

EVE'S WORLDLY

ADOPTION-- WITH A DIFFERENCE:

A Poignant First Person Account

SNATCHING RURAL WOMEN AWAY FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH:

A Successful Experiment



PAPER PATTERN INSIDE



Sheets • Towels • Furnishings

BOMBAY DYEING



The first name—at home & abroad.

For the woman who's a little nervous about starting to dye her hair.

W

Let Tru-Tone help you
decide.
Confidently.

Naturally, you're nervous.

It all starts with just a few grey hairs. And then people start noticing. Soon, you become self-conscious and uncomfortable in company. You know you want to hide that grey.

But is dyeing safe? You wonder. How permanent is it? Is it messy? Can you keep it a secret?

But Tru-Tone says: Stop worrying and enjoy dyeing!

Tru-Tone, the dye formula from Helene Curtis, USA, is designed to colour your hair safely, gently and permanently. It takes minutes and five simple steps: mix the dye with developer; slip on rubber gloves; part hair and apply dye with brush all over; leave on for few minutes; wash out.

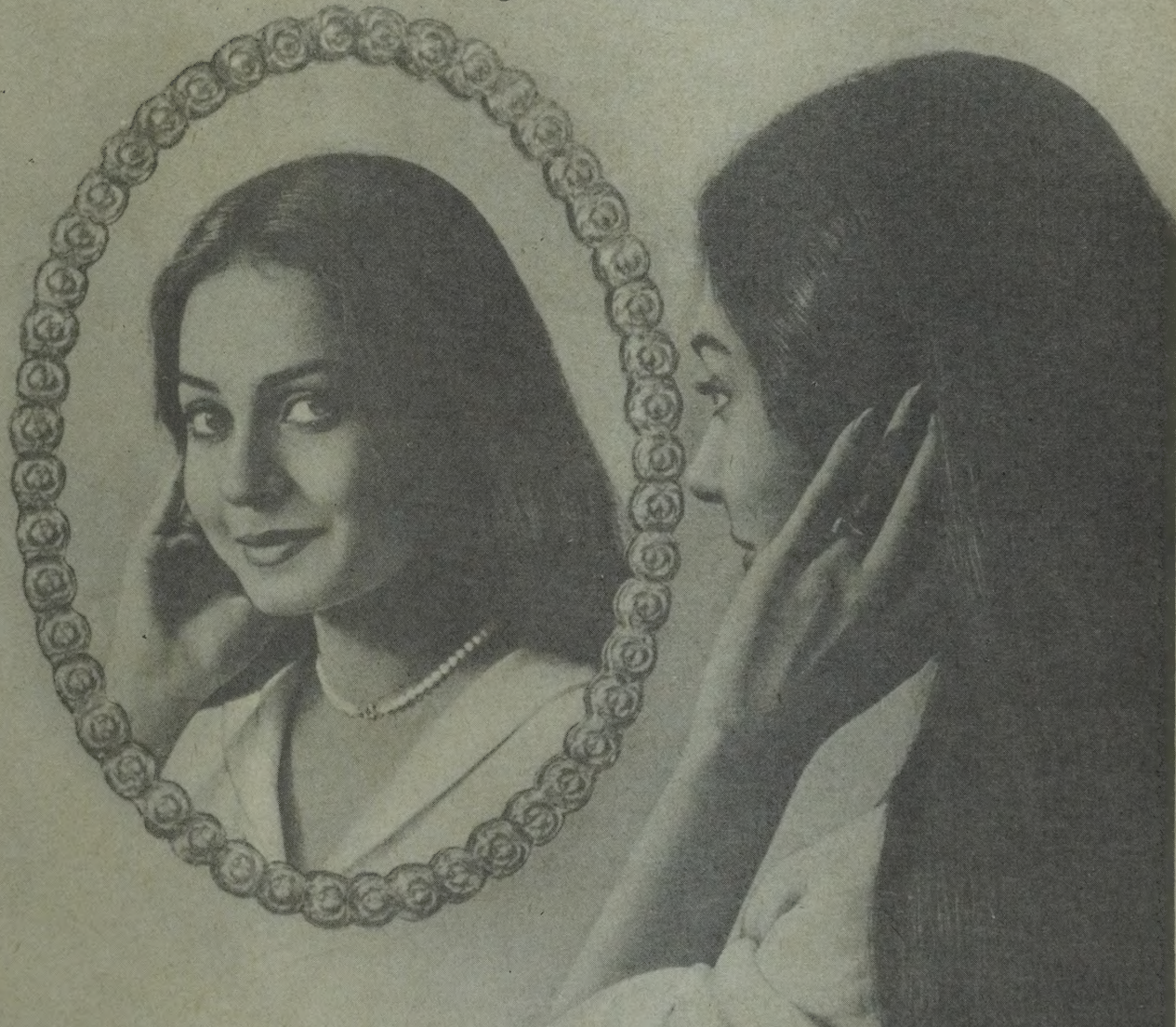
Who's that lovely woman in the mirror? It's you!

See how much younger you look without grey. Tru-Tone embraces every hair in deep, rich colour. Stays true to your hair, week after week. Leaves your hair soft and manageable. And the look is natural, not that hard 'dyed' look other dyes give you.

Start early... end those grey days permanently.

Once you notice these first grey hairs, don't let the world notice. Use Tru-Tone right away. And as your hair grows out, you'll only need a little touching up.

The only dye that's true to your hair.



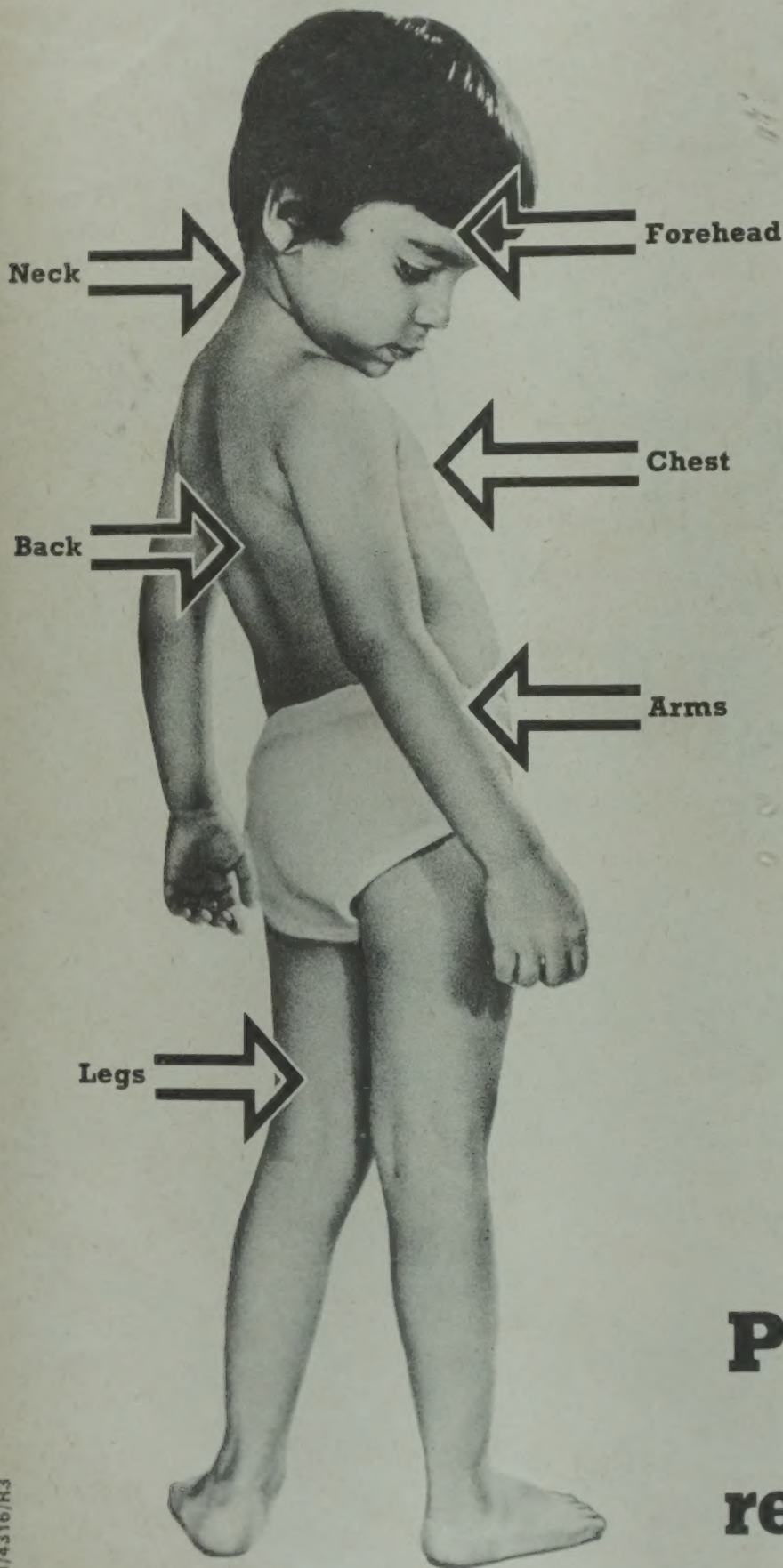
Tru-Tone

Tru-Tone remains India's No. 1 hair dye
because of its deep dyeing action.



HELENE
CURTIS

Where will prickly heat strike your child this summer?



Wherever prickly heat strikes, fight back with JOHNSON'S* Prickly Heat Powder. Only JOHNSON'S Prickly Heat Powder has a proven medicated formula that acts 3 ways:

- Absorbs perspiration, prevents clogging of skin pores
- Prevents bacteria build-up
- Comforts and cools, brings really fast relief



Sprinkle JOHNSON'S Prickly Heat Powder generously after bath and at bedtime. It's the only medicated powder trusted by mothers to relieve prickly heat—really fast.

Also available in Sandal perfume

Only JOHNSON'S* Prickly Heat Powder stops the burning, relieves the itching. Really fast.

Cover :
RANEE SHENOI

Photograph : Talyeb Badshah

VOL. XXV NO. 17 BOMBAY
APRIL 25 — MAY 1, 1981

CHAIRMAN &
MG. DIRECTOR
J. K. SOMANI

PUBLISHER &
CHIEF EXECUTIVE
J. C. JAIN

EDITOR
GULSHAN EWING

ASST. EDITOR
AMMU JOSEPH

CHIEF SUB-EDITOR
K. S. RAO

SUB-EDITORS
CHAKRESH JAIN ROSHAN BILLIMORIA
MALA VAISHNAV SHERNA GANDHY

ADVT. MANAGER
D. N. CHOPRA

ART DIRECTOR
RUSI DORABJEE

DESIGNERS
NARGIS CHAWLA VILOO PITHAWALA

STUDIO
TAIYEB BADSHAH

STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER
B. K. SANIL

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE PROPRIETORS :
EVE'S WEEKLY LTD.

BY J. C. JAIN

AT SANJ VARTAMAN PRESS,
BOMBAY SAMACHAR MARG, FORT,
BOMBAY 400 023.

CORRESPONDENTS

PUSHPA HANS
1-13, Lajpat Nagar 3, New Delhi-24.

TAPATI MOOKERJI
235/2, Acharya Jagadish Bose Rd.,
Calcutta-20.

S. J. KURUVILLA
163, Purasawalkam High Road,
Madras-10.

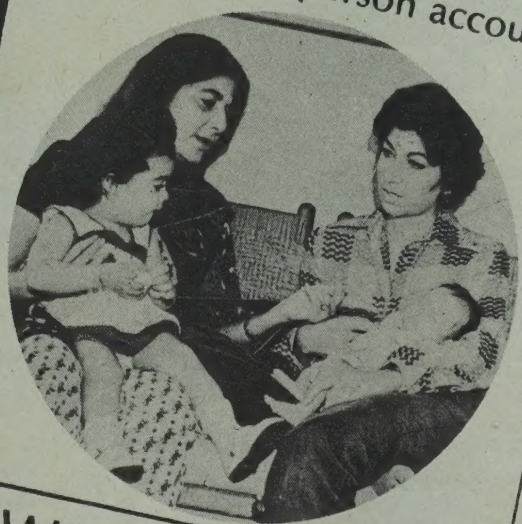
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION
Inland: Rs. 105
Foreign: 185 (Sea Mail)

EVE'S WEEKLY



ADOPTION — WITH A DIFFERENCE

11 When Lalita Uttamsingh and her husband decided to adopt a baby, they didn't know what they were letting themselves in for. A poignant first person account.

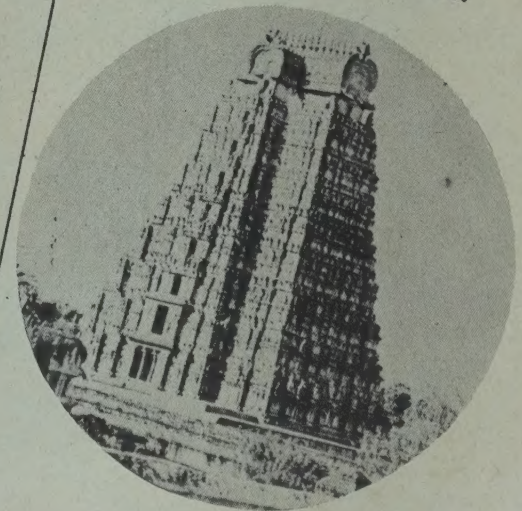


ONE BIOLOGICAL, THE OTHER ADOPTED

16 Interviews with couples who have adopted a child despite having their own kids. The peculiar problems they have faced in such a heartwarming yet heartrending situation.

THE NECTAR CITY OF MADURAI

46 A city of magic where everything revolves around the ancient temple of Meenakshi.



SEWA FIGHTS DEATH IN CHILDBIRTH

19 Rural women are those who most fall a prey to infection during childbirth. An organisation in Ahmedabad is trying its best to save their lives.

ALSO

A peep at the beauty contest — page 21. The amazing Panchakrida games — page 23. Young viewpoint — page 25. Short story — page 28. Beauty & Heart to heart — page 33. Continuing, the Lamaze method — page 39. Film: Usha Khanna — page 43. Passing through — page 45. True confession — page 49. Life's a funny thing — page 55.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page /7, Readers' Voice/9, Fashion/30, Cookery/35, People Known & Unknown/41, Comics & Jokes/44, People & Events/56, Horoscope/58.

For those who do everything in style...

lifelong

SERVING TROLLEYS

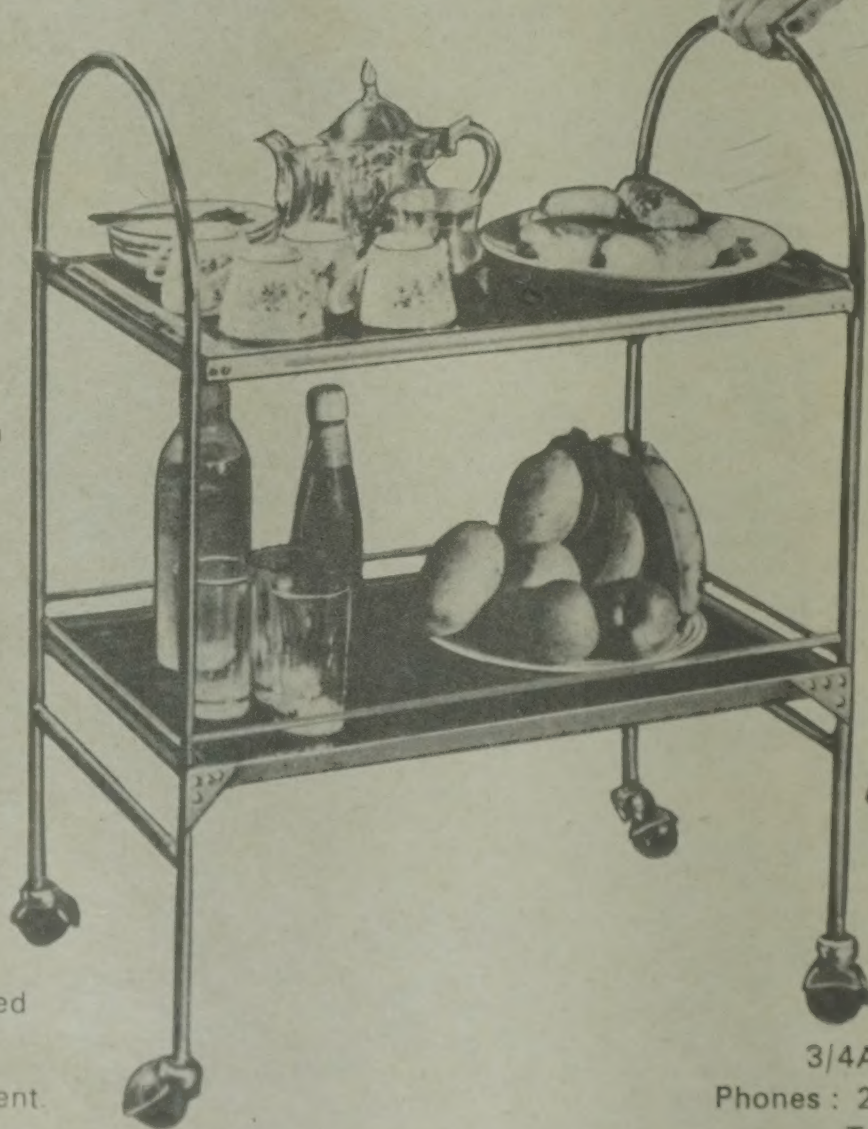
A gleaming glory for every modern home, Lifelong Serving Trolley adds class to your lifestyle. Its elegant finish and sturdy design makes it the ideal choice, for a variety of uses.

For carrying bed-tea. Serving Tea & Snacks. Ferrying food from kitchen to dining table. Keeping TV in the lounge or the lawn.

**LIFELONG TROLLEY
A GREAT GIFT IDEA**

Being detachable, the Lifelong Serving Trolley is excellent for presentation as a gift.

Made of chromium plated CRCA with special rubberised polyester castors for free movement.



TRADING ENGINEERS
(CONSUMER PRODUCTS DIVISION)

3/4A, Asaf Ali Road, New Delhi-110002.

Phones : 275506, 268736, 268737 & 268738.

Telex : 031-2744, Cable : UNIBUILT.

Bombay office : 43, Mittal Chambers, Nariman Point, Bombay-400021.

Phones : 231013 & 220128, Telex : 011-5532, Cable : UNIBUILT.

lifelong -warms up your lifestyle



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

1st
PRIZE

QUICK RESULTS

Sometime back a news report from a distant village of Uttar Pradesh said that the women of Thati village have united to discipline their menfolk. While the women worked hard from dawn to dusk in fields and at home, fetching fuel and fodder from fast depleting forests, their husbands idled away their time playing cards, drinking liquor and gossiping. Various Mahila Mandals have been set up to 'gherao' the habitual drinkers as well as the makers of hooch. Raids are organised on their dens as also on gambling dens where women are reported to have rushed in and torn the playing cards to shreds. I admire the boldness of these village women. I also envy them for the methods they can employ to discipline their men. I think for quick results such methods are more effective. While we are still helplessly invoking 'constitutional law' to denounce the injustices and atrocities perpetrated on our women, our rural counterparts are finding their own ways of freeing themselves from the arbitrariness of their menfolk.

AMINA AMIN, Ahmedabad

Absolutely topping! That seems to be the best — and quickest — way to make the erring male toe the line. However, very often what the village belle can achieve, the sophisticated miss (or missus) cannot. Wish we could do it, though.

FAMILY TIES

We usually hear of only quarrels and complaints over petty issues in marital life. Let me present a picture where both have adjusted admirably despite great difficulties. I know a specific case where the wife works in another city (with the ultimate aim of getting a transfer back) while the husband looks after their three-year-old. It is now a year and he manages with only a part-time servant and considerate neighbours. He spends all his after-office hours with his daughter, giving her a mother's care. The parents visit each

SAVE YOUR MONEY

2nd
PRIZE

It is with considerable pride that many working wives state that theirs is an ideal financial set-up: pooled resources, joint expenditure and savings (if any). Artificial limits like yours and 'mine' do not sully their financial horizon. It is, indeed, laudable that such perfect understanding exists between husband and wife, yet I do not see why yours or mine should necessarily become dirty words.

When a woman is an independent wage earner and is contributing her mite to the family expenditure, I think she has a right to her independent savings. I would in fact see this as a very sensible and prudent measure. The working wife may not continue to work forever and one

doubts whether with one pay-packet such liberal and tolerant views can continue. One never knows what the future holds in store; relationships change, standards of thrift vary, what one may see as essential may appear as a colossal waste to the other. Windfalls, as we all know, hardly ever come the way of the average wage earner, so while the going is good why should one not put aside a nest egg, for one's own rainy day?

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

Yes, we've said this before: working women must learn to save a little something for any eventuality. Mind you, times are hard, expenses are heavy and "savings" even for the family, is becoming an obsolete word. Even so, the effort must always be there to put by something in case the heavens do fall. . .

ARE YOU LISTENING?

The telephone, no doubt, is very essential to our lives, yet I cannot help but notice its abuse by housewives and teenagers. They are positively a nuisance! Teenagers monopolise the phone like nobody's business. It is a Herculean task to get your important messages across over a phone which is perpetually engaged in gossip.

And the housewives are no less. The milk may boil over, the vegetable and dal may get burnt, but they stick glued to the instrument. After all, for them the telephone is the best mode of circulating spicy gossip from one end to another.

If only both sets of "culprits" would realise that this idle gossip leads them nowhere. The precious time thus spent can be utilised in healthy and worthwhile activities.

ANJU KHANNA, Madras

Teenagers, of all hues, are notorious for their telephone habits. But we do not believe housewives — barring some bored, spoilt and lazy ones — have the time, or the energy left, to gossip long hours on the phone.

other once a month or so and family ties are retained. The child is happy and so are the parents. How's that for Women's Lib?

VEENA ADIGE, Nagpur.

Great! And for Men's Lib, too. The idea that men must be sole bread winners and therefore cannot be active in the bringing up of children is all wrong and constrictive. We are sure this husband delights in 'mothering' his daughter, and the whole family must be the better for this experiment. . .

GIRLS WELCOME

3rd
PRIZE

There are those who try to commiserate with me on the fact that I have only daughters and no son. They point out that I have missed the experience of bringing up a boy, that there is no one "to carry on the family name" and that there will be none to tend us in our declining years when the supportive presence of a son is invaluable.

The joys, the charms and the problems of bringing up a son is something I have missed in life, but not unduly pessimistic about the future, I discount the rest of the argument. In fact, at the risk of ruffling a few feathers, I would like to point out that it is much nicer to have just daughters than have just sons. Sons love you, respect you and sympathise with you, but it is only girls who can extend that wonderful feeling of empathy. Sons grow away from you and very often the atmosphere in an all-male home is perceptibly chauvinistic — I say this not without a great deal of observation. In a country like ours where male dominance still reigns strong, a mother soon has companions in her daughters — she grows young with them!

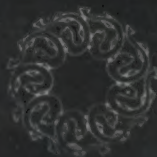
LEELA RAMASWAMY, Bangalore

Neither all daughters nor 'no children at all', should put anyone on the defensive. We know of families who long for dainty and delightful little girl-babies — and families who are barren and would welcome either sex with love and care. Yes, usually daughters make better companions but, already, in urban society that statement, too is becoming a myth.



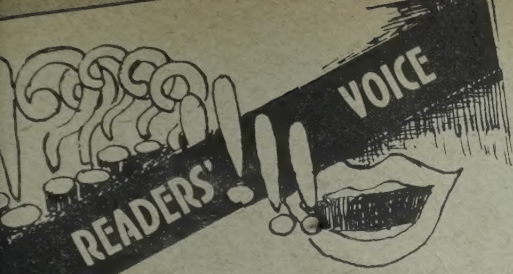
**“Is this bedsheet from Zivenchy,
my bambino?”**

**“No, it is New Great. Now will you
please put out that cigar?”**



**new
great
mills**

We export almost everything we make to more than a dozen countries. But try.
You might get them here.



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

HEALTH KICK

It was a pleasure reading about Mahajbeen Sultana (Feb. 14) who is on the cover. Since then, our entire household has been on a health kick. If god has not given us as beautiful a face as Mahajbeen's, we will try and achieve her fabulous figure. The cover picture has caught her aristocratic upbringing and poise very clearly.

SUDHA MALIK, Hyderabad.

GOSSIP CAN GIVE ENJOYMENT

Please give us more articles like 'Gossip Can Kill' (Feb. 21). The author rightly says that gossip is harmful and malicious but at the same time it "livens the conversation." I relished the article, because it was rich in literary overtones and spiced with anecdotes.

KRISHNAVENI RATNAKAR, Hyderabad.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MATRIARCHY?

This refers to the discussion, 'Can We Go Back To Matriarchy?' (Feb. 21). Some of the antagonists of the proposition have refuted the idea on the basis that the matriarchal society in most cases is really patriarchal, meaning that the society is actually male-dominated, the only difference being that the power is in the hands of the brother or the mother's brother viz, maternal uncle, instead of the husband and father, and that the status of such women is subordinate to that of men in these societies too.

All these arguments may have some truth, but I, a protagonist of matriarchy, still feel that that system was certainly more advantageous than patriarchy. For, the main problem in present society is not so much the unequal status of women but the oppression of women by men. I would ask the antagonists of matriarchy one simple question — how many cases of dowry murders, wife beating, sati and rape have they heard of having existed in matrilineal societies? If they are unable to answer this query, that settles the question as to whether matriarchy was better than the present system.

DR. USHA V. PADIYAR, Baroda.

CHAGLA THE MAN

It was exceedingly kind of you to have given enough coverage to Mr. M. C. Chagla in 'People Known And Unknown' (Feb. 28), whose character was marked by simplicity and a remarkable sense of patriotism and secularism. He was a rare specimen of intellectual incandescence; he belonged to humanity and not to India or to the Muslim community alone. It is sad that some newspapers and magazines did not give enough coverage to such a great personality when he left us. Chagla's greatness of head and heart was such that he could not be understood by us — a generation gap?

