

# EVE'S WEEKLY

## WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MALE EGO?

### CARELESSNESS IN PUBLIC HOSPITALS

DIOROUS BRANDNAC



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your skin soft and natural  
...all over

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Cover :

KAMLESH LAMBA

(See story on page 12)

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GLAMOROUS GRANDMOTHERS

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1st  
PRIZE

### SUPER MEN !

Young college girls, travelling long distances in trains, are helplessly exposed to the crude behaviour of male co-passengers. A smart, young woman had to take a sleeper berth in a general compartment for a night's journey. A middle-aged man asked her for the magazine she was reading and while returning it propositioned her in no uncertain terms, even mentioning the amount of cash he had with him! Shocked, miserable, lonely, helpless, she shouted at him to shut up and, covering herself with a bedsheet, tried to sleep on her upper berth. The family of husband

and wife in one of the lower berths did not even bother to enquire if she was being pestered.

The next thing she knew, a card was being pushed under her pillow. Scared now, she did not dare move the whole night. In the morning she heard a couple of young fellows passing crude remarks about girls in general and when they left the compartment they coolly pulled out the card from under her pillow and walked out nonchalantly.

The girl had not got into the general compartment out of choice, although she could very well have done so, considering the ladies' compartment is never too safe. She was dressed in jeans and a properly buttoned-up shirt. She is a very sensible and intelligent girl who never acts coy or provocative, coming as she does from a very respectable family. The incident has been a traumatic experience for her. She says she was shocked at the base actions of men who presume that every young girl in a modern outfit will welcome their cheap suggestions.

PARVATI V. MENON, Madras

**We seethe with rage every time we hear something like this. But, ten to one, after making the appropriate 'disapproving' comments, the men will wink at each other and say, "What do you expect? The fellow must have got excited seeing her up there." This is a power game — the men hold power over the physically defenceless women and they itch to exercise that power... outside, and even in their own bedrooms.**

3rd  
PRIZE

### DISCARD THAT BABY ?

"UK doctor charged with Baby's Murder", screamed a recent news item. It stated that a British doctor (head of his hospital's neo-natal services) has been charged with murder for having administered a strong dose of sedatives to an abnormal newborn baby. I am a mother of two and I personally find nothing wrong with the act. What right do we have to bring up a child for whom we do not foresee any future, to whom we have nothing to offer? Why not set him free while he is still unaware of his mishap? In the present case it is a doctor doing so, perhaps with the consent/persuasion of the frustrated parents. In the book "All The Rivers Run", the mother practically leaves her idiot child to die. She is condemned by her husband. But her doctor and she, herself, do not feel they have done wrong. Neither do I.

AMRITA BAGGA, Pune

**We, too, wouldn't condemn the mother for what she did... she must have had so many reasons, frustrations, fears, compulsions. But we cannot bring ourselves to say that a handicapped child has no right to live and must be got rid of like so much trash. Many doctors today — including the famous Christiaan Barnard —**

**are advocating "passive" euthanasia. But that doesn't necessarily mean they're right. We know of so many beautiful (albeit short-lived) spastic, blind and Mongol babies who have given pure joy to their doting and courageous parents. Would you really want to kill all these babies?**

### PLAIN CLOTHES MEN

When young, our mothers and grandmothers used to narrate stories of good and bad kings. The good one used to go around in plain clothes during the night and try to find out if the people of his kingdom were really happy with his way of ruling, etc. The bad one, of course, used to take away whatever little his peasants had saved and did not care what happened to them.

If only this could happen again! There is no denying the fact that Indians believe in hero worship. We are guided and motivated by whatever our politicians (kings) ask us to do. With every individual trying to have his say, I personally feel our country will not be able to come up to the standard of the developed nations even in another hundred years. No, I am not pessimistic but have good reasons to believe so. Show me one man

2nd  
PRIZE

### WAKE UP !

Is it not a matter of shame that in our country basic needs have become luxuries and luxuries, basic needs? People are hankering after consumer items like refrigerators, TV sets, scooters, etc., while most Indians are not fortunate enough to have a clean water supply, toilet facilities, uninterrupted and stable electric supply, readily available cooking fuel and the most basic needs — a shelter with a solid roof, at least a meal a day and a piece of cloth to cover the body.

Our government, while vouchsafing a just society, is actually encouraging consumerism in a rather obscene manner. Indifference to people's woes and inefficiency in executing even the smallest job are being taken for granted with no questions asked, by the mute and docile public. Do we have to really wait for another Buddha or Christ to resurrect our sensitivities?

It is high time we stop going after luxuries and concentrate on improving our living conditions on an individual basis. Otherwise, very shortly, we will be tearing each other apart. We should assess our resources and recognise our limitations and then proceed to meet our most fundamental needs with priorities in proper order, instead of running after items which are not yet within our reach and which we can certainly do without, at least for the time being. Once we achieve this goal we can go in for luxuries in a slow and phased manner. Only then will we be able to live a guiltless life, sans the obvious contradictions...

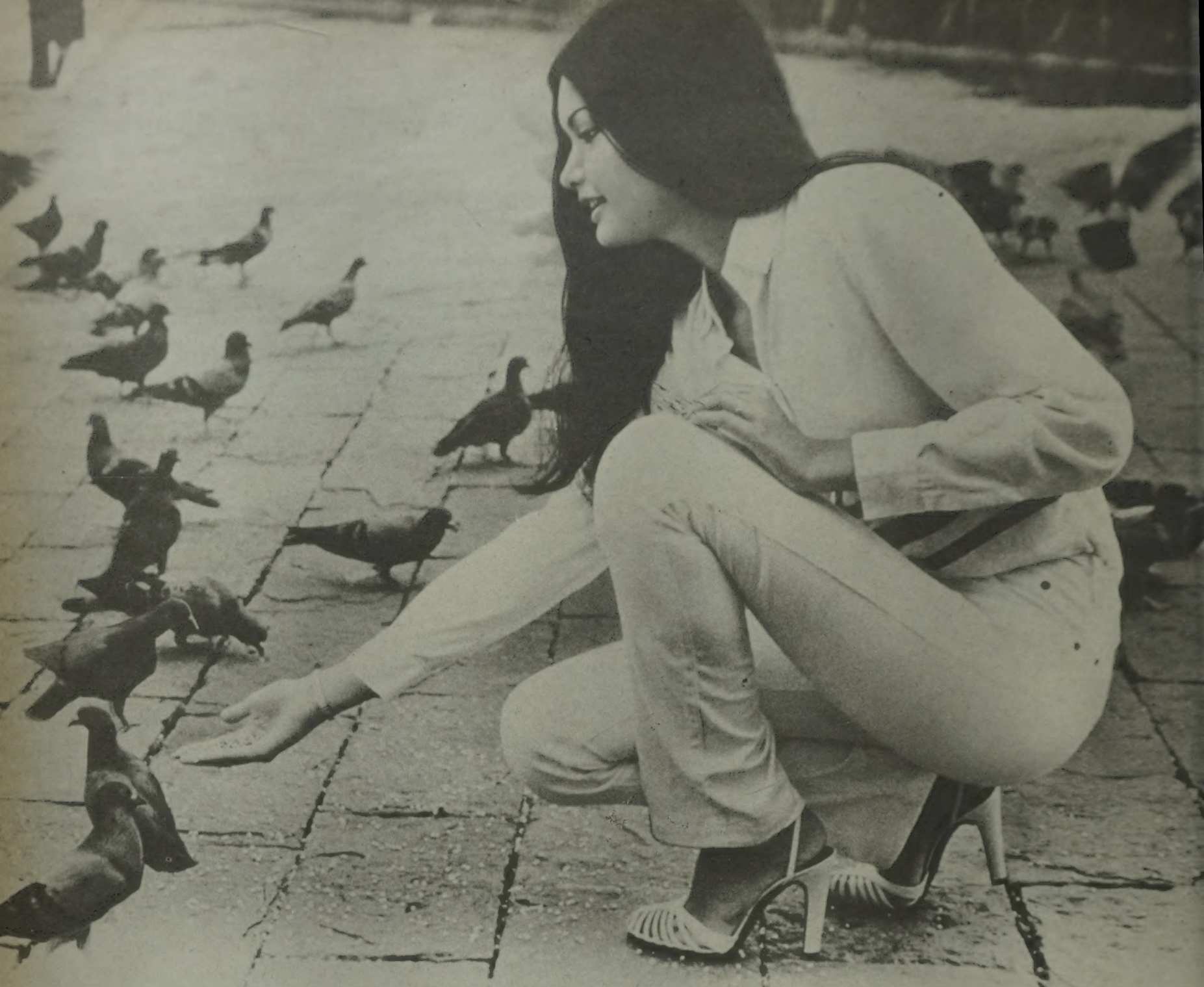
LALITA KOTA, Rohtak

**The disparity between the rich and the poor has reached alarming proportions. The middle class, running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, is being crushed to pulp. Undoubtedly, as you imply, the situation is explosive...**

on the road who is not thinking of making a fast buck; no matter if the act causes trouble to others: the rule of the day is to live for money, by money and only money. What has happened to us all? Will the so-called kings try to go around in their plain clothes and find out the real reasons instead of sitting back and making decisions regarding Bearer Bonds, Prohibition, Communal Riots, Assam, Baghat and all the news-making headlines for the newspapers to increase their circulation?

CHANDRA GUPTA, New Delhi

**We don't have good and bad kings any more; neither do we have good or bad politicians — only lousy ones. What we need, therefore, is a sorcerer (sorceress?) who will go around in his/her plain clothes and chant mantras (or say "poof!") to make the lousy ones disappear forever.**



# Stayfree\* Beltless Napkins

*No belts, no strings, no bother.*

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*STAYFREE\* Beltless Sanitary Napkins have a simple adhesive strip. You press it on the inside of your close-fitting panties and it keeps the napkin firmly in place. Snug and secure. So much easier to wear and change than all other napkins.*

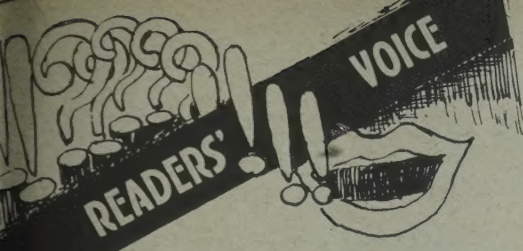
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**Available in packs of 10 and 20 napkins.**





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

## EQUALITY IN THE ARMED FORCES

With reference to the article "Can Women Join The Armed Forces?" (January 24) the military officers quoted feel that "women in the front lines would create awkward logistical problems such as the need for separate accommodation and sanitary facilities," and that while certain types of male soldiers would protect women, there would also be the other kind of whom women would have to be wary." These problems would be solved if there were regiments exclusively for women and women were trained to 'man' ships, submarines and aircraft. Until women become an integral part of the fighting forces, their equality with men in the army, navy and air force will not be established.

GAYADEVI KALYANMALA, Secunderabad.

## FACTUAL ERRORS

I am writing this letter to bring to your notice some factual errors which have been made in the article entitled "Can Women Join The Armed Forces?" (January 24) which need clarification and rectification.

It is totally incorrect to say that I am the first woman to be given a permanent commission in the A.M.C. There have been many illustrious women before me: Mrs. Pai, who retired two or three years ago commanded many military hospitals and retired in the rank of Brigadier as A.D.M.S. Jabalpur Area. At present Col. Nirmal Ahuja is associate professor in the department of obstetrics and gynaecology at the A.F.M.C. Pune and is, as far as I know, the seniormost woman in the A.M.C. today. Till I applied, no woman who was seconded to the Indian Navy had been granted a permanent commission with this service — so correctly, I was the first woman to be granted a permanent commission in naval uniform.

From the article it appears that Lt. Col. Balakrishnan was a para-trooper — she was, in fact, a pathologist with a special interest in immunology. She has left the service and is now heading a department of immunology somewhere in the U.S.A.

SURGEON CDR. BARBARA GHOSH, Bombay.

## UGLY PICTURES

The article "Driven To Death" (Feb. 7) was illuminating and thought-provoking. What I failed to appreciate were the illustrations that went with it. They were unclear and childlike. The theme was no good, but they failed most miserably to carry any appeal.

REENA DOKANIA, New Delhi.

## EVIL OF DOWRY

I agree with the conclusion of Rita Rahimtoola's article on dowry (Feb. 7) that "We have only ourselves to blame for not making the necessary change in our attitude." May I state further that though the giving and taking of dowry has been banned, the practice continues. Laws alone are not enough to stop this evil. People should start opposing it.

On the other hand, to start life without any support after marriage is next to impossible for a young man who had been living in a middle-class joint family. His wife generally wants to live independently after marriage. Also, some girls expect too much from their husbands after marriage and in many cases want to spend lavishly or live in comfort or luxury. Where is he to go for the money?

MAHESH KAPASI, New Delhi.



ISSUE OF MARCH 28, 1981

## TABASSUM: A CHILD OF THE MEDIA

Her TV programme, 'Phool Khile Hain Gulshan Gulshan', is one of the most popular in recent years. As a child artiste she is said to have acted in more than 100 films. Glimpses into the life of this multi-faceted personality.

## THE FACE BEHIND THE VOICE

How often has one heard their rich, fruity voices either on the radio or while listening to the commentary in a documentary film! You've heard the voice, we reveal the face.

## CELLULITE

All about those insidious little bits of fat that lodge themselves in the wrong places and ruin your figure so much.

## ANWARA TAIMUR

An exclusive interview with the new chief minister of strife-torn Assam.

Plus all our regular features.

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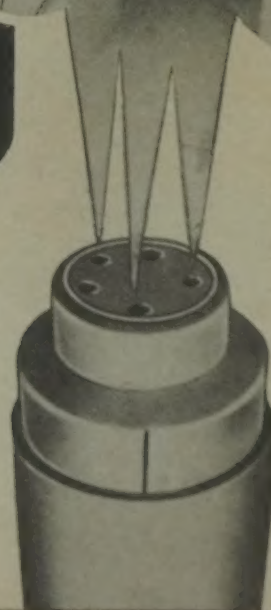
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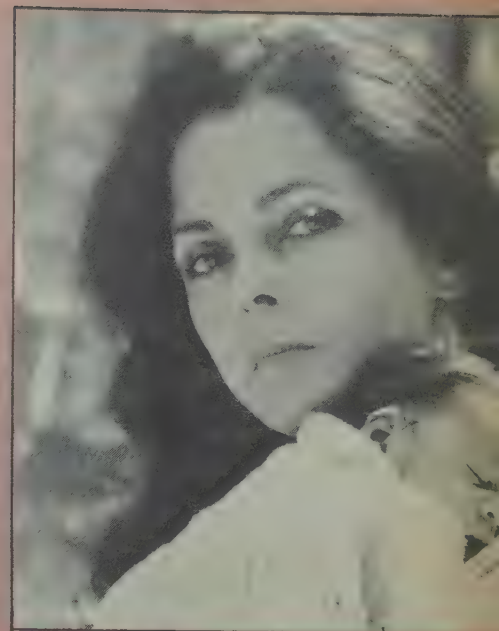
1. Prevents excess perspiration.
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**Philomena Ahmed Ali:** Mother of the famous Nafisa, and an invaluable help to her photographer-husband when it comes to deciding clothes and hairstyles for the models. (See write-up on page 12.)

Colour photograph:  
Universal Camera Arts



**BELOW:** Kamlesh Lamba. Our cover girl! With her daughter Rashmi and grand daughter. When her daughter's trousseau, designed by her, won rave notices, she set up shop on her own. (See write-up on page 12.)

Photograph: Harbans Mody

# Glamorous Grandmothers

"You look too young to be a grandma," is a fairly frequent exclamation heard these days. True, grandmas are no longer dowdy, narrow-minded creatures. They are well groomed, articulate and at the peak of their achievements

The word grandmother at once conjures up an image of a wrinkled face, outdated ideas, silvery hair and antiquity! It also reminds one of fairy tales by the fireside, 'japa malas' and 'teertha yatras'. That would complete the picture of a grandmother of yesteryear. Today, a grandmother can be easily taken for her daughter, for she is equally conscious of her looks, equally youthful in her outlook and equally engaged in interesting occupations. "Don't behave like a grandmother," was once meant as subtle reproof. Today, it could be a compliment! The galaxy of grandmas that we present here will leave you wishing you were one too.



## INDIRA GANDHI

PERHAPS one of the most glamorous and famous grandmas is Mrs. Indira Gandhi. She has admitted in one of her interviews that one of the reasons she married was to have children. Although she was estranged from her husband Feroze Gandhi and spent a lot of time playing social hostess to her father's important friends and politics claimed a large measure of her time, she proudly claims that her two sons, Rajiv and Sanjay, were never neglected by her.

Today, in her late sixties, Mrs. Gandhi is a grandma. Son Rajiv's two children, Rahul and Priyanka, and Sanjay's little son Feroze Varun, have helped form a happy family. A measure of her love for her grandchildren is seen from the fact that little Feroze Varun reportedly sleeps with her at night.

Always impeccably dressed, Mrs. Gandhi's checked cotton sari, rudraksh and full-sleeved



Prime Minister Indira Gandhi with grandson Rahul

choli during her travels in India have become almost a national symbol. It is said that she has a penchant for hand-printed, exclusive Indian silks and cottons. Her beautiful silk saris are best seen during her visits abroad. And of course her hairstyle, with a streak of white running through the middle, had at one time become an international trend setter.

Whatever she wears, be it a loose salwar kameez and shawl or the sari draped Gujarati style, it makes her look cool, glamorous and dignified. A great believer in physical fitness, she reportedly has a mini-gym in her bedroom. Her complaint after becoming the Prime Minister is that she has no time to do her exercises regularly. Mrs. Gandhi is also known for her penchant for simple food.

## PHILOMENA AHMED ALI

T ALL, splendidly slim, with no middle-age bulges, a complexion as clear as a summer sky, delicate features and a lively expression lighting up her eyes, Philomena Ahmed Ali of Calcutta is a grandma. Her daughter's first child is a baby girl called Ravinna.

Her daughter is no other than the much feted beauty and ex-film star, Nafisa Ali. Philomena says with her soft laugh, "But I'm not worth writing about. I haven't done things women do outside their home." This is be-

coming modesty because besides keeping a happy home for her famous photographer husband Ahmed Ali, she is a capable artist, and of great assistance to her husband in designing dresses and trying out new hairstyles in the field of advertising photography.

"What are the secrets of your figure and superb complexion?" I asked. Philomena said: "No woman can hope to keep a trim figure and flawless complexion without devoting a little time and care. I have to get up earlier than the family to do my daily exercises without fail."

"For complexion care what would you advise other grandmothers?" I asked. Philomena being a direct and practical person, said: "It's only being conscious about your beauty routine than can help a woman. Daily cleansing and nourishing is a must for the face, neck and hands. I do use make-up, but I have changed the shade of my foundation and lipsticks to suit the advancing years. What women forget is that looking younger than you are, does not mean a make-up like your daughter's."

"What about the mind — the mental make-up?" I asked.

Philomena's reply was: "Of course, that is most important—even more than the correct shade of lipstick! A woman whether she is a mother or a grandmother, must think young."

Tapati Mookerji

## KAMLESH LAMBA

KAMLESH Lamba of Bombay loves to show off her little grand daughter. "When I carry her, people think she is my daughter and I wish she were. I feel my daughter has come back to me after 20 years," enthuses Kamlesh. Very trim and elegant in an outfit designed by herself, Kamlesh Lamba finds grandparenthood a heady experience. She makes frequent trips to Delhi to be with her grand daughter and says, "I've been persuading my daughter to leave the little one with me and go on a holiday so that I can have her to myself. When my daughter comes here with the baby, I drop all my activities and spend all my time playing and pampering the pet."

Kamlesh is very interested in designing and has a very flourishing business in Ma Creations. The venture is a recent one which she launched after her daughter got married. She had designed her trousseau which her friends admired and the

idea of taking it up as a pastime was born. Kamlesh attributes her youthful looks to luck. She can eat anything without having to worry about her figure. "Of course, I do a few exercises for 10 minutes."

