. H. H. Ismail, executive chairman, MUNA, introduced the speakers and gave a report on MUNA's activities.

An interesting dance programme was presented by Kala Samaj, under the stewardship of Mrs. Meera D'Souza. Kala Samaj is a society set up to encourage the talents of young artistes.

Gallery Chemould came up with an unusual and delightful off-season offer — an opportunity for art lovers to browse through the Gallery's collection of small oil paintings, water-colours and drawings. Each painting was labelled with the name of the artist, the year in which it was painted and the price. Some were new works, some old, some known painters, some unknown. The water-colours and drawings were priced between Rs. 50 and Rs. 300 and the oil paintings between Rs. 250 and Rs. 700.

The best part was that old works of famous painters, many of them not based in Bombay, were also available, enabling the viewer to trace the artist's evolution of style.

MAVIM (Mahila Arthik Vikas Mahamandal Ltd.), a Government of Maharashtra Undertaking, has brought in the market its own exercise books, manufactured from paper released by the Government at concessional rates. The binding process is done entirely by needy women, as per the aims of MAVIM. The new "MAVIM Exercise Books" are reasonably priced and are available at MAVIM Sales Centre, Cross Maidan, Churchgate, and Sachivalaya Consumer's Stores MAVIM counter. Bulk orders are also accepted at MAVIM, Telephone No. 317248.

calcutta

Mrs. Renuka Ray, President of the Consumer Action Forum (CAF) delegated the Forum's honorary general secretaries Mrs. Geeta Basu and Mr. Samar Sen to appear before the Dagli Committee, to urge the Government to control the prices of essential commodities like foodgrains, coarse cloth, life-saving drugs, cereals, edible oil, kerosene and writing paper.

The Consumer Action Forum stressed the need for a strong and effective public distribution system with voluntary consumer organisations helping to prevent corruption and malpractices. The CAF also proposed that a study should be undertaken to ascertain the total amount of subsidy given to manufacturers, growers and exporters to enable the Government to see how far the control over pricing is effective. This will benefit the consumer in every way.

ahmedabad

A delightful music programme was presented by an amateur musical group of 14 talented youngsters from Kerala at the Kankaria Open Air Theatre, Ahmedabad, under the auspices of Kerala Sports, Ahmedabad (KSA). The programme was presented to raise funds for a State-level football tournament which the KSA plans to organise. The rendering of semi-classical and other film songs by Moly Daniel and Venu Pallath, an accomplished vocalist, proved to be hits. The programme included mimicry by Cochin Zainuddin and Usman.

The group gave this performance absolutely free of charge, for the cause of sports.

kerala

The Calicut Lionettes Club recently provided houses to poor families in Calicut who have been without shelter for a number of years. At a function held at the local Beach Hotel, the keys of the houses were handed over to Mrs. T. P. Sukumari and K. P. Hamsa Koya by the District Collector Mr. K. B. Balakrishnan, on behalf of the Lionettes Club. Mrs. Kishore Kinger, president of the Lionettes Club, Mr. P. K. Abdullakutty, President of the Calicut Lions

Club and Mr. U. M. Rajaram, president of the Rotary Club, appreciated the various activities of the Lionettes to improve the condition of the economically weaker people.

The Calicut Yuvabhavam Club, an organisation of young persons in Calicut, conducted a medical camp for treating poor families in the crowded localities of Kuttichira and Vellayil. The camp concluded yesterday with Mr. V. R. Krishna Iyer, Judge of the Supreme Court, presiding over the function. He urged the youth, including girls to come to the forefront to help the poor. 1000 persons were medically examined and medicines were distributed free, according to the Patron of the Club, Mr. K. C. Abbu Haji.

bangalore

Mrs. Nirmala Krishnaswamy arranged an exhibition of hand-embroidered items at the Indian Institute of World Culture. Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka, inaugurating the exhibition, praised the artistry and exquisite workmanship of Nirmala, who has won many prizes in All-India embroidery competitions. Fifty exhibits were on display covering a wide range and variety of embroidery styles.

simla

Weston Electroniks Ltd, New Delhi, held its Weston Queen '78 contest programme here. This was the 10th annual feature organised by the company. The contest is usually held in Mussoorie, but the tourist crowd of Simla proved to be equally enthusiastic.

Michael Parreira, on summer contract with the Oberoi Cecil, provided the music for the evening.

Miss Rani Jethmalani, Mr. Behram, an Iranian diplomat. Mrs. K. K. Mehra and Mr. Malhotra, manager, Oberoi Cecil, judged the contestants. Petite Neeta Jaitley was chosen Weston Queen '78. She was crowned by Mrs. Rajdhani Kapoor. Seerat Narindra and Kitty Malhan were declared the first and second runners-up. Gen. Saleem Caleb of Western Command gave out the prizes.

world of eve



GITA MUKARJI

Gita Mukarji seems to radiate energy from every fibre of her tiny being.