U. S. IYER, Pune.

INTERESTING 'HEADLINE'

The feature 'Making Headlines' (Feb. 28) was interesting, telling us as it did, about three leading Indian hairstylists. Their creations, shown in the magazines, are sure to turn many heads. Many leading dress designers in the West like Christian Dior and Pierre Cardin are men, proving that "...the beauty business has its fair share of dedicated males."

RAJALAKSHMI B. KARAN, Hyderabad.



ISSUE OF MAY 2, 1981

SENIOR CITIZENS : A DEMAND FOR A PLACE IN THE SUN

Whatever happened to the lovable granny who told tales from the Ramayana and the Mahabharata? Where did the old man with the crinkly smile, who took his grandson to the park to feed the pigeons, suddenly disappear? Alas, the old man and his wife are fast joining the list of 'endangered species'.

With this in mind, we present a series of thought-provoking, well-formulated articles on the multiple problems of the aged.

- * Retirement: Not a period to rest or rust.
- * A portrait of Dombivli, the pensioner's haven.
- * Adopt a lonely granny.
- * Medical problems of the aged.

Plus all our regular features.

It's made the way Mother Nature makes milk.

As your doctor will tell you, Nature knows best about milk for babies.

So when your baby is graduating to bottle feeds, you should choose the infant milk food that's closest to Nature's own formula: Bounce Infant Milk Food.

Bounce is nourishing. As nourishing as your own milk with all the protein, energy, vitamins and minerals your baby needs to grow strong and sturdy.

Bounce is complete. The Bounce formula even makes up for those nutrients that Nature misses out. Enough iron to replenish baby's dwindling body store. Enough vitamin D for strong teeth and healthy bones. Folic Acid for healthy blood. And, vitamin E to ensure a healthy skin.

Bounce is easy to digest. Spray-dried Bounce forms a softer curd in the stomach, so that baby's tender digestion doesn't get strained. Even those babies who react adversely to breast milk can happily take to Bounce.

Bounce is easy to formulate. Bounce dissolves easily in water. Just follow the simple instructions on the tin to make a smooth, consistent feed for your baby to enjoy and thrive on. Give some natural BOUNCE to your baby.

Karnataka's most modern dairy complex:

DEMPO DAIRY INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Admn. Office: Dempo House, Campal, Panaji, Goa.

Regd. Office: 20, Sankey Road, Bangalore 560 003.

At present, available at all leading Chemists & Stores in Karnataka, Goa and Maharashtra.



NEW

BOUNCE

SPRAY-DRIED

INFANT
MILK FOOD

Give some natural Bounce to your baby.

This kind of welfare work which undoubtedly began with good intentions has now become a money-making racket where agencies and institutions make a profitable packet acquiring babies free and "selling" them at exorbitant rates, discovers LALITA UTTAMSINGH

When my daughter's birth in 1979 did not decrease my nine-year-old desire to adopt a child, my husband and I decided that now was the time. In fact, giving birth to my daughter was done on a purely experimental basis. I wanted to experience what this 'motherhood' was that everyone sanctified. And, to my delight, it was exactly what I thought it would be — an overrating of an otherwise ordinary

phenomenon.

Since our leave was short — only six weeks — out of which my husband would have only three weeks in India before going back to West Africa (I could, of course, stay on to complete the mission), we had to work fast, very fast.

My first contact with Ms. Sulochana Kalro came through my gynaecologist who had, on a few



Three generations: Lalita Uttamsingh and her mother, with Kim and adopted baby Karina.

Photograph: Talyeb Badshah

ADOPTION—WITH A DIFFERENCE

occasions, handed over illegitimate, unwanted, babies to her. Ms. Kalro, a voluntary social worker at the Family Service Centre, is presently manning an inter-country adoption agency in Bombay.

We had a lot to discuss in her office. Ms. Kalro promised to find us a baby since she traveled quite a bit in her search for babies for export. She even assured us that no 'agency fees' would be charged. Of the few people she phoned regarding our case, one was her lawyer, Mr. K. Kapoor, who specialises in adoptions and handles a majority of such cases, both Indian and foreign, referred to him by the adoption agencies and orphanages in Bombay.

Mr. Kapoor elucidated several points about our background. We could not adopt a child under the Hindu Adoptions and Maintenance Act, 1956, since my husband is a non-Hindu. In India there is no law of adoption under which Muslims, Christians and Parsis can adopt children. We could, hence, only be appointed as guardians of the child that we wished to look after. There is quite a difference between being a guardian of a

At last a real family — Janakiraman and Bhavani with their sons and adopted daughter Gargi.

See story on page 17.

Photograph: Harbans Mody



minor under the Guardians and Wards Act and being an actual parent of an adopted child. But, in simple terms, it meant that the ward would have no rights of inheritance, and the court when making the order might impose certain terms and conditions as it thought fit on the adopter, as well as take a bond from the adopter to safeguard the child.

Past successful cases of foreigners adopting children in spite of having their own biological ones established that we would have no problem on that score, Mr. Kapoor advised us. Before the actual hearing in court, our case would be scrutinised by the Indian Council of Social Welfare which is the final authority along with the court in sanctioning the child to fit adopters.

Certain formalities, Ms. Kalro informed us, had now to be fulfilled before a child could be located and allotted to us. An investigative report or home study report had to be made by a recognised social welfare agency, which, together with an income certificate from the employer, medical certificates for each of us stating that we were medically fit and healthy, as well as letters of reference from two relatives and two friends, had to be submitted to the lawyer. She suggested that since we knew no other lawyer and since she would take the responsibility of finding a baby we should retain Mr. Kapoor as our lawyer. His fees, we were told, were anywhere between Rs. 600 and Rs. 1,000 depending on the income of the adoptive parents. I was asked to get a power of attorney from my husband in order to complete the procedures during his absence, and this was obtained through Mr. Kapoor, who is also a notary public, at a cost of Rs. 90.

I was informed of all this, and more. But what I was not informed of, however, was my choice in either appointing an agency for services costing Rs. 500, or simply doing the rounds of the various institutions, homes and orphanages on my own in search of a suitable baby. I learnt later that being a Hindu was enough to license one as an ideal parent, and no strict home study report was made on the adoptive parents. The institution concerned usually sent its own social worker to make a rough report on the parents and their background which sufficed to support their desire to adopt a baby. No foster care fees were charged, except unless the child was under medical care for which the doctor's fees and the medicine bills had to be paid. The

institution, however, expected some donation from the parents. In the event that a particular institution did not have a social worker attached to itself then a home study might have to be done by a social worker of a recognised welfare body for which a fee of anywhere between Rs. 50 and Rs. 250 was charged depending on the income of the parents.

During all my expeditions I also discovered that we had sev-



Young Kim watches over adopted sister, Karina.

eral factors disqualifying us as adoptive parents; (a) my husband was a non-Hindu, (b) that we had a natural child, and (c) that we could still have natural children. And these disqualifying factors were not imposed upon us by the law, but by the heads of the institutions themselves! Apart from foreigners, the only reason why Indians resorted to adoption was as a last resort due to infertility. These were usually desperate couples who could be easily bullied into accepting any child thrust upon them and even paying a fancy price for it. Foreigners were encouraged to adopt babies not because there happens to be an excess of homeless babies crying for a chance in life but because they the foreigners, had no real preference regarding the state, con-

dition or sex of the child they wished to adopt. They willingly bore all the expenses of the child (in foreign exchange), while the children sent to them were usually handicapped and rejected by Indians. A lucrative business indeed! Not only were the agencies making a profitable packet but also the private nursing homes which produced fancy bills for foster care, as well as the lawyers who charged their foreign clients anywhere be-

office. These were either to collect certain forms or to deliver some documents. Some more information was imparted by the F.S.C. in connection with the procedures. Most of the children, I was told, available for adoption, were either illegitimate or abandoned babies. Very often the latter were either remanded or court committed, and to place these children in adoption, permission had to be obtained from the juvenile court, and this would take anywhere up to six months for the completion of legal proceedings. The procedure undertaken for non-remanded or non-committed children was simple and straightforward, but the time taken for the legal proceedings could be anywhere between one to four weeks. With reference to this I later discovered that quite a number of remand babies were taken away for export by social workers connected with inter-country adoptions. This kind of welfare work which had undoubtedly begun with good intention had now become a money-making racket. Babies were being acquired free, and were being sold abroad at exorbitant rates!

A few weeks later, by which time my husband had left India, I got a call from Ms. Dalal that Ms. Kalro had found a child for me. It was a healthy male infant. Although earlier, I was given to understand that once I 'approved' of a baby I could keep him with me under foster care until legalisation was completed, I was now told a different story. Since all my documents were not in order I could not take the child home but would have to leave him in foster care elsewhere. This, I thought, was extremely unjust because of Ms. Dalal's belated information that since we were non-residents of India the letters of reference from friends and relatives here were considered invalid; that the I.C.S.W. now required references from our country of residence, plus a no-objection certificate from the Indian High Commission there. This was going to delay things further because of the bad postal communications with West Africa.

A date was fixed for me to see the child. Ms. Dalal and I met at Ms. Kalro's office where I was in for a rude shock. Ms. Kalro had 'donated' this baby to the F.S.C. and although she had obviously fulfilled her promise of finding a baby for me I had to buy the baby off from F.S.C. and pay them their service charges!

In furious silence I drove Ms. Dalal to Bandra where the baby had been placed in a sleazy looking nursing home. I couldn't

tween Rs. 5,000 and Rs. 10,000 to legalise each case.

Ms. Dalal, a social worker from the Family Service Centre, was assigned by Ms. Kalro to carry out our home study, since, as she claimed, she was not in a position to do so as she dealt mainly with inter-country adoptions and foreigners.

A registration fee of Rs. 10 was paid by me to the Family Service Centre prior to our interviews by Ms. Dalal at our residence, which lasted a couple of hours. This completed the initial and the most important step in the adoption procedures; the report contained our educational qualifications and bio-data in detail.

Now began the innumerable journeys to and from the F.S.C.

imagine how a clinic like this could dare to charge Rs. 20 per day (incidentally, the doctor's fees and the medicines would cost extra). Ms. Dalal disappeared into the dismal and dingy darkness of this foul-smelling place and brought out a definitely sick, undernourished and deathly-pale looking baby. It was an extremely upsetting sight. Something I had never imagined.

This baby was refused.

Two days later Ms. Dalal called me to her office to show me pictures of babies before adoption and after adoption.

By now it was exit Ms. Kalro and enter Ms. Dalal with the F.S.C. in tow as my self appointed brokers!

Fury, now, suddenly exploded me into activity. I had no time to lose. As if in a frenzy, I rushed around contacting people who had adopted children just to know of their experiences; contacting private nursing homes for any abandoned or illegitimate babies; meeting other social workers connected with institutions and orphanages. It was in the course of my mad rush that I came in contact with Mrs. Meera Desai of the Indian Association for Promotion of Adoption. She was helpful enough in giving me names of institutions from where direct adoptions were possible.

Then began the rounds of the orphanages. And my quest for a baby took me to parts of Bombay that I had never seen before. Sometimes I'd venture forth by car, sometimes by train, sometimes by bus and quite often requesting friends to give me a ride 'all for a good cause'. One such trip took me to Shraddanand Mahilashram in Matunga, where I had the honour of meeting Mr. Tatke, the honorary secretary, who gave me a short opening speech about the honourable work done by the institution. And here, as elsewhere, strong hints were dropped about how my husband could have changed his religion by a simple procedure, about how I should have produced a medical certificate establishing my infertility so as to facilitate the entire adoption proceedings.

Nevertheless I registered myself there. A week or so later I received a reply: "Due to the large number of applications from childless couples, which are on our waiting list and which we receive every day, the committee had to reluctantly decide not to give a child to a family who already has a child — biological or adopted." While it was heartening to note the increasing number of adoptive parents (most of whom, I strongly

suspected, were from abroad), I couldn't understand the obvious surmise that there was a shortage of babies.

My visit to the Asha Sadan Rescue Home was actually to meet Ms. Agha, a voluntary social worker there. Instead I met Ms. Mhatre, the superintendent of the home. Ms. Agha devoted only two days of the week to the Sadan. I gave Ms. Mhatre a rough bio-data of my husband and self, but got a negative brush off because of the disqualifications stated earlier.

I returned to the home. This time with Ms. Dalal I met Ms. Agha. Her initial reaction was predictable. A short debate later she was won over, but Ms. Mhatre was still unyielding. Very reluctantly a male infant from the Remand Home was brought

able to have any biological children, and they were from a respectable and a well-known family. In fact, all these factors were in her favour while I was in a situation absolutely converse. I knew I had no chance here.

Dr. Indu Patwardan, a prominent social worker, unmarried, had herself adopted a few children in her younger days. She encouraged me tremendously and even made appointments for me with other social workers. Somehow the entire attitude on adoption, I found, was healthier here. I was taken to the foster care homes where the babies were being looked after by families. The babies were thriving here on love, care, warmth and attention.

But not one baby seemed to 'click'.

**"By now I was wise in the ways of the system.
All my husband had to do was to change his
religion on paper while I had to produce a medical
certificate establishing my infertility."**

out for 'viewing'. "He has to be given to Hindu parents," she insisted. "And then, too, to Gujaratis," she added gleefully.

By now I was not only exhausted but extremely dejected. And I must admit there were times when I almost gave up. After all I didn't have to adopt a child. I got no sympathy from anyone (not that I was looking for any), because it was self-imposed. But I was not to be daunted. I don't know what it was that drove me on relentlessly — perhaps it was the desire not to deprive at least one baby in this world a home and a chance to live.

My visit to Poona led to a surprise meeting with Kiran, a friend, who is the daughter of a prominent industrialist and hotelier. Two years ago she had adopted a son, and was now here on a holiday from England on a quest for another child. She had almost given up and was contemplating an adoption in England where procedures were much simpler, she explained. She was disappointed to learn of all the 'red tape' which, although meant as a prevention of malpractices, only succeeded in discouraging genuine couples. Her case, really speaking, should have been an easy one; Both she and her husband were Hindus; they had an adopted child; they were not

While all along I had shown preference for a male infant, I now considered a female infant for adoption. Male children seemed to be in demand because of the obsession for males by most Indians, so much so that female babies tended to get rejected.

Ms. Dalal mentioned the presence of a baby girl whom I could 'view' without any commitment. We went to Sion East where she had been placed under foster care in a private nursing home. This clinic appeared to be an improved version of the previous one that I had been to.

I fell for the baby at once. The baby was examined by my paediatrician for medical opinion; she was apparently healthy although extremely under-weight and undernourished. She was already a month-and-a-half old with a weight of only 2.7 kg.

There was a stench of sickness and death about her which none of the members of my family could ignore; one of her ears had been infected and was caked with dried up secretion; there were blisters on her head and body; her nappy rash, which is a normal occurrence on most babies, had become a fungal problem; her urinary organs hadn't been cleaned for several days and were swollen as a result; she had suffered from a bad attack of diarrhoea

while in the nursing home and had lost 200 gm. that she could ill-afford. For such a wretched creature I was presented with a whopping bill of Rs. 990 as foster care charges (including medicines). When questioned about the medicines which by right were mine since I was paying for them, I was given a glib reply that they had already been consumed by the baby.

But this was not the end of my worries. A medical report had to be completed for the second half of the Home Study report which included the child's health study. Luckily, her blood, stool and urine examinations were negative. Now began my nightmare. A strange and conspicuous wheezing sound aroused the suspicion of my paediatrician towards some respiratory disease. This was possibly congenital but more likely due to the earlier negligence in the nursing home. I was in a dilemma. If the baby's condition was complicated then I would have to return her. In no way was I going to take her to West Africa like this, heartless though it might seem! Six X-rays later we found that all was well, and I could breathe a sigh of relief!

Three weeks had passed in all this time and the baby was doing well. Already she was 3.3 kg. Now came the question of legalisation.

The choice of a lawyer was my own this time — he was a friend. Because of his connections with the judiciary, he got an early date of hearing so as not to delay my departure any further. The home study had to be scrutinised by the I.C.S.W. as well as the judge after which the court order could be passed for which I was required to be present in high court.

On 18th Feb. five months from the day I met Ms. Kalro, the baby became my daughter legally.

By now I was wise in the ways of the system. I knew what to do the next time. All my husband had to do was to change his religion on paper while I had to produce a medical certificate establishing my infertility. At the same time we had to flash around wads of hundred rupee notes in order to qualify, for then only would it be as simple as buying an old, re-conditioned piece of furniture from Chor Bazaar!

And although I was ashamed to admit it, I had spent well over Rs. 3000 in obtaining her, in a country which was crying out for homes for destitute children.

Your Finest Hour

The A

Any time between 7 PM and 6 AM

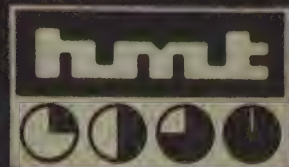
In everyone's life there is this charmed hour. A span of breath-taking time when one feels extremely alive and brimming with zest.

Probably it's the sunset hour. Or the time you went out partying and saw the spectacle of a star-spangled sky. Or it could be the midnight hour when life comes to a standstill but your heart races with excitement. . . what could the pre-dawn hours be holding for me!

HMT has captured this magic hour in some of its watches — the HMT After Hours. Take a look at them. If your pulse begins to rise at the sight of any of the faces at our show window, that's it! You've found your finest hour!!

If you've the inclination, we've the time!

Watch Division



Timekeepers to the Nation

Factories: Bangalore (I&II) · Srinagar · Tumkur

After Hours

FIRST BIOLOGICAL,

INTERVIEWS WITH PARENTS WHO HAVE ADOPTED A CHILD DESPITE HAVING THEIR OWN CHILDREN

Rati was inconsolable. The doctor had pronounced her incapable of bearing another child. The first one had messed up her uterus irreparably. She had so set her heart on having a playmate for her four-year-old, who constantly pestered her for a "baby brother."

"What do I do now?" she wailed. "Why not adopt one?" I suggested. Rati looked shocked. "Adopt? When I have a child of my own?"

"Why not? You need another child and some orphaned babe needs a home. Why not come together?" Rati still looked doubtful about the idea and I left it at that.

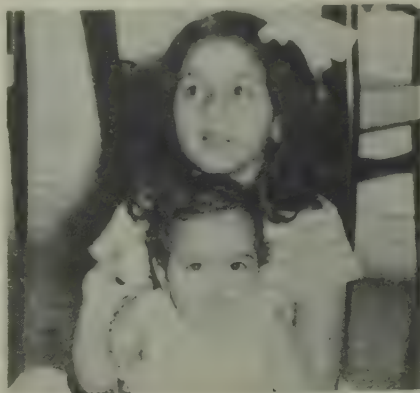
I don't know if she followed my suggestion, but it made me ponder over this issue. Why do we women hesitate to accept another's biological child, magnifying this 'my own' business? Why is there a mental block to the idea of adopting a child to complete a family, instead of going through the trauma of a second pregnancy? Why is there a stigma attached to a child which is after all not responsible for its birth, either legitimate or illegitimate?

To satisfy the biological urges of motherhood, giving birth to one child should suffice. To complete the family, why not provide a home for a child deprived of one? We are so concerned about what our relatives might say or what our friends might comment. We are afraid of being more partial to the natural born, for obvious reasons. We are afraid that the adopted one might carry genetical lapses in character and corrupt the natural born. We are afraid that the adopted one might go astray and put us to shame. We are afraid... we are afraid... we are afraid of so many possibilities. Yes, that's the barrier that stands between Rati's hankering for a second child and desolate babes hungering for a mother's touch.

There are some who have broken this barrier and adopted a child to complete a family.

While the other children asked for dolls and cricket bats, Sangeeta wanted a baby sister.

"It was Sangeeta's letter to Santa Claus that finally made up our mind for us," says Saru Parekh. "While her cousins asked for dolls and cricket bats, she wanted a baby sister. She was very disappointed when



SANGEETA and ARADHANA.... happy companionship.

Santa Claus did not oblige. So we decided to adopt."

The Parekhs went through a traumatic experience when they realised that their first born, Sangeeta, had a multiple handicap. A 'Rubella baby' (the effect of the mother contracting German measles in pregnancy), Sangeeta gradually responded to treatments which enabled her to overcome her handicap, except that of deafness. A cute, lively child, Sangeeta learned to live happily in her silent world, but her parents dreamt of better things for her. Saru Parekh took Sangeeta to the U.S.A. where she stayed for three years, and mastered the art of cued speech, which helped Sangeeta lip-read so well that now she goes to a school for normal children and is able to cope with her studies.

"While my wife was in the U.S.A. with Sangeeta, I was toying with the idea of adoption. I knew Sangeeta would like to have a sister or brother and it seemed a sensible way out. My wife had to devote a lot of time to Sangeeta and a second pregnancy would have been too much of a strain on her," explains Mr. Parekh.

Sangeeta is eight years old and Aradhana is just over a year. "Sangeeta thinks Aru is her personal and private property, with a 'no trespassing' board! Of course, she knows that Aru is an adopted baby. In fact, when we went to bring Aru home, it was Sangeeta who chose her out of the several babies shown to us! As for me, I have no special leanings towards Sangeeta or Aru. They both mean the same to me. If either of them misbe-

haves, I will be equally strict. Just the fact of giving birth does not make a child one's own. Bringing up a child makes it one's own. I foresee no problems. Aru is as much mine as Sangeeta is," says Saru Parekh. And talking from the practical angle, Mr. Parekh declares that Aru is entitled to all the privileges that Sangeeta enjoys, as a daughter. "In fact, every month I put in an equal amount of money in the bank in their respective names."

here was our chance to do something for a homeless child. There are many and we can't provide for all, but we could certainly adopt one child. This way, our family would be complete and a child would get our love. Once this idea crystallised, we got in touch with an adoption centre and that's how Maria became ours. We went in for a four-year-old, because as we are both working, a small child would mean problems of baby sitting

There will be lots of problems... their son will feel threatened by the new baby and be jealous of all the attention given to her, but they feel it's still worth it.

MR. & Mrs. C are quite excited about the prospect of Maria's entry into their family. "All the legal formalities are over and we are fetching her home next month, when both my husband and I can get leave and help her settle down with us," says Mrs. C. What prompted them to adopt Maria, despite having their own son who is three years old? "Our son was born nearly seven years after our marriage, by which time we had begun to give up hopes of having one and started toying with the idea of adopting. The idea lingered on even after our son appeared. Both my husband and I felt that

and all that. We've told our son about Maria and he's counting the days."

Do they foresee any problems? "Of course there will be plenty. Our son will feel threatened. He will not like to share his toys, he will feel jealous of the attention we will be giving Maria... yes, there will be lots of problems. But we are confident about dealing with them sensibly. We will tell Maria about how she came into our family, when she is a little older," says Mr. C.

One adopted child died, but undaunted, they accepted another.

MARIA...looking forward to a new home.



EMBOLDENED by the step taken by Mr. and Mrs. C, Mr. and Mrs. S also went in for an adoptive child. They had three daughters and wanted a son. However, they went through a traumatic time when the adopted child died 10 days later. But they decided to adopt another one, and now he's a bonny year old — being treated no less than a prince, "as he's going to carry our name and business," says Mr. S proudly!

The barrier is not completely down. There is still a lingering fear. "That's because of films," says Ms. Nilima Mehta, an adop-

THEN NATURAL

tion social worker at the Family Service Centre. "The adoptive parents are afraid that some day the natural parent might come and claim the child or blackmail them with false claims. Our Hindi films have furthered this apprehension. Of course, this is possible in the case of adoptions done by unauthorised agencies. The licensed ones observe 100 per cent secrecy about the child's parenthood and there is no chance of the natural parent knowing the whereabouts of the child or vice versa.

"We also observe legal technicalities very strictly and no one has any claim over the adopted child, other than the adoptive parents. We make a very deep study about the family before handing over a child. We take into consideration the attitudes of the adoptive parents, their marital compatibility, their sibling's attitude to the adopted child and also the physical compatibility of the adopted child and its new family. As for any fear about heredity — we believe that environment makes all the difference. A child will bloom in an atmosphere of love and care and if he turns out to be delinquent later, it's a gamble one must expect, as one's natural born can also be the same if one is unlucky. Adopting a child is no more a hazard than giving birth to one, if done through proper channels," concluded Nilima Mehta.

After four daughters in a row, they decided to adopt a son.

"PLEASE don't disclose our identity. We are afraid that someone might later blackmail us," says Mrs. U. They have four daughters and have adopted a son. The little fellow has been with them for three years now, since he was just eight days old. "The girls just adore him and I think he's the most pampered little boy. Our relatives have also accepted him because of our own positive attitude towards adoption. We had a grand naming ceremony for him and a grander birthday! As for being partial, I think we are so more towards him than the children we've given birth to."

Chaya Srivatsa

Young and idealistic, they feel that giving the warmth and comfort of a home to an orphan would be their way of doing some social good.

HER name is Gargi. She is tiny for her three years and has enormous dark eyes in a dusky face. She held her father's hand and her two brothers flanked her. They looked beautiful together — Janakiraman (affectionately known as Nikoo), his attractive wife Bhavani and their three children. Two boys aged four and two and the little girl aged three — and if I had not been told that Gargi was an adopted child I would never have known! They were all so comfortably cosy together.

Of course I had to ask the question they had heard a million times before. "Why did you adopt Gargi? You had two kids, you could have had one more?"

"I have answered this many times," said Bhavani. "You see, basically we wanted a daughter, that is reason one. The second reason is that we have both had this streak of trying to do some social good — something worthwhile where we could help to make the life of at least one human being happy and comfortable. We had this room full of toys — my own cupboard brimming with dolls and a heart full of love — and we decided to pick up an orphan girl and

give her love and warmth and comfort."

