

EVE'S WEEKLY



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PSYCHOLO
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OF WOMEN

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CALCUTTA
UNIVERSIT
A YOUNG
VIEWPOINT
REPORT

"Our painter recommended Dulux to us. Now I recommend him to our friends."

Bulu Guha



A one-time behaviour therapist in Canada and a teacher in New Delhi, Bulu today is a busy newspaper P. R. executive in Calcutta, but one who still finds time to be a dedicated housewife. With a charming home that's all her own creation—down to the specific shade of blue on her bedroom walls. Colour is important to her, so she studied the shade cards carefully, picked out her colour schemes—and left the rest to the painter. His choice was Dulux—and she was delighted with the result. Here's the story in her own words.

Q. What paint did you have in mind?

A. I didn't know much about Dulux or any other paint. So I decided on the colours and left it to my painter to select the paint.

He's the one who recommended Dulux—and judging by the results, I'm glad he did!



"My drawing room is on the small side, so I chose Dulux 'Buttermilk' to create an impression of space".

Q. So you left the expensive decision to your painter?

A. Yes. He'd painted some of our friends' houses, and we liked his work. After all we were 'new' to Calcutta—and, as they say, seeing is believing.



"Porcelain blue provides the balance in our bedroom. Because blue is a cool colour and we live in a warm city."



"I wanted a bold colour to arrest the length of this long and narrow passage—so bright pink was my choice"

Q. Are you satisfied with the result?

A. Definitely. With Dulux's wide range I had all the choice of colours I wanted. And the walls and doors look as good today as they did 2½ years ago, when we first had them painted. In Calcutta's humid climate, I think that's pretty good!

Q. Would you use Dulux again?

A. Would I? Of course. And if we're still in Calcutta when it's time to repaint our house, we'll use the services of our painter again. In fact, right now he's doing a friend's flat—one I recommended him to, I'm proud to say.



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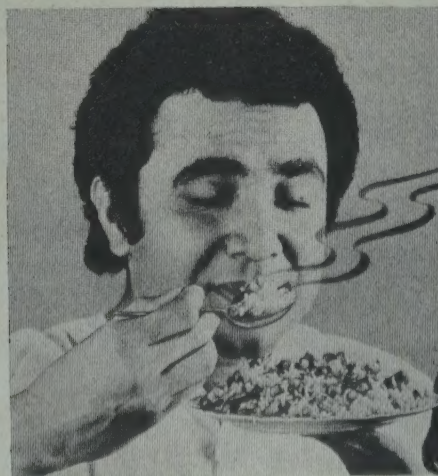
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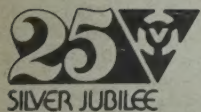


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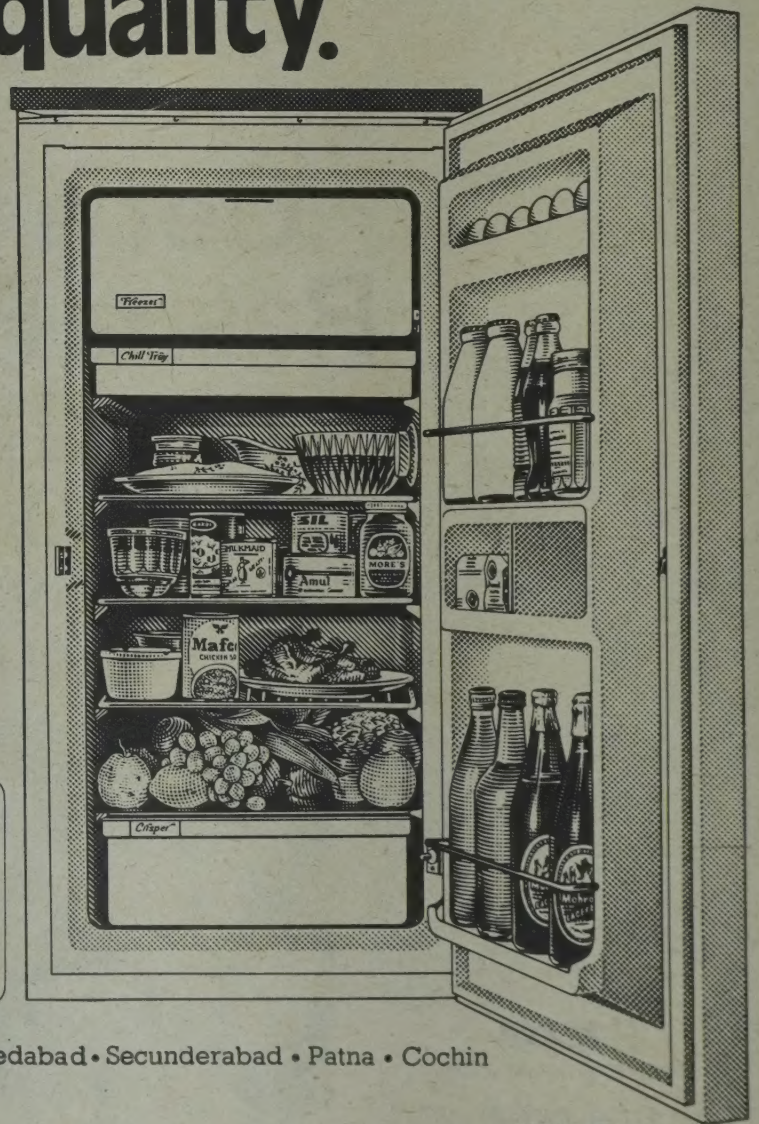


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THIS WEEK

THE GYPSIES OF INDIA

The last of the great nomads, gypsies all over the world have a paradoxical existence. On the one hand they are considered romantic and exotic, and on the other, they are despised, hounded from place to place, and live a squalid life. A look into the life of the Indian gypsy community.

Page 10.



CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY

What ails Calcutta U? Plenty, says one alumnus, who has conducted an extensive survey for a Young Viewpoint report.

Page 33.

PSYCHOLOGY AND WOMEN

The traits assigned to women by society are not the ones considered appropriate by the same society for a "healthy adult". This was one of the disturbing findings of a study by a team of psychologists. A look into the effects of sex-role stereotyping on the psychological well-being of women.

Page 14.

ELUSIVE MOTHERHOOD

The story of Sophia Loren's fight for motherhood, which remained elusive to her for many agonized years, concludes our excerpts from her autobiography.

Page 46.

ALSO

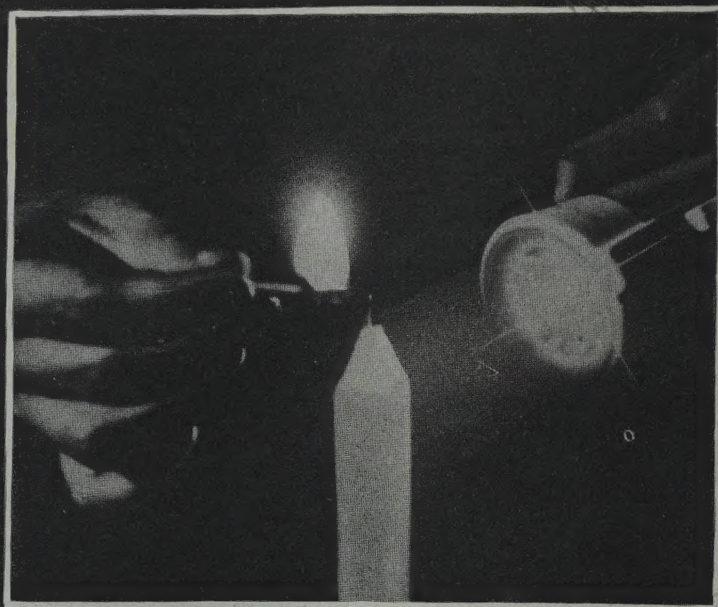
Woman in Focus: Y. G. Parthasarathy, educationist — Page 17 Film Interview: Bindiya — Page 23 Human Interest Story: Bringing light into darkness — Page 25 Special Feature: Bridal Jewellery — Page 27 "The Hero": Part II — Page 40.

CORRECTION

The girl on the cover of our last issue (April 5) was Shunalini Singh, Ambiqueen Delhi, selected by Eve's Weekly in association with Shri Ambica Mills.

Eveready Safety.

Because tonight you may need
a torch to light a candle



EVEREADY
Like an extra pair of eyes in the dark

UNION
CARBIDE

YOUR PAGE

1st PRIZE

GRIEF AND GLUTTONY

There is this ridiculous custom in my community of performing a ceremony to appease a departed soul, which belies the staunch Hindu belief of re-birth. This ceremony — 'shradha' — is performed every year and, in most cases, the close relations and friends of the departed person are invited. On the thirteenth day of the death, a very big lunch is held, wherein a variety of set dishes are prepared and relatives from all over try to attend.

I, however, fail to understand the attitude of these people who attend this function. They display no solemnity or heartfelt regret on this sad occasion and, in fact, laugh and joke loudly, greeting each other as if it were a celebration. One should feel ashamed to devour food in the name of the dead. There are even people who complain angrily that they were not invited on the occasion (like one would do if a close pal forgot to send you his wedding card!).

If the Hindu Dharma really states that all dead persons are almost immediately re-born in some other form, why do we have to try and please the departed soul? I wish this hypocrisy would stop, as the only ones to grieve for the dead man are his next-of-kin and those who genuinely loved him and who partake of this ceremony only because tradition and custom demand it.

JYOTI LAJMI, Bombay

Feasting — in good times and bad, among the rich and the poor, goes on unabated in this 'poverty-stricken' land. The repast for the dead is, indeed, known to be a gay occasion where food is of the essence and the departed one merely an excuse. And, don't forget that the widow of the departed soul cannot partake of the feast, leave alone the merriment.

2nd PRIZE

DEEPLY INGRAINED

Decades after the abolition of the practice of "suttee", comes the front-paged news of a 62-year-old woman who committed "suttee" by ascending the burning pyre of her husband in the acquiescing presence of her sons and daughters, besides a host of others. The incident took place in the Degana village of Nagaur district, barely two months ago. Just a day earlier, the same paper carried the news of a man selling off his own wife and child, for a sum of Rs. 5,000. These are some indicators of the progress being made by us! And this, after the International Years made a bid to focus world attention on the cause of women and children. As if the martyrdom of woman, while still alive on this earth, is not enough, she has to immolate herself in order to become an "immortal" (amar) doormat!

It seems superstition and blind faith in age-old injunctions issued and upheld by man (for his own benefit), are still too deeply ingrained in our womenfolk. Will things improve? Will we ever change?

KAMLESH VAID, Nagpur

We shouldn't be too surprised if a 62-year-old woman upholds the traditions and customs she has blindly been following for half a century. It is the younger generation we have to be concerned about — and we are sure they will question, with reason, every such ridiculous custom that threatens their independence and individuality.

3rd PRIZE

SEX IN CINEMA

I remember going to a Malayalam film some years ago with my son who was thir-

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

teen or fourteen, then. There was a mildly-played rape scene in the film and I felt uneasy that I had exposed an impressionable teenager to a movie of this type. But nowadays two or three rape scenes or explicit seduction scenes seem to be obligatory in nearly every film produced. I am talking of Malayalam pictures only as I don't get a chance to see others. In the audience there are always children of all ages, and teenagers in droves. I notice that however mediocre the actor may be in any or all roles, when it comes to molesting a woman he puts in an Oscar-winning performance. The youngsters, (and very likely the greybeards) in the audience lap it all up. Indeed, it seems to be an audio-visual instruction course in "how to assault women and get away with it".

PARVATHI MENON, Kerala

It is a vicious circle: protagonists of realism in cinema say rape occurs in real life, so why not show it on the screen; film-makers show it in vivid colour, with sexy frills attached, and more rape occurs in real life. Actually, the censors are not vigilant enough. In a country like ours, with its naive, gullible, easily-impressed masses, there must be benign vigilance. Sex can be beautifully, meaningfully portrayed in cinema — but this kind of exploitation must stop.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

The other night, my daughter came home from a Clint Eastwood movie and said, "My God, I saw a youngster open his wallet in the lounge today and there was a pile of hundred-rupee notes two inches thick, in it. Some people have all the luck."

I don't agree with her. I think that parents who give their children money in such quantities are showing a "don't-give-a-damn" attitude, only wanting their children to leave them alone. Money given to children in such

large quantities weakens their spines, gives them a false sense of importance and brings around them a horde of hypocritical friends. From luck such as this, the good Lord deliver us!

GEORGE T. FEGRA DOE, Bombay

You are right, of course. However, it is difficult for youngsters of the middle-class not to envy their "rolling-in-it" friends and colleagues. And middle-class parents are driven up the wall, submerged in a strange — and expensive — world of Levis and Wranglers, cassettes and tapes (imported, of course), disco outings and way-out booze parties...

WORSHIPPERS WANTED

In a recent issue of a leading newspaper there was an item about a college girl who offered to become the life partner of the Kenyan Professor, George Moraes. After refusing the offer, as the girl was too young, the 41-year-old Professor is reported to have said, "I will continue my search for a suitable Indian partner in life, as every Indian woman loves her husband as she loves God."

Men do seem to be the same throughout the world. They want their wives not to be their equals and companions but their admirers and worshippers. Don't these words from a world-renowned scholar, an experienced and supposedly mature man, make one realise that all said and done, a woman will never be considered as an equal by any man and woman's lib is nothing but a myth?

MRS. RAMAKRISHNAN Bangalore

Professor Moraes may have centred his dreams and realities around an Indian devi. But, in this day and age, he won't come by one so easily. Today's educated Indian woman may still be gentle and feminine and "giving" but she certainly does not equate husband with God...

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READERS' VOICE

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

BANKING ON BANKS

I appreciate the views given by Guru Swarup Srivastava in his article 'Banks: Passport to Self-Reliance' (Feb. 9). Our aim should be to see that our service is geared up to the expectations of our customers so that they may themselves convey their good impressions to other people and help us attract new customers.

Banks should open branches in unbanked regions and the state should be consulted for the location of the branches. Bank loaning procedures should be made simpler, so as not to discourage eligible and enterprising persons from availing of the facilities. There is need for more investment by commercial banks in the rural areas, as the present ratio of deposit is very high, compared to the loans. Lower rates of interest should be charged on loans advanced to weaker sections of the community and educated employed.

JYOTHI KATHPALIA, New Delhi.

FEAR OF CANCER

Most of us are gripped by a fear psychosis the moment Cancer is mentioned. This inordinate fear is largely due to ignorance about this mysterious but deadly disease. The article, 'Understanding Cancer', by Shivanand Karkal (Feb. 23) allays unreasonable apprehensions by answering many commonly asked questions about cancer.

B. G. RATNAMALA, Hyderabad.

SAVING ON GAS

In your issue dated March 1, you have given some suggestions to make cooking gas fuel last a bit longer. In addition to them, the following suggestions can also be made:

(1) When you put something on the stove to boil, cover it with a lid. On that lid keep something else you want to heat up. If you have nothing else, keep some water in a broad vessel, which will come handy.

(2) You can also keep a small cup containing something you want to heat in between the area of the two stoves.

(3) If you want to heat something from the fridge, take it out a little earlier, so that it would have come to the room temperature when it is put on the stove.

(4) In case something has to be heated up immediately after taking out from the fridge, at least put it into another vessel so that the gas needed to bring the vessel to the room temperature is saved.

NARAYANA, Patna.

CLARIFICATIONS

This is with reference to the article in Eve's Weekly (March 1) on hostels in Bombay.

The hostel run by the Women Graduates Union is the Purshotamdas Thakurdas Hostel for working women. It is incorrect to say that admissions are restricted to those earning over Rs. 600. Eighty per cent of our accommodation is for those earning below Rs. 800. Any applicant who can afford the lowest charges will be accommodated provided there is a vacancy.

It is also not true that 55 per cent of the salary is charged. As there is a salary range in which accommodation is allotted, some residents may pay 40-42 per cent and some maybe 50-55 per cent, but it is not a general rule.

Also our charges are not a "rent" — the charges are composite for boarding and lodging.

M. F. KERAWALA
(Hon. Secretary, Hostel
Committee, Women Graduates
Union)

Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 19

OH FOR A BABY

There is a lot of unnecessary social stigma attached to human infertility in India, much of the pressure being exerted on the woman.

However, for couples who want children and are, for some reason, unable to have them, infertility is a very real problem. A detailed talk with a gynaecologist.

A REVOLUTIONARY JUBILEE

The revolutionary movement for independence started off as a male preserve, to the chagrin of many of its women associates. But before long, women started direct participation in its activities. A review.

AH, MARRIAGE!

Rose-tinted glasses abound when young people view marriage from their premarital days. Young couples talk about the reality of marriage — not all that great, not all that bad!

Plus all our regular features.

They are the world's most persecuted people. They are hounded by man and society wherever they go. They are feared, shunned and even harmed. Yet they do not try to change their way of life, nor does the world offer to alleviate their lot. A homeland called Israel was created out of Arab territory for the much persecuted Jews. Even the American Indians, whose lands were unhesitatingly annexed, have a few reservations left to call their own. But the world's gypsies — hounded over the centuries in every country they have visited — are still conveniently ignored. They are the last of the great nomads who wandered the earth as they were meant to, before man chose to confine himself to tracts of land he claimed as his own, and before passports and visas came to act as barriers.

The gypsy population of Europe and America is estimated to be about six million. There are several gypsy tribes of India—the Dom, Lambadi, Banjara, Gujjar, Bakkarwal and Kurava, among many others. They share common words for basic concepts and ideas in their language with gypsies all over the world: a dialect of Hindi with a lot of Sanskrit thrown in. Whether they are Romany gypsies from Hungary or Kuravas from Tamil Nadu, their language has a common base, they believe in Karma, in the earth as Phu in Romany (like the Sanskrit Bhu), something eternal and holy. Red is a sacred and auspicious colour. Their origins are shrouded in mystery and, were it not for their language, their Indian origins would not have come to light.

There are varying stories of their origin: Firdausi, in the Shahnama, says they were bards gifted by the Indian king Shangkhal to Behram Gur, an Iranian ruler. They were given gifts of land and oxen, but instead of settling down to be farmers, consumed the grain and the animals. The infuriated king drove them out of his country and they have been wandering ever since. There are other stories of tribes dispersed during the invasions of Alexander and even Mahmud Ghazni. The gypsies have their own stories of their origin which vary greatly.

One traces them to the banks of the Ganges from where they were thrown out when their chief's son married his own sister. Those who took his side were cursed by a sorcerer to wander the earth forever.

Behind the romantic facade of wandering minstrels lies a sordid tale of poverty and squalor, but there is something in the gypsies' mental make-up which knows how to sing and laugh through the worst ordeal

Other tribes trace their origins to the Dards, an Aryan tribe of Kashmir. While the present day Kashmiri Dards, are tribals, they are not no-

mad. Some scholars believe them to be related to the Doms of Central India. The Doms are a tribe of wandering minstrels who sing and dance at temples and festivals, and spend the rest of their time talking, gambling hunting or stealing their food. Although they are not nomads, their life-style and easy habits make them hardly distinguishable from the gypsies of India or the Romanies of Europe. And the obvious similarity between "Dom" and "Rom" tends to further confirm it. It is the linguistic similarity between the gypsies all over the world and Hindi and Sanskrit words which, in fact, establishes their Indian origin.

The word gypsy comes from Egyptian, as the early ones went to Europe through Egypt and it was thought to be their country of origin. From gypsy comes the word gyp, to cheat or swindle, occupations with which the gypsies were identified.

The gypsies are probably among the few original food gatherers left, and this is a more correct description. Food gathering belongs to an early stage in the development of man, when he hunted for his food or plucked it off trees and plants. It was much later that he settled down into agricultural communities and became a food producer.

Most Indian tribes are food gatherers who, unable to settle down in food producing communities, took to the hills where they preserved their ancient mores. But life in the hills was

THE LAST OF THE GREAT NOMADS

Nandita Krishna





difficult and rigorous. One of the most important characteristics of the gypsy is his flight from the slightest hint of hardship.

The gypsies were probably food gathering tribes who wanted the comparative ease of the plains without working for it. This would have been incomprehensible to food producers and sociology tells us that wherever the two met, the former were branded as thieves by the latter. This stigma has always been attached to gypsies who were hounded from village to village.

However, there is something in their mental make-up—a genuine don't-care attitude which knows to sing and laugh through the worst—which prevented them from losing heart. They quickly adapted these mores into a way of life, dug in their heels and refused to change. The similarity to the Doms is striking here too, for the Doms, unlike other depressed classes, are a happy, carefree community who find their release in music and laughter.

The gypsies are regarded as romantic characters, and their colourful clothes, ready wit and love of music and dance do much to justify this reputation. However, most of these come from necessity. Having little or no money, they learned to make jewellery from beads and shells picked up during their travels. Their clothes are a motley of



improvisations, which naturally would look colourful and different. While music and dance are developed from childhood and have become second nature to the gypsies, they are also their only source of income. Songs and dances at street corners earn them a few coins. They do no other work to earn money.

Behind the romantic facade of wandering minstrels lies a sordid tale of poverty and squalor, dirt, disease and criminal activities. Some Indian gypsies live off the left-overs thrown in trash cans, others are beggars and all indulge in some form of larceny, petty or otherwise. Unlike European gypsies whose settlements resemble one of the better types of Indian slums, water taps, toilets and reserved camping grounds — the Indian gypsies live on the roadside, beneath a tree. They have no discipline for even the police tend to dismiss their behaviour as "different" and leave them alone.

While gypsies elsewhere in the world worship a male deity, Indian gypsies worship some form of Devi. Their religion is very gory and blood-thirsty, involving horrible animal sacrifices. Unlike most village sacrifices, the buffaloes are not killed in one blow. The men drink heavily and, in a state of extreme intoxication, tie down the animal, make a slit in its throat and start drinking the blood while it screams in pain. The death of the animal is slow and

tortured, the life slowly draining out as the gypsies drink its blood.

