

17, 1981

RS. 2

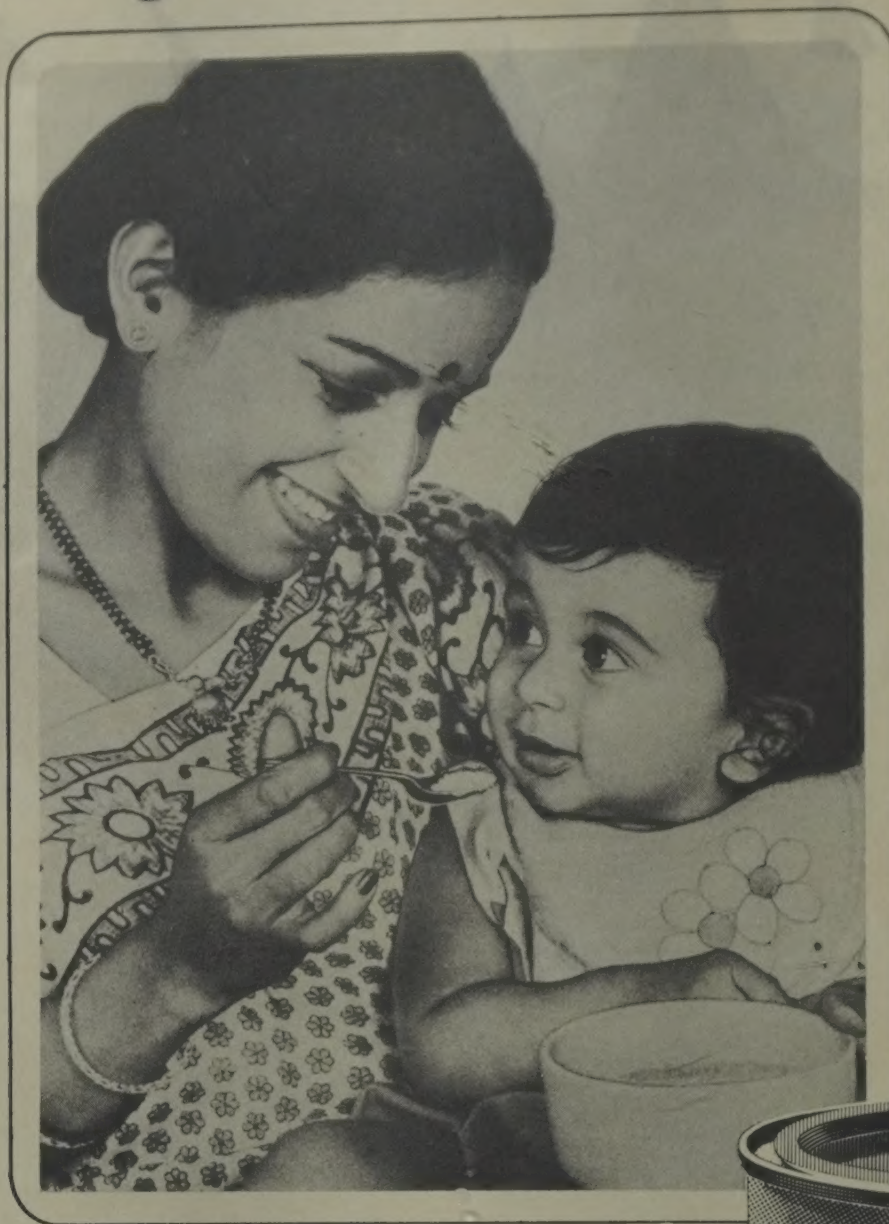
# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

CHILDREN:  
WHEN  
LET GO

**THE  
MYSTIQUE  
OF  
KATHAK**

DESIGNER OF THE MONTH

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and iron

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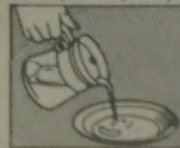
Start by serving Nestum with milk. As baby grows, introduce variety in his diet by serving Nestum with stewed fruits, cooked and mashed vegetables and dal.

# Nestum<sup>®</sup>

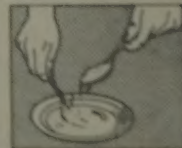
baby cereal  
rice



Easy to prepare:



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Add Nestum & mix

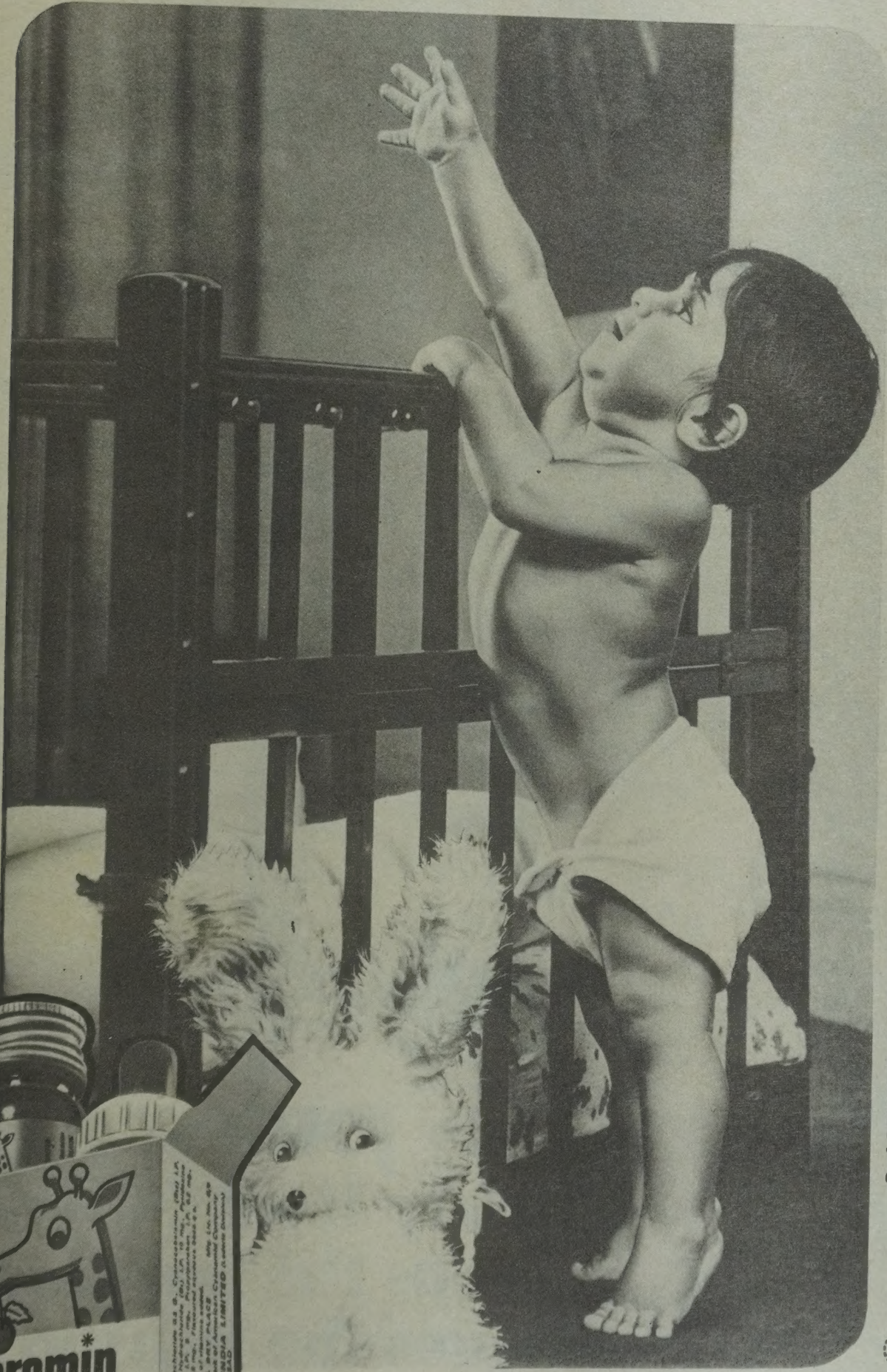


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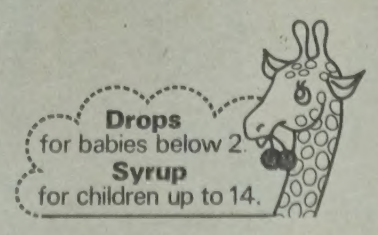


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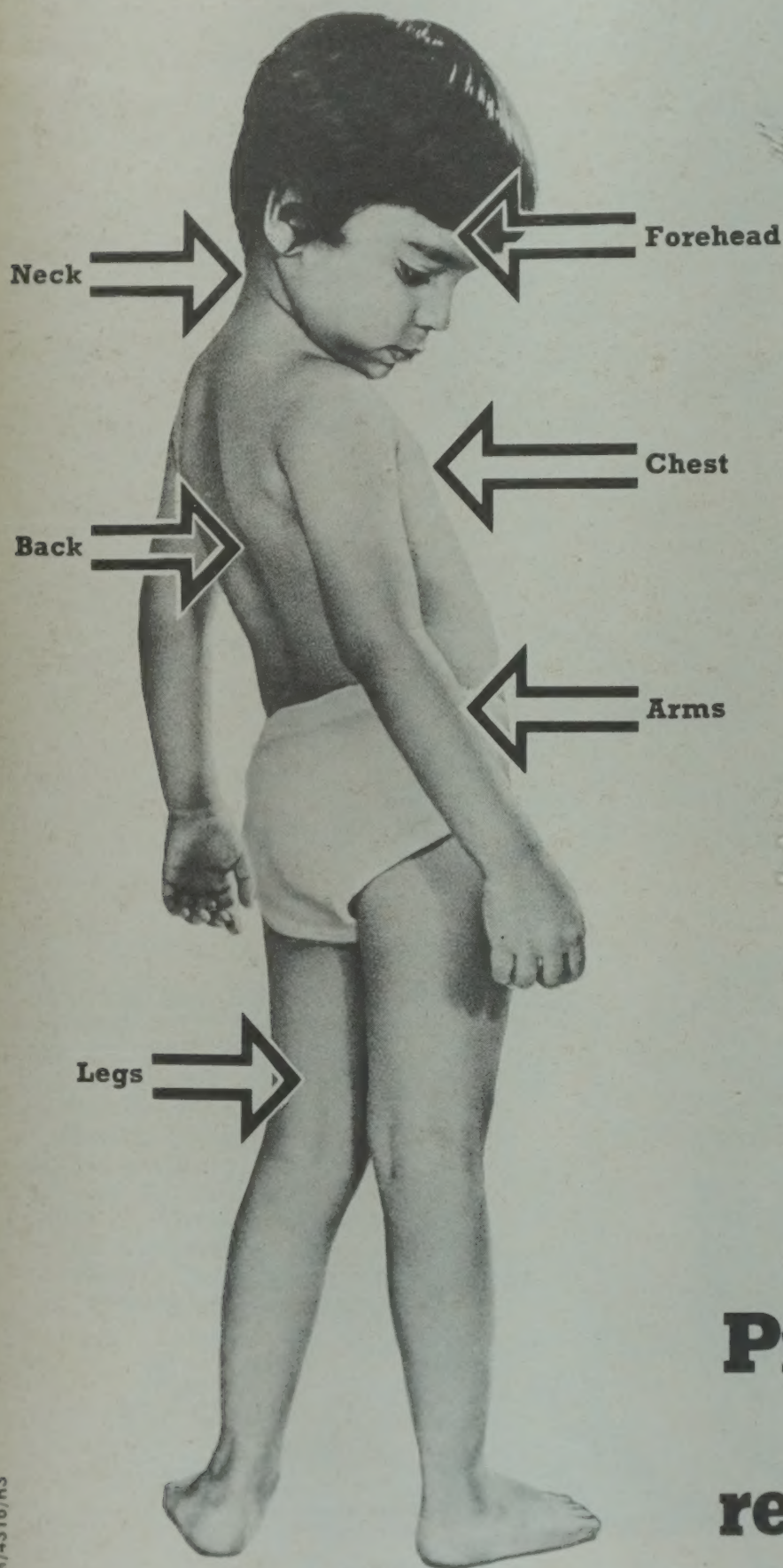


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THE MYSTIQUE  
OF KATHAK

**10** A dance form that has emerged from the 'kotha' to the auditorium, Kathak, which is often associated with the festival of Holi, boasts of many young and enthusiastic adherents today.

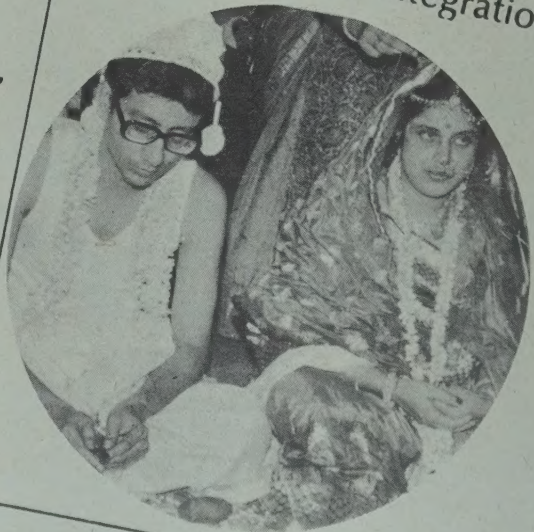


CHILDREN: WHEN  
TO LET GO

**12** Like the winter that gives way to summer, little children also grow up to be adults. And mothers should know when to loosen the apron strings if they are to save themselves future heartaches.

INTER-STATE  
MARRIAGES

**20** There is now a healthy trend towards inter-state marriages that will promote national integration.



CROSS-CULTURAL  
COOKING

**18** There are many unknown hazards when one ventures into the realm of exotic foreign cuisine.

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Nafisa Ali presents  
**The gentle way to get soft,  
manageable hair**

"I tried shampoo after shampoo, but they all left my hair looking dull and lifeless... The reason, I learned, was that they were harsh, so harsh they could even harm my hair.

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"Take it from me, it pays to treat your hair gentle. Try No More Tears JOHNSON'S Baby Shampoo."

*Nafisa Ali\**



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1st  
PRIZE

### ATTAGIRL!

Recently, a friend of mine created a minor furore in our community by refusing to marry a very 'eligible' bachelor simply because she did not like him. By 'eligible' I mean 35 years old, a high executive in a leading company. The 'eligible', however, does not include other characteri-

stics such as his over-indulgence in drinks, his pot-belly, baldness and the fact that he wears elevators to make him look 5 ft. 3 ins. tall!

My friend is over thirty and according to the elders of our community, she is a gone case as far as matrimony goes. So, imagine their horror when she refused to consider this perfect match even after the 'boy' had seen her and approved! Her enraged parents almost disowned her. It is, of course, of no consequence that this friend is a very smart and enterprising woman who runs a business of her own. This, in itself, should give her the right to choose a man she considers suitable. Just because she is past thirty does not mean that she must marry any guy who comes along.

JYOTI LAJMI, Bombay.

Given today's social values, it does take courage for a woman of thirty-plus to turn down what seems to be a good offer. We are sure the people around her must have said: "So what if he is a little paunchy and a little bald and drinks a little — after all she is no spring chicken". Of course, the reason she could turn him down is obvious: economic independence. There, we've said it again!

3rd  
PRIZE

### DISCRIMINATION

I have been a strong woman's libber right from my college days. I am now a working woman and proud of the fact that I can stand on firm ground on my own two feet. But right from the beginning I have noticed this discrimination against my sex in each and every field that I have entered up till now.

To quote an instance, due to the present hike in bus fares, I have taken to going to my place of work on a bicycle. But the minute I bring my bicycle out onto the road, prying eyes and obscene remarks drive me almost mad. Really, it's most disgusting that women have to face this sort of thing even in the 80's.

I wear trousers and shirts; mind you, I dress modestly. What would you say if I told you that on the very first day of work, I was faced with the query: "Haven't you got any sarees at home? Why don't you wear them to the office?" I just shrugged my shoulders and said that I found my present mode of dress convenient and comfortable. The result was a stony stare and a hostile atmosphere.

There are many such instances where we are downgraded but what hurts me most is that when we generally give all the backing to a male in all respects, why is it we don't get the same encouragement in return?

ROHINI, Mangalore.

That's all? A few stares, some obscene remarks, a bit of hostility? Surely, you won't let them worry you. Along with your trousers, try and put on a thick skin and a firm resolve. Carry on, regardless!

### TRY A "TRIAL"

A recent letter on this page talked about trial marriages. I think it is a very good idea to go through a trial marriage before settling down to a permanent one, provided society accepts it. Young people, especially girls, are hesitant about this mainly because they fear they will never be able to marry on a permanent basis. Men may ask them to go through only trial marriages after the first one, because they have nothing to lose. On the other hand, they have everything to gain. If there is a law regularising the marriage, payment of alimony, maintenance to non-working girls and custody of children if any, then they may feel more secure and go in for a trial marriage.

Think of the countless number of unhappy marriages in our country, where women are unable to get their freedom and have to live in a state of perpetual misery till death alone frees them. The children also suffer the psychological trauma inflicted on them which may turn them into drop-outs, delinquents or misfits.

Considering everything, I feel trial marriages are worth a trial.

MRS. P. PATHAK, Bangalore

Now, in America at least, special lawyers are fighting — and winning — cases on behalf of women who have been ditched after years of a trial marriage. However, your own words "provided society accepts it" sums up the whole situation here. Indian girls will only land up the sufferers in trial marriages.

2nd  
PRIZE

### CLINGING TO SERVANTS

The present lament of every housewife in big cities is the servant problem. The absence of even their very near and dear ones seems to affect them much less than the absence of their maid servants. Doing her own domestic chores, is a Herculean task for the modern housewife.

It is high time we put a stop to this dependence on manual labour, especially when modern electric appliances can ease our daily routine. Furthermore, at least some among the servant class are keen to educate their children. They also find it more profitable to take up part-time jobs in factories and mills. Some of them undergo training and are employed as nurses, lady conductors and post (wo)men. We talk of women's lib outside our house but discourage the idea of our maid servant leaving her menial job and taking up better, more lucrative employment elsewhere. Are we not being selfish and exacting? Just because they belong to the less fortunate class, are they destined only to patiently execute our demands and orders — however demeaning?

We are all westerners in fashion and style — why not in their policy of 'dignity of labour'?

SHANTHI VARADARAJAN, Bangalore.

Well, this dependence will have to go sooner or later, because there are going to be no servants left. Whether the masters encourage them or not, the servants, and especially their children, are going to use their skills in improving their lot. Those who would grudge them such benefits are only being foolish.

### DANGEROUS SPORT

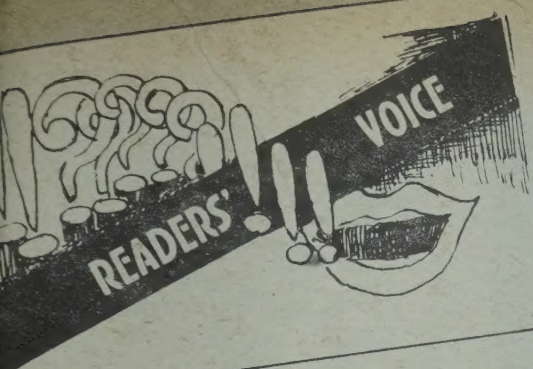
Holi is a festival to play with colours and burn up all the waste and unwanted articles but surely not for burning the wood of trees. It is very infuriating and heart-breaking to watch the lovely tall trees being felled by the teenagers who have nothing better to do and who deem it a great sport to cut down green trees to be burnt at the cross-roads for fun and merry-making during Holi. Has the idea of tree preservation been buried with Sanjay Gandhi? Yet we who are living cannot do much as these people turn round and say, "Kya, aap ke baap ka perh hai?" (Is it your father's tree?). How can one convince them that it is theirs as well as ours — it is in the interest of the nation that trees be preserved and not destroyed. Our pleas and threats have no effect. Reporting such matters hardly solves the problem.

Will posters, or T.V. programmes, help us? Let us wake up before it is too late.

CHANDANA MUKHERJEE, Kanpur.

Destroying trees is a sacrilege. People do not realise that the depletion of the flora and fauna will cause a terrible imbalance and will imperil mankind. We must all make efforts to prevent this from happening.





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

**MUSLIMS: ENJOYING SPECIAL PRIVILEGES**

It is a pity that Mr. S. Shahzad Shah in his article 'Indian Muslims Receive Step-Motherly Treatment' (February 7) should have accused our government of adopting a communal attitude and giving step-motherly treatment to the Muslims in this country.

In fact, the Congress which is now in power at the Centre, has been accused of adopting the policy of appeasement towards the Muslims. The Muslims' demand for a separate homeland resulted in the creation of Pakistan. Now they talk of secularism and grumble against the present government even though they are treated as first class citizens who have got special privileges as a minority community. They have occupied the highest offices in the country viz. that of president, vice-president, governor, chief of staff, chairman of U.P.S.C., cabinet minister, state minister and chief minister. In which Muslim country has a non-Muslim or as a matter of fact, a Hindu, been allowed to occupy such a high post? They want equal rights with other citizens but want to be governed by their personal law. They want to have the cake and eat it too.

As reported in the newspapers, the disturbances in Moradabad and elsewhere were not communal but anti-authority and anti-police, riots. On search of some houses, it was found that unauthorized weapons and ammunition were dumped on the rooftops. Even at Delhi, some Muslims were reported to have shouted, "Pakistan zindabad" and insulted the national flag. Is this the exhibition of their loyalty and patriotism?

The Muslims in this country should, on the contrary, be thankful to our government for the special safeguards provided to them. They should learn to share the lot of millions in this country who live below the poverty line and are unemployed.

S. M. JHANGIANI, New Delhi.

**A BEAUTIFUL STORY**

I am really thankful to you for publishing the beautiful story 'The Egoist' (Feb. 7). Ego is responsible for breaking many marriages. The ego should be overcome to lead a happy married life.

SANGEETA JUNEJA, Hissar.

**MORE YOUNG AT HEARTS**

I liked your article 'Old in Years, Young at Heart' (Feb. 14), specially the interview with Mr. Karanjia. Kudos to all these personalities. Please try to publish more such interviews in future so that we can find out the secrets of being young at heart in old age. We have many more personalities like these. What about Dr. Baburao Patel?

SONI MULCHANDANI, Bombay.

**SECRET OF YOUTH**

Your article 'Old In Years, Young At Heart' (Feb. 14) was refreshing and stimulating to those who complain of becoming old even before forty.

What keeps a man or woman young and cheerful is not only green vegetables, diet food and a good climate but much depends on the family set-up, the environment and family problems particularly the financial one of making both ends meet. The more the problems, the less cheerful and young a man or a woman.

K. S. RAMAN, New Delhi.



ISSUE OF APRIL 18

**THE LAMAZE METHOD**

Since we were flooded with requests from readers wanting to know more about the Lamaze method of painless childbirth, we begin our series with special recommended exercises. This is a cut-out-and-keep item for all expectant mothers.

**HOW MUCH SHOULD A DOCTOR REVEAL?**

What if you are a neurotic patient who gets worse when told that the disease is chronic? On the other hand, your illness could be terminal and you haven't yet made your will. . . in both cases it is a double-edged sword and the doctor walks a tightrope in order to decide how much to reveal to the patient and his relatives.