## RAMMA BANS

"I have never wheeled my children in a pram nor spent much time on their feeding, but now I take my grandson out for a walk and try all tactics to coax him to eat," says Ramma Bans. A very well kept grandma,



Ramma Bans at 57 has the figure, poise and deportment which a 20-year-old would envy. Naturally, considering she runs the health club at the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. Clad in a mustard churidar and kurta, she hardly looked like a grandmother and I couldn't resist the temptation of asking her for tips to stay young, for future use.

"One has to take care of oneself. Till 40, nature is kind to a woman. Thereafter, a little sweat and toil is necessary to keep fit and young. A good massage every day works miracles on aches and pains which gradually set in with age. I don't mean an expensive beauty parlour kind even the 'bai' can help. A few minutes of yoga to keep the



Ramma Bans' daughter Neelam with her baby.

she is a successful grandmother. "I once had to fill a column listing my hobbies and the hobby I listed as my favourite was 'grandchildren'. During the last seven years we have been blessed with the best gift we could ever have wished for: our six grandchildren. Each of our three children has a boy and a girl, eliciting a question from my brother in the U.S., 'What is the secret, didi? A balanced diet in their childhood?'"

"My next favourite activity is blood donation for which I have been working for 16 years. In 1964 a group of us housewives, under the guidance of Dr. J. G. Jolly, decided to add yet another unique facet to the town of Chandigarh — the distinction of becoming the first city in India to be operating a 100 per cent voluntary blood donor program. 1,10,000 donors have so far given blood here without any remuneration whatsoever, except the marvellous feeling of having helped another to live. I may add that my son-in-law gave his 25th donation recently.

"The bee in my bonnet is work. The day's routine consists of blood bank, grandchildren, cooking, knitting, sewing, gardening etc. I also enjoy doing flower arrangements and listening to Indian classical music. Cards, canasta and kitty parties are not my cup of tea!"

Chaya Srivatsa

### KANTA SWAROOP KRISHEN

**K**ANTA Swaroop Krishen tells you in her own words how

Kanta Swaroop Kishen (Left) and her grandchildren Nikhil and Malini



### SHARADA VASUDEVA RAU

"MY grand daughter's friends refuse to believe I'm their grandmother. They think I am their aunty. My daughters did not like me to drop them in college or pick them up, because all their friends thought I was their eldest sister and they felt embarrassed." This was the amused comment by youthful looking Sharada Vasudeva Rau.

Sharada hails from a very orthodox family in Mangalore. At



the tender age of 16, she married into a well-known family in Madras. Her husband, Dr. U Vasudeva Rau, is a leading medical practitioner. Sharada is an able helpmate to her husband, who is currently district governor of the Lions Club. Sharada accompanies him on all his official visits, thus providing him the

companionship and help which he needs. "In fact I've told my daughters not to visit us this year, while their father and I are busy with official functions," she said. Sharada reminds one of the Miltonic comment on domestic felicity: "That nothing lovelier can be found/In woman than to study household good/And good works in her husband to promote."

Sharada is the proud grandmother of seven grandchildren. "Two lovely girls and five grandsons full of bounce and energy," she says with pardonable pride in her eyes. She became a grandmother at the age of 38.

Sharada has a very free and friendly relationship with her children. At the same time, they respect her wishes. "Even now, though they have got married and gone away, they like me to go shopping with them and we all enjoy an outing together," Sharada remarked.

She has a word or two of advice to mothers and grandmothers. "Don't be too lenient with your children, at least up to the age of 18. Till then they are too young and immature and do not know their minds. Guide them and keep them under your supervision till they gain some maturity."

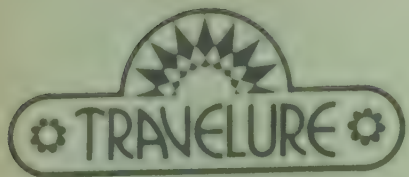
Susie Kuruvilla

### SHAKUNTALA JAGANNATHAN

**S**HAKUNTALA Jagannathan was delighted to be featured as a grandmother. As regional director (western and southern region) in the Government of India department of tourism, she is quite used to publicity, but being a grandmother, and talking about it, was quite a different experience. "My grandson is the best thing that's happened to me and when he was born, I felt a greater sense of achievement than my daughter! I think basically, grandparents go ga-ga over their grandchildren. I don't remember being excited by motherhood. I accepted it casually. But the little fellow's arrival made me crazy with joy!" reminisces Shakuntala.

What's so special about being a grandparent? "It's the tension-free love that one can shower. You see, as parents, we are too tense, thrusting our ambitions on our children and getting hot and bothered about their activities

Continued on page 19



The Himalayas, gilded with gold, charming snack bars along the way, and dark wooded slopes dotted with cottages. If you time your arrival for the last light of dusk, there's a treat ahead, say **HUGH AND COLLEEN GANTZER**

Project Simla on the wide screen. Splash it in colour, fill it with songs, brighten it with stars, direct it with a touch of imperial eclat. And then open its welcoming doors to the tourists of India for 'full house' performances all round the year.

Simla is a home tourist's dream, a holiday with trimmings, the place where the young gather and...who knows...a director might be casting. Dreams, dreams; Simla is made of dreams, caters to dreams, lives on dreams. And indeed, this has been its role since the nostalgic days of the Raj...but that was another day and another lifestyle ago. Today Simla is tinsel and glitter, laughter and lights and that untranslatable word 'raunak': the joy of bright togetherness.

Brightness is very much a part of the Simla scene. And if you

can pick your time, do what we did: drive up the hill in the late evening when the Himalayas are gilded with dusk and everything looks stolen from an old and yellowed storybook. And if you take it casually you could even stop for a snack at either the Siwalik Hotel at Kalka or, closer to Simla, at the charmingly named Apple Cart. The Apple Cart, incidentally, has a roadside counter so you can draw up, choose your snack, and then drive on without much effort.

And then on to Simla.

And if you time your arrival for the very last light of dusk, there's a treat ahead. Around a

turn in the road and, suddenly, the night-black mountains spread before you. And across the black-black wide-screen, the lights of Simla coruscate and blaze and twinkle like a myriad gems flashing in breathless iridescence. It is an incredible sight.

That night, in fact, we pulled aside the curtains of our picture windows at Hotel Holiday Home and let the star-bright lights of Simla watch over us while we slept in quilt-soft comfort.

But Simla in the day is as colourful, though in a different way. The mountain-capital's conifer-covered hills rise in dark-green wooded slopes, dotted

with brightly coloured cottages whose red roofs in particular make it look like illustrations from a fairy tale. And if you go up to the Ridge, the illusion is even greater: there's an old Gothic church at one end with a half-timbered house near it. And in front of these two striking landmarks is the broad, pulsating heart of Simla. This is Scandal Point.

"Why is it called Scandal Point?" we asked a blue-eyed Himachali friend. He smiled as the crowd shifted, chatted and laughed around us. He said: "Once upon a time...oh, very long ago, a young lady from the highest society of the Raj fell in love with a dashing Indian prince." In our imagination we saw the Mills and Boon scene; delicate, rose-complexioned girl, frail daughter of an old English family, dressed in a long silk gown blown in the Himalayan breeze. She waits, frightened but resolute, while the mist weaves

**A buffalo fighting competition on the way to Naldera.**

## COME TO SCANDAL POINT ... SIMLA





A view of Simla

grey scarves around her. And then she hears the drumming of distant hooves. Is it her father? His ADC? Is it the police, come to take her back? The mist parts and there, riding a froth-flecked black stallion, is her turbaned prince: handsome as a hawk. Galloping, he thunders up to her, reaches down, sweeps her off her feet, and races madly away to his castle in the Far Pavilions...

Our Himachali friend coughed and we came back to the present. "The girl ran away with the prince but she was rescued and the Prince was banned from Simla ever after..."

The people from the plains... sweaters, jackets thrown over their shoulders, scarves loosely knotted...streamed past us. A group of young girls giggled past; boys in jeans trailed nonchalantly behind; we followed, curious; they knew where they were going. They walked towards the bandstand and vanished under it.

Here, in the darkness below, is the Goofa: the cave. A crowded, cleverly designed, restaurant where the snacks come crisp and quick; the soft drinks are chilled; and conversation flashed in disco patterns: "Gaj is a gone case, yar. He..."; "Qurbani was OK, but Abdullah..."; "Like there was this bird with..."; "What's your trip, yar? Fruit juice? Ek mahaglass apple juice. Taza. And bhalya, do straw aur". Multi-lingual, multi-think, multi-culture young.

A young couple, she with the gold gota of a bride, held hands, involved with each other, took a quiet stroll up the conifer-dark and wooded road to Jakhu Hill. The stony path became steep and a patrol of brown monkeys came trooping down, past the young couple, stopped around us. Two of the little creatures reached up soft hands and examined our pockets, our bags, sat back disappointed. We ferreted in our camera case and offered them a fistful of peanuts. They took it politely and gambolled away. At the top of the hill there were more monkeys and when the girl came out of the Hanuman temple, they surrounded

her for **prasad**. She looked worried and said: "Will they bite?" We reassured her that they wouldn't and got into conversation.

She was a Delhi girl, history honours; married to a young lawyer from the south. "A Simla honeymoon is a cliché, no?" she asked. And then she added, "But that's not true: it's all so romantic: the history, the walks, the whole atmosphere. Like no one's up-tight here. You can do your own thing, no?"

Her husband said solemnly: "We had a very interesting afternoon yesterday, going round the old Viceregal Lodge and that place where the Simla Agreement was signed. Fascinating, absolutely fascinating."

The girl looked at him with laughter-shining eyes, and then bubbled with giggles. Young husbands can be delightful stuffed shirts: even in Simla!

But we took his advice and visited the old Viceregal Lodge. It could pass as one of the stately homes of England effortlessly: sombre-grey, creeper-covered, tree-framed on the outside;

wood-panelled, wood-floored footfall-echoing within. Himachal Bhavan, now a guest house of the government, was far more cheerful. One of its large ballrooms bears a plaque identifying it as the room where the Simla Agreement was signed and Bhutto's room, done in blue and white, has been left the way it was when he stayed there. The conservatory attached to the ballroom is being restored and we do hope that its character will be retained. In the days when conservatories were fashionable, they had little, secluded, sitting areas, screened by high massed plants. These were the traditional **kala juggas** of the Raj. For though a girl could never come unchaperoned to a dance, it was understood that her chaperons never followed her and her partner to the **kala jugga**: a little harmless flirtation was permitted between dances!

All very nostalgic and proper, of course, but each generation

The Hanuman Temple at Jakhu Hill.



Photographs: Gantzer's

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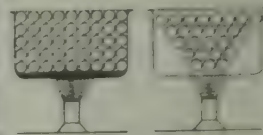
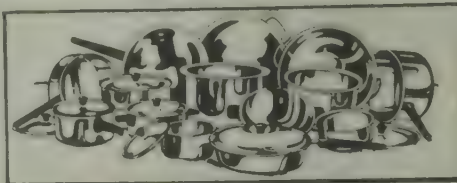
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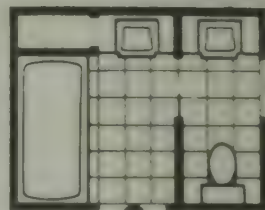
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seeks its own solutions to the boy-meets-girl problem. In today's Simla there are shops, restaurants, movie theatres, walks and picnic spots which all offer their facilities to the romantic. And in place of the winter skiing and skating, there's summer riding, trekking, tennis and golf.

We took the golf route and drove out of Simla towards the golf resort of Naldera.

After driving almost three-quarters of the distance to Naldera, we took a diversion and continued down another hill road — a cool and wooded one this time — and passed a number of colourfully dressed Himachalis in their festive finery. We also passed a number of large black buffaloes as dark and implacable as Yama's steed. This was the annual buffalo tournament.

The road pierced through a narrow defile and, suddenly, a natural amphitheatre spread before us. From the road and a reedy wayside pond, the green slopes rose like trimmed lawns

till they met the tall rise of conifers. And under the conifers, as colourful as massed wildflowers, sat the people of Himachal. Balloons bobbed, children sucked sweets, a man did a brisk business in chaat, a group of giggling girls plundered the rainbow-hued wares of a bangle seller. And the groups of men pushed, pulled, slapped, cajoled and manhandled two, large, black reluctant buffaloes on to the road-arena. There, amid much shouted advice, persuasion, brute human strength and skill — the buffaloes' heads were brought together.

And then the men scattered like ninepins as the reluctant buffaloes bounded off in different directions.

The crowd hooted and roared, the children clapped. A balloon went pop! And an irate housewife tongue-lashed her husband for risking their prize beast. Her husband and buffalo left the scene.

It was all very good natured

and harmless and we saw only two pairs of beasts locked in serious combat. And even these were allowed to lock foreheads for only a few minutes. "These are valuable animals," a bystander explained, "who will allow them to be hurt?"

The Himachalis were still enjoying themselves enormously when we left and drove to Naldera.

We do not claim to be golf-addicts but, even to our laymen's eyes, Naldera is fascinating. There are hazards galore — ravines, woods, road and water — drives to make a ball take wing, and a golf pro who tapped his first putt when he was as high as a mashi-niblick. But if you can't tell a 'mashie' from a 'birdie' don't worry. Naldera has a lot more to offer: walks and mountain vistas in the tall woods; picnics in dells furred with ferns and starred with flowers; and log cabins where silence rings like a bell and the rushing world is another universe away.

On our last walk in the towering conifer woods of Naldera we were suddenly surrounded by a flock of black-crested, yellow-breasted little birds: they chirruped and chirruped and flew and searched with such intense pre-occupation that we sank back into a concealing dell and tried to capture them on film. We had just got a particularly busy group lined up when, in the blink of an eye, they all flew away. And then we heard the voices and we continued to sit still.

The young lawyer said, "All those wild hearts fluttering free. Simla must have been a very uninhibited place in those days. What do you say?"

She said, "Only in those days?" and bubbled with laughter again.

For though the wicked, wicked days of the Raj have gone, Simla is still a land where the heart flutters free. In fact, come to think of it, hearts flutter much freer now: they don't banish the princes for ever after....

CUT AND KEEP

## TRAVEL PLANNER

### GETTING THERE:

**Air.** Chandigarh airport is 120 kms.

**Rail.** Broad-gauge trains to Kalka and from there take the hill train.

**Road.** Chandigarh — 117 kms., Delhi — 354 kms., Bombay — 1766 kms..

Calcutta — 1837 kms. and Madras — 2821 kms. Buses from Delhi or Chandigarh.

### BEST MONTHS:

April to October to beat the summer heat of the plains, relax and enjoy the beautiful scenery. Light woollens.

December to March for winter sports and to see snow after it has fallen in the hills. Heavy woollens.

### WHERE TO STAY:

As this is a summer resort, there are hotels to suit all pockets.

### TRANSPORT:

Rickshaws, ponies, jeeps, cars and mini buses. Jeeps and cars are, however, not permitted on the Ridge.

### FOOD:

Himachali food, because of the cold, is rather rich. The three dishes we tasted were 'Mudra', 'Pulda' and 'Teyliey Mash'. Mudra consisted basically of rajmah, curd and ghee garnished with a few spices, cashewnuts, raisins and coconut, appeared much like halva though it wasn't sweet. Pulda, our favourite, is very simple to make. Cook vegetables like peas, cauliflower and potatoes. For 1 kg. of vegetables take ½ kg. of curd and either strain through a muslin or churn. Just before serving heat vegetable to boiling

and pour curd over it, garnishing with green coriander leaves. Teyliey Mash is another beans concoction but this time cooked in a mixture of ghee and mustard oil. There is, of course, the usual tandoori chicken, western food, chaat and fresh 'bhata' in season, and even iddy dosa.

### EXCURSIONS:

1) Wildflower Hall — 13 kms. — former residence of Lord Kitchner Commander-in-Chief of India, offering a spectacular view of the snow-capped Himalayas.

2) Kufri — 16 kms — Himachal's famous ski slopes are rather disappointing potato fields of the Potato Research Institute in summer. After the first snowfall in winter, however, they are transformed into a sparkling white wonderland.

3) Chini Bungalow — 18 kms — said to be the residence of a former Maharaja of Patiala's Chinese mistress, set in idyllic surroundings. Close by the Forest Dept. have a Wild Life Preservation enclosure. Two of their yaks are available for visitors to ride on at Rs. 4 for 20 minutes.

The Himachal Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation Ltd. runs sight-seeing tours to all these places.

### CONTACT:

Your local Government of India Tourist Office. Himachal Pradesh Tourism Development Corporation, Ritz Annexe, Simla

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Mrs. Rangachar has been the main instrument for the blossoming of her only daughter Revathi into an accomplished dancer. Married to a doctor, Revathi lives in the United States where she not only gives performances but also teaches Bharata Natyam.

"Revathi's elder daughter, who is just six, has already started learning the ballet," says Vimala, with grandmotherly pride. As a

Continued from page 13



Shakuntala Jagannathan with her daughter and grandson.

As grandparents, we know that there are passing phases which a child goes through and can be indulgent. My grandson can get away with murder with me. We are very attached to each other and have love conversations on the phone. We constantly speak to each other and he says "Ammamma, I love you," and I say, "I love you too, darling!"

Shakuntala feels that she owes her own relaxed attitude to life, to her grandparents, whom she was very close to as a youngster and is prepared to sacrifice her career and freedom if her daughter needed her to babysit.

C. S.

VIMALA RANGACHAR

ALL and sprightly Vimala Rangachar who has occupied several important positions (chairman, Karnataka Handicrafts Development Corporation; vice-chairman Mysore State Committee for Child Welfare and Recreation, etc.) has graduated to the position of a glamorous grandma.



best to introduce to them the cultural activities, festivals, traditions, arts and handicrafts of India, as she is a strong votary of the heritage of this country. As she explains. "Our children should imbibe these values to get a balanced outlook on life."

Although smartly turned out all the time, Mrs. Rangachar sticks to traditional Kanchipurams and handwoven fabrics. "I don't bother much about beauty routines and cosmetics. However, I am very particular in the choice and selection of my saris. I know certain colours suit me and I prefer to wear them rather than experiment with other colours and materials."

Asked if she has developed any special philosophy in life because of her involvement in many social service activities, Vimala emphasised that she believed in a happy and congenial atmosphere for honorary work.

Shakuntala Balu

LEELA INAMDAR

IT all started on a cruise when Leela and her parents were returning from the U.K. after a holiday and a young naval officer, Inamdar, was also travelling by the same ship. Normally ship romances end with

Leela is a homebird. She loves running a beautiful home for her husband and enjoys entertaining friends. "We socialise a lot, but I am not at all career minded. I did paint at one stage, but I have given it up. I read a lot. Anything that I can lay my hands on. Fiction, history, philosophy"

The Inamdars have only one son — Arjun, now married and settled in the South. When Arjun was born their lives became more meaningful and full of laughter and happiness. "He was like a toy and I became totally involved in his upbringing," says Leela. She was a lenient, soft mother but her husband was a true disciplinarian. Arjun's five years at boarding school were a big wrench but their frequent transfers left them with no choice. Arjun is now married and has a one-and-a-half year old son on whom Leela dotes. "It brings back Arjun's childhood."

Leela and her daughter-in-law are more like friends, often going on shopping sprees and to movies. "I hardly feel the generation gap. In fact I feel there is so much to learn from today's young people. They are alive, brilliant and witty."

Although every human being has to go through problems, Leela sums up her attitude towards life in one word: "cheerful". She has always managed to stay



Leela Inamdar (left) and her son Arjun with his wife and son.

the cruise but theirs didn't and they got married a year after. Leela was from Madurai and her husband (now Rear Admiral Inamdar) belongs to Maharashtra. "Luckily there were no hassles. The families approved and everything went off smoothly. Of course there was a lot of give and take required like all marriages, but we were two adult human beings who understood the sanctity of marriage." Leela was just out of college after her graduation, and was 20, "not too young to understand and not too old to be inflexible."

happy, whatever the odds. Endowed with fine features and a dusky skin, Leela is very slim and attractive.