One very striking aspect of the gypsy is his total callousness and inhuman attitude towards suffering. He will stuff a sack with as many cats as it can hold, with no care for the lack of air and the physical agony suffered by the animals. Birds, cats, squirrels, foxes, rats — no animal is safe from their cruelty. The animal is roasted alive slowly over a fire and with no thought of its screams of pain. On other occasions, the animal is held by its two legs and ripped apart while alive. The gypsy's cruelty and insensitivity are shocking. He laughs while the animal struggles and writhes in pain.

Although their deity is female, women are not allowed to participate in the festivals and feasts as they are considered to be unclean. Despite their apparent freedom and easy manners, women are looked down upon by the gypsies. Men will not bathe in a pond used by women. An attempt by the Government of Tamil Nadu to settle them in apartment buildings failed because the men objected to women living above them. The greatest insult to a gypsy male is to throw a woman's skirt at him. If a man is in need of money he will unhesitatingly sell his daughter, and, if father-in-law and son-in-law fight, the girl will be returned.

However, this is not to imply that gypsy women are suppressed. Far from it. Their manners, clothes and morals are free and easy. A woman can love where she wants and marry as she chooses. She can leave one man and go to another. Marriage among gypsies is a nebulous affair and it makes no difference whether a woman is married to a man or is living with him. However, their unrestrained manners and lack of inhibitions have made them easy prey for the men they encounter in villages and cities. But male gypsies are as jealous as any other men and when a group sees their women attract the attention of non-gypsies, they hastily move on.

Like all other Indians they are highly superstitious. Each gypsy male has a "religious packet," a few items bundled

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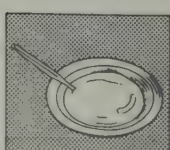
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THE LAST OF THE GREAT NOMADS

together in sacking and from which he is inseparable. They assiduously protect their religious bundle from pollution by women. They will not co-habit in the presence of this religious packet. Frightening a gypsy requires very little effort. Just pick up the mud his feet have trod on and threaten to curse it. He will fall at your feet and be your willing slave.

Each gypsy group has its own panchayat system to dispense justice. The leader is the man who owns the oldest religious bundle. This is necessarily a hereditary post as the bundle is handed down from father to son. The main source of food is hunting. Gypsies eat everything from foxes and cats to rats and insects. In fact, urban areas are plagued by gypsies who steal cats from homes. They have their own caste system whereby each group is differentiated and graded by its customs and habits. Thus, the eaters of leftovers, beggars and thieves are on a lower rung of the gypsy ladder. Every year, each subdivision meets in an annual get-together at a fixed place.

The greatest problem has been the rehabilitation of gypsies and their successful absorption into the mainstream of community life. Russia and the Eastern European countries alone have been successful in this regard. However, they have had the advantage of authoritarian police states where the gypsies did not dare revolt against settling into society. In Russia, Rumania and Hungary, gypsies have become doctors and engineers and have successfully integrated themselves.

India, with its poverty and droughts, is always a fertile ground for nomads. With so many insoluble problems it is easier to overlook that of the gypsies. However a few states, private individuals and organisations have tried to settle them. Andhra Pradesh, Tamil Nadu and some northern states have tried employing them in regular work. They have been found to have a good head for heights and are frequently used in construction jobs in north India. The Banjaras or Lambadi gypsies populate the backward West Godavari districts and have been employed in the power and other large industries which have come up around Kothagudam to develop

the area. At Thevarayaneri near Tiruchirapalli in Tamil Nadu, the government has a 150-acre reservation for the Kuravas, which includes 140 houses, a school, balvadi, hostels and other facilities.

But attempts to settle and integrate gypsies have failed mainly because of their wanderlust. A gypsy will be here today and gone tomorrow. This makes it very difficult for social workers to make sustained efforts. Children studying in schools do not return from their holidays on time. And they will not hesitate

to educate and civilise the children to a certain degree. And a few odd ones have even passed out of school and are working in regular employment.

The children now rebel against the thieving tendencies of their parents and the cruelty they inflict on animals. When a sacrifice is in the offing, they complain to the police, and it is the authorities who are to be blamed for not taking any action, accustomed as they are to "leaving the gypsies alone."

"We conducted I.Q. tests on gypsy children and other child-

study in the school) to wander off. But if we give a complaint about a gypsy child, nobody bothers." The child will return after a few days or months, but his education naturally suffers.

There is a recent case of a young gypsy girl who was one of the school's prized students. Rani had studied in the school from a young age. She was a brilliant student, ranked first in her class till she came to the 9th standard at the age of about sixteen. Youth awakened her body and its desires till she fell in love with a young gypsy. A gypsy woman will sacrifice all for love. Rani ran away with her lover one day and is living in a settlement outside Madras city.

This time the Raghupathys are not trying to get her back. "Let us see what her education has done for her," Mr. Raghupathy says. "She has her pretty clothes, he has some money and they have rice to eat. But summer will soon come, the money and food will get over. I want to know what she will do then." Will Rani be able to live in filth and squalor under the trees and by the roadside, or roast alive a struggling kitten? Will she mind if her husband has stolen it from a house a mile away? What will happen to her education? Which will triumph—her origins or her upbringing?

We have been conditioned to romantic stories of gypsies, to Barbara Cartland's dare-devil heroes riding through Bavarian woods of raven-haired, doe-eyed and skimpy clothed beauties dancing to the rising crescendo of drum-beats and wailing guitars around mid-night fires. But the reality is very different. The hero has stolen his horse and has lice in his hair, the beauty cannot afford to wear more, while the drums are made of the stretched-out skin of your neighbour's pussy cat and the guitar is a mere bulbul-dara.

But hounding them away from our neighbourhood can only perpetuate, not solve their problems. The only thing which can change these people is education, which holds hope for the next generation. Compulsory education is the need of every Indian child, and the gypsy no less. The government must also help them in a more positive way. Building houses is not enough. They must be taught trades and skills. It is a social problem which needs careful, imaginative and sustained handling.

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to get up and go off one day even in the absence of their parents. Once they get the urge to wander, men, women or children will never think twice of going. This makes the attempt to settle and educate them difficult.

Mr. Raghupathy is a social worker dedicated to improving the life-style of the gypsies. He has married a very sweet gypsy girl to make himself more acceptable to them. He and his wife run a school and hostel for gypsy children in Madras where he has had a certain amount of success in that he has managed

ren" says Mr. Raghupathy, "and we found that the gypsy children were more intelligent and observant. Their power of comprehension is very high and they grasp the subject at the very first explanation. Unfortunately, they are equally quick at forgetting."

The Raghupathys' greatest problem is subduing the gypsy's wanderlust. "A child will just wander out of school one day," he says. "Only police action can prevent it, for the police alone are feared by the gypsy. They don't allow children of other communities (who also

"How would you like your little boy to be when he grows to be a man?" I asked a proud mother of a 3-year-old. Came the instant reply, "I would like him to be smart, out-going, assertive, competitive, rational, self-confident, independent, self-controlled and analytic." In short, he must be masculine. "How would you like your little girl to be when she grows up to be a woman?" "I would like her to be attractive, sensitive, unaggressive, cheerful, yielding, receptive, emotional and nurturant." In short she must be feminine.

There is little doubt that there are characteristics and behaviour patterns considered appropriate to members of each sex in our culture. If the layman is not free from society's traditional norms regarding the appropriate behaviour for the male and female, neither are the social scientists. In fact, they have been most vociferous in asserting that every individual must develop a clear-cut sex identity, namely "I am a male/I am a female" and act accordingly. This, they argue, makes for good adjustment in later life and makes it easy for both men and women to play their respective roles of husband-father and wife-mother.

However, in recent times, the traditional roles of men and women have been questioned. But while a hot verbal debate is going on at different levels of society, signs of a real and concrete change have yet to show in this country.

We lack the courage to change and while we cling to traditional ideas of men's and women's roles, it would be worth examining the damaging effects they have on the psychological well-being of people, specifically women. Studying masculinity and femininity is of interest to many psychologists, so is what constitutes a psychologically healthy person. A small team of researchers led by Broverman found that masculine characteristics are considered more valuable and socially desirable than feminine characteristics. In general, what is considered socially desirable is also considered normal and healthy. They also asked college students and clinicians to describe a mentally healthy man, a mentally healthy woman and a mentally healthy adult (sex unspecified). Their findings were disturbing. Traits used to describe a mentally healthy adult are the same as those common-

GAMES WOMEN ARE MADE TO PLAY

Rehana Ghadially

ly attributed to men in society. In other words, a psychologically healthy adult is independent, enterprising, logical, etc. Since an entirely different set of traits are attributed to women, feminine traits must be considered less healthy by adult standards.

A very common feminine trait is passive dependence. Says Manu the law giver, "By a girl, by a young woman or even by an aged one, nothing must be done independently, even in her own house." Rekha, a college student, will not go for a walk alone, go to a movie or shopping alone. She says it's fun doing things with others, but underlying this surface of contentment is her uncertainty about acting on her own. To be dependent is to be unsure about one's potential for doing anything by oneself.

Extreme dependence may manifest itself in an irrational fear called agoraphobia. The individual fears leaving the house, fears open spaces and/or travelling. This fear according to Unger is found in girls who have not been trained to overcome their fears or to reduce their dependence on their families.

AN IDEALISED FEMININE PERSONALITY IS DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO FITTING THE DESCRIPTION OF A HYSTERICAL PERSON

To be dependent can also mean to be sensitive to the re-

actions of others and tying one's sense of worth and self-respect to the approval of others. But feelings of worth and self-respect cannot come from being dependent upon others. It comes from exercising one's talents, stretching one's capacities and pursuing goals that are challenging to the individual. The only goal girls are expected to pursue is marriage — a goal that neither stretches one's capacities nor presents a challenge. Marriage establishes her worth not only in society but also in her own eyes. She is saying "Look someone approves of me. Someone finds me acceptable." When such social support is withdrawn the results are disastrous. A common outcome of passive dependence is depression. Scarf, a social scientist, interviewed depressed women and found that the loss of a love bond more than anything had triggered the depressive episode. They had lost someone, not necessarily through death, on whom they had depended emotionally, socially and perhaps even financially.

SOCIAL STANDARDS OF FEMINITY ARE NOTHING BUT A CLUSTER OF TRAITS MANY OF WHICH ARE DETRIMENTAL ... TO THE PSYCHOLOGICAL WELL-BEING OF WOMEN

Hysteria, another disorder more prevalent in women, was labelled as such by Hippocrates, the great Greek physician. He professed that an empty uterus (hysteria in Greek means womb) travelled to different part of the body in search of a child, causing various aches and pains. Marriage and motherhood were suggested as a panacea for women's psychic and physical ills. However, progress in understanding human behaviour has shown that hysteria has nothing to do with a roaming uterus but it has a lot to do with training girls to develop pleasing qualities.

A growing woman perfects the art of smiling, of being polite and pleasing others rather than

oneself. This quality assures her acceptance and support from those who matter to her. Leela, a South Indian girl, is married to a North Indian man. She learnt Hindi and North Indian cooking just to please him. But when this feminine quality of wanting to please others is carried too far, she loses all sense of self. It is common for a hysterical person to say, "I really don't know what I want." Her antenna is geared towards knowing what others want. Rita, an assertive single woman, was given the following advice by a friend, as she was preparing to go out for dinner with a male colleague. "Be nice to him, don't get into an argument with him. No matter how stupid his ideas, make him feel they are really great." In short, please a man to catch a man. According to Wolowitz, a psychiatrist, an idealized feminine personality is dangerously close to fitting the description of a hysterical person.

Societal standards of femininity are nothing but a cluster of traits many of which are detrimental to the adequate functioning and for the psychological well-being of woman. Why are mothers interested in encouraging precisely these damaging qualities in their little girls? The answer is not difficult to find. Having a daughter well imbued in these attributes makes it easy for the parents to find a husband for her. Men on the threshold of marriage find these qualities in a woman most alluring because their superiority will be unchallenged and ensures a trouble free domestic life.

How does the institution of marriage, the kind of life style expected within it, affect a woman's psychological well being? The impact of the housewife's role on women has been documented by a sociologist named J. Bernard in her book, "The Future of Marriage." She quotes convincing statistics regarding the greater frequency of psychological symptoms reported by married women as compared to married men and single women. The distress signs include insomnia, nervousness, inertia, heart palpitations, perspiring hands, trembling. Devi dropped out of a postgraduate course in literature to marry an ambitious man, a professor in a prestigious institution with a big flat. Today she is faced with a demanding four-year-old son and a very busy and indifferent husband. She complains of problems similar to the ones men-

tioned above, and hopes she will feel better. Bernard has labelled this as the "housewife's syndrome."

Marriage promised fulfillment, then why is she a victim of distress? Several explanations have been offered by marriage experts. One is that a wife adapts and makes conscious efforts to fit into a life style the husband has shaped for himself and which he has no intention of changing. She is willing to make more sacrifices, because marriage is of central im-

areas of work are clearly demarcated. Their life pulls along with a minimum of communication. This absence of communication, of sharing, makes for feelings of emptiness. The institution of marriage as it exists today is without doubt more harmful to a woman than it is to a man.

But the story is not over. When social scientists ask married and single women if they are happy with their life situation, more married than single women report being happy.

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portance in her life. These adjustments extract a cost in psychological well being. Before marriage Geeta was used to going to bed early and getting up early. Now she finds herself struggling with having to keep awake till midnight and waking up late, simply because her husband happens to be a night bird.

Another argument is that only women are suited to do housework but housework, like any other work, requires interest and aptitude, and these surely cannot be present in every woman. Despite intensive and early training, a good percentage of women upon marriage feel disinterested and disinclined towards domestic work. Having to perform these tasks makes them miserable. Even those lucky ones who have interest in and inclination for such work are tired by the monotony and unending quality of it. Besides, it does not stretch one's capacities and provide a possibility for growth in it.

The majority of couples have no common interests, their

How is one to reconcile the evidence of painful symptoms on one hand and the happiness claimed on the other? Attempts to explain this apparent contradiction are many. The majority of women simply do not wish to admit that there is something wrong with their marriage. Again, to the majority of women to be married and to be happy are synonymous. A woman by marrying is meeting societal expectations and gaining social approval and this conformity makes her happy. Society has negated the possibility of an alternative life style and the woman lacking the resources to create one for herself cannot think of anything else that could bring her happiness.

The feeling of psychological distress within the marital situation is a real one. In China the number of married women committing suicide is higher than the number of married men. Walf, a sociologist, comments that suicide is the only outlet from what seems to be an intolerable and inescapable domestic situation.

**OUR GOAL
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WOMEN**

Tiredness arising out of sheer boredom is common among housewives. Routine and ordinary household tasks require horrendous effort. Labelled as neurasthenia which literally means nerve weakness, a woman suffering from it feels trapped in the role of a housewife. Sunil, a thriving salesman, admits that the momentum toward success has gathered force and there is no question of his withdrawing from it. So Kavita, his wife, feels neglected and unwanted. She complains, "I gave up my cherished goals in order to be with him. Now I find him treating my home as a parking lot to rest to eat and be out in the morning. My nerves stretch like elastic bands or else are a heap of knots."

Complaints about fatigue and vague aches and pains serve a very important function. It is a strategy by which a wife gets the attention of her husband and even succeeds in making him feel guilty, although she is unconscious of her own strategy and truly believes that something is wrong with her.

All of us aspire to good health, physical and mental. Books on Yoga and meditation which promise the individual peace of mind and inner harmony sell like hot cakes. But work in society as it is presently prescribed by one's caste or race or sex, makes it impossible for individuals to discover their true selves and worth. Our goal should be to create an environment which permits each one of us to be effective human beings and not just effective men and women.

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

"In our educational system, as far as the syllabus is concerned, there is nothing much to complain about, but the methods of teaching and testing are definitely at fault," avers Mrs. Y. G. Parthasarathy, the Principal of Padma Seshadri Bala Bhavan Senior Secondary School. As such, in PSBBSS School, one of the premier educational institutions of Madras, they have many an innovative, instructional method of teaching, such as environmental study projects, term reports with the concomitant appreciation card and evaluation sheet, library-oriented teaching with job cards, unit tests, homogeneous grouping etc., all introduced and initiated by Mrs. Parthasarathy herself soon after her study tour of the United States.

During her stay there, she visited a number of schools besides attending numerous workshops on teaching languages, arts, reading skills, open-class room, and the science workshop conducted by NASA (National Aeronautics and Space Administration) scientists, which provided her with first-hand knowledge of the advanced educational system, based on scientific foundations.

Y. G. PARTHASARATHY

ENLIGHTENED APPROACH TO EDUCATION

After her graduation Mrs. Parthasarathy secured a diploma in journalism from Madras University and was an apprentice in "The Hindu" for a short while, and later worked with different newspapers and journals.

It was when she was acting secretary of Nungambakkam Ladies Recreation Club, that Mrs. Parthasarathy along with the Club's President, Dr. Lakshmi Chathurvedi, thought of starting a school in Madras which would serve as a model school for teaching subjects in a way that was relevant to the Indian background and cultural milieu of its students. Most English medium

schools in Madras had a tendency to orient their students towards another culture ignoring the indigenous culture and heritage. Thus PSBBSSS was founded in February 1958. It had a



humble beginning, with thatched sheds serving as classrooms and only 14 students. Mrs. Parthasarathy and her friends collected donations from the philanthropic minded public and popular film stars of Madras in the initial stages to augment the resources for running the school.

Though Mrs. Parthasarathy was associated with the school since its inception, she wanted to acquire and equip herself with professional knowledge and training so that she could serve more efficiently and effectively. Thus in 1970, at the age of 45, she did her B.Ed., and later the M.Ed., and M.A. from Madras University.

Subsequently she became the Principal of the school. But first she had to face the hurdle of non-recognition by the University of Madras for the ridiculous reason that, being a woman she could not hold the post of Principal of a boys' high school! She took up the matter in the All India Women's Conference and got over this obstacle successfully. Soon after her take-over, she overhauled the entire educational system by streamlining the teaching methods.

According to Mrs. Parthasarathy, modern, scientific methods of teaching are introduced in the teachers' training courses but these are not put into practice, and this is the malaise affecting our teaching system. The lectured and text-oriented educational system should be replaced by new patterns wherein the students are active and major participants, with the teachers guiding them.

Mrs. Parthasarathy feels that the position of present day women is in their own hands; either they can make it or mar it. Working women face a lot of problems like running the house and attending office, both demanding a lot of patience and perseverance. Women should unite and fight for their rights and express their thoughts.

Malavika

THE WORKING CHILDREN OF TAMIL NADU

Lakshmi Krishnamurthy

"But she is rolling twice as many as you!" I remarked. The mother smiled. "Her fingers move faster. She is a child. She was already making more than me within the first few days."

Farida looked down self-consciously. Her fingers were flowing from tobacco to leaf to string, conjuring up a rapid pile of beedis.

"We are seven in the family," explained Aminabai. She and three of her children work all day, rolling about a thousand beedis and earning Rs. 5 from it. The factory hands out leaves and tobacco powder to some 200 contractors. Each contractor divides the leaves and powder between a number of families in his area, who roll the beedis, secure them with string, make bundles of a thousand each and return them to him.

And Farida is one among myriad children of Tamil Nadu who

work and contribute to the family budget.

"Work keeps them off the streets. No fooling around. And there is more money for the family," say parents, factory managers and officials. Young people find employment in various industries of Tamil Nadu, such as the beedi rolling, fireworks, match and agarbathi industries, auto works and the book binding industry.

Hotels and restaurants provide another avenue of work for the young. In this sector also they are supposed to be "protected" by law. The work hours are long and arduous, but there are compensations — board and lodging, the occasional tip, besides a monthly salary that may range from Rs. 15 to Rs. 60.

Domestic service absorbs a substantial number of children and adolescents. Young boys,

till they find something better to do, and girls, until they reach puberty, work for salaries ranging from Rs. 15 to Rs. 50 in addition to two meals a day.

The Factories Act and the Shops and Commercial Establishments Act define a child as a person who has not completed his fifteenth year and an adolescent as one who has completed his fifteenth but not his eighteenth. Children are banned from working in factories, shops and establishments but the "young person" can, if certain conditions are fulfilled. This however, is more on paper than in practice. Actually, bribes can secure certificates of age from the medical officers who are expected to inspect the premises.

But the possibilities for abuse of the law are many and, as far as one can gauge, have been fully explored. The young person can be exploited in matters

of wages, hours of work, duration of employment and even in procuring the certificate of age. Statistics of such violations, however, do not exist — not even by way of records of prosecutions. There has not been a single prosecution!

An officer from the Labour Commissioner's office explained, "Well, we have to look at it from the human point of view — extra income for the family, training for the child — and, after all, the employers are not bad. They don't beat up the children or anything like that! If we find any excesses, we talk to the managers, owners and settle the matter."

The Tamil Nadu Government has been pragmatic in its approach to the question of child labour. Social workers and government officials look upon the economic need of the family as the over-riding factor in interpreting and implementing the law.

Courtesy: UNICEF Feature Service



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HE LOOKED AT HIS FATHER WHO HAD CREATED THIS COLOUR — HIS FATHER WHO DID NOT KNOW WHAT COLOUR MEANT AND FOR WHOM EVERYTHING WAS IN TERMS OF BLACK AND WHITE

This is the story of Charan — a boy whom, I am sure, someone somewhere will understand.

Charan's childhood had been a happy one. But it was a childhood that was shortlived. He was petted, cuddled, coaxed and cajoled. He was thoroughly spoilt and loved by everyone. His father and mother adored everything he said or did.

But from the day Hemant was born Charan ceased to be for his father and mother. Hemant was pink, chubby and smiled a lot.

His mother was always incapacitated by the suckling baby. And his father was always running in and out of rooms filling and emptying bottles — with milk, hot water, fruit juice and gripe water.

Charan had stood at doorways gazing longingly at the busy scene. And had always been told not to be in the way. Soon after, he was sent to school. And it was as though they were conspiring to get him away from the cozy threesome at home.

Over the years it was no different. Charan was always the outsider.

It was Hemant who brought home A Grade report cards. It was Hemant who adorned the show-case with cups won in the football field. It was Hemant who made a lot of friends. It was Hemant who got the bigger share of "Chingri Maach" at the dinner table. And what hurt most, it was Hemant who could always monopolise their father's attention completely.