**BEGINNING : PUZZLE IT OUT**

A new fun page for the family.

**A NEW CONTEST FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW!**

Plus all our regular features.

'Look how he teases me, the ever alluring Banawari. He way-lays and hurls naughty abuses at me. The incorrigible mischief maker, he pays no heed to my entreaties.'

The sweet song of the Kathak dance filled the atmosphere with the romance of Vrindavan and its fragrant bowers. With soft delicate gestures he started translating the meaning of the song into visual action. Narrating this enchanting experience, that famed Indologist, the late Dr. Anand Coomaraswamy, whose name still reigns supreme in the field of art, has said:

"I have never seen, nor do I hope to see better acting than I saw in Lucknow when an old man, a poet and dancer and a teacher of many, many dancing girls, sang a herdgirl's complaint to the mother of Krishna. Picking up a scarf, he used it as a veil and no one could have remembered that he was anything but a shy and graceful young girl, telling a story with every sort of dramatic gesture of the hand and eyes. She (the herdgirl) told how Krishna had stolen the butter and curd, what pranks he played, of his love making and every sort of naughtiness. Every feature of the face, every movement of the body and hands was intentional controlled, hieratic."

Kathak, the most charming classical dance style of North India, certainly deserves this tribute. Kathak means story teller. Kathaks are mentioned in the Mahabharata. Probably no other dance form in India underwent a series of metamorphosis in its history as Kathak. It started as a narrative art practised by a class of story tellers. When they started embellishing their narration with bits of acting and dancing there emerged a distinct style which flourished under temple patronage. Kathaks are still seen practising their art in the temples of Ayodhya.

While evolving its technique it seems, originally like all other classical dance styles Kathak also relied upon the Natya Shashtra of Bharata. After the advent of the Mughals it assimilated Persian influence and the era of nautch girls started. From temples it went to courts and kothas and became a thing of recreation, catering to the rich nawabs and rajas. However, during this period it really developed its technique and enriched itself. To the soft delicacy of abhinaya (facial expressions), intricacy of footwork was added. Tala (beat) compositions were devised to enable the dancers to exhibit their virtuosity and technical skill.



In the early 19th century various experiments were made at different centres like Lucknow, Jaipur and Banaras by families practising Kathak and the gharana system emerged. Gharanas helped this art to crystallise its technique and assume a distinct regional flavour at different centres. Broadly speaking, the Lucknow school of Kathak is known for its subtle abhinaya while the Jaipur school became famous for its intricate footwork.

The Banaras school turned to classical texts like Abhinayadarpana and tried to revive the devotional core of the Kathak art.

Under the stress of changing socio-economic conditions and general change in the attitude of modern dancers the gharana system is fast breaking. A dancer now learns the techniques of different schools and sometimes tries to synthesise it. Modernists are trying to forge unity among diversity. As the Kathak dancing went from kotha to

LEFT: Shovana Narayan.

# THE MYSTIQUE



theatre, teaching also shifted from traditional gurus to dancing schools. One such prominent school in the country is the Kathak Kendra of Delhi run by the Central Sangeet Natak Akademi under the guidance of its dynamic director, Keshav Kothari. He believes in experimentation to enlarge the scope of Kathak and making it rich without disturbing the purity of its tradition.

Speaking about gharanas he said that as distinct stylistic variations of Kathak art they should be preserved and respected equally. However, the concept of gharana as a family tradition is certainly redundant in the modern context. There is no chance of it being only a family art. Kathak families are adopting modern vocations while young boys and girls who do not belong to Kathak clans are taking up Kathak dancing. Hence the prejudices and inter-rivalries among different schools are fast diminishing though the hang-over of the past has not completely disappeared.

When asked about the trend of staging dance dramas in Kat-

## THE METHOD OF LEARNING AND TEACHING HAS CHANGED, BUT THIS GRACEFUL CLASSICAL DANCE STYLE OF NORTH INDIA STILL HAS A CHARM OF ITS OWN

Shobha Varadpande



Durga.

hak style he said that the Kathak Centre did present dance dramas like Hori Dhuom Machao Ri, Shan-E-Avadh, Krishnayana and even Gita Govinda with considerable success. However he feels that Kathak is essentially a solo form. In its solo format Kathak provides full scope to the dancer to exhibit his or her skill and it is an aesthetically more satisfying experience. For instance in Gatabhava the dancer becomes Krishna, Radha, Yashoda, Kalia and Gopi in the same number and exhibits variations in abhinaya and footwork. If these characters are introduced in the form of other dancers this will limit the dancer's own scope. One may indulge in dance dramas after acquiring perfect command over the Kathak technique in its basic solo form.

Speaking about the music, he said that present day Kathak is not as closely associated with Hindustani classical music and allied musical systems as a South Indian classical dance form like Bharata Natyam is with Carnatic music. If Kathak wants to grow richer it should as far as possible adopt rich variations from Hindustani music.

"How far can a female dancer professionally compete with a male Kathak dancer?" I asked.

"Kathak is danced by male and female dancers, but professionally the female dancer achieves success more easily probably because of the male dominated audience," Keshav Kothari said. "A male dancer has to struggle hard to become acceptable to audiences. However, it is comparatively easy for an average good looking, talented, female dancer to achieve professional success. But a male dancer because of his stamina and physiological superiority remains in the field for a longer time and hence it is he who generally contributes more significantly to the preservation of the tradition."

Keshav Kothari is rather critical of what he terms as a tendency towards specialisation in

the field of Kathak dance. A Kathak dancer, he feels, should learn to sing, play on the tabla, dance and acquire a total personality. Girls seldom learn to play the tabla. Singing is taken up by a member of the orchestra.

I then called on well-known Kathak dancer Shovana Narayan for her comments on the contemporary Kathak scene. This young, graceful dancer is working as the deputy accountant general with the AGCR. "Well, after office is over I have all the time to dance" she said.

"South and Eastern Indian classical dance forms like Bharat Natyam and Odissi are becoming increasingly popular in North India. Do you think this will wean away the Kathak audience?" I asked.

"I don't think so," Shovana said. "Every dance form has its distinct charm, flavour and glamour. Kathak is easy to learn but difficult to sustain. Its creativity is spontaneous and scope for innovation is simply unlimited. It has its own appeal and it is certainly no less popular."

"Why is it that Kathak is not popular in South India?"

"Probably. South Indian society is more tradition bound and does not easily accept anything unfamiliar. If the people are exposed to Kathak more and more I feel they will start liking it."

When asked about new experiments in the field Shovana emphatically said that the young generation of Kathak dancers are doing plenty of experimentation with form and theme. In fact she herself has been described as a most innovative artiste by critics. Her experimental dances like Yama Umang were welcomed by the audiences.

"Do you think that the young dancers will be able to take the place of celebrated Kathak dancers of the day in due course? How is their artistic mettle in terms of quality?" I asked.

Shovana is confident about the creative ability and artistic merit of the younger generation of Kathak dancers. "Why not?" she asked. "Certainly they are capable of reaching the top. There is enough potential in them. They will significantly contribute to the continuity and development of Kathak."

Will Kathak think of depicting nayikas in modern situations? For instance, a girl becoming miserable on not receiving a phone call from her lover?

"Underlying emotions are more important than the situations

# OF KATHAK



From left to right: Geetanjali Lal, Birju Maharaj, Meena Nandi and Veronique Azan from France.

Continued on page 47

## There are any number of ways by which the daughter can circumvent the mother.

Only the mother doesn't realise it and continues  
to be a tyrant, till too late

Dear Mother,

Don't shed tears now. It is too late. You should have known better than to antagonise your daughter, but of course, how could you have known? If you had foreseen how things would have turned out in the end; you would have sacrificed your own ego. — EGO, that is what it is, though you didn't know it then and don't know it even now — and given in to your daughter. Mothers who still have not lost their dearly loved daughters can learn a lesson from this mother, who sits at home alone and weeps.

Her daughter got married to the man of her own choice and went away leaving her parents to shed tears in solitude.

From the time their girl was a school-child the mother wanted to exert her authority over her (her father too, but from behind the scenes, egging the mother on, as he did not want to lose face himself by being rebuffed). She wanted her daughter to toe the line; but the girl rebelled. There used to be big scenes later on when the girl grew up and started going to college. But as a school-child being too young and timid, she was a silent sufferer while the mother lashed out at her.

According to the mother there was nothing that her daughter could do right. Whatever she did was wrong. Whatever she said was untrue. Extra classes? Bah! went to a matinee most probably — must check up with the class teacher. Going to study with a friend for the examination? Tell that to the marines! Most probably wants to gallivant the whole day, and come home only in the evening, while the mother had lined up a whole lot of things for her to do around the home or has plans to take her along to a show herself or go shopping. The mother gets so frustrated at being let down that she lashes out at her innocent daughter for telling the truth! So next time the girl decides to do things her own way without telling the mother the truth. So who is to blame if the daughter starts telling lies?

There are any number of ways by which the daughter can circumvent the mother. Only the mother doesn't realise it and

continues to be a tyrant, till too late — till the girl is in a position to rebel openly. Then she finds she can do nothing about it. She has lost her hold over her daughter, who no longer cares whether her mother is angry with her or pleased with her. Whatever she does, her mother is sure to find fault with her. So what is the use of trying to please her? She just waits till she is economically independent finds a job or a husband and then leaves home and goes away.

Parents, you wanted to possess your children and exert your authority and power over them, for how long did you think? All their lives, or all your lives? And then find you have just been wasting your time and energy which could have been put to better use if you had showered selfless love on them. Love that only seeks their happiness.

Give all your love without holding back anything. Don't lay down rigid rules. Be flexible. Listen to their voices sometimes and not always to your own. Show your trust and belief in them. Respect them as individuals. Let them find their identity. What do they want? Give it to them now. Later on, they won't ask you. Don't think of yourself and your wants or rewards. Your job is to do your duty to them without expecting anything in return.

In the beginning it may appear as though your children love you and so they obey you. But in the end you will discover they have never loved you at all. They have resented you all the time. And you have been blind because you are all wrapped up in your ego. You couldn't see beyond your nose. You think because you are happy, they are happy too. You demand love and obedience. But you forget it has to be mutual. Love begets love. If you love them selflessly, only then will they return it. Otherwise they will find somebody else to love, somebody who is in empathy with them. Then when everything turns to ashes in your mouth, you will realise your mistake, but it will be too late then.

Yours sincerely,  
Another mother

When mother love becomes smother love, then the trouble starts, or so goes a saying. While the mother in the companion feature has talked with compassion and feeling about her daughter, in India, unfortunately, it is the "mama's boy" that every prospective daughter-in-law dreads. Because it is taken for granted that every daughter will one day belong to someone else's family, there is not that obsessive holding on to that one associates with a son. Having been a daughter-in-law and having watched the predicament of one's friends, I can draw up a guideline of don'ts for the mother. However, it is quite possible that a fond mother may correct my impres-

sions of the average Indian mother and mother-in-law. A conversation is where two people share and discuss differing opinions with respect. Another male friend of mine says that he was so frightened of his disciplinarian father that when he heard the car turn into the gates of the house, he would run into his room and shut the door and it would take him a good 10 minutes to compose himself before he could meet his father. Although a brilliant and studious boy, he didn't get good marks at all because during exams, through sheer nervousness, his mind would go blank. How many cases have we heard of teenaged boys either running away from home or committing suicide when their fathers have

# children:

sions of the average Indian mother and mother-in-law.

**\*Studies:** Although because of the peculiar Indian system, our boys are sent for their professional studies when they are in their mid-teens, at a time when they certainly need guidance because they aren't mature enough to choose on their own, DON'T for heaven's sake try to live your ambition through your son. "Ramesh has to be a lawyer because his father is one," or "Ramu has to become an engineer because we come from a family of engineers," or "Raju must become a doctor because he's always played doctor-and-nurse," is no way to decide a boy's future. Forget your ambitions. Talk to the boy over a period of years to gauge his aptitude. Let him take a professional aptitude test in his school if it's possible; consult his teachers. In other words, along with the active cooperation of your son, spend time to realize what he really wants to be. Just to pamper your ego, having an unhappy engineer or an I.A.S. officer is no fun. At all times, your son's future happiness must be paramount. Not "I know what is best for him." Your years and experience should first teach you the advantages of humility.

**\*Discipline:** Repressive discipline will either make your teenaged son a sneak or a spineless grown-up. He'll be a mouse, never a man. A friend of mine, soft, nervous and indecisive, tells me that he has never had a conversation with his parents. They TOLD him to do something, he did it. His opinions never

slapped them? Learn when your son has grown up. He can't be a child forever.

**\*Adolescence and sex:** We in India shy away from sex education of any kind. Yet we expect our sons to be pure and good. If they've picked up their sex education from the roadside, what do you expect? If you find your son secretly obsessed with girlie magazines or masturbating, don't bring the roof down and make the poor boy feel like he's committed murder. If you feel shy, ask your husband to talk to him. The first, AND MOST IMPORTANT thing, is to tell your son not to feel guilty, that he's doing nothing wrong; that these are natural urges. Then get him interested in an outdoor game that will tire him physically, like tennis or swimming. It is the studious indoors type that gets most obsessed with sex. Notice the difference: sexual awakening and interest during adolescence is natural; sexual obsession is not.

**\*Respect for women:** With sex comes the next thorny subject... women. Accept the fact that most men are going to have premarital sex. It is up to you and your husband to inculcate a healthy respect for women in your son. Teach him a sense of responsibility. Make him aware that if he has sex before marriage he's responsible for the girl and must take adequate precautions. "My son is an angel and that girl is a slut," doesn't work with this generation any more. After all, how many Indian par-

ents will have the broadmindedness of ex-U.S. President Gerald and his wife Betty Ford? When an occasional date of their young son Steven filed a patrimony suit against him, the former President publicly said that if proved that the child had been fathered by Steven, "Betty and I as grandparents would of course be happy to have the child as one of our family."

**\*Love:** This is obviously the next, and most dangerous phase in your son's life. This is where a mother's protective instincts are roused to the hilt. Who can after all stop a mother from

**RELINQUISH YOUR HOLD OVER YOUR SON  
TO THE "OTHER WOMAN"  
IN HIS LIFE. FROM NOW ON, FOR BETTER OR  
WORSE, SHE'S HIS GUIDING FORCE.  
SO MOVE OVER, MOTHER-IN-LAW**

girl's life. And the mother was left with little satisfaction at the end of her son's marriage.

Many women also mistakenly feel that in a love marriage, the girl will take away her son; In an arranged marriage the girl can be kept under her thumb.

Nothing could be further away from the truth. The girl who brings in a fat dowry expects full rights over her husband. Besides, today's young and educated girls, whether they go in for an arranged or love marriage, have their own ideas of what they

want out of their marriage.

**\*Marriage:** Some Hindu communities have a lovely symbolic ceremony where the mother-in-law hands over the keys of the house to her daughter-in-law. This should be followed in real life. Relinquish your hold over your son to the "other woman" in his life. From now on, for better or for worse, she's his guiding force. Above all, **DON'T PLAY SURROGATE WIFE TO YOUR SON.** No self-respecting wife can stomach this nauseating fact. For example:

"Umesh, my son, cannot eat this. He is used to better food. And he likes his milk warm, not cold." Sorry old girl, whether you like it or not, Umesh is destined to drink his milk cold from now on. Anyway, how do you know he didn't tell his wife that "Mom always gave my milk warm, and I hated it. But if I told her she would've got upset." I know many a newly-married husband who has secretly warned his wife never to make his "favourite brinjal curry with onions" because he's hated it for the past 15 years!

Another example. "Please don't let my son slog (notice the word 'slog'!!) in the kitchen. He's not used to it." I know of only one instance where the mother-in-law to be, a university professor, told my colleague, "Rima, I'm proud to tell you that I've brought up my son Ram in such a way that he'll never hide himself behind the paper while you're in the kitchen. He knows the meaning of equality. In our home my husband, myself and two sons have all shared the household chores. And if you're sick, Ram is capable of turning out a simple meal in a jiffy." Needless to say, Ram is more mature for his age and his wife and mother are great friends.

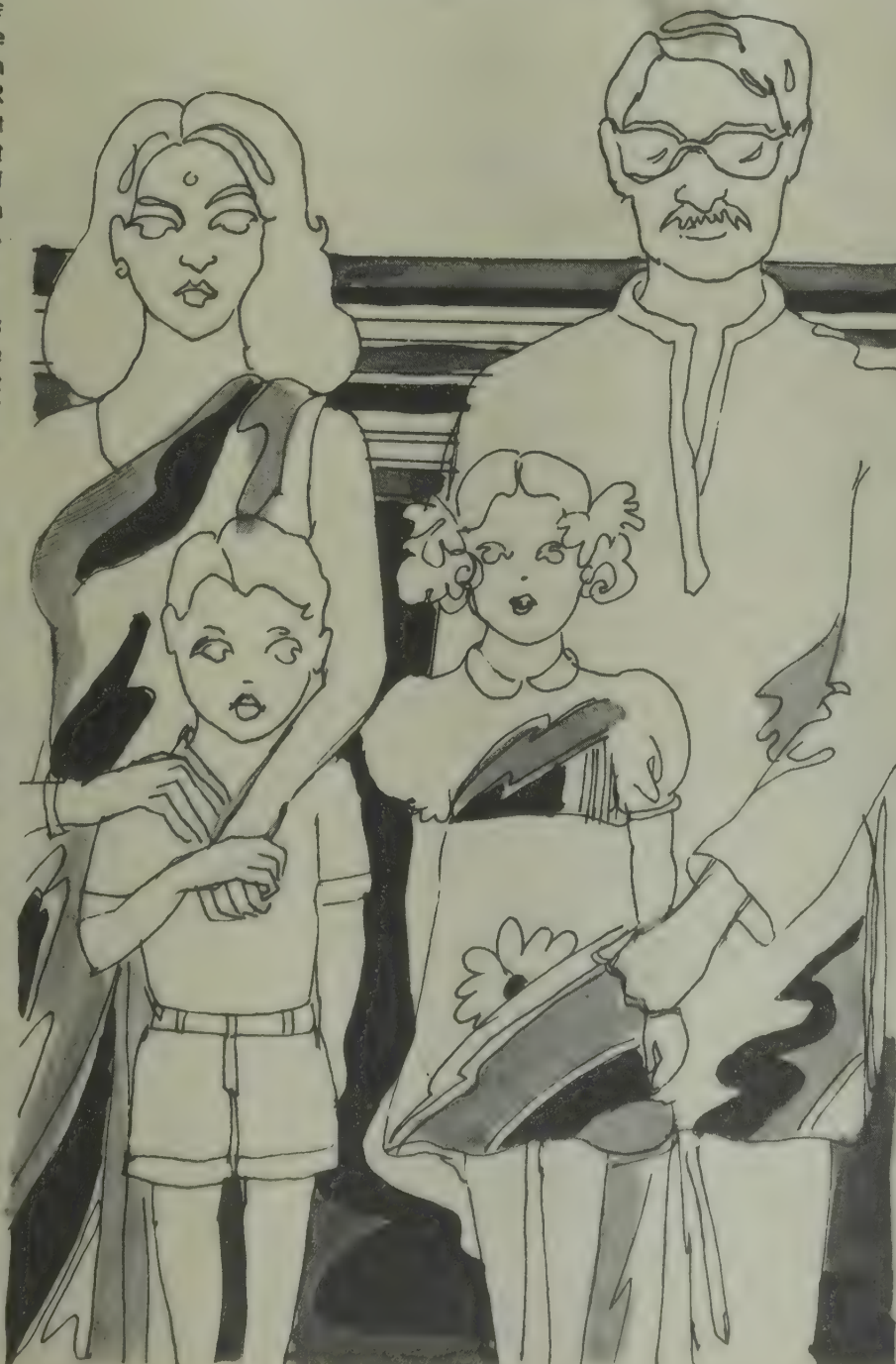
Or if your son's sick, don't act like he's dying. Your days of sponging his forehead when he had measles at age three are all over. Move over, mother-in-law. A friend of mine still seethes when she recounts how her husband came home with a headache one night. Knowing that he was tired, she gave him his food, an analgesic, and without any fuss, put him to bed. At midnight, the mother-in-law started knocking at their bedroom door hysterically. When a sleepy daughter-in-law opened the door, the older woman wept uncontrollably and said, "I couldn't

# when to let go

Lakshmi Narayan

dreaming of an ideal wife for her son? But she is rudely brought to earth when she meets the gum-chewing, hardly attractive girl the son brings home with stars in his eyes. **HOLD YOUR HORSES.** Don't panic. Look at it this way. This love may not last till the end of the month. But if it does, if he's determined to marry this girl from another community, another religion, give in with grace. You are welcome as a parent to point out the pros and cons of the alliance, but the final decision is his. Don't act patronising towards the girl and make an enemy of her right from the beginning.

If your son, after some years, finds out that he's made a mistake and wants a divorce, don't gloat over his misfortune. I know of a case where the mother-in-law, convinced that the smoking, drinking (the girl actually did everything in moderation) daughter-in-law was going to wreck her son's life, even took the 'mangalsutra' to the temple and prayed that the marriage should break up. One thing led to another and after an uneasy two years, the marriage ended in divorce. But the jubilant mother, who had "saved" her son from the clutches of the girl, was shocked out of her wits to find a shattered son on her hands, who couldn't go back to his job, who felt a failure as a man and a husband, who felt inadequate as a human being, and who couldn't forget his wife. He was riddled with guilt that he had ruined a young



Continued on page 50

For ages the printed fabrics of India have been coveted because of the beauty of their designs and striking colour combinations. They found their way into distant lands where they were highly prized.

Printed fabrics have spiralled into prominence once again. To cater to the ever-growing, ever-varying demand, a wide variety of

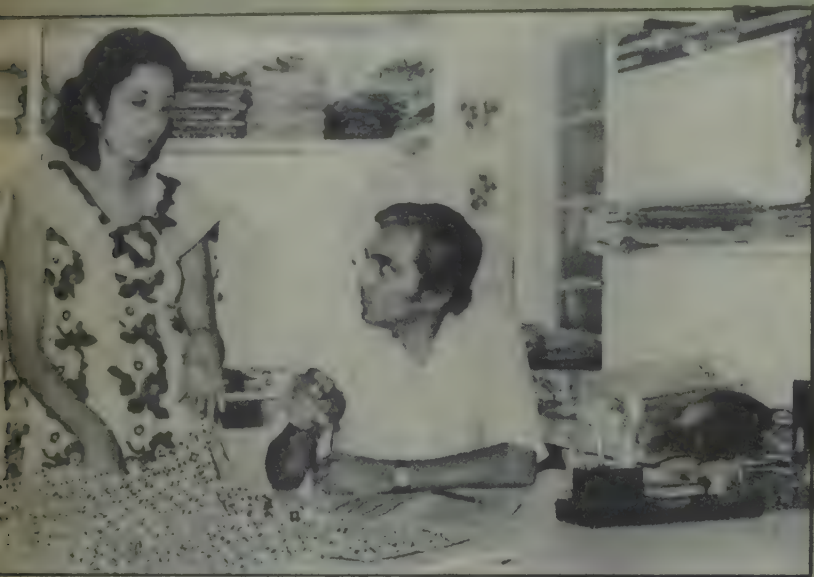
lovely materials are being produced for markets at home and abroad. And a young and promising textile designer, who is putting her talents to good use, is Purnima Chaudhri who runs her printing unit "Punu Prints" in Jammu. Her captivating creations in cotton as well as silk — hand/block printed sarees, churidar-kurtas sets, household linen and numdas which bear her

distinct stamp are very much in demand. Her themes are mainly floral. "I have lived in Srinagar amidst the beauties of Nature which have influenced me greatly," she says. The flora and fauna which she perceives with the sensitivity of an artist provide her with a perennial source of inspiration for her designs.

