

JULY 16—22, 1977

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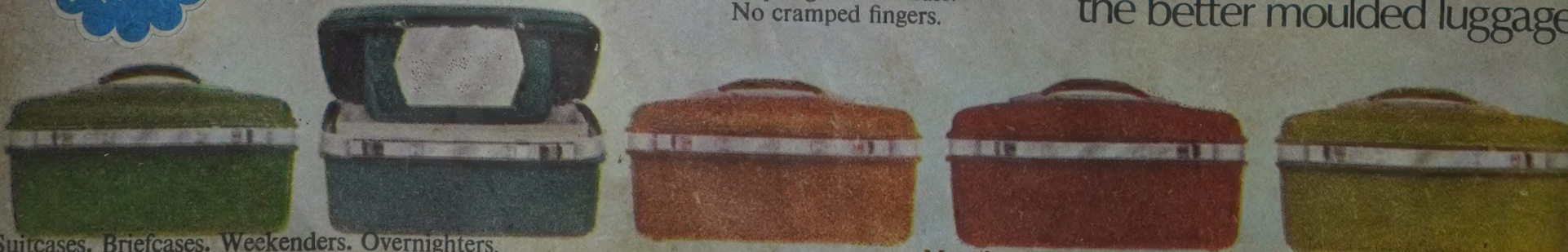
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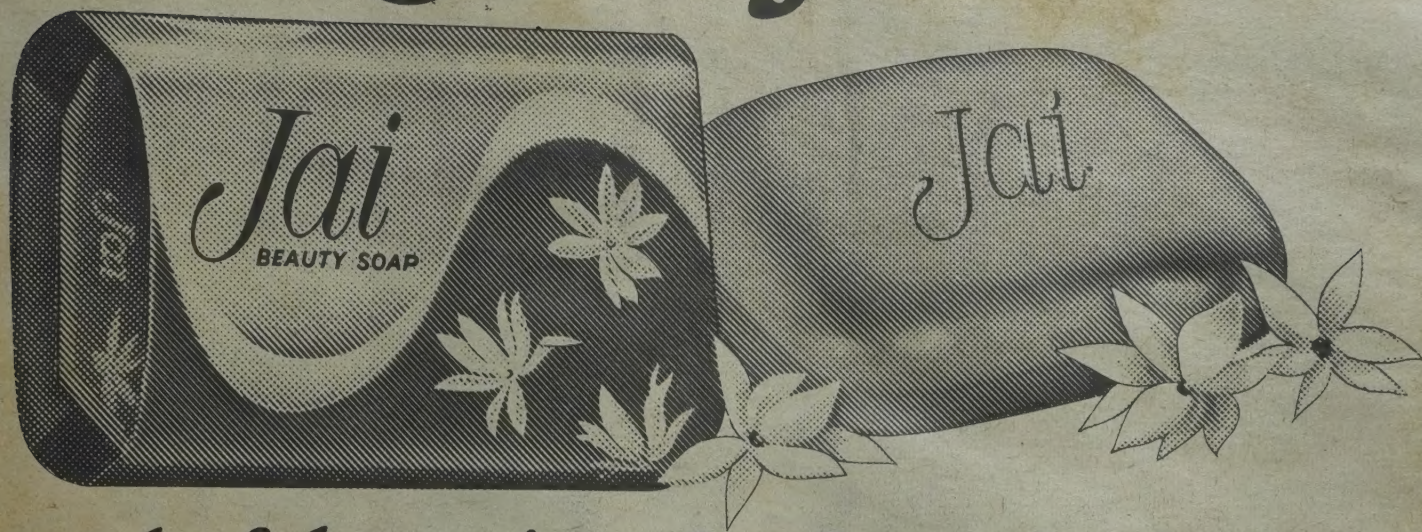


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the swingers 1987



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RASHNA BOYWALA

Selected Miss Young India 1977, by Eve's Weekly, and specially groomed by Rama Bans of the Taj Health Club, Rashna's girlhood ambition to see the world has been realised. Early next month she will participate in the Miss Young International Beauty Pageant in Tokyo.

Going abroad will be a novel experience for this young collegiate, but participating in contests is not a new game for Rashna. Last June she was runner-up Miss Bombay in the Beauty Contest organised by Eve's Weekly and Gwalior Rayon. Earlier this year she was crowned Miss Elegance '77 at the Secretarial Ball organised by the J. J. School of Arts.

Apart from modelling, which she does periodically, Rashna has participated in swimming and table-tennis championships for which she has several trophies to her credit. While she was at school she tried her hand quite successfully at debating too. "School," said Rashna, "was nice in its own way. But college is more fun. We have more freedom and we can dress as we like!"

Photograph:
Farokh Reporter

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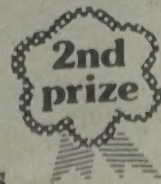
DYING BREED?

According to the latest findings of the W.H.O., the mortality rate of women has increased. Could it be an offshoot of the additional burden borne by the women by reason of their careers? In the socio-economic set-up of the present day, the woman also has to earn in order to afford the amenities of life for her and her family. The dual role of housewife and career woman is a strenuous one, especially since there is little or no help with the domestic chores from the man of the house who, however, expects everything to run smoothly on well-oiled wheels. It is not uncommon to see many working women rush to their places of work in an utterly exhausted and fagged out condition. With physical and mental resources at the lowest ebb, it is humanly impossible for them to do full justice to their official work. Then there is the carry-over of their mental strain. A friend of mine, who is a career woman with four young children, almost went to pieces when her cook suddenly quit. It has been wisely said that what working couples need most is a wife for them both. The term 'wife' has come to be synonymous with love and care.

What with the progaganda done in the name of women's lib, have the women in their zeal, bitten off more than they can chew? Time alone can give the answer, as to whether it is in the over-all interest of the woman herself to carry on at the pace she has set herself.

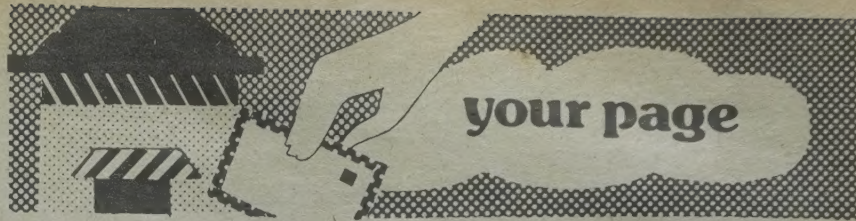
E. Dhamayanthi
Devasundaram, Madras

We keep getting letters from married men saying they help their wives with the housework. Maybe. But this is one area where both quality and quantity will count. We know of men who perform only those "chores" they like doing. Needless to say these never include the 'dirty' or the "back-breaking" ones. However, we feel women must put up with all this and shoulder the dual responsibility.



TERRIFYING CONSEQUENCES

While it has become fashionable to jump on the dissenters'



bandwagon and decry all the achievements of the past, let us be watchful of being carried away to such an extent that we find ourselves taking retrogressive steps over a path already traversed. Family planning today has undertones of unpleasantness; its mention conjures up unkind images in the Indian mind—more's the pity, for our need is acute. Changing the term may be just one of the approaches required for the kid-glove treatment of this live-wire issue. We cannot afford to forget that Family Planning is our lifeline for the future; no country can afford to ignore its import, the consequences of such an attitude are too terrifying to contemplate. If we resent being cajoled and pummeled into limiting our families, let us prove ourselves mature enough to make our own decisions.

Mrs. D. Khan, Hyderabad

But, we are apparently not mature enough. Ours is a nation of irresponsible children who must have discipline forced upon them, certain norms laid down and certain regulations enforced on them—only then will they behave and function properly.



EXCHANGE PROGRAMME

In the West, a new idea is emerging. Housewives exchange services, get paid by each other, thus exchanging salaries. This meets the criticism and discontent of women, arising out of the feeling that a housewife's work is taken for granted. This solution, however, cannot fit our cultural ethos. Housewives here would need to think a million times before exchanging each other's homes as places of work. Whatever the class, by and large, a housewife is queen in her home.

But the idea pushed differently would be worth trying. Housewives could organise themselves in groups, so that a woman who specialised in cooking or child care or sewing could be hired by a larger group. Thus housewives can hire other housewives—and be hired themselves!

Padma Ramachandran,
New Delhi

And what if a woman specialises in dusting and swabbing the floor? Or in scrubbing the

"bartans"? or in disciplining her children with the cane? Will she, then, find employment with her neighbours—or accept it?

WOMEN MUST WORK

I think married or unmarried, all women should work outside the home for some time, everyday; and I do not agree with the popular notion that women should work only for economic reasons.

Why, how many women who stay at home get any rest, or refreshment, which children and men get outside, at their respective schools and offices. What do mothers get by staying home and doing all the household chores? Nothing. Even the children, when they grow up, rarely give back some of the love and care which she gave them over the years. The father is seldom in the house, but even so the children run to him and want his attention and love, while the mother is just swept aside as an onlooker and always taken for granted. Therefore, I say every woman should work outside whether she needs the money or not. Confined day after day within the four walls of her home makes her bored, inactive and unattractive.

Every woman should stand on her own two feet instead of depending on her parents or her husband. Then, I am sure, men would treat women equally instead of looking down upon them as some taken-for-granted object to be used as and when liked.

Farida D. Tadiwala, Baroda

Men—and children—are privileged creatures. The woman waits hand and foot on them, alert to their every need. And when she goes out to work, she still does the same...

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Swivello Pinocchio blocks the doorway—a huge black Labrador, he transfuses you with large melting eyes and a broad smile, welcoming you into the Sayani household. He also grunts by way of greeting and, lumbering across the room, leads you to his mistress—Siraj Ayesha Dalmia (nee Sayani)—usually reduced to a more manageable “Pooh.”

Pooh is gazing with horror at a narrow room piled high with junk—wooden crates filled with straw, bits of an old bicycle, cardboard boxes, a wooden rocking

theoretical grounding is important. One does learn a lot in film school, and the basis you get is always useful.”

When did she begin making ad films?

“About four or five years ago,” Pooh says (she’s now 25), and brings a recently compiled list which shows that she has made about 50 ad films to date. These include films on Signal toothpaste, Lux, Pond’s and Fanta. Her first film was about a fisherman who pulls in a huge net full of Fanta from the sea which is pounced

Wasn’t she a well-known model some years ago? I remind her of the Pond’s Dreamflower Talc ad film. She shrieks in protest. “Don’t you dare mention that—I’ve never forgiven myself for doing that. All I was doing was editing the film. Zeenat Aman was supposed to be in it, only she’d got too important to do any more ad films. And we were stuck—really desperate—so the only person available was me. Actually, I hated every moment of that. If one had a svelte figure or a flawless complexion, that would be different.

AYESHA DALMIA:

handed to me on a silver platter, so to speak. And of course, I accepted. Pearl Padamsee (Pooh’s aunt) was asked to direct the play she had done, ‘Hangama’. Shama Zaidi was supposed to do it, but she got bogged down in work so I ended up with it.”

What is the film about?

“Pickpocketing and kidnapping. It’s a mixture of Oliver Twist and Patty Hearst. It’s a takeoff on these bad Bombay ‘B’ grade movies. . . there’s no subtlety (accent on ‘b’) about it. The story is about a little rich girl who doesn’t like being rich, and she keeps getting kidnapped by one



Ayesha briefing her cameraman.

horse (“Where the hell did it all come from?”). Adore, her seven-year-old daughter, tugs insistently at her sleeve, wanting the rocking horse. She’s told by a patient mother that she’s too big for it. The four jeripuranawallahs who join the heads peering into the room decide they don’t want the junk—at least not today—and march out of the open door—with a protesting Pooh in the background.

We settle down for the interview, after Adore has been explained to that I am going to ask questions and then “write it all up,” and Swiv has made his heavy head comfortable on my left foot. Alan, Pooh’s younger brother, brings in a pile of his handiwork — a set of contact prints from Pooh’s first feature film, “Hangama — Bombay Shtyle”, a children’s film financed by the Children’s Film Society (CFS).

Pooh is off to Pune tomorrow—to the Film Institute for a month’s refresher course in films. “Ah, one of those re-orientation courses,” I say. She grins. “No, not re-orientation, just orientation! Not having been through film school is a disadvantage at times. I’m always meeting people who are discussing films, half of which I know very little about; so I decided I must go in for this course. I hear it’s excellent. And also, I’ll get to see all the films I’ve always longed to.”

Is formal training essential for a film maker or does an apprenticeship serve just as well?

“There’s nothing to beat plunging into films and getting firsthand experience, but I think a



A scene from Ayesha’s “Hangama — Bombay Shtyle”.

upon by a bunch of gleeful youngsters.

“Actually, it’s very difficult to get a break these days, and I feel quite guilty that I had it so easy. I never had to ‘struggle’ as much. My father was in the line, and he had built up many good contacts. I guess I was just born into the right family.” (She is the daughter of the late Hamid Sayani.)

“But the point is, I’m really not an ‘ad’ person—in fact, I’d hate to think of myself as one. I dislike that whole world—not the people in it, I know and like quite a few, but the whole setup.”

THE YOUNG FILM MAKER

Beginning with advertising films when she was just 19, Ayesha is now busy making a feature film for children

Ayesha Kagal

gang after another. Also, it’s in real ‘Bombay’ Hindi. . . you should hear it!”

Being Pooh’s first feature film, what problems did she encounter?

“Well, I admit I wasn’t terribly efficient—in that we had to work beyond 40 shifts, nearly 55 actually. And we overshot our budget because of unexpected expenses. For instance, we have a tonga chase which is costing us a fortune. . .

“Before I began, people gave me a lot of advice like, ‘Never change your shooting script once you’ve decided on it.’ But I find that so much happens while shooting that one just has to ad lib—there’s so much more dynamism in unplanned shots. Also you have to compromise. We had this dog, for example, who just wouldn’t do what he was supposed to. There’s this scene at night where he’s supposed to be growling at this policeman—threateningly. Instead he kept wagging his tale and licking the policeman’s feet.”

Is being a woman an advantage or a disadvantage in her field? Is there any discrimination on the basis of sex?

“No, not as far as I know. You get paid according to your experience, your standing, and the rates are fixed on that basis. Speaking for myself, it’s just that I was born into the right environment. So, so far I’ve been lucky. Coming back to your question, I felt sometimes that some of the crew weren’t taking me too seriously—perhaps because I’m young, perhaps because I’m a woman; it might be a combination of the two. But they’ve also been very helpful. And some, Govind the cameraman, for instance, his assistance has really been invaluable.”

As we come to the end of our conversation, people begin drifting in—the production assistant, the sound engineer, others who have helped. And Pooh is lost to the world of film.

But I felt such a liar. . . And I was pretty bad anyway. The commentary says, ‘Model: Ayesha,’ or something like that, and that’s how the ‘model’ myth grew around me. I did do quite a bit of modelling when I was a child—again, because I was so convenient. I was just there, and whenever a child was needed I was just plonked unwittingly into a film.”

To come back to the film she’s making—how did she get the opportunity? Did she apply to the Children’s Film Society?

She looks slightly apologetic. “No, I didn’t apply for it—it was

India has a population of 620 million. China's is 800 million. India is the largest Third World country, with a colonial background. China is the largest country in Asia, with a colonial past. India's population grows at the rate of two and a half per cent every year. China's grows at 1.9 per cent. India is supposed to be facing an over-population problem. China asserts that it is not overpopulated.

How has China succeeded?

What causes people to give birth to many children?

High infant mortality rates make parents fear that 25 per cent of their children will not survive. The mortality rate in rural India is still very high, with unhealthy mothers who don't have enough milk, and are too poor to afford baby food; with extremely filthy living conditions generating contagious diseases.

The second factor which makes people produce many children is the desire for sons who would support them in their old age and help to make their not-so-distant future more bearable. For, in rural India, people grow old, without entering into a separate phase of life called Old Age. Landless peasants work till they die, or almost.

However, those with a more secure present also desire sons to ensure a reasonable degree of comfort when they retire, since the old Chinese saying, "A daughter married is like water poured out the door," applies in most parts of India today. A daughter eventually (and it still happens quite early) marries into another house and her wages, if she continues to work, go to supplement her husband's family. And with the joint family system persisting in some form in

labour. Hence, the more the number of children, the easier it is to pay off the debt.

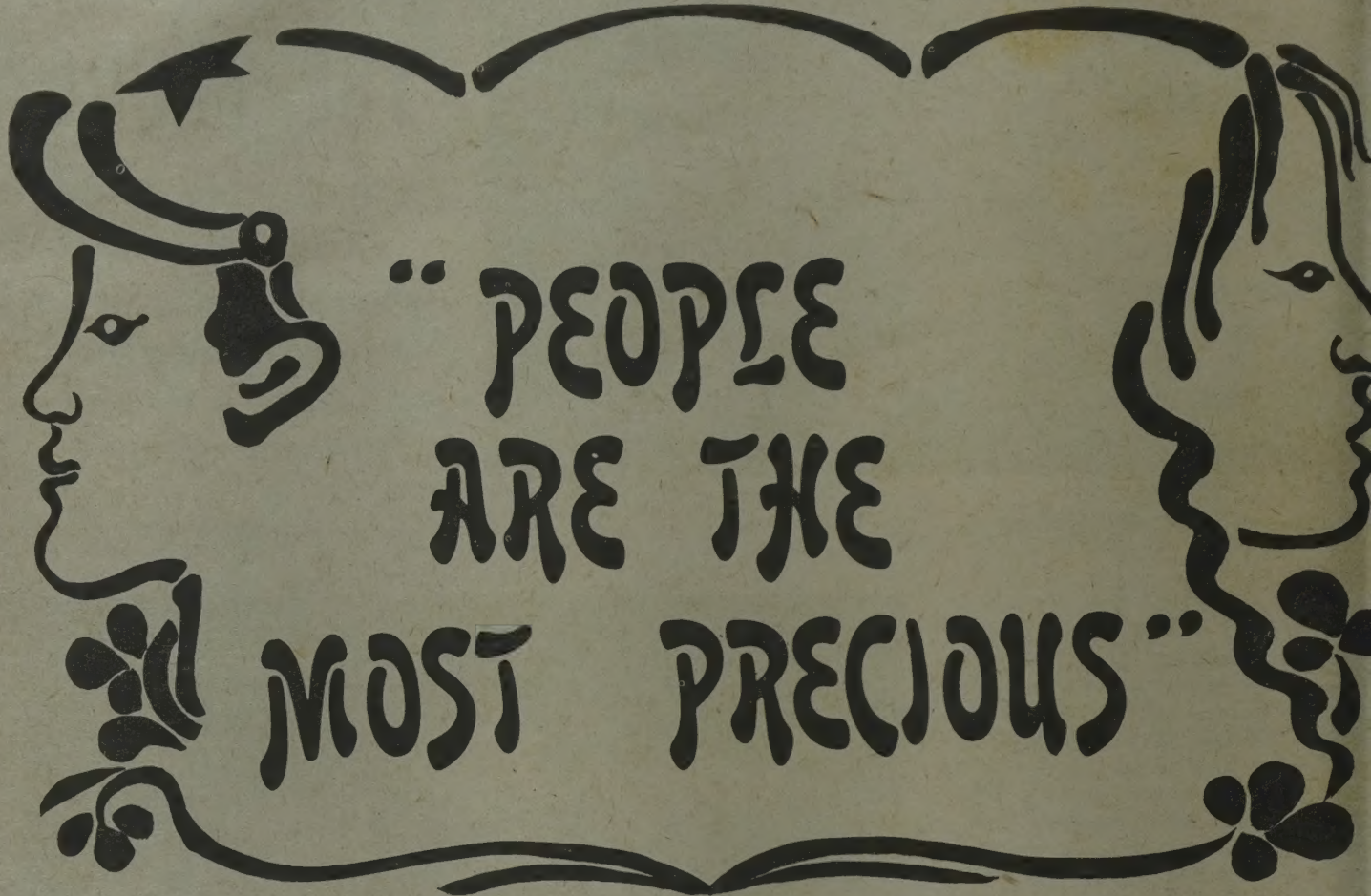
Even if the peasants are not burdened by debt, landless peasants can find work only on land owned by others, holdings large enough to need contract labour. Because this work is seasonal, the earnings have to last them till the next harvesting season, chances of alternate employment being almost nil. Hence more children mean more field hands, who get at least two meals a day and a paltry wage.

Children too small to work on the fields look after the home and

Rejecting the "Myth of Overpopulation", the Chinese practise birth control for China's "socialist construction"

Jyoti Punwani

ugh to support them, so while one person stays at home and tends to the family's land, the others work on the landlord's land. Landlords with large holdings too find it economical to have large families. As Mahmood Mamdani's survey *The Myth of Population Control*, (1972) shows landlords would rather depend on more sons to till their land than get outside labour to do so as one Khanna farmer said: "no one without sons or brothers to help him farms his land. He rents it out to others with large families. Without sons there is no living off the land."



Acupuncture being used to anaesthetise a mother of two who gets ready for an abortion.

most parts of rural India, sons and their families stay with the parents and contribute to the family income.

Often, landless peasants have to pay off old debts to moneylenders. One way the moneylenders get their measly loans with fantastic interest rates back, is by using the peasant's children as bonded

their younger brothers and sisters, and work as domestics in neighbouring homes. Hence one more surviving child does not mean one more mouth to feed, but one more pair of hands which work.

Small farmers need more children for the same reason — their own holdings are not large eno-

A Play on the Word "Production"



Pregnant workers, waiting to request maternity leaves, hear manager urge more production, (same word as "reproduction") but are shocked to receive orders to work extra hours instead.

This pattern changes in urban India because urban middle-class parents want their children to enjoy education which is expensive and often fruitless, as the number of educated unemployed show. Those of the urban poor who can't afford to send their children to school, are also not in a position to find employment for them. Hence, in urban areas, the rate of population growth is less than in the rural areas.

Under the imperialists, China faced the same problems and the Communist Party had to deal with them when it gained power in 1949. How did they manage to decrease birth rates all over China, and why is their increasing population not regarded as a burden by them?

The Communist takeover in 1949 did not signify just a change of government. It meant that the control of the country rested in the hands of a Party which had fought

and led a civil war mobilising the vast majority of Chinese in the countryside and the urban areas to fight for themselves, for a future which they could control, against a small band of Chinese industrialists and collaborators with foreign powers, who ruled for personal profit and for the profits of the foreign controllers. It was a Party of dedicated followers believing in China's self-reliance, in freedom from the unjust and oppressive rule of a minority, and the rule of the majority which would enable the later to live with an acceptable minimum degree of human dignity. Hence the new government planned the use of the country's vast resources to ensure the greatest benefit for the majority of its people.

One of the first effects of this was the improvement in health standards. A massive countrywide drive to eradicate mosquitoes,

flies and rats called "Away With All Pests!" was launched and was successful; medical facilities were made cheaper and broadened; and food was more equitably distributed so that everyone got at least the minimum amount of food necessary for maintaining good health. Land reform abolished landlordism and gave every peasant his own little plot of land, on which he worked willingly.

Death rates started falling. More important, child mortality fell from 150 per 1000 in Shanghai to 38 per 1000 in 1959 and 8.8 in 1972. Automatically, one of the major factors prompting the peasant to produce more children was done away with, as most of his children survived and grew up healthy.

One of the major features of the revolution was the fight against the exploitation of women — not a Women's Lib movement,

This helped a great deal to change attitudes to women working. So did the women's determination to get a divorce if their husbands persisted in their old attitudes, convince the men of the seriousness of their feelings.

With women going out to work in rural small-scale industries and urban factories, they also underwent a change in themselves. Contact with a much wider and now different society, influenced them into trying to make their own decisions. Especially where personal relationships like marriage were concerned. Arranged marriages started dying out — neither men nor women could take them any more. Hence, automatically, child and teenage marriages also started dying out. With a delay in the marriage age, the population growth too slowed down.

Having begun to relish their newfound freedom from old conditions and old values, women wanted to live a life based on decisions made by themselves. Hence, even when they married, they weren't in too much of a hurry to produce children — the old attitude that this is the woman's primary duty was slowly changing — among the young, it had almost faded out.