The only time his father seemed to notice Charan was when he brought home bad report cards. Like a ritual the scene always followed a pattern.

His father would analyse and compare Charan's marks with Hemant's.

"Hmmm! So you have flunked again. What's wrong with you? When Hemant can do well, why can't you?"

And Charan always answered this question with downcast eyes and silence.

"You won't answer? Of course you won't. When you want some paints, you forget your vow of silence, don't you?"

Yet Charan maintained an obstinate silence.

"You don't want to study, do you? You want to paint. But what will you get out of it? Nothing. Do you understand? Absolutely nothing."

What does Hemant get out of football, Charan wanted to ask. But he never did. For his father would have an easy retort to that. Hemant studied didn't he? And besides, football was only a hobby with Hemant.

"Can't you speak? Are you dumb or something? You won't talk. What you need is a good

thrashing."

Until the pain of the caning got unbearable, Charan never said a word. Only then did he open his mouth.

"Baba, please, don't beat me any more. I will study. In my next exam I'll do well. I really will."

But when the next exam came it was the same story all over again.

As for his mother, she only repeated what his father said, but in a milder tone. She outlined the importance of studies in great detail, but all she got out of Charan at the end of it

was "I want to paint, Ma. I only want to paint."

At 14, Charan had built a tight, closed shell around himself. Plastered with small hurts and fears and resentment against what was happening to him.

To the world outside he was silent and withdrawn. In his own private world he was a riot of feeling. Feelings that found an outlet in painting.

Charan sketched. He drew. He painted. In ink. In crayons. In oils. He shaped his emotions in colours. Colours that blended. Colours that contrasted. Colours that expressed.

It was after the mid-term exams.

Charan and Hemant came home with the results. Afraid to face his father, Charan went up straight to his room. He sat alone and painted away his fear in a kaleidoscope of colours.

There was a sound at the door.

"Yes, Hemant?" Charan said without turning his head.

"Baba is angry."

"Nothing new."

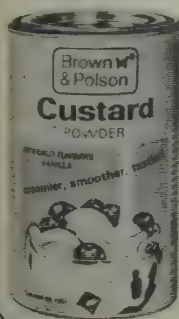
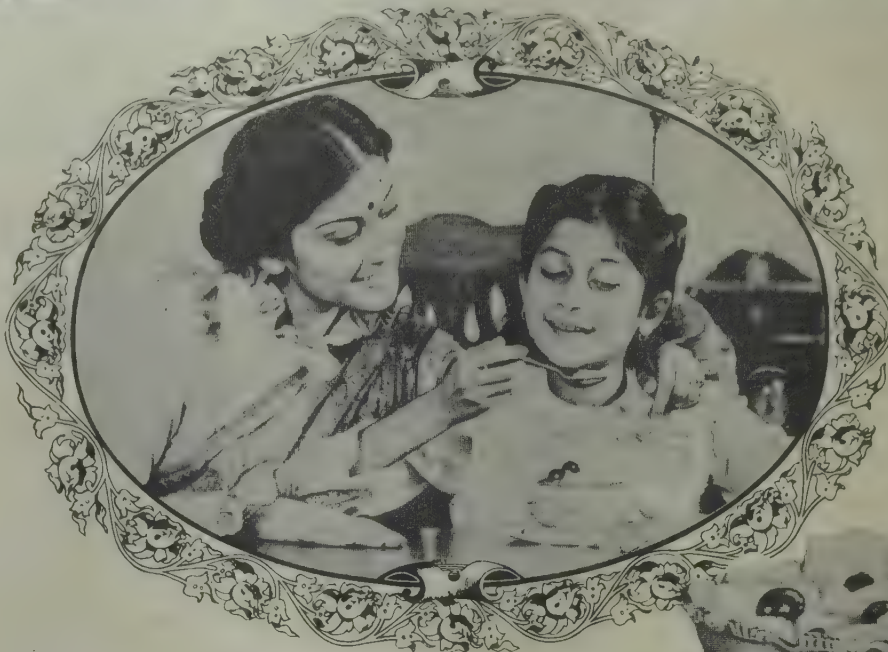
COLOURS

Janaki Viswanath



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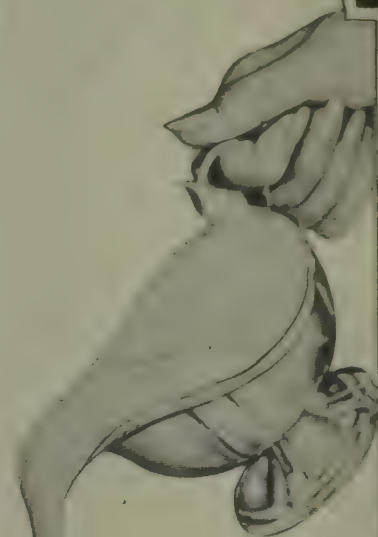
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COLOURS

"But, Charán da, it's different. He was shouting at Ma. She's crying . . . He's coming up now."

Just then their father entered the room.

Getting ready to face the usual scene, Charan put away his paints and brushes. And he was totally surprised and stunned at what came.

"Charan, listen, I'm fed up. Three months from now you're going to write the public exams. And you've gone and failed again. I'm going to ask you to do something. For your mother if not for me. I want you to promise that you won't paint until your Higher Secondary Exams are over."

Charan stared at his father. Not paint for three months! He couldn't make a promise like that. Just then he saw his mother coming into the room.

She looked pale and haggard.

"Say yes, Charan. Please say yes."

"How can I?"

"Otherwise you're leaving the house right now," said his father in a soft controlled tone.

"I leave if I have to."

"No, Charan. You're not going anywhere. I won't be able to bear it, Charan. Please say yes," pleaded his mother.

Hemant, who had been looking on, burst into tears.

"Okay. I won't paint for three months. Now stop crying Hemant."

To be fair to Charan, he kept to his promise for the first two months.

It was the Pujah season, and Calcutta was dressed in gay festive moods. Loudspeakers blared. Boys were out on the streets collecting "Chanda" for their "Para" Pujah.

Charan sat in his room trying hard to concentrate on his books. Suddenly there were loud shrieks and the sound of crackers. Unable to resist, Charan peeped out of the window.

A fountain of vibrant colours flowed out of a sparkler.

Colour. Colour at its best. Colours that Charan had never been able to bring forth in his paintings. It reminded him of the sunset, of the rainbow, of lightning.

He must paint. He must. Just once to get those colours

out of his head.

In a frenzy, he got out his paints and brushes. He pinned up a sheet of paper on the easel. He mixed the paints. He splashed them on the easel.

Charan was so involved in his painting, he did not see his father come into the room.

Charan, you've been studying for so long. Why don't you go out and join the fun . . ." his father began.

Charan turned around guiltily. Trying to hide his painting behind him.

There was a painful silence in the room. Punctuated by the sounds of festive joy floating in from the street.

"I thought you promised."

Charan said nothing in reply. He couldn't.

In a burning rage, his father grabbed the painting from Charan's limp fingers.

Charan stood rooted to the spot. Watching. Watching his father burn the "gaudy piece of crap" as he called it. He wanted to shout. He wanted to scream. But he did nothing. He

stood there quiet.

Charan saw the flames clutching his painting with greedy fingers. All those lovely combinations of colours—the blue-red, the fleshy-cream, the green-yellow. They mixed with the orange flames to form a new colour scheme. The colour of black ash.

He reached out his hand to touch it—soft, greyish black. He looked at his father who had created this colour. His father who did not know what colour meant. For whom everything was in terms of black and white. You either became a doctor or an engineer. You didn't become a painter. No one he knew painted. It wouldn't bring in food. Charan could never fight that blind logic.

"Baba, you shouldn't have done that," was all he said. He walked out of the room before his father could retort to that.

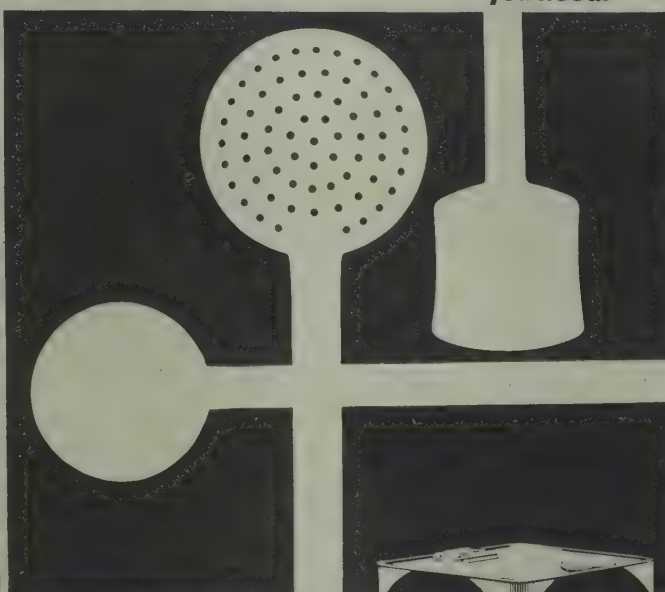
Once out of the room, Charan leant against the door. He closed his eyes against the wave of giddiness that attacked him. He couldn't stay here. Not any more. He could not stand there and see his paintings being destroyed. They were the only things he cared for.

He opened his eyes and looked around him. At the closed door of his parents' bedroom opposite him. At the withered flowers in the bowl down the corridor. At the small window opening out to Chowringhee Square. At the stairs leading to the drawing room and to the kitchen. This was his house. A house which had never been home.

Like an automaton Charan moved to the front door. With trembling fingers, he unlatched the door. He stepped out into the darkening night.

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Babies.
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Pink flesh
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Constant wetting.

In cradles and cribs
In prams and parks
To be cuddled
To be changed
To be burped.
Babies
Who wind you
Round
Their little fingers.
Babies
Who, when sick,
Break the strongest heart
And reduce the brave
To tears.

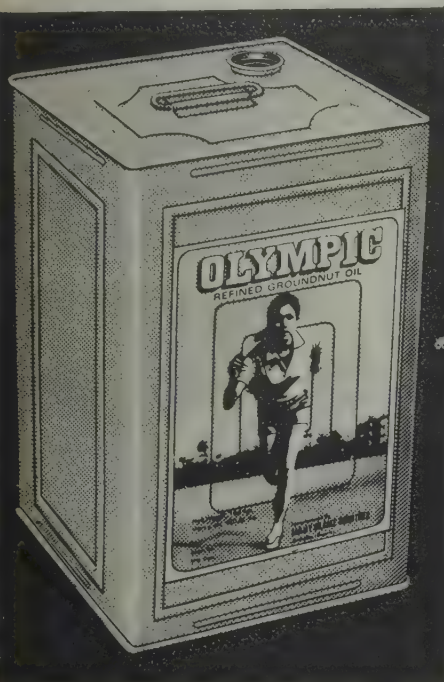
Babies
A mother's joy
And a father's delight.
Babies
Think now. . .
The best thing about them
Is . . .
The way they're made.

George T. Fegradoe

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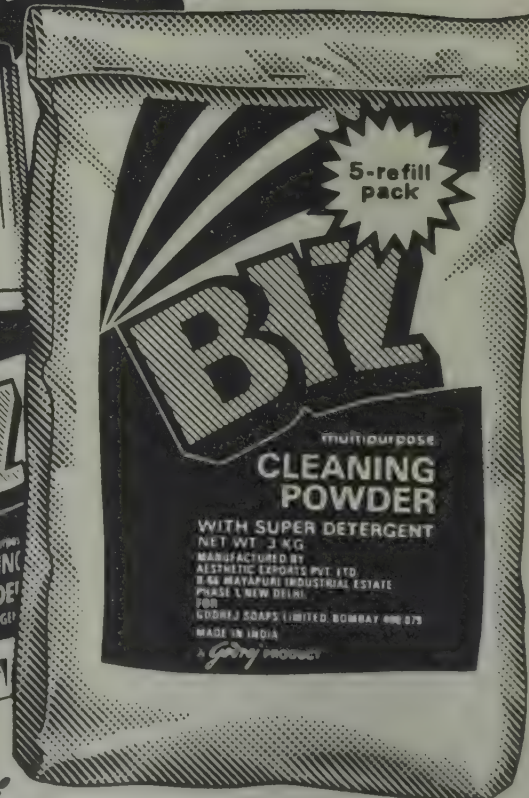
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BINDIYA: MARRIAGE MARS CAREER PROSPECTS

A. T. Jayanthi

Bindiya's hit the lime-light in a big way in the past fortnight, with news of her sensational marriage with Vinod Mehra in all the magazines. A week before she tarnished her sidhi-sadhi image, she had declared emphatically, "I deal with Vinod only professionally, I do not have anything to do with him otherwise. We are comfortable in each other's company and we have hit the screen. Actually I'm doing more films with Mithun than Vinod, but the general impression seems to be that I'm doing most of my films with him. Vinod's nice and gentle, we get along superbly. We have an understanding friendship. He's the sort of person you feel secure with. He's so intelligent, in total contrast to my dumbness. Maybe that's why we hit it off. The only common link between us is music, otherwise we differ in every way. Previously, when the press chose to link us up romantically, Vinod was very perturbed. But when he saw me so uncaring and undisturbed, he resigned himself to the situation. I'm not bothered about what the press or anyone has to say. Vinod's a person one can rely on totally and I like him immensely."

For the love of her immensely liked Vinod, Bindiya has cut herself off from her parents. While her mother and sister moan at the injustice meted out to them, Bindiya has ensconced herself in Vinod's new bungalow and spends her time cooing and mooning over

him openly. As if to ease their conscience, or maybe in an attempt to console themselves, both keep saying, "At last I've found my life-partner, I'm so-o-o-o happy."

Not only has Bindiya lost the good-will of society, her career too is decidedly on the downward slide now that she has married Vinod. Producers have started replacing her for fear of her getting pregnant halfway through the making of their film. So things no longer look so bright for Bindiya, both on the career and personal fronts. Talking of her career, she says, "I've become choosy about the roles I accept and also about my directors. I've stopped signing films left, right and centre because I'm only 18 years old and have years and years ahead of me. I don't want to zoom up like a balloon and collapse half way. I'd rather my career gathered momentum slowly and then reached a peak."

Bindiya is one heroine who, in spite of being in the industry for a long time and in spite of being another potential Hema Malini, really hasn't many films chalked up. While she found herself stuck with the Vinod Mehra and Vijay Arora, comparative newcomers like Tina and Poo-nam have bypassed her and latched on to the really popular heroes.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

LICKING THE
FINANCIAL WOUNDS
INFLECTED BY
PARVEEN BABI'S LONG
ILLNESS, PRODUCERS
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OF BINDIYA, TOO.
PREGNANCY IS A
DISTINCT POSSIBILITY



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BINNY



Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

Thimma was not born blind. For five years he was able to savour the luxury of light and colour. As a child he played in the fields at Magudi where his father was a farmer. Or watched his mother Gangamma at work in the house. Yet it was a hostile world he saw. A hot-headed father holding his mother by the hair, and inflicting blows on her.

Their voices raised in fierce argument kept him awake through the night. Sometimes there was silence more poignant than their loud quarrels. Thimma's brother Venkatesh was four years younger than him, and often when their mother was preoccupied with work or too disturbed by marital storms to tend to him, it was Thimma who picked him up and silenced his wails.

One day he awoke to find his father gone and his mother in tears. He asked her what was wrong. He heard that his father had left for good. They were bereft of money for food. At that age he did not understand the significance of it all. Yet he consoled her by holding her hand and vowed to help her.

Some days later he awoke with a burning sensation in his eyes. He washed them with water but the pain persisted. When he went out into the sun, his eyes swam with tears. As the days passed, they grew red and inflamed. Gangamma was worried. She consulted her neighbours. They too were uneducated like her and told her to grind some leaves into paste and apply it to Thimma's eyes.

The leaves made Thimma's eyes worse. They grew so swollen that he could not open them. He cried with pain. For days he suffered, then gradually the swelling went, the throbbing stopped. But his eye-sight had gone.

"I can't see," he cried. "Mother, I can't see anything."

She came to him and held him close. He heard her sobs, but he could not see her tears.

There was less and less food in the house. With one blind son and the other too young to fend even for himself, Gangamma was forced to go to the city in search of work. People who had been there told her tales of the money she could earn by working in the houses of prosperous people.

Bangalore was a strange new experience for the trio. They knew no one and felt completely lost and bewildered. A few days later, after miles of aimless search for work, Gangamma heard that a certain family required a servant. She went there and procured employment as a cook. With the money she earned, they were able to rent a small room near the city railway station.

Thimma said one day, "Mother, you earn money now. Why don't you send me to school?"

"You're blind, my son," she replied. "How will you go to school? How will you learn? Let Venkatesh grow up. He will go to school. And when he is grown up, he will get a good job and support us both."

BRINGING LIGHT INTO A DARK WORLD

Related by MAYAH BALSE
from the story by B. VISHWANATH



"No, mother," Thimma insisted. "I will go to school. I will sit in the class with children who can see. I will study like them."

She was about to refuse again when she saw the grim determination in his expression. She put her hand on his head. "I will send you to school Thimma," she said.

The authorities were a bit diffident when they saw Thimma. But since Gangamma agreed to pay the fees, they could not refuse him. His progress belied their scepticism. Thimma had such keen grasping power that he beat most of the children in the United Mission

High School that he attended. He even secured a scholarship from the Rotary Club for his spectacular performance.

From the beginning, Thimma had felt inferior to his brother, because Venkatesh was normal and he was handicapped. Yet as their scholastic education progressed, it was Thimma who emerged with ever rising grades, while Venkatesh grew sluggish and failed often.

Even when he reached college level, it was Thimma who doggedly persevered, reading Braille editions of English masterpieces and regularly listening to news bulletins both foreign and Indian. He developed an amazing vocabulary besides improving his diction and accent. Venkatesh on the other had lost all interest in studies. He had not even completed his school final and he had no desire to do so.

Thimma was now staying in the Bangalore University hostel and studying for his B.A (Hons) degree. There was a vacancy in the hostel for a cook's assistant and Venkatesh got the job through Thimma's intervention. But it pained Thimma to see a normal and healthy youth wasting the chance to acquire knowledge.

"Isn't it strange," Thimma remarked to Vishwanath. "People with eyes do not realise their value! My brother wants to chop vegetables and roll out chappaties, while I want to explore the treasures of knowledge in a wide world I cannot even see."

Vishwanath was a student in the same University as Thimma and the two had grown close through their constant association.

It was in him that Thimma sought solace when Gangamma died of cancer just before the final degree examination. Thimma was depressed for days on end, but he knew that he had to shake off this mood if he was to do well and pass with honours as his mother had wished.

"She wouldn't have been able to stand failure from me and I can't disappoint her even if she is dead," he resolved. He sat up late while Vishwanath read aloud from the note-books. He woke early and laboriously went over Braille editions of books to refresh his memory. When the exams came, he was able to dictate the answers to the writer they provided, with fluent ease. He passed with flying colours. Yet he cried on the day they got their degrees because his mother was not alive to see his triumph.

Soon after, both Thimma and Vishwanath got jobs in the Department of Tourism in Bangalore. Once again the friends were together. Thimma was in his element loved by both his colleagues and superiors. His beautifully resonant voice would often be heard, dictating articles on tourism for publication in the pamphlets that were constantly printed. He was well-mannered, soft spoken and knowledgeable and often he made such lucid comments on world affairs and politics, on natural history and art, that people forgot he had no eyes.

Continued on Page 55



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ORIENTAL OPULENCE

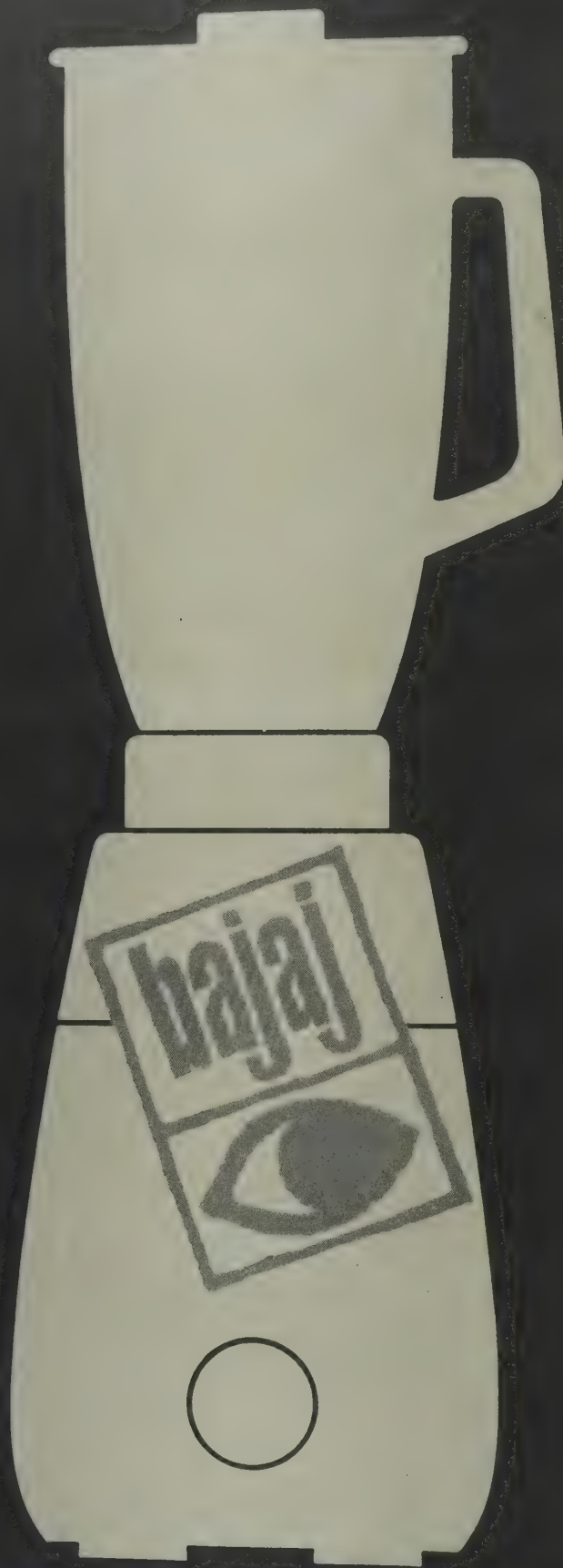


nose rings, "tika" and the "hathphool" which covers the entire hand in delicate pearl strings and kundan setting. The ancient head ornament "damani," with the traditional peacock motif, is linked with the "bali," encrusted with colourful stone settings and pearl drops enhancing the beauty of the jewel.