In the early '70s Purnima

experimented with traditional numdas by doing applique and tie and dye on them thus deviating from the conventional. "When I first started this experiment some of my contemporaries thought it was a sacrilege," she recalls. "But they proved very popular."

Purnima studied textile designing at the Women's Polytechnic, Delhi. She ex-

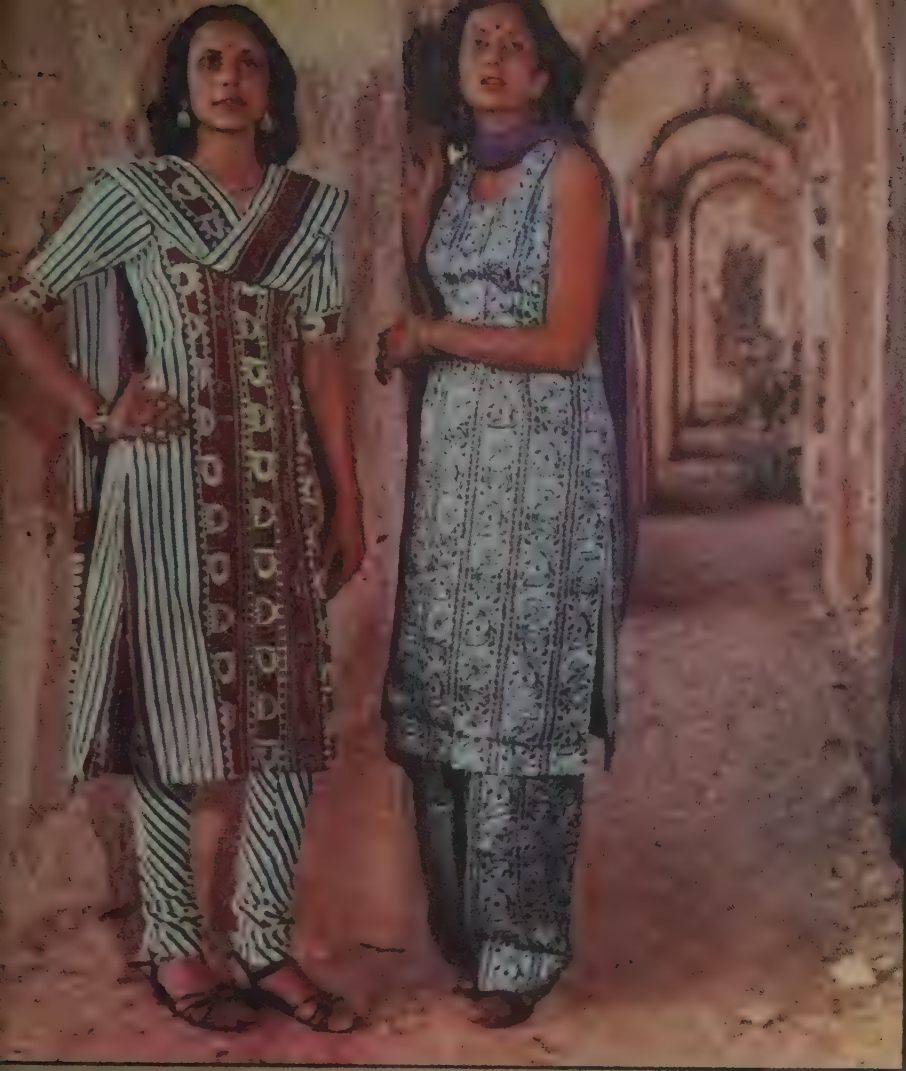


## EVOLVING NOVEL DESIGNS

A young and enterprising husband-wife team, in far-off Jammu, has been experimenting with prints and colours to create unique patterns and compositions

Chakresh Jain





hibited her work in Srinagar, Gulmarg, Bombay, and her batiks in Liverpool (U.K.). She has done freelance work for various textile mills and fashion houses both at home and abroad and gained valuable experience.

After her marriage to Umang, who holds a B.Sc. degree in Textiles, and M.Sc. in Production Engineering from Dublin, they proceeded to U.K. where they lived for four years.

On their return to India, Umang and Purnima set up "Punu Prints" in Jammu. To start with it was an open shed but within two years

Attractive churidar-kurta sets and sarees in conventional designs and striking colour combinations photographed at the picturesque Pari Mahal at Srinagar.

it has expanded considerably. It is the first printing unit in J & K which is registered as a Small Scale Unit where girls are trained in printing and then employed as printers.

I visit "Punu Prints". This neat little establishment is a beehive of activity. On the working tables are spread bewitching sarees, household linen, bedspreads in interesting designs. They are inspired by the traditional Kashmiri patterns of shawls and carpets; also bird, animal, floral motifs drawn from Nature's rich storehouse — all associated with legend and symbolism.

Eye-catching numda rugs in tie and dye work. The papier mache teapot is engraved with lines from Omar Khayyam.

**OPP. PAGE**

**LEFT:** Umang and Purnima Chaudhri discuss a fabric and its print.

**BELOW:** Colourful household linen in interesting prints. The copper vase is carved in a floral design taken from an old Kashmiri shawl. The Samovar is intricately engraved with "Kofa", old Persian writing.

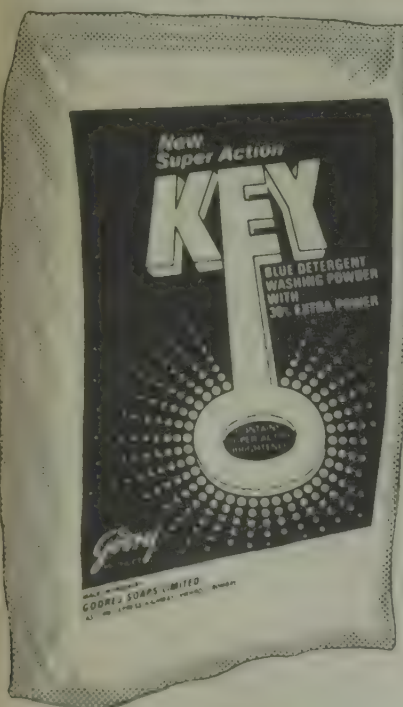
Antiques — courtesy: "Ganemede", Srinagar

Photographs: Preco Studios, Srinagar



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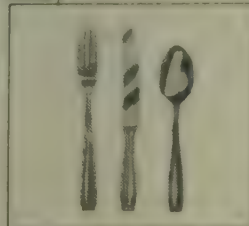
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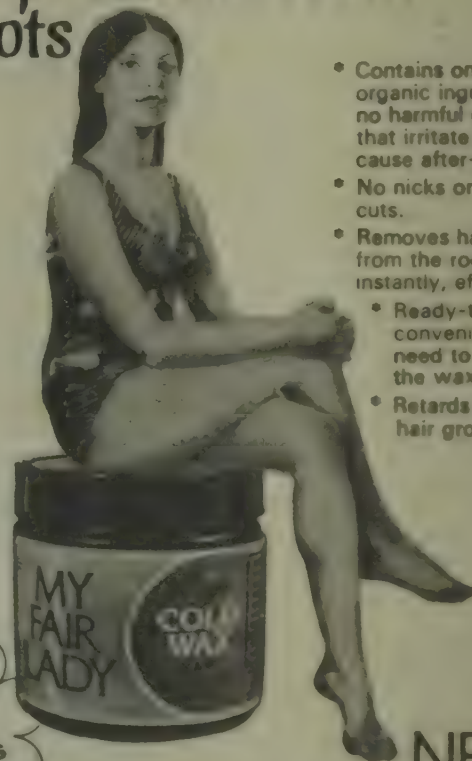
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## EVOLVING NOVEL DESIGNS

I meet Mansaram, the dye master from Jammu. I am told he is a Brahmin. Why has he chosen a dyer's profession? "I wanted to do something creative... I am happy that my skill is being utilised well," he smiles. Mohamed Yunus is a hereditary printer from Jaipur.

I chat with Kamladevi and Harjeet Kaur, young printers who have come out of the confines of their houses to supplement the family income. Also Indrajeet Kaur who does the tailoring and also typing work. Then there is a Jammu boy, Bal-krishna, who is deaf and dumb, and several others who contribute their skill to make these beautiful items.

Umang and Purnima had their initial share of struggle. There were no printers in Jammu and it was a challenging job to find them. Finally they hired them from Samba and Jaipur.

Purnima's prints are dif-

ferent from the run-of-the-mill variety for she has tried to bring about a harmonious blend of the traditional and the modern. She also mixes and matches patterns combining prints with Bandhani. Her Samba prints are exclusive. Umang and Purnima deserve credit for reviving the Samba prints extinct for over 50 years when hereditary printers used vegetable dyes. Encouraged by Mrs. Mekhla Jha, wife of the Governor of J & K, Umang and Purnima visited Samba and collected blocks and prints which they used with novel compositions and colour combinations. The result was unique.

Purnima is fully involved with designing while Umang takes care of the technical aspect of printing where his expertise comes handy; also the administrative and organisational work. "As colours tend to look different on different materials, the selected fabric is tested with the given colour combinations. Treatment of fabric before and after printing is also very important, also the proper



Printing work in progress.

use of chemicals to give the right finish. For example, chiffons and georgettes should retain their softness, silks their smoothness even after they are printed," he said. "I spend a lot of time experimenting with textile chemicals. Our colours are fast even the turquoise blues which mostly run."

Umang is highly appreciative of Purnima's work and has found a ready market for her creations which

are exported to several countries too. He wants to go in for printing silks in a big way which could be used for making shirts and ties for foreign markets.

Purnima has two school-going daughters. How does she manage her home with a full time business? "I divide my time between my family and the business in such a way that both get equal attention," she says with pride.

A farmer wrote to a rural paper to ask, "How long cows should be milked?"

"Why the same as short cows, of course," advised the editor.

"WHAT caused the explosion in your house?"

"Powder on my coat sleeve."

DID you hear the joke about oil?

We can't tell it — it's too crude.

STEPHEN: "Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold on a freezing day like this, delivering newspapers?"

Bryan: "No. Selling papers keeps up the circulation."

WHAT happens when a body is immersed in liquid?

The phone rings.

"Hi, sweetheart," said the smart Aleck to the pretty waitress. "Where have you been all my life?"

Sizing him up she said, "Out of it, thank God."

THE proud father phoned the local paper to report the birth of triplets. The editor, not sure that he had heard correctly, asked: "Will you repeat that?"

Snapped the father: "Not if I can help it."

THE young man was rather shy and after she had thrown her arms around him and kis-



sed him, he jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"Oh, don't go," she said, "I didn't mean to offend you."

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."

"PLEASE Mummy, can I go in the water to swim?"

"No, my dear, it's much too deep."

"But Daddy is in there."

"Yes, but Daddy's insured."

NO woman really makes a fool out of a man. She merely gives him the opportunity to develop his natural resources.

"TELL me little girl," said the friend of the family. "What are you going to do when you get as big as mummy?"

Replied the girl, "I'll go on a diet."

A RATHER skinflinty old man was playing golf one bitter cold day. At the end of the round he slipped something into the caddie's hand and said kindly, "That's for a glass of hot whisky, my man."

The caddie opened his hand and discovered a lump of sugar.

HOSTESS (who is trying to conceal the fact from her party guests that the Chinaman at the door is presenting a laundry bill): "Well, Hop Toy, is this a billet-doux?"

Hop Toy: "Yessum. Bill he due six months ago."

A LADY gave a reception to a group of college students. Among them was a Chinese student who had studied a book on etiquette. Handed a cup of tea, he said:

"Thank you, sir or madam as the case may be."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

# CROSS CULTURAL COOKING

Kathleen M. Smith

The first time I prepared coconut rice, or tried to, it was from a recipe in a cookbook. That was before I had ever come to India, in fact I had never even tasted coconut rice before. The recipe seemed simple, but it was almost a disaster! One major ingredient listed was the milk of one coconut. In my ignorance, I used the water of the coconut. You may laugh, since I am sure that every Indian woman is familiar with coconut milk since childhood. Fortunately, I could tell that there would not be sufficient liquid in which to steam the rice, so I added extra water. Although there was only the faintest flavour of coconut, at least the dish was not half raw or burned.

What happened to me in this instance happens often to those who try to master exotic or foreign style dishes by following directions in a cookbook or magazine. Although it is fun to experiment, and success is satisfying, it is not always easy to cook in a foreign context. One finds the same pitfalls that plague those who are trying to learn a foreign language. The exact meaning of a word or phrase, well understood by a native, is not clear to the outsider. This can lead to confusion or error. Measurements do not match, ingredients are not available or come in another form in different countries, cooking terms are used differently or make no sense because some methods are not used universally or utensils cannot be found.

The ingredients alone can be a problem. In America, for example, we have the idea that a curry is a meat or vegetable dish seasoned with a particular powder. This is available only from the supermarket. It always contains the same ingredients — a lot of haldi, some jeera, dhanla and chilli with a little dried onion and garlic powder. Most folks there have no notion of the many varieties of masala that are available. Or the challenge of mixing one for ourselves. Tamarind if we can get it is the concentrated sort which comes in a jar. You can imagine the confusion which results when the directions say, "Take a lemon

sized ball of tamarind and squeeze out the pulp." Not only is it hard to guess how much concentrate equals what amount of dried tamarind, but one must be aware that there is a difference between the sizes of Western and Indian lemons. Three average sized lemons are about equal to one of the sort found in most Western countries. What is more, since the Indian lemon is twice as juicy, there are problems when a recipe calls for

can replace cottage cheese. Dahi can at times be used in place of sour cream — but you must take care not to boil the dish after adding it. But what can be substituted for broccoli, avocado, asparagus or fresh mushrooms? When these are available here they fetch such an enormous price that they are out of range for most homemakers.

Another big problem is measurements. One culture will use weights, another volumes. How

had to be pounded one after another. It was a tedious process. A blender or mixie can be used, but it must be of very good quality, and not require too much liquid. The same problem must be faced when grinding batter for dosai and vadai. How to do it? Again the blender seems the best substitute. A coffee grinder can grind dry spices. A juicer can be used to make coconut milk, adding hot water to the pulp which would otherwise be thrown away. But all that electricity gets to be expensive.

Here of course the problem is reversed. What to do if you don't have a mixer, blender, food processor or juicer? The grinding stones, gurnis, mortars and pestles must be used in their place! Sometimes a great deal of ingenuity and inventiveness are required. One friend who loves pizza but does not have an oven uses a flat tava with a cake pan inverted over the top. It works very well.

Of course, many times a foreign style dish doesn't taste quite the same as the original. This can be unfortunate if a serious mistake was made. But sometimes, because tastes differ in different parts of the world deliberate changes are made. American pizza, for example, is somewhat different from the Italian original, and the Indian version that has appeared recently has its own unique characteristics. Generally it is made here without the delicate Italian herbs, and is a bit spicier to suit the Indian taste. And that is how it should be! Indian pizza should please the Indian palate. Matar paneer made for the uninitiated Westerner should be more lightly spiced. That way everyone enjoys the new adventure before them, and learns to appreciate some flavour of a foreign culture — even if it is slightly out of context.

**Although it is fun to experiment with foreign recipes, and success is satisfying, it is not always easy to cook in a foreign context, says an American in India who has tried it**

the juice of a lemon. Many times mirchi is not available in the West and capsicums or tinned Mexican chillis are rather inadequate substitutes.

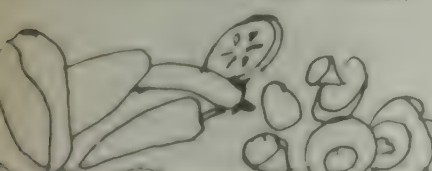
The Indian housewife trying to make a Western dish also has difficulties. Most of the green herbs are unavailable. Ajwain seeds or leaves can be used for oregano, tulsi for basil, while pudhina can be substituted for any sort of mint as a general rule. Celery and parsley can be grown in pots and are delicious additions to sambars as well as soups and taste good raw in salads. But many other herbs can't be found. Melted gur can replace molasses. Soft paneer

to turn a cup into grams or ounces? If you do not have a special measure which shows all of these, you have to figure it out for yourself. And remember, a cup of butter does not weigh the same as a cup of suji. Some books have a table in the back converting weights to volumes or vice versa. As a result of this I have several cookbooks filled with marginal notes and algebraic equations, trying to calculate the measures needed. When one recipe calls for 2/3 cup of butter, the table says one cup butter equals 170 grams. So:  $2 \times 170 \div 3 = 113.3$  gm. The same must be done for each ingredient. What is more, different books give different values! Which is right? It seems to depend on what kind of cup they use. And what to do about seers and tolas versus pecks and gills? Sometimes it seems like a calculator is needed to make a single dish.

Cooking terms and methods can cause a headache as well. How do I explain a phodni to a friend back in America? How do I explain a roux to my friends here? Or that "cream" can be a verb as well as an ingredient? It is important to avoid ambiguity when making such explanations. What can a Western cook use in place of the grinding stone for making chutney? The first time I tried such a recipe I thought that a mortar and pestle was meant. Small amounts



Whispering



# BEAUTY CONTEST AND FASHION SHOW

**EVE'S WEEKLY**

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Eve's Weekly has pleasure in announcing that it will, in association with **Blow Plast Ltd.** makers of VIP Luggage, select **Miss India** and **Miss Young India** to participate in the Miss International and the Miss Young International Beauty Pageants to be held in Japan later this year. Eve's Weekly will select two girls each at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras and Bombay out of the entries received to compete for the titles of Miss India and Miss Young India in Bombay on April 22, 1981 at Hotel Oberoi Towers. Eve's Weekly will also present on the

occasion a fabulous Fashion Show sponsored by **Morarjee Mills**, **Simplex Mills** and **VIP Luggage**. The Fashion Show will be created and presented by Jeannie Naoroji. Hotel Oberoi Towers, in association with Air-India, will soon thereafter take this Fashion Show to some of the Middle-Eastern countries with the collaboration of local sponsors.

Girls intending to participate in local selections at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras and Bombay, should immediately contact the following persons:

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## BOMBAY

Mrs. Gulshan Ewing  
Editor  
Eve's Weekly  
Peraj Building  
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The participants must be of Indian nationality and must be between the age of 17-21 years for the selection of Miss India and between the age of 15-20 years for the selection of Miss Young India. The girls selected at Delhi, Calcutta, Bangalore/Madras will be provided return air passage and will be put up at Hotel Oberoi Towers in Bombay.

Inter-caste marriages are state news these days. The norm of the day is inter-state marriage

Widespread education amongst the girls, specially of middle-class families, more communication facilities, more mixing of the two sexes and the fact that more girls are going for jobs and services and thereby coming into contact with men of various states, is the cause of the rise of the number of inter-state marriages.

In the not too distant past, middle-class boys seldom came in contact with girls of their own state, not to speak of girls from other states. There were hardly any co-ed schools. Some colleges were co-ed but there the girls were virtually segregated, moving in their own groups and confining themselves to the ladies common room. At best they were objects of curiosity and speculation to the boys. Then a boy was called bold if he picked up enough courage to address a girl, asking for some academic clarification. To chat, to have fun with or to make a date was unheard of. Perhaps even if the opportunity had been given, these boys would only have been able to stutter and make inexperienced attempts at conversation and communication.

At home sister, aunt, mother — that was O.K. In any case a boy hardly made any conversation with them or even observed their pattern of behaviour. Just some gruff replies, requests and orders.

Most of their knowledge about the working of the minds of young girls came from contemporary literature. Therefore, in practice, this secondhand information generally proved a failure.

For this reason many of them found it difficult to come close to their wives also in later life. Women always remained an enigma to them. Their idea was something like poet Tagore's: "the image of a woman built by a man is in reality half truth and half fantasy."

What was true of boys, was true of girls also. Moreover the girls were not given any chance to make themselves equal to the opposite sex.

The girls of yore were shy and diffident, unsure and in awe of the opposite sex. They hardly saw the world or travelled or came into contact with people. There was no question of their working for a livelihood. It was considered a stigma on the family, if a girl ventured out to work for money. Only widows and destitutes would try to earn, and that too mostly in domestic fields as cooking, sewing, making papads, pickles etc. Then



days more boys also go out of their home town and state to better their future prospects.

The credit for increasing inter-state marriages should go to the boys and girls of today. During their course of studies and career they learn to mix with the opposite sex from other states and often choose their life partners from them. Travelling, free mixing and having enlightened families also result in inter-state marriages.

In these kind of marriages, the partners come to know of each other's qualities, faults, ideology, mode of living, temperaments

LEFT: Ruma and Anil's wedding ceremony.

# INTER-STATE MARRIAGES

**INTER-STATE MARRIAGES HAVE COME TO STAY.  
LET US WELCOME THEM WITH OPEN ARMS  
AND SHED OUR TABOOS AND RESERVATIONS,  
FOR SUCH MARRIAGES  
MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE SOLUTION TO  
INTER-STATE PROBLEMS**

**Ratna Sen Gupta**

where was the chance to mix and decide their own future? Of course the upper class and the lower class always had their own separate norms. Here the sexes were more or less on an equal footing and so free mixing and inter-marriages between castes and states used to take place.

In the upper class, princes, rajas, maharajas, zamindars, industrialists, and others from well-known and rich families invariably married into well-known families of other states. History is full of them. Some examples of such inter-state marriages are that of Sarojini Naidu, Sucheta Kripalani, Aruna Asaf Ali, the Maharajas of Burdwan and Mayurbhanj, to name a few.

In the lower class, inter-state marriages took place to a certain extent only. Sometimes labourers, servants, or gypsies of one state went to another to earn their livelihood and so married into that state.

It is the middle-class which had rigidly stood by caste and state.

And now this middle-class is turning a new leaf. It has shed many of its taboos. Girls get not only general education but higher and technical education in all

fields. More and more girls are going out of their homes and states to earn their bread and butter. Of course the majority of them are still working as nurses, teachers, private secretaries, stenographers and clerks. However, many are also employed in higher fields. There are girls in the administrative services, police, politics, judiciary, medicine, engineering, science, and business. Nowadays in many communities an earning wife is given preference in the matrimonial market also. Moreover these

**Meera Sengupta**



and a host of other details, the knowledge of which is necessary for a happy conjugal life. Such marriages are therefore no longer a jump in the dark or a hit-and-miss method.

One goes with one's mind and eyes open, determined to tackle the obstacles of an inter-state marriage. Such marriages have more chances of being successful as the partners take twice as much care as they would have done in an ordinary marriage to make a success of it. Another motivation is that they have to prove to the world that inter-state marriages can be compatible.

The main barriers against inter-state marriages are language, customs, mode of living and eating and the attitude of parents and relatives.

