

# Eve's Weekly

*Joseph*

**WOMEN IN  
INDIAN CINEMA**  
unrealistic image

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**HOW:  
PERMANENT  
CONTACT LENSES**  
details about  
new  
Extended Wear Lenses

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**ANIMAL  
WELFARE:**  
mute cry  
for help

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## MY FAIR LADY



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**JANNINE FENNER**

a holiday in India recently, pretty, honey-eyed, flawless complexioned Jannine, daughter of Shakunika (Sharma), one time popular model, is a 1st year college student at Candolle, Geneva. She has a flair for arts — textile designing, interior decoration and fashions, and will be specialising in one of these subjects. At school, Jannine was outstanding in gymnastics and athletics. Fluent in languages, she speaks German, French, English and Italian. A girl with many interests, she likes to be outdoors, horse riding and skiing. Jannine has a special fondness for animals. Like most teenagers of today, she enjoys dancing at the discotheques, films, pop concerts and folk music.

Looking into the lovely eyes of this charming teenager, I was baffled when she confessed that she was wearing Perma Lens—they looked so natural!

Read more about Perma Lens, in our feature on pages 8 and 9.

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**CHANGING HUSBANDS**

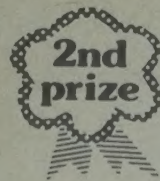
Liz Taylor is on to her seventh husband—and I wish we could take a leaf from her book; and though we may not better her mark, we could at least have a couple of changes... if we so desire?

But no, not in our country, we can't. Changing a husband, even once, takes a lot of courage, loosens a lot of tongues and raises many a brow. By and large, we stick to our spouses like leeches, and the marriage knot is indeed a Gordian one! Come hell or high water, curses or tears, the couple dig in their heels and stay put with the same mate—no matter if he gets into her hair, and if she gets his goat and they both get on each other's nerves and jump down each other's throat. The marriage may be on the rocks, but is not allowed to drown in the sea of dissolution. Whatever the odds, the partners stay hitched. The bedroom may be a battlefield, but in the drawing room they change into chameleons!

Oh, to be in Hollywood, where marriage is a game of musical chairs, and a couple who don't hit it off can walk away with someone else, who has left someone else—it sure must be a hell of a merry life, and it's on the cards that when the wheel comes full circle you may yet be hitting the sack with the first devil from whom you broke away! And perhaps you'll laugh and say, ain't the world a small place?

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry

Oh, oh. Naughty, naughty. You, madam, are "an Indian lady" and you are not supposed to have such wicked, wicked thoughts. Seriously though, would you really like to hitch up with the first devil, a la Hollywood?



**COMPANIONS, NOT SLAVES**

"God could not come down Himself, so He sent Mother". The author of this lovely tribute has given woman a place very near to God. But few men in this world of ours, especially in our country, appreciate women. They take



women for granted; their attitude is: 'we-are-your-masters; you -have -to-do-what-we-say' No matter how hard she tries or how best she does her duty, in the eyes of the male she is always wanting — while he thinks he is, if not perfect, near perfect. He can do no wrong. Only his opinion is sound. She, according to him, is just a mass of flesh to be at his beck and call. She is not credited with having any feelings, brains or voice. He can beat her, abuse her, mock her. She has no right to protest. She has to consider it her lot. And as the years pass, how many men realise that just as they get old and tired, so do their better halves? Oh, no! His needs, his tiredness, his everything, must come first.

How wonderful it would be if there were more men who consider their women-folk their companions instead of slaves, who love them instead of rule them, who appreciate them instead of ridiculing their every action.

Rosh Farina, Cochin

Of course, the men who read this will be up in arms against this description of the male superior. They will say they are not inhuman, that they do appreciate their wives. And that could be true. But the writer is talking about that majority which holds women as inferior—and you'd be surprised how much that majority constitutes.



**WHY PITY THEM?**

I was amused to read how some women sympathise with men who have no choice but to go out in the world and work to win the bread for the family. I do not think many men will happily accept the idea of themselves sitting at home and sending their wives to earn the money. Men take up work outside the home not just to provide for the family, but because, in turn, they get job satisfaction, they have a sense of accomplishment and they also receive old-age pension. Are not these motives enough for taking up a job rather than sit at home and wait on others?

On the other hand think about the returns women get for doing all the household chores. Job satisfaction is very little if at all, and one cannot even talk about paid holidays

when there is neither 'pay' nor 'holidays'. As for promotion, no such thing exists in home management, the housewives being assistants to the bosses for ever. They cannot claim a separate social status other than what the breadwinners allow them to have. Their only sense of accomplishment is through the better prospects of their husbands and children. Have you ever heard of retirement and old-age pension for housewives after all the years of selfless effort they have put in for the families?

So there is no need to shower our pity on the working men. On the contrary, we will be only too happy to change places with them, if they are ready.

Padma Shandas, Bangalore

You know what they say about marriage, that those who are "in" want to get "out"... and those who are "out" want to get "in"! And now we are getting letters from men who are ready to stop working in favour of staying at home; and letters from women who are prepared to leave hearth and home and step into the rat race of earning a living. Will it work? Will they be happy with their reversal of roles?

**AH, MANLINESS...**

There is not even a fraction of manliness existing in the Indian husbands. What is manliness? Manliness is the giving of love as well as the taking of it, manliness is the offering of respect and the acceptance of responsibility; manliness is kindness, friendship, thoughtfulness, affection, reciprocated passion. Kindness needs no bedroom 'conquests', thoughtfulness does not have hair on its chest. Friendship is not muscular. Passion requires no bawdy words. Virility is not a bottle of booze, a cigarette dangled between the fingers or a bluff at table stakes. These men may possess a hard chest exploding with virility, but they have no virility in their hearts. When will they learn to be considerate to their women?

Mrs. Shashi Gopinath, Madras

Oops! It would seem women are on the warpath. But, for Heaven's sake, why pick on the Indian husband alone? What you have said, what you believe to be true, could apply to husbands everywhere, couldn't it. Or, are you trying to imply that the Western male is a paragon of virtue?

# A TREAT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY GIVE YOURSELF A FABULOUS GIFT

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Unassuming and soft-spoken, Mrs. Vasanthi A. Pai, President of the Asian Federation for the Welfare of the Mentally Retarded and President of the Federation for the Welfare of the Mentally Retarded - India, is deeply concerned about the welfare of this neglected section of our society.

"It is heartbreaking to see some of them craving for love and affection," she says feelingly. "There are thousands of mentally retarded children and adults in this country who are being neglected. According to rough estimates, there are nearly 20 million retarded in India today and the services available cater to less than one per cent of the total number."

In order to make society aware of its responsibility towards such people, Mrs. Pai, as the President of both federations, has tried by various means to involve professionals, parents, school teachers, the general public and the children themselves in this work.

Mrs. Vasanthi A. Pai joined the Federation in 1972, as vice president, when Mrs. Karan Singh was president. Always interested in the cause of homeless and deprived children, she found this area badly neglected.

"It needs lot of devotion and patience to work with these children. Even the organisation of various programmes for these children requires lot of patience. But I feel that we have definitely achieved a lot in the past few years. There has been a change in the outlook of society and more and more people are coming forward, not only with donations, but with help in organising various get-togethers for these children. A beginning has been made. But the most important thing, I feel, is to make the parents of retarded children realise that these children are not to be kept behind locked doors. They have to learn to accept the child as he is and help him to develop whatever potentialities he possesses. All efforts must be made to bring about the integration of mentally retarded individuals in society."

A good beginning was made last year, with the introduction of the Foster Parents Scheme. "Usually people hesitate to adopt such children. The parents who bear them cannot throw them away, but anyone adopting a child wishes to adopt a normal and healthy child. But there are some people who have come forward and are willing to donate money to bring up these children. We take Rs. 150 for each child per month and all foster parents are given a 3-month report on the general progress of their wards and details about how their money has been spent. This makes the foster parents feel personally involved in their adopted child's activities. We have only 12 residential institutions in India, where these children are kept more or less for life. There are, in all, about 90 institutions all over the country, but most of them are educational institutions and vocational training centres. We have not yet reached a stage where we can give to each retarded child the training he has an aptitude for. We do not have enough money or enough facilities. So we have to make the child adapt to the facilities available," says Mrs. Pai.

"An awakening has come, but it is not enough. People have to be told that there is something their retarded child can do. Do not deprive him of the opportunity we offer to him."

According to Mrs. Pai, it is the parents who need more education than anyone else. "Understanding of the retarded child has to come from the parents. If they feel

eve today



VASANTHI PAI:

## Crusader For Retarded Children

he is useless and start comparing him with a normal child, it will leave a deep emotional scar on his mind forever. I think the love and affection a retarded child gives to people around him is more than that which a normal child can give," says Mrs. Pai, in an emotion-charged voice.

Mrs. Pai is the first Asian to be elected president by the 44-member countries on the Council for the International League of Societies for the Mentally Handicapped in its Congress, held in Washington. She is the only representative for the whole of Asia. She has taken up her crusade to the International League in its meeting held recently in Paris. With her zeal and enthusiasm, she was able to convince this international body of the need to locate in India an Asian Institute for training nurses to handle the mentally retarded. Mrs. Pai is also regularly in touch with UNESCO, the ILO and other international bodies, to win their support and assistance for this cause.

Mrs. Pai says that all efforts should be made for the early detection of this problem. "Doctors have to be given special training in this line, as they are the ones to whom parents rush in the beginning if they feel that their child is behaving abnormally. Then teachers in schools have to be taught to distinguish between the slow learners and the normal, quick learners. Since we cannot have special schools all over the country, an effort should be made to organise one special section in all schools for slow learners so that they do not deteriorate from neglect and thus be forced to join the ranks of mentally retarded. In a class full of normal children, a slow learner's mental development will soon come to a stand-still unless he or she is given special attention. But to achieve all this we need government help. How much can anyone do on a personal level?" she asks.

"All over the world, concerned individuals, groups and organisations are fighting for the rights of the retarded. More efforts should be made in India also."

Mrs. Pai says that if normal children are taught from the early years to treat retarded children in a friendly manner, their integration in society would become a natural phenomenon. For this reason there is a great need for mixed schools with separate sections for retarded children so that normal children do not grow up with a hatred for such people.

The Federation for the Welfare of the Mentally Retarded-India has recently introduced a motion in Parliament for separate legislation for retarded people. But nothing can be achieved unless people demand their rights. Mrs. Pai, in her capacity as president of the Federation, has taken up with a number of State governments the necessity to open more and more centres to take care of the retarded and also to realise the growing need for vocational guidance and rehabilitation centres so that these intellectually handicapped people could be trained to fend for themselves in life. There is also an urgent need, she feels, for specially trained teachers and nurses to deal with these people.

Wife of Mr. T. A. Pai, former Minister of Industries, she has no children of her own. All her energies and efforts are directed towards the improvement of the lot of retarded people. She works almost 12 hours a day and feels satisfied that her efforts are now bearing fruit. Indian society is awakening to the needs of retarded people. But a lot of people she feels, are still unable to distinguish between "mentally retarded" and "mentally ill" patients.

Mrs. Pai says that people in the south of India are generally more sympathetic towards such people than in the north of India. "In northern India, there is only one Cheshire Home (in Delhi) which is residential. All the other day institutions are completely full; there is no vacancy for new cases."

The Federation now proposes to set up an ambitious 90-lakh project in Delhi called "Sehna." It is going to have multi-disciplinary centres, with vocational training and sheltered Workshops-cum-Home. While the Home would take care of the retarded, the sheltered workshops would employ the retarded in simple vocations enabling them to stand on their own feet. It will also include a Research Centre, a Home for the Orphaned Retarded, Vocation and Rehabilitation Centres and, also, a few sheltered workshops where teachers from member institutes of the Federation would be given orientation courses. It will also have a central library and a centre to provide different types of therapy to multiply handicapped people.

"It is going to be something like the institutions there are in the U.K. and the U. S. A., and it will be a model project for the whole of India. It is still a dream," says Mrs. Pai. "but we hope to make it a reality with hard work and a lot of effort."

Mrs. Pai works in her chosen field with missionary zeal. The third Asian Conference started in Bangalore on November 7, 1977. The theme of the conference is "The Mentally Retarded in the Changing Society." The week-long conference, in which almost all the Asian countries as well as Australia, New Zealand, the U.K., France and the U.S.A. are participating, hopes to further the development of desirable attitudes towards mental retardation.

Jyotsana Kapoor

NOW:

# PERMANENT CONTACT LENSES

*In this interview, Dr. Rusi N. Dastoor, eminent contact lens specialist and past President of the Indian Contact Lens Society, explains the benefits of Permanent Contact Lenses, which the user can wear continuously for an extended period. Dr. Dastoor recently featured on the Bombay T. V. to explain the advantages of contact lenses and their correct use*

Just back from Barcelona, Spain, where he presented a paper on Permanent Contact Lenses at the International Contact Lens Conference, Dr. Dastoor says that these lenses are today becoming more and more popular throughout the world.

For a convincing example of the comfort and convenience of these lenses, Dr. Dastoor has discarded his own pair of spectacles and wears the new lenses. Thus, after the revolutionary daily-wear soft lenses, introduced in India in 1974, today we have another improvement in permanent soft contact lenses. These lenses contain a much higher water content, 85 per cent. Hence, they are even more soft, more flexible, and more thin. This means that 85 per cent by weight of each

lens is water. Again, they are also smaller than the daily wear soft lenses. All these features make these lenses easy to wear, even easy to forget. They do not have to be removed every night and the wearer can simply forget that his eyes were ever defective.

**Q. Are they safe?**

Perfectly safe. The high water content of these lenses allows a constant and adequate supply of oxygen to the cornea (essential to keep it healthy) and there is no chance of contamination during wear because the eye has natural defence mechanisms against air borne infection.

**Q. How long do they take to get adapted?**

These lenses get adapted to the



eye almost instantly, from the very first insertion.

**Q. Are these lenses visible to another person?**

No, not at all, even if you have a number as high as -20.00 or +15.00 after a cataract operation your eyes will look perfectly normal. These lenses are invisible.

**Q. You mean, Dr. Dastoor, that you can wear these lenses even after a cataract operation?**

In fact, in cataract operated eyes they are very advantageous.

**Q. Why?**

Because spectacle lenses prescribed after cataract surgery are always very thick and heavy. The images through them also get

**ABOVE: Green eyes? Blue eyes? Name the colour and you have**

magnified 30 to 40 per cent. Through these permanent lenses the images are of normal size, there is no heaviness and nobody can know of the cataract surgery. These should definitely boost up one's morale.

**Q. Can everyone wear these lenses? Doctor?**

Generally speaking, if you can wear soft contact lenses, then you can just as well wear permanent lenses. In fact, for elderly people and young children, they are ideal because they do not have to be handled. But usually we examine a patient for suitability just as a routine precaution.

**Q. Can they be worn at all times?**

Yes, they are specifically designed to be worn continuously, even during sleep.

**Q. What about cleaning the lenses?**

Because they are free from handling, permanent lenses do not need to be cleaned daily.

**Q. What about washing your face while wearing them?**

There is no difficulty about this at all. You can freely bathe and shower, although it is advisable to shut your eyes when you wash your head.

**Q. Can you swim while wearing them?**

Yes, you can, but with a bit of care, i.e. you must keep your head above water.

**Q. Can they fall out from your eyes?**



**LEFT: Measuring the corneal curve with an ophthalmometer is important for a correct fit.**

Never; you can bet on that. You can play all kinds of energetic sports and your lenses will remain in place.

**Q. Will you be able to use make up?**

Indeed yes. For many women, the biggest advantage of contact lenses is that at last they can make up their eyes without having the effect ruined by heavy spectacles.

**Q. Will the lenses be affected by a dusty or smoky atmosphere?**

No, by the very construction of these lenses, the cornea is so sealed off that it is impossible for grit or dirt to be trapped under the lens. Of course, a smoky atmosphere will make your eyes smart, but this is normal for even those who wear neither contact lenses or spectacles.

**Q. What sort of special care is necessary?**

Only to clean them every two or three months and reinsert them.

**Q. Does this mean that the wearer should not remove them more often?**

Oh no; if, for any reason, the wearer wants to do so, he can easily remove the lens on his own at any time.

**Q. If the patient leaves the city where he had them inserted?**

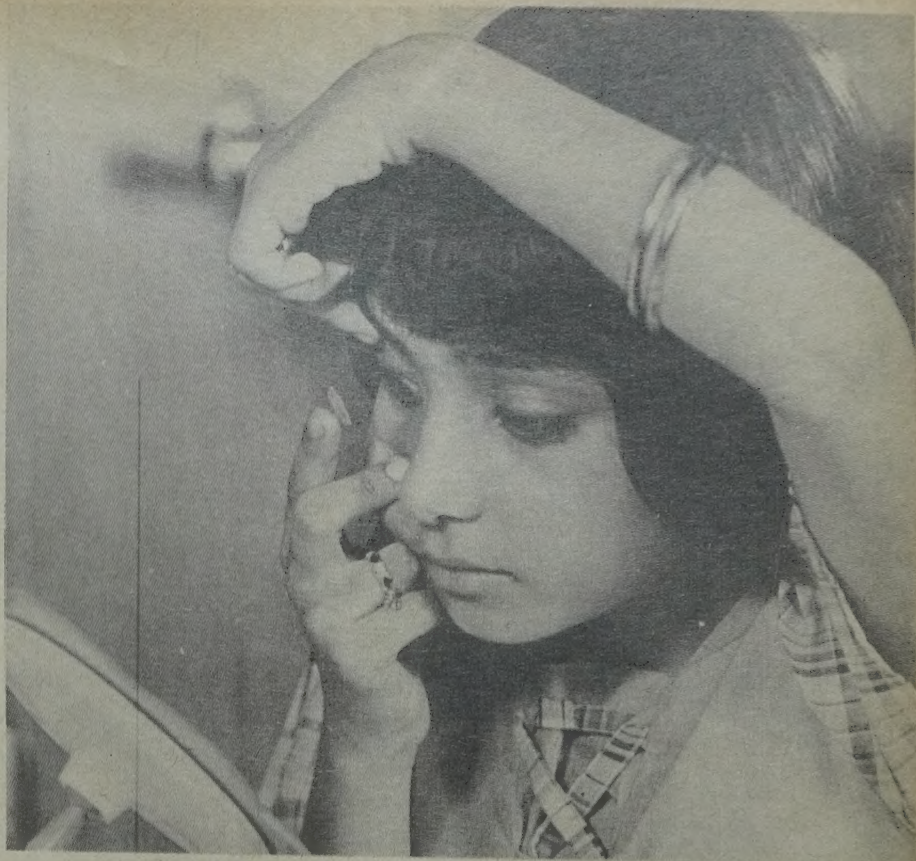
That's no problem. In such cases, I give a letter of introduction to an experienced practitioner in the place to which the patient is going, clearly mentioning the type of lenses the patient is using. Hence, after care is not neglected.

**Q. How long do they last?**

Treated with care, permanent lenses will last indefinitely because they are free from daily handling; in short, they are permanent.

**Q. Are these lenses expensive?**

Permanent contact lenses cannot be called expensive when you weigh in the balance the advantages they offer you. In fact,



**ABOVE:** Even a young girl of eight can insert a contact lens without help.



many people welcome the extra expense to feel comfortable and see clearly without the hazards of glasses, not to mention the younger look.

**Q. Is it difficult to fit these permanent lenses?**

In the hands of a skilled and experienced practitioner, it's easy and completely safe.

**Q. Last question, Dr. Dastoor: Is it possible to change the colour of the eyes?**

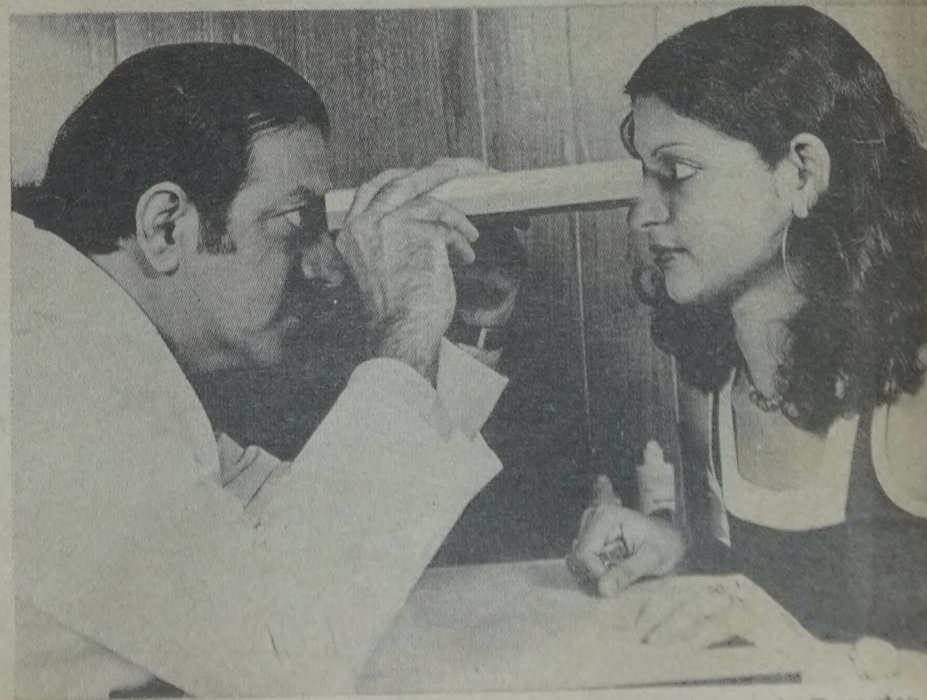
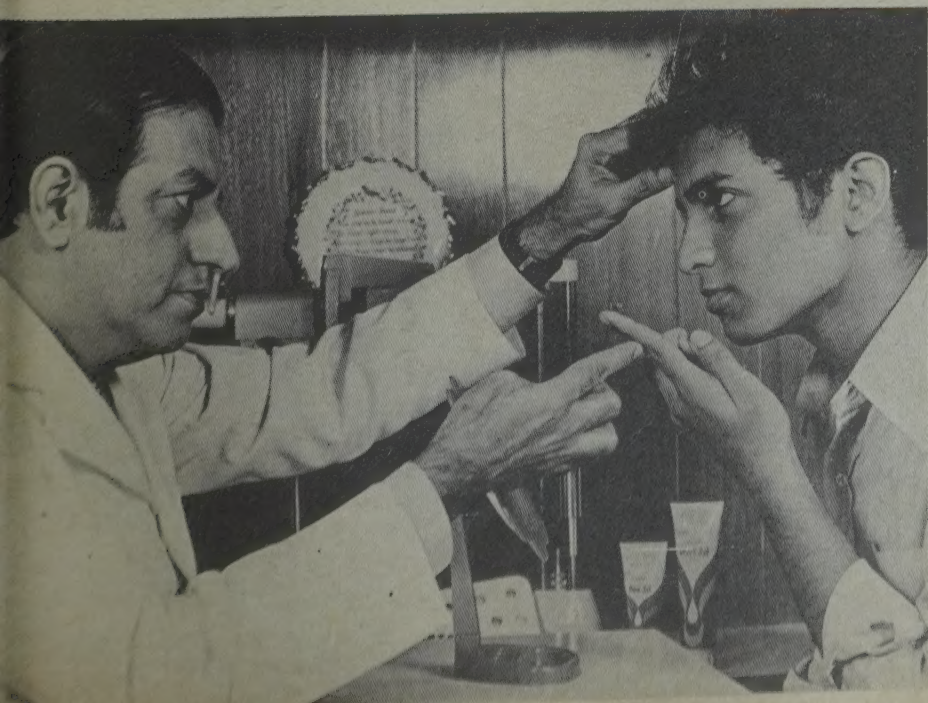
In an age where bald men can wear a thick crop of hair, and a Jimmy Durante nose can be streamlined by plastic surgery, it is equally possible for one to change the colour of one's eyes at one's whim and fancy.