Besides, the new society was based on the principle of self-reliance, which could only be achieved by tapping the country's resources chiefly through manpower, the money for advanced machines being scarce, and the availability of labour vast. And since the beneficiaries of this hard work were going to be those who did the work, their enthusiasm for it was considerable. Hence children were postponed and produced in a planned manner.

These attitudes were equally prevalent among the men too, who saw the necessity for a working wife, not just for economical reasons, but also because the country needed her contribution in production, and she needed to work to become an independent person. (Since the work was invariably hard, and the wages awarded on work-points, it was difficult to support the logic of having a young, healthy and dependent wife.)

This same factor also made it inconvenient to have more than three kids. Though none of them would starve or go without education, the same wage would have to buy things for more people. The maxim of limited income being enjoyed to the full by a small family began to make sense, and it was stretched by the leaders to apply to the whole country's resources.

To people of urban China all this became very rational and appealing. The villages, however, did not take to it so easily. Having just emerged from a semi-feudal society, with absolutely




A big Character Poster used for propaganda shows Chinese women "who hold up half of heaven" (Mao).

LEFT: A Chinese peasant painting shows a "barefoot doctor" at a rural health station.

but a fight linked inseparably with the fight against imperialism and feudalism. Their major demands — the right to work, to property, to select their own marriage partners — were all guaranteed in the new constitution, but had to be given concrete shape.

While mobilising people in rural and urban China, Communist cadres aroused women to fight for these rights, at the same time trying to convince the elders and the more rigid males of the rationality of these demands. Hence, women did go out of their homes and work within a few years, bringing back their own wages to supplement the family's income — till then a specifically male role.



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what they think of FAMILY PLANNING

He gave his name as Hasmukh, but all around him prevailed an air of desolation and utter dejection. "Give the poor food and shelter, not Family Planning," he said. And then, unable to contain his frustration, he went on spiritedly, "Give me a job, give me a right to live as a human being, only then can I put my mind to the national problem of increasing population." He sat on the pebble-strewn, badly trodden grass in a public park. Around him sat scantily clad women-sweepers, ayahs and maids.

Vimal, the sweeper woman, spoke bitterly, looking at her scarred hands, "Why should I think of the country when the leaders are not bothered about me?"

A ghost of a smile appeared on Hasmukh's face, but his limpid eyes looked accusingly as he spoke up. "Only if the poor are well provided for will their minds come out of the fetters of ignorance. How do you expect a hungry man to think of anything beyond his stomach? Naturally he produces children, caring a tuppence for their hunger when his own stomach is empty." And then, as a climax, "You meet my needs, I'll meet yours!"

Mohnabai is also a sweeper, but more vociferous and with greater clarity of thought. "The women should be educated at the village and the kasbah level. Do you know, in my village women are ignorant of the process of conception? They actually believe God implants a child in their womb. Like Kunti's son Karan. The very thought of birth control would be sacrilege to them."

These are the men and women who live in "jhuggis" in the slums of Bombay suburbs. One woman's house in Jogeshwari has been razed to the ground. Her many children provide her the only kind of warmth and comfort she knows. But these people have sharp minds, readily stimulated by the topic of Family Planning. Their thinking is not as narrow as the minds of the bullying officials who shower abuses on them. They realise the gravity of the national population scene, but their level of existence is below even the poverty line shown in graphs. Thus, remaining unaffected by the shortage of rations and space-asphyxia, they breed freely, resenting every form of compulsory sterilization.

Yet, Kathekar, a driver-by profession and a staunch supporter of the establishment, spoke in fa-

vour of compulsory sterilization of "those slum-dwellers." "We are among the educated lot. Even if we do not undergo sterilization we are well equipped with the knowledge of contraceptive methods. We can take care of ourselves. It's they, the people on the foot-paths, who are foolhardy. For them, compulsory sterilization must be enforced. They have no right to breed the way they do, fouling the atmosphere. Their children are the juvenile delinquents of the country, they cause the dirt, the disease."

Panwallahs are well known to be chummy with their betel chewing customers, exchanging views and opinions with them. But this one was reticent, even a little suspicious. "Have you come to sterilize me?" he asked. When reassured, his opinion reflected his slavish mentality.

At least among the uneducated and the poor, "Compulsory Sterilization" have become dirty words, and the excesses of nasbandi have put the entire Family Planning programme in jeopardy

Kumkum Dvivedi

"Children should be limited, no doubt. But we believe in following the dictator of our elders. If my father feels that I should have another child I most certainly will. After all, he is my father. The Government did not feed me and clothe me. Why should I restrict my family because the Government says so?"

Ramdhin's trust in the antiquated wisdom of elders was unshaken. He seemed content to have a mind uninfected by the process of thinking, so long as the eldest generation, the head of the family, was alive to take all major and minor decisions for him, including planning the birth of a child. Unable to comment on the needs or perils of a large family, he looked confused and dumb when asked to comment on the national scene. "Hum kya jane, ji?"

Most of the people tended to recoil when the subject of birth control was broached. The topic has unfortunately lost favour due to the recent excesses. And though the need for birth control remains as essential today as be-

fore, with the lifting of the compulsive measures couples are going to have children with a vengeance.

This attitude is evident in the statement of another panwallah. "Do ya teen bachche to purana ho gaya. I like a large family. There is greater strength of unity, more man power."

"My brother-in-law is a teacher. He was asked to fill in a certain quota of sterilized males or forego his salary. As a teacher, the light of knowledge, the source of guidance, could he guide his flock to such degradation?" questioned Moti, a peon in an office. He felt the money that was spent on Family Planning propaganda would be better utilised on education. "For education broadens the mind, leads to the expression of free will. No one today willingly wants the burden of

an extra mouth to feed. Yet families that go in for a fourth and fifth child are compelled by reasons of their own. Therefore, I feel, each family should be treated as an independent unit with its particular needs and requirements. Discuss their problems with them on a personal level and then decide on the wisest step."

Ghanshyam, working as a shop assistant, was of the same opinion. "Let each family decide its own size. Once the target is reached one of the couple should be operated."

"Both the husband and the wife should be operated upon to keep things equal," said Jaya, wife of a stockist. The husband countered her, "Men do not like to be sterilized, for, if the wife dies and a man marries again, he may want to have children by his second wife." There followed a stream of witty repartees between the husband and wife on who should be the "victim" of sterilization. "Direct the campaign towards women," the husband suggested. "Women should form societies as in China. Once wo-

men take up the crusade courageously, man's opposition to their decision making powers will slowly cease."

That was a suggestion on a national plan. On a personal level, he felt that self-control was preferable to the "abominable sterilization." "I practise self-control," he claimed. The wife looked on skeptically.

Puranmal Bhadasar had a tale to tell. He hails from a village called Nagor in Rajasthan. The village sarpanch and schoolmaster persuaded his 45-year-old uncle with the temptation of Rs. 150. But after the operation only Rs. 20 was given. "Cases like this have worked as a disincentive to family planning. Therefore today a cash reward will not bring voluntary sterilization. We don't want money but a more humane approach."

Moving from the lower classes to the middle and upper-middle, a definite concern is felt for the need to formulate family planning efforts on a national level without resorting to compulsive norms.

Mr. Mehta, an officer in a nationalised bank, gave expression to his thoughts thus: "Family Planning should be implemented through education — at the school level, college level, and by organising adult literacy classes." He also emphasised the need to shift the male dominance in our tradition based society.

"Beside being of national importance, Family Planning is essential for the well being of the family."

Mrs. Kohli, editor of a women's needlework-cum-fashion magazine, spoke as a feminist. "If a woman's entire life is directed to bearing children, her individuality is lost in bearing and rearing. In middle class homes, the more the children, the greater is the dependence of the housewife on servants, resulting in improper upbringing of the young ones. In lower class homes, in rural areas, mobile units conducted by women should educate and persuade the women, should help them take independent decisions on birth-control measures. Rather than erecting hoardings in cities, interesting radio programmes would be more effective, radio being a more personal media."

As a modernist she protested against the rigidity of religion.

Continued on page 14

I use Finit. It's safe and effective!



An insect-free house, yes. But not at the cost of household safety. FINIT acts quickly and effectively without leaving behind any toxic residues that could be harmful to children.



Dual-Action FINIT finishes off all insects — flies and mosquitoes, bugs and cockroaches, safely but surely.



Trust Dual-Action FINIT

HP
HINDUSTAN
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CORPORATION
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(a Government
of India
Enterprise)

God voted Janata. Depend upon it. If the natural order of things was restored in the last general election it was by divine dispensation. Ram Bhajjan is sure of that.

"I do not deny that she did much for us," he says of Indira Gandhi. "But what she did to us was not to be endured."

He will soon go back to his village near Allahabad to build his house from the money made by selling me fruit at my door at inflated rates for the past four years. He considers it providential that he was here in Bombay when all those terrible things were happening up north. I am confident that Ram Bhajjan — if he is his father's son — will leave his wife pregnant for the eighth time when he returns to take up his trade again.

"They came without warning," he tells me, using the word "They" with the sinister ring of a Harold Pinter play. "They caught men while they were ploughing. They took men while they were irrigating their fields. They waylaid them on the way to market. And our people hid in the jungle, in the cane fields, among the tall grasses, keeping away from home for days until they went away"



He has a sense of drama, thin Ram Bhajjan, and crouches close to the croton at my door, glancing fearfully over his shoulder as he puts it all across. He believes I am a sympathetic listener. I am a woman, and he assumes I must subscribe to his own belief in the infallibility of men, which is a socially and religiously ordained reality. There is no dispute against the justice of his cause — certainly not from a mere woman.

Nevertheless, I cannot help myself. I find his sorry story hilarious. My laughter grows enormous inside me and I can scarcely contain it. For I can see it all — all those other Ram Bhajjans — those typical Indian rustic males whose manhood is not defined by chivalry towards women, but is a self-centred sexual definition as raw, gross and primitive as any on the face of this earth. For them their virility is a statement of manhood proved by their ability to impregnate their women again and again. Those who sire many sons regard this as further



The author argues that it is unjust to women to leave Family Planning to individual choice as the dominant male is both insensitive, and vain about his virility

confirmation of their maleness, while too many daughters suggest a debilitated impulse and a sickly seed.

And the picture I have as Ram Bhajjan tells his tale is a spectacle of cocks and roosters on their own dung-heaps, scattering in all directions like so many village fowl. There is red-eyed indignation, engorged combs, ruffled feathers, much cackle and squawk, great fire, great fury. What? Caponised in one's own farmyard? And within view and knowing of one's women? It is not to be borne! No wonder Ram Bhajjan is furious even though he was not there. And the instigator of this rude, ungentle infringement of their masculinity? A woman! One whom they had never considered dangerous until she turned sinister and threatened their manhood.

It ought to make a sexual comedy as funny as Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* in which the women of Sparta and Athens solve the

the conspiracy against women

Shalini Dutt

problem of war by refusing to sleep with their men. This comedy would be called *Nasbandi*, concerning what men did to men and with an all-male chorus after the Greeks, singing an anthem based on Morarji Desai's sad conclusion: "Let us fear Woman when She turns too powerful."

The Janata Party's propaganda against sterilisation, and the re-appearance of obscurantism and bigotry in our population control programme is a giant step backwards. It is a serious set-back for women because all religions are a conspiracy against their legitimate rights as humans. Such benighted views must prove a threat to our survival as a nation with a viable culture and ethos when demographic imbalance results in the swamping out by the larger section of the smaller, more discriminating classes where values are perpetuated through an educated awareness.

It is not enough for the Grand Necromancer with a kerchief tied about his head to pronounce the magic switch-word like a mantra to disperse evil with its positive vibrations, and declare that "Family Planning" must now become "Family Welfare." It is centuries too late now to start delving into ancient scriptures for a new concept to govern husband-wife relations, because, says he, the widespread use of contraceptives has corrupted our social life. He should know — since he is unmarried. It is always the

men outside the situation of women who seem to have the best theories concerning it.

I believe in compulsory sterilization as firmly as I believe in compulsory inoculation and vaccination. Where motivation, persuasion fails, force must be used. In one case we are protected from the catastrophe of plague and pestilence. In the other against the catastrophe of over-population. In both cases the state has a duty towards its citizens. But it is no longer considered decent to speak for compulsory sterilization. And to talk of forcing it on men is supposedly an inhuman and barbarous extreme. But let us take a look at the other side of the coin:



I am amazed at the mentality of supposedly educated economists and demographers whenever they put forward the theory of "one mouth but two hands" in arguing that birth control is not feasible to the farmer who needs help on the land. But where does such reasoning put women? Initially they are free labour. When they marry they become a means to produce more free labour. The more sons they conceive, the better their stock. Those who produce nothing are rejected — and no stigma is worse in Indian society than the reproach of barrenness. Fertility in women is valued for its economic advantage. Their gender leads to their exploitation. They are livestock. But is there any national outcry or indignation? In the sterilization programme the victims were men.



THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST WOMEN

Hence all the heat, hot air and indignation.

Where are we now? Back to square one. Population control methods, experts now say, must be socially acceptable, and religiously valid. Do any methods fulfil these terms? The dismal failure of our population control programme in the last thirty years is proof enough.

When I read in the papers that Muslim religious leaders have put forward the plea that sterilization should be left to choice, I think of the Housecoat-wallah who comes round to our neighbourhood every Thursday. He hails from Aligarh and tells me with proper pride that he has sixteen children living, though he lost five. Birth-control? He will not hear of it. He sees sterilization as castration. It will render him a eunuch. Neither will he allow his begum to be sterilized, for then he could no longer be sure of her fidelity. Besides, every additional child she bears him underscores his own masculinity, and is an extension of an overblown and monstrous male egotism sanctioned in him by his religion. Should contraceptive choice be allowed to

men of such mentality?

There used to be two little ragged lads down my street, pot-bellied and with the red hair that comes from malnutrition. Their mother, a thin, emaciated and very young woman, worked in surrounding buildings as a domestic drudge. At mid-day she came down with left-overs given her by housewives and fed them. When she was delayed, and they grew very hungry, they came and knocked on my door. For the past fortnight I have not seen them around. The chowkidar of our block tells me the woman is expecting another child and keeps such poor health that she cannot work. But her husband is a waster and used to scrounge off her. What will they eat now? How will they support another child? Who knows the answers? Do they know, those men who are now going to search the Vedas? And should this fellow be allowed the privilege of contraceptive choice without any reference to the woman who is his victim each time he impregnates her?

In Catholic countries artificial contraceptives, sterilization and abortion are illegal and sinful. Only the "natural" method is allowed. It is time-consuming, tedious and bothersome. If it fails it is because it is not foolproof. Stress and other factors upset the rhythm of ovulation. Many women confess their latent fear of

an unwanted pregnancy prevents their enjoyment of sex. But this hardly concerns the Pope, or the entire hierarchy of celibate priests entrusted with the task of keeping women from sinning against God.

Much was made of the project undertaken by the nuns of Mother Theresa's mission to promote the natural method among the slum-dwellers of Calcutta. This is another example of the kind of eye-wash common to all religions. Knowing the conditions found in this kind of society, and the scant value men place upon their women, are we to believe that these wives secure their husbands' full co-operation? When they stagger home much the worse for drink, or when they merely wish to relieve the pressures of an intolerable livelihood, do they stop to ask their wives if they are "safe" before they mount them? It would be naive to assume that they do. But this is the assumption on which the natural method of birth control seeks to function. It depends entirely on the goodwill of the man. Also, taking vaginal temperatures and plotting a graph of fertility presupposes a level of education not found in women of this class anywhere in the country. The natural method of birth-control is slanted heavily against women. But it is divinely ordained — by men.

"More than half the world's

couples go to bed each night unprotected from unplanned pregnancy," says a Worldwatch Institute report. According to Bruce Stokes, a researcher in family-planning: "For such men and women the decision of whether and when to have a child is seldom a real decision at all, but a fumbling exercise of out-dated and frequently futile and often dangerous family-planning practices."

The truth is, it is not planning at all, but a mindless coupling in which the final spasm — for the man — is another evacuation for the woman another unwanted child. And for the nation another step closer to chaos.

The compulsory sterilization programme was declared a failure. It was not. It was a success in the case of every man who deserved to be sterilised — and was. What failed was the courage to go through with it. Political expediency saw to that.

Indignant Ram Bhajjans swung the vote. But if women were to turn vociferous over their sexual oppression what might they not achieve? The only reply that remains to frequent, unwanted and therefore forcible pregnancies must be the forcible sterilization of the men who make women victims of their irresponsible lust each time in the belief that they are exercising a God-given right.

WHAT THEY THINK OF FAMILY PLANNING

Continued from page 11

"The church should be more liberal," she felt. "Adoption should be encouraged. Bear one child, and gives a home to another."

Sister Columbiere, principal of a girls' high school, speaking as an educationist and "one for whom children are an obsession," transcended Christian and non-Christian ideals while stressing the need for a planned family. "Objectively, I would agree with the church. I would advocate natural methods of birth control. But when one faces the actual, practical problems faced by couples, I feel that one cannot dictate terms based on any ideology, because there are situations in life, circumstances, known only to the couple and God Almighty.

"Parents must be able to take their own responsibility in the light of their Christian upbringing. Jesus too spoke of the spirit and fought the law that denied man the joy of life. Personally, I would fight the cause of birth-control. I plead with the voice of an unborn child, neither to be conceived and aborted, nor to be

given birth and exposed to a life of want, a sub-standard life style which would ultimately lead to seeking the rights of a human being even by foul means.

Sister Columbiere then talked of the need to guide children on the importance of family planning in relation to our economy, its relevance to our particular society. "But I always have my reservations in selecting the right person for sex and population education. It must be a person with a deep-rooted moral and spiritual conviction born of personal experience in faith and prayer, with a personal God."

Manju Chaddha, though busy with her kitty, coffee parties, did have some well-formed ideas on how middle-class, leisured women could promote a healthy campaign. "I haven't the time to work on a group level, but I do see that the men and women with whom I come into immediate contact, like the driver and the ayahs, follow strict birth control measures. I give them advice and, if need be, personally accompany them to the family planning centre."

Pam Bawa strongly felt that every educated family should consider it a duty to educate and better the lot of one uneducated family. Any form of social work, even on small scale, would eventually raise the average standard of living.

Two ladies of the F.P.A.I., a voluntary organisation, who wished their identities to remain undisclosed, spoke keenly of promoting educational and motivational activities stressing the values and need for Family Planning, and the means to provide practical advice and assistance on methods to achieve it. "Our experience shows that the educational approach, though slow, brings a more satisfactory and willing response from the poor and the illiterates." Elaborating on personal motivation, they said, "It is important to instil in a man the desire to raise himself from his present debased condition to a level where the family has fewer children but living in healthy surroundings, enjoying the benefits of a progressive society."

Quoting their own example of mobile units which go into the interior of the villages on motivational and follow-up visits, they stressed the need for health care and child care as part and parcel of all family planning activity. "Considering the need to give a broader educational base to make Family Planning acceptable at all levels, all voluntary organisations should carry out this programme. Family Planning means to plan a family in such a way that the child gets the maximum benefits from the parents and vice-versa. It is not producing the child but the quality of raising the child that is important."

Behroz Vacha, committed to the teaching of the deaf, spoke with great compassion and concern about the need to plan a family around the handicapped child, in order to make the child acceptable in society. "Family Planning is also a way to social awareness, for not only are the mother, father, brother and sister a family, but the immediate society is part of a larger family."

Pointing to Iris Gomes, a deaf and mute S.S.C. student expressing herself freely through a sign language, Behroz Vacha pleaded, "A handicap can be overcome if the family is small, so that the handicapped child receives full care and attention." Indian parents, she felt, have a tendency to cover their guilt of having a handicapped child by producing more children, hoping those would be normal.

The man who delivers the daily newspapers was aware of being a citizen of a country whose population increased by additional millions each year. Rather than comment on what should be done, he volunteered with enthusiasm, "My job is going door to door. If paid for it, I could undertake spreading the Family Planning message."

Such awareness and enthusiasm await to be exploited. A great deal can be done by harnessing this enthusiasm to the Family Planning campaign.

Kamal Aurora

I AM YOUR WARDROBE!

You wear me on at one time or the other. Try and find me from these riddles!

1. When you walk you put me on.
2. I have hand/cuffs and collar bones.
3. I am what a dog does when he is tired.
4. You wear me like a----- of paint
5. I fit your feet.
6. You tie me in knots!
7. I am a white sheet around your waist.
8. I am not worn for show.
9. I keep you so warm — and yet you do not sweat!
10. I am the suit you sleep in.

FUN WITH A PENCIL

1. Make a toothbrush out of this:



3. Make a fish



5. Make the moon



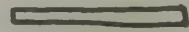
7. Make a house



9. Make a jug



2. Make a hat



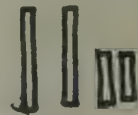
4. Make a fork



6. Make a lollipop



8. Make a chair



10. Make an icecream cone



THE ADVENTURES OF

omphy-momphy tak tak

"What is your name? My name is Omphy-Momphy Tuk Tuk."

The new boy stared at Omphy-Momphy. "You have a long name," he said, "but my name is even longer." Omphy-Momphy did not like this "Well, what's your name, then?" he asked loudly.

"Dongka-Kerry Longka-Kerry-Mun Mun." Omphy-Momphy's mouth fell open in surprise. He blinked his eyes at the new boy.

"Say that again," said Omphy-Momphy.

"Dongka-Kerry Longka-Kerry Mun Mun."

"My name is longer than yours," said Omphy-Momphy.

"My name is longer," said the new boy.

"My name!" said Omphy-Momphy.

"My name!" said the new boy.

Omphy-Momphy hit the new boy. The new boy hit Omphy-Momphy. "Stop that AT ONCE." It was their class teacher looking very cross indeed.

"Who began this fight?" asked the teacher. The new boy kept quiet.

Omphy-Momphy, who had opened his mouth to say, "He did!" closed it tightly. If the new boy did not blame him, then Omphy-Momphy would not blame him either.

The teacher looked at Omphy-Momphy. The new boy looked at Omphy-Momphy. They were both waiting for Omphy-Momphy to speak.

"We did!" said Omphy-Momphy.

For the first time, the new boy smiled at Omphy-Momphy. Omphy-Momphy was so surprised to see him smile that he forgot to be angry and smiled back. "Well, well," said the teacher. "If

you are friends already, then let's see you both shake hands."

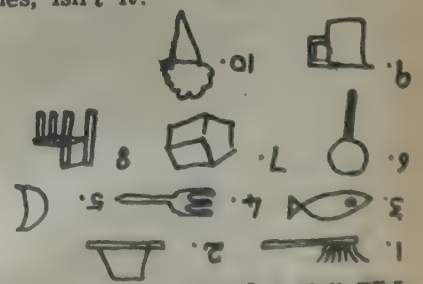
"Hello! Omphy-Momphy!" said the new boy shaking hands.

"Hello! Mun Mun!" said Omphy-Momphy as he shook hands.

As the two boys walked off together, Omphy-Momphy told the new boy, "Anyway, Omphy-Momphy is a longer name than Mun Mun!"

The new boy began to smile. "Anyway," he said "Dongka-Kerry Longka-Kerry is longer than Tuk Tuk!"

Which was true. And the two with the long names became good friends because of their long names—what a difference from that first day when they fought because of their long names, isn't it?