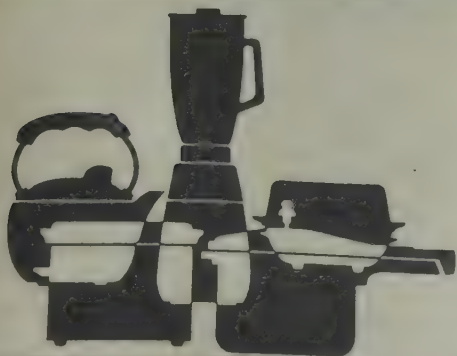
Jewellery Courtesy: Narbheram V. Meenawalla, Bombay.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



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7-8

THE LITTLE WOMAN

Little Johnny: "Come quick, Mummy, there's a dog in the compound as big as a donkey."

Mother: "Johnny, I've told you a million times not to exaggerate."

"Your wife looks stunning tonight. Her gown is a poem."

"What do you mean poem? That gown is two poems and a short story."

Two travellers arrived at the hotel and were shown a rather dingy room.

"What," said one, "does this pigsty cost?"

"For one pig," the proprietor replied, "two dollars; for the two of you, three dollars."

"We have everything on the menu today, sir."

"So I see. How about a clean one?"

THAT'S A LAUGH!

"I must have a holiday," said the pretty waitress, "I'm not looking my best."

"Ridiculous!" said the manager.

"It's not ridiculous," said the waitress. "The men are



beginning to count their change."

"What's the matter with Briggs?"

"He was getting shaved by a lady barber when a mouse ran across the floor."

Policeman: "As soon as I saw you coming round the bend, I said to myself 'Forty five at least.'"

Lady Motorist: "How dare you! It's this hat that makes me look so old."

Policeman: "Miss, you were doing seventy miles an hour."

Lady driver: "Isn't that splendid? And I only learned to drive yesterday."

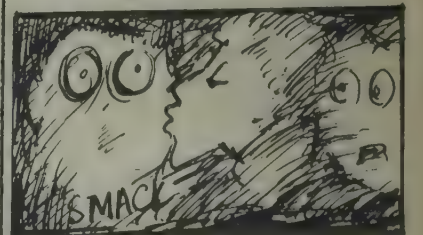
"The horn on your car must be broken."

"No, it's just indifferent."

"What do you mean, indifferent?"

"Well, it just doesn't give a hoot."

Suresh: "Have you ever been in a railway accident?"



Anil: "Yes, once while going through a railway tunnel, I kissed the father instead of the daughter."

Father: "Are there half fares for children?"

Conductor: "Yes, under fourteen."

Father: "That's all right. I have only five."

Compiled by George Fegradoe



ABOVE LEFT : Dressing up for that special day : In a traditional ghagra choli set, hand painted and appliqued and delicately embroidered in gold. The long flowy dupatta has small motifs appliqued all over and edged with a zari border.

ABOVE RIGHT : Demurely elegant: Appliqued scallops adorn the skirt edge of this ghagra with floral motifs appliqued vertically at intervals. Embroidered scallops repeat on the edge of the dupatta.

LEFT : Exclusive for the evening get-together — an unusual triangular printed pallav adorns this diagonally striped silk saree in black and white. Paisleys and other motifs richly embroidered in gold zari, give a touch of elegance to the pallav and saree border.

RIGHT : The bride in an offwhite silk saree with a gorgeous printed border in deep red. It has paisleys embroidered in gold zari. Enlarged paisleys repeat on the pallav in zari.



WEDDING BELLS!

With sky-rocketing prices, parents of brides can no longer be generous on the lavish scale of yore. So the bride has to choose with an eye not merely to the beauty of the clothes but also to the price tag and make do with a fewer number. She has to see that she has all the variety she needs within the limited budget. So here is a selection of sarees and ghagra choli sets created by PANNA DOSSA, which combine beauty and variety with economy. Original in design and striking in colour combination, they are simple and practical but retain the festive look of embroidered elegance.

A selection of exclusive sarees and wedding sarees will be on display from April 17-19, 1980 at the Kalindi Boutique, Peddar Road, Bombay.



Look, it's an imported fridge!



No, it's an Indian refrigerator —Zenith, for the first time with a water cooler.



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It's the Zenith 165-litre refrigerator—bringing you a convenience that only world class refrigerators have—a built-in water cooler.

The water cooler built into Zenith is not just an innovation for convenience. World leaders in refrigeration, have recognised this to be a necessary advance to make the refrigerator function most efficiently.

Up with cooling efficiency, down with power consumption

With the water cooler built into Zenith—the refrigerator door is opened for only half the number of times. The result—the cooling efficiency goes up, the strain on the compressor comes down, thereby saving electricity. Also, the life of the refrigerator door increases.

Functionally a leader, technically world class

Fedders Lloyd—the makers of Zenith, have had over twenty five years of association with world leaders in air-conditioning and refrigeration technology.

The heart of Zenith—its compressor is made in collaboration with Tecumseh, USA, world leaders in compressor technology.

The insulation material, Spintex[®] which keeps cold in and heat out is the product of collaboration with Johns-Manville International Corporation USA, leaders in insulation technology.

Unique two-way defrosting system

Besides Zenith is the only refrigerator in India, that can be restarted when it is under defrosting. A great convenience when guests drop in suddenly.

Being world class for Indian conditions

To protect the refrigeration system from vagaries of voltage fluctuation, Zenith comes with a built-in automatic stabilizer (optional) that withstands the widest fluctuation in voltage that can normally occur.

We invite you for a demonstration

Come, see Zenith for yourself. It's got everything you are looking for: tilting bottle rack, removable butter cheese boxes and egg rack, two extra ice trays, largest freezer and more storage space.

You'll then discover that you can pay more, but can't buy better than Zenith.



**Truly, years ahead.
Truly, world class.**

Universities are institutions for transmitting accumulated knowledge to successive generations in order to enable them to absorb values, beliefs and norms which will assist them in developing all the faculties of the body, mind and character. In the present context, however, the functioning of these places of higher learning has undergone a radical change. Leave alone the noble task of instilling values in the young, universities today are unable to impart even that basic knowledge which is fundamental to our mental development. Calcutta University takes pride of place in being one of the largest and yet the most defunct of the universities in India.

To anybody visiting Calcutta for the first time, one of the less notable of the landmarks to be seen would be the university. Calcutta University presents a dismal picture. Situated at the centre of a crowded metropolis, it comprises a number of dilapidated buildings housing ramshackle offices, dingy classrooms, and rickety staircases. The walls of the buildings are not visible to the naked eye. Posters adorn the entire complex, indicative of the extent to which students concern themselves with activities other than studies. In fact, Calcutta University can boast of nurturing the most politically conscious group of young students in India. In the administrative sections, there are to be found on every desk, piles of papers gathering dust and uninterested officials sipping endless cups of tea. This is where the young adults of our society go to receive that education which will mould their minds and form their character.

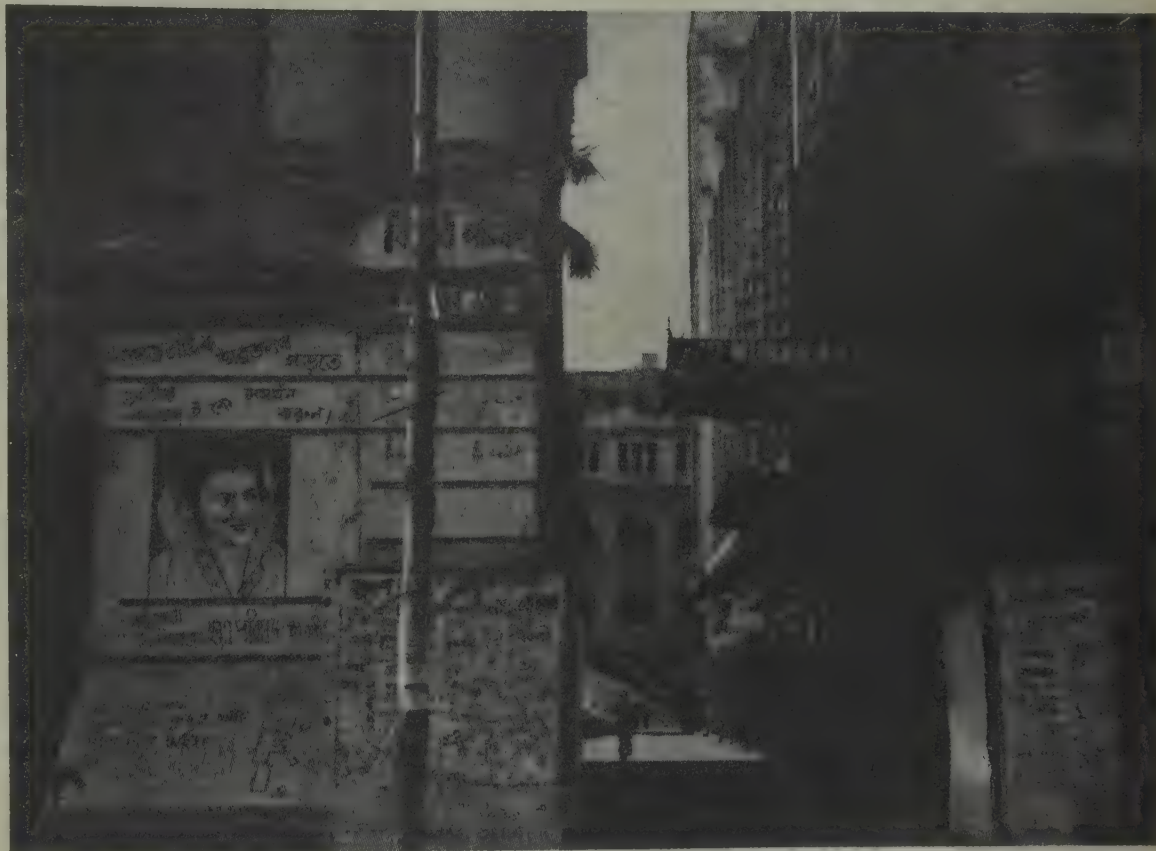
Calcutta University was formally founded on January 24, 1857, and in the first instance, adopted the pattern of education then prevalent in London University. Today it has expanded considerably and has 44 teaching departments, six university colleges and 211 affiliated colleges. In 1976-77, the total strength of its students was 2,34,661. The university is committed to giving 37 jubilee scholarships of Rs. 50 per month, 25 scholarships of Rs. 30-50 per month, 18 Research scholarships of Rs. 200 per month, 15 Research scholarships of Rs. 250 per month, 39 Fellowships (Technical) of Rs. 400 per month, 300 Scheduled Caste scholarships amounting to Rs. 214,000 per annum and 30 miscellaneous stipends amounting to Rs. 85,000 per annum.

An interesting feature is that the expenditure per annum of the university (387.36 lakhs) exceeds the income (358.02 lakhs). There are more than 100 professors and numerous readers and lecturers in the university which offers a wide variety of courses ranging from M.B.B.S. and B.D.S. (Dental) to Social Work and M.E. (Public Health). In order to provide students with reference facilities the Central library of the univer-

WHAT AILS CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY?

Nirupama Natarajan

In the ultimate analysis, a couple of precious years are lost between their days as students and the publication of results which supposedly declare their eligibility to enter a post-graduate course or pursue a career. This period of enforced idleness disrupts that continuity which is so vital to success in any enterprise and leaves its mark upon the now-not-so-young student. A prevalent racket these days is the collection of re-assessment fees. Very often a deserving candidate finds that he has been accorded extremely low marks, whereupon he submits his paper for re-assessment, paying a fee of



sity has 4,31,587 books and 78,000 periodicals. This quantity however, has been largely offset by the loss in quality, and malpractices have penetrated the very infrastructure of the university.

Among its notable peculiarities are, to cite a few examples, obsolete, repetitive courses; constant postponement of exams; unfairness in marking of answer papers; delay in publication of results, and invalid scholarships. The B.Com, B.A. and B.Sc. exams, which are scheduled to be held between March and May, are inevitably postponed till the latter half of the year, thereby creating a vacuum in the minds of the students and rendering them incapable of giving of their best when the exams eventually do take place. Question papers are often "leaked out" and in the examination halls, cheating is commonly resorted to as vigilance is shoddy.

Rs. 15 for every Honours paper that is supposedly re-evaluated.

When asked about the working conditions in Calcutta University, a senior professor who naturally wished to remain anonymous, complained that he had not received payment for answer-scripts corrected by him in 1976. He stated that there was no incentive to go through each answer paper carefully as these were not shown to the students concerned and moreover, only Rs. 1.12 was paid for every paper corrected. Some time ago a pile of uncorrected answer papers were found in a hawker's stall. This was widely reported by the newspapers. This, then, is what all the effort put in by

Continued on Page 58



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Put 2 heaped measures in a glass of chilled water and stir. Your delicious drink is ready. (measure-spoon is in every jar).



Children will enjoy its goodness

Contains health-giving Vitamins A, C & D, Calcium and Dextrose.



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—for your family and friends who enjoy the good things of life

FAT & OIL



Nothing reveals the quality of good cooking as unmistakably as the fat in which it is cooked. Fats, used with imagination and skill not only enhance the flavour of food but also change textures as each type is as individual as its taste. Fats act as emulsifying agents in gravies and as a preservative for pickles. All types of butter — sweet, salt and processed — are made from fresh or soured cream having 80 per cent fat content. Salt is sometimes added for flavour; this also keeps longer than the sweet butter. Butter gives the most beautiful browning in breads and pastries. Margarine, like butter, contains 80 per cent fat, the rest being water, solids and salt. It may be substituted for butter weight for weight although the textures produced are different from butter in both cooking and baking. Lard, which is fat from pork, is a softer, oilier fat than butter, margarine and other shortenings. It cuts into flour to create flaky textures in biscuits and pie crusts. Vegetable shortenings are oils from soyabean, corn or peanut, refined and deodorized.

Vegetable oils are obtained from various seeds, fruits and nuts such as cotton-seed, olive, soyabean, mustard, sesame or gingelly, sunflower, and groundnuts and are used in most of our daily cooking. They are refined and deodorized so thoroughly that it is hard to differentiate one from the other in flavour, odour or taste except olive oil. Nut oils such as peanut, walnut and hickory, are best used for salads.

PASTRY CRUST FOR TARTS

- 4 cups flour
- ½ tbsp. salt
- 1 cup margarine or butter
- 3 eggs
- 1¼ cups powdered sugar

Sift the flour with the sugar and salt. Cut the margarine or butter into cubes and blend well with the flour mixture. Beat the eggs and mix together with the flour mixture.

Lightly flour a board and roll the dough into a thin sheet. Cut into rounds to fit individual tart tins. Fill the tart tins and press down firmly. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot

oven for twenty minutes or until golden brown. Chill before filling.

APPLE FRITTERS

- 250 grams apples
- ½ cup milk
- 110 grams flour
- 2 eggs
- 1½ tsp. salad oil
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt
- Pinch cinnamon powder
- Castor sugar
- Ghee for frying

Peel and core the apples. Cut into rings. Beat the eggs well and gradually stir in the milk. Mix together the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon powder. Stir in the egg mixture and add the salad oil. Blend together. Dip each apple ring into the batter and fry in very hot fat till brown on both sides. Drain and sprinkle castor sugar. Serve hot.

CREPE SUZETTES

FOR PANCAKES :

- 2 eggs, separated
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsps. castor sugar
- 1 tsp. lemon rind, grated

Butter

FOR SUZETTE SAUCE :

- 250 grams sugar
- 4 tbsps. unsalted butter
- Juice of 1 orange
- Rind of 1 orange, grated
- 3 tbsps. rum
- 1 tbsp. cointreau

Put the egg yolks in a mixing bowl and beat well. When creamy, stir in the castor sugar. Now gradually add the milk. Blend well. Add the salt and lemon rind and mix. Beat the egg whites very stiff and fold into the mixture. Heat a frying pan and add a little butter, just enough to grease the bottom of the pan. Pour in just enough batter to get the thinnest coating. Brown the pancake lightly on each side. Roll and keep aside.

For the sauce use a chafing-dish, or the top of a double boiler and dissolve the butter, sugar, orange juice and rind. When the sugar has dissolved, add the rum and cointreau. Drop each rolled pancake into the hot sauce and serve very hot. This can also be served with the hot sauce poured over the pancakes.

CHINESE FRIED VEGETABLES

- ½ cup carrots, shredded
- 1 cup cabbage, shredded
- ½ cup French beans, shredded
- ¾ cup bean sprouts
- ½ cup cucumber, shredded
- ½ cup capsicum, shredded
- ½ cup cauliflower, finely chopped
- 1 tbsp. peanut oil

FOR THE SAUCE :

- 1½ tbsps. cornflour
- 5 tbsps. water
- 1 tbsp. soya sauce
- Salt to taste
- 1 tbsp. fresh ginger, minced

Prepare the sauce by blending the cornflour and water. Stir in the sauce, ginger and salt to

taste. Heat the peanut oil in a flat pan. Add the beans, capsicum and cauliflower and stir for three minutes. Add the remaining vegetables and cook covered for fifteen minutes stirring occasionally. Stir in the sauce and simmer till boiling point. Serve immediately.

CHICK PEA FONDUE

- ½ kg chick peas (channa)
- A pinch soda bicarb
- 2 tbsps. olive oil
- 1 tbsp. sesame seeds
- Lime juice to taste

Soak the chick peas overnight. Next day pressure cook with a pinch of soda. When tender, drain and mash till a smooth creamy consistency. Heat the oil in a chafing dish till warm. Add the mashed peas. Season with salt, pepper and lime juice.

CHICKEN WITH SPANISH RICE

- 2 small chickens
- 6 thin slices pineapple
- 2 tbsps. lemon juice
- ½ cup fine breadcrumbs
- ½ tbsp. tobassco sauce
- 2 pinches saffron
- ½ cup raisins
- 4 tbsps. tomato puree
- 1 orange, sliced thinly
- ½ cup sherry (optional)
- ½ cup guava jelly
- 1 cup butter
- 1 tbsp. oil

Pepper to taste

Salt to taste

FOR THE SPANISH SAFFRON RICE :

- 1 cup rice
- 1 onion, minced finely
- 1 clove garlic, chopped
- ¼ tbsp. saffron

2 cups chicken broth

2 tbsps. olive oil

Salt to taste

Joint the chicken and brush the pieces with lemon juice, season with salt and pepper and let it marinate for two hours. Heat the butter and fry the pieces. When tender, add the tomato puree, raisins, sherry, tobassco sauce and saffron. Stir and cover tightly. Keep warm but do not cook any more.

Clean and wash the rice. Heat two tablespoons of olive oil in the top of a double boiler. Add the minced onions and garlic and fry. Add the rice, saffron and salt. Stir well. Pour in just enough chicken broth to cover. Cook, uncovered, till tender. Add more liquid if necessary. When cooked turn out onto a shallow pan and dry in a warm oven. Spoon into a ring mould and turn out onto a serving platter.

In the centre of the rice ring, pour the chicken and gravy. Heat oil. Cut the sliced pineapple into one inch squares and fry for about five minutes with the breadcrumbs. Pour this over the chicken and garnish with the orange slices and guava jelly on top.

GREEN CHILLI PICKLE

- 500 grams green chillis
- 120 grams tamarind
- 125 grams mustard oil
- 2 tbsps. mustard seeds
- 4 tbsps. black gram dal
- 2 tbsps. powdered red chillis
- 2 tbsps. coriander leaves
- ¼ tsp. turmeric powder
- 120 grams jaggery
- 2 tbsps. salt

Slit the chillis, taking care not to split them. Soak the tamarind

in a pint of water, for half an hour and extract pulp.

Heat the oil and fry mustard, black gram and coriander leaves. Add green chillis and fry till dry. Add tamarind, turmeric, chilli powder, salt and jaggery. Simmer, stirring constantly till the liquid evaporates. Cool and preserve in airtight jars.

PRAWN PATIA

- 3 dozen large prawns
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 1¼ tsp. coriander and cummin powder
- ½ tsp. salt
- ½ cup cold water
- ½ cup sesame oil (til)
- 2 large onions
- A small raw mango, sliced (optional)
- Juice of a lemon
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- ½ tsp. jaggery

GRIND TO A FINE PASTE :

- 11 green chillis
- 7 red chillis
- 2 cloves garlic
- Half a bunch coriander leaves
- Salt to taste

Clean and wash the prawns. Boil them in water with vinegar, a pinch of coriander and cummin powder and salt. Slice the onions. Heat the oil and brown the onions in it. Remove the onions and fry the ground masala in the remaining oil. Add the teaspoon of coriander and cummin powder, the turmeric, jaggery, lemon juice and mango. Stir for about two minutes. Then add the brown onions and keep stirring. Add the prawns, and fish stock. Fry till the mixture is dry. Add salt if necessary.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of April will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00:

- 1) A non-stick coated Saucepan from TRUPTI, INDUSTRIES and, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine.



RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Sumana Bhattacharya,
W. Bengal.