**LEFT:** Fitted with permanent soft lenses, she is ready for a strenuous game of tennis.

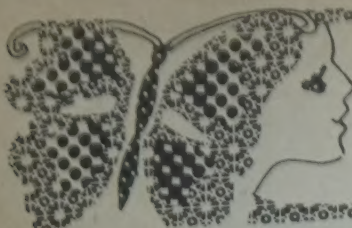
**BELOW LEFT:** The doctor instructs a patient on how to insert a permanent contact lens.

**BELOW:** To measure the corneal diameter of a patient's eye a special instrument called the p. d. gauge is used.

Summing up, Dr. Dastoor said, "Fitting contact lenses is both an art and a science. And, like an artist or scientist, a contact lens practitioner cannot do full justice to his work without all the tools of the trade at his disposal. In contact lens fitting, this means that apart from being fully equipped with all the instruments he must have access to all the various lens designs available, and be able to use them skilfully and effectively, to suit each individual patient."



Photographs: Farokh Reporter



# beauty bulletin

## TRY USING MASCARA

I have just started using a foundation but I am not satisfied with the result. It does not go on very smoothly.

My second problem are my eyebrows. They are sparse and when I darken them with an eyebrow pencil, they look harsh. How can I make them look natural?

U.C. (Hyderabad)

Before you apply your foundation, use a moisturiser first—this will allow your foundation to spread smoothly. But you have to be careful, for if you apply more than necessary, it will tone down the colour of your foundation. Also, moisturiser is beneficial for the complexion.

Try touching up your brows lightly with mascara. Moisten the brush slightly and brush against your brows. When dry blend well with your finger and pinch them in shape with your thumb and forefinger. Or you can comb them upwards.

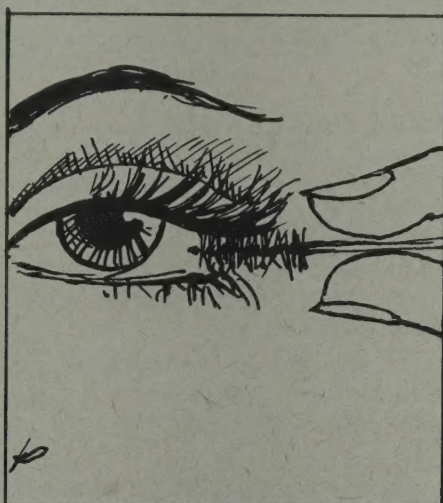
If you use an eyebrow pencil, make short, feathery strokes lightly to darken the brows, this will give a natural effect.

## KEEP

# YOUR SCALP CLEAN

## CRAVING FOR SWEETS

I was ten pounds overweight but with regular exercises and diet I managed to shed the extra fat. But I am very fond of sweets and just cannot do without them.



Any suggestion to remove this craving for sweets?

N.N.S. (Madras)

If you have been having a high carbohydrate diet with sugar and starches, you will miss sweets in the beginning. But you cannot cure a sweet tooth by consuming more sweets. You have to avoid desserts and, if you do this for a few weeks, you will not not feel the need for them.

Since the craving is caused by the lowering of the blood sugar, the solution is to include more proteins in your low-calorie menu. Eggs, milk, buttermilk, cheese, meat and fish are rich sources of proteins.

The length of time taken to cure that sweet tooth depends on how faithful you are about cutting down on sweets. But if you have a strong will-power, you will find that after some time sweets are no longer irresistible.

## TO PREVENT WRINKLES

I have heard of a cabbage mask to prevent wrinkles. How is it prepared? I am 39 and have a dry skin.

H.M. (Delhi)

Extract half a cup of juice from cabbage leaves. Add to this a little yeast and one tablespoon of honey. Apply it on the face and leave it on for about half an hour. When dry, rinse well.

A carrot pack is good for dry skin. Grate a medium sized carrot finely and mix one tablespoon of milk to this. Spread on the skin, leave for half an hour, then

rinse. You should apply these packs for a couple of weeks for good results.

## DANDRUFF PROBLEM

My hair has started falling due to dandruff. As I have very unruly hair, I use lacquer spray often. Is this harmful?

V.S.S. (Pune)

Dandruff flakes consisting of oily waste matter combined with tiny particles of dead skin form on the scalp and harden, clogging pores and causing itchiness. Use of harsh shampoos or harsh brushing aggravates the condition.

You should keep your scalp and hair absolutely clean and healthy by using a good shampoo; also scalp lubrication is essential.

Using a good anti-dandruff lotion will help. When you are treating dandruff, never use lacquer sprays, nourishing creams or lotions and avoid hot dryers. Keep your brushes and combs clean and never borrow these.

Here is an effective home remedy: Cut a lemon in half and gently rub it on your scalp, parting the hair in sections. Wash your hair after an hour or so with ritha seeds or curds.

You can also massage your hair and scalp with good coconut oil; leave it on overnight and shampoo the next morning.

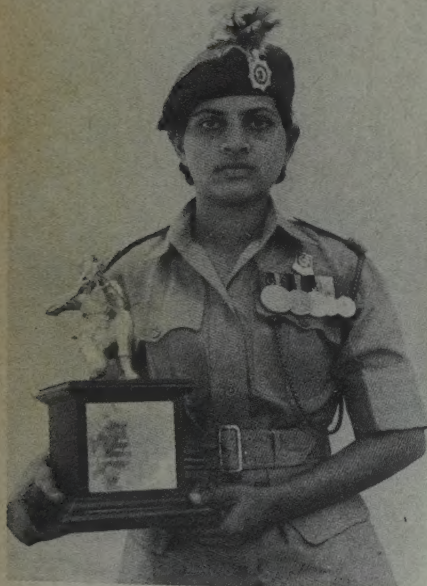
If the condition persists, consult a doctor.

## SUNITA BHATIA:

# CRACK SHOT

P. Pathak

With five medals  
decorating her N.C.C.  
tunic, Sunita is as good at  
studies as she is with  
the rifle



When you meet petite, soft-spoken, honey-eyed Sunita Bhatia you are struck by her simplicity, modesty and femininity. A B.Sc. student of Mount Carmel College, Bangalore, she was adjudged the best shot among girls in the N.C.C. Inter-College shooting Competition held here recently. Though small-made and sweet-looking, she has a tough streak in her, being the daughter of a Punjabi who left his homeland during the Partition, losing all his immovable property and part of his movable property.

She joined the N.C.C. two years ago and opted for rifle shooting. They were given intense shooting practice for just three months before the competition, in which she came first. She was awarded an individual medal for it; she was also responsible for her team winning the cup.

She is a great admirer of Israeli women. If a situation arose in India as in Israel, she wouldn't think twice about volunteering for the armed forces. She wants to be able to defend

her motherland if such an eventuality should arise.

She also entered the shooting competition held by the State Rifle Shooting Association in 1976 and carried away the first prize for shooting in the lying position. But she managed to get only the third prize in the kneeling position as they had not been trained to shoot in that position in the N.C.C.; besides, the target in the State Rifle Shooting Association was smaller and at almost double the distance than that in the N.C.C.

Besides being a crack shot, Sunita is interested in volleyball and throwball, but has no time to play regularly now.

She passed her S.S.L.C. from the Central School here, her father being in Central Government service. While at school she excelled in debates and elocution; her other activities were folk dancing and dramatics for which she has won prizes and praise. She is fond of light Indian music and reading, her favourite authors being Alistair Maclean, Chase and Fleming. But her favourite extra-curricular activity at present is cooking—she has been taking courses in baking and cooking. She wants to be a working wife and mother.

Her future plans are to con-

tinue her studies in order to be economically independent. Her ardent ambition is to be a doctor; but if she doesn't get a seat in a medical college, she proposes to study M.Sc. and then continue to stay on in the N.C.C. as an officer. She is not a rabid woman's libber but she certainly believes in equality between the sexes, and no double standards.

Of the five medals that you see pinned on her four are for 1) best shot in her battalion, 2) coming first in the Home Nursing examination conducted by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, 3) topping the First Aid examination held by the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, 4) regular attendance in college.

She was selected to go to Delhi to take part in the Republic Day Celebrations — usually the best shot is sent — and won the Rolling Trophy in the All-India Shooting Competition. She received the prize from the then P.M., Mrs. Indira Gandhi. She was also awarded an individual gold medal in the same competition — that is the fifth medal you see pinned on her.

In spite of her varied activities she does very well in studies too.

She doesn't speak much — she believes in action.

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Any discussion on the image of Indian women in Indian films ought to consider three basic postulates. What are Indian women in reality? Which types among them does Indian cinema portray? What images does the Indian audience want to see and which ones does it accept?

A survey on these questions would help us far better to come nearer the truth than subjective surveys based on a group of recent films, selected at random. What a few films depict or not is not as important as what the whole body of our cinema has been doing with a vast variety of women, of totally differing levels, found in our country and how much of that has been accepted and how much rejected by our people.

This is not to cast any aspersion on the effort of the Ahmedabad Women's Group which carried out a survey on "Image of women in Hindi and Gujarati films," based on one dozen of the former and half a dozen of the latter. It has more or less brought out the same faults and grievances which critics have been voicing for years now, about scores of films, without showing any special concern for the realities.

It is very easy to prove how Indian films have wrongly portrayed women. It has divided them into certain prototypes and symbols, culled out from a concoction of what goes for Indian culture, ideals and traditions. This has been hammered into the heads of cinegoers of both sexes, through characters, situations, dialogue and songs and turned into a stock standard of goodness in the audience's sense of values and preference. The same has been done with the standard of badness.

But it is very difficult to say how really far-removed is the Indian women's image from what is created for the screen. If an elementary effort were to be made at grouping Indian women, even by the minimum standards of literacy, economic well-being, urbanisation, progressiveness, career or service consciousness, moral convictions and traditional beliefs, not to speak of the differences created by religion, community, caste, class or province, it would show that there are staggering gaps from one to another.

Which group or image, then, can Indian cinema, especially the Hindi cinema, project and yet get uniform acceptance? It is obvious that each group has got its own workable values, standards and ways of life, which may be totally rejected by the other.

One woman's good is another women's poison. And films have to satisfy a reasonably big majority for getting back their costs, which are comparatively huge, even if it is a low-budget picture. Being an independent mass medium, it has to support itself, unlike radio or TV which are back-



# THE IMAGE OF WOMEN IN INDIAN CINEMA. sati savitri or vamps

Firoze Rangoonwalla

## *What is behind the unrealistic portrayal of women in our films?*

ed by government or commercials.

So Indian films have by and large adopted the line of dividing women between good and bad and then stretching it to the extremes. Thus the good women are too good and the bad women are too bad. Most of the existing groups which cinema wants to or dares to depict are thus separated and kept on the border-line between actual reality and the cinema's self-cultivated tradition. So before going into the age-old attack on our films for twisting this or that, we must acknowledge that they have largely stood by standards of goodness, sacrifice, family honour and morality, which are at least sound and

safe for a vast majority of Indian women.

One commonly noted distortion is the excessively submissive nature of the screen women, a virtue which has been dragged to the point of vice, when we think of emancipation, equality, progress and the rest. But this is just an exaggerated version of a huge mass of women who are really submissive in their households, whether to parents, brothers, husbands or sons. Some show a fairly strong capacity for protest or break-up (mainly by divorce) but then fall back into the protective cocoon of another man. What is really wrong in films is to glorify docility and backwardness as hallmarks of "heroine."

In the olden days, it used to go into excesses in the social and family dramas, with the "devi" image in films with Hindi background and the "Pal-ezah" one in those with a Muslim one. The husband was virtually the "devata," "bhagwan" or "maalik" whose name was not to be spoken and against whom not a word would be heard by the woman, even if he is ridden with all the vices in the world.

Women in India who have really shattered this image seem to be in a minority, since tearing jerking melodramas of the above-



The prostitute, exhibiting all the vices but finally revealing a noble nature...Priya in "Hanste Zakhm."



Photographs Courtesy  
Tiroze Rangoonwala

... are patronised widely and enjoyed with deep satisfaction by the female cinegoers themselves in large numbers. And this is not just a thing of the past. The recent astounding hit "Jai Sanoshi Maa" has a woman masochistically suffering all the wrongs, injustices and tortures heaped on her by the in-laws, while her husband has gone away and is in the company of another woman.

This timid, helpless, tear-shedding woman, humiliating herself to the point of begging for her daily bread and water, while pinning total faith on a miracle from her deity, was adored by thousands of women all over India. Even temples of the particular goddess cropped up for such women to turn to! Can we not conclude then that this must be the reality to a large extent and cinema was only mirroring it in its own blown-up style?

On a totally different level, even the so-called new-wave or avant-garde films can be held guilty for the same meek image. This is at times derived from popular Indian literature, the most conspicuous being Sarat Chandra's stories. The recent "Swami", a big success, especially with womenfolk, shows an educated girl eventually going back to an arranged marriage which had proved quite unromantic, while she should be

going away with her true lover. "Uski Roti" showed a woman's painful routine of endlessly waiting alone on the road and handing over the bread to her man, who has a nice time with another woman.

By the same logic there is a distortion of women even in films like "Sara Akash" (the suffering mute young bride), "Garm Hawa" (the ditched girl committing suicide), "Maya Darpan" (the confused, bored girl who cannot find any constructive activity), "Ankur" (the willingly exploited servant girl), "Nishant" (the abducted wife who almost sides with her captors), "Manthan" (the unlettered village woman who has a romantic brush with the urban man).

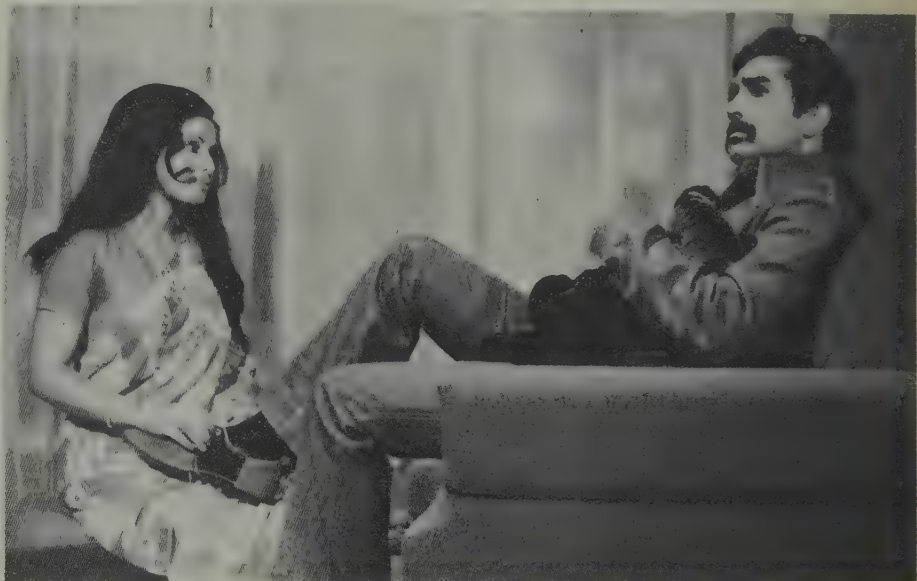
At the same time, not everything is lost, as Indian films, both of the escapist and off-beat variety, have been increasingly showing women as independent, clever and even rebellious creatures. The fanciful ones like hot-headed gypsies ("Dharam-Veer"), fire-spitting jugglers ("Chalu Mera Naam"), shrewd thieves and smugglers ("Amar Akbar Anthony", "Chori Mera Kaam", "Ram Bharose", etc.), tough tavern-keepers ("Chacha Bhatija"), audacious tangawalies ("Sholay") and so on are at least not servile and dependent, but earning their

own living and having their own will. They are nonsensical, but still a far cry from the women wallowing at their men's feet only to be kicked, or playing the "daasi" role by stooping to unlace their shoes and following "pati seva" as a cult.

**OPPOSITE PAGE:** The old image of the meek woman clutching the man's feet, only to be kicked... Nigar Sultana in an early family drama.

**LEFT:** Neetu Singh in "Rickshavala" — the audience gets the combined kick of wine and woman.

**BELOW:** The docile woman stooping to unlace her man's shoes... Raakhee and Rajesh Khanna in "Daag".



The better made recent films have done still better by showing women who are helpful better-halves ("Arjun Pandit", "Yehi Hai Zindagi", "Zindagi"), those who want to make their own choice of life partner ("Chit Chor"), those from bad professions who strive to rise higher (most films with dancing-singing girls and prostitutes as heroines), who intelligently probe into their husbands' doubtful past ("Shaque"), who dare to live without marriage ("Karm"), who try to overcome their physical handicaps ("Koshish"), who oppose the sexual tyranny of a man's world even by dearly paying for it ("Chaani").

It is important to realise that a fiction medium like the cinema depends on drama, conflict and visual attractiveness, which cannot be always found in the life of normal, average women. In fact, cinema has mostly thrived on the abnormal, all over the world. So it cannot be blamed for a sin of omission like not presenting aging women with bad looks or those leading a humdrum existence of running the home and doing routine chores, as good wives.

Even then, we can recall examples of dark, ungainly or lowly women and their problems presented in films like "Main Bhi Ladki Hoon", "Teen Batti Char Rasta", "Char Dil Char Raahen",

"Soorat Aur Seerat", "Namak Haram" and some others. There have also been films stressing on women's individuality and their capacity to tackle forbidding problems, like "Achhut", "Duniya Na Mane", "Aurat", and "Swayam Siddha" in the olden times, "Mother India", "Seema", "Anuradha", "Anubhav", and "Aandhi" in more recent times, apart from those biographicals on great women. The middle-class working woman's dilemma was never more poignantly shown than in Satyajit Ray's Bengali "Mahannagar".

The Ahmedabad's Women's Group has also been rather unfair in saying that simple-looking or middle-aged women don't exist in our films or that even they are dressed up glamorously. In fact, our films are usually fil-

led with elderly female characters, like grannies, mothers, in-laws, loyal old servants and, except for an occasional case like Kamini Kaushal, they are played by dozens of aged character actresses like Leela Misra. In "Arjun Pandit", surveyed by the Group, a glamour girl like Bindu has been given the plain image of a widow.

As for the major and common objection of sexploitation, cinema would have to plead guilty but with some of the already stated justifications of structural and economic factors. People do come to cinema to see what they have not seen, what they yearn to see or what they lack. This evidently cannot be the commonplace. In a restrictive society like ours where even the elementary mixing between the two sexes on a level of companionship is rarely tolerated, the film becomes the avenue of catharsis through the relief-giving images.

It drains off a major part of the resentment of "having-not" and the force of bottled-up emotions. This helps to more or less maintain the status quo and prevent any major outbreaks of disorderly conduct or disruption of family life. For the normal unprotesting women in the audience, too, the fantasy-like sexy creatures on the screen are an outlet for desires which are very

Continued on page 38

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# Women on Celluloid

Prasanna Radhakrishnan

*At last some intelligent women are up in arms against the blatant exploitation of their sex on the screen*

From time immemorial, women have been used as a cheap commodity. They are projected as helpless creatures, always needing men's protection. Their beauty is used to seduce men in films. Even the epic stories tell us how beautiful women were used by the gods to disturb the 'tapasya' of great rishis. And in the present century, the female figure is used to promote the sale of certain products. The films have gone to the irresponsible length of using females in different vulgar poses for box-office purposes. Nowadays, only films with bare bosoms, voluptuous thighs and other exposed parts of a woman sell.

A few women of Ahmedabad, known as the "Women's Group" have decided to fight this evil of cheapening their sex and commercialising it. They made a study of the image of the woman depicted in Hindi and Gujarati films and how it differs from the truth.

The study included all the Hindi and Gujarati films shown in the cinema houses of Ahmedabad in November 1976. They viewed a total of 12 Hindi and six Gujarati films.

The study recorded that most of the Gujarati film makers used distorted historical and mythological themes to depict women as tearful, helpless, humiliated, but demanding as mothers.

The literacy of the average woman is shown as limited to reading letters only. Gujarati films do not show women with higher education. All the women are portrayed as youthful, which puts a wrong emphasis on youth and beauty.

Scenes of beating, rape, sexy poses, sadism, are frequent. They are depicted as over-protected, living in seclusion or living as mistresses.

No film is built around a heroine.

The only goal of an unmarried woman in life is shown as marriage; beauty and money help in settling the marriage. No other aspect of the woman's personality is emphasised.

The physical allure of the woman is over-emphasised and is used as a bait to attract the hero and the villain in the story and the audience in the cinema halls. Exposure of the woman's body is common.

Male characters can indulge in irresponsible behaviour towards women, while women have always to be morally upright.

Like the woman's body and her emotions, her timidity is also used to appeal to filmgoers. A bewildered woman being kidnapped or standing in a corner and panting is frequently used to pander to male chauvinism and titillate the viewers.

The study group comprised the following:

1. Bhatt, Ela R. Magsaysay Award Winner for 1976, secretary of the Self-Employed Women's Association, trade unionist, and social worker.