A prize debater in college, she now concentrates on doing relief work, especially in the Red Cross. She was the Liaison Officer on behalf of the Indian Red Cross Society of Delhi during the Bangladesh Emergency, and took part in the first Alpha programme on behalf of the U. N. O. The only woman to have been Chairman of the St. John's Ambulance Association, she is now Chairman of the Milk Distribution Committee of the Red Cross. She won the President's Gold Medal for relief work in the Red Cross in 1963.

She has also been awarded the Bharat Scouts and Guides' highest award, the "Silver Elephant", in 1975.

Closely connected with welfare and educational organisations in W. Bengal, Gita has been president of the University Federation of Women, of the Women's Football Association, of the Women's International Club, and the orphanage "Refuge". She is a Founder Member of the Lighthouse for the Blind.

Widely travelled, Gita has two unusual hobbies — mountaineering and writing poetry.



NEELAM BANSAL

A graduate of Loreto House, Calcutta, Neelam Bansal is talented in a variety of arts — music,

oil painting, Japanese flower arrangement and interior designing.

Her childhood love of dabbling with crayons and water colours was allowed to develop and she was a prizewinning participant in various painting contests. Her parents were keen that she graduate from a commercial arts college, but her professors discouraged her from undergoing any formal training lest her original style be lost.

Mrs. Bansal is always on the look out for new trends. She loves using the natural form with an effective blend of colour. All her works reveal her closeness to Nature.

Adept in the Japanese art of making flowers, Mrs. Bansal is now engaged in designing ladies' leather handbags.

this week
for you

Full Moon, so don't expect your life to continue along present lines. Sweeping changes are likely, more so if born on the 20th, but there will be a series of minor adjustments too. Be prepared to adapt, improvise, explore and experiment or you will miss opportunities. Extra money for you, lots of propositions — some worthwhile, some needing careful thought. A new home or job is almost certain and any travelling you do will be lucky as well as enjoyable. A romantic year whether married or single, but if uninvolved, a new love could be the one. If so, you are fortunate, he'll be very eligible — a "good catch."

For the week July 16 — 22

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar 22 — Apr. 20)



For one reason or another you will be working hard — but it won't be wasted effort. In fact, profit could come in, both expected and as a happy surprise this week! Romance and the fun scene will take up most of your attention shortly — but there would seem to be some emotional conflict on the way.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)



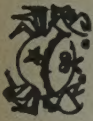
It could be a heady time for love — or you could be torn two ways. In this case, try to let things drift, August stars will sort out several issues for you, especially emotional ones. There is luck in dealings with relatives, or a beneficial change occurring at home. Travel is favoured, a journey may disappoint midweek.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)



As a Gemini, you like a varied scene, so this week's stars will suit you. It seems you will be in a flurry of happy activity, perhaps making last minute holiday arrangements of planning a special party or outing. A new love is on the way, if heart-free — or even if not, perhaps!

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)



The Sun and Jupiter in your sign put a lucky accent on anything strictly personal to you, so don't be afraid to push your luck in all directions this week. You will wind up something very satisfactorily, perhaps also start something new. Lots of news — and perhaps an old boyfriend returning.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)



You busy stars fade as this week ends, but they will be back again a little later on. A vigorous new influence now begins giving you extra vitality, also pushing your plans forward. Yet, don't overdo the strenuous activity or the enthusiasm for fresh tasks — you may lose interest later on.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



A current plan or activity may give rise to an unexpected snag; you may also not have as much energy as usual. However, do all you can to complete your tasks, to sort out your ideas before August begins. Meanwhile, life is lucky and loving, mainly, with plenty of chances to progress, lots of social activity — and in your love life.

LIBRA (Sept 24 — Oct. 23)



Friends will be lucky for you, so keep up to date with whatever is going on. You are now in a fortunate period which lasts for several months and this week you may get a hint that a special wish will come true. Yet, on the 20th, try not to take a decision or make a change.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



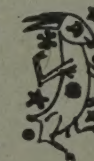
A week nicely divided between the fun scene and your more practical ambitions. Luck all around you, plenty of happy companionship; you will have the feeling that things are really going your way now. In this you are right! An influential person may take an interest in you to your advantage.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



Planets high in your Solar chart are an hopeful sign. Don't fail in anything for want of trying this week. A super social scene, with happy new meetings, if unattached. Travel plans are in the air, or you may get good news from a distance, perhaps a loving reunion on the way.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



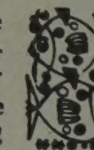
You have had to rather fit in with the ideas and wishes of close companions lately. As this week ends, a new trend starts and you will be able to please yourself more. You may be sticking in the same old rut when you should get out and meet new people. Try fresh activities, get into the swing of things.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Mercury moves out of opposition shortly and your scene will then be less pacy, more cooperative. You still won't be able to go your own way completely — which is the way you like things to be. Yet, it is a lucky time for people close to you, so let them take the lead and hitch on to their luck!

PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



There will be happenings, midweek, that somehow sort out your thoughts and feelings. It is possible that you will decide to end a friendship where you have been doing all the giving. If you take a decision, don't go back on it. Get ready for a busy two weeks beginning on the 27th.

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 22, 1978

RACE RELATIONS
Focus on England

While the latent hostility between the coloured residents of England and the local whites is nothing new, the outbreak of violence over the past year or so makes the situation rather grim.

- * What is at the root of the racial problems besetting England? A thoughtful analysis from London.
- * How have people adjusted

to the multi-racial society that parts of England have become?

- * What is it like to be an educated, well-paid, professional, working woman in London town?

THE POLITICS OF MALE
CHAUVINISM

An indepth look at the now-cliched term "male chauvinism" to discover anew what it really means and where its roots lie.

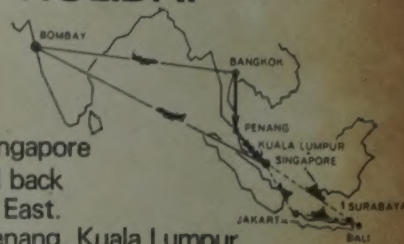
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Chic Needlework Kits.
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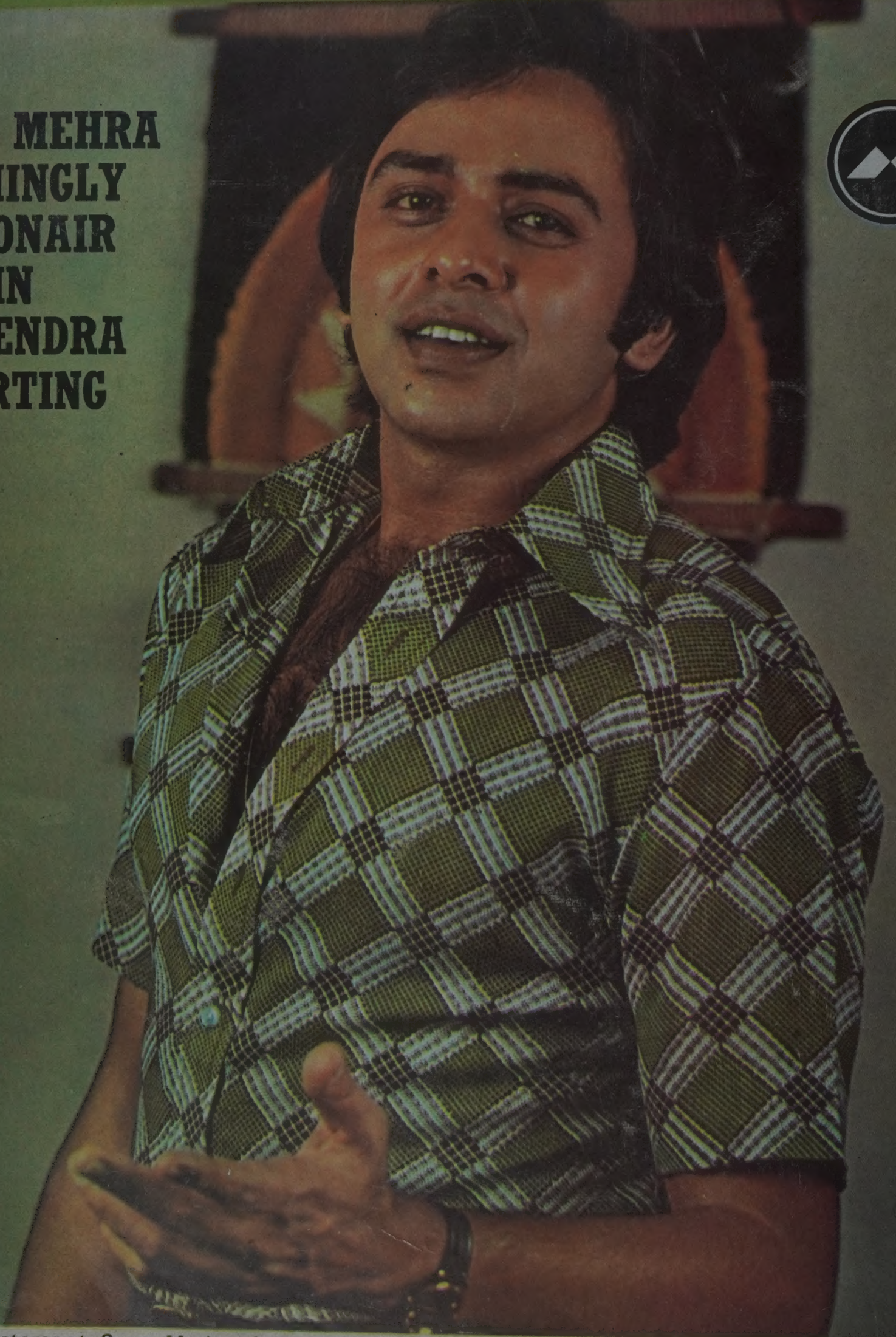
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