HOTCHPOTCH SOUFFLE

- 1 cup bean sprouts
- ½ cup water chestnut
- 10-15 spring onions, cut lengthwise
- 3 carrots, shredded
- 4 capsicums, diced
- ½ cabbage, shredded
- 100 grams peas, shelled
- 100 grams mushrooms, sliced
- 2 tomatoes
- 6 chillis, chopped
- 2 tbsps. soya sauce
- ¼ tbsp. monosodium glutamate
- ½ tbsp. sugar
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- Salt to taste
- 200 grams prawns, shelled and deveined
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 tbsp. cornflour
- Oil as required

Soak the mushroom in a potful of warm water. Pour four ladleful oil in a karahi. Fry the prawns and leave aside. Now fry the onions, water chestnut, bean sprouts, carrots, cabbage, peas. Fry till translucent. Mix in the chopped tomatoes and chillis. Add salt. When the vegetables are cooked, add sugar. Put in the chopped celery. Mix the prawns with the vegetable mixture. Blend the cornflour with soya sauce. Add to the above mixture. Add a pinch of monosodium glutamate and keep aside. Beat the egg yolks thoroughly and put in the prawn and vegetable mixture. Mix well. Now beat the egg whites stiffly. Fold into the mixture. Spoon the mixture in a greased souffle dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake for about forty five to fifty minutes.

Serve the souffle garnished with fried mushrooms, and hot buttered noodles.



Mrs. Kiran Punwani, Madras.

MUTTON ROLL

- ¾ kg minced mutton
- 30 grams butter
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 100 grams onions, chopped
- 2 tbsps. tomato sauce
- ½ tsp. salt and pepper
- 3 pods garlic
- 1" piece cinnamon
- 1 small piece ginger
- ½ tsp. mustard
- ½ cup hot water

WEEKLY WINNER



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

FISHY TOMATO BAKE

- 250 grams pomfret
- 250 grams tomatoes
- 100 grams cheese, grated
- 2 eggs, separated
- 1 tbsp. butter

FOR THE FILLING:

- 2 hard boiled eggs
- 1 carrot, boiled

FOR THE PASTRY DOUGH:

- 120 grams potatoes, boiled
- 240 grams flour
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- 60 grams butter
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1½ tsp. cold water
- 1 egg, beaten

Heat the fat and fry the cinnamon and onions. Add rest of the ingredients and cook till water evaporates. Add hot water and cook till mutton is tender and dry. Remove and cool.

FOR THE PASTRY DOUGH

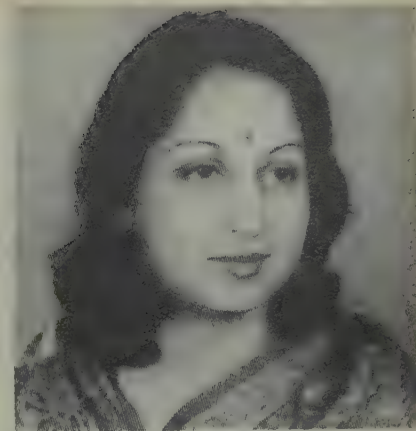
Mash the boiled potatoes. Sieve together the flour, baking powder and salt. Add the butter and mix till it resembles bread-crumbs. Add the mashed potatoes and form into a stiff dough.

Roll out on a grease proof paper. Place the meat filling in the centre leaving a margin of one inch all around. Place the chopped carrots and egg slices on top of the filling. Rub the beaten egg on the pastry margin. Roll up and place in a baking tray. Put three cuts on top and glaze with remaining beaten egg. Bake in a moderate oven till golden brown.

FREEDA RODRIGUES, Bombay.

- 2 large onions
- 100 grams capsicums
- 1 tbsp. vinegar
- 2 tbsps. oil
- ½ tsp. cinnamon and clove powder
- Pepper and salt to taste

Cook the fish. Remove bones and mince it. Blanch the tomatoes. Chop them. Chop the onions and capsicums. Add pepper, salt, vinegar, cinnamon and clove powder and saute in oil. Put in the fish, the egg yolks and tomatoes and cook till the mixture is dry. Cool. Beat the egg whites and add to the mixture. Put the mixture in a greased pirex dish, cover with grated cheese and dot with butter. Bake till the top is brown. Serve hot with toasted bread.



Mrs. Radhika Shrinivas, N. Delhi.

SAVOURY SALMON SOUFFLE

- 2 tea cups salmon, cooked
- 1 cup prawns, cooked
- 1 small cucumber, thinly sliced
- 2 large eggs, separated
- ¼ cup margarine or butter
- ½ cup plain flour
- ½ cup milk
- ½ cup fish stock
- 8 grams gelatine
- ½ cup cream, whipped
- Salt and pepper to taste
- A pinch clove powder
- A few mint leaves, crushed

Melt the butter in a pan. Stir in flour. Keep stirring till smooth. Add the milk, stock, salt, pepper, cloves and mint. Boil for a few minutes. Keep stirring. Add the beaten egg yolks and stir till the sauce thickens, cool. Melt gelatine over gentle heat. Stir into the sauce mixture, with shredded salmon, prawns and cream.

Beat egg whites till stiff. Gently stir into the sauce mixture. Pour into the prepared souffle dish and set for half an hour.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

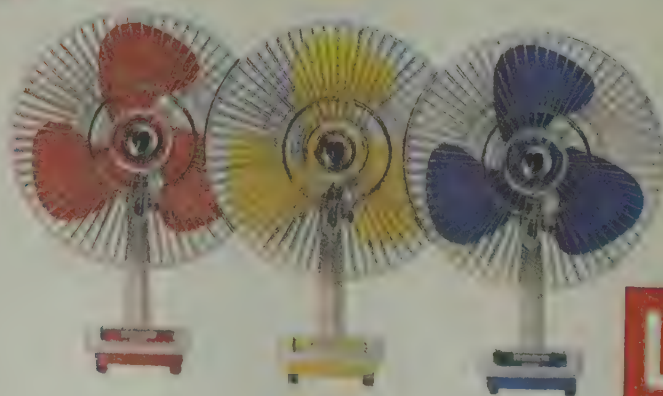
1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other 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 Marg, Bombay-400 023.



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PEOPLE KNOWN AND

"Charlie's Angels", the blockbuster TV show that shot **Farrah Fawcett Majors** to fame, is on the lookout for another "angel." The TV feature had three luscious girls playing detectives, but according to Farrah, the show was a great success mainly because they were braless under their T-shirts, which has prompted a reviewer to call it a "jiggle show." Anyway, like all beauties who have hit the high spot, Farrah too left "Charlie's Angels" to try her luck with Hollywood. She made three films, which can only be described as dire and dreadful.

In real life, Farrah was promoted by the media as a sweet lily gal who lived cleanly with husband Lee Majors and said her prayers every night before going to sleep. But Farrah, recently

ranch in Western Australia, the **junior Nizam** (as he shall be called, since nobody seems to know his full name) was in the news again for something else. He is reported to have taken a second wife, Australian Helen Simmons (31) of Perth. The 45-year-old junior Nizam is reputed to be one of the world's wealthiest men, worth £1,000 million, and Tim Satchell in the "Daily Mail" says enviously that a doctor who was at Harrow with the Nizam told him, "As a paperweight for his prep, Jah (as the Nizam was called) always used the world's second largest uncut diamond."

After much hoo-ha, "Bombay", published by Time/Life Books in their series The Great Cities, has finally been released by the Indian Customs authorities. Ori-



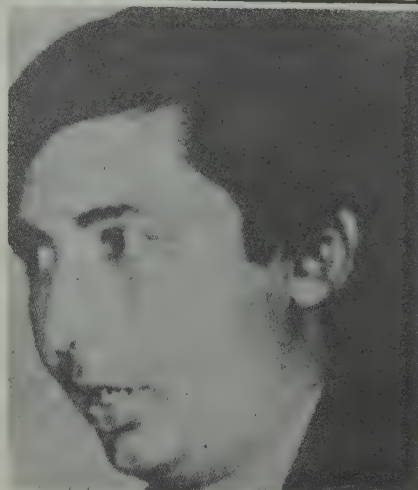
estranged from her husband, was seen more in the company of Vijay Amritraj. Father Amritraj denied the Indian connection, saying that Farrah only loved spicy Indian chicken curry and tennis, and that his son would only marry an Indian.

Anyway, back to "Charlie". Another "angel," Jaclyn Smith, has threatened to resign, and guess who's a hot contender for the plum role? Our very own Persis Khambatta now described as the "Air-India" and "Star Trek" girl, whose hair has grown again. Who says Persis-tence doesn't pay!

Angry relatives recently accused the grandson of the Nizam of Hyderabad in the Indian media, of smuggling valuable antiques out of the country. A sheep breeder on a half-million-acre

ginally written by Aubrey Menen, then rejected by the editors, then recommissioned to **Dom Moraes**, who claims that only 50 per cent of the book has been written by him, "Bombay" is said to be another one of those clichéd commentaries on India. The city of Bombay is portrayed as one of intolerable smells, ungainly sights, double standards, unbearable climate and manic festivities. "Why was 'Bombay' included in the series of The Great Cities if the only motive of the Time/Life Books publishers was to portray a totally negative picture of the city, as they've certainly succeeded in doing?" asks an angry Gauri Salvi, who reviewed the book.

Actually, this strange love-hate relationship of Indo-Anglian writers with their mother coun-



try is unfathomable. V. S. Naipaul, after his first miserable experiences, one would imagine, would never have wanted to return to India. Yet he does, almost every year. Ruth Praver Jhabwala, who lived almost her entire adult life in India and became a famous author, now stays in New York and gives interviews to the press about how much she hates India. And Dom Moraes, very much the brown sahib, who denounced India's "aggression" on Goa, fled England some years ago when a cop frisked him just because he was coloured. He is now settled in Bombay. Why do all these writers denounce India and then come here regularly to be lionised? Perhaps the lure of money (Dom Moraes was reportedly paid a whopping £5,000 for "Bombay") makes these writers pander to Western audiences and dish out exactly what they

are looking for — the India of cows, festivals and gurus.

When it comes to creating records in Indian films, one always thinks of evergreen hero Ashok Kumar, who, at the ripe old age of 50, acted with a 16-year-old girl as his heroine. But it now appears that Malayalam actor **Prem Nazir** has beaten all previous records. Making his debut in 1951 at the age of 21, Nazir's 500th film, "Karipuranda Jeevit-hangal" (Blackened Lives) was released in February this year. With 20 more films due to be released this year and 35 contracts on hand, he is well on his way to find a place in the Guinness Book of Records. He has also acted in 107 films with the same heroine, Sheela, and has played opposite 80 heroines.



UNKNOWN

We do not know the identities of these nameless mothers, but they have contributed to Finland having one of the world's lowest infant mortality rates. Natural mother's milk is collected and stored in Finland's hospitals for newborn babies, and this unique milk collection scheme has been popular in the country since 1930. But now, there is a rumour that the payment given to mothers for their milk is liable to be taxed. Angry mothers have refused to give any more milk and Finnish hospitals are faced with the prospect of going back to the cow for help after more than five decades.

Lakshmi Narayan

HE half ran to her table. "Rekha," he said. "Will you come to a movie with me?"

"What?" She raised her face towards him.

"Evening show today. 'Son of Mother India'. I've got two tickets. Look." He thrust the tickets at her.

She wasn't looking at him. He turned to see Smita standing beside him. He put the tickets back in his pocket.

"I'm sorry, I have to sit late today," Rekha was saying. "I've got work."

"Why should you work overtime?" Kumar was aware of Smita's embarrassed smile.

"I've promised Mr. Gupta. I have to type some letters for him." She played with one of her plaits.

"You shouldn't sit late." Kumar's tongue was like sandpaper.

His palm was sweating. "I'll help you with your work."

"No, not today. Sorry." She took out her tiffin box. "It wouldn't be right."

"Then some other day?" His mouth twitched. "Perhaps?"

"Maybe." She glanced at Smita. "But I can't promise you."

Kumar went back to his seat, picked up his chair and sat down. He thought he heard Smita giggling, but he wasn't sure. He wanted to tear up the tickets and throw them in their faces, but he didn't. He went to the cinema house in the evening and sold the tickets at a premium. He had stood in line for them for two hours several minutes and a number of seconds, hadn't he?

Kumar wondered why he hadn't noticed before that Mr Gupta looked very much like Prem Chopra. That same disgusting leer in his eyes, the same lascivious grin on his lips. Kumar didn't like the look of him at all.

Mr. Gupta was the Assistant Manager of the Branch. Rekha was his typist. Rekha spent an awful lot of time alone with Mr. Gupta in his cabin. He was obviously ensnaring her and naive Rekha was falling into the trap.

One day, Mr. Gupta would ask Rekha to stay late, very late. He would send the peon and guard away, saying that they

need not stay so late and considerate Mr. Gupta would himself close the Branch. The office would be quiet and dark. The streets outside would be deserted. A single light would burn in Mr. Gupta's cabin and a single desire would burst into flames in his heart. At some opportune moment between "Dear Sir" and "Yours faithfully," he would pounce on Rekha. But Kumar would be prepared. He would be waiting outside for his cue. At Rekha's heart rending scream, he would wrench the door open and stride in. No, the door would be bolted from inside. He would break it open with one determined heave of his shoulder and burst into the room. Mr. Gupta would be startled and would look for the nearest window. Rekha would smile proudly at him through her tears before collapsing on the floor.

He could see it in the newspapers the following morning: "Kumar, a brave young employee of a local bank, is reported to have thwarted the lascivious designs of one Mr. Gupta an Assistant Manager in the bank, on Rekha, his glamorous typist. Overcome by his guilty passion in the course of dictating a letter, the alleged culprit is said to have jumped on the unsuspecting girl with intention to rape. Kumar is reported to have heroically burst into the room and thrown a spanner in the works in the nick of time and beaten up the alleged culprit into pulp and thrown him out of the window to settle the issue."

The verdict of the jury would be commendable homicide not amounting to murder. The judge would possibly sentence him to a small fine with a big smile. Rekha would pledge her eternal gratitude, convertible into love.

The Manager was on leave and Mr. Gupta was officiating in his place. Rekha was alone with him in his cabin. She had been gone for quite some time and Kumar was beginning to feel uneasy. He strained his ears to hear if Rekha was screaming, but he couldn't hear anything. The walls of the Manager's cabin were padded. Perhaps Rekha was screaming for her life right at this moment and no one could hear her.

Kumar picked up the paper weight from his table and went to the Manager's cabin. He stood outside, his ear to the door. He thought he heard a sound. He turned the knob and entered quietly. He was hidden by a

Godrej almirah near the door. He peered at the table.

Rekha was sitting close to Mr. Gupta, at his right. Her shorthand pad was on her knees

and her pencil was poised over it. Mr. Gupta's right hand was dangerously close to Rekha's face.

"I shall always be happy to serve you," Mr. Gupta was saying. He paused and frowned at his file. "No, I shall always be happy to be of service to you," he said, looking at Rekha.

PART TWO

THE HERO

Sandip Mukherji



"Arun, have you got a hanky?" Rekha had closed her left eye and covered it with the middle finger of her left hand.

"Something in your eye?" Mr. Gupta took a clean white hanky out of his coat pocket. "I'll get it out."

Rekha took her finger away from her eye. Mr. Gupta parted her eyelids with the thumb and middle finger of his left hand and opened her eye wide. He fished in it with a corner of the hanky.

Kumar gripped the paper weight in his right hand.



ALL THAT DAY HE BASKED IN THE GLORY OF HIS FEAT. PEOPLE TALKED OF NOTHING ELSE; BUT REKHA WHO WAS IMMERSSED IN HER WORK SEEMED TO BE UNAFFECTED BY HIS HEROISM

"I think it's out," Mr. Gupta said. He was leaning towards Rekha. He put his left hand on her chin and wiped away the tears caused by the fly with the hanky in his right hand. The tip of his tongue emerged from between his lips. In a moment, he would pounce on her. Kumar put his left leg forward. He drew back his right hand.

But suddenly the door burst open and two men rushed into the room. One of them brandished a gun at Mr. Gupta. "The safe keys. Quick" he shouted.

Kumar hurled the paper weight. It hit the man plumb on the head and he went down, tumbling over a chair. The gun did not fire. Mr. Gupta disappeared under the table. Rekha stifled a scream and moved to a corner of the room. The second man turned towards Kumar with a startled look on his face. He had a knife in his hand. Kumar picked up a chair to shield himself. The man lunged forward. His legs were entangled in the telephone wire on the floor. He crashed to the ground. The knife was jerked out of his hand. Kumar kicked it under a sofa. Mr. Gupta cried for help from under the table. Rekha stood in a trance.

A peon heard the noise and peeped inside. When he saw that things were more or less under control, he charged into the room and set upon the man who was trying to retrieve his knife. The room was soon full of people. Mr. Gupta quickly emerged from under the table and slapped his trousers vigorously to brush off the dust. Rekha sat down on a sofa.

The crowd directed its collective fury at the dacoits. Soon they were in such a state that a serious argument ensued whether they should be sent to a police station or to a hospital. Kumar's suggestion that they should be sent to a hospital under guard and the police asked to take charge of them was accepted. Mr. Gupta patted Kumar on the back and despite his protests, sent him home under armed escort in the bank's cash van.

Next morning, Kumar left early for the office. He took a bus from the station. He had left his goggles at home. He didn't want to be a film hero any more. He was a hero, a real hero not a celluloid imitation. When he arrived at the office, only the peons were around and they all came and salaamed him very respectfully.

All that day, Kumar basked in the glory of his feat. People talked of nothing else. They pointed at him all the time. People he did not know came up to him and chatted familiarly. There was always a ring of people around his desk. Kumar made light of what he had done and joked that he had always wanted to be able to throw like that on the cricket field and kick like that in football. They laughed loud and long and loved him for his level head.

He glanced at Rekha several times, but she seemed to be immersed in her work and oblivious to what he had done. She was the only one who was not affected by his heroism. Even the Chairman of the bank had commended him on the telephone and the passport size photo on his History Sheet had appeared in the "Navbharat Times", but Rekha was typing letters as if nothing had happened.

When Rekha left the office at 5.30, Kumar hurried out after her.

"Rekha!" he called out a little distance away from the office, unmindful of the people around them.

She looked at him over her shoulder. He came up beside her. A wisp of her, curly hair blew into her eyes. She pressed it back into place with her fingers.

"Will you come to 'Naya Dost' with me today?" Kumar asked, one hand on his hip.

She didn't speak. There were beads of perspiration on her upper lip.

"Come on," Kumar urged, his other hand was also now on his hip. "Or will Arun mind?"

"Arun?"

"Mr. Gupta."

"Oh."

"I heard you calling him Arun."

"So what?"

"What do you mean, so what?"

"He's my cousin."

"What!"

"Yes." She bit her lower lip. "Please don't tell anybody. We didn't want anybody to know, because people might say all sorts of things. Like I got the job because of him, that both of us shouldn't work in the same office. I might be transferred from here."

"Oh no, I won't tell anybody," Kumar promised quickly. "Will you come to the movie?"

"I can't," she said.

"Why not?" Kumar wished he was wearing his goggles.

She hesitated.

"Please."

"Actually I had two tickets for 'Son of Mother India' this evening," she said in a rush. "But Smita says she can't come. Some people are coming to see her today."

"You mean...?"

She smiled shyly.

"I was afraid you would refuse again," Kumar told her as they walked to the cinema hall.

"I thought you wouldn't ask me again," she said. "I thought you had forgotten me, with all the attention you've been getting since yesterday."

Kumar looked at the red bindi on her forehead and smiled.

He held her arm to help her cross the street.

She gave him the tickets as they reached the cinema hall.

He pushed his way through the crowd and she followed close behind.

People turned to look at them. They made a nice pair. They entered the hall. There was shehnai music in the air.

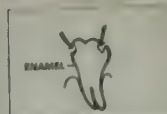
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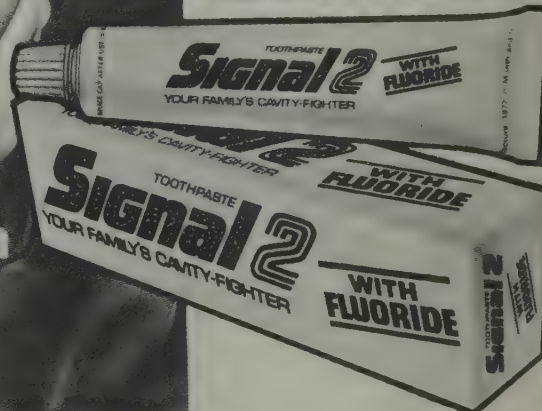
Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.

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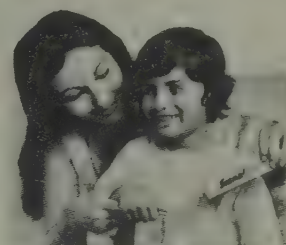
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PASSING THROUGH

ELIZABETH MOXLEY FALK

THE BEAUTY BUSINESS



While her husband, Lee Falk, goes on writing his comic strips about "Mandrake the Magician" and "The Phantom," Elizabeth Moxley Falk does her own little bit of writing.

Her first book is a horror story and the second a murder mystery set in a cosmetics company. Both are not out yet.

Actually Elizabeth Moxley worked in cosmetology and that's where she collected all her data first hand. Born in Memphis, Tennessee, she went to New York straight after school, lied about her age, (she was only 17) and got a good job.

"In the fashion world you have to be alert, and on your toes all the time. You have to give all you've got. As Charles Revson of Revlon says, people are like sponges. You wring them out — all their creative ideas, and then you find some one else.

"In the fashion world you have to work 15-18 months ahead. You have to have an intuitive feeling, to be able to guess more or less what colours will be in vogue next season. You may feel deep reds, browns, beiges will be in vogue, and you will order the colours accordingly. Then if these colours aren't fashionable, your company is left with millions of dollars of unsaleable stuff. You can

be fired within weeks or days.

"Yes, we still look to Paris for fashions," she says, "but Italy is becoming very important, especially Milan. Missoni—he is the important designer today like Courreges. Today public events influence fashion. Now, for instance, the space suit type of outfit is very much 'in.' Designers are becoming less and less important — the girl in the street is important. What will she wear, is the important question. That is what St. Laurent began to wonder. He planned his outfits to suit her. Also 'in' are the hand-me-down kind of clothes, like a girl wearing her brother's trousers.