Here the English language plays an important part. Most inter-state married couples converse in English initially. After a short while most of them pick up each other's language. This way automatically they start having proficiency or at least a working knowledge in languages other than their own mother tongue. What better way to promote the study of languages and bringing the different states nearer?

Most Indian customs, be it of the south or north, east or west, in a broad way are of the same nature. Only details vary i.e. touching the elders' feet, bathing or changing clothes before entering the kitchen, etc. The Indian girls are familiar with these customs. What new ones they come across, they easily adopt in no time. After all customs vary

Continued on page 47

An internationally known puppeteer Meher Contractor, Vice-president of the Union Internationale de Marionnette (world body of puppeteers) for nearly two decades, was one of the first in India to use puppetry as an educational aid in schools. She has taught for nearly three decades in Mrinalini Sarabhai's Darpana Academy and at the Shreyas school in Ahmedabad.

Meher discovered that since education, especially in our country, is too tedious, compelling the child to learn by rote rather than use his imagination and forcing him to conform to set patterns rather than experiment, the child requires a medium to relieve his pent up feelings and relive the pleasant experiences he might have had

and create new ones.

She tells parents that their children are not going to be career puppeteers but are going to develop all their natural talents and any other latent talents they may have, for "the puppeteer is an artist, a unique combination of sculptor, modeller, painter, needle worker, electrician, carpenter, actor, writer, producer, designer and inventor, who in the course of preparing a show, calls upon a host of diverse skills."

Besides puppetry is a group activity where the child learns dual responsibility — one of his own and the other towards the group. Co-operation is thus taught in the process. While drama is restricted to a talented few, it is not so with puppetry. Children

shy of appearing on the stage or those who for other reasons like to remain inconspicuous, find this an excellent medium for shedding their inhibitions or losing themselves in the person they would like to be. Meher therefore utilised this medium to brighten up the child's world.

Meher was born in a family of artists and architects. She studied portrait painting and book illustration at the Children's Royal Academy and the Royal Drawing Society in London and even exhibited her work to the royal family. Returning to India in 1939 she married an industrialist, Mr. Rustom Contractor.

Meher taught art in the newly opened Shreyas school and with the encouragement of Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyay has

been experimenting with puppets since 1956. A Czech ambassador, who saw a performance by her group, invited her to the UNIMA Conference in Prague. Meher has since attended several puppet festivals and conducted innumerable teacher's training courses in Europe, America and of course in India. This year she has been invited to teach at the University of Wisconsin, U.S.A. for a year.

**Lalita Eswaran**

**Meher Contractor (in a green saree) assembling her puppets. In the other picture are shadow puppets from Andhra Pradesh.**

# EXPERIMENTING WITH PUPPETS



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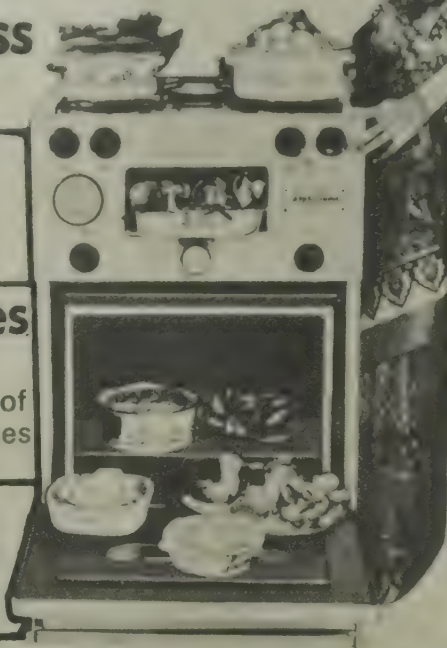
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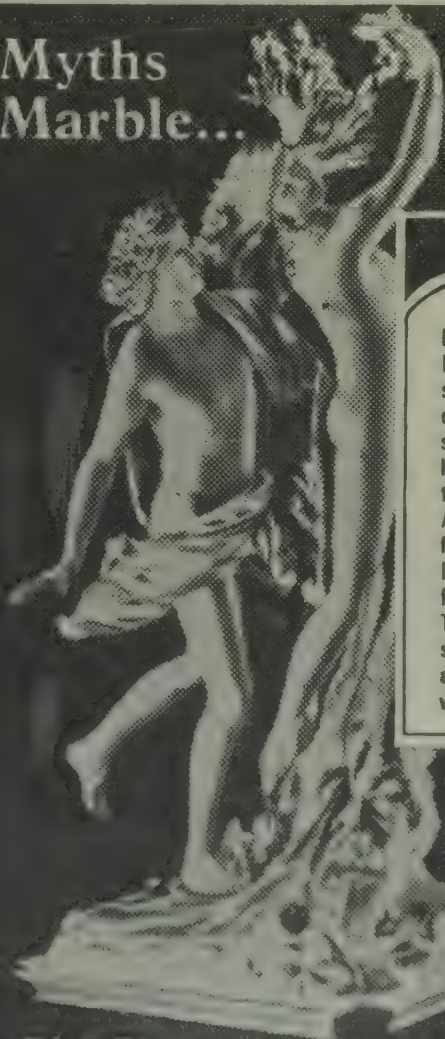
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She feels that the lot of blind women can be bettered, as in the case of all human beings, through good education, better professional training and more job opportunities; and adds a special plea to women in India. "They should include their blind sisters in all their movements

and activities for greater involvement and participation."

Considering the fact that India has one third of the world's blind population, tremendous work has to be done in this field. If much needed concrete work is to be done in this sphere, Mrs. Nowill strongly feels that the ac-

cent must shift from just doling out money and shedding tears of sympathy to helping the blind overcome their handicap. The need of the hour is to provide essential training and education and adequate job opportunities that will make them self sufficient and also restore their pride and self respect, while rehabilitating them to be useful, productive members of society. With the recent establishment of the bureau of self employment by NAB in Bombay, Mrs. Nowill is optimistic that a very large number of blind persons will be helped in their economic resettlement.

**DORINA DE GOUVEA NOWILL**

## WELFARE OF THE BLIND



Dorina Nowill receiving the Scroll of Honour from Mr. Vijay Merchant, President NAB.

Facing a battery of TV and Press personnel with unruffled poise, the President of WCWB professed the view that if deeply rooted prejudice against the blind is to go, the mass media must play a crucial role in promoting better understanding and acceptance of the blind in society.

Outlining some of the many projects that she wishes to undertake during her tenure as President, Mrs. Nowill stated the priorities on which projects will be undertaken. Due emphasis will be given to undertakings that will work towards the goals (a) to cure blindness (b) avoid blindness (c) leadership courses to encourage training of blind children and (d) to obtain regulation of copyrights for free flow of books.

**Nita Parekh**

Impeccably dressed, soft spoken Mrs. Dorina de Gouvea Nowill of Brazil is the first woman to hold the office of the President of the World Council for the Welfare of the Blind (W.C.W.B.). Currently visiting the Indian chapter of WCWB, Mrs. Nowill, one of the foremost contemporary workers in the area of welfare for the blind, has taken many steps to promote their advancement throughout the world.

Losing her vision at the young age of seventeen did not deter Dorina de Gouvea Nowill. Instead of succumbing to this grave misfortune with passive resignation, this brave and courageous lady continued to work towards the goals she had charted out for herself. Speaking about that difficult time, she recalls, "It never occurred to me to stop studying. The first thought that came to me was how to get to the books." Help came to her in the form of friends and relations who rallied around her with active encouragement, reading to her for long hours of the day.

But getting into the normal teachers training school was not easy. "They never had a blind student before and apparently did not know how to deal with one!" Ultimately, they told her that she could study but must give up hopes of ever becoming a teacher. It was therefore, a major victory when, after graduating in 1945, she was allowed to hold a teacher's post in a school for the blind.

Mrs. Nowill has come a long way from those early years of struggle. The National Association for the Blind (NAB) in India has honoured her with the award of a Scroll of Honour in recognition of her outstanding contribution to the cause of the welfare of the blind. Being associated with WCWB from its very inception in 1949, Mrs. Nowill has deeply involved herself in its functioning. "We maintain especially close relations with the UN and its various organisations like the UNICEF and UNESCO." As President she has represented the WCWB at many international meetings, involving herself in many different projects and taking a special interest in the advancement in the status of blind women.

**ISABELLE MEGRAE HALE**

## FLYING HIGH

Here is one family with identical interests — the husband is a pilot, the son is a pilot and what's more, even the wife is a pilot, and, according to Isabella Megrae Hale, even some of her nieces are engaged in this adventurous pursuit. Flying for them is a family affair, you could say.

For Isabelle, President of WASP, (Women Air Service Pilots — World War II) the craze for soaring to dizzy heights began

way back in 1936. However, the death of her flying instructor in a gruesome aircrash, temporarily dampened her enthusiasm. But the urge could not be suppressed too long and in 1939, she was

recruited into the U.S. Airforce doubling up as a medical nurse. During World War II, she was engaged in the task of aerielly transporting the wounded to and from base camps while simultaneously caring for their medical needs.

Currently in India at the invitation of the Indian Women Pilots Association, as a group leader of a delegation of women pilots popularly known as the Ninety-Nines and the Zontians of U.S.A., this slight, frail woman from San Diego, California, said, "It's more of a pleasure trip than anything else." Her group will be touring parts of India, Sri Lanka and Nepal.

Beginning with just ninety-nine daring young women who got together to further the role of women in aviation, The Ninety-Nines Inc. today is a world wide organisation with over 5,200 members from 16 countries. The



Continued on Page 51

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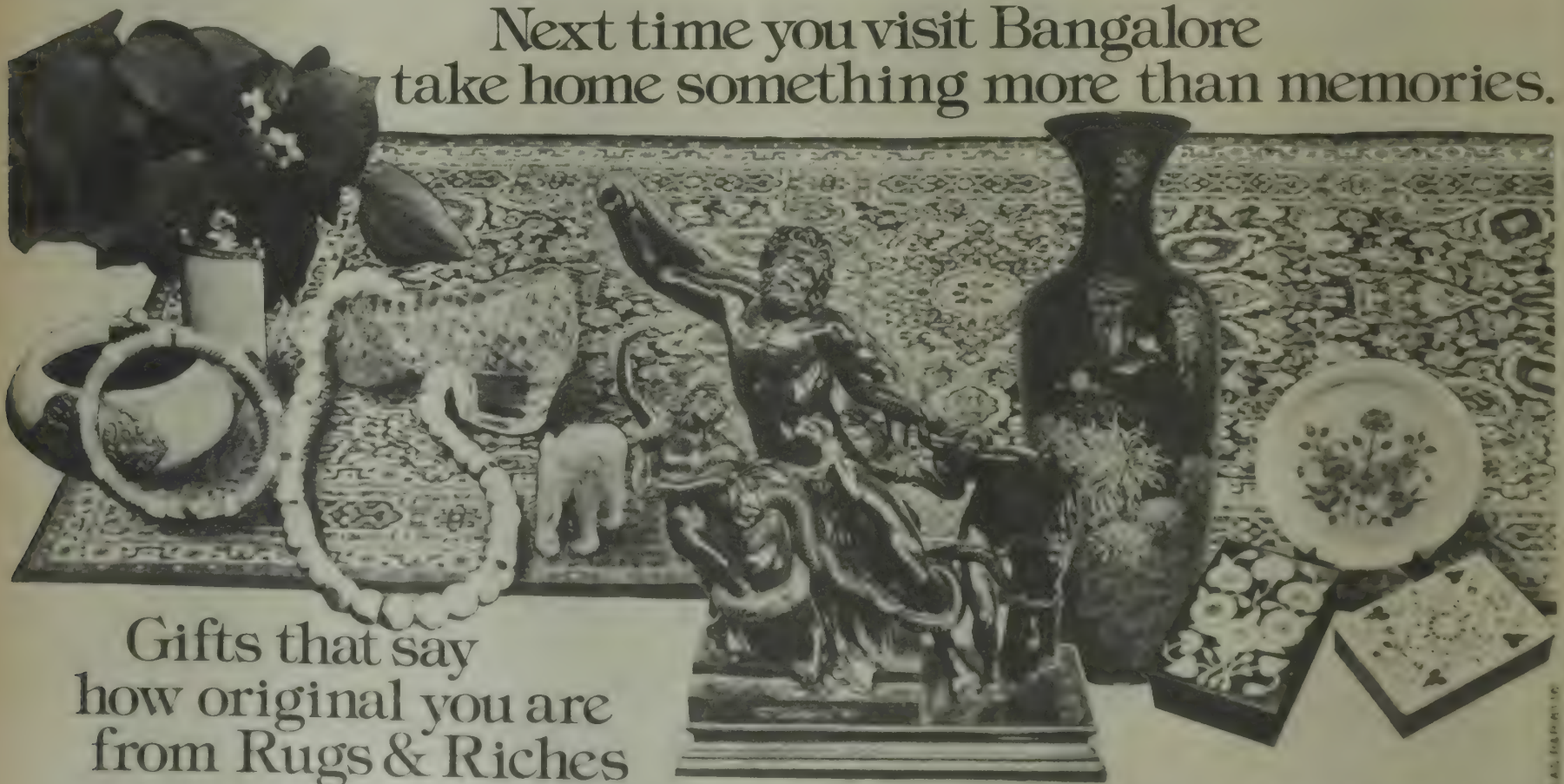
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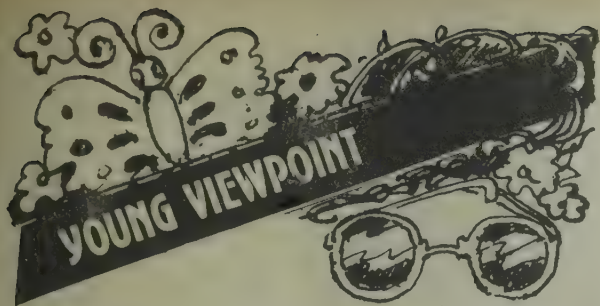
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## CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS: A NEW BREED OF PROFESSIONALS

In Dickens' "David Copperfield," Mr. Micawber observes that if one's income is 20 shillings, and expenditure, 20 shillings and 6 pence, the result would be unhappiness. But if the income is 20 shillings, and expenditure 19 shillings and 6 pence, then happiness is the result. This talk of income and expenditure, shillings and pence, brings to mind the Dickensian image of an accountant who is but invariably a sallow bald man with a perpetual frown on his face trying to tie up the pounds and pennies.

We have come a long way since then and the role of the accountant is, happily, not the same anymore. While the accountant in the traditional business concern does not profess to have changed in many ways, he is being replaced, in other areas by a new breed of professionals called Chartered Accountants. The difference between the two is not merely a change in names, it is a change in very real terms.

The modern chartered accountant is a person who is expected to be well-versed in all the aspects of finance. While financial accounts, i.e. the double-entry system, with all the ramifications remains the basis of the education, the other aspects that constitute the curriculum are rather varied, and include, among others, the present-day methods of organised management such as Operations Research and Organisation & Management.

What does it take to be a chartered accountant? According to the present rules of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of India, the controlling body for the profession, a graduate with an aggregate of 50 per cent is eligible to enrol directly in the course. Or else, one may pass the entrance examinations for the necessary eligibility. The student is then required to join a firm of chartered accountants for a three-year training period as an "articles clerk" under a principal who is a chartered accountant.

During this period, it is expected that he gets sufficient work experience in the various aspects of the profession such as Accounts, Audits and Taxation, both personal and corporate. The course includes two examinations, the Intermediate, and the Finals, held

at one year intervals. Both of them are, to put it mildly, difficult, the fact being borne out by the results, where the percentage of passing seldom reaches double digits. While it is conventional for students with a background in commerce to join this profession, the trend may be changing, judging from present indications.

A qualified chartered accountant with some experience becomes sufficiently specialised at his work. The present day employers prefer professionals with a multidisciplinary background. The choice is wide, and some of the more fashionable fields of study include computers (which are coming in a big way) and Business Administration. Those with an academic inclination also go in for Cost Accounting.

A large proportion of chartered accountants in India join the industry, the grass being greener there. Others who stay on in the profession do not necessarily start their independent practice, preferring to be employed in an audit firm, instead. Auditing in India is antiquated. "Vouching" and "tick-ing", which constitute a large volume of work have almost religious sanction, and audit work papers usually display a state of uniform anarchy. Not many firms have any system of training their personnel in the different techniques — a practice that is widely followed in other countries.

Besides doubtful quality of work are allegations that keep on surfacing, that most of the audits have been cornered by the "big four" and some smaller firms, and the newcomer who intends to build up a practice with a few audits, is left high and dry.

To bring a balance to the situation, the government introduced a Bill in the mid-seventies, providing for a 3-yearly rotation of all audits. The Bill, however, did not have its way through. Government owned companies (which form a significant part of the industrial scene), however already have this system in existence.

In the field of taxation, however, the small practitioner is in a much better position. The volume of tax-work is constantly on the increase, largely because of the increasing scale and complexity of tax legislation. An individual with a wide range of business interests finds it difficult to organise his tax matters, and this is where a chartered accountant, who is an expert in this field, can play a useful role. It is therefore easier for a newcomer to do well here, feels Mr. Atul Desai, who has been in practice for the past few years. The tax business has also been increasing in respect of companies, which are faced with cost inflation and high tax levels and are generally more aware of the value of tax savings and therefore look for persons who can make a more significant contribution than simply preparing computation on earnings.

The present climate of industrial activities, which has never been so good since 1966,

## Forms And Figures

Shruti Mehta of Ahmedabad is a young sculptress in the making. Stone, plaster and clay are transformed by her deft fingers into interesting shapes and forms. Fond of drawing, ceramics and painting, Shruti held her first solo exhibition of paintings at the Contemporary Art Gallery recently.

P. R.



according to a trade magazine, has opened up new avenues for accounting firms, in the form of Management Consultancy Services. The services offered range from a sole practitioner providing business guidance to his clients, to the big firms who offer a wide range of services and employ a large number of specialists in various fields.

Banks, faced with a credit squeeze, nowadays require the "lame-ducks" (sick industries) to have their financial viability examined by chartered accountants. Another spur has been the disintegration of feudal management structures of the various traditional business organisations. This has provided consultants with opportunities to establish more modern systems and procedures. The future in this area is very, very bright in the next ten years, according to Mr. A.C. Chakraborti, a senior partner in one of the biggest firms.

**Kishore Sen Gupta**



DESIGNER  
OF THE MONTH

# WARDROBE ON A BUDGET

To begin our series of  
"The designer of the month", we introduce  
KHORSHED PANTHAKY

— the designer from Bombay who won the ninth  
annual Carson Pirie Scott & Co.  
scholarship award in Chicago in 1971. A graduate  
of the J. J. School of Art,  
Khorshed has worked as a graphic designer  
for a magazine and as a textile  
designer for a reputed textile mill in Bombay.  
A fashion design graduate  
of the Art Institute of Chicago, Khorshed worked as  
a designer in many reputed  
fashion houses over there. Back in India after  
ten accomplished years,  
she was fascinated when requested to specially  
design a budgetwise  
wardrobe for us. Khorshed is imaginative  
— her fabrics are one-of-a kind — styles nearly  
seasonless add up like separates  
to one basic outfit. They're smart as you see them  
modelled by Anita Reddy.  
At present she designs for an export firm and also  
teaches designing at the S.N.D.T. Juhu  
Campus, Bombay.

Photographs: Talvab Badshah



Putting together that look of elegance — the camisole top  
skirt, sashed around the waist. The same has a different look  
jacket or a blouson top — tucked in or left out and sashed



with a frilly  
a contrast

The modest way to mix and match these ensembles — a narrow cut midi with a frilled neck can be worn with a contrast V-neck top, once again sashed at the waist. For a change, transform the dress into a tunic top and match with pyjamas.

I could hear the two children playing on the balcony. My son Santosh and the neighbour's daughter Vani. Toys lay scattered around them. The floor was a mess of crayons. I didn't mind. As long as my son was kept amused, it did not matter to me how filthy the house became. I would clear it up later at leisure.

The Innocent world of the four-year-old knows no inhibitions. Vani squealed and threw the ball. It rolled along the ground towards Santosh. A few minutes went by, maybe three, even five. I did not go to his help. I wanted him to learn how to use his fingers, accomplish tasks that may seem infantile to the normal child but are herculean to the spastic whose body cannot often obey the dictates of the brain. Vani gave a cry of impatience.

"How clumsy you are Santosh," she cried. "You can't even pick up a ball. Butter fingers!" I went out instinctively and saw the tears start to his eyes. He looked at me. At seven his understanding was perfect. His brain, the doctors had told me reassuringly was a little ahead of the average as regards intelligence. It was just that he could not perform motor functions with ease. It had been scant consolation then, when he had been too young to understand. It was heartbreakingly now.

"Here," I said, picking up the ball and giving it into his twitching hands. "Throw it. Your turn now." He swung it sideways with a twitching motion. Vani went off to get it. "I don't like to play with him aunty," she said. "Why can't he throw it straight at me?" I picked her up and put her on my lap. "Some people," I explained patiently, "are being built differently. You will understand when you grow up."

"Why does saliva drool out of his mouth? Why is he cross-eyed?"

"Ask your mummy," I said.

"I did," she said. Vani was a precocious child.

"And what did she say?" I asked automatically.

"She said the sins of the parents are heaped on the children," she replied. I glanced at my son but he was preoccupied trying to put some building bricks of multicoloured hues into slots. "That's not true," I explained. "The best of people can have a handicapped child born to them. It is nothing but an accident of birth." She cocked her head sideways and looked speculatively at me, not knowing whom to believe, her mother or me. She picked up her toys and be-

gan to stuff them into a cloth bag she had brought with her.

"Going home so soon?" I asked.

"Yes aunty," she replied. Santosh glanced up, making a sound that I construed as a protest. He was very attached to her and maybe it gave him a vicarious thrill watching her do with ease tasks that seemed impossible to him. Perhaps he even learnt an activity by observation.

"I'll give you a laddoo," I bribed. "Stay a little longer."

"No aunty. I want to go." I saw her to the gate, held her little hand and escorted her across the road, turning and going back only when I saw their door

open and her mother emerge to take her under her wing.

That night when Santosh had gone to sleep and Viren and I were in bed, I said worriedly "Neelam has been poisoning Vani's mind against us." He looked at me in surprise.

"How can a four-year-old be swayed. . . I mean . . ."

I told him exactly what had happened.

"So she sees us as sinners, does she?"

"Can you imagine what such an attitude will do to our poor child?"

Viren put his arm around me and drew me close.

When one shares with a man the bond of a disabled child, an understanding springs up that a couple with only normal children will not understand. Each step of the offspring's painful ascent is a milestone of achievement. We had cried with joy when he took his first step forward at four-and-a-half, when he uttered his first comprehensible word at six, when he directed a shaking spoon into his mouth with new won independence, at six-and-a-half.

"Don't take it to heart Farzana," he consoled. "Be brave."

But the tears were rushing down my cheeks. I thought of our marriage, the way we had spurned the fierce orthodoxy of our respective ancestors, trampled religious barriers.

"Silly girl," he said softly. "You don't believe it, do you?" I clung to him as if that would give solace in a ruthless world. "You know," he said against my ear. "I sincerely believe you should have another child. . . a normal child, which will take your mind away from. . ."

# THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Mayah Balse



"No," I cried and recoiled from his touch. "It is impossible. Impossible." He left me alone went to the window and lit a cigarette. I spent a restless night and my head ached at daybreak. I despatched Viren to office with a kiss and busied myself with the chores of my son.