And how does she manage to stay so trim? Did she ever put on weight?

"Oh yes, I did. After Arjun's birth I was colossal but he kept me on my toes and I came back to my normal self." Leela is very fond of long walks. Both she and her husband go for long strolls in the evening. "It is invigorating not only physically but also mentally."

Pushpa Hans

# What on earth is the male ego?



The male ego is what makes men tick. It wouldn't be too much to say it is what makes humanity tick, for if men suddenly stopped being egoistic, women — or the vast majority of them — would not know how to cope, having so far been dominated by the egos of their Lords and Masters.

The male ego is the classic case of the myth, the illusion, that has assumed such strength that it forms the basis of a whole — a universal — life structure. It is so much a part of present reality that it has come to be confused with reality itself.

The male ego is both individual and collective and they each reinforce the other.

The central characteristic of the male ego is that it is a myth-maker par excellence. Historically, the major myths of any society are concocted by its dominant class — like the knightly chivalry of medieval Europe or the sanctity of the caste system in India. And the myth of male superiority — on which the male ego depends — is the strongest myth of all because men have formed the most enduring dominant class in history.

But what is the male ego here and now? Its basis is the arrogance of the wage earner. A man might shuffle papers all day, he might spend 26 days a month on the most uninspiring and unheroic of tasks, but because he

brings home the pay packet, he sees himself as the direct descendant of that "mighty hunter" who dragged home the hard won meat to his woman cowering in a cave (itself a mythical scenario).

It is this male ego which says, "I am capable of supporting my family. My wife shall not work." Or, if it concedes that the woman can work, it has to make sure that she does not have a more prestigious job, does not earn more and still knows her place well enough to wait upon him when they both return from a hard day's work.

And because, in his mind's eye, he is still the mighty hunter, man equals "provider" with "strong man" and mentally flexes his muscles whatever their size may be.

If strength is a male prerogative, man becomes the natural protector of his women. And for his ego to move from protector to possessor is but one small step. So that any trespass on his possessions — his land, his cattle, or his women — is a direct reflection on his ability to protect them and therefore hurtful to his ego. A natural corollary of this particular manifestation of the male ego is the concept of female honour.

The reverse of the protective coin is man as aggressor. If you owe it to your ego to protect your property, by the rules of

your (mythical) hunter forbears, the property of other men is fair game. So that from wolf whistle to rape, any act of preying upon a woman is not only a demonstration of one's mastery over her, but also a demonstration, to that woman's possessor, of one's superior strength.

The myth maker is naturally a fantasiser. The man who walks the street with his shirt open to the waist calling out obscenities to women and brushing against them, does not see himself as a vulgar nuisance but as a swashbuckling hero, as irresistible Don Juan. And from Don Juan to James Bond and Mickey Spillane there are mythical heroes enough to verbalise that most common male fantasy — the satisfaction of the male ego through the conquest of numerous animate objects called women.

The male ego is weak because it is false. It needs the prop of female acquiescence and admiration. It is always signalling: "I am always right, but I need to have you tell me so every so often." And the meekest and most dependent of women know this. They know that no man can bear to have his physical strength or mental ability questioned by his woman. They know she should not prove him wrong through intelligent argument, especially before others, that it is lacking in "respect" to contradict his recollection of facts. Above all she should never laugh at him how-

ever gently, for ridicule is the surest weapon against all false pretension. And the male ego is most pretentiously false because it depends for its very existence on the total devaluation of its counterpart, the female ego.

But what if there were no question of male or female egos, if we had only the human ego? If man did not care whether his boss was male or female; if he did not agonise over who earned more, he or his wife, or who followed who after a transfer; if he were not ashamed to be discovered by visitors cutting vegetables or cleaning baby's mess; if he could say, "Did you have a tough day? Would you like some tea?"; or, "Yes, you're the better driver"; or, "You're right, I was arguing like a fool", if he never thought of a woman as a chick or a dish...? Woman has always understood the fragility of the male ego, and she has known too, the words or action that will prick the balloon of her father's, brother's or husband's ego but has usually held back because she cannot face the consequences. But if she were truly independent, there would be the other alternative of deflating the male ego, without malice, and building genuine human self-respect instead.

Gita Narayanan



**"Drop these ideas of being men and women" ... says BHAGWAN SHREE RAJNEESH, and delivers the death blow to the male ego**

made the statement "All men are brothers." And a woman was furious. She said, why did I go on making statements only about men? "All men are brothers — and what about women? Why don't you say that all women are sisters and sisterhood is strong?"

I said to the woman, "Lady, I am sorry. I will make a compromise: I will say all men are sisters. What else can I do? If I say all women are sisters some men may get angry at me."

## THE FUTURE BELONGS TO WOMEN

My statement that women are more primitive than men is not to condemn them, it is to condemn men. By 'primitive' I mean more natural, more in tune with existence. Civilization is a falsification, civilization is going astray from nature. The more man becomes civilized, the less happy he is, the less true, the less authentic. The more man becomes civilized, the more he is hung-up in the head. He loses contact with his heart.

The heart is still primitive. And it is good that the universities have not yet found a way to teach the heart and make it civilized. That is the only hope for humanity to survive. The woman is the only hope for humanity to survive. Up to now man has been dominant and man has been dominant for a very strange reason. The reason is that, deep down, man feels inferior. Out of inferiority, just to compensate for it, he started dominating the woman.

Only in one sense is he stronger than the woman, and that is in muscular strength. In every other way the woman is far stronger than the man. The woman lives longer than the man, five to seven years longer. The woman suffers less through diseases and illnesses than the man.

Man must have become aware of his inferiority millions of years ago. And this is one of the psychological mechanisms: whenever you become aware of a certain inferiority you have to compensate for it. The ugly person

tries to look beautiful, pretends to be beautiful in every possible way. He will try with clothes, with cosmetics, he will go to beauticians, to plastic surgeons. It is over-compensation. Somehow he knows that he is not beautiful, and he has to be beautiful.

The inferior person tries to be superior. And because of muscular strength the man could prove to be the master. He has dominated the woman down the ages.

But the time has come now for a great change. The future belongs to women not to men, because what man has done down these ages has been so ugly. Wars and wars and wars — that has been his whole history, all the 'greats' that men have created — Genghis Khan, Tamurlaine, Nadir Shah, Alexander, Napoleon, Adolf Hitler and Mao Tse Tung . . .

Yes, there have been a few men like Gautam Buddha, Jesus Christ, and Krishna — but have you noted one point? They all look feminine. In fact that was one of the criticisms of Friedrich Nietzsche of Buddha and Jesus

Christ, that they look feminine that they are womanish.

Buddha certainly looks feminine. Whenever a man moves into the heart, something in him goes feminine. He becomes more round, more soft, more vulnerable.

All the great artists of the world, slowly slowly, start growing a quality of feminineness, of grace, elegance and exquisite-ness. A certain flavour of softness, relaxedness, calmness and quietness surrounds them. They are no longer feverish.

What I am teaching here is really to turn the whole world feminine.

Woman is not only to be liberated, man also has to be liberated. The woman has to be liberated from her past, and the man has to be liberated from his past. We need liberation, we need a liberated human being. And remember, when I use the word 'man' the woman is included. But women have become very touchy about it.

Once I was talking in a very sophisticated women's club in Calcutta. In some reference I

I make no distinctions between men and women; both have suffered. In fact suffering is a double-edged sword: if you make somebody suffer, you have to suffer. If you make somebody a slave, you have to become a slave too. It is mutual.

The day women become liberated will be a great day of liberation for men too. But don't make the whole thing ugly. Otherwise there is every possibility that in fighting with men the women may lose something which is valuable; something which has not yet been crushed and destroyed by men may be destroyed by women themselves in fighting with men. If you fight ferociously you will lose the beauty of femininity; you yourself will become as ugly as man.

It has not to be decided by fighting, it has to be decided by understanding. Spread more and more understanding. Drop these ideas of being men and women! We are all human beings.

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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

"Why neurology?" I asked.

"Yes, that is a pertinent question," said Mrs. Vrushali Nadkarni, a neuro-surgeon of national repute. "Most women doctors prefer to be either gynaecologists or paediatricians. But my father's encouragement and my own dogged interest in neuro-chemistry made me choose this particular line. I would have definitely earned more money in those other branches of medicine but then if earning were the sole criterion, my research



oriented emphasis would be nullified. My idea is a research institute in neurology at Indore, and though the problems to realise this seem insurmountable at the moment, I will try to overcome them."

And one believes Mrs. Nadkarni when she says so, for she has an energetic, positive personality and her vitality and determination should win the day. It is this very tenacity of purpose coupled with a high level of efficiency which won her a place among the ten most talented persons in India at a function held by the Jaycees at Calcutta last year.

Mrs. Nadkarni is originally from Bombay but she now practices neurology in Indore. She did her M.B.B.S. at the J.S. Medical College, Bombay as well as her M.D. (Med.) and M.D. (Neurology) from the same institution. In between acquiring these degrees Mrs. Nadkarni visited the USA in 1975 and at Columbia University she gained experience which she has put to good use now.

Describing advanced techniques in brain research in the US Mrs. Nadkarni said. "They treat brain disorders in a very novel way.

Any disorder in the brain is located by means of injecting a dye and a graph records the progress of the dye inside the brain. Any hindrance in the progress of the dye and the problem is pin-pointed and necessary medication prescribed. Of course the technique is highly complicated and requires intense research often by an entire team of doctors, as well as a lot of sophisticated equipment. Millions of dollars are poured into this kind of research every year. Unfortunately in India we are not sufficiently research-oriented and this is a vital loss to progress in neurology."

Nevertheless Mrs. Nadkarni feels that though she does not have any positive blueprint or plan at the moment she will come to grips with the problem very soon. The major problem is, of course sufficient funds. If top industrialists or hospitals and nursing homes or pharmaceutical companies in the

VRUSHALI NADKARNI

## RESEARCH ORIENTED APPROACH

city pool in even 20 per cent of their profits towards research, the problem would be solved. But getting these organisations to believe that neuro-chemistry is of importance to mankind in the long run and needs to be researched, remains Mrs. Nadkarni's chief problem. "Research cannot be measured by any yardstick," she continues. "We have to continue it till we find further positive results. This may take any number of days or years, but the flow has to be maintained if the benefit is to be reaped."

Since about five per cent of persons in India are affected by some neurological problem or the other, a solution to these ailments needs to be found. And how else does one find the solution if not through research? Mrs. Nadkarni's three month stint under Dr. Bachawat a neuro-surgeon of international repute at the Vellore Medical College gave her ample opportunity to study the reasons for deterioration in the mentally retarded. She observed several patients who were genetically sound but due to a variety of reasons became retarded in due course of time.

"Surgical removal of a small part of the brain is undertaken and this miniscule portion is treated chemically by various ingredients starting with alcohol to absorb the excess water in the brain. The tissue is then chemically treated to ascertain the deposits in the brain, the various types of deposits and the quantity in which they are present. Medication can then be undertaken to cure the patient. This shows you the vital importance of neuro-chemistry." To cure mentally retarded children is then Mrs. Nadkarni's aim and to do so she has experience, knowledge as well as the ability which is so very essential.

A start has been made by the establishment of the Indian Epileptic Society, of which Mrs. Nadkarni is one of the founders. She makes the epileptics themselves members for a fee of Rs. 10 annually and they are then given free treatment and heavily subsidised medicines as well.

"Does your practice give you satisfaction?" I asked.

"Yes, to an extent," she said. "Patients come in from all walks of life and I come across a variety of cases. There was a time not so long ago, say about 20 years ago when most neurological problems were regarded as fatalistic. If a patient had paralysis for instance, there was not much hope of a cure. His life could only be prolonged. But today with a combination of drugs, cure and improvement have become positive factors."

"Can you give an example of any such 'given up' or 'lost' case which has been cured?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Nadkarni. "I recently came across a patient who had been a victim of operational anoxia, it was an anaesthetic miscalculation which resulted in lack of oxygen to the brain for some time. As a result, the patient developed a very strange syndrome: only 14 such cases have been re-

ported in the entire world. He would jump continuously. Even a simple thing like shaving himself became difficult and to retain any fluids or solids was also rather difficult." A combination of three drugs, hitherto untried, was used. The drugs had an almost magical effect — and the result was that, after three years of arduous, expensive treatment the patient was completely cured. Thus, Mrs. Nadkarni feels that today provided the right facilities are extended and expense incurred, no patient should be given up on.

The above almost unique case and cure became the basis for a paper read by Mrs. Nadkarni at the recent All-India Conference of Neurologists in Calcutta. It will also be the basis for her paper to be read at the International Conference of Neurologists in Kyoto, Japan.

"Does being a woman have shortcomings in this line?" I queried.


"Yes, it certainly isn't smooth-sailing all the way. I have to keep my distance for people to treat me with respect. There are other problems like night visits, for instance, where my husband has to accompany me, so usually I discourage house visits, preferring to meet my patient in some nearby hospital or my consulting room."

In spite of her tight schedule which involves being attached to three hospitals and her own consulting hours, Mrs. Nadkarni finds time in the afternoon to read journals and books pertaining to her subject. Teaching in the classroom she feels is not necessarily the only way of teaching, visits to the various hospitals themselves become classrooms when aspiring students gather and listen to her observations on any particular patient. And Mrs. Nadkarni's observations are meticulous, objective and minute. For a research-oriented person that is essential.

Sushama Kasbekar



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An often repeated story in our family is that of an old lady, a chronic hypochondriac, who believed that only medicines would sustain her life on earth. The doctors declared her to be as healthy as a horse, that the octogenarian's only symptoms were those of old age, and thereby refused to prescribe for her. But life at home was fast becoming unbearable with the grandma constantly complaining of ailments and indifference on the part of the family members.

Finally, the youngsters hit upon a splendid idea. They concocted a syrup, labelled it 'aqua mixture' and fed it to the lady conscientiously, four times a day. The old soul's scant knowledge of Latin was compounded by her faith in the doctor's formula and she died peacefully, convinced the H<sub>2</sub>O had played its part in prolonging her life.

There was no callousness involved in this case nor was there any insouciance on the part of medical practitioners. The syrup was the precursor of the present-day controversial placebo, no harm could ever come of it and the old lady on the strength of it happily completed her century.

The modern day medical scene however presents an alarmingly dismal picture. If you are blessed with the essential prerequisite, money, or if you are granted medical reimbursement by your employer, you could aspire to special treatment at the hands of some of the best practitioners and a rest cure at one of the push five-star hospitals — but the chances are that you will get fleeced.

On the other hand, if you are one of the teeming millions of have nots, there is no other recourse but the public hospital, had Dante been alive today to write his classic "Inferno", he need have looked no further than the Indian general hospitals for graphic descriptions of hell.

A nauseating stench, the combination of urine, antiseptics and detergents pervades the entire hospital. In the O.P.D. at any given time there are at least 200 to 300 people waiting in interminable queues, young children with festering sores and wounds, women in advanced stages of pregnancy sagging under their own weight and a host of other human specimens in stained slings, bandages and plasters.

The procedure for treatment is laborious, requiring first of all a registration for new cases and an appointment 'slip' for old cases. After this, one has to await one's turn for X-ray screening

## HAD DANTE BEEN ALIVE TODAY TO WRITE HIS CLASSIC "INFERNO", HE NEED NOT HAVE LOOKED ANY FURTHER THAN THE INDIAN GENERAL HOSPITALS FOR GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF HELL

### Jaya Ramanathan

and various other tests before the actual check-up in the divine presence of the doctor.

But there is a short cut, admits a medical practitioner, a one time employee of St. Georges and J. J. Hospitals. All you have to do is to grease the palm of the boy issuing token numbers or the man at the registration counter and you will be able to cut corners and queues and get catapulted to the doctors' table far ahead of the others.

ant of all, they are exposed to larger vistas of medicine and treatment in these hospitals."

Another factor that weighs heavily with honoraries, though it seems very, very inhuman and apathetic to the layman, is the possibilities of experimentation in public hospitals.

"Not that we are tampering with human lives," a doctor hastened to add in defence. "But we are able to try out different drugs on these patients by which they could get better sooner. We

make sure there will be no side effects, nevertheless such experiments are unthinkable on private patients."

Coveted as is the honorary post at free hospitals it does not come entirely without strings. These doctors have to at all times toe the line and comply with the dictates of local politicians and other power lords.

"Their relatives and friends not only expect free and prompt treatment but they also want

# CALLOUSNESS IN PUBLIC

The so-called honorary doctors again have their private patients (the less paying ones, who cannot afford the more expensive nursing homes) attended to on priority and given preferential treatment with regard to admission, surgery and post-operative care.

"It is no wonder there is such a clamour for appointment as honoraries in public hospitals," answered a young surgeon, when I wondered what was the incentive for these appointees. "They build up a tremendous reputation which helps the growth of their private practice, it clears the way for the quick admission of their private patients into 'free' hospitals and most import-



Corpse of a destitute woman lying outside K.E.M. Hospital, Bombay.

LEFT: Police removing a corpse found floating face down in the water filled road outside K.E.M. Hospital.



first class service," recounts an embittered erstwhile employee of St. Georges Hospital. "There was this patient, a minister's protege with an abscess in the anal region, after surgery the wound was found to be healing well and I gave him a discharge card. But soon the minister's P.A. was calling up the superintendent of the hospital with a terse order: 'Let him stay.' I maintained we needed the bed for a more serious case and if he insisted on staying

he could sleep next to the toilet, but no, he wanted the best available — free of cost.

"Another case was that of a Shiv Sena M.L.A. stabbed in the buttocks in a roadside brawl. The injury was superficial and he was given emergency treatment and discharged. But the municipal councillor wanted him admitted and a police case made out, so that patient returned in blood soaked bandages, the wound inside remained clean, so he obviously had not bled and I refused to admit him. The government on an average spends Rs. 35 per patient each day and I saw no reason to squander the money on such people. I was given a show cause notice in due course and I replied, upholding my stand. There are a few exceptional gentlemen politicians who refer cases on account of

tones: "Go to a reliable doctor or centre, where there are fresh stocks of the antigen available. As for the polio vaccine get it personally from the Haffkine Institute and have it administered immediately."

I learnt thereafter that at most health centres and public hospitals scant attention was paid to the efficacy of the immunising medicines.

"The polio vaccine has to be stored in sub zero temperature or else it is bound to lose its efficacy," said a spokesman of the children's orthopaedic centre. "With frequent power failures and other shortcomings, especially at primary health centres, the vaccine's potency cannot be guaranteed and still it is given to the children."

Is it any wonder then we con-

fictitious addresses. If he dies well and good, but if he recovers, there is no person who can be contacted to take him away. We cannot keep a patient indefinitely, for, at any given time there are at least four aspirants for each bed. For him of course it is a good proposition to stay on — free food, care and shelter — but we are hard pressed, we notify the police and either they or we who eventually throw him out on the streets where he belongs."

So it is once again back to the eternal theme of population, poverty, paucity of funds.

The media was appalled by the fatal spread of gas gangrene at the Nair Hospital, some time back, but a doctor spits back in anger: "The reporters never bothered to ask the dean for an explanation, all they wanted was to sensationalise the incident. A man is working in the fields when he is butted by a bull, all he does is to apply a mud pack on the wound. He does not seek medical help till it begins to gather pus. It is only when he is taken in for an amputation that the presence of gas gangrene is detected. The theatre is closed down immediately for fumigation, even then it is difficult to stem the contagion. How long can the theatre be kept closed? What about the other patients requiring surgery? In a large public hospital these occasional mishaps are bound to take place, there is no point in highlighting them when you are not able to solve the basic issues."

The worker of a large company approached his manager for a loan as his wife was expecting their first baby. The manager refused the loan on the grounds that the worker and his family were eligible for free medical treatment under the E.S.I.

"I want my wife to return home with a healthy baby," shot back the worker, "at the E.S.I. hospital my wife will be at the mercy of callous doctors and the baby will probably be stillborn. If you will not grant me the loan I will go to a loan shark but E.S.I. — never."