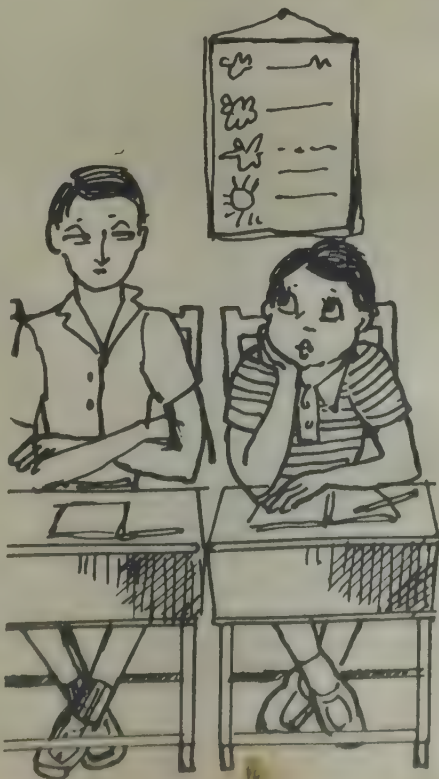


Fun with a pencil

1. shoes 2. shirt 3. pants 4. coat
5. socks 6. The 7. Dhori 2. under-
wear 9. sweater 10. night suit

I am your wardrobe

ANSWERS



Omphy-Momphy Tuk Tuk saw a new boy in nursery school one day. The new boy was taller than Omphy-Momphy, but he was thinner than Omphy-Momphy. The new boy was in the same class as Omphy-Momphy. He did not talk to anyone in the class. He was very quiet and kept staring at the blackboard.

Omphy-Momphy watched him for a little while. When class was over Omphy-Momphy spoke to the new boy.

"What's your name?" asked Omphy-Momphy.

The new boy did not answer.

Omphy-Momphy asked again,

keep fit with yoga

Some yoga exercises to keep you fit—physically as well as mentally. Do these regularly and they will pay dividends

FIRST SIMPLE EXERCISES



FOR RELAXATION



FIRST SIMPLE EXERCISES

This exercise is good for the body—it improves the figure as well as the mind. Sit cross legged, then slowly stretch legs out in front. Grasp your ankle and pull one heel towards groin. Hold for a few seconds. Then repeat with other leg.

Sit with knees pointing out, and soles of feet together. Clasp hands round feet loosely and breathe in. As you breathe out, bend slowly towards the floor. Try to touch hands with head. Don't use force. Breathe in as you raise head again.

FOR RELAXATION

Here is a favourite yogasana—good for relaxation. Don't rush it, though. Begin with Vajrasana or the thunderbolt position as shown.

Slowly bend forward until your head touches the floor. Do this gently. Then slowly rest arms alongside body. Relax completely. Keep head on the floor. Breathing calmly through nose, return to original position. Feel the peace the yogis talk about.

TO IMPROVE THE SKIN

Some postures make you beautiful by improving the skin or helping blood circulation. These do both. Kneel down and place forehead on floor. Hold legs above ankles and raise buttocks. Let shoulders relax. Sit back in Vajrasana. Pat face gently with fingers.

Place arms on carpet and lock fingers. Place forehead in the circle of arms. Raise knees and legs off floor, straighten legs. Don't use force. See the difference in your skin.

TO IMPROVE THE SKIN



LEARN TO REDIRECT THE LIFE-FORCE



LEARN TO RE-DIRECT THE LIFE-FORCE

These exercises will teach you to relax and re-direct the life-force (or Prana) back into the body. Lie flat on floor, place fingers lightly on solarplexus (the complex of nerves at pit of stomach). Breathe in and out deeply, imagining new life-force being pushed into the body through the fingertips.

Now stretch. Sit up and keep legs straight. Grasp each leg just above the ankle. Breathe in deeply through nose. Hold. As you breathe out pull the body down with arms and push head towards knees. Don't use force. Hold with lungs empty, then inhale and come up slowly. Relax flat again.



May: "My fiance is telling everybody in Canada that he is coming home to marry the most beautiful girl in the world."

Edna: "Too bad, darling, after being engaged to you for such a long time."

"My wife has been using a flesh-reducing roller for nearly two months."

"And can you see any result yet?"

"Yes—the roller is much thinner."

"I was sorry for your wife in church this morning when she had a terrific attack of coughing and everyone turned to look at her."

"You needn't worry about that. She was wearing a new spring hat."

Woman (to her friend in crowded street car): "I wish that good looking man would give me his seat."

Five men stood up.

She (tenderly): "And are mine the only lips you have kissed?"

He: "Yes, and they are the sweetest of all."



The Censor: "About this picture, 'Beaches and Peaches', you call it an educational film. What does it teach?"

Movie Producer: "Anatomy."

Two men had just made their exit out of the theatre, and evidently it had been a very poor picture by the expression on their faces.

One turned to the other and said, "You know it certainly is



wonderful how pictures have advanced these last few years." "How so?"

"Well, first there were the silent pictures, then there were talkies, and now this one smells."

Friend: "Say, there's a bunch of people waiting outside to see you. Among them is a bishop who says he married you some time ago."

Film Actress: "Gee! I'm practically certain I never married a bishop."

"If it wasn't for one thing, I'd call your brother a bald-faced liar."

"What's that?"

"His mustache."

Ernie: "My uncle can play the piano by ear."

Gurney: "That's nothing. My uncle fiddles with his whiskers."

"What's the best cure for sea-sickness?"

"Give it up."

She: "What are you thinking of?"

He: "Nothing."

She: "Oh, do take your mind off yourself."

A reader doesn't understand why goods sent by ship constitute a cargo, while goods sent in a car are a shipment.

"What was the subject of your debate this evening?"

"Whiskey."

"Was it well discussed?"

"Yes—most of the members were full of the subject."

"When I arrived at my girl's house last night, I found someone else had beaten me to the sofa."

"Year hated rival?"

"No, the instalment collector."

There was a young lady named Erskine, Who had a remarkably fair skin.

When I said to her, "Mabel. You'd look nice in sable,"

She replied, "I look best in my bare skin."

Compiled by: George Fegradoe.

PART THREE

THE STORY SO FAR

Arranging to meet her fiancé, Martin Ashley, at Reid's Hotel in Madeira, Portugal, Corisande Gilroy arrives at the hotel only to find that Martin has disappeared without a trace after booking at the hotel. In her frantic search for her missing lover, she avidly follows every rumour of a fair haired man having been seen in some remote village perched on the mountains, only to savour bitter disappointment.

In these dark days of despair, she finds help and comfort in Martin's grandmother, the retired actress, Lady Violetta Grey-Ewing, and her own friend Liz's brother, Hugh Aylmer.

NOW READ ON. . .

Corrie's mind kept dragging her back to the mystery of Martin. If he had walked up here, where had he gone. Where was he now? Had he vanished in one of these mists? Could he have fallen down a ravine? Yet she knew that the police were still searching and had so far found neither a wounded man nor a dead body. It was the awful uncertainty that crushed her. Violetta was waiting for them when they came back only to tell her it had been no good. But she was once an actress and a gay one, and old though she was now, she refused to play the part of a desperately disappointed grandmother.

"I'm so terribly sorry, darlings. But what you both need now is a drink. Come and tell me exactly what you did. Corrie darling, you look all in." She smiled gaily. "Now, children, what shall it be?" "Sherry for me," said Corrie.

"Whisky and soda for me," said Hugh. An unusual drink for him at cocktail time, but he, as well as Corrie, was suffering from fatigue. He used to be a man who could walk ten miles without effort, he thought somewhat dejectedly. It was this leg that still ached after undue exercise.

Over their drinks, Corrie and Hugh noticed that Violetta's blue eyes had saddened, but she spoke brightly. "Never mind, darlings. We never really had a lot of hope, did we? I don't see how the young man by the mimosa tree could have been our Martin. Otherwise you would certainly have found someone in one of the villages who would have seen him."

"We are going to have another look round tomorrow morning, Violetta darling. There are two other villages. I seem to have got a taste for private detection. You see," she gave a little laugh, "these police just don't know enough about Martin—I mean—I can pounce on some details, can't I? I'm dying to get on with more of it tomorrow."

"If it is a fine morning," said Violetta, "I'll come up in the car with you. I can sit and doze if I want to, while you two young things walk around."

"That sound good to me," said Hugh.

It was only when Corrie went to bed that night that the fog of her despair closed in on her and once alone she turned her face to the pillow, gripping it hard with both hands and at last allowed the hot tears to flow down her cheeks.

"Martin," she said his name aloud, "Martin, wherever you are, come back to me. Come back soon. I can't bear this pain."

Meanwhile, Hugh had to fly to England to attend to some urgent business there.

Two weeks later Corrie sat writing a letter to Ann. A week ago Ann had sent her cuttings from local newspapers. Each had photographs of Corrie and Martin and covered his strange story. "Young Englishman's Disappearance In Madeira!" the title read. "Martin Ashley, aged 25, book salesman, who had travelled to Lisbon for his firm—the publishing house of Horton and Mullins—arranged to meet his fiancée, Miss Corisande Gilroy, at the famous Reid's Hotel. He was known to have arrived and left his luggage in his room, after which he went out. Since then he has not been seen or heard of. Miss Gilroy arrived a few hours later and has been working with the police in Funchal trying to trace her fiancé. She is at present staying at Reid's with Mr. Ashley's grandmother, Lady Violetta Maye, famous musical comedy actress of the 20's. The police in Funchal are continuing the search."

There was one more cutting from a Sussex evening paper which printed Corrie's photograph as well as Martin's. Ann had said in one of her letters that she had been asked for them. Corrie was unable to control her tears when she first looked at those photographs, side by side—both so gay, so radiantly happy. A real tragedy had struck at her life—and Violetta's. But all too well Corrie realised that life must go on. It was useless looking back.

She spent a lot of time answering letters. Corrie now left the library and took her letters downstairs. She needed some more stamps. She had arranged to meet Violetta in the main hall. They were driving with a local house agent to inspect a furnished villa with a garden. It had just come on the market and Violetta could rent it indefinitely.

Lady Grey-Ewing smiled at Corrie, "Hello, darling. The agent's waiting outside. Are you quite ready?"

"Yes, I'll just get some stamps and post this letter to Ann."

"It's going to be really hot today," remarked her ladyship.

"I'll try and get a swim before lunch," said Corrie laconically. The Funchal house agent, a pleasant young man, drove them to a white villa with red tiles about two miles away from the hotel in a less inhabited part of Funchal. The entrance was marked by two stone pillars bearing a

DARK CORRIDOR

Denise Robins



... with the name Casa de Turna.

"I hope it'll be as nice inside as it looks from outside, darling, and suitable for us. The great thing about it is that the owners are willing to let us have it as long as we need it. And they're leaving their Portuguese cook-housekeeper, Maria. Thoroughly recommended."

"It sounds great," said Corrie. But her mind flew to Room 91X at the hotel. It had remained locked and uninhabited since the day Martin had left his belongings there and vanished. As they walked up the steps to the entrance of the villa, she noted the fantastic blue of the magnificent agapanthus growing in great wooden tubs on either side of the portico. She remembered a day when she and Martin had spent a few happy hours at Kew—both of them were fond of flowers—and had stopped in front of one of these giant plants.

She didn't know whether to feel relieved or sad when Martin's grandmother, after close inspection, agreed to take the villa for two months with the option to continue. Somehow, she even felt depressed at the thought of leaving Reid's. She clung to this place where she and Martin had arranged to meet. But she said nothing to Violetta who was delighted with the Casa da Turna.

At the end of April they moved from the hotel and took up residence in the Casa da Turna. There followed a further fortnight of mingled hope and despair for both Martin's grandmother and the girl he had been going to marry. Life slowed down a bit once they were settled in the beautiful sun-bathed villa. They enjoyed the tranquillity. Violetta also hired a car and chauffeur so that they had daily transport.

Many letters continued to reach Corrie from friends and distant relatives who had seen the news about Martin. Strangers wrote to her, too.

Corrie found it some comfort to write and tell Hugh all that was happening. He always answered her letters—sometimes he

asked her. She appreciated that. He agreed that Martin might very well be suffering from loss of memory. But the fact remained that he did not appear to be on the island—dead or alive. Corrie pointed out.

"You must never think it, Corrie dear. Go on hoping; for God's sake." Immediately after that call, Corrie sat down and wrote a letter to him apologising for her weakness, calling herself a coward. She was now corresponding regularly with Liz, Hugh's sister.

Towards the end of May, Hugh returned to Maderia. It certainly gave Corrie a sense of warmth and pleasure to see Liz's brother again. When he arrived, walking with only the smallest limp and without his stick, she gave him

A man can't disappear into thin air! Yet this is precisely what Martin seems to have done. In her unceasing search for him, Corrie struggles between hope and despair as she finds every clue leading her nowhere

both her hands. They exchanged a brotherly-sisterly kiss.

"How marvellous to see you walking like this!" she exclaimed.

"I'm fine. And you look like a little Indian. I can see you have had plenty of sun. It's very warm over here. Your colour makes me feel whiter than white." Violetta was out. Corrie called to Maria their maid, to bring tea. She and Hugh sat and talked together, exchanging news in the green arbour facing the house. But he was shocked by the sight of Corrie; so painfully thin she looked to him. She was fretting, poor sweet. He knew that. He himself had in fact come to the end of hope.

"What's the new book all about? And what's the title?"

"The title so far agreed is 'Raise High the Banner'. A great deal of it is about Henry V's wife, Queen Catherine. I've always rather fancied her," he added with a laugh.

At this precise moment a car drove in through the gates of the villa. Out stepped the unexpected figure of the Inspector. He came quickly towards where the two who were sitting in the arbour, his buttons glittering in the sun.

"Ah! Mees Gilroy. Meester Aylmer, pleasant to see you back in Madeira, sir. I am so happy to come with good news. We have a clue, the most important one yet, for it might indeed lead us to the whereabouts of the Senhor

Ashley and establish the fact, at least, that he lives."

Corrie sprang to her feet. She was white under the deceptive brown. Hugh stood close to her, gripping her hand, feeling her trembling.

"Steady," he whispered. "Wait, don't be too excited."

She was speechless for a second, then spoke to the Inspector. "What... what have you heard? For God's sake, quickly, please!"

She listened to the Inspector, holding hard on to Hugh's hand and was glad of his presence once again. The Inspector explained that he had, at Lady Grey-Ewing's request, put up notices to the effect that a reward would be paid for any information about Martin Ashley—time, date, anything that could enlighten the police and lead them to the missing man, be he dead or alive.

A young shepherd who tended sheep up the mountainside beyond Poiso had come with this story. He had gone to the wedding of a cousin who lived not far from his village. He had a crippled foot and took no part in the celebration. Suddenly there passed by him a rather striking young man he did not know with dark, longish hair, a nut-brown face and a dark beard. The stranger was wearing a white vest with short sleeves and red coarse linen trousers. When he went home that night, he looked at the news-cutting he had kept of the police offering a reward for news of the Englishman who had vanished months ago from Funchal. But it was the photograph which intrigued the shepherd. And because he and his parents were poor and needed money he had gone down to see the Policia de Seguranca Publica.

"Can there possibly be anything in it?"

Hugh pursed his lips thoughtfully, then shook his head. "Not to my mind. Martin is fair and this young man is dark. The newspapers can print awful reproductions of photographs. They are always misleading. I don't suppose this fellow really looked like Martin at all."

"The shepherd seemed so confident, Mees Gilroy, that the faces—the eyes—were similar. I thought it worth investigation."

Corrie nodded. "Of course, of course. We will see the boy. You can interpret any questions put to him. We will go to the village of this shepherd."

Corrie decided to drive immediately higher up the mountains to the village built like so many of the villages here at the mouth of a ravine.

"This man doesn't seem to me to resemble Martin, really," said Corrie, having listened to all that the Inspector told her. "Actually I've seen quite a number of women and children in Funchal

with light eyes. That surely is not so rare?" The Inspector agreed, but stuck to his theory that the shepherd's information could prove valuable. But a few minutes later, in the Inspector's car with the faithful Hugh beside her, even before the new clue had been followed up, her hopes had evaporated. The Inspector and his driver sat in front. Corrie at the back with Hugh, whispered.

"I'm not going to get too excited. You see, Hugh, I'm becoming more sensible and I feel it's on the cards that our friend just wants to prove that the police are still making efforts on our behalf."

"That's the best way to take it," said Hugh gently.

Feeling lethargic, Corrie sat back and looked silently at the grandeur of the mountain scenery while they climbed the curving road. This time, Corrie felt extraordinarily lacking in her old fire and verve. She even asked Hugh to do the interrogating.

"Just ask him everything you can think of."

"Of course I will."

And Hugh did his best.

The interview ended in the Inspector withdrawing from the scene. He even felt a trifle annoyed with himself because he had raised Mees Gilroy's hopes unnecessarily. Perhaps it was absurd to suppose that a man with dark hair and a dark beard could be the fair-haired Englishman.

"You are very kind. Is this all we can do now we are here?" she asked.

"No, we can go on to Gerano. The shepherd has given me the address of the bride's mother and father. We can ask them if they know the name and whereabouts of this man who had attracted the notice of the shepherd."

They found Gerano an attractive little village with small pinkish coloured houses. The Inspector found the couple whose daughter had just been married. Again the result was negative. They did not even remember having noticed a dark-bearded young man in red and white at the wedding party.

The girl's father suddenly said something to the Inspector who turned to Corrie. "He says he does remember one man in red and white with the dark hair and beard."

"Can we see him?"

"No. He was a stranger—unknown to them although they think he was related to some girl who danced with him."

Corrie looked bitterly disappointed. She wanted to see the man. But Hugh gently dissuaded her. "It will only be distressing for you and I think we are wasting time," he said.

"I agree," Corrie nodded, and gave a sigh that seemed to be

Continued on page 27

Akshara Theatre, the only professional theatre in India which stages shows every night, has won laurels abroad, but has been awaiting recognition in India for the last five years. The bigwigs of the theatre world, not really concerned with encouraging young artistic people, try to prevent their entry into the world of art and recognition and hamper their work.

Akshara Theatre is managed by the husband and wife team of Gopal Sharman and Jalabala Vaidya, who also act in the plays. Gopal is a poet, thinker and dreamer, he is a well-known figure in the literary world. His poems are not only contemporary but steeped in Indian culture. It was the quality of his work "Full Circle" that first drew the attention of the former President of India, the late Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who himself was a connoisseur of art and literature.

The poems written by Gopal and read by his wife Jalabala, in her full-throated, clear voice,

in front of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan in Rashtrapati Bhavan a few years back were so much admired by that lover of literature that he arranged for a bigger audience for the young couple so that more people could listen to this contemporary poet who expressed the spirit of India so beautifully.

This session of poetry reading by the couple led to their being invited to Italy and Yugoslavia. It was in Rome that their programme drew the attention of the owner of the well-known theatre "Teatro Goldoni."

"The owner of this theatre, an Irish lady married to an Italian, was of great help to us," says Jalabala. "She really took us in hand and turned the whole thing into a stage performance within a few days. Our performance there was greatly admired by the people and the critics raved about it. After that we jumped from one success to another. The Italian T.V. network invited us to do a one-hour programme for them. Then some

high officials of the Catholic Order in Rome invited us to stay as their guests for two weeks and perform for them. We stayed next to the Vatican and had an audience with the Pope and some other high-ups. It was the first time a non-Christian had been bestowed such an honour.

Gopal and Jalabala were then invited by various professional theatres and TV networks all over Europe and were given thunderous applause wherever they performed. In London, Gopal's poetry was so much appreciated that he was asked by the Time magazine to work as their film critic. It was a high honour for an Indian. He was also commissioned by some publishers there to write a book on music and wherever they both went, Gopal was hailed as India's new major poet.

While they were in London, they were asked by the Royal Shakespeare Company to do something Indian for them. Gopal was thrilled at this opportunity as he had always wanted to

do the Ramayana on stage, but in a different way. Since they both wanted the play to be completely Indian with an Indian cast and Indian costumes, they wrote to a big Indian concern here to give them some grant and help so that they could return to India and work on the project.

Help was promised and they both returned to India. But when they started on their project and employed artistes, they got their first shock. They were suddenly refused any grant or other help, as in the meantime the established theatre people in the capital had come to know about this and had put their foot down.

"Till today we do not know what happened," said Jalabala with a very noticeable note of bitterness, "and who was responsible for this, but it certainly was a big shock. Not only was all help withdrawn, but we were also asked to return the money we had already spent on payments, etc. We are still repaying that loan.

AKSHARA THEATRE:

LAURELS ABROAD, STRUGGLE AT HOME

Jyotsana Kapoor

The Akshara is a theatre for the cognoscenti, a theatre that is creative, evocative and challenging. Its success is based on a combination of talent, hard work and dedication



"Then we went to the Education Ministry, but no one helped us there also. They all tried to destroy us out of pure jealousy. We passed through a terrible time. Ultimately, Dr. Karan Singh came to our rescue, not in his official capacity but as a friend. He liked my reading of the Ramayana so much that he got us a place in Ashoka Hotel to enable us to give a performance every night there and Mr. Morarji Desai also helped us as a friend and got us this place to stay.

"Gopal changed the Ramayana into Katha form and we went to Europe on a contract after some time. Some well-known friends in the world of theatre and cinema got together in London and suggested that we start our own theatre in India. They

have worn out seats, torn curtains and rats running around. But we lay a lot of stress on the cleanliness of the place. There are just about 50 seats for the audience and a few pieces of furniture on the sets, but everything has character. The wood used is carved beautifully and our sets are perfect too.

"Then the theatre groups in India do not bother to inform the public correctly about the plays they are staging. The advertisements are not of a high standard. They do not tell you much about the play. I feel the advertisements should be lively, well written and give a feeling of professionalism. Akshara's advertisements are changed every day and are presented in a sustained manner. I personally spend about two to three hours every



Sita (Jalabala) sees the golden deer in "Ramayana".

is beautiful regenerates, it is not static. I speak in terms of the philosophy of this country," says Gopal Sharman.

Jalabala Vaidya plays twenty roles in the English adaptation of the Ramayana by her husband and the quick changes in her expression and voice, portray all the characters beautifully. If her Dasaratha is a powerful, dominant personality speaking the timeless philosophies of good and evil, her Kaikai is the embodiment of jealousy and pettiness. Her portrayal of Rama and of Ravana as well as the other characters of the epic is done in a convincing manner. Jalabala does not fumble or forget a single line in her 2½-hour performance.

In the last six years, Akshara has produced seven full-fledged plays and about 20 smaller ones. They now plan to do the Mahabharata in the near future.

"We also take apprentices, and I teach more by the traditional Indian method—the Gurukul style. You pay and you learn and stay with us," says Gopal. "But it's sad that we do not seem to get the right type of people. They come and learn for a few months and expect to become stars overnight. They do not realise that in this profession the only reward you get is the delight in doing something precisely and excellently."

At the moment they only have one young man from New York learning under them.

Even after having achieved so much in the world of theatre, it is a pity that Gopal Sharman and Jalabala Vaidya have been given no grant or subsidy by Government or private parties claiming to be patrons of art. Even the radio and television have ignored them.

Anasuya Vaidya, Gopal Sharman and Jalabala.



gave us financial help and that is how Akshara Theatre started. Two rooms in our house were converted into theatre. Gopal put in some really intense labour. He did everything with his hands and made chairs, lights and all other equipment and we opened our performance of the Ramayana in April, 1972."

Akshara Theatre is the only theatre in India which gives to the audience the respect and attention that are its due. "Drama in India has so far remained an amateur activity with all its drawbacks of jealousy, pushing and politics. Most of the theatre groups do not depend on audience response, they carry on because they have grants from Government and some other bodies. There is no contrywide forum in theatre in India," says Gopal.

Gopal says that to run a theatre professionally the condition of its interior is very important. "Most of the theatres in India

day, preparing next day's advertisements in the newspapers."

Akshara Theatre gives a homely feeling to its audience with hot soup served in clean cups during the interval. Personal attention is given to every spectator and each person is made to feel welcome."

Total theatre experience is not given anywhere else in India. Gopal claims. "It requires tremendous hard work."

All the plays produced by Akshara Theatre are written by Gopal Sharman. They are relevant, contemporary Indian plays and absolutely topical. Even the Ramayana deals with moral and political issues that are contemporary.

"The audience comes out after viewing my plays with a sense of the beautiful—tragic it may be, but not futile. My Ramayana and other plays sustain the faith of the Hindu people that what

According to Mr. Chandrajit Yadav, Bansi Lal wanted the life of the last Lok Sabha extended by another seven years which would have meant a twelve-year term for it. But Mrs. Gandhi knew that the people would have revolted in such an eventuality. "Some of us had been trying to persuade her to hold the elections soon after the Chandigarh session. She took a unilateral decision to hold the elections in March 1977. Neither the Cabinet nor the Chief Ministers were ever consulted."