Viren had been far from happy when we had been transferred from the city to this godforsaken place in the back of beyond. It was on promotion, so it was a consolation. But he had not wanted to go. "The place will not have the facilities for a spastic child like Santosh," he explained. "The city would have been better for him." But the city held no prospects for Viren's career. He would be one like hundreds of others, stagnating in a crowded bottle neck. Here he was getting an opportunity to prove himself. "We will go," I enthused. "I have no doubt in my mind that your career is more important. I can always teach Santosh at home."

When we moved to the districts, I took with me armloads of educative toys specially made for the handicapped and picture books to keep him amused. For a few months after we moved, I was happy. The surroundings were Elysian. We were isolated from inquisitive human contact.

Then one fine day, people moved into the house opposite which had been lying vacant for long.

"Who's coming to stay opposite?" I asked Viren one day.

"Oh my deputy, Somnath," he said.

"I'd much rather we were alone," I said.

He glanced at me in surprise. "I thought you would be happy with some company," he said blithely. "You will like Neelam. Their little girl will be good company for Santosh. It's not good for you to be alone always. You might turn into a brooding recluse."

Had my husband in some way instigated the move, I wondered. Neelam dropped in the very day they moved, to ask about the milkman whom she wanted to buy from. Santosh was playing with his toys on the floor in the hall. She glanced at him curiously.

"My son Santosh," I explained

"Oh. What's wrong with him?"

"He's a spastic," I said.

"You mean mentally retarded?" she asked. I tried not to be upset at her ignorance. "It is not the same thing," I elucidated. "His brain is perfectly normal. He has in fact a high level of in-

telligence. It is just that his motor reflexes are impaired."

"If he can't function normally, it hardly matters one way or the other, does it?" she said. "As far as you are concerned, he is a wash-out."

"No, he's not," I said fiercely. "He will learn by and by to be self-sufficient."

She merely shrugged. I hated her on sight.

There was something mean about her face, that dissociated itself from the misfortunes of people like us.

"How did he get like that?" she asked.

"He was born like that," I said.

"Only this one child? Or have you others?"

"No, only one."

"We have three," she said. "The youngest Vani is four years old. The two older boys are ten and twelve. They're all normal, thank God."

I gave her tea and she prattled on. I hardly heard what she said. She came over quite often after that, but I got the idea that she did it to gloat over me. I never went to their house except on one occasion when they invited Viren and me for dinner. We had to lock Santosh into the house after he fell asleep but I felt guilty about it for weeks afterwards. I hardly ever went out. I encouraged Viren to go to official parties alone, rather than leave Santosh untended. When we saw movies in the one-theatre town, we generally carried our child with us and accommodated him in a seat between us. He enjoyed these outings and followed every word.

Soon Vani no longer came over to play with Santosh in the mornings. He asked me why. "She goes to school," I said. "What about evenings?" he mumbled.

She has homework," I said.

The truth was different. Neelam and I, had had an argument in which I had accused her of distorting facts out of perspective and filling the child's mind with false notions. She had retaliated by not sending her girl to play with Santosh. When Viren questioned me about it, I

observed a discreet silence. But he somehow got wind of it. It appeared that his deputy was distant with him in office. The wrangle between Neelam and me had somehow obtruded into their working relations and fouled them up. This rebounded on our marital relationship too.

Viren and I had a show-down

door to help him in, then turned to me.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "Why should I show her any kindness after what she has done to me?" The car drove away with a burst of fierce speed. I knew he was angry but I did not care. He had

## I HAD SUFFERED IN SILENCE LONG ENOUGH AND THEN . . . I DON'T KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED. WAS IT AN ACCIDENT OF FATE OR MY CURSE? OR PERHAPS IT IS TRUE THAT THE SINS OF THE PARENTS ARE HEAPED ON THE CHILDREN

in which he accused me of exaggerating my misfortune to sadistically inflict everyone with troubles.

"Have you thought how I feel about it?" I cried, "When she gloats with her sickening superiority?"

"What business had you to walk up there and whip up her anger? You could have kept to yourself!" he retaliated.

"I have suffered in silence long enough," I shouted. "It will teach her a lesson if she gets saddled with a disabled child too!" He struck me. "What curses are you uttering?" he cried. "Are you in your right senses?" I cringed from him and went into the bedroom, dissolving into tears.

Afterwards he was contrite but our relationship was never the same thereafter. If you tear up a fabric, no amount of patchwork will conceal the slit.

I don't know how it happened. Maybe it was an accident of fate. Or my curse. Or perhaps it is true that the sins of the parents are visited on the children

One day Viren came home early from work, white faced.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"There's been an accident," he said. "Some children were flying kites on the terrace of the school and Vani. . ."

I clutched his arm in a vice

"What happened?"

"She leaned over too far for a kite that had fallen on the parapet. She fell down one floor before the teacher could reach her."

"No! Is she. . ."

"She's alive. They took her to the hospital. I'm going there now with Somnath."

I turned away. I didn't want to go there and face Neelam. It was Santosh who made a sound of protest, asking to be taken along. Viren opened the car


not wanted to have an argument in front of the child.

They came back in the evening. The child was alive. But there was severe spinal damage. An incurable condition. I did not get this news from Viren. He was tight-lipped and reticent. I could gauge little from Santosh's disconnected phrases. I got the whole story through the common servant who worked in both Neelam's house and mine.

"Neelam memsahib has taken it badly," she confided. "The poor child will never walk again. The spine is injured."

The next evening Santosh went along with his father again. He had a story book in the bag Viren slung across his shoulders. Days passed and still there was this constraint between my husband and me, unbroken, heavy with silences. I was too proud to make the first move towards a reconciliation which I knew would come only when I accompanied them.

Then one day I could bear it no longer. I locked the house and sneaked out to the hospital half an hour after they had left. I found the room without difficulty. The child was supine and in traction. Santosh was sitting beside her and reading a story to her in his awkward way. Neelam was arranging clothes in a chest of drawers. She turned at my step and came towards me. I clasped her hand and the tears rushed down my cheeks. "I'm sorry," I said. "I'm sorry." She didn't speak. Only a pressure from her hand told me that she reciprocated. The two men came in just then and I looked at my husband and saw the relief in his eyes. I glanced at my son, enunciating each word painfully as he read to Vani. God knew it she could make any sense from the laboured jumble. But he was wanting to help and it was enough.



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who are burdened...

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## SHALGAM KOFTA CURRY

6 medium size turnips (Shalgam)  
2-3 onions, chopped  
1 tsp. turmeric  
A piece ginger  
1 tsp. coriander, ground  
2-3 green chillis (optional)  
1-2 tomatoes  
2-3 tsps. gram flour  
A pinch nutmeg  
½ cup ghee  
Salt to taste

# BACK TO ROOTS

*Premila Lal*



Peel and grate the turnips. Squeeze out the liquid. Mix in the gram flour, and form into small balls. Heat the ghee and fry the balls till golden brown. Strain the ghee, heat again and brown the onion. Add the sliced tomatoes. Cook till tomatoes are tender. Add the turmeric, coriander and salt to taste. Fry the masala till the ghee floats on the top. Add one to two cups water and let it boil for about three to five minutes. Then add the turnip balls, lower heat and simmer for about five minutes, uncovered.

Serve garnished with finely sliced ginger and green chillis. Sprinkle a dash of nutmeg and garam masala.

## SWEET POTATO KHEER

500 grams sweet potatoes  
1 kg sugar  
1 litre milk  
¼ tbsp. cardamom seeds,  
400 grams dates, stoned and  
chopped

For those who look upon cooking as a creative art, their ingenuity can be taxed when it comes to creating exciting new dishes with less common vegetables such as the turnip, yam, horseradish, beetroot, sweet potato etc. These belong to the family of root vegetables — the most common amongst them being potatoes and carrots. As most of these vegetables are one of the best sources of vitamins and minerals required for our normal diet, it is essential to consider its retention in deciding how best to cook and serve them. Cook with care, season with a piquant touch or imaginatively combine them with meat and fish to compensate for their unfamiliar taste.

- 1 tbsp. almonds, blanched and sliced (optional)
- 1 tsp. pistachio nuts, chopped
- 2 tps. raisins

Boil the sweet potatoes. Skin them. Mash while still warm. Boil the milk in a pan then reduce heat to simmer. Stir in the sugar and potato and keep stirring to a smooth consistency. Add the dates and continue to simmer until thick, stirring frequently. Pour into a pudding bowl and garnish with raisins, almonds and pistachios. Serve hot or cold.

### TURNIP PICKLE

- 8 small white turnips
- 1 small beetroot
- 1/4 cup salt
- 1 tsp. olive oil
- 6 peppercorns
- 1 cup vinegar

Wash the turnips well. Do not peel. Keep two jars ready. Quarter the turnips and divide into the jars. Wash and peel the beetroot. Cut in half and place one half in each jar. This will tint the turnips pink.

Put two cups of cold water in a bowl. Melt the salt in this. Then add the vinegar. Stir well and pour into the jars over the turnips. Put three pepper corns into each jar and divide the olive oil too. Cover jars tightly and keep for two weeks to allow it to pickle. Once opened, keep in a refrigerator. If the liquid is not sufficient increase the proportions of salt, water and vinegar before pouring over the turnips.

### POTATO PURI

- 250 grams sweet potatoes
- 250 grams flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- Ghee or oil for deep frying

Boil the sweet potatoes till tender, drain and peel. Mash well with a fork, then knead with finger tips till smooth. Sieve in the flour and add the salt. Knead well adding about half cup of warm water gradually till a stiff pliable dough. Break into portions and roll into small thin rounds. Fry in hot ghee or oil till golden brown on both sides.

### TOMATO AND WHITE RADISH CHUTNEY

- 500 grams green tomatoes, sliced
- 500 grams white radish, grated
- 3/4 cup mixed spice powder
- 8 onions, sliced fine
- 12 dry red chillis

- 500 grams brown sugar
- 1 pint malt vinegar
- Salt to taste

In a bowl, make layers of the tomato, onions and red chillis. Sprinkle each layer with salt. Keep for twenty four hours with a weight over it. Before starting preparations remove all moisture by draining thoroughly. Take a large pan and dissolve the sugar on a very gentle flame. Add all the remaining ingredients. Simmer till thick. Remove pan from the fire and allow to cool thoroughly. Bottle and seal tightly. Store in a cool, dry place for a month before use.

### VEGETABLE STEW

- 125 grams potatoes
- 125 grams carrots
- 125 grams sweet-potatoes
- 125 grams suran (yam)
- 125 grams green-peas
- 250 grams tomatoes
- 3 large onions
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 400 grams ghee
- 1 cup vinegar
- 2 tbsps. chilli powder
- 2 tbsps. turmeric powder

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 1 tbsp. cummin seeds
- 1 pod garlic, flaked
- A piece ginger
- Sugar and salt to taste

Cut the potatoes, carrots, sweet-potatoes and yam into small pieces. Fry them separately in hot ghee till a pale gold. Chop the onions and fry them in the same ghee. Cut the tomatoes and coriander leaves. Boil the green-peas. Add the ground masala, chilli powder, turmeric and tomatoes to the fried onions and cook for

five or ten minutes. Then add all the fried vegetables and green-peas together with the chopped coriander. Add salt to taste. Dissolve sugar in vinegar and add to the vegetables. If too dry, sprinkle a little of water and let it simmer for five minutes.

### DEVILLED TURNIPS

- 500 grams small fresh turnips
- 250 grams tiny white onions
- 3 large capsicums
- 1/2 tsp. fresh ground pepper
- 1/2 cup butter
- A pinch monosodium glutamate
- Salt to taste

Wash and peel the turnips. Cut into very fine strips. Skin onions and cut into very fine strips. Wash capsicums and remove the tops and seeds. Halve and cut into very fine strips.

Heat the butter in a pan and saute the vegetables. Stir constantly and lightly toss until they are just tender. Do not overcook. Add the monosodium glutamate and remove from the fire. Add the salt and pepper to taste. Serve while still hot and crisp.

### BANANA AND YAM PATIYA

- 500 grams suran (yam)
- 250 grams cooking bananas
- 1 coconut
- 2 tps. peppercorns
- 2 tps. mustard seeds
- 2 tps. turmeric powder
- 1 sprig curry leaves
- 4-5 red chillis
- 1 tbsp. ghee
- Salt to taste

Wash and peel the yam and cut

into one-inch cubes. Soak in salted water for about one hour to neutralise the sharpness of the flavour. Peel and cut bananas into cubes of the same size. Powder the peppercorns.

Boil about three cups of water adding the turmeric, salt and pepper and then add the yam pieces. When yam is half cooked, add the banana pieces and a little warm water, if too dry.

Grate the coconut and grind it finely. Keep aside one tablespoon of the coconut paste for seasoning. When the vegetables are tender add the coconut paste and cook for ten more minutes. Heat the ghee and fry the curry leaves, red chillis and mustard seeds until they splutter. Add coconut paste and brown. Add all this to the cooked vegetables. Mix well.

### YAM ROAST

- 500 grams elephant foot yam
- 1 coconut
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 4 tbsps. oil

Scrape the skin and cut the yam into two inch squares of quarter inch thickness. Scrape the coconut and extract its juice completely after adding two cups of boiling water. Add salt and turmeric powder to the juice and boil the squares in it till well cooked.

Sprinkle the chilli powder evenly on the cooked yam. Heat a frying pan and place four or five yam squares in it. Pour some oil around them. Roast on low fire. Remove when golden brown. Repeat. Serve hot.

### ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

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

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





Mrs. Sharada Naik,  
Bombay.

### DELICIOUS FRIED ROLLS

- 1 loaf bread, sliced
- 400 grams mixed vegetables, finely chopped
- 250 grams ghee
- 1 tomato, cut finely
- 1 potato, peeled, grated



Mrs. Parul Singhal, New Delhi.

### CARROT CHIFFON

- ½ kg carrots
- 1 kg milk
- 1 cup cream
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 1 packet gelatine
- 2 egg whites
- A pinch cardamom powder

#### FOR THE GARNISH:

- 3 carrot flowers

Grate the carrots. Steam to make them soft. Keep one tablespoon aside and mix the rest with a little milk and pass through a blender.

Boil the milk and let it simmer on slow fire. Beat the egg whites to peaks. Drop spoonfuls on top of the milk and cook till firm to form snowballs. Remove these snowballs and keep aside.

To the milk, add the carrot puree and cook for eight to ten minutes stirring continuously. Add the sugar. Cool.

Dissolve gelatine in a little warm water and stir in the mixture. Stir in one tablespoon of the steamed carrot. Add the cardamom powder. Beat the cream till stiff and mix in the mixture thoroughly.

Pour into a glass bowl. Arrange egg white snowballs on top and decorate with carrot flowers. Set in the refrigerator. Serve chilled.

#### GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 1 inch piece ginger
- 4 green chillis
- 1 small bunch coriander leaves
- 10 cloves garlic, flaked
- 1 small ball jaggery
- ¾ tsp. garam masala
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ tsp. red chilli powder
- ¾ tsp. salt

Mix together all the chopped vegetables. Apply the ground paste to the mixed vegetables and cook in half cup of water. Add tomato pieces and the grated potato. Cook for five minutes. Cook till potato is soft and the water evaporates.

Remove the hard crust from the bread. Dip each slice in water and quickly squeeze out



### K. SHIVASUNDARI, Bangalore.



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

### CAPSICUM DELIGHT

- 3 medium sized capsicums
- 2 medium sized raw bananas
- 5 green chillis, cut
- ½ inch piece ginger, shredded
- ½ tbsps. pepper powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 tbsps. thick curds
- 2 tbsps. oil for frying
- ½ tsp. mustard seeds
- 3 tbsps. tomato ketchup
- Coriander leaves, shredded
- Asafoetida and salt to taste

Cut the capsicums across to form two cup each and remove the seeds. Steam the cut capsicums in a pressure cooker for three minutes. Remove and keep aside.

Cook the bananas with the skin, under pressure for five minutes. Remove the skin and mash into a fine paste. Add salt and keep aside.

In a thick bottom pan heat a table spoon of oil and put in the mustard seeds, asafoetida, turmeric powder and pepper powder. When the mustard seeds begin to splutter add the cut green chillis, ginger shreds and the coriander leaves. Fry a little. Add the mashed bananas and the curd. Fry till it thickens. Remove and stuff inside the capsicum cups.

Put the remaining oil in the pan and keep the stuffed capsicums upright in it. Pour the ketchup over the capsicums evenly and cook on slow fire for two minutes.

Serve with rice or chappatis

the water. Put a tablespoon of the prepared vegetable on the slice. Roll up and secure the opening. Heat the ghee in a kerahi. Fry the roll till golden brown. Similarly prepare the other rolls. Serve hot.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

#### Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

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

JUNE 1981  
MARINATE AND COOK

JULY 1981  
MEAL IN A DISH

AUGUST 1981  
MEAT AND VEGETABLE  
COMBINATIONS

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

### 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 of 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 Marr, Bombay—400 023.



SOFT AND SENSUOUS  
 TIPS  
 AND  
 TOES

New special shades



Set off the soft, cuddly side of your nature with our new collection of nail tamers. Wear 'em light against dark or dark against light, but wear 'em. And watch 'em purr—rrr!

Some subtle suggestions:  
 No. 40 *Lazy Lilac*  
 No. 41 *Budding Beige*  
 No. 42 *Baby Blush*

No. 46 *Pink Refrain*  
 No. 47 *Vanilla Frost*

In Pastels and Dark, in Pearls or Plains, this new variety should complete your kit of Tips and Toes

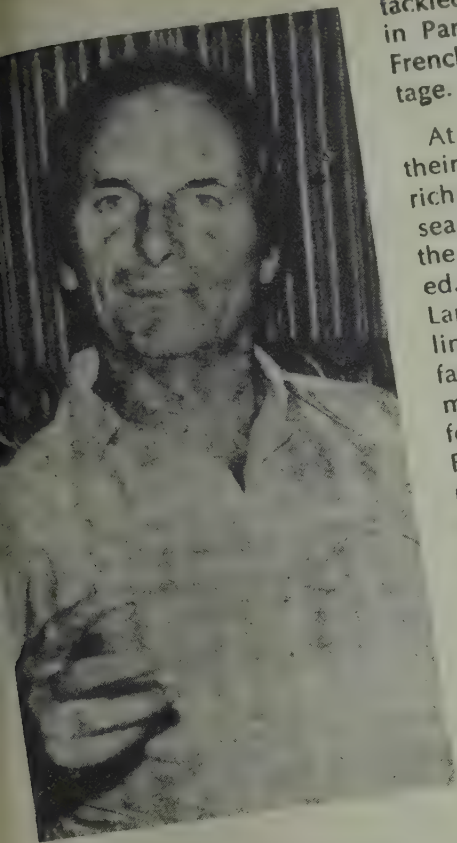
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 TOES

NAIL LUSTRE

Make-up for nails.

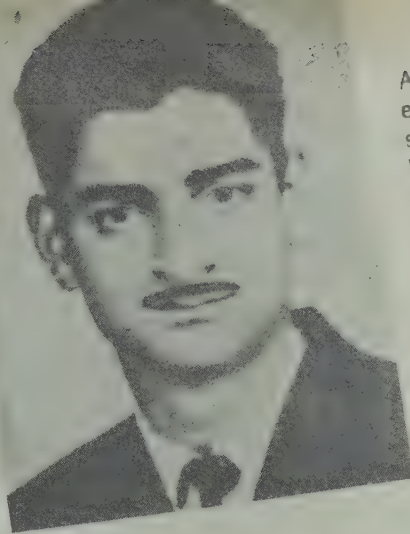


tackled the foreign secret service in Paris and Israel, where his French proved to be an advantage.

At St. Tropez, Switzerland, their headquarters (Oh, to be rich!), along with a team of researchers they sift through all the information they have collected. This alone takes six months. Lapierre's description of the outline they draw for each book is fascinating. "In 'The Fifth Horseman', the outline covered the four walls of our work room. Every single scene which took place in different places was written in different coloured inks: e.g., green was Washington, red was Tripoli, blue was Jerusalem, yellow was Paris. This immediately told us what happened during those 36 hours of suspense at the same time in those different places." And what were those 36 hours of nail-biting suspense? Read the book and find out!

**D**OMINIQUE LAPIERRE, co-author with Larry Collins of the best-seller, 'Freedom At Midnight', was in Bombay recently to promote their latest venture, a fiction called 'The Fifth Horseman'. Lapierre, strangely enough, said that 'Freedom ...' was not written for Indians, but to introduce the historic event of India's Independence to people abroad, specially in Europe who knew little or nothing about it. Yet, it was the same book that put flesh and blood on Gandhi for the younger generation in India. According to Lapierre, the book boosted India's tourism considerably.

Describing their mode of work, Lapierre says, "We are the first multinational, multilingual writing team in the world." Lapierre and Collins use their different nationalities to advantage to do their research separately. For instance, in 'The Fifth Horseman', much of the action takes place in F.B.I. and C.I.A. circles. Since American government officials would have been reluctant to talk to a foreigner, Collins did the honours. Lapierre meanwhile



do we have a special kind of justice that says that those who went to public schools shouldn't be hanged?

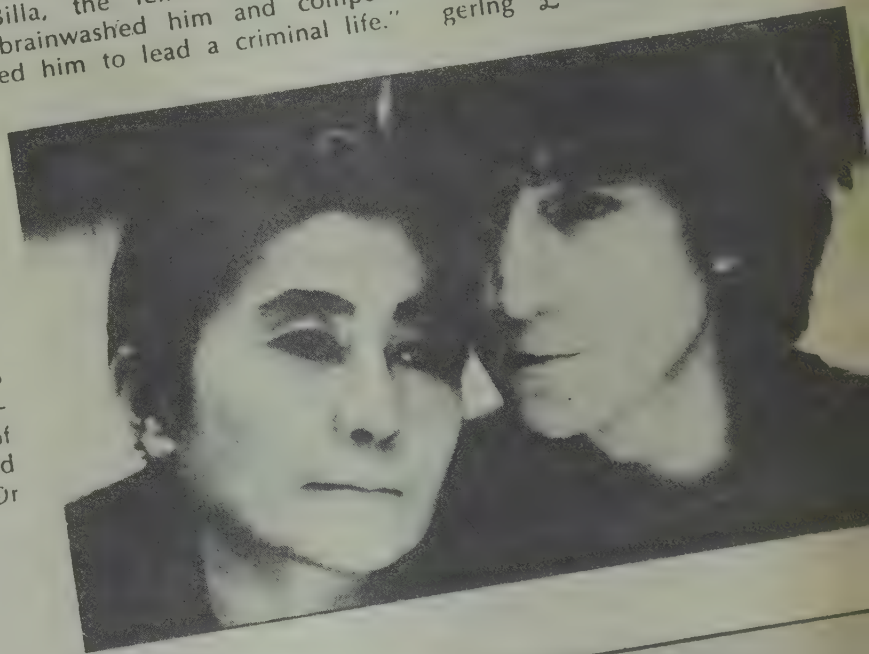
Following close on his footsteps is the notorious killer, **Ranga**, who tortured, raped and killed the helpless teenager Geeta Chopra and her brave brother Sanjay. Ranga is demanding that he shouldn't be hanged because he has no previous convictions. What is even stranger is that 100 taxi drivers of Bombay have signed a mercy petition, saying that "Ranga was a sober young man ... His association and fall was sudden and in the company of criminal Billa, the fellow convict who brainwashed him and compelled him to lead a criminal life."