2. David, Esther R. Famous sculptress, faculty member of the School of Architecture, now emigrated to Israel.

3. Hirway, Indira A. Research Officer, Institute of Area Planning, Ahmedabad.

4. Kanhere Usha S. Lecturer in the Sociology dept. of Political Sciences, Gujarat University.

5. Pathak, Ila. U. Lecturer, dept. of English, H.K. Arts College, Ahmedabad.

6. Shah, Raksha M. Lecturer, dept. of Political Science, L. D. Arts College.

In an interview with 'Eve's Weekly' one of the members of the study group said, "It is the producers who make the people sex-hungry." According to her, the public would accept healthy subjects if they were filmed, but she lamented that only titillation is fed to the public.

Asked whether they would organise a morcha or any other kind of protest to stop this exploitation of women on the screen, she said that she does not believe in morchas. She intends to write to the Prime Minister, the producers of films, the Union Home Minister and other interested parties to change this evil practice. She is planning to hold an exhibition to show the public how the image of women is abused in advertisements, even in text-books, and how idioms and phrases have evolved based on the assumed inferiority of women.

She wants film producers to give up their prejudices and stereotypes, and, instead, portray women as they really are, to

show their modern role and their contribution to human progress.

She is against women being shown as weak and as mere sex objects.

Mrs. Usha S. Kanhere said that she undertook this study because she is a sociologist and is keenly interested in social problems. She said that as a social scientist she feels that sex is being given too much importance and prominence these days. She wanted film makers to make more mature films. She is of the opinion that sex is not "everything in life." She wants the producers to project not only the physical aspects of women but also their total personality.

She wants films to inculcate correct values, and an awareness of the potential of women among the present generation by portraying women as equal to men and as capable of valuable service to society.

Mrs. Ila U. Pathak, an ex-columnist of a Gujarati daily of Ahmedabad, is of the opinion that films concentrate too much on woman's body and this is undesirable. She intends to conduct seminars and conferences in the near future to make women aware of this great social evil. She is also planning to conduct a survey of the textbooks, mass media, dramas, and advertisements to stop the exploitation of women and the feminine form.

She told me that she is disappointed over the fact that "many women consider films as depicting real life, though the stories have such unacceptable themes." According to her, many men have also welcomed the efforts of the "Women's Group" and promised all help to them.

Miss Raksha M. Shah a teacher for the last 11 years, wants the producers to project the Indian woman in the correct perspective. She candidly said, "I am not against the depiction of sex, wherever necessary." But she does not want sex to be treated as if it is the only aspect of life. She feels that woman should not be projected "only as a sex object" but should be treated as much a human being as man. She is also against projecting woman as "a pampered thing."

Miss Raksha Shah has written a book "Introduction to Indian Government" in Gujarati and has translated the book "Is JP the answer?" by Mr. M. R. Masani into Gujarati.

The films viewed by the members were, Hindi: Arjun Pandit, Bairaag, Chitchor, Deewaar, Herapheri, Mehbooba, Mera Jeevan, Sajjo Rani, Sankoch, Sholay, Udhar Ka Sindhoor and Zid. Gujarati: Jai Khodiayar Ma, Jalemsangh Jadeja, Khola No Khundnar, Malavpati Munj, Shamalshano Vivah, Vir Pamvalo.

While everyone will welcome the Women's Group's initiative, one wonders how far its efforts will succeed in persuading our film makers to have and project a more sensible and healthy view of women.



Devi

Once more Rajesh Khanna is busy discussing his heir. He was telling his cronies, "This time I am sure it is going to be a boy, he will be an emperor. I am going to name him Samrat."

Not very original, the story and the name. Rono Mukerji's son was named Samrat five years ago, today the name has turned into nickname "Some rat." When the second daugh-

## RAJESH: heir at midnight

ter was born, Rajesh was in bed for piles operation. He used to sit with astrologers posted at all four corners of the bed. Then he used to assure all the visitors, "I know it will be a son, he will be born at midnight, at the stroke of twelve," and everyone believed that Rajesh sincerely believed that Lord Krishna would take birth in his house.

Anyway, this is the second time in six months that Rajesh has spilled the news of Dimple's pregnancy and Dimple continues to deny it. Remember last time, Rajesh whispered about it to Narendra Bedi who spilled it out, and Dimple and her chamchis denied it. That was three months ago. Don't know whether it is the same issue carried forward now or a brand new one. But one thing is sure, no producer in filmdom anymore talks of Dimple's comeback except Chunibhai Kapadia. But then he is no more a producer.

Sanjay Khan's muhurat of "Abdullah" started on a tragic note, when his imported writer George Marzbetuny got a severe heart attack on the flight from Bangalore. The muhurat was at the R.K. Studio. On a spread of sand, godman Chandraswami, with another Chemela Swami, performed the puja. Sanjay's mother recited the Koran, after which appeared Raj Kapoor in Abdullah's garb. He and Sanjay blinked at each other, smiled through the artificial beard, etc. Akbar, the associate producer, told me all about Chandramani. Chand, very young, dark and strong, lives at the Holiday Inn

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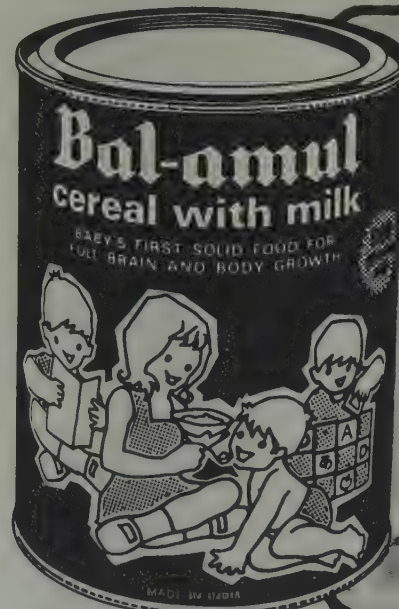
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JUMBLED WORDS

The letters are all mixed up, but they form a word. Unscramble the letters and find the word. A clue is given to help you.

- 1. **TYIC** (Clue: Many people are here).
- 2. **TAKSL** (Clue: We all love to do it).
- 3. **SDIES** (Clue: A coin has two sides).
- 4. **TOOF** (Clue: We use two of them to walk).
- 5. **EIRW** (Clue: It is long and thin like a rope).
- 6. **SACN** (Clue: You get food in them).
- 7. **AKEC** (Clue: We must have one on a birthday).
- 8. **RATEW** (Clue: To drink).
- 9. **OWT** (Clue: Learning how to count).
- 10. **SSGLA** (Clue: To drink out of).

RHYME ME

Find a word to rhyme with the words given below. For example: "No," - a word to rhyme is "So." See how many you can rhyme.

- (A) 1. **FUN**
  - 2. **HOT**
  - 3. **TOE**
  - 4. **CUP**
  - 5. **HOW**
  - 6. **CUT**
  - 7. **SHOWER**
  - 8. **LEARN**
  - 9. **BOIL**
  - 10. **GAME**
  - 11. **SINGING**
  - 12. **PIMPLE**
- (B) Now, rhyme these sentences! Try not to use the same words that you have already used above. Example: No: So. You can also rhyme the words OH: GO, etc. An example of a sentence rhyme:
- 1. It is **FUN**  
To play and **RUN**.  
Now carry on!
  - 2. When it is **HOT**
  - 3. When I hurt my **TOE**
  - 4. I drink from my **CUP**
  - 5. Let me show you **HOW**
  - 6. Do I need to **CUT**?

THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
**omphy-  
momphy  
tuk tuk**

Omphy Momphy Tuk Tuk had a big red box. It was made of wood. Omphy Momphy kept this box very carefully in his cupboard. Very often, he would take out the red box and open it. Inside the box were many different coloured marbles. There were small marbles and big marbles, red marbles and blue marbles, multi-coloured marbles and plain marbles.

One day, Omphy Momphy was playing with his marbles in the garden. He had dug a small round hole which he called the "Pill." He would aim the marble with his thumb and finger and try to put it in the "pill." While he was playing, he heard voices of many people coming towards his house. Omphy Momphy looked up. He was right! The voices belonged to a big man, a lady and a young boy.

The young boy saw Omphy Momphy playing in the garden. He walked towards Omphy Momphy.

"Hello!" he said.  
"Hello!" said Omphy Momphy

"Are all these marbles yours?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said Omphy Momphy. He began to show off his marbles.

The young boy also liked to play with marbles. Together they began to play a game. They counted twenty marbles each. Omphy Momphy had one set of marbles and the other boy had the second set of marbles.

Omphy Momphy called his team "Red Marbles" and the other boy called his team "Green Marbles." This was because the biggest sized marble of one set was red and in the other green. They had to aim at each other's marbles and put each marble out of the game by hitting it.

"Come on Red Marble," said Omphy Momphy.

"Come on Green Marble," said the young boy.

"You are cheating, Green Marble," said Omphy Momphy to the young boy.

"You are saying that because I am winning, Red Marble," said the boy.



Omphy Momphy aimed at a marble and hit it. "See that, Green Marble!" said Omphy Momphy.

The boy aimed at Omphy Momphy's marbles. He hit one of them. "See that, Red Marble," he said.

It was great fun. The young boy won in the end! But Omphy Momphy did not mind because the boy kept saying "You have such a big box of marbles! You are really lucky."

Omphy Momphy and the boy then decided to wash the marbles. They took the marbles to a tap in the lawn. The tap was used to water the lawn. Omphy Momphy and the boy washed the marbles. They got very wet themselves also!

When Omphy Momphy's mother came out to give them some biscuits and nimbu-pani, she saw them enjoying themselves at the tap. She called out to them.

Omphy Momphy and the boy collected the marbles, put them back in the tin and went to the verandah where Omphy Momphy's mother was standing.

"Just look at you both!" she said. Omphy Momphy and the boy looked at each other. Both were very wet!

"Have your biscuits first, then go and dry yourselves," said Omphy Momphy's mother. As Omphy Momphy and the boy began to eat, Omphy Momphy's mother asked him, "What is your friend's name?"

Omphy Momphy stopped eating. He stared at the boy. The boy stared back at him.

"What!" said Omphy Momphy's mother, "you two have been playing for one hour and you

still don't know each other's names?"

"We do!" said Omphy Momphy.

"Well, what is your friend's name?" asked Omphy Momphy's mother.

"Green Marble!" said Omphy Momphy.

"Red Marble!" said the boy pointing at Omphy Momphy!

"What odd names to have!" laughed Omphy Momphy's mother.

- ANSWERS:
- Jumbled Words
- 1. City 2. Talks 3. Sides 4. Foot
  - 5. Wire 6. Cans 7. Cake 8. Water
  - 9. Two 10. Glass
- Rhyme Me
- (A) These are only some of the words that can rhyme. There are very many more.
- 1. SUN 2. POT 3. ROW 4. PUP
  - 5. NOW 6. HUT 7. BOWER
  - 8. BURN 9. SOIL 10. SAME
  - 11. RINGING 12. SIMPLE
- (B) 1. You may have made much better rhymes. These answers are only to help those who could not find a sentence to rhyme.
- 2. When it **HOT**
  - Man things **ROT**
  - 3. When I hurt my **TOE**  
I say **OH!**
  - 4. I drink from my **CUP**  
After I fill it **UP**
  - 5. Let me show you **HOW**  
To bend a knee and **BOW**
  - 6. Do I need to **CUT**  
A **NUT**?

# NIRLEP

## A MIRACLE!

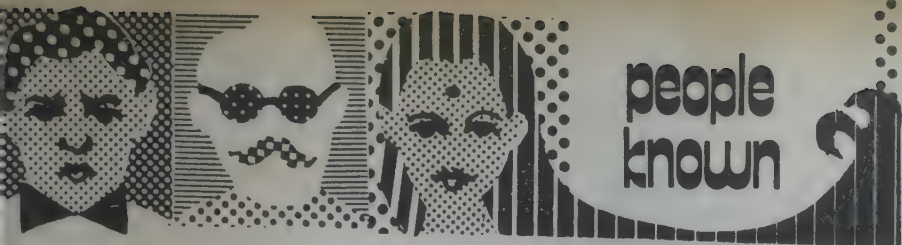
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The nightingale of India trilled and sang her melodious songs high in the air, above the clouds. Singer **Lata Mangeshkar** gave an unusual performance on popular demand while in a plane on October 2. Lata, who does not usually sing in public, responded to a request from the flight's captain and rendered many bhajans and patriotic songs on board the non-stop London-Bombay flight. Of course, the fact that it was Gandhi Jayanti had much to do with the fact that the request was made, and accepted.

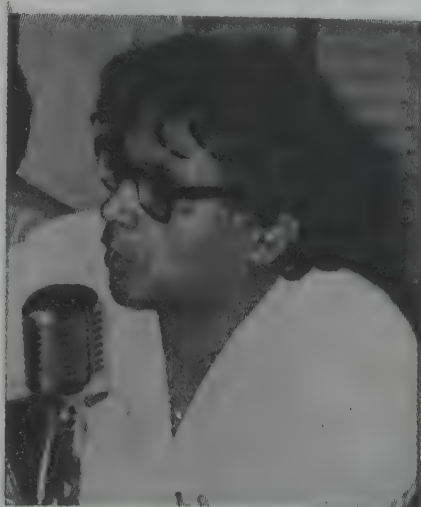
Lata, with the unerring intuition of a dedicated singer, chose songs well suited to the occasion, among which was the song that would have been one of the Mahatma's favour-



ites; "Allah tero naam, Ishwar tero Naam..." from "Hum Dono".

Writer **Vidyadhar Surajprakash Naipaul** did not get the Nobel Prize after all. And with the declaration of the Spanish poet, **Vincente Alexander**, as the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature for the year, India has lost its hope of new glory. Not that the glory would have been that of India's alone, for Naipaul left his homeland for richer pastures years ago. But as in the case of **Dr. Khurana**, the reflected glory would have sufficed to let Indians bask in self-esteem for some time at least. Naipaul himself has good company to help him adjust and reconcile himself to his losing the Prize. A Literary genius like **Lawrence Durrell** and an experimenter like **Norman Mailer** were losers too. And there can always be a second, luckier, time—as any Nobel Prize watcher knows.

At least for this, **George Fernandes**, Union Minister for Industries, deserves praise—that he publicly stated that he felt he was acting out a farce



when he came all the way only to push a button to "light up" the first 200 megawatt boiler at Koradi near Nagpur. "I hope never to have to do such a meaningless thing again," Mr. Fernandes stated, while addressing a gathering during his visit to Nagpur. One can only hope he was sincere in saying what he did, and was not talking merely for effect. For when he said that the whole business of having a dignitary come down to inaugurate something was farcical and an unnecessary formality, Mr. Fernandes had a valid point. The Koradi "boiler-lighting" ceremony alone cost thousands of rupees, spent in arrangement, transport and what not.

Seventeen-year-old jockey, **Steve Cauthen**, is a winner all the way. Not only has the apprentice jockey, who is not even a year old in professional horse-racing, won 401 races out of the 1631 that he rode in during part of the year, but he has also managed to break the record for earnings in a single year. Cauthen has by now won purses totalling 4,729,976 dollars for the owners of the various mounts he has ridden. According to racing experts, he stands a good chance of becoming the world's first jockey to earn five million dollars in one year. Little wonder then that this teenage jockey has been nicknamed the "miracle" jockey.

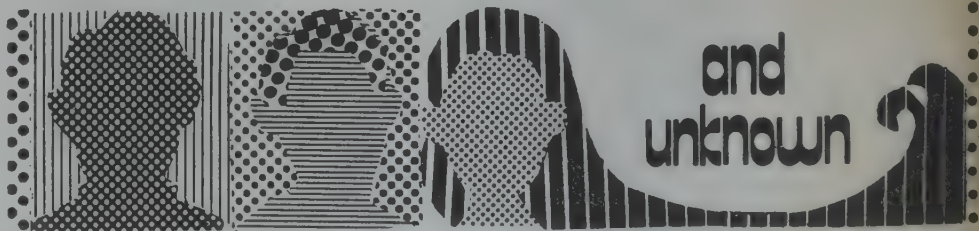
**Mr. A. B. Vajpayee**, Minister for External Affairs, has become the first leader of the Indian delegation to the U.N. to address that august assemblage in his national language, Hindi. But the point arises whether the trouble involved

for all concerned will prove worthwhile. True it is that Hindi is our national language and it is the duty of every Hindi speaking Indian to do all he can to popularise it, true also that when a language like Spanish, spoken by a comparative minority can be accepted as a U.N. language, it is only right to demand for Hindi the honour it deserves, but the fact remains that fighting for or insisting on the inclusion of Hindi at the U.N. has become more a prestige point than anything really utilitarian. Not only will it be a small minority of the delegates present who understand it, but the cost of making the speeches and other talks in Hindi understandable will involve an initial expenditure in foreign currency to the tune of Rs. five crores. And to a country where money is in short supply, for things which are more urgently needed, spending of Rs. five crores to make oneself qualify for being heard in one's own language, is, or should be, unthinkable. Perhaps the way out would be a



compromise—resorting to a two-language formula at the U. N., with translatable speeches in Hindi and all other, more complex deliberations, in English, which is after all an Indian language too, now. When three-language formulas can exist within the country, why not a two-language formula outside?

Journalism has lost a pioneer in the death of **Sam Castellino**. The loss of the young people who hope to be the journalists of tomorrow is however much greater, for it was for these young students of journalism that Sam, as he was popularly known, did the most. His single-handed efforts helped train hundreds of youngsters in the craft of journalism. Sam was not only a teacher; the office of his journal "Dateline Delhi", was not just another newspaper office. Sam played the role of friend, helper and guide, always ready with a kind word as well as more material aid for the needy. The office of "Dateline Delhi" often served to "house, feed and clothe" the students who wished to train under the wings of its editor. This service, which has resulted in setting many a struggling journalist firmly on his feet, would alone have served to elevate Sam to a place of honour. But his contributions are much wider in scope—he was also instrumental in the setting up of the **Rajendra Prasad College of Journalism**, run by the **Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan** in Delhi.



and  
unknown

**N. Parthasarthy** (26) is a progressive person who is futuristic enough to believe, and prove, that moving backwards can help one to move forward, if not upward. This young worker from Coimbatore walked in reverse non-stop for 47 hours and forty minutes in the crowded **Karol Bagh** area of Delhi. By this feat, reportedly the first of its kind in the world, Parthasarthy has moved forward in fame. His name thus will (if nothing proves his claim of being the first non-stop backwards walker to walk for such a duration wrong) move up to the level of the **Guinness Book of world records**.

He may even qualify for inclusion in the latest volume of **Ripley**, "Believe it or Not". Which is how progressive thinker Parthasarthy has proved that walking backwards can help take one forward too.

Compiled by S. S.



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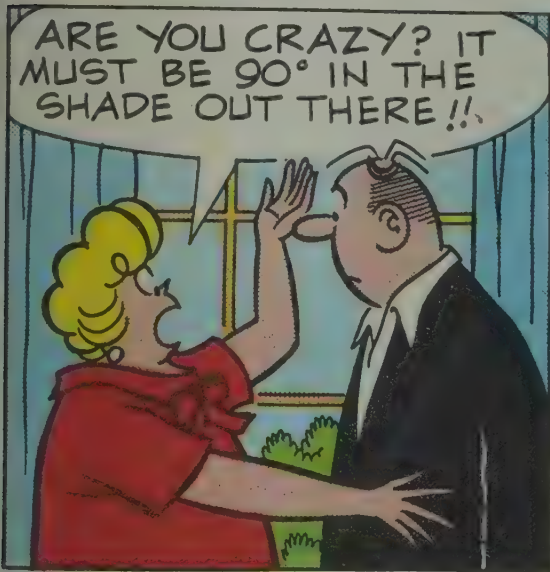
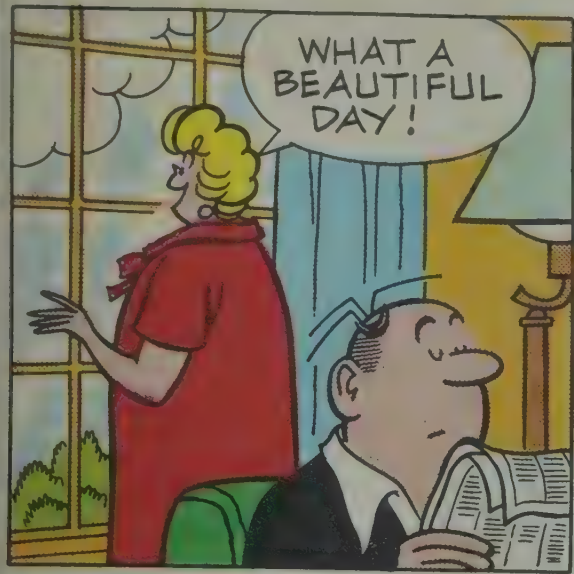


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# THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



The only thing worse than being a bachelor is being a bachelor's son.

1st girl: "How did she get a mink coat?"

2nd girl: "The same way the minks get them."

The judge was reprimanding the prisoner: "You have been brought here for drinking."

"Okay, lesh get started."

CONFERENCE: A group of men who, individually, can do nothing, but as a group, can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

"How's business?"

"Business is like sex: when it's good, it's wonderful and when it's bad—it's still pretty good."

Two older society gals, poor but snobbish, were talking about a matrimonial prospect.

"He's got plenty of money," one said, "but isn't he too old to be termed eligible?"

"Darling," the other answered, "he's too eligible to be termed old."

Smog martini: Two drinks and you can't see the bartender.



The popular girl is the one who waxes her zipper to make it work smoothly, silently and conveniently.

Overheard: "My first husband wants to marry me again—but I suspect he's after the money I married him for."

I like the one about the Englishman who says to the waiter, "Didn't you hear me say 'Well done?'" The waiter, ignoring the rare steak, absentmindedly answers, "Yes,



sir. Thank you, sir. It's so seldom we get any thanks."

The minister was leaving the church to go to a different parish:

"I'm so sorry you're going," the little old lady cried as she said goodbye. "I never knew what sin was until you came here."

"I heard about a man some time ago who had a watermelon patch, and some young rascals in the community were stealing him blind.

"So he said, 'All right, I'll get 'em.' So he put up a sign in his watermelon patch that said, 'One of these melons is poisoned.' He went to bed and got up next morning and sure enough they hadn't stolen a watermelon. Everything was the same, except the sign had been changed. It now read: 'Two of these watermelons are poisoned.'"

