

EVE'S WEEKLY

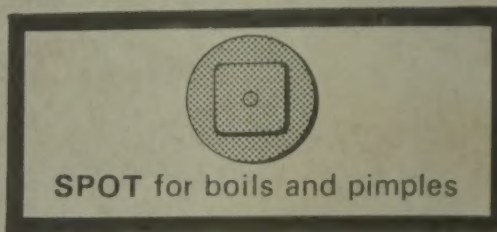
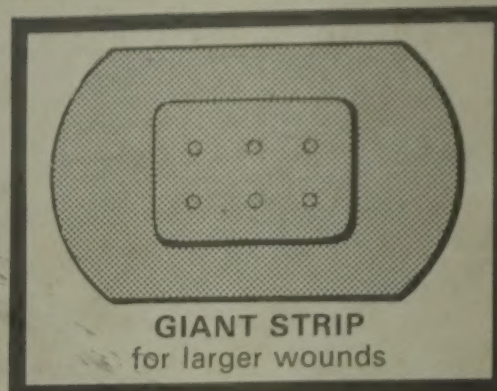
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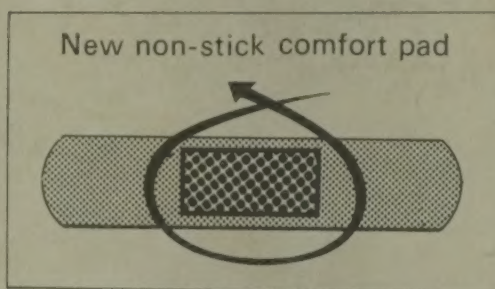


Wounds come in all shapes and sizes So do BAND-AID Dressings



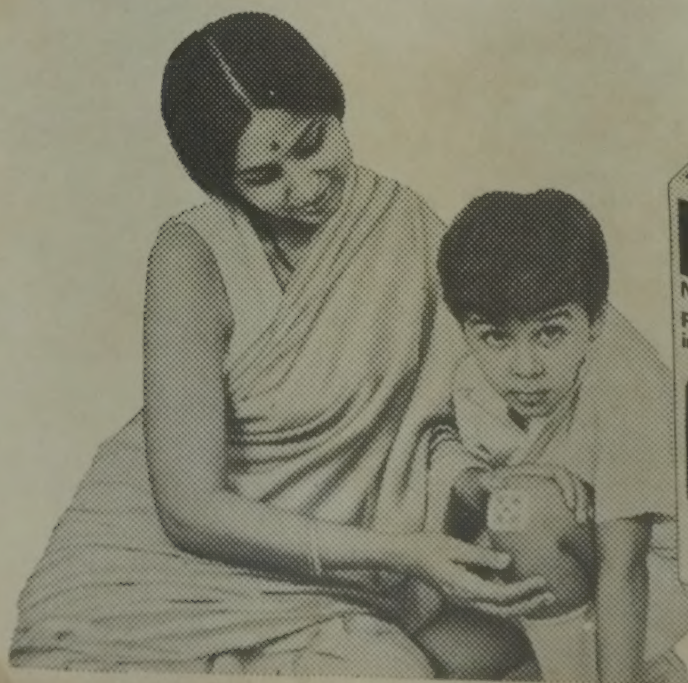
Wounds are open to infection. Protect them with BAND-AID Dressings. Available in different shapes and sizes to conveniently cover any wound.

Always keep a pack of BAND-AID Dressings handy.



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- a new non-stick pad for greater comfort, faster healing
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Protect against infection
with **BAND-AID**
BRAND Dressings



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Johnson & Johnson

A master plan for your children's future



Syndicate Bank's Package Savings Plan

From cradle to kindergarten, to school, to college, to a bright career at all steps – you have hopes for your children. You want them to feel secure, confident.

We have a master plan for your children's future, for every stage of their life. Our Vikas and Pragathi Cash Certificates mature exactly when they step into school or college. And our Amar Deposit Scheme ensures income every month for their higher education. They will have capital to start on a career too.

PRAGATHI CASH CERTIFICATE Re-investment Plan			VIKAS CASH CERTIFICATE Re-investment Plan			AMAR DEPOSIT SCHEME Permanent Income Plan	
To get a round sum of Rs. 1000 you invest			Your investment of Rs. 1000 grows to			Save Rs. 100 every month for 120 months; you will get Rs. 169.50 per month thereafter for life, while the principal with interest, Rs. 20,557 will remain intact.	
Amount	For		Amount	in			
Rs. P.			Rs. P.				
760 82	39 months		1314 50	39 months			
595 39	63 months		1680 00	63 months			
500 87	84 months		2046 50	87 months			
372 43	120 months		2685 50	120 months			

Our Other Schemes

SAVINGS/CURRENT ACCOUNTS
CUMULATIVE/FIXED/SOCIAL SECURITY/
SURAKSHA/PIGMY DEPOSITS



SYNDICATE BANK



International year
for Disabled Persons

How to get more meals out of your stoves.

You'll find the information here of vital use. Follow these tips from today and discover a happy surprise: cooking fuel that lasts longer every month!

8 sensible ways to make your gas or kerosene last longer.

- 1. Get yourself organised...**
Cooking is so much more economical—and enjoyable!—if you've got all things chopped and ready, spices within reach, before lighting your stove. Never keep a flame burning unnecessarily.
- 2. Put the lid on heat loss!**
A good idea would be to put a lid on the vessel to retain heat inside. This way, food cooks faster and consumes 15% less fuel. **35% fuel saving—with just a simple action!** Once a vessel's contents reach boiling point, a low flame is enough to keep them boiling. So promptly turn down your flame—research tests show that you save 35% fuel!
- 3. Water quantity should be just right.**
Surplus water, especially in rice and vegetables, consumes extra fuel. So reduce water to the minimum—food is tastier and more nutritious too! Experiments also show that soaking dal overnight before cooking saves 35% cooking fuel.
- 4. Use wide shallow vessels always.**
A vessel 25 cm in diameter is ideal for cooking as it covers the flame completely—narrow vessels waste fuel (especially if flames lick the sides). Since a vessel first absorbs heat before its contents get cooked, avoid using a taller vessel than necessary.
- 5. Eating together saves money.**
Plan meal times when the family can eat together—this way you avoid reheating food which wastes both the fuel as well as the food's nutritive contents.
- 6. The biggest fuel saver—the pressure cooker.**
A pressure cooker takes less time and saves 30% fuel compared to ordinary cooking. But did you know: you can turn down the flame and even switch off the stove completely while food continues to cook with the pressure of the steam. This saves you 5 to 8 minutes of fuel.
Another fantastic advantage: you can use the cooker's separators to cook dal, rice, vegetables, all at the same time—think of the fuel saved!
- 7. Make more use of the smaller burner.**
The big burner takes less time to cook food, but consumes 10% more fuel than the smaller burner. Ask yourself if it is worth the time saved. Use of the smaller burner saves fuel every time.
- 8. A clean burner helps too.**
Is your burner clogged or do your wicks need changing?
Clean your stoves regularly for better performance.

The information here is the result of tried and tested research studies by the PCRA, a unit of the Petroleum Ministry. Set up over 4 years ago in anticipation of the worldwide oil crisis that is affecting us all today, PCRA is helping promote more efficient use of fuel—in homes, farms, industries, and on roads. Because, till alternative sources of energy are found, we have to make the best use of the world's diminishing oil reserves.



Issued in the public interest by PCRA

**PETROLEUM CONSERVATION
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION**

709-711 Surya Kiran Building
19 Kasturba Gandhi Marg, New Delhi-110001

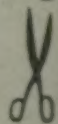
Because oil isn't going to last forever.

The oil crisis—it concerns you.

The adopting of these tips will help you save substantially on fuel bills. Any feedback from you will be very useful to the furtherance of our campaign. For any information, do write to us. We can arrange meetings for groups of consumers, where an expert talks, films are screened and the distribution of illustrated booklets can be arranged. If you are interested, write to us with details of the number and nature of the people who would like to participate in the meeting.

Address enquiries to the Project Manager,
Petroleum Conservation Research Association.

HID-PCR-6279-R



Cut and keep to cut fuel bills.

This message has got to reach over 30 million homes. Do pass it on.



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RUKSHANA TODYWALA

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MARCH 14 — 20, 1981

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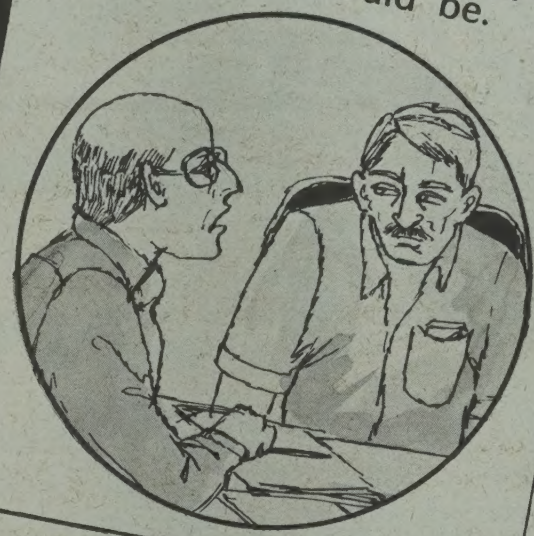
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THE SEXIST BIAS
IN PSYCHIATRY

17 It is shocking that the people who should heal, believe that a woman's role is secondary, and that the sooner she reconciles herself to this, the happier she would be.



SEX AND MENTAL HEALTH

25 It is difficult to say whether sexual problems cause psychological problems or vice versa. Usually they are inter-linked.

CHILDREN:
TOWARDS
CORRECTION

45 It is important to get to the root cause of a child's psychological problem before corrective therapy can be used.



DEPRESSION: THAT
SILENT KILLER

20 There was a feeling that had gradually built up over the months, that her world was falling apart. But there was no one to help her.

ALSO

Jottings of a mental patient — page 10. Ask the doctor — page 13.
The mood is Japanese — page 23. Baby's sleeping bag — page 27.
Eve today — page 28. Rural women and mental health — page 29.
True confession — page 32. Ahmedabad medical students on a
rampage — page 40. Films: Eccentric film star — page 43. Short story
— page 49. Life's a funny thing — page 55.

REGULAR FEATURES

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Known & Unknown/39, Comics & Jokes/42, Frankly Speaking/53,
People & Events/56, Horoscope/58.

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Made from rice, the cereal that's the easiest to digest.

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

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baby cereal
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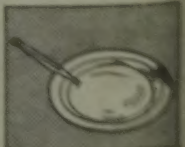
Easy to prepare:



Pour pre-boiled warm milk



Add Nestum & mix



Ready to serve





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

2nd PRIZE

HAPPY GRANDMA

Sometime back I graduated to the rank of grandmothers. My little grand-daughter is a lovely baby — sweet, healthy and happy. I love pampering her and showing her off. I enjoy very much the way everybody in the family refers to me as 'Nani Ma'. But someone the other day commented that I must be feeling terribly old, now that I am a grandmother.

No, I don't really. In fact I feel wonderful, delighted at how I have been able to enjoy every stage of my life. I loved my role of a young bride. Then that of a wife and later a mother. And now there is little Vandana to make me a forty-eight year young grandma. I am now looking forward to when my son and other daughter will get married. There will be more 'chota walas' to call me 'Nani Ma' and 'Dadi Ma'. Why should I feel old or unhappy about it?

KAMLA SPOLIA, Chandigarh

You will see some very attractive, very youthful-looking grandmas in our next issue. They are all happy, lively, active and achieving women who are proud to be grandparents and who don't feel a bit "old and tired"!

TAKE HER, SHE'S YOURS...

It was shocking to read about the revival of Sati and our attitudes to dowry and women in general. All the writers in your February 7 issue have brought up relevant points, but missed out one. None pointed to the practice of "Kanya-Daan". If a daughter is an object which can be donated, it can also be burnt, no matter on which altar — Sati or Dowry...

VEENA GUPTA, Bombay

In the crazy, mixed-up world of Indian marriages, the daughter is donated, pushed off, practically banished. But she also "buys" a husband with her dowry, so really she should be the "lord and master", the one who calls the shots. Alas, this is not so. We give money and jewellery to the groom and beg him to take the girl off our hands. The result of this, we all know to our cost...

1st PRIZE

JOBS FOR MOMS

During the International Woman's Year, there was a proposal to increase the age limit for women in Government services from 25 to 35. By the time a woman is in her mid-thirties, her children are well into their teens and the family does not need her as much as they used to do. Having still many more useful years, it will be a boon to her if she can now take up a job. Today, many young mothers are reluctant to leave their jobs, as they know that it is virtually impossible to get a job later, if they give up their present one. So, they struggle along leaving their children in the care of unreliable servants. It is a great strain on their mental and physical health to pursue a job while carrying on their duties as mothers and wives

If the age limit is raised for service in public undertakings, private employers will also, in course of time, begin to employ older women. Young mothers can then devote themselves fully to the task of shaping the future citizens of India without regretting lost opportunities.

So in the national interest, as well as in the interests of women's liberation, I request our women's organisations to take up this issue and work for its success.

SARASWATHY RAMAKRISHNAN, Madras

While we are all for job opportunities being given to older women, a break in a career can never be made up — at least, not easily. So again, it's a matter of choice: if a young woman with excellent career prospects decides to keep her job — through pregnancy, babies, growing children, et al — she should be given every encouragement and active help.

3rd PRIZE

SHODDY GOODS

T.V.'s, video sets, teflon pans, unbreakable and fire resistant crockery — name it, and you can put your hands on it right here in our country these days. But whereas the foreign manufacturer gives highest priority to the quality here it is of no consequence. The sooner it breaks the better, as the consumer will be forced to buy the product again.

Recently, I purchased a floor-mop to save me the bother of bending over the floor and messing my hands whenever the servant abstained from work. Delight turned into dismay when the mop broke beyond repair within a month of purchasing. Labour and time-saving gadgets have become a necessity today with the dearth of servants, and women having to cope with house and office work. Manufacturers are busy catering to these needs and in the bargain thoroughly exploiting the consumer. The Consumer Guidance Society is doing great service to the consumer. But a stronger consumer activist movement and an Indian counterpart of Ralph Nader is, perhaps, the solution to the problem.

NALINI KABADKAR, Bombay

Not only do we not have a Nader, we do not even have enough ordinary, everyday voices to protest against shoddy goods and services passed off on a too tolerant public. It is high time all citizens got together and decided they will not buy these items, no matter what the need or the temptation. And this would also, no doubt, reduce black-market activities.

A GOOD CAUSE

When personal tragedy strikes one can either make one's grief recoil upon itself, and hug it to oneself in a cocoon of self-pity; or, one can use it to deepen one's compassion, and to reach out to one's fellow-sufferers. And this is exactly what three courageous, magnanimous maestros in the art of giving, have done. Three women in Madras, whose husbands had died of kidney failure, have decided to start a Madras chapter of the National Kidney Foundation (India). One lady has even decided to donate her husband's dialysis machine to the Foundation. Recognising the urgent need to create an awareness of kidney disease among the people these women are carrying out the Foundation's education programme, using group meetings, associations, and the mass media.

The Kidney Foundation's programme extends from the promotion of a kidney transplant programme to research into the prevention of kidney disease to the creation of a central pool of dialysis equipment and financial aid for kidney transplant patients, etc. The Kidney Foundation has already begun a registry of kidney donors. While many of us theoretically commend the Kidney Foundation's work, how many of us are willing to back it up by agreeing to donate our kidneys after death for transplantation purposes? Even if we do not wish to donate our kidneys we can at least donate our time, interest and money, can't we?

INDU K. MALLAH, Tamil Nadu

Yes, we can and we must. These women are doing an excellent job but we need a concerted drive for this. We'll be glad to pass on the Kidney Foundation address, supplied by you, to all those wanting to help.

THE INCREMIN GENERATION

Growing up better, not just bigger!



Incremin Tonic makes a big, big difference to the growing years. The fact is, Incremin has an edge over other tonics. Apart from having vitamins essential to healthy growth,

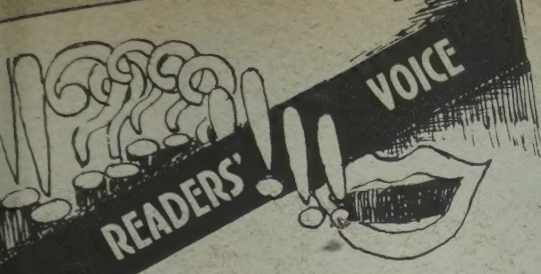
Incremin also contains Lysine. Lysine stimulates the appetite. Every mother knows, a child has to eat well to grow up well. Incremin turns better eating into better growth.

A **Lederle** product
 • Registered trademark of American Cyanamid Company

Incremin Tonic.*

Syrup
for children up to 14.
Drops
for babies below 2.

Turns better eating into better growth.



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

PAIN BEHIND THE PAINT: MANY ACCOLADES

I read the article, "The Pain Behind the Paint" (January 31), by Mala Vaishnav, with a mounting sense of horror. I feel sure that many women who use various beauty products, which can only be manufactured by torturing animals — are unaware of the mode of manufacturing these cosmetics. An article like this will acquaint them with the horrendous facts and deter their using such cosmetics and perfumes. Kudos to "Beauty Without Cruelty" for their noble efforts.

RATAN KUNDANMAL, Bombay.

Mala Vaishnav must be congratulated for her article, "The Pain Behind The Paint" (January 31). It was interesting and factually informative. The whole world must be made aware of the danger faced by the endangered wild. In India many of the species like the cheetah are already on the endangered list. Irreparable injury and grave injustice will be caused to the wild if the sanction of legal force is not brought into play. Failure of legal protection to the wild is not a problem resulting from absence of any legislative enactment but from failure to enforce the law and the ignorance about ecology conservation and environmental control. One must make a formal complaint to the proper authorities when one sees a violation and back it up by volunteering to be a witness.

DIVYANG CHHAYA, New Delhi.

The article, "The Pain Behind The Paint" (January 31), touched my heart. I would like to thank Lady Muriel for having founded a trust like "Beauty Without Cruelty" to create public awareness among the consumers about the exploitation and killing of helpless creatures in the name of glamour and beauty. It is our duty to alleviate the misery caused to these creatures and allow them to live in tune with Nature.

SHALINI MILROY, Palni.

The article, "The Pain Behind The Paint" by Mala Vaishnav was excellent. I never knew that so much cruelty to dumb animals was involved in making cosmetics, handbags, furs, etc. just to satisfy the human ego. Perhaps, like me, most people who use these things do not know exactly at what cost they are manufactured and one cannot be blamed. But the same cannot be said about the greed of the manufacturers who make tonnes of money out of these poor animals. They know only too well the torture that the helpless animals are put to. Indians talk a lot about ahimsa but when we hear about the cruelties perpetrated on poor dumb animals, we should hang our heads in shame. Even the predominantly meat eating countries are kinder to animals than us.

DR. (MRS) P. PATHAK, Bangalore.

The article, "The Pain Behind The Paint" (January 31), was extremely good and gave us a better insight into this topic. I would be very glad if you can give a list of other manufacturers marketing under the brand name of Ahimsa products.

KRISHNA KUMARI, Bombay.

Readers who are interested in further details regarding the organisation can write to :

Diana Ratnagar, Beauty Without Cruelty (India Branch)
4, Prince of Wales' Drive, Wanowrie, Pune-411 001.



ISSUE OF MARCH 21, 1981

GLAMOROUS GRANDMAS

"You look too young to be a grandmother is an oft repeated exclamation heard these days. We present a delectable choice — along with the evergreen beauties of the Indian film industry.

WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MALE EGO?

A delightful dissertation by Gita Narayanan, with a companion piece by Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh on the need for man to become more feminine.

MALE ASSISTANT, FEMALE BOSS

Comments of those in such a position. Is it to be tolerated, endured or enjoyed?

Plus all our regular features.

There are so many thoughts jumbled up in my mind, they are like waves coming one after another, never stopping, never resting. They whirl like a merry-go-round in my mind till I get tired of them and feel like screaming.

I must see the doctor, but again I don't like giving trouble. When I go to see him I talk the same things again and again. I think these psychiatrists have a wonderful patience to listen to everyone's sad talks, troubled talks, all the time, that too with so much understanding, sympathy, patience. One may say it is their job, but aren't they also human? If the relatives of the patient can get tired of her when she talks of the same things again and again, how tired these doctors should feel when day after day, year after year, they listen to the same pattern of talks of different patients all the time with so much

JOTTINGS of a mental patient

She is a literate, articulate, highly qualified woman.

Yet, her reasons for going insane are no different from those of so many other Indian women... a husband's cruelty coupled with neglect. A situation where she has lost all faith in herself...

understanding and sympathy! I think this faith and trust which the patient puts in her doctor because she thinks the doctor is the only person who understands her, trusts her, does not get tired of her, and cures her without medicine because the patient knows this is the only place where she can always go without being rejected, as sometimes she is rejected, is beautiful and sustaining. If I store up my thoughts for too long, one day the dam bursts and I'm sicker than ever.

When I go to see the doctor, I feel like a lonely child going to her mother with the complaints of her classmates or teacher, but here I talk of my own kith and kin.

I think no one should ever get a mental illness in our country. In other illnesses one can say that one is suffering from typhoid, cancer, heart trouble or even T.B. freely, but in this illness one has to pretend all the time that one is all right otherwise people may think that one has gone completely mad. This deception saps my energy I have to be on my guard all the time. Of course when you are completely mad you don't bother about what people or society say about you, then it is the relatives of the patient who try to keep it a secret!

It is this in-between stage

when you are neither sane nor insane (people don't understand the difference between nervous breakdown and complete madness) that the patient has to pretend that she is all right, even though she feels like screaming at them.

Like other illnesses mental illness can be cured completely if treatment is given in time... time is the main factor... and properly. Mental illness is a word used as a taboo in our society, so the relatives of the patient — even educated ones — try to keep it a secret as long as they can, and in this game of hide-and-seek, the patient is the sufferer.

Nowadays I feel so depressed, so melancholy, even if I hear a sad song, or see a beautiful sunset. I feel like crying. What is wrong with me, can anyone tell me? I feel so alone and lonely. Loneliness is taking hold of me, it is like pain that won't go away, I fight it with every means or it will drive me crazy. It is slow torture, not like a sharp stab. Why do I feel so alone and lonely when I am surrounded by a sea of people, my own people, my own children?

I think, not all people are born insane. In most cases of nervous breakdown, it is either brought about by certain people, a certain environment, personal sorrows or the stresses and strains

of modern society. In my case it was brought about by certain people whom I had trusted so much, but they did me such wrong that suddenly I have lost all faith in human beings. Why did they do this to me when I did no wrong to them? I cannot trust anyone any more. I think people are plotting against me all the time. They have given me this habit of brooding all the time. Even if I wish to leave this habit I cannot leave it.

I think I am a person who is not worth living. I become my own judge and sentence myself to death. I try to scheme how to die without pain. I must admit, I am rather a coward to take to age-old methods like burning myself or drinking Tic-20! At least the river is beautiful, so many times I rehearse in my mind that I am walking on a bridge and then I must jump. I wish someone could push me down, but then again, I think, if I jump and unfortunately I don't die but instead break my legs or arms, that will be even worse than my fate at present.

I wouldn't like to jump in a well, it is too dark and ugly; at least the river is beautiful, moving... maybe they will never find my body I wish I could get some sleeping tablets, but where am I going to get them? Such a beautiful and peaceful death. But then I think of my lovely child-

ren and my other mind tells me, "No, Hemanti, you must live for them, you cannot leave them as orphans." But if I am not well who will look after my children anyway? This is the third year of my illness; in case I go completely mad, then I have to spend my life shuttling from one mental institute to another. Then who will look after them, my children? It will be bad for them when they grow up. People will say, their mother was in a mental hospital, they may inherit her illness. Who will marry my children then? Who am I to tell society that I was never born sad, I was as normal as they, but it was brought about by certain incidents, certain people. Will society believe me... or am I thinking too far into the future?

For the last one month or so I have not gone for my evening walks. Nowadays I feel so tired even to dress up and go out. I am trying to weave a shell around me, a shell so hard that no one can break it and hurt my feelings. Even though I am taking tranquillisers, I feel so depressed. These suicidal thoughts why are they always at the back of my mind, why can't they leave me alone for some time? I feel like going into a deep sleep and never waking up in this cruel world, but then the doctor tells me I must live for others, but who are these others?