**W**HO says making a noise in the right circles doesn't help? First, **Sunil Batra**, who had cold-bloodedly shot a bank guard to death to rob the money for kicks, and was sentenced to death, managed to have it commuted to life sentence recently by cleverly portraying himself as a young man who had gone astray "in the heat of youth." Then he became a crusader for jail reforms by pointing out and writing about corruption in Tihar jail, Delhi. I remember one of the reasons his counsel pleaded for Batra's life was that "he was the only son of his parents and came from a good family."!! What does "good family" mean? That they are rich? Anyway, if the family is so good, have they made any financial provisions for the family of the poor, semi-literate guard their son so callously killed? Or

A consenting adult "brainwashed" and "compelled"? Try presenting that argument to the heartbroken parents of Sanjay and Geeta Chopra!

**F**ORMER Beatle **Paul McCartney** has finally joined the ranks of the Establishment in snobbish Britain. His name has found its way in the latest edition of the prestigious 'Who's Who'. The 39-year-old superstar has a 41-line entry in the famous red book, which lists the 23 songs McCartney wrote with the late John Lennon which made the group millionaires in the 1960s. Why McCartney and not the other Beatles? A spokesman said, "... George Harrison and Ringo Starr have rather faded from the public eye recently."

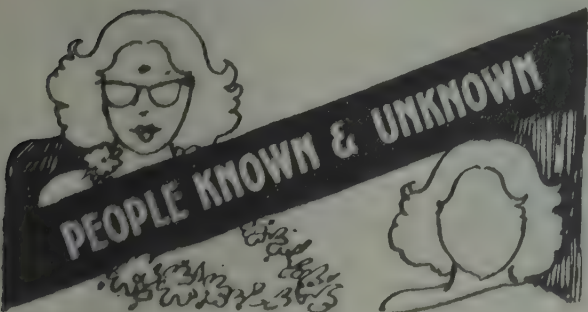
Talking of the Beatles, **Yoko Ono**, the Japanese wife of the slain **John Lennon**, is all set to earn the title of "richest widow in the world." Lennon's death released an unprecedented boom of memorabilia, records and books. Conservative estimates, which had put the Lennon fortune at £ 125 million, now say that with the release of each of his new records, the fortune is being swelled daily by a staggering £ 100,000!



**T**HE daily accounts of atrocities, rapes, murders and dacoities in India have so upset and disgusted an aging freedom-fighter, **Mr. O. C. Kumarasamy** of Salem district, Tamil Nadu, that he has returned his 'tamrapatra' and his pension book (He was getting a pension of Rs. 400 a month) to the district collector, **Mr. S. R. Karuppanan**. He asked the collector whether the country had got its hard-won Independence only to witness an increase in atrocities and rapes. This

question can only be answered by our ever-complacent and opportunistic politicians. The shocked collector's plea not to refuse the pension was of no avail and the freedom-fighter walked away sobbing.

L. N.



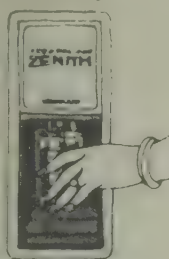
A recent survey shows 96 out of every 100 Fedders Lloyd Zenith owners would love to recommend it to others.



## Here's what they love about it

### Zenith—the world class fridge

Anyone can sell you a refrigerator if you have the money, but when you buy Zenith, you buy not just a refrigerator but a convenience brought through technical advancement by world leaders in refrigeration.



### India's first and only fridge with built-in water cooler

Take the first convenience. A built-in water cooler. Press the lever on the door and you get cool water instantly... like they do in Japan and America.

### Save up to 25 per cent electricity

The result, the door is opened for half the number of times or less—reducing the load on the compressor, improving cooling efficiency and decreasing power consumption—even up to 25 per cent



### World class features through world's leading technology

Fedders Lloyd, the makers of Zenith, have behind them 25 years of association with world leaders in air-conditioning and refrigeration technology. Zenith's compressor is made in collaboration with Tecumseh, USA, who again are world leaders in compressor technology.

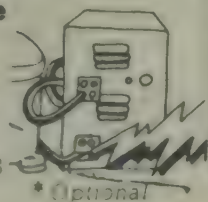
Zenith's insulation material 'Spintex' is a product of collaboration with Johns Manville International Corporation, leaders in insulation technology.

### The only fridge with two-way defrosting

Zenith is the only fridge that can be restarted when it is under defrosting—a great help when guests arrive suddenly.

### Built-in voltage stabilizer\* to take care of undependable power supply

Zenith also has



a built-in automatic voltage stabilizer to withstand the widest fluctuations in voltage that can normally occur.

### Plus a few more thoughtful conveniences

In addition to all this, Zenith has a tilting bottle rack, removable butter cheese boxes and egg rack, plus two extra ice trays, the largest freezer and more storage space.

In fact everything that world class technology can offer in a world class fridge.



Truly, years ahead.  
Truly, world class.

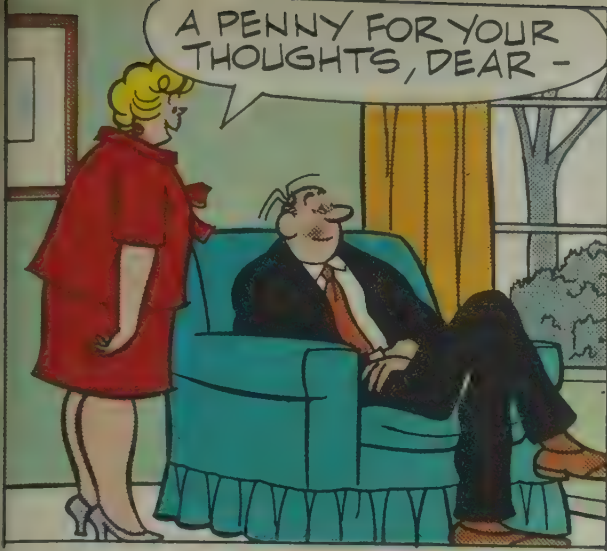
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MAKE IT A BUCK AND YOU'VE GOT A DEAL -



A DOLLAR? YOU MUST BE OUT OF YOUR MIND!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT -



DO YOU REALLY THINK YOUR THOUGHTS ARE WORTH A DOLLAR?

WHY NOT? EVERYTHING TODAY COSTS A HUNDRED TIMES WHAT IT'S WORTH!



THAT'S INFLATION!

SO IT IS -



BUT A HUNDRED TIMES ZERO IS STILL ZERO....THAT'S ARITHMETIC!

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10-26

THE LITTLE WOMAN

The fact is  
Flash has significantly more  
gum-strengthening ingredients.\*



So give your teeth  
a fighting chance.

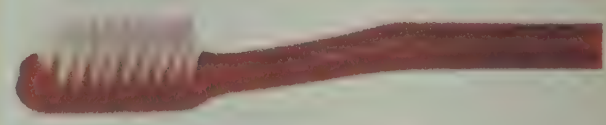
\*Glycerine + Sorbitol  
to aid gum massage while  
brushing, and to strengthen the  
grip of your gums on your teeth.  
And that's not all there is to  
Flash, there's DCP: Dicalcium  
Phosphate to polish your teeth,  
and a sky-blue Mouth Purifier:  
to destroy decay and odour-  
causing bacteria.

Try it...

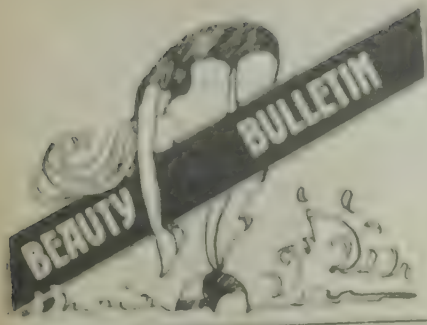
taste it, by any test you'll like it.  
After all, Flash did not win the  
World Selection Gold Medal for  
nothing: they liked its taste,  
they liked its ingredients,  
they liked its feel and style.  
You see, Flash is serious about  
your teeth so you can afford  
to smile.



Flash a smile. Pass it on.



**Flash Toothbrush**  
uniquely designed with special  
grip and imported nylon bristles  
for perfect brushing.  
In 6 exciting see-through colours.



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

### HAVE YOUR HAIR LAYERED

My hair is straight and blunt out. Will I have to restyle it after a perm?

L. L. (Bombay)

You should have your hair layered after the perm so that it will look its best. Perming will make your hair look shorter so don't get it cut first and then permed. If you do this you will lose quite a bit of length.

### VASELINE WILL HELP

As I have sparse eyelashes, I use mascara to make them appear thicker. But mascara has a drying effect. Any remedy?

Also I want to know whether perming really makes hair thicker.

J. C. (Panaji)

Every night before you retire apply a little vaseline on your lashes — this will counteract the drying effect of mascara.

Perming does not actually make hair thicker but makes it appear so. The waves in the hair shaft take up more space, and, it is said perming increases "volume" of hair which makes it appear thicker.

### LINES ON FOREHEAD

I have fine wrinkles on my forehead, please suggest an exercise to remove them.

K. T. (Delhi)

Here is an exercise to discourage these lines on your forehead. Hold head still and look straight ahead. Raise eyebrows and forehead skin as high as you can. Relax. Repeat several times.

Do this exercise regularly for a couple of months till you see results.

### WIDE NAILS

My nails are wide and they don't grow long. I want to have lovely long nails like some of my friends have. I have tried several treatments and take gelatine too but to no avail. Any remedy?

I have used a permanent dye

## HAIR PROBLEMS




# HEADS, YOU WIN!

A hairdresser of repute, London-based Ronjon Sen is trained at Vidal Sassoon's. Silhouette Beauty Salon, Oberoi Towers, Bombay, has specially requested his services for a period of four months — April to July end — for selected clients.

Ronjon specialises in hair cutting and shaping 'easy-to-care, easy-to-manage' styles. "There is a style for every woman," he says.

Ronjon will shampoo your hair himself, he will choose a style that compliments your face and your personality, and bring about a radical change in your personality.



Girls who blindly cling to the same old styles and are bored with them, can take advantage of this opportunity and give themselves a brand new look.

for the first time. How often will I need to retouch the hair roots?

C. F. (Bangalore)

You have to accept the fact that your nails will not grow since you have tried several remedies. But you can make them appear longer by correct application of a nail enamel. When applying, work from base to tip,

painting the middle part of your nails, leaving a narrow strip bare at each side to give it the illusion of length.

Retouching the hair roots will depend on how quick is your hair growth. This could be anything from quarter inch to one inch every month. On an average you could retouch once a month.

### PASSING THROUGH

Continued from page 23

main aim of this organisation is to encourage educational, charitable and scientific activities and to provide a link with women pilots all over the world.

Incidentally, it was Isabelle who first introduced Indian women pilots to the Ninety-Nines way back in 1965. What does she have to say about their calibre? She finds them above average in intelligence and as far as technical skills are concerned, on par with their American counterparts.

Mrs. Hale had a lot to relate regarding the activities of the Ninety-Nines. Twice a

year, in spring and autumn, the association holds conventions where members meet, share their experiences, plan new strategies and evolve new schemes for collecting funds for charities.

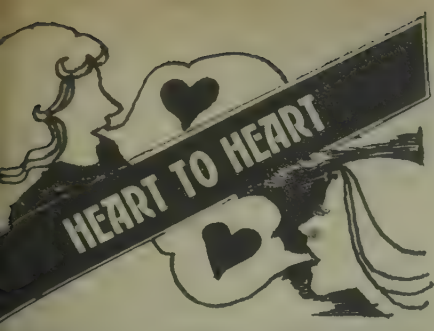
One of their major projects include the Amelia Earhart Memorial Scholarship Award for advanced flight training or courses in specialised branches of aviation. The main source of funds for this scholarship is the "two cents a pound," joy-rides offered by the women pilots to the general public. A person is charged for his ride according to his body weight. The women pilots also serve as flying instructors for girl scouts and cadets.

After a hectic life, Isabelle retired from active duties as a nurse, last June. Nevertheless, as President of the WASP, she has been

busy as ever, checking out on the various activities, arranging meetings and above all keeping up with loads of correspondence.

What is it like to be in India for the third time, I queried. "It's just wonderful," she beamed. She hopes to cover those places which she missed out on her previous visits, especially Calcutta and Madras. Accompanying her is her second husband (she lost her first husband in 1960 and remarried in 1972). Her husband, she told me, has five children from his first marriage and more than a dozen grandchildren whom he "shares" with her. Lucky grandchildren, to have a grandma who must have a lot to relate about her adventures in the big bird up there in the blue sky!

Aruna Malliya



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

exercises or sports, horse-riding etc. As you claim that your hymen is intact, your future husband would not find out about your indulgence.

### BREAK OFF WITH HIM

I am a Hindu girl of 18 interested in a Muslim boy of 21 years who reciprocates my feelings. We meet secretly and indulge in necking and petting at the end of which he desires to have sex. I will never allow him this.

My parents are orthodox and will not allow me to marry him. What should I do?

Knowing that you will not be able to marry this boy, I fail to understand why do you contin-

Members of both our families know about this and are against our marrying. Her parents have arranged her marriage elsewhere, but she has told me that she will not marry any other man. Please advise.

In my view marriage is not merely an alliance of two individuals but also of two families. Since both the families are against the marriage, there are chances of complications arising after the aura of romance has worn off. Under the Hindu Law, as a married person you can be convicted for committing bigamy if you marry another woman prior to obtaining a divorce from your wife. I suggest that you put an end to this extra marital affair.

### DON'T BE DEJECTED

I am a young girl of 26 years. Since last November I started dating a divorcee of 40 years. After a few meetings, he wanted to have sex with me which I refused. Subsequently he developed an indifferent attitude towards me. I am now told that he is marrying another woman. What I should do as I love him and feel dejected?

You did not agree to pre-marital sex, which was the correct thing to do, as the psychological repercussions of such a relationship can be disastrous. In my view, a man whose intentions are honourable and who respects his partner should have no problems in waiting for physical intimacy until after marriage. Possibly this man was not serious in his intentions towards you, as he agreed to marry another woman and did not bother about your feelings. It may be initially hard for you to accept reality, but by overcoming your desire for him at this stage, you will appreciate the rationality of your decision later in life.

## PUT AN END TO THIS EXTRA MARITAL AFFAIR

ue with such a close relationship with him. Your secret meetings, during which there is sexual arousal but not gratification, can cause physical as well as emotional damage. I have repeatedly indicated the adverse effects of pre-marital sex in my columns. I suggest that you stop meeting him.

### CONSULT A PSYCHOTHERAPIST

I am a girl of 22 years in love with a man of 30 years whom I wish to marry. My problem is that although he loves me, he cannot have a satisfactory sex life because he is unable to have a full erection. He has this problem since puberty. Can he be cured? Please advise.

This problem seems to be more psychological than physiological. However, I suggest that in order to eliminate the psychological factor, he should consult a physician. Subsequently if nothing untoward is diagnosed, he should see a psycho-therapist. In several cases, it has been found that the feeling of guilt associated with masturbation can lead to this problem. Psychological impotence can be further caused by unsuccessful attempt at coitus and also due to childhood conditioning against sex. This can be rectified by consulting a psycho-therapist.

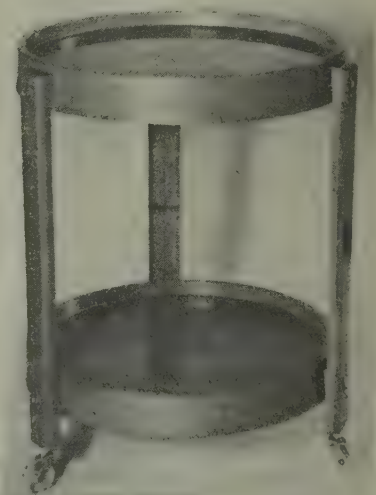
### ILLICIT RELATIONSHIP

I am a married young man in love with an unmarried girl.

The best thing for you to do is to have a frank talk with your girl friend and explain to her that it would be wise for her to settle down in marriage with some suitable young man.



To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.



Very practical, beautifully finished too, is this collapsible trolley in sturdy plastic manufactured by Jolly Plastics, Bombay. Can be had in several attractive shades to match your decor. Price Rs. 160. At leading stores.



LEFT: And now Anchor tapestry canvas for making wall-hangings, tapestry pictures and so on, introduced by Madura Coats for the first time. Rs. 10 per metre. At leading dealers of handicrafts.

### IT IS WISE TO WAIT

I am a girl of 18 doing B.A. I have fallen in love with my neighbour who wants me to marry him now, although he has not yet made up his mind what profession he'll choose. Should I give up college for him?

The very fact that you are weighing your own career against the uncertainties of marriage makes me feel that you are not yet ready to make this important decision. Obviously you have known this young man for a short time only. Also, his own future plans are indefinite. It is wiser for you to wait. This will enable you to know whether it is love or other considerations which have attracted you to each other. Also it will give both of you time to do some serious thinking and planning.

### SHE IS WORRIED

I am a girl of 23 in love with a married man of 29 years. He wants to have sex with me but I do not allow him for fear of pregnancy. My hymen is intact although I have allowed him physical intimacy. Please tell me whether the man I marry will find out about my indulgence. Also can a man find out whether a girl is a virgin or not?

In my view, it is not only the fear of pregnancy which should deter a girl from pre-marital sex, but she should also realise that the psychological repercussions of such an act can at times be disastrous. Further, sexual arousal without gratification leads to frustration and tension.

One way in which a man can find out whether a girl is a virgin or not is whether she bleeds during the first coitus when the hymen is ruptured. Of course it can be ruptured by strenuous

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Our Hindi films have always portrayed the 'Sati-Savitri' image of Indian women, in which the heroines were usually draped in saris and the vamp wore cleavage-revealing outfits. But the early 70s introduced a Westernized mod young girl called Zeenat Aman, who threw tradition to the winds. Soon after her came Parveen Babi. Both these girls dressed in revealing clothes like the vamp but of course played lead roles. Naturally they didn't play 'Sati-Savitri'.

Scripts began to change to suit their image. Earlier heroines didn't play crooners and sophisticated call-girls — it was left to the vamps. Parveen and Zeenat didn't portray symbols of middle-class morality. The audience appreciated this change from the routine. But they still got a raw deal in that they

did not command as much respect as other heroines before them like Hema Malini or Neetu Singh. Did these two mod girls regret having been saddled with an uninhibited, daring image?

Zeenat became the exclusive property of Dev Anand and Parveen openly lived with Danny. Everyone spoke of Hema Malini as "Hemaji" and still do in spite of her illegal marriage. But Zeenat became "Zeenie baby" and not "Zeenatji". They were only decorative pieces in the films in which they acted — Parveen in 'Deewaar' and Zeenat in 'Don'. Women-oriented themes never came their way. Zeenat and Parveen were offered roles mainly in male-dominated films where they were brought in only to sing a couple of duets and reveal their anatomy in the process.

ZEENAT AMAN



PARVEEN BABI

Colour photograph : Rakesh Shrestha

Their off-screen life too didn't help in changing the image they had created on the screen. While Jaya and Neetu Singh fell in love, remained faithful to their respective men and eventually married them, (even Reena Roy has remained faithful to the man she is in love with despite his marriage) it has been different in the case of Zeenat and Par-

veen. Zeenat has fallen in love innumerable times and each time the affair was short lived because the man didn't seem to be Mr. Right. She also had involvements with men with whom she knew she had no future — Sanjay Khan, for instance. The closest she came to finding the right man was perhaps the other Khan — Imran. But here too, she

Continued on page 51

## THE BOHEMIANS

Do these Westernised heroines regret their lifestyles?



THE wind whipped yesterday's fallen leaves about my feet. Winter would soon be upon us. For a moment I shivered and drew my coat further around myself. The collar hid my face as I turned it up. I was looking for a place to stay. When a woman leaves home and husband and cannot for some reason go back to her mother either, it is the cleanest break.

The advertisement asking for a paying guest had been promising. They wanted a single person or a couple. No children. The landlord who met me in the small, unpretentious drawing room was a shrewd, hard, businessman. He asked me to pay in advance

## I Was Double-Crossed

and demanded an additional deposit of Rs. 5,000 which was not refundable. I had been prepared for it and had already pledged my jewels with a moneylender to raise the amount.

As I paid him he asked when I would be moving in with my husband. He had assumed because of the external symbols which proclaim a woman's marital status that his tenants would be a couple.

"I'm alone," I said. His wife, an innocuous woman who flitted about with tea cups, looked askance at me. "I don't stay with my husband," I elucidated.

"How will you pay for the room then?" he asked me. The crumpled cotton saree I wore under the coat did not hold any illusions of affluence.

"I have a good job," I said, "I'm an independent woman."

"I must warn you that I don't like any hanky-panky. We're respectable people."

"You mean prostitution, don't you?" I asked.

He balked at my brazen question and his eyes slid away. Maybe he had never been confronted by a woman who called a spade a spade. His wife cleared away the empty tea cups. There was an embarrassed silence.

"You needn't worry on that score," I assured. "That's not the only way a woman can earn money, you know." He was sufficiently smitten to apologise. His male pretensions to superiority were further shed when I told him I was a top-notch executive in a well-known firm. Later he even offered me his car in case I wanted to bring across some of my luggage or personal belongings. It was a happy augury.

In the days that followed, his curt, cut-and-dried talk mellowed considerably into a spontaneous warmth. The initial arrangement had been that I have only a cup of tea in the morning with them and get my other meals from some restaurant outside. It proved to be very inconvenient for me. I had to snatch a belated breakfast on my way to work and my digestion which had never been too good, took the brunt as I came down with an attack of jaundice. The doctor advised a prolonged rest in bed and a special diet.

The diet was the most difficult part to adhere to. It fell to the landlord's wife to provide the bland food I required. I promised I would pay her generously for it. It was impossible for me, under the circumstances to go and get my meals elsewhere. She bore the inconvenience. I caused her and when she came into my room there was a stoic calm on her face. I had no idea that she was suffering inside, gnawed by doubts.

One day we were alone, chatting companionably in my room, with her husband out on a business trip when she said abruptly.

"Why don't you go back to your husband?" I looked at her in surprise. She had never been so outspoken before.

Then I saw the tears in her eyes.