A woman once told Billy Graham that all her little boy needed was a pat on the back.

"That's right," said Billy Graham, "and if it's low enough and hard enough it will do him some good."

He was a Boy Scout until he was sixteen—then he became a Girl Scout.

A lawyer was questioning a witness in a murder case. "Did you say that she shot him at close range?"

"Yes."

"Were there any powder marks on him?"

"Sure," came the reply. "That's why she shot him."

The lawyer had just won a speedy acquittal for a wealthy businessman charged with bigamy. "You're a free man," said the lawyer. "Go on home to your wife."

"Which one?" enthused the acquitted.

There was a young man with a hernia,  
Who said to his surgeon,  
"Gol dernia,  
When improving my middle,  
Be sure you don't fiddle  
With matters that do not concernia."

Compiled by: George Fegard

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*While all over the world there is heightened awareness of ecological issues such as animal welfare, we in India have a long way to go. The Third National Conference of the Animal Welfare Board is to take place in New Delhi, November 15-17, 1977. We take this opportunity to present a plea for more awareness and positive action in this area*

**Malati Jaikumar**



Man stands at the apex of the animal kingdom. His superior intelligence has helped him to harness the forces of nature and use many creatures to serve his purposes.

As a good master he should strive for the welfare of his animal helpers. But in reality, man's growing ambition, greed for money and selfishness has made him a heartless despot. Calous snuffing out of animals in the prime of their beauty and health is deemed a sport which is further flaunted shamelessly in the form of stuffed heads "adorning" many a room. Animals are murdered for the sake of their skins, horn, hoof or tusk and many a beautiful specimen of creation becomes rare if not extinct.

This is where the Indian Wild Life Board steps in to protect the rich variety of India's animals and birds. Projects like Project Tiger are launched to protect threatened species. "The inveterate poacher is a problem," says P. N. Luthra, a dynamic member of the Board. "Apart from poacher who kills for money, there are members of the affluent class who have the facility to imbedded guns, employ jeeps and large bribes. Because of the vast area to be covered poachers are not easily caught. There is a lack of realisation about

## A MUTE CRY FOR HELP

the importance of Wild Life. When I was in Shillong, there was a large forest area around the house and I used to see a lot of really beautiful pheasants. By the time I left in '71 there was hardly a bird left. Young boys with catapults had almost wiped them clean out."

In the North East Frontier Area there is much spoliation of forests and streams by the tribals, the Army and the Police. With the cooperation of these people, the N.E.F.A. Wild Life Board was formed. Even so, on a subsequent visit to N.E.F.A. Mr. Luthra was "shocked to see that what was once an impenetrable jungle was almost razed flat to the ground."

The same callousness is multiplied a millionfold with regard to domestic animals in India. This is mainly due to crass indifference, thoughtlessness and lack of education rather than deliberate cruelty. A vast number of the Indian population has grown benumbed to ugly sights

of horses and bullocks grossly underfed and overladen, struggling to their last breath, animals crushed by speeding lorries, and the so called "sacred" cow starved and emaciated, rummaging in garbage dumps.

India, the land of Buddha, Mahavira and Ashoka with its rich heritage of Ahimsa, is paradoxically blind and deaf to the agony of its animals. The champion for this lost cause is the Animal Welfare Board which is to hold its Third National Conference in New Delhi on November 15, 16 and 17, '77.

This organisation, not content with mere prevention of cruelty, lays emphasis on promoting animal welfare through humane education. It augured a happy future for animals when Mrs. Rukmini Devi Arundale was nominated to the Rajya Sabha. She is the recipient of the Victoria Silver Medal given by the R.S.P.C.-A, London. Apart from being involved in a number of organisations and activities, she is the chairman of the Animal Welfare Board, a director of I.S.P.A., vice-president of Beauty without Cruelty, vice-president of the International Association Against Painful Experimentation on Animals, a member of the Wild Life Board, founder of the Indian Vegetarian Congress in India and vice-president of the International Vegetarian Union.

Even as a young girl she had been moved by the distress of animals. "I remember, the first time I put up a programme, I donated the entire money for the welfare of animals," she said. "I have always wanted to do something for animals and when I was nominated I thought this is my chance. So I introduced the Prevention of Cruelty towards Animals Bill in '54. The then Prime Minister approved of it and a committee of Members of Parliament, doctors, officials and nonofficials toured the country. Out of conferences and consultations with persons and organisations at home and abroad was born the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act 1960. This in turn gave rise to the Animal Welfare Board (A. W. B.)."

The functions of the Board include encouragement by grant of financial assistance for the formation of pinjrapoles, animal welfare organisations like the S.P.C.A., assistance to existing organisations, encouraging establishing of animal hospitals, animal shelters, water troughs and the like for ameliorating the condition of beasts of burden. Animal Welfare Weeks are observed every year during which time posters, essay competitions and cinematographic exhibitions arouse public interest.

"This is one of the reasons we have these National Conferences," said Rukmini Devi. "We really achieve something as we discuss so many aspects of Animal Welfare during these conferences and some action is definitely taken. I would not say I



**Rukmini Devi Arundale is variously involved in animal welfare programmes also.**

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completely satisfied with the achievements so far and much more needs to be done, but that not because of lack of effort on our part. It is due to lack of sufficient help from the Ministry of Agriculture. We lack sufficient funds, and the grants we get are pittance as compared to what other forms of social welfare get. Organisations abroad, specially S.P.C.A. of the U.K., help by donating cash or equipment and vans, but in spite of that we need more."

Mr. G.R. Rajagopaul, vice chairman of the A.W.B. since its inception and ex-secretary of Law of the Government of India, feels that headway will be made only if certain amendments are carried out to make the Act more effective. "The inspectors of the animal welfare organisations rely largely on police officers to help them in the implementation of the Act. The offences can be investigated only on a complaint and are not cognisable. So, many prosecutions fall through.

"It is absolutely necessary that the offences be made cognisable and inspectors appointed by the S.P.C.A. and other organisations given all the powers of a police officer in the matter of arrest, seizure and prosecution of offenders. This is all the more important as the regular police officers, burdened as they are with their multifarious duties as guardians of law and order, do not find enough time for the detection of the offences under the Act and there is a general lack of appreciation by the police of the pain and suffering caused to animals."

The Board's suggestions to the

## A MUTE CRY FOR HELP

The circus is a small world of horror. While millions of people laugh at and applaud the tricks of animals, practically no one thinks of the hours of torture that went into the making of the two-minute trick. Animals are

noise and foul smell. After a time you don't notice either."

What irks her more is the attitude of the well-to-do. As an instance she told me of a saucy caller who wanted to dispose of a pedigree dog that his wife did not like. The ambulance travelled thirty-two miles to be told that the dog had been given away. The next day the same polite voice said that the dog "given away" had been brought back and would Animal's Friend collect it? Another long trip found the dog not "pedigree" but savage. As a contribution towards the cost of petrol, the man, after much tapping of pockets, brought out a one-rupee note!

"Poor people are more free with their money and compassion than those comfortably off," says Miss Rogers. Incidentally, the crying need is for a small ambulance for Animal's Friend. Anybody with a generous heart, an overflowing wallet and the inclination can help. Any takers?

Brig. Sahni, an exclusive veterinarian in Defence Colony, feels that Indians do not generally take enough care of their pets. "The bathing, brushing and handling of the dog or whatever it is, is left to the servants," he says. "While foreigners talk to animals and treat them like human beings, we don't even touch them."

In the case of farmers, vendors, tonga and jatka drivers, it is found that most try to take fairly good care of their animals, out of selfishness if not love, as animals are vital to their income, and if there are cases of neglect it is due to poverty and ignorance. There is a limit to the amount that can be spent on fodder and medical treatment. One old tonga driver said that he would rather forgo medical aid for himself but not for his horse. On the other hand, the greed for money, a greed probably motivated by dire need, drives them to tax the animals that serve them.

How can we awaken the coming generations to the need for compassion?

"Teach them young," says Mrs. Rukmini Devi. "This is where women have a great role to play as mothers and teachers. Women are more sensitive by nature and greatly influence children. Women have the power to mould the characters of their children and they should realise it and use it well."

"Instead of cramming children's heads with facts, teach them compassion in action," suggests Miss Crystal Rogers. "Let each school have a small farm and let the children take care of and handle the animals. Let it be a part of their education."

Let us drown all religious barriers, say I. Let us realise that kindness is the universal religion.

"So many gods, so many creeds. So many paths that wind and wind,

While just the art of being kind,

Is all the sad world needs."



ABOVE: "Come — I'll help you with your wash...?"

RIGHT: Crystal Rogers: "I want to work for India's animals as long as I have breath left in my body."



BELOW: Dr. Sabharwal of "Animal's Friend" tries to help a dying cow.



forced to do acts that go against the very nature of their species, all for the sake of transient laughter.

Yet another chamber of horrors is the experimentation on animals such as monkeys, rabbits and rats. Monkeys are inoculated with vile diseases, addicted to large doses of morphine, made to endure violent electric shocks and driven insane with mechanical appliances — all at the altar of Science. To prevent dogs and other animals from howling in pain, their vocal chords are cut. This is known as debarking. Curare is used to paralyze the animal, but it retains all its sensitivity and intelligence. It can hear and see everything but cannot move a muscle.

It is a relief to turn from such misery and watch the zeal and ardour of Miss Crystal Rogers, who says, "I want to work for India's animals as long as I have breath left in my body." Her "Animal's Friend" in Old Delhi may not be the last word in elegance but it is abundant in sheer love of and dedication to animals in distress. "Yet I see no change or improvement in the behaviour of the public in the past 23 years I have been here. People are so used to misery even among humans that they do not feel anything. It is like living amidst

Government of India regarding the amendments is now nearly 45 years old. But the snail's pace at which the Government machinery moves has delayed effective implementation.

While on the subject of Animal Welfare we must underline the grave state of affairs in three areas — slaughtering of animals, killing of animals for entertainment and experimentation of animals.

Humane slaughter is a far

away dream in India. The slaughter houses are primitive, animals are not stunned and other animals waiting their turn suffer acute mental agony as they witness the slaughter of their brethren. Animals that have their throats cut while fully conscious suffer for forty seconds before pain ceases. If you think that is not too much, try holding a finger over a flame or in boiling water and time yourself. Then multiply the agony a thousandfold.

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Many hundreds of years ago, when man had not yet become civilised and still walked semi-naked in the jungles, he was frightened of all the big and powerful animals he saw around him. There were lions and tigers and elephants and man felt small and helpless against them. Then it dawned on him that he used only two limbs for walking, while the other animals walked on all fours. Two of his limbs were free. He didn't need them for flying, like the birds, or for swimming, like the fish. He began to shape things, to sharpen sticks and the edges of flint stones, to make weapons so that he could defend himself and even kill animals bigger and stronger than himself. 'Aha!' thought man, 'Now I will become their master.'

Wide-eyed, open-mouthed 10-year-olds are held spell-bound in rapt attention as Mrs. Bani Roy, Education Officer of the Prince of Wales Museum, Bombay, continues:

"But even primitive man had a natural urge to make things beautiful. As soon as he discovered he could use his hands, he wanted to decorate the dark caves in which he lived. So the earliest paintings and drawings are found in caves. Being surrounded by animals, they were among the first figures he chose to portray. In one of the most ancient caves of India, near Mirzapur, there is a painting of a boar being killed by an arrow."

A few eyes stray around the hall, temporarily losing track of the lecture, the intellectual level of which varies with the average age of the group being addressed. During the three weeks of the "Animals in Indian Art" exhibition, in which more than 350 exhibits, spanning a period of 4500 years were displayed, 500-700 children visited the museum daily. Organised by the World Wildlife Fund the exhibition attempted to trace the development of mankind through his relationship with animals, and thereby to highlight the plight of threatened species of animals with the aim of building public opinion in favour of conservation projects.

Children naturally formed a major target audience. A circular about the exhibition was sent to 300 schools, of which about 50, including some from distant suburbs of Bombay like Vikhroli, Ghatkopar and Santa Cruz, responded by organising excursions for the children. However, many of the schools failed to give the children any background about the exhibition, or to prepare them on what to expect, with the result that some of the children were left with the feeling of being cheated. "I thought we were going to an exhibition where there'd be stalls and games and nice things to eat," said twelve-year-old Cyrus, who had been secretly welcoming the break in the dull monotony of the school routine.

After the initial feeling of disappointment wears off, interest



Mrs. Bani Roy, introducing the "Animals in Indian Art" exhibition to children.

gradually builds up, as "Bani Didi" tells them about "the lions who once occupied vast tracks of jungle across the North Indian plain"—she indicates the area delineated in chocolate brown on a map of India—"can today be found only in this small area, the Gir forest"—she points to a white spot about the size of a pencil-head. "Cultivating the land to grow more crops to feed his increasing numbers, man has slowly driven this magnificent king of the beasts to the brink of extinction." The impact registers on some of the older children, who begin to study the map with interest and enquire about other species of animals that may also be endangered. As the talk draws to a conclusion, the group breaks up and the children wander around viewing the exhibits, impressed by their visual aesthetics, and marvelling at the fine workmanship.

The concept of the time span of history begins to dawn on their fresh, green minds. The development of coinage from the crudely chiselled, punch-marked copper and silver coins of the 3rd century B.C., through Moghul Emperor Jehangir's silver coins with the zodiac symbols, to the modern mint-made currency, is fascinating. Predictable sex preferences surface. The boys make a beeline for the section displaying weapons—guns and swords with ornate gem-studded handles. Girls appear to prefer intricate ivory carvings, peacock temple lamps and musical instruments shaped like birds.

But it is the youngest age group, the primary and the preschoolers, whose responses are refreshingly direct and spontaneous. For them, time-weathered objects that have lost their shape and stylized forms of representation are unrecognizable and therefore meaningless. All the same, their imagination is stimulated by the strange shapes, and what they are supposed to be, and this provokes the beginnings of independent thinking.

# CHILDREN RESPOND TO ANIMALS IN ART

Meher Pestonji

**IT IS IMPORTANT TO INCULCATE IN CHILDREN A RESPECT FOR ANIMALS. A RECENT EXHIBITION IN A BOMBAY MUSEUM WAS A GOOD EXAMPLE OF ONE WAY OF DOING THIS.**

Three-year-old Vijay came with his mother, a college professor, who pointed out a Mohenjo-Daro figurine telling him it was an ancient depiction of a lion. Vijay stared hard at it for a while, then shook his head in disbelief: "No, Ma, it's so small, how can it be a lion? Besides it looks more like a rabbit!" When his mother insisted that it was, indeed, a lion, he looked at her, confused, seriously doubting her infallibility for the first time. "But it can't bite me. Then how can it be a lion?" he remarked, striding off with a newly-found self-importance.

This age group is also fascinated by the brightly-coloured Moghul paintings. Hunting scenes and animal fights, favourite themes of Moghul painters, excite the city-bred children to whom the idea of hunting wild animals in jungles is an adventure straight out of a fairy tale book, made all the more romantic when peopled with familiar characters like Emperor Akbar. Their history books come alive. Two seven-year olds were overheard hotly arguing whether the brown horse or the white one in a particular painting were galloping faster. It would be an oversimplification to dismiss this as mere childish prattle. Devoid of the sophistication that dulls natural responses, these children had instinctively caught the mood and spirit of the hunt that the painter had tried to capture.

Generally children are not attracted to stone sculpture, probably because of its dull grey colour. But the texture of stone is interesting. Stone is smooth, but not glazed; it is hard, but has intriguing curves; it is cold, but warms to the touch. A new dimension of sensation is awakened. Several museums in Western countries have a children's section where they are permitted to handle stone sculpture and get a feel of the material — under supervision, of course.

At the Prince of Wales Museum, children are not allowed to touch the stone exhibits, but there is another fascinating section for them — the Natural History Section, reputedly the best of its kind in Asia. Housed in a

separate wing of the museum, this section is devoted to depicting a spectrum of the various forms of life that inhabit the earth.

The first room is filled with birds in simulated natural settings. Imitation tree trunks, twigs and shrubs; birds' nests, eggs and fledglings; birds perched, birds in flight, birds roosting; almost every species of birds, from common crows and sparrows to the enormous ugly mountain vultures, to flamingoes and ducks.

The "big game" room is next. Life-like lions with bared teeth look ready to pounce. An even more fierce leopard. Instinctively the young children shy away in fear. But this initial reaction is gradually overcome by a natural curiosity, coupled with the realisation that it is safe to venture closer.

The next room features various species of fish, tortoises, crocodiles and alligators. An entire section is devoted to snakes, thick and coiled, some caught in the act of capturing and devouring live prey.

And, finally, a section on insects—mosquitoes, flies, butterflies and other insects shown through the development cycle of egg, larva and pupa. The star attraction here is a model of a housefly magnified to the size of the palm of a hand, with each hair and feeler clearly visible in all its repugnance. A course in biology could be conducted with the minimum use of textbooks.

Mrs. Bani Roy talks of the Children's Creativity Centre within the museum compound, where children are shown colour slides, given talks on selected subjects, and also allowed to handle stuffed birds.

Schools may, by previous appointment, request the museum authorities to conduct a demonstration on how a bird is stuffed. The school children then bring a live bird (e.g. pigeon) and Mr. Ramamurthy of the Bombay Natural History Society demonstrates how to kill, stuff and mount it.

A creative approach to presenting information to the younger generation, besides expanding knowledge, also stimulates interest to seek further knowledge. Mrs. Roy recalls a final year S.S.C. student approaching her at the end of a school visit, enquiring, "If I want to become a museum director, what subjects should I study at college?"

Education of the finer aesthetic senses is at least as important as education of the mind, but unfortunately it has not received the attention of either educators or society.

# LIGHT UP

Radiate glitter and colour at the nocturnal Diwali scene. The fashion cry is for glamorous but practical clothes in warm, vivid and jewel tones, sparked with a touch of glimmer to enhance that

festive look. Today, rich zari sarees are out for the young, but traditional printed silks, caftans and the popular salwar-kami, and ghagras are very much in vogue. The zari-kissed georgette

Be a glamorous hostess in an easy, breezy caftan! A batik silk caftan with shirred high-waist has human figures in front and borders on the sides; while a flaming orange georgette Arabian caftan is richly embroidered in gold zari.

Fashions to light up the Diwali scene! A into a charming salwar-kamiz with the pa ourful Kashmiri silk scarves are used for th skimpy choli underneath.



# OR DIWALI

bian caftan is new on the scene and is worn over a figure-ging full petticoat. Silk sarees lend themselves to becoming es and add sparkle under the soft lights of the deeyas as

they exude the Oriental fashions in youthful, charming silhouettes. So pick a soft, flowing silk or gajji saree, maxi or caftan from a wide range of sophisticated ready-made wear.

le printed silk, floral striped, saree is styled tively used for front. Many lovely, col-ghagra and poncho top attached to a

Vibrant prints for a wonderful time! An electric blue, red and white circular de- signed silk saree has an op-art pallav and a traditional red and black border. The other, with tiny leaf motifs in red and orange, has a broad traditional border on the lower end and a richly designed pallav echoing the colours.



Amedo walked out of the barn and called out to the small figure barely discernible between the tall sugarcane and the green channa fields beyond.

"Munni, your babu is calling you." She watched the figure slowly emerge and saw the look of anticipation turn sullen as the dark eyes met hers.

"Where is he?"

"In the poli."

This was a room reserved exclusively for the men and their visitors. A hookah and a couple of charpoys now bare even of the duree gave the room a cheerless look. But Amedo knew otherwise. At sundown it would be full of men, their voices loud and cheerful after a hard day in the fields, the transistor at full blast and the talk mostly politics or a general discussion on the crops and the elements of nature to which they were subject. Why had Phool Singh called his daughter in this room reserved for outsiders only?

Amedo tiptoed to the half opened door and heard her husband say, "Beti, your mataji has asked you several times what you want for Diwali, but I believe you have refused to tell her. Why?"

Amedo tensed. She wished her husband had let the matter alone. Now Munni would be even more on the defensive.

Munni raised her long eyelashes and anxiously searched her father's face for signs of anger. There was none. She sidled forward and whispered, "Babuji I want crackers, lots of them. The bombs and phulcharis."

"Why didn't you tell your maji before?" he asked.

"She is not my mother," the young voice trembled. "My mother died four years ago."

Phool Singh sighed. He drew the thin figure close to his side. "Munni, she is now your mother and you must try and accept the fact. See, how she looks after you, especially after dadi ma's death. Now tell me, what else do you want besides. . ."

Amedo walked slowly back to the kitchen and, opening the door, crossed to the barn where "Gauri" their three year-old buffalo was waiting patiently for her fodder.

Slowly she let her slim fingers trail down the smooth skin which gleamed like satin in the morning sun.

"Gauri," she murmured. "How stupid can men be. Can't he see that dadi ma has prejudiced Munni's mind so much that she can only see me as a 'Mausi' (step mother). Two years have passed, she is nine now and she still hates the sight of me. So much hate in one so young."

Tears filled her eyes. She had never been hated before and it was a new emotion to her—one which filled her with dread. No matter how hard she had tried,

Munni had remained aloof to all overtures. Although dadi ma had died soon after their marriage she had had enough time to poison the young mind. Amedo remembered all the taunts and the quarrels and her mind still revolted at the battering it had received. It had been a favourite theme: "No dowry. You have not even brought any kitchen utensils bahu," or, "God knows what he saw in you. Keep away from Munni. I don't want you to contaminate her mind with your new fangled ideas. Wanting to send her to school three kos (miles) away! You wouldn't do that to your child. Imagine walking in this heat! She will fall ill. Come Munni, let us go and collect some 'sag' for lunch. This woman will harm you if she had her way."

She had seen the innocent eyes fill with horror and dread. The child had reacted in the most natural way. She would keep out of Amedo's way as much as possible.

Amedo did not confide in her husband. Only time could bridge the widening gap between her and her step-daughter. He had enough responsibility as it was. His younger brother was away in the Army, his two younger sisters, although married and well settled, came and visited them at least once a year. All alone he had to till two hundred bigas of land. She could still hear the endless arguments he had had with his grandmother when she had come as a young bride of nineteen.

"Why you couldn't have chosen Chaudhri Zail Singh's daughter, I can never understand. What happened to your bhuddi (brain)? She was bringing so much dowry and he is the jaildar of the village."

"Dadi ma," Phool Singh's voice had been very gentle. He had loved his dadi ma who had looked after him, his brother and sisters when their parents had died of cholera which had broken in an epidemic form in the village. He had been only fourteen then.

