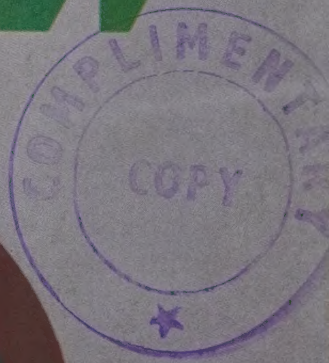


WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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COCONUT
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A
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TALK ABOUT
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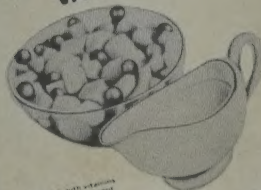


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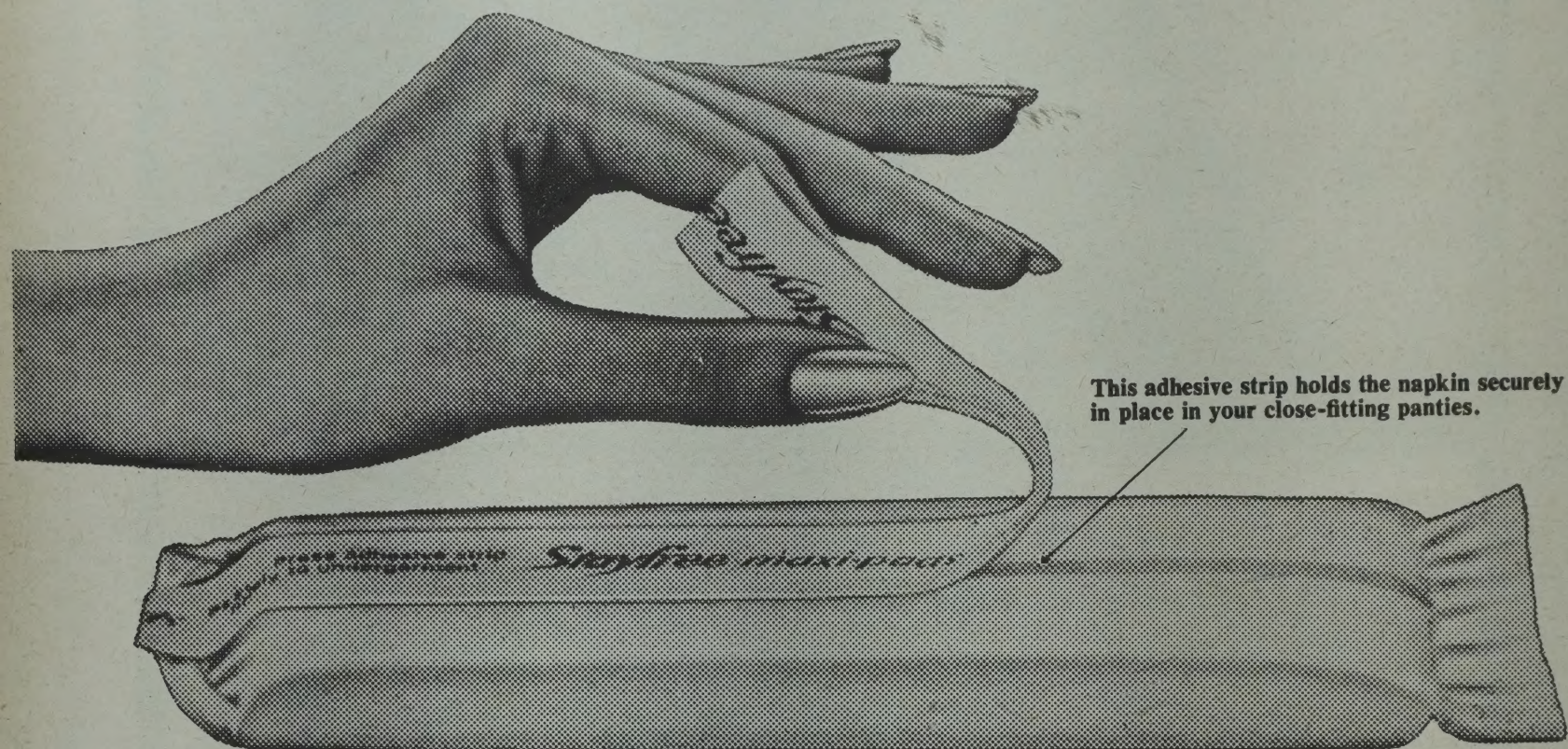
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WANTED : A BABY

Though the social pressure on couples in India to have babies is ridiculous and unnecessary, infertility is a real problem for those couples who genuinely wish to have children and, for some reason, are unable to. A gynaecologist clears some doubts about sterility in men and women.

Page 11.

LIFE AFTER MARRIAGE

The grass is greener on the other side of the fence.

And so the unmarried can't wait to get married, while married couples envy them their freedom. What is marriage really like?

Some young couples speak.

Page 18.



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A REVOLUTION REMEMBERED

The Chittagong Armoury Raid is considered a landmark in the revolutionary movement for independence.

On the occasion of the golden jubilee of the action, a review of the movement that once kept its women associates out of the mainstream but ultimately gained much from their active participation.

Page 37.

ALSO

Do-it-yourself: A beetle ashtray — **Page 14** Woman in Focus: Jessie Tellis-Nayak — **Page 17** The Fourth World Book Fair: A criticism — **Page 17** Step by Step Cookery: Coconut Kisses — **Page 25** Creative Photography: VIII — **Page 27** Kitchen Gardening: VI — **Page 40** Film Star: Benjamin Gilani — **Page 43** A Story for Children — **Page 44.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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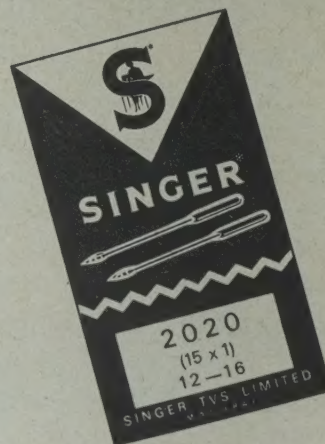
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YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

WANTED : A WIDOW

Thanks to social awakening, widows are being rescued from the ashes that they have been confined to over the centuries. However, a recent Government measure aimed at their welfare, seems to me to be of doubtful value. The Government has sanctioned financial assistance amounting to Rs. 3000 "to couples contracting marriage where the bride is a destitute widow". On the face of it, this seems to be a step in the right direction; nevertheless, there are many points that are debatable.

First, the term 'destitute' can no longer be applied to a woman who has found a man who will cherish and protect her for the rest of her life. It should be so if the man is sincere and honourable in his intentions — and this leads us to the second point, which is that the offer might well attract worthless scoundrels who will leave the poor women in worse circumstances, once they have laid their hands on the money. Most important, however, is that the measure seems to be in the nature of a reward — a la dowry — for those volunteering to marry these unfortunate women. Would it not be more sensible and rewarding to use the money to rehabilitate the widows and make them self-reliant, leaving the question of marriage to be settled by themselves?

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore

Clearly the measure is an "incentive" to urge men to marry widows; and clearly, like many other incentives this one, too, could go the way of all flesh. There would, undoubtedly, be many fly-by-night widow-sympathisers. Yes, better to rehabilitate the widows and give them a status which would enable them to marry, if they wished.

2nd PRIZE

MARRY IN HASTE

When an educated and well-placed friend decided to get her teenaged daughter married, I was rather surprised. An attractive, intelligent girl barely out of school, I would have thought she would need time to see and get to know the world around her before taking on the responsibilities of marriage. The reasoning behind an early marriage — and I have come across this same reasoning with increasing frequency — is that the girl is showing little promise where studies are concerned, therefore if marriage is to be her only career the sooner she embarked on it the better. I agree, in a keen marriage market a 'good match' is not to be scoffed at, yet is it proper to 'settle' your daughter just because a match might slip through your fingers and your loss may be some lucky person's gain? Somehow, I cannot see eye to eye with this theory. There is a time and a place for everything, including marriage, in a young girl's life. Is the choice so limited that if she fails to show grades good enough for a professional career, then she had better pack up her bags and be ready for the next eligible bachelor who comes along? Surely there is such a thing as emotional growth and maturity — a course or training in a field of interest, could do much for her self esteem. A girl should marry because she wants to, not just because she can do no better. Marriage, the most serious career of them all, should be a career of choice not just second best.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

Career or no career, a "good match" makes parents go haywire and the girl, even if she is bright, becomes grist to the mill. There is so much else a girl can do, even if she is not scholastically inclined. Will parents ever realise this?

3rd PRIZE

PRIZE SPERM!

The idea is really revolting; imagine being impregnated by frozen sperm of unknown donors, Nobel Prize Winners or otherwise! The entire joy and spontaneity of creating and conceiving a child will be lost. Women will queue up to "buy a sperm" just like sugar and onions. The very thought is ghastly. A woman will be loaning her womb to shelter a child after selecting labelled sperm cold-bloodedly.

Equally shocking is the press report of a man successfully breast-feeding his child and his doctor confidently stating that it is theoretically possible for a man to become pregnant and deliver a child! What is the world coming to? Aren't we tampering with God and nature? It is impossible to duplicate or create a masterpiece such as the human body and mind and our scientists are unnecessarily stepping into dangerous areas of creation when there are many more important things like banishing disease and prolonging life. We are bound to face a future of monstrous clones and hermaphrodites, if we continue in this direction. What do you say?

VEENA ADIGE,
Nagpur.

This is not entirely a new idea. Hitler is supposed to have mooted it, in order to produce, and perpetuate, a super-race. And then, when men do give birth to babies, we'll probably take it in our stride. Was anyone shocked or resentful when man set foot on the moon?

GOLD RUSH

Women going around flaunting their gold are asking for it. This is bad enough. What is even worse, is to see child-

ren wearing chains, bangles, earrings — an open invitation to crime.

All schools should make it a strict rule, that no child (at least to the upper Primary level) be allowed to wear any jewellery. Today, there are fancy ornaments that, at a cursory glance, look very much like the authentic things. A thief who snatches at a child's fancy earring, for instance, and makes away with it, may laugh on the wrong side of his mouth, when he finds that for all his trouble, he has but a worthless bauble on his hands. But in the bargain he may have hurt or torn the child's ears, and caused in the child, a traumatic fear of man. Babies, who are angelic and need no adornment, are made to wear gold bangles, waist chains and, heaven help them, even rings on their little fingers. Just how idiotic can parents get? It is not only misguided love but false prestige that is to blame. They fail to recognize the hazards involved in such foolhardiness.

When will better sense prevail? Gold may be an investment — but not always an adornment. Some women, I would say, look positively repulsive with overmuch ornaments on overfed bodies!

HYMA BAL,
Tellicherry.

Ridiculous, is what we think it is. This penchant for gold is something women won't give up so easily. When the chain-snatchers do their nefarious work and babies are kidnapped, many a woman scoffs: it can't happen to me. We'd like to say, let it happen to them and they might learn the lesson — but, alas, it might be too late!

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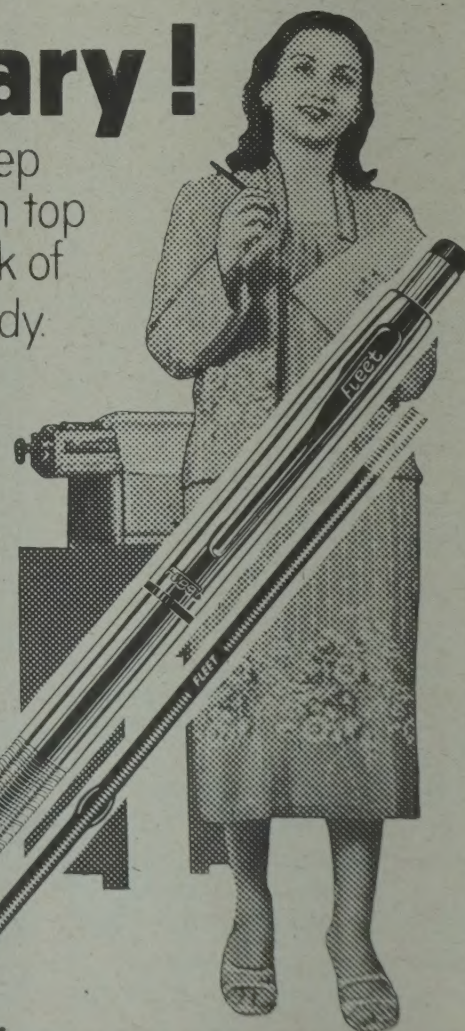
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READERS' VOICE

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

TENDER HEARTS

I read the short story, 'The Possessed', by Nomita Grover (March 8 and 15). I was horrified by the terrible description of rape in it. It haunted me for a whole day and night. You must consider your young readers' delicate age and tender hearts before publishing such terrible stuff. I am sure you don't mean to scare your young readers off men and sex.

JYOTI SHARMA, Varanasi.

RAPE IN THE HOME

With reference to Mikki Hariani's article, "Can a man rape his wife?" (March 8), let me make it clear that I am not for rape, of any kind whatsoever. But the article does raise a point or two.

While lamenting the experience of forced sexual intercourse, against their own wishes or the doctors' advice, none of the women interviewed has been able to explain the circumstances and/or causes leading to it. Is it not true that many a time a man is forced into it by the very demanding postures of the wife? There appears to be a strong tendency among women to wait for the man to be fully obsessed, and thus in their absolute power, to ask for what they feel would not be acceptable to him otherwise. Would this not tempt him to resort to force, thus satisfying himself and preventing her from exploiting the situation?

Of course, the definition of rape does need to be discussed at length in the correct social perspective, so that both punitive and preventive measures can be evolved with precision to deal with relevant situations. Congratulations for taking it up.

I would be glad to participate in the debate which might follow the publication of the above views.

BRAHM P. GUPTA, New Delhi.

PLAY ON RAPE

The special supplement on rape (March 8) was undoubtedly educative as far as the legal points are concerned. I went through the One-Act Play, "The Turning Point", written by members of the Forum Against Rape. Being a dramatist I would like to stage this play in Tamil and I would be obliged if you could kindly publish the address of the Forum Against Rape so that I can get in touch with them. The address, if published in your columns, will help many other dramatists to stage the play in other languages, with the help of the Forum Against Rape.

S. KRISHNA KUMAR, Bombay.

Ed. Note: Forum against Rape, c/o Flat 13, Carol Mansion, Sitladevi Temple Road, Mahim, Bombay.

SAFETY IN THE HOME

Your article, "Of Chain Snatchers and Evening Strolls" is more than timely. Much of the danger to housewives and children is in the homes and not in the streets. Only a few of the incidents that occur every day are reported in the papers. It is because of an incident that took place last year at Chowpatty, where a young girl was murdered because a servant opened the door to an intruder, that we have developed a safety door chain with lock, which is a foolproof safety measure. We are shortly coming into the market and are sure that housewives will patronise this product for their own safety and the safety of the family.

Y. LASRADO, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 26

SELF-RELIANCE AND WOMEN

That income-generating programmes for women also encourage growth of self-reliance and leadership has so far been taken for granted. But experience shows that such qualities need to be consciously developed, as they are far from a natural outcome of economic strength.

CHILDREN OF THE STREETS

Their eyes haunt us and we appease our conscience by hurriedly dropping a coin or two into their outstretched hands. Are we really doing the right thing?

THE OBSTACLE RACE

The biggest stumbling block for a girl taking to sport in this country is the opposition she faces on the home front. A look into the problem.

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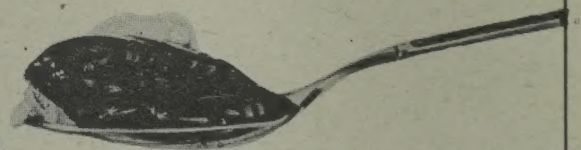
*Contains no eggs



You trust its wholesome goodness as a mother

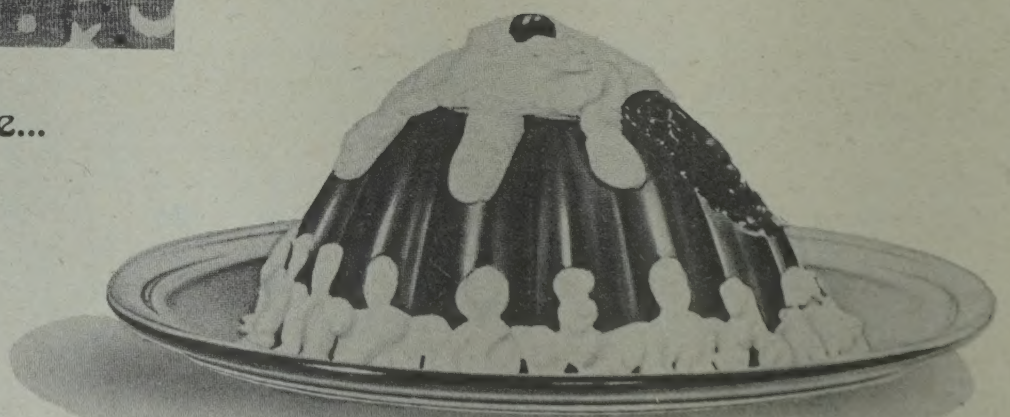


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Q : Dr. Raisinghaney, we have heard a lot about contraception in recent times. The problem of infertility, however, has not been highlighted. Isn't infertility, in your opinion, as important as contraception?

A : Yes. It undoubtedly is. It affects about 10 per cent of the total population. For the couple concerned, it is a harrowing experience. Often, they are made to feel incomplete as individuals by society. They arouse curiosity. Everyone is ready to advise them till they are thoroughly fed up. Once they start on the round of consultations, they go from clinic to clinic; in every gynec. consultant's office there will be such infertile couples who have tried everything from modern medicine to Ayurved and Homoeopathy.

Q : When exactly would you classify a person as infertile, Doctor?