I have to be admitted into the hospital as these suicidal thoughts won't leave me alone. I try to cut my wrist. Why does the doctor want me to live? I really don't understand, when I don't have a will to live. When I am unable to return the blows of the world, what will I achieve by living? I must ask him. Sometimes I wonder who will win in this battle of life and death, the doctor or I?

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Dipy doo
Dipy dum dum
Dipy's Squashes are
very yum yum yum**

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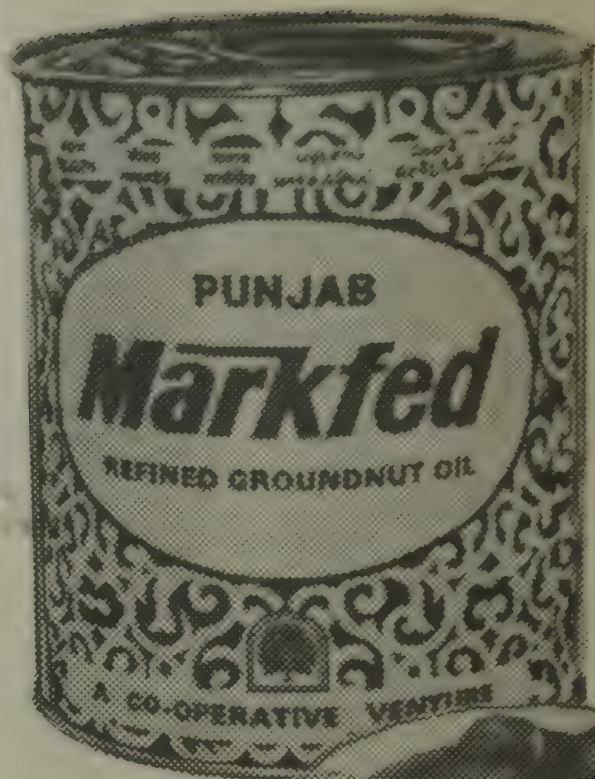
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MARKFED Refined Groundnut Oil—pure, light and wholesome. Use it to your heart's content!

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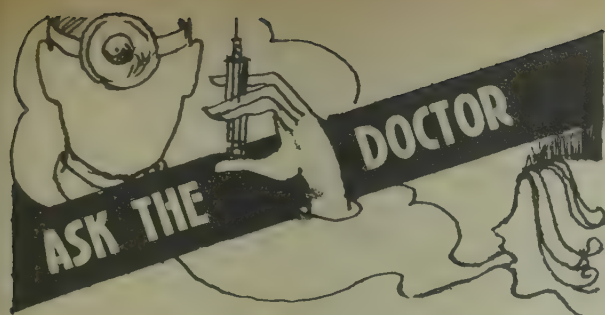


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injections available to enlarge the bust line.

— D. M. (Bombay)

A. Cosmetic surgery is indeed available to enlarge the breasts. Silicon injections show dramatic improvement in the size of the bust, but the breasts will be hard and will lose all the natural soft, female feel. Hormone therapy is also available, but I would not recommend it because it has harmful side-effects. Breast creams that are advertised in the market generally do not help.

What can help is isometric exercises which strengthen the pectoral muscles under the breast. Place both your open palms together in front of you, with the thumbs and index fingers four inches or so away from sternum. Press the palms against each other as hard as you can while you breathe deeply. This is the only exercise that may help. However, do not be disappointed if your breasts do not grow substantially; some women just naturally have small breasts — it could be hereditary.

Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni, who has completed her post-graduation from the renowned All-India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi, currently works as a consultant in the Chemotherapy department of the Tata Memorial (Cancer) Hospital, Bombay. Dr. Nadkarni will answer your queries on medical issues in this column every fortnight. Your questions should be addressed to: Ask The Doctor, c/o Eve's Weekly, and MUST BE accompanied by this coupon, which will appear every fortnight.

By Dr. Kanchan Nadkarni

LUMP IN THE BREAST

Q. I am 18 years of age. For the last two weeks, I have found a small lump in my right breast, the lump being roughly circular and the size of a bean. I have tried pressing it, but there is no pain. Do you think I may have cancer?

— A. T. (Bombay)

A. It is a good thing you mentioned your age, so I can say the chances are that you have "fibroadenoma" — the formation of a benign tumour. The cause of such formations is not known, but it occurs in the younger age groups. The answer is surgical removal, for the lump may or may not increase in size, and malignant tumours in your age group are not unknown. It is a minor operation, done under local anaesthesia, and does not involve hospitalisation. The surgeon will send the tumour for a biopsy if he suspects cancer.

In women over 30, a lump in the breast more often than not means cancer. In this case too, the answer is surgical removal. The doctor will check if such lumps are localised in the breast only, or are present elsewhere in the body; and will then operate. It is worth knowing that if a lump of upto 2 cms. is detected, the chances of achieving a complete cure are 80%, with good management.

RUMBLING STOMACH

Q. You may laugh at my complaint, but I can assure you it is serious enough, and has often caused me acute embarrassment. I have a chronically rumbling stomach, which groans and sighs especially when I am in august company. I have tried all sorts of antacids, but to no avail. Can you help me, please?

— V. V. G. (Calcutta)

A. TE rumbling is caused by gas in your stomach as also the digestive process in the intestines. Some people have a 'loud' digestive process! You will probably notice the rumbling at its peak some four hours after you have had a good meal. This is because the food has just passed into the intestines, and the juices are busy converting it into the form required by various parts of the body. What you need to do is to swallow less air. Chew your food slowly and with great deliberation instead of gobbling it down. I think it would be wise to have a stool examination done to rule out a gastric disorder. On really bad days, swallow two activated charcoal tablets, available at any good chemist.

SMALL BREASTS

Q. I am an 18-year-old girl with very small breasts. How can I make them grow? I am told there are hormone

MY MOTHER, THE WRITER

My mother is a fairly successful author. I get a bit of reflected limelight. Thanks, but no thanks, I would be quite all right without anything of that kind. Because, I know what it is to be the daughter (that too the elder one) of a lady writer.

When mummy is writing, we come home to what can only be described as utter chaos. Bits of paper flutter at you at the slightest breath of breeze. Pens disappear, because mummy not only jots down ideas as they come, she misplaces (to be euphemistic) the pens, to boot.

Once I brought a friend home when mummy was writing. That means the house was in a shambles. My friend (whose mother

no doubt keeps her house spick and span) gazed around in bewilderment and then said, "Why doesn't your mum finish the housework and then turn to writing?" To which I had the opportunity of saying: "You see, when people are writing, they forget everything else." She looked at me as if she thought my head needed seeing-to.

Coming to appearances, mummy the writer sports no bindi. wears the most appallingly crumpled saris and neglects her hair for days on end — much to the disgust of her teenaged daughters. Honestly, mummy's matted locks could straightaway gain her entry to the Ancient Ascetics Association.

When the symptoms appear (far away looks, absent mindedness, a sudden burst of argumentative spirit, to name a few) we promptly hide any notebook within sight. This is because, once, mum, quite unknowingly, started an article on the back of a notebook and was halfway through it (the notebook I mean) when I discovered that it was my maths homework. That was how the mystery of my missing notebook was solved. In the fireworks that followed dad got a word in edgeways and said serenely that had I been a regular student (that means goody-goody), doing my homework regularly, I would have discovered this earlier. So now we are wiser and take no chances.

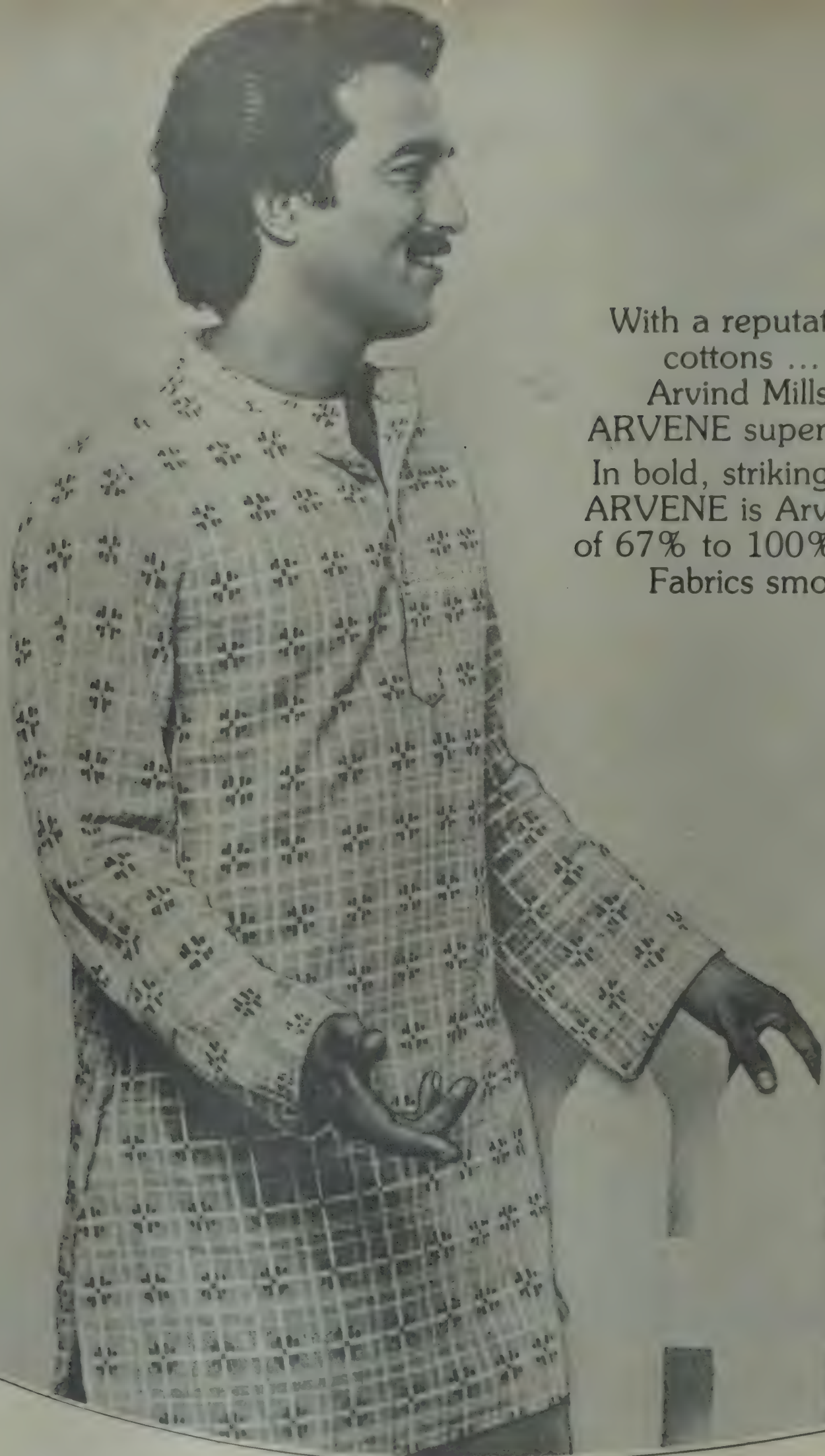
My biggest grouse is that dependable ol' me can be depended on to don the apron and be transformed into a "hausfrau". To add to the already existing confusion, there are now explosions in the kitchen (well, nearly). Burnt or half-cooked

meals. A terrific clattering of pots and pans provides musical background. Usually, the music is cut short by dad's stentorian voice asking, "What is that infernal din?"

Mummy wades through it all somehow and manages to send off the script. A peace descends on the house. The wife and mother is back in harness. Things revert to normal. I am released from my extra duties (that is most important, I guess!)

Then all of a sudden, mummy gets a gleam in her eye plus a faraway look (It's no good telling me that eyes can either gleam or have faraway looks — not both — because I've seen it happen). She starts stirring empty cups. We raise our eyes heavenwards, sigh "Not again!" and square our shoulders.

A. V. Lakshmi



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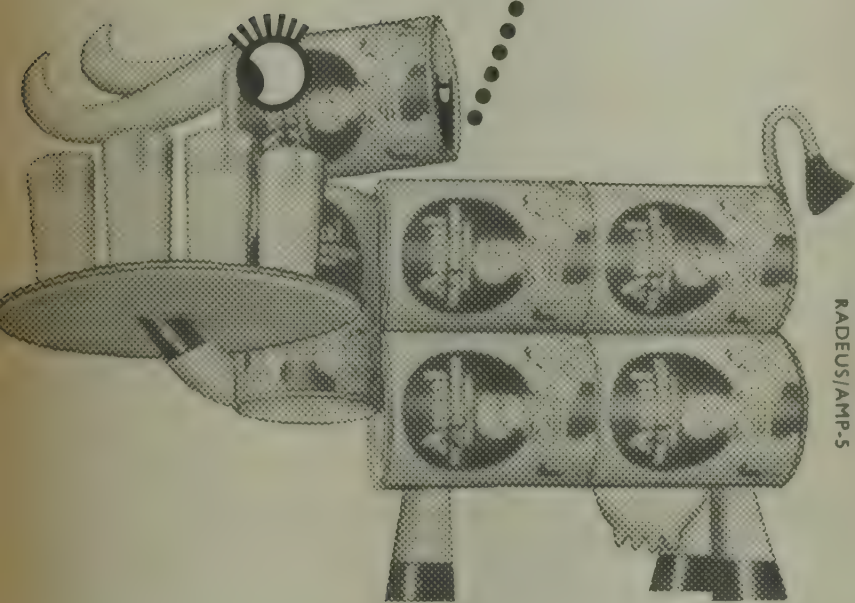
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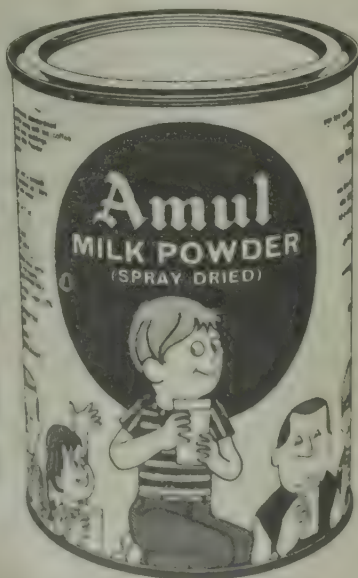
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An agitated young man strode into a psychiatrist's consulting room. He needed help, urgently. A young woman had rejected him. Out to find a suitable bride for himself, he had "interviewed" four girls, none of whom were found adequate. But, please note, all four had expressed their willingness to marry him. But number five said "no" — to him, a presentable young man, a graduate, with a good business! He could hardly believe this could happen to him. He told the psychiatrist to help him regain his confidence — and fast. Because he was soon scheduled to meet another girl, number six, and it would not do for her to notice any signs of stress in him.

In another consulting room, a man and his wife were sitting on the edge of their chairs before another psychiatrist. The woman was constantly plucking at the pallav of her sari. Her husband was a mill worker, who had lived in the city for some years. She lived in the village. All seemed well until one evening when she had a major nervous breakdown. The villagers could not find out what was wrong with her. She was rushed to Bombay, the doctor recommended a psychiatrist. The latter said the strain of living apart from her husband for months, of coping with her children and her in-laws had broken her down. But after some initial progress the psychiatrist noted that the woman was resisting further treatment. Finally

he realised she was so terrified of returning to her village and facing life alone, that she was trying to prolong her illness.

This woman however was fortunate because she was brought to a psychiatrist. According to a group of consultant psychiatrists, who preferred to remain anonymous for reasons, that will soon become obvious, "A woman is hardly ever taken to a psychiat-

"Men are often reluctant to come for counselling particularly in sexual areas. They tell the woman it is her problem, she must solve it on her own," they concluded.

"This sexist bias in society also reflects itself in our profession," admitted another psychiatrist. What is the attitude of the psychiatrist towards the urban Indian woman —

Suppose a woman complained to a psychiatrist that her husband refused to respect her individuality and treat her as his equal, what would the psychiatrist say? "The total abilities of a woman who complains of a secondary status are sometimes nil. Often she cannot cook as well as his mother or she is not able to look after his children. The way to a man's

Incredible as it may sound, there are actually psychiatrists who believe that "a woman who does not accept her secondary status is not accepting reality", that "career women are not relaxed wives and mothers" and that women who remain single by choice must be "peculiar". A shocking indictment of the sexist bias in psychiatry

rist as soon as it is perceived that she needs treatment." Instead, she is often left to cope as best she can, and her children are pushed off to the relatives to be looked after by them. It is only when the symptoms are unbearable, when she becomes decidedly 'peculiar' that she is taken for treatment. "Men however are treated as soon as they show evidence of strain, possibly because they are the bread-earners and must be looked after," they noted. The woman is escorted to the psychiatrist by members of her family, and always to a doctor of her husband's or her father's choice.

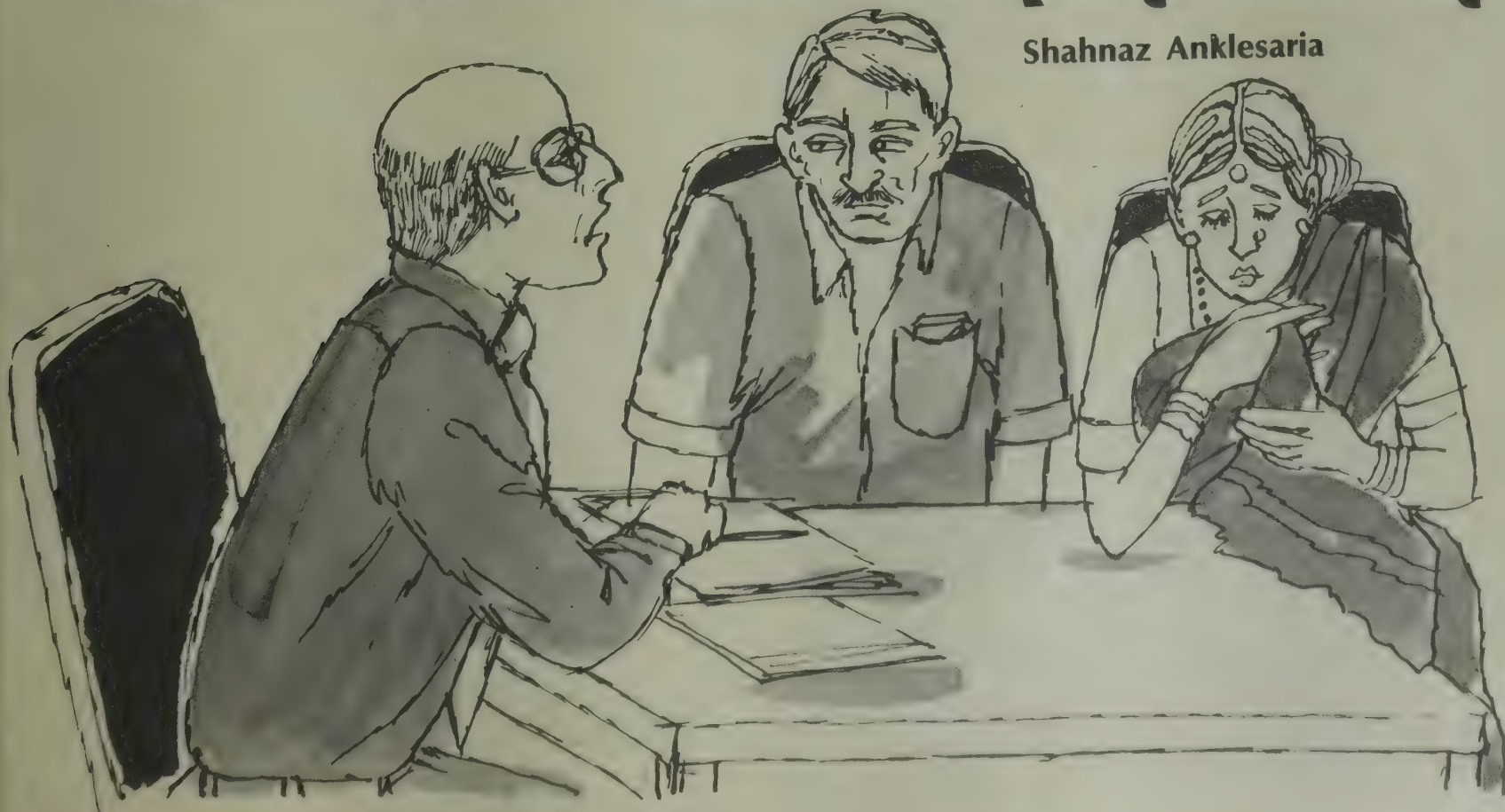
the woman who is growing increasingly restless, questioning the very fundamentals on which her role in Indian society has been based?

For the woman of modern India is now aware of the rights that her Western counterpart takes almost for granted, rights that she sometimes dares not dream of as being her own. As she compares, she analyses. Not logic, nor biology nor reason explains why she should continue to allow herself to be treated as an inferior object by man, to be bought or done away with according to his pleasure. How do psychiatrists help women deal with these growing conflicts?

heart is through his stomach and through her ability to satisfy him sexually," stated a well-known psychiatrist who actually teaches the subject to medical students. If a woman says that her husband should respect her personality, the psychiatrist says, he would ask her what she has done to command his respect! What did she do to make him feel attracted to her? How has she cemented their relationship? What is she doing to make her secondary status more positive? A woman should work towards having such a positive relationship with her husband that he would hate to see her wash dishes while he smokes his pipe,

the sexist bias in psychiatry

Shahnaz Anklesaria



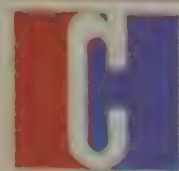
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THE SEXIST BIAS IN PSYCHIATRY

said the psychiatrist.

"If a woman is not concerned with her looks, if she does not look inviting or appealing when her husband comes home, then of course he will not care for her, he would turn to a prostitute whose appeal is greater than his wife's he added.

What about a man trying to please his wife instead of making demands on her? Both work as hard — she at home perhaps, he in his office. Both have to cope with different pressures. Should he not make an effort to be as interesting as he demands she should? "A man's appeal is always secondary. It is a case of male pursuing a female. It is she who should always be more appealing," replied the psychiatrist.

"The woman who does not accept her secondary status is not accepting a reality of life. How can she overcome it? Well, she must prove herself, her ability, her worth. Often in some cases it may simply mean learning to live with the mother-in-law," he concluded.

According to a woman consultant psychiatrist in Bombay, it is the literate middle-class woman who, because she reasons and discriminates between her past culture and present values, arrives at her own ideas and conclusions about her rights. (What a price to pay for reason and analysis!) But she cautions that the 'liberated' woman is often less tolerant in accepting other modes of thought. "She becomes too dogmatic in her new found ideas of freedom, so this is one reason why she sometimes cannot integrate," she said. Such women must use their own intelligence to solve their dilemma rather than appear rigid about their own point of view. "Calmly disassociate from your anger, accept that your point of view is not everybody's point of view. The new found sense of 'I know', 'I feel', 'I am right' can sometimes mean a lack of understanding of your past culture," she said.

She feels that when a woman gains economic independence unfortunately she also loses a lot. "A career wife feels equal to her husband. A woman must understand that to a man his ego is very important. With her economic independence her husband may feel that he does not matter. Sometimes career wo-

men are not relaxed wives or mothers." And little wonder, the roles they have to play are so many — mother, wife, daughter-in-law, employee. "Hats off to the woman who can do all this and do it well," she said.

"The conflicts of Indian women are often deeper than some of their Western sisters," she observed. Culture, religion, economics — so many conflicting issues become interlinked and need to be resolved. "In India we look at a woman as a person who is suffering. She is often a person in need of great help. Where she has no hope, we must help her build her inner strength," she said.

What about the single woman? Said one psychiatrist from the group interviewed earlier. "In Indian society, the single woman causes raised eyebrows. People hardly believe she can remain single out of choice." If a single woman comes to a psychiatrist saying she finds it hard to understand why society does not accept that she has chosen to remain single, preferring independence to marriage, what would they say?

"Those woman who say they are single by choice are likely to have a basic problem, emotional or otherwise, which they have not got over. Rarely are women single by choice," they said. Psychiatrists agree with this — that it is the presence of such problems which make it difficult for a woman to accept marriage. In other words, she is more often peculiar than emancipated!