Many people wonder why Mrs. Gandhi decided to hold the elections when members of her caucus were against it. She has said more than once that she was misguided concerning the outcome. Intelligence reports evidently indicated that a delay in the timing of the general election was not likely to be beneficial. There were many points favouring the holding of elections in March. For one thing there was a comfortable foodgrain stock position, whereas the next crop might not be so good. The Opposition parties were in disarray and could not be expected to organise themselves in the short time between their leaders being let off from jail and polling day. They could not be expected to collect adequate funds needed to face the massive resources of the Congress party.

There is also a view that Mrs. Gandhi hoped that some people among the caucus like Mr. Bansi Lal might lose in the election and enable her to drop them. A legitimate question here arises: Why could she not drop him or anybody else she wanted to form the Cabinet? A reshuffle was all that was required. The answer lies in her relationship with her son. Dropping anyone from among the caucus would have invited Sanjay's wrath. That she decided upon the election against the wishes of the Sanjay-Bansi Lal clique was not so much, perhaps, because she was enamoured of democracy as a studied move to give herself unbounded power with the people's sanction and not merely power acquired through the Emergency and the Constitutional amendments.

It is evident that a few weeks before the elections, Mrs. Gandhi realised that she had miscalculated. But the Lok Sabha had been dissolved and the poll notification was on the way. President Ahmed had in fact signed the document before leaving for Malaysia. The fateful document was kept in readiness for release on the due date.

Mrs. Gandhi's letter to Acting President Mr. Jatti a few weeks after her defeat deserves to be analysed. She says she did not call on the late President, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, on the evening of February 10, the day he returned from Malaysia. She also says she did not send for the Service Chiefs on March 20 to persuade them to declare martial law but only met them when they called on her after her resignation as Prime Minister to bid

her farewell. Anybody who understands Mrs. Gandhi's manner of functioning would not have expected her to have made a direct approach to the Service Chiefs on March 20.

Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, it is clear, was not willing to oblige Mrs. Gandhi more than he had already done in imposing the Emergency and issuing the subsequent Ordinances. Having signed the poll notification he was not going to issue another one cancelling the first. Similarly, he was not willing to put his name to any other document making a farce of the elections. Mr. Jagjivan Ram had already met Mr. Ahmed at the time of leaving the Congress Party. When Mr. Ahmed was taken ill in Malaysia, it was Mr. Jagjivan Ram and not Mrs. Gandhi who took the trouble of

for Malaysia, Mrs. Gandhi had already realised her mistake in announcing the elections and would most certainly have discussed the matter with the President.

The only path open to Mrs. Gandhi was to strain every nerve to reach the people and request them for votes.

The panic in the Congress Party was evident in the tone of election speeches. From the familiar haughty manner of talking to people and usually in a threatening tone, members of the caucus now began to admit that there had been excesses and that the people should be magnanimous and vote for the Congress. Mrs. Gandhi and Bansi Lal asked them to forgive and forget the excesses. But Mrs. Gandhi actually made matters worse for herself because she tried to make Government servants the scapegoat and said they would be taken to task. The entire Government machinery was now hos-

tile to Mrs. Gandhi, the caucus and the Congress Party and there was determination on everyone's part to ensure that there was no rigging in favour of the Congress.

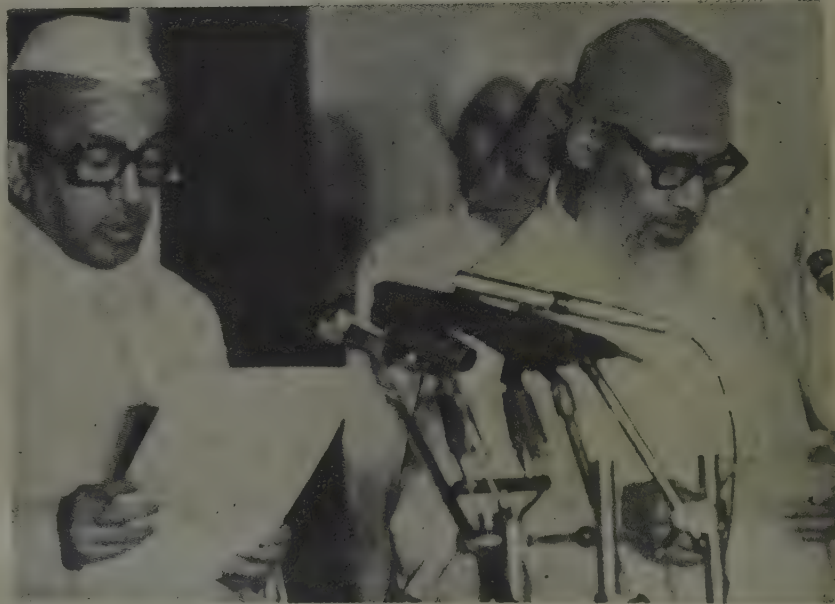
Coming to the second part of Mrs. Gandhi's letter to the Acting President concerning the imposition of martial law, there appears to be some indication that some junior officers might have been active on behalf of the caucus.

Mr. Jagjivan Ram, after he walked out of the Congress and was meeting the Delhi Press almost everyday, had expressed the view that he expected the changeover from one government to another to be peaceful.

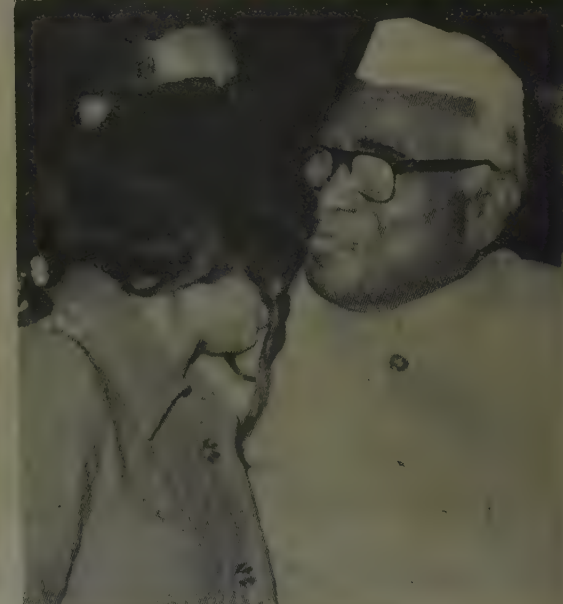
In a country as large as India, the Indian Army derives its contingents from the length and breadth of the country. It is not homogeneous in the ethnic sense as, for instance, the Pakistan Army is. Would any one group be able to control the rest? Secondly, another grave question which arises is: Why would the Army, once it took over, return power to civilian hands, the Constitution having been suspended? The Army Chief's views in the matter were known to Mrs. Gandhi as also those of the Naval Chief. Not long after the election results were declared,

BLACK WEDNESDAY

ROUT AT RAE BARELI



ABOVE: Acting President Mr. B. D. Jatti administering the oath of office to Mr. Raj Narain.



ABOVE RIGHT: Union Minister for Defence, Mr. Jagjivan Ram, with his grand-daughter on arrival from Bangladesh.

RIGHT: The late President Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed and Mrs. Ahmed with Mrs. Indira Gandhi and Mr. B. D. Jatti.



trunk-calling the President in Kuala Lumpur enquiring after his health. There appears little doubt that Mr. Ahmed was not willing to be a party to fouling up the elections.

It was in fact Mr. Ahmed who had been pressing Mrs. Gandhi to hold elections as early as possible. Before Mr. Ahmed left

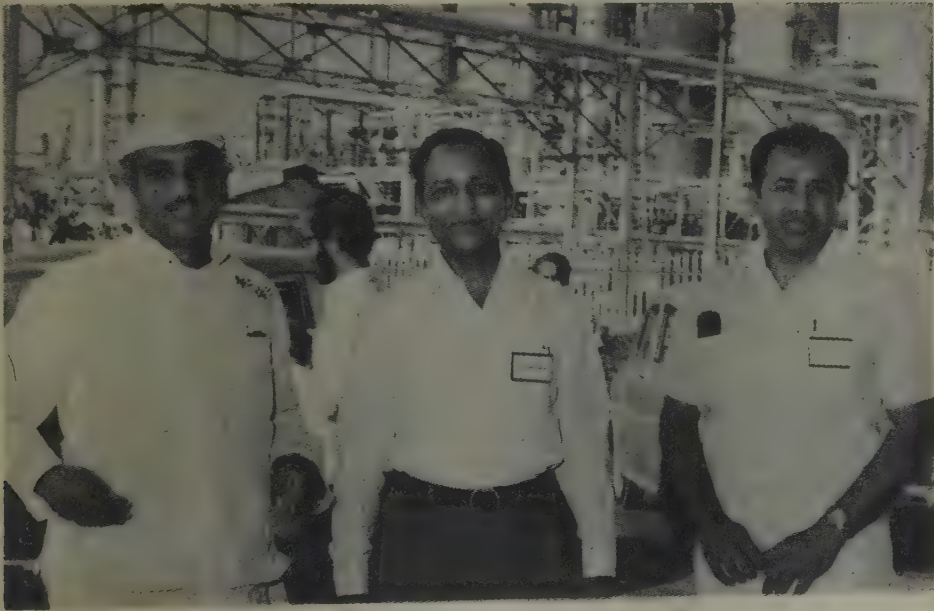
General Raina significantly described the Indian Army as being "apolitical."

The Service Chiefs are professionals unlike Governors whose appointment is political. Their continuity, whether one political party is in power or another, is normally assured. As in the case of other Service officers, each one of them is expected to represent the best traditions in character and devotion to the country.

Over the years it has been the practice for the Indian press to project the personality of the Service Chiefs through interviews whenever any one of them takes over or retires. For some reason this was discouraged during the Emergency. I was told unofficially that Mr. Bansi Lal did not like individual press correspondents meeting the Service Chiefs.

The air in Delhi was thick with anticipation. Would there be a ban imposed on candidates who had been shut up under MISA? Would all those over 65 be debarred from contesting? Would there even be a temporary suspension of the Constitution?

The days passed but nothing happened. In the midst of it the President passed away. Mrs.



Mr. H. N. Bahuguna, Union Minister for Petroleum and Chemicals, at a refinery.

Gandhi made the somewhat unnecessary statement that there had been no differences between Fakhruddin Ali Sahib and herself. Suffering from herpes and in pain, she tore from one part of the country to another campaigning. Hardly anybody else did.

The Congress President, Mr. D. K. Barooah, had emphasised that Mrs. Gandhi's image alone would catch votes and nobody else need go out campaigning except in their own constituencies. He hoped perhaps that thereby Sanjay may be prevented from going out and doing damage! He was like the proverbially red rag to a bull.

A few days before polling I happened to meet Mr. H. N. Bahuguna in Lucknow. Asked

*The third and concluding chapter
from the book "Dark Wednesday" by
PROMILLA KALHAN
describes the events leading to the fateful night
of March 20, when Mrs. Indira Gandhi
lost not only her Prime Ministership but even
her Parliamentary seat of Rae Bareli to
her inveterate foe Raj Narain*

how many seats the Congress might be expected to win in Uttar Pradesh he replied: "Twenty-five including Rae Bareli. At this point I concede Mrs. Gandhi her seat." Yet, a week later, the polling over and the results out, Uttar Pradesh was completely out of reach of the Congress and Mrs. Gandhi. What happened in Rae Bareli is a story which must bring tears of regret to Mrs. Gandhi and her friends. She had sent Mr. Kamalapati Tripathi to mastermind the U. P. poll. Mr. Bahuguna told me he was happy about this "because Mr. Tripathi's name in U. P. is mud."

Mehta to Rae Bareli to sort things out. She had been keen not to allow workers from Delhi or elsewhere to go and work in Rae Bareli so as not to annoy the local leadership. But when Mrs. Gandhi visited Rae Bareli around the 13th she summoned Sabita Behn, who had earlier offered to campaign in Rae Bareli, on the same night at a late hour. Sabita Behn caught the early morning plane.

Evidently the rural parts of the Rae Bareli constituency were left neglected. Some of the Congress jeeps which went there had been stoned. Therefore, a few paid workers confined their rounds to the towns. They concentrated on campaigning through loud speakers from the ten-odd jeeps earmarked for the constituency. Various workers complained that vehicles earmarked for Rae Bareli were diverted to Amethi where Sanjay was looking after his campaign. There are reports of Congress workers campaigning for Mrs. Gandhi spending time and money on drinking sprees.

One incident reveals how their behaviour was not exactly calculated to win friends and influence people. A worker who went to the local hospital to get a minor injury attended to was taken up by the young nurse on duty. Later in the day the hospital received a message that the patient who had got his injury attended to would be pleased to entertain the nurse. The doctor had the presence of mind to bundle the young nurse out of Rae Bareli.

Neither Rae Bareli nor Amethi had been spared *nasbandi* excesses. Amethi, in fact, had earlier witnessed a violent incident. And yet earlier reports all painted rosy pictures of massive wins both for Mrs. Gandhi and her son. One reason for this was the completely tailored reports sent in by the surveying agencies. A Delhi architect driving into Amethi a few days before polling gave a lift to two plain-clothes men. After they had made sure that the car-owner was not an official, the two men revealed that they would send in a report that Mr. Sanjay Gandhi would be returned to power with a thumping majority though the real position was very different.

"Why will you do that?" asked the architect.

"Because we don't want to lose our jobs!" they replied.

Policemen and other officials stood around in Rae Bareli and Amethi when people sang songs about the exploits of a mother and son and their effort to perpetuate dynastic rule. A group of anti-Emergency poets wrote these poems with missionary zeal and a whole Indira-Sanjay lore grew up. You could hear them at out of the way tea stalls and pan-bidi-cigarette shops. Mr. Raj Narain did not lack material for his campaign. It was provided by the people themselves.

If North India was lost to the Congress because of the excesses of the Emergency symbolised by Mrs. Gandhi, Sanjay and the caucus, there appears little doubt that South India voted for the Congress at least partly because of the good image of Mrs. Gandhi obtaining there. Mrs. Maragatham Chandrasekhar, a General Secretary of the AICC, and Mrs. Margaret Alva, among others, who campaigned in South India say that "we won by merely showing Mrs. Gandhi's photographs." Women in villages in different parts of South India went out in their thousands to vote for "Indira Amma" because she alone, they felt, could lead them. When they learnt that Mrs. Gandhi had lost her election from Rae Bareli people did not eat and Harijans shed tears.

Sanjay had gone to Andhra Pradesh and crowds turned up to see him and hear whatever he had to say. But his going to Kerala and being treated as a national hero had been successfully discouraged by Mr. A. K. Anthony.

Those who said Indira was synonymous with India did her a great disservice, particularly as they were the very people who knew all that went on at No. 1, Safdarjung Road. But they undoubtedly flattered her outrageously for their own ends. They did not wish to fall from grace and be pushed into the wilderness. Those who were not able to make headway with Sanjay tried to make public statements extolling Mrs. Gandhi.

Congressmen, after 50 years in power, became comfort loving and seekers after office. They did not consider cheap and blatant flattery too big a price to pay for the ample returns. When Sanjay went to one state or another, lakhs of rupees were spent on receptions organised in his honour. The money came from the pockets of businessmen, big and small, and citizens who had any means. The extortions of money did not make Chief Ministers and PCC Chiefs, some of them in competitions with one another

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daCunha/CS/20 A

Vital facts about Colds and Flu and how to fight these ailments

"I find Anacin of great help", says Nurse Angela Fernandes.



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Bodyache, heaviness in the head, sneezing and a runny nose. Flu is often accompanied by shivering, discomfort and sweating. Cough, sore throat, loss of appetite and fatigue may follow.

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for Sanjay's favour, very popular.

Punjab was a case in point. Mr. M. S. Gill was made PCC Chief without consultation with Giani Zail Singh who was away from the country for a short while. Mr. Gill had been able to get close to Sanjay and became the Chief Minister's rival. The Chief Minister could not expect to get redress at the hands of Mrs. Gandhi who was not prepared to listen to anything against her son. The only course open to him was to outdo Mr. Gill in flattery and organise the biggest ever rallies and receptions for him, some of which were prominently advertised in newspapers.

On the fateful evening of March 20, when the election results were coming in, a whisper went around at about 7.30 p.m. that Mrs. Gandhi was trailing behind. Delhi's politically conscious people kept awake all night waiting for a word from Rae Bareilly and Amethi. Though some of the newspapers had it up on their spotnews boards that Mrs. Gandhi was trailing, All-India Radio made an official announcement of her defeat — only at 3 a.m. With bated breath people waited for something to happen. After all, the Allahabad High Court judgment had also unseated her once before.

Those who visited No. 1, Safdarjung Road, on the late evening of the 20th say Mrs. Gandhi took the news calmly, perhaps more calmly than the visitors. When one Congresswoman, an AICC officebearer, in a fit of emotion offered to part with half her salary every month Mrs. Gandhi shrank, perhaps for the first time realising the full import of the evening's event. She would, she is reported to have pointed out, be entitled to Rs. 500 per month pension as a former M.P. and there were the royalties from her father's books. Moreover, she herself could take to writing. That she would momentarily break down was evident, but she did so in the privacy of her own room. Sanjay was not in town that evening. He and his wife returned from Lucknow around midnight.

On March 20, Government hospitals in Delhi were holding beds for an emergency. They had been instructed to take in casualties only. This procedure is generally followed during troubled times. Was the country expected to be in the grip of violence?

One way out for Mrs. Gandhi would have been to tell the world that violence had broken out. But there was no violence anywhere. But people were afraid that, like the Amethi incident in which Sanjay's jeep was supposed to have been fired at, violence could be instigated or simulated so that the Congress Government could keep itself in power on the pretext of having to control a law and order situation which required immediate

attention. Had Sanjay been in Delhi when the Rae Bareilly results were coming in, the course of events might have been different. In this desperate moment, his recklessness might have plunged the country deeper into the abyss.

Some weeks after her defeat, Mrs. Gandhi wrote to Acting President Mr. B. D. Jatti, complaining that some journals were carrying on a slanderous campaign against her. She described as "false" rumours that she had called on the late President, Mr. Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed, on the evening of February 10 — the date on which he returned home from Malaysia — to get him to issue some ordinance to put off the elections. It was being suggested that the sick President was under pressure as a result of which his heart trouble was aggravated.

According to Mrs. Gandhi she went to Rashtrapati Bhavan only on the 11th morning after receiving a telephone from the Cabinet Secretary informing her that the President had been taken ill and was unconscious. In the same letter Mrs. Gandhi has denied another rumour, namely, that she called up the service Chiefs on Sunday, March 20 — the day the election results from Rae Bareilly were expected — in an effort to declare Martial Law. She said she met the Service Chiefs only after she had resigned as Prime Minister and when they called on her to bid her goodbye.

The reason why Mrs. Gandhi found it necessary to write to

the Acting President is because the allegations were extremely serious. If Mrs. Gandhi is to rehabilitate herself as a Congress leader which she seems to want to do, she has to ensure that her image does not emerge completely tarnished.

As to rumours circulating in the capital and elsewhere, some of the previous government's own actions are, of course, responsible for them.

Much will depend on how successfully she can explain her own role in all that went during the Emergency. How quickly the shrunken Congress can rebuild a new image as a body of men and women working for the welfare of the downtrodden and the general public and not merely for power and luxurious living for themselves will also matter.

Mrs. Gandhi owes it to the large number of people all over the country who followed her and gave her unstinted support to explain her own conduct. She must answer the charges being levelled against her. This is the least she can do to assuage their hurt feelings and the sense of shock, many Congress leaders from South India feel.

The defeat at Rae Bareilly is one of the cruellest things that could have happened to Mrs. Gandhi. "Indira is not even Rae Bareilly, leave alone India," people said in reply to Mr. D. K. Barooah's slogan "Indira is India."

CONCLUDED

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DARK CORRIDOR

Continued from page 19

torn from her very heart. "It's all become rather ridiculous. I will make no further enquiries."

The Inspector once more apologised for having dragged her up here for nothing.

During the week that followed there was no further mention of the shepherd affair. Martin's grandmother watched Corrie a little more closely than before. She could see that Corrie was strained. Yet, beneath the layer of emotion and the occasional display of weakness, she was still her old determined self, not likely to crack. Violetta was glad that Hugh Aylmer had come back to Funchal and was with them at the Casa da Turna.

"Oh, Hugh, are we ever going to see my grandson again? It seems so long since he disappeared. What do you really think?" Violetta took off her big glasses and wiped them. Her eye-lashes were wet. Somehow this nice boy reminded her of Martin. If only, she thought, her dear Martin would walk through the gates and into this sunny flower filled garden, this very moment! If only she could hear his voice calling

"Hallo there, Gramma," his own name for her. But those were not thoughts Violetta spoke aloud and a few minutes later she was calling to Corrie to come and join them for the usual evening cocktail.

On the morning of the 19th March, a few hours before the arrival of Corisande Gilroy in Madeira, Martin Ashley walked out of Reid's Hotel with the intention of killing time by taking some exercise. That attache case he had left on his hotel bed was full of orders. He was pleased with the fact that he had found one or two new and interesting markets for his firm.

How lucky he was! And now he would be seeing his Corrie. And this time Violetta had been one hundred per cent with him on his choice. Martin walked out of Reid into the sunshine and out into the mountains. He felt vital, eager, almost as if he was treading on air. Love was marvellous. Business was good. He felt immensely happy and told himself that tonight they would have a tremendous celebration dinner at Reid's. Then they'd dance. She adored dancing. There would be no need for either of them to say, "I must get back!"

The mere idea of holding Corrie in his arms again and kissing

that warm sweet mouth, so generously offered made his pulse race. He walked for an hour, taking the road for Camacha. After another half-mile, he came upon one of the most magnificent mimosa trees he had ever seen. The spreading branches were laden with feathery flowers looking as though golden powder had been spread upon them. At once he remembered and regretted the camera he had left at the hotel. Idiot! he thought.

After another half an hour of climbing, a little hot and breathless, he turned off the main road and took a rough path that led down the mountainside. He thought the surrounding scenery fabulous. The stony path grew narrower and seemed to lead nowhere in particular. It gradually became a mere cutting between the bushes. It would, he was sure, start to rain in a moment. Anyhow, he had had enough of walking. Why not go back to the hotel? It was at least an hour's walk down the Camacha-Funchal Road.

Martin literally could not see a step ahead of him now. Enveloped as he was in cloud, he lost all sense of direction. Certainly he was not aware he had come upon a ravine of jagged rock which cut through the coarse green grass directly in front of him and

suddenly he slipped and lost his balance. It was too late to correct the fall — a fall that might have been lethal, for the ravines up here were deep, had not a bush broken his fall.

In less than an hour the black cloud had been swept away by a gust of wind. The mountainside was once more dazzlingly clear and beautiful. Later on, down the same path that Martin had taken, there came an elderly man and a girl. They carried between them a long deep basket on two poles. The man was grey-haired and bearded and wore metal-rimmed spectacles on the end of his nose.

The girl stopped dead on the brink of a small ravine — that very one which an hour ago had been completely hidden from Martin by the dark cloud. She bent over the edge idly and stared down. Then her heart missed a beat. Fifty feet below, she could quite plainly see the body of a man spreadeagled across a broad ledge.

Startled and excited, Sanchia let out a scream. It brought old Jose down to her.

"Papa! Papa! Mon Dieu! Papa, come here!"

To be continued

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AMOL PALEKAR:

THE URGE TO DIRECT

N. Bharathi



It happens at some stage or the other — this urge to take up film direction. After years of listening to nincompoops who pass off as directors, most actors learn for the day when they can make a full-fledged film all by themselves. In the West it has happened to Clint Eastwood and Sidney Poitier. Out here, most actors who've reached an enviable position at the top take to direction... sometimes unofficially (like Dilip Kumar) and at other times, officially. Raj Kapoor, Sunil Dutt and Dev Anand are the best examples one can think of to prove the point. Out of the new generation, Asrani and Deven Verma have set out to direct films independently. Danny Denzongpa is said to be thinking along the same lines. Vinod Khanna is intent on making a film all by himself. And now it is Amol Palekar's turn.