A : Generally, 75 per cent of the couples staying together without using any contraceptive will conceive within a period of six months. 50 per cent will conceive within a year. So, when we classify a person as being infertile, we generally mean a couple who have stayed together without practising contraception for at least one year without pregnancy occurring. However, if a woman, aged 38, comes for help after six months of unprotected coitus, we would definitely investigate the couple. Here, the urgency is due to the woman's age which would induce us to intervene earlier. The rate of conception is known to decline with age, particularly in the late thirties and onwards.

Q : After classifying the couple as infertile, how do you go about helping them?

A : When an infertile couple seek help from us, our objectives are, first and foremost, to find out and correct if possible the cause of infertility. Secondly, to educate the couple and dispel any misconceptions they may have about the physiology of reproduction. Thirdly, to counsel the couple to seek adoption as an alternative to conception in the case of irreversible infertility.

Q : In Indian society, Doctor, the woman is generally blamed as being the cause of the infertile union. How far is this true, in your opinion?

A : According to our statistics, the female is responsible for about 40 per cent

of the total cases. The male is responsible for about 40 per cent, both combined for about 10 per cent and 10 per cent have no known cause. I hope this answers your question adequately.

Q : Yes. It does. You mentioned misconceptions about the physiology of reproduction in the minds of the infertile couple. What background knowledge about the physiology of reproduction is essential for

female at mid-cycle. This is called ovulation. After ovulation, the ovum is capable of being fertilized for about 18 hours. By and large sperms survive in the female for 36 to 48 hours; hence coitus must take place about 24 hours before or after ovulation. The chances of conception decrease if the coitus take place much earlier or later than the time of ovulation.

Q : Could you tell us about some common causes for female infertility?

but they may not be motile. Azoospermia and oligospermia can be due to a variety of reasons. In the majority of patients no cause can be found for the defect. Virus infections like mumps, other infections like venereal diseases and dilated blood vessels in the scrotal area (varicocele) are not uncommon causes of male infertility. Genetic factors, drugs, radiotherapy are among the other causes of decrease or absence of sperms in the semen. Wearing of tight

FOR WANT OF A BABY...

LALITHA RAMANATHAN interviews **Dr. MIRA RAISINGHANEY**, a gynaecologist and obstetrician working at the infertility clinic attached to the Institute for Research in Reproduction, Bombay, to explore the problem of infertility, its diagnosis and treatment

a couple undergoing investigations for infertility?

A : Basically, for fertilization to take place, one requires sperms from the male and ova from the female, and an intact and functioning reproductive system. The male is endowed with a large number of sperms. Each ejaculation consisting of two to five millilitres will have anything from 20 million to 100 million sperms. These sperms are very motile. When they are deposited in the vagina, they rapidly ascend through the cervix or the mouth of the womb into the uterus and then into the fallopian tube which is the site of fertilization.

The female on the other hand, must be receptive to these sperms for fertilization to take place, i.e. she must be in the fertile period of her cycle, (periovulatory period). After ovulation, the ovum is picked up by the finger like processes of the fallopian tubes and then transported into the tube for fertilization. The ovum is then transported into the uterine cavity over a period of 3-4 days. In the event of fertilisation, the ovum attaches to the lining of the uterus by the sixth day after it is shed from the ovary.

Q : What is the practical importance of this fertile period, Doctor?

A : Let me elucidate: Every month one ovum or egg is shed from the ovaries of the

A : The failure of ovulation or inadequate ovulation accounts for 15 to 20 per cent of infertility. It may also be due to a simple cause like infrequent coitus, wrong coital techniques or use of lubricants at the time of coitus. In about 20 per cent of cases block or diseases of the Fallopian tubes may also be responsible for an infertile marriage.

The cervix secretes some mucus which at the time of ovulation is thin and watery to facilitate the transport of sperms. At other times, the fluid is thick and impervious to sperms. If, for any reason, this fluid is not properly secreted, it may cause infertility in about five per cent of the cases. Abnormalities of the uterus like tumours or other diseases can also cause infertility. Other causes may be vaginal and cervical infections. Infertility can also be due to certain general diseases like tuberculosis, diabetes, chronic ill health, etc.

Q : Male infertility, as you have already mentioned, is responsible for about 40 per cent of the total cases. Could you enumerate some common causes of male infertility?

A : Male infertility can be due to azoospermia, i.e. no sperms, or oligospermia, where the sperms are very few. A man may even have an adequate number of sperms in his semen,

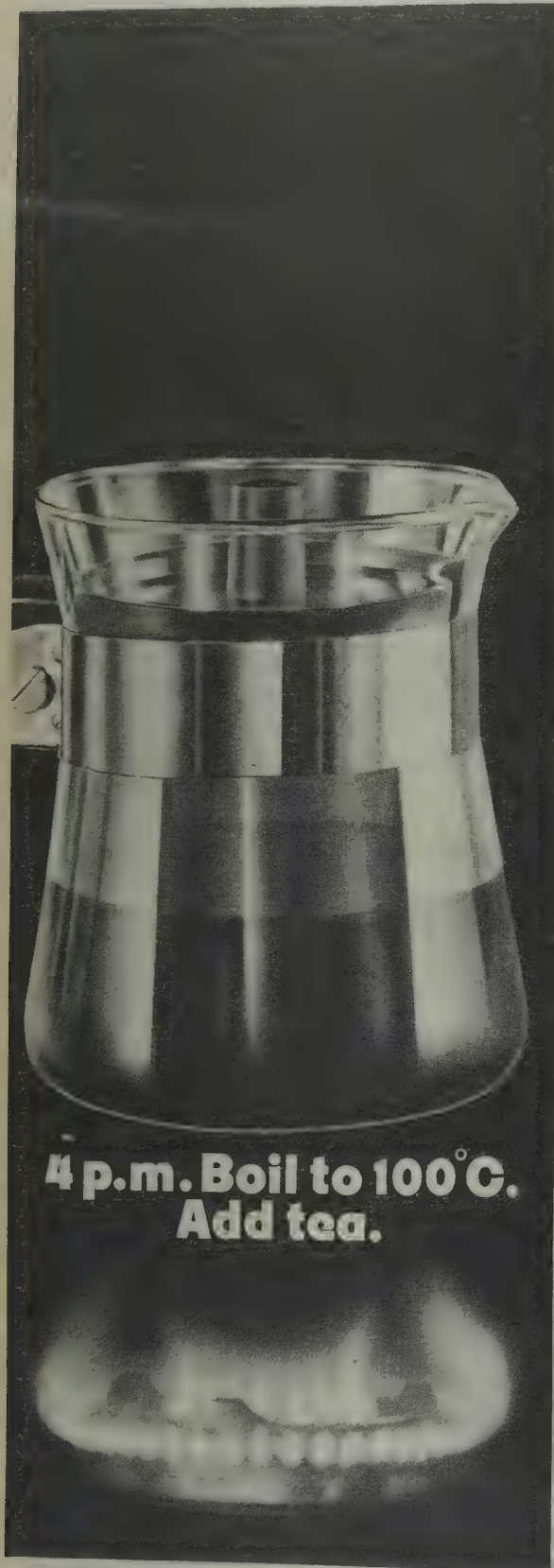
underwear should be discouraged as high temperature affects spermatogenesis or formation of sperms adversely.

Q : How do you generally set about investigating a couple?

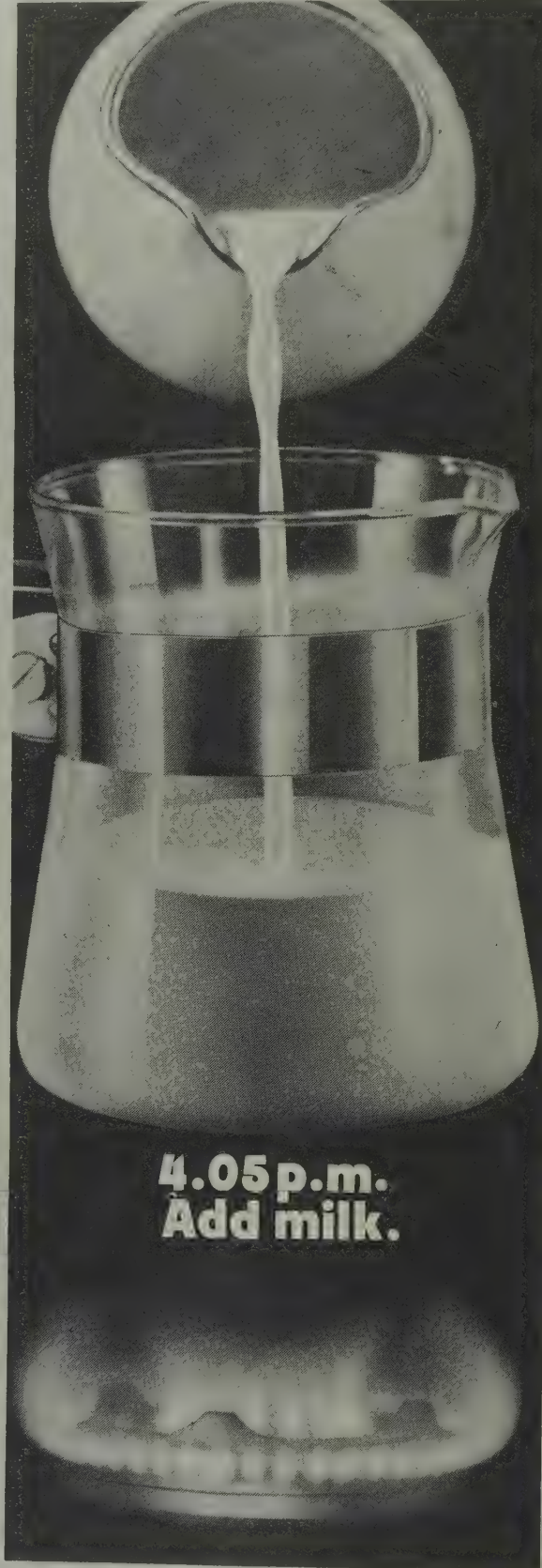
A : We usually interview the couple together at the first visit. The husband may contribute some valuable history and a combined interview also serves to emphasise that both husband and wife are involved in the investigation and prevents any misunderstanding between the couple. Later in the interview the frequency of coitus and possible sexual problems are discussed. At the first visit we explain the physiology of reproduction by audio visual aids. A detailed history is taken, important relevant family history is noted, any illness in the past is looked into and a complete physical examination is done. Such investment of time at the first visit ensures an intelligent and informed participation by both the partners for the rest of the period of investigation and treatment.

The husband's semen is examined early in the investigation. The wife's investigation takes a little more time as it has to be done at specific times of the menstrual cycle. The following factors have to be evaluated in the woman.

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FOR WANT OF A BABY...

1) Is she ovulating? 2) Are her tubes patent? 3) Is her cervix producing good secretion and is the vagina healthy so that sperm can travel through her uterus to the fallopian tubes? 4) Is her uterus and the lining of the uterus normal so as to allow the normal attachment of the fertilized egg?

Ovulation is ascertained by basal body temperature, endometrial biopsy and occasionally, if facilities are available, by blood sex steroid hormone (progesterone) levels. We ask the patient to maintain a temperature chart which is the easiest method for educated couples, we take a small piece of (endometrial biopsy) the endometrium for microscopic examination just before the next period is due. The general belief that Dialation and Curettage (D and C) are a treatment for infertility is not correct. It is better to do an endometrial biopsy which is less hazardous, does not require general anaesthesia and gives equally good information. A "D and C" involves curetting of the whole endometrial cavity, whereas in an endometrial biopsy we take only one bit of tissue. However, when tuberculosis of the endometrium is suspected a thorough curettage and a detailed examination of the endometrium is very essential.

Next, we evaluate the tubal condition. For this we do a hysterosalpingogram (X-Ray of uterus and tubes), i.e. introduce a dye which shows up as a contrast on the X-Ray film. In certain cases only, a leparoscopy is done. The principle is the same. A dye is injected through the mouth of the womb and the contents of the abdominal cavity, including the uterus and tubes, and the spilling of the dye are checked by means of a special instrument (leparoscope).

The third factor is the cervical mucus and post-coital test. This is done on the wife after intercourse around the time of ovulation to see whether the sperms are able to survive in the female genital tract. A study of the mucus may help in ascertaining the time of ovulation. A poor or negative post-coital test at proper times during the menstrual cycle (pre-ovulatory) may mean the following things:

1. Vagina may harbour some infections. This can be easily detected at the first check-up by doing microscopic examination of vaginal secretions.

2. Cervical secretions may be inadequate.

3. Semen may be poor in quality.

4. Occasionally improper coital technique.

Q: Could you tell us something about the treatment of these conditions?

A: About 20 per cent of the patients conceive while un-

genital tuberculosis will not improve with surgery.

Q: What are the chances of success of drug therapy and surgery?

A: The chances of success following treatment with drugs are fairly good. About 60 to 70 per cent of the women conceive. Chances of surgery however, as I have already told you, will depend upon the site and type of pathology and the surgeon concerned. In expert hands, chances of success in reconstructive tubal surgery vary from 15 to 40 per cent. If there

tests. However, now there are specialised tests which bring down the number of these unexplained infertility cases. For instance, leparoscopy may detect the presence of minor tubal adhesions; estimation of blood hormone levels for prolactin and progesterone helps to rule out or to treat the finer points which may be the cause of infertility.

Q: Doctor, some immunological tests are being done at various infertility centres in several countries. Is this helpful?

A: Well, the real value of finding out the presence of antibodies to the husband's spermatozoa in the wife's blood is not exactly worked out. This is still an area of research.

Q: What do you advise couples who have irreversible infertility?

A: For the couples who cannot have children, we suggest adoption. or if the wife has no abnormality, then we suggest artificial insemination with donor semen in case of male infertility. Surprisingly, we have been having quite a good response to the latter suggestion.

Q: One more question, doctor. Recently, there has been a lot of publicity about the test tube baby. What is your opinion about it and what hope does it give to an infertile couple in India?

A: Actually, a test tube baby is for cases where the woman's tubes are completely beyond repair, everything else is normal, especially the husband's semen is normal. Here the woman is made to ovulate i.e. produce an egg artificially by means of medicines. This is collected by means of a leparoscope and fertilized in a test tube with the husband's sperms. After fertilization it is reintroduced into the uterus which has been prepared to receive this ovum. At the end of nine months a normal delivery occurs. This procedure is still in the research stage. The chances of it being available to the public at large in the near future are very remote.

Thank you, Doctor.

Be kind to your nose.



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der investigation. In others, if some specific cause is found, that particular cause is treated. If there is any vaginal infection, it is easily treated. Those who have ovulatory disorders need ovulation inducing drugs. The type of drug used for induction of ovulation from the available agents like clomiphene citrate, bromocryptine or gonadotrophins depends upon the specific cause of absent ovulation. Those with blocked tubes will have to undergo reconstructive surgery. However, very badly damaged tubes or those having

are only minor tubal adhesions, chances are as high as 70 to 80 per cent.

Q: A lot of infertile couples say that they have been investigated and nothing wrong has been found and yet they have not conceived. How do you explain this?

A: Only about 10 per cent of couples will have what is called an unexplained infertility. This term simply means that no obvious cause is found for infertility by the routine

BEEBLE ASHTRAY

Marisa Pereira

AN EASY-TO-MAKE AND INEXPENSIVE
ASHTRAY IN THE FORM OF A BEETLE
MADE FROM COCONUT SHELL



MATERIALS :

Coconut shell cut in half
A narrow circular tin box for the ashes
Thick wire for antenna and legs
Oil paints in red, white and black

METHOD :

With a sandpaper smooth the shell from outside as well as inside. This forms the body of the beetle. Then cut out a circular piece from

the top of the shell. Cut the tin box in such a manner that it fits under the shell and part of it is shaped into a cigarette-rest. Slip this into the cut portion and secure with an adhesive. Refer photograph.

Cut small lengths of wire and stick them in position on the shell to form the antenna and legs. Paint the shell red and allow it to dry; then paint the dots in black. Paint the face and legs as shown. Let dry completely.

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Sunsilk's 'new look' range has a shampoo for every type of hair. Almond for normal hair. Lemon for greasy hair. Amla for dry hair. Egg Protein for dull, lifeless hair. Shikakai for itchy hair.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

As a trained social worker, Dr. Jessie Tellis Nayak has been actively working for the betterment of women belonging to the lower socio-economic strata of society. As the Director of Women's Development Programmes, Indian Social Institute, New Delhi, Jessie has been primarily concerned with tribal women, farm labourers and domestic servants.

While teaching Biology in Mangalore, Jessie organised social welfare activities for Muslim women in the Bunder area of Mangalore. They were very conservative and she had to work hard to make them come out of purdah. "This experience in voluntary work made me take up professional social work and that is how I did my Doctorate in Social Work," she says.

Jessie did her training in Social Work at the Catholic Uni-

JESSIE TELLIS NAYAK

HELPING WOMEN HELP THEMSELVES

versity, Washington, U.S.A. She was there from 1957 to 1965. She specialised in community organisation and later worked in the neighbourhood council at Harvard. She returned to Mangalore and worked as a Lecturer in Social Work in Roshni Nilaya. In 1966 she joined the Indian Social Institute headquartered in Delhi.

In the course of her work she went to the tribal areas in Madhya Pradesh to organise "Grihini Shools" for tribal wo-

men. Here the women were given training in community leadership. They were also trained in better methods of agriculture, house keeping, kitchen gardening, etc. Special residential



schools were established for this purpose. "Such programmes help the tribal woman to understand herself better," Jessie emphasises.

As the Director of Women's Programmes, Jessie has been concerned with the problem of

putting together a bibliography on women and literature. She has collected extensive material on this topic. She has also planned a course covering various aspects regarding women of India. This course has been accepted by the Mysore University as an elective for graduate studies.

A firm believer in the value of the written word, Jessie has also been engaged in producing literature for women. She writes small books on various topics like Housekeeping, Child Care, Farming, etc., which are produced in regional languages like Hindi, Marathi and Konkani.