To this the professor of psychiatry adds: "The essential aim of mankind is procreation. Celibacy is all right for a priest or a nun. If

someone is single, then they have to build up defences to explain why they are so and they say they have remained single out of choice." Women who say they did not get married because they had to look after their parents are expressing feelings of sacrifice, which are linked to attachments sometimes not normal, he feels. When a woman says she prefers a career to marriage, it means she does not want to share her life with someone and is elevating her own ego. Finally, some women have lesbian tendencies and they simply do not like men. But every psychiatrist has to see a person as an individual, he concluded.

Have not the various feminist movements of this decade caused psychiatrists to question the validity of such theories, I ask these psychiatrists. Every theory is constantly questioned, I am told, but who has time to fight for a new theory and get people to accept it?

According to one psychiatrist, proponents of feminist or masculine theories are themselves suspect. It is said that they often have deep seated aggressions towards the opposite sex. "Something went wrong in the process of their growth — for instance, they may have developed wrong relationships in their early years, particularly with a parent." Their different analysis of the female psyche are expressions of their maladjustments, that's all!

How do some of these fundamental beliefs and attitudes of a psychiatrist actually affect his patient? If they do, then to what degree? A psychiatrist with orthodox views, one who has never questioned the treatment of women by society, may not neces-

sarily make a wrong diagnosis of his female patient, say his colleagues. At worst all he can have is a patronising air towards her. "A woman from a traditional Indian family is any way used to such treatment so she will not find it strange," was one comment.

Anyway it is comforting to know that to generalise about a profession is absurd because each psychiatrist is different, with his/her specific views on man-woman relationships, with his/her particular biases towards each sex. And fortunately, the very nature of psychiatric training is supposed to expose the psychiatrist to new thinking, new theories so that he ought to be constantly evolving his own thought processes. And of course, he has to treat every patient as an individual, not a stereotype and probe deep enough to find answers.

"It is better to orient people to live with what they have, if there is no other alternative." "It is not our place to change cultures and traditions." "We are merely agents of our culture." These are sound arguments of defense and they come from psychiatrists who are confronted day after day with the most taxing situations ranging from the ludicrous to the tragic. But not to respect the struggles, sometimes half-understood even to themselves, of women who are trying to cope with a society that flouts its double standards, is to desensitise a profession which is meant to bring healing.



Looking back, I feel it all started with the fact that I didn't know the meaning of exhaustion. Before marriage, I would come home tired, but there was no house work to be done. If work was heavy at the office, one could always sleep it off at home. I am essentially a morbid person, but if my mind, rather than my body, is kept occupied I am then alive, energetic, fun loving.

When I got married, I had two personalities fighting within me. My mother used to often say in despair, "I must get a wife for my daughter," because I detested house work of any sort with a passion. I preferred the company of men, loved to go out and do well in my job. So, after marriage, when we shifted to the suburbs, I realized what it meant to travel in a crowded train and reach home at 7.30 p.m., then go shopping for vegetables (we had no refrigerator), then do the cooking on a hot plate (we had no gas). I would finish work around 10 p.m. and find my husband snoring. I would wake him up with much difficulty, feed him, and he would promptly go back to sleep. By the time I washed the vessels and closed shop, it would be 11 p.m. I would crawl into bed, every muscle aching, a bundle of resentment. I resented this 'female' role thrust upon my 'male' personality, and could find no way out.

Paradoxically enough, perhaps because in India we have so little knowledge of men before marriage and whatever we know of married life is gleaned from romantic books, the 'female' part of my personality was equally disappointed with marriage. Basically going on the hearsay of friends, I dreamt of my husband and I cooking together in the kitchen, having a few culinary disasters, and laughing and joking throughout it all companionably. Or, another pictured me serving delicious food and my husband going into raptures over it and boasting about it to his friends. Unfortunately, neither my 'male' nor my 'female' personalities found satisfaction in marriage.

When we had decided to get married there had been a lot of opposition from my husband's side. Being extremely conservative people, they did not like working women who they thought would neglect their precious sons. As it happened, my husband took pride in the fact that he had never entered the kitchen. But all this came out after we were married. Before marriage, the picture I had of my husband was as a very independent sort of per-

son who did his own cooking and managed his own affairs when he lived abroad. His mother screamed at me that she had not brought up her son to cook for a woman. All this must have been at the back of my mind when my husband wouldn't help me with the housework. It was only later that I realized that my husband, who had a serious back problem, was under the influence of strong pain killing drugs that made him drowsy all the time. Secondly, after doing a desk job the whole day, his back was so shot that he needed to come home and lie down literally to stretch his back.

Besides, having always been a small eater, his appetite had been further affected by the medicines. At 10 p.m., when I gave him his food (a new menu for every day, painstakingly worked out by me to be a well-balanced meal), he would nibble at it, push it away and go to sleep. He is not much of a talker so I was unable to understand his problem. Similarly, he is not given to analysing a situation too deeply, and goes by the face value. His argument later to me was, "If you needed help, you should have asked me. How am I to know otherwise?" My argument was: "Nonsense. I'm too proud to ask for help. You should be sensitive enough to know when I need help."

Thus, the stalemate continued. The resentments kept building in me. It upset me that my views did not count, but everyone else's did. My husband wanted to buy an Allwyn fridge not because he liked it, but because all his uncles had bought that brand; in spite of the fact that his parents had behaved so badly towards him, he wanted to order the furniture from a shop where his father had connections; we were to live in Bandra because his friends told him to. However, his friends later made it clear to him that although we should live there, they themselves wouldn't dream of living there! As I said I have an ability to see through a person and grasp the true meaning of a situation within minutes, but my husband accepts everything at face value.

We all tend to bitch. But if I ever said anything about his ex-girlfriend or his parents, he would either maintain a sullen silence or fly to their defence. But I couldn't understand why he never supported me the same way. For instance, before marriage, I had asked him how we could manage as I was a strict vegetarian and he was a non-vegetarian. He had explained that

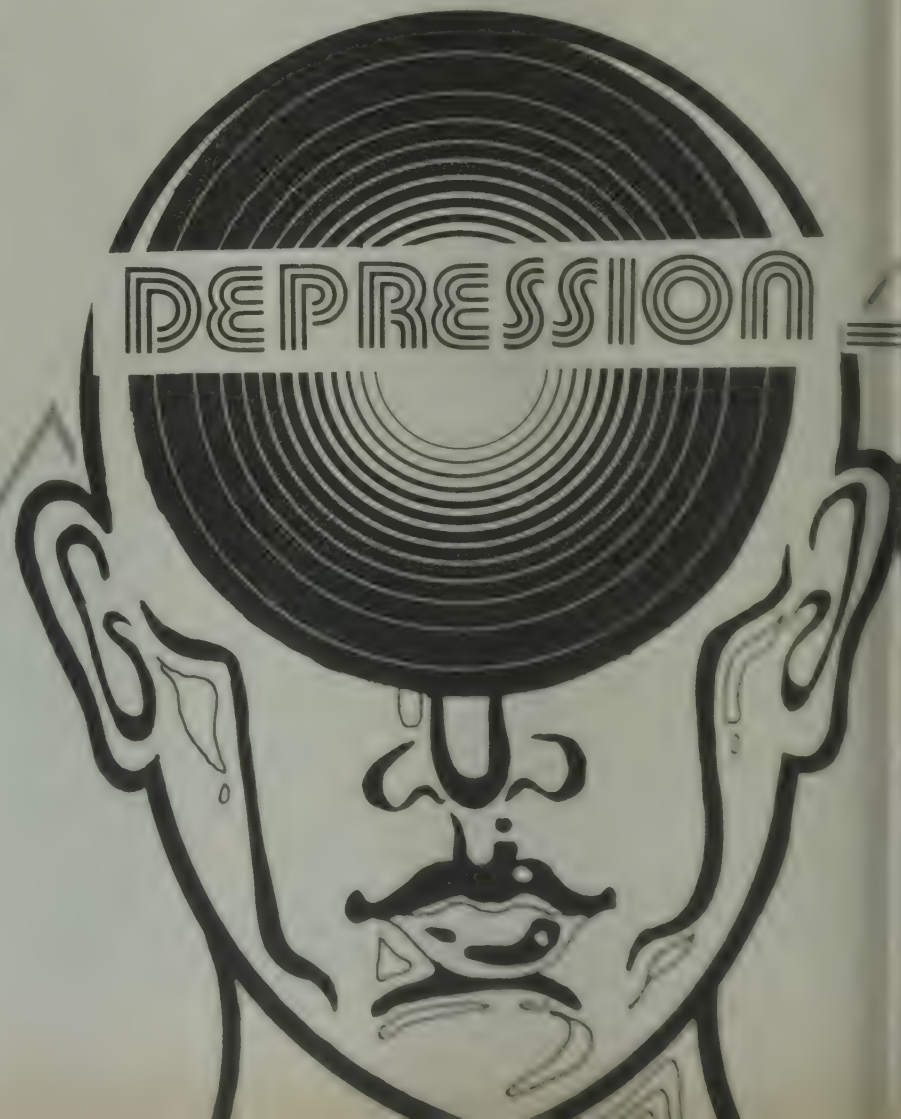
in his community, although they are non-vegetarians, most of the dishes are vegetarian. Secondly, since he got a non-veg. lunch in his office every afternoon, so it didn't really matter. But, when for example I would be cooking dinner for a party, a friend of his would pop in and say, "All vegetarian? Poor Arvind!" It would ruin the entire day for me, all the effort I had put in the cooking. I'm supposed to be a good cook, and I would see everybody polishing off my food. But because of that one nasty statement in the kitchen, I would keep looking at my husband to see how much he would eat. I would then ask him, "How's the food?" and he would say "O.K." That's all. And I would break up into a million pieces inside me.

While I was struggling to run the home and work in the office, his aunt would come and I would take the trouble to lay a spread for her. Next day, instead of thanking me for it, she would say, "Please don't let Arvind work so hard. He is not used to doing housework, you know." As if I came from a family of slum dwellers where I had ground wheat on a **chakki** every day! The problem was that it would be at the tip of my tongue to say something like this, but I would never have the guts to say so. So I just bottled it up inside and hated my husband

for exposing me to such ~~crucial~~ It is only later, much later, that I realized that so-called friends and certain relatives hurt me after making sure my husband was not around, all in the guise of offering sympathy, because they knew that if they said it in his presence, he might not tolerate such nonsense.

The second thing is guilt. Much as we all prefer to be liberated, the dictates of the Hindu joint family with assigned roles for men and women, exist within each of us. For example, I resented the fact that while we were both repaying the car loan out of our joint income, he, as the man, would take the car to work (our working hours did not tally), while I trudged on by bus and train and came back home to do more work. Yet, while I simmered about it, I could not ever bring myself to tell my husband that I should take the car, since I did more work and got exhausted faster.

The other thing is the importance given to a man's job. My husband's office does not give casual leave to its officers, so when I had to get my tooth extracted, I went by myself to the doctor, had it removed, took a train, brought Novalgin and chilled milk on the way and reached home to rest before the effect of the pain killing injection wore off. The days that I had flu or a headache, I made soup and



coffee in advance to feed myself. But if my husband was ill, I took casual leave to take care of him. The professional in me resisted this.

In Bandra, where we lived, I couldn't get a cab any time I wanted, the roads were deserted earlier, and I was slowly and systematically cut off from all my friends. We had no phone so the isolation was complete. Getting a 'fridge, a servant and gas did not solve my problems either. Because I now came home by 5.40 p.m. and hung around in the house, doing nothing, meeting no one, while my husband (who had some labour problems in the office) returned home bone tired at 9 p.m. Since I didn't know what to do with myself I found a new hobby... eating. I ate and ate everything I could lay my hands on... leftovers in the 'fridge, carrot, coconut, the cashews I had bought and kept for desserts for special occasions... and I grew fatter and more tired. I started wearing loose garments as I couldn't get into my pants any more, but there was no stopping my growth widthwise. When I found I looked ugly anyway I stopped using make-up also. What was the use? Who was going to see me?

Around this time, I developed a rudderless, rootless, attitude to life. Nothing seemed interesting any more. Nothing seemed worth pursuing. Either a good job or a pretty sari. I started feeling vaguely suicidal. But after a while this feeling became stronger and stronger. Perhaps at this time I just wanted a little attention. If I had had a short

had forgotten all about it and couldn't remember what the heck I was talking about when I brought it up two months later. But all this was easier said than done. When I told him that I was feeling suicidal, he would say, "You'll leave me alone and go?" It upset me that it was the me part he was more worried about. If I said I was feeling unhappy and dissatisfied, he would say, "I'm sorry you're unhappy in this marriage. I'm very happy and I have no complaints." Even if this were true, wasn't it his duty to make me happy? Or when I said that I was feeling dread-

could cure me. The neuro physician gave me some tablets which finally worked. But if I missed taking tablets the pain would come back with a vengeance. But the tablets were making me sleepy. After a time I started losing my memory. A time came when I gave up writing altogether because I couldn't concentrate on what was being said. If it was a multiple-interview article, I couldn't thread the story together, so I did only single-shot interviews. The tablets completely wrecked my digestive system and I was ill with stomach pain and vomiting most of the year.

For one year we went from specialist to specialist all of whom treated me for the physical symptoms, but not one tried to probe further or asked me if I was depressed about something. Professional advice would have helped me greatly

fully depressed, that I'd started crying for each and every thing, that I felt the world was collapsing around me, he would pat my head, put his arm around me, and go back to reading his book.

Around this time my mother fell ill. Perhaps this added to my physical and mental problems. I had always suffered from blinding headaches. A few days after my mother was allowed to walk around, I told my husband that I wanted to see a movie with my friend (I needed friends all the time, to talk to, to ward off my loneliness). It was done in a spirit of defiance, as I had to come home alone at night. Towards the end of the movie I had a nagging headache. It got

During this time **not one specialist asked me if I was depressed about something.** Professional advice, I feel, would have helped me greatly.

Later, I found out that I was on a heavy dose of pain killers plus tranquillisers every day. My family doctor was most worried about the side effects.

Luckily, the shock of my illness brought my husband closer to me. While he began to understand me a little more, and learnt to vocalise the attention he gave me, I began to understand why he was so silent. He came from a background where children never spoke but were always spoken to. In the atmosphere of repression and suppression that

thing I realize I had wanted desperately) and insisted that I take leave from the office. We went away on a long holiday, away from everybody, and I returned refreshed.

I had to go back to the neuro physician. He changed my medicine. I checked it with my doctor and found that although the brand was different, it was again a combination of pain killer plus tranquilliser. I made a momentous decision. I refused to take them. The pain came back. It was excruciating. But I ignored it. Slowly, steadily, its intensity lessened.

But the best part was that my husband took the lead now. We sold our house and moved to town. Throughout, he did most of the running around. Since my husband's health is much better now, we do a lot of the work together. Since I hate housework and it makes me feel useless (Women may be shocked at this statement. But I find it futile that I clean and scrub and cook, and next day it's back to square one. You have to do all the damn things all over again. I feel no sense of achievement, no sense of conquering. The dust wins always!), I only supervise the cooking and cleaning and make an occasional dish. I love my job and I know I can never be a homebird. If the servant ditches us, we eat out or have soup and scrambled eggs and toast at home.

Similarly, people whom I feel are out to harm me, or make me feel unhappy or inadequate or who try to run me down, I just tell my husband, "I don't want to meet her. She depresses me." And we avoid that person's company.

The greatest sign of victory is that I want to live again and live well. I feel particular about my appearance again and I've lost my voracious appetite. I've also gone back to reading, a pleasure I had given up when I had lost my ability to concentrate. All this might sound like sheer escapism to you. But so what? This is a time of healing. I've had several relapses, but they are getting less and less in intensity. One day, when I'm cured completely, then perhaps I'll learn to look the world in the eye again. Till then I'll do it my way.

THAT SILENT KILLER

fling with someone, it would have healed the rift between my husband and I, and I would have retained an interest in my appearance. But since I'm strictly a one-man-at-a-time woman, there was no question about it.

By this time, my husband and I had had many fights. His answer would be to hide behind the paper or go to sleep, making me more frustrated. After a particularly long and nasty fight, we decided that instead of letting things simmer in my mind, we would talk things over. His argument was that while I remembered each and every slight and insult to the minutest detail, he

worse in the train. By the time I reached home I couldn't eat. By midnight I was having convulsions and my pain had reached fever pitch. I was also vomiting all over the place. My husband brought the family doctor, who said I needed a specialist. Since she couldn't do anything at night, she gave a strong sedative and put me to sleep in mid-scream. There was no improvement the next day. Frightened out of his wits, my husband took leave.

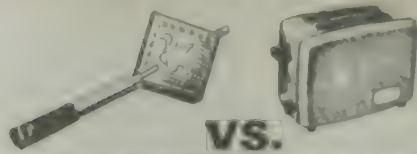
After that, for a year, all we did was go from specialist to specialist, including a dental surgeon, a neuro physician and an E.N.T. specialist, but nobody

he grew up in — where all this was done in the name of discipline — he had never learnt to think for himself. Even when he did he found it difficult to express himself. His parents had refused to let his emotions grow and mature.

Although I was in constant pain for one year, I read, and I realized what the doctors had failed to diagnose... that I was suffering from acute depression. On my own I went off the Pill that must have aggravated my depression even more. I finally decided that only I could cure myself. At this time, my husband suddenly turned protector (some-

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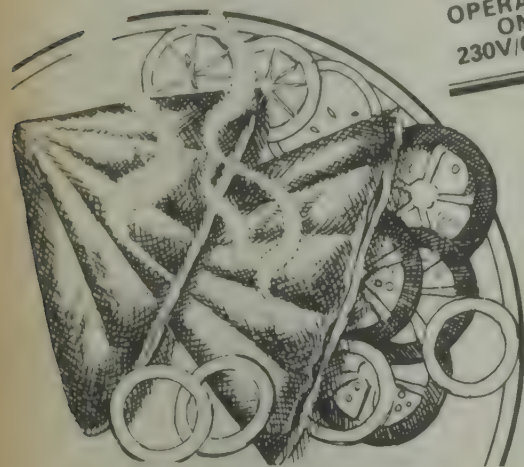
VS.

THE EXTRA-ORDINARY

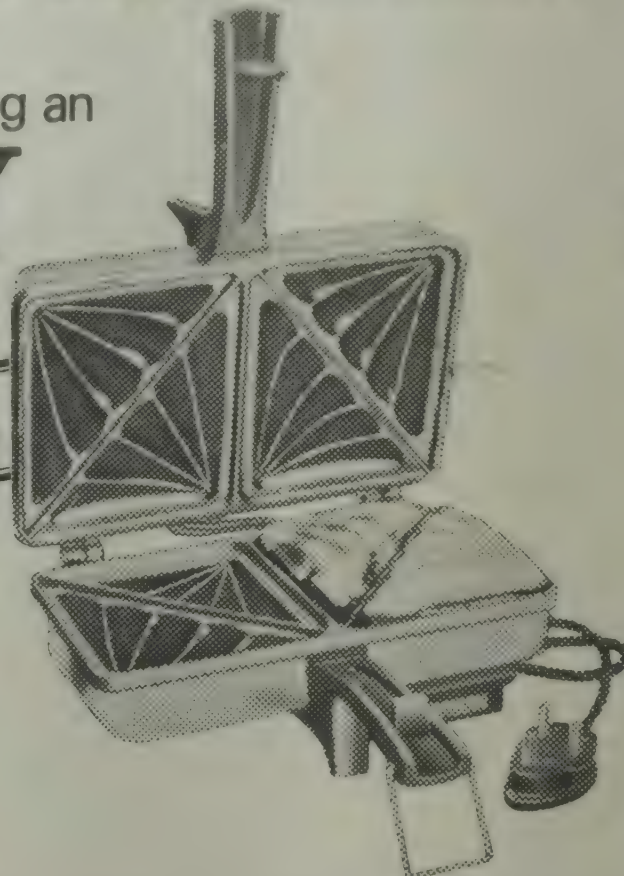
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THE MOOD IS JAPANESE

The Indian Chapter of the Ohara School of Ikebana has had several successful exhibitions in the past. It is now holding its fifth display in Bombay.

On view will be a variety of Ohara style of floral arrangements in interesting containers — we have featured some of them here — also landscapes.

The exhibition will have a traditional Japanese atmosphere with decor, music and the backdrop — all Japanese.

The proceeds of the show are earmarked for the Wasudeo Babaji Nowrungay Balak Ashram, Pandharpur, in Sholapur district.



Exhibition at the
Jehangir Art Gallery from
March 14 to 16

Photographs : Talieb Badshah

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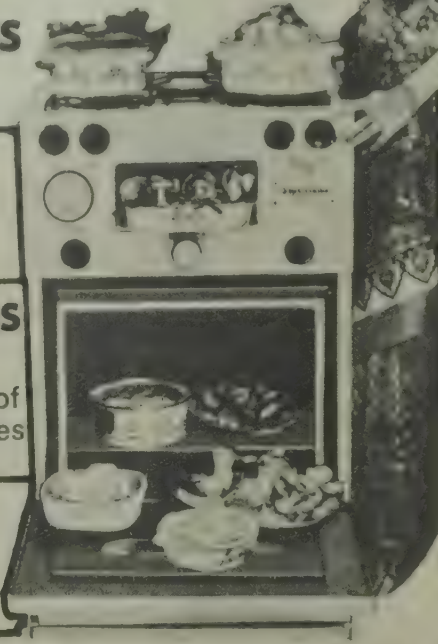
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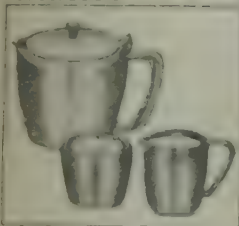
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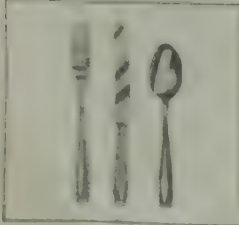
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SEX AND MENTAL HEALTH

Whereas other animals have no control over instincts, the development of the thinking process has led humans to curb and adjust their instincts in all matters — and particularly those relating to sex. This has led to a situation where sex has become largely dependent on the psychology of the human rather than remain a purely physical event as in other animals.

Following control of the sexual instinct by the mind, most sexual disorders have roots in psychiatric problems and vice versa. The effect of the mind on sex is either by a direct action on the sex centres in the brain or through a more subtle alteration in the hormone mechanisms which are partially dependent on cerebral function. The inter-relation of sex and psychiatric problems is so common that most psychiatrists usually search for the one in the presence of the other.

“Depression, one of the commonest disorders in psychiatry, can often lead to a diminished desire for sex and poor performance during intercourse.”

In general, it would be true to say that most psychiatric problems disturb sexual function. Depression, one of the commonest disorders in psychiatry, leads to diminished desire for sex and poor performance of the person during intercourse, loss of appetite, tiredness and body aches are the different symptoms of depression and loss of the sex drive is just part of the general feeling of listlessness that a depressed person feels. Similarly, alcoholism and drug addiction lead to poor performance of the brain and loss of sexual libido.

Personality disorders also lead to changes in sexual function. Women are known to suffer from frigidity or non-orgastic sexual disorders. Anxiety neurosis is associated with premature ejaculation in males and psychopathy often presents as promiscuity in affected individuals.

“About 10 per cent of people coming for psychiatric consultation come with problems related to sex though their basic problems are usually psychological,” says Dr. V. K. Mundra, a young practising psychiatrist of Bombay. “Most people with psychological illnesses do have changes in libido. But initially they (or their relatives) are more worried

about their behaviour problems and only when these are cured do they turn their attention to the sexual dysfunctions.”

Take the case of Mohan, a young man brought to the psychiatry O.P.D. of one of Bombay's large public hospitals. Though he complained of impotence, the psychiatrists diagnosed his condition as a case of depressive neurosis which required urgent treatment. Six weeks later, cured of his mental ailment, the young man automatically found his sexual functions returning to normal.

“In Indian conditions, all the patients who come with sexual complaints to the psychiatrists are males,” says Dr. Mundra. “Women have been accustomed to hide and camouflage their sexual desires to such an extent that very often they would not know what they were missing though they would feel that something was wrong somewhere.”

On the other hand, sexual problems leading to psychiatric disorders are far more common though not easily recognised. Tara, a young woman, was brought to her family physician at least half-a-dozen times for acute pain in the abdomen. Her doctor could find nothing and referred her to a gynaecologist.