It may seem surprising that Amol, who has been in the film world for hardly three years, should be turning to direction. It is premature, say many. But the fact is that Amol Palekar has been a director before — on the Marathi stage. With a solid stage background for a foundation, Amol Palekar is definitely well equipped to act in and to direct films.

The heartening point to note is that artistes like Amol Palekar will never go in for the normal song-dance routine. As it is, Amol has shown that he can be very choosy about the films he acts in. Obviously, he's choosier when it comes to a subject which he will be directing by himself. When a man like Amol makes a film, you can't say whether it will be a commercial hit. But you can bank on it that he will at least attempt a subject that is different from the routine fare that hits the Hindi screen.

His film is already on the floor and should be ready for viewing by the end of the year. Amol, who recently went down to Ban-

galore for a Kannada film made by Sathyu, was attracted by the substantial subsidies offered by the Karnataka Government to film makers in that state. He is therefore making his film in Hindi and in Kannada — to take advantage of the facilities offered by the Government.

Amol Palekar's film has only three stars — Amol himself, his wife Chitra and Institute graduate Tom Alter. Incidentally, Amol Palekar is quite a different sort of film man. In fact, he's the odd one out with his totally un-male-chauvinistic ideas.

He has clicked as an actor on the intensely competitive Hindi screen, and his love for good cinema has now led him to directing. With his experience on the stage, he is well-equipped for it

Most Bombay filmwalas like hiding their wives at home and hate the idea of letting them take up a profession of their liking. Amol has always been proud of his wife's acting talent. She has off and on proved her talent on the Marathi stage by bagging one award or the other.

In the Palekar home, there are stickers put up like, "Our house isn't always like this... Sometimes it's worse"! You never find the Palekars all by themselves — friends from the theatre keep dropping in on them. As Amol says, "When Chitra and I got married we wanted a house where our friends could drop in and stay with us whenever they felt like it. If someone is rehearsing nearby and it's too late to go back home, he should feel

free to let himself in, find a place and go to sleep in our house. We've been trying our best to maintain that atmosphere."

Not many people have complaints against Amol. He does have a way of being polite and

down and will definitely give us a "different" kind of film if nothing else.

Away from the studio lights, Amol Palekar has a very seedha-saadha reputation. People say that he is not only very inhibited but is also pushed around easily — mostly by wife Chitra. Amol's main interests (besides films) at home are eating, sleeping, reading, painting and playing with his daughter. Gossip columns generally devote very little space to actors like Amol Palekar. There are no affairs to talk about... there are no fights taking place... there are no drunken scenes or brawls he figures in. Altogether, a very tame man.

As an actor he is supposed to be extremely versatile. But one has seen him playing only middle-class roles. Off screen too, one keeps hearing about his middle-class attitudes, though one doesn't see him any more at the local coffee house which was his den before "Chhotisi Baat" clicked. He stays in the same building he used to live in, but he has acquired a secretary, a green Fiat car (which he likes driving by himself) and a phone, besides of course a fat bank balance. And that brings me to the only gossiped about trait in him — his reported kanjoosi. We're told that Amol won't shoot till his instalment arrives. Maybe it's just the middle class attitude of saving for a rainy day.

nice with most people. But one really sees him absolutely at home and totally "bindaas" only when he's with friends from the Marathi stage. Acting in films is good for money and fame. But it is the stage that is closest to the Palekars.

With his wife Chitra, Amol is absolutely broad minded. She does most of the talking and bullying, and entertains his friends. They like doing most things together — right from meeting people, going out working and decision making to sharing a packet of cigarettes. Suddenly you find them campaigning for a political party or doing a stage show for some cause.

I'm hopeful that a "different" guy like Amol will not let us

Photograph Sanil

The end of this academic year has produced yet another few thousands of graduate engineers. What is remarkable is that a good many of these are women.

Women have tended to restrict themselves to certain fields of education which, it was thought, best suit their "femininity". The field of engineering did not fall into this category because it was felt that it needed certain "masculine" qualities. There were, of course, a few stray cases during the forties and the fifties who challenged this concept and took up engineering. Mrs. Chaudhary, Chief Architect, Punjab State, and Mrs. P. K. Thresia, Chief Engineer, PWD, Kerala State, are two such. However, such examples were few.

The last 15 years have witnessed a remarkable trend in that there is an ever increasing number of women asserting themselves and training to be successful engineers. It would no longer be valid to classify women engineers of today as unfeminine freaks.

The engineering profession has offered certain concessions to women. The number of institutions offering education in engineering has also grown considerably in recent days. Naturally everyone who takes up this profession does need to have certain qualities such as self-confidence, broadness of vision and a spirit of adventure.

How are women engineers different from others? Do women fit into the field of engineering as well as men do? Are they handicapped by certain socio-economic factors? Is there a way to improve the lot of women engineers and make more room for women in these fields? The best answers to these questions could come from women engineers themselves, and so we proceeded to seek them in Bangalore.

Bangalore boasts of public sector enterprises like Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd., Hindustan Machine Tools, Indian Telephone Industries, Bharat Electronics Ltd. and various defence research establishments as well as many private industrial houses. It has the eminent Indian Institute of Science and four other engineering colleges. Bright young engineers pour into this city every year from all corners of India. And this is a city which is fairly cosmopolitan. Thus the women engineers of this city serve as a pretty representative sample.

In the course of our extensive survey, we came across a large number of women engineers. The features common amongst all of these were an amazing simplicity, down-to-earth frankness and an abundance of self-confidence. None of the women engineers we met, had put on any kind of make-up at the time of our meeting. When we raised this point, the answer we got from Annie Kuriyan was that

since they claim equality with men, they think it is improper to emphasise their femininity. Not that they do not like ornaments and make up—they do use them for social gatherings.

What made these women opt for engineering? This was the first question we asked and most of them pointed their finger to their family background. Most of these women engineers hail from well-to-do families, with a generally high level of education. Many of them had fathers, uncles or brothers who were engineers and provided a source of inspiration to them.

However Vijayamma, a development engineer in Hindustan Machine Tools, Bangalore, totally contradicts this contention. "It is nice to be called an engineer, but there is nothing unusual for a woman to be an engineer. In Kerala alone there are about 500 women engineers."

This figure is comparable with the total number of women engineers in the whole of Britain.

Although none of these women profess to be followers of the women's movement, they have in the course of their day to day life come to appreciate the ap-

become defensive and thoughtful. Sukaya admitted that the women engineers are indeed handicapped by the present social set-up and till this changed, men would continue to be one up. A woman cannot be as versatile as a man since society has imposed on her certain peculiar responsibilities and standards of morality, which curtail her freedom. Pregnancy and child-birth further handicap women in their professions. Quite often, they encounter a situation which demands that they choose between their profession and their family, and the axe falls on the pro-

ENGINEERING: no more a masculine preserve

Of course, this is not always the case. K. N. Malathi, a design engineer in Hindustan Aeronautics Ltd., Bangalore, is the first graduate engineer in her family.

To pursue the long and expensive course of engineering, it is not enough if the family is affluent and there are sympathizers to lend moral support. En-



Annie Kuriyan

gineering calls for an aptitude for science and mathematics. It was mostly this aptitude which made these women engineers consider engineering as a career. They were confronted with the choice between medicine, engineering and pure science degrees. Their fascination for engineering overrode everything else.

To accomplish the unusual was the driving force behind the women engineers of the earlier days. This was what made Mrs. Vasantha Venkatachalam, Senior Scientific Officer, the Aeronautical Development Establishment, Bangalore, go for engineering. K. N. Malathi gives the same reason for her becoming an engineer.

Dilip Patel and K. V. Subba Rao

*Women have entered
the engineering
industry in a big way,
and doing very
well too, some even
launching
their own enterprises*

palling conditions borne by Indian women and the importance of some movement to uplift them. Annie Kuriyan, programme engineer, Kirloskar Electricals, is of the view that more often than not women themselves form the biggest hurdles for any such movements. Widow remarriage, for instance, is resisted more by women than men.

Do these women fit into the field of engineering as well as men do? To this question, we invariably got the same staunch, loud and affirmative, "Yes". "Why not?" they chorused, "We do exactly the same work as men do." We tried to reason. "Don't you think the rigours of engineering conflict with the basic feminine traits?" This only earned an angry reply from Sujatha Bhattacharjee. She said, "Hands are meant for doing work and not for being kept pretty. It is men who are responsible for perpetuating such ridiculous concepts as 'the basic feminine traits.'"

"Would you, then, recruit a woman or prefer to have a male engineer under you when such a situation arose?" At this they

profession. K. N. Malathi does admit that if her child is sick, she finds herself less devoted to her work and her thoughts keep running to the child all the time. But, she goes on to say, when she sees that her male colleagues also have their own pre-occupations which make them less devoted to their work sometimes, she no longer feels guilty.

All the married women engineers who have children and still continue their careers, do so because they have someone at home to baby-sit. Usually they are the parents of the husband or the wife, but sometimes they are ayahs. If this arrangement becomes impossible, they prefer to quit their careers and stay at home. Of course, a woman engineer, when she is driven by circumstances to quit her profession, suffers a feeling of great remorse and guilt but, says Sriyaya, when you weigh this against the prospect of giving the country a bad citizen, quitting the profession to bring up the child seems to be the lesser evil.

K. N. Malathi



...did not miss the fact that women usually restrict themselves to such fields as architecture, electronics and electrical engineering and all of them essentially go for research and development type of jobs which means working indoors. They generally avoid jobs which require them to handle a lot of manpower. Jobs requiring their presence on the shop floor or in the field are avoided by them. It would not be an incorrect interpretation to say that the aptitude of women engineers centres around only a very narrow part of engineering. It requires a few trend setters to diversify their fields.

What special attention do these women engineers get from their bosses, colleagues and juniors? "Absolutely none," says Rajyalakshmi. "They forget that there are women around," she goes on to say. Annie Kuriyan thinks otherwise. She complains that women have to work twice as hard as a man would to prove their equality with men. She noticed in one case some reluc-



Sujata Bhattacharjee

...stance on the part of a male draftsman to work under a woman engineer.

Are they happy with the facilities extended to women by the managements? Not altogether. All these women complain bitterly about the badly-maintained ladies' rest rooms. Taps are generally dry or they leak all the time. Toilets are not cleaned periodically. Architects must bear in mind the absolute necessity of well-planned rest rooms for women when they design modern office buildings. With so many women architects now in the field the problem should find an automatic solution!

The provision of creches, a statutory requirement for all industries, is not strictly enforced by all industries. Even where they do provide creches, they do so only symbolically — they are functionally ineffective.

Rules concerning maternity benefits do not sound sensible to them since there are one set of rules for ESI covered women and another for women above the

scope of ESI, although physiologically maternity is same for all women. Because women engineers who fall above the category of ESI are few in number, the personnel departments do not keep themselves fully informed of certain rules applicable to them. K. N. Malathi had to take great pains to educate the personnel department before she could avail of the maternity benefits due to her. Padma Mathuranath feels a year's lien must be included in the maternity benefits so that the number of dropouts due to the arrival of a child would come down.

What sort of a home life do these women engineers have? Most of the married women engineers have husbands who are engineers themselves. These husbands usually appreciate the mental and physical strains their wives undergo and they willingly lend a helping hand to their wives at home. These women engineers believe that unless husbands take a share in the responsibilities of housekeeping, a happy home cannot be guaranteed. K. N. Malathi insists on a 50-50 share of housekeeping. But Mrs. Rajyalakshmi says, if her husband entered the kitchen, her work would only increase! She prefers having him read newspapers and tell her the news.

Who takes the decision in family matters? Mrs. Rajyalakshmi argues with her husband but finally leaves the decision-making to the husband. She says, husbands' decisions are more judicious. Mrs. Pratima Phadnis, an architect, says, decisions for her home are made by her father-in-law. All women engineers expressed their satisfaction that due value is given to their views.

Like all other working women, engineer-women are sometimes faced with the prospect of geographically divided homes. This is the case, generally, when either the husband or wife happens to be in a transferable job. Mrs. Vasantha Venkatachalam is married to an L. I. C. officer who gets transferred periodically.

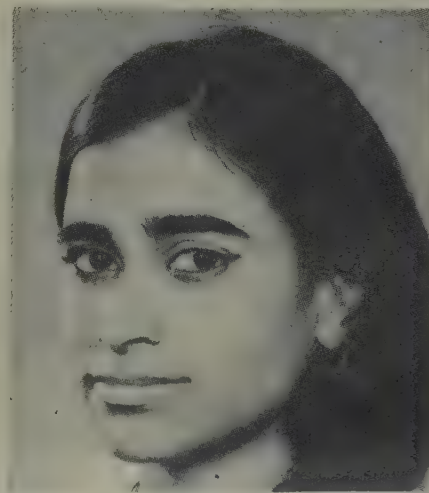
Rajyalakshmi



She had to quit the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research when her husband got transferred from Bombay to Bangalore.

Fear of workshop and field work deters many a girl from entering engineering courses. To this, Sujatha Bhattacharjee, in her address to some Xth standard girls said, "One has to be somewhat rough and tough, but one need not think workshop practice is too difficult for girls. Once an engineer, one is not generally called upon to handle lathes and heavy hammers. Workshop practice is taught for mere familiarization. There are jobs which do not call for any kind of physical exertion and most of the women at present opt for such jobs. These jobs, requiring paper design, laboratory work, computer programming, etc. involve only an engineering brain. There are fields such as material management, production engineering, purchase planning which demand certain managerial capabilities which are equally important for engineers. Women in such jobs are not handicapped in any manner."

Regarding architecture, Sukanya says that the present entrance tests for this field are faulty since the stress is on the artistic and not architectural aptitude of an aspirant. If the matter was left to her, she would put a simple question like "How would you design a dog-house?" Only those with an architectural bent of mind will come out with



Pratima Phadnis

an original design. Architecture does not require laborious bookwork and it is therefore all the more recommendable for girls who have no inclination towards theory.

Finally, we come to the fundamental question — is it natural or unnatural for women to be in the field of engineering? Fifteen years is too short a period to give a definite answer to this question but the trend does seem to be that it is no more unnatural for women to enter this field than it is for men. Of course, this does not mean these women shed their femininity.

WHAT PROFESSORS HAVE TO SAY

Dr. Anand Kumar, Associate Professor, Department of Electrical Communication Engineering, Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, is of the opinion that the girls pursuing Engineering in IISc. get admission through an all-India competition and hence their calibre cannot be generalised for women at large. However, he does notice certain shortcomings in these girls. In the academic aspect, their performance is really commendable, but in practical/field work they almost always lag behind the boys. He cites the case of a girl who is on the brink of creating an all time record by securing a cumulative grade point average of 4, equivalent to 100 per cent marks on average. Even this girl, he stated, needed more guidance and help in the project work than an average male student in her class. He opined that women engineers fit best into research and development oriented jobs and definitely do not possess the versatility of men.

Dr. Chandrasekharaiah, Professor of Electrical and Electronics, University Visvesvaraiyah College of Engineering, finds girls neither inferior nor superior to the male students. Mr. Shivashanker, a lecturer in the same college, feels engineering does not attract the cream of the girls. The prohibitive cost of engineering studies deters most parents from sending their daughters to engineering and where the parents are affluent, they prefer to send their daughters to other courses, usually medicine. There is a unanimous agreement by all the professors and lecturers we have come across that all girl students have a natural inclination towards noting down readings and working out the calculations in their lab work, and a positive disinclination towards the more physical aspect of setting up the apparatus or actually performing the experiment. This is why Dr. Anand Kumar maintains they lack in drive and initiative. But Mr. N. Narasimha Swamy of B.M.S. College of Engineering, asserts that girls, nowadays, are showing keener interest in the laboratory work.

Mrs. Pushpa Dravid of UVCE spoke for the girl students of architecture. This branch of engineering, the latest addition to the faculty, attracts the maximum number of girls. One reason, she says, why so many girls go for architecture is that their aesthetic sense gets maximum outlet here and besides, architecture provides scope for practice at home. However, this branch remains an exclusive one for the affluent.

The presence of girls in Engineering Colleges has led to a better level of discipline among the

Continued on page 36

TWISTY SUGGESTIONS!

Premila Lal

After all the fancy makings and bakings of the winter months, it's safe to predict the kind of recipes that currently score a hit with home-makers. They're dishes that not only save time but are ideal for these days. Nobody feels like spending too much time in the kitchen and yet you want to serve something different when children are at home. Here are some spaghetti, macaroni and noodle suggestions which are good to eat, nourishing, and can be quickly put together. So, on with the twisty turnouts for lunch or dinner time.

VERMICELLI UPPAMA

500 grams vermicelli
2 large onions
1 tsp. mustard seeds
45 grams Bengal grams
60 grams ground-nuts
120 grams grated coconut
Coriander leaves
2 lemons Oil or ghee
GRIND TOGETHER :
1 tsp. coriander
4 red chillis
2 small sticks cinnamon

Squeeze out the lemon juice and mix with the ground masala. Fry the vermicelli in a little ghee till lightly browned and keep aside.

Heat two tablespoons of oil or ghee in a saucepan and fry mustard seeds for a few seconds. Add the grams and groundnut and fry for a while. Now add chopped onions and cook for five minutes. Add coriander leaves and fry. Add a pint of water, salt, coconut, masala

mixture and boil. Add the vermicelli and simmer till the vermicelli is cooked and the mixture is thick. Serve hot with chutney.

SEVIA KHEER

1 pint boiled milk
120 grams vermicelli
3 tbsps. sugar
30 grams sultanas
3-4 cardamoms
60 grams ghee

Heat the ghee in a saucepan and fry the vermicelli to a golden brown. Add milk and bring to a boil. Lower heat and simmer for 10 minutes stirring occasionally. Add sugar and sultanas and continue cooking, taking care to stir every few minutes. When the desired thickness is obtained remove from the fire and pour into a serving dish. Sprinkle with powdered cardamoms and if desired, blanched, chopped almonds and pistachios.

SPAGHETTI PULAO

500 grams spaghetti
500 grams shrimps
1 medium onion
1 tsp. coriander powder
1 tsp. garam masala
1 green chilli
2 red round tomatoes
Grated coconut
Coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Clean and wash the shrimps well. Slice onion finely and in a little fat, fry till brown. Add shrimps, coriander, garam masala and very finely sliced green chilli. Add half a cup of water and cook till tender. In a separate saucepan, cook spaghetti according to directions. When nearly done, strain water. Add a blob of butter and pour into the shrimp mixture. Mix gently, taking care not to break up the spaghetti. Heat again and serve immediately in a flat platter. Decorate with corian-

der leaves, grated coconut and grilled sliced tomato.

SEVIA KI MITTAI

500 grams vermicelli
500 grams sugar
500 grams ghee
½ cup cashewnuts
A pinch of kesar
Silver warq

Heat half the amount of ghee in a karahi and fry the cashewnuts to a golden brown. Drain, remove and keep aside. Add the remaining ghee and heat. Add the vermicelli and fry to a light brown. Add enough water to cook the vermicelli. Simmer on a medium fire till done. Add the cashewnuts, kesar and all the sugar. Stirring the mixture briskly and constantly. Cook till thick and then pour out on a buttered thali. Level down the mixture and cut into diamond shapes. Decorate with warq and when cool, separate the pieces.



MACARONI KHEEMA
 500 grams macaroni
 500 grams minced meat
 1 large onion
 500 grams ripe tomatoes
 6 cloves
 2 cinnamon sticks
 4 black pepper corns
 A small piece of ginger
 1 tsp. cumminseed
 ½ tsp. coriander
 1 tsp. chilli powder
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Ghee

Heat the ghee and fry the sliced ginger and garlic. Add meat and the remaining masalas and fry till the meat is dry and crumbly. Add peeled, chopped tomatoes and simmer till the meat is cooked, adding a little warm water if necessary. Lastly add finely chopped onions and fry for five minutes.

Boil the macaroni according to the instructions. Drain and add to the cooked meat. Mix gently till well blended, and put in a warm oven for 10 minutes. Serve, garnished with coriander leaves and raitha.

MACARONI CURRY

500 grams mutton
 500 grams macaroni
 125 grams curd
 4 onions
 6 green chillis
 1 tsp. ginger paste
 1 tsp. garlic paste
 1 tsp. cumminseed
 1 tsp. khushkhush
 6 peppercorns
 2 cloves
 2 cardamoms
 1 tsp. turmeric powder
 2 lemons
 2 tsps. ghee
 Salt to taste
 Chopped coriander leaves

Clean the meat and cut into medium sized pieces. Apply the ginger and garlic paste to the meat and keep aside for half an hour. Grind together the cumminseed, khushkhush, two cloves and one cardamom with a little lime juice. Mix this paste, together with the curd and turmeric into the mutton and leave for another 10 minutes. Now slice the onions and fry in the fat till slightly browned. Add the meat mixture with salt to taste and cook dry. Add a cup of water and slit green chil-

lis, pepper, cloves and cardamom and cook till tender. Add two pints of water and cook on a high fire till the macaroni is half cooked. Reduce heat and simmer till the macaroni is tender.

MEAT BALLS AND NOODLE SOUP

1 packet egg noodles
 1 quart stock
 500 grams fatty minced pork
 1 dtsp. corn flour
 Sliced spring onions
 1 dtsp. soya sauce
 Salt to taste

Prepare a thick paste from the cornflour and mix into the min-

ced pork. Roll into small meat balls. Put the noodles into the stock and boil for about four minutes. Add meat balls and boil for another ten minutes. Add sauce and onions and serve immediately, in individual bowls.

CHICKEN CHOW CHOW

A small chicken
 A packet of egg noodles
 3 large ripe tomatoes
 Ghee
 2 eggs
 2 green chillis
 1 onion (minced)
 A cupful of shredded cabbage
 A cupful of finely sliced carrots

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A cupful of cooked peas
 A small bunch of spring onions
 Salt to taste
 GRIND TO A FINE PASTE :
 4 dry chillis
 1 tbsp. coriander
 2 cloves
 A stick of cinnamon
 6 cloves of garlic
 A large piece of turmeric

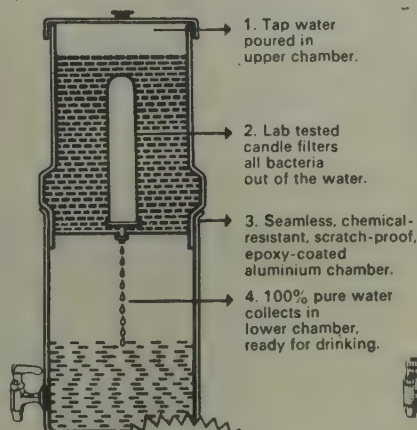
Cut the chicken into small pieces, saving the bones for stock. Apply the masala to the chicken and allow to marinate for about half an hour. Fry the chicken evenly. Then add chopped tomatoes, water and salt to taste and simmer over a low fire till all the gravy is absorbed and the chicken is tender.

Beat the eggs. Add chopped green chilli, onion and salt to taste. Fry into a thin pancake. Cut into thin strips and keep aside. Cook cabbage and carrot quickly in boiling, salted water. Remove when cooked but still firm. Cook the noodles in chicken stock. Drain off excess stock.

Heat ghee in a pan and fry chopped spring onions lightly. Add the rest of the vegetables, tossing lightly. Fry for a couple of minutes, then set down from the fire. Mix vegetable, noodles and chicken, taking care not to break the noodles. Serve garnished with strips of egg. Use chilli sauce or pickle as an accompaniment.

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CORN SHAKKARA PONGAL

1 cup rice
 ½ cup corn grains
 ¼ cup moong dal
 2 cups jaggery

1 cup milk
 1 tsp. cardamom powder
 1 tsp. cashewnuts
 2 tbsps. ghee

Cook the rice, dal and corn in one cup of milk and three cups of water, under pressure. Remove. Add gur to it, place in a thick bottomed vessel, and cook on a low fire and stir. The mixture will become a little watery and then thicken again. Keep stirring, add one tablespoon of ghee. When the pongal is thick remove from fire. Add cardamom powder and cashewnuts fried in ghee. Add the rest of the ghee. Mix well.