As a consultant, she helps in planning various courses for the benefit of women at the local, regional and national level. She spares no effort to champion the cause of women and her concern is to help women to lead a more meaningful life.

Kamala Kumar

The Fourth World Book Fair, which concluded in the capital recently, has left many a book-lover highly disillusioned. Far from being a treat for book lovers, as it was made out to be, the World Book Fair proved a directionless journey to nowhere.

Organised by the National Book Trust, India, the Book Fair was chaotically spread over 19,273 sq. mts at the Pragati Maidan. Housed in three different complexes, viz. the Hall of Industries, the Hall of Nations and the New Complex, the Fair had over 500 publishers, book distributors and book sellers — both Indian and foreign — participating. While one section was devoted to Indian publishers, another was for overseas publications and the third for publications in regional languages.

A biennial event, the World Book Fair has over the years attracted an ever increasing number of participants, according to National Book Trust sources. While the recently concluded Fair attracted as many as 425 Indian and 65 foreign publishers, booksellers and representatives, the First Book Fair in 1972 had only 132 Indian and 20 foreign participants.

With over a lakh of titles exhibited, the Fourth World Book Fair laid stress on Indian language publications and devoted an exclusive section to these

A BOOK FAIR THAT IGNORED THE READER

publications, namely the "Bharatiya Bhashaon Ka Mandap". This Mandap had collections from the regional languages, thus providing an opportunity to the non-English reading public to select titles of their choice. The National Book Trust had also set up the "National Exhibit" which offered 6000 select titles published in India since the last World Book Fair in 1978. In addition, a special section for children and neo-literates were exhibited for the first time at the World Book Fair.

Besides exhibiting books in its over 500 stalls, the National Book Trust also organised seminars and lectures during the Fair. These concentrated on discussing subjects like documentation services in Department Libraries, Hindi book publishing, book distribution in India, and publishing for rural areas in the developing countries. There was also an Authors-Publishers meet organised by the Trust.

Ironically, in all this fanfare, the READER was left out. It was merely a Fair for booksellers, publishers and authors. There was not a single seminar organised between the book-readers

and the publishers, nor any attempts made to find out the problems a book lover faces, be it by way of the price of books, availability or choice of titles. In fact, the entire Fair spelt an EXHIBITION of books — thousands of them — without taking into consideration the practical difficulties of the reader.

For one, without enough guidelines or sufficient directions, a book lover had limited options. He could perhaps at best only stare at the colourful display of titles without being able to find the book of his choice. This was for two reasons: one was that the average reader rarely identifies a book with the publisher and so even if he was aware of the title he was not be able to find it at the Fair, unless he knew the name of the publishers. This therefore required a great deal of homework — to match the author, title of the book and the publisher, followed by a lot of leg work to trace the right stall where that particular publisher was housed.

Secondly, at the beginning of each complex (and there were three of them) there was no list

of publishers housed therein. Not that there were no detailed directions. There were, except that they were in the wrong places!

Consequently, one could at best just walk across the entire stretch without achieving any results, which was enough to discourage even a serious minded, dedicated book lover. It was expecting too much from the general public to spend at least three-four hours daily before they got the feel of the place and learned what was where.

The simpler thing would have been to keep the catalogues of ALL the publishers who were included in the respective stalls at the main entry points or the ticket counters. This would have enabled book lovers to pick up all the catalogues, without spending hours at the Fair, go through them at leisure, choose their titles from the respective catalogues and then go back to buy the books they wanted, armed with the titles, names of the publishers and stall number.

This would have enabled the Book Fair to serve a useful purpose for book lovers. As it was organised, the World Book Fair only served a "surface-purpose" and that too only for those who had a "jacket-interest" in books. For a serious book reader, it was too haphazard an affair.

K. C.

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THE WITHERED ONE

Pradeep Gulati

I HAD been watching her play for a number of days. And she played all alone. I could feel her loneliness as I too was a lonesome boy. She came to the park every evening with a big rubber ball in her hands. It seemed as if that ball was her sole companion with which she shared her sorrows and delights in her own private way. Sometimes she would hit it with her crutches, another time she would fondle it like a new doll. She looked at nobody, she smiled at nobody and she talked to nobody. She seemed to be lost in a world of her own.

She was obviously poor and not too clean. Her face was grimy and her clothes tattered. But there was a sweetness, an appeal in her big dark eyes that fascinated me. Possibly it was her forlorn appearance which touched my heart strings. Anyway I loved watching her and felt happy when she smiled gravely at her ball.

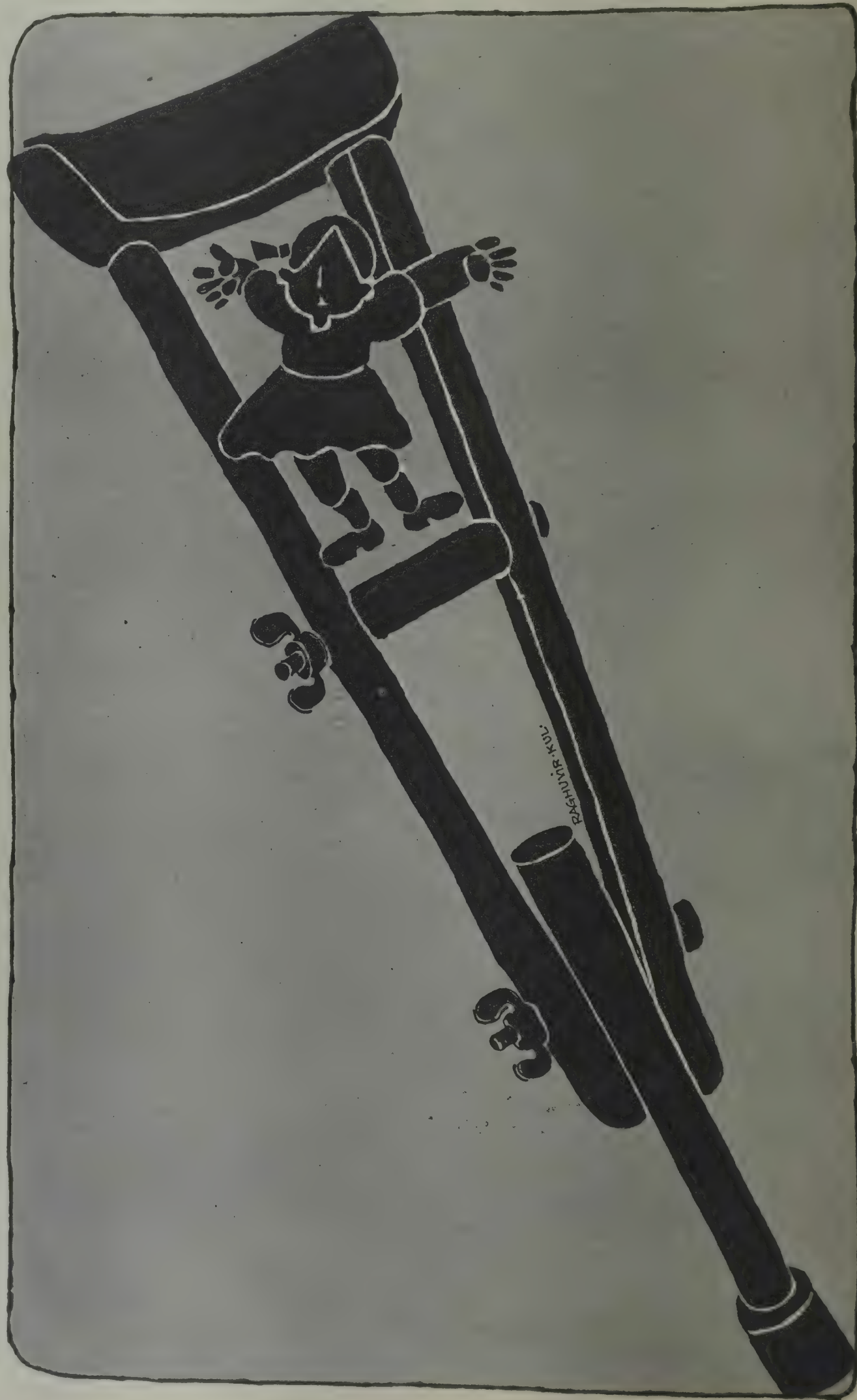
Then one day she did not turn up. I missed her. I had grown so attached to her, through all the silent evenings I had passed in the park in her company although I had never spoken to her. I waited for her, but when she did not come, anticipation gave way to anxiety, and I even found it difficult to sleep worrying about her absence.

The next day I went to the park a bit earlier than usual. She came at the usual time, but I could feel some kind of a difference in her. She seemed sadder than usual. Then I saw the ball in her hands. It was deflated. No wonder she looked sad. Her only companion, her only earthly possession, had suffered injury, an injury that could not be set right. She sat down at her usual spot, her crutches beside her, and started to fondle the ball with trembling hands. I saw tears well up in her eyes, and I could not resist any more the urge to speak to her.

"Do you mind if I sit down beside you?" I asked as gently as I could. She looked so fragile, so helpless. She would scare easily, I knew.

She looked up quickly and the expression on her face told me that she was hearing gentle words after a long time.

Although her eyes brightened, she made no reply, obviously not knowing what to say, half happy, half nervous, uneasy at this unexpected encounter.



I knew she longed for company, and sat down beside her, smiling at her.

"Please," she stammered, "you don't mind sitting next to an untouchable?"

And there were tears in her eyes which she wiped with the dirty sleeve of her torn frock. I told her that I had waited for her the day before. What had happened? Why hadn't she come?

"You waited for me?" her voice was filled with disbelief. "Why?"

"Because," I began hunching my shoulders and then could only grin. Which probably put her more at ease than any long-winded explanation.

"I... I... I..." she started, her hands nervously fondling the ball and her eyes lowered. Her fear of the world was heart rending and then I saw that she had cause to fear. There were red finger marks on her soft cheek. Someone had slapped her, slapped very hard.

"Oh well, forget it. Let's talk about other things." I said trying to take her mind away from the cruel beating.

I asked her name. It was Nirmala. She was an orphan. She did not know when her parents had died. She was staying with an aunt who treated her dreadfully. They had a small hut in the J.J. Colony. It was a job making her talk. She was so unused to anybody taking the slightest interest in her. I tried to cheer her up, but unsuccessfully. She just didn't know how to open up. Her mind seemed a shuttered cell.

"Would you like... um... me to be your friend?" I asked.

This did the trick. Her face brightened with childish delight.

"You... you would... I mean... you my friend? Oh really... how wonderful it is... a friend... my friend!"

I asked if she would like to have a new ball to play with and her delight knew no bounds. At last a smile lit her face.

It became a sort of a routine with me. And her. We used to play together all evening, then sit on the bench near the flower beds and laugh at my jokes.

It seemed as if she was slowly learning that life had something more than semi-starvation, curses and blows. I tried my best to amuse her. I brought her things she had only dreamed of till then, things like toffees, chocolates, chewing gum. Sometimes I even brought her fruits — fruits given to me by my orthodox mother for the priests at the temple.

One evening she again failed to turn up at the park. It was the same on the second and third days. I decided to go to J.J. Colony to find out. Some-

condition grew worse. I brought her some milk and fruits, but between malnutrition and neglect her frail body had no chance to fight the illness. And possibly I made things worse for her because I could see that her aunt resented my concern.

It was December. It was cold, and her condition was growing worse day by day. I took her a packet of tea, some sugar and some milk powder. And an old frock of my sister. I told her that I couldn't come for the next six days. She nodded. Just nodded, but there was a pathetic

I LOOKED AT HER AUNT FOR A WHILE. HOW COULD PEOPLE BE SO CRUEL? I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO QUESTION GOD, QUESTION EVERYBODY. BUT WHAT WOULD THEY ANSWER? ONE LESS MOUTH TO FEED?

how I felt a responsibility for her. The place, as expected, was littered with dirty, unkempt children, and cats and dogs, and the stench of human and animal excreta was unbearable. And the people were not very helpful. At last a little boy agreed to take me to her hut.

I was still a few yards from it when I heard the shrill voice of a woman. It turned out to be her aunt and she was screaming at Nirmala. I could see Nirmala washing a tattered piece of cloth in a pail of dirty water. Her aunt was standing over her. When I called out to Nirmala, the woman ceased her tirade. I went up to Nirmala and discovered that she had very high fever. Her aunt had not even bothered to take her to the municipal hospital. And she was angry because Nirmala had not attended to her work in the morning. Nirmala just looked at me as I talked to her, while her aunt just sulked away, muttering something inaudible under her breath. A normal child would certainly have wept in such circumstances, but Nirmala did not. She had forgotten even how to weep. The relief of tears too was denied to her.

I ran to a doctor nearby, but the illness had been neglected too long. He gave her an injection as a matter of professional routine and wrote out a prescription. I bought the medicines, but the next day her

look of gratitude in her eyes. She actually took my hand and put it on her cheek and tears at last welled up in her eyes and flowed down her now gaunt cheeks.

"I got my exams," I explained.

A nod again.

It wrenched my heart. How could so young a girl be so numbed? Couldn't she be a little easier with me at least?

"Don't feel hurt, I'll come as soon as the exams are over," I assured her in an effort to reassure her. She didn't speak.

"Are you angry?" I asked desperately.

"No," she replied at last. "How long can you stick by an untouchable?"

And I got up to leave.

How vividly I remember everything! It was Christmas Day. My exams were over. There was the noise of laughter everywhere. It was the Lord's birthday. I decided to take her some gifts — sweets, fruits and a pullover I had managed to extract from my mother.

"How happy she'll be," I thought as I put all these things in a bag along with a bottle of multi-vitamins I found in our medicine cupboard.

As I neared the house and turned the corner, I saw it all. I saw her aunt dragging Nirmala's body. Yes, dragging her limp, lifeless frame and placing it on a wooden plank, a plank pulled out from some old crate. I saw two men lift the plank on to their shoulders and I heard the funeral chant of "God is Truth."

God? Truth? It was blasphemy.

"Stop!" I cried.

She was beyond my reach, my pitiful efforts to give some semblance of human dignity to a child who had not known it since she was born. But it was a gesture I had to make.

They put the plank down. I looked at her aunt for a while. How could people be so cruel? Specially a woman and a mother at that! I would have liked to question God, question everybody. But what would they answer? One less mouth to feed?

I knelt down beside her. I pulled out the pullover from my bag and placed it over her... Let her corpse at least feel a little warmth, I thought. I took out the sweets and put them beside her.

How futile, my mind mocked at me. But no, it was not futile. The corpse of an unwanted, abused, starved girl of six had a right to the affection denied to her in her lifetime.





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Oranges and lemons...
and ripe mangoes too,
for those thirsty...
thirsty months. Care to
sip a few? Ask for them
by name.

Sun-Sip Squashes.

New
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SQUASHES
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250 grams dessicated coconut; 1 tin condensed milk; 50 grams cherries; a few paper leaves; 12 to 18 paper cases; a few drops edible food colour; a few drops vanilla essence.

1. Mix the dessicated coconut with condensed milk. Mix well. Add essence and colouring.
2. Divide this mixture into twelve or eighteen lemon size balls.
3. Place each ball in the paper cases.
4. Decorate the top with paper leaves and cherries. Chill before serving. Or, if desired, quickly bake for ten minutes in a moderate hot oven before serving.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

STEP BY STEP COOKERY

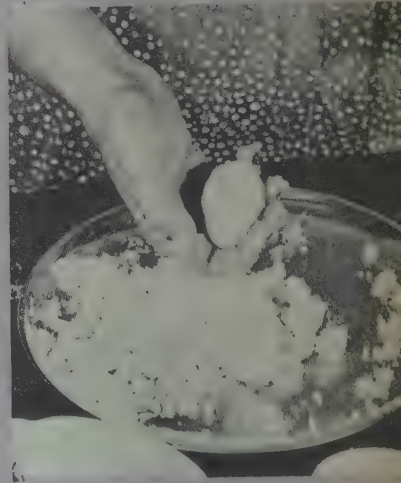
Coconut Kisses

The lightest and easiest to prepare for a children's party. It needs no baking, no cooking. SUSHILLA VASWANI shows you the way in four easy-to-follow steps.

1



2



3



4



Watch your baby



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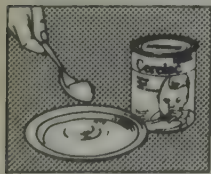


Is your baby 3 months
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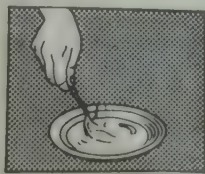
Cerelac—the nutritionally
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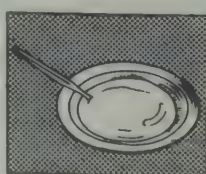
It's so easy to make— just add it to water.



Add Cerelac to
pre-boiled water.



Mix and stir.



Ready to serve.

SAA/FSL/C/1043

NESTLÉ



THE NON- SUBJECT

Homi Kharas

You are keen on making a picture, but there is nothing to photograph. You don't see a suitable subject around you. This happened to me one day in a way-side bazar.

Then I spotted a junk heap of the most uninteresting things. In the heap was a rusty old hurricane lantern which must have had a long and useful life in somebody's hut. But what could I do with it?

Turning around I saw a mound of earth in the wide open space and placed the lamp on it. It stood there like a dignified veteran against the bald sky. And there was my picture! I could title it "Retired Life".

So, when you think you have run out of subjects and there is nothing around worth shooting, that's the time to put on your thinking cap and go creative.