Workers unless they are absolutely desperate, never depend on these centres intended for them. They would rather spend their earnings on a private doctor. Alternately they become private patients of E.S.I. doctors, in which case they are assured of preferential treatment both when hospitalised and as outpatients.

So much for free medical service and the defence of medical practitioners. But what about

paying patients? I am not referring to the super rich. I am speaking of middle-class people, who are the real sufferers. They are not eligible for free treatment nor are they willing to subject themselves to the travails of a public hospital, thus they are at the mercy of small time private practitioners and their polyclinics. They are shunted between pathologists and radiologists and probed and pried into by a gang of specialists.

A friend's two-year-old son was playing with a balloon when it burst and a tiny particle found its way into his eye. The child was in agony and the parents took him to the nearest medical centre — the public hospital in Santa Cruz, a suburb in Bombay. At the O.P.D. they were given a token placing them thirtieth in the waiting list. No amount of pleading could get the man at the registration counter to treat the child as a priority case. The couple then tried to trace an ophthalmologist in the vicinity and located one. The private clinic was no less crowded and the receptionist was a study in indifference. "Do you have an appointment?" she asked. "How do you expect us to have an appointment for such a case?" asked the father in anger pointing to the child (by then his eyes were red and tears were streaming down his face). "Well, you will have to wait," she said coolly, and continued to send in people as per the list before her. In desperation the father finally barged into the doctor's sanctum sanctorium and explained the predicament to him. The doctor was very understanding and had the troubling irritant out in a matter of seconds. The receptionist was ready with a bill for Rs. 50.

In a particular paediatric clinic I have seen children hospitalised for jaundice, gastro enteritis, convulsions and nephritis (kidney infection), lying in the same ward and using the same toilet, with no running water. If the child recovers from his ailment the chances are that he will contract something else. Yet these shortcomings are not reflected in the bill that varies between Rs. 100 and Rs. 200 for each day of hospitalisation.

Doctors and medical facilities are integral, indispensable parts of human life, there can be no existence without them. No doubt doctors are often overworked and badgered but their profession presupposes a primary commitment to humanity and this obligation on their part should take precedence over all other considerations.

# HOSPITALS



Waiting their turn on the footpath outside the Tata Memorial Cancer Hospital, Bombay.

constant pressures but are very understanding when we refuse admission."

The net result is that the above mentioned doctor now finds himself without an honorary appointment at any of the public hospitals. Despite a thriving private practice, he has the time for free service and will benefit by the exposure — but there are no takers, he is too conscientious for the likes of our bureaucracy...and the public hospitals continue to crib about being short staffed.

When my son was to be given his first shot of triple antigen and oral polio vaccine, the paediatrician warned us in grave

tones: "Go to a reliable doctor or centre, where there are fresh stocks of the antigen available. As for the polio vaccine get it personally from the Haffkine Institute and have it administered immediately."

Once while I was on a visit to a home for the aged, the superintendent pointed out to a decrepit old man and said: "Do you know what happened to this pathetic creature? He was admitted to a public hospital in a critical condition, when he recovered, he had nowhere to go, so in the middle of the night, the ward boys just threw him out on the streets. A social worker took pity on him and brought him here"

"What else do you expect us to do?" retorts a one time registrar in rage. "Patients like him are admitted by relatives with



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CUT HERE

CUT HERE

RESHMI never did get up very early. In fact she could count on her fingers the days when she had woken before sunrise ever since she had come to live in Japan. But that day she did. She felt as if she was being closely watched from somewhere. She willed her eyes to open but somehow they were tightly glued together. After prodigious effort and when she felt that she could not bear being watched any longer she opened them. The moment she did she met two pairs of curious black eyes beneath two fringes of ebony black hair, followed by two snub noses and two perfectly rounded mouths looking at her in awe.

Pleasantly surprised and a little taken aback she smiled at those elf-like faces. The smile not being responded to, she greeted them with a cheery "Ohayo" or good morning. The instant she uttered this simple word the apparition vanished. Surprised and a bit peeved she rushed to the window to see two behinds disappearing down the fence bordering her house. "Oh bother! there goes my sleep," she grumbled as she slumped back into bed and tried to sleep once more. But try as she might she found herself unable to do this. In disgust, she got up, and went to the bathroom to clean up and have a bath.

She weighed herself, and found she had gained half a kilo more. Irritation rising at this she began angrily brushing her teeth and there in the mirror above the wash basin she saw those two pairs of eyes once more. She jerked around to look through the bathroom window and again sent across a "Ohayo". This time too the very sound of her greeting made those eyes disappear once again. She snapped the window shut did her limbering up exercises and went through the morning ritual of cleaning up. She made tea for herself and sat down to read the paper. All through the headlines and news that always seemed so one sided to her, she chewed at a hard toast and nibbled a few pieces of cheese. "Why, for heavens sake, can't the Japanese be a little more Japanese instead of being so American. Even the news items in the newspapers tend to highlight events and trends in that continent more than anywhere else in the world," she thought.

This led her to reflect on how pitiful and artificial the Japanese youth appeared in their attempts to imitate their American counterparts. She had believed before that in so advanced a nation as

Japan, youth would take a pride in establishing and maintaining an identity of its own or perhaps have a youth cult unique and different to that existing in the West.

Deep in thought she got up and opened the big sliding windows which were atypical of the houses there, to let the sunshine in, and the first thing she saw were those two pairs of eyes staring at her nonchalantly from behind the big tree bordering her house. She waved gaily to them and shouted in Japanese "Come here". But to no avail — as before they vanished from sight at the sound of her voice. "And, that's one thing common to most Japanese children — they are so very shy," she thought.

# THE EYES

Manjari Dutta

Having nothing much to do she sat down with her crochet. A little later she began feeling the pangs of hunger. "No!" she scolded herself, "you will not eat any more, for idleness does not mean one should go on an eating spree." After a little while, unable to hold out any longer, she helped herself to a peach from the fruit bowl. One look at it set her laughing aloud, for, on the fruit were two pairs of black blemishes identical with those elf-like eyes. "Why this is getting to be too much. I am sure it's some sort of mental imbalance brought about by vitamin deficiency or some such thing," she wondered to herself in amazement. "Thank goodness these are white and just two and not four," as she took out two multivitamin tablets to swallow. Having done that she forcibly put the "affair of the two pairs of black eyes" as she had begun to unconsciously term them, away from her mind and passed the day feverishly doing household chores writing letters and cooking.

In the evening she amusedly discussed the events of the day with Yashwant. As she had expected he found it uproariously funny. "This Sunday we'll catch those two kids and have them with us the whole day," was his comment at the end.

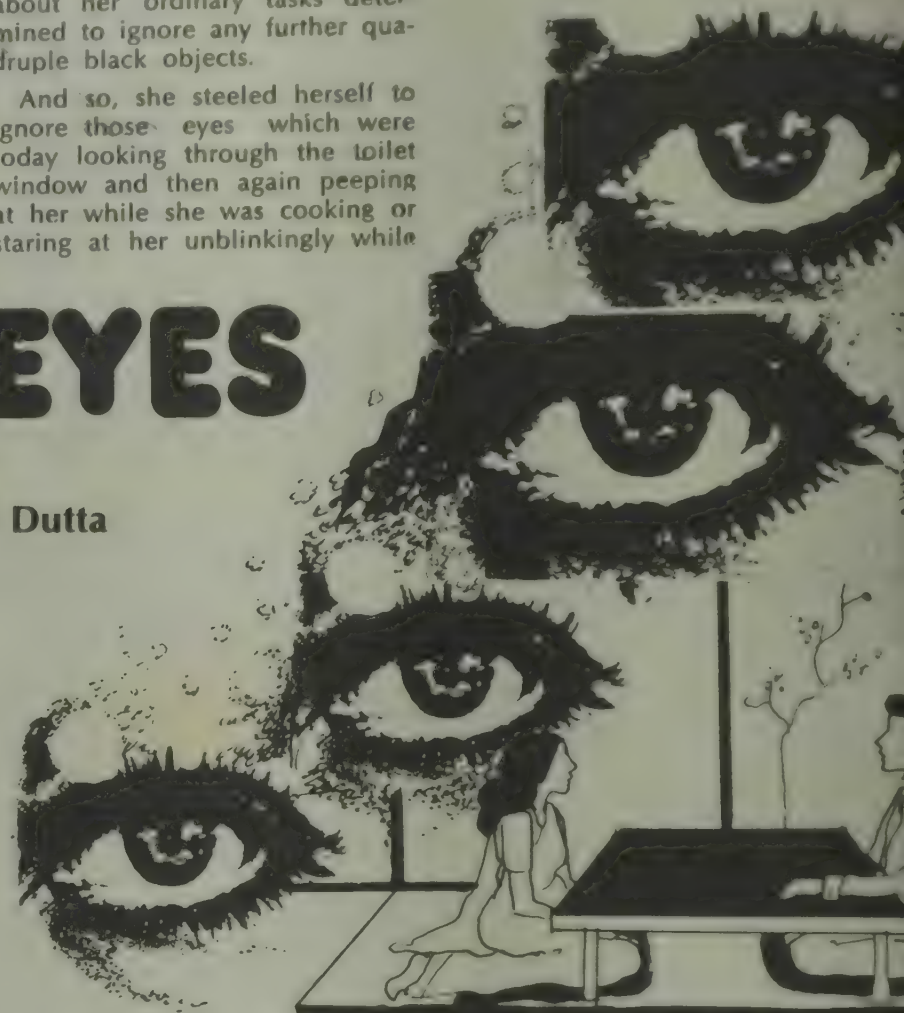
That night Reshmi closed all the windows and shutters of her bedroom tight before going to bed to prevent being disturbed. But, curiously enough she woko

up the next morning again with that strange ominous feeling. She looked around and found to her relief that all the shutters were down. The relief however was short lived; right above her on the ceiling, she saw four flies sitting in exact agreement with those eyes. Considerably, alarmed this time, she stood up on the bed and shoed away the flies with the pillow, for ceilings are low in Japanese houses. Unnerved and a bit upset she went about her ordinary tasks determined to ignore any further quadruple black objects.

And so, she steeled herself to ignore those eyes which were today looking through the toilet window and then again peeping at her while she was cooking or staring at her unblinkingly while

surdity of the whole thing was that it even included simple household objects. But what did disturb him a bit was Reshmi's growing if not pathological fear of those eyes.

Early Saturday morning they left for the beautiful lake resort at Hakone. There even with the temperature at 84°F she welcomed the change from being hemmed in within the four walls



she was at her stitching. But it was getting a bit too nerve racking for her. "I feel as if I am being tracked by the Gestapo," she thought in horror.

The next few days went by in the same way, only it was not just those eyes that followed her but even inanimate objects like mustard seeds, water melon seeds and even ink spots appeared to hore into her with the unblinking scrutiny of those eyes. What troubled her was Yashwant's apparent unconcern over all that she was going through.

In anguish and at the end of four days of what now seemed to her like silent torture, she managed to persuade Yashwant to take her away from the house for the week-end at least. Yashwant complied though a bit grudgingly. Of late, he was finding Reshmi increasingly childish and intolerable in her behaviour. Every evening he had to listen to a series of incidents referring to eyes hounding his wife. The ab-

of her home. They bought small curios, took a boat trip on the lake savouring the beauty around them and last of all went to the Hakone checkpoint, now a museum, built by Daimyo (Lord Tokugawa about 300 years back mainly to screen mercenaries or persons suspected of fomenting unrest among his people before they entered his territories. Reshmi found the museum fascinating. It radiated an aura of a Japan infinitely more beautiful than the peculiar mixture she found all around her. The artifacts in the museum were old sumie paintings, ancient Japanese pottery and even some gorgeous kimonos that transported her back to an era untouched by the banalities of western civilisation. Blissfully immersed in these sentiments she felt her heartbeats quickening again as they neared the "guard house" of the checkpoint. Suddenly she shivered. Seated on the floor, robed in the Samurai tradition were plaster models of four guardsmen sur-



She reflected in contentment that here in these simple surroundings lay the essence of the Japan she was searching for but which had eluded her so long. She turned around to look at the most important article of the "tokonama" — the scroll.

The instant her glance fell on the scroll she felt the hair rising at the base of her neck and a small nerve in her left cheek twitching for a reason she was all too familiar with. The feeling of unease swept over her in small waves which grew bigger and bigger till it drove all reason,

**SHE SAT THERE CROUCHED ON THE CUSHION  
MESMERISED INTO A DEATHLIKE TRANCE,  
ALMOST WILLING THE NAUSEATING  
MESSAGE IN THAT SCROLL TO ENMESH HER**

down gratefully on the cushions for the day's tension had worn both out in equal measure. In a few minutes a smiling kimono-clad woman came and set down a steaming pot of "ocha" and two quaint cups from which to drink the green tea. As they sat sipping the tea for which they had both acquired a taste they marvelled at the panoramic view around them.

Reshmi felt an absolute calm prevailing over her. She sensed that here and here alone would she be at peace. Not willing to lose the tranquillity which they had acquired after the days of unrest the two of them decided to stay the night over at the inn knowing that it provided boarding and lodging.

The manageress pleased at receiving foreign patrons began a flow of conversation with them to establish a sense of intimacy. Reshmi leaned back against the wall and barely listened to the prattle of talk between her husband and the manageress. She let her eyes roam languidly around the room and let the softness and warmth which the room seemed to radiate sink deeply into every fibre of her being. She marvelled at the beauty in simplicity which the Japanese so effectively manage to portray in their creative efforts. As she studied the room in greater detail she was surprised to note that they were sitting in a "tokonama" of which she had read in Inoue's short stories. (The "tokonama" is a narrow room very simply and tastefully decorated with just a prized scroll and a flower arrangement or statuette. Every guest room of a traditional Japanese inn has a "tokonama".)

logic and rationality out of her. She sat there crouched on the cushion mesmerised into a deathlike trance almost willingly allowing the nauseating message in that scroll to enmesh her. So greatly was she affected that even the manageress standing behind her felt the horror reacting out to her as it transformed the expression on Reshmi's face. But the scroll, only depicted a wonderful impression of Mt. Fuji half obliterated by mist, and in the foreground two birds sitting on the branch of a cherry tree in full blossom. The most striking part of the painting was the peculiar brilliance of the beady eyes of the two birds contrasting with the pale shades of the background. Presently, a limp and faint Reshmi was led into a nearby hospital for immediate assistance.

The following day Reshmi felt herself returning to the world of reality. Heavy oblivion induced by tranquillizers had wiped out all that had occurred in the days past. She opened her eyes hesitatingly and found the doctor as she presumed him to be and Yashwant looking down at her. They are concerned and caring she said to herself desperately as she met their gazes in a frantic effort to console herself. Only those two pairs of eyes searing into her struck a dreadful chord in her numbed brain even as she searched their faces for just a hint of the familiar.

ing as if only at her with that well remembered look. Almost nauseatingly scared this time she implored Yashwant to take her away at once. Yashwant, distressed and angered, drove her away from there to their next stop — the awe-inspiring Mt. Fuji.

Reshmi sat scared and huddled in her seat during the drive. Her conscious self no longer able to see reason brooded over what had terrified her back at Hakone. She began whimpering and muttering words that Yashwant was unable to fathom the meaning of try as he would. Considerably out of his depth he attempted to distract her by talking of trivialities, but to no avail.

On arriving at Mt. Fuji the air being much cooler she returned somewhat to her normal self. Fuji San as he is popularly called in Japan, a dead volcano mysteriously beautiful; partially shrouded in a thin film of mist. With a small fringe of snow bordering his crater he appeared as

an aged friar beckoning to Reshmi. Yashwant led a trembling Reshmi out of the car and coaxed her to walk around a bit in the hope that she would feel better. They strolled around and had a perfunctory look at all that the picturesque spot had to offer till well after dusk. All the while Yashwant was as caring and loving as a mother towards her newly born. His efforts did not go unrewarded for his wife restored and refreshed soon became her old amiable self.

By now their appetites sharpened by the keen mountain air they went into one of the small inns there. The main room of the inn was small and quaint. Simply decorated in the Japanese tradition with just a flower decoration and a beautiful Japanese sumie painting on the wall the whole atmosphere was that of calm and peacefulness. There were just two low tables in the room with cushions set on the floor for diners to sit on, Japanese style. Husband and wife sank

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# A PLACE FOR LOVERS -of food

A special bonus to all young lovers of good food. Sizzling hot snacks and rewarding meals served at the 'SUNDANCE CAFE'. Just round the corner from the Eros theatre, Bombay, the cafe is owned by two young and energetic partners — Dinaz Merchant and Burjor Nicholson. The idea to start this venture struck both of them a year and a half back. They thought it was most essential to offer to young college and office goers an eating place where they would get something substantial — either a quick snack or a meal — at a reasonable price.

The chic, sleek, off-white walls, enlivened with multi-hued graphic panels give an added touch to the rest of the mod decor. The non-stop music is an added attraction for the youngsters who enjoy music with their food. The food is good. A variety of dishes are listed on the menu — from delicious hamburgers, hot dogs and grilled

sandwiches to sizzling hot snacks and a number of selective Chinese soups and chows — and of course every dish priced very low!

The daily purchase of the requirements is done by Burjor and the overall supervision, maintenance and the accounts are handled by Dinaz. And as Dinaz puts it, "A visit to the kitchen is a must", and adds, "What is important is that what tastes good must also look good. No matter for whom your preparations are made, careful forethought, arrangement and appearance of each dish contribute greatly to the pleasure and satisfaction of the customer." Seeing is believing. So, the next time you are somewhere near Eros, visit the Sundance Cafe and get the best value for your money. Here are a few selected recipes for you to try at home.

## SUNDANCE STEAK SIZZLER

- 1 portion beef undercut
- 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tbsp. salad oil
- ½ tsp. mustard
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- ¼ tsp. salt
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 2 tbsps. iced butter

### FOR THE SAUCE :

- 2 tbsps. carrots boiled, sliced
- 2 tbsps. french beans, boiled, sliced
- 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tbsp. tomato ketchup
- ¼ tsp. salt
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- 2 tbsps. chicken stock

Slice the undercut breadthwise. Flatten with a toothed pounder and marinate in a mixture of the salad oil, Worcestershire sauce, mustard, pepper, salt and lemon-juice for eight to ten minutes.

### FOR THE SAUCE :

Mix together all the ingredients given for the sauce. Substitute tepid water if chicken stock is not available. Simmer for five minutes. Keep aside.

Place the steaks in a pre-heated non-stick frying pan and scorch for thirty seconds on either sides. Lower the flame and cook for about two minutes on either side or longer if desired.

Heat a sizzler dish to 'high'. Place the steak over a bed of shredded cabbage in the sizzler dish. Pour the sauce over it, garnish with golden fried chips and grilled tomatoes. Just before serving, add the iced butter to sizzle the dish.

## DREAMS OF HEAVEN WITH SCHEZWAN SAUCE

- 32 chicken wings
- Oil as required

### FOR THE BATTER :

- 2 eggs
- 2 tps. cornflour
- ½ tsp. pepper
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. aginomoto

### FOR THE SAUCE :

- 4 stalks spring onions
- 4 ribs celery
- 1 tsp. ginger ground
- 4 tps. chilli sauce
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. aginomoto
- Red edible food colour

### FOR THE BATTER .

Whisk the eggs and stir in the cornflour, pepper, salt and aginomoto. Keep aside.

Remove the flesh from the chicken wings. Preserve the bones

Roll the chicken flesh in the egg mixture and fry till golden brown and crisp. Carefully place one bone in each fried chicken piece and re-fry for one minute. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves. Serve with sauce.

### FOR THE SAUCE :

Chop the spring onions and celery. Mix this together with all the other ingredients with the chilli sauce. Add colour and mix well. Serve with the above fried chicken pieces-Serves 4.