CORN BHAAT

1 cup rice

1 cup corn grains
 4 green chillis
 Coriander leaves
 1 large onion chopped
 Salt to taste
 2 tsps. garam masala
 1 cup milk
 ½ a lemon
 2 tbsps. oil
 1 tsp. cumminseed

Cook the rice so that the grains remain separate. Transfer to a plate. Mix one tablespoon of oil. Keep aside. Cook the corn in milk, under pressure. In a karahi, heat the remaining one tablespoon of oil, toss in cumminseeds, chopped onion and chopped chillis (in that order). Keep frying. Now add cooked corn, lower the heat, keep

frying. Add salt and garam masala. Remove from fire. Mix in the rice. Arrange in a plate. Sprinkle lime juice over it and decorate with chopped coriander.

CORN VADAI

1 cup corn grains (tender)
 2 green chillis
 Salt to taste
 Tiny onion, chopped
 Oil for frying

Grind together, corn, salt, chillis (no water). To this paste, add chopped onion. Heat the oil in a karahi. Take tiny balls of dough, flatten and shape like a vadai on the palm of your hand and deep fry to a golden brown. Serve hot.

Chandra Dorai

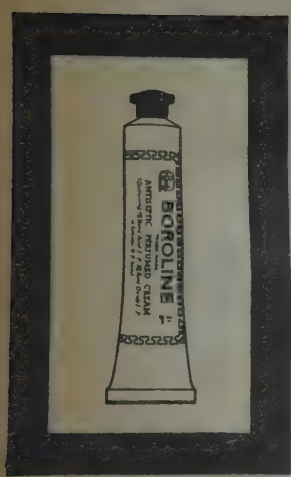
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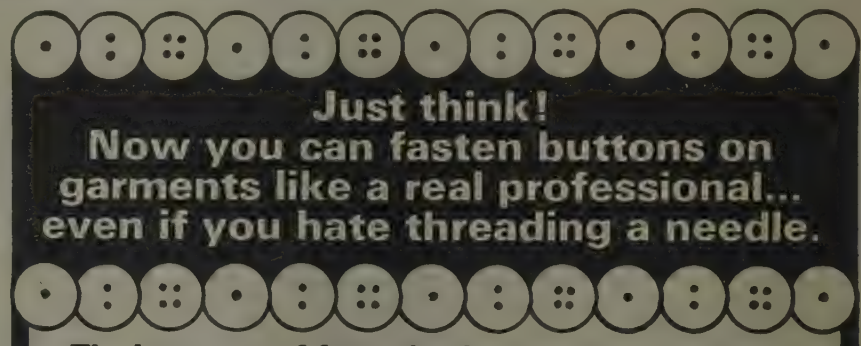
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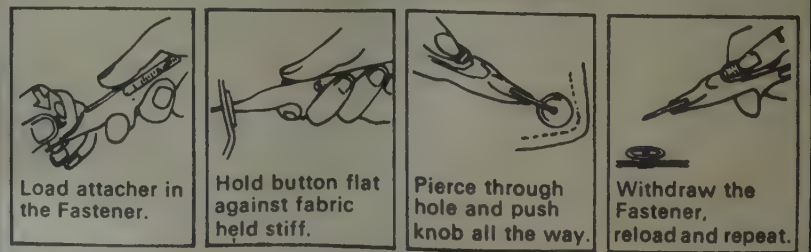


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recipes from our readers



Anita Mal, New Delhi

CHICKEN DO PIAZA

- 1 chicken (1 kg.)
- 10 tbsps. melted ghee
- 3 onions, chopped finely
- 1/2 kg. tomatoes, chopped
- 2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 cup water
- Salt to taste
- GRIND TO PASTE:
- 3 onions
- 3 tps. coriander seeds
- 3 tps. cumminseed
- 8 cloves of garlic
- 6 cloves
- 4 green chillis
- 3 red chillis
- 3 large cardamoms
- 2" cinnamon
- 2" ginger

Cut and clean the chicken. Heat the ghee and fry the chopped onions lightly. Lower the heat and add the paste. Fry for a few minutes, add tomatoes and turmeric and keep stirring on a low fire till all the liquid evaporates—and the ghee rises to the surface. Add the water and chicken. Cook for fifteen minutes. Add more water if required; put the lid on and cook for half an hour, or until chicken is tender.



Miss Sanghamitra Ray Chowdury, Meghalaya

PRAWN STUFFED FRIES

- 2 cups fine rice powder
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 coconut grated
- 6 large prawn, minced
- 200 grams ghee
- 1/2 cup oil
- Salt and pepper to taste

- 2 tomatoes
- 2 large onions
- GRIND:
- 1 large onion
- 1 tsp. red chilli powder
- 1/2" piece ginger
- 2 cloves garlic
- 1 tsp. coriander
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala

Mix rice powder and flour well. Boil water with a pinch of salt and pour into the above mixture and stir it properly till smooth. When cool knead it into a soft dough.

Heat oil in a frying pan. Chop one onion. When the oil is smoking hot, put the chopped onions and fry till brown. Then put minced prawns, ground masala and grated coconut. Add salt to taste and little water. Cover the pan and cook till the prawns are tender. After ten minutes remove cover. When all the water is absorbed, remove from heat.

Now make small balls out of the dough and roll it like chappati, stuff with the prawn masala close up and deep fry till light brown. Drain and remove. Serve it hot with fine slices of onion and tomatoes.



Miss Kerbanoo S. Gotla, Bombay

COLOURFUL KEGGEREE

- 4 cups long grained rice
- 1 cup mutton
- 1 cup cooked chicken
- 1 cup cooked fish
- 1 cup ham
- 1 1/2 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 tsp. pepper powder
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 small bunch of coriander and curry leaves
- 1/2 cup fresh peas, cooked
- Salt to taste

Melt the fat in a pan, add the chopped onions and fry it over a low heat until it is soft but not coloured. Meanwhile, remove the rind and any small bones from the mutton, cut into small cubes

and add them to the pan and fry them also for a few minutes. Stir in the washed rice and when all the fat has been absorbed and the rice is opaque, stir in the chicken stock with pepper, curry leaves and turmeric powder. Bring the liquid to the boil. Then reduce the heat, cover the pan and cook the rice until it is almost tender and nearly all the stock has been absorbed. Finally stir in the cooked chicken, fish, ham, peas and the tomato puree. Cover the pan again and simmer the mixture until all the ingredients and the rice are completely cooked. Turn the mixture into a serving dish and garnish with coriander.



Mrs. Jyotsna Bhatia, Gaziabad (U.P.)

MASALA FISH

- 1 kg. fish
- 6 onions
- 4 tomatoes
- 1/2 kg. curd
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. chilli powder
- Ghee or oil
- 6 cloves
- 1 large cardamom
- 2" stick cinnamon
- 4 peppercorns
- 1 tsp. shahjeera
- 1 pod of garlic
- 1/2 cup powdered coriander

Cut fish into thick pieces, wash and clean. Apply turmeric and salt and keep aside.

Grind finely, the cloves, cardamom, cinnamon, peppercorns and shahjeera, mix with powdered coriander and crushed garlic. Beat curd well then mix above masala along with one tablespoon of chilli powder and a little salt. Now heat ghee and put the masala curd in it. Fry on slow fire till the masala is well browned and leaves the ghee, then take off the fire.

Grind onions finely, brown them in ghee, add chopped tomatoes and fry well till it forms smooth paste, add one tablespoon chilli powder. Put fish pieces with curd masala and cook on slow fire till fish is cooked. Then add onions and tomato paste to it. Simmer for 10-15 minutes.

Garnish with crushed green cardamoms. Serve hot with tandoori roti.

1 weekly winner



Miss Manjula Dey of Bombay, wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe

EGG-POTATO PAKORA CURRY

- FOR PAKORA:
- 3 large eggs
- 3 large potatoes, boiled
- 1 medium onion
- 2-3 green chillis
- 1 small bunch coriander
- 1/2 tsp. garam masala powder
- Salt to taste
- Oil for frying
- FOR GRAVY:
- 2 large onions

- 2-3 cloves garlic
- 2 1/2" piece of ginger
- 2 tbsps. coriander powder
- 2 tbsps. cumminseed, powder
- 2 tbsps. turmeric powder
- 2 tps. chilli powder
- 2-3 small tomatoes
- 1 tsp. garam masala powder
- 3 tbsps. oil
- Salt to taste
- PAKORA:

Mash the potatoes smoothly and keep aside. Beat the eggs till fluffy. Mince the onion, and the green chillis and chop coriander leaves. Mix the above with mashed potatoes, and eggs, add salt and garam masala powder and blend well. Take one tablespoon of the mixture, at a time and deep fry in steaming hot oil, till golden brown.

GRAVY: Slice the onion and garlic finely and grind the ginger. Fry the onion and garlic in oil till light golden. Add the ground ginger, stir for a minute. Take all the other ingredients except garam masala and make a paste with a little water. Add this to the onion together with quartered tomatoes and fry till the oil separate. Add water, mix well, add salt to taste and cook till required consistency of gravy is obtained. Add the pakoras and boil for further one minute. Sprinkle with garam masala powder, mix and serve hot.

ENGINEERING: no more a masculine preserve

Continued from page 31

boys, says Dr. Chandrasekharaiah. Prof. G. R. Srinivasan of Mechanical Engineering Department of BMS College of Engineering observes, however, that in the beginning even the teaching staff suffered from some kind of complex. Slowly it has been overcome. But even today, he says, girls prefer to go to their teachers in groups. Mr. Narasimha Swamy too observed that whenever there are more number of girls in the class, they demand the formation of separate batches for them. Dr. Anand Kumar draws a line between the North and South here. The girls in I. I. Sc. from South he feels, tend to be aloof. Yes, there has been a definite and earnest attempt on the part of these girls to fight this tendency and to a large extent, they have overcome it. The girls from North, he finds, are of a more gregarious disposition.

In all, the girls show more sincerity, work hard and are less inclined to strikes or other disturbances in the campus. Dr. Chandrasekharaiah, who has taught in American Universities, says, fewer girls go for engineering in the West than in India. This he attributes to a larger disinclination of the western girls towards hard physical work.

initially but later they became victims of 'sex discrimination' by the Board of Trustees of the Ashram and were asked to discontinue the supervision. It obviously hurt them and they voiced their protest through an English language fortnightly.

Their extra-curricular interests lie in the field of fine arts. Nirmala Srihari had even displayed a couple of her paintings in an annual exhibition here recently.

How do they feel about being women entrepreneurs? Being ladies they find small advantages like the extra courtesy shown by



Usha Kesari

male members in dealings. They get concessional short cuts in the Government and Corporation offices and save some valuable time. But this is where the advantages stop. The odds against them include a tougher path to gaining the confidence of customers. They normally suspect in the beginning the capability of the firm to handle the jobs just because women are at the helm. Since the firms are of small scale nature, they are yet to find any managerial problems.

Since their place of residence and the place of work is the same, they successfully shuffle their timings to suit their profession, home and children. They think of their profession as one more child and all their children get equal devotion.

SRIJAYA MOHAN

She is the first woman Aeronautical Engineer in India. A rank holder in the SSLC exam (in the then Mysore State), she took the IIT entrance examination as a challenge from her brother and father and succeeded. Aeroplanes had always fascinated her and so took up Aeronautical Engineering at IIT (Kharagpur). She later took admission in I.I.Sc., Bangalore, to do M.S. in Aero Elasticity. She is shortly submitting her thesis for the degree. Meanwhile she is working in the Aeronautical Development Establishment (ADE) as senior scientific officer.

She is an example of steadfastness towards career. Her hus-

band is 800 kms away working near Pune. Her narrow field is responsible for this but she does not regret it. She is confident that one day her geographically divided home will unite in Bangalore. She is prepared to wait for another two years, but before that, she says optimistically, the problems will be solved.

PADMA MATHURANATH

Again an alumnus of I.I.Sc. Later she spent a few years in U.K. where she acquired her M.S. degree in electronics. She also worked there for some time. She and her husband always felt something lacking there and decided, a year ago, to return to India under the "Pool Officers" scheme.

She has appeared before a few interview panels for jobs, but she is far from happy with them. She feels interviewees are asked completely irrelevant questions with no relation to the kind of duties they will have to discharge if selected. In the U.K.,



Padma Mathurnath

SOME DISTINGUISHED WOMEN ENGINEERS

No. 24, 17th Cross, Malleswaram, stands unique as it houses three young lady entrepreneurs. Usha Kesari, an alumnus of I.I.Sc. is an electronics engineer and is the working partner of Ava Bashi Laboratories. She and her team of young bright physicists are engaged in the development and production of digital display units. Their achievements so far include the mammoth electronic digital cricket scoreboard which was presented to Karnataka State Cricket Association by M/s Bengal Lamps.

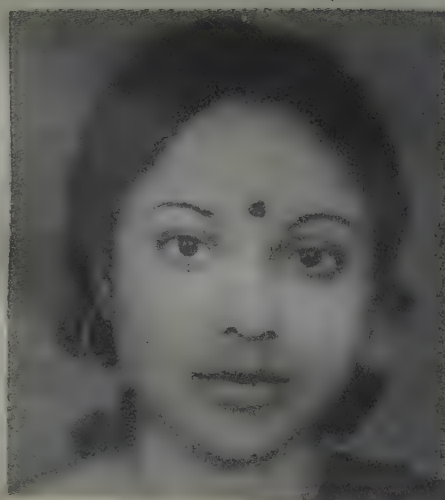
She is a talented vocalist too and gives recitals on AIR occasionally as a grade B artist. She had represented the State, earlier, as a khokho player.

Nirmala Srihari and Nirmala Rao are working partners in their own firm M/s Nirmala & Nirmaia Architects and Interior Decorators. Both work on drawing boards and supervise constructions too. Their accomplishments include designing cottages for Sai Baba's Ashram, Whitefield. Construction was supervised by them



Nirmala Srihari

Sri Jaya Mohan



Nirmala Rao

band is 800 kms away working near Pune. Her narrow field is responsible for this but she does not regret it. She is confident that one day her geographically divided home will unite in Bangalore. She is prepared to wait for another two years, but before that, she says optimistically, the problems will be solved.

Does she have any special remarks to be made? Yes, against the paucity of proper hostels for working women in various cities. She had left her first job in Hyderabad within ten days as she could not find a place worth

she says, it is not so Employers ask only about the work and gauge the candidates from this point of view. They even show the workspots to the prospective candidates for their full appraisal before hiring them. It is not an employers' market only as in India.

However, talking about working women in general, she finds, India gives better deals.

Now employed with the National Aeronautical Laboratories, she hopes to settle down here permanently.

Continued from page 9

feudal attitudes concerning women, it was difficult to shed those attitudes easily. It was however made easier by the fact that the economic and social structure which had produced and strengthened these ideas had been completely destroyed — and destroyed by the very people who had suffered most under it.

Hence, while sons were still held in higher esteem than daughters, practical experience started proving that daughters too, had earning capacity, though not yet as high as sons'. Change in land ownership and economic relations meant the destruction of the old humiliating poverty. Everyone owned land — in more or less equal proportion — hence landless, unemployed labour, dependent on being hired by private land holders, disappeared. As child labour. Every child had to study. Hence every new child did not mean one more pair of hands to work to keep the family from starvation; the family was kept from starving by its commune in the villages and by the State in the urban areas.

The new planned economy and the constant interchange of people between the rural areas and the urban areas makes every young boy and girl spend some years in both a factory/workshop and on a field; everyone finds a place for himself/herself in the productive sphere and is made to see his/her work, however mundane it may seem, as equally important in building up the nation and bettering the majority's, and hence his, living standards. Work is planned according to the needs of a particular area by the people of that area, hence everyone is gainfully employed.

Old people get pensions (70 per cent of income) and since the joint family system is still prevalent in villages and encouraged in urban areas, the aged have a house to live in and work to do while their children work i.e. look after their grandchildren. Hence financial fears that normally haunt old people are largely nonexistent.

But just because the economy is so scientifically, rationally and humanely planned, the same scientific, rational and humane planning applies to population growth too. The population cannot be allowed to just keep growing — not because of the old Malthusian principle of more mouths will lead to famines, but because more mouths would mean a lowering of the living standards for the people. And the Chinese are constantly trying to raise the living standards by increasing production, developing technology and health facilities, and distributing the results of these developments as equitably and as universally as possible.

A major factor influencing population planning is the position of women. Frequent childbearing is seen as a risk to their health, and a hindrance to their participation in the economic and social life of China, and hence, their development as fully independent, conscious persons. More children also means more attention to family than country — a factor which negatively influences both parents' contribution to the new country's development, and dampens the actually existing enthusiasm of the young to "Serve the People" — the basic Maoist doctrine.

Family planning thus becomes, in the People's Republic of China, both an ideologically and economically sound policy, which serves the majority's needs. Hence it is officially encouraged — and discouraged among national minorities, whom centuries of poverty and disease have prevented from increasing in numbers.

Late marriages are officially encouraged, the best marriage ages being 23-25 for women and 26-28 for men. This is not the common practice, but is gradually spreading, because social conditions favour such an arrangement. Apprentices are paid lower wages, hence it is also unecological to marry early.

Contraceptives are distributed free everywhere. These could be their 22-day pill, which they claim has not had adverse effects on 80 per cent of those who've taken it; the IUD (intra-uterine device), injections (once or twice a month) and condoms. Sterilisation is advocated and is free, but it is not popular. Abortions are also free, almost painless and take just ten minutes to perform. The woman is entitled to two weeks leave with pay after it. Acupuncture is used as an anaesthetic, if needed.

Medical research is constantly being carried out, to develop indigenous methods of family planning, and also to perfect a once-a-month pill, since forgetfulness in taking the daily 22-day pill is still "too high". The once-a-month pill has been tried without any adverse effects, but it is not yet officially approved.

Facilities for women to become as independent as possible are constantly being expanded, with hostels for working women who live away from their families; paid maternity leave, creches within the factory, with breaks to feed their children; special "mothers' buses"; small scale commune grinding and cleaning units and laundries which take care of time consuming household tasks; and canteens supplying three meals in every factory.

The work is coordinated by family planning committees from the central to the commune level, which have representatives of the Peoples' Liberation Army, of the local area and the Party. The emphasis is on patiently convincing the people of the need to have fewer children; this is done thro-

ugh posters, meetings, films and local study groups. Local women's organisations plan the number of children the area needs, and who will bear them, depending on whether the couple already has children or not. Those who insist on having more are not prevented from doing so, but as Mrs. Avabai Wadia, President, Family Planning Association of India, said, "though there is no punishment, there is enough criticism of the couple in their workplace, commune and women's organisations to make them feel ashamed of their action." One Chinese official told her that they really penalise themselves, because the wages they get depend on their labour, not the number of family members.

Universal education based on the maxim "Serve The People" trains people to think scientifically and to be receptive to progressive ideas, hence the younger generation grows up with a firm belief in the need for family planning for socialist construction and women's emancipation.

Barefoot doctors, young people in their twenties trained in the basics of medicine and sent to villages to live and work with villagers on the fields, barefoot if necessary, and tend to their health, play a large role in propagating family planning right to the interior. They always carry all the varieties of contraceptives with them.

Most important of all, the Party officials themselves practise family planning.

The results of this drive vary, with cities like Peking and Shanghai achieving an annual growth rate of 1.6 and .64 per cent respectively and rural areas sometimes going up to 3 per cent. In Shanghai, Sian, Tachai and Peking, 85-90 per cent of the couples practise family planning, Mrs. Wadia found out from visits to factories, schools and communes.

The target, however is to achieve one percent or less annual growth rate by 2000 AD.

India, with a population density of less people per square kilometre than that of Britain, France and Germany, has not achieved anything near this. It is not due to lack of propaganda effort, certainly. What Indian peasants and farmers lack are the social conditions conducive to family planning; a social alternative which would compensate for having less sources of income. China's success is not due to propaganda and education, but due to there being the necessary social conditions which make such propaganda relevant to the needs of the majority of the people.

"Of all things in the world, people are the most precious," believe the Chinese, and their attitude while practising birth control is not to regard people as a burden, but as the producers of a country's wealth.



Devi

They call a son-in-law Saturn, because staunch Hindus dread him. For Rajesh Khanna it is the reverse. He got out of being Shanti Mahendru's son-in-law. The drinking, smoking, arrogant image of Shanti would clash with Rajesh's image — so said his cutlery, and Rajesh instead opted for greasy, gossipy, goody, ever-polite, ever-smiling Chuni-bhai Kapadia and his wife as in-laws. In short, from a house of tough females he came into a house of comedians. To play safe, for a wife Rajesh chose a little girl as he is very fond of children. But the ever-smiling

DIMPLE'S DRIVE FOR COMEBACK

Chuniya's love for publicity and money is second only to Rajesh's. After "Bobby" clicked, and Chunibhai's business (whatever it was) came down, his main pastime is to lure journalists into well-churned out scoops concerning his daughter Dimple.

Now that Simple has flopped and Reem has not yet burst into busts and hips, Chunibhai has pinned all his hopes on Dimple. Dimple too, wants a comeback. Now that Rajesh is not only a flop star but almost kadka, the only way to regain her innocent, holy girl image plus grab the money and headlines of the glamour world is to paint Rajesh black.

"Have you seen Dimple's earlobe? She cut it while struggling to get out of Rajesh's arms in a fight recently," said Chunibhai to me, not so long ago. But, if I recollect correctly, almost on the wedding eve, when I requested Dimple to wear heavy emerald-diamond earrings, she had said, "It is a lovely pair, but my earlobe is loose and that cuts into my flesh."

Now, why can't folks split or come back to the limelight, with out excuses? Take the case of Raakhee. She had to turn Gulzar into the big, bad wolf. Why can't a Dimple or a Raakhee or a Yogeta say that "our husbands are okay, but not better than money, freedom and fans?"



"Why don't you take Kumar inside, Mona?" she asked. "Show him your new set of story books."

Kumar smiled. I got up and went inside feeling all their eyes on me.

I was at the self-conscious stage.

"Whew!" said Kumar as soon as we were out of earshot. "That's a pleasant change."

I have carried this trauma from my girlhood experience—this horror of sex—into my adult life, all because I was caught unawares by a boy I trusted

I LEARNT THE FACTS OF LIFE THE HARD WAY

Always I had this intense feeling of guilt. Now it is gone. I am alone even in a crowd. When I was young I had many admirers, few friends. Maybe because they felt overawed in my presence. That happens to most men in the presence of a beautiful woman. They consider her in the light of an idol to be seen and touched and enjoyed for her physical attributes. Never as a human being with thoughts and ideas, with mental needs. Or maybe I put a subconscious barrier between myself and the male race because of an unfortunate childhood experience.

But I mustn't digress.

I was fifteen when I met Kumar. He was the son of a colleague of my father's. We studied in the same school. That's what brought us so dangerously close. The fact that his father visited mine by virtue of their common profession, also tied another skein in our relationship. It threw us together, you might say. It provided many convenient opportunities to get away from the adults. Not that we were children. But there are certain moments in the conversation of grown-ups, which cut you out of the picture completely, leaving you in a kind of void where you're neither child nor adult, but suspended midway in an uneasy world. It happened to me.

They came for dinner once—Kumar's father, a pale, tall whip of a man with a sarcastic manner that matched his cynical expression, Kumar's mother—dainty and demure, completely wrapped in a shell of housewifely preoccupation with daily menus, servant problems, beauty culture and steam baths—and of course Kumar.

My parents entertained them in our ornate hall, hung with imitations of antique chandeliers manufactured in the twentieth century. The chairs were over-stuffed. The sofa was over-stuffed. In fact everything was over-stuffed, including my parents. They seemed to vie with each other in putting on pounds. But they were sweet. They exuded such bonhomie and good cheer that they made everybody else look positively bleak and stern.

"You should try steam baths my dear," said Kumar's mother to mine.

My mother calmly passed her the cashew-nuts. "Oh no," she said horrified. "Not for me. They're absolutely poison for the figure."