BICOLOUR BEAUTIE

Dino Vacha

Four ways to bicolour dressing — a rage in Europe. Combine dynamic, clashy shades of purple with green, red, turquoise if you are in a daring mood — or subdue your combinations to monochrome or complementary shades like purple and yellows or blues with greens. It's the 'in' look with an economical edge, for you can put to use small fabric remnants. Wear slide combs in the hair in a colour to match, slit or slimmed skirts, asymmetrical open blouses and the look is complete! Choose from any four patterns — sure winners!

dino

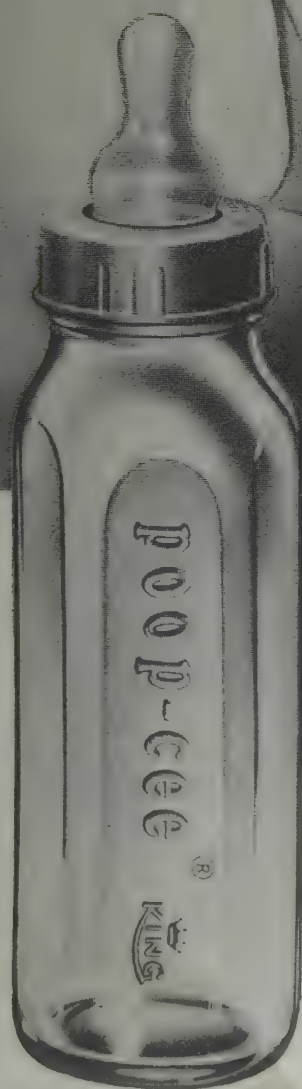




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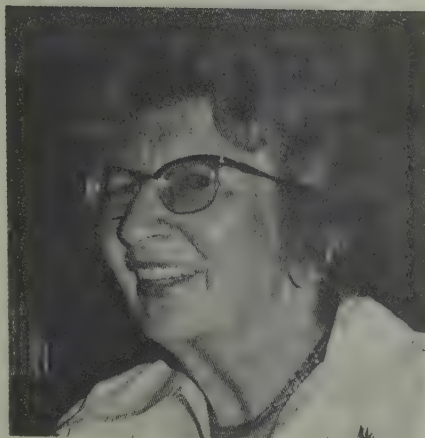
ANNEMARIE SCHIMMEL

SCHOLAR OF ISLAMIC STUDIES

"The moth, casting itself into the flames, becomes united with it and thus gains new life. The burnt prayers of the poet's moth-like heart will certainly reach the place of union. Jalaluddin Rumi claims several times that he, who has nothing but prayer, has himself become prayer — so that everyone who looks at him wants prayers from him. This is perhaps the most beautiful self-portrait we possess of him: completely transformed into that light which according to the Sufi saying, 'surrounds those who pray at night when the Lord covers them with light from His Light.'" So says Annemarie Schimmel speaking of Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi, the famous Sufi poet and saint. Sufi poetry is her forte, and as one listens to her speaking, one is absolutely awed by the vast knowledge she has of Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Pushtu, Urdu and, of course German, English and French.

Dr. Annemarie Schimmel visited India recently to give a series of talks at various institutes. This was not her first visit to India, though it was her first to the Deccan. "Actually, the idea of this visit originated in Hyderabad," she says smiling, "and it has fulfilled a long-cherished dream — that of visiting the shrines of the saints of Bidar, Gulbarga and Bijapur. I have been dying to pay my respects to Hazrat Bandenawaz. I could hardly believe that my dream had at last come true."

Annemarie Schimmel was born in Erfurt in what is now East Germany. She was drawn to mysticism at a very early age. She studied Islamic literature and culture and did considerable research. She obtained her doctorate at the incredibly early age of 19 from Berlin University. Her doctoral dissertation dealt



with the position of the Qazi in Medieval Egypt. She lectured at the University of Marburg from 1954 to '59, and was Professor of History of Religions at a university in Ankara, Turkey.

CLAUDE JAUNIERE

A HOUSEHOLD NAME

She has an interesting face and a charming smile. And when she talks to you, her eyes twinkle. Maybe, she is not just listening, but wondering also how possibly she can use what you are saying in a story. For Madame Claude Jauniere is a romantic novelist. She has written 72 novels so far and the 73rd is on the way!

"I am very glad I came to India. This trip has been a most useful one," she says of her visit to South India recently. "Dominique Lapierre's (who co-authored 'Freedom at Midnight') mother is one of my very dearest friends, and it was at his suggestion that I came out on this trip."

Soon Madame Jauniere will be bringing out a book on India — "with a little bit about the art and philosophy of India. Such is my idea," she says modestly.

Madame Jauniere has a house in Paris and one in the country. She divides her time between the two. She writes as the mood takes her, and has been translated into almost all the European languages — Portuguese, Spanish, Flemish, Greek, Italian and English.

Claude Jauniere was born in Paris in a quiet quarter near Montparnasse. Though she had

In 1961 she was appointed Professor of Islamics at the University of Bonn, and since 1970 she has been Professor of Indo-Muslim Culture at Harvard.

Dr. Schimmel is the author of a number of books on Ghalib, Iqbal, Sindhi literature, Mansur-al-Hallaj, the "Mystical Dimensions of Islam" and German translations of John Donne.

When she speaks in Urdu, Arabic or Persian, "I have to do a little preparation," she says modestly. But when she is speaking in French, German or English, Dr. Schimmel neither prepares, nor makes notes, nor refers to any of her writings.

"Are you tired?" I ask her, at the end of the day. She had given two talks, done a couple of hours' sightseeing and climbed up Golconda Fort.

"No," she replied. "I haven't done very much today."

In Madras she met several

scholars, but what pleased her very much was a visit to a private collection of manuscripts, about 15,000 of them. "They are very rare and I was extremely fortunate to see them." She also lectured in Bombay, Pune and Madras.

She has interesting anecdotes to recount about her travels. She was in Turkey at the time of Rumi's centenary celebrations. "I was living in Ankara — this was in 1954. My mother and I drove 265 kms. to Konya to see the revival of the dance of the whirling dervishes which had been banned for 25 years. It was a marvellous experience! I am all for the revival — but these things must not become commercial, and they are becoming commercial now. There is a great sanctity about this dance, and like in all sacred orders, the person has to be initiated into it."

In 1940 these collections ceased and Claude tried her hand at writing a novel herself. "Imagine, it was a success!" she says still incredulous of her achievement.

The editor, M. Dumoncel, encouraged her and soon a delighted reading public found novel after novel succeeding the first. 72 romantic novels have already been brought out in various editions. Widely read and translated, Madame Jauniere is a household name among readers of French romantic novels.

"How do you name your novels? How do you choose the theme?" I asked her.

"Sometimes a word, sometimes a line, sometimes a thought brings an idea and then the novel is born and the story takes shape." She says the titles also come in the same way.

Madame Jauniere lost her husband six years ago and she has no children. With time at her disposal, she travels frequently seeing new and different places. "This is a must for a writer," she says. "Stimulation is necessary."

Claude has been a member of the prestigious Society of Men of Letters since the forties and a member of its Committee from 1968 to 1977. She has travelled all over Europe, North Africa, U.S.A., Canada, Mexico and U.S.S.R. At present she is Vice-president of the Association of Romantic Writers.

Bilkiz Alladin



at first toyed with the idea of teaching as a career, she soon gave up the idea. She worked as a secretary for a while in the Ministry of Works, and it was here that she met a woman of letters, Titayna. This chance meeting changed the whole course of her life. "I did not believe I could write," she says, but she soon discovered she had talent, and she absorbed from this wonderful, intelligent woman and traveller, the rudiments of writing.

Claude's next job was as Chief of Publicity in a publishing house that adapted film stories into novels, which were brought out in various collections.

Join the MARKFED brigade



The Punjab State Co-operative Supply and Marketing Federation Ltd., Sector 17-E, Chandigarh

stuff them.... they're good!

The Indian breads — nans, parathas, puris and rotis — are all tasty but they can become monotonous and unappetising when served the same way day after day. Try and vary them wisely so that they will delight your family and earn you praise all round. Our recipes here will enable you to create several varieties — stuff them, roll them with choicest of fillings, and make them complete and nutritious meals in themselves. Whichever way you make them, see that you serve them piping hot with dahi raita, pickles or a piquant chutney.

LAYERED MEAT PARATHAS

500 grams whole wheat flour
250 grams minced meat, ground
1 onion
1 tsp. coriander powder
½ tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garam masala
Salt to taste

Ghee or butter

Mince the onion. Heat two tablespoons ghee or butter and saute onion till golden brown. Add meat, coriander, chilli powder garam masala and salt

and fry till brown. Add two tablespoons water and simmer till tender.

Meanwhile, sieve flour with salt. Rub in a little butter, add water and knead well into a stiff soft dough. Break off small portions and roll into eight paper-thin, round chappatis. Smear one chappati with ghee and place another over it. Smear ghee again and place another chappati. Repeat until you have a layer of four. Sprinkle the surface with a little water and spread a thin layer of minced meat. Cover with four more chappatis. Roast on a tava till light golden, add a little ghee and fry on both sides till brown.



KHEEMA TANDOORI

- 360 grams whole wheat flour
2 tbsps. yeast
1 tsp. salt
125 grams minced meat

Mix together the flour, yeast and salt with enough water. Knead for half an hour and then cover with muslin cloth and leave aside to rise for about two to three hours. Knead in the meat and a little salt if required. Divide into four parts. Roll in the hands and make flat round cakes about the size of a plate by slapping from one palm to the other. Bake in a tandoor or a barbecue or in a baker's oven.

KHAMEERA NAN

- 500 grams flour
1 egg
½ pint milk
3 tbsps. butter
1 tsp. aniseeds
½ tsp. yeast
Silver paper (varakh)
Ghee
Salt to taste

Sieve flour and add salt and aniseeds. Rub in the butter till the mixture is crumbly. Then gradually add the lukewarm milk and beaten egg. Finally, add yeast and knead thoroughly. Leave to rise until double in size. Make balls of the dough and roll out to three fourths-inch thickness. Leave all nans to rise further until double in size. Deep fry in hot ghee until brown on both sides. Remove and drain. Cover each nan with a piece of silver paper before serving.

DHALBHARI PURIS

- 120 grams green gram dal (moong)
120 grams Bengal gram dal (channa)
675 grams whole wheat flour
4 cloves
8 peppercorns
3 cardamoms
½ tsp. cummin seeds
1½ tps. salt or to taste
Ghee

Soak both the dals overnight. The next morning drain off the water and grind to a fine paste. Grind the cloves, peppercorns, cardamoms and cummin seeds. Heat one tablespoon ghee in a pan. Fry the dal paste with the ground masala and salt.

Knead the wheat flour to a stiff dough with two teaspoons ghee, water and salt. Divide the dough into small portions. Roll each

portion into a ball. Flatten and put in a little fried dal. Close up the dough and roll out into a thickish puri. Deep fry in ghee.

GOBI PARATHA

- 500 grams whole wheat flour
500 grams cauliflower
2 onions
2 green chillis
1 tbsps. dried pomegranate seeds (anardhana)
1½ inch piece ginger
1 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. garam masala
Ghee
Salt to taste

Chop the cauliflower very fine or grate coarsely. Do not use the stalks. Sprinkle salt in water, put in cauliflower and let stand for half an hour. Drain and mix with finely chopped onions, finely chopped ginger, chopped coriander leaves, finely chopped chillis, crushed pomegranate seeds and season to taste.

Sieve flour, add two tablespoons ghee, a pinch of salt and enough water and knead to a stiff dough. Cover and keep aside for ten minutes. Divide into six portions and roll out into round thick pancakes. Spread with a little ghee. Divide the cauliflower into six portions and put a helping of the mixture in the centre. Close up carefully. Roll into a ball and roll out as thin as possible without letting the stuffing

break through. Smear with ghee and fry on both sides on a heated tava till nicely brown. Serve hot.

ALU KI ROTI

- 1 kg whole wheat flour
500 grams potatoes
2 onions
4 green chillis
½ bunch coriander leaves
1 small piece ginger
1 tsp. coriander seeds, roast and ground
½ tsp. freshly-ground black pepper
1 tsp. pomegranate seeds
Salt to taste

Chop onions, green chillis, coriander and garlic finely. Boil potatoes, peel and chop. Heat a little ghee in a kerahi and fry the onions till brown. Add all the remaining ingredients, including potatoes and remove from the fire. Cool and mash coarsely with a fork.

Knead the flour with a little water and pinch of salt. Make eight equal portions from the dough. Also make eight equal portions of the potato stuffing. Roll out into the size of a puri, place stuffing in the centre and cover, bringing the edges over. Roll into a ball in the palm of the hand, flatten and roll out again as thin as possible. Heat a tava and fry on both sides just like plain parathas.

SWEET CHANNA DAL PARATHA

- 500 grams flour
500 grams Bengal gram dal (channa)
500 grams sugar
½ tsp. ground cardamoms
3 cloves
2 tps. til (sesame oil) or olive oil

Sieve the flour, add oil and enough water. Knead into a thick dough. Roll lemon-sized balls from the dough and keep aside.

Meanwhile, boil the dal in one pint of water for about an hour till tender. Drain off the water, add sugar, cardamoms and cloves and stir till a thread-like syrup is formed. Grind or mash the mixture to a paste. Roll into balls of the same number about double the size of the flour balls. Flatten out the flour balls. Place a ball of the gram mixture in the centre and cover completely with the flour dough. Roll into a smooth, large ball in the palm of your hand. Place on a rolling-board and roll out with a rolling-pin into a fairly thick round pancake. Bake on a tava till both sides are a crisp golden brown. Spread with butter or ghee and serve hot.

COOKERY QUEEN

PREMA SUNDAR Karnataka

Add enough water to the rice and coconut paste to get a thin batter consistency.

COCONUT DOSA UPMA

- 1 coconut
2 cups raw rice
⅛ cup tur dal
10 dry chillis, chopped
1 tsp. black gram dal (udad)
½ tsp. mustard seeds
A sprig curry leaves
Groundnut oil

Heat a tava. Smear with little oil and make dosas roasting only one side. Take care to cover the dosa with a lid while on tava. Do not brown the dosas. Repeat with the remaining batter. Cut each dosas into half inch squares. Keep aside.

Heat enough oil in a large pan. Add mustard seeds, udad dal, curry leaves and chillis. Add the dosa pieces, one third coconut grating, the boiled dal and salt to taste. Mix all the ingredients well for ten to fifteen minutes and remove. Serve hot.



Mrs. Sundar wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Sauce-pan from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Corn Products, Bombay.

Soak the rice in water for two to three hours. Grate the coconut. Keep one third of the grated coconut aside. Grind the rest with the soaked rice to a fine paste. Add enough salt and keep aside. Next boil the tur dal little but not too soft.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Regina da Silva, Goa.

SURPRISE COASTAL TRIFLE

- 2 coconuts, finely grated
- 2 cups leftover breadcrumbs
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 tbsps. sugar
- 100 grams cashewnuts
- 100 grams raisins
- 2 pods cardamoms, finely crushed
- 24 jackfruit pods
- 1 egg yolk

Keep four jackfruit pods aside for the decoration. Chop the remaining jackfruit pods finely and stew with a little water and four tablespoons sugar till thick. Keep this mixture aside. Chop the cashewnuts finely keeping a few for the garnish. Clean and dry the raisins.

In a deep frying pan melt two cups of sugar over a slow fire. Add the powdered cardamom and cook to a one string consistency. Lower the flame but continue boiling gently. Beat the egg yolk and pour it through the fine hole of a jalebi press onto the gently boiling sugar syrup, to form fine strands. Cook for a while and remove. Keep these for the garnish.

Now, add the finely grated coconut to the sugar syrup and boil till thick. Add the breadcrumbs and blend well with a wooden spoon. Add half of the raisins and chopped cashewnuts. When the mixture leaves the sides, remove from the fire and spread half of this mixture on a lightly greased glass bowl. Spread the stewed fruit over and repeat with the coconut mixture. Smoothen the top with the back of a greased spoon. Cut the leftover jackfruit into fine strips. Sprinkle these on top of the trifle, along with the fried egg yolk, raisins and nuts. Chill before serving.



Mrs. Anju Khanna, Madras.

COCONUT FISH PULLAO

- 1 silver varakh
- 2 cloves
- 4 cardamoms



Miss Ramachandran wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products and P. Mittulal Lalah and Sons, Madras.

COCONUT POHA POLI

- 250 grams raw rice
- 250 grams poha (beaten rice)
- 250 grams brown sugar
- 1 big coconut, grated
- 1 tbsp. cashewnuts
- 1 tbsp. ghee
- 3-4 cardamoms, powdered
- A pinch salt
- A few banana leaves

- Oil
- 250 grams rice
- 1 coconut
- 1 bunch spinach
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 1 tsp. garlic — ginger paste
- 1 tsp. lime juice
- 1 tsp. garam-masala
- 1 tsp. turmeric
- ½ cup cashewnuts, lightly fried
- 200 grams boneless fish
- 2 slices bread, soaked
- ½ bunch fenugreek leaves
- 1 onion, finely sliced
- Salt to taste
- 1 bay leaf

Boil the fish with salt and lime juice. Drain and mash well. Add the bread slices and garam masala. Make tiny balls and deep fry. Coat half of the balls with silver varakh. Keep aside. Heat two tablespoon oil. Add garlic ginger paste. Add the chopped vegetables, turmeric powder, tomatoes and salt. Cook on high flame till dry. Remove and keep aside. Extract three cups of coconut milk. Heat ghee in a pan. Fry the sliced onion, whole spi-

UMA RAMACHANDRAN, Madras.

Soak the beaten rice for a while. Drain and keep aside. Make a thick syrup of brown sugar. Add grated coconut, beaten rice, cashewnuts, powdered cardamom and ghee. Cook till thick. Keep aside.

Soak the raw rice for a few hours. Wash, drain and dry in sun for a while. Pound finely. Boil a cup of water with a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of ghee. Add the rice flour little by little and blend well on a slow fire. Cook till a stiff dough is obtained. Cool.

Form into balls. Roll out into small chappatis on a floured board, dust with rice flour. Place a portion of filling in the centre and fold over.