They decided this about a year-and-a-half back when they were living in Madras. They did not straightaway try to adopt a child. On their posting to Delhi they 'lived' with the idea for six months — and then decided to go and get their girl. But it was easier said than done. "You don't know what hassles we had to face. Wherever we went there were long waiting lists. Mother Theresa's home for the orphans in Delhi did not even bother to reply. The Medical Institute was a little more encouraging. They promised us a little girl within two to three months," said Janakiraman. "This is only half the story," continued Bhavani. "We were way down in the priority list. Number one are the foreigners; number two are childless couples and we come third." Another problem they faced was having to make a will about jewellery and property in which one-third had to go to the child.

They waited patiently for their turn — but on a holiday trip to Madras they met a lady whom both Bhavani and Nikoo had known for many years. She had this little girl named Gargi —

intelligent and fairly well behaved. "That was the end of our search and Gargi joined us. But we became the most talked about couple. People came to us — relatives and friends warning us that we had taken a hasty step. They said we were young, why could we not have our own daughter?"

Anyway, all that is over now. Nikoo's parents have accepted the girl. Bhavani's mother was never against adoption.

But they had to face another trial, another battle — Gargi. For two months Gargi did nothing but cry. She moaned the whole night and she yelled through the day. "I tried everything," says Bhavani. She holds a Masters degree in Psychiatry and thought she could handle this but for two months nothing seemed to work. "Most probably it was the change of environment — the climate and the routine. Gargi hated baths, she hated being changed often. She did not like too much attention. But suddenly after two months she became normal and is now a happy child, as well adjusted as her brothers." Arjun the younger one and Gargi are really attached to each other. The elder one is jealous of them both, but very protective towards his sister.

"We both are not over protective," says Bhavani. "We want her to be normal and tough and independent."

"Would you tell her that she's adopted?" I asked them.

"Oh yes. We owe it to her. We love her too much to deny her that."

Pushpa Hans

GARGI...Playing happily with her two brothers.



ILLUMINATING



TRANS-O
DRESS MATERIALS
SHIRTINGS
ORKAY SILK MILLS PVT. LTD.
Bombay-400072

SEWA fights childbirth deaths

It is incredible that even today, women in rural India are dying due to complications in childbirth. This is mainly due to poverty, ignorance and negligence. The Self Employed Women's Association, which decided to rectify the situation in its own way, has met with remarkable success.

An experiment in helping rural women in the area of health has been successfully made by SEWA. Mrs. Ela R. Bhatt, general secretary of the Self Employed Women's Association, has started with a will to help the women in the rural areas where the incidence of death during or after the pregnancy is high.

In 1975 it became a matter of serious concern that of the 500 members of SEWA, 20 died in two years. Of these 20, 15 died of ailments related to childbirth. SEWA got worried about it and asked the Life Insurance Corporation to give monetary protection to these women, in vain. Frustrated in their attempts, they turned to their own resources. A simple scheme was evolved called the Maternity Benefit Scheme for members of SEWA.

The scheme laid down that when a member of SEWA became pregnant, she would voluntarily register herself during the fifth or sixth month for Rs. 15. The organiser of SEWA sees to it that the member gets prenatal care (including anti-tetanus injections) during pregnancy, meaning thereby that she goes for a regular check-up before a qualified doctor. The organiser also sees that she does not develop any complications. If there is any complication, efforts are made to get proper assistance for her. After delivery, the newborn baby is given necessary inoculation. On satisfying these conditions, i.e. prenatal care and immunisation, the member receives Rs. 51 as a cash benefit. The cash benefit is towards reimbursing the loss of income sustained during absence from work.

This was certainly the trade union concept. However, the women took the cash as 'gheena palsa' meaning assistance for ghee which is traditionally consumed by mothers after delivering a child. The reimbursement was considered as provision for 'extra nutrition' needed during the period of maternity. With more funds then, one kilo of ghee was provided in addition to the Rs. 51 to each member.

Amita Sarwal

The scheme came under criticism that this was encouraging the women to produce more children. Mrs. Bhatt says that the middle-class prejudices would not allow a woman to limit her family to two children. But there was a reason for this. It was discovered that there were very few women whose children had all survived their infancy, which is why the women were reluctant to go in for family planning. Whenever one talked of family planning, one heard the plea, "Let my last child grow to be at least five years old."

The feedback on the scheme was received after about two years. The members who had benefited by the scheme were heard advising other members to have their delivery done under the SEWA scheme, as their health had been well taken care of.

As the confidence of SEWA grew, the scheme was extended to agricultural workers of the Nalkantha area. A curious experience came their way. During one of the meetings an elderly woman of their village complained that their village had a 'curse'. The mothers went mad after delivery, their newborn babies got fits and either of the two died. SEWA workers met the village dai (midwife), old and weak, sitting near her 'chula' in her hutment, fumbling with vessels. While talking she showed them the sickle with which she cut the cord. No wonder, tetanus set in and took its toll!

Linked with the popular educational classes, the first programme taken up in rural areas in 1978 was that of training village dais. They were trained in Ahmedabad at the TLA Maternity Home. They soon returned with a kitbag to the village, they learnt to make use of soap, hot water and scissors sterilized over the open fire. This meant a revolution for all concerned. The status of the dai was now raised in the eyes of the village women too, who paid Rs. 2 for the assistance of the newly trained midwives.

The scheme which was primarily limited to the urban poor members has now been expanded to include the landless labourers of rural areas. The Bavla health centre provides the educational facilities. Six batches recently went to Bavla centre for one day to learn the do's and don'ts of pregnancy. They certainly learnt all about the hazards of tetanus and the advantages of immunisation.

So many prejudices and myths have been exploded by this experience. It was believed that rural women would not be ready to go for training outside their villages, but it was found that they enthusiastically left their homes to join classes.

The scheme made the SEWA richer in the sense that it gained the confidence of the members. The members themselves gained by attaining better health and by lessening the hazards of pregnancy.

SEWA is also alive to its shortcomings. The follow-up as yet is weak. The mothers survive but the infants are not safe. The infant mortality rate is still as high as 14 per cent. The infants seem to suffer heavily as the mothers resume work within a week or two after childbirth. A childcare centre is a must to help the mothers and infants.

Mrs. Bhatt says: "Our primary objective is the promotion of health care for mothers and infants. The main concern is the high mortality rate among these young women. Why should these poor young women die because of motherhood? Motherhood contributes to the continuity of the nation, so protection of mothers should be the responsibility of the nation, not the personal and sole responsibility of the mother."





GOOD HOUSE KEEPING

With the
Do-it-yourself
multipurpose cleaner

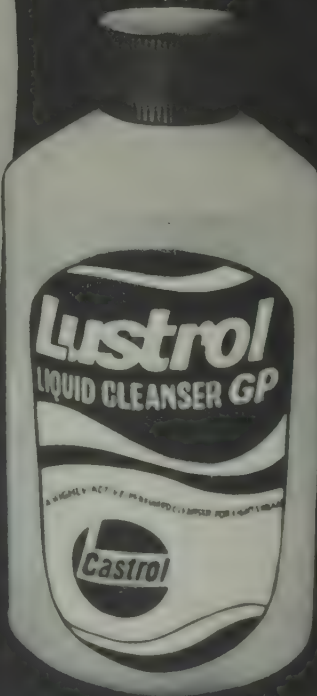
Lustrol

LIQUID CLEANSER GP

Just one to two teaspoons of LUSTROL G.P. Cleanser in water for cleaning is sufficient.



**IN
FIVE LITRE
AND
ONE LITRE
CONTAINERS**



Good house keeping speaks for itself. Your floors, carpets, furniture, utensils—all reflect your personality. And there needn't be any drudgery about cleaning them all. You have Lustrol. The fragrant foaming multi-purpose cleanser. It's handy & economical. Works in a jiffy. No sweat! With Lustrol you never miss. Not even that speck!

AVAILABLE AT ALL
LEADING STORES



CASTROL LIMITED

Bombay Calcutta Madras New Delhi

FASHION TAKE-OFF '81

Seven lovely models, along with two handsome males, take the stage today (April 22) for a grand Fashion Show at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay.

Presented by the famous **Jeannie Naoroji Enterprises** and also directed and choreographed by Jeannie, the Fashion Show, sponsored by **Morarjee Mills, Simplex Mills** and **VIP Luggage** will take off at **Eve's Weekly's** prestigious Miss India for Miss International and Miss Young India for Miss Young International Contests, in association with **Blow Plast Ltd.**, makers of VIP Luggage.

With the inimitable Keith Stevenson as Compere and with Sound and Music by Sarosh Bhabha, this Fashion bonanza will be a feast for the eyes — and the ears (the audio-visual being especially compiled by Nadirsh Naoroji and Vikram Sardesai).

Other credits for the Show include Sets and Lights by Gautam Joshi of INT; Set Design by Ratan Batliboi and Shubhankar Sanyal; Production Management by Rasna Behl, Husseina Kajiji and Nadina Naoroji.

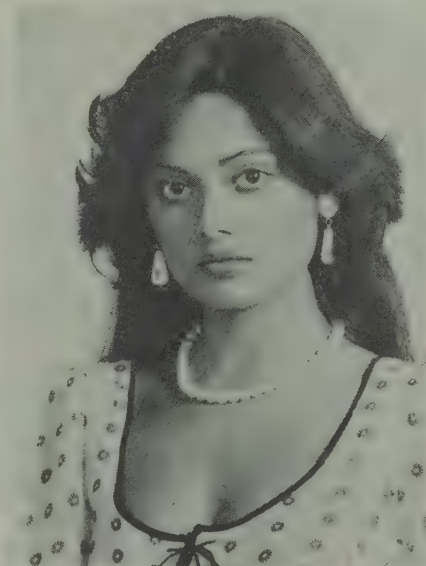
Yes, a Fashion Show to remember!



Shyamoli Verma



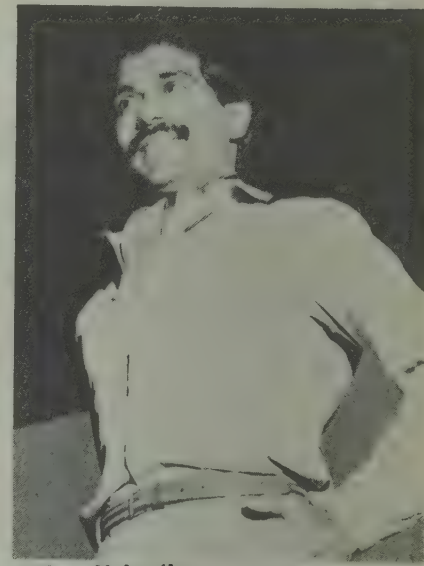
Farida Pedder



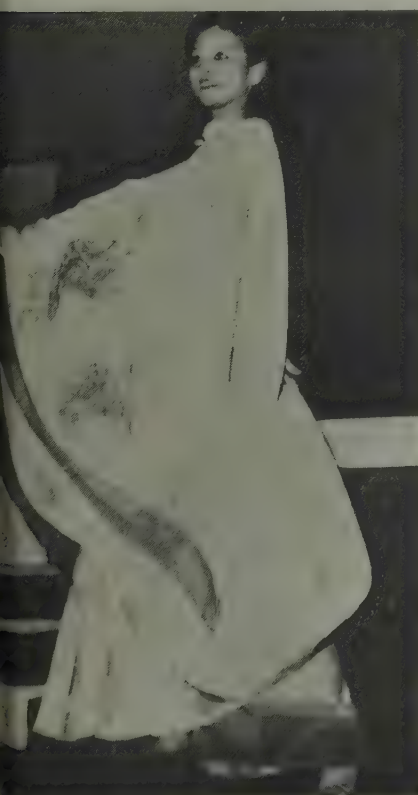
Anita Reddi



Kavita Sahni



Vilas Kalgutkar



Sharmila Roychowdhury



Rachita Kumar



Mahesh Anand

LEFT: Mala Raisinghani

Wounds come in all shapes and sizes So do BAND-AID Dressings



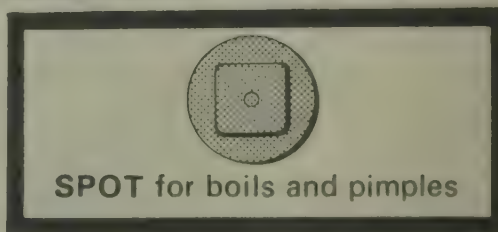
STANDARD STRIP
for cuts and grazes



GIANT STRIP
for larger wounds



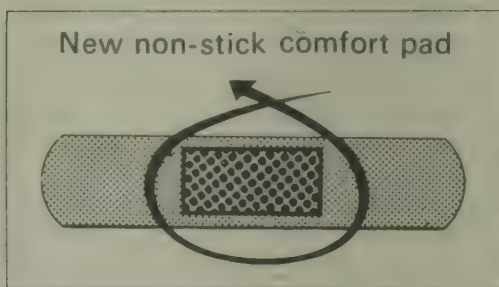
PATCH
for hard-to-bandage places



SPOT for boils and pimples

Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



New non-stick comfort pad

Each BAND-AID Dressing has

- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
- a proven antiseptic that helps to mend broken skin
- tiny pores that let in air to speed up healing.

Protect against infection

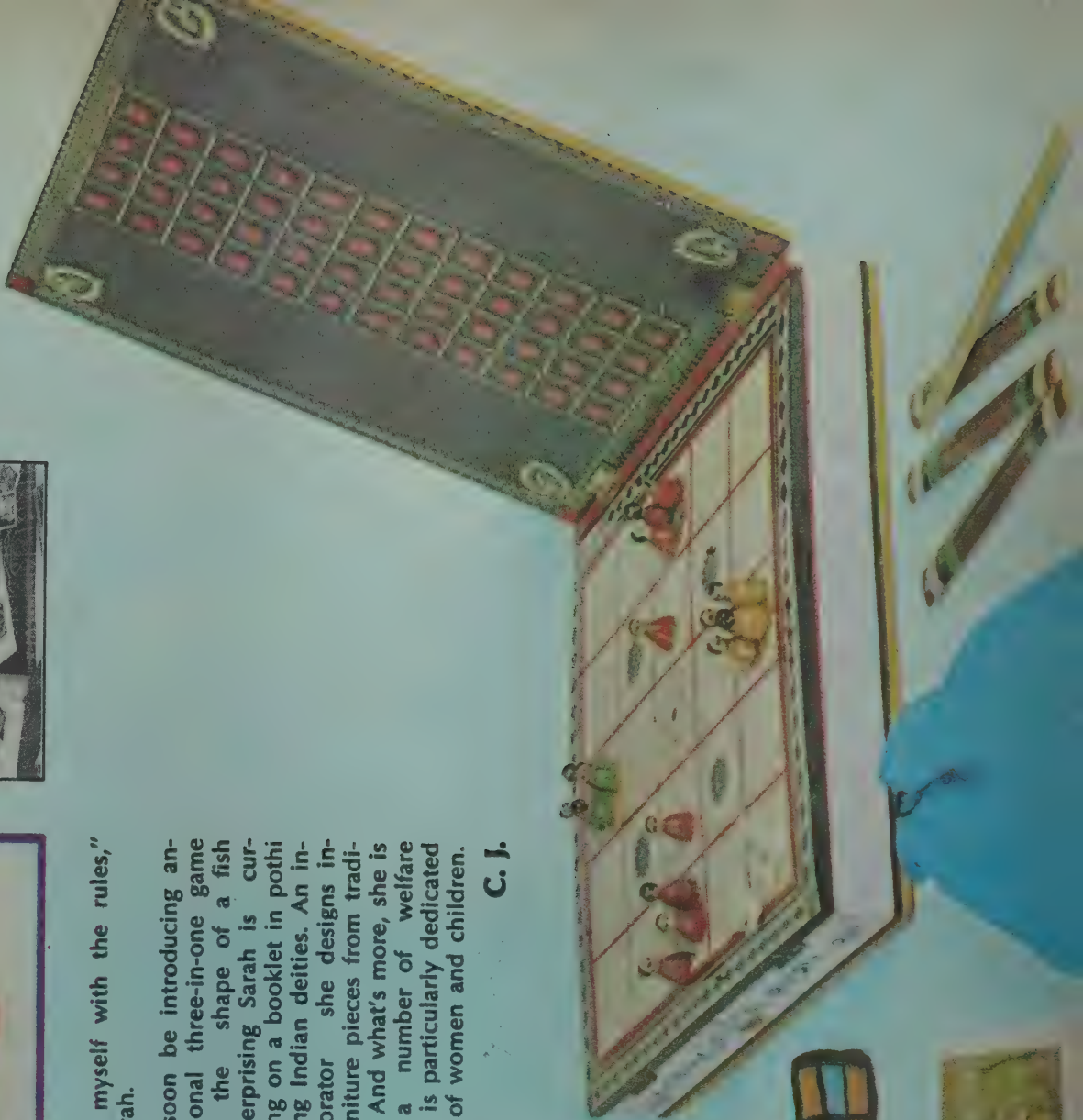
with **BAND-AID** BRAND Dressings



BAND-AID AND JOHNSON & JOHNSON ARE TRADEMARKS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON USA © J&J '79

Johnson & Johnson

REVIVING ANCIENT GAMES



Ludo, Snakes and Ladders and others — games of chance and strategy — have a perennial appeal. They have been popular since ancient times in some form or the other. And Sarah Kasturi Chandy, a talented housewife from Bombay, is so fascinated by such games that she makes frequent trips to villages and recreational centres, in order to revive them.

She came across Paramapadam, Tabal and old versions of Ludo in several places. These combined with

Pacisi, a game played by the Panchakrida, have been imaginatively presented by her in a five-in-one package "Panchakrida" (shown below). This hand-crafted lacquered box comprises five game-boards, colourful pawns in wood and metal dice packed in individual batuas, and complete instructions.

"I saw people playing these games in villages, in noisy market places... with seeds, pieces of stones and sticks, cowrie shells, conventional dice, and joined them

to acquaint myself with the rules," revealed Sarah.

She will soon be introducing another traditional three-in-one game designed in the shape of a fish (above). Enterprising Sarah is currently working on a booklet in pothi form featuring Indian deities. An interior decorator she designs interesting furniture pieces from traditional items. And what's more, she is involved in a number of welfare projects and is particularly dedicated to the cause of women and children.

C. J.



DANDRUFF

is a **MEDICAL** problem.

Seldan
is the **MEDICAL** answer.
Seldan

PROOF?
Medical
books*
have it.
Doctors
rely on it.

Selenium Sulfide
lotion, U.S.P. —
the most widely used,
medically proven
dandruff treatment
in the world.

Change to
Seldan —
the **SUREST**
medical
treatment
for dandruff.

**With leading
Chemists**

- * United States Pharmacopoeia XIX
- * National Formulary U.S.A. XIV
- * British Pharmaceutical Codex

NOW MICRONISED



**FREE
BOOKLET
'Dandruff
& its
Management'**

Write to:
Medical Dept.,
MOUNT METTUR
Pharmaceuticals Limited,
Thiruvanniyur,
MADRAS 600 041



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

Doesn't anybody want to remain young any more? Is youthfulness going out of fashion? Has the era of youth come to an end? Is the age-old adage of "old is gold" finally coming into its own?

Looks like it, anyway, because nobody seems to want to talk and dress young, except those who are well past their prime, and then what's the use, for they cannot get back their youth, can they? But what puzzles me is that young people, who should be enjoying this peak period of their life are frittering it away in their pursuit of growing up fast.

Take looking young, for instance. When I was well into my teens, I was still loth to give up wearing frocks and start wearing "decent" dresses, but nowadays little girls who have not even got out of school yet, sport trendy chooridars and what is more,

sarees! The accent in clothes appears to be on sophisticated, sexy creations which any very young person shouldn't even be seen dead in. At a recent party, I was shocked to know that the girl whom I had been talking to for the better part of an hour, who wore a strapless gown, dangling ear-rings and oodles of make-up on her face, was none other than my school-going sister's classmate!

Looks aside, the people of the younger generation also talk and act big. Planes, cars and motorbikes for the boys, and dolls, dresses and dates for the girls, ideal topics of conversation in the good old days, seem to have given way to shares, jobs and money

YOUTH: going, going, gone!

for the boys and Women's liberation talk for the girls.

Young people today seem to know everything there is to know on politics, religion, social activities, who's who and what's what, and one really misses that open-mouthed youngster who used to listen to what was happening in the world outside in wonder, trying to absorb everything around him. The present-day youths do not need to learn, apparently, because they talk as if they know everything and even if they don't, make a

great pretence of knowing and aren't prepared to listen, anyway.

Behaviour? My God, you should see the young people acting like grownups. Their expressions, their mannerisms, their gesticulations, their movements are carefully studied to look like their parents' or their older sister's or brother's or a favourite idol in the film or sports world. Spontaneity, so much a characteristic of youth seems to have been left behind somewhere in this quest for acquiring age. Casual movements, unaffected laughter, the "face that is an open book" are stifled under the veneer of maturity and sophistication, which young people wear with such aplomb. The girl who laughed out loud and clear at your joke and the guy who forthrightly told you he didn't approve of your dog live no more.

Youth is a period of learning — the hard way, of experimenting, of absorbing, of dreaming. What are young people doing spouting words of wisdom and sporting clothes which look like their father's/mother's? Youthfulness is a heady but elusive quality which deserves to be treated with care and love or else it'll be too late, and all that these young people will be able to do is think wishfully of all the things they could and should have done when they were still young.

So put on your jeans, take off that wise expression from your face and let your hair down literally. Start living and stop existing, by living young. Long live youth!

Beenu Sethi

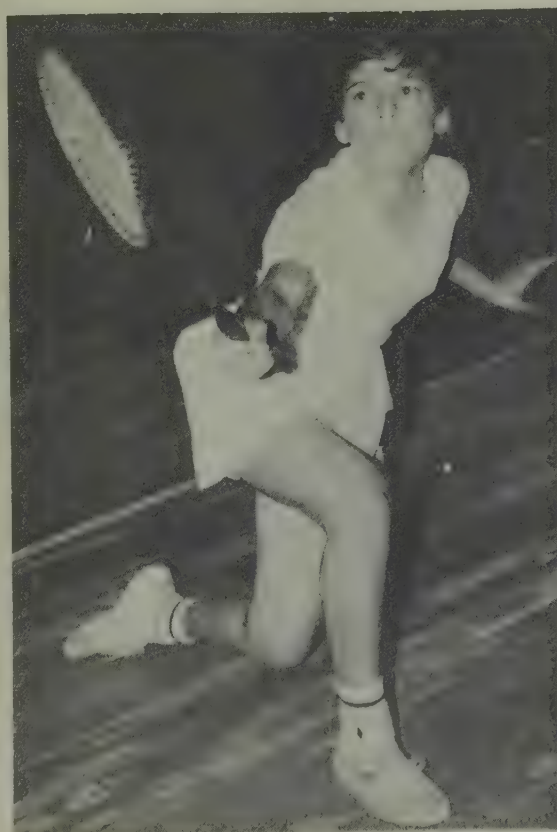
NAMRATA PHADNIS:

THE SHY SHUTTLE

It is amazing just how apt a name can turn out to be. "Namrata" in the vernacular stands for humility, tinged perhaps with shyness. It could be a description that fits Namrata Phadnis like a glove. She had to be literally drawn out to talk a little about herself. But when asked what her ambition was, the answer came out softly, but without a falter, "To beat Ami Chia." That was 15-year-old Namrata, aspiring to lower the colours of the 24-year-old six-times national badminton queen of India.

Daughter of a senior manager of the State Bank of India, Namrata was born in 1965, on the 30th of June ("Our half-yearly closing of accounts!" reminisces the bankman). Very sound academically, with great proficiency in science and mathematics, the girl first picked up a badminton racket in December 1977 in Kolhapur, mainly to give company to her parents, who were moderate enthusiasts of the game.

Namrata has come a long way from those days when she played with a wooden racket, costing less than ten rupees, and in a marriage hall fitted with four lights and marked out as a part-time badminton court! She took to the game seriously after the family came to Bombay with the banker's next post-



ing. Early 1979 saw her being taken in hand by the Railways coach, Shankar Damle.

She developed further under the guidance of that wily veteran coach, Homi Talyarkhan, and hit prominence in the Maharashtra State championships at Nanded in late 1979, when she reached the semi-finals of the sub-junior girls' singles. Having already represented Bombay as a subjunior that year, she went one step further with her selection on the Bombay district team in the under-18 section last year. She had the distinction of reaching the finals of the junior girls at Nagpur in partnership with Madhav Apte's daughter, Janhavi.

This year has started on a promising note for her. She played in the zonal majors at Kota and Udiapur; and reached both finals in the juniors section, losing to the India No. 3 junior, Swati Patel of Gujarat. Since December, she has been a "regular" at the Hindu Gymkhana, where she has been imbibing the finer points of the game from Kaushal Kumar Cheema.

Namrata has her sights trained on the national crown. And she is working hard towards her goal. Roadwork and weight training every single day, plus her evening practice, are a must for her, and leave her little time for her other hobbies — sketching, swimming and learning languages.

Shirish Nadkarni



WILD CHERRY
FOR NORMAL HAIR

ALOE VERA + PROTEIN
FOR UNDERNOURISHED HAIR

ROSEMARY
FOR DANDY

I was sipping my coffee when I first saw her, her hair smooth and soft, the sun making it look like strands of gold.

All I remember is that I watched her for long, long time.

And when I sipped my coffee again, it was cold.



Naturelle Herbal Shampoo.
The natural way to naturally healthy beautiful hair.

The herbs in Naturelle shampoo are nature's own formula for your hair.

Its pure, gentle goodness nourishes your hair, making it soft, silky and smooth.

Remember Naturelle herbal shampoo. So that people will remember your hair.



Naturelle

THERE was a blur of black and white, white and black, as the sunlight caught the mirror on the stand and reached out towards her. Kamakshi blinked, and then, as the colours skidded into position, she noticed that the floor was like the chess board she had once had as a girl.

"Ayyo...ayyayoi! The dolls are after me! Hundreds and hundreds of them, with their heads cut off. There's blood everywhere. Oh, the blood...the blood!" that was Lingamma, as usual, from Ward No. 4, but her voice sounded faint and muffled.