“In Indian conditions most of the patients who come to psychiatrists with sexual complaints are males... women have been accustomed to hide and camouflage their sexual desires...”

Specialised investigations showed no evidence of disease and Tara ultimately landed up on the psychiatrist's couch where it was revealed that sexual non-fulfilment was the cause of depression and resultant abdominal pain. Indian women are trained to control themselves as Dr. Mundra says earlier and psychiatric and emotional problems are the off-shoots of such “self-control”.

“Sexual disorders do not generally cause major psychiatric disturbances,” the young psychiatrist said. “Almost always the problem is one of anxiety or depressive neurosis and these are quite amenable to treatment by drugs. Sexual disturbance may contribute to other psychological disorders, but frankly these are not very common.”

“The crying need of the hour is the imparting of good sex education to youngsters and teenagers.”

The most unfortunate aspect about sexual disorders is that most of them are due to a lack of knowledge in the victims. Men and women are known to become impotent or frigid out of guilt or anxiety feelings regarding their genitals, masturbation, nocturnal emission and a host of other ideas, most of which are picked from the road side or from friends. One poor performance in bed by either partner leads to immediate connection of the event to some remote occurrence of years earlier though the two rarely have any connection. Essentially normal phenomena are blown out of proportion in the minds of the affected persons and a vicious circle of anxiety and poor performance follows as a corollary.

While male folklore has it that the ideal male is one who can have an erection at will, more and more women in the '80s are finding themselves under pressure to obtain orgasm either as a desire or as a result of men forcing it on them. The result in both sexes is anxiety, which in turn inhibits the sexual performance. In men it leads to impotence and since they cannot hide it, they avoid sexual contacts. In women, frigidity sets in and they are forced to fake orgasms to keep the men happy.

The treatment of psychological disorders prior to or following sexual disorders is basically the same. The psychological element is tackled first; sex education is

simultaneously given to rid the mind of all taboos so that the man or woman can give free play to his or her basic instincts.

All psychiatrists are unanimous in their opinion that sexual problems need never cause psychiatric ailments if the sexually starved person resorted to one safety valve — masturbation. Research world-wide has proved that masturbation is as harmless as normal sex and can often lead to a release of pent up sexual emotions. Most men and women even in late stages of psychiatric disorders following sexual frustration, respond excellently following the adaptation of self-gratification techniques.

Unfortunately in India, sexual knowledge is so limited that many people, especially women, know very little of the techniques of masturbation. Even if they were to be taught this method of self-gratification by sex counsellors they would refuse to ‘touch themselves’, so deeply ingrained are the feelings of guilt and uncleanness associated with the genitals. In some sections of Indian society young men would rather be led by well-meaning relatives to prostitutes or call girls to release their pent up sexual emotions rather than be taught this natural method of survival.

“Indian women are trained to control themselves and emotional problems are the offshoot of such ‘self control’.”

Much needs to be done in the field of psycho-sexual medicine if the attitude of people is to change for the better. The crying need of the hour is the imparting of good sexual education to youngsters and teenagers. Only in this way can the clouds of gloom be dispelled from the minds of several young men and women going through a hell of their own making because of psycho-sexual problems and plain ignorance.

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Make a mattress, semi-circular on top, measuring 61 cms. x 36 cms. using half kg. soft cotton-wool.

Material :

Mattress cover : Pink "Tere-ne"/cotton material 70 cms., one metre white lace.

Flaps : Printed cotton material 40 cms., one metre white lace, 4 Velcro tape pieces.

Belt : Pink material, 1½ metres blue ric-rac, 2 flower motifs and

2 Velcro tape pieces.

Instructions :

COVER

Take the pink material and double it. Cut AB measuring 65 cms. and CD measuring 39 cms. Give a semi-circular shape on the top as shown. With right side of material facing, insert the white lace on the semi-circular edge of the cover. Machine the 2 sides and reverse leaving bottom edge for inserting the mattress. Finish raw edges.

FLAPS

From the printed material cut out 3 flaps. 2 flaps measuring 40 cms. x 24 cms. The third flap measures 46 cms. x 42 cms. Stitch 2 equal flaps at EG and FH. Neatly finish all the raw edges. On the right hand flap and wrong side of material stitch 2 pieces of Velcro—one on the top, the other in the centre. On the left flap stitch the Velcro on the right side of the material. Take the third flap and stitch lace

on the lower edge. Stitch the flap at GH with tucks in the centre. Attach this to the lower side of the mattress cover. Finish raw edges.

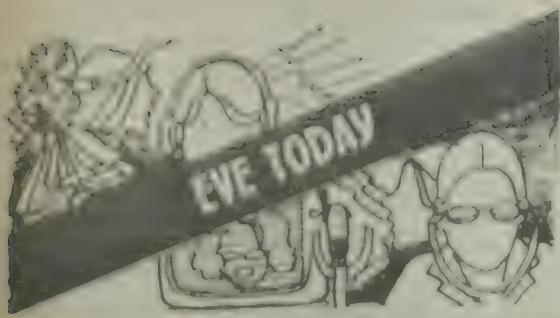
BELT

From the pink material cut out 4 belt pieces measuring 32 cms. x 4 cms. and stitch 2 belts. Stitch 2 rows of ric-rac on these as shown. Fix Velcro pieces to fasten the belt. Attach flower motifs on the belt.

MAKE IT FOR BABY

A COSY SLEEPING BAG FOR YOUR BABY WITH EASY-TO-FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS BY RAKSHA MODY





Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

When Bakulaben Patel was awarded the Padma Shri on Republic Day this year, she was overwhelmed, but it was an honour she richly deserved for her work as a Sister Tutor with the St. John's Ambulance Association and Indian Red Cross Society (Gujarat Branch).

Speaking in Gujarati-Hindi with a smattering of English, she said, "There is not much I can tell about myself. I haven't received any awards or prize ever before. Even my academic record has been very poor. Yes, I had heard that my name had been recommended by the Gujarat State for the Annual Nursing Medal awarded by Headquarters (Indian Red Cross Society, New Delhi), but that hasn't been announced as yet."

Bakulaben's story is one of sheer determination and perseverance in the face of numerous odds.

Born in Bhadrans village, Distt. Kaira, she was the fifth child in a family of six daughters. Her father died when she was three years old. Bakulaben studied at the Prathamik Pathshala in her village till class III. Due to lack of finance, she had to discontinue her education. When she was in her teens, her maternal uncle who lived in Africa, called her there, with a view to getting her married. At 18 she got married to a Gujarati living in Gilgil. But just a few years after the wedding, her husband sent her back home to India, because she was uneducated! This was a tremendous blow to the young girl's confidence. It made her all the more determined to stand on her own feet.

With this as her aim, she studied and appeared for her SSC privately and then joined the Home Science course at a college in Anand. But money was a problem once again. Even to gain admission to the college Bakulaben had had to sell her silver "payals" to pay her admission fee. Just when there seemed to be no other outlet, but to give up her studies, the late Davabhai Patel, M.P. son of Sardar Vallabhai Patel, who was married to her aunt, offered to finance her entire course.

"On completion of my studies, two years later, I joined the Vadilal Sarabhai General Hospital at Ahmedabad for the three-and-a-half year nursing course. I failed in my first year, so had to discontinue my studies again. I then joined the Balasinore Sarvajanik Hospital in my village and worked there as a trainee nurse for six years," she says.

Still resolved to qualify in this field, Bakula appeared for her First Year exam and passed. In her third year she was successful once more. She then spent the next six years in a hospital in Patan, Mehsana Distt. continuing to gain practical experience as a nurse, and earning money to pay for her studies. She finally graduated in 1968.

By now the practical experience she had gained was much more than that of all the other candidates who had passed with flying colours. Yet it was not easy for her to get a job in Ahmedabad. She got an opening at the Sarvajanik Hospital at Varod in Anand but two years later it closed down, and she was back in Ahmedabad, job hunting. Kanchanben Parekh, superintendent of the New Civil Hospital told her that the Red Cross

training the educated have to appear for examinations and certificates of merit are awarded to the successful candidates."

"Even after I'd joined here I kept trying for jobs as a nurse," she says candidly. "But didn't get any so continued working here. We have advertised for an assistant sister tutor but have received no response yet. Just shows how tough the job is!" she smiles.

"My mode of transportation is by bus, train, bullock cart or at times, even on foot for miles to reach my destination. Sometimes I am given a hut to sleep in, otherwise its either the dharamshalas or even in the courtyard of a hut. Food is a problem, more so because of my health. So, more often than not I live on biscuits and tea," she says. Bakulaben is a diabetic, suffering from hypertension and has had two attacks of jaundice in the past five years.

BAKULABEN PATEL

NURSING IN THE VILLAGES



Bakulaben Patel demonstrating a first aid technique.

Society were looking for a sister tutor and with her practical experience she would suit the post ideally.

The job was not an easy one. It entailed travelling for about three weeks every month, into the interior of the state to various colleges, NCC and NSS camps, and other organisations. Bakulaben's task was to impart knowledge on first aid, home nursing hygiene, and mothercraft.

"I've also taught first aid to the bus conductors of the State Transport system," she says. "I carry my first aid kit, and in the remote villages, I leave behind a supply of medicines, bandages etc. for the villagers. I have to show them how to bathe a sick person, or a child, how to read the temperature, diagnose illnesses, bandage and administer medication, when to give the primary vaccinations to their children and how to keep their surroundings clean. After the


"The only time I have it a bit easy is during March/April when the students are busy with their examinations, or during Diwali. I give a lot of credit to my husband for tolerating my long spells of absence from the home. I met him (Hasmukhbai Patel) in 1968. He has been a great source of courage to me, especially during those horribly frustrating days when I couldn't get a job. We got married in 1972. I suppose because we have no children it is in a way easier for me to work at my present job. All the same, it is not easy for him to look after himself when I'm away. Yet, he's never complained or grumbled," she said.

To date, Bakulaben has to her credit the imparting of home nursing and first aid training to 22816 students and has traversed 34610 kms but one can very well say of her that she still has... "miles to go before I sleep, and miles to go before I sleep!"

Amita Sarwal

ANNOUNCEMENT

Contributors will kindly note that all contributions should be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope, and should be typed neatly, triple-spaced with adequate margins. Otherwise they will not be considered for publication.



RURAL WOMEN: hysteria caused by neglect

Preeth I. Biddapa

For hundreds of years, women have been called peculiar. Few however have deigned to ask why normal little girls grow into strange women, or even questioned why it should be so. The label "peculiar" is applied equally to hysterical women, women who mysteriously withdraw into themselves, and even to those who decide to sweep out the house at 3 a.m. while everyone else is mercifully asleep. In all cases the women are mentally ill and unless promptly treated will pass from being tolerably peculiar to being totally mad. While urban women's problems are solved or camouflaged better because of more medical facilities, mental health in rural areas has been completely neglected. Unfortunately even in the curriculum of medical colleges, only 15 days' lectures are devoted to this all-encompassing subject, and it is not compulsory for the degree exam.

Primary health units while concentrating on family planning and treating physical symptoms, lay little stress on mental health, ignoring the all too obvious fact that a sound mind is a pre-requisite for a sound body.

Though India breathes through her villages, and 80 per cent of her population is rural, even if only one per cent of 600 million need mental treatment, the figure is staggering. Consider then that there are only 30 mental hospitals with a total of 2,000 qualified medical personnel, and the hiatus between population and medical facilities becomes shocking, more so in the far flung hinterland.

Encouragingly, NIMHANS, Bangalore, have, three years ago, set up a special department called community psychiatry to aid and improve mental health in the villages. Still a pilot project designed to serve as a model for the rest of the country, the rural unit serves 120 villages around Sakawara village on the outskirts of Bangalore city.

In an interview, Dr. Mohan Issac of community psychiatry, described the various forms of mental illnesses that beset women, particularly rural women.

"Mental illnesses can be classified as major mental illness or minor mental illness." The latter include women suffering from body aches and pains which have their roots in mental illness. Unlike urban women who are more prone to the anxiety neuroses form of minor mental illness, this takes on physical symptoms in rural women, which is not easily diagnosed, on account of being psychosomatic.

"Another form of mental illness prevalent among rural women, is hysteria, which is often aggravated by neglect," said Dr. Issac. "Such women may sometimes sit for hours doing nothing, smiling to themselves and then suddenly burst out into excited frenzy, angry screams and tears." Because it is not continuous, this form of illness is not given sufficient attention, being "only episodic". "Episodic," here means outbursts brought on in the victim, by the appearance of one or two persons, or triggered off by some links with the victim's past, and directed at her immediate environment.

Women who become possessed off and on, seemingly by spirits, also suffer from mental derangement. They tear their hair out, roll on the ground and howl obscenities. Unfortunately this depraved state of mind is mistaken for possession, even evoking awe or reverence in bystanders to this horrific scene. According to Dr. Issac, this form of mental illness which was rampant in Europe in the last century, is now on the wane there, but still widely prevalent in India. An intriguing aspect of this so-called possession, is that many more women than men are prone to this malady.

Sometimes manifestations of anxiety and tension are exhibited in extreme forms of hysteria, which can cause temporary blindness or paralysis.

"Major mental illness," said Dr. Issac, "is psychosis, i.e. where women have lost touch with reality, do not understand the rest of the community, and are psychotic enough to be dangerous to themselves and to others; or quite simply, mad. Unlike neurosis, a minor mental illness which is internalised, and therefore remains largely unnoticed, psychosis is very obvious.

"Epileptic fits resulting from severe psychosis, is another form of acute mental derangement, that can cause death to the victim." Epileptics can drown or burn themselves in the middle of their fits. These women are incapable of any work because the nature of their illness is continuous. They suffer from sleeplessness, have nowhere to go for succour, and are abjectly disturbed people. However, not all epileptic patients are violent. There are different stages in epilepsy. Women rejected by their families often move away to neighbouring villages, doing routine work like cleaning rice when they are able to, in return for acceptance of their condition by the villagers.

Chronic schizophrenia, caused by brain damage, is also another major mental illness, which like other mental illnesses, has its roots in multifactorial causes such as genetic weakness aggravated by stressful living conditions, and difficult to pinpoint.

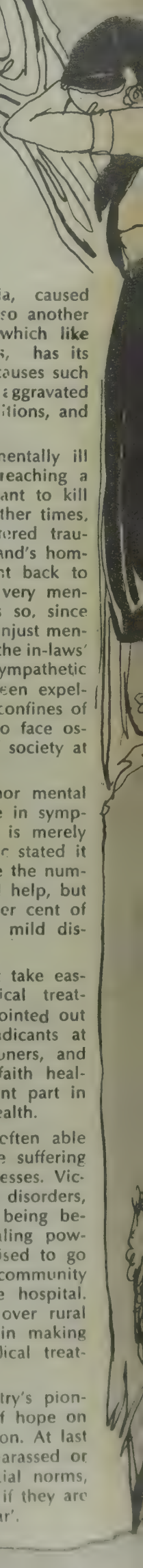
Some women fall mentally ill after childbirth, even reaching a stage where they want to kill their own babies. At other times, women who have suffered traumatically in their husband's homes, and have been sent back to their parents, become very mentally disturbed. This is so, since in addition to bearing unjust mental turmoil because of the in-laws' and husband's unsympathetic treatment, they have been expelled from the uncaring confines of their rightful homes to face ostracism and hostility of society at large.

Both major and minor mental illnesses, are very alike in symptoms; the difference is merely one of degree. Dr. Issac stated it was difficult to estimate the number of those who need help, but "at least 15 to 20 per cent of Indian women are in mild distress."

Rural women do not take easily to allopathic medical treatment. Here Dr. Issac pointed out how traditional mendicants at temples, ritual practitioners, and talismans advised by faith healers, played an important part in helping rural mental health.

These healers are often able to cure or treat those suffering from minor mental illnesses. Victims of major mental disorders, identified by them as being beyond their limited healing powers, are therefore advised to go for treatment to a community psychiatry ward at the hospital. Hence their influence over rural folk proves beneficial in making them seek proper medical treatment.

Community psychiatry's pioneering work is a ray of hope on the hitherto dark horizon. At last women, subjected, harassed or hounded by unfair social norms, have somewhere to go if they are not to become 'peculiar'.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:

To please the feminine fancy — a traditionally printed khari border enlivens the sleeves, neck and lower edge of the kurta. Similar border accentuates the dupatta edges.

Two lovely ensembles for the evening — a black gingham kurta churidar looks very smart indeed styled with a striped dupatta in red; stripes and checks have been cleverly coordinated into a classy ensemble. The dupatta has a combination of stripes and print.

Perfectly suited to your happy mood — a quilted jacket in a traditional print is worn over a plain coloured kurta, falling loose in gathers from the yoke. Similar print highlights the kurta at the front placket, cuffs and side-slits.

Playful and splashier are these two ensembles with gorgeous printed dupattas. The off-white with the woven threads is over-printed with a border print — matched with a V-neck kurta in black; the other has all over stripes with a paisley print. Matched with a printed kurta and a striped churidar.



A Designer's Dream

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the fashion
of these churidar-
sets with
a collection of lively
patch prints
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to put a fresh face
with tastefully
embles specially
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for you to match your
the moment
to evening —
outdoors —
usually at home
you are.

Are you dreaming
of smart clothes
to find and pick
designed ensembles
to add to your
collection.



An exhibition-cum-sale of these featured outfits plus bedspreads and table linen to be held at Aakar Art Gallery on March 16 and 17, 1981.

Photographs : Talyeb Badshah



MOTHER and I gazed at each other across the heads of the passengers streaming out of the bus terminus into the hot and humid city streets. Onion and potato baskets were being unloaded from the top of the bus and people were surging on all sides in search of beeping autos. I clutched my solitary bag and waited for her to fight her way to me. I felt strange, almost disembodied now that I had finally arrived at a decision. She was near me with one stride. Her clasp was warm and affectionate as always.

"How was it Shanta?" she asked me.
"Hot and dusty," I said.

"I don't mean the journey," she elucidated. "I meant your marriage. Have you patched up things?"

"No mother. A patchwork alliance can always tear again. It is good to get away while I'm still good and whole."

"You're making a mistake Shanta. A woman is only half a creature if she severs herself from her husband."

I turned to her, proud imperious. There were no tears in my eyes. Maybe it was this which had led her to believe we had patched it up. She could not understand the mind of the modern woman who refused to be a doormat for the dominant male. She belonged to the era of the downtrodden wife, who slept among the cinders waiting for her lord and master to come home and remained hungry if he didn't.

An auto drove up, wending its way cleverly through the maze. Nimbly I pushed my bag in and climbed up. Simultaneously a man got in from the other side. I glared at him.

"I saw it first," I said. "Kindly get out."

"Where are you going?" he persisted. "If it's the same direction, maybe we could..."

"My mother is with me," I pointed out, "and there are only two seats." He got out gracefully. Mother extended her hand and I helped her in. "See," I said triumphant. "I am perfectly capable of fending for myself." She sat back and gave me a tired strained smile. I looked at her. There were wrinkles now at the corners of her eyes that had not been there before and her hair was silvered with grey streaks. This decision of mine seemed to have hurt her more than it had hurt me. As we jerked forward at my directions, and bumped our way through the crowded streets, a tear spilled down her cheeks, dislodged by the uneven motion of the vehicle, where she had tried her best to hold it in check.

"Don't cry mother," said. "It is for the best."

"Arjun seemed such a good soul," she said. "No vices or evil habits. The epitome of perfection. I can't understand... how..."

"Appearances can be deceptive mother," I explained. "If you had been through what I have..."

"What have you been through? Has he been unfaithful? Does he gamble? Drink? Beat you up?"

"Mother, have you heard the saying: A man with no vices has very few virtues!" She glanced at my face, then hazarded,

"Shanta, if you are too proud to make amends... I can write to him..." I shouted so loud, the autodriver pivoted round in his seat to look at me and missed a near collision with a cyclist.

IMPRISONED BY MY OWN HUSBAND

"You will do nothing of the sort, mother," I cried vehemently. "Please leave me free to lead the life I want."

She cringed at the sound of my voice. Tears coursed down her cheeks silently. She did not renew her plea.

Yet as we neared the house, she put out a hand and touched me on the arm, then said almost in a whisper, "Shanta, please don't let father know about the break-up, it would... it would..."

"Has he had a heart attack?" I asked. "After... after..."

"Yes," she replied. "I thought of writing to you, then kept it to myself because you had enough problems on your hands. The doctor says there's no danger now, unless he suffers another shock."

Neither of us mentioned the first shock he had suffered.

My brother Ranjit's death in a bus accident in the hills. He had gone on a camping spree from his college and never returned. I had seen it in the newspapers even before mother's telegram reached me. Arjun and I had been in Delhi when it happened. I had wanted to be with them, but then Arjun had said, "What purpose will be served by your going to Trivandrum? Apart from the cost of sending you by air..." He left the sentence hanging in mid-air while I fought my fierce resentment. For the umpteenth time I wished I could have retaliated by saying, "Don't worry I will spend my own money." But I couldn't because I had no money of my own. I was dependent on him for every basic need. He demanded an account of the paises I spent on bob-pins and needles. It had got so bad that I could do nothing without consult-

ing him. A morning jaunt to the fascinating haunts of Chandni Chowk brought elaborate explanations and reprisals during which he said I had been reckless and extravagant while I silently condemned his skinflint qualities.

Battles raged almost daily. Now it was the price of cauliflower, the next moment my dhobi bill.

"Why can't you wash your clothes yourself at home?" he asked. "Surely it won't hurt you?"

"And why can't you shop for vegetables and groceries yourself?" I challenged. "At least you will know what I'm up against!"

"Very well," he said. "Tomorrow onwards, I will do all the household buying of edibles on my way home from the office and you will begin washing clothes

at home. That way we'll save the fortune you spend on autos to go to the market and lug the stuff here."

The vegetables he got were the cheapest seasonal ones. Not a change from the routine even once in 15 days. The monotony was beginning to kill me. During the day in my virtual prison, I cried for freedom but wasn't bold enough to rebel.

I had written mother a letter saying why I couldn't come when Ranjit died. I wasn't keeping well. I was expecting a baby and it would be risky to travel in that condition. I had mailed the epistle with a straight face. At least one part of it was true. I had been expecting a baby, though I was not as weak as I had made out. In fact I had the constitution of a horse, in spite of our skimpy eating habits.

Arjun questioned me at length on what reason I had given for not going to Trivandrum and I purposely withheld telling him. He accused me of carrying tales about him, and then demanded the right to scan all my letters before I posted them. I let him rave on, till his anger was spent.

As the days dragged on and my pregnancy advanced, he began to complain about the fees the doctor charged for each monthly check-up. The milk bill on the doctor's advice, had reached gigantic proportions by Arjun's standards. I was used to his grumbling by now and had learnt to suffer it with a tolerant half-smile which irritated him no end. He accused me of being disrespectful. And so the days wore on.

Before friends and neighbours however, he was the epitome of perfection, ever solicitous, rushing to make me comfortable by putting a pillow behind my back, offering to make tea himself, afraid that I would put

too much milk. But the real reasons were hidden from view behind his smiling exterior. They told me how lucky I was to have such an understanding and considerate husband, who shopped for groceries and vegetables himself so that I didn't strain myself, who took charge of the kitchen when guests came, who had no vices like smoking and drinking, or even going to the movies. I gave them all a non-committal smile.

One evening, during my eighth month of pregnancy, I sat down and penned a letter to my mother. It was a long time since I had written to her. He saw me at the desk with the pool of light cast by the reading lamp and snatched the sheet of paper away. I glanced up startled, as he read the first few lines.

"No," he said cursorily. "You are not going to ask her to come here."

"Why not?" I cried. "She is my mother."

"There is no need for her to come. We have registered your name in a good hospital and it is enough. You will be well looked after. It is not as if we're in the deep dark ages, when babies were delivered at home by midwives and an extra person was a help in the house. In this case with all these modern facilities she will only be an encumbrance. We're going to have enough expenses as it is with the baby coming."

I stood up erect, brushing tears from my eyes.

"Very well," I said. "If she cannot come here, I will go to her."

"Don't be silly," he said. "You cannot possibly travel in your condition. Your pregnancy is too far advanced." I turned from him and rushed into the bedroom, collapsing on the bed in a flood of tears. There was never a moment when I wanted my mother more. The shared experiences of childhood and youth flashed before my eyes like a camera. I fell asleep thinking of my brother's mangled body in the wreckage of a bus.