Repeat till all the dough is used up. Place each 'poli' on a piece of banana leaf and fold over. Steam for a few minutes. Serve with ghee or milk.

ces and bay leaf. Add rice and stir well. When light brown, pour in coconut milk. Add salt. Cover and cook till rice is almost cooked. Remove from fire. Divide the rice in two portions. Take a shallow casserole. Evenly spread the base with half of the rice. Now pour the cooked vegetables over it. Add few fish balls and top with the left over rice. Decorate with fish balls coated with silver varakh. Sprinkle cashewnuts.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contests

All cookery contestants for the monthly Cookery Queen Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

May, 1980
MANGO MARVELS

June, 1980
RAINY DAY SNACKS

July, 1980
SNACKS FOR ELEVENSES

All entries for May should reach us latest by April 5, June entries by May 5, and July entries by June 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

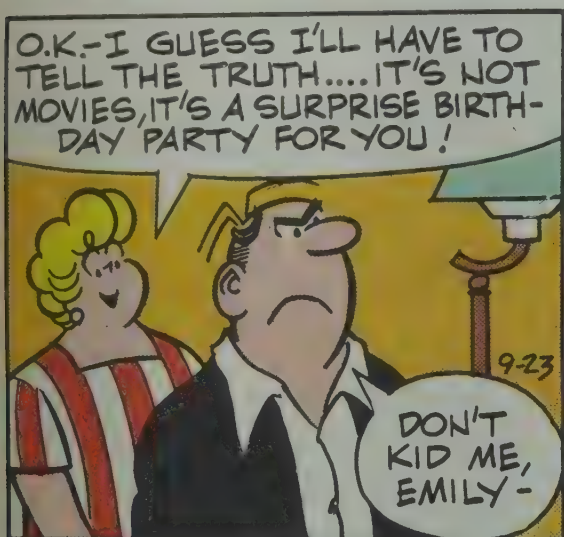
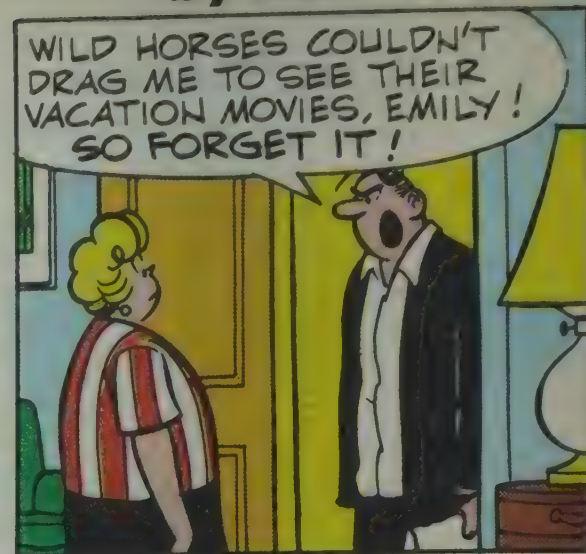
Revised Contest Rules

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

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

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



"I'm not the happiest person in the world, but I'm next to the happiest," murmured the supreme egotist as he took the sweet young thing in his arms.

"My best friend dined with us on Sunday and was so impressed by my bride's cooking that he sent her a carving set."

"That was nice."

"No. He sent her a hammer and a chisel."

"Pa," said Johnny, "what's a monologue?"

"It's a conversation being carried out by a man and his wife," growled his father.

Jones had occasion to reprimand his wife.

"I think, my dear, that you're an awful liar."

"Well, it's a wife's duty to speak well of her husband now and then."

THAT'S A LAUGH!

Meek voice over the telephone. "Doctor, my wife just dislocated her jaw. If you're around this side sometime next month, would you please drop in?"

"Mama, do all angels fly?"



"Yes, Willie. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I heard Dad call the hired girl an angel. Will she fly too?"

"Yes, dear. Tomorrow."

She: "I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest things living."

John: "Yes, my lamb."

"Do you know that your dog bit my mother-in-law yesterday?"

"No. Well, I suppose you will sue me for damages."

"Not at all. What will you take for the dog?"

"What's the matter little boy?"

"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me! That's too bad."

"Yes. She — bōo-hoo-promised me that I could do it."

A school inspector said to a pretty teacher: "Do you teach observation?"

"Yes."

"Then I will test the class. Now, children, shut your eyes



and sit still." The inspector made a slow smacking sort of noise and said, "Now, children, what did I do?"

One little boy piped out: "Kissed teacher."

Sunday school teacher: "Can you tell me something about Good Friday, Bobby?"

Bobby: "Yes. He was the fellow that did all the house-work for Robinson Crusoe."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

The Revolutionary Movement in India was initially an all-male affair, for its inspiration came primarily from sources which were ascetic — the sanyasis of "Anand Math", Swamy Vivekanand and then some other lesser known sadhus of western India. They were the spiritual preceptors of the early revolutionaries. That is why we find many of them ending their lives as regular sanyasis, donning ochre robes.

Though there were some isolated exceptions, women joined the Revolutionary Movement actively and on a large scale only in the late twenties and early thirties. Their revolutionary activities, no less heroic than those of the opposite sex, occurred only in the early thirties.

April 18, 1930 can be considered the starting point of a series of 'spectacular revolutionary actions. It was on this date that strategic establishments at Chittagong, a sea-side town in present day Bangla Desh, were simultaneously attacked by a group of revolutionaries under the leadership of Surya Sen, popularly known as "Masterda."

Though married under domestic pressure to one Pushpa Kuntala Devi, an outstanding beauty, Surya Sen never lived with her as husband and wife. And while he was under detention in far off Ratnagiri, she was down with pneumonia. Though he somehow reached her bedside on parole, her only con-



Surya Sen

solation was that she could breathe her last on the lap of her husband who did not "love her less but loved India more." He lived and died in the service of the Motherland.

Like almost all revolutionaries

HEROIC WOMEN FROM THE PAST

WHEN THE REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT FOR INDEPENDENCE BEGAN, IT WAS COMPLETELY DOMINATED BY MEN, TO THE CHAGRIN OF ITS WOMEN ASSOCIATES. BUT BEFORE LONG, WOMEN BEGAN TO PROVE THEIR METTLE AND PARTICIPATED FULLY IN ITS ACTIVITIES — VIOLENT AND OTHERWISE. APRIL 18 IS BEING CELEBRATED AS THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE CHITTAGONG UPRISING, CONSIDERED BY MANY TO BE A LANDMARK OF THE MOVEMENT

Satyavrata Ghosh



Indumati Singh

of his time, Surya Sen was averse to admitting women into his party. Probably, Anant Singh, his most active comrade, was even more strongly against their entering the group even though his own elder sister, Indumati Devi, was very close to the activities of their secret society. The parting scene, when the younger brother was leaving for what could easily have been his last journey, was very significant. It was April 18, just on the eve of the Armoury Raid which he led.

In the words of Anant Singh himself (translated from Bengali) it developed as follows:

Anant Singh: Didi, now we are ready.

Indumati Singh: What do you mean? Speak out, what are you ready for?

Anant Singh: The end of the British Raj at Chittagong. Today we shall dig its grave. The Republican Army will take over

the town tonight... It is difficult to believe. Yet, I say that the national flag will occupy the place of the Union Jack."

I.S.: I too will accompany you. Why have you left me out? Take me along.

A.S.: No, Didi, that's not possible. This time we are not taking our sisters with us. The first time it is for the brothers. Sisters will follow."

Yet, actually one woman, Preetilata Waddedar, did lead the attack on the European Club on September 24, 1932 and became India's first woman martyr.

Indumati would not yield eas-

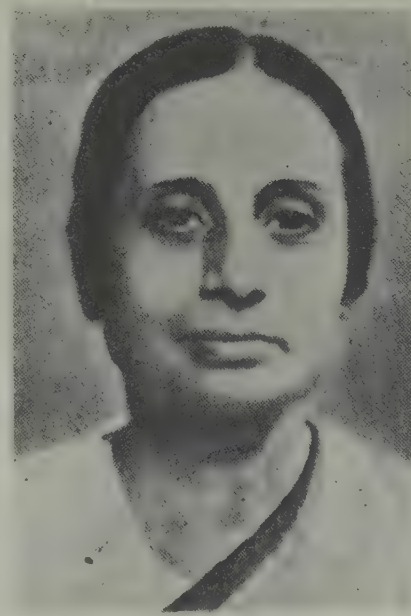


Savitri Devi

less than my brothers. Do I not know driving and shooting? Masterda knows fully well that I never miss my aim. Is it only because I am born a woman that I am the object of such injustice?"

The brother, who achieved such glory in the action that followed, consoled the sister by saying, "We all know that you are no less equipped than us, but this time we shall not be able to take you along. I wonder if we have taken the right decision. Our sisters themselves, in days to come, will give the answer by their actions."

From Preetilata to Kalpana to Shanti-Suniti to Bina Das to Ujjwala Mazumdar, all gave the answer in an unequivocal affirmative — that given an opportunity, women are no less than men: In spite of all the handicaps, they have proved to be as heroic.



Suhasini Ganguly

ily. She asked her brother to find out from Masterda in which way she was inferior to men. "I am the trainer of the women's wing of the Physical Club at Chittagong. In boxing, dagger-play, Japanese jujutsu, I am no

HEROIC WOMEN FROM THE PAST

With so many of its participants in the Armoury raid arrested, there was a need to organise their defence and to raise funds for it. Indumati rose to the occasion by indefatigably touring the length and breadth of Bengal and even beyond, but the government did not let her enjoy long the life of a free individual. She was detained without trial and spent six years in the Hijli Camp. She utilised her days of detention to prepare for and pass the Matriculation examination. She was released in 1937 to welcome her brothers of the Chittagong Armoury Raid case when they came back from the Andamans a few years later. Masterda, however, had joined the ranks of the martyrs on January 12/13, 1934, at midnight.

There was another woman revolutionary, Suhasini Ganguli (affectionately called "Putudi") whose contribution to the cause of the Chittagong revolutionaries was probably greater, certainly of a more unconventional nature. She had to pose as the "wife" of another trusted comrade, Shashadhar Acharya, to give shelter to the absconders from Chittagong — Ganesh Ghosh, Anant Singh, Loke Nath Baul, Anand Gupta and Jeevan Ghoshal.

She was earlier a teacher at the Deaf and Dumb School in Calcutta. While at Chander-Nagar, the French enclave (and, therefore, safer), also, she took up a teacher's job. At night and in the morning she was the sweet smiling (Suhasini) sister of the Chittagong patriots and during the day she was just a teacher. There was a 24-hour vigil at the hide-out. But the redoubtable Sir Charles Tegart somehow scented their presence and raided the house in the early hours of Sept. 1, 1930. After an armed encounter all but Jeevan Ghoshal were arrested. The young Jeevan sacrificed his own 'Jeevan' (life) while facing British bullets. Anand Singh had surrendered to the police earlier. Suhasini, with her "husband," was also arrested on the charge of harbouring proclaimed offenders. As immediate punishment she received a hard slap from Sir Charles, who had no use for British chivalry.

Though acquitted in the case, she was detained and kept in the Hijli Camp along with Indumati Singh. In the General Amnesty for detenus, she was also released only to be again arrested during the 1942 move-

ment. Finally, she came out of jail in 1945. A few years ago she passed away — unwept, unhonoured and unsung. That's the way we honour those who sacrificed so much so that we may be free.

There have also been women whose suffering and sacrifice have been no less though they were not consciously committed and regularly recruited into the Revolutionary movement. They got involved because they were in sympathy with those who were active in the movement.

force, Capt. Cameron was shot dead in the encounter. As a reprisal the Army and the Police let loose all their anger on the old widow and her son Ramkrishna, who was suffering from T.B. The mother and son were sentenced to four years' R.I. Though both were in the same jail at Midnapur, the mother was never permitted to meet her ailing son, dying slowly on his sick-bed. When, on the death of her son, she was allowed to just have a glimpse of the corpse, Ramkrishna still had iron fetters.

The name of Savitri Devi comes first to the mind. It was she, the universal "Masima" (Mousiji, maternal aunt) who had given shelter to Surya Sen, Nirmal Sen and Preetilata at her cottage at Dhalghat, knowing fully well the risk involved.

On June 12, 1932, when the inmates were just ready for dinner, police surrounded the place. While Nirmal Sen held the fort single-handed and ultimately became victim of a rifle shot, Surya Sen and Preetilata could effect their escape by the back-door under cover of darkness.

Among the attacking police

on his wrists! No cushy, "Class-One" jail comforts for them, and no public ovation on release. But their long suffering, their ultimate sacrifice, are now being honoured in the year-long Golden Jubilee Celebration of the Chittagong Uprising. What should have been done much earlier is being done at least now. Better late than never.

(Preetilata and Kalpana, the two other outstanding characters of the Chittagong Uprising, have already appeared in the columns of Eve's Weekly and so they have not been mentioned here.)

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT FRIENDSHIP

Every man should keep a fair sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.

(H. W. Beecher)

Thy friendship oft has made my heart to ache; Do be my enemy — for friendship's sake.

(Blake)

Most people enjoy the inferiority of their best friends.

(Chesterfield)

The only way to have a friend is to be one.

(Emerson)

A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

(Johnson)

To suspect a friend is worse than to be deceived by him.

(La Rochefoucauld)

If you want to make a dangerous man your friend, let him do you a favour.

(Lewis E. Lawes)

Men use care in choosing a horse, and are neglectful in their choice of friends.

(Austin O'Malley)

Friends made fast seldom remain fast.

(John Muir)

That friendship will not continue to the end which is begun for an end.

(Francis Quarles)

Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies.

(Voltaire)

Friendship is the only cement that will hold the world together.

(Wilson Mizner)

A friend is one who knows your faults and loves you in spite of them.

(Anon)

Friendship contains a little black; it is as necessary as the black notes on a piano.

(Jose Iturbi)

Compiled by
George T. Fegradoe

When you want to be provocative

wear a spot of innocence.

Flutter your lashes,
show off your back,
on your forehead wear
a spot of Shingar
Kumkum Bindi.

Made from the finest
ingredients, in colors
that blend with your
every mood, enhance
your every dress.



Shingar

Kumkum Bindi
-India's most
beautiful
beauty spot



MAKE YOUR GARDEN GROW

An introduction to the art of kitchen gardening and the pleasures of growing your own vegetables **6**

While seeds are sown to raise most plants, in a number of cases, various vegetable parts also are used, as shown below:

Stem cuttings are used in the case of sweet potatoes, cassava (tapioca), etc. For potatoes, tubers cut into small pieces having one or two buds are used for planting. In the case of garlic, the bulb is separated into individual cloves and used for planting. For turmeric and ginger, the underground stem portion called rhizome, having well developed buds, are used. Runners and suckers are used in the case of mint and lemon grass.

It is advisable to avoid raising plants that have a long tap root system, in pots. Also tuber crops such as potato, sweet potato and cassava, as their deve-

GROWING PLANTS FROM STEM CUTTINGS



lopment may not be optimum in the limited soil and space of the pot. Vegetables like peas, beans and ladies' fingers which give a few fruits at one picking may not yield enough to prepare a vegetable dish for the whole family. They should, therefore, either be grown in a larger number of pots or not at all. Gourds which need sturdy supports also are not suitable for pots.

Leafy vegetables like methi, suva, tandulja and coriander are ideal for pots as you will get the leaves at regular and frequent intervals.

Crops like cabbage, cauliflower, knol-khol and root crops like radish, beet, turnip can give a well developed head or root vegetable in sufficient

GENERAL INFORMATION ABOUT VEGETABLE CULTIVATION

Vegetable	Growing Season	Sowing time	Sowing method	Sowing/T.P. distance bet. rows & plants in cms.	Number of plants in 20 cms. pots	Approx. days to first harvest	Approx. crop duration in days	Varieties and Remarks
Brinjal	Y	Y	T.P.	90 x 60	1-2	90-100	100-150	Pusa Kranti (oval) Surti Gota (round) Black Beauty (long)
Chillies	K&R	June-Sept.	T.P.	50 x 40	2-3	75-100	100-125	Jwala, California wonder (Capsicum)
Tomato	K&R	June-Sept. & Feb.	T.P.	50 x 40	2	90-100	100-150	Pusa ruby, Marglob. Sioux
Cabbage	R	Sept.-Oct.	T.P.	45 x 30	2-3	90-100	90-110	Golden acre
Cauliflower	R	Sept.-Oct.	T.P.	50 x 50	2	90-100	90-110	Indian snowball
Knol-Khol	R	Sept.-Oct.	T.P.	50 x 30	2-3	90	90-100	White Vienna, Purple
Beetroot	K&R	Aug.-Oct.	R.S/BC.	25 x 15	3-4	60	60-75	Red, Merigo
Carrot	K&R	Sept.-Dec.	RC/BC	20 x 15	3-5	60	60-75	Nanties
Radish	K&R	June-Dec.	RS/BC	15 x 15	3-5	45	35-60	Icicle, Scarlet globe
Cow-pea	K&R	June-Dec.	RS	35 x 15	3-5	60	60-90	Dofasli
Cluster-bean	K&S	June-July	RS/BC	45 x 15	2	90	90-110	Pusa makhmali
Other beans	K	June-July	RS	35-50 x 15	2-3	70-90	90-130	—
Peas	K&R	June-July & Sept.-Oct.	RS	30 x 15	2-3	60-100	70-110	Bouneville
Pigeon-Pea	K	June-July	RS	60 x 25	-	120	120-160	TM:6, Padra 15:15
Ladies' finger	Y	Y	RS	45 x 15	-	45	60-100	Pusa-Sawni
Garlic	R	Oct.-Nov.	RP	15 x 15	5-6	90-100	90-120	—
Onion	K&R	June-July & Nov.	TP	30 x 15	2-3	90-100	90-120	Poona red, Bombay white
Turmeric	K	May	RP	30 x 30	1	210	210-240	Tekurpeta, Armoor
Ginger	K	May	RP	45 x 30	1	240	240-250	Rio de Janeiro, Madia
Potato	K&R	July & Sept.-Nov.	RP	45 x 20	1	90-100	90-110	Up-to-date, Kufri
Sweet-potato	K&R	June & Nov.	RP	50 x 30	-	50-30	130-150	Pusa safed, Pusa lal
Cassava (tapioca)	K	May-June	RP	90 x 60	-	180	180-210	—
Bottle gourds	K&S	June & Feb.	DH	100 x 100	-	90	100-120	Pusa Summer Prolific, Manjan
Cucumber	K&S	June & Feb.	DH	100 x 50	2-3	90	100-130	—
Other gourds	K&S	June & Feb.	DH	100 x 100	-	90	90-150	—
Leafy vegetables	Y	Y	BC	5 x 5	-	25	25-90	—
Coriander	Y	Y	BC	3 x 3	-	20	20-90	—
Lemon grass	Y	Y	RP	15 x 15	2-3	-	-	—
Mint	Y	Y	RP	3 x 3	-	15	-	—

quantity to prepare one vegetable dish.