Kamakshi looked around her vaguely. The walls were stark white and quite bare except for a faded print of Krishna playing the flute. And then, all of a sudden, she realised that she was in Matron's private room.

Sister Angela, who had walked in ahead of her was at the window now.

"What a lovely day to be going home," she smiled.

Beyond the railing that marked off the male wards, Kamakshi spied an old man, sitting with his head clasped in his hands, sobbing quietly to himself.

"Yes," mumbled Kamakshi, trying not to stare at the man outside. There was a hard lump in her throat.

"Shall I do your hair today?" Sister Angela cut in softly, "You must be so very excited, my dear. I mean, you've been with us for ten...no, let me see... twelve years now," the voice rippled on and on.

"Oh!" Had it really been that long?

"They'll be here soon to take you home," Sister had started plaiting her hair, although Kamakshi really didn't need any help. Not now.

"My husband...is he...?" Kamakshi came to life for the first time, and then her voice trailed away.

"Your father will be here now," Sister Angela was a shade too hearty, "Look, dear, here's a lovely welcome home present for you."

It was a red silk sari with mustard motifs.

Kamakshi did not speak. Why did she feel this inexplicable twinge of disquiet, this dichotomy of reactions? Something was wrong. But what?

From the dim, scalding shadows of the past, she heard the strident voice of her mother-in-law, churning on and on, need-

ling her with an insistence she had no way of stopping.

"I'm going home," Kamakshi told herself and the words clicked ponderously in her head and filled her with a curious sense of dislocation and dread.

"And here's the blouse. Just the right shade, don't you think?" purred Sister Angela.

Kamakshi fingered the sari with cold, numb fingers. Had Ramani sent it? "Did my husband..."

sequel

Veena Seshadri

Some sixth sense told her what the answer would be and she could not bear to hear it. "Oh, it doesn't matter," she nodded vaguely. Sister Angela led her down the long sun splashed corridor to Matron's office.

Her father was there, (had he always looked so tired and drawn? she wondered) clutching a plastic bag with ragged handles. Where was her husband?

"Hasn't Ramani come?" Kamakshi felt empty, depleted, "Where's my little Manju?"

Her father glanced away, his face pinched and anxious. "He...he's away. On tour," the words were jerky, "You're coming home with me."

"Oh." Ramani was away. Nothing else was real; nothing else mattered.

The pavements were spilling over with people. Nameless faces muttered and grumbled down her back; anonymous shoulders jostled her. And the wind sharpened, chivying the torn posters that bobbed in the gutter.

At last, the bus lurched towards them. People. Millions and millions of them — shuffling, dragging, jostling, treading determinedly on each other's feet. They clawed and tore at the cocoon Kamakshi had spun around her during those twelve grey, cloistered years at the hospital, and jarred on her awareness like the vibrations of some monstrous drill. Soon, the surging shapes moved forward and swept her along with them into the bus. They rumbled past the old familiar sights, through the cobbled by-lanes clotted with decaying garbage, and then on to the main road with its scarves of dust.



And then suddenly, Kamakshi was home.

Her little girl was sucking sugarcane on the doorstep.

"Manju!" Kamakshi reached out towards her, her arms trembling in anticipation.

There was no response.

"Darling!" The girl shied away with a sob.

And then, suddenly her mother-in-law was standing before her, arms akimbo, her eyes hard and unyielding.

"Oh ho!" her craggy face was alive with malice, "Look who's here!"

"I want to see my husband."

Her mother-in-law laughed, clapping her bony fingers to her lips. "If you're speaking of Ra-

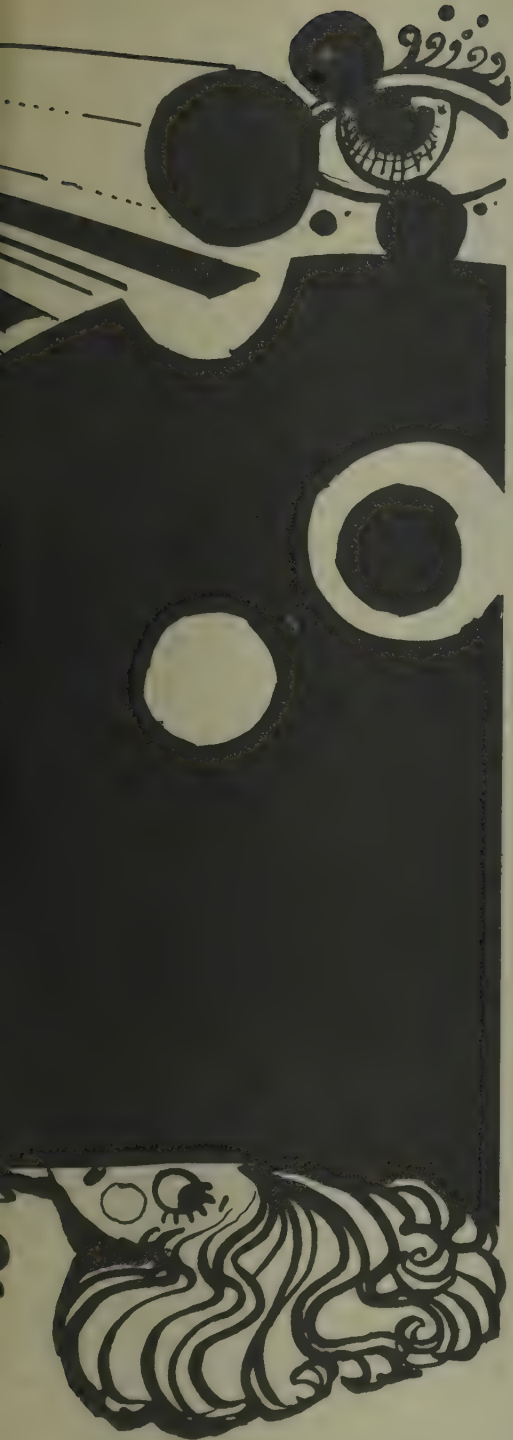
mani, he's no longer your husband. This is his wife," she said, pointing to the younger woman who had come up behind her.

"No!" Kamakshi gripped the door to steady herself. Rings of darkness skidded before her eyes.

"Oh yes! It's true," the old woman's voice went on inexorably, "and don't you try to make any trouble for us. I won't have it, do you hear me?"

"I want to see my husband... and my little girl. Manju!" Kamakshi called out faintly.

"There! I knew it! I knew it all the time. And they tried to pretend that you were cured!" her mother-in-law crowed exultantly, "Manju doesn't exist, do you understand? She's only a



But she found that her mind had grown vague and fuzzy on the very threshold of comprehension.

And then her father was there, breathless and agitated, his dhoti flapping untidily around his ankles. "Kamakshi, I told you that you were to come home with me. What made you get off at this stop? The bus was around the corner before I realised what had happened. Come with me. I'll explain everything later."

She did not move.

At the far end of the house, Ramani had emerged from the bathroom with a damp towel wrapped around his hips. For one moment, he gazed, nonplussed, at Kamakshi, and then, turned to her father, "Well?" his eyebrows were puckered with displeasure.

"Come away, Kamakshi," there was a break in her father's voice.

HER MIND WAS SURPRISINGLY LUCID AND SHE FELT NO GUILT WHEN SHE CONSIDERED HER DECISION. SOMEONE, A STRANGER, NEEDED HER. EVERYTHING ELSE WAS IMMATERIAL

Kamakshi glanced at her husband; her lips quivered. How handsome he looked!

But there was no tenderness in his expression, only a relentless impatience to be rid of her, to tuck away the spiralling embarrassment of her visit in some shuttered, never-to-be exhumed niche of his mind.

Twelve years. Was it long enough for him to forget that she had ever lain in the folds of his body?

Ramani was drumming his fingers irritably on the door frame.

"Let's go, appa," Kamakshi was very calm now.

She had never had a child, they said; now she had no husband. She was no one, she thought, just nothing at all.

And then the days had grown longer, and Kamakshi knew that they were watching her, covertly, all the time, her mother and her sisters. And with a random phrase here and a half spoken word there, they carelessly yanked aside the identity she was struggling to salvage from the stark blackness that engulfed her, wanting constant reassurance that whatever aberration had possessed her had been exorcised.

Kamakshi had been rather unwell that Friday afternoon. It had been a hot, stifling day without a whisper of breeze. The house had been swept and mop-

ped and then mopped all over again. Beyond the front door, Kamakshi's mother was bending over and dabbing a red border around a large intricate rangoli. Kamakshi had been told that someone was coming to "see" Girija, her younger sister.

"Kamakshi," her mother called out, "Make some pakodas and barfis. I'll come and collect them when the guests arrive. And stay put in the kitchen, will you? That way, we'll be spared a lot of awkward questions. After all, we must give your sister a chance..." her mother's voice trailed off, full of hidden meanings. Kamakshi had never been a favourite of hers. Of course, the girl was one of the family, but a mother had to think of her other children as well. She was prepared to stand by her and do her duty, but she often wished Kamakshi had remained at the hospital until Girija was safely married.

giant stopper in her brain, and unloosed all the strange, dark shadows she had so far held in check. Like someone in a trance, she glided into the living room and placed a half filled mug of coffee on the table near the "boy", then paused, gazing blankly at the frozen faces around her.

The doorway had disappeared and the walls were growing closer and hemming her in. She could not move. Her hair straggled over her perspiring forehead. And as Kamakshi opened her mouth to scream she felt clammy fingers bite into her arm, as her mother hustled her out of the room.

"I didn't mean to do it; you must believe me," Kamakshi pleaded over and over again. Outraged, hostile, they had banded together against her, all except her father and he had faded away to the temple. The boy's

"Now, remember what I've told you," she looked impatiently at the bowed head of her daughter.

"Yes, amma," Kamakshi went to the kitchen with every intention of obeying her mother.

She made the eats and put out the trays and the tumblers and the plates, and then sat fanning herself with the end of her pallu as she waited for her mother to come and collect the things. The guests had arrived; for she could hear the murmur of voices from the other room.

A window shutter rattled loose and Kamakshi reached out to fasten it. Outside, in the deserted cul-de-sac, a boy and a girl were walking arm in arm, oblivious of everything around them — the pigs rooting among the garbage, the stench of drains the runnels of sewer water across the lane — nothing seemed to touch their world of enchantment.

Kamakshi's fingers tightened around the latch. Her lips trembled.

"Ramani! Ramani!" Her knuckles whitened and her nails bit into her palm as she strained against the cold hardness of the window bars.

Something stopped functioning within her and her mind grew confused. It was as if someone had wrenched free a

people had dropped the proposal fast enough. "And who can blame them," those hard, shrill voices clawed at everything that was vulnerable and raw within her.

"Oh God! If only I could get a job...go away somewhere, far, far away..." The dust motes clouded the shaft of sunlight that poured in through the window. But who would give the likes of her a job? Kamakshi sighed and scrubbed the kitchen floor harder.

Other "boys" came and "saw" Girija, and Kamakshi cooked and washed and stayed well away from them all, in the kitchen.

Even her mother had almost forgiven her. And perhaps, things would never have come to a head if her sister, Sumathi's baby had not died.

"Diphtheria," diagnosed the doctor.

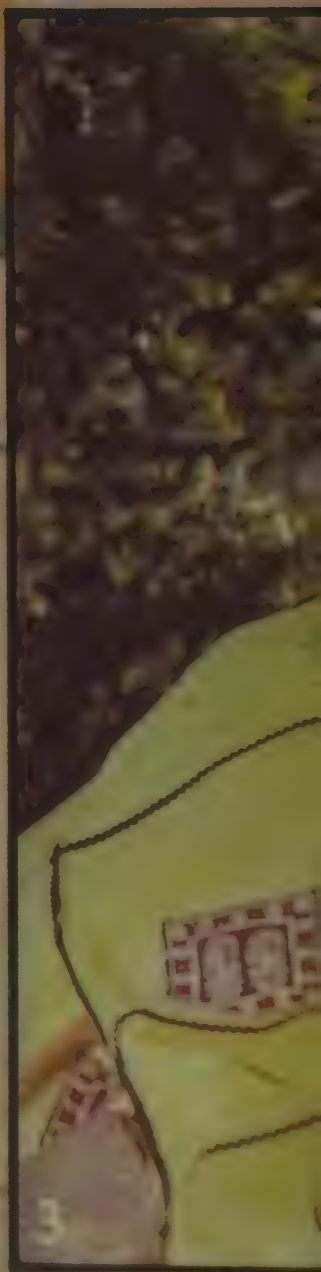
But everyone else knew better. Knowingly or unknowingly, Kamakshi had cast an evil eye on the child. And that was that! Whispers and glances eddied around her, bore into her and rent apart the twilight existence she had pieced together for herself. At the funeral, Sumathi's sister-in-law had clutched her neighbour's arm and sobbed, "Have you ever heard of such a

Continued on page 58



Cool - Casual - Chic!

Young lasses, women young and old, delight in compliments and appreciative glances coming their way when spotted elegantly spruced and well-dressed. There never seems to be a dearth of enchanting apparel and ingenious designs from the fashion world of NASEEM and REHANA FAKIH of High Style Creation. They cater specially to the whims and fancies of the jet-set fashion conscious youngsters. The rage today seems to be the casual yet the chic, the serene and yet the formal modes and styles of dressing for the busy, career-oriented housewife or little damsels.





1: A simple eye-catching dress in pink has waist length tucks, magyar sleeves and is cinched at the waist with a broad, embroidered cummerbund.

2: The layered look takes on a new dimension with this over-jacket and matching slim fit, centre pleated skirt in white. Can be worn without the jacket for a more casual look.

3: Appliqued elegance — a green organdy saree with applied patches accentuates the pallav edge. The patches are set apart with a contrast coloured rick-rack.

4: Two of the new styled midis — both for young and old. They make fashion sense in a smart waistcoat in contrast polka dots or stripes. Note the wide belt that give a pretty line to the figure.

Photographs : Talveb Badshah

An exhibition-cum-sale of these mod styles, applied sarees and exclusive children's wear will be held at Cymroza Art Gallery, Bombay, on April 27, 28, 29, 1981.

**Beauty
is skin deep.**

Figurette

**Health Aids
give it the healthy
youthful glow.**

PRINCESS FACIAL SAUNA

For a smooth, radiant, youthful complexion. Tones up tired facial muscles. Ideal for medicated inhalation. Thermostat controlled heater. And also available Standard Facial Sauna



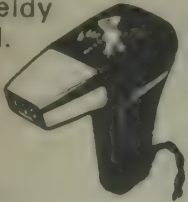
VIBRA MASSAGE

No masseur necessary. You can relax in the privacy of your own home.



HAIR-DRYER

Dries wet hair in a jiffy. No need to rub an unwieldy towel.



SWING TRIMMER
Strengthens the hips, thighs, calves & ankles. Sheds the extra pound away. Also available wooden trimmer.



MECHANICAL CYCLE

Now cycle right in your own bedroom. Ideal way to exercise the abdomen, thighs legs and arms.



SPOT REDUCER (FARADIC MASSAGE UNIT)

A revolutionary electro-therapy and passive slimming. Medically accepted to correct flabby muscles. Those muscles that have lost elasticity and have become stretched due to pregnancy or old age.



HEALTH LAMP

For the first time in India, a two-in-one ultraviolet & infra-red lamp. Helps natural resistance against colds and infections and relieves sprain or pain in the muscles.



*Also available
Figurette Health Equipments.*

Write to :

Figurette PVT. LTD.

75, Nehru Road, Airport, Behind Centaur Hotel
Vile Parle (East), Bombay 400 099.
Tel: 571378/9

Impressions-665

Razor? No, never!



Cream hair away the lovely Anne French way

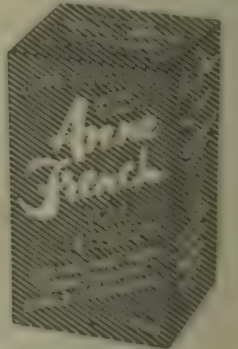
Why should you use a razor and get a rough scratchy stubble? It's so ugly. The razor cuts hair above the skin surface so you're left with a manly stubble—even nicks and cuts!

What you need is gentle Anne French Hair Remover. It works deep down where no razor can reach and dissolves hair from below the skin surface. And it's so easy to use. Just apply it. Wait a while...and wipe it off along with unwanted hair. And there you are with silky-smooth arms and legs for weeks.



Anne French

HAIR REMOVER
Floral and Lemon-scented



for silky - smooth arms and legs

234 HR-252

Licensed User of TM Geoffrey Manners & Co. Ltd



REMEDY FOR DRY SKIN

I am very fond of swimming and sun bathing. But my skin tends to dry after a swim. Any remedy?

My other problem is that I have scanty eyebrows? Can they grow thicker with the use of coconut oil?

A.M. (Bombay)

You should treat your skin to a good lubricant to prevent it from the drying effects of sun

and water. Before you go for a swim, apply a rich skin cream all over the exposed parts of your body.

For extra protection, smooth a little cream on your face, shoulders, hands and feet after a swim.

At night before you retire apply the cream again. Let it set for a minute and wipe excess with a tissue leaving a thin film on. This will restore oils and moisture to your skin.

I don't think coconut oil will help the growth of your eyebrows. They can be made to look thicker by using an eyebrow pencil. Don't draw a hard straight line as this will look unnatural, but use light, short, feathery strokes to define the shape of your brows.

CORRECT APPLICATION OF LIPSTICK

I am a college-going girl and have just started using lipstick. Somehow or the other I am not happy with the result. Can you tell me the correct way of applying it?

R.T. (Hyderabad)

You should use a lip pencil or a lip brush to get a definite outline. Starting from the upper lip, outline the lip from centre to

corners. Do the same with the lower lip. Then fill in colour either with a lip brush or a lipstick. Let the colour set for a minute, then blot gently with a tissue paper to remove excess.

TRY THESE EXERCISES

My hips are heavy, please suggest some exercises to reduce them. Also my hands become sticky during the summer months. What should I do to prevent this?

F.K. (Delhi)

Try these exercises and do them regularly for a couple of months.

1. Lie on back on floor with legs bent and arms out straight. Without lifting arms and shoulders from the floor, twist hips from side to side, touching knees to floor. Roll back and forth about ten times.

2. Lie on floor on your stomach with hands folded under chin, feet together. Lift right leg as high as you can without bending your knee, hold this position for a count of ten. Lower leg. Repeat with the left leg. Do for ten minutes.

An anti-perspirant will help prevent stickiness and keep your hands cool. You could also stroke chilled cologne on your hands.

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

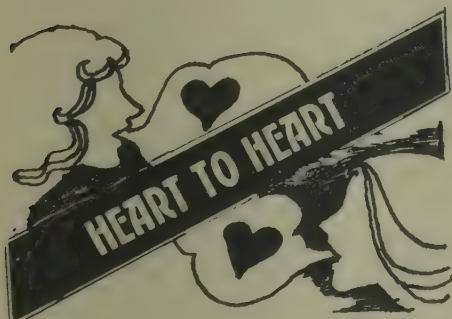
SHE BITES HER NAILS

My daughter is 15. She is in the habit of biting her nails which give an ugly appearance. All my admonitions have proved futile. Please help me with your suggestions.

E.H. (Chandigarh)

Reprimanding your daughter will not help — you have to tackle her gently. Boost her ego by telling her that she has pretty hands and how attractive they will look if she gives up the habit of nail biting. Once she stops this and her nails grow, paint them with a light nail polish to show her how beautiful they look.

USE A GOOD LUBRICANT



Confide your personal problems to Mrs. Kamlesh Nischol, c/o Eve's Weekly. Mrs. Nischol is a leading psychologist and marriage counsellor and will answer your queries every fortnight.

HE IS SHY

I am a young girl of 19 years who is in love with a boy from my neighbourhood. He is very shy and has never professed any feelings for me. What should I do to develop this relationship into a more close and intimate one?

Generally emotional maturity comes earlier to girls as compared to boys. Other than the fact that your friend is shy, there also could be a possibility that he

may not be in love with you. Intimate relationships are not developed by one-sided efforts. Feelings have to be reciprocated before a deep and lasting relationship can be formed. I suggest that you wait and see whether this boy shows his affection for you before you take any step.

LEAVE HIM ALONE

I am a young girl who has been in love with a boy for past five years. Earlier he told me that he loved me but now he says that he neither loves me nor intends to marry me. I feel that he still loves me but for some reason is letting me down. I have tried forgetting him but in vain.

Very often love is confused with infatuation. If this boy was really concerned about you, he would have certainly given you some reason for letting you down.

Perhaps, for your own consolation, you are rationalizing on his behalf. I suggest that you face reality and accept the fact that your friendship was not deep

enough to be lasting. If your friend desires to terminate the friendship, you should not pursue him. I suggest that you involve yourself in some recreational activities.

NO NEED TO TALK ABOUT THIS

I am a girl of 18 studying in college. At the age of 12 years, I indulged in necking and petting with my cousin. Now I am engaged to another boy. Do you think I should tell my future husband about this? Kindly advise.

At the age of 12 years, girls generally attain puberty when

for you to mention this to your future husband.

HEART-BROKEN WIFE

I am a simple housewife and a mother. Lately I discovered that my husband was having an affair with a married woman who was a friend of mine. She is very sophisticated. Whenever I talk to him on this subject, he becomes violent. I am heart-broken and want to commit suicide but cannot do so because of my children. I want to free him from the clutches of this woman.

I fully understand your agony. However, it is not uncommon that married men get attracted towards women who are apparently more sophisticated than their wives.

Don't be heart-broken or attempt suicide as this is no solution to your problem. I suggest that you adopt a nonchalant attitude — avoid nagging your husband or maligning the other woman and involve yourself in your work and children. After the illusion of romance wears off, he will leave her and come back to you.

ONE-SIDED LOVE

The sex urges are easily aroused. Although physically they are on the verge of attaining womanhood, they are mentally immature and therefore are unaware of the consequences of their actions. As such, I presume that you have had no emotional involvement with your cousin. In my view, there is no necessity

ARVENE—polyester and
... A sensational range
... materials,
... all soft
... to touch.

ARVENE—Arvind Mills'
... of 67% to 100%
polyester fabrics.

for Arvind Mills'
... polyester
... name

Arvene

Arvind **MAKES THE POLYESTER SCENE**



... NORTH RAM DI HATTI, Katra Jaimalsingh, Amritsar. SETH CLOTH HOUSE, 1st Bridge, Srinagar. KISHAN LAL & SONS, Sadar Bazar, De
... SHI EMPORIUM, Main Bazar, Gandhi Nagar, Delhi. JOHARMAL AMARLAL, Tripolia Bazar, Jodhpur. ASKARAN BANTHIA, Labhuni ka Katia, Bikan
... S. MOHAMEDALLY, Tower House, Calcutta. CHANDULAL DURGAPRASAD, Ashok Rajpath, Bankipore, Patna. WEST RAHUL, Variety Squ
... Nagar. BABUBHAI JAGJIVANDAS, Prarthna Samaj & Dadar TT, Bombay. SUKHRISH COLOMBO STORES, Carnac Road, Bombay. BHAGW
... CE CENTRE, King's Cole & Santacruz, Bombay. SHAGUN, Laxmi Road, Pune. SOUTH MYSORE STORES, Beigum Gali, Hubli. NALLI CHEN
... Y DRETTA, Panaji Park, T. Nagar, Madras. MADHARSHIA 1, 2, 128, Purasawalkam High Road, Madras. V. K. R. SHOWROOM, 234, Oosthara, Sr
... ... H. M. ... A. ... BROS., East Chitani Street, Madras. ...

MEATY FLAVOURS

Mrs. Daya Shahani, wife of the proprietor of the highly successful Shalimar Meats, is quite an authority on the culinary art herself.

A Bombay girl with a B.A. in English, Daya enjoys doing everyday cooking — but with a difference.

She rarely repeats a dish!

Her repertoire runs the gourmet gamut from an unusual Italian or Chinese dish to South Indian and Mughlai specialities.

Her party menu, of course, includes a delicious sampling of Shalimar meats. An interesting point to note is that before any new meat product is launched, Daya tries it out in various recipes before she gives the go-ahead.



TENGDI KABABS

- 3 packets chicken legs
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup curds
- Salt to taste
- Pepper to taste
- 1 tsp. ginger and garlic paste
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- Oil

Clean and wash the chicken legs. Pat dry and cut slits. Marinate in a mixture of curds, ginger — garlic paste, salt, pepper and lemon juice. Allow to stand in the marinade for a few hours.

Now pre-heat the oven and put the chicken legs to cook for about one hour. Keep rubbing with oil on either side from time to time. When done, remove and serve sprinkled with garam masala.

EXTRA TENDER BEEF

- 1 kg beef, cubed
- 1 tsp. garlic and ginger paste
- Salt to taste
- 4 bay leaves
- 15 peppercorns
- 2 pieces cinnamon

- 6 to 8 cloves
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 4 tsps. coriander powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper powder

Clean and wash the beef. Rub with ginger-garlic paste and salt. Put the beef along with the whole spices and allow to cook until soft in its own juice. When cooked, remove and deep fry the beef keeping the extra liquid if any, aside. Put the fried beef in a tight saucepan and sprinkle with garam masala, coriander powder and pepper and a little

of the leftover liquid. Now steam for ten to fifteen minutes and serve sprinkled with coriander and lemon juice.

MASALA ROAST LEG OF MUTTON

- 1 to $\frac{3}{4}$ kg mutton leg (whole)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup curds
- Salt to taste
- Oil as required
- 4 bay leaves
- 1 piece cinnamon
- 6 cloves

12 peppercorns

GRIND TO A PASTE

16-18 Kashmiri chillis

1 small onion

1 inch piece ginger

16 cloves garlic

1 tsp. white cummin

FOR THE GARNISH:

Garam masala powder

2 tsps. pomegranate seeds, ground

2 tsps. coriander powder

Remove excess fat, clean and wash the mutton. Induce large slits all over and rub with salt and oil. Keep aside for two hours. Now marinate the salted mutton in the ground mixture and the whole spices and allow to stand for another few hours. Put the marinated mutton on the fire and cook until soft. Keep enough thick gravy. Remove and put the mutton in an oven proof dish along with the gravy and garnish with garam masala, pomegranate and coriander powder. Put the whole dish in an oven to brown for twenty minutes. Sprinkle with sliced onion, coriander and lemon and slices before serving.