## HONGKONG CHICKEN

- 1 chicken
- 1 egg
- 2 tbsps. cornflour
- ½ tsp. salt

### FOR THE SAUCE :

- 2 inch piece ginger
- 8 stalks spring onions
- 8 Kashmiri chillis
- 2 tbsps. soyabean sauce
- ¼ tsp. black pepper
- ½ tsp. aginomoto
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. cornflour

Boil the chicken and remove the bones. Cut the flesh into one inch pieces. Whisk the egg. Add the cornflour and salt. Dip the chicken pieces in the above batter and deep fry till golden brown and crisp.

### FOR THE SAUCE :

Slice the ginger and the spring onions finely. Add the chillis and mix in the soya sauce, black pepper, aginomoto and the salt. Dilute the cornflour in little water. Add to the sauce. Cook till thick. When ready, add the fried chicken pieces and simmer for five minutes. Serves 4.

## FRIED CHICKEN

- 1 kg chicken
- Salt to taste

- Pepper to taste
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup milk
- 2 cups breadcrumbs
- Oil for frying

Clean and quarter the chicken. Parboil for ten minutes. Sprinkle lightly with salt, pepper and cornflour. Beat the egg. Combine with milk. Beat again. Dip the chicken in the egg mixture and then quickly roll in the breadcrumbs till thickly coated. Deep fry in hot oil and serve immediately accompanied with golden fried potato chips.

## BEEF IN TOMATO GRAVY

- ½ kg undercut
- 200 grams onions, diced
- 200 grams tomatoes, diced
- 1 tbsp. soya sauce
- ¼ tsp. aginomoto
- ¼ tsp. pepper
- Salt to taste
- ½ cup beef stock or 1 beef cube
- Oil for frying

Dice the undercut into one inch pieces. Fry in hot oil with addition of salt. Add the diced onion and tomatoes. Continue to fry over low flame for five minutes. Season with soya sauce, aginomoto and pepper. Stir in the stock or the dissolved beef cube. Simmer gently for five minutes. Serve hot. Serves 4.

## MANDARIN FISH

- 4 fish fillets (preferably pomfrets)
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. pepper
- 1 tsp. aginomoto
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. cornflour
- 200 grams cooked ham

- 200 grams carrots, capsicum, spring onions and cabbage
- 2 cups chicken stock
- 2 tbsps. soya sauce
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- A piece ginger, finely sliced

In a bowl, whisk the egg with half teaspoon of pepper, aginomoto and salt to taste. Dip the fillets in the above mixture, coat with cornflour and deep fry till golden brown. Finally slice the ham, carrots, capsicums, spring onions and cabbage. Cook the ham and the mixed vegetables. Mix the chicken stock. Add soya sauce, aginomoto, pepper and salt. Add the dissolved cornflour. Cook till thick. Pour the sauce over the fish and garnish with finely sliced fried ginger. Serve immediately. Serves 4.

## HOT & SOUR SOUP

- 6 cups chicken stock
- ¼ boiled chicken — julian cut pieces
- 200 grams mixed vegetables, chopped, boiled (Beansprouts, carrots, French beans, capsicums, spring onions and mushrooms)
- 1 tsp. aginomoto
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ tsp. pepper
- 4 tbsps. vinegar
- 2 tbsps. soyabean sauce
- 2 tbsps. cornflour
- 1 tsp. oil
- ½ tsp. chilli powder

Mix all the vegetables in the chicken stock and simmer for five minutes. Add salt, aginomoto, pepper, vinegar and the soya sauce. Simmer for two minutes, stirring in the cornflour until thick. Garnish each bowl with hot cooking oil, mixed with chilli powder. Serves 4.

## ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of March will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100 :

- 1) A non-stick coated 280 mm Tava from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, and
- 2) A Gift Hamper from WEIKFIELD containing Elaichi Custard Powder, Jelly Crystals, Drinking Chocolate, Glucose-D, Variety Custard Powder and Corn Flour.





- 8 eggs, hard boiled  
 GRIND IN LITTLE VINEGAR :  
 8 green chillis  
 10 cloves garlic, flaked  
 12 peppercorns  
 1 inch piece ginger  
 1 inch piece turmeric  
 1/2 tsp. cloves  
 1 cinnamon stick  
 1/2 tsp. aginomoto  
 Salt to taste  
 Thread as required

Wash and cut the beef in thin, broad and long slices. Marinate in the ground masala and salt. Spread in a thali and keep under pressure for about half an hour. Remove from pressure. Take one slice of beef, over it place slices of bacon to cover the full slice of beef. Then over it place three eggs, breadthwise. Roll the beef to form a full roll and tie with thread. Repeat the same for the remaining slices of beef. Place these rolls in pressure cooker add only one cup of water. Sprinkle the aginomoto and let it cook for about twenty minutes. When ready, remove the thread and cut in rings of about half inch to form a slice of beef, bacon and egg. Serve with salad.



Miss Shamal Pinge, Goa.

### KOLMBI THALIPITH

- 1 cup prawns  
 1 medium size potato, boiled mashed  
 1 medium size onion  
 1/2 tsp. chilli powder  
 1/4 tsp. turmeric powder  
 1 1/2 tsp. gram flour  
 1/2 inch piece ginger  
 1 inch coconut piece  
 Few coriander leaves  
 GRIND TO A PASTE :  
 1/2 cup coconut, grated  
 1/2 tsp. coriander  
 1/4 small size onion  
 3-4 peppercorns  
 1/2 cup bread crumbs

Shell and clean the prawns. Finely chop them. Grind together the grated coconut, coriander, pepper and onion. Chop finely the onion, ginger, coriander leaves, and the coconut piece. Mix all the ingredients with little water. Blend well. Shape into cutlets. Dip in crumbs and deep fry. Serve hot with tomato saure.



Miss Florina Monteiro, Bombay.

### ROLL BEEF

- 2 kg beef under cut  
 600 grams bacon



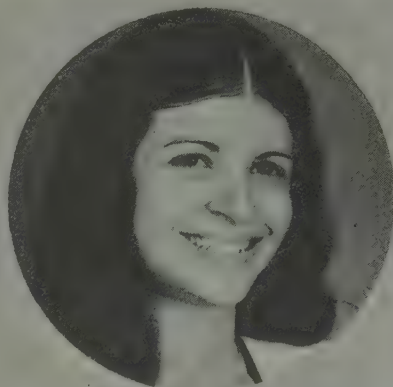
Manju Kochhar, New Delhi.

### KHEEMA KARELA

- 4 bitter gourds (karela)  
 100 grams minced meat  
 100 grams potatoes, grated  
 1 medium sized onion  
 1 inch piece ginger  
 2 green chillis  
 1 tsp. lemon juice  
 1 tbsps. salt  
 1 tsp. garam masala  
 1/2 tsp. mango powder  
 1/2 tsp. red chilli powder  
 1 tsp. sugar  
 Ghee for frying  
 Peel the bitter gourds, slit and



### MAHAROUKH, DADACHANJI, Bombay.



Mrs. Dadachanji wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a set of 3 Thumb-press Storefresh containers from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a Steam-Thru from Meera Metal Industries, Bombay.

### SUNDAY SPECIAL

- 1/2 kg meat, boiled  
 250 grams tomatoes  
 2 cups thick coconut milk extract  
 2 onions

- Salt to taste  
 1 tsp. chilli powder  
 4 tbsps. sugar  
 1 egg  
 2 tsps. vinegar

#### TO BE GROUND :

- 1 tbsps. rice  
 2 tsps. cumminseeds  
 6 cloves garlic, flaked  
 5 black pepper  
 1 inch piece coconut

Mix the tomatoes with coconut milk extract and keep aside. Add chilli powder, sugar and salt to taste.

Fry the finely sliced onions till golden brown. Add the ground paste and fry for a few seconds. Add the mixed tomatoes along with the coconut milk. Let it cook.

Add the boiled meat. Before serving beat the egg with vinegar. Add to the meat. Boil it once again.

Sprinkle coriander leaves and serve.

remove the seeds. Apply little salt and keep aside for two hours. Grind the onion, ginger and green chillis. Fry this paste in little ghee, add the minced meat, potatoes, salt, all other masalas and lemon juice. Add one cup of water and steam for ten minutes. Open and cook till dry. Wash the bitter gourds and dry. Fill in the above mixture and secure the opening with thread. Shallow fry in ghee.

### ANNOUNCEMENT MONTHLY COOKERY QUEEN CONTEST

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

May, 1981  
 PICKLES

June, 1981  
 MARINATE AND COOK

July, 1981  
 MEAL IN A DISH

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5 and July entries by June 5, 1981.

### COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

#### Revised Contest Rules

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

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



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**BINNYY**

Sarees



nalism and animal behaviour to architecture.

Candice is another committed feminist. Yet, when she turned 30, she had admitted in a panic-stricken interview that she felt her world was falling apart. She was not married and had no children. She was then involved with a Muslim businessman who she said, treated her "like a woman." However, she didn't marry him but instead settled for French producer Louis Malle. One hopes she has at last found that elusive happiness and security she's been seeking.

Shoba is a workaholic and you've guessed it. She's all set to bring out her own mag. in the near future but she's still not telling anyone what it's all about.

Her place at 'Society' is being taken by... surprise, surprise! None other than **Leela Naidu**. If you're going to be catty and ask "Why Leela?", the answer is that Leela confesses that in the 12 years she was married to poet and writer **Dom Moraes**, she helped him with his interviews when he wrote his books. Leela has also written scripts for films and even a couple of articles for 'Hong Kong papers,' "but only when I was asked," she says.

**T**HE two most feted queens in Bombay in the world of the litterati and the pseuds are certainly **Shobha Kilachand** and **Leela Naidu**. Shobha, who changed over from film journalism to the journalism of the beau monde—bringing out 'Society' magazine that dwelt lovingly, caressingly, on the lives of The Beautiful People, has upped and quit her editorship with 'Society' and is a free bird. In a telephonic interview, she said that she wanted to live her own life and write more often on the subjects that she is really interested in. (Shoba runs two popular columns in 'Mid-Day' and 'The Times of India'). She insisted that her two children were thrilled by her decision to quit. This may all be partly true, but

Leela candidly admits that Dom's ego couldn't have stood for another writer (and competitor!) in the family. But now it doesn't matter as they've reportedly decided to split. For a newcomer to the held of professional journalism, Leela has definite views on what she wants to do with 'Society'. "For one thing, the magazine isn't only with high society. I would like to cover all strata of society. Secondly, the magazine is too Bombay based in its subject matter. I'd like to give it an all-India slant." And of course she would want it to be more of a general magazine than a women's journal. Here's wishing them both the very best in their respective ventures.

ent. Unable to bear with the boss's behaviour, the three women, who work in the same office, join hands, kidnap the boss... and the fun begins! That someone as confident and militant as Jane Fonda could play the role of a mousy housewife is a tribute to her acting talents.

**A**NOTHER Hollywood actress who has gone beyond acting is **Candice Bergen**, who became a photo-journalist for a time and travelled all over the world. She was in Bombay recently chasing a 15-year-old dream that's soon to come true. When she was 19, Dickie (as she calls Sir Richard Attenborough) offered her the role of Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer, in his film on Mahatma Gandhi.

Her room littered with the ancient camera equipment that she's supposed to use in the film, Candice admitted rather candidly that very often assignments, which should have gone to better photographers, were given to her just because she was a famous personality. Tall, blonde and svelte, Candice today is more committed to acting than her other interests, which range from writing, photo-jour-



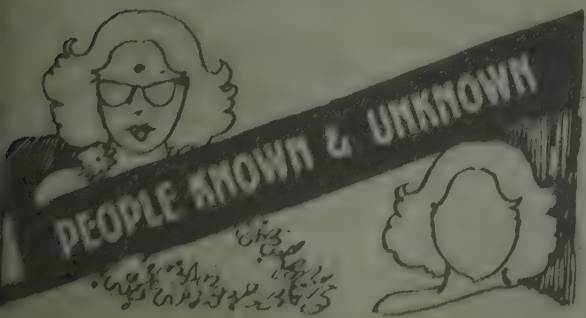
**J**ANE FONDA has done it again. A committed feminist, Jane started her acting career under the shadow of the fact that she was Henry Fonda's daughter. She acted in light, insignificant, sexy roles that meant nothing. In fact, she and her brother Peter almost seemed destined to remain B-grade actors. But as Jane grew in maturity and became involved in social causes, it began to affect her performances for the better too. With 'Klute', where she played a call girl, Jane finally came into her own and became an actress to reckon with. Now in her 40s, Jane has floated her own film company, I.P.C. Films, Inc. and has made tremendous movies like 'Coming Home', about the Vietnam war and 'The China Syndrome', which dealt with the evils of nuclear technology.

The third film to be made by her company, which is soon to be released in India, is 'Nine To Five', a delightful comedy that every woman will love and identify herself with. Jane plays a timid, recently-divorced housewife seeking her first job, Dolly Parton plays the blonde, busy secretary who has to constantly fend off her boss's unwanted advances, Lily Tomlin plays an older woman who isn't given a management job because she's too intelligent and too independ-

**H**E was an evil man who kidnapped 17-month-old Lori Hocum to demand a ransom from her parents and then perhaps kill the baby. He was armed when he snatched her away from her mother. Her father made a televised appeal to the kidnapper to release the baby. Strangely enough, he heeded the distraught father's call and returned the toddler, who was found unharmed in a shopping centre. The reason for the sudden change of

heart? An anonymous caller telephoned the parents of Lori in their home in a New Orleans suburb and said that he had spared the life of the baby, "because it would be a waste to kill such a beautiful baby."

Lakshmi Narayan



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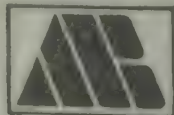
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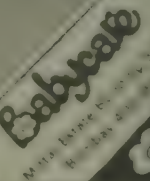
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# REAL-LIFE GRANDMAS

All the women who play screen mothers to our leading men, surprisingly have young children in real life. In fact, only one of them is going to be a grandma soon and that is Indrani Mukherjee. The same Indrani Mukherjee who was Shashi Kapoor's leading lady in "Dharamputra" and Rajesh Khanna's in "Aakhri Khat".

Today, she is looking forward very much to the day she will play a real-life grandma — a role she has so far not played even on the screen. Says an enthusiastic Indrani, "I am looking forward to the day when my first grandchild will be born. I have already planned to take photographs of myself in jeans, carrying the baby, so that when the child grows up, he/she can be proud of having such a young-looking grandmother!"

Then getting serious she continues, "Act-

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**They are convincing in their reel-life portrayals of the good old bhabi, sister, mamma, even the sultry siren, but the minute the make-up is off, their real-life role of the doting grandma takes over!**

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## Nalini Uchil

---

ually, it seems only yesterday, that my own son was born. I still remember how every-time I looked at his tiny feet, I used to think how they would turn into a man's one day. And the day he got married, I realised my son had indeed grown into a man. I wept that day to think how time had flown, and I had never really spent as much time with my son as I would have liked to. And before I knew, my son belonged to another woman. He was on the threshold of beginning his own family."

Indrani married at the age of 13 and her son was born at the age of 14. Her son married his sweetheart at the age of 24. And that is how Indrani is on her way to grandmotherhood at the early age of 38. She feels now that it would have been better if she hadn't borne the child so early in life. As there is not much age difference between the two, she says their relationship is hardly like a mother and son. "I have hardly played mother to him. As a child, it was my mother who took care of him. And now that he has grown, it is he who talks to me as if I were a child. He behaves sometimes as if he were years older to me."

Indrani has two little girls from her second marriage. And looking at Indrani's beautiful wrinkle-free face, it seems incredible that she is going to be a grandmother. "I will see that I give more time to my daughters. I now realise that my career was not worth what I have sacrificed for it. I never realised this with my son. But I can see how upset

---

**Indrani Mukherjee**

Photograph : Durgaprasad



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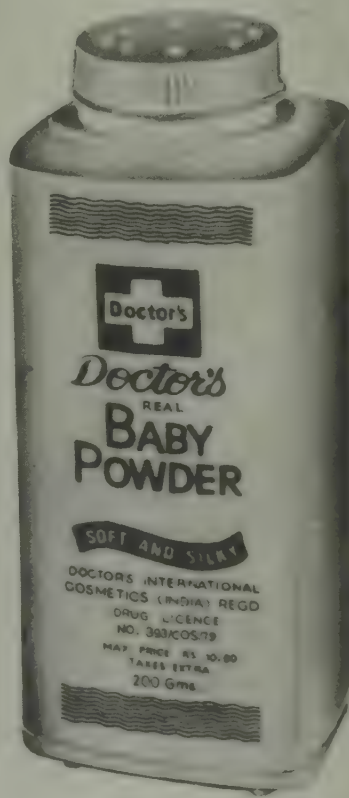
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my daughters get every time I have to leave for shooting. I have had enough of all those silly 'mother roles'. My daughter has already outgrown her baby-frock stage. I realise she is growing up. One day she too will get married and go away. The very thought upsets me," says Indrani sadly.

Shashikala, the screen siren of yesteryear is not only looking young and glamorous these days but is also a grandmother. Both her daughters have children. Shashi loves children and especially dotes on her grandchildren. "Just imagine I am a grandmother. And my grandson will be a teenager in a couple of years. I can't believe it. How quickly time has flown," says a young looking Shashi, smiling. Shashi looks surprisingly young for her 48 years. Even her daughters find it a bit tiring to keep up with the mother. "When my daughters were young, I always told them to take care of



**Krishna Raj Kapoor**

had a friend who used to come to my place to teach me yoga. Now I do it on my own whenever I have the time."

Mrs. Krishna Raj Kapoor is one of the most dignified and sophisticated women among all the filmi wives. In fact, no one can compete with her in her elegance or play the role of the perfect hostess with the touch of class that Krishna Kapoor has. She not only looks serene but has always maintained her cool and remained composed in the face of the many crises in her life.

Being a Kapoor wife can never be an easy job, given the lifestyle of the flamboyant Kapoor men. More so, in the case of Mrs. Raj Kapoor. But to Krishna Kapoor goes the credit of being an ideal wife to a man who is hard to please. In spite of all the heartaches, and ups and downs in her married life, a serene Krishna Kapoor can today proudly say that her marriage is a success.

Besides being a perfect wife, she is also an affectionate and loving mother. And today she also happens to be a glamorous grandmother. She has four grandchildren on whom she dotes — and she has hardly changed through the years. She looks the same as she used to a decade ago.

She still sports the same hair style which has become so much a part of her that anybody else sporting a similar style instantly reminds us of this lady-in-white. Her hairdresser of many years tells us that she refuses to change her style even after much coaxing. Krishna has always worn white as far as one's memory goes. And the reason is quite obvious — Raj Kapoor likes his women in white. Today, in spite of being a grandmother, Krishna is a welcome sight, anytime, compared to some of our leading ladies.

Naseem Banu, the beauty queen of her time, has remained a beautiful woman down the years. In fact, how could she be anything but beautiful — didn't she give birth to a beauty queen?

Naseem Banu quit films years ago, but has continued to remain in the limelight. Her elegance and sophistication have been the envy of many women. Daughter Saira herself admits how her mother had always remained in the background so as not to overshadow her own daughter! Unfortunately, Saira has no children of her own but her brother Sultan has, and that adds Naseem to our list of glamorous grandmothers.

Besides having brought up her children all on her own without the help of a husband, she managed to give them the best of everything. The children have grown up now and have families of their own. It is now the grandchildren on whom she lavishes



**Naseem Banu**

affection. She is a doting grandma, and the children love their beautiful grandma too. Now that she has a lot of free time on hand she spends it with her grandchildren. Not only her own grandchildren, but Indrani Mukherjee's little tots are also seen playing at her place.

Today she can look back with pride on her achievements. She even bagged the most sought after man for a son-in-law. To be mother-in-law to the one and only Dilip Kumar must have only added a feather in her cap.

It is no little achievement for a beautiful woman to age beautifully and gracefully.



**Shashikala**

their health and figure. But, then, they did not heed my advice. Now my Shaila and younger daughter both wish they had listened to me. But luckily both my daughters are good-looking and still look pretty."