"In cosmetics there is constant reformulation — will this year's look be tangy, pale, shiny or matt? Also we have to do constant updating of formulae. We have to see what is getting dated. There are two parts in cosmetics, the make-up and the treatment, like nourishing creams, moisturisers etc. No, I never studied cosmetology, but I just got the job. I would give the directions to the chemist, never in terms of so much of so and so, and so much of so and so but how I wanted it, softer or harder, or shinier or darker, and it was the chemist's job to produce the required product.

"I worked in Durban, South Africa, in Lintas, helping develop products for two years — fragrances and make-up. But I love writing. I've done a few articles for 'Vogue', 'Town and Country', and 'Mademoiselle'. I hate getting up very early, because I'm a night worker. I like working late into the night, no one to disturb me.

"This is my second visit to India," she says. "The first time I came was two years ago, alone, to visit friends. I love India, but I find it very disturbing. I mean the beauty and the tragedy, side by side. I was watching the Taj, at sunset time, it was all aglow, I was breathless with excitement, and then I turned and saw this little ragged beggar child wailing, with wasted limbs. I cried ... You in India have so much to be proud of, your history goes back thousands of years. You see things that are 2000 years old. We have nothing like that in the States ...

"Yes, I do want to come again. We timed our visit to coincide with the eclipse — what a glorious experience!"

"I love travelling. My family think I'm mad because I travel so much. When I met Lee for the first time and people told me who he was, I thought it was a big joke. Of course, I didn't believe it until long afterwards." She has been married to Lee Falk for three years, and shares his excitement and imaginary travels with Phantom into the deep jungles that are timeless and ageless.

Bilkiz Alladin

LEE FALK

The 'PHANTOM' Creator

Americans have proved that billions of dollars can be made not only by corned beef kings and oil-rich Texans. "Peanuts", the comic strip, is big business, and its creator Shultz has become a tycoon. Another "striking" is Lee Falk, creator of Mandrake the Magician and the immortal Phantom, long before it became fashionable for comic book superheroes to wear masks and capes and do swashbuckling deeds.

Falk was in India recently with his wife on a promotion tour for King Features, who syndicate his comics in more than 500 newspapers in 40 countries. His comics are translated into 15 languages. In Spain readers follow the adventures of "El Fantasma", in France he becomes "Le Fantome".

At a press conference the tall, greying Falk, in his late 60's, parried difficult questions with aplomb and kept the journalists laughing with his ready wit. Below are excerpts of his answers to the many questions put to him by the press, many of whom turned out to be ardent Phantom and Mandrake comic fans.

Q: You have just travelled to Nepal and many parts of India. Will these locales find a place in future adventures of Mandrake or the Phantom?

A: I should hope so.

Q: The Phantom has been dating his girlfriend Diana for more than 40 years. Why did you suddenly get him married last year? I believe he's even had twins.

A: Well, I thought it was high time he settled down with a wife and kids. But the Phantom is still only twenty-eight years old.

Q: Perpetually?

A: Yeah. (Pause.) Do you want to know the real reason why the Phantom got married? ... Two months before he did, I got married. (Laughter).

Q: Sometimes it's felt that some of your characters go above the heads of children.

A: Look, let me correct you. I do not write the Phantom and Mandrake comics for children. In fact, newspaper surveys in the United States have shown that the comics are read by a larger percentage of men and women than children.



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SHE IS IN A MESS

I am a Catholic. I had a civil marriage with a boy I loved without my parents' knowledge as they are against him. It is over two years now, but we have never stayed together after marriage. He now wants to divorce me.

When my parents come to know of my marriage and divorce, they will send me out of the house. Is there no other way of separation? My parents have found a boy for me. How can I get married again?

You are legally married and only a Court can annul your marriage. You cannot have the cake and eat it, too. So you will have to decide whether you will continue with the present relationship or get a divorce.

If you have decided to separ-

ate from your husband, you must confess everything to your parents. Getting engaged or married to somebody else at this stage is out of the question as you first need to have the first one annulled.

CONFIDE IN YOUR PARENTS

IS SHE PREGNANT?

I am a young girl of 16 and engaged to a boy whom I dislike, and I'm deeply in love with a married man. I had an affair with him which exceeded petting.

I have not had my periods

for about three months and I don't know if I'm pregnant.

I'm very scared of my parents and my fiancé. They will kill me if they find out about this affair. I'm not sure about this married man's feelings for me. What should I do now?

You have foolishly allowed yourself to be used as a sex object by this man. It is possible that you are pregnant, so act fast and take your parents into confidence. They are bound to be very upset, but they will help you face the situation.

Visit a family planning centre immediately. Depending on the situation, you can decide your future course of action.

END THIS RELATIONSHIP

I am 22 years of age and working in an office. I have fallen in love with my boss who is a

married man of 30 years. We have had sex relations. Of late he is not on good terms with me and has asked me to get married to someone else.

But I'm scared of getting married because I am not a virgin. Will my husband come to know about this? As I want to get married to someone else, my boss is troubling me these days.

The first thing you must do is to end this relationship. Get another job or at least a transfer to another department. Learn from your experience and wait for the right person for marriage. If he loves you sincerely he will not think about your virginity.

PASSING THROUGH

Q: Do you try to teach a moral through your comics?

A: Phantom and Mandrake stand for good. They're always fighting evil. Every new Phantom has to take the pledge to fight against greed, piracy and injustice. And God knows these are rampant in many forms in Bombay ... and in New York. You'll be interested to know ... (lowers voice to a whisper) that in two small countries in the Western Hemisphere ... I can't tell you the names ... underground groups have been formed to fight the dictatorship in their countries ... and they've called themselves the Phantoms.

Q: Wouldn't you say your comic characters are very racist? For instance, the white man going to Africa to help the blacks...the Africans are shown as a primitive people.

A: I don't think so. Look, the Phantom doesn't live in Africa. He lives in a mythical place. Denkali does not exist. My friends have pointed out to me that I have lions and tigers frolicking together and then they tell me there are no tigers in

Africa. I tell them that it's not really Africa. It's the Phantom's own country.

Do you really think my comics are racist? It might have been so prior to 1947, but with the end of the British Raj, the Phantom has also changed. Phantom comics are distributed in several African countries like Nigeria and Kenya, but this is the first time I have been accused of being racist. In fact, people are more sensitive to racist attitudes in the United States than here and my comics would get thrown out of the newspapers if it was thought they were racist.

I have good guys and bad guys ... and they are both black and white. I have a bad black guy like General Bababu who is modelled after Idi Amin and a good guy like Dr. Luaga ...

Q: Yes, but Dr. Luaga is a bright guy only because he went to Harvard in America.

A: No, no, he went to Oxford (laughter). Look, why is the Phantom white? Only because you create a character in your own image. If the Phantom had been created by an Indian, he would have been an Indian.

Q: ...Or you have a white missionary like Dr. Axel setting

up hospitals in the jungle...

A: (Smiles). Well, Dr. Axel is actually Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Q: The Phantoms have lived in Africa for 400 years. Yet not one of them has married a black.

A: How do you know? There have been 20 Phantoms before ... one of them could have married a black.

Q: Is there a special reason why your characters are called Phantom and Mandrake?

A: Well, the Phantom is the Ghost Who Walks. But the name Mandrake is more interesting. When I was in high school I came across a poem by John Donne which mentioned the word "Mandrake". I looked it up in the dictionary and found out that it meant a root. It is generally believed that the mandrake root is shaped like a man and possesses magical properties. It is supposed to scream when chopped down.

Q: Will you be using the solar eclipse in one of your new stories?

A: Yes, I will. We are going to Hyderabad especially to watch the eclipse. We travelled with a group of amateur astronomers and scientists on their way to India and it was very exciting.

I still haven't decided how I'll incorporate it (the eclipse) though.

For the record, Mandrake (which appeared in 1934) and Phantom (in 1936) have a total readership of more than 100 million a day. Phantom comics are the most popular in India and are syndicated in 30 magazines and newspapers. Lee Falk has been receiving fan letters from India for many years and it's been a long cherished wish for him to visit India. Playwriting is his other pastime. Falk has produced more than 300 plays, directed a hundred of them and even made a musical, "Mandrake the Magician".

Falk likens writing a play to creating a comic strip. "I think the art of writing a comic strip is closer to the theatre and to film technique than any other kind of writing," he says. "When I do stories for Mandrake and Phantom, I write a complete scenario for the artist, in which I detail the description of the scene, the action and the costumes. If new characters are being introduced, I write their descriptions and the dialogue for each panel."

Sounds like Satyajit Ray!

Lakshmi Narayan

PART FOUR

During the fourth month, I changed to more spacious quarters on the eighteenth floor of the Intercontinental Hotel but it really didn't affect the monotony of my existence, which was spent flat on my back, twenty-four hours a day. But there was a second bedroom for Ines at the Intercontinental, and a kitchenette where meals could be prepared for me when I tired of hotel food. My memory of those months is hazy. I do recall that the newspapers were full of accounts to the effect that I had not emerged from my room because I was keeping a pregnant Neapolitan girl there, waiting for her to have her baby which I would then proclaim as my own.

The most emotional moment for me occurred in my thirteenth week, when Dr. de Watteville brought a machine to my room with which to listen to the baby's heartbeat. The machine had an amplifier on it, so that I would also be able to hear the heart. It was a terribly exciting moment for me, the first concrete evidence that a living thing actually existed in my belly. Dr. de Watteville rigged up the machine and then, with a sounding cup, started to probe around on my stomach. Five minutes passed. Ten. Nothing but silence. Not a sound. Dr. de Watteville checked the controls on the machine. Everything was in order. But as the cup moved slowly across my belly it did not pick up a heartbeat. A balloon of anxiety rose in me and stuck in my throat. Another five minutes passed with no response. My breathing became difficult. I was prepared for the worst. The sounding cup had by now covered my entire stomach and picked up nothing. Panic words like "false pregnancy" and "breech birth" filled my mind. Then, suddenly, there it was. A miracle of sound. The steady, rhythmic, beautiful music of my baby's beating heart. I cried with joy as little involuntary chirps of relief came out of me. I could have listened to that lovely tattoo for the rest of the day, and I was disappointed when the doctor finally disconnected the machine and carted it away. It had been one of the grandest moments of my life.

I was also very affected by the first time I felt the baby kick. And yet it wasn't a kick at all, which was what I had been



The concluding instalment of Sophia Loren's sensitive account of her life, of her brilliantly successful career that has spanned more than two decades, and an unusually happy marriage

led to expect, but a flickering, like a little butterfly alive in my belly. The exhilarating thing about motherhood. I discovered, was that it was not the perfunctory process the books would have you believe. Each stage of development was, for me, a unique experience, beyond words.

Dr. de Watteville took me secretly to the hospital at five in the morning to avoid the hundreds of journalists from all over the world who were staked out in the lobby. He accomplished his subterfuge by having an automobile driven directly into

the ballroom of the hotel through a large rear door. The baby was to be delivered by Caesarean section; thus the time of the delivery was set by the doctor rather than by nature.

I had never seen Carlo, ordinarily the calmest of men, as nervous as he was before the operation. The night before, he paced the room and carried on a nonstop, disjointed conversation. At one point he went down to the lobby, where there was an exhibition of primitive paintings; he returned shortly afterwards, lugging canvases into the

room, having bought all the pictures in the exhibition. At that moment, Carlo was only thinking of my need to have that baby, with no thought given to what fatherhood, at age fifty-three, would mean to him. He had had two children, but at a time when he was young and distracted by the demands of his career. Often, immersed in their work men lose their sense of proportion. They don't seem to realize that they have just as great a need to have children as women do. Usually a man discovers this only after the child's birth, so that the woman by her earlier drive to be pregnant, anticipates her husband's later-blooming desire. Thus it was with Carlo, who for the first time would find deep joy in fatherhood.

A Caesarean, I discovered, is a terrifying operation. In the operating room, with needles in my arms, all prepped, my stomach covered with tape except for the part to be cut, the blinding lights above, all surgery conversation clearly heard and adding to my anxiety, instruments being readied, oxygen mask held ready, no anesthetic given until the very last second for the sake of the baby: Dr. de Watteville was already leaning over me with his scalpel, and I thought, My God, are they never going to put me to sleep? My body contracted in anticipation of the cut of his knife, but mercifully I went under the anesthetic at that very moment.

But not far enough under. The anesthetic was too mild, and I felt everything toward the end of the operation when I was being stitched up. The pain was ghastly, and I tried to scream out but I couldn't. I was gripped by a nightmare in which I kept hearing, over and over, "Your baby is dead, your baby is dead," the voice a series of echoes. "It was a girl, a nice baby girl but your baby is dead, your baby is dead."

The first person I saw when I came to, was de Watteville, who said, his face all smiles, "You have a fine baby boy." I embraced him, this man who had helped give me this most precious gift. Then there was Carlo embracing me and whispering joyful things in my ear. The baby was in the incubator, but a few hours later he was brought to me and placed in my arms. He had a little bandage on his bottom where de Watteville nicked him with the scalpel (he must have been as nervous as the rest of us). The baby had the beautiful round face of

perfectly round blue eyes. What a strange moment that was, that first moment with the baby. A stranger put in my arms, feeling not at all that he had come from my body, a moment of bewilderment for me, until he turned his pink mouth to my nipple and put his tiny hands on my breast and sucked his first milk. Then we were joined as mother and child, and that special happiness, so long postponed, was mine forever.

The problem of what to do about the hundreds of journalists from all over the world who were clamoring for exclusive interviews was solved by staging a huge press conference in the hospital amphitheater, where normally students watched operations. The day after my delivery, four hundred and fifty reporters and photographers packed the amphitheater. My



In the hospital: Carlo, Dr. de Watteville and Maria assembled for the blessing of Sophia's first born.

bed was wheeled into the room, with the baby beside me, and I had the unpleasant feeling that I was playing a scene in a movie. I felt rather disgusted at having to disturb the quiet enjoyment of my first moments of motherhood with this clicking, flashing, noisy disturbance. I was too weak to talk. Carlo and the doctors answered the barrage of questions and I managed wan smiles for the photographers. "This child," Carlo told the assembly rather grandly, "is a triumph for women all over the world." Carlo Ponti, Jr., the baby was named, with middle names of Hubert, in honor of de Watteville, and Leone, after Carlo's father.

Now comes the embarrassing part: my postpartum nuttiness. When the time came, I refused to leave the hospital. It was January, cold and snowy, and I

was afraid to expose the baby to the outside world. Ten days had passed, but no, I wouldn't go home. The baby stayed in the room with me and I looked after his every need — much too well. Anytime he cried, night or day, I picked him up and walked him. As a result, he cried a great deal, since that got him immediate attention. During the night I diapered him repeatedly, whether he needed it or not. And I constantly fed him, even though the doctor asked me not to. I had very little milk, because of the Caesarean, but I fed the baby as much as often as I could. I had the windows of the room taped shut, so that no fresh outside air could possibly find its way into the room. Whenever anyone entered the room, even the nurses, I made them put on antiseptic masks. It was really a ridiculous performance on my

part, but I had gone through so much to have this baby that I couldn't bring myself to risk the cold and microbes of the outside world.

For a month and a half little Carlo and I stayed snug in our hospital room. I spent much of my time answering the hundreds upon hundreds of letters I received from women everywhere, congratulating me, asking advice pleading for my help in their own infertility. I discovered that thousands of women shared my problem, and some of them wrote so movingly about how much joy my own triumph brought to them that it made me weep. They wrote to me as their sister, their daughter, the child they never had. I answered every one of them.

Finally, on my fiftieth postpartum day, the hospital threw me out.

Four years later, when I had my second son, Edoardo, I couldn't wait to leave the hospital. I had again spent almost eight months in bed, but as an accomplished mother I was relaxed and secure and knowledgeable. As a consequence, motherhood was much more enjoyable. In that respect, motherhood and film acting had much in common: sound instincts are essential but are made all the better by experience.

* * *

"How long is it going to last, this love? I don't know — three weeks, three years, three decades. You are like everyone else, wanting to shorten eternity by using numbers."

This is my answer to those who question my relationship with Carlo. We are married too long. Our ages are too far apart. Our looks are too different. We defy the system that prefers to think of marriage as "a desperation, legally authorized, and every kiss the conquest of repugnance." I admire Carlo's intellect, his tenderness the way he kneads himself into my problems. He is, above all else, a helpmate, not just a mate. I cherish Lawrence Durrell's observation: "A helpmate surpasses a lover, and loving kindness surpasses love, even passion."

The foundation that Carlo and I built, on which we based our life together, was firm and it has admirably supported our life. I do not ever think of Carlo as older or in any way except as the man I need in my life.

That doesn't mean that Carlo doesn't have his shortcomings. He doesn't talk much, so that I have to guess most of the time what he's thinking about, what he wants from me, or what he'd like me to do. I have to take words from his mouth with a pliers. Also, he works too much, but this is intrinsic to people from the north of Italy: if they don't work, they die, so I have learned to accept this as a fact of life.

And I have learned to accept the telephone. Life for Carlo without a telephone to talk into and movie scripts to read is intolerable. He has worked twelve to fifteen hours a day ever since I've known him, and I've come to the conclusion that his mania for work must have a Freudian origin.

I have also adjusted to the fact that Carlo is anti-social. It wasn't a big adjustment for me since I too am not very social.

But certainly one of the reasons that I don't accept invitations is that I know Carlo will be bored. He does not like any form of social life. He doesn't like theater or music, and if somehow I were to induce him to go to a concert or an opera he would fall asleep during the overture.

He is just as bored in a nightclub, and everywhere he is bored, he sleeps. If we go to the premiere of a film and he doesn't like the film, he promptly drops off. I must then nervously try to keep him awake: "Carlo! Carlo!" Actually, Carlo's napping doesn't annoy me; it's been a fact of life for such a long time I'm amused by it. But it seldom happens now because I long ago decided to protect him from his boredom, which is easily achieved simply by avoiding social events.

It really isn't much of a sacrifice for me since I myself am anything but a social butterfly. In the six years we have lived in our Paris apartment, we have rarely had a dinner party or any other social event. At the most, I enjoy having dinner with two friends in my own dining room. But sometimes when I am forced to go to some social event, despite my protests I have a good time. But it's not worth the agonizing I experience before going. Even on those rare occasions when I'm in the mood to go out on the town, the over-attraction I get in public takes most of the fun out of it, although once in a great while I enjoy dancing at a good discotheque or going to Maxim's for a campy evening. But if I do have an evening like that once in a blue moon, friends take me, and I go without Carlo. Most of the time when he goes out, other than the once or twice a month when we go to friends' houses or dinner, is when he has to entertain someone for business. I go along if he wants me to, and I converse and I never fall asleep. I always find something of interest even in the most difficult situations, because I look for it and I am patient.

Carlo, on the other hand, is terribly impatient volcanic inside, although outwardly calm. His face appears expressionless, but I know just by looking at him when he's bored or irritated, although other people

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haven't a clue. Perhaps he sees the same things in me, for he knows me as well as I know him, and he respects my moods and reacts to them perceptively. He is a considerate man, but the only thing he can't really deal with is boredom. He deals with me adroitly. When for instance, he notes that I am a bit depressed, if he thinks it is for something he has done he never mentions it; but if he thinks I'm depressed for something that doesn't concern him, then he brings it up and discusses it helpfully.

But I rarely bring to Carlo my problems about the children or my family or anything else. I like to solve my own problems because he spends his day solving problems. That's the nature of his work life, and he rarely involves me in those problems. I don't know anything about our money or our investments or the nature of contracts or any of that, not because Carlo wants to keep these things to himself, but because I am totally uninterested in any of this and prefer it to be Carlo's exclusive domain. He tries to insulate me from all bad news; he is my shock absorber.

CARLO PONTI SPEAKS

People don't understand our aversion to social life. In fact, we are called antisocial. But what they don't understand is that because we are public people, we prize our privacy.

The Pontis with their two sons.



We cannot, on the spur of the moment decide to have a pleasant dinner in a restaurant or a night on the town. The moment we put our feet out of our apartment, we are molested by the press and the public. The social pressure on us is overwhelming. We have a dozen invitations, every day from all over the world. State occasions, good causes, glittering balls and commemorative affairs. How many people are there in the world who are internationally recognizable? Sophia and I happen to be two of them, and being married to each other doubles our attraction. When we go out, we are public curiosities. The press assaults us and outrageously distorts what they write about us. I guess we sell copies, and in certain journalism, selling copies rates far above integrity.

We mostly avoid parties because if we go to one person's house, then everyone else we know is miffed if we don't go to theirs. Some people feel that Sophia does not have fun, is not enjoying her life, because she stays home so much. But they don't realize what an ordeal it is when she does go out. The public and press never give her a moment to herself. She must be constantly aware of what she says, what she does, whom she talks to, the look on her face. The fact is that she is a prisoner when she goes out, and free to be herself only when she's behind her own four walls.

Carlo rarely displays his emotions. Only a few times have I known him to weep. A couple of years ago, while he was attending an important film meet-

ing in Cannes, his sister called with the sad news that their mother had died. I decided not to call him right away, to let him finish his meeting, for how does expediency help the dead? So I waited three hours, although I must confess that I felt a sense of guilt in doing so. When I finally told him, Carlo broke down and wept over the phone.

Another time he wept was when news reached him in New York that his father had died. He adored his father and held him in great respect; Carlo wept then, letting the sadness seep quietly out of his soul.

And then there was the time that Carlo wept with joy. After so long an agony of bigamy and miscarriages, tainted happiness and threatened miseries, so many, many torturous years, and then that precious moment when he walked into my hospital room and I handed him the little blanket that contained his son. The tears sprang from his eyes and his cry of pure joy filled the room as he took his new little son in his arms. This is a side of Carlo that he shows to no one but me. People who don't know him very well think he's a cold, aggressive businessman. But actually Carlo is a very emotional man, as sweet and empathic a person as one could hope to know, generous to a fault, involved and anxious to please. But his personality is such that he never makes a show of these qualities. How often he has performed unrewarded favours for friends of his in the film business. He once induced me to perform in a friend's film (the friend was a producer who was down on his luck) against my better judgement, for I was sure, from the looks of the script, that the film would be a disaster; also, I didn't like the producer, who was a man of little humanity. When it was indeed a disaster and the producer proved to be ungrateful, Carlo was not bitter about it, for it was the act of generosity that mattered to him and not the churlishness of the recipient.