"Try and understand my point of view," he had continued. "Munni needs a mother who is both kind and educated. And of the two choices I fould Chaudhri Amir Singh's daughter more suitable."

"Nonsense," dadi ma snorted loudly. "We need someone in the fields, not in the house. What does Munni need education for? We were never educated. You will turn her head and a lot of good that is going to do to you. She should also learn to work in the fields and later on we can

always find a healthy strapping man like you of the soil—not a city babu."

Dadi ma had died eight months later, before Amedo's first Diwali. Tomorrow would see her second Diwali in her husband's home. She had been looking forward to it so much, but now—dadi ma may be dead, but she was still alive in Munni's mind. She had told her that her step-mother was an evil woman and the child had believed.

"Maji," Munni's voice startled her out of her deep reverie. "Babuji wants a jhola (shopping bag)."

Amedo turned and walked quickly into the house.

"Here is the bag. Don't forget to bring some laddoos and candles," she thrust the bag into his hands.

Phool Singh stretched out his hand, but instead of taking the bag he pulled the slim rounded figure close to his body. His

# MUNNI

Pramilla Bhagat Singh



hands caressed her breasts and she felt them swell. How she loved this husband of hers, the village and the fields! The burning sun, the heat, the sweat, and the cold of the winters when he insisted he felt too cold to sleep on a separate bed. If only Munni could feel her love and affection! His hands become more demanding. She whispered softly, "Not now, Munni might come in." Phool Singh looked down at the flushed face. She always considered Munni first and yet his daughter detested her!

As soon as the door closed behind him she saw Munni run towards the village ground. She knew the children played there, under the tall banyan and neem trees. No harm could come to her there. But it also meant no lesson for the day.

She quickly went to her bedroom and pulled out the two suits from the wooden chest. A lovely red suit for Munni, with a mulmul dupatta covered with silver tinsel and a blue suit with lemon flowers for herself. The yellow dupata was covered with golden tinsel.

Her eyes were full of dreams. Tomorrow was Diwali and nothing must mar the day. Not even Munni's sulks and tantrums.

Crackers rent the sky. Houses were illuminated with diyas and candles. Amedo looked proudly at their little house. It was full of golden light, the glow from the diyas giving a softer and more gracious look to the red tiles.

Munni was playing with the children of nearby house. Phool Singh she could see in a distance smoking a hookah and conversing loudly. He seemed happy and contented. Earlier, before going out he had said, "You both are looking so beautiful that I may have to lock you up so that no evil eye can touch you." Amedo had hugged the compliment to

*It is so easy  
to poison a child's  
mind against  
her step-mother,  
but the  
consequences  
may well be  
a major tragedy*

herself. She was glad she had bought the two new suits. Diwali day was proving all that she had wanted it to be. Munni had been too excited to look for faults or fall into sullen silences. It was such a long time since Munni had had such fun. The new suit, how her friends envied her! It had come from the city, Munni had boasted. The sweets, the diyas and the crackers! Her body was filled with strange delight.

"Maji," she called out excitedly, "I want some more phulcharis."

Amedo held out a box. "Here, light it with mine."

The flare caught them both and for a moment they were illuminated in its brightness. Happy, eager eyes scanned each other.

"Maji hold your phulchari high and swing it round, like this." Munni demonstrated with hers.

"Be careful Munni, keep it away from me. My dupata might catch fire," Amedo laughed as she turned round to imitate the child.

For a moment the young figure stood still. Why, it was all so easy. Maji wouldn't even know.

Munni crept behind her step mother and put her phulchari near the yellow dupata. The thin material caught the flame immediately. Amedo screamed. Munni's eyes dilated at the sight. Fear caught her throat. Maji might die.

"Babu, babu," she ran wildly towards her father.

Phool Singh sprang towards the sound. He saw women crowding round his wife. Someone had thrown her on the sand, the fire had fizzled out. The dupata was in ashes. Amedo lay in a crumpled heap at his feet. Quickly he lifted her in his arms and walked into the house, calling out loudly, "Get the doctor."

The dispensary was half a mile away. Some one took a cycle and pedalled swiftly away. The women huddled in a corner. Munni had disappeared. No one moved until Dr. Ram Chand arrived. He sent them all out. Later he informed them that Phool Singh's wife was only suffering from shock. There was nothing to worry about.

Two hours later Amedo whispered, "Where is Munni?"

Phool Singh looked blank.

"Go and find her. She must be near Gauri."

He returned minutes later with Munni. Her face was pale and frightened.

Amedo smiled gently. "Come near me Munni. Now listen to me carefully. We must not spoil our Diwali dinner. Everything is ready in the kitchen. Feed your babu and eat yourself. Later bring some halwa and milk for me. I know I can trust you to look after the house while I am laid up. Today is a day for thanksgiving and worship. We must all learn to forgive and forget."

Munni lifted incredulous eyes. She had expected to be slapped. Maybe babuji would have beaten her. Instead, maji was giving her the responsibility of looking after the house, babu and herself!

Phool Singh turned impatiently towards his daughter. "Go and get everything ready. Just like your maji to light her own dupatta. In future, no more crackers for her. Not unless you or I am around."

"But babu . . ." Munni opened her mouth, but no words come out.

"Munni," Amedo raised her voice. "See, someone is at the door."

It was the village dai (midwife). Phool Singh and Munni left the room.

It was late afternoon. Everything was quiet and peaceful. It was siesta time. Amedo lay on her bed and looked up sleepily at the wooden beams of the ceiling. So much had happened since last evening.

This morning Phool Singh had refused to let her get up. After all, what did one more day matter? Munni was looking after the house and the buffalo. There was so much food left over from last night's feast. No one had eaten much. Amedo had fallen asleep long before they had even finished their dinner. Must have been the sedative the doctor had given her before leaving.

Today her mind was clear and alert. She saw the door slowly open. A printed salwar showed through the opening.

"Come in Munni," she called out. The girl stepped in and Amedo saw how pale and strained the young face looked.

"Come here Munni beti," she pulled the child to the bed.

Munni hid her face against the soft shoulders. Hot tears coursed down her thin cheeks.

"Maji, I did not mean to burn you," she sobbed out loudly.

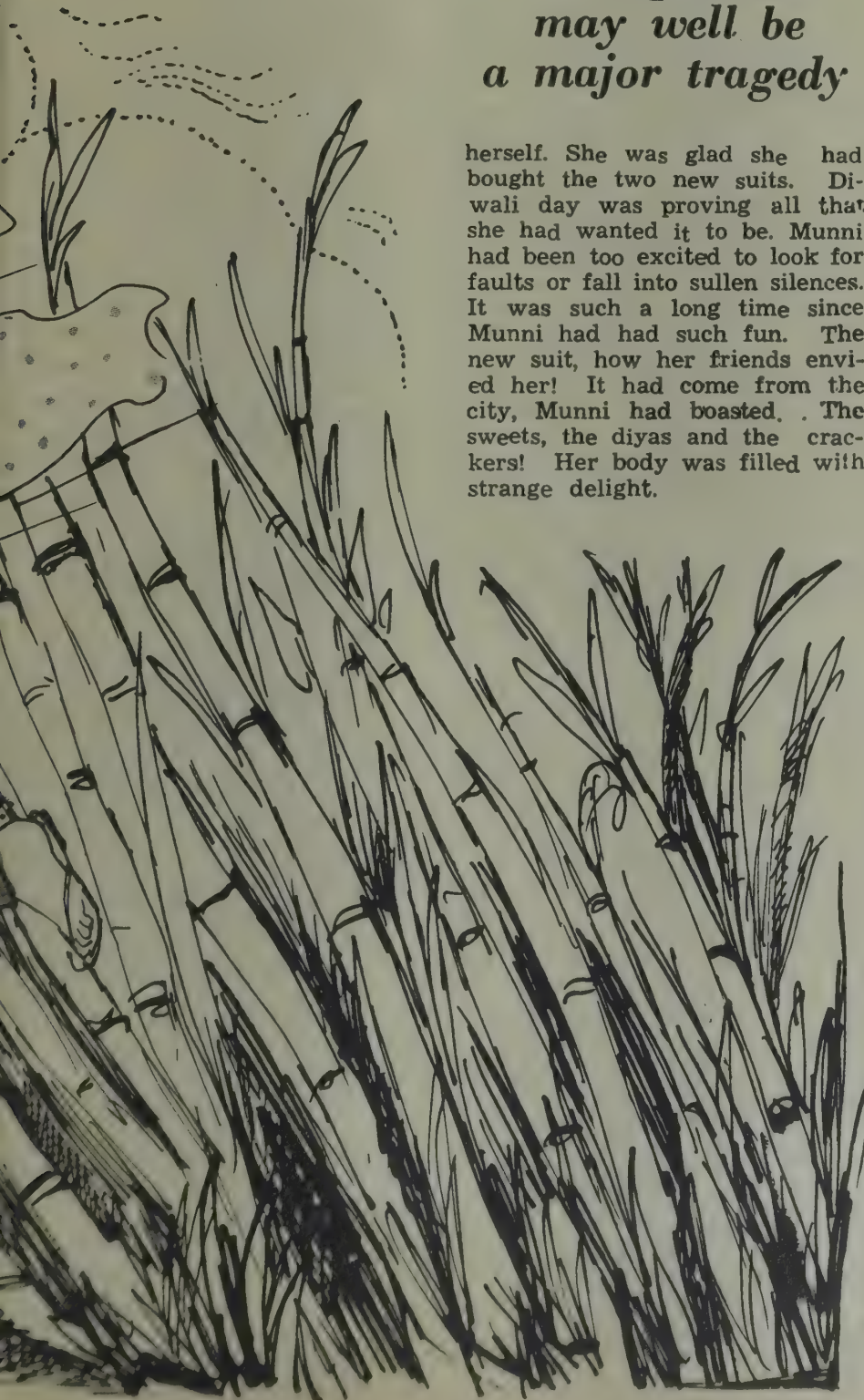
Gently Amedo raised the tear stained face. There was understanding and compassion in her eyes.

"Beti, sometimes we do things we do not understand. That does not make us bad. Evil only comes when one is unrepentant. You are a good girl. Any one's dupata could have caught fire. One has to be careful on such occasions. I was careless. Now let us hear no more of this silly talk. See I am well today. Tonight we will celebrate Diwali again. It will be choti Diwali—a few candles, a few crackers and yesterday's dinner. How would you like that?"

Joy shone in Munni's eyes. Maji was so good and kind. She had understood that she had not meant to burn her really. Maji did not tell tales. The secret was between them. Munni grew up at that moment.

Breathlessly she said, "Maji, you must wear my red dupata this evening."

Amedo knew then that the change was complete. Munni was truly hers now.





# RECIPES FOR RAVA

Premila Lal

Rava, or sooji, or semolina — hard round grains of wheat containing phosphorus, calcium and a bit of iron— is almost indispensable in an Indian kitchen. Besides being the basis of many snacks, savouries, sweets, cakes, confectionary and desserts, a tinful of rava serves the housewife in innumerable ways... fish, cutlets, kababs, croquettes coated with semolina and fried are crisply browned; while it is also added to curries, stock, soup and stews for thickening.

## MYSORE IDLI

- ½ kg. rava
- ½ litre thick curd
- 4 green chillis
- 1½" piece ginger, minced
- Curry leaves
- Salt to taste
- SEASONING :
- 1 tbsp. urad dal
- 1 tbsp. channa dal
- 1 tsp. mustard seeds
- 2 Kashmiri red chillis
- 2 tbsps. ghee or oil

Heat the ghee, fry the dals, mustard seeds and red chillis, broken in tiny pieces. When the mustard splutters and dals become brown, add the green chillis, ginger and curry leaves, cut fine. Fry for some time, add rava and fry on a low fire for 10-15 minutes. Remove from fire and let it cool completely. Mix with curd, add salt to taste. The dough should be very thick, thicker than ordinary idli dough. Pour it in an

idli mould and steam for 10 minutes. Serve hot with fresh butter.

## RAVA VADA

- 350 grams rava
- ½ litre curd (if there is no thick curd then use sweet butter milk)
- 1 large onion
- 4 green chillis, minced
- ½ large coconut
- Oil to fry

Soak the rava in curd for an hour. Grind the coconut. If the rava is of a thick variety then grind the rava also. Add salt, minced onion and green chillis and mix thoroughly without adding any water. The dough should be thick. Put one tablespoon on a plastic sheet. Make a hole in the middle with a wet finger. Deep fry in hot oil till golden brown. Drain and remove.

## WAANGI BHAATH

- ½ kg. rava
- 100 grams brinjal
- 4 green chillis, minced
- 1" piece ginger, minced
- Few stalks curry leaves, chopped
- 4 sticks cinnamon, powdered
- 2 cloves
- 20 grams cashewnuts, chopped
- ½ litre water
- 1 large lemon

## SEASONING :

- 1 tbsp. urad dal
- 1 tbsp. channa dal

- 1/2 tsp. mustard seeds
- 6 tbsps. oil

Cut the brinjal in cubes. Heat the water and put the brinjal in it. Heat the oil in a dekchi. Add the urad and channa dals, mustard seeds, 1-2 red chillis (optional). When the mustard splutters and the dals become brown, add the green chillis, ginger and curry leaves. After frying for a minute, add rava and fry on a low fire for at least 10-15 minutes. Then add the heated water with brinjal and salt. Mix well and cover the dekchi for some time. Remove the lid and sprinkle the cinnamon, fried nuts and cloves. Add the lime juice and chopped coriander leaves. Add two to three tablespoons of ghee, stir well and serve hot.

#### RAVA MASALA DOSAI

- 250 grams fine semolina (sooji)
- 2 tps. curd
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 1/2 tsp. bicarbonate of soda
- A pinch of salt
- Ghee

#### FOR THE FILLING:

- 4 potatoes
- 3 onions
- 2 green chillis
- 1/2 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1/2 tsp. mustard seeds
- A sprig of curry leaves
- A small piece of ginger
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. oil

Soak the sooji in water, adding curd and soda bicarbonate. Blend well with an egg-beater until a creamy batter is formed. Leave batter overnight.

Next day, boil two onions together with the potatoes till done. Peel and mash the potatoes and slice the onions. Mix together, adding salt. In a saucepan, heat two tablespoons oil and cook the mustard seeds till they begin to crackle. Then add the remaining onion, finely sliced, chopped ginger and the remaining spices. Fry till the onion is a golden brown. Then add the potato mixture and blend thoroughly. Fry for five minutes and keep aside. Place a tava on the fire and spread with ghee. Pour two large spoonful of the batter in the centre of the tava and spread it in a circle with a spoon to cover the tava like a pancake. Cover with a large lid for a minute to cook. Remove the lid and place a spoonful of the potato mixture in the centre of the dosai. Fold like an omelette, put a little ghee on the sides of the tava, turn the dosai over and fry till crisp.

#### CHEESEY POTATO CROQUETTES

- 5 potatoes
- 1 cup grated cheese
- egg yolks (beaten)
- 1/2 tsp. baking powder
- semolina
- breadcrumbs
- Salt and pepper to taste

Boil the potatoes. Peel and mash well, or put through a grinding mill. Mix with cheese, egg yolks,

baking powder, salt and pepper. Form into croquettes and roll in semolina. Then roll in the egg, beaten with one-fourth cup water, and dip in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot ghee or oil till a pale brown.

#### LIVER A LA KING

- 250 grams liver
- 3 tbsps. semolina
- 1 1/2 cups stock
- 1/2 cup cream
- 1 capsicum, finely chopped
- 1 sliced onion
- 1/2 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tbsp. sliced onion
- 1 tbsp. finely chopped coriander leaves

- 3 tbsps. butter
- Salt and pepper
- 1 egg yolk

Slice liver. Season with salt and pepper and coat with about a tablespoon of semolina. Cook in some butter. In another pan heat remaining butter. Stir in and lightly cook the semolina and onion. Gradually add the stock and cream and stir. When the sauce is smooth and simmering, add the liver, capsicum and seasoning. Add some chopped mushrooms, if desired. Blend half cup of the sauce with the egg and return to pan. Put in the coriander leaves and serve hot.

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#### PARSI RAVA

- 4 pints milk
- 4 oz. raisins
- 6 oz. almonds
- 8 oz. semolina (sooji)
- 8 oz. sugar (or to taste)
- 8 tbsps. pure ghee
- 1/2 tsp. nutmeg powder
- 1/2 tsp. cardamom powder
- 1/2 cup rosewater (or any other flavouring)

#### Silver paper (varak)

Soak nuts and slice when soft. Heat one tablespoon ghee and fry almonds, pistachios and raisins. Boil and thicken two pints milk to one pint. Boil the remaining milk with the sugar in a separate saucepan.

Now take a large saucepan and heat the remaining ghee, fry the semolina in the ghee on a low heat, stirring constantly. Gradually add the thickened milk, still stirring constantly. Add the sweetened milk (half the amount at a time), but do not stop stirring. Add rosewater, nutmeg and cardamom powder, mix in half of the fried nuts and raisins. Turn out onto a flat dish and garnish with remaining nuts and raisins and strips of silver paper.

#### CORRECTION

The quantity of brinjals required for the Weekly Winner recipe in the issue of October 22, is 1/2 kg. and not 1 kg.

### ATTENTION COOKERY CONTESTANTS! SPECIAL PRIZES FOR WEEKLY WINNERS AND COOKERY QUEEN OF THE MONTH

Prize winner of our weekly cookery contest will get in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize, a non-stick coated Sandwich Toaster and a Tin-O-Mat.

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The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to Rs. 100.00, a saucepot (Nov.); a 315 mm Tava (Dec.) and a Saucepot (Jan. 1978.)

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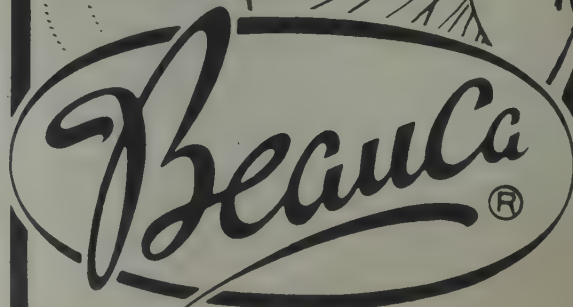
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# Recipes from our readers



Miss Radhika Sundaram,  
New Delhi

## "LICHI CREAM PILE"

- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 cup thick milk, scalded
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla or almond essence
- 1 cup sliced lichis
- 1/2 tsp. confectioner's sugar
- 9-inch baked pastry shell

Wash and peel the lichis, remove the seeds and slice and mix with confectioner's sugar.

Mix sugar, flour and salt; slowly add the milk and cook in a double-boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add a small amount of the hot mixture to lightly beaten eggs; stir into remaining mixture, cook for about 4 minutes. Add the essence, cool.

Place a layer of the lichi slices in bottom of pastry shell, pour the filling over the lichis. Arrange remaining lichi slices on top. Chill and garnish with cream, or as desired, before serving.



Miss Maria Pereira, Bombay

## EAT CAKE

- 1 kg. minced meat
- 1 kg. potatoes
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 2 large onions, sliced
- 2 large tomatoes
- 2 slices of bread
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. cumminseed powder

- 1 tsp. clove powder
- 1 tsp. cinnamon powder
- 2 tbsps. vinegar
- 60 grams cheese
- Ghee
- Salt and pepper

Wash and clean the minced meat. Heat 3 tablespoons of ghee in a dekchi and saute the chopped onions. Add minced meat and fry till dry. Add half the amount of the above mentioned masalas and the vinegar and fry for further 5 minutes. Remove from the fire.

Boil the potatoes and mash them while still hot. Add salt and pepper.

Soak bread in water, when soft squeeze out the water. In another dekchi, add one tablespoon of ghee and fry the bread till brown. Add the other half of the masala, fry for another 2 minutes. Remove from fire. Cut the tomatoes into slices. In a little ghee saute the sliced onions, add the sliced tomatoes, when soft remove from fire. In a baking dish spread half of the mashed potatoes then

spread half of the minced meat. Spread the bread mixture over it; then the onions and tomatoes. Top it with the remaining minced meat; then put the grated cheese, covering it with the remaining mashed potatoes. Shape into a cake. Pour the beaten egg over the cake and sprinkle remaining of the cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven till browned and the cheese melted. Remove and serve hot.



Mrs. Girija Thangavelu,  
Trivandrum

## RAVA BIRYANI

- 3 cups wheat rava
- 1/2 kg. meat
- 4 large onions
- 3 cloves garlic

- 3 green chillis
- 2 tomatoes
- 200 grams ghee
- 6 cups water
- 1 lemon
- 1" piece ginger
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- 1 bunch mint leaves
- Salt to taste

Cut and wash the meat and keep aside. Grind half the onions, garlic, green chillis, ginger, coriander and mint leaves, separately, into a smooth paste. Heat half the ghee in a frying pan. Add ground onion and fry till brown. Then add and fry garlic, ginger, green chillis, coriander and mint leaves and meat. Add tomatoes cut into thin pieces, lemon juice, and salt. Bring to a boil and cook till meat is tender.

In a saucepan, heat the remaining ghee. Fry horizontally chopped remaining onions. Remove from the saucepan. Then fry rava and keep aside.

In a cooking vessel, boil 6 cups of water. Add salt, spread the fried rava slowly and stir well. Cook till almost done. Add meat and stir, spread fried onions and remove from the heat.

Decorate with sliced tomatoes.



Miss Merlyn Johns,  
Hyderabad

## NOUGHT (CHOCOLATE)

- 1/3 cup almonds
- 2 tbsps. icing sugar
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 3 tbsps. drinking chocolate powder
- 1/2 cup water
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla essence
- 2 tbsps. ghee

Mix the chocolate with the water and butter in a saucepan. Cook over low heat until it melts and becomes smooth. Wash the almonds and wipe them. Cut in thin silvers and mix them with icing sugar. Add the whites of 2 eggs, well beaten and vanilla essence. Mix with a wooden spoon till it becomes a firm paste, then add ghee. Turn it out on a greased tin covered with silver foil, making it about an inch thick. Press it with a knife dipped in boiling water to smoothen it and cover with another sheet of silver foil. Let it dry gradually in a warm place and when set cut into bars.



Sahana Ghosh of Mysore wins Rs. 50 plus a non-stick coated sandwich toaster and a Tin-O-Mat from Trupti Industries, Bombay.