Says Shashi, "To look beautiful is in one's own hands. And this care should start early in life. The first most important factor is to keep the skin clean. While one is still young one does not need cosmetics or the help of a beautician to look beautiful. It is only in the late 20s and early 30s that one needs to start taking special care to maintain one's self."

Today, Shashi looks years younger than most women of her own age. But she takes pains over her appearance. "I maintain a strict diet and not only that, I exercise regularly. Now I don't have the time but I



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

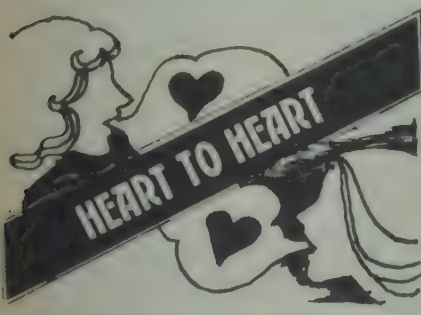
### TOO CURLY HAIR

I am 18. My problem is that I have too curly hair which is unruly and impossible to manage. Can it be straightened?

H.J. (Hyderabad)

You should brush your hair regularly to keep its natural oil well distributed. Use a conditioner after a shampoo to make it more manageable. Setting hair on large rollers will also help.

Straightening can be done in a salon — it is a sort of reverse permanent. You can do it your-



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.

### SHE IS WORRIED

I was friendly with a boy with whom I had sexual relations. I want to tell this to my fiancé but I feel he might leave me if I tell him. Will he come to know about this?

Whether it is proper to tell your fiancé about your sex life before marriage or not depends upon what type of a man he is. If he is immature and this relationship lacks depth, he is likely to break off the engagement. However, if he is an understand-

self too. Using a hand dryer and a hair brush, stretch hair to straighten it out, temporarily, of course.

### SAGGING CHIN

I am 31 and my chin has started sagging. This gives me an aged appearance. Please suggest some remedies to solve this problem.

V.D. (Madras)

Your head carriage is important. Hold your head high keeping chin level. Correct posture is important to prevent the chin muscles from sagging.

Here are a few exercises for you.

1. Lie on back on floor, knees flexed and soles of feet flat on floor. Keep arms straight at sides at shoulder level. Now raise head slightly off the floor in a straight line. Hold. Lower slowly. Repeat five times.

2. Turn head from side to side very slowly, as far as you can. First turn in one direction then in the other. Do 10 times. Then throw head way back then

bring forward — chin resting on collar bone. Do 10 times.

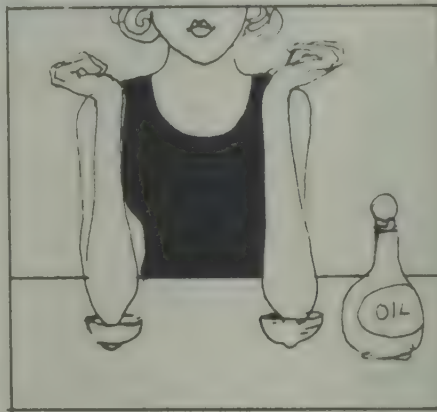
### ANTI-PERSPIRANT WILL HELP

My hands feel very hot and sticky during the summer months. What should I do?

I have cracks around my heels which appear unsightly. Any remedy?

T.K. (Bombay)

## ROUGH ELBOWS



A light touch of an anti-perspirant on your hands will check perspiration. Stroking chilled cologne on hands will also keep them cool and comfortable.

Are you in the habit of wearing chappals all the time? This causes the heels to crack. Avoid wearing them as far as possible, wear something with heels. At bathtime rub your heels with a soapy pumice stone and wash well to clean them. At night massage coconut oil or vaseline on the heels. Continue to do this for a few weeks.

### TRY THIS REMEDY

My elbows are discoloured and rough. What should I do to improve their appearance?

N.I. (Meerut)

Sit at a table and rest your elbows in lightly squeezed lemon halves — for about ten minutes. This will bleach them. Then rinse and dry thoroughly and rub in a little nourishing cream. Massage this cream on your elbows at night before retiring.

ing person, he will consider your past as a closed chapter and start life afresh after marriage

Although there is a belief that very strenuous exercise, cycling or horse riding can rupture the hymen, by and large, in our society men still consider these possibilities to be remote. Even today, most men feel that a woman is a virgin only if she bleeds

imparted to young boys and girls. As a consequence a majority amongst them are ignorant even about the elementary facts of sex in marriage. Possibly this is what accounts for his shy and childish behaviour.

I suggest that you consult a marriage counsellor who will give the necessary guidance to your husband and help in building up

feel physically weak. I am losing my health because of this. What should I do?

I fully appreciate the mental agony which you are going through. Let me first assure you that there is nothing "evil" about sex. In fact the "hush hush" attitude prevailing in majority of homes results in children developing an unhealthy attitude towards sex.

The interest in the opposite sex is a natural process of an individual's growth. The problem arises only when that interest becomes an obsession. Possibly a frank talk with a counsellor will help you in this respect.

As regards masturbation, let me tell you that 90 per cent of boys indulge in this habit without any adverse physical effects. The need for psychological help is required only when masturbation becomes a means for releasing tension and its frequency is very high. I suggest that you divert your energies towards sports or other activities of interest to you. This will help you sublimate your thoughts and energy

## DIVERT YOUR ENERGIES

during the first intercourse which ruptures the hymen.

### HE NEEDS UNDERSTANDING

I was married last year but due to my husband's ignorance I am still a virgin and suffering from mental strain and frustration. I hate him as a sex partner. He gets irritated at my behaviour and threatens to leave me at my parents' house. What should I do?

While sympathising with you, I do not appreciate your feelings of hatred for your husband. Let me tell you that in our country proper sex education is hardly

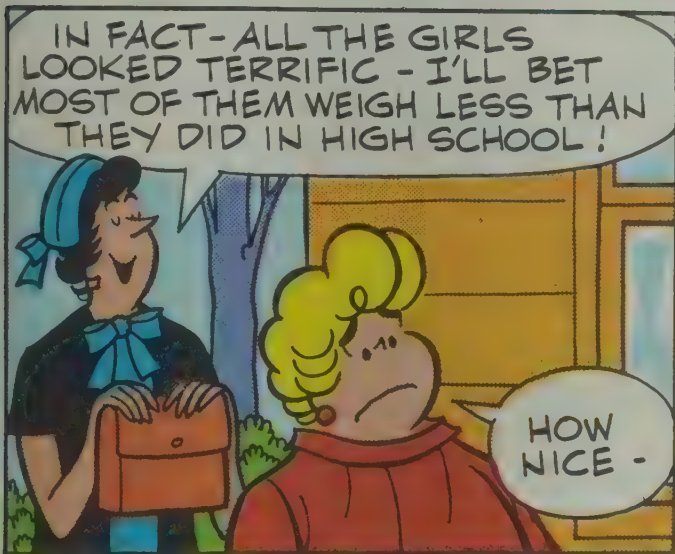
a more satisfying relationship between both of you. On your part, you could show a little understanding of his problems which I am sure will give him greater confidence. If he knows that you are not critical about him, he will share his problems with you.

### MASTURBATION PROBLEM

I am a boy of 17 who at the age of 10 years was taught "evil and sexy" deeds by an older boy. Since then, every time a girl comes before me, I visualise her private parts and become "sex conscious". I then masturbate and subsequently

# THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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THE LITTLE WOMAN

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Women bosses aren't a wholly new phenomenon. There have always been a few. In the past most of them were unmarried, most of them were in "women's areas" — like social service, or heads of female teaching institutions.

Today, more and more women are getting senior management jobs in almost every sphere of activity. Perhaps most important of all, they are making it on their own terms without having to be surrogate men.

"It just doesn't enter my mind that there's no woman reporting to me," she started, "I don't think of whether I'd prefer a woman doing a certain assignment for me rather than a man. You find the good and the not-so-good among both lots. A couple of years ago, when there were less women working in our bank, we found the work they churned out was superior. Today, as the number has increased, we find they fool around as much as the boys!

pects nothing but the best, so it makes her a harder task master. But basically, as a human being I treat each person as an individual and so the strictness and leniency from their point of view, varies," she says.

"The only thing I do miss about not having a woman around, is not being able to let down my hair when I feel like it," she confesses.

Dhananjay Verma, a smart, intelligent young man is a junior manager with the State Bank.

Looking back, I see that it has been easier communicating with a woman. She is definitely more receptive and gives me a freer hand at my work. My father also worked for a lady minister — so hearing him talk, I had an idea what it was like to say 'Yes madam', instead of 'yes sir,'" he says jocularly.

Mrs. Raghavan's point about the "mother-figure" is justified by Mr. Verma, when he responds to my query thus: "Take offence at being scolded or corrected by Madam? Why should I? Didn't my mother also scold me!"

"What about your ego?" I asked.

Pat came his reply, "As a male I don't have an ego — as a person I have. As long as the 'person' is not hurt, there are no problems."

Rita Bibra is the attractive manager of the OCM showroom on Calcutta's Park Street.

Taking into account her previous job as well, Miss Bibra has been a "boss" for nine years now. This lady isn't particularly favourable towards taking on fe-

# THE FEMALE BOSS

TODAY MORE WOMEN ARE GETTING SENIOR MANAGEMENT JOBS IN MANY DIFFERENT FIELDS. MORE IMPORTANT, THEY ARE MAKING IT ON THEIR OWN TERMS WITHOUT HAVING TO BE SURROGATE MEN. WHAT'S IT LIKE TO WORK FOR THESE WOMEN? ESPECIALLY IF YOU ARE A MAN? HOW DO THESE WOMEN AT THE TOP FEEL WHEN "ORDERING" THEIR MALE ASSISTANTS AROUND?

Amita Sarwal

What's it like to work for these women? Especially if you are a man? What do these women at the top "feel" when "ordering" around their assistants, supposedly belonging to the superior sex? Why aren't female boss/male secretary affairs ever heard of?

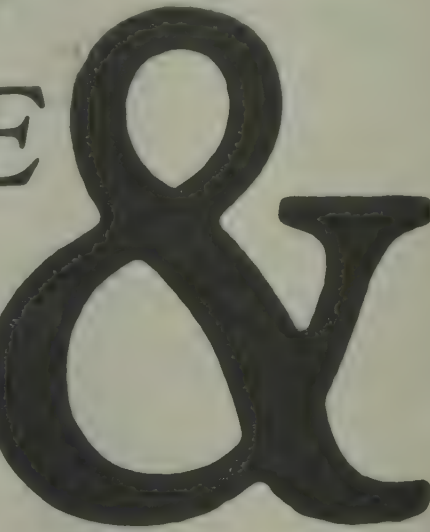
It was interesting to note, that the last question was answered practically in the same vein, by all the women interviewed — "Simply because a woman has been taught, for generations to worship a male who is superior to her"

To the other questions the replies were very characteristically individual.

Shanta Raghavan has always had men working for her, during her long career with the State Bank of India. Having joined them 20 years ago, today she holds the prestigious rank of deputy chief manager, foreign department, Calcutta and what makes it all even more impressive is Shanta's huge office with its dozens of telephones, all ringing practically simultaneously!

"Admittedly, I find a number of my junior subordinates do tend to look up to me as the mother figure, and come with their personal problems. On the other hand, I've heard people say that a woman is more exacting and a perfectionist and ex-

Shanta Raghavan, Dpt. chief manager, and junior manager Dhananjay Verma.



# THE MALE ASSISTANT

reporting directly to Shanta.

"I've been working here for four years since my transfer from Patna. Initially, while I was getting the hang of things, it made no difference that my boss was not the usual kind — a male.



male employees — "because the girls are too much trouble. Some can't bear to take an order from another female, and think because they are the same sex as the boss, it gives them an advantage over their male colleagues. Then I find they try and get too personally involved with their employer. They want latitude from their boss especially as regards their domestic problems.

"Being a woman, I realise the hassles they face. But then, I don't bring my problems to the office, so I expect them to do the same," says Rita.

"I find with a female boss around," she continues, "the men work better. They don't like being pulled up too often. A question of their egos being hurt. For them a boss is a boss."

Another disadvantage with women, Rita finds, is that they are clock watchers. "I don't blame them. They've got to get home to their kids, cooking, their husbands and what not. But when I want some extra

work put in after office hours, the male counterpart is more willing. Obviously, because he isn't burdened with those extra domestic chores."

Rita's assistant is **Uma Shankar Sharma**. "I didn't choose to work for a female manager. I got this job through my previous employer," he says.

Now nearly two years later, his attitude is — "I'm serving the chair. It makes no difference whether I take orders from a man

**S. Narayanan** has been secretary to the Regional officer since 1973. "My job with USEFI was my first one," says this interestingly loquacious young man. "For a month or so I felt awkward — I think it was a psychological feeling — the idea of working for a lady, but I drew an inference from Mrs. Gandhi, and her male ministers, and realised that it was, and is, a very feasible proposition."

"Given a choice, I think I

enough to know.

"Our Indian culture and heritage has taught us women to look up to men. And this would not work with the female officer and the male non-officer. Besides, the male would hate to have his partner better qualified"

To this Mr. Narayanan says, "My involvement might be curtailed simply because I wouldn't bow down to a superior woman in my personal life as well"

"Out of choice, I'd opt for a male secretary/assistant," confesses Mrs. Nag, "as you can send them to places for odd jobs and there are no hassles of working late. But in a protected place like a school, I'd choose a woman — as they can keep better secrets than men. Besides, I'd feel freer discussing my personal problems with a female. I've got an ambivalent attitude — in an office, definitely a male, in a school, a female.

"On the negative side, I find the lady tends to carry her 'home' into her place of work and this does affect her efficiency," says Mr. Narayanan. "Even though I've worked for a woman always, I still have mental reservations. Like if a male boss were to scold me in front of outsiders, I'd take it in my stride, but were a woman to do the same, I'd be most hurt and embarrassed."

And finally this bachelor says, "In case I get a 'bossy' female boss at the time I plan to get married — I'll do all I can to get a submissive wife. Could be the MCP in me — but I certainly won't have two women bossing over me," he laughed.

**Prabha Khaitan** is the Managing Director of New Horizon Pvt. Ltd. and Opale Exports Pvt. Ltd., two export houses churning out silk and leather items for buyers in the West, and employing 350 labourers in the factory. "It's more difficult managing them than office employees," Prabha says, "because they are not as educated or as enlightened, and thus hesitate to accept female domination. So, I have to establish my credibility and now that they've accepted me, they are totally loyal.

"Initially my competitors tried to take advantage of my position by trying to create distrust among my workers, but I had to take a firm stand, and I have overcome it"

Speaking of the female boss, Miss Khaitan is all for it — "Aren't we more flexible and adaptable by nature? Don't we adjust better? Besides, a woman handles more jobs than a man. There is the home as well as the

office to attend to," she says giving full kudos to the members of her sex.

The other Managing Director of the companies and also Prabha's partner, is a male. "I find my subordinates go to him rather than come to me regarding office association matters, even something like organising a staff picnic."

Twenty-eight-year-old Ashok Dias is secretary to the two M.Ds.

He spoke rather candidly. "I've only worked with a lady employer here. It's been two years now, but I still find it easier to communicate with our male M.D. This may be because I'm rather shy and reserved."

"Certainly," he says, "if a woman is capable of getting her work done, she is justified in sitting in the boss' chair. Here, I find Miss Khaitan very competent and capable and the upward trend in our company's graph speaks for itself.

"The only difference I've found between my two bosses, is that she is more fickle-minded. She



Rita Bibra, Manager, OCM showroom, with Mr. Uma Sharma, her assistant.

or a woman." Having served under both, men as well as women employers, Mr. Sharma says he finds the former a tough boss — for even though the woman is more "temperamental" and "moody", she is more sympathetic and understanding.

He compares further, "Whereas the male is over-confident and tries to 'rule', the female employer is more encouraging. She genuinely wants to see me progress."

Of his future choice, Mr. Sharma says, "I'd only like to work for a woman if she's as capable as my present boss — otherwise it's safer opting for a man."

**Lotika Nag** is the Regional officer USEFI, Calcutta. Doing a leave vacancy assignment, she has had no problem in dealing with her junior colleagues (male).

"In my previous job, as Principal of Shri Shikshayatan School for girls, most of my non-teaching staff was male. No, I faced no difficulties, and if they resented me, they never showed it. Here at USEFI, by a strange coincidence, all the Regional officers, since the inception of this organisation in Calcutta have been women. Being a tiny office it's a very casual atmosphere. I think they are used to the idea of a female boss," she says simply.

would always opt for a female boss. I find them very understanding and motherly. Any problems I have, I discuss freely with them."

For this Mrs. Nag's explanation is, "My generation would be more motherly in dealing with these young boys. Having a husband or sons to deal with at home may help in our attitude towards men at work. But let me tell you, men in their homes and the men in the office are totally different creatures," she laughs.

"What of affairs?" I asked this lady who has been around long

**S. Narayanan**



Prabha Khaitan

often contradicts herself and her instructions. The men are decidedly more clear-headed — but a minus point with them is that they have fixed notions"

This point Prabha explained thus: "Flexibility in a woman is her plus point and it might also be taken as fickle-mindedness. It could be that because of this, because we women are ready to give a second chance, we can win over more people, more easily than our male counterparts. Wouldn't you call a man with fixed notions dogmatic as well?" she concluded smilingly.

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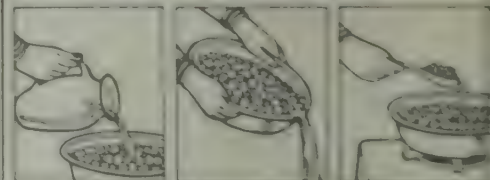
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# HOW NOT TO BE A GOOD WIFE

I came across a whole pile of old women's magazines the other day and they were full of hints on how to be the ideal wife, mother etc. The advice contained in these articles inspired me to write one on:

## How NOT to be a Good Wife

To be a good wife you should not love your husband unquestioningly. You shouldn't always be ready to minister to his needs, agree with him at all times or dress and live to please him.

Shocked? Upset? Surprised? If you do all the above mentioned that I have told you not to, you won't even make a good human being!

A good cow, yes!

A good wife, no!

Before you come chasing me with the handiest broom, stop, wait and listen, girl.

You married this man, right? That means you found something attractive about him. You are still living with him so, you do have some love or affection for him. Now, simple logic tells you that we all love the object of our love to be loved (or admired) by all and sundry. That's a compliment to your good taste, right? You don't refute that, do you? By loving him unquestioningly what are you doing to him?

Encouraging him in his folly and foolhardiness, that's what. Turning him into a tin god, a petty tyrant and (even more important) you are making him uncomfortable by refusing to acknowledge that he is just human and liable to make mistakes. I'll give you an

example. Your husband had had a rough day at the office. He is in a foul mood and complaining about his boss, that he is unreasonable and corrupt, not to mention stupid and uncouth.

Now, you don't question his statements. You encourage him to rant and rave and expend his spleen. You are encouraging him to be childish and prejudiced. He gets over it in a few days but your continued indignations makes him uneasy. He doesn't wish to lose face in front of you by admitting that he was at fault and he has long since apologised and, made up with the boss. He says sheepishly that he isn't a bad bloke but you aren't ready yet to give up your posture so easily. So, he eventually stops confiding in you.

It's up to you to help him to get over prejudices and irritations. Don't encourage him to stagnate. Of course, to do so, you have to be mature and intelligent yourself. It's much easier to say "Hanji" (yes) and stop thinking altogether.

A man must be a man, not a helpless baby. Don't tell me with a simper that "My husband can't do without me."

That, the household will come to a halt if you are ill or out even for a day.

What do you want, anyway? A baby? Have another child for goodness' sake, if you must. Don't turn your husband into one. Why should he be a parasite living off you? Let him do things for himself, get his own clothes, run his bath, cook the odd meal. He doesn't lose his manliness doing this, in

fact, he gains it. A "man" is one who is independent and responsible. One who is a prop to others in a crisis.