Brinjal and tomatoes do not yield a large number of fruits at one time, but they bear over a prolonged period and are ideal for use in mixed vegetable preparations. A couple of chilli plants will guarantee a steady supply of fresh green chillis for spicing your dishes every day.

The chart showing the cultivation methods for common vegetables given below is a quick guide to the reader. The number of plants in a pot and plant spacing are indicated. It should be borne in mind that the plants should not get overcrowded in a given area. Days to fruiting and crop duration may vary a great deal according to climatic conditions and the variety used.

B. M. Desai

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE TABLE

SEASONS

Y = Year round
K = Kharif = Warm sowing weather (June-Sept.)
R. Rabi = Cold weather (Oct.-Jan.)
S. Summer = Hot weather (Feb.-May)

SOWING METHODS

BC : Broadcasting
RS : Row sowing
RP : Row planting
TP : Transplanting
DH : Dibbling at hill

Other common vegetables under Group-head

GOURDS/CUCURBITS

Bottle gourd
Bitter gourd
Cucumber
Ridge gourd
Snake gourd
Sponge gourd
Tindla
Parval

BEANS

Lima beans
Wax beans
Kidney beans
Surti val
Double beans
French beans

LEAFY VEGETABLES

Methi
Math
Suva
Tandulja
Lettuce
Spinach
Ambat-chuka

NOT BY LAW ALONE

LEGISLATION CAN DO MUCH TO PROTECT CHILDREN AGAINST ABUSE AND EXLOITATION, BUT THE PUBLIC AT LARGE, TOO, HAS A CLEAR CUT SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY TO PROMOTE CHILD WELFARE

Thomas Matthai

The Children Act at the Centre and of the States (nearly all of whom have it) is a highminded legal effort that goes beyond reforming "delinquent" children, to protect, maintain, train and rehabilitate the lonely and the lost. It is intended as a shield for children against cruelty, indignity and exploitation. Suggestions have been made that the Act should have a uniform definition of age, in all the states, that penalties for crime against children should be swifter and stiffer. But the ineffectiveness of laws cannot be overcome by refining them. It has something to do with the people who work them and the social milieu in which they function.

Children, and sometimes, even we elders, do not know of them, but there are numerous laws relevant to their lives. Take, for instance, the legal provisions governing child labour, the prohibition against employing children in certain occupations and against pledging their labour; and the statutory scheme for training the young as apprentices.

The point has been made that many of these laws fall short of the standards of age, medical fitness, night work, etc. prescribed in the ILO conventions. But the view is also canvassed that an economically poor country can neither do away with child labour nor adopt the norms of developed countries. For, the problem is compounded by the lack of educational facilities and the unorganized nature of the main economic sectors like agriculture.

Yet, even the laws that exist are circumvented and defeated. Thus, a manufacturing unit is split up to reduce its size to below the minimum recognised by law. Children are told to declare their age higher by a couple of years to get past the legal bar. The work place is shifted to dwelling houses to steer clear of the letter of the law. When devices such as these do not work, the records are forged, doctors are bribed to certify a higher age, government inspectors are bought off wholesale.

Corruption is only one of the dangers to child welfare legislation. The conservatism of religious communities has been a strong second. Child welfare

legislation like the Child Marriages Restraint Act has not had much of a chance to succeed because personal laws, under which child marriage is still possible, fly in the face of the National Policy Resolution on Children. Even where penal consequences flow from child marriage, the marriage itself remains intact — though a solitary judgement of a high court in 1975 has held that a marriage in violation of the statutory age requirement is void.

The minimum age for marriage has been raised in 1978 for Hindus, Sikhs, Buddhists and Jains, from 18 to 21 for boys and from 15 to 18 for girls, but this by itself has not done away with child marriage in these communities. Unless a marriage before the prescribed age becomes void in law for all Indians, irrespective of their religion, this social evil with life-long adverse consequence to the children is likely to linger.

Yet another piece of necessary legislation stymied by pseudo-religious obscurantism is the Adoption of Children Bill, introduced in Parliament some seven years ago. The present law of 1956 applied only to Hindus and regulated adoption with hardly any safeguard for the future of the adopted child; indeed, the adoption itself was extra-judicial. In contrast, the reform bill makes no reference to the religion of the adopted child or the adopting parents, permits no adoption except on a court order and, what is more makes it possible, in law, to secure the further interests of the child.

Most people agree that in the absence of an adequate law,

children of all communities continue to suffer cruelty and neglect. But the opposition of obstinate segments of religious opinion will have to be overcome before the bill can become law.

Passing laws is difficult enough, but even that is not adequate. The stipulation in the Constitution that all children shall receive free, compulsory primary education by 1961 and the pursuant laws passed by various states since 1950 have not brought about this result. Nor have health standards been significantly raised by the coercive arm of the law. So too the numerous laws intended to protect children, in respect of their legitimacy, guardianship and so on, have little practical impact within our social system.

If we accept that social change is the aim of the laws relating to children (like most laws), it is clear that it cannot be engineered through the processes of legislation and administration alone, however valid and necessary these are. Laws remain on the statute books as they cannot be effected without the people actively participating in the implementation. Which means that the people have to be educated and organised so that they might by their own action change their condition of life.

If the near-total dependence on legislative and administrative processes has proved largely unproductive in the case of adults who are assumed to be conscious of their rights, how much less effective would such reliance be for children?

Law is only one of the resources of civilisation. The organs of public opinion and the keepers of the community's conscience have a clear cut social responsibility to prevent the neglect and abuse of children. Citizens' committees, voluntary organisations and the Press have to commit themselves far more actively than at present to protect children whom the law or its enforcement machinery cannot help.

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Ask people how much they know about Benjamin Gilani and most of them will reply — "Wasn't he Shabana's Institute boyfriend?" or "Isn't he the guy who chucked up a steady job as a lecturer at St. Stephen's College to join the world of show-biz?"

But according to Benji there's more to him than just that. "I'm here because I'm serious about becoming an actor, and have every intention of becoming one. Nowadays when journalists ask me about Shabana or Prema Narayan, I tell them I have nothing to say. I don't have a girl friend right now. I'm more settled. The kind of publicity I got from those two link-ups weren't good for my career or my image."

Initially, says Benji, he didn't really have any intention of joining films, "although I was doing a bit of acting, was involved with the stage, and made occasional appearances on Delhi T.V. Although a friend's mother used to rib me a lot about becoming an actor, I didn't take it seriously until I spotted an advertisement for the Film Institute while reading a copy of 'Eve's Weekly'. So I said to myself, 'Why not have a bash at it?'"

"I was quite surprised when I was actually selected! Especially since I didn't have influence of any kind . . . the only person I knew from within the Film Industry was Navin Nischol."

Then followed the much-publicized link-up and break-up with Shabana, which left a slightly bitter aftermath. Benjamin, naturally enough, resented people insinuating that he was merely utilizing Shabana to forward his career. "I found the whole thing absurd, especially since Shabana wasn't even a star then. She was an absolute nobody — 'Ankur' hadn't been released yet. So in what way could she have helped me?"

Anyway, when Benji graduated from the Institute, he took up digs in Bombay ("my folks were all in the north") and set about establishing a film career for himself. Things looked promising to begin with: "I met Hrishida (he had been one of my examiners at the Institute) and he said he'd keep me in mind for his next film. I got a lot of other offers, but I was being terribly selective at that time."

Soon after, Benji took the step that was to launch him willy-nilly into the mad, glad ad. world: "I met Shyam Benegal, who was making ad. films at that time. He liked my face and put me in the Forhans ad. And the



BENJAMIN GILANI:

"THE BIG BREAK'S JUST
ROUND THE CORNER!"

Adelaide Chand

next thing I knew, I was being recognized everywhere as the Forhans boy!"

The film was well-made, slick and eye-catching when it first hit the scene six years ago, and the new male model made a lot of other ad. film makers sit up and take notice. "Zafar Hai was impressed and took me for his Bombay Dyeing ad. And almost overnight, I was highly in demand as a model!"

Today, says Benjamin, he's cooling it on the modelling scene. "Acting is my Number One priority. I'm convinced I've got what it takes — all I need is

the right vehicle — a film that will launch me to the best advantage."

To date, Benji hasn't received a single good break. "Suzanne", which raised so much initial promise, proved a total let down later ("It's an entirely heroine oriented film and moreover, it's in black and white").

"I'm grateful to Shyam for the roles he gave me in 'Bhumika' and 'Junoon', it's always a satisfying experience working with him, but I wish he'd given me a few more scenes."

Mrishikesh gave him a small role in "Alaap", which did no-

thing for him careerwise, and Sathyu promised him a major role in his next film after "Kanneshwara Rama", "but he still hasn't made a next film after 'Kanneshwara Rama,'" says Benji.

"The big directors have no time for those who aren't big stars," says Benjamin frankly. "They'll never give a newcomer a really big break." He's been conned time and again into making brief appearances in roles with a negligible amount of footage.

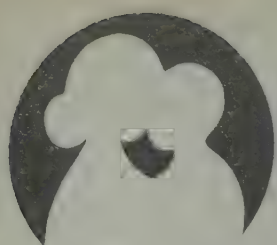
He had been quite excited to begin with about the small role he was to do in N. C. Sippy's "Devata" ("I don't mind if a role's small, as long as it has depth") until the actual filming began and he realized that "all I seemed to be doing was peering insignificantly from behind Shabana's shoulder, or trying to project a great deal of intensity with the camera focussed on my back! I mean, there I was, emoting away like hell, and the camera's zooming in on somebody else!"

This is what Benji calls "the utilization of an actor." According to him, "Things have to change. Why can't the newcomers be given equal treatment? The audience already knows and recognizes the big stars. But a new face won't stick in their memories unless it's been properly presented."

In spite of all the setbacks, Benji feels he should stick around. "Things are changing rapidly . . . the kind of revolution that Amitabh has brought about augurs well for everyone within the Industry, and it could well spawn a new breed of dedicated, committed and disciplined actors and actresses. There is an indication of this in the behaviour of the new lot of successful young stars — they're thinking individuals, more down-to-earth, more aware, less stuck-up . . ."

Benji's also very much involved with theatre. (His last play was the well-received "Waiting for Godot" with Naseeruddin). Meanwhile, he's got a number of good films on hand. "I'm working in Basu Bhattacharya's 'Madhumalti', in Yogesh Saxena's whodunit murder mystery 'Plot No. 5' where I play Dr. Lagoo's son, and I've just completed 'Bhav Ni Bhavai', an FFC film shot in Gujrat with Naseeruddin and Smita Patil, which was a great deal of fun in the making."

Meanwhile, Benji's still waiting for the big break with characteristic optimism — for him, it could be just around the corner.



SAWAN was bored. The summer holidays had begun last week and it seemed to Sawan that she had not seen her friends for years, especially Kalpana, who believed in fairies and told stories about them. The garden was dry and bare. There was no water in the lily-pond. The butterflies seemed to have vanished altogether. In fact, there seemed to be nothing but dust and heat all around. Even old Laxman had no time for her now and did not tell her a single story these days.

But Sawan was no longer as lonely as she had been. There was little Bobo to watch when she was awake and Sawan loved her dearly. But Bobo was only a few months old. One couldn't really play with her. She had a ravishing smile, but could say nothing more than "da-da."

"How I wish Bobo were big enough to run about with me," thought Sawan wistfully.

"Sawan! Sawan! Where are you?" called a voice. It was old Laxman calling her.

"I'm here," shouted Sawan from her room.

"Your mother says you are to go out into the garden now. Little Bobo is asleep, so don't wake her."

"Oh dear!" said Sawan disappointed. "I was just going to have a peep at her. I haven't seen her for hours."

"Better not disturb her now," said Laxman. "She didn't sleep well last night and was crying a lot. I suppose it's the heat."

"Well, I'll go out and sit under the champak tree," said Sawan, getting up. "But do call me when she awakes."

"I will," promised Laxman and left for the kitchen.

Sawan strolled around the garden for a while trying to find at least one single butterfly. But there was none. "There is nothing interesting in the garden now that the horrid summer has come," she said to herself as she climbed up the huge champak tree. She perched on her favourite branch and looked disgustedly at the dry pool.

All of a sudden she felt a gust of breeze blowing her hair wildly. It was so deliciously

cool. Sawan wondered if it was going to rain at last. She looked up at the sky. It was full of puffy white clouds of every size and shape. Sawan wondered when they had quietly sailed in and filled up the dry, bare sky. There were hills of clouds around a stretch of sky that looked like a lake. There were clouds shaped like houses, animals and even a ship! Sawan stretched on the branch so that she could watch it better. She had never been more entranced! How could clouds take so many varied shapes? It looked just like a beautiful city above.

"I wish I could go up there!" thought Sawan longingly. "If only I were a little bird I'd fly to the land of clouds!"

Just then Sawan saw a puff of cloud shaped just like a boat. It seemed to have a real sail, a mast and oars too. And it was much lower than the others. Sawan rubbed her eyes and looked once more. Why, it seemed to be right over her head! "I believe I could jump up and reach it, she thought excitedly. "Let me try, anyway."

She balanced herself carefully on the branch and jumped. But instead of falling down her legs simply soared upwards — up, up and up till she reached the cloud boat. Then a hand reached out and pulled her into the boat.

"Why, it's Kalpana!" cried Sawan in delight. "It's lovely to see you, and you look like a fairy yourself. Tell me, are you taking me to the land of clouds?"

"Wait and see," said Kalpana mysteriously, "and look around you."

Sawan looked and found herself in a different land altogether. There was no trace of her house or her garden or any known object for that matter. There were only clouds and clouds all around. There were houses made of clouds, trees made of clouds, hills made of clouds and ever so many other things she did

not even know the names of. And they were more beautiful than anything she had ever seen. She clapped her hands in joy.

"Are we really in the place I saw from my garden, Kalpana?" she asked unable to believe her eyes. "But I thought no one could really go up here!"

"My dear girl, one can go just anywhere through the magic I spoke of last time."

"I remember!" said Sawan. "You called it by some difficult name. I-m-a-g-i-n-a-t-i-o-n — wasn't it?"

"That's right!" said Kalpana with a smile.

"But you didn't touch my eyes with a magic wand," said Sawan.

"There is no need to," said Kalpana looking at her earnest little face. "Imagination lies in the heart of everyone — asleep or awake. I woke up your sleeping imagination last time itself. Now come along and see the land of clouds."

They alighted from the boat and stepped on a road that looked as if it was made of cotton-wool. "How soft it is!" cried Sawan. "It feels just like the carpet in our drawing-room, only much softer."

They walked along the cloudy avenue and stood on the brink of a huge lake. There was a beautiful palace of clouds by its side.

"What a lovely place!" cried Sawan. "Has it always been here?"

"Not quite," said Kalpana. "Long, long ago, the sky was a dry, empty place. Then one day a band of sun-fairies dancing on a sunbeam noticed it and decided to make it their home."

"But how shall we live here?" asked one of the fairies. "There is nothing to live in!"

"We shall build up our own city," said their Queen, "with drops of water and specs of dust. It will be beautiful."

"So the band of sun-fairies flew down to the earth, scooped up all the water they could carry from the lakes, the rivers, the sea and the streams all around and flew back to the sky. They mixed it up with dust and a few other things — and lo! A cloud was made! They soon built up this land of clouds."

"Oh, Kalpana!" cried Sawan eagerly. "Can we see these sun-fairies?"

"I don't know," said Kalpana doubtfully. "You see, they are terribly busy. The clouds need

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to be fed with water all the time. So whenever the sun shines the sun-fairies come down on earth to collect all the water they can carry."

"Oh dear! have they taken all the water from my lily-pond? It's so dry now!" said Sawan.

"I'm sure they have," said Kalpana laughing. "But don't worry. They will give it all back. The cloud Queen is very just and does not allow the sun-fairies to be greedy."

"How does she do it?" asked Sawan curiously.

"The sun-fairies are very thoughtless and they bring up much more water than they really need. As a result, the rivers and lakes and ponds get dry and begin complaining to the cloud Queen. The Queen then goes round and spots the clouds that are too heavy with water. She orders them to give back the extra water to the earth. When they obey her, it rains."

"What if they don't listen to her?" asked Sawan.

"Then the cloud Queen scolds them. How loudly she scolds! Everyone can hear it, even on earth."

"But I've never heard it!" said Sawan.

"Haven't you heard the thunder? Actually it's only the cloud Queen scolding the greedy sun-fairies."

"I'll never be afraid of the thunder again!" said Sawan. "What if they don't listen to her in spite of her scolding?"

"Then she takes out her whip of lightening and lashes it against the sky. No one can defy her after that."

"Let's go and meet the cloud Queen," said Sawan eagerly. "Perhaps she will tell them to fill up my pond again."

But before they could reach the palace of clouds, the Queen's lightening whip flashed across the sky and there was a crashing growl of thunder. Sawan covered her eyes and shivered. "Let's go back today," she said to Kalpana, thoroughly scared. "I'm afraid to face her when she is in such a bad temper."