PORK CHOPS

6 to 8 pork chops

6 bay leaves

Salt to taste

Pepper to taste

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar

2 tsps. Worcestershire sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. mixed herbs

Trim excess fat, clean, wash and pat dry the chops. Rub the chops with salt, pepper, sugar, sauce and place on a piece of foil. Put the bay leaves and sprinkle with herbs. Fold the foil and put the chops in the oven to cook for about an hour. When done, unfold the foil and brown for a few minutes. Serve with grilled pineapple slices and mashed potatoes.

SPONGE CREAM SURPRISE

1 medium sponge cake

2 cups fresh orange juice

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup Grand Marnier Liqueur

1 party pack vanilla icecream

Chopped almonds (optional)

Hot chocolate sauce

COOKING WITH DRY BEANS

CHANDRA KRISHNAN,
Ootacamund.

2 tbsps. tomato paste

2 tbsps. water

200 grams cheese

2 tbsps. oil

1 bunch coriander leaves, finely chopped

Heat a fry pan. Fry the onions with light brown. Add the mushrooms and fry until soft. Lightly beat the eggs, water, tomato paste, chilli powder, and then add the chopped coriander leaves. Season with salt and pepper. Pour the mixture over the onion and mushrooms. As egg mixture starts to set around the edges, lift with spatula, tilt pan if necessary and allow uncooked egg to flow underneath. When the egg mixture is almost cooked, add the beans and cheese. Place lid on pan for ten to fifteen minutes until the eggs are set and cheese has melted. Cut into squares and serve hot from the fry pan.

BEAN MIX COMBO

2 cups rajma, cooked

1 packet mushrooms (button)

6 eggs

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. chilli powder

2 onions, chopped

Slice the sponge cake and arrange in a deep serving bowl. Pour the orange juice and liqueur. Allow the liquid to penetrate. Top with ice-cream, almonds and chocolate sauce.

ASSORTED COLD CUT SALAD

200 grams ham

200 grams luncheon meat

200 grams salami

2 capsicums

4 tomatoes

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup beans, boiled

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiled rice

3 to 4 tbsps. Vinaigrette dressing

FOR THE VINAIGRETTE DRESSING:

6 tbsps salad oil

3 tbsps. vinegar

Mixed herbs

Salt to taste

Pepper to taste

Mustard to taste

Sugar to taste

Chop some of the meat and mix with the chopped capsicums, tomatoes, beans and rice. Blend with the dressing. Arrange the remaining cold cuts in the centre of the salad dish with the blended meats on either side. Garnish with tomato quarters and saald leaves. Serve with vinaigrette dressing.

ROAST CHICKEN WITH STUFFING

1 kg to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ kg chicken

Salt and pepper to taste

Oil

FOR THE STUFFING:

1 cup uncooked rice

1 small onion

3 to 4 tbsps. tomato paste or puree

6 to 8 cloves garlic, crushed

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. herbs

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. paprika

Salt to taste

2 bay leaves

1 piece cinnamon

2 to 4 cloves

Clean and wash the chicken leaving the skin on. Drain water completely. Rub with salt, pepper and oil and keep aside. In the meantime soften the onion and brown the garlic. When done, add the puree and all the spices. Put rice and enough water. Cook till half done. Stuff the chicken with the above prepared stuffing. Neatly secure the opening. Put in oven and bake for one hour. Serve with roast potatoes.

SPICY NUTS AND RAISINS

$\frac{1}{2}$ kg mutton, cubed

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup curds, beaten

1 tbsp. garam masala

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. pepper powder

100 grams nuts, coarsely ground (cashewnuts, pistachios, peanuts)

2 tbsps. raisins, chopped

Salt and chilli powder to taste

Little hot water

Heat the oil and brown the meat nicely. Add the nuts, spices, raisins and salt and cook for a few more minutes. Add curds, and stir continuously till well absorbed. Cover with hot water and cook till mutton is tender and the gravy is rich and thick. Serve garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs and coriander leaves.

SWEET HOT MUTTON CHOPS

$\frac{3}{4}$ kg mutton chops

1 level tbsp. garam masala

2 tbsps. jaggery/sugar

6 tbsps. oil

Salt and chilli powder to taste

GRIND TO A PASTE:

$\frac{1}{4}$ kg onions

14 cloves garlic, flaked

2 tbsps. mustard seeds

Heat the oil in a pan and brown the ground paste nicely. Add spices, salt and jaggery. Cook till dissolved. Place chops in mixture with a little water. Cover pan and simmer till the meat is tender and the gravy is thick. Serve on a platter with boiled rice or finger chips with green peas as accompaniment.

HAM AND MINCE ROLL

200 grams ham, chopped fine

200 grams mince

25 grams flour

25 grams butter

1 soup cube, dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint water

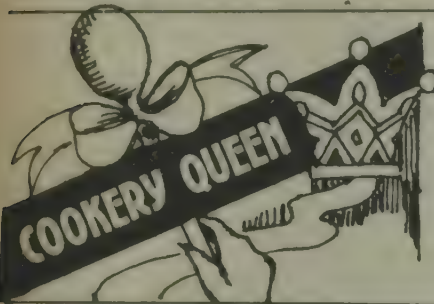
1 onion, finely chopped

2 tbsps. soft bread crumbs or 2 eggs

Seasoning to taste

4-5 tbsps. soft breadcrumbs for coating

Mix ham and mince together. Add to a thick sauce made with butter, flour and stock. Add onion, seasoning, breadcrumbs or eggs. Form into a roll. Coat very thickly with breadcrumbs. Put onto a greased baking tray and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Serve with gravy and tomato and onion salad.



Mrs. Krishnan wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Tava from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.



Mrs. Sarojini Krishnamurthy, Madras.

BEAN 'N' BREAD ROLLS

- 1/2 cup rajma beans (soaked overnight and cooked)
 - 1/2 kg potatoes, boiled, mashed
 - 2 onions
 - 1 tbsp. ginger-garlic paste
 - 3 cloves
 - 1 inch piece cinnamon
 - 4 green chillis, chopped
 - 8 bread slices
 - 1 bunch coriander leaves, chopped
- Fat for frying

Heat two tablespoon of fat. Add the chopped onions and fry for one minute. Add garlic-ginger paste, cloves, cinnamon and green chillis. Fry till golden brown. Add the cooked beans, mashed potato, coriander leaves and salt to taste. Mix well and remove from fire. Shape the mixture into longish rolls. Dip bread slices in water and squeeze between palms. Place roll in the center and bind the bread slice around. Fry till golden brown.



Shanti Bhatia, Bombay.

CABBAGE ROLLS

- 1 cup black and brown eyed beans

- 500 grams potatoes
- 8 to 10 big cabbage leaves
- 1 small bunch coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- Juice of 1 lemon
- Salt and sugar to taste
- Green chillis, finely chopped
- Ginger to taste
- A pinch soda bicarb
- Oil for deep frying

Soak the beans for eight to ten hours. Wash and grind to a paste. Put the salt, chopped chillis, ginger to taste, and a pinch of soda bicarb.

Boil the potatoes, peel and mash. Put salt, sugar, lemon juice, chopped chillis, ginger to taste and garam masala, turmeric powder and the chopped coriander.

Remove the centre stalk from the cabbage leaves. Boil along with salt for three to four minutes. Make eight to ten portions of the potato masala and spread on each cabbage leaf. Roll. Heat enough oil in a kerahi. Coat the rolls with bean paste and deep fry until brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.



Miss Anuradha Mahendru, Jullundur.

INSTANT BEAN PIZZA

- 6 kulchas
- 250 grams rajma
- 1 small bunch coriander leaves
- 1 inch piece ginger, chopped finely
- 2 spring onions, chopped finely
- 5 flakes garlic, crushed
- 1/2 cup tomato puree
- 1/2 cup cheese, grated
- Salt to taste

- 2 tbsps. oil
- Pepper to taste

FOR THE GARNISH :

- A few mint leaves
- Potato chips
- 1 tbsp. tomato sauce

Soak the beans overnight and boil them till soft. Heat oil in another vessel. Put the chopped onions, ginger and crushed garlic and fry till golden brown. Add tomato puree and chopped coriander. Add the boiled beans, simmer for five minutes. Let it cool. Grease a baking dish and place the kulchas in it. Spread one table spoon of the cooked beans on each kulcha. Spread grated cheese on top and bake in a moderate oven till the cheese melts. Dot with tomato sauce and garnish with potato chips and mint leaves.



PRATIBHA PANDE, Nagpur.



Mrs Pande wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 4 plate Steam-thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

CHATAK-MISAL

- 1 cup moth beans
- 1 cup black eye beans
- 2 onions, chopped

- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 2 tbsps. oil
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 2 tbsps. garam masala
- 1 tbsp. sugar
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- Salt to taste

FOR THE GREEN CHUTNEY:

- 1/2 cup coconut, grated
- 2-3 green chillis
- A bunch coriander leaves
- 4 cloves garlic, flaked
- 1/4 tsp. cummin seeds
- Salt to taste

FOR THE GARNISH:

- 2 big onions, chopped
- 2 big tomatoes, sliced
- 150 grams fine sev
- Coriander leaves, chopped

FOR THE BROWN CHUTNEY:

- 1 cup dates
- 1/2 cup tamarind
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. cummin powder
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/4 cup jaggery
- Salt to taste

The Green Chutney: Grind all the ingredients given for the chutney into a fine paste of semi liquid consistency. Keep aside.

The Brown Chutney: Soak the tamarind in hot water for five minutes. Sieve the extract. Also soak the dates for one hour in boiling water. Grind it well. Add it to the tamarind extract and again sieve it. Add all other ingredients and boil for five minutes. Keep aside to cool.

Soak both the beans overnight. Heat the oil in a dekchi. Add few mustard seeds to it. When they splutter, add the chopped tomatoes and onions. Fry for a few minutes. Now add turmeric powder, chilli powder, garam masala and coriander powder. Mix well and fry again. To this mixture add the soaked beans. Mix well. Add one cup of water and cover, add the sugar and salt. Keep for a few minutes and remove.

How in a serving plate, place four tablespoonful of the cooked beans. To this add one teaspoon of both the chutneys. Mix well. Garnish with sev, onions, tomatoes and coriander leaves. Serve hot. It can also be served with puris or paratha.

Start a new cooking idea...

Make tasty dishes go a long way. With more nutrition too!



Add Mealmaker to your cooking. It increases the quantity of every tasty dish – makes it rich in protein. All this within your budget!

Plenty for everybody

When you add Mealmaker chunks or granules to your cooking, you can serve even more generous helpings of your tasty dishes.

Everyone likes Mealmaker

You can cook Mealmaker with vegetables or meat. It absorbs the flavour of your cooking—blends perfectly with the taste of the dish.

So rich in protein and so economical

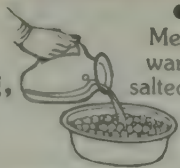
Mealmaker adds wholesome nutrition to every dish. 250 grams of Mealmaker has as much protein as 24 eggs or 1 kg of mutton or almost 4 litres of milk. And it costs much, much less than eggs, mutton or paneer.

100% Vegetarian

Mealmaker is a vegetarian protein food. It is made from soyabean and groundnuts which give it that rich, brown appearance.

Serve generous meals. With Mealmaker.

Easy cooking, too



● Just soak Mealmaker in warm, slightly salted water for 20 mins



● Drain out the water and squeeze Mealmaker dry.



● Add to your dish and cook together as usual

Cook with

Mealmaker

Protein-rich soya food.



Now in a colourful NEW pack! Exciting recipes inside.

Manufactured by Mysore Snack Foods Ltd. 19, Platform Road, Bangalore 560 023

PART TWO

CHILDBIRTH WITHOUT FEAR

The following exercises should be done only after the fifth month, says **UMA KUMBERA NAIN**

The pelvic floor is a set of inter-related muscles and openings. Starting from the front you have the urethral opening from which you urinate, next the vagina and last the rectum. To feel the muscles surrounding these openings do the following exercise: Push as if you were urinating and contract the muscles as if to stop the flow — these are the muscles surrounding the vagina. As you consciously practise the exercise you will feel

the muscles contract both in front of and behind the vagina. It is to your advantage both in delivery and in daily life to keep these muscles firm. This exercise called the Kegal exercise is an

excellent one to do everyday for the rest of your life.

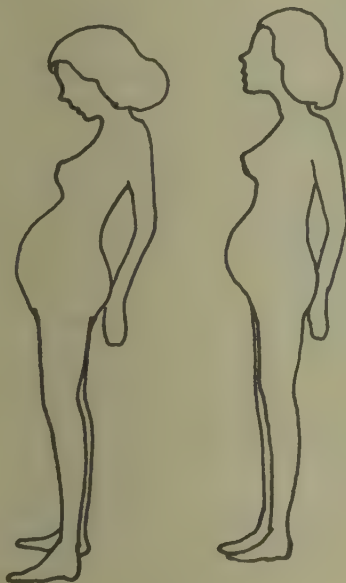
You should start the exercises only after the completion of the fifth month of pregnancy. All the exercises should be done

with the consultation of your gynaecologist and the physio-therapist.

The following body building exercises are designed to build up muscle support during pregnancy and labour and contribute to more effective pushing during delivery, and provide good muscle tone after the birth of your baby.

Practise each exercise three times each, twice daily — once in the morning and once in the evening.

POSTURE: Good posture cannot be over-emphasised. It relieves backaches and makes you feel and look better. Tuck in buttocks, tilt pelvis forward to align spine, shoulders gently back, arms relaxed, head erect and chin in. This posture should be maintained at all times.



PELVIC FLOOR MUSCLES: Good all around exercise. Position: Lie on back, legs straight, crossed at ankles. Contract buttocks and hold still contracting buttocks, squeeze legs together and contract thigh muscles and hold. Next contract pelvic floor muscles (urethra, vagina and rectum). Hold all muscles contracted and then release. Practise five times twice daily.



KEGAL EXERCISE: Excellent for strengthening vaginal muscles.

Position: standing, sitting or lying down.

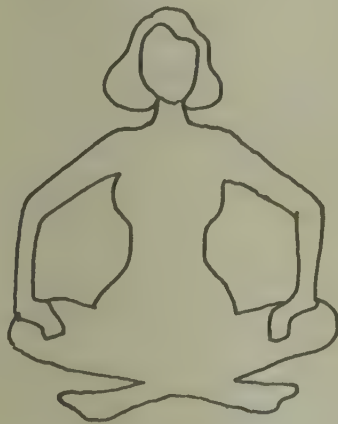
Push as if urinating and then contract muscles as if to stop the flow. If it is hard to get the 'feeling' of this exercise, do it when you are actually urinating. Release the urine, then contract to stop the flow. Hold for a second and repeat.

Practise 60-100 times twice daily.

STRETCHING EXERCISES:

Position: Sit on the floor cross-legged. Place your hands on the knees and gently press them towards the floor.

Practise 10 times twice daily.

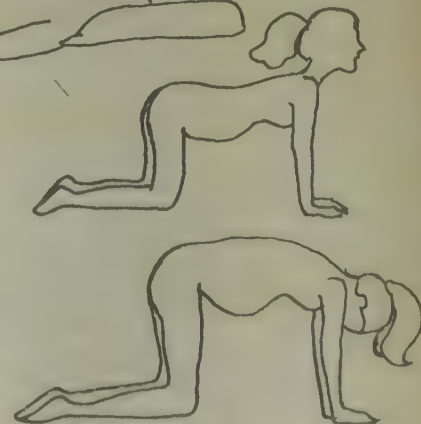


PELVIC ROCK: Very good for aching backs.

Position: Lie on back, legs bent, feet flat on floor. Imagine your hips as a swivel point; contract buttocks, flatten back firmly against the floor, and tilt pelvis towards you by contracting abdominal muscles, release. Repeat five times, twice daily.



VARIATION: Go on hands and knees, start with head up, back sunken in by pushing stomach toward the floor, contract buttocks, push stomach toward the floor, contract buttocks, push stomach upwards by rounding the back, head bent down tuck chin in, looking towards the floor. Release. Practise five times twice daily.



BLOWING OUT THE CANDLE: Very good for strengthening abdominal muscles

Position: Lie on back, pillow under the head, legs bent, feet flat on floor. Imagine a burning candle about 12 inches from your lips. Take a deep breath and let it out naturally, without taking another breath; purse your lips and continue blowing as if to extinguish the flame on the candle. Keep blowing until you feel as if there is no more air and then blow some more. You will begin to feel the abdominal muscles contracting. Release. Practise 10 times twice daily.



STANDING EXERCISES:

Stand comfortably and go on tip toes, hands on hips, walk around the room on tip toes taking 40 steps. Now go on your heels and walk another 40 steps

on your heels. Practise twice daily.

Standing comfortably, hands on hips, swing your right leg forwards and backwards five times. Repeat the same with left leg.

Practise twice daily.

(To be continued)



Kathmandu, the capital, is a treasure trove of art and culture, traditional architecture and handicrafts, shopping, sight-seeing and glamorous night life.

You can spend hours marveling at the gorgeous temples or browsing through the quaint little shops crammed with some of the finest merchandise money can buy. Plus a choice of — Nepalese, Cantonese and Indian cuisines.

And that's just the beginning. Nepal has so much more to offer!

Pokhra: the trekkers' paradise, just a 30 minute air-hop from Kathmandu. Snow-clad peaks, crystal clear lakes, swimming, canoeing, walking, fishing . . . It is all there.

Mountain Flights: (Oct—May) Spectacular daily flights from Kathmandu and Pokhra which take you close to the Eastern Himalayas, the Everest and the Central Himalayan range.

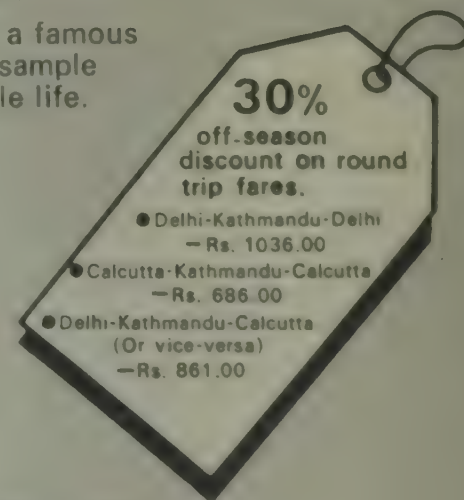
Also, in the comfort of Boeing 727, a breath-taking view of the Himalayan panorama from Everest to Dhaulagiri.

Wild-life: Chitwan National Park, a famous wild-life sanctuary, where you can sample the peace and enchantment of jungle life.



ROYAL NEPAL AIRLINES
FLIGHT TO ENCHANTMENT

- H.O. Kantipath, Kathmandu, Nepal
- 44, Janpath, New Delhi-110001 Tel. 320817, 321572.
Cable: AARENACE TELEX: 313412 RNAC IN
- 41, Chowringhee Road, Calcutta Tel: 243949, 244434.
- Hasen Manzil, Frazer Road, Patna, Tel 23205



30%
off-season
discount on round
trip fares.

● Delhi-Kathmandu-Delhi
—Rs. 1036.00

● Calcutta-Kathmandu-Calcutta
—Rs. 686.00

● Delhi-Kathmandu-Calcutta
(Or vice-versa)
—Rs. 861.00



ter, Hinckley had been writing to her regularly. In his demented mind, he decided that unless he did something spectacular like shooting a president, she would not take notice of him. This is what one gathers from the letters left behind by him in his room, addressed to Jodie.

For some strange reason, the American government initially decided to float a rumour that the President was not hit and was in fact joking in the hospital, fully conscious. He's supposed to have told his wife, "Honey, I forgot to duck," and is reported to have told the doctors in the operating theatre, "I hope you are all Republicans." In actual fact, when Reagan was bundled into the car by secret vicemen, they noticed blood and drove him straight to the George Washington Hospital. He was then removed in a semi-conscious state and an emergency operation was performed to remove the bullet from his lungs and give blood transfusion, which he so badly needed.

One hopes the aging, but fit Reagan, makes it. Because he just celebrated his 70th birthday a couple of months ago in total triumph. While his wife planned a standard black-tie snobbish affair for 100 guests, his staff surprised him with an eight-foot cake.

ECONOMIC genius **Robert McNamara**, who is soon to relinquish his prestigious job as president of the World Bank, recently made his last official visit to India. He drove down 51 km. from Varanasi to Senapur village to spend the night with the villagers, talk to the farmers about their problems and discuss how assistance from the World Bank for agricultural programmes has helped to improve their economy. After that he spent some time at a village weekly market.

To those who are mistaken. tokenism, they are mistaken. This is not the first time that McNamara is spending time in an Indian village. He has done it almost every time he visited this country, especially in Rajasthan, where the World Bank has given massive aid to build canals.

His departure from the World Bank will be a personal blow to India, which is the single largest beneficiary of the World Bank so far. McNamara had always fought for the cause of the developing world and had often cited the example of India, which has made full use of any aid coming its way. In fact, India not only has an excellent reputation in the international market for repaying its debts, its self-sufficiency in foodgrains production is a fact much lauded by Mr. McNamara.

THERE was a time when the average Englishman was proud of his sense of justice, of believing in cricket and sportsmanship and all that jazz. And if there was one whiff of racism, he put it down sternly. When a naughty weekly captioned a photograph of Japanese Emperor Hirohito getting off the plane as: "There's a Nip in the air," (Nip is a short form of Nippon and is usually used in a derogatory manner to indicate the Japanese race) the paper was sternly reprimanded and fined. This of course happened quite some years ago. Today, an English judge has gone so far as to say that the usage of the term 'wog' is perfectly justified. Now comes the horrifying report by **Professor Peter Huntingford** that illiterate and gullible Asian women are being secretly sterilised without their knowledge. One case cited was that of 27-year-old **Shiraz Begum**, whose 50-year-old husband was crippled after breaking his back. She was sterilised after some doctors (white, of course) decided that she shouldn't have any more kids because of her husband's

unemployment. When she finally learnt the shocking truth, Shiraz collapsed. She is depressed and has started greying prematurely.

HOLLYWOOD actress **Lilli Palmer** (66) may not be as talented as the legendary **Sarah Bernhardt**, who, at the turn of this century, was considered the most beautiful and greatest living actress ever. The volatile Frenchwoman's personal life was as full of intrigue, sex and passion as was the characters she portrayed on stage. A lovestruck Oscar Wilde dubbed her "divine" and Edmund Rostand wrote a play just for her. Although Noel Coward did write a play for Lilli Palmer, she is just not in the same class as Bernhardt. However, Palmer, in her own way, is trying to bring Bernhardt to life in a play called 'Sarah In America'. She makes no bones about the affinity she feels for the Frenchwoman; "Sarah and I have that toughness, that independence," she says.



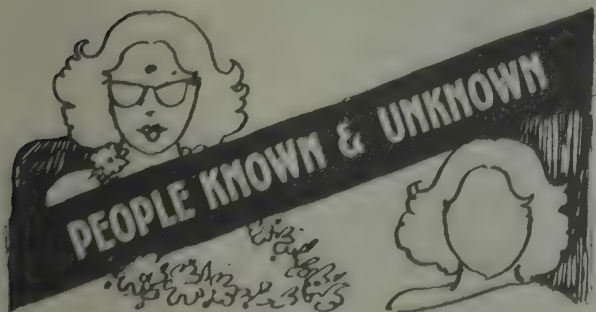
OF the legendary actresses who are still alive, one cannot help thinking of Greta Garbo, now in her 80s, a Swedish beauty who is said to have still retained much of her charisma even at this age. She lives in total seclusion, but producers are always hoping that she might change her mind one of these days and appear in their plays or movies. The other is 'Katherine the great', otherwise known as **Katherine Hepburn**. This stunning, energetic 71-year-old actress is still going strong. She completed her 42nd film last year, and has embarked on a five-month tour, starring in a play called 'The West Side Waltz' where she ironically portrays an aging widow who finally ends up, weak and infirm, on a wheelchair. Contrasting the part that she so tellingly plays on stage with her own vigorous self in real life, her director, Noel Willman, said admiringly, "She will not give in to what we're all subject to — getting old."

A mindless assassin has struck again. When **Ronald Reagan**, the 40th President of the United States, was coming out of a hotel after delivering a speech, several shots suddenly rang out. **John Hinckley**, the 25-year-old son of well-to-do parents in Denver, decided that this was the best way to win fame. A lovesick youth who wanted to impress teenage actress **Jodie Fos-**

HIS 43 years old and wears a pacemaker because of a weak heart. Yet, Vietnam war veteran **Colonel Ernest O'Gaffney** will not give up the causes he is fighting for. "During a 21-year-old career I never thought of anyone else but myself," he says, and is fast making up for his indifference to humanity's needs. In 1979, O'Gaffney travelled around the world on a motorcycle and collected two million dollars which he distributed to children in Afghanistan, Pakistan and India. In 1980, he went on

another trip and distributed three million dollars in Argentina, Chile and Ecuador. Still dissatisfied, he has now bought a French trawler and converted it into a mobile hospital, which will be manned entirely by volunteer medical personnel. The floating hospital will make a tour of the African coast, making several stops and treat sick and undernourished children free of cost.

Lakshmi Narayan



35 paise.

That's all
it costs to have
a drink so close to
real juice!



NEW Weikfield
TRISNA

SOFT DRINK CONCENTRATE.

Even at sugar costing Rs. 8 a kilo, a glass of Trisna works out to about 35 paise a glass. What's more, with the close-to-real juice taste, it's hardly surprising Trisna is fast becoming everyone's favourite drink. It's like ready fresh juice at home. Enjoy it with friends and guests.