## FISH PARATHAS

- 250 grams any large fish
- 2 medium sized onions
- 1/2 pod of garlic
- A large piece of ginger
- 2 bunches of coriander leaves
- 1 tsp. turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 heaped tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. garam masala powder (2 cardamoms, 4 cloves, 2 sticks of cinnamon)
- 2 tbsps. any cooking oil
- 2 large dry red chillis
- 400 grams wheat flour
- 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1 heaped tbsps. solid fat

## FOR THE STUFFING:

Wash the fish, cut into pieces and mix with a little salt and turmeric powder. Fry the pieces in a little oil and remove the bones neatly. Mash it, keep aside. Grate the onions finely.

Grind the ginger, garlic, red chillis and coriander leaves to a fine paste, without using any water. Heat 2 tablespoonsful of oil in a karahi. Fry the onions till light brown. Add the ground paste and turmeric powder. Stir a little, add the mashed fish, salt and sugar. Fry till it appears dry. Remove from fire. Let it cool. Now sprinkle the garam masala powder on it and mix well. Make fourteen equal sized balls out of this.

## FOR THE DOUGH:

Sift the flour, knead it with the salt and ghee, using a little water at a time. Knead it thoroughly to the usual consistency for making parathas. Make fourteen equal sized balls out of the dough.

Now insert the fish stuffing neatly within the dough balls. Take one ball, press it with your palms, spread it on a rolling board and using dry flour, roll to the usual size of a round paratha. Make all the fourteen dough balls likewise.

Now shallow fry them one by one, using a little oil, just like ordinary parathas, till both the sides are light brown. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

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have different costumes for each," she told me, and tells me that costumes are costly as they have to be stitched by specialised tailors. Most of the dancers from the South prefer a tailoring firm in Hyderabad, she says. The tailor there is an experienced man in stitching cabaret costumes and is cheaper than those in the bigger cities.

She had come to Nagpur for the first time after an agency had fixed up the contract for her. How did she enter the line? "I

the exact nature of my dance performances, I would not like him to know," Raji said. A cousin of hers travels with her as a chaperone, and the two girls keep their secret well.

Raji gets Rs. 600 a month as pay. She likes her life mainly because it has given her a chance to be independent and "to see the country." When asked about the risk of being taken for a woman of loose character, Raji replied rather heatedly, "People can think what they want. I

family is poor and dancing gives good monetary returns. Besides, it is exciting for her, hailing from an orthodox family, to use make up and "wear western dresses." Meena's mother is with her on her tours. She sees to it that her daughter does not spoil her character. Dancing is okayed by her as "no one can be ruined by stares alone." "So I am a good girl," Meena states.

What about her reputation ruining the chances of a mar-

*A merry life perhaps, but a disastrously short one. That is what cabaret girls find when their curves become bulges of sagging flesh*

Sathya Saran

The lights in the room dimmed as the dancer slid in—sinuous, shimmering, sexy in a revealing costume made of the thinnest material. The people in the room stopped eating, and settled back to watch. The dance got started. It was a brief dance, a strange mixture of grace and gracelessness and most of the audience watched it avidly. The dancer completed her item and bowed out of the room. After some desultory applause the people resumed their eating.

The picture one gets from this montage is a misleading one, at least as far as the dancer is concerned. One naturally assumes that a woman who, shedding every sign of modesty and maidenly grace, can execute a tantalising dance at a restaurant, could only be wanton and promiscuous. In the case of this dancer at least one would be wrong, as I was, if one cared to look behind the scenes at the reality that is her life.

Innocence has its own penalties. Raji is one of those who, unknown to themselves, are being penalised for their innocence—or call it ignorance. I met Raji some time ago while she was on contract with a hotel in Nagpur as a dancer. Minus the paint, she looked young, vulnerable and anything but sexy. Raji comes from Madras. She has been dancing floor shows since early 1976, which means she has been in the line for a little more than a year. She speaks rather proudly of her knowledge of her profession, listing the names of the dances she knows—"Oriental, Hawaiian, Blues, Candle." "I



learnt dancing from a dancing school, and then applied to the agency asking it if it could fix a tour programme for me. They advised me to take up cabaret dancing as it was more profitable as well as in greater demand than classical dancing; so I did just that."

"What about the difference in the two types of dance?" I asked.

Raji shrugged. "Actually, for me there is little difference," she said. "I perform both with exactly the same attitude—to entertain the audience."

The revealing dresses she does not like very much, but it is a necessary evil. "Anyway, when Hema Malini and Zeenat can wear such dresses on the screen, why should it be considered wrong if I wear such dresses?" she countered.

Further questioning revealed that Raji's father is an employee in the vigilance section of the CID branch. "He does not know

know my mind is pure, don't I?" She will not consent to do the strip-tease as that was "wicked." Her dances were "decent shows" of about 15 minutes each. After the evening programme was over, she preferred to sit around reading film magazines, or chatting with her cousin. "I have few friends," she said. "In a touring profession like mine, one cannot make lasting friends."

Raji's name is not Raji professionally. A more glamorous name has been adopted for her floor show advertisements.

Meena, another cabaret artiste in the same restaurant, replaced Raji in their chair before me. Meena who does the "Hawaiian" and "Harem" dances as well as dances to film song records is heavily made up. With her shiny blue mascara, red lipstick and tight bellbottoms Meena looks older than the 20 years she claims to be.

Meena's father is a tailor. Her

riage? "The money I earn will help me make a good marriage, but I will surely not be foolish enough to tell my husband about my past," she said. "Once I marry, I will settle down to a housewife's life," she added. Her family can never find out as the circles they move in are so different, she said. "I don't care what customers say about me while I am dancing," she said, "mainly because I understand very little Hindi and English." No, she would not do the strip-tease, not even the better monetary returns would tempt her to it. "I am in this line for the fun of it. Yes, the money is needed, but I will not ruin all chances of a decent life by opting for the stripping line," Meena insisted.

Vandana, who is considered "old" at 24, by Meena and Raji, had a somewhat different opinion about such dances. Vandana plans to move out of small shows. They do not fetch much money and one gets a doubtful

## CABARET: A CAREER ON SKIDS

reputation for nothing, according to her. Vandana hopes to move into a big city where she will "fix" a marriage through some marriage bureau and leave the profession completely. Of course, the idea of marriage will take second place if she gets a chance to dance in films.

Vandana expressed a strange view about doing cabaret shows in films. "The shows are usually vulgar," she admitted, "but I will not mind doing them in a film, as it would be 'acting' and not a live show where the audience can stare at you or try to proposition you later," she said. Though the present place she was working in was very strict about not allowing their artistes to mix with the customers in most big cities it is expected that you are available for purposes other than dancing, she said, then added, "I am quite fed up with this type of life and would love to get away and hide myself in my private life."

I wondered if the passage of time would evoke a similar reaction from Raji and Meena too. For the present at least these girls, still new to the perils of the profession they have chosen, think it is a big lark. Will they be brought to face reality by the public that views their shows and expects to take liberties with them? Will they be forced to change their careless attitude to the seriousness of life by the public that sees their shows but shuns them as outcasts of society? Will they rue their choice of a career after discovering its real implications when it is too late to do anything to remedy the wrong done to their lives?

As far as my interviews with these girls were concerned, they are innocent of any positive desire for a wanton lifestyle and are, by their very innocence, run-

ning the risk of finding themselves trapped in just such a lifestyle, which will brand and scar them forever.

Of course, not all the girls who enter the world of cabaret shows are as innocent as these are. Take the case of Dimple (real name unknown) for example. Dimple is a comparatively big time artiste. At the age of 25,

she is a seasoned businesswoman, adept at striking a bargain if it is to her advantage. Dimple ran away from home to join films. She had originally wanted to be a doctor, but her stepmother made life anything but congenial for her at home, and Dimple opted for the more glamorous profession.

She was lucky enough to land bit roles in "Free Love" and "Apne Dushman" in both of which she worked as an extra in a cabaret scene. Dimple is quite cut off from her family, which does not know of her change of profession. (They did not mind her acting in films, were rather proud of it in fact.) When film offers stopped coming Dimple learnt cabaret dancing and began to take up contracts. She has no regrets.

Neither has Kamal, who earns about Rs. 2000/- a month, and operates mainly in the Bombay hotel circuit. Kamal is not even fond of dancing but the "line is paying." Her red painted nails and spray-shined hair speak of her way of life. "No, marriage is not possible unless some man accepts me in spite of knowing my work and what it involves," Kamal said. "Till such a man comes along, I am quite content to be independent and continue my way of life," she added.

The Kamals and the Dimples are in line for taking what comes their way. They take no risks with luck, they know exactly where they stand. But the Rajis and the Meenas and the disillusioned Vandanas need to be warned and deserve a fairer deal. The glitter of freedom and independence has trapped them into a life they might regret. They deserve to be saved from themselves. But who will do it? The problem is a serious one and must be looked into if more girls are not to find themselves in the same unlucky position. But till a solution is found, the Rajis and the Vandanas will have to learn their lessons the hard way, through experience — bitter and sad though it may be.

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## THE IMAGE OF WOMEN IN INDIAN CINEMA

Continued from page 13

outlet for desires which are very difficult to actually fulfil, not only in the matter of make-up or dressing ravishingly but also in doing acts which are socially taboo.

The degree of body show or exhibition also depends on the kind of character being portrayed. If the heroine is a normal domestic character is over-glamorized with seductive dresses, romantic postures, pseudo-situations or sexy songs and dances which are not relevant, then it is surely reprehensible, as it is so in many cases. The censors may well apply their scissors sharply and women's organisations may fruitfully

protest against all of that. This includes formula scenes of rape, torture, brutality and other forms of eve-harassing.

But there are women in society who do use physical charms to earn a living or by sheer force of nature or habit. For example, when cinema depicts a bad woman (the "vamp" in filmic terms covering a large variety), a cabaret dancer, a nautch girl, a call girl or the fallen woman of any type, it has to indulge in using sex as an identifying feature, though it again does so in a larger-than-life form.

Of course, it is the needless over-use or deliberate ploy which becomes obnoxious, being meant for commercial gains of the film makers. This can be marked out and asked to be deleted, as it is already being done by the censors, though haphazardly and inconsistently. There is also a dire

need to eliminate the Indian cinema's pet notion that all Westernised (or Anglicised) women are bad and cheap, with the inevitable addictions of drinking, smoking, gambling, etc.

In the long run, whatever the cinema as a costly mass medium tries to do, it is the people's acceptance which will count the most. Other media involving lesser costs and a more personal rapport with the enlightened thinking mind, like the novel, stage-play, radio or TV item can lead to a changing of thought, arousing of consciousness, even a drastic breaking from the old and traditional, in exceptional cases.

But cinema, under the present conditions, as created both by the government's ceaseless taxation and the people's needs and tastes, cannot easily play the revolutionary's role. If films depict women too differently from the

accepted norm they flop badly and thus clearly indicate what the paying audience will like or will reject.

It is the socio-economic change coming from the root sources, like higher literacy, better income, higher and more decent standard of living, a freer, friendly inter-change between the two sexes, which can gradually change the prevailing atmosphere and give to women an equal and dignified status.

When this happens and there is a fresh outlook of public acceptance, the films are also bound to change and mirror the "new" Indian women in their correct perspective.

Till then, cinema has to be regulated, kept in check and not permitted to become either too good or too bad, too soft or too harsh in depicting women.

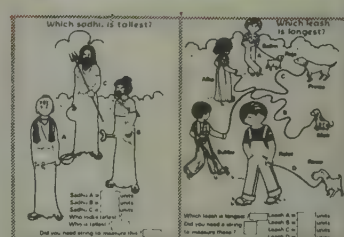
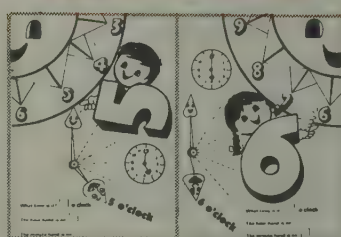
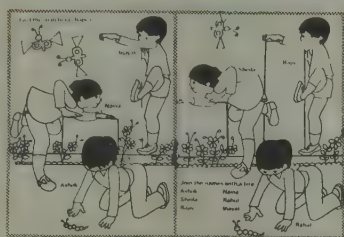
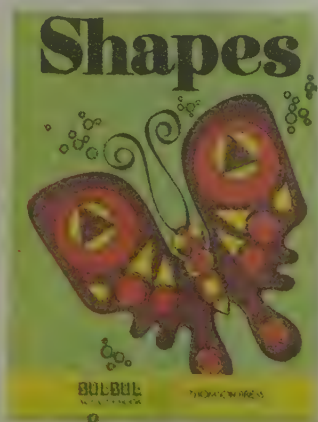


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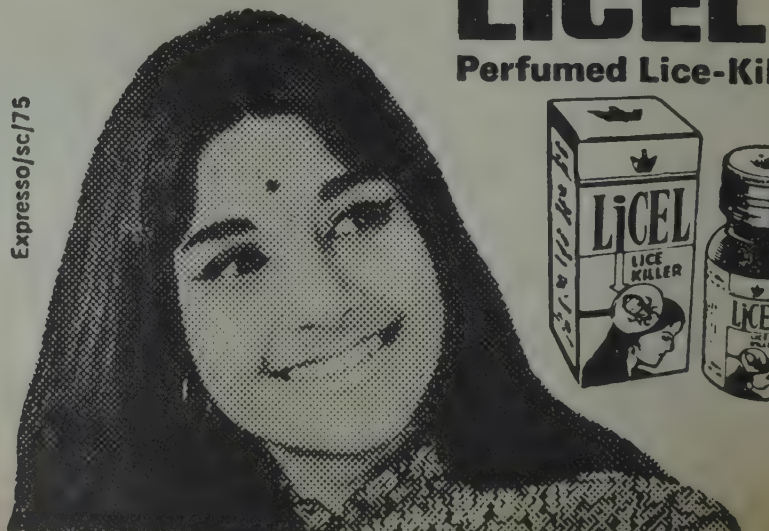


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fty-five kilometres from Patna, the state capital of Bihar, is a woman whom the landless labourers describe as the angel of Bihar. To landlords on the other hand she is an avatar of Chandika, of the goddess of destruction. Her name is Banarsi Gupta.

A fair, stocky woman of middle age, she lives at Sargraiyana, about six kilometres from Patna, headquarters of the Bhojpur district. The large verandah of her modest house is always

*She strives to emancipate illiterate farm labourers and to prevent them from being exploited by feudal landlords*

occupied by visitors, landless labourers, farm hands, small farmers, the poor and the exploited.

A mother of four children, tubercular last year, she has made the cause of farm labourers her life. She is fighting a hard battle for the upliftment of their socio-economic conditions, enforcement of their legal rights and an end to their cruel exploitation by landlords. Her aim is to give labourers a decent life free from the social degradation and economic injustice inflicted on them by the landlords. "Neither the laws of God nor the laws of the land gives landlords the freedom to exploit the labourers so unscrupulously. But somehow they get away with it." Her field of operation is the Bhojpur district, the granary of Bihar, where the ratio between wages and production is perhaps the lowest in the country. As a result of the economic condition of the peasantry, there is some activity by Naxalites. CRP jawans have been stationed in these Naxalite pockets. Police have expected Banarsi Gupta heretofore of being a Naxalite, but they have changed their opinion now. Naxalites consider her a "counter-revolutionary" and a Congress agent working to dampen the growing labour insurgency in the villages. She is, in fact, supplementing the work of "rebels" and helping them in arousing mass consciousness against the injustice done by landlords to farm labourers.

Her method so far has been peaceful, but she is ready to launch a violent revolution if she finds peaceful agitation fruitless. She says the time is not yet ripe to launch violent movement. "The landlords have guns and other weapons and paid goondas. The workers are unarmed and any violent movement against their oppressors can be easily crushed. At the moment should

**BANARSI GUPTA:**

# ANGEL OF BIHAR

R. Narayan



be to arouse as much mass consciousness as possible and raise the living standards of the labourers."

What made her take up this dangerous and difficult crusade? Her childhood experience. Her father had been a rich bania of Mahua in Vaishali district, across the Ganga, but he lost all his wealth in a few years and they became so poor that they did not have even enough food to eat. Somehow she read up to matriculation. By now she had become "marriageable." It was a big problem for the family. No one was willing for a son to marry her without a dowry. Every time her father tried to find a bridegroom, he would return disappointed. She could not stand to look at him. Her blood boiled at the rich people and their heartlessness. Slowly her anger against them made a permanent home in her mind. Much later a rebel bridegroom married her in 1960 against the wishes of his father.

The rigid purdah system in the state and other conservative practices prevented her from coming out in the open and launching a movement against social injustice. So, for many years she had to be content with doing her household chores and planning her future line of action. Then in 1973 she formed a Kisan Mazdoor Sangh with 21 members. The organization began at the block level confined to the Barhara block where she lived. Soon membership increased to touch the present massive 30,000 mark.

A few months after the Sangh was formed she organised a labour strike in 25 villages for payment of the minimum wages fixed by Government. The landlords saw the writing on the wall and compromised with the workers and the wages were raised.

From the block her organization spread to district level. Dur-

ing the emergency in 1975 it was affiliated to the Indian National Trade Union Congress (INTUC). It then came to be known as the Bhojpur Khetihar Gram Kisan Mazdoor Congress. She continues to be its president.

She does not want to dissociate from the INTUC because "the Janata party so far appears to be a pro-landlord party. It is not popular among the peasants because of its rightist leanings."

Her method is persuasive rather than coercive. As soon as a labourer makes a genuine complaint against a landlord, she personally meets or writes to him for redress. If he is unresponsive, she sends him reminders. If the landlord does not respond even after that she invokes the law. She approaches the labour inspector who has been appointed by the government for every block to look into workers' grievances and files a complaint. She alleges that sometimes under the influence of landlords they delay action and favour them. Some Ministers and high officials are not too anxious to uphold the law against the landlord, she says.

She has also got some bonded labourers freed. Budhan Ram, a labourer of Ichari village, is a typical example. He had taken a loan of Rs. 100 from a landlord in the village. As he could not repay the loan he became his bonded labourer. He worked on the farm exclusively till his death, for about 40 years, without any wages, but even then the loan was not considered paid. After his death his son had to bear the joke. During the emergency she heard about it and talked to some high officials and he was freed.

All this has naturally earned her the hostility of landlords. A Deputy Inspector General of the CID requested her to carry a revolver with her for self-protec-

tion. She would not listen. "I don't fear any one. Why should I? If I am killed in this work, it's all the more welcome."

Some landlords hatched a conspiracy to get her arrested. They got a petition signed by about 200 labourers accusing her of being a "Naxalite" leader giving them training in the use of arms. She was called to a police station for interrogation. They had to give it up because about 2000 slogan shouting labourers collected around the police station when they heard about it. Some high officials had to intervene to save the situation from developing into a bloody riot. The angry crowd dispersed when it was announced over the loudspeaker that there was no evidence to show that Banarsi Gupta was a Naxalite and that she was not under arrest.

Some police officials working hand in glove with landlords had also tried to malign her. One police sub-inspector had filed a case charging her with snatching away his revolver. A warrant under the DIR and MISA was served on her. She surrendered immediately, but within two hours of her being put in the lock-up, the situation became ugly with angry labourers surrounding the police station and threatening to turn violent. She was set free immediately, and the sub-inspector was transferred.

All this has kindled a new hope among the illiterate, ill-treated farm labourers of the district and she is confident that within the next five years the situation in the villages will change and the labourers will be free from exploitation and suppression by landlords. The landlords are themselves realising that the days of feudalism are over and that they must learn to live peacefully with the labourers.

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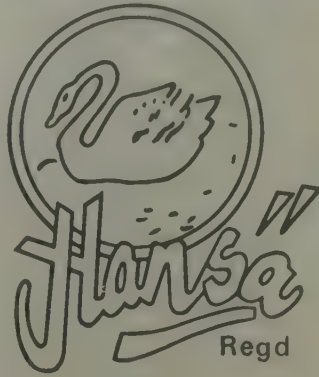
Keep curds in a bronze container for a week, stir in it a copper piece daily. When the curds turns green, apply as an ointment on boils and pimples.

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# SUNIL DUTT!

## Stuck with an image

N. Bharathi

The Pall Hill bungalow is always full of producers and directors waiting for their turn to meet "Dutt Saab." With film makers once again injecting heavy doses of fights and violence into their projects, "Daku Dutt" is back to his three-shift pattern of work. When censors had clamped down on violence in films, many of Sunil's films were put into storage. Now that the censor code has become relaxed, many of Sunil Dutt's producers have surfaced again. Films like "Daku aur Anand", which had been temporarily shelved, are being re-written and polished to include more fights. After his famous comeback through tough action-packed successes like "Pran", "Par Vachan Na Jaye" and "Heera") Sunil Dutt is, like Amitabh Bachchan, accepted only in toughy roles. It really is a pity that he has been slapped with an image at an early stage when he has all along struggled against and resisted a set image. Battling against heavy odds, one remembers Sunil Dutt as an actor who always experimented... a man show like "Yaadein", an off-beat role like "Reshma aur Shera" (which almost cost him to the poor house), a first-ever film about dacoits like "Mujhe Jeene Do" or, sudden attempt at comedy in "Padosan" (an attempt which, according to Sunil Dutt, cost him several female fans—they wrote indignant letters and told him how much they disliked him in the film!).

And now Sunil Dutt is stuck with an image in which it looks like it will be difficult to extricate himself. Every successful film of his has had him in the role of a man quick with his fists ("Umar Qaid", "Zakhmee"). The names of his starrers, like "Daku aur Anand", "Yaari aur Dushmani" and "Darinda", suggest a lot of action. Fighting, with a slight hero slant to it, has become Sunil Dutt's speciality. One can't think of him in, say, a breezy role made by Basu Chatterjee.

Sunil Dutt, who constantly says that an actor must move with the times, has adjusted himself to the three-shift pattern beautifully, while most of his contemporaries have preferred semi-retirement, with two or three assignments every year.

As a film maker, Sunil Dutt is reputed to be one of the best in the field (unless he produces something like "Nehla Peh Dehlaa"). People who have seen his films feel that "Messiah" should be a really good film... that's if the jinx on it wears off. Raakhee, who is so choosy about her films, says, "If Dutt Saab wants me for one of his films, I'll be there on his terms." Raakhee, Reena, Vinod Khanna and Ranjeet are all part of his Ajanta gang and they're absolutely loyal to him for the breaks they got through him.