"O.K." said Kalpana. "It's getting late anyway. Get into the boat."

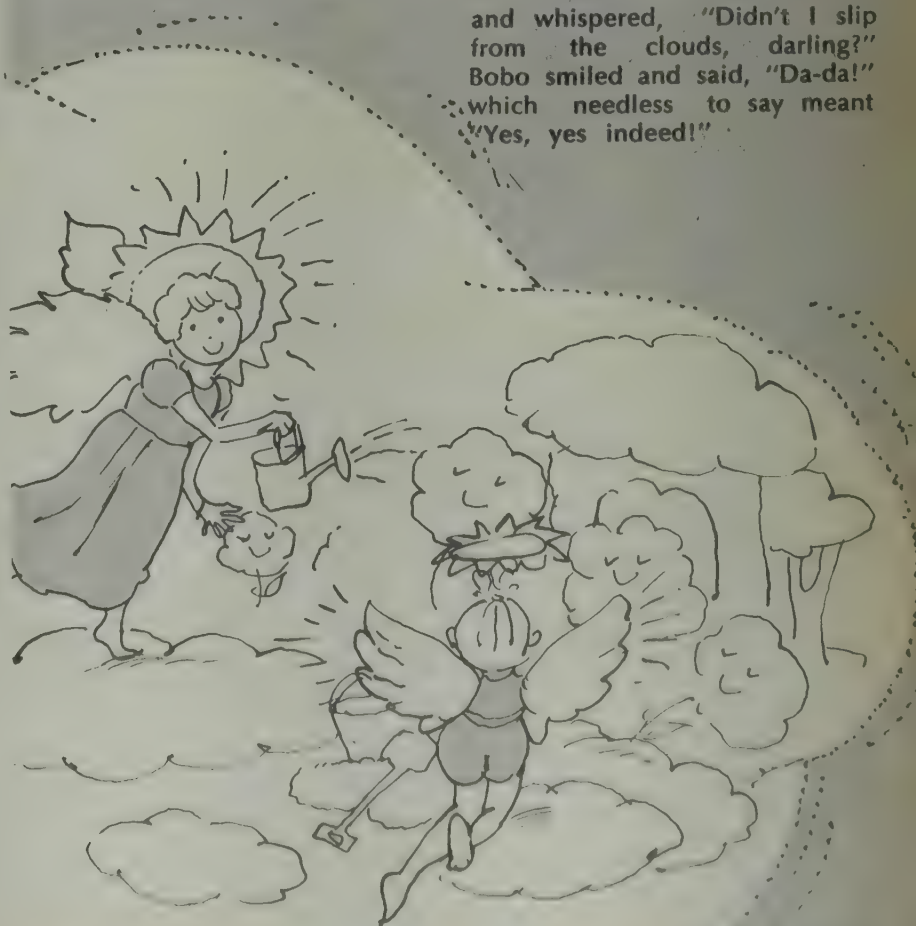
"I can hardly see anything," faltered Sawan. "It's so very dark!"

"Be careful and don't slip!" cried Kalpana, but the warning came too late. Sawan missed her footing and fell right through the clouds — down, down and down till she crashed on the ground with a bang.

"There, now!" scolded Laxman who had come to call her indoors. "You have fallen again! How many times have I told you NOT to fall asleep on the champak tree!"

"But I wasn't sleeping!" said Sawan indignantly. "I slipped from the clouds."

Laxman merely snorted and did not reply. Mummy too simply laughed and said, "What a dreamer you are!" But when Sawan bent over Bobo's cradle and whispered, "Didn't I slip from the clouds, darling?" Bobo smiled and said, "Da-da!" which needless to say meant "Yes, yes indeed!"



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TEXTILES

PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Once upon a time, the people of Bombay had a dinky theatre of their own where they saw "art" films. Then, during the Emergency, the small theatre in the All India Radio premises was taken away from art film lovers for unknown reasons. If "art film" is to mean a film made on a very low budget (usually a loan from the Film Finance Corporation) by a young director, with young, untapped talent, then art films as we know them couldn't be screened in any commercial theatre. The risk is too much. . . would the cinema owner recover his costs? This, specially so at a time when old, popular cinema houses are being pulled down and replaced with huge buildings, housing offices and department stores.

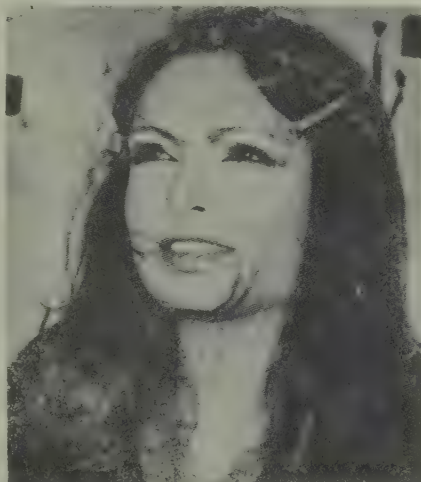
When the famous Lotus cinema at Worli was also pulled down recently, rumours were rife that a huge office complex was coming up in its place. But Bombayites were in for a pleasant surprise. Lotus has become the first outlet in the chain of art cinemas to be bought by the FFC, and negotiations are under way to acquire theatres in other towns. How desperate the FFC has been to find a commercial outlet is borne out by the fact that six films out of every 10 (and there are about a hundred of them) financed by the FFC have yet to see the light of day. As Jagdish Parekh, Chairman of the FFC, aptly summed up, "Financing a film is only half the story. The other bitter half is taking it to the audiences."

How do the "greats" look at themselves? When renowned British painter **Graham Sutherland** (who died recently) painted



the portrait of the extremely egotistical Winston Churchill more than two decades ago, members of the House of Commons hailed it as a "remarkable example of modern art, combining force with candour," but the crusty old "bulldog" could not be pacified. "It makes me look half witted, which I ain't," snapped Churchill. What was even more shocking was the disclosure of Churchill's widow that the famous painting had been destroyed by her since it offended her husband so much.

It was the same girl who had cockily declared, "There must be something wrong with a girl who is still a virgin after the age of 14." She followed up the statement by moving in with her boy friend Danny and living with him



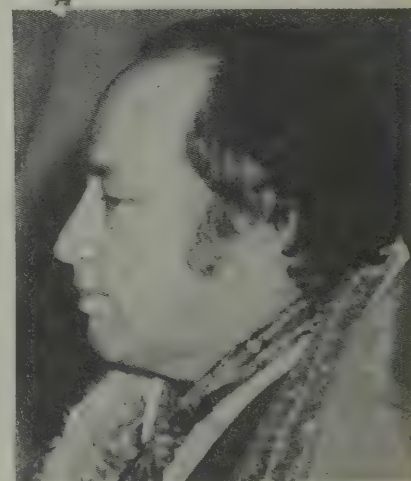
openly. But love has not been kind to **Parveen Babi**. After Danny, the love of her life was Kabir Bedi, and she proudly announced in the media, "I am a one-man woman." Asked if she would marry him, Parveen replied coyly, "He has to ask me first." But he never did, and a broken Babi returned to India and to films. Once again, her involvement was with a married man. And one fine day, the strain of keeping up a happy front proved to be too much of an effort, and Parveen Babi collapsed with a nervous breakdown. Producers were thrown into a quandary, but the Babi returned to work after a few months, apparently fit as a fiddle. Now comes the bad news. People on the sets say that Parveen has developed an acute fear of death. . . she feels someone from under the carpet is going to kill her, or the

chandelier is going to fall on her head. For a short spell, Parveen found solace in U. G. Krishnamurthy, a self-styled philosopher, and rumours insisted that she was quitting films and leaving for Fiji or Mauritius to live with him permanently. But it seems like nothing and nobody can comfort a shattered, disoriented Parveen any more. She has just left for London for further treatment. The question is, even if Parveen is cured, will the film industry ever accept her again?

Well know cartoonist Ranga recently held an exhibition of his work in New Delhi. Several of these were autographed with comments by the "greats" themselves. "Am I not a handsome man?" quipped Rajaji, while Atal Behari Vajpayee observed: "I thought I had shed some weight." Mother Teresa wrote piously and predictably, "God bless you." But the best comment came from Pakistani ex-president Bhutto, who noted: "... a bad cartoon. I do not look anything like this. For instance, I have much more hair on my head."

Just a few months ago, playboy-President of Canada, **Pierre Trudeau**, announced his retirement from politics. This was partly because of his estrangement

with wife Margaret, and her extremely candid statement about their marriage in the international press. In a largely Catholic country, Ms. Trudeau, several years her husband's junior, went about braless and discussed abortion openly. While Margaret came to New York, to become an actress, hubby Pierre struggled along to maintain his battered image. But last month the story took an unusual turn. Pierre was elected back to power with a thumping majority. Margaret also found success in her own way around that time. She is going to Tokyo to open a disco-restaurant there. She will be paid \$ 20,000 for three appearances. She has only to dance, and give no interviews.



UNKNOWN

It was finally a beggar's gesture which won the heart of Bharat Ratna Mother Teresa. While many industrialists have paid the Mother handsome amounts to run her charities, it was a beggar who came and told her that since she had done so much for the poor, he would like to contribute something to her cause, too. He gave her a 10-paise coin, which was all he had earned from morning till afternoon. "I felt inexplicably joyous," said the Mother.

Lakshmi Narayan

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RETARDED CHILDREN:

towards new definitions and priorities

Mental retardation is a large problem in search of a solution. Dr. Afzal Friese, an expert in the care of the retarded child, points a way to one.

The core of her solution lies in her definition of what a mentally retarded child is in the Indian context. "Much too often we tend to pick up definitions from the West or even tools such as intelligence tests to measure the degree of retardation. We forget that mental retardation is not an unchanging concept that can be invariably applied to a child anywhere in the world. Mental retardation is a problem, when and only when, it results in some functional impairment. And a functional impairment comes about with the interaction of a disability with the existing system of socio-economic and cultural relationships."

The way Dr. Friese sees it, we all have some disability or the other which could be a handicap in relation to the environment in which we function. "You and I for example, may not be very effective in the rural milieu. You may not know how to milk cows efficiently, or how to till the land. You have a disability which has become a handicap in that particular environment. But would you then say that you are mentally retarded? Of course not."

But that is exactly what we very often do by applying intelligence tests imported from abroad to a child in the rural area who has an altogether different cultural background and social situation. "The tools with which we are to measure mental retardation have to be in harmony with what we are trying to measure," says Dr. Friese. "You do not measure time with a ruler, or distance with a watch, that is what we are in danger of doing with mental retardation."

This naturally leads to a different approach to the same problem in towns and villages. A child who would be definitely considered mentally retarded in the urban setting, is very often not seen that way in a village community. He is a little "slow," but a very hard worker. He helps ar-

**MENTAL RETARDATION
SHOULD BE STUDIED IN RELATION
TO THE CHILD'S
ENVIRONMENT, FOR INTELLECT
IS A RELATIVE
CONCEPT BASED ON THE ABILITY
AND EFFICIENCY WITH
WHICH THE CHILD IS ABLE TO
COPE WITH THE
PROBLEMS POSED BY HIS
ENVIRONMENT**

Naveen Lalit

ound the house and takes the cattle and sheep for grazing and generally makes himself useful.

Intellect is a relative concept, and Dr. Friese feels that it should be based on the ability and efficiency with which the child is able to cope with the problems posed to him by his particular environment and circumstance. The child in the village who is "slow" but useful and capable of dealing with the problems and demands made on him, is then not mentally retarded, though an intelligence test may show him to be.

She amplifies, "The child with a syndrome of which severe retardation is a symptom is unlikely to live beyond infancy or early childhood in the rural environment with their limited medical facilities, as the accompanying defects or rearadation are likely to be massive. In the rural setting the moderately or mildly retarded child does not pose a problem. For, if he survived early childhood the demands on him are likely to be moderate. His communication problem will be tolerated and accommodated, as well as his problems of co-ordination.

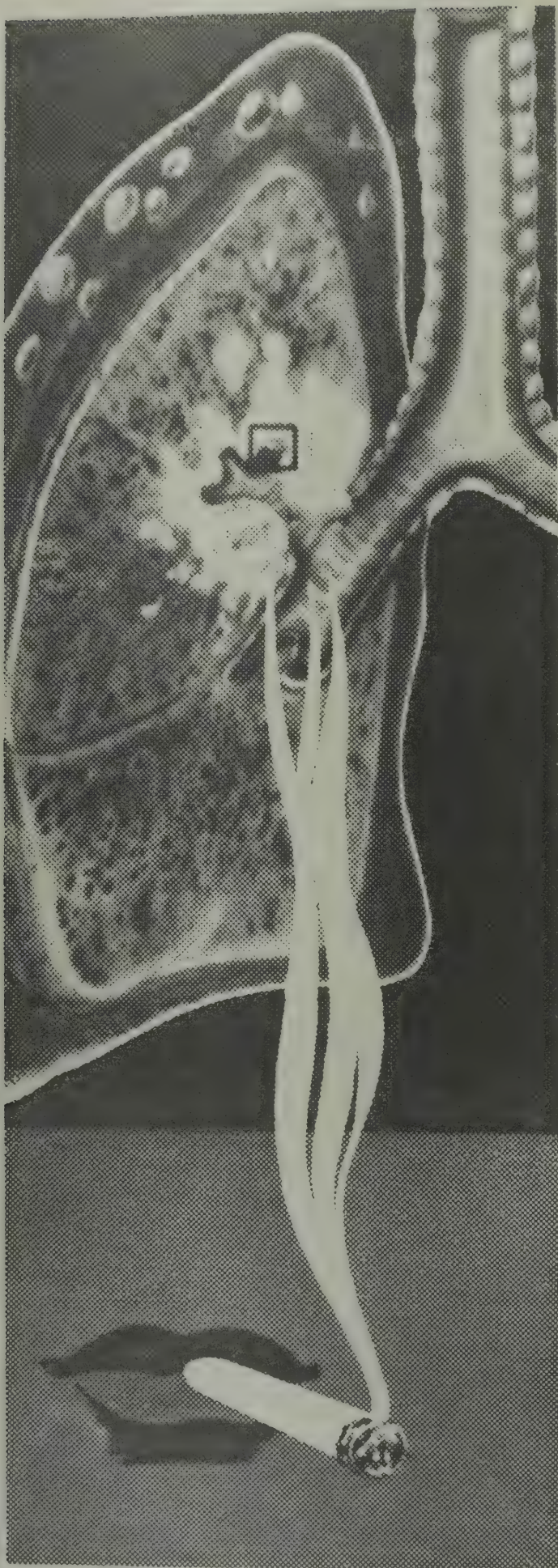
"As a result, emotional problems are unlikely to arise and intellectual deficiencies are less likely to be grossly obvious as the child will be able to perform simple tasks with a cer-

tain level of efficiency and competence. Consequent to this acceptance and freedom from stress, the retarded child in the village will escape the feeling of low self-esteem so often observed in his urban counterpart."

It is in this context says Dr. Friese, that we have to come up with a valid definition of mental retardation. This is the essential first step in understanding the problem as well as in clarifying the goal, for it is this definition which will point to the kind of services that are needed, as well as to those whom the services are for. It will help specify our responsibilities not only in making the provision of certain services statutory but also in curtailing the freedom of those mentally retarded who are dangerous. The definition will have to be exhaustive and, among other things, will have to define mental retardation legally, educationally and politically. "It must inevitably lead to legislation, without which there is very little we can do to insist on the rights of the mentally handicapped child," Dr. Friese points out.

Once mental retardation has been properly defined with reference to Indian conditions the question of care arises. "The means are severely limited to meet the need of the mentally handicapped child in India," says Dr. Friese. "Aside from financial constraints, we do not have enough clinical psychologists. But then we do have enough trained paediatricians. Again, we do not have special educators, though there are many professional social workers, some of whom are gifted teachers. All these four groups must pull together to get the maximum benefit from the limited means at our disposal. They must work not only with the handicapped child, but also with the parents to teach them how to cope with their child."

Once organised, these services would be offered on the basis of demand and need. Dr. Friese points out, "India has provided services, following universal trends, for those



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Smoking is also a risk to the unborn child

SMOKING OR HEALTH : THE CHOICE IS YOURS

Issued by :

The Central Health Education Bureau,
Directorate General of Health Services,
New Delhi.

DOUBLE MEANING WORDS— THE ART OF LOSING FRIENDS

Honey, I was proposing a toast at a wedding recently and could not help feeling that the loving couple in front of me would soon change their way of life, their mode of talking, even the pitch of their voices. Marriage has this tremendous capacity to change a man from a loving Romeo to a domineering male and the soft spoken, sweet smiling girl of 18, into a henpecking veteran of 20.

I started by relating how only a few minutes earlier, I had accidentally stepped on the dress of a female in front of me. She had turned round like a ferocious cat, looked at me as if she would scratch both my eyes out, and then she said sweetly, "Sorry, I thought you were my husband." Bachelors on the other hand spend their courting years bringing their fiancées their favourite drink, opening the door of cabs, and then they spend the rest of their married life seeing if other females are uncomfortable and need help.

After marriage one has to be able to interpret and understand the meaning of one's spouse's language. A young girl, for instance, will sweetly tell her fiancé, "You are late darling." The same fragile female a year after marriage will say the same words, "You are late darling," and yet make the husband understand that what she really means is, "And what the . . . have you been up to this evening?"

But the language of sarcasm is not the prerogative of the married alone. Somehow most of us have this ability to say one thing and mean quite another. My wife has this irritating habit of perpetuating a fault committed once. The other day she asked me to purchase something on my way home. I forgot. She immediately said, "When I ask you to bring something you always forget, but if Valerie. . ."

Double talk some call it; I call it disguised venom. Here are some examples. When a woman is described as "virtuous" by another, what she wants to tell us is that she is waiting for the best offer. One of the most mutilated words in the English language according to me is "bargain." To a man a bargain means getting Scotch at the price of Diplomat, but to a woman a bargain is getting something useless at a reduced price. To a wife "nagging" means a reasonable request repeated; to a husband it spells hypertension. So it all depends on who uses the word first in this matrimonial scrabble for choice words.