It was bright. Sunlight poured into the room. I had no idea what time I had stopped crying and fallen asleep. I got up groggily and made my way to the living room. The debris of his breakfast lay on the table. The crumpled morning paper on the couch. Arjun had gone to work. I cleared the plates and the solitary cup. With a decisive gleam in my eyes, I washed and dressed, had a cup of milk and some toast, then went over to the neighbour's house.

She smiled at me, a gentle old woman called Rama.

"How nice to see you Shanta, Come in!" she invited, then suddenly saw the smudges under my eyes of last night's tears, the proof of my endless wrangles with a domineering brute. She misconstrued the signs completely.

"Oh my dear, are you in pain? Do you want me to phone Arjun at the office?"

"No, please," I cried, "Don't. All I want is a stamped envelope. Can I borrow one?"

"Of course," she said and went to fetch it. There were three at home but I dared not use those. He would discover one was missing and ask me at once to whom I had written. I escaped to my bedroom and

I was incredulous. Suddenly a burden was lifted from my shoulders. I was not going to be tied down to the brute for life. God had given me a release in a totally unexpected way

all alone in my wretched home. I poured out my heart to mother. I told her I could not stand life with Arjun any more and I was leaving him.

It staggered her enough to send a telegram, which fortunately came when Arjun was away at the office. It asked me not to do anything rash. Marriage was for a lifetime. There could not be a better husband than Arjun. Women often grew depressed during pregnancy and everything would blow over.

The baby came at midnight, three weeks later, on a cold winter night in January. He drove me to hospital, cocksure and in command of the situation. He was sure it would be a son. Even in my pain he was curiously detached from me, emotionless. He only understood the cut and dried language of economics. He was practical to a fault. Not for him the subtle nuances of feeling and attachment of delight and wonder. Looking at him even through my haze of pain, I knew he was only calculating in terms of dowry, how much the birth of a son would mean. Suddenly I wanted to cheat him out of the joy.

The pains were coming faster now. Faster and more intense. There was sweat on my brow. The nurse said as they wheeled me into the labour room, "It won't be much longer now." Her hand on my forehead was soothing. Even she had more humanity than him.

It was early morning when the pains ceased. I did not ask to see my child. A tiredness claimed me. I slept the sleep of the drugged. It was almost evening when I woke. A nurse was tip-toeing into the general ward. I occupied a cot in the corner, warded off for the sake of privacy by a movable screen. Arjun had said with characteristic brevity, when the doctor asked him last week if he wanted a special room for me,

"No. Why a special room? The general ward will be fine. What's good enough for the others, is good enough for us." He had not thought it advisable to even ask my opinion. Not that I would have protested. I had become a listless, drifting vacuous creature, content to be moulded like putty, falling into the format of the submissive wife. Mother's telegram had shattered all my hopes of getting any support from her. My child would tie me more permanently to the brute, for life. I was hopelessly trapped.

The nurse had a pained, apologetic air about her, which struck me as odd. She came up to me and said, "You're awake?"

"Yes," I replied. "How is the child? Is it a girl?"

"No. It was a boy." Was. The tense of her phrase hit out at me as nothing would have. I half-raised myself to hear better.

"I'm sorry madam," she said. "But it died at birth."

I was incredulous. Suddenly a burden was lifted from my shoulders. I was not going to be tied down to the brute for life. God had given me a release in a totally unexpected way. He had taken away my child so that I could be free of Arjun. The baby would have created so many problems, ties of the flesh so impossible to sever overnight.

Continued on page 55.





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TEMPTING NIBBLERS!

Premila Lal

KHICHEDI SAGO

- 1 cup sago
- ½ cup groundnuts
- 1 or 2 green chillis
- Salt and sugar to taste
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds
- A few coriander leaves
- A little coconut, grated

Wash the sago, drain and keep aside. Roast the groundnuts, peel and pound coarsely. Cut the chillis fine. Heat the ghee, add the cummin seeds and chillis. Fry for a few minutes. Mix the groundnuts with sago. Add to the fried spices and cook on a slow fire, till the sago is cooked. Garnish with coriander leaves and grated coconut before serving.

SAGO BONDAS

- 175 grams sago
- 175 grams rice flour
- 175 grams flour
- 8 green chillis
- 3 large onions
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- Salt to taste
- Ghee
- Oil

Mix the sago and the two flours with enough water to make a paste which should not be too thin. Chop the onions, chillis and coriander very finely. Leave the paste to set for half an hour and then add the chopped ingredients. Add salt.

Heat the ghee in a kerahi. When hot, make small balls of the paste



Semolina and sago form the basis of many savoury, sweet and spicy snacks. Easy to make, excellent and appetising companions over a cup of coffee or just right for those odd hours when you feel like having a quick snack when hunger strikes you. So varied in taste that their flavoursome addition will tempt the most indifferent eater. Go ahead and try them out.

and drop in the hot. When golden brown and crisp ghee on the outside drain well and remove. Serve with coconut chutney or plain with a hot drink.

UPMA

250 grams semolina
60 grams cashewnuts
1 cup coconut, scraped
2 large onions
1 tsp. mustard seeds
½ tsp. gram dal
1 tbsp. black gram dal
3 green chillis
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
½ tsp. cinnamon and cloves, ground
Juice of 2 lemons
Salt to taste
50 grams ghee
50 grams oil

Roast the semolina (adding a little ghee) on a low fire and keep aside. Chop the onions and chillis. Chop cashewnuts. Heat the ghee and the refined oil together until it begins to smoke. Add the mustard seeds. Let them splutter. Add the dal and the cashewnuts and fry for a few seconds. Now add the onions, chillis and coriander leaves. Cook for five minutes. Add a cupful of water. Now add the coconut and the remaining ingredients except semolina. Add one more cupful of water and cook for fifteen minutes. Stir occasionally. Add the salt.

Add the semolina gradually, keep stirring until well blended. The result will be a thick paste. Cook for five minutes stirring occasionally. Cover and cook the mixture until dry and set on a low fire for a few more minutes. Serve hot.

TAPIOCA PUDDING

1 cup pearl tapioca (sago), soaked overnight in 1 cup milk
3 cups milk
5 eggs, separated
Juice of 1 lemon
Rind of 1 lemon, grated fine
¾ cup sugar

Put the soaked tapioca along with three cups of milk, into the top of a double boiler and cook over water for three hours. Cool. Pre-heat oven to 325 deg. Beat the egg yolks well and add the lemon juice, rind and sugar. Add to the tapioca. Beat the egg whites stiff. Line a baking dish with half the tapioca and cover with half of the whipped egg whites. Cover with the remaining tapioca and top with the remaining egg whites. Bake for about fifteen minutes. Serve either hot or cold.

MYSORE IDLI

¼ kg vermicelli
250 grams semolina
2 cups curd
12 green chillis
1-inch piece ginger
1 tbsp. mustard seeds
1½ tbsp. black gram dal
1 sprig curry leaves
1 tbsp. coriander leaves, chopped
A pinch asafoetida
1 cup ghee
1 cup cashewnuts (optional)
Salt to taste

Chop the green chillis finely. Chop the cashewnuts coarsely. Heat the ghee in a kerahi. Fry the black gram dal and mustard seeds. Allow them to splutter. Add the chopped ginger, coriander, curry leaves, chillis and cashewnuts. Now add the vermicelli and fry to a light brown. Add the semolina and fry for a minute. Remove from the fire and cool. Mix in the curd and add enough water to make a thick batter. Add salt to taste and asafoetida, if desired. Leave to set for two hours or more, covered with a piece of muslin. Fill the idli katoris with this batter and steam until done. Serve hot with coconut chutney and sambar.

SEMOLINA DELIGHT

2 litres milk
250 grams semolina
250 grams sugar (or to taste)
250 grams pure ghee
120 grams raisins
120 grams pistachios (optional)
½ tsp. nutmeg powder
½ tsp. cardamom powder
¼ cup rose water (or any other flavouring)

Soak the pistachios and raisins in hot water. When soft slice the pistachios. In a frying pan heat one tablespoon ghee and fry the pistachios and raisins. Boil and reduce the milk to half the quantity or till thick. Put in the sugar and stir.

Now take a large saucepan and heat the remaining ghee. Fry the semolina in the ghee on a low fire stirring constantly. Gradually add the thick milk. Keep stirring. Add rose water, nutmeg and cardamom powder. Mix in half of the fried nuts and raisins. Turn out on a flat dish and garnish with the remaining nuts and raisins.

SOJI PAKODI

250 grams semolina
½ cup curd
Ghee or coconut oil
2 tbsps. peas
2 onions, chopped
6 green chillis
Coriander leaves, chopped
A piece asafoetida
1½ tps. salt

First sieve the semolina, then add a little water and curds. Leave aside for about fifteen to twenty minutes.

Next boil the peas, drain off the water and add to the above. Heat a little ghee and fry the chopped chillis and asafoetida. Add the chopped onions, salt and coriander leaves. Mix well and add to the above semolina mixture.

Now heat the oil. Make small balls of the mixture and fry them till brown. These can be eaten hot with chutney or pickle.

SAGO BALLS

250 grams sago
1 coconut
250 grams sugar
60 grams cashewnuts
6 cardamoms
30 grams raisins

Soak sago in a pint of water for one hour by which time it will turn into a thick paste. Scrape the coconut. Melt the sugar in half cup water. Heat for about ten minutes. Add the coconut, cashewnuts, cardamoms and raisins to the syrup. Leave it on the fire for a minute, remove and set aside.

Now make balls of the sago paste, put a little of the syrupy mixture in the centre of each ball and steam for five to six minutes. Serve hot.

BREAD SEMOLINA FRITTERS

4 slices white bread
1 cup semolina
1 pint cream
1 blade mace
¼ tsp. cinnamon powder
30 grams castor sugar
Ghee for frying
Apricot or any other jam preferred
½ cup milk (if required)

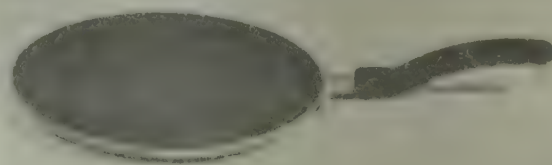
Remove crusts from the slices and cut into one inch fingers. Soak these in cream which has been previously flavoured with cinnamon powder, mace and sweetened with sugar. Add semolina and milk. Leave for ten to fifteen minutes and drain. Fry in hot ghee.

Make a sauce by heating the jam with a little water. Sieve the sauce before serving with the fritters.

ANNOUNCING NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

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

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



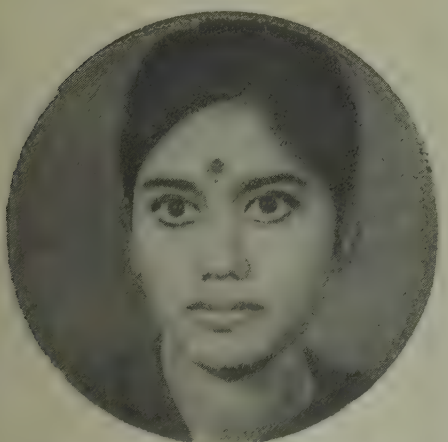


C. D. Irene, Bangalore.

HOTCH POTCH JAGGERY DELIGHT

- 1 cup parboiled rice
- 1 cup wheat
- 1 cup sesame
- 1 cup groundnuts, shelled
- 100 grams cashewnuts (optional)
- 6 cardamoms
- 2 cups jaggery, crushed

Pick, clean, wash and drain the parboiled rice, wheat and sesame. Roast the rice in a kerahi till brown. Similarly roast the wheat and sesame. Roast the groundnuts. Now pound the roasted rice, wheat, sesame, groundnuts, cashewnuts, cardamoms and the crushed jaggery together. Remove and make lemon sized balls. Can be stored for three to four days. The presence of sesame and groundnuts, enable the easy making of the balls.



Mrs. Anima Ghosh, New Delhi.

EGG DHONKAN

FOR THE EGG MIXTURE:

- 4 medium size potatoes, boiled and mashed

- 4 or 5 eggs, whipped
- 1 big onion, finely chopped
- 1 or 2 green chillis, chopped
- 3 or 4 garlic, chopped
- 1 tsp. ground cummin
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 1 tsp. baking powder
- Salt to taste

FOR THE CURRY:

- 2 onions, grated
- 1 tomato, chopped
- ½ inch piece ginger, grated
- ¾ tsp. turmeric powder
- 1½ tps. coriander powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- 3 cloves garlic, chopped (optional)
- Salt and chilli powder to taste
- Oil

Mix all the ingredients together given for the egg mixture. Pour into a greased dish. Steam in a pressure cooker for fifteen to twenty minutes, or bake in moderate oven. Remove, cool and cut into medium size pieces. Heat the oil and fry the pieces till golden brown. Keep aside.

Heat the oil. Fry the onions, till golden brown. Add the chopped tomatoes, grated ginger, garlic, turmeric, coriander, salt and chilli powder. Fry the mixture till it leaves the sides.

Add water, cook till the mixture thickens. Add the egg pieces and cook for five minutes. Add the garam masala.

Serve hot with rice or chappatis.



Mrs. Amrita Bagga, Pune.

SWEET AND SOUR BANANA CURRY

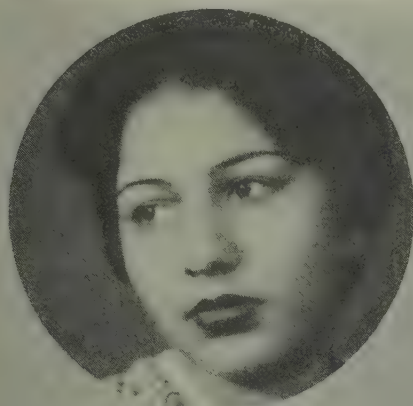
- 4 ripe bananas
- ½ kg curds
- 1 tbsp. onions, finely chopped
- 2 tbsps. tomatoes, finely chopped
- 1—2 tbsps. ghee
- 1—2 tbsps. sugar
- Salt to taste
- A pinch red chilli powder
- A pinch turmeric powder
- 1 tsp. fresh coriander, finely chopped

Heat the ghee in a pan and lightly fry the onions. When brown, add the cut tomatoes. Cover and let it simmer for some time. Now add the chilli powder and turmeric powder. Fry a little. Now add the unbeaten curds. Do not stir but cover and bring it to a boil. Do not over boil.

In the mean time, peel and cut the ripe bananas into half inch pieces. Add to the boiling curds. Cover and simmer till the bananas become puffy and float onto the top. Add salt and sugar. Boil once again. Pour into the serving bowl. Sprinkle the chopped coriander leaves and serve.



RITA SAWHNEY, Indore.



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

SPINACH KABABS WITH GREEN NOODLES IN WHITE SAUCE

FOR THE KABABS:

- ½ kg spinach
- 3 tbsps. gram flour
- 3 tbsps. Bengal gram dal, boiled, ground
- ½ tbsp. salt and black pepper
- Oil for frying
- 1 inch piece ginger
- 2 green chillis

Clean, wash, boil and grind the spinach to a paste with ginger and green chillis. Mix spinach paste, ground dal, salt, black pepper and enough gram flour to make it bind

together. Make equal rounds of the mixture about five centimetre in diameter and one centimetre thick. Heat oil and fry them till golden brown. Keep aside.

FOR THE GREEN NOODLES:

- 200 grams spinach
- 1½ cups flour
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. salad oil
- Salt to taste

Wash and cook the spinach in a pan till tender (without water). Grind well. Add all the ingredients to the sifted flour and knead well. After fifteen minutes roll thinly and cut into long strips about three centimetres wide and twenty centimetres long. Cook in boiling salted water. Drain after two minutes and put them in the white sauce.

FOR THE WHITE SAUCE:

- 60 grams butter
- 60 grams flour
- 600 ml. milk

Melt the butter in a frying pan. Add the sifted flour. Cook for two minutes without browning. Remove from fire and add the milk gradually and stirring all the time to avoid lump formation. Put on fire again and cook for four to five minutes till thick.

Put the noodles in white sauce in a dish and serve with hot kababs.

COOKERY CONTEST RULES

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

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

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good sense has become so popular that many of their columns have appeared in book form. As a well-known psychologist commented: "Their columns are the national mailbag. The advice they give is fundamental common sense, and no one has ever improved on that."

Below, a selection of their best — and briefest — replies:

Dear Abby: What is the cure for a man who has been married for 33 years and still can't stay away from other women? (His Wife). **Dear Wife:** Rigor mortis.

Dear Ann Landers: A man 12 years my junior talks of marriage but his conversations all wind up with questions about my financial situation. If he is sincere, why does he swear he worships the ground I walk on? (Miss B.L.K.). **Dear Miss B.L.K.:** He probably thinks there's oil under it.

SOMETIMES official recognition is too late in coming. When the U.S. government decided to produce a gold medallion commemorating actor John Wayne's "true grit" in life, the ageing actor was already suffering from cancer, and died soon after. Another ageing actor to win belated recognition is 75-

year-old **Henry Fonda**, a stage, screen and TV star for nearly 50 years, who was voted for an honorary award recently by the academy of motion picture arts and sciences, which called him "the consummate actor" who has made "brilliant accomplishments and enduring contributions to the art of motion pictures". He will receive his Oscar, which is one of the most prestigious awards in the world along with other luminaries, at a gala function.

And in these days of science fiction and special effects, the other two special award winners are the makers of the film, 'The Empire Strikes Back', and the inventor of an air gun that shoots knives, arrows and spears!

SIGH! The world can relax now. **Prince Charles** (32) that scrubbed, polished and clean-looking young man who's been on the World's Most Eligible Bachelor list for so long, has at long last made up his mind. The future queen of England is none other than the tall, lanky, school teacher and girl-next-door, **Diana Spencer**. Lest you think she's a mere commoner let it be known that Diana's father is a duke, her family's distantly connected to royalty, and that her father also happens to be one of the richest men in England, not to mention the fact that he's a good friend of the Queen. In spite of all these formidable plus points, Prince Charles it is said, had to first see whether Diana met up with the exacting standards expected of royalty.

The nicest thing about the royal family is that instead of stuffily saying, "Any girl who marries into the royal family is lucky," Prince Phillip, Charles' father, actually told his son to make up his mind fast, or he'd miss the bus. Secondly, when Charles galled about with Diana with

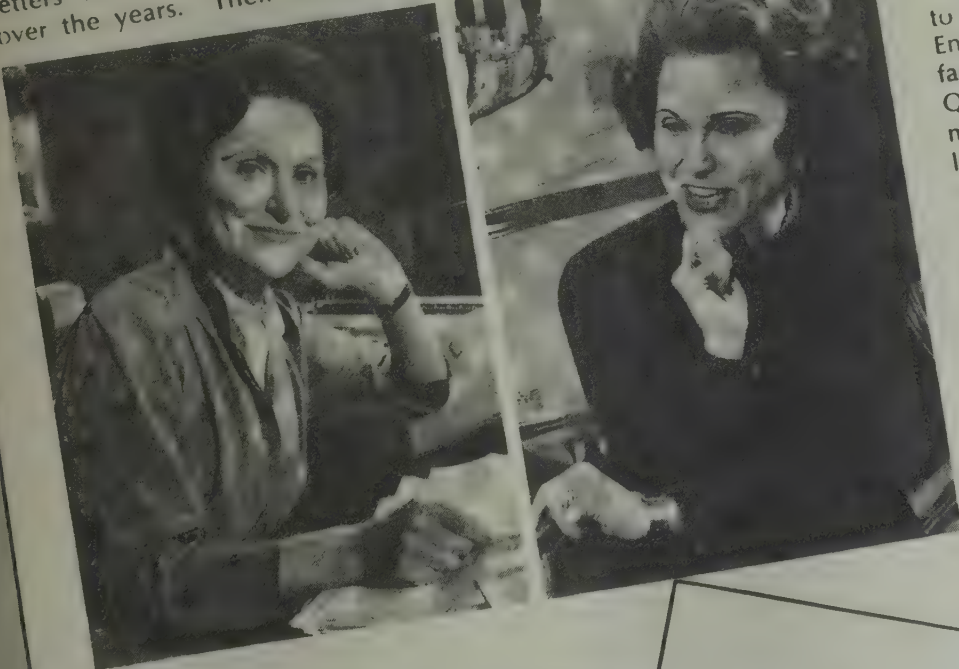


no thoughts of marriage, Prince Phillip is reported to have told his son. "Either you marry Diana or the romance is off." Diana now sports a diamond and sapphire ring and the wedding is scheduled to take place in summer this year. And to show the changing face of royalty, Diana drove up in her own mini-car to have her formal audience with the Queen.

A MAN who died recently in Canada was **Lobsang Rampa**. The best-selling author of several books on mysticism and the Orient, Rampa claimed to be a Tibetan mystic and a former adviser to the Dalai Lama. But some years ago, he was exposed as an Englishman and a fraud. These charges could never be proved, but for the last 20 years, Rampa and his wife Sarah (they have no children) have lived in isolation in parts of Canada. When he died recently of a heart attack and was later cremated it was kept a secret, to avoid publicity, said his wife.

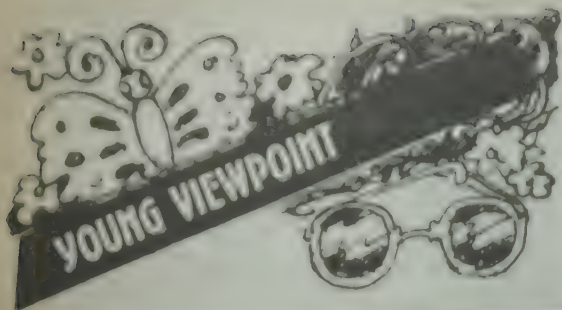
"DEAR Abby" is the best-known agony column. The column in the world is based. The Americans are trend setters. and as usual it was they who hit upon the idea of solving the readers' many problems through a newspaper column. A close competitor to "Dear Abby", which is syndicated in 1,000 newspapers is "Ann Landers", who also has an equal number of columns. It now transpires that "Ann Landers" (Esther Pauline Lederer in real life) and "Dear Abby" (Pauline Esther Phillips) are twin sisters. This rivalry led to a bitter enmity between the sisters for many years. Now it's all patched up and Abby coos, "If anyone had written to me with a similar problem, I would have said, 'Forgive and forget'."

The two sisters celebrated the 25th year of their respective columns recently. The avalanche of letters have not slowed down over the years. Their homespun



Petite, frail, Amy Brown is so weak that she's had to discontinue her studies. She is 5 ft. 3 inches tall, weighs a mere 92 lbs. and eats four times what a normal person eats. A typical breakfast for Amy would be a dozen fried eggs, bacon, fried potatoes, two glasses of chocolate flavoured milk. Lunch would consist of two steaks, eggs, vegetables and three glasses of milk. She usually downs an afternoon snack of sandwiches, cookies and milk before dinner. And before bed, she has a sandwich or two.

Amy is suffering from a rare, metabolic disorder by which she has to constantly eat to keep her body energised. When this 19-year-old's problem was written about recently, a 22-year-old seaman, Donald Seegar, came forward to marry her. The couple has no money to see movies or go out, because all the money is spent in buying food for Amy.



A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

Dr. Manoj Shah, a gold medallist MBBS graduate, couldn't get registration in Pathology for his post-graduate studies because a scheduled caste student, who had scored lower marks than him was given preference on account of his belonging to the reserved quota. The other post-graduate medicos in Ahmedabad observed that this could just as well happen to them any time and protested. On 31st December 1980 they approached the Minister for Health, Kokilaben Vyas, who promised to look into the matter. The students' demand was the total abolition of reservation of seats at the post-graduate level. The Government, in turn, agreed to consider the following proposals, and also conceded to them

These were abolition of :

- (a) the carry forward system, i.e. the practice of adding to the following years' reserved quota, the number of unfilled seats in any particular year;
- (b) interchangeability of reserved seats.

On 5th January 1981 this came through. Two days later, the Secretary of the Health Department, Mr. Dayal, came forward with a super-numerary formula. This meant increasing the number of unreserved places in any year by the number of reserved places actually filled in that year. To illustrate further, the formula said that if during the current year there were 65 post graduate seats, out of which seven were reserved seats, then 58 seats would be considered for open merit and candidates would be free to select their subjects. The seven reserved candidates would be allotted subjects according to their choice. The Government would also create seven additional seats so that students competing in the open merit would not suffer. But these seats would be allotted after being approved by the Indian Medical Council.