I assume that you had seen each other before your wedding. Even, perhaps, come to know each other. He found your appearance attractive or he wouldn't have married you. He was prepared to see you every single day of his life. So, obviously, your looks and dress sense were appreciated. Now, why does he criticise your style? As long as you haven't become a slob or too outrageous in your dressing, you ought to be as pleasing to him as before.

"I wear blue at all times. My husband likes me too". "I never wear flowery prints. My husband doesn't like me to."

I just can't understand this. Is he a fashion designer? Or perhaps he runs a very smart boutique? If not, what does he know about women's fashions? Are you a mere possession to drape yourself to please his lordship's aesthetic sense? What about you, are you really happy wearing blue at all times? Is that what you want to do? Is he also dressed in blue all day to please you? Is he is so hung up on blue, why is he gawking at that woman in pink?

The truth is that it's not the enhancement of your looks that he wants, he wants to put up a "keep off" sign to repel predatory males. So, maybe subconsciously, he gets you to dress in a manner attractive only to him.

Yes, the old image of the sati savitri fits a doormat to a "T", it's not for a partner and a pal which you are (or ought to be).

Ceedee

**MUSICAL** wife: "It's strange, but when I play the piano, I always feel extraordinarily melancholy."

Husband: "At least you're honest. So do I."

**JONES** had occasion to reprimand his wife. "I think, dear," he said soothingly, "that you fib a little occasionally."

"Well, I think it's a wife's duty," was her response, "to speak well of her husband occasionally."

**WHEN** her husband came home he found a typical cigar in the bedroom ashtray. "Where did this come from?" he shouted at his wife. There was a long pause and then from the closet came a muffled reply, "Brazil."

**AFTER** the honeymoon night, the Queen asked the King, "Darling, do common people have honeymoons too?"

"Yes, dear," said the King.

"Well," said the Queen. "they shouldn't be allowed to have them. It's too good for them."

**THEN** there was this patient who was so dumb he left his doctor's clinic quite happy on being told: "Your heart will last as long as you live."

**THIS** signboard appears in every room of a big hotel:

"Don't smoke in bed. The ashes falling on the floor may be your own."

**ONCE** a journalist approached George Moore, the noted Irish novelist and asked, "To what do you attribute your good health at the age of eighty?"

"It's because I never smoked, drank or touched a girl until I was eleven years old," replied the noted novelist.

**A VERY** rich old miser who was on his deathbed called the minister of the nearby church and asked, "If

I leave ten thousand rupees to your church, will my salvation be assured?"

"I can't say for certain," said the minister, "but as you know people who make down payments are given preferential treatment."

**A WIDOW** who had recently married a widower was asked by one of her friends how things were working out. "Does your husband ever



talk about his previous wife?" enquired the friend.

"Well, he used to, but I cured him of that," said the other.

"How?"

"I started talking about my next husband."

**AND** have you heard about the polite Western bandit who walked into a bar one night and said, "Now ladies and gentlemen, all those in favour of leaving this place alive, will kindly put their hands up."

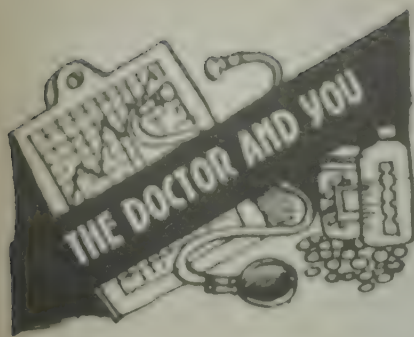
**A GIRL** was being begged for a date. The man said, "I assure you, I'll be a perfect gentleman — I won't even try to kiss you."

"Good God!" said the girl. "That settles it. I'm not going out with you."

**ONE** professor: "Where are you going during the winter vacation?"

Other professor: "I haven't decided yet. Personally, I want to take a trip around the world, but my wife says we should go to some other place."

Compiled by George Fegradoc



Here Mrs. Mani intervened and said that her husband had also been operated for D.N.S. 20 years ago, at the age of 14. This however need not lead one to think that in Deepak's case the cause was purely hereditary although it is also a strong possibility.

Next, Mrs. Mani asked me about the actual surgery — its

and under general anaesthesia in the case of children. However, as to her question regarding the age at which the operation should be performed I advised her that it would be better to wait until the child was at least 15 and if possible to postpone it until he reached adulthood. This is because septal surgery is very diffi-

Sinus headaches, especially in the frontal part so often treated as migraine, difficulty in breathing and a watery or yellowish sticky nasal discharge are some common discomforts people are prone to suffer from time to time. In most cases they are symptoms associated with cold, influenza and even tonsillitis.

Sometimes however they can be due to a totally different condition called D.N.S. or deviated nasal septum. When the partition or septum between the two nasal cavities is deviated towards one side or the other, we have a condition called D.N.S. Here one must understand that the nasal septum in most people is slightly deviated and is hence quite a normal condition. However in some people, the deviation besides being marked also produces problems. It is then that people consult their doctors for treatment. In most cases the patients are adults, but D.N.S. can occur very rarely in children too.

One such case was that of Deepak, the five-year-old son of Mrs. Mani. On examining the child, I found that he had a marked deviation of the septum on the left side of the nose. I then questioned the parent about his problems. She told me that Deepak had difficulty in breathing through the nose and normally breathed through the mouth when asleep.

Deepak, since birth, suffered very often from disturbed sleep which would worsen whenever he contracted cold and cough which was also very often. She had since consulted a number of doctors who had recommended correction of the deviated septum by surgery.

Not surprisingly, Mrs. Mani was in a highly nervous state, as the very word surgery especially in connection with a small child is rather frightening. I therefore tried to allay many of her fears and answered all her questions. First of all I assured her that D.N.S. can occur at any age. I also told her that it was very difficult to point out the exact reasons for it as it can occur either due to some nasal injury, can be present right from birth and can even be a hereditary condition as in the case of the Parsi community.

## CURE FOR DEVIATED NASAL SEPTUM

By Dr. K. U. Shah  
as told to Vijaya Prem Subramony



**Sinus headaches, nasal discharge, difficulty in breathing, are most often symptoms associated with a cold or influenza, but sometimes they can be due to a different condition called D.N.S.**

description, complications, etc. and also the best age for undergoing it. I told her that the surgery was an extremely simple but technical one, and one which is almost without any complications. This surgery involves the straightening of the deviated cartilage or bone, usually both. Any complications which may have occurred during this surgery in the past were in exceptional cases only. Normally, if properly assessed and diagnosed and the surgery properly performed, correction of D.N.S. by surgery is highly beneficial to the patient for he will get 100 per cent cure.

I explained to her that the surgery involves the straightening of the septum by removing the deviation in the cartilage or bone, usually both, conducted under local anaesthesia in adults

cult in children because of the small working space.

I further explained to her that in the majority of cases where the patient's trouble had not been alleviated by surgery, it was because of incomplete surgery or a wrong diagnosis.

However, if the D.N.S. in the child was very marked and the child was undergoing a great deal of suffering then it would be advisable to have him operated even at the age of 10. But I told her that it was not advisable in my opinion to perform the operation at an age earlier than that.

Dr. K. U. Shah, M.S., F.C.P.S. D.L.O., is Hon. ENT Surgeon, Jaslok Hospital and Northcote Police Hospital, Bombay.

## PROSTITUTES' WELFARE ASSOCIATION

"We are the saviours of the chastity of the mothers and sisters in civilized society," says Shakuntala Devi, president of the



Prostitutes' Welfare Association. The association is the first of its kind in the country, formed at Ujjain in Madhya Pradesh during the last week of February. "In the absence of prostitutes sex crimes will be committed on the streets," remarked this middle-aged prostitute leader.

The prostitutes in the red light area have formed an association to resist the move launched by the local Nav Yuvak Seva Samiti to get them shifted from the heart of the city to the outskirts.

"These very guardians of society have been collecting thousands of rupees every year by giving money to us at fabulous interest rates," Shakuntala Devi said contemptuously, adding that the move to shift them had been launched by vested interests.

"Many of these guardians of public morality who are opposing us demand concession and even free service during the night when they visit us slyly to pay their homage to the god of lust," she said angrily.

Shakuntala Devi asserted that it was society that had forced them into this profession. "If the members of the Nav Yuvak Jan Seva Samiti are sincere about the upliftment of prostitutes, let their members come forward with marriage proposals," she said in a choked voice.

On February 25th, a memorandum signed by more than 50,000 people was presented to the divisional commissioner, Mr. O.P. Mehra, to press the demand for shifting the red light area from the present locality to the outskirts. The commissioner's only reply was that he was examining the matter.

Meanwhile, a member of the Congress (I), Bajrang Lal Pedwa has come forward in support of the prostitutes, saying that almost everywhere red light areas are located in the heart of the city.

Suresh Mehrotra

# DREAMY DELIGHTS

Golden Surprise, Melting Moments, Floating Islands, Creamy Snowballs, Rainbow Rings and Dreamy Delights, these were a few of her favourite names, which she had rattled off effortlessly, much to our obvious surprise and instant admiration.

Usha was one of those rare specimens who simply loved to loll in the kitchen dreaming up recipes and putting them to practice, unlike the rest of us who only dreamed and tried to imagine the exquisiteness of an exotic sounding dish, but were not prepared to experiment with the reality. Usha had attended every cooking class under the sun, tried her own delicious concoctions with success and maintained a beautiful out-of-a-magazine type of a flat. She also stored away all the bottles of jams, squashes and sauces as well as pickles for the year round.

And so when a few of us extolled her talents and gently persuaded her to give us a few demonstrations of her accumulated culinary art, she readily agreed and called us for an informal tete-a-tete, with just our pens and some note-books.

Feather-light fairy cakes, crunchy munchy biscuits, delicious souffles and professional-looking Christmas cakes as well as aromatic Chinese dishes tumbled out of her deft artistic fingers in next to no time, while she explained carefully to us, the greenhorns, the secrets of a burnt caramel or a trunk of a tree chocolate log cake.

We certainly did our best to annoy her unknowingly with our lack of punctuality, with our gnawing doubts or with our hopes to carry out the same recipe with easily available ingredients for a lower cost. The perfectionist in her must have shuddered with shock at each of these queries but she always assumed a calm demeanour when she answered us.

We bombarded her with questions after our trials and failures, and also telephoned her whenever the necessity arose for her instant advice while the dish was cooking on the gas!

Husbands groaned under the pressure of rising shopping bills. Sugar, noodles, ajinomoto, vinegar, yeast, cornflakes and ready-made Chinese grass filled our lists. Some of us had to start from scratch, get ovens repaired, buy attractive-looking baking tins, measuring spoons and cups, which meant extra shopping sprees.

"Let's go back to dal, sambhar, dahi, papad and cut out the extra trimmings," complained the husbands, shocked at the mounting figures in the monthly bills like — one mixie — Rs. 980/- only! But no, we argued, why not taste the luxury of a delectable five-star hotel menu in a happy relaxed and homely atmosphere, at a mere quarter of the hotel bill?

Meanwhile we had enjoyed the companionship and cookery classes and three cheers to our charming cookery expert for her readiness to impart her expertise to mere mortals like us, who are going full steam for a "Gelay Firdaus" or a "Dahi-ki-Laooz" and enjoying every minute, too! Any more ready to join?

**Parvati V. Menon**



Devi

## NOBODY TALKS ABOUT CHINTU

Nargis is back, a lot of grey in her hair and a pallor on her skin. One really does not know whether one survives cancer, but at least she has come home. . . the prayers have been answered.



When Chintu decided to marry Neetu, I had told him he would lose his fans by half. Today no one (at least not the girls) is talking about Chintu, with Neetu and the baby. That, too, when he is the best looking in the Lilliputian grade. Amitabh has increased India's average height by a few inches. Every girl I know is on the lookout for magic pills to increase her height. But in the Lilliputian lot, Chintu is the best looking, since the threat to him — Raj Kiran — looks older than Raaj Kumar in 'Bulundi' Gaurav, I thought, would be more shrewd than the Kapoors and beat them at their own game, when he rid himself of Rima, and decided to be a star.

But an astrologer from Gujarat who had predicted Indira Gandhi's comeback as well as Sanjay's air crash, has predicted doom for filmdom. There will be a succession of deaths, flops, financial crises, especially in the music world. "The period is not good for Gaurav's career, too," he told me. The planetary influence can be seen in Gaurav's recent stupid move: his declaration of plans to marry Vijayeta. Now, how are the female fans interested in a guy who was once engaged, and is now almost married? Chintu brought home a 'Bobby' with an unsavoury reputation and now Gaurav follows the trend and has decided to re-enact the 'khandan-pandan' scenario on poor Rajendra Kumar. They had stored all their wealth for a 'manpasand' bahurani richer than them and are resenting this Cinderella. The happiest people, of course, are the Pandit sisters, especially didi Sulakshana who wanted a 'nice boy' for Vijayeta. But is Gaurav 'nice'? After all, 'bade bakpa beta' sounds nice.

Anyway this foolish move calls for a celebration by the Kapoors who I feel have been saved from Bunty and daddy.

They say 'Love Story' has clicked, but I do not hear the sound track of Punjabi success "with soda or water," like when a Punjabi's film clicks he immediately books a suite in a five-star hotel and orders whiskey, tandoori murgi and a ladki — he may or may not share his pleasures. When a Mad-rasi succeeds, he makes a pilgrimage to Tirupati, a Gujarati plans a wedding in the house with thali dinner, a Bengali gets philosophical and gives free advice over glasses of water, a Maharashtrian buys a ticket to Delhi and tries to form a Dada Phalke Memorial Committee, and a Sindhi offers fifty-fifty to the Punjabi on the whisky, murgi, ladki.

Good looking Ustad Amjad Ali Khan is still on the fringe of filmdom, but should make it any minute as a music director. He, I would say, at least manages a star audience. At one time he used to accompany Sharmila, with or without Pat, to outdoors in Khandala. Then Hema Malini's mother decided to adopt him and on Basant Panchmi day on a Sunday morning at Tata auditorium amongst a class audience of bygone maharajas, business magnates and artist Hussain, he managed the ace trio: Amitabh with Jaya, followed by a Rekha ten seats away. . .

# WHAT YOU HAD FOR BREAKFAST CAN

Did you start the day with two lightly fried eggs sunny side-up? You may have already caused irreparable damage to your heart by the cholesterol content of those eggs, in which case it makes little sense for you to read any further.

Perhaps you were wiser and had orange juice instead. Unless you squeezed it yourself, your system will have to put up a darned good fight against the chemicals and preservatives in frozen or bottled juices. Even milk-and-cereal is not all that safe, because the milk is not good for your stomach. As for the coffee you drank, the caffeine from it probably makes your hands tremble and you haven't even noticed it.

What do you do after breakfast? Being unemployed would be the best condition. The workplace is not a safe place to be. It is crowded with mean machines, cruel bosses, unreliable co-workers and unmentionable stresses and strains. No salary is large enough to compensate for that.

The man you are married to and love above all others, could actually be contributing towards hastening your end. Mine certainly is. The rate at which he smokes and pollutes the air I have to breathe has me convinced that I will die of lung cancer soon. Talking of cancer—you had better refrain from all entertainment, sports and sleep, because of the cancer causing asbestos in theatre curtains, gym walls and blankets. We moved out of the city because we were afraid that the dark, heavy, polluted air around us was also conducive to cancer, but this morning I realized how stupid we had been. Driving to work through a haze of smoke emanating from the exhaust pipes of all the cars around me, I made a mental note to buy a gas mask this weekend.

In the city at least we knew who our enemies were, and how to avoid them. Stay out of dark alleys, cross the street when somebody resembling a mugger seems to be following you and duck when caught in a cross-fire. It was relatively simple. Here in the suburbs it is hard to tell if your very nice neighbours on the other side of the fence belong to a criminal family or something worse. The day a

**Did you have eggs for breakfast?  
Does your husband smoke? Do you live in  
the suburbs and commute to  
the city to work, or grow oleanders in your  
garden? If you do, says MONA BANNERJI  
from the United States, you could well be  
laying up future trouble for  
yourself!**

bomb goes off in their house and you find out, it may be too late for you.

An additional hazard of life in the suburbs is the garden you are expected to grow. It is very hard to tell which plants are poisonous, and which are not—unless you are a botany major. The other day I read that the beautiful oleander bushes are highly toxic and birds have been known to die after nibbling on one of those flowers. Since then I have been afraid to go near enough to prune those bushes in our yard and the neighbours are complaining.

My husband travels a lot on business and I go through these cycles of feeling paranoid about my safety. But then I realize that his presence in the house would not deter today's crimi-

nals; it would only give them the satisfaction of having an additional victim. No matter how many locks or chains you put on the door, a strong young man would have no trouble kicking the door in. So why risk the destruction of property when it will serve no purpose? Replacement of front doors can cost a neat sum.

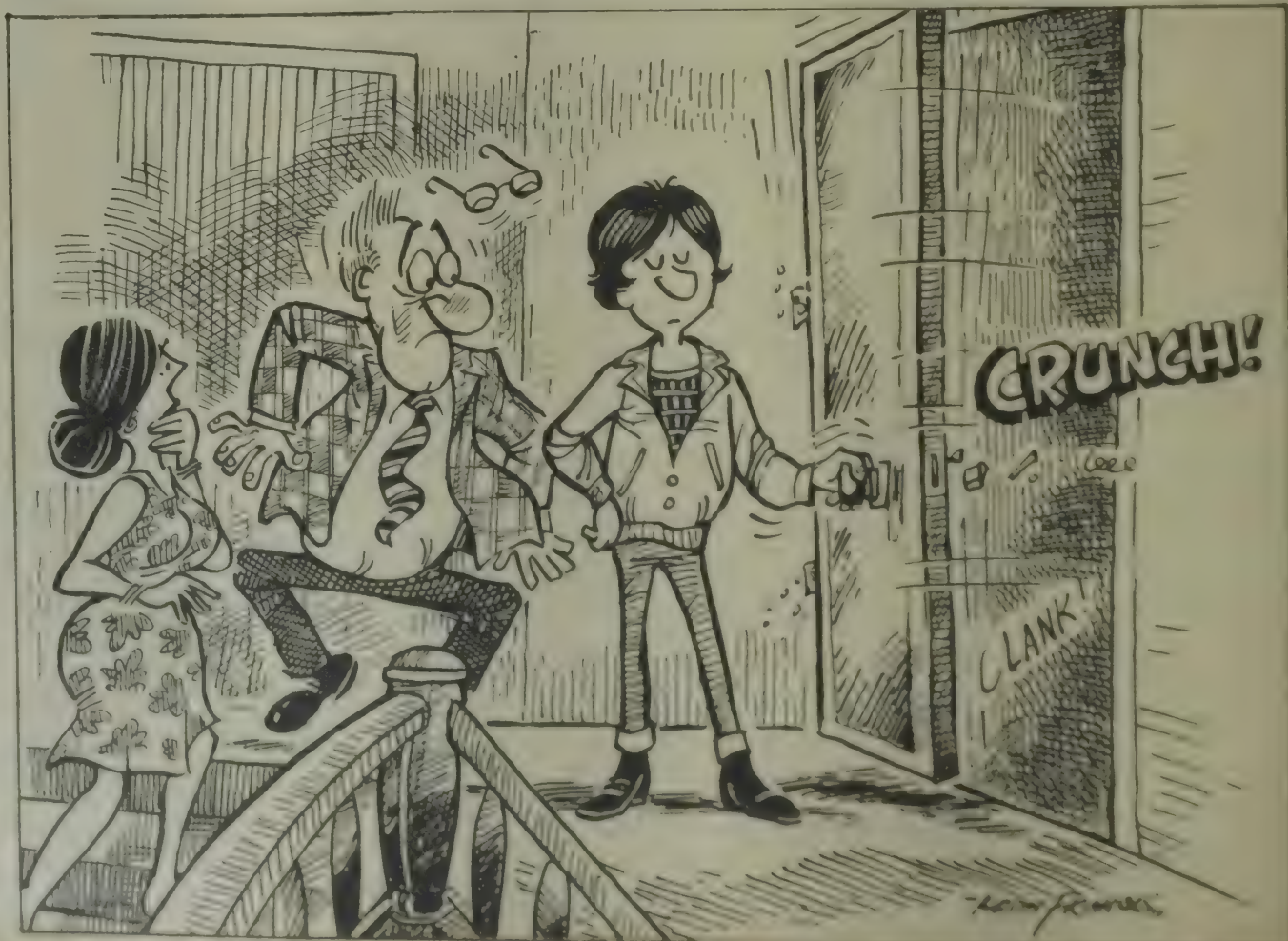
I am not the only one thinking along these lines. Recently we were visiting our parents in India, and my father has this habit of pulling at the lock a few times to check that it is secure, every time he leaves the house. Once, our teenaged son became very impatient, waiting in the car while his grandfather was checking the locks of the front gate. He waited till my father was done, and then asked "Are you

satisfied that the house will be safe now?" Then he gave a single yank to the lock, and the latch came off the door!