Being a film maker in his own right, Sunil Dutt differs from other actors who report for work and run away after blindly giving their shots. To Sunil Dutt, every film he works in is his own baby and he's got to be with the film through every stage... story sittings, script writing, music sittings... the works. Onlookers might call it interference. And some folks do feel that the film is unnecessarily dragged on when Sunil Dutt uses up his precious shooting dates to sit with the director and "jamao the scene" (his words). However, producers still make him tempting offers because they know that ultimately the interference is more for the sake of making a good film than for any selfish reasons. Directors make it a point to sit with him and discuss the scenes before a shooting schedule.

As a person, it's doubtful whether Sunil Dutt will have many critics. His house is always an open house. No fortress-like bungalows for him. Anytime you're in the vicinity, dropping in for tea (the Dutt's speciality) is always pleasant. If there's one thing Sunil

Dutt really digs, it's sitting and chatting with people without any work involved. He's glad when, say, the press people meet him even when an interview isn't scheduled with him. He likes producers and friends meeting him without always talking of their films, their dates, their terms.

While he seems a mild man to most outsiders, his family members are wary of his black moods. I think the one who fears him the most is his son, who is just out of school. Sunil Dutt is a strict father and his son knows it. But his daughters, especially the youngest, bully him and Sunil can never say no to them. The major complaint his kids have against Sunil Dutt is that he is too busy to sit and talk to them every day. For that, Sunil Dutt has found a solution: whatever time he returns home (even if it's 3 a.m.), he wakes up the whole family and spends half an hour talking to the sleepy heads!

Most film men like to talk of having a finger in several pies... some like to boast of their business sense; others talk about various companies which they own... But Sunil Dutt always admits that the film industry is the only one which interests him all the time. "I plough back all my profits into the industry. No building hotels and owning companies for me!"

And Sunil Dutt is the biggest champion of the film men's virtues. "They're not as bad as they're made out to be. And within the industry every man treats his colleague's wife and children with respect. You never have scandals out here," is his 24-hour cry. Yet, Sunil Dutt continues to be the typical filmi male who likes to keep his family in the background... specially his wife and daughters who will never be allowed to have anything professional to do with this "respectful industry"!

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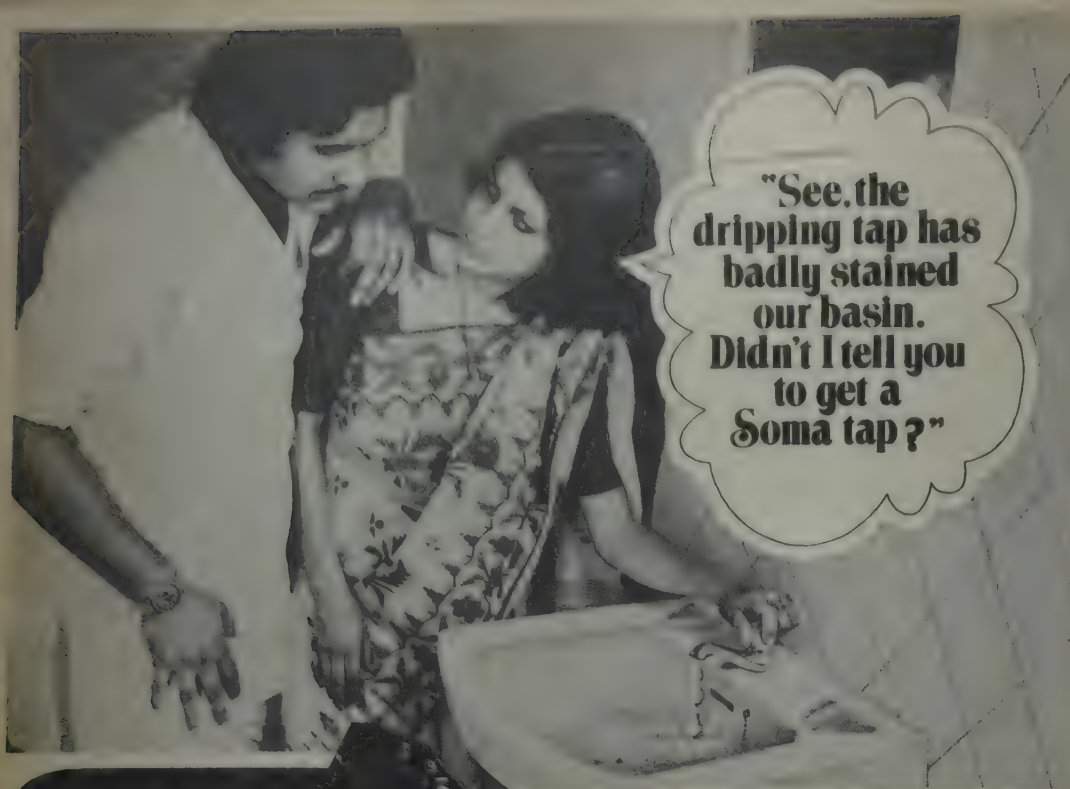
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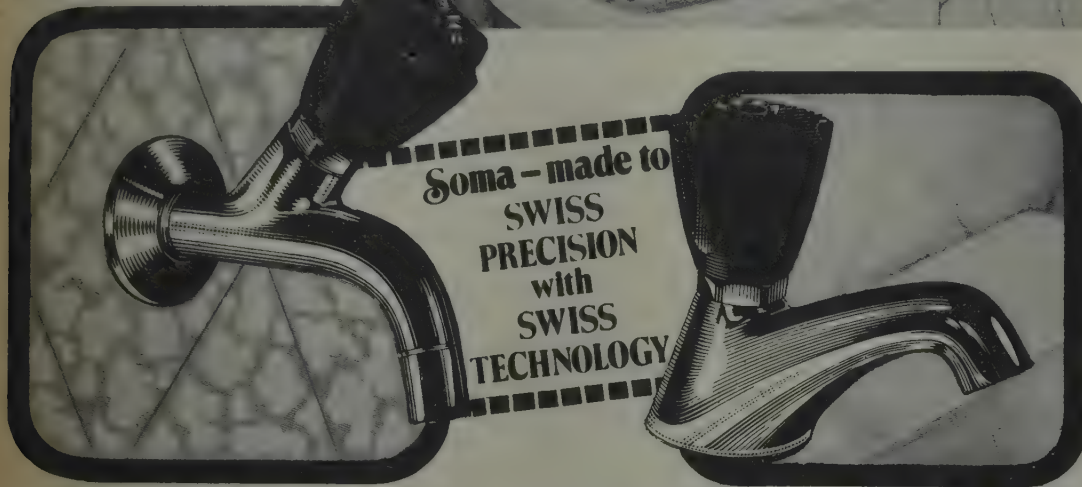
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of Rs. 25/- each

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• Miss. Shashi Vaid,  
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• Ku. Shakuntala  
Shrivastava,  
Madhya Pradesh.

• Mrs. Chandraprabha  
Sharma  
New Delhi 110 027.

• Mrs. Meena Renganathan  
Trivandrum 695 014.

VISION

# human interest story

It was a bright and lovely day on February 1949, when a lively young boy of nine, with enthusiasm sparkling in his eyes, asked his father for permission to go into Pune city with his best friend Tony Fernandes. Winter had made the air crisp and pleasant and there was a song in the young boy's heart. His father did not hesitate to give him permission. As instructor in the CME Technical School for the disabled at Kirkee, he was an extremely busy man. He gave his seven children freedom to move about in the familiar environment of Pune and its suburbs which they knew so well. He felt undue protection from parents restricted a child's healthy psychological growth. In fact, his children had become so competent at looking after themselves that he did not worry at all if one of them was out of his sight.

But, fate plays weird tricks. Only a short time after the train started, it ground to a stop. Unable to breathe because of the crush inside the compartment, Achille and his companion fought their way towards the door. They were impeded in the movement by surly elbows and filthy curses, but they persisted. At the door Achille asked his friend: "Is it a station?" "It's Shivaji Nagar," replied his friend.

"Let's get off. I'm suffocating," said Achille. "And there's this stench." They got out and stood breathing the cool fresh air for a welcome minute.

A whistle blew shrilly and a guard waved a green flag. "Hurry," cried Achille. "She's going to start." As the train moved off they tried to get a foothold on the step of the compartment, but it was crammed with passengers who effectively blocked their entry. They plummeted themselves in and hung on to the railing with grim determined hands. But the train gave a sudden lurch as it began to gather speed and they were thrown off like a couple of loose grapes on a large bunch. Achille felt a searing pain in his legs as the wheels of the train crushed them and a blackness he did not try to fight.

A man standing in the door of the compartment shouted over the bewildered mass of heads in the carriage. "Pull the chain. Two boys have fallen out!"

Before the stunned passengers could galvanise themselves to act, the train had moved quite some distance. When somebody nearest the chain gave it a tug, it ground to a screeching halt.

The two boys were extricated and laid out on the railway platform and somebody rushed to phone the hospital. In minutes they were speeding away to the emergency ward. Their morning jaunt which had begun so well with visions of cycle rides to Bund Gardens and a movie in West End, ended in a noisy ward of the Sassoon General Hospital.

When Achille regained consciousness, he found his mother seated beside him. He saw through a haze of pain that there were tears in her eyes. It made him think that perhaps he was going to die. Or had his friend perished in the tragedy? he wondered. He cried out to be told.

"You'll be all right son," said his father but his mother continued to wail unabashed by the visitors in the room.

"And Tony?" asked Achille, "Is he dead?"

"No," assured his father, "He's going to be all right too."

"Then why is mother crying so much?"

Achille's father looked at his distraught wife and put a hand on her shoulder in consolation but neither of them replied to the young boy's query. He would know in due course.

## LIMBLESS AT NINE

Related by **Mayah Balse**  
From the Story by **Aruna Jethwani**



He stayed in the hospital for three long months, in the course of which it slowly dawned on him that he would have to spend the rest of his life without legs. Still only nine years of age, he was unaware of its implications. The full significance struck him only when solicitous hands lifted him off the stretcher and placed him in the taxi that was to convey him home. He looked at the gentle faces of his father, mother, brothers and sisters and tears came to his eyes. The sister who was nearest him pressed his hand warmly.

"Don't worry," she said. "When you get your new legs, you won't know the difference." She was a nurse and had seen some of nature's grimmest tragedies. But this was the first time fate had struck so close to the heart.

His legs came from the artificial limb centre and she helped strap them on to his stumps, where his legs had been amputated. "How do you feel?" she asked, standing back and looking at him. Sitting down and looking at the shoes fitted on the wooden feet to give them authenticity, he felt quite normal, but when he rose with the help of his crutches, his armpits ached and he almost pitched forward on his face.

"Try," she encouraged. "One foot at a time." He persevered for a few weeks, but found progress slow. He realised he couldn't climb steps with his artificial limbs, nor could he walk properly on a rough surface.

*Rejecting artificial  
limbs as unnecessary  
props, nine-year-  
old Achille fought all the  
way to live a  
normal, independent life*

One day, when there was no one around, he closed the door, cast off his unwieldy wooden legs and got directly onto the floor on his stumps. He found mobility much easier and there wasn't this unnatural effort, nor the nagging fear of falling to the floor. It was rather like walking on his knees. Of course it greatly reduced his height, but weren't there short men in the world, midgets who never grew beyond three feet?

With this realisation came a new courage, to make his way in the world in spite of his handicap. When he told his family about his decision to cast off the artificial legs and walk on his stumps, they were shocked. They tried to reason with him. They told him it was all right to go around like that within the house, but when he went out into the world at large it would be different.

"In what way will it be different?" he asked.

"They're not used to you," said his sister. "Like we are. They will stare."

"Let them stare," said Achille.

"They may make nasty remarks."

"I will learn to live with them," he replied. "I don't need the psychological prop of a pair of wooden legs. Whom am I trying to fool anyway? Certainly not myself. I know my-

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For what I am. Artificial legs are a hypocrisy and a sham. I don't need them at all."

They didn't try to force him to accept them. They let him live his life the way he wanted.

So far, his sister who was a school teacher had been tutoring him at home. Now he expressed his intention to go to a regular school like the school he had always been going to -- Vincent's High School, Pune.

"You mean you'll go to school walking on your knee stumps?" she asked him.

"Yes," he replied. "I will go as I am. After all, if I am to live in this world, people must learn to accept me and I have to adjust to them, however difficult the first few days."

He accepted one of their suggestions, though, and he was immensely grateful for it. This was to fix wooden pieces to his stumps to enable him to walk over rough ground.

On his first day in school, Achille caused a sensation. Boys peered at him with morbid curiosity. Some laughed outright. Others were wary of making friends. But Achille overcame all hurdles with his characteristic spirit. He soon made friends, thawing not only their resistance to him but their inborn fear of anything abnormal. What helped him in this was a stoic resolve to live like a normal person and an abundant sense of humour which made people forget he was handicapped. Like the time when they learnt about the Achilles' tendon in class and he quipped: "It's what I don't have!"

At twelve years of age, he had occasional dreamy spells when he felt cut off from sports and games, swimming and cycling, acts so natural to a growing boy. At such moments he sought refuge in books, to prevent himself from brooding too much. The only time an acute sense of helplessness came to him was when he missed the school bus to Kirkee and had to wait for hours in the empty school compound till someone from home came and fetched him.

Achille's worst years came between twelve and fifteen when the trauma of emotional adjustment was greatest. He found boys, who were perfectly friendly within the precincts of school or within the four walls of home, reluctant to be seen with him in public places. If they encountered him anywhere on the road they pretended they didn't know him, or crossed the road just to avoid him. Strangers turned around to look at him with curiosity and children made him an object of morbid curiosity, because he was no taller than any of them, yet so grown up. He overcame their diffidence by smiling and befriending the little ones whom he found to possess a streak of kindness not found in their older counterparts.

Achille's greatest ordeal began when he finished school. He did a stint in the Telecommunications Department of the Army Base Workshop and was suddenly aware he had to think constructively about earning a living. He could not depend on his parents who had shown him every kindness, nor his brothers and sisters who were grown up and married and had their own lives to lead. Achille was the youngest of the seven and now it was time he too flew off in search of living.

His initial efforts at seeking employment were met with rebuffs from employers who didn't think he could cope. "Please give me

a chance to prove myself," Achille pleaded with tears in his eyes. But they were unwilling. They considered a handicapped employee a definite liability.

In the years that followed, Achille faced many disappointments in his search for employment. At times he grew so desperate, his parents were alarmed the strain would prove too much for his mind.

Then one day when he had almost given up hope, his luck turned. Mr. Darius Forbes, Managing Director of J. N. Marshall (P) Ltd. said he would take him on.

Achille could not control the tears that sprang to his eyes at these words. They had saved him from emotional disaster.

He went to work under a kind works manager called Mr. Sorabji who showed him so much compassion that Achille was afraid he would be accused of preferential treatment towards the handicapped fresher.

Achille told him: "Don't treat me any different from the others, Mr. Sorabji. Show me no undue consideration. I want to be like everyone else."

The man stared at him and there passed between Achille and his new boss an undercurrent of understanding which cemented a bond that grew with the years. In fact, Mr. Sorabji understood Achille's psychology so well that he treated him absolutely on par with the other workers, generating in his new apprentice a high confidence in himself. It was the first time in years that Achille began to feel like a normal person.

His proudest moment came with his first promotion when he was put in charge of the Electronics Department. His confidence grew when he saw other young boys who had been recruited as apprentices troop in to work under him. He felt completely independent now. He got about on the roads in a specially built motorised invalid carriage and he saved enough money to build his own house, though he still lived with his parents because he took pride in looking after them as they had looked after him, all the years when he had battled for a normal existence.

Today he is busy improvising a three-wheeler made with parts of a Bajaj 150 and converting it into an invalid carriage complete with pinion so that he can take his mother or father for a drive too. The greatest pleasure of a handicapped person, he feels, comes from being a support to others. There are no words to describe this feeling. You have to experience it yourself.

Today Achille is planning assistant to the Works Manager. At thirty-seven, he's come a long way from the bewildered nine-year-old school boy who fought with valour powerful physical and psychological problems. Yet he believes in God who helped him to triumph over his disability.

In 1976 Achille won a certificate of merit, awarded by the National Society for Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped. He was chosen the most outstanding employee for the year 1976. "I never expected such a great honour so soon," he said with tears of gratitude in his eyes. "I hope there are many others who triumph over disability as I have done, because there's someone in the wide world out there, waiting to give you the chance, if you're man enough to accept the challenge."

this week  
for you

K. H. Shroff

For November 12 to November 18



**ARIES:** (March 21 — April 19) Chances of speculative luck are high. Fillip to your career. Favourable days: 13-14.



**TAURUS:** (April 20 — May 21) Settlement of all outstanding matters. Attraction to opposite in signing documents. Favourable days: 16-17.



**GEMINI:** (May 22 — June 21) Excellent time for writers and press people. Caution necessary in signing documents. Favourable days: 16-17.



**CANCER:** (June 22 — July 22) Venus and Jupiter prove stimulating. Establish yourself. Heaven is on your side. Favourable days: All days.



**LEO:** (July 23 — Aug. 23) Do not overtax physical and nervous resources. Overconfidence will jeopardise interests. Favourable days: 12-13.



**VIRGO:** (Aug. 24 — Sept. 22) Your devotion to duty now earns you preferment. Romantic life happy. Success in higher studies. Favourable days: 14-15.



**LIBRA:** (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) Trend for harmony. General material level is high, with financial gains. Favourable days: 17-18.



**SCORPIO:** (Oct. 23 — Nov. 22) Do not take rash decisions. Avoid court matters. Confide in friends. Venus helps. Favourable days: 15-18.



**SAGITTARIUS:** (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21) Success in sports, examinations, etc. Good luck to married couples. Matrimony likely if single. Favourable days: 13-16.



**CAPRICORN:** (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) Team work good to achieve results. Entering a period of success from 17th. Favourable days: All days.



**AQUARIUS:** (Jan. 20 — Feb. 19) Your insight helps to achieve peace. Nevertheless you will be ruffled on the emotional side. Favourable days: 12-13.



**PISCES:** (Feb. 20 — March 20) Gain through travel and parties. Inspiring time for artistes. Favourable days: All days.

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people and events



ABOVE: The blind contribute their mite too! Seen at the Sponsored Knit-In competition organised by the Revenue Unit of the National Association for the Blind in Bombay are the blind participants with the members of the 'INDUS in the background.



The Urvashi Club of Calcutta organised a film show of "Amar, Akbar, Anthony" to raise funds for the Lighthouse for the Blind. Mrs. Billo Kapoor, president of the Club, hands over a cheque of Rs. 1000 to Mr. Ghosh, president of the Lighthouse.



ABOVE: Mrs. Renuka Devi Barkataki, Union Minister of State for Education, going round an exhibition of articles made by deaf women, which she inaugurated in New Delhi.



LEFT: At the cookery contest organised by the Bangalore North Ladies Circle No. 14, are (from left) Geeta Ramaswamy, secretary, filmstar Nalini Jaywant, Anita Baloo, chairman, Nirmala Raja, vice-chairman and two judges.



Seen at a party thrown in Bombay by Mrs. and Mr. G. R. Rajani, sp. exec. magistrate, are (from left) Dr. Vijay Rajani, Mrs. Prem Chopra, Mr. G. R. Rajani, Mr. Shigeyoshi Horino, Consul-General of Japan, Mrs. Sheila Rajani, Mrs. Horino, Prem Chopra and Dr. Ratan Rajani.

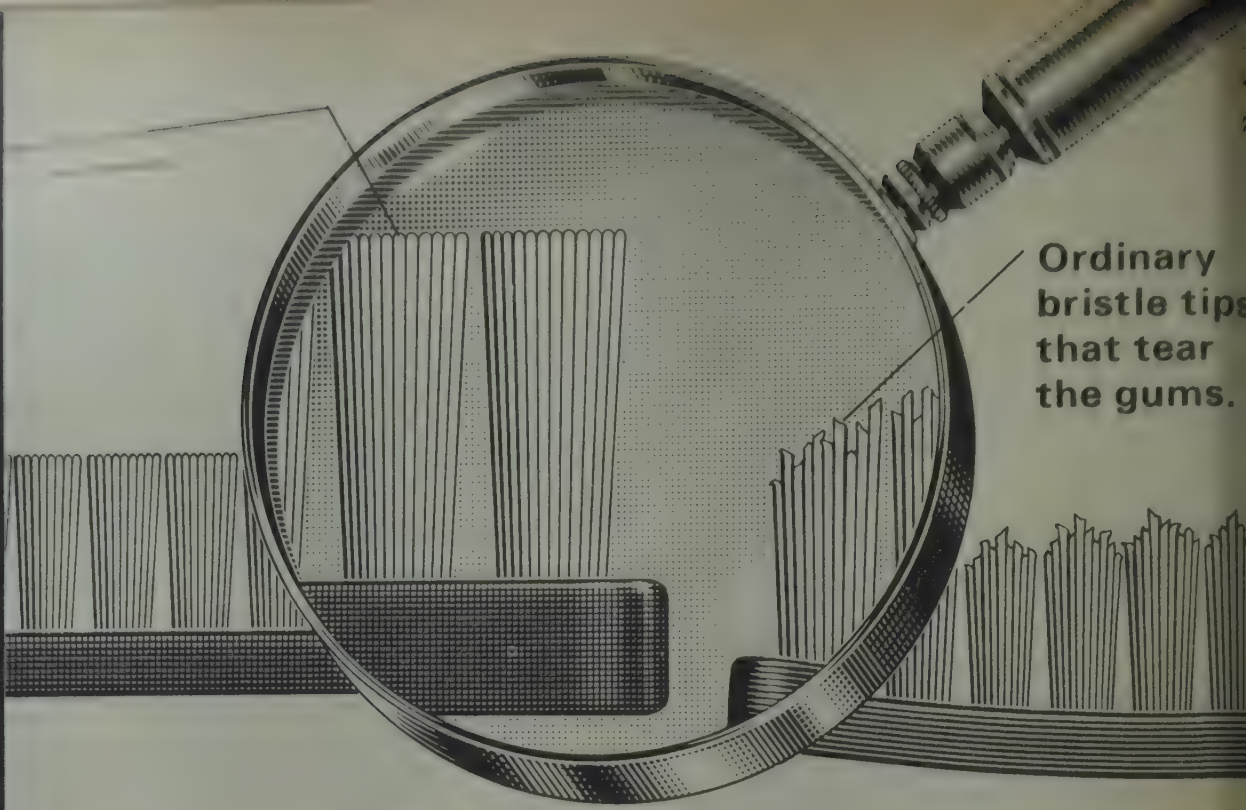


LEFT: At the exhibition-cum-sale of ready-made garments held in Hyderabad by Mrs. Kala Shankar and Mrs. Kamala Vasudevan are seen (from left) Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin, Mrs. and Mr. E. Kaczmarec, Mrs. Kamala Vasudevan and Mrs. Kala Shankar.