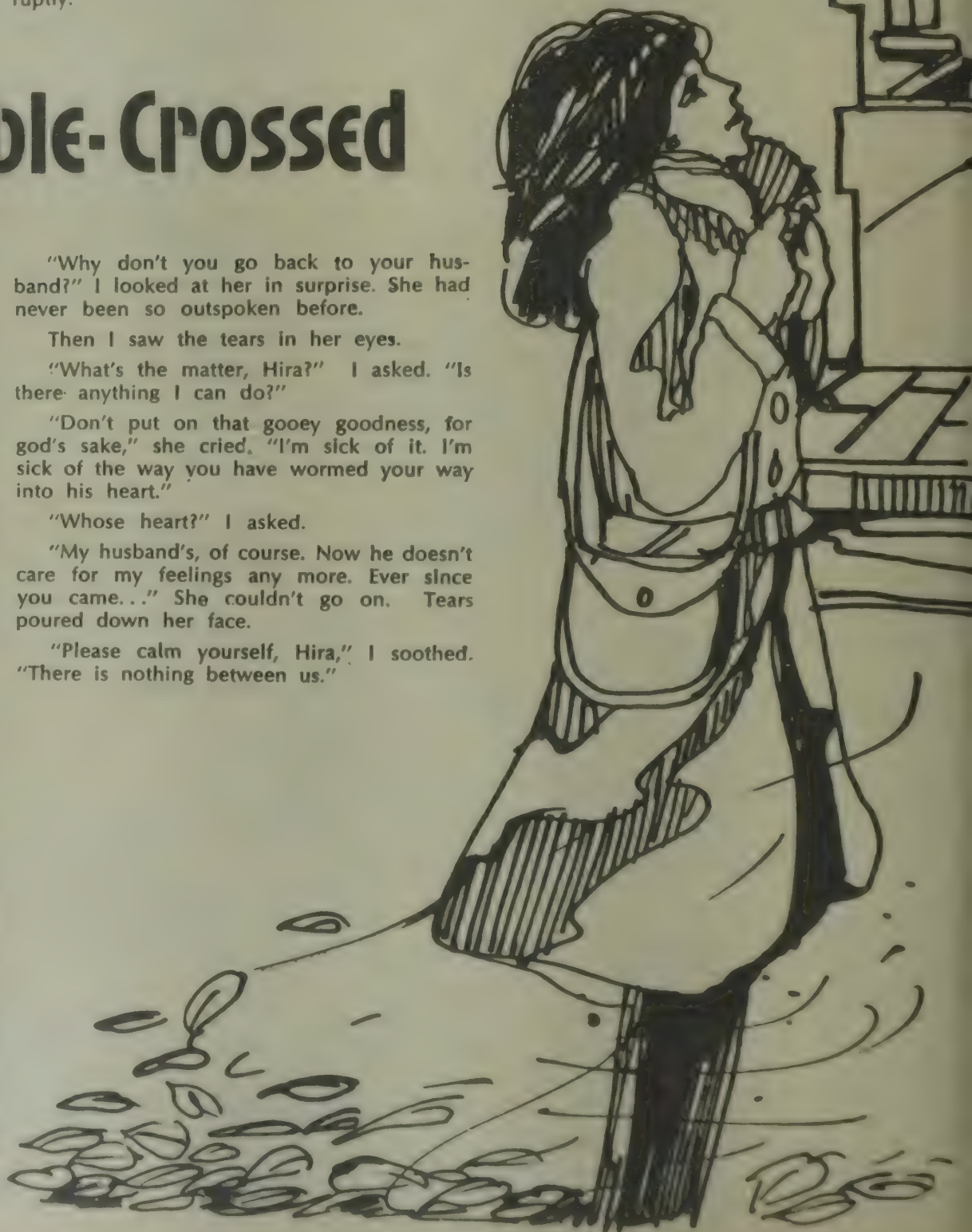
"What's the matter, Hira?" I asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Don't put on that gooey goodness, for god's sake," she cried. "I'm sick of it. I'm sick of the way you have wormed your way into his heart."

"Whose heart?" I asked.

"My husband's, of course. Now he doesn't care for my feelings any more. Ever since you came..." She couldn't go on. Tears poured down her face.

"Please calm yourself, Hira," I soothed. "There is nothing between us."



"Oh yes, there is. Otherwise he would not want to keep you here, in spite of my protests."

"You have protested against my presence here?" I asked in surprise. This was the first time that I had got to know of it.

"Yes," she replied. "We have had violent arguments about you when you were out at work and he always took up for you. In the beginning I tolerated it, thinking it was pity for your solitary state. Only later I realised what it really meant."

"It's your imagination, Hira," I said. "Believe me. I harbour no such thoughts..." She looked straight at me.

"Leave at once," she said. "You're fit enough to go now. If not to your husband, at least go back to your parents. I'll call a taxi. If you stay on a moment longer in my house, I won't be responsible for the consequences." She left the room abruptly.

I could hear her dialling for a taxi in the hall. I got up and went to her.

"Hira, please," I said. "Let me stay out the months I've paid for in advance."

"No. The money will be returned to you."

"I've pledged my jewels to pay Rs. 5,000 as deposit. I've put in so much money here..."

"My peace of mind is more precious," she replied.

I could not imagine, looking at her, that she could have changed so dramatically from the introverted creature I had first glimpsed handing out tea to us. I didn't know what had whipped up the defiance in her. Maybe it was because she had seen me, a free-living, liberated female, undominated by male chauvinism. She secretly longed to be like me.

In the next hour I sat and convinced her that it was impossible for me to return to my parents so summarily because they were settled abroad and there were a hundred problems connected with immigration. I could not go to my husband either because I did not want to demean myself by the act. I had chosen to walk out and live free and I was not going back on that decision. I didn't have enough money to pay for hotel expenses because everything I had was tied up in rent and deposit here. Maybe she found me incorrigible, because she went into her bedroom and closed the door. I went back to my room.

After some time I heard the sound of a door opening and closing. I went into the hall, imagining she had relented and come to make peace with me. She stood in the hall. At her feet was a small suitcase bulging with clothes. I looked at her in surprise. "I am going to my mother," she said. "I won't get train reservation at short notice but I can catch the night bus."

"Don't be silly, Hira," I cried. "Think about this sensibly."

"I've thought of nothing else for months and months. If he has to choose between me and you, maybe he will come to his senses."

I could do nothing to stop her. Her mind was firmly made up. The servant who came to clean up next morning was surprised to

find the mistress of the house missing and me in command. I told the woman that the memsahib was called away suddenly because her mother was ill.

When Raj, my landlord, returned from his business trip four days later, he was as surprised as I, at the turn of events. I sympathised with him. Over a quiet dinner I told him what had transpired between Hira and me.

He took it badly, blaming me for the confrontation.

"You did this to her," he cried. "You!" I was flabbergasted.

## IT WAS WEAK PERHAPS TO GO BACK. BUT SOCIETY IS SUSPICIOUS OF A WOMAN WHO HAS LEFT HER HUSBAND, AND DOES NOT GIVE HER THE SUPPORT SHE NEEDS SO BADLY

"She was such a mild, submissive creature before you came here. You filled her mind with piffle, painting a glorious picture of the liberated woman, sparking off rebellion in her in devious ways when I was out on tour."

"It's not true," I cried. "I'm not to blame at all for what happened between you two."

He pushed his dinner away half-eaten and got up.

He struggled into his coat.

"Where are you going at this hour?" I asked.

"Where my wife is," he said. "Do you think it will look decent for me to spend the night in this house with you, under the circumstances? Will Hira ever be able to understand we meant nothing to each other?"

He was gone like a whirlwind. I moved swiftly to the door as he got into his car.

"Wait," I called. He looked at me.

"Now what?"

"I guess you want me to clear out by morning. But my money is locked up in rents I paid to you and the deposit."

"What deposit?" he asked blandly. "I don't remember any deposit." Then I realised there had been no receipt for the sum of Rs. 5,000 that I'd paid in hard cash.

"There's two months advance rent left with me," he said. "I'll pay it to you by and by. I've no money in hand right now. You must understand that all my funds are constantly being rotated in my business." The car suddenly came alive and he was gone in a whirl of dead leaves.

I came slowly into the house. I sat down in an armchair and scrutinised my position. I was the only daughter of my parents. I had a brother in a mental asylum so there would be no help from that quarter. Another brother had died in an air crash. His widow was living a thousand odd miles away from

the town where I was. But she could hardly help me out financially at this juncture because she had three small children to feed and educate on the money my brother's insurance had fetched.

I sat awake almost the whole night in a flurry of indecision. I felt weak and exhausted. My feet seemed to turn to jelly if I stood up. When a faint dawn struggled through the curtains in the hall, I rose and washed my face.

The kitchen was littered with unwashed dishes and vegetable peels. I rinsed a cup and made myself a cup of tea, drank it. I

had never felt so alone in my life. The fact that I was just recovering from a protracted illness and was in need of care and rest, made it worse. I put my empty cup in the sink with the other dishes and walked slowly into the hall.

My hand hovered over the telephone momentarily and withdrew, hesitated, then went back. The receiver felt odd in my hands. Very heavy. It was almost as if I had never talked on a telephone before. My fingers trembled and there was a film of sweat on my brow. I dialled the familiar number with an ache in the heart. It rang several times before it was picked up.

I could detect a trace of impatience in his voice. He liked to sleep late.

"Alok," I said. "This is Meena." The next moment I was crying into the telephone in spasms. Maybe my weakness in the wake of jaundice was making me behave in this infantile manner.

I explained it to him in incoherent monosyllables. He only asked me one question.

"Where are you?" I told him.

"Hold everything," he said. "I'm coming to fetch you."

I put down the receiver with a feeling of relief. The pride with which I had walked out, leaving a curt note in explanation, seemed a distant memory. A woman needed much more than financial independence to stand alone. She needed emotional support in a crisis, sympathy in illness. True liberation was not living bereft of your man but making him realise your rights within the fabric of marriage, so that you both functioned as independent entities, yet forged a close harmony.

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## INTER-STATE MARRIAGES

Continued from Page 20

from one household to another of the same state also.

The middle-class mostly live in the same style throughout the country with perhaps little variations or emphasis on certain particulars, i.e. the Punjabis lay more stress on being smartly dressed and on having a mod drawing room. The Bengalis believe in eating well and developing interest in cultural activities.

The South Indians believe in simple living and simple eating. But they have their Kanjivaram diamonds and stainless steel utensils!

Anyway, modern people are very familiar these days with the households of different states and know what to expect where.

The culinary habits though different, have basically the same composition and the same ingredients. Rice, wheat, dal vegetable, meat, fish, curd, haldi mirchi, zeera...

Again these days we are very familiar with the chaat, tikkia and tandoori of the north; Idli, dosa and sambar of the south; rasogolla, sandesh and fish of Bengal; shrikand of the Maharashtra and bhel puri of the Gujaratis. Thanks to different recipes published in magazines, the average Indian these days does not stick to the cooking of his or her own state. Our tastes have become cosmopolitan.

Parents and relatives of these days have taken inter-state marriages in their stride and made adjustments. I think inter-caste marriages once raised more objections than inter-state marriages these days. Perhaps one of the reasons is economic. Generally it has been seen that in most inter-state marriages, both the partners are working.

Ruma, a Bengali girl married Anil, a South Indian strict vegetarian brahmin. Both of them work. Ruma's mother has learnt to cook typical South Indian food for her son-in-law. They get on very well together. Normally a Bengali mother-in-law is supposed to dress in white saris with borders, but she proudly shows off the colourful Kanjivarams presented to her by her son-in-law. Ruma cooks and eats vegetable dishes at home but is free to enjoy non-vegetarian food outside. Both of them have picked up each other's language. Anil even sings Rabindra Sangeet.

Mira although a Bengali girl married Bimal from Nainital whom she had met, when they

were doing their training for the I.A.S. at Mussoorie.

Now Mira's mother-in-law is learning Bengali so that she can speak to her bahu's relatives. She herself is a vegetarian but does not mind non-veg. food being cooked in the kitchen. And Bimal is more conversant in the Bengali language than Mira herself.

Avinash, a South Indian boy married Mohinder Kaur, a Sikh girl. Both of them are doctors. Avinash loves Punjabi cuisine and enjoys a hearty joke with his bearded father-in-law. Mohinder has taken gracefully to wearing the thali and kumkum

to enable them to make the best of both worlds. From childhood they learn to adjust to the norms of the states of both parents. They become more compatible. They learn two languages simultaneously.

Their habits of eating, dressing and living become cosmopolitan. Their outlook becomes more flexible. Much of the bitterness that exists between the south and the north can be bridged by the children of these unions.

Rekha, an Oriya girl is married to Shankar, a Bangalorean. Their children speak both Kannada and Oriya and feel at home with both families.

## THE MYSTIQUE OF KATHAK

Continued from Page 11

Such a nayika can be depicted in the Kathak style," Shovana said. Giving a spontaneous on-the-spot demonstration of the situation and the emotion involved, Shovana added that any situation which is in consonance with the spirit of Kathak dance and its technique could be depicted.

"But some scholars opine that Kathak is a folk dance style. There are no definite mudras, gestures or language codified into a system as it is in Bharata Natyam."

"Don't all classical dance styles have their roots in folk dances?" Shovana argued. "We do use all the mudras but have not named them. A basic grammar, well defined format and system are essential factors for calling a dance style classical. Kathak has all these factors. It is a classical style."

The firmament of Kathak is shining with lustrous stars, new and old alike. Sitara Devi, Birju Maharaj, Rohini Bhate, Rani Karana, Damayanti Joshi, Pandit Durga Lal, Urmila Nagar, Vijay Shankar, Alka Noopur and many others. Experiments are going on to enrich the form. Kathak exponent Uma Sharma danced with Bharata Natyam danseuse Yamini Krishnamurthi in a duet, a novel experiment which was later repeated by Odissi dancer Sonal Mansingh and Kathak exponent Durga Lal. The Ras Leela of the Vraj region is yet another offshoot of the art of the story teller — Kathak. It is a dance drama, musical in character. Uma Sharma has set up a research centre to inquire into the relationship of the two arts (Kathak and Ras Leela) which sprang from the same source. We mainly knew Kathak as a solo dance form but now group dances are being choreographed. Kathak Kendra and similar institutions are presenting dance dramas in Kathak style which are becoming quite popular. There is a constant search for new themes.

Kathak is becoming popular in foreign countries also. Young Veronique Azan from France not only came to India to learn Kathak but also won first position and distinction in the Diploma examination held by the Kathak centre. Meena Nandi, Durga, Geetanjali Lal and Saswati Sen are some of the brilliant young girls in the field.

Kathak surely has a bright future in India.

## SOFTEST... YET THE SAFEST



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and when her South Indian relatives visit her, she can talk a smattering of Tamil.

Most inter-state marriages are registered. Many also perform the rites and ceremonies of both sides, thereby making all concerned happy.

It is often said, it is the children who suffer most in such marriages. These children become rootless. They belong neither to this culture nor to that. It is a mistaken notion. In fact these children are brought up with more care and attention in order

Inter-state marriages have come to stay. Let us welcome them with open arms and shed our taboos and reservations. Such marriages might prove to be the solution of inter-state problems. These marriages will pave the way to more understanding of each other's view points. A united India is possible only when there are such marriages. In the future perhaps there will be no Gujarati, no Marwari, no Punjabi and no Madrasi, and everybody will simply be known as Bharatvasi.

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# HOW JEANS CONQUERED THE WORLD

The average Briton buys one pair of blue jeans a year; the average Scandinavian two, and the American an extravagant four. There is hardly a country in the world today where young people do not wear jeans, and the Soviet Union, which initially frowned upon jeans, is soon to authorise the production in the country of Western jeans.

Until recently, official Soviet doctrine has held that Western jeans, being figure hugging, are a symbol of Western decadence, and thus to be avoided. But Soviet youth showed itself so determined to obtain them — often paying tourists large sums of money for jeans the visitors were wearing — that a few years ago the authorities relented and agreed to a home-produced variety.

These, however, were not always thought good enough by the increasingly fashion conscious young Russians who tended to dismiss the baggy style of the local product with disdain, and also complained that they did not fade with age and washing in the way Western jeans do.

So, last July, the Soviet authorities invited American firms to set up production units on Russian soil. The plan is to produce seven million pairs a year — that's one for every 30 Soviet citizens.

The only major country left in the world where jeans are not made is China. But what's the history of this extraordinary fashion success?

The story goes back to the 1850's, and the days of the Californian Gold Rush. A 20-year-old Bavarian — one Levi Strauss — went out to California to sell the miners' tents made from thick canvas. Strauss found, however, that the miners didn't want his tents, so he turned the canvas into something everybody needed: tough, hard-wearing trousers; and Levi jeans were born.

Strauss switched from canvas to the indigo-dyed denim in the 1960s — the cloth coming originally from Nimes, France, hence the name "de Nimes" — from Nimes. He guaranteed that his garments would shrink, wrinkle and fade — a curious but, so it's proved, effective sales line, on which he built a multi-million dollar empire.

Jeans became established as standard relaxing gear all over America and, the story goes, Navy conscripts during the Second World War demanded them for work wear in preference to their heavier standard issue garments.

After the war, many ex-servicemen went to university, and took their old, worn jeans with them. Thus the well-worn denim became a mark of the student who was independent, tough, experienced and radical. And since then, the image has been emulated by young people all over the world.

There is another factor which may explain the popularity of jeans. Michael Cooper of Lee Cooper jeans, says. "Denim has this marvellous ability to disguise social status. It doesn't matter if you are a dustman or a multi-millionaire. You can wear jeans and you won't be out of place."

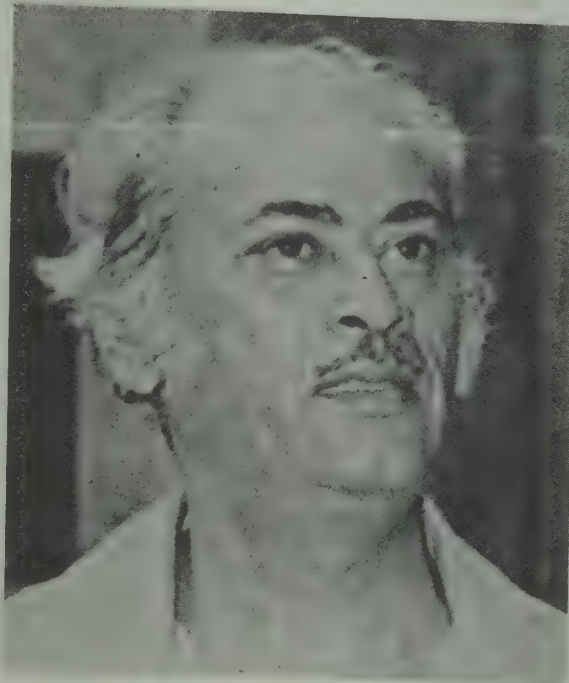
**Dr. I.E.J. David**



Devi

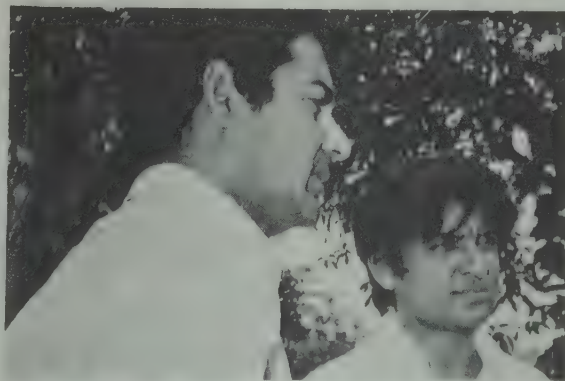
## ONLY DOSTANA AT THE PARTY

Nargis was once again, in hospital, and Sunil Dutt is shaping into a Living Legend. In filmdom his name today is taken in the same breath as Farhad, Majnu or Ranjha. In the long shadow of twilight Raj Kapoor, whilst discussing the "Prem Rog" song with music director and musicians, continuously spoke of Sunil. "What a man, what a lover, what a husband, he puts to shame all the classic tales of romance and myth," he said.



Yash Johar ("Dostana") had his annual party to celebrate the birthday of wife Hiroo, on the lawns of Waheeda's bungalow. The party was exactly like the year before and the year before that. Aquamarine blue bulbs in the trees, barbecue on the right, bar on the left, even the guests had occupied their favourite tables. Pran, Manmohan Desai, Raj Khosla centre table; Muni Dhawan's (most popular female in filmdom) table at the right end. Around her were Dimple, Poonam, Shatrughan, Raji Singh, etc. Then R.K. Nayyar, Anand Bakshi, Lakshmi Pyare, at one end. Nanda and the Mahila Milan near the right corner, Sanjeev alone at the bar, Shatru, Dabboo, Danny, Kim, evenly divided between the socialites.

Dimple minus Rajesh followed Sadhana like Mary's fat lamb all over. Conspicuous absentees were Amitabh, Zeenat, Salim Javed — the first two were shooting far away at Ahmedabad Road and the other two were parked in Salim's balcony (which is in the same compound). On our way out, I heard whispers in the dark of the balcony. I cannot bypass certain curves in life however risky. I called out to Salim Khan. There was a cautious silence. It was only when we stood near the street light that recognition dawned. Salim Saab came down and me with my "barat" went up to find music director Pyare imprisoned in Javed's bear hug. Javed praised Pyare. Pyare was about to leave. Salim Saab felt Yash should have shown grace and invited them.



I am really never annoyed with anyone. Especially with Salim Javed. Salim I like, and Javed's dislike for me, or his battles, in any case meet with a defeat. "Why should I show grace," said Yash Johar, "Did they show grace when they filed a case against me, taped my friendly conversation, or in spite of all this, when I invited them to the release of 'Dostana', they did not have the grace to come."

"But that was before the shandaar release of 'Shaan,'" quipped someone. Javed, I hear, paid a return visit to Pyare's adda for Paki singer Gulam Ali where he belched loud enough. "All these Pakis are..." etc.

# THE A.S.P. IS A LADY

It was like the re-run of a scene from the Konkani drama 'Koidi' (Prisoner). A police inspector clicked his heels together and saluted his superior officer smartly, who was seated at a desk — a lady. The real-life counterpart is Mrs. Kanwaljit Deol, the A.S.P. (Assistant Superintendent of Police), Panaji. She is the highest ranking woman official in the Goa police force.

Her father had been in the army, and she was naturally interested in a job in the services. A further incentive was her engagement to a member of the I.P.S. (Indian Police Service).

An arduous two-and-a-half years' training period followed initially at the National Police Academy, Hyderabad, A.P. Here she studied law and crime detection methods, finger and footprints, photography, the use of arms, the revolver and rifle "even a machine gun".

"Physical training was rigorous," she recalls. "A course in mountaineering, drill and yoga. A part of the training discipline is parade duty which calls for a lot of spit and polish." As a woman she did not find this meticulous grooming difficult.

A six-month course at Phillaur (Punjab) police school followed by practical training in Delhi readied her for her job. Her activities in the capital were largely police "bandobast", beat duty and night patrol.

"Isn't this rather dangerous in



a city where few women are reported to be safe from attacks from goondas and anti-social elements at night?" I asked.

"A police officer is armed when on night patrol," said Mrs. Deol, "and a criminal has a healthy fear of firearms." She was usually summoned in house-breaking cases, and once caught a burglar red-handed with a kit of housebreaking tools. However, she did not handle a murder case, though she investigated a few suicides.

"Eve teasing is rife in the North, and I was actually the target once," said Mrs. Deol. She was driving in a jeep when four youths made cat calls at her. She stopped the vehicle and

the driver and she chased the fleeing miscreants. They were caught and hauled to the police station. "A confrontation with their parents — respectable folk — who gave their sons a thorough dressing down should prove a preventive," the A.S.P. hopes.

Mrs. Deol was posted to Goa last September along with her husband, a superintendent of police. "Goa is relatively free from the tensions common in the North," says Mrs. Deol. "The major offences are housebreaking and cheating." She is responsible for the maintenance of law and order over a large area, from Panaji to Ponda, and has a police force of 300 under her. She was in charge of police "bandobast" at the recent Goa carnival where crowds mill around the colourful floats.