The Government meanwhile, ordered the closure of all the medical colleges of the State for six months and asked the students to vacate the hostels, as the agitation was taking a violent turn.

At the third session with the Government the medicos met the Chief Minister, Mr. Madhavsingh Solanki, the Home Minister, Mr. Prabodh Raval, and other government representatives. These talks ended in a stalemate.

A Government spokesman at Gandhinagar said, "we will negotiate no more with the agitating medicos. We have closed our doors after forwarding all kinds of possible

concessions within our power. We will now act". (Times of India, 10th February '81)

This stalemate has resulted in an unpleasant turn of events — taking on the colours of a caste/class war rather than a student agitation.

Speaking to various people from different walks of life, the general consensus was that the public was all in favour of the abolition of reservation at post-graduate level. For as a citizen put it, "We can't have them playing with lives if they aren't competent enough to treat human beings".

Industrialist Mr. Arvind N. Lalbhai, President-elect of Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce & Industry (FICCI) and Managing Director of Arvind Mills Ltd. says that the medical students' agitation in the State should not be allowed to continue. "I therefore, appeal to the medical students, doctors, leaders of the backward class and the Government of Gujarat to sit across the table to sort out a mutually acceptable solution, failing which the matter may be referred to a committee consisting of a retired High Court or a Supreme Court Judge as a Chairman and other members representing the interests concerned and the Government. To my mind this is a better alternative than continuing this disruptive agitation indefinitely", he said.

mittee in support of the demand, and on the other, the backward class is protesting to protect their rights.

The super numerary formula put forward by the Government may sound a feasible proposition to the layman, but it is not so. Firstly, the Indian Medical Council (IMC) has to give permission to increase seats in post-graduate courses. The Gujarat Government has already been given an ultimatum to decrease the present number of seats in three of the State's medical colleges as there aren't enough facilities, teaching staff etc.

"Yes, the students were called in for negotiations and told to accept the formula or else...", he shrugs his shoulders. "The Government was high handed. The Home Minister, according to the students, at this meeting, had said, 'We are not responsible for your safety once you leave this place.'"

In retaliation to the statements made by the Minister of State for Finance, Mr. Harihar Khambholja who had alleged that forces like the BJP were behind the present disturbances and the Chief Minister saying that he suspected vested interests behind the present agitation, Dr. Desai says, "I am certain that it is not politically motivated, because the reservation was brought about to get votes

THE 'RESERVATION'



Medical students agitating in Ahmedabad.

Dr. Hasmukh J. Desai, eminent cardiologist and teacher in Medicine at one of the medical colleges said, "Reservation has affected every walk of life since 1947, but it's the present agitation by the medicos that has opened the eyes of the public to this problem. On the one hand is the anti reservation com-

mittee for the political parties, so how can it be supported by any of them?"

Further, Dr. Desai informed us that only nine states in the country had introduced the reservation system at P. G. level, and that Goa had since abolished it in July 1980.

He then affirmed, "None of our medical students are behind the present violence in the city. At no time has a medical student been arrested for creating violent disruption to public life."

"We, the Ahmedabad Medical Association, support this movement wholeheartedly. These boys are true to their principles. Their demand has been to abolish reservation at PG level. Did you know that the IMA, in their draft of health policy, has also asked for the abolition of SC/ST seats at MBBS level? The medicos could well have taken advantage of that, but they are only sticking to their original demands", he justified.

"Creating separate colleges for the BC is not the solution as was suggested and is being done in one of the States. For this will only create animosity and further rivalry," he says.

"And one final question — who is to be considered backward? The son of a Harijan minister or of a Brahmin widow?" Dr. Desai queries.

The agitating medicos were represented by two post graduate students, Dr. Manan

Shukla and Dr. Narendra Upadhyaya, members of the Action and Press Committees respectively, and two final year MBBS girls, Krupa Patel and Varsha Gandhi.

"The main trouble started with the Government shutting down the colleges for six months. Isn't it a kind of blackmail? Knowing that this long period would result in hampering our careers by making us lose one year?", exclaimed Dr. Shukla.

"Initially, the reservation system in Gujarat started in 1975 when the sons/son-in-law of two prominent Harijan citizens, (an ex-Governor of this state and a past-speaker of the Gujarat assembly) couldn't get seats for PG units on merit. The Centre had asked the State Government to do something more for the uplift and benefit of the underprivileged and on this pretext the State implemented it, by creating reserved seats. As you may recall, this was the time of the Emergency, so nothing could be done about it. We approached the Janata Government in 1976 — and that was when they wanted to introduce the Barefoot Doctor scheme. All we got were promises.

no political figure will come out openly in favour of the movement.

"Privately", says Dr. Upadhyaya, "We have the written support of 25 MLAs including members of the ruling party. But as this was given to us in confidence, we can't divulge their names.

"Regarding the other colleges and the public taking up this agitation we haven't asked them to join us. They all are facing the same problem in their professions. Now that we have brought it into the limelight, they feel it is the right time to join in and strike while the iron is hot. We have held mock trials, mock operations etc. but who doesn't need publicity to keep a movement alive in the public eye, and this is our way of doing so. But get this clear. No medico is responsible for the "dhamal" and lawlessness in the city today", says Manan.

The two young undergraduates asked that if the economically and socially backward classes were given preference, why not the females who were still treated as inferiors in our country. "If caste is an accident of birth, isn't being born a female also one?", asks Varsha.

Krupa finds that at all levels of MBBS the BC students have been found sadly lacking. "They rarely ever get through on merit, it is usually 'mercy' passing by the examiners — even then they take 3-4 years longer than the regular students."

Dr. Hirabhai Parmar, a PG student at the V. S. Hospital belongs to a schedule caste. "Mind you, this is my personal view only", he said, "but I feel that over a period of years reservation must be abolished at PG level. The Government gives us enough concessions, at the undergraduate level. The years we take to complete our MBBS are sufficient for us to emerge at par with the others.

"What I do object to currently, is the strike by the Junior Doctors. They have nearly paralysed the working of the hospitals. There are about 75 per cent of them in comparison to 25 per cent BC Doctors. But to their credit goes the fact that when a police constable was seriously injured they all came forward, donated blood and did all they could to try and save his life in spite of being on strike.

"Another point. When the students are agitating against the unfairness of reserved seats, what about donation seats? In certain cases these have gone to students with lower marks than even the SC/ST students. Why is no one agitating against this? It is a pity that the rich and the powerful misuse their money and power", he laments.

To this, Dr. Desai gave the example of Karnataka State where a strong movement by the medical profession is being carried out against the State government, for admitting students on the grounds of donation.

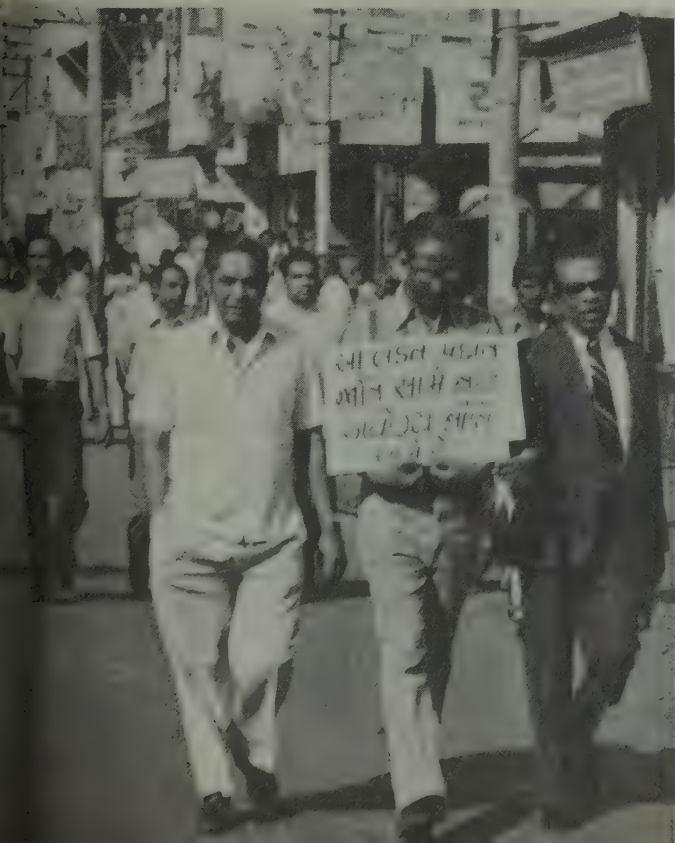
Mrs. S. Pathan, a teacher, also partially agrees with the demands of the medicos. "But I feel that the seats should not be totally abolished, but reduced from 25 per cent

Continued on page 53

WAR



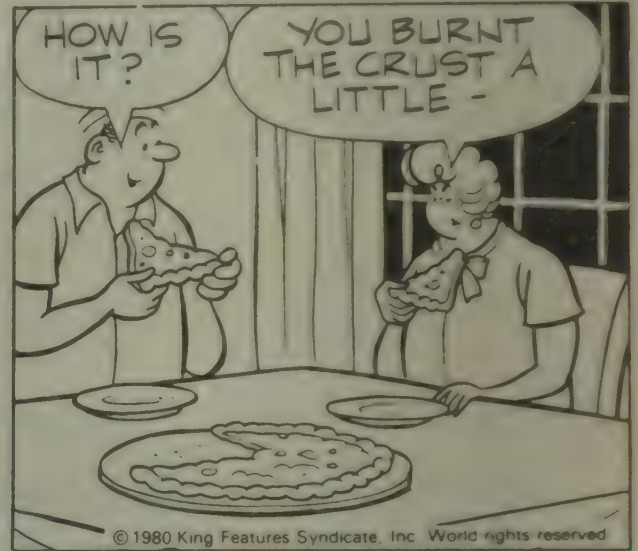
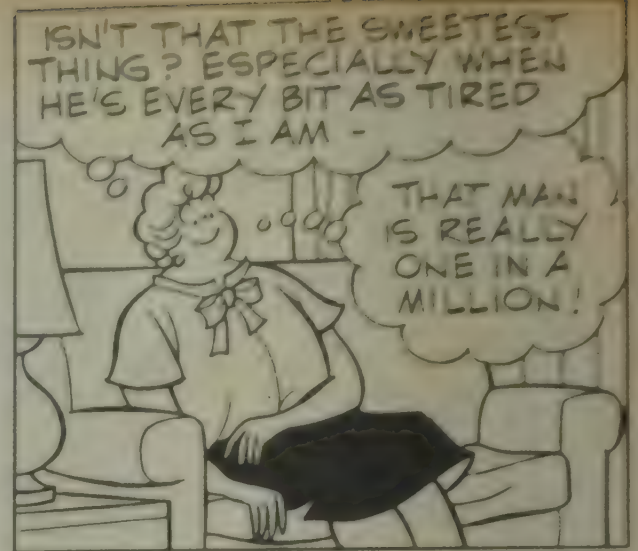
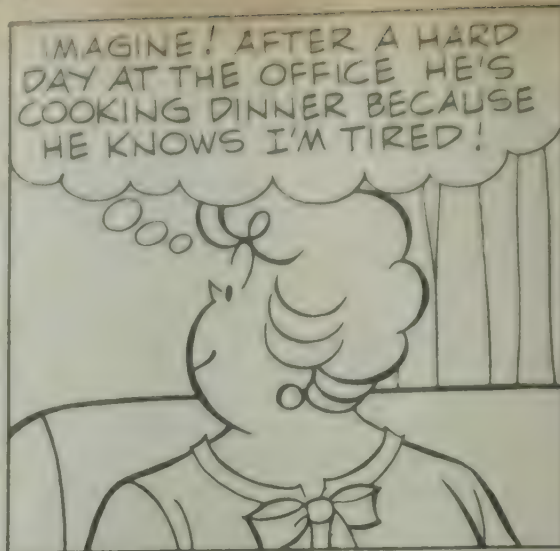
Policemen rounding up students on Ashram Road in Ahmedabad.



LEFT: Members of the medical and educational profession and lawyers joined a rally at Baroda in support of the medicos' stir. The placard reads that the agitation is not against the backward class but against the system of reservation.

"Due to the carry forward system, today we have nearly 100 per cent reservation for the BC doctors in four departments. Medicine, which is one of the most vital subjects has 50 per cent reservation. If this is to continue, where would we be?", he asks.

According to these medicos, they feel that the politicians who had introduced the system of reservation with an idea of uplifting the masses have over the years, made a political capital out of it and that is why



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THE LITTLE WOMAN

OLD lady (to librarian): "I'd like a nice book."

Librarian: "Here's one about the cardinal."

Old lady: "I'm not interested in religion."

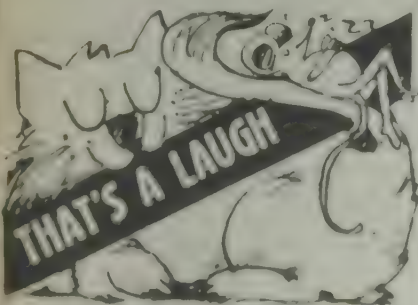
Librarian: "But this is a bird."

Old lady: "I'm not interested in his private life either."

POET: "Do you think I should put more fire into my poetry?"

Editor: "No, quite the reverse."

CUB Reporter: "I'd like some advice, sir, on how to run a newspaper."



Editor: "You've come to the wrong person, son. Ask one of my subscribers."

THE regiment was trekking through the desert and it was arid and parched and not a drop of water was to be found. One recruit sat sadly on a stone, his head in his hands.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sergeant.

"Home sickness," said Private Smith.

"We've all got that."

"Yes, but his is worse than for most of us — his father owns a liquor bar."

COOK: "Why, you're the same man I gave a piece of mince-pie to yesterday."

Tramp: "Yes, but I hardly expected to find the same cook here today."

FIRST Hobo: "I'm like the poet. I long for the wings of a dove."

Second Hobo: "Huh! Right now I'd rather have the breast of a chicken."

WHY is the figure nine like a peacock?

Because it is nothing without its tail.

WHY didn't they play cards on Noah's Ark?

Because Noah sat on the deck.

WHY are books your best friends?

Because you can shut them up if they bore you without giving offence.

WHY is a dog biting his own tail a good manager?

Because he makes both ends meet.

WHAT is that which you cannot hold for ten minutes

although it is as light as a feather?

Your breath.

WHAT is the way to make a coat last?

Make the vest and trousers first.

WHY should no man starve in the deserts of Arabia?

Because of the SAND WHICH is there.

WHY is life the riddle of all riddles?

Because we must all give it up.

WHY is it easier to be a clergyman than a physician?

Because it is easier to preach than to practise.

Compiled by George Fegradoc

BREAKDOWN!

FILM STARS AND MENTAL STRESS

Adelaide Chand



REKHA Photograph: Rakesh Shrivastava



PREMNATH Photograph: Sanil

The following are oft-asked questions:

Why do so many inhabitants of the show-biz world suffer nervous breakdowns, and emotional traumas? Why is it that a great many film stars wind up with damaged psyches? Why are such a large percentage of actors, actresses and other entertainers frequently afflicted with paranoia, neuroses and various other psychological problems and psychiatric ailments?

Various reasons have been proffered and explanations put forth. But the most logical answer seems to lie in the fast, frantic turbulent pace of every movie star's life, in the tenuous insecurity of his 'here-today-gone-tomorrow' lifestyle, in the tensions resulting from his constantly-in-the-limelight goldfish bowl existence, and in the pressures and traumas associated with the fantasy celluloid world he inhabits a good deal of the time.

And constant emotional friction can leave a lot of carnage in its wake. Something has to give somewhere. And it usually

does. Most of them choose the easy way out — suicide.

The pages of Hollywood history are chockful of glittering celebrities, superstars who couldn't withstand the crushing pressures of superstardom and opted for oblivion: sex symbol of the fifties Marilyn Monroe, who, exhausted being promoted as the 'body' beautiful, was found dead one morning through an overdose of sleeping pills; the enormously talented singer-actress Judy Garland, who decided to end it all while at the height of her fame and popularity, handsome matinee idol Alan Ladd, versatile actor Montgomery Clift ...the list is almost endless.

There is no dearth of similar instances in the Hindi movie world. Guru Dutt's tragic suicide, cutting short a promising directorial career, has still not faded from public memory. Guru Dutt had made a number of successful films and was beginning to win acclaim as a sensitive, powerful director when he met Waheeda Rehman, who had acted in a couple of Telugu films,

and brought her to Bombay. Not only did Guru groom and polish his discovery and make her a star, he fell in love with her. Waheeda reciprocated his sentiments, and soon a romance between the two was in full swing. Guru cast his lady-love in memorable films like "Pyaasa", "Kaagaz Ke Phool", "Sahib, Bibi Aur Ghulam" and "Chaudhvin ka Chand", films which are now regarded as classics, masterpieces of their genre.

Years went by. As Waheeda's name grew more popular, producers kept approaching her with tempting offers of exciting roles, most of which she couldn't accept because of her commitment to Guru Dutt. Gradually she began to chafe under all the restrictions being imposed on her. On the home front too, her family, who had always been strictly opposed to her association with a married man, kept urging her to sever all ties with

FILM STARS AND MENTAL STRESS

him. So the submissive Waneeda finally broke away and signed a film with Sunil Dutt. When Guru Dutt received the news of Waneeda's desertion, the blow was too much for him and he ended his life with an overdose of sleeping pills.

There are innumerable cases like this, cases where a desperately obsessive relationship results in tragic consequences. This is probably because most members of the movieland world are highly sensitive, extraordinarily emotional creatures who live at a far higher pitch of intensity than most normal human beings. So their involvements are deeper, more tormented.

"Show-biz does this to people," comments one director sagely, "it destroys marriages, sanity, happiness, everything."

It certainly did destroy Parveen Babi's happiness as well as sanity. It all began after Kabir Bedi's exit from her life. For

casual lapses of memory. Soon the desire to sink into near-catatonic states. Her condition worsened to paranoia, one symptom of which was "a persecution complex", as a result of which she developed wild, irrational fears and unreasoning anxieties over the pettiest of matters.

Parveen was taken to different sanatoriums, and after months of prolonged convalescence, she

found herself left behind a lonely, lonely with a bagful of memories. And although she bravely attempted to conceal the hurt and disillusionment beneath a manipulative parade of insouciance, insiders report that it was from this point onward that the deterioration began.

She began to succumb increasingly to bouts of melancholia, prolonged depressions, and oc-

Film-land also has its share of eccentrics and oddballs. High on the list of idiosyncratic "filmi" personalities are people like Raj Kumar, Premnath, Kishore Kumar, Ashok Kumar, etc. While Raj Kumar thinks nothing of sauntering into a party wearing heavy earrings, embroidered mojris and a caftan made of brocaded curtain material, Premnath hurls 'bastards' around the place, claims to be Jagjivan Ram (in his saner moments) and maintains a military sort of entourage at home — all his attendants are assigned rankings like 'Major', 'aide-de-camp', etc. Ashok Kumar always does his painting in the nude, while his more eccentric younger brother Kishore has the habit of unleashing his mammoth watch-dogs upon anything or anyone who threatens to invade his privacy. Kishore also exhibits on occasion a tendency to spring into cupboards to escape unwelcome visitors, or to turn somersaults on the sets when he hasn't been paid the money due to him.

Unhappily, the husband's idio-



Kabir Bedi



Parveen Babi



Shashi and Jennifer Kapoor



Rekha

Kishore Kumar



Ashok Kumar



finally returned, but co-stars who have worked with her since, say she has lost much of her old professionalism.

Stardom and fame take a heavy toll. Director H. S. Rawail's wife Anjana Rawail was another casualty. Always neurotic and highly strung, Anjana finally escaped the pressure of her existence by committing suicide.

One mustn't forget Rekha's alleged attempt at suicide by swallowing cockroach poison. More serious was Jennifer Kapoor's suicide bid through an overdose of sleeping pills after receiving conclusive proof of her hus-

syncracies sometimes have the habit of rubbing off on the wives — with unfortunate results. Bina Rai was the top star of her day when she retired from films and married Premnath. Just a few years later, she was a mental and emotional wreck. Those "in the know" say it was Premnath's antics that drove her to near insanity.

However, Bina Rai is one of the fortunate few — she has been successfully rehabilitated and is now almost fully recovered. Others haven't been so lucky — they have fallen victim to that nameless malady, the affliction of being in show-biz.

A number of surveys have revealed that as much as 25 to 30 per cent of school children suffer from psychiatric disturbances, 10 per cent of whom have a moderate to severe affliction. Most commonly, they come to our attention either because of poor scholastic performance or discipline problems. Rarely, intelligent parents who become aware of their children's mental problems bring them to us, but more often we have to go to them, and find out those who need help. Obviously, all children with such problems are not brought for treatment. Our patients can be divided into several types — besides those we detect on school surveys, and those detected by the parents themselves, the truly mentally retarded also form a significant number. Then there are those with active psychiatric illnesses like schizophrenia, children who commit anti-social offences, and finally, children who have psychiatric disturbances because of physical defects.

Nowadays we're seeing more and more of this last type — speech difficulty, visual impair-

UNLIKE ADULTS WHO SUPPRESS THEIR CONFLICTS, CHILDREN DO NOT RESORT TO THIS DEFENCE MECHANISM. ONCE THEIR PROBLEMS ARE VERBALISED, IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO GET TO THE ROOT OF THE CONFLICT

DISTURBED CHILDREN:

correcting the cause
Shivanand Karkal

ment, deafness, paralysis, etc. associated with mental illness. Such children usually react in one of two ways to their physical defects — either they exhibit what we call the withdrawal phenomenon, or they become unnaturally aggressive. As the name suggests, the first is characterised by the child withdrawing into himself and drawing a protective shell around himself. Some become extremely shy, others may show 'selective mutism' — they behave and talk normally at home, but once they're in a classroom, they refuse to talk to anyone, refuse to answer questions put to them by their teachers and so on. On the other hand, some children with physical defects indulge in bizarre behaviour to seek the attention of people around them. Such a child feels left out, develops an inferiority complex, and hating what he thinks is the neglect towards him, he becomes extremely aggressive — shouting ab-

use, hitting his parents and so on. All a pathetic attempt to capture their attention, of course.

Fortunately, all children with physical defects do not develop such problems. Therefore, we talk of predisposing and precipitating factors — the presence of a physical defect is a predisposing factor, but it may not result in psychiatric problems unless there are precipitating factors. For instance, there is a tendency in our culture among parents to blame each other's families for the birth of a deformed child. The husband points an accusing finger at the wife and says, "There must be a bad gene in your ancestors, that's why my son is born crippled." The mother, unless she is totally subjugated by the husband, accuses him similarly. There's a lot of ignorance among parents as to why physically disabled babies are born, which results in continuous allegations between them, spoken or other-

wise, as to whose family is to be blamed. Naturally this generates a lot of guilt in their minds. Mental disharmony between the two parents follows, and this is bound to exercise an adverse effect on the child's growing mind. Here he is, already saddled with a crippled limb or whatever, and he watches his parents quarrelling over him. His deformity is the predisposing factor, and the subsequent events precipitate illness in him.

Often, the children are not the only one to suffer mentally; physical deformities have a terrible effect on their parents' minds too. Even if they are not victims of ignorance, and do not actually quarrel among themselves in an effort to apportion blame, each feels, subconsciously or otherwise, that he or she is to be blamed. For instance, there is this mother of a quadriplegic child, who suffers from manic depressive psychosis herself. All

four limbs of her child are paralysed, she has to do everything for him. She cannot devote too much time for herself — every time she feels like going out, she knows her neighbours will whisper, "Oh, how can she leave her poor child all alone and helpless?" She can't even expect any help from her husband, who's away all day at work. Can you imagine the terrible tension she lives with? No wonder therefore, that she goes into an acute phase of depression every six months or so. And the child too is growing up — his mind too is beginning to be influenced by all these factors. Soon he will develop a psychiatric problem. This of course is an extreme case, but we usually find that many parents whose children are deformed or have chronic diseases — bronchial asthma, for instance, or cer-

Continued on page 48





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DISTURBED CHILDREN

Continued from page 45

tain muscle wasting conditions have some associated mental disease or the other.