Modern dictionaries should include in the meaning of "alibi" such words as overtime, conference or more correctly, stock taking.

Some wives know that when their husbands ring up and say, "I am having a couple of quick ones with the boys," only the first half of the sentence is correct. When I tell my wife to stitch a button on a favourite shirt by tomorrow, "tomorrow" in her vocabulary means this week or the week after. At parties when men get together, they change the meaning of "vulgarity" to wit. Some men disguise their anger very subtly. The other day I heard Fred tell his wife, "Do you mind dear?" She froze quiet, and I realised later that what he had really said was, "Shut your mouth idiot, or else!"

Without the slightest doubt, men too are vain. How else could "distinguished" be the masculine for middle-aged or grey haired? Or "well-built" cover up for being stout and paunchy? I too, I must confess, have mastered a few phrases that have saved me a lot of money. When my wife, for instance, sees an expensive dress or material, I very casually say, "I don't think it will suit you darling," or, better still, "Noel has somewhat the same dress."

At parties, when I am about to have my third, she will say, "You have to drive home dear," which means, "you cannot walk straight now idiot, so stop it."

Until next time then!

RETARDED CHILDREN

with impaired vision and hearing before providing services for the mentally retarded. Again, following universal trends, these services have come about due to parental demand and voluntary effort. Interestingly, this demand and effort are mostly in the urban areas of the country.

"The reason for this is simple. Parental demand has been triggered by changes in our sociological structure.

"Traditionally ours has been a family oriented culture and in the villages it still is. But in the town the nuclear family is increasingly displacing the joint family, and more and more women are seeking jobs outside the family. This immediately makes the need for child care, and especially care of the handicapped, more pronounced in towns than in rural areas. Another reason the retarded child is not perceived as a problem in the rural areas is because he has the cushion of the joint family to fall back upon which is no longer so in the urban areas."

The crux of Dr. Friese's argument is that, for all these reasons, mental retardation, defined as a functional impairment which has come about by the interaction between a disability and the existing system of relationships, manifests itself more in towns than in villages, and since we have limited resources, the urban areas should be given priority over the rural ones.

The official figure of mentally retarded children in India is 2 million while the Ganga Saran Sinha Committee thought this figure was far too conservative and estimated that there are about 25 million handicapped children in India, two thirds of whom are mentally retarded. "We have to create services for all these children," says Dr. Friese, "and we have severely limited resources. In many ways we have wasted thirty odd years. To make up for this lost time and for the reasons I have already mentioned, this infrastructure and services must be oriented more towards the retarded children in the towns than the ones in the villages for the present. Let's start doing it."

Courtesy: UNICEF Feature Service

BOMBAY

Mr. Raja Chimbalkar, former Mayor of Bombay, inaugurated the "Happy Environment Exhibition" sponsored by the Bombay West Rotary Club, Juhu, as part of the 75th anniversary celebration of the Rotary International at Balkan-ji-Bari, Juhu. The aim was to create consciousness for the need of plants and gardening in cities.

The exhibition had stalls displaying plants, Bonsai, cactii and succulents. Several associations for the blind had their stalls displaying articles made by them.

There were lectures, group and panel discussions relating to the topics on city environment.

The Consumer Guidance Society of India recently held a seminar on "Transport Problems of the City," at the Sydenham College.

Inaugurating the seminar Mr. Boman Behram, Municipal Councillor, said that the unchecked growth of Bombay whose population touched 8 million brought a heavy strain on the transport system of the city.

Officials of Western and Central Railway, Police, Traffic, BEST Undertaking and others spoke on the occasion.

The Indian Chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana organised demonstrations of flower arrangement by Mrs. Ryusui Takahashi, President of the federated Ohara Chapters Tokyo prefecture, assisted by Mr. Koji Kanamori, at the Sophia-Bhabha Auditorium and the Javerbhai Patel Sabhagraha. This was in celebration of the Indian Chapters' 10th anniversary.

The Ikebana experts used Indian as well as Japanese material for the various compositions.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

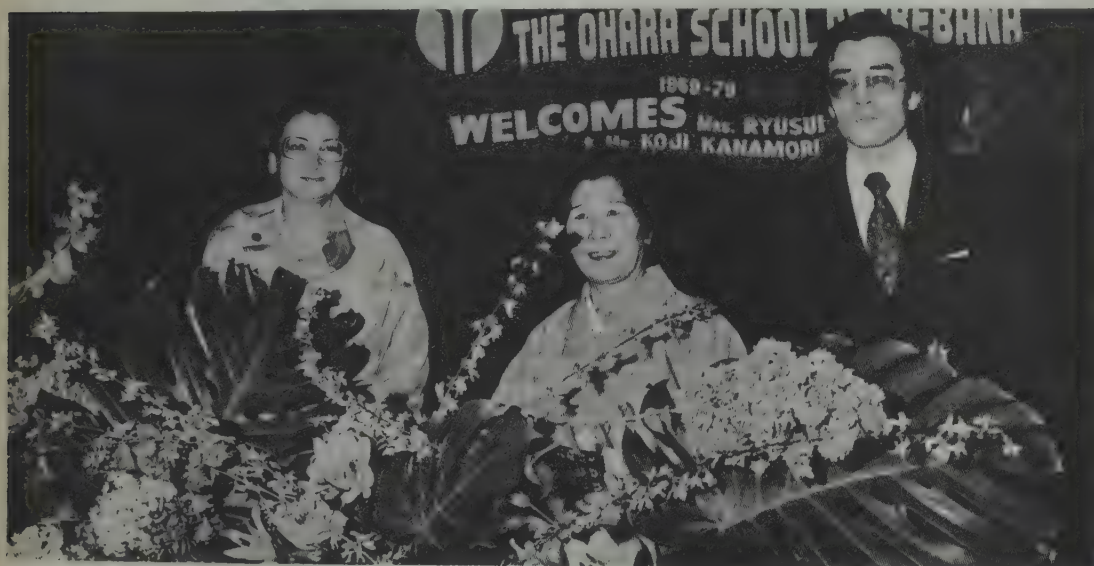
Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla, President of the Indian Chapter, welcomed the gathering.

The Armed Forces Flag Day Committee held a charity show of the film "The Burning Train" at the Eros theatre, to augment funds for ex-servicemen, war widows, disabled Jawans and their families.

Mrs. Rajeshwari Tiwari of Bombay will hold her solo exhibition of paintings at the Taj Art Gallery from April 22 to 28. This talented artist has participated in group shows in Nagpur.

CALCUTTA

An international music festival presented by Jazzfest '80 was held at the St. Paul's Cathedral ground. Groups from France, Yugoslavia, USSR, Australia, Poland and Hungary, the Indian Council for Cultural Relations, the Globe Unity Orchestra from Germany jointly with Max Mueller Bhavan, the Charles Mingus Dynasty Group in collaboration with the American Center and the Rena Rama Quartet from Sweden participated.



1



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1. Seen at the Ikebana demonstration held in Bombay are (from left) Mrs. Hena Rahimtulla, Mrs. Ryusui Takahashi and Mr. Koji Kanamori.

2. Mrs. Sheru N. Palia, President, Indian Council of Social Welfare, Karnataka, hands over a cheque for Rs. 25,000 to Mrs. Chandra Govind Narain, wife of the Governor of Karnataka.

3. The Macmillan Company of India, Ltd, hosted a party at the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, in honour of Mr. Adrian Bourne, Export Director, Hodder & Stoughton Paperbacks (Coronet), and Mr. Sharad Wasani, President and Managing Director, Macmillan Company of India. Photo shows (from left) Mr. Wasani, Mrs. D. Puri, Mr. Bourne, Mr. S. M. Khanna and Mr. R. Puri.



4

MADRAS

BANGALORE

LUCKNOW

HYDERABAD

The third anniversary of the Madras Institute to Habilitate Retarded Afflicted (Mithra) was celebrated recently.

Dr. M. Natarajan, Orthopaedic surgeon and Honorary Director of Mithra, welcomed the gathering. Mr. M. Karunanidhi, former Chief Minister of Tamil Nadu, and Mr. Arcot Veeraswamy, addressed the gathering. Dr. Kalanidhi presided over the function.

His Grace R. Arulappa, Archbishop of Madras, and Chairman of Mithra, distributed the prizes. Sr. Mary Theodore proposed a vote of thanks.

The Indian Council of Social Welfare held a function at Raj Bhavan, to present a cheque and also to honour three dedicated social workers. Mrs. Sheru N. Palia, President of the Council, welcomed the gathering.

Citation to the veteran social worker, Indira Bai Vasudeva Murthy was read by Mrs. Kanaka Candade, while Mrs. Gangubai read the citation for M. Jayaseelan. Mr. Govind Raju presented the citation to Gadi Cheluvai Chetty. Mr. Govind Narain, Governor of Karnataka, presented mementoes to the social workers.

The financial donors were Pherozshaw Godrej Foundation, Mysore Minerals Ltd., Sir Dorabji Tata Trust and Sir Ratan Tata Trust.

A three-day colourful Fauji Mela organised by the Army Wives' Welfare Association Lucknow (AWWS) at the Polo Grounds, drew large crowds. Speaking on the occasion, Mrs. Hira, wife of Lt. Gen. R.D. Hira, G-O-C, Central Command, said that the proceeds of the Mela will be utilised for the welfare of the Jawans and their families.

* * *

Dr. Prema Misra from Kanpur held her first solo exhibition of paintings and drawings at the State Lalit Kala Akademi, Lucknow, which won rave notices from the public as well as critics. The subject of her paintings was women as depicted in the traditional theme of "Nayika Bhed":

The Golconda Society which was founded in Hyderabad with the sole aim of conserving old monuments and preserving Decani culture recently concluded its fifth annual Festival.

At its invitation the Italian society Italia Nostra, came to India with an exhibition of photographs, showing the Via Appia and many other historical monuments it has saved. There was also a photographic exhibition entitled "The Story of Hyderabad." The three-day exhibition was held at the Azad Institute.

The Society also staged two Hindi plays and a Telugu one. It also presented an Urdu play "Quli Qutab Shah" in the ruins of Golconda Fort, scripted and produced by Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin.



5



6

4. At the staging of the historical play "Quli Qutab Shah" at the Golconda Fort, Hyderabad, by the Golconda Society are (from left) Dr. M. Chenna Reddy, Chief Minister, Andhra Pradesh, Mr. H. Poswal, Minister for Tourism, Haryana, Mrs. Roda Mistry, Minister for Tourism, Andhra Pradesh, and Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin.

5. The well known beautician of Delhi Shahnaz Husain (ext. right) was the chief guest at a function organised by the Urdu Association of Lady Shri Ram College, New Delhi, where she gave a talk on "Specialised Beauty Care". Others in the picture are (from left) Mrs. Bhandari, Principal, Woman's World International Beauty School, Mrs. Luthra, Principal, Lady Shri Ram College, and Mrs. Zaidi.

6. At the concurrent session on TV/Radio of the 7th All India Public Relations Conference held in Park Hotel, Calcutta, are (from left) Mrs. Rita Bhimani, PRO, Indian Aluminium Ltd., Mr. P.V. Krishnamurthy, former D.G., Door-darshan, Miss Mira Mozoomdar, Director, Door-darshan, Calcutta, Mr. N. Sanyal, Public Relations Manager, UCO Bank, and Mr. Dibyendu Palit, Marketing Manager, Jugantar.

The new President of the Maharashtra State Women's Council, Bombay, Mrs. Thrity Taleyarkhan is seen with members of her committee. She has been the Vice-president of the Council twice. Mrs. Taleyarkhan is the Founder Chairman of the Shilpi Kendra, Bombay, an organisation devoted to promotion of Indian handicrafts. In 1965 she was awarded the Padmashri.



THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK April 20 — 26, 1980
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

The coming twelvemonth will proceed very much as you expect and there should be few worries over the next four/five months. However, the last part of 1980 will throw up some minor problems, a too-busy period which needs skilful organisation unless you are to become swamped with trivialities. Around November, a minor ailment or a mishap may necessitate you coddling yourself for a short period. If you are married or otherwise deeply involved in a relationship, find time for those precious moments with your partner — or expect some squalls in late 1980! Money trends are exceptionally good in the near future: you will also be able to build on goodwill with an eye to future progress. Romance is highlighted, pleasant company, lots of social activity, for most of the year.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — April 20)



Mercury in Aries until the 1st of May will make the remainder of April pacy but rather fortunate with pleasing items of news, fruitful journeys, interviews and so on. A lively social scene, with romance in the air.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)



The Sun in Taurus as this week begins brings vitality to your affairs. Prospects for the immediate future are bright and your personality will help. People will be helpful; your opposite number will plan some pleasing surprises.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



Venus in your sign until mid-May, helps the lighter side of life, romance and minor money matters. Enjoy this sociable and romantic phase but keep your eye on business opportunities too.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



A good time for extensive planning. It is important to think widely, to present yourself in the best possible light and to make the most of good will. Promising trends for your love life, use influential contacts you may have.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)



A morale-booster spurs you on to greater efforts, lift your spirits and show you are working along the right lines for progress. With aggressive stars, you will insist on the best. Health trends are good and holiday plans are forming; there may be business travel too.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



Enjoy the relaxed atmosphere till early May. Dynamic stars will soon give a further push to your practical ambitions. For the present, give preference to the lighter side of life, to romance and friendly company.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



The atmosphere will be restless, changeable, with much coming and going to confuse you. Avoid journeys if possible and put off changes until next month if you can. Try not to get drawn into too many commitments on your time and talents!

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



For a few weeks, do your best to fit in with the ideas of your partner and other people close to you and encourage their ambitions. A change at home or at work will probably be to your advantage. In general, stick to the tried and trusted, rather than experiment.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



If heart-free, and a journey brings romance, there may be minor complications in the relationship you form. If already involved, you may be seeing less of your partner. Try to add some sparkle to leisure time; it will be easy to get into a "don't care" mood.

CAPRICORN

(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



Romance is highlighted if single. New people offer happy companionship. Favourable trends in long-term money matters and a good time to consider a new savings scheme.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



At the end of this week you will feel more optimistic about your situation. Current irritations will disappear so will a person causing problems for you. If you are involved in an unwise emotional link, it might be decision time!

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



Life is rather enjoyable this week, with some outings and a holiday being planned. Orderly day-to-day activities enable you to get up to date — even ahead — with routine tasks. Busy times and unexpected changes are on the way.

Money speaks in a language all nations understand.

Aphra Behn

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis.

George Bernard Shaw

Lots of people spend time making money and then spend money killing time.

Star Yelland

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT MONEY

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.

Jonathan Swift

Money is an article which may be used as a universal passport to anywhere except Heaven, and as a universal provider of everything except happiness.

Fred Ellis

By right means if you can, but by any means make money.

Horace

A fool with money to burn soon meets his match.

Fritz Pass

It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's good to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.

George Horace Lorimer

One must choose, in life, between making money and spending it. There's no time to do both.

Edouard Bourdet

If a man runs after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it, he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a playboy; if he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition; if he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life.

Vic Oliver

David Gunston

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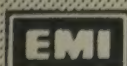
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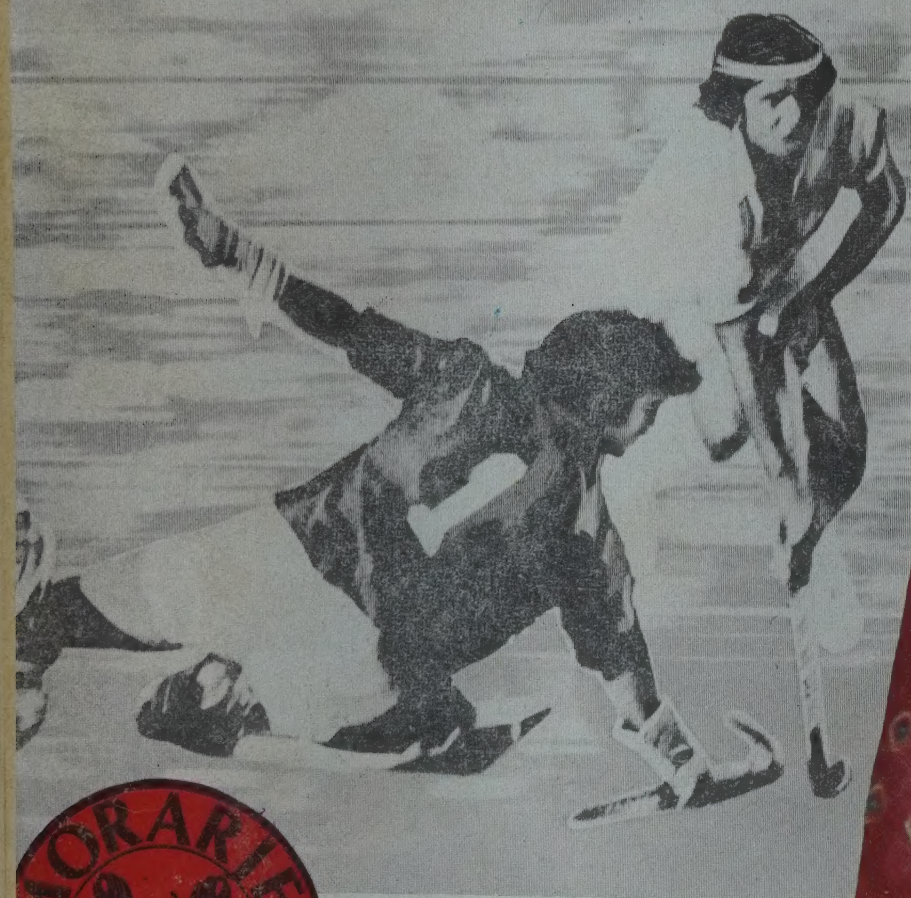
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