32 delicious glasses to each pack.

4 delicious flavours: Orange, Rose, Lemon, Pineapple. Yumm. Help yourself as often as you like!

.....
Weikfield—
The only Indian company to win the
International FOOD/EUROPE Award, 1980,
for quality in fine foods.
.....

TRISNA

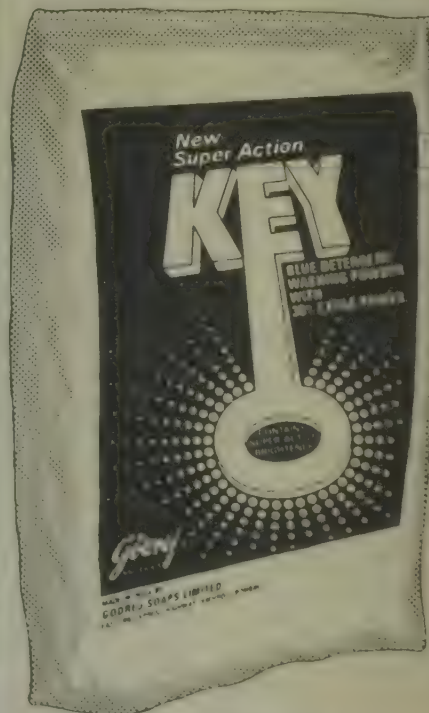
Tastes close-to-real-juice.
And costs so little.

Contains no fruit juice. Artificially flavoured.

FDS/WP/014 A

Last year, I saved
over **RS.100** in
home washing
bills by using **KEY**
for all clothes!

KEY
costs
30% less
than other
leading
detergents!



Super-action KEY dissolves instantly in hot or cold water, works up a rich lather, cleans deeper to remove dirt completely.

Super-whitening KEY makes your clothes look extra white, extra bright. That's because it has a special super-active brightener.

Super-economy KEY comes in 40 g., 200 g., 500 g., 1 kg. and 2 kg. packs.

Super-action!
Super-whitening!
Super-economy!

KEY
blue detergent
powder

Godrej
PRODUCT

© 1980 Godrej & Boyce Ltd.

Not many perhaps are aware of the fact that Usha Khanna is the one and only female music composer in filmland today. After having put in nearly 20 years of her life in this profession, Usha is a successful personality in her own right. If she is not at home rehearsing for a song with a playback singer and her favourite lyricist Indivar, you can spot Usha at Famous Recording Theatre where she prefers to get her songs recorded almost every day.

The day I chose to drop in on her at her Khar recording room, Usha's flat was besieged by visitors, who were lying sprawled all over her drawing room. They included production boys who had come to hand over the messages from her producers, aspiring singers who were pestering her for a break and up-and-coming lyricist. Usha had her own knack of dealing with people without hurting them or being condescending. She dispensed with them in her own inimitable style before settling down for the interview.

"It is indeed difficult to get a breakthrough in this male dominated film industry, especially as a music composer because essentially it has been the domain of males. Very few women have succeeded in carving a niche for themselves as music directors, because you have to face certain in-built restrictions by virtue of being on the other side of the fence. If today I have made a name for myself as a popular music composer, the credit should go to my husband Sawan Kumar who encouraged me even after marriage to continue with my profession," Usha said.

Actually Usha entered films 20 years ago as a playback singer. Since her father Manohar Khanna was a lyricist in filmland, Usha didn't have any difficulty in getting a break. It was the late Roshan who introduced her as a playback singer in 'Warrant' when she was only 15 years old. Within the year Usha was composing music for her first film, 'Dil Deke Dekho'.

She recollected her initial days in filmland as a composer. "I went to S. Mukherjee of Filmalaya for a break as a singer. He told me that even if I tried my level best I could never aspire to be another Lata Mangeshkar and advised me to try my luck in composing songs for films, since I had told him that I was a lyric writer too, waiting for my talent to be tapped by some big film-maker. I was signed for a contract by them and after 'Dil



USHA KHANNA:

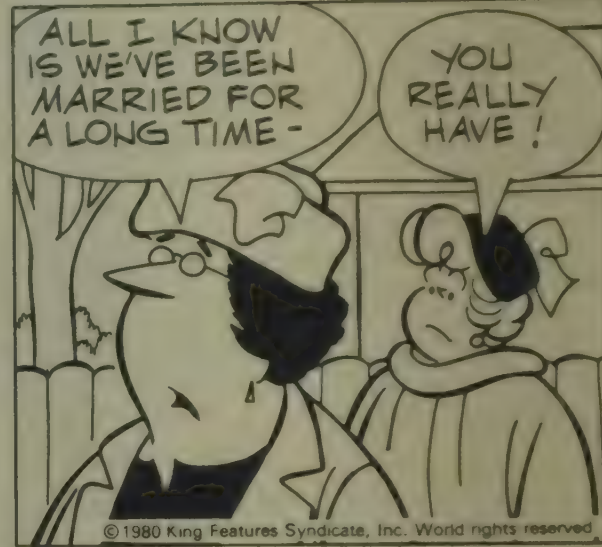
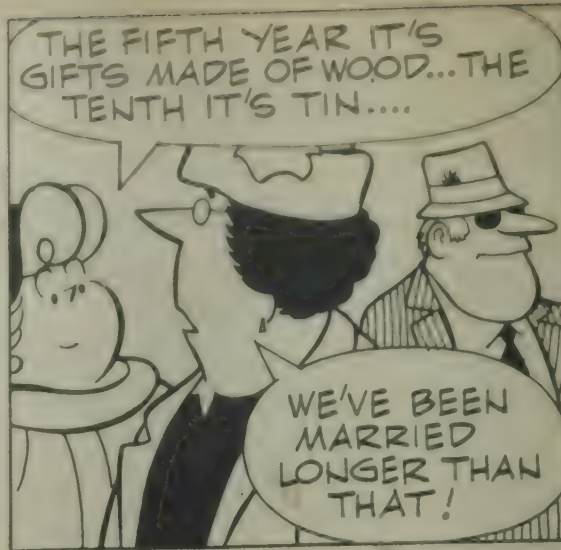
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

Jyothi Venkatesh

TO BE A SUCCESS IN THE MALE-DOMINATED
CIRCLE OF MUSIC DIRECTORS TAKES DETERMINATION
AND PERSEVERANCE

Continued on page 53

Photograph: Bikash Sanyal



THE LITTLE WOMAN

"HOW do you manage to hire such super salesmen?" one sales manager asked another.

"I have my methods," he answered. "One of them is to send a man out to look for an apartment while carrying a trombone."

HE was the type who, when drunk, couldn't keep his hands to himself. After having one too many, he started pawing the cocktail hostess. "Sweetheart," he said, "you remind me of my mother."

"That's impossible," she said, "I'm married."

HIS manners were always too bold and familiar, especially with attractive women. One day in a restaurant he asked the pretty waitress her name.

"Pearl," she said.

"A pretty name," he said. "Are you the pearl of great price?"

"No," she answered, "I am the pearl before swine."

HE who thinks by the inch and talketh by the yard deserveth to be kicked by the foot.



A driver had a slight accident and the cop asked him how it happened.

"Blame my wife," he said, "she fell asleep in the back seat."

THE long winded host was boring everyone with his hunting exploits. Calling attention to a tigerskin rug, he

said, "And that one I got at point-blank range. It was either him or me."

"The tiger was a wise choice," interrupted one of the weary guests. "You'd have made a very small rug."

HE was so unlucky that, after he was knocked down by a bus, his pocket was picked.

Q: "How can a man fall off a fifty-foot ladder and not be hurt?"

A: "By falling off the last rung."

FIGURE it out. Is it possible for a person to dream that he is having a dream in which he is dreaming?

NEW Yorker: "And you mean to say that in California you have 365 days of sunshine?"

Man from Los Angeles: "Exactly so, and that's a mighty conservative estimate."

"MY boy friend tells me that I'm the prettiest girl he knows.

"My advice is never marry a man who is so blatantly dishonest."

TWO veterans were boasting about their old outfits.

"Why, our company was so well drilled," said one, "that when we presented arms all you could hear was slap, slap, click."

"Pretty fair," said the other. "But when our company presented arms, you could hear slap, slap, jingle."

"Jingle," said the other. "What was that?"

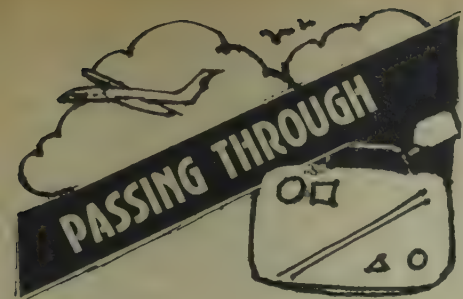
"Oh, just our medals."

RECRUIT: "Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?"

Lieutenant sarcastically, "My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?"

Recruit: "Yes sir. Clocks do it."

Compiled by George Fegradoe



tasks they perform in society as 'free service'?

"Women are the cheapest form of labour," Krishna stresses. "Once in a job, the working conditions are poorer than for men as the market is male-oriented. They don't provide any facilities for women. The market takes

"India fits in positively in the third world. We are almost the leaders here especially in the field of industrialization. But our women's technical and scientific knowledge is very low. Every time a new machine is introduced, in any field, men are sent for the training," she says.

Speaking about herself, Krishna says, "Like most women of my time, I too didn't have much of an education initially. Most of it has been self-education in the university of life, while raising kids and looking after the home. It took me all of twenty years to take my degrees. After my B.A. in Political Science from Bombay University, I did my Bar-at-Law from the Inner Temple, London. Then, my Ph.D in International Relations from Geneva. I have been with the UN for 15 years—the first 11 years as an international civil servant and the past four as a journalist. In 1968 I did a report on 'Africa as an Economic Commission', with the ILO. Earlier in 1965, I did a paper on the investment laws in Africa.

"'Housewife' is a word I've abolished from my dictionary," she continues, "the new word at the UN is 'Homemaker'".

Krishna's husband is an economist with the UN. They have three sons. Krishna is a linguist as well. She has mastered French, Spanish, Arabic and of course English, besides six Indian languages, and is prepared to learn some more!

"My immediate plans for the future? To undertake a global study on discrimination of women. Why is it the same all over the world? To my mind sexism like racialism is an international issue and a struggle."

A. S.

Krishna Ahooja-Patel is a feminist in the true sense. She is a staff member of the International Labour Organisation in Geneva and Editor of their new-bulletin "Women at Work".

"This bulletin is published thrice a year by the office in response to questions raised by women workers. There are a few points which we must bring to the notice of all women," she says, "as, for example, the difference between work and employment."

Holidaying in Ahmedabad, en-route to Colombo for a conference, Krishna asks, "Did you know that Sri Lanka is one of the countries where three fourths of the population is educated? The women have parity with the men in terms of education but when we go to the market, we do not find the same thing existing. I will be collaborating on a study to analyse the discrimination against women in the urban market."

"Coming back to what we were speaking about earlier," she continues, "Women must realise that most of them are working permanently, but are not permanently employed in the work force. It is this issue — the difference between work and employment that is of importance. It is a demographic fact that women constitute half of the population. And now, taking into account the official statistics, it has come to light that women are responsible for one third of the total work hours in the market. More recent calculations based on ILO and UN data show that women receive only about five per cent of the world income. Their income is so low that most women have no margin for saving and hence for the ownership of any assets. Therefore, they have no independent control over income-generating activity. If quantified, it would not be surprising that they own perhaps not even one per cent of reproducible world assets.

"There are certain facts about women at work that have to be understood like — What is the nature of women's work? To what extent and degree do they participate in the economy? In what manner are they economically rewarded? What are the

KRISHNA AHOOJA-PATEL

"HOMEMAKER" NOT HOUSEWIFE

them when they need real cheap labour.

"Besides, there is an additional stress a woman undergoes — that of sexual harassment. A woman has to pay a higher price at the point of recruitment, once she has got the job and for termination of the job. There are many cases where this harassment leads to the termination. We can't yet provide statistics for this, but it has been accepted as the occupational stress every woman the world over suffers from. Studies are being conducted to bring this problem into the limelight as well.



"How does it feel to fight for women's problems?" I asked.

"It surely gives me a lot of confidence and self awareness," she replies, "yet it is an unpopular cause with society — especially with the men. So, to an extent I risk my social and personal relationships. And it's extremely exhausting work, as the policy makers say that there is no discrimination between the sexes."

PAPER PATTERN -2

Sheroo Cooper

COOPER'S
TAILORING AND CUTTING ACADEMY

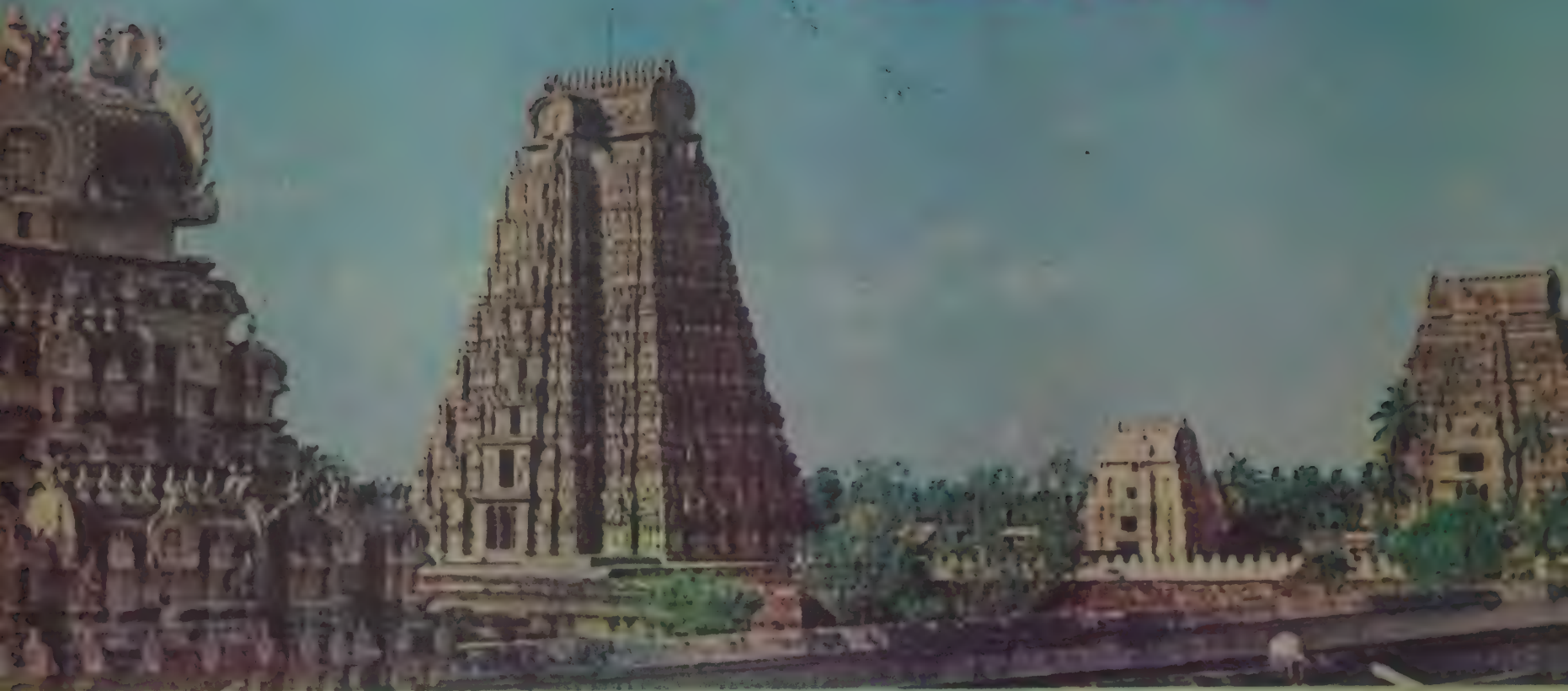
A PRETTY DRESS

For your eight-year-old — shaped front midriff — gathered skirt — flared and layered sleeves — prettily trimmed with braid, ribbon or rick-rack.

See the pull-out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions.



THE NECTAR CITY OF MADURAI



Herald Madurai with drums, clash it with cymbals, light it with camphor flaming in the ritual dark. Madurai is a maiden, a mystery, hidden knowledge and age, incredible unfathomable age. In the sculpted corridors and the secret archives and in the distant memories of man, they speak of a time and continent of great learning: where scholarship was king and the world's languages began, and of a cataclysm which dragged it beneath the waves. And in Madurai they speak of a time and a place of great learning: where scholarship was king and the world's languages began, and of a suddenness which wiped it from the face of the earth. Legends call it the time of Lemuria, the Tamils call it the Sangam era: Were they one and the same? Is Madurai the last university of the great teachers of the great mother continent of man? Questions, questions, questions echoing in the dark while Meenakshi smiles an enigmatic smile and Shiva, lord of destruction and creation sits with

**If you started examining Madurai's carvings the instant you were born, and gave only two minutes to each carving, you still would not have completed all of them when you crossed your 100th birthday, say
HUGH AND COLLEEN GANTZER**

nectar dripping from his locks on the nectar city of Madurai. . .

Let the questions ring in your memories: we shall return to them but first, let us pick up the threads of the recorded history of Madurai.

They say that the Pandyan kings were the oldest rulers of Madurai and the great Vijaya of Sri Lanka, back in 500 B.C., was the son-in-law of a king of Madurai. A 180 years later, Megasthenes described and Ptolemy claimed that it was the Mediterranean's main gateway to the south. And where the Greeks led, the Romans were sure to

follow. Roman coins have been found in Madurai.

But Madurai seems to be older even than the Pandys. Legend has it that a merchant named Dhananjaya was once returning through a forest of Kadamba trees when he saw Indra worshipping a self-formed Siva Linga. Obviously, therefore, this was the original shrine to great Siva in his pre-Aryan form. The fact that this nucleus shrine relates to a faith even older than Hinduism is evident from the existing Kadamba stump: it is surrounded by Naga figures cut in stone slabs, a fairly common

The sunlit towers of Meenakshi Temple dominate Madurai.

feature around old and holy trees in the south. The old, snake-worshipping, Naga religion recurs again. Another legend claims that the boundaries of the future township were circumscribed by the coils of a great serpent, its head and tail meeting. . . probably on a radial line . . . at the holy lingam. This again seems, to us, to be a picturesque way of referring to the boundaries of the great town as the limits of influence of a powerful, snake-worshipping people: a sort of ancient religion's bastion against the advancing tide of the new Aryan faith.

But whatever the interpretation of the old legend might be, the fact is that the first great temple of Madurai was a twin-towered structure constructed by a Pandyan king. This was destroyed by invader Malik Kafur in 1310, though internal squabbles among

the vandals preserved the prime shrines of Siva as Sundareswara, and that of his consort Meenakshi. The foundations of the great temple, as we know it today, were laid by the Maratha ruler Viswanatha Naik in 1560. The entire complex took 120 years to complete and cost an astounding Rs. 1,20,00,000. Given the value of money then, the Meenakshi temple today would have cost as much as India's entire oil bill for a year!

So much for statistics and history. Fascinating though they are, they are really the least interesting part of this great cultural shrine.

The temple is metaphorically, and geographically, the heart of Madurai.

But the best way of getting an idea of the temple's central location, is to visit Femina Textile Shop and ask the owners to permit you to climb up to their terrace: very astutely, they advertise this view in their hoardings. From here you will get a good view of the towering gopuram gate towers. . . nine of them, of which the four outer ones are most spectacular. . . the broad, flat, roofs which cover the public areas; the main, uncovered thoroughfares forming a second rectangle within the perimeter wall and the low,

The serene lake is typical of Kodai's Alice-in-Wonderland enchantment.

central, covered area. It is thus, a series of rectangles within rectangles.

Within this simple plan, however, there are enough deities, and images, and carved pillars and resplendent halls to absorb your interest for a lifetime. Experts estimate that there are 33 million separate carvings in Madurai temple. Thus, if you started examining Madurai's carvings the instant you were born, and gave only two minutes to each carving, you still would not have completed all of them when you crossed your 100th birthday!

Obviously, no one but the gods has that sort of time; so we'll take you around in a fairly quick familiarisation tour and then, perhaps, you might like to budget a couple of other lifetimes for a more detailed appreciation.

Leave your shoes in your vehicle, or with a friend, and pause a while at the western gate. The profusion of sculptures on the great gate towers of southern temples is often bewildering. We, generally, get an impression of the entire tower and then concentrate on individual sculptures: celestial women with beautiful figures and sarees split like divided skirts; moustached guardians with flames of power behind their heads; serpents, horses, bulls.

Just inside this gate is the Ash-tasakti Mandapam. Gods without



An ancient sculpture seems to greet a passing Brahmin.

their feminine shaktis are powerless: merged with them, they can create and destroy worlds. But if you don't want to get too involved with theories, pause a while at the Killikattu Mandapa: an aviary alive with green parrots, favourite birds of the goddess and symbols of peace and happiness.

The entrance to the shrine of the beautiful Meenakshi is very near, and guarded by two fearsome Dwarapalaks. Devotees line up, patiently, for a darshan.

In Madurai it is customary to pay your respects to the goddess first, and only then to move on to the older part of the temple and have a darshan of Lord Siva, here known as Sundareswara.

But before you go to the Siva temple, pause a while at the Golden Lily tank. In the pillared corridors around this tank, scholars of the Tamil Sangam used to sit and teach and discourse.

And the waters of the tank served as an excellent test for the worthiness of a book: acceptable books floated, bad books sank like stones!

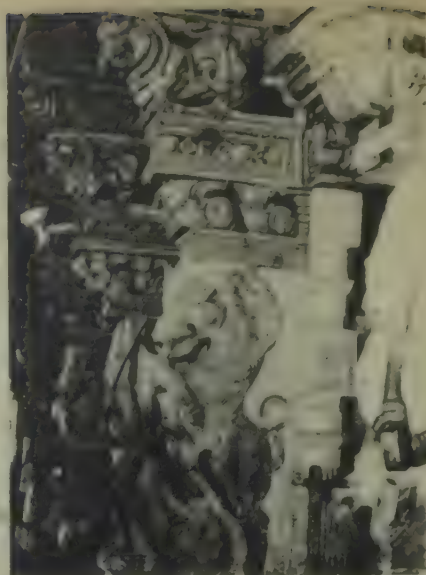
And finally, if you're in a great hurry, ask to be shown the musical pillars. . . not as finely tuned as the ones in Suchindram. . . the 1,000-pillared hall with exquisite carvings, and the famed temple museum. The last time we saw this museum, we were particularly impressed by the sequential paintings depicting the successive stages of meditation.

Let's move on now, out of the temple, to the palace of a Navak ruler. This magnificent palace, designed by an Italian architect, has an enormous central open court and a magnificent colonnade of towering pillars leading to the main halls. The dome of the central hall is a great feat of engineering and the foliated brick pillars, over 12 metres high, shrine like fine white marble: in actual fact they are

made of brick covered with lime plaster mixed with the white of egg! We particularly recommend a visit to the great inner hall which an imaginative guide once told us served as a swimming pool for the Nayak and his harem of beauties!

And now, since you've come as far as Madurai, go the whole way: take the roughly three-hour trip to tension-freeing Kodai Kanal. Kodai is still our favourite southern hill station for unwinding and shedding the cares and hassles of the world like an old skin. There's nothing to do here but eat, walk, laze away golden afternoons drifting on the lake or picnic on its tree-shaded banks, and sleep. It is very still, very peaceful and very satisfying.

Next day, when you've recharged your vitality, take a drive to the solar observatory and watch the sun make a pearl-button track across a ground glass; play a round of golf on brushed-velvet slopes; take a shot of mist-wreathed, Chinese-



Some of the 33 million carvings which, reputedly, embellish the ancient Meenakshi Temple.

scroll, Pillar Rocks; see sunset from 'pedestrians only' Coaker's Walk; share a snack at quiet

Kodai Milk Bar.

And if, by this time, you really feel like thinking imaginative thoughts, try this for size.

There is a belief that, when the world was young, the scientists of the great continent of Lemuria fought with the priests. And so the priests took their knowledge and their books and fled to another land. And the scientists continued with their terrible experiments and, lo!, the fires beneath the earth roared in anger and volcanoes in golden Lemuria, lava streamed in golden torrents and Lemuria, and its evil knowledge, sank.

Or, as the Tamil priests would have us believe, Nectar. . . Madu . . . streamed from the locks of mighty Siva, and all unworthy knowledge sinks. . .

Herald Madurai with drums, clash it with cymbals, light it with camphor flaming in the dark. Madurai is a maiden, a mystery, hidden knowledge, and age. . . incredible, unfathomable, age. . .

CUT AND KEEP

TRAVEL PLANNER

GETTING THERE: Air. IA flights to Madurai from Madras.
Rail. On the Tiruchi-Tirunelveli-Rameshwaram/Tuticorin line.
Road. Madras — 472 km. Buses from Madras and Bangalore.

TIME: Can be visited throughout the year.

WHERE TO STAY: Ranging from the Pandyan Hotel, T.T.D.C.'s Raja Rajan, I.T.D.C.'s Traveller's Lodge, T.T.D.C.'s Tourist Bungalow and other hotels.

TRANSPORT: Tourist taxis, taxis, buses, autorickshaws.

FOOD: South Indian 'meals', idlis, dosas, sambar. Western and North Indian (tandoori chicken) food is available in the larger hotels.

FESTIVALS: Chitrai Festival in April/May. This celebrates the wedding of Meenakshi to Lord Sundareswarar and the temple car is taken out on the occasion.

The float festival which is generally held in Jan/Feb. At this time a specially constructed raft is decorated with flowers and lights and it carries the temple deities around the largest stone-built tank in the south, the Mariamman Teppakulam which is located at the eastern end of the city.

PHOTOGRAPHY: a) Temple — only allowed from 12 noon till 4 p.m. Camera fee: Rs. 5
b) Temple museum — Camera fee: Rs. 5

ENTRANCE FEE: a) Temple museum — 50 paise.
b) Tirumalai Nayak Palace — 20 paise
The Temple closes at 12 noon for morning worship.