Another trend we are observing nowadays is an increasing incidence of mental illnesses among socio-economically backward children. The parents of such children have themselves been deprived all their lives, and are over-expectant of their children. All their own unfulfilled achievements and aspirations make them pester their children with, "You must get this, you must get that..." For instance, even though they may not know English themselves they send them to English medium schools. They can't teach their children, so they provide expensive tuitions for them. The children are constantly told "Look, we're spending so much on you, what are you doing in return?" The over-expectant parents thus expose their children—unwittingly or not—to continuous stress. And after all, the children can only perform according to their own potential. But the results do not satisfy their parents, and hence the children

begin to feel inadequate and guilty.

Before contemplating their treatment, we need to identify those children that need help. We then assess their parents, visit their schools, talk to their teachers and thus try to gauge the environmental effect on their minds. The most important step, of course, is to find out, and understand from the child himself, his own difficulties. Now, children over 10 years of age can usually tell us their problems, but younger children cannot do so. Therefore, to find out their psychiatric problems, we make use of a technique called 'play therapy'.

First, we establish a rapport with the child, and then encourage him to take part in different play activities and we watch and listen. If we can't make him play games, we try to interest him in other activities such as painting, drama, puppetry—anything to make him enact his fantasies and fears. What we want to know is the way he perceives himself and his environment. We have to indulge in this circuitous mode of diagnosis because no parents will admit that they're treating their children badly. Of course, by their own standards, they could even be right. . .

For instance, there was one five-year-old boy whose parents sought help because he had developed secondary enuresis, that is, bed-wetting after two years of adequate bladder control. Inquiry with the parents revealed that another child had been born to them a few months ago. The older child thought that his place in the family was no longer secure and that the younger would from then on monopolise his parents' love. He became hostile towards the child. Insecurity and anxiety grew in his mind. He began bed-wetting again. When he was given a number of dolls to play with—a father doll, a mother doll and a baby doll—he tore the baby doll to bits, thus giving us a clue to his inner turmoil.

Then there was the child who had developed a psychiatric problem because of separated parents. He couldn't tell us this, of course, so we used paintings to find out. A house was drawn and he was asked what it was. "Home," he replied. Who stays there, he was asked next. "My mother, my brother, my sister, and our dog," he replied, carefully avoiding his father's name. "Doesn't your father stay here?" he was asked. "No," he replied,

"I want him to but if he stays here, he beats up my mother." That, in a sentence was his poignant story—an alcoholic father separated from his mother, but still loved by the child.

In this way, we try to get the child to verbalise his difficulties and conflicts. And treatment is much more rewarding than in adults because with children, the conflicts are superficial—we can get to know and correct them easily. Children do not make use of defence mechanisms like adults, who suppress their conflicts. Once their problems are verbalised, we get to the very root of the conflict. For instance, in the last case, we got in touch with the alcoholic father and told him, "Look, you're not only ruining yourself but also the family that loves you." We persuaded him to get treatment for his alcoholism. We then contacted the mother and persuaded her to take back her husband, at least on a trial basis, because his disease was no more a social stigma. Restoration of a normal family atmosphere worked wonders for the child. Thus, an early recognition, and if possible, correction of the cause of their illness, is invaluable for curing such mentally disturbed children.

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PREMIUM QUALITY
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I AM a small statured man, about 26; not much of a personality about me and without being too harsh on myself, I haven't achieved much in life. I am, or rather was, a small fry in politics when the great Indira was riding the high horse. As the cliché goes, I the empty vessel made a lot of empty senseless noise which got me into my present condition.

I was under arrest along with a hundred odd empty vessels, for no fault of ours, other than being on the wrong side of the fence. Being "political prisoners" we were housed in large dormitories and enjoyed the privilege of a common T.V. and a small library. The library had books of course, a lot of grey concrete floor and only a few people. Whitewashed walls held pictures of the dead leaders of our country, apart from which the room had a sense of helpless boredom pervading it.

The prisoner behind the desk, I beg your pardon, the "political prisoner" behind the desk was a small middle-aged man around forty-five, with greying hair and tight lines around his mouth, who sort of ran the library. I walked over and waited for him to look up from the tea he was drinking. "I understand you are Shomu Roy," I said. He looked at me as if I hadn't spoken. "Do you want to take a book?" he said tonelessly. I cleared my throat and said, "I play postal chess and am affiliated to the chess federation in Vienna. I believe you have a high international rating."

"I am Shomu Roy and my rating was two-oh-four three," I took a sharp breath — that meant he was among the top in Asia, and very nearly a Grandmaster. Coming back to him I asked, "Why was...?" He looked away from the blank wall that he was staring at and turned his face towards me. "I have not had the chance to play for the past three-and-a-half years; I am not in prison for political reasons. I am over from the real place. They let me run this library only because I am quiet and behave meekly with the warden."

I was going to ask him for what crime he was in, but I wasn't too conversant with prison protocol as yet, so instead said, "My rating is fourteen twenty-five."

Shomu looked at me for what seemed to be a very long moment. I was just beginning to feel a little uncomfortable when he slipped his hand into his kurta pocket and drew out a ten paise coin, threw it carefully upwards and caught it suddenly

between his two palms, "Heads or tails," he asked. Unthinkingly I replied, "Heads." Shomu lifted his upper hand exposing the tails side of the coin, and with a very serious look on his face said, "Pawn to king four."

I stared at him, "Where is the board?"

"No board... the board's in the head," "Pawn to king four." I looked round at the six or seven uninterested people in the room and hesitated. "Don't make excuses, I'll beat you on a board just as easily," he said.

We played chess verbally every evening for nine days before I got a draw game; and then

I handed him the packet of money and sat down, cursing myself for the clearly visible tremor of my hand. He made his first move — pawn to queen four. That was it — the beginning of his queen's gambit

pointed in the least. He just drew out the drawer from the librarian's table and took out a rolled-up cloth chess board and a box of damaged chess men. We set up the pieces wordlessly in a kind of mutual reverence and began to play.

The room was gloomy and

It was almost three months now and we were playing as many as six games a day. I was lucky to win one or two, but then I was learning; we were playing standard tournament-style two hour games. Then there was this irritating rule of "touch-move" — where if you as much as touch a piece with your kurta sleeve, you had to move that piece. We both thought this to be irrational and decided to ignore the touch-move rules. Some time later on I don't know how, Shomu obtained a chess-time-clock, two clean circular clock faces in a teak case and loud solid ticking. Make your move, then click with the button, and the other man's clock would begin to tick away until he moved.

One afternoon after I had beaten Shomu on a brilliant combination, he stared at his

all in the game

Sanjiv Srivastava

finally after two weeks and over 30 games Shomu bungled. I remember my voice trembling as I called out my move and then for the first time, the almighty declaration "Checkmate", Shah mat... the King is dead. To my surprise Shomu wasn't disap-

outside the lights were dim, the night insects hovered and the guards in khaki shorts patrolled the area. The forty watt bulb shone above us and made sharp shadows of the king's rook's pawns... and we played on



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ALL IN THE GAME

dead king for a minute. and then said, "What are you planning to do once you get out of this place?" I said that I wasn't sure. "How much money do you have?" he asked. I didn't know why we were talking this way but I replied, "About eight thousand, totally." Then he said, "How about using some of it to play chess, for money." That was all right in America but who would play chess with a stranger in India?

Shomu's voice turned serious. "You can play Harkishandas." He went on to clarify that Mr. Harkishandas was an extremely rich man, a mill owner in Bombay who played chess at a stake of five thousand rupees a game. once he was convinced that you were genuinely rated. I asked whether he was rated. Shomu nodded and said, "About four hundred points higher than you are." Shomu said as he smiled slightly, "You see when Harkishandas plays White he generally plays the queen's gambit, and when he plays black it's the Sicilian defence with the drag on variation."

It occurred to me that was exactly what Shomu had been playing with me all the while. Shomu smiled again, and said "Do you think you could have beaten me had I been playing my own game?"

I sat silent for a while and then asked "What are you in prison for?"

Shomu looked genuinely surprised, "No one ever told you?"

"No," I said.

"I am in because they caught me with a fifteen year old," he paused before he added, "boy."

I was shocked. I had never even in the slightest felt that he was an homosexual, and, trying to fight the revulsion I changed the subject. "This man Harkishandas..."

"Yes, he tipped off the police and told them where to find us."

It was a long moment before I asked why.

"Harkishandas is an industrialist — his father left him a small business but he built it up — big. Made his money in cheap textiles and government contracts, got involved politically and developed a liking for chess. to the point of fanaticism. Harkishandas never lost in anything and like all such men couldn't

face it when he was forced down."

I got the idea, "Oh, and you came along and beat him."

"Three out of four times, he just couldn't accept the idea that a low down nobody had defeated him."

I breathed in deeply, "Is that why you've been... well, training me up, so that I can get back at him for you?" Shomu looked at the rook he was holding in his hand and placed the piece in the centre of the board, and said, "I'll give you his address and telephone number — try not to mention that you know me."

It was a bright day that they let us out of prison. The Janata party had just won the election — wonder of wonders, and things seemed to be more chaotic than before. At home, my mother was all excited; she said that at least I was going to get a stable job in a nice position now that we had won. Besides, with all the excitement every where it felt great to be out of jail, and my sympathies were all for Shomu.

It took me over two hours to get through to Mr. Harkishandas and then only because I used Shomu's name. "Harkishandas speaking."

"My name is Prabhu Dayal, Mr. Shomu Roy said that you would like to play some chess..." there was silence and I added, "for money of course."

"I don't believe that you are a player of Shomu Roy's strength." Even in this one line his arrogance showed; but I knew I had got him — I was sure he couldn't let a challenge go by.

"No I am nowhere near Mr. Roy. my rating is one eight four zero." I lied. Mr. Harkishandas was curt, "O.K we'll play on Saturday, two thirty in the afternoon. And one more thing, we play by house rules, two hours each and the Times of India chess columnist will referee."

"Good, but what do you mean 'house rules'?"

"Well I mean that I will be drinking while we play and we will be following touch moves; then the decision of the referee will be final."

Oh God! I wasn't used to playing touch move with Shomu so I said, "See here Mr. Harkishandas, touch move is really an extremely childish rule. Why don't we declare verbally that the move is finally made?"

"Touch move, and make sure you have five thousand rupees cash otherwise no game; and

you can call me up at one o'clock Saturday. I'll send my car for you," his voice was plainly scornful, the swine.

The next two days passed slowly as all days do when you are waiting for something. Saturday came and so did his car — a chauffeured black Mercedes Benz. Harkishandas' house wasn't big, it was enormous. He met me at the door. He was exactly as Shomu had described him; big, tall, pot-bellied, bushy eyebrows and had what seemed to be a perpetual scowl on his face. His wife, young and pretty peeped through an open door and then disappeared in a cloud of heavy perfume.

Harkishandas led me to a moderate sized room, air-conditioned and done up beautifully — it spoke volumes for Harkishandas' good taste and money. In the centre of the room were two huge leather armchairs surrounding a big chess set. The set was a real beauty, the board was made of black onyx and white marble squares. Each of the pieces was ivory with gold in-lay work. The rooks were large elephants with houdahs on their backs, each pawn had a slim spear, the queen had all her clothes painted red and then of course the king in all his glory was the most beautiful and desirable of the lot. Actually the entire set was designed to be admired like fine jewellery rather than used for playing chess, and being a serious chess player all it did to me was arouse a sense of profound contempt in my mind. Harkishandas' voice snapped me out of my trance. "How do you like it? It cost me twenty-five thousand, it's all eighteen carat gold filigree and the finest crafted ivory. There will probably never be another like it because the goldsmith who made it died a few years back."

I smiled meekly, "I thought you had an original Staunton set."

"Of course I have a Staunton set — as a matter of fact I have three of them, but this is the one that we are going to use," and added, "House rules remember." before I could raise any objection. I was beginning to feel lost in the midst of this immense wealth, this strange atmosphere and this rude, imposing man. Besides I had the uncanny feeling that I was going to lose my five thousand.

There was a slight noise as the door opened. A small, mild looking man walked in — a faint smile on his face. "Hello, Mr. D'Costa, this is Mr. Prabhu Dayal and this is our referee. Mr

D'Costa writes the chess column for the Times." I shook hands with Mr. D'Costa who widened his smile slightly. Harkishandas walked over to a dark wooden cabinet and opened it to reveal a small bar. "What whisky will you have — Chivas Regal or Black Label?"

I had tasted Chivas Regal scotch a few times and thought it was heavenly, but I didn't dare risk getting my mind foggy. He poured Mr. D'Costa and himself a drink. My mouth was dry, I asked for some plain water. Harkishandas smiled a knowing smile as he handed me the water and added, "In case you need it the toilet is to the left," and then laughed. That's when I hated him the most — he knew I was terribly nervous. The heck with pride. I was nervous — I turned around and went to the toilet.

Harkishandas was sitting on a chair when I got back. He nodded to Mr. D'Costa who immediately took a pawn of either colour in his hand and juggled them behind his back and said "Choose." I said "Left hand" It held the black pawn. He placed the two pieces on the board and nodded to Harkishandas, who said. "O.K. Mr. Dayal it's touch move two hours each on the clock, five thousand a game. That reminds me you do have the money don't you?"

I handed him the packet of money and sat down. I cursed myself for the clearly visible tremor of my hand. He flicked through the packet casually and handed it to Mr. D'Costa. I clicked his clock button — the ticking was soft, regular and familiar. The game had started.

Harkishandas moved — pawn to queen four. That was it — the beginning of his queen's gambit.

I moved next — pawn to king four. The piece was heavy and my nervousness increased remembering that we were playing touch move. It took some time before I could get accustomed to the fancy designs on the chess men. I yearned for a standard Staunton set. The game turned out to be the queen's gambit all right and we played on. Harkishandas finished his whisky and got up for a refill. "Still afraid to drink?" he asked me.

I didn't answer. I was afraid my voice would quiver. He strode back to his seat and took my pawn with his bishop. I started at the move, was he a mad man? I just couldn't understand the

ALL IN THE GAME

rationale behind this sacrifice of his bishop because there was nothing preventing me from taking it. I desperately thought out various moves and then suddenly it struck me, there it was staring me in the face. I had made the mistake of taking the damn elephant to be the knight. Maybe because the only animal on the chess board was the knight. This meant that in a few moves I would be under a direct threat of checkmate and the only way I could retaliate would be to start sacrificing my pieces, leaving me greatly handicapped. Astonishingly enough I did not panic. It took me twenty-five long minutes to find an answer during which Harkishandas ran through his gamut of cheap tricks like drumming his fingers on the table, taking loud sips from his glass, clearing his throat, getting Mr. D'Costa and himself another drink and offering me one again. But then the answer came. Savouring the thought of my move I reached forward to pick my knight over several absurdly shaped chess men when my finger brushed against the body of my queen. The piece moved only a fraction of a millimeter when Harkishandas' voice shot across, "Touch move, Mister." That was like pulling the carpet from under my feet, my head began to spin as I looked at the referee. "Sorry Mr. Dayal you have to move the queen," Mr. D'Costa said softly.

It took just about ten minutes more for me to find another move for the queen that wasn't total disaster. My game was gone or would be gone in another five to six moves. Harkishandas seemed to have a pleased look on his face. For a moment I wanted to scream and run away from the room, but Shomu's face flashed across my mind, be cool he had said. I had to do something. Harkishandas was smoking a cigarette and moving his legs around restlessly as he thought out his next move. My eyes were fixed on his bishop and there was a deep frown on my forehead. I moved my queen as coolly as possible. Mr. D'Costa called out the move and I said, "Mr. Harkishandas, at first I didn't care much for these chess men but now that I look at them I feel that they ought to be in a museum, pity though, that the leg of your bishop is cracked."

"What crack?" Harkishandas screamed. He reached out for the bishop and picked it up, then stopped with the cold realisation

of what he had done. I looked away from his angry eyes and said softly, "Touch move."

Mr. D'Costa moved awkwardly in his seat. I wasn't a person with very high morals but I had never played a dirty trick in a game before, but the thought of having Harkishandas down was pure elation. There was no place the dirty pig could move that bishop without ruining his attack. Harkishandas looked at Mr. D'Costa, but there was nothing to say. His hand still held the bishop.

"You cheap bastard!" he screamed at me before he moved his bishop. My heart was racing fast, now. I made my pre-planned knight move and from then on the game went on, slow and cautious on both sides, until finally I had a pawn advantage, when suddenly Harkishandas put his large hand over his king, pulled it aside and declared, "I resign." I stood up and stretched myself, feeling wonderful, still nervous but wonderful. It would have been better to have won the game without the trick but then Harkishandas had asked for it.

Then suddenly he said, "Another game, Mr. Dayal? This time for ten thousand."

I was surprised. "I.. I hadn't planned.."

"Come on, you can't walk away after winning once, and that too by a trick."

"OK, since I play White this time and you owe me five thousand," I replied.

Mr. D'Costa had set up the other side of the board and reset the clocks for two hours each. I opened the game with the patent pawn to king four. . . Harkishandas started with the classic Sicillian defence, this time, and after a few pawn exchanges he made two very unexpected moves with his queen that left me with one extra pawn down and blocked two of my other powers from moving. I had never seen this sequence before, not even from Shomu; it was absolutely brilliant. I reached over to make my move; remembering what Shomu had said about Harkishandas' intelligence. I stopped my hand just in time. I was going to touch the elephant again thinking that it was the knight — it would have been sheer disaster. I sat back and folded my hands over my stomach and asked, "Would your house rules allow me to call out my moves so that Mr. D'Costa can move the pieces for me?"

"What kind of nonsense is that? You are scared of touch-

ing the wrong pieces aren't you?"

"Yes I am, and is that the kind of advantage that you want to have over me? After all you are quite used to your set and I am not."

Harkishandas reddened a bit and turned towards Mr. D'Costa who rather sullenly said that it was quite allowable.

"Yes I know it's allowed," Harkishandas cried, "But I'll still beat the fool no matter who he gets to move his pieces for him." He breathed in heavily and reminded me that my clock was ticking. A little relieved I stood up, stretched myself and turned my heavy leather chair so that it had its back to the board. "What are you doing now?" Harkishandas asked rather irritably. "I am turning my back to you and your set, Mr. Harkishandas," I said and called out my move, "Knight to queen's bishop, five."

I hardly heard Mr. D'Costa move my knight nor the punch or my clock. My mind, clear, the fancy kings, queens and elephants all changed into the simplicity of the standard pieces. That was chess — the beauty of it all — it was plain abstraction, a figment of one's imagination. My mind was clear as crystal, in which all the pieces moved with the appropriate harmony of our commands.

Harkishandas played exquisitely. But my mind was alert and sharp — there in that interior space that doesn't even exist, but is the yellowish grey jelly called the brain. . . my mind saw everything, the diagonals and lines and patterns and configurations as every move slipped into place.

Mr. D'Costa's voice snapped me out of my trance, "Mr. Dayal, there are only sixteen minutes on your clock, Mr. Harkishandas has fifty four." That was it, the effect of that voice on my mind — the entire sequence flashed into my mind and my whole body seemed to shake as if a tremor had run through it. I made the move — I checked with the knight instead of taking his piece.

Harkishandas moved and when Mr. D'Costa called the move out loud I knew. . . I knew I was going to win. I made my queen sacrifice and I heard Harkishandas suck in his breath. The wait after that was pure agony — for a while I felt panic — thought that I had snapped under the pressure and made the wrong move, then finally Mr. D'Costa called out "Rook takes queen." Instantly I cried out,

"Rook to rook eight — check." Harkishandas was breathing heavily. He said, just as quickly, "I'm not going to work Dayal, you fool, you have gone and lost your queen for nothing." There seemed to be a metallic harshness to his voice. My heart was racing like it never had before.

My mind was fixed, it kept telling me "I've won, I've won." I said it then, "Mr. Harkishandas I loved my queen but I want your king more, and I'll bet you twenty thousand against your chess set that it will work." Harkishandas' voice shot back, "It's a bet Dayal, and you are going to regret it."

My hands were set and trembling but there was relief in his anger — I knew what his next move was going to be. He said, "Rook to bishop one, there I've blocked that." And I will forever remember the way my words came out, "Bishop to knight three, check," and I stood up, turned round and looked straight into Harkishandas' angry eyes. His face reddened with whisky and emotion was at its peak of confidence, but only for the next few seconds and then it crumpled because finally he saw what was coming at him. There was only one sensible move now and he made it. "King to rook one." Casually I said, "Rook takes rook," and then looked at Harkishandas, and then after a pause, "Checkmate." Harkishandas said nothing, he merely sat there staring at the board, his fleshy face sagging. Finally he lifted his face as the tears rolled down — he was crying.

Something in that stooped up hulk made me pity him. I looked at the chess pieces on the board, my pieces now. I picked up the White king and holding it in my two fists, I twisted it firmly. It took quite a bit of effort before the piece broke into bits, its gold filigree torn out of its ivory body. I put the fragments in my kurta pocket, and said, "The King is dead, Mr. Harkishandas, you can keep the rest of the pieces and after you pay me my money will you please ask your driver to take me back home." Harkishandas looked at the chess board with his white king missing — his face blank. He reached into a drawer, took out the cheque book and began to write. I nodded to Mr. D'Costa and left the room.

On the way back the luxurious Mercedes Benz made all the hole ridden Bombay roads feel smooth while the rough pieces of the broken white king seemed comforting against my body.

Continued from page 41

to 10 per cent immediately, and then gradually removed."

Her school has been closed for over three weeks due to the disturbances in the city. "I too, feel that the violence is not being created by the medicos but anti-social elements are taking advantage of the situation, and now with retaliations and counter-retaliations it has turned into a free-for-all.

"In our school most of the students were not even aware of the two distinct classes, till now. So far the government had been fulfilling its aim of keeping all its citizens equal. We take in everyone on merit only. So even if there are any students or teachers belonging to the BC, we aren't aware of it. On the other hand, by creating these reserved seats at higher levels, the government is widening the gap and increasing the awareness of the people to these class distinctions."

The High Court Judges went on a day's token "hartal" recently. The impression this gave to the public was that they too were supporting the current agitation. The misconception was clarified by Mr. Suresh Shelot an Advocate practising at the High Court. "Our fraternity was protesting against police atrocity against a professional brother lawyer. As far as I know the High Court Advocate Association has not taken any stand, either in favour of or in opposition to the present problem.

"Constitutionally, for another 10 years reservation should be continued in our country as the BC has not yet come up to the desired standard. Again, this reservation should only be at the stage of recruitment but not for promotion. At the 1st stage, yes, but definitely not at the 2nd stage in any field" he stresses. "Once they have completed their MBBS, they are doctors — at par with their colleagues. They definitely aren't backward then, and it's unfair to say so and take advantage of it to climb up another step.

"The government's fault here had been in closing the colleges for such a long period. It was this pronouncement that made the public aware of the problem, thus leaving it open to them (the public) to take sides. Secondly, the government did not consult or inform the universities before taking this final step. Admittedly, the medical colleges are independent of the universities, but it has had its repercussions on the other educational institutions. This should have been given a thought.

"Now both sides have become adamant, and the only solution is through negotiations. I feel the students should definitely set the benefits that they are demanding," he says.

A. S.



Devi

"MIXED REPORT" — HOT FAVOURITE OF FILMDOM

"Mixed report" is the current hot word in filmdom. Any film or film maker is received with 'mixed report' which is something like the racing term 'quits' — when I lost at the races I came home and said 'quits'. Quits made my losses sound less severe, rather respectable. So now 'Kranti' has mixed reports like 'Shaan' had till they opened the current window. The Minerva theatre (sole theatre) which has 'Shaan', stripped gradually like selling current tickets at the advance booking window, to finally go nude and even remove the 'house full' board at times.

I have not seen Bunty on the screen, that is, Kumar Gaurav. But after the wild publicity hangover and hysteria was over, he too has 'mixed reports' ranging from "He is cute" (teenage girls) to "Kya pilpila kakdi lagta hai," by the front benchers. His hurried and joint bid (Vijayta) to the press machine on the eve of 'Love Story', to spill out his secret love was too pathetic. He even declared that he is going to marry Vijayta and allow her three babies, sorry films, etc. He thought, like folks rushed to 'Bobby' to see Rajesh Khanna's wife, they may rush to see Bunty's future wife. Vijayta has not even managed 'mixed reports', except for Vakil Singh of Punjab who thinks she is "good". The rest are unanimous in the verdict that Vijayta is too bony and blank. For readers who have not heard of Vakil Singh, he is a distributor for Punjab.