Actually, I don't know why we even bother to try to fight crime. It never gets us anywhere, and only helps deplete our already shrinking stock of money and patience. In India the public takes justice into its own hands and violently punishes the criminal if caught in the act. What the people leave undone, the lowly policeman finishes off in jail, long before the case comes to court. All this is very contrary to ex-President Carter's principles on world human rights, but sometimes it is the only thing that makes sense.

Perhaps the solution lies in each of us learning to fight crime on an individual basis. Take up jogging, learn judo, build up your muscles, buy a gun, acquire guard dogs trained to kill. But what happens if you get mugged while jogging and you don't have your gun with you?

Just remember, things could be worse. Think of the poor parents who spent a fortune on their son's orthodontic treatment, and he got caught in a tackle playing ice hockey! I can relate to that because my son plays ice



# HURT YOU

hockey, and for the past three years we have been paying off the orthodontist. Sometime this year we will finish paying. From that minute onwards I'll take our son off the ice, because I just know that the minute we've finished paying he will break a tooth. I believe in destiny and fate with medieval fanaticism.

Some decisions are so difficult

or under the bed till the weekend is safely over. In the future people may start treating weekends as they treated solar eclipses a few hundred years ago. Nobody will venture out of the house on such days.

The most detrimental effect of the weekend, as I see it, is that it burns a hole in my pocket. But then, what the heck? There's no



to make that I end up with a stomach ache or freeze into inaction. For instance, it has been so cold for the past few days that pipes are cracking like candy bars in northern New Jersey homes. One way to prevent that is to leave the taps dripping a little. But because of the draught a leaking tap can mean a stiff fine. Should I pay the plumber for frozen pipes, or the municipality for wasted water? The dilemma is driving me crazy.

I rather look forward to weekends, when I can get out my pink bed jacket, all frothy with lace, and read the newspaper in bed while my husband and son potter around in the kitchen. Both breakfast and lunch are sure to be delicious and if I am lucky we will be dining out. But there are people who tell me that my situation is an exception to the rule. Holidays and weekends can really get people down. If they have nothing to do they feel unwanted and depressed, if they have something to do they tend to over-exert themselves. So, take my advice, and hide in the closet

sense in saving at the rate the dollar is getting devalued. And even if you bought gold, inflation will help minimize its value. If you have stock in an oil well — that would be a different story. Not all of us are that fortunate. If you consider it from the right perspective it actually makes sense to go out and spend your money as fast as you can earn it.

And don't try to save your employer's money either. It will not be appreciated. Haven't you heard of that woman who could not move into a management position because her expense account looked to skimpy? Her supervisors decided that she was not management quality because she had not learned to pad her expense account and live it up on company money.

If after reading all this, you still want to get up and go to work tomorrow, you must have excellent mental equilibrium.

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I, J. C. Jain, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Sd/- J. C. Jain,

March 21, 1981

Signature of the Publisher.

## BOMBAY

The silver jubilee number of the Guild Annual 1981 of the Press Guild of India was released by the Governor of Maharashtra, Air Chief Marshal (Retd) O. P. Mehra at a function held at Taj Mahal Hotel. Mr. Mehra said the annuals brought out by the Guild were marked by objectivity and high professional standards.

Dr. Ram S. Tarneja, Chairman of the Guild, and Mr. J. C. Jain, President, were present on the occasion. Mr. K. H. Rau, Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks.

Plants, including flowers, foliage, and flowering plants, orchids, cacti and succulents, decorative arrangements of fruits and flowers, home-made fruit preserves, and exotic flowers flown in by Air-India, Indian Airlines, and other foreign airlines were among the hundreds of exhibits put up at the 22nd Annual Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show organised, by the Friends of the Trees at the Bharat Scouts and Guides Pavilion, Shivaji Park, Dadar.

Air Chief Marshal O. P. Mehra (Retd.) Governor of Maharashtra, inaugurated the show. Mr. Ram-rao Adik, Minister for Finance and Urban Development, Government of Maharashtra, was the chief guest at the Prize Distribution function and presented the prizes to the winners.

The Students' Council of Bai Avabai F. Petit Girls' High School celebrated their 18th anniversary by presenting the Second Inter-House Dramatic Competition of the secondary section at Bhaidas Auditorium, Vile Parle.

Four one-act plays with totally different themes were staged by the students of the school. These were "Diana", "The Sacrifice", by Rabindranath Tagore, "A Night At The Inn", written by Lord Dunsamy and "Back Home To Mamma" which won the trophy for the best play. Mrs. Soinnie P. Digaria was the chief guest

A botanical bonanza of rare and exotic plants were exhibited by Mrs. Jasu Valia, in Juhu. About 2,500 varieties of well-tended species that include bonsai, rock plants, and flower saplings were on display.

The exhibition was inaugurated by film star Amitabh Bachchan. To mark the International Year for the Disabled, a score of handicapped kids were invited



At a function held by the Press Guild of India at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, to mark the release of the silver jubilee number of the Guild Annual 1981, are seen (from left) chief guest Air Chief Marshal (Retd) O. P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, Mr. J. C. Jain, President of the Guild, Mrs. Satya Mehra, and Dr. Ram S. Tarneja, Chairman.



The Consul General of Kuwait, Mr. Faisal Essa Yousuf and Mrs. M. F. Yousuf (centre) celebrated Kuwait National Day in Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, recently. Also seen are Mrs. J. Tilak, Mr. J. Tilak, Minister for Protocol, Maharashtra, and Mr. M. Ristic.



for the inaugural function.

A number of professors and students participated in a unique two-day workshop, "Encounter with Editors", held by the Bombay Youth Centre recently. This is perhaps the only workshop of its kind in Asia.

Intricacies of planning and editing magazines were explained by Mr. M. V. Kamath, Mr. Patanjali Sethi, Mr. K. S. Rao, Mr. Alwyn Fernandes and Mr. Siddhartha Bhatia. Production techniques, block-making and related aspects were explained by Mr. V. K. Vispute and Mr. Pheroze Amaria.

There were practical instructions and exercises in actual work under the guidance of Mr. Patanjali Sethi, who planned and conducted the programme for Bombay Youth Centre.

Held for the fifth year in succession the programme had 35 nominees from colleges in Bombay and its suburbs, and from Dombivli, Mulund, Khopoli Thane, Kalyan, Ratnagiri and Goa. Among them was a principal of a Teachers' Training College. The participants hope to apply the methods and techniques for the college magazines they edit and produce



Anu Sharma receiving the trophy for the best "Dramatis Personae" from Mrs. H. P. Gupta at the second Inter-House Dramatic Competition of the Bai Avabai F. Petit Girls' High School, Bombay.

BELOW: At a dinner held in honour of the Governor of Maharashtra, Air Chief Marshal (Retd) O. P. Mehra, and Mrs. Satya Mehra (centre) at Searock Hotel, Bombay, are also seen Mr. P. S. Thakral and Mrs. B. M. Gupta, (left) and Mr. B. M. Gupta (ext. right).

The Chembur Vidya Samiti organised a grand exhibition-cum-sale of attractive household articles and unique handicrafts in collaboration with other social organisations in aid of disabled and handicapped persons.

The boys of the David Sassoon Industrial School, one of the major institutions of the Children's Aid Society, had a very pleasant celebration of Republic Day when film star Aruna Irani hoisted the flag. Aruna Irani donated Rs. 5,000 towards the expenses of their recreational needs.

## MADRAS

LEFT: A function was organised by the Parsi Zoroastrian Association, Calcutta, to felicitate Mr. Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan (ext. right) on his appointment as Governor of Sikkim. Also seen are (from left) Mr. Minoo Writer, Mr. Habibullah, Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan, Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal, and Mr. Rusi B. Gimi, Pres, PZA.

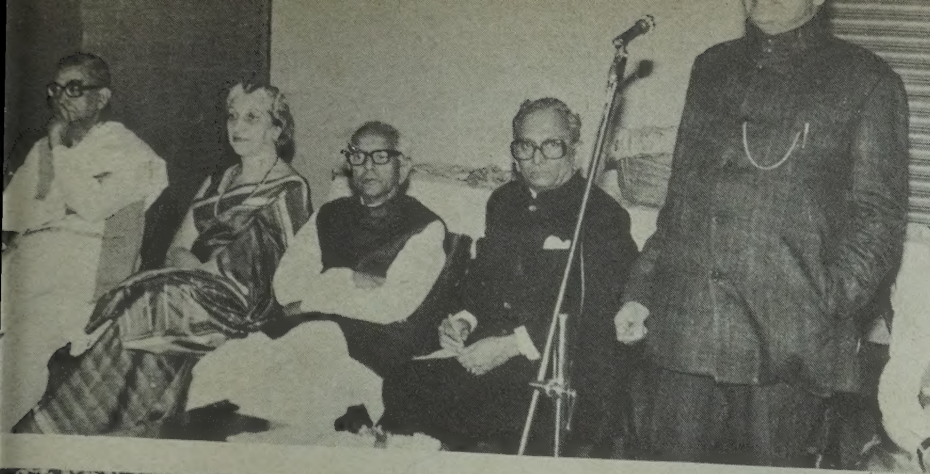
The programme Committee of the Y.W.C.A. under the chairmanship of Mrs. Zainab Kachwala, organised a lively evening of dance and music. The chief guest of the evening was the Director General of Police, Mr. T. T. P. Abdullah. A 'karagam' dance by the police force was appreciated by all. Mrs. Sarah Chanda, President of the Y.W.C.A and Miss Gladys Ambat, General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. were also present.

The Catholic Women's Fellowship held a colourful programme of dance and music at the Church Park School Auditorium. Entitled, "Mayil Kuyil Vizha" it had among other items a bamboo dance of the Nagas presented by the students of the Church Park School. Mrs. Rita Saldanha and Mrs. Ida Lobo presented a few songs; they were accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Margaret Joseph. The programme was held to raise funds for the Fellowship project, "Integration through Education" and to meet the expenses of educating a poor village girl in social work at the Stella Maris College.

For the third year in succession, the Programme Committee of the Y.W.C.A. organised a Driving Skill Contest open to women only. There were two categories, for Fiat cars and Ambassador cars. The first prize for the Fiat event was won by Mrs. Sheila Sebastian, and the first prize for the Ambassador event went to Mrs. Shyamala Murugesan. Much enthusiasm was evinced by the ladies who participated and the programme was a big success.

## BANGALORE

The Guild of Service, Bangalore, presented a dance-drama, "Sri Krishna Bandha Vimochana" in aid of their rural welfare projects in villages round Abbigere. The Governor, Mr. Govind Narain was the chief guest and Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain released the souvenir. Mrs. Shanti Baliga, President of the Guild, welcomed the gathering. Mr. A. V Rajaram, Divisional Manager, UCO Bank, explained how the bank was jointly sponsoring these rural welfare projects with the Guild.



Air Chief Marshal (Retd) O. P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, (back to camera) inaugurated this year's Vegetable, Fruit and Flower Show held by the Friends of the Trees at Shivaji Park, Bombay. Also seen are Mr. J. C. Jain, Vice-Pres., Friends of the Trees, (ext. left); Mr. J. J. Bhabha, Pres. (centre); Mrs. Satya Mehra, and Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan (ext. right).



tabla. All the artistes displayed skill, precision and talent in their chosen fields.

The British Council, the Indian Council for Cultural Relations and the West Bengal Government sponsored the Cambridge Theatre Company playing "Macbeth" at the Rabindra Sadan, Jonanthan Lynn's production was specifically helped by Steve Kemp's lighting, Saul Radomsky's stage design and Kovari's special effects to present this tragic classic.

## CALCUTTA

The Tollygunge Club, Calcutta, celebrated its bi-centenary celebrations with a number of programmes. Situated in one of the most verdant and lovely spots in the city, this club is one of the last bastions of old-world charm and graciousness. One of its cultural programmes was dominated by young talent with Rani Karna in Kathak, Reba Muhuri in vocal and Shyam Ganguli on

## DELHI

The Delhi Ikebana International held an exhibition at the Shoka Hotel. The theme "Glimpses of India through Ikebana" was displayed exquisitely in many a splendid arrangement. It brought a large number of flower-lovers to the exhibition. His Excellency Mr. Masao Kanazama, the Ambassador of Japan and Masamichi Kanazama inaugurated the exhibition.



"Classic Greens-81", an exhibition of exotic plants and bonsai held by Mrs. Jasu P. Valia in Bombay was inaugurated by film star Amitabh Bachchan.

RIGHT: At a function organised by the Guild of Service, Bangalore, are seen (from left) Mr. A. V. Rajaram, Div. Mgr. UCO Bank, Mr. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka, Mrs. Chandra Narain, Mrs. Shanti Baliga and Nalini Kamath.



**FOR THE WEEK**  
**MARCH 22 — 28, 1981**  
**John Naylor**

**IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK :**

It is time to change course, say your stars, if you have not done so over the past year. There is much to be gained in setting yourself new targets, goals, ambitions, in taking a fresh look at your life and prospects to see how you can improve your situation. A hard-working year, but one when you will be putting down foundations to build up something worthwhile for yourself and your loved ones. However, if you are stretching your resources to benefit later on, this is probably a good plan. A new job, a new home, a move to a new environment — are all possibilities. There is indication of an important relationship coming into being towards the end of 1981 or in early 1982.

**ARIES**  
 (March 22 — April 20)



The Sun and Mars, now in your sign, indicate that this is a time for new beginnings — and bold tactics, if you are to sweep away obstacles which are delaying progress. A success period on the way if you tidy up the trivialities.

**TAURUS**  
 (April 21 — May 21)



A week of promise, rather than spectacular progress. Any excitement will come from fun and flirtation, holiday plans — or the successes of people close to you.

**GEMINI**  
 (May 22 — June 21)



No one is better than you at the art of communication, and new lines are opening up. Get around, explore possibilities, make your presence felt in new circles. Take a fresh look at plans, hopes and wishes.

**CANCER**  
 (June 22 — July 23)



Your more distant ambitions are highlighted; you could soon be making exciting plans. Tie up loose ends this week, begin to cut away from activities you've outgrown. It's time to widen your horizons, in both business and personal life.

**LEO**  
 (July 24 — Aug 23)



Over the past month or two, good intentions have brought you aggravation, rather than appreciation. The picture changes in your favour now and new opportunities are on the way.

**VIRGO**  
 (Aug 24 — Sept 23)



A few minor problems have to be ironed out before you can reach that goal which seems tantalizingly out of reach. You have the edge over rivals, however, both jobwise and in your personal life, so try not to be intimidated by more extrovert personalities.

**LIBRA**  
 (Sept 24 — Oct 23)



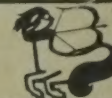
Fit in with the ideas and arrangements of people close to you and you'll get harmony instead of irritation. Not an easy week to handle, with people demanding more than you feel able to offer.

**SCORPIO**  
 (Oct 24 — Nov 22)



Unexpected money may come your way — or a super opportunity. There's a link between home and working life, indicating that a change in one of these spheres could affect the other. You'll find your popularity rising, socially.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
 (Nov 23 — Dec 22)



The period immediately ahead holds plenty of potential for striking out in new directions. If you feel you are not realising your full potential, jobwise, begin to put out feelers in new directions — and don't be too discouraged at the first set-back.

**CAPRICORN**  
 (Dec 23 — Jan 20)



A lucky trend in your affairs needs a bit of push from you if it's to blossom and flourish. It is not a time to be reckless in any way, but don't pass up a chance to improve your set-up, or to try something new.

**AQUARIUS**  
 (Jan 21 — Feb 19)



Social life brings amusing activity — and more than one romantic overture. But don't be over-influenced by the attentions of an old love who has proved unreliable in the past. There are many opportunities ahead of you.

**PISCES**  
 (Feb 20 — March 21)



Something you've been battling for over quite a long period now seems within your scope. This week brings happy surprises, good news, a joyful meeting, a welcome change. If you have not moved house recently, this is a possibility to be considered.

**THE** happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no histories.

George Eliot

**NEVER** tell a woman she's being illogical. The average woman starts off on the premise that the way she feels about something is itself a most compelling argument. But if she isn't as logical as men, she's sometimes one jump ahead in her thinking.

Phyllis Brown

**THE THINGS  
 THEY SAY ABOUT  
 WOMEN**

**D**ISGUISE our bondage as we will,  
 'Tis woman, woman rules us still.

Thomas Moore

**A** woman is a creature who has  
 discovered her own nature.

Jean Giraudoux

**T**HE nightingale will run out of  
 songs before a woman runs out  
 of conversation.

Spanish Proverb

**W**OMAN is perpetual revolution,  
 and is that element in the  
 world that continuously destroys and  
 re-creates.

Tennessee Williams

**R**EGRET is a woman's natural food  
 — she thrives on it.

Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

**M**ANY women long for what  
 eludes them, and like not what  
 is offered them.

Ovid

**M**OST good women are hidden  
 treasures who are only safe  
 because nobody looks for them.

Dorothy Parker

**F**ORGETTING is woman's first and  
 greatest art.

Richard Aldington

**W**HEN a man makes her laugh,  
 a woman feels protected.

Ugo Betti

David Gunston

## How to get more meals out of your stoves.

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: cooking fuel that lasts longer every month!

# 8 sensible ways to make your gas or kerosene last longer.

### 1. Get yourself organised...

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

### 2. Put the lid on heat loss!

A good idea would be to put a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside. This way, food cooks faster and consumes 15% less fuel. 35% fuel saving—with just a simple action! Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep them boiling. So promptly turn down your flame—research tests show that you save 35% fuel!

### 3. Water quantity should be just right.

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

### 4. Use wide shallow vessels always.

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

### 5. Eating together saves money.

Plan meal times when the family can eat together—this way you avoid reheating food which wastes both the fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.

### 6. The biggest fuel saver—the pressure cooker.

A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking. But did you know: you can turn down the flame and even switch off the stove completely while food continues to cook with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel.

Another fantastic advantage: you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables, all at the same time—think of the fuel saved!

### 7. Make more use of the smaller burner.

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

### 8. A clean burner helps too.

Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing?

Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.

The information here is the result of tried and tested research studies by the PCRA, a unit of the Petroleum Ministry. Set up over 4 years ago in anticipation of the worldwide oil crisis that is affecting us all today, PCRA is helping promote more efficient use of fuel—in homes, farms, industries, and on roads. Because, till alternative sources of energy are found, we have to make the best use of the world's diminishing oil reserves.



Issued in the public interest by PCRA

**PETROLEUM CONSERVATION  
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION**

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Because oil isn't going to last forever.

### The oil crisis—it concerns you.

The adopting of these tips will help you save substantially on fuel bills. Any feedback from you will be very useful to the furtherance of our campaign. For any information, do write to us. We can arrange meetings for groups of consumers, where an expert talks, films are screened and the distribution of illustrated booklets can be arranged. If you are interested, write to us with details of the number and nature of the people who would like to participate in the meeting.

Address enquiries to the Project Manager,  
Petroleum Conservation Research Association.

HTD-PCR-6279-R

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This message has got to reach over 30 million homes. Do pass it on.

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