EXCURSIONS:

1. **Kodaikanal** — 120 km. — season: April to June and September to October. Accommodation is available at the Carlton Hotel, T.T.D.C.'s Tourist Bungalow, Kodai Club chambers, township resthouse and other hotels and lodges.
2. **Periyar (Thekkady) wildlife sanctuary** in Kerala — 157 km. This flooded valley abounds in wildlife, especially elephants, which can be viewed by going around in a boat. Hotel and Tourist Bungalow run by Kerala Tourism Development Corporation.
3. **Palani** — 121.6 km. The temple of Lord Muruga situated on top of a hill which can also be reached by an exciting journey in a winch operated rail car. No recommended accommodation.
4. **Rameshwaram** — 139 km. The famous temple of the Ramayan story and its beautiful pillared corridor which can be reached by rail from Madurai. Accommodation at T.T.D.C.'s tourist bungalow and temple dharamsalas.

CONTACT: Your local Government of India Tourist office.
The Department of Tourism, Govt. of Tamil Nadu, Fort. St. George, Madras 600 009. Tel: 29111-352
The public relations Officer, Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation, Shivalaya Bldg., 16 Commander-in-Chief Road, Madras-600 008. Tel: 89581.



Strange are the ways of god. Those who do not believe in god may call it fate. But it is true there is some power beyond us which controls our lives in hidden, silent manifestations, so that we become mere pawns with no volition over our actions.

Murli and I had been so close through the early passionate years of our marriage that what happened later seems like a strange dream. Like a tree that is full of mauve jagaranda flowers one month and is suddenly denuded with fierce gusty winds that sweep blooms unto the road to be trampled on by the feet of travellers.

It feels funny to talk about it now. Emotion recollected in tranquility is always mellowed, not by time alone but a kind of insulation that grows around the heart, numbing the pain of past stings. In my profession of a beautician I have learnt a great deal, about life and inner turmoil. I know that conflict of the mind can cause aberrations on the face, odd as that may sound. I have corrected many cases of acne in my clients just by putting their minds at ease or resolving the emotional problems in their lives.

"You should have been a psychologist," Murli often told me, "not a beautician." Actually I am a bit of both. There is a definite connection between the two. The mind affects the body in devious ways to produce psychosomatic illnesses and the appearance of a person, I mean the physical attributes, can mould the entire mind.

How I came to acquire a beauty clinic in Delhi is also a tale where fate played a major role. Murli was working in a Computer Company of firm standing and his office had given him both a car and a house. Before coming to Delhi we had been posted for sometime in New York and I had done a beautician's course there, just for a lark. Murli used to be away for long hours and I was bored, specially since our son Uttam went to school. The organisation Murli worked for had foreign roots and when he went to India, it was as head of the entire region. It was a position of responsibility and status. On our transfer, we moved bag and baggage to our new home on a beautiful, tree-lined avenue in South Delhi. I was very happy. It meant I could see my parents again, be close enough to visit them anytime I wished, by just taking the train down to Agra. Or if I felt too homesick, I could just ring them up and have a chat. When I told Murli, he laughed and teased me. "You're behaving like a bride of fifteen days standing," he said, "instead of a well-seasoned married woman with fifteen years of dedicated service to home and husband." He put his arms round me affectionately, attempting to give me a peck. "Off," I said laughing happily. "What will Uttam think if he comes in this minute?"

"He will think he has the most loving and affectionate parents in the whole world," he replied.

That remark seems so odd in the context of later happenings. It was like a dream really, our sojourn in New York. The long drives along the East Coast. The sally into Europe in Spring. Eating in the sidewalk cafes of Paris. Holding hands in a Venetian gondola while Uttam laughed and clicked us. I have that photograph still on my dresser, to remind me of the golden moments of my life.

My parents were delighted to have us back in India and close to them. So many visitors dropped in to see us, that the first few weeks were full of entertaining and visiting. Cousins from Haryana. My sisters from Meerut. My brother from Simla. Murli was quite overwhelmed by the siege. Coming from a small family himself, he had never experienced the camaraderie of a large kinship or its well-knit affection. I was never out of the kitchen. Servants were hard to come by unlike the old days and instant

dinners were out. We had to have laboriously ground chutneys and masalas, parathas by the dozen, a real marathon of culinary activity. I think it was this that sowed the initial seeds of our marital disharmony. But it was so insidious as to be unnoticeable. Food bills ran high here, compared to Western standards. Abroad we had spent a microscopic amount on eating. I was appalled to find that in India, an average person spent three-fourths of his wages on food, more if he had to entertain guests in addition. We were further burdened by the fact that we had to drop relatives back after feeding them. Petrol had soared to positively indecent heights during our absence.

One day, driving back after revelry at a restaurant where we had been compelled to throw a lavish party for Uttam's fourteenth birthday, Murli said, "I think our imported gadgets and American accents have given your people the wrong impression about our economic status".

I looked at him in amazement.

"Why?" I asked. "Are we short of money?"

"Not yet," he replied. The accent on the last syllable was ominous. Uttam was sitting in the back so we did not speak any more. But in the privacy of our bedroom he told me in no uncertain terms how he felt.

"I have a brother too," he said. "But he does not come and spend weeks with me."

"It's no secret," I pointed out. "That

POISONED BY SUCCESS



Mama Volita's Vitaminised Custard.

**Tastes good.
Does good.**

**— And look what
you can add it to!**

Nutritious, delicious, excitingly new! The thick, rich, creamy flow of Vitaminised Custard in 6 flavours enriches many easy-to-make desserts. Try it with fruit and nuts, sponge cake, trifle... It also enriches and thickens kheer, phirni and ice-cream!



Volita

**THE ONLY
VITAMINISED CUSTARD**



Jelly in 4 fruity
flavours that say
'have more'

WIN A PRIZE!

Write in your own suggestions for using Volita Custard in new ways in or with dishes, to P.O. Box 1437, Bombay 400 023, (VCR). If used, in our advertisements, your idea may win a prize!

there's no love lost between your brother and you." He was stung and had no answer. "Besides," I continued. "If your parents had been alive wouldn't they have come and seen you too because you were returning after so many years?"

He didn't speak to me for two days. I watched him during his silent introspective moments. There are some men who speak out and shed the canker. There are others who nurse it, till it festers. In Murli's case it festered, a horrible gangrene of his own making. I did not even know how alarmingly it was growing. All I knew was I had to make some extra income somehow, so that the burden of my family visitors would not be too heavy on him.

The opportunity came quite by chance one September afternoon. It was a holiday and my brothers had dropped in with their families to spend a long weekend. My sister Sujata let down her hair. "Come on," she challenged. "Give me a hair set. Let's see how much of a beauty expert you are!"

"Oh, but I wouldn't trust her with a pair of scissors," said my brother's wife Aroti. "I think she only specialised in skins."

"Oh no," I cried nettled. "I went the whole hog. Top to toe."

"Give it to me then," said Sujata. "The works."

She closed her eyes and sat down.

"Go and shampoo your hair first," I said. "It stinks. I'll prepare some hot water to steam your face. It could do with a facial."

"You better pay her for it," advised Sujata's husband in jest. "After all, she is going to spend her precious time trying to make you beautiful!"

I laughed and protested. But when he gave me fifty rupees at the end of it, pleased with the transformation in his wife, I proudly accepted it. It was my first earning. I had discovered an ability in myself I had never dreamt existed. There was some magic in my fingers that could bring out the inner beauty of a woman. From there it was but a short step to a thriving home business. Friends and neighbours soon heard of my prowess and dropped in to consult me and put themselves in my capable hands. I could not tackle the appointments fast enough. I did not have the gadgets for everything they demanded. I could do eye-brows and facials and bleaches. I could do manicures and pedicures. I could trim and set hair. But sometimes it entailed sitting under a dome-shaped hair drier which I didn't have. The study room where I had set up shop, was too small when I had a crowd. I needed assistants too.

I talked to Murli about it. He was amazed at my presumption. "A beauty clinic?" he said. "Are you asking me to rent you a place and buy all that expensive equipment?"

"Yes," I replied. "Please."

"What makes you think you can tackle it?" he asked.

"I can. I know it. Haven't I been doing it at home for so many women?"

"It's a different thing accepting piecemeal tasks and earning some pin-money," he said. "It is quite another taking on the responsibility of an entire business. How much do you think it will cost? A couple of lakhs for the equipment alone not to speak of the showroom rent. No thanks. You are better off in the house."

"You have no confidence in me." I cried hurt. "You think all women are just decoration pieces, don't you? Incapable of running a responsible business! If I had money, I would have shown all you male chauvinist pigs!"

I was powerless to act without his backing and I knew it. No one would advance me such a huge loan without some security. I had not established a reputation beyond my close circle. At night I cried tears of frustra-

tion. During the day I went through my chores making do, in the best way I could. My father could not advance me the money either. He was a retired government official and had got three daughters married, in an age when dowries were sky-high. I did not want to shame Murli by asking my brother for money. To earn so much from my own efforts would take me ten or fifteen years at this slow paced rate of only three clients a day and without the advantage of sophisticated equipment. And I needed an outlet taster than that.

**HER BUSINESS WAS A HUGE SUCCESS. . .
SHE HAD NEVER SEEN SO MUCH MONEY
IN HER LIFE. IN CONTRAST HER MARRIAGE
BECAME A DAMP SQUIB. SHE LET A BEAUTIFUL
RELATIONSHIP BE DESTROYED BY THIS
MONSTER CALLED MONEY!**

tion. During the day I went through my chores making do, in the best way I could. My father could not advance me the money either. He was a retired government official and had got three daughters married, in an age when dowries were sky-high. I did not want to shame Murli by asking my brother for money. To earn so much from my own efforts would take me ten or fifteen years at this slow paced rate of only three clients a day and without the advantage of sophisticated equipment. And I needed an outlet taster than that.

Maybe god heard my fervent prayers. One evening Murli came home subdued. I didn't know the reason for his silence but I sensed something was wrong. He refused dinner and retired early. It was a quieter day, a momentary lull in the spate of callers.

"Is anything the matter?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "Pour me a drink and I will tell you."

He needed to down two stiff whiskies before he could reveal the bad news. His company was winding up their business in India.

"Does it mean we will be going back to the United States?" I asked.

He looked at me as if I were stupid.

"Would I be so worried if that was the case?" he asked. "The truth is we have just two months. Not only me, but thousands of Indian employees are in the streets. They will pay us compensation of course, in proportion to our pay, but it is a stop-gap amount to tide us over till we find alternative employment." I put my arms round his neck in consolation. "Don't look so worried," he consoled. "I'll find work all right. How can a man of my qualifications not find a fitting position?"

He was wrong. It was not so easy. The hurdle came because of his qualifications. There were not many posts of comparable status going. Men who were his subordinates in the organisation were quickly absorbed

in other firms. Murli was finicky about questions that ranged from place of employment to amount of pay. Younger men than him opted for migration and were whisked off to try their fortunes in places like Australia and the West Indies. Murli was too old to start afresh. He had commitments and responsibilities, a son who would be soon going to college. He was averse to subjecting him to the liberal morals of a westernised upbringing. We had seen too many children of adolescent years go astray and be lured into drugs and depravity. Whatever you say, children in India have an insidious culture hold on them, which prevents them from running amuck. The grandparents have a tempering effect on recklessness.

One day after six months of idleness, Murli was listless and dispirited. I was consol-

ing him, when Sujata dropped in with her husband Prasant. They had avoided coming over for many months sensing our need to have a few private moments to thrash out our problems. Over a silent lunch, Prasant offered innocently, "Murli, if you're ever in a tight spot, don't hesitate to ask us for money." It was the worst possible time to make such an offer. Murli's self-respect was at its lowest ebb. He turned on him like a wounded tiger. "Get out," he shouted. "Get out of the house this very minute. Do you think we're reduced to beggars?" I began to protest and calm him. But he was bent on ousting the well-meaning Prasant who was just half-way through his meal. Sujata was speechless with shock. In the torrent of his relentless fury, I steered the pair of surprised guests to the front door. While Murli shouted himself hoarse, I apologised for my husband's behaviour. I don't know if Sujata and Prasant understood. You have to suffer the barbs of misfortune yourself to appreciate how an unemployed man feels. Kindness at such a juncture can belittle as much as barbed brutality.

After they had gone, Murli burst into tears. We were alone at home. I had sent Uttam to my parents in Agra during the vacation because Murli's bouts of self-pity had been growing in strength and number. Now he sought refuge in my arms in a fierce possessive fire that overwhelmed me. I was two persons simultaneously. A solicitous mother consoling her broken son and a wife using sex as a salve for pain.

In the aftermath of the purging he lay quietly beside me in bed and took my hand in his. I looked at him.

"You can start your clinic," he said, "the compensation they have paid should be ample." I stared at him in disbelief, sitting up. "Do you really mean it?" I cried. "You want to put your entire savings on my scheme?"

Continued on page 55

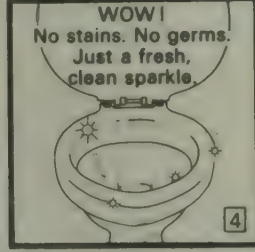
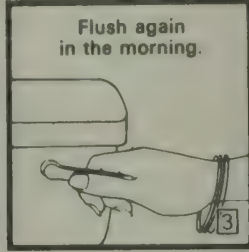
Don't scrub that toilet!



PERFUMED
SaniFresh
THE MODERN
ALTERNATIVE

Sprinkle Sanifresh instead

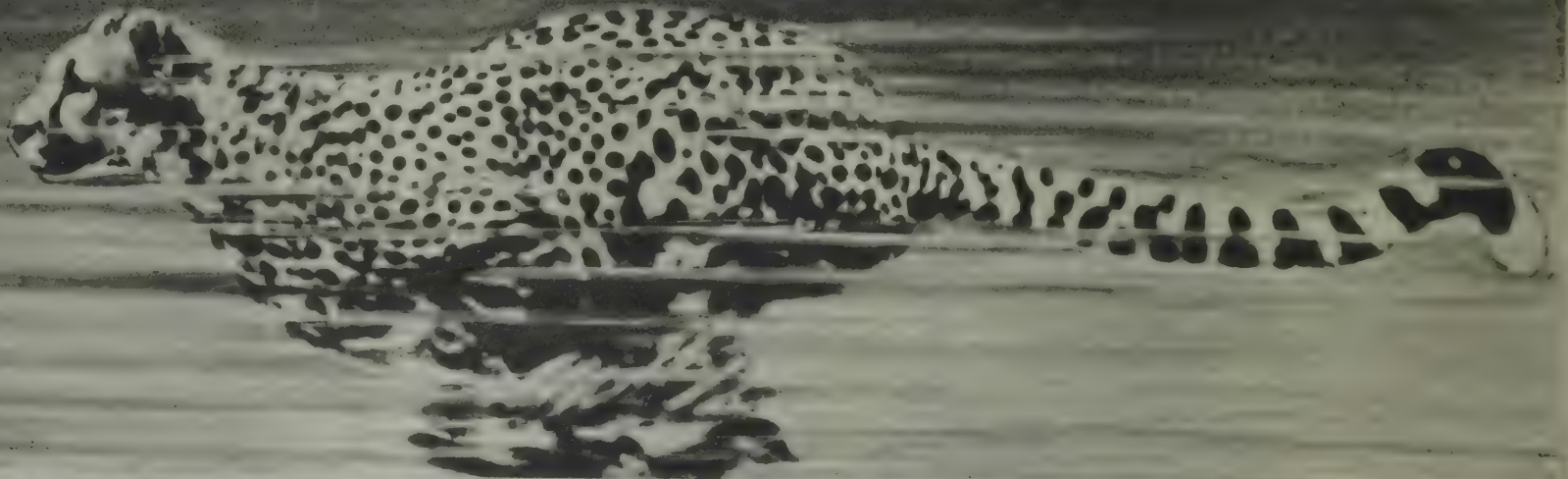
..the easy way to keep your toilet sparkling clean and germ-free.



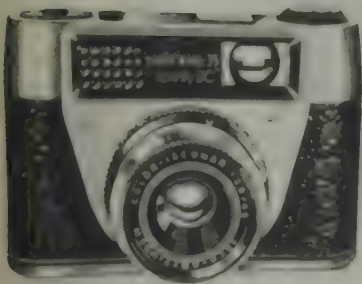
BALSARA
—FOR MODERN AIDS
TO BETTER LIVING

CHAITRA-BLS-437

Sprinty where action is



NATIONAL-35 Sprinty BC and Sprinty C cameras



SPRINTY-BC

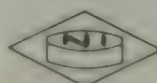


SPRINTY C

- Smart, sleek, perfectly balanced and elegantly styled.
- High-impact ABS non-breakable body—the latest in camera technology. Extra light Rugged. Easier to handle.
- Greater depth of focus with f/2.8 high resolution lens. Takes needle-sharp pictures.
- High speed shutter with fast action ultra-soft release. Automatic film loading with National Quick Loading (Q.L.) system.
- Synchronised for flash. Enables you to take pictures anytime anywhere.

SPRINTY C-WITHOUT EXPOSURE METER

NATIONAL-35 SPRINTY CAMERAS
Professional Perfection for Amateurs



NATIONAL INSTRUMENTS LIMITED

(A Government of India Enterprise) Jadavpur, Calcutta-700 032

It all started when my daughter came home with the announcement that she had to make vegetable uppuma for her S.U.P.W. (Socially Useful Productive Work) examination. Apparently the powers that be had considered uppuma making a socially useful productive work. That was all right by me, a housewife for 19 years now. I was prepared to tell her all the do's and don'ts of this simple dish.

But my daughter had other ideas. Since uppuma making came under Home Science, I was brushed away with, "You were only a Maths student! I'll ask a Home Science student!" So are the mighty fallen.

Fortunately, we didn't have to search far. One such noble being was located close by and my daughter went to her for tips

THE UPPUMA EXAM

Subhadra Krishnamurthy

on making vegetable uppuma. She came back beaming, for she was proved right. It appeared there was more to uppuma making than mere stove, utensils, ingredients and *modus operandi*. You had to have a starched lily-white apron, a smart table mat, pretty doilies and a striking flower arrangement. These things mattered a lot.

My table mats were pulled out and the best one taken. A couple of doilies were taken out from a set which an English friend of mine had given at my wedding. (I had loved them so much I had never used them even once!). Alas, my cutlery was outdated by 19 years and brought forth looks of disgust ("Haven't we got anything better than this?"). After I polished them they were grudgingly taken. We found a vase that was satisfactory. Our kind Home Science friend provided her smart white apron preserved intact from her student days, and after that my daughter had only one problem left. She still had to learn how to make vegetable uppuma.

So then this bubbling offspring of mine sat down to the task. And I mean she sat, literally. It appears theirs was the first batch doing anything in the nature of S.U.P.W. and the makeshift kitchen could not accommodate so many standing cooks. They were all going to squat with their stoves (which, along with the utensils and ingredients were to be provided by the students themselves). This required practice; for my daughter, when she is not standing is either lounging on the sofa or stretched flat on the bed. So at home too, the uppuma was prepared with the stove on the floor.

I hovered around to help her with the directions. That is, I imagined myself saying "Lower the heat!" or "Mind your hair!" or "Don't forget the salt!" I was somewhat off the mark. For while I said all these things I also had to accede to all her requests like "Amma, I forgot the spoon. Can you give it to me?" or "I can't reach the mustard. Just give it to me".

The situation was trying and I decided I would save tears by obeying her orders. Only, I felt somewhat rueful as I remembered how my mother had ordered me around when I had learnt to make uppuma.

To come back to our uppuma making, between the two of us we took about an hour-and-a-half to make vegetable uppuma with half a katori of rava and a few vegetables. Choosing between Usha's and Kanta's method as against mine or the teacher's took most of the time with arguments and counter arguments.

"Doesn't matter," she reassured me. "They are giving us three hours!"

On the day of the exam, the whole household geared itself to help the daughter of the house in her big hour. I had the

doilies and serviettes washed and ironed and even kept the serviette ready in a ring. The utensils were packed and the ingredients put in handy packets or containers and everything explained painstakingly.

My son went out for suitable flowers to cut (with the lengths of stems specified very strictly). He pumped air into his sister's bicycle and carried all the items out.

My husband, for his part, loaded everything into the cycle basket. What didn't go into the basket went into a bag which was adjusted over the handles. The stumbling block was the stove which was biggish. It was kept in a cardboard box and my husband tried again and again with varying degrees of success to secure it carefully on the back seat. He struggled with the stove and a stout rope and after nearly 20 minutes and much perspiration he succeeded. In short, we couldn't have taken more care had we been sending her off as a bride. My daughter, the star of the show, stood regally and watched the proceedings, asking us now and then as memory assailed her, whether we were sure we hadn't forgotten, this or that. We all saw her off with enthusiastic shouts of "Best of luck," which she acknowledged with the intense pleasure of a teenager. She made a curious sight as she lurched forward on the bike. Anyone would have thought she was shifting house.

I could not, of course, be present at the exam. From her accounts it was almost a walkover. It seems hers was not only the only starched white apron, it was also the only one with smart crossover straps, her doilies the prettiest and she was the only one who had kept the serviette in a ring. Her vase was the cutest, her flower arrangement the brightest though (here her face fell) she didn't get the highest marks for flower arrangement.

"How was the uppuma?" My son asked.

"Oh?" She said vaguely. "They said it was all right, just a little short of salt!"

USHA KHANNA

Continued from page 43

Deke Dekho', I composed music for their 'Hum Hindustani' and 'Aao Pyar Karen'."

Every song in 'Dil Deke Dekho' turned out to be the super hit of the decade. Yet Usha didn't click in a big way because as she puts it, "People who matter in the industry thought that I was O. P. Nayyar's assistant and my songs were composed by Nayyar Saab since I followed his style of composing breezy music which was extremely popular at that time. No one could believe that a girl of 16 could be the music director of the film."

What are the disadvantages of being a female music director?

"Being a lady, my name tends to get linked with a producer or a lyricist, if I go around with him with purely friendship as motive. Usha Khanna should not be seen with any producer other than her husband Sawan Kumar, that seems to be the dictum in this male oriented industry."

Usha Khanna is sad that no girl today wants to take up music direction as a career. She deplores the waning interest in music amongst young girls today. "If a girl is good looking, she wants to be a heroine. Nobody wants to become another Usha Khanna. And if at all the girls come to me asking for a break as a singer, they forget the fact Lata had put in hard work for a decade before she clicked in a big way. Lata is invincible."

Sawan Kumar had once gone on record as saying that Usha was an excellent music director but unfortunately not an ideal wife. What has Usha to say about the allegation? "I'd better not open my mouth to answer this allegation because one controversy will lead to another and there will be no end to it. Suffice to say that a man is capable of inventing any excuse just to prove to the world that he is right and the woman is not. Even today I have not severed my relationship with my husband though we do not live together. I compose music for his films. I walk into his room and even make small talk to his girl friends without getting possessive about him."

There was a time in the late 60s when Usha was better known as the music director of C-grade ventures like 'Lutera Aur Daku' and 'Khatil Aur Aashiq'. "I had no other alternative. Big banners were not ready to take a risk and sign an up-and-coming music director. If I had decided to sign only big budget films, then before long I would have been out of the industry. In fact for nearly two years I found that there were no offers at all because I used to turn down C-grade ventures," she admitted frankly.

Usha says that to make a success of your career as a music director, you have got to know what exactly the public wants and play their tune. "I have never composed a disco number but today what with several disco numbers turning out to be hits, I have decided to make a disco number soon. People today do not have the time to enjoy good poetry and good tunes. What they want is just a fast disco number. I am game to supply to the public what they want."

Announcing INDUSTRIAL TIMES

MAY 4, 1981

GOA MINING-TOURISM SYNDROME



Mining or tourism? Caught up in a debate that is more rhetoric than productive, Goa is in imminent danger of losing both. A studied probe into the real issues reveals that both tourism and mining need to be developed scientifically to realise the potential of Goan economy.

YOGA FOR THE EXECUTIVE HEART

To say that the corporate executive is prone to heart disease, is to state the obvious. It is more important to seek prevention by means which are within the means and fit into the tight time schedule. Yoga meets the need in every way.

Research Lends Muscles to Steel

The improvements brought about by research and development in steel making have given us metallurgical wonders which have revolutionised the entire industrialisation process.

Rush Now For Your Copy Of
INDUSTRIAL TIMES

FEEL THE EXCITING
DIFFERENCE
OF A
PERFECT FIT
WITH

Veulex[®]
BRASSIERES



SWEET DREAM
EMBOSSED CUPS - WITHOUT
any stitch in between Cups
and sides: Sponge Dual Purpose
either Front or Back open
DREAM GIRL
Fine Poplin - Elastic Shoulder
Strap U Shape
CHARMIS
Fine Poplin - Circular Stitch
in Cups - Centre Elastic Insert
in Band for finest grip U Back



DREAM GIRL



CHARMIS

MANUFACTURED BY
KAMAL BRASSIERS MFG. CO.

215, GULSHAN TALKIES BOMBAY 400 004 PHONE: 360643

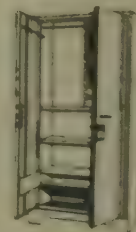
CALCUTTA AGENTS:

CALCUTTA CARPET STORE
43, Park Street,
CALCUTTA-16.
Phone: 249464

GUJARAT AGENTS:

KALPANA AGENCIES,
opp. Calico Doam,
Relief Rd., Ahmedabad.
Phone: 380249.