"Since I don't have one," said mother with a laugh, "I think I will hazard them."

"If you carry on like this," said Kumar's mother, "Shashidhar will be ogling every other woman on the right side of a hundred and twenty pounds."

Shashidhar was my father.

They roared with laughter.

"Thankfully," retorted mother with a smile, "my husband is in the same boat as me. Otherwise I might have worried."

"Take care the boat doesn't sink," cautioned Kumar's father with a sarcastic leer.

I didn't know what he meant. I looked at Kumar and raised my eyebrows in a query.

Mother glanced at me as Kumar's father began an anecdote about a tart he had met on his recent tour abroad.

He looked at me and I saw in his eyes a different kind of light.

"Let's go into the garden," I said. "It's nice under the stars."

"No. Your garden is too brightly lit and I hate getting bitten by ants. Last time I had a time trying to get rid of the infernal creatures."

I laughed.

"It's not funny," he said.

"Where do you want to go then?"

"I thought you were going to show me your books?"

"How daft can you be Kumar! Don't you know that was just a reason to get rid of us?"

Maybe, he knew all the time and pretended ignorance just to lead me on.

I don't know.

He said suddenly, "What's a tart?"

I swallowed something that seemed to obstruct my throat and hazarded, "I gather it is something you eat with jam in the centre, or lemon, or what you will."

"Are you sure?"



"Oh yes," I said, "I am sure."

"If that's the case," he said slowly, "why were they so secretive about it?"

"I don't know," I said. I knew well enough because I had come across the word used in its other meaning in books. But I had the impression that boys were more innocent than girls of the same age.

"Do you have a dictionary?" he asked.

"Yes. It's in my room."

"Let's go up to your room then," he said.

"No," I cried, and for some reason I shivered.

"Are you cold?"

"No," I said. I was wearing a T shirt and hip hugging slacks which showed off my figure to advantage.

I felt his eyes go all over me and I swung away from him abruptly. My back was towards him but still I felt an undercurrent of some sensation I couldn't quite analyse.

"You're afraid of me, aren't you?" he said.

"Of course not," I cried defiantly. "Why should I be afraid of you?"

"I don't know, but you behave as if you are. I mean two years back, or even last year, you had no qualms about taking me upstairs. Now you shiver and protest as if the event has earth shaking significance."

"All right," I said quickly, anxious to keep balance in a relationship with was beginning to puzzle me. "Let's go to my room."

If I acted natural, I was sure my anxiety would vanish. If I got on edge like this, the uneasiness would get transmitted to him and then heaven knew what would happen to a feeling we were just beginning to sense but not comprehend.

I walked quickly up the stairs and he followed me quietly. The room looked chaste. I had tidied it up in anticipation of the evening. I was sure they would get us out of the way so they could conduct their indecent conversation in peace. They always

did that when the men had had a couple of drinks too many and got loud-mouthed and obscene.

The moment we were inside my den, he followed me in and closed the door.

I gasped. "Kumar!" I cried. "Open the door. Please. I beg of you."

My heart thumped wildly.

"No Mona, don't be afraid. I've waited so long for this moment. I want to look at you."

"Let's go down," I said and tried to open the door. He got his hands on my shoulders and began to knead them.

"Stop it, Kumar," I cried.

"No," he said in a strange voice—half man, half child. The next moment he had pulled the T-shirt over my head. I struggled in vain. He was a year older and bigger made. I didn't want to scream lest the grown-ups rush up and see me in this scandalous state.

"You're beautiful," he said. "My God, you're beautiful, Mona."

I covered my face with my hands. He didn't touch me, just devoured me with his eyes. I whipped a bedspread off the cot and covered myself with it.

Immediately he was contrite.

"I'm sorry, Mona," he said. "I'm sorry." He picked my trampled T-shirt off the floor and gave it to me wordlessly. It was torn badly. If I wore the same one, they would make out the difference downstairs. If I changed my clothes, they would wonder why.

"Go down, Kumar," I said. "I don't want to speak to you again."

"Please Mona," he cried, "forgive me. I didn't mean to harm you. Honest, I didn't"

"You tore my T-shirt," I said angrily.

"I'll buy you another," he tried to console.

"And what will you tell your father? That you tore my old one?"

He hung his head in shame.

"Today you've torn much more than an old T-shirt Kumar," I said.

"You've torn what was my most precious possession—my self-respect."

"Mona," he cried horrified. "You're not going to tell the grown-ups about it are you?"

"No," I said. "I have the same shameful feelings about what happened here."

He went down alone and I threw myself on my bed and burst into tears. I was still sobbing when the door opened. I didn't know mother had come in, till she spoke, "Mona," she said, "My child, what happened?"

I threw myself in her arms and cried some more.

She was horrified at the state of my T-shirt, my dishevelled hair, my anguished weeping.

"Mona," she cried. "Did .. did he ... oh my child ... you're such a sweet and protected child ... I didn't know he was such a brute ... I should have known that you were both no longer children."

"Oh mother!" I wept, "I never want to see him again. Never."

"My baby! Of course you won't. We will send you away to a hostel for girls. You'll be safe there. But I hope to God you're not pregnant."

"What!" I cried. "Does a girl get pregnant if a boy just whips her T-shirt off?"

"You mean only that?" she asked surprised.

"He said he just wanted to look at me."

She took me in her arms and rocked me to herself. "Thank God," she said. "Thank God, no harm's done. I was terrified."

But she sent me away to a girls' hostel all right and she never asked me to go and show any boy my room or my books or anything else, even if they happened to be the closest cousins or family friends. In my holidays I always sat amidst the grown-ups and smiled shrewdly at their off-colour jokes. That was how I learnt the facts of life—the hard way.

GOURMET FROM PHILLIPINES

SHE'S KNOWN AS
"MADAM HUNDRED
DISHES", AND NOW SHE
HAS FOUND
SOME MORE IN INDIA

"Pani puri" though they might have been a little hot for her. She wanted to go to a "masala" market and buy all the ingredients for a good Indian meal. She maintains that the spice of life is meant to be exactly what it is—spices, spices all the way.

Madam Hundred Dishes—as she is sometimes known—is a journalist/author and a regular radio/TV commentator and, of course, a feminist. She contributes regular cookery columns to newspapers and has written a

book "Let's Cook With Nora." It has become a sort of standard text-book for cooking in the Philippines. Her weekly TV programme—"Cooking it up with Nora"—is such a popular one in the Philippines that housewives have shifted their TV sets to their kitchens to follow Nora's instructions and demonstrations to the minutest detail.

Nora Daza came to India with a group of American hotel and restaurant owners and others connected with tourism. The sponsor was World Service International Publisher, Fergus McKeever, from New York. The group came to India for an International Exchange meeting inaugurated by the hotel magnate, M. S. Oberoi, at the Oberoi Intercontinental, New Delhi.

Mrs. Daza said, "If I have a rupee and I exchange it with your rupee both will have one rupee each. But if I exchange my idea with yours both will have two ideas." Extending this argument, Nora would like everyone to accept the fact that exchanging one recipe with others will result in everyone having at least two recipes.

Nora has been in the restaurant business since 1965 and is constantly on the run—to catch another dainty dish. Her restaurants boast of clientele that includes Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Prime Ministers and First Ladies as well as top movie stars. The First Lady of the Philippines, Madame Imelda Marcos, has opened all her three restaurants in Manila, which excel in classical French cuisine and authentic Filipino dishes.

Asked if she was really going to introduce Indian dishes in her country, all that Nora Daza said with a twinkle in her eyes was: "What do you think I am doing in this masalas market?" She was purchasing packets after packets of "masalas" to add to the flavour of her dishes and to make full use of the "spice of life" in her restaurant.

"My taste is my guide," is her motto. The result of her efforts, her trips and experiments is a very wide variety of dishes that guarantee full satisfaction. Seeing and meeting Mrs. Nora Daza, one is immediately reminded of the old saying in amended form: Love me, love my dishes.

Yatindra Bhatnagar

Nora Daza is not just a Filipino and a beauty. She is also a knowledgeable tourist, and a restaurant owner.

Nora owns—and runs—five restaurants; three French restaurants in Manila and two Filipino restaurants in New York and Paris. She plans to open two more in Manila which, she promises, will present something hitherto unknown in her country.

I met and heard Nora talk about food and the different dishes she has tasted in her extensive tours all over the world. The last one through India was from New York to Tokyo via Teheran, Kabul, New Delhi, Kathmandu, Rangoon, Manila. In Delhi she tasted a variety of Indian dishes and took a close look at an Indian kitchen. She liked both vegetarian and non-vegetarian dishes though it was her first taste of Indian vegetarian dishes. Nora was full of praise for dishes like rajma, matar-paneer and dahi-wada. She was fascinated to see the flat chapatti swell to what she called the size of a flying saucer.

The Filipino gourmet did not hesitate to taste "Gole gappa" or

COUSIN MARRIAGES: genetic hazard?

Judging by the letters received for our Heart-to-Heart column, certain emotional, psychological and sociological problems seem to be of great concern to a large number of people. One such is consanguineous marriages. Beginning with this issue, Dr. MABEL FONSECA, well-known marriage counsellor, will deal in detail with each of these problems every month.

A question frequently posed by our readers is: "Is cousin marriage harmful?" Several of them are concerned about consanguineous (blood relationship) marriages and are eager to know of its effects. "Is it morally or socially wrong?" "Is it illegal?" "Will children born of such wedlock be defective?" and several other such ethical, technical and legal questions they ask, for which they want an answer.

IS IT MORALLY AND SOCIALLY WRONG?

Blood relationship is considered an impediment to marriage by almost every community. Therefore there is always tremendous anxiety among young people when they contemplate a consanguineous marriage.

Under some extremely orthodox religious formulations under the sapinda rule, marriage into any of the four gotras of the grandparents is forbidden, so that a man cannot marry his mother's brother's daughter.

China and India seem to be alike in that while tradition appears to have forbidden cross-cousin marriage, folk custom either tolerated or even approved it. Indeed, it is supposed that in many peasant societies with geographically immobile populations, some form of cousin marriage is common and approved.

In analysing traditional writings, the findings of sociologists are interesting. Altekar notes that in the Deccan area, marriage with the mother's brother's daughter was "long established—though it conflicted with the rule of sapinda." Kapadia cites two eleventh century commentators: One asserted that Southerners married their mother's brother's daughter or father's sister's daughter; another stated that a similar pattern (i.e. marrying a kinsman three degrees removed) was also found in Saurashtra.

However, sociologists have not really been able to explain why this pattern is so widespread in the face of generally accepted prohibitions, but we do not believe that it is a simple "deviation" from approved practice. It is rather that these behaviour patterns are supported by local customs. Moreover, it is believed that the relationships in India's patrilineal kinship system give it emotional support. There is a more easy social relationship between a boy and his mother's brother, than with his father's brother or the father's line generally.

Closely related to tradition and custom is law. With the various heterogeneous communities that India is made up of, it is difficult to have a unified code of laws due to the different religious background, customs and traditions. So, while one community sanctions cousin marriages, another may not. In the case of prohibited relationships in marriage, the laws are passed to safeguard the personal interests of the progeny by minimising inbreeding to prevent defective populations. By relaxing these laws for certain communities because custom overrides law, it fails to achieve its purpose. And if it does permit such marriages to some communities it must allow it for other communities too.

Or else individuals use devious ways to achieve their ends, such as changing religion, marrying in another country, etc. Besides the legal problems, the couple in such cases undergo deep psychological

stress, and sometimes it can end in suicide.

To overcome this legal bar, an individual in certain cases converts himself or herself to some other religion in which such marriages are permitted.

What is the legal position of marrying one's cousin? Consanguineous marriages are prohibited by most marriage laws, for example, The Hindu Marriage Act, 1955, The Indian Divorce Act, 1869, The Parsee Marriage and Divorce Act, 1936, The Special Marriage Act, 1954, and Muslim Law.

custom versus the law

In every community consanguineous marriages are permitted for certain relationships only. According to this the bride and bridegroom should not be within the prohibited degree of relationship and should not be sapindas (in the case of Hindus) unless custom permits marriage in spite of such relationship.

Under Hindu Law, marriage between persons related to each other within the prohibited degree is invalid, unless such a marriage is sanctioned by custom or usage governing the parties to the marriage. For instance, as we have earlier mentioned, custom allows marriage of first cousins among certain communities in South India.

Among Muslims first cousins can marry. But marriage is prohibited for certain relationships based on consanguinity (blood relationship), affinity (relationship through marriage) and by fosterage (i.e. the relationship

which exists between two persons who are not related by blood but who have been breast-fed by the same woman).

First cousins are not considered to be within the prohibited degrees of relationships among Jews. And perhaps more by custom than law, uncle-niece marriages are prevalent among them.

Among Christians, under the Indian Divorce Act, marriage within the prohibited degrees of relationship is void and not encouraged or generally approved by the Church or Ecclesiastical Law, but under certain circumstances are solemnised by a special dispensation. So the State law accepts what the Church law grants. Christians are governed strictly by Church laws, they are final in such matters. However, the Church of England (i.e. Protestant Christians) does recognise first cousin marriages.

Therefore, all laws first consider the personal law of the parties concerned and then decide whether the marriage can be solemnised. What is more, reference has to be made to the personal law even if the parties wish to marry under the Civil Law, for even the Special Marriage Act, a more secular Act, prohibits marriage unless it is permitted by the customs applicable at least to one of the parties.

GENETICS IN MARRIAGE

In their true spirit, all laws, whether customs or man-made laws, ultimately aim at the higher biological evolution and well-being of man. The most difficult aspect of consanguineous marriages is therefore the genetic. It is true that we see many friends and relations who have married cousins, and yet all seems well with their progeny. One is then, at times, prone to believe that the attitude of the mind to such marriage makes all things go right. Of course, it could also be that

the lineage on both sides is clear of unfavourable gene transferance, which explains the healthy offspring. It may also be that the results may not be so bad in the immediate generation as it will be in subsequent ones.

For more detailed information on the genetic aspect, Mr. S. K. Basu, a noted anthropologist who has made a study of consanguineous marriages, has to say this:

There is a widespread belief that the children of consanguineous marriages are more likely to suffer from physical malformations and genetic diseases. This is not necessarily true. A study of genetics shows the contradictory effects of inbreeding, which sometimes results in undesirable and harmful characteristics and at other times in normal or even better than average offspring. This is partly due to initial genetic differences in the married couples.

It is not that inbreeding allows only the bad qualities to show in

good parent stock

the offspring. Good qualities that are dependent upon recessive genes are likely to come to the surface in the same way as the bad qualities do. Clearly, it is not inbreeding that is responsible for the appearance of either defective or favourable traits in the offspring. Whatever effect inbreeding may have, is due entirely to the inheritance received. Consequently, the effect of inbreeding can be good, bad, or indifferent according to the parent stock.

If the partners in a marriage come from a good healthy stock, that is to say, one in which no significantly disturbing disorders have been noted, then the chances that the offspring will not exhibit any disorders are high. Many distinguished families bear abundant testimony to this fact. An example of an inbred lineage that produced many outstanding individuals is that of the Darwins. Charles Darwin and his wife, Emma Wedgwood, were first cousins and the entire Darwin-Wedgwood lineage was highly inbred.

Brother-sister marriage was the rule among the Pharaohs of Egypt. The Ptolemies of Egypt, in order to perpetuate the fine qualities of their line, permitted brother-sister marriages for many generations. In some inbred communities like the Pitcarin islanders, the Batz community of Loire-Inférieure, the Hindu community of the Tengger Mountains, Java, there was a marked absence of hereditary defects and no ill effects of inbreeding were observed.

On the other hand, several in-

bred communities have shown a high increase of hereditary defects. Examples are the drooping of the upper eyelid (superior palpebral ptosis) among the Nanticoke Indians of Delaware in the United States, the prevalence of feeble mindedness among the hill-folk of New England, and the presence of toothless men in the Amil community of Hyderabad (Sind, Pakistan).

The magnitude of the hazards of consanguinity is best measured by the frequency of such marriages present in the population. The consanguinity rate has been found to be highest (42.5 per cent) in Andhra Pradesh. The main feature of the data was a high proportion of uncle-niece and matrilineal cross-cousin types which accounted for two out of every five marriages (Sanghvi, 1966). A significantly higher frequency of pulmonary tuberculosis, congenital malformations, stillbirths and miscarriages have been reported among the children of consanguineous unions in a hospital population of Andhra Pradesh (Dronomraju, 1961).

Similar observations have been recorded of albinism, ichthyosis congenita, amaurotic idiocy and several other conditions (Sanghvi, 1963).

A consanguinity research project financed by the Indian Council of Medical Research has been conducted by Dr. S. K. Basu since 1969 among the various endogamous Muslim groups of Northern India. A high frequency of consanguineous marriages (both parallel and cross cousin types) have been found among Sayyad Shias (49.40 per cent), Sheikh Sunnis (29.10 per cent), Moghul Sunnis (22.13 per cent). Diseases like pulmonary tuberculosis, diabetes mellitus, bronchial asthma, infant deaths, abortions, miscarriages and stillbirths have been found to show a higher frequency among the offspring of consanguineous parents as compared with non-consanguineous groups.

It is therefore clear that owing to the existence of harmful recessive traits in the population, intensive inbreeding should be avoided as far as possible. It has been estimated that every individual carries about eight so called lethal equivalents of this large pool of recessive genes.

In random mating, the likelihood of rare identical genes coming together in the child is very small and is determined by the frequencies of these genes in the population. The chance is increased when blood relatives marry each other, because a proportion of their genes are necessarily identical, being derived from the same ancestor genes.

This proportion is, for example, 1 in 4 for uncle-niece (or aunt-nephew) marriages, 1 in 8 for unions between first cousins, 1 in 16 for first-cousins once removed, and 1 in 32 for marriages between second cousins. The chance that a cousin carries the same recessive gene, say for albinism, in

first-cousin marriage is about 1 in 8 as compared with 1 in 70 in unrelated individuals.

WHY NOT FACE FACTS?

Having gone into the legal and genetic aspects of consanguineous marriages, we must bring practical considerations to bear when the question arises in real life of a young man or woman wanting to marry his or her cousin or uncle or niece. It is foolish both for the young man and woman involved and also their parents to get all emotional and talk about suicide.

Socially speaking, if the parents consent, or if it is allowed by custom, it poses no problem. But if parents still oppose, and the parties are majors and have a strong will to stand together and get their way, then determination can win them the goal.

Apart from social pressure and parental objection the other difficulty may be the law. But today it is rare where one cannot marry under either religious sanction or under civil law. As we have seen, there is either dispensation, allowance or special sanction, and the civil law gives enough scope to solemnize the marriage.

In the last resort one can even change one's religion or marry in another country where two such persons can marry under the Foreign Marriages Act or any other appropriate law. So law too is not as much of a deterrent as it used to be.

Many organisations are now demanding a further amendment in the Special Marriage Act to permit first cousin marriages in all communities and this will clear the way completely for such marriages.

Therefore the only real problem that needs thought in such marriages is about the children. Will they be defective? The risk of close genetic linkage resulting in defective children is about twenty per cent. Therefore, the practical approach is for closely related couples wanting to marry, to obtain genetic counselling from their physician who will see into the heredity to about six generations to be on the safe side and advise the couple accordingly.

If the doctor is optimistic that the couple could have normal children without major risks, it is well and good. If the doctor advises otherwise, one should heed the caution for the sake of the children. Here, once again, one has to consider what one values in marriage. Do they want a marriage without children? Will companionship and togetherness be enough? So, they must sacrifice and not have "high risk" children. Adoption of a child may be an alternative.

Sociologists feel that as time advances there will be greater freedom of choice, less arranged marriages, also less approval of customs that foster marriages within close relationships. So cousin and uncle-niece marriages will become rarer.

Views on Cousin Marriage

Vrunda Boghe Dev

The practice of cousin marriages is quite common in India. While Parsees and Muslims allow this type of marriage the Hindu practice varies from one caste to another, from one geographical region to another. Catholics are allowed to marry cousins with the dispensation of the Pope which is a mere formality. It is amazing to see how the practice differs within the same community and assumes various forms in different castes. Some people belonging to a particular caste in Karnataka and the Karhade Brahmins in Maharashtra allow marriage between cousins if they are born to brother and sister. But Hindus of North India see that there is not even a distant relationship for seven generations. Apart from cousin marriages, South Indians (mostly from Tamil Nadu and Andhra Pradesh) permit uncle-niece marriages.

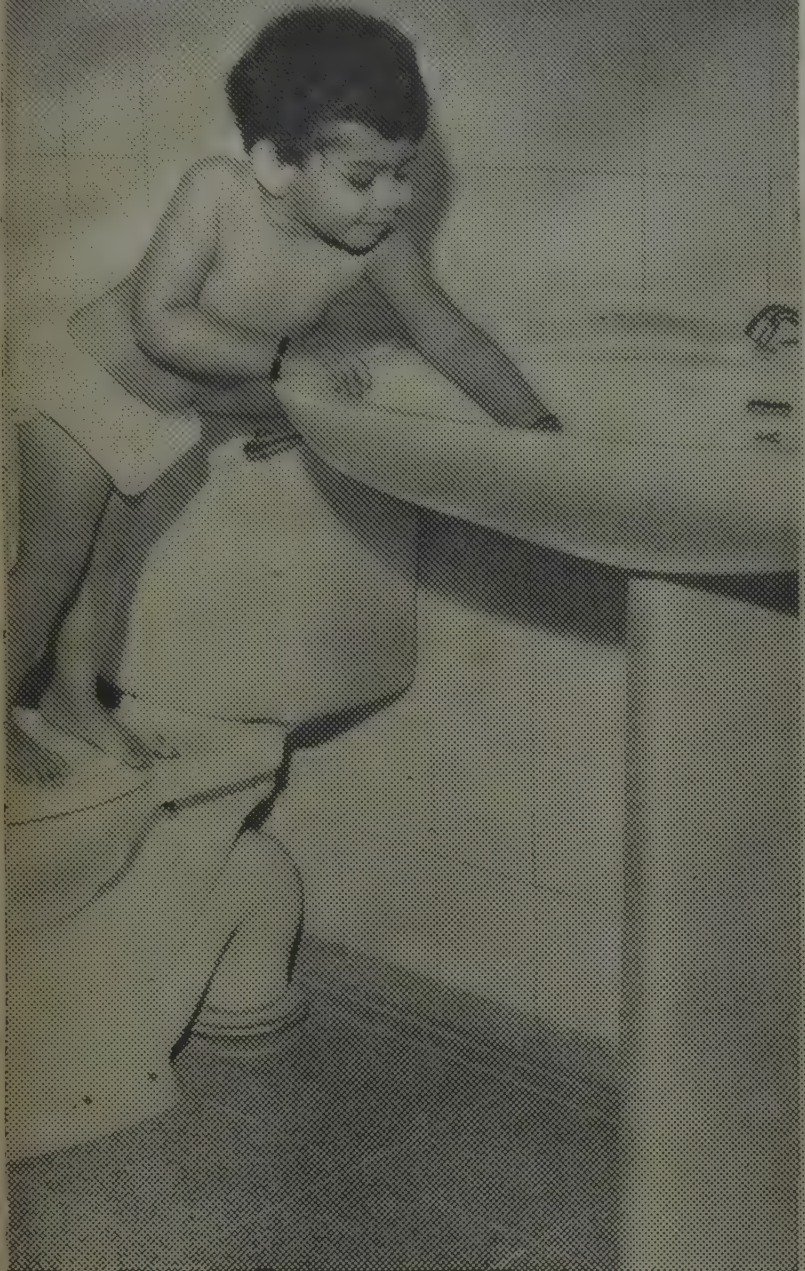
Today, of course, no one follows rules rigidly. Many people disregard customs and get married in spite of the earlier taboos.

For Mrs. Roda Bharucha it was a love marriage and marrying one's cousin is nothing unusual among Parsees. Did she consider the genetic implications? No. Mrs. Bharucha said that a lot of people whom she knew have married their cousins and their children are quite normal. A lot is being written about the adverse effects of such marriages. If medically it is proved that this practice is harmful for the generations to come then it should be discouraged. But no decisive proof has been found. She said marrying one's own cousin does not necessarily mean more harmony. Whether a cousin or an outsider, it is a question of love and understanding.