Carlo travels a lot and is away from the children and me more than I would like, but this is the nature of his business and it has been like this since I first knew him. In the beginning, when I was very young, I used to resent his absences, but once my own career got under way I was away on films for extended periods myself, and we both adjusted to absenteeism as a facet of our lives. Then, too, I found out something important about solitude.

I have been leafing through my notebook, and to my surprise I find that I have written down more observations about solitude than almost anything else. "True happiness is impossible without solitude." I devoutly believe that, I need solitude in my life as I need food and drink and the laughter of little children. Extravagant though it may sound, solitude is the filter of my soul. It nourishes me, and rejuvenates me. Left alone, I discovered that I keep myself good company. "How do you defend yourself against solitude?" my notebook asks. "Mister, I am solitude," it answers.

In solitude, I read and experience what I read. And in solitude, I deal honestly with my feelings, and with myself. I test new ideas. I redress any missteps I have taken; solitude for me is a house of undistorted mirrors. "The peace and contentment of a person," I once read, "are not outside of him, but inside of him." Solitude is guardian of my peace and contentment. When I am alone, I am never lonely. I have the company of what I am thinking and what I am reading. Recently, I read a passage of Chekhov's that haunts me: "Probably my destiny, since I was born, was not to understand anything, and if you understand something, I congratulate you. I have darkness in my eyes. I don't see a thing."

I think about Chekhov and his world. I think about his despair and sensibility. I wonder if, as an actress, I can convey an emotion as powerful and haunting as these words of Chekhov's have affected me.

CARLO PONTI

It is difficult to know Sophia. She is a good conversationalist when she wants to be, but she does not like to talk about herself. Or reveal her inner thoughts and feelings. Even I only see occasional flashes of what lies deep within her. She is a profoundly honest woman, completely so with me, but there is a part of her that she is determined to keep to herself and that's all there is to it.

I know that she has anger in her, but I have never seen a demonstration of it. In twenty years, she has occasionally been angry with me, but she has never raised her voice or thrown anything or in any way given vent to her anger. She is simply too controlled. I have never seen her really angry with the children. Those times when I know I have provoked her anger, she has al-

ways contained it. If it started to get the better of her, she simply went off and stopped speaking to me. Since I am a very controlled individual myself, we are well suited to each other's temperament. I sometimes raise my voice in business, but never in the home.

The English people are the most jealous in the world but they don't show it. Sophia is Neapolitan but in covering her jealousy she is more English than the English. But she cannot cover up with me and I know from the look in her eye when a jealous spark has ignited within her. She never provokes a scene or raises her voice but when she's jealous she knows I'm aware of it and that by itself achieves its purpose. I myself am devoid of jealousy. It is simply not in my makeup.

One of the most important things that Sophia contributes to our relationship is her unique way of looking at life. She has an inviolate set of values and an innate sense of what is truth and what isn't. I rely on her judgement of people, which I have found infallible — sometimes to my sad regret when I have not listened to her. There is no point in playing games with Sophia. She is about as easy to fool as Fort Knox.

The most outstanding thing about Sophia is her fantastic ear. It gives her balance, such an infallible equilibrium that not one phrase escapes her that is out of place, not one gesture that is excessive. Thanks to her ear she never says a thing she will have to regret, that is out of tune with her nature. She picks up languages effortlessly and with their precise rhythms. Her ear is the key to understanding Sophia. It has been largely instrumental in making her the star she is. As an example, in 1969 I produced a movie in Russia, called "Sunflower", with Sophia and Mastroianni. After we had been there for two months, Sophia was the only one in the entire company who had managed to understand and to express herself in Russian, one of the world's most difficult languages. When the film was completed, the Russians gave an official dinner in honor of the company. The highest ranking Russian official proposed a toast to us, and then Sophia rose to her feet, and raising her glass, extemporaneously answered in Russian with a toast to our Russian hosts and the Russian people we had met. That an Italian woman had cared enough for them and their culture to master their language made the



Everything they are to each other is in this picture.

Russians very emotional. At the end of her toast, everyone rose and applauded, and once again, Sophia's ear had triumphed.

Anything Sophia wants to do can reach perfection.

We quarrel infrequently. They are very polite quarrels; in fact, most of them should be called disagreements, not quarrels. We do not raise our voices or throw objects or slam doors. What upsets me most are the times that Carlo won't respond. But when Carlo decides to sit out a quarrel and say nothing, I finally get upset and go to my room. Sometimes we don't talk for several days. That constitutes a major quarrel.

When I am upset like that, I get in bed. I am a firm believer that the bed generates only good. When I am upset, despite my perturbation, I can descend into sleep with ease, like a deer or a baby. All my life, from early girlhood on, I have taken refuge in sleep. Misery and hunger never found my dreams.

But sleep does not cure my suffering, only postpones it. When I suffer, I lose my ability to think and reason, so I stay mute until my suffering abates and I can again coordinate my thoughts. The silence between us is broken when one of us speaks to the other, not about the quarrel itself, which we never again discuss, but when one of us just resumes talking — about children, house, help, work — husband-wife small talk. Sometimes, if Carlo is the one who decides to make up, he phones me long distance. Of course I never refuse the call; he is away and whenever he is away, quarrel or not, I miss him.

INES BRUSCIA

I do not think that Sophia has fun in the ordinary sense of the word. She is too serious. What she likes is to stay in her house and take care of things. She looks after her dresses and shoes; is meticulous about answering the mail; goes over shopping lists and menus, sometimes doing the cooking herself; devotes

much time to the children, sometimes playing games with them and telling them stories; talks to a close friend on the telephone; reads, but not as much now as before she had the children; she even helps out with the cleaning, especially in the kitchen.

She invariably gets up very early. When she is working, she rises about five o'clock. When she was working with Charlie Chaplin, it was every morning at four-thirty because the studio was so far from the apartment. She rarely goes out when she is making a film. For Sophia, work is a religion. When she is not working, she gets up around six or six-thirty. She eats lunch at noon with the children and Ponti, when he is in town, and the meals are exclusively Italian.

Weekends are spent casually in the apartment with the children. The children often invade their bedroom in the morning and play in their bed with Sophia and Ponti. It is a close, loving, enjoyable atmosphere. But people don't want to accept their lives as a fact, especially the press. They accuse me of painting a false picture. The problem is that people don't understand love; they understand sex, but not love. They do not understand the Pontis' mutual dependence, their importance to each other. When Ponti is away, he calls Sophia three, four times a day. They need each other. I can't imagine Sophia without Ponti or Ponti without Sophia. He needs her vitality and smartness, she needs his reflective mind and common sense. She is Neapolitan south, where they tend to exaggerate things, and he is Milanese north, where the tendency is to minimize, so in this way they balance each other.

The twenty-two-year age difference doesn't mean a thing. I am never aware of it. Ponti never brings his business into the house. They never discuss money or deals or any of that. Their talk is about the children, schooling, help problems, travel plans, the everyday talk of married people. I have rarely seen Sophia angry, but her anger flashes and is gone, a quick flame that burns itself out. Another Neapolitan trait. The people who work for her have worked for her a long time — me, Ruth Bapst (the governess), Sophia's makeup man, the maid, the housekeeper. Ponti's people too have been with him forever. It is a testament to their qualities as human beings.

The only times I have heard them quarrel is in the car. Ponti

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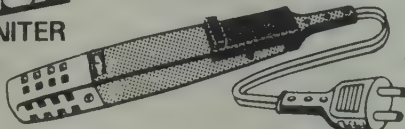
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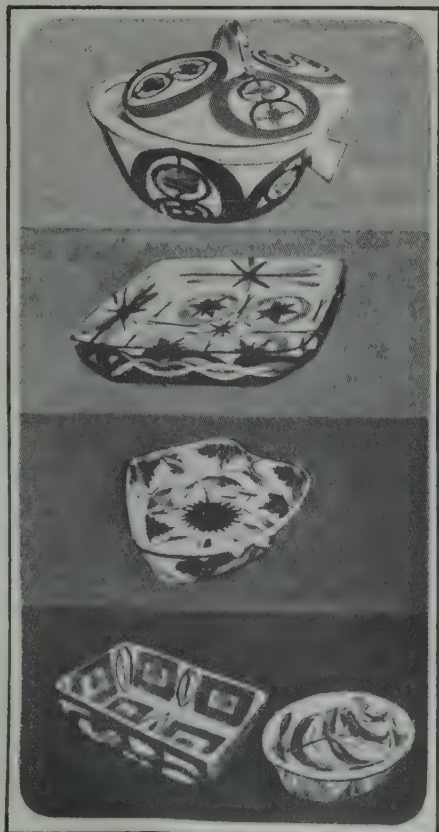
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FULLER BUSTLINE

I am 23 and have a flat chest — I feel very self conscious about this. I want a full bustline. I have tried using some kind of cream, but to no avail. Please suggest some exercises for me.

L. V. (Bombay)

First of all you must bear in mind that a good posture is important for a good bustline.

Here are some exercises for you — do them regularly for a couple of months.

1. Lie on your back, keep feet together, arms straight at sides and palms flat on floor. Without moving your arms, raise your chest and shoulders, tilt your chin so that the weight is at the back of your head. Relax. Repeat five times.

2. Lie flat on floor with your face down, arms bent at sides for support. Raise your body distributing even weight between hands and feet. Lower your body. Repeat five times.

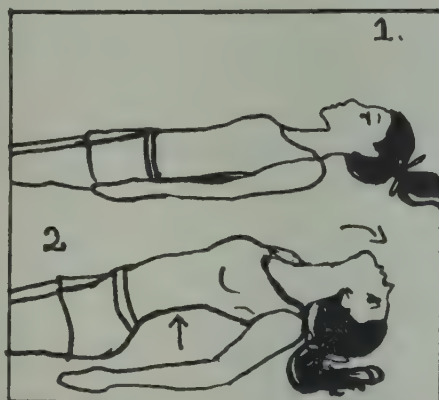
3. Stand straight and hold books of equal weight in each hand. Then raise arms out and

GOOD POSTURE IMPORTANT

up without bending them. Hold. Gradually bring arms at sides until you return to the starting position. Start with two times working up to 10 times.

SHE WANTS TO REDUCE

My sister-in-law had put on six kgs. during her holiday abroad. She was miserable about



this increase in weight and was determined to reduce. By sheer power of the mind she was able to shed the extra weight within four weeks. How could she achieve this? I too want to reduce by about five kgs.

M. S. (Delhi)

The power of the mind can bring about the desired effect. The right time to create the desired mental image of yourself is on the thin edge of sleep for the subconscious part of the mind takes over during sleep.

At night when you are about to retire, picture yourself as being slim and hold the picture as you slip into sleep. You have to be determined as the subconscious will not accept a passing whim. Tell the deep inner "you" that you can be normal weight and look and feel ten years younger. It is astonishing the power that the subconscious mind has to make a strong desire come true.

And when you wake up in the morning the following day, your first thought will be to stretch lazily. So stretch exerting yourself through the middle picturing a slim waistline.

Also don't overeat and get up from the table just short of full — this practice will cut down your weight. This will also change your food habits gradually.

SHE IS SKINNY

I am very skinny and want to put on weight. Any suggestions? I have been eating fattening foods, but this has not helped me.

T. N. (Calcutta)

Gaining weight is not only a matter of food but also of temperament. Thin people are usually nervous and high strung. So the most important thing is to stop worrying. If you make a conscious effort, you will succeed. You must find time to relax as relaxation is vital to gain weight.

Eight-hour sleep daily is important and don't go to sleep worrying. Have a glass of warm milk to induce you to sleep, if that helps.

As regards your diet, just having fattening foods will not help. Start the day with a heavy breakfast. You could have milk and porridge with dry fruits like apricots, raisins, etc. Have a banana too. Include in your meals foods that help to add weight. Also try taking mid-afternoon snacks daily.

A brisk walk in the morning is a good exercise for you as this will make you hungry.

Gaining weight is a gradual process and you have to be patient.

SOPHIA

drives too fast and Sophia always complains about it, but he refuses to slow down. He says that's the only way he knows how to drive — fast.

For as long as I can remember, the press has been writing lurid obituaries for our marriage. On the rare occasion when I go to dinner or a nightclub with a friend while Carlo is out of town, I'm cheating. If I stay home and confine myself to family life, I'm fighting to save my failing marriage. If I don't perform in one of Carlo's pictures and he hires another actress (I may not like the part or it may not be right for me), I suddenly read that I'm crying myself to sleep because my husband is having a red-hot affair with this actress.

This is what I most resent about being in the public eye. I

cannot have any life of my own. Carlo and I have inured ourselves to these attacks, but the conscienceless worms who write them and take the pictures are always around us, no trick or disguise too mean for them, no fabrication in print too wretched. Their constant harassment occasionally does get to us, although we never respond to anything they print. The very continuance of our marriage is the best answer to all these cheap stories, which die aborning because they are baseless.

CARLO PONTI

In the press. I am always having an affair. I'm not saying that I'm pure as the driven snow, but if I had all the affairs that the press inflicts on me, I'd never have time to produce a movie. But they operate on the principle that good news is no news so they are constantly hacking away at our marriage. Our names in print sell copies, I suppose, and they readily try to des-

troy our marriage and our family life if they can peddle a few copies more on the newsstand.

It's been like this since the very beginning of our relationship. During the filming of "Boy on a Dolphin", in 1956, I got word that an Italian magazine was planning to run a big scandal piece about Sophia and me. The publisher was an old friend of mine with whom I had gone to school. I phoned him and told him that I knew about the piece, but begged him not to run it because my mother was terribly ill (which she was) and that such an article might have a grave effect on her. I was married then, and this article was the first revelation that Sophia had entered my life. I asked my friend to postpone running the article until my mother was over her crisis. He said he would look into it. The next week the magazine came out with the story, a vulgar account of the relationship

between Sophia and me. I sent the publisher a scorching letter which he neither published nor answered. I saw him once, after that, and told him off, but he just laughed and said the culprit was the editor, not him. When Sophia and I were married, however, to my surprise he sent us a flowery cable of congratulations and good wishes.

That early experience taught me never again to trust the press or to respond to the press, or to be upset by malicious exploitation. The fact that Sophia and I have survived over twenty years of these daily assaults seems to incite the press all the more to do their damndest and their dirtiest to get at us. In the world of show business, where relationships change like the seasons, we are a phenomenon that's beyond their belief. It's almost as if they resented us.

Concluded



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fresh peas when they were
out of season.

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In the street the other day, while I was drifting homeward wrapped in the customary haze of daydreams, I gradually became aware that a creature had circled round me thrice and was about to do so again, walking backwards, looking at me. I asked it what it wanted, but it did not reply and it looked so distressed and desperate that I became very nervous and started to fidget with my jewellery. When I looked round after some time to see if it was still there, it made a strange cupping gesture with its hand near its chest, looked even more unhappy and finally turned away.

What was this creature? It is hard to say, exactly, though it and thousands like it live in vast herds in most Indian cities (accurate statistics for other countries are hard to come by and there is, sadly, very little literature on them anywhere in the world). They are extremely publicity-shy and resist all attempts on the part of researchers trying to question them about their modus vivendi, their sex-life and their eating habits. And they are marvellous camouflage artists: they look and smell like male human beings but their behaviour diverges so sharply from being human, that there is reason to suspect that they are either a degenerate form of men or another species altogether.

The generic term for them, especially as applied in India is Eve Teasers. It is, however, thought that this term originated at a time when the species was not fully evolved, or when society was not sufficiently aware of its activities, as its behaviour can hardly be called "teasing," nor is it directed solely at people called Eve. The hallmarks of these creatures' behaviour is that their attention is directed solely at women; that they intend causing discomfort to their victims; and that their actions range from hypnotic staring to physical assault of a singularly unamusing variety.

Interestingly, men, when questioned about these creatures which look so much like themselves, appear to be almost completely unaware of them and usually deny all evidence in proof of their existence. In the course of our research, we have encountered men, who, when given descriptions of the creature

and its habits, have told us that (a) we were hallucinating during the experiment (b) misinterpreted the results (c) unconsciously or consciously provoked an "attack" from what was actually a normal male distracted by our gross behaviour during the course of the experiment — the standard experiment being a walk down a street, a ride in a bus or train, a visit to a shop or any other normal, everyday activity involving the public.

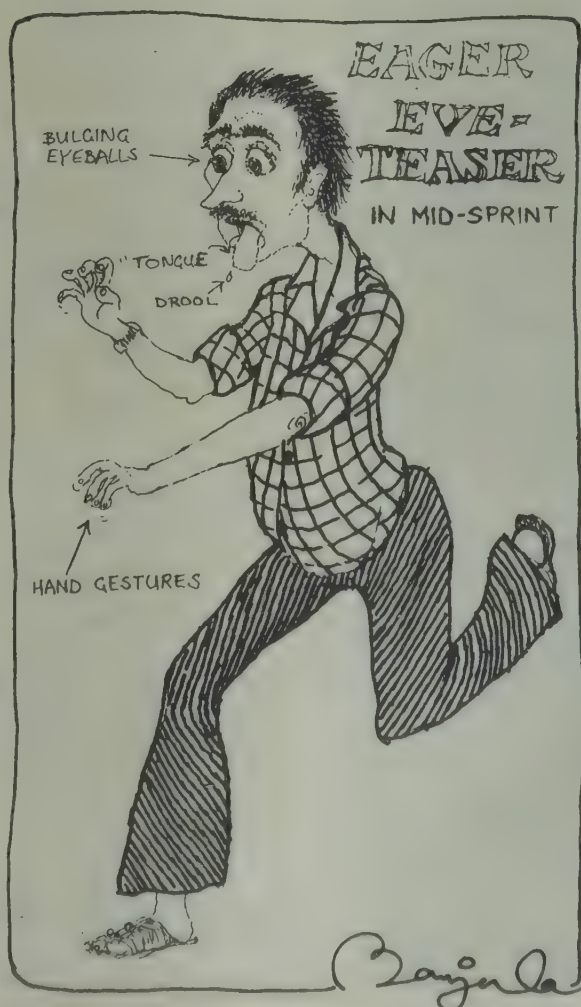
Ignoring for the moment this curious lack of perception on the part of men, let us attempt to detail the customs and life-style of this species so familiar to women.

First, there is the distended Eye-ball variety. Although the mildest of the lot, these are also the most widespread group, as one can find them everywhere, on street corners, in movie halls and dark staircases. They

are marked by two glazed, unmoving eyes, generally shaped very round and bulging, rather like those pictures one sees of baboons watching an approaching leopard. The simplest form of defence is merely to ignore them. Staring back only causes damage to the retinas of the victim.

Second is the Death Rattle variety which comes in an assortment of shapes and sizes. The basic approach is an audible one, depending on the vocal capacities of the individual animal — some have obviously never spoken any human language. At times it is a low grunt, other times a sharp hiss, variegated smacking noises suggesting perhaps the creature's inability to articulate clearly, sometimes a harrumphing noise and sometimes little squeaks and moans and heavy breathing. Occasionally there are a couple of real words, muttered incoherently, referring to some portion of one's body and what the crea-

THE BODY-SNATCHERS



ture would like to do with it. Defence: Nonchalance and total deafness.

Third are the kind known as the Hand Hysterics. They make peculiar gestures with their hands, such as grabbing unseen objects, flexing their fingers or just wiggling their hands about aimlessly. It is possible that these poor beasts are dumb and cannot make themselves understood in any other fashion.

Fourth are the Body Snatchers. These are the worst and most to be avoided kind. Their aim is to remove some part of your body; short of removal, they settle for mutilation, pinching, touching, squeezing or otherwise causing hurt. They come in all shapes, ages and social strata. There is no defence against them. One can only pray for total annihilation of their kind.

— A. Kaulumnisst



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BRINGING LIGHT INTO A DARK WORLD

Continued from Page 25

One day he said to Vishwanath as they sat companionably together. "An offer of marriage has come."

"For you?" asked Vishwanath.

"Don't be silly. Who will give their daughter to me?" said Thimma with a laugh. "It is for Venkatesh."

Vishwanath glanced at his face and saw that Thimma was deeply hurt in spite of the forced attempt at gaiety.

It disturbed him that the years of struggle to find his feet meant nothing in the eyes of the world, which judged a man by a purely physical yard-stick. Venkatesh was to be married because he was normal in every respect even though he languished as a low paid cook in a city hostel while Thimma with all his painfully acquired education and a good job, got no offer of matrimony.

"The wedding will be solemnised very soon," said Thimma. "You must come, too."

It was a short-lived marriage. Six months after the wedding, Venkatesh was seized with severe stomach pains in the hostel where he worked. Prolonged bouts of vomiting followed and he died. Thimma did not know what to do. The young girl whom his brother had wed was barely out of her teens. If he kept her in the house, people would talk. Yet he owed her an obligation. She had been given in marriage to his brother. Wasn't it the duty of her husband's people to support her?

"You will have to go to your parents," Thimma told the overwrought girl. "I cannot keep you here now. But I will send you some money every month."

After she had been sent away accompanied by some relatives, Thimma came to the Tourist Office woe begone. Vishwanath had never seen him so depressed. He wondered what was wrong, but felt too embarrassed to ask.

"I'm quitting the job here," said Thimma suddenly.

"Why?" asked Vishwanath surprised. "It is a good job. Where will you get another like it?"

"It's not the money," said Thimma. "It is the sense of fulfillment. I have a mission in life—to teach other blind people like me. To make them see that we can hold our own in a ruthless world. That we are not inferior in any way because we have no eyes. You cannot conceive the affinity one feels when one is with one's own kind. To live and work among them will lighten my heart. Mother is dead and now Venkatesh had gone, too. Whom have I to call my own? Except...except other similarly afflicted people?"