When you think of
**GOOD
ALMIRAHs,
OFFICE
AND OTHER
HOUSEHOLD
FURNITURE**

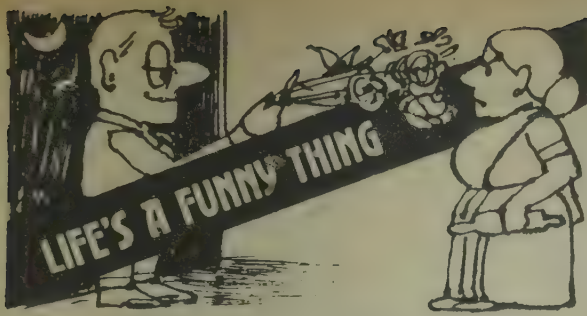


REMEMBER



RAJ & RAJ

18 RABINDRA SARANI, (Poddar Court), CALCUTTA 700 001
PHONE 269443
Other Showrooms
28, 3A, Garabhat Road, Calcutta-19
Phone 469539



A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

I once read somewhere: "Lives there a man with soul so dead. Who never to his wife hath said, 'To hell with breakfast, come back to bed.'" Now, little luxuries like this I can afford. Twice a week I sleep late since I work five days and am the captain of my fate the other two. Susie has instructions to see that the alarm clock doesn't go berserk on Saturdays and Sundays. "Otherwise," I told her, "I'll silence the thing with a well-aimed shoe."

Now take it from me, "little luxuries" like these can come your way often as you trot down the road of life. That is, of course, if your imagination is not buried in moth balls. Using it helps, and your little luxuries will come, with perhaps a little modest expenditure to bring them into view.

Let me give you a few examples. Take the hot weather and the sea. When the first comes along, you should swim in the second. It's all the tea in China to a crate of oranges that you don't do this often enough. Why, a trip to the beach now and then wouldn't break you unless you cut grass for a living.

While I'm selective about movies, I don't miss the ones I like. And who do I like? Well, Roger Moore throwing his fists around, Richard Burton jumping from cable car to cable car. Amitabh doing an excellent acting job. Nutan looking sweet enough to hug. Olivia Newton-John dancing her way into my heart. And many more. And I don't have to break open Sushila's piggy bank to go. I have a simpler method. I save round coins. In no time at all, I have enough not only to go, but to litter the foyer with wafers. Try it.

Those who are not favoured by fortune shouldn't cry into their beer because of it. Close friends will help to pass a pleasant evening. Unless of course it's raining like in Chera-whatever-you-may-call-it.

Then, I tag along with my kids to a nearby park every two weeks. It's full of youngsters living it up or oldsters talking about the "good old times." I watch the youngsters. Their antics revitalise my tissues. Try it sometime, unless you're too busy negotiating Rs. 50,000 deals.

Every now and then, do you know what we do? We miss an evening meal, go out and bring joy to the hearts of bhel-puri wallahs, ice-cream vendors and really go to town. Susie can eat ragra pattice with a bigger appetite than a she-elephant eating sugar-

cane. The kids can eat pani-puri till the sight of them makes my stomach behave like a Ferris Wheel. And yours truly enjoys roadside samosas like a true Englishman enjoys roast beef.

Little luxuries, you see what I mean? But then, you must be fond of simple pleasures, not go hankering for a spin in the harbour in a luxury yacht, with a champagne in one hand and a woman in the other. Sometimes we just walk along near the Gateway letting the spray beat on our faces. And once a month, we religiously go to a restaurant we haven't entered before and eat things I thought only existed in food fantasies. Hell, you don't need a bankful of dough to enjoy yourself now and then.

My mother-in-law (she and I see eye to eye on 97 things out of a 100) calls us over for a seafood dinner once in a while. That's because I once told her that a fish in her kitchen is worth two in the sea, and I mean it. So there's another pleasant evening. Then, when I win at cards played in a drumming suburban train, I add a little and call a good



friend over for dinner. I place three rums before him (all that remains in the bottle) and ask him to tell me the latest jokes after, of course, having told the children to watch the hash on my neighbour's TV. No, I really mean it. Life's little luxuries are within easy reach. And they'll keep away ulcers, bouts of bad temper, cursing at your boss and the possibility of heart attacks.

Lastly, for god's sake, don't miss out on books. There is on Sir P.M. Road a little bookshop with hundreds of books marked down. I pick up little masterpieces from there for little or nothing and they bring me true pleasure when it's raining in sheets or when Susie refuses to talk to me.

Life's a funny thing. But you've got to throw away your dark glasses.

See you!

— SUNNY

TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 51

"Yes," he said. "We can manage without the help of your self-opinionated brother-in-law. We'll show them."

"Oh darling," I cried delirious with excitement. "Thank you for your confidence."

"Let's just say," he hazarded, with characteristic male reservations, "that I'm willing to try a gamble!"

My business was a huge success. In contrast my marriage became a damp squib. We had never had so much money in our lives. Magazines approached me with offers of regular columns. A French cosmetics manufacturer wanted to collaborate to make an ayurvedic cosmetic which I had patented with striking effectiveness. Murli was bewildered at the pace, maybe nettled by my conspicuous superiority. He had finally accepted a job offer which paid much less but was in his line of work. It meant he was based in Bangalore, miles away from me, visiting me only occasionally when he could get leave. As for me, I could not get away at all.

On one of his rare visits, he said, "Shoma, leave all this and come away with me to Bangalore."

"You mean for a holiday?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I mean for good. Sell the business. You have built up enough goodwill."

I was astounded. "Sell the business now?" I cried. "When I have struggled through the worst and ascended the heights of achievement. And what will I do in dull old Bangalore? It will be such a horrible vacuum... after this."

"Evidently," he said, stung. "Your career means more to you than your marriage."

"Look," I said. "Be reasonable, Murli. Compare what I am making with what you are! Isn't it more sensible to give up your average job and come to Delhi and help me run my business?"

"Don't forget it was my money that helped set it up!" he said.

"All right then. My apologies. Your business!"

"Don't be sarcastic," he said. "You know jolly well you have multiplied my money ten-fold."

"Are you grudging me my success?" I cried.

"No," he said. "I'm just lamenting the fact that we have let a beautiful relationship be destroyed by this monster called money! You don't want to come to Bangalore. I don't want to join you in Delhi. There doesn't seem to be much point in continuing the dead marriage, is there?"

Today I am a very successful career woman living alone. Uttam is married and has gone abroad to Leeds. I hardly hear from Murli. Sometimes I look at the picture of a laughing couple holding hands in a gondola on the shining waterways of Venice and wonder: Is it really me and my happy-go-lucky husband?

BOMBAY

"Tulika" held an exhibition-cum-sale of hand painted sequined and embroidered saris, churidar-kurtas, table linen and handicrafts at Aakar Art Gallery recently. Mrs. Satya Mehra was the chief guest.



The Voltas Organisation of Women recently inaugurated the Speech and Physiotherapy Units of the S.P.J. Sadhana School for the Handicapped at the Sophia College campus. Two films, "Touch" and "Nothing Special" were screened on the occasion.

Under the auspices of Kalavibhag, Ananthacharya Indological Research Institute, "Shishya", Rohinton Cama's School of Bharata Natyam was inaugurated at G. D. Somani School, Cuffe Parade, recently.

Rohinton Cama is one of the youngest and most talented among the very few male classical dancers in India. His training in Bharata Natyam started at the age of eleven when he joined Vyjayanthimala's "Natyalaya" in Bombay. Subsequently he underwent intensive training under Guru K. P. Kittappa Pillai of Tanjore. Rohinton Cama has performed not only in many parts of India, but also in Europe, South-East Asia and Africa.

An exhibition and sale of hand-embroidered chiffon sarees in straw, wool, cord, sequins, beads etc., and silver antique tribal jewellery was held by Renuka Batlivala at Cuffe Castle recently. All the proceeds were donated towards the Natasha Batlivala Scholarship Fund for poor students.

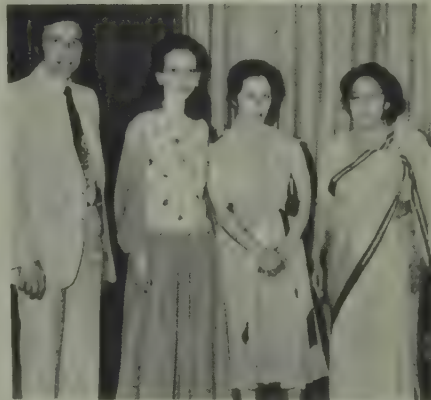
The Max Mueller Bhavan organised a seminar for educators and parents of deaf children in cooperation with the Society for Rehabilitation and Research of the Handicapped, Max Mueller Bhavan, Delhi, and the Central School for the Deaf, Bombay. This is a part of an All India Workshop which was conducted in Delhi, Madras, Bangalore and Bombay.

The main speaker was Dr. A. Loewe, a professor for paediatric audiology and education of the deaf at the University of Education, Heidelberg. The seminar was attended by 40 educators from schools in Bombay and also included panel discussions on the education of the deaf

Zonta Club of Bombay III celebrated its first Charter Anniversary at a function held at the United Services Club recently. Seen (from left) are Silloo J. Billimoria, Havovi G. Dotivala, Brinda Gambers, President, chief guest Mrs. Katy K. Baam, the first lady City Civil & Sessions Judge; Mitha Shroff, Mohini Jerome, and Jyoti Lavsi.



LEFT: A seminar on "Water for Industry" was organised by the Indian Water Works Association — Bombay Centre, and The Indian & Eastern Engineer. Seen (from left) are Mr. S.K. Ghaswala, Mr. Mick D'Souza, Mr. Arvind Doshi, and Mrs. Sharayu Daftary, President, Indian Merchants Chamber.



A Reception was hosted by the Chief of the League of Arab States Mission H.E. Mr. Brazi (ext left) at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Delhi, recently. Also seen are Mrs. Brazi, a guest, and Miss Raj Usha Chopra, Chairman, Indo-Arab Society.

and integration in India. In addition there was an exhibition of hearing aids and equipment.

The Employment and Placement Committee of the National Association For the Blind organised a presentation ceremony of the Dr. Burjor Darabsha Pallonji Memorial Award, 1980 at the Queenie Captain Auditorium, the NAB Workshop for the Blind. Mr. Vijay M. Merchant presided and presented the award for 1980.



Mrs. Dhun Rusi Davar who won the first prize in the cookery competition organised recently by the Bombay Parsi Association, receiving the prize from Mr. Jehangir Shroff, President. Mrs. Katy Jamshedji was the chief guest.

DELHI

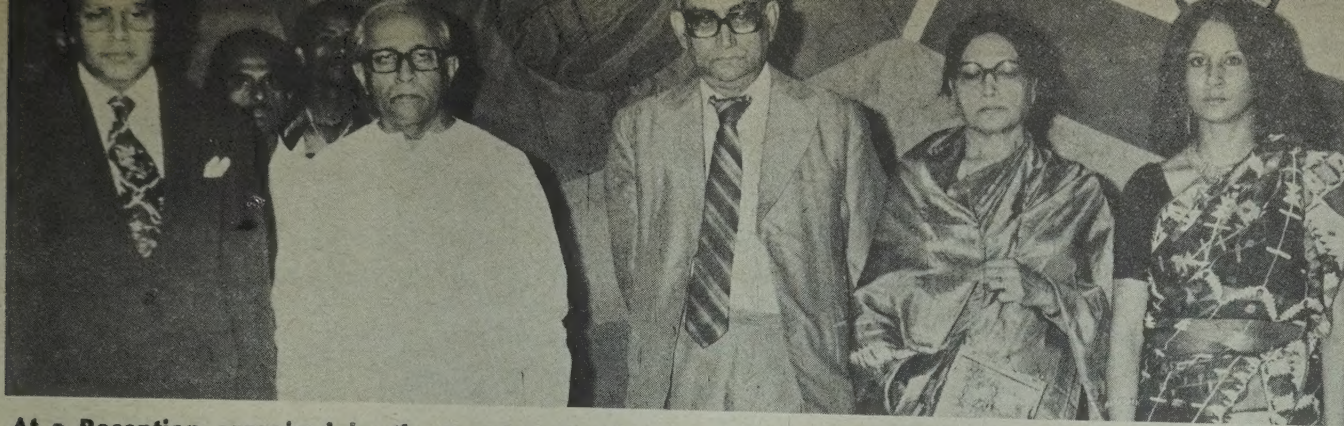
Speaking at the award giving and inaugural function of the 24th National Exhibition of Art 1981, President Sanjiva Reddy said that art had survived through the ages because it had given expression to the values held by the masses. The President distributed awards of Rs. 5,000 each to 10 artists. From Delhi, Kishori Kaul and Anju Bhadwar got the award for painting, Mr. Ved Na-

yar for sculpture and Suneela Bindra for drawing.

An exhibition-cum-sale of saris, T-shirts and kaftans will be presented by Ravi Creations at Tuhasco Inn, 50, Sunder Nagar, on April 28 and 29, 1981. Bedsheets and linen will also be on display.

CALCUTTA

The Shreeram Silk Manufacturing Company pavilion at the All India Textile Fair was a delight-

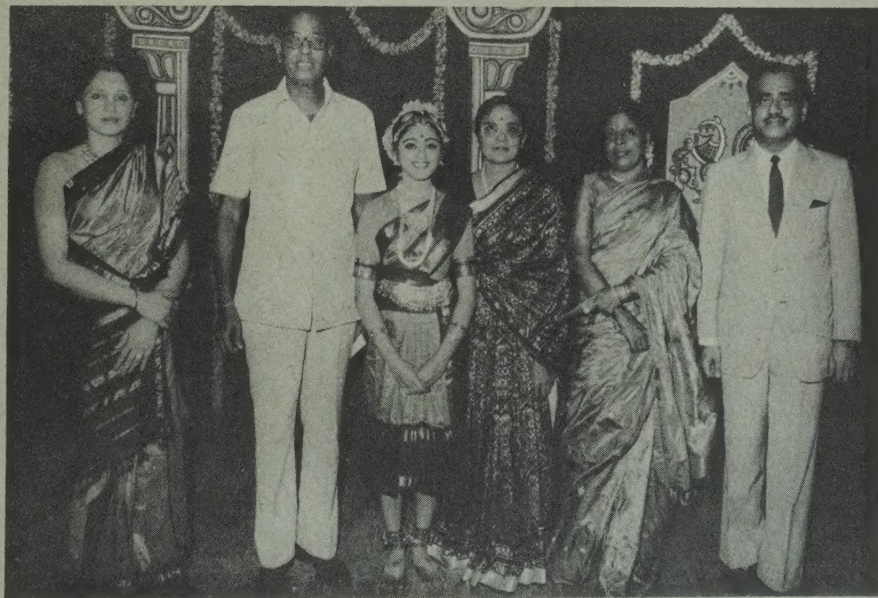


At a Reception organised by the Bangladesh Mission in Calcutta to celebrate the Bangladesh Independence and National Day are seen (from left) Mr. H. Rashid, Dy. High Commissioner of Bangladesh, Mr. Jyoti Basu, Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. M. Habibulla, Speaker, West Bengal Assembly, Mrs. K. Basu and Mrs. N. Rashid.



ABOVE: Little Bina Vaishnav was the chief guest at a drawing competition for handicapped children held by the Navrangpura Jaycees, Ahmedabad at the Apang Manav Mandal. Also seen are (from left) Mr. D. Mandalia, Mr. Madhavan, Mr. A. Shah, President, Mr. C.B. Dudhir, Mr. K. Vaishnav, Mrs. B. Vaishnav and Mr. S. Upadhya.

RIGHT: At Rupa Padmanabha Rao's Bharat Natyam arangetram held at Museum Theatre, Madras, are seen (from left) Mrs. V. Padmanabha Rao, chief guest Justice Mr. S. Mohan, the artiste, Mrs. M. Muthiah, Mrs. K. J. Sarasa, and Mr. K. Padmanabha Rao.



Smart Art, a cultural organisation, presented a week-long festival of devotional songs, light music, garba and skits in Gujarati at Birla Krida Kendra, Bombay. Seated (from left) are Mr. Jayanti Patel, Mr. Madhukar Randeria, and Mr. Pinakin Shah. Standing (from left) are Mr. Gaman Dumasiya, Mr. Arvind Asher, Mrs. Indu Asher, and Miss Bhavna.

ful focal point with not only their product display but also various types of electronic games and a miniature children's park with a toy train. The lovely models parading in the pavilion to display the Gold Star materials are also quite an attraction. The Governor of West Bengal, Mr. T.N. Singh inaugurated the Trade Fair which has been organised by the Calcutta Chamber of Commerce.

A group of children conducted the seventh State-level science exhibition organised by the Nehru Children's Museum in the

city. The President, the chief guests, the speakers, were all children between 10 and 15 years. The first two prizes of Rs. 500 each were awarded to the two best schools from outside West Bengal, while Rs. 1000 was awarded to the best school at the exhibition.

Nrityalaya presented that old Tagore favourite, "Shyama" at Rabindra Sadan. The singing of Purba Dam in the title role was outstanding portraying the split personality of a courtesan's guilt complex and the passionate side of her nature. This

production as Nrityalaya's maiden venture, was enjoyable.

"Lexpo '81", an international fair in leather products, organised by the Indian Leather Technologists Association was inaugurated in the city by the chief Minister, Mr. Jyoti Basu.

MADRAS

To welcome and honour the Vice-President of the Jaycees International, Jaycee Eugin Lim,

the three Chapters of the Jaycees, Madras, Coromandel and Marina Jaycees held a reception at the Hotel Taj Coromandel. Jce. Prakash Ahuja, President, Madras Jaycees, took the chair. To Jce. Eugin Lim it was a heartening sight to see the number of Jaycees in the town, but he was all for an expansion of the Jaycee chapters and spreading the message of the Jaycee movement. Being the International Year of Disabled Persons, Mr. Lim wanted more attention paid to the disabled children.

It was a keenly contested sports meet at the campus of the Engineering College, Guindy. Hosted by the Women's Christian College, the Women's Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association conducted a two-day sports meet, declared open by the Principal of the College and President of the W.I.A.A. Dr. (Mrs.) Renuka Somasekar. Records were broken and the two colleges which ran neck to neck for top honours were the Women's Christian College and the Stella Maris College; the latter came first finally.

Professor G.R. Damodaran, Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University presided and distributed the prizes. He promised to look into the request by the W.I.A.A. for more amenities and facilities for the woman students and athletes. Mrs. Mary Thomas proposed a vote of thanks at the end of the meet, and the credit goes to Mrs. Rajaseeli John, Vice-President of the W.I.A.A. for the success of the Meet.

BANGALORE

A special exhibition of Jamini Roy's paintings was presented at the Venkatappa Art Gallery by the Karnataka Lalitakala Academy and Jamini Roy Exhibition Committee.

HYDERABAD

The Indian Women Scientists' Association and the A.P. Water Pollution Control Board held a symposium on pollution recently at the National Institute of Nutrition.

The students of the St. Francis College held a spring fete at the college grounds in Begumpet. The fete was in aid of the disabled, and a special attraction was a Beat Show by the popular group, The Ivories.



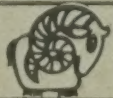
FOR THE WEEK
APRIL 26 — MAY 2, 1981

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :

A high flying year, with little to mar your progress — or your happiness. There is good opportunity to push ahead with your material ambitions, and you will be especially successful if working in partnership. Some sort of personal success is indicated; you may be improving your standard of living through a new job — or through marriage, if single. Early 1982 should be a most rewarding phase in your life.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)



There is luck in communication, in fresh scenes and in activities, and the more you get out and about, the happier you'll be. Experiment, dabble with new ideas.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)



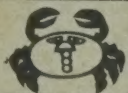
This week will be hard to beat for the chances it throws your way. A fast moving scene favours your ambitions as well as more personal concerns. Get the mundane activities well organised.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)



You'll see new possibilities everywhere and it's time to move along a little, to update your ideas. The right time if seeking a new home, or a better job.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



Rise to challenges this week, rather than try to dodge them; you probably don't know your own potential. Minor changes, unusual happenings, will tend to favour you. Vital stars will aid your love life.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)



Job interests come to the fore and there seems nothing to hamper progress over the next few months. If there is scope to boost your prospects this week, don't be shy about pushing yourself forward.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



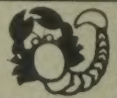
Good news if you are weary of the same old routine. You could take the first step towards a change of direction. 'Far away' matters will interest you — your stars will bring out a spirit of adventure in you.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



If you sense strange undercurrents this week, don't worry. Background activities will be to your advantage; someone could be doing you a good turn, speaking up for you. A good time to try something new.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



You'll feel restless, your love life may not be all you wish for a time. But try to avoid hasty changes, words or actions. You will swing out of current irritations in a few week's time.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



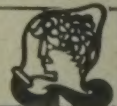
There'll be harmony in both family and working relationships, plenty of sparkle in your love life. But take care. A commitment may not be easy to fulfil.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



A romantic week, some attractive meetings, and lucky for cash too. Give time to the social side of life, for unexpected benefits will come through friendly contact. You'll find people willing, if not eager, to ease your path, your personality will please. A recent change will turn out well for you.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



There will be encouragement for your ideas, a spot of luck which could tie in with travel or a change of job. You'll find it easy to communicate. A new approach to an old ambition would probably pay off.

PISCES
(Feb 20 — March 21)



A good chance of success for anything you set your mind to. New friendships, unusual outings, add zest to activities, and your problem will be how not to miss anything!

SEQUEL

Continued from page 29

things. A barren woman to help with the confinement! And the first confinement at that. What else could you expect?" She had gazed at the dead child and then at Kamakshi and dabbed her eyes with her pallu.

Kamakshi had loved the child so much that it had been like a fierce ache. But that was beside the point. No one wished to know how she felt.

Her mother was surprised, but made no attempt to stop her when Kamakshi left the house after the funeral. It was rather late when she returned.

"Amma, I'm going away," Kamakshi spoke in a firm, quiet voice. "Shivagamiammal needs a cook—I heard her telling someone at the temple, last Friday—and she's willing to take me on."

"Have you taken leave of your senses! Cook indeed! Do you know what kind of a family you belong to? Your sister's brother-in-law is an I.A.S. officer!"

"My God, what will people say?" wailed Girija.

"Have you forgotten that Girija is to be married? Do you want to ruin her life as well? What are we going to tell the people who come to 'see' her?" demanded her mother.

"Amma, why must you tell them anything at all? Even now, when you have visitors, do you ever speak to them of me? 'Both my daughters are quite brilliant. Sumathi has a Master's degree in Physics, mind you, and Girija is an officer in a bank.' Do you ever give them an inkling that you have another daughter, who hovers in the shadows like some unwholesome apparition?"

"How can you speak this way, after all that we've done for you?" discordant voices grated on, accusing and condemning her.

Outside, a car's headlights etched brief shadows, before merging with the grey, sleeping night.

Kamakshi's mother glanced out of the window. "Goodness me! I didn't know it was so late. Come with me to the market, Girija. There's hardly any rice in the house. And we'd better not send Kamakshi today," she muttered, "she's acting funny all of a sudden."

The front door slammed shut. From the kitchen window, Kamakshi watched her mother and sister cross the street, and then, quickly, she bundled together her meagre belongings—a few, faded cotton saris, her wedding photograph, dog eared and creased, and an ivory figure of Lord Krishna.

Her mind was surprisingly lucid and she felt no guilt when she considered her decision. Someone, a stranger, needed her. Everything else was immaterial.

Her father was out and the house was deserted.

Kamakshi picked up her things, locked the door and handed over the key at the next flat.

The wind whispered softly in the jack fruit tree, by the well, as she walked out of the gate with slow, measured steps.

Smart. Efficient. Reliable.

Watch the years breeze by,
with Orient by your side.
Styled to please, built to perform.
In a choice variety of designs
and colour combinations that
match any setting, any decor.
Manufactured by fan experts
who have the experience and

the know-how to give you
just what you want — fans
that look good, fans that
work well for years and years!

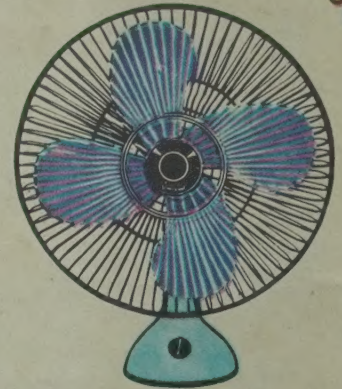
4 Ceiling fans • 6 Table fans
• 2 Pedestal fans

ORIENT FANS

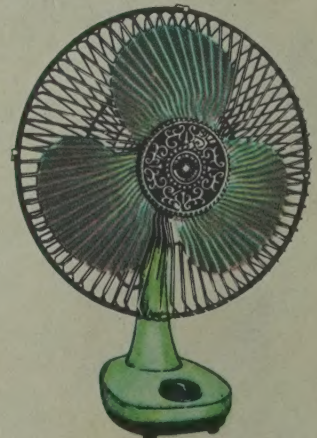
Looks and performance perfectly matched



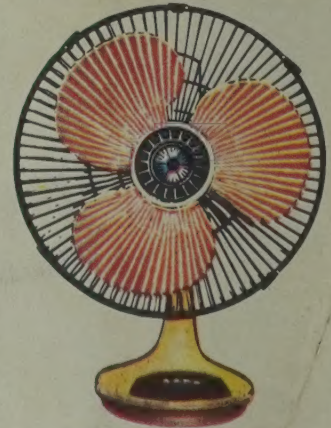
ORIENT GENERAL INDUSTRIES
LIMITED
Factories at Calcutta and Faridabad



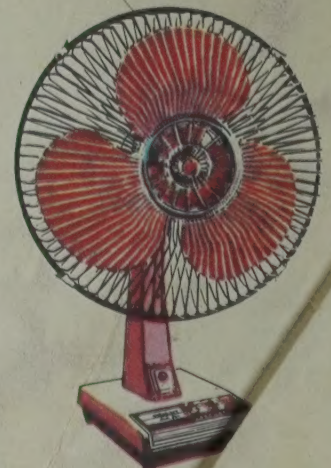
DELUXE



SUMMER QUEEN



SUPER DELUXE



DESI

REGD. NO. MH BY SOUTH-

Swan

soars to greater heights



Higher and higher.
The exclusive Swan range
of high-fashion fabrics
reaches new peaks. With
prints and colours in
cloud-soft textures.



Swan Mills Ltd