To Mr. R. S. Virji, however, the whole idea of "cousin marriages" is abhorrent. "One can't think of marrying one's cousin, especially when both have been brought up together as brother and sister." As far as he is concerned, he would never have married his first cousin.

On medical grounds, Mr. Virji said, this practice should be discontinued. It involves a lot of risks. The genetic aspect is very important because even if the children are not affected, some deformities may surface in the

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rd or fourth generation. With much risk involved, why take risk?

Now cousin marriages are getting fewer among Parsees. It is possible that those who married earlier did not know about the genetic aspect which has assumed so much importance in recent times. Another reason, according to Mr. Virji, could be the urge to keep the related families' health within the family. His own observation was that city Parsees tend to follow this custom more than Parsees in small towns, partly because the city Parsees are richer.

The principle that "a known evil is better than an unknown evil" could also be a reason why this practice continues. Mr. Virji spoke of an old Parsee custom whereby bigamy was allowed on certain grounds. This custom has totally disappeared now. Similarly he feels this practice of cousin marriages will also die in due course.

For Christians to marry among cousins only a permission from the Pope is required. That is even when cousins aspiring to marry show medical fitness certificates. This is a mere formality.

R., a Christian (who chooses to remain anonymous), is to marry her cousin. The main advantage she sees in this is that both the families are very close and she feels that this type of relationship will further strengthen their bonds. And they have known each other for so long and have full confidence in each other. This type of confidence takes its time to develop when one falls in love with an outsider.

About the effects on children, she said it is a matter of chance and in any marriage there is always a risk of abnormal children. She did concede however that perhaps in cousin marriages the risk is more. But then knowing this, they would have the additional strength to face any problem in future.

Maharashtrians are allowed to marry among cousins provided the boy is the girl's father's sister's son, and vice-versa. This practice was so widely followed that such a cousin was thought to be the rightful husband of a girl. With changing times, however this practice is dwindling.

Mrs. Mukta Jathar of Pune married her first cousin over twenty-five years ago. It was more or less an arranged marriage and an accepted form of relationship at that time. There was no change in the family attitude towards her or him. Asked how she felt when her own aunt became her mother-in-law, she said there was more understanding and over the years the relationship worked out exceedingly well. In those days, they did not think of the genetic aspect, but since this type of marriage was followed by our forefathers, there

COUSIN MARRIAGES: genetic hazard?

may not be really any danger involved, or else like some other types of marriages between close relatives that too would have been prohibited.

None of her children are deformed. Mrs. Jathar says she would have no objection if her children married their cousins within the permissible relationship. In other cases, she feels medical advice would have to be taken into account. In case of a love marriage, all these considerations do not arise — "all we

has his "thread ceremony" and threatens to go to Varanasi to study the Vedas, his maternal uncle stops him by saying that he would give his daughter to the boy in marriage. Another custom also proves the social and religious sanction to this type of marriage. When a newly wed couple enters home after marriage, the groom's sister does not allow him to enter the house until he promises her that he would give his daughter in marriage to her son! Of course, now with changed times and ceremon-

they married their cousins



G. V. Puranik

could do is to make them understand the risks involved."

The seventy-year-old industrialist, Mr. G. V. (Nanasaheb) Puranik married his cousin when he was only 19. His was also an arranged marriage. Whenever his maternal uncle came to see his family, he would address Nanasaheb as "son-in-law" and since this type of relationship was allowed by the law, he did not see anything wrong in it.

Nanasaheb gave two interesting episodes in this regard. He said among the Karhade Brahmins in particular, when a boy



Mukta Jathar

ies, no one follows these quaint old customs.

How the custom started, Nanasaheb does not know. Each custom has its history. Its origin could be influenced by social, economic, political or even the geographical situation then prevalent. That our ancestors were aware of the genetic aspect in marriage is proved by the prohibition of marriage between boys and girls of the same "gotra". This, he said, could be a subject for deeper research.

In the half-century gone by, we have witnessed marked changes in the outlook of the people and now very few people look into "gotras". Even cousins born to the male cousins get married.

Another reason he attributed for this type of marriage, apart from the religious and legal sanction, is that both parties know each other. Personally, his relationship with his uncle became better after he married his cousin. Both the families came closer. This was one big advantage of this practice, he said.

Today, of course, people do not necessarily look for their marriageable cousins, or those who are prohibited from marrying cousins do not necessarily adhere to their custom. It has become an entirely personal matter.

Mr. M. T. Rao was twenty-three when he married his cousin. His was an arranged marriage and he saw nothing wrong in it. Both of them have more affection for their respective in-laws than they would otherwise have had. The two families came even closer. They had common relatives and relationships which have further strengthened their bonds.

Those days Mr. Rao said, not much was known about the genetic factors involved. Even things like cancer and heart attack were less known. He knew of many of his friends who had married their cousins and their children have been healthy and intelligent. There is as much risk about the health of the children in an inter-caste marriage as in cousin marriages, he feels.

If two cousins feel that they are made for each other, they should not be dissuaded from getting married. Marriage is a purely personal issue. These days, because of the joint family system slowly breaking up, cousins may be absolute strangers to each other. Even when the joint family system was strong, boys or girls were not as free to mix as today. They were usually shy and if two cousins did marry they only knew each other's families rather than knowing each other as individuals. Mr. Rao insisted that there should be no coercion in these matters. If two cousins feel that they should live toget-



R. S. Viriji

her, there should be no objections on the part of their parents.

There was one couple whose three children show some deformity, but they declined to talk about it. There was one more case of cousin-marriage in which both the children are normal, but the marriage itself did not last long.

people and events



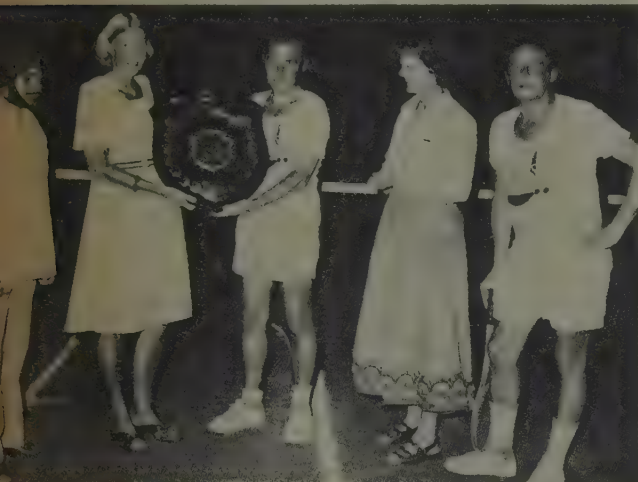
Mr. Eric Young, (2nd from left) British Deputy High Commissioner inaugurated a Silver Jubilee exhibition in Bombay in honour of Queen Elizabeth II. Seen with him from left are Mr. P. B. Pickering, Manager Chartered Bank, Mr. N. M. Wagle, Chairman, Local Advisory Board of the Bank, Mrs. Eric Young and Mrs. P. B. Pickering.



Mrs. Aruna Sheth speaks at the installation ceremony of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay Mid-town. Seen from left are: vice-president Fatima Baldiwala, outgoing president Sudha Chand, Mrs. Raksha Mehta and Rotary President Dr. Shirish Sheth.



RIGHT: Vimal Beauty Parlour organised an exhibition-cum-sale of switches at the Cymroza Art Gallery, Bombay. Picture shows Vimal trying a switch on a client.



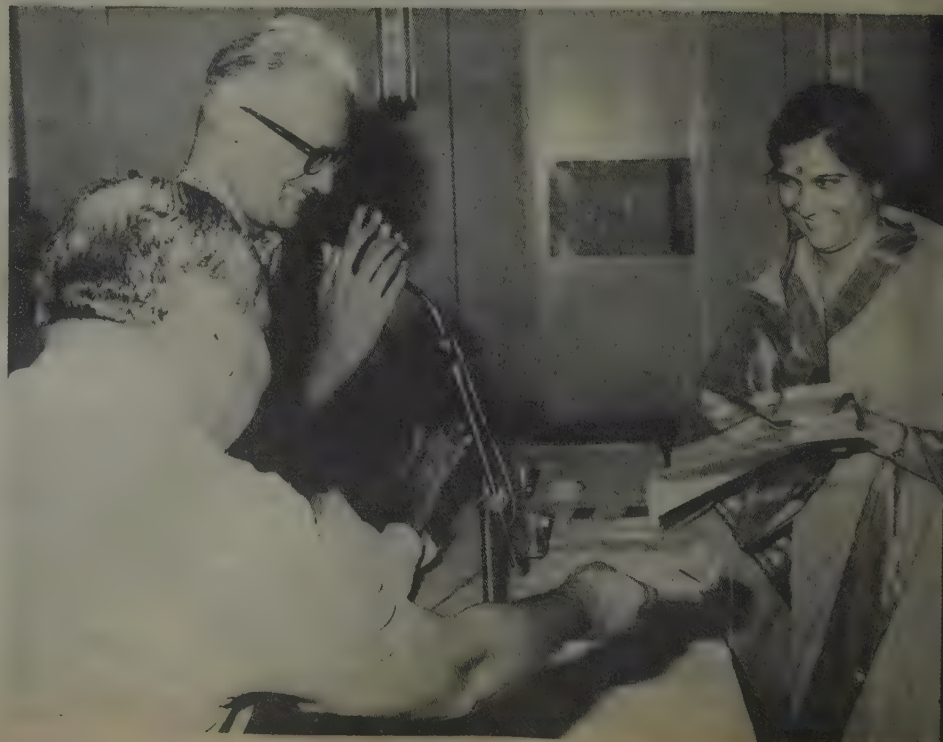
Seen at the Delhi Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament are from left Mr. N. S. Pujji, District Sales Manager, Northern India, British Airways, Delhi, Lady Elizabeth Thomson, wife of the British High Commissioner, Mr. Alex Smith, Mrs. N. H. Gorman and Mr. McGuian.



Mrs. Buntly Arora speaks at the inauguration of the Lioness Club of Calcutta (Park Street). Seen (from left) are Lions K. Dhandhaniah, D. M. Kothari, S. N. Prasad, R. L. Bathwal, P. K. Saraf, (Presiding Officer), Sushila Prasad, Janki Bathwal and Mridula Agarwal.



BELOW: At the foundation laying ceremony of the Saroornagar Nivasa Samudayamu project Mrs. Sharada Mukerjee, governor of Andhra Pradesh, plants a sapling. Looking on at right is Mrs. Sarojini Pulla Reddy, Chairman of HUDA (Hyderabad Urban Development Authority).



RIGHT: Mrs. Rupalatha Reddy receives her diploma and gold medal from Dr. Malcolm Adiseshiah, vice-chancellor, Madras University. Mr. Gyan Haksar, Chairman and founder of the Institute, assists the VC.

bombay

At a press conference, Miss Ahmina Barma, honorary secretary of the Society for the Education of the Crippled (SEC), announced that the school plans to open two new units in Bombay, one of which will be in Santa Cruz. The school caters to handicapped children aged 4-16 who need to be trained before they can join ordinary or vocational schools. The present school at Gripada has 75 students and cannot provide transport to handicapped children in the suburbs. Hence the new unit which will have 12 students to begin with. The building for it has been provided by the Bombay Municipal Corporation.

The only one of its kind in Bombay, the school was founded 7 years ago by Mrs. Fatima Bhamail, a pioneer in the rehabilitation of the crippled. She described the main objective of the school as being the acceptance of the handicapped by normal people. The funds for the school are provided by the Social Welfare Department of the State Government.

The children of Nityanand Narsar-4 at Andheri East recently demonstrated a fruitful way of spending their spare time during their vacation by performing a variety entertainment programme to cheer up the inmates of the Home for the Aged at Mahakali Caves Road. The programme comprised classical and light dances, skits in Hindi and English, and songs. Ladies assisted the children by providing a 20-minute bhajan programme. The funds for conducting the show were raised by the children themselves.

The show was organised under the auspices of the Nutan Mahila Mandal with the assistance of Maya Chhabria and Dipti Kapadia.

Encouraged by their first show at the Home, the children arranged a second show at the Cheshire Home for the benefit of the 50 inmates there.

On both the occasions it was observed that these kids, aged between 7 and 14, not only helped in all sorts of work but were always eager to do more than what their limited capacities permitted.

The Association of the Friends of Mentally Ill was founded 20 years back by eminent psychiatrists and psychiatric social workers to help with the rehabilitation of mental patients who are discharged, but are not yet mentally and emotionally equipped to go back to society.

A couple of months back a seminar was held to take stock of the facilities available for the rehabilitation of mentally disturbed patients.

One of the decisions taken was that the Committee compile and publish a directory of Mental Health Services available in Bombay.

All individuals, organisations, and institutions engaged in this worthy cause should kindly send their particulars and the type of services rendered by them to AFMI, Sewadham, Opp. Chawl No. 5, near Police Station, N. M. Joshi Marg, Bombay-400 013.

At the installation meeting of the Inner Wheel Club of Bombay Mid Town, held at the Taj, Mrs. Sudha Chand installed Aruna Sheth as President for the year 1977-78.

Mrs. Chand was confident that for Aruna Sheth, who is also the President of the Indian Association of Trained Social Workers, Bombay Branch, and the editor of Bal Vihar, a children's English monthly, this would be a year of great achievements.

Mrs. Raksha Mehta, Association Chairman, and Mrs. Sarayu Shah, District Chairman, graced the installation.

delhi

Delhi Wimbledon — Lawn Tennis Tournament was played by the staff of the British High Commission, recently, for the second consecutive year.

In the keenly contested Singles finals, Mr. Alex Smith defeated Mr. McGuigan by two sets to one.

British Airways, in association with Thos Cook, awarded a shield to the winners. The shield was presented by Mrs. N. H. Gorman, wife of Mr. John Gorman, Regional Manager India, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka, British Airways, Delhi.

calcutta

Eastern India Usha Corporation held its 19th convocation of Usha Sewing Schools in West Bengal at the Kala Mandir. Mr. B. Sahai, Executive Director, welcomed the guests and the Annual Report was read out by the Divisional Manager, Mr. Bakshi H. B. Singh. Mr. S. K. Ghosh, Commissioner, Agriculture and Community Development, Government of West Bengal, was the Chief Guest and distributed the diplomas and prizes.

A cultural programme — folk dances of India — was held in the evening.

The formal inauguration of the Lioness Club of Calcutta (Park Street) was held at the Grand Hotel. Mrs. Buntly Arora,

wife of Lt. Gen. Jagjit Singh Arora, P. V. S. M. was the chief guest. Lioness Sushila Prasad was elected President of the newly formed Lioness Club and requested the members of her club to co-operate in all its activities. Lion P. K. Saraf, President of the sponsoring club, Lions Club of Calcutta (Park Street), gave a brief resume of its activities.

Among others who addressed the guests were S. N. Prasad, Lioness Adviser, R. L. Bathwal, Past District Governor, D. M. Kothari and K. Dhandhanian.

bangalore

Mrs. Shyamala Bhave, a talented singer, was felicitated at a meeting organised by the Young Artists & Writers Guild, on the eve of her tour to the U.S.A., on music assignments.

Governor Uma Shankar Dikshit presided over the function. Mr. D. Srinivasan, President, welcomed the guests. Dr. H. K. Ranganath, B. V. K. Sasthri and Miss K. R. Chitra spoke on Shyamala's talents and contributions to the field of music.

ahmedabad

Ten students of Nrityabharti, an institution propagating dance under the directorship of Mrs. Elakshi Thakore completed their Aragetral Mahotsav at the Tagore Memorial Hall, Ahmedabad.

Harismita A. Trivedi, Dipti P. Bhavsar, Sujata R. Mehta, Parul K. Shah, Nina H. Shah, Amrita H. Shah, Swati B. Trivedi, Ami B. Trivedi, Mita N. Mehta and Darshini S. Mahadevia, all of whom had their arangetrams, received their certificates.

hyderabad

With a view to solve the housing problem facing the twin cities of Hyderabad and Secunderabad, the HUDA (Hyderabad Urban Development Authority) has taken up the Saroornagar Nivasa Samudayamu project. This covers an area of 25 acres of government land, and will be developed into a self-contained residential commercial neighbourhood, and when more land is acquired will cover an area of 100 acres for a population of 10,000. Mrs. Sharada Mukerjee, Governor of A.P., laid the foundation of this project and unveiled the tablet. Mrs. Sarojini Pulla Reddy, Chairman, HUDA, welcomed all, and Mr. P. Narsa Reddy, Minister for Revenue, presided.

world of eve

KISHORI KAUL



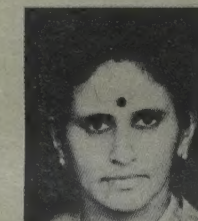
At the age of 12, Kishori Kaul had to spend a year in the Tum-marg Sanitorium

"While I lay inside, I looked out to an enchantingly beautiful view. I wrote stories, (one was published in 'Nav Bharat Times') but they were full of descriptions of nature, not with the mood and the colour I could feel in nature. I could reproduce the lake outside my room, but not the movement of the water." Once she decided to become a painter, she became a subject of ridicule in Kashmir. A special scholarship from the Kashmir Government enabled her to study at the Baroda College of Fine Arts, where she did her post-graduation under professor N. S. Bendre. In 1976 she won two first prizes at the All-India Women Artists Exhibition and the Delhi Administration Art Exhibition.

Kishori hails from a family of artists. Her great grandfather was a miniature painter. Her father was a celebrated poet, and her grandmother Lackhukuj taught her the art of using cloth dyes.

Married to a Punjabi, Kishori works in Delhi.

INDIRA R. PILLAI



Use your spare time to help the needy. This belief shapes the life of Kerala's social worker, Indira R. Pillai.

Indira is an active member of the Red Cross. A social worker of long standing, she organised the Alleppey District Women's Council at the time of the Indo-China war and was the Convenor of the Sub Committee, Kerala, in the International Women's Year. She is a member of the Kerala State Social Welfare Advisory Board and the Hospital Advisory Committee, Government Hospital, Perurkada; an active worker in the Kerala Grandasala Sangham, Women's Wing and a member of the committee for women and children's library, Kerala State Child Welfare Council. She gives radio talks on socially relevant subjects.

hi ya
honey!

Help! I Am Too Young To Be A Grandfather

By an Alves called Johnnie

When my five children were born, one at a time of course, on each occasion my wife received several bouquets of flowers, many telegrams and almost everybody who visited her in the hospital congratulated her and never uttered a word of praise for me. My best friend too said, "Hi John, how are the mother and child getting on?" Not a word of sympathy for the one who had stood her pregnant tantrums for three months and paced the floor for a week, not knowing when the pains were real and when just a warning.

All that was twenty years ago or more. I had a long respite but the wheel turned a full circle again when my daughter was ready and willing, against my wishes, to make me a grandfather. As my son-in-law possessed only a cycle, again I was expected to sleep lightly and be ready in the car in less than 40 seconds. I had practised it twice with artificial pains and was ready to do it in 37 seconds flat. All this time while I developed black rings around my blue eyes, my son-in-law was flying away in distant lands in the company of beautiful hostesses and sleeping the peaceful sleep of angels in air-conditioned five-star hotels.

It is the custom in my community that the new mother should spend three months after delivery at her mother's place. (Anticipating this my dear mother-in-law wisely left for her heavenly abode, leaving the help-

less mother and child in my care.) I have always been a double-bed man, but for three months, the divan was my resting place, giving me the walk of a war veteran who was bayoneted from behind.

I am now beginning to believe that grandfathers are the unsung heroes of our days. I have been through the grind only once and have had enough.

She is almost three years now and a couple of inches short of three feet, about the height needed in my house to reach the ash-

Honey, I have become the most tolerant man in the suburbs. My socks and slippers are now found in the strangest places, my shirt has goo and lollypop on it. I am now able to drive a car with a three-year-old changing seats from back to front and back again, and with my hair all over my face. I have learnt to smile at red-faced policemen who hear my car horn, with my hands off the steering. The car floor is full of chips, toys and marbles and I only smile. I cannot slam the brakes lest the baby gets hurt, and I am hard hearted if I don't stop when they see an ice-cream vendor and I do not. When I go out with the family for a long drive, I find that not one bladder in the family is synchronised

NO PEACE FOR GRANDPA

trays, the curios from Rome and the prize trophies of my youth. She has taken over the household, lock, stock and barrel. My sons, daughters and her grandmother see nothing wrong in her pranks. When she spilled a bottle of gear oil on my new tennis shoes, I got a shout for keeping the shoes where the oil would fall, if a three-year-old played with it.

The last time I broke an old vase (by mistake), my wife did not talk to me for a whole day. Last Saturday the mite deliberately smashed an heirloom, I yelled, only to find her, her mother and her grandmother in tears. "What does a child know?" is a logic I cannot understand.

with another and the littlest has five-minute intervals.

Today, while I hold the steering and concentrate on the crowds, trying to avoid the pedestrians who believe I have no business to be on the road, I have to answer a volley of questions and sing nursery rhymes at my age.

At the last picnic at Vihar lake, I spent all my energy coaxing the little one to show me where she had placed the car keys. Six chocolates and an hour later she could not remember where she had put them. How could she? They were in my pant pocket all the time. I've never been able to scold her since. But I enjoy being a grandfather, at least you have someone who cares.

Until the next time then!

next
week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF JULY 23, 1977

CAREERS :

Why do children follow in their fathers' footsteps?

SOMEBODY NEEDS YOU :

A guide to social service organizations in Madras

ACUPUNCTURE :

The age-old method revived

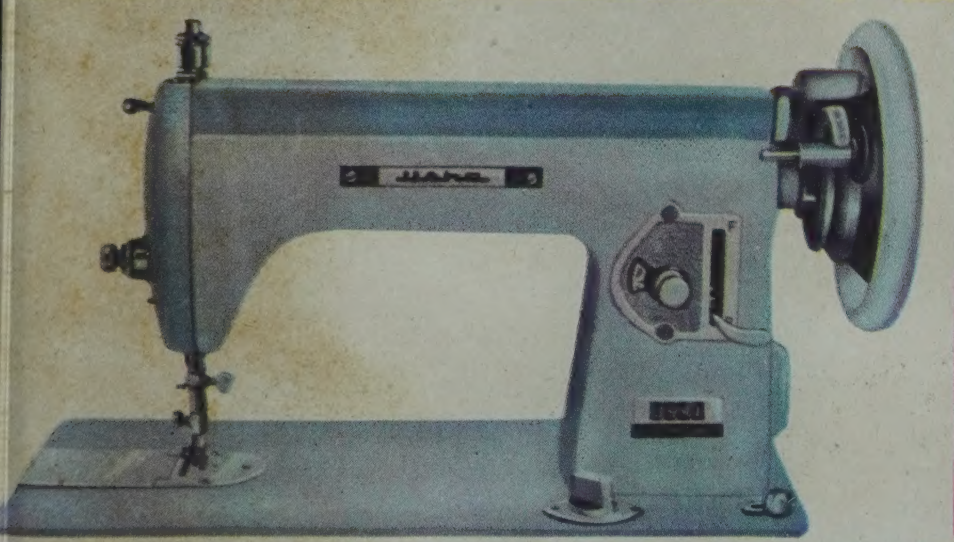
CORRUPTION :

The Milky Way

Elegant looks



Versatile features



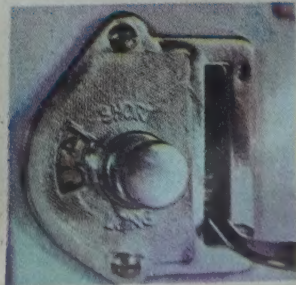
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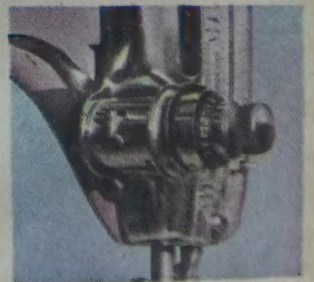
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