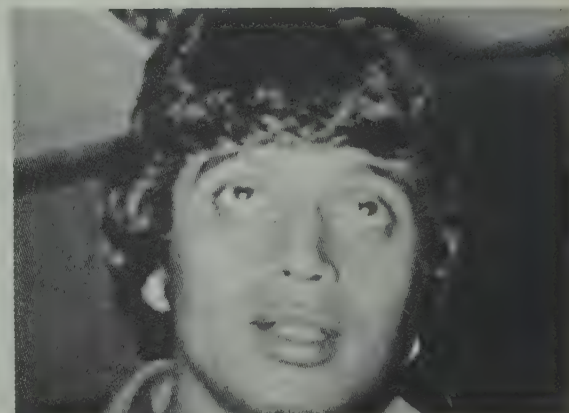
Thimma got a job in the School for the Blind at Gulbarga. He is happy there. Today he is 28 years old. It has been a long struggle for achievement. A man with less optimism and determination may have failed in the face of such severe odds. But Thimma has triumphed with patience, intelligence and immense courage, an inspiration even for those who have eyes.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

PRODUCERS BESIEGE NUTAN

The old route to a man's heart proved useless. Sarika ghusofied into Kapil Dev's house at Chandigarh and occupied the kitchen. The stunned family watched the star, who even covered her head with a pallu, touched everyone's feet, and served the concoctions cooked by her. They survived Sarika's cuisine, but thoroughly disapproved of her cooking the publicity pot of Kapil and her romance. As for Kapil, he related the story to Mithun, a good friend of his.



Mithun just smiled back since with him she had tried almost all the routes to a man's heart. Yogita Bali has freed herself of Kishore Kumar, and is no more a Ganguli. She is in a hurry to be a Chakraborty, but she will have to wait, because Mithun's legal and technical complications with Helena are still not over. With three shifts, shift marriages are also in vogue. Honeymoons will be out, except on wheels in their trailers.

* * *



"Burning, Train", referred to as Ravi Chopra's "Turning Brain" by filmdom, apart from being a multi-starrer had a multi-premiere. P.R.O. Bunny Reuben sent me two cards, with no seat numbers, for Maratha Mandir as also for the premiere at Eros. "Unless you tell me at which theatre the stars will be, I will have one foot in Maratha Mandir, the other in Eros," I said.

"In that case, I will stand at Queen's Road between the two theatres," said a guest.

I asked for it.

Anyway, the premiere and press show were over. Although I did not see the film, first flood of reporting is anything from "fantastic" to 'confusing, dam nahin.' And that is exactly how a multistarrer film opens. It could become a "Muqaddar" or a "Kaala Patthar."

Two years ago a Sanjeev, a Dr. Lagu, an Amjad was a must on the marquee. Today it is Nutan. The classes ("Kasturi") and the masses ("Tulsi") are nuts about her. While she is declining many producers, script writers are altering the scripts to create a role for her. The original brain wave to bring Nutan as a replacement for Sanjeev in "Ranjish" was Subhash-Surur's. Seeing the craze for her, they turned the guest appearance into the pivotal role of the film.



BOMBAY

Crowds gathered outside Hotel Oberoi Towers in the early hours of the morning to cheer the participants of the Oberoi Towers and IARC 4th Annual Vintage Car and Motorcycle Fiesta held recently. The judges viewed the cars and the participants who wore costumes in keeping with the vintage of their vehicles. The Cavalcade was led by two couples in period costume in the Oberoi Towers Victoria and four Lancers mounted on chestnut mares. Each participant was flagged off by well known personalities in Bombay. The 40 km route was lined by cheering well-wishers and vintage enthusiasts who look forward to this annual event.

The participants were awarded certificates and trophies for their performance. The Oberoi Towers Trophy for the winner of the Fiesta was awarded to

Mr. Pradip Patkar in his 1928 Ford 'A' and the Best Costume award was given to Mr. Percy Maloo and the passengers of his 1934 Austin 7. The oldest car participating was Mr. S. Vohra's 1914 Ford 'T'.

The Central Railway Women's Social Service Committee presented "Sunehari Yaden", a programme of music, dance and mimicry by Pramila Datar at the Birla Matushri Sabhagar to raise funds for various welfare schemes carried out by this Organisation.

Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, who presided over the function, and Mr. Raj Kapoor, the doyen of the film world, who was the chief guest, recalled many amusing incidents in their lives connected with railway travel and congratulated the W.S.S.C. on the good work being done by them.

Earlier, Mrs. Kanta Chandra, President of the Central Railway W.S.S.C. acquainted the audience with the Committee's motto of

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

"Seva" and detailed the various schemes carried out by the organisation in improving the income of families of railwaymen, eliminating illiteracy from the areas covered by the Central Railway, and enriching the cultural and social life of railway staff.

Mr. Krishan Chandra, General Manager, Central Railway, and patron of the Committee, lauded the efforts made by the W.S.S.C. in helping the various charities.

At the first Anniversary celebrations of the Zonta Club of Bombay III, the Zonta International Charter was presented by Region I Representative, Dr. Mary S. Lee, to President Brinda Gambers at the Taj Mahal Hotel.

Past Rotary International Director, Soli S. Pavri was the chief guest.

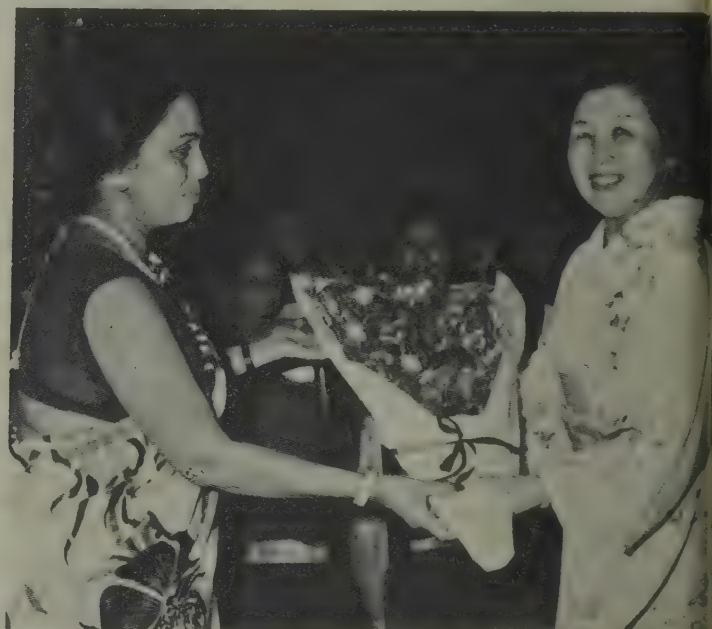
Zonta International, a service organisation of executive women in business and professions was founded in Buffalo, New York, on November 8, 1919.

Today Zonta has over 750 Clubs in 46 countries on six continents with a membership of 30,000.

Auromitra, in cooperation with the Max Mueller Bhavan, presented an exhibition on "Auroville Today," showing the origins, present status and future plans of Auroville and its activities in international living, appropriate technology, integrated rural development and educational research.



1



2



3

1. Brinda Gambers, President, Zonta Club of Bombay III, is seen receiving the Zonta International Charter from Dr. Mary S. Lee, Region I Representative. Also seen are (from left) Havovi Dotivala, Rt. Soli S. Pavri, and Mitha Shroff.

2. Mrs. Prabha Moghe, President of I.C.S.A.S. Officers' Wives Association, who organised a Japanese Tea Ceremony performed by the members of the Japanese Ladies Association, is seen here with the chief guest, Mrs. Horino, wife of the Japanese Consul-General.

3. Mr. Dilip Kumar, Sheriff of Bombay, addressing the audience at "Sunehari Yaden", a programme presented by the Central Railway Women's Social Service Committee. Also seen are Mr. Krishan Chandra, Gen. Mgr., Mr. Raj Kapoor and Mrs. K. Chandra.



4

DELHI

The Lions Club, Delhi Mid-Town, and the Lok Kalyan Samiti organised a free Eye Operation Camp, at the Lok Kalyan Hospital. Mr. Sanjay Gandhi, M.P., inaugurated the camp, and Mr. V. P. Sathe, Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting presided over the opening function.

The 9th Export Promotion Fair organised by the Garment Exporters' Association, New Delhi, was held at the Ashoka Convention Hall. The highlight of the fair was a Fashion Show, presenting high fashion garments of twenty five leading exporters. The fashion accent this year was on quilted outfits and ethnic style garments made from Rajasthan's traditional fabrics. The show was presented by "Swank India".



4. Mr. A. Siddiqi, General Manager, Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, is seen presenting the Oberoi Towers Trophy to Mr. and Mrs. P. Patkar for their winning car, a 1928 Ford 'A', at the Oberoi Towers and IARC 4th Annual Vintage Car and Motorcycle Fiesta.

5. At the 10th Anniversary celebrations of the Madras Ladies Circle No. 2 are seen (from left) Kanta Gupta, Geetha Banker, President, Ladies Circle, India; Jeyam Ramanathan and Shammi Mehta.

6. Mr. C. L. Sachdev, President, Garment Exporters' Association (2nd from left) and Mrs. P. Sen of "Swank India" are seen with a group of exporters at the Export Promotion Fair held in Delhi recently.

7. Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor, West Bengal, was the chief guest at the Red Cross Society Ball held at Grand Hotel, Calcutta.

CALCUTTA

The Indian Red Cross Society, West Bengal, organised a ball at the Oberoi Grand Hotel. The Chairman, of the fund-raising committee, Mr. Hari Singh, said in his speech that a record collection of Rs. 1,25,000 had been made by the ladies of the committee. A bouquet was presented to Mrs. Sudha Sinha, wife of the Commissioner of Police, Calcutta. The Chief Guest, Mr. T. N. Singh, Governor of West Bengal, lauded the efforts of the Red Cross activities for underprivileged people.

A seminar on the World Disabled Day was organized by the Social Welfare Department of the West Bengal Government at Sisir Mancha. Mr. S. Ghosh, State Minister for Higher Education, presided over the seminar. Many disabled persons, medical experts, and social work-

ers spoke on the occasion. The handicrafts made by the blind, the deaf, and spastics were also exhibited.

The first Asian Kabadi championship games were inaugurated at a colourful ceremony by Mr. Jatin Chakravarty. The exhibition match for women was played between Calcutta Khokho Club and Bombay, in which the Calcutta girls won by 25-23.

The 7th All India Public Relations Conference organised by the Public Relations Society of India was held at the Park Hotel, for four days. It was inaugurated by the Chief Minister of West Bengal, Mr. Jyoti Basu. The Chief Guest was Mr. J. Carroll Bateman, President of International Public Relations Association, USA, who had come to India to attend the Conference. Mr. S. K. Sengupta, Chairman, Organising Committee, presented the conference theme, 'The new dimension in P. R.'.

MADRAS

The Sangeet Kala Kendra presented a "Panorama of Indian Dances" at the House of Soviet Culture under the auspices of Uday Shankar. It was their 29th annual programme. Folk dances and classical dances of India choreographed and directed by Nrityacharya Mrs. Prithy Ghose were also presented.

To felicitate Mr. Vummidi Nandagopal, on his appointment as the Under-Sheriff of Madras, a committee of hosts of the Social Aid Society (Wedding Project Committee) held a reception at the Hotel Imperial. Among those who spoke on the occasion were Mr. Clement Felix, Headmaster, Madras Christian College School, and Mr. S. M. Diaz, Director, Madras Management Association.

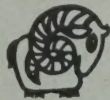


IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

The next few months will go swimmingly for you. You are about to enter a new chapter in life and experience and you are at a turning point. Changes will occur, some pleasing, some not so welcome. Adjustments are inevitable and what you do and decide — or have decided for you — will dictate the course of events for many years to come. Remember that it is no good clinging to the past, to ideas that have outrun themselves. Conserve your money, as after November 1980 brings a financial squeeze and it will be in your interests to have reserves to fall back on. Changes which occur will eventually lead you to success and prosperity.

ARIES

(Mar 22 — Apr 20)



As a friendly person full of bounce, your popularity will be even more than usual this week. Love and the lighter side of life are well starred; a good time to join clubs, to take up new sporting hobbies. A social contact could aid practical ambitions.

TAURUS

(Apr 21 — May 21)



Beneficial minor changes will occur over the next few weeks. If one friendship ends for some reason or other, you will make new ones in the near future. There is no need to be lonely, for the general starry pattern favours personal life.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



Your ability to communicate on any level, plus helpful stars bring an uptrend in your affairs. New opportunities will occur for you careerwise, but it is in personal contact that you will gain most. You could soon be in a new social circle.

CANCER

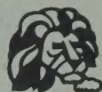
(June 22 — July 23)



You are likely to achieve current aims and form new ambitions in the near future. At present, it is a good policy to get everything into clear perspective, to check again the financial liabilities of ventures you are contemplating.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)



Your stars suggest that you are working and playing hard and this will continue until early May. Extra incentive will help you to make definite strides forward. An exhilarating phase, with particularly good signs for your love life.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



Life settles down at mid-week as Mercury moves out of adverse aspect to your sign and people will be more reliable. Mislaid papers and other articles are likely to be found shortly. You will also get more co-operation and find communication easier.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



Rivals, both business and personal life, make it unwise for you to take anything — or anyone — for granted, but your Libra charm and tact will minimise the troubles. Express yourself clearly this week.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



You are always around when loved ones are in need and this week you may have to help a relative or a close friend. The aid you give will be fruitful and will also benefit you at a later date. A rather routine phase of mundane matters.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



Pleasing changes in the affairs of people close to you, which benefit you too. However, loved ones may create minor problems by being too demanding. So you may have to shelve some of your plans for a few weeks.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



Unexpected support from an unusual quarter will make this a rewarding week, either in your business or personal life. Social activity, if heart-free, could bring a new romance. Travel is favoured, particularly if born in December.

AQUARIUS

(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



You are putting in a lot of extra effort, perhaps under difficult conditions, and life is hardly harmonious at present! A health problem could occur if you neglect yourself or if you take life and people too seriously. However, troubles are now on the wane.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — Mar 21)



Most Pisceans have not had their dues over the past several months. A promotion, or other beneficial change that should have been yours may have gone to another. So too in personal life. But starting gradually now your fortunes will improve.

WHAT AILS CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY?

Continued from page 33

the diligent student amounts to. To pass out successfully from Calcutta University is, indeed, nothing short of a miracle. It is a sad reflection on our Indian heritage that the university which had as its motto, "Advancement of Learning" has degenerated into an institution recognisable by its overcrowded class-rooms, ill-paid teachers, crippling finances and frustrated students. There is a strong undercurrent of fear all around. Nobody wishes to elucidate on the malpractices prevalent and nobody wishes to be quoted.

Speaking as a former student of this once esteemed university, I have my own experience to narrate. I appeared for the B.A. final examination in November '76, months behind schedule. The results were published in July '77 and a letter intimating me of having been awarded a scholarship on the basis of these results was sent to me in September 1979, in effect two years and ten months after the exams took place. On visiting the University I was told that I could not avail of the scholarship as I had discontinued my studies after graduation. As far as I am aware, the purpose behind instituting scholarships is to help deserving and needy students and provide a stimulant for pursuing further education. Presume that for financial reasons I could not pursue my studies at that time. Had the letter arrived when it should have, i.e. within three months of publication of results, there is little doubt that I would have gone in for post-graduate studies. What is the idea behind giving a scholarship and then declaring it non-valid? One wonders if this is a deliberate ploy of the University in order to avoid paying the scholarships. I was told that the scholarship was apparently delayed "due to a backlog of work." Then why not condone the "backlog" admission to a post-graduate course suffered, as it was definitely the fault of the authorities concerned for not having intimated me at the appropriate time?

Years ago, Prafulla Chandra Ray had deplored the fact that Calcutta University had become a "factory for the mass production of graduates". This is the only function of the University today. Incidentally, Certificates of Graduation have still not been issued to students who passed out in 1972! The B.Com exams of 1979 were held as per schedule and so were the results declared on time, which is very commendable indeed, but a large number of students discovered miscalculations in the adding up of their marks and are now circling the University trying to get the authorities to rectify the errors.

The intricacies of the problems facing the University today, the gross inefficiency and rampant corruption that exists, show that it is essential to take strict measures to make Calcutta University what it was envisaged to be — "a modern Nalanda growing up in the greatest and most populous city of the Indian Empire".

Beautiful ways to beat the heat

Whatever your need, whatever your taste or your budget, Orient can offer more of what you want.

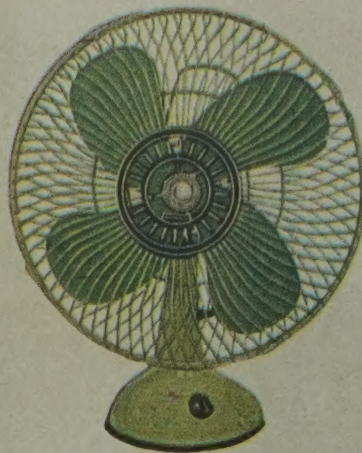
More of quality, more of beauty more of value, and more of choice—the widest selection ever! Designed and built with care by experts with a proven record of competence, every fan is backed by the Orient symbol of excellence: to work well, to work longer.

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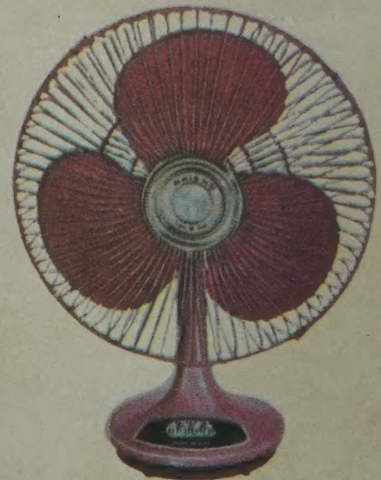
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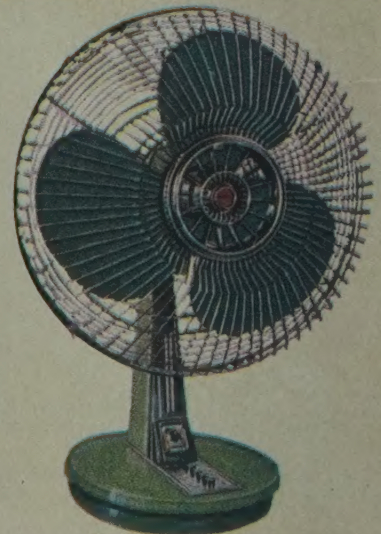
Deluxe



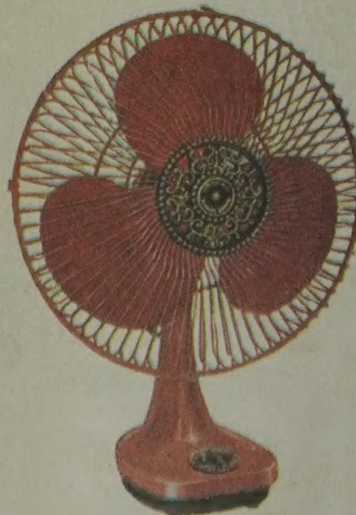
Super Deluxe



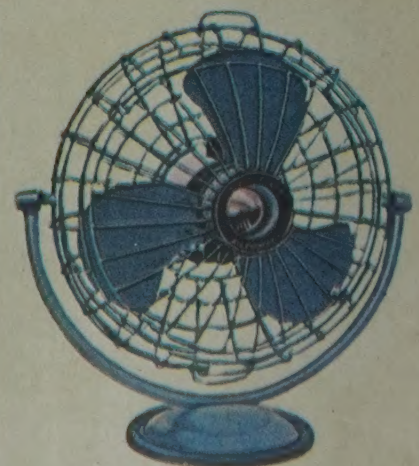
Desk



Super Desk



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4 Ceiling Fans • 6 Table Fans • 2 Pedestal Fans



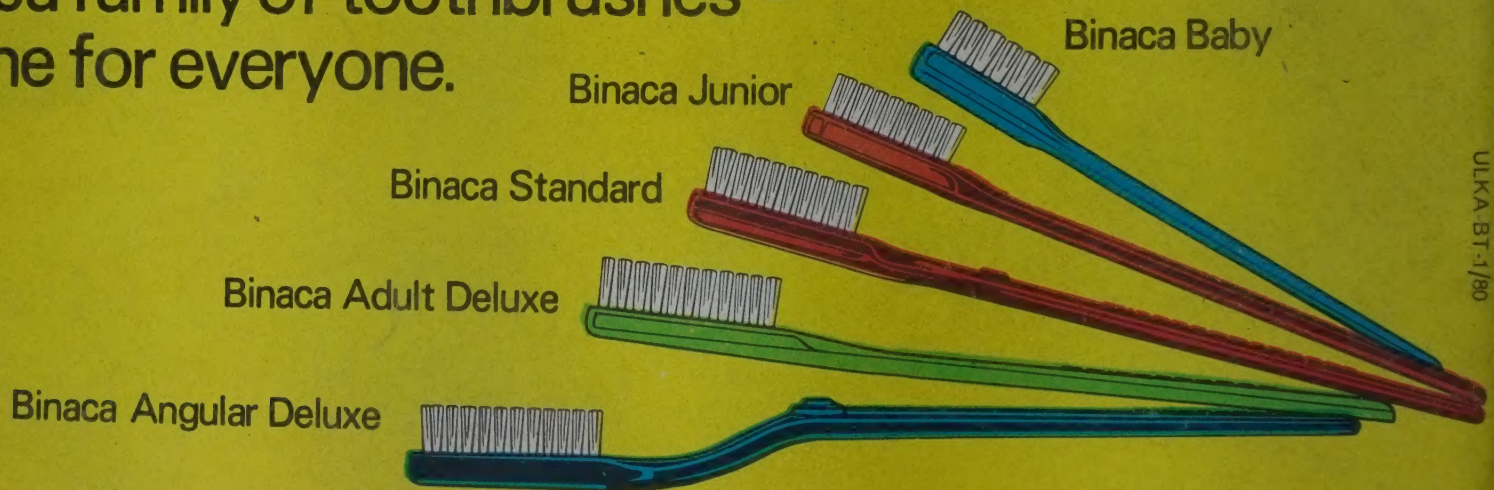
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