Nor has Bunty signed any new spectacular films yet. Rajendra Kumar meanwhile continues to be stingy and refused to have a daru dinner party after the premiere. The only act of charity he did was to bring son Gaurav along with him to the premiere and looked around for applause. Sister Sulakshana continues to be dumb, she sobbed over my colleague's shoulder and he offered her our mag instead of a tissue. She almost wailed like a wall flower and said "Sanjeev had proposed to me, and then changed his mind saying he is too old for marriage." Poor thing, that is the old excuse when a guy wants to beat a retreat. So when I say that our heroines cannot even manage leftovers, they call me a bitch. But from Shabana to Sulakshana they still cannot catch Sanjeev, and that too when he is napping, at least after the fourth peg.

Remember Sam Sugnu Jethwani who came in from Singapore, boasting of eight steamers, three flats in London and Singapore, one flat in Bombay, one wife, one adopted daughter, one mistress and three films? He is now reduced to one flop film ('Kanhaiya'), one office to be sold and one mistress to let.

'Insaf Ka Tarazu' is the only film to be a hit even in every village in India. Credit goes to B. R. Chopra as well as Shabd Kumar, though they flicked it frame by frame from 'Lipstick'. But 'Lipstick' was so boring that when I watched it on the video in Mithun's bedroom, I fell asleep at the cost of a Mithun pretending to be fast asleep.

Can We Produce A Super-Race?

A sperm bank has been set up by an American millionaire and sperms of five Nobel laureates pooled to produce a Super Race. In the not too distant future Einsteins and Newtons may well be produced in a laboratory. An investigative cover feature.

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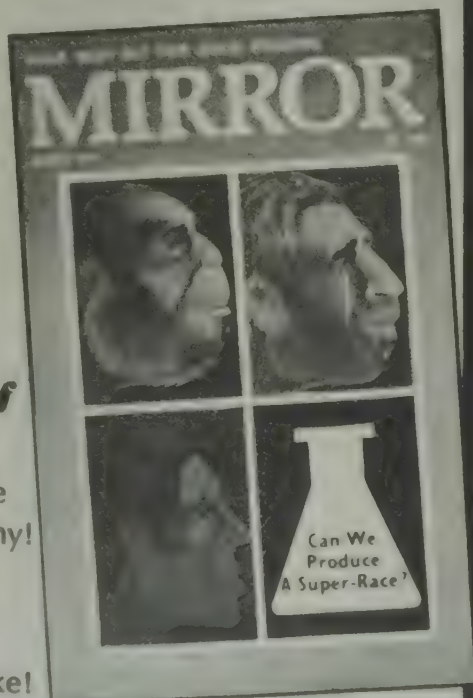
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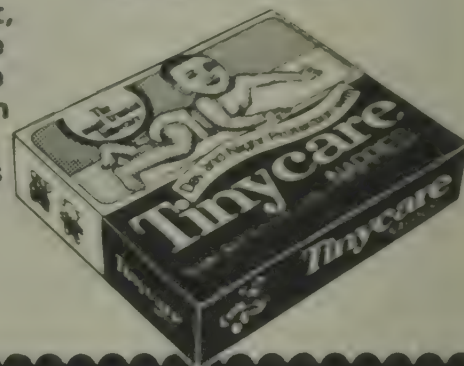
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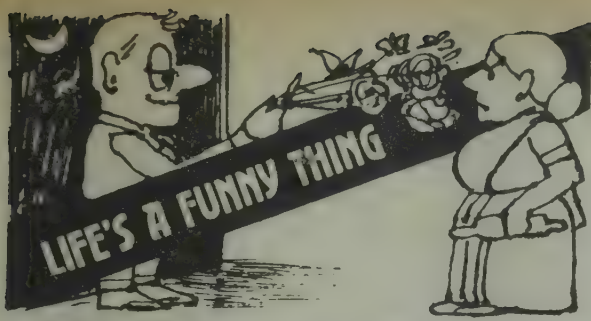
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A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

I thought that I had heard everything but I was wrong.

When Sunder asked if his friend Punit could come over for the day, I said, "Sure, son, but who is Punit?"

"Oh," said my son, airily, "he's the cleverest boy in our class. Got a mind like a camera. Comes first in everything." Sunder talks like a telegraphist. Getting the habit myself. I couldn't wait to see this brown-haired wonder.

Susie rustled up some snacks and kept a jug of orange juice ready. Punit came on Saturday around ten. A neatly dressed, well-mannered boy of about nine. The kids decided to play in the drawing room so I went into my little work room and idly thought about nothing.

The conversation dribbled into my room. Punit said, "Toy cars are for babies. Have you any motor-powered toys?"

I pricked up my ears. Never heard a nine-year-old talk quite like that. Sunder said, "No I don't but I have a couple of winding toys. Like to see 'em?"

"Well," said Punit, "if they're not defective they'll do."

When Susie carried in the refreshments, I heard Punit say, "Thank you, aunty Susie. These patties look uncommonly good. Did you bake them yourself?" Ruefully, my wife said no. They were from a cake shop down the road. A minute went by then the kid said, "Absolutely scrumptious, aunty. Must recommend your shop to my mum. She's quite helplessly crazy about mutton patties."

Susie said, "Sure dear," but her voice had a note of astonishment in it. I didn't blame her. We had a Lord Chesterfield junior in our midst.

I decided to get into the act.

I joined them and said, "Punit, have you decided what you're going to be when you grow up?" I said it half in jest.

"Very definitely, uncle," he said. "I'm going into the field of computer technology. Endless scope."

I blinked. "Then you must like figures." "Love them," said Punit. "I've got a pocket calculator at home and I do all the mathematical problems for everyone there."

I said, in awe, "I wish you the best of luck, Punit. Where will you study?"

"Oh," he said nonchalantly, "in New York first and then, maybe Zurich. Haven't quite chalked out a final plan but dad and

I think on the same lines so I can foresee no snags."

Neither could I. The field of computer engineering was going to earn itself a genius. When I was his age, I wanted to be an engine driver first, then a sailor, then a fireman.

During lunch, I put out another feeler. "What do you think of your school, Punit?" I asked. He said, "It's O.K. I guess. But the educational system they follow is chaotic."

"Can you explain that a little more?" I said.

"Sure," he answered. "First, we have altogether too much to study, with the result that the study is directionless. Vocational guidance, and encouragement of it, is sadly lacking. We have to study subjects we'll discard almost as soon as we leave the school-room doors."



Well, that was telling them! And from a nine-year-old yet. My astonishment increased.

The clincher came when I asked him what he reads for recreation. He said, "At the moment I'm completely absorbed in the works of Livy." (Who?) I said it out loud. Punit said, "Livy was a Roman historian who lived round 15 A.D. There's one saying of his I particularly like. Care to hear it?"

"Be my guest," I said. He said, "Livy wrote: 'A gentleman is mindful no less of the freedom of others than of his own dignity.'"

Gee whizz! This kid was going to grow up with the world in the palm of his hand. When it was time for him to go, I felt sorry he had to leave. Why, I could have got myself a brand new education, just listening to him.

See you!

— SUNNY

TRUE CONFESSION

Continued from page 33

Arjun came to fetch me when I was discharged from hospital. Of course he had come in between, specially since our common loss. But it did not bind us together.

At home, the weeks of loneliness closed in on me again. Friends came to sympathise with my loss. I wanted to be left alone to think. I don't know when I took a concrete decision. Maybe it was when I applied for the job of public relations officer in a private firm in Trivandrum. He detected the missing envelope as I knew he would. I told him what I had done, knowing full well that he objected to a woman working. He told me I was crazy. And in Trivandrum, of all places?

"Don't you see a message in it?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Apart from the fact that you will never get it at all, I think it's a silly idea."

"You have always underestimated me, haven't you?" I asked.

"What are you getting at?" he cried.

"I cannot stay with you any more. Not under these conditions," I said.

"What are you talking about? I earn enough. I don't drink, smoke. I don't beat you. I am an ideal husband in every respect, don't you think so?"

"No I don't. I think you are a brute," I cried.

He was surprised when I got the job on the basis of my qualifications. A local representative of the firm had interviewed me in Delhi and seen me fit.

When I told him about it, he looked candidly at me.

"I suppose, this is goodbye," he said.

"Yes" I said.

He did not argue. Maybe he knew it would be futile.

I went by train and did the last lap by bus. I had let mother know I was coming but hadn't told her my marriage was finished. A man who made me account for every paise I spent, who kept me a slave in my own house, who prevented me from seeing my loved ones, was not for me. I had borne enough. I told her the whole story in the auto. While we bounced along the streets homewards; she understood my drastic step and what it meant to me. "Some women may be cut out for such a life, mother," I said. "But not me. I have made you understand and now gradually I will make father understand too."

Father limped out to the gate to embrace me and when I saw him, tears spilled down my cheeks. It was so long since I had seen him. There was a gulf of missed experiences between us. Ranjit's death, father's heart attack, the loss of my child and now my broken marriage. He was lamenting the loss of his son. "Don't cry father" I said wiping his tears, suddenly strong for having broken away. "Don't cry. Everything is going to be all right. I am both your son and daughter now."

BOMBAY

Mrs. O. P. Mehra inaugurated the annual exhibition of the work done by the students of the Sophia Polytechnic held on the grounds of the Institute.

The exhibition included displays of the work done by the students of the various departments of the Polytechnic, namely Hotel Administration and Food Technology, Commercial Art, Textile Designing, Interior Decoration, Ceramics, Screen-Printing, Dressmaking, Designing, and Travel and Tourism.

The special features of this exhibition were the cooking demonstrations held by the students of the Hotel Administration and Food Technology section and the display of posters and advertising campaigns designed by the Commercial Art students.

Refugee Handicrafts of Calcutta held an exhibition of handloom sarees, garments, handicrafts, jewellery and embroidered linen at Aakar Art Gallery. Film star Sareeka was the chief guest.

Diners Club India hosted a Gourmet Dinner at their Executive Center in honour of 35 Diners Club members from Germany who are on a special tour of India to sample our varied cuisine.

Four such tours have been sponsored by Diners Club in Bombay as an effort to promote tourism to India. It is hoped that the success of the tour will inspire Diners Club members in other countries to also sponsor similar visits.

Lloyd Sales Corporation, marketers of the famous Zenith Refrigerator organised the Cold Recipe Contest, the first of its kind at the Hotel Oberoi Towers, recently. Participants were asked to send in recipes of dishes, sweet or otherwise, which are kept in the fridge and eaten cold.

The Bombay Regionals event held at the Regal Room, Hotel Oberoi Towers, was very well-attended. Music was by Arunala and compering by Jalal Agha. The judges were film star Sharmila Tagore, Premila Lal, author of a number of books on cookery, Satish Arora, Executive Chef of the Taj and Mrs. Shrini Bali, a housewife.

The first prize, a trip to Kashmir for two (all expenses paid) went to Mrs. Anupama Shah for her Vegetable Checks, the ser-



ABOVE: At a sayonara cocktail party hosted by the Consul General of Japan, Mr. S. Horino, in Bombay recently, are seen (from left) Mrs. Z. Daruwalla, Mrs. L. Natarajan, Mrs. S. El-Ejel, Mrs. S. Horino, Dr. (Mrs) Eva Lindemann, Consul General of the Federal Republic of Germany, Mr. S. Horino, Mrs. H. Sanjana and Mrs. E. S. Modak.



LEFT: Mrs. Satya Mehra inaugurating the 11th annual exhibition and sale held by the students of the Sophia Polytechnic Institute in Bombay.



At the regional event of the Fedders Lloyd Zenith All-India Cold Recipe Contest held in Bombay, are seen (from left) winners Anupama Shah, Asha Bhupelia, film star Sharmila Tagore who judged the contest, chief guest Mrs. B.K. Goyal, Mrs. S. Bahri and Mrs. A. Punj.



Priyamvada Prakash (right) seen at her newly opened boutique for children, "Caterpillar", at Archana Arcade, Delhi.



ond prize, a 2-in-1 cassette recorder-cum-radio, was won by Mrs. Prem Gupta for her Orange Mould, and the third prize, a Digital Clock Radio, was awarded to Miss Asha C. Bhupelia for her Flake Fruit Pudding.

Regional judging has been done already at Calcutta and Madras. Delhi Regionals and the All-India Finals will be held on March 22 at New Delhi.

An exhibition of paintings by Fatima Ahmed was held at Gallery Chemould recently. Fatima Ahmed passed out from the Govt. College of Fine Arts, Hyderabad in 1960 and has received awards in the Andhra Lalit Kala Exhibition. Her exhibitions have been held in Bombay, Delhi, Madras, Hyderabad and London.

The Principal and Members of the Staff of the Leelabai Thackersey College of Nursing of the Shreemati Nathibai Damodar Thackersey Women's University held their annual Candle Lighting and Graduation Ceremonies at Sir Sitaram and Lady Shantabai Patkar Dikshant Sabhagruh of the University. Mr. Baburao Shete, Mayor of Bombay, was the chief guest.

The Maharashtra Lokahita Seva Mandal, with the sponsor-



ABOVE: At an exhibition held by the students of the Interior Decoration Appreciation Course and organised by Asian Paints (India) Ltd. are seen (from left) Mrs. Ravinder Singh, chief guest Mrs. A. Chakravorty, Mr. Mohandas and Chandrika Ramgopal.

RIGHT: Mary Aralappa receives the Hombe Gowda Rolling Shield from Mrs. Renuka Rajendran, Karnataka's Minister for Small Scale Industries, at a function held in Lal Bagh, Bangalore.



Diners Club members from Germany being welcomed at a gourmet dinner hosted by Diners Club India in Bombay recently.



Students of the Church Park School, Madras, performed a colourful Naga dance at the "Mayil Kuyil Vizha" organised by the Catholic Women's Fellowship.

DELHI

Priyamvada Prakash is an architect by profession but has always longed to design children's clothes. Her dream came true when she opened an exclusive boutique, "Caterpillar" at the Archana Arcade.

CALCUTTA

The Metropolitan Branch of the All India Women's Conference held a one-day seminar at their Lake Town Branch, entitled "Women's Rights". Eminent women judges of the Calcutta High Court, such as Justice Protiva Bannerji, Justice Jyotirmoyee Nag, Senior Advocates of the High Court, Pushpa Chaudharia and Mrs. Singh, the eminent labour leader Dr. Moitreyee Bose and others spoke on the occasion. Dr. June Starr, Lecturer at the New York State University, specially stopped by in Calcutta to address the Seminar.

MADRAS

Mrs Heidi Strelck and Mrs. Gita Menon organised a programme of American Ballet and Songs under the auspices of the Indo-American Society, at the American Cultural Center. Mrs. Prem Kishore was the compere. The Stella Maris College choir rendered a few songs while the girls of the Doveton Corrie School demonstrated a few ballet steps. Little Heidi captured everyone's heart by her display of ballet, and Mrs. Ida Lobo's "Songs of Yester Year" were truly nostalgic.

BANGALORE

The East Cultural Association Bangalore, arranged dance programmes of the Darpana Dance Academy of Ahmedabad. Mrinalini and Mallika Sarabhai played the steller roles in the dance dramas, along with Pratiksha. Shubha, Sandhya, Sarmishtha. Sasidharan and Bharath.

Mary Aralappa won the prestigious Hombe Gowda Rolling Shield at the Lal Bagh Ikebana competitions winning a total of 15 prizes for arrangements in various categories. The competition drew more than 500 entries.

ship of the German Leprosy Relief Association, launched a 'Leprosy Control Project' which has been functioning for the last five years.

With a network of 20 clinics and trained para-medical workers, free treatment is provided in the western suburbs.

Audio-visual shows, exhibitions, lectures and group-discussions are held regularly to disseminate facts about leprosy so as to dispel false notions and the stigma associated with the disease. Recently the Anti-Leprosy Week was held from January 30 to February 6, 1981.

The Bombay Arts & Sports' 20th Bombay Suburban Exhibition of Child Art 1981 was inaugurated by Mr. M.S. Kasbekar, Commissioner of Police of Greater Bombay, at the Bal Gandharva Rang Mandir, Opp. The National College, Linking Road, Bandra. This was followed by the 1st Bombay Suburban, "Fancy Dress Competition". The Band Troupe of Shri M.M. Pupils' Own School and Shardamandir, Khar was in attendance.

The Shivali Cultural Society of India and Tchaikovsky Music Club held the 7th All India Young Dancers' Festival at the

Auditorium of the House of Soviet Culture. Among the artistes who participated in the programme were Vasanthi Shastri, Mandakini Trivedi, Poornima Jayram, Shakuntala Oza, Shubha Patel, Parvathi Dandapani, Saraswathi Ramamurthy and Devayani Satish Chandratre.

Six Delhi artists, Suraj Ghai, Ravindra Verma, Sutainder Soni, Nirmal Kapoor, V.S. Kaushik and Mahesh Sharma held an exhibition of paintings, graphics and sculptures at the Jehangir Art Gallery.



FOR THE WEEK

MARCH 15 — 22, 1981

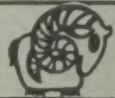
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

You have been through a changeable period over the past year or two, have been torn between conflicting loyalties, ideals and priorities. You may have been undecided between two promising courses for the future. However, as your birthday year opens, you will suddenly see your path ahead. This may mean that you reassess plans, ideas, relationship — and come up with the right answers. There are most promising signs for affairs of the heart, with much love and happiness indicated, an important new link, if at present unattached. Moneywise, you will be building up something which will give you greater security for the future.

ARIES

(March 22 — April 20)



Helpful stars will give a boost to your special hopes and wishes over the next several weeks. One pleasing prospect is that you'll meet a person who will have a fortunate effect on your affairs for some time to come.

TAURUS

(April 21 — May 21)



If you are not seriously involved in a romance, a new relationship should come into being and may blossom from a meeting this week. Get into the social scene; friendships have much to offer, could aid practical ambitions.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



Be ready to make adjustments in working life, or concerning other aims which are important to you. Luck is with you if you can be adaptable, prepared to change direction if you spot a good opportunity.

CANCER

(June 22 — July 23)



A week nicely balanced between work and play, and rather helpful to both these spheres. There is an accent on people and places far away, heralding good news or a journey in the near future.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug 23)



Mercury moves out of opposition to your sign this week — the last of a series of adverse transits which has brought problems into your affairs over the past several weeks. Grievances you hold are no doubt justified, but try to sweep these aside and hold out the olive branch.

VIRGO

(Aug 24 — Sept 23)



There is a favourable accent on romance and the lighter side of life — but you may not be in the mood! Understandable, for life has been hard-going recently. Money matters need particular care this week.

LIBRA

(Sept 24 — Oct 23)



Several stars will transit in opposition to Libra between now and late April, and you will find that others have the luck and the advantage during this period. However, problems will be minor ones.

SCORPIO

(Oct 24 — Nov 22)



Splendid aspects affect love and the social scene; there is luck in friendships and group outings. You can make progress in a special relationship, or form new links. Businesswise, take the chance to offload some tiresome responsibilities.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov 23 — Dec 22)



There is a favourable accent on family affairs; relatives will tend to be lucky to you, will certainly be helpful in most circumstances. The progress of youngsters will be pleasing, if a parent.

CAPRICORN

(Dec 23 — Jan 20)



Social activity will be profitable, as well as enjoyable. Useful information will come to light in casual conversations, or in friendly groups. Your stars favour travel, movement and change, so try to avoid too much tedious routine work.

AQUARIUS

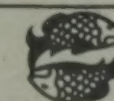
(Jan 21 — Feb 19)



Some chopping and changing this week, but try not to become too restless yourself. It will be easy to upset your more sensitive companions with a thoughtless word or unintentional coolness.

PISCES

(Feb 20 — March 21)



A busy week with Mercury moving into Pisces. However current activities should have a successful outcome and, if you have not already improved your set-up and prospects, this happy trend will soon affect you.

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary.

— R. L. Stevenson

A politician is an animal who can sit on a fence and yet keep both ears to the ground.

— Anonymous

Corruption, the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty.

— Edward Gibbon

All political parties die at last of swallowing their own lies.

— John Arbuthnot

Politics is not an exact science.

— Bismarck

A parliament is nothing less than a big meeting of more or less idle people.

— Walter Bagehot

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT POLITICS

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation.

— James Freeman Clarke

Politics is a deleterious profession, like some poisonous handicrafts.

— Emerson

The purification of politics is an iridescent dream.

— Ingalls

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.

— Daniel O'Connell

They have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management.

— Grover Cleveland

Politics is but the common pulsebeat of which revolution is the feverspasm.

— Wendell Phillips

The statesman shears the sheep, the politician skins them.

— Austin O'Malley

It is a general popular error to suppose the loudest complainers for the public to be the most anxious for its welfare.

— Edmund Burke

Governments exist to protect the right of minorities. The loved and the rich need no protection, they have many friends and few enemies.

— Wendell Phillips

Compiled by Pramilla Rodrigues

Dawn streaks the sky with gold. A million voices rise in homage.

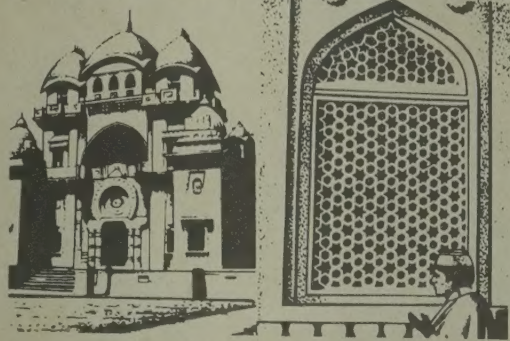
Worship takes as many forms, as the people of India. As music and dance. As living sculptures on ancient walls. As an offering of flowers and incense and flickering oil lamps.

A sweeping stream of faith

From the sacred ice lingam of Lord Shiva at Amarnath in Kashmir to the Meenakshi temple at Madurai, with its hall of thousand pillars. From the fabled temple of Somnath to the 500 temples of Bhubaneswar —where once 7000 flourished. Everywhere in India you will see symbols of a deep faith.

In the footsteps of Buddha

The message of the enlightened one grows in strength through stupas and monasteries and cave wonders. The Bodhi tree at Bodh Gaya. The celestial nymphs at Ajanta, the stupa at Sanchi. Prayer flags fluttering in an evening breeze at Ladakh.



The way of the Guru

Gurdwaras dot the landscape across the country, calling the proud and exuberant Sikhs to the way of the Gurus. Be it at the Golden Temple at Amritsar or the remote snow heights of Hemkund Sahib near the Valley of Flowers.

Call to the faithful

The call of the muezzin echoes from a tall minaret, a thousand heads bow in silent prayer. The faithful throng to the edifices of a living faith, at

the Dargah at Ajmer, the Jama Masjid at Delhi, the tomb of Salim Chisti at Fatehpur Sikri.

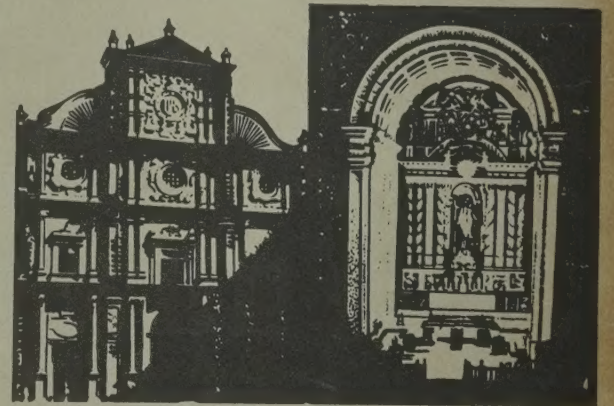
The path of the Saviour

As early as the 1st century A.D. St. Thomas gave the world its first churches in Madras. Ever since, the path to salvation has led to the white-washed churches of Kerala and Goa. To the Cathedral of Velha Goa, where St. Francis Xavier lies embalmed, and thousands of other destinations.

Reverence for life

Mahavira took the path to austerity and founded a faith based on four fundamental virtues. His teachings are followed by millions and are enshrined in monuments like the Jain temples at Dilwara at Mount Abu, Palitana, Ranakpur and Calcutta.

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