RIGHT: Admiral James L. Holloway, U.S. Navy Chief, being welcomed at the Hotel Mughal, Agra. Flanking him are Mrs. Holloway and Anil Bajaj, sales manager of the hotel.

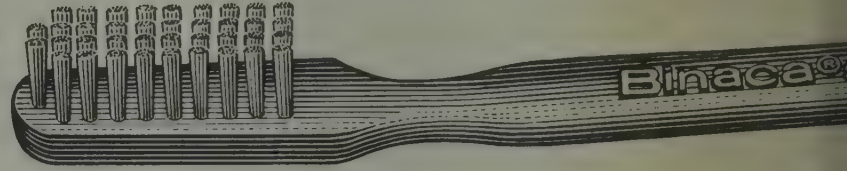
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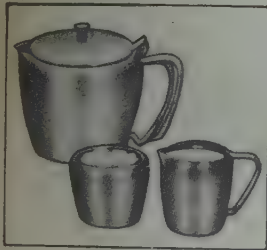
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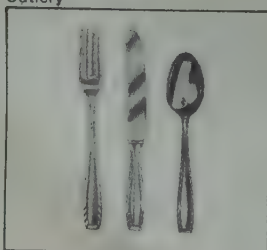
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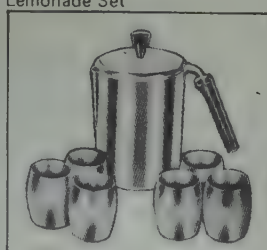
Tea Set Deluxe



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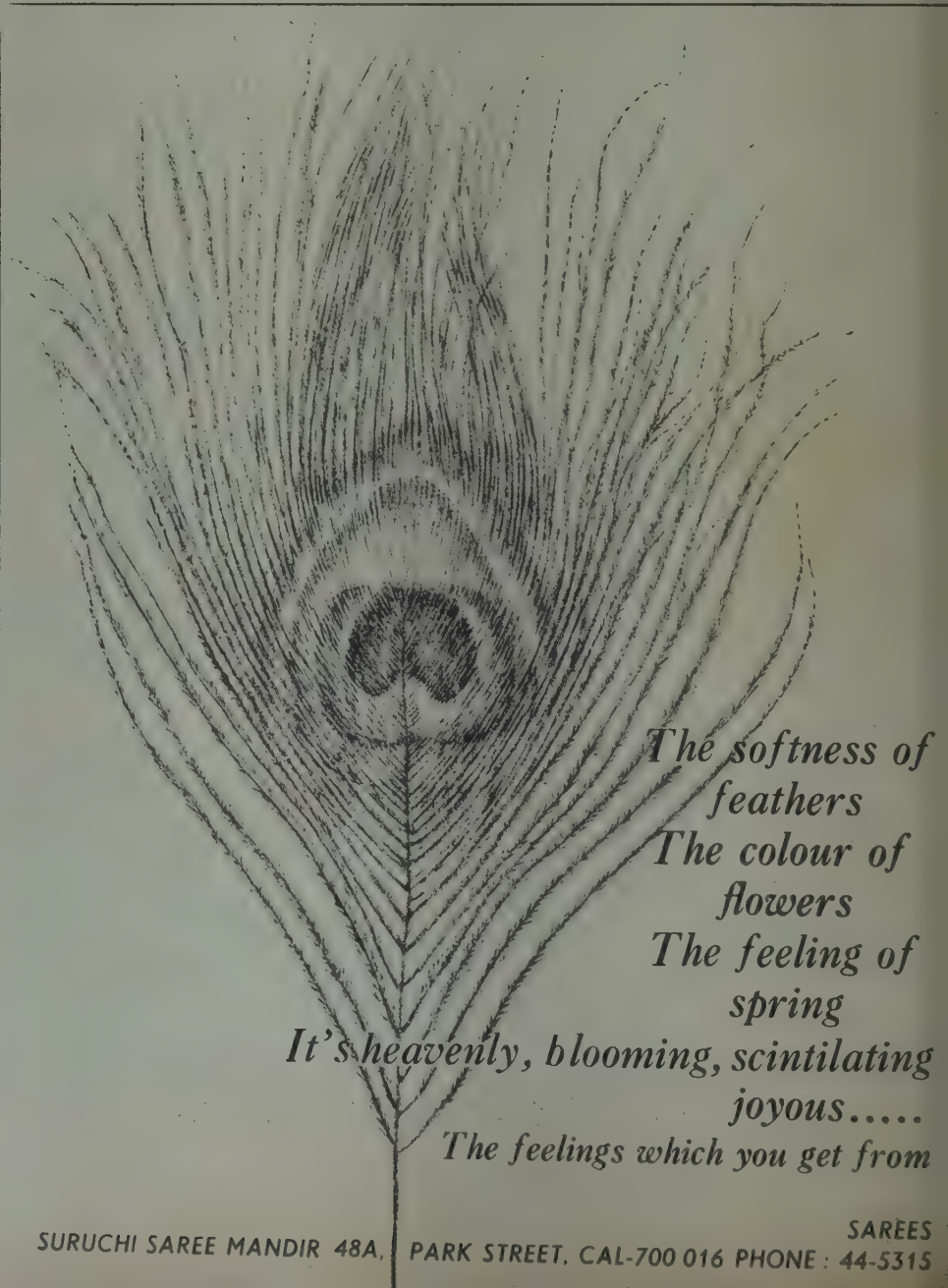
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## bombay

The World Wildlife Fund—India organised an exhibition called The Animal In Art. The Prince of Wales Museum of Western India was the joint organizer.

Mr. Murli Deora, Mayor of Bombay, inaugurated the exhibition.

The main objective of The Animal In Art exhibition was to highlight the plight of all threatened species of animals and plants—which the WWF is committed to saving, for the ultimate benefit of man himself.

Conceived by Fleur Cowles, an international trustee of the WWF Fund, each exhibit explored the various qualities and historic perceptions of animals. This began with man's first impression (in caves) of the animals around him, followed by totemic objects, frescoes, paintings, sculpture, jewellery, books and other stunning objects d'art. The exhibits also highlighted the mutual importance of art and the environment for man's cultural and physical well-being.

Dr. S. Gorakshkar, Director of the Prince of Wales Museum, addressing a news conference on the exhibition, said that the animal motif has existed in India in all stages of its civilisation. It has been symbolised in Hindu and Buddhist mythology.

Dr. Gorakshkar added that the major part of the exhibits mounted by the Prince of Wales Museum were from the Museum's permanent collection. Approximately 350 items were displayed including stones and metal sculpture, decorative objects in terra-cotta, ivory, jade, metal and glass, miniature paintings, textiles and weaponry.

Mr. S. K. Kooka, member of the WWF—India Western region, stated that the exhibition would be a unique educational experience for art lovers and nature lovers alike.

The Revenue Unit, finance raising committee of the National Association for the Blind, recently organised a novel Sponsored Knit-In competition in the city, to augment funds for the Association.

Mrs. Rehmud Fazelbhoj, director, invited about 40 members of the INDUS to participate in the event. At the knitting session each member was provided with knitting needles and wool, contributed by Akbarallys and Modella respectively. They were required to knit simple garter stitch pieces. The participant knitting the longest piece and the one collecting the largest amount for her piece from her sponsor will be given prizes. The knitted pieces will be sewn together into a blanket and either raffled or given to some charitable cause.

The proceeds of the event are earmarked for the expansion of the Association's Braille Library and Talking Book Scheme.

## delhi

The members of the Western Air Command branch of the Air Force Wives' Welfare Association recently set an example in self-help and staged a Fashion Fantasy "Come Fly With Me" displaying a large variety of costumes. The proceeds of the show are to be utilised for the welfare of the families of serving, retired and disabled Air Force Personnel.

The show was witnessed by Air Chief Marshal H. Moolgavkar and Mrs. Tara Moolgavkar. Held under the patronage of Mrs. Maperviz Dhatigara, president of the AFWWA (Regional), the Fashion Fantasy was produced and directed by Mrs. Srilata Katre, who did a course in costume designing in London.

## calcutta

Ladies' Study Group organised a panel discussion on "Law and the Woman". The participants at this very interesting meet were Mr. S. S. Ray, ex-Chief Minister of West Bengal, who spoke on "Woman and Taxation", Justice S. K. Mukherjee, whose topic was "Law and succession relating to woman" and Mr. Dipankar Gupta, who discussed "Family and Adoption". The other two topics were "Offences against women" and "Marriage and divorce", the speakers being Mr. Sankar Das Banerjee and Mr. D. K. Dey respectively, both leading advocates of the city.

Mrs. Manjula Bose, Judge of the High Court, was the chief guest while Mr. S. C. Sen was the moderator of the seminar.

## kerala

Poor people with facial deformities can get a chance to have them corrected through plastic surgery at the free camp being organised this year by the Ernakulam Lions Club in Cochin. The camp was inaugurated by Gujarat Governor K. K. Viswanathan. Patients who register with the Lions Club will be admitted to any of the city's private nursing homes and treated at the club's expense.

Union Minister of State for Energy, Mr. Fazul Rehman exhorted women to shed their fears and become useful citizens of the country by getting educated.

The Minister was replying to a reception given to him by the

women students of the Calicut Muslim Educational Society Women's College. Mrs. Fathima Gaffoor, President of the all-India women's wing of the MES, welcomed the distinguished visitor.

The minister said that Muslim girls must also think that they are equal to men and they have the necessary mental facilities to hold high offices on par with men.

He congratulated the women's wing of the Society on organising social welfare activities. He said that if elders were to oppose education of women on the ground of orthodoxy they must ask the elders to spend their time in their own prayers and not to interfere with the coming generation, which aimed at creating a progressive society.

The Calicut Jaycerettes yesterday held a one-day camp to carry out medical tests of old people of Vellayil area, in Calicut, as part of their community welfare project. Dr. Sudha Krishnan led a band of doctors for the tests. One thousand persons were tested and medicines distributed free.

## bangalore

The Bangalore North Ladies Circle No. 14 arranged a cookery contest at the Canara Bank auditorium. Nearly 30 prizes were given for culinary excellence under various categories, by Mrs. Shakuntala Balu, the chief guest. Mrs. Anita Baloo, chairman of the Ladies Circle, welcomed the gathering, while Mrs. Nirmala Raja, vice-chairman, proposed a vote of thanks.

A variety entertainment programme was presented by ladies of the Tirukkurugudi Madar Sangam who are on a tour of Karnataka.

Mrs. Pankaja T. S. Rajam, chairman of the Sangam, explained the welfare work it has been doing for the village for the past 20 years. Mrs. Padma Srinivasan presided.

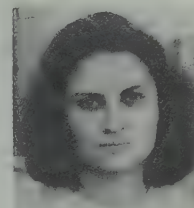
## hyderabad

Two enterprising young women, Mrs. Kala Shankar and Mrs. Kamala Vasudevan, held an exhibition-cum-sale of ready-made garments, cotton sarees and hand-made laces in the Mehboob College Hall. Mrs. Bilkiz Alladin inaugurated the exhibition.

The Park shop run by Mrs. Renu Hasan also held an exhibition-cum-sale of kaftans, salwar-kurtas and maxis at the Park Hotel and Sarover Hotel. The ready-to-wear garments were very reasonably priced—all under Rs. 50.

## world of eve

### PERVIZ DOTIVALA



A founder-member of the International Tourism Council, Mrs. Perviz F. Dotivala is also the vice-president of the Youth Hostels Association of India (Maharashtra branch). She is interested in travel and in encouraging travel among our youth. She is a member of the Board of Management of the recently started Youth Hostel at Aurangabad.

Mrs. Dotivala's L.L.B. degree comes in handy to her as a member of the jury on the Parsee Chief Matrimonial Court. She has also been appointed special executive magistrate by the Maharashtra Government.

Besides all this, Mrs. Dotivala is the honorary general secretary of the Society of Goodwill and Culture, which invites Indians and foreigners to give lectures on good relations between people of different countries.

### KIRAN NARAIN



Kiran Narain was born into a family of flower enthusiasts. Her mother was the pioneer in Kashmir's cut-flower trade and her father, a famous botanist. Habituated to winning prizes at local flower shows when very young, Kiran obtained the Advanced Course Diploma in Ikebana from the Wafu-Kai School of Japan. She now teaches the art.

A first-class-first M.A. from the J & K University, Kiran was a popular teacher of English in the Government College for Women, Srinagar. After her marriage and shift to Calcutta, she became a freelance journalist.

Kiran is the president of the Lioness Club of Jammu, a member of the Mahila Imdad Committee and the Red Cross. Fond of dress designing, knitting, sewing, photography and of course, gardening, she doesn't know the meaning of boredom.

In spite of her multifarious activities, Kiran always has time to look after her two young daughters and rather pampered husband. She is a sincere friend and the life of friendly gatherings which she keeps spellbound with her wit and humour.

## madam i'm adam

Deanne, my secretary, walked into my cabin and announced, "The boss wants to see you -- and by the looks of him, he's tearing mad."

"Angel," I said, "I can always trust you to bring joy and cheer into my life." Then I added, "I wonder what the hell it is I've done now?"

"Whatever it is," said Deanne, "you'll make out."

"I wish I could share your optimism," I said. "Sometimes, when the boss is in a rage, he loses his reason."

"Anyway," said Deanne, "get in there and get it over with."

Trying to be cheerful I said, "Let's face the music and dance."

When I went into the boss's office, he had a look on his face that would have wilted a cabbage. I walked in and stood in front of his desk.

He lifted his eyes. "Well," he said, "don't just stand there gaping at me. Sit down." I sat down.

He rifled through some papers and came up with a sheet. He thrust it in front of me. "What is this?" he asked. I looked at the paper.

"It's an order for 3000 cases from Mistry & Co." I said. "I should know, I landed that order myself."

"I am well aware of the fact," said the boss sarcastically. He did some more rifling and came up with another sheet. "Now take a look at this and tell me what it is," he said.

I studied the paper and my heart dropped. "Good God, it's a cancellation order!" I said. "Right out of the blue. And they give no reasons."

"Exactly," said the boss. "Well, I want you to get up off your duff and go find out why they cancelled it."

"Some customers are coming to see me now," I said. "Can I make it this afternoon?"

"Make it any time you like, as long as it's today," he said. "And you better be good."

I walked out of his office with my chin on my chest.

Three of the execs had found out about it, God knows how.

One said, "What happened, wonder-boy? We hear the boss hauled you over the coals."

"It's a little matter of a cancelled order," I said. "But it's just not fair. The customer gives no reason for the cancellation."

The second said, "And I guess the boss wants you to find out why the double-think. Well, laddie, you'd better be on your toes, or the boss will have you by the hair again."

The third said, "Aw gee, it could happen to anyone."

I looked at him with gratitude. "At last a kind and understanding word," I said, and walked to my cabin.

When I got home for lunch that day, I put an arm around my wife and said, "Goddess, feed me a bottle of beer fast. I'm in a panic."

"Why, what's wrong, darling?" she asked.

"A dope of a customer cancelled an order without saying why,

and the boss is scratching at the walls. He's mad as hell at me."

"Don't worry," she said, "there must be an explanation. You'll come out of it all right."

"Your encouragement touches me, sweetheart," I said, "but I'm good and scared."

"Don't be," she said, and went away to get me the beer. When she brought it, I finished a glass in a gulp and heaved a sigh that came up from my shoes. "If I get out of this in one piece," I said, "I'll buy you a new dress."

"That's one new dress coming up," said Phyllis.

"Angel," I said, "I married the right girl."

That afternoon I walked into the office of Mistry & Co., and asked to see the Sales Manager. After a ten-minute wait, I was told to go in.

Something on my face must have registered with him. He said, "Is something bothering you?"

"Plenty, Mr. B——," I said. "The boss is crazy mad at me and it's all because you cancelled that order. He wants to know why."

"Oh, that's simple," he said. "You see, we want to increase the order and haven't arrived at a final figure yet."

A wave of relief spread over me. I said, "Gee, thanks. You've just saved my life."

I went back to the office in a cab—with my head held high.

G'bye now!

Adam

## Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF NOVEMBER 19, 1977

next  
week

### WRANGLING OVER KHADI

The recent closure of the Khadi Bhandar in Bombay, after a prolonged management-union struggle, raises questions about how far the Khadi movement has strayed from what its founder, Gandhi, had hoped for.

### TOWARDS RURAL MEDICAL SELF-HELP

A unique project in rural medicine.

### "COMPLETE THE STORY" CONTEST

The winner gets Rs. 250! Watch out for the beginning of the story — "Marital Deadlock."

### THE MUCH-MARRIED MAN

The story of a man — recently arrested — who cheated countless girls of money and virtue by marrying them under false pretexts.

# For Beautiful Faces



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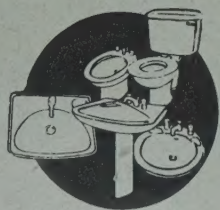
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*Sssssh....she's learning*



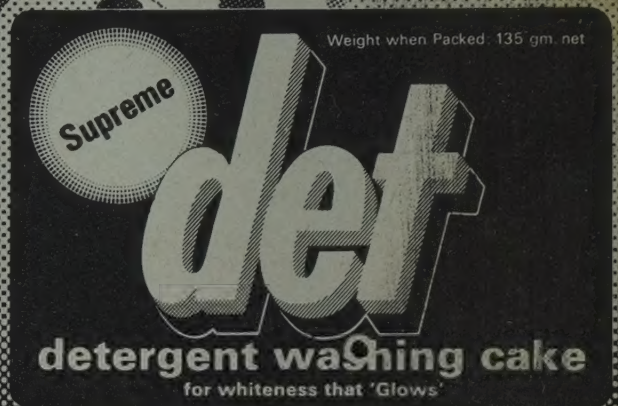
Anjali is beginning to do what we have been doing for 188 years—learning. Like her, Parryware started young. And from there it's been a never ending process. Developing and perfecting our techniques scientifically, to give you Durability and Reliability. Besides, Parryware designers know what colours please people. So, they have come up with six gentle shades—all chosen and designed to suit your home. It's no wonder Parryware' is India's largest selling Sanitaryware. —And we're still learning.



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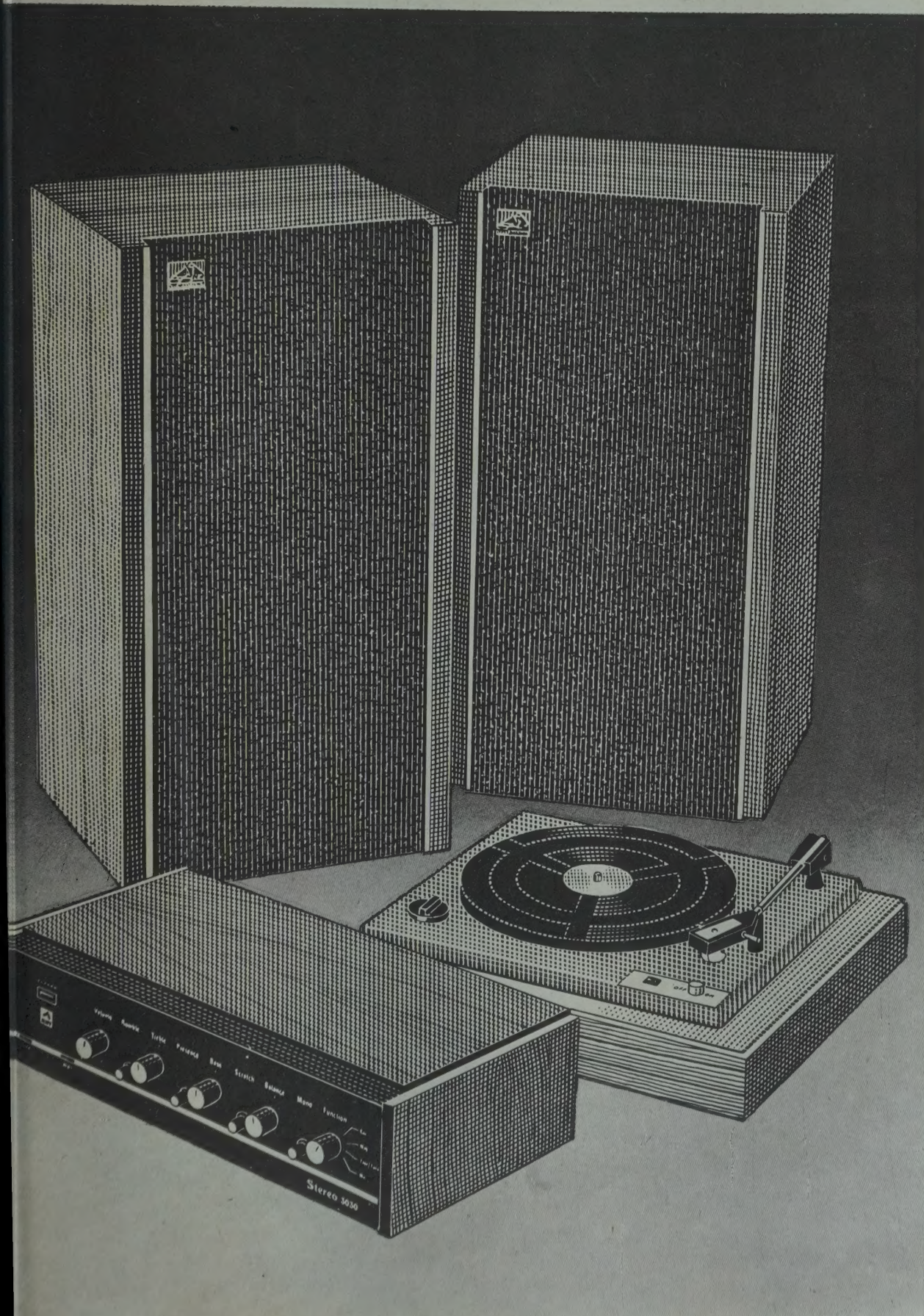
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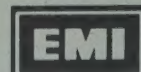
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