"There is a lot of chain snatching and pick pocketing at festival time," states Mrs. Deol. "I wish Goan women would not bedeck themselves with jewels," she sighed. "It exposes them to danger and creates extra work for the police."

Mrs. Deol's husband is her superior officer, the superintendent of police. "How does this professional husband-wife team work out?" I asked. "Very well," answered Mrs. Deol. "My husband realises the strains and stresses

of police work, and will insist that I cook, clean up and wait on him hand and foot at home. He is also cooperative on the job."

Leisure activities? "A police officer is always on call," she said. "Luckily, night calls in Goa are few — once or twice a week." She takes an occasional off, and in the evenings relaxes to music or in the company of her small son.

Would she recommend a career in the police to girls? Mrs. Deol's eyes lit up. There is no doubt about her joy and pride in her work. "Few careers offer as much job satisfaction," she said. "It's an occupation which enables a woman to have a beneficial effect on society. It has a spice of adventure. Office work — pushing files — can be tedious."

Mrs. Deol is a sort of guardian to the men who serve under her. She looks after their welfare — housing, leave, recreation — and listens to their troubles.

Was there professional jealousy among her colleagues, or reluctance on the part of her subordinates to take orders from a woman? "There was a little of both, at first," she confessed. "But it dies down when a woman shows that she is capable of doing her job and proves her worth."

She certainly leaves an impression of her efficiency on the visitor.

**Cecilia D'Souza**

## CHILDREN : WHEN TO LET GO

Continued from Page 13

sleep not knowing whether my son is all right or not." It was at the tip of my friend's tongue to say waspishly, "Then why don't you sleep with your son every night and find out, from now on?" This is not love, this is an unnatural obsession.

\*Interference, however well-intentioned, is never appreciated. For instance, if husband and wife are fighting, stay out of it. Don't take sides with the age-old argument, "My son is always right." Even your son will resent this invasion of privacy.

If your son insists on helping his wife in the kitchen while you resent the fact that neither he nor your husband ever lifted a finger for you, instead of making nasty comments about it, recon-

cile yourself to the fact that this is a different generation and that the women are a lot more demanding of their husbands. Besides, the concept of marriage has changed considerably; many men enjoy the pleasures of helping the wife and chatting with her in the kitchen or laying the table for her. It makes them feel more involved with the family.

Similarly, if a lot more men are changing nappies and washing their babies' bottoms it's because they've felt a void in their childhood, where the father figure was a distant patriarch, to be feared and respected but sadly enough, not loved. The men of today want to know more about the glorious creativity of pregnancy and want to share this beautiful experience hitherto reserved for women only. And they want to bring up their children and play an important role in their lives. I know of fathers who can't wait to come back from office and take their child riding while the wife

cooks, or to the circus, or to the park, or just for a walk. I know of a dear, dear, young man, who takes his five-year-old son for a train ride from Churchgate to Borivli and points out all the sights to him. I feel sorry that many women of the previous generation have missed out this spirit of companionship in their marriage, but instead of feeling deprived and resentful, why not enjoy it through your son's and grandchild's eyes?

\*Don't be selfish in your love. One woman I know prevented her son from joining the air force because, "He's my only son. What will happen to us if he dies in an accident? Shouldn't he feel responsible towards our future?" The dejected boy, who took up a desk job to please his parents, died of a heart attack a few years later. Now the mother cries and cries that while he was alive, if only she had let him pursue his life's ambition... When my brother emigrated to England, many "well wishers"

asked my mother, "How could you let your only son go? What if he never returns?" My mother replied calmly, "Because my son's happiness is important to me." Needless to say, distance does make one's heart grow fonder, and we are emotionally if not physically, very close to my brother and his wife.

The key to the whole story is don't wallow in martyrdom. You have a life to lead, and your son has his own. Try instead to develop a closer relationship with your husband or if that's not possible, occupy your time with something that really interests you. That you have your son's interests at heart is something no one will dare deny. But clipping his wings and over-protecting him will not help matters. Guide him. But respect his judgements and treat him as an equal as the years go by. Let him be a friend. After all, part of growing up is the freedom to make mistakes. How else will one learn what life's all about anyway!



By an Alves called Johnnie

Honey, I was recently asked to be a judge at a "Made for each other contest" in a neighbouring parish. The parish priest wanted to impress me that he has many ideal married couples in his parish. I am sorry I accepted. He can live with his delusions.

When the cigarette manufacturers coined the phrase, they did not have married couples in mind. It was their intention to coax us into partnership with what they believe is a lovely pastime. Then they publicly proclaim that cigarette smoking is a health hazard, as if marriage is not.

I was shocked to see my friend Noel drag her reluctant husband on the stage and join the contest. Heavens! One look at them and even the most sympathetic judge would bet that if there were 19 entries, Noel and her husband would stand 20th. For sheer guts Noel should have been awarded a prize.

## IF MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN, HOW COME NOT ALL ARE HAPPY

That evening honey, we were in for one surprise after the other. I looked at Bella and Tom with my mouth so wide open in surprise, my dentures almost fell off. Bella and Tom are made to throw mud at each other. Bella does not know people enough to talk to, but well enough to talk about and she has met a perfect mate. Tom will never tell a lie when the truth will do enough damage. I phoned his residence yesterday wanting to speak to his wife and he said, "Bella is not at home, but do you want me to take down a rumour?"

While we the judges were looking at each other puzzled at the hitched humans making efforts to look made for each other, I saw Mike and Mona walk up. Holy papaya powder! I would be less surprised if Billa and Ranga got the peace prize. They are as different as a red chilly and a white pumpkin. They don't even have something common to fight about.

When I accepted to be judge, like my companions, I expected to see young couples jump up the stage and bring some light and joy to the contest and make the occasion a happy one. But when I saw Martha and Robert helped on to the stage by two attendants, I felt like screaming. Martha is 45, going on 30 and Robert has just turned 52.

Some of those couples made a pathetic sight, trying to prove publicly that they were made for each other, when they do everything possible privately to let the other know that there has been a big mistake. The wife for instance looking at her husband with a look reserved for a movie scene in a Hindi film on the banks of a river just before a song, while the husband covers the bump on his head where she hit him last night.

Peter and Paula are indeed made for each other if scrapping is an important part of marriage. There's nothing he would not do for her and nothing she would not do for him. In fact they are constantly doing nothing for each other.

The made for each other competition was followed by a beauty contest. Some of the answers from the contestants sent me into splits of laughter. One lady on the better side of 30 and 20 when she should be 36, was asked if she was married. "I am waiting for the right man", she said, feeling shy like a bride. Honey, while she is waiting for the right man, she is having a wonderful time with the wrong ones. Another reply to the same question, "I am looking for a good husband". Why does she not look out for a single man and leave the husbands alone.

Most of these potential beauty queens, are not only beautiful but brainy as well. It is a real treat to talk to them and find that they all exude charm. But once in a while one does come across a dumbelle. At this particular contest one of them filling a form in the column marked "sex" wrote, "Once in a while."

Until next time then.

## THE BOHEMIANS

Continued from page 43

broke off when she realized that a cricketer's fame and glory is much too shortlived in comparison to a star's. The fact that she is a star and a sexy one at that seems to have become a barrier between her and marriage. She wants to marry a man who is not awed by the fact that she is Zeenat Aman the Star. She is afraid that a man might want to marry her only for her money. Zeenat confides that she wants to be married before 30 and our calculations says she is just a couple of years away from it. Does Zeenat regret her career and her image then?

Zeenat has always lead an independent life. Her mother has given her full encouragement to live life to the full and be happy at all cost. Zeenat in spite of her cool sophisticated appearance has always wanted to marry and have a family of her own. Right now she is in the process of screening all her men friends in her search for the right man.

Parveen followed a bohemian kind of lifestyle. She started living with Danny openly — a thing not done before and when everyone expected them to get married, Parveen broke with Danny and moved in with Kabir Bedi. What followed is now history. Was her career worth all the heartaches and nervous breakdown, one wonders.

Parveen does not find anything amiss with leading her own kind of lifestyle. She says, "I don't usually commit mistakes I don't enjoy and I don't regret the mistakes I enjoy." Her career became an escape from all mental stresses. She is happy with the fact that she is an independently functioning woman. In spite of her liberated woman image she admits she needs people. "I'm the kind of person who needs people. And I'm not ashamed of needing them. I'm ready to live with my weakness because the softness from where the need originates is something too precious and humane to replace it with rocklike hardness which makes you independent of people."

Both Zeenat and Parveen hope to settle in life with the right man in due course and don't consider their careers to be a hindrance to their happiness.

ZEENAT AMAN AND SANJAY





At the 7th World Contact Lens Congress held at the Regal Room, Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Mehta, Mrs. Satya Mehra, chief guest Air Chief Marshal (Retd.) O. P. Mehra, Governor of Maharashtra, Dr. O.P. Malik, Dr. Rusi Dastoor, SFM, World Chairman, and Mrs. Roshan Dastoor.



Mrs. Sushila Rohatgi addressing the Central Social Welfare Board meeting in Calcutta.



Prime Minister Mrs. Indira Gandhi visited the exhibition-cum-sale held by the Air Force Wives Welfare Association, Western Air Command at Air Base, Palam, New Delhi. Also seen are Mrs. Sheila Katre, Mrs. Bilkees Latif, and a guest.

BELOW: Mrs Shanti Sadiq Ali presents a cash prize to a deaf and dumb boy at an on-the-spot children's art competition organised by the Madras Round Table No. 1 exclusively for handicapped children. Also seen is Mr. D.Sudhakar Reddy, Chairman.



## BOMBAY

The Andree Colson Instrumental Ensemble which performed under the auspices of the Alliance Francaise de Bombay and the Time and Talents Club Concerts Committee, was one of the more successful attempts of the latter organisation to bring good western classical music to this music starved city of Bombay. The ten piece ensemble headed by dynamic Andree Colson, comprises nine women and one man. Based in France, they have won international acclaim as a tightly integrated group with a fine bowing technique which they displayed to perfection in the grand new Tata Theatre on March 19.

It is commonplace to declare that Western classical music has produced few women of fame. But the Colson Ensemble is

proof that now that women are beginning to acquire a musical tradition, they can do as well as the men. The delightful evening ended with two encores, judiciously chosen to appeal to the tastes of the audience.

The Indian Chapter of the Ohara School held its fifth Ikebana exhibition at the Jehangir Art Gallery. The inauguration was done by Mrs. Shalinitai Patil, Minister for Revenue and Rehabilitation. The proceeds of this exhibition were donated to the W.B. Nowrungay Balakashram, Pandharpur, Sholapur District.

The students and teachers of the Indian Chapter of the Ohara School jointly worked to treat the Indian public to a typically Japanese exhibition, where not only were the floral arrangements purely based on the Ohara School styles of Ikebana but even the backdrops, background music, and other decor



were replicas of the type used in Japan.

The arrangements were grouped into different categories such as basic Ohara styles, landscapes, structures, free-style arrangements and arrangements in blue pottery, glass vases, baskets etc.

"Sindhoor" will present its first exhibition and sale of an exclusive range of items designed by Gargi Surendranath at the "In Place", Oberoi Towers, from April 9 to 11. Embroidered churidar-kameez sets and angrakhas, mulmul quilts, table-linen, bed-spreads, pichwai pain-

tings of silk, woollen carpets, and pottery will be on display.

Sri Rajarajeswari Bharata Natya Kala Mandir presented the Bharatha Natyam arangetram of Sujata Balan at the Jhaverbhai Patel Sabhagriha, under the auspices of Swami Nityananda Ashram. Sujata, who has been trained under the able guidance of Guru S. Nagarajan is a first year student of the Junior College of Commerce at the SIWS College.

## CALCUTTA

A novel poetry-cum-music concert was presented by Ananda Lall at Kalamandir. The poems of modern poets on Calcutta were recited to the music of Indian classical ragas interpreted by jazz musicians.



Dr. B. K. Goyal, Sheriff of Bombay was the chief guest at the Charter Night of Zonta Club of Bombay II at West End Hotel. Also seen are (from left) Dr. Zareen Patel, Hon. Secretary, Dr. Khorshed Madon, Founder President, Dr. Dina Patel, President, Mrs. Mithan Shroff, Area Director, and Mrs. Freni Presswalla, Hon. Treasurer.



Mrs. Dimple Khanna (centre) inaugurated an exhibition of sarees and churidar-kameez sets designed by Mita Parekh (ext. left) at Aakar Art Gallery Bombay. Also seen are Millie and Gopi Parekh.

At a Spring Carnival organised by the Central Railway Women's Social Service Committee in Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Sujata Chakravarti, President, Mr. Kedar Panday, Union Minister for Railways, Sarita Devraj and chief guest Mr. A. K. Chakravarti, Gen. Manager, Central Railway.



A reception and banquet to celebrate the 13th anniversary of Independence of Mauritius was held at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay. Seen (from left) are Dr. D. Heeramun, Mr. Al Farook Kably, Vice Consul, Mauritius, Mrs. Al F. Kably, Mrs. Shubaili, Mrs. A. S. Kably, Mr. Abdullah Al Shubaili, Consul, Saudi Arabia, Miss Nasreen Ismail, Mr. A. S. Kably, Consul General, Mauritius, and a guest.



The Bidhanagar Swimming Association recently held their second flower show at Salt Lake City. The two pavilions displaying the craft of ribbon flowers by Nobuko Soft and Ikebana by Shashi Luthra were extremely popular.

To mark the International Year of Disabled Persons, the Madras Round Table No. 1 held an "on the spot" painting competition exclusively for handicapped children at the Lalit Kala Academy. Mrs. Shanthi Sadiq Ali, wife of the Governor of Tamil Nadu was the chief guest and gave away the prizes. Mr. D. Sudhakar Reddy, Chairman, Madras Round Table No. 1 welcomed the gathering. A girl who had corrective surgery done to her legs was able to walk up to garland the chief guest. Mrs. Sadiq Ali was full of praise for the laudable work done by the young men of the Round Table. She exhorted them to put in their best effort to collect data about these young children, which would provide valuable material for research. She also wanted them to see that the handicapped child's self-respect was restored to make him/her a better citizen.

## MADRAS

In aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a Home for the Aged, a Bharatha Natyam performance by young Priya Balan was held at the Rani Seethai Hall. Mr. Rex, Sheriff of Madras, was the chief guest. Nine-year-old Priya's dancing captivated everyone's heart. The novelty of the choreography was the introduction of Christian themes, like parables, into Bharatha Natyam. Sister Colette of the "Little Sisters of the Poor" was actively engaged in this programme.

## BANGALORE

The delegates to the 5th ISABE (International Symposium on Air Breathing Engines) were entertained with a special cultural programme at the prestigious Chowdiah Memorial Hall. Well known singer Shamala G. Bhave presented an introduction to classical music, while dance maestro Prof. U. S. Krishna Rao gave an introduction to Bharata Natyam. The programme concluded with a pageant on "Brides of India" presented by Dakshina Bharat Mahila Sangam.

Vyatha" at the three day-long 10th Annual Meena Kumari Memorial All India Drama, Group Dance and Light Songs Competitions organised by All India Artists Association, Kalka, in collaboration with the Haryana State Cultural Department. 250 artistes from all over the country participated in the competition.

Vivek Kala Kendra, Baroda, and Government College, Hissar, shared the "Uday Shanker" award for the best group dance whereas the Moti Lal award for the best comedy was won by HAFED Haryana, for "Pagal".

## CHANDIGARH

The G.G.D. Sanatan Dharam College, Chandigarh, won the Balraj Sahni Shield for the best Hindi one-act play "Ek Katha Ek

The best actor and best actress awards were won by Mr. Ajit Kumar of Simla and Miss Suhās Bandre of Nagpur respectively. Mr. Sudershan Gour, noted Hindi stage actor gave away the awards.



FOR THE WEEK  
APRIL 12 — 18, 1981

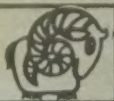
John Naylor

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

What a crowded year! One of much hectic activity, a lot of hard work and responsibilities, some unexpected upheavals. There will also be conflicts — between the old and the new, between the younger and older in your close circle — and in your own heart. Yet, if you keep your sights on the main objective, a bright future lies ahead, with rewards for effort and ingenuity. The next month or two will be a wholly enjoyable period, with romance in the air, some money luck, a fresh incentive offered, careerwise. Make the most of this period to get yourself generally in order.

**ARIES**

(March 22 — April 20)



Vigorous stars give you extra energy and enthusiasm, add spice to activities, so that you enjoy both work and play. You'll be in the mood to start something new and adventurous and efforts should succeed if you've done the necessary groundwork.

**TAURUS**

(April 21 — May 21)



Keep on the move as far as you can. New faces and places will be lucky to you, will give you a fresh slant on things. It's a good time for confidential meetings. If unattached, a romance on the way.

**GEMINI**

(May 22 — June 21)



You will shortly enter a busy, but rather fortunate phase which gives you the opportunity to strike out along fresh lines, and to improve your prospects. All the more reason to take advantage of this week's light-hearted scene.

**CANCER**

(June 22 — July 23)



This week's news and events could make you realise that you are being far too modest in your aims and expectations for the future. Exciting new possibilities will soon open up for you, possibly through your partner's affairs.

**LEO**

(July 24 — Aug 23)



Long-distance matters are highlighted — overseas connections, travel, your more expansive plans for the future. You may soon find yourself taking decisions which lead to beneficial changes in your activities and way of life, generally.

**VIRGO**

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



As this week begins, trivial irritations fade and you'll have more time to yourself. You may have been working hard recently with little immediate reward, but you will find that efforts pay off later in the year.

**LIBRA**

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



Cash prospects improve as this week ends; it's a favourable time for making financial agreements, reshaping your budget, looking over insurances and savings schemes. However, in other respects, life will remain problematical for a week or two.

**SCORPIO**

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



You'll be restless, in the mood for changes, but you could act hastily and regret it later on. Over the next several weeks, life will be over-busy and you will have to bow to the wishes of companions.

**SAGITTARIUS**

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



Property matters are favoured, also the affairs of relatives, your relationships with loved ones. If single, an exciting, but perhaps problematical relationship could blossom in the weeks ahead. You may find a conflict of loyalties developing.

**CAPRICORN**

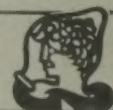
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



An invitation from a relative will mean a journey this week — or arrangements made for later on. There is a favourable accent on home and family life and if you have not moved in the recent past, such a move is a possibility to be considered.

**AQUARIUS**

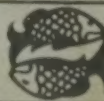
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



A busy, but rather lucky week, good for making changes, and looking for ways to improve your set-up at home or at work. There should be a pleasing response from a recent application or inquiry, good news concerning a family matter.

**PISCES**

(Feb 20 — March 21)



A lucky week for both cash and friendships, with a strong accent on communication. Make the most of opportunities to boost your prospects. If you've made a special effort recently, there should be reward for this, also some new incentives offered.

**RELIGION** should be more than a fire insurance policy.

(Ambrose Bierce)

**THE** cross is the ladder to heaven.

(Thomas Draxe)

**SUPERSTITION** is the only religion of which base souls are capable.

(Joubert)

**RELIGION** is the process of turning the skull into a tabernacle, not of going to Jerusalem once a year.

(Austin O'Malley)

**CREEDS** grow so thick along the way, their boughs hide god.

(Reese)

**THE THINGS  
THEY SAY ABOUT  
RELIGION**

**MEN** never do evil so completely and so cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction.

(Pascal)

**THE** religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next.

(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

**IT** is better to have no opinion of god at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him.

(Francis Bacon)

**A** good life is the only religion.

(Thomas Fuller)

**RELIGION** is the opium of the people.

(Karl Marx)

**THE** best creed we can have is charity towards the creeds of others.

(Josh Billings)

**YOUR** religion is the belief that helps you most.

(George Eliot)

**WHO** builds a church to God, and not to fame  
Will never mark the marble with his name.

(Alexander Pope)

George T. Fegradoe

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



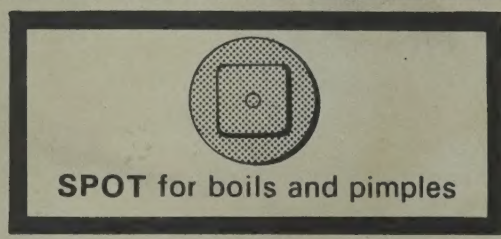
**STANDARD STRIP**  
for cuts and grazes



**GIANT STRIP**  
for larger wounds



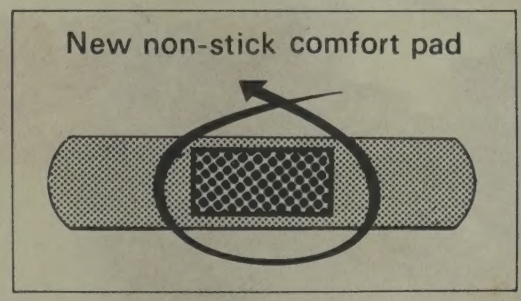
**PATCH**  
for hard-to-bandage places



**SPOT** for boils and pimples

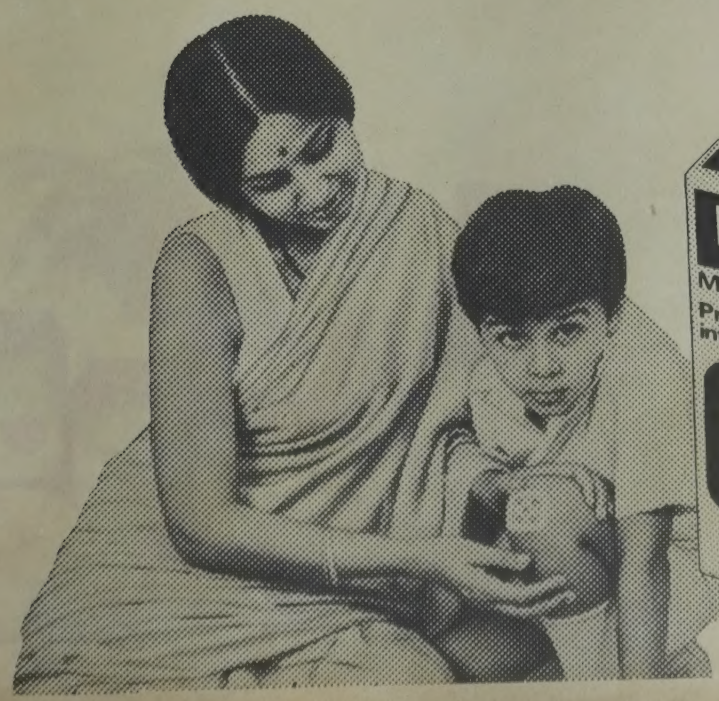
Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



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

## Protect against infection with **BAND-AID** BRAND Dressings



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*Johnson & Johnson*

OBM/2237

REGD. NO. MH BY S...

# Spread a bit of sunshine.

Here's the juiciest bit of news that ever went on toast—a host of lip-licking jams made from orchard-fresh fruits. Ask for them by name—*Sun-Sip* Jams.



**New**  
**Sun-Sip**  
JAMS  
KETCHUP & SQUASHES



Made from the sun-ripest fruits you've ever relished.